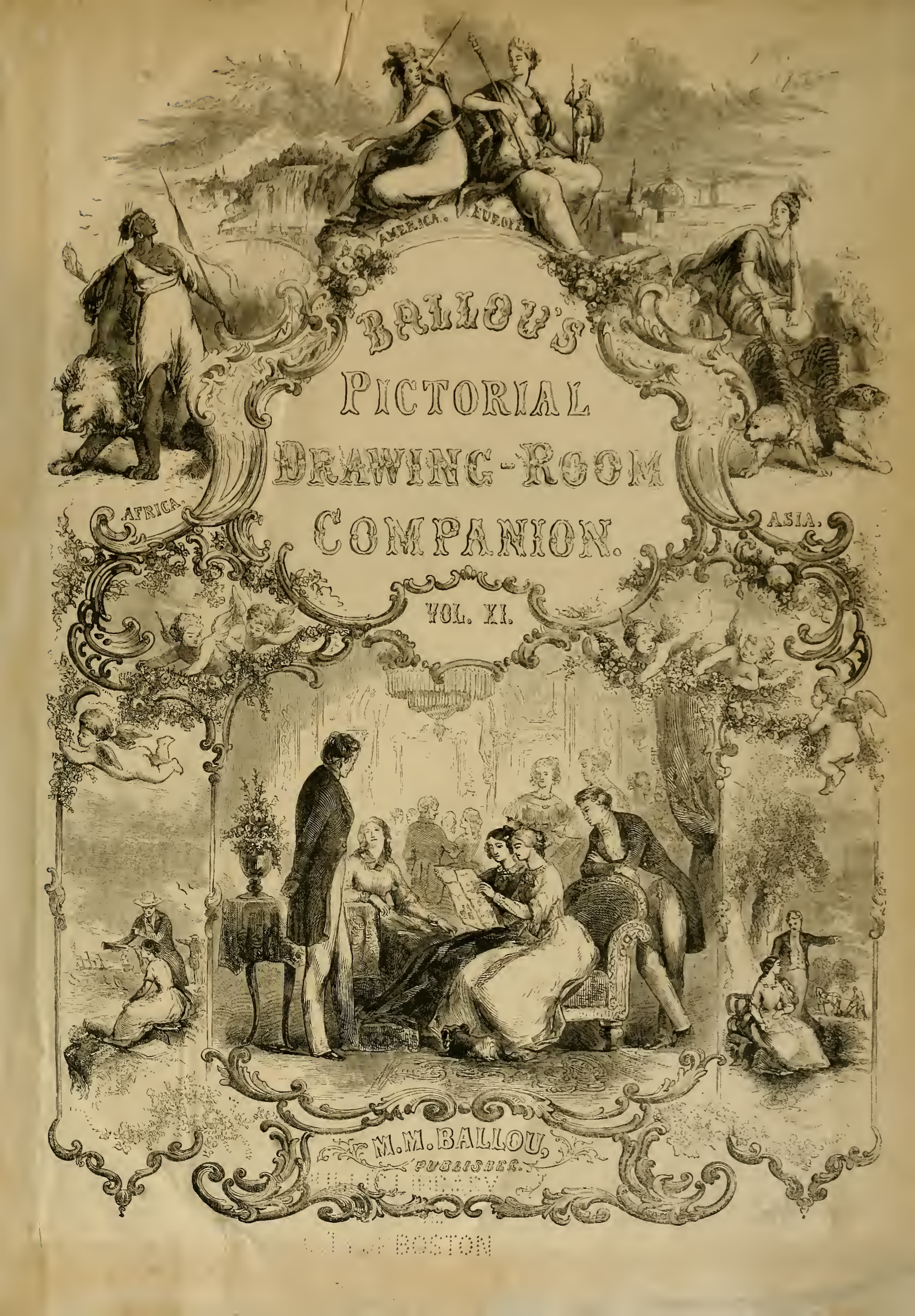


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STATE OF DELAWARE.

The beautiful design below is from the pencil of Billings, and drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial. The armorial bearings of the State display the wheat-sheaf, a ship, etc., typical of the avocations of the citizens, the supporters being a farmer and a hunter. The motto is "liberty and independence." Below we have a party in a boat among the reeds, shooting the famous "canvass back ducks" that abound in the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake. These birds are pronounced unequalled by epicures, and large numbers of them are sent to the principal cities on the Atlantic coast. Delaware, the smallest State in the Union, with the exception of Rhode Island, was originally colonized at the suggestion of the renowned Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, although that monarch died ere the project was carried into effect. It was early in the year 1638 that the two vessels composing the expedition ascended Delaware Bay, and landing near the mouth of Christiana Creek, Peter Minuits, the governor, took formal possession. He named the creek, and a fort which he had immediately erected, after the young queen—Christiana. After some years, the colony fell into the hands of the Dutch, then of the English, then of the Pennsylvanians, and in 1775 it became an independent State. Gallant service did the Delaware troops, known as the "Blue Hen's Chickens," render in the Revolution. The population of Delaware is 91,532, of whom 2390 are slaves. The area of the State is 8,933,760 acres, of which 580,862 are improved. Yet there are 13,852 horses, 791 mules, 19,248 cows, 9797 working-oxen, 24,166 other cattle, 27,503 sheep, and 56,261 swine. The crops are proportionably large, for the farmers of Delaware thoroughly understand their vocation, and are blessed with a genial climate. Nor are their wives and daughters a whit the less active, their butter, made in 1850, amounting to 1,055,308 pounds, their cheese weighing 3187 pounds, and their honey and beeswax 41,248 pounds. Delaware contains 180 churches, of which 106 are Methodist, 26 Presbyterian, 21 Episcopal, and 12 Baptist. There is a college at Newark, founded in 1833, with a library of 5000 volumes. The amount expended for education in 1853 was $57,738, of which $33,829 is the income of a school fund. There are ten newspapers in Delaware—seven weekly and three semi-weekly, with an aggregate circulation of 421,000. Other States are larger, and richer, and more powerful, but Delaware, in many respects, has no equal. Traces of the old Scandinavian blood yet remain, and some of her sons occupy deservedly high positions in the national councils, the army and the navy. On page 11 will be found an interesting story illustrating the history of the State. For the year 1855, the State expenditures were $57,276 37; income from corporation taxes, dividends and interests on loans, licenses, forfeitures, etc., $53,697 06. The permanent resources of the State are, invested capital, $350,637 68; invested school fund, $435,505 83: total, $786,143 51. The common school system provides a free school within reach of every family. The districts are laid off, numbered and incorporated; 236 of them are organized. Each district entitles itself to a portion of the fund by establishing a school, and contributing towards its support not less than $25. But any district may lay any tax that may be deemed necessary for school purposes.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

CHAPTER I.

THE GIPSEY CAMP AND QUEEN.

It was nearing the close of a warm, bright day in merry England's sweet May-time—the English May, of soft skies, and pleasant airs, of waving woods, of singing birds, and opening forest blooms, when two persons might have been seen riding leisurely along the pathway skirting steep wooded banks that overhang the beautiful Wye, in the neighborhood of the magnificent forest of Dean.

One of these was a graceful maiden of, perhaps, some eighteen years, with a slight yet beautifully moulded figure, whose symmetry was charmingly set off by the admirably fitting habit of dark green; and a sparkling, *spirituelle* countenance, lighted up by a pair of fine dark eyes, as bright and bewitching as ever won the heart of either knight or squire. Lightly and well she rode her pretty milk-white steed, and with an ease, elegance and dignity perfectly captivating, while the handsome creature moved forward with arched neck and stately motion, as if proud of his fair rider.

She was very beautiful. Her face was of a lovely oval; the complexion of a soft, rich brunette; the features small, and though slightly irregular, so pretty, so piquant and enchanting in their animated and often arch expression, as to be a thousand times more winning than if they had been a model for the most faultless piece of sculpture that ever grew out of Grecian art. The hair, cut short, like that of a boy, was glossy, abundant, and of a rich brown, almost approaching black, and parted on one side, swept above the full brow in a shining curve, curling under, around the right temple, in splendid profusion. The careless and somewhat peculiar style of wearing her hair added much to the soft, sparkling beauty of her face; and with the exquisite vermilion tint on lip and cheek, and the dark brilliancy of her splendid eyes, hers was a countenance of rare fascination. Riding lightly forward, with the sable feather of her beaver floating to the breeze, she looked as lovely and as bright a thing as ever charmed the human gaze.

Her companion, who rode a powerful black horse, was a gentleman of some five-and-twenty years, elegant in person, studiously and fashionably attired, and possessing an air of graceful and courtly ease that marked the thorough-bred man of the world. He was eminently handsome, with fine and regular features, a somewhat dark but clear complexion, and curling hair and beard of a glossy black. An extreme refinement, that consummate discrimination saved him from being either foppish or effeminate, was everywhere visible in his personal appearance; in the white hand, fine, smooth and well-shaped, resting on the jetty neck of his horse, in the costly material and exquisite adjustment of his dress; in the studied yet apparently careless arrangement of the curling and luxuriant hair, so disposed as to set off a fine head and face to the utmost. A gay and gallant gentleman he was, truly, of graceful, plausible and fascinating exterior; a nature bold, daring, unscrupulous; a heart formed for anything but good; and strong passions, subject, in their outward manifestations, to a stronger will, so that they were hidden beneath the calm and glittering surface, seldom even ruffling it—seldom visible to the eyes of others.

Such was the difference between the seeming and the reality of Morley Briancourt, the lover of pretty Eleanor Ashby. For he was her lover—a suitor for her hand. You might have seen his passion in the glance with which he ever and anon regarded her, as they rode along. It was perceptible in the tenderness of the tone, to which, in addressing her, his rich voice was modulated. It showed itself in his manner towards her. No woman could have misunderstood or have been insensible to it, manifested as it was; but for all that Eleanor Ashby saw it plainly, she was not one whit the less gay, or careless, or merry-hearted, as she rode along by his side that afternoon; for her own heart was untouched, yet; though she knew he loved her, and that his father and her uncle and guardian, Sir Edward Ashby (for she had been an orphan since her infancy), had planned, years and years since, a marriage between herself and Morley. Until within these two months back, when he had come to visit at Ashby Place, she had not seen him since she was a mere child; and, in case of her eventually wedding him, she had yet to learn to love, though even now she was not at all averse to him, knowing nothing, as she did, of his real character, and seeing him only as he seemed. As yet, the subject of their marriage had not been touched upon since he came, and he had not yet declared to her ear the story of his love, further than his tender and passion-filled manner conveyed it; but it was not long to be deferred, as she was conscious; and that she would marry him, was not at present improbable, having been accustomed from childhood to the contemplation of the subject, and having formed no other attachment which might have the effect of rendering her opposed to the projected union with him.

Thus, and bearing these relations one to the other, the two rode on together, perhaps an hour, or it might be nearer two, before sunset, along the banks of the silver Wye. As we have said, Eleanor Ashby was chatting in a gay and light-hearted strain; and Morley Briancourt listened with a tender smile, and occasionally some gallant and courteous reply; and so they proceeded.

Suddenly, as they rounded an abrupt pathway, where the stream swept around a small wooded headland, they came upon an open green slope, carpeted with the richest turf, and descending with a very gradual inclination towards the river; and upon this slope they beheld an object so strange as to attract and perplex them both for a moment.

It was a small, strange, uncouth figure, tumbling and rolling about with the oddest and most fantastical movements upon the grass,—a queer, ungainly shape, the nature of which one might have been puzzled no little to determine at a short distance, so rapid and manifold were its evolutions.

"Why, Morley, what in the name of wonder have we here?" said Miss Ashby, with a laughing yet puzzled air, as she half reined in her horse. "What an odd creature! what grotesque motions!" Morley Briancourt smiled.

"An ape, I should say, fair Eleanor," he answered, "if I did not see a human face in the midst of those flying limbs. But it is certainly a frightful little object. See—it startles the horses!"

Both the beasts were eyeing the strange thing with wild eyes and erect ears; both swerved with fright, for it came tumbling along the pathway, under their very hoofs. Eleanor uttered an exclamation of alarm, lest it should be trampled on by them; and with a strong hand, forced Selim aside; while Morley's horse trembled and reared with terror, so suddenly as almost to unseat his rider. Setting his teeth hard, the young man with difficulty brought him down to his feet again, regardless of the safety of the creature still rolling about there below.

"Take care—take care, Morley!" uttered Eleanor, anxiously; "you will hurt it."

But he was slightly angered with the creature for causing the horses this unnecessary fright, and but half heeding her words, bent over, and gave it one or two sharp cuts with his riding-switch that elicited a shrill cry of pain from their object.

"Nay, Morley; do not—do not strike him!" cried Eleanor.

Biting his lip, the young man stayed his hand. The creature remained cowering down fearfully for a moment, as if half-expecting another blow; then sprang suddenly to its feet, displaying, as it did so, a form that drew from Eleanor an exclamation of surprise and compassion.

It was a queer little dwarf, scarce more than three feet high, with oddly misshapen limbs, its back and shoulders deformed, and its arms immensely long in proportion to its size. A well-formed head, however, was set between those ungainly shoulders,—a head covered with coal-black hair, flung about it in wild disorder, and half concealing the boy's features, but he tossed it back with a rapid movement, discovering to Eleanor's astonished gaze a countenance childish indeed, yet of a wild, dark, singular beauty and rare sweetness of expression; a complexion of a clear olive tint, and eyes that flashed like brilliants, fastened for an instant with a rapid, searching glance, upon Miss Ashby's face.

"Who are you?" she asked, with an expression of kindly interest. "Where do you belong?"

Instantly the dwarf darted forward, and snatching her hand, kissed it eagerly again and again, his bright, large eyes flashing with pleasure.

"Piquet will remember—Piquet will remember!" he uttered, in a sweet, strange voice. And turning, he sprang away, and disappeared among the underbrush that crowned the top of the slope.

Eleanor Ashby looked after him, silently, her usually gay countenance wearing an air of softened interest and perplexity.

"Poor boy!" she said, gently. "I wonder who he is? I never saw him before."

"Doubtless the child of some poor person in this neighborhood," answered Morley Briancourt, lightly. And then he added with a tender and deprecating glance: "I crave your pardon, fair Eleanor, for striking him, but I was really something irritated at the moment at his rashness, and not once dreamed of his being so terribly deformed. Forgive me for the pain I caused you."

"O, as to that," said Eleanor Ashby, "it is more necessary to seek his forgiveness than mine; but I do not think you meant to harm him seriously, and I am sure, as you say, that you would not have struck him for the world if you had known what he was. As regards me, you stand excused." And she frankly extended her hand. Morley Briancourt held it with a tender and passionate pressure in his own, during the single instant she allowed it to remain there; then she withdrew it, saying: "And now, shall we ride on? We have, I think, rather more than an hour to spare before sunset, and I have a strong desire to dispose of it in a visit to Penshurst Common."

"Penshurst Common?" echoed her lover, with a glance of interested inquiry, as if wondering at the nature of her errand thither.

"Yes—to see the gipseys encamped there," returned Miss Ashby. "Did you not know they were there? Lucy Elmore, my maid, tells me they came last night. She has seen them to-day, and tells me wonderful stories of a certain beautiful, stately, dark-eyed woman, the queen, apparently, of the gang, who revealed to her things which Lucy was not aware of having told to a single person, and which she declares are all marvellously true. So," she continued, gaily, "I am dying with curiosity to see these people, and their beautiful and wonderful queen, whom, I suspect from Lucy's account, to be something more than one meets with every day among these fortune-telling wanderers. Her name, I believe Lucy said, is Maida. A peculiar one, is it not?"

She had not seen, as she talked thus lightly and carelessly, the rapt and but half-concealed interest with which Morley Briancourt listened to her remarks. She did not see the slight and sudden start he gave as she uttered the last words, nor the quick, darkening shadow that overspread his face. But whatever was the emotion awakened within his breast, its every manifestation was concealed, when her glance was upraised to his, as she concluded.

He did not answer immediately. Thoughts, rapid and anxious, were thronging his mind. Then, however, he returned, carelessly:

"Is it not almost too late for the purpose you speak of? Penshurst is at some distance from here, and we should scarcely have time to return before sunset; should we, Eleanor?"

"O, we have ample time—we have ample time!" said Miss Ashby, in a light tone. "I do not wish to stay long. I think," she added, with a laughing glance, "you must have heard good Mrs. Millett warning me, before I left the hall door, against prolonging my ride till the dew-fall. But, indeed, I am not at all afraid of taking cold, and I know you are not one to fear the ill effects of the evening air for yourself."

"Nay—it is Eleanor's good that I think of," he answered, tenderly, bending upon her the soft light of his fine dark eyes. "And, indeed, I think we had better defer our visit until another time, when we can come earlier. Shall it not be so?" He laid his hand upon hers, as he spoke, with a slight pressure, and clasped it softly in his own, as he still regarded her.

Eleanor Ashby felt the blood rising to her cheek. But a spirit of perversity seized her.

"No; let me go now—this moment, Morley," she said, gaily. "I will not wait till to-morrow. Come!" She withdrew her hand from his; gave him a smile, and put Selim to a quicker pace.

Morley Briancourt ground his teeth hard.

"If it is Maida's gang!" he muttered, to himself. "What brought her into this neighborhood? The evil one himself led our steps this way to-night. O, that I had guarded against this! But it is too late now." And as he muttered the words, he gave the horse the rein, and rode on beside Eleanor.

The wilful girl looked laughingly up in his face.

"Forgive me if I am wicked, Morley, and will have my own way," she said; "for you know a woman is even inclined to abide by her own will, and I am like the rest of my perverse sisters."

In Morley Briancourt's heart, if one could have read deeper than the expression his countenance wore, it would have been seen that all was fear, uneasiness and apprehension. But Eleanor Ashby beheld no sign of this. To her, he wore the same demeanor as ever, and if there were moments when he grew moody and abstracted, she failed to observe it.

Some two miles or more they rode, and then struck into a path lying nearly at right angles with the course of the river, and leading towards a small village some three or four hundred yards distant. Just beyond this village, stretched a wide, bare common, to the very edge of the forest, where were pitched the tents of a gang of gipseys.

Morley Briancourt's face grew paler, as they met his gaze. His teeth were set; a shadow, black and direful, rested on his dark brow. Once he almost checked his horse with an involuntary motion. But the sudden desperation passed. "Pshaw!" he muttered; "what, after all, should I fear? And yet," and his brow grew black again, "what should I *not* fear if Maida is there and recognizes me? But it is too late—too late!"

They went on past the village and across the common, Eleanor still, ever and anon, making some gay remark, and Morley Briancourt replying with an ease and carelessness the very opposite of what were, probably, his real feelings; and so they neared the gipsey camp.

With a keen and uneasy glance he surveyed the scene that presented itself there. It was one of deep interest to any lover of the picturesque; of far deeper interest to *him*, though the cause appeared not yet. The tents were pitched just on the confines of the forest. Among them, several of the gipseys were gathered together about a large fire kindled on the ground, and engaged in preparing their evening repast. There was many a dusky urchin, too, gamboling on the green forest turf beyond the tents, joined here and there by some of the hardy village boys; and others of the gang, again, were scattered about, with many a gay youth and pretty maid, come to have their fortunes told.

"A merry scene—is it not, Morley?" said Eleanor Ashby, regarding it with smiling and curious interest, as they drew momentarily nearer,—"a merry scene—is it not? How like a picture I saw but the other day! Let us pause here a moment,—the figures show so finely just at this distance."

Willingly Morley Briancourt reined in his horse. "Well were it for me if she would ride no nearer!" he murmured. And while Eleanor sat silently regarding the gipseys, he, too, was scanning eagerly and anxiously, group after group, as if in search of some familiar face or form. But one after another was subjected to his scrutiny, and he seemed to miss the one he sought for. He breathed more freely; the shadow that ever and anon had hovered round his brow disappeared.

Suddenly, Eleanor cried:

"See, Morley! I am sure there is the queen, Maida, coming out from that tent. She answers Lucy's description exactly. There—you may see her in that group to the left, which she has just joined. I must have a nearer view of her."

Morley Briancourt started; his brow grew dark and anxious again, blackened into a heavy frown as his quick eye descried the figure of a tall, beautifully-formed gipsey woman, whom Eleanor had just pointed out. "Maida—Maida! yes—'tis she!" he hissed, between his clenched teeth. Then keeping down, with a violent effort, every sign of the agitation he experienced, he said, lightly:

"One moment, and I will join you, Eleanor. While you are taking a sketch of that beautiful gipsey dame for your portfolio, I have a fancy for trying the fortune-telling art of the little ragged, dark-skinned maiden approaching us."

"As you will—as you will," said Eleanor, smilingly. "And now I think of it," she added, with a playful air, "you may stay there, if you please, till I come back, for I cannot tell but that I may have my own fortune told, and you must not be by to listen."

A gay smile sparkled in her fine eyes, and dimpled her sweet mouth, as she rode off.

A look of relief flashed over Morley Briancourt's face. "A lucky artifice!" he murmured, looking after her, and throwing a hasty glance beyond to the place where stood the gipsey queen,—"a lucky artifice! It has saved me, if Maida sees me not, and I must take care to move out of sight. For eight years I have evaded her; the fiends are in it, that she should scent me out now. But she shall do no mischief, if I can help it." And concealing himself partly by means of the intervening trunk of a great oak, he beckoned to him the lank-looking gipsey girl who was coming up.

Meanwhile, Miss Ashby proceeded towards the spot where she could just discern the figure of the gipsey queen in the midst of the others. But she had not far to go. Though she knew it not, she had been watched for the last five minutes by the dark woman.

She was a handsome woman, this gipsey queen,—handsome, and dark, and tall, with a full, magnificent figure, and the carriage of royalty itself. As she stood surrounded by several of her people, her splendid eyes were fixed intently, from time to time, upon the approaching figure of Miss Ashby, as they had looked out upon her from the tent before she appeared. Suddenly, she extricated herself from the group that surrounded her, and advanced to meet Eleanor, encountering her about half way.

The young lady checked her horse, and the gipsey woman stood at her side, regarding her steadfastly with those dark, searching eyes.

"Why have you come hither?" she asked, quietly and briefly.

Eleanor was in some sort perplexed by this abrupt questioning.

"Indeed, I scarcely know myself," she answered, smiling, and with a slight blush at what she thought a very awkward confession, "unless it was from—"

"Well, finish it—from curiosity! That was what brought you hither," said the gipsey woman.

Miss Ashby looked at the magnificent woman before her, and thought curiosity an impertinence.

"I am glad you have come, however," continued the gipsey. "I have been looking for you all day."

"For me?" echoed Eleanor, with a countenance of perplexity.

"For you. You wonder how I should know anything concerning you—do you not?"

"Yes, since this is the first time, I think, that I have seen you," said the young lady.

"It is well. I wished to see you, and you have come. If you had not done so, I should have sought you. I would say to you things which may not please you, but which must be said. I would speak to you in regard to yourself—to your own fate—to those things which most deeply concern you."

Eleanor looked at the gipsey woman with a surprised and questioning air.

"How is it that you, a stranger, take an interest in me?" she asked; "and to what end is it?"

"I would serve you; I would gain your good-will, and save you from evil. Let that answer suffice now, for I would spare you, if I may, the direct knowledge of much that would pain and terrify you. But if you had not the warning I shall give you, then, ere long, *and, perhaps, when it is too late*, you will mourn most bitterly your rashness in braving me."

"A warning? What is it?" asked Eleanor Ashby, impressed by her earnestness, and yet half incredulous in this warmly expressed interest on the part of an utter stranger, and that stranger a gipsey.

The woman looked at her silently for a moment. Then her glance was directed to a spot at some five or six rods distant. It rested on the figure of Morley Briancourt. A burning light shone in her dark eyes one instant, and then was quenched beneath their silken lashes, as the drooping lids veiled them.

For a brief space she stood thus, with her beautifully-cut lips compressed above the firmly-shut teeth, her glance bent fixedly to the earth, her whole countenance wearing an expression of stern and sorrowful thought. Eleanor Ashby was puzzled by it; she could not comprehend what she saw; she waited in silence for her strange companion to speak.

The gipsey woman raised her head, presently, with a half-suppressed sigh, and drew her hand slowly across her brow.

"You are waiting," she said. "Let me say quickly, then, what I have to say. And remember my warning, or you will rue the hour in which you disregarded it. You are an orphan, Eleanor Ashby," she said, speaking more slowly. "Since your infancy, you have known nothing of the care, and protection, and guidance of parents, much as you have needed them all. But your need hitherto has not been so great as now. For I tell you that you are in danger. Within a twelvemonth—ay, and less—far less now—within even the summer that is nearing us, a bridal ring will be waiting for your hand, a wife's vows upon your lips. But touch not the ring, utter not the vow; shun him who would give the one and claim the other. O, Eleanor Ashby, be warned—be warned in time! Wed not, as you have a woman's hopes—a woman's dreams, to come to fruition, or to be dashed aside forever!"

Her earnest appeal, her undisguised knowledge of her listener's position and circumstances, the mystery of her words—all affected Miss Ashby, spite of herself, with uneasiness. Yet she wished for some idea more definite than that which she had gathered from Maida's words.

"Whom do you mean? Why should I not wed? Tell me, and tell me who he is against whom you warn me," she said. And she would not believe yet that it was Morley Briancourt.

"I cannot tell you *why* you should not wed him, further than because you would accomplish your own misery by so doing. Who is the one against whom you are warned? Look yonder—he stands there by the great oak. Listen to my words, remember, trust the voice of a true friend, and utter not to a living soul that of which I have told you." And without another word, she strode swiftly away in the direction of the tents.

For a single instant, Miss Ashby's impulse was to follow her, but she checked it, and turned her horse's head in the homeward path. She went to rejoin Morley Briancourt at the great oak. Her countenance wore a grave and more thoughtful expression than was its wont; but he did not observe it. He was not looking at her. His glance followed the form of the gipsey queen, as she passed swiftly back to the tents.

"She did not see me," he muttered. "It is well. If she *had*—" He started. The woman had stopped short in her walk, turned, and stood looking towards him. "The fiend!" he said, to himself, turning pale, "she knows me, after all, I believe."

She did know him. She came back again to the spot where she had been with Miss Ashby; she came nearer yet, and he could not move; he could not turn away, for Eleanor had not reached him. And while she came slowly along, the gipsey woman, beyond her, advanced too. She came near enough for him to see her features plainly, and then stopped. Eleanor did not see her, but he did.

He could not look away. Her dark, bright eyes fascinated his. She raised her arm; she pointed at him; a light, mocking, scornful laugh echoed from her red lips; she shook her finger with a menacing gesture. He was uneasy. He understood that menace. He could almost hear the clear, musical, triumphant voice that said, "I know you—*I know you!*"

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERVIEW, AND ITS RESULT.

It was evening, and Morley Briancourt paced the floor of the drawing-room at Ashby Hall, with folded arms, his head bent, and his usually smooth and smiling brow darkly contracted. It was two hours since he had returned, with Eleanor, from the visit to the gipsey camp. She had spoken scarcely a word during their ride home, and immediately on reaching there, had gone directly to her own apartment.

This, in part, was the cause of his disturbance to-night. "It is that accursed gipsey who has done it!" he muttered, vengefully. "She knew me; she must have seen and recognized me at once; and what tale of mischief, then, did she pour into Eleanor's ears? Her malice will ruin me! For none but she possesses the knowledge of—" He paused, and set his teeth hard, while his lips were compressed, and his hand tightly clenched.

A slow, measured tread was heard. Through the open doors at the extremity of the apartment, a middle-aged man entered. He was tall and spare, though large in frame. His face was crossed and furrowed with many wrinkles, and wore a stern, reserved look. A cold, forbidding light was in his dark gray eyes. His hair, which had been black, was abundantly sprinkled with gray. He was forty-five. He looked at least ten or twelve years older, even by the soft light from the sconces above his head. This was Sir Edward Ashby.

He came up the apartment, and paused at a table which was covered with books. While searching among them, he said, glancing, for the first time, towards Morley Briancourt:

"Where is Eleanor this evening? Why is she not here?"

"She has retired, sir, with a headache, I believe," answered the young man.

The baronet said nothing more, but finding the book for which he sought, left the room.

The young man laughed—a low, contemptuous laugh. "A headache!" he muttered. "Well, it serves the purpose; there is no need of telling him the real state of the case. It would only make him nervous; and it is not the first lie Morley Briancourt has coined."

He continued to pace the room to and fro. The dark scowl settled upon his brow again. He was thinking once more of Maida, the gipsey. She had not crossed his path before for eight years. They had known each other well in former times, and she had become possessed of the knowledge of certain deeds of his, which he trembled to have reach the ear of his future bride; for were Eleanor Ashby to know of them—and Maida the gipsey was the only one from whom he could fear betrayal,—his hopes and prospects in that direction were dashed aside. And if Maida knew that Eleanor Ashby was about to become his bride, she would tell her all. This was what he feared she had done, that afternoon.

His father and Sir Edward Ashby both knew well what the deeds were that were so carefully concealed, and they had helped to conceal them; for Victor Briancourt had his own motives in wedding his son with the future heiress of Ashby, and securing the title in his family; and Sir Edward Ashby, by some act of former years, had placed himself, his safety—his very life, even, in the power of Victor Briancourt, so that he was a mere tool in the hands of this man, to do whatsoever he willed. And the compact between the two men was this: that on certain considerations—which the reader will become acquainted with in due time—the son of Victor Briancourt should receive the hand of Eleanor, the niece of Sir Edward, and heiress presumptive of Ashby, on her eighteenth birthday.

Was the plan to fail now, almost at the eleventh hour? The long cherished prospects of years—were they to be destroyed now? This was what Morley Briancourt asked himself, with his mind in a state of tormenting anxiety and apprehension. His father had planned this match for him; but he, although averse to it at first, had entered into the project, afterwards, with all the ardor that father could have wished, tempted both by the golden prize held out to him, and by the piquant and charming beauty of Eleanor herself, which, attractive as it made her childhood, even, promised a future of rare fascination; and now, that his ambitious golden dreams had grown so dear, and his passion for his beautiful bride-elect so deep and strong, the contemplation of even the possibility of failure was not to be endured.

He paused in his walk by the great arched window at the end of the apartment, and leaning, with folded arms against the stone shaft rising in the centre, stood there in deep thought, with the cool night-wind playing free over his throbbing head, from which the heavy masses of dark hair were swept restlessly away, and his dark, troubled glance fixed upon the moonlight sward without, where the broad, smooth, dewy lawn lay bathed in the silver radiance of the night.

Suddenly, some object, small and white, fluttered through the air, and glittering in the moonbeams, fell at his feet. It caught his eye. Stooping, he picked it up. It was a scrap of white paper, upon which some words were written.

"Where did it come from?" was his involuntary thought, unconsciously half uttered aloud.

Carrying it beneath the light within the apartment, he examined the writing. In a moment, a fierce, half-suppressed exclamation burst from his lips. He read the words rapidly. They were as follows:

"MORLEY BRIANCOURT:—Meet me, an hour hence, at the edge of Penshurst Copse, above the river. Do not fail me, or I shall be forced to seek you out when it would scarcely be agreeable to you. I would not willingly expose you, if you are inclined to do what is right; but otherwise, you know my power—a power which I will exercise to its full extent for those whom you have wronged.

MAIDA."

A muttered curse sprang to his lips. He strode towards the great window again, and leaping quickly from the low stone sill, looked hastily about him. But no one was to be seen. And yet the hand from which that message came must have been near—very near.

He lingered a moment, and then went in again, closing the window after him. A single moment he stood motionless; then taking the paper to the light once more, slowly re-read it, lingering particularly on the words "I would not willingly expose you, if you are inclined to do what is right." "Then," he murmured, "she has not yet—" He broke off short, and seating himself at a table, leaned his head upon his hand, remaining for several moments plunged deep in thought. Finally he rose. "Yes—I will be there—by Penshurst Copse—I will be there!" he said. Crumpling the paper in his hand, with a hard grasp, he moved hastily away, and left the room.

It was, perhaps, some three hours before midnight, and the moon, that had risen clear and bright, was obscured ever and anon by heavy clouds that seemed to threaten a storm ere morning. Among the trees bending over the river, the wind swept at times with a fitful, wailing gust that died away in a low, faint moan, mournful enough to listen to.

There was a woman pacing the path above the river, moving to and fro continually, with folded arms, just in the shadow of a small wood that crowned the rocky bank. It was the gipsey woman Maida, and this was the place of rendezvous—Penshurst Copse. Yonder, in the flying moonlight, was Penshurst village, with its wide, bare common stretching away to the forest, where the gipsey camp had been. But the tents were not there now; every one had vanished. The gipseys were gone.

Maida only lingered, but it was because she had work to do here. She had sent her people away, knowing not when she might rejoin them, or where, but devoted to the purpose she had before her, and little caring how far she sacrificed her own convenience to it. And to-night she waited in the shadow of the wood for Morley Briancourt.

Moment after moment, the rapid glance of her large, clear eyes traversed the river-path, awaiting his appearance. The hour was passing; the last moment had almost come. But ere it fled, a dark form was visible in the distance, moving hastily along towards Penshurst, from the direction of Ashby. Scarcely one in a thousand could have recognized a familiar form at that distance in the fitful, cloudy gleaming of the moonlight; but the instant Maida's glance descried it, she paused in her measured walk, murmuring in a low tone, "Ay—that is he. I was not mistaken in the estimate of my power. He dared not fail me." And a slight triumph and smile curved her lip.

He came nearer and nearer, gradually slackening his pace as her figure became visible to him. She stood motionless, making not a step towards him, but waiting for him to come up. He reached the spot; he stood within a few feet of her.

"Well, Maida," he said, briefly.

"Well, Morley Briancourt," she returned, quietly. "You are punctual; I like that, for I have business with you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"I will tell you in a few moments, though I hardly think you are ignorant of it now. I dare say you are not over-pleased that I should make my appearance in your vicinity, especially at this particular time!"

She regarded him with a glance at once keen and careless, as she spoke the words in a significant tone.

"I do not know why you should entertain the supposition," he answered, with an appearance of unconcern, affecting not to perceive her meaning. "It is a matter of indifference to me."

"It is?" she returned. "And yet one would hardly think so from your anxiety to avoid me this afternoon."

She watched well the effect of her words. He started, and looked visibly annoyed.

"Do not think, Morley Briancourt," she said, with an accent of slight sternness, after a moment's silence,—"do not think that I do not read your actions and their motives. You flattered yourself that you would keep at a distance, when you found whom you

were approaching. You hoped to be safe, too, from recognition by remaining so far off. But I watched you from the first moment to the last, and knew the fear that prompted you to shun me. You feared to have me see you, in the first place; and next, you shrunk from appearing before me with so fair a maiden at your side; for you knew that I would at once possess myself of your position and prospects, and remembered a certain warning which I gave you, some five years ago."

His brow grew black and angry. Even by the clouded moonlight, the passionate working of his features could be observed.

"Woman, how dare you?" he cried, fiercely.

"O, I can dare a great many things, Morley Briancourt," she answered, with unruffled calmness,—"I can dare a great many things, when I have right on my side. I say, you were apprehensive of trouble if I should become acquainted with your plans and purposes; but I have been acquainted with them for some time."

"You have—you have?" he uttered, with ill-suppressed rage.

"I have; and that is why I have come hither."

"What do you know of my plans? It is false! You know nothing of them or of me."

"You know better, Morley Briancourt," said the woman, sternly,—"you know better; for you know that if I were ignorant of them, I could not speak as I do. Do not think to frighten me, or deceive me, with your blustering. I have kept you in sight, night and day, for five years. Ay, you may start, and look back, but your frowns come too late. For five years I have watched you; for do not think the warning I gave you so long ago was an idle one. I have been silent, invisible, all this time; for I did not wish to trouble you until you should be ready to transgress my injunction; but now that the time is so near, I come to repeat my warning. It were better for you to die than attempt to wed with Eleanor Ashby!"

He uttered not a word, but stood with his lips compressed, his brow contracted, and his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"You are silent, Morley Briancourt," she continued. "It is well; for you know you cannot dare me with impunity. You shall never, while I live, lead Eleanor Ashby to the altar, to take a wife's vows, and bind herself to everlasting misery and shame. I will prevent the evil you would do. The wrong you have already done is sufficient to brand you with a villain's mark forever, and all that restrains me from exposing it is the prayer of the injured, who would leave you unharmed by exposure, guilty as you are."

Morley Briancourt looked up.

"Is any one at Ryecroft aware—have you betrayed—any of these things which you have discovered?" he stammered.

"No," answered the gipsey woman.

"Will you swear it?" he said, eagerly.

"No—I will not swear it," said Maida, coldly. "My word is not so frail that it requires an oath to bind it. I have told you: let that be sufficient. I would not cause unnecessary pain, unless I am driven to extremities; and if that occur, be assured I shall have no further scruples. I have told you that I would not willingly expose you, if I can help it, for the sake of—" She paused an instant, and then went on: "And, therefore, I have called you hither to warn you in private to desist from this step which you contemplate. Are you prepared to do so?"

He did not speak directly. In a moment, however, he raised his eyes to her face, saying:

"You have not, then, told El—Miss Ashby anything that would—" He paused.

"I have not breathed to her a word," answered the gipsey woman, "that would give her the most remote idea of what your deeds have been heretofore; for I would wish to keep all as silent as may be. I have only put her on her guard."

"How?" He spoke fiercely—in a threatening tone.

But Maida answered quietly:

"I merely warned her not to wed you. That if she did, she would repent it."

"And was that all?"

"That was all."

"You give me your word that you breathed not the faintest hint of the secret of which you are possessed?"

"I have already done so. I repeat it, if you are not satisfied," she returned, coldly.

Morley Briancourt meditated a few moments. He stood with his eyes fixed upon the ground, his head bent, and one hand thrust in his bosom. In the cloudy moonlight, Maida could see that he was strangely agitated. But she could not see the horrible thought lurking in his heart. She believed his agitation to arise from his unhappiness in the prospect of losing Eleanor Ashby. Presently he looked up. His voice was strange and hoarse, as he spoke:

"Maida," he said, "there is, then, not one beside yourself to witness against me?"

She regarded him with an air of perplexity.

"There is not one, Morley Briancourt. Can you not comprehend me? And I tell you that if you choose to relinquish this shameful and wretched scheme of yours, I am silent on the subject; but if you persist in it, there is wanting but a single word from my lips to ruin you."

"*And that word shall never be spoken!*" uttered Morley Briancourt, hoarsely, as he sprang upon the gipsey, his left hand clutching her throat, his right raised high in the air. A knife glittered and flashed in the moon's dreary light; there was a struggle, a blow, a groan, and the form of the gipsey woman lay silent at the murderer's feet. Her threat was harmless now. One instant he gazed upon the motionless figure, then bent down and examined the stark, cold face, upturned to the night, with the white moonrays drifting over it. The heart, so lately beating with the fulness of life, was still; the breath had fled from those proud lips—the light from those glazing eyes!

"Safe—safe—safe!" muttered Morley Briancourt, with feverish tremulousness. "She is gone—the only stumbling-block in my way!" He paused not to look again, not even to draw the knife from his victim's breast. Indeed, with desperate energy, he lifted the corpse in his arms, dragged it down from the pathway to the edge of the rocky, precipitous bank, and released his hold. With a dull, sullen plash, it fell into the dark river. The waters parted to receive it, moaned and gurgled for a moment, and then closed silently over the form of Morley Briancourt's enemy.

CHAPTER III.

INMATES OF ASHBY PLACE.

Morning found Eleanor Ashby in a great degree recovered from the impressions of the preceding evening. The soothing quiet of the intervening hours of slumber had deprived them of their vividness, and nearly dissipated them entirely; so that, looking back, they seemed as a nightmare, which, as one starts from it in the deep midnight, seems sufficiently horrible, but whose terrors fade away with the dawn.

Her usual gaiety and animation were completely restored, and the careless, light-hearted Eleanor was herself once more; while her handmaiden, pretty Lucy Elmore, whose state of mind, like that of a great many others, was always colored by surrounding circumstances, was cheerful as a bird, in proportion to the cheerfulness of her mistress. Eleanor made a rapid, yet graceful toilet, thinking, as she beheld her own bright face in the dressing-glass, while Lucy was dressing her hair, that it was a very different one from that which the same mirror had reflected last evening when she came up to her chamber after the ride to Penshurst Common; and inwardly convinced that the gipsey woman had been merely trying the extent of her credulity, and that it was really a great piece of nonsense, after all, to believe a word she had said, resolved not to wear such a ridiculously sober countenance again for so trifling a cause.

"Lucy," she said, lightly, to her maid, "I saw your fine gipsey dame, Maida, last evening. She is very handsome. She would do grandly for an empress, Lucy; but I don't think much of her for doing her best to frighten people."

"To frighten people?" echoed the maid, wonderingly. "I did not know she did that. She told me nothing that was not pleasant—"

"Ay," joined in Eleanor Ashby, smilingly,—"she told you, I'll warrant me, that young Harry Longworth, the butler's son, had been whispering something in your ear down yonder under the hawthorn, and that you were to be wedded before another Christmas should come."

Lucy Elmore blushed scarlet, and her bright eyes fell bashfully. But then she said, modestly:

"It was that, or something very near it, that she told me, dear Miss Eleanor; though I am sure," and she smiled, "I do not know how you guessed it so easily."

Eleanor laughed.

"You forget that I have a woman's eyes, dear Lucy," she said, "and I guessed long ago that Harry liked you better than he dared to say. Well, he is an honest youth, and I know he will make you a good husband. Heigho! I only wish, Lucy, that Maida had given me as happy a fate; though, indeed, I do not credit a word she said."

"She said something to displease you, then?" asked Lucy, gently.

"Something that discomposed and annoyed me very much for a time," replied her mistress. "But I do not mean to let it trouble me, or make me treat other people with distrust. Lucy, have you seen Mr. Briancourt out yet, this morning? I dare say he is already on the lawn. I am something later than usual, I believe."

"No; I do not think he has left his room yet," said Lucy. "But I saw that saucy man of his, some fifteen minutes ago, in the great hall, and he was just going up to his master, he said; so I dare say Mr. Briancourt will be out first, now."

"You do not like Will Humphries, Lucy, I see," said Miss Ashby.

No, indeed, dear Miss Eleanor. He is too impudent for me; and though, perhaps, I ought not to say such things, because he is young Mr. Briancourt's own man, Harry Longworth says he is sure Will Humphries is a great knave, and bade me beware of him. But I would not say this to another than you, miss," she added, in a grave tone.

"No—it is best not—it is best not, Lucy," returned Miss Ashby, musingly. "Think what you will, so that you judge not too hastily; be as cautious as you will, but do not make unnecessary enemies. I would be civil to him, but no more. I do not like the man, I think, any better than you do; but then he is not of much consequence, and besides, he is not one of the family servants."

"And I hope he never will be," said Lucy, somewhat warmly.

Miss Ashby laughed.

"Why, dear Lucy," she responded, "that would be inevitable, if—" She bethought herself, paused and blushed.

"I hope, dear Miss Eleanor," said Lucy Elmore, seriously, catching the thought her mistress would not express,—"I hope you will not think of marrying this great while yet,—at least, not of marrying—"

"Whom, Lucy?" asked Eleanor, with a quiet smile.

"Mr. Briancourt, Miss Eleanor," answered the maid, hesitating at speaking so familiarly on the subject, yet obliged to finish what she had so impulsively began.

"Why, do you dislike the master as well as the man?" laughed Miss Ashby, good-humoredly. "Fie, Lucy! you should not judge hardly of everybody. But I do not think you ever liked Mr. Briancourt over-much, though I am sure I cannot guess why."

"I could not tell why myself, dear Miss Eleanor," answered Lucy, thoughtfully. "And, indeed, I know I have no right to utter a word concerning him or his business here, in the way of opinion, but I have been with you so many years that—" She paused and blushed, afraid to go on, lest she should seem impertinent. Eleanor comprehended her, however.

"Yes—yes; I know what you would say," she returned, kindly, "and you mean well. I do not resent it, dear Lucy, that you take an interest in my happiness, for I know you love me; yet I am better pleased that you do not speak too readily of these matters. But you must not cherish this feeling with regard to my marriage with Mr. Briancourt, which I am not at all certain will ever take place; for although you may not be conscious of it yourself, it may be very wrong to do so. Beware of unfounded prejudices, Lucy."

She tied on her sash, took up her pocket-handkerchief, and carolling a merry air, lightly descended the stairs leading to the great hall. No one but the housekeeper was visible below; and Morley Briancourt had not yet left his chamber, though he usually rose much earlier; and Sir Edward Ashby never made his appearance until the usual breakfast hour.

Throwing a light scarf about her neck, she ran out into the park to court the fresh morning air, that lent a brighter glance to her beautiful dark eyes, and a vivid bloom to her already glowing cheek. Then looking, in her fresh and snowy drapery, and the azure scarf floating over her dress, like the fairest of the graces, she went into the house again.

Breakfast was ready, and Sir Edward waiting in the hall. Morley Briancourt had not made his appearance. His valet reported that he had a slight headache—his excuse for not joining them. The repast was a silent one. Sir Edward Ashby was a dark, stern, reserved man. Eleanor seldom met him except at table, and then he spoke as seldom as possible. He had always been thus, as far as her remembrance went. He was her uncle, and her guardian, but he was, after all, a stranger to her. There was neither affection nor confidence between them.

He sat there, the master of Ashby Place, apart from all others. Eleanor wondered sometimes that this cold, harsh, uncommunicative man, almost a hermit in his own house, should have been the brother of her own father, who, in his lifetime, when *he* was master here, had been beloved by his equals, and almost adored by his dependents. But, after all, he had only been her father's half-brother. Eleanor had been afraid of him in her childhood. As she grew older, the feeling of awe with which she regarded him had changed into something like indifference. She treated him with respect, but distantly, still; for his presence always cast a restraint over her. The domestics, who were old retainers at Ashby, having served there during her father's time, from his childhood to his death, were not one of them attached to this master. The contrast between him and Sir James Ashby, whom everybody had loved for his noble heart, his beauty, his goodness and cheerful temper, who had a sunny smile, a pleasant word, and a warm greeting for every one, who was honest and open as the day, and of whom none could have spoken a word of evil,—that contrast was most unfavorable to Sir Edward. They would have refused to remain at Ashby, dear as it had grown to them, after his succession, had it not been for the little Eleanor, the only remaining child of their late beloved master and mistress.

Sir Edward Ashby mingled very seldom with his country neighbors, and rarely had visitors. The only one who ever visited him intimately was one who had been known to him from boyhood—Victor Briancourt, the father of Eleanor Ashby's lover. Eleanor often wondered at the intimacy between these two men; for as the one was dark, stern and forbidding, the other was graceful, affable, elegant in person and manners, of polished and courtly address, and of extreme personal beauty. Neither of these men could have been above forty-five years of age; and yet, while Mr. Briancourt looked ten years younger, Sir Edward Ashby seemed as much older than he really was.

But differ as they might, they were very intimate; and Victor Briancourt came to Ashby Place two or three times a year to enliven its gloom with his presence. He was quite at home there, and Eleanor was never sorry to see him, for he was one of those who make themselves agreeable everywhere and to every one.

Despite the seclusion in which Sir Edward kept himself, however, Eleanor was not debarred entirely from the pleasure of society abroad. Some five miles from Ashby Place, was Briarfield, a fine old estate, of considerable extent, with a well-wooded park, in the centre of which stood a handsome and substantial mansion, built of red brick, and called Briarfield Hall. It had been the property of an old and esteemed neighbor of Eleanor's late father; but he had died years agone, and his son possessed it now. Young Hugh Latimer and his sister, after their father's death, had been taken to the residence of their guardian in York; while their aunt, a maiden lady, the only sister of the late Mr. Latimer, remained at Briarfield, to take care of the old place during the minority of her nephew. Five years previous to the time of the events which this story details, Mary Latimer had come home to stay with her aunt, while Hugh was travelling with his guardian; and then commenced a friendship between herself and Miss Ashby, which had remained, like their intercourse, uninterrupted ever since.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The mind of man is formed to desire and to relish variety. The objects with which he is conversant are varied without end, to gratify that desire and to correspond with that relish. The glare of a perpetual sunshine and the fervid heat of a continual summer would speedily oppress and destroy mankind; but relieved by the tranquillity of darkness, the freshness of spring, the sedateness of autumn, and even the gloom of winter, they become no less grateful than they are beneficial.—*Manton.*



GOLD DIGGERS ON THE MARCH.



A STAMPEDE OF WILD CATTLE.

AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.

We present on this page four spirited engravings, illustrating life in Australia, under the aspects it assumes since the discovery of the gold fields which have effected quite a social revolution. The first engraving delineates, in the foreground, a couple of "prospecters," as our Californians call them, on the march. Their rude costumes are adapted for service, not show. In the distance is a covered cart, drawn by two stout horses over the uneven ground, guided by a wagoner and preceded by another gold seeker, with his dog and gun. The second engraving shows also a highly characteristic scene. A couple of horsemen in the foreground have taken refuge from a *stampede* of wild cattle. In the middle distance the head of the drove is seen pouring furiously along in mad career. Woe to the horseman who finds himself in their path without an opening for escape. In five minutes horse and rider would be a shapeless mass of trampled jelly. The next engraving depicts a group of "prospecters." Their costume is true Californian—one which suits the latitude of Australia as well as it does that of San Francisco. The bearded faces, the slouched hat, the belted waist to wear arms, the huge boots—have become quite familiar to our eyes of late. The lad on the right appears to be inquiring his way, and his dog and that of the miners, are exchanging salutatory growls of rather an ominous character. But nothing unpleasant need be feared, as the diggers, beneath rude exteriors, conceal good hearts. Of a different character is the trio depicted in the last engraving. These are unmitigated rascals. Vice has indelibly stamped itself upon their features. The stooping figure in front, in a half military costume, with pistols, sword and riding boots, may be a London burglar, a voluntary or involuntary exile from the "fast-anchored isle." Low cunning distinguishes the taller rowdy on the left, and depravity and ferocity his companion. The three are specimens of the abandoned characters too frequently to be met with in Australia. The spirited sketches are taken from among the fine illustrations of a little work just published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields of this city, entitled "A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia: or, Herbert's Note Book. By William Howitt,"—a very interesting juvenile work, got up in beautiful style. Howitt is thoroughly posted up in Australian matters, having imbibed the gold fever, and engaged in gold mining with a portion of his family. His "Land, Labor and Gold," a work of two volumes, also published by Ticknor & Fields, embodies a large amount of valuable information, to which we have been accustomed to refer as authority with regard to the present condition of Australia. When the discovery of the gold mines took place in this quarter of the globe, there was a rush of immigration thither, similar to the exodus which carried so many thousands to California, and the history of the one under the influence of the gold fever is a counterpart of that of the other. Fortunes made by some—disappointment and sickness incurred by others—industry and vice fostered and developed—prices inflated in the wildest manner—speculation run mad—civilization resulting from the movement of life, and indicating clearly a providential design, these are points which arrest the attention in Australia as in California. During the height of the gold fever, the rage for land speculation in the vicinity of the settlements in Australia, was almost unparalleled. All who bought lands and houses when they were at reasonable rates made their fortunes, for real estate worth in England from five to ten thousand dollars, sometimes brought a hundred and even a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The increase of Melbourne has been prodigious. Under the stimulus of gold it rapidly increased from 30,000 to 80,000 inhabitants Howitt, who was not very successful in his search for the root of all evil, speaks, as is natural under such circumstances, rather disparagingly of gold mining. He says, with respect to the gold fields, which are at the bottom of all the rush hither: "It is very important that they should be better understood at home; that the *fictitious* should be brushed from the *real* value; and that it should be well understood who are the people to whom they are an object of genuine attraction. It is not to gentlemen, but to the working classes. Fortunes, as gentlemen estimate them, are not to be made there by digging. We have seen the Ovens, and know that it is not to be made there. What we hear of other diggings is similar. Fortunes are not made by any one. There are now so many people come out to the diggings, that, even were they as profitable as they were at first represented, there is such a rush to any one promising point that the whole thing is torn to pieces. What then will it be when all have arrived whom we hear are leaving England? The fever is running its course at home, as the railway fever did, and nothing will check it till it has run its course through. It is in vain to cry out that nobody, with very rare exceptions, is getting more than navvies' wages for real navvies' work at the diggings. The people at home look at the great Ballarat nugget, and every man thinks he can just run over and pick up one like it. They look at the ten tons of gold by the 'Australian,' and at the aggregate amount of gold shipped monthly to England, and they are persuaded that coming hither and enormous riches are synonymous. Nothing will teach them the reality, but the stern reality itself." Digging gold in Australia is no child's play, as many an English gentleman—who, ruined by his turf speculations, has taken to mining to repair his shattered fortunes—has found out to his cost. As the mode of operation differs somewhat from that in California, with which our readers are so familiar, we subjoin a description of the method of conducting business at the "Ovens" diggings, compiled and condensed from "Land, Labor and Gold." The diggers seem to have two especial propensities, those of firing guns and felling trees. No sooner have they completed their day's work, than they commence felling trees, which you hear almost continually falling with a crash, on one side of you or the other. In fact, the stringy-bark tree is the most useful tree conceivable, for the diggers as well as squatters, it being useful for very many purposes. The gold field here consists of two fields, Spring Creek and Reid's Creek. Spring Creek runs into Reid's Creek some three or four miles below here. Altogether there are calculated to be nearly twenty thousand people on these diggings. The greater part of the gold is got out of the wet diggings; that is, out of the bed of the creek. No one, except he sees it, can possibly form any idea of what these wet diggings are. It requires from ten to fourteen men to work a claim, for the water pours in so fast as to require a good number of them constantly bailing it out; this is done both by buckets and pumps. You see long poles placed on posts, like those at old wells in Germany, the outer end of the pole being weighted so as to balance the bucket when full; this machine they call a wee-gee. Others use a Chinese pump, called a belt-pump, which the Chinese took to California, and which Californian diggers are using here. The belt-pump consists simply of a long wooden pipe or tunnel, about six inches square, at the upper end of which is a wheel turning a long band of canvass, the two ends of which are sowed together so that it forms a circle. On this band are fixed upright square pieces of board at regular distances; and, as the wheel is turned, these pieces of board move onward with the band, enter the lower end of the tunnel, and carrying the water with them, discharge it at the mouth. Many of these wet diggings are from ten to twenty feet deep; and not only are they thus flooded with fetid water, but the sides continually tumble in, and require to be cased with slabs or sheets of the stringy-bark. If this be neglected, most likely, at the moment that the diggers reach the gold, an enormous mass of earth falls in and buries it and them too, if they are not very lucky, many feet deep. They must be worked day and night, or they become filled with water to the brim. In these dismal and troublesome holes you see groups of men working under the broiling sun, streaming with perspiration, and yet up to the middle in water. Nothing can be more destructive to the constitution, yet the quantity of gold found in these wet holes being much larger than what is found in the dry ground, there is always a rush there. These deep and unshapely abysses are black with mud, in which lie beams and poles, and masses of stringy-bark; other holes worked out, or whence the people have been driven out by the overpowering force of water; and amidst all this sludge and filth and confusion, swarms of people, many of them gentlemen of birth and education, all laboring as for life! When you have seen this, you begin to have a truer notion of what gold digging is, than from the rose-water romancing of the Australian papers. Next come the dry diggings: these are far enough from the stream to be dug from its drainage. Every yard of ground is there dug up; the whole surface is honey-combed with holes, from ten to forty feet and more deep. These are far more tolerable than the wet holes; but working, even there, is no play. The strata through which they are cut, are often as hard as flint; and a noon sun darting perpendicularly into them, and not a breath of air being able to reach the worker, you may imagine something of the severity of this labor. In some places large square masses have been dug out solidly; and the excavations resemble the foundations of some ancient city, like Nineveh, laid open to the day. The amount of labor has been already enormous. Indeed, if any one at home asks you whether he shall go to the Australian diggings, advise him first to go and dig a coal pit; then work a month at a stone quarry; next sink a well in the wettest place he can find, of at least fifty feet deep; and, finally, clear out a space of sixteen feet square of a bog twenty feet deep; and if, after that, he still has a fancy for the gold fields, let him come; understanding, however, that all the time he lives on heavy, unleavened bread, on tea without milk, and on mutton or beef without vegetables, and as tough as India-rubber. This is not a very flattering picture, but it is certainly a truthful one, and while it costs so much labor to procure gold, there is no danger of its becoming a drug in the market.



A GROUP OF MINERS



A SPECIMEN OF THE BUSH RANGERS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JUNE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

Tall spires of grass are bending,
Bright flowers their sweets are sending,
O'er meadow, hill and dell;
June, with her gorgeous treasures,
Wins my heart to share her pleasures,
And I own her magic spell
Around my heart is stealing,
Kindling every chord of feeling;
Why I weep I cannot tell!
Tender thoughts just tinged with sadness,
Some of joy and some of gladness,
Bringing smiles and tears together—
Would these thoughts might last forever!
One of June's sweet, fragrant blossoms
Is now drooping on my bosom;
How I've watched its fair charms perish,
Like the hopes my heart would cherish;
From my bosom I will tear it,
'Gainst my throbbing heart I'll wear it;
Other flowers not half so tender,
To the rude winds I'll surrender,
One I'll shrine—I'll yield it not—
'Tis the sweet forget-me-not!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MUTINY AT SPITHEAD:

—OR,—

JACK TAR AS A GENTLEMAN.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING her enormous strength, and that for so long a period of years Great Britain has been able to bid proud defiance to the kings and princes of the world, it happened once upon a time, when England's naval force was at its strongest; when she was engaged in one of her most terrible and sanguinary wars; that the British lion, upon arousing itself one morning from its lair and shaking its mane from its eyes—found to its horrible surprise that it no longer possessed a ship, a gun, or a sailor; no, not so much as a cabin boy or a dingy.

Previous to the year 1797, the British naval service was regulated by laws differing materially from those now in force. Founded at a period when slavery was universally tolerated, and liberty comparatively unknown, there had been but few changes from the time of the seventh Henry up to the period above indicated; the brutal and irrational system of impressment supplied recruits, while the allowances of pay and provisions were of the most meagre and pitiful description.

It seems almost incredible that the British government could have expected men who had been suddenly torn from their homes by a brutal press-gang, for no other crime than poverty or friendlessness—to fight her battles without a murmur. But they did expect it, for they placed before the unfortunate men the alternative—either to behave well, fight the battles of their country, and to drudge unrepiningly through the severe privations which alone the navy had to offer, in which case they became valuable to their tyrants, and thus unwittingly rivetted around their own necks the chain of that servitude which was to gall them through life, or, on the other hand, should the natural feelings of manhood lead them to refuse or rebel, should they shrink from imbruing their hands in the blood of those who had never offended them, in a war which no good principle might perhaps be able to extenuate, they were tried by superiors who had no feelings in common with themselves, but a life of prejudices enlisted against them, and either scourged into madness by the application of personal torture to their backs, or ignominiously strung up at the yard-arms of those ships which they had been forced to enter. It is not to be supposed, however, that all who entered the service were impressed. The same causes that operate to fill our own navy, in our own day, were in force then; some to avoid the evil consequences of misdeeds, some because they were in debt without the means of payment, some because they could obtain a livelihood in no other way, and a few—a very few—because of their own free will they chose so to do.

But having to serve a tyrannical government against their will, was not the only hardship. The food and pay was on a par with the means of enlistment. The water at this time supplied, was, from the ill-constructed build of the ships, the large number of men and the length of the voyage, always doled out to them in limited and most insufficient quantities. Small as was the allowance, the quality was still worse; carried to sea in wooden casks, so that decomposition rapidly took place, and the liquid became revolting in odor and swarming with putrescent life. In evil fellowship with the water was the unwholesome bread which accompanied it. Baked by contractors, whose only virtue was that they cheated a bad government, it went to sea—as now—in the form of biscuits, with the addition of every species of adulteration, and a hardness somewhat less than that of flint. Transported from ship to ship and from station to station until it frequently acquired several years of age, it presented, upon being opened for use, a mass of rottenness and mould. To this were added beef and pork indurated by an excess of salt, supplied by contract, also; salted horse mingled in a large proportion with the beef, and was, perhaps, the only genuine article of provision that could be found on board. But even here roguery and rapacity conspired to make the friendless sailor still a victim.

The pound of meat per man, which the government allowed as a daily ration, rarely exceeded a third, or at most, a half, after being subjected to the conscience of contractors. But after the stores were fairly on board, another and a licensed thief made his appearance, in the shape of a purser, who was sent on board for the express purpose of plundering impartially the government and the sailor. Receiving no salary but that which could be *saved*, or more properly stolen from the rations, the purser's office was considered to be worth, in a line-of-battle ship, from five to six thousand dollars per annum. It is but justice to the government, however, to mention that in one article, the sailors were bountifully supplied. Rum was dealt out to them in ample quantities twice, and sometimes oftener each day.

But a change was coming; human intelligence had advanced while the British navy, or the laws regulating it, had stood still. England, while boasting of her gallant tars, her hearts of oak, was practically denying that her seamen—the prime defence of her shores and her wealth—were human beings. This state of things could not last. There were men at that time in the service who could not be trampled upon—men of education and talent, who were not disposed to brook the wrongs they suffered, and who knew, could a plain statement of their wrongs be placed before the country, a change for the better must inevitably ensue.

Among the foremost of the brave and dauntless spirits, was a young man by the name of Joyce, who had formerly been a tobacconist at Belfast, where he was shipped on board a tender, with many others, by the orders of Lord Corhampton, under a false accusation of treasonable conduct and seditious harangues.

Having thus unwillingly entered the service, he speedily discovered that there were many other bold and energetic men in a like predicament with himself, who would gladly seize upon any reasonable pretext for compelling the government to better their condition. To these men Joyce joined himself; they were few in number compared with the whole navy, but they were the leaven that was to ferment the entire mass.

It is true there was not a man in the royal navy who had not long groaned under his burthen, and who was not more than willing to shake off part of the load. But these men, although excellent sailors, were rough and uneducated; they did not understand the necessity for combination, for secrecy, for prompt and decisive action; in short they were the material for a gigantic and powerful body, but that body lacked a head, and they found a head in Joyce and his companions.

It must be understood that it was not the intention nor wish of these men to violently overthrow the system which they abhorred, on the contrary, their demands were extremely moderate; they simply asked that justice which a felon is not denied on shore.

It was in the Channel fleet of sixteen ships of war, under the command of Lord Bridport, that measures were first taken to compass the wished-for design. The greatest unanimity prevailed among the sailors. Two delegates from each ship were appointed to transact all business, and their decision was to be binding upon the whole. These delegates communicated from ship to ship, and nothing whatever was undertaken without the unanimous consent of the thirty-two representatives, and strange as it may appear, all this was done without the knowledge or suspicion of the officers. The difficulty of maintaining such secrecy may be estimated by those unacquainted with the details of the naval service, when they consider that in a man-of-war, with a crew ranging from three to nine hundred, every seventh man is an officer of some grade, and the greater part of them consequently sympathizing with those in command rather than with the sailors.

This fleet returned to Spithead in March, '97, after a short cruise, and lay there in daily expectation of orders to sail. Now, if ever, was the time to put their long-cherished plans in execution. Valentine Joyce, of the Royal George, William Senator, of the Marlborough, and John Saunders, of the Defiance, were appointed by their brother delegates to draw up a memorial to the Admiralty, setting forth their grievances, and pointing out the means of redress. This was done in the most proper and respectful manner, but no notice whatever was taken of it. Another and another was forwarded to the government, but the Admiralty could not be made to comprehend the extent of the danger. All their lives they had been accustomed to consider a sailor as little better than a dog, and why should they trouble themselves, when business of more importance demanded their attention?

This insulting neglect and indifference exasperated the sailors to such a degree that they settled down into a dogged determination that if nothing could be accomplished by peaceful measures, force must be employed. A hurried consultation was accordingly held, and preparations made with great secrecy, prudence and caution, to demonstrate by a striking exhibition of unanimity in word and action, that nothing would satisfy the fleet short of a prompt admission and removal of their grievances. As I have before stated, they were in daily expectation of orders to sail, for a squadron of the enemy was known to be in readiness to put to sea from the opposite coast of France, at any moment. Now, if ever, was the time to make their power felt. Now, they could make the government sensible of the importance of that body of men who had been so shamefully neglected and abused. The sailors resolved not to lift anchor until their demands had been complied with.

On Saturday, the fifteenth of April, the signal was made to weigh anchor. It was a moment of intense anxiety—the least faltering, the least hesitation, would ruin the whole scheme and consign the leaders to an ignominious death. But there was no cause for apprehension. No sooner did the signal flutter at the mast-head than the crew of the flag-ship, as one man, sprang into the fore rigging and gave three cheers.

This was the signal. Another and another ship followed, until the rigging of every vessel in the fleet was alive with sailors, and a voice went up from ten thousand men, that compelled the noble lords of Admiralty to hearken, whether they would or no. The fleet no longer belonged to the government, but to the sailors. The officers were politely informed that although they might remain on board their ships, yet their services were for the present dispensed with.

The delegates—two from each ship—immediately assembled on board the Queen Charlotte, to take counsel and to determine upon what steps were most suitable to the emergency and best adapted for securing the object of their movement. The strictest order was preserved throughout the fleet. A captain among themselves was appointed on the forecastle of each ship, to keep watch and to enforce regularity and subordination to their orders. They carefully abstained from acts of rudeness and violence toward their officers, while, at the same time, the slightest breach of orders among themselves was punished with the most unrelenting severity. By their orders the marines were disarmed and the magazines seized. The boats also were taken possession of by the committee, and made use of to communicate from ship to ship at their pleasure. The officers were not allowed to go on shore, with the exception of some few who had rendered themselves obnoxious to their crews by harsh behaviour—these were sent away. A yard rope was reeved at every fore yard-arm, as a gentle hint of the fate which might be expected by any person who should be so hardy as to break through the regulations. All the men were sworn to be true to the cause, and so strict was the discipline, that if any one became intoxicated he was punished severely. One sailor, for bringing a pint of spirits on board, was tied up and flogged unmercifully with a thick cat. If symptoms of unwillingness to join the confederacy were observed on board any particular ship, she was made to cast anchor between two staunch adherents, with a threat of total destruction upon the least sign of disobedience.

The British flag floated as usual at the mizzen peak, but in addition, there was a sailor's flag, of blood red, duly hoisted at the main. So great was the unanimity and enthusiasm of the whole sailor world, that even the sick and wounded seamen in the Haslar Hospital hoisted a flag composed of handkerchiefs tacked together, and cheered morning and evening with the fleet.

In the mean time, a petition was forwarded to the proper authorities, setting forth that while the military, the marines, and other public bodies had, at various times received marks of the bounty of the government by allowances of *bread*, money, and other perquisites, the pay of the seamen had not been augmented. They therefore prayed for an increase of allowance, and expressed their firm resolve not to put to sea again until the prayer of their petition should have been answered—"unless, in the mean while, the enemy's fleet might happen to sail out of harbor;" in that case, they promised to "fight the battles of their country, defeat her foes, and then return into port to renew their complaints."

This respectful and moderate petition terminated with the following words:

"It is also unanimously agreed by the fleet, that from this day no grievance shall be received, in order to convince the nation at large that we know where to cease to ask as well as to begin; and that we ask nothing but what is moderate, and may be granted without detriment to the nation, or injury to the service."

Had an earthquake shaken England to its centre, it would not have created greater consternation and dismay than did the tidings of the mutiny at Spithead. The people were justly indignant at the Admiralty for the course they had pursued toward the sailors, in the matter of their first petitions, when a decent, reasonable attention to their remonstrances might have saved the nation from a calamity which no man could contemplate without the most gloomy forebodings.

With the government, all nerve and courage seemed to fail before an earnest desire to repair, at any risk, and at any concession, the disastrous effects of their own foolish and supine policy. A cabinet council was called, and after a long deliberation it was agreed for some half dozen lords and admirals to repair to Portsmouth that very evening, with the expectation of soothing the irritated sailors, and of restoring harmony by a timely conference. Immediately upon the arrival of the lords of the Admiralty at Portsmouth, negotiations were commenced. Difficulties existed in the way of reconciliation on either side; the Admiralty insisted upon the withdrawal of certain points, which they felt ought not to be conceded; on the other hand, the fleet refused to narrow their pretensions—the game, they fairly reasoned, was in their own hands; now was the time to unfold their grievances to the fullest extent, and upon this view of the subject, their proceedings were conducted with firmness, respect and a cool determination to obtain the end desired.

The lords commissioners were in a panic. They had supposed that their august presence so near the scene of disorder would quell all mutinous proceedings at once—but finding themselves mistaken, they determined to pay a visit to the fleet, with the hope of influencing the seamen by personal authority. Upon arriving on board the Royal George, they expostulated with the delegates for placing the country in a situation of extreme danger by the course they were pursuing; they also assured them that their request for an increase of pay should be granted; and, moreover, that the wrongs of which they complained should receive the consideration of the government; but they relied upon every man throughout the fleet instantly resuming his respective station.

One of the commissioners—Admiral Gardner—an impetuous, but zealous officer, expressed his sense of the proceedings to the crew of the Royal George with more sincerity than discretion. He went on the forecastle, and vehemently accused the sailors of being "skulking fellows, who knew the French were ready for sea, and yet were afraid to meet them; that their reasons for disobedience were mere pretence; that cowardice, and that alone, had given birth to the mutiny."

Such bold and unmeasured language, touching the feelings of

the crew in the tenderest point, excited a tumult of rage and violence, in which the gallant admiral was nearly thrown overboard; extricating himself, however, from the crowd, he jumped upon the hammock nettings, and, placing his neck within the noose of the yard rope near him, cried out to the men, and they were advancing with menaces toward him:

"If you will return to your duty, you may hang me at the yard-arm."

This sudden and novel exploit turned the tide in favor of the admiral, and he was cheered by the retreating crew as he once more resumed his situation upon the forecastle.

Still the lords commissioners found a respectful opposition to every attempt at conciliation, short of full compliance with the demands already set forth; a personal conference had effected nothing more than previous negotiations, except perhaps to render the resistance more obstinate, just in proportion as the embarrassment of the admiralty became more visible.

At this stage of the proceedings, government became most thoroughly and completely alarmed; courier after courier and post after post, hurried to and fro between London and Portsmouth, bearing statements and instructions. Every means which diplomacy could suggest was tried to circumvent the sailor delegates, and under a multiplicity of words to entrap them into agreeing to less than their original demands, but they found them to be equally as good diplomatists as themselves.

But this state of things could not last long; one or the other—the king of England of the sailors, must yield. The sailors were in no particular hurry, the king *was*—therefore the king yielded; orders were received to grant the mutineers what they demanded for themselves, and, of course, for the entire British navy, as all were bound to abide by the decision of the delegates. Immediately upon receipt of the orders, the commissioners repaired on board the Queen Charlotte, and announced to the delegates that their demands had been complied with. The intelligence was received with every demonstration of joy, and the delegates proceeded to deliberate upon the steps now to be taken. After mature deliberation of the whole affair, they signified to the commissioners that, inasmuch as all they had asked had been granted, they were so far satisfied and content, but—

The noble lords were aghast. Another difficulty? This was something they had not anticipated, this looked like open rebellion; what was that *but?*

The delegates coolly informed them that they were placed in a peculiar position; that their lives were not worth a moment's purchase did they resign their power—in short, that they had gone too far to recede, nor were they disposed to do so, unless they could obtain a free and unconditional pardon for all previous offences, under the king's sign manual. In reply, the lords declared their willingness to recommend his majesty to issue a proclamation and amnesty of all offences, but insisted upon the fleet trusting to their honor, and immediately putting to sea. But the delegates refused compliance, and were alike deaf to the voice of entreaty, menace or reason; they firmly and explicitly stated that nothing less than the king's proclamation and the sanction of parliament would justify them in attaching confidence to the fair words of the board; they would neither be entrapped nor intimidated. High words passed between the parties, and the commissioners returned to the shore.

Again the blood red flag went up on board the ships—again the invalid sailors' flag of handkerchiefs waved from the shore, and the fleet assumed a stern and threatening attitude. In all haste a courier was despatched to London with the tidings. At nine at night a cabinet council was hastily called, and at ten, a paper granting full pardon for all past offences, to the Spithead fleet, bearing the great seal of England and the august "George Rex," at the bottom—was in the hands of a courier riding for life and toward Portsmouth.

The king's pardon was received with delight, and the delegates requested permission to row in procession to St. Helen's, attended by bands of music, and there return Lord Howe—a venerable admiral who had exerted himself greatly in their behalf—public thanks for his services.

Upon arriving on shore, they were met by Lord and Lady Howe, Sir William and Lady Pitt and several of the nobility and officers of the garrison, and the whole party passed on to the governor's house. At the door, Joyce, of whom we have spoken before as one of the principal delegates, approached Lord Howe, and requested to know at what hour the next morning he would be pleased to embark. His lordship replied their time should be his; and seven o'clock was fixed, as the tide would serve at that hour. Joyce, next turning to Lady Howe, begged to know whether she would honor them with her company, assuring her ladyship of perfect safety and freedom of apprehension. She replied, nothing would give her greater pleasure than to accede to their request, which she did with the utmost confidence and satisfaction. Lord Howe invited Joyce and his companions into the governor's house to drink a glass of wine, which invitation was readily accepted with a manly freedom, unaccompanied by the least particle of familiarity or rudeness.

The firm and dignified deportment and cautious politeness of these men made a most favorable impression upon the writers of the day, and from that time, they became veritable sea lions.

The next day the delegates, with flying colors and bands of music, proceeded to the shore, where, after being feasted and toasted by the high mightinesses of the land, and having returned the compliment by a similar jollification on board their ships, they delivered up the fleet to the Admiralty and formally resigned their power into the hands of the proper authorities, having fully accomplished all for which they strove; and thus pleasantly ended the mutiny at Spithead.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPEAK KINDLY.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

How can I thank thee, gentle boy,
For thy kindness unto me?
Life with thee is a pure, calm joy—
O, art thou happy with me?

Thou hast taught me a lesson, O artless boy,
A lesson deep to me;
That life is no dream—with all its alloy,
It is bliss to be comforting thee.

But how dost thou bear with my wilful pride?
With my wild and fitful ways?
O, where can I find on this earth so wide
Language to speak thy praise?

O keep these for landmarks, gentle boy,
Of my gratitude to thee;
And though life were not gold without alloy,
I am calmly happy with thee.

Keep these for souvenirs, gentle boy,
Of the love I bear to thee;
And if dark clouds shadow our pure, calm joy,
O still speak kindly to me!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HINTS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Mrs. Timothy Butler found herself in just that jaded condition of body and mind that almost any kind of "help" would prove acceptable to her. For more than a year she had struggled on with a mere chore-girl, of whom, to quote her frequent remark, it might be said, "she made as much work as she did." Still this was not strictly applicable to Nellie; for she did tend the door, sweep the sidewalk, do a great deal of drudgery, and withal, she was very good-natured.

But too much remained for Mrs. Butler to do. With her ordinary family she might have accomplished it with considerable ease; but when the rich heiress, Miss Euphemia Jones, came to pass six weeks with her, and was brought up so delicately that she could not think of bringing the water to wash her own hands, and Susan, Mr. Butler's half-sister, came to consult with a doctor in regard to the removal of a cancer, and two little Butlers (brother's children) were sent by their fond parents to make a visit and recall the rare sights in a strange city, our Mrs. Butler became disheartened, and worn out with fatigue, she availed herself of the privileges of an intelligence office, where some fifty girls were waiting in anxious expectation of finding a place.

It would seem a puzzling matter to make a selection among this number, but as our friend was graduated in price to one dollar per week, of course she must select from such as rose to the inquiry—"who is willing to serve as maid of all work in a genteel private family?" Unquestionably the pleasant face and kindly manner of the applicant gave an impulse to many to offer their services; for no less than eight hale, buxom lasses, fresh from the Emerald Isle, responded. A broad-shouldered, sunny-faced, carrotty-haired Bridget was selected—the address and number of her new mistress's residence was furnished her, but as Biddy unfortunately could not read, some ill imposing lad wrongly directed her, and for the space of three full hours was the search continued, when Biddy found herself once more at the office whence she started. At the angry reproval of the superintendent for being "so green," a sister, well versed in the crooks and turns of our city, volunteered to show her the way.

The good-natured expression which Mrs. Butler's face wore in the office disappeared in the kitchen, before a roasting fire, when she assured Biddy that if she hired help she expected them to earn their money. However, the dinner was under way, and as Mrs. Butler remarked, the veriest dunce could finish cooking it. Biddy was left in her strange kitchen to do her strange work. Of course, without basting or turning, the joint of meat did not look very inviting when it was time to remove it. The rice, too, had a firm propensity to stick to the pan, and an unmistakable odor gave proof that it was none the more palatable from being badly burned. On the whole, Biddy's cooking was a failure—all of which was attributed to the fact that she was "cheap help." But perchance, she would learn, thought Mrs. Butler—the girl may prove valuable if she is easily taught; so she set herself about teaching in good earnest.

After many ludicrous mistakes and great efforts, which nearly doubled the labor and often spoiled the material, Biddy could be left to cook a plain dinner and was really getting to be of some service. Mrs. Butler grew more and more pleased, and relaxed no effort to teach her all the arts of housewifery, and more than once was she heard to repeat that by a little patience and care in teaching as good help could be procured for a dollar a week as for twice that amount.

But her boast was confined to a latitude where silence would have been wiser, for her neighbor's maid having caught the rumor from her mistress, who was paying double the amount which Mrs. Butler did, caused a back-door acquaintance, which so enlightened our green Biddy that she at once made a "strike," and as she contended that she was well worth "tin and sixpence" as prices were going, Mrs. Butler, in disgust, removed her at once, and it afterwards proved that Biddy was received into one of the families where Mrs. Butler had given her own recommendation.

Again, worn and dispirited, Mrs. Butler made her way to an intelligence office—one of a higher grade than the last—where only "professional cooks," "experienced chamber maids" and "skilful seam-stresses" are allowed to be registered as "wanting." Mrs. Butler selected one who was thoroughly recommended as having left her mistress for no fault but that she had gone abroad and closed her house. Maggie, to be sure, had never had except with a man-servant who lighted the fires, cleaned the silver, sifted the ashes, set the table and tended it, and her place was never to labor out of the kitchen. Her compensation had been three dollars per week, besides many presents, and the privilege of going out when her work was finished without asking leave to do so. On both sides, therefore, new relations must subsist, and many meetings more than half way must ensue. Occasionally a domestic jar threatened a vacancy—but Maggie was on a month's trial, and plenty of places filled her eye, and as she began to feel lonely and sigh for companionship, she acquainted "Mike" of the fact, which avowal caused the generous Hibernian to proffer his hand and heart, well knowing as he did, that old Mr. McCarty the millionaire had advertised for a couple "just sich as oursilves."

In less than a month, therefore, Mrs. Butler was again left in her lonely independence. She had resolved again, however, to pay less wages and find as good help. There was old Betty Johnson, who had kept house for Mr. Flanders, recently deceased, and she thought within herself, "for once good luck attends me—I will secure her at once, and thus get a woman well experienced, honest, faithful, who is no gossipper at the gate, has no company at night, but a thorough housekeeper who will lighten all my cares at once."

The plan worked well, and old Betty was inducted into office. But alas! it was "so unlike Mr. Flanders's house—there she had gas, and somebody to tend the door and wait on table, and do errands, and for her poor old limbs to wander up and down stairs, and attend to all the bells, summoning her first here, then there, and all this to wait upon the Misses Nobody, was quite too hard for one of her age, at any price," and in less than a week she told her mistress so, and obtained a discharge.

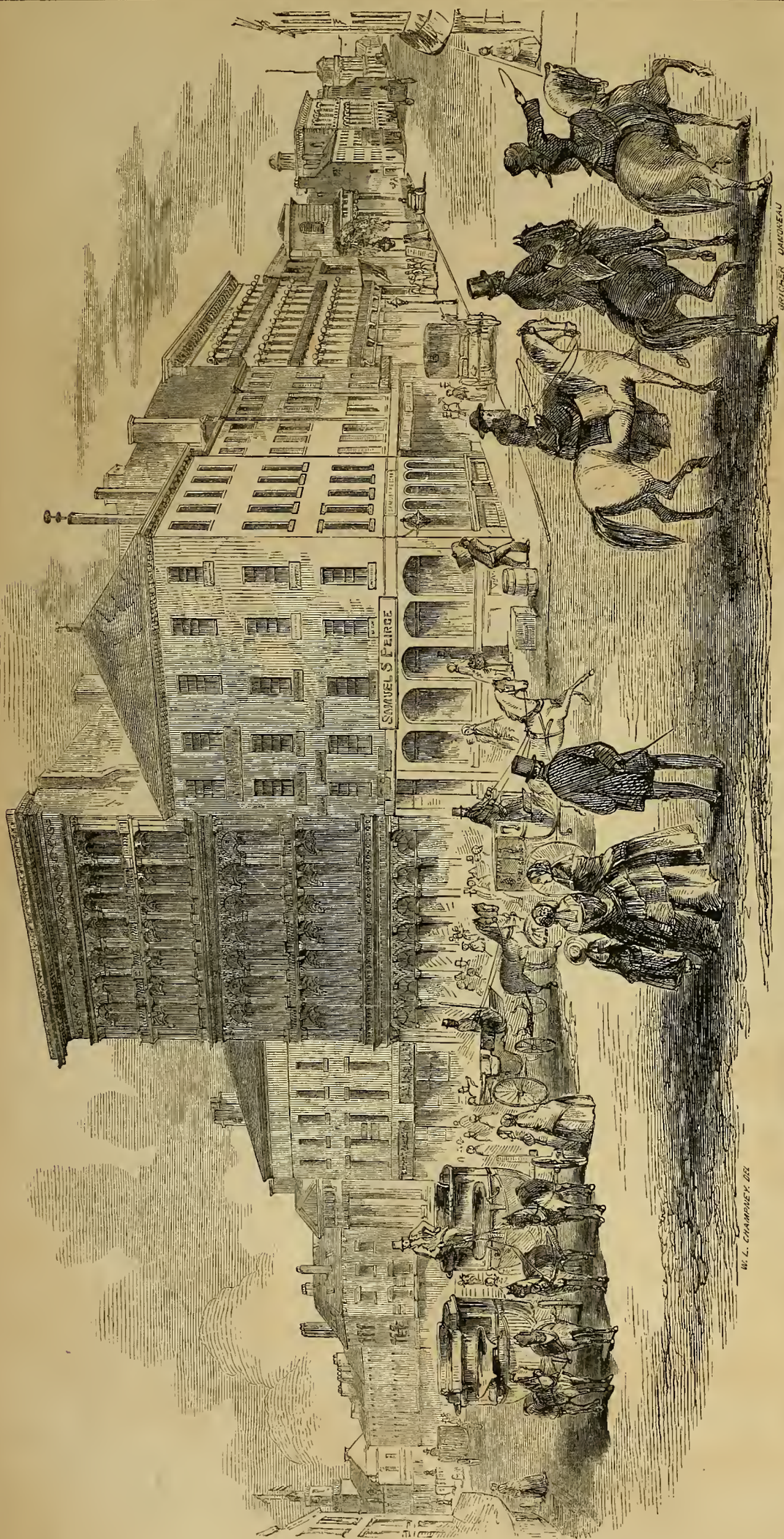
Mr. Butler often joked over incurable evils, and he had told his wife that he could select a domestic far better than herself, and now if she was disposed he should try his luck. A most gaily-dressed young Scotch woman was sent by him to try her skill, and Mrs. Butler viewed her with evident dissatisfaction, yet she forthwith conducted her to her room where she bade her make ready as soon as convenient, when she would show her her work for the day.

Mary Lee (for that was her name), in about an hour after appeared dressed in a black silk basque with a flaming bow at her waist, a pair of white cambric undersleeves, and two white skirts, the outside one being heavily wrought and not a little soiled by contact with a muddy pathway. Mrs. Butler made no comment, but inwardly hoped the price of Poland starch would not rise in our market. Mary did but little labor that day, and at night she asked to speak with her mistress, when she gravely informed her that the quality of her food, the size of her room and the want of modern conveniences about the house were such that she should not open her bandbox, but if she would pay her fifty cents for her day's work she would trouble her no longer, and certainly, Mrs. Butler felt as if a great burden was thus discharged; besides, she did not fail to rally her husband upon his rare discrimination of character.

Left alone with a house full of visitors, not one of whom felt any inclination to aid her, with sundry chambers in utter confusion, with drawing-rooms unswept and filled with dust, with divers calls at the gate where one rashly repulses the "soap and grease man," "old boots and India rubber, and broken glass men," "any rags to sell," and "please give me a piece of bread," to a stalwort loafer, while another summons to the front door in "dishabille" caused her an involuntary shock of the nerves, as she met an old fashionable friend, who looked with entire disgust upon female drudgery, and "just called to inquire the character of one Mary Lee, whom you recently discharged at a day's service," and added to this, while her cheeks are all aglow, to be inquired of by a saucy little urchin "when Mr. Butler could make it convenient to settle a bill," which had been presented half a dozen times within a month, all such irritating circumstances tended strongly to produce an unamiable frame of mind, which leads one solemnly to inveigh against the trials and vexations of housekeeping. Goaded on by such a state of disquietude, was it any wonder that Mrs. Butler resolutely declared her intention of boarding, as a means of escape?

A searching review of both sides of the question, however, soon prompted Mr. Butler to conclude that by a different course of conduct toward their "help," and a frank statement of the manner in which visitors may be made more agreeable, by showing themselves more helpful, and above all by adhering to a rigid system of keeping everything in place and doing everything at the right time, so lightened all labor and sweetened all toil, that housekeeping was made far easier, even with quite inefficient help, than before.

Mrs. Butler came to the conclusion that fair wages, too, was the most economical expenditure, even in hard times, since we cannot awaken a true interest in our own concerns unless we reciprocate the feeling towards our dependents; and by paying Hitty Clark nine shillings per week, and mutually regarding each other as benefited in turn, the desire for changing help or mistresses has ceased, and housekeeping in a small but independent mode has been established, and such has been the effect of example, that more than a dozen "genteel private families" are considering whether it is really necessary to keep three servants to do the work which one, under systematical labor, may accomplish—for it seems to be a substantiated fact among husbands that a wife gains rather than loses her dignity by superintending the minute details which tend to make a home really comfortable.



VIEW OF COURT AND TREMONT STREETS, BOSTON, WITH THE NEW IRON BUILDING.

COURT AND TREMONT STS., BOSTON.

The station-point from which Mr. Champney sketched the scene exhibited on this page for us, with daguerreotype-like fidelity, is near Scollay's buildings. The view is quite an extensive one, and embraces many fine buildings, and many points of interest. In nearly the centre of the picture is the building which forms the angle at the corner of Court and Tremont Streets. The corner store is the well known grocery of Samuel S. Pierce. The rest of the building is mostly occupied by lawyer's offices—for Court Street is the legal quarter of the city. Next, on the left, is the noble iron building erected on the site of the Brattle Street Church parsonage house, permission to sell which was obtained of the courts after learned arguments *pro* and *con* had been patiently listened to. It was certainly too noisy a place for the residence of a clergyman; on the other hand, it is a fine locality for business. The new building is of the Corinthian ornate, five stories in height. The pilasters are fluted, and the beltings and cornices are richly ornamented without being tawdry. The breadth of the windows is nicely proportioned to the height of the stories, and the whole façade strikes the spectator as graceful and harmonious. Farther along, down the street, we catch a glimpse of the opening of Court Square and the Court House—that terror of evil-doers. Beyond and to the corner of Washington Street, the buildings, with the exception of the lower stories, are occupied with business and law offices. The view is closed in this direction by the tower of the Old State House—one of the very few venerable relics of antiquity which yet grace our city. There it stands, as it stood when State Street was King Street, and Court Street was Queen Street. All else is changed about it, but it is itself the same. British regiments no longer shake its windows with the roll of their drums; no more officers in scarlet uniforms and gold-laced hats, and powdered wigs, and spurred jackboots, swagger at the door of the British coffee-house, threatening to "blow the rebel Yankees to perdition." But British merchants circulate on 'change among our people without the slightest danger of being seized, tarred and feathered, and carried to the Liberty Tree amidst the jeers of the populace. Still the red cross of St. George sometimes flaunts out from its flag-staff, but it is only to announce the arrival of the royal mail steamer, and then it floats peaceably beside the stars and stripes. It is a proud old building—proud in its golden legends of the past. When the storm of the Revolution had rolled away, it had the honor of receiving General Washington as the deliverer and father of his country. There may be some—*procul este, profani!*—who regard the old building with an evil eye, and ask, "Why cumbereth it the ground?" They have very good reasons for its demolition—good, hard, sensible, iron-fisted argument to batter it with. It stands there, dividing the channel of commercial travel with altogether too broad a balk;—if it were swept away, it would open a noble vista, and afford generous scope for circulation. There is truth in this; but is there not, in such a monument, linking the present with the past, and constantly reminding the living of the glorious deeds and examples of a former generation, a value not to be estimated in dollars and cents? Loth should we be to chronicle the demolition of that venerable old building. We now turn to the other side of the picture, where we have also a long line of perspective. That handsome building, with its basement stores, its graceful galleries, and altogether elegant exterior, is the Boston Museum, a triumph of the enterprise and energy of Moses Kimball, its proprietor and manager. This locality is a favorite one for museums—the soil seems to be particularly adapted to their growth. Not far from where our artist stood in sketching his picture, was the old New England Museum—Greenwood's—a great place in its day—and the new museum stands nearly on the site of the old Columbian Museum—Doyle's—at one time almost the only place of public amusement, except the theatre, open in the city, or rather town, of Boston. But the modern museum, and particularly Kimball's, combines attractions that were unknown to the old establishments. A complete collection of natural history, arms of all nations, and a multitude of pictures and engravings, an extensive wax statuary gallery, a splendid exhibition room, with a noble stage, and admirable dramatic spectacles and performances, render the Boston Museum a favorite resort for citizens and strangers, and ensure its permanent prosperity. Further along we come to the King's Chapel, with its massive square tower, and walls built to last for ages. Further on, in the line of buildings, we have the solid Romanesque façade of the Tremont Temple, a decided improvement on the neat granite front of the old Tremont Temple, originally the Tremont Theatre, destroyed by fire a few years since. The Tremont Theatre was run up in 90 days, and opened under the management of the late Wm. Pelby. Many a distinguished performer, now no more, like the old manager, trod its classic boards. The perspective is closed by a sketch of our present office, occupying the space between Montgomery Place and Bromfield Street. We shall soon be in the more commodious building in Winter Street, erected and adapted expressly for our business.



THE LAND OF EDOM.

SCENES IN THE HOLY LAND.

The engravings on this page were sketched expressly for our paper from the Diorama of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, painted under the direction of Mr. W. Beverly, from W. H. Bartlett's original drawings made on the spot. The exhibition of this diorama has just closed in this city, after a highly prosperous season of many months. The views we have selected are among the many striking ones with which the diorama abounds. The first scene lies in the land of which the prophet said: "Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof." The distant range of mountains, so appropriately described in Scripture as a "nest in the rock," stern, craggy and arid, is here delineated stretching away as far as Petra. At its foot lies a broad, sandy plain, now called the "Arahah," which the Israelites crossed and re-crossed during their wanderings. The desolate appearance of the entire region fulfils the terrible prediction pronounced by the prophet. The long procession seen pouring over the sandy Arahah is the Mecca caravan. The contrast presented by this vast moving column to the silence and desolation which surrounds it, is singularly striking. Akabah, to which the caravan is tending, is one of the stations where a supply of water is obtained—deep wells having been sunk for that purpose, securing an adequate supply. In the foreground, armed and mounted, are the Bedouin guides, who, upon the payment of a tribute, are made responsible for the safety of the caravan across the desert. Behind is seen the mahmal, or sacred camel, which, after carrying a copy of the Koran to Mecca, is exempted from labor for the remainder of its life. The rest of the caravan stretches away in lengthened perspective towards Akabah. During their forty years' sojourn in the desert, the children of Israel must have been miraculously supplied with water. To those who are acquainted with this region and its resources, this supposition is absolutely indispensable to the understanding of the Bible narrative. The second engraving depicts a spot sacred in the eyes of every Christian. In the beautiful and retired valley that lies before us, passed the childhood and youth of the Saviour. "And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene."—Matthew 2: 23. There is no more doubt about the locality than in the case of Jerusalem or Bethlehem. The valley of Nazareth is surrounded and sheltered by hills of moderate elevation, on which large flocks of sheep and goats find abundant pasturage. The modern village probably occupies the same site as that which existed in the time of Jesus; and the cliff from which our view is taken, is supposed to be the identical one from which the infuriated populace sought to cast our Saviour headlong. The supposed site of the dwelling of Joseph and Mary is enclosed within the walls of the extensive Catholic convent seen at the entrance of the village. The distant plain of the Esdraelon is remarkable as being the most extensive within the limits of Palestine of which it may almost be termed the granary. Its broad expanse has been the scene of many ancient and modern battles. Here Josiah was defeated by Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt; and here, General Kleber, afterwards assassinated at Cairo, with a handful of French soldiers, made good his position against a vastly superior Turkish force, inspired with all the fury of hatred and fanaticism, until Bonaparte hastened from Acre to his relief, and converted the desperate defence of the French into a splendid victory. The distant mountains, on the other side of the plain, are in the vicinity of Samaria. The scenes we have delineated are now visited annually by hundreds of European and American travellers. The dangers of the pilgrimage are diminished if not banished, and there is no quarter of the globe which can be explored with greater profit. Within a small compass are crowded together scenes associated with the most momentous occurrences in the history of man. We behold the mount where the Deity communed with his chosen servant, the leader and lawgiver of the race of Israel. We stand upon that mount where the Redeemer addressed his disciples words that will never cease to echo in the human heart. At every step the believer finds confirmation strong of the truth of Scripture history; and he must be hardened, who, after here beholding the grand memorials of the past, still cherishes incredulity.



NAZARETH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I'LL COME AGAIN TO THEE

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

I hear the ripples, low and sweet,
Of proud Missouri's waves,
They strike upon the Indian's ear,
And wash old Indian graves;
But mighty waves and mouldering graves
Have little charm for me;
So weary not, and sorrow not,
I'll come again to thee.

The buds have widened into leaves,
On all the forest trees,
And proudly waves the sycamore,
Before the evening breeze;
The clime is gentle as the sigh
Thy bosom heaves for me;
But weary not, and sorrow not,
I'll come again to thee.

The lordly bison crops the grass
Of yonder prairie space—
You know how thrills my northern pulse
To join the stirring chase—
But now unharmed the herd may roam,
The bounding deer go free;
So weary not, and sorrow not,
I'll come again to thee.

I love the prairie, broad and green,
The forests, dark and old,
That lie in broad expanse beneath
The sunset tints of gold—
But O, were they a thousand times
More beautiful to me,
I'd leave them for my chosen one,
And come again to thee.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE SCENES LONG AGO.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"*London, Dec.* 25, 182–.—Spent the past night beside the death-bed of Madame de Merveilleux, and listened to her fearful history. Madame de M. died this morning at two o'clock."

THE written record is faded and dim. Thirty years have paled the ink, have discolored the paper, and rendered the manuscript indistinct; yet twice thirty years would fail to blot from memory the recollection of that wretched woman and her sad history.

I met her at a quiet London boarding-house—one of those pleasant, secluded city homes, where the world-sick might spend a life-time unnoticed and unknown, though surrounded by millions of their fellow-creatures.

"She is a poor heart-broken lady," said my fat and talkative landlady, after informing me that her house contained one person I had not seen. "I know she has had some dreadful sorrow; but dear heart, she would feel a great deal better to tell it, and not keep all her troubles to herself so closely."

I smiled at Mrs. Brown's evident pique; the good woman was dying of curiosity to know the history of her mysterious boarder.

"She never comes to table, and scarcely ever leaves her room at all; but it is not poverty that makes her so shy, for money is plentiful with her, and I never had so liberal a boarder, nor one who was so little trouble to please—though for the matter of that, I would do anything in the world for the poor thing, if I could only bring a smile on her sad face."

Mrs. Brown left the room; and I must confess that I experienced some little curiosity to behold the individual who could cause the tear of sympathy to roll down the fat, crimson cheek of my jolly-looking hostess. Accident very soon granted my wish, and I no longer wondered at the interest she had excited, for Louise de Merveilleux was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful; and that, combined with her seclusion and sorrow, made her an object of the most heartfelt sympathy to myself. I know not what caused her to depart from her usual reserve with me, unless she read my feelings in my countenance. But certain it is, she took pleasure in my society, sought me constantly, and in my presence evidently found relief of her mysterious sorrow, whatever it was.

Our intimacy gradually increased as time passed on, and two months after my first introduction to the beautiful mourner, I loved her with the fondest sisterly affection, despite at times the conviction that would steal over me, that there was no small portion of remorse mingled with her feelings.

She had told me soon after our acquaintance commenced, that her husband, Captain de Merveilleux, had died on the field of Waterloo. I asked no questions, but still the idea would present itself again and again, that the death of this beloved object—and beloved he was, as I never doubted after seeing her gaze with looks of idolizing affection on his portrait—was not the foundation of those moments of agony, in which her mind seemed torn and distracted with some awful remembrance. I was young then, had parted for the first time with him in whom all my fondest hopes had centered, and it was a painful pleasure to converse with my new friend in the, to me, interesting subject of military life—a topic in which she was evidently quite at home; while I absolutely knew nothing of the profession of my husband, save that in my imagination it was fraught with all manner of dangers.

It was in October that I first met Madame de Merveilleux, and as winter drew near, I could perceive that her health and strength were rapidly failing; that she never could, in all probability, behold another spring. And I was also assured that she herself felt it to be so.

"It is a useless wish, my dear," she would answer to my often and warmly expressed hopes of her renewed health. "I am sinking, my child—rapidly sinking into the grave; nor do I regret the near approach of what will relieve me of all sorrow and regret. But you love me, my dear young friend," she added, seeing the tears I could not repress. "Come here; come close to me, and tell me you love me—that no matter what I may have done; how guilty I may have been; how black are my crimes, you love me. You will love me, and stay near me while I live, and not curse my memory when I am gone?"

And leaning over her pillow, I kissed the fair, beautiful brow. I pressed the transparent fingers in my own, and promised to be to her as a sister. From that hour Louise de Merveilleux grew calmer and happier, and I to the utmost of my ability strove to fulfil my pledge.

I will not linger on the incidents of the next two months; suffice it that she sunk rapidly, and day and night I scarcely left her bedside. She seldom thanked me; but I read gratitude in her eyes, and in the motive that prompted her to amuse me with stories connected with that career in which I felt so deep an interest, and all calculated to remove my unpleasant prejudices, and reconcile me to the "soldier's life." Many times in our pleasant conversation did I feel tempted to ask for her own history, but something always seemed to hold me back when about to make the request; and it was not until the night before her death that she herself alluded to it.

"You have never asked me any questions, my best friend; yet well I know you must feel some curiosity to learn the history of one so friendless and alone in the world as myself. Your patient and delicate forbearance shall be rewarded—if reward it is to reveal to you so wretched a history of crime and misery. Few and short are the hours I have to live, strong as I appear to-night; and ere the dawn of another day, I shall have departed from this world of woe and pain. In telling you my history, dear friend, I must not—dare not linger on the happy days of my childhood; for motherless though I was, my father was all and everything to me that both parents could have been. He loved me, idolized me, and never until his last hour did he thwart one wish of my heart. But on his deathbed, and with his dying breath, did my hitherto kind and indulgent parent crush out all my hopes of earthly happiness, and doom me to a fate than which death itself would have been preferable.

"From earliest infancy my favorite companion and playfellow had been the son of one of my father's brother lieutenants—a handsome boy a few years older than myself. Like me he was an only child and motherless, and our fathers, who were on peculiarly intimate terms, had early planned our union. But circumstances altered my destiny. A large fortune was bequeathed to my parent by a relation he had scarcely known in life. A captain's commission was another link broken; and the death of Lieutenant de Merveilleux completed the estrangement of the families.

"I was now sixteen, and very handsome. It needed not the voice of flattery to tell me this truth. I knew it, realized it, gloried in it, and all for the sake of one I loved better than life itself. My father also knew it, and the knowledge brought hopes of realizing his long-cherished ambition. Many sought my hand whose alliance would have been an honor. I turned coldly from their proffered addresses, and lavished fond thanks on my parent for acquiescing in my wishes. Alas! could I have known his thoughts—his intentions, how great would have been my horror and dismay!

"I was but little over sixteen when my father was taken suddenly ill, and his disease setting at defiance the skill of his physicians, they told him he must die. It is useless to try to make you understand what that shock was like, my dearest friend. Suffice it, that I was dead to the sense of any other misery in the awful certainty of that one great loss; that I stood at his bedside unmovable, hopeless, despairing, and with his cold, clammy hand in my own, I made a promise that in one instant doomed me to misery.

"Weeks of unconsciousness followed; but when strength and reason returned, my first impulse was to ask an interview with him whom my father's dying breath had blessed as my future husband. He came, and nerved by despair, I told him the agony, the wretchedness he would doom me to if compelled to be his wife. I implored, entreated—nay, I flung myself at his feet, and insanely wept and prayed that he would release me; but as well might I have sought mercy from a marble image. He was cold, passionless and determined; and answered my supplications, by cruelly reminding me of the curse my dying parent had invoked on my head should I disobey his wishes. I had exhausted my last resource, and with deadened, hopeless despair awaited the conclusion of my wretchedness.

"We were married, and Colonel Maberly, as if to atone for the cruelty of his previous conduct, lavished on me the fondest attentions and endearments; but I shrank with loathing from his caresses, and spurned his costly gifts with contempt. I knew that each day increased his love for the wife who hated him; but naught could banish the idea of his selfish cruelty in taking advantage of my parent's ambition and my own misery. My husband left the army soon after our marriage. I fancied he was jealous of the admiration bestowed on his young wife, and he hastened to remove me from the society of those he had hitherto been intimate with. We went to a magnificent country house, where all that wealth and taste could procure was combined to render me happy.

"I cannot look back to this period of my life without a shudder, and a bitter feeling of remorse. My husband would have loved me if I would have let him; but I repulsed him with scorn, and returned his kindness with the basest ingratitude. Once only after my marriage did I meet Eugene de Merveilleux. It was agony, and both felt that we dare not repeat the trial. We parted, solemnly pledged to be faithful to each other, and should I ever regain my freedom, to redeem the promise made in our childish years.

"Colonel Maberly, accustomed to gay society and the companionship of his brother officers and friends, suffered much from the loneliness of our magnificently dull home; and I, who might have made it a paradise for him, refused to render it more pleasant. The consequence was he sought to drown his care in wine; and outraged at his conduct when under its influence, I made use of expressions that served to widen the gulf between us. Thus passed six wretched months. My husband gradually grew more and more a slave to the debasing influence of his favorite beverage, and at the end of that time I was in a state bordering on insanity.

"One evening—one fatal evening—he came into my sitting-room more than half intoxicated. It had always been my habit to fly from his presence, but this night I sat still and pretended to be deeply engrossed with my book. Suddenly he ordered me to go to the dining-room and bring him some more wine; and the tone was one he would not have used to the humblest menial in our establishment. I cast one glance at his flushed and distorted countenance, and moved hastily from the room to obey his command. Would to heaven that I had perished in that hour, ere I had stained my soul with crime! I brought him wine; the choicest juice of the southern grape—but it was poisoned! Yes, start not; I say it was poisoned—and by my hand, too!

"He seemed touched at my ready obedience, and made an attempt to apologize for his conduct, thanking me for my kindness, and holding my hand in his own with something of the old tenderness, and I his murderess stood beside him and repented not. But when the glass was lifted to his lips, I covered my face with my hands and rushed from the room; and all that long night I lay on my chamber floor, and moaned and laughed alternately.

"I was free! The physicians came, and with tender tones and compassionate looks informed me that my husband had fallen from his chair in a state of intoxication, and had suffocated on the floor during the night. And I listened calmly, and feigned a sorrow suitable to the occasion; and when they went away, buried my face in the pillow and laughed a maniac laugh.

"I was free! And when at the expiration of a year Eugene came home, I could fling myself into his arms, and exclaim, 'My own! my own!' But the awful crime that I had committed was ever present to my imagination. It embittered all my joys; it turned his caresses into tortures, and his blessings into curses. He seemed surprised that I had become so changeable in my temper, alternately giving way to the wildest mirth, or sinking into fits of the darkest despair; but knowing what I had suffered, he imputed it to my early and cruel disappointment, and ceaselessly strove to banish unpleasant remembrances from my mind.

"Six months after his return we were married. I had hoped that change of scene would drive away the monster that was gnawing at my heart, and we travelled. Restlessly we moved from place to place; vainly I sought to get rid of my tormenting conscience. And at last wearied of change, I begged him to take me home again.

"If I had loved Eugene in my youth and girlhood, I worshipped him now, when the close contact of daily life unfolded the beauties of his character, the thousand endearing qualities of heart and mind, the purity and excellence of his exalted nature. And now a dreadful fear arose in my mind. What would become of me? What should I do, if he at any time should discover my terrible wickedness? The thought haunted me day and night. I knew that he believed me pure and innocent as an angel; that he gloried in the truth, the sincerity, and the spotless character of his wife; and I closed my eyes to shut out the fearful vision of what might be my fate, as imagination pictured the consequences of a discovery. My fears accelerated my doom.

"Sinking under such an accumulation of terrors my strength gave way, a violent fever was the consequence, and for several days I was raving in delirium. My first impression was astonishment at beholding the ghastly countenance of Eugene, as he bent over my pillow; and weak and languid as I was, an effort was made to learn the cause of the fearful change. He gave me a satisfactory explanation, imputing his wearied, haggard looks to anxiety for my safety, and I believed him. I did not dream that through all those weary days of my recovery he bore a secret in his breast that was eating his life away, and that nothing but the danger of giving me a relapse prevented his immediately disclosing it.

"But it came at last. He told me all I had said in my madness, and with wild adjurations implored me to say that my words were meaningless. I could not add another to my many sins; he heard the horrible confession with the calmness of despair, and I knew by the stern brow and unbending gaze that my doom was fixed. Vainly I implored his pity and compassion, vainly besought him to allow me still to dwell with him. He was deaf to my entreaty. My crime was a secret, he said, and a secret it should remain; but never more could he call me 'wife,' never more look on me save with loathing and horror.

"We parted—he to join the army on the continent, I to seek a home in the wilderness city.

"Eugene fell at Waterloo; I have dwelt for ten, long, weary years here in the midst of thousands of my fellow-creatures, unheeded and unknown. My immense fortune I have secretly bestowed on the deserving poor of this city, striving by acts of charity and heart-felt repentance to make some atonement for the crimes of my early days. My hours here are few and short, and I hail with delight the approach of the angel who shall summon me from this scene of my sorrows to a world where I believe my sins have been forgiven.

"To you, and to you alone, have I breathed the wretched story of my life, and if the tale is worth repeating, give it to the world; it will have fulfilled its mission if but one being be warned to shun a fate like mine."

To be singular in anything that is wise, worthy and excellent, is not a disparagement, but praise.—*Tillotson.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HUNTER'S MORNING SERENADE.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Waken, lady mine, love,
Diamond glances shine—
I would gaze on thine;
Ere I go away, love,
I would say,
"Happy day to thee, love,
To-day!"

Hear the sounding horn, love,
By the breezes borne,
On this merry morn;
Calling me away, love:
"No delay—
Hunter, on thy way, move
Away!"

Hark the baying hounds, love,
On their merry round,
Beating forest ground,
Calling me away, love:
"No delay—
Hunter, on thy way, move
Away!"

List the echoing notes, love,
From their trumpet throats
Dulcet music floats;
Long I cannot stay, love;
Yet I say,
"Happy day to thee, love!
To-day!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE:

—OR,—

THE "BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS."

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

It was early in the autumn of 1777, yet a golden haze lay basking in peace over the fertile slopes and plains of Delaware. Every natural object was in repose. The rich harvests and the luscious fruits had been garnered, the gay parterres of the garden had been despoiled by rude winds of their variegated honors, and the first falling leaves, as they lay strewn along the pathways, crackled pleasantly beneath the passer's tread. The maples glowed in their gorgeous suits of ermine, the elms were drooping in light golden plumage, the sturdy oaks were stiffly arrayed in orange robes, and the pines shone brightly in their unchangeable green. All nature bore the imprint of that quiet perfection, peculiar to the season.

Yet never—either before or since—have the inhabitants of the State of Delaware been so sorely troubled, as they were in that month of September, 1777. At its commencement, a few of the most patriotic young men, under Cæsar Rodney, were with the army of Washington in New Jersey—others did not pretend to conceal their partiality for royalty over republicanism; but the larger portion of the citizens, although wishing well to the cause of independence, had not the courage to aid in obtaining it, so they remained neutral. All at once, couriers, in hot haste, began to traverse the State, and the royalists assumed a defiant position. It was soon known that the continentals, under Washington, were marching southward to Wilmington, and then it was learned that the British, under Howe, had ascended the Chesapeake. They insultingly proclaimed that they intended to march against and capture Philadelphia, and every Delawarian saw at once that his State, small as it was, must serve as a barrier to prevent this invasion. The irresolute no longer hesitated; and although a few maintained allegiance to King George, recruits were no longer wanting. The new companies were all ordered to Wilmington, and that city, usually so quiet, resounded with the beating of drums. Even the boys caught the martial spirit, and a stand of light French fuses was entrusted to a corps of lads from sixteen to eighteen years of age.

Theobald Delaney, the leader of this youthful band, was a tall, slender stripling, evidently not over eighteen years of age; yet his handsome features had that determined cast which usually accompanies great energy of character. Left an orphan in early youth, he had been adopted and reared by 'Squire Claxton, who was his majesty's receiver of customs until that office had a threatened accompaniment of tar and feathers. Just then, under pretext of a lack of employment, the 'squire unceremoniously gave Theobald "leave to withdraw," and the young man found himself cast adrift in the world, without a dollar and without an enemy. Well pleased with an opportunity to labor honestly, he at once apprenticed himself to a carpenter, and when the youthful phalanx was raised, the apprentice was unanimously elected commander by his comrades. This was but just. It was his eloquence that had fired their youthful patriotism, and he soon showed that he was one of the few who are "born to command."

Everybody in Wilmington knew when the young men were to make their first parade—everybody longed to see the young captain—and not a few wondered what 'Squire Claxton would say. Theobald himself only wondered if he would appear to advantage before Miss Anna Claxton, his old employer's only child. Though but seventeen, Anna Claxton had that half bloom beauty which, as in the rose, gives promise of a magnificent development. Her dreamy eyes were deep blue, her chestnut hair hung down her swan-like neck in flowing tresses, and—and she loved Theobald Delaney. How could she help it, when she had for years been certain that he worshipped her, as the patriarchs of old used to worship the angel guests with whom they were privileged to walk on earth. Even her stern father had at last perceived the growing attachment, and it had been the real cause of his sending his ward afloat into the world; for he expected that Anna's charms would win a baronet, if not an earl, with the wealth he could give her.

Meanwhile the hostile armies approached, and on the day appointed for the first parade of the young corps, the entire militia of Delaware was ordered to repair to Wilmington, where General Washington would arrive by noon. Theobald had his command out at an early hour, and marched them to the square before the court house, where they went through several manœuvres with great precision, to the delight of a crowd of spectators.

"Bravo!" exclaimed a man of lofty stature, who came pushing through the crowd, his gray eyes twinkling with indignation, and his heavy eyebrows frowning in defiance. "Bravo! You are smart little fellows; and if you thrash the king's troops, George Washington should give each of you a horse-cake and a stick of candy! Let me inquire of you, Major-Corporal Delaney, is that ill-favored bluebird on your standard intended to represent a hen?"

A roar of laughter greeted the critic, who was the redoubtable 'Squire Claxton. The standard in question was of white silk, on which an eagle was embroidered in blue—the revolutionary color.

"Ax yer darter! She made the color," said a brawny blacksmith, who appeared quite indignant.

"What! Miss Claxton embroider a banner for rebel boys! Go to your anvil, Friend Macentyre, and beat out truth from its face."

"If truth was in brass, 'Squire Claxton, and I could hammer your tory face, I'd soon have it out. But you mustn't talk about rebels here—or deny that your darter worked that flag on one of yer own white Ingy hankerchers! Look at the mark in the upper corner next the staff!"

The wind just then blew out the ribbon folds, and all could see the well-known initials in the corner. The 'squire appeared infuriated at the discovery, and left, exclaiming:

"Follow your blue hen, like a parcel of silly chickens, but you will soon be plucked by the king's troops."

"Never mind, boys," shouted Macentyre, "you'll show the British yet, that the 'blue hen's chickens' are game, and can pick off redcoats, as a young pullet snaps at grasshoppers."

The sound of trumpets checked further discussion, and the young captain had just time to "present arms," as Washington rode up, escorted by his celebrated Life Guards, in blue and buff.

"Ah," he exclaimed, reining in his charger, and returning the salute with military courtesy, "here are the young recruits, whose roll was sent me yesterday. What is the name of your corps?"

"The 'Blue Hen's Chickens,'" shouted Macentyre the blacksmith. "And your excellency will find them as true as steel."

There was a roar of laughter from the bystanders, and even Washington smiled. "Young gentlemen," said he, "I am gratified by your soldierlike deportment, though I can but regret that those of your years should be forced to take up arms. You will report to General Maxwell, who will attach you to his brigade."

The general then rode off to his quarters, followed by huzzas.

A week passed, and disheartening were its results for the continental cause. The outposts fell back like sheep before the veteran troops of General Howe, and Washington did not dare venture an engagement. He accordingly retreated to Chad's Ford across the Brandywine, leaving General Maxwell to retard the progress of the invaders, and detaching General Sullivan to watch the upper fords. The "Blue Hen's Chickens," as they were called by the whole continental army, were of great assistance at this critical juncture, as each one of them was well acquainted with the cross-roads, and could give reliable information respecting the patriotism of the farmers, some of whom were rank tories.

The British approached nearer and nearer, until—it was the evening of the 10th of September—all felt certain of an engagement on the morrow. The sun had set in clouds, a veil of darkness suddenly succeeding, without that gradual merging of day into night, which is the charm of an autumnal twilight. Dark and heavy clouds rolled furiously over the face of heaven, as if prophetic of a fierce contest on earth; and soon the red artillery of the skies pealed forth after each rapidly succeeding flash, while the rain poured down in torrents. The tents comparatively sheltered the troops, though few even attempted to sleep. Those who did close their eyes evinced by many a convulsive start that the dangers of the morrow were floating before them, nor did their wakeful companions pay much attention to the warring elements. Theobald was one of the anxious watchers for daylight, his heart-beating wildly with martial ambition; for he felt that he stood at last upon the threshold of the arena of life, ready to win fame in combating for the liberties of his native land.

"Is Captain Delaney here?" inquired an orderly, peeping through the canvass door of the tent.

"That's my name," replied Theobald.

"General Washington orders you to repair at once to headquarters. A man has been taken at the outposts, who says he has important intelligence, but will give it to no one but yourself."

In half an hour Theobald had reached the marquee, where he found General Washington in consultation with his superior officers. If ever painter or sculptor had desired to embody the ideal grandeur of a patriot, there stood his model. Calm, decided, and with more the manner of a successful farmer giving orders for the preservation of his crops than of a revolutionist seeking to save his country from a tyrant's yoke, he was issuing his instructions for the impending attack, when he noticed the young officer.

"Ah," he said, "here is Captain Delaney. Now bring in the prisoner, and let us examine him. Captain, be seated."

The guard soon entered, and in the disguise of a British drummer, securely tied, Theobald recognized his friend Macentyre.

"I don't blame 'em, Tho," he exclaimed. "But now, general, you see the captain of the 'Blue Hen's Chickens' vouches for me. Shall I tell my story—for there's no time to lose?"

It was evident from the man's earnest manner that he had something of importance to communicate, and as Washington nodded assent, all listened with eagerness.

"Ye see," said the blacksmith, "General Howe put up with that old tory, 'Squire Claxton, who's got a bright eyed darter that the young fellow thinks lots of. Well, to-night, just arter I went to bed, some one knocked, and when I went to the door, who should I see but Miss Anna Claxton! Cutting a long story short, she'd overhearn the Britishers have a council, and while some on 'ems a comin' this way, under old Knipperhouseo, the main bulk on 'em, under old Cornwallis, is a stealin' in the storm up the Brandywine. They mean to cross up above Birmingham, and come down between you here and Philadelphy. That's all—now just untie these ropes, and let ma have something to wear instead of this red coat, consarn it."

A rapid cross questioning satisfied all that this important information was correct, and the plans for the morrow were at once changed, Theobald furnishing all necessary topographical information. The sun rose clear and bright, just as the order of battle had been finally arranged, and coffee was brought in by a black servant.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, "let us drink the health of Captain Delaney and his fair friend at Wilmington. May we all live to see these colonies free, and such young patriots happy!"

Theobald's face was covered with blushes; but he was soon relieved from his embarrassment by an order to accompany General Greene, who was to march to the support of General Sullivan. It was a pleasant day, and at noon the reinforcement had reached an eminence about two miles below the spot where the enemy was expected to cross. Sullivan's small force was on the alert, but nothing indicated the presence of a foe; and Theobald began to think that Anna might have been the victim of some deception, when the roar of a six pounder came booming down the Brandywine, and when its smoke had cleared away, the British dragoons were seen fording the stream. Forming as they reached the opposite bank, the air sparkled with the flashing steel that rose over their helmets, and they galloped to meet the foe. As they approached, the continentals fired, emptying scores of saddles; but the squadrons kept on, and soon had penetrated the American line. In vain did General Greene urge his reinforcement forward. They were soon met by the flying troops of Sullivan, and in their turn found it impossible to resist the English cavalry. Occasionally they would falter, like a strong ship when smitten by a heavy wave, but then rally, inspired by the calm courage of Greene, or by the impetuous young Lafayette, who nerved all around him with the valor that filled his spirit. All, however, was of no avail. The British won the day, and had it not been for the chivalrous manner in which General Greene's brigade covered the retreat, Washington's army never would have reached Chester. The next morning, the shattered fragments of the continental column arrived at Philadelphia, where it stopped to recruit. And in the first "orders" issued, especial mention was made of Captain Theobald Delaney.

We will not follow our young hero through the campaign of the Revolution. The "Blue Hen's Chickens" became the pride of the army, and shared in its battles, hardships and privations, until the victory of Yorktown elevated their hopes and invigorated their exertions. Soon independence was acknowledged by England's haughty king, and the silver-toned trumpet of peace was again heard in the land.

Theobald had often heard from Anna Claxton during the war; and on its conclusion, her father had not only become a thorough "Son of Liberty," but boasted of his daughter's engagement to Major Delaney. Nay, when the "Blue Hen's Chickens" returned to Wilmington, he presided at a public dinner given them, greatly to the annoyance of honest Macentyre the blacksmith, who had at first flatly refused to attend.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Theobald, "let bygones be bygones. You wore the British uniform once yourself; and had not the old 'squire entertained the British generals, you would not have had any news to bring. But we must have our godfather present, or the 'Blue Hen's Chickens' will have a stupid time."

"I'll come, major, on one condition."

"Granted—name it."

"I want to kiss Miss Anna when you marry her."

"You may." And he did!

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JAMES T. FIELDS, ESQ.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Fields, the popular poet and publisher, is from the pencil of Mr. Hill, and drawn and engraved expressly for our paper. In his twofold capacity of author and man of business, the subject of this sketch is extensively known at home and abroad, and a brief biographical notice of him cannot but prove acceptable to our readers. The time has long gone by when the reproach addressed to booksellers, that they were the only men engaged in trade who knew nothing of the wares in which they dealt, was in a measure just; and Mr. Fields is not the only gentleman of the "trade," who graces his profession by the culture of letters, and a familiar and thorough acquaintance with the inside and the true worth of books, as well as with their titles and market value. And if there be any benighted beings who still believe in the grim myth which represents publishers as a sort of ghoul, habitually quaffing blood from the skulls of immolated authors, they need but glance at the handsome and kindly features of our poet-publisher, to be converted from their credulity. James T. Fields is a native of New Hampshire, and was born at Portsmouth. His father, an enterprising shipmaster, died when James, who was his eldest son, was four years of age. Young Fields received his elementary training in the excellent public schools of his native town, and a little later won a proud position in the High School, by his proficiency in the classical languages and his facility in English composition. He was the winner of several prizes at this school, and graduated with distinguished honor. An English poem in blank verse, written when he was only thirteen years of age, drew the attention of Governor Woodbury to his talent, and he strongly advised the young poet to enter Harvard University. This course, which was also recommended by other friends, circumstances induced young Fields to forego; and he came to Boston, and commenced business as a clerk in that establishment in which he is now a partner. It is unnecessary to say that the firm of Ticknor & Fields ranks among the foremost of our American publishing houses. But although Mr. Fields did not enter college, he by no means relinquished study. On the contrary, he was and is a diligent student, and is noted for the extent and variety of his attainments. Well grounded in ancient and modern literature, his first extensive European tour, made a few years since, through England, Scotland, France and Germany, made him acquainted, not only with the most remarkable places of interest in the old world, but some of the most distinguished writers of the age. Of those whom he then met, Rogers, Moore, Talfourd and Mary Mitford are dead. The last named lady, in her "Reminiscences," speaks of him in her kindest tone, and in language unmistakably sincere. She says:—"That short interview (alluding to his first visit) has laid the foundation of a friendship which will, I think, last as long as my frail life, and of which the benefit is all on my side. He sends me charming letters, verses which are fast ripening into true poetry, excellent books, and this autumn he brought back himself, and came to pay me a second visit; and he must come again, for of all the kindnesses with which he loaded me, I liked his company best." The poetry of Mr. Fields is distinguished by ease, grace, simplicity and purity of sentiment. He has not written much, but he has written well; and he is equally felicitous in the pathetic, and in the humorous vein. A very happy specimen of his humor was the poem read by him at the Publishers' Festival, in New York, a little more than a year ago; with plenty of fun, it was just sufficiently dashed with satire to make it palatable. His poetical style is entirely untainted with the verbiage, the turgidity, the extravagant imagery, and the piled-up epithets which disfigure many of the productions of the modern English muse. Willis says of Mr. Fields's poems: "They are scholar-like in their structure, musical, genial-toned in



JAMES T. FIELDS.

feeling, effortless and pure-thoughted. He has a playful and delicate fancy, which he uses skilfully in his poems of sentiment; and a strongly perceptive observation, which he exercises finely in his hits at the times and didactic poetry." The productions thus alluded to have all been thrown off at intervals of leisure, and without serious effort; but the careful critic cannot fail to find in them evidences of a latent power, which deserves to be fully developed. Mr. Fields must not rest satisfied with developing that of others. And in this connection we may be permitted to remark, that Hawthorne's splendid romance, "The Scarlet Letter," owes its existence to the accuracy of Mr. Fields's literary judgment. It was originally but a brief sketch. Mr. Fields saw the capabilities of the material thus wasted, and it was at his urgent solicitations that the author wrought out the vein, the wealth of which he had not suspected. We have alluded to Mr. Fields's first European tour and its results. His second was undertaken in 1851. On revisiting England he was very warmly received, and the literary coteries and clubs of London gave him a hearty welcome. He was complimented publicly at a corporate dinner, and the speech he made in reply was received with unusual enthusiasm. Among the spectacles he witnessed in Europe were the terrible scenes in the streets of Paris consequent on Louis Napoleon's *coup d'etat*. In the collision between the troops and the people on that occasion, he came very near losing his life—the point from which he witnessed the tragedy being within the range of the cannon. Among the memorabilia of this tour were a winter in Rome, passed in the study of antiquities, and the acquisition of De Quincey's friendship. To have rambled over the most interesting scenes of Scotland with De Quincey is something which any man may well be proud to remember. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, it may be here remarked, have published the best, and indeed the only complete edition of De Quincey's works extant. The extent of the service they have thus rendered to literature, and the honorable character of their relations with the author, may be gathered from the following passage in a letter of the English opium eater to Mr. Fields, accompanying his autobiographical sketches:—"These papers I am anxious to put into your hands, and, so far as regards the United States, of your house exclusively; not with any view to future emoluments, but as an acknowledgment of the services which you have already rendered me—namely, first, in having brought together so widely scattered a collection—a difficulty which, in my own hands, by too painful an experience, I had found from nervous depression to be absolutely insurmountable; secondly, in having made me a participator in the pecuniary profit of the American edition without solicitation, or the shadow of any expectation on my part; without any legal claim that I could plead, or equitable warrant in established usage—solely and merely upon your own spontaneous motion." Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have recently received a similar and flattering testimonial from the poet Tennyson, who acknowledges with gratitude the remuneration he has received from the proceeds of their sale of his works republished by them. Mr. Fields made his debut as a lecturer some time since with complete success. His poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University was a brilliant performance; and that upon "Eloquence," one of his longest productions, has been read before numerous societies with unvarying applause. The subject of Mr. Fields's most popular lecture, "Preparations for Foreign Travel," is one on which he was abundantly qualified to write and speak. His views, as expressed in this lecture, are sound and sensible, and his advice exactly of the kind needed. Too many persons are in the habit of rushing abroad without due preparation—ignorant of the history of foreign countries, and not too familiar with their own. Before closing this outline sketch, we cannot forbear quoting an impromptu in verse, addressed to Mr. Fields by one of our most distinguished literary men, whose friendship is indeed an honor. This little complimentary tribute is written in a pleasant vein, and has unusual felicity for an occasional composition:

"Dear Fields, it is a pleasant thing to find
My name upon a page with yours conjoined.
For us that launch upon a sea of ink
Our fools-cap argosies, to swim or sink,
No better flag than yours, to sail beneath,
Ere felt the sunbeam's kiss, the breeze's breath
The ogre publisher, whom poets paint,
That sucks the blood of authors till they faint,
The stern pacha of Paternoster Row,
Whose scowl portends 'the everlasting No,
Is a mere myth to us, who see in you
A heart still faithful to the morning dew.
Had I a draught of Hippocrene unstained,
'Tis to your health the goblet should be drained.
Large sales your ventures crown: and may your books
Reflect the cordial promise of your looks."

No one who knows Mr. Fields will accuse the writer of the above tribute of having been too unduly biased by friendship in his estimate of his character; and those who enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance will acknowledge the justice of our own remarks regarding him.



NEW CAPITOL OF KANSAS, AT LECOMPTON CITY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE CAPITOL OF KANSAS, LECOMPTON CITY.

The view of this fine building, now nearly completed, on page 12 of this number, was drawn expressly for us, partly on the site itself, and finished from the beautiful drawings of the architect. The building, which stands on a commanding eminence on Capitol Hill, is of stone, with a tin roof, surmounted with a beautiful observatory, and the whole is calculated to be done and finished in the most thorough and substantial manner. The extreme length is 137 feet, extreme width 93 feet. The body of the building is 109 1-2 feet long by 65 1-2 feet wide, and 62 1-2 feet in height to the apex, presenting four fronts, with a colonnade portico on each, 14 feet wide and 65 feet long. All the ornamental portions on the outside are of iron, and the capitals of the columns are of the Corinthian order, with full modillion cornice. The basement is five feet above ground, and eight feet in the clear, and will be occupied for the offices of the district attorney, marshal, etc. On the first floor above basement are the supreme court room, library, offices of the auditor, treasurer, librarian, clerk of the supreme court, and three committee rooms for the legislature. On the second floor are the senate chamber, hall of representatives, and offices of the governor and secretary. The senate chamber is 35 by 45 feet, and is to be finished in the Grecian style of architecture. The hall of representatives is 45 by 60 feet, with a gallery, and is to be of the Roman Corinthian order; the arch cornice over the speaker's seat is to be surmounted with three eagles, the coat of arms of the territory, with the territorial motto inscribed beneath them. The supreme court room is to be finished in the Doric style. The whole plan reflects great credit upon the skill of the designer and architect, Mr. Rumbold, of St. Louis, and the energy with which the work is being pressed forward by the authorities is highly praiseworthy.

LA FELA.—This is the novel title of a new and very elegant cigar store, lately opened at No. 206 Washington Street, Boston. The stock of the establishment has been especially selected in the Havana market by the proprietor personally, and none but the genuine weed is to be had at his counter. The curious will ask what does "*La Fela*" mean? In the West Indies, the merchant always chooses some pretty fancy title for his store, such as Godspeed, Virtue, the Sun, Buena Vista, and the like, never using his own name as a sign, and thus we find "*La Fela*," which is a soft and beautiful female name. Those who indulge in the weed will find it in its rarest excellence and delicacy here.

ENGLAND.—Lord Palmerston has rendered himself unpopular, by forbidding the military bands playing in the London parks on Sunday.

SPLINTERS.

.... The revised code of North Carolina prohibits dueling under very severe pains and penalties for fighting.

.... At the South they have had some very fine showers lately and the crops look very promising.

.... Ripe cherries are hanging on the trees now and strawberry beds glow with their luscious scarlet fruit.

.... Blackwood's Magazine says there are nearly 11,000 boats engaged in the Scotch fisheries.

.... Thirty-four guns of the line-of-battle ship North Carolina weigh 7300 pounds each.

.... The last words of the Emperor Severus were, "Let us work!" A good motto for the battle of life.

.... A man, for removing a rail from the New Albany and Salem Railroad (Ind.), has been sentenced to two years imprisonment.

.... The Emperor Faustin's subjects have rebelled against his august majesty. It has a dark look.

.... The ammoniacal waters of gas are said to be death to insects which infest fruit trees.

.... An experimental illumination by heat has been successfully tried in Dublin—*doublin'* the light.

.... Queen Victorin's steam yacht is as large as the Persia. Why don't she come over here?

.... They have been having an earthquake in Arkansas. Was it not the people shaking with chills?

.... The tribunal of Vienna have sentenced Dr. Goldmark to death as a rebel. He is laughing at them in New York.

.... The London Times is now printed on an American press—one of Hoe's lightning arangements.

.... People are beginning to crowd down to Nahant. The sail per steamer is highly refreshing.

.... Everybody persists in calling the Swedish nightingale Jenny Lind, in spite of Otto Goldschmidt.

.... Marshall P. Wilder, an "ancient and honorable" citizen, commands the "Ancient and Honorables," this year.

.... Soon after Mr. Thomas Barry's marriage to Miss Clara Biddles, he was serenaded by a band, T. Comer leading.

.... There was a splendid exhibition of horses at Vergennes lately—mostly Black Hawks and Morgans.

.... The men who set fire to ship George Washington at Talcuhuano, have to serve thirty years in the chain-gang.

.... During the present summer, many of our wholesale merchants will close their stores Saturday afternoons.

.... Great times these for Ike Partington! Squibs, pin wheels and crackers are prevalent.

.... Everybody is going to Europe this summer, and everybody else to Saratoga and Newport.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

As our journal goes to press a little in anticipation of its date, we are writing on the eve of the celebration of our great national jubilee. We are yet to hear the pealing of the bells, the roaring of the cannon, the reports of the fire-arms, the hiss of the soaring rockets, and the din of other popular demonstrations; we are yet to see floating from every staff and pinnacle, that glorious flag with its constellated stars and alternate rays of red and white, never seeming brighter and prouder than on the Fourth of July, hailed as emblematic of the union of the States.

We have some friends on the other side of the Atlantic, well-wishers among the liberals in Europe, who, with all their yearnings for free institutions, yet doubt their practicability,—timid men, who fear that this republic, as a confederacy of sovereign and independent States, will never see its centennial anniversary. Domestic broils and jangles, the threats of demagogues, political quarrels here and there, industriously circulated abroad by the janissaries of despotism to discourage the friends of freedom, have certainly inspired doubt of our political stability. But we only wish our good friends of the other hemisphere, or a representative of them—Lamartine, for instance, who, drawing near the close of his career, despondingly exclaims, "God help humanity, for man cannot!"—could be with us on this our national festival.

Here they would see the people in their strength, in their joyousness and their gratitude, going up to their altars to revive memories of the past, to hear again the lessons bequeathed to them by the immortal fathers of the republic, and to renew their vows of loyalty to the Union and the constitution. On this day of days, the spirits of Washington and his compeers are in our midst. Their words, repeated by the tongues of thousands of orators, are caught up by millions, whose responsive thunders of acclamation tell us that the fire of American patriotism burns as bright and pure as ever.

We wish that, on this day, every man in the republic, in addition to the Declaration of Independence, could read Washington's Farewell Address, a priceless legacy to his countrymen. Every sentence, every word in that address, was carefully weighed, and there is scarcely a line or letter in the document that any patriot would desire to see changed. Written on the eve of a presidential election, it is untainted by a shade of partizanship. Solemn and calm, it is undisfigured by a single appeal to passion, or a single effort at display. As an eulogy on the blessings of the Union, and an argument in behalf of its preservation, it has never been equalled.

The great principle of self-government, applied on a vast scale, which Washington pronounced "well worth a full and fair experiment," has stood the test of time. It has carried this country through many a momentous crisis,—through the fierce struggles of party, through the bloody test of foreign wars, and we are still a united people. Expansion of territory has not weakened the force of union. The young heart of California beats as warmly for the common weal as that of the "Old Thirteen," comrades in arms through the storm and strife of the Revolution. And if any still doubt the fraternal spirit of our people, let them wait till a foreign foe once more threaten us; then it will be seen that a family of thirty millions can be banded as closely in upholding the honor of their flag as a nation of three millions, and that the spirit of independence alone can fuse a vast diversity of local interests in one common mould. With all her energies concentrated for the holiest and highest purposes, America can stand against the world.

VOLUME ELEVEN.

With the number of Ballou's Pictorial in the hands of the reader, we come before the public with number one of our eleventh volume. It will be observed that we appear in a new dress throughout—new type, fresh heading, and bright in all departments. We cannot let this opportunity pass, without briefly thanking the hundred thousand regular patrons of this journal for their continued and unchanging support. Our paper has assumed a position that it will continue to maintain; fortunate from the outset, being the pioneer of all illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic, we have never circulated so largely as at the present writing, which shows that the public taste has increased for good, pleasing and instructive illustrations, coupled with refined and entertaining miscellany. Were it not for the egotism of the thing, we should be pleased to publish some of the friendly letters which we are constantly receiving from parents, acknowledging the excellent, moral and educational effect of our weekly visits to their home-circles, inculcating a taste for reading, a knowledge of men and manners all over the world, of localities, of natural history, and, in short, of a vast mine of intellectual wealth that young and old would else know not of. We shall still continue to exert ourself to the utmost to make Ballou's Pictorial a welcome visitor to all classes, and to all ages that gather about the hearthstone.

THE GREEK ADVENTURER: *or, The Soldier and the Spy.*—This admirable novelette, now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*, has met with a demand which has rendered it necessary for us to keep our presses running night and day. Lieutenant Murray, the author, is one of the most fascinating writers of the times.

EARNED HIS MONEY.—The British East India Company have granted a pension of £5000 sterling to the Marquis Dalhousie, during whose administration four kingdoms were annexed to their territory. John Bull don't like annexation when we practise it.

THE POISONER.—The most eminent English counsel are engaged on both sides in the trial of the notorious Palmer, whose doings we chronicled at length in the Flag some weeks since.

ITALY.—Things in Italy look squally. The European powers, in obedience to the spirit of the age, are determined to do something for the down-trodden Italians.

SCENES IN THE RING.

SPALDING & ROGERS'S RAILROAD CIRCUS.

The admirable performances exhibited at this splendid establishment were so brilliantly successful, recently, at the Public Garden in this city, and have given so much pleasure all over the country, that we devote, without hesitation, the whole of our last page to a representation of some of the most striking feats, delineated by our talented artist, Mr. Barry. On the upper part of the page, at the left and right, are grouped together the "American Brothers;" in the centre is the "Levater Lee Troupe," and below, the daring equestrian, James Robinson, in his unparalleled feats. The "American Brothers" are a band of six gymnasts from different portions of the United States,—Hercules Libby, Henry Omar, Charles Noyes, John Davenport, Frank Rentz and Joe Hazlitt, surpassing all of their kind in physical excellence, and have originated a series of gymnastic feats peculiarly novel, interesting and astonishing. The evolutions and combinations of *corporeal* pictures by Libby, Davenport, Omar and Rentz, on two tall, unsupported ladders, in which the eye scarcely keeps pace with the celerity of their movements, are beautiful and surprising. Libby, Davenport and Rentz—the two latter suspended in a variety of positions upon a pole thirty feet long raised in mid air by the former, transfix the spectator with wonder, not unmingled with fear for their safety; while the antipodean exercises of Omar, with a heavy globe, on the top of a slender perch, reaching almost to the apex of the pavilion, supported by Noyes, brought down the house with the enthusiastic applause they deserved. The "Levater Lee Troupe" consists of Levater Lee, and his children—Augusta, John and Steve. John is a young Adonis in beauty and grace, and Augusta a Terpsichorean paragon; but Steve, the pantomime clown of the troupe, is *par excellence* the star, though only eight years of age. He has the fun and nonchalance of a Grimaldi. John and Augusta were born in Paris, while Steve, who first saw light in London, presents many of the characteristics of John Bull. The Levater Lee Troupe have been especial court favorites in London and Paris; have several times contributed to the royal fetes by command of their majesties at St. James and St. Cloud; and Steve is especially proud of an episode in his young life, in which Queen Victoria, at the Drury Lane Theatre, in her enthusiasm, sent for him to the royal box, and kissed the little jester in the presence and to the delight of her subjects. This troupe is engaged for the new amphitheatre in New Orleans, the coming winter. James Robinson, the equestrian, differs from all other stars that have yet appeared in the equestrian firmament, in turning backward somersaults over canvass obstacles and through small hoops, on a *bareback horse*, at full speed,—a feat never accomplished by any other rider, and very rarely, even, by any equestrian on the broad surface of a two by eight foot pad. This, however, constitutes but a small portion of his superiority. The most startling effect is produced by his lightning quickness, the great speed of his horse, the certainty and apparent ease with which he retains difficult positions on his flying courser, defying the laws of gravity, and to sum up—the symmetry of his person, engaging features, and remarkable grace. All the most difficult feats which other riders are proud in executing on a pad, Robinson makes child's play of on his nude horse, while his *chef-d'œuvres* have never been dreamed of, much less attempted, by the most celebrated equestrians. Robinson is about twenty-two years old, was born in Charleston (his real name is Fitzgerald), is engaged by Messrs. Spalding & Rogers for their new amphitheatre in New Orleans, next winter, and at an enormous salary for an European tour, next summer.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Goddard, Mr. David Ayers to Miss Martha E. Hucklins; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. S. B. Simons to Miss Almira N. Mason; by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. B. F. Welch to Miss Sarah M. Snow; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Henry Flanders to Miss Delia P. Kingsley, of Jamaica Plain; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Charles W. Badger to Miss Mary C. Fowler; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. George F. Alvord to Miss Margaret J. Murphy.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Alexander Stuart to Miss Fannie A. Learned.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Dr. Pryor, Mr. William B. Perry to Miss Susan L. Russell.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. James M. Sweetser to Miss Sarah S. Whiting, both of South Reading.—At Newtonville, by Rev. Mr. Pettee, Mr. Horace W. Barry to Miss Helen Carter.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Leeds, Mr. Noah Brooks, of Dixon, Ill., to Miss Caroline A. Fellows.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Edward Snow to Miss Mellutha Wright.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. George F. Raymond to Miss Jane R. Bradbury, of Livermore, Me.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Burt, Mr. Philip H. Wing, of North Fairhaven, to Miss Mary M. Martin.—At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Ide, Mr. John Damon, of Chesterfield, to Miss Elizabeth A. Loomis, of Williamsburg.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. John Perkins, 60; Mrs. Sarah Cushing, 73; Mrs. Nancy, wife of Mr. Isaiah Knowles, 43; Winthrop Blanchard, 17.—At Charlestown, Hon. Timothy Thompson, 79; Mrs. Mary L. Waitt, 38; Widow Sarah G. Pillsbury, 78.—At West Roxbury, Mrs. Jane R. Sampson, 35.—At Auburndale, Miss Caroline E. Ware, 15.—At Malden, Miss Mary Smith, 21.—At Dedham, Mrs. Nancy D. Brayton.—At Lynn, Mr. Joseph Bickford, 29; Widow Lydia Brown, 66; Mr. Nathaniel B. Osborn, 42; Mr. Benjamin B. Oliver, 74.—At Salem, Mr. Charles M. Mahan, 72.—At Marblehead, Mr. Nehemiah Preble, 84; Widow Sarah Mehard, 72; Widow Eliza Winslow, 84.—At Wrentham, Capt. Robert P. Holmes, 34.—At Lowell, Mr. Thomas Dodge, 67.—At Abington, Mrs. Abigail W. Beal, 42.—At Fairhaven, Capt. Silas Allen, 78.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Alfred Morse, 79.—At Dartmouth, Mr. Peleg Slocum, 92.—At New Bedford, Miss Sarah R. Bennett, 35.—At Hamilton, Mr. John Tuttle, 77.—At Spencer, Mr. Charles E. Denny, 40.—At Barre, Mrs. Rosina White, 46.—At Petersham, Mr. Jotham Peckham.—At Pelham, Widow Sarah Kingman, 78.—At Williamsburg, Widow Lucretia W. Bodman, 78.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOST

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Gems of faith and truth!
The dew of life's morn has flown;
Vanished, the visions of youth,
Innocent childhood's gone!
Vanished, the hopes of life!
Vanished, the visions of time!
Heaviness, woe and strife
Pay for a sounding name.

Drearily over the wide world roaming,
Tremblingly peering through the gloaming—
Horrid shadows flitting by;
Visions of past wasted moments—
Life's bright gems in scattered fragments—
All around me lie;
Listening to the storm-king's thunder,
I, all weary-hearted, wonder
Why I may not die:
Die, and sleeping on forever—
Dream: the soul awaken—never!

"Lost!"
A seat near the blood of the feast,
A station near the throne;
"In the kingdom of heaven—the least"—
So much of life is gone!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ASMODEUS IN SAN FRANCISCO:

—OR,—

A NIGHT IN A GAMBLING HOUSE!

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

In the hard winter of '50, I was in San Francisco, nearly penniless and with no immediate prospect of obtaining a situation. My board bill was rapidly lengthening, while my exchequer was becoming beautifully less. These facts had been brought home to mind one evening with particular force, by a gentle hint from my worthy landlady at our evening meal; and as I sat over my small fire and fingered my last doubloon, I had almost resolved to rush to a monte table and either increase or lose it.

While musing the fire burned down, the light became dim, and I had lost all note of time, when a light tap came at the door. Supposing my landlady, who often dropped in on her way to bed to take a slight drop of whiskey punch, was speculating on the probability of my being awake, I at once responded, "Come in!" Straightway the latch was noiselessly turned, the hinges without the customary creak revolved, and slowly entered—not my bustling landlady—but a tall, pale, elderly man, dressed in black, with hat in hand, and that self-possession and tact of manner, that bespeak a man of the world, and can cloak the most thorough impudence of act with the semblance of polite and friendly attention. Drawing near the table at which I sat, the stranger bowed gracefully, and in a musical and insinuating voice observed:

"I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Stanhope?"

"You have, sir," I replied, wondering where he got his information. "May I have the honor of knowing whom I address?"

"O, I am a very obscure individual," said he, with an odd sort of emphasis on the word "obscure,"—"my name is of little consequence."

"In the church, I presume?"

"Ahem! why—no, not exactly—though I have a warm interest in some of its affairs."

"Ah, in the law, perhaps?"

Thoughts of some unpaid bill made me finger my doubloon.

"No—I never *take*, though I have been accused of *giving* a retaining fee."

"Will you permit me to ask what *is* your profession?" I inquired tartly, nettled at his manner of avoiding my leading queries.

"I'm surveyor-general," said he, with a quiet smile.

"Well, please despatch what you may have with me, sir, as speedily as possible."

"Humph!—few people deal with me in haste, with their own will. You'll not be in so great a hurry when you know me."

"I say, stranger," I exclaimed, "I suppose you think it a good joke to walk into a gentleman's private room at this time of night, without saying who or what you are."

He leaned over the table and whispered in my ear—no matter what—it was sufficient.

Marine reader, you probably know what is expressed by the term "taken aback." I was in this position, on receiving this whispered communication; for some moments I sat—every nerve and sinew paralyzed, every artery beating like the hammer of a fulling mill, and "each particular hair" twisting like a young black snake with horror. The bland tones of the stranger's voice, however, soon reassured me, and I ventured to steal a look at his extremities, to see if his feet had any little peculiarities about them. The stranger laughed as he observed me, and tapping his boot with a long, flexible black cane, exclaimed:

"Pshaw! you'll see nothing of *that*. The boots are *Farr's* own, and *sans reproche*."

"That's a neat cane you have," said I, trying if my tongue could perform its office.

"Yes," he replied; "guess what it's made of," handing it to me.

"Whalebone?"

"No."

"Hippopota- ide?"

"No."

"India rubber!"

"No."

"What *is* it then?"

"My *tail!*"

"Your t-t-ta-tail?" I stammered, hastily dropping the candality.

"Yes," said he, gravely. "I found it inconvenient in society, but unwilling to part with an old friend, I had it mounted with gold, and you see it makes a stylish rattan—but come, you were just thinking of trying your luck at a gaming table. Should you like to accept my arm as a cicerone?"

"I should like it of all things—but—that—is—are there any—"

"O, make yourself easy; there are no conditions, I assure you. I have no mercenary motives, but will show you what you might not otherwise see."

After a short walk, during which I observed my friend recognize many of our first men, as though they were "auld acquaintance," we reached the doors of the P—— saloon, one of the palatial gaming houses of San Francisco. Eschewing the lower and more public room, we passed directly up the stairs and knocking in a peculiar manner, were admitted to a room brilliantly lighted and fitted up with luxurious splendor, displaying tables loaded with fruit, wines, and other refreshments. Mirrors at either end reflected an apparently endless vista. The guests here were few, and seemed, by their jaded, haggard appearance, more like escaped maniacs than sane men; these were evidently the unfortunate wooers of the fickle dame, fortune; for otherwise they would not have lingered on the entrance to their elysium.

Declining all refreshment, we walked to the end of the apartment, and opening the door (a large mirror), which skilfully concealed the entrance to the adjoining room, we entered a smaller and less gaudy hall, containing one large centre table and two or three side tables. The crowd was at the long, oval, green-covered board, where was dealt rouge et noir; each end was divided into compartments, marked respectively red and black. In the centre of the table sat two men on raised seats, the groom porter and the croupier, before whom were the cards and the glittering pile of gold—the bait for fools. Lights overhead with shades threw all their power on the bank, while all beyond was in gloom.

A confusion of noises broke on my ear, together with the cry of the croupier: "Make your game!" "Game is made!" etc.

"A coup has just been dealt," said my companion, "and as this next is the last of the deal, we will observe; sit down."

"Game is made, gentlemen;" and the croupier began dealing.

"Twenty-five black," said he, as he laid down five or six cards.

Those whose money was on the red, where the largest stake lay, brightened, while their opponents became heavy; and one man, who had piled up his ounces to a large amount on the black, groaned and covered his eyes with his hands as if not to see the anticipated loss.

"Thirty! black wins!" said the dealer, as he laid out a second line of cards.

"Hurrah!" shouted the man of the ounces, laughing hysterically.

"Fury! it's not possible!" said a pale, anxious man, whose little all was on the red.

"Shall I count the cards again?" questioned the dealer.

"Lend me five hundred on that," said a showily dressed individual, as he passed a diamond ring to the banker.

"With pleasure, sir—here it is," was the soft reply.

"Can you let me have ten dollars?" asked a gentlemanly looking, but meanly clad, young man. "I have lost my last dollar!"

"What have you as security?" returned the harpy.

"Nothing but my word of honor that I will repay you; but you may trust me."

"That's not negotiable; game is made, gentlemen."

"O, do not trifle with me," said the applicant, his voice choking with emotion. "It is—it is to buy my wife and children bread! I have lost my whole quarter's salary to-night, and who will assist me—who will aid a gambler?"

"Can't help it," replied the first speaker; "you should have more prudence—we don't force gentlemen to play. There's a man has won a thousand of me to-night, and I don't ask *him* for a loan—all can't win."

"God help me!" said the unfortunate, as, dashing his hat over his eyes, he prepared to leave the room.

"Tell the porters not to admit that gentleman again, till further orders," said the banker to a servant; "which will be when he receives his next quarter's salary," he added, in a whisper.

"Now look behind you and see a more private peculation," said my friend.

At a small table, with many anxious lookers-on, was a person dealing the game of faro, while a single man seemed to be playing. I at once recognized him as Sam B——, a well-known millionaire, who had accumulated his fortune during the early excitement by land speculations, some of which were rather questionable.

"B—— has already lost five thousand dollars to-night; he is now about to bet ten thousand on a single card, having become excited; go and whisper in the ear of the dealer that he is a friend of yours, that you have observed his tricks, and will expose him."

Seeming to feel some mysterious impulse over my power of volition, I obeyed. The dealer nodded, gave me a wink and slipped a dozen eagles into my hand, smiling meanwhile as if doing a meritorious action. The cards were pulled, and B—— lost.

"I cannot keep this money," said I.

"Why not? The dealer robbed his victim."

"To him then it belongs."

"Not at all—he cheated the Mormons, whose treasurer he was."

"Well, then it is their property."

"Why, yes—but as there are some hundred thousand to divide it among, you had better keep it, more especially as B—— will not pay his losses."

"Not pay! why has he not staked the amount?"

"O, no; he is well known, and his word is deemed good for any sum; however, you will hear to-morrow that he repudiates all gambling debts; thus you can test, if desired, the mooted question whether gambling is protected by law in the 'Gold State' or not."

"Make your game, gentlemen—last deal to-night—only cards for three coups more," vociferated the banker.

Two successful ones for the bank followed.

"Last turn, gentlemen."

Hoping to recover, or at least mitigate their losses, many of the players staked their remaining funds on the coming event, and every eye was bent with deep anxiety on the dealer.

"Thirty-one," said he; and the stakes were raked into a marked space where they were to remain for the decision of another coup.

"Thirty-two black—thirty-three—red loses," said the croupier, dragging in with his long rake the heaps of money, and returning the trifling bets on black, since in a "*tiente un apres*" the winning bets are not paid.

As play was announced to be concluded, all left the apartment save the two dealers of a monte table and ourselves; and, just as we were on the point of going out, voices in apparent altercation were heard in the next room, and the door being thrown open, two athletic young men, apparently intoxicated, rushed in.

"Hillo, old boy!" exclaimed one of them, addressing one of the monte dealers, "not going to shut up yet, are you?"

"Finished for this evening, sir," he replied.

"O, you have already turned three hours of morning into evening; I don't think it will make odds if you add an extra one to the account. Come, wake up and look here;" and he pulled a long bag of gold dust from his pocket—"I mean to lose this or break your bank, before morning."

The sight of the money, and the apparent drunken state of the young man, was too much for the cupidity of the dealer; glancing knowingly at his partner, he seated himself at the table, and commenced his game.

"Well, gentlemen, I will accommodate you, though I assure you I have no desire to keep open longer."

"These young men," said my mentor, "are brothers, lately from the mines. They have been fleeced of large sums, and have feigned drunkenness to put these fellows off their guard, and have determined to have full revenge should they discover foul play. Keep your eye on the dealer—you will see sport anon."

Resolved to assist these men, if necessary, I sat silently watching the *denouement* of the affair. For sometime all went on well—the stakes were not large, and all seemed fair. The brothers generally bet on the same card, and I noticed that the ace and queen seemed favorites with them both; at last they increased the stakes and the dealer became anxious—glancing at his partner with peculiar significance, he gave him the cards, and arising, passed out of the room, saying he should return immediately.

"He is going to prepare a pack expressly for these men; in technical terms, he will '*wax the queens and aces*;' in fact, make a perfectly sure thing for himself."

The fellow soon came in, and, as he seated himself, slipped a pack of cards in the drawer where the spare ones were deposited.

"Now, sir," said he, "I will try you."

And taking this very pack, he threw out an ace and a knave. The brothers both placed a large sum on the ace, and the dealer began to draw; for a long time neither appeared, but at last the knave came up. In an instant a grasp like a vice was on the dealer's throat.

"Villain!" shouted the young man, shaking him as a dog would a rat. "I've caught you at last!"

The confederate who sat opposite, was seized by the other brother at the same moment, and thus stopped resistance or cry for succor.

"Scoundrel!" resumed the former speaker, "you thought us drunk, but here is an ace," and turning back the dealt cards he showed an ace stuck to the back of another card—"come, refund the money you robbed us of, or it will go ill with you! You will find the amount here." And he handed a piece of paper with his left hand, still keeping his hold of his throat.

"My—dear—sir," gasped the wretch, unwilling to part with his spoils, though shaking with terror, "my good sir—we have—lost so—much—immensely lately—"

"*Pay it*," said his antagonist, sternly, "or—"

The ominous click of a pistol filled up the pause.

"Allow me to go—and fetch it—from my—my bureau down stairs," stammered the rascal.

"What! and alarm your friends? No, no, my fine fellow; fork up, or take the contents of this."

And he pressed the cold muzzle of a pistol to his cheek. The argument was too cogent—the sum demanded was counted out, and quietly pocketed by the brothers, who, giving the swindlers a brace of hearty shakes, walked off in great glee.

* * * * * * *

"I will now bid you good night," said I to my companion as we stood again in the open air.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared he, in a tone that petrified me with horror, "do you think I part company with my acquaintances so easily?"

And seizing me by the arms, he dragged me forward with such rapidity that I could not even tell the direction we were taking. Suddenly he stopped. I turned to remonstrate with him. As I looked at him his countenance changed: it broadened—reddened—smiled!

"Eh! ah! what! Brown, is that you? Why, where is—O, I see;" opening my eyes to the full extent. "I've been dreaming!"

This fact was evident, for there stood Brown, who roomed beneath, and the bright light of day was streaming in at the window. That pitcher of punch, now empty, and the "Der Freischutz" of the night previous at the Adelphi, had caused strange dreams.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is engaged to appear in New Orleans next winter. —— One of the men of the celebrated freebooter Lafitte, named James Campbell, died at Virginia Point, Texas, lately, in the 70th year of his age. The Galveston Civilian says that Campbell was in the navy in 1812, attached to the frigate Constitution, and participated in her brilliant engagement with the Guerriere. He afterwards joined Lafitte, and was his favorite lieutenant. —— The hostile Indians in Florida are variously estimated at from two to five hundred warriors. —— Hon. John M. Niles, formerly senator in Congress from Connecticut, and Postmaster-General under Van Buren, died at Hartford, lately, in the 69th year of his age. His disease was cancer in the stomach. —— The best fire annihilator that has yet been invented is a cord of green hemlock bark. —— The New York Times, in alluding to the fact that the late gale blew off the roof of Burton's Theatre, remarks: "It is not the first time that a theatrical manager has suffered from an injudicious puff." —— Duncan Gray, a respectable farmer of Jasper county, Iowa, was accidentally shot dead by his son. —— Mr. George Benkert, an American composer of music, has been spending several years in the prosecution of his art in study under the best composers of Germany. His works have received flattering encomiums from the musical periodicals of Germany. —— The clipper ship Snow Squall, Capt. Gerard, ran from New York to Rio Janeiro in thirty days—the quickest trip on record. —— The Medical Specialist says that one great error that we commit is, that we drink too much at our meals. —— In the address published by the Spanish minister Alcudia, to the people, in October, 1794, was the passage:—"I have given directions for a general fast throughout the kingdom, in order to implore the assistance of Almighty God. But, notwithstanding this, do not despair, or think your affairs irretrievable." —— The corner stone of the Maine State Seminary, a Freewill Baptist institution, was laid in Lewiston, lately, with appropriate ceremonies. —— A man in Orange county, New York, was found one night climbing an overshot wheel in a fulling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was "trying to go up to bed, but somehow or other these stairs wont hold still." —— A line of powerful screw propellers is shortly to commence running between New York and Cork. A wag says that it is to be called the Cork-Screw Line. —— Santa Anna, the ex-dictator of Mexico, is living in great style at Tabaco, four miles from Carthagena, in New Grenada, South America. He is said to be worth the sum of $4,000,000. —— If you will look at the shape of France on the map, you will see that she looks like an old sea-dog, without legs or head, "squaring off" at England in a bob-tailed pea jacket. England looks as if she had a "poor show." —— A letter from Washington says the proposition to change the navy yard from Charlestown to Newport, has died a natural death, nobody having moved in the matter. —— M. Montigny, French consul in China, says that the Chinese mix arsenic freely with the tobacco which they make, and those who do so are described as "stout fellows, with lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and rosy as cherubs." —— In Cincinnati, Ohio, J. P. Kalapza, who was Kossuth's aid-de-camp in the Hungarian army, obtained a divorce from his wife Kara, on the ground of wilful absence for three years. —— The secretary of war has, by actual experiment, proved the entire success of artesian wells on the plains of the Mesilla Valley. One well, seven hundred feet deep, supplies an abundance of good water. —— The Home Journal tells of a lady who has worn, at one time, as many as *thirty skirts!* We do not know what is the usual number, but the above seems to us like a few too many. —— At Funchal, Madeira, it is the fashion to wear white boots instead of black ones. A lump of chalk serves in the place of the blacking-box and brush. —— A terrific hurricane recently passed over a portion of Dallas county, Texas. Its course was from north to south, a distance of sixteen miles, extending from east to west two or three hundred yards. The tract over which it swept was completely devastated. Nine persons were killed, and a great many wounded.

STRAW BONNETS.—The manufacture of these articles in Foxboro', Mass., is a great branch of industry. The Messrs. Carpenter manufacture straw bonnets to the amount of $2,000,000 a year. Their main building covers several acres; in it are employed 500 persons, and in private houses in the adjoining towns some 3000 more are employed. Some of the ladies of Foxboro' earn $500 a year in this occupation.

BINDING.—We are now binding up in our neat, substantial and uniform style, the past volume of the Pictorial, in full gilt, at a charge of *one dollar* each. Our agents at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis, will bind in similar style at one dollar and a quarter, thus putting the work into a form for lasting preservation, and greatly increasing its value.

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THE MARKETS.—Butter goes off very freely in the hot weather; pigs hang heavily on hand, especially those taken by the leg; and eggs suffer in consequence of the pressure.

JUG PERFUMERY.—J. Russell Spalding, at No. 27 Tremont Row, sells a delicious rival to Luhin called Jug Perfumery, and at one quarter the cost.

ROUND THE RING.—At New Bedford, lately, there were no fewer than five circus companies in full blast—and plenty of sperm in port.

Wayside Gatherings.

The fare from St. Louis to Boston is only $28, or a little over two cents a mile.

The National Congress of Bogota has passed a decree declaring Carthagena a free port.

A petite comedy, called "Tit for Tat," has been written for Mrs Bowers by Col. J. S. Wallace of the Philadelphia press.

A few days since, a negress, working on a farm a few miles from Lynchburg, Va., found a lump of pure gold worth $113.

The camels brought out by the ship Supply, for the United States government, were safely landed in Texas.

The gipseys issued from India "a long time ago," and settled in Hungary and Wallachia, spreading from thence into other countries.

Henry Hopkins, the lawyer and postmaster who robbed the mail at Island Pond, Vt., has been found guilty, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

The population of the United States is now over 25,000,000, making nearly 6,000,000 families; of these, it is believed, more than 1,000,000 are without the Bible.

The legislature of Wisconsin has again refused to re-establish capital punishment—the bill to repeal the anti-hanging act having been rejected in the assembly by a majority *of one*.

The "New York Teacher," conducted by a board of twelve editors, under the supervision of Alexander Wilder, claims to have the widest circulation of any educational journal in the world.

We see it stated that travelling on the Lord's day, in the Sandwich Islands, except *in the direction of a church*, is strictly forbidden by law. Wonder what they do with people who travel home *from* church?

At a meeting in Philadelphia, a few days since, it was resolved to endeavor to raise $5000 in that city towards the establishment of an American chapel in Paris. A committee was appointed to collect the money.

In an article in the Medical Reformer, the editor remarks that as, in the spring of the year, the sensibilities of the digestive organs are increased, the full diet of winter will, if persisted in, tend to induce fever.

Two brutes lately raced their steeds from Auburn, Cal., to Sacramento and back, 77 miles. One, a mule, was dragged and beaten by several men during the last 15 miles. The horse either died or was abandoned on the road.

The Highland Society of Newcastle have resolved to present Sir Colin Campbell with a large and elegantly chased silver snuff-box, inlaid with gold, as a mark of their high estimation for his distinguished services in the Crimea.

The late Dr. Warren, of Boston, left particular directions in his will for the injection of his body with an arsenical solution, for a minute *post-mortem* examination, for the preparation of his skeleton, and for its preservation in the cabinet of the Medical College.

Mr. Blackstone, who figured in the early history of Boston, had the following grant made to him, which, at this day, is worth a pretty penny:—"It is agreed that Mr. William Blackstone shall haue 50 acres of ground sett out for him neare to his howse in Boston, to enioy for ever."

French soldiers at Constantinople are said to be dying off in a most frightful manner, with a disease intermediate between scurvy and the typhus fever. A number of doctors have also died, and recently one committed suicide because he had failed to discover a remedy for the complaint.

One of the oldest papers in Northern Europe is the official gazette of Sweden, the *Postoch Inrikes Tigning*. It was founded in 1664, during the reign of Queen Christiana, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus the Great; and the present year is, without interruption, its two hundred and eleventh anniversary.

Mrs. Sarah A. Bullock, of Granville, N. C., has transported the editor of the Clarksville (Va.) Tobacco Plant to the seventh heaven of delight by sending to him a bunch of asparagus, some of the spires of which measured twelve and a half inches in length and three and one-eighth in circumference!

In India, according to the Rev. Mr. Walpole, any man of the place who may be inclined to matrimony, if he happen to be pleased with any of the girls whom he sees in passing, throws an embroidered handkerchief on her head and neck; the girl is then obliged to return home, regards herself as betrothed, and appears no more in public!

A physician of extensive practice says, in reference to the vast number of experiments witnessed by him in the use of chloroform, that it is not by any means necessary to carry the absorption of the chloroform to the extent of destroying all power of movement—in fact, that there is danger in crossing the line which separates motion and its abolition.

Turkish fire engines are laughable contrivances for putting out fires. They are nothing but little force pumps, standing in a copper basin capable of holding, perhaps, four pails of water. The reservoir is supplied from a fountain by a row of Turks, who pass the water in buckets. The hose for these "machines" is carried around the neck of some Turk, and the firemen move at a dog trot.

Mr. and Mrs. Crisp took a benefit at the Gaiety, New Orleans, lately. He was called out at the end of the performances and made some appropriate remarks, when suddenly, from one of the side boxes, he was presented, in the name of the citizens of New Orleans, with a beautiful service of silver. In returning thanks, he remarked that "although devoted to the *service*, he did not expect to win the *plate*."

The curability of insanity, if placed under suitable treatment within the first year of its duration, is stated by commissioners appointed to investigate the subject in Massachusetts, to be as high as 75 to 90 per cent.; but if a second year is allowed to elapse before restorative measures are resorted to, the cures would be less than one-half that proportion. After the fifth year has passed, almost all hope of recovery may be abandoned.

The annual commencements of the various medical schools in Philadelphia have just been held, and from the returns made of the number of graduates, the following summary is derived:—Jefferson Medical College, 215; Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania, 142; Medical Department of the Pennsylvania College, 38; Philadelphia College of Medicine, 21; Homœopathic College of Pennsylvania, 37; Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, 28. Total, 480.

A berth for steamships and sailing vessels has been invented, with a view to prevent, by its use, sea-sickness. At the bottom of the berth are two wide convex pieces, or battens, from the centre of the under side of which converge heavy steel springs, which are hooked to the sides of the berth. These springs are made to possess considerable elasticity, so that the person who occupies the berth will always preserve his balance, no matter how much the vessel may be tossed.

Foreign Items

M. Ponsard's last comedy, "L'Honneur et l'Argent," has produced the author the sum of £4000!

The King of Naples is said to look with intense suspicion upon the Anglo-Italian legion, now at Malta.

M. Kossuth has addressed several very sympathizing audiences in Scotland lately. The Austrian concordat is the great subject of his oratory at present.

It is expected that but small supplies of grain will be obtained by merchants who seek it at Odessa; but in the Sea of Azof it is probable that large quantities can be had.

A letter from Bucharest says, that not content with plundering everybody about them, the Austrian troops have taken to plundering the churches also. No less than forty-five have been robbed lately, including some Protestant chapels.

Aldershott camp has its theatre, a building of the Noah's ark style of architecture, where the officers get up amateur performances. More fortunate, however, than their brethren in the Crimea, they enjoy the assistance of lady professionals for female characters.

The Sub-marine Telegraph Company is about to resume and complete its line from the island of Sardinia to Cape Bon, so that Paris will soon be placed in telegraphic communication with the colony of Algiers. The marine cord has been reduced from seven to three cords.

The Count de Montenuovo, the son of Count Neipburg and Marie-Louise, the widow of Napoleon, is now a lieutenant field marshal in the service of Austria. He has still in his possession the famous collar of rose-colored pearls which the first emperor gave to Marie-Louise when they were married; and his wife, the Hungarian duchess Bathiany, now wears it in the drawing-rooms of Vienna.

Sands of Gold.

.... An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.—*Swift.*

.... Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors, and, unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.—*Locke.*

.... False shame and fear of blame cause more bad actions than good, but virtue never blushes but for evil.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

.... It is hard to personate and act a part long. Therefore, if a man thinks it convenient to seem good, let him be so, indeed.—*Tillotson.*

.... A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

.... Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men; in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess.—*Landor.*

.... The water that flows from a spring doesn't congeal in winter. So those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.—*Addison.*

.... Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart; in men it always is; therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.—*Landor.*

.... There is a great difference between an *act of prudence* and an *act of justice*. In one case we consider what we shall gain or lose in the present world; while in the other case, we consider also what we shall gain or lose in the world to come.—*Stewart.*

Joker's Budget.

If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another [illegible]?

Some people turn up their noses at this world as if they were in the habit of keeping company with a better. Whom that cap fits let him put it on.

A young American woman being asked by a boring politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

A gentleman once observing that a person, famous in the musical profession led a very abandoned life, "Ay," replied a wag, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

Jacobs, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles which he has for sale, "*can't be beat.*" Will he be kind enough to tell us what they *are* good for, then?

A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers. "Madame," answered he, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

"No man," said a wealthy, but weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who had an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Mr. Curran, "how many acres make a *wiseacre?*"

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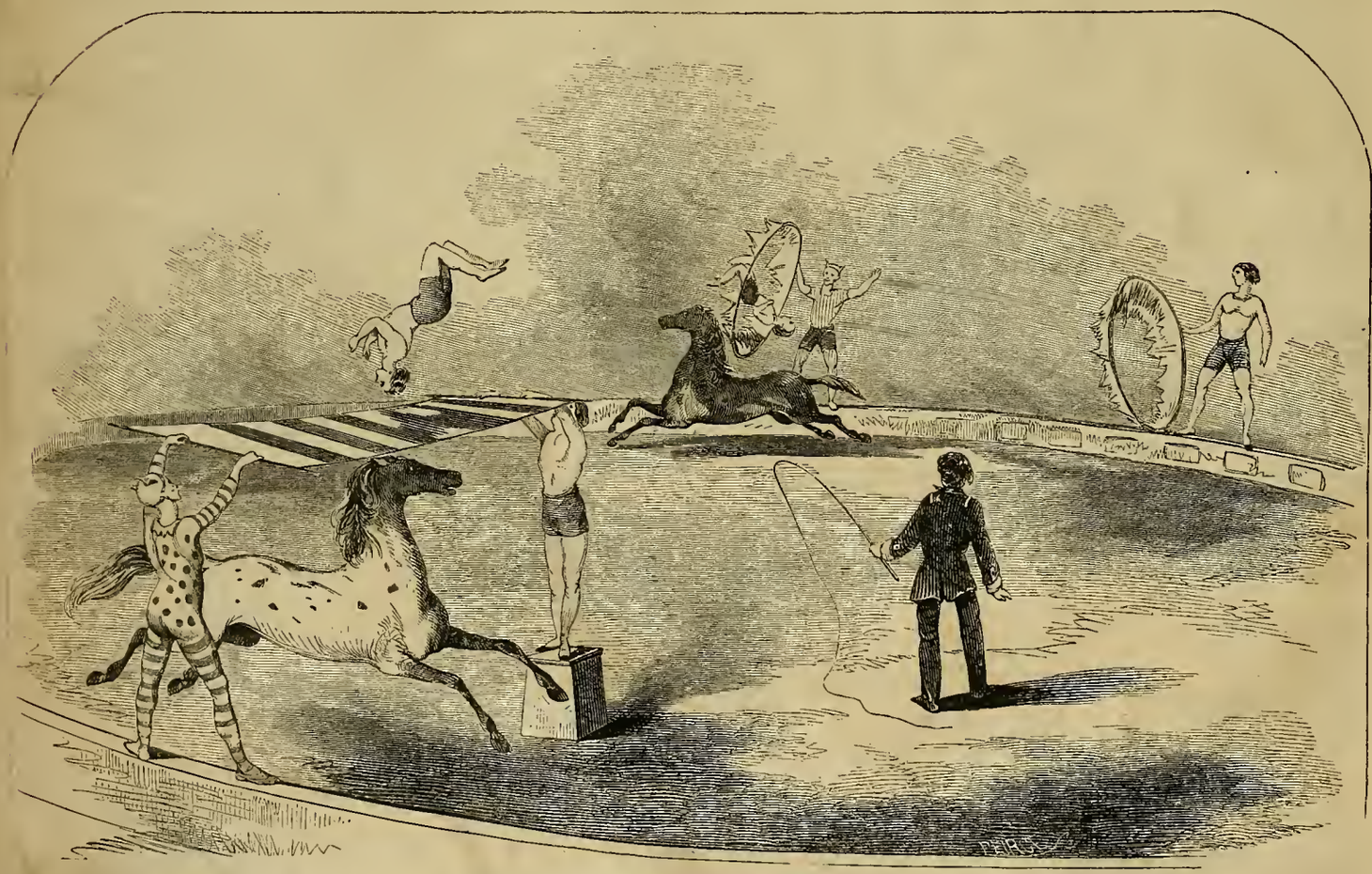
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SHOT TOWER, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made expressly for us on the spot, recently, by Mr. Kilburn, and is one of a large number of local views by the same artist, now in the course of preparation, and illustrating American cities. The St. Louis Shot Tower is situated in the northern part of the city, and forms quite a prominent object in its appearance. The tower is of brick, seventy-six feet in height, with a diameter at the base of thirty-three feet, and at the summit of eighteen feet. It was built in 1846. An idea of the vast amount of business done may be accurately formed from the fact that three hundred and eighty-three pigs of lead are here manufactured into shot daily, and nearly the whole of the valley of the Mississippi is supplied from this establishment. The location of the shot tower is very picturesque, being surrounded by low buildings, which add much to the artistic appearance of the place. The large building to the left of the tower is the St. Louis Steam Sugar Refinery, an exceedingly commodious building, which does a very large business. Its architectural appearance is by no means discreditable. In the foreground the mule dray is a specimen of the teams much used. As, in No. 12, of our last volume, we described the process of making shot, and alluded to the various shot towers in this country, we refer our readers back to that article—a description of the shot tower at Baltimore—for these details. St. Louis is a very interesting city. It is a port of entry, and the seat of justice for St. Louis county, Missouri, and is situated on the right bank of the Mississippi River, twenty miles below the entrance of the Missouri, and 1124 miles above New Orleans. The extent of the city is seven miles by the curve of the Mississippi, and about three miles back. It is well laid out with broad streets, generally intersecting each other at right angles. Their width varies from sixty to one hundred feet. No city in the Union has improved more rapidly in its public buildings. The new court-house, when completed, will have cost about half a million of dollars. It is constructed of Genevieve limestone, occupies an entire square, and somewhat resembles the Capitol at Washington. The new city hall and the new custom house will be noble buildings. The cathedral, built of polished freestone, has been much commended for the elegance of its design and the elaborateness of its finish. In the tower is a chime of bells, one of which weighs 2000 pounds. It is impossible to do justice to a city like St. Louis, in the brief space to which we are necessarily limited, but a brief historical notice of the place will not prove uninteresting to our readers. The site on which it stands was selected by Laclede, with particular reference to the wants of the fur trade, as early as Feb. 15, 1764. For fifteen years, closing 1804, the average annual value of furs collected here, was $203,700. The population, up to this time, was somewhere near 2000, and fully one half of the inhabitants were trappers and voyageurs, who only made it their residence for a small portion of the year, the remainder being occupied by them in travelling and in trapping. Up to 1820, the population had only increased to 4598. In 1822, St. Louis was chartered as a city, the name being that selected originally by Laclede in honor of Louis XV. of France. Soon after this settlers began to flow in from the State of Illinois, and the basis of a most flourishing commerce was thus established. In the year 1829, the last keelboat disappeared, and steamboats took the place of the former slow and unwieldy river craft. In 1840, the population was 16'469. In 1850, the total population was 77,850, to which large additions have been subsequently made, until the present population, if we include the suburbs, is over 100,000. We have in preparation a series of views illustrating buildings and streets in this thriving city, from the same pencil which executed that upon this page, and which, before long, we shall lay before our readers. The "Pictorial," as well as all our other publications, may be obtained of our agent, Mr. E. K. Woodward, whose place of business may be found at the corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets. We are indebted to our friends of St. Louis for a liberal patronage.



SHOT TOWER AT ST LOUIS, MISSOURI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

VISIT TO BRIARFIELD HALL.

On the morning with which this chapter opens, Eleanor suddenly conceived the idea of riding over to Briarfield; and as soon as breakfast was concluded, ordered her horse to be brought round. In five minutes she was dressed and mounted for her ride. As she moved across the park, she caught sight of Morley Briancourt, standing at the window of his apartment, as she turned her head. She waved her handkerchief for an adieu, and saw his own waving in answer. "Poor Morley!" she said, mentally. "I am sorry I was so reserved last night. I am afraid I wounded him. And then riding off alone, this morning. But, at least, he knows now that I am not offended with him for anything."

And she kept on her way. Lightly Selim swept along over the mossy swells of the great park, and beyond, in the direction of Briarfield. The morning air was delicious. It filled Eleanor with happy animation, and imparted to her sparkling countenance a more charming brilliancy than ever; and when she reached Briarfield, her bright eyes beamed brighter than twin stars, half veiled by thin curling lashes. She cantered lightly across the park, and meeting a groom, dismounted and gave him her horse. Then she approached the house, and entered the great stone porch. The hall door was wide open, but no one was visible. On a seat just within, lay a silver-mounted riding-switch and a gentleman's glove, but she did not observe them. A great, shaggy, black dog, lying on the hall mat, in the morning sunshine, attracted her attention. He raised his massive head as she approached, regarded her steadily for a moment, and then lay down again and closed his sleepy brown eyes.

Eleanor laughed. "A courteous salutation, sir!" she said, merrily; "but I think you are a stranger here. Where did you come from, I wonder?"

"O, is that you, Eleanor?" said a pleasant voice from some little distance,—"is that you, Eleanor? I am glad you have come."

And there entered the hall, from a door at the lower end, a young lady, carrying a basket of freshly cut flowers, which she placed upon a table, as she came to meet her guest. It was Mary Latimer, a fair, gentle, thoughtful-looking girl, of some twenty years, with brown hair, simply braided beneath the straw garden-hat she wore, and kindly brown eyes, filled with quiet smiles, as she greeted Eleanor Ashby. But there was the faintest shadow in the world, of seriousness, in those pleasant brown eyes, and she was somewhat pale, as could be more plainly perceived, from the white morning dress she wore.

"My dear Eleanor, I am glad to see you," she said, coming forward and holding out her hand. "I was wishing you would come over, this morning. So you are making acquaintance with Leo?"

"Leo—is that his name? What a noble fellow! But to whom in the world does he belong? And what makes you so white, my *dear* Mary?" and her merry accent quickly became one of surprise and concern, as she noticed Miss Latimer's paleness.

"O, you must ask but one question at a time," said Mary Latimer, stooping down to stroke the dog's head, and speaking gaily, to conceal a momentary embarrassment. "I am not ill, Eleanor, and nothing serious has befallen me, unless it is a serious happiness;" and she smiled. "For Hugh has got home, and this is his dog."

"Hugh has got home? How glad you must be!" said Miss Ashby, smiling in her turn, and with the warm beams of sympathizing pleasure sparkling in her bright eyes.

"Indeed—indeed I am glad," replied Mary Latimer, earnestly. "He came home last night. But come in and lay aside your hat. I want to talk with you." And she led Eleanor into the little breakfast-room, opening from a door at the further extremity of the hall. "Aunt Dorothea is up stairs, and quite busy, I believe," she continued. "Sit down on this lounge, Eleanor. Let me untie your hat."

Eleanor, laughingly, seated herself, and lifted her pretty dimpled chin while her friend untied the hat ribbons. Mary Latimer's slight fingers loosed the knot mechanically; for her eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon the bright countenance before her, with a glance which, at first smiling, grew into gravity as she gazed.

"Mary—why, Mary Latimer, what are you thinking about?" cried Eleanor, earnestly, almost alarmed at the unusual expression of her friend's features this morning

Mary Latimer answered by taking Miss Ashby's sparkling face between her hands, and pressing a kiss upon her lips.

"I was thinking how beautiful you are, Eleanor," she said, simply, and with touching earnestness. "How beautiful you are," she repeated, "and how dear!"

She ended by kissing Eleanor again; then laid the hat aside, and went to the door in the hall.. "Hugh!" she called, softly; and then came back and stood by Eleanor, lightly and tenderly smoothing Eleanor's clustering dark hair.

"Hugh is coming in to see you," she said. "We have been talking about you."

Hugh Latimer came up the steps from the garden. He was little more than six-and-twenty; his slender figure combining at once grace, power and dignity; his countenance handsome, earnest, and full of intellect; his deep, full, hazel eyes beautiful with the soul that beamed from their shadowy depths. A cloud of dark hair surrounded his fine brow, that, naturally pale, stood out in yet fuller relief from its shadow masses with a classic beauty of outline.

Eleanor Ashby saw him through the great glass doors ere he entered, and marked all this with a single brief glance.

Mr. Latimer had heard his sister welcoming her guest, and had caught the name. He came in through the hall, stopping to hang up his straw hat, and then came to the door of the breakfast parlor. He paused a single instant ere he entered, his eyes resting on the countenance of Miss Ashby, who sat opposite the door. Directly, however, he came in, and Mary Latimer presented her guest. The introduction was a merely mechanical process, for she was observing the countenance of her brother. She had seen there what Eleanor had not—an indefinable expression—something like surprise, and agitation, though she could not construe it plainly,—as he paused before entering. And when he entered, there was a faint tinge of sudden red fading gradually away from his handsome brow.

Eleanor was pleased with the combined beauty and dignity of the face she met now for the first time; and though, at first, she was conscious of a slight restraint in his manner, a reserve which perplexed Mary Latimer herself, he seemed gradually, with an effort, to throw it off. Then he was himself. He forgot everything but courtesy to his sister's guest, and resolutely cast every foreign thought aside; for troublesome thoughts there were in his breast—a pain to which the first sight of Eleanor Ashby's face had given rise.

The presence of Hugh Latimer somewhat subdued Eleanor's arch and sparkling disposition this morning; but the just perceptible restraint which she exhibited, diffusing its softening influence throughout her whole demeanor, compensated for the absent charms of her natural vivacity, in the slight deepening of color in her fair cheek, the softer light in her sparkling eyes, and the unconscious diffidence of her manner.

Mary Latimer's glance rested with pleasure and admiration on the face of her beautiful friend. Eleanor looked charmingly after her ride, and Miss Latimer turned from her to her brother, to note the impression he received, for she was anxious that he should like her. She beheld in his countenance an expression which could not be mistaken—an expression which assured her that the praises she had bestowed on her friend while in conversation with him had been by no means too warm. Yes—he certainly admired Miss Ashby, and not only admired her, but was pleased and won by her beauty and girlish grace; and yet, at times, there was visible in his face that incomprehensible, perplexing look which had crossed it so mysteriously the moment when, on entering the apartment, he beheld Eleanor. What did it mean? She asked herself more than once while she sat there, and every time diverged only further from the correct explanation of the matter. Her first impression—that Hugh had seen her before—seemed, after all, nearest to the truth.

Eleanor, as Miss Latimer was not alone, stayed but a brief half hour, and then went away. Hugh Latimer and his sister accompanied her to the hall door, while the groom brought round her horse. Hugh placed her in the saddle, and then, after watching her for a moment, as she rode away, went into the house again. Miss Latimer lingered awhile at the door, till Eleanor was out of sight, and then followed him.

He was standing, with folded arms, by the bay window of the breakfast-parlor, looking out upon the lawn. His face was turned from her. He seemed to be wrapt in a profound reverie. She hesitated a moment before she spoke. Becoming aware of her presence, he turned around.

"Well, Hugh," she said, "did I do Eleanor justice?"

"No more than justice, warm as you were in her praises," he answered, seriously.

"She is very beautiful, then!"

"Beautiful?—she is charming, Mary!" and he sighed.

Mary's countenance brightened with pleasure.

"What was it that so agitated you when you were coming in here, after I called you from the garden? You seemed astonished—startled. I have come to the conclusion that you have met her before."

"No—I never met Miss Ashby before," said Hugh.

His sister regarded him inquiringly for an instant. He seemed to feel the glance, though he did not look at her, and once more that faint flush passed over his brow. Moving away, he took one or two irresolute turns up and down the apartment, in silence, and with his eyes cast down. Then he came to her side again.

"You think, Mary," he said, "that, notwithstanding, my agitation was in some connected with her. And you are right. I will tell you how. You may think me foolishly romantic—indeed, I have often thought myself so, with regard to this matter; but I do not think of that to-day. My romance has turned out too painfully for me to think now of its foolishness."

He paused a moment, with his eyes fixed sadly upon the floor. Mary Latimer gently pressed the hand that held hers, in kindly and affectionate sympathy, but refrained from speaking.

"Mary," he said, presently, lifting his head, "did I not write to you, during the fourth year of my stay abroad, of a visit I made to an artist's studio in France?"

"Levoisier's?"

"Yes. The first time I went there, I found him engaged on what he declared to be the most perfect piece of work he had ever undertaken; and, smiling at his raptures, entreated him to let me see it; for he had refused to exhibit it until it was completed. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and I saw the picture. It was a female head merely, but, though still imperfect, yet the face was such an one as one meets but once in a lifetime. The arch loveliness of its features and expression was blended with such purity and innocence, such sweet and charming animation, that I could but admire it in silence. I confess that it was with much earnestness that I entreated him to tell me whether it was a fancy sketch; for I desired, if it was a portrait, to behold the original. He assured me that it was copied from a likeness of the original; but he could not tell me who she was, or where she resided. It was probable, however, that she was an English lady, since the miniature was in the possession of an English gentleman, who had mentioned her as a relative, and who had allowed him to transcribe the picture. I was to leave Paris that day. There was no time to discover more than he could tell me, and I had conceived a strong desire to learn something further concerning the beautiful original of the picture. I thought I would, at least, possess the portrait, if it were possible. Levoisier utterly refused this for a long time. At length, however, my entreaties prevailed. By the time of my departure it was completed, and delivered to me at his own price. I carried it with me. It has been my companion ever since. Here is a copy of it." And he drew from his breast a small golden locket, within which Miss Latimer beheld the countenance of Eleanor Ashby. She had guessed this at the commencement of his story, and this sudden denouement was not so surprising as delightful.

"I do not wonder that it charmed you, Hugh," she said, smilingly, regarding with earnest pleasure the sweet pictured face that seemed, so life-like was it, to smile upon her in return.

"Nor will you wonder, I think," he returned, "that, looking upon it day after day, as I did, and each day with increased pleasure, I found my desire of beholding the one whom it represented growing deeper and stronger. That I came to regard those beautiful features, so sweet, so arch, so winning, with a feeling of tenderness. And finally, Mary, to meet with her under such circumstances, do you marvel that it gives me pain?"

"No, indeed, Hugh," said Miss Latimer, sadly. "O, Hugh, if she were only free!"

She threw her arms about his neck, and pressed her lips to his cheek. He held her tenderly to his breast, returning the caress with a brother's fondness. There was a happy vision in the mind of each—a vision that it was too late to bring to reality.

"Hugh," said Mary, after a brief pause, "who could it have been that possessed Eleanor's likeness?—the person, I mean, who allowed Levoisier to copy it? Must it not have been Mr. Briancourt? He was in Paris last year."

"Then he was the man."

Miss Latimer was silent and grave for a few moments. Then raising her head, she said:

"*You* would not have shown Eleanor Ashby's miniature to be copied by another, Hugh?"

"No delicate or honorable man would have done so, Mary."

"O, if you had only met Eleanor before, Hugh, or that she were free now!" said Mary, again, with gathering tears.

Her brother bent and kissed her.

"It is no time to think of that now; it is too late—too late, Mary!"

CHAPTER V.

A TROUBLED MIND.

No slumber visited the eyes of Morley Briancourt that night after the murder of the gipsey, Maida. The first flush of excitement and exultation passed, a feeling of horror seized him. How he reached home, he scarcely knew; but he found himself in his chamber, at Ashby, pacing the floor from side to side, with a nervous shudder shaking every limb. Unscrupulous, daring, bad—all this was Morley Briancourt. There was little evil that he had not committed; but he had never deliberately taken the life of a human being before, and now he experienced the sensations of a murderer—an assassin. Yet, desperate as had been the deed, it was his only way to escape destruction; for he could not—he *would* not give up Eleanor Ashby, and to wed her, with Maida at hand, ready to blazon forth his crimes to the world, was ruin.

He endeavored to turn away from the contemplation of the deed, to picture to himself how much he had saved, how much he had gained by it; for he was secure that Eleanor knew nothing definite against him, and he persuaded himself that her strong mind and clear sense would rise superior to the temporary influence of a mere suspicion, grounded only upon the words of a wandering gipsey woman, with no deeper foundation, and incapable of confirmation.

Thus the night passed, and the morning dawned. As we have seen, he did not join Eleanor and her uncle at breakfast; for his mirror showed him, after the night's harassing vigils, a countenance so pale and haggard that he shrank from subjecting himself to their notice and their inquiries.

An hour after, as he was still pacing his apartment to and fro, he paused before a window, whence he beheld Eleanor herself, at a little distance in the park, riding her white horse, Selim. And even as he gazed, she turned her head, discerned her lover, and waved her snowy handkerchief. Morley Briancourt's heart leaped with exultation at this signal, so simple in itself, so important—so all-important in its signification. She was his own again. The bar of suspicion had been overleaped. His first impulse was to order his own bay and join her, but even while he hesitated, she was at such a distance that he relinquished the idea.

Sir Edward Ashby, as was not unusual, remained secluded in the library during the entire morning; and Morley Briancourt wandered, solitary and restless, from one spot to another, about

the mansion and the park, till Eleanor's return; turning, with a shudder, from the contemplation of the bloody deed of the night before, and endeavoring to confine himself to the thought of the security which he yet enjoyed with Eleanor, despite Maida's efforts to the contrary. But in vain. The memory of that white, dead face would come back—would intrude upon him in the midst of his happiest reflections. He saw it, in fancy, staring up at him from the bottom of the river, in that little dark cove where he had sunk it, where the water was so black, and deep, and still. He could see it just as it lay there—a drowned and bloody corpse, its dull, dead eyes wide open, looking up from the black depths, and its long hair floating hither and thither with the dark tide. He could not drive the horrible sight away. He turned, with a loathing shudder, from the gleam of the river shining up in the distance through the trees. It sickened him.

Finally, Eleanor Ashby returned. They met in the park; and while she gave him her usual merry greeting, he welcomed her with a strange and passionate tenderness that touched her with kindly regret, as she remembered her reserve of the preceding evening, and thought how it must have hurt and perplexed him.

She proceeded to her apartment to divest herself of her riding habit and re-arrange her hair; and while the affairs of the toilet proceeded, Lucy told how young Mr. Briancourt had been walking about in such a restless way all the morning, and how dark and gloomy he looked, wondering what could be the matter. Not that Lucy felt anxious at all, or sympathized with him in his disturbance of mind, whatever it might be; for, though she herself was unable to tell why, she had never liked him much. Perhaps, if one had considered the matter well, it would have been found that it was because he was less careful to conceal, in the presence of the servant, the thousand little traits of his true character, which he kept so jealously from the observation of the mistress; and Lucy divined his true disposition better than Miss Ashby. And if she liked the master little, she liked his man less.

Will Humphries, Mr. Briancourt's valet, was a smart, foppish, dandified fellow, a very great personage in his own conceit, which, to many of the servants, and to Lucy in particular, was almost insufferable. She had a most unbounded contempt for him, which she took little pains to conceal, and a vast dislike which she could not well help showing; for, be it known, that the smart valet had taken into his wise head the idea of getting up a slight flirtation with pretty Lucy, which she no sooner became aware of than she very decidedly showed him his mistake.

Now Will Humphries discovered that Harry Longworth, the butler's son, and Lucy, had an affection for each other, and being quite as vindictive as he was vain, resolved to annoy the lover of the disdainful fair one as much as possible by his attentions to her, and thereby revenge himself on both of them for the slight he had received. So he took every opportunity to pay his court to Lucy, whether she liked it or not, much enjoying her annoyance, and making himself merry over Harry Longworth's indignation, yet taking care never to go so far as to give him an excuse for visiting it on his head.

Eleanor knew that Lucy had a most unmitigated dislike and contempt for Will Humphries, and to that attributed, partly, her evident aversion to his master; for Lucy, though never disrespectful or impolite in her mention of Mr. Briancourt, never could conceal her feelings towards him. So Miss Ashby, while she had no reason to reprove her, gently warned her not to give way too far to her prejudices.

When Lucy told her mistress how Mr. Briancourt had been wandering about, evidently in such a gloomy mood, all the morning, it was, as we have said before, from little interest and less sympathy, but merely in the course of conversation; but it caused Miss Ashby to look back with still greater regret to her mode of conduct the previous evening; for she looked now upon the feelings that had then possessed her as very unworthy indeed, since they had so slight a foundation, and had been the cause of the reserve which she believed to have occasioned his dejection.

She rejoined him in the drawing-room, much refreshed after her ride, and looking, in her simple and charming indoor dress, a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Morley Briancourt welcomed her coming with emotions of inexpressible relief. It drove away the gloomy and disagreeable feelings that had tormented him. He prepared himself to forget every unwelcome thought in her bright presence. And while Eleanor seated herself at her embroidery, he sat by her side, and talked with or read to her, giving himself up to the fascination of her presence, watching the graceful motions of her fine hands, or the charming play of her beautiful features, and listening to the sweet tones that had power to make him forget all the harassing, tormenting thoughts that had so lately disturbed him.

After lunch, they strolled out into the park, and here, sitting beneath a wide-spreading oak, she read with him, for an hour or two, from a favorite volume of poetry. And he was at rest. Her manner, graceful, amiable and winning as ever, gave him the utmost assurance of all absence of prejudice, while her studied kindness effectually prevented the recurrence of his former gloom. She spoke of her morning's visit to Briarfield, but made no mention of Hugh Latimer's return. She thought of him, however, more than once, when, in the intervals of conversation, her thoughts wandered back to that visit. Mary Latimer had talked so much about him—she had told Eleanor so often, stories of his childhood and youth, she had shown her so many letters of his—warm, glowing, affectionate letters, full of a brother's tenderness, and replete with such interest as a refined, well-cultivated, high-toned and richly-stored mind alone can throw into such communications, that Eleanor had been won to like him even before they met. She was struck with a feeling of indisputable admiration for him now that she had seen him. In her woman's heart, she acknowledged the influence of the charm which Mary Latimer had so often said could be felt, but not described, in her brother's character.

"Come, Morley," she said, at sunset, "shall we ride? Let us go down by the river."

"No; I do not wish—" He turned hastily away, with a slight shudder; then rejoined her, saying, more gently, "That is—I beg your pardon, Eleanor. Yes—let us ride by all means; but shall we not go, instead, over to Grassmere? We have never been there more than once, in company, I believe."

"Just as you please, Morley," she answered, lightly; "but first I must gather up these silks which you have been so good as to overturn from my basket. See what confusion!"

Willingly he obeyed the laughing mandate, and then Eleanor prepared herself to accompany him.

* * * *

"Morley, your letters." It was at the breakfast table that Sir Edward Ashby, opening the letter-bag, which had just been brought in, gave to his guest several epistles, one of which seemed to attract his attention particularly by the superscription. "It is from your father, I think," he added.

Morley Briancourt opened it, and glanced over its contents.

"You are right, sir," he answered. "It is from my father. He desires me to wait on him in London as soon as may be, and would esteem it as an especial favor if you also would go up, as he wishes to transact some business which can only be attended to there. Will you read the letter, sir?"

The baronet received and commenced perusing it, while Morley Briancourt seemed, for a moment, to be wrapt in thought. At first, his brow contracted slightly, and he appeared to be considering some unpleasant subject. Then his countenance gradually cleared, and he sighed—a sigh that sounded as if it rose from a heart from which some unpleasant weight had been lifted. For, at first, in considering the proposed exodus from Ashby, he was impatient with the thought of leaving the place where Eleanor was. Afterwards, however, had come the thought that, if it took him away from her, it would also remove him from the neighborhood of the scene of blood which had so lately taken place, and which was a haunted spot to him. Yes—he would go for a time, till the disagreeable feelings which he had experienced, ever since he had imbrued his hands in Maida's blood, should have worn away.

"When do you think of going?" asked Miss Ashby, as, awaking from his reverie, he began to speak of the departure.

"As soon, I suppose, as Sir Edward can make it convenient," answered Morley, glancing at his host, who had laid the letter down.

"Perhaps we had better say to-morrow," said Sir Edward, "if you choose."

And on the morrow they left Ashby.

CHAPTER VI.

EMBASSIES OF MERCY.

"Lucy," said Miss Ashby, to her maid, "will you go to Mrs. Millar's room, and ask her to put up those things for the widow Davis? I should like them to be ready as soon as possible, for I am going over directly. Then you may run and tell John to harness Alex. in the chaise. I shall drive this morning. Come back as soon as you can."

Lucy ran away to execute her commission, and after as brief an absence as possible, returned to the dressing-room, where her mistress was already preparing for her customary round of visits to certain of the poorer people living in the neighborhood. In this practice, Eleanor was accustomed to devote a stated portion of time each week; and in the performance of her self-imposed duties, she took a pleasure as sincere and heartfelt as was that afforded by it to those in whom she thus interested herself. Dearly Lucy, on her part, liked to help her mistress prepare for these occasions. Very proud and happy indeed was she of her many deeds of kindness among the sick and needy, and it was her delight to hear Miss Ashby's praises from the recipients of her bounty. She looked forward, often and often, to a time when Miss Ashby should marry, and, with more ample means, become indeed the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood. At this point, however, Lucy grew serious. For whom would her mistress marry but Morley Briancourt? And Lucy could see very well (though Miss Ashby herself did not guess it) that he had no sympathy with her mistress in these deeds of kindness and charity. The spirit which prompted them was directly foreign to his own. He could neither comprehend nor appreciate it. Nothing was so delectably irksome to him as to visit those in poverty and distress. He would have sneered at Eleanor's own zeal in their behalf had it not been for his passion for her. As it was, he concealed from her his real feelings in this respect, and took care never to utter a word in her hearing that would seem to oppose her inclination for such pursuits. But he never went with her on these charitable errands, if he could avoid it, although she not unfrequently had expressed a desire that he should accompany her. Once or twice he did so, but that was all. Afterwards, she went alone, but always believing him engaged when she went, nor even dreaming of his detestation of the employment in which her generous heart took so much pleasure.

It was not to be supposed, then, that, in case of Miss Ashby's marriage with him, Lucy's dreams of the future would ever be likely to be realized. This thought, then, increased, the dislike she had always felt for her mistress's lover. Lucy's antipathy was strong and decided, and she said little; only once in a while, talking with Harry Longworth, the butler's son, and her lover, she declared her belief that young Mr. Briancourt was not fit to be Miss Eleanor's husband. The faithful girl little knew how unworthy he was.

This morning, her uncle and Morley both gone, Eleanor commenced her preparations somewhat earlier than usual, and set off a little before nine. The principal object of her care to-day was a certain aged widow woman, living at a distance of some three miles from Ashby. The good old dame was troubled with severe lameness, was unable to move without the assistance of crutches, and might have been considered a confirmed invalid in her cottage, knitting, sewing, or reading, from morning till night, though this last occupation was a rather severe one, as her eyes were growing dim. For this reason Eleanor came often to read to her, or to spend an hour conversing with her, thereby lightening a thousand times the old lady's infirmities and learning for herself many a lesson of patience and fortitude.

Old Dame Wilton lived at a greater distance from Ashby than any of the rest whom Eleanor was in the habit of visiting, and the day promising to be a warm one, Miss Ashby determined to make this visit first, so as to return early, and have only those in the village near home to attend to when the sun should be high. Accordingly, taking with her in the chaise a small basket, packed with various articles from the housekeeper's stores, she set off for the cottage of the old dame.

Steadily and rapidly along the road went Alex., and very pleasant the way seemed to Eleanor, as the chaise rolled along past meadow, wood and upland, bright with the morning sunshine, or beneath the gloomy shadow of great rocks that rose perpendicularly on either side of the way, or, again, when the road lay level with the blooming fields, and the fine trees that here and there lined its borders, right and left, reached across to each other far above, and with interlacing branches formed an emerald screen, their thick foliage just pierced, here and there, by a clear sunbeam.

Admiring the beauty of the morning landscape, or occupied with her own meditations, the time passed, until, at length, the cottage of the aged dame was visible among the trees, a little in advance. A moment more, and she had reached the garden gate, where she alighted from the chaise. Fastening the horse just by the gate, in the shadow of an over-arching elm, she went quietly up the long grass garden-path, with her basket on her arm, to the cottage door, which stood open, affording a full view of the cleanly, nicely-sanded passage, and showing another door, also open, leading into an apartment on the right. Through the rose-trellised casements, which were thrown back to admit the sweet morning air, and nearly hidden from the road by the lowering shrubs in the garden, Eleanor saw, as she drew nearer, the old dame, seated, as usual, beside her little round table, whereon lay her work-basket and her books. But she was not alone. A gentleman stood beside her, hat in hand, and a voice which fell not unfamiliarly on Eleanor's ear was saying, in clear, sweet, musical tones, "Thank you, dame; I will come. My sister shall have your message. Good day." And directly, Hugh Latimer came out.

He half paused on seeing Eleanor approaching; then his handsome countenance lighted up, his fine eyes kindled with involuntary pleasure.

"Miss Ashby!" he uttered, gently, yet with earnestness and warmth, as he advanced to meet her.

She gave him her hand with an air of simple and graceful courtesy, slightly blushing as she did so.

"This is unexpected, Mr. Latimer," she said, with a smile. "I had not thought of meeting any one from Briarfield this morning, unless, perhaps, Mary should have preceded me here. She has not come with you, I suppose?"

"Not this morning. My aunt required her services in another direction, so I became her representative for the time being, and introduced myself to Dame Wilton and one or two others in the neighborhood."

"Do you find the office an agreeable one?" asked Eleanor.

"It is very pleasant. I believe your pensioners are worthy objects, Miss Ashby. I like Dame Wilton especially. She is a study."

Eleanor's face grew bright.

"Yes, indeed; you will find her so," she said. "I am glad you like her. But I forget—you are not a stranger in the neighborhood."

"Almost. I have been absent so many years that those whom I knew during my boyhood here were not readily recognized; but they had not, I believe, quite forgotten me. That gave me the sincerest pleasure. It was a happiness to find, after so long an absence from home, that in even a single heart there yet lingered the memory of the boy who went away almost twenty years ago."

"Twenty years?—is it so long!" said Eleanor, thoughtfully.

"Very nearly. Twenty years is a long time, Miss Ashby. You cannot look back so far."

She shook her head, with a half-abstracted smile; then slowly lifted her eyes from the ground, saying, with gentle earnestness:

"But though you were gone so many years, you did not forget Briarfield? You were such a child when you went away you might well have forgotten the countenances of the villagers, but the first scenes that ever your eyes beheld must have remained indelible in your memory."

"You are right. Briarfield was my *home*—a home such as Wales never could have given me, pleasant as it was, and beautiful as were its associations. It was like a dream—the memory of Briarfield, in that I saw it so far back in the past, but unlike a dream, it never faded from my mind. It was always there—a clear and perfect picture, and I held it sacred. Nothing could ever take its place. Miss Ashby, can you think how it would seem, after so many years of absence, and such extended wanderings, to set your foot upon the threshold pressed in childhood, and say, 'I am at home!'"

"*And at rest*," uttered Eleanor, simply.

"And at rest," he echoed, with impressive earnestness. "Yes—that is it." He paused, and then went on: "I was at rest.

Perfect tranquillity and contentment were mine, at last, beneath my own roof-tree. I found the English sunshine and the English faces there inexpressibly sweet. I found Mary and Aunt Dorothea awaiting me. I found home love and home endearments. And I found, too," he continued, with involuntary gentleness of tone, while his glance remained fixed on the ground, "something which I had vainly sought for years in lands far away from England."

Eleanor's eyes were raised to his, and rested there. His own glance sought her face for an instant, then bent to the earth again.

"It was a wee English flower, Miss Ashby," he said, quietly. "In France, and Italy, and Spain, I looked for it for five years. I came home, and found it growing just by my own door-sill."

"Well, you gathered it?" said Eleanor, simply.

"It is hidden here, Miss Ashby." He touched his breast. "I am learning to fold it there more closely and tenderly every day. And yet," he grew grave, and turned away almost abruptly, "I cannot call it mine."

Both his words and his manner perplexed Eleanor. She stood silent and motionless. He turned toward her directly.

"Miss Ashby, Dame Wilton will hardly thank me for detaining you here so long. She is, I know, desirous of seeing you. She talked to me about you a great deal, this morning. Have you any message for my sister?"

Before Eleanor could answer, there came riding past the gate a young farmer, whom she recognized as one of the villagers at Ashby. Seeing her, he reined up his rough-coated pony, and dismounting, approached, touching his hat to her respectfully.

"Good morning, Thomas," said Eleanor, pleasantly. "Did you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, miss," answered the man. "I saw Bessie Gray just now, as I passed her cottage, and she bade me say, if I met you on the road, that her boy is ill, and she begs you to see her as you go by."

"O, I will go in, Thomas," said Eleanor, kindly,—"I will go in. Is Johnny very ill, do you know?"

"Well, miss, I think from his look, it's like he's a fever, or summat of the kind. He's a deal of trouble with his head, like; it don't seem to be just right with the heat in it."

An expression of anxiety and concern settled upon Eleanor's countenance. She promised the man she would go directly, and as he rode away, turned and went back to where Hugh Latimer stood, saying:

"Bessie Gray has sent for me to see her little boy, who is ill. I must just spend five minutes with Dame Wilton, and then drive back to see him, and make her a longer visit next time. I am glad you have been in to see her, this morning, for she is so pleased to have company, and your call will be a happy substitute for mine, to-day."

"A very poor one, I fear, Miss Ashby, though, I trust, better than none at all, since you cannot spend your usual time with her. The claimants on your charity, I find, are numerous in the neighborhood. You must be fully occupied."

"They are many—yes," she answered, simply; "but they need me, and I cannot do too much."

"'Not wearied in well-doing,'" he said.

She smiled, and held out her hand.

"Not while there is so much to do. And my sphere is limited: the greater should be my exertions."

He took the hand she offered, with a sweet and serious warmth of expression in his fine dark eyes.

"It is a beautiful spirit that utters those words. Keep it fresh, pure, uncontaminated. Princes might envy you its possession. Keep it, Miss Ashby. Good-by."

The glance that rested on her for an instant was grave, earnest, reverential. And Hugh Latimer walked hastily away, with involuntary tenderness and admiration filling his heart, drawing him nearer to Eleanor Ashby. The charm of the countenance which at first had attracted him, was only surpassed by the genuine goodness, the charity, the generosity of her disposition, which was now opening to him. The heartfelt praises with which Dame Wilton had, that morning, dwelt upon Eleanor's name, and her many deeds of mercy and charity, had touched the best and deepest feelings of his soul. Her arch and innocent beauty had caught and fascinated him first. How much more beautiful did she seem when he found her thus moving among the dwellings of the poor, at the bedside of the sick, carrying blessings with her wherever she went, and hearing blessings away! When he beheld the soft sparkle of those sweet laughing eyes, lost in the tenderer, softer beams of pity—when he heard the gentle emotions of her woman's heart, filled with the love of suffering humanity, thrilling through all her tones, how beautiful—how *dear* she seemed then!

He revered, he admired, he honored her. And with these sentiments there was gradually, but surely, blending a regard of which he could not be unconscious. Calmly and quietly as ever throbbed Hugh Latimer's heart; but there was a beautiful influence pervading it which could never now be lost, which, pure as the source from whence it flowed, shed an atmosphere of holiness around it. For the innate goodness and nobleness of Eleanor's character had aided, even more than her outward charms, in inspiring him with the sentiment which he had learned to experience for her, and strong and earnest though it was, the very purity of its origin had chastened, and refined, and elevated it. And he had not yet thought of realizing in what unhappiness all this might end; for was not Eleanor the betrothed of another? This was forgotten.

Hugh Latimer was gone; and beside Dame Wilton, in the little cottage, sat Eleanor Ashby. The good dame, full of pleasure in the visit of her last guest, was warm in his praise to Eleanor. Her wrinkled face lighted up as she spoke of him.

"So you like Mr. Latimer very much, dame?" said Miss Ashby, gently, and with a thoughtful smile.

"Yes, indeed, miss. He reads beautifully. I think I never heard a sweeter voice than his in all my life. He read for me a great while here, and never seemed a bit fatigued. And he talked with me in such a way as I couldn't help admiring him. He talks pleasant—doesn't he, Miss Eleanor?"

And Eleanor, in a pleased and serious voice, answered:

"Indeed he does, Dame Wilton."

"And then," pursued the dame, "he came all this way to see me; there aren't many as would do it, Miss Eleanor. But I think I've never seen one just like him—so gentle and kind, and civil-like, to an old body like me, as if I were born and bred a lady,—unless it be our rector. Ah, it's from such things as these, Miss Eleanor, that you may oftenest tell a good man."

"And he is, doubtless, one, dame," said Eleanor.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Eleanor. Well, so your uncle, Sir Edward, has gone to town, I hear."

"Yes, dame, and Mr. Briancourt. They will remain some three or four weeks, I think, and then they return together. When Mr. Briancourt comes, Dame Wilton, I will ask him to come over to see you, some day, and tell you of all the gay doings they have had in town since he has been there."

The old dame shook her head dubiously.

"Ah, Miss Eleanor, I am afraid—" She paused, as if hesitating to finish what she was about to say.

Eleanor regarded her inquiringly for a moment.

"Of what?" she asked, presently.

"Well, Miss Eleanor, I hardly think Mr. Briancourt cares to trouble himself about an old woman like me."

"Why not? What causes you to think so?" inquired Miss Ashby, in some perplexity.

Again Dame Wilton hesitated, until Eleanor repeated her question, and then she answered:

"O, you know, miss, some care for one thing and some for another; and where one gentleman would spend a good bit of his time in looking after the poor and distressed, another would find it a trouble to think of them at all."

Eleanor sat silent and in thought for at least a moment. At length she said:

"You mean Mr. Briancourt, Dame Wilton, when you speak of the last, and the first was Mr. Latimer. Is it not so?"

It was so. Dame Wilton had been drawing mental comparisons.

"You said," said Miss Ashby, "a while since, that kindness and charity for those poor or infirm was a token of goodness of heart?"

"Yes, miss, I did say so," assented Dame Wilton.

"Then you do not think Mr. Briancourt has a good heart, dame? Nay, you should be more charitable."

"Ah, Miss Eleanor," said the old woman, shaking her head, "you push me too hard—too hard. I should not have been so impertinent as to say what I have said, if you had not made me; and it is not for me to judge hardly of any one because he differs from another, and especially of Mr. Briancourt, whom they say Sir Edward has chosen for—"

She paused again, but Miss Ashby comprehended her meaning.

"Nay, Dame Wilton," she said, gently, while a faint blush dawned on her cheek, "I do not think you are quite right. Why should it be especially of Mr. Briancourt? If you hold an unfavorable opinion of him, and that opinion were unjust, it would not be less so if he were a beggar in the streets of London. And if it were just, he would deserve it quite as much if he were one of the highest in the land."

"Ah, miss, that is so like you, to say that!" said the old dame, looking up. "I like to hear you speak so. But, indeed," and she shook her head, "it is not for me to speak so free as you might do about people, or even think as you might. For those who are your equals, Miss Eleanor, are very far above me in this world."

"Well, you know what is best, doubtless, dame," said Miss Ashby, kindly. "But still, the impression of Mr. Briancourt's disposition, which you seem to have received, you still retain, of course, whether you avow it or not. I know," she continued, "that he does not make a practice of visiting among the villagers; and he has been here but once; and for that very reason I do not well see how you could form the opinion which I am sure you entertain. You saw him but for a little while—not more than an hour, I think."

Dame Wilton only shook her head. She could not make any rejoinder to this, for she would have been obliged to speak too plainly, and she feared to hurt or offend Miss Ashby, who had never beheld the mingled impatience and sarcasm marking Morley Briancourt's air, during the visit to which she alluded—a visit where he had been forced to listen to the reading of the Scriptures for Dame Wilton, who loved dearly to have Eleanor read to her; and to the conversation following, which, though cheerful and pleasant, yet being on serious subjects, was to him cant and hypocrisy. Not that he believed Eleanor guilty of either; on the contrary, he saw her as she was—earnest and truthful in all her works; but, scoffing at the labors of religion, of charity and mercy, he believed her led away by enthusiasm, and resolved, when she became his wife, that such things with her should be done away.

Dame Wilton had read his disposition, but she could say no more to Miss Ashby concerning it. She feared to. She was already unhappy at what she had said thus far, lest she had uttered what might seem to Miss Ashby impertinent; but Eleanor, knowing her destitute of intention to offend, had listened kindly and in a friendly mood to all she said.

A few minutes passed in conversation on various other subjects, and then bidding Dame Wilton a pleasant "good-day," Eleanor took her departure, to visit Bessie Gray's boy. The way was occupied in thinking of what the old woman had said. Eleanor was thoughtful and reflective on this subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HUG-SEU-TSENE, INSURGENT CHIEF OF CHINA.

HUG-SEU-TSENE,

CHIEF OF THE CHINESE INSURRECTION.

The accompanying engraving presents a likeness of the celebrated rebel chief who has, for three or four years past, been able to make head against the imperialists, and who is destined, perhaps, to revolutionize the government of the "Central Flowery Land." It will be seen that his countenance possesses a great deal of intelligence and resolution, while being, at the same time, strongly stamped with the peculiarities of the Eastern type. He wears his hair in the European fashion, while the imperial party have their heads shaved, with the exception of the long queues, which have so odd an appearance in European eyes. In fact, as soon as a partisan joins the insurgents, they cut off his queue, so that they ensure his fidelity till it grows out again of the canonical length. Notwithstanding that certain death awaits every rebel who falls in the hands of the imperialists, large accessions are constantly made to their ranks. The insurrection has spread like wild-fire, sweeping over whole provinces, and causing the legitimate emperor, the Son of Heaven and Brother of the Moon, to tremble on his throne. Not only do the insurgents menace the overthrow of the civil government of China, but a radical change in its religion; for many of the leading chiefs are converts to Christianity. To the intrepid missionary, Gutzlaff, who spoke the various dialects of China so perfectly as to be taken for a native of each province that he traversed, and who devoted his life to disseminating a knowledge of the true religion among the benighted peoples of the east, are we indebted for the religious and political movement now going on in the heart of China. The whole history of this insurrection is a romance. As a literary curiosity, and also as a proof of the extent to which American enterprise is pushed in the dissemination of useful discoveries, we copy a bona fide letter, duly authenticated, dictated and sent by the rebel chief to Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., in acknowledgment of a present of some of his celebrated "Cherry Pectoral" and "Cathartic Pills."

"To DOCTOR AYER, in America:—The great curing Barbarian of the outside country.

"Your present of sweet curing seeds (Pills) and fragrant curing drops (Pectoral) of the Cherry smell, has been brought to Hug-seu-Tsene—the mighty Emperor (Kwangto) of the terrible, stout Ming dynasty, by grace of Heaven revived after an interval of ages. Prince of peace (Ta-Ping-Wang) of China—the central flowery land. He directed his powerful Mandarins to give them to the sick according to what the Interpreters read from your printed papers (directions). Be profoundly happy, O wise Barbarian! for I, Yang-seu-Tsing, say it. Your curing seeds and sweet curing drops were given to the sick in His army of the Winged-Sword, and have made them well. Be profoundly happy while you live, for this is known to the Mighty-Emperor of China, who approves your skill and permits you to send more of your curing Medicines for his fierce armies of myriads of men. They may be given to Chiang-Lin, chief Mandarin of the Red Button at Shanghai, who will repay you with Tea, or Silk, or Gold. The high Mandarins of China have heard of your great knowledge, surpassing all other foreigners, even aspiring to equal the divine wisdom of our own healing teachers, who make remedies that cure instantly. We are pleased to know you how in trembling terror before our Mighty Emperor.

Written by YANG-SEU-TSING,
Minister-in-chief of the restored Imperial Ming dynasty destined by the heavenly wisdom to rule in China."

(Translated by the American Consulate at Hong Kong, China, 3d May, 1855.)

In a few years, should this revolution prove successful, American commerce, unshackled by any restriction, will find its way to the heart of that empire, which has been sealed to the nations of the west for so many centuries. We shall yet live to hear of railroads constructed by Americans in China, and of Yankee stage-coaches, driven by Yankee coachmen, making regular trips between their cities and towns.

HUNT & WEBSTER'S SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTORY.

There is no application of machinery to useful purposes that we have watched with more interest than that destined to lighten the manual labor of females in sewing. The manufacture of garments for domestic wear is a never-ending task. The brain is bewildered in attempting to estimate the many million of stitches which must be made daily in these United States alone. Who can forget the pathos of Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" a song that has found an echo in the hearts of thousands of poor wretches doomed to "stitch, stitch, stitch," from the rising of the sun far beyond the going down thereof? Who shall say how many a bright thought has been lost to the world—how many a bright spirit extinguished, for the want of labor-saving machinery to perform the work of those busy fingers which have moved for many a lifetime in the service of humanity? At one time, even inventors gave up in despair the hope of making the needle operate in fingers of iron and steel instead of the delicate instruments of nature's handiwork. But the problem was at last solved—and the solution was the emancipation of hundreds of thousands. The amount of domestic happiness thus secured baffles calculation. A sewing machine in a family works morally as well as mechanically—it benefits the mind and heart as well as the purse.



FINISHING ROOM.

thread is drawn, and we will show you the machine to do it. Binders and binders are attached for binding whenever it is necessary in the manufacture of any article. For all kinds of family use, these machines are really invaluable. Simple and beautiful in their construction, making no more noise in running than a set of knitting-needles in the hands of a smart old lady, they are free from a serious objection which has been alleged against the use of machinery for sewing. Mr. Hunt, the principal in the manufacture of these machines, is likewise at the head of the house of N. Hunt & Co., manufacturers of leather belting. He is a Boston merchant as well as a Boston mechanic; a modest, unassuming man, of indomitable perseverance and energy. He has labored for years to bring his sewing machine to the position it now occupies, and it has been no easy matter to accomplish this. It has required a vast amount of labor as well as a large outlay of money, but he has succeeded, and we doubt not that he will reap a rich reward from his investment of capital, labor, time and thought. Mr. Webster, who is now associated with Mr. Hunt in the manufacture and sale of these sewing machines, is a young man of industry and business capacity, and we venture to predict that Messrs. Hunt & Webster will occupy a front rank in the phalanx of the sewing machine fraternity, in the sale of machines



FORGING AND LATHE ROOM.



POLISHING AND TURNING ROOM.

The intimate connection between morals and happiness and machinery affords one of the most interesting subjects for speculation and comment that can well be conceived. One can hardly realize the change that has taken place in many branches of business in consequence of the introduction of sewing machines. A few years ago and all the labor in the shoe manufacturing business was performed by hand; while now but a small portion is achieved by manual labor, nearly all, in fact, being done by the little labor-saving machines. A few years ago even, when sewing machines were first introduced, our southern and western merchants used to write "Don't send me any boots, shoes or clothing made on machines." Now they order the machine-made articles. Why? Simply because the stitch is more perfect, handsome and durable, and is, in every way, better when made on machines like those we have illustrated on the present page, and which we have delineated because they mark an important point in the progress of useful invention. The shoe trade of Massachusetts last year amounted to fifty-five millions of dollars, and the reason why our State has done so much more than any other in this necessary branch of business, is, that next to their untiring industry and perseverance, the shoe manufacturers of Massachusetts have always heartily and readily seconded the efforts of inventors and mechanics to perfect this so much needed improvement in their business. One establishment, the "North American Shoe Company," at Ballard Vale, have over fifty of the latest improved machines, represented in our drawings, now running, and are increasing the number every week. This is a single establishment; but they are running in every town in the commonwealth. This machine is not confined to the shoe business in its various branches. Tailors, hatters, upholsterers, mattress makers, bag makers, glove makers, coach trimmers, dress makers, corset makers and shirt makers employ it. In short, show us wherever a

as they now do in the manufacture of them. The engravings on this page represent different departments in the establishment of Messrs. Hunt & Webster, Nos. 26 and 30 Devonshire Street, viz.: the "Forging and Lathe Room," where the work is begun, the "Polishing and Turning Room," and the "Finishing Room," whence the completed machines pass into the "Sales Room."



EXHIBITION AND SALES ROOM.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE FORSAKEN.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

I'm loth to give thee up!
The heart is sad and lone—
And there is friendship in thy smile,
And comfort in thy tone.

They say the heart grows old
When love's young dream is flown;
But what strange thrills awake in mine,
At thy low voice's tone!

They say time damps the brow,
And chills the warmest heart;
They say my bark is wrecked—and now
I'm waiting to depart.

They tell me I am cold,
And haughty, and severe;
They tell me that my heart is old,
That I love nothing here.

They tell me 'tis my boon
To win a lasting name;
They tell me that my thoughts might soon
Be writ on leaves of fame!

But thou hast crossed my path,
With thy fond, beaming eye—
Thou, with a fresh and generous soul,
And checked all dreams so high.

Thy love hath made me sigh!
Ne'er shall ambition's breath
Break in fierce, mad strains o'er my lyre—
Strung not for fame, but death.

Thy love still makes me sigh!
For thou hast kept for me
The richest jewels of thy heart,
And I have naught for thee!

For worlds I would not wring
Thy tender heart with pain—
For love's young dream, when broken,
Ne'er seems so sweet again.

Yet I must give thee up!
My heart is sad and lone;
I've dreamed of Lethe in thy smile,
Of friendship in thy tone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHILD OF THE CASCADE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE HUNTER'S PRIZE.

"Game's mighty scarce this morning," was the ejaculation of a youthful sportsman, emerging solitary upon a small savanna in the middle of a woody section of upper New York. "Very well," he continued, "I shall save my buckshot." And as though the reflection furnished a ready anodyne to chagrin arising from his bootless ramble, he chose the summit of the depressed knoll, and threw himself down for rest.

The spot was enclosed by dense, towering forests, and covered with an abundant harvest of wild grass, now lying prone from its own weight. A semi-transparent vapor overcast the sky, so that the sun's rays, though it was the beginning of September, were guiltless of offence to the unshadowed head; a sighing breeze, the avant-courier of a storm, came, as it were, down a long, spiral staircase to make Legh Rosseau the confidant of his message.

The youth liked, evidently, the fresh fanning upon his fair, girl-like brow and well developed chest; he lay motionless awhile, the jaunty cap perched back, and the belt of his handsome hunting frock unbuckled. At length, turning his cheek up from the pale green mattress, and spreading wide his arms on either side till the right formed a cross with his elegant fowling-piece as its standard, he essayed amusement in imitating the cry of a hare when caught. Immediately there was a response from among the trees beyond his feet. He ceased—it ceased. With a spring he assumed a sitting posture; put instinctively the right hand to his gun, the left to his empty game-bag. Then he smiled self-derisively—he had heard nothing except the utterance of his own lips. But he had, though. For the test, then. He re-commenced, it was heard the same. An echo? But the maiden must have hearing wondrously acute, to take sounds so feeble. And how they are prolonged, like the blast of King James's bugle in the "hollow throat" of the Trosach wilds.

Once more all was silent. Rosseau had risen to his feet, and remained in agreeable perplexity. Stooping to extricate his piece from the grass which had tangled about its length as it lay, he again recurred to poet Sir Walter and the "envious ivy" clinging around the neglected "harp of the north."

"That is to tell me I shall have no use for the weapon," he said—yet he cocked it. "I am not sorry; my present mood is decidedly more romantic than bloodthirsty."

Moving forward a pace or two in the direction whence his answers had seemed to issue, he repeated the weak, piteous wail, but this time none was returned.

"Ha! Echo is a coy nymph, and has fled at my rising—or she is haughty, and will deign to lend an ear only while I prostrate myself at her feet. So be it," he added, addressing the imaginary being, "for know that I am Narcissus, and would cry 'hands off!' should you now appear in all your fascinating beauty to embrace me; yes, would refuse the most urgent leap-year proposals, and leave you to hide your blushes and to pine away till you were less than a shadow."

Nevertheless, the youth's manner contradicted his language; for he still lingered, still tempted the mysterious responses. But in vain. It was only when he elevated his voice greatly above its former key that genuine echoes rang through the woodland. All else was silent. He looked up and around. The trees seemed nodding to him significantly; the wind repeated to him in a lengthened whistle, "Search!" But how could he interpret the gestures? and for what should he seek?

A last time he listened attentively; he certainly was not indifferent. Nothing could be in more extreme contrast than his present intent attitude and look, with the listlessness which had characterized him as he lay stretched on the ground a few moments before.

Still no result, and stifling curiosity he was about to strike into the wood, when the plaintive wail fell on his ear as at first. With quick eye and pulse, but a tread light as a cat's, he advanced within the deep shadow of the trees. The sounds, always low, were intermittent; and after every few seconds came an interval of waiting for their recurrence. More than once, so protracted were these, that Legh Rosseau, who was no model of patience, felt irritated against himself on account of the singular fascination which held him bound till he should discover the origin of the noise. Sometimes he inclined to believe himself subject to a prank of some fellow-sportsman who, concealed in a hollow tree-trunk or behind an angle of rock, was secretly merry-making over his incertitude, and would end by springing out before him with whoops of derisive and exultant laughter—an event he would have shunned more than to meet a panther single-handed.

At last, when he had wandered undirected for a little, and was peering alternately among the branches and between the holes, the cry arose almost at his feet; and he saw, beneath a low arcade of evergreen, an infant lying wrapped in a blanket upon the leaf-covered ground. In his first bewilderment, he expected to see the tiny thing approached and claimed; but recollecting what length of time he had heard it moaning haplessly, and ascertaining by a touch that its wrappings were damp and chill with night air and exhalations from its comfortless bed, he could but conclude that it was uncared for, having been left to its fate. He raised the little sufferer in his arms—its instinctive cries for help were hushed; it smiled in his face, then nestled quietly in his bosom.

Rosseau was not long in conveying his prize through the woodland to his father's house. It was not a little curious, by the way, with what suddenness game had multiplied on that manor. Every sportsman who has ever on an excursion chanced to have broken a lock, or emptied his flask of powder, or by any other mishap rendered himself *hors du combat*, must have noticed similar results, and would be able to compare an experience with that of our hero returning by the route he came. There, where an hour before, not so much as the furl of a squirrel's tail could by any means be ferretted out, rabbits blinked up at him with their queer, red eyes; broods of plump partridges grown to the size of the hen, nothing startled by the crashing of underbrush attendant on his bold tread, ran on before like tame pigeons, taking wing only when he was actually in their midst. These creatures, and even the half-farthing sparrows, seem to know by a marvellous instinct, their times of security. But without staying to feel bitterly tantalized, he hurried forward and reached the home door.

Acting as he had from an impulse as simple and natural as it was humane and generous, until that moment he had viewed his position only the same as if he was representing the good Samaritan to an unfortunate individual of his own, or thrice his own years. Now, however, the novelty of his adventure suddenly appeared, occasioning him excitement and embarrassment; which emotions were made specially manifest on entering the parlor, to find sitting with his mother one of the most noted of the neighborhood's gossips. In telling his story he blushed and stammered, and was in the end barely intelligible.

Mrs. Rosseau, waiting to hear few particulars, took the perishing babe to her matronly bosom, and hastened to supply its necessities; meanwhile her pitying eyes were moistened by tears, and her lips murmured with tender expressions in that dialect supposed to be perfectly understood by even the infant of days.

Mrs. Blabman, the visitor, was struck, astounded, electrified by the incident. For a quarter of an hour she never ceased to pour herself out in exclamations; at the end of that period she rose up hastily, declaring "she had other calls to make" (our hero anticipated as much), and so posted away in the direction of Miss Scandalton's.

What a feast of fat things they and their clique enjoyed on and after that morning, can be thoroughly comprehended only through explanations immediately to follow.

CHAPTER II.

BEAUTY BELL.

One morning, as Legh Rosseau, eight years the junior of his present self, was crossing the hall from breakfast to school room, a fairy tripped in at the open street door, and in a gay, bird-voice said, at the same time offering a small, covered tin pail:

"Please, will you ask your ma to sell aunty a pint of milk? I've got the cents in my pocket—hear me rattle them! Why, what a fine house you live in; but I like the flower-garden still better."

Master Legh, rather tall for his twelfth year, looked decidedly down in considering the child, whose application struck him as especially amusing. Now had the heir of Judge Rosseau beheld, instead of the brightest and sweetest of cherub forms and faces in the neatest of pink gingham frocks and white muslin cape-bonnets, an ordinary child, in garments homely and soiled, and, maychance, with hands and face somewhat begrimmed, I dare by no means assure you that he—albeit no born or bred aristocrat in the ultra sense of the term—would not have replied in his blunt, good-humored fashion, that he was not accustomed to do servant's work, and that, moreover, an errand such as hers would be properly introduced to the house by the back entrance. Some idea, then, of the impression he received may be had from the fact of his flinging on the stairs the Latin grammar he had been studying as he went, accepting the shining pail, and, while continuing his gaze of admiration, inquiring most pleasantly:

"Who is your aunty, missy?"

"She's Mrs. Crainlee. We moved here only yesterday, and live in the yellow cottage down by the little Niagara—don't you walk there towards night sometimes?"

"And what is *your* name?"

"Bell."

"Bell Crainlee?"

"No, only Bell. Mrs. Crainlee is not my aunt, only I have her for one because I haven't got any other. My father's name was Bradington, but he and my mother died before I can remember; I've only seen their name on their gravestones, and so I don't like to speak it often. You wont tell anybody I'm anything but Bell, will you?"

Legh led the way to the dairy-room, and with his own hands filled the pail—"turned the whole of the cream off of a pan of milk," the housekeeper complained, "just when it was well rising; and what was worse, bedrizzled the shelves and floor." He only laughed a little provokingly; and when she answered the child that the price was "two cents, and ought to be six times that, considering the trouble," he interposed and made Bell keep her coppers.

Then telling the little girl he would show her a nearer way home than by the road, he took her through the garden; filled her empty hand with flowers, selecting the rarest, and afterwards unfastened for her a narrow rear gate.

"This path," informed he, "goes straight to the cascade. You see, the little Niagara, as you call it, is a famous resort for all the people hereabouts, and we and our town visitors keep this by-way well trodden. You'll come after more milk to-morrow, and if Mrs. Dray scolds again—"

"O, no, there'll be no need of my coming—Io is going to be here by to-night."

"Who is Io?"

Bell laughed.

"She's not any *who;* Io is our heifer—aunty's and mine; and you never saw anything half so handsome."

"Perhaps I never saw *an animal* so handsome," returned Legh, looking a good deal anxious lest her babyship should fail to discover the intended compliment. "I see," he pursued, "I might have known you were speaking of a heifer. Io was Jupiter's heifer."

"I don't know," replied Bell, thoughtfully, "but I guess not. It was not Mr. Jupiter aunty bought her of; I'm sure his name was Mr. Smith."

Legh's darling point was lost, he had entirely missed astonishing Bell by a classical display; yet he somehow did not feel disgusted as he always had when any other little girl showed ignorance of what he happened to know. With the grace of a princess she thanked him in passing out; and hastened her steps in order to redeem the time. Re-latching the gate, he watched till the white bonnet had disappeared down the slope.

"What bright little girl was that?" inquired his mother, as, returning to the house, he passed a window at which she was sitting.

"That's Beauty Bell, mother; I'm going to have her for my wife, when she gets older."

"No occasion to get older yourself, silly boy, is there?" said his mother, smiling indulgently.

Mr. Docet that morning dismissed his Latin pupil with an order to review, and a lecture of which this was the close and specimen.

"Were I obliged to judge of your capacity by this morning's exercises, Master Legh, *tui nihil sperarem*—that is, I should despair of you. You do not distinguish subject from predicate, nor any second root from its first. *Multum temporis amisisti*—you may study out the meaning of the phrase."

Such were the circumstances attending the first meeting of Legh Rosseau and Beauty Bell. During the next three years and more he haunted the cascade like some water god. He was no lone spirit either; but if ever he had failed to meet there a certain one, he had felt himself solitary, though in the midst of twenty score. Ere departing for college he won an acknowledgment of love from Bell, and vowed constancy to her till the waters should flow up the rock instead of down.

The fact of a correspondence being established between the youthful lovers was seized upon by the gossips, who hitherto had tried to regard their attachment as simply ridiculous—a piece of childish folly, which one, at least, would seasonably outgrow. Such a pestilence as then swept over and around! Legh's more distant relatives became infected, and lastly his parents took the disease in a milder sort of inoculated form. It little suited them that their only child should have in prospect, though never so remote and with a thousand lucky possibilities intervening, a match with a nameless, penniless girl. They did nothing rashly, but on Legh's coming home at his first vacation, expressed to him their views. The answer was so sensible and decided, that thenceforward the doting parents had no will in the matter at variance with their son's.

Their deranged balances were put in order, and personal worth found to weigh heavier than empty air. The young girl was invited to the judge's house, and made happy as often as she came. This state of things but irritated the opposing faction the more.

Beauty Bell *was* much to be despised! It was shameless in her to grow older without growing plainer! It was too provoking that she never seemed to fear, or even know their maliciousness—any more than an oriole singing on a tree-top is troubled by the wicked thought of an urchin below, that if he had a gun, and knew how to use it, he would shoot the bird—sure as life. They were angry with themselves for having established by usage her appellative of Beauty Bell, first bestowed on her by Legh; but no one now was able to recognize her name without its prefix. Her family name was scarcely known at all; Mrs. Crainlee choosing to live quite a hermitess, and gratify no idle curiosity.

The student's eyes, long ago become accustomed to the light which so suddenly burst upon them, were not now dazzled, but rather guided steadily to their aim. He was graduated with distinction. Then a few months' relaxation were allowed him, to be followed by a course of study for the bar. It was during this interval that Mrs. Crainlee, after a brief illness, died. She had never been like a mother to Bell, nor even like the relative whose title was all she had ever claimed of the child: this person had few plants of affection in her nature; whether they never sprang there, or whether the life of root and branch had been worn out by the merciless tramp of the world, I do not know. But she was one highly intelligent and nobly conscientious; she faithfully instructed, if she did not caress.

Her sickness was not, by herself or others, feared to be unto death, till almost at the last, when she was incapacitated from making any provision for her orphan charge. Of money there could have been no bequest—their living had been her pension from government as the widow of a brave military officer.

But now what was going to become of Beauty Bell? At the funeral, immediately before the service, Mrs. Blabman pushed her envious and discommoding way across the thronged room to put the question to her friend, Miss Scandalton; and again, while the concourse were passing round to look upon the corpse, the two kept up a whispered conversation on the point.

There were those who considered her situation more sympathetically. While she was devoting herself to the sick room, Legh's services were constantly at her command, and neither by Mrs. Rosseau was she neglected. The latter now extended to her the kindest offer of a home. Bell thanked her with flowing tears, yet neither accepting nor declining it. Hardly anything could be more desirable, except that secretly her delicacy revolted against taking up her abode under the same roof with her lover. He on his part did nothing but regret a pledge voluntarily given his parents, that he would not enter the marriage relation before having secured his profession.

Some weeks elapsed and Bell lingered at the cottage, retaining for a companion a simple, antiquated female, called there to exercise her one talent as nurse to the sick. Afterwards she disappeared—whither, none knew, nor could with all their powers divine. The old nurse, being questioned relative to the mystery, could only say that very early one morning, a stranger came in a carriage accompanied by young Mr. Rosseau, and Bell rode away with the man.

It was just three months later that the foundling was brought to Rosseau Hall. Was here a coincidence? Was there not? And, as though Providence, whose fiat cannot be escaped, decreed the unequivocal exposure of such iniquity, little Echo grew day by day into the image of Beauty Bell. She had the same pearly complexion, soft curls, fine eyes, dimpled cheeks and laughing mouth. What need had the Mrs. Blabman party of further witness?

"Well, they never anticipated anything better!"

Everything, save the present locality of "the victim," was now fully understood. Those occasional absences of the young man—who had posted away, and returned only after two or three days—were now explained. Want of resources, he being still a minor, had compelled Legh to fall back upon his father for the support of his unseemly offspring. But Beauty Bell would never show herself in that place again—indeed not! Of course, the judge and his wife knew all about it.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENIGMA.

This was partly true. Mrs. Rosseau knew what was *said* in the case. The singular likeness Echo bore to the affianced bride of her son, together with the secret which was observed respecting the young girl's departure and after residence, and other circumstances, combined to excite in her mind, if not actual fears that rumor spoke truth, at least most unpleasant sensations at being unable to refute falsehood.

At length, when the burden of her thoughts was no longer to be borne, she took the opportunity—finding herself one morning alone with her son—of repeating to him what was so current in the neighborhood. He listened with knitting brows till the tale was ended, smote his clenched hands together, coupled Mrs. Blabman's name with an epithet the severest that anybody could search out of Webster's Quarto, and springing from his seat strode the apartment in a perfect frenzy of rage. This did nothing toward exhonerating himself or Bell from the execrable charges; he began to reflect that it would not, and his passion gradually cooled.

"Legh."

"Well, mother."

"Look at that child as she is playing there in her cradle."

"You see me obedient."

"Do you find in her a resemblance to any person you have known?"

"One most astonishing."

"To whom?"

"*Beauty Bell!*"

There was an interval of silence; Mrs. Rosseau, she scarcely knew why, had not expected this frank avowal. Legh was the first to speak.

"The child had hardly been a day with us when I discovered the likeness. That such likeness should exist, cannot be more unaccountable to you than it was and is to me. At first I thought it mere fancy; but soon saw that you and others had made the same discovery. It has perplexed and troubled me—if I was a woman I would say it has made me *nervous*. I have never forgotten how the sight of that old serpent in this room when I entered it with the perishing babe in my arms made me quail; but it was from instinctive terror of her nature, not from any evil desert, not because of any deception I was practising. I might have committed all the sin ascribed to me, but I would have suffered beheading, having seen Bell undergo the same, before I would stoop to so despicable a cheat. She is pure as an angel, and you know all that I know concerning the infant. I call Heaven to witness that I have uttered only the truth. Do you believe me, mother?"

"Most implicitly, my son. You have never told me but the truth, though you have not always told the whole truth."

"Have I in more than a single instance purposely kept back what you wished to know?"

"I refer to no more."

"And then it was because the secret was not mine to reveal."

"You acknowledged that you knew whither Bell had gone when she left us."

"I did. I have heard from her since, but not seen her. She had her reasons for requiring a promise of me, which you, mother, would be the last to wish me to violate. Let the serpents hiss; she *will* come back, and they will be confounded."

Mrs. Rosseau was satisfied and vexed herself no more, though public gossip continued unabated. Once, when Legh made his periodical excursion "to visit his victim," of course, the foul tide rose higher than ever. Mrs. Blabman "*wished* she was a man;" Miss Scandalton spoke significantly of tar and feathers. The morning following his return the former person, being summoned to the parlor, was dismayed at meeting there young Rosseau himself. She made an impulsive movement to fly, but his polite salutation reassured her; she stayed, lavishing on him her blandest looks and sweetest words. He delivered a request from his mother that Mrs. Blabman would call; the babe was not so well as usual, and she might be able to prescribe for its benefit.

Mrs. Blabman, much flattered, hastened in compliance. She had hardly entered the house, when her coadjutor, Miss Scandalton, arrived, by request also. The two looked one another in the face, as much as to ask, "What means it?" Echo appeared to have a slight cold, it was true; but was not hindered from playing animatedly. They were seized with vague, but mortal apprehension, and resolved on hastening away. Before, however, their design could be executed, a carriage such as had never been rivalled in the district—with its dashing bays in costly caparisoning and its footman in livery—rolled up to the gate. From the mien of Judge Rosseau, his lady and their son, it was sufficiently evident that the circumstance was not altogether unexpected.

The latter rising, threw open the door and ushered in three persons. One of these was Beauty Bell, even more brilliant than they had known her. The next, a queenly looking lady of twenty-five, entered with scarce restrained eagerness, and fixing her searching eyes upon the infant in Mrs. Rosseau's arms, rushed forward, caught it to her heart and in a transport of maternal affection exclaimed: "*My darling!*" at length yielding it to the less demonstrative, though not less tender embraces of her husband, who accompanied them.

"You are not going so soon!" said the hostess, with mock concern, addressing the two neighbors who were endeavoring to creep from the room unperceived.

The judge approached them with all his official dignity.

"You, Mrs. Blabman," said he, "were present when the foundling was brought to us, and"—looking from one to the other—"both of you have *taken an active interest* in her; we thought, therefore, this invitation was due you; we hope you feel measurably recompensed."

Legh, with extraordinary obsequiousness bowed them out, dumb and almost annihilated.

CHAPTER IV.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

Though the mystery was in reality only deepened, Mrs. Blabman and her corps were nowise impatient for further developments. With our readers, if we have succeeded in interesting them, it is different; and they shall be gratified.

The mother of Beauty Bell was of a noble English family. She reciprocated the affections of a young American artist visiting the Old World; her father opposed the union on account of the suitor's want of fortune, and finally threatened her with disinheritance if she married him. Choosing between love and gold, Isabella consented to a secret marriage, and without the knowledge of her friends, embarked with her husband for his native land.

They established a residence at Buffalo; the succeeding year Mr. Bradington died of cholera, which that season prevailed in many cities of the North as well as South. The young widow, overwhelmed with grief for his loss, never recovered from her accouchment, which occurred soon after. In dying, she confided her infant to Mrs. Crainlee, whose friendship she had enjoyed since her arrival in a land of strangers, and who already knew her history.

Lord Eldon, Bell's grandfather, lamenting the result of his severity, made diligent efforts to discover his daughter, but in vain. He did not long survive her. A rumor finally reached the family, of Isabella's and her husband's death in America, and that they had left a daughter. At this, a sister, who was but a child when Isabella quitted her home, determined to come to this country and search till she should find whatever traces remained of one so fondly remembered. Her husband, to whom she was lawfully wedded, approved the project, and they made the voyage.

Mr. Bradington having been a native of a southern State they naturally turned first in that direction. More than eighteen months elapsed while they passed from city to city of the South and West, and still no success. Arrived at Buffalo, letters awaited them, from which they received the happy surprise that Isabella's child not only had been found, but was even then with them in England. They were indebted to an elderly English gentleman residing at Buffalo and acquainted with the circumstances, who, reading upon tombstones the names of Richard and Isabella Bradington, instituted inquiries after their daughter which proved successful. Being on the eve of departure for Europe with his wife and child, he kindly took charge of Bell, and gave her in safety to her rejoicing relatives.

The young lady, timid regarding the reception she might meet with from her mother's aristocratic family, and there being an uncertainty regarding the property—of right hers, but long in the possession of another, chose that all should remain secret till her return. To aid this, her letters to Legh were by arrangement addressed to Buffalo, where he regularly went to receive them and remit his to her.

Mrs. Clyde, Bell's aunt in America, on learning that her object had been accomplished by another, wished immediately to recross the waters, but her situation for a time prevented. In the city of Bell's birth, she also gave birth to a daughter. Her anxiety to proceed home overcame her prudence, and, having only once left her chamber and that to render a tearful tribute over the grave of her ill-fated sister, they set out for New York; their passage being engaged on a boat to sail immediately. The overtaxing of her strength induced an attack of illness when they had travelled but a few miles, obliging them to delay. Having only very restricted accommodations at the obscure inn where they were, the nurse was sent forward with the child to await them in New York.

The vessel sailed before it was possible for Mrs. Clyde to proceed. By reference to the list of passengers it was found that "Mrs. Riley and child," the name was that of the nurse, had been among them. The parents went by the next steamer; but what was their dismay on arriving in England, to find that the nurse and child had not been heard from! The name on the list was ascertained to have denoted a different person.

It was thought Mrs. Riley, the nurse, possibly might still be staying with her charge in New York, whither letters were instantly despatched. While the bereaved parents waited in an agony of grief and suspense, earnestly concerting what further measures to adopt, a letter from Bell's lover reconnted to her his singular adventure as a sportsman. Half jocosely, he described minutely the few garments the infant wore when found, being all of exquisite fabric. This enabled Mrs. Clyde at once to identify the babe.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde hastened preparations for returning to the child so unwittingly left behind; and Bell, who had come into the possession of her splendid estate without difficulty, disappointed her admiring friends of a longer visit, that she might come home in their company. It had been conjectured that the infant's nurse—though she had seemed faithful in her office and strongly attached to the babe—abandoned it where it was found, through the temptation to obtain possession of its rich clothing, and more especially of a casket of jewels which the proud father had lavished upon his first-born; this last as well as much of the apparelling having been abstracted from the mother's trunks without her knowledge. The parents were somewhat surprised, therefore, on reaching New York to be met by Mrs. Riley. With sobs and groans she threw herself at their feet, exclaiming, that "she didn't think her letter could have brought them so soon, or indeed, would bring them at all, except it was to punish her—and yet she could not help looking."

It appeared that the woman, as soon as she recovered from the consternation into which she was at first thrown by the loss of her charge, wrote the parents a full confession, as far as she was herself cognizant. The letter had not time to reach its destination when they left England. Mrs. Riley's tale was this:

The jewels and fine clothing were taken along solely from a foolish vanity of decorating the babe, whose remarkable beauty, even at that early age, attracted every eye. No sooner were they beyond the vigilance of the more sensible mother, than the infant of a few weeks, travelling in the railroad cars, was made to display as much elaborateness as would become any fine lady at court. The object was soon gained. As the tiny arms were tossed up in glee, a costly diamond bracelet fixed the gaze of a couple of gentlemen—apparently—who occupied a seat together at the opposite extremity of the car. Presently, an opportunity offering, they removed to the seat fronting, and during the remainder of the afternoon's ride, were assiduous in attentions to both child and nurse.

It was dark when the train stopped. One of the new acquaintances offered to carry the little one to the hotel, which he said was so near as to render a carriage unnecessary; while the other gallantly offered an arm to Mrs. Riley. The first instantly disappeared with his booty. His accomplice conducted the woman to a restaurateur, assuring her that as the hotel was kept on the European plan, this was her only opportunity of procuring refreshments for the night. She drank wine which she now believed to have been drugged; and recovered consciousness only to find that child and gentlemen would be sought in vain. The poor creature was overjoyed at being told the babe was safe.

The shortest paragraph is all that need be added. Bell spent at a celebrated boarding school the term of Legh's study of his chosen profession; on his being admitted to the bar, they were married and, accompanied by the bridegroom's parents, started immediately on a tour of a year in Europe.



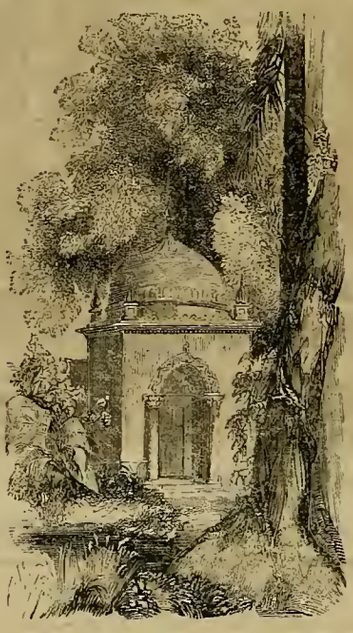
A MOORISH TOWER.

MOORISH ARCHITECTURE.

We present on this page some very fine illustrations of Moorish or Mohammedan architecture, which has ever been renowned for its gracefulness, richness, and elegance and imaginative character. The first is a Moorish tower, richly wrought, and approached through an avenue of palms and other oriental trees, beneath which a military procession is seen advancing. The second is a small Mohammedan mosque, which is remarkable for its exquisite symmetry. The sculptured doorway and the graceful dome are models in style. The third engraving exhibits the interior of a Moorish apartment. In front, a sparkling fountain throws its diamond drops on the tessalated pavement; beyond and above springs a lofty Moorish arch with scalloped edges, and within are seen other arches, and walls adorned by arabesques, while in a recess is seen a couch. In the centre appear a group of figures in oriental dresses. In general, the interior of Moorish edifices was all light, air, color and luxury, contrasting with the grim and gloomy exterior, like a spar enclosed in a rough pebble. The door, once opened, ushered the Moor into a houri-peopled palace, which realized those gorgeous descriptions that seem to our good old folks who live in brick and mortar to be the fictions of oriental poetry, or the fabric of Aladdin's genii. Yet such were the palatial fortresses, the Alcazares, the Alhambras of the Spanish Moors, and such, on a minor scale, were their private dwellings, many of which still exist at Seville, although dimmed by ages of neglect. The generic features are a court hidden from the public gaze, but open to the blue sky, and surrounded with horse-shoe arched corridors, which rest on palm-like pillars of marble, whose spandrils are pierced in gossamer lace-work. In the centre plays a fountain, gladdening the air with freshness, the ear with music, the eye with dropping diamonds. The walls were painted with variegated tints, and richer than shawls of Cashmere. The ceilings were miracles of carpentry, while the open windows and door admitted a view of delightful gardens filled with luscious fruits, with fragrant flowers and with emerald foliage.

OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE, NORRISTOWN, PA.

The engraving which occupies the lower part of this page is from a drawing made for us on the spot, and represents the Oakland Female Institute, located on the eastern border of the borough of Norristown, Pa. The building, as will be seen by our illustration, is an elegant structure, while its position is an admirable one, on an eminence which commands, on the one hand, a full view of the town and its environs, and on the other, a beautiful expanse of rural country. The landscape in front is surpassingly rich and varied, embracing a wide extent of cultivated fields, interspersed with numerous villages, and watered by the Schuylkill. We have here a turnpike, a canal and three railroads, which impart a constant life and activity to the scene. The situation combines the advantages of town and country. It is also easy of access from all points, and has communication with Philadelphia, which is but sixteen miles distant, almost every hour of the day, by means of the Norristown and Reading Railroads. The progress of this Institute has been rapid. It was opened on the 29th of October, 1845, and its pupils gradually increased, until it was necessary, before the close of the first session, to provide more room. The institution continued to grow, and five extensive additions were successively made, and the room thus furnished was immediately filled. About a year since, the centre building, which completed the original plan, was finished. And in connection with this, every other part of the establishment was renovated, and thus to the whole, the uniformity and freshness of a new building was imparted. Since that time, the demand for room has been much beyond the capacity of the building to supply. As now arranged, the edifice is 183 feet long, 41 feet wide, and four stories high; and contains 130 apartments. The chambers, of which there are over 70, are mainly calculated to receive but two pupils each, while a few are fitted up for the accommodation of four, which is the highest number that will, under any circumstances, be admitted to a room. The care of the chambers is in part, entrusted to their respective occupants, and all are required to be kept neatly, being subject to the daily inspection of the officers of the institution. The building is warmed by a hot air apparatus, and is lighted with gas. There is a primary department, into which pupils not under twelve years of age are admitted; a collegiate course of studies, which embraces the whole range of studies usually pursued in our universities, with some modifications, and an optional course, embracing such studies as may be specially selected for pupils by their parents and guardians. Provision is made for teaching various accomplishments—drawing and painting, instrumental and vocal music, the modern languages, etc. The officers and instructors of the Institute are as follows:—Rev. J. Grier Ralston, A. M., principal and teacher of chemistry, moral science, Latin and Greek; Mrs. Mary A. Ralston, vice-principal and superintendent of music department and of social duties; David Larimore, Esq., general business superintendent; Misses Elizabeth J. Grier, Elizabeth L. Long, Agnes C. Ralston, Catherine J. Casselberry, and Elizabeth J. Briggs, assistants in the collegiate and primary departments; Miss Maria R. Leonard, teacher of drawing, painting and embroidery; Monsieur Reinhold F. Hunt, piano, guitar and musical composition; Miss A. Louisa Williams, piano and singing; Mrs. P. McLaurin, piano; Miss Elizabeth C. Smead, piano and singing; Mr. John Bower, singing in classes; Monsieur L. M. Schneidre, French, Spanish, Italian and German; and Mrs. Anne E. Brown, matron. The object of this institution is to fit young ladies for the adequate discharge of the duties of life, to render them not merely scholars and accomplished ornaments of society, but right-minded women, physically and morally trained for the great battle of life. The pupils are taught to be self-reliant, to cherish that love of pure morality and just appreciation of responsibility which their relation to time and eternity involves. In the mental discipline of the institution, no attempt is made to cover a wide field of study at the expense of accuracy. The standard by which the pupils are judged is quality, not quantity. No student is allowed to pass to a second exercise until the first has been thoroughly mastered, and a system of frequent and rigid reviewing ensures the fixity of what has been studied in the minds of the pupils. An accurate record of each individual's recitation is made at the time of reciting, and quarterly reports are made to parents and guardians, stating precisely the health, industry, deportment and proficiency of the pupils. Health is justly regarded as of primary importance, and the extent of the grounds surrounding the Institute (eight acres) affords ample opportunity for that exercise in the open air by which alone health can be attained or secured. The government of this school is firm, but rendered as nearly like that of a well-conducted home as possible. Attendance at church on the Sabbath is required of all the pupils, and a portion of each Sabbath is spent in the study of the Scriptures. Where no particular preference is expressed, the pupils accompany the family of the principal to the Presbyterian Church. Under the auspices of the "Young Ladies' Literary and Library Association," a reading-room has been fitted up and furnished with many of the best religious and literary periodicals of the day. A library has also been commenced, which already numbers about 700 volumes of standard works. The united libraries of the institution contain nearly 2000 volumes. There are also an ample provision of chemical, philosophical and astronomical apparatus, as well as a complete set of maps, globes, etc., a cabinet of natural history, and a collection of minerals. Of the high character of this Institute, we have abundant testimony. The pupils have been frequently examined by impartial committees, the questions taken at random from the text-books used, or framed without reference to the books, and the result was completely satisfactory. The pupils on more than one occasion have passed with honor examinations "far more searching than those to which students are commonly subjected in our colleges." It gives us great pleasure to record the success of such an institution as this. It is unquestionably based on sound principles, and those principles are evidently fully embodied in practice. The whole plan of the "Oakland Female Institute" is admirable, and fully meets our approbation.



A SMALL MOHAMEDAN MOSQUE.



A MOORISH APARTMENT.



OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE, NORRISTOWN, PA.



THE GRAND DUCAL PALACE, AT SCHWERIN, GERMANY.

GRANDFATHER'S VISIT.

There is excitement enough in the domestic scene depicted in our second engraving on this page, but it is excitement of a healthy character. The room is a humble one, with its battened door, its uncarpeted floor, its heavy wooden arm-chair and plain deal table, but yet it is the abode of happiness. Grandfather, a venerable old gentleman, looking all the more respectable for his adherence to the good old costume, the breeches and all that, has come to pay a visit to his daughter and her trio of children. The oldest, a boy, is boisterously seizing on the old gentleman and twining his sturdy limbs about his leg. But the first notice is for the gentle little girl who is advancing with both hands extended to welcome grandpapa. Even the baby on its mother's knee has caught the infection of hospitality, and is preparing to bundle down on the floor and toddle up to the old gentleman. The mother, with a look of fondness at the old man, is holding up her finger in silent warning to the younker, her eldest born, who is so furiously demonstrative in his proceedings. Ah! it is beneath such humble roofs as this that true happiness takes up its abode. A splendid residence and sumptuous surroundings do not necessarily crush the affections — for possession soon produces indifference to splendor, and as loving hearts beat beneath the king's ermine as beneath the peasant's coat of frieze, but the titled and the wealthy are surrounded by checks and restraints that forbid the full expansion of the heart, the free indulgence of domestic joys. It would be undignified in a royal or imperial grandfather to play at romps with his little grandchildren. Few monarchs venture to unbend as did that ancient king of Sparta who astonished a foreign ambassador by riding on a stick for the amusement of his children, and when criticized for so doing, replied to his Mentor: "You must wait until you have children of your own, before you can understand those who have." Those lofty circles where the intercourse of members of families is as unrestrained as in the abodes of humble life are extremely few and far between. One of the exceptions was that of Louis Philippe, king of France, to whom exile and sorrow had taught the value of domestic ties. But we like our good old grandfather in the picture for the very honest rusticity of his dress and bearing. We wouldn't improve on him if we could. If we were a story-teller, and he our hero, we should not venture to improve his circumstances. It would be the height of cruelty to award him a fortune in a lottery, or to make him discover a forgotten oven in a kitchen wall, containing seventy-five thousand dollars in gold and silver. For then he would forthwith dye his hair and raise a pair of mustachios, and go into French boots, and set up a carriage, and go to the opera, buy a lot of ancestors at a picture auction, and talk about his family. He wouldn't be approachable to children. He might give them a finger to shake, but he certainly would not allow them to walk over his pantaloons or ride on his knee, nor would tell them stories about the battle of Bunker Hill and the "times that tried men's souls." So we wont conjure up any "brilliant prospect" or "splendid opening" for grandfather, but leave him contented with his humble lot, just as the artist has depicted him — a gentle, genial, whole-souled old man, surrounded by those he loves and who love him, uncankered by care, by jealousy, by envy or by ambition.

GRAND DUCAL PALACE OF SCHWERIN, GERMANY.

The imposing pile of building occupied by the grand duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, accurately delineated in our engraving, is a bizarre mixture of different styles, and though far from harmonious regarded as a whole, abounds in the elements of the picturesque. Directly in front of us are two wings, evidently copied from some French chateau. Further to the right we have two ruined towers with exterior pilasters, connected by a rich curtain of mason work, in an arched recess of which is an equestrian statue. But the dome in the centre and the numerous spires again remind us of Byzantium and Russia. The palace is of vast extent and stands upon a peninsula in the lake seen in the foreground. The borders of this lake are tastefully planted with trees. On the right is seen the commencement of a graceful bridge, which leads to the principal entrance of the palace. The Lake of Schwerin is fourteen miles in length by three miles in average breadth. It receives the Elbe on the south, and from its northern extremity flows the Stor, which enters the Baltic at Wismar. The town of Schwerin, the capital of the grand duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is in Northern Germany, on the railroad from Hamburg to Wismar. It contains about 18,000 inhabitants. It is enclosed by walls. It has a cathedral, Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches, a Jewish synagogue, the government buildings and also various manufactories of woolen cloths, tobacco, etc.



GRANDFATHER'S VISIT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FORGIVE ME.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

On a fearful, wintry night,
'Neath the forest trees,
Musing in the pale moonlight,
Thought I then of thee;
I sighed, yet all around was still,
Naught echoed, e'en a trickling rill.

Straying 'mong the ghostly trees,
On that fearful night,
Wandering through the rustling leaves,
'Neath the pale moonlight,
There my spirit waited thine—
It came not then to comfort mine.

On the morning, flashing bright,
Came with golden beam,
While the dazzling diamond light
Gilt the icy sheen—
In the hoar wood lone and still,
Yet I wandered, sad and chill.

Leaning on a hoary rock,
In that mocking hour—
Torn my heart like earthquake shock's
Overwhelming power;
sighed not then to whisper thee—
I gloried thou wast far from me.

In the holy twilight calm
On my couch I lay,
Breathing round a soothing balm,
Faded fast the day;
The sunlight gleaming on the wall,
Gave way to evening's sombre pall.

In the fading, dying light,
My spirit, worn and weak,
Wandered on a moonlight night,
Sitting at thy feet;
Thy hand in mine—was it not so?
But years—O long, long, years ago.

The hot tears trickled down my cheek—
O, can it be that thou,
Who words of comfort then didst speak,
Canst frown upon me now?
And my heart, bursting wild with grief,
In that one question found relief.

On my couch in sweet repose,
All the night I dreamed
Angel forms around me rose,
Angel faces gleamed—
And one like thine did whisper, "Live!
For thy unkindness—I forgive!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EARLY LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

BY E. S. SMITH.

In the year 1474, on Monday the 6th of March, at four o'clock in the morning, was born at the castle of Carprese, in the territory of Areggo, Michael Angelo, son of Ludrico de Lionardo de Buonarotti, Governor of Chiusi and of Carprese, and descended from one of the most ancient families of Tuscany.

Although at this period of Florentine history, commerce and trade were considered as most honorable pursuits, and indeed to these were ascribed the great power and riches of the state, the father of the little Michael Angelo destined him for his own profession, and already foresaw him a future governor, nay ambassador; far from thinking that he was destined to become what he contemptuously termed a mason!

But there is a destiny attached to the lives of celebrated men, and fate selected for Michael, as his nurse, the wife of a stone mason, and whilst the child, thus thrown under her care, grew strong and robust in the sun and air, his infant hands, hardened by exposure, grasped the chisel and hammer, and his first cries mingled with the harsh grating of the saw. In vain the proud parent sought to curb the only inclination the boy manifested; even at school he continued to escape the vigilance of the master, and obtained the notice of the artist Ghirlandajo, who said of him, "He is a rising star that will live to eclipse the brightest planet now shining." He was even induced to seek Michael's father, and beseeching him not to oppose the manifest vocation of his son, offered to take him as an apprentice to his art.

At this proposal, the podesta started from his seat in a paroxysm of rage; but after a while he went calmly to his work, wrote an engagement on the behalf of his son for three years, and with an expression of countenance little less affecting than that with which Brutus signed the death warrant of his son, handed him over to Ghirlandajo. With one bound Michael cleared the staircase, throwing up his cap for joy. He burnt his grammar: true, he was not much more than a servant at Ghirlandajo's; but what did that matter? He was free to pursue his own tastes, he was happier than a Medicis! He could now bedaub the walls as he chose, he could grind his colors, sketch, or if a morsel of plaster fell in his way, he could mould it to his will, without fearing to have his ears pulled. Before he had attained the age of thirteen, he was already a great artist, and his success had naturally created both jealousy and enmity. A blow from Torregiano, when they as boys worked together, broke the cartilage of his nose, and disfigured that feature for life.

On the other hand, Michael Angelo could not fail to find as many friends, and amongst the most celebrated men of the age. Benvenuto Cellini, whose great genius and talents ranked with those of Buonarotti, was his most ardent admirer, and never designated him but as the "divine Buonarotti."

During the boy-artist's wanderings in the gardens of the Medici palace, he met some of the stone cutters who had formerly rocked his cradle; they were ever delighted to see him, and frequently obtained him a view of the treasures of the gallery, then in its infancy. Michael Angelo contemplated with veneration the mutilated specimens of art. The workmen one day offered him a bit of marble, requesting that he would employ it as he liked, and come thither as often as he chose.

His only answer was to grasp a chisel, throw off his jacket, and begin to hammer out the outline of a faun's head. Often then was the workshop deserted, to the great displeasure of the master. One day, whilst putting the finishing strokes to his old faun, a man about forty years of age, plain in person and shabbily attired, stopped, and silently watched him as he worked. Michael Angelo continued to work on, heeding him no more than the dust which fell from his chisel. When he had given the last touch he drew back, as artists are wont, to look on the effect of the head. For this, probably the silent observer had waited, for he slowly approached, and, putting his hand on the young artist's shoulder, "My friend," said he, smilingly, "with your leave I would make an observation."

Michael Angelo turned quickly, and with a somewhat impatient and caustic air, replied, "An observation!—you!"

"A criticism, if you prefer it."

"Upon my faun's head?"

"Upon your faun's head."

"And who are you, sir, who fancy you have a right to criticise my work?"

"It matters not to you who I am, provided my criticism is just."

"And who will decide, sir, which of us two is in the right?"

"I will leave the decision to yourself."

"Well, sir, speak," said Michael Angelo, crossing his arms in a defiant manner.

"Was it not your object to make an *old* faun laughing immoderately?"

"Undoubtedly; it is easy to be discovered."

"Well then," said the other, "where did you ever see old men with all their teeth perfect?"

The boy blushed to his eyes, and bit his lip. The observation was correct. He only waited till the individual had turned his back, when with one stroke of his chisel he knocked out two of the faun's teeth, and even decided on hollowing out the gum on returning next day. The gardens accordingly were no sooner opened than Michael Angelo entered; but the faun had disappeared, and in its place stood the person he had seen the preceding day.

"Where is my head?" asked the young sculptor, angrily.

"It has been removed by my command," replied the stranger, with his accustomed apathy.

"And who are you, sir, who dare to give orders in the gardens of the great Medicis?"

"Follow me, and you shall learn!"

"I will follow, to force you to restore me my faun."

"Perhaps you will be better satisfied to leave it where it is."

"We shall see."

"We shall see," echoed the stranger, and then took the path to the palace, with the same calm demeanor; but on his beginning to ascend the staircase, the boy, seemingly terrified as well as angry, caught his arm, saying, "Where are you going, sir? You are approaching the apartments of the prince, and although he may overlook an intrusion in the royal gardens, we here run great risk."

On proceeded the stranger, the servants rising as he approached, the guards saluting.

Michael was lost in wonder. "Even supposing him one of the household (he thought to himself), my faun belongs to me, and he ought to restore it; my labor is my own, and I can pay him for the marble." The galleries, the saloons were passed through without interruption. "Good heavens! it must be at least the secretary, whom I have thus cavalierly treated," thought the boy.

The stranger threw open the door of a room magnificently furnished, and enriched with all that was most valuable in art, and the trembling child considered himself as lost, when he remembered his treatment of one powerful enough to be able to approach Lorenzo de Medicis without being announced. Whilst he was stammering out an apology, he raised his eyes, and saw his old faun placed on a superb bracket.

"You see, my friend," said the stranger, with the same mild and kind manner, "that if I had your faun removed from the garden, it was to place it in a more suitable position."

"But," cried the youthful artist, "what will the prince say, when he discovers this poor attempt among so many precious works?"

The prince held out his hand: "Take it, my friend."

Any other than Michael Angelo would have thrown himself at his feet; but he burst into tears, and, bowing his head, convulsively pressed the hand offered him by Lorenzo the Magnificent. "Henceforward thou art here at home, my friend; thou wilt work here, dine at my table, and I shall treat you as one of my children. Go to my wardrobe, and desire that they give thee a rich cloak of velvet; velvet, exactly like that worn by Peter and John de Medicis, on days of ceremony."

"My lord," replied the boy, deeply affected, "suffer me first to go to my father, that he may share my happiness. He turned me from his roof as a disobedient and worthless child, and I would return thither a submissive and devoted man. I know my father to be as just as he is inflexible, and he will admit that I have a right to be proud of my disobedience. From this day I may carry my head high; for Lorenzo de Medicis, the first man of the age, has consecrated me an artist."

"Right, my child; and you may also tell your father, that my patronage will extend to all your family. This very day I will receive him at the palace, and I will bestow on him any appointment in Florence that may be suited to him."

Old Buonarotti was quietly breakfasting in his room, which he had scarcely left since he had lost his son, when loud and repeated knocking at the door nearly drove it from its hinges. The governor hastened to open it himself, but drew back at the sight of Michael Angelo, whom he did not immediately recognize. Pale, breathless, his head bare, his dress in disorder, covered with dust and plaster, the boy made a spring from the door to throw himself into his father's arms.

"Begone!" cried the governor, trembling with passion.

"Father, hear me, I implore, before you thus drive me from you. Listen to me but for one moment."

"You would thus force me to curse you."

"I come from the palace."

"I neither wish to know whence you come, nor what you do. I had once a son called Michael Angelo. He was to have been (at least I hoped so) the glory, the support of my family, the joy, the comfort of my old age, but I have lost this ungrateful and disobedient son, thank God,—he is no longer here, I sold him to the sculptor Ghirlandajo for eighteen florins."

"For my mother's sake, hear me! behold me at your feet."

"Back to your masoo's, that is your place."

"My place!" said Michael Angelo, rising proudly from his knees, "*my* place is in the apartment of princes; my place is among the first artists of Florence; my place is at the table of Lorenzo the Magnificent."

"My God, my God, he is mad!" exclaimed the poor father, passing from rage to terror.

"But follow me, father, follow me, and you will see that the great Lorenzo has taken me by the hand, that he has placed me in his palace, that he expects you, that he offers you an employment, according to your choice."

The old Buonarotti was completely upset; he held his head between his hands, and asked of himself which had lost his reason, his son or himself. Michael Angelo not allowing him further time for reflection, dragged him by force, to the palace of the great Medicis. The governor believed himself to be in a dream. No guard forbade their approach, and the courtiers drew back respectfully to give them passage. At the door of the prince's closet, a page raised the hanging curtain, and the old Buonarotti stood with his son in the presence of the Medicis.

"Sir," said the prince, coming forward and courteously addressing him, "I have been the cause of disturbing you, in order to ask your leave that I may retain about me a son of whom you may be justly proud, and who bids fair to become the first artist of his time. My house shall be his home, and his salary you will yourself name. In return, I make you only one request; your son has probably already told you what. It is that you ask of me any appointment most suitable to your taste and habits. It is granted beforehand."

"My son," replied the agitated father, endeavoring to master his emotion, "will, I think, be paid beyond his deserts, if he receives five ducats monthly."

"And for yourself, sir?"

"For myself, prince, I ask a trifling situation now vacant in the customs; it can only be given to a citizen of the state; I ask it, because it is a post I feel I can fill with honor."

"You will never be rich, my dear Buonarotti," laughingly replied the Medicis, "for, offered any situation you please, you content yourself with a little place in the customs."

"Enough too—for the father of a *mason!*"

And thus was Michael Angelo de Buonarotti introduced to the patronage of the illustrious Medicis.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LECTURES READ TO THE JUNIORS IN HARVARD COLLEGE. By EDWARD T. CHANNING, late Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 298.

These lectures on oratory and rhetoric form an admirable text-book. The lectures are preceded by an ample biographical notice, from the pen of Richard H. Dana, Jr.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTION OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Vol I. By JOHN W. MOORE. Geo. P. Reed & Co.

A very admirable collection of marches, quicksteps, dancing tunes and other popular music, arranged for wind and stringed instruments, with pianoforte accompaniments. It is beautifully printed, and contains a great quantity of music. Every amateur of music should procure it.

SUNBEAM STORIES. With Illustrations. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 395.

The "Trap to catch a Sunbeam," and the tales which followed, have enjoyed a universal reputation both in Europe and this country. Their collection in the present volume will be hailed with delight by the young, to whom it will be as welcome as the sunshine to the flowers in May.

SIN AND REDEMPTION. By D. N. SHELDON, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 332.

A series of sermons on subjects of vital spiritual importance, written with all the vigor and logical power of the learned and eloquent author.

NEW MUSIC. Oliver Ditson has just published "The Irish Washerwoman," "The Dearest Spot of Earth," and "The Lass wi' the bonnie blue Ee," "Is Love a Crime?" a duett for the piano. "Distant Bells are softly pealing," a ballad by O. R. Barrows," and "Now the Swallows are returning," with French and English words.

LINDA: *or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole.* By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 276.

This story of southern life is thought by many to be the best novel from the pen of the lamented writer. It is a story of thrilling interest, and the character of Linda is developed with remarkable ability. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co

GABRIEL VANE: *His Fortunes and his Friends.* By JEREMY LOUD, author of "Dovecote." New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 423.

Quite a clever novel, full of adventures, ups and downs, startling incidents, and above all, characters well drawn and colored. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

ADVENTURES OF GERARD THE LION-KILLER. Translated from the French by CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 432.

Gerard is the modern Nimrod of North Africa, and Gordon Cummings of South. He spent ten years in hunting the lions, and thus became a lion himself. His book has all the excitement of the wildest romance, and the publishers have, with great judgment, liberally illustrated it. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. Complete in one volume, with a Portrait of the Author. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 18mo. pp. 518.

Though all of Tennyson's writings are embraced in this elegant little volume, the type is large and clear. It contains much exquisite poetry, and some unmitigated trash, among which we reckon "Maud," and that weakest of battle lyrics, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Yet even these have their admirers.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

BY NELLIE.

Bright clouds that float above my head,
And o'er the ocean a rippling bed;
And o'er the palm and linden trees,
And in the soothing, summer breeze;
Soft clouds of night, white and blue,
O, who loves me as I love you?

Fair flowers that bloom around my feet,
And bless me in my lone retreat;
That smile on me from bank of moss,
And gem the brooklet's silver gloss;
Ye lilies white and pure as snow,
Ye roses bright with crimson glow,
Ye violets wet with tears of dew,
O, who loves me as I love you?

Entrancing earth in queenly pride
Serene and lovely as a bride,
Thou hast rare stores of hidden worth,
Pearls for the questioning soul of truth;
Thou offer'st hope to quell my fears,
Thou hast a breath to dry my tears,
And wake affection fond and true,
But who loves me as I love you!

Dark eyes that light a moonless eve,
And diamond rays around me weave,
Proud lips that wear a kingly smile,
And might a monarch's soul beguile,
Thou form of nature's nobleness,
Who could behold and deem thee less,
Less than a seraph kind and true;
O, who loves me as I love you?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BLUCHER THE FAITHFUL.

BY WILLIAM D. OLIVER.

"Let the dog alone, Edward," said a very pretty young lady, in the cars, to a little fellow of about four years old. The dog was mine—a pet, too, for he had saved my life twice—and it was quite irritating to hear the tone in which my good Blucher was spoken of. He had gone up to the little boy, laid his head affectionately in his lap, and his large paw was on the cushioned seat. The boy was evidently delighted, and not a particle of fear was visible in his countenance. I looked at the lady again. She looked scarce old enough to be the child's mother, and yet it was not altogether unlikely. The expression of her face was pleasant enough in its repose; but when she looked at my poor Blucher, there was a frown, and a vinegar aspect that repelled me.

I made myself acquainted with the boy, enticed him over to my own seat, and let him play with the dog as much as I dared; for I could see that my neighbor in the opposite seat was annoyed. I made up my mind, however, that it was *only* annoyance, not fright. She was evidently fearful only that the boy's beautiful garments would get soiled by contact with Blucher's paws. I took out my handkerchief and gently wiped them, although they were perfectly clean before; and then I let Blucher get up to the seat, and placed the boy upon him. How joyful the child looked!—little Eddy, for he had told me his name; and how he took off his cap and laid down his little curly head, radiant with golden ringlets, on Blucher's neck. Then I told him, in a voice loud enough, too, for the young lady to hear, of the dog's wonderful exploits in twice saving me. He looked up with a pretty, wondering look in his large eyes, and asked me a great many questions.

The lady pretended not to hear it, but I knew well enough that she was listening; but she still wore the same hard look, and her eyes, whenever she deigned to turn them towards my seat, were invariably fastened on the boy's snowy trowsers and stockings, where Blucher's paw was lying. Once the dog got up and went over to her seat, but she gathered up her dainty garments and looked daggers at the unoffending and affectionate brute, that only wanted to caress and be caressed.

We arrived at our journey's end at night. The poor child was asleep in my arms, and as I had really taken a strange liking to him, I kissed his soft, rosy cheek, and put him very tenderly into the coach with the lady. I did not dare offer her my hand, for she still looked askance at Blucher, who followed me to the coach door, and showed by various waggings and shakings, that he expected me to follow them to the inside, and further, that he was going inside also, as had been his usual custom. I turned away, and after a brief look, which I gave back to the sleeping boy, I lost sight of the group, as I then thought, forever.

The next morning was a glorious one—a fit day to embark for California—and I was on my way back to that region of gold; that paradise of sunny skies and serene airs—except when the rainy season sets in; that land where the fastest men, the most beautiful women, and the largest *sunflowers* are found; where waste and extravagance jostle side by side with poverty and distress; where the poor bed-carrier may amass a fortune in a month, and where lawyers, doctors, and perhaps ministers, may frequently be seen trundling wheelbarrows.

I had got tired of New England—it was too prosy for me, now that I had had a taste of Californian frankness and freedom: and having no one to leave behind, nor, in fact, any one to take with me, except Blucher, I was bound on this very morning to take passage in the fine clipper ship Golden Arrow, and try to reach once more the shore which possessed greater attractions for me than any other on earth.

Detained by a friend, I had gone on board quite late; and after the other passengers were gone to their state rooms, except two or three young men, now going out for the first time, and eager for information and advice. We went down to dinner and to tea, but the passengers were reported generally seasick, and those of us who were not, returned to the deck. Thus passed a week, and the voyage already began to be monotonous and tiresome to me. Blucher was always interesting to me, and I spent part of my time in teaching him new tricks and new feats of agility. But after all, he loved best to lie on the deck, beneath the awning, and sleep away the time; and making a pillow of his capacious side, I would stretch myself beside him with a book, until I shared his slumbers.

I had brought with me Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Rogers and Campbell; nor had I forgotten Tennyson and Bailey. So I was well stocked in poetry; but besides these, I had few other books. One of my companions had the entire set of Walter Scott's life and writings, and I read them over with a zest that I had not experienced since their treasures were unfolded to my boyish eyes.

There was something lacking still. One cannot read forever, nor gaze always at the sea, nor play chess interminably; and at sea, barring the delights of the table—which, by the way, are not always very much like delights either—there is nothing else to interest you in a tame, fair weather voyage, unless you can pick up some agreeable fellow-passenger; strike up some sort of romantic friendship, and make yourself believe that you were made expressly for each other. This was the case after awhile with me. But I waited for it somewhat too long; for it was nearly three weeks after we sailed before a single lady had been seen at table.

How the poor souls existed in those close state rooms is more than I can tell; they must have been horribly dull. I passed along one day, looking wistfully at the enamelled and silver-handled doors, which I knew were barring from my sight some interesting specimens of the sex, when Blucher leaped furiously at one of the doors, and set up a great cry when he found that he could not get in. I whistled him away, but he stretched himself down before the door, and laid there during the entire afternoon.

He did this every day for a week; and curious to know why, I took up my station at some distance, and yet where I could watch that particular door, reading, or pretending to read, all the time. At the end of a week the door opened a few inches one afternoon, when the ship had been so quiet for two hours that the silence was oppressive to me. The passengers were apparently all asleep, only that some one must have opened this door; or perhaps the wind had pressed it open. But it was worth while to see Blucher. He had been lying at the door of that state room three mortal hours, never raising his head for a moment. But now he sprang up, pushed his nose into the small aperture, cried, wagged his tail, and stood up on his hind feet, turning round to me, as if to ask my assistance. I did not dare go to him, for I suspected that a lady was the occupant of the room at that very time.

Presently a little pale hand—a child's hand—was thrust out, and Blucher covered it with kisses. Then came a face; and pale and thin as it had grown, I knew at once that it was my little companion in the railway car! The child knew me, too, and ran towards me, followed by Blucher. The door was left ajar, and (I must be forgiven) I cast my eyes that way, and saw a lady asleep! Not all Blucher's demonstrations had waked her from that heavy sleep which follows long sea-sickness, and that she and the child had both suffered intensely, I could not doubt; for it was really the same lady, and her face was very quiet in its repose—not a drop of vinegar in its whole length and breadth. I shut the door softly, rightly thinking she would come out if she missed her child.

Half an hour elapsed, and the child and Blucher had had a glorious play together, when the door opened and she appeared—pale, indeed, but still very pretty. She shrunk a little from the dog, but as little Eddy was sitting on my knee, she approached to take him. She recognized me, I knew, but she did not choose to appear like doing so; and I was rather indignant at her on Blucher's account. We had twenty just such scenes as this, and I resolved not to "give in" until she did.

One Sunday afternoon, when the sun was burning hot, I had made my usual pillow of Blucher, and was lying under the awning, reading "In Memoriam," for the tenth time since I came to sea. Eddy's little curly head was resting not far from me, for he now went up and down as he listed, and was sound asleep, with Blucher's paw resting on his little linen blouse, as if to pin him to the deck. A shadow passed over my book, and looking up, I saw Miss Hetherstone. I had learned her name from Eddy; he called her Aunt Catherine. She looked as if suffering from weariness and ennui; and as if the companionship of any living thing would be a godsend to her. But I was too proud to do more than bow, and point to Eddy, signifying that he was safe. Blucher roused up, and again that unpleasant look passed over her features. She came over to my side then, and after waiting a few minutes, she said, quite courteously:

"I suppose we may introduce ourselves, as Eddy has brought us acquainted. I am Miss Hetherstone."

"And I am Mr. Oliver," I said, "and happy to continue an acquaintance commenced some weeks ago."

"You will wonder why I am here alone, Mr. Oliver," she proceeded to say; "and I have several times been *awfully* tempted to choose you for my knight-errant on this voyage; but the fact is, I do not like your dog."

"Sorry, Miss Hetherstone. I am under great obligations to Blucher; he has twice saved my life, and I do not think I can estimate his services too high. Eddy, you see, is fond of him, too."

"I know it; and it makes me tremble every time he comes near him. I do not have any peace night nor day about him. Eddy's mother is dead; she was my sister, and I am carrying the child out to his father at Shasta, as he could not come for him. But I dread lest something happen to the little fellow before I get him out there. If he *should* be bitten by that dog, I should not dare to meet his father for he is all that he has left now." And she turned away to hide a tear to the memory of her sister. I, of course, said everything the occasion demanded, and, notwithstanding her unaccountable dislike to my poor Blucher, I really began to be interested in the pretty Miss Hetherstone.

After this we had many interviews upon deck, and frequently walked together in the moonlight evenings, admiring the effect of the moonlight on the waves. Those long, foamy tracks which our ship was always leaving behind her—how beautiful they looked at evening! I shall never forget the foam-crested billows, with the silver light resting upon their edges! And sunrise and sunset—how glorious they are at sea! I used to call to Miss Hetherstone constantly to come and behold these scenes, for she enjoyed them with the true zest of a finely cultivated mind and an ardent imagination. She was so different from what I thought her! I found her so truly womanly, and yet so free from any feminine affectations.

"She will go out to this bereaved brother-in-law," I found myself sometimes thinking, "and will marry him out of pity for his forlorn situation, and become the mother of this little Eddy." It sometimes troubled me a little—this thought. Not that I had any interest, of course, in having it otherwise; but then I did not like the brother-in-law aspect of the case. I did not know why then.

We were reading one day on deck, and Eddy was unusually frolicksome and untmanageable. He climbed to Catherine's seat, took the combs from her hair, letting the long, glittering spirals fall down like a shower over her face, neck and shoulders. She resisted him long, but he at length succeeded in making her look almost like a crazy woman. He was in full glee, and she was terribly embarrassed at the confusion of her dress and hair. She seized him in her arms, and playfully held him over the side of the ship. "What if I let you fall, naughty child!" she said. At that moment the breeze blew her long hair directly across her eyes. Eddy struggled and screamed, and before I could get to her side, the boy was in the water!

Miss Hetherstone fainted—a merciful fate, I thought, that she was spared the feelings which I endured, and which of course must be more agonizing to her. I did not touch her, but my eye fell on Blucher asleep. I called him, and pointed to little Eddy's blouse as it floated on the wave. It was but the work of a moment for the two men who witnessed the fall to get out the boat; but Blucher was over the side before them, and the oarsmen had scarcely struck out, before he rose to the surface with the child's frock securely in his mouth! To the boat, rather than the ship, his instinct seemed to lead him; and before Miss Hetherstone's swoon was over, the two laid beside her on the deck—Eddy and the noble dog; the former pale and motionless, the latter panting with exertion. The child was easily recovered, and the sailors made a warm, dry bed for Blucher.

Catherine opened her eyes languidly, while the captain poured some wine into her lips, and I was wrapping the child in a warm blanket, and chafing his little drenched limbs. She could not speak yet, but her gaze took in the meaning of all before her—Blucher's dripping coat, the child's purple lips, the absence of all wet upon any of the *humans* round her—she knew all. We laid her on her own bed, and Eddy beside her; and I watched by them through the night.

The next morning Blucher was whining at the door. I did not dare to let him in at first, but she motioned with her weak hand that I should do so. It was beautiful to see her white arms thrown around the great shaggy creature, and the kisses and caresses she bestowed upon him. Blucher stood it like a hero. He did not return her caresses, but seemed to be proudly enduring them; and then he turned to the child with such a bound!

"Don't, Blucher!" I said. "If Eddy *should* be bitten by you, we should never dare to meet his father!"

Catherine—what do you think she did? She laid one hand on the dog, and putting the other arm around my neck, as I sat by the bedside, she whispered, "Forgive me!"

You can see the end of all this, reader. You know just as well as I can tell you, that Catherine is now my wife; that when we arrived, the brother-in-law had just been married again; and that we all make one family; that Blucher is petted and fed by his kind mistress, until his master is almost jealous of him; and that no vinegar aspect ever comes over the face that is now sweetest to me of all the faces in the world beside.

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☞ Sample copies sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT TRENTON, N. J.

The accompanying engraving exhibits a correct representation of the capacious and elegant building occupied by the Normal School of the State of New Jersey. The style of the building reflects great credit on the architect, Mr. Chauncey Graham. The building is regarded as being one of the most convenient and commodious of any similar State institution in this country. It stands on a lot 200 feet square, and, including land, furniture and fixtures, has cost about twenty-five thousand dollars. It is of brick, and covered with "rough casting." The main building is 50 by 78 feet, with a front wing or projection 30 by 40 feet, and a rear wing or projection 18 by 30 feet. The interior is well-arranged and appropriately furnished throughout. The first story contains a hall for visitors, a hall for male pupils, one for female pupils, separate cloak and wash rooms for the Normal School and the Model School, recitation rooms for the former and the Model School rooms. On the second story are a reception room, library, wash room, halls for each sex, assembly rooms with seats for 240 pupils, recitation rooms, etc. In the third story are recitation rooms, janitor's room, the lecture room, etc. The New Jersey State Normal School was established by an act of the legislature, passed and approved February 9,1855. Its sole object is that of training teachers for the common schools in the science of education and the art of instructing youth. The annual appropriation for its support is ten thousand dollars. Each county in the State is entitled to send three times as many pupils to the school as it has representatives in both houses of the legislature. These pupils are entitled to free tuition, and are supplied with all necessary books, stationery, and the use of apparatus without charge. They are, in return, required to teach in the common schools of the State for at least two years, and sign a declaration and agreement to that effect. The institution opened on the 1st of October, 1855, with 15 pupils, and has steadily increased to the present time, now numbering 66, besides a Model School of 125 pupils. The pupils of the Normal School are required to pass a most thorough and critical review of all the branches usually taught in the common schools, together with a mastery of such advanced studies as are collateral to those branches. They are otherwise trained to the principles and method of teaching them, and also of organizing and governing schools; and they are further required to spend a portion of their time in the Model School, where the theories inculcated in the Normal School are by them put to the test of practice and experiment. The Normal School is under the general direction of a board of ten trustees appointed for two years by the governor and senate, one half retiring each year. The board of instruction is at present composed of a principal and nine professors and teachers, including the permanent assistants of the Model School. The first annual report of William F. Phelps, Esq., the principal, presented and read to the legislature, January 23, 1856, is a document written with remarkable ability, clear and systematic in its arrangements, and containing, in addition to a detailed history of the school from its inception, a lucid sketch of the Normal School system. We need no better evidence than this report, which shows a thorough acquaintance with the history and philosophy of education, to be convinced that Mr. Phelps is admirably fitted for the important position he occupies. We subjoin a few facts gleaned from this document, and only regret that our space will not permit us to make ampler use of the material. It appears that, from the outset, the citizens of New Jersey exhibited the greatest interest in the establishment of the school; and that different localities were so liberal in their offers of land and money, that the trustees were embarrassed by the generous rivalry of towns competing for the honor of the location of the school. The liberal offers of land and money by the citizens of Trenton, the circumstance of the school being a State institution and the offspring of legislative bounty, together with a consideration of the central situation of the capital, and its accessibility from all parts of the State, finally induced the trustees to decide upon Trenton as the most suitable locality for the institution. The selection of a principal was the next step, and Mr. William F. Phelps was unanimously elected. Of this gentleman the trustees remark in their own report to the legislature, that he "had been for some years connected with the State Normal School of New York, and brought with him the strongest recommendations from those who were thought most competent judges of his qualifications. It is but an act of justice to say, that thus far he has fulfilled the very highest expectations that were formed of him." The trustees also secured the services of Professor Arnold Guyot, so well known both in Europe and in this country, and so highly appreciated in our own State. Among the teachers appointed by the board of trustees to assist the principal, we find the following: Sumner C. Webb, M. D., late of the Normal School at Albany, professor of physiology and elocution; Miss Irene B. Colby, of New Brunswick, teacher of geography; Ferdinand I. Ilsley, professor of vocal music; and John K. Wolfe, instructor of drawing. Mr. Samuel A. Farrand, of Boonton, has also been appointed a teacher. The candidates for admission into this school are required to pass a satisfactory examination in the following branches of a common school education: orthography, reading, penmanship, arithmetic, geography and English grammar. The course of study proposed by the principal is arranged into departments as follows: I. English Language. The elementary sounds—spelling—definition and analysis of words—reading and elocution—English grammar, including the analysis of the sentence and sentential structure—composition, including rhetoric and criticism—the art of debate, including parliamentary law. II. Graphics. Penmanship and book-keeping—object, map and mechanical drawing. III. Mathematics. Oral and mental arithmetic—written arithmetic—practical mathematics—elements of algebra—elements of geometry—mathematical geography and the use of globes, including the elements of astronomy. IV. Natural Science. Descriptive and physical geography—human and comparative physiology—elements of natural philosophy—elements of chemistry. V. Ethics, etc. Moral philosophy—natural theology—constitution of the United States and of New Jersey—history of the United States. VI. Theory and Practice of Teaching. Intellectual philosophy—the study of school systems—lectures on education and the details of teaching, and practice in the model school. Vocal music throughout the course. In this arrangement, Mr. Phelps says that he "has endeavored to avoid the objection, on the one hand, of making it (the course of study) too limited for the proper discipline and expansion of the teacher's mind, and, on the other, of its being too extended for the time allowed him for its acquisition, keeping constantly in view the wise maxim that 'a good schoolmaster must know much more than he is called upon to teach.'" We cannot but congratulate the citizens of New Jersey on the establishment of their school under such happy auspices as those which have attended its inauguration. Let us hope that through the influence of this school it shall annually send forth trained and accomplished teachers to perform their honorable tasks in the common schools in the best manner.

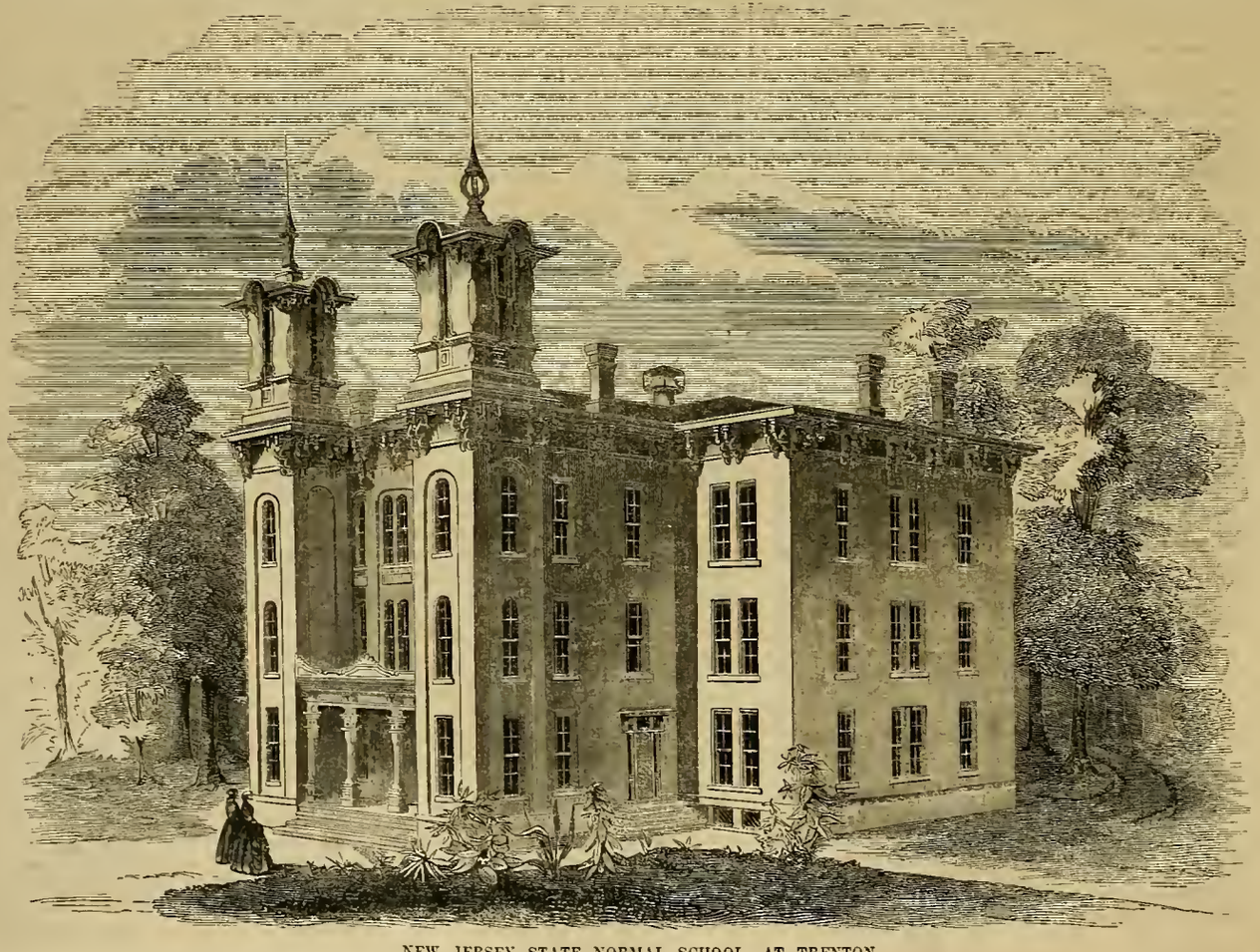


DANIEL J. COBURN, CHIEF OF POLICE, BOSTON.

DANIEL J. COBURN,

CHIEF OF POLICE, CITY OF BOSTON.

The office of chief of police in a large city, and particularly a large seaboard city, is not only far from being a sinecure, but demands in the incumbent a union of many qualifications. It is not sufficient that he be versed in the municipal law and regulations, faithful, energetic and not afraid of work; he must have tact, firmness and discretion, must be prompt in thought and action, and possess a thorough knowledge of human nature; for such an officer has all sorts of characters to deal with. He must be a man on whom the citizens can rely in any crisis, the right-hand man of the chief municipal officer in his executive functions. The office here in Boston has been filled by very worthy and competent men, and certainly the manner in which the police system of Boston has been managed will compare favorably with that of any city in the Union. The gentleman whose name heads this article, and whose portrait, drawn expressly for us by Barry from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case, illustrates this page, though he has held office but a short period, has already secured the confidence of the government of the city, and will, unquestionably, make a first rate chief. Daniel J. Coburn was born in Grafton county, New Hampshire, and is about fifty years of age. He has been a citizen of this State for many years, residing, at first, in Middlesex county, where he was appointed deputy-sheriff in 1831. He held this office until 1840, when he was commissioned to the same office in Suffolk county, and continued to hold it until April, 1855, through all political changes, a proof of the estimation in which his official and personal worth was held by the appointing powers. Mr. Coburn was appointed chief of police in April of this year, at which time he was serving as a member of the city council. It will thus be seen that his previous career well fitted him for his present position, which he never could have attained without having given proof of the possession of those qualities requisite to fill the office with credit and success. His service as deputy sheriff during a period of nearly twenty-four years, necessarily made him very familiar with the practical operation of the law and with various legal forms. As chief of police he will have occasion for the exercise of all his faculties. Boston is no longer a village, although the citizens of some of our bulkier municipalities are rather fond of regarding it in that light. When it was a village, a few constables could perform all the police duties required. Everybody knew everybody else's business, and a suspicious character was "spotted" as soon as he entered the precincts. Now, however, with our growth and expansion, we must provide against the inevitable evils of metropolitan life, and therefore require a well managed police force to foil evil doers.



NEW JERSEY STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, AT TRENTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL,
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

We are sometimes sadly puzzled by the spelling of letters we receive, and have come to the conclusion that "readin', ritin' and spellin'," does *not* "come by nature." Illiterate people who spell phonographically make themselves understood tolerably well. The servant girl spoken of by Franklin, had no hesitation in deciding that "yf" stood for wife, and a postmaster who sees a letter directed to "Y's, Esq.," knows instantly that it must be meant for a Mr. Wise. The phonographic people are therefore right in their principles, though we do not think that phonography can be ever substituted for the old method of spelling, since, as the great bulk of English literature cannot be reprinted, it would be necessary for every pupil to learn both systems—the old and the new—we fear that would make "confusion worse confounded."

Some orthographical blunders are exceedingly amusing. We happen to remember one at this moment. There was a certain self-sufficient ignoramus in one of our sea-port towns, whom his fellow-citizens were in the habit of duly elevating by their votes to the important office of hog-reeve and pound-master, either from a realizing sense of his peculiar fitness for the tasks assigned him, or the laudable desire to elicit fun from his proceedings when wrapped in the garb of a little "brief authority." On one occasion our worthy pound-master found two four-footed animals astray and forthwith, with an immense display of bustle and authority, incarcerated them in the enclosure provided for that purpose. From the two sheep in the pound he flew to his pen to indite an official bulletin, and after much severe labor, after using up several sheets of paper, and whittling up several goose-quills with his jack-knife, he achieved the following "Publik Nottis," viz.: "2 ships in the Pond." The whole town was in a roar thereat, but the worthy official might have consoled himself with the reflection that many literary men—among them Sheridan—have been bad spellers.

QUITE ACCEPTABLE.—The United States Senate has passed a bill giving Mr. Marsh, our late minister at Constantinople, the sum of $20,000, extra compensation. Mr. Marsh, by the way, is one of the most accomplished of living linguists, speaking and writing at least fifteen tongues.

A MARTINET.—A certain severe drill sergeant invented a manual to be used by his men at feeding time. Some of the orders were: "Draw coffee!" "Present milk!" "Carry sugar!" "Recover cup!"

A GOOD ONE.—An auctioneer's clerk being directed by his employer to insert in an advertisement a "copy of a fresco by Raffaelle," wrote "A Fresh Cow by Raffle!"

SPLINTERS.

.... James Buchanan, the democratic nominee for the presidency, was born in 1791, and is a native of Pennsylvania.

.... A dandelion plant in West Bridgewater weighed 27 ounces. It had 240 leaves, and 107 buds and blossoms.

.... "Immense breadth of light and shade!" said Beaumont of a picture. "An inch and a half," said Sydney Smith.

.... Mr. Loring Cushman, an esteemed citizen of Hingham, 77 years old, lately died in his pew at church.

.... New Orleans is getting dull; all the places of amusement have been closed, and the weather is "raythor" warm.

.... There are often from three to five hundred sail of vessels loading guano at the same time at the Chincha islands.

.... The population of Texas has quadrupled in number during the last ten years—a remarkable increase.

.... Some Franciscan monks are about to erect a monastery in Alleghany, Cattaraugus county, New York.

.... An English laborer, who was in the habit of eating everything he met, died lately from eating lime.

.... Only last month there was a snowbank near Niagara Falls forty feet deep. Balmy June!

.... The total number of commitments to the four prisons in New York city last year was 36,624.

.... The late John M. Niles, of Connecticut, left $20,000 in his will for the use of the poor of Hartford.

.... The Russian government have authorized the re-opening of the English Protestant church at Warsaw.

.... Lieut. Bonaparte, formerly of the United States army, has become a *Chasseur d'Afrique*, and has been ordered to Kabylie.

.... Two men and a woman lately died in France from drinking coffee, into which lucifer matches had been dropped.

.... A railroad is to be built along the north shore of Lake Erie from Windsor to the Suspension Bridge.

.... Dion Bourcicault and Agnes Robertson have taken Wallack's Theatre for the summer season.

.... The indications are that the crops in Texas this year will be tremendously large.

.... There are twelve cities in Massachusetts which contain more than 10,000 people each.

.... The government troops are after the Indians in Florida with sharp sticks.

.... Five persons were lately arrested at St. Joseph, Missouri, for the murder and burning of a family of seven persons.

.... A new park has recently been laid out at the South End, in Boston, near Northampton Street.

KEEPING COOL.

We are drawing near to that extreme of heat to which, in the course of the year, the human pendulum oscillates from the opposite extreme of cold in this delicious climate; the dog days will soon be upon us, and consequently we cannot too earnestly enjoin upon our readers the necessity of keeping cool. "Keep cool, with the thermometer at 90!" Certainly, sir, or madam, you must do so, on your life.

Moderation in diet, moderation in exercise, moderation in all things, is now essential to existence. This fiery old Sol comes to us like a teacher of moral philosophy, and enforces his instructions by striking examples. It is wonderful to see what an effect the weather has on even some pretty rebellious subjects. There is old Gripes—one of the most peppery, irascible old fellows that ever walked the street—his blood is a compound of Cayenne and liquid lava, ready to fly off at a spark like a barrel of gunpowder. Observe him now as he slowly steals along in the cool shadows of that block of buildings, attired in white like a vestal virgin, with a broad Panama upon his head, and the lightest and neatest of pumps upon his feet. A careless boy treads upon that tender foot. He avoids the urchin, but moves on with undiminished serenity. The spectacle is sublime. In September that man would have indulged in an eruption of invective. Now he is sun-tamed. He knows perfectly well, that if he gave way to passion, he would either explode like a powder-mill, or melt in his own internal fire and disappear from the earth.

Keep cool—physically, morally. If your home be in the great city, embrace the opportunities that surround you of baths—fresh and salt, hot and cold; but remember that a very hot salt water shower bath is the most delightful refrigerator invented. Of a hot day, it will keep you cool for many hours thereafter. Then flee you to the Common, sit under those drooping elms, watch the play of the cloud-shadows over the broad expanse of emerald grass, and fancy that pond a vast sheet of water. Yet small as it is, it is as grateful at this season as a well in the sands to the nomadic Arab—a diamond in the desert. But it becomes a source of enchantment when the fountain is permitted to show itself, and mounts into the air gradually foot by foot, till it glitters in the blue air like a tower built of diamonds. Its liberation and ascent always remind us of that of the geni in prison in the casket in the Arabian Nights.

Keep cool! It's too hot now for horseback rides or infuriated polkas, unless you are by the seaside; and that word is the key to a treasury of cool delights. Who will deny that the sea is a great institution? Rather turbulent at times, perhaps—rather inimical to marine insurance companies—very capacious in its swallow, like the dragon of Wantley—panther-like and treacherous, and so on, but after all, essential to navigation, and a friend to humanity in the summer.

If you would keep perfectly cool—and this is the burden of our *refrain*—go down to the sea. Ah, isn't it delicious to sit in the shadow of a white sail, while the yacht rises and plunges under you like a mettled charger, and the cool salt air lifts your locks, and you ride triumphant, like a Vikingr sweeping in his ocean warpath? Or, isn't a stroll along the beach by moonlight with one who appreciates the poetical, the romantic, the tender, and the sublime, an event to be remembered to the end of time? Perhaps a "life on the ocean wave" is too toilsome, but a reasonable time passed on the edge of it is quite charming. Let us seek Nahant, or Newport, or Nantasket, or Rockaway, or Cape May, and then we are sure of "keeping cool."

BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART.

We have examined, at Frederick Parker's, Cornhill, the proofs of a series of lithographic drawings by William Heine, the accomplished artist of the Japan exploring expedition. There are several of these views, embracing the prominent points of interest in the empire of Japan, and accompanied by explanatory letter-press. Apart from the interest of the scenes depicted, they have all a high artistic value. They are from the press of Sarony & Co., New York, and will stand the test of comparison with the productions of the most noted European presses—even those of Dresden and Paris. The pictures are of large size, and will form a beautiful portfolio. They are to be published in two styles—one plain and the other colored, at very moderate prices considering the excellence of the work. Mr. Frederick Parker is the sole agent in this city, and he has already secured a large list of subscribers to the "Graphic Scenes of the Japan Expedition," including some of our most distinguished connoisseurs.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—We have seen some beautiful specimens of a new style of photographic pictures, invented and patented by Messrs. Southworth & Hawes, of this city. They have a delicacy and softness surpassing that of the finest mezzotint engravings or crayon drawings, and resemble, in some respects, monochromatic pictures in oil. The effect is remarkably fine.

NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—There are nearly 50,000 volumes in the library of this society, and over six thousand persons make use of them. The receipts of the Association for the past sixteen months were $17,000.

A GOOD REASON.—A paper which had been mailed to a fair subscriber, was lately returned to the publisher, with the endorsement: "Not taken out; she's run away and got married."

DIGNITY.—The Duke of St. Albans is grand falconer of England. The title sounds very grand, but it seems the duke is only a "hawker."

THE NAVY.

At the various navy yards along our coast, the greatest activity prevails. The "clink of hammers closing rivets up," the ringing of axes, the hiss of planes, and the tramp and bustle of hundreds of smart and busy mechanics, show that government has waked up from its Rip Van Winkle sleep, and that the maxim, "in peace prepare for war," is once more recognized as a sound one. All our sloops of war which have been laid up have been rebuilt, refitted and equipped for instant service. The Roanoke and Colorado are nearly ready for the wave, and the Powhatan is arming. Everywhere the same activity prevails, and at the arsenals they are wide awake. Mr. Elihu Burritt's plan of dismantling our fortresses and turning our line-of-battles into bread-ships is a very pretty idea theoretically, but a very unsafe one, except in the case of its universal adoption. Just now, when England and France have magnificent navies afloat, and are not supposed to be particularly friendly to us, we rather think it would be something very like the height of folly to throw away our arms. We are afraid that the time has hardly arrived for the lying down of the lion and the lamb in peaceful proximity. We are afraid the lion still regards the lamb with an eye to its mutton rather than its innocence. And we have yet seen no positive proof that the wolf, the bear and the hyena have abandoned their carnivorous and destructive propensities. With this state of things in the great menagerie of the world, it behooves the eagle to keep his beak and talons whetted, his shield burnished bright, and his thunder-bolts greased and ready for launching. The eagle that could sit drowsily in his perch, when wild beasts and birds were menacing his eyrie, would be little better than a goose. We are no advocates for building and maintaining a tremendously large navy, any more than we are of having an unwieldy army force; but afloat and ashore we should have establishments so respectable as to serve as a nucleus for any force that sudden necessity might require. We are safe from aggression only when well prepared to repel and punish it. The idea of disarming hostility by disarming ourselves is worthy of the simplicity of an Arcadian rustic, but not of a wide-awake nation that sees the world as it is, and realizes that it is no better than it should be, though certainly progressing. It is well to put faith in the ultimate regeneration of humanity, but it is also well to "keep our powder dry." The government is carrying out this practical philosophy in fitting up and arming our national vessels.

ESSEX COUNTY CATTLE FAIR.—Ben: Perley Poore has been invited to deliver the address before the Essex County Agricultural Society, at its cattle show, to be held at Newburyport this fall.

CLEARED OUT.—All the prisoners at Fort Madison, Iowa, lately escaped. They were recaptured, after several shots had been fired into them.

REVOLTING.—The Greeks and Armenians lately had a fight at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and Turkish troops were compelled to quell the riot.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Nathan W. Whittemore to Miss Mary F. Ferrier, of Charlestown; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Joseph M. Thompson to Miss Lucy K. P. Holbrook; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. James M. Sprague to Miss Emily J. Defrees; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, assisted by Rev. Dr. Newell, Joaquim Barbosa Cordeiro, M. D., of Brazil, to Miss Mary Katherine Hoffman.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Everett, Mr. Augustus Archer Silva, of Salem, to Miss Isabella D. Archer.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. Samuel R. Heywood, of Worcester, to Miss Harriet B. Milliken.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Holler K. Pope, of Roxburr, to Miss Josephine L. Hyde.—At Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Burgess, Mr. John T. Lawrence, of New York, to Miss Ervilla C. Benjamin.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Briggs, Mr. Cyrus C. Crocker to Miss Hannah C. Rees, both of Haverhill.—At Lowell, by Rev Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Henry W. Tibbetts to Miss Augusta M. Piper.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dana, Mr. Frederick B. Stickney to Miss Mary A. Farnham.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. Charles Foster to Miss Jane Porter.

DEATHS.

In this city, Fitzhenry Homer, Esq., 57; Mr. Josiah Willard, 77; Mrs. Emily Haven, 30; Mrs. Elizabeth L. Beal, 44; Mr. Francis Daunt, 27; Mrs. Mary Brown, 72; Mr. Abel Kendall, 56; Mrs. Sarah S. Moore, 72; Mrs. Angeline O. Plummer, 29.—At Charlestown, Mr. Charles Lincoln Shedd, 21.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Harriet A. Dearborn, 30.—At Jamaica Plain, Widow Eliza Hallett, 70.—At Melrose, Mr. Elijah Estee, 60.—At Somerville, Mr. William F. Braman, 32.—At Newton Corner, Mrs. Lucy C., wife of Alfred B. Ely, Esq., 25.—At Cambridge, Miss Stella Dorr, 35.—At Dorchester, William Richardson, Esq., 42.—At Hingham, Mr. Loring Cushing, 77.—At Salem, Mrs. Hannah W. Bowdoin, 34; Miss Rebecca Bowditch, 55; Miss Mary Elizabeth Shelden, 24.—At Lowell, Miss Ann Grace Livermore, 42.—At South Abington, Mr. James C. Harding, 26.—At Worcester, Mrs. Mary Thomas, wife of Hon. Calvin Willard; Mrs. Mary W. Dodd, 67.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Caroline A. Nash, 27.—Mr. Marcus M. Holbrook, of Franklin, 20.—At Athol, Eliphalet Thorpe, Esq., 78.—At Boxford, Phineas Barnes, Esq., 75.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BELL-TOLLER.

BY WILLIS E. PABOR.

[The araponga, or bell-toller, is a Brazilian bird of rare beauty; its notes are at once singular and solemn, like the tolling of a church bell, and they fall on the ear of the traveller through the forest wilds of Brazil with an almost supernatural sound. The effect is heightened by the seclusion in which the bird utters its solitary notes, it frequenting the highest trees and rarely making itself visible to the eye of man.]

There came a wanderer to Brazilian skies,
From far off shores where pilgrim steps once trod, he came;
His cheeks were pale, and lustreless his eyes,
And weak his trembling frame.

In the deep solitude of woods profound,
He lay and dreamed of distant homes and absent loves;
Familiar faces, and the pleasant sound
That waits on they that rove.

He seemed to hear the merry bridal chime,
And then—he heard the sound New England's children hear,
That said some soul had passed the bounds of time,
Some soul, beloved and dear.

The years of life's sad pilgrimage are told,
As one by one in solemn strokes they fall;
While they who listen, think of shroud and fold,
Of mourners, and a pall.

Slowly the strokes fell on the wanderer's ear;
No other voice or sound the solemn stillness breaks,
His heart is silent with a sudden fear,
And no pulsation makes.

Now the sad number of his life is told;
And now—a pause!—the wanderer folds his care-worn eyes—
The last earth-whisper from his lips has rolled,
And cold in death he lies.

The rich, warm sunlight glances through the trees,
And on the dead in streams of crimson glory falls;
Yet still is borne upon the perfumed breeze
The araponga's calls.

So like the solemn tolling of a bell,
Seemed to the dying wanderer the sounds he heard,
That none need wonder they became a knell,
These sad notes of a bird.

And it was well that life should thus depart,
Recalling as it went, the memories most dear;
Whose gentle influence should cheer the heart,
And dry the falling tear.

The hands of strangers laid him in the tomb,
The hands of strangers scattered there memorial flowers,
And still the araponga breaks the forest gloom,
Tolling the passing hours.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE REFORMATION.

BY MELVILLE DELHORE.

Charlotte Stanley was the acknowledged belle of the village of C——. Numerous were her beaux and admirers; and envious of her charms was many a pretty girl, who found her attractions insufficient to rival the dazzling wealth of beauty which nature had so bountifully showered upon Charlotte. But, if there was envy among the women, the men were stark mad with love for her, and jealousy of each other. Strange to say, she received their homage without manifesting a decided preference for any one; on all the sighing swains who surrounded her, she smiled with equal sweetness, and dispensed her favors with wonderful impartiality.

To be sure, it was said by some that her eyes lingered the most lovingly on Dick Leslie's intelligent face; but others again asserted that she never appeared so deeply interested as when conversing with young Walter Gray. Whether or no she did not really own, in the mysterious recesses of her little heart, some secret preference, it was quite apparent to all who looked into the matter, that there was at least one of her lovers who far surpassed all his rivals in the ardor of his devotion and gallant attention.

Harry Hunter was a gay, wild young fellow—of good family, and possessed of many excellent qualities; but unfortunately he had the reputation of being dissipated and frolicksome. Although not the less agreeable to the fair girls of C—— on that account, who all admired his dashing character and fascinating address, yet the cautious matrons of the village used ominously to shake their heads at mention of his name, and positively forbade their daughters having anything to do with him.

But Harry Hunter had a fine form, and a bright, handsome face lit up by a pair of sparkling black eyes; and from those eyes there glanced, when he chose, a sly, roguish twinkle, which stole into many a little maiden's palpitating heart, and made sad havoc there ere she was aware of it. Besides, he had a splendid turnout—a span of beautiful bays; and as he drove alone through the Main Street, many a longing eye was cast upon the vacant seat by his side. He, however, saw no one but Charlotte Stanley. When in her society, his eyes were ever bent upon her face; when away from her, his pensive and abstracted air betokened her presence in his mind.

Charlotte's parents were dead; and she lived with her uncle, a rich old bachelor, whose chief delight consisted in ministering to her pleasure, and indulging all her fancies. And yet she was not spoiled by so much kindness, for she was a sensible, good girl, and beautiful and flattered as she was, had not one grain of vanity or folly in her character. Her uncle George, who united to a warm heart and an easy disposition, a great deal of good sense and knowledge of the world, appreciated her charming qualities, and trusted his lovely niece as implicitly as if she had been an angel in reality as well as in appearance. In his house she reigned in sweet supremacy, and the old gentleman made it the business of his life to contribute to her happiness. He knew Harry, and rather liked the rogue, he said, better than any of Charlotte's numerous admirers. Were it not for his wild and unsteady habits, there was no one whom he would have sooner chosen for her husband. Charlotte, too, was not insensible to the influence of the young fellow's pleasing manners and sparkling conversation; and after a while it was easy to perceive that she had undoubtedly made a decided impression. Morning walks, evening drives, and moonlight strolls were of frequent recurrence; and jealousy and suspicion were rampant amongst the host of unfortunate suitors. Dick Leslie was reported to be daily growing insane, and Walter Gray was evidently pining away with grief.

One morning at the breakfast table, Charlotte, who had remained a long time silent, said, in a tone of voice in which modesty and fortitude struggled for the mastery:

"Uncle George—I'm engaged!"

Uncle George almost dropped the cup which he was raising to his mouth, and stared with surprise at the blushing girl who sat opposite to him.

"Why, no!" said he. "Lotty, you don't say so!"

"O, yes, uncle," said Charlotte. "I am engaged to be married to—to—you know!"

This was said half-doubtfully, half-inquiringly, and brought a good-humored smile to Uncle George's face.

"I know, do I? Indeed, miss, you are very much mistaken. How should I know anything about it?"

"O, well," she replied, whilst she hung down her head, and suffered the flowing curls to fall over her face, "I thought you might have—it's—it's Harry, you know, uncle!"

And somewhat relieved by the confession which she had made, she looked up smiling in his face. The old gentleman certainly enjoyed the charming confusion of his niece; for, instead of making any immediate observation upon the fact just disclosed to him, he remained several minutes gazing upon her with affectionate admiration and interest, silently and thoughtfully, as if linking the present with the future. Suddenly he said:

"So it's Harry, is it? And who's Harry, my dear?"

This question perfectly overwhelmed poor Charlotte with embarrassment, and suffused her face with a host of crimson blushes. She tried to smile, then looked very much as if she was going to cry; but boldly conquering the inclination, with downcast eyes, and trembling voice, she faltered out the name of her lover:

"Harry Hunter!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the uncle. "Hunter!—Harry Hunter! Ah, he's a great rogue!"

"O, no, uncle!" said Charlotte, eagerly. "Indeed he is not; he is so good, so noble, so agreeable. O, if you only knew him as I do!"

"Humph!" was again the ejaculation. "I presume I never shall. However, you know what is right, my girl; and if you approve, I shall not object. But they say, you know, my dear child, that he gambles and drinks."

"O, but he has promised me faithfully never, never to do such wicked things any more; and I am sure he never will. He says he will always do everything that I ask him to do; and that he loves me better than any one on earth; and that he never did love any one but me."

And Charlotte's tender eyes glistened with tears of love and gratitude at the recollection of her lover's protestation of devotion.

Uncle George arose from his seat, and embracing his niece, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"God grant, my beloved child, that you may be happy!"

"Thank you, uncle," she replied, smiling through her tears. "I know I shall be happy with Harry."

Well, the important day that was to usher in so much joy and happiness arrived at last. For weeks before, everything had been in a state of preparation, and Uncle George was determined that the wedding should prove a brilliant affair. The guests were already streaming into the house, carriages were coming from every direction around, and in an hour the ceremony would take place. But where was the bridegroom? No one had seen him; and it was beginning to be a matter of wonder to all that he had not made his appearance. Anxiety was depicted on Uncle George's countenance. Charlotte was up stairs, with her bridesmaids, thinking of Harry—down stairs! But now the clergyman has come—it lacks but a minute of the appointed time; the bride descends with her attendants, and at the same instant the bridegroom enters, apparently much excited, and supported on either side by two of his friends. The company throng around the couple during the ceremony, and when it is over, the congratulations pour in upon them from every one present. But what ails the bride? Why has the color forsaken her cheeks?—and those tears—what have they to do with such a scene? All eyes are turned towards her in wonderment; and Uncle George, hastening to her side, whilst she broke forth with almost heart-broken sobs, half led, half supported her into an unoccupied room adjoining.

"My child," said he, seating her on a sofa, "what means this distress?—this untimely emotion?"

Charlotte replied not. Her gentle bosom heaved tumultuously with some terrible distress, and her whole frame seemed to vibrate convulsively to this first touch of grief. She lay there motionless and insensible. Harry Hunter, her husband, had followed them into the room; but Uncle George insisted upon being left alone with her, and prevailed upon him to retire. After a little while Charlotte began to give signs of returning consciousness, and her uncle caught the faintly murmured name of her husband. Slowly and painfully she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen; and as her beautiful eyes opened wildly upon her uncle's anxious countenance, the remembrance of all that had happened seemed to rush at once across her mind, and she exclaimed:

"O, uncle, uncle! After all that he promised;—after all he told me, to think he should so soon break his word, and at such a time, too!"

The poor girl burst into a flood of tears at the bitter reflection, and covered her face with her hands.

Now Harry had dined that day with some of his jovial companions, and had partaken, as was his wont, somewhat too freely of the wine. Habits of indulgence were so deeply engrafted upon his nature, that he never for a moment thought of the promise which he had made to his betrothed, to abandon all excesses of the kind. Although he had not drunk enough to make him guilty of any marked improprieties in behaviour, or to excite the general attention of the guests at the wedding, yet the tender, loving gaze of the fair girl whose heart he had won, beheld, as she gave him her hand, the tokens of inconstancy in his flushed face and bloodshot eyes. Scarce conscious of the passing ceremony, she with difficulty retained sufficient composure to play her part in it; and but a few moments before the happiest of the happy, all rosy and radiant, became a bride bowed down with sadness and bathed in tears.

Her uncle George easily divined the cause of her agitation and grief. As she lay before him on the sofa, the recollection of those hopeful dreams of happiness in which she had so fondly indulged, and from which she had just so sadly awakened, brought the tears into his eyes; and as he knelt by his niece's side, he endeavored to frame some excuses for Harry. But her pure and faithful heart had been hurt and wounded by him into whose keeping she had confided it. She could see in his conduct naught but neglect and disrespect for the promise which he had given her, and upon which she had built her fairest hopes of future happiness.

The wedding guests had departed. It had been announced that the bride was taken suddenly ill, and all had left the house, when Uncle George, leaving Charlotte in care of her maid, went to seek Harry Hunter. He found him walking hastily, and in great excitement, up and down the piazza, and at his approach, he rushed eagerly towards him, and almost shrieked:

"How is she, sir? O, God, what a wretch I am! How is my darling Charlotte?"

"Mr. Hunter," said Uncle George, calmly, "I believe, sir, that you are fond of my niece—your wife—"

"Heaven knows," Harry exclaimed, "she is everything in this world to me!"

"No, sir; you have shown this day that she is not *everything* to you. Drink, sir, and dissipation dispute with her the possession of your affections. You have insulted the woman whom you love, and who adores you, by appearing, at the solemn moment of your union with her, in a state of intoxication. She beheld in that moment the infidelity of the man who was to call her wife."

"No more!" cried Harry. "Spare me, sir; spare me!"

"Mr. Hunter," continued Uncle George, "if you really entertain that affection for Charlotte which you profess, you will henceforth and forever abandon these evil habits, and give up all debasing dissipation; for if you do not—mark me well!—you will break her heart. She will not cease to love you, but she will cease to be happy. Reflect, then, upon the course which you will pursue, and choose one of the two alternatives—your wife's happiness or misery."

Harry Hunter was deeply affected by these words, and would have gone and thrown himself at once at the feet of his young wife, to implore her forgiveness, and to promise all that she desired. But Uncle George restrained him.

"Hold!" he exclaimed; "not now. To-morrow you shall see her, and prove yourself worthy of her love, by truthfully renouncing those vile habits so shocking to her pure and truthful mind. At present she is quite unwell; besides," added he, hesitatingly, "you, Mr. Hunter, are hardly in a condition to make *serious* promises."

Harry Hunter bit his lip with mortification at this last remark, but owned secretly the justice of the insinuation. Uncle George bade him farewell for the night, and Harry returned to his home, silent and *alone*. What his feelings were may be more easily imagined than described. He was filled with remorse for the inconsiderate manner in which he had behaved towards one whom he really loved with all the ardor of his passionate soul; and upbraided the thoughtlessness and folly which had led him to wound the heart of her for whom he would gladly sacrifice his life. All night long did he dwell upon the tormenting idea of her distress, and he vowed to atone by a life of devotion and tenderness for the grief which he had caused her.

In the morning he took his way hastily towards her house—that paradise from which he had been banished the night before—and found Uncle George waiting to receive him. The good old gentleman had told Charlotte of Harry's sorrow and repentance, and of his resolution in regard to the future, and had found her trusting heart but too eager to forgive and believe.

"Come, sir," said he, "and behold an angel of love and mercy!"

And as Harry Hunter entered the parlor he was met on the threshold by a lovely being, who well might have been deemed a celestial visitant. She met him with extended arms, and happy smiles forcing themselves through tears of joy. Harry Hunter's lips quivered—his heart was full; and clasping her to his breast, he imprinted on her virgin brow a kiss—the first token of their union. Uncle George standing by, and deeply moved by the scene, lifted up his hands to bless them, saying:

"God grant, my children, that you may be happy."

"O, yes, uncle," exclaimed Charlotte, leaning her head on Harry's shoulder, and looking up trustingly in his face, "I am sure we shall always be happy together!"

And she was correct in the prophecy.

The great mistake in many of the plans for reorganizing society consists in supposing that systems can supply the want of sense.—*Wigglesworth.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Burton has purchased the theatre in New York known as Laura Keene's Varieties, and will take possession on September 1st. He has only purchased the building, and has twenty-one years lease of the ground, with privilege of renewal at an annual rent of ten thousand dollars. —— The population of Alexandria, Va., has fallen off from 13,000 to 12,000 during the past year. —— General Jackson once said, "that over the doors of each house of Congress, in letters of gold, should be inscribed in words: "The slanderer is *worse* than the murderer." —— The New York Commissioners of Emigration report that during the month of May, the emigrants who arrived brought with them in cash the sum of $1,962,890, or nearly two millions of dollars. A large portion of this will be spent in the eastern cities in the purchase of land warrants, and the remainder carried out West. —— An Indiana paper announcing the death of a gentleman "out West," says that "the deceased, *though a bank director*, is generally believed to have died a Christian, and was much respected while living." —— To show the absurdity and folly of the course pursued by men of one idea generally, take the case of an extensive soap manufacturer in New York, who looks with complacency on the burning of the world—because it would reduce the price of ashes! —— Count Luigi de Cesnola, a Sardinian nobleman, has been sent to prison for stealing an Englishman's handkerchief. —— An exchange tells us that "by an act of parliament, passed May 21, 1649, England was declared a republic, and that the act remains unrepealed upon the statute book to this day." —— Quite an excitement was lately felt on the New York 'change, growing out of the adulteration of lard by the use of farina dissolved in water. This has been practised for a long time in England, and other parts of Europe, but it is not long since some English and German exporters commenced the same business here. —— In Philadelphia, in the last seven weeks, about three hundred and twenty lost children have been picked up in the streets and restored to their parents. —— Twenty car loads of large and very fine-looking cattle, which came from the extreme western portion of Iowa, passed over the Central Railroad one day, lately, destined for the New York market. This, we are told, is the first time cattle have been brought to the east from the western side of the Mississippi River. —— A horse at a brisk trot can hardly keep up with "those camels" at Indianapolis when walking. —— The church of St. Xavier, in New York city, though one of the largest in that metropolis, is said to be crowded on all occasions. No one sits in it free, fifteen cents being paid for a seat by rich and poor, and the gain is large. The church is gaudy in the extreme, and profusely ornamented with gilt. —— We see a favorable notice of the Nahant Hotel in the New Orleans Picayune. They know it "way down thar." —— Henry Davis, Jr., a respectable man of Bullock county, Georgia, was bitten on the leg by a large rattlesnake. He tied his suspenders around his wounded limb, killed the snake, and endeavored to walk home; but was compelled to lie down by the way, and in a few hours died of the horrible poison. —— The St. John Observer states that another attempt to lay a chain cable for a telegraph across the Atlantic will soon be made. The length of the cable will be 2400 miles, and two steamers, each with 1200 miles of cable, will meet midway between Ireland and Newfoundland, unite the cables, and proceed in opposite directions to land. —— Mr. Cavalconti D'Albuquerque, formerly representative of Brazil to the United States, has returned to Washington in the capacity of envoy extraordinary of his emperor to our government. —— The sale of the first cargo from Japan, brought in the schooner Gen. Pierce, under the new treaty, took place in New York recently. The sale of this unique and elegant cargo attracted a large crowd of purchasers, and the items brought very fair prices. —— The United States military asylum at Harrodsburg, Ky., was burned down recently. This is one of the asylums the site of which was selected by Gen. Scott in 1852, under a special commission of the government.

MUSIC BY STEAM.—Mr. Stoddard, of Worcester, Mass., has invented a musical instrument which is played by steam. This ends the dissonant screeching of the steam whistle, and our ears are to run melodiously henceforth. It is said a joint stock company has been formed for the manufacture of the instruments, and is called the "Steam Music Company."

SHARPE'S RIFLES FOR ENGLAND.—The British government, it is said, lately made large contracts for Sharpe's rifles with some of our manufacturers, and the manufacture of them by American mechanics at Edgefield, England, is now being carried on under a tremendous press of steam, to supply the army as soon as possible.

FEARFUL LEAP.—A pickpocket who was locked up in the saloon on the cars of the New York Central Railroad, sprang out of the window of the saloon, head first, while the cars were running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and ran for the woods. He was overtaken and found to be badly injured.

CAVALRY.—A body of 30,000 horse was lately reviewed by the Emperor of Russia, and it was noticed that "every horse in marching kept perfect time with his feet to the music." When they wheeled by companies, they described a circle with perfection.

LARGE ARRIVAL OF IMMIGRANTS.—At New York, one day, lately, six emigrant vessels arrived, bringing nearly two thousand passengers, and coming from almost as many different quarters of Europe.

MAMMOTH COD.—A monster cod, whose weight, undressed, amounted to 72 pounds and 11 ounces, was caught near Black Rock, Cohasset, recently.

Wayside Gatherings.

A man in Philadelphia has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for stealing an umbrella worth three dollars.

The Methodists of Huntsville, Ala., have a lottery scheme under way for the benefit of the Andrew Female College.

Texas is said to have increased in population during the last ten years at the rate of about four hundred per cent., a thing unprecedented at the South.

From Hayti we learn that a formidable insurrection broke out in Hayti, near Aux Cayes, very recently, against the Emperor Soulouque.

It is stated that coffee can be successfully cultivated in the south part of California, and that it will eventually become an article of export from that State.

Jinkits is a man who takes matters humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a "bustin' biler," Jinkits cried after him, "There you go, my *ex-steamed* friend!"

Mr. Chandlers, the postmaster of Jersey City, has repudiated the foreign currency in vogue, and adopted the decimal currency of our own country in transacting the business of his office.

In Orange county, Ohio, recently, a savage dog rushed into a school house among the children, biting them right and left. One little girl was dragged all around the room by the brute, and six children were bitten.

A very audacious robbery was committed recently in Spain. A picture of the Assumption, generally ascribed to Murillo, or at least to one of his best pupils, was taken from the high altar of the church of Mendiguren, near Vittoria.

Three men, who were arrested in Talcahuano, for setting fire to the ship George Washington, of New Bedford (before reported burned), received one hundred lashes each, and were sentenced to the chain gang for thirty years.

We learn from Bermuda that the cholera prevails extensively among the seamen at St. Thomas, and it is believed that the present summer is to be an unhealthy one among the West Indies, as other diseases also prevail.

The Halifax Chronicle says: "It is stated that the Cunard Company, yielding to solicitations from the people of Boston, will soon despatch their magnificent new steamship Persia from Liverpool to Halifax and that port."

The mammoth man-of-war steamship Himalaya arrived at Halifax recently with 1400 troops, having made the trip from Malta in the unparalleled time of sixteen days, and from the Old Rock in eleven and one-half days.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald states that great havoc has been committed by dogs, among flocks of sheep in various parts of the State. One farmer had ninety killed in one night, another lost an entire flock of thirty, and so on.

Apprehensions are felt for the health of Washington and Georgetown. One of the line of Georgetown sloops, just from the West Indies, lost a man a few days since with the black vomit. The vessel was put under fourteen days quarantine.

Mr. E. Merriam, the meteorologist, says that his record for the last fourteen years gives an aggregate of seven hundred and fifty deaths by lightning on the land, only one person being killed in a building furnished with lightning conductors.

Car-building in France is making rapid strides toward perfection. On the Orleans railway people can now go to bed—fairly undress, and have as good a night's rest as they could under a four-poster. For this the traveller pays the price of two seats.

The cholera appears to be showing itself again in St. Petersburg. The daily mortality has risen of late from two or three to as many as twenty-one. The number of deaths that have already taken place in the present outbreak is three hundred and four.

Lately a piece of copper ore weighing twenty-four pounds, was found at the Belgian settlement, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, which was nearly pure. Several other pieces have been found in the same neighborhood, some of which were too heavy to be removed without mechanical power.

An arrangement has been entered into between Mr. Campbell, the American postmaster general, and the postmaster general of Great Britain, providing for the registration of valuable letters to and from each country. The fee will be five cents, making the rate on a single letter, when registered, twenty-nine cents.

The Penn Medical University of Philadelphia, has conferred the degree of doctor of medicine upon the following named ladies: Esther C. Williams of Ohio, Sarah H. Young of Massachusetts, Ellen J. Miller of Philadelphia, Mary M. Holloway of Indiana, and Elizabeth Calvin of Pennsylvania.

At the last regular meeting of the managers of the American Bible Society, in New York, ten new auxiliary societies were recognized, of which five were in Arkansas, and one in each of the States of Connecticut, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi and Michigan. Various grants of books were also made.

At the sale of the pictures of the late Mr. Rogers, in London, the "Strawberry Girl" of Sir Joshua Reynolds was sold under intense excitement for an auction room. Cheers greeted its appearance, and every large rise in the bidding was received by like ovations, till it was finally sold for two thousand one hundred guineas.

In taking the census at St. Etienne, France, lately, it was discovered that an old woman named Pichon, living in the Rue Neyron, is 106 years of age—she having been born in 1750, at Marcellin, in the same department. When she was born, Louis XV. was reigning, and since then she cannot remember, she says, how many governments have existed.

The oldest paintings in the world are the seven frescoes that were recently discovered in the Via Gracioza in Rome. They were immediately transported to the Vatican, where they were visited during the holy week by large numbers of persons. It is supposed that these paintings are due to a Greek pencil, for each of the persons represented has his name written beside him in the characters of that language.

The flute with which John Bunyan, the famous tinker, beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours, is now in the possession of Mr. Howells, tailor, Spring Gardens; Gainsborough, England, who purchased it about seventeen years ago, from the late Mr. Thirlwall, ironmonger and antiquary, of Doncaster. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool—out of which it is said that Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it.

The beautiful falls of Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, will soon be arched over by a stone bridge for the passing of the railway trains; and the cellars of the castle of Lanfew have been evacuated for a tunnel, through which the trains will pass after having crossed the river. How this upsets one's theories of the "castled Rhine." A locomotive whizzing through the dungeons of a venerable castle, and leaping above the spray of a classic cataract.

Foreign Items.

The horses deemed unfit for service in the French Crimean camp are slaughtered, and the flesh of the healthy animals is eaten.

The Museum of the Louvre has just bought a manuscript volume written by Leonardo de Vinci, and illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by the same author. The price paid for it was 35,000 zwanzigers.

The President of the Police has intimated to the editors of the Berlin journals that it would be desirable not in any way to allude to Prince Frederick William's approaching betrothal to the princess royal.

Thousands of applications are said to have been made by Russians to the government for passports to visit foreign countries, especially France; while, on the other hand, numbers of foreigners—merchants, traders and artisans—are pouring into St. Petersburg.

A scientific commission has been appointed by the Russian minister of naval affairs for the purpose of laying down a correct map of the Caspian Sea, which, since the close of the war, and the neutralization of the Black Sea, has assumed a new importance.

A blast was fired at the new harbor of Holyhead, North Wales, recently, which required the labor of six men in its formation for ten months, and a charge of six tons and a half of powder to explode it. The quantity of stone loosened by the blast was calculated at 60,000 tons.

It is said at Warsaw that Count Walewski wishes to purchase the estates that formerly belonged to his family in Russian Poland. If he should buy them, says the London Times correspondent, of course the wicked world would say he had received them as a present from the Emperor Alexander for his services in the conference.

Sands of Gold.

.... The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.—*Plato.*

.... The mind has more room in it than most people imagine, if you would furnish the apartments.—*Gray.*

Guests should be neither loquacious nor silent; because, eloquence is for the forum, and silence for the bedchamber.—*Varro.*

... True virtue is like precious odors—sweeter the more incensed and crushed.—*Bacon.*

.... Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.—*Swift.*

.... When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—*Tillotson.*

.. The harsh, hard world neither sees, nor tries to see, men's hearts; but wherever there is the opportunity of evil, supposes that evil exists.—*G. P. R. James.*

.... No men are so factious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no play-ground.—*Landor.*

.... If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause!—*Archbishop Usher.*

.. Talkative men seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation?—*Landor.*

.... There are persons who speak a moment before they have thought; there are others with whom you have to undergo in conversation all the labor of their minds—they talk correctly and wearisomely.—*La Bruyere.*

Joker's Budget.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? A courtship.

Why is Bishop Berkeley's treatise against Materialism like Fry's great Oratorio? Ans.—'Cos it's a stab at matter.

Little boy—Stand on my head for a ha'penny, marm. *Old lady*—No, little boy; here is a penny for keeping right end upwards.

An editor out West says:—"If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat, and say nothing about it."

The Boston Post, speaking of the proposed ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water will be fresh.

Punch says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

"Delaware will never yield an inch to New Jersey," said a patriotic Delawarian, when the pen case was being tried. "If she did," replied a Jersey Blue, "she would lose half her territory."

A carpenter took a holiday and went to Rockaway. When he returned home, his friends asked him what he saw. "Why," he replied, "I saw the sea, and now I see the saw."

"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter, to a mass meeting of the unterrified, "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

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ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

The veneration felt for the name of this illustrious French author in this country, and the circumstance of a recent appeal to our countrymen for subscriptions to his "Familiar Course of Literature," made through a noble friend of Lamartine, M. Desplace, who volunteered to visit the United States for this purpose, having revived (if it ever flagged) the interest attached to him, have induced us to present our readers on this page with two illustrations, the first representing Lamartine's house, in the Rue de la Ville L'Eveque, at Paris, and the other, the interior of his study. The former shows us the little garden and the rear of a very unpretending residence, the latter a neatly-furnished apartment, with a glimpse of the author buried in his deep arm-chair, and pursuing his never-ending task. The greyhound and the spaniel near him indicate that his tastes, in one respect, are not unlike those of Sir Walter Scott. It was only a short time ago that the friends of Lamartine in this country were startled with the announcement that this man, whose life has been spent in doing good and in enlightening manhood, was now, at the age of sixty-five, reduced to a state bordering on poverty. Although no living author has received more money from his productions than Lamartine, his liberality, his hospitality, and above all, his royal charity, coupled with certain unfortunate business speculations, have swept away from him nearly everything. If privations fell upon himself alone, he would bear them with the unrepining heroism of a Christian; but on his estate at Macon, which he purchased some years ago, there are several families of vine-dressers, whom the failure of the vine, for several successive seasons, has reduced to distress, for whose sake he is compelled to continue his labors and to make an appeal to the world for patronage. He has now started a monthly periodical, entitled "A Familiar Course of Universal Literature," designed to be completed in two years, and embracing a general review of the works of authors past and present. This periodical is published both in French and English, and we need not say that, like everything which falls from the pen of its author, it is certain to be pure, brilliant and instructive. Lamartine is among the few French authors who never, in the course of a long literary life, has written a single sentence that, "dying, he would wish to blot," on the score of immorality or impurity. He has too vivid an imagination, perhaps, to be a perfectly reliable writer of history, but, even when compelled to question his correctness, we are forced to admire, at the same time, the nobility of his sentiments and his genuine sympathy for the grand, the holy and the beautiful. To the respect of the religious world, his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," a work by which he is best known in this country, especially commends him, and we are certain that all who love literature and virtue will respond to his present appeal, and afford him, by subscribing to his new work, that aid which he solicits less for himself than for others, and for which he accords an ample equivalent. The Messrs. Appletons, of New York, and Ticknor & Fields, of this city, are the authorized agents of M. Desplace in this country, while such men as Bancroft, Washington Irving, Bryant, Felton, Prescott and Longfellow are lending their aid to accomplish the wishes of Lamartine. We are confident that this country will gloriously respond to the appeal. The friends of M. Lamartine in France wished to open a national subscription in his favor, but he refused it, saying, "I doubt not the good will of my country; I am certain that your appeal would be listened to, but every gift of this nature offered to a man dwarfs him in his own eyes, and I wish to die in the consciousness of my dignity. I would owe nothing, except to my own labor. It is that alone which will save me, if I am to be saved." Of his present position he says elsewhere: "Beneath deceitful appearances, my life is not calculated to inspire envy; I will say more, it is ended; I do not live, I survive. Of all those multiple men who lived in me to a certain degree, the man of sentiment, the man of poetry, the man of the tribune, and the man of action, nothing remains in me but the man of letters. The man of letters himself is not happy. Years do not yet weigh on me, but are reckoned. I sustain more painfully the weight of my heart than that of years. These years, like the phantoms of Macbeth, passing their hands over my shoulder, point out to me, not crowns, but a sepulchre, and would to God I were now laid in it!" Lamartine was born at Macon, October 21, 1790. His father was a major of cavalry in the service of Louis XVI., and his mother the daughter of Madame des Rois, under-governess to the Princess of Orleans. His family was struck down and scattered by the revolution. He was educated at the college of the "Fathers of the Faith," where the religious views implanted by his mother were fully developed. After completing his education, he made the tour of Italy, and came to Paris in the early days of the empire. On the restoration of the old dynasty, he entered the royal body-guard, and remained in the military service until after the Hundred Days. He now gave himself up to poetry, and, in 1820, his "Poetical Meditations" at once established his literary fame. Of this work, 45,000 copies were sold, and as, in France, a literary reputation is the passport to official preferment, he was attached, in a honorable capacity, to the embassies to Naples, London and Tuscany, successively. He married an English lady of fortune, and also inherited a fortune from an uncle who died about this time. In 1830, on the fall of Charles X., Lamartine went to the East, with his family, and travelled extensively in the Holy Land. While abroad, he had the misfortune to lose his eldest daughter, Julie, a child of exquisite beauty and promising qualities. On his return, he was elected deputy from the department of the north, and, in 1845, proclaimed his adhesion to the liberal cause, which he has ever since supported, in the tribune, in the desk, and in action. In the revolution of 1848, for which his speeches at the reform banquets had paved the way, he was chosen chief of the provisional government. To the support of the French republic, he devoted his entire energies, and fell from power with that republic, the purest of the men connected with its brief existence. In his "History of the Revolution of 1848," he has described his connection with the republic with a frankness that has laid him open to the charge of vanity, but that history, like his "History of the Girondists," and his "History of the Restoration," is a brilliant and eloquent production, full of striking tableaux and of vividly-painted portraits. He is now drawing near to the extreme term of life, but with an intellect unimpaired, and we sincerely trust that the clouds that have gathered round him will pass away, and that the sunshine of prosperity will gild the last days of his checkered and eventful existence.



RESIDENCE OF LAMARTINE, IN PARIS, FRANCE.



INTERIOR VIEW OF LAMARTINE'S PRIVATE STUDY

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE EARL OF CARDIGAN.

COMMANDER OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE IN THE CRIMEA.

The portrait on this page must needs be an accurate one, for it was engraved af er an English photograph. It has, moreover, that sort of individuality which assures us of accuracy, even when we are not familiar with the original. With strongly marked features, heavy mustaches and whiskers, a muscular form, belted, spurred gold-laced and sabred, the earl looks the *beau ideal* of a fierce, dashing hussar. The subject of the sketch is a major general and knight commander of the Bath. He is the sixth earl of Cardigan, the first being Lord Brudenel, a partizan of the Stuarts, who received the coronet as a reward for his tried loyalty, from the hands of Charles II. James Thomas Brudenel was born at Hambledon, Oct. 11, 1797, and was first known to the world as Lord Brudenel. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, and first appeared in public as a member of the House of Commons from Marlborough and Fovey, and afterwards as knight of the shire for Northampton. In 1824, he commenced his military career as cornet in the 8th Hussars. In 1830, so rapid had been his rise, that he was already a lieutenant-colonel. In 1832, he had command, in that capacity, of the 15th Hussars, and with whom he contrived to render himself quite unpopular and threw up his commission. In 1836, he obtained the command of the 11th Hussars, and succeeding to the earldom shortly after, he expended about fifty thousand dollars per annum in increasing the efficiency of his corps. One example of his munificence may be given. A remount of his men was, on one occasion, ordered by the Horse Guards; he added as much as £2500 to the regulation price; and the horses of the 11th Hussars became celebrated as the best in the service. At the same time he spared no expense to make the accoutrements of the men correspond with his idea of what an English regiment should be; and Lord Cardigan was getting into favor with the public as a cavalry officer, eager to do his duty, when the "Black Bottle quarrel" opened up a new scene, and was followed by events which exposed him to years of obloquy. Somewhere in the year 1840, while the 11th Hussars were at Canterbury, Lord Cardigan upbraided one of his officers, Captain Reynolds, with degrading the mess to the level of a pot-house, because he had caused Moselle to be placed on the table in "a black bottle!" This led to something like offensive expressions; and Captain Reynolds, having been put under arrest, demanded a court-martial, and was, as the public thought, somewhat harshly refused. While the "black bottle affair" was still exciting a good deal of interest, Lord Cardigan got into a still more serious scrape. It appears that the noble and gallant earl was reported to have talked insultingly before company of another of his officers; and the latter, whose name was also Reynolds, wrote a polite note, begging his lordship's authority to contradict the rumor. To this request no answer was vouchsafed, and a second note, couched in the language of exasperation, was treated as a challenge. The two epistles were, with due formality, laid before a court-martial, and found to be so "insubordinate, ungentlemanly and insolent," that Captain Reynolds was cashiered. Meanwhile, clouds gathered in another direction. One morning, it seems, a letter containing severe strictures on Lord Cardigan's conduct appeared in the "Chronicle." The letter was anonymous, but the writer proving to be Captain Harvey Tuckett, a hostile meeting was agreed upon. Wimbledon Common was the scene, and the 15th of September, 1840, the date, of this memorable duel. The first shot was ineffectual; at the second, Lord Cardigan wounded his antagonist. He soon fell into the hands of a constable, and was, of course, committed. He demanded to be tried by his peers; and on the 16th of February, 1841, the House of Lords sat as a criminal court for that purpose. Many of our readers doubtless remember the extraordinary interest which this trial, from its novelty and other circumstances, created throughout all England. Lord Denman, in the absence of the chancellor, enacted the part of lord high steward, and presided with that stately courtesy which characterized him. Everything, however, augured well for the accused. Captain Harvey Tuckett had fortunately recovered from his wound, and the prosecution was conducted by Sir John, now Lord Campbell, in the tenderest spirit. Besides, the evidence somehow or other, broke down, from the absence of proof that the person engaged in the duel bore the name of Captain Harvey Tuckett, as alleged in the indictment, or even that such a person had been on Wimbledon Common on the day in question. Thus it happened that Lord Cardigan was not required to make any defence; and the House of Lords, after due deliberation, gave a verdict of "not guilty." The lord high steward then asked every peer by his name, beginning with the junior baron: "How says your lordship—is James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?" Whereupon, each standing in his place uncovered, and laying his right hand upon his breast, answered, "Not guilty, upon my honor," except the Duke of Cleveland, who answered, "Not guilty *legally*, upon my honor." Very little was heard of him, except in military circles, for some time after this; though the manner in which his name was mentioned in private showed that he had not regained the public favor. The condition of his regiment, however, was fine, and elicited the commendation of the Duke of Wellington. When the war with Russia broke out, he was sent to the East in command of the "Light Brigade," holding at that time the rank of major-general in the army. While the English army was at Varna, Lord Cardigan was sent, with the light cavalry, to find out the position of the enemy. Of this service he reported: "You can easily imagine that this was rather an anxious undertaking, and one that required the exercise of considerable caution on my part. We might have come at any time upon the Russian army. My orders were to proceed 130 miles as far as Trajan's Wall, upon the confines of the Dobrudscha. We did so, and marched 120 miles without ever seeing a human being. There was not a house in a state of repair, or that was inhabited, along this route, nor was there an animal to be seen except those that exist in the wildest regions. Having ascertained that the Russian army had returned by Babadagh, and given information to the commander-in-chief upon that subject, I then proceeded on a very interesting march, patrolling along the banks of the Danube to Rustchak and Silistria, and returned thence by that great and strong fortress of Schumla." At the battle of the Alma, the "Light Brigade" was not engaged; their turn, however, came at Balaklava, October 25, 1855. The brigade, numbering only 600, charged through the "valley of death" upon the Russian army, drawn up in three lines, supporting parks of the heaviest artillery. After he received the fatal order "which some one had blundered," he cast a glance at his scanty ranks, drew his sabre, and with the exclamation: "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" thundered forth the word of command. At full speed and with a noise like thunder, that "hurricane of horse burst upon the foe," but provoked a storm of fire so deadly that twenty-six officers and two hundred and seventy-six non-commissioned officers bit the dust. The reports of this affair insured Lord Cardigan the wildest enthusiasm when he returned home, but the investigations of the Crimean commissioners again rendered him unpopular, although there is no doubt that he is brave as steel. As a chief actor in one of the most thrilling episodes of modern history, we have given him now a place in our portrait gallery.



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

As we have said, many reflections forced themselves upon the mind of Eleanor, after her conversation with Dame Wilton. Some of them were of a peculiar character, and she began to study the exhibitions of Morley Briancourt's mind with a somewhat new light. This view presented itself in many questionings.

"It is true," she said, mentally, "Morley never seemed to be interested in those employments of mine; but is it because he dislikes them? Is it because he has a disposition at variance with those pursuits which are the most worthy of an upright heart? I cannot bring myself to believe that he is so soulless." And yet she was concerned regarding this point; but not so deeply as would have been the case if she had felt for him that interest which the contemplation of their prospective relations warranted. Then her anxiety would have been a thousand fold.

She drove on to Bessie Gray's cottage, which was a mile distant from Woodthorpe, the village near Ashby. She found Bessie all alone with her child, her husband being absent at the place where he worked, which was some miles away, and from which he could only return home on Saturday nights. The poor young woman was in sad distress; her child had been ill three days now; but she had not felt alarmed about him until that morning, when he seemed to become worse every moment. She had not dared to leave him to obtain assistance, and Eleanor was the first who passed the solitary cottage that day; but she was too far away, when Bessie first saw her, to hear her call, and it was not until one of the men from Woodthorpe came along the road that Bessie could send after her.

Eleanor found the child—a boy of some six or seven years—in a high fever. He was somewhat delirious, also, and his illness seemed rapidly increasing. The poor mother was half-distracted. So distressed was she that all presence of mind seemed to have left her, and she seemed hardly to know what she was about. Eleanor herself felt seriously alarmed for the child, for already his state appeared one fraught with the utmost danger. Throwing off her bonnet and mantle, she sent Bessie directly to Woodthorpe for a physician, and proceeded herself to do all that she could for the temporary benefit of the little patient. But there was little that seemed to relieve him. Moment succeeded moment, and his fever became higher, his ravings wilder, and each instant of Bessie's absence and the delay of the surgeon's arrival seemed an age.

Hugh Latimer and his sister and their aunt were seated about the breakfast-table, one fine morning, nearly a week after the incidents just recorded, when Miss Latimer, who had been silent for some time, evidently meditating on some serious matter, said, thoughtfully:

"I wonder where Eleanor is, all this time? It is rather perplexing to me that, after seeing you that day, Hugh, and promising to come or send over to us this week, she should fail to do either."

"Yes, indeed, it *is* strange, I am sure," said her aunt, earnestly. "What can be the reason of her long absence, I wonder? It seems to me she might ride over, if it were only to see that we are alive and well."

Hugh Latimer had listened in silence, but with an air of deep interest. He looked serious and reflective.

"May it not be possible," he said, at length, as his aunt finished, —"may it not be possible that Miss Ashby herself is ill?"

"Ill? O, I hope not!" said Mary Latimer, quickly, and turning almost pale,—"I hope not, Hugh."

"And, indeed, so do I," echoed her aunt, warmly, "especially now, in her uncle's absence. Dear child! Mary, my love, you should really go and see her."

"I will, aunt. Hugh, will you go over with me, after breakfast?"

"With pleasure, Mary."

"Thank you. We will take the chaise and go directly. I can get ready, then. For, indeed, I feel perplexed, and not a little troubled by her failing to communicate with me—she is always so prompt and punctual."

At that moment, a domestic entered quickly, with a countenance startlingly significant of trouble and alarm.

"What has happened, Madge?" asked Hugh Latimer, kindly. "What makes you look so pale?"

"O, Mr. Hugh, they say there's a terrible fever broken out over at Woodthorpe!"

Hugh Latimer sprang from his seat, his face colorless as marble, while Aunt Dorothea uttered an exclamation of consternation, and a low cry broke from Mary's lips.

"O, Hugh—Woodthorpe—Ashby—if Eleanor *is* ill!" she said, in a tone of distress. "Woodthorpe is on the very edge of the park."

"Madge, do you know whether any one is ill at Ashby?" spoke Hugh.

"No, sir; I didn't ask. The man only told me, as he was going by, that they had the fever at Woodthorpe, and that they were dying there."

"O, Hugh, Hugh," uttered Mary, "let us go!"

But before his name had well left her lips, he had gone from the apartment.

In five minutes the chaise was at the hall door, and Miss Latimer was seated in it, beside her brother. Rapidly they drove over to Ashby, to learn something of Eleanor; Mary, meanwhile, trembling in every limb, and Hugh pale as death, and utterly silent. "If Eleanor should be ill!" this was the thought of each. The sudden announcement of the startling news, connected as it was with the conversation which had passed between them relative to Miss Ashby, had sent a shock—a lightning thrill of apprehension to the very heart of Hugh Latimer. Now, as he drove hastily along the way, the deathlike suspense and agitation he experienced told him how deep had become his interest in Eleanor. Once, during the drive, he turned to his sister, who, pale, trembling and silent, occupied the seat beside him.

"Mary, what am I thinking of? You should not have thought of exposing yourself in this fever-haunted district," he said.

"Hugh, you forget that I also am going to seek for Eleanor," she answered, "and even if I were not, I should be seeking the couches of the sufferers at Woodthorpe with you; for you would go, and it is my place, also. You would not shrink yourself, and why should I? I am no coward."

Silently, tenderly he pressed her hand, and drove on. They neared a little cottage standing alone near the roadside. Within the open doorway sat a rough, sun-burned man, his face bowed upon his hands, weeping. Mary touched her brother's arm.

"O, Hugh," she said, "there is Timothy Gray, Bessie Gray's husband. What ails him? You said Bessie's boy was ill; can he be dying, or dead? Let us get out and see, Hugh. We cannot pass Bessie's cottage."

Instantly Hugh Latimer reined in the horse, and assisted Mary to alight. Together they entered the doorway, but Timothy Gray never moved at the sound of their footsteps. He did not hear them; he was engrossed by his own sorrow. Mary and Hugh half paused; then, forbearing to speak to him, passed on in silence, revering his grief.

There was a low murmur within the room on the right—a whisper of women's voices, that was heard for an instant, and then ceased. Then there was a faint moan, a sob of distress, a sound of weeping. The tears fell from Mary's eyes as she clasped her brother's hand. The door of the room was open; together they went in.

It was a death-scene they found there. At the foot of a bed at the opposite side of the room, knelt a woman, with her face buried in the clothes, weeping heart-breaking tears. It was Bessie Gray. Beside her stood two of the women from Woodthorpe, with sad faces and tearful eyes, gazing upon the marble face of the child who lay there, sinking into the stupor of death. It was Bessie Gray's Johnny. Nine days and nights had he lain there, burning with fever and raving in delirium. Now the fever was gone—the delirium was over, but poor little Johnny, who had suffered so long, was dying.

They saw all this at a glance as they entered—all this, and more. There was another person present—one who bent over the pillow of the dying child, softly fanning him, to give what little air there might be to those pale lips, and tenderly wiping the death-damps away from the high, marble brow. Her head was bowed—her face hidden from the new-comers who stood within the doorway; but Hugh pressed his sister's hand, and both paused involuntarily. At that moment, as they regarded her, she raised her head and looked up at them, showing the beautiful, but pale and worn countenance of Eleanor Ashby. The startled feeling with which they first beheld her was succeeded by a thrill of silent and reverential awe. They had looked to find her in her own home; they found her here by the couch of the dying.

Her eyes were filled with tears as she looked up. Beholding Hugh and Mary, from their sad depths there beamed an eloquent, though sorrowful and mute welcome, succeeded by an expression of sudden anxiety, as she earnestly regarded them. She evidently hesitated to have them enter the infected place.

But instantly her attention was recalled to the child. He moved —opened his eyes, and looked up at her, his pale lips moving. She bent down, and softly raised him. His head rested on her bosom. A faint smile illumined his dying face, as he looked around upon those about him. His glance rested on the faces of Hugh and Mary, who stood by the bed, now; then upon that of Eleanor, whose loving arm supported him, and then the quiet lids closed.

* * * * *

Johnny's was the first death from the fever. Several persons were ill at Woodthorpe, but he had contracted it earlier than the rest, and it terminated sooner in his case. From the first, Eleanor had taken her place beside the couches of the sick. Seven days and nights she had dwelt in the midst of the fever, unwearied and self-forgetful, devoting herself wholly to the sufferers about her. She had not once returned to the hall since the day when she first came to see Bessie Gray's boy. Then finding, by the physician, that the fever was a contagious one, and of a malignant type, she had prepared herself to remain where she was, and do all that lay in her power for the benefit of the sick child, without going back, and possibly carrying the contagion with her. Then, as one and another was smitten with the disease in the village, she went thither, also; and into the infected places, which few others dared enter, she went alone—a ministering angel. Whatever she needed from the hall, was sent down by her orders, but she refrained from going thither herself, only keeping informed that no one there had taken the fever, and sending directions for every precaution against it. Leaving one sick chamber only to hasten to another, she spent every moment beside the sufferers, taking no thought for herself, absorbed in the offices she had undertaken, neglecting rest and nourishment almost entirely, in her utter self-abnegation.

It was no marvel that, in these seven days, she had become pale, and worn, and grave. The only wonder was that she herself had not been stricken down. The change in her appearance was startlingly perceptible, when, an hour after the death of little Johnny Gray, she joined Hugh Latimer and his sister, with the physician, in another apartment. Her slight form had become already thin; her sweet face had lost the fullness of its soft oval outline; the blue veins could be clearly traced over her brow and temples, from which the heavy dark hair had been pushed hastily away; and her large, soft eyes had a troubled, care-worn expression that touched Hugh Latimer's heart.

A smile, faint, sweet and sad, dawned in those clear eyes as she met him, but a strange contrast it presented to that which he had seen there, happy, beaming and warm as sunshine itself, but a little time since. The physician had been telling him of the part she had taken in the troubles of the villagers since the fever broke out, and Hugh was inexpressibly affected.

"Eleanor, angel of mercy!" he murmured, as he clasped her hand in his own.

She shook her head slowly and sorrowfully; the tears came into her eyes for an instant. Miss Latimer's lips were silently pressed to her cheek.

"O, Mary," she said, looking up, "this is wrong. You should not be here. This fever is a terrible one."

"And you take no thought for yourself, Eleanor! I have no fear. Do not think me selfish—heartless. Let me share your labors, Eleanor."

The physician shook his head.

"Nay, Miss Latimer,—you have not the constitution for such exposure as she has undergone, and I hardly dare to permit her to continue her exertions at present. She needs rest, and must have it. You would sink in three days in this infected atmosphere. You could serve my patients far more effectually by persuading Miss Ashby to take the repose which she requires for a day or two, and become sufficiently recruited to re-assume her station."

"O, how can I leave the people who are sick in the village, doctor?" asked Eleanor, earnestly. "No, no! It is impossible; I cannot do it. They need care; there are so few who will help, and, indeed, I am quite strong still."

Doctor Gregg sat down by her side, saying, seriously:

"My dear young lady, I dare not trust you. A little more, and you would go beyond your strength. I felt it my duty, this morning, to tell you this. I know you are needed here, but you *must* leave your post for the present, or you, in your turn, will be ill. No new cases have occurred to-day in the village. There are only five up to-night, and, thanks to your unremitting cares, I have no apprehensions of a fatal termination in either of them. Miss Ashby, you have done already more than they or I can ever thank you for. I believe, sincerely and honestly, that if Johnny Gray had received your care three days earlier, he would have been at this moment recovering; but both you and I were called too late. As it is, you have done everything a mortal could do, in his case, and in every other in the village, and in those I have the most sanguine hopes. It is, then, absolutely requisite that you should embrace this favorable opportunity to recruit your almost exhausted strength."

"Yes, yes, dearest Eleanor!" urged Mary Latimer, tenderly pressing her hand, "you must rest now."

Eleanor was silent, and her eyes were fixed on the floor as she listened to these persuasions; but there was a shadow of trouble, anxiety and indecision upon her pale brow that told of her reluctance to yield to them. And Hugh, meanwhile, standing beside her, regarded her with a glance of earnest solicitude, though he spoke no word.

"Come," repeated Mary Latimer, persuasively, "dear Eleanor, say you will go, and I will take you directly up in the chaise to Briarfield, where Aunt Dorothea and I will take care of you."

"No, no—not to Briarfield," uttered Eleanor, quickly; "no, Mary. I should carry the contagion with me wherever I might go. I must stay where I am until the fever has spent its violence, and there is no more danger of infection."

"Nay—you forget, Eleanor, that Hugh and I have already come into the infected neighborhood, so that your going over to Briarfield would make no difference; and Aunt Dorothea, when my mother had this very fever, was with her through all her illness, and she is not afraid of any such thing."

"Indeed, my dear young lady, you had better go," said Doctor Gregg, "for you need care and nursing yourself, and Miss Dorothea and Miss Mary here will be only too glad to watch over you, I am sure. And you *must* leave this immediate neighborhood for a time. At Ashby, you would have no care but that of servants, therefore, you had better be persuaded."

Still Eleanor hesitated. Raising her eyes, she encountered those of Hugh Latimer resting with an expression of the deepest interest and concern upon his countenance.

"I trust," he said, with gentle earnestness,—"I trust that Miss Ashby does not need to be twice assured of the welcome she would receive at Briarfield."

Eleanor offered no further opposition. She only stayed to see the remains of the little Johnny prepared for their last resting-place, and to receive from Ashby a package of fresh clothing, which she might substitute for that which she had worn in the sick-room before setting off for Briarfield; and then, leaving the two women from the village to attend to whatever remained to be done, left poor Bessie and her husband alone with a grief which shrunk from all consolation.

Hugh put his sister and Miss Ashby into the chaise, while the physician waited for him.

"You are going to Woodthorpe—are you not, Hugh?" asked Mary Latimer, as she took her seat.

"Directly, Mary, with Doctor Gregg," he answered. "I shall

probably remain there to-night. And I trust," he added, as he assisted Eleanor into the vehicle, "to bring you favorable accounts of your patients there, Miss Ashby. I cannot do the good that you have done, but I will do what I may for those whom you must leave."

She had not thought of his offering to stay at Woodthorpe himself, in the very heart of the infected region. It had been too much to expect. An expression of relief, of gratitude, came into her eyes as she thanked him. That beaming look from those languid, weary eyes gave him a thrill of pleasure inexpressible. Then, with an affectionate "good-morning," and one or two sisterly charges of caution, Mary slowly drove away. And in company with Doctor Gregg, Hugh Latimer repaired to the village of Woodthorpe.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HEART'S UNREST.

With the cessation of her exertions, came to Eleanor a full knowledge of her own weakness. She felt now only too painfully the effects of her labors in her own case. If she had continued to maintain her place among the sick at Woodthorpe, she might, indeed, have borne up for some days longer, her excitement and anxiety rendering her insensible to fatigue, but she must have sunk at last. As it was, the almost utter physical prostration succeeding her withdrawal from the scene of her toils, warned her plainly of what must have been the consequence of a continuance of them at present.

Arrived at Briarfield, she found herself so weak and languid as scarcely to be able to walk. Miss Dorothea hastened to welcome her; but no words could express her surprise and concern on beholding her altered appearance, and learning from Mary Latimer its cause. Shocked and affected, she led her tenderly up into the hall and into the drawing-room, where she made her lie down upon a couch, and removed her bonnet and mantle with her own hands. Mary, meanwhile, hastened away, and shortly returned, bringing in herself some coffee for Eleanor, which she persuaded her to drink directly, sitting by her side the while. Then Miss Latimer took her to her own apartment, where she made her lie down. Wearied, yet excited, it was long before Eleanor could compose herself to rest, but after a long time, she sank into a profound slumber, from which she did not awake for several hours.

When, finally, she opened her eyes once more, it was night. A shaded lamp burned on the table beside her bed, diffusing a mellow moonlight radiance through the apartment, and beside it sat Miss Latimer, reading. She looked directly up as Eleanor moved, and laying down her book, came to her, affectionately inquiring how she had slept. Eleanor assured her she was much refreshed, though so weak and languid as to render it an effort almost beyond her strength to rise.

She learned that Hugh Latimer had come over from Woodthorpe half an hour before, to obtain some articles which he required, and to bring some strengthening draught for her from Doctor Gregg, who had sent orders for her to remain perfectly quiet, for the present. He had gone back to the village just before her awakening, where he was to pass the night. He had inquired for her, Mary said.

Eleanor listened while drinking the cup of tea which Aunt Dorothea brought to her bedside. It gave her less anxiety to leave Woodthorpe, knowing how much good Hugh could do there. Aunt Dorothea smiled to see her face brighten.

"Come, now, my dear child, you will eat something," she said.

But Eleanor had no inclination to touch any food. She needed rest the more, at present. Soon taking the draught which Mary prepared according to Doctor Gregg's directions, she fell asleep again, and slept quietly through the night.

The next day she was considerably revived, but remained nearly all day in her apartment, where Miss Latimer and her aunt were with her the greater part of the time. Hugh, who had returned from the village at morning, had remained only to breakfast with his sister and aunt, and gone immediately back. In the middle of the afternoon, he came home once more, and retired, Mary said, to his apartment to rest. He reported, she also said, that no new cases of fever had occurred, and that none of the patients were apprehended to be in serious danger. It was with inexpressible pleasure that this news was welcomed by all.

At twilight, Miss Ashby was sufficiently strong to descend to the drawing-room with Mary Latimer, and there reclining in the luxurious depths of a large *fauteuil*, talked with Mary quietly and earnestly, while the evening drew on. The thoughts of both lingered with the sufferers at Woodthorpe. Eleanor spoke of the prompt, unhesitating good-will of Hugh in placing himself among them, and expressed the pleasure that she felt in seeing him do so.

"Aunt Dorothea goes down to the village to-night with him," said Miss Latimer. "She is to stay with Farmer Brown's wife, whose case is decidedly more serious than any of the others. Hugh will watch with Hardinge, the blacksmith."

Eleanor was silent a little while. Then she said, earnestly and impulsively:

"O, Mary, suppose they should themselves take the—"

She paused suddenly, fearing to finish what she was about to say. But Mary comprehended her meaning. A look of momentary care rested upon her thoughtful countenance. Directly, however, she returned:

"I pray most earnestly that they may not, Eleanor. But it is all that can be done; for none of us can shrink from such duties as those which call upon us for performance now. I know that Hugh and my aunt are going into the midst of danger. I feel anxious for them; but, Eleanor, I could not say to them 'do not go.' It is their duty to go. It is mine as well; and to-morrow I, in my turn, shall go over."

The sound of Aunt Dorothea's voice was heard calling to Mary. Miss Latimer went to answer the summons, and Eleanor was left for a few moments alone. Sitting before the window, with her head resting against the cushioned back of the easy-chair, she watched the silent stars come out, one by one, in the blue evening sky, and thought of what Miss Latimer had said.

A step descended the hall stairs, and some one entered the apartment while she was thus reflecting, but she did not hear it at first. She looked up, however, as Hugh Latimer crossed the room, and stood beside her, seeing her for the first time since she had left him on the road to Woodthorpe.

"Mr. Latimer!" she spoke his name in a subdued tone, that had an accent of earnest pleasure in it as she recognized him through the dim twilight.

He took the hand that was half-extended to him in his own, holding it there for a single moment.

"You are better to-night?" he said, gently, seating himself by her side.

"Very much better, and stronger, I thank you. And you?"

"I am well. I am extremely gratified," he continued, "to find you down here to-night. I was seriously afraid that you would not be able to leave your room for a week, at least, when you first came up to Briarfield. Doctor Gregg himself was somewhat alarmed, though, I believe, he concealed the fact from you. He spoke of coming up to see you to-night, when I left him this morning."

"He is very kind, indeed. I shall be happy to see him. But I think he was more alarmed about me than the occasion warranted. My constitution is a vigorous one."

"And yet it will not bear everything. Doctor Gregg blamed himself severely for allowing you to exert yourself so long. The fatigue and exposure were too much for you. You must consent to leave to others now the burden which has borne you down."

Eleanor sighed. She felt that she could not gainsay his words.

"I believe I must do so for the present," she said, "but it is with the deepest reluctance. I cannot be quite patient sitting here thus in idleness, when the assistance that I could give is so much needed. There are so few to help in the village, even your aid and that of your aunt and Mary is not, I think, quite sufficient; for those who watched from the first with the patients must have become, I should think, as much exhausted as myself, and you will find it difficult to obtain substitutes, there is such an inexpressible dread of the fever among the most of the villagers."

"I know it, but we must do the best we can for the present. Do not think of this more than you can help, Miss Ashby; you will only agitate yourself uselessly."

"I can think of little else," she said, with a half-sigh. "I have been thinking of poor Bessie and her boy to-day. He is not buried yet?"

"No; the funeral will take place to-morrow morning."

"How do they seem—Bessie and her husband—now?"

"Much more resigned, I think. I talked with Bessie for a long time to-day. She spoke of you in terms of the most touching gratitude, as they all do."

The last words he seemed rather to speak to himself than to her. They were uttered in a tone of the deepest, tenderest feeling, overflowing with the unspoken emotions of his heart. His musing glance, downcast, was filled with a shadowy softness; for a moment a glow of almost irrepressible joy pervaded his breast; then a sigh, fainter than the breath of the light twilight breeze that bore it away, succeeded. He rose hastily and paced the room from side to side, with folded arms and his head bent.

And Eleanor sat by the window, silent; but her glance rested thoughtfully on him, and a gentle emotion of sympathy filled her heart. She forgot what he had said, she only saw that he paused and sighed, as if in weariness.

And he was heart-weary; but she might never know it. He could come into her presence; he could speak with her, and listen to the voice that charmed him; he might read in her clear, kind eyes every thought and emotion of hers; but not a glance or tone of his must betray to her the tenderness that pervaded his every thought of her. Was she not the betrothed of another? He realized now the gulf that separated him from her.

Slowly he paced to and fro with such reflections as these, while Eleanor still sat silent by the window. At length a step was heard, and Miss Latimer entered.

"Hugh," she said, "Doctor Gregg has just sent up to say that he cannot come over this evening, as he intended. There are three new cases of fever. Aunt Dorothea desires to know if you are ready to go?"

"Quite. She has not come down yet?"

"No; she will join you directly here."

"Who are the new patients, Mary?" he asked.

She told him. There was a little while of unbroken silence, each one being busy with thoughts connected with this new intelligence. It rendered each one of them anxious—unquiet, for no one could tell what devastation the disease might make before its progress should be finally arrested. Hugh Latimer's thoughts were partially diverted from himself once more, from the sad theme on which, a little time since, they had been suffered to dwell for a season. Perhaps it was best that he should dismiss them, since they were thus useless and selfish. There was not the shadow of a hope for him. The possibility of its being accomplished had been blotted out before ever it was formed. Should he not turn away, then, from the vain contemplation of a happiness that could never be his, at a time when the sufferings of others demanded his attention? Bidding Eleanor and his sister, then, a kind and serious "good-night," he met his aunt at the door, and departed with her for the village of Woodthorpe. * * *

It was late in the afternoon of the day following, when Eleanor left Briarfield, with Mary Latimer and Hugh, on her way to Ashby Place. Mary was to stop at Woodthorpe, whither Hugh, after escorting Miss Ashby home, was to return. Miss Latimer, then, leaving them on the main road, turned off in the direction of the village to join her aunt, and Hugh kept on with Eleanor.

Mrs Ashby had not been home once since the fever first broke out in the village. Now, it was necessary that she should do so, that she might attend to affairs there, which had been all this time left in the hands of the housekeeper.

"Miss Ashby," said Hugh, as they rode along, "have you received any communication from your uncle, since his departure?"

Eleanor answered in the negative.

"Do you think he knows of the state of matters down here at Woodthorpe?"

"I do not well know what to think, Mr Latimer. I have been undecided about writing to inform him. I do not know the nature of his business there—whether it is important or otherwise. Perhaps I should write, however it may be, since the trouble here appears to be increasing. Hitherto, I have endeavored to do all that could be done, that his presence might not be absolutely necessary."

Hugh Latimer made no immediate rejoinder. He seemed to be indulging in a reverie. Finally, however, he said:

"Did he intend to return soon when he went?"

"Not for some three or four weeks, I believe," replied Miss Ashby. "His business was with Mr. Briancourt, who wrote to him from London. He went down in company with Mr. Briancourt's son."

Again Hugh was silent; but in a few moments he asked:

"Does Mr. Morley Briancourt return with him to Ashby?"

"I think it probable that he will," answered Eleanor.

Hugh had listened for a different answer; and yet what difference could it make to him whether Morley Briancourt returned or not? Absent or present as Eleanor's lover might be, it gave *him* no better hope. But he had waited for her to say "no." At least, he felt happier when his rival was away from her side.

He felt chilled and disappointed now. In silence he rode on beside her, with his eyes downcast. Once he turned his glance towards her. She also was looking down, and he fancied he could detect an expression of sadness overshadowing that sweet face; but she was not thinking of him, and he sighed as he said it to himself. How beautiful she was—how warm-hearted—how noble, and high-souled, and self-sacrificing! And she was to become the bride of another. Last night he had turned away from such thoughts as these in despair, to seek employment of mind otherwhere. Now, despite his firmest resolutions, they returned upon his mind with tenfold power. He could not dissipate them.

"Mr. Latimer," said Eleanor, gently, as she looked up and met his saddened glance, "you are very grave this afternoon. You are troubled about something?"

"Yes. Pardon me if I make but an indifferent companion, but I find it a vain attempt to be otherwise; and give me your sympathy, Miss Ashby, at least."

The last words were uttered involuntarily—sadly.

"You have it already. I am very, very sorry that you should be unhappy," she said, in a voice of the sweetest feeling.

"Ten thousand thanks. Your compassion is a balm in itself," he uttered, impulsively.

At that moment, two horsemen appeared on the road at a little distance. Eleanor descried them, and a surprised expression was visible in her countenance. Hugh Latimer also saw them, and turned pale.

"It is my uncle and Morley," said Eleanor. "They have, then, returned."

Hugh Latimer did not speak. The two gentlemen advanced towards them. The two parties met midway of the distance intervening. Sir Edward Ashby was a little before his companion. He coldly acknowledged the silent bow of Hugh Latimer, and the greeting of his niece.

"Eleanor," he said, "I was just going to seek you. Sir," and he addressed Hugh with distant courtesy, "I will not trouble you to escort my niece further."

Hugh drew back with a countenance as pale as death, and lifting his hat, with a murmured word of farewell to Eleanor, turned and rode slowly away.

CHAPTER IX.

UNPLEASANT CONTRASTS.

As Sir Edward wheeled his horse, and took the place of Hugh Latimer by Eleanor's side, Morley Briancourt came up. Eleanor had hardly had time to recover from the surprise occasioned by her uncle's chilling dismissal of Hugh, unceremonious and indeed almost mortifying as it was, and her countenance wore still a grave and astonished expression, that had in it also some perceptible sign of humiliated feeling; for it was at least to have been expected that Sir Edward would have been willing to exchange neighborly courtesies with Mr. Latimer. But the slight could not be helped now, and only hoping that Hugh would think nothing serious of it, since he could not be unacquainted with her uncle's almost misanthropic disposition, she banished the matter with a sigh, and returned the greeting of Morley, who now took his place on her other hand.

He had observed the scene that had occurred. His brow had slightly darkened as he said to himself, "Who is this riding with Eleanor in my absence?" And he had remarked, too, the apparent disturbance of Miss Ashby at the proceeding of Sir Edward, which he had comprehended, though not quite near enough to hear his words. This disturbance had struck him still more disagreeably; but with his usual self-command, he repressed the evidence of his feelings, as he received in his own, with a lingering pressure,

the hand that Eleanor extended in welcome towards him, and expressed his happiness in seeing her again.

Eleanor's greeting was kind and quiet, sincerely cordial, yet subdued, her whole manner being marked with the softening influences of the anxieties through which she had passed since their departure from home. Still, it did not please her lover. There was no blush, no tremulousness, no happy, timid agitation, no eloquent, unuttered language beaming in her beautiful eyes to tell of such happiness—such gladness as he would have wished to behold in her manner at meeting him. She never had evinced, it was true, such emotions as would have been betrayed by these signs, when she met him; but he had never noticed the want of them before. Now, her manner appeared to him too quiet—too inexpressive, and he was dissatisfied.

"You are returned sooner than I expected to see you," she said, addressing both him and her uncle, but glancing last at Sir Edward. "You heard, then, I suppose, of the fever which is prevailing in this neighborhood?"

"We heard of it three days ago," answered the baronet, in his usual cold and unmoved tone. "I find that you have been stationed in the village and about it, even since the commencement of this epidemic."

Eleanor confirmed the truth of what had been told him, probably by the domestics at Ashby. She spoke of the difficulty of obtaining efficient assistance for the sick, in consequence of the general dread of the disease among the villagers, and of the actual need there had been of her help. What was her surprise to hear him express his disapprobation of this proceeding, and term it an *imprudent* one! She looked up at Morley; he was regarding her with an unquiet yet impassioned glance, as she raised her eyes to his face, to read his opinion there.

"Imprudent!—it was rash, Eleanor," he murmured, "to endanger your life for the sake of these people."

She looked down again, and half sighed. She thought of Hugh Latimer; she remembered his look and tone when he first met and spoke to her in Bessie Gray's cottage, when she had been tending little Johnny through the fever. He had not shrunk and shuddered thus. His first thought had been, not of the risk she was encountering, but of the noble purpose for which she was there. He had, without a thought of hesitation, himself gone into the midst of the danger, unmindful of it, in his desire to do good to "these people," of whom Morley had spoken so almost heartlessly.

It was Sir Edward's desire that she would go no more into the village while the fever prevailed there, as he informed her on their way homeward across the park. She dared not remonstrate; but she mentioned Miss Latimer, her aunt and brother, who had also gone into the houses of the sick, without fear.

"And surely, sir," she added, "I am in no greater danger than they."

"You are in no less," was his significant reply. "And let it be understood, Miss Ashby, that I desire you will not go to the village again for the present."

Eleanor had spoken of Miss Latimer's brother. Morley Briancourt, hearing it, was convinced that Eleanor's late companion had been no other. He was soon satisfied. Sir Edward, who was silent for some moments after the command so decisively given, at length said:

"I presume it was Mr. Latimer with whom you were riding when I encountered you?"

And Eleanor answered that it was. Neither Sir Edward nor Morley had known of his return home before their departure from Ashby. The first intelligence they had received of it was that day when, on their arrival at Ashby, the housekeeper had informed them of Eleanor's late employments and her present whereabouts. The baronet and his nephew-elect were neither of them pleased to find Eleanor and Hugh Latimer in company. She, in her unconsciousness, never dreamed of the fact, much less its reason; for not the shadow of a thought had ever crossed her mind of Hugh Latimer's feeling for her a sentiment deeper than friendship, though she felt that he regarded her with one that had all the truth and earnestness that friendship might have. It was in this light that she saw the gentleness, the serious warmth, the often unconsciously betrayed tenderness that marked his manner towards her. She could not recognize them as they were, yet; her own heart was unawakened, and thus incapable of comprehending their true nature.

Thus the party reached home; and Eleanor, after a short interview with the housekeeper, who, with all the rest at Ashby Place, were more pleased than they could tell to see her safe at home again, she retired to her own apartment. Here she was joined by Lucy Elmore, and Lucy was inexpressibly delighted to talk with her young mistress once more, and tell her what she knew already, and what the rest had told her repeatedly, how dull, and quiet, and lifeless Ashby had been, ever since she had been away. Eleanor was glad to find that not one of the people at Ashby had had the slightest symptom of illness; everybody there was in good health.

"But ah, Miss Eleanor," said Lucy, "it is a sad thing to think of the sick people at Woodthorpe!" And she sighed.

And Miss Ashby echoed the sigh. The fever was on the increase there. Three or four of Doctor Gregg's patients had passed the crisis favorably, and were in a fair way to recover. Other cases were yet undecided, and, meanwhile, several persons had been taken down since the previous day. Eleanor was troubled for them now more than ever.

Dwelling on this, Lucy mentioned the return of Sir Edward and young Mr. Briancourt.

"I did not suspect *he* was coming back now, Miss Eleanor," she said.

"I was not certain that he would do so myself, Lucy," answered Miss Ashby. Then, smiling, she said: "I dare say he has brought Will Humphries with him?"

"Yes indeed, Miss Eleanor," returned Lucy,—"yes indeed. I wish he had not. I can't—"

"Cannot what, Lucy?" asked Miss Ashby, as Lucy paused and continued in silence to arrange the folds of her mistress's robe.

"I cannot like him, Miss Eleanor. I don't like to say it, because I suppose I've no more right than I should have to say it of his master, seeing they are both guests here at Ashby, even if one is in the servant's hall. But he is the sauciest fellow! There's not one of the servants, except it may be Hawkins, master's valet, that can bear him."

Lucy had expressed such sentiments as these more than once before, and Eleanor knew that Morley's valet, with his vain, boastful ways, had made himself disagreeable to all the servants at Ashby, and especially so to Lucy, of whom he tried his best to make honest Harry Longworth jealous. She could not blame the poor girl for disliking him; the little she had seen of him herself had given her a bad impression of him, though he was very well-behaved, very civil and smooth; for, beneath all, he was indescribably deceitful, and Eleanor guessed it.

"But I would not notice him more than is necessary, Lucy," she said, seriously, "and keep out of his way as much as possible. I hope, too, that Harry will do the same; for you know that it will not do at all to quarrel with any one, no matter who he may be, who is visiting here."

"O, I would not have it come to that, for the world, Miss Eleanor," answered Lucy, earnestly, "much as I dislike him. But I wish he did not come here. The servants wonder that Mr. Morley Briancourt should keep such a fellow about him, and, indeed, I wonder any gentleman should; but I don't think *this* case may be strange, after all."

She spoke the last words in a tone much lower, as if talking to herself; yet Eleanor heard them. She could say nothing; she perceived the channel of Lucy's thoughts, but made no sign of having heard their expression; for Lucy was not the only one who thought more than she dared to say of Morley Briancourt, and no good, either. Eleanor was seriously conscious of this, and it made her grave and reflective. She remembered the conversation she had had with old Dame Wilton about him, and could not help wishing that he had produced a more favorable impression on the minds of the people about; for a single word of true, heartfelt commendation from the humblest person on her uncle's estates, spoken of Morley Briancourt, would have been pleasing to her. But it was true; she acknowledged it to herself, now no one had even uttered such a word there. The most they had ever said of him was, "He is a very fine gentleman, indeed,—a very fine gentleman!" And that was all. But such thoughts as these she had no time to indulge in now. With a sigh she rose, and prepared to go down to join her uncle and Morley Briancourt.

"See, Miss Eleanor," cried Lucy, suddenly, as she stood by a window, looking down into the park,—"see, Miss Eleanor, that strange thing down among the trees yonder! What can it be? I wish it were not growing dark, that we might see more distinctly."

Miss Ashby approached the window and looked down.

"Where, Lucy?" she said. "I see nothing."

"There—there, Miss Eleanor, gliding away under the chestnuts yonder; now you may see him."

Now, in the gathering twilight, Eleanor beheld some dark object moving through the trees in the direction pointed out.

"It is nothing more than the gardener's dog, I should say," she observed, as it passed from sight. "What, pray, did you think it was, my good Lucy?"

"O, indeed, I scarcely know myself," answered Lucy; "but I could not make it out, and it puzzled me. I dare say, now, it *was* only James Williams's dog."

But if it was James Williams's dog, it would have exhibited to any one who would have taken the trouble to watch it unseen, very uncanine propensities indeed. For, with noiseless stealth, it glided beneath the trees, around the side of the main building, to the great arched window at the upper end of the library in the west wing, and there crouched down, just outside the low sill, lay concealed in the shadows of the clustering ivy, with its bright eyes peering into the interior of the apartment where Morley Briancourt and Sir Edward Ashby sat talking together.

It was Pequin the dwarf, whom the reader may remember as having appeared in the first chapter of this story. He had not forgotten the blow Morley Briancourt had given him, unprovoked, that day. He had not forgotten, either, the kindness of Eleanor Ashby, and Pequin was one never to fail in testifying either his gratitude for a favor, or his resentment of an injury.

He had been away from the neighborhood of Ashby since then, but now he had come back to perform here the work both of gratitude and revenge. He had learned how to do it. He had been studying for it during his absence. Now, nothing was more easy than to proceed with its performance. He had come to take up his quarters where Morley Briancourt was, to watch him day and night, to dog his footsteps wherever he went.

He had been at Ashby three or four days now—even in the very house. It suited his plans to be here. There was little danger of his discovery—he was too cunning to permit it, and, nevertheless, there was a bold and fearless freedom in his manœuvres that, in any other than this crafty little creature, would fully have ensured it. Penetrating wherever he pleased, lying curled up in nooks and corners here and there, concealing himself almost under the very eyes of those whom he was watching, following them, with silent stealth, from one place to another, he heard, saw and discovered anything and everything that he pleased. And not one, in the house or out of it, dreamed of the presence of such a creature as Pequin the dwarf. * * * *

It was on the fourth day after the return of Sir Edward and Morley Briancourt, that Miss Ashby, having received no tidings from Briarfield since she left there, ordered Selim to be brought round, and prepared for a morning call there.

Sir Edward appeared in the hall, as she had taken her seat in the saddle, and stopping at the door, asked:

"Are you going to Woodthorpe, Eleanor?"

She replied in the negative, remembering, with a sigh, his injunction; then immediately added:

"Unless, sir, you are willing that I should."

"You are, I believe, acquainted with my wishes on that subject," he returned, coldly; then turned and went in.

There was no more to be said. She dared not disobey him. She had wished most sincerely to go thither, for she felt deeply anxious concerning the fate of those who were in so much danger there; but without the consent of Sir Edward, she could not go. He himself had been there once since his return, and only once; then it was to visit one of his principal tenants, who lay ill of the fever.

The number of Doctor Gregg's patients had somewhat increased since her last day at Briarfield. Mary and her aunt and Hugh were at liberty to visit them, and *she* must not; but it was not to be helped. Morley Briancourt had never visited Briarfield with Eleanor, and was not personally acquainted with any of its inmates, except Miss Latimer, whom he had seen at Ashby once or twice, when she rode over to call on Eleanor. He had never seemed desirous of making further acquaintance with the family; and when Miss Ashby went thither, it was always alone.

This morning, as Eleanor was just moving away from the door, Lucy Elmore came out and stood in the doorway. It happened that Morley Briancourt's valet saw her from the lower end of the great hall, and approached the door as Eleanor rode off.

"Does your fair mistress ride alone this morning, pretty Lucy?" he said, with a familiar smile and air that made the girl angry.

"Alone?—yes. What is that to you, Will Humphries?" she answered, coloring.

"O, nothing—nothing, sweet Lucy! only if I were so fair a lady, I would never ride forth without my cavalier. My master does not know of her going out, I think."

"And what of that, pray? My mistress, I hope, is at liberty to ride away without attendance, if it please her," was Lucy's short reply.

"To be sure," returned the man,—"to be sure. I did not say she was not—did I? But where may she be going, may I ask, fair Lucy?"

"You may ask what you please, but I shall not answer, unless I choose, and I do not choose to tell you of that which does not concern you." And Lucy, turning short around, went off and left the valet just where he stood.

He looked after her with a sneer. "O, you wont tell, my dear, will you? Well, no need—no need. I know as well as you, pretty Lucy, that your fair mistress is going to Briarfield; and Briarfield has an inmate now whom my good master does not particularly fancy, therefore, I am to let him know, if he does not find out for himself, whenever there is any communication between Briarfield and Ashby, which I will take the opportunity to do this moment." And the worthy gentleman went straightway and did it.

Morley Briancourt received the tidings with a quick though almost imperceptible frown. He had the deepest passion for Eleanor; his nature, under the smooth and graceful exterior which he wore, was a jealous, imperious one. Already that jealousy had taken alarm by only once seeing by Eleanor's side one who might possibly one day become a rival. Without a word, he sought Sir Edward in the library.

Meanwhile, Eleanor rode rapidly on to Briarfield. A cold rain which had fallen for the last three days had passed off, leaving the atmosphere clear and bracing. Refreshed and invigorated by her ride, the first which she had taken since the commencement of the bad weather, she reached Briarfield. But no one came to meet her at the door. The place was unusually quiet. And now, as she went up the drive, she saw Doctor Gregg's vehicle at a little distance, and one of the servants leading the horse towards the stable. A sudden fear seized her. The man, turning and seeing her, left the chaise standing, and came to take her horse. He looked grave as he came up.

"Is anybody ill, James?" was her anxious question.

"My young master, ma'am; he has the fever."

It was true. All the house was still; the servants glided about like spirits, and spoke in whispers. Mary, her aunt and Doctor Gregg were assembled in the chamber of Hugh, where he lay, burning with fever, and muttering in restless delirium. The fever had laid its hand on him, too, at last.

"When was he taken?" asked Eleanor, of Mary.

"The day before yesterday. He had not been well the day before, I think. He was restless, gloomy, sad. He had an errand to L——, and set out before the rain; it overtook him; he rode there and back in it. When he came home, he was chilled and fatigued, and before night the fever set in."

"Poor Hugh! O, Mary, Aunt Dorothea, I am sorry for you!"

Mary kissed her silently, and wept. But Aunt Dorothea said, gently and hopefully:

"We will try to be patient in this affliction, dear child; for we have not had many troubles, and it must be expected they will come to us sometime, as well as to others; and, after all, Doctor Gregg says Hugh is not nearly so ill as his patients generally have been with this fever."

This was indeed a consolation. Nevertheless, Eleanor was sad as she rode homeward. She met Morley Briancourt on the lawn. He came to her with a smile, and lifted her from the saddle.

"Where have you been, fair Eleanor?"

"To Briarfield, Morley; and Hugh Latimer is very ill with the fever," said Eleanor, sorrowfully.

"Briarfield—Hugh Latimer!" Morley Briancourt's brow, unseen by her, grew dark.

And while she went to her room to change her dress, he went to the baronet in the library. Whatever demand he had to make there, was acceded to with obedient readiness by Sir Edward. When Eleanor returned below, she was met by her uncle, who said to her:

"Eleanor, you have been to Briarfield, I hear, where—" He paused; then he added: "I do not wish to hear of your going there again, for the present, or to Woodthorpe, either, until I give you permission."

"Not go there again!"

"You hear me." And he returned to the library.

"He is apprehensive concerning you," said Morley Briancourt, in a low tone. "You will yourself, he fears, be in danger of taking the fever."

And Eleanor thought that was the true reason.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IRON BUILDING, WASHINGTON ST.

The accompanying engraving, drawn for our paper, represents accurately the exterior façade of the new and magnificent iron building, 164 Washington Street, recently erected for the occupancy of Messrs. Parker Fowle & Sons, carpet importers, and which is such a brilliant addition to the architecture of the great thoroughfare on which it stands. This superb structure was built from the designs and under the supervision of Mr. Shepherd S. Woodcock, the architect, and is a fine specimen of his taste and ability. The front, as will be seen, is exceedingly ornate, the pilasters being of the Corinthian order, with richly moulded capitals. It has been painted in imitation of marble, with such skill as to deceive the eye of even a practised connoisseur. The balconies and balustrades are bronzed, and have a very rich effect. The skill and taste of the architect have not been exhausted on the exterior; on the contrary, the interior is worthy in every respect of the outside, and its arrangement shows the architect to be a thoroughly practical man. The entire building is occupied by Messrs. Parker Fowle & Sons. The basement floor is 120 feet by 30 feet, and is appropriated to the painted carpet business. The first floor, of the same dimensions, is used for ingrain carpets. The second, third, fourth and fifth floors are each 85 feet by 30 feet, and are appropriated as follows: The second is used for displaying tapestries and Brussels carpets, rugs, etc.; of these, there is a fine assortment of rich and varied patterns and admirable workmanship. The third floor is appropriated to the exhibition of yet more costly fabrics, such as the French moquettes, Wiltons, medallions and velvets. The fourth floor is used for cutting out and making up carpets; while the fifth and sixth are devoted to general storage, for which purpose they are specially adapted. The firm have been engaged in business in the same location for upwards of a quarter of a century, and the establishment is the oldest carpet stand in the city. They keep a general assortment of everything appertaining to the carpet business, and enjoy a well-merited reputation. They employ gentlemanly salesmen who have had large experience, and upholsterers who are unequalled in putting down carpets. A very large capital is embarked in the business, which is completely up to the mark in every respect. The interior arrangement of the store is unsurpassed by that of any in the country. The shelving is arranged in racks, supported in front by iron pilasters, and can be raised or lowered to accommodate any width of carpeting. This is something entirely new—the invention of the architect, and, with the heavy cornice, has a splendid effect. We have been thus particular in describing this store, because we consider it a model establishment. The building is certainly a great ornament to the city. It will doubtless be followed by other structures in a similar style, as the material used combines lightness with strength and durability.



FOWLE'S NEW IRON BUILDING, NO. 164, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

SHAKER VILLAGE, CANTERBURY, N.H.

The engraving below delineates the neat and plain settlement of the Shakers at Canterbury, New Hampshire about ten miles east of Concord. Everything about it wears an air of peace and seclusion. This settlement was commenced in 1792, and has prospered till they number about 400. There are here three distinct families in temporal matters, though they are one in spiritual union. The houses are perfect models of neatness and simplicity. The land is tilled in the best manner; the animals are well provided for, and the barns, tools,—everything, in short, connected with the establishment, are kept in apple-pie order. Among the articles manufactured by the Shakers, and for sale here to visitors, are wooden ware, feather brushes and pens, whips, baskets of various kinds, sconce, bags, boxes formed of orange rind, cakes of wax and maple sugar, bottles of perfumes, essences and medicines, and coarser articles, together with Shaker publications. The school interests visitors very much, and the pupils appear to advantage when examined in any of their studies. The sect of Shaking Quakers originated at Manchester, England, about 1747, and has twice been transferred to America, where it now embraces a number of thriving "families," as they are termed. The founders were obscure members of the Society of Friends, with whom they still agree in their rejection of ecclesiastical authority, in their refusal to do military duty and to take oaths, their rejection of the sacraments, and their belief in the immediate revelations of the Holy Ghost, which they term "gifts." They derive their popular name from the motions they observe as a part of their religious ceremonies; these were formerly excessively violent in their character—leaping, shouting and clapping of hands being freely indulged in. Their exercises are now more subdued; they move in a regular uniform dance, singing a hymn, marching round the hall of worship, and clapping their hands in regular time. We believe now some of the worshippers indulge in a rapid whirling motion, like that of the dancing dervishes of the East. Some of the hymns sung are utterly unintelligible to the "world's people," as we outsiders are termed. In the Shaker communities, property is held in common, and the members enjoy a high character from their neighbours for industry, frugality, honesty and good morals. Celibacy is a cardinal law of the sect, and their numbers are increased by converts. Secessions are quite rare. When a convert relapses from a state of grace and goes out into the world again, the property he brought with him is refunded. Once in a while a young couple will leave the fold, and renouncing their old associations, unite themselves in holy wedlock. But such incidents, we believe are very unfrequent. This sect was introduced into this country by Anne Lee, who was born at Manchester, Eng., in 1736, and was the daughter of an English blacksmith. She also married a blacksmith at an early age. In 1770, she had, as she asserted, a revelation enjoining celibacy as the perfection of human nature, and designating herself as a divine person. From this time she was called "Mother Anne," but styled herself "Anne the Word." She and her followers being insulted and persecuted in England, came to this country in 1774, and formed the first community at Watervliet, near Albany. Here she died in 1784. Different "families" were soon after organized.



SHAKER VILLAGE, CANTERBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO A FRIEND.

BY THOMAS PATTON, JR.

I've often sat beneath some sylvan shade,
And watched the pearly moonbeams as they fell
In radiant beauty over stream and glade,
Disclosing hidden flowerets in each dell.

A little forest stream rolled smoothly on,
Its waters mirrored back the moon's pale ray
In beauteous splendor, as it onward run
To swell the music of its lulling lay.

It coursed its way through beds of perfumed flowers,
'Mong mimic valleys clothed in mossy green,
Inhaling from each scene the richest dowers,
Till soon it mingled with its mother stream.

O may thy future life as smoothly flow,
As placid as that fairy streamlet's tide;
O may thy path be lit with friendship's glow,
And through the ills of earth triumphant ride.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SMUGGLER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"WHEN I was a youuker like yourself," said Grummet, laying aside his pipe, and settling back into a comfortable position for a yarn, "when I was a youuker like yourself, I was troubled with a chronic and irrepressible desire to see the world. Not what you young chaps of now-a-days call seeing the world, which means being up to all the expensive wickedness that's adrift in a big city. My desire was to travel, to visit foreign lands, and see with my own eyes the notable places of which I had read. My circumstances not being such as would admit of my assuming the character of a tourist, I was forced to cast about for some other means of gratifying my propensity, and, as a matter of course, chose the life of a sailor. A very few voyages served to convince me that, by stopping by a ship from the time she left home till she returned, very little of interest was to be seen; sea-port towns and ports of entry being much the same all the world over. To obviate this difficulty, I made it a point to ship only in vessels from which I could be discharged on arriving at their destination, when, with the pay for the trip, and whatever profitable articles for the trip I had brought, I turned my back upon tar buckets and marlin-spikes, and wandered economically through the interior, seeing the sights and enjoying myself generally, until a pocket colic drove me once more to the seaside to recruit.

"A vagabond tramp of this kind through Wales had reduced my finances to so low an ebb, that, upon arriving at Liverpool I was in some doubt whether to enjoy a day or two's pleasuring in London, with what money I had remaining, or at once to take a ship where I was.

"Revolving this subject in my mind, I sauntered leisurely up Waterloo Road, looking at the flags of the shipping, and amusing myself by picking out the vessels of various nations by their rig, when, as I came abreast of Waterloo dock gate, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a cheery voice called out:

"'Hallo, Jack! where you off to, now?'

"Slewing on my heel, I found myself face to face with Harry Williams, a former shipmate whom I had not met for several years.

"'Tip us your daddle, will ye—the sight of you is good for sore eyes, or well ones either, for that matter. Where have you kept yourself this thousand years, my bold pup? I thought the sharks had you years ago.'

"Returning the cordial gripe of his hand, for I am always glad to run afoul an old shipmate, I favored him with my opinion that the shark was not yet spawned that would make a supper of me.

"'I hope not,' he continued, hooking his arm in mine, as together we walked up the street. 'But what are you doing now? walking out for your health?'

"I acquainted him with the particulars of my late tramp, and also that I was on the lookout for a ship.

"'O, don't be in a hurry to ship just yet,' he replied. 'Wages will be higher in a day or two, and it will pay you well to wait ashore for a while. You have nothing particular to do this afternoon?'

"I replied in the negative.

"'What do you say to a little sail down the harbor? I've a boat waiting for me at the stairs by the old church; there are several little matters that I want to attend to down below; and besides, there is a fine barque outside, waiting for a crew. I've some notion of going in her myself, and there'll be a chance for you, too, if you like. We will have a squint at her as we come along back."

"'Is there any one going besides yourself?' I asked, without any particular interest, but merely to carry on the conversation.

"'Yes, there are a couple of chaps waiting in the boat now.'

"'Do I know them?'

"'No—I reckon not,' he replied, 'but that needn't make any difference—they are bricks, both of them.'

"Having nothing else to occupy my time, I consented to make one of the party, and we walked rapidly toward the stairs. Harry Williams, who had, as I before remarked, been a former shipmate of mine—was a tall, finely-built fellow, over whose handsome face a good-natured smile constantly flitted, and which required only the least little bit of provocation to increase to a merry and very catching laugh. He was an excellent seaman, and his imperturbable good humor, his willingness to oblige, and his contempt of danger, won him hosts of friends wherever he went; yet, notwithstanding all these good qualities—indeed, I may say in consequence of them—he was not the man to whose guidance a very cautious man would yield himself implicitly. He was too fond of danger for the mere sake of the excitement it afforded, and so careless of consequences that, without intending any evil, he would be likely to draw a person into a scrape from which he might find it much more difficult to extricate himself, than would Harry with his genius for such things. His propensity for having a hand in every new thing that offered either profit or excitement, and his aptitude in everything he undertook, was so great, that I should not have been in the least surprised had I, instead of meeting him that day, been informed that he had become a parson and gone as a missionary to the heathen, or transformed himself into a notorious but not very blood-thirsty pirate. In either case, I should have said, 'just what I expected of him,' and meant it, too. Indeed, such was the versatility of his genius, that I have no doubt he might have accommodated himself to both professions, practising each on alternate days, and have given perfect satisfaction to his parishioners in the one case, and made a most exemplary pirate in the other.

"Upon arriving at the stairs we found the boat waiting, and jumping on board, we hoisted sail and were soon running swiftly down by the city. The two 'bricks' who Harry had informed me were to be our companions, I found to be a couple of very ordinary sailor chaps, with nothing very remarkable about them, either for good or evil; there appeared, however, to be a pretty good understanding between them and Harry, for a good deal of blind talk passed between them, which to me was perfectly unintelligible, and to which, indeed, I paid but little attention, thinking it none of my business, and being otherwise engaged in looking at the shipping.

"The sail was a very pleasant one, for the afternoon was remarkably fine and clear, while a brisk breeze from the north'ard drove us swiftly down the Mersey, giving us a fine view of Liverpool on the one side and Birkenhead on the opposite shore. Down through the fleet of vessels lying at anchor in the stream, our little craft danced merrily on. Down the broad river we sped with flowing sheet, until, reaching the mouth of the Mersey, the gentle swell of the Irish Sea broke in foamy wreaths beneath our prow, and by sunset, the blue mountain peaks of Wales were well on our larboard beam, as we headed for Anglesea Island. I had been too much absorbed by the beauty of the scenery to give much heed to the distance we were running, but as it began to grow dark it struck me as being rather singular that no preparations were made for putting back, and I said as much to Harry.

"'Didn't I tell you I had some business to attend to down below?' he asked, exchanging significant glances with the other two men.

"'Yes, but what the dence do you call down below? At the rate we are going now, we shall be on the coast of Ireland before morning; if that is your destination, say so at once.'

"'No, not quite so bad as that; we haven't to go that far,' he replied, with his merry laugh, which was echoed by the other men, who winked knowingly at each other.

"'And the barque that was laying in the stream waiting for her crew, that we were to get a squint at, how about that?' I asked, rather sharply, for I began to see that I had been deceived.

"'O, we'll have a look at her as we go back?'

"'But it will be dark when we return.'

"'True—I had forgotten that,' he replied, laughing as though it was the funniest thing in the world. 'We'll go and look at the barque to-morrow, next week, when she comes back from her next voyage, or most any time.'

"As he spoke, he put the tiller down, heading the boat away from Anglesea, and toward the coast of Ireland.

"'Look here, Williams,' said I, getting my temper up to concert pitch, 'I don't like this style of doing business. I want to understand what all this means, before I go any further.'

"'There, there, Jack, don't get into a pet, my pup,' he said; giving the tiller to one of the other men and seating himself by my side in the waist. 'It was rather hard to kidnap you, that's a fact; but you see I was afraid to mention what I wanted of you, on shore, for fear you wouldn't come, and being in too much of a hurry to hunt up another good man, I was in a manner compelled to do as I have done.'

"'Well, what the dence do you want of me?' I asked, not at all mollified, for it isn't pleasant to any one to be entrapped and made a fool of.

"'Simply this, Jack. I want you, when you go into Liverpool to-morrow morning, to have just one hundred and fifty dollars more in your pocket than you have now—that's all.'

"'Nonsense,' I growled, 'do you suppose you can make me believe you can raise such a sum, or what is still less likely, that you will let me have it?'

"'It's as true as preaching, nevertheless, only I don't intend to give it to you—I mean you shall earn it, and we all expect to earn a like sum, a hundred and twenty sovereigns for the job is the tune we dance to; to be divided equally among us four chaps. You needn't think I should have taken you into partnership, to make the shares smaller, if we hadn't been obliged to; we shall be obliged to pull four oars going back, and that's the way you are to earn the money, my lion's cub, so you may thank me for getting you on to a good lay.'

"'And what is this wonderful job?' I asked.

"'Why—a very ordinary kind of job indeed. There is a sharp old gentleman with a hooked nose and of the Hebrew persuasion who does a little in the fancy goods line, up in Liverpool, and happening to have several packages of lace and jewelry knocking about somewhere between here and the coast of Ireland, he is naturally anxious to get them into his shop to-night, for fear they may get damaged by salt water or something, and as they are rather valuable, he is willing to pay the sum I have mentioned.'

"'To make a long story short, you intend to smuggle them, and expect me to assist you?'

"'Well, if you like to call things by such wicked names, you've hit the nail on the head.'

"'I shall have nothing at all to do with the affair,' I replied, stoutly.

"'O, yes, you will, Jack,' he returned. 'I don't see, for my part, how you can very well avoid it; here you are in the boat, without a possibility of getting out until we get back to Liverpool with the goods.'

"'I shall hail the first craft we meet, and state the case to them.'

"'In that way you'll bite your own nose off with a vengeance, don't you see? If you were to do such a silly thing as that, when the craft you hailed came alongside, each of us would swear he was the man that hailed, and there would be a couple or three years in chokey for the bunch of us, so the best thing for you is to lend us a hand and take your money like a good boy.'

"I saw that I was in a tight place, and that the easiest way to get out of it was to lend a hand to accomplish the business as speedily as possible. I was, nevertheless, highly indignant at the means taken to bring me into the scrape, and in moody silence I seated myself apart from the rest, refusing to join in their conversation, and answering their questions only in snappish monosyllables. Not that I had any scruples of conscience as to the sin of doctoring the revenue a bit, but a disagreeable recollection of a dreary three months passed in the gloomy French prison at Liverpool, for the horrible crime of taking a pound of tobacco through the dock gates, without paying the queen for the privilege, made me dread with many forebodings, the years which I should probably pass in the same institution, for the much greater crime in which I was an unwilling accomplice.

"By this time it had become quite dark, there being no moon, and some light, fleecy clouds that had been gathering in the north-west, now began to drift slowly across the heavens, obscuring the dim starlight. We continued to run seaward nearly an hour longer, by which time, as near as I could judge by the light, we had made a distance of from forty-five to fifty miles from the city, when the helm was suddenly put hard down, bringing the boat into the wind, and shivering her sail in the breeze. Harry now stepped forward to the bow, and taking from the cuddy a small dark lantern, lifted the slide, letting a bright ray of light from a powerful lens stream far over the water, and almost instantly closed it again. This was repeated three times at intervals of about a minute, my companions, meanwhile, looking eagerly through the darkness ahead.

"In a short time a signal precisely similar to the one we had shown, was made about three points off our larboard bow, at an apparent distance of about two miles.

"'All right so far,' said Harry, with an air of satisfaction, which was echoed by the other two men.

"The sail was again filled away, and keeping the boat's head nearly as possible in the direction of the signal which had answered ours, we continued to run something like twenty minutes, when we found ourselves within hail of a small schooner, which was laying to.

"'Hard down your helm,' said Harry, in a low voice, and again our craft was run up into the wind.

"'Boat ahoy!' hailed a voice from the schooner.

"'Holloa!'

"'Where are you bound?'

"'To the moon,' replied Harry; 'how shall we find it, full or not?'

"'Full,' responded the voice. 'How is it where you come from, light or dark?'

"'Dark as your pocket.'

"'All right,' was the reply from the schooner.

"And with a few strokes of the oars we were alongside, and a rope was made fast to her fore-shrond. Harry sprang upon her deck, and an examination of his credentials having proved satisfactory, four packages, weighing some fifty or sixty pounds each, nicely done up and sealed, were passed over into our boat.

"'Good night,' said Harry, as we shoved the boat away from the vessel's side.

"'A safe passage to you, boys,' replied the voice from the schooner; 'you'll have to look out sharp for yourselves.'

"'No fear of us—look out for yourself,' was replied, as we quickly drifted out of sight and hearing.

"'Now then, Jack,' said Harry, slapping me encouragingly on the shoulder.

"'Yes—to a home that we shall find it rather difficult to quit for a few years, in my opinion. I've not the remotest idea that we can get these goods ashore without being taken. I've seen the thing tried too many times without success, to believe it can be accomplished now.'

"'O, don't always be looking on the dark side of the picture. I've travelled this road quite a number of times without breaking my shins, and if things go badly to-night, why we can slip the duds overboard in the dark, and they are heavy enough to go quietly to the bottom.'

"'In which case we may think ourselves lucky to get off with an acquittal after several months' imprisonment and a trial on suspicion. I tell you what it is, Williams, I consider it a contemptible thing in you to entrap me into this scrape, and though I shall lend a hand to get the thing accomplished as soon as possible in order to get out of the affair, yet I do not sanction any such proceedings, neither do I wish any of the proceeds.'

"'As you choose, Jack,' he replied, a little nettled by my

speech, for, not feeling anything like fear himself, he could not understand what must have seemed to him my foolish obstinacy, and walking aft, he seated himself in the sternsheets, leaving me to my reflections.

"The breeze freshened considerably as the night advanced, but being fair, we were only too glad to have it blow a gale, and after three hours smart sailing we were up with the mouth of the Mersey. Our course lay through the fleet of vessels riding at anchor, and by the city where the ever watchful eyes of the revenue officials were constantly on the alert to detect anything bearing the slightest resemblance to contraband traffic. Here our danger commenced—could we pass the city unobserved all would be well.

"'Lower the sail and strike the mast,' said Harry, in a low tone. 'We must trust to our oars now, my lads, and be prepared for any emergency; the sail, although it would help us greatly, would be likely to be seen, and create suspicion.'

"The mast was struck, the sail stowed as silently as possible, and with muffled oars we bent to our work, impelling the boat through the water at a rate which only a consciousness of our danger could have enabled us to compass. In silence and under cover of the darkness we had already accomplished half the distance, when one of the thole pins in the forward rowlock broke off with a sharp crack, precipitating the bow oarsman into the bottom of the boat with considerable violence and with not a little noise. He was not at all injured, however, and the pin being immediately replaced, we kept on our way. But the disturbance had attracted the attention of those we had the most cause to dread.

"'Who goes there?' hailed a voice not more than a hundred fathoms from us. 'What boat is that? Stop, or we'll fire into you!'

"'Pull! pull!' whispered Harry, in an excited tone, and we bent to the oars with the vigor of desperation.

"A flash, a report, and a musket ball crashed through the sides of the boat.

"'Stop! or we'll blow you out of water!' exclaimed the voice again.

"'Down with you, my lads,' said Harry, in his usual tone, for there was no longer any use in keeping silent; and following his example we all tumbled together into the bottom of the boat.

"Nor were we at all too soon, for the next instant a volley of musket balls pattered over the upper works of our boat, but being ourselves below the water line, we escaped uninjured.

"'Now's your time, my boys!' exclaimed Harry, springing to his feet and seizing an oar. 'We can gain on them while they are reloading, and perhaps dodge them in the darkness.'

"We needed no second command, but buckled to our work with a will. All hope of escape seemed lost to us, however, when the occupants of the revenue boat astern struck a blue light, flooding the whole river with its lurid glare, and showing our position as clearly as though it had been noonday. One of our men seized one of the packages of goods with the intention of casting it overboard, but Harry kicked his hand away, and with an impatient gesture motioned us to continue rowing. There was no chance of avoiding our pursuers by any method we could suggest, and so we mechanically obeyed him.

"'They pull six oars,' he muttered, glancing uneasily astern, 'we can't run away; however, I don't despair of fixing them yet."

"As the blue light, which had burned several minutes, began to fade, Harry shifted his oar from the after rowlock to the stern, where it could be used as a steering oar, and upon the light disappearing altogether, he suddenly turned the boat's head directly across the stream, which course we pursued until a feeble glimmer from the pursuing boat showed that another light was about being struck, then directing our course directly down stream, and aided by the strong current we ran alongside the hull of a steamer that had been launched the day before, keeping the steamer between us and our pursuers, and by the time the light had acquired sufficient strength to render objects distinct, we were holding on to the paddles, completely hid from their sight.

"It was natural to suppose that a four-oared boat, in endeavoring to escape from one impelled by six, would pull with the stream, and toward the shore, until an opportunity offered for landing. This appeared to be the opinion of the revenue officers, for upon missing us, they turned and pulled rapidly down stream, with the evident intention of heading us off when—as they expected—we should emerge from the fleet of vessels among which we had vanished. By this manœuvre we placed something like a quarter of a mile between us, and added materially to our chance of escape. But although we were lost to the sight of our first pursuers, we were in plain view from the shore, and by the lights that were now kept constantly burning, we had the satisfaction of seeing several boats leave the side of the docks, and pull toward us.

"'Up with the sail, boys, and be lively about it; then man the oars for your lives,' cried Harry, pushing our boat into the stream.

"Never was order more promptly executed, and, with our large sail drawing in the stiff breeze, together with our frantic efforts at the oar, we dashed along at a wonderful rate; but the revenue boats, having the advantage both in build and an additional pair of oars, gained slowly but surely upon us. Onward flew our little craft—past the ships in the harbor, past the city, till its multitudes of lights glimmered feebly in the distance—up the broad Mersey we held our way, the fleet of pursuing boats coming fearfully nearer and nearer, until we got fairly into the country, where the banks of the river shelved down to the water.

"'Stand by to grab your bundles and land,' shouted Harry, in a fever of excitement.

"And with one stroke of the steering oar, he drove the prow of our boat high on to the bank. Following his example, each one of us seized a package, and with the speed of men flying for their liberty, we darted up the bank and across the country. A volley of shots from the revenue boats whizzed around us, but without inflicting any injury, and the pursuit was kept up for some time on shore, but Harry's perfect knowledge of the locality enabled us to dodge them with the greatest ease.

"Having finally got rid of them by starting them on a false scent, we walked rapidly on, making a wide circuit to enter the suburbs of the city on the landward side. Up one miserable, filthy alley and down another we followed our guide, through what would have been a perfect labyrinth to a stranger, and fortunately without meeting a policeman, which saved us the trouble and danger of poking him over, until we reached a wretched, tumble-down building in the worst quarter of the city. At the door of this rookery Harry gave a peculiar knock, which at once procured us admittance, and leading the way up stairs as though he was familiar with the place, we deposited our burdens upon a table in a well lighted and furnished apartment.

"'So dish ish de goodsh, eh? All right and safe?' said a greedy looking Hebrew, examining the seals of the packages to see if they were not broken.

"'Yes—my jolly child of Israel, there are the goods, and trouble enough we've had to get them, so shell out the rocks as quick as you can possibly make it convenient, for I want to disperse, I do,' said Harry, rapping the table with his knuckles to enforce his request.

"The Jew, having satisfied himself that nothing had been abstracted from the packages, drew from a safe a bag of coin, and slowly counted out a hundred and twenty gold sovereigns.

"'There, boys, is your money,' said Harry, dividing the coin into four separate piles, one of which he pocketed; then turning to me, he extended his hand with, 'we're as good friends as ever, ar'n't we, Jack?'

"I looked in his handsome, good-humored face, then at the money spread so temptingly before me, and thought what a fool I should be to bite my own nose off for a little spite. So I pocketed the money and the affront, wrung Harry's hand, and slipping out of the house, made my way unobserved to my old boarding place. The early train next morning carried me to London, and that money stood me in for a cheap, but very pleasant summer trip up the Rhine."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"Please, sir, take me over the crossing," said a little, faint voice, as I was leisurely taking my morning walk.

The strange request aroused me from my reverie, and looking imploringly in my face stood a thinly clad, shivering little girl, who carried a small bundle, which she held in her hand with singular tenacity. I gave a searching look into the child's face while she imploringly repeated:

"Will you take me over the crossing, quick, sir? I'm in *such* a hurry?"

Tossing her in my arms I bounded over the muddy pathway, and just as I set down my little charge, the bundle slipped from her grasp, or rather its contents, leaving the empty paper in her hand and an embroidered vest upon the sidewalk. I picked up the vest, and in doing so, unrolled the same, when lining, sewing-silk and padding were all disengaged, so that the nimble fingers of the poor child picked up and brushed and packed them together again with scrupulous care, and tying them firmly she gave me a sweet smile and bounded along. She would soon have passed from my sight, had I not again called after her, and interrogated her why she made such haste.

"O, sir," she replied, "because my mother must have expected me an hour ago. I have been waiting for the young gentleman at the tailor's shop to decide which color he preferred, and then the tailor told me to stop while he cut it, and then he gave me such a beautiful pattern for my mother to embroider it by—but it's a sight of work to do it, sir, and I'm afraid she will sit up all the long nights to sew, while I am sleeping, for the man said he must have it completed by next Thursday; the young gentleman is to be married then, and will want it—and if it isn't done, maybe he would never give mother another stitch of work, and then what would become of us?"

And as the child hurried on I caught the same quickened footsteps, and followed on until we came to another crossing, when again came the beseeching tone:

"Will you take me over this crossing, too, sir?"

It was done in a trice, and my interest in the child increased as her prattle continued:

"Mama is to have two whole dollars for this work, and she means to buy me a new frock with a part of the money, and then we shall have a great loaf of bread and a cup of milk, and mother will spend time to eat with me—and if there is any money left, she says I shall have a little open-work straw bonnet and go to Sunday school with Susy Niles."

And her little feet scarcely touched the walk, so swift and fairy-like was her tread.

"And does your mother work for one man all the time, little girl?" I inquired.

"O, no, sir; it is only now and then she gets such a nice job—most of the time she has to sew for slop-shops, where she earns but about ten or twelve cents a day, and then she has hardly enough to pay her rent, and it isn't all the time we get enough to eat—but then mother always gives me the big slice when there is one great and one little one; sometimes she cries, and don't eat her's at all."

A coach was passing—the child looked toward it and remarked: "I know the lady in that pretty carriage—she is the very one that is going to marry the young gentleman who is to wear this embroidered vest. She came to my home yesterday to get my mother to sponge the wreath round her white satin dress, and it's just the same pattern that is to be put on the vest—but she could not do it, 'cause her eyes ache so poor and the gas hurt'd them so."

My tongue was silent—could it be that these were the very articles which were to be worn at my Ellen's wedding? For did I not pay for two ounces of spangles yesterday, and what was it that vexed Ellen so but because she could not find anybody to sew them on when she returned? She said Mrs. Taggard was almost blind.

"My little girl," said I, "is your name Taggard?"

"Yes, sir—'Gusta Taggard, and we live down in Bleak Court. Are you going home with me?"

It was a sensible conjecture, for why else should I follow on.

"I am going to see you safely at the door and to help you over all the crossings."

"There's only one more, sir, and here it is—we live down there at No. 3, on the basement floor. Maybe you would come with the missionary some time and see us."

The child looked kindly, and, as she sweetly bade me "good-by, sir," I thrust my hand in my pocket and drew from it all the change it contained, which was a bright fifty-cent piece, and placing it in her little palm, "'Gusta Taggard" gave me her heartfelt thanks, and was soon out of my sight.

An hour before, I had started from my home an invalid. I had long deliberated whether an exposure to a chilly east wind would not injure rather than improve me. I was melancholy, too; my only daughter was about to be married—there was confusion all over the house—the event was to be celebrated in fashionable style. Ellen's dress had cost what would have been a fortune to this poor seamstress, and I moralized. But I had forgotten myself—the cough which had troubled me was no longer oppressive; I breathed quite freely and yet I had walked more briskly than I had done for months, without so much fatigue as slow motion occasioned—so that when I returned, my wife rallied me upon looking ten years younger than when I left her in the morning; and when I told her the specific lay in my walk with a little prattler and the satisfaction of having left her happier than I found her, she took the occasion to press the purchase for Ellen of a diamond broach, affirming if the gift of fifty cents made me so much happier, and that, too, to a little errand street girl, what would fifty times that amount confer upon one's only daughter, upon the eve of her marriage?

I gave the diamond broach—I paid the most extravagant bills to upholsterers, dry goods establishments, confectioners and musicians with which to enliven the great occasion, and yet I found more satisfaction in providing for the real wants of little 'Gusta Taggard and her mother than in all the splendid outlay at the wedding ceremony; and it was not that it cost less which made the satisfaction, but it was that all extravagant outlays, in the very nature of things, are unsatisfactory, while ministering to the necessities of the truly needy and industrious confers its own reward.

I had seen the glittering spangled dress—but it was made ready by some poor, emaciated sufferer, who toiled on in patient trust, and the embroidered vest was finished by the strained vision and aching head of another, who was emphatically one of "God's poor," upon whom blight nor disgrace had fallen, save by His appointment, and the diamond broach was borne off with admiring throngs but to be envied and coveted, while the simple fifty cents bestowed upon my little street acquaintance, had introduced me to a new species of enjoyment which never cloys in the retrospect or causes uneasiness in the prospective. I had learned to do good in small ways—my morning walks have now an object and aim. I pass by splendid palaces to hasten to Bleak Court, and thence on to yet other sources of enjoyment, so that my invalidism is fast leaving me by the new direction which is given to my thoughts.

I am free to acknowledge that while I cheerfully pay for flannel robes, and whalebone skirts, and opera hats, and jewels, and silver ware, and servants, and all the requirements which fashion imposes, I derive far less pleasure from surveying them, than in sitting beside some worthy recipient of charity, who tells me that the little sum "you gave me saved me from despair and self-destruction, and enabled me to become helpful, so that no other assistance is now necessary." Such a confession fills a void which administering to luxury never can; and all this satisfaction originated in first helping a little child over the crossing.

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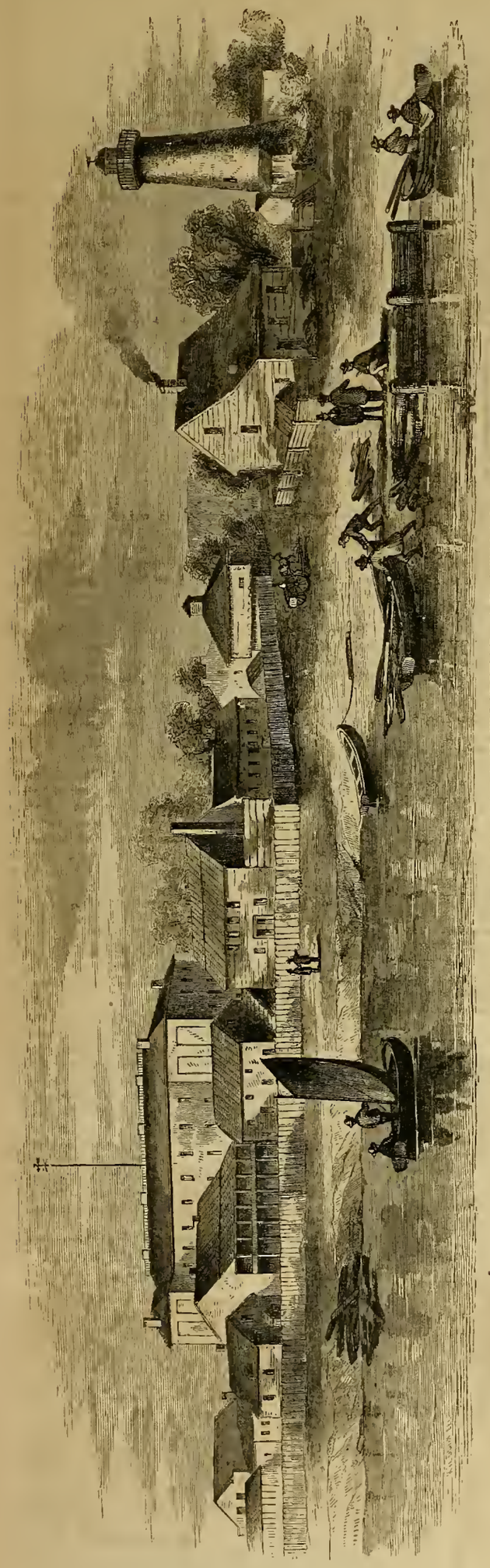
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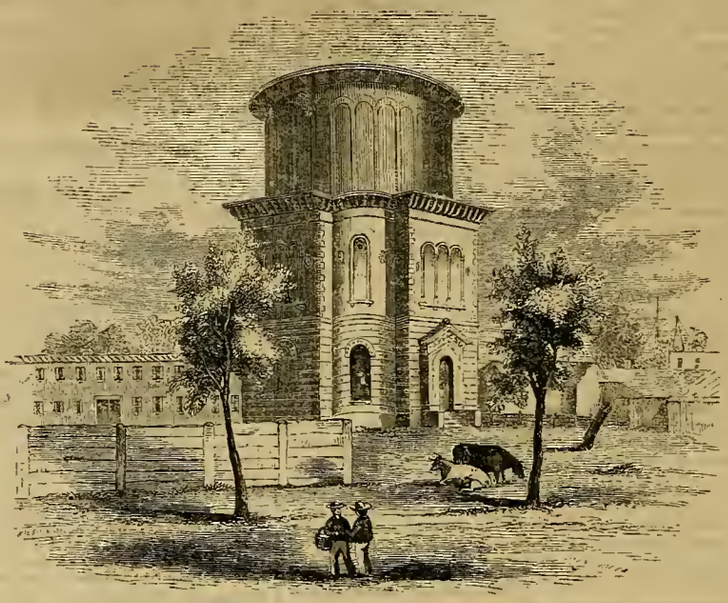
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LIGHT HOUSE, BLOCK HOUSE, AND MARINE HOSPITAL, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The views on this and the succeeding page were drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, and are some of the fruits of his recent tour undertaken for the purpose of procuring fresh and authentic material for the pages of our paper. Our cities and towns change so rapidly in the fiery progress of the day, that a picture of a settlement taken last year would exhibit a totally different scene from one sketched to-day. We have labored in these transcripts of nature, to ensure accuracy in every case. Chicago is one of the most flourishing cities of the West. It is situated at the mouth of the Chicago River, on the borders of Lake Michigan, surrounded on all but the lake side, by open, flat prairie. In rapidity of growth it has far outstripped all the cities of the Western States. Twenty-six or seven years ago, the present city consisted merely of the enclosure of Fort Dearborn, and the oldest native of Chicago cannot be over thirty years of age. Our large picture represents Fort Dearborn and the block-house, the last relics of ancient Chicago, which are now being demolished. In the centre is seen the block-house, a building of heavy timbers, with narrow loopholes for light and defence, the appearance of which carries one back to the days of the early settlers, who not only had to fight against the difficulties of the inhospitable wilderness, but to arm themselves, and use their greatest exertions against the Indians. At the right of the picture is seen the light house, and near it the light-keeper's house. To the left, immediately over the buildings of the fort, is the marine hospital, a fine, commodious structure, while in the rear are glimpses of some of the buildings of the modern city. "Early in the present century," says a writer in Putnam's Magazine, "an officer of the United States army, stationed at Green Bay, was ordered, with the troops under his command, to the Lower Mississippi, on what was known at that time as our Spanish frontier. A similar order would now be given by the telegraph from Washington on Monday morning; by Wednesday morning the troops would take their places in the cars; and by Saturday night, they would be all safely lodged—barring collisions and explosions—in their destined quarters. How long this letter might have been on its way from New York to Green Bay I cannot say; but a letter from the same officer, written at Fort Adams, on the Mississippi, some years afterwards, regrets that he cannot visit his friends in the States, as he could only get leave of absence for six months, which would hardly give him time to go and return. The prescribed method of travel from Green Bay to the Mississippi in those days, was to load in light boats and canoes; coast southward along nearly the length of Lake Michigan, then, ascending as far as practicable some of the streams which enter the lake on the west side, to make a portage (that is, carry by main strength both boats and freight) to some of the head waters of the Illinois, there to be re-launched and descend to the Mississippi. On this occasion it was spring, and the streams were swollen with the melting snows. As the party ascended the one selected for this purpose, they found it had overflowed far beyond its banks, converting the level prairie into a broad lake. The head-waters of the Illinois had overflowed and mingled with the stream running into Lake Michigan, and the voyageurs, in crossing in boats their usual portage-ground, passed from the tributaries of the St. Lawrence to those of the Gulf of Mexico. A portage in the wilderness is a serious matter—to be avoided if possible—and dreaded, if inevitable; and especially must this be the case, when not only the light canoe and scanty equipments of the voyageur and trapper are to be transported, but when heavy boats, with the arms and provisions of a large body of troops are to be carried by the main strength of men across the wilderness. The piece of good fortune above mentioned, therefore, did not fail to make an impression on the minds of the travellers, and the officer, writing to his brother in Connecticut, dwells upon it at length. Now mark the Yankee. A nephew, then a stripling, reads the letter, and *calculates* there is a chance for a good 'location.' Twenty-five years afterwards, so it happened, the nephew, then himself an officer, was stationed at Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chicago River. He remembers his uncle's voyage, and recognizes the site of his unexpectedly fortunate portage. The Illinois canal, proposing to render this connection permanent, was already talked of, though the forests that skirted the banks of the river still afforded a refuge to Black Hawk and his warriors. It was an unpromising place for the site of a future city. A dead level stretch of prairie, lying but a few feet above the level of the river, most of it undeniable swamp, of that species called wet prairie, where the water stands from one to four feet deep, the rest of it but little better. But still bearing in mind the portage, and youthful fancy being on the whole confirmed by maturer judgment, a patch of swamp was duly bargained for, and thus arose a fortune in Chicago." Owing to the rapid, the almost electric growth of this city, hundreds have acquired large fortunes by the rise of lands, who bought ten or twelve years ago, when it was cheap. Notwithstanding its infancy, in 1850 it had a population of 26,000. The present population is not far from 90,000. It is the great centre of an immense trade which flows into its lap from its position upon the lake, and from the great chain of railroads which centre here and connect all parts of the West and Northwest with the city of the lakes. The immense travel and trade from the East passes through this place, and far-seeing men assert that its present prosperity will prove but a faint shadow of its future greatness. Our next picture is a view of the reservoir, on Adams Street. The water used in the city is pumped from the lake into the reservoir, and thence distributed. The general level of the city does not require any great elevation in the reservoir, and the style of the building affords a pleasing contrast to the massive square structures usually erected for that purpose. We present a view of the West Market. It is a fine brick building, with a tower of a graceful and unique



RESERVOIR, ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO.

pattern. It is situated in the centre of West Randolph Street. The lower part is used for a market, and the upper is occupied by police station No. 2, and a large hall. There is a plenty of building material in the city. At a few feet depth, the soil is clay, of a quality to make good brick. About twenty miles from the city, on the line of the Illinois canal, is found limestone of a pale yellow tint, fine grained and easily wrought. Various other stones suitable for building, can be readily obtained. Our last scene is sketched in Randolph Street. The amount of travel passing through this and the other streets greatly impresses a stranger. Everything seems in a whirl of excitement—a lounger is never seen, and each person you meet looks as if intent on some pressing and important business. A bridge is in the process of erection in Randolph Street, as will be seen by the posts, etc., in the centre of our view. The large building beyond is the West Market, of which we have just given a separate delineation. Randolph Street, and, indeed, all the streets of the city, are planked and provided with sidewalks of the same material. As the site is so perfectly level and so little elevated from the surface of the lake, the drainage is imperfect. To remedy this defect, the city is being gradually raised, and the new buildings placed at an elevation of about four feet, which renders the sidewalks very uneven, the passenger being obliged to ascend and descend these elevations by steps and inclined planes. The streets are wide and commodious, and have nothing of that new and unfinished look which might be anticipated from the early age and unprecedented growth of the place. A fine view of the whole city is obtained from the top of the court house, and no stranger should neglect to make an observation from this elevation. An impartial survey will convince him that Chicago is not only a great, but a beautiful city. There is nothing probable to check the onward march of this important place. The same elements which have given it its present position, will continue to work out its future development, and the Chicago of half a century hence will afford as remarkable a contrast to the Chicago of to-day, as the city of to-day does to that of yesterday, and the influence it will exert upon the whole West cannot now be conceived.

MAKING A NEEDLE.

I wonder if any little girl who may read this ever thought how many people are all the time at work in making the things which they every day use. What can be more common, and you may think more simple, than a needle? Yet, if you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes a great many persons to make a needle; and it takes a great deal of time, too. Let us take a peep into a needle factory. In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill in order to see the whole process. We find one chamber of the shops is hung round with coils of bright wire, of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for cod-fish hooks to that for the finest cambric needles. In a room below, bits of wire, the length of two needles, are cut by a vast pair of shears fixed in the wall. A bundle has been cut off; the bits need straightening, for they come off from coils. The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace; then taken out, and rolled backward and forward on a table until the wires are straight. This process is called "rubbing straight." We now see a mill for grinding needles. We go down into the basement, and find a needle pointer seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first one end and then the other. We have now the wires straight and pointed on both ends. Next is a machine that flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutters at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eyes, and the boy that does it punches eight thousand in an hour, and he does it so fast that your eyes can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles. A woman with a little anvil before her files between the heads and separates them. They are now completed needles, but rough and rusty, and what is worse, they easily bend. A poor needle, you would say. But the hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and, when red hot, are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backwards and forwards on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very course cloth, needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap daubed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled up hard, and, with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and a tossing in saw dust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be assorted and put up for sale, which is quite a work by itself.—*Household Words.*

With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, reckon, confess, express fear, express shame or doubt; we instruct, command, unite, swear, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, defy, disdain, flatter, exalt, regale, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, gladden, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not, with a variety, and multiplication that keeps pace with the tongue.—*Montaigne.*



WESTERN MARKET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.

When the father of a family dies among the Mendi tribe of Africans, it is said, all the servants and children of the family worship his spirit, and if he has been a great man, a chief or a warrior, many people will join with them. At first, the worship is frequent, but after a few weeks is observed only by appointment of the leading members of the family. For the first day or two the worship consists of short prayers mingled with wailing and mourning, but after that regular sacrifices and funeral prayers are made at the grave or by the side of the dead body. The first things offered are cloths and meats. Food is set before the body, and after burial, which takes place many weeks after death, it is set by the grave. If the dead man is a chief of note and power, fowls, sheep, goats and cattle are brought to the grave (over which there is a house built), and there killed with a formula of words, as if the dead were present, and the animals sacrificed had been given to him as presents. The flesh is then divided between the friends, and eaten in common—the liver, heart, or some other part, being cooked and set by the grave. If the deceased happens to be a warrior as well as chief, human sacrifices are offered to him, especially if he was killed in war, and forays are made at night to obtain victims, who are brought to the grave, and beheaded amid frantic shouts and frightful ceremonies. An instance is related that, when at the death of a warrior, six human beings were beheaded, morning and evening, for nearly two weeks, and a number of women were put to death in a cruel manner; and in the belief that the spirits of the dead are sometimes in the water, more than forty children were drowned at the close of the ceremonies. Thus deplorable are the practices to which they resort to testify their respect for the dead. —*American Missionary.*

THE PITTI PALACE.

Probably no palace in the world contains such an amount of wealth, including the picture galleries and the library, as the Pitti Palace at Florence. Connoisseurs declare that there is not a poor picture in the immense collection, and no doubt it is the choicest, if not the most valuable known. In 1803, Ferdinand, father of the reigning Leopold, offered the Pitti gallery to England for half a million of dollars—a price far, far below its value—this government being greatly in debt. Pitt, the English prime minister, refused the golden occasion, and it is to be hoped that Florence will never be despoiled of this, her crowning glory. The library was mostly collected by Ferdinand III., a curious and passionate amateur of scarce books, and numbers now over eighty thousand volumes. The selection of authors, quoted by the Academy della Crusca, is the most complete extant. There is a precious collection of ancient Italian mysteries. Magnificent works of art with colored plates, the best geographical maps ever made, numerous copies of blue and vellum paper, and a collection of Italian books on the fifteenth century, which comprises the rarest. The manuscripts, all Italian, are about fifteen hundred in number, among which are invaluable correspondences of Tasso, Machiavelli, Galileo, and others as famous. The massiveness and interior decorations of the building itself, the furniture—all richly gilded—and various pieces inlaid with gems, and the treasures of plate are almost priceless. One large room is filled with gold and silver vessels, the gathered wealth of ages, many of them elaborately wrought in bas-relief figures, curious or historic, by Benvenuto Cellini, and other renowned artists. There are several Christs of different sizes, the largest two feet, in pure gold; others in silver and bronze, by John of Bologna—that wonderful modeller and artificer; there are immense plateaux and vases in the same precious metals, and each one a study for its expressive design and exquisite workmanship. But the richest and most curious treasure in the collection is a gold cathedral, some three feet in height, of perfect architecture, and divided within into little chapels, each having its altar and presiding priest, adorned with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires. Over the whole is suspended a gold Christ on a jewelled cross. This gem of the gems is kept under glass, and turns on a pivot for the benefit of inspecting visitors. Indeed, all these precious things are in glass cases, and most of them only expressive shows. In the modern department—as rich if not as rare as the antique—the plate used on state occasions is included. Among the sacred ornaments, there is one called the *bambine*—a baby-Christ in a cradle of calcedon, the tiny figure itself of a stone resembling opal; the whole is of common baby-house size. This plate-room seems a fairy tale, but weighs solidly in the priceless worth of the whole establishment. Two of the long suit of saloons—there are in all over thirty—opened for the royal balls, were in part refurnished last year at an expense of $100,000. Nothing can exceed in richness some of this furniture: the chairs cost $100 each. The magnificent mirrors—reaching from the ceiling to the mosaic pier tables—hang facing each other, multiplying themselves and their branching wax-lights by reflection *ad infinitum*. The effect is magical.—*Correspondent of Newark Advertiser.*



VIEW IN RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"I NE'ER ACKNOWLEDGED THEE!"—EASTER CONFESSION.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

When childhood's bark was launched away,
My little lips were taught to pray,
The while I bent the knee;
In all creation God descried—
Nor in the whirlwind terrified,
Only remembered thee.

The world soon caught my rapturous gaze,
And feasting on it, all amaze,
I to it prostrate fell;
And glittering dance, and song, and mirth,
Chained down my spirit fast to earth;
The world—I loved it well.

And syren song, and visions bright,
To my wild spirit brought delight—
Delight I may not name;
And magic pages that unfold
All the mind's riches, deftly told,
Aroused a thirst for fame.

And one high spirit shared my joy,
And love seemed gold without alloy,
Pleasure unmixed with pain;
But in one moment snapped the cord—
Death stepped between us with his sword,
And tears and sighs were vain.

O blind, infatuate, sinful child,
Where is the faith, pure, undefiled,
That points the arm of Heaven?
But not in heaven or earth for me,
Could I one ray of comfort see,
One consolation even.

Alone, in that dread hour, alone—
Father, I wandered from thy throne,
In unbelief's dark shade;
With blind philosophy vainly sought
The peace with which thy Word is fraught—
Peace for the loved and dead.

Alone, to racking visions left,
Of joy, and hope, and love bereft,
Imagination's sway
Was boundless o'er the realms of night—
Despair and darkness chased the light
Of joy and peace away.

Thou, my Creator, knowest how wild,
Impulsive fancy sways thy child—
Thou only read'st the heart:
O, can it be thou wilt forgive
My life's mistake, and bid me live
To yet retrieve a part?

Thou, O my Father! hear, I pray,
Nor cast thy penitent child away,
E'en though I left thee quite;
Thou knowest few there are below,
Whose thoughts from the same fountain flow—
Whose very souls unite.

Confessing, wilt thou now forgive
The sin which all my life I grieve—
Loving a child of clay
Better than all thy gracious laws—
Better than thy most holy cause—
The life—the truth—the way.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SUICIDE.

BY ARTHUR ELLINGWOOD.

It was about seven o'clock on the first day of May, when Jack Altamont arose from one of the longest benches in Hyde Park, and yawned. If you had asked Jack why he yawned, he could not possibly have told. It did not proceed from any drowsiness, for he had passed a good portion of the night on that same bench, as sound asleep as if he had been tucked up by his grandmother between a pair of lavender sheets. Neither did it arise from any fatigue, for he had absolutely done nothing at all for the last few days. It might have been a signal that he was going to speak, and had nothing in particular to found his remarks upon. Whether or no, he advanced a little, and indulged in the following soliloquy:

"Ahem! A—hem! Auspicious commencement of the third day since my stomach has had any employment. By Jove! I must do something—but what? Here I have nine tragedies on my hands, all refused by every manager in this stupid town, besides all my poems in manuscript, and an immense amount of light literature; moreover, have tried my luck in every kind of business, and at present have not a cent in my pocket; with all my digging, I never could reach the root of all evil; money has always been a *non sequitur* with me; I never sold anything yet, but that I had to pay for it."

Here intervened another yawn, which was prolonged into a heart-moving sigh, and finally ended in a most murderous groan.

"I wonder if suicide is practicable?"

He drew out a pistol from his pocket. Unfortunately there was nothing in it but a "Sonnet to an Eye," rolled up—the sonnet, not the eye—very carefully. This, however, did not seem to disconcert Mr. Altamont in the least. He sat attentively regarding this horrible instrument of destruction, and meditating, as was natural, in rather a gloomy vein:

"Perhaps I had better write my epitaph and put it in my coat pocket. It will lend a melancholy interest to the catastrophe, as well as assist the coroner's jury, who would otherwise pronounce my untimely decease in consequence of a surfeit of oyster-pie, or choked by a fish-bone; but on reflection, I believe I haven't any pencil. If now my rich old uncle would only turn up, who promised to make me his heir—by Jupiter! ecstatic thought!"

Here Mr. Altamont tossed up his pistol several times, catching it in the most remarkable fashion; but at last happening to get struck on the head, he resumed his speculations in time to see an old gentleman coming up the path. This very fat person was wiping his forehead with a red bandanna, and had, to Jack's infatuated eye, a most benevolent expression of countenance.

So, when he was within a short distance, Mr. Altamont—who in the meantime had been loosening his neckcloth, and assuming every imaginable cast of countenance, fixing at last upon the one in which Mr. Howard Harcourt, alias Dick Jones, is said to have *faced* death—rushed forward. The old gentleman stopped. Jack threw himself upon his knees, shut his eyes, and placed the pistols to his head, exclaiming:

"Thus do I end a miserable existence!"

This scene was intensely tragic. Imagine a young man upon his knees, his locks scattered to the wind, with a pistol in each hand—no, I mistake, he had only one; Jack had exchanged the other the week before for a mutton-chop. Imagine this Apollo, I say, threatening to discharge, not only those brains which had given birth to nine tragedies, one hundred and one poems, and a "Sonnet to an Eye," but also a double-barreled pistol! O!

Jack, as I said, was on his knees. Considering that his pants were worn rather thin in that place, this position was slightly painful, not to say embarrassing. He ventured to open one eye, and there he saw—O, confusion!—the fat man cramming his red handkerchief down his mouth, and trying to suppress his laughter, which shook him from head to foot.

"Ho! ho! ho! why don't you fire, my boy? Ho! ho! ho! I say, fire away there!" cried he, when he saw Jack's half opened eye. "Ho! ho! can't come it over me, hey, my fine fellow?"

The unfortunate suicide sprang up in a violent rage, inflamed at his own stupidity, and would have executed vengeance upon his tormentor, but that he took to his heels and soon disappeared, making the air resound with his violent guffaws.

"Confounded unlucky!" said Jack, who was rather discomfited. "I might have known from the abominable leer which that man possessed, that he was no philanthropist."

By this time the park was moderately full of people passing in different directions, and Jack knew if his end was coming, it must be soon. But Heaven was sending him a deliverer in the shape of a young lady dressed in blue silk, who, with her maid, was advancing up the walk. Jack, looking out between the trees, almost forgot his purpose in gazing upon her face, which was radiant with youth and beauty.

"What a miserable wretch I am!" thought he. But for all that, he tied up his cravat in a most extinguishing style—by that adjective I did not intend to give the reader the impression that he was trying to choke himself—tossed his hair back from his face, and cocked his pistol. Then, throwing himself gracefully forward, he fell on one knee, and again holding the pistol to his head, repeated with most tragic emphasis:

"Thus, thus do I end an ill-fated life!"

But Jack was doomed to live. The young lady sprang to his side, and with a scream, cried out: "Forbear, wretched man!" And at the same time her attendant seized him by the shoulder and shook him so lustily, that the pistol soon dropped from his not very reluctant hand. Having procured a long stick, she poked the fearful weapon carefully out of the way.

"Hang me!" said Jack, when he related the story to me afterwards, "if I wasn't ashamed of myself when I looked up at her face so full of nobility and truth." And the young lady herself blushed like a damask rose, when she met the ardent gaze of the handsome young man she had saved from destruction.

"My dear sir, what could be your motive?"

"Dash it, madame, would you have a man starve?"

"But consider the wickedness!"

"Think of living like a chameleon all your life!"

"Would you rush unprepared into the presence of your Maker?"

"Unprepared! I've fasted for three days!"

"Would you have your friends to weep for a suicide?"

"Friends! Humph!"

I don't think Jack was very polite in this interview, but he managed to send volley after volley of ardent glances towards his deliverer, till it was a wonder she was not consumed. At last, after a number of manœuvres, my lady engaged Jack for the performance of some literary commission, nobody knew what, paying him in advance, and desiring that he would call in the evening at her residence in Portland Place.

After she had gone, Jack danced one of the most joyful jigs he could turn out his toes to, brandishing his pistol like a trophy on high, till a policeman came up and inquired if he wished to be taken to the station-house. On this hint, Mr. Altamont's spirits subsided a little.

He then proceeded to a tavern, where, after showing his purse to the waiter, who knew him of old, he sat down to a most astonishing breakfast; ditto dinner in about an hour afterwards. He then composed what he declared to be his *chef-d'œuvre*, threw himself on the bed and slept away the remainder of the day. This was one of Jack's happiest peculiarities. With but two pence ha'penny in his pocket, and on a rough plank, he could sleep as well as a prince on down. But at present he was in no such fearful straits; his pocket was very comfortably filled, and he was stretching his limbs on the best bed in the house.

It is traditionally related of him, that, being arraigned in his more youthful days before Judge Bigwig, by the enraged inhabitants of Bath, for the purloining of twenty-seven knockers and six bell-pulls, he fell sound asleep while pleading innocent; and in this unguarded state, his pockets were emptied of five dragons' heads and a vulture's claw, which effectually proved his delinquency.

At eight o'clock Mr. Altamont arose and arranged his toilet—that is, he changed hats with a person who was so foolish as to leave his by the side of Jack's—and proceeded to Portland Place, where he expected that his fallen fortunes would be entirely restored. He was admitted by a footman, who did not seem to understand his request to see Miss De Courcy, but mumbled out:

"Up stairs, first door on left hand; here, Peter, show this gentleman the way."

But Peter wasn't there; so Jack, trusting to his usual good luck, went up alone and tried the first door he saw. It opened into a very handsome dressing-room, elaborately adorned and arranged as if for some expected occupant. There was no one in it, and Jack sat down to inspect matters. A very brilliant masquerade dress, accompanied by a print, for the character of the Earl of Leicester, was spread out on a lounge. On this last interesting object Jack's gaze lingered until he began to think how nicely it would fit him.

"Green velvet, slashed with white satin—a very becoming color to me. How finely I should look with all those orders strung round my neck!—how the deuce am I to tell for whom it was intended! There can be no harm at least in trying it on."

He had scarcely uttered this concluding sentiment, when the door was thrown open, and two young men entered. Jack vanished behind the window curtain.

"Hum!" said the first one, with his eye-glass stuck into his eye, gazing about the room.

"Quite passable," said the second ditto eye-glass.

"Ah, there's my dress," said No. 1, looking at the apparel on the sofa. "Had that made in Paris, old fellow. How d'ye like it? I had it sent on last week."

"Not equal to my Duke of Buckingham. Seen it? Up stairs. Where's your cousin Jenny?"

"I have not seen her yet. She is dressing, I believe. It is seventeen years now since I've been here. Don't you think I shall make an impression? Is she handsome?"

Jack was so enraged at hearing these cool remarks about the heroine of his morning's adventure, that he was unable to listen to the rest of their conversation till No. 2 proposed to go and dress. This was a great relief to Jack, who, by this time, was rather tired of the standing position, and who hoped to see them both go out together.

But Mr. Hamilton—for that was the name of Miss De Courcy's cousin—instead of leaving the room with his friend, told him he would dress there, and be with him in a short time. He did not seem in a very great hurry, however, but lounged round the room, looking at the various articles of his dress, and practising attitudes before the mirror. Jack's indignation rose fearfully, and he began to contemplate the possibility of coming forth from his concealment, and doing something desperate, when Mr. Hamilton opened a door at the back of the room and passed out.

Mr. Altamont came forth into the light and stretched himself. A brilliant idea flashed across his mind. He ran to the door, turned the key in the lock, tore off his clothes, threw them behind the lounge, donned the habit of the Earl of Leicester, and was admiring himself in the glass when Lord Fitzheory, Mr. Hamilton's friend, entered!

"Confusion! What's to be done now?" thought he. But his wit came to his aid. He put on his mask, stooped down pretending to adjust his shoe, and, imitating Mr. Hamilton's voice, said as rapidly as possible, for he was momentarily expecting a shout from that gentleman:

"Tom, you scapegrace, there has just been a lady here inquiring for you, beautiful as Venus and graceful as Juno. She asked me to tell you to come immediately to Brooks's, in the Strand; or, if you didn't find her there, to somebody's—hang me if I remember who—in Cheapside."

"Venus! Brooks! Juno! Cheapside! call immediately! Who can it be?" said the bewildered peer. "O, I think I know—no—yes, it must be; hurrah! good-by, my boy—shall see you again before the evening's out."

"I hope not," said Jack, after the deluded representative of the Duke of Buckingham had left. "I've had quite enough of you."

Mr. Altamont then, with rather a fearful heart, shut his door and proceeded to the drawing-room. It was brilliantly lighted, and filled with crowds of gaily-dressed people. But the most radiantly beautiful of all was Miss De Courcy, dressed as Mary, Queen of Scots, and surrounded by a circle of devoted admirers. As soon as Jack advanced in sight glittering in his spangles and medals, she came quickly forward to meet him.

"My cousin Harry, I suppose from the dress; for remember I havn't seen you since I was a year old, and besides you have your mask on."

"At your service," said he, taking it off, and kissing two of the most charming lips in the world. Jenny started.

"You don't say you remember me any better with my mask off," said Jack, carelessly.

"Well," answered she, "if it was not an absurd thing to pretend to such a memory for a baby, I should say I would have known you anywhere."

After this propitious beginning, Jack began to feel rather more at his ease. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law," argued he. So he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the evening. He polked with nine nuns in succession, waltzed with Minerva, danced a minuet with Queen Elizabeth, and succeeded in getting into everybody's good graces. While he was engaged in a very interesting conversation with his cousin pro tem., he was overwhelmed by the sight of a very portly old gentleman approaching.

"My godfather, cousin; dear godpapa, this is cousin Harry."

"How do you do, sir? It seems to me I've seen you before. Let me think—no, it can't be. Ho, ho, ho! Beg pardon, sir; beg pardon."

Jenny seemed rather astonished at the old gentleman's merriment, but Jack blushed.

"Deuce take the old fogy!" said he. "What a confounded memory!" He then inquired very sternly if the gentleman was laughing at him.

"Ho, ho, ho! O, no! Beg pardon; I'm sure—ho, ho!"

Jack took his cousin under his arm and strode off. But as the fates would have it, who should he come in contact with but Lord Fitzhenry! He slouched his hat over his face, while the noble lord whispered ferociously in his ear:

"I demand satisfaction, sir, immediately."

"You shall have it," answered the pretended Hamilton. "Meet me in five minutes in my dressing-room. I will but change my dress."

"Enough," answered Fitzhenry.

When he was fairly out of sight, Jack took his cousin to a retired part of the room, and having helped her and himself to ices, prepared for a quiet time. But he had calculated rather badly. Had Mr. Hamilton been a man of spirit, affairs might have fallen out as Jack expected. He supposed Mr. Hamilton would lay the blame of his durance upon Fitzhenry. Fitzhenry would retaliate upon his own account, and "between them both," said he, "if affairs over get straightened, my name isn't Jack Altamont!"

But our youthful Machiavel was destined to disappointment; for no sooner had the two parties met, by Fitzhenry's bursting open the inner door, and telling the poltroon to come forth from his place of concealment, than Hamilton, grateful only for his release, disclaimed all idea of a duel, and the dispute was ended by the infuriated young lord, who dragged him to the drawing-room, and denounced him for a coward. Jack shook in his borrowed shoes when he heard the uproar. He knew that his time was come, and, rising from his seat, determined to abdicate as gracefully as possible.

But he was stopped in his expected harangue by Fitzhenry, who stared at him in utter astonishment, and from him to Hamilton. The latter gentleman, plucking up his courage, called out:

"What business, sir, have you in my dress?"

"Your dress?" asked everybody. "Who are you? This is Mr. Hamilton, Miss De Courcy's cousin."

"*That* Mr. Hamilton! *I* am Mr. Hamilton."

But the unfortunate man received nothing but "Pooh," "Pshaw," "Madman," and other flattering expressions, which, instead of comforting, made him perfectly furious.

"O, Tom, Tom, why don't you help me?"

But Tom sat immovable, not seeing through affairs as yet. At length Jack spoke:

"I acknowledge the truth of Mr. Hamilton's statement. In joke, while he was absent from the room, knowing the company to be unacquainted with him, I assumed his dress and character, not thinking the matter would end so seriously."

"Ho, ho, ho!" It was the fat gentleman, who was standing at Jack's elbow. He started.

"But who are you then?" asked the company.

"My name is John Altamont."

"What," said the fat gentleman, tumbling forward, "not the son of Admiral Jack Altamont, who died in Algiers?"

"The same."

"My dear boy, come to your uncle. How much you do look like your father, to be sure!"

And the old gentleman took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes; then he embraced his nephew very tenderly; then, recovering himself, he poked him in the side and whispered, shaking from head to foot: "So the pistol hung—"

"Hang the pistol!" interrupted Jack.

Jack was only great under the inspiration of tragedy. Misery exalted his genius; perfect happiness always prostrated him—on a lounge or in bed. He submitted to congratulations and embraces, but ventured on only one original remark:

"I say, old fellow" (this was to the avuncular old fogy), "what time do we folks in high life—ah—retire? I mean—ho!"

The clock struck twelve; Jack yawned as if he had been a churchyard. Since then Jack has basked—that's his favorite figure—in the smiles of fortune.

CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

It would be easy to let the imagination run wild in describing such ideal charms of face and limb as prescriptive fancy bestows on the Circassian girl; but unless the remoter interior possess nymphs of another and more celestial mould than those who meet the traveller's eye along the coast, such hyperbole of praise may be awarded with greater justice to claimants nearer home. There is, indeed, a natural gracefulness about these Circassian maids which a western education might develop into an elegance that would contrast favorably with the artificial gloss of mere conventional refinement; but for the wildering beauty that dazzles the eye and carries the heart by a *coup de grace*, you may see more of it on a fine spring afternoon in Rotten-row and the Drive, than I have been able to catch sight of here during three industrious weeks. Lest it should be inferred from this admission of non-success in this respect that the result mentioned has arisen in any degree from the retiring bashfulness of the sex, I may add that it is the married women—and of them the ugliest are, as in Turkey, ever the readiest to hide their charms from the stranger's eye—who wear the veil; the single and unsold may be looked at till the gazer is content.—*Correspondent of Daily News.*

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may not accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY DAUGHTER MARY.

BY HON. S. T. SPROULL.

Struggling all the daytime
In that whirlpool called the world,
A thousand wild waves rushing,
The sternest spirit crushing
In their angry, stormy whirl,
'Tis delicious to remember,
And I do so with a sigh,
Those tones so soft and tender,
Of my darling child's "Good-by."

Struggling all the daytime,
On the battle plain of life,
A thousand foes advancing,
All their hostile weapons glancing,
In the sternness of the strife;
'Tis delicious to remember,
And I do so with delight,
The tones so soft and tender
Of my darling child's "Good-night!"

Struggling all the day-time,
Panting wildly in the race,
Where selfishness and meanness,
With a vicious, grasping keenness,
Strive for riches or for place;
'Tis delicious to remember,
With emotions all my own,
One heart so true and tender,
Awaits me there at home.

Welcome, then, the night-time,
With its sable wings outspread;
When the surging tide of life,
With its tempests and its strife,
Lies in silence like the dead:
Then dreaming, I remember,
As her form to mine is pressed,
How truthful and how tender,
Is that heart upon my breast.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DOGS OF DAMASCUS.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

There are several plagues in all Mohammedan countries besides the awful disease which bears that name—the plague of vermin, the plague of insecurity of property, and the plague of poverty. But no one has particularly described the plague of dogs.

In discussing upon this subject, it would be quite proper to embrace extensive geographical boundaries, and to take in the varieties and distinct families of dogs on the old continent of Asia. They collect in and about every town and village, and the number appears to bear some kind of proportion to the population. A great city has more canine plagues than a small one.

Asiatics do not entertain that fondness for the animal, when domesticated, that is evinced by Europeans and Americans. They are considered *unclean*, and therefore held in semi-abhorrence. They are as ancient, in the condition in which we now study them, as man himself. When the Jews fled from bondage, the city dogs unquestionably followed upon the heels of the camp, for the garbage that they found.

Moses directed that when the domestic animals had been "torn of beasts," in other words killed, the flesh should not be eaten, but cast to the dogs. This implies their existence, certainly, if not their abundance, outside. Goliath said to David, when he stood before him, sling in hand, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" This passage conveys the idea of their prowling character, and the enmity that was manifested towards them, by keeping them at bay with staves. "As a dog returns to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly," says Solomon in the Proverbs, which shows his familiar knowledge of the habits of the semi-domesticated dogs, the progenitors of the present dogs of Judea. The savage animals will gorge themselves excessively, when an opportunity presents. If the stomach is over-distended, and the putrid mass is ejected, their appetite, no way impaired, enables them to fill up again immediately.

Damascus, the capital of Syria, located in the centre of an extensive plain, beautifully watered, swarms with dogs. Their number is past finding out. They are not the variety which associate on friendly terms with men. They could not be domesticated to become companionable, and yet they always cluster about human habitations. Were it not for the refuse crumbs and scraps of food thrown into the streets, on which they principally subsist, thousands of them would inevitably die of starvation in a single week. As it is, large numbers undoubtedly perish in that way, since they scramble and fight so furiously for a morsel, the strong must succeed better than the young and weak. Detested, they are tolerated as a necessary nuisance, because they are the scavengers to remove every morsel of meat, bread and bone, which would otherwise accumulate to the public detriment. Charitably disposed Mussulmen throw into the streets an occasional supply, as offerings of pity for the wretched looking creatures. They could not be driven away, nor could they be exterminated without actually periling the public health, under the ordinary municipal arrangements. Through the day they are sleeping, or at least keeping quiet; but with the approach of evening shades, they astonish the spectator with their numbers and ferocious appearance. These dogs are small, of a dingy yellowish color, with sharp snouts, bright, fierce eyes, and the sharpest, whitest, wickedest rows of teeth ever seen in any jaws.

Whether in Damascus they have divided the city into sections, which are recognized as the specific domain of a family or particular tribe, was not ascertained, but in Alexandria or Cairo, such divisions of territory are actually defined. Many a puppy is slaughtered without mercy, from being ignorant of the line, and running over the limits.

Constantinople is infested by the same race of scavenger dogs to an enormous extent. There may be nearly a million of them. Their habits in one city illustrate their economy in all. So vastly numerous are they in the streets through the night, no one dare venture out without a lantern. No person is allowed by the sentinels to attempt walking out in the evening without a light, lest they should be instantly devoured by the packs in pursuit of prey. The lantern is suspended by a string from the hand, and carried close to the ground. A circle of dogs move with the light, but never venture to get very near it. Were it not for the fear of a light, it would be extremely hazardous to attempt going from one door to another through a gauntlet of those blood-loving animals. They bark incessantly through the night. Being accustomed to the everlasting annoyance, the inhabitants are less disturbed than they otherwise would be. Their multiplication is quite astonishing, when the difficulty of sustaining life is taken into consideration.

Litters of puppies may be seen almost everywhere through the day. The dam nurses them very quietly, paying no attention to the passer—unless by accident a foot or a tail is trodden upon. Then the welkin rings with their howlings, which is propagated by the nearest dog, and extended till the yelpings are lost in space.

At the village of Gezah, opposite the ruins of Fostat, once the capital of Lower Egypt, there is a depot for cattle which are driven from the interior of Africa, following the windings of the Nile for the sake of the water. The cattle have a hump on the shoulders, large as an ordinary hat—which is much of a curiosity, and therefore worth going to see. Sometimes nearly a thousand head are collected at Gezah, waiting to be sold. They become restive from the irritation of insects, thirsty and hungry, too, and in their excitement gore and trample many to death. Others die from other causes, so that every morning one or two are found dead.

The dogs lie about the borders of the enclosure, fully expecting every morning a new carcase or two. When the herdsmen drag the dead bodies to the line, the dogs stand in rows impatiently waiting; and as the men step back, they seize the carcase and drag it as firemen run with an engine, making the dust fly as they go—and in an incredibly short space of time after, it is torn into shreds, and the bones gnawed as though they had been rasped with a steel rasp. When these multitudes of dogs can find no other food, in the superficial graves, in which bodies are interred without coffins, they seek subsistence. Their whole history, therefore, is extraordinary.

Several varieties of the dog, which have no intercourse with man, either as his friend, companion, or looker-on, waiting for what he is disposed to give away, are met with in Asia. They hunt in packs like the wolf, and combine for mutual protection. These half-savage, scavenger dogs of the East licked up the blood of Naboth, and ate the body of Jezebel, all but the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. Thus, by understanding the habits of these dogs of Damascus, the Bible accounts of them are cleared from all obscurities.

BULLET WOUNDS.

The hospital at Scutari is said to afford some memorable specimens of the resistance capable of being offered by the human frame to the action of bullet wounds. One man, shot through the chest, recovered; another, who had a ball for two days in his brain, did well after the ball was extracted. One man, who was shot in the leg, had such a hard, sharp bone, that it split the bone which struck it into halves, as if the lead had been severed with a knife, and he escaped without a fracture. A rifle ball completely scooped out the eyes of a man, but he recovered, without any other injury.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Six Months in Kansas. By a Lady. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo.

The authoress of this work went to Kansas in September, 1855, and returned to Massachusetts in 1856. Her book is made up of familiar letters detailing her experience and impressions of the new territory.

The Grey-Bay Mare, and other Humorous American Sketches. By Henry P. Leland. Illustrated. Phila.: J. P. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 314.

A capital book for summer reading—full of humor and fun, oddity and quaintness, with mirth-provoking "pictures to match."

New Music.—Oliver Ditson has just published "The First Gift," a ballad, "The Bridge," words by Longfellow, "Comin' thro' the Rye," and "Buy a Broom," with variations.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus, etc. By J. Talboys Wheeler. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

By means of an imaginary biography of Herodotus, founded, however, on fact, the author contrives to give us a correct picture of the cities, countries and peoples of the fifth century before Christ. The author is a ripe scholar, and has applied his information most ingeniously and instructively. One of the most valuable works published for a long while. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Huguenot Exiles: or, *The Times of Louis XIV.* An Historical Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 453.

In this romance the author has succeeded in embodying the spirit of history, without any of its dryness. The story is sufficiently interesting, while the portraits of the poor persecuted Huguenots are admirably drawn. For sale by Redding & Co.

Life Sketches from Common Paths. A Series of American Tales. By Mrs. Julia L. Dumont. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 286.

Very interesting and very well written are the stories in this unpretending volume. There is a truthfulness in the pictures of life, which proclaim the true artist. For sale by Redding & Co.

Learning to Read. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

A very ingenious system, illustrated with beautiful engravings. For sale by Redding & Co.

Haswell's Mechanics' Tables. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

These tables are too well known to require recommendation. They contain the areas and circumferences of circles—various other tables of measures and weights, and is an essential book for the engineer and mechanic. For sale by Redding & Co.

New Music.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have published "The Mother's Smile," a song, "Rine-Eyed Bell," as sung by the Avondales, and "Il Balen del Suo Sorriso," from "Il Trovatore." "When at the quiet evening hour," a romanza, by Verdi, "Bonnie Woman's Smile," a song, by E. J. Weller. "The Vow," a nocturne for two voices, from Donizetti's "Giuramento."

WINSLOW LEWIS, M. D.

The accompanying portrait of our much esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. Winslow Lewis, the distinguished physician and surgeon, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case, and is an excellent likeness. Winslow Lewis was born in Boston, July 8, 1799, and is consequently 57 years of age. After receiving an excellent preparatory education, he entered Harvard University, and was a member of the class that graduated in 1819. He now commenced the study of his profession, and received his degrees of M. D. and M. A. in 1822. Directly after this he sailed for Europe, and pursued the study of his profession in the best continental schools of medicine and surgery until 1824. On returning to Boston, he entered at once on his professional career, and soon obtained a large practice, chiefly surgical. He has always devoted a large share of his attention to surgery. Dr. Lewis is a counsellor of the Massachusetts Medical Society, a member of the American Medical Society at Paris, and consulting surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital. As a surgeon and anatomist, he unquestionably stands at the head of his profession in his native State; and his position may be inferred from the fact that, during the last twenty years he has imparted instruction to more than four hundred pupils. Though mingling but little in politics, he has more than once yielded to the wishes of his fellow-citizens to ensure his services, was chosen a member of the common council in 1839, and a representative to the legislature in 1836, 1852 and 1853. Dr. Lewis is an active and honored member of the Masonic order, which he joined in 1829, and, after having filled various offices, is now Grand Master of Massachusetts. No man enjoys a higher reputation among the "brethren of the mystic tie." In 1843, Dr. Lewis revisited Europe, with his family, and remained abroad about three years, residing chiefly in Florence. He was eminently fitted to enjoy and improve this period of relaxation from professional duties. With a cultivated mind, a fondness for literary and antiquarian pursuits, for art, and also for society, he was enabled to enjoy thoroughly the attractions of that storied land which combines all the material for the gratification of such tastes. He was warmly welcomed back to Boston by that wide circle of friends, to whom he is endeared by the possession of the rarest social qualities; by his professional associates, by whom he is esteemed and honored; and by those sufferers to whom his ministrations are most grateful. Blessed with good health and a happy temperament, the subject of our brief sketch has probably many years of enjoyment and of usefulness before him.



WINSLOW LEWIS, M. D.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

We present on this page an accurate view of this building, which was commenced in 1853. It stands opposite the new Bible House, at the corner of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue, not far from the Astor Library Building. It extends 195 feet on Third Avenue, 86 on Seventh Street, 162 on Fourth Avenue, and 183 on Astor Place, covering an area of nearly 20,000 square feet, including the inner court. The edifice is six stories in height, the upper story being appropriated for an observatory, with choice astronomical and microscopic apparatus. In the basement is a hall 135 feet long and 84 1-2 feet wide, to be used as a lecture room. Peter Cooper, Esq., a well known merchant of New York, appropriated $300,000 to the establishment of this institution, designed as a free gift to the city of New York. The plan as proposed by him was as follows:—The objects of the institution are the physical, mental and moral improvement of the people, and particularly of the young. There will be lectures and debates upon all useful sciences in its halls. In order to unite all kindred institutions in a common bond of interest, the halls of the edifice are to be opened free of charge for anniversaries, commencements, etc. A feature of the new institution will be a large room always open and free for the use of such women as may wish to meet for the discussion and consideration of the application of natural and practical sciences to their own benefit, or who have the talent and knowledge which will enable them to add anything to the treasures of science already known. There will also be an office in the institution for the benefit of those seeking scientific, educational or professional employment, where their names will be registered, and applications received and recorded for the benefit of all. For further encouragement to women, a sum of five hundred dollars is annually set apart to be given by the vote of the members of the Institute to the female who is proved to have exhibited the truest heroism, or the greatest self-sacrifice in the cause of suffering humanity. It is hoped in this way to draw public attention to the thousand self-devoted acts which characterize the sex, and to make the young men of the Institute more observant of the virtues which true humanity calls out. Another large room in the building is appropriated to general discussion among the members of the Institute, of philosophical and other appropriate matters; and notes and copies of such discussions are to be preserved as the property of the institution. The institution will be under the government of a board of trustees, comprising the judges of the United States Court residing in New York, the three judges of the Superior Court, the mayor, the eldest male member of Mr. Cooper's family, the president of the Free Academy, the president of the Mechanics' Society, and the editors of the principal daily and weekly papers of the city, who have one vote in the board. The trustees have power to appoint the professors, and a superintendent, who must make an annual report to the board, to the corporation, and to the legislature. Professors may be removed, on good cause, by the trustees, or by a vote of three-fourths of the students. To become a member and a student of this institution requires no other credentials than a good moral character. Laws for the government of the students will be made by themselves; and expulsions will be made only by a majority vote of the whole body. The plan thus sketched is entirely original; we are not aware of any existing institution in the world so constituted.

JERUSALEM AT THE PRESENT DAY.

"Walk about Jerusalem" is a divine injunction, and we were literally obeying it. In some respects we found it at once widely differing from any of the oriental cities we had seen, and by no means answering any of the expectations we had formed of the city of the Jews. And very rarely are our expectations answered when we, for the first time, set eyes on a man, or a place, or a picture which we have heard of often, and earnestly desire to behold. To stand within the walls of Jerusalem, has been the longing of the Jewish and the Christian heart from youth to old age, as an exile longs to see his native land before he dies. And the desire excites the imagination, until we are in expectancy of seeing something other than the reality, when we come to enter its narrow streets, and wander among the heaps on heaps that still distinguish the city, as if the curse of the rejected Messiah still hangs upon it. As we look down upon the town from our tent door on Mount Olivet, it appeared to us nearly a plain with a slight declivity to the east. But now we are constantly going up and down as we thread our way, ascending mountains of rubbish, on which houses are built, twenty or thirty feet above the original level. The streets are not so wide as the sidewalk on Broadway, in New York, and indeed rarely exceed eight or ten feet in breadth, and sometimes the houses actually meet; and stranger still, they accomplish the apparently impracticable feat of standing on both sides of the road at the same time. For, as the pathway leads under them, they are supported by arches, and the dwelling thus occupies the space over the street as well as on each side. The same plan of building I have noticed in Nablous and other Eastern cities; and, as in Cairo, the sun was excluded altogether from some of the streets by coverings thrown across from one house to the other, so here in Jerusalem, an awning is made, sometimes of mats, and sometimes of boards, rendering the streets gloomy, but inviting a current of air that refreshes one in hot weather, and compensates fully for the loss of the sun. These streets generally are at right angles, are wretchedly paved, with a gully in the middle for the passage of animals, that prefer a softer path than this broken causeway of irregular stones. The limestone that abounds in this region, affords the material of which the houses are built, and as there is no lack of stone, the walls are substantial. It is a novelty to observe that windows are rarely seen towards the street; and the few that are so situated for the purposes of light and air, are strongly protected by casements. The inner court, on which the windows and doors open, is surrounded by a wall, which forms part of the house; and the whole edifice, so far as is possible, is constructed without the use of wood, which is too expensive to be employed where any other material will answer the purpose. The floors and stairs are, of course, made of stone. All of the timber that is in use must, even at this day, as in the days of Solomon, be brought from Mount Lebanon, and the means of transportation are not so good now as they were in those days. The water that falls upon the roofs is carefully led into cisterns under ground, often cut out of the solid rock, and every house has at least one of these, on which the people must depend for all their culinary purposes. Many of these now in use have doubtless served the Jews of far distant ages, and as some of them are immense, and in the rainy season a supply is taken in sufficient for six or eight months, to be re-supplied from a source that no enemy before the gates could cut off, it is plain that Jerusalem could not be made to suffer for want of water in the midst of the most protracted siege. The house of one of the missionaries has four cisterns, the largest of which is thirty feet square, and twenty feet deep. Other cities in this country are similarly provided, as fountains and streams are rare; and from the very earliest times of which we have record, wells were among the most valuable and cherished kinds of property. These facts heighten the beauty and propriety of those figures of Scripture so often drawn from the fountain, the well, the cistern with its wheel, the water, the river, the rain, all of which are associated in the Eastern mind with the most precious of the gifts of Providence, and are therefore the most beautiful emblems of the gifts of grace.—*Correspondent of New York Observer.*



COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AUTHORSHIP AND BOOK-MAKING.

Alexandre Dumas, the French author, passes for being the most prolific writer that ever lived. Although French books are cheap, his complete works embrace so many volumes, that they cannot be purchased for less than three hundred and fifty dollars. He has produced so many volumes in a single year, that shrewd calculators easily proved that the manual labor of writing must have consumed all his time; and the matter was explained by a statement that, like Cæsar, Dumas had the faculty of dictating to three or four secretaries at once. He has published under his own name books on every subject; he has written plays, memoirs, travels, histories, romances, essays, poems, and, like Goldsmith, has touched nothing which he has not adorned. But the wonder is no longer a wonder. Dumas never wrote one tenth of what has been given to the world under his attractive name. A really very clever writer, he early obtained such a reputation, that his name was sure to sell everything to which it was attached. This fact induced him to speculate on his name, and to commence the manufacture of books on a large scale. He engaged the services of several clever writers, and the firm, of which the silent partners were unknown, poured forth a deluge of volumes on the reading world, all fathered by the popular Dumas, the "spoils" being divided among the literary partners of the house of A. Dumas & Co. The novels by which Dumas is best known in this country, the "Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "The Viscount de Bragelonne" and "Monte Christo," were written by a Mr. Maquet. And, what is more curious, the "Three Musketeers," and its sequel, were not original with Maquet even, but were taken from the "Memoirs of M. D'Artagnan," published about a century and a half ago. Dumas's novel, "The Adventures of John Davys," is mostly appropriated from Captain Marryatt; while "Captain Paul" is little more than an "annexation" of "The Pilot," by our own Cooper. In fact, Dumas has been clearly convicted of piracy and plagiarism. At best, he is but a clever imitator and mimic. He has received immense sums for his manufactures, but is now living in exile in straitened circumstances.

IOWA.—We took occasion to mention lately, that Iowa, until a few weeks since, took the lead in the number of subscribers we had in the West for BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY, but that Michigan, then numbering thirty-seven hundred, had outstripped her sister State. But the tables are turned again, and we have since that date received a few over *three hundred* additional names from different parts of Iowa, making *four thousand subscribers* we number for our Dollar Magazine within her precincts! Is there any other publication in the United States that can equal this?

SPLINTERS.

.... Cigar ashes rubbed on a musquito bite are said instantly to remove the smart. We never tried it.

.... The material wealth of England is set down in value at 22,235,000,000 dollars—a very little sum.

.... A new lighthouse, 90 feet high, to be completed next fall, is now building at Sabine Lake, Texas.

.... Hook and Crook were two noted land surveyors of London, and established titles—hence the phrase "by Hook or by Crook."

.... A negro said he worked for a man who raised his wages so high he could only reach them once in two years.

.... Two twin brothers recently met in Jay, New York, after a separation of 46 years. They are named Smith.

.... A ship is entered for loading, a musket loaded for entering. —that's the difference. Both are discharged.

.... The mayor of Baltimore has forbidden the performance of Jack Sheppard, as demoralizing in its tendencies.

.... They say that American volunteer companies *will* be allowed to visit Canada with arms, after all.

.... Seven sharks were lately caught at Charleston, South Carolina, with hook and line. Good sport—poor eating.

.... The Turkish government has refused to acknowledge the independence of Circassia.

.... Judge McLean was born in Morris county, New Jersey, in 1785. He is, therefore, 71 years of age.

.... A three days' storm at Jacmel, lately, caused an inundation and loss of life and property.

.... One Samuel Cannon was lately fined ten dollars in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, for an unauthorized kiss.

.... Some rogues in this city have been amusing themselves by abducting blinds from the windows of dwelling houses.

.... Mr. William Hughes, a Californian, lately accomplished the feat of walking 100 consecutive hours in this city.

.... Winship's nursery grounds, so famous in this vicinity, were lately sold in lots at auction for $42,000.

.... Mr. Thackeray is flourishing in London in excellent spirits, and has changed his Yankee dollars into sovereigns.

.... Albert Smith, who writes novels and ascends Mount Blanc, is about to marry the daughter of the Keeleys.

.... A young lady lately objected to going across the fields to church, because the path was too *stile*-ish.

.... M. Minié, of rifle celebrity, has a gun that will discharge twenty-four balls a minute, and is instantly reloaded.

.... The Germans are seldom affected with consumption; they strengthen their lungs by singing and out door exercise.

.... Kossuth reads the 14th verse, 2d chapter Luke: "Peace on earth to all good willing men." Calvin rejected this version.

WRITING AND SPEAKING.

Few persons are capable of writing and speaking equally well. The exceptions are indeed few and far between. Addison, who wrote with exquisite grace, was not even a fluent talker; we all know how poor dear Goldsmith blundered and floundered when he desired to shine in society—how Byron broke down in the House of Lords; and what a desperate failure Lytton Bulwer made when he set up for a Demosthenes. There are many fair, common-place writers who are also fair, common-place speakers; but there are few men who are at the same time both great writers and great speakers. The reason of this is that the qualifications of the writer and speaker are essentially different. Hazlitt stated this very forcibly.

"The great, leading distinction," says he, "between writing and speaking is, that more time is allowed for the one than the other; and hence different faculties are required for, and different objects attained by, each. He is properly the best speaker who can collect together the greatest number of apposite ideas at a moment's warning; he is properly the best writer who can give utterance to the greatest quantity of valuable knowledge in the course of his whole life. The chief requisite for the one, then, appears to be quickness and facility of perception—for the other, patience of soul, and a power increasing with the difficulties it has to encounter. * * * The difference of quicker and slower, however, is not all; that is merely a difference of comparison in doing the same thing. But the writer and speaker have to do things essentially different. Besides habit, and greater or less facility, there is also a certain reach of capacity, a certain depth or shallowness, grossness or refinement of intellect, which marks out the distinction between those whose chief ambition is to shine by producing an immediate effect, or who are thrown back by a natural bias, on the severer researches of thought and study."

The popular writer must be new and original; novelty and originality do not render an orator popular. He is the most popular orator who best reflects the sentiments of his audience—who makes himself their mouth-piece. To appreciate new theories—novel speculations—requires time and reflection. When we see these in a book, we can lay down the volume and weigh a sentence or a page by itself in the balance of our judgment. But what the speaker says must be self-evident and carry instant conviction or command instant assent. The most popular orators are the heroes of the common-place. Read over some of the most "telling" speeches ever made, and you will be astounded at the meagreness of the ideas, the common-place character of the productions. Shakspeare, who had an intuitive perception of the philosophy of oratory, makes Mark Antony tell the Romans that which "they themselves do know." This is the province of the orator. He but furnishes the spark to the fuel they have gathered.

It is true that some of the most celebrated orations that have come down to us, are models of finished composition, exquisite specimens of logic and oratory. But who ever supposes that those of Cicero are the same that he "fulminated" in the senate and the forum? Cicero understood perfectly well the art of reporting—an art which consists in making the report as different as possible from the spoken discourse.

If you wish to see why a writer is not calculated to succeed as a speaker, just look at a page of a polished author's manuscript. You will find it full of erasures—of changes in the arrangement of sentences, of words substituted, crossed out, again restored and again rejected. These changes, if made by the vocal organs instead of the pen, would make an aggregate of hesitations, stammerings, blunderings—a tangle of words and ideas, perfectly unintelligible to the audience, and amounting to a complete breakdown. It is the height of folly to suppose that an elegant and finent writer must be a good speaker, and the height of cruelty to call him out on public occasions to make him exhibit his weakness.

BROOKLINE SEMINARY.—This school for young ladies, established by Mrs. Fitz, at No. 1, Washington Place, Brookline, enters on its fourth year September 17, 1856. We have seen testimonials from Edward Everett and other distinguished gentlemen, as well as from the parents of young ladies educated by Mrs. Fitz, which satisfy us that she is an accomplished and reliable instructress, and we are pleased to learn that she meets with that success which her exertions and her abilities merit.

WIT AND HUMOR.—We have added a new attraction to Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine, in the form of a humorous illustrated department. This will be fresh and original each month, and will be the part to which the reader will always turn first. The Magazine will remain at ONE DOLLAR a year! The cheapest in the world, with its *hundred pages* of attractive reading matter in each number.

WASHINGTON.—The equestrian statue of Washington, in Union Park, New York, is twenty-eight feet high, including the pedestal. Brown, the sculptor, who contracted to furnish it for the sum of $25,000, it is said has sunk, at the least calculation, $10,000 by the operation.

SCREW STEAMERS.—These vessels have been looking up since the Himmalaya, with 1400 troops on board, made the passage from Malta to Halifax in sixteen days, equalling the performances of the swiftest paddle-wheeled steamer.

GRATIFTING.—It is pleasant to learn in these angry political times that each party is sure of electing their president. We have their word for it.

RACHEL.—Alison sets Rachel above Mlle. Georges and Mlle. Mars, the stars of the French stage under the first empire.

A NOBLE AMATEUR.

Every one knows the reputation of Adrian Van der Velde, a painter of the Flemish school; but few persons are familiar with what occurred between him and an Englishman passionately fond of pictures. Lord Clarendon had purchased a very beautiful country seat in the environs of Antwerp. Wood, water and hill combined to form an enchanting landscape, affording a constant source of delight to the eye. Van der Velde no sooner beheld it, as he chanced to be in the neighborhood, one day, than he conceived the idea of expressing upon canvas the scene which had so fascinated him. He set up his easel in the nearest village, and from careful sketches of the scene, produced a most picturesque and pleasing landscape. Sometime afterwards, he carried his picture to London, in the hope of disposing of it; but not obtaining the price he asked, he finally determined to put it up at auction, and decided to withdraw it if the bids did not run high enough to satisfy him.

Lord Clarendon had returned to England to attend to some business which required his presence. He happened into the auction at the moment the picture was under the hammer, and recognized his country seat in the minutest details. The bids ran up with a good deal of spirit, when his lordship created a sensation by calling out, "Twenty-five guineas!" This price far surpassed the expectations of the painter, but Lord Clarendon, finding his bid had stimulated his competitors, and fearing he should not get the picture, even if he covered it with gold, called out, "I will give the original for this copy!"

At the word "copy," every one was astounded. The painter rose furiously and asked his lordship if he was a connoisseur to talk in that way. "I am so much of a connoisseur," replied Clarendon, "that I repeat my offer. I will give the *original* for the *copy*."

"My lord, you are mistaken."

"I know very well," said Clarendon, "that Van der Velde only could have painted that picture, and for the third time I offer him the original for the copy."

Then the painter understood him, and withdrew his picture from the sale. They went to a lawyer, and Clarendon gave the Fleming a deed in exchange for the painting. After that, Adrian Van der Velde often occupied this country seat, which constantly recalled the memory of so excellent and so singular a bargain. Few landscape painters were ever so well paid for their work; few amateurs were ever as generous as Lord Clarendon.

A SPLENDID VOLUME.—We have now ready for delivery VOLUME TEN OF BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, elegantly bound in gilt, with illumined covers, index and title-page, uniform with our regular style, at $3 per volume. This is by far the most elegant and valuable number of the work yet issued, containing, as it does, the whole of our mammoth series of engravings for the last six months, and forming a rich ornament for the centre table. We sell the ten volumes complete from the commencement of the work, elegantly and uniformly bound in cloth and gilt, for *twenty dollars*—a library and picture gallery in itself.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Lincoln W. Hussey to Miss Elizabeth Doane; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. William Peirce to Miss Elizabeth P. Allen; by Rev. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Philip A. Butler, of Lawrence, to Miss Olivia M. Seawood Dennett; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Thomas Keith to Miss Nellie F. Turner; by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. Albert H. Gould to Miss Sarah M. Foster, of Saco, Me.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Warren Ludwig, M. D., to Miss Mary M. Smith.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Edward B. Heumenway to Miss Amelia Reals.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. John F. Bliss to Miss Lucy Knight.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Goddard, Mr. Thomas Lieg, of Shelby, Ohio, to Miss Harriet Towne.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. William D. Wright to Miss Judidiah South.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Charles C. Twitchell, of Oxford, to Miss Cornelia Wilson.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Edward F. Howe to Miss Sarah F. Norris.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. John E. Weston to Miss Sarah S. O. Hall, of Chelsea.—At West Newbury, Mr. Samuel Noyes to Miss Helen M. Stanwood.

DEATHS.

In this city, Widow Margaret Bellamy, 85; Miss Josephine C. Page, of Sterling, Ill., 18; Mr. James Topliff, 71; Mrs. Mary E. Cooke, 25; Mrs. Hannah Rollins Tebbetts, of Topsham, Me., 64; Mrs. Caroline M. Kimball; Mr. Robert Omond, 65; Mrs. Lucretia O. Baker; Mrs. Mary Trull, 70; Widow Mary Johnson, 91; Mr. George William Hens, 44.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Betsey Howell, 80.—At Chelsea, Mr. Asa H. Dyer, 31.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth Willard, 37.—At Medford, Widow Charlotte Rowe, 67.—At Milton Hill, William Glover, Esq., 67.—At Beverly, Dr. Ingalls Kittredge, 86.—At Salem, Mr. Jacob K. Christian, 24; Miss Mary Brooks, 49.—At Marblehead, Mr. Thomas Dodd, 78; Mrs. Susan W. Hammond, 49.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Maria L. Fears, 17; Mr. Richard Perkins, 90; Mrs. Rachel N. Carter, 81.—At Ipswich, Mrs. Lucy S. Pingree, 49.—At Taunton, Mrs. Abby C. Eddy, 39; Mr. Owen Brady, 49.—At Worcester, Miss Jenette C. Stoddard, 26.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Eliza C. Foster, 29.—At Berkley, Mr. Abner Burt, 95.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JOHNNY CLARENCE PHELPS.—A LAMENT.

Tearfully inscribed to the bereaved, as a token of sympathy in their sorrow.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I've often heard it said,
"The old *must* die; the young *may* die!" and now, alas,
I think how truly this has come to pass,
As muse I on the dead.

How sad that he should die,—
A father's pride,—a mother's joy,—a sister's sweet delight;
That on such dawning should descend such sudden night,
The spirit asks, "O, why?"

How sad that he should die!
Ere the white pages of youth's joyous years were turned;
While yet the incense fire of gentle childhood burned
In his bright, beaming eye.

June roses fill the air
With fragrance precious as the magi's myrrh of old,
But he regards them not. The once warm heart is cold,
For death sits victor there.

This thought we cherish now,
That he—the beautiful—has gone away to rest,
In the safe haven of a Saviour's loving breast,
Whose hand is on his brow.

The household joy is gone;
Fled with the hopes that faded with his fading hours,
And, though we know he blooms in fair, elysian bowers,
Our stricken hearts will mourn.

We know that here below
If he had lived, his would have been man's common life;
Man's heritage of pain; man's share of earthly strife,
Of sorrow and of wo.

And yet, and yet—we weep!
Because we miss his step, his sunny smile, his voice,
For these made hearts that loved the gentle child, r e
With joy not loud, but deep.

And now the willows wave
Where sleeps the child, with white hands folded on his breast,
And roses round his brow. So was he laid to
Within the quiet grave.

Tears sanctified the sod,
And tears still flow, and hearts still ache, in love's eclipse;
And words of wailing fall from the parental lips,
Beneath the Father's rod.

Soon will the wound be healed;
A little season and the veil will then be rent
In twain; and they who thither weeping went,
Will find grief's fountain sealed.

The flower, from the mould;
The angel, from the earth. O, read the lesson well,
And let it teach you, while on earth ye still must dwell,
God's arms his own enfold.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALMOST TOO LATE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Providence—that Power which mortals call Providence—had dealt very kindly with Mary Brittan. Nature had been bountiful, too, and the world, always ready to follow suit where Providence and Nature have been kind, was ready to fall down and worship her. She did not need that worship. She did not want it, either, for her soul was above that miserable favoritism which the world gives indiscriminately to those whom fortune or some adventitious circumstance has favored. Her friends—her true friends—loved her for her goodness of heart, her unaffected cheerfulness and her kindness. *They* would have loved her if she had been destitute of those great social advantages which she possessed. Handsome, wealthy and accomplished—graceful, intellectual and gay—(we put them all in the same category, and the reader may arrange the terms to suit the individual taste), it may well be supposed that Mary Brittan did not long lack suitors; but indeed, this was not the case. Admirers, she had many; but she did not allow them to become suitors. She was determined to have no opportunity to say "no," and her "yes" should only be spoken when the "coming man" should appear, if she waited until age and sorrow should have dimmed her bright eyes. They could never wither her strong and fearless heart nor destroy her beautiful disposition.

And thus it happened, that because the coming man had not yet met her gaze, Mary was fast tending towards the dreaded age of thirty. Not that it was dreaded by her; for she was lovely and beautiful as ever. Her bright locks waved as softly, her eye had not lost its young sparkle, nor her step its grace—and her heart was as youthful as at fifteen.

So thought and felt Herman Deloraine. He had loved her when he was a child—before he knew what love meant; for there were eight years between the two, and when the boy was almost an infant at school, the girl was radiant in her young beauty, in the glory of sixteen. But times had changed now. The boy had grown up to manhood, led on and encouraged by the vision that was ever before his sight, for never, for a single moment, had he ceased to think of and to love Mary Brittan; to think of her, too, as a wife—and yet he kept the secret in his soul from all but Mary herself. To her, he scrupled not to tell his wildest dream—and when she urged the disparity between them, his answer was, that souls had no age—no decay.

No moon-struck, ranting lover was Herman Deloraine. He was sincere, ardent and manly in his love for Mary—and she well knew the quality of his affection, and appreciated him accordingly. But her heart told her that if *he* was the fated one for her, it must be when he had grown into maturer life, *not now*. She did not yield, for a moment, in her earnest and unaffected purpose of making him forget that he could be anything to her but a friend—and she an elder sister, and as such she ever bore herself toward him. She accepted his escort as she would that of a younger brother—frankly and freely told him of his faults, and never by word or by look encouraged him to tenderness.

It was a rare instance, and one in which most women would have sometimes failed. But Mary Brittan was not an ordinary woman; and with a feeling generously free from rivalry, she gathered beautiful and intelligent girls around her, and welcomed Herman to their presence. And yet she loved him! She loved him so well that she could not hear that the breath of society should come upon his motives or his taste even, in marrying one so much his senior. She did not care for herself. Age or youth—it was all the same to her, if the *soul* was right; but she did not wish to feel that the foolish sneers of the multitude could ever have power to make him regret what they might call youthful folly.

Herman made himself worthy of her love. If a generous or a noble feeling influenced him, it was all the wider and deeper because it accorded with her known feelings. If a noble deed found its way from his hand, the knowledge that Mary's ear would hear of that deed, and her heart sympathize with it, would bring a sweetness to his purpose, only equalled by the joy which he ever had in doing right.

Among the many whom Mary drew around her, was Melanie Bruce, whose manifold charms, she thought, must attract Herman. Indeed, there were many points of attraction about her, which Mary herself possessed. She really loved Melanie, and to her, Mary would have been willing to make the sacrifice of Herman's heart. It was no use. Mary wept bitterly when she found her purpose was foiled, and had only resulted in the young girl's real unhappiness—for Herman had not bestowed a single thought upon her, while she had already learned to look upon him as the highest and best of men.

"It all comes of your not growing old, as you ought to do, Mary," said her friend, Mrs. Eaton, when Mary was lamenting this result.

"What shall I do?" asked Mary. "Would you advise me to paint some wrinkles, and put on mother's caps, to make myself appear elderly?"

"By no means—and yet, when I look at Herman Deloraine, and think how his life is wasting for the love of one like you, I feel perplexed to know how this matter is to end."

"It will end thus, Sara; if, years and years hence, Herman retains his affection for me, and he grows old faster than I do, I will marry him—but that is so unlikely, because men do not grow old as fast as we do."

And so ten years more slipped by, and then eight more, and Herman never had married. His profession had taken him in some measure from her sphere, and they no longer inhabited the same town. People said that Mary Brittan was living single for his sake. Perhaps she was—for she would not listen to the many who came round her, asking for a heart which she had not to give.

And Mary was now forty-six years old! Like everything else—Providence, Nature and the world—old Time had touched her gently and kindly. The brown locks were as dark, the bright eyes as soft, if not as sparkling, and the cheek as smooth as twenty years ago. Sunny and bright had been her life, and not even Herman had cast more than a passing shadow over its gladness. The shadows were still to come. Human life does not exist without them, but happy are they who can bear them well and patiently. To the meek heart, they come like gentle showers; but to the passionate, they are like the mountain torrent that breaks into floods.

On one single turn of fortune hung the whole of Mr. Brittan's possessions. It turned against him, and in a day he was ruined. The world looked on, and then hurried on in its own schemes of ambition or grandeur. Mr. Brittan had unconsciously loved the enjoyments, the dignity, the distinction which the possession of riches brings to the owner, and he was prostrated by the reverse. His wife's feelings ever reflected his own, and she, too, was powerless against the blow.

Even Mary did not rise, at once, to the exaltation which is sometimes, but rarely, experienced by those who have for the first time tasted poverty. There were many days when she shared the prostration of her parents' hopes. It was hard to see them, now that they had arrived to old age, stripped of the luxuries which had only been mere necessaries to them, so habitual had been their use. It was hard, too, to see their benevolence crippled—that benevolence which had known no stint—the broad-cast charities, which left no perceptible loss in their coffers.

For the first time, the hues in Mary's life were fading into gray; and clouds were deepening around her. She would have scorned to have any one think that her present feelings arose solely from the loss of fortune—and yet they were all consequent upon it, too. It was painful to see how the summer friends flew away from the bare tree, in which they had loved to linger when its branches were fresh and green. Mary was glad that her father did not seem to notice this. He had been loved and respected so many years, that it had become a second nature to him; and it was difficult for him to imagine that he could be less so.

From his busy home, where hourly and momently he was called upon to give healing to suffering frames, Herman Deloraine came, at the first intelligence of this painful affair. He had prospered, was beloved and courted by all, and more than one, fair and bright as Melanie Bruce, would have felt herself honored by his choice. But he lived on in solitary state, his heart still beating for his early love, and never learning the lesson of forgetfulness. He could not hear unmoved, the story of his old friend's loss; and he left home instantly. He needed no ceremony at the house where he had spent so many happy hours in his childhood and youth; and before she was aware that he was near her, Mary looked up from her musing gaze and saw Herman.

She did not affect to disguise her pleasure at seeing him. It was genuine and friendly—her reception of him whom, above all others, she had valued. And in his comforting and genial look, she found a source of inexpressible relief. No man had ever been to her father what Herman Deloraine had been. Mr. Brittan had earnestly wished from the first, that Mary would lay aside her prejudices in regard to disparity of age, and make Herman happy as he deserved to be. She knew how her father felt towards him, and there was a truly pleasurable feeling in the thought that he, at least, was not one of the butterfly crowd who were frightened away when winter came.

Herman's voice assumed a softer tone than usual when he addressed her. She had not seen him in many months, and their friendly correspondence had died gradually away. But he was here now, with his large heart full of friendship and sympathy, and his voice expressed it all.

"Look at me, Mary," he said—"you will see how the furrows have deepened and the hairs whitened since I saw you. I have come to be an old man, while you sit there with little perceptible change in your looks, and I am sure, much less in your heart."

And he took her hand and led her to the tall mirror. It was true—he looked ten years her elder. His life, so earnest, so full of thought, so devoted to his profession—while it had made his heart keep its youthfulness, had yet planted wrinkles on his cheek and gray hairs on his brow.

It was not in woman to help appreciating his devotion, and now it seemed sweeter than ever. The dying perfume of the rose is as fragrant as the breath of its early bloom, and the love of woman loses nothing in its beauty or intensity as her spirit is nearing to the eternal city. Freed alike from the vanity of youth, and the practised coquetry of a riper age, the last love of woman is more enduring, more self-sacrificing than the first. And before the twilight had closed in that day, Herman knew that Mary would come to his home, and let him make glad the declining years of her parents.

"Twenty years lost in sacrificing to the opinions of the world, Mary! How many happy days you would have made for me, that have been spent in repining at your decision! Well, that is all past now, and the only thing that comforts me for it is, that it has helped to make me look older. When I take my bride back to Lindenwood, no one will ever think of you as being nearly as old as myself."

"Pleasant flattery enough, Herman, but let alone people for detecting ages. Well, it is hardly fair for me to go to you now that I have nothing but my aged self to carry with me."

"Do you call your parents nothing? I think I gain something by having my oldest and dearest friends—the friends of my boyhood and youth—to be with me in my old age."

It was settled. Lindenwood, so long solitary, was to be renewed in all its former beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Brittan were to take the house, and Herman and Mary were to live with them. This saved the feeling of dependence which might arise to check the freedom of action and speech which Herman's generous heart could not bear to see abridged in his old friends. It was a happy household—none the less happy because long lives of wedded happiness were not to be expected; and still there were very youthful ones a thousand times more brief than theirs might be. Melanie Bruce came to see them, cured of her youthful fancy for Herman, and rejoicing in the new dignity of wife—and Mary looked hardly less fair and young than Melanie.

Some might think that, to make the happiness complete, wealth and position should have been restored to Mr. Brittan; but, as he truly thought, there is something in this world even better than fine houses and broad lands, and no murmur was ever heard from the old man's lips, respecting the past. He was, indeed, living more truly, more broadly than ever before. And if you would see happiness as perfect as it can be on earth, you must look in at Lindenwood.

CURIOUS DEPARTMENT OF ART.

Our readers are all familiar with the processes of pencil, crayon or India ink drawing, but we doubt if any of them ever studied, or even heard of the art of *poker drawing*. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday Post, in a letter from London, describing a visit to St. Pauls, remarks that among the multifarious pursuits in which the canon of the cathedral employs his leisure hours, is that of drawing pictures upon sheets of pine wood with a red hot poker; and these pictures are finished in a style that would do credit to not a few instruments of a far more elegant character. At the time of the visit, the artist had just completed a large circular picture of Evangeline and her grandfather. The head of the old man especially was surprisingly good—the deep shadows being burnt in with a very hot poker, and the lighter shading done in the blue gray produced by the same implement in a somewhat cooler condition. A red hot poker is sometimes brought into requisition for the purpose of touching off cannon, but we do not often hear of a canon touching off pictures with a poker.—*Traveller.*

REVOLVERS OF OLDEN TIME.

Revolving fire-arms are by no means of modern invention. Amid the various and extensive assortment of ancient and modern arms which is collected in the magnificent old castle of Warwick, the curiosity of visitors may be rewarded by the sight of muskets and carbines, a century or two old, which possess the qualities both of revolving barrels and of loading at the breech. Considering how much has been said of the ingenuity of these inventions, and of the talent displayed in their attainment by certain modern manufacturers, some astonishment is often occasioned by these evidences of their antiquity; and it is very evident, from these and other guns in the collection, that the art of gun-making was carried to a point of excellence, within a century of its origin, which was not maintained for the next two centuries, although it has been greatly advanced of late.—*London Literary Gazette.*

If life is short for pleasure, it is long for virtue! It is necessary to be always on our guard.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The 300-year comet of 1364 and 1556 is now about due, according to astronomers. —— They need a water company at St. Paul, Minnesota. The Pioneer says: "Good spring water, carried about the city, as it now is, in carts, costs, at this season of the year, about thirty cents per barrel, and river water from ten to fifteen cents, according to the distance conveyed. In the winter time it is even higher than these rates." —— A terrible storm, with hail "as big as lemons," visited Auburn, Ala., recently. —— The crops in Upper Canada never looked so promising at the same season of any former year as they do this. Fruit trees of all kinds promise an abundant yield. —— Terrible inundations have lately prevailed in the south of France to a great extent. —— In the space of three years, the population of Chicago changed from thirty-four to sixty-five thousand, and her railroads from one to eleven. —— Two children of Mr. Donough, of Evansville, Ia., died recently from the drinking of coffee with which tobacco had become accidentally mixed. —— Bowling is an English game, and was common as early as the thirteenth century, especially among the higher ranks. Charles I. played at it, and it formed a daily occupation for leisure hours with Charles II. —— George Bancroft, the historian, is sojourning temporarily at St. Louis, engaged in investigations connected with revolutionary history. —— Budding can be done on the pear, apple and cherry, in June and July, and on the peach to the middle of September. Those who have failed to graft, and have stocks large enough, should avail themselves of budding at this time. —— A Galveston paper says that in eastern Texas the prospect for good crops is unusually fine. —— The State of Deseret will have her senators and representatives knocking at the doors of Congress for admission, before the close of the present session. —— A statue of Washington is about being erected in Union Park, New York, at an expense of $27,000. —— Lady Blessington once wrote: "I feel that I am growing old for want of some one to tell me that I am looking young as ever! Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words." —— Two hundred boats, with their crews, are now employed in planting oysters in Delaware Bay. The crop will be gathered next season. —— Ammonia, rubbed upon a hot wet spade, in a green-house, has a most miraculous effect in developing a profusion of flowers, buds and leaves. After each application of the ammonia, the tints are said to deepen and increase in brilliancy. —— Some years ago, a young and beautiful lady was destroyed in London by strychnine administered by her sister's husband, but the villain escaped, only to perish, however, by a bandit's hand in Mexico. —— The piano-forte was invented by J. C. Shroeder, of Dresden, in the year 1717, during which year he presented a model of his invention to the court of Saxony. The instrument immediately became popular. —— In England, before the time of the Stuarts, it was felony and death to sell a horse to a Scotchman! —— Not long ago, an Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there, of course, it rested. "That stone," said he, "resembles the national debt of my country; it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight is on the lowest." —— A tunnel of four thousand feet in length is being bored under Bergen Hill, for the New York and Erie Railroad, to be finished by November, 1857. —— Letters from all parts of Italy speak of the very slight hopes the Italians entertain of any reforms suggested by Austria. At Turin and Genoa there had been disturbances in the streets. Exciting placards were affixed to the walls, and cries were raised of "death to Austria!" After a time the excitement subsided. —— Tuesday, the 4th day of November next, being the Tuesday after the first Monday of that month, is the day on which the people throughout the entire country will cast their votes for electors of president and vice-president of the United States. —— James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, has purchased, for $60,000, the magnificent mansion of Joseph L. White, Esq., on the corner of Madison Square and Fifth Avenue, for a residence.

A courageous Lady.—The Richmond Whig says a lady went to the office of a dentist in that city, recently, and had eight teeth extracted. It appears that the dentist refused to administer chloroform unless a physician was present, and the lady engaged one for that purpose. He failed to attend, however, and after waiting some time she submitted to the operation without the use of the anæsthetic. There are few men who can boast of courage like that.

A Poet's Recompense.—The Nottingham (England) Journal states that a purse containing £1000, the result of a public subscription commenced some time ago, has been presented to Mr. Thomas Cooper, the chartist poet, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides."

Increase of Boston.—The current that seemed to tend countryward a few years since, now seems to set cityward, and our population seems be increasing quite rapidly. It is said that five hundred new houses will be erected this season, principally at the South End.

New Sea.—Dr. Redman, a missionary, has verified the existence in Africa, of an immense sea, without outlet, twice as large as the Black Sea, between the equator and 10 degrees south latitude, and between the 22d and 30th meridian.

Minnesota.—The population of this prosperous Territory has been ascertained, with reasonable accuracy, to be 120,000—more than sufficient to justify its admission as a State.

Definition for the Times.—Humbug, a species of chloroform, by the aid of which dollars are extracted without pain.

Wayside Gatherings.

Lord Palmerston has been burnt in effigy, in Greece.

It is stated that the famous trotting mare Lady Moscow has been purchased by James Irving, of New York, for $3500.

The "old Porter residence," at Niagara Falls, has been turned into an ice-cream garden, under the name of "Park Place."

It appears by the annual message of Mayor Manners that the debt of Jersey City amounts to $50,000.

Provisions are scarce in Salt Lake City, which makes it very hard for those Mormon gentlemen, who have ninety wives, to support their families.

Boots made from the skin of the white porpoise are among the latest novelties. These, with rat-skin gloves and whalebone fixings, must be nice.

The Southern newspapers make mention of a great scarcity of preachers in certain sections, and that capable men would find ready employ in that capacity.

The family of Crawford, the sculptor, have arrived from Europe, and he will follow as soon as arrangements for the conveyance of his "Washington" are completed at Munich.

The last accounts from Australia are to the 6th of March. They state the gold production to be larger than ever, and that a million sterling a month will be regularly forwarded to England.

Franz Thies, late agent of Ole Bull, denies that he absconded from Richmond with the funds of the great fiddler, as stated in some of the papers.

The St. John papers report that the scarlet fever at Shippegan and Caraquet, New Brunswick, has carried off over one hundred and fifty children within ten weeks.

They have had two shocks of earthquake, and a brilliant aerolite which illuminated the whole city and burst with a loud detonation, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, recently.

The Scotch Presbyterian Synod has refused to allow the use of organs in its churches, and enjoins sessions to employ all judicious measures for the improvement of vocal melody.

Direct steam communication is about to be established between Liverpool and the west coast of Africa, and the Liverpool African Association have petitioned government to allow a portion of the African mails to be sent from Liverpool.

Tom Moore describes a dress in which Miss Coutts appeared one evening, at a party, and which she was about sending to the bank the next morning for safe keeping, as valued at half a million of dollars!

The American and Foreign Christian Union received some seventy thousand dollars into its treasury last year. It has now 119 laborers in its service, at home and abroad, and aids in the support of a Protestant chaplain in the "Eternal City."

The South Side Democrat says that Miss Cappell, who was a member of Taylor's theatrical company in Richmond, has recently been married to a wealthy young Virginian, who fell in love with her from seeing her in Petersburg.

At a concert recently given by M. Carlohus, the Belgian minister in Lisbon, the king of Portugal sang the *sogno* of *Mercadante*, an air of Verdi's in the "Vepres," and took a part in a duo from "Linda," with Bartolini, the baritone.

New Albany, Ind., is getting to be a fast town. The Tribune states that during the last term of the Floyd Circuit Court, thirty-six divorces were granted, and three of the parties in these cases were married again before the adjournment of the court.

M. Antoine Jean Baptiste Simounin, the oldest dramatic writer of France, died on the 4th ult. The last of the 214 pieces of which he was author (sole or joint) was a vaudeville entitled *Les Mémoires de ma Tante*, produced at the Ambigu-Comique, in November, 1853. He was born in January, 1780.

According to the New York Chronicle, the great and distinguished feature of the Baptists' Bible Revision Society, is to translate that volume into every known language now in use, and in just such terms as will most unmistakably convey to the mind the intended import of the text.

The Western Book Concern, after paying their proportion of the award to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, have a capital of $150,405. The report of the New York Book Concern states that the sales of the last year amount in the aggregate to upwards of one million of dollars, with an aggregate profit of $191,000.

Says a scientific writer:—"To obtain some idea of the immensity of the Creator's works, let us look through Lord Rosse's telescope, and we discover a star in the infinite depths of space, whose light is 3,500,000 years in travelling to our earth, moving at the velocity of twelve millions of miles in the minute. And behold, God was there."

Rev. E. H. Chapin recently paid a handsome compliment to Florence Nightingale, whose star, he said, rose higher o'er the the blood-stained fields of Balaklava and Inkermann than that of any of the warriors who had fought the battles, or the diplomats through whose exertions peace was secured.

St. Paul's Cathedral, of London, is the largest church in England. It is an immense stone edifice, but without much beauty, either in its exterior or interior. It covers about two acres of ground, and the dome is nearly four hundred feet high; still, large as it is, it would stand in St. Peter's, at Rome, with plenty of room to walk around it.

The New School Presbyterian Assembly in this country includes 24 synods, 108 presbyteries, 1567 ministers, 111 licentiates, 238 candidates for the ministry, 1659 churches, and 113,629 communicants. The Old School Assembly includes 30 synods, 148 presbyteries, 2216 ministers, 237 licentiates, 435 candidates for the ministry, 3079 churches, and 221,404 communicants.

A writer in the Medical Gazette, in an article on sugar as food, maintains that candy properly made is not only one of the greatest luxuries of life, but one of the most beneficial additions to the daily food of all ages and classes. Those who tend in the shops where candy is sold, occasionally eat largely of it, and have never any deleterious results from it, either to health or the teeth.

The average amount of church rates levied in England is £600,000, and the last return of liabilities on account of repairs of churches—incurred on the security of the rates—amounts to half a million sterling. A bill is now before Parliament for the total abolition of these church rates—a measure which will relieve dissenters from the taxes now imposed upon them for the support of a church with which they have but little sympathy.

We learn, says the Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, that the grasshoppers are entirely ruining the crops in some portions of the Indian territory. They are in some places as thick as mosquitoes in the Mississippi swamps, moving about in armies. They are said to be worse among the Seminoles than anywhere else; so much so that many of them have despaired of making any corn at all, and to those it is particularly distressing.

Foreign Items.

The Emperor of Russia has made a formal avowal of his design gradually to emancipate the serfs.

Russian engineers are surveying Sebastopol, which is to be entirely rebuilt on a new plan.

The recent rumors regarding the hopeless illness of the Empress of the French, have been contradicted on authority.

Coffee in France is now mixed with beet-root instead of chicory, which is more agreeable to the taste, and does not require half the quantity of sugar.

Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, is in England, courting the princess royal, and all the papers are talking about it. The marriage is deemed certain.

The London detectives disguise themselves in the pursuit of their vocation—now as a foreign naval officer, then a jack tar, and anon as a buxom widow, fair, fat and forty!

Spain demands an old debt of Mexico, and threatens her with a fleet in case she don't pay. A war between Spain and Mexico would be like a squabble between a cripple and a broken down beggar.

The sales at the Billingsgate fish market in London, amount to upwards of three thousand millions of fish, annually—weighing altogether, two hundred and thirty thousand tons, and worth ten millions of dollars.

The Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, has been purchased by Madame Polack, the widow of a wealthy banker of the Hebrew persuasion, at Konigsberg, in Prussia. The lady intends to beautify the place and improve the whole neighborhood, at her sole expense.

Sands of Gold.

.... Interest is the spur of the people, but glory that of great souls.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

.... There are certain eyes, which, seeing objects at a distance take snow for sunshine.—*Landor.*

.... Let your will lend whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.—*Locke.*

.... All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.—*Epicurus.*

.... When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find in themselves a power which they thought they had not.—*Tillotson*

.... The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. —*Swift.*

.... There is an authority due to distress, and as none of the human race is above the reach of sorrow, none should be above hearing the voice of it.—*Addison.*

.... When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by an infallible sign, that dunces are all in confederacy against him.—*Swift.*

.... The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish.—*Landor.*

.... Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everywhere, while their own runs to ruin.—*Pope.*

.... Prejudices are notions or opinions which the mind entertains without knowing the grounds and reasons of them, and which are assented to without examination.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is the inside of everything unintelligible? Because we can't make it out.

The man who "shot at random" did not hit it—he has since lent his rifle to the youth who aimed at immortality.

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out that room?" "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

The London Herald announces that Lord Palmerston is "laboring under symptoms of indisposition." We hope the noble lord will not become really indisposed.

It is stated by a German philosopher that the sun is increasing his distance from the earth. It is to this that Courtney attributes the high price of coal during the past two or three years.

A gentleman just returned to this country from a tour in Europe, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply, "they are so much out of repair."

A leather statue of St. Crispin is about being erected in Lynn, by the shoemakers of that city. It is to be modelled by Mr. Wax, whose grandfather "staked his awl" when the people of Lexington *bristled* up to the British.

A merchant of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter, written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing the necessity of sending the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above, I have died."

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THE BRIDE DRESSING FOR THE WEDDING.

THE BRIDAL TOILET.

The engraving on this page is from a painting by Solomon, and is very felicitous, both in design and execution. The bride is standing before a cheval glass, in her robe of pure white, decked with costly lace and flowers, the bridal veil floating over her dark and wreath-crowned hair, and drooping on her rounded arms. To the left, another beautiful young woman, a bridesmaid, is contemplating her with an expression of mingled admiration and thoughtfulness. The pretty waiting-maid, who is affixing a bunch of flowers, gazes on her mistress with fondness; but even in her face a slight shade of melancholy is discernible. The bride looks not on her own beautiful image—she is thinking of one dearer than herself, and her dark, dreamy eyes are gazing into the rose-hued clouds of the future. It is an eventful moment in her young existence. She is about to commence a new life. She is about to bid adieu to the scenes of her infancy—a farewell to the parents who have watched over the few sunny years that have passed over her beautiful head. It is impossible that a shade of sadness, or at least of thoughtfulness, should not at this moment fall upon her brow and her spirit. At the moment of the realization of her day-dreams—of the moment of union to her young heart's ideal—the blessings that she is leaving appear in all their brightness. She is about to trust her fate into the keeping of one being. That free communication of thoughts, hopes, feelings, to father, mother, brothers and sisters will henceforth be interdicted. Henceforth she will have thoughts, perhaps sorrows, that they cannot share. The future may be bright and radiant as her fondest hopes have painted but the past has been, and the present is so. She leaves a home already established; she goes forth to found one. Household cares have hitherto pressed but slightly upon her: henceforth they will be her daily lot. Even with her limited experience, in the circle of her acquaintance she can call to mind many a bitter disappointment—many a ruined hope. Yet, casting these shadows from her—these intrusive doubts—she will go to the altar with the firm faith of a true woman, and there publicly pronounce the vows her heart has taken long ago. She will see around her smiles and tears; congratulations and sighs will blend in her ear—for a bridal, in its mingled light and shadow, is but a type of life with its woven threads of joy and woe.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856. {$3.00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., No. 4.—WHOLE No. 264.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN AND JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

We present upon this page authentic likenesses of the Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN of Pennsylvania, and the Hon. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE of Kentucky, the Democratic nominees for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. We are indebted to Mr. Brady, of New York, for the fine photograph of Mr. Buchanan, from which our drawing was made. Mr. Brady has executed portraits of all the nominees now before the people for their choice, and they form an attractive addition to his famous gallery, 359 Broadway. Our portrait of Mr. Breckinridge was drawn from an ambrotype taken expressly for us by an artist of Lexington, Ky. Mr. Buchanan was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, April 13, 1791, and early distinguished himself by his aptitude and love of study. After a thorough classical training he studied law, and made that his profession. In the war of 1812 he enrolled himself as a volunteer. In 1814 he was chosen a representative in the State legislature, and was re-elected to the same post, declining further service at the expiration of his second term. He was elected a member of Congress in 1820, and took his sent in the following year. He remained in the House until March 4, 1831. In that year he was appointed minister to Russia by Gen. Jackson, and accepted the trust. In 1834 he was chosen to fill an unexpired term in the national Senate, was afterwards elected for the full term, and re-elected. Under President Polk's administration he acted as Secretary of State. President Pierce appointed him minister to England, and he remained in London until the spring of the present year, when he resigned and returned to the United States. He has acquired an enviable reputation by years of honorable public service, and his popularity was attested by the enthusiasm with which his nomination was received by the members of his party throughout the country. Though vigorously attacked upon political grounds, no whisper against his private character has ever been breathed, nor is he denied the possession of distinguished talent.

Hon. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, the Democratic candidate for the office of Vice-President, is a native of Kentucky, and born about the year 1821. He received a finished education, and commenced life with a promise which his subsequent career has fulfilled. When the Mexican war broke out, he manifested his patriotism in response to the appeal of the government for volunteers by joining one of the fine regiments which his native State sent into the field prepared to shed their blood in their country's cause. This regiment was among those ordered to the support of General Scott, landed at Vera Cruz, and marched to the capital. This corps was admirably drilled and officered. Among his brother officers in Mexico, Breckinridge was as popular as he is at home in Lexington. In 1851, he was the candidate of his party for Congress in the county of Fayette, Henry Clay's district, and elected. He was opposed in this contest by the Hon. Leslie Coombs. He was also re-elected over Robert P. Letcher for a second term. He was offered by President Pierce the mission to Spain, but declined accepting it. He is described as a man of commanding figure, with an open, frank and resolute countenance, a good speaker and debater, and, in private, esteemed for his high chivalric qualities and pleasing address. His opponents recognize in him a "foeman worthy of their steel;" while that portion of Young America which marches under the Democratic banner, is of course pleased with the nomination.



HON. JAMES BUCHANAN AND JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY AND VICE-PRESIDENCY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

HEART SECRETS.

"Aunt Dorothea, why is it, I wonder, that we hear nothing from Eleanor—that we do not see her?"

Mary Latimer spoke in a low voice to her aunt, as they sat together in the curtained recess of a window in her brother's apartment.

"Indeed, my dear, I am as much perplexed as you are," was the answer, in the same subdued voice. "Her silence is somewhat unaccountable, I think."

Miss Latimer was silent and thoughtful. Presently she said:

"The reason must be, I should say, her uncle's unwillingness to have her expose herself further than she has already done to the fever. May not that be more probable than anything else?"

"I was about to mention that very thing myself, Mary. Yes—I think it must be so. Our warm-hearted little Eleanor would not forsake us else."

Again there was a brief silence, which was once more terminated by Miss Latimer.

"I am not more willing than Sir Edward himself that Eleanor should run any farther risk; but, next to the recovery of Hugh from the fever, I believe my most earnest wish is to see her. I would at least send a message, or a letter, to her, if I were not apprehensive of objections on his part to even that."

"Better not do it, then, my dear. If he is afraid to have her come here while the fever is in the house, he would probably, as you think, object quite as strongly to having any one sent from here to Ashby Place."

A scarcely-audible sigh was Miss Latimer's only rejoinder. Laying aside the sewing with which she had been engaged, she crossed the apartment to the bedside of her brother, and silently regarded the unconscious face before her. The deep flush of fever was there. The fine features were sharpened in their outline by the wasting hand of the disease. The beautiful eyes, whose kind and tender glance had dwelt with such earnest affection on his sister's countenance, were half closed; they had grown larger and deeper; there were hollows there that told of a heavy and wearying illness. Their glance was not turned to hers now, as she looked upon him, for he was insensible to it. Nearly ever since the commencement of his illness he had been delirious, and his restless mental wanderings only ceased, at times, to be replaced by a state of partial stupor, like that in which he now lay. The tears gathered in Miss Latimer's eyes as she regarded him. "I wonder what Eleanor would say to see him now?" she thought. "Poor Hugh—*poor* Hugh!"

She bent silently, and touched her lips to the beloved brow, unconscious now of their pressure. Larger and heavier grew the tears that trembled, ready to fall from her drooping lashes, and dimly through them shone the golden gleam of the tiny, long-treasured locket, lying half-hidden in Hugh Latimer's breast. Silently she covered it from sight, and turned away with a dull pain at her heart. That little treasure, guarded so long, so tenderly, so *hopelessly!* Still he cherished it, though the gulf was wide that separated him from her he loved.

* * * * *

Slowly and wearily passed the days of Hugh Latimer's illness. At first, the disease had appeared comparatively light; but as time grew on, it gradually assumed an aspect of the gravest character. The physician's anxiety was fully visible to Mary's watchful eyes, and at her earnest questioning, he could not deny to her that Hugh's case gave him a great deal of uneasiness.

"It would be not only useless, but unwise," he said, "to conceal from you the danger in which he lies. Not many would recover from such an illness as his; but his constitution has been a sound one, and to that we may look for our encouragement."

Aunt Dorothea listened to him, looked anxiously in his face, and turned away to Hugh's bedside in utter silence. Mary heard, and a look of mute trouble that touched Doctor Gregg's kind heart filled her brown eyes.

"Only that," she murmured, in a voice of grief,—"only that!"

"My dear Miss Latimer," said the doctor, taking her hand gently in his own, and speaking in a subdued tone of earnest sympathy, "would that I might give you a stronger hope! I could ask for no greater happiness. But everything that human power can do, shall be done for him; the rest is in higher hands. Let me entreat you to have courage. The life that is so dear to you, I trust may yet be preserved."

Faint, indeed, was the prospect now; but faint as it was, Mary Latimer's hope was not quenched. The hope of her brother's life—how she clung to it! Hovering around his bed noiselessly as a spirit, night and day she watched by him, while he lay there insensible to her cares. Not once did she relax her vigils; not an hour's rest did she afford herself; never for an instant did slumber visit those anxious, care-filled eyes, during the time of her brother's peril. Vainly did her aunt and the good physician attempt to persuade her to allow herself the smallest period of rest. She would shake her head.

"No, no—not yet," she said, gently,—"not yet. Wait a little. If he recover, shall I not have rest enough? and if he dies—" The words faltered and ceased. Her heart was full of tears unshed.

And Aunt Dorothea could only resume her own sorrowful watchings in silence; while the physician, in his care for the brother, could but yield involuntary reverence to the faithful, unwearying devotion of the sister's heart. He, on his part, was almost unremitting in his attendance, now. The fever had nearly ceased its progress in the village, and of his remaining patients, Hugh's case was decidedly the most dangerous. Beside his pillow, then, he spent every hour he could gain, and with alternating hopes and fears, awaited the result.

It was on the day of the crisis that Miss Latimer, while watching in tearful suspense by her brother's side, was told that some one from Ashby Place had come to Briarfield, and desired to speak with her. Up to this time, not a single word had been received from Eleanor. Now it was with a troubled heart that Mary left the chamber, and sought the messenger who waited below.

It was Lucy Elmore; and instead of being sent by Eleanor, she had come unknown to her.

"For, Miss Mary," said Lucy, "Sir Edward has utterly forbidden my mistress to come near your house on account of the fever, though she wished to come, and he knows it would give her no more harm than she got by going to the village before she came. She would very gladly have come to see you, Miss Mary, and I know she thinks it very hard that she should be told not; but she does not dare disobey her uncle. So I thought I would come, whether he liked it or not, just to let you know the reason of her not coming."

"I am glad you did," said Miss Latimer, gently,—"I am glad you did, my good Lucy, though, perhaps, I am to blame for saying so, for you may have put yourself in danger by your kindness in coming hither."

"O, I do not fear that, Miss Mary,—I do not fear that, in the least," said Lucy Elmore; "and I shall stop at Betty Williams's on the way back, and change my dress, so that my coming will do no harm at Ashby, either. Then Mr. Hugh is very ill, indeed—is he not?"

The tears fell from Miss Latimer's eyes.

"Yes, Lucy, he is very ill—very ill, indeed. I do not know whether he will recover. For three days he has not moved, or unclosed his eyes."

Lucy could not help crying herself.

"I am very sorry for you, Miss Mary," she said, "and so, I am sure, will my mistress be. But, indeed, I hope he may get better."

Miss Latimer thanked her; and then, as Lucy rose to go, bade her give her love to Eleanor, and gave her many affectionate messages for her.

"And tell her," she added, with a faltering voice,—"tell her that by to-morrow noon, my brother will be either pronounced out of danger, or he will be dead."

With a heart full to overflowing, she went back to Hugh's bedside, to watch and weep in silence. We will not linger over the night of suspense that followed. Let us rather hasten to record the hour of rejoicing in the dawn of the new day, when the first ray of returning consciousness beamed on Mary from her brother's eyes, and the sister's love was rewarded.

* * * * *

Very slow indeed was the progress of Hugh Latimer's recovery, at first; but when he once began to gain strength, it proceeded now rapidly. In three weeks' time he was able to walk out, leaning on the arm of his happy sister Mary, alternating with Aunt Dorothea, or the good physician, whose happiness was scarcely less than that of those to whom he had been the instrument of restoring the life that was so dear to them.

Meanwhile, though the fact of Hugh Latimer's recovery was well known at Ashby, they saw nothing of Eleanor. On the day after Lucy Elmore's visit to Briarfield, Mary had received from Eleanor an affectionate yet sad letter, full of earnest and tender sympathy, and deploring the necessity which compelled her to refrain from meeting her. "I long to see you, Mary, to tell you with my own lips how I feel for you; to express my sorrow for your brother's danger, and, side by side with you, unite my prayers with yours for his restoration. But I am utterly forbidden to visit either Briarfield or Woodthorpe at present, or even to go in that direction, and I dare not—*dare not* disobey my uncle. Forgive me, Mary, for telling you of this prohibition; believe me, it wounds me as deeply as it can you; but, Mary, I could not bear that you should think me *willing* to neglect you in your great sorrow."

For some time after the commencement of his recovery, Hugh had not mentioned Eleanor's name, though Mary knew that he thought of her continually. Often he sat in deep thought for hours, and many a time he unclosed the tiny golden case concealing Eleanor's likeness, to behold the lovely pictured face within.

One day he leaned on the back of her chair, as she sat sewing.

"Mary," he said, "did Miss Ashby come here during my illness?"

"Once she came," answered his sister, in a low voice.

"When?"

"The third day."

"And not afterwards?"

"Not afterwards, Hugh."

He rose and turned away in silence.

"Idiot!" he said, mentally; "why do I dwell on this? What is it to me whether she came or not? What a mad passion is this that I cherish so hopelessly! Is she not another's?"

With stern brow and gloomy eyes, he was pacing the floor from side to side, when Mary came and put a letter into his hand.

"Read it, dear Hugh," she said. "It is from Eleanor."

He read it and sighed.

"Well, Mary, it has *nothing to do with me*, after all. Come—let us go somewhere. Have you no visits to make?—no poor people, or sick, or lame, or blind, to minister to? Take me somewhere, for pity's sake!"

She put on her bonnet, ordered the chaise, and in five minutes was driving slowly along the road towards the cottage of old Dame Wilton. It was not long ere they reached it. Hugh tied the horse beneath an elm, at a little distance, and then they went up together through the garden to the door.

But it opened before they had gained the rose-covered porch, and forth from the cottage came Eleanor Ashby. She paused involuntarily on seeing them, while her pale cheek colored with surprise and pleasure. Then she came forward with a look of sincere, earnest happiness.

"O, Mary—Hugh!"

There was a thrill through all Hugh Latimer's frame as he held her,—a deeper one as she thus in her gladness unconsciously addressed him and gave him her hand. His own trembled as he touched it. He could scarcely speak calmly to her. Mary's arm encircled her tenderly and with unspeakable joy.

"O, Eleanor—*dear* Eleanor," she uttered, "I little thought to meet you here! It is so long—so long since we saw you!"

The tears quickly filled Eleanor's eyes.

"I knew it," she said, in a sad voice; "but indeed, indeed, Mary, I could not come to you. My uncle—"

She hesitated. She felt unwilling to allude to her uncle's harsh command. Mary understood her, and tenderly pressed the hand she held.

"I know; but now—*now* he need not fear. He will let you come now, that it is all over?"

Eleanor could not speak directly. She shook her head, and turned her face aside to hide the tears that would fall, despite her efforts to repress them.

"What—not now, even? Tell me, Eleanor," said Miss Latimer.

"No, Mary," she said, in a suppressed tone. "He is very strict—very severe. I cannot come. He will not let me. I can scarcely go out at all now, except Morley is with me. He came here with me to-day, and is coming for me in a little while to go home."

At that moment Morley Briancourt drove up in the chaise to the gate, and, with a slight frown, alighted and entered. With astonishment and anger he beheld the three standing there together; but hiding the dark agitation he felt, he advanced towards them. Hugh Latimer had turned his head towards him, and for an instant the glances of the two met. In that brief moment, each read the other's feelings. Then their eyes were withdrawn from each other.

Mary Latimer just glanced towards Morley as he approached, and then pressed Eleanor's hand with a tender, earnest, sympathizing clasp.

"At least, then," she said, "we can think of each other."

"Yes—yes. That, at least, Mary, he cannot surely forbid it."

"And now, good-by, Eleanor. Remember us, will you?—and Aunt Dorothea, who loves you so?" And Miss Latimer pressed a silent, eloquent kiss on her friend's lips.

Eleanor could not raise her eyes for tears. She held out her hand to Hugh.

"Good-by, Mr. Latimer."

"Miss Ashby—Eleanor, good-by." Again he lifted his eyes to the face of Morley Briancourt; then turned them to the sweet, sad countenance of Eleanor once more, and with a tender, lingering pressure of the hand he held, released it, and went in with his sister.

"I am ready, Morley," said Eleanor, in a sad tone, turning to him.

He gave her his arm in silence, and conducting her to the chaise, seated her in it, took his own place, and drove rapidly homeward. She did not speak once during the whole way, but sat with her eyes cast down, in sorrowful thought. Morley Briancourt was burning with suppressed anger the while. He had done his best to prevent Eleanor from meeting with the Latimers, and the discovery of this meeting to-day aroused his deepest ire; but he would not let Eleanor suspect it. Indeed, jealous as he might be, his passion for her was too deep for his jealousy to cool it, and he could not but manifest towards her the same tenderness as ever.

He kissed her hand as he led her into the house, on their return, and while the passionate pressure of his lips was yet warm upon it, turned away, and sought his servant, Humphries.

"Humphries," he said, "let me know whenever any message or letter is brought from Briarfield hither. Either you or Sir Edward Ashby's valet will receive it, *and bring it to me*—to me alone."

There was a little dark figure, with coal-black hair, and black eyes that shone with malice on Morley Briancourt, crouched down close by in the shrubbery. The bright eyes followed, gleamingly, both master and man, who walked slowly along, and stealthily, among the bushes, he skirted the walk, following close upon their steps.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNWELCOME CONFESSION.

Three weeks had passed from the time when Eleanor encountered the Latimers at Dame Wilton's cottage; and during all that time, she had heard nothing from any of them. Her uncle, naturally cold, gloomy and taciturn, was of late more so than ever; and while he controlled her movements with a strictness that was severity itself, she hesitated to rebel against his commands; for she could not but think that some secret anxiety troubled him.

She was perplexed by the silence of Mary Latimer. It seemed strange—unaccountable. Every day she thought of it, and every day it grew stranger to her. Miss Latimer herself had offered to communicate with her—why then did she fail to do so? Eleanor could not know that all this time the Latimers themselves were awaiting some token from her in answer to the letters and messages that had already come from Briarfield to Ashby. For such had come at different times, though of late they had ceased coming; for not one had been answered. Morley Briancourt had carried out his plan—that of putting a stop to the communication between Eleanor and her friends. Everything that had been sent had been received either by Hawkins or Humphries, who were always on the watch, and conveyed by Sir Edward's consent to Morley Briancourt himself, who took care that they should never reach their intended destination. He saw the perplexity of Eleanor from day to day, as she failed to receive any notice from Briarfield. He saw that she felt concerned—even sad, at times, respecting the matter; but this only made him the firmer in his resolve. And as the time passed on, and she seemed to think more of it, and dwell on it for hours together, his jealousy, which had been for a time quieted, was thoroughly roused again. He watched narrowly, to see that she did not herself send to Briarfield, to Mary; but this she did not do. She waited to know first the reason of Mary Latimer's seeming silence. He redoubled his vigilance, that no chance word or line from thence should reach her, after all, and bring to light the act by which he had terminated their communication. The letters which Miss Latimer sent her friend he read carefully; and in more than one of them were passages which, although written without any motive such as he attributed to them, still stung him to the most angry jealousy. They were those in which she spoke of Hugh.

Now, he did not retain that invariable self-command which formerly had enabled him so well to control his emotions, let their nature be what they might. The inward disturbance that he experienced was outwardly visible. His passion for Eleanor grew daily stronger, and the conflict between that and his jealousy made him moody and irritable. He could not bear Eleanor out of his presence. She never rode out now but he attended her; he regarded her with alternate suspicion and confidence. His manner to her, at once abrupt and tender, passionate yet distrustful, betrayed the pitiful workings of his mind. It could not fail to impress her, so visible was it, with unpleasant emotions, even though she was unable to tell the reason of the change in his manner. She felt that he loved her, but it was his jealousy that, all unconsciously to herself, made the knowledge painful to her.

There was one, meanwhile, watching them both, unseen. It was Pequin the dwarf. Morley believed that the secret of the intercepted letters was known only to Sir Edward, himself and the two valets. He had no suspicion that every movement of his was observed by an eye, vigilant and unwearying, from hour to hour, from day to day, week in and week out. He rested secure in that belief for the time being.

But the state of continual uneasiness regarding Eleanor could not endure long without some decided movement on his part to remove the occasion of it. The time when Eleanor would be of age was drawing nigh. The agreement had been that the marriage should take place at that time. But even the space of time intervening seemed too long to Morley. One evening, therefore, requesting an interview with Sir Edward, he expressed his desire that the hand of Eleanor might be bestowed on him at an earlier period.

The baronet appeared to agree unquestioningly to every suggestion of the young man with regard to Eleanor. Nay—he even seemed to dread thwarting or disputing him. He immediately, therefore, signified his perfect readiness to adopt this measure, and directly addressed a letter to the elder Briancourt in London, requesting his presence at Ashby.

It was about a week after this that Morley had gone out—an unusual thing of late—to ride alone. To Eleanor, this was actually a relief, for his continual presence troubled her. A little while after his departure, she ordered her own horse, and also went out in an opposite direction. After enjoying a brief ride, none the less pleasant for being solitary, she set out again for home. Slowly she rode, to prolong the unwonted enjoyment; but soon the stacked chimneys of Ashby rose above the trees, scarce more than half a mile distant. She fancied Morley Briancourt, if he had returned, pacing the lawn, waiting for her appearance; perhaps coming down the great avenue to meet her. The old feeling of trouble and perplexity came back at this. Doubt, weariness and impatience at once filled her mind again.

But Morley Briancourt did not come to meet her. He was not in the great avenue when she entered it; and when she came in full sight of the lawn, he was not there either. But whom, instead, did she see? Two persons stood together just within the hall door: in one of whom she recognized her uncle, Sir Edward Ashby; in the other, the father of Morley Briancourt. Yes—it was he, most certainly. A slight feeling of surprise accompanied this discovery, for Eleanor had not heard of his contemplated visit; but, prepared to give him the friendly greeting with which she had ever met him, she rode forward, at a slightly accelerated movement, to welcome the new-comer.

Preserving, at the usually sober age of fifty, not a few of the attractions which had marked him at a much earlier period, still handsome, graceful, plausible and self-possessed, Mr. Briancourt was one who would universally have been termed an extremely fine-looking and agreeable man; and with his elegant exterior, his bland and pleasing manners, and easy address, he certainly presented a most remarkable contrast to his friend, Sir Edward Ashby; so remarkable, indeed, that you would have marvelled at the intimacy existing between these two men; you would have wondered how they could ever have been so attracted one to another, as voluntarily to form the alliance which promised to make their union yet closer.

Something like this passed through Eleanor Ashby's mind, as she drew near the mansion; but she had no time to dwell upon this enigma, for Mr. Briancourt, immediately on perceiving her, left the side of his companion, and hastened to meet her. She held out her hand with a friendly smile and a pleasant greeting, as he approached.

"My dear Eleanor," he said, in answer to her graceful and friendly welcome, "I am charmed to behold you again. I need not ask concerning the state of your health; I see—that lovely bloom leaves no necessity for the question. But where is your knight, fair lady? He should be at your side, and yet I do not see him."

"Indeed, sir, I do not know," answered Eleanor, quietly, as she received Mr. Briancourt's hand and dismounted from the saddle, —"indeed I do not know. Then he is not at home?"

"No, but doubtless will be, shortly," rejoined the gentleman, drawing the hand of his fair companion within his arm, and proceeding with her across the lawn, while the groom appeared to take Selim to the stables.

"Then you have not yet seen your son?" asked Eleanor.

"Not yet; but he cannot be far distant, for is not Eleanor here?" returned Mr. Briancourt, with graceful gallantry, touching the hand of the young lady to his lips. "There can be no doubt that he will return shortly. I wish very much to see him. It is some weeks since I had that pleasure."

"Yes—you must be impatient to see him," said Eleanor.

By this time they had reached the hall door, where she was received by Sir Edward with a constrained salutation. She immediately repaired to her dressing-room, leaving her uncle and his guest together.

"Well, Victor," said Sir Edward, coldly, as he paced back and forth in the hall, "I trust you are as well satisfied as ever?"

A peculiar smile rested on Mr. Briancourt's lip—a smile of calm security and self-content, as one who has gained possession of a prize whose value he is confident of.

"O, perfectly—perfectly," he answered. "Why, Ashby, I fancy I have got the best part of that little bargain which we made so many years ago, or, rather, Morley gets it. I' faith, though—but I am tempted to wish I had secured the hand of the charming Eleanor for myself."

Sir Edward Ashby's cold and gloomy countenance never betrayed any sign of the feelings with which he heard this. He made no reply, but continued his walk to and fro, with his eyes bent downward, beneath their cloudy brows. Mr. Briancourt, occupied with his own reflections, failed to notice him.

"However," he went on, presently, "it is not to be helped now; the matter is too nearly settled. Well, Ashby," and he turned to his host, "so Morley wishes this marriage hastened—does he? Lover-like! But who can wonder at his impatience to win so fair a wife? And, doubtless, my dear friend, you are not unwilling that he should have her now?"

"Victor, this is hardly the place," said Sir Edward, "to discuss—"

"Ah, you are right, my dear sir. Well, let us talk this matter over in the library. We shall be sufficiently secure there."

Sir Edward Ashby summoned a domestic, and bidding him, when Morley Briancourt should come, let him know that his presence was desired in the library, repaired thither with his guest.

Meanwhile, Eleanor, in her own apartment, was busy at the toilet, with her maid. She saw, shortly, from the window, Morley Briancourt returning homeward across the park; and Lucy, having occasion to run down stairs on some errand for her mistress, reported, on coming back, that he had immediately gone to the library, where Sir Edward and Mr. Briancourt were, "and they are all shut up there together now," she concluded.

"Shut up together, Lucy?" echoed her mistress, remarking Lucy's peculiar mode of expression.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Eleanor; doors and windows, too," answered the maid,—"doors and windows, too. I should rather open them, I think, this warm weather, instead of closing them so tightly, as I saw Sir Edward doing just now."

Miss Ashby thought so, too, though she did not say so, since Sir Edward Ashby was not answerable to her for his actions, and still less to her maid. But it seemed to her something strange that her uncle and his guests should be thus closeted together in so secret a manner, almost at the very first moment of Mr. Briancourt's arrival, and some slight curiosity moved her concerning the nature of their business. It was evident that Lucy, as well, marvelled somewhat in regard to it, but she said nothing.

She did not see either of them until dinner, and then nothing betrayed in the countenance of either the nature of the business which they had been transacting so privately. Her uncle, though in some measure reserved and taciturn as usual, maintained also his usual air of stately courtesy, undisturbed and unruffled. The elder Briancourt was elegant, graceful and courtly as ever; his fine conversational powers, his delicate and brilliant flashes of alternate wit and sentiment in full force. Morley Briancourt had resumed his customary ease and fascination of manner, but wore yet a slightly subdued air; and Eleanor fancied that his bearing towards herself was one of even perceptibly deeper tenderness than usual.

It was so; and there was also, in his feelings, what gave no outward sign—a dark and restless agitation, the offspring of his fears and apprehensions to which he had been subject for the last few weeks, so fearful was he of losing the prize which he had all but won. Perhaps, too, the memory of the murderous deed he had lately done haunted him.

When Miss Ashby left the table, instead of proceeding immediately to the drawing-room, she went out upon the lawn, and thence passed into the avenue, whose graceful elms were already silvered by the mild radiance of the full moon, that checquered the broad, smooth path with its yellow beams falling through the leaves. Somewhat to her surprise, she was almost directly joined by Morley, who had left the dining-room nearly as soon as herself, contrary to her expectations. He took her hand as he reached her, and drew it gently within his arm.

"I am glad to find you here, dear Eleanor," he said, tenderly. "I have much to say to you. Will you listen patiently and respond favorably?"

"Nay, Morley," said Miss Ashby, with an attempt at carelessness of manner. "I must first know what the matter is of which you would treat. I promise you to listen patiently, but the response must rest on conditions."

She could not see it, but his brow suddenly darkened. He answered directly, however, with even deeper tenderness than before.

"Then if that is the case, my beloved Eleanor, I must throw myself on your mercy, trusting that you will not refuse to grant the plea I am about to make. Eleanor," and encircling her form with his arm, he drew her closer to his side, "it is a long, long time now since we were betrothed. You were a child then, and that was all, but a beautiful, graceful, impulsive creature, lovelier than any vision my boyish dreams had ever painted. And I was a youth, ardent, impassioned and warm-hearted—a lover of beauty in every form. And I loved you, my beautiful one! Do you remember those days, Eleanor?" and bowing his head, he gazed with a passionate glance into her dark eyes.

Eleanor's cheeks were burning with a crimson flush. With the doubts, fears and perplexities which had harassed her mind so painfully, even yet distracting her, this fervor of her lover's language was deeply embarrassing. Her heart swelled; a sense of suffocation almost overpowered her, as, during the pause that followed his words, his ardent glance fascinated hers. She averted her head to escape from it.

Morley Briancourt's breast was filled with a sudden triumph. He mistook the signification of her blushes, her confusion, her averted glance. He said to himself, "My fears were groundless: she is mine still; she has no suspicions. Maida deceived me."

"You remember those days, Eleanor, when I first learned to love you?" he said again, pressing his lips to her throbbing brow that burned beneath their touch.

"Yes, Morley, I remember," she answered, nerving herself to calmness with a sudden effort.

"And then," he went on, "we parted. A year passed, and another, and yet a third, and then we met again, and you, my sweet Eleanor, were grown to womanhood. If you had fascinated me in your childhood, how much deeper was the passion with which you inspired me then! How I adored you—how I worshipped my beautiful idol! But though I was permitted to look forward to a day when I might call you my own, that day was set far in the distance. I remonstrated, prayed, entreated, that it might come earlier, but in vain. I was permitted to behold you but once every year, and from year to year I prayed for the time of my trial to be shortened. But it was of no avail. And now seven years have passed, and still the contract parts us for yet almost another twelvemonth. At length your uncle has consented that, if you are willing, our marriage shall take place without further delay. He granted me this to-day. Eleanor, my beloved, give me *your* sanction now. Say that you will be mine—that we shall be united soon." Standing beneath the beautiful moonlight, with his arm about Eleanor's form, as his words died away on the warm night air, he drew her closer to his breast. He pressed his lips tenderly—passionately to hers. "Eleanor, my beloved, my darling!" he murmured again.

His earnest words, his ardent, impassioned tones thrilled through her. But a strange heaviness pressed upon her heart. A wild and painful sense of her own desolation—of her need of knowledge and guidance in this hour, filled her breast. She could not answer.

"Speak, Eleanor," uttered her lover, softly.

Still she was silent, pale, motionless, her troubled eyes downcast. Suddenly she started, sprang from his embrace, and stood at a little distance with her hands clasped and her glance fixed upon the earth, her head half bowed, as one who listens for some sound.

"Eleanor, what is this? what—" But Morley Briancourt could not utter more. Disappointment, and anger, and astonishment flashed in his glance for an instant. Then, recovering himself, he approached her. "Eleanor—dearest Eleanor, will you not answer me?" he said, tenderly. And he was about to clasp her hand in his own, but she moved back a step, waving him off.

"No—no, Morley; not now—not now!" she uttered, in a clear but agitated tone. "I am going. Do not speak to me; do not follow me." She turned away, leaving him there. She sped silently up the avenue, crossed the broad moonlit lawn, and paused only when she had reached her own apartment.

And while Morley Briancourt, with muttered curses, strode hastily away in the same direction to join his father, unable to account for this incomprehensible scene, there crept from behind a great elm a little, imp-like figure, that threw up its long arms and danced about with strange, wild, uncouth gestures, and gave utterance to a low, triumphant chuckle. And then it, too, sped away, noiselessly as a spirit, through the broad moonlight. With its grotesque motions, and rapid, shuffling gait, and elfish shape, it looked a strange, eerie thing enough. It might have been taken for a dog, or an ape, at a distance. You could scarce have told truly what it was.

But Eleanor Ashby had heard, and was safe.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FRIENDLY WARNING.

Eleanor Ashby's cheek was paler than usual, when, a few moments after she had so abruptly left Morley Briancourt's side, she regained her own apartment. She had heard something which both startled and perplexed her. It was a voice that whispered, during the silence which succeeded her lover's entreaty, the single word "Beware!" Down there under the elms in the great avenue it had sounded seemingly by her very side. No living form had been visible besides her own and Morley's, and yet a human voice must have uttered that word. It was not fancy that had deceived her; it was not the night wind sighing through the arches of the interlacing elms; it was not the rustle of the whispering leaves. There was no deception whatever in the matter. The sound had been that of a voice as much human as her own, and so plainly distinguished as to denote the close proximity of the one who breathed it, although not another being had seemed to be near her, except Morley himself.

That it was intended for her, she did not for one moment doubt. Its meaning, following as it did on Morley Briancourt's very last words, and preceding her answer while her mind was in a state of the most trying perplexity, she interpreted at the moment. Perhaps the very hesitation she herself had felt in the nature of her answer had helped her to do so, suggesting immediately the purpose and signification of the words whispered by this invisible monitor. They presented themselves as a warning against the step she had been expected to take, in accepting Morley.

He could not have heard them, as was evident enough, and yet Eleanor wondered that he had not, when they reached her ears so plainly. He was in ignorance, then, of the cause of her sudden departure. What would he think of it? how account for it? she asked, mentally. But such queries as these were not to the purpose. The main thing of consequence now was the mystery itself, for a mystery it was, so far. She wished to know who had been concealed near her, to utter these words; why the warning had been given, and what was the interest which had prompted it. All these questions were to be solved.

The first, as she dwelt on it, was almost immediately met by a thought which flashed suddenly across her mind in the midst of her perplexity. She remembered Maida the gipsey. Was not this secret warning from the same source as that which she had received from her only a short time since? Was not Maida herself the one who, to-night, had given it? The mystery—the secrecy of the thing was associated, in Eleanor's mind, with her. True, the gipseys had vanished from Peashurst Common, but might not Maida still remain? And especially if her purpose in this matter had been an earnest and sincere one, which now Eleanor was not so skeptical about as she had been before.

She had fixed on an hypothesis certainly reasonable enough, but one which Morley Briancourt himself had deprived of probability, when his own hand had ensured Maida's silence, when his own dagger had drank her life-blood, and the dark waters of the Wye closed over her, in a midnight gone by.

"Lucy," said Miss Ashby, to her maid, "have you seen of late any of the gipseys who were at Peashurst a short time ago?"

"No, Miss Eleanor. They were gone the very day after you went there, if you recollect."

"Yes—I know—I know," returned Eleanor. "But are you sure none of them remained?—not a single one?"

"It might be possible," answered Lucy Elmore, thoughtfully; "but I have not seen one of them since they went. Why, Miss Eleanor? Have you seen them?"

"No—no. I only wished to discover whether any had remained in the neighborhood—that is all, Lucy. You need not say to any one that I asked you."

And she fell into thought again. Of the conviction that Maida was the author of the warning which she had so mysteriously received to-night, she could not divest herself. She had made light of her first caution; now, she only wished to behold her once more, to gain something more definite—more satisfactory from her; to learn, if possible, the meaning which lay concealed beneath all this enigmatical obscurity.

And should she not learn something further? She resolved at least to wait and see,—to ascertain exactly her own position, and be enabled to discern clearly the state of safety or of peril in which she stood with regard to her projected marriage with Morley Briancourt, before she took another step in the matter. She herself had been undecided whether to marry him, without, at the same time, being aware of any serious reason why she should refuse him. The repetition of Maida's warning convinced her that it was not one to be passed by unheeded; that there was a reason for its being given. It decided her to wait awhile, at least, till she discovered that reason. She wished she might behold her invisible monitor, who, it was evident, was hovering near her, while she knew it not. She could not guess how soon that wish would be gratified.

Morley Briancourt, from the avenue, had, meanwhile, gone straight to his own apartment, where he paced the floor from side to side with moody haste, his arms folded, and his brow shadowed with a dark look of inward anger, disappointment and impatience.

"What does she mean?" he muttered to himself. "Can it be that, after all, I am too late?—that she intends to put an end to this? Ah, I have waited too long—too long! But if this fellow—this Latimer, of Briarfield, has been the one to baffle my hopes, he shall repent it! And yet, what makes me such an idiot?" he went on, with a smile of self-assurance. "Is she not bound to me irrevocably? For what can break her uncle's promise? And so long as my father possesses his present power over him, I have nothing to fear. *Her* consent, even if she should refuse to give it, will be unnecessary. He must give her to me, or he is at my father's mercy!"

A knock was at the door, and directly Victor Briancourt entered.

"Well, how speeds the wooing, Morley?" he asked, lightly; and an easy smile diffused itself over his countenance as he advanced to the chimney-place with a careless, buoyant step, and threw himself into a cushioned arm-chair,—"how speeds the wooing, Morley?"

"Faith, I can scarcely tell myself," answered the son, with a frown. "Eleanor is in an incomprehensible mood to-night. I have gained no answer from her, for she scarcely heard me mention the object of the interview, before she left my side with a degree of haste by no means flattering, and for what reason, is beyond my power to tell."

"A strange caprice, by my word!" said the elder Briancourt, in a careless tone; "but nothing more—nothing more, rest assured, Morley. To-morrow will bring everything into order."

"You think so?"

Morley Briancourt paused within a little distance of his father's chair as he asked the question.

"Think so? My dear fellow, what in the world should prevent it?" asked his father, nonchalantly, playing with his watch-seals,—"what in the world should prevent it?"

"May not her own will do so? I confess I fear—"

"What?" And on the gentleman's lips rested an undisturbed, graceful, self-confident smile.

"That this Hugh Latimer, of Briarfield, yonder, has become already my rival."

"Well—and if he has, what then?"

"A great deal of trouble may be anticipated."

"I beg your pardon: I must differ from you there. You said something, if my memory serves me rightly, relative to her will, as being exercised in the matter of this marriage. Do you recall the fact, my dear Morley, that she has, or will be supposed to have, *no* will, except such as agrees in every point with that of her uncle? And he, in his turn, has no will but what is subservient to mine. He is completely in my power. I can do with him what I please. Therefore, you need give yourself no uneasiness whatever. He is to give you his niece in marriage, at such a time. The fact is an extremely simple, and at the same time, an indisputable—an unalterable one. You see it?"

"Yes."

"You will, then, I presume, mention to our fair Eleanor the matter in debate, some time to-morrow again?"

"Excuse me: I prefer that Sir Edward himself should receive her agreement after this."

Victor Briancourt laughed.

"Cool, on my honor, Morley!" he said. "Why, he can be but a lukewarm lover who yields to so slight a mortification as that occasioned you to-night."

"Lukewarm?" Morley Briancourt's brow flushed, and his eye kindled. "Lukewarm?" he repeated. "Nay; *you* are light, and gay, and trifling in your nature, and yet you know the strength of a Briancourt's passions. No lukewarm love is mine. Eleanor Ashby has roused its fiercest power."

His father smiled quietly.

"To the utter exclusion, I believe, of a certain fancy which you must remember?"

A slight frown darkened the brow of Morley.

"I have no desire to revert to that, at this time. It has cost me trouble sufficient, I should judge, already."

"That is your own fault, my dear fellow," said the elder Briancourt, lightly. "But, after all, a very venial one, taking your extreme youth into consideration. It is well that it cost you no more. Well that you were enabled to evade the consequences as you did. You have destroyed the papers, I trust, years since?"

"On the contrary, they are in yonder box, within my dressing-case."

"You are careless, Morley."

"I think not. They are as safe there as if burnt, and I have no fear of their ever doing me any harm."

"Nevertheless, take my advice and burn them. They may fall into hands which might do you an injury yet. And now, will you oblige me by accompanying me to the library? Sir Edward will wish to see you, undoubtedly."

They went—the father and son.

But a few moments had the door been closed behind them, ere a small dark figure crept out cautiously from behind an Indian screen in one corner, and darting across the floor, also left the room. It was Pequin the dwarf. * * *

Morning dawned, and Eleanor, at the usual hour, prepared to meet her uncle and his guests at breakfast. They were all there—Sir Edward, and Victor Briancourt, and her lover. Eleanor had slightly shrunk from the prospect of encountering Morley this morning; but she must necessarily do so, and therefore endeavored to think as little as possible of last night's occurrences, that she might do it with as much composure as she could command. She felt that Morley must have experienced considerable annoyance at her strange and unexplained conduct, and this consciousness of having appeared somewhat singular in her proceedings, was not a little embarrassing. However, she went quietly into the breakfast-room, and met him there.

His manner, as he bade her good-morning, was somewhat reserved, bearing still the mark of the feelings she had aroused the night before; and yet there was a blending of impatient anxiety, of tenderness and passion, in his manner, and in the expression of his eyes, as they rested on her face with a glance that seemed striving to read her feelings towards him. She saw that it was so, and dropping her eyes, passed him and took her seat.

Sir Edward, she observed, was even more silent and reserved than usual, and spoke little. Mr. Briancourt alone preserved his customary demeanor—one of graceful and careless ease. And she herself, as may be supposed, was also comparatively silent. Mr. Briancourt's easy nonchalance alone gave anything like life to the party, and still the greatest degree of constraint was perceptible among the other members of the little party. The baronet scarcely looked up once; spoke but rarely, and then with as few words as might be. Eleanor mentally revolved the probable reason. Was his taciturnity connected in any way with her? It seemed allied to that of Morley.

The unsocial repast was concluded shortly. Immediately on rising from the table, Sir Edward requested his niece to accompany him to the library. She felt now that it was on the subject which Morley had broached last night that he was about to speak. A feeling of unquiet and troubled apprehension filled her heart; but she obeyed, without a word. Mr. Briancourt stood by the glass doors looking out upon the lawn, as she left the room; and Morley's eyes were fastened on the pages of a book which he had taken up. He did not raise them until she reached the door, near which he was sitting. Then they were turned for an instant to her face, with a glance filled with inquiry, and immediately withdrawn.

She followed her uncle, and in five minutes found herself seated opposite him, at the library table.

"I have called you hither, Eleanor," he said, "for the purpose of conferring with you on the subject of your marriage with Morley Briancourt."

That was it, then? Eleanor merely bowed, and he went on.

"It is now some years," he said, "since this matter was arranged. As a child, you were, in a manner, betrothed to Morley. The fact that you were to become his wife, on arriving of age, has, I believe, always been fully understood by you."

Eleanor bowed silently.

"That period is not far off," he resumed. "Morley is desirous that the marriage should take place early in June. You gave him, I believe, no definite answer last evening, when, as he tells me, he consulted you on the subject. Therefore—" He paused a moment, and leaned his head on his hand, apparently considering.

Eleanor, meanwhile, sat startled and confused. What course she should take she could not tell. She had not counted on matters being brought to so decided a crisis so soon.

"Therefore," continued Sir Edward, raising his head, "I have myself to request that you will name the day when—"

To the relief of Eleanor's agitation, at that moment there was a knock at the door. Sir Edward rose to open it, and found there a domestic, who informed him that a visitor in the drawing-room requested to see him. It was Mr. Vernon, the son of a brother magistrate of the baronet, come on some business from his father. Sir Edward turned to Eleanor, still holding the door open.

"You will excuse me," he said, "for a few moments. I will return shortly, if you will have the goodness to await me here."

He went out, and Eleanor was left there alone.

"What shall I do? What course shall I take?" she said, to herself, in a troubled tone. "O, if I could only tell what is best!"

Suddenly, it seemed within the very room, a strange, sweet, peculiar voice half recited, half chanted the following words:

"Gentle maid, beware—beware!
If the day thou wouldst not rue thee,
Shun the snare that others spread;
'Ware the evil they would do thee!
List the voice that gives thee warning,
Treat it not with slight or scorning;
Give its accents timely heed;
Well 'twill serve thee at thy need.
For few there be, like thee, that know,
But foe be friend, or friend be foe!"

The sound ceased.

"O who is it that addresses me? Surely I have heard that voice before!" uttered Eleanor.

There was a movement—a rustle in the silken drapery of a window near, and forth from his concealment stepped her monitor.

"Pequin!"

"Pequin, at your service, fair Eleanor; and come to show you a plot of which you are ignorant. We have met but once before: then you took my part against one who would have hurt me; now it is my turn. Pequin is not so insignificant that he cannot help you when you need help, and show you your way when you cannot see it yourself."

"Help me? O, if you could! But what do you know of my need? How did you come here? What—"

"Nay—let me do my errand, fair Eleanor, and do not lose the little time you have. I will show you something. I will show you the character of the man who would wed you, and takes care to guard against rivalry. See!"

A writing-desk of Morley Briancourt's lay on the table. With a key which he possessed, the dwarf quickly opened it, drew forth a thin packet of letters, and placed them in Eleanor's hand. They were those which Morley had intercepted—Mary Latimer's letters. Perplexity and astonishment pervaded Eleanor's breast as she examined them; but before she had time fully to comprehend the matter, Pequin touched her arm.

"Keep them; they are yours, you see, though your jealous lover has kept them himself, and still fancies them safe. But come now—come with me. Do not speak, but do as I bid you for a little while, and other secrets shall be unfolded to you—secrets that concern you and *your safety*. So have no scruples, but do as you are told, fair Eleanor. Hasten! You must know all before Sir Edward's return."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.



CHINESE TRADING JUNKS.



CARGO BOAT.



FLOWER BOAT.



HUSBANDMAN'S DRESS.



FISHING WITH BIRDS.



CHINESE IRRIGATION.



PALANQUIN BEARERS.



CHINESE MILL.

We present on this page a number of neat designs illustrating the industry and habits of the Chinese—that curious people about whom so much interest is felt, and so little, comparatively, known.



RICE BOWL AND CHOPSTICKS.

Our first engraving represents a Chinese trading-junk under sail, a most cumbrous contrivance, and yet not unlike, in the build of the hull, the European vessels of the 16th century. These junks are caulked with a putty composed of burnt gypsum and oil, and have flat, unwieldy sails of matting and flat keels. The cargo-boat shown in our next illustration is used for the conveyance of grain on the great canal. They are about 100 tons burthen each. The Chinese flower-boat, or hwa-chow, is employed by the wealthy classes for pleasure sailing on fine evenings. It rides high on the water, and has the same quaint peculiarities as the other boats. The Robinson Crusoe-ish individual in the next engraving is a Chinese husbandman. The garments of the Chinese farmers are well adapted to shield from the weather. The next engraving shows a fisherman's boat, with the trained birds that save him the expense and trouble of hooks and lines, and bait in capturing his scaly prey. These birds are cormorants, excellent swimmers, divers and fliers. They are trained as men rear spaniels and hawks, and one man can readily take care of a hundred. When a large fish is seized, these birds help each other, one taking the head, the other the tail. The boatman stretches out an oar—the bird perches on it, is relieved of his burden, and then flies off to continue his sport. As they are very voracious the owners have a ring clasped or a string tied tightly about the neck. The next engraving shows an irrigating machine used by the Chinese. A tread-mill keeps in motion a chain on which are fastened a number of square boards running in a trough which hold and draw up the water. The principle is the same as that of the chain-pump so extensively used in this country. The picture next in order represents a palanquin such as is now used in the East by persons of rank. There are four bearers. Palanquin travelling is prevalent in China, where, according to Mr. Davis, in the streets a "mandarin of high rank would be considered degraded except in a chair with four bearers." Throughout Asia the roads are so bad, and labor is so cheap, that palanquins and sedans are used to a very great extent. Our next illustration shows us the method of cotton bowing practised in India and China. The carder uses an elastic bow with a tight string. He places it in a heap of the material, and having pulled the string with some force allows the bow to recoil; the vibration of the string scatters the cotton about and separates it into fibres freed from knots and impurities. Our next illustration shows us the Chinese mill, or pestle and mortar, a simple but effective contrivance worked with a treadle. The next print of the series delineates a Chinese rice bowl with the chopsticks, which supply the place of a spoon or knife and fork. The opium pipe of the Chinese, shown in the next picture, bears some analogy to the tobacco pipes of other countries. The dignitary with the peacock's feather seems to highly enjoy his deadly and forbidden luxury. The Chinese mill, the last object delineated, is worked by hand with a lever, but has two stones, something like a corn mill. In almost everything the Chinese differ from us—marking the direct antagonism of the East and West. That they are an ingenious people is undeniable. They have made many discoveries, but few improvements. What they are capable of when the Central Flowery Land is thrown open to European arts and sciences, remains to be seen.



BOWING OF COTTON.



OPIUM PIPE.



RICE MILL.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IT MAKES ME SAD TO ROAM.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

It makes me sad to roam amid the halls
Where heaven-born art and godlike music reign;
I, joyous child—I frequented those halls—
A transient passer, now repair again:
Art from her nicest touch the chisel drops,
Painting her glowing brush suspends in air—
Music's high thrilling tones abruptly stops:
Ah me, I weep harsh tears with black despair—
The Muses cry "Avaunt! ye have no heritage here!"

It makes me sad to roam amid the marts
Of busy industry and toiling strife;
For din and clatter sing, "Gold costs the smart
Of many aspiring soul and gladsome life."
But time rolls on, as chariots roll along,
Save that he steals with stealthy pace and slow,
While Industry peals up her burdened song,
And naught except the grave is free from woe—
The wheel of life turns swift—I, too, must onward go.

It makes me sad to roam amid the haunts
Where once my gleesome steps in gladness danced;
Fashion nor riches now supply my wants,
Nor touch one chord in all my soul's expanse.
Surrounded by a crowd I breathe alone;
The tones of friendship greet my ear in vain—
Or, if I heed them, I again bemoan
A tone once dear—remembrance's dulcet pain;
And from the reverie I start, yet sigh to dream again.

[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARIETTE:

—OR,—

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

BY H. E. HOUSTON.

La Napoule is only a small town on the coast of France, and yet it is known throughout the whole province. It lies embosomed in evergreen shades, midst dark pomegranates and bright palms. People say that the finest grapes, the sweetest roses, and the most beautiful maidens are there, and I can well believe it, though that is not the reason why La Napoule is so celebrated. You shall see.

Though all the maidens of La Napoule were called charming, the little Mariette was doubtless a wonder among wonders. She was always called little Mariette, though she was not smaller than a person of seventeen years generally is. Indeed, her forehead just reached the lips of a full-grown man. The Chronicle of La Napoule had very good reason for talking about Mariette. I should have done the same had I been in the place of the Chronicle, for Mariette, who until now had lived with her mother Manon at Avignon, turned the whole village of La Napoule upside down. Not the houses indeed, but the people and their heads, and perhaps not the heads of everybody, but certainly those whose heads and hearts are ever in danger from the proximity of a pair of soul-full eyes. I know that very well.

Mother Manon would have done better had she remained in Avignon, but she inherited a little property in La Napoule, some land with a little vineyard, and a neat house pleasantly placed in the shadow of a great rock, between olive trees and African acacias. That is more than every poor widow has, and Manon was, in her own opinion, happier than if she had been countess of the whole province. But the good woman fared all the worse for so thinking. She did not foresee the misfortunes that awaited her; nor had she ever read in Homer how a pretty woman could bring whole countries into turmoil and discord.

The little Mariette had hardly been a fortnight in the house between the olives and African acacias, than every young La Napoulese knew that Mariette lived there, and also that in the whole province there was no more charming maiden than in this self-same house. When she passed through the place, flitting lightly with floating drapery, wearing in her bosom an orange blossom or rose-bud, with the ribbons of her hat shading her sweet face, even the sourest old people talked to her, and the young ones were silent from admiration, and everywhere in her path would open on the right hand and the left, doors and little windows, with "good morning, Mariette," "good morning, little Mariette," and she nodded gaily and smiled both right and left. When she went to church, all hearts, especially those of the young men, forsook Heaven, all eyes the holy priest, and the lingering fingers forgot the beads of the rosary. That must have given great offence, especially to the devout.

About this time the young women of La Napoule became suddenly pious, for they were very much vexed; and they could hardly be blamed for it, as since Mariette's arrival more than one swain had grown cold, and more than one lover had forsaken his betrothed. The young people spoke no longer of marriage, but of separation. They sent back their plighted faith and their rings. The old people joined in the ill feeling of their children. Quarrels and strife spread from house to house.

"Mariette is the cause of all this," said the devout maidens; then their mothers repeated it, then the fathers, and at last the young men took it up.

But the little Mariette, enclosed in her innocence and purity, like the first opening glow of the rosebud through the dark green of its chalice, guessed nothing of all this trouble, and remained good through all. After a while first the young men praised her and said, "why trouble the pretty, harmless child—she is without guile!" Then the fathers said—then the mothers—and last the pious maidens; for who could help being won by Mariette's sweet voice? Before six months everybody had spoken to her and already loved her. She could not believe that she was so much beloved, as she could not before believe that she was so much disliked. Everybody now wished to atone for their injustice towards Mariette. Compassion heightened the tenderness of affection, and all were friendly to the pretty child, kindly greeting her and inviting her to all the rural dances and plays. But alas! all men have not the gift of compassion, but have hearts as hard as Pharaoh's. This comes doubtless from the natural wickedness of men since the fall.

The young Colin was a striking instance of this. He was the richest farmer and land-proprietor in La Napoule. His vineyards and olive gardens, citron and pomegranate groves, could not be counted in one day. But one thing well proved his natural hardness of heart—that he had reached the age of twenty-seven without ever thinking for what purpose young maidens were created, though indeed, some people, especially ladies of a certain age, thought Colin the best young man under the sun; they admired his figure, his frank, open manners, his smile, which they said must have been granted him as absolution for sins forgiven. But on such persons' judgment it is not well to depend. Meanwhile everybody in La Napoule had become fond of the little Mariette—all except the hard-hearted Colin, who remained cold to the lovely child.

When any one spoke of Mariette, he was dumb as a fish; if he met her in the street, he turned red and white by turns, and glanced spitefully at her. When, in the summer evenings, the young people collected near the ruins of an old castle by the borders of the sea, to dance or sing, Colin was not absent; but as soon as Mariette appeared, then the spiteful Colin became silent, and would not sing any more for all the gold in the world. It was a pity, for he had a sweet voice and every one liked to hear him sing. The maidens of La Napoule all looked upon Colin with favor, and he was friendly to all. As we have said, he had a roguish glance that the young women liked, and when he laughed he was worthy of being painted; but, naturally enough, the neglected Mariette noticed him scarcely at all—and she was quite right. Whether he smiled or not, it made no difference to her; she did not care at all for his roguish glance—she was still right. When he told stories, which he often did, she bantered her neighbors and pelted, now Pierre and now Paul, with uprooted weeds, laughed and chattered, and did not even hear Colin. That vexed him, perhaps, for he often broke off in his relation, and went gloomily away. Revenge is sweet. Manon's daughter had triumphed; but after all, Mariette was a good girl, and her heart was tender. If he was silent, she was sorry—if he was sad, she lost all wish to laugh—if he was absent from a pleasure gathering, she did not wish to remain—and if she was unseen, she wept more tears than Magdalene, though she had not half so much to cry for.

The priest of La Napoule, called Father Jerome, was a man of seventy years. He had all the virtues of holiness and only one failing—namely, that by reason of many years he was deaf. On that account he preached chiefly to the children and youth of the village, who listened to him very attentively. It was true that he preached from only two texts, but then his entire religion was contained in these. One was: "Children, love one another," and the other, "Children, the ways of Heaven are wonderful." The young people tried to be obedient to the first commandment, and hoped to gain the wonders of Heaven. Only Colin with the stony heart would pay no attention to it. He was designing though he did not so appear.

It was the time of the state fair at Valence. Everywhere was gay and busy life, and though perhaps but little money, much pleasure. Mariette with her mother Manon, was there, and Colin was present also. He bought numberless gifts and knicknacks for his lady friends, but for Mariette not a sou's worth, and yet he was continually at her heels; but she did not speak to him nor he to her. Anybody might see that he was plotting mischief. Presently Mother Manon came out of a stall near by, and said:

"O, Mariette, see this beautiful pitcher! A queen need not disdain to touch her lips to it. Only look! the border is pure gold, and no flowers could grow in gardens more beautiful than these, and yet they are only painted; and see, Mariette, in the midst of Paradise, how tempting the apples look on the trees—one almost wishes to taste them. Indeed, Adam could not resist, when the lovely Eve offered one to him; and see how lovingly the little lambs play by the side of the old tiger, and the snow white dove with green and gold throat nestles close to the hawk as though it wished to coo to him."

Mariette could not admire it sufficiently.

"Such a pitcher is too beautiful to drink out of," said she; "if I had it I would put my flowers in it, or at least glance into Paradise. We are, to be sure, only at the fair at Valence, but when I look at this pitcher, it seems as if we were at the gate of Paradise."

So said Mariette, and she called all her young friends to come and admire the pitcher. Soon these stood by it—the young maidens and men—and finally nearly half the population of La Napoule had seen and admired this most wonderful pitcher. Very beautiful it seemed, made of the most costly and clearest porcelain, with gold and bright borders. To the inquiry, "What is it worth?" the answer was—"one hundred pounds;" then the questioner would be silent and go sadly away.

When, finally, there were no more people around the stand, Master Colin came quietly up, laid the hundred pounds on the table, and ordered the merchant to pack it carefully in a box, as he should take it away with him. He told his design to none. He had not gone far, before he met the judge's servant, old James, who was coming from the fields. James was a very good man, but exceedingly stupid.

"I will give thee a crown, James," said Colin, "if thou wilt carry this box to Manon's house and leave it there, and if anybody should ask where thou gottest it, tell them a stranger gave it to thee, but do not betray my name, or I shall never forgive thee."

James listened with attention, took the fee and the box, and went toward the little house between the olive trees and acacias. On his way he met his master, the Judge Hautmartin, who asked what he was carrying.

"A box for Mother Manon,—but, master, I cannot tell where I got it."

"Why not?"

"Because Master Colin never would forgive me."

"It is well that thou canst be so silent—it is too late now, though. Give me the box. I shall go to Manon's to-morrow, and I will deliver the box to her and not betray that it came from Colin. It will spare you a walk and do me a good turn."

James gave the box to his master, for he was accustomed to obey him in all things without contradiction. The judge carried it to his room and examined it by the light with great curiosity. On the cover was neatly written with red chalk, these words:

"For the beautiful and beloved Mariette."

Judge Hautmartin very well knew that this trick was probably Colin's, and that mischief lurked behind it. So he opened the box cautiously, lest a rat or a mouse might pop out, but when he saw it contained the wonderful pitcher that he had seen at Valence, he was silent from very fright, for the judge was equally learned in right and wrong, and knew well that the dispositions of men were evil from their youth up. He saw immediately then that Colin wished to bring Mariette into trouble by means of the pitcher—for the people who saw her with it would naturally imagine some absent lover had presented it to her, and would therefore cease their attentions to her. Then Judge Hautmartin kindly thought he would banish all such suspicion by presenting the pitcher to Mariette in his own name. Besides, he loved the pretty girl in secret, and would rather have liked it had she followed toward him the maxim of Father Jerome, "Children, love one another."

To be sure, the judge was a child of seventy years, and Mariette thought the text could not apply very well to him, but, as Manon said, he was a very intelligent youth—had money and influence from one end of La Napoule to the other. When the judge spoke of marriage, Mariette always ran off; but Manon remained and did not appear in the least shy of the tall, lean man, for though indeed Colin was considered the handsomest man in the place, the judge had, in two things, much the advantage of him—namely, in many more years and a great, great nose. Yes, this nose always preceded the judge, like a satellite, to foretell his coming, and was a real elephant among ordinary noses. Well, with this elephant, his good intentions and the pitcher, the loving judge went the next morning to the little house between the olive trees and the acacias.

"For the beautiful Mariette," said he, "nothing is too costly. Yesterday you were pleased at Valence with the pitcher. Permit me, beloved Mariette, to lay it, together with my loving heart, at your feet."

Manon and Mariette were both astonished when they heard the speech and saw the pitcher. Manon's eyes sparkled, but Mariette hesitated and said:

"I will not take either your heart or your pitcher."

Then Manon grew cross, and said:

"But I will accept both heart and pitcher for you. You little fool, how much longer are you going to scorn your good fortune? Who are you waiting for? Do you expect a duke to marry you, that you repel the judge? I know better how to choose for you. Judge Hautmartin, I shall deem it an honor to call you my son-in-law."

Then Mariette went out weeping bitterly, but Judge Hautmartin struck his nose with the palm of his hand, and spoke wisely:

"Mother Manon, hasten nothing; the little dove will in time submit—when she knows me better. I am not impatient, I understand women, and before a quarter of a year goes by, I shall possess Mariette's heart."

"But his nose is so big!" murmured Mariette, who had been listening behind the door, and secretly laughing to herself.

The quarter of a year passed away, and Judge Hautmartin had not put even the tip of his nose into Mariette's heart. But during this quarter of a year the little Mariette had several other troubles. The pitcher brought her much vexation, and there was yet more than this. For a fortnight nobody in La Napoule spoke of anything but the pitcher, and everybody said, "it is the gift of the judge, and the marriage is already decided." Though Mariette told all her companions that she would sooner throw herself into the sea, than marry Judge Hautmartin, the wicked maidens only bantered her so much the more, saying: "Ah, how delightful it must be, to rest in the shadow of such a nose!" This was the first trouble.

Then Mother Manon had a habit of sending Mariette every morning to rinse the pitcher in the spring by the rock, and fill it with fresh flowers; thereby she hoped to reconcile Mariette both to the pitcher and the heart of the giver. But she only succeeded in making her hate both gift and giver all the more, and her labor at the spring was only a grief to her. Second trouble.

Again, when she came in the morning to the spring, twice a week there lay on the rock beside the water, the most beautiful flowers, already arranged, as if made on purpose to adorn her pitcher, and on the stalks there was always a strip of paper on which was written, "Loved Mariette." Mariette could hardly believe that there were yet fairies and magicians in existence, but as the flowers were continually on the rock, she took them because they were better than wild flowers, though she would not even

smell of them because she supposed the breath of the judge's nose had breathed upon them, and the strip of paper she tore in bits and scattered it in the place where the flowers had been laid; but that did not vex Judge Hautmartin at all, for his love for her was as great in its way as his nose was. Third trouble.

At last it came out in conversation that the judge was not the giver of the flowers. Who then could it be? Mariette was very much astonished at this unlooked-for discovery, but she took the flowers more kindly from the rock and even smelled of them. But who put them there? Mariette was unlike all other young maidens—very curious. She guessed first this and then that young man in La Napoule, but this could not be guessed out. She waited and watched, far into the night—she rose early, but she gained nothing by all her watching and waiting, and still twice a week in the morning regularly, there lay always in the same place the wonderful flowers, and with them the constant strip of paper bearing the sigh, "Loved Mariette." Such a thing must have made even the most indifferent a little curious, but curiosity at last brought trouble. Fourth trouble.

One Sunday morning Father Jerome preached as usual from the text, "The ways of Heaven are wonderful." And the little Mariette thought, "perhaps they will be wonderful enough to reveal to me the invisible flower-giver, for Father Jerome was never wrong."

One summer night, when it had been very warm throughout the day, Mariette could not sleep; so she sprang lightly from her couch when she saw the first dawn of morning glance through her windows. She dressed herself and went out to bathe her face and arms in the cooling spring. She took her hat with her, in case she should walk a little way by the stream. She knew a secret place to bathe, but before reaching the bathing place it was necessary to pass behind the house and then descend through palm trees and pomegranates. This time Mariette could not pass, for under the youngest and straightest tree lay in deep sleep a young and slender man—by him a basket of the most beautiful flowers, and besides, a strip of paper could be seen, upon which breathed the customary sigh. How could Mariette get by? She stood still and trembled in every limb. She wished to return home, but hardly had she advanced a few steps than she found herself nearer the sleeper, and remained standing; yet from the distance she could not see his features. Now or never was the time to gain a secret. So she tripped lightly by the palms, her curiosity prevailing over her fright, and took a good look at the sleeper, who slept as soundly as though he had not slept before for four weeks.

And who was he? Who indeed, but the most mischievous Colin! It had then been he, the first old enemy of the good maiden, who had brought her into so much trouble with the pitcher and also the affair with the judge. He had then brought her the flowers to torment her curiosity. What for? He hated Mariette—he conducted himself in all company in a most unpardonable manner to her. He vexed her when he could; and when he could not he avoided the good child. To all the other maidens of La Napoule he was affable and friendly—to all but Mariette. Only to think! he had not once invited her to a dance, and she danced most charmingly. There he lay, detected—caught! Mariette thought of revenge—what trick should she play him? She took the basket of flowers and threw them softly over the sleeper, but the strip of paper with the usual "Loved Mariette" upon it she looked at, then hid it quickly in her bosom. Perhaps she wished to keep it as a proof of his mischievousness. Mariette was cunning, and she could not go away without repaying Colin's trick by one equally roguish, so she pulled from her hat the violet-colored ribbon and wound it round the sleeper's arm, then she tied it with three knots, and left Colin fast to a palm tree.

"When he awakes, how astonished he will be! And how he will wonder who has played him this trick. Of course he can never guess," she thought to herself, and then went slowly into the house.

The next day Colin put another trick in execution. He appeared to wish to mortify the poor child publicly. Ah, she had not dreamed her purple ribbon would be known in La Napoule, but Colin knew it only too well. He wound it proudly round his hat, and wore it where all the world could see it, as a trophy, and every young man and maiden in La Napoule said, "it is Mariette's;" and then they called Colin a villain.

"How is this, Mother Manon?" cried Judge Hautmartin, as he neared Manon's house, and he cried it so loud that his great nose echoed wonderfully. "What does it mean, that my affianced gives her hat ribbon to the young farmer, Colin? It is high time that the marriage was celebrated; after that, I shall have a right to speak."

"You have a right now, judge," answered Manon; "if the affair stands thus the marriage must take place quickly."

"But, Manon, Mariette has always refused her consent, and she never seemed friendly to me. If I ever seat myself by her side, she springs away like a deer."

"Judge, only prepare the wedding feast."

"But if Mariette resists?"

"We will surprise her. We will go to Father Jerome early on Sunday morning, and the ceremony shall be performed very quietly. We will make him understand that. You are of the most authority of any one in La Napoule, and he must listen to you; yet Mariette need know nothing about it. I will send her in the early morning to Father Jerome of an errand, so she can guess nothing. Half an hour after, we will both of us come; and then quickly to the altar."

"And if Mariette should say no, there?"

"What matters it—the old man cannot hear, you know? But be silent about this to Mariette and everybody else."

This was the agreement between the two. Poor Mariette did not dream what fate awaited her. She was thinking how spiteful it was in Colin to make everybody talk about her, and yet she in her heart forgave him. She told her mother and her companions that:

"Colin found my lost hand; I did not give it to him. He is only teasing me."

Mariette was entirely too good.

One morning, early, Mariette went as usual with her pitcher to the spring, but this time there were no flowers on the rock. Perhaps it was too early. The sun had not yet risen from the sea. There were rustling steps—then Colin appeared, bearing in his hand the flowers. Mariette turned crimson, and Colin stammered:

"Good morning, Mariette."

But the greeting did not come from the heart, he could hardly bring his lips to utter it.

"Why do you wear my ribbon so publicly, Colin?" said she, setting the pitcher down on the rock. "I did not give it to thee."

"Thou didst not give it to me?" said Colin, and he turned white with vexation.

Mariette was a little ashamed of her falsehood—she lowered her eyes and said, after a pause:

"Well, I did give it to thee—but thou hadst no right to wear it so openly. Give it back to me."

He untied it slowly, and his grief was so great that he could not conceal the tears in his eyes.

"Sweet Mariette, let me keep the ribbon," said he, softly.

"No."

Then his partially concealed vexation turned to desperation. He glanced with a sigh towards heaven, then on Mariette, who still stood devoutly by the spring with dejected eyes and drooping arms. Then Colin pulled the purple ribbon from the basket of flowers, and cried:

"Take everything from me now."

And he threw the flowers so violently on the splendid pitcher that it fell to the ground and broke in bits. Mother Manon, who had been watching from the window, had heard and seen all; but when she saw the beautiful pitcher broken, she lost all power of seeing or hearing more. She had no words to express her dismay, and when she saw through the narrow window the flying guilty one, she leaned against the sash with such violence, that it fell out of the crumbling stone and broke to pieces. So many misfortunes would have put any one else out of countenance, but Manon soon recovered herself.

"It is fortunate," said she, "that I was witness to this mischief. He shall go with me to the judge, and pay me for the window and the pitcher."

But when Mariette brought in the pieces of the much valued pitcher, and Manon saw Paradise lost, the good Adam headless, Eve with only one limb remaining, the serpent erect, but the dove broken in two—then Manon burst forth into a rage against Colin, and said:

"It is plain this work came from the evil one's own hand."

And taking the pieces of the pitcher in one hand and Mariette with the other, she went to the court where Judge Hautmartin was. There she made her complaint, and showed the broken pitcher and the lost Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly. The judge, when he saw the wonderful pitcher broken, and his beautiful Mariette in tears, fell into so great a rage against Colin that his nose became as purple as Mariette's violet hand. He ordered his constables to bring immediately before him the guilty person. Colin appeared. Mother Manon told her story with great willingness to the judge, the constables and the clerks, but Colin did not listen. He bent over to Mariette, and whispered:

"Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive you. I have broken your pitcher unintentionally, but you have broken my heart."

"What is the meaning of all that whispering there?" cried the judge. "Listen to your accusation, sir, and defend yourself, if you can."

"I shall not defend myself," said Colin. "I broke the pitcher without intending to."

"That I can well believe," said Mariette, softly. "I am as guilty as he, for I vexed him and he broke it in anger. He could not help it."

"Goodness!" screamed Manon, "will the child take his part? Judge, speak! He has broken the pitcher—let him deny that, if he can, and also that I broke the window by his means."

"You can deny neither, Mr. Colin," said the judge, "so pay three hundred pounds for the pitcher, and for the window—"

"No," said Colin, "it is not worth so much. I bought it at Volence for Mariette, and gave one hundred pounds for it."

"You bought it, Sir Impudence!" shrieked the judge, and he turned in his whole face like Mariette's ribbon, but he could say no more.

Colin grew angry at the implied reproach, and said:

"I sent the pitcher in the evening of market-day to Mariette by your own servant. There stands James at the door—he will prove it. James, speak—did I not give thee the box and tell thee to carry it to Mother Manon's house?"

Judge Hautmartin wished to interrupt them, but the simple James said:

"I gave it to you, you know, judge. You met me with Colin's box and promised to carry it to Mother Manon. There stands the box under your papers yonder."

This was James's story, and Colin motioned him to go out until he should be wanted.

"Very well, sir judge," began Colin, "but this trick will be your last in La Napoule. I know very well that you have tried to gain favor with Mariette and her mother, by means of my property. If you need me, perhaps the high-sheriff of Grasse will tell you where I am."

So saying, Colin went out. The wise judge was sorely perplexed by the turn affairs had taken, and did not know what he did in his confusion. Mother Manon shook her head. The affair was very dark and mysterious.

"Who will pay me for the pitcher?" said she.

"To me," Mariette said, with glistening eyes, "it is already paid for."

Colin was gone several days from Grasse for the high-sheriff, and came back early one evening. Judge Hautmartin had finally reasoned away all suspicions from Manon's mind, and swore he would sooner cut off his nose than Colin should escape without paying three hundred pounds for the pitcher. Then he and Manon went to Father Jerome about the marriage, and impressed it upon him that Mariette, as a good daughter, would not resist the marriage. The good old priest promised just as they wished, though understanding only a part of what they screamed in his ear. When Sunday morning came, Manon said to her daughter:

"Dress yourself well and carry this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome. He needs it for a bride."

Mariette attired herself in her Sunday best, took the wreath and without suspicion carried it to Father Jerome. On the way she met Colin, and as she told him where she was carrying the wreath, he said he would go with her; and as they went along Colin gently took her hand, and both trembled as if they were guilty of some crime.

"Hast thou forgiven me, dear Mariette?" spoke Colin. "What have I done that thou shouldst be so cold to me?"

But she only said:

"Be quiet, Colin; you may keep my ribbon and I will keep your pitcher. Is not that sufficient for you?"

"O, Mariette, I would give all I possess if thou wouldst look as kindly on me as on others."

She said nothing, but as they went into the church, she glanced sideway at him from her beautiful eyes, and lisped

"Loved Colin!"

Then he stooped and took her hand, and they went into the room where Father Jerome was, in his robes. The young people seemed in a dream, and remained standing by one another. I don't know whether it was the effect of the kiss of the hand or awe of the priest. Then Mariette gave Father Jerome the myrtle wreath. He laid it on her brow and said, "Children, love one another;" and exhorted this young woman in a most touching manner to love Colin—for the poor man had only half heard the name of the bridegroom by reason of his deafness or had forgotten it, and so thought Colin surely was the bridegroom. The old man's words moved Mariette to tears, and she cried:

"Ah, I love him indeed, but he hates me!"

"I hate thee, Mariette?" answered Colin. "My soul has lived only in thee since thou hast been in La Napoule. O, Mariette, how can I hope to believe thou lovest me? Is not all La Napoule at thy feet?"

While they were thus talking to one another, the good priest imagined they quarrelled; so he put his arms around them both and said:

"Children, children, love one another."

Then Mariette sunk on Colin's breast, while his arms enclosed her, and both faces beamed with silent transport. They forgot the priest—the whole world. Colin's lips were pressed to Mariette's sweet mouth—it was only a kiss, but a kiss sometimes contains a great deal. They had so lost all recollection that almost without knowing it, they followed the delighted Father Jerome into the church, and to the altar. There were a few devout ones in the church who heard with amazement Colin's and Mariette's marriage. Some of them left their prayers to be the first in La Napoule to announce that "Mariette and Colin were married." When the ceremony was over, Father Jerome felt very much pleased that he had succeeded so well, and met with so little opposition from the couple who were to be made one, and he led them into the parsonage.

At last Mother Manon came, breathless. She had awaited at home the arrival of the judge, but as he did not come, she set out to meet him. New troubles were yet to come. She learned that the high-sheriff, together with several of the police, had taken the accounts and records of the judge for examination. In the same hour, the Judge Hautmartin was arrested for his misdeeds and imprisoned.

"Certainly, the godless Colin has brought this about," was Manon's thought, and she hastened to the church to excuse to Father Jerome the delay of the marriage.

There the good man, smiling with pride at his work, hastened to meet her, and by his side the newly married pair. Now forgot Manon in good earnest both thought and speech, when she saw what had happened, but Colin had more ideas now than he had ever possessed before in his life. He spoke of his love, the broken pitcher, the judge's falsehood, and how he had unmasked the evil-doer to the police at Grasse. Then he prayed for Mother Manon's blessing and pardon for the marriage. Father Jerome, who did not understand a word of what was passing, received an entire and satisfactory account of the nuptials; and, taking the hands of both, said, with an upturned glance:

"Surely, the ways of Heaven are wonderful!"

The broken pitcher was ever afterwards preserved in the family as a precious relic, and it is to be presumed that Colin and Mariette ever after lived very happily.

To prove a man a fool is more likely to make him angry than to make him wise. A quiet exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates errors as grass extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving them no room to grow.—*Wigglesworth.*





THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.—DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR, DECEMBER 16, 1773.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO EDITH.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

What shall I wish for thee, dear little girl?
While the sunbeams toy with each glossy curl—
Thou art looking so archly into my face,
With a winning smile and bewitching grace.

I would wish thee a life exempt from all care.
A path decked with roses—no thorns to be there:
But this may not be, for sunlight and shade,
Thorns and roses alternate this bright world pervade.

Now is thy springtime of life, little one,
Hope-gilded flowers life's paths overrun;
Sweet is their fragrance, but transient their day,
The visions of youth all too soon fade away!

I would wish thee a treasure all fadeless and pure—
Our Father can give what will ever endure—
A claim to the mansions where death may not come,
Where the loved and pure-hearted are ever at home.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"Up—up—higher yet," said a feeble voice, as I was trying to find my way to the room of a poor woman, who had sent for me to see her die. The voice was that of another poor creature, who was lame, and who was painfully toiling up the dark, narrow stairway behind me. "Higher—one flight higher." "Good heavens!" I inwardly exclaimed, "can this feeble thing go up and down these steep stairs, and take care of the sick woman and her child, without murmuring; and shall I—strong in health and limb, with the fullness and affluence of life about me, and the spirit unquenched within me—shall I complain of the interminable height?"

But in truth I panted, and was weary before I got to the top. O, the sickening misery of poverty in the city! If one must be poor, give him at least a chance where earth, and air, and water are free; where the pinching blasts that come to him from the hillside are not so terrible to the human frame, as the chill that penetrates and fills the damp, cold attic, reeking with the scents that years on years have left on the unwholesome walls, and the soiled floors, to which your feet almost cling as you step across them.

To such a place was I now conducted. It was so dark when I entered, that I was obliged to wait several minutes before I could distinguish a single object. At length I began to see more clearly, and on a ragged bed I beheld a figure which I knew to be Jane Walker's, because it was in her name that I was entreated to go to this house. Amidst all the squalor and poverty that surrounded her, from the miserable rags that covered her emaciated limbs, and the dim light that entered the room, there was one thing gleamed up pure and beautiful. It was the face of a little child. It was sitting at the head of the bed, playing with a broken toy, and smiling as sweetly as if its surroundings had been of the most splendid and attractive nature. The lame woman had seemed intuitively to feel that whatever of misery was in the room, the child must not partake of it; and the rosy face had been freshly washed, and the matted hair had been smoothed, and its garments were clean, if not whole.

I reverenced the woman for this involuntarily act of reverence towards the nature of a little child. It showed that poverty and wretchedness had not dimmed the spirit of truth and piety within her, if she could thus recognize the beauty of that infantile nature, and separate it thus from surrounding stain. The thought of "God's possible angels" must have been in that woman's heart; and the blessing which that poor heart needed must one day come back to her. But beautiful as this seemed to me, in the brief moment in which I had time to reflect upon it, I was recalled from it by the sight of Jane Walker's sufferings, and the evident gratitude which she felt at my coming so soon after her message.

"And where have you been, Jane, since I saw you last? Indeed, I am sorry enough to see you thus."

"I know you would be," she said, speaking with some difficulty. "I could not help sending for you, to tell you all my troubles, and to beg you to see to my little one when I am gone. Poor lame Martha sees to her now, but winter is coming on and Martha must go to the poorhouse—but, O, *can* I think of little Mary going there?" And she cast a look of unutterable love to the little creature perched up behind her pillow.

I gave her some drink that stood beside her, for she coughed painfully, and then she resumed:

"You know, Mrs. W.," said she, "when I was married at your house, how favorably you and every one thought of George Walker. And indeed you did not think too well of him then. He was all that he seemed to be—steady, temperate and industrious. He had a little shop by himself, and everybody liked his work, and mine, too—for I bound every shoe that he made. We got along well. The shop was close to our little home, and indeed made a part of it; for I could step through a passage directly into it, and often carried my work in and sat and chatted with him. He used to say that his work went off lighter. We lived so three years; then we lost our baby. I think George was never himself after that."

She paused, seeing something in my looks, I suppose. I was only thinking of the way in which woman ever strives to find excuses for man's failings.

"After that he seemed different. I thought he did not like so well to have me go into the shop; and I thought, may be, it was my black clothes and my sad, thin face that troubled him. So I would just put on the dress that pleased him, and put on a smile, and walk in before him with a cheerful word or two.

"But lately I had seen two men there, and George sent me back whenever they came in, saying that he had business with them. O, how lonely I felt to be thus thrown out from his presence, when I was dying with grief for my baby. I used to go to its little grave then, and weep; and when I went back, George would be angry at my pale face and tearful eyes. I felt that something was wrong with him, but I did not know what it was. Sometimes he would not be in bed all night, but would stay in a garret chamber that had no window except in the roof. I had used this to hang my clothes in when it was too cold to go out, but now he locked the door, and would not let me go in. He said these men had stored something there, to keep out of the way of their creditors.

"'Well, surely that's not right, is it, George?' said I, one day. 'Ought not they to give up what they have to pay their debts?' He laughed at what he called my ignorance, but I turned away dissatisfied, and feeling that he had not the same sense of right that I had.

"One night, the man whom he called Stickney, the youngest and best-looking of the two, came and knocked at the door, and called George down from his bed. It was about one o'clock, and my poor husband had been tossing and moaning all night, never shutting his eyes, and I not daring to ask what was the matter. I had begun to be afraid of him, for he was growing very fierce and cruel to me, in words, if not in actions. This little Nelly was then only a mere baby.

"When he went down so hastily to see Stickney, he forgot to shut the window which he had opened, and I could not help going to it to see what the man wanted at that time of night. I heard him tell George that Buzzell (meaning the other man who kept with them so much) had gone off, and he was afraid he would bring it all out. The rest of the conversation was in low whispers, and presently they went up to the garret, where I heard them moving about until daylight. Then Stickney went off.

"While I was getting breakfast, George asked me if I should like to go to New York. I laughed at the idea, and asked him what he meant. 'I mean just this, that I am going there, and I want you to pack your largest trunk, and be ready this afternoon.' There was something in his eye that made me afraid of saying anything more, and I agreed to be ready, thinking all the time that it would be so strange for a little quiet body like myself to take such a trip with my child. In the forenoon George sent me out on some pretence, and when I came in, he was packing my trunk. I laughed, and told him I should take everything out again.

"'No, no, indeed you must not. I have placed everything just right here.'

"'Indeed you have not, George. Baby's little nice frocks must go in above our heavy clothes.'

"He took them out again, and told me to go and get dinner. When I came back, the trunk was packed full, but several things were left out which I fully expected to get in. He would not let me try, however, and I had to take a bag for the rest.

"We started in the cars at four o'clock, and arrived at New York in the morning. I was vexed to see Stickney in the cars, but George did not speak with him, and I breathed a little freer. I could not bear the sight of him; and when I looked at him involuntarily, I absolutely turned ill and faint. Somehow, I felt that he was leading George on to his ruin, in some way that I could not make out.

"We went to a miserable, low place, where the scent of tobacco, and of something worse, filled the air, and impregnated my baby's pure little dresses. I was sick, and George was cross and out of spirits. Stickney came in and out our miserable, dirty chamber whenever he chose, and once I saw George opening my trunk while Stickney stood by. My husband caught my eye, and I heard him say, 'Not now; wait till she is in bed.'

"It was somewhere near morning I judged—for I had been awake some time—when I heard a noise at the door, and I called George to get up and see who was there. He did not hear me, for he was stupid with the liquor which he had drunk the night before on pretence of pain in the stomach. I therefore jumped out of bed, threw on my dress, and opened the door. Three men were in the passage, and they pushed the door wide open.

"'Not in here, sir!' I said to the one who came first. 'You must be mistaken in the room.'

"'Not at all,' said he, 'we want your husband.' I do not know what I thought, but nothing like the truth certainly, for I waked George myself, and allowed them to come in.

"'You will rise and dress you,' said the man, 'and meantime you, Ross, will guard the door, while Burnham and I look over this lady's trunk.'

"By this time George was awake, and was staring stupidly at the men, who had taken my trunk, and were turning out the contents. I could not have spoken then if it had been to save my life. I held my baby fast, almost fearing that these creatures would take her away from me. When all the clothes were out, the man took a chisel from his pocket, and began to rip up the bottom of the trunk. A few strokes of the chisel brought out a piece of the bottom, and displayed underneath a large quantity of thin papers which resembled bank bills. All at once I knew what had come upon me. My husband was a counterfeiter! I had heard of such things being done, and I knew that it was a great crime; but I did not know what the penalty was, so I kept very calm.

"'Shall we take the woman, too?' said one of the men.

"'We must do so,' he answered; 'the things are found in her trunk.'

"This then was why George had brought me here—to hide his own sin. In that moment all the love I ever had for him went out. It seemed so selfish and deceitful for him to make me the instrument of his own guilt! And as if to complete the sensation, that horrible Stickney walked into the room. He started at sight of the officers, for he had gained access only by the man at the door deserting his post for an instant to secure George, and he had no idea that any one was there but ourselves. I ran and placed my back against the door, which he was trying to reach again, and exclaimed, 'This is the man—he is the very one who has done all this.' In a moment he, too, was secured; but O, the look which he gave me! Never shall I forget it! It haunts me yet. I have not much more to say, nor much more strength. I was acquitted and set free, but George and the other man were sent to prison. I fell sick, and could not take care of my baby. This poor lame woman found me on the church steps, where I had fallen, and brought me to her poor chamber, where she has taken care of me ever since. I have this terrible cough, and I know it is killing me. I knew where you lived, and I thought if you would take my child, and place it somewhere out of the reach of its father, I would die happy."

It was true; Jane would not see another day. She had exhausted her little strength in telling me this sad story, and she had not told me probably half her sorrows. I knew there must be some terrible cause for her utter hatred for the husband she had loved, but I forbore to question her further. I sent Martha out for comfortable things, and having put some biscuit dipped in wine and water into her lips, and bade her not talk any more, I promised her that I would see to her child, and that she should never know who her father might be. "Thank God! thank God!" she said, and soon she lay in a quiet sleep.

I went out for an hour, and when I returned, it was to find that she had rallied a little, and had asked for her child. It was sleeping, but I laid it on the bed before her, on which I had just put some clean clothes. Martha had taken off its dress, and put on a clean night-gown, and no child of a noble house ever looked sweeter or lovelier than little Nell. Her mother's pale lips moved, as if in prayer, over her, and with her last remaining strength she held her to her bosom once more, and then motioned to me to take her. I obeyed, and put the child into the rude crib of boards nailed together, which Martha had made for her. When I turned back to the bed, Jane was sleeping the tranquil slumber of the dead.

I took little Nelly away from that room; she at least had no further right to be there. I carried her to the house of a friend whom I had met in my walk the day before, and who was mourning the loss of an only child. She gazed upon me when I entered with Jane's child in my arms, and asked eagerly whose it was. "Yours, Mary," I said. "God has surely sent this poor forsaken child to supply the place of your lost darling. Look at her!" And as I spoke, little Nelly woke and stretched out her hands to the beautiful lady in whose lap I had placed her. The sweet rosy cheek, the dimpled mouth with its seed-pearls just peeping from the red lips, the beautiful wavy hair so like her own darling's—I did not need to say a word more. It was a mute compact; and just then her noble husband came in and sealed it with a kiss on the little white brow.

Nelly has fallen into the right hands. Her new parents are not wealthy, but they have enough to bring her up respectably; and in their management of the little one, I know they will be kind, tender and judicious. I have ever thought it the sweetest and loveliest of all charities—that of taking a little child from the depths of poverty and the influence of evil, and acting the parents' part towards it. So much of this beautiful charity exists in the world, and so finely has it succeeded (for in no case have I yet known a child so nurtured that has not turned out well), that I am surprised at all childless people who do not try the same method of doing good, and, at the same time, of making themselves happy. Only yesterday I met a gentleman and his wife leading along a little pet of two years old between them. "Ah," said I, "I suppose you begin to think she is your own by this time."—"*Begin* to think so!" they exclaimed. "Why, we took her when only ten days old, and it would be difficult to think anything else."

My thoughts went back to that child's birth (of which nothing is known definitely), and I wondered what would have been her state now had not these noble-hearted beings taken her to their bosoms. My answer lay in the sight of two or three other children, who were playing by a door-step, the largest ones tyrannizing over and throwing down the smallest, and all of them encrusted with the marks of poverty, dirt and wretchedness.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OLD LETTERS.

BY LILLIE LIGHTFOOT.

O little sheets of glistening white,
How many thoughts you bring,
Of dear loved friends, and by-gone days,
When life was in its spring;
As one by one I read these o'er,
How memory wakes again,
And brings before me all the past,
Of pleasure and of pain.

The one whose name is signed to this,
Now treads a southern hall;
She is a planter's cherished bride,
And dearly loved by all;
Heaven's peace be with thee, gentle friend,
In thy home so far away;
May thy new-found friends be kind and true,
As those of thy childhood's day.

How delicate *this* writing is—
How lady-like and clear;
It brings to mind the gentle face
Of one who's very dear.
Well, she's a wife and mother now,
And round her husband's home
She sheds the cheerful, steady light
Of affection pure and warm.

Ah! well I remember the hand that wrote *this*,
The hand that's now chill and gory;
He bade me "good-by" with a smile on his lip,
And a heart that was beating for glory.
He sleeps in the far-off summer land,
Where he fought his country's foe;
He fell 'neath the folds of the starry flag,
In sunny Mexico.

O, lift this up gently—the name on *this*
Is now carved on a marble stone,
That tells when she entered into bliss,
Our dear, our stricken one.
We pillowed her baby upon her breast,
And laid them beneath the sod;
There they sweetly sleep in the still churchyard,
Till the trumpet-call of God.

And *this* package of letters too dear, too prized,
Were all traced by one dear hand;
'Tis long, long months since I trusted my eyes
To the spell of this magic wand.
I must not, I dare not open them,
Or my heart will bleed afresh,
To think that we who so deeply loved,
Should be parted by aught but death.

I could better have borne to lay him down
On sweet Mount Auburn's breast,
And felt that his spirit was watching o'er me,
From his home in the land of the blest.
They say he still loves me, and the heart that was mine
Is heavily wasting for me;
O, help me, Great Heaven, to keep in the path
Where duty is leading me.

But the heart that was yours, my only love,
Can ne'er be another's home,
And though we are parted forever on earth,
We shall meet in heaven, mine own.
O, I will never look at these letters again,
For it always brings the tears,
To think of the friends of childhood's day,
And the love of my riper years.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PARISH SPECTRE.

BY C. MINOT KENDALL.

A QUARTER of a century ago, the good people of the village of N—— were thrown into commotion from two causes. The one, that they had lost their schoolmaster, who had been enticed into a neighboring town by the offer of a salary of six hundred a year, two hundred in advance of what he had been receiving; the other, that a strange apparition flitted about in the old churchyard of late, to the terror and sore perplexity of all its well-disposed citizens.

The first admitted of something like a remedy, for another teacher could be procured; but the latter was an affair with which they did not know precisely how to deal. Few doubted this spectral existence, for Deacon David Sampson had seen it with his own eyes, although it fled from him, as if conscious of the dignity of the position which he occupied in the church. Several old ladies and village swains had caught a glimpse at it—the latter while returning from the nocturnal sparking of their sweethearts. O, it was well authenticated. Although this was the favorite topic, yet the more matter-of-fact subject of a new schoolmaster demanded immediate action, and was discussed accordingly.

"Good morning, 'squire," said the deacon, meeting 'Squire Noddle in the post-office, "any letters for me this morning?"

"Yes, several."

If one were to judge from the variety of his professions, he might pronounce the 'squire a man of varied attainments; for he not only acted as postmaster, but played the parts of justice of the peace, apothecary and green grocer, and all very acceptably to the villagers of N——.

"Ah, very correct," said the deacon, regarding one of his letters with a close scrutiny; "a good writer, spells correctly, and uses very decent grammar."

"An application, I should surmise," said the little 'squire.

"Even so; and he very properly writes that he shall do himself the honor to apply to me in person, as chairman of the school committee, to-morrow," replied the deacon, with an air of consequential dignity.

"Then, deacon, it will be the legal mode to notify the members of this board to meet for the examination of the candidate."

"Such was my purpose; and I pray Heaven, that the next master may be above the temptation of filthy lucre. To think, that after all our kindness to Master Slater, that he should treat us with such ingratitude; it only shows the depravity of human nature."

"Do you know, deacon, that I think it is well that we are rid of him—for he was always complaining how difficult it was to support his family upon so small a sum; and then his health began to fail, and he was continually pestering the board to increase his salary."

"True, 'Squire Noddle; and I have no doubt but that it was all ordered for the best."

"By the way, deacon, my clerk, Jason, says he encountered the spectre last night. I had sent him at a pretty late hour to take some medicine to old Farmer B——, and when he returned, as he was passing near the churchyard, it suddenly appeared to him."

"These are indeed sad times; but call the boy, that I may question him."

Jason made his appearance with hands reeking with molasses, and looking evidently surprised at the unusual summons.

"The 'squire tells me that last night you saw the—the—you know what I mean," said the deacon, with becoming gravity.

"The ghost?—yes, sir, I am willing to make my affidavy of it."

"You are sure that you are not mistaken?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, confidently, and giving particular emphasis to the sir.

"What was it like?"

"It was white and formed somewhat like a horse, only it seemed to have wings, and got over the ground at a two forty rate."

"How long did it last?"

"I rather think I didn't stop long in those parts; but the last I saw of it, the ghost was taking a regular bee line for your house, Deacon Sampson, and going like the very—"

"No profanity, young man!" interrupted the party addressed. "Now, 'squire, when we get this school business settled, we must see to this affair, for it is a duty which we owe to the community and to ourselves."

"Have you consulted with our minister about it?"

"Yes; but he treats it with rather an unbecoming levity, I must say, for one of his calling."

"Yet he would be just the man to assist us."

"True, but we must depend upon ourselves, for I am confident that he will not move in the matter; in fact, he as much as told me that it was beneath the dignity of any man to descend to such idle superstitions."

"This to a man of your years? I am surprised!"

"And so was I; but it is our duty to bear one another's infirmities with all meekness and forbearance."

"That is gospel, deacon; but we have also law, and I like a little of both."

"Ah, that reminds me that I must foreclose on Widow Rickett's estate; it was part of my errand to you this morning. The mortgage was up, and during the last year I have not received one cent of interest."

"I am your man," said the delighted Noddle. "Put it through, for the law justifies a man in recovering his own."

The rumor having spread through the village that a new teacher would make his appearance on the morrow, as many as could find time to gratify their curiosity, assembled at the post-office to await the arrival of the mail-coach in which he was expected. In due time it arrived, and a pale, student-looking, handsome young man leaped lightly from it, and inquired for the residence of Deacon Sampson.

He was neatly but plainly dressed; and Jane Sampson, the pretty daughter of the deacon, as she opened the door in response to his knock, thought she had never seen such a beau ideal of a man. Her father was also pleased with him, and after some little talk caused the examination to come off at once. The young man bore the ordeal with patience, and answered the nonsensical questions of the deacon and the squire without any show of contempt; while he delighted the minister with his familiarity with the more subtle depths of scholarship.

The examination over, the young man retired to await their decision in the sitting-room, where the blushing Jane was to entertain him. The consultation was brief. He had placed satisfactory letters of reference in their hands, and the minister spoke warmly in his favor, because he was convinced of his qualifications, and hoped to find in the young man a congenial spirit, to explore with him those beautiful regions of classics which were his passion. The deacon advocated him, because he had paid proper respect to his dignified position, and thereby evinced his good sense. The 'squire was in ecstacies, because he had worked out his favorite problem with a mere dash of his pencil. And so it was unanimously decided that Bradford Dale was accepted as the teacher of our parish, in place of Aristides Slater, resigned.

The deacon offered him board in his own family, which a glance from the blue eyes of Jane caused him at once to accept. Time passed on, and he became quite a favorite with both old and young, while his scholars were declared to make wonderful progress. Meanwhile, the spectre continued his visits, which had the good effect to keep children within doors, while it put the young men, and not a few of the old ones, to the inconvenience of making a wide detour to avoid the churchyard in their nocturnal walks.

In vain young Dale sought to convince the good people that their fears were illusive. Many had seen it with their own eyes, and could not be brought to doubt the evidence of their own senses. So that at last, determined to unravel the mystery, he announced to the deacon his intention of passing a night with the spectre.

'Squire Noddle heard of this, and offered to accompany him, for though he possessed but little courage, yet he felt that he would be comparatively safe in the presence of a man whose talents he felt were equal to almost any undertaking, while the affair would be sure to give him personal reputation in the village. So one dark night at a late hour they bent their steps towards the churchyard, the 'squire being armed with a rusty horse-pistol and an enormous bludgeon.

As they slowly wandered amid those stone memorandas of affection for the departed, Bradford fell into a gloomy reverie. He thought of the time when he had seen his own parents laid in their quiet resting-places; of the joys of parental love which he had so briefly known; of the endearing smiles his mother had lavished upon his boyhood; of the affectionate counsels of his father, until a sense of dreariness came over him, which, for the time, made him forget the object of his visit into this solemn place.

A convulsive grip upon his arm dispelled his dark dreams in a moment, and he turned to see the 'squire speechless with fear, pointing to some object which was revealed in the distance. He at once hurried forward, dragging with him his companion, whose teeth were fairly chattering with terror. Finding, however, that the object receded as they advanced, he wrenched his arm from the convulsive clutch of the 'squire, and commenced a vigorous pursuit. His active limbs enabled him soon to gain a near approach to the spectre, when, to the horror of the worthy Noddle, he saw the young man disappear as it were into the very jaws of the earth.

He fired his pistol in the air, and then his little dapper legs flew like drumsticks, as they bore their quivering trunk to the nearest house, which was the deacon's, where he fell fainting into the arms of that astonished man, who had opened the door. It was some time before his scattered senses returned to him, and then the terrible tale was told. They had seen the spectre in the form of a snow white winged horse; and when Mr. Dale had outrun him, and came near to it, the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed him up. The deacon was paralyzed with wonder; but Jane, having no faith in such spectral agency, with tearful eyes besought her father to go to the churchyard, for that doubtless he had fallen and was seriously hurt. But when she found that his fears were superior to her entreaties, she declared that she would go alone. She hastily threw on her bonnet and shawl, and got outside the door, when her father and his friend seized her, declaring that it would be perfect madness on her part to attempt such a thing.

At that moment Noddle shouted, "The Spectre!" and made a leap into the house. The father and daughter looked up, and saw in the distance what seemed to be a winged steed, while some dark object was evidently pursuing it. On it came, and the deacon's heart beat quickly, as he saw it approach directly towards his own house. In a few moments the distant hills echoed with his gruff peals of laughter. He had recognized his old gray mare, which young Dale was driving home.

The mystery was easily solved. While Bradford was running in the graveyard, the arch of an old tomb had given away beneath his weight, and down he went into it. He was somewhat bruised, but not severely hurt; and when he recovered his self-possession, he at once saw the difficulties of his unpleasant position—for although he had made a speedy entrance, yet an egress was not so easy a matter. The aperture was not much larger than his body, and that in the centre and considerably above his reach.

He dared not make any attempt upon the sides, for fear of bringing the whole upon his head; nor did he relish the idea of passing the night in this place. At length he thought of an expedient. He groped about, and found that the tomb was not without its silent inhabitants; and although he felt that, under any other circumstances it would be sacrilege to disturb those wooden tenements of dust, yet by piling them up directly beneath the opening, he was enabled to regain the surface, when the first object he saw was our parish spectre, the deacon's mare, quietly feeding near him. She at once started off, and then the mystery of the wings was manifested.

It was no more nor less than the old faded blanket, which was confined to the body by a kind of half belt, which the motion of the animal caused to flap up and down in the wind, not very unlike the action of a pair of wings. The grass grew rank in the churchyard, and no doubt that was the reason that caused the old four-footed lady to stray from the pasture in which she was placed at night. The deacon took the precaution afterwards to lock her securely in the stable, and the parish was no longer troubled with a spectre.

The schoolmaster is now known as an eminent lawyer; and his accomplished lady, endeared to a large circle of friends by her companionable qualities, has of course for many years ceased to subscribe her notes as Jane Sampson. The deacon and his friend have both passed away; but they often took their grandchildren upon their knees, and related to them the story of "The Parish Spectre."

PUGNACITY OF INSECTS.

It is a singular fact that the smallest varieties of insects seem to be actuated by feelings similar to those possessed by the larger animals—they all have propensities to rob and despoil, defend their homes, are jealous, revengeful and disputative, and war in armies. Bees, if hard pressed for food, will attack with great force the inhabitants of a neighboring hive, with intent to rob them of their provisions. The white ants have a portion of their community set apart for the duties of war; and they exhibit in their operations a most perfect knowledge of insect tactics. Some of these ant battles have been described by naturalists, and appear to have been conducted with a valor and skill which would have done honor to the chosen troops of a Napoleon, or the volunteers of a Taylor.—*Beard's Lectures on Nature.*

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

AUTHOR OF THE "AIRS OF PALESTINE."

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a daguerreotype by C. Seaver, Jr., and is a correct likeness of Mr. Pierpont, as he now appears. The head is a very striking one, the countenance being one of those that, even on a casual glance, we associate with genius and energy of character. John Pierpont was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785. He belongs to a family distinguished for the intelligence and high character of its members. His great-grandfather, the Rev. James Pierpont, was one of the founders of Yale College. The early years of the subject of our sketch were surrounded by the happiest influences. His mother was a gentle and pious woman, whose religious and moral teachings were listened to with reverence and profit. In one of his latest productions, her son says: "Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew."

"That dew that blessed my youth—
Her holy love, her truth.
Her spirit of devotion and the tears
That she could not suppress—
Hath never ceased to bless
My soul, nor will it, through eternal years."

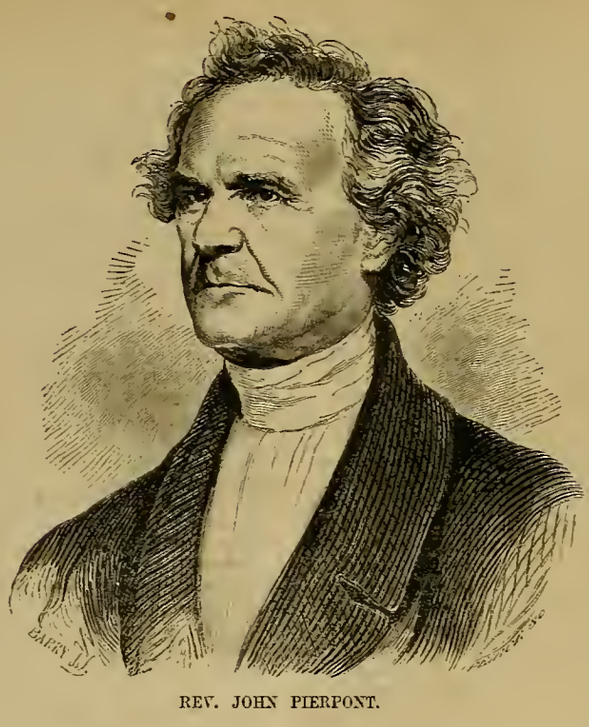
We may suppose young Pierpont's literary advantages were good, and that he was a diligent student, by the fact that we find him entering Yale College at the age of fifteen. He was graduated in 1804. Like many young graduates, who choose to be independent from their first step into the world, he commenced life as a teacher, making his first essay as an assistant of the Rev. Dr. Backus, in an academy of which he was the principal before being elected to the presidency of Hamilton College. His engagement occupied a portion of the year 1805, and at its termination he went to South Carolina, where for nearly four years he was a private tutor in the family of Col. William Allston, who resided a part of the year in Charleston and the remainder on a fine estate on the Waccamaw, near Georgetown. Here the future poet was enabled to extend his acquaintance with nature, and to contrast her productions under a genial sky with the stern and bold features of his own New England. While residing in the South he commenced the study of the law, and continued it assiduously after his return to Connecticut, in 1809. In 1812 he was admitted to the bar in Essex county, Massachusetts. Had he continued in his chosen profession, we have no doubt he would have risen to eminence and fortune. With a logical and cultivated mind, quick in its operations, a powerful command of language, a forcible delivery, he united the qualities that command success at the bar. But his debut was made at an unfortunate season. The breaking out of the second war with Great Britain caused a general prostration of business, and gentlemen of the bar suffered from a lack of cases. Moreover, his severe studies had begun to tell upon Mr. Pierpont's health, and he felt that it would be dangerous to continue to lead an active life. He accordingly engaged in mercantile pursuits, commencing his new experiment in Boston, and following it up in Baltimore. He was unsuccessful, however, as a merchant—a fact attributable not to his inaptitude but to the hard times in which he embarked in trade. His abandonment of business occurred in 1816, and now, in the cultivation of his literary tastes, he found a solace for his worldly disappointments. He had already produced a sensation, in 1812, by a poem delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society of Newburyport, his then residence. He now (1816) published his "Airs of Palestine," a poem prepared originally with a view to public recitation. It contains about eight hundred lines, is written in the heroic measure, and its theme was the power of music and the universality of its influence—sacred history furnishing a large number of the illustrations. As a work of art, it is one of the most elegant compositions written on this side of the Atlantic, and, produced at a period when American art was in its infancy, its impression on the public was proportionably great. It was first published at Baltimore; two more editions were published at Baltimore, and it was before long republished in England, in a work entitled, "Specimens of American Poetry," with a commendatory preface by Roscoe of Liverpool. It abounds with lofty and tender religious sentiments, with beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, and with striking dramatic pictures. One of the finest passages describes a moonlight night upon the Arno, in Italy. The sound of the convent bell suddenly strikes the ear:

"Hark! 'tis a convent's bell: its midnight chime;
For music measures even the march of time.
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore
Gray turrets rise:—the eye can catch no more.
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,
Suspends his oar;—a low and solemn swell,
From the deep shade that round the cloister lies,
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.
What melting song wakes the cold ear of Night?
A funeral dirge that pale nuns, robed in white,
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.
Triumphant is the spell! with rapturous ear,
That uncaged spirit hovering, lingers near;—
Why should she mount? why pant for brighter bliss?
A lovelier scene, or sweeter song than this?"

Mr. Pierpont, soon after the date of the publication of his poem, commenced the study of theology with great earnestness, completing his course at the divinity school in Cambridge, in 1818. In the succeeding year he was ordained as minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian church in this city, with which he remained connected for many years. From time to time he has written a great many poems, chiefly lyrical. His hymns are beautiful compositions; his odes, written for public occasions, glowing, spirited and vigorous. As Moore said of Sheridan:

—"he ran
Through each mode of the lyre and was master of all."

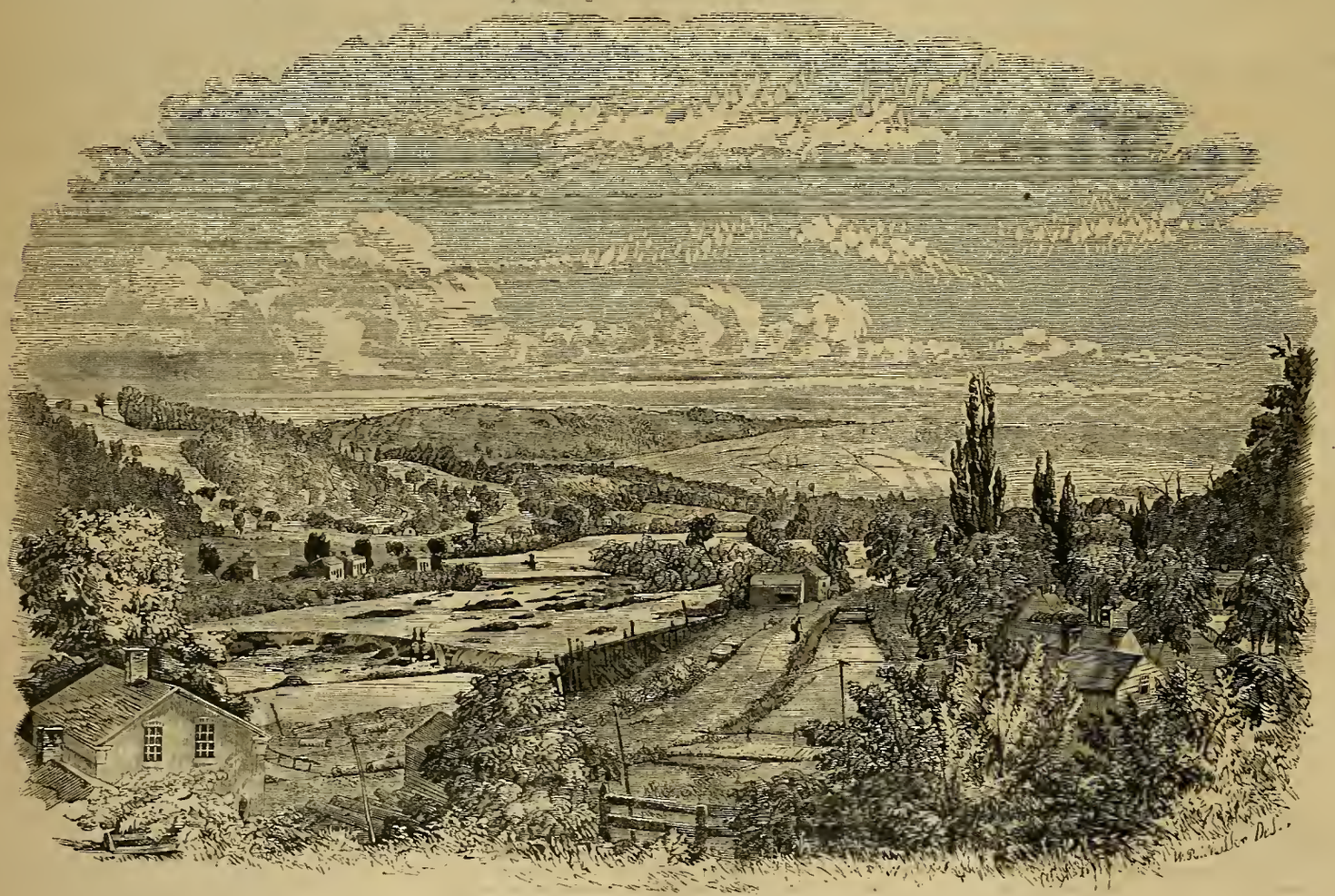
His services to the cause of education have been great: and his "First Class Book," an admirable reader, has enjoyed a prodigious popularity. Mr. Pierpont has taken an active part in the great movements of the day, moral and political. He was an early and zealous advocate of the temperance cause. He has never courted popularity in his course, but always acted from conviction, so, that while he has often provoked enmity, he has always secured respect. In 1835 and 1836, Mr. Pierpont passed a year abroad, visiting the principal cities of England, France and Italy, and those of Greece, Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor. No man was ever better fitted to enjoy such a tour, and though he has not published his experience in a set record, its influence is traced in several of his minor poems.



REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

LITTLE FALLS ON THE MOHAWK, N. Y.

The second picture on this page is an accurate representation of the village of Little Falls, New York, with the broad Mohawk pouring through the valley, and descending in cascades which give the name to the town—one of the pleasantest villages in our country. Here the river, after reaching the eastern boundary of the so-called "German flats," a vast plain, once the bottom of an immense lake, rushes through the rocky pass cut by the current. To facilitate the passage of boats on the Erie canal, the shore has been cut away, walls erected and sufficient space obtained to allow the waters to descend through a series of locks to a lower level. There are here five locks, each of eight feet lift. The village is situated on both sides of the river, and on the Utica and Schenectady railroad in a most charming valley, 75 miles from Albany. The river descends 42 feet in three-fourths of a mile. The village contains churches of five denominations, a bank, two newspaper offices, and manufactories of machinery, paper, woolen goods, flour, etc. The population in 1853, was estimated at 3000.



VIEW OF THE MOHAWK LITTLE FALLS, NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

PRECEDENCE.

From time immemorial, and in all countries, men and women have found fertile matter for wrangling in questions of precedence. Indeed, the grand battle of life is to decide who shall be first and who shall be last. The "highest seat in the synagogue" is striven after with frantic zeal. There are many curious illustrations of the point.

An English lady, whose husband occupied a high judicial post in Demarara, set the whole colony in an uproar as soon as she arrived, by her determination to assume the lead at all assemblies. Of course this presumption made a good deal of trouble, and was stoutly contested. The husband took his wife's part, and supported her exactions, by alleging the etiquette adopted in the mother country in similar circumstances. As the governor stood in opposition to the judge, the dispute was referred to Lord Bathurst, then colonial secretary, who did not deem it worth while to interfere, and the question was left an open one. In similar circumstances, General Elliott, when commanding at Gibraltar, showed less reserve and less disdain for the contending parties. He decided peremptorily, that, everywhere and on every occasion, the precedence of ladies should be regulated by age—that the first place should be accorded to the oldest lady of the company, and so on down to the youngest. As soon as his decision was known, it became very difficult to force the honors of the lead upon any one. Since relative position indicated age, there was a perfect struggle of emulation and courtesy among the fair ones in the fortress, each now being willing to yield to her fair friends, and claiming no honor for herself. This adroit decision put an end to squabbles for precedence, for a time at least, among the upper ten of Gibraltar.

MUSIC ON THE COMMON.—The public seem heartily to appreciate the eloquent music discoursed on the Common by our best bands on stated evenings of each week. It is a pleasant spectacle to look down from an eminence on the "sea of upturned faces," while music, moonlight, gas and beauty make up an irresistible combination of attractions.

THEATRICAL.—The old pit is to be restored to the National Theatre, whereat the "b'hoys" rejoice most exceedingly. We presume that there will be no prohibition of peanuts among them for the future.

SPLINTERS.

.... The British engineers employ photography in taking views of places, field works, batteries and other engineering operations.

.... One mode of expressing joy for peace, in England, was the distribution of cakes and coffee to the poor.

.... Lord Palmerston, though seventy-two, rides on horseback. Sir Robert Peel was killed by a fall from his horse.

.... In Paris, if a man criticises the emperor, he gets at least six months in jail and $100 fine.

.... The trainer of Ellington, the winner of this year's Derby, won $90,000 by his unexpected victory.

.... George Francis Train, Esq., now of Australia, but a Boston boy, lately paid us a visit to this city.

.... Mrs. Bishop writes from Sidney, that they drink at dinner ardent spirits or ale, but never water.

.... At the Worcester Medical Association, this brief toast was given—"Prof. Morrow—friends numerous—enemies minus."

.... Ristori has made a sensation in London. Rachel has been sick—no chance to regain her laurels.

.... The next fair of the American Institute will take place in the Crystal Palace, New York, in September.

.... It is said that jewels are hired of the dealers to figure as bridal presents in these sad days.

.... It is a suggestive fact that among the many Mormon immigrants to this country there are no Irish.

.... The German Turners, who lately had a celebration in this vicinity, looked finely on parade with their banners.

.... Coins of an earlier date than Cæsar's invasion, have been found in an old house in Marseilles.

.... A Boston apothecary lately got this order—"A dose of calomore and jollop for a woman 80 yrs. maid in pits."

.... One year ago, Clinton, Iowa, was not known on the map. Now it has 1000 inhabitants, three hotels, lots of stores, etc.

.... An English blacksmith, in giving evidence, says a lock can be easily picked when the key is left in it.

.... Some person asserts that the roots of the common burdock make a beverage equal to the best Java.

.... An "Early Rising Association" has been formed in England. The members must be out of bed before 5 1-2 A. M.

.... A large number of American oaks have been planted on the Quai de Tuileries, Paris, and are flourishing.

.... The Emperor of Austria has offered to send the remains of the son of Napoleon I. to France.

.... The Empress of France lately made her appearance at a court ball covered with lace and diamonds.

.... S. S. Osgood, the American artist, has been travelling extensively in the Holy Land of late.

.... Brooklyn, N. Y., is finally to have water works. Brooklyn is a beautiful city and finely located.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

While we are quietly pursuing our task of amusing our readers, our political contemporaries are all busily engaged in advocating the claims of candidates for the highest office in the gift of the nation, repelling attacks upon their principles and character, and diving deep into the records of the past in search of precedents and antecedents. The shibboleths of party are heard in the streets and in the railroad cars. Every now and then some great procession moves through a town or city with banners and music, like an army on the march. Town halls resound with eloquence; men, suddenly inspired, take the stump, and the air is vocal with eloquence from one end of the country to the other. This is rather warm work for the dog-days. To be sure, the voting occurs in November; but all the work of the campaign is done when the thermometer daily disgraces itself by getting high. If the canvass occurred in the winter, there would be a great saving of fuel to our citizens, for political excitement is much better than anthracite or hickory to keep the blood in healthy circulation.

An intense excitement pervades the whole community on the eve of a presidential election. This excitement sometimes leads to lamentable acts of violence—but very seldom. Occasional collisions of hot spirits are incidental to all great gatherings for any purpose, the only exception being under a despotism, where the presence of bireling bayonets prevents any outbreak or demonstration. Yet this very universal excitement is not an unhealthy exhibition of popular energy—nor is once in four years too often for the popular mind of the whole country to be stirred up. Jefferson tells us that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and the interest of men in public affairs could not be kept up to the proper tone, if our chief magistrates were chosen to serve for a long term of years. That even the intense excitement of which we have spoken is a healthy one, is demonstrated by the aspect of the people immediately after a hotly contested election. Every one acquiesces in the popular verdict. A calm falls upon the multitude. Whichever party triumphs—the victory is the victory of the whole people, for it is the simple result of the mechanism of government transmitted by our fathers, to which we have all sworn fealty. No matter what bitter disappointments are felt—rebellion never rears its head. The persons and property of the victors are safe—their position only can be assailed through the press.

To the foreigner, who sees us in our moments of political excitement—who listens to the fulminations of the tribune, who reads the fierce philippics of the press—who sees the march of armies with banners, who overhears vehement disputes in the streets, it would seem that the defeat of one or the other powerful party at the polls must necessarily be resented by the initiation of civil war. One day he sees surging multitudes uttering party cries and denunciations—the next a universal calm, and the very same men who so lately thundered at their opponents, smilingly acquiescing in their victory. Some such phrases as "better luck next time," or "never say die," "beaten, but not conquered," are the proverbial safety valves of political disappointment.

Of course it would be much better if we could all keep cool, and discuss great questions calmly, and never quarrel with our opponents, and never bet on elections, and behave otherwise in an exemplary manner—but human nature will be human nature, and is not quite angelic, and therefore it is not worth while to moan about its incidental weaknesses.

STRAWBERRIES.

New York is the greatest strawberry market in the world. In 1855, 50,000 bushels of this delicious fruit were sold in that city, against 12,000 bushels in Philadelphia, 12,000 bushels in Cincinnati, and 10,000 bushels in Boston. New York city received from all sources, in 1855, 8,000,000 baskets, the value of which, at the wholesale price of 2 1-2 cents a basket was $200,000, the consumers paying nearly double that sum. Formerly four of the New York baskets were estimated to hold a quart, but it now takes five to make that quantity. The New Yorkers think the fruit is fresher when put up in these baskets, than in the Hingham boxes used here. We think they are mistaken. Strawberries are probably more profitable than any crop raised by the market gardener, although they require constant labor to keep them clear of weeds. This is balanced by the fact, however, that they require only moderate manuring. There are many varieties, but Hovey's seedling commands the highest price in the market, on account of the great size of the berries.

AGASSIZ "SOLD."—At a very learned discussion on stratas the other day, at the house of the learned professor, a Mr. B——, of this city, asked if there were any strata of precious gems. "No, none whatever," replied Professor Agassiz. "I've heard of one," said Mr. B——. "Impossible!" was the rejoinder. "O, yes," said B——, "and it was called a *strata-gem!*"

CURIOSITY W(H)ETTED.—Some English travellers were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily; and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one on which was written, "Non aperite," that is, "Don't open." Of course they opened it—a tremendous jet of water was thrown full in their faces. Such contrivances are common in Italy.

MUSIC.—If Jenny Lind again visits these United States, as she proposes, she will be welcomed back with enthusiasm, and will have no difficulty in exchanging Swedish notes for American gold.

OUR PORTRAITS.—Having presented likenesses of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Buchanan, in the order of their nomination, we shall follow with a fine portrait of Col. Fremont, now being engraved.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

The spirited original picture, another of our national series, from the pencil of Billings, which occupies the whole of pages 56 and 57 of this number, cannot fail to be highly appreciated. When the obnoxious revenue acts were passed, the leading patriots, including many of the ladies of America, who indeed, set the example, formed associations agreeing to abstain from tea, from which article the British government expected to derive a large income. They adhered to their resolution with great constancy. Lord North then allowed the East India Company to export tea to America without paying export duty, thinking that if the Americans could get it at less cost than the British, they would be willing to pay the duty. He was mistaken. The ship Eleanor, Capt. James Bruce, and the ship Beaver, Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, arrived with cargoes of tea in Boston harbor, Nov. 20, 1773. A public meeting of citizens was immediately called, and it was resolved that the tea should not be landed, and that the ships should be sent back. The governor and council refused to clear the ships without landing the tea. The consignees, menaced by the populace, sought refuge from violence in Castle William. Meetings were held in Faneuil Hall and the Old South, and the patriots resolved to maintain their position. The authorities continued obdurate. The captains of the vessels were willing to clear if permitted, but the collector of the port refused to grant them leave, and ships of war guarded the entrance of the harbor.

At dark, on the 16th of December, a large party of men, disguised as Mohawk Indians, some of whom had attended the popular meeting in the Old South, on the afternoon of that day, rushed to Griffin's Wharf, where the tea ships lay, shouting, "Boston harbor for a tea-pot!" There were about one hundred and forty banded together, a few disguised as Indians, the remainder with their faces blackened for fear of discovery, as it was a moonlight night. They boarded the ships, broke open the hatches, and in the space of three hours broke up 342 chests of tea and threw their contents into the dock. This revolutionary act excited the astonishment and wrath of the ministerial party; its fame circulated throughout the land; in the great seaports no person ventured to receive the tea, and the company's ships were compelled to return to England. Some of our first citizens participated in this deed, and long afterwards, when crowned with fame and years, related with pride their agency in this bold execution of the popular will.

The locality depicted is near the foot of Gridley Street. A crowd are collected on the end of Griffin's Wharf, cheering the patriots. A boat filled with them, in their Indian disguise, is pulling off—but their comrades are already engaged emptying the contents of the ships. There are some half dozen in view with the "Mohawks" on board of each. The full moon in the sky is an historical incident, it being nearly as bright as daylight when the daring deed was committed.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. John Ladd Flanders to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Holbrook; by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. James Lodge to Miss Mary Langdon Greenwood; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Johnson S. Ennis to Miss Mary McCloskey; by Rev. Mr. Binney, Mr. Samuel G. Lane, of Leominster, to Miss Mary S. Binney.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Samuel Caldwell, of Boston, to Miss Amelia A. Reynolds.—At Lynn, Mr. James M. Emerson to Miss Hannah Graves.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Jabez H. Merrill to Miss Lydia A. Kimball.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Ichabod R. Rogers to Miss Clara Russell.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. George H. Stevens to Miss Hannah M. Sumner.—At Raynham, by Rev. Mr. Carver, Nathan W. Shaw, Esq. to Miss Sarah J. King.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. John Kershaw to Miss Maria Connor.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. John C. Reynolds to Miss Helen M. Soper.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Dr. Rufus Woodward to Miss Jenny Fox.—At West Boylston, by Rev. Mr. Cross, Mr. F. C. Hardy to Miss Della Maria Price.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Edward Manchester to Miss Lucy J. Slocum, of Fairhaven.—At Whitingham, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Ballou, Hosea B. Ballou, Esq. to Miss Adella A. Murdock.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon Luther Stearns Cushing, 53; Miss Chloe A. Lee, 41; Mrs. Mary B. Barkus, 34; Mrs. Mary Jane Page, 24; Mrs. Mary Elizabeth, wife of Professor Honeyhon, 25; Mr. William A. Field, 62; Mr. George Balterman, 24.—At Charlestown, Widow Fanny Godsoe, late of Portsmouth, N. H.—At Roxbury, Mr. Jesse E. Heoderson, 48; Mrs. Mary A. Hall, 53; Mrs. Celia Colegate, 57.—At Dorchester, Mr. E. Henry Preston, 48.—At Newtonville, Mr. George W. Badger, 34.—At West Newton, Mrs. Sarah P. Stephenson, 26.—At Quincy, Mr. Henry A. French, 28; Mr. John Wren, 37.—At Waltham, Mrs. Eleanor S. Treat, 31.—At Stoughton, Mr. John Atherton, 30.—At Salem, Mr. Joseph Marshall, 58; Mr. Rodney C. Fletcher, 43; Mrs. Helen Miranda Chamberlain, 22; Widow Mary F. Hovey, 38; Mr. Nicholas L. Derby, 48; Capt. Pyam Dodge, 82.—At Ipswich, Widow Judith Manning, 74.—At Gloucester, Miss Lydia Ingersoll, 80.—At Danversport, Mr Samuel McIntire, 72.—At Pepperell, Ebenezer Lawrence, M. D., 86.—At North Andover, Mr. Parker Tyler, 78.—At Kingston, Capt. William Bradford, 39.—At Newburyport, Miss Mary Upton Pease, 42.—At Taunton, Mrs. Sarah Jane Parkin, 28. Mrs. Hannah Leonard, 28.—At Oxford, Elnathan Jones, Esq., formerly of Boston, 76

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BIRTHPLACE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Six miles from Jerusalem, nearly in a southerly direction, is the poor, degraded town of Bethlehem. It is elevated and excessively rough for cultivation, on account of the vast amount of bits and fragments of coarse limestone which are strewn over the surface of the arable land. Bethlehem, in the Hebrew, means *bread town*, or the place of bread. *Ephratah*, which signifies fruitful, was appended to it at an early period in Jewish history, on account of the productiveness of the soil.

Some travellers describe Bethlehem to be beautifully located on the brow of a hill, with *one broad street*. To me there is not a single beauty in or about it. On three sides of the main straggling village of low, one story, rough stone houses, almost windowless, the hills rise to considerable elevations, and present immense patches of bare limestone on which there is neither tree, shrub, nor grass. From the village southerly, there is a rapid descent to the Dead Sea, some seven or eight miles distant, I imagine, from the time it required to walk my horse from the great plain of Jericho, through the wilderness where John preached, up to the Convent of the Nativity, at Bethlehem.

During the imperial rule of Rehoboam, the town was fortified, according to the then prevailing system of walling points intended to be strongholds of the government. Not a vestige of the masonry remains, referable to that distant period. Being on the direct line of travel from Jerusalem to Hebron, more importance was probably attached to the place while the Jebusites held possession of the former, and King David held his royal court for seven years in the latter city.

From an attentive examination of the region in and about Bethlehem, it is evident that the land must have been considered exceedingly valuable at some distant epoch of its history, from the circumstance that all the hills, far back from the town, perhaps one or two miles, were terraced from their bases to their tops. Even the solid limestone was cut like stairs, so that by covering them with earth, a prodigious extent of surface was thus gained for cultivation.

It presupposes a dense population, that led to such economy. And it also shows that the demand for food was such as to warrant the enormous expense of time, money and human labor required for an agricultural undertaking so extraordinary, at any period during the occupancy of the twelve tribes in the Holy Land.

Two events occurred in Bethlehem to give it an undying renown. It was the native town of David, the poet and king of the Jewish nation, by divine appointment; but more illustrious for being the birthplace of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind. As far back in the chronicles of the children of Israel, as when they were under the guidance of magistrates called judges, the town existed and seems to have been considered an old town. It belonged to the tribe of Judah. Jesse, a descendant of Obed, the father of David, resided in Bethlehem; and if the particular well from which the king longed for a draught of water, on his father's land, is the one still pointed out by the guides, it is easy to show some of the land which belonged to him. He is said to have had his property principally in sheep.

Modern Bethlehem looks old enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic antiquarians. If any of the dwellings are of clay they escaped my observation; and the same may be said in regard to brick structures. I can only recall to memory the principal feature in the outside appearance of the houses—rough, square blocks of stone comprising the walls. Others may have discovered a broad street; but the widest that myself and companions passed through on horseback was barely wide enough to permit a horse or camel coming towards us, to pass by without friction.

Flat roofs are another anomaly to persons from snowing sections of the United States, not only in Bethlehem, but throughout Asia Minor. It is not necessary to have pointed or inclined roofs to favor the sliding off of bodies of snow, as none falls there below the peaks of Mount Lebanon.

As a whole, it is now a dirty, neglected village, with narrow streets and crooked lanes. Nothing cheerful, social or inviting is discoverable in it to the civilized stranger. There are considerable enclosures of olive trees near by the village; and very rude stone wall land divisions here and there. Just at the north of the village there are large piles of small stones, thrown together, it was presumed, to clear the land of the incumbrance. The inhabitants are Arabs, speaking, of course, the Arabic language. They are a swarthy, black-eyed, coarse black-haired race—having a restless, wild expression. Nowhere in Palestine are the females of a more unrefined appearance. A majority of them were pretty tall, with high cheek bones—walking about in a single blue cotton garment, something like a farmer's frock. Every one of them, in door or out, wear veils over their faces—which, with the masses is nothing but a piece of cotton cloth, as hard in texture as their blue tunics.

Females have no position in that country, whether native or of foreign birth. They are very considerably in excess over the males, and always will be so long as the present mode of raising recruits for the army consists of stripping a settlement by surprise, of all the men capable of bearing arms—who seldom ever return when once in the army. No woman would hazard her reputation by exposing her face to the gaze of a man, however low her condition in the social scale. Even little girls of a tender age seem instinctively to cover their faces when a man is in sight. They contrive to liberate one eye, partially, in passing or ranging through the streets.

Sheep and goat-raising is the main business now, as in ancient times, with the Bethlehemites. Unpromising as the surface of the land appears, however, with the miserable cultivation it has, it yields amazing crops. Neither composts nor manures are used. The fertility of the soil appears to be exhaustless. A constant decomposition of the limestone most largely contributes to this curious and satisfactory result.

Sitting on my horse one day, I saw a farmer at a short distance in a field, sowing grain. He scattered the seeds freely in the customary manner, but on ground in no manner of way fitted to receive them, according to American notions of farming. He was followed by a miscellaneous troop of birds, of different plumage and sizes, whose little bills seemed to pick up the kernels as fast as he scattered them.

A few rods in the rear, another Arab farmer was driving a yoke of miserable, feeble cattle. Their horns were gnarly, in ridges, similar to a ram's and hardly half developed, besides pointing at different directions. The yoke was a long, straight stick, with long pins let through holes each side their necks. It is not uncommon to see the cattle at the extremities of one of these yokes, all of ten feet apart.

Nothing could have been more primitive than the plough with one handle. Perhaps the coulter, tipped with a bit of iron, was nothing but the crook of a limb from a hard wood tree. He held in his right hand a pole, about six or seven feet long, quite the size of a rake handle, armed with a sharp iron goad at one extremity, and a dull, rude chisel at the other. He ploughed in the grain which escaped the industrious pursuit of the birds. Occasionally the plough caught a root of a grape vine, or some other similar obstruction, which, if the cattle had not the strength to drag the plough through, was cut off with the chisel. It was painful to witness the severity and cruelty practised with those goads. A sharp needle thrust into the haunches is abominable, but it is the custom, and therefore followed by all preceding as it will be by succeeding generations.

At best, the furrow was superficial, and consisted essentially in turning over the stones, and a very little soil over the grain. What I thus witnessed, brought to mind the parable of the Sower. The Saviour actually stated a well-known fact in husbandry, at that day, which he saw, and the same thing is practised now, as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Hence it was no poetical description in the parable, as suggested by biblical expositors.

Kindness to birds and horses is a distinguishing trait in the character of the Mohammedans. I have often had an opportunity in Egypt of seeing birds instantly take wing on discovering persons dressed differently from the fellahs, or farmers, but remain quite unconcerned in their presence. They have no guns, while hats and coats indicate to their small intelligence, absolute destruction.

It possesses a most excellent soil for barley and wheat. Barley is the principal crop, easily raised and requires the least attention. Grapes will grow anywhere in Syria, but attain their fullest size and flavor in Palestine, as does the fig also. Wine of an admirable quality, which is really nothing but the pure juice of the grape, might be made in almost unlimited abundance. It has the color of sherry; is mild and delicious. In Jerusalem, the man with whom I lodged told me he manufactured his own wine from grapes brought in from the surrounding country by the Arabs, which could be afforded by him at fifteen cents a gallon. No grapes are cultivated expressly for wine-making, except, perhaps, a few vines by the monks in the Greek and Latin convents, here and there among the mountains. Mohammedans use no wine, and hence none being required for their own consumption, all they make by gathering wild grapes is clear gain out of the Christians and Jews.

Radishes, melons, beans and some other garden pulse are grown abundantly in Bethlehem. Poultry, too, is raised to any amount, according to the demand, but always exceedingly cheap. Eggs may be had extremely low.

Honey abounds. Stacks of bee-hives may be seen close to the houses in Bethlehem, consisting of earthern pots, a foot or so in diameter, by two in length, piled up their sides, one above another, like logs of wood. The outward end is covered over with a sheet of clay, leaving a small hole in the centre for the entrance of the bees. Each pot has a colony. When full, the owner knocks in the clay with a pole, pulls out the sheets of virgin comb, leaving a little to keep the bees at home, claps on a new sheet of clay, and labor is immediately recommenced.

Fig trees attain the dimensions of our largest apple trees, many having a trunk one foot in diameter. It is a clean, beautiful tree, very much resembling a field beech, as observed in old pastures in New Hampshire and Vermont. Their productiveness is amazing, and if there was any market for the fruit, the profit would be most satisfactory.

At the eastern end of the village, there is a large stone edifice, standing on a foundation of limestone. It is the Convent or church of the Nativity, covering the manger where the Lord Jesus Christ first appeared on earth. A winding road passes by it down hill towards the Dead Sea.

In coming up from the Dead Sea, the traveller comes through a winding gorge of the mountains, and the first view of Bethlehem exhibits a kind of inclined oval basin facing the east. Exactly in front, is a high mass of rock, on the top of which stands the convent.

Just before reaching the centre of the basin, there is a lot, containing, to appearance, about four acres, which has formerly been enclosed by a wall, now in ruins. A stone edifice stood nearly in the middle, which has been thrown down and the blocks of hewn stone scattered about. A few old olive trees are growing in the midst. This is the exact field, says all tradition, where shepherds were watching their flocks when the glad tidings were announced to them that the Saviour had been born at the inn of that day, or properly, stopping-place for strangers, now called caravansaries, at the top of the rock where the convent stands to mark the holy place. Panoramic views of the convent are quite common, but it would be difficult to exhibit on canvass the appearance of the interior.

Originally, the Church of the Nativity, which is embraced in the convent, is said to have been erected by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. How many times it has been destroyed and rebuilt since, no record declares. Certain it is, that the present building is comparatively modern.

The place called the manger appears to have been originally a kind of grotto or cave in the limestone, which are numerous in Palestine. If it was enclosed in the original premises of the caravansary presumed to have been on that spot, the shelving roof of rock might have been used for sheltering horses and sheep from the violence of rain storms, which are severe and copious there in the rainy season. Without discussing the subject of whether the sacred place was an elementary stable or not, no shadow of doubt is in the way of believing that the Saviour was born just where the perpetually burning lamps indicate the great event occurred.

Close by it are two stone boxes, or technically, sarcophagi. One contains the bones of St. Jerome, the translator of the Bible known as the Vulgate. In the other, the bones of Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian, a native of that once proud city, Cæsarea, which Herod the Great made the capital of Judea, now without a solitary house of any description, or a human being residing within its former jurisdiction.

The convent is inhabited by indolent monks, and the unceasing quarrel maintained between the Latin and Greek monks for the exclusive control of the manger, is disgraceful to any party professing Christianity.

In 1851, there was a hole in the stone floor, perhaps three quarters of an inch in diameter, which shows where a large silver star had been placed, to indicate where the star rested which was followed by the wise men from the East. It had been stolen a year or two before, by being wrenched from the bolt in the floor. Grave negociations between the French and Russians, for the honor of fastening down another star, are fresh in recollection.

Upon what authority the population of Bethlehem is fixed at three thousand, is unknown. I was there on the day of a fair, when neighboring villagers came in with various vegetable products for sale and exchange; and lively as the scene was, the strangers added to the inhabitants, it struck me, fall far short of three thousand.

Weaving on the ground, by the most primitive contrivances imaginable, may be seen in passing by the doors. I even saw a woman in the road, sitting on the ground, weaving a reel of cotton cloth, of good texture. Seeds of cotton are all separated from the wool by the fingers, and the cotton spun on a wooden spindle, twisted adroitly and rapidly by the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand.

Beads, rulers, paper folders, little boxes, etc., made of olive wood, are manufactured as holy keepsakes for travellers. The Jews peddle a variety of small articles of the same kind. Mechanical and artistical skill are in a low state in Syria generally, except among the manufacturers of jewelry, in which the work vies with European ingenuity.

Not many Jews are seen in Bethlehem. It is not one of their favorite stations on account of holy associations, like Hebron and Jerusalem. Between Bethlehem and Jerusalem, however, there is a square structure of hewn blocks of limestone, precisely where Rachel, the ancestral mother of the Hebrew nation, died in childbirth. Delegations of foreign Jews are frequently arriving and departing from the venerated grave. Their respect for it and their prayers, when their eyes are first gratified with the sight, are characteristic.

When a traveller arrives at the convent, which is of necessity on horseback, groups of idle boys collect about the door to examine the stranger. When he re-appears to depart, he is beset by the hawkers of small wares, already described. They have learned the veneration which foreign Christians entertain for everything down to a pebble, from their locality, and take advantage of it by palming off lots of articles, no doubt, which had their origin somewhere else.

A luncheon is always procurable in the convent, of wine, bread, cheese, butter and dried fruits, if out of season for fresh grapes, figs and oranges. No price is fixed for the entertainment, but it is expected they will be paid for, generously, of course.

From a cursory ramble through Bethlehem, and the positive evidence of its former large population when the mountains were terraced, patient explorations by digging would bring some curious remains to the surface. Stone coffins are frequently found in tilling the land, at great elevations in Mount Lebanon, and they, no doubt, abound not far below the surface in the valley of Bethlehem. Near the pools of Solomon, which were magnificent achievements in their day for supplying Jerusalem with water, future archæologists, it is safe to predict, will make interesting discoveries.

Hebron, however, and the whole plain of Jericho, to the antiquarian, to say nothing of Jerusalem, whenever the civilization of the people is sufficiently advanced to protect and encourage explorations, will yield up memorials of infinite importance, to illustrate the ancient condition of the Canaanites and Jews.

Among well-bred people, a mutual deference is affected, contempt of others is disguised, authority concealed, attention given to each in his turn, and an easy stream of conversation maintained without vehemence, without interruption, without eagerness for victory, and without any airs of superiority.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The three principal lumber markets of the Union, are Chicago, Albany and Bangor. —— The steam fire engine "Miles Greenwood" was weighed on approved scales at the City Yard a few days since, when its weight was found to be 17,126 pounds, or a little more than eight and three-fourths tons. —— "Patriotism," said Samuel Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." —— In the Atlantic mills, in Lawrence, are 176 female operatives who have worked there for three years or more. Seven of them have worked there seven years. —— There are 120 colleges in the United States. The students exceed 12,000. —— Since the loss and starvation of two children in the Union township, Bedford county, Pa., the mother has died from excessive grief, and the father is lying in a critical condition from the same cause. —— The canker worms infest the trees in large districts in West Cambridge, Somerville and Medford, destroying the foliage. Some large orchards look as if fire had swept through them. —— The steam navigation of the western waters is said to employ fifteen thousand officers and men. —— Heretofore the name of a vessel once recognized by the government, could not be changed except by a special act of Congress. A law has recently been passed vesting the power to make such changes in the secretary of the treasury. —— Five hundred tons of ordnance stores, including 20,000 muskets, have just been shipped by the government from New York to California. —— An organ, to cost twenty-five thousand dollars, has been ordered for the Music Hall in this city. —— Deacon Benj. Isley, an old and highly venerated citizen of Portland, died suddenly during service at the Federal Street Baptist Church, on a recent Sunday. His head was observed to hang one side by those near him, supposed in a fainting fit. He was immediately taken out of the church, and died without a struggle. His age was 86. —— This country never saw so prosperous a time, as the one in which we live. To whichever side one looks one is amazed at the unbounded prosperity, enterprise, wealth and progress which meet the eye. —— Decency is a matter of latitude. In Turkey a man with tight pants on is considered so great a vulgarian that he is not tolerated in respectable society. To spit in the presence of an Arab is to make the acquaintance with his cheese-knife. In Russia that man is considered low who refuses a warm breakfast of fried candles. In this country vulgar people are such as keep good hours and live within their income. —— The ship-yards at Baltimore are now in a more prosperous condition than for several years past, and there will be twice the number of large class vessels launched this year, that there were last. —— The New York Sunday Courier understands that Barnum has received an offer from the Sydenham Crystal Palace in England, of five thousand dollars a year to go over there and take charge of one of its departments, and the editors learn that Barnum thinks seriously of accepting the proposed offer. —— Vestvali is a Pole by birth, and is unmarried. She is accompanied by her brother, and intends to return to Mexico in the fall, where she is idolized. —— When a buffalo, in his way across the prairie, comes upon a spot, where one of his kind has recently shed his blood, he sets up a gathering cry, or roar: one after another, the whole herd, summoned by his indignant bellow, hasten to the spot, and toss up the earth, with hoof and horn, till they have wiped out the stain. —— Rev. Edward Anthon, rector of the Episcopal church in Taunton, is about to remove to New York, to become assistant minister at St. Mark's Church, in that city, of which his father, Dr. Anthon, is rector. —— A company of capitalists is about making another attempt to raise the sunken steamer Atlantic in Lake Erie. They design to sink and fasten to her hull a great number of buoys, somewhat resembling empty casks.

WHY THEY ANNEX.—The reason why our British friends keep so busy annexing kingdom after kingdom in the East, may be found in the prodigious wealth of the storied land. Of precious stores of gold, Nadir Shah, in 1740, carried away not less than £2,500,000. In Jahanquier's biography, he relates that a golden platform round his throne weighed forty tons: and the tomb of Akbar cost eleven millions of dollars.

GONE OFF.—Colonel Colt, of revolver reputation, was recently married at Middletown, Connecticut, and with his lady, is now making the European tour. No doubt he will be extensively lionized abroad, for his arms have made him famous everywhere. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," but six times is he armed who has a Colt's revolver.

TOO BAD.—By a blunder of the types, a bookseller's advertisement lately announced, instead of "The Virginia Comedians, or Old Days in the Old Dominion, by a Lawyer of Richmond,"—"The Virginia Comedian, or Old Dogs in the Old Dominion, by a Sawyer of Richmond."

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The new president of this society is Ira Chase, Jr., Esq., of the firm of Chase Brothers, an active business man, and well qualified for the post. Mr Carlos Pierce, the retiring president, has been presented with a splendid service of plate.

THE GREAT BORE.—Many intelligent persons who have recently visited the Hoosac Tunnel, predict that it will be completed in five years. We hope it will, but we must confess it appears to us a "hard road to travel."

THE COMEDIANS.—Mr. and Mrs. John Wood, of the Boston Theatre, have summer engagements at Washington, Baltimore and Montreal. Wherever they appear, they are sure to please.

Wayside Gatherings.

Vast numbers of grasshoppers have again made their appearance in California.

The Emperor of Brazil has been elected an honorary member of the New York Historical Society.

One hundred and thirty-two farmers are at present in the Connecticut House of Representatives. There are also seven farmers in the Senate.

A new lighthouse, which is to be ninety feet in height, is now in course of erection on the Louisiana side of the Pass into Sabine Lake, Texas.

The Grand Trunk Railway has been opened as far westward as Guelph, a distance of 87 miles from Toronto, and extending towards Port Sarnia, the terminus of the road.

The New London Star learns that the $200,000 necessary to be raised to extend the N. H. & N. L. Railroad to Stonington has been subscribed, and that the road will be put under contract at once.

The Wheeling Intelligencer does not remember a time when a greater number of citizens of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, and Eastern Ohio, were making preparations to go West. The fever appears to be at the highest point.

There are at present sixty-three factories situated in different parts of California in which quarts grinding and extracting the gold by machinery is carried on. Thirty of these are driven by steam engines, the others by water wheels.

The editor of the Eastern Argus has seen a butterfly caught in Buxton, that measures about five inches between the tips of his wings when spread; the body is an inch and a half long, and three quarters of an inch round. The colors are exceedingly beautiful.

The submarine cable connecting Ogdensburg with Prescott, Canada, has been successfully placed in the St. Lawrence River, thus putting New York and Canada in direct communication. But fifteen minutes were required to stretch the wire the entire distance, one mile.

A monster owl was lately killed in Hardwick, Vt., whose extended wings measured *six feet* from tip to tip. There was one of equal size killed at that place some time since. They were both white, and did not surrender until several rifle balls had been fired into them.

During a recent thunder storm, the lightning came down upon a pasture of Charles Titcomb, of Kensington, N. H., descending perpendicularly into the earth for about thirty feet, so as to form a good well of water. The hole is as big as a barrel, and it was formed, like the holes of the chipmunk, without throwing out any earth.

Near Monticello, N. Y., a flock of pigeons lately settled, nearly twelve miles in length. The wild pigeons seem to gather from all parts of the country at certain seasons for important purposes. Perhaps they hold conventions and nominate candidates, and lay down platforms—who knows!

In Fort Bend county, Texas, a man walking in the forest, leaned upon a stake driven into the ground. The stake broke, and lo! a fancifully arranged cell formed by bricks was disclosed, nearly even with the surface of the earth. In the cell was $1500 in gold and silver. It is supposed a robber hid the money there.

The lady editor of the Clyde (New York) Times thinks that "just the time" for ladies to walk is in the morning, when the sun just illumines the landscape; when the song-birds joyfully trill their melodious notes; when the flowers send forth their sweetest fragrance; when all nature is lively, lovely and refreshing.

Ira Davis obtained a drove of young cattle in Litchfield, Londonderry and Hudson, N. H., under an agreement to pasture them in Washington, in the same State, drove them to Hillsborough, and sold the whole lot. The roguery was discovered, and the cattle recovered. Davis, it is supposed, got $1000 or $1500 for the whole.

Lafayette sent for a hogshead of earth from Bunker Hill to be placed over his body at his interment. The selectmen of Boston received the application from his agent. It was taken from the spot where General Warren fell, and accompanied with a certificate that it was "genuine," signed by three of the oldest veterans of the town.

The people of Bernardston, Franklin county, have organized the "Powers Institute," with the $10,000 given by the late E. E. Powers, of Georgia, a former resident of that town, and have taken measures to put the institution into operation as soon as possible. A committee has been appointed to procure plans and estimates for a suitable building.

Two hundred and four inhabitants of the counties of Mackinaw, Chippewa, Delta, Emmett and Sheboygan, in the northern part of Michigan, have addressed a communication to Governor Bingham, representing the suffering to which they have been subjected by reason of Mormon depredations, and praying some relief from the nefarious conduct of their troublesome neighbors.

A singular mode of robbery has been detected at Dublin. A man used to send a large press by the Liverpool steamers, headed "this side up." In this press was a compartment in which he hid himself. At night, when all was still, he would get out and rob the warehouse of valuables, and retreating to his hiding-place, would be safely conveyed with his plunder to his own house.

Madame de Bodisco goes to Paris on the first of August steamer, and thence to St. Petersburg, where her sons are in the imperial service. Waldimer de Bodisco, now attached to the Russian Legation, has lately returned home. He is a nephew of the old baron, and has a brother who served in the Imperial Guard during the war, but has since resigned, and is to marry a Polish princess.

Owen Cooney, of Chicago, was married lately to Miss Cynthia Robinson, of Leyden Centre, Illinois. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Robinson, formerly a chief, in the right of his wife, of the Pottawottamie Indians, who once inhabited all the broad prairies round Chicago. He was descended from Scotch blood, mingled on his mother's side with the Indian, and was a gentleman.

The Dumfries Standard relates that at Barjarg porter-lodge, a cat had her litter of young ones taken from her and drowned. Next day, while the bereaved cat was wandering about in the fields, she lighted upon a little leveret. She gently took up the tender foundling, carried it home, deposited it on the bed from which her own kittens had been ruthlessly taken, and tended it with paternal care.

A gentleman residing at Livingston parish, La., has a very singular plant in his garden, which appears to be a sort of connecting link between the animal and vegetable worlds. The plant is about three feet high, and its stems reach the ground. At the end it is armed with a small sharp substance with which it pierces insects and lifts them into its calyx, where they are grasped by the plant and appropriated to its support.

Foreign Items.

Receiving a Crimean medal in pawn subjects a pawn broker to a penalty of £20, under a recent act.

Crimean letters to May 31, mention the report that 70,000 masons are to rebuild Sebastopol after the departure of the allies.

It is stated that the Austrian government had resolved to erect the Lombardo Venetian provinces into the kingdom of Upper Italy.

The family of the late Mr. Cobbett are erecting a monument to his memory in Farnham churchyard, in lieu of the one put up shortly after his decease.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert have made a joint contribution of £500 to the fund for the erection of a memorial church at Constantinople.

A marble statue, beautiful and in perfect condition, has been dug up in making excavations for the foundations of a church in Atlantis, Greece; it is of life size, and represents a youth leaning on a column.

The French emperor's intention of visiting Algeria in September, is again a matter of public interest in Paris. It is current that the emperor intends to apportion fiefs in Algeria, which are to be bestowed as rewards for public services, so as to found great territorial families.

Galignani's Messenger quotes a Neapolitan journal, called the "Eco dell' Esperienza," as an authority, for the following proofs of royal mercy: that no capital punishment had taken place in the Two Sicilies for twenty-four years, and that during that time 9894 political prisoners had been pardoned!

Sands of Gold.

.... To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride.—*Swift.*

.... No ashes are lighter than those of incense, and few things burn out sooner.—*Landor.*

.... Covetousness, like jealousy, when it has once taken root, never leaves a man but with his life.—*Tom Brown.*

.... One should not dispute with a man, who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.—*Locke.*

.... If it be true that there can be no calumny without malice, it is equally so that there can be no malice without some desirable quality to excite it.—*Landor.*

.... There is no benefit so large, but malignity will still lessen it; none so narrow, which a good interpretation will not enlarge. —*L'Estrange.*

.... Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious convictions.—*Channing.*

.... If the sacrifices to virtue are often hard to make, it is always joy to have made them, and a person never repents having done a good action.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

.... Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity.—*Landor.*

.... It would be most lamentable if the good things of this world were rendered either more valuable or more lasting; for, despicable as they already are, too many are found eager to purchase them, even at the price of their souls.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

The fellow who dammed up the Mississippi with a chip, has been sent for to cure the cancer at the tropic.

Five glasses of whiskey and a gallon of beer, will enable one to see a sea-serpent even on dry land.

In this dollar-and-cent-age, when utility is the great god of our idolatry, if Mount Calvary were to stand in the way of a railroad, it would be carted away as so much rubbish.

A rich journeyman printer is found out west. He is being exhibited with ring-tailed monkeys, wild hogs, shaved horses, three legged calves, and other trinkets.

At a recent exhibition of a menagerie, an elephant was seen to pick up the loose hay with his trunk, when an Irishman exclaimed, "What sort of a baste is that atin' hay with his tail?"

My opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not inquire. All I have got to say is, that he will get floored if he interrupts me again.

A fashionable gent tripped up on an orange-peel, the other day, and broke his neck. A brass locket, three cents in change, a bottle of hair oil, and a whalebone cane, are awaiting redemption at the coroner's office.

The Gloucester News tells of a man who lost a favorite cow, and who wound up his eulogy on her by saying: "She was as handsome as a schoolmarm." It must be a great relief to know that the question of a schoolmarm's beauty can now be so easily decided.

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THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC, ST. PETERSBURG.

The magnificent structure accurately delineated on this page is one of the noblest church edifices in the Russian empire. Our engraving not only delineates its magnificent façade, its towers and its lofty, elegant and elaborate dome, but the adjacent buildings; and shows us the characteristic life of a Russian street—the mounted troopers, groups of officers, a pleasure carriage, and ladies and gentlemen promenading. The drawing has the minute fidelity of a daguerreotype. Isaac of Dalmatia, whose name is given to this cathedral, was the patron, in the calendar of the Greek church, of Peter the Great's birthday. Accordingly the church in the navy-yard of the infant city was built in honor of that saint, of timber only, Peter feeling certain that this indication of his wishes would induce his successors to erect a more pretentious edifice. This first church was burned down, and he built another of stone. In 1763, a marble one was substituted, and in 1817, the Emperor Alexander ordered the Chevalier de Montferrand to make such additions as should render the building worthy of the position it occupied in a fashionable quarter of one of the most splendid cities in Europe. Montferrand was directed to leave the east end standing. A year was occupied in erecting suitable buildings for the accommodation of the machinery, engineers and army of workmen destined to be employed on the building. The foundation stone was laid August 6, 1819. During the next year ten engines were busy in driving 10,762 piles, which the marshy nature of the soil required, for the support of the ponderous superstructure. Then the whole surface was covered with two layers of blocks of granite, beautifully wrought, although they were to remain fifteen feet below the surface. They serve as a base to the walls of the cathedral, of which the more important are granite, to the level of the pavement, the remainder being constructed of compact masonry of picked stone, laid and rammed like street pavements. The crypt formed below the church is approached by granite staircases, each nine feet wide, and contains twenty stoves for heating the church. The portico on each front consists of twelve Corinthian columns, each of seven feet diameter and fifty-seven feet long, in one block. They are the largest monoliths yet employed for such purposes; those of the Pantheon, at Rome—only forty-seven feet—exceeding in size all those of antiquity remaining. The dome is surrounded by twenty-four columns, each forty-two feet, and the bell towers have similar ornaments, thirty feet each in height. This series of one hundred and four monolithic granite columns is unsurpassed in number, size and costliness, by any similar work of ancient or modern art. A remarkable fact was discovered in their excavation, viz., that the unanimity with which the workmen were made to place their tools, to raise their arms and deliver their blows, detached such enormous masses from the living rock with little expenditure of time or trouble. The celebrated erection of the obelisk in the Vatican loses its importance in comparison with the raising of the first column of the portico of this cathedral, which was fixed in its place in forty minutes, before the present emperor and empress, the grand duke, and a crowd of highly excited spectators. The twenty-four columns of the dome each weighed in the quarry sixty-six tons, and each was raised one hundred and fifty feet into its place, in two hours, by the efforts of 300 men, in perfect silence, the ringing of a bell giving the signals of command. The first was placed Nov. 28, 1837, and all were finished in two months of Russian winter. The main walls of the building above the granite plinth are faced externally and internally with white marble from Finland and Italy, where new quarries were opened, for which roads were made and bridges and houses built, to obtain a marble superior to that of Carrara. The roofs are of bronze or copper on iron framing. The groups in the tympanum, or triangular space in each pediment, with the figures at the angles and on the summit, are of plaster electro-bronzed, as are also the twenty-four bronze angels, nine feet high, each weighing 34 cwt. The balustrade beneath the figures is also bronzed. The dome, which has a very beautiful outline of high merit, is, internally, avowedly constructed on the principle of that of St. Paul's; but instead of timber, brick and stone, the Russian dome is of iron, filled in with vases like our garden pots, which the architect deemed the best mode of obtaining the junction of strength with lightness. Externally it is covered with bronze, divided by 24 bold ribs, and gilt in three thicknesses of leaves of sterling gold. This operation was entrusted to the supervision of three of the principal gilders of the city, who rejected every leaf that showed any, however slight, defect on being tested. The gilders worked in glass masks, with air-tubes like an elephant's proboscis, down to the knees, to avoid the effects of the mercurial amalgam, the electro process not then being known. Deprived of the easily imagined effect produced by the reflection of the sunlight, this ovoid of pure gold relieves itself at twilight in simple majesty against the azure sky; but its greatest glory is at night, when a thousand sparkling lights are constellations surrounding the far-beaming emblem of our religion. Interiorly, the cathedral is divided into a Greek cross, with the dome, as usual, at the centre, and four square chapels, each surmounted with a campanile at the angles. Amongst the more striking decorations are 40 bronze angels, each 21 feet high. The centre nave is 175 feet long, and 53 wide; the total length, 268 feet—the total width, 153 feet; ornamented at the east end by an iconostasis, or altar-screen, 150 feet long and 70 feet high, of white marble, encrusted with porphyry, jasper, and other precious stones, and enriched with eight Corinthian columns of malachite. The great bell, of worn-out and recalled coin, weighs 1800 pouds, the diameter is eight feet. The large bells are similar in form, but differ in their embellishments. The paintings throughout the cathedral, at present, are in oil. They are in three tiers, painted on a gold ground, in most glowing colors, before which are pendent massive silver lamps.



CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC, AT ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., No. 5.—WHOLE No. 265.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

The engraving on this page is by John Andrew, after one of Billings's spirited and characteristic designs made expressly for our journal. The State arms are conspicuous within the circle; the device on the shield being three ploughs, superimposed with a horse's head above, the supporters being a graceful figure of Liberty and Ceres with a horn of plenty. On one side a cider-mill worked by hand, and on the other a group of young men and girls picking and harvesting apples, represent the agricultural character of the State. A locomotive in the distance shows the modern improvements that science and capital have introduced. The scene below is in striking contrast with the upper portion of the design. It carries us back to the days when the shore of the Atlantic was the hunting-ground of the red man. Surrounded by his listening countrymen, the medicine man of a tribe is discoursing of grave matters to his auditors. The earliest settlement in New Jersey was made in the county of Bergen, between the years 1620 and 1630, by Dutch emigrants from New York. Being joined by Danes and Norwegians, who, in 1638, were followed by a number of Swedes and Fins, a colony was formed on the Delaware River, the land on each side having been purchased of the aborigines as far as navigation extended. In 1664, the territory between the Connecticut and Delaware rivers was granted to the Duke of York, brother of Charles II., and, as the grant included New Jersey, the Dutch were dispossessed, and the territory conveyed to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret. Philip Carteret being sent over as governor, fixed on Elizabethtown as the seat of government in 1665. In 1676, the province was divided, the western part being annexed to New York, and the eastern remaining a separate colony under the direct dominion of the British crown. Twenty years afterwards it was surrendered to Queen Anne, and incorporated with New York; but in 1738, both provinces were again placed under the immediate rule of the crown, and so remained till the war of the Revolution. The republican constitution of the State is dated July 2, 1776. During the war with Great Britain, the heroic State of New Jersey made many sacrifices, and her sons gave their treasure and their blood freely in furtherance of the popular cause. Here was fought the battle of Trenton, and the State is full of memorials of those trying and heroic days. The whole amount of the State debt, January 1, 1854, was $65,000. Value of the productive property owned by the State, $252,174 12; whole amount of productive school fund owned by the State, $395,043 59. There are 189 common school districts in the State. It contains 30 banks. There is a State Lunatic Asylum at Trenton. The face of the country at the north is rather mountainous and broken, the central part is undulating, and the south level. The agriculture of the State is very productive, even the sandy lowlands producing the finest fruit through liberal culture. Among the most important works of internal improvement are the Morris Canal, the Delaware and Hudson Canal, the Camden and Amboy, the Patterson and Hudson, the New Brunswick and Trenton, the Morris and Essex, and other railroads with divers branches. The last census shows a population of nearly 500,000 persons, including 22,000 free colored persons. The climate of the State is mild.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ASTOUNDING REVELATION.

In silent astonishment, Eleanor obeyed. Passing from the room through a side door, she accompanied the dwarf through a long corridor, leading along the rear of several apartments, till they entered a door at the extremity, opening into a small room which was seldom used. A small square closet led from this, and was situated just at the back of the apartment which Eleanor had left with her uncle awhile before. Here the dwarf half paused.

"Be silent now," he said, in a whisper, "and enter here. Have no scruples with those who are unscrupulous themselves. Do not leave this closet until you are fully acquainted with what is going on in yonder. Go! You have a right to a share in this business; it concerns your fate."

Noiselessly he opened the door; and the next instant she found herself shut up in the little dark closet; and yet not quite dark, for opposite the door was a small window, opening into the breakfast-room, and covered only by a blind, through which the faintest light came, but still not sufficient for her to distinguish plainly any object about her. Through this blind it was easy to see and hear everything passing in the breakfast-room adjoining, while all in the closet itself was invisible.

At a table in this room, Victor Briancourt and his son were seated, with pens, ink and paper strewed about before them.

* * * * *

"Sixty thousand—sixty thousand! payable to Victor Briancourt on the day of the marriage of his son, Morley Edmond, with Eleanor, daughter of the late Sir James Ashby, of Ashby Place, etc., etc.; and a life annuity into the bargain. Really, my dear boy, that opportunity of *obliging* Sir Edward has been quite a good thing for me. I have lived quite at ease ever since it was presented to me. I may say, I think, without flattery, that few men would have thought of turning it to such golden advantage. A goodly fortune for myself, and the Ashby estates for you, with simply the loveliest incumbrance that could well be, in the shape of pretty Eleanor herself Not badly managed—eh, Morley?"

"Not by any means, if it all succeeds. But—"

"If—but! Excuse me, but this is rather ridiculous, my dear fellow. You suspect that this Hugh Latimer has managed to rival you in her good graces. It is mere nonsense to think so. That he may have tried—that he would have deemed himself only too fortunate to do so, I do not for an instant doubt. But you have succeeded in preventing their meeting for so long a time, that I have not the least apprehension in that respect. Those letters it was well to suppress, however; for, though they were only from the sister, they might have had an effect little to be desired."

"As it is, she never has even suspected that any were sent. Humphries took them whenever they came. I dare say Miss Latimer and her dear brother are wondering at this moment why Eleanor never acknowledged those precious missives."

"Sir Edward was only too willing to help you in this affair, I suppose?"

"Willing! He had but to say the word, and he gave his orders to her directly that she should go no more to Briarfield. He would have shut her up a prisoner if it had been necessary, rather than lose the means—the only means of fulfilling his bond to you."

"Ha, ha! I am glad he feels his need of fulfilling it so religiously. It leaves me less trouble. You see plainly, Morley, that, feeling his obligation to me, as he does, there can be little that would prevent him from meeting it. If Eleanor, even at this late hour, should, from any caprice, refuse to marry you, he would not allow that to deter him from his purpose. He *must* make her yours, whether she is willing or not."

"And mine she *shall* be!" * * *

This was the conversation in the breakfast-room. The door of Eleanor's closet was locked by the dwarf, till she had heard it through.

It was a full hour, ere, after leaving the library, Eleanor and Sir Edward Ashby returned thither. He found Eleanor seated where he had left her; her face paler than it had been when he went out, with some inward agitation depicted upon it in the expression of the troubled yet almost stern eyes, and the slight compression of the lips. He saw it and half paused, ere resuming his seat, regarding it with an involuntary questioning glance. But immediately recollecting himself, he made some slight and formal apology for having kept her so long waiting, and took up the subject again, where he had left it off.

"I observed to you, I think," he said, "before leaving you, that I wished you to appoint a day when this marriage shall take place. If convenient, it would be desirable that you do so to-day—now, if you will. The sooner the matter is definitely arranged, the better, perhaps, it will be."

He waited, expecting her to answer; but she sat quite silent, with her hands clasped, resting upon her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the floor. If he had observed her more closely, he might have seen that within the clasp of those small hands, was a packet of papers; that the fingers were closed tightly together about them, and that her seemingly set glance moved to these more than once. It was then that Eleanor was seeking strength for a new-formed resolution. She neither moved, nor spoke, nor raised her eyes for a little while.

"Eleanor, you comprehend me, I think?" he said, frigidly, after a moment's pause. "I stated, I believe, with sufficient plainness, that I desired you to fix *at once* on the day of your marriage."

"I have considered, sir," now answered Eleanor, calmly, "what you were pleased to say to me. But I do not wish to appoint the day of which you speak."

He regarded her with a cold and slightly perplexed air.

"O then you leave it, I presume, to the option of Morley?"

"On the contrary, I do not wish to have it appointed at all."

She uttered the words in a tone of quiet yet resolute decision that could not well have been mistaken. But her auditor seemed for a moment unable to comprehend or credit its full meaning. He started and turned pale. His eyes were fixed on her face with a look of almost agony. His lips, grown suddenly livid, moved with unspoken words. His thin fingers clutched nervously.

"Eleanor—Miss Ashby," he said, at length, in a hoarse tone, "I do not quite understand you, I think. Will you have the goodness to speak a little more explicitly? What is it that you mean?"

She looked at him for a single moment without speaking. In the emotion she beheld, was the evidence of the importance he placed upon the bond which he had given to Victor Briancourt, and which required her for a sacrifice.

"Well, well, Miss Ashby," said he, recovering himself, as he saw that her attention was attracted to his emotion, and shrinking angrily from her glance, "I believe I am entitled to an explanation from you. Why do you not give it?"

"I mean, sir," she said, "that I have reasons for declining altogether the honor of this union with Morley Briancourt."

He started, and half rose from his seat; his features working, his lips quivering, his whole frame convulsed with an unaccountable emotion.

"You decline! you—" He stood there, unable to finish, for the terror and wrath that inspired him.

And Eleanor Ashby, trembling at the storm she had raised, pale as death, but nerving herself to courage, sat silent.

"Eleanor Ashby, *dare* to say that again!" he uttered, finally, in a voice hoarse with inward passion.

She did not waver or shrink.

"Sir, I have said it," was her answer. "I repeat it!"

"You *will not* repeat it, Eleanor Ashby. You cannot—you *dare* not!" he uttered. "What is the meaning of this? How have you the insolence to oppose me? What accursed spirit prompts you to break the bond of years—the promise given for you, and agreed to by you? Tell me your reason—tell me, I say, this instant!"

He paused, trembling with his own violence—a violence that agitated and shocked his niece; but she would not give way. A two-fold reason actuated her in her decision, for she would have died rather than submit to a measure which made her hand an object of deliberate sale, and the man whom she had learned to despise, she would never marry in any case. She could not prolong this scene. She had come with the fixed purpose of declaring her motives, of showing him the knowledge she had so strangely gained; but his passionate violence unnerved her.

"Sir," she said, "I cannot tell you now. This evening I will do so. Meanwhile, I must seek an interview with Morley Briancourt. Now I pray you to excuse me from prolonging this discussion."

With a grave but respectful inclination to her uncle, she slowly left the apartment. Sir Edward Ashby remained standing for a moment, when she had left him, perfectly silent and motionless, thunderstruck, as it were, with his eyes fixed on the door by which she had disappeared. Then, with a form that trembled from head to foot, and a countenance rigid and pale as death itself, he sank gradually into his arm-chair. A little while he sat there, leaning his head upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, with a cold and gloomy stare of despairing misery. It would have been hard to tell why this single act of Eleanor's should thus affect him; but an indescribable expression of anguish rested upon his features. The tempestuous fury of a short time since had entirely disappeared. He was weak, helpless, miserable now.

Soon he rose, and pouring a goblet of water from a pitcher upon the table, drank it slowly. It seemed slightly to restore him. He walked back and forth, across the apartment, for a few moments, and then rang the bell.

"Tell Mr. Briancourt," he said, to the servant who appeared, "that Sir Edward Ashby requests the favor of an interview with him here."

The man, evidently struck by the strange alteration in his master's countenance, bowed silently and withdrew.

The baronet resumed his seat by the table, and shortly Mr. Briancourt entered. His quick eye marked the lingering expression of misery upon the countenance of his host, and an almost imperceptible cloud darkened his own brow. But he came forward with a smile.

"Well, my dear sir, what said our fair Eleanor?" he asked, lightly.

"She informs me," answered the baronet, slowly, "that—" He paused, hesitatingly. His paleness increased. He looked nervously at Mr. Briancourt, and then turning away, rose and commenced pacing the floor again, with a half-suppressed groan.

"Well, my dear friend?" said that gentleman, with an air of utter carelessness, leaning back in his chair, with folded hands.

"That," went on Sir Edward, as if every word were wrung from him with the most exquisite torture, "she has found reasons for declining the honor of Morley's hand."

"She has, eh?" observed Mr. Brincourt, with easy indifference. "Well, that is simply what we had all suspected before. Of course you showed Eleanor that she had expressed her intentions too hastily, without due consideration?"

"Victor," said the baronet, and his tones were hasty and agitated, his glance one of deprecating anguish,—"Victor, I could not; I must tell you the truth. I was unable—"

"Tut, tut, my dear friend," returned Mr. Brincourt, smilingly, "how modest you are! You really undervalue your own powers of persuasion. I really cannot bring myself to believe that you allowed our fair friend to leave you without having exhibited to her the mistake she had made in declining this alliance."

"It is too true!" groaned the baronet.

"Still, I beg your pardon, but I can scarcely credit it of one who has *so much reason for enforcing obedience in this case.*"

His voice and manner were perfectly bland; his fine gray eyes rested with the utmost softness of expression upon the face of his host.

"Victor, Victor, have mercy!" uttered the baronet. He groaned with agony.

Mr. Briancourt did not seem to hear. With that same soft glance and tone, he said:

"I cannot help thinking, my dear Sir Edward Ashby," and he laid peculiar stress upon the last three words, "that *had I been in your case*, she would have been persuaded to change her mind."

"*I could not persuade her*, Victor!" murmured the miserable man.

"O, well, there is time—there is ample time. You will confer with her again to-morrow, or this evening, perhaps, and then, doubtless, we shall come to the point satisfactorily enough." And Mr. Briancourt rose with a friendly smile from his chair, as if about to take his departure.

"But, Victor, I fear," said Sir Edward, tremulously, "she—"

"My dear sir, there is nothing whatever to fear," smiled the guest. "You will, *of course*, open the subject with her again, as I said, either this evening or to-morrow?" He spoke very softly, with the utmost politeness and deference of mien.

The baronet writhed.

"Yes, yes! I will do anything—everything. But you know her. She is an Ashby—her father's child. And she says she will not marry your son."

"She will not?" echoed Mr. Briancourt. His utterance was slow, moderate, smooth. "She will not? O yes, Sir Edward, *she will*; or—" He paused—a pause of significance.

The baronet shuddered through every limb. Mr. Briancourt approached, and took his hand.

"My excellent friend," he said, "you really are wanting in confidence. As I remarked before, you fail to place a sufficient estimate upon your own abilities. I am quite sure you can bring your fair niece, my future daughter-in-law, to reason. And the incentive to action on your part, too; it is a remarkable one, you remember." He pressed his host's icy fingers meaningly, and glided from the apartment.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER TURN OF THE SCREW.

For hours had Eleanor Ashby remained in the solitude of her own apartment, meditating upon the discovery she had been enabled, through the means of Pequia, to make. Resentment and indignation filled her as she thought of Morley Briancourt's late proceeding. It was no longer a matter of mystery—the silence of Mary.

And as she thought of the *reason* of the suppression of this correspondence, she trembled and blushed with confusion and shame. Jealous—and of Hugh Latimer! She covered her face with her hands. The bare suggestion of a possible cause for such a feeling on Morley Briancourt's part, presented now for the first time to her mind, sent a thrill to her heart, and suffused her cheek with a vivid color that came and went a thousand times in a moment. Hugh Latimer!

Rousing herself from these reflections, with a still burning cheek, she drew her desk towards her, and proceeded to pen a brief note to Miss Latimer, concerning the intercepted correspondence. She did not say to her that Morley had been instrumental in the work. She merely said: "I have not, since we met, heard a single word from you, or received one of your letters, until to-day." She did not mention the name of Hugh. The letter, which, had not justice required it, she would have shrunk from sending at all, was sealed, directed and despatched immediately to Briarfield by Lucy; and then Eleanor sat down to think once more, and prepare herself for the approaching scene with Morley and her uncle.

There was a bond between her uncle and Victor Briancourt which gave the promise of her hand to Morley, and certain large sums of money to his father, with the accession of the Briancourt family to the estates and titles of Ashby, in return for some secret obligation of Sir Edward, contracted in former times to his friend. Of the nature of this obligation, Eleanor could form no idea; but she was persuaded that it was a mysterious—even a fearful one, by the hints that had been dropped in the conversation between the father and son, and by the inexpressible dread Sir Edward exhibited of losing the power and means of fulfilling the contract. She shrunk from increasing the violent excitement he had betrayed; and with long and serious thought, resolved not to mention to him her suspicion of his secret, whatever it might be; but yet, to

adhere firmly to her resolution of resisting all attempts to make her wed with Morley. The affair of the letters alone would she mention. This would be sufficient for her purpose.

Resolving to make the business as brief as possible, and nerving herself to firmness, she prepared to encounter Morley. It was evening when, for the first time since morning, she met him in the drawing-room.

He was deathly pale. He had learned from his father of her refusal to marry him, and he had been brooding over it all day. He met her now with a countenance colorless, gloomy and severe, like his manner in addressing her.

"Well, Eleanor," he said.

He had remained standing. She also stood. Her clear, calm eyes were raised to his.

"I have withdrawn, sir," she said, gravely, "all share in the contract made some time since between my uncle and your father, respecting my marriage with you. You are probably already aware of this fact!"

"I am. It is to learn your reasons for this unwarrantable step that I have come hither."

"My reasons for this unwarrantable step! You shall have them. I think they will be sufficiently satisfactory. You will not be at a loss to understand them, I think. Here they are!"

She laid on the table that stood between her and Morley the packet of intercepted letters. He started at the sight of them, knowing them but too well. His brow flushed, then grew black as midnight. She saw the effect.

"I think this matter requires no further explanation," she said, quietly; and taking up the letters again, she left the room without another word.

And shortly, Morley Briancourt went also, to seek his father, his countenance betraying suppressed but deadly feelings of excitement. He swore an oath, now, to possess her at any cost.

From the drawing-room, Eleanor now repaired to the library, where she knew her uncle awaited her.

He sat there by the table, his head resting on his hand, and his face white as that of a ghost. Half rising, as she entered, he motioned her to a seat opposite to him.

"Well, Eleanor Ashby, you have come?" he said, harshly.

"I have come, sir," she answered.

"To give me your *reasons* for refusing to wed Morley Briancourt. Well, let us hear them—these admirable reasons." And his voice, trembling though it was, had a sarcastic sneer in it. "Let us hear them. But let me warn you beforehand, Eleanor Ashby, they will have no weight with me."

"They should have, sir," answered Miss Ashby, "if you had not yourself assisted in laying the foundation for them. As it is, you are already familiar with the circumstances connected with them. This will show you what I mean." And she gave him the letters which he had helped to intercept. "There is no force, sir, sufficient to make me wed a man who is guilty of the dishonorable act performed in the suppression of letters intended for me by friends."

He looked startled, confounded, angry, as he beheld them.

"How did you come possessed of these?" he asked, trembling with wrath.

"That I cannot tell you, sir," she answered. "But I will say, at least, that it was by no contrivance on my part. They were in Morley Briancourt's writing-desk yonder; but I did not take them thence, nor persuade another to do so; for I was unaware of their existence till this very morning. I have learned how he intercepted them—with your connivance."

"Well, it is all out then. You may or may not know the reason for which Morley suppressed these letters; it does not matter."

"I do know," she answered, with a deep blush, "and am ashamed of the motives—*for which there was no occasion*—which prompted the act."

"Never mind—never mind!" he said, sternly. "That will make no difference. You will marry Morley Briancourt. It is my command."

"And I cannot obey it," said Eleanor. "You are determined, but I think you cannot have forgotten the resolution I expressed in the interview of this morning."

"I have not indeed forgotten it," he answered, hoarsely; "but as I do not recognize your right to make such a resolution, I do not consider it of any consequence. You are the betrothed bride of Morley Briancourt, and as such, he claims the fulfilment of your promise to him. If you are not prepared to render that fulfilment, I shall find it necessary to enforce it."

Eleanor trembled with excitement and agitation; but her clear eyes were fixed full and proudly upon her uncle's face, and she subdued, with a strong effort, the quiver that ran through her nerves, as she answered him.

"Sir," she said, "I have signified my unwillingness to wed the son of your friend; and while you deny my right to oppose your will and his in the matter, I refuse to acknowledge your title to enforce my obedience contrary to my wishes. You are my uncle and my guardian, but that is all; and your relationship to me is not such as to warrant you in compelling me to a measure repugnant to me. None but a parent has the right to assume the tone with which you address me; it has that authority to which I will not submit."

"Then I shall teach you how to do so!" uttered Sir Edward, with a white and passionate countenance, his whole frame agitated, and his lips trembling with wrath. "Eleanor Ashby, you shall wed him to whom I have promised you; you shall wed him, I say, spite of every power on earth. Dare not oppose me! You shall be his bride ere this month is out, or—" Rage and excitement rendered him unable to finish his threat. His thin hand was clenched convulsively. For a moment, he seemed about to suffocate. Finally he dashed his hand down upon the table with fearful violence. "Go to your room, girl!" he thundered,—"go to your room, nor dare to leave it until I bid you!"

The sight of his terrible wrath had almost overpowered Eleanor. At first she had scarcely strength to rise from her chair. But she struggled to collect her energies.

"Do you disobey me?" ejaculated her uncle, madly, stamping with fury,—"do you disobey me! Away this instant, or you shall know what it is to thwart me!"

"Hold, sir!" uttered Eleanor, sternly, restored to herself by his brutal tyranny, and rising to her full height,—"hold, sir! Remember, it is a woman whom you are addressing, and that woman your brother's child. I go, but I dare you to place a restraining hand upon my freedom. No prisoner will I be in the house that was once my father's; no gaoler's power shall limit Eleanor Ashby's liberty within these walls!"

He recoiled once or twice while she spoke, as though she had struck him, and as often his eyes blazed with wrath at her air of royal defiance. She passed slowly out from his presence, calm, and proud, and pale; and as the door closed behind her, he sank upon the seat from which, in his fury, he had risen, and a groan of mingled rage and agony broke from his white lips.

"O," he muttered, "for means to crush that girl's spirit, or to rid myself at once and forever of Victor Briancourt's power! The fiends tempted me into it! O for rest—rest—rest once more upon this earth!"

With an expression of the most bitter anguish, he threw himself forward upon the table, and bowed his head upon his hands. His whole frame shook with emotion.

Suddenly there was borne through the apartment the sound of a faint, prolonged moan—a fainting, dying moan, as of a spirit passing from the clay. He started from his seat with a shudder of horror, his wild eyes almost bursting from their sockets, the great drops of perspiration standing out upon his pallid, wrinkled brow.

"What's that?" he uttered, in a strong, quick, terrified whisper,—"what's that?"

He waited, with shaking form, holding tremulously by his chair for support, and listening in awful suspense. But the sound had gone; all was silent.

"Fool!" he murmured, weakly, to himself,—"fool that I am! It was but the night wind sighing through the room. My fears make a child of me."

Slowly and with a hand that quivered as in an ague fit, he wiped away with his handkerchief the drops of moisture from his cold forehead. But still his fearful eyes wandered wildly to every corner of the apartment with a nameless dread. It was as if he expected some apparition to appear before his horrified vision. Slowly he sunk once more upon his seat, with his elbows resting upon the arms of the chair, and his skeleton fingers clutching nervously together as he folded them within each other; and still, ever and anon, his frightened, wandering glance roved fearfully about on every side.

There were shadows in the room—shadows dancing hither and thither on the walls, as the light airs floated in from some open window, and made the lamp-flames flare this way and that. He was afraid of them. They inspired him with a nervous dread. To his excited fancy, they took a thousand fearful, ghostly forms that were horrible to look upon. He could not bear them. He rose, and with stealthy steps, looking about him on every side as he went, advanced to the windows and shut them close. It was a hot night; the air was stifling. But no matter for that: he could not bear the shadows; anything rather than them.

But they were there still. The draught from the sudden closing of the windows made the shadows flare more wildly than ever. He sprang from his seat again, and rang the bell with mad violence.

"More lights here!" he shouted to the servant who came.

The man stared wonderingly at his master, and retreated quickly from the apartment to execute the order. He was startled at the sight of that ghost-like face, that harsh, strange voice. And truly no wonder. It would not have taken a great stretch of fancy to believe Sir Edward Ashby mad.

It was better when the other lights came. There was not a corner of the great room now that was not flooded with a blaze of radiance. He walked back and forth with less of fear this time. The shadows tormented him no more. The moan he had heard, he said assuringly to himself, was nothing but the night wind. There was nothing to make him afraid—nothing; and so he walked to and fro securely, and thought, as he walked, of his stubborn niece, Eleanor, how she had refused to marry her lover, how she had defied *him*, how she had dared him to control her. But he *would* control her. She *should* marry her lover; she should be his tool to fulfil the contract he had made so many years ago with Victor Briancourt; and Sir Edward Ashby, as he said these last words to himself, shuddered fearfully again, and stopped his walk. But with the next words, he resumed it. "Yes—she should wed Morley, and then the contract would be fulfilled, and *he* should be safe—safe at last. Victor Briancourt would say so; he would give back that hateful paper, written and signed in blood. Ha! What was that?"

Again through the still apartment sighed that faint and awful moan; and he started, with the ejaculation of horror dying into silence on his white lips, his eyes fixed, his flesh creeping, every hair standing erect upon his head.

There was something that fell upon the floor before him with a dull, dead sound, causing him to spring back with an involuntary shriek. Then, as if moved by an invisible power, he crept forward, with his glance fascinated awfully by it. His tremulous fingers advanced to touch it—advanced by no volition of his own. A trance of agony enwrapt him. What was it that he clutched? Up before his eyes he held a small rusted dagger, with great splashes and stains of red upon its corroded blade. And even at that moment, on his own right hand there fell a single drop of human blood.

A horrible cry, a scream, a yell of agony, found its way from his laden breast. It pierced the ears of every man, rang through every corridor, penetrated to every corner of that vast old mansion. Not a soul was there from end to end of the house but shrunk appalled at the sound. They rushed from every side in one direction, servants and all. Straight to the library, from whence that awful sound had come, and there upon the floor lay the master of Ashby Place, as one dead.

It was strange, but no one saw anything of a dagger; no one remarked any stain of the sanguine drop that had sullied the hand of Sir Edward Ashby. And no one saw the dwarf, perched in a lofty, dark nook, at the very top of the book-shelves, beneath the ceiling.

CHAPTER XV.

WORKING OF A TROUBLED MIND.

It was a strange, almost inexplicable mystery. They talked of it in subdued whispers all over the house—of the strange and fearful shriek that had rung out upon the midnight air from the walls of the old library—a shriek so terrible that many believed it to have been uttered by no human voice, and of the death-like swoon in which Sir Edward had been found lying there upon the floor. Various were the surmises in regard to these things, but nothing definite or satisfactory could be learned. Among the domestics of the household, however, the general belief was that he had been visited by some ghostly apparition—some evil thing or other; for it was an incident most favorable to their love for the marvellous; and the fact of its having occurred at midnight added strength to this view of the affair.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that Victor Briancourt and his son were not those to enter into such a belief as this; but they held their peace, and allowed the people of the household to account for the occurrence as they pleased; for both allowed that there was a shadow of mystery in the affair.

They had carried him immediately to his chamber, and dispensing with all assistance from others, resorted to every means in their power to restore him. But their utmost efforts availed nothing, and finally it was found necessary to despatch a messenger for a medical man, who shortly arrived, in all haste, at Ashby.

The syncope into which the baronet was plunged, resisted, however, for an alarming length of time, every appliance of the physician's skill, and his grave countenance testified to the anxiety which he felt. Both Victor Briancourt and his son also gave undeniable evidence of uneasiness, as the time wore on, and the patient lay still in that deathlike state. Of more than uneasiness, if one looked closely; for upon the dark brow of each was stamped a gloomy, lowering shadow of almost unbearable suspense. In the heart of each there were hugged dearly cherished expectations that hung for fulfilment upon his life. They would crumble into dust if he should die now. He must live—he *must* live, they said to themselves; he *could* not die yet. And moment after moment they watched for hope in the physician's face, and moment after moment they grew more uneasy—more anxious.

And, meanwhile, the domestics were gathered together in the great kitchen of the mansion, talking of the affair in fearful whispers, and exchanging their various and ever-changing surmises concerning it, in low voices scarcely raised above a whisper, so strange a thing it seemed.

And in her own apartment, Eleanor sat with her maid, pretty Lucy Elmore, who went ever and anon to Sir Edward's valet for tidings concerning the state of his master, and then went back to Miss Ashby to report his answer, as dictated by the medical attendant. That Eleanor felt astonished and concerned at this sudden indisposition of her uncle, it is, perhaps, needless to say; but it was with solicitude that she thought of his dangerous state; but it was unaccompanied with that deep tenderness, that painful and affectionate anxiety, which she would naturally have experienced had he ever treated her with that kindness, ever manifested towards her that love which he should have extended to her, his ward and his niece. He had never taken any pains to endear himself to her; on the contrary, he had been cold, distant, reserved. She had never learned to love him, and now it was as if she had heard of the illness of a stranger, only that a stranger could not have treated her so harshly as he had treated her that evening. But she tried to forget this now.

In the apartment of the patient, the attendants still watched for some sign of returning life to animate the cold form before them. And at last, when the dawn was just beginning to steal up the eastern heavens, it came. Sir Edward Ashby was safe. But that was all. The tidings were sent out to those waiting of the household. But he was very weak, and it was only by the slowest degrees that full consciousness was restored to him. For a long time he was powerless to move or speak.

But he was safe. It was enough for Victor Briancourt and Morley. They were at ease once more. The medical attendant, after satisfying himself concerning his patient, and giving manifold directions concerning him, took his departure, promising to call again in the course of the morning.

And so the sun rose brightly over Ashby Place, and the day shone fair and beautiful, but softly fell its beams into that quiet chamber through the draperied casements. And slowly Sir Edward Ashby's faculties returned to him. He lay there, gradually and painfully collecting his perceptions and his recollections; and the two—the father and son—watched for him to speak. But it was a long time ere he did so. Once or twice his glance was turned to their faces, rested there a moment, and was withdrawn,

to remain fixed for a longer time upon some other object, with an expression of one endeavoring to realize his own situation, and seeking to recall things past.

By-and-by a sudden flash lighted up his eyes; a strong and fearful shudder ran through his frame. He closed his eyes with a quick and agonized contraction of the brow, a spasmodic convulsion of the features. Victor Briancourt touched his son's arm warningly, and bent forward. Suddenly Sir Edward re-opened his eyes, and looked up to meet the gaze of his friend.

"Victor," he said, in a sharp whisper,—"Victor, that dagger—where is it?"

A faint flush rose to Mr. Briancourt's forehead. He thought the sick man insane. He cast a quick, meaning glance towards his son; then answered soothingly to Sir Edward:

"My dear Ashby, you must be perfectly quiet. Presently I will tell you everything you wish to know."

"No, no!" uttered the baronet, shuddering again; "I must know now—this instant. Victor—Morley," and he turned his gaze from one to the other of them, "tell me—ah! but I forgot: you were not there; you did not see it. But it must be there now. Go, get it and hide it—quick!"

Morley Briancourt looked at his father.

"He is not wandering," he said; "he knows us, you see. What, then—"

"Wandering?" echoed Sir Edward, catching the word,—"wandering? No! I am as sane as you, Morley Briancourt. Don't think me mad. But that—the dagger!" and he glanced with shivering fear from the son to the father,—"the dagger! How did it come? Victor, tell me. And the blood on my hand; you have washed it off—have you not? you did not let it be seen, eh?"

"Ashby, you have been dreaming, that is all. Try to forget the dream, and think of something pleasanter," said Victor Briancourt.

"Victor," uttered the baronet, struggling suddenly to rise, and resting, with trembling frame, upon his arm, while he spoke with tremulous energy, "I tell you it was no dream! I stood there in the library, and that dagger fell to the floor before me! That was human blood that fell on my hand—the blood of—" He paused and writhed in agony. "O, Victor," he exclaimed, "I tell you again it was no dream! It was too horrible—too real! I saw that dagger as plainly as I see you now. I felt that warm blood fall upon my hand. I shrieked aloud. O, it could not have been a dream!"

He sank back, and covered his face with his hands, quivering in every limb with excitement. Mr. Briancourt grew pale; he looked alarmed at Sir Edward's agitation, yet perplexed by his earnest and impressive words. He thought rapidly a moment; then turned to Morley, saying, in a low voice: "I see it all now. He was dwelling on dangerous subjects, last evening. He nursed his own morbid fancies until he gave way to their power in insensibility. They must indeed have been awful, for him to retain their impression still."

Then addressing the still shuddering baronet once more, he endeavored to persuade him of the extravagance of his belief in the reality of what had been only fancy. He declared to him that nothing like a dagger had been visible on their reaching him—that there had been not the shadow of a stain upon his hands. Morley corroborated his father's evidence in the strongest terms of assurance; and their combined assertions at length quieted Sir Edward, and induced him to believe that the cause of his illness was really nothing more than his own fancies. And finally the baronet yielded.

A nervous shock, such as he had endured, would have been productive, in the case of many another man, of the most alarming results. In that of Sir Edward, it happened that, beyond its first effects, he experienced from it no serious consequences. He continued very weak during the day, but at evening he came forth from his chamber, leaning on the arm of Mr. Briancourt. His countenance was extremely pale, but possessed, in a great degree, its usual cold, unmoved expression, and he conversed with his guests with his old self-possession. Striving to forget the events of the preceding night, he endeavored to regard them only as a vision of his own distorted fancy, which Victor Briancourt and his son also believed them to have been; and horrible as they had been, he felt the necessity of banishing them, and not allowing them to deter him from giving his attention to affairs which at present demanded it.

These affairs were connected with the rebellion of Eleanor. Sir Edward did not leave his room until after the usual dinner hour, and then he found Miss Ashby seated at her embroidery in the drawing-room; for she had not, according to his orders, confined herself to her own apartment that day. He scarcely replied to her respectful inquiry for his health; but with chilling harshness, intimated to her that obedience to his commands would not be unbecoming in her, and ordered her instantly to retire to her room, and remain there until he recalled her.

Eleanor's cheek flushed for a moment, and her spirit rose in defiance of this unwarranted authority; but she would not willingly thwart him, and rouse him into an excitement that might prove dangerous to him, ill as he had been. Therefore, she retired in silence; but it was with a heart throbbing with sorrow and indignation.

As it happened, Lucy Elmore was passing the drawing-room door at the moment; and sympathy and anger were stamped upon her countenance, as she heard Sir Edward's harsh orders, and witnessed the voluntary obedience of her mistress. She paused on the great staircase till Miss Ashby reached her, and then said, earnestly:

"Dear Miss Eleanor, how can you submit so quietly? It is wicked in him!"

"Hush—hush, dear Lucy," said Eleanor, kindly, endeavoring to repress her own tumultuous feelings; "you must remember he is my uncle."

"I do remember it," answered Lucy, humbly,—"I do remember it. But for all that," and the tears rushed down her cheeks, "I can't forget how overbearing he is. I declare, if you were not here, nothing should tempt me to stay here another hour. I wish you would go away, Miss Eleanor, and take me with you."

"O, Lucy, I wish I could!" uttered Miss Ashby, passionately, the tears springing to her own eyes.

At that moment, as they reached the stairhead, Lucy touched Miss Ashby's arm quickly, with a sudden start, as if something had alarmed her; but motioning for silence, passed hastily along the hall to Eleanor's chamber.

"Lucy, what was it—what startled you?" asked Miss Ashby, in a tone of surprise, as they stood within the apartment, and the door was closed behind them.

"O, did you not see, Miss Eleanor?" uttered the girl, eagerly. "It was Mr. Morley Briancourt. He heard what we were saying. Didn't you see him gliding so silently into that niche on the landing till we passed? I dare say he is going down stairs this moment."

Quick as a flash, Eleanor threw open the door. Yes—there he was, gliding stealthily down the hall stairs. He *had* heard the remarks of the two, as they came up stairs, while he was passing along the hall, and had concealed himself, as Lucy saw, not only that they might not believe themselves overheard, but also for the mean purpose of overhearing the continuance of their conversation.

"Aha!" he said to himself, as he stole out from his concealment, and down to the library, without dreaming that he had been seen, "so my pretty bird would escape—would she? Well, we must clip her wings—we must clip her wings! And that pretty little maid must be disposed of forthwith, or we shall have trouble. Sir Edward shall know of this." And he entered the library. But nobody was there, and he proceeded to the drawing-room, where a conference ensued between the three, lasting a long time.

"So he heard, did he?" said Eleanor Ashby, indignantly. "Well, never mind, Lucy,—never mind. Let them know it. For O I *do* wish I were safe hence!"

She gave way to the intensity of her feelings in tears; and Lucy, poor girl, wept with her; for she had been Eleanor's own foster sister, and Eleanor's troubles, which had never been concealed from her, were as her own.

It was late when Eleanor retired; and not until her mistress was prepared for repose, would the faithful Lucy betake herself to her own couch in the ante-room. Then tears were on the cheeks of both.

It was late the next morning when Miss Ashby awoke; for notwithstanding her troubles, she had slept the sound and peaceful slumber of youth. Lucy was not yet awake, but she started from sleep at the sound of her mistress's voice, and dressing with alacrity, proceeded to attend to Miss Ashby's toilet.

Eleanor was unusually thoughtful. During the whole time she was engaged in dressing, she was debating the question of obedience or disobedience to her uncle. "Shall I keep my room, as he bids me do?" she said. And then she asked herself: "What right has he to imprison me? Shall I yield?"

"Dear Miss Eleanor," said Lucy, "you do not mean to stay in here all day, do you? I had forgotten till this instant about what Sir Edward said last night. I slept so soundly that it all went out of my head. But you did not forget it, I dare say?"

"No indeed, Lucy," said Eleanor, sadly,—"no indeed. But I am sure I do not know what to do."

"O, I would go out—I am sure I would go out!" replied Lucy, earnestly. "I think you ought to go, indeed, dear Miss Eleanor; for if you stay in until he bids you go, I am afraid you will not go soon, and to be deprived of exercise in the open air would soon make you ill, for you are out so much generally."

She turned, as she ceased speaking, to leave the room on an errand for her mistress; but what was her astonishment to find that she could not open the door, although she had withdrawn the bolt!

"Let me try, Lucy,—let me try," said Miss Ashby, coming forward. "It is difficult to unclose, sometimes. I think I can open it."

But the first effort convinced her of her inability to do so, for the door was locked on the outside. This was clipping the bird's wings, indeed. Indignation and astonishment were depicted on Eleanor's face.

"A prisoner in my own apartment!" she exclaimed. "Has it come to this? Why, then, indeed, I *will* be free!"

"O, there is Harry Longworth!" said Lucy, looking from the window. "Shall I speak to him, dear Miss Eleanor?"

"Yes. Tell him to come up. He can undo the outside bolt, Lucy," answered Miss Ashby.

There was no one else in sight. Harry Longworth heard Lucy's call, and coming below the casement, heard with indignation that Miss Eleanor and she herself were both fastened in their room. Instantly he ran into the house.

"Now, Miss Eleanor," said Lucy, joyfully,—"now we shall get out!"

But the captives were doomed to disappointment. Scarce had Harry Longworth reached the corridor leading through the wing where Miss Ashby's apartments were, when he suddenly found Sir Edward Ashby standing by his side. And Eleanor and her maid, from their new-made prison, heard him say, "Go down stairs, sir, and henceforth meddle not with my affairs. *Go!*"

Harry hesitated a moment, his stout young frame thrilling with indignation. Then he turned away, saying to himself, "I go, my master, but I shall come again at a better time."

In five minutes more, Sir Edward's valet was stationed at the door, to guard it, and Will Humphries set to watch in another place. Then Sir Edward went down stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TURKISH PEOPLE.

I have frequently noticed Turkish boys as beautiful as Astyanax. Ottoman children of both sexes are indeed remarkable for the sweetness and dignity of their behaviour. The latter arises from being brought up in the harem. The father takes no part or apparent interest in their education, and the young mind is left entirely to the sweet influences of maternal love, which is usually strong in Oriental society, from the fact that female life is confined to a narrow and exclusive sphere. Filial and maternal affection, retained throughout life and touchingly manifested on all occasions, is the result of this training. From the strong admixture of Circassian blood, and to a limited extent that of the Greeks, the Turkish is the most perfect type of the human race. Freedom from excitement, political or moral, exemption from the corroding cares of business, and that happy alliance of movement and repose in the open air which the Turk so much loves, conduce to the development of manly beauty, and are highly favorable to longevity. The Moslems, among whom I move, are silent and statuesque, men of the graceful beard, and flowing robe of the Orientals, combine the dignified bearing of an ancient Athenian with the majestic gravity of a senator of Rome. The confined and fretful life of the harem is, on the contrary, destructive to female charms. Married at the age of twelve or fifteen years, Turkish ladies become ugly at twenty-five, unendurable at forty. Their mode of dress also seems to render the beautiful less beautiful, the uncomely more uncomely. Their unangelic way of sitting cross-armed and cross-legged on the bosom of mother earth, after the manner of their lords, gives them distorted spinal columns, round shoulders, while the universal habit of smoking contributes to convert the rich tints of Circassian beauty into the shallow wrinkles of premature age.—*Correspondent of the New York Herald.*

TUNNELS.

The United States have 67 tunnels on canals and railways, the longest of which is about one mile.—England has 48 canal tunnels of an aggregate length of 40 miles; the largest being over three miles, on the Huddersfield Canal. She has also 79 railway tunnels, 49 of which amount to 33 miles, the longest being three miles.—The largest tunnel of which I can find a record is one in the district of Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its length is variously stated at from 10 1-2 to 11 1-2 miles. It is used to drain an extensive series of mines, and also for the transportation of ore on railway cars.—In France, there are 56 tunnels on railways, eight on canals, 36 of which are an aggregate length of 54-4 miles. The largest of small size is 7-45 miles, and that of large dimensions 3-5 miles. The Ronen and Havre road has eight tunnels; Paris and Lyons also eight.—On the German railways are ten tunnels. The great "Gallerie d'ecoulement" of the Clausthal mines, through the Hartz Mountains, is 6-5 miles long. It was commenced in 1777, and completed in 1800 (twenty-three years), and cost a little more than $350,000. Some authorities state this tunnel to be 7-5 miles long.—In Sardinia, there is a tunnel two miles long, through Mount Giovi, on the Genoa and Turin railway. On this road, in 25 miles through the Appenines, are nine tunnels.—In Mexico, there is a tunnel 21,659 feet in length, named Nochistongo, constructed at Lake Tumpango, in Mexico, to drain the lakes in the valley.—*Capt. G. B. McClellan, Corps Engineers, U. S.*

A "ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE."

By the death of the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Edmund Lyons becomes father of the present premier duchess of England. The "romance of the peerage" has few prettier chapters than this. The young Earl of Arundel and Surrey was travelling in Greece, when he was attacked by fever, and his life was despaired of. He was removed to the house of the British minister, Sir Edmund Lyons, at Athens, when a "ministering angel," in the person of Sir Edmund's fair daughter, became his nurse, and, by her devoted attentions, was believed to have saved the life of the young heir of the oldest ducal house in England, at the hazard of her own. The gratitude of the young earl to his fair preserver took the usual shape; but, as soon as Sir Edmund Lyons found reason to suspect what was going on, he wrote to the earl's father, informing him of his son's convalescence, and begging that he might be removed, since he knew that his daughter had no pretensions to mate with such illustrious lineage. Sir Edmund's letter displayed so much honorable feeling, and the young man's attachment seemed so insurmountable, that the consent of the parents was obtained. They were married, and "they lived happily ever after," as the story books say.—*Liverpool Mail.*

COMMERCE.

What has commerce done for the world, that its history should be explored, its philosophy illustrated, its claim advanced among the influences which impel civilization? It has enabled man to avail himself of the peculiarities of climate or position, to make that division of labor which tends to equalize society, to distribute the productions of earth, and to teach the benefit of kindly dependence. It unites distant branches of the human family, cultivates the relation between them, encourages an interest in each other, and promotes that brotherly feeling which is the strongest guaranty of permanent friendship. People differing in creed, in language, in dress, in customs, are brought in contact, to find how much there is universal to them all, and to improve their condition by supplying the wants of one from the abundance of the other. The friendly intercourse created by commerce is slowly but surely revolutionizing the earth. There was a time when man met only on the field of battle, and there was but one name for stranger and enemy. Now, wherever a ship can float, the various emblems of sovereignty intermingle in harmony, and the sons of commerce, the wide world through, in consulting their own interests, advance the cause of humanity and peace.—*G. R. Russell.*

MOUNTAINS.

Mountains are to the rest of the earth what muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountains, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion and strength; the plains and lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame when the muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath its lines of beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action—that of the lowlands repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs—with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads—lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying, "I live forever!"—*Ruskin.*

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

This is one of the very best and most popular pictures of the Scotch Wilkie. The scene lies in the interior of a farmer's cottage, which, though plainly furnished, exhibits every attribute of comfort. There is the old-fashioned chimney-place and smoke-jack, the high plate rack and the substantial dresser. While one of the girls is holding a candle, the good man, by a simple combination of his fingers, projects the shadow of a rabbit on the wall so perfectly that the baby in the arms of the mother is dancing with delight as she recognizes the imitation. Who has not been a spectator of such domestic exhibitions which have cost nothing but good will and good humor? who has not been by turns actor and spectator! It is by means of such sports that the hearth has a charm for infancy; that it becomes the theatre for pleasures and affections; that it creates charming memories destined to adorn, like so many graceful pictures, the family interior, and render it forever dear to us. Such amusements are, moreover, a revelation of habit; they testify the solicitude of the father for his children, the need he has of their joy, his aptitude to make himself small to approach their size, his complaisance to retrace the path of life to begin to feel again with them. It is the proof of an ingenuous and complaisant affection, as all sincere affections are. The stooping of the man to the child has something touching in it. We love this subjection of strength to weakness, this humility of him who knows much in the presence of him who knows nothing. "I always distrust the man," says Rousseau, "who loves neither children nor flowers." It is, in fact, by sympathy with these graceful inferiors that one betrays his instincts. The anecdote of Henry IV. going on all fours to amuse his children at the moment an ambassador was introduced, and asking leave to finish the tour of the room, has proved more in favor of his goodness of heart than twenty political acts justly praised by history. The pleasures offered by the world are often transitory—sometimes fatal, almost always enervating; those of the family, on the contrary, strengthen and renew themselves, for we do not borrow them from others, but from ourselves; their source is not in painful efforts, but in our character, which they serve to develop.



THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

RETURN FROM THE BEACH.

The sun has sunk in the west over the far horizon, leaving a few light clouds to drift over the concave arch of heaven; the cool air of evening wafts those cool and invigorating odors ever rising from the deep; the ebbing tide has left a broad expanse of sea shore, level and smooth as a ball-room floor, except that here and there are drifts of seaweed, intermingled with curious aquatic shells, and now and then a crustaceous animal not swept away by the retiring tide. Here and there, too, the channelled rocks break the monotony of the sea beach. In front, a fisherman's wife who has just been down to the fishing-boat, is pacing her way home, barefooted, with her youngest child upon her back; beside her an elder girl is bearing home a portion of the scaly spoils. The attention of the little group is attracted to the action of a spaniel who has made a point at a crab, without appearing particularly anxious to attack an animal which is amply provided with the means of self-defence. In the distance the clumsy and stout-built fishing boat is discharging its freight, partly into a horse cart, and partly into the fisherwoman's baskets. A toilsome life indeed is that led by the fishermen and their families. Exposed to all weathers and to all vicissitudes, liable at any moment to wreck, their success and their remuneration are precarious. But to the men there is the charm of adventure in the life they lead. If they are exposed to danger, there is the excitement of meeting and overcoming it by skill and resolution. The mariner finds the same sort of fascination in the management of his bark that the Arab does in the guidance of his trained charger, and many of them, we are convinced, would find less real enjoyment in a quiet life on shore than in the amphibious career to which destiny has assigned them. Then the charms of home seem doubly bright from a temporary deprivation of them; the welcome is warmer in proportion to the dangers that preceded it. But with the women the case is different. Their hearts are tried by these repeated absences of those they love—husbands, sons, brothers and lovers. They feel the constant pressure and imminence of danger without any of the excitement called forth to meet it, and their nights oft are those of anxious watching.



RETURNING FROM THE BEACH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY MRS. J. C. F——.

Forbear! for one word more may crush
The weary, aching heart;
You know not what has been the cost
To bear its bitter part.
Perhaps the world has darkly frowned,
And marred hope's blooming flower;
Then kindly speak one gentle word,
'Twill have a magic power.

Perhaps no ray of love has fallen,
To light her darkened way;
No soothing word to bring her back,
When she was wont to stray.
As dewdrops to the drooping flower
Restore its bloom again.
So gentle words will soon relieve
The heart of half its pain.

If thine has been a happy lot,
No clouds thy life o'ercast,
Chide not the hapless, erring one,
Whose days of joy are past;
With smiles unite the links of love,
That rudely have been riven,
And be the first to guide him to
The path that leads to heaven.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EAST-INDIAMAN.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"Mr. Dale, you remember that you promised, sometime, to tell me your own story."

"Yes, Johnson; and as all seems quiet, and you have Williams on the lookout, I will give it you before I go below. It is a short story, and soon told. My father, when yet a young man, was a merchant of good property in Boston, and married a beautiful girl of poor family, to whom he had been engaged for several years. In this, he was thought not to have acted wisely, as he might easily have formed a wealthy and influential alliance. But at all events, he did rightly in keeping his troth, and in his life he received the reward of his truth, for he never knew unhappiness till, in an evil hour, his chief clerk, in whom he had placed the utmost confidence, was carried away by temptation, and decamped with a large amount of his employer's money. The loss coming at a moment of great commercial depression, proved the pecuniary ruin of my father. He bore up well against misfortune, for in the love of my mother and the esteem of his friends (among whom were numbered his many creditors), he found all the consolation which this world could give. Nevertheless, something was to be done for the support of his little family, and impatient of dallying with necessity, he accepted a supercargo's berth on board an African trader; not a slaver, or in any way connected with that trade—for he would have abhorred the very idea. When the ship returned, it brought the news of his death on the Guinea coast. My mother did not long survive. My brother and myself found for a few months a second home. But we were then cast adrift once more, and when I was fifteen, made our first, and poor Bob's only voyage at sea. My brother is dead, and that same sea has long been to me both father and mother.

"So there you have the whole of it, my friend; and now I must leave you, and get a bit of sleep. I need not tell an old sailor like yourself, the need of a sharp eye and a ready hand."

And now the Fire-fly, guarded only by Johnson, and Williams the midshipman, sped through the silent night, bearing its freight of desperate and blood-stained prisoners. The Fire-fly, a fast sailing schooner somewhat noted in the slave trade, had been captured two days previous, by the brig Richmond, the second lieutenant of which was placed in command of the prize. The crew afforded him was glaringly insufficient; and out of his three or four companions, only one could be depended on for aught beyond mere straight forward courage. This one was our friend Johnson; a hardy seaman, who, several years the senior of Dale, had been shipmate with the latter since the commencement of his naval career.

Hours passed on. The little lamp swung slowly from side to side, and its dim light scarce illumined the murky atmosphere of the Fire-fly's cabin. There were but four berths in the cramped apartment, and in one of these lay the anxious and watch-worn master of the craft. Presently a tall form crept noiselessly down the companion-way and approached the sleeper.

"Mr. Dale!"

It was in the lowest whisper, yet the lieutenant instantly waked.

"Well, Johnson?"

"Sorry to disturb you, sir; but s'pose I must tell you that some of those villains for'ard seem a little uneasy like. 'Feard there's mischief brewing, sir."

With a sigh for the luxury of sleep denied, Dale stood once more on the cabin floor. He had turned in without removing a single garment, and his first motion was to take a brace of pistols from the breast of his jacket.

"Look out for the deck, Johnson," he said; "I will wake Peters. Tell Williams to fire on the first who shows his head out of the forecastle without permission. If you want me, strike twice on deck."

Johnson nodded obedience, and disappeared on deck. The master approached the sole remaining slumberer and shook him lightly by the arm.

"Come, Juanita!" exclaimed the dreamer, pettishly—"none of your pinching, or—"

"Here, you dead-head!" whispered the lieutenant, "you are in Fayal, are you? You'll find your mistake, if you are not out of this quickly! Curse the frigate! Must they give me a crew of four to manage these devils, and but one man out of the whole?"

Half a dozen loaded muskets stood in readiness by the gangway, and the middy, roused up by main force, stood on the steps just below Lieutenant Dale, who, near their head, remained watching the aspect of matters on deck. For a moment or two all was perfectly quiet then, and the young commander had almost concluded the warning of Johnson to be a premature one, when he caught the sound of a single voice at the fore-hatch. It was answered gruffly by the middy, Williams, retorting the commands of his master. Dale hearkened for a moment, but all was still. The lieutenant turned to his attendant.

"Peters," said he, "there's work before us. If I had caught but the wind of an oath, I should have been content. But as it is—hand me one of those muskets and bring the rest to the main-hatch. Be lively now. The main-hatch for *you*."

At the sound of fire-arms forward, Dale was in the waist, and at scarcely more than a bound was by the side of Johnson and Williams, who, having got the hatch hauled over, were pressing it down to its fastenings, although their efforts were hardly adequate against the upheaving of the mass below. It was secured, however, and Dale retired to the quarter deck, bidding Peters, as he passed, to "haul taut on his eyelids," if he desired to fall in with Juanita once more. A glance into the binnacle and a look aloft.

"Wind son'-west and a half-breeze: well, it might be worse," soliloquized the youthful commander; "two or three days will bring us well up to Cape Vincent, and then good-by to all our troubles."

A stifled noise below him for a second transfixed him to the spot. With forefinger mechanically uplifted, he listened for the repetition of the sound. It came once more—a dim, dull grating.

"Good heaven!" was the instant thought, "they are sawing through the bulkhead into the cabin!"

He knew that not a moment was to be lost, and accordingly, with quick but noiseless foot, lowered himself down the companion way. Midway down the steps—unlucky chance—lay some object unseen in the dim light of the cabin, and the foot of Dale pressing thereon, lost its hold. The crash with which he brought himself up, as once alarmed the foe. With a loud shout, the quick blows of an axe told heavily on the maimed wood, and hardly had the lieutenant time to deliver his fire, before, leaping through the disjointed partition, a dozen men threw themselves upon him. In an instant he was down. Then a sturdy voice rang through the smoky tumult, and Johnson was at his side. Cutting right and left, thrusting and crowding, the hardy tar bravely seconded the efforts of his superior, and three of their opponents already lay beneath their feet—then a sudden sickness blinded Dale, and he knew no more, till sustained by his sturdy mate, he found himself leaning against the lee bulwarks. A crowd of ruffians encompassed him, and in the darkness he was scarce able to mark the conflicting passions which seemed to sway the conquerors.

"Toss them over!" cried a deep, hoarse voice. "Pietro and Varnum are food for sharks, and why not these flash geatry? Over with 'em then!"

"Fall back, men—fall back!" replied a brawny, dark-skinned man, who now pushed forward in front of the angry group. "No violence, no violence! softly and coolly! Besides, if you will have man for man, why even help the sea-lawyers to yonder two gentlemen who are lying asleep on the main-hatch."

At a sign from their leader, two or three fellows dragged the dead bodies of the two midshipmen to the side of the vessel. Dale's blood ran cold at the sight of their mangled and gory forms.

"You see, your honor," continued the speaker, addressing Dale, with an insulting sneer, "these gentlemen have got very sound asleep in their watch. Don't you think a dip would learn 'em better manners for the future? His honor says ay—over with 'em, boys," he added, to his grinning comrades.

And the next instant the corpses of Peters and Williams plashed heavily in the water alongside. The boat was now ordered to be lowered, and the lieutenant and his companion were obliged to enter. The painter was about being cast off, when Dale ventured to inquire for provision and a boat compass.

"Excuse us, captain," replied the former speaker, "we are bound on a long cruise, and it would really be inconvenient to spare anything at this time. I would suggest that *one of you provision the other*. I have tried it myself in times past, and found it to work capitally! Anything further, your honor?"

"Cast off!"

"Hola! Qui va la?"

Johnson rubbed his eyes and raised himself in the boat; while the lieutenant still continued insensible from hunger and the weakness caused by his wounds. They were close aboard a large merchant ship, whose bulwarks were lined with gazers. An officer in half uniform, standing in the mizzen shrouds, repeated the hail.

"Hola! mes hommes, qu' etes vous?"

Johnson was just able to articulate through his parched lips:

"American."

"Pauvres hommes, pauvres hommes! oui—yes: Americain: vait mes braves, till I vill send to you un batteau."

More dead than alive, the famished men were borne on board the Josephine, and into her spacious cabin—one of the state rooms of which was appropriated to their use.

It was two or three days before Dale was suffered to leave his bed and mingle with the other occupants of the cabin. Among these, he found a young man (somewhat older than himself), who was returning from India, where he had been a partner in a wealthy house, with the purpose of establishing a connecting house in France. John Morland had been a schoolmate, though not a very congenial one, of Dale. However, Morland seemed glad to meet an old acquaintance, and undertook the task of making him *au fait* with his fellow-passengers. There was Monsieur de Bernis, returning from his travels. There were two sallow-faced, rather gentlemanly-looking men, who were attached to the great house of Antoine, Bartun & Brothers, of Marseilles. Last, but most important of all, Morland whispered that Monsieur Guillaume Moran, the heavily built man, with dark, bilious skin and beetling eyebrows, had been in former years governor of the island of Timea, and was now returning to France with the reputation of immense wealth. He was accompanied by his daughter, a girl of sixteen.

All this seemed to Dale rather an uninteresting inventory. But when, at the table, he met Adele Moran, one of the most beautiful creatures who ever grew up in the sunny luxuriance of the tropics, he was quickly forced to alter his opinion. Dale was impressed with her beauty at first sight, and the charms of her wit and sensibility ere long completed his enchainment.

The Josephine had hitherto enjoyed a prosperous voyage. But on the third day of his being about, Dale, going on deck, perceived the approaching change. The light sails were already in, and the master was looking to leeward with an anxious eye. Following the direction of his gaze, Dale saw the cause of this preparation. Well up from the horizon, but far astern and out of the line of their course, he marked a nucleus of vapor, hardly to be distinguished by a landsman even when his eye was directed full upon it. But Dale well understood the tempest which was coming on. The waves rose and fell with a tremulous motion. The vaporous cloud increased in size and peculiarity of tint, and as the quickly uttered orders of the master were obeyed in unwonted silence, the hearts of all seemed depressed by the thick atmosphere.

Scarcely had all been made secure, when the sea lifted in fiery foam, and then the whirlwind swept over the watery and snow-white level. The Josephine careened to her rail. The fore-to'-gallant-mast snapped like a pipe-stem. The next instant, as a racer gathering every limb for the course, she rose and with a mad bound leaped on her way. For half an hour Dale buffeted the storm—then he pushed back the slide and entered the companion-way. Hardly had his foot left the deck when the ship lurched; a single cry—the rush of water—and then a sharp, sudden pause. As quickly as he could, Dale got on deck and ran to the wheel. The decks were full of water—no one on the quarter. With all his strength at the wheel, Dale succeeded in getting it a-starboard, singing out at the top of his voice:

"Haul aft the lee fore-braces! Haul for your lives, men!"

The order was obeyed. There was a moment of doubt. Then the groaning ship gradually came in command, and swept forward before the wind.

At length, however, the tempest spent its fury. As soon as it had sufficiently abated, Dale turned his attention to the state of the vessel. The Josephine had lost her fore-to'-gallant mast and a few booms. No other damage had been done, for the ship was thoroughly built and almost new; and as soon as the water had been pumped out, was proved perfectly sound. And now that the most imminent peril had passed, Dale saw that his authority was no longer to be allowed—for presently, on giving some new direction, the second mate came aft.

"Ah, my fine sir," he said, with an insolent air, "perhaps you think yourself really the master. But I'll have you to know it is my turn, now that Captain Victor and his mate are gone."

"It's a wonder you did not ask for the post before," said Dale, with a contemptuous glance at the speaker. "However, I am perfectly willing to resign my honors even now."

A week had passed of calms and head winds; things which at any other time would have been quite unacceptable, but which were now even agreeable to Dale. As long as he could breathe the same air with the beautiful East Indian, appropriating now and then a smile or a kind word, the young lieutenant seemed quite reckless of wind and weather. As for the rest, the large part which he had held in the preservation of the ship, established him in the favor of his companions. Even the black-browed M. Moran relaxed from the cold demeanor he had hitherto maintained. For some reason, however, the lukewarm friendship which had been maintained between Dale and Morland, had given place to growing constraint and dislike on both sides.

The sun had gone down. The cool even set in, and the lieutenant came on deck to enjoy the night air. He was leaning against the round house, listlessly gazing out upon the sea, when the rustle of a dress caught his ear.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Moran, is it you?"

"Yes, monsieur; it is so pleasant that I cannot be confined below. How soft and refreshing is the air!"

"Yes, mademoiselle! If all sea-going were like this, a sailor's life would be pastime indeed."

Adele made no rejoinder, but after a short pause, turned with a timid and embarrassed air to the young lieutenant.

"Do you know, my friend, that I have been impressed—I know that I am very foolish to give way to such feelings—but I have felt that some great danger impended over us. I cannot help it—yet I am not superstitious; neither am I often given to presentiments. They say it is all folly, cowardice, they would say, I suppose. But you sailors; you are brave, used to hardship and danger; and yet you sometimes have such feelings, do you not?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; yes. The thing often happens; the bravest are oftimes touched by the shadow of coming evil. I have seen those who never had met danger but with merriment, grow pale with incomprehensible foreboding. But forgive me, mademoiselle, I alarm you: you will readily perceive that these things are not to be depended upon. Nor should I have spoken so gravely, had not your words called up a sad event in my own life."

"Ah, monsieur; and that?"

"The death of my brother."

"At sea, monsieur?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. And since I have said so much, I will say more. We were orphans—cast on the world with none to rely on save Providence and ourselves. But our parents had bestowed on us a good education and an honest example, and these were no small matters. Well, not long after they died, we shipped on board a Sicily-bound ship. Our fellows were not hard-hearted, but they were rough and rude, and we were all the world to each other. On our voyage back, my brother Robert, who had become quite a sailor, attracted the admiration of all by his agility and cheerful demeanor; and all went well till one night when I found him sitting on his chest, with the signs of sadness visible in his countenance. I asked the cause of his dejection.

"'I hardly know myself,' he replied. 'There's something weighing on me that I cannot get rid of. Let us shake hands, Charley. You have always been a good brother to me, and if anything should happen, don't forget poor Robert.'

"For an instant his manner overcame me; but recovering myself, I attempted to rally him out of his low spirits, but without success, however. As we belonged to separate watches, I was soon called from his side. During the night a gale sprang up. Toward morn, Robert, with five others, was on the foreyard, when a sudden squall struck the ship and three of the number were lost overboard. My brother was among them, and I never saw him more."

"Ah, *quelle pitie!*" exclaimed Adele, as Dale finished his narration; then, looking at her companion, with a charming sympathy depicted in her countenance, she added: "And I also have neither brother nor sister. Ah, if I had only a brother like yourself, what joy it would be—and then—"

Their eyes met, and Adele, as if with some sudden thought, flushed deeply—her eyes fell.

"And then?"

Adele turned pale and averted her head. Dale felt a strange throbbing of the heart, and hardly conscious of what he did, he pressed the taper hand of Adele within his own.

"Adele! I love you! Not indeed with a brother's love, but with a love far stronger and more enduring. Will you pardon me? Nay, will you—*can* you return it in any degree?"

The bosom of the maiden swelled with a suppressed sigh. She raised her eyes to meet the glance of her companion. Then quickly withdrawing them, with a sudden cry she snatched her hand from his grasp. Dale followed the direction of her gaze, and saw Morland standing a short distance off, his features distorted with cowardly malice. Meeting the menacing look of the young officer, the intruder retreated to the companion way. Assured of his departure, Adele trembled and fell to weeping, while Dale, supporting her with his arm, gently reproved her agitation. Then it was that he learned, to his surprise and dismay, that Morland, who had in the course of business acquired great wealth, some months since had made suit for, and received the promise of her hand from her father; this, too, in spite of her unconcealed dislike, and the rebuffs which his attentions had received from herself. The utmost that her remonstrances could effect, was the present postponement of the marriage, which she was assured was irrevocably determined.

"You know not the bitter antipathy I have against him," continued Adele, with a passionate earnestness. "But it is said—and I know but too well, what will be the end of my happiness. So cowardly in spirit too, as he is. So smooth-tongued in your presence, did you but know with what slanders he assails you behind your back!"

"Silence!" exclaimed a deep voice.

It was M. Moran, who, darkly frowning, drew his daughter's arm within his own.

"As for you," said he, addressing Dale, "I have only to remark that the less frequently you intrude your companionship on myself or my daughter, the more agreeable to me will be your conduct."

Marking the sudden glance of entreaty which Adele threw upon him, Dale refrained from a reply. M. Moran was evidently disappointed—for, bending his thick brows over his eyes, he shot a fiery look at the young man and again addressed him:

"Your effrontery is but of a piece with the rest of your character. Do not deceive yourself into the belief that I cannot read that character truly."

Our young lieutenant had need of his utmost self-control, so insulting was the tone in which these words were conveyed. So steady and concentrated was the gaze with which he returned the overbearing regard of M. Moran, that the latter involuntarily yielded; and biting his lip in anger, retired with his daughter on his arm.

"So," thought Dale, "the enemy has been at work. My friend Morland, finding me his antagonist in love, has set himself at his school boy tricks once more. It is by *his* aid that M. Moran has been enabled to read my character *so truly*. Ah, I must have a care; for meanness and cunning are at all times dangerous foes."

The clear, bright star-light illumining the waters, soothed the tumult of his thoughts, and disposed him to dreamy reveries. But from this forgetfulness he was aroused by the distant gleam of canvass. Springing at once into the mizzen rigging he was able to distinguish, about four miles off, perhaps, and a little forward of the starboard beam, a felucca which appeared to be ranging down upon them. Still further north, and apparently more distant, was presently seen another. Dale watched their motions with intense interest, and then silently swung himself on deck. As his foot touched the planks, he was accosted by the second mate:

"What do you make them?"

"Pirates!" said the lieutenant, looking full in the face of his interrogator. "It might puzzle you to understand fully the signs by which I judge—but I am as well assured of their character as if they were already aboard of us."

The man turned pale, and nervously inquired what was to be done.

"We must fight them," said Dale. "But in the meantime we must put about and make a run, in order to gain time and to separate the enemy as far as possible!"

"But is there no chance for escape?" exclaimed the terrified man, already completely cowed by the approach of danger.

"None. Knowing the speed of these vessels, I can tell you that, with no more wind than we now have, we could as well outsail our fates."

"We are lost then!" exclaimed his companion.

"Not so!" replied Dale, in a cheerful voice, although his heart chilled at the thought of Adele and the peril to which she would soon be exposed. "Not so. I have been in worse straits than these, and got off safe, too. But pardon me, my friend—I suppose it is not your trade to manœuvre a fighting ship. It *is* mine: and it is nothing against your own ability to say that I can doubtless carry on such business better than yourself. Are you willing to try my skill, and put the command, for the time being, in my hands?"

"With all my heart," replied the mate, whose swaggering air had now altogether vanished. "Get us out of this trouble, and I'll grant you master of your trade."

In obedience to her helm, the Josephine fell off from her former course. Instantly sail gathered on the strange craft, as they bore in chase. The case was now clear. The command was at once yielded into the hands of Dale, who issued his orders with a calm confidence which went far to inspire a like feeling in the dejected crew. As soon as all necessary dispositions had been made alow and aloft, the crew and male passengers were mustered, the small arms delivered, and each assigned his proper place and duty. The ship's guns, four in number, were placed in the hands of their appointed crews, who, for a short time, were exercised in pantomimic warfare.

All this while the pursuers were rapidly approaching—and soon the craft first seen, a sharp-prowed felucca, apparently completely manned and armed, was close aboard. The two larboard guns of the Josephine were ordered to be brought to windward; and as the ship luffed, a ball from the felucca passed abaft her fore-rigging. Instantly Dale called out loudly in French:

"Tack ship!"

At the same time the men had been directed to give no heed to the orders for tacking ship. But the pirate, overhearing the words, and perceiving the gunners with their lighted matches, luffed immediately in order to avoid a rakiog fire.

"Now, my lads!"

The broadside of the Josephine was poured directly over the bows of the corsair, raking him fore and aft with murderous execution. The ruse had fully succeeded. Taking advantage of the smoke and the confusion on board the Algerine, Dale raoged to windward, wore ship, and ran directly on his antagonist, striking her between the main and after masts, and cutting her almost completely in two. One short struggle with the drowning wretches and the victory was secure—when, in the very moment of triumph, Dale, pierced by a sudden wound, fell from the quarter rail and sank under the counter.

Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before his disappearance was generally known. On inquiry being made, Morland declared that he had last seen him at the taffrail, and that, struck by some falling spar, he had doubtless gone overboard. But an old tar who had been stationed near the main hatch, now said that he last saw Dale at the quarter rail, with one hand on the mizzen shrouds, and that the only person near him at the moment was Morland himself. All eyes were immediately turned upon the latter, whose trembling limbs gave rise to instinctive suspicion. Some of the men, running to the rail, sought for signs of blood. But in the midst of this, a lad shouted from the spanker boom:

"Huzza, men! here he is—bear a hand!"

A rush was made aft, while Morland, cowering in conscious guilt, shrank from among the crowd. As fortune would have it, the topping-lift had parted during the fight and fallen overboard. Coming in contact with Dale as he drifted past, the rope was grasped with instinctive tenacity, thus sustaining the officer, till, discovered at length, he was hauled on board amidst the shouts of the crew. As he was borne below, the low exclamation which came from his lips more surely indicated the wretched murderer; on whom the infuriated sailors threw themselves with the purpose of summary vengeance. Already the gripe of the halliards was round the neck of the stupefied wretch.

"Hold, my lads!" cried Johnson, interposing between the executioners and their intended victim. "Take care—you are too fast. At all events, spare his life, on condition of his making a clean breast and owning his misdeeds."

"Spare my life!" exclaimed the reviving culprit, "spare my life, and I will confess. Yes, I did strike him. He was my rival. I hated him. You know I had cause," he added, addressing M Moran, who, with folded arms, sternly regarded [illegible]

"Wretched man!" replied the latter. "Confess the truth, and the whole truth—or be silent."

"It is—it is the truth. I hated him, I [illegible] him, I struck him; but I—I had cause—"

"To the yard arm with the liar!" cried a hoarse voice from among the crowd.

And the body of the culprit swung instantly in the air. M Moran, with some of the less violent of the crew, sprang to the rescue and Morland was lowered on deck. But life was nearly extinct; as much through the effect of terror as from physical injury. In half an hour he breathed his last.

M. Moran's behaviour toward the wounded lieutenant was now entirely changed. Possessed of some medical skill, he devoted himself assiduously to the case of his patient, and in a day or two had the satisfaction of seeing him once more on his feet. Nor was the gentle service of woman altogether without effect toward this rapid recovery. On the morning of the third day, M. Moran, entering the state-room of Dale, found the latter already awake.

"My friend," said the East Indian, with an agitated countenance, "I have some questions to ask you. To be brief then. Your parents—are they living?"

"They are both dead."

"What was your father's employment?"

"He was a merchant, originally. Ruined in business by a dishonest clerk, he accepted the post of supercargo on board an African bound ship, and before his return home died from disease contracted on the voyage."

"It is as I have surmised," exclaimed M. Moran, bowing his head on his breast. "Look on me. I am that dishonest clerk. Do not spare your abhorrence. Nevertheless, I have not gone unpunished for my heavy sin. An embittered temper and a life of constant remorse have been my portion. Some years after my arrival in the Indies, I endeavored in some measure to repair the injury which I had done, and accordingly employed an agent to seek out my former master, and make restitution in my name. But the family had entirely disappeared. 'They were all dead,' my agent assured me, 'and there were no heirs to whom the desired payment could be made.' I then established a hospital with the gains of crime. I was loudly applauded for my benevolent deed—and these praises only added to the stings of conscience. As for yourself, I had become perfectly convinced that not one of my injured master's family was in existence. Furthermore, the slanders of the wretched Morland conspired to deceive me with regard to your parentage, as well as personal character. Be not implacable. Accept what it is in my power to do. I am rich—my wealth is yours. If there is aught more—"

"Ah, M. Moran," interrupted Dale, there is one gift, compared with which, your wealth is of little consequence. Adele—"

"Ah! Well—she will answer for herself."

And Adele did answer for herself. And six months after, the bells of the little church of Autun-a-la-Mer rang forth a merry peal while Lieutenant Dale led a blooming bride from the altar.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SIBYL'S WOLD. A Tale by the Author of the "Sunbeam Stories." Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 243.

This charming little story needs no other passport to a wide and warm welcome than the name of the authoress. Brilliant and pure, it is a literary gem that will sparkle by every fireside.

HERTHA. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp 383.

A domestic story of Swedish life, written in the best vein of the author. It opens with a scene that reminds us of the old spirit that first awakened thousands of readers to a new source of literary delight when the first translation from Miss Bremer appeared in this country. We gather from the tale that woman has wrongs to be righted in Sweden, as well as in America. She has certainly found a vigorous champion. The book is feelingly dedicated to the memory of the late A. J. Downing. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.

Mr. Peterson deserves the thanks of the admirers of "Boz"—and they embrace the whole reading public—for this elegant and convenient edition of the most delightful of his works. And we are glad to learn that the two volumes before us are only the pioneers of a series in the same form. The whole will embrace twenty-four volumes, and contain all that Dickens has written. Those before us contain no fewer than twenty-five illustrations, and the succeeding ones will be illustrated in the same liberal style. This edition cannot fail to command an extensive sale.

THE INTELLECTUAL MULTIPLIER. By JAMES ROBINSON. Boston: Robinson & Richardson. 1856.

This little work comprises concise and easy methods of multiplying numbers mentally, and is designed for the use of public and private schools. There is no one, however, who may not study it with advantage. The author is well known by his Arithmetics, which are in general use.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. REED & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have just issued, "When I saw Sweet Nellie home," "My Sailor Brother's Grave," and "Mother's dead and gone." Very pretty original songs.

OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington Street, has just published "Speak Gently," by W. V. Wallace, "Take now this Ring," from Sonnambula, the "Rhine Maidens," by Stephen Glover, and "He, for the Kansas Plains" by J. G. Clark.

HENRY TOLMAN, 219 Washington Street, has for sale the following new music published by William Hall & Son, New York: "I mourn for my old Cottage Home," "Allie by the Willow Tree," "Why that Tear?" "Star of my Home," "Do you really think he did?" the "Vale of Rest," songs and ballads; also, the "Alice Polka" and "Etude Mazurka."

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

A clever story by that clever writer, the authoress of "Olive," "The Head of the Family," etc. Like her previous productions, it is a narrative of domestic life, inculcating a good moral. For sale by Redding & Co.

CLARA: or, *Slave Life in Europe*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 533.

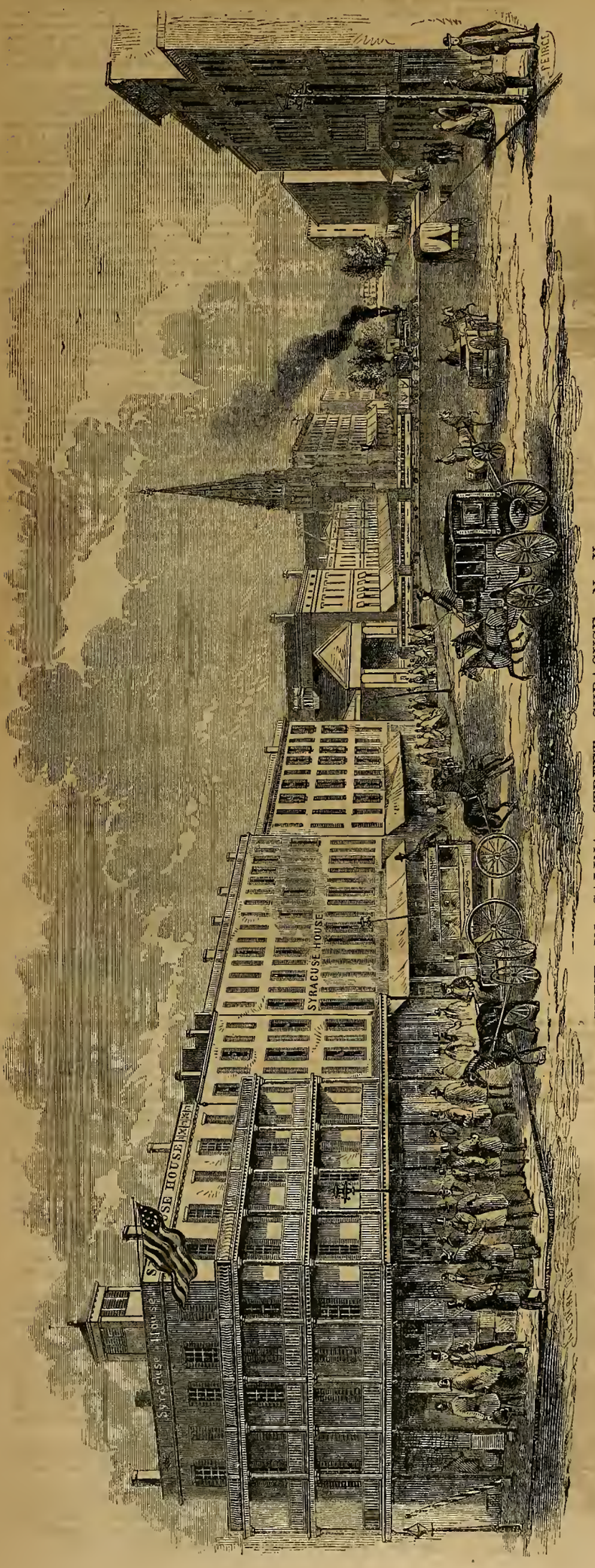
Haklander, the author of this deeply interesting story, is the Dickens of Germany, and this work is the highest manifestation of his dramatic power. He shows in it that all classes in Europe live in a certain state of servitude, and that society has fetters as galling as physical chains. A great variety of characters are strongly delineated. For sale by Redding & Co.

WESTERN AFRICA. By Rev. J. LEIGHTON WILSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 527.

The author is a missionary, who has spent eighteen or twenty years in the country he describes so vividly and accurately. Besides his own experience, he has availed himself of the labors of other travellers and explorers. The book is liberally illustrated, and is a work of sterling value. For sale by Redding & Co.

RAISING THE VEIL. By BALL PENNER. Boston: James French & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 288.

This book contains a variety of dramatic scenes sketched from the life in our police and other courts. It is embellished with portraits and biographical notices of prominent court and police officers.



VIEW IN SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

The faithful set of illustrations which we present on this and the opposite pages, were drawn and engraved expressly for our paper. Mr. Kilburn is very happy in delineations of this sort. Syracuse is situated in Onondaga county, about one hundred and thirty miles east of Albany, and is really a very delightful place—thrifty, prosperous and commercially important; its inhabitants are also noted for their habits of industry and sobriety. The streets of the city are regularly laid out, and are fine, broad thoroughfares; and the place is one of the finest and most flourishing cities of Central New York. Its salt works are extensive and wonderful, giving employment to a vast number of people, and being a rich source of profit to the citizens engaged in the manufacture. The great Erie Canal passes through the centre of the town, while the Central Railroad, running within a short distance of the canal, affords still more extended facilities for enterprise and commerce. The land which contains the salt springs is owned by the State of New York, and the wells are dug and the water pumped at the expense of the State, while the manufacturer pays a per centage of one cent per bushel for all he realizes. But Syracuse is also largely engaged in the building of machinery, steam engines, farming utensils, etc. The present population is estimated at about 50,000. Our first view is in Salina Street, one of the finest and most active streets of the city. The large building on the left is the Syracuse House, one of the best hotels in the place. Beyond is seen the depot of the New York Central Railroad, with a train of cars crossing the street, which here intersects the railroad at right angles. The next building to the depot contains stores, and the Onondaga County Bank, and the Bank of Syracuse. Beyond is the First Presbyterian Church, a fine gothic structure; still further beyond are the Washington stores. On the opposite side of the street, near the railroad, is the Globe Hotel, another fine hotel. Our view is taken from the banks of the canal, corner of Genesee Street. Our next view is the Syracuse Market, a brick building, situated in a fine square. The New York Central Railroad passes in the street in front of this building. The police-office is located in the Market Building. Our next illustration, sketched for its picturesque appearance, is the Unitarian church, on the corner of Lark and Burnet Streets; Rev. Samuel J. May is the pastor. Our remaining view is the Onondaga Orphan Asylum. It was established in 1841, and incorporated May 10, 1845. It is a spacious brick edifice in Fayette Street, Eighth Ward, and occupies a beautiful, commanding site. At the time of its erection, 1845, it was used as an academy; but owing to certain causes, it was converted into a home for the helpless orphan. At present, and for several years past, it has been under the maternal care of Miss Eliza Clark, who has in a highly satisfactory manner directed the domestic affairs of the institution. The school has been taught by the Misses Frances and Miranda Sloan. John Duroford is president, and Ira H. Cobb is secretary of the institution.

A POISONED VALLEY.

A singular discovery has lately been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Louden visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject, addressed by him to the Royal Geographical Society. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of the hill, at the distance of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. When at a few yards from the valley a nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin, the inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deers, and all sorts of birds and wild animals lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation. It was proposed to enter it, and each having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening smell was experienced, without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo, and thrust to the bottom of the valley. At the expiration of fourteen seconds he fell off his legs without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the company, and went to his companion. On reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and only lived seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a quarter.—*Washington Union.*

CAUSES OF CONSUMPTION.

Females suffer from the destructive habit of "tight lacing." To think that intelligent beings should sacrifice health and life to a misconceived idea of beauty, is unpardonable. In the statue of the *Venus de Medici*, or any of those fine statues of antiquity which are justly considered as models of the perfect female form, it will be seen that the waist is large and the chest full. By "tight lacing," the stomach is compressed and digestion interfered with. But the greatest evil is the *dead grip* of the unyielding band that encircles the lungs, and stifles their natural expansion. Who has not witnessed in these instances the rapid and labored breathing, showing itself, where only it can, in the upper part of the chest, as if the lungs were ready to burst the bonds so unnaturally imposed upon them? Strangulation is taking place as effectually as if a rope were around the neck. Suicide is being committed; consumption is being invited. And yet every year new implements of torture are imposed, thus to sap the foundations of the life and health of thousands! Besides the effects already alluded to, "tight lacing" paralyzes the nerves on which pressure is exerted, compresses the blood-vessels, and produces injury in many other ways. Its subjects take the power of the Almighty into their hands, and hurry themselves into eternity before the allotted time. The "shortness of breath," and the impossibility of drawing a deep and full inspiration, that follow this process, are easily explained. Under the continued pressure many of the air cells become closed, and without doubt permanently, so that by artificial means a pair of lungs naturally of a good size are thus made small for life. Vigorous health will support the graceful curves of the osseous framework of the body without the necessity of artificial props. Let the chest have free expansion; let the blood vessels perform their office untrammelled by fashionable fetters; leave to the nerves the power of sensation, and to the blood its purity and vigor, and the grand temple made for God's spirit to dwell in will appear before us in all its perfection and beauty! There are other causes, however, why the mortality among females from consumption is greater than among males. The occupation of most females precludes out-door exercise. If the advocates of "woman's rights" would first of all inculcate the right of every woman in the land to out-door exercise, pure air, and, in fact, complete physical development, and the duty of every one to secure these, they would be conferring on their fair countrywomen a real and lasting benefit.—*Dr. G. D. Sanborn.*

CONSUMPTION OF PERFUMERY.

We learn from a foreign journal that full 150,000 gallons of perfumed spirits are yearly consumed by British India and Europe in titillating the nose. One French house alone annually uses 80,000 pounds of orange-flowers, 60,000 pounds of cassia-flowers, 54,000 pounds of rose-leaves, 32,000 pounds of violet, 20,000 pounds of tuberose, 16,000 pounds of lilac, besides other odorous plants in still larger portions. Flower plants exist in the south of France, Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia and India. Nor is England without the cultivation. In Mitcham, lavender is extensively grown, and produces a plant unrivalled in the world—four times the price of French lavender; the same spot is noted for its cultivation of roses. Nor is this extensive use surprising, when we consider the quantity of flowers necessary to produce an essence; a drachm of otter of roses requires at least 2000 rose blooms. This, however, is nothing to jassamine; the price of its essential oil is £9 the fluid ounce. Of course there is a good deal of "manufacture" going on with the more expensive fumes. The rose leaf geranium does duty for the rose. The "perfume of the magnolia is superb," says our author; but "practically, is of little use to the manufacturer," from the scarcity of the plant, and other causes; the purchaser, however, gets a combination of half a dozen articles instead, and if he is satisfied with his "essence of magnolia," who has any right to complain? The perfume of the lily and the eglantine evaporate to such an extent under any known treatment that they are never used.—*New York Mirror.*

STEAM POWER ECLIPSED.

The London Morning Chronicle announces an important discovery. It is stated that a great experiment "was recently tried at Vincennes, in the presence of General Lahitte and the officers of the fort. The secret of compressing and governing electricity is at length discovered, and that power may therefore now be considered as the sole motive henceforward to be used. A small mortar was fired by the inventor at the rate of a hundred shots a minute—without flashing, smoke or noise. The same power can, it seems, be adapted to every system of mechanical invention, and is destined to supersede steam, requiring neither machinery nor combustion. A vessel propelled by this power is said to skim the water like a bird. The inventor had already petitioned for a line of steamers from L'Orient to Norfolk, in the United States, which passage he promises to accomplish in forty-eight hours!"



ORPHAN ASYLUM, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A YANKEE MAN-TRAP.

Ethan Balch was not swearing exactly; yet he was undeniably wishing uncharitable wishes, respecting the future of certain Englishmen, and using exclamatory expletives to do it with. It was August the 15th, 1813, and Mr. Balch was walking slowly homeward from the sea-shore of New London county, Connecticut; and as he went, he whittled. The precise expressions in which he indulged were these:

"Consarn them darned Britishers to damnation! Blame their everlastin' picters! I hope to gracious the pluguy old boat'll go slap daown with 'em, sarse and all!"

Then, after a pause, he added:

"Jest as of I mightn't 'a knoan they' 'a done it! Ef I'd only kep her hum till night, and crep' raound, I could 'a gone strate into New London jest as *easy!* Near abaout two hundred dollars gone slap-dab for nothin'! O, good thunder!" cried the mourning young Yankee, in the bitterness of his soul, as this crowning misery rose afresh in his mind.

It is no wonder that he was seriously displeased; for the British, then maintaining a strict blockade upon Commodore Decatur, who, with the frigates United States and Macedonian, and the brig-of-war Hornet, had run up the River Thames, had that day made prize of a certain small craft, in which, together with her cargo, was invested a full moiety of his private worldly estate.

Nevertheless, with continuous whittling and many quaint execrations, home went Ethan, and told his sad tale to his parents, who sympathized with him and were grieved.

"Who wuz there in the boat, Ethan?" asked Mr. Balch, senior.

"That's the wust on't, father," said the junior gentleman. "I've got to go 'n' tell Marthy Robbins; and what on 'arth she'll say, I do' no. They wuz Peleg and Zack Robbins; and them darned everlastin' rotted piren russes has got 'em, and the boat besides, and sarse enough to keep the fleet a week."

"Wal, my son," said the old gentleman, "I ruther guess you'd better go right over 'n' tell her, and hev it done with. She'll take on some at fust, that's sartin; but the boys 'll come back some time anuther, and she 'n' Missis Robbins kin come 'n' stay with us of they're a mind to. I guess we could 'tend up to that 'ere little farm, a while."

For Mrs. Robbins, the widowed mother of "Marthy," and of Peleg and Zachariah, owned and occupied, with her children, a small farm near by, and carried on the same; and the capture of her two stout sons had, of course, left the farm quite bare of men. Ethan walked moodily over to Mrs. Robbins's house. He was welcomed warmly by the two women, but received their greeting with so much embarrassment, that they perceived that something was wrong.

"What on 'arth's the matter with ye, Ethan?" asked the old lady, cocking back her head so that she could peer at him through her spectacles, which usually abode some ways down on her nose; "you're shorter 'n pie-crust, seems to me."

"Perhaps," said Miss Robbins with a small smirk, "he didn't want to come. 'Taint necessary to come here unless you enjoy it, Mister Balch."

"Well, well!" expostulated the disconsolate Yankee, "don't go to plagum' a man when he's in trouble a'ready. I *didn't* want to come, and it's the fust time; and you know it, Marthy. 'Twasn't cos I wasn't glad to see you. I s'pose I might jest as well out with it. Them ere darned British has ketched the boat, and Peleg and Zack along with it."

An outburst of lamentation from the women interrupted the further progress of the tale, which Ethan's awkward attempts at consolation did not avail to quench. They gradually recovered themselves, however, and proceeded to inquire how it happened.

"It was," Ethan said, "by means of a well-known row-galley belonging to Admiral Hardy's flag ship, the Ramilies seventy four, which had already captured many small coasting craft, and which had secured its booty, in the present instance, by 'snakin out,' as he described it, with joint use of sails and oars, the fair breeze with which the Martha (as Ethan's boat was named) had set sail, having onexpectedly died away nearly to a calm."

Miss Martha Robbins having cried a good deal, did now, as womankind are often apt to do, experience a sudden and not very reasonable reaction into anger; and chose to insinuate, first, that her lover had very cunningly avoided any personal risk to himself, by sending her brothers off with the boat alone; and, secondly, that anybody who hadn't brains sufficient to keep him from such losses as that, was hardly likely to make a thrifty or u prosperous helpmate.

These aspersions Ethan vigorously repelled, asserting that "the boys" had chosen to go together, both desiring to visit New London; and that, as three were not necessary for managing the boat or for selling the cargo, he had given them their own way; and as to the latter part of the accusation, he inquired:

"I want to know of you think a man ort to hev brains enough to know exactly when it's a' goin' to fall calm out on the Sound, ten hours ahead?"

But, Miss Robbins being, as we have insinuated, a womanly woman, vouchsafed no answer to these considerations, which he urged by way of argument—argument being a thing totally unknown and unintelligible to the majority of the female sex—and of the male, too, for that matter. And she accordingly said over again what she had said before, rather more loudly and earnestly; and having thus refuted Ethan in the discussion, she informed him that unless he could get her brothers out of the captivity into which he had been the means of their falling, he need not look upon her face again.

Ethan remonstrated, and even Mrs. Robbins ventured a few mild expostulations, but all in vain; the Yankee damsel's blood was up, and the discomfited lover, not considering that it was highly complimentary to him that his lady love should take it for granted that he was simply able to rescue the prisoners from the whole British fleet, pursued his homeward way in much dejection of mind.

"I wish to gracious they'd been fifty men in her!" he exclaimed; "'twould a ben frustrate fun to jump up and gin 'em a volley, clust in!"

Then, his keen Yankee intellect, pursuing the train of thought thus started, a scheme suggested itself to him which seemed to promise him both a fair revenge and the means of liberating the two brethren of his obdurate mistress. Hastening homeward, he consulted with his father, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in gaining his co-operation. Early next morning, the two men, harnessing up the old farm-horse, drove speedily over to New London, and procuring introductions from one or two gentlemen of standing in that place, who bore witness to the trustworthiness and abilities of the bearers, they proceeded up the river to Norwich, near which place the three American war-vessels were moored.

With the customary formalities, they were admitted on board of the Macedonian, then Commodore Decatur's flag-ship; and, having introduced themselves and presented their testimonials, they proceeded to request his assistance in carrying out the scheme which they unfolded to him. After careful investigation and inquiry, the mode, time and manner of proceeding were agreed upon, and Decatur agreed that a sufficient number of marines should be at the appointed place upon the afternoon of the succeeding day; and, having partaken of the refreshments which the hospitable sailor set before them, the well satisfied Yankee farmers set out on their return.

We pass over to the next day, at a little past noon. At that time there crept out of Mystic River, taking the inside passage between Ram Island and the mainland, a sailboat, heavily laden and manaaged by two men. With a fine breeze from the west of north, they steered along, close hauled and hugging the shore, until they had passed Long Point, perhaps a third of the distance between the mouth of the Mystic and New London light. They could now see distinctly the lofty hulls and towering masts and rigging of Sir Thomas Hardy's fleet, riding at single anchor inside of Fisher's Island; the two seventy-fours looming up in the warm air, and attended, as it were, by the smaller Orpheus and Eolus frigates, and by two or three gun-brigs and tenders. After passing Long Point the sailboat stood rather further out to sea.

"Don't bear away too fur, father," said Ethan—for he and Mr Balch, senior, constituted the boat's crew—"they'll smell a rat."

"No they wont, my son," said the old gentleman, luffing a little, however. "They don't give us no credit foe knowin' how to handle a boat; I reckon they'll hev to allow we kin manage a frigate, though! There they be, Ethan!" said the old man, his eyes brightening with excitement. "Set still—set still. They've got good glasses; they'll see us. Make b'lieve you don't see nothin' on 'em."

And sure enough, as he spoke, there shot out from behind the Ramilies the long, low, black row-galley, which had been the means of so many petty depredations aloog the coast. Hoisting a leg-sail and bracing sharp up, she steered, with the double impetus of sail and oar, straight across, in a direction to cut off the deeply-laden and slow-moving boat.

"Aint it a'most time to go about, father?" asked Ethan, after ten minutes of rather uneasy silence.

"Don't git worried, my son," said the old gentleman, drily. "Your father's sailed a great many boats. We was to run ashore with them two high trees in range, wasn't we?"

"Yes—there's a peeled pole on the beach, jest at the spot."

"Wal, I reckon we kin see them fellows aboard the galley now," said the elder Balch, with a grin. "You kin be jest frightened as you please."

And he pretended to espy the unfriendly pursuers for the first time; and with an elaborate display of terrified haste and awkwardness, the boat was put about, and steered straight for the beach, now nearly half a mile distant. The English galley, hereupon, slightly varying her course, came in direct pursuit. Ethan and his father, as the foe approached, by way of maintaining the deception, crouched out of sight, occasionally popping up as if to watch the enemy, and then quickly hiding again.

"*Peek-a boo!*" said Ethan, looking up a moment. "We shall be hard aground in three minutes, father. They're comiog up, hand over hand. There's the pole on the beach."

"Come well aft, Ethan," said his father, "let's run her well on."

"Hello, there, you Yankee lubbers!" hailed the English lieutenant, now within three rods, "if you beach the boat, we'll shoot you!"

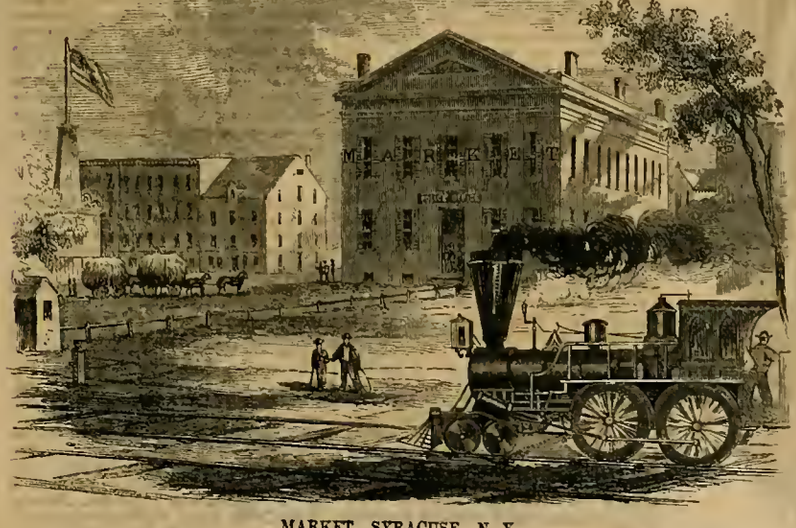
But as he spoke the boat grounded, and the two men quickly disappeared over the steep sand-hills bordering the shore. The English galley grounded fast on the sand in full pursuit. As she stopped, fifty American marines rose from behind the crest of the sand-hills, poured in a fatal volley, and rushing forward captured the remaining crew. One third of their number were dead or desperately wounded, the lieutenant and two or three others being all that were unhurt out of thirty men.

"You've paid rather more 'n 'ts wuth," said Ethan, pointing to the load of cobble stones. "I reckon we're even with ye now for hooking that boat-load of garding-sarse of mine, day before yesterday, and ketching them two fellows."

In the exchange of prisoners, shortly after negotiated, the liberation of the Messrs. Robbins was secured, and this fulfilment, by Ethan's means, of the hard commands of his lady-love, restored and even enhanced the amicableness of the relations heretofore existing between them.—*New Haven Palladium.*



UNITARIAN CHURCH, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



MARKET, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TRUTH.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

"This world is but a weary world,
And friends at best are few;"
Thus sang the poet sweet and sad,
But yet, alas! too true—
For friendship is a golden flower
That buds, but seldom blooms;
Its richest blossoms in an hour,
Oft fade within the tomb.

It scarce may bear the chills of this
Cold world, and shrinks away
To one, where it is crowned with bliss,
And fades not in a day—
For what the poet sadly sang,
Indeed is all too true,
"This world is but a weary world,
And friends at best are few."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COLOGNE—ITS USES AND ABUSES.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"Now, this is what I call a little *too* bad, too ridiculous, too scandalous, too everything that's bad, awful, unreasonable and unbearable; and I'm not going to put up with the nuisance any longer, so!"

This emphatic assertion, together with a choice and extensive variety of kindred sounds, having continued for a considerable period to emanate from the room next adjoining my own, between which apartments there was but a slight and imperfect barrier—several boards of the partition having been forcibly displaced, partly to form book shelves, and partly to facilitate communication. These sounds, I say, having continued for some time, and being considerably disturbed thereby, I laid down my book in despair, and lifted up my voice in fretful remonstrance.

"What the deuce has come to you now, Tompkins, that you must kick up such a bobbery?" I asked, in the tone of a man who don't care a snap for the cause, and is only anxious to put an end to a disagreeable effect.

"'What's the matter?' Matter enough! too much matter altogether?" he replied, pacing hurriedly back and forth across the strip of carpet by the side of his bed. "Things have come to such a pass, that a man can't leave his mouth open half a minute, without some one stealing the eye teeth out of his head. By what method of reasoning, I should like to know, can it be shown that I ought of right to furnish cosmetics and perfumery, hair brushes and combs—yes, and I verily believe teeth brushes, too, if the truth could be known—to the entire chambermaid world? Now, there's my hair brush completely filled with coarse red hair, at least a fathom in length, which clearly never came from my head, nor from any of my friends. No, the most superficial examination is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that it had its origin on the cocoanut of a female Celt, and one of the ugliest of her species at that. Then there is that preventive of baldness I bought the other day—it must have been a very superior article, for it cost two dollars, and had a name that couldn't be pronounced at any price—twice only did I apply that expensive fat to my locks, and now it is gone completely, stock and fluke, the vessel that contained it presenting every appearance of having been scoured. Nor is that all; no longer ago than yesterday, I bought of Asa Fetida, the perfumer, a quart bottle of very superior eau de cologne water." (It may be as well to state in this connection, that Tompkins never enjoyed your advantages for acquiring the French language; neither is he remarkable for that quick perception of the fitness of things, for which you are distinguished.) "A whole quart bottle," he continued, "holding it up for my inspection, "and now you perceive it's half gone—yes, *more* than half, at least eleven-twentieths has been appropriated; and that, too, before I had even once drawn the cork. But I'll put a stop to this business, I will! I'll take everything I've got and lock it up in a chest, and throw the key away; nail the covers down, put a rope round it, and seals on the lid. I'll—I'll—no, I wont! I'll do nothing of the kind! Let 'em steal, if they want to; let 'em steal! I'll fix the thieving dam—sels!"

Muttering fiercely to himself, he bounced back into his own room, and for several minutes there was a confused sound of bottles, glasses and vials being moved about; liquids being turned from one vessel into another, and the sharp pop of hastily drawn corks. But as Tompkins is somewhat given to the study of chemistry, and is always trying experiments to the imminent risk of blowing himself and the house up together, I paid but little heed to his manœuvres; and having presently completed the performance, whatever it was, he run his head into his hat, and his feet out of the house, leaving me to enjoy the society of one of the most agreeable and fascinating young fellows in existence, but whose name modesty forbids me to mention.

Relieved of Tompkins's presence, I fell to work upon my book again, and was speedily absorbed in the perusal of an extremely laughable and ridiculous burlesque article in a late magazine, in which the writer, affecting to be in earnest in mistaking assertion for proof, endeavors to show that Shakspeare was not Shakspeare; and that the plays attributed to that gentleman were in reality written by John Knox, William Tell, or Franklin Pierce, perhaps—no matter who, but anybody rather than Shakspeare himself. I was highly pleased with the sober face that was placed upon the absurd arguments, and fully appreciated the amusement it must have occasioned the author, that many quite sensible people were unable to perceive at first, that it was intended as a broad satire, and nothing else. While laughing fit to kill myself at the quiet humor of the thing, some one tapped at the door, and little Carrie Grummet, the landlady's daughter, put her head in to inform me that Miss Mary M——, with a couple of lady friends, were in the parlor below, and that she would introduce me, if I wished.

This announcement put me in a tremendous flutter, for I had for a long while been desperately enamored of the young lady, and vainly seeking to make her acquaintance; and now that the long hoped for opportunity had arrived, I could think of nothing but wedding-cake, bridesmaids, "home, sweet home," and all that sort of thing. Hastily diving into my hat, coat and boots, and giving my cravat an extra touching up, I fetched myself a series of dabs on the head with a hair brush, and caught up my cologne bottle. It was empty—it always is. Not to be disappointed in the matter of a trifle of perfumery, however, I made no bones of grabbing up Tompkins's flask, and saturating with its contents the biggest half of a large towel, with which I industriously scoured my countenance, for the double purpose of removing any accidental discoloration, and more to dispel the lingering traces of pipe-smoke, that usually clings to those fellows who are given to the consumption of niggerhead and short-stemmed T. D.'s, and for which delightful odor I am somewhat renowned. These little essentials completed, I composed my features into an interesting Byronic expression, and descended to the parlor. The lovely Miss M——, her two friends and Miss Carrie Grummet had grouped themselves in a picturesque attitude by the draperied window, as girls are apt to do. I, of course, feigned a little bit of surprise at seeing them, as though my coming into the room was the merest accident; while they, on their part, manifested considerable astonishment at the singular coincidence of my being in the house at the same moment they were, notwithstanding they had despatched Carrie to hunt me up not five minutes before. However, the introduction passed off with the usual accompaniment of bows, squirms, hand shakings and protestations of delight, and seating myself in the midst of that bunch of loveliness, I did the agreeable, as I flatter myself I know how.

For a time "all went merry as a marriage bell." The girls chattered, and giggled, and gave themselves silly, pretty little airs, and talked charmingly in an affected tone, which they supposed—like many other young ladies—to be infinitely more pleasing than their own natural voices—and perhaps it was—while I, in the meantime, did my utmost to worry myself into the good graces of the bewitching Miss M——; nor do I think my efforts were altogether unsuccessful. If I am not grossly at fault, that discerning young beauty became most intensely interested in me before I had been in her society three-eighths of a minute. It is possible, however, I may be mistaken in this latter particular; for I find, upon reflection, that I am apt to form the same opinion of every woman with whom I have any conversation whatever—even if it be no more than to ask her pardon for stepping on her dress and tearing off a flounce. But be that as it may, things went on delightfully for a while, and I was enjoying myself hugely, when I became aware of a very singular change in the conduct of the young ladies. An expression of puzzled surprise gradually extended itself over their pretty countenances as they looked at me, or cast an amused and inquiring glance at each other.

I was wholly at a loss to account for this singular state of things, and redoubled my efforts to remove the cause, and place myself in an interesting light. But it was in vain I chattered and rattled away my best stories and most amusing anecdotes. Equally in vain that I shot killing glances at Miss M——. Instead of returning them with interest, as at first, she hid her face in her handkerchief, while her form shook with ill-suppressed laughter. Amazed, I looked at the others; they were all similarly employed. A proper degree of self-respect demanded that I should be angry at this treatment—and I *was* angry, I assure you. Starting to my feet, I delivered myself of a most vigorous and staggering noun, which it is unnecessary to give here, as it doesn't look as well in print as it sounds in the mouth of an angry gentleman, but which any curious reader can readily find in the dictionary, by simply looking in the right place. The immediate effect of my energetic ejaculation was to cause the girls simultaneously to remove their handkerchiefs from their faces, give one glance at me, and explode in a perfect storm of laughter, wriggling and twisting about, and doubling themselves up, as people do in such cases, fairly shrieking with mirth, while I stood stupidly gazing at them with my eyes protruding, and my under jaw depending—an excellent model of enraged bewilderment. At length one of the young ladies with better wind than the others, managed to gasp between her paroxysms:

"What *is* the matter with your face, Mr. Jinx?"

"My face!" I replied, indignantly; for the question seemed rather personal, and wounded my vanity in a particularly tender point.

"Yes, what *does* ail it?" they all exclaimed, in a breath, and again relapsed into their absurd cachinatory convulsions, precipitating themselves on to the chairs and sofas, completely exhausted with the violence of their emotions. All the more horrified because of my perfect ignorance that anything whatever was wrong with my face, I glanced hastily round in search of a looking-glass. There was none there—mirrors are not the fashion now, I believe. In an agony of spirit, I darted out of the room, up the three pairs of stairs, into my own apartment, and at a mirror.

Thunder and Mars! what a sight!—*such* a mug! My forehead and nose were as black as the prince of Pandemonium's boots, while the steel-mixed stripes that crossed my cheeks, and gave to my countenance the pleasing appearance of an animated gridiron, were rapidly deepening in color, and promised speedily to become of the same hue as the rest of my nigrescent visage.

With a prolonged howl of terror, I sank into a chair, and gazed dismally at my claws, which I now for the first time perceived were undergoing the same fearful and unaccountable change in color. Horrible thought! Could it be that I was about to be transmogrified into a negro, as a punishment for my ultra southern sympathies? Instinctively I raised my hand to my hair and lips, to ascertain if the one was becoming woolly, or the other increased in dimensions. For the moment I really thought such to be the case, and a tremulous squeal of despair betokened my utter hopelessness. I started at the sound of my own voice. It did not seem like the moan of a respectable white man; there was more of the genuine Guinea snicker in the intonation. Only those who have been suddenly transformed in a similar manner can form any estimate of my feelings at that moment. Like the Frenchman upon learning the death of his whole family, and loss of his fortune, I was *dissatisfied*—yea, more, a thousand times more, I was annoyed. But how to get out of the scrape was the question—ay, that *was* a question! Suicide, of course, suggested itself to my mind as the most reasonable, indeed the only means of escape from myself, and from my dreadful predicament. But a moment's reflection convinced me that I had not hit upon the right plan; suicide would not conceal the disgrace of the monstrous and unnatural event. Surgeons would examine my body, and carefully investigate the cause of the change. Books would be written about it, newspaper paragraphs innumerable would "go the rounds," and to theremotest posterity my name would be handed down, through the medium of short articles in children's books, headed "An authentic account of Aristides Jinx, the white man who suddenly, and without any provocation whatever, turned into a nigger." Notwithstanding I have always considered it the height of human blessedness to achieve undying fame, this particular sort of immortality in no way reconciled me to my fate. "I will go to Africa!" I exclaimed, with animation, as I began to take a brighter view of the matter. "Yes, I will go to Africa, and among the people of my own color introduce the arts and sciences. I will become a great man among them—a prince—the king of Nogo perhaps, or some other equally powerful empire. And who knows," I continued, warming with my subject, "who knows but what, at no very distant period, it may be my fate, like a second somebody or other, to lead the victorious armies of Ethiopia to conquest?—yea, why not follow still further in the footsteps of the immortal hero before mentioned, and a second time overrun with my barbarian hordes the fair provinces of what-d'ye-call-it, and bring proud what's-name an humbled and suppliant captive to my feet?" My exaltation of spirit was but of momentary duration, however; one glance at the mirror redoubled my despair, and in speechless agony I listened to the footsteps of some one ascending the stairs. It was Tompkins.

"Gracious, goodness, mercy me! Is that you, Jinx?" he exclaimed in horrified astonishment, while his great pewter-colored eyes dilated until they attained a preposterous size.

"I wish it was any one else *but* me," I groaned. "What do you suppose is the cause of it?"

"You don't mean to say—no, it can't be—yes, it *must*—"

"What?" I whined.

"That you have been at my cologne bottle."

"O, confound you and your cologne!" I exclaimed, in a fury that he could think of anything so trivial at such a moment. "If you grudge the little cologne I used, I'll give you barrels of it—oceans of it! Yes, as I'm fully decided to commit suicide, I leave you the whole of my large fortune, to be expended in the purchase of cologne, to repay, if possible, the fraction of a spoonful I used from your bottle."

"It wasn't cologne you used," faltered Tompkins, in a penitential tone. "I turned it all out; and to come it on the chambermaid, and spot up her handkerchiefs, I substituted a—I didn't think you'd get hold of it, Jinx, positively I didn't—I substituted an allfired strong solution of—of—"

"Of what?" I gasped, beginning to get a faint glimpse of the case.

"Of nitrate of silver."

"The same they make indelible ink and hair dye of?" I asked, with a dismal consciousness of its permanent effect upon any material with which it comes in contact.

"Zackly!" responded Tompkins, with the air of a man who has relieved his mind of a great burthen.

As the horrible suspicion concerning the change of hue in my epidermis began to depart from my mind, a depressing sense of mortification and injured vanity oppressed me—not like a night-*mare*, but like a night-elephant; and to this day, Tompkins stoutly maintains that I visibly blushed clear through the blackness of darkness that overspread the anterior portion of my unfortunate skillet, as I recalled the humiliating scene in the parlor. With vivid distinctness the whole ridiculous affair passed in review before me, as I thought with a squirm of inexpressible sheepishness of what must have been the sensation of the young ladies as they beheld my countenance gradually growing darker and darker, now in stripes, now in patches, and anon alternating between the two, like the fantastic glancing of the northern aurora, until my forehead and nose loomed forth in magnificent and dusky hideousness, gracefully shaded off by the lighter and variegated tints of my cast-iron cheeks, while stupidly unconscious of the charge, I ceased not to smile and prattle, and do my prettiest to look bewitching, until the girls, unable longer to conceal their mirth, exploded as aforesaid. It would not bear thinking of! Frantic with shame and rage, I sprang from my chair, rushed into Tompkins's room, and seizing the unlucky bottle—the cause of all my misfortunes—by the neck, sent it humming through the open window, fourth story, accompanying its flight with a volley of smart but wicked adjectives, which were excusable, I think, under the circumstances.

"Now, Tompkins, what do you propose to do to get me out of

this scrape?" I asked, when my vengeance against the unconscious bottle had been satisfied.

"Why, I suppose the application of the proper chemicals will remove the worst of it," replied that gentleman, vainly endeavoring to hide a grin at my decidedly picturesque appearance.

"The *worst* of it!" I groaned, sinking upon the sofa. "Well, go ahead, and get something quick."

Tompkins vanished into his own room, and soon returned with a vessel of villanous smelling liquid and a sponge.

"Lay down so I can come at you," he said, stripping up his sleeves to the work. Without a word, I proceeded to morigerate (see Webster). "I'm not exactly sure that this stuff is precisely what we want," he continued, in a hesitating tone, as he bent over me. "Perhaps it would be as well only to touch up the nose at first, and see what effect it has on that; and if it don't work to suit, why, we shan't have spoiled the whole groundwork."

With a despairing moan, I closed my eyes and turned my mug to the zenith, while Tompkins, shaking with suppressed laughter, sopped away with his sponge at my devoted nasal organ.

"Well, how does it look?" I asked, after an interval of several minutes.

"Why, the black comes off fast enough," he replied, in a tone indicative of doubt; "but—but I don't exactly know whether the color that takes its place will be altogether to your taste."

The idea was disagreeably suggestive; and springing from my recumbent position with such impetuosity as to capsize Tompkins and his dish of acid, I made for the glass. Ah, what a sight was there, my countrymen! That noble feature, the nose, stood forth from the surrounding blackness of a gorgeous purple hue, beautifully shaded off at the edges with a tawny green running into the black.

"That will do, Tompkins," I said, with the calmness of desperation, as I paced the room. "You needn't get any more of that *stuff!* I prefer a uniform black to any variations of color your skill can produce."

"I wouldn't feel so badly about it, Jinx," he replied, really affected at the sight of my quiet misery. "It will all come right in time. All you've got to do is, to stay quietly in your room two or three weeks or a month, by which time you'll have a complexion like a new-born baby—that is, not *too* new; say about three mo—"

Before Tompkins could finish his speech, the door was thrown open, and a man—a stranger—entered the room. "Mr. Aristides Jinx?" he asked, drawing a paper from his pocket.

"That is my name, sir!" I replied, walking fiercely up to him. "What the deuce do you mean by coming into a gentleman's room without knocking?"

"I've a warrant for your arrest, sir," he replied, with a glance of astonishment at my face.

"My arrest! for what?"

"For an assault with intent to kill, and dangerously wounding policeman N. O. Greatshakes while in the discharge of his duty."

"When? Where?" exclaimed both Tompkins and myself, in the greatest amazement.

"'Bout half an hour ago, directly in front of this house, with a heavy glass bottle," replied the officer with professional brevity and conciseness.

This announcement by no means tended to diminish the amazement of either Tompkins or myself; but as I had not in my anger noticed, nr even cared, what became of the bottle after it left my hand, I of course could not undertake to say it had not knocked down one, or even a dozen policemen. There was nothing for it but to plead guilty and back out of the scrape as well as possible. But it was in vain we both protested it was all an accident—that no assault was intended; equally in vain that I directed his attention to my face in confirmation of our statement. The officer shook his head: "He was very sorry for my face," he said, "very sorry; for it did look uncommon bad. But law was law, and when a chap got into a scrape, he would have to face it. He would himself be very happy to let me off, but his orders were peremptory for my arrest." He further intimated that, by going before the magistrate who issued the warrant, I might possibly be admitted to bail—though that he considered somewhat doubtful, as several persons who had been witnesses to the assault had given their evidence that I used harsh and blasphemous language toward the complainant at the time of throwing the bottle, and there could be little doubt that the act was malicious and premeditated.

"Curses like chickens always come home to roost," I muttered, quoting the *fowl* and musty proverb. I saw there was nothing to be effected by standing there talking; so calling a coach, Tompkins, the officer and myself got hastily in and drove off. I, with my face buried in my handkerchief, as though dissolved in tears, thereby leading the spectators to suppose from my emotion that I had committed some horrible crime, for which I was arrested, and was now crying about it, like a spunkless booby.

But I will not dwell upon the events which followed. The magistrate, being satisfied of my innocence of any malice, permitted me to go on my own recognizance, and having spent the entire afternoon under the hands of a skilful chemist, I was enabled to appear at the police court next morning with a countenance bearing a striking resemblance to the half-finished portrait of a peculiarly uninteresting negro, who had but partially recovered from small pox in the worst form. Having convulsed the court by my story and my appearance, I was let off with a severe reprimand. But I understand there is a civil suit commenced against me for "damages," by the wounded policeman, who doesn't seem to be satisfied with the damages already received at my hands—which, by the way, are the only description of damages he is likely to get; for if a jury of my peers can by any device compel me to raise five dollars, I should like to see 'em try it on about now.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COUNCIL FIRE.

A TALE OF THE GEM OF THE JERSEYS.

BY HENRY PERLEY POORE.

"What a pity an ex-governor of West Jersey will make a chimney of his throat, and scent his house with this vile tobacco smoke."

"Nay, it is rather a pity that I and my friends have to hide our pipes when we see the Lord Proprietor of Pennsylvania approach. But come in, friend William, and sit thee by the open window."

The fault-finding visitor who entered was no other than William Penn, who had returned from England to control his flourishing colony. His host was Ex-Governor Jennings, a crafty old Quaker, who was ever haunted by a remembrance of his own perfidy in money-getting, and always apprehending a similar crooked policy in others. Yet he was a man of wealth, and at the time when our story commences, several of the most solid men of Western Jersey had assembled at his comfortable house in Burlington, that loveliest of all the pleasant towns on the Delaware. No traveller now passes through it without admiring its shaded streets, and conceding that it is worthy of being called "The Gem of the Jerseys," yet it was far more picturesque a hundred and fifty years ago. Neither college, nor hall, nor cross-crowned Episcopal residence then adorned it, but the green streets were bounded by the neatest of white stone cottages, their gables covered by climbing plants. The venerable shade-trees, whose branches now entwine across the streets from side to side, like the arches of a gothic cathedral, were then in their prime. Neither was the foliage dense enough to shut out the beautiful waters of the Delaware, slightly ruffled by the breath of heaven, or rippled by some swift canoe. Commerce did not exist, for Philadelphia is near at hand, yet there was no lack of settlers—families of the right stamp too—for in all the Jerseys there was not so quiet, so healthy, and yet withal so cheerful a settlement as Burlington on the Delaware.

The crafty old Jennings evidently felt mortified that so eminent a co-religionist as William Penn had detected him indulging in the forbidden weed, and he endeavored to apologize: "Let me assure thee, friend William," he remarked, "that we do not smoke to-day from inclination, but as a preparation for the morrow."

"And for what revelry dost thee prepare?" inquired the lord proprietor, with an incredulous air. "Are some of Lord Bellamont's roysterers to come down from the Manhattan, or does the gay governor of Baltimore intend to honor thee with a visit?"

"Neither. But the Leni Lenapes invite us to attend their council to-morrow, and as we hope to induce them to emigrate, we do not wish to offend them by making wry faces over the Virginia weed."

"A good excuse. Tell me, though, will the savages give a quit-deed to all their hunting-grounds?"

"We hope so. Yet there is some pretended old claim or other that we must get set aside."

"If justice so decrees, friend Jennings. Be just, above all things. But where is thy daughter, the comely Patience?"

"I will seek her;" and as the governor is finding his daughter, we will avail ourselves of the privilege of romance, and introduce our readers to her, as she sits busily sewing in a summer-house in the garden, on the river-bank. She was a well-formed, graceful young woman, with bright black eyes, and her prim cap could not conceal her curling black hair. Her features, though pale and abstracted, had a decidedly independent cast, and the quick trotting of her small foot showed that her mind was not in repose. It had been her misfortune to lose her mother at an early age, and the selfish temperament of her bigoted father had driven her, as it were, into ways of thinking ill in accordance with the principles of her sect. The plash of a paddle startled her! Another moment, and a warm flush restored the color to her cheeks, as a canoe shot up to the summer-house, and a stalwort young man sprang to the shore.

"Walter Pike?" she exclaimed, the eloquent glances of her fine eyes welcoming the new-comer.

"None other, dearest Patience," replied the young man. "But why so sad? Surely you do not doubt me?"

"Nay, Walter, I do not doubt thee, but I doubt myself. That thou wert innocent and persecuted I am confident—that thou won my affections I have never denied—and yet my father—"

"Will never suffer thee to wed such as Walter Pike," interrupted the governor, with a voice half choked with rage. "Thinkest thou, miserable varlet," he continued, addressing the indignant young man, "that my daughter, with her ample dowry, is to be thrown away on such as thee? Go to. Hurry into the house, Patience, and tarry there, bearing in mind that thy husband is to be goodman Bloomfield, who can support thee. As for thee, pretending youngster, be off. I will see that the lord proprietor keeps thee at his rectangular town henceforth—meanwhile, go to the wharf, where thou belongest."

"You speak harshly, governor," said Walter, with emotion.

"I intended to."

"But will you not listen to me for a moment?"

"Not for a second. My time is not for thieves."

"Let me tell you, then," replied Walter, losing his self-command, "that my name is freer from guilt than your own. Ay, start not! Great, and wealthy, and saintlike as you are, I, the poor boatman of Governor Penn, do not quail before you, and you may yet be glad to give me your daughter's hand."

Ere he had finished speaking, the incensed governor had turned away, and the young man, leaping into his canoe, slowly floated down the Delaware, lost in thought. He was the orphan son of John Pike, one of a party of Puritans who had left Newbury, in Massachusetts, about 1666, and founded a town in New Jersey, which they named Woodbridge, after the minister they had left at home. The elder Pike was soon taken into Governor Carteret's council, and went down upon the Delaware, where he concluded an important land treaty with the Indians. But his prosperous course received a sudden check. A trader's house at Amboy belonging to a Quaker named Bloomfield, was robbed, and the goods were traced to John Pike's house. In vain did he protest his innocence. A jury found himself and his young son Walter guilty of felony, his property was confiscated, and while under this imputation the father died.

At first Walter felt himself an outcast, but he was comforted by his school-boy sweetheart, Patience Jennings, who had been sent to school at Woodbridge. Nerved by her love, and animated by her advice, the young man determined to go forth, in his own strength, and seek the good name denied to him at home. Happy age, when hope ever lights up the future as a path to prosperity, and makes present difficulties appear but as the stepping-stones to future distinction. Walter reached Philadelphia with what proved better than money or friends—a vigorous intellect, a strong arm, and an honest heart—all of them inscribed on his modest yet manly countenance. The very day after his arrival, he was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as bargeman for the lord proprietor. An adept in the management of the Indian canoe, Walter was soon selected by William Penn to accompany him, and as the young many's sturdy paddle strokes sent the frail bark over the water, his employer drew from him a sketch of his life. Walter related everything with great innocence, and his heart beat wild with joy when, after he had concluded, William Penn deliberately remarked:

"Young man, thy father and thyself have been deeply wronged. Providence will see thee righted."

From this Walter began to have hopes of ultimately proving his innocence, and the return of Patience Jennings to Burlington gave him frequent opportunities of seeing her. She gave him ample grounds to know that she was not insensible of his attachment, but frankly told him that her father had promised her hand to another.

Thus two long years passed away, during which time Walter became a great favorite with William Penn, who committed many important trusts into his hands. The young lover continued, however, to act as boatman whenever the lord proprietor visited Burlington, where he was always kindly greeted by the blooming Patience, the flame of abiding love casting a glow over their stolen interviews. One evening, as Walter was making his canoe fast to the wharf, an Indian came running down, in high delirium, and plunged into the stream. To rescue him from a watery grave was but the work of a few moments, yet from that moment "The War Eagle" became the young man's devoted friend. Sparing "fire-water," the warrior appeared to regard his deliverer with paternal care, bringing him rich furs, soft moccasins, and delicate game, significantly remarking: "You see—Indian never forgets."

But to return to our narrative, which we interrupted in order to introduce the characters, and to explain their relative positions. On the morning after William Penn's arrival at Burlington, almost all the able-bodied men went up the river about half a mile, to attend an Indian council. It was fully attended by the savages, also, for it was rumored that this would be the last time that the Leni Lenapes would meet in the home of their fathers.

At least one thousand warriors were present, each in his full war-dress, and armed with bow and arrow, ponderous war-clubs, or heavy stone axes, while a few had blankets and hatchets of European manufacture. The sachems sat upon a slight eminence, while around them were the warriors, arranged according to rank, in semi-circular lines.

When the English approached, a warrior who officiated as master of ceremonies, conducted them to seats, and a dead silence ensued. Then "War Eagle," standing in the centre of the ring, addressed them in tolerable English.

"William Penn is the father of the pale-faces, and it is good that he should be here. His brother Jennings wishes to buy what is left of our hunting-grounds. Let him listen. They were sold years ago. When the red men ruled here there came a pale-face named Pike—and to him the Leni Lenapes sold these lands. The War Eagle was young then. He loved the fire-water, and his heart was weak. A pale-face persuaded him to steal goods, and to hide them in the wigwam of Pike, and fire-water was his pay. The War Eagle did so. The sachems of the pale-faces accused Pike as a thief. Their council convicted him. He died of a broken heart, and his son went forth a beggar. Still they gave the War Eagle fire-water, and he did drink. But one day Pike's son saved the War Eagle from death, and he has drank no more fire-water since. To-day he will atone for his wrong. Here, William Penn, is the old writing by which the Leni Lenapes sold their hunting-grounds to Pike."

"And who was the instigator of this foul crime!" asked William Penn, as he reached forth his hand to take the parchment, which made Walter Pike a wealthy man.

"Nay," exclaimed Jennings, springing to his feet, but the inward struggle had already taken place, and with an unintelligible cry, he sank to the ground, a corpse. Just when he had expected to have his long-arranged plans crowned with complete success, a divine justice had not only thwarted them, but had exposed his long-concealed villany.

"The Great Spirit has punished him," said War Eagle.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," devoutly responded William Penn.

A year past, and the star of Walter's love shone brightly through the benighted thoughts of Patience Jennings, who found herself helpless and alone after her father's sun of prosperity sank into his dishonored grave. They were married, and settled down upon their large estate near Burlington, whither the War Eagle came every year, on a visit from the new hunting grounds of the remnant of his tribe, west of the Susquehanna.

THOMAS COMER,
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The portrait on this page is from the pencil of Mr. Charles Barry, and the design is made from a photograph by Whipple & Black. It is one of the best likenesses we have ever published, and felicitously reproduces the beaming and genial expression which characterizes "honest Tom Comer." Mr. Comer was born in Bath, Somersetshire, England, but he has passed the better part of his life in this country and in this city. He made his first appearance in English opera in his native city and was well received. He first appeared on the London boards in 1816. His first appearance in this country was as "Forage," in "Turn out," at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in 1827. He was a favorite member of the old Tremont Theatre, and many an old play-goer will doubtless recall with pleasure his "Dandini" in "Cinderella," during the first run of that opera. Mr. Comer was, while on the stage, very happy in dialect parts—made a very good Irishman and a highly acceptable Jew. His "Moses," in the "School for Scandal," was always considered a nice bit of acting; and long after the leadership of the orchestra was committed to his care, he was frequently summoned behind the footlights to enact favorite characters which none could fill better. For several years Mr. Comer was connected with the Boston Museum, in the capacity of leader of the orchestra and musical director, and Mr. Kimball's various brilliant spectacles have been rendered yet more attractive by the original music composed for them by Mr. Comer. He is now attached in the same capacity to the Boston Theatre, and exhibits the zeal and fire of youth in the discharge of his duties. Enjoying a high professional reputation, the subject of our sketch is equally esteemed in private life, and no man has a wider or more attached circle of friends. Long may he live to wield the leader's bow in the beautiful establishment managed by Mr. Barry, and which even the satirical Beauvallet has acknowledged to be one of the finest, if not the very finest in the world.



THOMAS COMER.

VITALITY OF INSECTS.

If the head of a mammaliferous quadruped, or of a bird is cut off, the consequences of course are fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Lueohoek had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Valliant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, and yet the feet and antennæ were in full play after the lapse of five months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain. A fleshy integument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived six months. Spallanzini cut the hearts out of three newts (in Scotland called asks), which immediately took to flight, leaped, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognize a precipice on approaching the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived eighteen days. Colonel Pringle decapitated several libellulæ, or dragon flies, one of which lived afterwards for four months, and another survived for six months; and what seems rather odd in connection with this circumstance, he could never succeed in keeping alive those with their heads on, above a few days at the farthest.—*Ballou's Dollar Monthly.*

DEER STALKING IN GERMANY.

The landscape on this page represents a glade in a forest at Coburg, Germany, with a number of sportsmen engaged in the amusement of deer-stalking. The sportsmen at the foot of an ancient oak are watching for a shot at a deer bounding past their station, while a noble buck has just breathed his last at their feet. This forest scene is sketched in the ancient domain of the dukes of Saxe Coburg—the birthplace of Prince Albert. Some few years since, the Queen of England visited this place, and deer-stalking was among the amusements got up for the entertainment of the royal guest. It was a specimen, on a very grand scale, of what in Germany appears to be considered as sporting, but which is, in fact, the wholesale destruction of deer driven into a confined space for the purpose, and deprived of all chance of escape. They call it a deer hunt; but it has none of the characteristics of that noble sport, and is, in fact, the same practice to describe which the term battue has been used in England. It is, however, the mode of sporting adopted in the country, and which has, in some shape or other, existed for centuries; and those who resort to it do not seem to associate with it any idea of unnecessary cruelty, or to be aware that in thus depriving the object of sport of the power of indulging its instinct of flight, they are losing one at least of the great charms of sporting—the excitement of pursuit. The place chosen for this exhibition of skill in shooting at a living target, was distant three or four miles from Reinhardtsbrunn, and about fourteen or fifteen from Gotha. Here stretch the skirts of the great Thuringian range, which break into magnificent hills, of very great height and covered to their summits with the pine. This plateau was enclosed on all sides with a sort of wall of white canvass and network sufficiently high to prevent the possibility of any of the deer escaping. In the centre, and for the purpose of this exhibition, there was erected a sort of pavilion, open at the sides, formed of fir branches and leaves, and decorated with heather, forest flowers and berries. In the interior of the enclosed space were also the chasseurs, or huntsmen, of the duke, all clad in brilliant uniforms of green and gold, looking more like soldiers than sportsmen. Shortly after it was announced that the royal party were coming, and in a few moments the carriages were seen winding round a hill facing the place of battue, the band striking up a lively air. The queen was attended by a large retinue of English nobility and princes and princesses of Germany. Her majesty the Queen of England and the other ladies were, on alighting, escorted to the pavilion before described. Easy chairs (a rather odd association with "sport") had been placed there, on which Queen Victoria, the Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess Alexandrina sat during the greater part of the time the work of destruction was going on. They were accompanied to the pavilion by Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Leiningen, and Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg. The other gentlemen took up a station in another part of the enclosure, which was deemed favorable for shooting the deer. As soon as the party were all thus arranged, the process of driving in the deer commenced, and after a little time the shooting began. As a herd bounded by at the full reckless speed of terror, in a few minutes after the discharge of the guns, one, two, three or four of the noble animals might be seen suddenly to halt, stagger and fall, struggling for a brief space in the agonies of death. Soon the field became gradually more and more covered with the slain, as the herd that rushed wildly about the enclosure grew thinner and thinner, till at last there were not enough to justify an aim. At this part of the display came the crowning act of the sport. The dead or dying deer were either dragged, or carried suspended from poles, across towards the pavilion, where the huntsman plunged his enormous *couteau de chasse* into their throats. All sporting must, to a certain extent, be attended with a degree of necessary cruelty; still its more harsh and revolting features are becoming gradually softened down, or concealed from view. Not to pursue the subject to a wearisome length, this continuous shooting, relieved by music, lasted for upwards of two hours, until either nearly all the deer were killed or the rest were allowed to escape, and then the royal party prepared to return. In England, deer-sporting is noble and manly. A deer-stalker in the Highlands goes through fatigues, and sometimes encounters dangers, which, if undertaken in a campaign, would fill a soldier's budget. English stag, fox and hare hunting, in like manner, involves great fatigue and labor—the huntsman almost earns his game. Mind and body are alike braced and nerved by the pursuit. Above all, the poor brutes are given a fair start and fair play. All the chance nature gives them they keep—it is skill and perseverance against fleetness and cunning.



DEER-STALKING IN GERMANY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL,

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Archdeacon Coxe, in his memoirs of this great captain, whom Macaulay handles so gloveleesly in his last volume, represents him as having retained his mental powers to the very last; but Pope, with more truth probably, gives a very different picture of his closing moments:

> "In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,
> Fears of the brave and follies of the wise:
> From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

There is a similar passage in Churchill:

> "What bitter pangs must humbled genius feel
> In their last hours to view a Swift and Steele;
> To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
> And sit the monuments of living death!"

By the way, speaking of Marlborough, Tom Taylor relates the following anecdote: On one occasion, when the great Lord Chesterfield was present, the Duchess of Marlborough was urging the duke to take some medicine contrary to his inclinations. At length she said, vehemently, "Do, my lord, take it. I'll be hanged if it wont do you good." Lord Chesterfield added, slyly, "Take it, my lord, it will certainly do you good *one way or other.*"

A Narrow Escape.—A young Irishman at Bristol, England, lately had a needle run into his breast and broken off in the casing of the heart. A surgeon laid the heart bare, and extracted the piece of steel. It is averred that the heart itself may be pierced by a sharp instrument without causing immediate death.

Ida Pfeiffer.—This enterprising lady is off again on a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. If she lives to get back, she says that she will wander no longer, but seek a quiet place wherein to await the coming of death. A small chest contains all her wearing apparel, books, etc., for a three years' voyage.

Preserving Fish.—The Russians keep fish perfectly sweet for a long time in the hottest weather, by dipping them in hot beeswax, which forms an air tight covering. Our trouting friends in New Hampshire will please remember this, and lay in a good supply of wax.

France and America.—The government of France does not propose to interfere with this country on account of the recognition of the Walker government in Nicaragua.

The Frog Business.—This is quite a lively branch of business in New York. At many of the restaurants frogs are a favorite dish, not only with Frenchmen but Americans.

SPLINTERS.

.... Cod liver oil cures consumption by promoting a restorative process in the system. Its efficacy is undoubted.

.... Kossuth lately realized $1900 from two lectures in Edinburg. He is on an extensive lecturing tour.

.. A new theatre is to be erected in Paris, called the "Theatre of the Imperial Prince."

.... The English have found out that our available militia force numbers two and a half millions of men.

.... Love is a common cause of suicide among women, and the immoderate use of ardent spirits among men.

.... Well-dressed swindlers are in the habit of eating their meals at the New York hotels, and never paying for them.

.... The New York Sunday Times says it is nonsense to talk of "French without a master;" the French will always have one.

.... The citizens of Liverpool and Manchester have issued peace addresses to the citizens of this country.

.... It is said that false swearing has become so general in the New York courts, as to excite the alarm of the bar.

.... The entire stock of the Albany Bridge Company, $500,000, was subscribed for a few weeks since.

.... An English coachman lost a large sum bet on Palmer's acquittal, and committed suicide in consequence.

.... Miss Mary E. Wormley, author of "Anabel" and "My Cousin Veronica," was lately married at Newport, R. I.

.... Madame Ristori is 150,000 francs the richer for acting three months in the great city of Paris.

.... Lady Byron, the widow of the great poet, has purchased the late Samuel Rogers's house in London.

.... The story that Adelaide Phillips had been thrown from her horse and injured, was a sheer fabrication.

.... Mr. Samuel Elliot is the new professor of literature and history in Trinity College, Hartford, Ct.

The Maine State Agricultural Society will hold their fair at Waterville, October 28, 29, 30 and 31.

.... The late inundations in France are estimated to have rendered 40,000 of the inhabitants homeless.

.... Arabia is still in a state of insurrection, refusing to recognize longer the authority of the Sultan.

.... About a million and a half of dollars are spent annually in fire-crackers for the fourth of July.

.... Leaves composted with brine-slacked lime make an admirable manure for fruit trees.

.... The Smithsonian Institute has a surplus of over $125,000 ordered to be invested in State stocks.

.... The cholera has begun to show itself in Northern Russia. It is feared that it will extend far and wide.

THE FINE ARTS.

No one should embark on the career of an artist—and by that term we do not include the professor of the plastic arts alone, but of music and architecture, as well as painting and sculpture—without being thoroughly satisfied of his vocation. For, in all of the fine arts, mediocrity is fatal. It is not enough that a young man can draw accurately a head, a figure or a flower, or model in clay a limb or an animal, or write a melody that does not wound the ear by incorrectness; he may do thus much, and yet evince only mechanical skill. But does he feel that inspiration which Carl Maria Von Weber, the great German composer, explained in a striking passage in his works? He said that "a beautiful landscape, a brilliant sunset or sunrise, a forest scene, everything, in short, he witnessed, presented itself to his soul in a musical form in concords or discords. Whatever he perceived resolved itself into music, and thus became truly impressive to his soul." It always struck us that this passage contained the key to the mystery of inspiration. Such a perceptive faculty must be inborn; it may be cultivated, but cannot be created or supplied by any process or assiduity.

So with the painter. When he reads the description of a striking historical scene, that scene must take actual shape before him; he must see, not vaguely, but distinctly, figures, expressions, costumes, groupings, blended in a harmonious whole. To express those conceptions, he must have had long practice in drawing and coloring; his memory must be a rich treasury of rare facts, and then he will be able to work out with certainty the visions of his mind's eye. Even in portrait painting—which Sir Joshua Reynolds thought he could teach to any boy of moderate capacity—there is the widest difference between the mechanical copy of features, in which no fault of proportion can be perceived, and the radiant speaking head through whose eyes the soul of the original is reflected back upon the spectator. The merely mechanical copyist of objects of nature, like the mere mechanical arranger of musical notes, may, in a low condition of public taste, enjoy a temporary success; but his name will never live, it will never be inscribed with those of the Angelos, the Raphaels, the Claudes, the Titians, the Mozarts, the Haydns and the Von Webers.

The student of the fine arts, then, must start with undoubted genius, and he must toil for years, like the humblest mortal, in the accumulation of his material, in the storing of his armory with weapons. Afterwards the production of master-pieces is an unconscious effort. "The definition of genius," says Hazlitt, "is that it acts unconsciously; and those who have produced immortal works, have done so without knowing how or why. The greatest power operates unseen, and executes its appointed task with as little ostentation as difficulty. Whatever is done best, is done from the natural bent and disposition of the mind. It is only where our incapacity begins that we begin to feel the obstacles, and to set an undue value on our triumph over them. Corregio, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, did what they did without premeditation or effort; their works came from their minds as a natural birth. If you had asked them why they adopted this or that style, they would have answered *because they could not help it*, and because they knew of no other." * * * "It is not known that Corregio ever saw a picture of any great master. He lived and died obscurely in an obscure village. We have few of his works, but they are all perfect. What truth, what grace, what angelic sweetness are there! Not one line or tone that is not divinely soft or exquisitely fair; the painter's mind rejecting, by a natural process, all that is discordant, coarse or unpleasing. The whole is an emanation of pure thought. The work grew under his hand as if of itself, and came out without a flaw, like the diamond from the rock. He knew not what he did, and looked at each modest grace as it stole from the canvass with anxious wonder."

Indian Character.—Capt. Marcy, who, with Capt. McLellan, U. S. A., explored the Red River, in 1852, says of the Indians:—"They are, perhaps, as arrant freebooters as can be found upon the face of the earth; and they regard stealing from strangers as perfectly legitimate and honorable, and that man who has been most successful in this is the most highly honored by his tribe. Indeed, a young man who has not made one or more of these expeditions into Mexico is held in but little repute. In evidence of this, I was told by an old chief of the Northern Camanches, called Is-sa-keep, that he was the father of four sons, who, he said, were as fine young men as could be found; that they were a great source of comfort to him in his old age, and could steal more horses than any other young men in his band."

The Coal Trade.—The coal trade of Pennsylvania bids fair to eclipse that of the entire world. New fields are almost weekly being discovered, and new mines worked. The northern counties of Pennsylvania will ere long develop a startling amount of mineral wealth. All the hills teem with coal and iron.

Gabriel Ravel.—This admirable gymnast and pantomimist is going to leave the stage definatively. He took a final leave a few years ago, went to France, impaired his fortune by speculation, and returned to the stage to make up his losses. He has done so, and now makes his final bow.

Marine Disasters.—During the first six months of the present year, the aggregate amount of property injured or destroyed at sea was nearly sixteen millions of dollars!

Home again.—Among recent visitors from California, was Francis Tukey, Esq., so well known for years as our city marshal.

Losses by Fire.—The losses by fire in the United States for the last six months were nearly six millions.

AN AMERICAN BELLE IN CHINA.

Every one knows how degraded is the position of females in China. A young American merchant lately took his youthful wife with him to Hong-Kong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy mandarin. The latter regarded the lady attentively and apparently with admiration. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the husband in his imperfect English, or "broken China," "Wat you give for that wifey wife yours?"

"O," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars."

This our merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure; but he was mistaken.

"Well," said the mandarin, taking out his book with an air of business, "'spose you give her to me, I give you five thousand dollars."

It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was amazed or amused, but the grave air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in earnest, and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume. The mandarin, however, was pressing, and went as high as 7000 dollars. The merchant, who had no previous notice of the value of the commodity he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to declare that American men never sold their wives after they once came into their possession, an assertion which the Chinaman was slow to believe. The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his young wife, when he told her that he had just discovered her full value, as the mandarin had offered him 7000 dollars for her.

A curious Bird.—Bailey, in his dictionary, an English work of the last century, says of the Baltimore oriole, that "being looked upon by one that has the yellow jaundice, cures the person and kills the bird." The same authority also gives the following accurate and veracious description of the humming bird. "The Humming Bird, which makes a Noise like the Whirlwind, though it be no bigger than a fly; it feeds on Dew, has an admirable Beauty of Feathers, a Scent as sweet as that of Ambergrease." A very valuable work for reference, certainly—particularly on scientific subjects.

Editors.—They are the daily chroniclers of the world—writers and compilers of history, geography, politics, law, religion, incidents of every-day life, of war, peace, crime, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, literature and love.

Fast.—Flora Temple, the mare that beat Chicago Jack on the Centreville Course, L. I., lately, is thought to be the fastest trotter in the world.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Samuel H. Woodcock to Miss Elizabeth A. Bunker; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Homer Coffin to Miss Ellen McGlinnis; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Thomas P. Sawyer, of Sedgwick, Me., to Miss Susan Choate; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Benjamin Roach to Miss Margaret Pollock; by Rev. Mr. Adams, of Worcester, Dr. H. G. Brigham to Miss Henrietta Mason. At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Wood, Mr. James B. Wood to Miss Ellen S. Oldham.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hopkin, Mr. Charles Meil to Miss Frances Georgiana Neall.—At Brookline, by Rev. Dr. Stone, Dr. J. W. Phelps to Miss Agnes Rebecca Burt.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. John Baldwin, of Chicago, to Miss Rebecca Fairbanks.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Ira Worcester to Miss Susan A. Caldwell.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Samuel S. Willey to Miss Ann Donahoe.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Joseph W. Lombard to Miss Eliza A. Dunbar.—At Marblehead, by Rev Mr. Patch, Mr. William D. Cloutman to Miss Ellen M. Hammond.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Ordway, Mr. Albert E. Eaton to Miss S. Melissa Perry, both of South Boston.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Joseph Eldridge to Miss Louisa Sanderson.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Kimball W. Stetson, of Kingston, to Miss Elizabeth T. Pratt, of Carver.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Joshua Brewster, 62; Mr. Reed Taft, 71; Miss Mary Lock, 32; Mrs. Mary E. Hodson, 79; Widow Jane Black, 68; Mr. Samuel Newcomb, 69; Mr. Charles H. Haynes, 25.—At Charlestown, Mr. William Belcher, 76; Mrs. Eliza A., wife of Isaac Blanchard, Esq., 59.—At Jamaica Plain, Miss Sarah B. Barnard, 23.—At Cambridge, Miss Susan D. Stone, 23; Mrs. Margaret Jennings, 68.—At Somerville, Miss Nancy A. Sawyer, of Boston, 49.—At South Malden, Mr. William Thompson, 69.—At Dedham, Mrs. Sally E Worthington, 65.—At Methuen, Mrs. Alice A. Morse, 22.—At Haverhill, Widow Hannah E. Clark, 71; Mrs. Mary A. Sargent.—At Lynn, Mrs. Margaret Cleary, 32; Mr. Elbridge Follett, 29; Miss Delia Joyce, 19; Mrs. Eliza B. Newhall, 34; Miss Anna B. Lewis, 28; Mrs. Lydia Appleton, 68; Mrs. Adeline Stephens, 18.—At Salem, Mr. George Soley, 52.—At Gloucester, Mr. John Dennis, 39.—At Newburyport, Miss Mary Jane Hills, 45; Mr. Theodore Dorrill, 45; Widow Elizabeth T. Moody, 91.—At Newbury, Miss Adeline Johnson, 42.—At Worcester, Mr. Reuben B. Haywood, 44; Mr. Merriam W. Chase, 37.—At Fall River, Mr. Gardner L. Colt, 43.—At Nantucket, Widow Temperance Green, 60.—At New Marlborough, Mr. Josiah Harmon, a revolutionary pensioner, 98.—At Concord, N. H., Mrs. Lydia Elliot, 103.—At Auburn, Dea. Nathan Knowlton, a soldier of the Revolution, 96.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NO.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

This no is a resolute word!
That 'tis oftentimes right to say;
When the voice of the tempter is heard,
Say no! as thou turnest away.

This no is a resolute word,
And oftentimes wrong to say—
When the heart with emotion is stirred
For the needy, O turn not away.

Say no to the follies of youth,
And no to the errors of age;
But yes, to the teachings of truth—
That ought all our moments engage.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The room in which William Armitage sat was a perfect specimen of a bachelor's den. Books, articles of clothing, pictures, riding saddles and guns were distributed around without regard to order, and the whole room was impregnated with cigar smoke. A noble-looking dog was lying on a crimson sofa, on which the marks of his paws were plainly to be seen. A handsome mirror was broken in fragments, and a splendid lamp had shared the same fate, leaving traces of oil on the rich but soiled carpet, while the whole establishment evinced painfully the want of a woman's taste and love of order.

In a large arm-chair, before which was a table where stood coffee and toast, was the owner of this apartment. He was about thirty-three years old, with a fine figure and intellectual face, and bore an ease and suavity of manner that made him universally courted.

William Armitage was an only son. His mother—a really excellent, well-meaning woman, had committed one fault, growing out of her love for her son and her want of judgment. Having no other object on which to bestow her loving cares, she had centred them all on him; waiting on him like an infant, and pampering his appetite with dainties of her own composition.

"Whatever you do, William," said Mrs. Armitage, one day, when the vexed question of her son's future wife had arisen for discussion, "mind and get a wife that knows how to *cook*. That is the most important part to look out for. I have no patience with the reading misses of the present day. Let them learn to make a pudding."

Such words from a mother whom he loved, were not without their effect on his mind. He was intellectual enough himself—had talents—could talk well—but he was unfortunate enough to have formed his ideas of woman from a few specimens of an unfavorable kind for the exercise of his judgment. He happened to know a few really pleasing women who were not at all intellectual, and a few very talented ladies who were careless in their persons and households. So he stamped the whole sex with these two stereotyped labels—forgetting that what is really good and beautiful does not wear its estimated value pinned to it like dry goods; and that ladies sometimes disdain to throw their pearls before those whom they perceive are incapable of testing their worth.

He was just thirty when his mother died, and he removed to chambers of his own. He preferred this mode of life, because he could not bear to place another woman at the table where his mother had so long presided over his comfort. But he was growing weary of his freedom. He missed the attentive eye that saw and the active hand that remedied all his discomforts, and he began to pine once more for a well-regulated home.

And on this morning he was talking with Clement Linscott, on the subject of marriage; a welcome theme to Clement, for he had long hoped to see his sister Agnes the wife of his friend William, and joyfully responded to his wish of being introduced to her. William had, on several occasions, heard Clement praise his sister's housewifely qualities, and he had expatiated very largely on her perfect health, which was another grand theme on which William had talked. He would have no pale, sickly, sentimental or learned wife. She should be strong, active and healthy—all excellent things, it is true, and very desirable in man or woman. He found Agnes Linscott all this, nay, more—for she was very pretty. He married her, and taking her to a luxurious country seat, just far enough from his business to be pleasant, he surrounded her with all the elegances and comforts he so much liked for his own gratification.

His wife justified her brother's praises. She was eminently housewifely; and her health and beauty were all that he could ask. It was his delight to take home with him gentlemen whose own establishments would not permit them to take such a liberty—to bring them unexpectedly to his table, and to show to them how perfect was his wife's order and management—to point out the exquisite dishes which no hand but her own could touch, and to let them see how carefully she ministered to his tastes.

This was all very pleasant, unquestionably, to a man like Armitage. But, by-and-by, there was a change in that perfect household. Agnes became a mother, and the care of three young children, two of them twins, made inroads upon her health and strength, that left little for her usual attention to William's comfort. He bore it very bravely at first, for the new state of paternity was very pleasant to him. But the rosy hue of health had gone from the cheek of his wife, and she moped and sighed at the state of her household, and the necessity that existed for cares which she could no longer bestow. She was not formed to love children. She could not bear the disarrangement they must inevitably create in a pattern house like hers—and having no other resource, her life settled into a condition of joyless monotony.

And what was her husband's life? He went to town every morning before either wife or children arose—took his dinner at a hotel, because he could no longer command those exquisitely cooked dishes which she had once superintended—returned to find his children asleep, and Agnes lounging on the sofa. He was kind and good, and pitied her greatly, but he had no balm to offer her which could heal her. He sat by her, reading the books which were sealed fountains to her, longing to impart the pleasure which they gave him, but knowing that she could not receive it.

And on her part, it was very hard to see him prefer those tiresome books to her; and it was not long before the querulousness of sickness showed itself in her whenever he sat down to read. What could he do? That which was very natural under the circumstances. He tired of the monotony of his home. The cheeks and lips of poor Agnes grew sharper—her voice acquired a shrill tone—the children grew troublesome, and his neighbor, Mr. Crawford, gradually prevailed on him to make his house a frequent stopping-place in the city, instead of going out every night to his home.

Here he found society that his mind had been craving the last two years. Crawford delighted in drawing around him intellectual people, and appreciated those gifts in others which assimilated mostly to his own. Not less so was Mrs. Crawford. She was a rare blending of the best and most desirable qualities of woman. As a wife and mother she was all that could be asked—as a housewife, she was practical without being finical—as a companion, she was interesting, without being pedantic or a blue stocking. Her conversation, while it reached and embellished the highest points of literary taste, and touched skilfully upon matters of art and science, could still adapt itself to the lowest capacity, to children, and was equally the delight of the old, to whom she showed an attention and deference which was pleasant to witness. Her husband's eye turned towards her with a loving glance, mixed ever with admiration of her talents and goodness.

To William Armitage she was especially drawn from a similarity of taste. She knew little of his history—did not even know if he was married, or if she had ever heard, had forgotten it—and his frequent visits to her house had given her the idea that he was not. Had she suspected that in the next town there was a pale, faded cheek that was growing paler by his absence, she would not have rested until she had seen it grow brighter—but to her, Armitage was a being united by no ties to any other.

Accident betrayed the fact, however, and then she took her stand. That night she gave a pleasant party, at which she had collected a large number of intelligent and delightful people. She was in high spirits and entertained them nobly. She sang and played with spirit, and she talked even better. At a late hour she led her guests to a room where refreshments had been prepared, the quality of which showed that she was not deficient there; and, in short, she performed the various duties of a hostess with due regard to each and to the company she was entertaining. This night William Armitage was really sad.

"My poor Agnes!" he said to himself; "had she possessed half the qualities of this woman, she would not turn away from books that would so cheer her hours of sickness."

He forgot that he purposely avoided a woman of talent—that he had chosen Agnes for the beauty that had faded by this illness—for the health which had decayed—for the household skill that she was not able to practise now—but never for the taste and intellect that would have made these losses bearable, and thrown around her sick couch the charm of a cultivated mind, and the appreciation of her husband's learning and talents.

Stung by William's growing indifference, Agnes started from her couch one morning, after his departure to town, surveyed herself in the glass—noted her altered appearance, and came to the opinion at once, that if she could but regain her health, she should regain her husband's affection.

She would go to town—she would consult the old family physician—she would make an effort to get well. There was no carriage at home, for her husband had driven to town that morning. He might have asked her to go with him this bright, sunny day; but he had never asked her to ride out with him. Well, the hourly coach could take her, and in that she made her journey to Dr. Livingston's house.

To him she detailed all her sufferings; she kept nothing back—not even what she thought of her husband's growing indifference to her, and she begged him, with tears in her eyes, to do something to restore her lost health. Dr. Livingston was a kind, sensible and judicious man. He saw plainly how matters stood, and he pledged himself to mend them if he could. He prescribed for her, and made it a point that she should come to town every morning for a fortnight. This, he thought, would give her exercise and occupy her time. He would give her no medicine unless she came for her daily dose, which after all was the simplest tonic. His prescription worked well. Every day there was an added strength—an added color—but she did not let her husband see it yet. When he came home she still occupied her sofa, and no word was spoken of her daily visit to town.

The fortnight elapsed, and Agnes was decidedly better. Every day, with the medicine, the doctor had given her something pleasant to read, of which he had asked her opinion the next morning. Unconsciously, she had taken an interest in subjects of which she had thought so little before that they were perfectly new to her, and she began to converse earnestly with her old friend upon them all.

"Now, my little lady," said the doctor, one morning, "I remember that you used to sing well. Bring all your old songs up here, and practise singing with Lucy. It will strengthen your lungs. Remember, this is a part of the cure!"

She did so, and was surprised that she could sing so well, for not a note had she sung since her marriage. Lucy Livingston, the doctor's eldest daughter, was called in to aid her father in the work of curing Mrs. Armitage. Lucy drove her friend in the doctor's carriage, and several times enticed her into a horseback ride, avoiding those localities where they might meet Mr. Armitage. Lucy's brother accompanied them—a youth of fifteen—and a school friend of Edwin's joined them, making a sufficient escort.

Mr. Armitage, in his pursuits of business and pleasure, knew little of these proceedings. Agnes was lying on her couch every evening, with shaded eyes, according to the doctor's commands.

"I want you to burst at once upon his sight, renovated and dazzling," said he. "It will not do for him to see the change gradually. It must astonish, to be effectual."

And Agnes woke to new hope and renewed life. Her children became a source of pleasure indescribable. From their fresh, young life, she borrowed health and energy. She spent several hours each day in playing with and caressing them, walking about the fields and lanes, and gathering strength from every footstep she planted there. Two hours she devoted to reading; two to singing—for her lungs, the doctor said, but he had another motive. Three hours of the morning she gave to her visit to town and its incidentals—riding with Lucy, driving and conversing pleasantly. At the end of a month Lucy was to go out with her to her country home. She did so; and the first night of her visit was a memorable one, for it introduced Mrs. Armitage to her husband. He had lost sight of his wife for some time; or, thought of her only as a feeble woman, unable to minister to his intellectual life or his love of good eating, which in him were strangely blended.

When he arrived that evening, he found the sofa empty. He heard the sound of music in the drawing-room, and, going up softly, he saw, through a crevice of the door, Lucy Livingston seated at the piano, and by her side, a lady in a white dress, who resembled Agnes as he first knew her. The three merry children were playing about the floor, and the room wore a bright and cheerful look, in place of its usual darkness. He looked again. Was it Agnes, with that brilliant color, and that clear, musical voice, and that unusual dress? He stepped in softly and threw his arm around her as she stood. She turned, and a bright, warm blush came over her cheek, while he welcomed Lucy. He was obliged to release Agnes to the children who were clamoring for her to come and play with them; and for the first time he saw her engage in her children's sports. Everything he saw mystified him. He almost thought he had entered some other house than his own. In fact, his coming there at that early hour was wonderful; and he began to think that he was dreaming. He could not sufficiently admire his wife or her singing, and he made her sing again and again.

The next morning, Lucy Livingston asked him to ride with her for an hour. When he looked from the window he saw that the man had brought round three horses, and he threw open the window and asked him why he did so.

"Shure it's the misthress rides every day," said the man.

And indeed, there stood Agnes in her habit, waiting to mount her spirited poney, which she managed very skilfully. As they rode slowly under the shade of some trees, he said to Agnes:

"Read me this riddle, for I truly cannot guess it."

"I will do so, William," she answered. "I saw you through my closed hands, one morning, as I lay on the sofa, and your look was so dissatisfied that it stung me to the quick. I was really ill, but I resolved to take a decisive step. I would get well, or die—I sinfully perhaps thought. I would not see that look again if I could help it. I had heard you praise Mrs. Crawford, and I noticed that you praised her as much for her health and beauty and buoyant spirits, as you did for her intellectual attainments. I thought, 'I cannot have the latter, but I will do what I can to obtain the former. I cannot live without my husband's heart.'"

She then proceeded to tell him of her scheme, and the doctor's assistance. Mr. Armitage was delighted—but he blamed himself.

"And I left you, poor thing, here alone day after day for business, and night after night to hear Amy Crawford sing, without knowing that I had a singing bird at home. Believe me, Agnes, I am truly sorry for all the pain I have caused you, and my life will be too short to repay you for what you have suffered for my unpardonable neglect." He kept his word.

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from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*.
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is said of the celebrated Boerhnave, that he considered heat so prejudicial to human health, that he was never known to go near a fire! —— The Romans, before the time of the younger Pliny not only used glass, instead of gold and silver, for drinking vessels, but they knew how to glaze their windows with it, and they fixed it in the walls of their rooms, to render their apartments more pleasant. —— Subscriptions in aid of the sufferers by the inundation in France have been taken up in England. The Sultan has sent 40,000 francs, and subscriptions have been gathered in every part of Piedmont. —— The Paris correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser says the United States drew prizes at the Great Agricultural Exhibition for every article that was presented for serious competition, numbering five: Pitt's Buffalo Threshing Machine drew a first medal, and was sold to the emperor for 2200 francs; Manny's Reaper drew a first class medal; a barrel of Col. Alston's South Carolina Rice, do.; McCormick's Reaper, worked by Frenchmen, a second class medal. —— An Oxford correspondent of Notes and Queries mentions that the earliest instance he has found of *three* names, is Oct. 11, 1588, when Henry Donne Lee subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church. —— The first Baptist congregation was formed in London, in 1608. They are not near so numerous in that country as they are in America, where they made their appearance soon after the first settlement of New England, in the person of Roger Williams, and have grown to be one of the largest denominations. —— The largest cargo of corn that ever passed through the Welland Canal, or came into Chicago, arrived at that port a few days since, in the schooner Dreadnought, which brought 10,300 bushels. —— The submarine electric cable between Cape Ray, Newfoundland, and Cape North, Cape Breton Island, was recently brought by the steamer Propontis, and has been laid. The length of the cable is 85 miles, and its weight 170 tons. She had also on board the cable to be laid down between Cape Traverse, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Formation, New Brunswick; length 13 miles, and weight 30 tons. —— De Bow's mortality statistics, compiled from the last census, show that the people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths are three hundred and twenty thousand per year, or 1 1-2 per cent. of the population. In England the ratio is over 2 per cent., and in France nearly three per cent. —— The citizens of Montreal, of all classes, are vieing with each other in contributing their mite towards the entertainment of the 39th Regiment, just returned from the Crimea. —— As an evidence of the industry of the early Protestant reformers, it is stated that John Calvin entered the pulpit as a preacher, every day of the week. On Sunday he preached twice, and he delivered three lectures a week, as professor of theology. He wrote innumerable letters, and the public library at Geneva contains from twelve to fifteen hundred of his numerous sermons. He found time, also, to compose eight or ten folio volumes on the most elaborate and complicated subjects. —— The American Home Missionary Society is thirty years old, and is brisk and prosperous. Its receipts, last year, amounted to $186,611, exceeding by thirteen thousand dollars the receipts of the preceding year. It has nearly one thousand laborers, in active missionary service, at nearly two thousand different posts. Through its aid, about one thousand churches have been established on an independent foundation.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

There were in the British navy, on the 1st of April, 1856, according to official records, 367 vessels, of which 271 are steamers, carrying an aggregate of 3936 guns, and 96 are sailing vessels, carrying 3418 guns. Besides these there are 40 steam and sailing vessels used as store-ships, tugs, tenders, etc., without armaments—making the whole effective force of the British navy 296 steamers and 111 sailing vessels. Included in this are 25 steam gunboats, which mount only two guns, and 113 which carry only four guns. The highest number of guns carried by any one vessel (a steamer) is 130; four sailing vessels mount 120 guns, and there are four steam and four sailing craft which carry from 100 to 120 pieces of ordnance. The war fleet of Great Britain has kept pace with the great maritime improvements of the age, and is composed chiefly of vessels propelled by steam. Men-of-war navigated by means of sails, will probably in a few years become obsolete among the more advanced maritime nations. The superiority of steam is fully established.

A NEW DISEASE.—The Journal of Medicine publishes an article upon a disease of which very little has hitherto been written—phosphorus disease. Those who make much use of phosphorus in their daily work—as the operatives in lucifer-match factories—are subject, it seems, to a distressing affection of the bones, especially of the jaws. The affection is at first supposed to be a simple toothache; but, if not checked in the outset, it results in the death of the bone, and a long train of the most painful symptoms.

RAILROADS.—The United States Railroad Directory states that the railroads in the Union are over five hundred in number, besides some eighty branches, and the amount of capital invested in them exceeds seven hundred million dollars!

NOBLE CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALAGAR, Agent, New York. 3—3m

IMMIGRATION.—The Norwegians have taken to coming over here in great numbers. There has been such an exodus that in some places property has fallen greatly.

GOLD.—The gold fields of Australia are yielding at the rate of 100,000,000 dollars a year.

Wayside Gatherings.

The editor of the Texas Indianola Bulletin says he saw one of the camels recently arrived from the Mediterranean carry a load of 1700 pounds.

An experienced drover, recently from the West, says that the supply of cattle is immense, and will soon be heard from in a general reduction of prices.

The State of Maine learns that Gen. Wendell P. Smith of Portland has been appointed U. S. Special Mail Agent for New England, vice Hon. Virgil D. Parris.

At Lloyd's great apprehensions are manifested that eight vessels, having altogether between 200 and 300 souls on board, have foundered at sea, with all hands, since last July.

The Merrimac river has been greatly used of late for infanticidal purpose. In the neighborhood of Lowell no less than three infant bodies were taken from the water within two days, recently.

The safe of the steamer Atlantic, which was sunk with that vessel about four years ago on Lake Erie, has at last been raised. The safe, it will be recollected, belonged to the American Express Company, and contained considerable money.

The Canadian House of Assembly has passed resolutions appropriating four millions of acres of land to aid in the construction of a railroad from Quebec to Lake Huron. This road is to be constructed on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

A census just taken in Greece shows the population to be 1,043,154 souls. The increase on the population of the preceding year is only 1531, but this is explained by the fact of the cholera having in several provinces caused extraordinary mortality.

The Glendon Rolling Mills, at East Boston, were purchased by auction the other day, at a great bargain, by a number of our shrewdest business men. One of the number sold out his interest in the purchase for five thousand dollars.

A letter to the New York Tribune says: "The Empress Eugenie is likely to remain an invalid for life. Her feet are paralyzed, and though the physicians hold out the hope that a few days may restore her to her former health, still her recovery is considered very problematic."

General Harney is said to have conquered a complete peace with the Indians of the West, and all is orderly now amongst the red men on the Upper Missouri. He is encamped with a large force of dragoons and other troops at Fort Lookout, 68 miles below Fort Pierre.

There is good reason to believe that next autumn and winter we shall have provisions at reasonable prices. The high prices have at length stimulated production, so that we learn from the Western States, there never before have been so many fat cattle preparing for market.

The estimate of the journals most conversant with the grain trade, is that England will require for the next three months, or until the time of harvest, eight million bushels of grain a month, a large part of which must be mostly looked for from the United States.

The New Orleans Picayune notices a handsome piece of variegated black marble which was quarried in that State, and says it is now certain that there are iron, lead, sandstone, marble and coal in Louisiana. A scientific survey of the State might produce very valuable results.

A gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently sent a beautiful bouquet to a commercial friend in Liverpool, by the steamship Persia. The flowers reached their destination apparently as fresh and fragrant as if they had been gathered only the day previous, and remained in good condition for a full week after their reception.

A Frenchman was recently tried in San Francisco for stealing daguerreotypes. Upon trial, the prisoner, whose wife had recently deserted him, was proven to be afflicted with a monomania in appropriating every female portrait he could find, believing them to be those of his delinquent spouse.

To remedy Sunday sleepiness, which bothers so many good people who want to keep awake, the Christian Intelligencer says the patient must lift his foot seven inches above the floor, and hold it there in suspense, without support to the limb. Repeat the remedy as often as the attack comes on.

During six weeks, in the French provinces, nearly two hundred men have been tried and sentenced as members of secret revolutionary societies. These are still widely spread, notwithstanding the constant vigilance of every description of agents in the service of the government.

The immense wealth of England is set down in value at £4,447,000,000. Its cultivated soil is valued at £1,700,000, its mines at £120,000,000, its dwellings and factories at £450,000,000, agricultural implements, live stock and manufactured goods each over £200,000,000, and its mercantile shipping at £40,000,000.

The cotton crop of the year will vary but little from the early estimates of three and a half million bales. The quantity received at the shipping ports up to the latest dates, was 3,414,000 against 2,500,000 last year, and 3,162,000 in the great crop of 1853. The excess over the receipts last year is now 825,000 bales, and over 1853, 292,000 bales.

The trade of Algiers with France is worth every year 120,000,000 francs. In 1853, the colony shipped to different French ports 1,000,000 hectolitres of grain, and the following year 2,000,000. The horse breeding establishments in the colony contain 2207 stallions, and 62,000 mares. The stallions are of the finest breeds, and were imported by the emperor from Central Arabia.

The population of the city of Austin, Texas, according to a census just taken, is 3034. The Times says that there is also a population of about two thousand residing on city out-lots. According to the analysis of that paper, there are among the denizens of the capital, 34 merchants, 35 lawyers, 14 doctors, 18 teachers, 57 Mexicans, and but one "gentleman." There are 32 laborers, 110 mechanics, and 638 slaves; 2 printing-offices, 7 churches, 8 common and two Sunday schools.

The Germans make great account of singing in their worship. The hymn is regarded as a very important part of the service. In many of the German churches little blackboards are placed conspicuously about the room, on which by means of movable figure blocks, the numbers of the hymns to be sung are presented to the assembly, from the opening of the house, so that the worshipper may look out his hymn at his leisure. The singing is unique—all joining—men, women and children; it is a perfect storm of song.

The physicians of Alleghany, Mich., have adopted a set of rules, one of which is something of a novelty in the profession. They mutually pledge themselves not to attend a patient unless the physician previously in attendance shall have been regularly discharged and satisfactorily compensated for his services; and, in case of the patient refusing to settle his back scores, they decline to attend him altogether. Being sick is a luxury; and if folks had to pay for it punctually, there are some who would indulge in it less frequently.

Foreign Items.

The horticultural fetes are perhaps the most attractive and delightful events of the London season, and the coming exhibitions are richer in promise than in any previous year.

M. Bergougnoux, formerly editor of the Toulouse Emancipation, was lately condemned to five years' imprisonment, for having in a public carriage spoken disrespectfully of the French emperor.

Mr. Charles Sontag, a young brother of the late Countess Rossi, made his *debut* at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, lately, and failed. He has a sweet voice, distinct enunciation, and a fine manly appearance; but even with these advantages and the prestige of his name, he could not succeed.

At the latest dates received in England from Melbourne, March 28th, the gold fields of Australia were yielding more largely than ever—at the rate of nearly £20,000,000 per annum; and the produce of the first three months of 1856 is nearly double that of the corresponding three months of 1855, being almost 700,000 ounces.

Belgium has been one of the most intensely Roman Catholic countries in Europe, but the tide appears to be turning in favor of Protestantism—the friends of the latter having fifteen missions, in which some four thousand persons are brought under Protestant influences and teaching. In Ghent a congregation has been formed, which now numbers a thousand persons.

Jonas Webb, a wealthy Englishman, and the original cultivator of the South Down race of sheep, is now exhibiting specimens of the breed at the Cattle Show in Paris. He was dressed in a peasant's blouse, under which he wore a magnificent chain, reaching to his girdle. Each link of the chain consisted of a gold medal received by the owner at some agricultural fair or other, as a prize for the excellence of his South Downs.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who strikes terror into others, is himself in continual fear.—*Claudian.*

.... The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.—*Colton.*

.... Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract.—*Landor.*

.... Sensibility would be a good portress, if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.—*Colton.*

.... Some men are more beholden to their bitterest enemies, than to friends who appear to be sweetness itself. The former frequently tell the truth, but the latter never.—*Cato.*

.... "What you demand is here, or at Ulubræ." You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.—*Horace.*

.... He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat; which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes, that it cannot delight in the sun.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

.... Though judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure of friendship, it is affection that gives the cement; and passion as well as reason should concur in forming a firm and lasting coalition.—*Fitzosborne.*

.... There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.—*Bossuet.*

Joker's Budget.

"Come, get up, it's time to rise," as Mr. Squizzle said to his railroad shares.

There is a shop kept by a lady in New York, in the window of which appear these words: "No reasonable offer refused."

Punch thinks that the carriage-drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troops could stand their charges.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

Young Snobley (a regular lady-killer).—"How the gals do stare at one's beard! I suppose they think I'm a horficer just come from the Crimear!"—*Punch.*

There is a lucky editor in Canada. He says they have had a terrible winter, but with three tons of coal and a pretty wife, he has got through it very comfortably.

Miss Tulip, in speaking of old bachelors, says, that they are frozen out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love. As they are useless as weeds, they should be served in the same manner—choked!

If you would learn to bow, watch a mean man when he talks to a gentleman of wealth. A narrow-minded man can no more stand upright in the presence of a money-bag than he can throw a somerset over the moon.

A young man, directing a letter to his lady-love, wrote her name thus: "You Ness Brown." The postmaster was somewhat at a loss to know what to do with the letter, but he finally sent it to You Rope by the pack it.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

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SPEARING THE NARWHAL.

This picture represents an Esquimanx, in his curious pointed canoe, spearing narwhal. Alone on the wild ocean, managing his double-bladed paddle with one hand, and his harpoon in the other, riding over the fish, he is preparing boldly to give him his death-wound. The narwhal inhabits the dreary realms of the polar ocean. Its general form resembles that of the porpoise; it has, however, no teeth, properly so called, but two ivory tusks or spears, implanted in the intermaxillary bone, but of which the right remains usually rudimentary and concealed during life. The left tusk, on the contrary, attains to the length of from five to seven or eight and sometimes ten feet in length, and projects from the snout in a right line with the body, tapering gradually to a point, with a spiral twist, rope-like, through its whole extent, where, by an oversight, the tusks have been transposed. In its structure and growth, this tusk resembles that of the elephant, being hollow at its base or root, and solid at its extremity. Formerly these horns or tusks were looked upon to be the horns of the fabulous land unicorn, and therefore they were valued as an inestimable curiosity, and sold excessively dear, till the Greenland fishery was set on foot, when they became more common and their real nature known. The use assigned to the tusk of the narwhal by Crantz, viz., that of uprooting marine vegetables on which to feed, is altogether a supposition. As the male only has this instrument developed, or generally the male, the female must be reduced to sad difficulties in the procuring of food; but in truth the position of the tusk renders such a use as is here attributed to it impossible. Moreover the narwhal does not subsist on marine fuci or algæ, but on soft animal matter, as mollusks and fish. Capt. Scoresby found the remains of cuttle-fish in the stomachs of several which were opened by him, and similar remains were also found in the stomach of one driven ashore near Boston. In general form the narwhal resembles the porpoise, but the head is small and blunt; the mouth is small and not capable of much extension; the under lip is wedge-shaped; the eyes are placed in a line with the opening of the mouth, at the distance of thirteen or fourteen inches from the snout, and of small size, being about an inch in diameter. The spiracle or blow-hole is a single orifice of a semi-circular form, on the top of the head, directly over the eyes. The fins or flippers are about fourteen or fifteen inches long, and from six to eight broad, their situation on the sides being at one-fifth of its length from the snout. The breadth of the tail is from fifteen to twenty inches. There is no dorsal fin, but a sharp ridge down the centre of the back. At an early age, the narwhal is blackish gray on the back; the sides are almost white, with spots of a dark hue, shown in the engraving. The narwhal is fleet and ferocious; and when it is irritated, a combat with it is rather a formidable and dangerous affair.



SPEARING THE NARWHAL.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

The picture before us places us in the centre of the studio of a Spanish painter of the 17th century. The light, artistically arranged, falls upon an interesting group. It streams down broadly on a canvass, before which sits a youth of sixteen or eighteen, his palette and brushes in his left hand, in his right that skilful pencil which, guided by a true inspiration, is tracing, in glowing colors, the sainted features of a Holy Mother and Child. So absorbed is the young artist that he has not heard the approach of footsteps. No shadow falling on his canvass, tells him that the master, whose judgment he fears and whose criticism he deprecates, is standing there, hushing to silence with a gesture the students that crowd around him, and gazing with wonder and admiration on the performance of his pupils. A broad-leafed hat and plume shade his thoughtful brow. He gazes intently at the canvass, and gazing there he sees a glorious future expanding in perspective before the young painter whose hand has first moved under his guidance, but who is now animated by that divine spirit which no teaching can impart. A moment more, and the reverential hush of that group will be broken. The master will no longer be able to suppress his approbation. He will address to the young painter those words of encouragement which will dwell forever in his memory, and which in after years no praise or honorable award will equal in their effect.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., NO. 6.—WHOLE NO. 266.

ENTRANCE TO THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The sketch before us, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Eytinge, a very clever young artist of New York, has all the fidelity of a daguerreotype, and that life and spirit which the daguerreotype process cannot, of course, convey. The scene is the entrance to that splendid hotel—the St. Nicholas—partly depicted under the pseudonym of the St. Bobolink in an English sketch of American hotel life we read recently. In sketching the outside features of this grand caravanserai, we shall say nothing of the architectural splendors of its façade, of the luxury and elegance and taste of its interior saloons and chambers, of its sumptuous tables and careful attendance, these being features perfectly well known. We have to do at present with the vestibule, the proscenium as it were, flanked by the establishment of Phalon, the prince of hairdressers, on one side, and that of Genin, the prince of hatters, on the other. What variety and expression we note in the dresses, attitudes and grouping of the almost speaking figures in the doorway, who are uttering their comments on the passers-by! Here is the bouquet-vender offering his cornet of flowers to a rather inappreciative crowd. The over-dressed female with the parasol will sweep by him in the amplitude of silk and crinoline, without deigning to notice him. The lady with the child has already passed. The pile of baggage and the carriage betoken a departure for the railroad cars or steamboat. A stately Turk, half European by his costume, but distinguished by the fez, paces on, smoking a cigar. An itinerant organ-grinder, and organ-grinders abound in New York, moves along bending under the weight of his instrument, surmounted by the indispensable monkey, and accompanied by the child that plays the tambourine. A staid Quaker and his daughter contrast with the fashionably dressed people near them—with the gentleman caressing his moustache, and the trussed up fop behind him. In front of Phalon's is an individual economizing time by devouring the newspaper as he walks. The whole scene is life-like and characteristic. In its variety and glitter it is the type of New York as it is—changed immeasurably from the days of Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong, the governors of the Dutch colony, immortalized by Diedrich Knickerbocker. Nearly all the principal streets have each their distinct character, but Broadway, in which our scene lies, is the epitome and *resumé* of New York. Through this great thoroughfare pour continuously the representatives of all the classes of this most cosmopolitan of cities. This is the common ground of the Irish laborer and the American belle—the old fogy and the young American—the titled traveller and the untitled resident—the steady, portly gentleman who has retired on his demi-million, and the thin and nervous individual who hurries to his place of business because he has or hopes to make his million. Rich and poor, gentle and simple, grave and gay, find the common path. As with the people, so with the buildings. Here is a rickety, tumble-down relic of old times—there a stately mansion. Here a splendid Gothic church rears its sculptured steeple high in air; there a theatre attracts attention by its huge lamps and huger show bills. Such is New York.



ENTRANCE TO THE ST NICHOLAS HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BIRD IS FREE.

The sound of the retreating footsteps died away, and Eleanor listened with a sinking heart. Lucy Elmore's cheeks were crimson—her indignation at its height.

"And Harry Longworth has failed, after all," she said. "It is too bad. I could cry, Miss Eleanor! What shall we do now?"

"Indeed, Lucy, I hardly know," answered Miss Ashby, with a troubled countenance. "We are prisoners in earnest, it seems, with even a warder at the door."

"Yes—that is the worst part of the matter," said Lucy; "for now no one can come this way without being seen; and though I know Harry and the rest will not yield without another trial, it will be of just no use in the world; for that knave Hawkins will give the alarm; he will not let us escape, you may be sure. So there is no telling how long we may be forced to stay here. How long do you suppose it will be, Miss Eleanor?"

"Until I promise to marry Mr. Briancourt, or make my escape, Lucy," answered Miss Ashby.

"Then, dear Miss Eleanor, if we cannot get away, I hope you will choose to stay here forever, rather than marry him," returned Lucy, earnestly. "And I am sure I will gladly stay with you."

"Indeed, I should prefer to stay," said Miss Ashby. "I will not wed him, if they never release me, Lucy. But I am sorry they have imprisoned you also; for though, I confess, your presence is a comfort to me, it is too hard to deprive you of your liberty for my sake."

"O, do not say a word about that—do not say a word about that," said Lucy, gently; "for, indeed, Miss Eleanor, I should be a thousand times more unhappy if you were here alone and I could not see you, and had no way of setting you free, either. I do not care about the being shut up, for myself, but it is wicked that you should be."

Suddenly, approaching footsteps were heard, and Eleanor started from the seat she had taken, laying her hand silently on Lucy's arm. Both listened. The footsteps came nearer. They were those of Sir Edward and some other person. Eleanor and Lucy heard him pause and exchange some words with the man, Hawkins, who was stationed in the corridor. Then he approached the door; the fastenings were withdrawn, and he threw it open.

He stood there in the doorway, with one of the under-servants behind him. He just glanced at his niece and her maid, and then turning, spoke to the domestic, who entered, set down on a table a small tray, spread with the breakfast of the new made prisoners, and departed. Eleanor and Lucy stood regarding these motions in perfect silence.

As soon as the servant was gone, Sir Edward stepped into the apartment, closing the door partly, and still holding the handle. He looked colder—sterner than ever.

"Miss Ashby," he said, freezingly, "I have come hither to let you know that, for the present, your meals will be served to you in your own apartment, where you will remain, until you feel disposed to obey my commands."

"If, by your commands," returned Eleanor, "you have reference, as I suppose, to that respecting my union with Mr. Briancourt, I have only to say that I shall adhere to the resolution which I have already expressed concerning it."

"Then you will stay here until you have ceased to adhere to it!" said Sir Edward, harshly, and growing very pale.

Miss Ashby's cheek flushed with distress and agitation, that she tried hard to conceal under a calm demeanor and with steady tones, as she replied:

"I will not stay here if I can escape, sir, which, be assured, I shall endeavor to do; but however long I may be obliged to remain, my determination with regard to the union into which you would force me will continue unchanged. And the longer my imprisonment, the greater will become my detestation of Morley Briancourt. You may tell him so."

The baronet frowned heavily.

"We shall see!" he uttered, in an angry voice. "You will either consent to receive him as your husband within three days, or, at the expiration of that time, your consent will no longer be considered necessary. As for you," and he addressed Lucy, "you will also remain here with your mistress. You will neither of you find it so easy a thing to escape as, perhaps, you imagined it last night. Be careful when you express your inclinations the next time, that no one hears you." And going out, he fastened the door securely on the outside.

"What will they do, I wonder?—drag me to the altar by force?" said Miss Ashby, mentally. It was not improbable that they would do such a thing. He had said that, at the expiration of three days, her consent would no longer be considered necessary. It meant that she would be married without it. In three days! It was a short time.

"Lucy," she said, turning to her maid, with the unconscious tears standing in her eyes,—"Lucy, where could I find a place of refuge, safe from discovery, if I should escape from here? For if I can find means to leave Ashby ere these three days are at an end, I will do it. I will seek out some shelter where I may be free from these tyrannical persecutions."

"O, I am sure you would be safe at Briarfield, dear Miss Eleanor," answered Lucy. "They are your best friends. They would only too gladly take you away from here; and they would never let Sir Edward know where you were."

Miss Ashby stood silent for a moment, with her eyes cast down, in earnest thought, and an expression of troubled meditation upon her face.

"No, no—not there," she murmured, presently,—"not *there*!" And a rosy tinge dawned upon her pale cheek.

"Why?" said Lucy Elmore, earnestly. "I am sure you would be safe there; and I know there is not one of them who would not be happy to keep you away from that odious Mr. Briancourt. They all dislike him."

"No, Lucy,—I should not go there," repeated Miss Ashby, hastily, but gently. "And, indeed, I do not well know why I am thinking of going anywhere; for it is not at all probable that I shall get free from this place," she added. "Out in the corridor is Hawkins, to keep guard lest any one should attempt to release us again; and yonder," and she pointed from the window to the lawn, "sits Will Humphries, beneath that old oak, with a watchful eye upon our casements, that we may have no means of communication with any one that way."

"Ay—the insolent knave!" said Lucy Elmore, indignantly. "He is fit for such an office. He has done nothing but meddle, and watch, and spy upon your concerns, Miss Eleanor, ever since he has been here; sometimes from his own inclination, and sometimes from his master's orders, and often from both. I am sure if there had been any one except the servants who was not in league with young Mr. Briancourt, that saucy Will Humphries would have been whipped out of Ashby long ago. All the people in the kitchen know how his master sets him to watch when you go and come, and how long you stay, and where you go; and not a word or a token passes from Briarfield hither that Will Humphries's master and Sir Edward do not know it."

"I know—I know!" said Eleanor Ashby, bitterly, while a burning blush rose to her cheek. She turned away, and the hot tears rushed to her eyes.

Meanwhile, below stairs, in the library, Sir Edward, Mr. Briancourt and Morley were shut up in secret conclave, discussing the subject of Eleanor's rebellion, and the wisdom of the way fixed upon to put it down. Sir Edward had promised, if, in three days, she did not yield, to wait no longer, but force her to obedience. And it was no difficult matter, if there were none to interfere. They knew it. Poor Eleanor—poor Eleanor Ashby! A thousand times, with her brave and resolute spirit, she might declare that they should never make her, while living, the bride of Morley Briancourt, though they dragged her to the altar by force. Little she knew of her own weakness, in the scale with their cunning. Let but the third day go by, and her fate, if she escaped not, was sealed.

The people in the servants' hall, too, were tumultuously discussing the matter of Miss Ashby's imprisonment. A spirit of rebellious indignation prevailed among them. The ineffectual attempt of Harry Longworth to release Miss Ashby and Lucy, had influenced them still more against Sir Edward. They were all there, talking of the master, excepting the respective valets of the baronet and Morley Briancourt, who had been set to keep guard over the prisoners, being the only ones in the house whom Sir Edward could have bribed to do it. They were looked upon, consequently, with contemptuous disgust; and the scullion whom Sir Edward employed to carry up to Miss Ashby and Lucy their meals was in disgrace among the rest.

Harry Longworth was the centre of the assemblage. He had a deeper interest, even, than any of the others in gaining the release of Miss Ashby and Lucy; for, over and above his warm-hearted zeal in the cause of Miss Eleanor, his "young missis" (as he and all the rest called her, notwithstanding she was not the mistress of Ashby), he was Lucy Elmore's lover, and they all acknowledged his right to the greatest share of sympathy of any of them. It was a sore point with him, too, that Mr. Briancourt's valet should be empowered to keep guard against the escape of the prisoners; for it was well known that Will Humphries aspired to the favor of pretty Lucy Elmore, and was triumphant in the post he now occupied, for he was in some part repaying the grudge he owed to Harry Longworth, her accepted lover. Harry, accordingly, was consulted by the rest in various plans for the release of Miss Ashby and Lucy; but none of them seemed practicable, and the poor fellow was at his wit's end between trouble for them and indignation at Sir Edward's mode of treating them.

So passed the day; and Eleanor and her maid remained in durance still. Their dinner and tea was brought up, Sir Edward himself accompanying the servant, as before, but merely for the sake of seeing that they made no attempt to bribe her; for he departed without a word, directly after the maid had set the things down.

Night came and passed, and Eleanor, unclosing her eyes to the dawn, realized, with even greater dread and anxiety than the day before, the unhappiness of her situation. Yet, repressing as far as she could, every outward evidence of her concern and distress, she encouraged Lucy, by her example, to cheerfulness; for the poor girl was in sad trouble for her mistress. And this second day passed like the other, to bring another night, that was this time a night of watching for Eleanor; for she could not close her eyes, and while Lucy slept, she kept a silent vigil.

Morley Briancourt experienced a feeling of triumphant security, meanwhile, in the nature of the plan adopted to bring his fair bride-elect to reason, as well as to prevent her from escaping his hands. These three days, passed by Eleanor in captivity, he spent in sauntering dreamily from room to room, walking in the park, whence, unseen, he could watch her casement, or in secret conferences with his father. He waited for a message from Eleanor, signifying her surrender; but he had prepared himself to look for unyielding resistance, as well; and in either case he felt that she was equally in his power. He sent a tenderly-worded epistle to her, beseeching her to relent. She returned it unopened. The circumstance augured unfavorably for his suit, certainly; but it did not make much difference to him.

The third day came to Eleanor in her captivity, and though she strove hard to hide her feelings, it was not difficult to see that this suspense and confinement were making her ill. There was an odd, strange hush pervading the old mansion. The servants went silently about their work as usual, but not a foot-fall but was muffled—not a voice that spoke above a murmur. It was like the utter stillness that reigns before a tempest. Morley Briancourt felt it. He became uneasy beneath its ominous influence. He wandered about restlessly.

That day was a wretched one to Eleanor. Morning passed, and noon, and her agitation became most intense. She could not control it longer.

"O, Lucy, Lucy, what will become of me!" she uttered once, clasping her hands with a gesture of despair, while her pale lips grew paler still, and the tears filled those bright eyes, late so smiling. "What is to become of me?" she repeated. "O, if I were only safe from here!"

Poor Lucy was distressed. Bitterly she wept for her mistress; but tears were of no avail.

Slowly the hours passed. At the usual time, their dinner was brought. Sir Edward had not entered the room since his first visit, always remaining outside; but now he sent the servant away, and came in.

"Well, Eleanor," he said, in a cold, harsh voice, "the time is fast expiring. Do you consent to receive Morley Briancourt for your husband?"

"No!" uttered Eleanor, sternly and reproachfully, glancing at her hard-hearted uncle, and then turning away to hide the tears that would rush down her cheeks.

"It is well. We will see whose will is the most powerful." And without another word, he went out, fastening the door outside as usual.

Eleanor sank into a seat, and buried her face in her hands. Lucy was alarmed at seeing her mistress thus give way.

"Dear Miss Eleanor," she said, anxiously, her eyes brimming with tears,—"dear Miss Eleanor, don't look so despairing, I beg of you! You don't seem like yourself a bit—and you so merry and light-hearted always, and so brave! You are as white as a sheet, too, and no wonder, for you have eaten nothing since yesterday. Come, do eat something, or I am sure you will faint away, and then what shall we do?"

As she spoke, she took from the tray a small plate, on which lay two small snowy rolls of bread, and brought it to her mistress.

"No, no—I do not want it, Lucy; I could not eat it," said Eleanor, languidly motioning her to take it away.

"O, do now, Miss Eleanor! you will surely faint away if you don't," urged Lucy, affectionately. "Come—you look so white—do now."

To please her, Eleanor took one of the rolls, but her fingers trembled as she broke it open, and the tears blinded and choked her.

"O, Lucy, I cannot—cannot eat!" she uttered. And putting it back, she turned away, threw herself upon a couch, and hid her face in the pillows, her whole frame quivering with emotion.

But hardly had she done so, when a half-suppressed exclamation of astonishment from Lucy roused her again.

"See—see, Miss Eleanor!" she cried. "What is this?"

And Eleanor sprang from her couch, to behold, lying on the plate, where it had fallen from the roll she had broken, a folded paper.

"What, indeed?" she echoed, a flush of hope crimsoning her cheeks. With unsteady fingers she opened it, and found the following communication:

"FAIR MISTRESS ELEANOR,—Be ready, with your maid and whatsoever you may need to take with you, to leave your prison as the turret clock strikes nine. Your gaoler will be absent, and the way free. Harry Longworth will be at your door. A place of safety is provided. PEQUIN THE DWARF."

"O, can it be true, Miss Eleanor,—can it be true?" said Lucy, clasping her hands with delight, as Miss Ashby read the words aloud. "Then you are to be rescued after all! and Harry—"

"Hush—hush, dear Lucy; you will be overheard," said Miss Ashby, tremulously, as, almost, bewildered, she slowly re-read the note, not daring, at first, to believe it real. But it *was* real; it promised her escape; it was signed "Pequin the dwarf." A glow of happiness overspread her face, as, springing from the seat she had taken, she hid the note in her dress. "Yes, yes—it is true! I shall escape, Lucy, and you are to go with me," she uttered, in subdued but joyful tones. "It is only an hour hence; it will be soon. O, Pequin, my faithful friend, how little I thought of you! How well you watch over me!"

"O, Miss Eleanor, who would ever have thought it!" whispered the delighted Lucy. "It seems just like a romance—doesn't it? or magic, least-ways? But who is this Mr. Pequin? and how did he manage to get that billet into the cook's bread, I wonder?"

"O, he is a friend of mine, Lucy," said Miss Ashby, hurriedly,—"a friend on whom I depended too little in the hour of need. But do not stop to think of the how and wherefore of this matter; we shall know all soon. He is somewhere in disguise about the place, I dare say, watching us. Let us hasten to prepare ourselves."

And together the mistress and maid commenced gathering into a parcel a few garments to take with them, while their hearts beat tumultuously, and they trembled with joyful excitement.

It was quite dark in the corridor leading to Miss Ashby's rooms, for it ran along the west side of the house; and the moon, then at its full, had but just risen. Matthew Hawkins was pacing back and forth, a silent sentinel, wishing very much, it must be confessed, for a candle to read by, during his lonely watches. But that was beyond his reach; for the scullion, when she brought his dinner, had failed to provide him with some, and it was as much as his situation was worth, he knew, to go after them, and leave his post vacant. So he contented himself with walking up and down before Miss Ashby's door, and varying the exercise by leaning out of the windows along the wall where he was, and looking down upon the great park, stretching out in silent shadow below.

Suddenly, the far-off echo of a strange, shrill laugh came faintly to his ears. He listened to hear it again, so peculiar was the sound, wondering whence it could come, and by whom it was uttered. He had not long to wait. A second time he heard it, as wild, as shrill, but as faint and distant as before. It seemed to him—for Hawkins had a tolerably sharp ear—that it came from the court-yard on the northeast, which was flanked by the two great wings of the mansion, and probably came from some one of the servants; and yet, as Hawkins reflected, he remembered no such voice as that among the servants at Ashby.

Now, curiosity is a failing which has been ascribed particularly to women, from a time that no one can remember; but for all that, men will sometimes be curious, too, which was the case, in this instance, with Matthew Hawkins, and the longer he thought of that strange laugh, the more curious he became concerning it. And presently, urged on by the malicious little spirit, he walked softly down the corridor a little way, to listen nearer.

While he stood thus, with head inclined in the direction from which the sound had come, his glance was caught by something tumbling about in a strange manner down in the park, for he was standing close by an open window. This object, in its turn, attracted his attention; truth to say, that was precisely what it was trying to do, and it succeeded. It seemed to be a human figure, making various strange gestures; and he leaned out from the window to look at it. A moment after he had done so, that odd laugh struck his ear again, seeming to proceed from the very object he was watching, and directly after it darted away, and around the north wing, so that he lost sight of it.

"Odd!" muttered Hawkins. "I wonder what it is? I think I'll see. Master swore he'd discharge me if I left this west corridor, or went even a dozen yards from that door. But it isn't a bit likely that Miss Eleanor 'll know I'm gone, or he either; so here goes." And the worthy Hawkins, swallowing the bait held out, glided with the softness of a cat down the gallery, and around the corner, to the windows overlooking the court-yard.

Looking out here, he could see that a number of the servants were gathered together in the court below, and that they had in their midst something that seemed to interest them greatly, though what it was he was unable to discover, without reaching out over the stone sill, which was so broad and projected so far out as to hide from view the object of attraction, and if he should reach over, he would be seen—a fact which might get to Sir Edward's ears, and then Hawkins would get warning. He stood considering, wondering what they had to please them down there, and whether the strange little object which he had seen had anything to do with the matter, feeling the malicious spirit of curiosity urging him harder than ever to find out.

Suddenly, as he stood there, the people all disappeared; they had gone in with their attraction, whatever it was, to the servants' hall. A moment, and up from the back stairs, leading from the kitchen up to the north wing, where the servants' rooms were, ran two of the maids, giggling and out of breath. Hawkins shrank back.

"La me, Polly," said one of them, whom he recognized as the housemaid, "did you ever see the like of it in all your born days?"

"No, indeed," says Polly; "the curiousest thing! Who'd ever think a body could do sich things? My sakes alive, he can't be like other mortals, nohow, I'm sure!"

"O, he's a magician, Polly,—a magician!" responds Patty. "He can do anything he likes, *he* can. And the best 's to come yet; so we must be quick, that we mayn't miss it. The luckiest thing that he came here—wasn't it? We don't often see sights like them. La, Polly, I shouldn't be astonished if he just took your handkerchief and shook it a little, and give it back to you with heaps of sovereigns in it; for money's nothing at all to people of that kind; they give it away."

Off went the maids into the north wing; and quick as thought, Hawkins slipped back into the corridor he had come from, thinking it the luckiest thing in the world that he had escaped observation, yet with his mind full of what he had heard.

In a moment, back came Polly and Patty, and the former ran directly down stairs as fast as she could go; but Patty managed to step on her dress, as she was following, and stumble when within a few feet of the stairs. Now Patty was an extremely pretty as well as a very coquettish girl; and Matthew Hawkins was not at all averse to her. So instead of leaving her to pick herself up, as he would have done if it had been the fat cook, he very gallantly sprang forward to help her.

"La now, Matthew, is that you?" she said, with an affected simper. "Why, I hadn't the least idea any one was up here. I thought everybody was down stairs a-seeing that queer little magician. Why, he's no higher than that," with her hand about three feet from the floor, "and he's doing such wonderful things! You ought to see him."

Hawkins's eyes sparkled. He had always been known to have a passion for feats of jugglery.

"Why, my dear," he said, "really I should like, of all things, to go, but then you know master says as how I must stay here; and orders must be obeyed."

"Well, so you ought, I suppose, if master tells you to," said Patty, reflectively; "but then it wouldn't do a mite of harm for you just to step down a few minutes, and he'd never know it in the world. You never see such things as this magician does. Come, it's a pity as you should lose it. Just step down the stairs, and you can stand somewhere along by the door there, where nobody'll see you, and I'm sure *I'll* never tell master of you. And he can't find it out any other way, for he's away off in the library with Mr. Briancourt and Mr. Morley."

Tempting persuasion! It was more than Hawkins could resist. Down stairs he went with Patty, along the corridor below, and stopped at the door of the great hall where the magician was performing such feats as fascinated the servants, the greatest feat being one of which only one or two of those present besides himself was aware.

The little juggler cast a lightning glance towards the door as Patty entered, and an almost imperceptible smile curved her pretty lip and the dark lashes drooped over her laughing eyes as she saw that he recognized the success of his scheme. In a moment, Hawkins was as deep as the rest in the fascination of the magician's feats; and no one seemed to notice that, at the moment he entered, Harry Longworth silently withdrew through a small door at the other end of the apartment. At the same time, the door at the foot of the stairs leading up to the west gallery was closed by some invisible hand without attracting unnecessary attention.

And at that moment, the great clock tolled the hour of nine. While down the great staircase from the northeast gallery into the great hall, and through the court, sped silently and unseen three muffled figures. Away across the park, under the shadow of the trees, they glided to the distant highway; *and the bird was free!*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECURE RETREAT.

The moon had but just risen, and her light had not yet begun to silver the slumbering glades of Ashby Park, when the silent figures of Eleanor and her attendant stole out beneath the trees, and glided along noiselessly and unperceived in their friendly shadow. Without a single word, they sped across to the confines of the park, where, at the gates, a carriage stood waiting. In this, Miss Ashby and Lucy were quickly placed; Harry Longworth sprang up outside, and they were borne away from the dangerous neighborhood they were in as fast as the two fresh and active horses could carry them.

"Free—free at last!" was Eleanor's glad and grateful ejaculation, and her heart throbbed with almost painful violence, as the uncertainty, and suspense, and excitement of the last few hours fled away, and the sense of liberty was hers again. She sank back in the carriage, unnerved and exhausted, yet with emotions of tumultuous gladness filling her breast; while Lucy drew a sigh eloquent of joyful relief.

"O, Miss Eleanor, it don't seem real!" she said, in a subdued voice.

And it scarcely seemed so to Miss Ashby. These three long and weary days of imprisonment, her unexpected deliverance and this moonlight flitting were all the aspect of a dream. But it was no dream. She was free at last, and felt herself in safe though invisible hands; for she knew that Pequin would do his utmost to secure her from the danger from which he had rescued her, and she did not doubt his power to do it. He had become bound to her by gratitude and affection; and he had both the means and the ability to serve her to a greater extent than many would have guessed.

The first flush of glad excitement at her escape was passed, and now she grew calmer. She thought of those she had left. Were they exulting in the security of their prize? They would know nothing of its escape until the morning, for she felt that Pequin's art was consummate, and that he would guard against an untimely discovery. And then she thought of Mary and Hugh Latimer. What would they say when they heard of her flight? Who would tell them of its cause? What would be their distress—their grief?

She was glad, happy, exultant, when she first left Ashby walls behind her. Now, as she thought of almost the only friend she had on earth, left thus in ignorance of her fate, she grew sad. And with these reflections, a sense of her own loneliness impressed her with emotions of inexpressible mournfulness. Fleeing thus from danger and wrong, at midnight, protected only by menials!

The tears filled her eyes, and glided slowly down her cheek. Looking up, she beheld Briarfield Park, with its dark woods and peaceful glades silvered by the moonbeams, that grew brighter every moment; and there, rising upon its wooded slope, was the hall. She bent forward, her heart beating sadly. "Happy—happy Briarfield!" she murmured. "O how are your peaceful inmates to be envied!"

She could not but weep, thinking of the happy dwellers in that peaceful home, and contrasting their position with her own. She brushed away the warm tears that filled her eyes. She could not see for them, and she must keep Briarfield in sight as long as might be, for who could tell when she would behold it again?

There were lights in the lower rooms—lights warm and pleasant, shining out into the park, and blending with the summer moonbeams. She knew that Aunt Dorothea, and Hugh, and Mary were sitting there. She could see them, in fancy, gathered about Mary's table, engaged in their various occupations. Were they thinking of her? Did Mary look up sometimes from her sewing, or Aunt Dorothea from her embroidery, to say, "I wonder how is Eleanor to-night?" And Hugh—did he suspend his sketching or his reading for one long instant to make some response, or lean his handsome head thoughtfully upon his hand, as her name was mentioned?

An indescribable feeling of loneliness weighed upon her heart. She sank back in the carriage again, the tears once more streaming, unchecked this time, from beneath her drooping lids. And the carriage rolled on. Poor Lucy, wearied out with excitement and want of rest, had fallen asleep in the corner, with her head leaning against the cushions; but repose was impossible to her mistress, until the end of her journey was reached. Eleanor had received, in a few necessarily hasty words from Harry Longworth, ere they left the house at Ashby, some imperfect idea of her destination, which Pequin had prepared for her. It was a place some twenty miles from Ashby, but where, she could not exactly tell. They had passed half the distance before it was eleven o'clock, and it was probable that a little after midnight they would arrive at the end of the way. They stopped once to change horses at an inn, and then continued the route at still greater speed than before.

The midnight moon shone broad and clear over the quiet country landscape, when the carriage stopped at length at the head of a leafy lane, leading up to the door of a farmhouse, half-concealed from the road that ran past it, at a distance of some twenty or thirty yards, by its bowering trees and vines. Eleanor could see a light gleaming through the branches, as they drew up before the entrance of the lane, and a door was heard to open.

"This is the place, Miss Eleanor," said Harry Longworth, opening the door of the carriage,—"this is the place, and a safer one I don't think you could find. You will be secure from trouble here till such a time as there is no more need for concealment."

"May my good fortune grant it, Harry!" said Miss Ashby, warmly; "and—but what is this? who has preceded us here?"

"Who, indeed?" echoed Harry and Lucy, simultaneously, as they beheld, for the first time, a dark horse tied beneath the drooping branches of a willow, just within the entrance of the lane.

"Eleanor Ashby's servant," answered a sweet though somewhat melancholy voice that she recognized with an involuntary pause of astonishment; and that instant, to the utter surprise of them all, a well-known figure passed swiftly down the lane, and stood before them in the shape of Pequin the dwarf! He untied the horse from the tree, and sprang to the saddle.

"Pequin, my friend—my deliverer!" uttered Eleanor, impulsively, springing to his side, and putting her fair hand in his; "how shall I ever thank you for this service?"

"Pequin's happiness is in serving Eleanor Ashby," uttered the dwarf, in those musical tones that she liked so well to hear. "His happiness is in serving Eleanor Ashby. You owe him no thanks, sweet Eleanor, but he has not forgotten the gratitude he owes you. Go in yonder, dear lady; it is your refuge from much present and future danger. Harry Longworth," and with a smile lighting up his pale but delicate features, he turned to the young man,—"Harry Longworth, I say, you little thought that the magician would finish out his games and get here before you?"

"Little, indeed, sir," answered Harry. "And yet I do not know why I should be surprised at anything you may do, after the feats I saw you perform to-night."

"O, there was no magic in my getting hither," laughed the dwarf, good-humoredly, "no magic, Harry Longworth, but that you might have practised yourself, with a horse like mine, even though you had started an hour later, as I did. But go up yonder—go up yonder, Harry, with your mistress, and pretty Lucy here, and I will wait for you, and bear you company back. Good night, Eleanor Ashby, and all happiness be yours. I leave you in trusty hands, and the shelter you find here will be at your service so long as you may require it. Do not hasten to leave it, I charge you; for you cannot remain too long or too securely hidden from those who would wrong you. And now, good-night again, sweet Eleanor." And he bent down and kissed the fair hand he held, ere he released it.

"Good-night, my kind friend, and let my gratitude go with you," uttered Miss Ashby, warmly and with heartfelt earnestness.

Then, with Lucy and Harry Longworth, she went up the lane to the door of the farmhouse. There were two persons waiting there to receive them. In a moment they entered. The dwarf breathed a dreary sigh. "Poor Eleanor Ashby!" he muttered. Directly, Harry Longworth came back, and mounted the box, and in a short time both he and his companion had vanished along the moonlit road.

Meanwhile, Miss Ashby and her maid were standing within the farmhouse. As we have said, two persons were waiting there to receive them: an old man and his wife—an honest and kindly-looking pair, and the sole inmates of this secluded dwelling. They welcomed Eleanor and Lucy quietly and kindly. They had been looking for them since nightfall, they said. They had been prepared to receive their guests; and merely obeying the orders they had received, proceeded to make them comfortable, and asked no questions. A light repast was ready, of which Eleanor partook sparingly; for her mind was not yet calm, and her excitement prevented her from feeling the need of food, though she had eaten scarcely nothing since the previous day. And as soon as Lucy had taken some refreshment, the good dame showed them their apartments—a pleasant and neatly-furnished chamber for Miss Ashby, with a smaller one adjoining, and opening from it, for Lucy. The rooms and their arrangements were simple, neat and plain. They contrasted strikingly with those which had been hers at Ashby, in point of richness and elegance; but Eleanor looked about upon them with a feeling of indescribable gladness. The very contrast was a happiness; for was not this humble farmhouse a safe and happy refuge? and had not her late abode grown a

place of dread to her? It had been her prison-house. "And I am safe here—I am safe here—safe!" she said to herself, with bowed head and clasped hands. They were all the words she could utter. Her heart was filled with them. She was out of Morley Briancourt's power.

The feelings of melancholy which had temporarily depressed her during the drive, were banished now. Then she had been too painfully sensible of her lonely situation, homeless and almost friendless as she was, fleeing secretly at midnight from the dangers that surrounded her. Now she banished those sad thoughts. She would only remember that she was safe, and hope for happier days. And so she laid her head on her pillow for the first time in her new abode.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONSTERNATION OF THE TRIO.

It was morning at Ashby. At the usual hour, the household was stirring; but the same stillness prevailed throughout its precincts, as had been for the last three days. Sir Edward and his guests assembled together, at a little before seven, in the library. Breakfast had been laid in the adjoining apartment an hour or two earlier than the accustomed time, according to the order of the baronet; but it remained neglected. The three gentlemen seemed to have other business on hand. They remained for some fifteen or twenty minutes conferring together in the library. Sir Edward appeared to be slightly agitated, and was perceptibly paler than usual; yet there was desperate resolve in his face. His was the agitation of a man on the brink of ruin; the resolve which alone, as he knows, is able to save him from destruction, yet cannot hide from him the danger he is in.

Morley Briancourt was flushed and restless. He paced the room from side to side, and looked frequently at his watch. His father alone, of them all, betrayed not the slightest sign of any inward apprehension or disturbance; but though easy, graceful and self-possessed as ever, he was more subdued than usual. A brief conversation took place between them, and then Sir Edward went up stairs. A few moments elapsed, while Morley Briancourt continued to pace the floor of the apartment with restless agitation, and his father stood with folded arms gazing from a window.

Suddenly, a bell was heard to ring with startling violence. Again and again it was rung, peal upon peal; and Morley Briancourt and his father, with an involuntary exclamation, hastened out into the hall and up the great staircase to the hall above, whence the sound proceeded, and where they encountered some of the servants hurrying up from the back staircase towards Miss Ashby's rooms. All proceeded hastily hither; Morley Briancourt grown suddenly very pale, and struck with some indefinable fear—of, he hardly knew what.

The doors of Eleanor's apartment were flung wide open, directly through, from one to the other; and there, just at the threshold, stood Sir Edward Ashby, white and trembling, a picture of rage and despair.

"Ashby, what is it?" uttered Victor Briancourt, in an agitated tone; while Morley was unable to articulate a word, for the truth flashed upon him.

"She's gone, Victor,—she's gone; she is not here! Eleanor has vanished!" were the baronet's almost unintelligible words, broken by excitement and uttered in trembling, passionate, despairing tones.

"Gone!" echoed Morley Briancourt, in a hoarse voice, with the red flush rising to his brow, as he sprang impulsively towards the door, and paused there, silent and motionless; for it was too true.

"Where is Hawkins? Who let her out? Send my valet to me!" exclaimed Sir Edward Ashby, almost frantic at the escape of his ward; for now what was to become of him? He was in the power of Victor Briancourt. He turned madly to the servants. "Who dared to release her, I say?" he repeated, with a white cheek and clenched hand.

Not a soul answered. Those who stood there had been, until this moment, utterly ignorant of Miss Ashby's escape. The few who were privy to the affair, knowing well the meaning of the violent summons of Sir Edward, had taken care to keep away.

"Where is Hawkins?" asked Mr. Briancourt and Morley together. "How is it that he is not here?"

"I sent him away before I entered the room," answered the baronet, "thinking not of this discovery. He is answerable for her escape. I was a dolt to trust him! But I will see into it. Let every one of you," addressing the gaping servants, "assemble together directly in the library, and your fellows with you; and hark ye! see that Hawkins is there, also. I will know who did this!"

And the servants did as they were bidden.

"Hold! What is this?" cried Morley Briancourt, suddenly catching sight of a folded paper lying on the table.

It was directed to Sir Edward Ashby. In an instant the baronet had received and opened it; but his eyes wandered over it in vain. He was too fearfully excited to comprehend a single word. He gave it to Mr. Briancourt.

"Read it—read it, Victor," he said; "I cannot!" And he hid his face in his hands, with a bitter and hollow groan.

Mr. Briancourt read its contents aloud.

"I trust," they ran, "to be far away from Ashby, and from the reach of your tyranny, when you read this. Do not seek for me, for the search would be in vain. And do not cast the blame of my escape on those who are innocent. That escape is effected through the means of one whom you have never seen. Do not punish the servants. Twelve hours lie between my release and its discovery. I am free. Farewell! ELEANOR ASHBY."

"Twelve hours!" groaned the baronet, in anguish.

"Twelve hours!" echoed Morley Briancourt, setting his teeth with despairing fury.

"Sir Edward—Morley, there is but one way to treat this case," said the elder Briancourt, decisively. "We must discover what we can from the servants concerning her flight—for depend upon it, there are not many of them in ignorance of its means or manner,—and then set out in search of her."

"It is well. I will order the horses to be brought round," said the baronet, starting to move away, as he spoke. "But where shall we seek her?" he asked, pausing. He spoke in a tone of wretchedness, putting his hand, with a bewildered air, to his brow.

"Where, but at Briarfield?" ejaculated Morley Briancourt, passionately,—"where, but at Briarfield, with—" He broke off short, with compressed lips and clenched hands, and a brow as black as a thunder-cloud.

"Ay—at Briarfield," echoed Sir Edward Ashby, frowningly. "Fool that I have been to suffer her going there so often!" He dashed his hand against his forehead with impotent passion. "Come, Morley—Victor, hasten!" he uttered, and strode down the gallery.

The servants were gathered together in the library for examination—all, even to Harry Longworth, but Hawkins, and he was missing. A second summons was sent by Sir Edward; but the bearer could not find him. A hasty search was instituted. In vain; he was nowhere visible. The inference of Sir Edward and his companions was, that he had connived at her escape. There was no further doubt of it. From the rest, no satisfaction could be gained. Not a word was said relative to the entertainment of the little juggler the night before, or of Hawkins's absence from his post; for but very few were aware of the latter circumstance, and they had warned all the rest to be silent in regard to the former. No one seemed to know anything concerning Miss Ashby's escape. Sir Edward dismissed them; and, baffled and enraged, sallied forth, threw himself upon his horse, and dashed across the park, with Morley Briancourt, towards Briarfield.

Both maintained an unbroken silence during their ride. Sir Edward was ghostly pale, and evidently terribly agitated; while his companion, on the contrary, betrayed by a flushed brow and an angry eye the storm that raged in his breast. Morley Briancourt's rage was deadly. He had imagined his prize to be so safe—so secure; and to have it thus slip from his grasp at last, it was too much. The thought of Hugh Latimer, too, maddened him still more; for his jealousy of him knew no bounds; and so fully and completely did it occupy his heart that his first conviction pointed out his rival and his family as the means of her escape, and their home as the place of her shelter.

Half an hour had not elapsed, from the time of their departure from Ashby, when they entered the park gates of Briarfield, and kept on their rapid way until the hall was reached, and they dismounted at the door.

Miss Latimer was not a little surprised, while seated quietly at breakfast with her aunt, to hear from a servant that Sir Edward Ashby was in the drawing-room, and desired to see either herself or her brother. He had never entered Briarfield gates before. What was his errand now? A sudden thought alarmed her. She had not seen Eleanor for three days. Could she be ill? Perhaps this was why Sir Edward had come. She hastened, her heart throbbing with fear, to meet her guest.

To her astonishment, she beheld Morley Briancourt with him. The coldest and haughtiest of salutations met her from them, and Sir Edward immediately announced to Miss Latimer the object of his visit. Still greater grew her astonishment—and now it was mingled with the most intense anxiety—on learning that Eleanor had disappeared from Ashby Place, though under what circumstances, Sir Edward was careful not to say; but Miss Latimer suspected, and with only too painful feelings, that it was to escape from a home grown unhappy. She was not prepared, however, for the abrupt question which accompanied the information, whether Miss Ashby was at Briarfield—a question that was hardly so much one as an assertion, either, and given with a manner that perplexed first, then startled and touched Mary Latimer, with feelings almost of indignation.

"I have not seen Miss Ashby," she answered, coldly, "for more than three days, as, I believe, I told you before."

"She is not here, then?" persisted Sir Edward, striving hard to suppress the tempestuous feelings that agitated him; while Morley Briancourt stood by, silent, dark, immovable, yet burning with furious impatience, as he listened to the baronet's questions and Miss Latimer's freezing answers.

"Miss Ashby is not at Briarfield," was the courteous yet chilling response.

Sir Edward rose, setting his teeth hard for a moment; while a darker frown momently blackened Morley Briancourt's brow.

"You say that Mr. Latimer is not at home," said the baronet, after a moment's pause. "May I ask, then—" He stopped short, his voice trembling with the inward storm.

Mary Latimer also rose, her clear cheek alternately flushing and paling.

"Sir Edward," she said, in as steady a voice as she could command, "my brother went yesterday morning to visit his lawyer at Merton. I am every instant expecting his return. If you have business with him, I must request—"

"Your pardon, Miss Latimer; I have no business with him," answered the baronet, hastily, and with trembling tones; for he had the utmost difficulty in suppressing the mingled rage and agony that he felt. "I wish you a very good morning." And he withdrew, followed by Morley Briancourt, who merely bowed with a dark and haughty air to Miss Latimer.

Sir Edward Ashby and his companion had failed.

It was not fifteen minutes after they had departed, when Hugh Latimer rode up to the hall door, and dismounting and leaving his horse to the groom who was approaching, with a rapid, springing step, entered the house. The light morning wind had blown back the beautiful dark hair from his fine brow, and kindled a clearer light in his dark eyes. He looked, if possible, handsomer—nobler than ever; and yet there was a quiet seriousness in his countenance, habitual to it of late, that took the place of the graceful animation natural to his usual air.

Mary met him in the hall. He cast his arm affectionately about her, and bent to kiss her.

"My dear sister," he said, anxiously, noticing her troubled expression with alarm,—"my dear sister, what has occurred to distress you?"

"O, Hugh," she answered, with the tears springing to her eyes, "Eleanor has disappeared from Ashby. She has gone. They cannot find her anywhere!"

He turned pale as death.

"Mary—impossible!" he ejaculated. "Who told you so? When did you hear it?"

She told him, as clearly as her agitation would allow.

He paced the hall back and forth with an anxious face.

"Mary, depend upon it," he said, presently, in a troubled tone, "it is the tormenting importunity of Morley Briancourt that has been the means of driving her away, perhaps the harsh threats of her uncle as well. For no other cause would she have fled from her home, and thus secretly, too,—without even a word to you. She must have been driven to despair. But where is she? where shall we find her? O, Mary!"

Suddenly the bell at the side door was rung. Mary advanced to open it, and beheld there, when she had done so, Mrs. Millett, the housekeeper from Ashby.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BURIED TREASURES.

A company of English gentlemen has proposed to the Roman government to turn the current of the Tiber from its bed near the city, with the understanding that the company should retain possession of whatever treasures it might discover in the old channel. It is believed that many treasures of art have in ages past been buried beneath the waters of the Tiber, and that a search for them would prove successful both in a pecuniary and in an antiquarian point of view. A correspondent of the New York Observer expresses the opinion that sculptures more perfect, and perhaps more beautiful than any of the ancient works of art now seen in Rome, lie embedded in groups beneath the stream. "Agostino Chigi, the famous banker at the time of Leo X., once gave a splendid entertainment to the pope and his cardinals, at which the dishes were all of precious metals. It is said that the dishes were all thrown into the Tiber by order of the rich banker, in order that no less illustrious guest might ever use them. The sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem by Titus, among them the golden candlesticks, are reported to have been lost from the Milvian bridge, and if so, are still lying there." The present government of Rome suffers nothing belonging to ancient art to pass from her territory, and we do not think it probable that to a foreign company it will grant permission to make the desired investigation.—*Manchester Olio.*

LITTLE ISAAC NEWTON.

He had not been long at school before he exhibited a taste for mechanical inventions. With the aid of little saws, hammers, hatchets and tools of all sorts, he was constantly occupied during his play hours in the construction of models of known machines and amusing contrivances. The most important pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed, were a windmill, a water-clock, and carriage to be moved by the person who sat in it. When a windmill was in the course of being erected near Grantham, on the way to Gunnerby, Sir Isaac frequently watched the operation of the edge of the mechanism, and he completed a working model, of which, Dr. Stukely says, was "as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original." This model was frequently placed upon the top of the house in which he lived at Grantham, and was put in motion by the action of the wind upon its sails. In calm weather, however, another mechanical agent was required; and for this purpose a mouse was put in requisition, which went by the name of *the miller*. The mouse was supposed to act upon something like a tread-wheel when attempting to reach some corn placed above it; or, it was placed within a wheel, and, by pulling a string tied to its tail, it went forward "by way of resistance," and thus turned the mill.—*Sir David Brewster.*

A TRAITOR REBUKED.

At a dinner-party of sixteen guests, recently given in St. Petersburg, expressions unfavorable to the emperor were made use of. A complete report of all that took place, with the names of the host and the fifteen guests, and the expressions used, was forwarded to the empress-mother in an anonymous letter, which was communicated to the emperor, who sent for the giver of the party, and asked for the names of all the guests assembled on the occasion. This list of names included sixteen guests; and that name among them that had not been found among the fifteen named in the denunciation was, of course, that of the anonymous writer. This latter, a colonel in the guards, was sent for, and the emperor addressed him as follows:—"You seem to have an inclination, as well as some talent, for service in the police-force or the gendarmerie; if you like to enter it you can, but the guards is not the place for you. If you prefer to leave the service altogether, you shall find your *conge* ready for you." The giver of the party came off with only a few words of reproof and warning from the emperor.—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

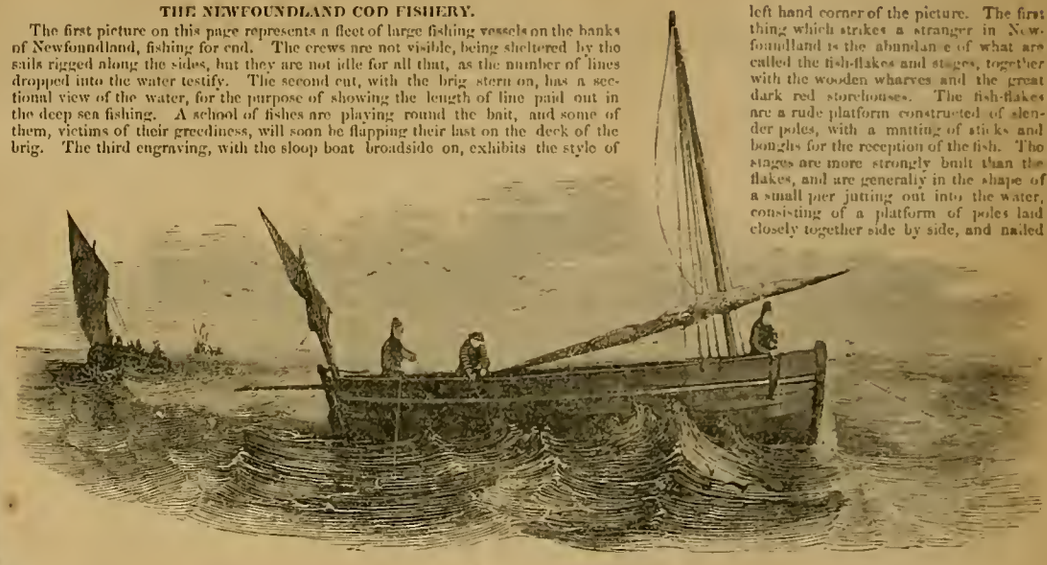
Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good Germans have it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall." Tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts where children are not. I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.—*Mary Howitt.*



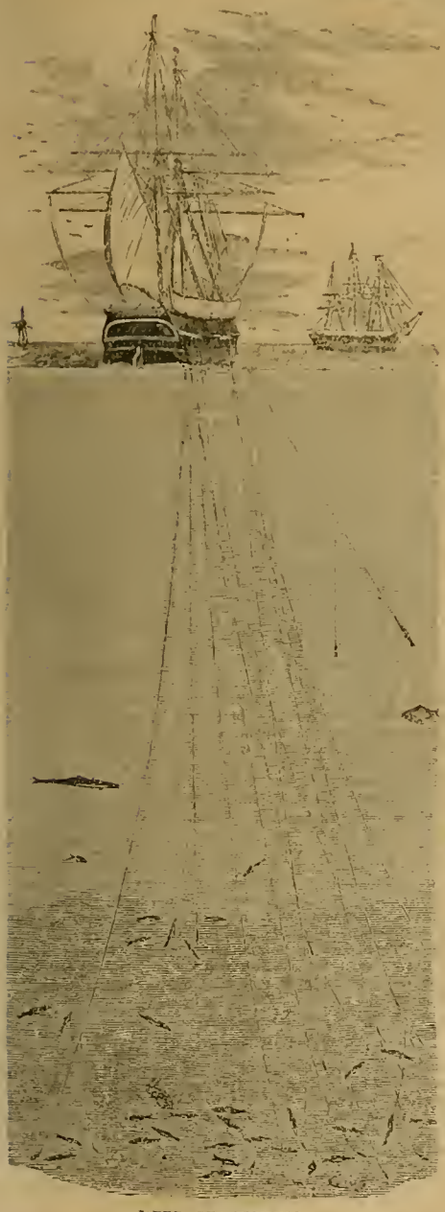
BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—FISHING FOR COD.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND COD FISHERY.

The first picture on this page represents a fleet of large fishing vessels on the banks of Newfoundland, fishing for cod. The crews are not visible, being sheltered by the sails rigged along the sides, but they are not idle for all that, as the number of lines dropped into the water testify. The second cut, with the brig stern on, has a sectional view of the water, for the purpose of showing the length of line paid out in the deep sea fishing. A school of fishes are playing round the bait, and some of them, victims of their greediness, will soon be flapping their last on the deck of the brig. The third engraving, with the sloop boat broadside on, exhibits the style of craft and the manner of catching cod on shoal ground. The man in the bow is just unhooking a fine specimen. The fourth engraving shows a party of men pulling the seine to shore, a mode of taking the fish employed where the water is quite shallow. In the last engraving we have a fishing station with a wharf and storehouse. The "fish-flakes," frames on which the fish are dried, are shown in the left hand corner of the picture. The first thing which strikes a stranger in Newfoundland is the abundance of what are called the fish-flakes and stages, together with the wooden wharves and the great dark red storehouses. The fish-flakes are a rude platform constructed of slender poles, with a matting of sticks and boughs for the reception of the fish. The stages are more strongly built than the flakes, and are generally in the shape of a small pier jutting out into the water, consisting of a platform of poles laid closely together side by side, and nailed down to a strong framework that is supported by stout posts and shores. They are frequently the only landing-places in the harbor. The central part of the stage is roofed over either with boards or boughs, and here the operations of splitting and salting the fish generally take place. The whole labor of preparing the fish is managed with much skill and dexterity.



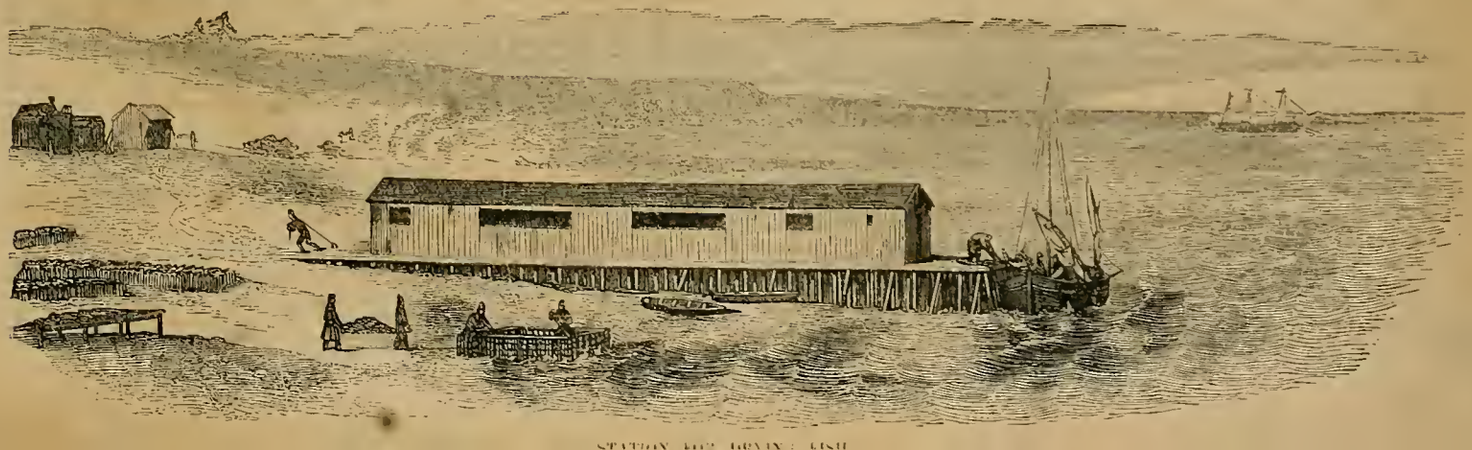
COD-FISHING ON SHOAL GROUND.



DEEP SEA-FISHING.



CATCHING COD WITH THE SEINE.



STATION FOR DRYING FISH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

They bid the thundering cannons cease
To tell war's dreadful story—
The battle's o'er—the song of peace
Succeeds the notes of glory.

O, thick upon the bloody plain,
Lies many a fallen brother,
And sons whose dear lips ne'er again
Can greet the tearful mother.

And husbands, whose protecting arm
And love, so kindly hearted,
Can never shield agaun from harm,
The wife forever parted.

But where is she who closed their eyes—
That maiden brave and noble?
Who soothed them with her sympathies
In that dark hour of trouble?

O, gentle Florence! on thy head
Full many a benediction
Shall rest, when thinking of the dead
In hours of deep affliction.

And when thy latest breath shall fail—
To earth thy last look given—
The name of Florence Nightingale
Shall echo up to heaven!

From the maimed soldier's grateful heart
The prayer shall rise forever,
And, in his deepest thoughts, thy care
Shall be forgotten never!

Sweet Florence! such a fame as thine
Shall dearer live in story,
Than all the names that brightly shine
In war's brief tale of glory.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FORGERY.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

Upon her knees, with the old man's arm twined fondly about her neck, while his fingers play nervously with her soft curls, and seeking with her glad blue eyes to catch his wandering gaze, kneels Archibald Preston's daughter. The firelight dances on the walls, and close-drawn curtains shut out the gathering darkness slowly dropping upon country and on town. The working world has ceased to labor, and peaceful home firesides replace the turmoil and traffic of the day. From anvil and loom the sounds of busy toil have ceased, and the dim humming of vast machinery is pleasantly superseded in the toiler's ear, by the merry singing of the fireside kettle. Pale brows no longer pore blindedly over huge ledgers, and forth from barn and hayfield the tired laborer bends his homeward pathway.

But upon the countenance of Archibald Preston grave thoughts have marked their impress, and the season of rest but leaves more time for their painful sway over his mind. The light of home will not drive off these gathering shadows—the glad smiles of Lucille, his daughter, do not dispel their gloom. She has essayed to please him with the music of some of his favorite old ballads, and, as she rises from the instrument, drops herself at the old man's feet, and with her pretty head resting on his knee, looks up in his face and wonders at these fits of sadness which have of late so often come over him, and which are now clouding his countenance and looking forth from his vacantly gazing eye.

"Father, *what* is it makes you look so careworn and sad? Your hand trembles, too, as you pass it gently over my forehead, as though some painful thoughts were busy in your mind. Tell me of them, father; I may not be able, child as I am, to aid or assist, but surely I can sympathize with the sorrows of my father—of my only parent?"

Again was the trembling hand passed softly over that fair young brow, and now the wandering eyes looked for the first time, sadly down upon the bright ones at his knee. He seemed as if scarce knowing how to break the communication that he wished to make, and dim their lustre with the recital. His daughter, as she looked up at him, thought he seemed a very feeble old man, with less of resolution than he even usually possessed in times past. With an effort he at length broke the silence.

"Lucille, my own dear child, listen to me. It is a story of real life which I have to relate to you. Draw close up beside me while I tell it—close up."

He appeared for a moment to forget how to begin, or what it was he was about to say.

"Yes, father!"

This recalled him, and he began again.

"Some years ago, I knew a merchant in business like myself, who had, at the time of which I speak, two children—a daughter and a son. He was possessed of a sufficiency to keep these children in competence, but knowing full well the dangers of a life of idleness, determined to place his son in some active business. In his own counting-room he felt that he would not meet with the necessary discipline, and so placed him with one he thought a friend—for they had frequently done business together—and who promised to bestow all the care and attention in his power upon his son.

"Time went on. The youth approached manhood. The father looked fondly towards the day when his son should take his own place in the business to which he himself had devoted his energies in his younger lifetime. The son appeared all that a father could wish, and seemed uncontaminated by the youthful indiscretions and excesses common to others situated as he was."

The old man paused, and stifled a heavy sigh as it arose from his heart.

"Yes, father—I am listening."

"The will of Providence had chosen that this father's hopes should be blasted, and the bright visions he had built in the dim future should dissolve into the air that formed them. God willed that death should lay its finger upon the young man's brow, and that the heart which beat in all the hopefulness of ripening manhood, should suddenly grow still and cold forever. He had said it, and 'His will be done.'"

And he bowed his white head reverently as he spoke.

"There is a tear upon your cheek, father—this son—"

"Be patient yet for a while. A heavy grief this to that father's mind, but O, not so deep as one yet in store for him. Better—ten thousand times better—that the hope and pride of that man should be thus laid beneath the church-yard mound, than that he should have lived on to bring shame and disgrace upon those who had ushered him into the world. Better that he should have died before his feeble footsteps first essayed to walk alone, than grow up into manhood and have the finger of scorn pointed at him as he passed along. After he died, it was found out that he had committed *forgery!*"

A fearful shudder passed through his frame as he uttered the last word, and his daughter saw that his lips moved convulsively while his countenance became ghastly pale. She listened—terror-stricken at, she scarcely knew what.

"*Forger!* yes, that's the terrible name! The name that was to bring down the gray hairs of his fond, doting father with sorrow to the grave! The name which was to stamp upon his innocent sister's cheek the blush of burning shame, and cause her to shrink from the rude gaze of the scornful world, which knew her now but as the sister of a *felon!* But one way was left to avoid this fearful consequence. The forgery was executed in the name of the employer of the youth, and he alone possessed the fatal evidence of the crime. But *one* way left—but this too dreadful almost to think of. It was, that the sister—don't tremble, darling—the sister should consent to give her hand in marriage to this man who held the proof of the brother's guilt.

"When this was proposed to the father, his first impulse was to dash to the ground the man who could thus coolly barter the price of peace of mind for, perhaps, the life-long misery of a beloved daughter. But this fiend, in measured, mocking accents showed him how he could use the damning testimony for his destruction, and that of his child, and showed him how powerless he really was. He would have cast aside all thoughts of his position and standing as a prosperous merchant and sought refuge in a foreign land, but all his attempts were baffled by his persecutor, who threatened discovery upon the instant, should he persist in attempting to escape the doom which hung over him. There was nothing, alas! for it but to submit to the destiny written out by the hand of fate. He gave a reluctant, heart-wrung consent, and then, indeed, he felt that his cup of misery was filled even to the brim."

He buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. His daughter could not even attempt to soothe him, her own heart was beating too wildly with the sickening terror of what she felt was coming.

"The time allowed before this man should claim his bride flew swiftly—O, *how* swiftly—by, and as the hour approached, this heart-broken father knew not how to break the dreadful tidings to her. His brow grew each day more furrowed with the intensity of sorrowful thought—his step each hour still feebler, more with grief than age, though this, too, was growing on apace. Whiter was the old man's hair and more bent his form as the time passed on, and the secret was yet undivulged."

His arm was twined still closer about her trembling figure, and this alone kept her from sinking with the unknown terror which pervaded her, and falling prostrate down beside his feet.

"Shall I stop here, or does the story affect my child too greatly for her further listening?"

He had to bend down his head until the gray hairs mingled with the soft golden ones, before he could catch the whisper from her lips.

"No—no—go on—I shall be better presently."

"How *can* I go on? My God! this is a fearful task!"

The big drops of perspiration stood upon his furrowed brow, and as they rolled down upon his cheeks, mingled with the tears that flowed from his eyes.

"*How* can I finish this recital of a tale too true—too horribly true? It must be told though, sooner or later, and now—now is the time, or never. This man, this merchant—calm yourself, darling—is no other, as you must have guessed ere this, than—*myself*. This son, who lies cold and dead in the grave, and whose sin has brought so great a punishment with it, was your brother Edward. The arbiter of our fate is John Freecroft, and the innocent victim is my poor, poor child, who now is gathered close up to her wretched father's bosom. The story is told, my own Lucille—my darling—my loved one!"

And as he gathered her up to his breast from the ground whereon she had sunk, she uttered one cry of anguish, and then lay quite motionless and still in her aged father's arms.

A man with heavy, beetling eyebrows, and a low, swart forehead, on which bad passions have marked their traces, and in whose eye the gleam of cunning is perceptible, as it glances furtively hither and thither; a man of low figure and shrivelled limbs, and with a face seldom lifted to look its interlocutor steadily in the face; and this is John Freecroft, who holds the destiny of Archibald Preston and his daughter within his hard and unrelenting grasp.

He is engaged in examining a number of different papers, taken from a box strongly bound with iron clasps, and as the faint glare of the solitary candle on the table falls upon each, his face becomes still more repulsive in its yellow ugliness. Muttering over to himself sundry interjections expressive of pleasurable emotions or the reverse, he takes out paper after paper from the box, unfolds it, reads it over, and then carefully replaces it from whence he has taken it.

"Yes, yes," said he, as if continuing a conversation which had hitherto been held confidentially with some familiar demon in his own breast, "they have not seen the light for some time, nor will they again until such time as each has its particular duty to fulfil. I was surely intended by nature for a lawyer, not a merchant, for this head," patting it with his hard, bony hand, "is too subtle for the mere brokerage and commissions the dealing in which is my only apparent occupation. Ugh! ugh! ugh!"

And he laughed one of his harsh, dry laughs as he let his fancy wander thus pleasantly about.

"But this is not business."

And again he began rummaging within the iron-clasped box, drawing forth paper after paper, and commenting thereon, as each one met his view. Amongst others he drew forth a small-sized document, and as he held it up and read it by the faint light, he laughed again, harsher and drier than ever. He read it aloud.

BOSTON, MARCH 6, 18—.

Messrs. Steadwell & Blunt: Please pay to the order of Edward Preston, the sum of one thousand dollars on demand.

$1000 00. [Signed] JOHN FREECROFT.

"Now, who would think to look upon that bit of scrawled paper, that there was so great an amount of good or evil depending upon it? Ha, ha, ha. John Freecroft, you are a long-headed man, but all you ever did in the way of keen chicanery was mere child's play compared to this! I gain, as well as the possession of a good round sum with her, one of Boston's proudest beauties for a wife, and by the simple sitting myself down and tracing with a pen these same few characters which bear so vast a signification. Forgery! It's a little word, but what a dictionary of meaning is in its sound! To think mankind should be such fools! I scribble off a line upon a piece of paper, sign it with my own name, present it to the eyes of a father, telling him it is the work of his son—laid quietly enough in the ground—and forthwith I have but to make my own terms that it may never see the light. Faith! I should be sorry if it were, for other eyes might prove somewhat sharper than those of the old dotard. And he thought I was his friend! why so I am—after a fashion! Do I not honor his family by uniting myself with it? Ha, ha, ha! the ugly bugbear whom children call after in the street, he is to be the husband of dainty Lucille Preston! He will bear off the prize from a host of young and handsome competitors, and perhaps they wont open their eyes a trifle at the lady's peculiar taste! O, but it's a good joke—a rare good joke!"

And again he laughed his hideous laugh, but suddenly stopped and looked cautiously around.

"Ha! I thought I heard a noise! Could it have been that hateful young dog, Natterby?"

He made a spring towards the door of a sort of closet opening from the office, and holding the candle aloft in his hand, looked in. Upon the floor was laid a rude couch, composed of straw covered with old clothes and a spare dirty blanket, and stretched out upon this was the motionless figure of a lad of not more than eight or nine years, to judge from his looks, but in reality much older. Little and pinched and thin from the bringing up of a life of poverty, was the office boy, Mat Natterby; and here it was when the hard labor of the day was ended, that he was grudgingly allowed the luxury of going to bed, and forgetting in sleep the brutality of John Freecroft, who usually made him the recipient of his freaks of vexation and ill-humor.

Approaching, he laid his hand upon the boy's breast, to discover by its beating whether he were moved by any waking emotion, or were in reality as sound asleep as he appeared. The test seemed satisfactory, for he soon after left him, after making a feint of bestowing a parting kick at him as he lay in unconsciousness before him. John Freecroft must have *somebody* to hate—this friendless lad served the purpose admirably. He quitted the place and closing the door, Mat Natterby was once more left in darkness. The papers were replaced in the iron-clasped box, and this in its turn securely locked in his private desk, and John Freecroft, after depositing the keys of both receptacles in his pocket, turned and left the office, locking the door after him.

Slowly and cautiously, as soon as he was gone, the door of the boy's sleeping room opened, and a shock head of hair from under which peered two cunning eyes, looked forth into the darkness. The door was held ajar for a moment, as he listened to the sound of his master's retreating footsteps, and to assure himself of being quite alone, and then Mat Natterby stepped into the office and after lighting a candle which he brought out from a cupboard, proceeded to seat himself upon a high stool and commune with himself somewhat in this wise:

"So, you old rascal, I've got you at last, and now if I don't pay you up for some of the kicks and cuffs and starvings I've had from you, my name is not Matthew Natterby! I always knew you for a downright old scoundrel, but I didn't know the half of it! Why, there's enough in that box to send you to the State's prison for the remainder of your ugly life, you old shrivelled up reprobate! And so you'll marry Miss Preston, will you?—the kind young lady who came to see mother and the baby that winter

when we were all without money or food or fire, and who meant me kindly I know when she got her father to recommend me to this situation where I am. Of course it's no fault of her's that it's no better than it is, for when Mr. Edward was alive, of whom this master of mine has been lying so confoundedly, he and old Mr. Preston used to do business together. He thinks me almost a fool—well, he shall have a chance to find out whether he's right or not."

And as he spoke, the lad drew from his pocket a bunch of old rusty keys and proceeded to try the lock of the desk with them. One of them unlocked it, and he then, with a grin of delight, drew forth the box containing the suppressed evidence of Edward Preston's forgery.

"Now if I can only open this, I can take the paper out, and replace the box, and ten to one he'll never suspect its being opened until too late for his schemes. No—none appear to fit, ah, this one ought to—yes! hurrah! it turns—and here's the very paper itself! Now then," said he, as he carefully replaced the box in the desk after seeing it safely relocked, "as soon as young Mr. Barrington comes in the morning, I'll tell him all and with his help we'll see whether the old rip will have it any longer his own way!"

And as he spoke he turned the key in the desk and locked it, at the same time heaving a sigh of intense gratification at his success, and then betook himself with a quiet grin on his youthful countenance, back to his miserable bed to brood over the events of the coming morrow, and ever and anon to shake his lean fist in the dark at some airy phantom of his imagination.

And now indeed upon the eve of his wedding day, John Freecroft had a sword hanging over his head of whose existence he dreamed not, and it was held by no less a personage than his despised office boy—Mat Natterby—the poverty-stricken, the kicked and the abused slave of his bidding.

Back once again to Archibald Preston and his daughter.

"There, father, it is past. I am ready to make this trial—I am ready to be led to the altar by this man, if, in so doing, I do but save you one moment of pain, my own dear father."

"God bless thee, darling, and forgive *me* if in what I am about to do, I am playing with the happiness of the only being left me to love upon earth. But to think of the world pointing at us as we go by, as stained and contaminated—to think of old familiar faces turning aside from us as we pass along the street—it is too terrible even to contemplate!"

And so the preparations for the strange marriage went on, and the day arrived. John Freecroft, arrayed gorgeously in what he probably considered the extremity of taste, but which, in truth, made him look, if possible, uglier than ever, rode down to the office, and there leaving word with his head clerk that he should probably be absent for a few days, directed his carriage towards the house of his intended bride.

He is ushered into the drawing room, in which a few near friends of the family are assembled, and there finds poor Lucille looking as little like a happy bride as he himself resembled the generally received idea of a pleasant-faced bridegroom. The simple white of her dress accords dismally with the deadly pallor of her cheek, and to look at the faces of all present, it would seem more like a funeral than a wedding party.

A distant relative of Milesian extraction is present, who has answered the invitation with the full determination of enjoying himself, but has by degrees found that good spirits are entirely out of place, and gradually works himself into a state of comical pugnacity, as he looks with a puzzled countenance from one to another of the assembled party. His bewilderment increases as John Freecroft makes his appearance, and when he sees the visible shudder with which his young relation receives her intended husband, the whole of his spleen is directed to the little, ugly bridegroom, and he has a strong inclination to take him up in his stalwart arms and without further parley to pitch him headlong from the window.

But John Freecroft is happily ignorant of what is passing in his mind, and stooping over her delicate hand and imprinting thereon a salute, he proceeds to lead the almost fainting Lucille towards the man of God waiting to commence the office of the marriage ceremony.

"And if any man shall know of any just cause or impediment why these two persons be not joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, he shall speak now, or else forever after hold his peace!"

They stood hand in hand together before the minister—the old man supporting his trembling child, and the various members of the family gathered round in respectful silence. The Irish relation standing near the shrivelled up figure of the bridegroom, towered above him with anything but a pleased aspect, and looked beside him like a giant bending over an ugly little dwarf, whom it was his intention to swallow at a mouthful the moment the conclusion of the ceremony should leave him at liberty so to do. By the door a group of family servants stood and looked on in wonder at their young and beloved mistress who was throwing herself away upon such an unsightly miscreant. There was a pause of a second's duration as the minister made the customary adjuration.

"There is both cause and impediment why this marriage should proceed no further!"

The sound of the unexpected voice came from the group of servants at the door. All eyes were instantly turned in the direction whence it came, and wonder was depicted upon every face as Henry Barrington stalked calmly into the room.

"What does my clerk here? I command you, sir, to leave the room you have entered so abruptly, and another time I shall demand from you an explanation of this insolence!"

"You shall have it now, sir."

Then turning to the company he continued:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am really sorry to occasion this disturbance, but when you know the villany of this man, you will, I am sure, forgive me for preventing the commission of a great wrong."

"Will somebody have the kindness to send for an officer, and have this madman arrested!"

"One moment," said Henry—"come in, Mat!"

Enter Mat, bearing in his hands *the box*. The moment the astonished eyes of John Freecroft caught sight of its well-known iron clasps, he uttered a loud yell of rage, and made a spring towards the boy to tear it from him. The Milesian relative, conceiving this to be an admirable opportunity for his interference, caught him by the coat-collar ere he could fulfil his intention, and, holding him at arm's length, thus addressed him:

"Now then, ye ugly little yellow cockchaffer, you'll just compose your-self for a while till we get at the bottom of this matter. Go on wid your story, young man."

"I hold in my hand a paper purporting to be a forgery committed by your son, sir," addressing Archibald Preston, "but which is neither more nor less than a base fabrication of that man there," pointing to John Freecroft, who made a struggle to free himself from his enemy, who merely noticed it by giving him such a shake as a mother would bestow on a refractory infant. "There stands the real culprit. Your dead son is as innocent of an attempt to forge that man's name as is a child unborn. Look at him now—see how his yellow cheek blanches, and how his vile frame trembles. Is that the look of an innocent man?"

"A trick—a vile trick! for what purpose done I know not. Give me up that box—my property."

"Will ye be quiet, ye little divil?" said the Irishman.

"Not until one or two other documents have seen the light."

And as he spoke Henry was about to draw forth the rest of the papers, when the baffled villain felt himself completely in his power and screamed out to him to desist.

"I will confess all—that I *did* write that pretended forgery, but do not for pity's sake reveal the remainder of those papers."

"It is too late—your villany has recoiled upon your own head. The disposal of them no longer rests with me. The law will decide whether you are guilty or innocent of various charges of fraud and cheating, the proofs of which are contained in that box. Officer, you may now do *your* duty—I have finished mine."

And as he spoke a hard-featured man walked with a business-like manner into the room, and proceeded to relieve the Irish relative of his charge. That gentleman could not forbear giving John Freecroft a parting shake that made his teeth chatter as he took his leave of him. He addressed him a word or two before he went.

"There ye are, ye little villain, and I hope you'll be pleased with your quarters, for you'll find it rather difficult to scrape up a friend willing to go bail for your ugly carcase. You'll not sleep quite so elegantly as you expected, but let me tell you for a parting word—it's a dale too good for yez as it is. So take the good wishes of all present that they may live to see your hanging day, and begone!"

He was gone, and a happier group was assembled than there had certainly promised to be on the morning of that eventful day. In reward for the great service rendered by Mat Natterby, the poor office lad, he was placed in an excellent situation in Mr. Preston's office, and there he soon gave promise of growing up, with proper care, into a fine man. And in reward for the exertions by which Henry Barrington had distinguished himself, there was found in time but one way to repay it. It was bestowed by the deliete hand of sweet Lucille Preston herself, and was neither more nor less, in short, than the privilege of calling that same little hand his own.

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.

In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water; drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to admit of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from his lethargy. In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured, if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfulls of salt completely stayed the blood. In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, and then bind on some salt with a rag. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve it in most cases. If the gums are affected, wash the mouth with brine. If the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.—*Medical Journal.*

MUSICAL JEALOUSY.

A singular incident in natural history occurred lately at Chester, England. A thrush in a happy state of freedom was trilling its notes in the orchard below the walls, near the "wishing steps," when its music excited similar efforts from a caged bird of the same species, which was suspended in front of one of the adjacent houses. These feathered songsters persevered in raising their melodies to higher and higher efforts, as if in earnest rivalry; when suddenly the bird among the trees darted from its perch upon the wicker cage of its competitor, broke the bars, entered it, and commenced an assault upon the musical captive; the owner of which, hearing the unusual noise, came out, took the aggressor prisoner, and sold it into bondage. The ill-tempered thrush had therefore paid the penalty of sacrificing its freedom to its jealousy. This anecdote is a fact, and not written as it might seem to be, for the purpose of pointing a moral against musical jealousies among human vocalists.—*Dumfries Herald.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE UNKNOWN ARTIST.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF RUBENS.

BY J. S. SMITH.

One day, Rubens, while strolling through the environs of Madrid, entered a convent whose rules were exceedingly severe, and remarked, not without surprise, over the poor and humble altar of the monastery, a picture that disclosed the most wonderful talent. This picture represented the head of a monk. Rubens called his pupils, and showed them the painting; all shared in his admiration.

"Who could have been the author of this work?" demanded Vandyke, the favorite pupil of Rubens.

"There was a name written at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully effaced," replied Van Shulden.

Rubens sent for the friar, saying that he wished to speak with him. When the old monk came slowly up the aisle, he asked him the name of the artist who had won his admiration.

"The painter is no longer in this world."

"Dead!" cried Rubens. "Dead! and up to the time no one has known him, no one has mentioned with admiration his name, which will be immortal, his name that will surpass mine! And yet," added the artist, with a noble pride, "and yet, my father, I am Peter Paul Rubens." At this name, the pale visage of the friar was animated with a sudden glow. His eyes sparkled, and he fastened his gaze upon Rubens with an expression of more than mere curiosity; but this exultation lasted but a moment. The monk dropped his eyes, crossed upon his breast his arms, that in a moment of enthusiasm he had raised toward heaven, and repeated:

"The painter is no longer in this world."

"His name, my father, his name, that I may make it known to the universe; that I may give him the glory that is his due."

Rubens and Vandyke, Jordaens and Van Shulden, his pupils, I might almost say his rivals, surrounded the venerable friar, supplicating him to instantly disclose the name of the artist.

The monk trembled; a cold sweat ran down from his forehead upon his emaciated cheeks, and his lips contracted convulsively, as if about to reveal the mystery that he alone knew.

"His name? his name?" repeated Rubens.

The monk made a solemn gesture with his hand.

"Listen to me," said he; "you have misunderstood me; I told you that the painter of that picture was no longer in this world; but I never told you that he was dead."

"He lives! He lives! O, let us know him! Let us know him!"

"He has renounced the things of this world; he is in a cloister; he is a monk."

"Monk! my father! monk! O, tell me in what convent, for he must leave it. When God marks a man with such talents, this man must not be allowed to live in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission—he must accomplish it. Tell me the cloister where he is concealed; I will go and take him from it, and show him the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will cause him to be ordered by our holy father the pope to re-enter the world, and again take up his brushes. The pope loves me, my father! the pope will listen to my entreaty."

"I will neither tell you his name, nor the cloister where he is concealed," replied the monk, in a resolute tone.

"The pope will command you," replied the exasperated Rubens.

"Listen to me," said the monk, "listen to me, in the name of Heaven. Think you that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune and glory, had not striven against a similar resolution? Think you that he has not experienced bitter deceptions, cruel griefs, that have finally taught him," said he, smiting his breast, "that all below is vanity! Leave him to die in the asylum that he has found against the world and its despair. Your efforts will accomplish nothing. It is a temptation, in which he will come out victoriously," he continued, making the sign of the cross; "for God will not take from him his aid; God who, in his mercy, has deigned to call him to himself, will not thrust him away from his presence."

"But, my father, it is immortality he renounces."

"Immortality is nothing in comparison with eternity." And the monk pulled his hood over his face, and changed the subject of discourse in a manner that prevented Rubens from touching on that point again.

The celebrated Fleming left the cloister with his brilliant group of pupils, and all returned silently and sadly to Madrid. The friar re-entered his cell, threw himself upon his knees upon the bundle of straw that served him for a bed, and prayed fervently. Then collecting his brushes, his colors and pallette that lay in the corner, he threw them into the river that flowed so gently beneath his window. For some time he looked mournfully at the water that bore away its precious burden. When they had finally disappeared, he renewed his orisons upon the straw before the wooden crucifix.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

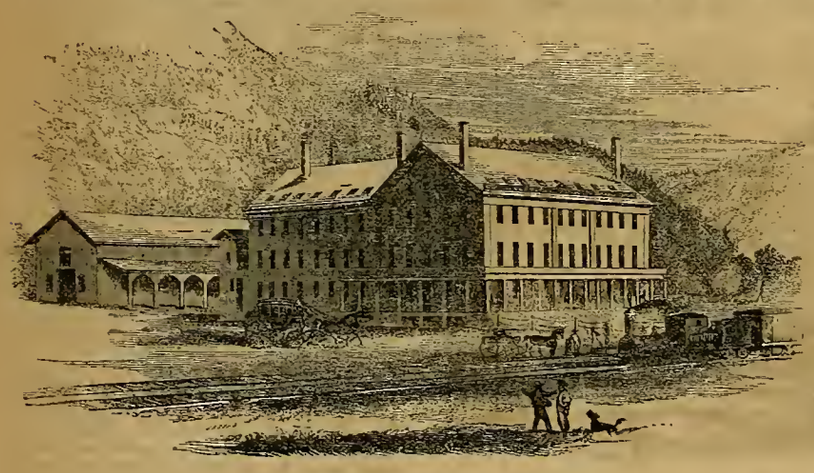
A vine-dresser of Albano, near Rome, is said to have found in a vineyard the ring of Polycrates. This treasure, the history of which is familiar to all readers of Schiller's ballads, was brought to Rome after the death of Polycrates, 522 years before the birth of Christ; it was seen also by Pliny, and mentioned by him. The Emperor Augustus placed it in a gold case, and deposited it for safety in the Temple of Concord. The stone of the ring is of considerable size, and oblong form. The engraving on it, by Theodore of Samos, the son of Talikles, is of extraordinary fineness and beauty. It represents a lyre with three bees flying about; below, on the right, a dolphin; on the left, the head of a bull. The name of the engraver is inscribed in Greek characters. The upper surface of the stone is slightly concave, not highly polished, and one corner broken.—*Athenæum.*

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

At this season of the year when thousands of the pilgrims of nature are going forth from the crowded cities and climbing to the high places of the earth, when a large tide of pleasure travel sets towards the mountain regions of New Hampshire, we have deemed that a series of illustrations of points of interest in their scenery connected with descriptive sketches, would not prove unacceptable to the public. The White Mountains of New Hampshire are among the most impressive works of nature on this continent, and he would be dull indeed who cannot feel the influence of these gigantic scenes. It is vain for those who are unacquainted with mountain scenery to doubt its influence. We have been told that magnitude is nothing; beauty everything. This is not our creed. Besides, may they not meet together? One of these unbelievers once said: "Show me a mountain of any height you please, and I will imagine it ten times higher; then what becomes of your tithe of a hill!" This is a mistake. Allowing that he could so far stretch his imagination, the object would be entirely changed. He may spread his canvass larger, but how is he to fill up the picture? As well it might be said: "Show me the most beautiful rose, and I will make it poor by imagining a flower far more beautiful." The flower, then, cannot be a rose. But is magnitude nothing? Had the colossal Jupiter of Phidias been diminished to a pigmy's stature, would it have been considered one of the wonders of the world? Suppose you had a model of St. Paul's, complete in all its parts, but small enough to lie within the palm of your hand, and would you compare it to its massive prototype? The model, indeed, may exhibit the same architectural skill, but will want majesty; and cannot be, like all stupendous works of art, an evidence of power. In the same manner do these mighty works of nature speak aloud of omnipotence. Nor is it one mountain's height alone, but where they "each on others throng," together with their grand accompaniments, which affect the mind so intensely: the fearful precipice, the overhanging rocks, now dimly seen through a passing vapor, or hidden for a while behind some sweeping cloud; the roar of many waters, contrasted with the quiet, silvery lake below: then the variety, the harmony of form and color, from the valley to the topmost crag, where you may chance to see "Jove's harness-bearing bird," between two parted clouds, returning to his native citadel. The beauty of gently sloping meadows, of "tall trees with leaves apparelled," of every flower that blooms, is as evanescent as it is fresh, vivid and luxuriant: they are more mortal than ourselves, the modern fair ones of the day, and decay and death await them on the morrow. But the unchanged, the everlasting rocks, the ruins, they may be, of a former world, these are God's antiquities, the emblems of eternity! The soul is bowed down before them, and our imaginations are carried back, ay, even to a date before the creation of man! The defective vision and advanced age of Dr. Johnson are, in our mind, ample apologies for the want of enthusiasm in his "Tour to the Hebrides;" notwithstanding he happened to say that the finest prospect in the world was the one up Fleet Street. Even had he been younger, and with every sense complete, he might have felt the inefficiency of language, and forborne to make the effort, as beyond his grasp. Here the poet himself is baffled. Such grandeur will form, will elevate his genius, but must not be the subject of his muse. The worst poems Burns ever wrote are those in which he attempts, as an eye-witness, to describe certain situations in the Highlands. Gray knew better; his letters show how true a feeling he had for these scenes, and that was enough for the world, while the remembrance of them was enough for himself, without vainly daring to do more. Terror, according to Burke, is "the ruling principle," "the common stock of everything that is sublime;" and the natural timidity of Gray enhanced his enjoyment of it. "In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse," he writes, to his friend West, "I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining." And again: "You have death perpetually before your eyes; only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frighting it." When in the North of England, speaking of a cataract, he says: "I stayed there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; as the impression will last for life." Indeed that thrilling emotion felt in the midst of awful and appalling objects, while, at the same time, we are undisturbed by fears of a personal nature, is the highest mental pleasure, received immediately through the senses, of which we are capable. But without further discussion of this question, let us at once refer to our first illustration, the summit of Mt. Washington, showing the new carriage road, with the omnibuses ascending and descending, the building now erecting on the summit to take the place of the "Summit" and "Tiptop" houses, together with the dome of the observatory which it is proposed to erect should the national government furnish the aid which has been solicited. Mount Washington is the monarch of the White Mountains. "They crowned him long ago." Various measurements of its height have been made from time to time, but modern science has now accurately determined its height to be 6285 feet above the level of the sea. The heights of the other peaks are as follows: Mount Adams, 5790 feet; Jefferson, 5710 feet; Madison, 5361 feet; Monroe, 5349; Clay, 5011; Franklin, 4850; Pleasant, 4715; Clinton, 4200. The carriage road to the summit of Mount Washington is a gigantic enterprise, carried through with extraordinary energy and skill. The charter to construct this road was granted by the New Hampshire legislature, in July, 1853, with a capital of $50,000. The surveys were immediately commenced under the direction of Mr. Robert E. Ricker. The engineering has been most thoroughly performed both as to grade and expense. At the same time, the most magnificent points of observation are obtained along the whole line. The last mile of the road has been made to entirely encircle the upper cone of the mountain, while at the same time the regular ascending grade continues to the level plateau on the top, 6285 feet above the level of the ocean. The road commences at the Glen House, at the north-easterly base of Mount Washington, seven miles from the Gorham (N. H.) station on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad from Portland to Montreal. It is eight and a quarter miles in length. It is sixteen feet in clear width between the ditching and the outer angle of the roadway or protection wall. The outside is raised one foot higher than the inside, giving it an inward slope toward the mountain of three-quarters of an inch to one foot. This prevents washing of the road bed, an ample ditch being constructed on the inside, with sluices under the road sufficient for the drainage of rain or snow freshets. The grade in no place exceeds a rise of one foot in seven, the average being one in nine and a half. The construction is after the manner of the best English macadamized roads, there being from four to eight inches of fine broken stone on the entire surface. The grade is said to be lighter than Napoleon's road over the Alps. There are no tunnels and heavy masonry arches like that, however, and the cost is consequently much less per mile. In all places where there is a dangerous precipitancy, a heavy protection wall is built on the outer side of the roadway, three feet thick, by two and one-half in height. The work was begun in August, 1854. It could only be commenced at one point—the base of the mountain—the constructors being obliged to construct it as they progressed, in order to convey, by teams, their provisions, tools, etc. Any other course would have greatly increased the cost of construction, as these materials would have had to be carried on men's backs, it being impossible to get a horse along the line over the rocks. Eight covered omnibuses, two baggage wagons and two light open wagons, built by Messrs. Downing & Sons, of Concord, New Hampshire, are employed on the road. The omnibuses are very ingeniously constructed. Externally, as our engraving shows, they resemble our city omnibuses. They are designed each for twelve passengers, with a single seat outside for the driver. The seats are black walnut arm-chairs; they have cane bottoms with stuffed cushions, and are so placed that the passengers neither face the horses nor each other, but will sit at an angle of forty-five degrees to the side of the omnibus, giving a free view on either side of the road. Each seat is numbered, and tickets will be sold to passengers accordingly. There are six windows of plate glass on either side, one for each passenger. The safety of passengers is fully provided for by a new application of brakes, moved with a wheel by the driver's foot, and the "set" upon the wheels is regulated by a ratchet, or clip, fitting into the shaft of the wheel or brake. To insure still greater safety in descending the mountain, the application of the brake is placed within reach of each passenger by a strap and ring lying on the bottom of the vehicle, by the use of which any one can instantly block the wheels and arrest its motion. The carriage body is so arranged by screws that either end can be elevated or depressed so as to have the floor at all times on a level. For example, in ascending the hind end is raised eight or ten inches, while in descending, the forward end is similarly elevated. The eight large omnibuses are constructed of the best ash timber. The axles are of wrought iron, and the bodies are



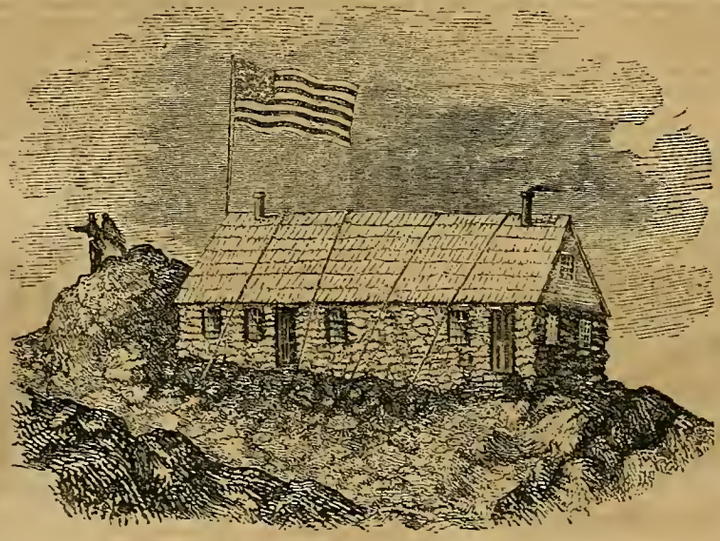
CARRIAGE ROAD, MOUNT WASHINGTON.



ALPINE HOUSE, GORHAM, N. H.



DIXVILLE NOTCH.



SUMMIT HOUSE, MOUNT WASHINGTON.

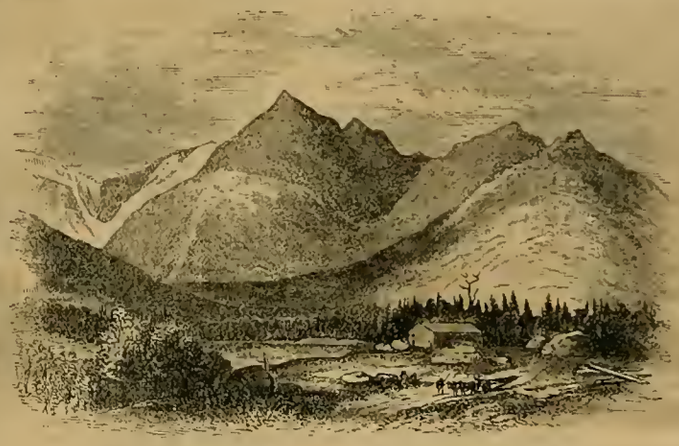
placed on platform springs of the best steel. The linings are of elegant "mosquette," and the exterior panels are embellished with views of mountain scenery. Each vehicle weighs about 1500 pounds, and in ascending will be drawn by four powerful horses, while only two will be used in descending. The line of telegraph wires shown in the picture is designed to connect with the line now in operation from Portland to Montreal, and extending thence to all parts of the United States and Canadas. The president of the road, D. O. Macomber, Esq., has established his reputation by the admirable and thorough manner in which he has managed its affairs from the outset. Another engraving on the previous page represents the "Summit House," erected by two thorough-going Yankees, Messrs. J. S. Hall and L. M. Boscbrook, in 1852. The structure is of heavy stones, blasted with powder from the mighty pyramid on which it stands. It is 24 by 64 feet, secured to its foundation by cement and heavy iron bolts, while the roof is tightened by four strong cables. The "Tip-top House," on the bleakest top crag of Mount Washington, was erected by Samuel F. Spaulding & Co. Both these houses, together with the summit and a large portion of the mountain, are now owned by the Mount Washington Road Company, and the houses will be kept by the superintendent of the road, Mr. C. H. V. Caris. The structure depicted in our first engraving is designed to supersede these buildings. The White Mountains are reached from Boston *via* the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, or from Portland, *via* the great international railroad between Portland and Montreal. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad commences at Portland, Me. By this route the excursionist is set down at Gorham, New Hampshire. An engraving on this page presents us with a view of Portland, the Atlantic terminus, as seen from Cape Elizabeth Hill, looking northwest. Portland is a very interesting city, and the tourist from the South may well linger here a short time before pushing on to the White Mountains or to Canada. Its population is about 25,000; and it is increasing very rapidly. The scenery in and about Portland is very attractive. The second cut on our first page exhibits a correct view of the "Alpine House," Gorham, New Hampshire, 91 miles from Portland, and 201 miles from Montreal. It is a noble edifice, three stories in height, and 100 feet front by 50 feet in width, with an ell of about the same dimensions. It stands on a table land closed up by mountains on all sides. In the rear of the house is the Androscoggin River. The view of Mounts Madison, Adams and Jefferson, given in the eighth engraving of our series, is obtained from Randolph Hill, about three miles from the "Alpine House," on the road to Lancaster. In the quiet of evening, when the lower portion of the landscape is in shadow, these gigantic masses loom upon the deep blue sky, giving the beholder a deep impression of their magnitude and grandeur. The Dixville Notch, some miles to the east of the White Mountains, and shown in the third engraving on our first page, is a singularly wild mountain pass, with precipitous sides and fantastic craggy pinnacles. A tolerable road winds through this gorge. The "Crystal Cascade," depicted on our last page, is much visited by artists and lovers of nature. It is about a hundred rods to the right of the road which now connects the great routes of travel east and west of the mountains, and about three miles from the "Glen House." The stream which feeds it rises among the heights of Mount Washington, and after winding its way through unexplored glens and forests, here finds an issue through a rent in a ragged bluff, and pours down a rocky descent of some eighty feet. "The water, however, does not come down in an unbroken sheet, but steps from shelf to shelf, flinging showers of diamond dust on the impending foliage, until finally it takes a long jump into a deep basin with a ringing noise, as if expressive of satisfaction that it has got down into a district where it can pursue its rejoicing course with greater ease. Such is the central portion of the cascade. Over other projections of the cliff, which are clothed with richly shaded green mosses, the impulsive stream occasionally shoots in glassy threads, tortuous in their descent as the roots of some giant tree, a liquid banyan. Hemlock and fir and the ever tremulous birch, contend for a footing in every seam and fissure of the contiguous crags, grouped and scattered among their projections in a manner that delights an artist, and over all, frowns Mount Washington, strongly in contrast with the brilliant play of the cascade and the varied and lively green of the adjacent forests." The view of Mounts Washington, Jefferson and Adams, painting their bold outlines against the sky (forming the seventh in our series), is a distant view, sketched at Gilead, Me. It gives an excellent idea of their contour. The Berlin Falls, in our last engraving, are about six miles from the "Alpine House," Gorham. Here the whole volume of the Androscoggin is poured through a rocky defile scarcely more than fifty feet in width, descending in the space of a hundred yards nearly twice as many feet. From the wooden foot-bridge thrown across the fall, you obtain a fine view of the cataract and of the river above and below. The bridge consists merely of two logs thrown from the shore to the rocky island, with a broad platform laid upon them. "When about to be put up, it was a wonder to some how the logs could be extended across the chasm, but the mystery was soon solved. The person who had the matter in hand threw a couple of birch poles across the dizzy gulf, and by direction his two sons, mere lads, ran over on them, trusting to the momentum gained in a start from a point some distance back to steady them in the seemingly perilous adventure, and by their assistance, with the superior power exerted from the shore, the structure was soon got into place." From the vicinity of these falls a fine distant view of the White Mountains is obtained. The lake and mountain region of New Hampshire covers a broad area in the northern region of the State, varying from one hundred miles in length to sixty-five in breadth. There are three principal points of interest embraced in this region. First, Lakes Winnipiseogee, Squam and Ossipee, and other smaller sheets of water, with "Gunstock," Coppel Crown," "Red Hill," and other mountains; secondly, the White Mountains proper, which are from seventy to ninety miles further north, with the Sandwich, Ossipee, Chocorua and other celebrated mountains intervening; and thirdly, the Franconia mountains, lying on the west side of the area, and twenty or thirty miles distant from the White Mountains proper. The Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad conveys the traveller directly to the most interesting scenery. Many persons prefer leaving the cars at the "Weirs," on Lake Winnipiseogee, and crossing the lake by steamer. It would require volumes properly to describe the White Mountains and the adjacent region—and volumes have been written on the subject. Among recent publications, Dr. Ball's account of his perilous wandering among the mountains last fall, is very interesting. But we consider it indispensable for the tourist who wishes to be well posted up in this romantic region, to purchase "Incidents of White Mountain Scenery," a handsome illustrated duodecimo volume, by Benjamin G. Willey, published by Nathaniel Noyes, No. 11 Cornhill, in this city. Mr. Noyes has also published another very useful work, entitled "Historical Relics of the White Mountains." These two contain all the information requisite—local guides must supply the rest. The following passage is extracted from the former work. "The White Mountains embrace the whole group of mountains in northern New Hampshire, extending forty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. The term has sometimes been applied exclusively to the central cluster, including the six or seven highest peaks, and very properly, though in its comprehensive sense we think it should embrace the extended group. Mount Blanc and Mount Jura constitute not the whole of the Alps, neither do Washington and Monroe, the White Mountains. Clustering round their central height, like children of one large family, no merely arbitrary division should ever separate them. These mountains are the highest land east of the Mississippi River, 'and, in clear weather, are descried before any other land by vessels approaching our eastern coast; but by reason of their white appearance, are frequently mistaken for clouds. They are visible on the land at the distance of eighty miles on the south and south east sides. They appear higher when viewed from the northeast, and it is said they are seen from the neighborhood of Chamblee and Quebec.' The Indian name of these mountains, according to Belknap, is Agiocochook. President Alden states that they were known to some of the more eastern tribes of Indians by the name Waumbekketmethna; Waumbekket, signifying white, and methna, mountains. And still other tribes gave them the appellation Kan Ran Ungarty, the continued likeness of a gull. All these names, we see, have the same general meaning, and refer to the white appearance of the mountains. 'During nine or ten months the mountains exhibit more or less of that bright appearance, from which they are denominated white. In the spring, when the snow is partly dissolved, they appear of a pale blue, streaked with white; and after it is wholly gone, at the distance of sixty miles, they are altogether of the same pale blue, nearly approaching a sky color; while, at the same time, viewed at the distance of eight miles or less, they appear of the proper color of the rock. Light, fleecy clouds, flouting about their summits, give them the same whitish hue as snow. These vast and irregular heights, being copiously replenished with water, exhibit a great variety of beautiful cascades; some of which fall in a perpendicular sheet or spout; others are winding and sloping; others spread and form a basin in the rock, and then gush in a cataract over its edge. A poetic fancy may find full gratification amidst these wild and rugged scenes, if its ardor be not checked by the fatigue of the approach. Almost everything in nature, which can be supposed capable of inspiring ideas of the sublime and beautiful, is here realized. Old mountains, stupendous elevations, rolling clouds, impending rocks, verdant woods and the roaring torrent, all conspire to enrapture.'"



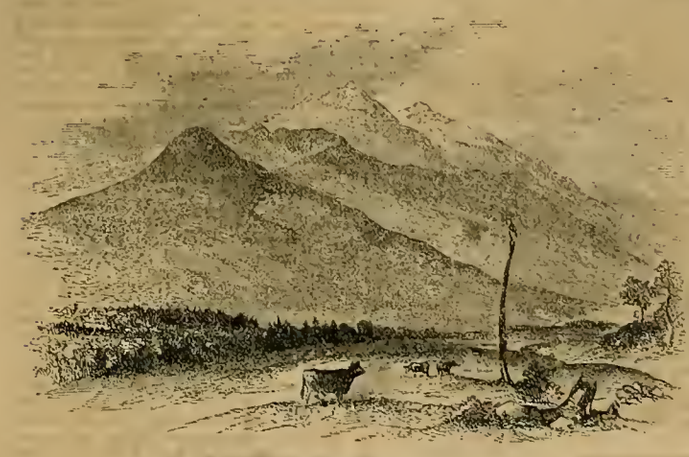
VIEW OF PORTLAND.



CRYSTAL CASCADE.



MOUNTS WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.



WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM RANDOLPH HILL.



BERLIN FALLS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CLOUD-PICTURES.

BY ADLANTHA.

The clouds are a glorious canvass,
A canvass all brightsome and fair,
On which the warm sunbeams trace ever
Sweet pictures suspended in air;
The heavens are the frames that enclose them,
And God is their hanger on high;
He draped them with glorious fringes,
And hung them above in the sky.

They are sweeter than any "old master,"
Their colors more vivid and bright;
On high they're suspended forever,
Ne'er hidden from out of our sight;
O, blessed be God, for the beauty
Of pictures so lovely and fair,
Which he hangeth up in the heavens—
Cloud-pictures suspended in air!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"TIME SETS ALL THINGS RIGHT."

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Sarah Bayley sat reading a letter—not a pink, nor a blue, nor a canary-colored note, written with a crow's quill, perfumed with violet, and sealed with blue and gold sealing wax; but a large, handsome sheet filled with good, legible, clear writing, and apparently very interesting to the fair reader. During the process of reading it, Sarah's eyes had more than once suffused with tears, and still oftener her beautiful mouth had been wreathed in smiles; while once or twice she had burst into positive laughter, clear and musical as a fairy chime.

Her cousin Daniel Bayley sat opposite. He marked the quick changes on her countenance, and his curiosity was roused to see what brought them there. He admired his cousin very much, and spent more time in her morning room than would have been excusable in any one but a relation. He wanted her to show him the letter, remarking that it was beautifully written.

"If I could be persuaded that it was not a breach of trust, I would certainly let you see it," said Sarah. "Isabel Kingsley does certainly write a beautiful letter, as indeed, why shouldn't she? She does everything well."

"You increase my desire to see this letter, Sarah; and as to the breach of trust, provided that the sheet you hold in your hand contains no secret, there is no more harm in my seeing it, than there would be in sitting here and hearing your friend converse with you. I presume she would have no objections to me as a listener, if she talks as well as you say she writes."

"But I shall have to tell her some day that I allowed you to read it, and perhaps she would not forgive me."

"Why do you tell her, then?"

"Because, cousin Daniel, you know that it is a weakness of mine always to be *confessing*. I cannot rest until I have confessed to a friend every thought of my heart, every word I have said of them, every deed I have done with reference to them; and I do not doubt if I *should* let you see this, my next letter to Isabel will contain a full account of my breach of trust."

"Nonsense, Sarah! I am bound to read that letter; so hand it over!" And he possessed himself of the treasure, while Sarah gave it up half reluctantly, rather than it should be torn in the struggle to retain it.

"He read it hastily, then more carefully, and a third time he read it aloud to Sarah, dwelling upon the words and turning their meaning over and over.

"You are giving more importance to a lady's letter than they usually obtain," said Sarah. "It is the fashion of gentlemen to decry them, to ridicule or denounce them."

"Not such letters as this, Sarah; not letters that show the writer to have a kindly woman's heart, and a clear, active brain to balance it. I would like to see the writer of this letter. I fancy that I *can* see her without the aid of visual organs. Let me describe what I think she is, Sarah, and you shall tell me if I am right or wrong in the ideal I have formed of her."

"Silly fellow!—as if you could describe a person by reading a letter! That will do to go with your nonsense of spiritual affinities, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, try me, cousin Sarah. In the first place, this Miss Kingsley is intellectual."

"Anybody could tell that by her letter, as well as you. Of course she is."

"Then she is handsome."

"Well—yes, with one exception, she is."

"Bravo! I get along wonderfully. She is very neat."

"To a fault."

"I knew that I was right there. She has an elegant taste, and dresses beautifully."

"I grant that, too."

"Of course; I know what I am describing. She has abundant, wavy hair."

"None finer in the world, Daniel."

"Beautiful teeth."

"Yes, white and even, and rather small."

"Eyes 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.'"

"Her eyes are not so perfect as the rest of her face, I will tell you candidly, cousin Daniel."

"Ah, you may think so. You will never see one woman who will allow perfection in another."

"I shall have my revenge for that sneer, I do assure your lordship. 'Time at last sets all things right,' and I believe it, because Byron says so. All but one—no, there is one thing that you cannot guess, and which I sincerely think can never be made just right—but to punish you, I will not tell you what that is."

"What a malignant creature you are, Sarah."

"No, not malignant exactly; but perhaps a little retributive in my wishes. Have you got through with my friend Isabel?"

"Did I say that she has a most queenly air, and is very finely formed?"

"No, but if you had, you would not have exceeded truth. She lays claim to all that."

"She is an orphan."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I plainly see, by the perfect independence of her letter, that she has no one to govern or restrain her, and yet that she is as fearful of doing or speaking wrong, as if she were constantly restrained by a parent's authority. Now there is one point which I cannot guess at all, and that is her age."

"Really! does not your black art extend to that?"

"No, I must be indebted to you for that information."

"No, you wont. I never betray secrets; and you defined a breach of trust just now so strongly, that I should not dare to tell you."

"Never mind; that is not so very important, so long as there are so many things to balance it. Still, I would not like her to be very old, if I am to marry her."

"You marry her, cousin Daniel! Why, you do not mean so?"

"I do, if she suits me. I tell you what, Sarah, I have been drifting about the world long enough; and I begin to think that a man is thought very little of in society, until he establishes himself in a home of his own. Seriously, I like that part of the Bible where it is said, 'God setteth the solitary in families;' and as a poor old bachelor must necessarily be one of the solitary, I care not how soon I may be *set*."

Sarah Bayley's lip quivered, but Daniel did not see it, for she quickly recovered herself, and left him to peruse the letter once more, while she passed out into the garden. She had a struggle while there with her heart, in which she came off conqueror.

Why had not Daniel Bayley ever thought of marrying his cousin Sarah? Simply because she *was* his cousin, and he had almost thought her a sister. He never thought how very dear he was to her heart; how far above the love of any relative, however near, was the sentiment that she felt for him; how far beyond the love of his sisters was hers. She had loved him from her childhood when he was already a man, rude in speech to others, but kind and gentle to her. She had "kept his sayings in her heart," when he was absent for long years. Her welcome when he returned home, if not so boisterous as that of his sisters, was more deep; and she never knew what it was to bestow a passing thought upon any other. Daniel's sisters, with whom she had been brought up from her orphaned infancy, laughingly called her an old maid; and, in their unthinking mirth, had often coupled her name with that of her bachelor brother. But they never suspected how very dear he was to her, nor how nearly they touched her heart when they spoke of him thus.

All was over now then! Daniel had determined to marry, and he had no thought of her, of course; she had so dreaded that he should be separated in any way from her. It had been so pleasant to wait on him—to do a thousand little offices for him, that Maria and Emeline never thought of doing, and which he ever seemed to expect from her hand, only too willing to be thus employed. And now her heart was to be thrown back upon itself, lonely and desolate. It would cost her a great deal she thought to hide all that she should suffer; but she determined to brave it out, and let no one suspect that she was a repining, disappointed being. Indeed, she would try to rejoice in Isabel's happiness, if Daniel could love her. Sarah knew of one impediment to his love, she thought, but she would not have named it for the world, lest he might think she was jealous of her friend; she would not meanly deprive Isabel of the chance of his loving her.

She did not see Daniel much that day; but when she did, he was full of words about her friend, seeming really to think that he was giving Sarah a great pleasure. He did not know that she was trying to attain tranquillity enough to answer him without tears, and his words flowed on about Miss Kingsley.

"I would go and see her," he said, "but it is impossible at this stage of my business to leave it for an hour; and I fear much that I shall be obliged to go out in the next steamer—but I shall write to her, and ask her correspondence. I shall expect Barton the day before the steamer sails, and then it will be too late to profit by his coming. It is very provoking, but I do not see any remedy."

Barton, his head clerk, did not arrive until the very day of sailing. It was Sarah's hand, however, that had prepared everything for his comfort; she had packed his clothes, arranged the papers which Barton was to do, and had made all things straight for his going. Maria and Emeline laughed at her for her pains, but she went on quietly, satisfied that he would like all that she did.

The moment came for him to depart. He kissed his sisters affectionately, and looked round for Sarah. Twice she was called before she could make her eyes presentable. Daniel did not notice it, but as he bade her good-by, he charged her to plead his cause with Miss Kingsley. She thrust off his hand from her arm, and ran out of the room. The last moment was up that he could stay, and he soon forgot that there was anything strange in his cousin's behaviour; for in a very short time he was on board the steamer, and on his way to Europe.

Previous to his departure, he wrote to Miss Kingsley, and told her in what way a part of her character and life had been revealed to him. He described himself, his own virtues and failings, his admiration of a noble woman, his indifference to mere personal beauty, his utter disregard of wealth. He would not ask her to answer this letter, but should he write her again, he would earnestly entreat her to answer him.

Miss Kingsley received the letter on the day after the steamer sailed, and her surprise at the unexpected contents was extreme. She had heard Sarah speak of her cousin, but had never seen him; and her first impulse was to blame Sarah severely for showing her letter. A few moments told her how foolish this feeling would be towards her friend, and she read the letter again carefully. It bore the impress of a good heart, and a correct appreciation of what is due to woman. It appealed to her best feelings, and it told her plainly and honestly how well such a man could love one who should carry out his ideal of female excellence. With this she was obliged, therefore, to be satisfied for the present—for the writer was far beyond her reach, and had bound her not to answer it until she should hear from him again.

To say that Isabel Kingsley was not pleased would be false. It was the first time she had been an object of love. It was through Sarah's partiality for her she thought that it had come about, and of course Sarah had told him all; she believed that he was fully apprised of all her perfections and imperfections. Standing before her glass that night, she wept as she looked at the unfortunate eye that was shown to her shuddering gaze. It was a hopeless case, for wealth had been poured out like water to relieve or even to ameliorate its condition, and to no avail. Would the honest love which spoke out in every line of the letter which she held in her hand, stand proof against this terrible misfortune?

During the seven or eight weeks in which she waited for a letter, she saw Sarah only once. Only a brief word or two was said in reference to Daniel, for Sarah felt too deeply, and Isabel too conscious, for conversation respecting it. Sarah felt that she had not carried out Daniel's injunction; but she thought it was hard enough to part with all her cherished dreams, to give up all that had made her happiness, without being called upon to beg another's acceptance of it. That was the feather too much; and even Sarah, good as she was, could not submit to that martyrdom of herself.

The letter arrived in due season—a letter which Isabel felt bound to answer, and which she did answer, with all the splendid diction and beauty of expression that had so satisfied the fastidious Daniel Bayley in perusing her letter to his cousin. Now the letters came thick and fast. A regular communication was established, and became more and more lover-like on both sides; sometimes Isabel would feel that the first sight of her might disenchant her lover, but the subject was too painful to dwell upon, and she willingly dismissed it. A little frankness on her part with Sarah—an inquiry how much he knew of her personal appearance—would have set all right; but an indescribable sense of personal deformity haunted the poor girl, and the present was too delicious to her loving heart to give up for an uncertain future.

Sarah, on the other hand, believed that Isabel would disclose everything, and she set herself to the task of rooting from her heart all the affection which she felt for her cousin, and the brave and true-hearted girl strove long and well. If Daniel could be happier with another, she argued, surely she ought to rejoice in his happiness; and although she now believed that she could never trust again, yet she earnestly endeavored to fix her mind upon her other duties, and to forget, if possible, that she had ever suffered it to wander.

At length Daniel Bayley was expected home. Isabel's heart was in a fever of expectation, of love, and of dread—of love, for truly and earnestly had she learned, from the noble and manly sentiments expressed in his letters, to feel that she could not be parted from that dear hope; of dread, lest one unfortunate circumstance of which he had no knowledge, but which ever weighed upon her mind, should come between her and her happiness.

Sarah had neither hope nor dread; she had resigned all thoughts of her cousin, except as a friend; and if she sometimes sighed at the prospect of seeing another his wife, she still believed that she could better resign him to Isabel than to a stranger.

He came, and the moment he could command his time, he started for Overton. Sarah's hands assisted him to get ready for the journey; Sarah's lips bade him godspeed. If she went to her own room to weep, no one knew it, for when she came forth, there was a smile of peace on her countenance.

She was sitting, on the third day of Daniel's absence, at a window that overlooked the garden. It was midsummer, and the twilight dews came down gratefully on the parched earth, and brought calm and serenity upon human hearts. She was thinking of the absent, and imagining that Isabel was spending this hour with her cousin. A touch upon her shoulder, and she looked up to see Daniel. A change had come over his noble countenance since he went, full of hope and expectation, to meet Isabel Kingsley. He looked wan and subdued, and his air and manner were altered. Sarah guessed, but dared not give utterance to her thought.

"Why did you not tell me, cousin Sarah?" said he, after a pause.

"I answered all your questions, Daniel. Am I to be blamed, because I left you to test the truth of the ideal beauty with which you invested Isabel Kingsley? How did I know that the purity of her character, her intellectual attainments, her winning manners, would not compensate to you for one unfortunate defect, for which she is not responsible, and for which she has suffered a thousand fold more than you can imagine?"

"Had I known of it before, Sarah, it is barely possible that I might have been reconciled—and yet I hardly think it would have been the case. You know how much value I attach to beautiful eyes. They are the indices of the soul. You cannot conceive how it pains me at this stage of our pleasant intercourse, when

my whole stay abroad has been brightened and cheered by letters from Isabel, to break up the dream I had cherished of a happy home when I returned."

"And why not?"

"Why not! Ask yourself, Sarah. Could you love a being, however lovely otherwise, whose beauty was marred by such a defect?"

"I think I could."

"No, Sarah, you mistake your strength of mind. At any rate, I have no such strength. Not all Miss Kingsley's wealth, nor her otherwise faultless beauty, could reconcile me to the fact that she has never hinted that I might be shocked at the horrible obliquity of that eye. Heavens! it haunts me yet!"

"Daniel Hayley, for shame! You are not worthy of Isabel!"

"I grant it; and she is not worthy of me. One moment was enough to disenchant me. I did not even to speak to her."

"Do you mean so?"

"I do. Miss Kingsley was absent at a large party; she did not return until late, and of course it would have been presumption to approach her then. In the morning she was pointed out to me by a gentleman, who volunteered to introduce me. She stood with her back towards me. Her perfect figure, her well-chosen morning costume, her beautiful hair, were all seen at a glance as I entered; but a mirror before which she stood gave me back that eye, and shocked, miserable, and half fainting (don't laugh at me, Sarah!) I left the room, and without a moment's delay, I came away."

"And this is your conduct to my noble-hearted friend?"

"I own it; but there was cause. I was deceived."

"You were indeed, my poor cousin—and yet how could she tell you?"

"Sarah, tell me, would you have done as Isabel has done?"

"I have never been placed under like circumstances."

"But I know you would not. You love truth too well."

"I do love truth, Daniel; but it would be hard to give you—I mean it would be hard to give any one up in the way she must have done. It is so pleasant to be beloved!"

"Sarah!"

"Well, cousin?"

"You shall not call me cousin! What a blind, senseless fool I have been not to see before what I see in those beautiful eyes this moment! You love me, Sarah! I see it in those quivering lips, and those beautiful eyes, that never looked so sweet to me until I saw Isabel Kingsley's. And believe me, I always loved you; but your quiet, sisterly conduct towards me made me think that it could not be. And then you were so interested for your friend, too—so willing to give me up! Such disinterested friendship ought to meet its reward. Sarah, you *shall* marry me!"

"Vain fellow! do you think I would condescend to accept the second place in any man's heart!"

"*First*, Sarah!—first! I loved you years before I thought of Isabel. But how could I think that the quiet little girl who moved about our household, performing the duties of a sister, and never looking or speaking aught but kind and sisterly words—how could I think that *she* could love me as I wished?"

Ah, Sarah, how will you resist this appeal? The most exacting friendship could not—ought not to require this *second* sacrifice. It would have been too much to expect of poor human nature—too much to expect of woman's loving heart, had she not responded truly to his words of affectionate tenderness.

Poor, poor Isabel! We can only hope for thee, that some beautiful soul, whose outward eye is darkened, but whose inner eye can estimate thy many perfections, may one day be led to thee by that mysterious providence which "brings forth that unexpected hour," that unites hearts together in bands of love;—of love, in which the outward is but a shadow, and not the reality. "Time sets all things right."

FRANKNESS.

Frankness is supposed to be a common virtue. It is most uncommon. It is indeed an extraordinary thing. It requires truth, simplicity, love and genuine goodness. Men speak plainly when they do speak, but they are not open and free. Many speak truths very plainly when angry; many speak pleasant truths frankly. But few there are whose souls are so balanced in an atmosphere of love that they speak whatever needs to be said, to each and to all, plainly, gently, fully. The dearest friends live together for years without daring to speak things which they know, and which each party knows that the other knows. Parents live with a reserve years long toward their children. Children carry untouched, unsyllabled, thoughts and feelings that take hold of their very being. Friends meet and part day by day—friends so true that they would almost *die* for each other, or, what is harder than this, who are willing to *live* for each other—and never speak of things that each knows is passing in the other's mind. It is very strange to see people come up in conversation to topics that, by a tacit freemasonry, are sacred, and without word or look one glides past on one side, and the other on the other side, and meet beyond, going down the common channel again. Was there ever a thoughtful, sensitive person, that dared to be open, transparent, frank? But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that Christian people are not frank enough for each other's good. If men knew how to speak the truth in love, how rich might one become. A man might stand then in the focus of the wisdom of all his friends. But, refusing to let their lights shine, men now grope in the partial light of their own wisdom, distempered by self-love.—*New York Independent.*

MAGNIFICENT CYPRESS.

In the gardens of Chepultepec, near Mexico, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent cypress, called the Cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth when that monarch was on the throne (1520), so that it must now be at least four hundred years old; yet it still retains all the vigor of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestic as to make even this enormous mass appear slender. At Santa Marie de Tula, in Oaxaca, is a cypress ninety-three and a half feet in circumference, which does not yet show the slightest symptom of decay.—*Saturday Gazette.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPENSER'S "FAERY QUEEN."

ITS FIRST RECITAL.

BY JOHN D. PRESCOTT.

It was late one lovely summer evening when a weary traveller reached the summit of one of the long ranges of hills, so frequent in the south of Ireland. Before him, almost as far as the eye could reach, extended a wild moorland, bounded on all sides by blue ranges of mountains, like the one on which he stood. The parting sunbeams, reposing on the distant hills, reflected their varied and gorgeous light from the stained windows of an ancient fortalice, perched fantastically on a craggy eminence, almost in the middle of the moor. At its base glided a placid stream, which meandering through the wild plain, lost itself among the adjacent hills, while far beyond a beautiful lake received the sun's adieu on its glassy surface. The whole scene, expressive of deep repose, was inexpressibly soothing to the jaded spirits of the traveller. As he descended into the plain, the beauties of the place were more forcibly impressed upon him. Around the castle, hemlocks and filberts and laurels blended their foliage with the broader leaves of numerous other trees, enclosing a little world of solitude. Every little tuft of earth hanging loosely on the rocks, was garnished with flowers of the most various and brilliant hues, whilst the unruffled bosom of the pure stream sent back to the eye of the beholder the reflected images of the beauties that encompassed him. The massive rocks which formed the mouldering turrets of the castle, were time-worn and moss-grown, and here and there were seen the tendrils of the ivy, or the hardy evergreens, which had thrust their roots within the clefts, and drawing thence their slender sustenance, had expanded into shady trees, or more humble shrubs.

The sun had now disappeared, but the twilight still lingered in this green retreat as if reluctant to part with so much beauty, or cloud it in the shades of night. Hastily approaching the castle, though stopping for a time to note the charming scene, the stranger knocked loudly at the gates. His summons was answered by a hungry looking porter, who conducted him through a long hall to a spacious library, in the midst of which, enveloped in books and papers, sat the poet Spenser, studiously occupied in deciphering a manuscript by the fading twilight.

"Master Spenser," said the new-comer, to attract his attention.

"Sir Walter Raleigh, I bid thee hearty welcome to my solitary Kilcolman," said the poet, his eyes glistening with pleasure, as he rose from his seat, and extended his hand with heartfelt cordiality.

After exchanging their affectionate greetings, they sat down together and beguiled the long hours of evening in telling their mutual experience, and recounting the various fortunes that had attended them. Raleigh delighted Spenser with his voyages, adventures, and his imminent perils on land and sea; while Spenser told of his solitary occupations in his lonely retreat—how he had beautified and adorned the bleak moor, and christened it with the poetical name Armulla Dale; how he was about to court his muse under the wide-spreading branches of a noble oak, which bordered on the fair Mulla. To this spot Spenser asked his guest to accompany him on the morrow, and "listen to some poor rhymes he had just completed."

The knight joyfully consented, at the same time begging his indulgence to a little ditty of his own:

> "So piped they on until they both were weary,
> By change of turns, each making other merry."

And Night had long drawn his sable curtains, ere they parted and retired to rest.

Arising with the sun on the following day, they slowly pursued their delightful walk,

> "Amongst the cooly shade
> Of the green alders by the Mullae's shore,"

beguiling the time in pleasant conversation, or in contemplating the loveliness of nature around them. Now their walk took them among the forest trees, and the vistas formed by their graceful stems gave partial glimpses of the "melodious Mulla's" rippling waters, glistening in the morning sun. Now they emerged into open shades, varying in breadth, sometimes so small that the entwining boughs of the trees made darkness over their heads, and then enlarging to let in gleams of sunlight, and anon opening yet wider into little dewy meadows, on which the sunbeams lay in glistening silence.

Proceeding through scenes like these, they came to a glade where the forest trees were more widely separated from each other than usual, and where the ground beneath, cleared of coppice and underwood, was clothed with a carpet of the softest and most lovely verdure, screened from the scorching heat of the sun by the gnarled branches of a huge oak. Close by this grassy knoll murmured the winding Mulla, and over its curling waves the knight skipped a few pebbles, while his friend was arranging his manuscripts. They then disposed themselves for their morning diversion; Raleigh reclining his graceful length upon the green sward, and resting his head upon his arm, and Spenser sitting erect against the massive trunk of the oak which his verse has rendered immortal.

The various effects produced by the brilliant light upon the fresh wet leaves of the trees, their knotty boughs and slender trunks, the checkered shadows on the velvet lawn, the picturesque attitudes of the two friends, and the placid surface of the meandering stream, reflecting on its crystal bosom, might have drawn the attention of a poet or a painter.

Spenser now began with the most graceful elocution the recitation of his poem. At first he read in a modest tone the low music of the babbling water accompanying the melodious lines, and adding to their beauty, but soon, inspired with the spirit of his verse, he infused into his recital all the pathos of his romantic nature.

Raleigh was at first attentive, then interested, then absorbed, and then fired with enthusiasm. The adventures of Una and the Red Cross Knight aroused all that was chivalrous within him. The perils and obstacles which beset their progress, just suited his adventurous spirit, while the ardent devotion and fatal poesy of Una captivated his lively imagination. He often burst forth into involuntary expressions of delight, and as his friend read off the concluding lines of the first book, he exclaimed:

"If thou gettest not that published, Spenser, thou'rt the veriest fool that ever wrote verse."

"Think'st thou it worthy?" asked Spenser, dubiously.

"Ay do I," replied the other, "it containeth a philosophy worthy of master Bacon; it exhaleth a skill in human nature that would make Will Shakspeare blush, it breatheth forth a spirit of chivalry that poor Sydney might have emulated; and it hath a prettiness of rhyme, a speciality of description, and a rareness of conceit which hath been equalled by none, and I say to thee again, if thou gettest it not published, thou'rt the veriest ass that ever rhymed a couplet!"

The poet was overwhelmed at the encomiums bestowed by Raleigh on his simple muse. He looked thoughtfully on the grass, as the idea of publication was suggested, but merely observing that the rest might not please the fancy of his friend so well, he proceeded to recount the exploits of Sir Gurfan.

Long after noon sat Colin Clout on that verdant hillock, tuning his oaten pipe to strains which charmed the senses of his enraptured auditor, and the sun was fast sinking in the west, ere the beautiful Amoret was safely rescued from the giant's power by the heroic exploits of Britomartis. As the poet finished, he folded his manuscripts, and placing them in the bosom of his doublet, produced from an adjacent coppice a small white skiff, his face the while wearing evident marks of pleasure, as he listened to his friend's extravagant expressions of delight.

A long and interesting conversation ensued, as they slowly rowed up the cool and peaceful stream, sheltered from the sun by the fresh green boughs of the overhanging trees. Raleigh strongly urged his friend to accompany him to England, and read his poem at court. He painted the fascinations of the queen in the most lively colors, ascribing to her a long catalogue of virtues, moral and intellectual. Spenser's modesty struggled long with his desire for a name, and his innate sense of merit, but the rhetoric of Raleigh, which no one could use more skilfully, finally prevailed, and ere they had reached Kilcolman Castle, he had complied with all his wishes.

After partaking of some slight refection, they soon retired to rest to prepare themselves for the fatiguing duties of the morrow—the one to dream of fauns, and faeries, of knights, and dragons, and dungeons, and giants, and tiltings at tourneys to win the smiles of fair ladies; and the other, with golden visions of a brilliant future, with dreams of court favor, and noble aspirations for an immortal fame.

Arising early on the following morning, Spenser bade an affectionate adieu to his lonely home, and proceeded on his eventful journey to the court of Elizabeth. There he read the Faery Queen a second time. He poured out at the feet of his sovereign a strain of the most delicate adulation that ever genius breathed into the ears of royalty; which made courtiers sigh for their fallen fame, and the rarest wits of England blush at their insignificance. He adorned her virtues with the most precious gems of his rich imagination, and clothed her simplest acts in all the romance which his chivalric fancy suggested.

But the sweet pipings of Colin Clout were not confined to a romantic court, and posterity, as well as the maiden queen, has cause to thank the providence which brought Sir Walter Raleigh to the lonely moorlands of Armulla Dale.

We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions: that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, nor overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves toward everything which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be.—*Sterne.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

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NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

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Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Sample copies sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

As the portrait of this eloquent and popular preacher indicates, he is still quite a young man, though in the zenith of an honorable fame. He is a son of the late Rev. Thomas F. King, who married Miss Susan Starr, both of New York city, where the subject of our sketch was born, December 17, 1824. During his youth, his father removed to Charlestown, Mass., to take the pastoral care of a church, and here young King went through a course of study preparatory to his entering college. This last project, however, was frustrated by the death of his father. But while discharging the duties of a public school teacher, and, afterwards, clerk in the navy-yard at Charlestown, he pursued an extensive course of study, theological and classical, and probably made more rapid progress from the intensity of his desire for self-culture than if he had received the advantages of a collegiate institution. "Nothing is impossible to him who wills." So rapid, indeed, was his progress, that, in September, 1846, at the early age of twenty-one, he was ordained the pastor of his father's parish in Charlestown, as the immediate successor of Rev. E. H. Chapin. On the 17th of December, 1848, he married Miss Julia M. Wiggin, of East Boston, and, in the same month, was installed as the successor of Rev. David Fosdick (resigned) in the pastoral charge of the Hollis Street Church in this city. As a preacher, Mr. King is one of the most popular divines of the day. Earnest, sincere, zealous, setting forth the truths of the gospel and the principles of a high morality with rare eloquence, he secures without an effort the undivided attention of his auditory. But he does not resemble the divine satirized by Crabbe:

> "A pious youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
> As much as man or God himself can ask."

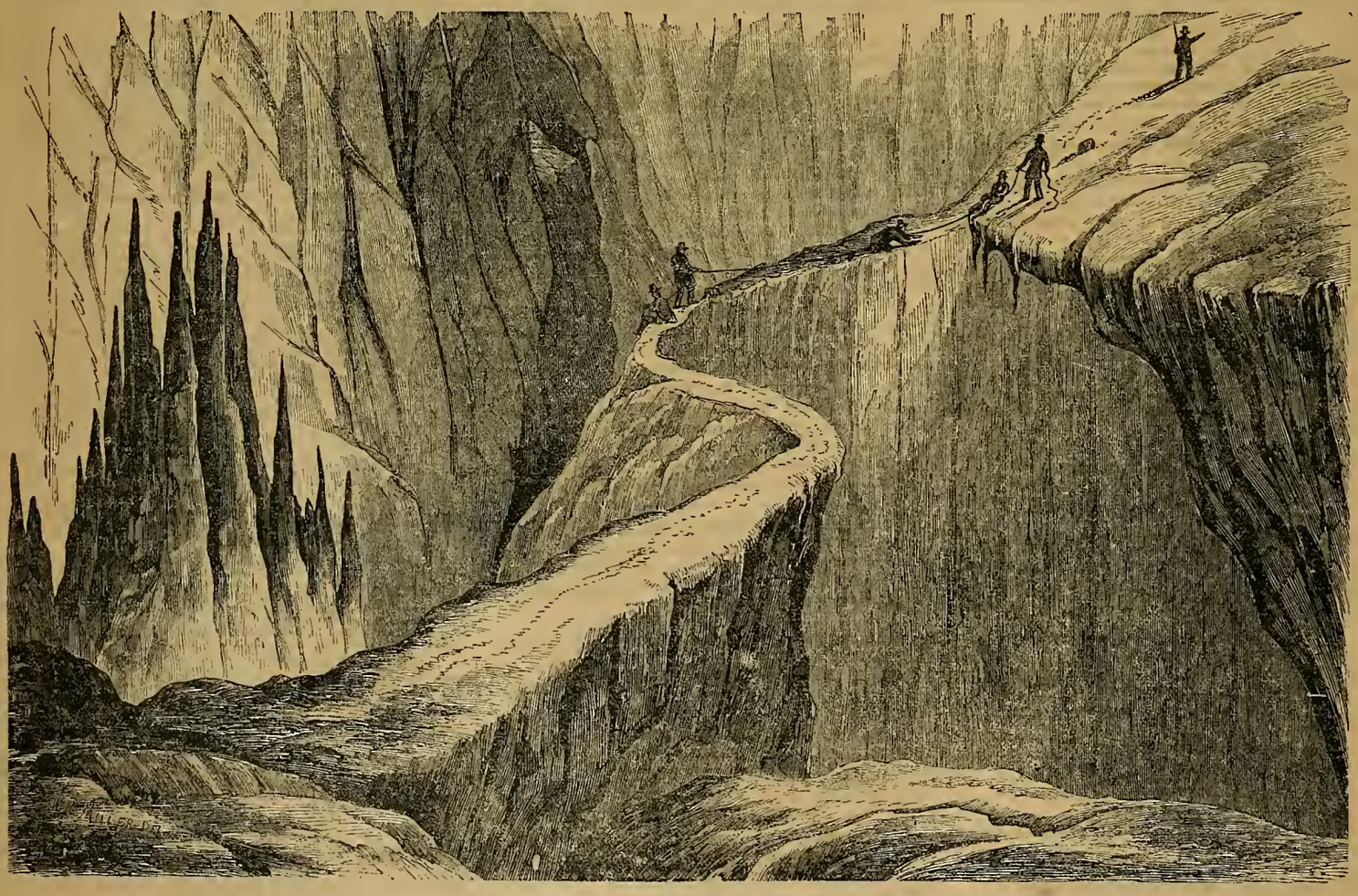
His parochial duties during the week occupy a large portion of his time, and yet by a systematic employment of his hours, he is enabled to answer the calls of friendship and of society at large. He is also a contributor to various leading periodicals, and his written style is as remarkable for its purity, vigor and finish, as his oratory is for fine originality and point. He has delivered orations and addresses on various occasions, and always with brilliant success. A contemporary writer, in Loring's "Hundred Boston Orators," says: "Mr. King's peculiarities of mind and style are characterized by fluency, grace, sweetness and vigor. His intellect appears to have no obstructions to its movement. Confusion of thought, partial grasp of manner, feeble hold upon language, have no place in his clear, decisive mind; and the result is a remarkable felicity of expression, in which the thought is clothed in its appropriate form without any appearance of effort. With great facility, sureness and swiftness of perception, and powers of combination capable of instant action on what is perceived, he seems to comprehend a subject at a glance, to dispose its various topics in their right relations with equal readiness, and to unfold it in sermon, lecture, or oration, with the lucid vigor and splendor of one to whom apt words and significant images are 'nimble servitors.' The metaphysical and imaginative tendencies of his mind meet and cohere and work together in his ordinary mental action, and he therefore touches no subject which he does not both analyze and adorn. To talents thus active, penetrating and brilliant, he adds solid acquirements in theology, philosophy, history and general literature, and a largeness of view and sobriety of judgment, unlikely to be caught in any of the cants, or entangled in any of the crotchets of the day. As a public speaker, he happily combines elegance with energy, and is exceedingly popular." As an illustration of the manner in which he clothes with beauty the current topics of the day, and as a specimen of the fertility of his imagery, we select a passage from his discourse at the Railroad Jubilee in this city, in September, 1851. "After the mercantile heart had devised and secured those iron tracks and flying trains, God took them for his purposes. Without paying any tax for the privilege, he uses them to quicken the activity of men; to send energy and vitality where before were silence and barrenness; to multiply cities and villages, studded with churches, dotted with schools, and filled with happy homes and budding souls; to increase wealth which shall partially be devoted to his service and kingdom, and all along their banks to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. Without any vote of permission from legislatures and officials—even while the cars are loaded with profitable freight and paying passengers, and the groaning engines are earning the necessary interest,—Providence sends, without charge, its cargoes of good sentiment and brotherly feeling; disburses the culture of the city to the simplicity of the hamlet, and brings back the strength and virtue of the village and mountain to the wasting faculties of the metropolis; and fastens to every steam shuttle, that flies back and forth, and hither and thither, an invisible thread of fraternal influence which, entwining seashore and hill country, mart and grainfield, forge and factory, wharf and mine, slowly prepares society to realize, one day, the Saviour's prayer, 'that they may all be one.' The beneficent genius of the age keeps his special and invisible express, laden with packages of providential blessings, upon every train that runs through our communities; and it seems, as the cars fly along the avenues which selfish traffic has created, that the villages which are everywhere threaded like beads along the iron wires, are, to use the language of another, 'counted off by the spirit of our age as so many pater-nosters upon its rosary, in its swift worship of gratitude for the dawn of the age of peace.'" How truly he says, elsewhere, of the Father of our country:—"Washington could not have been less removed from our country than when he died. His spirit rose to greater influence than it had when housed in a mortal frame. It passed into the finer robe of literature and history, and has become a guest in every house. The statesman and the patriot go to him now for counsel, and, as he speaks to them through their reverent meditations, no mixture of earthly passions alloys the wisdom he imparts. His name is invoked to soften the asperities of party conflict when they threaten the welfare of the nation; his grave sheds an effluence of patriotic zeal and faith in heavenly help; and his character, by its simple sublimity and strength, teaches the eyes of American childhood what grandeur there is in virtue, and what glory swathes the patriot's name."



REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

The picture on this page exhibits a scene the contemplation of which alone is enough to shake the nerves of a timid person. Yet it is no exaggeration of the difficulties attending the ascent of Mont Blanc. The travellers in the group are tied together by ropes which the guides hold at each end. To fall on the slippery and overhanging verge of the cliff, would be sure destruction. Such a casualty has happened more than once in these terrific passes. The travellers always proceed when they reach the regions of snow in single file and tied together, because there are numerous pitfalls opening into deep gulfs, into which a man is liable suddenly to sink. But these perils do not withhold the adventurous spirit from daring them. To stand on the summit of Mont Blanc is an achievement that compensates for great suffering and great danger. Even the hardships have their charms in retrospect. The escapes are in interest in proportion to the danger encountered. Held to the guides by ropes, trying each step among narrow crevices and openings concealed by snow, clinging with arms and knees to ice in motion, walking in narrow and uncertain ridges between dark chasms, crossing by frail ice-bridges unfathomable depths, retracing painfully-taken steps, sometimes scaling a precipice, sometimes let down a wall of ice, slipping to the verge of a yawning abyss, missing your foothold and with difficulty recovering it, —all these things, terrific to anticipate and to encounter, become, when they have conducted to the achievement of a fixed purpose, subjects of even pleasing retrospection; and the traveller who has once climbed to the summit of the "monarch of mountains," is never weary of reviewing his experience. Its grandeur ever calls forth the most powerful emotions of awe and sublimity from the soul.



MODE OF ASCENDING MONT BLANC.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

The establishment of female colleges is an evidence of the refinement and progress of the age, and is peculiar to our country. Many are now in successful operation, in which ladies enjoy the advantages of a full collegiate course of study, with the privilege of regular graduation, and the benefits derived from the exercises of literary societies, etc. One of the most flourishing of these is the Baltimore Female College, an institution under the charge of Professor N. C. Brooks, A. M. This seminary of learning was created a college proper by the legislature of Maryland, in the December session, 1849, with authority to confer degrees, and endowed with the rights and privileges of the most favored female institutions. It embraces two departments, the collegiate and preparatory. The course of study in each is three years, designated by as many different classes. The president is assisted in the duties of instruction by eleven professors and teachers of various branches. The sixth annual commencement took place in the new assembly room, Baltimore, June 27, before a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, by whom the exercises of the evening were highly appreciated. Degrees were conferred and medals awarded on this occasion. The Parthenian Society of this institution publish a handsome literary monthly, entitled the "Parthenian," conducted with great ability. At a late meeting of this society, Miss Sarah T. Potter, of Virginia, presiding, the ladies voted the silver medal of their institution to Rev. Albert Barnes, D.D., Washington Irving, Professor Sparks, Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, Professor Spencer F. Baird, W. Gilmore Simms, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, Esqs. The college is very fortunate in its president. Mr. Brooks is a finished classical scholar and critic, and a large portion of his life has been devoted to teaching. He thus brought to his present sphere every pre-requisite, and his success has been commensurate with his exertions. Beloved and respected by his pupils, he exerts an influence over their minds and hearts, which develops their faculties to the fullest extent.

The Gold Fiend.—The demand for this extremely interesting story in *The Flag of our Union*, has exceeded even that for "The Greek Adventurer." This is highly gratifying to us, as it evinces the fact that we fully meet the public taste in our liberal endeavors to please. We shall continue these excellent novellettes, from the best pens in the country.

A Proposition.—A French Catholic priest has published a pamphlet in Paris, in which he suggests that the pope shall remove to Jerusalem, and there preside over the Christian Church. We think, however, the pope will prefer the eternal city as a residence.

SPLINTERS.

.... The cry of "mad dog" is coming up again. Many honest animals are put to death on suspicion of mania.

.... Two ingots of gold were lately taken out of McCulloch's mines, North Carolina, which weighed 450 dwts.

.... Every face is beautiful which habitually beams upon ours with genial smiles of affection.

.... Freeman Hunt is preparing for the press a sort of commercial history of American cities. It will be valuable.

.... There is plenty of room in the mind, if people only think of furnishing its apartments.

.... John C. Breckinridge, the democratic vice presidential candidate, has purchased an island in Lake Superior.

.... The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. We wonder if this is the origin of "family jars."

.... The North British Review thinks the poor man's tobacco ensures the peacefulness of his home.

.... The condition of woman is one of the measurements of the progress of nations—America is an example.

.... Lord Elgin at a Portland dinner toasted "America's greatest poet, *Samuel* Longfellow!"

.... Lamartine styles M. Desplace, his voluntary agent in this country, his "other self"—his halved heart.

.... There are over five hundred applications for admission into that noble institution, the New York Free Academy.

.... James Lee, of New York, is the gentleman through whose exertions the Washington monument in Union Square exists.

.... Nauendorf, a watchmaker in the hands of the Rotterdam police, pretends to be the lost dauphin of France.

.... A fashionable dry goods dealer in Philadelphia advertises a lace scarf worth 1500 dollars.

.... A full-sized real cashmere sells in Paris or London for five hundred to five thousand dollars. Think of it.

.... The Franciscan monks are about erecting a monastery at Alleghany, Cattaraugus county, New York.

.... Mrs. Lydia Elliott, of Concord, New Hampshire, died, lately, at the age of 103 years, 4 months, 25 days.

.... The steamer Aquila lately arrived in Lake Michigan from the Mississippi River—an event in northwestern history.

.... Don't drive your horses fast during the dog-days. Their sufferings, remember, are unspeakable.

.... It is predicted that Philadelphia and Baltimore will once again be the outlets of western trade.

.... Dr. Deck thinks the 500,000,000 of embalmed Egyptians in the Nile mummy pits would make good printing paper.

OUR EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR.

On the 5th day of last month we (that is the United States) entered on our eighty-first year—an advanced period in the life of an individual, a mere starting-point in the life of a nation. We are literally just beginning. There are men living among us who look back through the whole period between '76 and '56, and trace the course of empire from the start. If, even to us representatives of Young America, our growth and expansion seem marvellous, what must it seem to those old men whose memories embrace the the entire period? We were then, in the inception of our career, a struggling, scattered handful of borderers clinging to the skirts of the Atlantic, with but comparatively a foothold on the continent. The great inner wealth of the land in which God's providence has placed us was then undeveloped. The colonists were few and far between. Machinery had but partially come to the aid of manual labor. Communication between scattered colonies and even individuals was difficult, tedious and expensive. As a necessary consequence, there was but a limited exchange of thought and sentiment. But a common danger produced a common union. A community of feeling on the question of servitude or independence enabled the scattered colonies to battle, in a long and bloody war, the proudest power on the face of the globe. It built up navies out of nothing; it created generals more skilled than the best which European schools could furnish, and armies of recruits more intrepid in the justice of their cause, than the trained veterans that foreign gold brought into the field.

At last the foreign war ceased—the savage within our borders was driven back howling into the wilderness. Agriculture, relieved from an exhausting drain, clothed our fields with golden harvests. Commerce, no longer shrinking from the enmity of man, spread her white sails, and gathered in every quarter of the globe her golden fruits. The pioneer marched resolutely inland with his axe and rifle; the school and the church rose simultaneously; the hum of machinery was heard in towns that rapidly grew up into cities. Schools grew into academies—academies into colleges. The fame of the nation went abroad. Another war with the parent country only added to the lustre of our reputation. More recently a war on the same continent still further illustrated our glory, and gave us another State on the Pacific, large and rich enough for an empire in itself—and now we stand before the world, accomplished in arts and arms, rich in land, rich in gold, richer yet in the character of our brave men and our fair women, a confederation of thirty-one States, each sovereign, yet bound together with links of adamant, forming one compact, invulnerable mass.

How insignificant, in view of the great triumphs and glories of our career, appear the feuds, and discords and strife which have now and then, here and there, ruffled the mighty stream of empire in its flow. How utterly insignificant they seem, compared to the mighty and radical convulsions of the old world during the same. Do we doubt of the success of this great experiment? As well, to borrow an illustration of the Rev. Mr. Withington, might we, as we gazed on one of the mighty streams of the South, the broad and impetuous La Plata, doubt of its waters reaching the oceans to which they are tending in their irresistible sweep. Let the enemies of our country make the most of our local dissensions—let foreigners predict that our political fabric is tottering to its fall—we Americans know that it is as firmly set as the Rocky Mountains on their everlasting base. We know that power and independence now and forever is the fortunate destiny of this most fortunate of nations.

PAPERS.

In the library of the British Museum may be seen a book printed in the Low Dutch, containing upwards of sixty specimens of paper, made of different articles, the result of one man's experiments as early as 1772. In the manufacture of paper almost every species of tough fibrous vegetables and even animal substances have at one time or another, been employed. The roots of trees, their bark, the vine of hops, the tendrils of the vine, the stalks of the nettle, the common thistle, the stem of the hollyhock, the sugar-cane, cabbage stalks, wood shavings, saw-dust, hay, straw, willow, and the like, have all been used, says Herring, in his work on modern and ancient paper-making, in the manufacture of paper.

High Life.—A Russian princess with an unpronounceable name, has been sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in Siberia, for aiding and abetting in the murder of her husband. Her son, who was an accomplice, has been deprived of his rank and compelled to serve as a common soldier in the army.

The Vitriol Man.—*The* vitriol man, or *a* vitriol man, has made his appearance in Havana, ruining ladies dresses at the church, concert and opera. Sometimes he "draws it mild," merely throwing red pepper in the eyes of ladies and gentlemen. "Insane, but harmless," we presume.

Mount Auburn.—A delightful resort in the summer is this beautiful city of the dead. No one is unimproved by stepping aside sometimes from the dusty, noisy track of life, and musing on high and holy things among the graves of the departed.

Hoe Cake.—Several of the European governments are giving their attention to the manufacture of hoe cake for the benefit of their subjects. Before a great while, many of them, perhaps, will find that all their cake is dough.

"Ex-Santa Fe."—The renowned George Wilkins Kendall, of the N. O. Picayune, was at last accounts building a saw and grist mill at New Braunfels, Texas. He has run a good many saws in his day.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

A cute Yankee genius in Worcester has succeeded in changing the scream of the steam whistle into the music of the spheres, and the new invention has been successfully applied to one of the locomotives on the Worcester and Nashua Railroad. Now, instead of the ear-piercing strains that heralded the rolling thunder of the train, we shall listen to such dulcet melodies as those with which Orpheus lulled the vigilance of Cerberus when he went to seek his wife in a region hotter than the tropics. Instead of a midnight yell, "murdering sleep," like Macbeth in Mr. William Shakspeare's play of that name, we shall hear "Lift in the stilly night, When slumber's chain hath bound me." To announce the approach of the train, the music will start up "See the conquering hero comes!" When a sable African is discovered on the track, the warning will be given in the shape of "Out of the way, old Dan Tucker!" When a cow is overtaken and prematurely turned into beef, her dying ear will be soothed with the suggestive music of "Still so gently o'er me stealing." When a train rushes out of the station-house, without giving a breathless lady time to get on board, we shall hear "The girl I left behind me." When the weather is fair, of course the engine will play "Sparkling and bright;" and when the reverse happens to be the case, "Loud roared the dreadful thunder." Of course the engineer must be a man of exquisite musical taste and good judgment, and the machine supplied with a full repertory of airs. We should suggest that on the fourth of July, it play "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner," so that the passengers might sing those patriotic and stirring odes—only we are afraid that the accompaniment might prove a little too heavy for the voices. Who shall say, after this invention, that we are not a musical people; or that machinery has not been brought to the very verge of perfection? We have no doubt that in time we shall have mechanical orchestras and automaton prima donnas on the high pressure principle, and then a tea-kettle will enable every family to boil its own music.

Friendly.—The peace address from the citizens of Manchester, England, to the citizens of the United States, is a ponderous document with 31,641 signatures. We should like to shake every one of the hands that signed it.

The Army Worm.—Of course the army worm has committed great ravages among the corn and cotton crops in the Southwest, for the speculators say so—"and they are all—all honorable men."

The Iron Road.—The Dutch are covering the north of Holland with a perfect maze of railways. They captured it long ago.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr Stow, J. P. Skinner, Esq., of Windsor, Vt., to Miss Sarah C. Hall; by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. Anthony F. Hamm to Miss Caroline B. Haskell; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles Roby to Miss Mary A. Coffin; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Joseph Tillinghast to Miss Amelia Maria Odiorne; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Amos G. Osgood to Miss Kate Amanda Cutter, both of Charlestown.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. B. Frank Clements to Miss Clarissa Story, of Essex.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, Mr. James Porter to Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, both of Easton.—At Stoughton, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Charles B. Hill to Miss Margaret A. Drake—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Charles Lakeman to Miss Hannah M. Rogers.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. William B. Knight to Miss Mary R. Blaney, both of Marblehead.—At Kingston, by Rev. Mr. Bowen, Mr. Thomas H. Burgess to Miss Mary C. Marden, both of Newburyport.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmon, Mr. George W. Stearns to Miss Harriet S. Twiss.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. Nathaniel W. Tarbox to Miss Elizabeth B. Meader.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Alexander McKinley to Miss Mary W. Ward.—At Andover, by George Foster, Esq., Mr. Hamilton L. Monlton to Miss Frances J. Abbott, both of North Andover. Also, by the same, Mr. James Hill to Miss Jane Lund.—At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Hepworth, Mr. Alleo B Fuller to Miss Hannah M. Fitzgerald.—At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Joseph W. Hadfield to Miss Margaret Thompson.

DEATHS.

In this city, John Rayner, Esq., 77; Mr. Edmond Wallerton, 58; Mrs. Sarah Dudley; Mr. Nathaniel Sylvester, 69; Miss Nancy H. Foster, 76.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Hannah C. Hutchinson, 88.—At Brookline, Miss Sarah Elliot Perkins, 62.—At North Chelsea, Capt. Philip Eaton, 75.—At Needham, Mr. Oliver Hudson, of Boston, 69.—At Waltham, Mr. Charles H. Frederick, 32.—At Salem, Miss Caroline A. Hiltz, 20; Widow Mary Bott, 68.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Abigail Kilborn, 85; Mr. Nathan Poor, 46; Mrs. Sarah Waterhouse, 65.—At Dracut, Miss Alma A. Richardson, 22.—At Plymouth, Mr. William King, 72; Mrs. Esther S. Beckman, 45; Miss Louisa Burbank, 19; Widow Jerusha Beirce, 86; Mr. David McCammon, 41.—At New Bedford, Mr. Nathaniel J. Anthony, 23; Mrs. Susan H. Pierce, 30; Mrs. Ann P. Robinson, 34; Mr. Isaac Moore, 30.—At Ware, Mr. Peruliel Bacon, 84.—At Middleborough, Miss Abby Sullivan, 24; Mr. Ezekiel Turner, 87; Mr. Jason Wilbur, 66.—At Attleboro', Mr. Isaac Bailey, 42.—At Pittsfield, Dea. Levi Bradford, 62.—At North Adams, Mrs. Ann Bratton, 22.—At North Becket, Mr. Azubah Ames, 82.—At Northampton, Miss Mary Ann Wood, 66.—At Easthampton, Widow Philena C. Clark, 66.—At Rutland, Mrs. Caroline Smith, 42.—At Orange, Mr. Peter Cheney, 67.—At Westboro, Mr. Noyes Bryant, 74.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE AWAKENING.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

Ah! yesternight in visions blest
I wandered in the land ideal,
Unconscious that my lot was cast
Amid the shadows of the real.
For o'er my heart a blight had passed,
And chilled the hope it fondly cherished,
That bloomed in life's bleak waste the last,
For peace and joy had early perished—
Alas! how early perished.

Methought you walked beside me there,
Through paths adorned with summer's glory,
And mid the song of bird and breeze,
You whispered love's enchanting story;
But ere my faltering voice declared
How long you had my heart in keeping,
The clouds of wakening darkened all,
I woke, alas, to bitter weeping—
Ah me, to bitter weeping.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE'S CHANGES.

BY ANNIE CLAIR.

There was a marriage festival in one of the princely mansions that reared its proud dome on —— Square. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the door of that palace home, and the sound of music and mirth was borne on the evening air; while the loiterers in the vicinity would never for a moment imagine there was aught but joy and happiness within. Gaze for a moment at the fair bride, as she passes the richly draperied window, leaning on the arm of the stately bridegroom, who looks with pride on the queenly form at his side. How well she becomes the diamonds that flash from brow and arm, and seem striving to rival the lustre of her dark eyes. Watch her as she walks with proud, unfaltering step to the man who is about to pronounce the marriage ceremony. Can you read the expression of that almost matchless countenance? Is it that of love and trust in one for whom she is to forsake all others, if need be, and cling to him alone?—is it in a thrill of love and happiness that she walks up to the marriage altar?—or is it pride and triumph that gleam in every feature of her fair face as the marriage vow was uttered? In that hour, before the altar, her heart beat calmly on with a full, measured pulse; that heart had, in a former day, trembled like a rosebud upon its slender stem when stirred by the evening breeze, at one glance from Clarence Tracy's eyes.

The marriage ceremony is ended; the bridegroom and the bride receive the congratulations of their friends, and ere the solemn benediction is scarce over, ascend the carriage steps, and are borne away to their elegant home, which almost surpasses the one the lady has left.

The world said Mabel Wentworth was beautiful, and her pride almost exceeded her beauty—she had loved once, truly and intensely, and came near sacrificing her pride to that love, by wedding the poor but gifted Clarence Tracy. But he had no money; and when the stern father commanded his daughter to wed the wealthy foreigner, she obeyed—and a loving, beating heart was sold for gold; and in a not far distant apartment one deeply stricken and desolate was sadly dreaming of "the days that were," while before him was many a rose-tinted note, which caused the blood to rush to the cheek and brow, and his dark eye to beam with proud determination. He hears the rattling of the carriage-wheels which accompany the bride to her new home, and pass so near his own poor apartment; but he hears them as though he heard them not, and his mind wanders back to the time when he had first met the daughter of the millionaire in his own village home, and ignorant of her rank and wealth, had sought and won her hand. Already had he ascended the first rolls in the ladder of fame; already had he made a commencement towards accumulating the much-coveted ore, and at each step forward he rejoiced, as it brought him so much nearer Mabel Wentworth.

But there was a "change came over the spirit of his dreams," for scarce five days had elapsed since the tidings had reached him that she was about to be led to the altar by a wealthier suitor. It was with unwavering eye and careless tone, that he replied to the friend who communicated the tidings; and that friend little knew the anguish his words caused, as Clarence turned away and sought his own lodgings, to think and to act—yes, to think and act for the future.

* * * * * * *

Pale and tearful, a young girl enters her humble apartment in a cheerless boarding-house, in an unfashionable and unhealthy part of the city. She was poorly clad, for her garments were much worn; but notwithstanding she was an interesting child (for she was scarce more than a child), with light, sunshiny hair, and dark eyes, that one could see from their troubled look, were tremulous with extreme sensibility. Is it wrong to murmur at her hard lot, and cast perchance a glance of envy at the cheerful and comfortable dwellings opposite? It was easy to see that in that gloomy attic destitution and want are no strangers; that sorrow had long pillowed an aching head. All day long had this lonely and sensitive creature wandered forth in the busy, bustling city in search of employment. But none would trust one of her tender years, and wearied with repeated disappointments, she again returned to her lodgings; she was met by her landlady, who informed her that she must immediately pay the sum due for board, or depart that very night. It was all in vain that the heart-broken one besought her to bear a little longer; that she had parted one by one with every article which she possessed, until nothing remained for which she could obtain the most trifling sum.

Thine is a hard and sorrowing lot, and no wonder the question sometimes arises, why a wise and kind Father thus afflicts his children;—why some are revelling in wealth and luxuries, while others are suffering for the very necessities of life. These things will all be understood when we go to his house of many mansions; therefore toil on, weary seamstress, in love and faith in Him, and thy award awaits thee—if not here, in heaven. Life for thee may not have many soft and pleasant pathways, where flowers are ever springing beneath thy footsteps, and clouds may sometimes hover thick and dark above, obscuring the sun of happiness. But never mind; for He seeth the end from the beginning, and ever knoweth all is well.

Mabel Hamilton once more sought the presence of her landlady. But all pleading was in vain; she took her rudely by the arm and thrust her out of the dark room into the still darker night. A few stars were gleaming with a pale, sickly hue through the dark clouds that were shooting athwart the city, and the poor girl gazed upon them with a sad, thoughtful look, which expressed no hope in the future. Alone in a large city, without home or friends, whither should she go? Onward, still onward, she bends her weary feet, without knowing whither they tend; she stops not until she is beyond the precincts of the city. She sinks on the steps of an imposing-looking mansion, and leaning against its pillars, seems lost in one overwhelming thought of utter wretchedness; and then again a vision of childhood's earlier days comes over her, and she is the idol of loving parents, though all this is remembered as a half-forgotten dream.

The opening of the door recalls her to herself, and the words addressed her cause a new pang to spring up in her already desolate heart. The master of the house steps forward with a sharp rebuke to his servant for his impertinence, and addresses the stranger kindly.

"Where is your home? Tell me, and my servant shall conduct you there."

An involuntary glance upward was the only reply; but Mr. Tracy understood it all, and taking her kindly by the hand, exclaimed: "Yes, my poor child, you have a home there; never forget it." And he led her forward, and placed her in his own arm-chair opposite the fire that was burning brightly in the open grate.

Mr. Tracy is called a cold, proud man, but he gazes on the face before him with no slight interest. The deep hazel eye, on whose lids a tear is trembling, the bright auburn hair that is clustering around the mournful face, the graceful form, the finely cut lip, all remind him of one who many years previous he had folded to his bosom, while the loved one had confessed that life would be a joyless blank separated from one to whom she had given her heart's best affections.

And she had said the truth—time had proved it so; for all the sweet blossoms of her life had withered and been crushed beneath the footsteps of gold; all the happiness of her life was swept away, as it seemed, forever, when Mabel Wentworth became the wife of Woodbury Delmore, who, instead of inheriting a valuable and extensive estate in England, proved to be a profligate adventurer; and after spending his wife's portion, and persuading his stepfather to sign notes to a large amount, all of which were spent at the gaming-table, he fled from the country, leaving a family that had been reared in luxury reduced almost to extreme poverty.

But Clarence Tracy knew nothing of all this; he only knew that Delmore took his bride to a house of almost princely splendor, that she was surrounded by the exclusives of a great city, who would never recognize one with prospects neither of wealth nor influence. And so he strove to forget; and he went away from his native city, where he remained until honors crowded thickly around him, and he had gained that which would place him (in the eyes of the time-serving ones who bowed the knee to Mammon) on an equality with one he had once truly loved.

But on his return to his early home he did not seek to learn the fate of Mabel; he knew that they had left the city, and though he was courted by the circle of which she was once the brightest ornament, her name was though it never had been—an almost forgotten sound by those who once knew her best, and professed to love and flatter the most. Many thoughts and memories crowd upon the rich and great man's mind, as he sits silently musing, while the eyes of the poor girl are cast sadly down in a half dreamy reverie. Suddenly she arises, and a half-smothered sigh sounds from her lips, as she moves toward the door. Mr. Tracy reached out his hand, while a kind smile was on his fine, manly face:

"Where would you go, my poor child? It is nearly midnight." And he glanced at the French timepiece over the fireplace.

"Alas, I do not know! I have no home! What will become of me?"

"You must remain here to-night, and my housekeeper shall conduct you to an apartment, and afterwards we will see what is best for you; but first tell me your name."

"Mabel Hamilton."

Mabel Hamilton! Mabel! O, how that name penetrates every recess of his heart; and then those eyes, her hair, form, everything—everything but the proud and queenly bearing, were so like *his* Mabel—*once* his. But no, it could not be! It was foolishness, weakness, to think of that poor child of want in connection with the pampered and proud lady he had known. What could they have been to each other? Nothing; it was merely a chimera of his excited imagination. But then the name was the same. But what of that? There were hundreds of Mabels in the world! He retired for the night, angry with himself to think memory of the past had the power of affecting him so much. * * *

"And you are sure, Mabel, dearest Mabel, that it is not gratitude that induces you to give your consent to become the wife of one more than twice your age? I would know if love alone influences you in this event; otherwise, it is a cruel sacrifice, and will be productive of a life of misery. Be true to yourself, and true to me, for I have once been cruelly deceived; and if the chains that are to bind us will not be happily worn, speak the word, and you shall again be free."

The deep, expressive eye, but a moment before beaming with happiness, fell beneath the gaze fixed upon her own, and a tear trembled on the long eyelashes and fell.

"I am answered. You are free, Mabel! I was too hasty in giving way to the thought that youth and beauty like yours could be happy as the wife of one old enough to be your parent. Forgive me, and I will speak of love no more."

He arose to leave the room; he gave one glance at Mabel as he was about to close the door—and O, the unutterable look of sadness that met his eye. He returned to her side.

"Speak, Mabel. Will you not tell me why this unhappiness? I will no longer persecute you with attentions which are disagreeable to you. And now will you not place confidence in one who has been your guardian for three years?"

"My guardian, parent, friend—yes, more than parent or friend—all the world to me, what would have become of me but for your kindness? I, who came to you a poor homeless wanderer—I can never repay you; but a whole lifetime of gratitude and esteem are at your service."

"Gratitude and esteem, but canst not love?"

"And more than all, love—the first, the only love this heart ever knew."

He pressed her lips to his own, while he exclaimed:

"Mine now and forever! But why that look of anguish but a moment since on your fair brow?"

"I thought perhaps that you had come to the conclusion that the poor creature you befriended was unworthy the gifted and talented man whom all admire; and thought it very natural you might regret the past, and wish that I, too, might prefer it had been otherwise."

"And does the little skeptic still doubt?"

"No longer."

HOW THEY WOO IN ROYAL LIFE.

The recent visit of the Empress Dowager of Russia to Berlin has recalled many anecdotes connected with her early life. A letter from Berlin gives the following account of the young princess's engagement to the Grand Duke Nicholas, in 1816: The Princess Charlotte was given to understand by her parents that if the grand duke, during his stay at Berlin, should take a fancy to her, they would have no objection to her returning the *penchant*. The time originally fixed for the grand duke's stay had come, and he was seated at supper on his last evening next to the Princess Charlotte, when he abruptly told her that he must leave Berlin the next day. He hoped to surprise her into some demonstration of feeling on the occasion, but her maidenly pride withheld her from making more than some very say-nothing remark in acknowledgment. The grand duke therefore assumed another plan of operations; knowing that, however little the eyes of the company might be actually fixed on him and his fair neighbor, they were, nevertheless, the objects of general observation, he commenced telling her, but in an apparently embarrassed manner, and playing with a ring of his the while, that he had devoted himself during his short stay there to making himself acquainted with her character and disposition, etc., and that he had found in her every quality that he believed best calculated to make him happy in wedded life, etc.; but as they two were at that moment the objects of scrutiny to many present, he would not press her for any reply to his overtures, but if it were agreeable to her that he should prolong his stay at her father's court, she would perhaps have the goodness to take up the ring he had in his hand. This ring he then, apparently while playing with the two objects, thrust into the roll of bread lying on the table before him, and went on, seemingly in all *sang froid*, with his supper. With an equal appearance of unconcern, the princess presently put out her hand and took up the roll, as if mistaking it for her own bread, and unnoticed by the company withdrew the ring and put it on her own hand. The rest requires no narration.—*Baltimore Sun.*

KERRY, IRELAND.

The mountains, the glens, the capes stretching far into the Atlantic, the crags on which the eagles build, the rivulets brawling down rocky passes, the lakes overhung by groves in which the wild deer find covert, attract every summer crowds of wanderers sated with the business and pleasures of great cities. The beauties of that country are, indeed, too often hidden in the mist and rain which the west wind brings up from the boundless ocean. But on the rare days when the sun shines out in all its glory, the landscape has a freshness and warmth of coloring seldom found in our latitude. The myrtle loves the soil. The arbutus thrives better than even on the sunny shores of Calabria. The turf is of a livelier hue than elsewhere, the hills glow with a purple, the varnish of the holly and ivy is more glossy, the berries of a brighter red peep through the foliage of a brighter green. But during the greater part of the seventeenth century this paradise was as little known as Spitzbergen or Greenland. If ever it was mentioned, it was mentioned as a horrible desert, a chaos of bogs, thickets, and precipices, where the she-wolf still littered, and where some half-naked savages, who could not speak a word of English, made themselves burrows in the mud, and lived on roots and sour milk.—*Macaulay's History.*

THE CAMEL.

According to the testimony of naturalists, the camel is fond of music, and has a very correct idea of time. One writer says that when the conductor wishes them to perform extraordinary journeys, instead of chastising, he encourages them with a song, and that, although they had stopped, and refused to proceed any further, they then went cheerfully on, and much quicker than a horse, when pushed by the spur. It is also stated by Tavenier and Chardin, that they proceed quicker or slower, according to the cadence of the song—and that in the same manner, when the conductors want an extraordinary journey to be performed, they know the tunes which the camels love best to hear, and relieve each other by singing alternately.—*Boston Courier.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.—*Young.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

One half of all who are born die before they reach 17 years of age. —— The Vatican, at Rome, is an immense pile of buildings. Its extreme length through the apartments, and not duplicating a single room, is 79,000 feet, or nearly fourteen English miles. It has 4000 rooms, and 200 flights of stairs. —— At Genoa every attorney takes an oath not to undertake any cause he does not think just. —— A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. —— So inefficient is the public school system in Washington, that there are now upwards of one thousand children waiting for admission. —— In the palace of San Souci, Frederick the Great's room is preserved as he left it, with his uniform, clothes, books, pens and paper, all unmoved—while the clock, which by a strange coincidence, stopped at the moment of his death, still points the hand to twenty minutes past two. —— A book has been published in London with the singular title, "What shall we have for dinner?" —— A door lock is much more easily picked with the key in the lock on the inside. This is a hint to those who are liable to be visited by burglars. —— Wives are advertised for now as regular as most other commodities—at least, in the good city of New York. —— In Russia they do not put sugar into their cups in the ordinary way, but they either hold a lump between their teeth, and sip the tea through it, or else they hold it in their hand, and nibble off a bit now and then, as they drink their tea. —— Have you planted a vine? If you have not, go do it. In a few years you shall eat the fruit thereof, and bless the day when you planted it. —— The English have so extended the culture of cotton in India, that that country has become a formidable competitor to America, there being imported in 1855 from India to England 165,000,000 pounds against 661,529,922 pounds from the United States—or nearly one-fourth as much. —— Hackish—an extract of Indian hemp, is eaten like opium by the Hindoos, and produces a drunkenness which makes minutes seem like hours in length. —— Who is an Esquire? Every man in this truly republican country, is entitled to the title of Esquire, who occasionally wears a black coat. —— Lt. Governor Hardy, of Kentucky, has sunk into hopeless mental imbecility. —— The witty Talleyrand—that prince of deceivers and diplomatists—once replied to a lady who was making some dull disquisitions on the necessity of clearness in the use of terms, "Language, madam, is an instrument for *concealing* our thoughts." —— In France it costs something to speak one's mind. A man was lately condemned to two years imprisonment for having spoken disrespectfully of the Empress Eugenie. —— America has furnished more gold and silver—double the amount—than Europe, Africa, and Australia put together, and only $20,000,000 less than Asia has furnished since the beginning of the world. —— There were about 3600 troops arrived in Canada during the month of June. —— We see it stated that William V. Wallace, the famous composer, who has been residing abroad for some time past, was on the eve of returning to this country. We are pained to learn that his intense application has rendered him totally blind. —— The army worm is said to be committing sad ravages upon the corn and cotton crops in several counties in Mississippi. —— On the 4th ult. the free school system was for the first time introduced into Charleston, S. C.—the first free school being opened on that day with unusual demonstrations. —— There is not an American paper of any character taken at Puebla, in Mexico—a wealthy city, containing about 60,000 inhabitants. It was accounted by good judges at Puebla that during the disturbance of the peace there, in consequence of the counter revolution—from its incipiency to its finality—through robberies, assassinations and the casualties of war—full three thousand persons lost their lives. —— Several ministers in Troy have resolved to deliver but one sermon each Sabbath during the hot weather —— The costly display of bridal presents at numerous weddings in New York for a few years back, have been hired from extensive jewellers for a reasonable amount.

BRICKS.—A paper on the manufacture of bricks was recently read before the English Society of Art, and the importance of the trade to the country was illustrated by the following statement: "The quantity of bricks made per annum in England is estimated at 1,800,000,000; Manchester alone making 130,000,000, London averaging about the same. Taking bricks at the low average of three tons per 1000, the annual weight would be 5,400,000 tons, and the capital employed 2,000,000 pounds sterling, or nearly ten million of dollars.

WOMAN'S WAYS.—Recent English papers report that two wealthy ladies, Misses Ann and Elizabeth Sherwood, of Sheffield, have just been liberated, by the intervention of their friends, after fourteen years' imprisonment for contempt of the court of chancery. They continued in prison fourteen years rather than produce an unimportant document in their possession.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.—When Paradise Lost was published, the celebrated Waller wrote this passage—"The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other."

MEMORABLE DAYS.—Sheridan died July 7th, Edmund Burke died July 8th, General Taylor died July 9th, Columbus was born July 10th. The duel between Hamilton and Burr occurred July 11th.

THE PLYMOUTH MONUMENT.—The legislature of Connecticut has appropriated three thousand dollars in aid of the Pilgrim Monument at Plymouth.

Wayside Gatherings.

Edward L. Davenport and Mrs. Charles Howard are to be Mr Burton's leading people next season.

A Boston lamplighter recently found a swarm of bees in one of the street lamps. He took the lamp home and hived them.

The "States" have been put in direct communication with Canada by a submarine cable, recently laid across the St. Lawrence River.

The Mormons have decided not to urge the admission of Utah into the Union until after the presidential election, believing the present opposition to be only for party effect.

A man was recently convicted in Clarke county, Kentucky, of stealing two plugs of tobacco, and sentenced to two years' confinement in the penitentiary.

The city of New York owns real estate to the amount of $42,684,769 90, and notwithstanding this large property, the city expended last year nearly $24,000 for rents.

A gentleman who has just returned from a tour through Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, states, from his personal observations, that apples will be abundant throughout this region.

It is rumored in London that Charles Kean is to be knighted, thus proving, according to the Sun, that his frequent visits to Victoria's private theatricals have been *knight-errands*.

Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, who, some time ago, presided over the Patent Office at Washington, has nearly 4000 acres planted in corn this year, on his little farm in Lafayette, Indiana.

A brass propeller for U. S. steamer Roanoke was cast at Richmond, Va., lately, weighing 27,000 pounds, and said to be 1000 pounds larger than any other composition casting ever made in the United States.

The commissioners of the New York land office have resolved to sell all the public lands in the counties of Herkimer, Essex, Hamilton and Warren. The minimum price is fixed at twenty-five cents per acre.

The Swedish minister at Washington, Mr. Sibbern, has been recalled, to be appointed chief in the cabinet of the crown prince. This step is regarded as a good sign for the future policy of the new prince regent.

A few days since, Daniel Linden, aged 16, shot and mortally wounded a boy of the same age, named John Boyle, in a quarrel about a girl! Both were going to school at Paris, in Eastern Illinois.

Nine of the principal merchants of St. Petersburg, Odessa and Moscow have just been authorized by the czar to open branches of their houses in Paris, London, Vienna, Marseilles, Constantinople, Naples, New York, Lisbon and Rio Janeiro.

The Albany Times states that a pistol has been invented in that city which will fire ninety times per minute, carry a ball forty yards further than any pistol now in use, and that it is also much lighter and in every respect superior to Colt's celebrated pistols.

Alexander II., of Russia, wears the same sword that Napoleon wore at the battle of Marengo, in 1800, and which the Emperor Nicholas bought in 1850, just half a century after that eventful and bloody battle, for the enormous sum of *thirty-two thousand dollars!*

A piece called *Tiberius* has been in rehearsal at the Gaieté, Paris. In it were represented scenes of the Roman circus, and animals trained "to kill" martyrs without hurting them were introduced. The government has forbidden the representation, although it has passed the censorship.

The Russian government is turning attention to its American territory. An expedition is fitting out at Hamburg by a Russian American company, to sail next month for the Russian American territory The expedition is of the nature of a new colony, numbering five hundred, including artificers of all kinds.

By the recent survey of the field of Braddock's defeat, made by Mr. Bancroft and his party, it was found that the topography did not agree with the maps usually published, and Mr. Bancroft at once commissioned Mr. Latrobe, the distinguished engineer, to prepare a correct map of the ground at this important scene.

The Albany Argus states that there is a much greater *frog* business done in this country than is generally supposed, and that it is not entirely for the benefit of Frenchmen. One man is constantly engaged in buying up frogs for the New York market, where they command a high price.

Among the recent deaths in Philadelphia, is that of Mrs. Maria Campbell, wife of Alexander Campbell. She was the second daughter of the late Alexander James Dallas, and the sister of the present American minister in Great Britain. She was, during the administration of James Madison, greatly admired in the highest circles of society in Washington city.

The annual report of the postmaster general of Canada states that 1293 post offices were in active operation on the 31st of March, 1856. During the year, 1165 miles of new post routes were added to the establishment; over six million letters passed through the post; the receipts amounted to $368,166, and the expenditures $487,850, showing a deficiency of $189,684.

A monument is to be erected in Paris to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The prefect of the city lately submitted the plan of it to the emperor, who, on returning it, said to him, "Tell the Municipal Council that I assume for myself the task of reviewing and correcting the plan for this monument, for I am resolved that my name shall be attached to this work of expiation."

A Chinaman named Yung Kining Nga, from Shanghai, received the sacrament of adult baptism, in the Church of the Ascension, New York, lately. He is about eighteen years of age, and very intelligent. He has been studying for a year past, and his present wish and intention is to dedicate himself to the missionary work among his countrymen, and he is pursuing his studies with that view.

The records of the Inquisition in Spain show that for three hundred and twenty-seven years, from 1481 to 1808, 34,658 souls were "dismissed to the flames of hell, after their accursed bodies had been burned to ashes at the stake;" 18,049 persons were burned in effigy, and 288,214 were condemned to prison and the galleys—a punishment involving, perhaps, greater misery than that of suffering at the stake.

Hats for men were invented at Paris by a Swiss, in 1404. They were first manufactured at London by Spaniards in 1510. Before that time, both men and women in England commonly wore close knit woollen caps. F. Daniel relates that when Charles II. made his public entry into Rouen, in 1449, he had on a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a plume or tuft of feathers. He adds, that it is from this entry, or at least under his reign, that the use of hats and caps is to be dated, which henceforward began to take the place of the chaperons and hoods that had been worn before in France.

Foreign Items.

The potato crop has proved a complete failure throughout Portugal.

Giovanni Ruggeo, lately tried in Florence for reading and circulating the Bible, has been acquitted.

The bell brought from Sebastopol, which the French emperor has given to Notre Dame, has arrived at the cathedral

The town of Kars had been surrendered to the Turks, and the Turkish troops had evacuated the fortress of Ighdir at Kaldi

The Archbishop of Lyons has issued a mandate, in which he attributes the inundations to the violation in his diocese of the law of the church respecting the observance of the Sabbath!

The Russian government has given orders for reducing the *personnel* of the Finland fleet. A ukase orders that the colors of the disbanded militia shall be hung up in the cathedrals of the empire.

The Turkish ambassador's *fete* to the Queen of England, at which Mr Dallas and family were present, is described as exceeding in splendor that of any foreign minister's private entertainment.

The Russian commandant in the Crimea peremptorily forbids any land travellers passing southwards from Perekop. This strict injunction will probably be maintained until the 70,000 masons have rebuilt Sebastopol.

The injury done to the crops by the late inundations in France is estimated at 150,000,000 francs, of which 30,000,000 francs are referable to the mulberry trees for silk-worms. In that amount are not included the damage done to houses, the loss in cattle, utensils, etc., or the injury done to railroads.

Sands of Gold.

.... Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.—*Penn.*

.... There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.—*Melanthon.*

.... An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof.—*Bossuet.*

.... Well-regulated minds may be satisfied with a small portion of happiness; none can be happy with a small portion of content.—*Brooke.*

.... In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him; what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.—*Landor.*

.... Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with everything that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—*Johnson.*

.... To discover a truth and to separate it from a falsehood is surely an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not at all unworthy of the best heart.—*Landor.*

.... Easiness of disposition conciliates bad and good alike; it draws affections to it, and relaxes enmities: but that same easiness renders us too often negligent of our graver duties.—*Blake.*

.... Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked-at; lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought.—*Landor.*

.... Truth is a point; the subtlest and finest; harder than adamant; never to be broken, worn away, or blunted. Its only bad quality is, that it is sure to hurt those who touch it; and likely to draw blood, perhaps the life-blood, of those who press earnestly upon it.—*Landor.*

Joker's Budget.

"Women," said a shopkeeper, "were invented to buy shilling enlicoes."

"Shoot folly as she flies—Pope," was set up by a stupid printer, "Shoot Polly as she flies—Pop."

Pompey says he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

Some one says of a certain congregation, that "they pray on their knees Sunday, and on their neighbors the rest of the week."

A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, says, "It is a large town, containing upwards of 60,000 inhabitants *built entirely of brick.*"

A "camp follower," at a late regimental parade, excused the irregularity of his gait, by saying that he was trying to march after two tunes.

The gentleman, so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.

Jones, Jr., says that his neighbor has a very nervous, eccentric dog, that displays a fondness for midnight vocal exercise, and desires to know a remedy. For quieting the nerves of a dog, we know nothing equal to strychnine.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening."—"Did she say at what time, my dear?"—"No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind—that was all she said."

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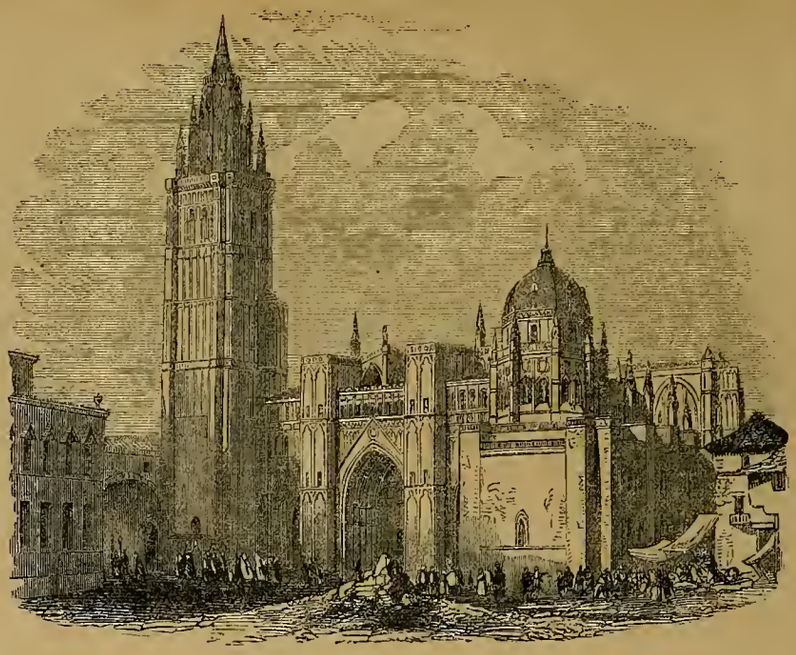
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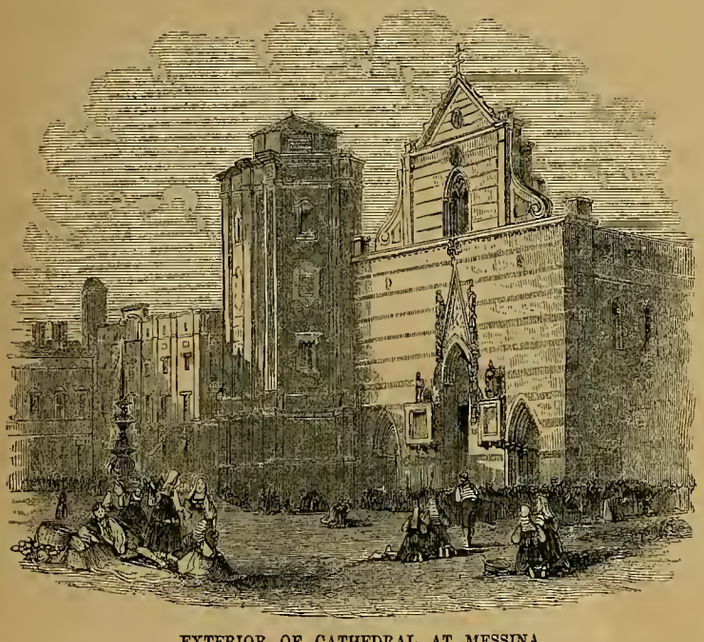
WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, 162 Vine Street, between 4th and 5th, Cincinnati; J. A. Reys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chestnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Rioggold, Louisville, Ky.; Wallace, Austen & Buel, 25 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

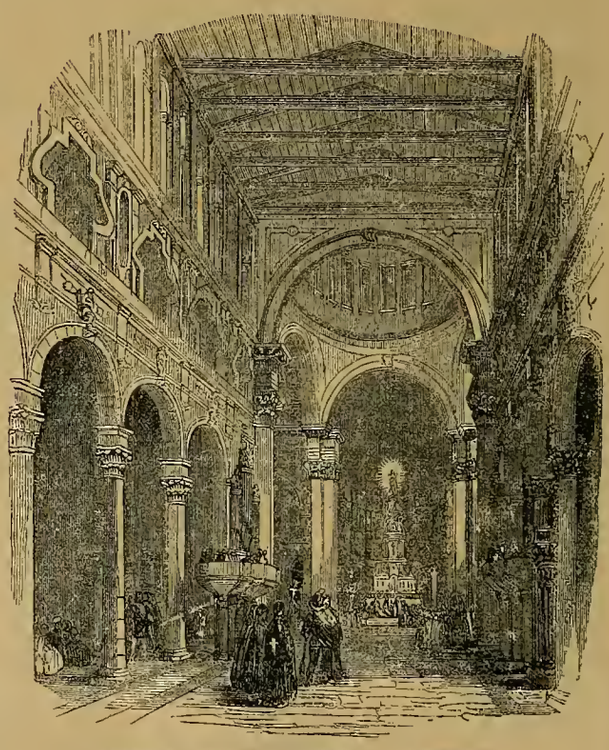
The churches and cathedrals of the old world embrace some of the finest specimens of architecture extant. In the stormy times when most of the countries of Europe were exposed to disturbances and various disasters, the monasteries and convents were not the most secure homes for those that dwelt there, but various arts and sciences found refuge within their walls. Literature, painting, mosaic work and architecture were all cultivated to a greater or less degree by the cloistered monks. There is ample proof in the annals, histories and chronicles of early writers, that when a religious order required a new church or convent, it was a very common thing for the bishop, friar or abbot to make out the architectural design himself, and for the monks to execute the work under his direction; so that church building became almost a part of monastic studies. Each religious order spread itself into the different countries of Europe, its members taking with them the usages, the arts, and the skill of which they were the fountain head. The monks, too, in the various affairs of their houses, travelled singly, or in pairs, from country to country, to keep up the links of communication between the different houses of the order. "As there existed no inns to receive them, they reposed in the other convents on their road; and at a period of total want of general communication in other departments, the different religious communities were very minutely and rapidly informed of each other's affairs. Hence, not only the peculiar style of architecture of the chief edifice of each order served as a model to that of others belonging to it, however distant, but any change of taste or fashion in the former soon made its way to, and was adopted by, all the others." Church building being regarded as a religious duty, the architects and masons employed in it were looked upon as being superior to most other workmen. The inhabitants of Como, in the north of Italy, obtained celebrity for their skill in these matters, insomuch that the appellation "*Magistri Comacini*," or "Masters from Como," became generic to all those of the profession. It is asserted that the "free and accepted masons" were established under the Lombard kings, and that they built an immense number of churches in Italy at a time when the other countries of Europe were badly supplied with churches and builders. The Freemasons, or church builders, became a highly privileged body, and many persons were desirous of joining them. Some of the builders at Rome, and others as far off as Constantinople, did so, and by degrees some of the natives of France, Germany, Belgium and England were admitted members of the fraternity. It appears that ecclesiastics were especially anxious for this honor or privilege; abbots, prelates, bishops and monks being ranked among the free and accepted masons. Thus the twofold chain of events led to the same result: the refuge which the arts found among the religious orders induced the monks to become architects and builders, while the sanction of a church building guild by the pope, led to a general uniformity in the mode of proceeding. The missionaries and the masons went hand in hand. At a parish in Suffolk, England, during the reign of Henry VI., a contract was entered into between the townspeople and the Freemasons employed in building a new church, in which it was agreed that every man should be provided with a pair of white leather gloves and an apron, and that a lodge, properly tiled, should be erected at the expense of the parish, wherein to hold their meetings. It is believed that the style of the churches was mainly determined by the builders themselves, and not by those who were to pay for them; and as these builders, in every country, had a close mutual connection, a strong family resemblance became observable in the churches built about the same time. There seems furthermore, reason to believe that wheresoever and by whomsoever the general vertical character of the Gothic architecture was established, the discovery or invention was so intimately connected with the church-building guild, as to be diffused throughout the western countries of Europe very speedily. As the unity of plan among them was such that there was scope for each man to take up that particular department that his taste or skill qualified him to practise, there probably arose some who studied especially those mechanical principles of building, or the ratio and mode of arrangement between support and pressure; for it is impossible to believe that the wonderful examples of equilibrium exhibited in many European cathedrals could have been produced without a close investigation of such principles. And yet we know of no one who could have done this, but the members of some such fraternity as the one now under notice. Europe had very little science in it, according to the modern acceptation the term, in those times; and the utter absence of documents, plans, sections or calculations relating to church architecture, strengthens the opinion that it was in the hands of a fraternity who kept their proceedings secret. The above view is not a certainty, by any means, but it accounts for several features of European church architecture which have hitherto been a sort of mystery—such as the uniformity of a style or taste throughout the continent in the churches built at the same time, and the unapproachable beauty of church architecture at a time when other arts were languishing, and the world was immersed in intellectual darkness. As illustrations of church architecture, we present, first, a very fine engraving of the famous cathedral at Toledo, one of the greatest objects of interest in that fine old Spanish city. It is not certainly in the severest taste, but like many other irregular buildings it is exceedingly picturesque. The numerous buttresses, pinnacles and curtains, the elaborately finished windows, the dome, the magnificent portal, the curious, tall tower, arrest the eye of the observer, and when the sunlight falls upon it, bringing out its salient points and causing sharp shadows to fall from its angles, the impression is very striking. This cathedral is the metropolitan church of Spain, and was founded as far back as the year 587. It is 404 feet in length, and 204 feet in width; the tower is of great height. It was formerly celebrated for the splendid collection of sacred paintings it contained, embracing many from the rapid and felicitous pencil of Luca Giordano, but most of these have been removed. Its former wealth in gold, silver and jewels was almost incalculable; but a greater part of this has been applied to secular purposes, and it is now shorn of its ancient interior splendor. We turn next to the exterior of the cathedral of Messina, a Gothic structure, erected by the Normans soon after their conquest of Sicily. The square tower at the angle of the building is a portion of the edifice. The façade of the church is very similar to the general style of the Catholic churches erected by the Spanish settlers in Mexico. There is a large central portal and two side entrances. Although there is some elaborate carving about the doorway, the whole exterior has a blank, gloomy and forbidding aspect. A religious procession is seen moving into the cathedral, and in front some of the market women are kneeling out of respect to the ceremony. But in the left hand corner is a group apparently indifferent and engaged in their own concerns. The interior of the cathedral, however, shown in our next engraving, is very rich and striking, though rather incongruous in its details. The Roman, and not the Gothic, architecture is seen throughout. A street scene in Messina closes our series. In the distance is seen the citadel. The houses are quite irregular, but nearly all of them have balconies.



CATHEDRAL AT TOLEDO.



EXTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL AT MESSINA.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT MESSINA.



STREET ARCHITECTURE OF MESSINA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., No. 7.—WHOLE No. 267.

JOHN C. FREMONT.

In the engraving below we present a correct likeness of Col. John C. Fremont, the presidential candidate of the Republican party, drawn for us by Rowse, from a photograph by Brady of New York. The scene on the left, representing mining in California, and that on the right, showing Fremont and his party threading the defile of the Sierra Nevada, are appropriate accessories to the portrait of the bold adventurer. John Charles Fremont is a native of South Carolina, in which State he was born in the year 1813. His father was a French immigrant and his mother a native of Virginia. The former died when the subject of our sketch was but four years of age, and it was owing to the exertions of his mother that he received an excellent education. At seventeen, he graduated at Charleston College, and after spending some time as a teacher of mathematics, he fairly commenced his career as a civil engineer. In the latter capacity he was an assistant to Nicolet in his survey of the upper Mississippi. In 1842, holding then a lieutenant's commission in the Topographical Engineers, with a handful of men collected on the Missouri frontier, he explored the south pass of the Rocky Mountains, through which the tide of overland immigration now pours into California. His scientific observations made on this expedition were of great value, and embodied in an able report printed by the Senate. He next went on an exploring expedition to Oregon territory, leaving the frontier of Missouri in May, 1843, scaling the Rocky Mountains at a point south of the south pass, and reaching Fort Vancouver in November of the same year. With only twenty-five companions he now turned his face again towards the Rocky Mountains, and through much hardship and trial, explored upper California, and established the geography of the western part of our continent. After an absence of sixteen months, he returned to Washington and wrote out a history of his expedition. In 1845 he was again on his way to the Pacific, and explored the Asiatic slope of the North American continent. He was engaged in active service during the Mexican war, as a lieutenant-colonel of mounted riflemen, which commission he was deprived of by the sentence of a court-martial. President Polk offered to restore his commission, but he declined accepting it. True to his innate love of adventure, and of scientific observation, he started again for the far west, his object being to survey the route for a great road from the Mississippi to San Francisco. He took the trail with thirty-three men, including many of his old mountain companions, and 130 mules. On the Sierra San Juan all his mules and a third of his men perished in the rigors of more than a Russian winter, and Fremont arrived at San Francisco, stripped of everything but life. His expedition was refitted by men who had confidence in his success, and he started again through the country of the Apaches, and in 100 days from Santa Fe stood on the banks of the Sacramento. Fremont was the first U. S. Senator from California. In additions to the expeditions noted above, he traversed the deserts of the great west once more in the dead of winter, his object being to demonstrate that the central route for a Pacific railroad was feasible for winter travel. Some years ago Col. Fremont married a daughter of Col. Thomas H. Benton. Through out his life Col. Fremont has been distinguished chiefly by devotion to science and a love of adventure amounting to a passion. No perils, no difficulties seem to have daunted his courageous spirit, and, more fortunate than many men of daring and determination, success has crowned undertakings that a romance writer would hardly venture to sketch out for his hero in a work of fiction. In fact his life reads more like romance than a record of reality.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

A RESCUE!

QUIETLY and uneventfully the days glided on with Eleanor Ashby at the farmhouse. The silent solitude reigning about her new home was utterly unbroken. The little brown dwelling nestled down in its verdant nook, a solitary thing; with the rich wooded landscape of meadow, copse and glade, slumbering in green, luxuriant summer stillness on every hand, and the lazy, golden summer sunshine filled the blue air with a dreamy influence all day. Soundless and monotonous, the days crept on.

From morning till night, Eleanor beheld no face save those of the old farmer and his wife, and Lucy. Her occupations consisted in reading, sewing and meditating. She spent the long summer days immured closely in the house, scarcely ever stepping foot without the door. For at first, with her mind still under the influence of the fear and trouble she had so recently endured, and an uneasy dread ever agitating her, from moment to moment, of Morley Briancourt discovering her locality, and suddenly making his appearance at some unwary instant, she had possessed no wish to leave her seclusion for a moment.

But gradually as day succeeded day, and no token from the outer world came to disturb her tranquillity, with fresh alarms for her own fate, she became re-assured; and now the dreamy monotony of this existence began to have its effect upon her. She resolved to venture forth from her retirement.

It was a pleasant change from the secluded days she had passed, to find herself once more in the open air; in the green meadows, with the silent golden sunshine about her, the cool, free air kissing her cheek, and the heavy fragrance of summer blossoms floating everywhere about her, as their odor-laden petals gleamed up from the tufted moss; beneath the shadow of the woodlands, clustering here and there over the rich landscape, or sitting by some willow-shaded spring, gushing clear and cool from the rifted rock.

Many a happy yet saddened reverie was hers, as she held these solitary hours of communion with nature, when, with the forgotten book falling neglected from her grasp, with the careless wind fluttering idly in its leaves, her hands lying clasped on her knee, and her fair head bowed in thought, she went back to dwell on some of the happiest moments she had ever known.

Once more she wandered with Mary Latimer through the old woods at Briarfield; or sat beside her in the pleasant morning-room, grown so familiar and so dear for the memory of the friendly faces wont to meet with her there; again she sat at Mary's side, with Mary's arm about her, while good Aunt Dorothea busied herself with her knitting-needles close by, and Hugh, Mary's brother Hugh, talked with them, or read to them. And again the sound of these musical, earnest tones lingered in her ear; and once more she met the full, dark, eloquent eyes of the reader, raised for a moment to her own, as they had been so many times, with a glance that thrilled her through.

And now her heart would throb with a quickened pulsation, and her cheek grow warm, at the memory of these things. She would not dwell on them. She would rise and turn away from their influence. And yet, in her solitude, these thoughts became dearer, tenderer, more precious every day; while the time passed on, and she was yet divided from those to whom her heart turned so earnestly.

A fortnight passed in this manner. She was in safety and in peace. The object of her removal thither—to secure her from the united machinations of her uncle and his guests—was gained. But she wished ardently for the appearance of some one of the few whom she could call her friends, to enliven her solitude. She saw no one, however. The Latimers must be ignorant of her whereabouts, even if they had heard of her flight; and neither Pequin nor Harry Longworth came. Perhaps it was because Morley Briancourt was on the watch, and they dared not come hither for fear of being traced.

And what did the Latimers think, all this time, of her disappearance? Where would they think she was? Would they guess the cause of her flight? Would they be uneasy concerning her? She thought whether Pequin would not let them know, that they might be assured of her safety. Whether, in case he should fail to do so, Harry Longworth would not do it himself.

But she remained, day after day, in uncertainty of these things. She went every day, now, either alone, or with Lucy for a companion, and sometimes extended her walks for three or four miles, in one direction or another, without meeting a single person. Once in a while she passed some rustic farmer, or a group of haymakers, or a rosy-cheeked milkmaid, perhaps, driving her cows to pasture; but oftener, during the entire length of her ramble, she met no one.

Her favorite resort was to the banks of a pretty stream, flowing through grove, and meadow, and dell, whose quiet waters sheltered the shining trout, and whose mossy banks were beautiful with the wild violet, purpling the emerald turf.

One day, at a greater distance from the farmhouse than she had ever before ventured on, she found herself, while following the windings of the stream, in the vicinity of a small yet elegant mansion of plain brick, but presenting a handsome and pleasing exterior, and half concealed by the trees embowering the slope on which it stood, through whose twining foliage broke the flash and glitter of the sunlight on its large windows. Through the trees, two persons moved along down towards the edge of the stream. They came in full sight, presently: two ladies, walking slowly, and engaged in conversation. The one rather elderly, handsomely yet plainly dressed; with a tall yet graceful form, and of ample proportions; a countenance of pleasing and kindly expression, and fine though large features.

The second, a younger lady, of evidently some two or three-and-twenty years. She was not nearly so tall as her companion, but yet of a graceful height; with a fine and elegantly proportioned figure, and pleasing carriage. Her complexion was fair and clear, her features well cut and regular, but their expression, at once gentle and kindly, had something of thoughtful sadness in it,—an expression the more plainly read in her large, beautiful hazel eyes, shaded by their heavy silken lashes, which, like her finely-arched eyebrows and her hair, were of a very dark, soft brown—so dark as almost to be taken for black.

As they passed, she raised those beautiful eyes, for a moment, with a gentle, serious, attentive glance, to Miss Ashby's face, and then passed on; but it was evident that she directed the attention of her companion to Eleanor, for directly the elder lady turned, and glanced, too, towards Miss Ashby. They went on slowly together; and Eleanor, who was also walking slowly, and could not pass them without hastening, and yet disliked to follow so near behind them, soon turned and took her way homeward.

Her thoughts lingered, as she walked on, with the sweet yet melancholy countenance she had seen, and which, though she had beheld it but for an instant, had made a deep impression on her. She was deeply interested by it. She wondered who the young lady could be, and asked herself what could be the cause of so sad an expression, evidently habitual as it was, on the countenance of one so young.

The following morning, she went out as usual, and was now accompanied by Lucy. As usual, she bent her steps along the course of the stream. Engaged in thought, she spoke but seldom during their walk; and Lucy, too, was silent and meditative, thinking, it is not at all unlikely, of Harry Longworth, and wishing very naturally to see him again.

They continued their way, until Eleanor found herself within less than a quarter of a mile of the house which had yesterday attracted her attention, and perceived, at the same moment, that the two ladies whom she before encountered were slowly approaching her. They met and passed, the young lady lifting her eyes to Eleanor's countenance again, as the day before, with that same thoughtful, serious glance which Miss Ashby remembered so well.

"What a pretty young lady, Miss Eleanor,—did you mind?" said Lucy, attracted, like her mistress, by that lovely countenance, —"what a pretty young lady! And yet she looks a bit sad, somehow. They must belong about here somewhere, I should think. They have only their parasols."

"They live up yonder, probably," answered Miss Ashby; "in the house on the slope: a pretty one—is it not, Lucy?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Eleanor. I wonder what their names are?"

This, of course, Eleanor was unable to tell. She walked on with Lucy, both thinking of the two strangers.

They had proceeded some distance from the house on the slope, when, suddenly, both perceived a little boy, further on, running along the bank of the stream. He had come almost up to them, when, going too near the edge, he lost his balance, and, with a cry, fell over into the water.

Lucy uttered a scream, and stood perfectly still, too frightened to stir hand or foot. But Eleanor, though her alarm was quite as great, did not lose her presence of mind; and running instantly forward to the spot, sprang unhesitatingly from the bank.

The boy had just sunk, and now, as he rose for the first time, gasping for breath, Eleanor caught him by the arm, attempting, at the same time, to get hold of a willow branch that drooped over the water. But she was too far from the bank to reach it; and the frightened child, clinging to her dress, and gasping still, impeded her efforts. Her clothes, too, grew heavy with the water that had completely filled them. A hot flush of fear ran through her.

"Do not touch me, little boy,—do not touch me!" she said, rapidly. "I will hold you up." And she tried to unclasp his clinging hands.

But he clung the closer, too terrified to comprehend her. She could not remove his hands, and her garments grew heavier with the water. She felt herself sinking, lower and lower, and the water was very deep here.

Lucy, meanwhile, screaming louder than before, and almost distracted with fear, ran towards the water, and then, wringing her hands, ran back again, calling in distress to the two ladies she had seen, who, attracted by her cries, were hastening up.

And Eleanor, her strength gone, her motions shackled with the weight she bore, her head whirling, and the water singing in her ears, sank, with her burden, out of sight.

It was as one groping in thick darkness, with a dull and feeble glimmer of light just struggling, a long, long way off, through the gloom. A sensation of agony unspeakable—the wrestling of life with death. The light grew clearer; it came more near. The anguish passed away; and Eleanor opened her eyes. All was dim and indistinct about her at first; she could see nothing plainly. A faint, confused murmur was audible; but she could make nothing of it.

Presently her faculties became stronger. She saw and heard with a greater degree of distinctness. She became conscious that she was lying in a bed, in a strange room; that three or four persons were gathered about her, all looking at her.

One was a gentleman dressed in black, standing just by the pillow, on the right. On the other side, were two ladies, whose faces Eleanor remembered faintly; especially the younger one, with its melancholy sweetness of expression, disturbed with an air of anxious concern now, as was also that of her elder companion. But as her eyes rested on them, with a glance of recognition, a glow of pleasure lighted up the countenance of each; and the subdued exclamation, "She is safe!" uttered in a grateful tone, reached her ear. Then she saw Lucy—her own maid, Lucy,—leaning over the foot of the bed, with an earnest expression of delight and relief beaming over her tearful countenance. Eleanor had a faint idea of what it all meant; but she was too weak to think at present. She was too weak to move or speak.

She was conscious of being slightly raised up, and of drinking something that was offered her. Presently the objects about her grew indistinct once more; the faces of her attendants faded away, and she slept.

It was morning when she woke again; and now, though she was by no means strong yet, the extreme weakness she had felt was gone. Her mind was tolerably clear and collected. She was lying in a small and elegantly appointed chamber, with abundant evidences of wealth and taste scattered on every side. Beautiful pictures adorned the pale rose-tinted walls, whose cornices were richly wrought and gilded; costly draperies of silk and lace softened the morning light, as it entered the apartment; clusters of fresh roses seemed to have been scattered over the white ground of the velvet carpet; the chairs, the dressing-table, and the couch on which she lay, were all of rare and curiously-carved wood, beautifully inlaid; bouquets of wax-like exotics breathed the softest fragrance around her, from porcelain vases near; and amid the rosy twilight falling through the room, gleamed one or two exquisite marble statues from their distant niches.

As she moved, the soft rustle of the silken counterpane seemed to warn a vigilant ear of her wakening; for a slight sound was heard beyond the foot of the couch, and directly the beautiful stranger of Miss Ashby's interest appeared at her side. And now Eleanor knew that she was in the house on the slope.

The young lady took Eleanor's hand gently in her own, bending over her with an air of kindly interest.

"How do you feel this morning?" she asked.

"Pretty well, I thank you," answered Eleanor, with a faint smile, "though not quite so strong as I could wish. But that is natural, I suppose. How long have I been lying here?"

"Nearly twenty-four hours."

"So long? It seems scarcely five minutes since I sank—"

"Then you remember?" said the young lady. "But I forget Dr. Morrison's injunctions. I must not allow you to talk yet. You must lie very still for awhile."

"Nay—answer me one question," said Miss Ashby, pleadingly. "Was that poor little boy saved? and who rescued us?"

"Now you have asked two, instead of one," answered the young lady, with a smile, and a tone of gentle chiding. "But I will not vex you with fruitless wondering. The child is safe, and my aunt's gardener rescued you. Now you have talked quite enough, and must be quiet indeed, or Doctor Morrison will scold us both."

She smoothed back Eleanor's hair under the delicate laced cap with a gentle, caressing touch, arranged the clothes about her, and then sat down by the bedside, in an easy chair, with a book.

And Eleanor, with pleased and passive obedience, lay still, quietly regarding the lovely white-robed form and sweet, serious face of her beautiful visitant, as she sat, with her graceful head resting upon her hand, her eyes fixed upon the open page in her lap, and her countenance turned partially aside, so that its fine, clear profile was charmingly defined to Miss Ashby's view.

CHAPTER XX.

AMONG FRIENDS.

"WELL, now, my dear young lady," said Dr. Morrison, to his patient, "I think, if you promise to keep yourself very quiet indeed, you may go down stairs awhile. But mind—you must take care of the conditions. However, Lady Mayhew will look out for that, I dare say."

"Indeed I shall, Dr. Morrison," said Lady Mayhew, kindly. "But are you quite sure she is strong enough to go down so soon? Because I am very much afraid she is weaker than she thinks, and will be trying her strength too far."

"Indeed—indeed, dear madam," interposed Eleanor, "I am quite strong enough. Your kind nursing has almost entirely restored me. You are very good to be so anxious, so careful on my account; but pleasant as it is, I must not permit myself to trespass too long on your kindness."

"Now, my dear, not another word on that score," returned the lady, shaking her head with laughing decision, "for really I will not have it. If Dr. Morrison is perfectly certain that it wont do you the least harm in the world, I will let you out of prison; but you may count on being brought back at nine this evening. I shall not let you sit up a minute later."

"And rest assured, young lady, she will have her way," joined in the good-humored physician, laughingly nodding his head. "However, there's one thing in it—I'm tolerably confident of never losing a patient through imprudence, when Lady Mayhew's a hand in the case; for if I don't look sharp enough after them, she helps me. Well, good day, my dear,—good day. I hope to see you looking quite bright to-morrow. Good day, my dear madam. Give my respects to Miss Caroline, if you please." And he was bustling away again.

"O, but, doctor, you are going to dine with us—arn't you? and Harry will be at home, you know," said Lady Mayhew.

"He will?—that is good news. It is a thousand pities I can't stay; but really, I have a most troublesome number of patients this week. Some other day I shall be most happy to do myself the honor. Well, remember me affectionately to Edward, Lady Mayhew. He's a good boy—a good boy; wish there were more like him." And away went the doctor. The next moment, his chaise was heard, driving rapidly away from the door.

"Come, now you may get ready to go down, dear," said Lady Mayhew, kindly. "I will call your maid, and when you are quite prepared, you shall have my arm. But who is coming now?" as the sound of a horse's feet rapidly approached the house. "O, Edward, to be sure!" looking from a window. "That is really very pleasant. I had no idea he was coming till later."

At that moment, Caroline Ashburton entered hastily. She had been dressing.

"Aunt, Edward has come, I see. Had you not—are you going down? I have come to help Miss Ashby. I heard Dr. Morrison say to Grayson just now that she was to be down stairs this morning."

"Well, Caroline, if you will take my place," said Lady Mayhew, "and mind not to let Miss Ashby get too fatigued in dressing."

"I will be quite careful, aunt."

Eleanor had been finding, with some consternation, within the last ten minutes, that she was about to encounter another stranger—whom, she was uncertain. She wished she had not attempted to leave her apartment.

"You will think me very changeable-minded," she said, laughing and blushing, as she laid her hand on Lady Mayhew's arm; "but—I did not know—I thought you were to be alone this evening. Perhaps—had I not better—"

She was sensible as she spoke, of a sudden and silent pressure of the hand from Miss Ashburton, who immediately turned away to the dressing-table; while Lady Mayhew returned, directly, with a kind smile:

"O, my dear, you will not mind Edward; he is my son. I forgot to tell you that we had a message an hour or two ago that he was coming home; he sent it just in advance. And I forgot, too," she added, taking both of Eleanor's hands in her own, and kissing her cheek warmly, "or, rather, had no time to tell you while Dr. Morrison was here, that I have this afternoon discovered you to be the daughter of some dear old friends of mine—Sir James and Lady Eleanor Ashby."

"O, then you knew my parents?" said Miss Ashby, earnestly, while Miss Ashburton turned towards them with an air of thoughtful interest, and leaned on the back of Eleanor's chair,—"then you knew my parents?"

"Yes, indeed, very well," answered Lady Mayhew, "and I will tell you all about it to-morrow; but, just now, I must run down and see Edward, who, I dare say, is waiting for me in the drawing-room. You and Caroline will join us there as soon as possible. Here comes your maid, my dear." And as Lucy Elmore entered, Lady Mayhew took her departure.

"I am glad," said Miss Ashburton, gently, pressing Eleanor's hand,—"I am glad to learn this—that my aunt and your parents were friends; for it brings us nearer together—does it not?" She bent and pressed her lips to Miss Ashby's brow.

"Yes." And even as Eleanor smiled, and returned the caress, she grew grave, and her eyes filled with tears. "But does it not seem strange to you that the child of Sir James Ashby should be forced to seek for shelter in a peasant's cottage? You have, doubtless, wondered how it should be, that she whom you protected and cared for should be found, with her attendant, and not another friend far or near, in that strange place; and I have explained nothing—you have asked nothing. But you must know something of my circumstances, soon, from my own lips."

"You will not think it strange—will you," returned Miss Ashburton, "if I tell you that I believe I have partly divined their nature already? And our interest has been increased thereby in you. But come; Lucy is waiting. To-morrow, if you like, you shall tell me what you please. And though I do not wish to appear curious, I confess that I am not unwilling to learn more concerning you than I have yet known, while I am sure my aunt has taken so deep an interest in you, that she will be only too glad of your confidence, to serve you and care for you, if you are in trouble, as she would an only child."

"A thousand thanks for your sympathy—for your kindness; both are more welcome to me than I can tell you," said Eleanor, pressing her hand. "To-morrow, then, I will tell you something of my troubles. I am only too glad to find myself among friends to whom I may confide them."

She submitted herself now to the hands of Lucy, whose smiling eyes testified no less plainly than her words the pleasure she felt in seeing her mistress able to go about once more. And there was something besides to account for Lucy's smiles, as Eleanor shortly learned; for while she was dressing her, she informed her that she had seen Harry Longworth, and that she had a note for Miss Eleanor from Pequin, which she gave her during the momentary absence of Miss Ashburton from the apartment. She said Harry had come to the farm in the lane that morning, just while she happened to be over there, and that he was dressed in the disguise of a countryman, that he might not be recognized, for fear Morley Briancourt should trace him.

Eleanor broke the seal of the communication, the contents of which, though brief, were sufficiently important to give her some uneasiness. They read as follows:

"Let Eleanor beware whither she goes abroad, and how far; for there are those seeking for her whom she has once escaped from, and who are leaving no stone unturned that may discover to them her hiding-place. Be wary, or the hawk will pounce upon the dove, despite the vigilance of Pequin."

A flush of pain ran from head to foot as Eleanor finished reading. She leaned her head upon her hand for a moment in troubled reflection. She was so far away from the scene of her late trials, and had imagined herself so well out of Morley Briancourt's reach, and now to be so suddenly warned of possibly impending danger, and by Pequin, too,—what was she to do?

The entrance of Miss Ashburton aroused her. She put the note away, resolving to dismiss the matter until to-morrow. Together they descended to the drawing-room. Eleanor observed that Miss Ashburton paused for a moment before entering, and seemed to be slightly agitated, for her hand trembled in that of her companion, and the color rapidly flushed and faded in her cheek. Eleanor was startled.

"You are ill," she said, with some alarm.

"No, no," answered Miss Ashburton, gently, as she hastily endeavored to recover herself,—"no, thank you, I am quite well." Then quickly pressing Eleanor's hand, she added: "I am so glad you did not insist on remaining up stairs this evening."

Why? What was it that she shrank from—that made Eleanor, the stranger-guest, a protection?

They passed in together, to meet Lady Mayhew and her son, a handsome and graceful young man, of some five or six-and-twenty years, with a clear, fine, noble countenance, of striking and impassioned beauty, a slight yet splendid figure, and a manner at once frank and modest, that cast an indescribable charm over every action and every word of his.

His eyes were directed toward the door, and rested directly on Miss Ashburton and Eleanor, as they entered. A flash of pleasure illumined his beautiful countenance. He rose and came forward, accompanied by his mother. He took both Miss Ashburton's hands in his own, calling her "dear cousin," while his glance, seeking hers, beamed with an ardent and unconcealed affection. But she scarcely raised her eyes to his face; a faint, almost forced smile wavered on her lip for a single instant, then faded; her fair hands slid from his affectionate clasp, and she glided by him, the old look of melancholy drooping sadly enough over that sweet yet now almost mournful countenance.

An expression of quick and acute disappointment settled upon his fine features, that had scarce time to be dissipated, ere, with his mother's introduction, he turned to greet Eleanor. Lady Mayhew now led Miss Ashby to her own sofa, where she ensconced her comfortably in a corner, with her fan, her smelling-bottle and her footstool, declaring she should not let her stir till dinner, lest she should fatigue herself; and enlisting Edward in her service, to amuse her to the best of his ability, for she had been very ill, and was only just recovering; to which he smilingly assented, while his mother proceeded to arrange the curtains near Eleanor, which let in the light too strongly. Miss Ashby laughingly protested against being treated as an invalid, and called upon Caroline Ashburton to take her part. But Lady Mayhew good-naturedly insisted on having her own way; and Miss Ashburton hastened to take side with her aunt, declaring that Eleanor was not entirely well yet, and must submit to be petted for awhile. She accordingly commenced devoting herself to Eleanor's amusement, keeping by her side through the entire evening, and acquitting herself of her office very much to her aunt's satisfaction.

But Eleanor detected in her manner, when neither Lady Mayhew nor her son could have done so, an undercurrent of distressed and agitated feeling that sought for concealment. A disturbance of mind such as she had witnessed when they paused at the drawing-room door on entering; and her hand, as it touched Eleanor's once, was icy cold. But she was calm and quiet outwardly, and through the gentle demeanor she usually wore, and the habitual seriousness of her sad and beautiful countenance, no disquieting emotion was visible to others except Eleanor.

Edward Mayhew's glance rested on her face more than once, with an expression of tenderness and anxiety, during the evening; but it was not to meet hers. She scarcely once looked at him; and although joining fully in the general topics of conversation, she seldom addressed herself directly to her cousin, and not one word could he find occasion to speak with her, except in the hearing of Lady Mayhew and their guest.

They broke up at an early hour, Lady Mayhew alleging that her fair guest was already fatigued, and that Edward must be weary with his ride that day.

Miss Ashburton went to the table in the hall to light her bedroom candle; while her aunt went on some errand to the housekeeper for a moment; and instantly Edward Mayhew hastened to his cousin's side, as if to assist her. But he lingered there a moment, and his hand closed gently upon hers, as, with his glance resting tenderly and reproachfully upon her face, he murmured some almost inaudible words, that seemed to chide her for her reserve. Her cheek grew slightly paler while she listened; but she answered him calmly, and took her candle from him, with a kind and quiet good night. A shadow of inexpressible sorrow stole into his clear, frank eyes. He bent and pressed to his lips, with lingering affection, the fair, small hand that he still retained; then released it silently, and let her depart. She was white as death when she turned to Eleanor again. A look of suppressed suffering, of patiently-borne anguish, was stamped upon her marble-like features.

Eleanor was awaiting her; she rose to meet her, and with a response to Edward Mayhew, who turned to bid her good night, she accompanied Miss Ashburton from the room. They were met by Lady Mayhew in the hall, who kissed them each affectionately, and hoped Eleanor would rest well. She evidently remarked the paleness of her niece, for she looked at her for a moment with a serious and disturbed countenance, and then embraced her with maternal tenderness, kissed her again, tenderly, and more warmly than before.

She went in without speaking again, and Miss Ashburton and Eleanor proceeded up stairs. Miss Ashburton bade her companion good night at the door of her apartment, and pressing her hand, turned hastily away; but Eleanor saw, as she did so, that her downcast eyes were heavy with tears.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONFIDENTIAL AVOWAL.

Lady Mayhew had been for more than an hour in Eleanor's dressing-room, indulging in reminiscences of Eleanor's mother and father, whom she had known in Scotland something more than twenty years before, both before and after her own marriage; and Eleanor listened with the deepest interest, with Caroline Ashburton, who, somewhat paler this morning than usual, and even more quiet, though quite calm, sat beside her, leaning upon the dressing-table, with her head resting on her hand.

"Yes—dearly did I love your mother, Eleanor," said Lady Mayhew, with the tears glistening in her pleasant eyes; "and many a hour we spent together—Evelyn Cameron and I. We lived near each other, just away from Inverness,—she at her guardian's, for she was an orphan, poor thing; and I at my aunt's house, for I was an orphan, too. I was married first, to Sir Arthur Mayhew, an English gentleman; and two years after, your mother married Sir James Ashby; but she went away to England with him, while we stayed where we were; for my husband had decided to remain there for a year or two. Well, we corresponded occasionally, during the following year, your mother and I, and the year after that, and then the letters failed; for your mother became an invalid, and my poor husband was thrown from his horse, receiving injuries which laid him up for many and many a long month, and from which he never entirely recovered. So that, with my little Edward and the care of my husband, I had all I could do; and though it was a sad thing to think I could not go and see my poor friend Evelyn, I was forced to be content. It was only three years after her marriage, and little more than one after your birth, that I heard of her death. Poor Evelyn!"

The tears fell from the eyes of Lady Mayhew, and filled Eleanor's own. She went on directly:

"It was but a few months afterward when the announcement of the death of your father also reached me, and of the accession of his half-brother, Edward, to the title and estates, and that you were placed under your uncle's guardianship. Years passed away, and many a time I thought of Evelyn's child, and wished that I might behold her; but that was impossible, for I never could leave my husband's side. He could not bear me out of his sight a day.

"It is more than two years now since he died. As soon as my estates was settled up, which was some two months ago, I came, with Edward and Caroline (who was left to my care eight years ago, on the death of her mother, my only sister), to England, where we made our home temporarily with Dr. Morrison's family, our only friends here. They were with us, the doctor and his wife, for some weeks out of every year, during my husband's illness, for they were old acquaintances of poor Arthur; so when we found ourselves under their roof, it seemed, with their familiar faces about us, indeed a home. I determined on taking up my abode here for some months. Dr. Morrison, who formerly resided at Oakham, had removed into this neighborhood not a great while since, and I found myself in the neighborhood of Ashby Place. I requested him to find for me a small estate to purchase. This one was fixed upon, and we came hither last week.

"I began now to busy myself with speculations concerning you, and I was wondering how soon I should find an opportunity of seeing you, when fortune threw you in my very path; and unrecognized as you were at first, what was my astonishment and pleasure to find suddenly who you were!"

She drew Eleanor to her breast, and kissed her fondly. With earnest, impulsive and grateful affection, Eleanor returned the caress; while Miss Ashburton, with silent but eloquent tenderness, also embraced her companion.

"How happy I am," said Eleanor, "in having found two such friends! And in this time of need, too." And her bright face grew troubled as the memory of her late trials rushed over her with full force again. She remained silent and agitated for a few moments; then looking suddenly up, with the tears filling her eyes, she said: "You thought it a singular circumstance, did you not, that Eleanor Ashby, instead of being under her guardian's roof, should be sheltered by that of a peasant!"

"I confess, it seemed to me somewhat perplexing," was Lady Mayhew's gentle reply; "but from several things your maid told me, I gathered something of your circumstances."

"Will you, then," said Eleanor, "tell me exactly how far you are acquainted with them? for I wish to confide to you with my own lips that which remains."

Lady Mayhew hesitated. She evidently shrank from an appearance of too great familiarity with Eleanor's private affairs.

"Nay—tell me," said Eleanor, gently; "for indeed," and her eyes filled with tears, "I am in no position to permit of feelings of false delicacy. You know a part; now you must know all. Tell me, therefore, without reserve, all that you thought or discovered concerning me from the beginning."

Lady Mayhew leaned her head upon her hand for a moment. Then she said:

"When you were first brought in by Thomas, we were too greatly alarmed about you to wonder whom you could be, or where you lived. After the first fright was over, and you had revived from

the stupor in which you lay, and fell asleep, we began to make inquiries of your maid, who had been so terrified that she had thought of nothing but your danger. We learned then that you resided at a small farmhouse, some three miles distant. You may well believe we were perplexed at hearing that one of your appearance, and accompanied by a maid, could have your home in such a place. We offered to send some tidings of you to your friends; but Lucy turned quite pale, as if in alarm, and begged me not to; then adding, as if recollecting herself, 'O, I thought you meant her uncle, madam; and he must not know where she is, for all the world.'

"In answer, I suppose, to the perplexity I unconsciously evinced, she uttered some hurried words, to the effect that the place at which you were staying was not your home; that you had no relatives there,—in short, that you were among strangers, and that your relatives must be kept in ignorance of your whereabouts. She paused a moment after she had said it, and then thinking, I dare say, that some further explanation was necessary, she added that—" And Lady Mayhew paused, evidently unwilling to continue.

"Nay—go on—go on," said Miss Ashby, sadly, while the tears—mournful and bitter tears—rained over her cheeks. "It is hard, I know, for you to say and for me to hear, if I guess rightly what it is; but we must be plain in these explanations, cost what it will."

"My poor child," uttered Lady Mayhew, bending tenderly over her, "let me pause here. You may tell me, if you will."

"No, no; go on, I pray you," said Eleanor, sorrowfully. "See—I am quite calm now."

Lady Mayhew paused, with a compassionate glance, and then continued:

"She said that you had been treated with great cruelty by your family, and had fled to escape persecution."

"It is too true—it is too true!" sobbed Eleanor, burying her face in Lady Mayhew's shoulder; "and O, I have been so lonely—so helpless!"

She gave way to her emotion for a few moments; while Lady Mayhew, silently weeping herself, embraced her tenderly; and Miss Ashburton, brushing away the tears that were flowing from her own eyes, kissed Eleanor's hand, that clasped hers with convulsive feeling. Presently, Eleanor calmed herself, and at her request, Lady Mayhew continued:

"Lucy had not as yet mentioned your surname, calling you only 'Miss Eleanor;' and after these statements, delicacy forbade my seeking to discover it, unless you yourself should disclose it. The night passed, and you awoke, near noon that day, free from all danger. I had left Caroline in your room, and was preparing to drive over with Dr. Morrison and his wife, to visit one of his patients in the next town, when, as I was standing in the porch, ready to step into the carriage, Lucy passed through the hall, just behind me. The housekeeper encountered her, and asked her how you were. Lucy's answer caught my attention. She answered, 'O, Miss Ashby is much better, thank you; she is awake now.'

"I stood silent. *Miss Ashby!* Who, then, was my guest? The thought of Evelyn Ashby's daughter struck me, with the utterance of your name. Was it possible that it was she who was at that moment under my very roof? It could be no other. Beckoning Lucy instantly to me, I said to her, 'Is your mistress the daughter of the late Sir James Ashby, of Ashby Place?' She answered in the affirmative; and you may judge, my dear Eleanor, the nature of my feelings. My first impulse was to rush directly up to your room, but second thoughts restrained me. You did not yet know me, and it was no time for explanation until you should be further recovered. The doctor called me, and deciding to leave the matter till my return, I stepped into the carriage, and we drove away, not returning until afternoon. But ah, how I longed to embrace you! How sweet it is now, Eleanor, to behold the daughter of my old friend sitting beside me! I discover, every moment, in your face a thousand resemblances to your mother, that failed to strike me before I discovered your identity."

"My dear—dear friend," said Miss Ashby, "I am indeed happy in recognizing in you so warm a friend of my beloved mother. I have been deprived of her. It is sweet to behold one who loved her so well."

"Then let me, in some measure, supply the place left vacant by her loss. Let me be to you a mother in your troubles and your loneliness, my Eleanor."

"O, how welcome is your kindness to me!" returned Miss Ashby. "How can I ever thank you for your warm interest in me? But let me, at least, confide to you something of my history. Your goodness claims my utmost confidence. Yet I fear that, after giving me, with so much patience, your own explanations, you will scarcely care to listen to it at present."

Lady Mayhew, however, assured her of her desire to hear it; and Eleanor, with her arm encircling the waist of Miss Ashburton, and one hand clasped in that of her aunt, proceeded to give them a slight sketch of her life, and the circumstances which had combined to place her in her present position. Lady Mayhew listened attentively, and with sympathizing interest, while she commenced the recital.

She had not proceeded far, when, up from the grounds below, they heard the voice of Edward Mayhew calling his cousin. But Miss Ashburton did not move. Eleanor paused as he called a second time, and just then she caught sight of him, down under the trees by the stream, going towards the summer-house. Turning her eyes to Miss Ashburton's face, she saw that she, too, beheld him. She was sitting with her head leaning on her left hand, her arm resting on the dressing-table; and while her fixed glance dwelt on the figure of her cousin through the window, a strange and ashy paleness overspread her face. She turned slightly aside, as she felt Eleanor's eyes resting on her. Lady Mayhew's countenance betrayed trouble and perplexity.

"Let him wait—let him wait awhile," said Miss Ashburton, in a low and agitated voice. "I will go down presently. Go on, Eleanor."

Eleanor continued her recital, but now hastening with it as much as possible; for a slight trembling of the slender form beside her more than once alarmed her. She could feel the shudder, for her arm was thrown partly about her companion's waist. Yet she shrank from seeming to remark or comprehend this emotion, which Miss Ashburton evidently strove to conceal; and much as she wished to defer her story, felt that it would only betray her sense of that emotion, if she should do so.

She hastened, therefore, to the end, that she might the sooner relieve Miss Ashburton, and allow her to go to her own apartment. She made her story as brief as possible, and in a short time it was finished.

"My dear Eleanor, you have indeed been sorely persecuted," said Lady Mayhew, embracing her tenderly. "I do not need, I think, to assure you how deeply—how affectionately I sympathize with you. O, my child, how fortunate it is that, at this most dangerous time, you have been thrown in my way! Your strange protector, this dwarf, who thus befriends you, has indeed done you good service in securing a shelter from the cruelty that pursued you; but let me render what additional aid lies in my power. You say this Morley Briancourt is seeking for you?—that you have been warned of the danger that may still await you if he discovers your hiding-place? You shall remain where you are, then, in my care. I will not let you return to a situation which, however remote, may be still unsafe. I will take care that this cruel uncle of yours knows nothing concerning you, henceforth. Caroline, we will save her from them, dearest."

Miss Ashburton's head was bowed upon the table. She raised herself, and put her hand in that of Eleanor. A paler hue spread over her ashy countenance, as she said:

"Yes—yes; the ends of iniquity will be defeated. You will be saved. Call *me*, also, your friend, Eleanor Ashby, and let me, too, help you."

She kissed Eleanor's forehead with solemn tenderness, and rose from her seat. But she had scarcely moved a single pace, ere her steps wavered, and she caught by the table. Turning her eyes, with a dying glance, towards Lady Mayhew, she murmured faintly, "Aunt!" Both Lady Mayhew and Eleanor were springing to her side; it was only in time to receive her lifeless form, as she fell fainting into their arms.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STRANGE VISITANT.

The sudden swoon into which Caroline Ashburton had fallen, considerably alarmed Lady Mayhew.

"She is so unused to such things," she said, to Eleanor, "though never very strong."

The usual restoratives were quickly applied, and in a short time Miss Ashburton revived. Directly as she recovered herself, she requested to be led to her own apartment, and there, saying that she wished to be entirely alone, dismissed every one, and locked her door. Lady Mayhew returned to Eleanor, with a serious face.

"I never knew Caroline to faint, except once, before," she said, "and that was when she was visiting the Morrisons, at Oakham, seven or eight years ago. The doctor and his wife returned at evening, from a brief journey they had made that day, to find her lying insensible upon the drawing-room floor, where it seemed she must have fallen immediately on entering from the garden, for her hat and shawl had not been removed. The domestics said she had been out walking. But that is the only time, I think, until now, that she has ever fainted since she has been with me—eleven years, now."

"Eleven years?—she became an orphan, then, at the age of thirteen?" observed Eleanor, inquiringly.

"Exactly—thirteen, poor child!" answered Lady Mayhew; "and she is four-and-twenty now."

"You must have learned, in all this time, to love her as you would your own child."

"Indeed, I have; you are right, my dear Eleanor. Never could a daughter be more dear to me than Caroline. She is not less noble and amiable than she is beautiful; and one scarcely knows which to love the most—the loveliness of her mind, or the grace of that winning countenance to which it imparts so indescribable a charm. O, Eleanor, would indeed that she might be my daughter!" Lady Mayhew sighed deeply.

"You wish it, then?" said Eleanor.

"Ah, wish it?—yes! And Edward—I may tell you, Eleanor; Edward loves his cousin—loves her hopelessly; for she denies him encouragement. The slightest word or look of his, betraying to her the feelings that he is too unhappy to repress, seems to give her pain. She turns from the affection he offers her, yet it is with a sorrow—a melancholy that I cannot comprehend. As a child, she was ever cheerful and happy hearted, and was so for a long time after she first became an inmate of my household. For some years past, however, her manner has been marked by a gentle seriousness, an appearance of subdued quiet, that has caused me some concern, since it seems unnatural in one so young. I have endeavored in vain to dissipate it, for at times—indeed, it often assumes the character of actual depression. Since the discovery of my son's attachment, this depression has increased a thousandfold. The knowledge of this affection, as it gradually opened to her, seemed to strike her with unhappiness. I remember the first time she heard of it from his lips. She came to me, whiter than those flowers you hold, and with a look that was agony itself, she threw herself at my feet and buried her face in my lap, refusing all my attempts to raise her. That night, I heard her pacing her room from hour to hour. She never closed her eyes to rest. Watching and in sorrow, the dawn found her there. Since that time she has worn an air of melancholy that seldom leaves her; that has the most sorrowful signification for Edward; for it tells him that his attachment is a hopeless one."

Eleanor listened; seriously—attentively—with feelings of the deepest sympathy and compassion.

"Why is it, I wonder," she said, half musingly, during the silence that followed Lady Mayhew's words, "why is it that she manifests such excessive emotion, at the discovery of an affection which, if she cannot reciprocate, must naturally move her less than this seems to have done?"

"It is beyond my power of comprehension," uttered Lady Mayhew, slightly shaking her head, "except she does, indeed, return his affection—as your words would seem to suggest, and as I myself, I confess, have this moment begun to think possible. But *is* it possible? Can she return his affection, and yet refuse to reward it? There is, as she is aware, not the slightest obstacle to their union. She is assured of the happiness it would afford me to welcome her as my son's wife and my daughter. How, then, if she loves, can she refuse him?"

Eleanor was silent. She had said to herself, the night before: "Caroline loves her cousin." Now, she hardly knew what to think; and yet that first impression would return. They went down stairs together, and in the hall encountered Edward, who, after a moment's conversation, asked his mother where Caroline was.

Lady Mayhew informed him that she was not quite well, and would not be visible for some hours, she believed. He lingered a moment, looked somewhat disappointed, and then went out again. Lady Mayhew sighed, and accompanied Eleanor to the library.

"My dear," said she, as they entered there, "living, as you have done, I find, so near to a certain place called Briarfield—"

"Briarfield?" echoed Eleanor, involuntarily, with a slight blush: then she hastily added: "I really beg your pardon—pray proceed."

Lady Mayhew smiled.

"I was only about to say, my dear, that you must be acquainted, I think, with a family of the name of Latimer—some people whom I admire very much, and to whom I was introduced, through Dr. Morrison, last week. They reside at Briarfield, some fifteen miles from here."

It happened that Eleanor had, for some reason, refrained from the mention of Hugh and Mary, during her recital to Lady Mayhew. Now, she repaired the omission by acknowledging the friendship existing between them. Lady Mayhew was much pleased.

"I like the family exceedingly," she said. "Miss Latimer is certainly a lovely girl. Her aunt I find one of the most attractive women of my acquaintance, and Mr. Latimer, the brother, is such an one as I would recommend to the warmest regards of my son, as a friend and companion. And, by-the-way, my dear Eleanor," she added, "they are coming over this week, so you will, if you choose, have an opportunity of seeing them."

Coming over! The suggestion of this unlooked-for happiness filled Eleanor with delight for a moment. Then, as the thought of Hugh presented itself apart from that of his sister and aunt, a blush of embarrassment, timidity—of almost pain, and yet something strangely sweeter than pain—mantled in her pretty cheek. She shrank from meeting Hugh Latimer now.

Lady Mayhew regarded Eleanor, unobserved, with a curious glance, for a few seconds. Then an almost imperceptible smile dimpled her handsome mouth.

"My dear," she said, presently, "do you think they are aware of your being here?"

"Indeed, dear madam, I can hardly tell what to think," answered Eleanor. "It may be that my dwarf friend Pequin has told them—or perhaps Harry Longworth; but otherwise I do not see how they would gain information."

"If they do not know, their surprise will be all the pleasanter."

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of Edward Mayhew, and it soon flowed into other channels; but it was indifferently supported. Edward, though courteous and agreeable, as was his wont, yet found his thoughts often wandering away to his cousin. Eleanor, on her part, was thinking both of the recital which Lady Mahew had given her this morning—one which interested though it did not surprise her, since she had already guessed the attachment of Edward for Caroline; and of those at Briarfield; thinking, for the fiftieth time, what must be their surprise on learning the fact of her sudden flight from Ashby, and whether the cause had become known to them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT RUINS IN CALIFORNIA.

Elisha Hughes, a resident of Santa Clara, California, writing to the Scientific American, under the date of May, 1856, says: "He recently had an opportunity of examining some ancient ruins, lately discovered, about six miles east of Santa Cruze. They were nearly buried up in a sand-hill. He also found twenty-three chimneys, with their tops peering above ground. These chimneys are round, and vary in diameter from four to twelve inches. They are made of sandstone, and were filled up with loose red sand. The stones of which they are built are cut circular, and cemented together; stamping on the hill, it emitted a hollow sound, indicating vaulted chambers below. A tunnel is now being run in under the hill; at first it was attempted to sink a deep shaft, but the sand came in too fast upon the miners. Who built these structures no one can imagine. They appear to be thousands of years old. A large yellow pine tree was growing on the top of the hill. The number of years required for the sand to cover up these houses and form the hill, before the seed of this large tree germinated, could not be less than two thousand years.—*Boston Ledger.*



BETCHUANA WAGON LEADER.

SKETCHES IN AFRICA.

We present on this page a series of spirited sketches, depicting types of the people of the southern part of Africa. All that relates to this great continent is interesting. A cloud of mystery has brooded over Africa from remote ages. Its whole interior is a region almost unexplored by the white man. Civilization has dwelt upon its borders and obtained a certain foothold here and there, but the greater portion of the continent is given up to barbarism and darkness. In the close vicinity of the settlements wild beasts yet roam in alarming numbers. The lion makes his prey of the dark child of the forest; huge serpents trail their noisome length among the underbrush. Over vast tracts of land herds of elephants roam at will. Strange birds and strange animals people the solitudes. But a little way has the veil been lifted which hides the interior of this great continent. Our sketches, however, deal with a portion that is pretty well known—the Cape of Good Hope. Bartholomew Diaz discovered the extremest southerly point of Africa in 1493, but was unable to effect a landing on account of the fury of the sea—hence he gave it the name of *Cabo dos Tormentos*—the Cape of Storms. John II. of Portugal changed the title to *Cabo de Bona Esperanza*—Cape of Good Hope. It was first doubled by Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese navigator. The Portuguese, however, never effected a permanent settlement here. It remained for the Dutch, whose long voyages rendered it necessary for them to establish a convenient watering place for their ships, to colonize the cape. This they did in about the middle of the 17th century. They gave the cape settlement almost its present limits, by reducing the Hottentots to slavery or driving them beyond the mountains. The natives of Southern Africa may be divided into two distinct families, the Hottentots, and the Betchuanas, Beutchuanas or Bushwanas, to whom the Caffres are related. A specimen, perhaps not a very pleasing one—of the Beutchuana family, forms the subject of our first picture, the "Beutchuana wagon leader." But if nature has not been very kind to these people in the matter of physiognomy, she has made amends by giving them good figures. The Beutchuanas are not so tall as the Kaffirs, but their forms are more elegant. Their skin is of a brown tint, between the shining black of the negro and the yellow color of the Hottentots. They surpass the Kaffirs in civilization and the arts of life. Though under the government of separate chiefs, who are often at war with each other, these tribes are united by language, manners and customs. They are inquisitive and intelligent, have no settled occupation, yet are always active. They live principally on the curds of milk and the produce of the chase, exhibiting both adroitness and daring in the pursuit of game. They rarely kill cattle, and exhibit a most singular repugnance to fish. Their dress is made of the skins of wild animals captured in the chase. They are fond of ornaments, and men as well as women wear rings and bracelets of ivory and brass. Some of their towns are large. In 1821, Campbell estimated the population of Kurrechanee at 16,000. The houses are neat and airy, and generally built of a circular form. They manufacture their own weapons, possessing great skill in tempering iron. Their offensive and defensive arms consist of a *lassagay* (javelin), which they throw with great precision, and use in lion hunting a shield and a club. Polygamy is practised among them, and the wife is the slave and the drudge of the husband. The delicate attentions which, in civilized communities the ruder sex pay to the fairer, are utterly unknown among them. When a young man, who meditates matrimony, has collected a dozen oxen, he exchanges his cattle for his first wife, and immediately sets her to work to build a house. She fells the trees, shapes the timber and constructs their abode. This being accomplished, she is set to work to build a stable. Marriage with her is the commencement of a very busy life, for she has now to perform the in-door and out-door work—to attend to the cattle and to cultivate the fields. Domestic duties and agricultural pursuits are too ignoble employments for the aristocratic male. War and hunting only are worthy to occupy his time. As soon as he can afford it, the Beutchuana buys a second wife, who, in like manner, must build a house and stable, and cultivate a garden.



AMAKOSA FINGOE MAN.



CAPE WAGONER TAKING SNUFF.

European costume. He is refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, but instead of applying it to his nostrils, fills his mouth with it. The African love of finery is displayed in the inordinate quantity of plumage with which he has decorated his hat. We could not find room in our engraving for all of his whipstock, which is of cane pole and is of prodigious length—and no wonder, for a glance at a heavily loaded "Cape wagon," with its interminable train of oxen winding their way across a vast plain at the base of the mountains, shows the necessity of a long lash to keep the animals in order. A Fingoe woman with her dress of sheepskin, and an Amakosa Fingoe man, with necklace and ear-ring, complete this series of illustrations. The Amakosa Fingoe man belongs to a tribe rescued by the British troops from the bondage of the Kaffirs, in the war of 1834—35. They have ever since enjoyed perfect tranquillity and freedom, in districts allotted to them within the pale of British dominion. The history and condition of this people excited very great interest. It appears that "Fingoe" is not their natural appellation, but a reproachful epithet, denoting extreme poverty and misery—a person having no claim to justice, mercy, or even life. They are the remnants of eight powerful nations, which have been destroyed or driven out of their country by the destructive wars carried on amongst the natives of the interior. These nations being broken up and dispersed in the surrounding country, many of the people who escaped fled from time to time to the westward, and thus came into collision with the Amakosa Kaffirs, but principally with the tribes of Hintz. Here they were received by that chief as entirely dependent on his mercy and generosity, and were suffered to exist on the tenure of the most abject slavery. This state of bondage at last became intolerable, and its victims embraced the opportunity afforded by the British invasion of Kaffir-land to throw off the yoke and seek protection from the English. This persecuted tribe have demonstrated their gratitude for the protection which was granted to them, in every possible manner. Crime is scarcely ever heard of among them; the men make excellent herdsmen, and the women good house servants and nurses; they are alike active, willing and faithful Their costume is similar to the Kaffirs.



FINGOE WOMAN.

Honesty, loyalty and courage are the virtues they chiefly venerate. They have an idea of a soul, and believe in an invisible Lord of nature, the sovereign Dispenser of good and evil, whom they call *Mourimo*. They divide the year into thirteen lunar months, and distinguish the planets from the fixed stars. Christianity has been introduced among them by missionaries, and with it some degree of civilization. To the Hottentot family belong the Bojesmans, or Bushmen, the Koraoas and the Namaquas. The first European colonists on the cape found them filthy and indolent, and treated them as if they were beasts, but the Moravian missionaries developed in them capabilities for some degree of civilization. They were found not to be radically deficient in ingenuity and industry. They are of medium height, very thin, with high cheek bones, thick lips, small, half closed eyes, woolly hair and a wild expression. They dress in sheepskins. Their villages are called *kraals*, and are a circular cluster of beehive shaped huts woven by women. The Kaffirs or Caffres are a handsome and vigorous race, naturally peaceable, but capable of fighting savagely, as their recent wars with the English, who have permanently occupied the Cape of Good Hope since 1806, amply testify. The Beutchuana wagon leader, alluded to before, and sketched from the life, is of a tribe, the remnant of what was once a very powerful and warlike nation, similar to the Fingoes bordering upon Natal; but, consequent upon internal wars and intrigues of neighboring clans, were almost decimated; the few that remain have chiefly taken up their abode in the colony. The men, as well as the women, are employed as wagon leaders (foreloopers), herds, and other menial occupations. Their inanity of character, simplicity of manners, and inoffensive career, place them in the scale of commiseration amongst the colonists. They proved themselves faithful and valiant soldiers during the last war, and worthy of the trust imposed upon them. Their clothing, like that of the Fingoes, consists of a sheepskin *kaross*, and a red woolen nightcap, procured from a trader for a few horns or a hide. Their only offensive weapon is a *knob kerrie*, or stick with a round knob at one end, which they can hurl with great precision, and bring a rider to the ground whilst galloping away. Another engraving on this page is a full length of another African wagon leader, in a half



KAFFIR WOMAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAKER AND MASTER OF LIFE.

BY CALE DUNN.

In the season of sorrow
There came unto me,
As gentle a being
As ever may be;
And this was the song that she caroled for me:
"When trouble hath driven all joy from thy breast,
Look to heaven, and pray for its hallowed rest."

In the season of gladness
There came unto me,
As loving a being
As ever may be;
And this was the song that she warbled for me:
"When gladness reigns queen o'er thy peace-favored breast,
Remember that He alone makes thee so blest."

In the season of sickness
There came unto me,
As smiling a being
As ever may be;
And this was the song that she warbled for me:
"When sickness afflicts with its agonies rife,
Remember that He is the Master of life."

In every season
There comes unto me,
As holy a being
As ever may be;
And ever thus—ever thus sings she to me:
"Remember thy God in every strife,
For he is the Maker and Master of life."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COQUETTE:

—OR,—

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

BY HENRY HACKETT.

In one of the rural towns in the State of Maine, there resided a man by the name of Simon Middlebury. Mr. Middlebury had been married over thirty years, and had been blessed with twelve children. He had given them what education the advantages of the place afforded, which were few compared with those of the present day. The young hopefuls made commendable improvement under their limited means, with the exception of his son Walter, who could not, or would not, keep up with the rest of the children in their studies. Scolding and whipping did no good. Walter contrived, term after term, to be the same dull, stupid scholar. If he could play truant, or spend the day in roaming through the woods or about the ponds, with his fishing-rod or gun, he was in his element. In this way Walter grew up till he was fifteen years of age. The boys would call him lazy bug, beetle bug, weezle bug, and numerous other kinds of bugs, till sometimes poor Walter did not know whether he was Walter Middlebury or somebody else.

Among the girls at school he was the object of all their merry games and jokes, and not unfrequently he would march proudly home by the side of some roguish girl, to the great amusement of her companions behind. Of the number who thus amused themselves at his expense, was Lizzie Weston, a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of sixteen. Now, Lizzie was a kind, generous, good-hearted girl, but did many things which her better feelings told her she ought not to do. But she was the light and life of her gay companions, and while with them she was queen over all.

On one of the occasions referred to, Lizzie was the last one whom Walter escorted home. As they were walking leisurely along, Lizzie became quite sedate, and commenced talking with Walter in a very sober and meditative way, all of which he listened to with the greatest attention. At length she said:

"Why do you think that all the girls are so attentive to you, Walter?"

"Because, I suppose, they like me," said Walter, laughing.

"No, that cannot be the reason," said Lizzie, "for if they liked you they would not make such sport of you, truly."

"Sport! Lizzie; who do you mean that makes sport of me?"

"Why, all of them."

"All; perhaps you may be mistaken," replied Walter, quite earnestly.

"Who do you except, Walter—Carry Lee?"

Though Lizzie meant nothing in earnest in this remark, she noticed by the sudden color which rose upon the face of Walter, that she had touched upon a matter that he had supposed was entirely unknown to any one save himself and Carry, and he said:

"Carry Lee?"

"Is it not so, Walter?"

"Is what not so?"

And Walter avoided the inquisitive look of his fair inquisitor.

"Have not some of the girls who have so foolishly frolicked with you in our rambles, made you believe that they loved you? Has not Carry Lee told you that she loved you, and made you believe she was sincere in what she said?"

Walter had never dreamed there was such a thing in the human heart as deception, and never really knew what it was to be imposed upon. From his childhood he had scarcely for a day been from home, and in *that* little home-world everything was so real and matter-of-fact, that he received what little knowledge of human nature he possessed. He was at a loss, it is true, to understand why all the girls seemed so fond of him, but he was content that it was so.

Walter hung down his head, kicking the dirt with the toe of his shoe, without saying a word. Lizzie again repeated her query.

"Come, Walter, tell me truly. Am I not right?"

"Yes," said he, timidly.

Though Lizzie was suspicious that this was the case, she could not seriously suppose that any of the girls would carry the joke so far.

"I thought so," she at length replied, evidently surprised that her supposition was correct. "Now, Walter, tell me all about it, and I will not play naughty with you any more."

Lizzie had always been the foremost to plague and tease him, and he thought if he could win her over on his side, he should be accomplishing a great feat. An opportunity was now presented, and he embraced it. After some hesitation, he said:

"I promised not to tell."

"I suppose so," said Lizzie; "but to be frank with you, Walter, I'm afraid Carry is trying to make a fool of you, or in other words, that she is imposing upon you. What did she say?"

"She told me that she loved me dearly, and asked me if I wouldn't love her."

"Ah! when did she say this to you, Walter?"

"O, a month ago, or more."

"And has she told you since that she loved you?"

"Yes—lots of times."

"Did you believe her?"

"Yes."

"And do you love her?"

"Yes—very much."

"Now, Walter, suppose what she has told you is not true—that she has been hoaxing you all this while; should you love her then?"

"Love her? No! but you do not really think such a thing of her, do you?" said Walter, looking up very anxiously into Lizzie's face.

"I don't know, Walter; stranger things than that have happened, you know; and young girls as well as older people are up to their tricks sometimes."

"I know that, Lizzie; but Carry has told me so many times how much she loved me, that I cannot believe she does not really mean it. But I wish I knew, now that *you* doubt it."

"Well, Walter, I think I can put you in a way to test her sincerity. Are you willing to do as I advise you?"

"Yes, anything to convince me."

"Well, then," said Lizzie, "you know that at the great picnic which is coming off next month, all the young folks in the village intend going. Now, to-morrow, you ask Carry, privately, if she will be your companion on that occasion, and let me know what she says."

This was what Walter had been wishing to do ever since he heard there was to be a picnic. The party would have to ride several miles to the festive grounds, and to have Carry for a companion on such an occasion, was what he greatly desired. And that he might be in season, he very readily told Lizzie that he would do as she requested. If she accepted the invitation, he thought it would settle the matter at once in his favor.

The next day, as usual, Walter took his walk home from school with the young ladies. As Carry was entering the garden-gate to her home, Walter, as though wishing to pluck a rose from a bush in the garden, entered at the same time that Carry did. While he was looking about for one that was full-blown, Carry came up, and handed him a bud just opening into life, saying, at the same time:

"Here, Walter, is a bud that will soon be a full and beautiful rose—take it; it is illustrative of my love for you."

Walter received the gift, and, looking Carry earnestly in the face, said:

"You *do* love me, then?"

Carry noticed the earnestness and sincerity with which the question was asked, and she manifested some hesitancy in giving a decided answer; but she replied:

"Why, yes, *to be sure I do*; is it not a beautiful bud?"

"Yes, very beautiful," observed Walter; "but its promise of becoming still more beautiful and lovely is much greater, I think, than your love for me."

"Why so, Walter?" said Carry, not seeming to comprehend his meaning.

"Because, when I ask you if you really and truly love me, you reply, '*Yes, to be sure I do!*' The rosebud *will* blossom—therefore the illustration is not a good one. I did not expect such an answer, Carry, after what you have so often told me."

And the tears stood in Walter's eyes.

"O, now don't be so foolish, Walter; you know that I love you."

And she took the bud and tastefully arranged it in the buttonhole of his vest, telling him to wear it for her sake. Walter was almost persuaded to believe from this little incident that the suspicions which he a moment before entertained, were groundless. He therefore resumed his wonted cheerfulness, saying:

"I came to ask if you will accompany me to the great picnic next month?"

"O, yes, that will be delightful! Such a nice long ride and along such beautiful scenery. Now, I'm sure, Walter, you can doubt me no longer; and to give you a still stronger proof of my sincerity, I will invite you to call at our house to-morrow evening, when we will arrange the preliminaries of the excursion."

At that moment Carry found some convenient excuse for not being able to tarry longer. She hastily wished Walter good-by, and hopped away, singing merrily as she went. Walter left with a light heart; and as he wended his way homeward, he was truly happy in the thought that the one he really loved gave her love in return. On his way he met Lizzie, who had watched from her window his coming.

"Well, Walter, what did Carry say?"

"She said she would go," replied Walter.

"I suppose you talked of some other matters, Walter. You are sure now that Carry loves you?"

"Yes."

And in the fullness of his heart he revealed to her all his conversation with Carry, not even omitting the expression of "O, yes, to be sure I do."

"I hope, Walter, you will find her as true as she promises to be; but I fear otherwise. I shall await anxiously until your visit to-morrow evening. It is not curiosity alone that prompts me to be so much interested in this affair, but a real desire for your own welfare, Walter."

"Why, Walter, what in the world are you fixing up in your Sunday clothes for, I should like to know?" asked his mother, as he was preparing for his visit to Carry Lee's.

"Why, can't a fellow put on his own trousers when he wants to, I want to know?" responded Walter, very smartly.

"No, Walter, them trousers I made on purpose for you to go to meetin' in; and if you should tear or spile them, what will you do?"

"I don't know, mother; but I must wear them to night, spoil or no spoil—tear or no tear!"

"Why, Walter, my son, what is the matter with you? Where are you going?"

But Walter was too busy in adjusting his toilet to pay much heed to what his mother said; and he continued whistling to himself in a very happy way. In a few moments his little brother Ben, six years old, came running in, and seeing Walter dressed up in his best clothes, ran up to him and said:

"I know where you are going, Wall."

Walter considered small boys at that moment of but little consequence, and therefore did not deign to notice his brother.

"Where is he going, Benny?" asked his mother.

"He's going to see Carry Lee—I know he is, for I seed him talking at her yesterday down in her garden; and I sawed her give him a beautifuller rose, and stick it in his waistcoat."

Having delivered this speech, little Benny sat down on a cricket beside his mother, watching Walter very earnestly. His mother thought there must be some truth in what Ben said, and she walked up to Walter, and taking him by the arm, said, with a serious look:

"Walter!"

"Ma'am."

"Walter, my son."

"Well, mother."

"Is it true, what Benny has said?"

"Even so, mother."

"Why, my child, what has put such a thing into your crazy head. Depend upon it, that girl is making a fool of you."

But Walter would not listen a moment to what his mother was saying; and after having "fixed" himself in what he considered proper trim, started off on his evening's business. As he walked along he thought of the happiness that was in store for him, and he could not help thinking to himself that his love for Carry was fully reciprocated. Punctual at the time he arrived at Carry's house, and was received in the usual free and social manner by the family of Mr. Lee. They had always considered him as a very quiet boy, and rather inferior in mind to the other boys in the neighborhood, and therefore gave him greater liberties than they otherwise would. And as Carry had said nothing of the reason of his present call, they looked upon it as one of his usual visits, and laughed and joked with him as ever. An hour or two passed in this way without anything being said in relation to the picnic. In fact, Carry gave him no chance to broach the subject unless in the presence of the whole company, and this he did not wish to do. At length he rose to depart, and as he was accompanied to the door by Carry and her sisters, he requested Carry to walk down to the garden gate with him, which she laughingly consented to do. They were walking slowly along when Walter said:

"Have you arranged all for the ride? Cannot we take your little sister Lucy with us in the chaise—she will be so delighted with the ride? I should very much like to have her go."

"The ride! why, Walter, you don't think of going to the great picnic, do you?"

"Think of going! Why, what do you mean, Carry? Did you not promise me yesterday that you would go with me?"

"Yes, Walter, I told you so, I believe, but I supposed you considered it all a joke."

"A joke, Carry; I cannot believe that you have been deceiving me; yet what am I to suppose when you told me as a suspicion crossed my mind that you were not sincere in your professions of love for me, that as a proof it was not so, you were delighted at the idea of accompanying me on the excursion?"

"Really, now," said Carry, stepping back, and assuming a very dignified and haughty manner, "I perceive you are getting quite serious about the matter. Why, I never for a moment thought of going with you!"

The thought of what Lizzie had told him, and the casual remark of his mother, flashed at once upon Walter's mind, and he was not therefore entirely unprepared for the conduct of Carry; and he instantly replied to her:

"And have all the professions of love that you have heretofore made for me, been nothing but a mere whim of yours? O, Carry, say that you love me."

And he advanced toward her, extending his hand; but she withdrew farther from him.

"Love you! If you have been silly enough to believe so, you

are a greater dunce than I ever took you to be. It may be that among the thousand things I have said to you in my thoughtless moments, I have told you so; but to really love *you*—a poor, dull dunce of a boy, would be the most ridiculous thing in the world! No, Mr. Walter, you must look elsewhere for your lady-love."

And she turned to go into the house, when Walter said:

"Miss Lee, I acknowledge that I have been silly enough to believe the words you spoke to me, were true—that you did love me; but it seems that I was deceived. I have also been dunce enough to love. I own, too, that because of this, I have suffered myself many times to be laughed at and jeered at in as severe a manner as you have now done; and I have as often resented those insults, because I believed you incapable of playing the hypocrite. But I regret it not; it is better that I should learn your true character now. You have artfully played the game—it remains to be seen who comes off winner. I am poor—I know it as well as you; and dull, and if you please, a dunce; but I am young, and you have taught me a lesson that I shall hope to profit by. At least, it has been a useful one, though severe. I envy not a heart like yours. I leave you, but not in anger: your baseness has overpowered that, and pity has taken its place."

Carry, whose back was turned upon Walter when he commenced addressing her, listened with no little surprise to the manner and style of language in which he addressed her. It was very different from that which she had been accustomed to hear from him; and she remained fixed to the spot, unchanged in attitude, and in such deep reverie that she was not aware, until looking up, that she was alone.

Walter, while on his way homeward, weighed well in his mind the events of the evening and the cause that led to them. He had heard from Carry words that mortified him, and yet he was disposed to acknowledge their truth; but while he did this, his resolution became more fixed that he would overcome them. His ambition was aroused. Carry Lee should see the day that the love of stupid Walter should not be scorned.

Hitherto the intellectual faculties of Walter had lain, as it were, dormant. It had been sufficient for him to play with the eddies and catch the froth on the stream of life; but there was an undercurrent; it needed the shock which his sensibilities had received to arouse into action the latent energies of which he was the unconscious possessor. An entire revolution in his manners was immediately commenced. The change was readily perceived by every one, and by none more wondered at than by the teacher of the district school. It was sometime before the girls could account for his refusing to accompany them as usual from school. Lizzie, however, had been made acquainted by Walter with the cause—but she kept the secret to herself. But the mystery was soon solved, and by Carry, too, in this wise.

Walter, on account of illness, had been excused from remaining in school till the close of the afternoon session. On his way home he sat down by the roadside to rest. He was overtaken by the young ladies, who commenced questioning him in regard to his recent change of conduct. Going up to him as he was walking slowly along, one of them said:

"Come, Mr. Walter, we insist upon it that you tell us why you have so neglected us of late. We all of us feel quite offended with you."

"I am very sorry," replied Walter, "if I have given you occasion for being offended with me. I am unconscious of having wronged you in any respect. I beg that you will tell me in what way I have given you offence."

"In not favoring us with your company home—we feel very much slighted."

Walter well comprehended the meaning of this remark, and noticed the ironical expression of the speaker, and he said:

"I should not think you would consider it much of a favor, or imagine yourselves in the least slighted by not being seen in company with a poor, dull dunce of a boy!"

This reply somewhat surprised them, but they were continuing their inquiries, when it was observed that Carry had left the company and was hurrying forward as fast as she could. The girls soon came up with her. They perceived at once that something unusual was the matter with her, so they demanded an explanation. Carry, rather than have it known that any secrecy existed between her and Walter, as the girls noticed there evidently was, revealed the whole matter to them. Although the estimation in which they had held Walter, and the manner in which they had treated him, was anything but flattering to him, they looked upon the conduct of Carry as most despicable, and she had the satisfaction of seeing that her acts of deception were justly appreciated by her companions, besides the mortification of knowing that the matter would be universally known, and she as universally laughed at and despised. Walter, ever afterward, was treated with respect and attention.

At the close of the term, Walter was taken from school, his father requiring his services on the farm, the elder boys having been apprenticed to trades. But the taste for knowledge which Walter had acquired, was none the less abated after his leaving school. He devoted what leisure time he had to study. His father, who had for some years been apprehensive that his son was wanting in mental capacities, perceived with delight the great change that had recently taken place, and he gave him all the time he possibly could, to prosecute his studies.

Five years had passed, and still Walter was found assisting his father. He had in this time fully redeemed the resolution he made when Carry Lee called him a dull dunce of a boy. By his own energies and industry he had made himself perfect master of all the branches of a common school education, and had made himself familiar with many of the languages. No opportunity, thus far, had presented itself for him to study navigation, a knowledge of which he very much desired to gain. He therefore addressed a letter to an uncle in Boston, asking his assistance in this branch of his studies. His uncle, who was extensively engaged in mercantile affairs, was pleased to learn that his nephew had been thus interested in acquiring an education, and lost no time in communicating with his brother, and urging him to encourage Walter; and as he had a "hard row to hoe," as he expressed himself to his brother, he offered to pay the tuition fee and other expenses of his son, if he could be spared to attend school for a while in the city.

In due course of time Walter arrived at his uncle's in Boston, and immediately entered upon his studies at school. His uncle found him to be possessed of superior abilities, and he soon became fond of his young protege. He was, perhaps, at first a little rustic, withal, but this became gradually dispelled, and he shone among the most brilliant scholars in his class. His uncle spared no expense in giving him an education, and he had the satisfaction of seeing that his exertions were well repaid. Though he was not educated within the walls of a college, his indomitable perseverance which he had thus far exercised, and the increased facilities now placed at his command for pursuing his studies, placed him at the age of twenty-five in a position in the literary world where few of his years could excel him; and as he reviewed the past ten years of his life, he could not but wonder how in that time his position in life was changed. From the "dull dunce of a boy," he was conscious of having attained a respectable and honorable place in society; and the resolution he made on the memorable night that he invited Carry Lee to accompany him to the picnic, he felt as though he had faithfully fulfilled.

Mr. Middlebury, having watched with satisfaction the progress of his nephew thus far, felt an earnest desire for his future happiness and success in life. His business was pressing upon him, and his close confinement thereupon had impaired his health, and he saw the necessity of finding relief from the tedium of his business. His confidence in the integrity and ability of Walter was ample, and he therefore proposed to him that he would enter the store in the capacity of a clerk. This proposition was not at first seen in a favorable light. He had a higher ambition for a literary education than was here presented; but when he thought what his uncle had done for him, and saw that he could never have become what he was without his kindly assistance, and as he witnessed his declining health on account of his incessant application to business, he could not refuse his dear uncle's request; and he cheerfully assented to it, and immediately entered upon the duties of his new office.

The proficiency that Walter made in business affairs soon relieved his uncle of much anxiety and labor, and he found that he could devote considerable time to travelling and other means for the improvement of his health.

Walter remained in his uncle's store two years; and in this time he had learned much in mercantile matters which was useful to him. Mr. Middlebury was quite an extensive owner in merchant and freighting vessels, and had invested large amounts in goods for exportation and importation. This business had for the last year been for the most part entrusted to Walter.

In the spring of 1847, two years after Walter had been in the employ of his uncle, Mr. Middlebury had just finished building the splendid ship Edward. The first voyage she was to make was to Peru. Her cargo was to consist of dry goods, provisions, and such other articles as were considered the most saleable, and was to receive in return such products of the place as might be thought the most valuable for the home trade. Mr. Middlebury had given unusual attention and care to the selection of his goods to be sent out in the Edward. He had two reasons for this. He was desirous that the first cargo should compare favorably with the beauty and splendor of his new ship; and he also wished that the one who was to superintend its sale should take a pride in offering such a cargo to purchasers; and for the superintendence of this important trust, he had selected in his own mind his nephew. As the time drew near for the sailing of the ship, he made known to Walter his intentions. Though it was an office which he much desired, Walter feared to assume the responsibility, and wished to be excused; but being strongly urged and encouraged by his uncle, he consented.

On the 15th of September, 1847, everything was in readiness. Walter had received the necessary instructions. The Edward was got under way, and with a fair breeze and amid the loud and hearty cheers of a multitude of spectators, she left the port of Boston, to risk the perils and dangers of the first voyage of ocean-life. She proved to be a ship of superior strength and speed; and after a voyage of a little more than three months she arrived with her crew and cargo safely at the port of Callao.

Walter's knowledge of the Spanish language enabled him at once to introduce himself to the traders of the place, and it was but the work of a few days before he had disposed of the cargo entrusted to him to good advantage, and had engaged for a return cargo the fine wool of the *vicunna* (a sheep of the Andes), wines, sugar, bark, etc.

In the course of a few weeks the Edward was ready for the homeward voyage. While tarrying at Callao, Walter made the acquaintance of several officers of the merchant vessels who were trading at the ports on the Pacific. He was anxious to view the different places of interest on the coast, and if he could so arrange his business, he concluded to avail himself of one of the many invitations to visit those places after the clearance of the Edward. He made known his wishes to the captain, who favored his plans. Walter accordingly sent duplicates of his bills of sale and invoices to his uncle, in care of the captain, and also letters apprising him of his voyage up the Pacific, and promising a speedy return. After getting everything in readiness, the Edward was freighted and set sail with a fine westerly breeze for the port of Boston.

After the sailing of the Edward, Walter [illegible] making preparations for his voyage. By the politeness of the captain, he took passage in the brig Atilla, from Maine, which was to make a voyage to California before she returned home. This was a place Walter had long wished to visit, not that it contained any matter of peculiar interest, for, on the contrary the place was, until the year previous, when the American flag was first raised by Commodore Sloat, in a very wretched state. But he had an ardent desire to visit a place so famous in history, which was discovered by the celebrated conqueror, Cortes, and said to have been visited by Sir Francis Drake, in 1578.

The Atilla arrived at San Francisco about the last of January, having disposed of her cargo at various ports on the way. During the voyage Walter had made the acquaintance of the officers; and with the captain and second mate, who were natives of Bangor, Maine, his acquaintance grew into the strongest friendship. He assisted the captain very materially in the disposal of his cargo, as he was well acquainted with the Spanish language and could better deal with the Indians and Spaniards in the traffic of goods.

Walter, together with some half dozen of the officers and crew of the brig, desirous of seeing that section of our newly acquired territory, and wishing to see some of the places of interest pointed out in such glowing style by Colonel Fremont, prepared themselves for a trip into the interior. In their journeyings they visited Captain Sutter's fort, and while there, information was received that Marshall, who was building a sawmill some fifty miles above, had discovered rich veins of gold. As may readily be imagined, the party, in company with Captain Sutter, immediately started for the mill, where they found that gold did exist in large quantities.

Here was a chance for Walter to try his luck; he therefore proposed to the captain and his other friends of the Atilla that they should remain a few days in that vicinity to prosecute gold digging. Two of the company therefore returned to the brig for a supply of provisions and the necessary conveniences for commencing operations. On their return they "prospected" for a short time, and finally stationed themselves about four miles below the mill, on the "American Fork," and it proved they were not unfortunate in the place they had chosen. From the time of the discovery of gold in California, in no section has the metal been found more abundant than on this stream. Governor Mason, in his official letters to government speaks of two men who took out from this plain $17,000 of gold in a few days.

Walter and his companions remained about two weeks, and during that time they had collected a large amount of the metal in lumps and dust, and conveyed it to the vessel.

The Atilla, having disposed of her cargo and reloaded with hides, etc., started on her return voyage. On her arrival at Panama, Walter entrusted his business to the captain, crossed the isthmus, took passage in the barque Ann at Gorgona for New Orleans, from whence he took passage in a packet ship for Boston, where he arrived about the first of May, before the arrival of the Edward. He narrated to his uncle the good success he met with in the disposal of the cargo of the Edward, and with what he had reloaded her. Mr. Middlebury was highly pleased with the result, and promised Walter that he should be well rewarded for his faithfulness and good judgment. Walter then gave him an account of his trip to California, and the result of his journey there; but his uncle, though having heard, by vague rumors, of the discovery of gold in that section of the country, gave but little credence to them, and he therefore advised his nephew not to count too largely upon the "heap" of dirt that he had dug there and foolishly brought away.

In about three weeks after Walter's return, the Edward arrived, safe and in good trim. By this voyage Mr. Middlebury realized a profit of ten thousand dollars; and for this extraordinary success he was indebted to his nephew's excellent management.

Walter had not been home since he left, many years before, and obtained leave of absence for a while to visit the old homestead. His appearance, both in deportment and conversation, contrasted with what it was when he left, very naturally caused no little surprise. Among his old acquaintances and schoolmates, none was more observant in noticing this change than Carry Lee; and she seemed very desirous to renew the acquaintance. But her frequent calls at his father's for this purpose, did not produce the desired effect. Walter invariably avoided her company when he could do so.

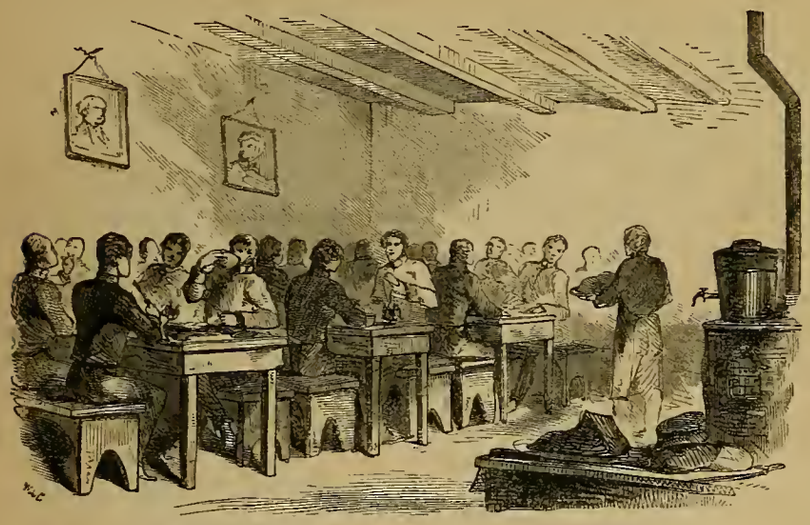
There was one, however, whose company Walter often sought. From the time he first left home, the many friendly counsels and good advice of Lizzie Weston became too strongly impressed on his memory to be forgotten, and he was happy that an opportunity was now presented when he could thank her with a grateful heart for what she had done for him.

One day, after Walter's return to Boston, Carry and Lizzie met. As may be expected, their conversation partook somewhat largely concerning Walter. Carry, wishing to ascertain the truth of the rumor of his engagement to Lizzie, asked her if it was so—if she really loved him. Lizzie, laughing, readily answered:

"*Why, yes: to be sure I do!*"

The effect of this reply was too plainly shown on Carry's face to pursue the inquiry farther, and the subject was at once dropped.

Walter is now a partner in one of the most successful mercantile firms in Boston. And in one of the pleasantest suburban towns of the city, surrounded by all the enjoyments of life, reside Walter and his own Lizzie Weston, happy and respected; while Carry is yet in the "market," deeply lamenting her youthful coquetry.



MESS-ROOM OF THE MARINES AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

MARINE BARRACKS, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

The engravings on this page were drawn for us expressly by Mr. Champney, and represent the interior and exterior of the Marine Barracks at Charlestown, Massachusetts. The command at this time consists of one lieutenant-colonel, two lieutenants, six sergeants, four corporals and seventy-five privates. The Charlestown post is considered to be a model military one in every respect. The exemplary conduct of the men is particularly noticeable. They enjoy all the privileges which can be extended to them, keeping in view their obligations to the public service. Only very rarely is it found necessary to have resort to punishment, and that of the mildest kind. The provisions furnished are abundant, and of the very best quality; and the system of messing is so conducted, that the "mess-room" affords all the comforts of a well-regulated boarding-house. Our first engraving exhibits the interior of the mess-room, with the men at dinner. The room is clean and neat, and furnished with substantial tables and benches. The cooking-stove and dresser on the right are indicative of good cheer. Probably there is no military service in the world in which the privates fare so well as in that of the United States. They are comfortably lodged, fed and clothed, and the officers they are required to obey are men of education and character. Having seen how their meals are served, let us next take a glance at their quarters for the night, which forms the subject of the second picture. The bedsteads, it will be perceived, are iron frames, turning up to the wall on hinges, and thus occupying but little space when not in use. Above each man's bedstead on a shelf are his knapsack and other traps. In a part of this room is a gun-rack filled with muskets. A gallery runs round the apartment, and other beds are seen on the second story. A sergeant and some of the privates are grouped together in the apartment. The third picture of our series exhibits the barrack-yard and drill-ground—a spacious enclosure planted with trees, having the barracks running along one side of it. To the left a sentinel is seen mounting guard. The corps are drilling by squads, and are going through various manœuvres, while a group of ladies and gentlemen on the right is watching their evolutions. Under the trees may be seen a small battery of guns. These guns, now performing silent duty on the parade-ground, have "done the state some service." Like many of the veterans under arms when our artist was sketching the picture, these guns were employed upon the plains of Mexico, and contributed their share to the victories of the American arms. The marine corps is an important branch of the public service, though we believe Jack still persists in holding it in contempt; and still refers every Munchausen of a story-teller to these fine fellows for credulous listeners. But after all, there is more humor than sober seriousness in these professional jealousies. When danger comes, and the common enemy assails the flag, soldier and sailor rush side by side to meet the foe. The marines at the navy yard are fine-looking men, and are admirably drilled; they may be relied upon to do good service when occasion calls. The various arrangements of the yard are characterized by skill and judicious management.

FLYING FISH.

Another gale, and the ship practising the polka. Sun veiled for two days since we entered the tropic. As the captain and I were conversing just within the cabin door, something came flashing between us and dropped upon the floor—a flying fish allured by the lamp. Nearly killed by the blow, it died before a bucket of water to put it in could be drawn. Others came on board during the night. Such is the velocity of their motions, that a portion of their nose or scalp is left wherever they strike; marks are numerous on the ship's sides. But for its wings, I should have taken the stranger for a mackerel. From the nose to the extremity of the tail is twelve inches; the longest side of each wing seven. The lower lobe of the tail, prolonged beyond the other no doubt, to facilitate the act of springing from the water. The wings, enlargements of pectoral fins, have their translucent membrane strengthened by rods or rays, which diverge with the expanding surface, and, still further to distribute their support, each one becomes split about half way up the wing, and the two branches, after spreading apart, become in like manner divided as they approach the margin. As we approach the flying fish latitude, flocks of from twenty to a hundred spring up as the ship ploughs in among them. They seem to take the air for pleasure, as well as to escape danger—groups and individuals being observed leaping and making short trips as in mere wantonness. They fly low, seldom mounting higher than six or eight feet; but they have the power to rise and fall with the heaving surface, and to change their direction laterally. While the greater part of a group goes off in a right line, individuals turn aside and pursue different courses, just like birds disturbed in a rice or wheat field. Sometimes you are ready to swear they are swallows skimming along for flies, so strongly do they, in certain lights, resemble them. When going in a direct line from you, their black backs are foreshortened and their wings in relief. In some positions the flattering of these organs is distinctly visible, resembling trembling plates of mica. The distance they pass over varies with the impulse that rouses them. While some descend not far from you, others, more timid, dart far away. The ordinary flight of a group may be averaged at two hundred feet, but some proceed four or five times that distance. I have seen single fish pass over three hundred yards. 22d.—Air and ocean alike in temperature. I cannot detect the slightest change in the thermometer when plunged into the sea. Sea-birds flattered round, and occasionally flying fish diverted us. In making off, some took to leeward, and others went directly against the wind; some kept along parallel with us, and were occasionally canted half over by the wind blowing against their sides. Examples of progress by successive bounds and of varying their course when in the air occurred. Each flock follows a leader, and when he changes the direction of flight, the rest conform to it. Everywhere they are darting out of and playing over the liquid furrows, obviously enjoying themselves as they spring from wave to wave. There is no watching them frisking over the green, uneven surface, without reverting to wrens and linnets in their native meads. Voice only is wanting to perfect the illusion; but, though terrestrial glades resound with vocal melody, the ocean has no songsters.—*Ewbank's Brazil.*



SLEEPING APARTMENT OF THE MARINES AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.



YARD OF THE MARINE BARRACKS, CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

DUTCH VESSELS.

The engraving herewith presented, not only conveys a good idea of Dutch naval architecture, in the representation of the tub-built and clumsy vessels which they still build, but a pleasant notion of the quaint old city of Amsterdam, with its gable-ended houses, its pointed roofs, and little, antiquated windows. Though the Dutch still build some fine vessels, yet they are, generally, behind the age in naval architecture, and instead of originating models, seek them from other countries. We have seen some of their barques, built after American models, which could hardly be distinguished from Yankees. Yet the Dutch at one time bade fair to be the masters of the sea. They pushed their adventurous voyages to the remotest quarters of the globe, and in the 17th century, their ships of war were a terror even to England. Every one remembers how boldly Admiral Van Tromp spread his canvass in the British Channel with a broom at his mast-head, thereby delicately intimating his intention of sweeping the British from the face of the ocean. But those days have gone by, and in maritime affairs the Dutch have been outstripped by many other nations. For the origin of naval architecture, we must go back to a very remote period of time. There is perhaps not a nation on the face of the earth ignorant of the mode of making a vessel capable of floating on the surface of the water—if we except some few tribes in the interior of a country. Nor can we tell, with any degree of clearness, which among the nations of early times had not such knowledge. Charnock, in his valuable "History of Marine Architecture," says: "It would be a fruitless attempt to investigate, not merely the first inventor of marine architecture, but even the country or quarter of the world from whence the science derived its birth or origin. The remote distance of time, aided by the hyperbolical fictions of poets and historians, renders the attempt absurd, and even ridiculous, because the result of the inquiry cannot produce any decisive determination. It may be conjectured that the active, inquisitive spirit of enterprise, constitutionally, as it were, implanted in our nature, displayed itself at one and the same time in a variety of quarters and districts; for the primitive ideas of men dispersed over the face of the globe, unconnected with each other, and totally ignorant even of each other's existence, appear in such perfect unison as to invention, that they extremely well warrant this supposition." Some of the earliest vessels, of which we have any account, were those constructed by the ancient Egyptians to navigate the Nile. They appear to have been small planks cut out of the Acantha, or Egyptian thorn. These were not cut into lengths like planks, but into pieces nearly square, and measuring about three feet each way; they were lapped over each other like tiles, and fastened together by a number of wooden pins. This mode of construction was found sufficiently strong for the purpose to which it was applied, without the assistance of any internal frame or timber. The hull of the vessel being thus formed, a sufficient number of seats or benches for the accommodation of the rowers were added; and when the joints or seams were carefully caulked with the papyrus, so as carefully to exclude the water, the vessel became ready for immediate use. These vessels, however, were almost incapable of stemming the current, and were generally towed against it by persons on shore, unless the wind proved sufficiently strong or favorable for the proposed course to enable the sail to be substituted. It is a very probable conjecture that the first form of the boat or vessel in most countries was the *raft*—a collection of trees or logs rudely fastened together with ropes, formed most probably from the bark of the very trees which constituted the raft, or from some other coarse material. Experience would soon teach the navigators that they were deficient in the power of directing such a fabric, so as to be certain of reaching their destination in spite of winds and currents. To remedy this defect, a simple addition was contrived of thick planks thrust down into the water between the logs, and answering the purpose of a keel. Such was probably the precursor of the boat or ship of our day. The Alpha of shipbuilding was the raft; its Omega is the clipper. No nation has yet been able to rival those of American construction.



DUTCH VESSELS AT AMSTERDAM.

SCENE AT S. BOSTON BRIDGE.

The spirited local scene which forms the second engraving on this page, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney. It requires but little explanation. The fishing boats, laden with their scaly prey, have just hauled in, and the lucky fishermen are disposing of their wares to an eager crowd that throng upon the bridge. Fresh fish thus obtained are a cheap luxury. The fishing season commences in April and continues till October, the business being followed by professional fishermen. They go down the harbor and return with the tide. They no sooner make fast, than they are beset by a crowd of eager purchasers, and readily dispose of their cargo. The Irish population of South Boston avail themselves largely of this mode of supplying their tables, on account of cheapness, as good cod and haddock, fresh from the ocean, can be had for two, three and four cents apiece. The fish mostly caught are cod, haddock and flounders. Many persons doing business in Boston, and living in South Boston (mostly mechanics and laborers), on their return home at night, take home some of these fish. The scene on the arrival of the boats is really animating.



SCENE ON SOUTH BOSTON BRIDGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I DREAM OF HAPPY HOURS.

BY ENNA LINDEN.

Last night I was a happy child,
And gamboled o'er the lawn,
And revelled 'mong the fragrant flowers,
That open with the dawn;
I chased the light-winged butterfly,
Through hollow and o'er hill,
And rambled in the wild woods,
So shady and so still.

I plucked the ripe, red berry,
I sought the streamlet's brink,
And with a broad green leaflet
Dipped water up to drink;
I saw the brown and yellow frog,
And watched the spotted trout,
As from beneath the mossy bank
He swiftly darted out.

I hunted for the robin's nest,
Within the dwarf pine tree,
And peeped with curious, eager eyes,
Her bright blue eggs to see.
I sought amid the fallen leaves,
The glossy acorn ball,
And wondered how the old oak tree
Could grow so large and tall.
I marvelled, if to other eyes
The earth so grand could seem;
wakened, and, alas! to find
'Twas but an empty dream.

O, would I were a child again,
With happy, careless heart,
Untouched by sin or worldly care,
Or sorrow's painful smart;
Unburdened by the heavy load
It wearily doth bear,
That 'twould so willingly lie down
In death, if rest were there.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SUMMER WATERING PLACE.

BY W. C. GOODNOW.

DISGUSTED with faded flowers and flounced flirts at Saratoga, Newport and Rockaway, I, who (tell it not in Gath) already spy gray threads in my mustache and dispose my hair artistically to hide the deepening crow's-foot on my temple, having heard my friend Bitemsly descant rapturously on the beauties and wild solitude of Scatuskyaskillcat Falls, entered the cars and left Babylon behind me, en route for Scatuskyaskillcat. After a two days' journey, I was stopped in the woods near dusk, where on a shingle was painted the one momentous word, Scatuskyaskillcat. All the falls visible were those made by my valise, as, having dropped from my hand, it rolled down stone after stone into a little hollow, where a little smoke rose from the little chimney of a little house. I followed my valise. "David!" cried a woman who darned a stocking on the doorstep, "here'm a man!"

"Well, whatem if there be?" screamed a little shrill voice on the third octave of C.

"'Spose he wants to be took in!" answered she.

"Good heavens! my good woman," I groaned, "I'm taken in enough now. I only want a lodging and a bowl of milk, as I presume this is your hotel."

"Swer it is," she replied; and now, "Dav'd," a little wizened man, with three spires of tow on the crown of his head, bustled through the door, gave the old lady a kick, and said in the former pitch of voice, "Walk in, stranger! darn it, walk in!"

Considering that the oath might be a local custom, equivalent to the ancient "Peace be with thee," I complied.

Introducing me to an apartment the size of a bathing-tub, my host said, "Here's your room, stranger, darn it is! and it's a room finished fourteen years ago come Wensdy fornit, or my name aint David Davis."

Remarking that it was a very good room, what there was of it, although like Foote's wine, rather little of its age, I asked the way to the falls.

"Falls? Whatem falls?"

"Guess he means where Charlty tumbled down and caught her dress onter a hook," suggested Mrs. Davis.

No, I didn't mean that. I meant falls, waterfalls, cataract, cascade, none of which words were comprehended; but when I said river, brook, water—"O!" screamed David, raising his voice a key higher, "Charlty! here!" and a fat girl about sixteen years old, with snarly hair clotted upon her dirty face by the combined forces of molasses and gravel, rolled into our presence.

"Show this feller the spring. Guess he wants to wash his face. Wall, 'tis rather dirty, and *you wash yourn at the same time!*"

After scrambling ten minutes through a brush-heap, I came where a barrel was sunk in the earth, and was filled by water that dripped, with a little splash, from the mouth of a spout projecting from a small heap of stones, and fell the space, by rule measurement, of one foot and two inches, with the immense volume of a teaspoonful at a time. Happiness is a rainbow, and the pursuit of it folly; but my pursuit of Scatuskyaskillcat was infinitely worse, for there was not even a rainbow to this truly wonderful and unique "fall," and inwardly cursing Bitemsly, I turned away, leaving Charlty at her ablution, and resought mine inn.

Notwithstanding the approaching shower, I am ashamed to say that I lost my way, and wandered round, through the untrodden byways of this desolate country for the space of half an hour; at last, down pattering came the big drops, and completed my wretchedness. The rain-storm had overtaken me, a leader of the *ton*, rusticating in the heart of the country for pleasure, forsooth. Linen was a rag, nankeen soaking, Leghorn dripping—where should the weary dove find rest?

On a slight eminence stood a shed, clapboarded and painted yellow, which was quite an improvement on the "hotel." Knocking at the door, open it flew, and introducing my request for a temporary covering, the housewife within really wished she "had a rambrilly for me," and bade me be seated; rather a difficult task, I found, as there were but two stools in the room, and both of these wanting in the necessary complement of legs. However, balancing a stick of wood upright on one end, I became established on the other and qualified to join the Ravels, by my efforts to preserve equilibrium.

I was determined to make the most of my opportunities for observing the varieties of housekeeping in Scatuskyaskillcat. Meanwhile the lady of the shed was tossing round the evening meal, with one or two broken pieces of crockery and some scanty viands spread on the bare table, one missing leg of which, like my own seat, was supplied by a stick. After inviting me to partake, which offer I declined, "Jake!" screamed she. Instantly through another door an old man shambled in, followed by a very ragged little girl, who, as she could not shove by him, tumbled in through a broken panel, at the same time another hopeful insinuated herself by a considerable struggle through an open window-pane. A half dozen more, plunging from all manner of intricacies, down the ladder from the loft, from closets, cellars, corners, and under the bed, ranged themselves with pushes and blows round the table.

"May the Lord bless this food!" said the old man, biting off a piece of cold potato, at the same time endeavoring with strange vibrations to sit on one of the two-legged stools, and using his fore-finger as a butter-knife, he spread his bread with it.

"I say, Bill," muttered one of the urchins, "lend me your knife."

"Esther's gort it," muttered Bill, with his mouth full.

"Esther, you pig, give it here."

"I wont," said Esther. At this the borrower gave her a kick, beneath the table, that sent her stumbling backwards, which she returned by throwing the knife with so true an aim as to land it fully in the piece of bread and butter he was thrusting into his mouth.

"I say, marm!" cried he, bursting into tears, "it's darned mean if a feller can't eat his dinner over, without—" and running fiercely round to Esther, he was about to execute summary vengeance, when old Jake cried out, "Sal, there, part them young 'uns."

"Ha, ha, Jake! Let the little dawvles fight!"

However, the "little dawvles" had ended their contest by Esther's proving quite the boy's match, and the latter returning to his repast sufficiently crestfallen, while old Jake continued scooping out the butter with his crooked finger.

"Where's the beets, marm?" asked Esther.

"Law sakes, I forgot! I sot Assenath Ann a-watching them bile out in the shed. Assenath! Assenath Ann! Assenath Ann Frost!" she shouted.

A little imp with black elf-locks and an exceedingly dirty face (which latter seemed to be peculiar to this Scatuskyaskillcat atmosphere), answered the summons.

"Is them beets biled?"

"Biled? Yes."

"How'd you know they be?"

"Wy, to be sure they are. The water's all done biling and cold 'nour ago."

"Blockhead!" said Jake. "Bring 'em here. Sal, what yer got such mighty strong tea fur?" he asked, as Assenath Ann disappeared.

"'Taint strong."

"For my part," continued Jake, oblivious to her reply, "I like my tea so strong 'twill bear up a egg, but I don't like it so strong a dog could walk over it and not slump through."

"Miss Chubbick lent me this. Might as well have strong tea as strong rum!" retorted Sal, just as little Assenath Ann returned with the beets hard as rocks. Jake, indignant at the insinuation, seized one and threw it at the conjugal head. Sal instantly tossed her boiling hot tea, cup and all, across the table into her partner's face. Jake, like a gallant husband as he was, returned the favor, at which, Sal, snatching the saucer, threw it behind the back-log. The children, early in the combat, took sides; one little "well-spring of joy" pulling his father's cue almost out of the paternal head, and another inserting her teeth into her mother's arm with all conceivable violence. Cup after cup flew into Sal's face, and not to be outdone, saucer after saucer went behind the back-log, till the table was completely bare, when with an overpowering crash, down went that useful article of furniture, hiding Jake beneath the ruins.

At this important juncture of affairs, the rain having abated, I made my adieu, and when at the foot of the hill, looking back on this miniature Sodom and Gomorrah, saw Sal thrusting old Jake head first, he vigorously kicking to the last, through a window broken for his exodus. This little experience taught me there were people beyond the Davises in Scatuskyaskillcat, and I did not wonder that they, *par excellence*, kept the hotel. After great difficulty, and when it was quite dusk, I re-entered their domicile. A bowl of milk stood on the table awaiting me, from which my hostess with her fingers picked one or two floating specks, that resembled an insect called by Virginians, *chances*—by scientific men, *cimex lectularius*—by heathen, bed-bugs. I need not say what became of the milk.

While I was repairing my loss of supper by a cigar, David entered my room.

"Don't do that, stranger," said he, "don't. It minds me of my carnal days—darn it does—afore I had religion."

In a short time I gathered from Mr. Davis's conversation, notwithstanding its semblance of profanity, that he now *had* religion. Far be it from me to treat lightly any sincere feeling, but I really met with this man, and he really thus harangued. "Darn, stranger!" he said, in his highest pitch of voice, "I was no whar without religion, darn I was!"

At nine o'clock mine host left me to such somnolence as the mosquitoes, etc. would allow; for if one mosqnito danced one hornpipe on my benighted flesh that night, a million danced five hundred altogether. With the gray peep of dawn I rose and went out. Mr. Davis was endeavoring to administer corporeal punishment to his wife Debby, who turned the tables and put him out door. In fact, I concluded that woman's rights were pretty well understood in S. She had just accomplished this triumphant feat, when I entered.

"Morning, stranger," she said. "Have to jump round spry, if yer going in the rail-cars, I swer. They come along pretty quick."

So saying, she took down an animal that *strongly* resembled a cat, but which she *as* strongly, and that was saying a good deal, averred was a rabbit. "This rabbit is pretty well smoked, *I* swer; hung in the chimbly this ten days. Orter be tender."

My olfactory nerves had already assured me of the fact.

While the good dame busied herself in sundry gastronomic preparations, she was quite voluble. In the course of conversation I alluded to and complimented her upon her superior skill in the late contest between herself and husband. "Thar 'tis again," she said, planting her fork upright in the table. "Didn't see nothing of the kind, did ye, stranger? I swer! I don't see what folks say Dav'd and I quer'l fur, when Heaven knows we aint spoke fur a year!" Just at this moment the approaching cars gave a shrill whistle; I threw a bill on the table, left the alliterative Dav'd and Debby Davis, and if ever I set foot on Scatuskyaskillcat ground again, may I die of swamp fever, that's all.

It is mortifying to confess that I met my friend Bitemsly in so vulgar a vehicle as an omnibus, shortly after. I meant to eat him. He was not to be eat. "Bit? eh?" said he, with a laugh and a nudge. Bit indeed! Never mind, my man! I've a pretty cousin coming from *Maryland* this summer, and we'll see who is "bit," then!

MEAT AND VEGETABLES.

In an elaborate paper by Dr. Londe, of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, Paris, recently read before its members, he lays it down as a fundamental principle in the philosophy of diet, that the use of fresh meat daily is necessary to the working classes, although he admits that persons leading a comparatively idle life may do very well on fish, poultry, and other lighter forms of nourishment. In support of his opinion he produces the following conclusive fact: In 1841, the Rouen Railway Co., of France, having conceded the making of their line to English engineers, the latter brought over a band of English laborers, who performed one-third more work daily than did the French. The latter were put upon a meat diet, similar to that of the English, and in a short time were able to accomplish the same amount of labor.—*Scientific American.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION OF AN AMERICAN SQUADRON TO THE CHINA SEAS AND JAPAN, UNDER THE COMMAND OF COMMODORE PERRY, ETC. By FRANCIS L. HAWKES, D.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 8vo.

Commodore Perry's expedition to China and Japan, in the years 1852, '53 and '54, was one of the most important ever undertaken by this government, and it is difficult to set too high a value on its probable results. The commander executed his difficult mission most admirably, and it was fitting that a record worthy of the enterprise should issue from the American press. From the ample material furnished by Com. Perry, Dr. Hawkes has compiled an excellent, interesting and detailed narrative; while the publishers have displayed the greatest liberality in illustrating the work by numerous engravings on wood and steel, after the designs of Mr. Heine, the accomplished artist of the expedition, whose ability we have already commented on, and by maps and charts beautifully drawn and engraved. We have now a complete picture of a strange empire and a strange people; their manners, customs, religion, policy and arts are depicted with fidelity, while the story of the ernise possesses all the interest of a romance. This splendid volume may be obtained of Redding & Co.

THE WANDERER. A Tale of Life's Vicissitudes. By the author of the "Watchman," "Old Doctor," "Lawyer's Story," etc. New York: E. D. Long, 121 Nassau Street. 12mo. pp. 377.

The reputation of the author of this story will cause it to be sought for with avidity, nor will any one be disappointed in its perusal. It is a picture of life in many phases and many sections of the world, crowded with character and replete with interest. The dialogue is spirited and natural, and the story is brought to a close in an ingenious and happy manner. We predict for this romance a run equal to that of the "Watchman."

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, ETC. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 181.

Though Macaulay's reputation will rest on his histories and essays, still, the "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Ivry" and the "Armada," all embraced in this elegant illustrated volume, show that, had he chosen, he might have won as proud a name in poetry as he has in prose. His "Battle of Ivry" will be remembered and quoted as long as the English language lasts.

THE MODERN STORY-TELLER. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 324.

A collection of capital stories, thirty or forty in number, most of which are out of print, and now collected for the first time. A capital book for summer reading. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Co.

HELEN LINCOLN. A Tale. By CARRIE CARROL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 308.

This modest title is given to a pleasant and interesting domestic story, indicating in its author an aptitude for narrative fiction. For sale by Redding & Co.

MEMORIALS OF HIS TIME. By HENRY COCKBURN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 442.

A work invaluable to the students of modern English history. It presents the reader with an inside view of the great political movements of the present century in Great Britain, with familiar sketches of the actors therein. It is not encumbered with dry discussion, but is enlivened by the introduction of many illustrative anecdotes. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN. By CHARLES LEVER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

With all his exaggerations, Dr. Lever is one of the best novelists of the day; and these pictures of Irish character and life, united together by an interesting story, will be quite as popular, we venture to predict, as even "Harry Lorrequer." For sale by Redding & Co.

THE HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE FROM CHAUCER TO SAXE. By J. PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 689.

With unwearied industry the editor of this work has ransacked the stores of English literature, rescued these gems of humor from oblivion, and arranged them with admirable taste. The work is a perfect treasury of classic fun, and cannot fail to be welcomed warmly by the million, while it will not be unacceptable to those who are "nothing, if not critical." For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BOYHOOD.

BY "RAY HUMBOLDT."

Black clouds have shut around, and night
With utter loneliness of darkness come
To blind and bar about the little light
That disappointment's sorrow left to roam
To my sick spirit. When hopes glowing bright,
All wont to be the guiding stars of life,
Have set, what else may cheer the laughing
Than a loved past?
There was a time when joy
Could call me all her own—
Love knew no base alloy,
Ambition knew not but his will should throne
The skies if he commanded, and alone
I would have sworn, in spite of every care,
A world to bear,
And so felt stronger for the promise—thrilled with joy
At the vast work before me, for—I was a boy!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DICK HARDY'S CHEST.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY RALPH TUTON.

"Well," said my uncle, laying aside the evening paper, which he had been vainly endeavoring to read, "since you young barnacles are determined to stick to me until you get a bit of a yarn, I suppose I must gratify you. But do you think it just the thing, you cubs, to make me set aside this paper just as I have got fairly under weigh with it? If I had a bite of that clothes-line in your yard, I think I could treat you to something more to your good."

As I was one of the "cubs" addressed, and perfectly understood his humor, I said nothing, but quietly placed a spittoon near him, which always served as a signal to bring to light his old turtle-shell tobacco-box—and I even fancied I could tell the precise length of his tales, by the quantity of cavendish which, on such occasions, to use his own expression, "he stowed away in his larboard cheek."

"When I was little more than sixteen," he began, "after having safely weathered the whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox and other dangerous points of childhood, I was brought up with a round turn by the sea-going fever; and although my father proscribed the rod and hard work freely, with many other mild remedies of pretty much the same nature for several months, yet I was pronounced incurable, and as soon as the arrangements could be made was packed off for sea. Determined I should have leisure to repent the trouble I had caused them all at home, he succeeded in shipping me for a voyage to the East Indies, hoping that long before my cruise was ended I should be heartily sick of everything that pertained to shipping.

"The ship was not quite ready for sea, for she was just off the stocks, having been built expressly for this trade. I was allowed, however, to go on board the next day, where the shipkeeper at once commenced my initiation into the drudgeries of shipboard. We had no Donald McKays then to knock out for us any of those fleet-footed clippers which are now so famous. But still she was a beauty, nautically speaking; and her young master, Dumaresq, as he thought of her sharp ends, long floor, breadth of beam, and heavy but graceful spars, had reason to be proud of having the command of a vessel that bid fair to rival in speed any ship from the States. I will pass over my dock experience, which was a tedious matter to me, and will not interest you.

"One day, as I was on the wharf assisting our second mate in receiving our ship stores, I saw a weather-beaten specimen of our calling approach the captain, who was conversing with an old sea-going friend of his, and respectfully touch his hat. He was neatly rigged out in a suit of fine broadcloth, with a heavy gold chain slung about his neck, and I noticed upon his tar-stained and sunburnt fingers several rings of considerable value; all this contrasted strangely with his rusty figure head, which bore the marks of long service rather than dissipation. He asked the captain if he had shipped all his hands, to which he replied that he had not.

"'Ah, Dick,' said the other master, 'so you still net your own shipping-master, and steer clear of the landsharks?'

"'I try to, sir.'

"'Well, my old seadog, if you and my friend Dumaresq do not agree, you know where my ship lays; and all I can say to you in that case is, choose for yourself in what capacity you will ship, and I shall be content.'

"'Thank you kindly, sir, but I have had a kind of an eye to this ship, even before she left the stocks, and have taken a fancy to go in her, that is, if the captain hasn't a mind to the contrary.'

"'After what my friend has said, I do not think we shall disagree,' said our captain.

"Some further talk ensued, and on the next day he was duly shipped with wages several dollars a month higher than the going rate. After he left the wharf, Capt. Peters, the friend alluded to, said:

"'You have just engaged one of the best seamen in our merchant service—an eccentric fellow, or he would prefer the quarter-deck to the forecastle; for I assure you that he is a capital officer when he sees fit to ship as such. He has also a snug property, which his prudent habits have helped to accumulate, and in almost every ship he sails takes a 'venture. This Dick Hardy has great influence over the crew; but the only ill-temper he ever displays is when some thoughtless fellow scratches or mars his chest, which he always carries with him, and which he guards as carefully as he would a mistress. In fact, it becomes a by-word in every ship he sails, and anything that is not to be touched or meddled with, the sailors think they use a strong expression when they say, that it must be as 'sacred as Dick Hardy's chest.'

"When we were fairly to sea, and I had paid the usual tribute to Neptune and the fishes, and become able to balance myself on my pins, I sought to ingratiate myself into the notice of this singular man, whose favor I would have rather secured than the captain's. Besides, I had great curiosity to know the history of this strange chest, which was regarded by the crew as a mystery. My first efforts in this respect were only rewarded by an occasional 'Get out of the way, you lubber;' and this was about the only notice he took of me for some time.

"One day the mate, just to keep me employed, gave me some odd bits of cordage to splice together, but did not condescend to teach me the process. It was while I was toiling and fretting over this job, the marlinspike doing more execution in wounding my hand than in properly parting the strands, while the men were laughing at my perplexity without offering to help me, that Hardy came to my side, and placing his rough hand upon my shoulder, said:

"'Bear up, my little hearty. Rome wasn't built in a day, and'—turning to some ordinary seamen who were making sport of me—'lubbers need not put on the airs of seamen who have only made one or two voyages at most.'

"This silenced their jibes, and he kindly instructed me until I could splice as well as the best. From that day he assumed a sort of fatherly dictatorship over me, and taught me various kinds of knots and capstan embroidery. If he was exacting, he at least protected me from the ill usage of the men. One night, during the mid-watch, I ventured to allude to the chest, and desired to know its history. He looked thoughtful for a few moments, but at length, after having made me promise to be silent with the crew upon the subject, he consented.

"Now this chest was nearly five feet in length, and in shape nearly resembled the hull of a Dutch galliot. It was built of English oak, and secured on the outside by heavy bands of burnished copper, which Hardy kept as bright as a new penny. The bottom was convex, with rounded ends, while the sides fell in with a curve, making the top much less in breadth than the bottom. The woodwork was neatly varnished and water tight; in fact, it was a cumbrous yet curious affair, and Dick always made it a part of the conditions of his shipping, that he should be allowed to carry his chest.

"He cast his eye aloft to see that everything was snug—for the second mate being sick he had command of the watch—after which he reeled off as follows:

"'When I was still a youngster, and had only made a few voyages, I shipped in a Baltimore built brig bound for the coast of Africa. I never like to revert to this cruise, for it was the first and last time I ever lent a hand to such business. We were armed like a privateer, and a precious cut-throat crew we had.

"'The second mate was a Swede, who had spent all his days in smuggling and trading in Guinea live stock. He was every inch a sailor, but a rough customer to any delinquent from duty. He took a kind of fancy to me, and I am indebted to him for many useful lessons in seamanship. He was also very superstitious, and frequently told me that he had a presentiment that he would never see the end of this cruise.

"'Our voyage was nearly up, when one day, while performing some duty aloft, by a careless movement his foot slipped and he fell heavily to the deck. We caught him up, stunned and bleeding, and carried him to his berth. When his senses began to come to him again, he complained of his leg, which was broken, and of suffering internal pain. We had no surgeon on board, but fished his damaged spar in the best manner we knew how. From the first he told us that this was his last voyage; and though thankful for our attentions, he persisted that it was no sort of use, for in a few days at most all he would require would be a couple of shot at his heels and a burial service.

"'At his request the captain allowed me to devote a large portion of my time to him, and I did everything in my power to make him comfortable. Before he died he divided his kit among the crew, but to me he gave the empty chest, which he said was of more value than I had any idea of. He made me solemnly promise never to part with it until I was satisfied that I knew its full value; and further told me, that if I kept the chest and steered clear of liquor and landsharks, it would be my own fault if I was not a rich man.

"'I was not particularly pleased with this gift, for I thought the Swede had greatly over-estimated its worth—besides, it was so bulky, that I hardly knew what to do with it; but when I thought more seriously upon his words, they made a deep impression upon my mind, and I became convinced that there was something in or about the chest that I had not discovered. So during my watches below I kept up a regular investigation, when I could steal a few moments free from the observation of my shipmates.

"'One night, while our watch were snoring away at the rate of nine knots, we having all had a hard day's work, I again renewed the search, although as badly used up as the rest, for the mystery of this chest haunted me even in my dreams. This time I was in luck, and the meaning of the Swede's words was made very plain; for as I was passing my hand about on the inside, I touched unwittingly a secret spring. The false bottom flew up, and what I saw brought me up like a ship shivering in the wind, so great was my astonishment. I'll be hanged if I should have felt more surprised if I had dove into a nest of rattlesnakes.

"'This false bottom was about an inch thick, and the part exposed was wadded in order to prevent any sound of hollowness, if strange hands were meddling with it, and fitted so snug into its place, that to this day not so much as a sign of a seam can be traced. I carefully closed the lid and I made sure that my shipmates were all snoring soundly, and then proceeded to overhaul my discovery.

"'Well, my hearty, what do you think I found there? Why, fathom upon fathom of the choicest silks, which, as I unfurled, let me into a nest of Spanish doubloons of more than one hundred in number! When I had told these over and over again, I forced back the bottom into place, secured the bolts, and rushed on deck in a perfect typhoon of excitement. It seemed to me all a beautiful dream which had faded into the salt mists around me.

"'Again I plunged into the forecastle to make sure that I had not been deluded with a vision; and when I became convinced that all was real, I sought the deck again, where I passed the night, watch in and out. I dared tell no one of my treasure, for my life would have been anything but safe if I had. You know that a man is easily got rid of at sea; and the simple report on the ship's books of "lost overboard," if it had a tongue, would in many cases, reel off a fearful yarn.

"'But this is neither here nor there. I made the voyage, kept my secret, and when we landed our miserable, half-starved cargo of human niggers on the south side of Cuba, I slipped my cable, and cut clear of the disgusting trade. I found no difficulty in getting rid of the silks, from which I realized a very considerable sum. This was stowed away with the rest in my tight locker, and I began to consider myself quite rich. But instead of throwing my money away in strong drink and foolish fancies, I became ambitious to add to my store.

"'In a few days I got a berth on board a brig at Havana bound for New York as second mate. I shipped on my own account a few hogshead of molasses, which upon arrival sold at handsome profit; and after placing the bulk of my money in safe hands, I again shipped for a long voyage. Year by year I have been adding to the amount ever since, until, thank Providence, I can look old age in the face without fear.

"'This is why I take such good care of the old box; besides, I generally have stowed away in it more yellow boys than I care to have every crew know. Even at this blessed moment, I have one hundred sovereigns there well dunnaged in cotton, which I intend to operate with when we arrive.'

"This is the story of Dick Hardy's chest," said my uncle, reaching out his hand for the paper, but after a moment's pause, added, "and the sequel will show that I owe my success in life indirectly to it. When I returned home, after stopping several weeks with my parents, I went to pass a few days with old Dick at his farm on the banks of the Penobscot. He had bought a beautiful yacht, and glorious times I had I assure you. His aged mother and married sister resided on the place, while his brother-in-law carried on the farm for him.

"As time passed on I began to aspire to the command of a ship; but having no relative to secure such interest for me, promotion looked rather squally and uncertain. I confided my trouble to Dick in a letter, who had left off going to sea, and received in reply intelligence that astounded me. He had purchased a quarter interest of a new barque at Portland in my name, which was waiting for me to take charge. Bless his kind old heart, he is still living, rich and respected; but if it had not been for him, your uncle doubts if he would now be in command of one of the sauciest clipper ships that floats."

RADISHES.

We are frequently taken to task for the war we have waged upon this worse than worthless vegetable. For fifteen years we have not permitted one to grow in our garden, or to disgrace our table, and we have found the advantage in pursuing this course, in the improved health of our family. Man is the only animal that will eat a radish, raw or cooked. The sagacious hog will starve before he will eat the poisonous trash. Crude radishes are the most indigestible food that can be taken into the human stomach, independent of the acrid, poisonous substance they contain. "But they do not hurt me," exclaims one. "I can eat them with impunity, and with a relish." But, dear reader, do you not have the headache, or a bad breath? Have you no doctor's bills to pay? A radish eaten in the spring may cause a fever in the fall. If any one doubts the poisonous qualities of radishes, let him cut in thin slices three or four, and soak them in water for twelve hours, and then taste the water. Our word for it, they will never taste another radish. As a watchman upon the horticultural tower, we cannot commend the culture of a vegetable that we know to be injurious.—*Soil of the South.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

We present on this page an excellent likeness of William T. Porter, Esq., editor of the New York "Spirit of the Times," drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Charles Barry, from an admirable photograph by Meade Brothers, New York. The subject of our sketch occupies a prominent position among American journalists, and his paper stands alone and unrivalled among its contemporaries. Its speciality consists in its devotion to the interests of American field-sports, to racing, hunting, fishing, and all sorts of manly outdoor exercises. It is also a record of the American stage, a liberal portion of its columns being devoted to theatricals. Field-sports and the drama abroad also receive due attention in the "Spirit." But it is not alone as a sporting speciality that it appeals to public patronage. It has from the outset maintained a classical literary reputation, numbering among its contributors some of the brightest names in American literature, while its correspondents hail from all parts of the world. As an editor, William T. Porter appears particularly adapted for the post he fills. We know not how his place could be supplied if it were vacated. The editor, like the poet, is born—not made. Neither the training of schools, nor the experience of the world would fit an individual for the editorial chair, if he did not possess those innate qualities, that tact and that instantaneous and intuitive perception which are required in the profession. Since the inauguration of the "Spirit," other journals on the same plan have been started, but they have all languished and failed from the lack of the peculiar talent requisite in their conductors. The subject of our sketch was born in Vermont, and received a good education, which he improved by assiduous self-culture. Of his brothers, the eldest, Dr. T. O. Porter, was a gentleman of rare literary attainment, and of vigorous intellect. Some ten or twelve years ago, in connection with N. P. Willis, he started in New York a weekly literary paper called the "Corsair," a journal of marked ability, and which would have met with great pecuniary success, had not its projectors at an early period abandoned their enterprise. Dr. Porter was a constant contributor to the "Spirit of the Times." He died a few years since, lamented by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. Another brother, George, also a man of brilliant intellect and extraordinary ability, a polished, ready and sparkling writer, was, for some time, connected with the "Spirit." He left it for the "Picayune," and died in the city of New Orleans, some five years since. The youngest brother, Frank Porter, was formerly connected with the revenue service in New York, then a valued attaché to his brother William's paper, and finally, on the death of George Porter, for some time local reporter of the New Orleans Picayune. Failing health induced him to visit Europe, in the hope of recovery, but he came back to New Orleans, unimproved by his continental tour, and there died. The subject of our sketch, some thirty years ago, was foreman of a printing office in New York, and in that capacity, engaged as a compositor Horace Greeley, then a verdant country youth, seeking employment in the Empire City. It is about twenty-five years since Mr. Porter took charge of the "Spirit of the Times," established, if we remember right, by Mr. Charles J. B. Fisher, on the model of Bell's "Life in London." It is as the successful conductor of a brilliant American journal of a peculiar character that he is known to the world. In private life, Mr. Porter is endeared to a large circle of friends, by the possession of those amiable and gentlemanly qualities which never fail to command respect and affection. In spite of the exacting character of his duties, he always finds time to answer the calls of friendship, and to delight the social circle by his wit, humor and gaiety. Long may he live to preside over "the feast of reason and the flow of soul!"



WM. T. PORTER, EDITOR OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

MUSIC ON THE COMMON.

During the present season, our beautiful Common has been rendered doubly attractive, on fine evenings, by the performance of excellent music by our principal bands, which are not surpassed by those of any city in the Union. The practice was inaugurated many years ago, and after an interval, resumed some summers since. Our artist, Mr. Champney, has sketched the scene presented on the hill near the pond on one of these occasions. In the centre of the picture, among the trees, are the staging and the band. Grouped around the base, standing, or promenading, are representatives of all classes of our population. There are the Beacon Street millionaire and the Boston mechanic, the servant girl out on leave of absence with her beau, and the belle with her accepted, old gentlemen and young gentlemen, nursery maids with children in little hand-carriages, and schoolboys almost too frolicksome to attend to the music. Barring a little noise from the juveniles, which must be expected, the utmost order and decorum prevail, and there are unmistakable influences of the power of music in the hushed attention which enchains the multitude during the performance of some fine piece, and the rapturous applause that bursts forth at its close. The example of Boston has been imitated in some of the suburban settlements. Indeed the performance of music on summer evenings in public places has become quite common in our large towns, and we have no doubt that in a few years we shall rival Germany in this respect.

A ROUGE DETECTOR.

It was lately remarked that an exceedingly brilliant auditory, amongst which were many very elegantly-dressed ladies, attended, at Berlin, a lecture on chemistry, delivered by one of the most celebrated chemists of the age. After witnessing a number of beautiful experiments, and hearing of the marvels of science, a lady grew fatigued, and requested her husband to lead her from the hall.

"My love," said the gentleman, on reaching the landing-place outside, "wipe your cheek; there's a large blue spot upon it."

The lady, much surprised, turned to look at her reflection in the mirrored window of the shop they were passing, and was almost petrified to observe the rouge on her cheeks had become blue, in consequence of the chemical decomposition occasioned by the gas the professor had used in making his experiment. She quickly wiped her face, and stifled her vexation in the thought that she should find herself amply revenged upon the other ladies in the hall. In reality, the lecture closing at the moment, the audience began to disperse, and the gentleman and his wife almost burst with laughter at the sight of cheeks of yellow, blue, black, violet and other colors, which now made their appearance in the street. Some of the ladies who had manufactured for themselves ivory complexions, rosy cheeks, coral lips and ebony eyebrows, were so transformed that they would have excited the envy of the peacock. It is whispered that a lecture from the professor would produce similar effects in other cities besides Berlin.—*Paris Letter.*

A SERF'S LOVE.

Some years ago, a Russian nobleman was travelling on special business, in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to carry him on to the next station, where he intended to spend the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed; for he said there was danger in travelling so late,—the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wished to keep him as a guest; he said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to. He then drove off with his wife and his only daughter inside the carriage with him. On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his own life. They rolled over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon shed her pale light, and brought out into burnished silver the road on which they were going. At length the little girl said to her father: "What was that strange howling sound that I just heard?"

"O, nothing but the wind sighing through the forest trees," replied the father.

The child shut her eyes, and was quiet. But soon she said again: "Listen, father; it is not like the wind, I think."

The father listened; and far, far away, in the distance behind him, through the clear, cold, frosty air, he heard a noise which he too well knew the meaning of. He then put down the window, and spoke to his servant: "The wolves, I fear, are after us; make haste. Tell the man to drive faster, and get your pistols ready." The postilion drove faster. But the same mournful sound which the child had heard approached nearer and nearer. It was quite clear that a pack of wolves had scented them out. The nobleman tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child. At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard. So he said to his servant: "When they come up with us, do you single out one, and fire, and I will single out another; and while the rest are devouring them, we shall get on."

As soon as he put down the window, he saw the pack in full cry behind, the large dog wolf at their head. Two shots were fired, and two of the wolves fell. The others instantly set upon them, and devoured them; and meanwhile the carriage gained ground. But the taste of blood only made them more furious, and they were soon up with the carriage again. Again two shots were fired, and two fell, and were devoured. But the carriage was speedily overtaken, and the post-house was yet far distant. The nobleman then ordered the postilion to loose one of his leaders, that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse plunged frantically into the forest and the wolves after him, and was soon torn to pieces. Then another horse was sent off, and shared the same fate. The carriage labored on as fast as it could with the two remaining horses; but the post-house was still distant. At length the servant said to the master: "I have served you ever since I was a child; I love you as well as my own self. Nothing now can save you but *one* thing. Let *me* save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and little ones." The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came up, the faithful servant threw himself against them. The panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post-house just closed in upon it, as the fearful pack were on the point of making the last fatal attack. But the travellers were *safe!* The next morning they went out, and saw the place where the faithful servant had been pulled down by the wolves. His bones only were there. And on the spot the nobleman erected a wooden pillar, on which is written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." —*Russian Sketches.*

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors, no levity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; and half a dozen, and you will have a blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is left alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will enwrap them all in its burning heat.—*Hints for the Family.*



PROMENADE CONCERTS ON BOSTON COMMON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

PEACE THE POLICY OF NATIONS.

This doctrine is, we believe, in spite of recent events, beginning to be recognized by the Christian nations of the earth. The Eastern war, with the grandeur and glory of its combats, awakened little or no enthusiasm among the nations whose military representatives won the greatest laurels on the battle-field. And with this feeling among the masses, of disinclination to war, and indifference to its lurid glories, governments will find it difficult to engage in hostilities from no better motive than national pride, regardless of what is right and what is wrong. The difficulties between Great Britain and this country, had they transpired only a few years back, would certainly have produced a collision. It will not do to say that a consciousness of wrong on the part of Great Britain would have held back her hand. She has been accustomed to strike when her pride was wounded, without asking whether her cause was right or wrong, and relying on the blind patriotism of her gallant children for support. But the British government, like other enlightened governments, now see that they must present reasons to their people, as well as to their opponents, before rushing into strife. There is no lack of gallantry on the part of the British of to-day—they are as bold and heroic as were their forefathers who fought at Agincourt, or their fathers who charged at Waterloo. But only a sense of intolerable wrong will drive them to take up arms against a country whose sons boast of the same lineage and language, and whose interests are so closely interwoven, that a blow struck at one nation is felt throughout the other. The British, like ourselves, recognize the great truth that highminded diplomacy is fully adequate to settle the differences of nations, while war rarely succeeds in fully accomplishing the same purpose.

Education.—The general diffusion of education in this country has often excited the admiration of foreigners. When Lord Morpeth visited Lowell, a few years ago, he happened to be in the mills on pay-day, when the operatives were signing the roll. "What! do your operatives write?" asked his lordship. "Certainly, sir," said the clerk, "all Americans write." At this moment, a man stepped up and made his mark. "Ah!" said his lordship, with a smile, "I thought you said all wrote!"—"All *Americans*," replied the clerk; "that man was an Englishman."

Perfectly Clear.—"Fellow-citizens," said a Fourth of July orator, "I repeat the declaration, I do not believe there is a man, woman or child in this house, who has reached the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through their brains centuries ago!"

SPLINTERS.

.... The diadem worn by the Empress Eugenie at her baby's christening cost three million dollars. Rather expensive dressing!

.... Bayard Taylor, not finding this climate cool enough, will pass the ensuing winter in Lapland.

.... We long to hear of the victories of the American racers, Lecompte, Prior and Prioress on the English turf.

.... Louis Napoleon proposes to give the daughters of Louis Philippe 20,000 francs each as a marriage portion.

.... John Carden, in prison for forcibly abducting an heiress, will probably be elected to the English parliament.

.... A patent machine boot and shoe company is announced in London, with a capital of £120,000.

.... The performances of the large graduating class at Harvard College this year were of a high literary character.

.... Mr. Godard's horse endures his balloon ascensions like a very sensible, patient and courageous quadruped.

.... The French prince imperial wore a blue slip at his christening. There may be another slip before he becomes emperor.

.... The ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of the "Sailors' Snug Harbor" at Germantown, Quincy, were interesting.

.... The United States steamship Merrimac is now undergoing repairs in the dry dock, Charlestown navy yard.

.... Two of the wheel mills of the Hazard Powder Company lately exploded, injuring three men.

.... There are thirty captains, thirty-eight commanders and thirty-two lieutenants U. S. N. on leave or waiting orders.

.... Another old lady gone—Mrs. Elizabeth Green, of Natchez, aged one hundred and eight years.

.... A few days since, on the Buffalo Central Railroad, they ran a train of 220 cars loaded with flour.

.... They have had hotter weather than ourselves in Vienna, Austria—thermometer 104 degrees.

.... The Mobile and Ohio Railroad has been completed lately to Macon, (Miss.); distance, in round numbers, 200 miles.

.... A statue of Christ, cut out of a block of ivory, the work of the 11th century, has lately been found in Andalusia, Spain.

.... John Brougham has been quite successful in his management of the Bowery Theatre, New York.

.... A splendid service of plate was lately given by the stockholders of the Boston Theatre, to the manager's bride.

.... Count de Bombelles, the third husband of Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon I., lately died in obscurity in France.

.... Harrison Millard, now in London, writes in warm terms of the transcendent abilities of Ristori, the *tragedienne*.

.... Mr. Marion, who ascended in a balloon from Poughkeepsie, New York, travelled 70 miles in an hour and a quarter.

HOW AUTHORS LIVE.

Authors are such curious beings, that many of the uninitiated have supposed that they existed in a different manner from mere mortals, either living, like chameleons, upon air, or feeding upon the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. Nothing can be more fallacious. Even the greatest geniuses must condescend to eat, and we can even fancy Shakspeare attacking a venison pasty with the relish of the veriest clodhopper in Stratford-upon-Avon. Hippocrates, in his "Treatise on Diet," asserts that all men are born with the same mental capacity, but that the differences observed in after life are entirely attributable to diet. Literary men, according to Celsus, have extraordinarily weak stomachs. Some authors have gained a notoriety for singularity in their appetites and diet.

Dr. Rhondelet, a writer on fishes, was immoderately fond of figs, and died of a surfeit produced by eating them to excess, in 1556. The celebrated Dr. Parr had a passion for "hot boiled lobsters." Pope was an epicure. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a passion for boiled mutton. "At my aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it." Dryden's favorite dish was a chine of bacon. Lamb was enamored of roast pig. For more than twenty years Dr. George Fordyce only ate one meal a day. His reason was, that if one meal a day was enough for a lion, it was enough for a man. To be sure, his single meal was a substantial one, consisting of a pound and a half of rump steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy and a tankard of ale.

Baron Maseres, who lived till the age of ninety, used to go one day in every week without eating anything except a slice of dry toast, taken with a single cup of tea. Ariosto was so abstemious that he said he was a "fit person to have lived in the world when the food of mankind was acorns." Thomas Bryon, the author of a "Way to Wealth and Long Life," refrained from eating flesh. Shelley utterly despised the pleasures of the table. Sir Isaac Newton, when he wrote his "Principia," lived on a scanty allowance of bread, water and vegetables, believing that such a diet refined and cleared the intellectual faculties.

Byron nearly starved himself at times, but that was from fear of becoming unpoetically corpulent. Medwin described him as having "starved himself into an unnatural thinness." Many authors have disgraced themselves by intemperance in eating and drinking. Addison's recourse to the bottle as a cure for his taciturnity, finally induced intemperate habits. Goldsmith's usual beverage was a slight decoction of sassafras. Dr. Shaw, the naturalist, drank largely of green tea. Hayley's only stimulant was coffee. Milton used to take a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water just before going to bed. Sir Walter Scott, from whose works a very complete code for life and conduct might be obtained, said, that "greatness of any kind had no greater foe than drinking." And Swift remarks that temperance is a "necessary virtue to great men, since it is the parent of that ease and liberty which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be one of the greatest felicities of life."

But in old times, the question was not what authors should live upon, but whether they should live at all. Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Otway died of hunger; Lee in the streets. The "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle, to save its author from prison; Savage died in jail; Chatterton committed suicide, and John Keats died of a broken heart.

Fishing.—A great joke upon a greenhorn on a fishing party is to manage by *hook* or by crook to fasten a salt fish to his hook. This was done ages since by Cleopatra, when she and Mark Antony were fishing together. The Roman who lost the world for love of the "Serpent of the Nile," was much vexed at the trick, and it required extraordinary blandishments to bring back his good humor.

A Loss.—Science has met with a great loss in the recent death of Professor John Locke, at Cincinnati. He was a native of Maine, and born at Fryeburg, February, 1792. His study of horology in connection with magnetism, led him to invent the famous magnetic clock, now in use at the national observatory in Washington.

The Opera.—Max Maretzek is indefatigable. He has leased the New York Academy of Music for three years, at $22,000 a year, and will open it soon with a splendid European company. It would be a great pity if such an enterprise should fail from lack of patronage.

Friday.—Friday is one of the luckiest days in the American calendar. On it Columbus discovered America, the Mayflower landed, George Washington was born and Cornwallis surrendered—to say nothing of other auspicious events occurring that day.

France.—The people of France are made happy by the prospect of a generous harvest. There is no fear of revolution so long as people get enough to eat.

A Monster.—The mammoth steamer now building on the Thames, England, will require seven thousand tons of iron in her construction.

Railroads.—Alexander II. is about to cover his immense empire with a perfect net-work of railroads.

Extravagance.—The extravagant woman burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match.

WASHINGTON IN BOSTON.

The last time the father of his country was in Boston, was in 1790. He then passed through the street that now bears his name in its entire length, halting at the old State House, where every preparation had been made to receive him. Its west end was beautifully decorated, and a great multitude assembled at this point. The President was making the tour of the New England States, and, with his travelling companions, rode in a post-chaise drawn by four horses. But he entered the city on horseback, wearing his continental uniform, with his hat off, though the day was cold and one of our inhospitable northeast winds was blowing. He did not bow to the spectators as he passed, but sat on his horse with a calm and dignified air. Dismounting at the old State House, he was ushered into the western balcony, and a long procession defiled before him, whose salutations he courteously and gracefully acknowledged. A triumphal arch was erected across the street at that place, and a choir of singers was stationed there. When Washington came within hearing, he was saluted by the clear, powerful voice of Daniel Rea, who began the ode prepared for the occasion. The President remained in Boston a week, and partook of a public dinner given in his honor. He also dined with Governor Hancock, who then lived in great state in the house still standing in Beacon Street. He also visited the King's Chapel, to hear an oratorio, and then wore a suit of black. Those three places, the Chapel, the old State House, the Hancock house, with Faneuil Hall, are almost the only memorial buildings of the Washington era left standing in our city. From Boston Washington went to Portsmouth, and on the occasion of his departure, he displayed that punctuality for which he was so famous. He had given notice that he should depart at three o'clock in the morning, and accordingly started from the door of his lodging precisely at that hour. His escort, a little behind the times, as usual with large bodies that habitually move slow, arrived a little too late, but overtook the President by a forced march, so that he did not leave the town limits without receiving the honors due his rank and his person.

Double Dealing.—In Cincinnati, lately, a lady was detected in pocketing a package of gloves in a store. When charged with the theft, she burst into tears and tendered a $20 bill in payment. The merchant took but five dollars and gave her back the change. On counting the cash at night, that $20 bill was found to be a counterfeit.

California Wheat.—Mr. Coddell, of Sacramento, has raised in his garden, from seed obtained at Salt Lake City, a few stocks of wheat, each of which bears seven heads.

Unpardonable.—To request a friend to keep cool with the thermometer at 95. It is adding fuel to flame.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Ganoett, Francis H. Krebs, M. D., to Miss Ellen Elizabeth Curtis; by Rev. Dr. Noyes, Mr. George Noyes to Miss Harriet L. Folansbee, both of Newburyport; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Samuel W. Holt to Miss Mary A. Richardson; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Albert T. Whitlog to Miss H. Emma Warren; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Stephen G. Taylor to Miss Mary A. Cobb; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. David Simpson to Miss Maria Bell.—At Melrose, by S. O. Dearborn, Esq., Jeremiah Martin, Esq. to Mrs. Eliza M. Grant.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. George H. Cook to Miss Margaret E. Panton.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Joseph Bachelier to Miss Martha Jane Woodman; by Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Thomas J. Kimball to Miss Susan S. Clark.—At Saugus, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. Samuel Green, of Lynn, to Mrs. Maria Towns.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Cole, Mr. Thomas Cole, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Annie W. B. Ives.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. William B. Clark to Miss Elizabeth W. Marr.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Bowers, Mr. Thomas Fairweather to Miss Lilias Wright.—At North Adams, by Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. Charles Ballou to Miss Emily Wilbur.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Ide, Mr. Wilson Milliman to Miss Celia A. Parsons.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Brouson, Mr. William Warhurst to Miss Ellen Birtwell.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Charlotte B. Chittenden, 18; Mrs. Martha J. Tucker, 51.—At Charlestown, Widow Elizabeth Leverett.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Caroline E., wife of Mr. N. W. C. Jameson, 34.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Sarah B. Bird, 52.—At Newton Corner, Mrs. Susan Fewkes, 29.—At North Chelsea, Mrs. Susan B. Ellis.—At Waltham, Mrs. Celia Ann, wife of Rev. M. L. Bickford, 37.—At East Lexington, Mr. William L. Smith, 59.—At Hingham, Samuel Glover, Esq., 35.—At Salem, Mr. Francis H. Lefavour, 43; Widow Mary Smith, 81.—At Marblehead, Miss Mary O. Dodd, 23.—At Danvers, Mrs Nancy B. Batchelder, 83.—At Beverly, Mr. Edward Stone, 74.—At East Abington, Mr. George L. Thompson, 56.—At Dedham, Mrs. Eliza Jane, wife of Mr. Benjamin Chandler, 34.—At West Amesbury, Mrs. Abby P. Rogers, 30.—At Worcester, Miss Mary E. Flagg, 21.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Sarah C. Wadsworth, 31.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Ebenezer Nickerson, 33.—At East Freetown, Mr. Isaac Patterson, 22.—At Dartmouth, Widow Lydia Winslow, 83.—At South Dartmouth, Mrs. Sarah Nye Matthews, 36.—At Springfield, Mrs. Harriet B. Childs, 38.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Fanny S., wife of Rev. James M. Worcester, of Norwich, Conn., 23.—At Holyoke, Mr. Hurlburt Parks, 28.—At Conway, Mrs. Mary Billiogs, 86.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO THE INVISIBLE ONE.

BY ZEPHYR.

There is a dream of early youth
That haunts my memory yet;
It is of thee, beloved one,
And yet we've never met.

I've lingered mid the festive throng
In mansion gay and cot;
I've watched thy coming footsteps long,
And yet I see thee not.

I've wandered in the pathless woods,
For there thou seem'st to be;
The murmuring rills, the pale wild flowers,
Seem all to speak of thee.

O, thou dost love, I know full well,
The quiet forest's shade,
And oft thy spirit wanders forth
Away o'er the flowery glade.

On the mossy brink of the limpid stream
That ripples soft and low,
A shadow form seems ever there—
Beloved, 'tis thine, I know.

And there comes a voice, a gentle voice,
And sweetly blends with mine;
It joins me in my happy songs—
O, tell me is it thine?

There came a noble spirit near,
A heart all pure and free;
O, if the universe were mine,
'Twere nothing without thee.

There is a dream of later years,
That I can ne'er forget;
It is of thee, beloved one,
And yet, we've never met.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TRAVELLING IN ASIA MINOR.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Those who have not had either the pleasures or pains which belong to oriental travelling, have but an imperfect idea of the difficulties encountered in ranging over those far-off sections of the world where men first appeared, and from whence they are generally supposed to have migrated over the face of the globe.

While humanity is in the constant condition of progress in the modern countries of Europe, in Asia there is a stability of society almost as permanent as the geological features of the crust of the earth on which cities of ancient renown were located. Civilization commenced early in Asia, and having reached a culminating point some two thousand years ago, in particular sections, rapidly deteriorated to a low estate, in which the present races are found.

Two or three institutions peculiar to oriental life have been sustained through all the changes to which the people have been incident; and they are still, in fact, defying the combined influences of Christianity and example.

One of these is polygamy. Far back as authentic chronicles reach, this unnatural domestic system was in existence. Through the patriarchal ages it was recognized as a privilege, if not a right; and it has been invariably practised by every order of men who have had the occupancy of the land down to our times.

Another oriental feature is its religious tendency. They have always been worshippers of something. If ignorant of the true God, so strongly is the religious element developed, they have idols, heathen deities; and, lastly the crowning faith of Islamism, which was curiously contrived to meet the essential demands of their animal nature under the deception of ministering to the intellectual powers. While the Sidonians, Tyrians, and cognate kingdoms were worshipping Ashtaroth and Moloch, they were distinguished by their intolerance and bigotry. The Druses, the descendants of the Canaanites, whom the Jews could never dislodge from the fastnesses of their much loved Lebanon, are as tenacious of their mystic faith, as their energetic, bold, determined Phœnician ancestors.

Mohammedans, their neighbors, and the last governing race, are religious fanatics; and, if they dared, would exterminate those who presume to differ from their orthodox standard belief. The Jews were intolerant and would be so again, to the utter exclusion of all other denominations of worshippers, had they the power. It is the leading thought with individuals of different blood, that their views are right above all others, on divine subjects, and they would establish them if they could. In perambulating the Orient, it should be therefore remembered not to hold argument with any where a prospect of giving offence might be incurred.

A conversational knowledge of several languages qualifies a traveller to profit by what he sees and hears. If he can neither read nor speak any one besides his own vernacular, it is extremely difficult to acquire the very facts of which he is in pursuit. French and Italian, but the latter especially, are immensely important. Italians have penetrated Asia and Western Africa extensively. Despotism at home drives them off, and they wend their way to very distant points, and are very generally found in the service of pachas and local governors, wherever they can obtain the most for whatever they do—as interpreters, physicians, letter writers, etc. Italian is spoken where French is wholly unknown.

Arabic, of all others is the tongue, to ask questions in throughout a large part of that great continent; and in Northern and North-western Africa, far above the third cataract of the Nile, no other language is essential. Arabic is easily acquired by many persons, but, as a general rule, it is hard to master. Children running indifferently among the people, converse fluently enough in it in about a year to express all their wants and emotions. It would be a needless waste of life for a person to study it thoroughly, as a scholar, because the literature of the language does not furnish sufficient worth a translation, or mental gratification to compensate for the trouble. Just enough of it, however, for buying food, inquiring the way, the news, and where objects worth investigating are to be found, including an acquaintance with the money, may be gathered in a few weeks.

Neither taverns, eating nor regularly organized sleeping houses are known to the Orientals. In the modern cities, where a caravan trade is carried on with distant towns and provinces, large, low, square buildings are seen, called caravansaries, for the express accommodation of travelling strangers. City caravansaries, ordinarily, are the pious gift of a defunct Mahommedan, who hoped to secure more privileges for these exhibitions of charity towards strangers, than they would otherwise have had in the mansions of the prophet. They have one large door, closed with a rickety gate. On entering, the centre is a hollow square, surrounded on all sides by the edifice. Small rooms open from the square, into which the stranger enters for repose, after securing his animals in the court. Neither bedding, furniture, light, water nor fire are provided. Vermin and filth put all other habitations at defiance. The traveller carries in his luggage, cooks as he can, sleeps if he dare to, and in the morning pays a small fee to the janitor, and resumes his journey.

On arriving at any point from whence a departure inland is prepared, provided the arrival is made by water, an Arab, Persian, Armenian or Turk, according to the country, must be sought out, who has horses or camels for hire. Enough are always ready to commence any jaunt. After agreeing upon the price by the day—and, by-the-by, they drive sharp bargains—a stock of provisions is next to be purchased. A mattress for a bed, a blanket of a color not to offend by its appearance a few weeks after, to cover yourself over with, make very good cushions for the horrible saddles during the day.

Two travellers require as many as four horses, and five would not be too many. The same number of camels are necessary, if they are to be put in requisition. The owner goes with them as groom, to feed and otherwise take care of them. One horse carries bags or baskets slung at his side with the cooking apparatus and the standard articles of food. In making up a list of necessaries to start with—if procurable, there should be salt, sugar, coffee, tea, hard bread, knives, spoons, forks, various kinds of dishes, which, for economy, should be of tin, because they are then both light and durable. Earthen ware would be worse than none. Articles above mentioned should be secured either in tin or wooden boxes. Prepared meats, hermetically sealed, are excellent. They are generally for sale at Cairo and Alexandria in Egypt; Sidon, Tyre and Jaffa in Palestine; and at Smyrna, Constantinople, Odessa, and everywhere in the ports of India, where they are sent by the manufacturers. The only drawback in regard to these prepared meats is their dearness.

Another horse or camel, as the case may be, is laden with grain, barley or beans, purchased as they can be found on the way, to feed the caravan. Two others are expressly for riding by the travellers, and a fifth horse is a servant of all work, to be occasionally mounted by the owner or carry luggage.

In going from settlement to settlement, eggs, fowls, meats, milk and fruits are purchased as they can be had. If the jaunt is commenced in Egypt to go through the Levant to the Holy Land, to the forsaken city Petræa, Mount Sinai—to the emerald mines—or on the Libyan desert to the temple of Jupiter, the Fahoom, and other notable places, water must be carried for daily use. Out of the country of the pyramids, water is generally found in abundance.

A custom of long standing is to start about four o'clock in the morning. If a tent is taken along, it imposes extra labor night and morning to set it up and take it down—besides the contingency of losing and breaking the pins inconveniently often. A kind of breakfast is taken—such as a bad cup of coffee, boiled eggs, etc.—if fire enough can be had to prepare them. While riding through the day, eating becomes a regular business. Each one is disposed to nibble whatever is most readily come-at-able. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the muleteer or sheik, or whoever goes to show the way, comes to a halt. The animals are unladen, fed, hampered by fetters, if horses, and made fast to a stake. Camels are bidden to lie down, when one foreleg is doubled upon itself, and hampered with a noose of rope to prevent it from being extended again until the following morning. They are then fed, lying down. If they get up, it is difficult to stray far on three legs. A good dinner is the next undertaking. Dishes are wiped—never very nicely washed, then smoking, and lastly journals and letters occupy the time till the weary sojourner requires rest. A paper lantern, which folds up compactly, and a good stock of matches and candles are indispensable, whether lodged under a tent, a caravansary, or the hut of a fellah.

This is the universal mode of travelling in the several countries of the fascinating Orient. It is certainly fascinating to the scholar and those having an antiquarian taste.

Lastly, there is one more necessary, not to be omitted, because it is the power that moves the caravan and commands personal service. It is money. Go where the traveller may, its potency is perfectly understood. By a letter of credit taken in Paris or London, the currency of the country may readily be had of the money changers. They are glad to obtain bills on those cities. This remark holds good in respect to commercial places. In departing inland from them, a supply must be carried to meet all expenses. Never pay more than one-third in advance for horses or camels, lest, having the cash, the fellow might leave you when least expected, in a dilemma. Make the remainder payable on reaching the point he stipulated to gain.

It is a safe provision to have a belt round the body with some fifty or sixty dollars in gold, to fall back upon in any emergency. French Napoleons, English sovereigns and Turkish twenty-piaster gold pieces pass everywhere in the East far above their par value, on account of their purity. Several times I had occasion to draw upon the concealed bank, when, without it, both myself and companion would have been exceedingly embarrassed.

Further, always carry as much as a quart of paras, or the smallest copper coin, for presents and backsheish. Pay the people to the utmost farthing agreed upon, and unless you then give them *backsheish*, meaning a present, over and above, the fat is in the fire, and irreconcilable difficulties would arise between parties.

A fowling-piece, or a small, compact rifle, with ammunition, is desirable, both for a show of what could be done in case of an emergency in some particular places, as well as for taking game. It is never advisable, however, in any misunderstanding with the people, to make a demonstration of what you could do, if you chose, with powder and bullets. To my apprehension, it is invariably safer and more prudent to be without guns or pistols of any sort, than to have them. I once cocked an old horse-pistol hanging at my saddle knob, to a group of brutal Arab boys in Samaria, who were stoning us from the top of a high bank above the narrow path we were passing over, single file. It was not loaded, nor would it have been cocked, had it been. However, they presumed it was, and their muscular vengeance was exercised accordingly, to our alarm.

No roads are traceable in any direction. There are paths, or trails, but in a shocking condition, as a general rule. Without a guide, it would be impossible to get through the interior at all. Even under the charge of practised leaders, they occasionally become puzzled, and we were obliged to retrace our steps for miles, and take a new departure.

Arab sheiks who go on these tours with travellers, as well as professed couriers in Syria, are very unwilling to allow you to stop for the examination of ruins. Be careful, therefore, to stipulate in the contract, which should be written, that as much time as may be satisfactory, shall be taken for inspections. Otherwise, a main object of voluntarily submitting to the hardships of oriental travelling, would be lost.

Writing materials and fine paper complete the catalogue, in connection with the preceding directions, of what is necessary and certainly convenient for making extensive explorations in the far-off Orient.

A RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.

The rajah had kept his promise, and his big she-elephant had already arrived. She knelt, at the keeper's command, and a small ladder was placed against her side, that I might climb upon the pad, as I had been unable to borrow a howdah. I had a package of bread and cold roast beef, to serve me as a tiffin, but was careful to conceal it from the driver, otherwise himself and the elephant, with all her trappings, must have undergone purification on account of the unclean flesh. I took a reluctant leave of Mr. Keene, seated myself astride on the pad, with the driver before me on the elephant's neck, and we moved off. The driver was a Sikh, in a clean white and scarlet dress, and a narrow handkerchief bound around his head. His long, well-combed locks were anointed with butter, and, as his head was just under my nose, I was continually regaled with the unctuous odors. He carried a short iron spike, with which he occasionally punched the elephant's head, causing her to snort and throw up her trunk as she quickened her pace. I found the motion very much like that of a large dromedary, and by no means unpleasant or fatiguing. Though walking, she went at the rate of about five miles an hour. I noticed that the driver frequently spoke to her in a quiet, conversational tone, making remarks about the roads, and advising her how to proceed—all of which she seemed to understand perfectly, and obeyed without hesitation.—*Bayard Taylor.*

PUNCH ON HEADACHE.

The female headaches are innumerable, but they arise principally from vexation and disappointment. They may be divided into "nervous" and "sick" headaches. The nervous is irritable, and cannot bear being spoken to; the sick is despondent, or sulky, and bursts into tears at the least contradiction. When a lady cannot have her own way, a headache is the painful consequence. An unpopular visitor brought home accidentally to dinner, will produce an alarming attack of headache, and the symptoms that successively follow are instant loss of appetite, deafness, peevishness, hysteria, and finally a precipitate retreat to the bedroom. The poor servants feel the effects of the headache as much as any one, and do not stop in the room longer than they can help. These unfortunate headaches are very frequent about that time of the year when every one is, or is supposed to be, out of town, and do not cease until the patient has been carried to the sea-side for a change of air. The milder forms will vanish upon the application of a piece of jewelry; or if the forehead is wrapped up in a new shawl, it is astonishing with what rapidity the pain disappears. Sometimes a shifting of the scene is requisite, and thus a box at the opera has been known to produce an instantaneous cure, even when the headache in question has been of the most stunning description, and the opera played has been one of Verdi's!—*Punch.*

Curious Directions for a Young Lady's Dress.—Let your ear-rings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement. Let the diamonds of your necklace be truth, and the chain of Christianity. Let your bracelets be charity, ornamented with the pearls of gentleness. Let your bosom-pin be modesty, set with compassion. Let your finger-rings be affection, set with the diamonds of industry. Let your girdle be simplicity, with a tassel of good humor. Let your garb be virtue—your drapery politeness. Let your shoes be wisdom, secured with the buckles of perseverance.—*Troy Budget.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A piano forte has recently been manufactured in California, being the first made in the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. —— In the "Life of Wilberforce," is the following entry in his diary—"Went to hear Mr. Foster. Felt much devotion, and wondered at a man who fell asleep during the psalms. During the sermon *went to sleep myself!*" —— The number of the inhabitants of a city is almost renewed every thirty years. —— The editor of the Norfolk American has heard of a bet, made a few days ago, which is something decidedly novel. Two politicians have bet each other a cord of wood—the loser to buy the wood, have it carried to the owner's house, saw it, and then take it in. —— The healthiest children are those born in the months of January, February and March. —— Mr. G. H. Davenport, of Farmington Falls, Me., on the 17th of June, pegged and soled 30 pairs of double soled men's shoes, in 12 hours and 35 minutes, and went to his meals. The pegs driven amount to 18,000. The time occupied upon a shoe averaged 13 minutes. —— There is a Chinese in San Francisco who was steward to Napoleon at St. Helena in 1815. He is engaged in importing from China, and in general merchandizing. —— The American Institute Fair will be held this year in the Crystal Palace, New York, commencing September 20th, and be continued until November 1st. The Institute pay $3000 for the use of the building. It is admirably adapted to the purpose,—its vast dimensions enabling everything to be displayed to the greatest advantage. —— Eggs can be preserved any length of time if covered with two coats of macilage of gum arabic. —— Life spent without any fixed aim, is compared by an old poet, to "throwing buckets into empty wells, and growing old in drawing nothing up." —— It is said that we possess in this country a larger number of effective cannon, of the latest construction, than all Europe combined. —— The U. S. government has twelve large depots for arms, besides two national armories which manufacture them. In these depots there are 142,000 stand of small arms, guns, pistols, carbines, exclusive of the number issued to the arsenals of the various States and the supply of the army. —— It is said that Indianapolis contains churches enough to comfortably seat its entire population. —— It is a singular fact that the report of a criminal trial is the best item of news that can be produced to sell a newspaper. During the Webster trial in this city, one or two of the papers nearly doubled their circulation. —— The fewest deaths take place in November, December and February. —— The Roman Empire in the zenith of its glory, did not contain more than three millions of square miles. The United States now covers more than this area, and is larger than Rome was when she was called the mistress of the world. —— "Providence never deviates to form a hero, but with the purpose to scourge the world," was the saying of Gustavus Adolphus, himself a hero. —— Misers are like patent-leather boots—the longer they last the tighter they become. —— A slight solution of gum arabic, introduced into the eye, is said to be an excellent means of removing any dust or other substance that may get into that delicate organ. —— A gentleman complains in the advertising columns of the "Times"—"I have the most bountiful horse in England, but not the most beautiful lady. Your silence pains me deeply. I cannot forget you. M." —— The Lynchburg Virginian states that three hogsheads of tobacco were sold in that city, a few days since, at the enormous average of sixty-four dollars and ninety-one cents per hundred—the best one bringing the unprecedented price of one hundred and fifty dollars! —— A church bell is one of the few good things that will bear being *tolled* frequently to the same folks.

A Dove in Church.—During the communion service at one of our city churches, lately, a dove flew in at the window, and alighting on the pulpit, remained there quietly during the whole of the sacramental service. A similar incident furnished the theme for one of Charles Sprague's most beautiful effusions, the "Winged Worshippers."

A Preacher a Century Old.—Elder Marshall, a colored man, 101 years old, a resident of Georgia, preached in one of the Baptist churches of New York city, recently. He is described as robust and hearty, weighing about two hundred pounds, and having a full-toned voice, and a manner far from disagreeable.

Another Relic.—Amongst the presents brought from Rome to Paris, by Cardinal Patrizi, who was the Pope's representative at the christening of the royal babe Napoleon, is a relic said to be a piece of our Saviour's cradle, studded with diamonds. Our version of the Bible reads that he was cradled in a manger.

Ohio Wine Crop.—The vintage is 500,000 gallons. The quantity bottled by N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, this season, is 150,000 bottles, and with that added to his former stock, he has now in cellar full 300,000 bottles, mostly quarts, of which 20,000 are of Isabella.

An expensive Machine.—The silver-plated fire-engine, for the city of San Francisco, Cal., is now on exhibition at Hunneman & Co.'s Works, Roxbury, costing $8000; the silver is worth $3000, and the other works cost $5000.

Returning Home.—Boston machinists who spent their winters on the plantations in Cuba, are returning home, bringing with them an unusual amount of orders for machinery.

Art in Rome.—There are said to be more artists now in Rome than before the revolution—there being 224 painters, 105 sculptors, and 144 engravers.

Wayside Gatherings.

There is a story of the discovery of wonderful gold deposits on a mountain at Santa Catalina, in Lower California.

T. Buchanan Read, the artist, has just married at Northampton, Mrs. Butler, the author of the "Old Farm," for his second wife.

The towns of Haverhill, Piermont, Orford, Warren and Benton, N. H., have offered $500 in bounties to slayers of wolves, bears and wild cats.

An interesting trial of fire engines is to come off in New Haven this fall. The first prize is a new fire engine, in complete running order, worth fifteen hundred dollars—the victors to take her home with them.

Mr. E. P. Ransom, a school teacher in Newburyport, has received, and will accept, an invitation to become superintendent of schools in Springfield, Ohio.

Large quantities of Irish potatoes have sought a market in Chicago from New York this season, and the other day white beans were sold to go to Salem.

Respect for woman, says a Frenchman, requires us never to doubt a word of what she utters; self-respect requires us never to believe a word of what she says.

A fight between a black snake and a weasel at Rochester, N.Y., terminated in the triumph of the weasel, which caught the snake by the throat and killed it.

There are five candidates for the Presidency now in the field—Buchanan, Fremont, Fillmore, Stockton, and Gerritt Smith. This accommodates nearly every shade of politics.

A fine opera company will open this season at Niblo's early in September. It is a German enterprise, but Italian and French opera will also be given.

The Newark Advertiser states that a woman named Brown has been arrested in Camden for attempting to poison her husband with nux vomica. They had been but recently married.

The squirrels in Independence square, Philadelphia, had an indignation meeting recently, on the subject of torch-light processions, rockets, fire-crackers, and noise in general.

Joost Bobdyl, of Union, N. J., died recently, from a singular disease, known as the closing of the stomach. He literally starved from the impossibily of getting food into his stomach.

The Norwegians are emigrating to this country in great numbers, and they are a desirable class of emigrants. There are eight Norwegian ships now on the ocean, with 1600 emigrants for the United States.

A bear belonging to a circus company escaped from his cage at Saratoga, and showed fight, when the keeper thrust an iron bar down his throat—ending the contest, and it is thought the life of the bear also.

A brass propellor for U. S. steamer Roanoke was cast at Richmond, Va., lately, weighing 27,000 pounds, and said to be 1000 pounds larger than any other composition casting ever made in the United States.

It is proposed to vote, this year, the sum of £10,000, as a contribution in respect of the revenue derived from the British Crown estates in the metropolis, towards the formation of a fund for the building of additional churches and parsonages in London.

Under the very appropriate caption "Love's Labor Lost," a New York paper mentions that a serenading party, the other night, after having played before a house nearly an hour, were politely informed by a watchman, that "Nobody lived there!"

A Philadelphia painter has introduced a new style of sign-painting which is novel and beautiful. The lettering and figures are done with pearl upon glass, and they are as richly ornamented as the fancy of the operator and the combination of colors can make them.

The Amherst Express tells of a dog belonging to Enos Williams of that town, who, seeing a shovel full unobserved from his master's wagon, on the public road, watched over it for twenty-four hours, till his owner missing him, made search and recovered both dog and shovel.

A Costa-Rican railroad has been suggested by some English capitalists, who have made a contract for the construction of ten miles of it. It is to extend from San Jose, the capital, to the Pacific, and will be another highway to California and the western coast.

It is said that the steamer Lexington, which was burned in the Sound in 1837, had $18,000 on board, which has never been recovered. An effort is to be made to raise the treasure if possible. The wreck lies in ninety feet of water, and the specie is in an accessible place.

Catherine Alberti, a beggar and fortune-teller, died in Raleigh, N. C., a few weeks ago. On examining her effects $2600 in gold, notes and silver were found, together with evidence of her owning a plantation in Kentucky, and twenty shares of railroad stock. Around her body was a belt full of gold coin.

On the 28th ult., while a large party were busily discussing the merits of a sumptuous dinner at the Merchant's Hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota, the floor suddenly gave way, and the whole party, with the well-loaded table, made a rapid descent into the cellar. Fortunately no person was seriously injured.

On the 4th ult., a man named Jameson, leaped into the Scioto River, at Columbus, Ohio, from the National Road Bridge, a height of 33 feet, and swam ashore, when another individual, named Fielding Thomas, being slightly intoxicated, undertook the same feat, but falling upon his back, was killed by the shock.

A letter dated Antigua, W. I., June 18, states that the sugar making season was nearly over, and the yield had been most prolific. There had been sent to England and Belgium fully 39,000 hogsheads, and 1400 hogsheads molasses, and about the same quantity to the United States. The health of the island was good.

An old lady belonging to a distinguished aristocratic family, one of the members of which was one of the most eminent ministers of the Restoration, was recently tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, at Paris, for mendicity. It was proved that she had for a long time frequented churches, and especially the Madeleine, to beg.

French chemists are devoting themselves assidnously to discover, if possible, cheap and improved processes for obtaining aluminum, and it is thought that their efforts will be crowned with complete success. The celebrated chemists, MM. Rose and Deville, have recently effected some improvements in treating solutions of aluminum, but they are still troublesome and expensive.

The amount of property, in bank bills and gold, recovered from the safe of the American Express Company, sunk in Lake Erie, was $32,000. The paper, since drying, is as fresh and fair as when lost, the signatures being plain and distinct. The bills of lading, which were also in the safe, says the Buffalo Commercial, show the writing upon them plainly, even to pencil marks.

Foreign Items.

The Sultan has made a magnificent present to Miss Nightingale.

Ascot races have been very gay this year. The queen was present with her reputed son-in-law

The total cost of the Russian war to Great Britain is now said to be twenty thousand lives and eighty million pounds sterling.

Herr Ahorn, the sculptor who executed the celebrated lion, modelled by Thorwaldsen, and carved out of the solid rock, at Lucerne, died lately at Constance.

The London Gazette contains an official notice, declaring Dr. Rae and his companions entitled to the reward of £10,000 offered to those who should first ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin.

William Vincent Wallace, the composer, has become entirely blind through intense application, and has been impelled to abandon his profession, and place himself under the hands of the first optical surgeon in London.

A quantity of arms, coins, vases, etc., have been discovered on the island of Gothland, in the Baltic Sea. They are believed to have belonged to a noted pirate named Sarka, who died at the beginning of the eleventh century.

The Egyptian government having of late years opened up some rich quarries of Oriental alabaster, great quantities are now being sent to Italy for the purpose of making vases. The color of this alabaster is very beautiful, and it is very translucent.

John P. Groves, the young Boston violinist, who is in Europe completing his musical education, has advanced even beyond the warmest expectation of his friends. He is located at Brussels, and is under the instruction of Leonard, who is much interested in him. He is pronounced the best violinist in the conservatoire at Brussels.

Sands of Gold.

.... Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... There's not one wise man among twenty will praise himself.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Wit will never make a man rich; but there are places where riches will always make a wit.—*Johnson.*

.... When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—*Pope.*

.... The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each his own interest.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... Wisdom consists, not in seeing what is directly before us, but in discerning those things which may come to pass.—*Terence.*

.... The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.—*Swift.*

.. It is usually seen, that the wiser men are about the things of this world, the less wise they are about the things of the next.—*Gibson.*

.... He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope.*

.... Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice, or necessity, has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.—*Landor.*

.... If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. Put something in his pocket. —*Tom Brown.*

Joker's Budget.

Put the strongest minded woman in a bonnet shop, and it will instantly turn her head!

"Hog or dog?—that's the question," as the fellow said when he sat down to a dish of fried sausages.

Some one says that the municipal arrangements are so strict in the Arctic regions, that Dr. Kane was kept from going further by the North Pole-ice!

What a suspicious mooster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Falls Journal says, "I paid a short but very pleasant visit to a neighbor's cow yesterday." Wonder if he stopped to tea, and took cream!

Parson Gubbin says men lose much by being communicative in their matters of business. He says: "Always keep shady; if you see a sixpence on the ground, put your foot on it straight." The parson aint of the sort of people that are scarce now-a-days.

The writer of the following is envious as well as impudent:

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce will kiss a brother;
Women oft want to kiss so bad,
They smack and kiss each other.

In chemistry, the best way to separate two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the distance between a pair of lovers, all that's required is to let little Willie walk into the "back parlor," with a lighted candle in his hand.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

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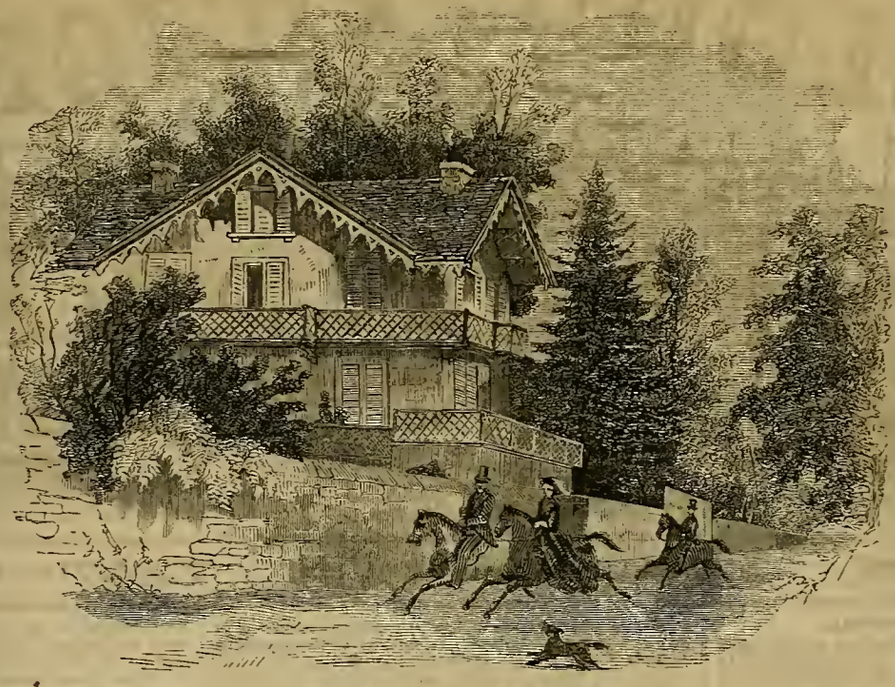
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RACHEL'S CHATEAU.

The pretty and unpretending little summer residence delineated in our engraving, is the property of Mademoiselle Rachel, the distinguished French tragic actress, and was purchased by her a short time before her departure for this country on that professional tour which commenced under such brilliant auspices, but terminated so disastrously, in consequence of the mismanagement of her brother, and of her own severe illness. Previous to that time she occupied a splendid residence in Paris, the interior of which was described by those who had the good fortune to visit it, as a marvel of magnificence and art. After purchasing the villa we have shown in our illustration, she broke up her city establishment, and sold at auction her choice furniture, and the numerous objects of art and *bijouterie* which had been presented to her during her career. These, as may be supposed, realized amounts far beyond their intrinsic value; so that what would have been a sacrifice in most cases, in hers proved a profitable speculation. Since her return to France she has occupied this elegant little chateau, which is planted around with trees, and situated a short distance from Paris, and which has been furnished by her in the same tasteful and recherché style as her former residence. The career of Rachel has been like the page of a romance. From a street ballad singer, wandering from cafe to cafe, and living on the precarious emoluments of an itinerant musician, she has come to be acknowledged as the greatest actress on the stage—we say the greatest, because we do not believe that the reputation of Ristori, her great Italian rival, rests upon a permanent basis. Whatever might be the local fame of Ristori, we think it is beyond a doubt that her Paris reputation was manufactured for her by those leaders of the public taste who were worn out and exasperated by the caprices and ingratitude of one who was so long at once the idol and the tyrant of the Parisians. It was to mortify and outrage Rachel, that they vied with each other in showering praises on the fair Italian. But Rachel's reputation was not made in a day, and is quite too stable to be thus demolished. She has been crowned as the queen of the drama, not only by her own countrywomen, but by the critical audiences of St. Petersburg, of Vienna, and of London, and, lastly, by those of New York and Boston. No one who has not witnessed her impersonations can form any conception of her power. To those who have not seen her, the praises of her admirers seem hyperbolical; while those who have, feel that language is utterly inadequate to eulogize her sufficiently. Her merit is the greater, since her success is greatest in the cold, classic French drama of the past century, which, with all its beauty of language, its elegance and high finish, is devoid of life. Into these cold forms, however, Rachel, with the intensity of her nature, infused vitality, and created life where she found an inert mass. In Boston, where she met a most critical auditory, she won every heart literally *earning* the applause she received by the exercise of her wonderful genius. We fear from the latest accounts that she will never regain the health she has lost. At last accounts she had retired to a watering-place for rest.



RACHEL'S CHATEAU, NEAR PARIS.



VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The large engraving on this page is an equestrian portrait of Queen Victoria, after a celebrated statue, noted not only for its intrinsic excellence, but for its faithful likeness of the queen of Great Britain. There was a peculiar fitness in the style of representation, the queen being an accomplished horsewoman, and frequently appearing in public mounted. Thus she lately reviewed the troops at Aldershot on horseback, and in a similar manner passed the review of the Irish militia previous to their disbandment. No sovereign who ever occupied the throne of England has been more popular than Queen Victoria. Unlike many female sovereigns of great countries, she has illustrated her rank by the exhibition of those domestic virtues which win our respect in private life, but are doubly attractive when affording an example in high station. She rules the hearts of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic less as a queen than as a wife and mother. To the loyalty and allegiance paid to the ruler of a mighty empire is added the homage which chivalrous natures pay to the high-minded and virtuous woman. Whatever may be the "divinity that doth hedge a king," and the enchantment that distance lends to the view, Queen Victoria has certainly never sought to inspire awe and reverence by entrenching herself within the narrow limits of rank. On the contrary, she appears frequently in public with no more parade than is consistent with her position. She goes frequently to the theatre, to concerts, and to other public places. During the late war with Russia, she manifested, on more than one occasion, her active sympathy with the brave officers and soldiers who had upheld the honor of the British flag, visiting the hospitals where the wounded lay, and honoring by her presence the return of the victorious legions. Her charities, too, have been great, and confined to no class or locality. The queen is well educated, and has an active and intelligent mind. Those who have had opportunities of conversing with her, say that she sustains herself well on whatever topic may be started, and that she is evidently conversant, not only with books, but with affairs and men. Alexandrina Victoria, for these were her baptismal names, is the only child of the late Duke of Kent and of the Princess Louise Victoria, of Saxe-Coburg, who, at the date of her marriage with his royal highness, was a relict of the hereditary prince of Leiningen. She was born May 24, 1819, and is consequently now in her 38th year. Her general education was directed by the Duchess of Northumberland. The best masters were provided for her, and she became a proficient in language, in history, and in science, without precisely reaching, or even aiming at the distinction of a blue stocking. By the desire of William IV., the late Lord Melbourne familiarized her mind with the leading principles of constitutional government; and it was therefore not surprising that, finding that nobleman at the head of the administration when she came to the throne, January 20, 1837, she maintained him in that position. Her coronation took place June 28, 1838, with great pomp and splendor. February 10, 1840, she was married to Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotta, and has a large family of children.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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SIGNORINA FELICITA VESTVALI.

The portrait on this page, of the dashing and popular *prima donna*, Signorina Felicita Vestvali, was drawn expressly for us from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city. It is an unquestionable likeness, as thousands of our readers in New York, Philadelphia and this city, can testify. This lady is a native of Poland, and is now in the full plenitude of personal attraction, in the maturity of her vocal power, and in the enjoyment of a reputation fairly won in both hemispheres. Coming to London with a continental reputation, her debut in Italian Opera in that city was a veritable triumph. It was not so much her singing, though she possesses a cultivated *contralto* voice, as the happy combination of vocal powers with great histrionic talent, which gave her such a hold upon the public. With her European and London reputation fresh, she came to this city, and received that warm welcome which America knows how to give to distinguished talent. In New York she created a *furore*; in Boston she warmed the popular heart, and in other cities she was equally successful. No one who has seen her *Romeo*, in the operatic version of Shakspeare's play, or her *Azucena*, the gipsey, in Verdi's "Trovator," can forget those impersonations. If, in the former character, she fully realized our conceptions of Shakspeare's passionate and fated lover—conceptions rarely realized upon the stage—as the wild gipsey she has surpassed all preconceived expectations. She is particularly excellent in male characters. She wears the doublet and hose with a grace and ease and *abandon* peculiarly her own, and certainly no finer cavalier ever trod the lyric stage. But the crowning triumph of her career was reserved for her trip to Mexico. Her visit to the Halls of the Montezumas was as genuine a triumph as that of General Scott's, though in a different path of glory. She managed to inspire the senors and senoritas, particularly the former, with the wildest enthusiasm. Each night witnessed an increase of warmth, until her benefit, when the popular liberality and the popular applause were unbounded. This night yielded the fair prima donna a substantial proof of admiration in the shape of some three thousand Mexican dollars, to say nothing of jewels and other costly souvenirs which were bestowed on her. Moreover, the stockholders of the opera house insisted on her taking the management of the establishment, and she finally left Mexico, amply furnished with funds and letters of credit to enable her to procure the best musical talent for her company. She has performed once or twice in New York, since her return from Mexico, at the splendid academy of music, under Max Maretzek's management, and her reception was such as to show her that she was still the favorite of that warm-hearted public so often accused of caprice in its attachments. Vestvali has been passing the summer at Hoboken. We believe that she is on the eve of departure for Europe to secure musical talent for her Mexican opera house. Whether the Italian Opera will ever be a permanent institution remains to be seen. Thus far Italian Opera has only been partially successful in a pecuniary point. From time to time different troupes have drawn large houses for a number of nights, but we believe that almost every manager who has meddled with Italian Opera has burned his fingers. The Astor Place Opera was a failure—so was Palmo's—and but for the gallantry with which Max Maretzek threw himself into the breach, the Academy of Music must have degenerated to "base uses." The expense of an Italian Opera company is enormous, for of all professional people, opera singers are most exorbitant in their demands. It is true that beauty and voice are fleeting, but we think that these gifts are rated a little too high. The opera is necessarily so costly that it must rely for support on the wealthy, and the wealthy in this country are precisely the persons who have shown themselves not to be reliable for a steady patronage of Italian music. In France, the Italian Opera could not live without the patronage of the government. In England it is supported by the nobility who engage boxes for the season—the prices of admission are very high. When first introduced in England, Italian Opera was supported by the subscriptions of the nobility—and the wits and the people were against it. Pope attacked it severely. Addison and his contemporaries set their faces against it as improbable and absurd. While we do full justice to the merit of their sarcasms, we must dissent from their reasoning: a drama in music is as probable and reasonable as a drama in verse. The objections to its absurdity might be equally urged against every species of theatrical representation. The truth is, that operas may be defended on the same ground as other arts of imagination; the mixture of music, decoration and dance, has been called incongruous and frivolous; but, perhaps, upon too little reflection. As to the poetry, it is another thing; any poetry is good enough for an entertainment where no poetry could be understood. But there is no subject on which, and about which, an affectation of penchant is more universal than that of music. It may be justly questioned, after all, whether the combinations of scientific music afford those who are able to enjoy its harmonies, a degree of pleasure at all equal to that which is felt by the less tutored ear on hearing simple melodies. Complicated music will always attract a large crowd of auditors, where very few feel gratification; nor would the labor of learning the science, so as to comprehend its more scientific beauties, at all repay itself with the many. Every noble emotion which it can raise in the bosom, is raised by the boldest and simplest tones, and these are universally felt and comprehended. If we are correct in our views, then, Italian Opera can never be a permanent institution with us, because it must depend more on fashion and science than on the popular taste for its support. Yet there is a class so devoted in its love for Italian Opera, or rather for the display which accompanies it, that we should not be surprised if one opera house were sustained in New York.



SIGNORINA FELICITA VESTVALI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

Morning passed, and the day waned slowly. Caroline remained shut up in her own apartment. A quiet and unusually silent dinner was but just over, when a visitor was announced, who desired to speak with Miss Ashburton.

"Who is it?" asked Lady Mayhew.

"A lady, madam, who will not give her name."

"Will not give her name? That is somewhat extraordinary," said Lady Mayhew, musingly. "But, at all events, I do not think I dare disturb Caroline at present. Who is she, James,—a stranger?"

"I never saw her before, to my recollection, my lady."

Lady Mayhew considered for a moment.

"I am afraid it will not do to trouble Caroline at present," she repeated, reflectively, after awhile. "James, ask the lady if it will be convenient to call again—that is, if her business is not very urgent."

The man disappeared, but directly returned, saying that the stranger said she "*must* see Miss Ashburton; she could not delay."

"Curious!" said Lady Mayhew. "Who can it be, I wonder, and what does she desire? Well, at all events, I must go up and see if Caroline is willing to give her audience." And rising, she left the table.

But she had only just crossed the hall, when Caroline Ashburton herself appeared, slowly descending the great staircase. She was very pale, but otherwise retained her usual appearance.

"O, is this you, my dear child? I was just going to seek you," said Lady Mayhew, as she met her, and she kissed her tenderly. "How do you feel this evening?"

"Very much better, I thank you," answered Miss Ashburton, with a quiet and somewhat faint, but grateful smile.

"There is somebody, then, in the drawing-room, who has been inquiring for you: a lady, James says, and a stranger. Do you feel equal to an interview with her?"

"Quite, aunt. But I wonder who can she be? A stranger, you say?"

"She would give me no name, and I have not seen her, my dear. James says he has never seen her here before."

Miss Ashburton proceeded, with an air of thoughtful inquiry, to the drawing-room: and as she opened the door, Lady Mayhew, in passing, saw through the open doorway a woman, tall, of fine and even strikingly beautiful proportions, attired in plain, dark garments, and wearing a thick veil, which quite concealed her face. She was standing, as Caroline Ashburton entered; and that was all Lady Mayhew saw. She rejoined Eleanor and her son, and shortly all three repaired to the library.

The door of the drawing-room had been closed on Miss Ashburton and her strange visitor, and for some ten minutes remained so. Then a faint cry was heard to proceed from the apartment, mingled with some confused exclamation in a voice of agony. The door was thrown open, and a bell rung with agitated haste. And when Lady Mayhew, followed by Edward, reached the drawing-room, they found Caroline reclining insensible upon a couch, and the veiled visitor bending over her, bathing her temples. Alarmed, both sprang to her side.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Lady Mayhew.

The stranger rose, and gave place to them.

"Its meaning is not evil," she said, in a musical though sad, nay, almost stern voice,—"its meaning is not evil. I have not harmed Caroline Ashburton, Lady Mayhew. She is too good. Would that none were more willing than I to harm her!"

She spoke and was gone. Her veiled figure passed Eleanor at the door, half paused, wavered, then sped silently through the hall, and out into the twilight.

And Caroline Ashburton awoke to consciousness, to find her aunt and Eleanor busied, with anxious suspense, in endeavoring to restore her, and Edward Mayhew bending over her in speechless alarm. As she slowly regained her faculties, her dark eyes wandered about the room, as if in search of something remembered; then came back, and rested on Edward's face. Their glance grew clearer—more intelligent, and by its fixed, earnest, wistful expression, she seemed to be trying to recollect the past.

Suddenly, she grew even more deathly pale than before; a quick shudder and a low, faint moan answered the first awakening beam of memory; a look of suffering anguish filled those large eyes, and settled around the white lips, half parted and livid as ashes. She pressed both hands upon her heart for a single instant, and turning her face away from Edward's anxious glance, rose from the couch, murmuring, in quivering accents of agony:

"It is too true—it is too true!"

"What? O, Caroline!" uttered her cousin.

"My dear child," said Lady Mayhew, tenderly, "what is the meaning of this? Who was that woman? What has she said to you?"

"O, aunt—aunt, do not ask me! In the name of mercy!"

She sank upon her knees, and buried her face in the cushions of the couch. For a moment, her whole frame shook like a reed before the tempest; while those about her stood silent, in sorrow, distress and perplexity. It was only for a moment, and then, with one strong and terrible effort of will, she crushed down the agony that filled her, and rose from her knees. The tears were flowing over her face, as she put back the disordered hair from her brow.

"Let me go, aunt—Edward—Eleanor,—let me go! Don't speak to me!" she said. And passing from among them, she left the drawing-room, and went up to her own chamber.

And they were left together there, troubled, anxious and perplexed to know the mystery of this. Lady Mayhew, it must be confessed, was a little irritated against this dark stranger, to whose influence the agony and distress of her niece were, without question, alone to be attributed.

"Who could she have been, I wonder?" she repeated for the twentieth time, in an uneasy tone; "and what can have been her business with Caroline, which has so agitated my poor girl? Really, it was very imprudent in me not to send her away at once. I might have known that Caroline was not fit to see any one, especially one whose errand was so mysterious as that of this person, whoever she was. I wonder what does Caroline know of her? and where she ever saw her before?"

It was fruitless questioning, all. The matter was destined to remain, for the present at least, a mystery. Meanwhile, Miss Ashburton remained secluded in her own room, refusing admittance to any. Lady Mayhew was inexpressibly distressed. A thousand times she wished that she had sent the stranger away without hesitation. As it was, there was no help for the deed already done; but she resolved to investigate the matter, and discover its import, before the mystery should have time to grow deeper.

"James," she said to the servant who had admitted Caroline's visitor, "if that person should come here a second time, you will come to me, and inform me of it; for I wish to see her."

They saw no more of Miss Ashburton till the following morning, when she appeared at breakfast, pale and quiet, but with an aspect of suppressed suffering in her countenance. She spoke little, and ate nothing. She seemed to avoid, with pain, the regards of her aunt and cousin; and once only she raised her eyes to Eleanor's, with a mute yet eloquent glance of earnest tenderness and infinite sorrow—a glance that Eleanor was unable to comprehend, though it impressed her deeply.

Lady Mayhew also had been silent during the repast. When it was concluded, she rose, and saying gently to her niece: "Caroline, my dear, will you come to me in the library in a few moments?" slowly left the room.

For a few seconds, Miss Ashburton sat silent and evidently deeply agitated, her eyes cast down; then she, too, rose, and proceeded to follow her aunt.

Edward stood at a distant window, looking out. Eleanor was nearer the door; and Miss Ashburton, as she reached her side, paused, and silently clasped her hand, fixing upon her once again the strangely mournful expression of those troubled eyes, and as Eleanor looked up, she bent and kissed her.

"O, Eleanor, poor child!" she murmured; "and yet happy—*happy*, in comparison with me! For you are safe, and *I*—"

She could not utter another word. Her face was turned suddenly aside, to hide the tears she was unable to restrain; and with a convulsive pressure of Eleanor's hand, she released it, and left the apartment, leaving Miss Ashby saddened and perplexed by her manner.

She went directly to the library, where she found Lady Mayhew awaiting her. She entered, pale and trembling; her eyes met those of her aunt, and were instantly cast down. She stood just inside the door, motionless, silent, unhappy.

"My dear child! my poor Caroline!" said Lady Mayhew, tenderly, advancing and taking her hands in her own. "What is this unhappiness of yours—this trouble which you compel yourself to bear alone? You *are* unhappy; you are in trouble, and you will make no confidant; you will receive no consolation. I entreat you to tell me the meaning of all this." Her voice and manner were gentle, earnest, entreating. She led her niece slowly towards a seat, with her hands pressed tenderly in hers. "Tell me, I implore," she repeated, "the cause of your sorrow."

There was no answer. Covering her face with her hands, Miss Ashburton sank upon a chair, and wept silently. Lady Mayhew waited a few moments, regarding her with a glance of blended pity and affection. Still, Caroline did not look up.

"Caroline," said Lady Mayhew, with gentle seriousness, after waiting awhile,—"Caroline, you cannot mistake me. It is not from mere curiosity that I seek to know the cause of this trouble which I see. It is not from the conviction of *my right*, after all these years of love and care lavished on you, to be admitted to your confidence now. Since the death of your own mother, I have tried to replace to you her lost affection. I have loved you with the love of a mother for her child. It is with that love, that solicitude, that tenderness, which leads my heart to share in every emotion, in every trouble or delight of yours, that I now seek to share in your sorrows."

With clasped hands, and a face whiter than death itself, Caroline Ashburton hastily rose from her seat.

"Aunt—aunt," she uttered, "don't—you will kill me! I have erred; I have sinned; I am guilty. I have deceived you. I have hidden the truth from you!" And she walked the floor back and forth, a picture of pale and passionate despair. "I deserve your reproaches," she went on, desperately,—"I deserve your reproaches; but O, they cannot be more terrible than my own! And Edward—O, that it should be mine to break the noblest, the tenderest heart that ever throbbed in a human breast!"

Silent and pale sat Lady Mayhew, listening to the agonized ejaculations of her niece. Now, as they ceased, she arose, deeply agitated, and came to her side.

"Tell me, Caroline," she said, in trembling accents of suspense,—"tell me. What do your words mean?"

She stood beside her, awaiting an answer. None came. But the hand of Caroline was placed upon her arm, and rested there more and more heavily by degrees, while a dark circle settled around her bloodless lips, and her eyes wore a fixed expression. Lady Mayhew started, and threw her arm about her, fearing she was about to faint again.

"My dear, sit down," she said, hastily, "and let me get you some water."

"No, no," murmured Miss Ashburton, feebly, making an effort to recover herself,—"no. I shall be better presently."

She sat down in the chair to which her aunt led her, and leaned her head upon her hand, with a low moan. Her eyes closed, and from beneath the heavy lids large tears rolled slowly down her pale cheeks, that seemed to have become hollow, and wan, and wasted, even within the last twelve hours. Lady Mayhew's heart was filled with anguish, as she stood there regarding her. She placed her hand tenderly upon Caroline's head.

"My poor child," she said, "do not distress yourself thus. Forget this for a little while."

Miss Ashburton's large eyes slowly unclosed, with a look of suffering.

"Forget? O, that it were possible! No; I must think—think think!" She hid her white face again. Presently it was uncovered. "No, no—I cannot forget!" she murmured; "but grant me a little time yet before I tell it,—a little time for strength, for preparation. For I am weak, now, and it is so hard—so hard!" Her voice sunk to a whisper, and the dull, heavy tears filled her eyes again. "A little longer," she repeated; "a single day; only till to-night, and then I will tell you."

She turned her face away, as she spoke, to hide the livid hue that again overspread it; but Lady Mayhew saw it, and a troubled look crossed her countenance. What was she to bear?

At that instant, a knock sounded at the library door. She went to open it, and found the servant, James, there.

"My lady, the person who called last night is here. She desires to see Miss Ashburton again."

Lady Mayhew hesitated, and turned to her niece, who had heard, and was bending forward anxiously.

"My dear," said Lady Mayhew, gravely, "I do not think it is right for you to see her. I hardly think you can bear—"

"O, aunt, let her come in; indeed I must see her," pleaded Miss Ashburton, in a still faint but intensely earnest tone. "Let her come in. Her errand, I assure you, is of the utmost importance."

"Show her in here, James," said Lady Mayhew. Then turning, she added, to Caroline: "And, meanwhile, I must insist upon remaining here during her visit. I cannot consent to leave you alone with her again. But I will go to yonder window, where I shall not disturb you."

"O, aunt—aunt," said Miss Ashburton, "if you only knew her mission! Were it not for her, I should be—" She broke off; tears once more checked her utterance.

At the moment, the veiled stranger entered. She half paused at the threshold, her dark eyes glancing through her veil, towards Miss Ashburton first, and then beyond to her aunt, who was now at the far end of the apartment, by a window. Then, as Caroline half rose, she came forward, and stood silent again, just before her, for an instant, regarding her intently. No wonder, if that pale, suffering face struck her with compassion.

"Poor child!" she murmured, "it is hard that the sins of others should be visited on you."

Miss Ashburton's eyes were turned imploringly upon her.

"The paper—the record? you have brought it?"

The stranger placed in her hand a small roll of paper which she had carried concealed under her veil.

"Take good heed that you do not lose it," she said. "The watchfulness of years must not come to naught now."

Caroline Ashburton clasped it eagerly in her hand. And even as she did so, a shudder ran through her frame, and a subdued ejaculation of misery escaped from her ashy lips.

"It seals my fate!" she uttered, in a low voice of anguish.

"And yet you were better dead than be without it," said the stranger, gravely, "and not you alone, either. Courage! and be glad that you have it in your possession; for the evil deeds of past time must be brought to light ere long, and then you may need it. I go now. When you are ready, seek me at the red house on the hill yonder." And turning away, she departed as she had come.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER WARNING. TOO LATE.

During the private interview of Lady Mayhew and her niece, Eleanor, in a sad and disturbed frame of mind, had left the house, and walked out into the grounds, leaving Edward, painfully absorbed in his own thoughts, still standing by the window in the breakfast-room. The mysterious and perplexing events which had occurred since the previous morning, had aroused her anxiety and concern, almost as deeply as that of Lady Mayhew and her son; for, with a heart naturally affectionate, she had become warmly attached to her new friends, and her kindest sympathies were with them; and it was with her mind fixed upon these matters that she now directed her steps towards the banks of the stream, which formed the southern boundary of Lady Mayhew's estate.

Almost unconsciously she took the path leading down the stream, in the direction of the old farm house, which she had left but a few

days before. Lost in contemplation, she walked on until she was quite out of sight of Lady Mayhew's mansion; and it was not till the approach of some person, at a little distance, startled her, that she at length looked up. It was a young country boy, with coarse frock, heavy hob-nailed shoes and enormous straw hat, whom she beheld advancing towards her; but in the well-known voice which joyfully said: "Good morning, Miss Eleanor; don't you know me?" she directly recognized that of Harry Longworth.

"So this is you, Harry, is it?" she said, with a kind smile. "I am very glad to see you. I did not know you at first."

"No—because I've on these clothes, you see, miss, that make me look different. But I must wear a strange dress when I come to you with an errand, that Sir Edward and young Mr. Morley and his father mayn't find out where I go. For although I've left there, they watch me like cats watching a mouse; and I'm only too lucky if they haven't tracked me as it is."

"Then they are still searching, Harry?"

"Pretty sharp, miss. Young Mr. Morley swears he'll hunt you out, and Sir Edward helps him, and his father, to look for you. Ah, miss!" and Harry shook his head, "I don't just see what it all means there. He's savage as a bear, is master—Sir Edward, I mean, and so crazy-like and desperate-looking all the time, and yet he seems to be led about by them—Mr. Morley and his father; to be afraid of them, somehow, it seems to me, so that they can make him do what they like. Indeed, some believe it is so; and that Mr. Victor Briancourt has got some secret kind of hold upon him, that forces him to do as they bid him, and that that is the reason he is so set upon getting you, miss, to marry the son."

Eleanor sighed. She alone knew how true this was—that he was in their power.

"But I am forgetting my business all this time, miss," said Harry, taking a billet from the pocket of his frock. "Here is something that the dwarf left this morning in the hollow tree in Penshurst Copse, where we have settled that he is always to leave his messages for you. I go there every day. I dare say he will tell you in it something about the goings-on at Ashby. He keeps close on the watch all the time. I am not there now, as I told you, but at Holt Farm, just beyond the village."

"So Lucy said, Harry. I hope you have a good place?" said Miss Ashby, as she received the communication.

"Yes, miss,—a very nice one, thank you."

"And the fever has all gone from the village?"

"Quite, miss. It run pretty hard while it lasted, but there weren't many took it, after all, and you know it was feared it would go through the whole place. They all think a deal of you, miss, in the village, for the care you took of one and another in the fever, and of Mr. Hugh Latimer, who did so much for them."

"I am glad if I served them, Harry. I tried hard to, during the little time I could be with them. But now, I suppose you are waiting to ask about Lucy?" said Miss Ashby, kindly.

Harry's honest face lighted up.

"Yes, Miss Eleanor,—I was just going to ask you how she is."

"Very well indeed. Would you not like to go up and see her a little while, now, at Lady Mayhew's house?"

Harry said he should be very glad to.

"But," and he lingered, "isn't it rather unsafe, Miss Eleanor, if I may make so bold, for you to be so far away from the house alone? Because there's no knowing but you might be seen by those you wouldn't like to see you."

"True—true," answered Miss Ashby. "I forgot that I had come so far. I have not been out of the grounds since Pequin sent his last caution, until to-day. But I will come up directly, Harry. You may hasten along, and I shall be there soon."

And while Harry left her and continued his way up to see Lucy, Miss Ashby returned upon her steps, and walking slowly along, proceeded to open Pequin's letter. Harry was out of sight in a moment, so rapidly did he walk; and by the time she had fairly commenced reading, had already traversed a fourth part of the way to Lady Mayhew's. The communication was as follows:

"Take heed, Eleanor Ashby, lest the danger you know of reach you ere you are aware. Sir Edward has discovered the place of your abode! The hawk is all ready to pounce upon the dove, if she venture forth from her nest.

PEQUIN."

Struck with alarm, Eleanor continued, for a moment, to gaze upon these words, with a pale cheek and a troubled eye. She was no longer safe, then. Perhaps her uncle was even now about to come and claim her.

Suddenly, the rapid tramp of a horse's hoofs, on a piece of stony ground not far behind her, such as bordered the stream for some distance along here, caused her to look back quickly. With a half-suppressed cry of terror, she beheld a gentleman mounted upon a large black horse, fast coming up. The creature was like the one Morley Briancourt usually rode. The thought of him, flashing like lightning across her excited mind, filled her with dread. Hastily she turned again, thinking to flee; but the first step was a dangerous one for her. Standing upon the very edge of the bank, which was here much elevated above the stream, and descending precipitously for some ten or fifteen feet below, terminated in a grassy level extending to the water's edge, the loose gravelly earth crumbled beneath her feet, and she fell.

The cry she uttered in falling was echoed from the lips of the horseman. Rapidly he urged forward his horse, and dashing along to where the path lying at the foot of the rocks branched off from that leading parallel with it up the ascent, dismounted, and throwing the bridle over the beast's neck, sprang to the place where Miss Ashby had fallen. It was Hugh Latimer.

His face was pale as death, as he caught sight of her insensible form lying upon the ground, beneath the branches of a stunted oak that grew close by the precipitous bank. Kneeling beside her, he partially lifted her, so that she rested upon his breast.

"Eleanor," he uttered, passionately,—"Eleanor! it is you, then,—and lifeless!" He shuddered as his glance was fastened on that pale, pure, inanimate countenance. "What if she is dead!"

He lifted her in his arms, as he would have lifted a child, and bearing her down to the water-side, knelt with her there. Dipping his hand into the cool wave, he bathed her blue veined temples, and smoothed back the heavy dark hair that lay in thick, curling masses around them. Handful after handful of water was gathered up and rained in crystal showers over her face. But she lay insensible still.

"Eleanor—Eleanor, my beloved!" he uttered again. "O, wake—speak to me, Eleanor!"

His very heart thrilled, as a faint tinge of color dawned in her cheek. Bending over her, he waited eagerly for the first ray of consciousness to beam from those hazel eyes upon him.

They unclosed, presently, and a low sigh parted her lips. For a moment, her glance rested silently upon his face. At first, it was evidently without recognition. Then a soft light stole into them; they were averted, and gradually the broad white lids drooped over them again. The tender flush that had tinged her cheek became deeper; warmer and warmer it grew, and he watched with a delight as deep as the anxiety, suspense and apprehension that he felt. The soft eyes opened again.

"Eleanor," he said, gently, "do you recognize me?"

"Yes, Mr. Latimer."

She tried to rise, grew pale again, and sank back.

"You are injured, Eleanor!" he said, in a voice of increased alarm.

"No—I have no pain; do not fear for me. But my head is not clear yet—that is all."

All! It was a miracle, almost, if it were all, if she were not crippled for life. He raised her gently, so that her head lay higher up on his breast, and dipping his hand into the stream, commenced bathing her temples once more. She lay with her eyes closed a little while. Presently she said:

"That was you, then, whom I saw, and Ranger? I thought it was somebody else. It was just before I made that false step."

"I was not far distant from you when you fell. You remember, then?"

"Yes. How horrible that fall was!" And she shuddered faintly. "I remember thinking that I should be killed; but that tree was in the way," raising her eyes to the oak above them; "the branches bent with me, and broke the force of my fall, I suppose."

"That was it, then; you were only stunned. Thank Providence it was no worse!" And he breathed a deep, unconscious sigh of relief and gratitude.

Again the warm vermilion tinged her cheek; but it faded directly again, leaving it whiter than before.

"I think," she said, after a little silence,—"I think I am stronger now; and I must get back home. Lady Mayhew will be alarmed."

The words did not surprise him. The housekeeper at Ashby had told the Latimers how Eleanor had fled from Ashby because her uncle had treated her cruelly, and shut her up a prisoner in her own apartment; and though they had remained in ignorance of her whereabouts during her stay at the farm, owing to Pequin's charge of utter secrecy to Harry Longworth, they had been assured that she was in a place of safety; and it was only the day previous to that of the events recorded in this chapter that they had learned of her being at Lady Mayhew's, through Dr. Gregg, from Dr. Morrison, her family physician.

"I am on my way to Lady Mayhew's," said he. "We can proceed thither in company. But you mistake, I think, in regard to your strength. See! no—no; you cannot stand!"

At her desire, he had assisted her to rise. But he was right: she could not stand without assistance. Her head whirled. Tenderly supporting her towards a low rock projecting from the bank, he seated her upon it.

At that moment, a bird, which had its nest among the brushwood at the end of the path, flew upward with a loud flapping of its wings, frightening Hugh Latimer's horse, which was grazing there quietly, so that he started aside, and then dashed off at full gallop.

"See," said Eleanor; "there goes Ranger; and you must go after him, Mr. Latimer, or you will lose him."

"No; I cannot leave you thus," answered Hugh.

"I shall do very well while I sit still here. I will not stir till you come back. Go, Mr. Latimer; I insist upon it."

She spoke faintly, but with earnestness. Still he did not obey.

"Go," she said again; "and when you return, I shall doubtless be so much better as to be able to go back with you."

To satisfy her, he did as she desired charging her first to remember her promise, and not attempt to move till his return. She promised, at the same time urging him, in turn, not to come back until he had captured Ranger.

Left alone, her glance fell now, for the first time, on the letter of Pequin, which had fallen from her hand, and lay half-hidden in the grass. A faint shudder ran through her as she remembered its contents. Her uncle, and Victor Briancourt, and Morley knew of her being at Lady Mayhew's. She trembled. What if they were on their way thither even now? Her head grew more and more confused. It was only by leaning back against the bank that she could keep herself from falling. She closed her eyes, feeling sick and weary. She almost wished she had not insisted on the departure of Hugh.

She had remained for some time with her eyes closed, and the dizziness in her head continually increasing, when the sound of horses' hoofs once more aroused her, striking on the stony ground not far distant.

"Hugh is coming back with Ranger," she thought. "I am glad."

Feebly she turned her head in the direction of the sound. It was not Hugh coming back with Ranger, it was a light carriage drawn by two chestnut horses, advancing slowly along the bank of the stream from the direction of the road, half a mile down, leading to the adjacent town.

Her heart bounded with sudden fear; for in her uneasy state of mind, she could not help fancying that it strongly resembled that of her uncle; and the horses, too,—those of her uncle were bright chestnut, like these. In her anxiety in watching it, she forgot for a moment that, as the carriage rounded the curve which the stream made, just below the place where the path here branched off from that leading up the ascent, the spot she occupied must be plainly visible to those within it, and that her form could be easily distinguished in its white garments, against the dark rock.

Whoever the occupants of the carriage were, they were now in full sight; and as they rounded the bend of the stream, they both—for they were two gentlemen—bent forward to the window. They came nearer—nearer; there was no longer any doubt. It was her uncle's carriage! And, at the point where the paths diverged, it drew up.

A faint ejaculation of terror and despair escaped her lips. She essayed to rise—to escape; it was impossible. It was as if she were chained to the rock. Sight failed her; there was a sound in her ears as of rushing waters; in vain she endeavored to utter the name of Hugh Latimer. She was just conscious of the approach of footsteps—of being lifted, helpless, in some one's arms—of hearing a cold, stern voice which she knew but too well—the voice of her uncle, and then she became insensible.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A RECORD OF GUILT.

It was with a savage, exultant joy, too deep for description, that Morley Briancourt—for he was one of those whom Eleanor had seen in her uncle's carriage—beheld the object of a three weeks' fruitless search, in the form of Miss Ashby, down in the hollow by the river-road to Eldon, Lady Mayhew's place, whither their course had been directed. Sir Edward, in company with him, had set out that morning, after discovering through the means of Will Humphries, the valet and spy, the neighborhood of Eleanor, to claim her from the sanctuary which had given her shelter. Of their movements during these past three weeks, little need be said. They had sought and inquired in every possible place for their missing prize: Victor Briancourt and his son, with a desperate and wrathful determination to find her, and the baronet himself, in a state of fear and trembling, enraged and despairing at her loss, yet goaded and urged on by his graceful, smooth-voiced tyrant, Victor Briancourt, to recover her at any cost; believing her beyond his reach, without the slightest prospect of finding her, and yet never daring to give her up—never daring to rest one moment from his search; cursing, day and night, the act which had put him into this man's power, but without hope of escaping from it.

As we have said, Will Humphries was the means of discovering her whereabouts by accidentally finding a note, written by the old housekeeper (who had resigned her place, like many others of the family servants, after Eleanor's flight), to Miss Latimer; and it was with a revulsion of feeling almost insupportable that Sir Edward received the tidings. Reduced by despair almost to insanity, it was a joy hardly to be believed or borne, to learn that Eleanor was so near—almost within his very grasp, as it were; and while Morley and his father exulted in the prospect of regaining their prize, the plan was made to recover her.

Not ten minutes after the discovery, Sir Edward set out, with Morley, for Lady Mayhew's, to claim his niece and ward, well satisfied of success, as his legal right over Eleanor's actions did not expire yet for some months, for she was not yet of age.

The reader has already been made aware of the encounter by the way. Attracted, first, by the sight of a woman, seated at the foot of the rocks, by the stream, in this lonely place, the attention of both had been struck by her dress and appearance, as they drew nearer; for over her white gown was cast a crimson scarf, which they had often seen her wear, and the complexion and hair, distant as the observers were, were unmistakably those of Eleanor.

"It is she!" was the deep-toned exclamation of Morley, as, having alighted from the carriage, they approached her; and his heart beat as it had never beat before.

A wild thrill rushed through Sir Edward's frame as he saw her so near. Now—now, his bond was safe. He trembled in every limb with joyful excitement. It was hard to conceal the almost delirious agitation he felt; for he had suffered so much, and so long, and now Eleanor was in his power once more. But with a hard struggle he partially subdued the evidence of his feelings. He had done or tried to do so, during all the suspense and agony of her loss, that Victor Briancourt and Morley might not see how terrible was his fear of them, and thus let them know the full extent of their power. Now, though his voice slightly trembled, it had yet resumed, in a great degree, the cold, harsh tones natural to it.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Literary dissipation is no less destructive of sympathy with the living world than sensual dissipation. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted and as heart-hardening as mere sense; and the union of the two, when uncontrolled by the conscience, and without the softening, purifying influences of the moral affections, is all that is requisite to produce the diabolical ideal of our nature. Nor is there any repugnance in either to coalesce with the other: witness Iago, Tiberius, Borgia.

INTERIOR OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

The series of pictures on this and the succeeding page represents some of the most striking features of the interior of the world-renowned Louvre. The engravings are made from drawings executed on the spot by the very best artists of the French capital, and may be relied on for their accuracy. The first of them represents the ceiling of the Apollo Gallery, painted by Mr. Delacroix; next we have the magnificent Apollo Gallery itself; then the Square Saloon, in which is a fine collection of pictures, where, besides the visitors, male and female artists are seen busily at work at their easels, executing copies; and lastly, the frieze of the Hall of the Seven Chimney-places. We shall refer more particularly to these features in the course of this article. The interior of the Louvre has lately been remodelled, and the pictures re-arranged. We have represented those portions of the Louvre only which have been repaired and remodelled. The museum of the Louvre, such as it has been made by the luxuries, fancies and the successive changes of the monarchy, the republic, the first and second empires, is now one of the first museums in the world. Its extent and magnificence command admiration. After having been a long time closed to the public, in order to complete the improvements and changes, the Louvre was re-opened June 5, 1851. The Gallery of Apollo, the Square Saloon and the Hall of the Seven Chimneys had been decorated with great magnificence—particularly the Square Saloon, which is devoted to the reception of masterpieces of art, like the famous Florentine "Tribune." The attention is attracted in the Square Saloon by the gildings and particolored ornaments of the ceiling. Between the spring of the arch and the place where the top of the hanging of the four walls terminates, there is a frieze containing scutcheons, on which are inscribed the names of celebrated painters, placed between the pilasters. This frieze, which prolongs at the base the brilliant ornamentation of the ceiling, diminishes the height and narrows the space reserved for pictures. Above it are a row of plaster figures in relief. These four figures, representing Architecture, Painting, Sculpture and Engraving, are placed on the edge of a cornice. The four angles are occupied in their whole length by colossal Termes, sustaining over their heads a scutcheon, surrounded by instruments borrowed from architecture or manufactures, and surmounted by the head of a horse or ox. There are also other figures representing genii holding garlands of flowers. The ornamentation of the Hall of the Seven Chimneys consists principally in large figures, representing Victory, to the number of fourteen, with arms and wings extended, and holding palms and crowns of gold. They are colored very light in the flesh and the draperies. Between these figures, relief portraits of painters and sculptors, of a white hue, appear on a colored background.



CEILING OF THE APOLLO GALLERY.

The least satisfactory part of the ceiling is, as in the Square Saloon, that of the angles of the arch, here occupied by a sort of irregular pilasters, resembling clock-cases in shape, and resting on large volutes, beneath which are gilded trophies consecrated to art, agriculture, the navy and army. On the other hand, the frame of the height of the arch is of a design at once elegant and severe, and produces a fine effect. In general, the decoration of these two ceilings is of a fertile and varied invention, full of charming details, drawn with great delicacy. They do honor to Mr. Duban, and the sculptors who aided him, Mr. Simart for the Saloon, and Mr. Duret for the Hall of the Seven Chimney-places. But, in our opinion, all this rich ornamentation has too much prominence and brilliancy for the place for which it is designed. It is ambitious and aims at effect, instead of being retiring, as it should be. In a picture gallery, nothing should enter into competition with the pictures themselves. They are emphatically the ornaments. Above perfectly smooth walls, the friezes, cornices and panels should be simple and quiet in design, of a relief but slightly accented, and of a sober color. We think it imperative to avoid the employment of large sculptured figures and painted subjects beside figures drawn by Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and the great artists of the *Renaissance*. Whatever be their merit, it is ungraceful for these new-comers to thrust themselves into a senate of kings. The magnificent Gallery of Apollo, of which we give a fine representation, had been closed up to 1851. The restoration was effected in admirable taste. The gallery, built by Henry IV., was partially destroyed in 1661, by a fire, while they were building a stage on which Louis XIV. and his court were to dance. Repaired and decorated with its present rich ceiling, drawn and painted under the direction of Lebrun, it had been intended, under the Directory, to contain drawings, pastels, enamels and miniatures. The deteriorated condition of the arch, which threatened to fall in, required propping; and from 1824, the hall, encumbered by scaffoldings, in the midst of which, by means of hangings, a temporary passage-way to the exhibitions was contrived, testified the carelessness of governments with regard to the Louvre. Finally, after the revolution of February, and with the initiative of M. Jeanron, under the direction of whom these different restorations were undertaken, followed and brought to a close by Niewekerke, his successor, the arch and the façade on the garden of the Infanta were constructed, and the Apollo Gallery in the interior clothed with all its ancient magnificence.

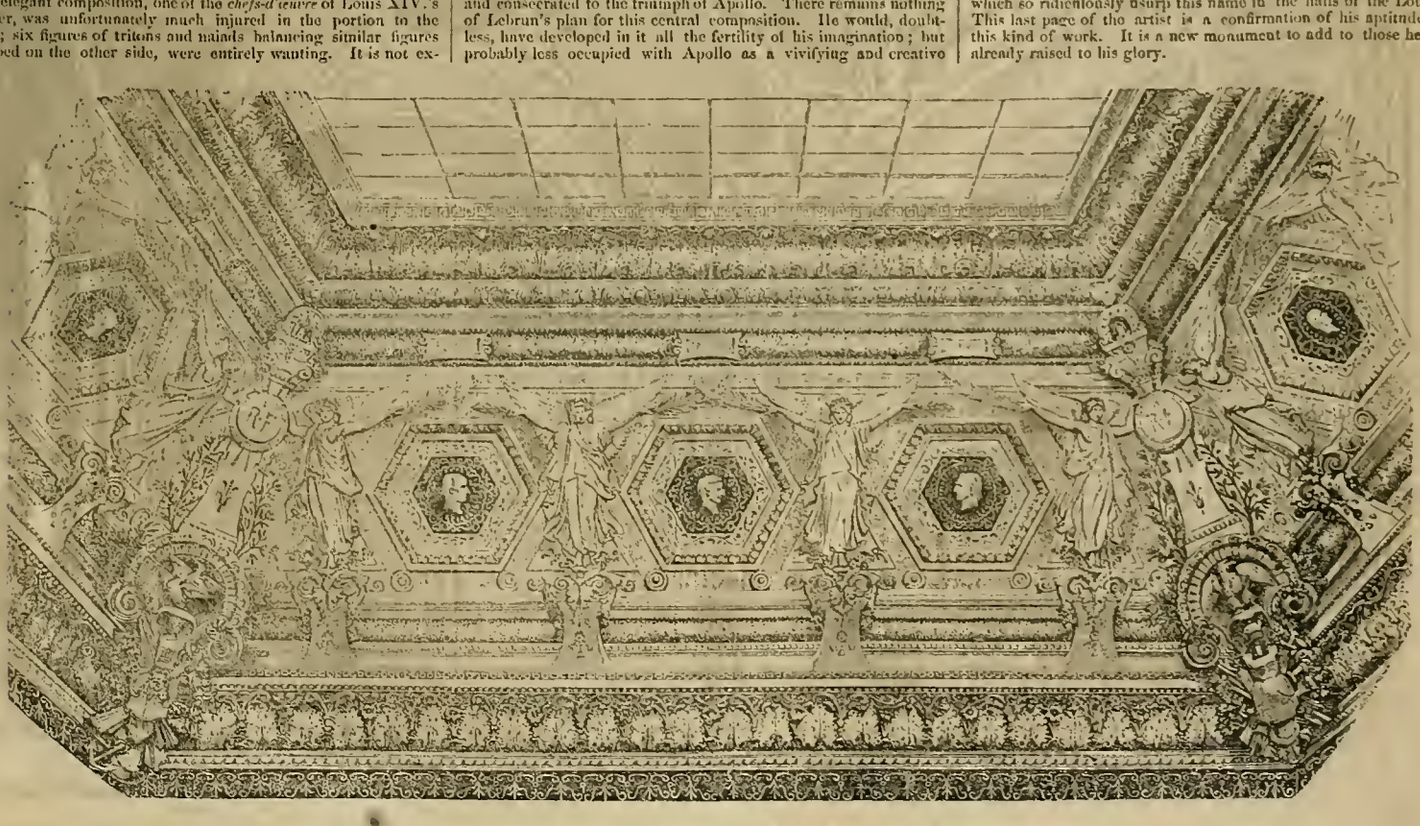


THE APOLLO GALLERY.



THE SQUARE SALOON.

The paintings have been so skilfully retouched, and the gildings renewed with such care, that they have the harmonious aspect and, so to speak, the varnish of time. Another change has been made. The old ante-chamber preceding the Square Saloon, and which contained the pictures of old masters, now placed at the commencement of the Grand Gallery, is devoted to another purpose. Thither has been transported a collection of gems and precious objects, formerly in the hall of the museum of Charles X. The cabinets of dark wood in which they are arranged, and the sombre hanging of the hall, are admirably adapted to display these rich gems, and to give to this apartment a chaste and tasteful character. Instead of an ante-chamber, it is now a retired cabinet. The Gallery of Apollo was designed entirely by the famous Lebrun. He died in 1690. For the hundred following years, the Louvre, deserted by the court for Versailles, Trianon, Marli and Choisy, served principally to lodge the different royal academies, and particularly that of painting and sculpture. The Gallery of Apollo was divided into apartments. In 1756, it served as a studio for Vanloo, with rooms for his pupils; then, successively, for different exhibitions of pictures and objects of art till 1818. It was reserved for the public to resume the task commenced by the monarchy, and so long interrupted, and bring it to an end. The complete restoration of this gallery was decided and reported on to the National Assembly on the 7th of December, 1848, and confided to Mr. Duban, the architect of the Louvre. The walls had partially given way, and portions of the arched ceiling had fallen in, which it was necessary to replace with great care. The numerous figures sculptured by the brothers Marsy, by Girardon and Renaudin were restored; the ornaments in relief reviewed and repaired; the old pannels retouched, and the arabesques and figures completed. This work of restoration, if we do not criticise too severely a few arabesques of conventional design and too modern preciseness, has arrived at a harmonious whole. It is not the same with the compartments of the arch. Lebrun did not finish his work; hence the unity he would have secured is wanting. The four compartments situated at the base of the arch, to the right and left, and representing the four seasons, were painted a century after him: Spring, by Callet; Autumn, by Taraval; Summer, by Durameau; and Winter, by Lagrenée, Jr. These two last subjects, opposite the windows, are feebly executed, in dull and faded color, whose neighborhood to the painting of M. Delacroix makes its feebleness more apparent. The only painting executed by the hand of Lebrun is that at the extremity of the gallery, on the side of the quay. It represents the awakening of the waters, on the Triumph of Amphitrite. This elegant composition, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Louis XIV.'s painter, was unfortunately much injured in the portion to the right; six figures of tritons and naiads balancing similar figures grouped on the other side, were entirely wanting. It is not explained why M. Guichard, entrusted with retouching the paintings, did not consult the collection engraved by a pupil of Lebrun, named St. Andre, who has preserved to us all the paintings and sculptures of this gallery, executed or projected in his time. A print of St. Andre and a drawing owned by the museum, served M. Guichard to reconstruction, with an unnecessary modification in some of the subordinate details, the other composition of Lebrun facing the preceding. This painting of M. Guichard is above the entrance door decorated with the fine iron grating from the Chateau de Maison, which so generally attracts public attention: it represents the triumph of the Earth. The centre of the arch is occupied by a large composition painted by M. Delacroix, and consecrated to the triumph of Apollo. There remains nothing of Lebrun's plan for this central composition. He would, doubtless, have developed in it all the fertility of his imagination; but probably less occupied with Apollo as a vivifying and creative god, than as an emblem of the glory of Louis XIV., he would have summoned frigid allegory to the aid of his courtier like flatteries; under the pencil of M. Delacroix, it has become a poem. Four cartoons distributed along the length of the arch and representing Diana, or Night in her car, Evening or Morpheus, the Star of Morning, by Renou (1781), and Aurora, by Mr. Muller, complete, together with medallions and cameos consecrated to the twelve months, the picturesque decoration of the gallery. In the piers, between the windows of one side and the false doors of the other, it is proposed to place the portraits of the celebrated men of Louis XIV.'s century, taken from contemporary pictures. These portraits, executed in tapestry, are preparing at the Gobelins. The ceiling by M Delacroix is 24 feet by 22 feet. The composition is so completely elaborate that it is necessary to subjoin the artist's own description of it:—"Apollo vanquishing the serpent Python. The god, mounted on his car, has already discharged a portion of his arrows; Diana, his sister, floating after him, presents him her quiver. Already pierced by the arrows of the god of light and life, the bleeding monster writhes, as he exhales in fiery vapor the remains of his life and of his impotent fury. The waters of the deluge are beginning to subside, and leave on the summits or drag with them the bodies of men and animals. The gods are indignant on beholding the earth abandoned to formless monsters produced impure from the slime; they have armed like Apollo; Minerva and Mercury spring forward to exterminate them, while waiting for divine wisdom to repeople the solitude of the universe. Hercules crushes them with his club; Vulcan, the god of fire, drives before him night and the impure vapors; while Boreas and the zephyrs dry up the waters with their breath, and finish the work by dissipating the clouds. The more timid divinities contemplate from a distance this battle of the gods and elements. Meanwhile, from the height of Heaven, Victory descends to crown Apollo, the conqueror; and Iris, the messenger of the gods, displays her scarf in the air, a symbol of the triumph of light over darkness and the revolt of the waters." This design embraces a vast field, and one would be tempted at once to pronounce it impossible, if the composition of M. Delacroix were not a splendid realization of it. Before considering it as a painting, we must first acknowledge how felicitous it is as a great decorative machine, and how it naturally adapts itself to the vivid turbulent *ornamentation*, whose abundance and luxury expand about it. Of this it is at once the centre and the crown. Considered in itself, it is a work of fire, full of vigor, and bearing the impress of burning poetry. The principal merit of M. Delacroix's ceiling, is that it is really a ceiling. It is a victorious refutation of the numerous paintings which so ridiculously usurp this name in the halls of the Louvre. This last page of the artist is a confirmation of his aptitude for this kind of work. It is a new monument to add to those he has already raised to his glory.



FRIEZE OF THE HALL OF THE SEVEN CHIMNEYS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BESSIE.

There's many a maid with lovelier face,
Of comelier form, and many a grace
Outrivalling dear Bessie, perchance;
There's many a maid of dignified mien,
As courtly as Juno, as proud as a queen,
But Bessie's the sweetest I've seen.

There's many a maid whose smile is as sweet,
With tapering fingers and ankles as neat;
There's many a maid full as fair,
There's many a maid with as kindly a glance,
With beauties and charms, which each other enhance,
But Bessie is still in advance.

There's a charm in her presence—in goodness it lies—
A charm in a true heart, and proudly I prize
The friendship which binds us together;
All the wealth in the world, the rank or the fame,
Can never allure me, or passion inflame,
While Bessie continues the same.

Her smile is so gentle, her voice is so kind,
I might search the world o'er, I never should find
One so true, so faithful, so pure;
There's a magic to me in each glance and each tone,
In her presence I seem on happiness' throne—
Shall I ever call Bessie mine own?

M. P. Ja.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALESSANDRINA OF RUSSIA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

Although Catherine of Russia was empress of all the Russias, in the chief city of her realm was one who divided sway with her and held hardly the second place of sovereignty in the hearts of her subjects. This was the beautiful Princess Alessandrina (daughter of a deceased dignitary and ward of Galovitch, the primate), whose wit and beauty the train of her suitors testified, and whose charity and sweetness, the populace, receiving her bounty, were only too happy to acknowledge.

It was a night of early spring in St. Petersburg. The winter palace was glaring with illumination, and the court-yard packed with coaches, cars and droskas. The empress received, to-night, Ivan, the gallant young officer just returned from the victorious war, and conferred upon him, in the presence of her court, the order of St. Andrew. There was a momentary hush in the drawing-room, splendid almost to barbarity, when the Primate Galovitch entered arm in arm with Ivan, and followed by a brace of gigantic Cossacks. The extremely tall, slender figure; the graceful step; the white, jewelled hand; the long, black hair, curling in soft, fine masses over a collar of gems; the almost feminine regularity of feature and olive skin; the full, crimson lip—all these beauties gave no indication of the hero of two campaigns, of a man foremost on the enemies' ramparts, sleeping in trenches, working in ditches, never flinching in the hottest fire, and a conqueror wherever he directed his forces; but in the large, black eye, although at first sight languid and soft as a woman's, there was a fire that flashed fitfully, and transformed, whenever it kindled, the whole man into an impersonation of energy and will, leading him the majesty of Mars. Only the Cossack blood in his veins could account for the dark style of his countenance.

Catherine, it is well known, had a fine eye for beauty, and when she caught sight of the prince, her courtiers could have told beforehand, from the expression of her countenance, with what empressement she would afford him his reception. During his conversation with the empress, which lasted over an hour, his eye now and then wanderingly traversed the room and fell back dreamily and listlessly to light up beneath her smile. At last, leaving him to amuse himself, the empress turned to her primate, and the prince sauntered down the lane opened for him through the thronging nobles, bowing negligently to right and left, as his eye met one familiar. As for the ladies and maidens, he seemed to ignore either beauty or existence on their part, and idly strolled down where the curtains were looped high above an alcove. As he would have entered and thrown himself on the lounge, he hesitated, glanced again and stopped entirely still, gazing before him.

Just under the sweep of the curtains, crowned with the massive braids of her yellow hair, the white gauzes of her array fluttering in the breeze from the balcony, while she herself stood like a statue distinct in her delicate symmetry against the heavy purple drapery—her blue eyes shining upon him, her face tinged with the hue of the anemone, and her chiselled lips half parted as if to speak, was Alessandrina. Thus they mutually gazed an instant, when extending her hand, she said:

"Let it be no flagrant rudeness, if, in recognizing Prince Ivan I require no master of ceremonies."

"Nor," returned he, "shall I presume wrong if I venture to believe myself in the presence of that queen whose subjects all Europe cannot contain, most noble Alessandrina."

"Since you entered with my guardian, I should have seen you at home to-morrow, and once in a while, for a novelty, it is pleasant to forestall the proprieties, and when 'allow me to present,' comes along, to be able to return, 'I think I have the honor.' Now is it not?"

"Like taking the enemy's fort by strategy before sounding a parley at the gates," said he, smiling; "but although diplomacy is fast becoming a feminine accomplishment, I scarcely expected that your highness was a devotee at that shrine."

"Devotee? Far from it. Does one worship evil unless one is Armenian or barbarian? But I might venture to call myself an imp of it, and somewhat of an adept in the art!"

"As you intend me to find out if you allow our acquaintance to continue. Coquetry is an excellent school for that art, and therefore, no doubt, ladies are so much more successful than our blunter sex. *Sotto voce*, you have, madam, in your attendance on the empress, a fine opportunity to perfect yourself in your studies in these branches!"

The princess laughed with downcast eyes, but raising them, seemed to look at some one behind Ivan, and turning, he saw Catherine, who had left her throne, on the arm of Galovitch.

"Your highness has met with an acquaintance?" asked Catherine, with considerable hauteur.

"Obeying your imperial commands," he answered, "I have found a friend."

Alessandrina looked quickly up, and if an angry glance could have slain, would doubtless have done the prince some damage.

"It is coming on a little too fast!" quoth she, to herself. "*Friend*, indeed! when I have not exchanged fifty syllables with him!" And adding aloud, for Ivan's ear, as she curled her lip and looked at him—"Presumption!"

The fire that burned the Adonis to a hero flashed into his eye only for a moment, but that glimpse told her of something beyond the smile, and made her half repent her hasty word. It was gone, however, instantly, and in a manner totally changed from any he had exhibited, he whispered:

"I shall only be too happy to receive such an instructress in court phrases."

"Prince Ivan!" then said Catherine, "shall we have the pleasure of your society at Nicolaeff, our summer house, for a few months? We start to-morrow."

Ivan made the necessary acknowledgements, and she added:

"It is but six leagues from the city—our court goes with us. Galovitch, thou wilt order the horses; Alessandrina and I must have some hunting."

And taking the arm of Prince Ivan, she continued her walk, while a throng of courtiers clustered at once round the princess. When, some time later, she descended to her coach, an arm was presented to her by Prince Ivan, and as she seated herself, he kissed her hand and disappeared. The next morning was to be the great review of the troops, and, somewhat curious to notice the manner of her hero, Alessandrina was beside the empress, who was also on horseback, at an early hour. She looked more splendidly in that dark, tight-fitting habit, with the close, black cap, exhibiting her fine horsemanship, while a deep color was fanned into her cheeks by the exercise, than beneath a blaze of chandeliers, on the night before; and so thought Ivan, as with his sabretasche dangling at his heels, he strode across the square, to reappear, immediately, in full gallop at the head of his staff.

It certainly could not have been the martial music that startled the horse the princess rode, when the exercises were nearly through; but some unaccountable circumstance occasioned that breach of propriety on his part, and suddenly shying up against the empress, he wheeled and darted at full career up the street above, threatening to crush her every moment against the walls on either side. Heedless of all her soothing endeavors, or of whip and rein, he raced on and unexpectedly stopping stone still, threw up his heels, gave a loud neigh, turned about and dashed down the street right through the cortege of the empress, the front rank of the soldiery, the square of cavalry, and was rushing on, when, without any apparent effort the hand of Ivan, still sitting lightly in his saddle, grasped the reins, and, with an almost herculean strength, held the wild creature (who seemed to recognize a certain irresistible force in his controller) motionless. To have left his troops for her rescue would have been a glaring offence, and he had therefore, at the first moment, hastily ordered some one to gallop up a circuit and confront her, when the animal would doubtless turn and bring her within his reach, as indeed he did. Now, still holding her reins, with Alessandrina, who, though incapable of managing her steed, had maintained her seat and composure throughout, beside him, he coolly, without a word to her, put his squadrons through their last manœuvres, dismissed them, and turning, congratulated her. They remained alone in the middle of the square till the last file of the army had lowered their arms before the empress, and then sought her presence.

"A pretty interruption we have had!" laughed she, good-humoredly. "Come, everything is prepared at Nicolaeff."

And, before sunset, the court relieved from the weight of etiquette and ceremony, wandered unrestrainedly through the beautiful gardens and fields, and along the tiny lakes and river in the grounds of Nicolaeff.

Alessandrina was lying beside a brook, alone and half-hidden in the tall growth of the fern of a sudden Russian summer, when Prince Ivan, with his usual indifference of manner, sauntered idly along, and throwing himself down on the bank just below her, commenced skipping stones across the water. Alessandrina picked up a pebble, and raising herself to a sitting posture, followed his example. Looking round for his competitor, the prince beheld her beautiful face rising just above the fern like a dryad from some gigantic southern blossom.

"Your highness thinks them cannon balls!" said she, merrily.

"And what thinks *your* highness?"

"I think it marvellous that the hero of the Suspofski and the great campaigns, can play the lady so."

"Owing to undue familiarity last night, the Princess Alessandrina volunteered instructions in politeness. At this moment methinks I might retort. Nevertheless it can be said that explanations of such conduct must be vouchsafed to friends alone."

"But I am curious."

"Does etiquette allow it?"

"Pray then, let me be considered, for the nonce, as a friend, and explain."

"Ah," he returned, raising his brows and extending his hand to touch hers, "I have overcome—I am used to triumph!"

She flung his hand away, saying:

"You will not triumph again, boastful one!"

"Perchance not. But as I was about to say—you insinuate that, having engaged in one or more campaigns, I am idle, madam. I have already opened another and vaster campaign. I see an extent I could scarcely have hoped for, where to deploy my forces. Already I encounter difficulties which only kindle my zeal. Seasons may roll ere my victorious banner shelters the object of my attack."

"Your would carry your fort by storm."

"In turn I offer a fortress which has hitherto preserved an impregnable front, and, strangest event in the annals of war, the enemy refuses to take up the offer or march into the strong-hold. But conquest attends upon me. Madam, peace has her victories!"

"If you will speak in enigmas I cannot follow you."

"I utter no parable."

"You may as well be silent then."

"As you wish," he replied.

And till the stars began to come out they maintained unbroken silence, then, rising simultaneously, wound their way to the palace. The empress was alone, as she had desired, when they entered.

"How now?" she asked. "Am I forsaken by my hero already? I forbid it! You two young people must not fall in love with each other!"

"There is little danger of it, my liege," answered Alessandrina, carelessly.

"Your majesty has taken the very step likely to insure such a proceeding," laughed Ivan.

But Catherine's mandate had gone forth, and though she spoke jestingly, as was frequent with her, she meant to be obeyed. Thus matters progressed during the summer months, while the empress, lynx-eyed, watched every step, and, well abetted by the envious suitors to whose aspiring passions the singular, careless and indifferent courtship (if such it could be called) of Ivan, offered an impassable check.

The empress and a few favored ones of her train sat in the celebrated painting room at Nicolaeff, early one September evening, the Count Orrode standing beside her chair and engaged in a half whispered colloquy. The count had been, since Alessandrina's introduction at court, for some two years, an unsuccessful suitor of her highness, and was now pursuing Ivan with a bitterness almost contagious, so that Catherine, in her anger at his quest of the princess, almost forgot the transient favor with which she had regarded him, and entirely so, the victories with which he had increased her glory.

It is a fact that Catherine was as fickle as violent in her passions, and now, angry at being thwarted, she determined, if only for the success of an affair which she had undertaken, that she would bring Ivan to her own imperial feet; and as by-and-by, Alessandrina might be of service to her, she would temporarily dismiss her and put her out of Ivan's way for the present. The empress and Orrode still continued their conversation, when Alessandrina glided in and sat down on a low chair not far distant; her hat hung from her hand, her head was slightly bowed—and thus she remained in deep thought for almost half an hour, when carelessly entering, with a jest for Galovitch, a courteous compliment for the empress, and a sneer for Orrode, Ivan took a seat beside her.

"I have omitted to ask," said the princess, after a little while, "how the campaign, your highness once spoke of, progresses."

"Ah! finely. I could not wish better luck. It is no merit to overcome with a day's siege. Better a protracted struggle. You agree with me?"

"Decidedly—if one is certain of success in the end."

"In this case it is the uncertainty that piques one to further prowess!"

And he took her hand that he might examine a curious ring on her finger.

"Is your highness aware," here interrupted Catherine, blandly, "that we lose the Princess Alessandrina to-morrow?"

As if suddenly stung, Ivan sprang from his seat, but instantly controlled himself; while the princess, taken equally unawares, pressed his hand impulsively, but as quickly released it and braced herself against what was to come.

"And where does the court intend to hide its crown, madam?" asked Ivan, with indifferent languor.

"Its crown? Nay—I remain here with your highness and my other friends. It is of Alessandrina I speak!"

"Yes, madam, so you said before. Where shall you dispose of her excellency?"

"We do not disclose our private intentions," answered Catherine, haughtily.

"Do you know, yourself?" asked he aloud, turning, with considerable of the martial spirit in his eye, to Alessandrina.

"Not in the least."

"Then there is no earthly reason why I may not find out," he returned, adding aside, so that none but she might hear—"and find out I will."

"Your highness will see a reason why not," responded Catherine, "when I forbid it."

"Ay, madam, *when*."

"Does Ivan forget in whose presence he sits?"

"That were impossible, lady," he said, rising and bowing, "let me beg pardon for any seeming disloyalty and intrusion."

Instantly smiling and waving her hand with consummate grace and sweetness, the empress answered:

"In the affairs of the empire it may be necessary to grant it,

but where our own person is concerned, Ivan can not be intrusive,' with which stroke she flattered herself she had finished the business. Shortly after, Ivan approached the princess and requested permission to rescue her if she found herself in danger.

"I am quite equal to my own safety," answered Alessandrina, in the same whispered tone, and turned to continue her flirtation with Orrode, whom, in her heart, she despised.

The empress danced, later in the evening, and with Prince Ivan, while Alessandrina and Orrode were their *vis-a-vis*, and Ivan either hung by the empress's chair or danced with other ladies, till Catherine gave the signal for retirement, and never once approached the princess, who now seemed out of favor, but as regardless of that as she had been of her prosperity. The next day she was not at the court, nor the next; it was evident she had departed. But where should Ivan seek her, even if he cared to do so; for, judging from his manner, it would be a matter of doubt to determine were it actuated by anxiety or total unconcern. Should he send emissaries to Paris or Vienna, or was she more probably concealed in some apartment of the palace at Nicolaeff, or dwelling, guarded, in a Finnish hut? He could easily have inquired at the gates for the direction taken by royal couriers preceding a princely barouche, but closely as he was watched, it was not discovered that he had troubled himself at all about the matter.

"Like all men," thought Catherine, "capricious and careless. I would venture he would as easily part from me after all the pains I shall have taken to secure him."

And she glanced at the perfect splendor of his face and bearing, as he sauntered up the garden alley towards her. But after a few days, with a boldness to be expected from him, had she judged aright, Ivan did not present himself, nor, strictly as he was searched for, could himself nor any clue to his whereabouts be detected.

It was a fortnight from the disappearance of Ivan, that a black gondola was slipping one evening down the lagune at Venice, the gondolieri chanting their endless strains, and countless others shooting past and gliding down the stream beside it. Behind the curtains sat a lady in long dark robes and mantle, and her face covered by a fall of black lace. She sat listlessly, with her hands folded in her lap, and now and then audibly sighing. All at once another barge grazed against hers, and a complete entanglement seemed to take place with a dozen others, while all the gondolieri raised their voices together in one scolding tumult. A hand thrust back the curtains, parted them quickly, and a tall form, stooping, entered and sat down beside her. She would have shrieked for help, if there had been any possibility of her being heard in the snarl without. But as quickly as they had locked together in confusion, the gondolas separated, the clamor ceased, and they slid smoothly on again.

The stranger removed his hat and plume, and revealed the features of Ivan.

"I said I should find your highness," laughed he.

"And you have been successful."

"What will her majesty say?"

"Probably recall me and banish you."

"She knows nothing of my whereabouts."

"But my gondolieri are Russian spies!"

"Ah? They are quite welcome to pursue their vocation. But recall you? Why then banished for so short a period?"

"The empress will be more secure if I am in her sight. And look!"

She gave him a letter to read—it was a mandate for her return to Russia.

"You questioned me about my campaign, ages since—"

"Not quite three weeks!"

"You asked, was it prospering. It remains for your highness to say shall I, who never was foiled, be now repulsed, or shall I carry back victorious banners of a successful siege, to Nicolaeff. Shall I confront Catherine with a wife? Alessandrina! tormentor—capturer—enslaver! If I conquer, I am conquered; and if defeated—"

He stopped as if petrified by the cold, icy look she gave him, as, having uncovered her face, she turned it upon him. Her tone sounded distant and hollow.

"You are using very singular language. I do not choose to be thus addressed. You presume! Go!"

And she waved him away. He rose, and stood bending an instant, looking down into her eyes.

"False!" he said—"beautiful and false! You, too, will know what it is to suffer such pain!"

He passed his arm round her, pressed her to him, kissed her with burning lips—and was gone. Another instant and she might have relented, have recalled him, though at the risk as she knew it was, of the lives of both. But ere she could speak, four strong arms had pinioned the bold lover from behind, and two others bound him hand and foot with chains, and replaced him on the lounge opposite Alessandrina, behind the curtains, while resuming their oars and song, the gondola was turned about and sped on.

"In double and treble chains, your highness, now!" said Ivan, with a manner that seemed to declare his peculiar situation quite indifferent to him, the moment they were alone.

Alessandrina gazed at him steadily, and then bowing her face to her knees, seemed to shake with sobs.

"Sobs, lady?" said the prince. "Your pity comes too late. Pray dispense with it—it is unnecessary."

"I am not weeping," she answered quietly, raising her head, "nor do I offer you any pity. You have brought yourself into this trouble."

"I shall not retort by declaring you the magnet that drew me thither. Reverses are the fate of war and love—but I shall rise again!"

At this moment the gondola touched the riva.

"Has your highness no farewell, no word of consolation for him over whom you have impended a perhaps terrible fate?"

A gondolier offered his palm for Alessandrina's elbow, to assist her on shore. She rose without a word, although conscious that his eyes were fixed sorrowfully upon her, and only waved her white hand backward through the gloom.

"Stony-hearted!" he murmured, and she left him.

Many and many a long, dreary winter's, summer's and winter's day again was to intervene and punish her haughty spirit, ere she saw that noble form once more. Ere a fortnight she had joined the court at St. Petersburg; but, saving that the first night of her return the empress called her into her presence, and, resting her imperial elbows on the table and her cheeks on her hands, gazed at her steadily for full three hours, not a word was spoken of the late occurrences, nor any reference made to Ivan; but Alessandrina was, to all appearance, fully reinstated in favor, and Prince Ivan, with his order of St. Andrew and the memory of mighty battles won, was seen no more at court.

On first meeting Orrode, Alessandrina had congratulated him ironically on his good fortune, and then assuming her old quietude had received his services with the same coolness as those of all her other suitors; but she knew very well, in what it must all end; and weary the days, weary the nights while winter and summer crawled by, and winter, long and endless, again set in. The festivals of the season were at their height, and tired at heart of all the world, while the dreadful uncertainty of Ivan's fate hung over her, Alessandrina was apparently the centre of all gaiety.

One morning the empress summoned her to her private audience chamber. From the windows might be seen the mirth of the capital, the glistening ice-hills, and the crowds of fur-wrapped people. Catherine motioned her to a seat.

"Your highness, being in my service," said she, "cannot have been at great expense, these last two years. To how much does your fortune amount?"

"Your majesty has the inventory of my valuables. Some millions of roubles."

"I propose to double them, my child, if you accede to my proposition. You have long had several suitors—among them, one whom I have favored."

Her listener turned pale.

"I now wish you to marry Orrode, who has waited on your whims with most exemplary patience."

"And if I refuse, madame?"

"If you refuse? Do you dare dream of such a possibility?"

"Dare *do* it, madame!"

"Tush! You are absent-minded or surprised. So much happiness may have turned your head. I intend it and it shall be! Come, you have fancied idly, long enough, about Prince Ivan."

It was the first time his name had been mentioned between them.

"Ivan, madame? Where is he?"

"Think you I shall tell, having kept it secret nearly two years? No, no. Dismiss all this. I give you a week to consider."

"I do not need a day! I will never marry Orrode!"

"A week to consider," continued Catherine, "and then refuse if you dare!" And throwing down her pen, she sat back in her chair. "I shall have no punishment too horrible for you!"

So Alessandrina swept away just as determined as if nothing had occurred. Three days of the week had passed, and on the fourth a courier with his horse foaming from the speed of travel, even in that cold weather, dashed into the city. As he left his horse, the noble beast fell dead with fatigue. Instantly seeking the palace, the breathless messenger fell at Catherine's feet and told her of the dreadful condition of her soldiers on the Persian frontier, and of the enormous and dauntless hordes pouring down to overwhelm them. Three hours after, and again at midnight, others arrived with news of accumulated disasters, and at sunrise, a last one, bearing intelligence of the commanding officer's death.

"Good heavens!" cried Catherine, "what shall be done?"

Several of her ladies, the Primate Galovitch and Alessandrina were in the room.

"We shall be ruined! Overcome before all Europe! I have none to supply his place!"

"No one?" asked Alessandrina, looking steadily at her.

"What does it matter to you, minx? Do your fame and glory stand at hazard before all the world, all posterity?"

"Madame, I have no doubt they can be saved."

"Would that I had never banished him! I will give any one five thousand roubles who will bring Prince Ivan to me in time! Alas—it cannot be. There is not another man in the empire whose genius is equal to the necessity. The Siberian snows are melting and prevent travel. Tomsk *never* can be reached!"

"Lady," whispered Alessandrina, "only write out a pardon and firman. I will find some one to carry them. All will be well."

"Dear child," cried the empress, drawing pen and ink towards her, "I can almost forgive thee everything for the hope thou infusest."

Pardon, and a firman for a messenger were speedily in her hands, and Alessandrina left the room. An hour afterwards Count Orrode entered, and on being informed by the delighted empress of the steps taken, censured everything as a rash proceeding, bade her see what it would come to, and went to bid the gates to be closed and to prevent the messenger of Alessandrina from passing. But too late. The Cossack who had entered her service on leaving Ivan, had already passed out with a large stud of horses for relays along the road, and a person entirely wrapped in furs had quickly followed him, showing the empress's firman, and no questions had been asked. Orrode could only trust to the bad state of the roads for the non-success of the despatch. Next day, Alessandrina not presenting herself, the truth flashed on Catherine's mind, which, as she had a new favorite in the place of her former fancy for Ivan, she was quite ready to applaud, and as days and weeks dragged on and no Alessandrina appeared, Orrode saw that his strategy had been fairly overcome, and waited.

Thus six weeks passed, when, one morning, the old Cossack rode into Tomsk and passed out within an hour, leading a fresh collection of hardy northern steeds to be left on the southern route to Persia, and in the evening the person who bore the firman of the empress alighted beside the door of the stronghold where Ivan was lodged. Seeking the governor, the pardon of the prince was displayed and acknowledged, and the messenger was ushered into the exile's apartment and left there. A low fire burned on the hearth; the room was bare, large and gloomy; the high, narrow windows were above reach and barred. She looked round for the prince himself. He was lying on a bench of boards, over which was thrown his sable cloak. His head rested on his arm, showing his profile, thin and clear, against the black surface, and the paleness of his hollow cheek swept by the long lashes, while he slept. Herself, weary, worn, pallid and travel-stained, she moved softly towards and kneeled down beside him. He started and turned uneasily, then opened his eyes and gazed dreamily around.

"Away! away!" he murmured, closing them again. "Will you thus always torment me, heavenly, impossible vision, sleeping or waking?"

"O, my love," murmured she, but half audibly, "have I at last found you?"

A moment more and opening his eyes he beheld her again.

"Am I mad?" he cried, half rising.

"Hardly," answered Alessandrina.

"Is it possible—"

"Entirely so. Prince, you are free! I have brought your pardon."

"And did you bring me nothing else?" he asked, looking carnestly at her.

"Prince, have not the snows of Siberia cooled your love?"

"Like fires on Etruscan altars, it will never be extinguished."

"Does your highness remember that day in Venice?"

"Never, never can it be forgotten."

"Not if I beg you to put it aside forever?"

"It has taught me a thousand things. The sweet I would not lose; the bitter, only by a happiness so glorious that I dare not expect it, can be effaced."

"A glorious happiness? I can give it to you."

"I know you can."

"Behold your appointment. You are commander-in-chief of the great army on the Persian frontier. You are to leave immediately, and go forward on your conquering way. The Cossack, who has been with me since your disappearance, leaves relays all the way, to hasten your progress. There is a happiness that suits you well."

"You are mistaken. All glory and honor and fame are vain and empty beside your love! Alessandrina! Have these two years taught *you* nothing? Never brought you near me by one sympathetic pulse?"

She put her arm round his shoulder, and raised her mouth to his lips.

"I have been miserable," she said, "for I have had my own folly for a constant self-reproach."

"And Orrode?" asked the happy man, some time after.

"He is still awaiting me at the altar."

"Poor fellow! Alessandrina! how about the campaign? But now for Persia!"

Not another six weeks had elapsed, ere another courier, bursting into Catherine's presence, announced that while the army was at its worst, suddenly, like a god dropped down from heaven, a stranger had appeared, united the forces, gained a great victory, repulsed the Persians, bearing the war into their own country, added great territories to the Russian empire, and having completely subdued the enemy, would soon be on his triumphal march to St. Petersburg.

A month later, the troops, under arms, were in review upon the square—the general was in the capital, and riding by his side was Alessandrina, while Orrode gnashed his teeth outside the pale of their happiness.

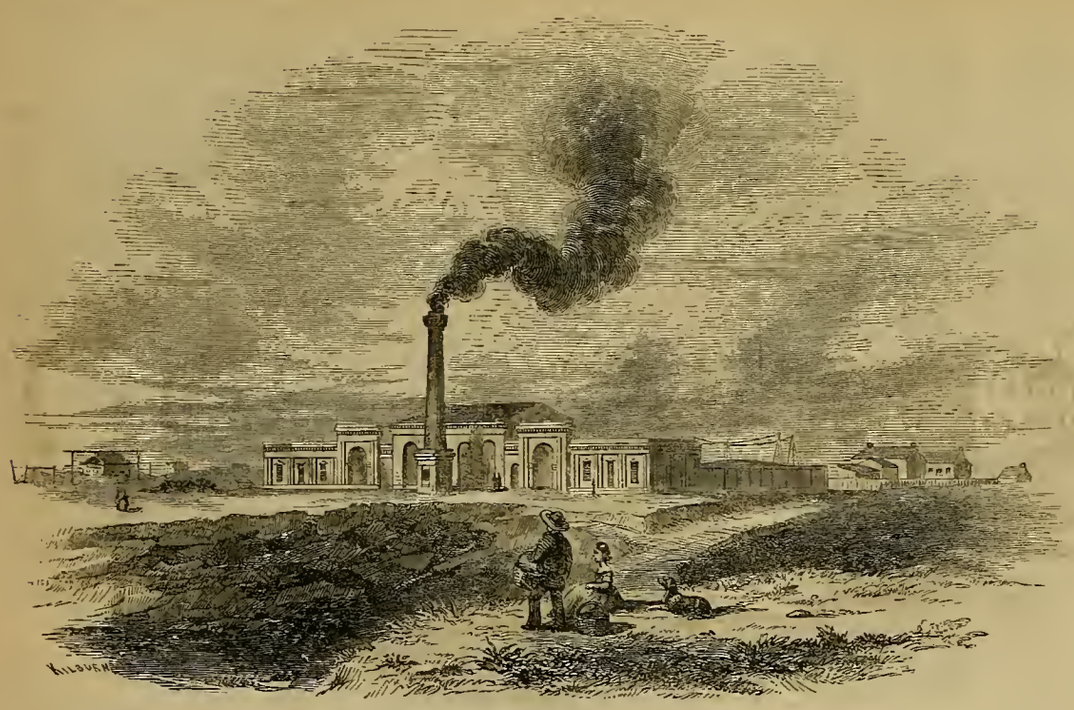
"Your highness," said Catherine, "must forgive our punishment of your escapades, on account of your pardon. We should have known, when banishing you, that we only put ourselves in danger. And but for your noble bravery and the energy of my darling, the ward of Galovitch (who, by the way, is promised to Orrode, yonder), far from being the haughtiest, we should be the humblest nation upon earth. What favor would be too great to grant you? But who, pray, is the lady beside your highness?"

Alessandrina raised her cap with its shading plume and veil, and Ivan answered:

"For the favor, grant me a second pardon. Madame, it is the Princess Alessandrina, my wife!"

INCOMES.

In comparison with Great Britain and the countries of the continent, we have very few princely incomes among us. A man with $100,000 a year would be an enormously rich man. We doubt if there are half a dozen in the whole country who *spend* this, although many have it. The income of Mr. Astor, for example, is enormous. We have heard it facetiously stated, that if he were to be placed in a room full of three cent pieces, armed with a shovel, he could not throw his income into a basket as fast as it really accumulated. No doubt many millionaires hide their incomes under a basket, and many more reputed ones are glad to hide their principal *anywhere*. But abroad, £20,000 is a *very* common income. Wherever the law of primogeniture prevails, incomes *must* enormously swell.—*Sunday Times.*



GAS WORKS JOHNSON STREET, KEOKUK, IOWA.

CITY OF KEOKUK, IOWA.

The engravings on this and the succeeding page represent various interesting portions of the city of Keokuk, Iowa, and are from sketches drawn expressly for us on the spot, during the recent tour of that accurate artist, Mr. Kilburn, undertaken for the purpose of obtaining illustrations for the Pictorial. Keokuk is one of the most thriving and beautiful among the marvellous young cities of the great West. It is the semi-capital of Lee county. From its geographical position at the foot of the "Lower Rapids" of the Mississippi River, 205 miles above St. Louis, and 125 miles south of Iowa City, and from its other local advantages, it has been not inaptly termed the "Gate City" of Iowa. Situated in the southeast corner of the State, it is the only city of Iowa that has uninterrupted water communication with all the great tributaries of the "Father of Waters," and must therefore remain, as it is now, the principal outlet for the produce of one of the largest and most fertile States of the Union, so long as river transportation is cheaper than railroad for heavy freight. Notwithstanding these natural facilities for trade, an extensive system of railroads is projected from Keokuk. The Des Moines road, following that rich valley to Fort Des Moines, 150 miles in the heart of the State, is partly constructed, and rapidly going on under the energetic superintendence of Mr. Eaton, the well-known chief engineer. The Keokuk, Mount Pleasant and Muscatine Railroad is rapidly progressing northward. The site of Keokuk is remarkably fine. It covers the top and slopes of a large bluff, round which the river sweeps in a semicircle, and thus commands a noble prospect extending many miles north and south, and is exempt from those diseases so prevalent in the low bottom lands of the western country. The city now contains a population of seven or eight thousand; but, according to the ratio of increase in previous years, it will probably gain two or three thousand on those figures by the emigration of the present season. There is an extensive and rapidly increasing wholesale business done in manufactured goods, groceries, etc., which are supplied to an immense agricultural region north and west, and the demand seems to exceed the supply. This is especially the case with building materials; and double the present number of mechanics in every trade would find employment at high wages. The citizens are mostly eastern men, and their energy is shown by the modern improvements already introduced. The gas works, of which a view is given in our first engraving, erected by Messrs. Herrick & Kilbourne, in 1855, are built of brick, in a tasteful style of architecture that does the designer much credit. The Keokuk Athenæum, the last picture on the next page, was opened for dramatic entertainments last winter; it is a handsome brick building, with a neatly ornamented front, on Second Street, between Johnson and Main. The crossing of the last named street is seen in the middle distance of the picture. It runs at a right angle to the river, and is a wide straight macademized avenue over a mile long, lined with substantial stores, many of which would do credit to Washington Street or Broadway. The intersection of this main thoroughfare with the "Levee" is shown in our third illustration, with a perspective of the boats, landing, etc., looking towards the north. On the right is the river and the distant shore of Illinois. A large proportion of the residences in and around Keokuk are well and tastefully built. The Female Seminary, represented on this page, is a specimen of this sort of architecture. It is constructed of stone, in an octagonal shape, and, with the surrounding grounds, occupies the summit of the bluff, commanding a magnificent prospect in every direction; just to the left is seen the residence of Col. Curtis, the present mayor of the city. A line of splendid steam packets runs daily between Keokuk and St. Louis; the number of steamboat arrivals in 1852 was 795. The Lower Rapids are eleven miles in extent, in the course of which the river has a fall of twenty-four feet. The cargoes of vessels ascending the river are transhipped over the rapids by steamers drawn by horses, and then reshipped on board of steamboats for their destination. The city contains the medical department of the State University, six or seven churches, three academies, several public schools and a hospital. Two weekly newspapers and a medical journal are published here. The town contains also between eighty and ninety stores, two steam flouring mills and two iron foundries. The value of the merchandize reported as sold here in 1852, was $1,345,000. The Mississippi is about a mile wide at Keokuk, flows on a bed of limestone, and is bordered by bluffs rising abruptly to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The above statistics, though the latest published, probably give an imperfect idea of the condition and business of the place, which is conducted on the high pressure, go-ahead principle, and increases yearly in magnitude. Enough has been said, however, to show that it is really "something of a village," as our New York friends are willing to admit that Boston is. The State of Iowa, of which Keokuk is one of the most remarkable cities, formed originally a part of the Louisiana purchase, then, successively a part of Missouri, Wisconsin, and lastly of Iowa territory. The first permanent settlement was commenced at Burlington, in 1833. It was admitted into the Union in 1846. It is bounded as follows:—north by Minnesota territory, east by the Mississippi, west by the Indian territory and Minnesota, from the former of which it is separated by the Missouri, and from the latter by the Great Sioux River, and south by Missouri. It contains an area of 50,914 square miles. The face of the country is generally a rolling prairie, furrowed by several important rivers, such as the Des Moines, 450 miles long, which traverses the entire State, the Skunk River, 200, and the Iowa, 300 miles long. Iowa is rich in mineral resources; about one tenth of the great lead region of the Upper Mississippi lies within the State. In 1853, 3,256,970 pounds of lead were shipped from Dubuque and Buena Vista. Zinc and copper are found, and there are also productive coal mines. The climate is healthy, and permits of a varied agriculture; the peach tree blossoms in April, fall wheat ripens in July, spring wheat in August, and Indian corn in October. The rivers are generally frozen over from two to three months in winter. The soil is generally excellent and easily tilled, and there is due admixture of woodland and prairie; the staple productions are Indian corn, wheat and live stock, besides large quantities of rye, barley, buckwheat, oats, potatoes, butter, cheese, hay, wool, maple sugar, honey and beeswax. Iowa is, on the whole, well wooded, though north of the 42d parallel of latitude there is a scarcity of timber. Ash, elm, sugar and white maple grow in belts on the river banks. Among the other trees are oak, black and white walnut, locust, ironwood, cottonwood, lime and pine. Manufactures are yet in their infancy; but as the State possesses abundance of coal and water power, we may presume that they will be rapidly developed. In 1850, there were 482 manufacturing establishments, with an average yearly product of about $500. Three of them were engaged in the manufacture of iron, employing $5500 capital, and producing castings worth $8500; one woolen factory, with $31,225 capital, producing stuffs valued at $13,000, and breweries and distilleries, producing from an investment of $19,000, 160,000 gallons of whiskey, beer, etc. In 1852, $280,483 were invested in mills and distilleries. We have alluded above to the internal improvements of the State. Thoughtful provision is made for education. All lands granted by Congress, all escheated estates, and whatever percentage Congress may allow on the public lands sold within the State, are to constitute a fund, the interest of which and the rent of unsold lands, together with military and court fines, are to form an appropriation for the support of public schools in Iowa, which are to be under the direction of a superintendent of public instruction, elected for three years by the people. Schools must be kept open at least three months in every year in each district. An appropriation is also made for the support of Iowa University, which is to be perpetual. In 1850, there were two colleges, with 100 pupils; 742 public schools, with 29,616 pupils, and 31 academies and other schools, with 1051 pupils. In the same year there were 193 churches in Iowa, of which the Baptists owned 20; Christians, 10; Congregationalists, 14; Episcopalians, 5; Friends, 5; Lutherans, 4; Methodists, 71; Presbyterians, 38, and Roman Catholics, 18. The rest were divided among German Reformed, Moravians and Universalists. Many excellent newspapers are published in the State, which also contains several libraries established on a good basis. The governor of the State is chosen for four years, and receives a salary of $1000; the senate is chosen for the same period, and the representatives for a term of two years—all elected by the people. The sessions of the legislature are biennial, and the two branches assemble on the first Monday in December of each alternate year. The members receive $2 per diem for the first fifty days of the session, and $1 a day thereafter—a plan unfavorable to protracted debates and dilatory legislation; the members receive mileage at the rate of $2 for every twenty miles of travel. The judiciary consists of a supreme court, presided over by one chief and two associate judges, receiving each $1000 per annum, and of district courts, each presided over by one judge, who receives $1000 a year. The judges of the supreme court are elected by a joint vote of the legislature for six years, and the district judges by the people of their districts for five years. The assessed value of property in Iowa, in 1853, was $49,384,905. In 1854, the public debt was $79,795. There was but one bank in the State in June, 1852, with a capital of $200,000. But after all, statistics and figures convey to few minds an accurate idea of the substantial realities they represent. To understand and appreciate the greatness and rapidity of growth of the great West, requires a deliberate tour through it. Travellers rush abroad to examine the marvels of Europe, and neglect the wonders that lie within four or five days' journey of their homes.



FEMALE SEMINARY, CORNER OF SECOND AND HIGH STS., KEOKUK, IOWA.

THE ASSAULT OF IVREE.

During the campaign of 1800, the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battle-field of Marengo, had yet to surmount that vast Alpine barrier which extends from the St. Bernard to Nice and Montenotte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and tasking to the utmost, if not defying, the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the result of natural position; but there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and terrible than that of mountains, precipices or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defence, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resource of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and their skill, the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivree, with a garrison of four thousand Austrian soldiers and twenty-five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by the three youngest, but already most illustrious generals in Europe, Massena, Lannes and Bernadotte. Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient moreover to assume his position for the investment of Milan, the commander-in-chief, on the twenty-fifth of May, 1800, ordered the division of General Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat, of fierce attack and the most heroic defence, a handful of the defenders, driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves as a last resort into the quarters of Adjutant-General H., with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loop-holes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded, for a last desperate resistance. Lannes, who was the first to enter the deserted village, detached an officer in command of two battalions, to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer, equally distinguished among his fellow-soldiers for his impetuous courage and his ferocity, soon forced his way, at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went upon the bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. General H., the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of his garrison, had armed himself with a hatchet, and with almost superhuman strength and desperation, opposed the entrance of the republicans; and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence, the old general aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once and forever, had it not been skilfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded and wearied veteran; he fell—and in another moment the apartment was filled with republicans. The Frenchman, who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the fifteen years of his military life, stepped forward to despatch the fallen general, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale, distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth, in a voice of terror and despair:

"Spare him! O, spare him! Do not take his life; he is my husband—the father of my child!"

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant, with an eye in which there was no trace either of anger or pity—and then, deliberately pushing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer, and shot him through the heart. The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting to her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who, at the sight of his father's massacre, had hidden himself, pale and trembling, under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republican, and exclaimed:

"Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work, and destroy the son!"

At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French general, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect *coup de theatre*. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; pallor overspread his features, and his limbs shook; while Madame H., as by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the general, with a single cry for "vengeance!" The general raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same moment an explanation of the scene before him. There was but little need for words; the objects upon which he gazed bore to his mind the accusation of his subordinate; that disfigured corpse—that female upon whose lineaments were stamped horror and despair—that feeble child, with pallid cheeks, and his eyes streaming tears, calling upon his father, who answered not. The general perceived at once that there was no fact to be ascertained, no excuse to be admitted. His eye flashed fire, and striking his glove forcibly upon the palm of his left hand, he turned abruptly, and with a lowering brow, to the assassin who stood before him speechless, and exclaimed:

"Sir, you are a coward and a savage! What! murder in cold blood an unarmed man—defenceless—a veteran—before the eyes of his wife imploring mercy! It is the act of a fiend!"

"But, general," muttered the criminal, with a hesitating voice—the voice of one who feels that he is lost—

"Be silent, sir!" interrupted the general. "I listen to no excuses; I admit of no defence. You are unworthy to serve the republic. Give me up your sword, your epaulettes. From this moment you are dismissed from the brigade you have disgraced—from the army upon which you are a stain!"

The major raised his head with a proud, fierce look.

"General," he said, but with a voice that betrayed his emotion, "I surrender my sword, but I demand a trial by my comrades."

"You shall have it, sir, and within the hour."

Then turning to the officers who had accompanied him to the spot, and reverentially baring his head before the body of the victim, he said to them:

"Unite with me, gentlemen, in rendering the tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—to a brave and fallen enemy."

The remainder of that dreadful day was passed by Madame H in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honors, this unhappy woman, who had lost in a single moment, and under circumstances of such peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her, except her boy, sunk into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment to wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body; but now, when the assassin had undergone the shame of a public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the hapless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed, when, early the next morning, a French aid-de-camp waited upon her, with a request from the commander-in-chief, that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of inquiry or remonstrance she arose, took her child into her arms, and followed the messenger of the general. Led to the council-chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madame H. found herself surrounded by all the glories of the republican army; by those noted men for whom such wondrous destinies were reserved; by whom crowns were to be won and lost. There were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Massena, Hoche and Bernadotte; and in the midst of them the general, who, with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation. On the entrance of Madame H. he stopped abruptly, motioned her to be seated, and then, after gazing for a moment upon the face of her child, with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk. Madame H. began to feel alarm. This unexpected summons, this strange reception, the silence that prevailed around her, all combined, first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety and fear oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might call forth a solution of her doubts. All at once the roll of a drum at a little distance startled her from her painful reveries. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the general, pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm, and led her to a window, from which she beheld in the square below the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished.

"Look, madame," he said, in a calm, yet impressive tone. "The man whom you see lying dead upon the ground, was a French officer, whom his comrades in arms have condemned to death, for the assassination of an Austrian in a city taken by assault."

He paused for a moment; then glancing round upon the officers who stood near, he continued:

"You are at liberty to quit Ivree this morning. General Desaix, whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell, madame; report to the Prince Charles what you have seen of the justice maintained in the armies of the French."

This general, at that time first consul, was afterwards the Emperor Napoleon.—*Portfolio.*



VIEW OF THE LEVEE, KEOKUK, IOWA.



KEOKUK ATHENÆUM, SECOND STREET, KEOKUK, IOWA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MYSELF.

BY WILLIE B. PABOR.

I tired of all the thousand themes
 On which we rhymesters ply the pen;
The vague desires, the various schemes,
Bubbles on fancy's flowing streams,
That fill the measure of their dreams,
 To charm the ears of maids and men.

And so, forsaking star and care,
 The maiden's pride, the miser's pelf;
The noisy town, the quiet grave;
The purling tide, the rolling wave;
I for awhile attention gave
 To one solo theme, and that—*myself.*

The past to memory was true,
 And, at my bidding, it called up
Hopes—cherished when my years were few;
Dreams—that with ripened boyhood grew;
But now, unwelcome to my view,
 Like lees from life's enchanted cup.

There was the promise of my years,
 Plain written on my ample brow;
Ere errors, agonies and fears,
Brought with them heart-notes, bathed in tears;
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers;
 What answers to that promise now?

Nothing that would redeem those hours,
 Even yet, to memory sweet;
The flowers that bloomed in those fair bowers
Have withered now, and evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
 Of sorrow and deceit.

I look along the path of years,
 And see life's ruin as it lies,
Just where it fell, amid the jeers
Of scorning ones, who uttered sneers
In mockery of all my tears
 And all my spirit sighs.

I look again, and now I see
 A simple mound, with grass o'erspread;
There sleeps one who was true to me
Through peril and through poverty;
But now she rests! and wearily
 I watch the green grass o'er her head.

I can but own my life has been
 A failure, fatal to my peace;
I missed the goal I hoped to gain,
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls fame's fever in the brain,
 And now—when shall my sorrows cease?

Myself! Alas for theme so poor—
 A theme no one heart calleth dear;
I stand a wreck on error's shore,
A spectre on mirth's jocund floor,
Throwing a shadow evermore—
 Ah me, what do I here?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The low-hung clouds had drooped all day over that little green churchyard, and still the little mourner sat there upon the turf, weaving the small blue violets into wreaths with the pale, tender leaves of the hawthorn, just out of bud. Large drops of rain splashed down upon the clear olive brow, and bathed the pale cheek, and yet she stirred not from the freshly-turfed mound. She had been watched by eyes of which she was unconscious; and now the sound of footsteps startled her not, so deep was her abstraction, so self-contained her grief. But when a figure came before her, and a kindly face met her now upturned eye, she betrayed no sign nor fear of agitation.

"Who is it for whom you are making those garlands, dear?" said a gentle voice.

"My mother, sir," said the child; and as she looked at his sympathizing face, she burst into a new passion of sorrowful tears.

The stranger, a man apparently about thirty-five years of age, sat down by the side of the little child, and passing his arm about her, tenderly as a father or brother would do, he tried to hush the convulsive sobbing, which seemed as if it would shake her slight frame too violently. She covered her eyes with her small, dark hand, and the stranger then had an opportunity to remark her appearance. She was about eleven years old, he judged; with small, finely formed limbs, and a face which showed no hue but the olive. Dark, spiritual eyes, from which the sparkle had been dimmed by recent tears, teeth whose snowy whiteness was almost painful to the eye, when contrasted with the dark face, met his gaze.

No flushing of red blood came into that cheek; it was as if chiselled from dark marble. Only in the lips was a faint crimson, scarcely perceptible. Not a blue vein to be seen in the temples; and yet she was a glorious little creature. The dark crisp waves of her long hair were gathered up at the back of her neck by a large silver arrow, and a cross of the same hung from her girdle. Her dress was a simple loose robe of some black material, fastened round the waist by a broad leather belt, and coming up very high round the throat, while it left the arm bare to the shoulder. Excepting the arrow and cross, the dress, although scrupulously neat and clean, betokened something like poverty—so coarse and plain was its material.

By degrees, as she could speak, she related to her new friend the death of her mother and only brother—the long, long absence of her father, and her utter destitution of friends and money, in a strange land, and wasting with grief for her desolate state. If she could get back to Germany, she would find some one to take care of her, and if she could but keep back her tears, she would hire an organ and go round until she could get money enough to take her back; but her heart was so sore, she could not bear the sound of music. Her name was Dahl, she said—Zaira Dahl. She was named Zaira after an Italian friend of her mother's, who was also an Italian by birth, although her father was a German. But there was no trace of German blood to be seen in their child—she was all Italian.

The poor child might have lighted upon a worse person than Rufus Trent; and yet there were people who thought very ill of him, too, and would have shuddered to think of his voluntarily adopting a little girl—for even while the child was telling her simple story, the purpose was formed in his mind.

Many faults had Rufus Trent. He was an only son, left at an early age with a large fortune—so large that he had not thought it necessary to acquire any profession, and had spent most of his time in travelling. He came back from his travels with a look that spoke of something more than mere weariness or satiety. He walked apart from others, paid no homage at the shrines that were duly decked with gems and laces for his adoration, and had the air of a man who had "not loved the world, nor the world him."

Abroad, he had drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs. At home, he refused to mingle with those who drink less deeply. On his native soil he was at least free from stain. His patrimony was undiminished, his broad lands free, and the giant oaks had not been ever thinned in his ancestral woods. Some vain babble there was, that a terrible disappointment in a foreign country had blighted his happiness, had seared his heart, and perhaps steeped him in crime; but there was no evidence of the truth of this, and few would have dared to speak it loudly. It was named only in whispers, and with closed doors.

Since he returned home he had experienced, for the first time in his life, a feeling of utter loneliness. He scorned the society about him, and would neither bend to them, nor receive their hollow compliments. His home, therefore, was silent in its deep quietude of wood and vale, and mountain and rill—all his own, never intruded upon by strangers. In the house, only one old servant, who had been with his mother during her last sickness, and a man and boy, who took care of the grounds.

What would Hannah Drury say, if he carried home this child to increase her cares and labor? Little would she care, if it only made him happy; for never were servants more attached to a master—never was master more tender and indulgent to servants. So, after soothing the little girl's tearful sorrow, he took her home.

"I have brought you a present, Hannah," he said, as he drew the child into the large room where Hannah reigned mistress. "You will be kind to her, for she has neither father nor mother."

"Poor thing!" said Hannah; and her voice of genuine pity sealed a bond that was never broken. The child was "a present" to her forever, and she always called her "her own."

Mr. Trent called her Hannah's child, too; and he allowed her to come and go as she pleased, either to his own parlor or Hannah's. He would look at her as she sat reading, as she best loved to do, on a low stool by the fire, and think how beautiful she was growing. Her presence made his room seem less lonely; and, instead of exacting gratitude to her for the home he gave her, he was grateful to her for her presence there. It was like an angel's wing overshadowing his household—the continual presence of that little pure and innocent child.

She had ceased to weep for her mother, now that she had found other friends. She loved old Hannah so well, that she would eagerly lay her book aside, and run to execute any little demand upon her time. No heavy task was assigned her. But her dearest work was to wait on her benefactor. He would not take a cup of tea even from any other hand than hers, and it was she who prepared his breakfast every morning, to Hannah's manifest vexation.

He would not send her to school, but had masters attend her at home, and her proficiency in her studies, though not remarkable, was still quite good. She did not acquire rapidly, but she retained everything she learned. She had no taste for mere accomplishments, and he did not press her to learn, for he had become thoroughly tired of the unvarying round of young ladies' music and painting. Zaira sung; but it was just as a bird trills out its native, wild bursts of song. She knew no art, no measured swells or cadences. How he loved to hear her wake up the echoes of the large hall, where her birdlike notes deepened on his ear as he sat in his own quiet room. And how she would hush up as she came into his presence, until he urged her to sing to him; and then she would draw up her low seat to his side, and leaning her arm upon his chair, she would pour forth a full stream of glad music, such as never comes from the trained throats of fashionable young ladies.

"You would make your fortune with that voice, Zaira," he once said to her. "Suppose that I set you up with an organ, and let you try street practice."

"I have thought of it," she said, quietly. "When shall I begin?"

He looked at her earnestly, and for the first time in the three years that she had now spent in his house, he asked himself the question what should he really do with her? "Time enough to answer that question," he said to himself; but he could not help thinking how much she had altered since he brought her home, a little tearful, tawny child.

He had spared no expense in her dress, always getting rare and costly material, although she would wear no color but black or white. The silver arrow had given place to a pearl one, and so had the cross; the hair had grown darker and longer, but the waves were as perceptible as ever.

To-day she was radiant. Her lip, now full and red with health, had curled just a little, when he spoke of her singing in the street; and with that scarce perceptible curl, there came a memory flashing up from the past, and, as if by magic, she recalled the form of one whom he had known in Italy. And for three years he had loved this little child, and never known why. A child no longer, she was bursting upon him in the fresh glow of early womanhood. Just so had Teresa looked in her bridal garments on the day when he saw another kneel by her at the altar, bearing her away from his own faithful heart.

For nearly sixteen years he had been trying to shut out this vision, and now it was coming back to him by his own hearthstone. He had wandered in other lands, trying to drown, with the Lethean cup of pleasure, all memory of the Italian Teresa. He knew she was not happy with the man for whom she had forsaken him. He knew, afterwards, that she had suffered from poverty, desolation and sickness; that she and her children had left their home, and wandered no one knew where. Could this be the solution of the mystery which had kept him so long from finding her? Was the name of Dahl assumed? For so sure as love had ever breathed from the mother's lips to his listening ear, this was Teresa's child—and yet he had never seen it before.

Question after question succeeded, and every artless answer deepened his conviction. From Zaira he gathered enough to know that her mother was deserted, that she was broken-hearted, and that when her youngest born had died, she had but one pang in dying—leaving her helpless child to the uncertain mercy of the world. Could she have known that he would have protected her, how would the pang have been softened!

For awhile Trent almost sunk beneath his emotions. Never for a moment had he ceased to love Teresa. He was but a boy when he first saw her, and she was a radiant woman, brilliant with all the fascinations of the daughters of Italy; but he loved her with a deep and undying love, and she returned it. Then a bitter misunderstanding rose between the two fiery hearts, and in a moment of passion she gave her hand to the cold, calculating German, to whom she had really transferred her love. How often had Trent repeated to himself the words which, of all others, expressed his sensations at that period; and in this hour they returned to him again with added force:

"I saw thee wedded—thou didst go
 Within that sacred aisle,
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow
 Betwixt a tear and smile.
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,
And he it loved so fervently,
 Was faithless all the while.
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke."

Zaira felt conscious of a change in her guardian's manner towards her, but she could not fathom it. She imperceptibly followed out this change in her own conduct, and for some days the two were nearly separated, without knowing exactly why.

It took some time for Trent to analyze his true feelings for Zaira. Sometimes he acknowledged no feeling but that of an almost paternal love. He had taken her as a child, and until now had regarded her as such. She had burst suddenly upon his sight a woman—almost as beautiful and radiant as she whose image had been so dear to his boyish fancy. What relation could he now bear to this young creature? Walking hastily up and down his chamber, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. How little had time changed him! He drew from a desk a miniature of himself which had been painted expressly for Teresa, but which was not quite finished when they parted. He was but twenty then; now he was nearly twice that age, and yet there was little perceptible change. Not a silver thread in the dark hair; not a furrow in the high, pale brow. Nothing had altered except the expression. In the miniature there was a look of hope and joy; the face reflected back from the mirror had neither.

And then the thought came over him that she, for whom this youthful face had been pictured on the ivory, who had gazed upon it as it grew beneath the painter's hand, had immolated her heart upon this unhappy marriage, and then laid down her beautiful and queenly head in the grave! How different would it have been, had he married her! All that wealth could buy, or affection suggest, would have been showered at her feet. She would have been living now, unchanged perhaps even less than himself, for she would not have been borne upon the billows of disappointment as she had been. No; Teresa's face was not one that could change.

This child should have called him father! He was that to her now almost. Could he be more? Or how could he best devote his life to Teresa's child? It was a hard question, and Trent came from his chamber that day, darkly feeling how little the present can repay us for the past. He looked again into those clear, beautiful eyes, and he almost fancied that he saw something which, had he been more trustful, would have persuaded him that he was loved with a deeper interest than he had before thought it possible.

Zaira gave him the same quiet, unquestioning obedience that she had done always. From the moment in which he had brought her home and bestowed her upon Hannah Drury, until now, his will had been her supreme law, and it was also her supreme pleasure. Not a wish did he but remotely hint at, or even look, that her ready eye did not see, and her ready hand execute. If, in the long future, he should find some being whom he might consider "divinely endued" to become Teresa's successor in his long widowed heart, would she be to him what this little Zaira was unconsciously becoming? And if that *should* ever happen, in what relation could he place Zaira to him or his wife?

He had passed out into the small but rare conservatory, which the hands of Zaira had so beautifully tended, and was leaning sadly against the door, looking at the lovely blossoms that were clustering in graceful beauty around him. From within he heard her sweet voice singing a sad, low strain, the echoes of which had lingered on his memory for seventeen years! Teresa had sung it for him again and again; and not even Teresa's voice had the beauty and volume which dwelt in this untutored child of song. It was like hearing Teresa's notes from the other world, so spiritual did that young voice seem in its low, sweet tones.

It was long past sunset, and while Zaira was wondering why he stayed from her so long, he came to the door and asked her to go with him to the grove. This was an avenue of tall oaks, under which they frequently walked, and to which they had given the name of the grove. By the time they reached it, the moon had risen, and was silvering the tops of the giant trees. Under these trees Trent had placed seats, and here they often passed long hours reading. He drew Zaira to a seat, and told her the history of the past. He dwelt longest upon his own misery when he found that he had lost Teresa; how dark and cold had seemed the world, and how fondly he had longed for companionship, but refused to take any other to his heart, because no one could be to him what Teresa had been.

Zaira wept long and tenderly at the sorrow he had known; but when he told her that this being was her mother, she looked at him with an almost incredulous surprise. In that look he again traced Teresa's. Just so had she looked at their last parting. Zaira's, perhaps, had more of dewy softness, less of fire; but there was the same dark, liquid depth, the same expression that, under strong excitement, made language almost superfluous. That expression in Zaira's eyes seemed to ask if she too was to be parted from him; and in that question seemed involved the whole of her earthly happiness.

Lonely and desolate enough seemed the girl's life, if now she were banished from the roof that had so kindly sheltered her—the heart that had so cherished her. And where could she go? These were thoughts that filled both their minds equally. To have her stay now, just as she had done, was a thing not to be thought of; she was no longer a child to be petted and indulged. She had grown up suddenly into that image of Teresa—that wife of whom he had been cruelly defrauded. He was here free, unshackled, scarcely older in seeming than when he had stood by Teresa's side, almost her husband. Could he but annihilate the time between those two periods—could he but forget that she was Teresa's *daughter!* Alas, when does knowledge bring happiness? From the time of our first parents until now, the tree of knowledge has borne its bitter fruits.

In the hush of midnight he reflected, for the first time, that there need be no haste in his decision; he would wait—wait until time should develop the best or the worst of their situation. He would go away, where he could judge calmly. This sudden restoration of Teresa to his sight might perhaps warp his judgment, and he would leave Zaira with Hannah, and travel over some unvisited portion of his own country.

There was genuine sorrow in Zaira's face when he came down unexpectedly one day prepared for travel, and announced his intention. There were tears in her beautiful eyes, too, that latterly had seemed hardly to be dry at all; and almost he felt like giving up his plan of separation. But he went; and Zaira wandered about the house and garden with a sad face and a languid step, that brought Hannah to her side with roots and herbs, and a thousand infallible recipes for sickness.

"But I am not sick, Hannah," she persisted in saying.

"Never tell me, deary," Hannah would answer. "Don't I know the *symtims of tryphus?* There's your back—that aches, *I* know, for you walk crooked, and yon've allers bin as straight as an arrer. Then your head's hot—that's tryphus, too; and your eyes are heavy. So now drink all this and go to bed, for master will never forgive me, if I don't take care of you while he is gone. Says he to me that very morning, 'Hannah,' says he, 'I want you to see to her,' says he. 'And let me find her well and comfortable like,' says he, 'when I come home.' So now, I am going to do it."

And Zaira swallowed the bitterness for the sake of the sweetness of knowing that she was thus cared for by the absent.

Trent was gone four weeks. He returned one evening as unexpectedly as he went. Zaira had lived through Hannah's prescriptions, and was coming home through the grove, after a long ramble in the woods beyond. She knew his step as he came up behind her, and she turned back to meet him. Their eyes met in the dim twilight, and they knew then how dear they were to each other. These four weeks had shown them that they could not live apart. To her he was her first and only love. To him she was the new earthly embodiment of that which made at once his boyhood's hope, the suffering of his youth, and now lived again, renewed in the deep happiness of his manhood.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

This instrument, which gives forth such sweet music, should be placed in the window of every man's house. Its "mutterings" will do more to harmonize the soul than any other thing that can be devised. The Æolian Harp consists of a long narrow box of very thin deal, about five or six inches deep, with a circle in the middle of the upper side of one and a half inches in diameter, in which is to be drilled small holes. On this side seven, ten, or more strings of very fine gut are stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridge of a fiddle, and screwed up, or relaxed with screw-pins. The strings must all be tuned to one and the same note, and the instrument placed in some current of air, where the wind can pass over its strings with freedom. For instance, a window, of which the width is exactly equal to the length of the harp, with the sash just raised to give the air admission, is a proper situation; when the air blows upon these strings with different degrees of force, it will excite different tones of sound.—*Scientific American.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CRAZY CAPTAIN.

BY EDGAR A. FARNSWORTH.

We were homeward bound with a fair wind. Two bells had been struck in the mid-watch without one of our men having started even an apology for a story; but the silence was at last broken by the following inquiry: "Does any man on this forecastle know what's become of Cap'n Osborne as used to sail out of Boston a good many years ago?"

"Which d'ye mean?" said an old foretopman; "there's been a good many of that name masters of Boston vessels; but I never knew anything particular about any of 'em, unless 'twas Cap'n Willis Osborne."

"Ah! he's the very man!" returned the other; "I sailed with him a number of voyages, off and on, but of late years I've lost track of him; but do you know what's ever become of him?"

"Run mad—crazy—got out of his senses," was the reply, "and finally got killed by a whale, which was the most rational thing he'd done for a whole cruise; but if you'll take the trouble to listen for the matter of a few minutes or so, I'll tell you all about it.

"I was supercargo of the Muscatine barque; Cap'n Will, as we used to call him, commanded her. We were bound from Boston to Valparaiso. We were several days out before Cap'n Will made his appearance on deck. He stayed below in his state-room, and left the barque entirely to the charge of his officers; and I couldn't help thinking that certain ship owners in Boston had got rather a queer sort of man to command the fast sailing vessel in their service; however, I saw nothing which led me to suppose he was not in his right mind, until one day when we were a little more than a week's sail from home, it began to blow in squalls.

"The second officer had the deck at the time, and had just given orders to clew up the royals, when Cap'n Will made his appearance on deck for the first time since leaving Boston. 'Mr. Toby,' said he, addressing the second mate, 'I wish you to recollect that it's expressly against the laws of Neptune to ever take in a royal excepting while the vessel lies in port;' then looking aloft, he recalled the boys who had gone up to furl the royals, then went immediately below again. When we were in the Gulf Stream, he came on deck and ordered stun'-sails set, when we should at least have been under single-reefed topsails, and the consequence was, the loss of the booms with everything attached.

"After this he did not interfere with the officers again—in fact, he took no interest, seemingly, in the working of the barque, until one night off Cape Horn, when it came on to blow—and it did blow a terrific gale, too. Not caring to sleep, I left my berth a little past four bells in the first watch, and going upon deck, joined the mate on the quarter-deck. Every stitch of canvass had been taken in and furled, with the exception of the main-topsail close reefed, and the fore-staysail; yet the barque rolled and plunged fearfully, and the sea continually swept her decks.

"'Have you noticed how singular Captain Osborne appears of late?' said the mate, addressing me.

"Before I could reply, we were joined by the object of his inquiry, who came on deck with nothing on but his pantaloons, and his long hair streaming in the wind. There was no longer any doubt in my mind but what he had gone crazy, and taking the mate a little further aft, I told him my fears.

"'I think the same,' said he, 'but it will not do for him to see us talking here,' and requesting me to stand by him in case of an emergency, he turned away.

"'Mr. Freeman,' said the captain, 'go forward and call the other watch, and prepare to make sail.'

"'They are already on deck, sir,' replied the mate. "I have just taken in the fore-topsail, and was obliged to call all hands.'

"The captain burst into a fit of laughter. 'What an idea,' said he, 'calling all hands to take in a mere rag like that! A mere child could furl it without difficulty; but I'm glad you've called all hands, for we need them to make sail; we've lain here becalmed long enough; now good-by to all slow sailing, and go forward, Mr. Freeman, and set that fore-topsail again.'

"The mate hesitated a moment, to satisfy himself that the captain was in earnest, then went forward and set the sail, although it blew so violently it was with difficulty sheeted home. He started to go aft, when he met Cap'n Will coming forward.

"'Mr. Freeman,' said he, 'set everything forward.'

"'It wont do, sir,' said the mate, 'there's already more canvass on her than she can well carry.'

"'Set everything forward, I say,' shouted the captain, in his ear, 'or, if you like better, you may go below and keep the cabin-boy from throwing the anchors overboard. I'll take the barque to Valparaiso before daylight. Loose the foresail, men; see the halyards all clear, and stand by to sheet home. Wont she sail beautiful, though? Some of you boys lay up and cast the gaskets off the fore-top-gallant sail and royal. I'm bound to be in port before morning, so work lively, boys, while we have a breeze.'

"'Captain Osborne,' said the mate, 'this is downright folly, to think of carrying so much sail in such a gale as this.'

"'Loose the fore-topmast staysail and the jib,' shouted the captain, entirely regardless of the remonstrances of the mate.

"The foresail was at length set; but no sooner set, than the leo sheet parted, and the sail was blown into ribbons quicker than you can say 'belay that.'

"'Work lively with those head sails there, and bend on a new foresail—it never'll do to lose such a breeze as this.'

"Cap'n Will had hardly ceased speaking, when the jibboom parted close to the bowsprit, and came alongside with a terrible crash, throwing the man who was loosing the jib into the sea. Almost at the same instant the fore-top-gallant and fore-royal mast went over the side, carrying overboard the two boys who had gone up to loose the fore-top-gallant sail and royal.

"'Lay up and loose the main-sail, and shake the reefs out of the main-topsail—we want more kindling wood.'

"For the last few moments I had watched the mate closely, and on seeing him beckon to me, I left the quarter-deck, and made my way forward, but before I had passed the main rigging, he took a belaying pin from the rail, and with one blow felled Cap'n Will to the deck; then binding his arms with a bit of seizing stuff, he lifted him from the deck and carried him to the cabin, and into the state-room, then fastening the door, came immediately on deck, and ordered the barque put about on the other tack, in order, if possible, to save those who were overboard. The men all saw the true state of affairs, and obeyed the mate's orders with all possible despatch; but the barque was so encumbered with the fallen spars, that considerable time elapsed before we could clear the wreck, and put about on the other tack; and no boat could live in such a sea as was running then; and although we cruised about there for a long time, we saw nothing of the missing men.

"Mr. Freeman mustered all hands on the quarter-deck, and stated to them his belief that Captain Osborne was crazy, and that while any symptoms of it lasted, he should take the command of the barque upon himself. The crew had seen enough that very night to convince them of the truth of his statement, and they all agreed that it was best for him to take command of the vessel as long as Captain Osborne should show symptoms of insanity.

"The captain was securely confined in the cabin, and a close watch kept upon his movements. For a few days he raved incessantly, although he did not appear to realize how matters stood on board the barque. A few days before we got into Valparaiso, he was taken dreadfully sick with the brain fever, and remained so most of the time we laid in port; but a few days before we started for home, he began to recover not only his health, but his reason, and had forgotten entirely the events of the past few weeks. All he knew was that he had been sick. He now took the command of the barque as though nothing unusual had happened, although he several times remarked to the mate that he must have had a great deal of heavy weather to have carried away so many spars.

"When we were three days out, on the homeward passage, the mate had a fall from the main-topsail cross-trees to the deck, which broke his arm, and otherwise disabled him so that he was unfit for duty. Cap'n Will stood his watch for him. Everything went on finely until after we doubled the cape.

"One fine night, while we were coming up the South American coast, I was below, engaged in conversation with the mate, who had not yet sufficiently recovered to resume the charge of his watch.

"'I've been thinking,' said he, 'that I should go on deck to-morrow and try to stand my watch again. I don't exactly like the way the captain has appeared for the last twenty-four hours; he acts strangely; he may have another crazy spell for all I know; at any rate I think it best to keep watch of his movements.'

"He had hardly ceased speaking, when we were startled by a tremendous crash, accompanied with a shock that shook the barque from truck to kelson. The thought of the instant was that some vessel larger than our own had run afoul of us. We both rushed upon deck immediately, but not a craft of any kind whatever was in sight excepting our own. The next thought was that we had struck upon a coral reef, but upon going forward, I knew in an instant that such was not the case, for our starboard bow was completely demolished from the top-gallant rail to the water's edge, and had we struck upon a reef, the probability is that the damage done would all have been below the water line. There was but little time to spend upon conjectures, as the barque was rapidly settling in the water, and we had barely time to provision our boats and push off, before the barque went down. Upon mustering our men we found them all safe with the exception of Captain Will. He was in neither of the boats; but his disappearance was accounted for, as well as the cause of the loss of our vessel, by the man who had been last at the wheel, in the following words:

"'I relieved Jack Bronson at the wheel at four bells. I had been but a short time there, when Cap'n Will came up on the quarter-deck, and says to me, 'Ned, go forward on the forecastle and see if you can make out what there is on the weather bow.' I was going to strike one bell for some one to take the wheel while I was gone, but Cap'n Will stepped up, and taking the wheel, tells me to hurry up and report what I made out ahead.'

"'I went right away forward, and soon made out that what the captain had seen was a very large sperm whale apparently asleep on the top of the water, and I went aft and reported accordingly. At the course we were then sailing, we should have passed somewhat to leeward of the whale; but the moment Cap'n Will knew what was ahead, he had the yards braced in, and ordered me to keep her up a couple of points.'

"'I dare n't disobey orders, although I knew that if the whale didn't haul off or go down, we should be afoul of him. As soon as the yards were braced up, Cap'n Will went forward. He had hardly got on to the forecastle when the barque struck the whale about amidship, and the next instant his tail came across the forecastle directly where Cap'n Will stood—and here we are in these two boats as the natural consequence.'

"After a brief consultation, we headed our boats for Pernambuco, and having pleasant weather and a smooth sea, we arrived there in a little more than two days from the time the barque went down so unceremoniously, and we soon had an opportunity of shipping for home."

In war, people judge, for the most part, by the success, whatever is the opinion of the wiser sort. Let a man show all the good conduct that is possible, if the event does not answer, ill fortune passes for a fault, and is justified but by a few persons.—*St. Evremond.*

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

The accompanying portrait of Henry William Herbert, so well known and admired by his various works published under his own name and the *nom de plume* of "Frank Forrester," was drawn for us by C. Barry, from a fine daguerreotype by Meade Brothers, of New York. The subject of this notice was born in London, April 7, 1807. He is the eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, dean of Manchester, eminent as a man of science, a poet and a liberal politician, and a descendant on the paternal side, from the historical houses of Pembroke and Percy. Young Herbert was sent to Eton College at the age of thirteen, and graduated at Caius College, Cambridge, in 1829. Of the educational advantages afforded him he made excellent use, and though he is entirly untinctured by pedantry, there are probably few men of his age who are more thoroughly versed in the classical languages and literature. He is also familiar with the modern European languages, is well read in history, and possesses a large share of antiquarian lore. He commenced life with a fortune ample enough for the gratification of all his tastes—his love of study, of travel, and of the exciting sports of the field and forest—but a sudden reverse in 1830, forced him to rely upon his education and literary ability for support. He came to this country in December, 1831, and for eight years thereafter was employed as a Greek teacher in a classical school of high repute. While thus engaged he also turned his attention to authorship, and from 1833 to 1836, edited the "American Monthly Magazine" with signal ability, besides writing for various other periodicals. In 1835, he published a novel, entitled "The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde." We well remember the impression produced by the first reading of this spirited work, an impression resembling in its pleasurable character that awakened by the first perusal of a romance by Scott. Subsequent and recent readings have only confirmed the opinion then formed of it. It is a dashing, dramatic narrative, that grasps the attention of the reader at the outset and hurries him along breathless to the close. The incidents are strange and startling but not improbable, and the characters sketched with a few vigorous, decided strokes of the pencil. The manners and spirit of the age are happily reproduced, and the story ends, like a stirring drama, with a brilliant *denouement*. This fine story was followed, in the next year, by the production of "Oliver Cromwell," a work distinguished by the same vigorous style, the same bold, truthful portrait-painting and the same marvellous perception of the spirit of the past. These works, like the subsequent performances of Mr. Herbert, republished in England, created a powerful sensation there, and established the literary reputation of their author. Their success induced him to abandon the harassing occupation of teaching, and devote himself exclusively to literature. In 1842, he published "Marmaduke Wyvil," an historical novel, and, in 1846, the "Roman Traitor," a romance founded on Catiline's conspiracy against Rome. Equally successful with these works have been his "Field Sports of North America," and "Fishes and Fishing of North America," published under the *nom de plume* of "Frank Forrester," and displaying both the experience of a thorough sportsman and the knowledge of a naturalist. His various sporting sketches published in periodicals of the day, are remarkably spirited and telling. In 1848 his scholarship and poetical talent were displayed in a poetical translation of the "Prometheus" and the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. Had Mr. Herbert chosen to cultivate his gift he might have won a brilliant reputation as a poet. His "Wollington sonnets," written for and published in this paper, are brilliant proofs of poetical genius. We have not space to enumerate the various productions of Mr. Herbert's fertile pen. Among them, and particularly deserving mention, is a series of historical works included in his later performances, entitled, the "Captains of the Old World as compared with great modern strategists," the "Cavaliers of England," the "Knights of England, Scotland and France," and the "Chevaliers of France." His historical works appear to be equally popular with his novels and romances. A vigorous and picturesque style, an untiring *verve*, an artistic grouping of characters, enchain the attention of the reader. He does not give us the dry bones of history—he clothes them with flesh and blood, and makes the storied heroes of the past speak and act before us as living men and not as phantoms. It cannot be denied that Mr. Herbert has ably won a high position among the distinguished English authors of the nineteenth century.



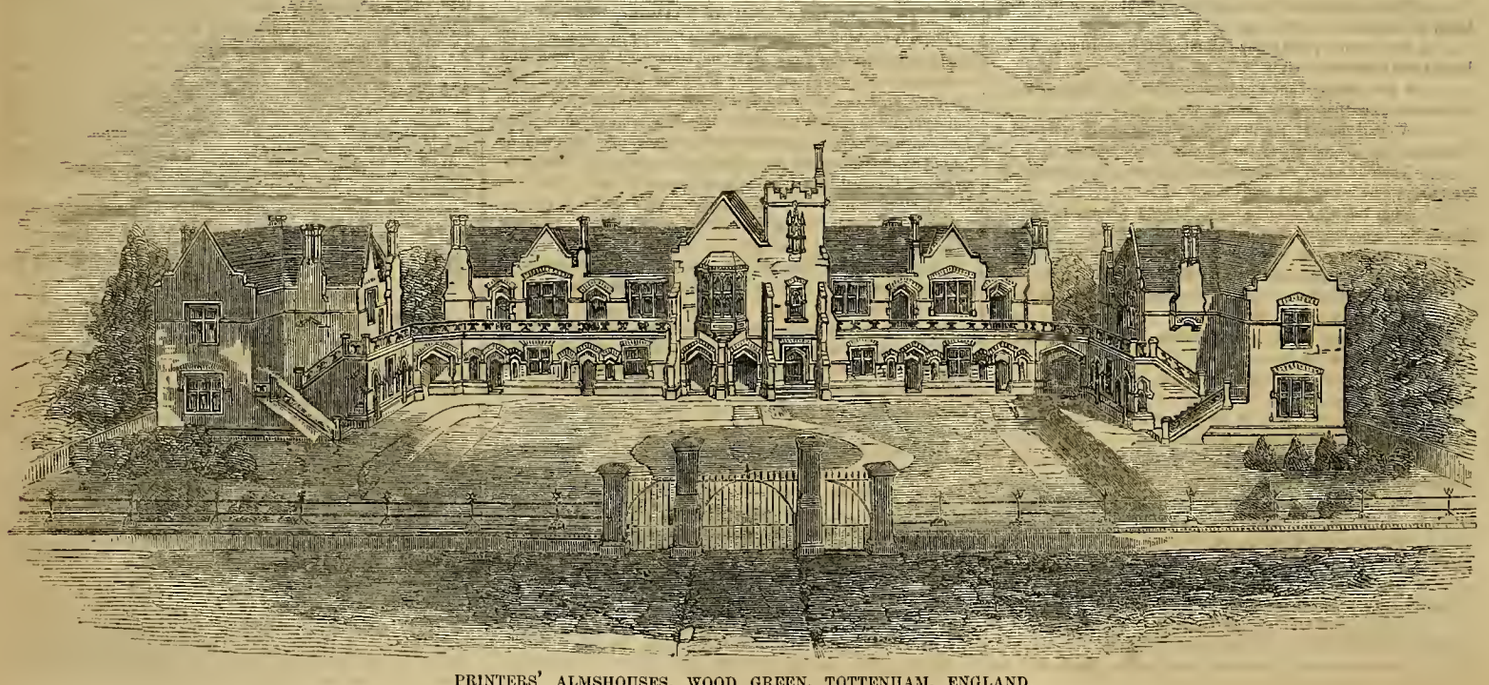
HENRY W. HERBERT.

PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES, TOTTENHAM, ENGLAND.

We present, below, an accurate representation of the almshouses recently erected and formally inaugurated at Tottenham, England, for the reception of aged and infirm members of all branches of the printing trade. The buildings will accommodate a large number of persons, though only six have yet availed themselves of this charity. The inmates of the institution receive, in addition to the gratuitous house accommodation, a certain weekly allowance, which varies according to the amount of any other means of subsistence which the recipient may possess. The building is in the Tudor style of architecture, and occupies three sides of a square, the fourth, fronting the road, being tastefully laid out as a garden. It contains between thirty and forty rooms, and will give accommodation to about twelve couples, allowing a neat and commodious sitting room and bedroom and kitchen to each couple. The ceremony of inauguration was performed only a few weeks since, on which occasion a grand breakfast was held in the grounds adjoining the building. Earl Stanhope, the president of the institution, whose family name is so intimately connected with the printing trade, in both a literary and mechanical point of view, most appropriately presided on the occasion. The noble chairman and the stewards, comprising the representatives of some one hundred and fifty of the leading publishing firms of London, assembled at the building, and were conducted over the whole establishment by the architect, Mr. William Webb. The inspection of the budding being concluded, the whole party retired to the pavilion erected on the grounds at the back of the almshouses, where a breakfast was served, at which Earl Stanhope presided. In the evening a grand tea party, followed by a concert and a ball, in celebration of the inauguration, took place at the Highbury Barn Tavern, at which between four hundred and five hundred persons connected with the mechanical portion of the printing trade were present. On the day preceding the opening of the almshouses, a neighboring Quaker lady (an acquaintance of Elizabeth Fry), rapidly approaching threescore years and ten, visited the institution, and, having inspected the building, presented each of the newly-elected inmates with five shillings, and directed them to send to her residence every other morning for a supply of new milk; nor did this kind visitor depart without leaving a donation in the subscription box and her name enrolled in the visitors' book. The subscriptions in connection with the festival exceeded four thousand dollars. The public charities of England are numerous and munificent, and they had need be so, for misery and destitution are rife there. It requires the utmost exertions of the philanthropist only to alleviate and assuage the sufferings of the poor—to banish them entirely is out of the question.

A FASCINATING LION.

About thirty years ago, says Jules Gerard, the great lion hunter, a young man named Seghir, belonging to the tribe of Amamera, established in the Aures mountains, fell in love with a young girl who had been refused to him by the father on account of his poverty. The young people, however, were much attached to each other, and one fine evening the girl ran away with her lover. The distance being considerable between the two douars and the road extremely perilous, Seghir had armed himself from head to foot. Already the most dangerous part of the road had been cleared, and they were beginning to hear the dogs of the douar towards which they were rapidly advancing, when, all at once, a lion, who till that moment had lain concealed behind the bushes, rose and walked straight towards them. The young girl shrieked so fearfully that her cries were heard by the people in the tents, and several of the men immediately seized their arms and rushed out to the rescue. When they reached the spot to which they were directed by the screams of the young maiden, they saw the lion walking slowly a few paces in front of Seghir, with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon him, and leading him thus towards the forest. The young girl did all she could to prevent her lover following the lion, or induce him to let go his hold of herself, but it was in vain; he kept dragging her on in spite of all her efforts, saying: "Come, my beloved, come, our master will have it so, we must go!" "But your weapons," she cried, "what are they good for, if not to save me?" "Weapons! I have none," answered the fascinated wretch; "great lord, believe her not, she lies—I am perfectly unarmed, and will follow you wherever you will!" At this moment the Arabs, eight or ten in number, who had come to the rescue of the unfortunate couple, perceiving that the lion would very soon have them in the forest, fired every one of them upon him; but on finding that he did not fall, they took to their heels. The lion sprang upon Seghir, and with one hound crushed him to the earth, smashing his head at a bite; after which he laid down by the side of the young girl, placing his huge paws upon her knees. The Arabs now finding that the lion did not condescend to pursue them, took courage and returned, and having reloaded their guns, prepared again to fire; but being afraid of killing the girl, they told her to try to get a little way from the lion, which he allowed her to do, without ever losing sight of her. The moment the guns of the Arabs were levelled at him, the lion sprang into the midst of them, seized one with his teeth and two others with his claws, dragging them together, so as to make, as it were, one bundle; then, placing under him that mass of palpitating flesh, he instantly smashed the three heads, as he had done that of Seghir. Those who escaped ran to the douar and told the story, but no one was bold enough to return for another attack. The lion then carried the woman into the forest. Next day they came to carry away the bodies of the four men; as to the young girl, nothing was found but her hair, her feet and her clothes. Is it true that the lion has the power of fascination over weak organizations? All I can say is that the Arabs answer in the affirmative, and give numerous examples.—*Spirit of the Times.*



PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES, WOOD GREEN, TOTTENHAM, ENGLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FRANCE AND THIS COUNTRY.

Some months since there was certainly a little unpleasant, uneasy feeling with regard to the relations subsisting between this country and France. The very want of anything tangible to create this feeling, produced a certain uneasiness—for

> ——"trifles light as air,
> Are to the jealous confirmation strong
> As proofs of Holy Writ."

There was a story going about that Marshal Vaillant had insulted the officers of our army sent abroad to pursue military investigations, that raised our blood to fever point. But the trouble has been set at rest by the marshal's disclaimer, and we are now assured that the "winter of our discontent" has been made "glorious summer" by a perfect cordiality existing between France and America. This is just as it ought to be. Of all the countries of Europe, we should least like to have a quarrel with France. We can never forget the service done by the ready money and the gallant hearts and strong arms that France sent to us in the days of our sore trial and our sore need. It would be with extreme regret that we should cross swords with the countrymen of Lafayette, of Rochambeau and of D'Estaing. When the parent country forced us into revolution, France came to our aid with a fraternal alacrity and cordiality. No—we can never forget it. A war with France would be like a civil war. When General Jackson, in Louis Philippe's time, demanded the payment of the French claims, with a menace of war in the event of refusal, our admiration of the old hero's pluck, and our consciousness of being in the right, did not banish a sorrowful feeling at the very idea of coming into armed collision with an old friend. But the danger passed, and the little ill feeling to which we have alluded subsided too. France, England and the United States, united together in the bonds of a common interest, should cultivate feelings of cordial amity. Each nation is great enough, and each nation has a sufficiently independent sphere of action, to view each other's magnitude and increase without jealousy and without hostility.

MARKING UP.—The Evening Gazette tells a good story of some burglars who decamped from a dry goods store they had broken into, because they found the articles marked up so high that they couldn't afford to take them.

APPRECIATIVE OF ART.—A celebrated landscape of Rubens, called the "Rainbow Picture," from one of its features, was lately bought by the Marquis of Hertford for $18,000.

SPLINTERS.

.... An oriental traveller told Prince Eugene, in 1728, that with 40,000 dragoons he could capture all China.

.... Many deaths have occurred recently from the extreme heat of the weather and drinking iced water.

In the Pacific Mills and Print Works, at Lowell, which manufacture delaines and chenilles, 1600 hands are employed.

.... The Rev. Dr. Kirk has been conducting divine services on Sunday under a tent on the Common.

.... The Sultan of Turkey is said to be sunk in imbecility and physical prostration—a mere wreck.

.... The Richmond people think they had a shock of the earthquake lately—the houses vibrated.

.... A fine edifice is to be erected by Dr. Dix on the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets, Boston.

.... Deacon Jonathan Howe, the oldest printer in Boston, died lately at Charlestown, at the age of 75.

.... The century plant lately exhibited at Ogdensburg, N. Y., had 18,000 blossoms upon it.

.... A man named Cane was terribly injured at Bangor, lately, by coming in contact with a circular saw in motion.

.... A gentleman at Hartford who thoughtlessly endorsed a bank bill, was obliged to pay the amount it represented.

.... There is a lady in the town of Durham, Me., married 88 years ago, who is over 111 years old.

.... They talk in Paris of a canal between the Baltic and the North Sea to dodge the Danish sound dues.

.... Mrs. Healy, of New Orleans, who has been in straitened circumstances for years, now inherits $250,000 in England.

.... An editor in the southwest "receives challenges and fights duels from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M."

.... Ice was seen at the head of Valley Fork of Elk, Va., as late as the twentieth of June.

.... The Emperor of France has determined to legitimatize the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte to Miss Patterson.

.... The Chippewa Indians lately feasted on boiled dogs at their annual "medicine dance" in Minnesota.

.... During the last seven years it is said that 1400 murders have been perpetrated in and about San Francisco.

.... John Grindell, the pedestrian, lately ran five miles at Lawrence, in this State, in twenty-eight minutes.

.... The season at Saratoga and Niagara Falls has, thus far, yielded a fine harvest to hotel keepers.

.... The Journal of Commerce says most of our railroad and steamboat accidents are the result of carelessness.

.... The tax bill for the current year in New York city is over 7,000,000 of dollars—nearly twelve dollars a head.

.... The Sauks and Foxes lately had a bloody battle with the Camanches, and completely routed them.

GO AHEAD!

We used to think that the first words that an American baby learned to speak were "papa" and "mamma," and so indeed it was in the slow-going times of our great-grandfathers. "Young America" couldn't "go ahead" then very well, for its very dress impeded its free action. It emerged from petticoats into knee breeches and long-skirted coats, and its movements were correspondingly old-fashioned. But we have changed all that. The first words the infant tongue is taught to lisp is "go ahead." Father and mother are secondary enunciations and considerations. The continent of Europe has some rather fast people, and among the most rapid are the French, whose Shibboleth of "*En avant!*" (forward!) has been considered as tantamount to "go ahead." But the French "forward!" has not a quarter the significance of our "go ahead!" It indicates low pressure—our watchword the greatest possible head of steam. Old Marshal Blucher was called Marshal "Vorwarts" by his Prussian followers; but if he had marched in company with Scott or Taylor, his command would have been nowhere.

These remarks were suggested by the letter of an intelligent French traveller, speaking of the railroad across the isthmus of Panama. He says honestly that both the French and English governments sent out engineers who made studies, plans and sketches, and employed years in the business entrusted to them, without arriving at any practical result.

"The Americans came. They obtained a charter and a concession of land of the government of New Granada, and then went to work with their customary audacity. After a very summary survey of the localities, they started from one ocean to reach the other by the aid of the compass. To fill up bogs, to turn rivers, to avoid too great obstacles, to surmount difficulties, to rise, to descend, to wind, to describe curves, but always to *go ahead*—such was their object, and on a fine day the railroad was finished. But what a railroad! One must be a Yankee—that is, must be possessed by a demon to venture on it. What is astonishing and incomprehensible is, not that travellers pass over this road—for, once in the cars, they are obliged to abandon themselves to Providence,—but that engineers, conductors and employés should be found who willingly consent, for any salary, to expose themselves daily. It is enough to make you shudder when you see the rails over which you glide, supported at prodigious heights by trembling scaffoldings, scarcely stayed, or resting on a moving soil mined and swept away by torrents of rain. At certain points where you are suspended above the abyss without protection, without fences, the level of the rails is destroyed by the sinking of one of the sides of the terraces or scaffoldings, the cars roll over sloping planes, and the slightest pebble on the track would be enough to destroy an equilibrium already sufficiently compromised, and cause the whole train to disappear over frightful precipices."

Of course, there is any quantity of Gallic exaggeration in all this, and the letter-writer admits that the conductors and employés are careful, that the rate of speed is slow, and that armies of laborers are constantly engaged in repairing and strengthening the road; but is not the very existence of this railroad, considering the locality and the difficulties of establishing a patent, proof of the goaheaditiveness of our countrymen—one proof among a million?

When shall we slacken this national velocity? When shall we subside into the moderate pursuit of the ends of sublunary existence? Not until the whole continent is redeemed and occupied, regenerated and civilized. When the whole of North America is covered with a network of railways, when every navigable stream swarms with steamboats, when there are free presses, and free schools, and free colleges in every nook and corner of the land, then, and not until then, shall we begin to pull on the breaks and open the safety valves.

THE ASPECT OF NATURE.

There is something awful in the immutability of nature—in the unchanging aspect of those glittering stars, that soar, and sink, and wheel in their appointed courses forever and the same. We ascribe to them benign or baleful influences according to our moods, but beautiful as they are, they are cold and unsympathizing. They look down with equal brightness on the city of the dead and the city of the living—on the corpse and on the bride. The nearer we approach the earth, the more ephemeral are the objects that meet our eyes. The trees that stand for centuries yet have their appointed time to fall. Even the steadfast rocks crumble and decay. The life of man, the lord of all, is the briefest of all. Yet something in every bosom tells us that there is a life beyond and above all these perishing creatures—a glorious guerdon reserved for man's immortal spirit.

FLOWERS IN WINDOWS.—There are fewer tests of a happy home than a display of beautiful flowers in a parlor window. In the winter in the city, they attract the eye of the passer-by like the smiles of sunbeams.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.—Many individuals banished by the Vigilance Committee from San Francisco, have arrived in New York, to add to the cares of the officials of Gotham.

AMERICAN ACTORS.—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have been prodigiously successful in London. We were sure beforehand that they would make a hit.

AN ODD IDEA.—In England, they are talking about presenting a testimonial to the jury that convicted Palmer of poisoning!

TRUE.—Difficulties dissolve before a cheerful and resolute spirit, like snow drifts before the sun.

TRAVELLING.

A very clever writer in Blackwood's Magazine, in a paper on travelling, admits that his countrymen, as a general thing, do not derive those advantages from travel which it ought to yield. In a word, they do not understand the art of travel, for, justly considered, it is an art. The Englishman is very apt to carry his country with him in his travels. He usually moves about with a prodigious amount of baggage, including as many British cooking implements as he can scrape together. He travels, if possible, in company with his countrymen—and when he can find an English hotel, or if not an English hotel, an establishment where English is spoken, he puts up at it. He goes to an English reading room, when he can find one, and reads an English paper, of course. He very rarely takes the trouble to acquire beforehand the languages of the countries he proposes visiting. Consequently, he looks at everything through an English medium, and has, from his system, or rather from the want of it, a partial and one-sided view of the land he visits. He comes back with his prejudices confirmed. Of course, there are many honorable exceptions to this style of traveller, but they only prove the rule.

The German, on the other hand, travels more philosophically. He posts himself up thoroughly in the history, literature, art, geography and manners of the strange lands with which he designs to make a practical acquaintance. He goes abroad to learn, and he comes back with enlarged views and a good stock of information.

But after all, we think the Yankee is the beau ideal of a traveller—that our countrymen possess a real talent for travelling. They are sharp and inquisitive, and understand how to gather the greatest amount of information in the shortest given time. Moreover, they possess a faculty for acquiring languages, only equalled by that of certain exceptional peoples of the continent—the Poles and Russians, for instance. And, added to that, the social habits of a democratic form of government fit them readily for mixing with all classes of people. Their peculiar cleverness enables them to make up for the want of book knowledge, which the Germans possess in a greater degree. But the Germans are apt to undertake too much. They dive rather too deep and mine rather too extensively; whereas the Yankee traveller suits the extent of his investigations to the time he has to spend on them.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.—Mr. T. was relating that he saw, in the course of his travels in Japan, a church a thousand feet long. A friend checked him as he was going on, and Mr. T. added, "and two feet broad." Everybody laughed at this absurdity, when the story-teller flew into a passion, and exclaimed: "It's my friend's fault—if it hadn't been for him, I'd have made the church square."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Edmands, Mr. William Moses, of Bath, Me., to Miss Lizzie J. T. Randall; by Rev. Mr. Gardner, Mr. Horace D. Jerauld to Miss Mary B. Cooper; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Thomas Walton to Miss Sophia Taylor; by Rev. Mr. Croft, Mr. William W. Byerson to Miss Abby F. Swasey, both of Roxbury; by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Edmund P. Bradford to Miss Lucy M. Whittaker; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. W. B. Carney to Miss Lizzie Turner Cobb; by Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. Daniel Dorrington to Miss Harriet Harris.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Capt. Horace H. Watson, Jr. to Miss Anna Freeman.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Edward E. Herrick to Miss Emily F. Moody, both of Beverly.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Albert A. Horn, of Boston, to Miss Selena H. Sanford.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Durfee, Mr. Edwin M. Wheelock, of Ithaca, N. Y., to Miss Ellen M. Brackett.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Emmett Weeks to Miss Elizabeth Green, both of Cambridge.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Benjamin R. Symonds, Jr. to Miss Sarah C. Fillebrown.—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Dr. Algernon Coolidge to Miss Mary Lowell.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Field, Mr. Thomas Clinton Hooker, of Rome, Italy, to Miss Elizabeth Temple Winthrop.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. William S. Campbell to Miss Ellen Woodbury.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Peter White, 22; Mr. Charles Browne, 63; Mr. George Graham, 34; Miss Helen Callender, 56; Mr. George Tilston, 46; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Twelrig, 24; Mr. Timothy W. Bennett; Mr. George Dorr, 34.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Calra L. Pike.—At Chelsea, Mr. Samuel Ward, 29.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Sarah W. Newman, 67.—At Quincy, Mr. Thomas Page, 71; Mr. James B. Reed, 48.—At Lynn, Mr. Edward W. Payson; Widow Mary Ramsdell, 80; Mr. J. Harris Chadwell, 21.—At Lynnfield Centre, Mrs. Sally Newhall, 83.—At Salem, Widow Mary Pease, 82; Mrs. Sarah Babbidge, 87; Mr. John Campbell, 21; Mr. Nathaniel P. Morse, 54; Mrs. Mary Tears, 50.—At Marblehead, Miss Mary G. Stacey, 25.—At South Danvers, Mr. John Dodge, 57.—At Groveland, Mrs. Sally Colby, formerly of Newburyport, 65.—At Abington, Mr. George L. Thompson, 56.—At Marlboro', Mr. William Felton, 75.—At West Brookfield, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Heushaw, 66.—At Nantucket, Mr. Daniel Austin, 83.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Susan M. Lombard, 32.—At Sandwich, Mr. Elisha B. Faunce, of Charlestown, 45.—At Northampton, Mrs. Fanny E. Thayer, 34.—At Hadley, Mr. Samuel Kellogg, 78.—At Amherst, Mrs. Zebina Hawley, 81.—At Goshen, Mrs. Elizabeth Lamau James, 84.—At Dartmouth, Widow Hannah Thacher, 70; Widow Hope Kirby, 70.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHADOWS.

They are around our every path; we feel
Their touch upon our brows when summer's breath
Fans the pale cheeks of flowers, and bids them glow
With a bright splendor, whispering of death.
Upon the mountain tops with folded wings they rest,
And to the valleys steal with sure, still feet,
Amid the broad green fields, and on the heart
Of the blue sea, in tireless bands they meet.

Where the red sun sinks low o'er battle ground,
And helm and plume amid the dust are strown—
They fall on white, still brows like kisses prest
By weeping Love, in hope to wake her own.
Slowly the stars arise—a thousand winds
Are on the track of night, and o'er the plain
Pour their low requiem, then with patient gaze
Those dark-robed watchers gather by the slain.

When the calm hour of evening prayer has come,
And friend meets friend, and gentle words are said,
And kind thoughts for the living blend with tears
That fall at memories of the blessed dead;
With folded hands beside the dear home hearth,
And heads bowed lowlily and lips compresst—
The angels of the shadows stand in grief,
That on warm, loving hearts their touch must rest.

Each human life at first is a white scroll
From God's great library, unsoiled and fair,
Each writes upon it his own destiny in part,
But none can help the shadows falling there.
They may sweep o'er it with a wild, stern wing,
Blotting the dreams which love in gladness drew,
Or gently, tenderly, with warm, soft breath
Remove each sign that tells where blossoms grew.

We all walk sometimes in a cloud, and feel
A trembling longing which we may not speak,
For the full noonday light, which from the walls
Of Christ's fair city beams upon the meek;
O brothers! whether on the mountain top
Of glad prosperity our feet shall tread,
Or in the vale of grief, 'tis well to think
From His dear hand are light and darkness shed.

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

Mrs. Endicott was a very quiet, unassuming, contented farmer's wife; kind and hospitable, and quite able, from her circumstances, to carry out her intentions of being so. Single-hearted and genuine herself, she never suspected any under-current in the character of those with whom she associated; and as she was so unsophisticated, she was very liable to deception on the part of others who might have a motive to employ it. Her house was ever open to all who might seek, from motives of friendship or interest, a pleasant retreat in the warm season; and every attention which she or her daughters could bestow was at their service.

It was not an unusual circumstance, then, when one very sultry afternoon in July, a carriage stopped at her door, and deposited Mrs. Waterbury, her niece, Miss Hastings, two boys of thirteen and fifteen, and a little girl of seven. The day was hot and dusty, the travellers tired and hungry. It was the busy hay season at the farm, and in addition to the usual family, Mr. Endicott had half a dozen extra hands in the fields. Mrs. Endicott had not been very well, and Sophia and Alice had been more fatigued than usual, in consequence of her inability to perform her own part of the work. All the family, however, received the visitors with kindness and attention. Two of the best rooms in the house were given up to them, and the daughters resigned their own room to the boys, retiring to the attic themselves—which attic, not being finished, proved a warm retreat, compared with the large airy apartments, with their cool straw carpets and delicate white drapery, which their guests enjoyed.

Mrs. Endicott's house, so neat and cool-looking when the company arrived, presented a scene of confusion the next morning perfectly indescribable. Shawls, dresses, bonnets, shoes and boots lay indiscriminately on the beds, on the floor, on the couches, which were covered with spotless white dimity; and, in fact, everywhere. Water was spilled, soap left on the painted stands, towels were thrown wet on the straw matting, leaving brown stains on the surface, and indeed it took Sophia two or three hours to restore anything like decent order.

After breakfast the two boys went out to the pond to fish for pickerel. They returned at noon with splashed clothes and wet stockings, which Mrs. Endicott had to place in water, but which Mrs. Waterbury did not offer to assist her in doing. Tired and cross, they laid themselves down on the clear white bed with their shoes on, and slept off the afternoon. Mrs. Waterbury also retired for a siesta, and Sophia and Alice had to entertain Miss Hastings and little Maria Waterbury, whose incessant demands for new objects to play with taxed them severely. After tea, Mr. Endicott took them out in his large family wagon, which Mrs. Waterbury declared was so heavy and jolting, that she should never get over it.

When Saturday night came, Mr. Waterbury made his appearance, bringing also a gentleman friend, and staying until after dinner on Monday, and another room had to be given up. Although the Endicotts were well supplied with abundance of food on the night of the first arrival, yet the addition of five to the family required constant cooking, and Alice declared that her arms were swollen to twice their usual size, by rolling pastry so continually.

Other company—dear friends, too, they were—arrived, and they were obliged to find rooms for them at the next farmhouse. Three weeks formed the period of the Waterbury visit; and it took three more to restore the house to its wonted condition, and to repair damages. Mrs. Waterbury begged them to call if they came to the city next winter, and Mr. Waterbury told the girls that he would take them to the theatre and the opera, if they would come in some time and stay all night. Mr. Endicott smiled his quiet smile, but said nothing. After they had gone, he sat down to his writing-desk, and appeared absorbed in accounts.

"What are you writing, John," said his wife, "that engages your mind so intensely?"

"I am calculating my losses, Susan."

"Losses! In what way have you lost? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing but the Waterbury advent," he said, with a queer look. "I am casting up the probable expense of their visit. I will read you the items. First, board for five people for three weeks, including transient boarders, fifty dollars; second, loss of time, fifteen dollars; third, damage to house and furniture, twenty dollars; fourth, yourself and two daughters, in the capacity of servants, three dollars—very low; besides which, I have paid Symonds ten dollars cash for the use of his horses, making a hundred dollars for the pleasure of Waterbury's taking our house for his summer stopping-place, instead of going to a hotel or boarding-house."

"So it is, John; but I would not have thought it. However, the girls shall make their visit there next winter, and so all will be right. I am anxious to have them go; and I am sure they cannot be too attentive to them, after all this exertion on our part."

"But did you notice that Mrs. Waterbury said they must *call* when they went to town?"

"Well, of course they meant them to stay with them. What else could they mean?"

"Poor little wifey! You are not up to the Waterbury tactics, I see plainly," said Mr. Endicott, as he left the room, laughing. "We shall see when winter comes."

* * * * * * *

Winter in Boston! Bright, dazzling snow and ice, merry sleigh bells, theatre and opera house open, lectures, concerts—it is a pleasant season in town, and the country has few attractions now for town people. The Waterburys have forgotten that they were ever at Belleville, in the hurry and excitement of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury, Belle Hastings, and two visitors, are dressing for an evening party. The cars are just coming in on the Worcester Railroad, and they are expecting grand friends from N w York. A carriage stops at the door, and a servant is sent down to receive the expected guests. He returns with the names of the Misses Endicott and their father, from Belleville. Mrs. Waterbury stands at her toilet aghast.

"Do you hear that, Belle?" she says, gaspingly. "What on earth has sent those people here to-night? Mr. Waterbury, you must go and say that we are engaged, and make an apology."

"But how can we? We are under obligations to receive them."

"Fudge! For what?—for their miserable accommodations of last year? I am sure that I did not have a single night's rest while I was there, with their terrible musquitoes."

"Fy, Mrs. Waterbury! I am ashamed of you! Do you know that Endicott has loaned me several thousand dollars lately, and that I should have failed if he had not done so?"

"No, I did not. But if that is the case, I suppose we must receive them. Austin's family will not be here to-night, I suppose, for the cars are in, by these people being here at this time."

Mr. Waterbury went down and received his guests somewhat cordially, made excuses for his wife and Belle, and showed Mr. Endicott to his room himself. The chambermaid was called to conduct the young ladies to theirs, and after tea had been provided for the guests, Mrs. Waterbury made her appearance in full dress.

"Make yourselves comfortable," she said, "and retire when you please. This is an engagement which it would not answer to break, so you will excuse us."

Belle Hastings extended the tip of her gloved hand to the girls whom, in the country, she had loaded with caresses. The two boys sat apart, eyeing Mr. Endicott, who was resting his lame foot on an ottoman, as if he was committing some grievous sin against etiquette. They forgot their afternoon slumbers on Mrs. Endicott's spotless quilt.

After they had gone to the party, and the boys had retired to bed, Mr. Endicott drew a writing-table towards him, and wrote a note to his host, in which he excused himself for taking his daughters away during his absence. He remarked that, as his visit seemed to be made at an unseasonable time, he was about to have them removed to the Tremont House, in order that they might enjoy the privilege of attending public places, without inconvenience to acquaintances.

They left this letter on the table, and Mr. Waterbury, to his great mortification, read it when he returned from the party. He called on Mr. Endicott the next morning, and made every apology necessary, entreating him to return to his house, but in vain. He stayed two or three weeks, during which time the Waterburys called several times, but there was an evident coolness on the part of Mr. Endicott and his daughters.

Several times they met at the houses of distinguished people, who honored the plain country farmer, so long known to them, and admired the beautiful girls, whose simple graces charmed all who saw them. At such times, Belle Hastings recognized them warmly; but they did not need her patronage. They were on intimate terms with some whose acquaintance she had not been permitted to approach, and could have looked down upon her, had not they been too amiable. On her part, she was somewhat mortified to see Sophia and Alice led out to dance, or urged to play, while she was neglected.

Years afterwards she recognized two ladies at a large party, where she sat unattended. They were leaning on the arms of two distinguished gentlemen, and she heard them introduced as the wives of these gentlemen. They were Sophia and Alice Endicott, and she was Belle Hastings still!

PRACTICAL PRAYER.

In the vicinity of B—— lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labor. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick bed and family. His means of support being cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became so much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers.

As he sat on the door-stone he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the needy, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, he stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labors. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and he presumed neighbor A—— would let him have it.

With a tearful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house, the farmer's little son stepped up and said:

"Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort mourners?"

"Yes—why?"

"Because, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer."

It is needless to add that the Christian father called back his suffering neighbor, and gave him us much he needed.

Now, Christian readers, do you answer your own prayers?—*New York Evangelist.*

CURIOUS LAKE.

The Placerville American (Cal.) gives an account of a peculiar lake on the east side of Bear River Valley. It is an immense pool or spring, rather than a lake, a little over one hundred yards in length along the base of the mountain, and nearly the same in width, but extending in one place under a shelving rock that nearly touches the surface of the water for many yards. That it is an immense spring issuing from the mountain, is apparent from the fact that any floating substance thrown under the shelving rock, is immediately brought outward to the opposite bank. There is no visible outlet to the waters, except that the margin is little else than rock, with innumerable fissures traversing it in every direction, and through which, though with no apparent current at the surface, the water undoubtedly escapes.

The surface of the rocks at the edge of the water, and for several inches above and below, is coated thick with a substance closely resembling sulphur, but without its properties, being uninflammable. Not a living fish is to be seen in its waters, but digging into and breaking up a kind of soft scoria or volcanic mud nearly hardened into stone, that makes a portion of the bank, great numbers of fish, from two to six inches in length, are embedded therein, and perfectly petrified.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Picture Book for the Young. By Mary Howitt. With twenty illustrations by Byram & Peirce. Philadelphia: J. B Lippincott & Co. 1856.

The pictures in this book are very well executed, and will afford nice patterns for young draughtsmen, while the letter-press is excellent. For sale by John P. Jewett & Co.

Altha: or, *Shells from the Strand.* By Mrs. Ada M. Field. Boston: James French & Co. 1856.

The staple of this volume is a series of well-connected pictures of home-life, gleaned, we are told, from experience. The book certainly exhibits great power and great knowledge of the human heart.

Life, Explorations and Public Services of John Charles Fremont. By Chas. Wentworth Upham. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 355.

This work, though recently published, has met with a vast sale. It is a well written sketch of Fremont's adventurous career, and well calculated for popular reading.

The Life and Public Services of James Buchanan. By R. G. Horton. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 428.

Mr. Buchanan's career is sketched in this volume, and illustrated by copious extracts from his speeches on various questions and occasions. The book is very well got up, and is embellished with a fine steel portrait of the veteran democratic statesman. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Fashionable Life. By Mary H. Eastman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 394.

An interesting and well written narrative by a vigorous writer, prepared with the purpose of showing the "effects of a system, in which pleasure is the chief aim, on the heart and on the destiny of woman." It is affectionately dedicated to the only daughter of the author. For sale by John P. Jewett & Co.

The Kingdom which shall not be Destroyed, etc. By Rev. J. Oswald, A.M., York, Pa. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. pp. 302.

The seventh chapter of the Book of Daniel may be regarded as the basis of this volume. Its object is to direct the attention to the study of the prophecies, and to the kingdom which is to come. For sale by John P. Jewett & Co.

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Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ Sample copies sent when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Twenty-two and a half tons of printed matter is daily sent from the Boston post-office. —— In the town of Jerez-de-la-Frontera, near Cadiz, in Andalusia, a grocer gave a poor woman, whose importunities annoyed him, a powerful dose of arsenic, from the effects of which she died almost immediately. She was the sister of the grocer's first wife. —— It is recorded that Linnæus cured himself of gout by eating strawberries. —— Bridgeport, Ct., claims that the title of "City of Churches" belongs more appropriately to her than to Brooklyn, N. Y. The latter has a church to every thousand inhabitants, but Bridgeport has sixteen churches, or one to every four hundred of her population. —— Mrs. Elizabeth Green died at Natchez, aged one hundred years. —— In a beautiful little valley, near Stockholm, a most remarkable stone, covered with Runic characters and of considerable dimensions, has been discovered. The inscription is complete, and the ornaments are well executed. Its site, it is presumed, implies facts of more than ordinary importance. —— Mr. Kellogg, the American artist, has succeeded in purchasing a genuine "Raphael," entitled "La Belle Jardiniere." —— It is said that Lord Gough is of opinion that English women who were in the Crimea previous to the armistice or the end of February, ought to be decorated with the Crimean ribbon solely. In India, Lord Gough states, four English ladies were decorated, amongst them Lady Gough, who is very proud of her Maharanjapore bronze star, and likewise of the one given her by the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. —— The father of Mr. Fillmore resides on his farm at Aurora, N. Y., and is now eighty-six years of age. —— A noted brigand named Gembilargin, whose band had long infested the vicinity of Sassari, in the island of Sardinia, has just been taken with two of his companions, after a desperate defence. He is accused of twenty assassinations. —— A pickerel was recently caught in the Connecticut River, by George Burnham, of Amherst, which weighed twenty pounds. —— Mr. Littledale, who has a farm on the Mersey, opposite Liverpool, England, keeps eighty-three cows and fifteen working horses on the produce of eighty acres of land. One acre of land to support a cow is deemed a small pattern in America, but should not be. The fact shows what thorough cultivation can do. —— A new locomotive, built at Baltimore, is said to be the largest in the world. It has 12 wheels 44 inches in diameter, 22 inch stroke, 11 feet fire-box, and weighs 33 tons. —— The country on both sides of the Rio Grande is described as being in an unsettled state. —— The Paris journal La Pays, says that all the difficulties in the way of the construction of the canal across the Isthmus of Suez have been surmounted, and that more than the capital required for the execution of the works —which are already in progress—has been subscribed. —— France and Saxony have agreed on the terms of convention for the guarantee of literary rights in the two countries. —— The Tehuantepec Carriage Road across the Isthmus is about to be prosecuted, laborers having been sent out recently from New Orleans. The greatest confidence exists that this road will be open for travel in the month of November next. It will give a new and nearer route by which California emigrants may reach the Pacific. —— To ascertain the length of the day and night, any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day. This is a little method of "doing the thing" which few of our readers have been aware of. —— A river fire steamer has just been built at Cincinnati, constructed like a ferry boat, and having a fixed steam fire engine on board, to be used in the port of St. Louis, in case of a fire occurring among the steamboats at the levee. —— It is said the cost of the new dome for the centre of the capitol at Washington, will be $1,000,000.

SUBTERRANEAN DISCOVERY.

The remains of a magnificent palace have been discovered under a garden in the Isle of Capri near Italy. It must not only have been splendid in structure, but in situation, commanding a view of the bay of Palermo and Naples. Marble of various colors was used in its construction, and all its apartments, so far as the excavations have proceeded, are of the most spacious and elegant character. The doorway is twelve feet wide, and of white marble, and the rooms are paved in mosaic, while the walls are painted in red, blue, yellow, etc. Several coins of the reign of Augustus and Tiberius have been found, some of them disclosing the curious fact that the coins of one reign were at times recoined in another.

CHEMICAL MINUTENESS.—On the recent trial of Wm. Palmer, in England, for poisoning Mr. Cook, and for which he has been executed, Dr. Herepath, the well-known chemist, stated that the presence of strychnine could always be detected, and gave as an important proof, that if he put 10 grains into 70,000 grains of water he could detect its presence in a tenth part of a grain of that water.

LITERARY.—"The law is," said a sage alderman to a vender of oysters, last August, "that oysters shall be sold in months in which there is an 'R.' How do you excuse yourself from being fined as the law directs?" "Why, the easiest way in the world; for I puts the R. in, and spells it Orgust." The man was excused for that month.

A CLERGYMAN ASHAMED.—A robust clergyman, meeting a physician, ran to hide himself behind a wall. Being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been ill that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

TELEGRAPHIC.—The New Bedford Mercury learns that a line of telegraphic communication has been arranged between New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, Plymouth and Boston, to connect with the Cape Cod line at Tremont.

Wayside Gatherings.

The camels work so well in Texas that the government is about to send for another cargo.

Our navy consists of eleven ships-of-the-line, thirteen frigates, nineteen sloops-of-war, three brigs, one schooner, twenty steamships and five storeships.

The works of Ducornet, an extraordinary French painter, recently deceased, who was born without arms, and held his brush either in his mouth or with his toes, are about to be sold in Paris.

A man named Pever made a balloon ascension at Havana, on the 29th of June, and was wafted over towards the sea. He has not been heard of since.

A son of Alfred Van Wyck, of East Fishkill, N. Y., aged two years, lately died there. The child had been playing with a friction match box, and swallowed a portion of the paper of which it was composed.

Letters from the Romagna, in the Papal States, give a frightful account of the state of society there. Brigandage had arrived at such a pitch that it was dangerous to go two or three miles from a town even in the day time.

A subscription, limited to three kreutzers (about three halfpence) each person, has been opened at Worms, for the construction of a Gothic chapel in that town, in honor of Luther and of his protest to the Diet of Worms.

Mr. John Trimble has contracted to complete a new theatre in sixty days for Miss Laura Keene. It is to be located at 622 and 624 Broadway, New York, on the ground now occupied by the Grinnell House.

A memorial, signed by influential authorities, has been addressed to the first lord of the treasury, praying for a final and limited search after relics of the Erebus and Terror, the lost ships in which Franklin and his crews left England.

Sixteen persons were bitten lately by mad dogs in Patterson, N. J., so severely that their death is regarded as certain, and one has already resulted fatally—in the case of a young man aged twenty-seven years.

The domain called John Brown's tract contains 210,000 acres, and lies in Herkimer, Lewis and Hamilton counties, New York. It is a portion of 1,920,000 acres, conveyed by letters patent from the State of New York to Alexander Macomb, Jan. 10, 1792.

The Russian and Austrian newspapers contradict the report that Odessa was to be made a free port, and they add that docks and ship building establishments for the construction of merchant vessels are to be immediately commenced at Sebastopol on a very extensive scale.

Count de Tocqueville, father of the author of "Democracy in America," recently died at an advanced age, in his chateau in France. He wrote and published, after he had completed his eightieth year, several historical works of acknowledged merit, among others, a "Philosophical History of Louis XV."

The Jewish disabilities bill was rejected in the British House of Lords, on the 23d of June, by a majority of 110 to 78, after a long speech from Lord Lyndhurst in favor of it. He showed that the oath of abjurntion, "on the true faith of a Christian," did not contemplate the exclusion of the Jews, as it was in use before the Jews came into the country.

A cabinet maker at Northampton has made a beautiful set of furniture out of chestnut wood. The Gazette says this wood, smoothed and varnished, shows the grain in such a manner as to make highly ornamental cabinet work, and it is rapidly taking the place of most other kinds. It is more easily worked and can be afforded at a cheaper rate.

Official information received from Cordova announces that more than two tons weight of locusts have recently been killed in that neighborhood. As it is calculated that there are in each hundred weight 1,720,000 locusts, some mighty arithmeticians have figured it out that at Cordova no less than 404,332,500 of these insects have been destroyed and afterwards buried.

The deficiency in the French budget in the last three years is 1200 millions of francs. Seventy-six millions were spent in useless public buildings; fifty millions were paid out of the public treasury to keep down the price of bread in Paris to prevent riots; and the industrial exhibition cost eleven millions. The dinner at the imperial christening cost two hundred thousand francs.

The Emperor Alexander, in imitation of France and England, has just instituted a Crimean medal, to be given to all those who took part in the defence of Sebastopol. It will be in gold for the officers, and in silver for the privates. It will have on the one side, the words, "To the eternal memory of the immortal defence of Sebastopol," and on the other, "By their Majesties, Nicholas, of eternal memory, and Alexander II."

Several specimens of topazes, corundum pyrites and iserene, have recently been added to the Museum of Natural History at Melbourne. The pyrites contain nine or ten per cent. of gold, and the discoverer, a Frenchman, who says there are thousands of tons, has asked £1000 from government as a reward, on his pointing out the locality. A topaz of considerable size was lately found in a reef near the Criterion Hotel, Bendigo.

The Providence Journal says there is no doubt that the deserted schooner recently taken into Newport was a slave vessel. She is a splendid model, not over three years old, and pronounced by the pilots and boatmen of Newport as, in their opinion, one of the fastest vessels that ever came into that port. She is about one hundred and forty tons burden. The name "Ferrit" is cut on the starboard rail, and "Elise" on the larboard rail.

The cheap press in England, which has sprung up within the last two or three years, is beginning to exercise a healthful influence upon the public mind. It is chiefly through this instrumentality that the government was compelled to a more moderate tone in the matter of Mr. Crampton's dismissal. The Times demanded retaliation on Mr. Dallas, but the independent press exposed the folly and madness of such an act, and public opinion would not justify it.

One of the persons who accompanied the emperor of France to Lyons, relates an interesting incident which passed under his own eyes. At the moment when he was the busiest engaged in distributing aid to all the sufferers around him, a man of the people, an *ouvrier*, face to face with him, standing right in front of his horse's head, and staring fixedly at him, said: "Well, Louis Napoleon, I cordially detest you; but I admire you as cordially, too."

An English journal relates the following: "To show the relative position in life of members of yeomanry corps, the following anecdote may be cited. A regiment in the north, recently on permanent duty, were going through their movements, when a private not suiting his sergeant, the latter bawled out, 'Private Jackson, if you don't pay more attention I shall report you.' The private rejoined, 'Ay, du if thou dar, an aw'll raise thee thy rent.' The effect may be imagined."

Foreign Items.

Immense preparations are making at Moscow for the Czar's coronation.

Miss Nightingale has been presented by the Sultan with a magnificent bracelet, set in brilliants.

An imperial ukase orders the issue of government bonds to the amount of 12,000,000 silver roubles.

The Cologne Gazette states that it is in contemplation to erect a monument to Handel, at Halle, his native town.

M. de Rayneval, the French ambassador in the papal city, is seriously ill, and is going home on sick leave.

A French soldier, who lost a leg by a Russian cannon ball in the Crimea, has set up a shop in Lyons, with the shot over the door as a sign.

The Swiss federal council has pronounced in favor of the declaration of the Congress of Paris regarding maritime rights in time of war.

The last descendant and grandson of the poet Schiller, Captain Frederick Von Schiller, of the Austrian cuirassiers, was lately married to Mdlle. von Alberti.

The king of Ava is said to have deputed Messrs. Kincaid and Dawson, American missionaries, on an embassy to the president of the United States, with a view of establishing friendly feelings between the two courts.

The emperor of Austria has recently joined the Antiquarian Society of Vienna; and, on becoming a member, granted the learned body a subsidy of two hundred florins per annum for the provisional term of three years.

Sands of Gold.

.... The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.—*Boileau.*

.... Some books, like the city of London, fare better for being burnt.—*Tom Brown.*

.... He who says that there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture and in one climate, wont do in another.—*Tom Brown.*

.... Perfect virtue is to do unwitnessed what we should be capable of doing before all the world.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.—*Swift.*

.... Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge, too, like yourself.—*Pope.*

.... The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.—*Swift.*

.... A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.—*Pope.*

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words.—*Swift.*

.... He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility and good breeding, he would forbear such language.—*Selden.*

Joker's Budget.

Happy Ladies.—At what age are ladies most happy? Marri-*age.*

A contemporary noting that Fred Cozzens has gone to Havana *for his health*, wonders how it got there!

The position of an aeronaut must be a very painful one, from a constant tendency there is in it to make him sour.

Fred, a boy of three or four years, on being asked how he liked his ice-cream, replied: "Very well, though I'd like it better *fried.*"

There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred to everything appertaining to a monarchy, that he wont wear a crown on his hat.

A Fifth Avenue lady being told that several poor people had died of starvation, in a wretched part of the city, said, with lofty contempt: "What silly people—before I'd starve, I'd eat brown bread and mutton!"

A wag says it is "folly to expect a girl to love a man whom everybody speaks well of. Get up a persecution, and her affections will cling so fast that a dozen guardians can't begin to remove them."

Two things to be kept—your word and your temper. The former when dealing with a printer—the latter when disputing with a woman. This may be difficult, but may be done by getting a couple of chapters of Job by heart.

A little boy, while writhing under the tortures of an ague, was told to rise up and take a powder his mother had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he, raising himself on one elbow, and putting on a smile; "mother, I ain't a gun."

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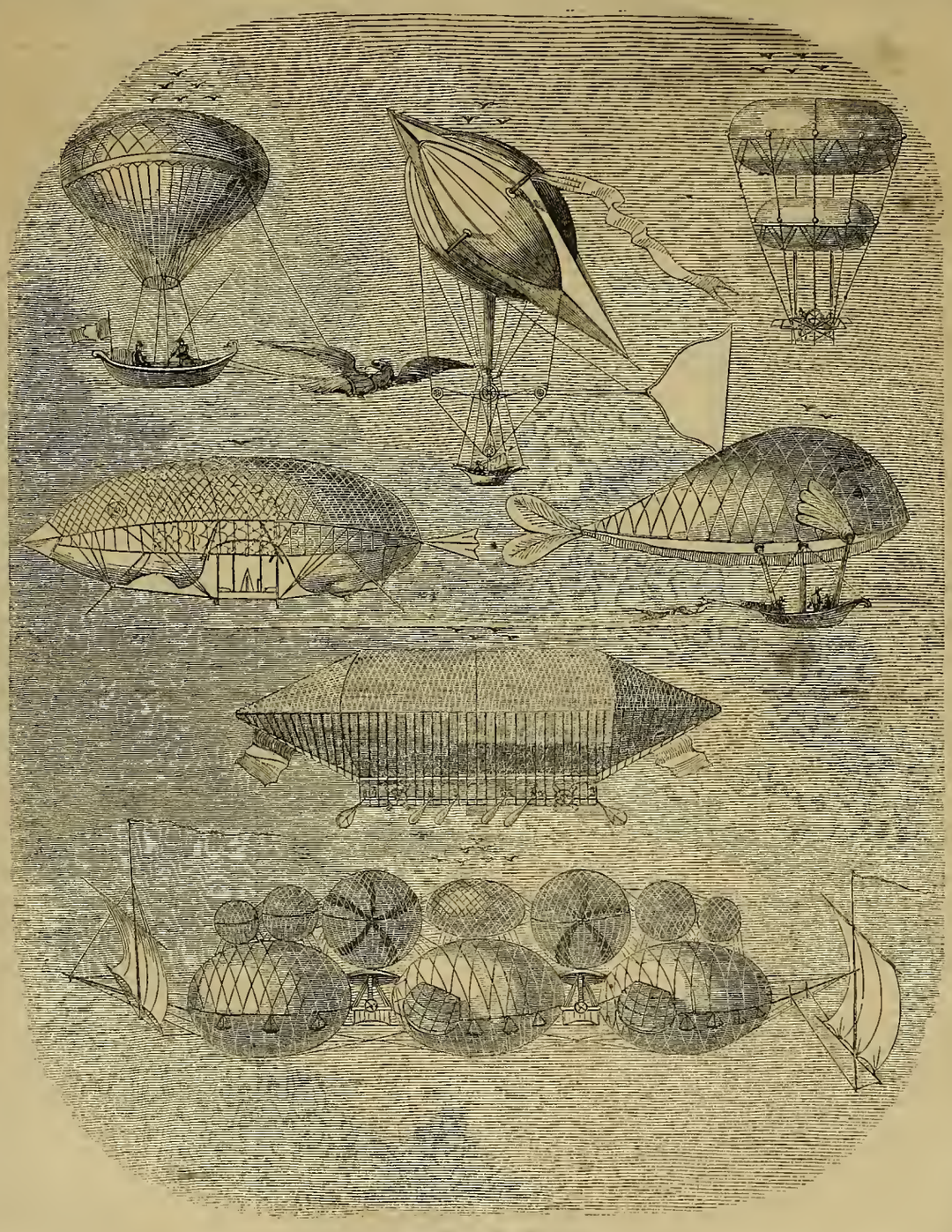
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NAVIGATION OF THE AIR.

The taste for ballooning, after having lain dormant for a number of years, seems recently to have revived, and the various ascensions lately made by daring aeronauts have attracted as numerous and enthusiastic crowds as those which in the past century greeted the experiments of the first adventurers. What multitudes thronged Boston Common when Mr. Wise took his daring flight from earth in his splendid balloon, and soared away majestically over the city and its environs! But that was a free exhibition, and of course was liberally patronized. Yet when, shortly after, M. Godard, the hero of three hundred and six ascensions, announced that he would make an ascent with his monster balloon from the Agricultural Fair Grounds, no fewer than twelve thousand persons crowded the arena, though an admission fee was charged, while at least forty thousand persons were collected outside. This exhibits the desire of humanity to soar—to rise above sublunary things, to aspire higher and higher. It is something more and better, let us trust, than mere idle curiosity—something more than love of science—that prompts these aspirations. As the subject of aerial navigation seems now to be attracting a good deal of attention, we have prepared the engraving that accompanies this article, embracing a variety of machines by which the inventors fondly hoped to be able to navigate the air instead of floating through space the sport of every current. As none of these contrivances have proved successful, it would be idle to attempt a minute description of these machines, or an explanation of the various theories which governed their designers. Moreover, most of them sufficiently explain themselves—others are inexplicable. In one place we see an air ship, with rowers at work, as if they were afloat on the water. In another, a series of balloons linked together with masts and sails at each. In one corner is Madame Tessoire's ship, drawn by a vulture, which she proposed to tame. There are other odd and mirth-provoking contrivances in the cut. Mr. Petin, an honest haberdasher of Paris, brought over here, three or four years since, a machine which he was *sure* would be able to navigate the air, and on which he had expended a little fortune amassed by years of toil. The ascensive power was supplied by several monstrous balloons connected together. Then there were two planes suspended beneath sustaining a steam engine, (!) which was to drive a windmill, producing a current of air sufficient to control the course of the balloon. It was very ingenious, but it didn't work at all. The first balloon was launched in the air on the 5th of June, 1783, at Annoncey, a town in France. The first ascension took place in Paris on the 21st of November following, and yet, before the end of the same year, a hundred projects for the direction of balloons had been already proposed, described, published or announced. Enthusiasts say that the invention of the Montgolfier brothers is the point of departure, the assured basis of the regular transportation of men and merchandize through the air—that aerial navigation is certain, and will be the *ultima ratio* of future locomotion. The great problem to be solved is, how to steer and guide the balloon after it has been launched into the realms of space. There have been successively proposed, the re-action of the heated air of Montgolfiers' or fire balloons on the ambient air, by means of large valves opening in the sides; hydrogen gas, or atmospheric air, compressed externally or internally in the envelopes of balloons; the employment of steam, and even gunpowder; the archimedian helix, or screw; oars, sails, paddles, the reversed parachute, enormous bellows, etc. This is not all, some have proposed the use of trained birds of huge size, such as eagles and vultures! The latter idea was first enunciated in 1783. Linguet wishing, as he said, to come to the assistance of the "Parisian Prometheans," devotes several pages of his "Annals" to the examination of this curious method of traversing the air. "Even if every other resource should fail," says he, "have we not the birds?" Buffon has well observed that "in the midst of the slavery of almost all nature, this division of living creatures has maintained its independence and guarded against the attempts of man: he has assassinated many individuals, but he has succeeded in enthralling only a small number of races, from which his gluttony reaps more profit than his labor." Since that date, this method has been often suggested, and by persons who fancied that they had hit on the idea for the first time. The cut in the engraving of a large bird drawing a balloon illustrates a plan proposed in Paris, in 1845, by Madame Tessoire. She published a book on the subject, in which she seems to indicate as most particularly suited to the purpose of towing a balloon the great vulture of the Alps, whose wings in their full extent often measure fourteen feet from tip to tip. It is seen to poise itself softly in the air, and to remain suspended sometimes for whole hours. "The bird," says Madame Tessoire, "would be held at a proper distance from the car by a trace, which would start from a collar round his neck, passing under his wings and through a ring attached to a circingle going round his body. The reins would lead from his beak, being fastened to a ring inserted through both sides of the beak, in order that he should feel readily the hand of the aerial coachman. The reins would also pass under the wings through the trace rings attached to the circingle. The whole harness ought to be supple, light and very strong. The aeronaut, reins in hand, would have a long whip (carver) with which to cut the vulture in case he took a wrong direction, or exhibited a propensity to light on trees or house-tops." After having pointed out the manner of taming them, Madame Tessoire adds: "My confidence in vultures arises from what I saw of one in Portugal, in the fort of Caiscails, about twenty leagues from Lisbon. He had been brought there very young, but in all his strength and beauty; he was perfectly obedient to the officer who owned him. The vulture would fetch and carry like a dog, and at intervals he took leave of absence, and returned of his own accord, sometimes at the end of eight days. As he was always seen to direct his flight to the sea, it was conjectured that he went to Africa, whence he had been originally brought." It will be seen from the above that Madame Tessoire seriously considered birds as useful auxiliaries in aerostation. This lady is not alone in her opinion. Mr. Roch, the distinguished writer, thought the eagle and condor suitable to determine the direction of a balloon in calm weather. Linguet, whom we have before cited, gives in another part of his "Annals" another theory of aerostation, and certainly a very triumphant and victorious method of travelling through the air: A Swedish naturalist was engaged on the subject of the migration of birds. He had made numerous observations. Not finding in the migratory feathered species a power of flight and organization sufficient to account for their journeys from one country to another in search of the temperature and climate they required, and which was necessary to their pleasure and existence, this learned man asked himself, if these birds, instead of cutting the atmospheric mass horizontally, did not rise perpendicularly till they reached a stratum of air whose circular rapidity was less than that of the earth? After having remained there for a time, which their instinct would indicate, they would afterwards have only to descend in an oblique direction. Thus passing without effort from one parallel to another, they would find themselves without fatigue, transported into the favorable climate they sought, and which the diurnal rotation of the globe had substituted for that the severity of which had banished them. Starting from this hypothesis, Linguet, after having calculated the rotary speed of the earth, reckoning that of many sublunary regions much less, proposes to aeronauts to imitate the migratory birds, to rise rapidly, like them, into the higher regions of the atmosphere, to wait there a certain time to allow the balloon to lose the speed of the horizontal or circular movement acquired by the machine, while it yet was near the earth and participated in its motion, to watch from the height of this observatory the movement of the globe, and then to regain its surface when the country proposed to be visited should be observed to "turn up." One might in this manner, avoiding the wear and tear of his aerial carriage, and without stirring as it were, traverse vast spaces in very little time. What a magnificent idea! This is a tolerably fair specimen of the chimerical ideas of many experimenters in aerial navigation. As we observed at the outset, no man has yet succeeded in inventing a machine capable of traversing the air at will in any acquired direction; yet the possibility of so doing has been admitted by many scientific and practical persons. Whoever will enable us to traverse the air with certainty and safety will acquire immortal renown and a fabulous fortune. Even in ancient times, the idea of inventing a machine to enable man to navigate the air, seems to have occupied the mind, and the fable of Dedalus and Icarus undoubtedly originated in some early attempt at aerostation. When in 1766 Henry Cavendish discovered the great levity of hydrogen gas, or inflammable air, as it was termed, Dr. Black of Edinburgh conceived that a bladder filled with this gas must ascend into the air. Cavallo, who made experiments based on this theory in 1782, found that a bladder was too heavy and paper not air-tight. Soap bubbles inflated with the gas rose with great rapidity. It was reserved for the brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, in France, to make the first public exhibition of a machine inflated with hot air and rising into the atmosphere—to send up the first balloon, in short. The Montgolfiers did not attribute the ascensive power of their balloon to the rarefaction of the air within it produced by heat, but to a peculiar gas arising from the combustion of the wool and straw which they burned in inflating. M. Charles, a professor of natural philosophy at Paris, sent up the first gas-filled balloon. Pilatre de Rozier, who went up in a balloon constructed by himself and the Montgolfiers, in 1783, was the first man who ever ascended with one of these machines. This was a fire balloon. In November, when he and the Marquis d'Arlandes ascended from the Castle of la Muette, in the presence of an innumerable multitude, they came nearly being burned to death. M. Charles and M. Robert were the first to go up in a balloon filled with hydrogen gas, and their aerostat was the same in form and managed pretty much in the same way as those of the present day. January 7, 1785, Blanchard crossed the channel from Dover to Calais with a balloon, having Dr. Jeffries of this city for a companion. Pilatre de Rozier and Mr. Romain lost their lives in an attempt to cross from the French to the English shore. On this occasion he had two balloons, one above filled with gas, and the other below filled with hot air supplied from a coal fire, by which he meant to increase or diminish his ascensive power. The machine took fire, and the mangled bodies of the adventurers, killed, probably, by the explosion of the gas, fell to the earth. This is only one among the many fatal accidents that have happened to navigators of the air.



NAVIGATION OF THE AIR.

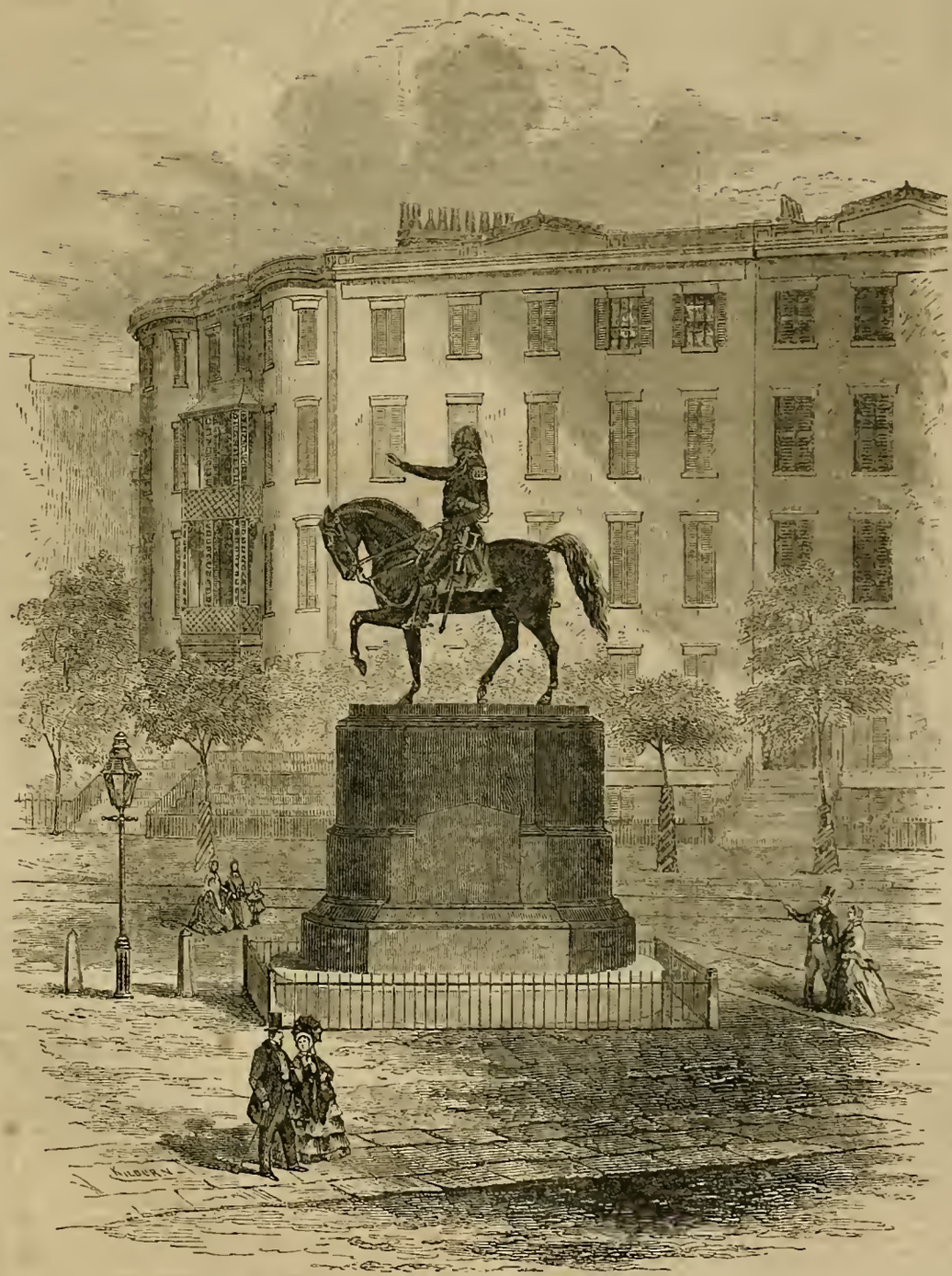
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} VOL. XI., No. 9.—WHOLE No. 269.

WASHINGTON STATUE.

The engraving on this page of the Washington Statue, in Union Park, New York, is from an original drawing made for the Pictorial after a daguerreotype taken expressly for us by those excellent artists, Meade Brothers, of New York, and represents the noble equestrian statue by H. K. Browne, the American sculptor, inaugurated on the fourth of July last, and justly regarded as one of the proudest ornaments of the city of New York. The statue is of bronze, and was cast at the foundry of the Messrs. Ames, at Springfield, in this State. It stands in Union Square, in the corner between Broadway and East Fourteenth Street. The weight of the horse and rider is about four and a half tons, distributed as follows:—The plinth, 2000 lbs.; horse, 2700; the rider and other parts, 3800. The combination of metals is as follows:—88 parts of copper, with nine of tin, two of zinc, and one of lead. The body of the horse was cast in one piece, and the thickness of the metal averages three-eighths of an inch. The group is fourteen feet in height, and is mounted upon a granite pedestal of equal height. The statue faces toward the west. The Father of his Country is represented sitting in the saddle attired in the Continental uniform. His head is uncovered, and his right arm extended as if he was about to speak. The artist has modelled the face from Houdon's bust, the only statue ever taken from Washington's person. Mr. Houdon came from France, in 1785, and reached Mount Vernon on the 3d of October of that year. He spent two weeks at that place. The work was modelled when Washington was in his fifty-fourth year. A cast of this statue by Houdon is in possession of the Boston Athenæum. We are glad that the artist chose to represent Washington "in his habit as he lived." The popular mind has a distinct image of him in the costume of his day, and never will be brought to recognize their hero in the garb of a Roman proconsul, as in the Canova statue, or denuded of all drapery, like the figures of the classic gods and demi-gods. So far as we have learned, this statue gives universal satisfaction. It is the only statue of Washington in the city of New York, and its existence is owing to the indefatigable exertions of Colonel Lee, chairman of the Monumental Committee. The work cost thirty thousand dollars, which was contributed by the following named gentlemen, whose names are worthy of commemoration:—William B. Astor, Augustus Belmont, John Bridge, Isaac Bell, Jr., James Brown, Edward K. Collins, William Chamberlain, Richard F. Carman, Henry A. Coit, William W. De Forest, Benjamin H. Field, Hamilton Fish, Seth Grosvenor, Jasper Grosvenor, Booneo Graves, Moses H. Grinnell, Samuel S. Howland, Wilson G. Hunt, John Q. Jones, Shepard Knapp, James G. King, Jacob Little, Charles M. Leupp, Edward B. Little, Peter Lorillard, James Lenox, Andrew Mount, Samuel S. Mitchill, David S. Miller, Robert B. Minturn, Charles H. Marshall, William C. Rhinelander, Robert O. Williams, Nelson Robinson, Gerard Stuyvesant, Cornelius Smith, Uriah J. Smith, Jonathan Sturges, Moses Taylor, Robert L. Taylor, William Wetmore, William Whitewright, Jr., Augustus H. Ward, John D. Wolfe, William E. Wilmerding. The ceremony of inaugurating this statue was an imposing one, and took place in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens, including a large proportion of ladies. The military made a splendid appearance, and the oration by the Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., was worthy of the occasion and the man. He closed by dedicating the statue in the following eloquent phrases:—"And now, fellow citizens—not of this State—exult as we may at other times, and exult more we who were born on its imperial soil, in that designation—it is not equal to this occasion—citizens of the Union (cheers), hear me and bear witness, that in the name and by the authority of those who have erected this statue, I give it, before God and our country, to the people of the United States! From St. Croix to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, it is theirs! And you, people of New York, individually and collectively, and not by any delegation of the trust, but as a democracy, shall be its guardians. God save the Republic!" The example thus set by our sister city will, we trust, soon be followed by our own. A proposition is on foot to raise by the subscription of small sums, through an appeal to the patriotism of the citizens at large, an amount sufficient to procure a colossal equestrian statue of Washington in bronze, and to erect the same on the highest eminence in Boston Common, a peculiarly advantageous site, than which no better can be chosen. We feel very confident that this project will be successfully carried out. It would be an honor to our city.



THE NEW WASHINGTON MONUMENT, IN UNION PARK, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY'S SECRET:

—OR,—

THE LEAGUE OF GUILT.

A STORY OF HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONTRABANDIST."

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

Eleanor never moved, as they came up, but sat leaning against the rock, with her face turned towards them. She must recognize them. Why did she not rise and flee? When they came close to her, her face was colorless, her eyes set, and slowly closing, she had fainted.

"She is ill," said Sir Edward. "Morley, go and bid them bring the carriage nearer."

While his orders were being obeyed, he lifted her in his arms, and turned back with her. Insensible as she was, he placed her in the carriage, and sitting by her side, supported her; while Morley, without speaking, followed, and then drove rapidly homeward.

Twice, during that homeward journey, Eleanor awoke from, and as often relapsed into, unconsciousness; and she was still insensible when, on reaching Ashby Place, Sir Edward lifted her from the carriage, and bore her to her old apartment.

Nearly all the old servants at Ashby had been replaced by new; and it was now a strange attendant who usurped the place of Eleanor's favorite Lucy. Sir Edward bade the woman use means to revive Miss Ashby; and after giving her directions as to the security of his ward, with orders to keep strict watch that she did not escape, he descended to meet Mr. Briancourt and Morley. They were both in the library, in conversation. Victor Briancourt advanced to the baronet, and extended his hand.

"The most admirable success, Ashby!" he said, with his usual light tone and smooth air,—"the most admirable success! You are the favorite of fortune, certainly."

Sir Edward bowed silently, and declining the seat placed for him by the gentleman, commenced slowly pacing the floor, with his arms folded. Morley Briancourt stood by the chimney-piece, leaning against it, with the gleam of passion and triumph shining darkly in his eyes. Victor Briancourt at length threw himself carelessly upon a seat, saying:

"Was the young lady insensible when you came down just now?"

"She was," answered the baronet.

Sir Edward shortly after left the apartment. In a few moments he returned. Mr. Briancourt regarded him with an inquiring glance.

"The maid reports," said Sir Edward, "that Eleanor is sensible, though very weak. She has spoken little, and asked no questions."

"Ah? I am gratified to hear that she is better," remarked Mr. Briancourt; while Morley, who had listened with unconcealed interest to the statement of the baronet, said nothing. After a brief pause, however, he moved towards the table, at which Sir Edward had seated himself, saying, as he did so:

"I suppose, sir, you are inclined to favor me by allowing this long-deferred marriage to take place as soon as may be?"

"Certainly. You will please yourself in all that regards this matter," responded the baronet.

"I am not disposed to subject the matter to any further risk. If agreeable, I should wish it to be consummated this evening."

"As you say," said Sir Edward, with a slight inclination of the head.

"So far, then, everything is right," exclaimed Victor Briancourt, lightly. "And now, my dear Ashby," addressing himself to his host, "you have but to see to the safety of our fair captive for a few hours. There is little difficulty in assuring us of that, I dare say. The greater will be, I fancy, in gaining the approbation of the lady herself; however, she will not resist when she finds there is no other way." And so it was settled.

* * * * *

It was some three or four hours past noon, when, with a pale cheek and closed eyes, Eleanor reclined in a large easy-chair by a window in her own apartment. The faintness of the morning was gone; the dizziness occasioned by her fall was also banished, under the care of the woman whom Sir Edward had sent to wait on her, and who, not unskilled in the simpler arts of healing, had administered to her a medicine which had entirely dissipated the effects of her fall.

But worse than might have been the danger of the morning, was the evil that threatened her now. Horror and despair had seized her, at finding herself once more in her uncle's hands; for she knew well that the purpose for which she had been brought hither would be speedily executed. And there was no help near, this time.

And yet she had hardly prepared herself for the sudden shock she received, when, near sunset, her uncle presented himself at the door of the boudoir adjoining her dressing-room, and after a brief conference with her maid, announced to Eleanor that her union with Morley Briancourt would take place that evening.

"And mind, Eleanor," he added, hoarsely and threateningly, laying his hand upon her arm with a grasp trembling with desperate excitement,—"mind, I say, no more attempts at escape! no struggles, no rebellion! In another hour, you will go voluntarily to the altar with the husband I have chosen, or—" He paused. His eyes flashed forth a glance more terrible than words. He released her arm. "The license is procured," he said; "the clergyman waits for us at Woodthorpe church. Within the hour, I give you away!" He turned to the attendant: "Prepare your mistress for her bridal." And without another word, he left the room.

A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen over Eleanor's head, depriving her of all power. The sense of her own utter helplessness crushed her beneath its weight. The event so near, and not a hand to save! As one in a dream—a trance, she submitted to the preparations which she had no power to resist.

Three quarters of an hour had not elapsed, when Sir Edward knocked at the door again, and was admitted by the maid Eleanor was conscious of his coming up to her, and drawing her hand through his arm; of his leading her from the apartment, down into the great hall; she moving mechanically the while, still in that trance-like state. How she reached the church, she never knew; still, as one in a dream, bound by some terrible, invisible power, she felt herself led from the carriage into the church porch, and up the aisle, without the ability to break the spell upon her.

And, at the communion-rails, Morley Briancourt stood side by side with her, his heart throbbing with mingled passion and triumph, as the clergyman, book in hand, commenced the services. In that moment of exultation, he cast one hasty glance of triumphant retrospection into the past. Where now were Maida's threats?—where Hugh Latimer's rivalry? The first, sepulchred in silence at the bottom of the Wye; the last, defeated. And he himself held the disputed prize. What power was there to wrest it from him now?

Slowly and solemnly the ceremony proceeded. Quiet and firm stood Morley Briancourt by her who was almost his bride. But Sir Edward himself was obliged to support Eleanor on the other side; for so fixed was her glance, so colorless her face, that he was in dread lest she should faint. With an anxious yet perplexed glance, Victor Briancourt, too, standing at a little distance, beheld her; for he wondered at that stony silence, where he had looked for opposition—for resistance.

The services went on, and the clergyman's tones, low as they were, penetrated to the furthest corner of the dim old church, where the dusk of night was fast settling down among the lonely aisles. Did some sudden sting of conscience deceive Morley Briancourt? or did the man of God utter in a voice that seemed to grow into that of an accusing angel, the terrible warning contained in the marriage service?

"I require and charge ye both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed), that if either of you know of any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it; for be ye well assured that as many as are coupled together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

In the pause that followed, a voice, that sounded hollow and dreary through the dim aisles, broke the stillness with a sound that was awful.

"Let the ceremony be broken off," it said; "it is a mockery and a sin!"

And slowly up the aisle, advanced a tall, dark woman, with her head covered only by its own luxuriant black hair, dark as night; her countenance deathly white, with sunken outlines; only a single red spot burning on either cheek, and her large black eyes brilliant as with fever.

"Let the ceremony be broken off!" she repeated, coming forward.

Sir Edward started and shuddered in every limb, while he continued to support Eleanor. Victor Briancourt, turning also, uttered a half-subdued exclamation, that seemed suffocated by dread. From the ashy lips of Morley, on hastily glancing at the face of the woman, broke a low, abrupt cry of superstitious terror. Was it a spirit he beheld? or did his eyes deceive him? He clutched the rails for support.

"Maida!" he ejaculated.

It was Maida—Maida in flesh and blood—alive—her very self! No ghost was it. And yet his very flesh crept as he looked upon her. She was here, but how? That night by the river, the stab, the watery burial, the cold face of the corpse—all rose up before him, to mock the reality he now beheld.

"You look astounded, incredulous, aghast, Morley Briancourt," she said, coming near; "and you, too, sir," and she looked from the son to the father, who stood, struck speechless, and gazing on this sudden apparition. "Doubtless," she went on, addressing the latter, "the death of Maida was revealed to you. But I am not silenced yet. See, Morley,—I escaped! This hand is no ghost's; it is warm with life, though I rose from a sick bed but three days ago. Touch me; be satisfied!" and she laid her brown yet beautiful hand on that of the young man.

He started and shuddered.

"Alive!" he murmured, convinced. But how escaped? And had she come back to denounce him for that attempted murder?

She read his thoughts.

"Ay—you may tremble," she said, in a low voice. "You thought all secure; but there was one at hand who witnessed and saved me, even as you fled. No friend of yours was my preserver. And it is by his means that I am here to-day. I have been lying for weeks between life and death; but I am here now: not to avenge my own wrongs, however; do not fear that. I shall not betray that night's deed. I am here for another purpose." She turned to the clergyman. "This marriage cannot proceed. There is an impediment to it—an insuperable one."

"Take her away; she is mad!" ejaculated Victor Briancourt, recovering himself, with his conviction of her identity. "Let the marriage proceed!"

"That I cannot consent to do," said the reverend gentleman, "until some explanation of this interruption has been given."

"Would you listen to the words of a mad woman? for she is nothing more. Once more, let me request you to proceed."

"Sir, I must positively refuse to do so. An explanation I must have. And see, besides, the young lady is ill!" And he turned their attention to Eleanor, who, unnoticed, and supported still by the arm of her uncle, had fainted quite away.

Visible consternation overspread the countenances of the father and son. Sir Edward trembled as he looked at her. The clerk brought some water, and suggested, as did also the clergyman, that she should be carried out into the air.

"No, no!" was Sir Edward's hoarse and trembling reply; "she will recover where she is in a moment. But send that woman away. Do you not see? It is she who has alarmed her!"

"Excuse me; I must discharge my duty," said the clergyman, coldly. "Will you, madam," and he turned to the gipsey, "have the goodness to explain this singular scene?"

Meanwhile, Victor Briancourt had whispered to his son:

"Courage, Morley! She can prove nothing." And they both regarded Maida with an air of calm defiance, as, at the clergyman's question, she answered:

"It takes but a few words to explain it. Morley Briancourt cannot marry, for he has a wife already!"

"A wife already?" and the clergyman regarded the young man and his father alternately.

Morley Briancourt, already pale, turned paler still, but assumed an air of calmness.

"It is false!" said his father.

"The proof—your evidence?" were the clergyman's only words, addressing Maida again.

"I will give it as briefly as possible. It must first be known that, though gipsey born, I was, from my sixth year, an inmate of the Briancourt family—a protege of Victor Briancourt's wife, who had been a good friend to my mother, and kind to our people. It was in the north of England that we lived; but just before the death of my kind protectress, when I was nearly eighteen, the family took up their residence in the neighborhood of Leicester. It was there that Morley Briancourt, unknown to his family, and especially to his father, who had other prospects for him, secretly wooed a young girl, then a temporary resident of a neighboring village; and in private he married her. It was in the little church of St. —— that they were married, on the evening of the third day of May, in the year ——, exactly eight years since.

"As I have said, the affair had been quite private; but it happened that the ceremony was scarce concluded, before the father of the young man became aware of what was going on. Morley Briancourt and his bride had but just left the church, when he met them. An interview followed between father and son; in that interview, either by threats or bribes, Morley was induced to abandon the bride won but that very hour."

Listening to this straight-forward, circumstantial account, so accurately given, Victor Briancourt and his son had stood astounded—almost petrified. Now, from the white lips of the former, quivering with rage, broke the words, "Liar! fiend! traitor!"

"Sir—sir," said the clergyman, rebukingly, "I entreat you to remember the sacredness of this place." Then turning once again to Maida, he continued: "Will you have the goodness to proceed, and bring forward the main points of the case as quickly as possible? If this gentleman's wife is living, how is it that the existence of such a relation between them has so long been concealed?"

"You shall know shortly, sir," returned Maida. "But I am forced to be thus particular in the details of the matter, that I may prove my evidence to be true."

"Ay—doubtless the tale is well prepared," sneered Victor Briancourt.

Again the clergyman silenced him, and the gipsey continued:

"It was a *golden* marriage that Victor Briancourt wanted for his son; and he, either forced or won, consented to his father's scheme. It was—to conceal the marriage, and destroy all evidence of it.

"It was not an hour after this young girl had been married to her lover, when his father declared to her that the ceremony was illegal; and with the most consummate art, distorted the facts in such a manner as to convince her that he spoke the truth. She was scarcely more than a child—not yet sixteen—and easily deceived. She was told that she could never see her lover again, and either persuaded or terrified into a promise that she would never divulge the events which had that evening transpired. Thus, in the space of a single hour, was she made a bride and a widow. She returned home, and they saw her no more; for the next day, in company with friends going north, she had left the village where she had been staying.

"Another step was yet to be taken—to destroy the record of the marriage; but, bold as both these plotters were, it was a difficult thing to undertake.

"There was not an iota of all this that was not known to me; and I, the hitherto silent observer—I, who had been from infancy the companion of Morley, loving him with a blind and dog-like affection, at least as jealous as it was deep,—I, prompted first by jealousy of, and finally by pity for, the bride of Morley Briancourt, resolved to employ myself in this perilous act. I knew, too, that Morley, legally married as he was to one woman, could not lawfully wed another during her life. And that I might be the means of preventing evil thereafter, and yet avoid betraying this second crime that he was about to commit, and thus injuring him forever, I worked to prevent the destruction of the record.

"By throwing myself in their way, while they were arranging this matter, and then letting them find that I had overheard their conversation, I rendered it expedient for them not only to take me into their confidence, but, with my own offer, to make me the

instrument of the deed they would accomplish. They trusted in me. That night, I gained access to the church, and to the register. The record of the marriage was there, and the only one upon the leaf where it was written. Lifting that leaf up, I wrote on the next one, in a corresponding line, a tolerable copy of the record, and was about to tear it out, to give to Morley, *leaving the true one in the book*, when some sound near startled and caused me to turn round. It was only the wind sighing. I instantly turned to my task again, and carefully tore out the leaf.

"But what was my consternation to find that I had torn out, *not only my copy, but the true record also!* the wind having blown it back, above the other, while I looked away, I supposed. For a moment, I felt my cheeks burning with alarm; but I had no time to lose in distress over the accident. I could not replace the leaf now. Secreting it, therefore, in my dress, I put the book back, and leaving the place, hastened away to Morley, who was waiting for me not far off. I gave him the record; he looked at it by the light of the moon, and, without detecting the cheat, tore it instantly into atoms. *The true one I retained.*"

Victor Briancourt's hardihood had forsaken him. During these last disclosures, when the existence of the record was asserted, he had grown fearfully pale. Detected guilt sat on his fallen countenance. He moved nervously, and looked furtively towards the door of the side aisle. Morley, on his part, was also pale; but there was a look of deep desperation, of recklessness, succeeding the troubled, startled, alarmed expression which Maida's concluding declarations had caused his countenance to wear.

"And this record—you have it still?" asked the clergyman.

"No—it is in the hands of the clergyman who married Morley Briancourt. He is coming hither directly," answered the gipsey. "I have had it, however, in my possession until to-day. You little thought it, Victor Briancourt, or you, Morley, when, on learning that you were to seek a wealthy bride in the place of the one whom you had discarded, I warned you that I would expose you if you did, and you dared me to do so. You knew my feelings then; you did not guess my *power*."

Victor Briancourt ground his teeth, and cast a fierce look upon the baronet, who still supported Eleanor's insensible form.

"Baffled!" he muttered; "but the game is not up yet. Come!" And beckoning the baronet, with a frowning gesture, he strode from the church.

Sir Edward shuddered—a strong and terrible shudder. He almost staggered with the light weight of Eleanor. Instantly the gipsey took her from his arms, and trembling as one with an ague fit, he followed Mr. Briancourt.

Even as she did so, a group of persons entered the church door, and advanced up the aisle, the two nearest being Mary and Hugh Latimer. Morley Briancourt started; his glance passed them to those beyond, and he stood as if petrified. Maida, too, marked the approaching party, and a slight exclamation broke from her lips. At that moment, Eleanor's eyes slowly unclosed, and a deep, shuddering sigh marked her return to consciousness.

"O save me—save me from them!" she uttered, faintly.

Hastily Hugh approached with his sister. Those feeble, entreating words had reached his ear.

"Take her—take her," said Maida, quickly, giving Eleanor to him. "She is well rescued, but it was barely, and she needs to be away from here now."

"Eleanor—safe! thank Providence!" was the murmured ejaculation that reached only Miss Ashby's ear, in fervent and passionate tones, as his arm was thrown about her, and, Mary on the other side, they led her tenderly out to the air.

The party who had entered behind them consisted of three persons. The two foremost advanced directly up the aisle. The one was Edward Mayhew, and his companion, leaning on his arm, a lady, closely veiled. Morley Briancourt still stood with one hand resting on the communion-rails, his lips compressed, and his eyes bent upon the new-comers.

"Now for the finale!" muttered the gipsey.

It was near. Edward Mayhew's countenance was colorless as marble, dark, stern, rigid, as he came up. He stopped before Morley.

"I have the honor of addressing Mr. Briancourt, I think,—Morley Edmond Briancourt?" he said, in subdued but deadly tones.

Morley bowed, with a dark and restless glance.

"You probably recognize this lady, then, sir?"

The veil was raised, revealing a woman's face, stamped with the unspoken suffering of the heart. Morley Briancourt looked upon it, met those large eyes, full of anguish, and started violently; but he did not speak directly. A thousand rapid changes crossed his countenance in that one brief moment of silence. All the past rose up before him; he was desperate. The game was up for *him*. Let right have its way; for might had proved itself powerless. He took a step forward.

"I recognize my wife—Caroline Briancourt!"

It was true. That afternoon had Caroline's unhappy secret been revealed, bowing the heart of her aunt with grief, and sending a fatal shot to the breast of Edward Mayhew.

A gentleman in clerical attire, who had accompanied the cousins hither, now stepped forward. It was, as Morley saw, the clergyman who had united him to Caroline Ashburton.

"You acknowledge it, then, sir?" he asked, of Morley.

"I declare it," was the brief answer.

"It is well," said Edward Mayhew, sternly. "Caroline," and he gently released her hand from his arm,—"Caroline, go home to my mother. You, sir," to Morley Briancourt, "will have the goodness to follow me. I have a word to say to you."

Morley received and glanced at the card handed him by Edward Mayhew, and instantly the two left the church together.

"O, Edward," uttered the unhappy Caroline,—"Edward, what are you about to do?"

The cry rung from her lips in accents of anguish. She endeavored to move forward, failed, and sank fainting to the floor.

They hastened to raise her. At that instant, the report of pistols was heard; and while Maida supported the insensible form of Caroline, the rest hastily followed in the direction the two young men had taken. But too late. Just at the back of the church, in a small field, they found them—Morley Briancourt stretched lifeless upon the turf, and, lying a few paces from him, Edward Mayhew, resting upon his arm, his hand pressed tight upon his left side, where the blood was streaming rapidly. Even as they came up, he, too, sank back, with one faint moan, and lay silent.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHADOWS ON THE HEARTHSTONE.

Desolate was the hearth at Eldon Manor; silent the halls so lately filled with the music of happy voices. A shadow had fallen over the place. Rank grew the weeds in its neglected gardens; the grass sprang up tangled and wild, and thorns and thistles choked the untrodden paths. The autumn winds sighed drearily around it. The very sunshine that fell there had something sorrowful and lonely in its still beams, as it lighted up all this deserted wilderness.

Edward Mayhew, recovered from the illness succeeding his duel with Morley Briancourt, had left England forever, and wandered, a solitary, heart-broken man, over the wide continent.

Lady Mayhew had gone back to Scotland, to spend the remainder of a saddened, embittered life in seclusion, taking with her Caroline, who, freed from her husband by his death, even in the very hour of that first and fatal meeting since their marriage, and rendered wretched by the remorse resulting from the unhappy error of her girlhood, became a recluse from society, seeking, thenceforth, by works of mercy and charity, to secure for others a portion of the happiness which had fled from her own heart.

In the family of Dr. Morrison, these events caused the sincerest sorrow. It was during the year spent with them in England by Caroline, that she was drawn into that erratic step, whose consequences were so terrible, and it never ceased to be a source of sorrow to them that they had not guarded their trust more watchfully.

Victor Briancourt, in the sudden destruction of his long-cherished plans, and the death of his only son, had received a terrible shock; but it only served to render him desperate—to bring out, by the disappointment he had received, the darkest traits of a naturally evil nature, no longer covered by the smooth graces which had artfully cloaked them hitherto, and which now were recklessly thrown off. What had hitherto been concealed in his way of life, was now open. A roue, a gambler, a villain, he had always been, but it was under the character of a gentleman. Now he plunged, without restraint, into vice. His name was coupled freely with those of the lowest in London, whither he returned the very hour after Morley's burial.

Thus Sir Edward Ashby was left to himself, for a while, and relieved of the presence of one whom he dreaded as a vampyre. But it was not for long. The power that menaced him had not released him. It was there still; and the hair might break—the sword fall, at a time when he least expected it. Meanwhile, grown a thousand times more harsh, and gloomy, and morose, than even before the failure of the marriage which he had so endeavored to bring about, he shut himself up in solitude at Ashby, and led a hermit's life. He grew nervous, fanciful, irritable; while, day by day, a deeper and darker melancholy seemed to settle over his mind.

Since the day which had produced such a change in the lives and destinies of so many, he had, as with some deep aversion, studied to avoid Eleanor. He shunned the sight of her, meeting her not even at meals, taking his own in his own apartment, or the library. He seemed to have taken, too, not only a dislike, but a dread of her. If ever by chance he encountered her, he passed her hastily and shrinkingly by, muttering to himself. Why it was, he alone knew. But he whispered, with a strong shiver, one day, on seeing her, something about her looking too much like somebody who died long ago.

A severe and somewhat protracted illness was the immediate consequence to Eleanor, attendant upon the excitement and distress of that day, when the projected union was so near being consummated; and for nearly a month, she never left her room. During this illness (in which Sir Edward never once visited his niece), Miss Latimer passed the greater part of each day by the bedside of her friend; and with her kind care, the faithful attendance of Lucy Elmore, and the daily visits of kind Dr. Gregg, Eleanor, after a tedious illness, slowly progressed towards recovery. Many a time, during her convalescence, she talked with Mary Latimer of all she had escaped, and of all she had suffered; and together they expressed their gratitude to those who had been the means of saving her—Maida the gipsey and the dwarf Pequin, who, as they rightly guessed, had some connection with each other. For Pequin was really one of Maida's own people.

It was he who had been near on the night of the scene by the river side,—he, who, though come too late to save the deed from being performed, had yet, with the assistance of a strong dark fellow of the tribe, who had remained with him on Penshurst Common that evening, drawn the yet living Maida from her watery bed, at a time when one moment more of delay might have been her last. She was resuscitated; and though the blow which she had received was nearly fatal, it was not quite so, and she had escaped with a severe illness. During this illness, while she took care that the fact of her existence should be kept secret, she had employed Pequin to take her place, in watching Morley Briancourt's proceedings; and, learning the near neighborhood of Caroline Ashburton, or Caroline Briancourt, had, on recovering sufficiently, proceeded (and the reader may have already guessed her identity with the veiled lady who called at Lady Mayhew's) to acquaint Caroline with the fact of the validity of her marriage, and place in her hands the record which proved it. As has already been seen, she was but just in time.

Eleanor had heard nothing of them since that opportune denouement at Woodthorpe church, nor, indeed, had any one else in the neighborhood. She wished much to meet them again. She could hardly have been said to have seen Maida more than once, since she had seen her but for a moment at the church, on recovering from her swoon, after which, being carried out, she had directly lost sight of her again. She wished to see her, and express the gratitude she owed her, and earnestly looked for some sign of her from day to day.

Meanwhile, she grew every day stronger, and finally was able to go out. It was with good Dr. Gregg and Miss Latimer that she drove out the first day of her leaving the house. She saw her uncle at the library window, as they set off. He was white, and worn, and haggard, as he always looked lately. He turned hastily away, as he beheld her, without noticing any of the party. It was to Briarfield they directed their course—Briarfield, whither Eleanor had not been for many a long week.

They reached their place of destination; and it was with the tenderest affection that Eleanor was welcomed by Aunt Dorothea, who was overjoyed to see her out again. Her coming had been quite unanticipated, Mary having planned it as a sort of surprise; and Hugh, when he looked suddenly up from the book he was reading, and found her standing beside him, started from his seat with a thrill striking every nerve.

"Eleanor—Eleanor!" he uttered, in tones of involuntary tenderness; and his eyes beamed on her, his hand clasped hers, with a look and touch that made her heart throb with a delicious emotion that she could hardly define—a sensation half of pleasure and half of pain, as new as it was sweet. Her cheek colored; she trembled; her eyes fell beneath his eloquent glance. Hugh Latimer alone marked these things, and it was with a sudden glow of hope, of relief, almost of conviction—a conviction too dear for words, filling his breast with brightness.

He had been sitting there, reading, for the last three hours, quiet, lonely, and rather weary; sometimes letting the book rest idly on his knee, and thinking, as he leaned back in his chair and looked about him, that there was growing to be something desolate and monotonous in the stillness of Briarfield,—that there was something dull and gloomy in the peaceful atmosphere around him,—that the sunlight was clouded.

Now, how inexpressibly bright and cheerful had the place suddenly become! A restless joy filled him. He sat and heard the others talking together; he talked with them, or, rising, paced the floor with unquiet steps; the agitation he felt, barely concealed by the resolute mastery of a strong will.

He longed for a moment alone with her, to know if he had not deceived himself. It came ere long. Once again, in the beautiful glades of Briarfield Park, he walked by her side, that morning. They had all come out together, with the exception of good Aunt Dorothea; and now, while Dr. Gregg and Mary lingered behind, Hugh Latimer kept on by Eleanor's side, talking with her of all that had been in the past.

"Until to-day," he said, "we have met but once, and not exchanged half a dozen words, since that morning when you so mysteriously vanished from the roadside, and when, on returning from my chase with Ranger, I found vacancy where I had left you. For our meeting in the church could hardly be called one. You were faint—ill. You could barely recognize, much less speak to me. But I was only too glad that you were safe. I had suffered much alarm concerning you." He broke off; his voice was subdued, yet earnest with the feeling that thronged back upon him with the recollection of that day.

"What did you think when you discovered that I was gone?" asked Eleanor. It was more for the want of something to say, than from any necessity for that particular question, that she asked it. She must speak, and calmly.

"I can scarcely tell you. But you had promised to stay, and I knew that you would not have moved from the place, of your free will. I searched instantly on every side. In vain. The only trace left was a crumpled letter, lying in the grass, which bore your name, and which you had probably dropped. But I discovered footsteps about the place, those of more than one person; and at the junction of the two paths, traces of carriage wheels, where some carriage had driven up, and turned back again, though none was in sight then. The tracks of the footsteps led up to it, and instantaneously a vague suspicion of the truth flashed across my mind. I rode on at full speed to Eldon, and informed Lady Mayhew of the case. Her alarm was excessive; and you may judge how it was augmented, when Harry Longworth, who had come to visit your maid, Lucy, told of the letter he had brought you, discovered it to be the same which I had found, and we learned its contents. The fears we entertained were, ere long, changed to a painful certainty. It was but a little while before a hastily written communication was received from some unknown source (which has now proved to be your friend the dwarf), declaring that you had been carried away to Ashby. And not three hours after, a second, stating that a forced marriage was about to take place, and that if friendly measures were not taken, you would be sacrificed before the setting of that day's sun. It was then that the secret of Caroline Ashburton's marriage was disclosed, wrung from her lips by your danger, and the hour that followed, I believe it would be impossible to describe. It was then that we hastened to Woodthorpe, to witness that painful and fearful scene."

"Fearful, indeed, it must have been," echoed Eleanor. "Poor Caroline, how has she suffered! and what suffering has that fatal error of hers brought upon others! Edward, with his hand stained by the blood of a fellow-creature, and his heart turned to bitterness, has become an exile and a wanderer. His mother's heart is well nigh broken; and Caroline herself—alas! what is the promise of her life now?"

"Let us hope that it is not blighted forever. Let us hope," said Hugh, gently, "that one day may see the atonement; that some future sun may rise upon those hearts re-united; upon those lives flowing again together as one; with the bitterness of this great sorrow past. When the violence of that sorrow shall have become calmed; when, strengthened and purified by trial, they shall have learned to seek the way pointed out to the weary in heart, and meeting there, shall tread it thenceforth together, leaning upon a promise such as earlier days never gave."

"Amen!" uttered Eleanor, reverently.

Rendered serious and subdued by the reminiscences in which they had indulged, they walked on in silent meditation. When Hugh Latimer spoke to his companion again, it was with the tide of feeling flowing on in a calmer, quieter, serener flow than it had known, in its joyful, restless agitation, an hour before.

"Eleanor," he said, "I have been thinking how much of trouble there has been, in many hearts, during the time that has past. And though, perhaps, you never guessed it, my own has hidden not the least. It was for you."

"For me?" she echoed, in a low tone.

"For you, Eleanor;" and he took her hand gently in his. "You know that when I came home first from the continent, I met you in the belief that you were before a great while to become the bride of one who has gone. I looked on you as another's; and yet, when I saw you, day after day, and talked with you, and listened to the tones that were music to even your lowest dependent, I found in them a charm deeper, sweeter even than I had seen in your features, when, unknown to you, I had studied them with delight a long time before. I met you at the bedside of the sick and dying, where you waited, night and day. I heard you speak words of comfort to the bereaved. It was as if I had stood in the presence of an angel. I had loved you before, Eleanor; I did more then; I revered you. My love became deeper—purer. It was the soul that spoke to me through the purest, loveliest countenance on earth. Eleanor, you are free: I may speak now. My love is deep, and strong, and abiding. Will you take it? Eleanor, will you be Hugh Latimer's wife?"

Slowly his arm gathered her in a half embrace, as his clear and tender glance sought hers. As she lifted her tear-filled eyes to meet it, he saw that a happy smile trembled in them.

"Yes, Hugh," she said.

And for the first time, Hugh Latimer's lips were pressed to the brow of her he loved best.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DARK DEED, AND A DYING DECLARATION.

It was a wild night, late in autumn, when not a star gleamed through the black clouds that overcast the sky. Through the leafless woods of Ashby Place, the cold winds wailed mournfully. A storm seemed near at hand.

It wanted some three hours of midnight, when a horseman, mounted on a powerful black beast, and muffled in a heavy cloak, dashed at full speed across the park, up the door of the hall, and dismounting, fastened his horse to a tree, and entered the mansion. There was no servant at hand to announce the visitor; but he seemed to need none. Proceeding directly to the library, across the dimly-lighted hall, he threw open the door, and went in.

Sir Edward Ashby was sitting beside the table in the centre of the apartment, an old man, worn and haggard, growing older and more worn and haggard every day now. You might see it even by the candle-light, that shed a softer glow than that of day over the white hair and the pale face, crossed and lined by many a deep wrinkle. He started up from his seat as the door was flung open, and an exclamation of fear was half arrested on his lips as he recognized his visitor, Victor Briancourt.

"Victor—you here?" he uttered, in a trembling voice.

"Ay—I am here, and for a purpose. Well, am I not welcome? You do not ask me to sit down. I will even do so without it!"

The baronet made no reply, but sat with his eyes cast down, and his hands folded lightly together before him.

"Come!" said the guest, frowningly. "Sir Edward, do you not hear? I want twenty thousand pounds to-night."

"Twenty thousand? You—you cannot have it!"

"I cannot?" Victor Briancourt smiled. "This bond says something different." He drew from his breast pocket a folded paper, and tapped on it significantly with his finger.

"Ay—it said that I was to advance you a certain sum *on the day of the marriage*. That marriage did not take place."

"How?—do you evade the conditions?" thundered the guest, springing from his seat. "Beware! Remember my power! Refuse to fulfil this written agreement, and I publish your guilt to the world; ay—even though my own life is the forfeit! See—I hold the bond, signed with your name. I will show it!"

The baronet looked ghastly white. He glared on his guest for a moment with a glance of terror and of hate, and upon the paper he held forth. Then, with a cry like that of a wild beast, he sprang forward, and bending across the table, attempted to seize it.

He succeeded; but before his trembling fingers could tear it, Victor Briancourt had reached him. Sir Edward threw the paper away, and grappled with him. Victor Briancourt was the younger and stronger man of the two; he could have easily flung his adversary to the floor; but Sir Edward's right hand clutched his throat, with a hold made terrible by desperation. He could not shake him off. Suffocating with the vice-like grasp, he snatched from his breast a small dagger. For a moment it flashed on high in the light from the flaring candles, then was plunged to the hilt in the bosom of his antagonist.

A wild cry of agony arose from the lips of the baronet, as he staggered back, echoed by another fainter one, as the library door was flung open, and Eleanor Ashby stood there, her face white as death, gazing upon the horrible scene before her.

Instantly the baronet's hold was released. Victor Briancourt sprang past Eleanor, and out through the hall, leaving his victim weltering in his blood upon the library floor, with the disputed bond—the evidence of the fatal league—lying beneath the dying hand that vainly strove to clutch it. It was of no use to its late possessor now.

Faint with terror, Eleanor sprang to raise her uncle, calling at the same time for assistance. In an instant the servants had flocked to the place. Sir Edward was conveyed to his apartment, and the physician summoned from Woodthorpe. Doctor Gregg arrived, but too late.

"Nothing can be done for him. He is dying!" he said. "How did this come about? What violence is this?"

The dying man touched him.

"Send for a clergyman," he asked, faintly,—"send—quick!"

Directly a servant was despatched; and while he was gone, Eleanor told Doctor Gregg of the scene she had witnessed. But it was in but a few brief words; for the dying man was calling her.

"Eleanor—O, Eleanor! come to me—look at me!" he said.

Weeping, she stood beside him. He looked at her earnestly—wildly.

"You weep!" he said. "For whom—for me?"

"Yes—for you!"

"You weep for a wretch who has been your greatest enemy. I have wronged you—I have persecuted you. You should hate me!"

"I do not hate you. I pity and forgive you," uttered Eleanor, solemnly.

He groaned, and turned his face away.

"She forgives me!" he moaned,—"she forgives me! Me—who caused her all the sorrow she has ever known. Yes—all, even the first tear of trouble her infant eyes ever shed! The clergyman—quick!" he said, feebly, after a moment's silence. "Why does he not come?"

"He is coming now," answered the physician; and he held water to the baronet's pale lips.

Sir Edward drank, and looked up.

"How long have I to live?"

The physician hesitated.

"How long? Tell me."

"An hour."

"An hour? Ah, mercy—mercy!" he moaned.

Deeply as he had wronged her, Eleanor felt nothing but pity and grief for him now. She turned away to weep. He saw her.

"Ah, you leave me!" he uttered. "Come back. And yet, why should you pity me now? You will curse my memory when I am gone. Ah, I must confess! let me confess. I am dying! There is no more concealment. Everything will be known beyond the grave. It cannot be hidden there. I shall meet him face to face—I shall meet James Ashby. The account must be rendered up then!"

Eleanor had come back to the bedside. Her troubled glance met that of the physician.

"What is it that he means?" he asked.

"What do I mean?" echoed the dying man, catching the words. "This—this! It is this for which Victor Briancourt has slain his victim!"

He held in his wasted hand a crushed and crumpled paper. He groaned as his eyes fell on it. A cold dew covered his brow and lips. The sight of that fatal paper seemed to fill him with mad terror.

"Eleanor," he ejaculated,—"Eleanor, I can keep the secret no longer! Fifteen years has it been wearing away my life; fifteen years has existence been a burden to me; fifteen years has Victor Briancourt tortured me with the memory of my crime; fifteen years he has held this paper to keep me in his power!"

He lay there, exhausted and panting, with a look of anguish on his pale face, and his hollow eyes closed. Doctor Gregg answered with a glance of sympathy and painful concern the anxious, appealing look of Eleanor. But he shook his head. He could do nothing. He was powerless to still the workings of a guilty conscience.

The dying man opened his eyes, and fixed them on Eleanor. He was growing weaker and weaker.

"Eleanor," he murmured, "my strength is nearly gone. I have little time left. I must tell you, if the clergyman has not come."

The door opened gently. The clergyman entered.

"He is here," said Miss Ashby, in a low voice. She beckoned. Mr. Graham advanced, and bent over the baronet's pillow.

"You have come? It is well. You are in time," were the faintly-spoken words of the dying man, meeting his glance. "Eleanor, nearer. Listen!"

With the sudden energy of re-awakened excitement, he slightly raised himself, and turned towards her, his eyes gleaming with a strange fire.

"I have wronged you; I have treated you ill, Eleanor," he said, panting, "and you have forgiven me. Know that there is *no* forgiveness for me, here or hereafter! I have been your enemy. I was your father's enemy—his bitter, deadly foe. He was my elder, but only my half brother—the child of our father's first marriage. I hated him when we were children, and as we grew up together, that hatred grew deeper; for I was jealous of the elder and favorite son. And while he was the wealthy heir of the house of Ashby, I was poor and obscure, with only a younger brother's portion, that I scorned to touch, contrasting it with his."

He paused for an instant, almost exhausted. A strengthening cordial was held to his lips, and directly he revived, and went on.

"We grew to manhood. Our father died, and James became the master of Ashby. Deeper grew my envy—darker my hate. Victor Briancourt was my friend, then. He was wily—cunning—evil. He fostered the enmity I bore towards my brother. He said to me, 'if it were not for James, *you* would be heir. There is none nearer than you.' My brother married. Within the four years succeeding, two children were born to him—the first, a girl; the second a boy. My hatred was now a thousand times augmented; for, if there had ever been a prospect of better fortunes for me, it was cut off now. Another direct heir was born to the house of Ashby. And now, Victor Briancourt was ever by my side, filling my soul with evil thoughts."

He paused, laboring for breath. A moment, and he raised himself with almost superhuman exertion.

"Eleanor!" he ejaculated, wildly—desperately—"how did your father die? and your brother?"

She could not speak. She had grown deadly white within the last few moments. She faltered and would have fallen, but for the supporting arm of the clergyman.

"You cannot answer me—but you know! You have heard—as all others have heard!" uttered the dying man, in a voice of frenzy. "Francis Ashby died in his cradle—it was I who poisoned him! My brother was drowned in the river—it was my hand that struck the dagger to his heart, and sunk the body in the waves! Victor Briancourt was my accomplice—my tempter—and there is the bond I gave him to keep his secrecy! He claimed it—his reward for helping me secure the wealth I had coveted. He has kept it for fifteen years—it is mine now. But I am a murderer—a *murderer!*"

And with a single groan he sank back—dead.

Years have passed away since the last painful scene which we have recorded was enacted within the walls of Ashby. Many a happier one has it beheld since. For, though for a long, long time, it was shut up and left in solitude, it has been re-opened, and often resounds to the music of pleasant voices when a happy family party gathers there from Briarfield, from Eildon, and from Upton Grange, just beyond Woodthorpe, where Doctor Gregg used to live a quiet, bachelor life. For Hugh Latimer has long since won the bride of his heart, and the old house at Briarfield is Eleanor's house now, with her husband and her children. And the prayer in which Hugh and Eleanor once joined, for the re-union of those who had suffered so much unhappiness has been answered. Once again is Lady Mayhew with her son and Caroline, a happy dweller in her English home. Happier, even, than when we first met her of old; for Edward Mayhew and Caroline are man and wife now. A happiness, subdued, quiet, but perfect, is theirs. Purified and chastened by affliction, it has something in it yet sweeter than of old, when they loved, not having known sorrow.

Mary Latimer—sister Mary—is married to the doctor. They are a kind-hearted, cheerful pair, loving each other with a quiet, earnest affection, and making everybody around them happy.

Lucy Elmore and Harry Longworth are married, too, like the rest, and are both in Eleanor's service still. Faithful, honest and affectionate, they are as dear to each other, and as firm in the favor of their kind mistress, as ever; and Hugh, also, their beloved master, shares a place in their hearts, by her side.

Maida, the gipsey, and her dark Ariel, our old friend, Pequin, still lead a happy, because a wandering, life. The tragedy at Ashby played out, with all its plots and schemes of evil and of good, their sojourn here was over. They performed the services they had undertaken, and then took leave of it. Their object was accomplished. But they made Eleanor and her husband a brief visit ere their departure; and when they bade them adieu, it was with tears in the eyes of more than one of them, for the services on one side, and the obligations on the other, had served, as only such will, to draw their hearts towards one another in friendship and gratitude. Their parting was one of the warmest and kindest feeling; and the home of Eleanor and her husband will be ever a place of welcome to them.

Little have we to say of Victor Briancourt, save that he died worse than he had lived; and his name, if it were ever spoken afterwards, was coupled with dishonor, villany and shame.

The death-bed confession of Sir Edward Ashby, fearful as it was, and terrible as was its effect on the mind of Eleanor, at first, left a saddening influence forever after. The mournful story of her father's end and the murder of her infant brother, never recurred to her without causing a feeling of inexpressible grief. But she dwells with compassion on the memory of her uncle, remembering that if he sinned, he also suffered.

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.—*New York Independent.*



THE BELIZE.—MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE BELIZE.

The first of the two large pictures on this page is an accurate view of the Belize, one of the mouths by which the "Father of Waters" seeks an outlet to the Gulf. At the present time when so many statistics are being published in reference to this great artery of trade and travel, the sketches we publish will be regarded as possessing peculiar interest. The scene we first present is a rendezvous for pilots, and on the low shore to the right a lofty look-out is erected for their use, from which they can descry vessels at a great distance. The buildings all along the pass are picturesque, and the trees planted at intervals impart a very pleasing aspect to the scene. Many of the little houses sketched in our view, are occupied by pilots. As soon as vessels requiring their services are signalled, they put off to discharge their arduous duties. From the Belize nearly all vessels are towed up to the city of New Orleans, and the vessels employed for this purpose are very different from the little steam-tugs that ply in our harbor, as the force of the mighty current they are obliged to stem requires powerfully built craft and ponderous engines. Our readers are referred to the second engraving for a correct representation of these craft. One of them is seen alongside a large ship, while another in the distance has two vessels in tow—one to starboard and one to larboard of her. The long ladders seen in these tow-boats are peculiar to them. By reason of the immense extent of lowlands existing about the delta of the Missi-sippi, fogs are of very frequent occurrence. Indeed, a foggy state of the atmosphere appears to be its normal condition. These fogs generally settle and hang upon the surface of the water, only extending upward forty or fifty feet, so that above them the air is comparatively clear. Thus the masts of ships reach entirely clear of the obscurity while their hulls are immersed in the lower stratum of fog. The steamboat people take advantage of this very peculiar phenomenon, and, by means of the high ladders shown in our engraving, are enabled to keep a bright lookout aloft. From these ladders the men descry the masts of ships waiting for tugs below, and are enabled to steer directly for them. They are also enabled, by the same means, to avoid collisions with vessels. If the fogs reached a much greater elevation than they do, the delays and dangers of an entrance to New Orleans would be often disastrous. In approaching the pilot ground, the snorts and screams of the high pressure steam engines are heard long before the boats to which they belong can be descried. The river opposite the city of New Orleans is half a mile wide and from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet deep. It preserves the same width almost to its entrance to the Gulf of Mexico.



TOWING ON THE MISSISSIPPI, FROM THE BELIZE TO NEW ORLEANS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"NOT WITHOUT HOPE."

Inscribed, with true sympathy, to Mr. and Mrs. Decatur Mowry.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

There is a night no earthly morrow's bathing
Can fully cleanse to-day;
A winter with no spring beyond its seathing
Of wholly joyous sway.

Living or dead, the child is portion tender
Of fond parental hearts,
The chill of death stays from the forced surrender,
Nor ever quite departs.

Yet heaven hath wondrous mercy in its keeping
For souls baptized in gloom,
They are made dear to Him who once stood weeping,
A friend, at Lazarus' tomb.

Uplift the eye of faith to read the token!
Lo! mid your falling tears,
Where sunshine of immortal hope hath broken,
A promise bow appears.

She, darling of your bosom, has not perished,
But gone to be Christ's own;
The form below is now not more your cherished,
Than mound and lettered stone.

But view her on the mount of love reclining,
With earth-clouds 'neath her feet,
An angel in eternal radiance shining,
Her song forever sweet.

Rare was the loveliness unto her given,
Of face, and form, and mien;
But beauty such as she doth wear in heaven,
No mortal eye hath seen.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY ANNIE CLAIR.

PERMIT me to introduce the reader into one of the most imposing mansions that wall the street on ——— Avenue. Nothing can be imagined that would please the eye or attract the fancy more than in that brilliantly lighted room. Long curtains of crimson damask, bordered with rich fringes, descended to the floor, and gave an air of imposing luxury to everything around. Soft Turkey carpets lay so thickly on the floor that it must have been a heavy footfall that sounded as it trod them—sofas and lounges of every form and fashion wooed indolent repose—choice pictures from skilful artists and magnificent mirrors decked the walls—books in gilded bindings glittered in rosewood cases; yet in the midst of all this—all that could charm the senses and fascinate the cultivated mind—one of the inmates was ill at ease and painfully abstracted.

Augusta Somerville was very queenly in form, and her tall, elegant person betrayed a love of command never surpassed in our republican cities. Her luxuriant hair was arranged in a heavy braid above the forehead; her dark eyes, usually sparkling and bright, were now downcast, while her small mouth was compressed closely over her regular and pearly teeth; and she pressed her diamond ring so hard that it actually caused a drop of blood to fall on the crumpled note she had dropped in her lap.

"Walter is very late to-night," remarked a lady who was in the corner of the apartment, and who had been gazing listlessly at her daughter for the last half hour.

"He is not expected this evening, as he is necessarily detained elsewhere," replied Augusta Somerville, with a proud curl of the lip.

In another moment the door bell was heard, and the lady hastily took up a volume and to all appearance was deeply engaged in its contents. The servant announced "Mr. Percival," and a tall, distinguished form, with a countenance which expressed nobleness of soul, approached the place where Augusta Somerville was sitting, took the small hand that was resting on the table, and placed it to his lips. The hand was hastily withdrawn, and a frown for an instant darkened the countenance that Walter Percival had always thought so lovely; but soon she saw that she was betraying more feeling than her wonted calculating policy permitted, and all was again calm and quiet.

"Why, Walter, I did not expect you this evening, and have become much interested in this volume that Colonel Fay sent me. I supposed you had gone to spend the evening with your new favorite, Miss Benton. Have you been rehearsing for our private theatricals?"

"Do not trifle with me this evening, Augusta; for I am in no humor for it. Listen to me calmly."

And his voice became almost stern as he placed his dark, earnest eyes on her countenance, while her own for a moment fell beneath the gaze. It was but for a moment, however—and she proudly confronted him, while she haughtily replied:

"Indeed, you have assumed a tone of authority this evening. Please to remember that the irrevocable words are not yet spoken which bind me as your *slave!* There was a time when my wishes were respected—my pleasure cared for."

"And so they ever shall be. But what is it that you require? To gratify a mere whim for selfish amusement, perhaps the happiness of a fellow-creature is to be sacrificed. And even were I to consent, Jennie Benton is too gentle and retiring to take so conspicuous a part in a society where she is a complete stranger."

"But I tell you, Walter, it is all to be reality to her for the time being. Do you think that a poor seamstress who has spent all her life in L——— Court, can have the sensitive feelings of one who has always lived with refined society? For a few moments, while the delusion lasts, she will be supremely happy at being the wife of the most—but I do not wish to flatter you—and then, perhaps, will repeat to her low companions how she has taken a part in one of the exclusive private amusements in ——— Avenue."

Could Augusta Somerville have seen the expression of her companion's countenance at that moment, she might have feared that her influence was not so potent as she had believed—but his face was turned from her, and for the space of five minutes there was no reply. When he spoke, his voice was quite natural, though the expression of the face then was one she could not fathom.

"Listen to me for a few moments, and then, if you still persist in this wish of yours, it shall be gratified.

"It was about twenty years ago that a poor orphan boy, scantily clad, wandered from one New England village to another in search of a home. He was a mere child then—not ten years had passed over his head, and it was a long time before there was any one that would give him a permanent shelter. But at length a country shopkeeper took him in and gave him employment in his store. The family of this kind man consisted of a wife and one child of two years of age.

Time passed on. By a fortunate speculation the village grocer became the possessor of half a million. He removed to New York, where they were now welcomed in the exclusive circles of the elite of the city. The daughter had grown up accomplished and beautiful and was just budding into womanhood, when, by another sudden reverse of fortune, he was reduced to extreme poverty, and in two months the father was called away to another and better mansion. But I am getting in advance of my story and will go back for the space of a few years.

"The child he had taken under his protection had no taste for a merchant's life, which his adopted parent had designed for him, and at the age of fifteen he went into a lawyer's office. I will hasten over the trials and privations he experienced, but in due course he was admitted to the bar. The position of a young lawyer, without money, friends, or clients, is not an enviable one. For two years he lived a life of almost abject poverty. His law books disappeared, one by one, to pay his landlady for lodging; and in the shadow of his adversity his proud and ambitious spirit feared and shrank from the tones of sympathy and pity that perhaps his former patron would have bestowed. He shunned all who had previously known him. But 'there is a tide in the affairs of men'—and one evening, as he sat alone in his office, casting panoramic views over the past, and probably dark future, the door slowly opened and a man with an appearance which suggested the idea of 'poor poet' entered. He stated without delay the object of his visit, and informed him that he had applied to several members of the bar, who considered his cause so hopeless that they refused to take it on his terms, which were—five hundred dollars if successful—but if not, he would be destitute of the means to pay any expense.

"He accepted the proposition of his client, though from all the evidence gained, his case seemed almost a hopeless one. In a few days there were other papers found which he believed might prove of some consequence. How anxiously he waited for the event which he believed would decide the 'great event of his life.' The important morning at length arrived. It was dark, rainy and cheerless. Was it a type of his future? He feared it was. It was not with pleasure that he surveyed his scanty and threadbare wardrobe; he knew that it was seldom the world remembered 'The mark was but the guinea stump,' and appearances went a great way to those just commencing life. His reputation had not been handed down by a parent who had trod the paths of fame before him—or by a long retinue of influential friends aiding him onward on a smooth, pleasant road—or by gold and encouragement from a sympathizing world. No—he had none of these—but he had a heart strong in the consciousness of right, an untiring energy, a persevering will, to surmount all obstacles. And what would these accomplish? It was to be tried this day.

"Reputation, if it came to him at all, was not a free gift, but it must be earned—yes, earned by untiring toil, and sleepless nights devoted to study, and mental labor—earned when many others of his profession were quietly sleeping on beds of down, or revelling in the ball room and fashionable assembly.

"He entered the court house of the great city of New York. There were assembled judges, lawyers and jurymen—some who had grown old in the discharge of their duties in this very place; there were many in the full meridian of life, and not a few of his own age, seated by friends of the same profession, who came to listen to their protege's maiden speech. All were surrounded by friends—all but one—and so much depended on this day.

"It was near the middle of the afternoon when it came his turn to rise. He had listened through the day to the different addresses that were made, and at times his heart sank within him as he thought how little was in his favor. At length he arose, and while big drops of perspiration stood on his brow, looked round on the audience. Many were glancing over papers which they held in their hands, while others were reclining on their seats and addressing those by their side.

"His voice trembled a little as he commenced, but it was unnoticed in the hum around him. Soon it grew firm, and as he proceeded the people rose from their indolent posture, the papers were laid aside and they turned their attention to the orator. During the space of three hours he addressed them, and not a sound was heard save the voice of the speaker. When he closed a murmur ran through the court house—whether it was approval or censure he did not know; but when the court adjourned the members of his profession crowded around him and congratulated him on his success. Old men with hoary hair grasped his hand and confessed themselves happy to make the acquaintance of one who they flattered themselves was an honor to his calling. Those of his own age told him his would prove a brilliant career.

"When he retired to his lodgings that night he felt happier than he had ever before been in his life—he had reached a crisis in his career, he had made his first address since he had been admitted to the bar—and it was not a failure.

"His career was now an upward one; for fortune smiled and friends gathered around. He has ascended a few more rolls in the ladder of fame, and the gay and brilliant circles of fashion admit him into their midst, all of which he appreciates at its full value. But it has not hardened his heart, and he remembers that his feelings were as refined and sensitive when he was a penniless student—yes, and a thousand times more so, than when a gay world was murmuring its applause lovingly.

"And now I have given you a true history of one who was a near and dear friend of my own, and you will believe me when I tell you that it is not wealth or rank that makes the heart sensitive or the blood rush to the cheek with a rich glow at an unmerited slight or insult. And now I will leave it to you to say that all this deceit which you think will give you so much pleasure, is wrong and should be avoided."

"Your sketch has been a very interesting one, Walter, but then I cannot see what it has to do with the present subject under discussion, and then it will seem so much more natural to have her believe it reality, and she ought to think it a favor to be admitted into our pleasant assemblies, even when it was for our amusement. I am sure I do not see the harm in it, and if there is, I will let it rest on my shoulders."

"Be it so, then."

And his brow darkened, while his lips and cheeks became hueless as marble.

"And in return I will tell you a bit of a compliment to gratify your insatiable vanity. The other evening, when you were delivering your oration at ——— Hall, I sat on a seat behind this fair inamorata (you see I am not jealous) of yours, and at some new burst of eloquence she clasped her hands and whispered to an acquaintance at her side, 'O, is not that beautiful!' and you should have seen those eyes glisten—but I see by the flush on your cheek at this moment, that your vanity is raised to a high pitch. But you are not going so soon. We have made up and are friends now; if I was a little vexed at the note you sent this afternoon—it is all forgotten."

But Walter Percival had reached the door leading into the hall ere he trusted himself to speak. Then his words came clear and distinct:

"It shall be as you say, Angusta, only let me have a week longer to prepare for the occasion. In the meantime I shall be much engaged—" he hesitated a moment, then added: "how I have loved you, Augusta, you can never know, for it is a love you cannot understand. But—no matter—farewell!"

And he was gone.

"I have conquered, and I told Mabel that I should. It serves *her* right to think that my seamstress should dare to think of him. But then I must do away with the unpleasant impression which I have made on his mind, for I could plainly see it, and had it not been for Mabel Nelson I would have yielded; but she says I am a slave to his every caprice. I will tell her a different story. And she believes he loves *her!*—she cannot believe it! She merely says it to vex me, just because he insisted upon carrying her umbrella for her one stormy night, when she had been sewing for me till a late hour. But I did not like the way he spoke the last sentence he uttered—'how I have loved you.' Did he place an emphasis on the word *have*, or did I imagine it? It must have been the latter."

In a very poor but cleanly kept dwelling in an unfashionable street, sat a form clothed in mourning robes, attentively perusing a large volume which she held in her hands. Her face might not have been called faultlessly beautiful when perfectly at rest, but whenever it moved with the least play of feeling it became so to a very high degree. Every sentiment of the heart the lips gave with a singular correctness, while the mind was as finely wrought as ever existed in palace or cottage; and grief or pleasure was as invariably telegraphed through eye and lips more faithfully than words could give them. The eyes, those "windows of the soul," were as clear and pure as an angel's might be imagined, while the voice might be pronounced faultless.

The door was slightly ajar, and Walter Percival paused a moment ere he should disturb the reverie into which she had fallen. She closed her book, pressed her hands to her forehead, and said:

"Mother, O my mother! why did you leave me alone in the dark, friendless world?" She paused, breathed a prayer to the throne of grace, and then added: "Thou, O my Father, thou hast done it, and it must be right."

How that face carried him back to the years beyond years when they had dwelt in the same homestead and sat at the same table—the one with her loving parents, the other with kind friends. There was the same outline, and yet there was a difference; for life had changed them. The brow with its purity and truthfulness, wore a shadow upon it such as only comes at the bidding of sorrow; and in every line of the face there was that which went to the heart of the person that was reading it.

He gave a gentle rap and in another moment was clasping the hand of the sorrowing one in his own.

"What has happened, my sweet friend?" said Percival, as he glanced at the mourning dress she wore. "You have not lost your only remaining parent?"

"My mother died the evening I was last at Mrs. Somerville's. She had long been sinking under a decline, but I did not suppose her hour of departure was so near. On my return I found her much more ill than I had ever seen her, and before midnight her spirit winged its upward flight to the 'house of many mansions.'"

"And what do you propose to do for the future, Jennie? You will surely not remain here longer, for you would be very lonely without a friend or companion. Don't you remember the time, Jennie, dear Jennie, when we dwelt together as brother and sister; when the world was all bright, and we thought friends were all true? When the heart had never been borne down by care, nor sobered by disappointment, nor chilled by bitter experience?"

"I remember all this—all the shadows that have fallen on my life—but I do not complain. All that I ask is, that a Father's hand may guide and help me to be faithful to the end. But what has this to do with you, who are surrounded by the society of the rich, the great and talented, beneath the smile of prosperity, in your bold and upward march to the temple of fame?"

"But all these are very unsatisfying. There is something wanting—another to share, to bless, to sympathize and to love. I am rich now, Jennie, and I have never forgotten the little fairy I used to say should become my wife when I grew to be a man. I love you, Jennie—can you return that love, and become my cherished wife?"

And he placed the hand he had taken tenderly to his lip. The hand was withdrawn and a tear trembled on the eyelashes—but there was but one, and her eye returned the gaze fixed upon her with a half-indignant, half-sorrowful look.

"These words to me, and from your lips! You, the betrothed of the proud and beautiful Augusta Somerville! You, yourself, confessed it the first time we met, three weeks ago. It were perjury in the sight of Heaven, were you to wed another. But you did not mean it. I did not believe this of you—go—we do not meet again!"

"Stay one moment—no, you must listen to me." For she had arisen from her place at his side, and looked anxiously for him to go. "Hear me, and if then you say so, I will leave you and not again return. I once believed I loved Augusta Somerville with a love that knew no change. We met a twelve month ago—she was very beautiful, beautiful in form and feature—but the soul—there was a stain there. It was but of late that I perceived it, for I vainly hoped that so fair and lovely a face was accompanied by a corresponding soul. That was a wild dream—a strange infatuation. The dream is over; the spell is broken, which for a time drove the sweet flower I had loved in boyhood from my mind. By the memory of all the days we have spent together, Jennie, I beseech you to believe me when I tell you that there is nothing dishonorable in breaking an engagement with Augusta Somerville, for she has never loved me. She has played a strange game, but one perfectly consistent with her character; and thanks that we learned this in time. She will never become my wife, and it remains for you to say whether my life is to be brightened by the presence of the only one I feel I can ever love, or is henceforth to be cheerless and lonely."

Jennie looked up with a startled look of wonder, but the dark eye gazing as though it would read her inmost soul left no doubt of the sincerity of his words, and ere Walter Percival turned his footsteps homeward, he knew that pure, truthful heart, with its untold treasure of priceless love, was all his own.

"And you will be there, Mabel? Will it not be glorious sport to see her come in hanging on his arm, with downcast eyes, while trembling lips utter the response which she will vainly believe makes her mistress of the most elegant mansion on ——— Avenue! But I owed her something in return for the insolent manner in which she replied that she was otherwise engaged, when I asked her to assist in making my bridal *trousseau*. As though any engagement of hers was of so much importance as that. Walter took it somewhat amiss when I first proposed it, but he seems as much, or more, interested than I am, now. He has been busily engaged, during the last two weeks, in preparing his mansion for my reception. But supposing we go over to this new residence of mine, Mabel, for I believe it is almost completed?"

"O, yes—let us go immediately, for I am all impatience. You are very fortunate, Augusta, to win the love of one of whom the world speaks so highly, and who is adding increased laurels every year to a name already high on the roll of fame. Do you know aught of his connections? I have never heard him mention his parents."

"Neither have I; and I have never inquired aught of his connections, for it matters not, when his own talents and wealth have placed him on such a dazzling height."

But a well-known footstep was heard, and in another moment the door was opened and Walter Percival with a lofty and now haughty carriage entered the room where the two young ladies were standing surveying the apartment.

He coldly extended a hand to each, and with a faint "good morning" passed onward to the room beyond.

"It seems rather a chilling greeting from one so soon to become a husband, Augusta! What can it mean?"

But the question was all unheeded, and Augusta Somerville bent her steps homeward, heart-sick and almost feverish with anxiety and excitement. How often she repeated to herself the inquiry of Mabel, "What can it mean?"

But she well knew the meaning of that proud look. She knew that he was seriously, and she feared, irreparably displeased with her; and he had been absent so much of late. There was a time when he visited her daily, but now he had called but once since the time they had their quarrel. She had believed him absent from the city, but it was evidently not the case, as so much had been accomplished toward the fitting up and furnishing of their residence; and she had not been consulted—but then that did not make so much difference, as all had been arranged in the most exquisite taste, nothing with which the most fastidious could find fault was to be seen. If she only knew when and where this would end—but the morrow would tell.

Augusta the evening after she and Mabel had met Percival, had received the following note:

"Miss Somerville:—The tableau which you have wished so much to see, will come off this afternoon at the appointed time, at my residence. I hope, for your own sake, you have not invited many to be present.

In haste, W. Percival."

The note was torn angrily in pieces, while her face almost became livid with rage.

"I will not be trifled with. He shall repent of this hereafter. Were it not that he is the most talented and sought after of any individual in the city, I would never see him again. But it will not do to trifle with him—I have found that out. He thinks by this pretended indifference to bind me to his stubborn will—let him see if he can do it. I will be seemingly mild, gentle and amiable for a short time—a *very* short time! But it is time to array myself for this grand wedding! I will seem gay, brilliant and happy, at peace with myself and all around me."

There was quite a large assembly collected to witness—they knew not what, except that it was an amusement Augusta Somerville had prepared for them; the last entertainment before she became mistress of the splendid mansion where they now met together. But hush! a carriage stops, and the tall, manly form of Walter Percival leads a gentle girl, dressed in simple white, without jewels or ornaments save the orange wreath that surmounts the bridal veil, up to the noble looking man who had just preceded them into the room. The stillness as of death reigned, while some almost held their breath until the stranger arose, and with a serene and benignant look pronounced the marriage ceremony and uttered the nuptial blessing. The holy man and the expression on Percival's countenance, for he was no dissembler, caused a conviction of the truth to rush to Augusta Somerville's brain, and she stood transfixed like a statue until all was ended and Walter's friends were uttering congratulations—then she fell senseless to the floor.

"Do not weep, my dearest wife; it was indeed a bitter punishment, but she deserved it. And, Jennie, forgive me for deceiving you—it has been the first time and it shall be the last—but really I do think the lesson was needed, and will prove useful."

"'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,' are the words of One who rules both heaven and earth," uttered the sweet voice of Mrs. Percival, as her husband passed his arm caressingly around her and drew her more closely to his side. "It is a sad thing to wound the heart and cause unhappiness to one of God's children."

"Well, Jennie, you shall help me to attain to your truthfulness and forgiveness. But fear not—the heart is not wounded, though perhaps pride is."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TRAGEDY OF BY-GONE TIMES.

BY E. S. SMITH.

[The following relation of a true story was given me in Paris, by General de Lambot, who was aide-de-camp to Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, at the time it happened.]

In the year 1805, while General Junot was governor of Paris, as a poor mason inhabiting that city was returning one evening from his day's work through the Champs Elysees, he was accosted by three men, whose features the darkness of the evening prevented him from distinguishing. They asked him if he was willing to come with them at once, for the purpose of executing a work in masonry which it was necessary should be completed before morning.

He expressed his readiness to go, provided he was well paid for it. They then promised him five and twenty Napoleons as his reward, on condition that he would consent to have his eyes blinded, and would come with them without an instant's delay. The mason acceded to the proposal, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes. The men then led him along at a quick pace for some time. At length they stopped and told him he was now to get into a carriage. Having placed him in it and got in themselves, the carriage drove off with great rapidity. For a considerable space of time they rolled over the stones, but afterwards left them and appeared to be passing along a cross-road. About two hours' ride brought them to the end of their journey—the carriage stopped and the mason was taken out. He was led through various passages, and up and down many staircases; probably for the purpose of rendering it the more difficult for him on any future occasion to trace his way.

When the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a room illuminated by a profusion of wax candles, and hung with black cloth. The floor, the walls, the ceiling and the furniture were alike covered with these mournful hangings; and no portion of the apartment was without them, except one large niche in the wall, near which were placed stones and mortar, and the necessary implements for making use of them. The mason was astonished and alarmed at all he saw; he turned round to seek an explanation of it, but found himself entirely alone.

He had full leisure to examine the funeral ornaments by which he was surrounded, but at length he heard a noise, and a portion of the hangings being lifted up discovered a door, which was thrown open. Through this entered a number of men in black cloaks, and whose faces were concealed by black masks. They entered, dragging with them a beautiful young woman whose dishevelled black hair, streaming eyes and frantic demeanor proved at the same time her misery and the convulsive struggles under which she suffered.

As soon as she was in the room she sank on her knees before her masked conductors, and implored them in the most moving manner to have pity on her; but they only shook their heads. She particularly addressed herself to one of them, who, from his gray hairs appeared to be older than the rest, and entreated him by the holy name of father. She embraced his knees, and with sobs and cries besought his mercy. To these supplications no answer was given; but upon a signal made, she was again dragged forward, and in spite of her screams and resistance, was forced into the niche, where she was bound with cords. The gray-haired man then desired the mason to begin his task and to wall her up. But the poor man, horror-struck at what he had seen, and affected beyond measure by the imploring lamentations of the lady, who besought him not to be an accessory to so foul a murder, refused to proceed.

Upon this the masks began to threaten him. The mason fell upon his knees and entreated to be permitted to depart. But the masks drew their swords from beneath their cloaks, and told him, with many imprecations, that if he continued to refuse to perform what he had promised, instant death should be his portion; while, on the other hand, if he obeyed, his reward should be doubled.

The poor man being thus intimidated, unwillingly commenced his horrible task, but stopped from time to time, and requested to be permitted to desist. The masks, however, stood over him the whole time with drawn swords, and obliged him to proceed, till at length, while the shrieks of the victim became every instant more dreadfully piercing as the wall rose upon her that was to shut her out from life, the tragedy was completed, and the niche was hermetically sealed with solid masonry.

The mason threw down his trowel, more dead than alive—the gray-haired man put fifty Napoleons into his hand, his eyes were again covered, and he was hurried from the room in which this tremendous scene had taken place. As on his arrival, he was hurried up and down through various passages, and then put into a carriage. The carriage was whirled along as rapidly as before, and after the stated period, the man found himself with his eyes unbound, on the spot in the Champs Elysées where he had first been met—and alone!

The night was now far advanced, or rather, the morning was approaching. The man was stunned and bewildered by what he had witnessed; but after a short time, he recovered the use of his intellect so far as to determine to go forthwith to the governor of Paris. Having with difficulty gained admission to Junot, his tale was at first disbelieved; but the fifty Napoleons which he produced, and still more the unvarying accuracy with which he related the different circumstances of that dreadful night, at length gained him entire credit.

The police employed themselves very diligently for some weeks in tracing the scene of the crime and the perpetrators of it. Various houses within a certain distance of the capital were searched and the walls of rooms were inspected, to see if any marks of freshly made stone-work could be discovered. The principal house-agents of Paris, the letters out of carriages, the horses and guards at the *barriers* were examined, in the hopes of finding some clue—but entirely without success.

This mysterious murder remained, and still remains unexplained, but conjecture imagined it to be an act of family vengeance. According to this solution, the masks were the father and brothers of the unfortunate lady, who was considered in some way or other to have dishonored her race. They were also supposed to have been strangers from some distant part of the country, who had come to the neighborhood of Paris for the purpose of completing the vindictive act, and had gone away again after its perpetration.

In most matters of opinion men resemble the time-pieces in a watchmaker's shop. No two of them agree precisely. Even the subtlest intellect or the finest chronometer may sometimes be a little out; and yet the homely Dutch clock and plain common sense are generally near enough for all practical purposes.

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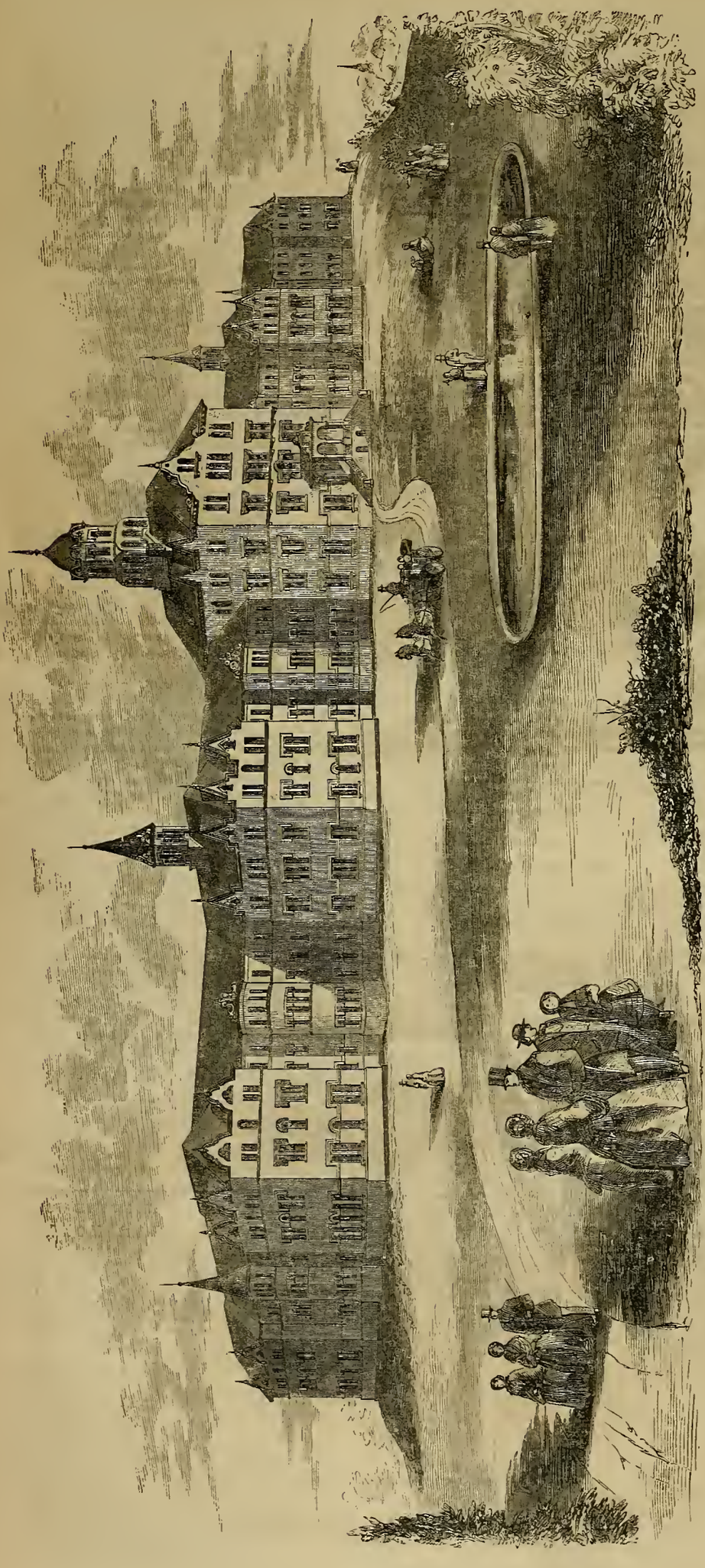
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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
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VIEW OF THE INSANE ASYLUM, NOW BUILDING AT NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

The accompanying drawing of the Third Insane Hospital, now in process of erection for the western district of the State, may be relied upon for accuracy, having been taken expressly for us from the original plans in the possession of the architect, Jonathan Preston, of this city. It is being built in pursuance of a resolve of the legislature of 1855, which appropriated $200,000 for this purpose. And it is hoped that under the control of such men as Hon. Luther V. Bell, Lieutenant Governor Benchley and S. S. Standley, Esq., the commissioners, the most earnest and best wishes of the people of the State may be realized, that this be a "model hospital." The Elizabethan style of architecture, which has been chosen, will distinguish this edifice from the gloomy and prison-like styles in which public buildings of this character have heretofore been built. Its exterior aspect will be cheerful, that it may be pleasant and healthy to the sight of the inmates; and its interior will have a domestic air, that it may be as dear to them as the fireside of their fathers' home. The building is 512 feet long in front, and consists of a main building and wings that recede on either side. The main building is 200 feet deep and four stories high, surmounted by a tower 100 feet above the level of the ground. The wings are three stories high—each being 12 feet. It contains about 340 rooms, covers an acre of ground, and will accommodate 250 patients. The extensive circular stairs in the rotunda; the number and size of the day rooms; the width and openness of the corridors; the complete domestic appurtenances; the capacity and open timbered roof of the chapel: and the ample provision for warmth and ventilation, are the characteristic features of the building. Strenuous measures were taken by a committee of the last legislature for suspending the work by reporting that another hospital was not needed, but the statistics of insanity were more reliable and convincing than the arguments of the committee, and their report was rejected, and accordingly on the 4th of July, 1856, the corner-stone was laid with all the honors and ceremonies peculiar to free masonry by the grand lodge of the State. Beneath the stone were deposited coins, local documents and a solemn address to posterity by the inhabitants of Northampton. The building is in rapid progress, and will be ready for occupancy in the winter of 1857—58. It is located in one of the most beautiful districts of western Massachusetts, a short distance from the village of Northampton, upon an eminence which embraces in its panorama the most pleasing varieties of landscape. The broad meadow lands of the valley of the Connecticut, with the villages that animate it with life; the majestic river winding its shining lines through the level lands; the rival mountains, Holyoke and Tom, rising like sentinels to guard the vale below; the spots of interest, which, besides their natural beauty, have an association with the past,—these are the advantages of the locality for such an institution, and it is no matter of wonder that it allured the good taste of the commissioners. And if there be any power in the charms of natural scenery for restoring, by their silent influences, wandering reason back to its vacant throne, then this spot will be impressive with many a lesson of strength and health. The erection of this hospital is an exponent of the humane feeling that is entering the heart of our State government, replacing the cold and unchristian-like spirit which has formerly regarded these poor, unfortunate beings, from whose minds the light of intelligence has departed.

'76 AND '56.

On the next page we publish two fine large engravings from designs made for us by Champney, of a scene in the Revolution and one of our day. The first depicts the "Minute Men of 1776." The alarm has been given and the patriot soldiers are springing to their arms. The wild excitement and enthusiasm of the "sons of liberty" are vividly delineated. Their antiquated attire and arms carry us back, in imagination, to the past century. There are muskets and cartouch-boxes that have done service in the old French and Indian wars—swords that may have flashed in the sunlight before Louisburg, or glistened in the gray dawn at the Heights of Abraham, when the mother country did not disdain the aid of her offspring in her pursuit of conquest and glory. The idea of this picture was suggested to our artist by the following passage in Mr. Lincoln's "History of Worcester." "Before noon, on the 19th of April, an express came to the town, shouting as he passed through the streets at full speed, 'To arms! to arms! the war is begun!' His white horse, bloody with spurring and dripping with sweat, fell exhausted by the church. Another was instantly procured, and the tidings went on. [In a note the historian says: The passage of the messenger of war mounted on his white steed, and gathering the population to battle, made a vivid impression on memory. The tradition of his appearance is preserved in many of our villages In the animated description of the aged, it seems like the representation of death on the pale horse, careering through the land with his terrible summons to the grave.] The bell rang out the alarm, cannon were fired, and messengers sent to every part of the town to collect the soldiery. In a short time the minute men were paraded on the green under Captain Timothy Bigelow. After a fervent prayer by Rev. Mr. Macarty, they took up the line of march. They were soon followed by as many of the train bands as could be gathered, under Captain Benjamin Flagg. On that day 110 men marched from the town of Worcester for Concord." In contrast with this picture we have a military pageant of the present day. Before a general and his staff, a brigade of citizen soldiers is passing in review. The serried ranks, the well-dressed muskets, the rich uniform, the rustling banner, the "pomp, pride and circumstance of military array," are here in strong contrast with the rusty arms and diverse accoutrements of our fathers. But the spirit which animates the men of to-day is the same. There is the same attachment to our common country—the same devotion to our flag—the same valor, the same zeal, the same readiness to encounter danger and brave death at the call of their country. There are some men who are always fond of harping on the degeneracy of the days in which they live—who are always flinging the past in our faces. They are false philosophers. Such men, when the Mexican war broke out, shook their heads and said that the present generation were mere holiday soldiers, that they had become enervated by peace, and that they would make a poor figure in the field. To such croakers the answer was given from tongues of flame and tones of thunder at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, at Monterey and Buena Vista, at Cerro Gordo, at Contreras, at Churubusco, at Chapultepec and at the Garitas. No—the old, heroic spirit has *not* died out—and the more we cherish and love peace, the readier we are to defend in the field the institutions that secure and guarantee it. The nation that shall presume upon our love of peace to insult our flag will sorely rue its fatal error. It is most certain that while the love of military glory is not a passion with us, as it is with the French, as it was with the Romans and some peoples of Greece, a readiness to bear arms in self-defence is one of our national characteristics. The necessity and habit of using the weapons of war sprang up with the earliest colonization of the wilderness, and has been continued through our foreign and our Indian wars, so that whenever occasion requires us we become at once a nation of warriors.



THE MINUTE-MEN OF 1776.



MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA OF TO-DAY AT REVIEW.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NEWPORT BELLE.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

"I SHALL not remain in the city another week. I am resolved to have my own way in this matter. It is a shame to be shut up in this furnace, when all my friends are enjoying the seashore. Yes, I shall leave the city on Saturday. My mind is made up, and when I resolve upon a plan, I never yield."

This spirited speech came from the lips of a pouting beauty, and was intended for the ears of her husband, who had been for the last half hour absorbed in his newspaper and cigar. He had not heard the first of the speech, but was forcibly reminded of the latter clause, by the energy with which it was uttered.

"To the seashore, Clara? I have a plan in my mind, that I was to propose this evening, which I think you will like better."

"What is it, Charles?"

"To board in the country during the three warmest months."

"In the country! For mercy sake, Charles, do not talk about the country! n place as gloomy and quiet as a churchyard, and swarming with mosquitoes. I should die of loneliness, to be banished from society three months!"

"But I shall be out every evening, Clara, and we shall have Sundays to enjoy together, while if you go to the seashore, I shall not be able to be with you at all; besides the enormous expense of watering-places, with the fashion and style kept up there, would be a serious obstacle in the way."

"It need not be, I am sure, Charles. I know you can afford this little extra expense; and then, too, I had rather spend a fortnight at a genteel watering-place, than three months in the country. 'Live while we do live,' is my maxim."

"I hoped, Clara, you would be pleased with my plan, for I have taken great pains to secure an agreeable home for us in a pleasant family, in the midst of a fine country, where there are plenty of trees, woods, and handsome summer residences. You cannot possibly be lonely there."

"Nobody goes into the country, Charles, only those who cannot afford to go to the seashore. All my acquaintances have gone to Nahant or Newport, and I am going, too."

Charles knew there was no use reasoning with his spoiled wife. She had been indulged too long to be influenced by reasonable arguments now. There was no other way to do but to let her have her own way, and work the harder, and sacrifice the pleasure he had planned for both.

Clara was wilful and selfish, without knowing it. Before her marriage, this trait took a very charming form. Cupid often puts out the eyes of lovers, or so distorts the sight, that black becomes white, and white black. Clara was exacting then; but Charles fancied he loved her all the more for it. It was too late now to teach her reason, so he resigned himself to his fate, and began to devise means to gratify his wife.

Fifteen dollars a week at a fashionable hotel on the beach, with three or four more for extras, was not a small matter to a young man just starting in business, and depending on every day's hard labor for success. But he determined he would let Clara go, and give up the three months in the country. He would economise in the city, that his wife might live in luxury out of it.

Clara saw she had gained her point, and rejoiced over it, with a selfishness that shocks us all, when written out in plain terms, but often fails to excite a breath of disapproval, when witnessed in real life. Charles knew very well what the next request would be, and was not surprised when Clara said she positively must have a new summer fit out. She was altogether too shabby to appear in fashionable society. All her friends had bought new and expensive wardrobes, and she must do the same.

Charles thought to himself that all this expense might have been spared, had his plan been adopted; but he said nothing, not caring to bring about a family quarrel, with the prospect of being worsted himself in the combat. A hundred dollars was none too little to prepare for the summer's pleasure, but it was cheerfully given, with no allusion to the sacrifice he was to make.

Clara was right in her predictions. Saturday night found her at the most fashionable hotel in Newport. Charles did not regret the effort he had made to gratify his wife, when he saw how happy she was made by it.

Clara was pretty and exceedingly charming in her appearance, a woman just fit to be petted and spoiled, as long as there are people to do it. The same amount of energy and perseverance that made her so wilful, if turned into another channel, would have made her a noble, unselfish woman. Her faults had been engrafted into, not born in, her character. God had given her this great gift of beauty, and her parents, her associates and instructors felt privileged to assail her young nature by praise and flattery; to check every generous impulse, by constantly pampering to her childish whims and desires. When she grew up, she was more beautiful and winning, and as she developed in grace and beauty, just so much more was she spoiled by those about her.

Clara found many of her friends awaiting her at Newport, who, having gone before her, were ready to introduce her into the pleasures of the season. Her beauty and charming ways were exceedingly attractive to strangers, and she soon found herself surrounded by admirers. She had not forgotten during the two years of her wedded life, her little arts of coquetry, and knew very well how to control homage. Before she had been a week at the hotel, Clara was unanimously voted the belle of the season.

This was a very flattering position to sustain, and in the midst of this tide of admiration, she forgot what little good sense Nature had spared to her, and plunged headlong into fashion and pleasure. A crowd of attendants were pressing their services and devotions upon her. Her talent for music was brought into use, and no songs were so much applauded as those of the charming Clara.

In the midst of this homage, Clara was awakened from her dream by a letter from Charles. It breathed only kindness and love. He was happy because she was enjoying herself so much. He wrote in so cheerful a tone that it reassured Clara, and gave her courage to make new demands upon his exertions. Another hundred dollars was seriously needed to make the necessary change in clothing. The belle of the season must not appear two nights in the same adornings. To excite the pride of her husband, she sent a paper containing an account of the last fete, in which her name shone most conspicuous of all the bright stars in that galaxy of beauty.

Charles received this letter in his counting-room, worn out with heat and overwork, and its contents were anything but gratifying to him. He had dismissed one of his clerks to lessen expenses, and was performing the extra labor himself. He had not even found time to leave the city for a day, but worked early and late and with renewed diligence, to make up for the unusual demands upon his purse. The hundred dollars was sent, accompanied by a gentle remonstrance, and a deep anxiety lest she should be injuring her health by this excess of dissipation in pleasure. He hinted at the time of her return, and proposed to go for her whenever she would appoint the day of her departure.

Clara had no desire to leave a place where she was winning such golden honors. It was not a slight thing to be the belle of Newport, and, consequently, the object of jealous envy from more wealthy and fashionable ladies than herself. A fortnight passed on, and the gay belle found no time to send a message to her husband, even to assure him of her health and safety.

Poor Charles! he was now reaping a small part of the retribution that was following upon the heels of his own misguided love. He had himself helped to make his wife what she really was. He had never uttered a word of kindly reproof, but every breath had helped to swell the tide of flattery, that for years had been bearing the poor victim far out into the sea of selfishness and frivolity. But he did not see this quite plainly yet. A still deeper experience was needed to open his eyes to his own part in the wrong. Clara was not wholly to blame. She lived as she had been taught to live, only on excitement and admiration.

Among the many admirers of the Newport belle, was an Italian count, who had lost all but his title and ancestral blood through some unlooked-for change in his native country, and came to America, resolved to prop himself up by hoisting the flag of his royal descent, and hoped by keeping this fact before the eyes of our people, to sail into high places of favor. He was accomplished and prepossessing in appearance, and like most of his countrymen, excelled in music. With these external advantages, he made himself very attractive to Clara. In fine, he was the favored attendant.

The fortnight at the seashore, extended to a summer at Newport. It was not possible for Clara to tear herself away from the enchanting round of pleasure. She became selfishly unmindful of the trouble she was bringing upon her faithful husband, and thought only of herself and her new friend. She was not aware of the dangerous ground on which she trod, as her fairy feet flew through the excited dance. She had never stood on this giddy pinnacle before, and knew not how a slight a misstep would plunge her from the dizzy height. She was borne on by the great whirlpool of fashion far out into deep, dangerous places. But she was as ignorant as a child of her danger.

Count Leanarto was flattered and gratified by his power over the beautiful woman. His ambition was first excited to become the victorious champion, and in pampering to this passion, he aroused more subtle feelings in his nature. He became greatly enamored, and with the impetuousness of his national character, gave evidence of his love by the most untiring devotion. Clara was blinded by her own life of excitement, and did not understand or believe the import of the count's attentions.

While these events were transpiring at Newport, Charles Le Grange had ample time and opportunity for reflection. At first, he was quiet and submissive, more for the love he bore for his wife, and from a natural desire to gratify all her wishes, than from any weakness of character. As the weeks passed by, he grew restless and miserable, and, at length, out of his deep experience, his resolution was formed. He saw the danger to which his wife was exposed, as no other person could, and he resolved to save her from the sorrow that might fall upon her unsuspecting head.

After mature reflection, Charles Le Grange took upon himself a disguise that afforded him perfect security, and made his way to Newport. Here he would mingle with the crowd, and watch his treasure from a distance, and yet be near to ward off danger if any should approach. His jealous love colored with the brightest tinge every little act, and the homage rendered to his fair and beautiful wife, seemed to him the foulest insult. He knew better than Clara, the real character that lay beneath the pleasing exterior of her many admirers.

On arriving at Newport, Charles made but little effort to gain acquaintances. His purpose would be better accomplished by a retired seclusion. He feared Clara might recognize him, should he be brought into her immediate presence. He stood afar off, listening to the remarks of the bystanders, and endeavored to learn from the popular current of conversation, the esteem in which she was held. He had never seen her in such a blaze of glory and beauty, and was bewildered by the splendor of her appearance. Had he not felt a painful interest in her, he would hardly have been able to suppress his feelings of admiration.

Charles Le Grange was a good man, and he believed in his heart that Clara was true to him, although he knew full well her weakness of character that required, and even exacted, constant homage from others. But now he saw, as he never before did, his own part in the fault. If danger fell upon her, he was partly responsible. What had he ever offered her but this same doating, blind devotion? Never had he opened his mind, with its wealth of knowledge and practical experience, to her, and taught her to prize it above flattery. For the first time in his life he saw his mistake, and with his generous nature resolved to atone for it.

His quick, jealous eye soon fell upon Count Leanarto, and unnoticed, he watched his path every hour when it was possible to gain access to him. He heard, as if by some supernatural power, the tender word of parting, and the delicate flatteries addressed to Clara on the balcony, after the dance had ceased. He followed her like a guardian angel, and never for a moment lost sight of the great purpose that inspired him.

Charles fancied he had often noticed a strange look on Clara's beautiful face, at times when she had been engaged in conversation with Count Leanarto. It expressed a vague fear, a slight foreboding of distrust and a breaking up of confidence. It indicated the power to which she was fast becoming subjected, and her inability to rise above and conquer it. He saw at times the bright smile instantly disappear, and a look of half reproach steal over her face, as if some word had been spoken she had no right to hear.

One evening a party were strolling together towards the beach. It was a moonlight evening, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the sea, with the soft light falling upon the water, and the white sails of little skiffs resting upon the waves. At a distance, one solitary wanderer paced up and down the beach, or occasionally seated himself by the rocks.

The gay party went down to the very edge of the water. For some time the conversation was general, but the beauty of the night tempted them in different directions, and in smaller groups the company separated and loitered slowly away in quiet strolls.

Clara and Count Leanarto were left alone, standing on the sand by the shore. For a few moments there was a silence between them, Clara being impressed with the glory of the moonlight sparkling upon the smooth sea, and her companion equally absorbed in his own contemplations. Then taking her arm, the count led Clara to a secluded seat under a shelving rock.

Charles followed the steps of his companions, without appearing to do so, and soon found himself so near as to distinguish their lowest tones, and was yet secreted from their view. He blushed when he thought of his position. It seemed mean and dishonorable to be dodging the steps of his own wife. But the thought of the danger surrounding her was the motive that prompted the act.

The influence of the evening was particularly inspiring, and the impetuous feelings of the count burst out into extravagant expressions of love and tenderness. Now for the first time did the scales fall from Clara's eyes, so that she saw clearly her position. Her vanity and ambition had been gratified, but her nature had remained faithful. She resented the words addressed to her by her companion, and with all the dignity of her outraged woman's nature threw back the insult offered to her wedded love.

But it was vain to strive to check the fountain pent up in the breast of the young count. In vain did she entreat and even command him to cease the expression of words that burned her very soul with shame. She found, too late for her influence, that her will was powerless, and that unconsciously she had been yielding to his stronger nature. He entreated her to fly with him to his beautiful Italy, and pictured in the most glowing colors the splendors of that rich, luxurious country. Clara would have torn herself from him, had she the power to do so; but her companion had clasped her arm, and, as if fearing to lose the prize, held her almost frantically in his strong grasp.

At this moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard approaching the beach. A terrible fear came over Clara. The carriage stopped at a near point, and Clara felt herself hurried across the sand of the beach.

"All stratagems are fair in love, my pretty Clara," said the insulting count. "I have prepared this little surprise for you."

At this moment a strong arm was laid upon the count, and a powerful grasp wrested the lady from his hold, and bore her swiftly on toward the carriage. The count was unprepared for resistance, and the surprise of the attack so unsettled him as to leave him no chance for regaining the lady.

"Take this lady to the —— Hotel!" said the stranger, with a voice that carried authority with it. "She has fainted, and must be taken immediately to her own room."

The coachman hesitated, not understanding the turn matters had taken.

"Go," said the rescuer, "and your most extravagant demands shall be satisfied."

At the promise of better remuneration, the coachman enlisted in the stranger's cause, and without further delay hurried the horses over the road. The count saw with deepest chagrin, the failure of his stratagem, and to avoid any personal exposure, left Newport in the early morning boat.

When Clara became again conscious, she raised her head that had been pillowed in her husband's arms, and joyfully gave vent to her feelings.

"O, Charles, my dear, true husband! from what danger have you rescued me? Take me home with you, and teach me in future how I can best prove myself worthy of your love."

"Do not reproach yourself, Clara; your danger is past. I am guilty in a participation of the wrong brought upon you. We will now begin a new life together, and God give us strength to persevere in it and be made better by the experience through which we have passed."

Clara was soon able to accompany her husband home to the city. The bitter trial through which she passed has taught her that there is something more noble for a woman to receive than admiration and flattery.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES WRITTEN BY MY MOTHER.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

Flushed with life but late I saw thee,
Spirits buoyant filled thy breast,
Visions gay of childish fancy
On thy bosom hope impressed.

But ere yet thy heart was tainted
With the love of vicious way,
Death had marked thee for a victim,
And thou fell his certain prey.

Then the flush of life forsook thee,
Paleness settled on thy brow,
And corruption plainly showed us
Man is mortal here below.

But the page of Inspiration,
Like the sunbeam lights our gloom,
And reveals to fainting nature
Scenes that lie beyond the tomb.

When the flight of time is finished,
Death no more can hold his prey,
And our nature's foul corruption
Quick as thought be purged away.

Life immortal! bloom celestial!
Then will animate the frame;
And throughout eternal ages
Live and bloom in heaven the same!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY CLEMENT ARNOLD.

"Among our passengers are Mr. Morton, his wife and infant daughter."—*Log of packet ship G——, on her voyage from the West Indies to London.*

Dear reader, that "infant daughter" is the subject of the present sketch, and numberless are the young ladies who have been made heroines, whose claims to the honor were far less than those possessed by Ernestine Morton. True, at the time I first saw her she was a mere baby, and the most unprepossessing one I ever beheld; but a few years made a wonderful change in the little creole.

Born at Demerara, of English parents—the last of a large family of children who had fallen victims to the climate—the child looked as if a whole lifetime of trouble were impressed on her brow, and her great sorrowful black eyes were almost unearthly in their wild melancholy.

Sallow and deathlike from the effects of the yellow fever, from which she had recovered as by a miracle, the poor infant was an object of compassion to all on board our vessel; and as the violent sea-sickness of Mrs. Morton prevented her from paying it proper attention, our lady passengers vied with each other in performing offices of kindness for the unfortunate little one.

For myself, I may as well confess that I took more pleasure in listening to Mr. Morton's flute, than I did in attending to the wants of his little daughter, who always impressed me with the unpleasant idea of being some fairy changling or half-spiritual being, employed, as my best-loved books informed me, in continually plotting evil. She never laughed like other children, and the low, pitiful wailing in which her sorrows were made known always made me shudder.

I loved music, hence my attachment to the instrument on which Mr. Morton so exquisitely performed; but my childish instincts all taught me to dislike the man himself, long ere I was old enough to understand his character. As I shall have occasion to mention him once or twice more, I may as well give a brief history of him at once.

I have said before that he was English. He had been a handmaster in one of the regiments then in the West Indies, but owing to his fondness for liquor he had been obliged to leave; he was a heartless, cruel man, as his treatment of his poor wife gave evident proof. She, though born in England, was of Irish parentage and a Catholic—circumstances which appeared to furnish him with an endless theme for reproach and ridicule. This conduct on board the ship was so disagreeable, that more than once our captain felt called upon to remonstrate with him; and even the ladies at times interfered to protect the helpless invalid from his unmanly insults.

Mrs. Morton's whole happiness appeared to be centred in the little infant Ernestine; and all who showed it kindness were thanked with a warmth that told more than words the depth of her feelings. The one on whom she particularly bestowed gratitude was young Vernon Ashford, the only son of one of our passengers, a fine boy of eight or nine years, and who became deeply attached to the little girl. For hours he would sit on the deck with the child in his arms, telling stories and singing songs; while she would look up in his face with her great dark eyes, until it seemed as though a more than mortal intelligence animated the glance. Mrs. Ashford, Vernon's mother, had lost her only daughter in infancy, and it was whispered on board the vessel that she had solicited Mrs. Morton to allow her to adopt little Ernestine—a request the mother had refused.

But poor Mrs. Morton did not live to complete the voyage. In very poor health when she came on board, the violent sea sickness utterly prostrated her; a severe cough came on, and hemorrhage of the lungs put a speedy end to a life there was every reason to believe had been an exceedingly unhappy one. Mr. Morton did not refuse the request that Mrs. Ashford renewed on his wife's death; and when our voyage was ended, the same carriage that came for the mother and son, also bore away the little girl to her new home.

During the six years that I remained in England, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the happiness of the child, who had come, as it were, to take the place of the lost daughter, and not on her own child could Mrs. Ashford have lavished more tenderness and affection. As my vacations were always partly spent at Ashford Manor, I also met young Vernon, and had every reason to believe that his boyish regard for little Ernestine was growing with his years. The little girl herself appeared to have but one care in the world, and that was the thought that her father had forgotten her. Of course she did not remember his looks, but his history was known to her, and she evidently grieved at his silence and apparent carelessness.

I imagined that Mrs. Ashford's fair brow grew clouded whenever the father's name was mentioned; and during the last visit I paid them previous to returning to my home, she scrupled not to tell me her fears lest he should some day return and claim her darling. Very imprudently, she had taken no legal means to make good her title to the child, knowing his utter inability to provide for it at that time; but now when years had rendered her unspeakably dear, and also unfolded and developed a surpassing intellect, joined to great promise of beauty, the adopted mother lived in continual dread of losing her, and bitterly bewailed her own imprudent neglect. It needed no very sharp sight to discover that the beloved stranger was to be trained up after her own heart, as a wife for her scarcely more beloved son. Alas! the hopes of the daughter, and the fears of the mother, were to be realized sooner than either dreamed of, and in a manner more distressing than either could have imagined.

As I did not learn the following particulars until long after they took place, I shall give them as they happened, without reference to the time that elapsed before they came to my knowledge. But before I proceed further with Ernestine's history, I must give some clearer idea of the position of the family into which she had been admitted. Mrs. Ashford was the widow of a gentleman of large fortune, and who, with his handsome estate, inherited an unstained name and very popular reputation. For many generations the family had dwelt in the old manor house, and the property had gone down from father to son, if not much increased, certainly not diminished.

Mrs. Ashford had been left by her husband sole guardian of the little Vernon; and not having those occasions for outlay that would have been necessary had there been a master at the mansion, and also having considerable property of her own, there was a fair prospect that the youthful heir would some day inherit a far richer estate than had ever heretofore been in the family. Their style of living was in accordance with the lady's good taste and love of refinement, but always with a due regard to unnecessary outlay; and a more elegant and happier home could scarcely have been found in all England, than the one in which little Ernestine dwelt until her tenth year.

It was but a short time before Vernon's summer vacation, and the household were busy in preparing all possible pleasant surprises for his enjoyment, when every one was astonished by the appearance of Mr. Morton, and dismayed by the announcement of his intention of removing the young lady from her kind friend's care. With mingled sorrow and anger, Mrs. Ashford remonstrated on the injustice of thus depriving her of one on whom she had bestowed so much; but her grief availed naught, and her anger had only the effect of provoking the cruel father to add to her trouble by proclaiming his intentions. Ernestine was destined to become an actress! Immovable in his resolution, he tore her from the arms that would have detained her; and three days after this unwelcome visit, Vernon returned to find his darling sister gone, and his mother dangerously ill.

He was now in his seventeenth year, and the boyish look of earlier days was changing into the deeper feelings of the man. It was therefore with a settled determination and unchangeable resolution, that he avowed his intention of never giving up the search or resting until he had found his lost sister; and deeply as the mother regretted his departure, she never by word or look gave him reason to change his purpose.

But time passed on, and disappointed, almost disheartened, he returned again and again to his home, and the result was still the same. True he had several times been on the eve of succeeding in his endeavors, but it seemed as if fate was determined to thwart him.

And Ernestine, how had she fared during all these years? Sadly enough. Thrown into society repugnant to her every feeling, pining for the motherly love that had become part of her very existence, and forced to undergo ceaseless drudgery, or suffer ill treatment at the hands of her unnatural parent, the poor girl had endured extreme misery. Mr. Morton had endeavored by every means in his power to overcome the horror his daughter experienced at the unlicensed conduct of those with whom he constantly placed her in contact; and enraged at her obstinacy, he refused to allow her to have the slightest communication with her friends, unceasingly striving to elude the pursuit of young Ashford.

For five years they had dwelt in France and Italy. Ernestine's musical education had been followed up, but never had Mr. Morton been able to induce her to appear in public. The best judges had pronounced her voice magnificent, and the most tempting offers had been made to her father by those whose business it is to cater for the public taste, to secure the services of his talented and beautiful daughter.

But threats and promises were alike unavailing in inducing the young girl to depart from her resolve. She would study, would eagerly seize on every opportunity of improving her talents, of adding to her knowledge, and perfecting herself in all graceful accomplishments, but never would she display those talents to the public, and the father threatened a fearful vengeance.

A constant frequenter of the gambling-houses of the city where he dwelt, Mr. Morton was frequently reduced to almost extreme poverty. After borrowing and begging all he could, he found himself one night in a Parisian saloon without one sou in his purse, and five hundred francs indebted to his antagonist. His antagonist, the Viscount M——, a young English nobleman of immense fortune, had the reputation of being one of the wildest young men of his time, and Mr. Morton had frequently heard the reports of his utter disregard of expense where his feelings were interested, and he immediately formed a diabolical plan, which he lost no time in carrying out.

I have not the inclination to give the particulars of the vile contract, whereby Mr. Morton, in return for a withdrawal of the young nobleman's claims on himself, and a large sum besides, freely and fully sold his child. The subject is too horrible to contemplate; and had it ended as the unnatural father expected, I should never have written this history of Ernestine Morton. But in him who had thus purchased her, the poor girl found a friend when she least expected.

Filled with horror at the conduct of Mr. Morton in thus sacrificing his child; charmed with her loveliness and grace, and deeply impressed by her sad history, Lord M—— made her an offer of his hand, with the assurance that in their short acquaintance she had won his heart already; but finding that the regard was not mutual, and that her feeling for himself was simply gratitude for his kindness, he placed her in a safe refuge, and returned to England to attend to his somewhat disarranged affairs at home, and also to be the bearer of good news to Ashford Manor. It was a strange coincidence, and served to enlist the young nobleman's sympathy for Miss Morton, that his own mother was a Vernon, and nearly related to Mrs. Ashford.

Words are incapable of describing that lady's feelings on learning from her young cousin the sufferings endured by her adopted child; and if Lord M—— had felt some disappointment at the termination of the affair, he was amply rewarded by his estimable relative's warm gratitude—a gratitude that was all the more valuable from knowing he deserved it. And the satisfaction was complete when he witnessed Vernon's unfeigned joy, and received warm thanks from one hitherto very shy of his society.

Mrs. Ashford, not being well enough in health to undertake the journey, despatched two of her most trusty dependents to bring home her long lost favorite, and every arrangement was made to ensure comfort and convenience to the stranger. It was with almost painful anxiety that her arrival was awaited by the mother and son, who came far on the way to meet her; and this anxiety gave way to astonishment at beholding the object of so many years and hopes. In the beautiful woman before her, Mrs. Ashford could find no trace of the very plain child she had so fondly loved in other days—save that those glorious eyes still seemed to read her very soul, and in their expression told of the unchanged heart of the affectionate girl.

To Vernon the wonderful change in his beloved was of little importance compared with the joyful knowledge that she was restored to them. He had loved her as an almost repulsively plain infant, he had loved her as a very ordinary looking child, and he could have loved her had she returned to him without one feature changed, so true was the sentiment with which he regarded her. But nevertheless he felt a glow of very natural pride, as he realized that in his bride the long line of Ashfords would receive no addition unsurpassed in beauty or elegance, if not of such patrician birth as some of his grandmothers had boasted.

They were married; and need I add that all Mrs. Ashford's hopes were realized—more than realized, and she never found reason to repent of having indulged her fancy by adopting a child of humble birth. Ashford Manor became the resort of a select circle, who took delight in flying from the gay vortex of fashionable society in the capital, to enjoy peace and repose in its romantic shades. And when Vernon beheld his lovely wife entertaining their guests, entrancing them with her magnificent voice and finished execution on her favorite harp, or with quiet dignity leading the conversation, while all listened deferentially to her sweet, sensible words, he ceased to regret the painful trial through which she had passed, since it had been the means of developing mental treasures, a calmer existence might never have brought forth. For more than a year after her marriage, Ernestine heard no tidings of her parent, and then a simple announcement of his death at an obscure lodging house in Paris was all that told his fate.

Among the most welcome guests at the manor, Vernon and his wife always included the young nobleman who acted so conspicuous a part in the latter's history. He had drunk deeply of the delusive draught misnamed pleasure; but having once experienced the happiness of performing good actions, even at the expense of selfish motives, he resolved to follow up the experiment, and found his efforts crowned with success. An almost broken-hearted mother restored to happiness, a conscience at peace, and an estate restored to its wonted prosperity, were some of the fruits of this most desirable change.

But satisfactory as was this result, a still more precious reward was in store for the truly reformed young man. An early and most suitable marriage had been broken off by the fair lady, in consequence of the well known habits of her intended; and when all was over, he found too late that his dearest hopes had been sacrificed to his folly. Now, however, the case was different; and the lady, finding that his reformation was complete, bestowed her hand on one to whom she had long before given her heart, thus completing his happiness and insuring his future well doing.

When I meet with any that write obscurely, or converse confusedly, I am to suspect two things: first, that such persons do not understand themselves; and secondly, that they are not worthy of being understood by others.—*Colton.*

FREDERICK S. COZZENS, ESQ.



FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made expressly for us by Barry, from a painting by Elliott, and is the portrait of a gentleman who has won an enviable position as a humorous writer, and whose name alone is suggestive of a thousand pleasant reminiscences. To be named as the "author of the Sparrowgrass Papers," would insure a warm reception from almost any circle within these broad United States; for both in its serial and book form, that happy compound of genial humor, acute observation and good-humored satire, cemented by eloquence, and even pathos, has penetrated every nook and corner of Uncle Sam's territory, disarming criticism, and provoking Homeric laughter in its triumphant progress. Mr. Cozzens hails from New York, and is one of the many men who have demonstrated the possibility of uniting commercial with literary pursuits. He is at once a man of business, a wit, a poet and humorist. Like many other literary New Yorkers, he has made his home on the banks of the classic Hudson; and it is from actual experience that he has presented us with the comic phases of a country life—those phases which develop themselves with peculiar richness to the man of the city when he becomes smitten with the love of green fields, and exhibits a corresponding verdancy in his first experiments of rural life; when he finds that urban sharpness is no match for the sharpness of rustics, and that Arcadian simplicity does not bear entire and controlling sway in the "rural districts." In his sparkling journal, the "Wine Press," Mr. Cozzens had given many proofs of his genius, his sparkling wit, his playful fancy and his quaint lore before becoming a contributor to Putnam's Magazine, in which he made a reputation by the "Sparrowgrass Papers," that will prove enduring. There is the greatest variety in these papers. Humor enters largely into the fabric, but there are the golden threads of poesy, and sentiment, and pathos, intimately blended and interwoven with the whole. The story of the "New Godiva" is a specimen of some of the higher-toned episodes in the book. But above all, the truthfulness of all its pictures of life is particularly praiseworthy. What amateur that has ever dealt in horses, does not acknowledge that the following sketch of the horse-trading portion of humanity is to the life?

"I have bought me a horse. As I had obtained some skill in the *manege* during my younger days, it was a matter of consideration to have a saddle-horse. It surprised me to find good saddle-horses very abundant soon after my consultation with the stage proprietor upon the topic. There were strange saddle-horses to sell almost every day. One man was very candid about his horse. He told me, if his horse had a blemish, he wouldn't wait to be asked about it, he would tell it right out; and if a man didn't want him then, he needn't take him. He also proposed to put him on trial for sixty days, giving his note for the amount paid him for the horse, to be taken up in case the animal was returned. I asked him what were the principal defects of the horse. He said he'd been fired once, because they thought he was spavined; but there was no more spavin to him than there was to a fresh laid egg—he was as sound as a dollar. I asked him if he would just state what were the defects of the horse. He answered, that he once had the pink-eye, and added, 'now that's honest.' I thought so, but proceeded to question him closely. I asked him if he had the bots. He said, not a bot. I asked him if he would go. He said he would go till he dropped down dead; just touch him with a whip, and he'll jump out of his hide. I inquired how old he was. He answered, just eight years, exactly; some men, he said, wanted to make their horses younger than they be—he was willing to speak right out, and own up that he was eight years. I asked him if there were any other objections. He said no, except that he was inclined to be a little gay; 'but,' he added, 'he is so kind, a child can drive him with a thread.' I asked him if he was a good family horse. He replied, that no lady that ever drew rein over him would be willing to part with him. Then I asked him his price. He answered, that no man could have bought him for a hundred dollars a month ago, but he was willing to sell him for seventy-five, on account of having a note to pay. This seemed such a very low price, that I was about saying I would take him, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass whispered, that I had better *see the horse first*. I confess I was a little afraid of losing my bargain by it, but out of deference to Mrs. S., I did ask to see the horse before I bought him. He said he would fetch him down. 'No man,' he added, 'ought to buy a horse unless he saw him.' When the horse came down, it struck me that, whatever his qualities were, his personal appearance was against him. One of his forelegs was shaped like the handle of our punch-ladle; and the remaining three legs, about the fetlock, were slightly bunchy. Besides, he had no tail to brag of; and his back had a very hollow sweep from his high haunches to his low shoulder-blades. I was much pleased, however, with the fondness and pride manifested by his owner, as he held up by both sides of the bridle the rather longish head of his horse, surmounting a neck shaped like a pea-pod, and said, in a sort of triumphant voice, 'three quarters blooded.'" The above extract, selected almost at random, will serve as a taste of the humorous quality of our author, which, as we have observed, is but one element of his versatile genius. We look upon Mr. Cozzens as one of our most reliable writers. He is still young, and we trust that it will be our pleasant task to chronicle, in succession, a series of volumes from his gifted pen.

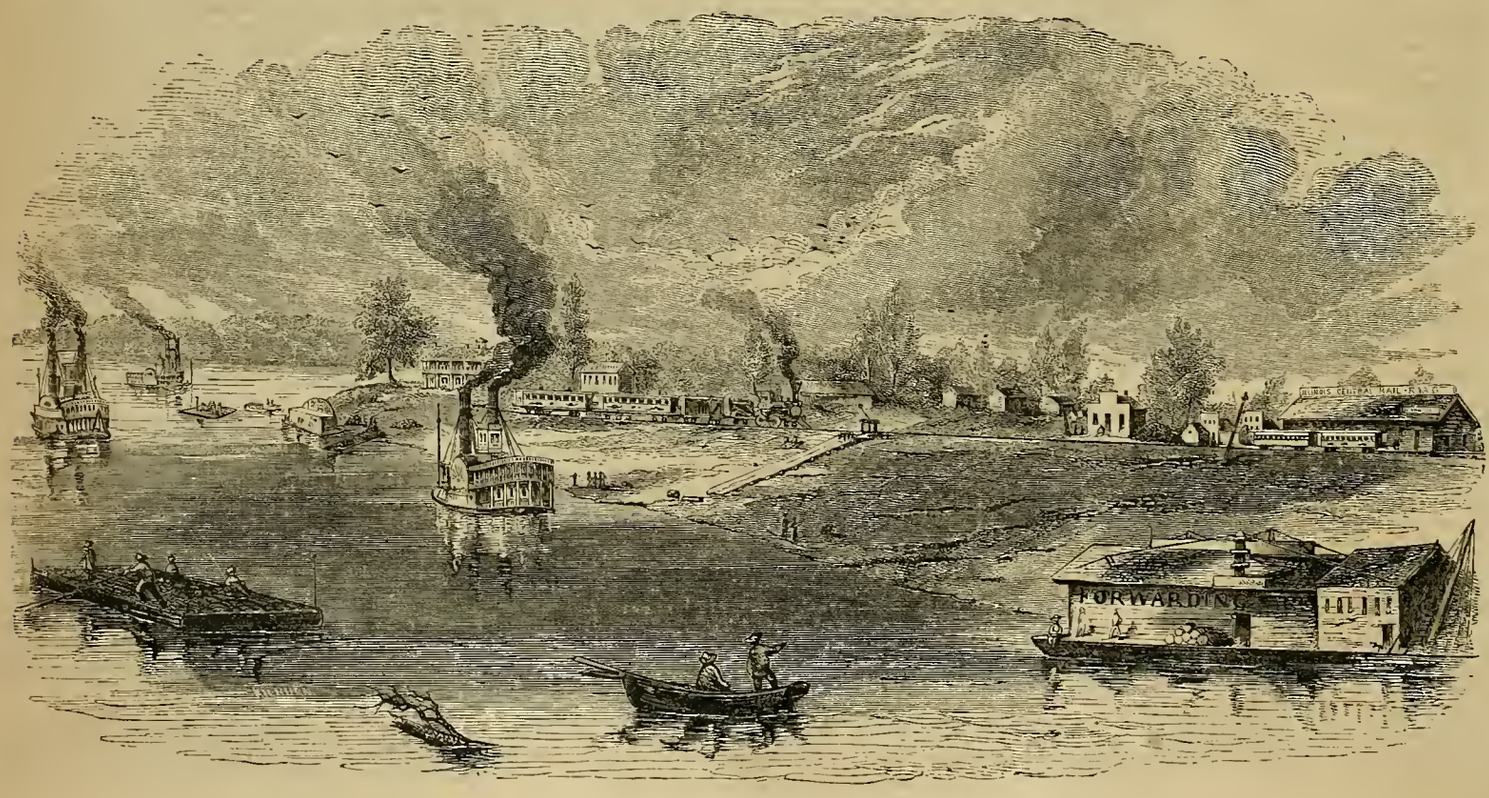
Hardly a man, whatever his circumstances and situation, but if you get his confidence, will tell you that he is not happy. It is however certain all men are not unhappy in the same degree,—though by these accounts we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be accounted for, by supposing that all men measure the happiness they possess by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve?—*Greville.*

THE CITY OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

The city of Cairo, Illinois, of which we herewith present an accurate view, drawn recently for us by Mr. Kilburn, is situated at the mouth of the Ohio River, and at the junction of that stream with the Mississippi. This is a place much sought after by travellers on the river—more from the celebrity of what it was to be, than what it is at the present time. Great disappointment will, therefore, be felt in taking the first view of Cairo, and learning that it has a population of less than two hundred souls. The levee or bank in front of the town is several miles long, and artificial, and is said to have cost a million of dollars. The Rothschilds, the celebrated bankers, were deeply interested in the success of this place. There is no question but this is a most admirable site for a large city, being in the centre of the great Mississippi valley, about a thousand miles from Pittsburg, at the head of the Ohio, and the same distance from New Orleans and the Falls of St. Anthony. The great obstacles that hinder the growth of Cairo are the extreme lowness of the ground, and the consequent unhealthiness of the place. It is greatly in danger of being overflowed, the Ohio having been known to rise sixty feet. It is the southern terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, the depot of which is seen in our picture. The state of the water was moderate at the time of our sketch; at high water it rises to the top of the levee or bank.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

For some time past, Mr. Isaacs, a dealer in dry goods, on the corner of John and Nassau Streets, New York, has been annoyed at intervals by the disappearance from his establishment of pieces of costly ribbons, silks, satins, velvets, and other rich goods. A few days since, one of his customers—a lady "of the highest respectability," residing in Jersey City—called in her carriage, accompanied by a little girl, and, after making a number of purchases from one of the clerks, was on the point of leaving, when another lady, who was in the store at the time, informed Mr. Isaacs, who was busy in another part of the store, that she had seen the Jersey City lady purloin and secrete three pieces of costly ribbon. A short time previous to this, Mr. Isaacs had discharged an employee for accusing this same lady of theft, and he was consequently considerably startled at this new charge against her. He was still doubtful, however, and addressing his informant, he said: "You must be mistaken. It cannot be possible that Mrs. —— would descend to so low a crime as theft! Why, she belongs to one of the first families in Jersey City!"—"I can't help that," said the informant, "I saw her secrete the ribbon."—"Will you accuse her to her face?" asked Mr. Isaacs. "Certainly; I am never ashamed of the truth." Approaching the Jersey City lady just as she was about entering her carriage, Mr. I. touched her upon her shoulder, and requested her to step back into the store for a moment. She unhesitatingly complied with his request, and when they reached the spot where the accuser stood, Mr. I. said, addressing his customer, "Mrs. ——, this lady accuses you of having purloined and secreted three pieces of that costly ribbon at which you were looking." For a moment the lady seemed startled, but instantly regaining her self-possession, she replied, "Well, Mr. Isaacs, I *did* steal them, but I hope you will not expose me." Isaacs could scarcely believe his ears. He then accused her of having committed numerous former thefts of a like character. "I have," said she, bursting into tears, "but don't expose me, and you shall be compensated for your losses. The desire to steal has become a monomania with me, and I cannot help it." Then, placing her hands behind her, she took from the opening of her dress the ribbon, together with a number of other articles, saying, "Here is your property, and if you will say nothing about it, I will pay you $1000 to cover my past indebtedness." Mr. Isaacs told her he only wanted the goods which she had stolen. These she agreed to restore as far as she could do so, and accompanying her to her home in Jersey City, she brought forth goods to the amount of $700, which she had from time to time stolen from him.—*New York Despatch.*



VIEW OF CAIRO, JUNCTION OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.

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Ballou's Dollar Monthly may always be found for sale at all the periodical depots, for *ten cents* per single number. But the way to obtain it at the *earliest* moment after publication, is to enclose one dollar to our address, and become a regular subscriber.

A new way to learn to sing.—Prof. A. N. Johnson, the well-known author of "Johnson's System of Thorough Base," has perfected a system for instruction in vocal music, by which the learner is taught and enabled to remember the exact position of the vocal organs necessary to produce any given singing tone, thereby rendering it certain that every tone will be pure, mellow and perfect tone. It is called the physiological system of vocal music. This valuable work is published by Murray Young & Co., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

A new Story.—We shall commence in the next number of Ballou's Pictorial, a new novelette, from the pen of that favorite authoress, Mrs. Caroline Orne, entitled: "The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." We need not say one word in commendation of this delightful tale. The reputation of the authoress is a guarantee for its beauty of conception and excellence of finish.

The Harvest.—We have an abundant one, thank Providence, all over this prosperous land.

SPLINTERS.

.... In England, a man named Dunn has been writing love-letters to the Princess Mary. A very troublesome dun!

.... Jenny Lind seems determined not to give the Parisians an opportunity of criticising her fine voice.

.... Dante's motto, "Leave all hope behind who enter here," ought to be inscribed on certain railway cars.

.... The church revenues in Mexico have been largely appropriated by the state. They used to be very large.

.... The new ballet of the "Corsair," now playing in London, is said to have been invented by the empress of France.

.... Palmer, the English poisoner, was said to have made an indirect confession of his guilt to the Suffolk jailer.

.... It is said that the attachés to the French embassy to St. Petersburg paid 50,000 francs apiece for the honor.

.... Two amateur fishermen at Long Branch lately caught 404 pounds of blue fish in two and a half hours.

.... The first Presbyterian church in this country was organized in Philadelphia in the year 1698.

.... Missionaries have lately been very successful among the Choctaws. There are 1494 Choctaw communicants.

.... The Virginia gold mines are said to be yielding very well. The Mitchell mine has been valued at $15,000.

.... The crops in Southern Russia are coming in well, but little grain will be exported thence this year.

.... In Santa Barbara, California, raising pears for the San Francisco market is a good business.

.... Emigration from China to California, checked for a season, has lately been resumed vigorously.

.... A movement is on foot to obtain by subscription an equestrian statue of Washington for Boston Common.

.... There are said to be 68,700 Mormons in this country, of whom 38,000 are in Utah.

.... The Mount Vernon Street Church (Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk's) will re open in September.

.... A great excitement was raised in Paris because the Empress Eugenie stooped to pick up a fan!

.... Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has been playing with the greatest success at the California theatres.

"TOO LATE!"

"Too late!" How often do these despairing words fall upon the ear from lips of those who are urged to arouse themselves from a state of lethargic apathy, to perform some good deed, to achieve some high aim, to make some onward movement in the great army of humanity. "Why don't you set out trees?" says the lover of nature and of beauty, to the old settler who has grown gray in the unpainted house, on which the unfenced suns of summer and the pitiless storms of winter have beaten for more than half a century. "It is too late! I am old—my sands are numbered—it wont pay—it is too late!" Even the middle-aged man, who daily deplores his want of early educational advantages, when urged to employ his tardy leisure in supplying his deficiencies, will shake his head and reply, sadly, "It is too late!" "Give up the wine-cup—throw up the cards!" you cry to the inebriate and the gambler. "It is too late!" The words ring out the funeral knell of departed hope and vanished resolution.

But they are fatally false words. It is *never* too late. Your vessel is on a lee shore—the dismal sound of breakers rings through your ears—the wind is howling through your rigging. Shall you say it is "too late" and sit down to await the crash? No! spring to the work—bend every energy to the duty of self preservation—brace up your yards, jam your helm a-port, and, God aiding, you will weather the reef.

"Come wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

"It is never too late!" such should be the brave watchword of every true soldier in the battle of life.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success—
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

The world around us is full of examples of what may be accomplished by energetic men advanced in years, acting on the invigorating motto—"never too late." Aged men who have taken to tree planting have lived to see forests of which they sowed the seed or set out the tender saplings flourish in majesty around them; middle-aged men without education, have set themselves to study and become accomplished scholars; literary reputations have been conquered at a very late period in life. The very best novels ever written, Don Quixote, for example, have been written by men well advanced in the pathway to the grave.

Of course these late achievements and successes are not to be won by fast livers—men who have been prodigal of the energies of life in its outset—who have worn themselves down in the pursuit of gold or pleasure in the first few years of existence. Such must be content to drift down the tide towards the ocean of eternity, shattered waifs and wrecks. But to those who have not wasted the golden gift of life—to those who in the winter of their days, rejoice in a perpetual summer of the heart—to such there is no significance in the words "too late." In connection they do not exist in their lexicon. Each day witnesses some new exertion of mind—some fresh expansion of heart—bringing back their rich returns like bread cast upon the waters. To such men ennobling and elevating pursuits have their charm even to the very latest day and hour of existence, and they repose at last,

"With cross and garland over their green turf,
And their grandchildren's praise for epitaph."

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

The first distinguished Roman who "saw the elephant" was Fabius. Pyrrhus, in invading Italy, carried a large number with him, to carry destruction and terror into the Roman ranks. While Fabius, who was on a diplomatic mission to the invader, and who had the day previous refused a heavy bribe to turn traitor to his country, was suddenly, by the raising of a curtain, treated to a sight of one of the largest of the Asiatic monsters. He took it very coolly, however, and remarked, "The sight of your elephant to-day terrifies me no more than did that of your gold seduce me yesterday." But it was really a trial; for when Alexander the Great first saw a line of elephants drawn up in front of Porus's army, stretching forth their snake-like trunks, and uttering their wild trumpet-notes of defiance, he declared that he had never before encountered an enemy so worthy of his courage. These were gratuitous exhibitions, however; now-a-days one can't "see the elephant" without paying handsomely for it.

France.—Late letters from France inform us that there is no danger of the overthrow of the government of Louis Napoleon, though an outbreak may be attempted by some of the secret revolutionary societies. The soldiers are true to a man, and would shoot revolutionists like dogs—business men dread the disturbance of commercial affairs, and men of property, large and small, see that a change of government could only be effected by wholesale slaughter, followed by pillage and the guillotine.

Back Numbers.—We can supply any one or all of the back numbers of our Pictorial from the commencement of the work. Single numbers six cents each. The ten volumes complete, elegantly bound, for *twenty dollars*, a splendid illustrated library in themselves, and of immense value in any family circle.

The Dog of the Regiment.—There is a dog belonging to the "Guards," lately returned to London from the Crimea, who was under fire at Alma and Balaklava, and wounded in the leg at Inkermann. He is a great pet of the soldiers.

Unequalled.—Subscribers pour in upon us at the rate of nearly *one thousand per week* for Ballou's Dollar Monthly, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Loss of Men.—The English *say* they lost but 20,000 men by the Russian war, but the truth is, they lost nearly 50,000

"HOT—HOTTER—HOTTEST."

We have passed through these degrees of comparison during the summer now drawing to a close, and now, that the nights are lengthening and growing endurable, and our friend John Frost, Esq., may soon be expected to visit us, we look back to what we have endured, as the soldier who aided in the storm of the Malakoff looks back to those days of fire. We have reason to exult. We have passed through a furnace seven times heated, and have come out unscathed. Our brains were neither baked nor liquified, and we retain our full complement of legs and arms. Talk of the tropics! Why, noontide on the Alameda at Havana is nothing to what we have gloriously endured. St Lawrence was broiled on a gridiron, but perished in the experiment. We were broiled figuratively on a gridiron, and have survived—that's the exact difference between a martyr and an editor. It was nice fun, though, writing editorials towards the last of July and the beginning of this month, with the thermometer at 95° in the shade, suggestive, certainly, of "earning your bread by the sweat of your brow;" but we did it. We have a faint recollection, one day, when we felt particularly spiteful, rather disgusted with the course of the weather, and voting the "procession of the equinoxes," or whatever else the scientific men term it, meaner than a fourth of July procession,—we recollect, we say, about that time, in a Mephistophelian mood, advising our readers to "keep cool." Ha! ha! we knew they couldn't do it; we knew it would only aggravate them and make them hotter; but we wanted everybody else to be as miserable as ourselves. We are afraid to say how many tumblers of soda we swallowed after the perpetration of that effusion. We well remember meditating a desertion of our post—even went so far as to write to the British admiralty to know about that expedition to the Arctic regions—"positively the very last" to be undertaken in search of the very last remains of Sir John Franklin. We hunted up a file of last winter's papers, and read about people freezing to death, and envied them the luxury of their fate. But we have grown calmer now. We are soon to pass the threshold of autumn, the most glorious season in the world in New England. We feel capable of prodigious pedestrian excursions, of gigantic literary labors, of anything and everything requiring nerve, and, once more, we are happy.

Boston.—Statistics show that this city has maintained its reputation, during the present summer, as being the healthiest locality in the United States. This result is as much attributable to the strict sanitary measures observed by the city authorities as to natural advantages.

Hay.—The hay crop this year equals in value that great staple in this country—cotton.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr Caldicott, Mr. Samuel Merrill, of Surry, Me., to Miss Anna S. Hinkley, of Bluehill, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. George B. Elkins to Miss Laura J. Erskin; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. George Bancroft to Miss Mary E. McKelzher; by Rev. Mr. Benouf, Mr. Joseph Scarlet to Mrs. Henrietta Pusey; by Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. James Watkins to Miss Lucretia Orne Davis; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Richard S. Carpenter, of Foxborough, to Miss Ann M. Cressey, of Rowley.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John F. Dyer to Miss Helen E. Smith.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Charles T. Jenkins, of West Cambridge, to Miss Josephine W. Strong.—At Lynn, Mr. Thomas R. Pierce to Miss Mary E. Miller, both of New Bedford.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. George W. Kent to Miss Mary E. Fisher.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Pierce, Mr. Thomas Latter to Miss Ann Lane.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr Vermilye, Mr. Samuel Collins to Mrs. Agnes Wallace.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Stephen G. Russell to Miss Hannah T. Shiverick.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Nathan Oscar to Miss Mary Jane Walker.—At Gardiner, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Hollis Thompson to Miss Maria L. Jaquith.—At Norton, by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Henry G. Warren to Miss Eliza Wilbur.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Anna M. Keach, 23; Mr. John Sylvester Gardiner, 28; Miss Mary O'Brien, 19; Mrs. Catherine Foote, 48; Mr. James Fitzgerald, 25; Mr. George Doherty, 23; Mr. Robert Shannon, 30; Mr. Hugh McIntire, 40.—At Chelsea, Mr. John Snelling, 44.—At Cambridge, Mr. Charles G Comer, 27. At Cambridgeport, Mr. Nathan H Nutting, 25.—At West Cambridge, Mr. George Lee, 83.—At West Roxbury, Mr. Thomas Bowthorpe, 68.—At Winchester, Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Mr. Charles N. Crain, 21.—At Woburn, Mrs. Sarah A. B., wife of Mr. William M. Barron, of Marietta, Ga., 30.—At Quincy, Mrs. Maria A. P. Beal, 53.—At Norton, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. William Reldon, 23.—At Salem, Widow Lucretia Pope, 81; Widow Nancy Hood, 88.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Margaret J., wife of Mr. John M. Wood, 23; Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Mr. Fitz J. Hinckley, 20.—At Stoughton, Mr. David Packard, 35.—At Ballardvale, Mrs. Jane Morrison, 78.—At New Bedford, Miss Mary E. Blain, 19.—At Bernardston, Mr. Oliver Root, 78.—At Orange, Mr. Peter Cheney, 66.—At Attleboro', Mrs. Catharine, wife of Jonathan Ellis, Esq., of this city, 52.—At Springfield, Mrs. Mary White, 70.—At Chicopee Falls, Mrs. Henrietta O. Stiles, 29.—At Lunenburg, Mrs. Mary Putnam, 82.—At New Salem, Mr William Cogswell, 76.—At Pawtucket, R. I., Hon. James C. Starkweather, 61.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY BROTHER'S STAR.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

[Early, very early, this morning I arose, and the first object that attracted my attention was the bright morning-star, peering down the calm ether in silent majesty: my thoughts naturally reverted to my brother.]

Wake, boy awake! thy day-star bright is beaming,
Hung in the zenith, like a lamp afar:
Wake, boy, awake! the morning light, on-streaming,
Devours with glory thy bright matin star!

Wake, boy, awake! its mellow lustre, dying,
Like softest gleam of moonbeam, floats afar:
Wake, boy, awake! or thy bright glory, flying,
Will wane, as beams away thy morning star!

Wake, boy, awake! prepare for days of glory;
Arm thee for passion's tempest—duty's war!
Wake! boy, awake! Let no ignoble story
Be mine to tell, boy of the golden star!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLIND BOY.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"Take care, Harry!" said Bella Verner, to her little brother, as the child grasped a branch of a tree nearest him. It was in a violent thunder storm, and the two were out together in the field near their father's house. The tree was a large one, but there were one or two branches growing very low down, and to one of these Harry clung. "Take care, dear," repeated Bella, "I have heard that it is dangerous to touch a tree or to be near one." She spoke too late, for already the flash had struck the tree, and shrivelled up the leaves, and charred the branches, and even split the huge trunk.

For a moment Bella staggered, and then she ran up to Harry. Apparently he was unhurt, but he had a strange, bewildered look upon his face that frightened her.

"Harry, Harry, speak to me, love; tell me if you are hurt?"

"I cannot see you, Bella. Where are you?"

Not seeing her, with his eyes fastened directly upon her countenance! How could that be? Into her mind a thought, terrible almost as death, suddenly darted. She had heard of people struck blind with lightning, and the dreadful truth took possession of her faculties. She threw herself on the wet ground sobbing aloud.

"Where are you, dear Bella?" again repeated that little mournful voice; and she roused herself up to take the child to her arms.

It was with a sense of oppressive awe that she led him carefully home. His touching questions upon the nature of his calamity, pierced the heart of the affectionate sister. She could not tell him that he was never again to behold the green carpet of the earth, the soft blue of the sky, the flowers and the stars. She could not bring home to him the sad truth that henceforth he must be dependent on other eyes—that his own would never again gaze on the friends he loved, or the pleasant scenes which had been so precious to his young heart.

She turned heartsick as she came within sight of the house; she had no mother to go to with this sorrow, for her mother had long since died—died when Harry was born. She alone must bear this trouble until her father should return from his long voyage. No relation, competent to advise or assist her, could she remember to summon to her aid. She laid Harry down upon the couch, and sent the servant for Doctor Morris. When he came, his look told her all that she had foreboded. Her lip quivered, but she tried to be firm, and the doctor promised to befriend her.

"You have got your life's work planned out for you, Bella," said the good doctor; "but I know you will do it bravely and well." To the child he gave soothing and tender words, and then Bella was left alone to finish the task of self-sacrifice—to weave the first flower into the chaplet, which should adorn her youthful brow with greater honor and glory than a queen's diadem.

It was up-hill work at first, and Harry grew fretful and peevish under his terrible privation; but he soon became calm and reconciled. Bella at first devoted night and day to him, and almost wore herself out with the constant watching which this involved. Subsequently she learned to save herself, bright and fresh, for those hours when he most needed her. She drew around him little companions, whose society was pleasant and refreshing to him; and when they were near, availed herself of the opportunity of changing her employments, or varying the scene for herself.

There was a boy in the village, who was bound by ties of gratitude to Captain Verner's family. This boy offered his services for a certain number of hours every day to relieve Bella. He was engaged in an occupation which left his morning hours free; and Bella gladly engaged him for a term of months, promising that when her father returned he should lose nothing by the sacrifice.

It was sweet to see the unselfish surrender which the sister made of herself to the blind child. No persuasion could induce her to be absent a single day without him; and as any change of place annoyed him, she forebore to visit. Still, she gathered around her the friends in whom the child most delighted, and the hours devoted to music, reading and walking or riding in the open air, were as happy to Harry as to the rest.

To cultivate his musical talent was now Bella's desire; and even before his father's return, he had learned to play and sing very sweetly. One person, who had stayed for some time in an asylum for the blind, and had eventually recovered her sight, offered to teach him various little arts, which contributed greatly to his happiness.

Things were in this state when Captain Verner arrived. The good ship anchored with flags all streaming in the harbor, but the blind child saw it not. The father went hastily to his home, and clasped the children in his loving embrace. His cheek was sunburnt and brown with exposure, and Harry's soft hand played with his hair, now turning to silver, but the child saw neither silver nor brown. He only heard his father's voice, and felt his tears when he told him that he was blind—for with all Bella's bravery, she could not tell him.

It was a hard thing for the father to hear, but men shake off these things sooner than women; and he was laughing with Harry long before Bella had recovered herself from her weeping.

"I will take him to London or Paris," said Captain Verner, "and I believe they can cure him there." He did so, but with no success; and the voyage wearied the child to no purpose.

"Leave him to me, dear father," said Bella. "I can manage him best." And he gave up interfering with her quiet, simple mode of making Harry happy.

Among Captain Verner's passengers was a gentleman, whose name was Christie, to whom he felt obliged to extend an invitation for a visit of several days. He accepted it, had his trunks brought, and established himself without ceremony. The first two days Bella was absent with Harry from six o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, and consequently did not see Mr. Christie. The third morning they met at breakfast, and the young man was evidently struck with her beauty, and her attention to her brother. It made an impression upon him that could not be effaced without an effort that he did not seem disposed to make.

Captain Verner evidently thought very highly of his guest, and it must be owned that Bella was not indifferent; and yet she treated him somewhat distantly. She knew not why she did this, except that ever since he had been received on such intimate terms into the house, he had appeared jealous of her attentions to poor little Harry. She had tried to think that this was not the case; that her affection for Harry made her think this—but it was too evident. He invented every possible excuse to get her away from the boy, who clung to her more than ever since his father's unsuccessful attempts at getting him cured. He seemed afraid that he was meditating another, and the very sound of the sea made Harry sick at heart; but still more he seemed to dread leaving Bella with Mr. Christie. He had an intuitive sense that he wished him away, and, childlike, he resisted him with a pertinacity which very much provoked their guest.

"*You* do not wish me to go, Bella, do you?" he whispered to her, one fine afternoon, when Mr. Christie had been urging him to go out into the garden with little Julia Arnold, the child of their next door neighbor.

"No, indeed; stay love, if you wish to," she answered. She was vexed to see that Christie's brow grew dark as she said this.

"You will spoil that boy, Miss Verner," he said, after a pause. "Already he is out of your power to manage."

"I do not *manage* Harry," she said, proudly; "there is too good blood in Harry's veins to manage or to spoil."

Christie saw that she was offended, and probably he thought that this was no time to urge his suit; but when Harry was in bed, he sought her again, and told her his purpose.

"I cannot be your wife, nor that of any other, Mr. Christie," she said, anxious to make her refusal as easy as possible. "I am married to Duty, already," she added, smiling.

"Your best years have already been sacrificed," said he, "to this idle phantom, duty. Have you no heart—no feeling to provide for? Is your whole life to be a sacrifice to this child?"

"If God sees fit to make it so," she answered, "I will never voluntarily separate myself from Harry. No other love can be to him what mine is. No other love has yet been to me like his." She closed her eyes tightly, but a few tears came between the shut lids and overflowed them.

Christie's brow darkened again. His resolution had been taken that morning to win her love before the day was past, and separate her from Harry through that love. He was angry to find himself baffled by her firmness; he had not counted upon it. Indeed, he had deprived himself of the best claim he, or any one else, could have had to her love; for had he not so obviously wished her to discard the child from her care, she might have returned his love.

There was a struggle in Christie's breast between selfishness and generosity, and the latter prevailed, only because the former was likely to be benefited by it; and he very magnanimously offered to let Harry remain with her. But the concession came all too late. Her rejection was positive—definite; nothing could alter her determination.

And yet, when he was gone, Bella *did* sink down into a state of loneliness, which was very trying to a spirit so buoyant by nature as hers. She covered her eyes with her hands, and the tears fell fast over them; she thought of her future lonely life, with scarce a tie, save this little child. "And what would he be, hereft of his sister?" she thought—and in a moment sunshine sprang goldenly and warm upon her vanishing hopes. "Dear Harry," she murmured, "you are more to me than a thousand lovers, after all!"

"What is that, dearest Bella, about lovers?" said Harry, whose quick ear caught the sound of her voice.

"*I* love *you*, Harry," she said, affectionately, as she drew his arm within hers. "Come, let us go down to that sweet dell again." And the two went away together, Bella glad that she had resisted this temptation. For she could not deny to herself, that anything that called her from the monotonous life which she was living was a temptation; although, under different circumstances, it might not have been difficult, or even any effort to resist it. But for a moment she had thought that it might be pleasant enough to be Horace Christie's wife; to travel, as he proposed to do, in those far lands where her imagination had often wandered; to be for a while the *protected*, instead of the *protector*.

She had but to feel the weight of Harry's little hand upon her arm for a moment, to make her think that she was wicked and unprincipled to harbor such a thought. She could and would banish Horace Christie forever from her heart—almost from her memory. At least, she would not weakly sit down and repine. Harry's life must be made as happy as his state would admit; and in all the vicissitudes of his pilgrimage, as they were likely to occur, whose hand could tend him like his sister's? So that dream passed; and Bella turned her eye steadily towards duty, and called it happiness.

"Are you weeping, dearest Bella?" said Harry, one evening, when they sat by the deep bay window, so heavily garlanded with roses and honeysuckle. The full round moon was looking down upon Harry's sightless eyes, and she was thinking of his future, and how sad it was that, of all this returning of the season's glorious beauty, those eyes could never behold a single ray.

"Not for myself, darling," she murmured, as the bright tears flashed in the moonlight, and fell upon Harry's white hand.

"For me, then, is it?" said the boy. "O, dearest sister, do not weep for Harry. Do you not know what beautiful sights I have of heaven? I can see mother there, and our little sister, and the holy angels; and once, Bella, I thought I saw another—far more glorious—I cannot tell you who it was, but some time you will see him, too."

Bella checked him. "It is not good for you, my love, this excitement. Be quiet now, and I will sing you to sleep." And she sang the "Evening Hymn;" and the boy leaned his head upon her arm and slept heavily, until she roused him to retire for the night.

As she laid him in his little bed, and kissed his fair, pale cheek and waxen eyelids again and again, she reproached herself for ever thinking of any other life than to watch over him. Still she was lonely. Captain Verner was again far over the sea, and her only companions were Harry and the two servants; for Lawrence Gaffield, the boy who waited on Harry, had now taken up his abode with them entirely, as she needed some one in her father's absence besides Alice.

The summer was intensely hot, and Harry's weak frame seemed to droop beneath its sultry influence. Doctor Morris advised sea-bathing; and as his own family were going for a few weeks to a watering place, he proposed that Bella should take her whole household and accompany them. The change was both pleasant and beneficial to Harry. It was the first time that he had shown pleasure at being away from home; but he had heard Doctor Morris say that Bella herself looked pale and worn, and he was delighted to have her go to the seaside, as a means of comfort to herself. So, with his usual unselfishness, he declared that he really wanted to go, and that he would not shrink at all when Lawrence should put him into the sea, if only Bella would go too.

They went to the seaside, and the clear, bracing air strengthened Harry's feeble limbs, and brought back the rose hue to Bella's cheek. Harry was very brave in the water, and did not struggle when Lawrence let the great waves rush over them. But one day, Lawrence was seized with cramp, and lost hold of the boy, and Bella and Alice were powerless to save him. In that moment of time, all of sorrow that life could give seemed concentrated in the breast of the devoted sister, and had not some one caught her, she must have gone down.

Borne senseless to the beach, she lay without motion until Harry had been rescued and lain beside her. Then she opened her eyes and saw Harry's preserver standing over the lifeless boy, and trying to restore him. It was a face that she could never forget, the one she saw now. Twice she had seen it in her dreams. At any rate, it was a face worth remembering. The head was crowned with a wealth of shining curls lying wet and heavy around the forehead; while the eyes seemed to look into Bella's very soul. Alice was rubbing Harry's limbs, and the gentleman turned to support her in rising. At the thought of the wet, cheerless-looking group which they presented to the view of the gazers on the rocks, Bella could not forbear laughing, now that she knew all was safe.

"I am Howard Preston," he said, as he bowed to her at the door of the bathing-room.

"And I am Bell Verner," she rejoined, and they parted.

Evening brought Mr. Preston. Bella had recovered entirely, and Harry partially, from the effects of the morning adventure. They were better acquainted now than they could have been by a month of fashionable calls. Mornings passed on the beach, and afternoons devoted to Harry's amusement, soon made them intimate; and when at the end of a fortnight they separated, it was with the promise of a week's visit at the doctor's in September.

* * * * * * * *

"I wonder what has become of Preston?" said the doctor, when the twentieth of September arrived, and he had not come.

"Hush," said little Harry, "Mr. Preston is coming up the gravel walk this very minute."

The trees hid his form from their eyes, but Harry's nice ear had distinguished his footsteps. Bella blushed and withdrew to the shadow of the heavy window curtain, where she sat playing with the tassels, and trying to look unconscious of his approach.

Preston's eyes were full now of a soft light as he approached her, and one look into that face told her a new history. Howard Preston loved her, and he told her so that very night, as they wandered off upon the smooth beach together. It was late when they returned, but all was settled. They were to be married when her father returned, and Harry was never to leave her.

How sweetly did Bella's life flow on now! Was Horace Christie forgotten? He was; or if remembered at all, it was with such memory as we give those about whom we are perfectly indifferent. *This* friend was Harry's friend also, and to none other could she give her heart. Who loved Bella, must find room also in their heart of hearts for Harry, too.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

One year ago the town of Clinton, in Iowa, on the Mississippi, was not known on any map of Iowa. To-day it contains a population of 1000 souls. —— At the Crystal Palace in London, when the fountains are in full operation, they have eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight jets playing, and the quantity of water displayed simultaneously in them is about one hundred and twenty thousand gallons per minute. —— The Buffalo Courier is informed that the ill-starred steamer Northern Indiana was valued by her owners at $200,000, and that she was not insured. —— During a severe storm in St. Albans, Vt., a young lady who was hooped up in extreme fashion, while on her way from church, was lifted up by the wind and borne quite a distance, but landed without serious damage to herself. —— A flock of swallows attacked a man in Salem, recently, and it was with difficulty that defended his face from their assaults. —— While some men were mowing a field in Worsley, Eng., one of them killed a leveret, which was found to have seven legs, one with two perfectly formed feet, three eyes and three ears. —— Washington Irving was paid twenty thousand dollars for the English copyright of his "Life of Columbus." —— Mr. John Burford, landscape painter, a native of England, but for a long time resident of New York, was run over recently by one of the cars of the Second Avenue Railroad and killed. —— At Newport, Ky., a pedler shot a deformed girl who refused to marry him because of her own defects. He then committed suicide. —— An exchange says, that restless and crying infants may frequently be relieved and quieted by a draught of cold water. Who knows but this simple agent might profitably supersede both spanking and paregoric? —— On one of the railroads in France, excellent beds are furnished to the passengers at the extra charge of two cents only. —— The Birmingham (Eng.) play-bills announce the re-engagement of "Sir Wm. Don, Baronet, late Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 5th Dragoon Guards, and Aide-de-Camp to his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." The papers say he plays too much as if he considered the whole thing a good joke. —— Mr. Emory, a London actor of considerable prominence in character parts of a heavy nature, is about coming to this country. —— Under the head of "Funeral Expenses," an Irish paper states that the proprietor of the Roscommon Journal obtained a verdict of £25 damages against the proprietor of a rival paper, for stating that the journal had died. —— Hail a cab in bad weather, and it may come to your assistance; but hail a friend in your adversity, and see what notice he will take of you. —— "In Moscow," says a modern traveller, "I asked for the residence of an acquaintance, and was answered, 'he lives in this very street;' but I drove three miles before I reached his house." —— The tortoise beat the hare in the fable; but what of that? In the race for soup at our city feasts, we have seen the turtle beat the hare a thousand times. —— The peach crop of Delaware, upon which New York is largely dependent for supplies, is this year a total failure. —— During the last seven years fourteen hundred murders, it is said, have been perpetrated in and about San Francisco, and the city has been burned down seven times. —— The following words, if spelt backwards or forwards, are still the same—"Name no one man." —— The life of the Bedouin Arab, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin, and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character or habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day. —— By a singular and accidental meeting, the widow of Marshal St. Arnaud and the widowed Lady Raglan are now travelling together on the Continent, and are at present at the baths of Plombiers, where Napoleon III. is now sojourning.

NAVAL APPRENTICES.

A bill has been reported in the House of Representatives to require the employment of apprentices in the commercial marine of the United States, as follows: for every vessel of 150 tons burden and less than 300, one apprentice; from 300 to 500 tons, two apprentices; 500 to 900 tons, three apprentices; and one additional apprentice for every 500 tons above 900 tons. Commissioners to be appointed under this act are empowered to bind apprentices applying, not less than 15 years old, during the remainder of their minority, or such portion of the same as may be agreed on; the consent of the parents or guardians of the applicant having been first obtained by writing.

Antiquity of Gunpowder.—The first Englishman who mentioned gunpowder is Roger Bacon, who, about the year 1274, described it as then in common use all over the world for making squibs to amuse children. It is mentioned by Philostratus, 355 years before Christ; and in the code of Hindoo laws it is referred to a period coincident with the time of Moses. The military use of rockets in the armies of India reaches to a period beyond record.

The Growing West.—Nebraska City, two years ago, was a wild waste, where night was made hideous by the dismal howl of the wolf, and the Indian lodge might occasionally be seen dotting the untrodden grass of the prairies. On two days recently the sales of lots by the organized town proprietors amounted to ten thousand dollars.

Humane.—Some of the stage drivers in Broadway have erected awnings over their seats. It would be a sensible and humane improvement in this direction to protect the drivers against the heat, cold and storm.

Emigration.—More than two millions of people have left Ireland in the last fourteen years.

Wayside Gatherings.

A railroad is talked of from Chicago to Galveston—distance 1050 miles.

Grasshoppers have destroyed one-third the vegetation in the Willamette Valley, Oregon.

David Dane, Esq., one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Lowell, died in that city recently.

For the relief of the sufferers by the late inundation in France, the sum of $7550 has been raised in New York.

T. Buchanan Read, Esq., the poet artist, is now engaged in painting a full-length portrait of Colonel Fremont.

A young man swam in Mystic river, from Charlestown to Chelsea, a distance of a mile, when he became exhausted, and was carried home in an insensible condition.

Strict quarantine is now in operation at Charleston, Savannah, Norfolk, and most other ports South. New Orleans, we believe, is the exception.

Wm. E. Burton, of New York, the well known actor and manager, was thrown from his carriage, lately, and his spine was much injured, and he was otherwise much hurt.

The Chinese emigration to California, which had been arrested for some time, has revived, and the celestial emigrants are arriving quite numerously.

A great trial of fire engines is to come off at New Haven this fall, the first prize being a new machine, in complete running order, worth $1500, the victors to take her home with them.

All through the rich valleys of the Ohio the weather for the harvest has been fine, and the crop has been gathered in the best possible order. It is sound, the grain large and full, and very perfect.

Four of Louis Napoleon's ministers of the *coup d'état* are dead: M. Fostoul, minister of public instruction; Marechal St. Arnaud, M. Ducos of the marine, and M. Bineau of the finances.

The army bill now before Congress contains appropriations for the current year to the amount of $15,616,700. Of this amount, $3,276,175 is for the pay of the army, and $98,000 to be expended about the Springfield armory.

From the forests of Mexico there were sent to the Paris exhibition, last year, three hundred and fifty-six different species of wood, embracing mahogany, rosewood, cedar and ebony, besides the more common sorts—pine, hickory, chestnut, etc.

Advices from Hayti announce that Emperor Soulouque was about to acknowledge the independence of the Dominican republic, and that a treaty of peace will shortly be concluded between the two parties who inhabit the island of St. Domingo.

The secretary of the navy has recently imposed fines upon the Collins line, to the extent of $36,000, for failures of time, under their contract, owing to the employment of the Ericsson as a substitute for the Arctic. The exaction of this penalty has led to some sharp correspondence.

Tobie Koch has been arrested for placing obstructions on the Milwaukie and La Crosse Railroad, in Wisconsin. The man owns a farm on the line of the road, and exhibits the most inveterate hatred towards the railroad company, on account, as he says, of their running over and killing some of his stock.

The editor of the New York Pathfinder, formerly a spiritualist, says that there is an individual in that city who has spent upwards of $25,000 in promulgating spiritualism within the last two years, and probably will spend $25,000 more before he discovers the old adage—that a fool and his money is soon parted.

The criminal court of Breslau recently condemned a lady of rank, the Baroness Von Z. (daughter of a major-general), to six years solitary confinement, besides a fine of one thousand dollars, and prohibition of connubial rights during that period. The charges brought against her were swindling and forgery of documents.

Twenty have been arrested of a gang of thieves whose headquarters were near the Gap in Lancaster county, Pa. They have agents in other States, and include a dentist, a lawyer, a preacher, and a quaker. Their operations have embraced horse stealing, barn burning, cattle driving, counterfeiting, robbery and murder.

The London editors were never very famous for an intimate knowledge of American geography. Thus, a journal of the pretensions of the Illustrated News, even gives us a picture of "Baton Rouge, Nebraska." A large steamer is ploughing the stream, and on the bank of the river is the gothic and turreted state house of Louisiana.

Mrs. R. eloped from Cincinnati, one Sunday afternoon recently, with a gentleman in a buggy, leaving a note for her husband to read on his return from church, wishing him to take good care of the child. Mr. R. took the matter coolly, but not altogether indifferently, for he knocked down an intimate friend who undertook to sympathize in his bereavement.

One of the most rapid journeys on this continent, was that performed by Sir George Simpson and some fellow-travellers, from the Sault Ste. Marin, at the outlet of Lake Superior to Montreal—a distance of upwards eleven hundred miles—in the incredibly short space of fifty-five hours, including stoppages and changes of conveyance.

In Mexico the soil is of almost fabulous richness. An English farmer near Jalapa asserts that in the year 1854, one bushel of corn yielded him two hundred and fifty bushels! In the regions around Jalapa, it is averred that manure is never required, and Indian corn is there reaped three times a year, while further up the country it is planted twice a year.

Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, writes from California to the New York Independent a graphic account of the immense cedars of California, the greatest trees in the world. One of them, which had been felled, he ascertained, by counting the grains of the stump, to be twelve hundred and eighty years old. When Mahomet was at nurse this tree was sprouting.

The Rochester Union notices a singular escape on the Central Railroad, near Lockport. A small boy, son of Mr. Richardson, was struck by the locomotive, and thrown a distance of 85 feet by actual measurement. The fireman said he first saw the child in the air some fifteen feet from the ground, and supposed it was a dog. Though at first insensible, the child has nearly recovered.

It is stated on the authority of the Mexican minister of finances that at the present day the church property is valued at from *two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions of dollars*. In the city of Mexico alone, of the five thousand houses there, valued at eighty millions, one-half belong to the clergy. From the rent of these houses they derive an income of twenty millions of dollars.

Prince Paul Esterhazy, who is to represent the Emperor of Austria at the coronation of Alexander at Moscow, is making extraordinary preparations. His four Hungarian costumes surpass in richness and elegance all belief. They are richly embroidered, in exquisite taste, and almost covered with brilliants and costly pearls, valued at $1,000,000. The carriage and liveries of the prince are not less rich.

Foreign Items.

The Paris Moniteur is publishing Mr. Thackeray's "Book of Snobs."

The fine weather and heat have been very favorable to the French vineyards. The *oidium* has totally disappeared in many localities, and is fast fading away in others.

An important modification of the postal convention between Great Britain and France has just been agreed upon, by which the postage between England, France and Italy will be reduced.

The Hanoverian Ministers have appropriated 6000 dollars in place of 4000, their proper salary. They have asked the Chamber to sanction their proceedings, and have received a censure.

A prize having been offered for the best poem in French, on the subject of the twenty fifth anniversary of the accession of the King of the Belgians, one hundred and fifty-six pieces have been sent in.

While the King of Greece is in Germany the question of the succession of the Greek throne will again be brought before the protecting powers, as Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, positively refuses to join the non-united Greek Church.

The Austrian Gazette states that for the last three years, during which time horseflesh has been sold at Vienna, 4725 horses have been slaughtered, which have furnished 1,902,000 lbs. of meat, distributed to the poor in 3,804,000 portions of half a pound each.

The Prussian Minister of Public Instruction has sent a circular to all the universities, excluding Jewish students from the benefit of all charitable or public funds for the assistance of students. Several eminent professors have protested against this act of intolerance.

Sands of Gold.

.... Praise is the daughter of present power.—*Swift.*

.... Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.—*Swift.*

.... It is more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Some grief shows much of love; but much of grief shows still some want of wit.—*Shakspeare.*

.... A man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.—*Tom Brown.*

.. Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil or to procure a good.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

.... An act, by which we make one friend and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.—*Colton.*

.... No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor; though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.—*Seneca.*

.... Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice, or necessity, has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.—*Landor.*

.... No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth, as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.—*Cicero.*

Joker's Budget.

On a child being told that he must be *broken* of a bad habit, he actually replied: "Papa, hadn't I better be *mended?*"

What a blessed change for society, says Punch, it would be, if all the numerous rascals now up upon the turf were under it instead!

At a jeweller's shop on Ludgate-hill, London, a bill is exhibited in the window, on which is written: "Wedding-rings at this shop made out of *lucky* old guineas."

Sharp Shoe Black—I say, Bill, what's the last letter but one of the alphabet? *Bill*—Y. *Sharp Shoe Black*—'Cos I wants to know, stoopid.

"You want a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it dad, but I'll try to get along without it," replied the brat.

Old King Lear, in the play, when he was out in the storm, said in his apostrophe to the rain, wind, thunder, and lightning:

"You owe me no subscription."

Prentice says he wishes he could say as much to all his readers.

A gentleman who was relating an accident he had met with in Cambridge from a fall, was asked by a surgeon if it was near the *vertebræ* that he had been hurt? "No, sir," was the reply, "it was near the observatory."

A young clerk undertook to commit suicide last week by shooting his daguerreotype. He was unsuccessful, however. This is the third attempt he has made on his life within the last three months. Cause—broken sleep brought on by intense devotion to a young lady with auburn ringlets.

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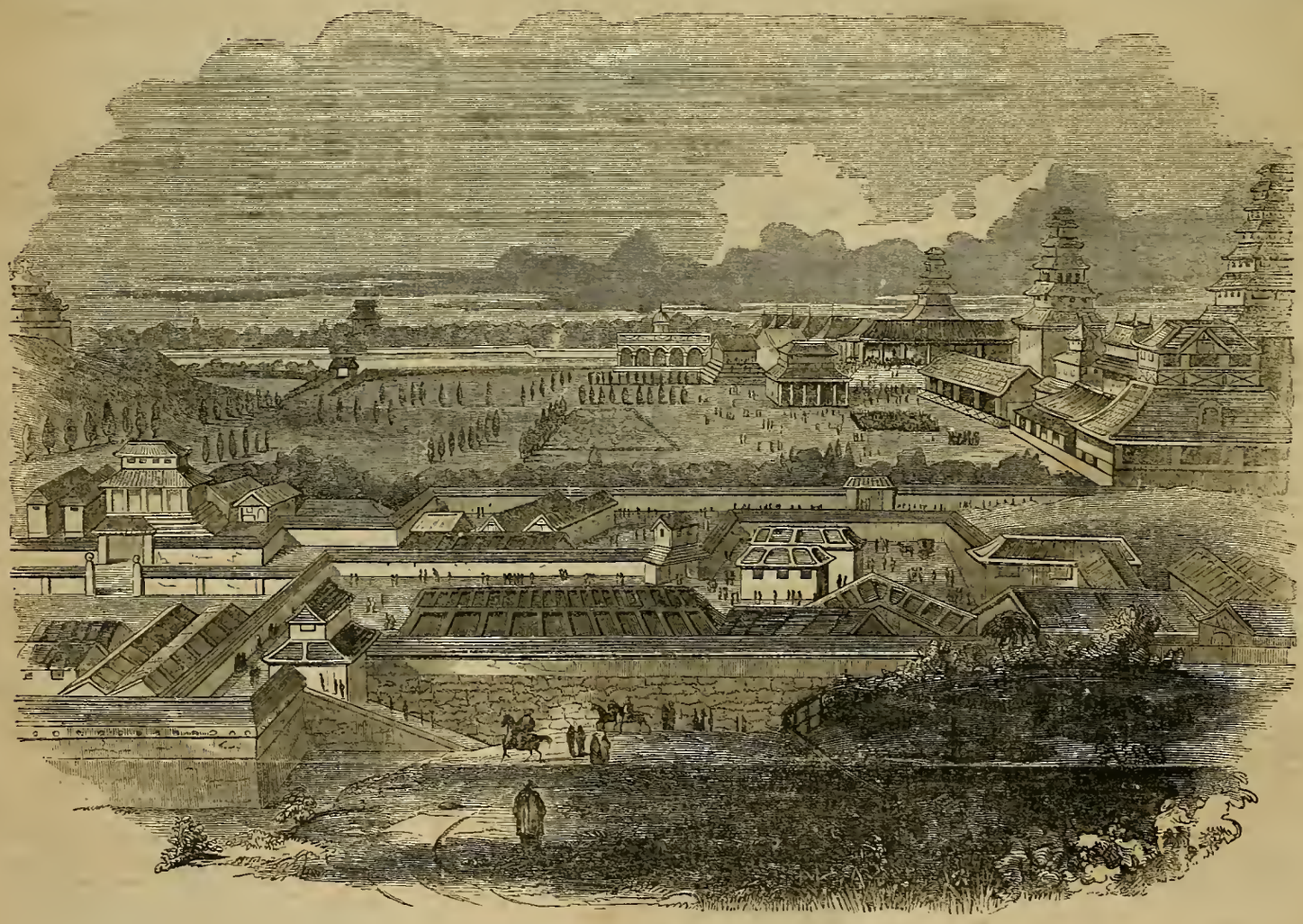
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SKETCHES IN JAPAN.

The interest felt in every thing relating to Japan has received a new spur from the recent publication of the History of the Expedition, by Dr. Hawks. We therefore continue our pictures of Japan scenery with which we have from time to time presented our readers. The first is a scene on the road to Jeddo. The primitive habitations scattered on the route are quite characteristic and note-worthy. On the road are seen a couple of pack-horses. The horses seen by the officers of the expedition, were much inferior to European and American horses in size and spirit, but far better than the Chinese. There is a sketch of a horse, by a native artist, in Dr. Hawks's book, which, though rather faulty in drawing, conveys probably a correct idea of the style of animal in general use in Japan. If this is one of their model horses, their cavalry cannot certainly be well mounted. In the interior, however, the Americans were told that great attention was paid to the growth of horses and fine cattle, and that in the vicinity of the Nonoga lake, a mountainous region in the north part of Niphon, the chief occupation of the inhabitants was stock-raising. At their annual festival, which they call Sangnatz-Sanuitz, horse-races are common. It appears that the Japanese care less for speed than for endurance in their animals. The race track is a complete circle, and the competing horses are started by the riders at full speed. The horse which performs the greatest number of circuits within the period allowed for the trial, and is pulled up at the close in good condition, is declared to be the winner. It is enough that a single horse outlasts all competitors—if he is blown by his exertions the prize is never decreed to him. Hence the riders study to be acquainted with the bottom of their nags, as well as their speed. Racing one horse against another, neck and neck, for the supremacy, rarely occurs, and then not designed, but when the horses themselves are excited by the spirit of emulation voluntarily engage in the contest. The riders display a good deal of skill in riding, bending low down over their horses' necks in order to catch the wind as little as possible. But they do not dress in what we should call jockey style; on the contrary, they wear flowing robes. The Japanese peasantry ride and manage their horses very well, but the upper classes seem to have lost that fondness and appetite for equestrian exercise which formerly led them to engage in hunting and hawking on an extensive scale.—Our second engraving is quite an extensive view of the imperial city of Jeddo. Its aspect is very peculiar. The rectangular manner in which it is laid out is particularly note-worthy, while the curved roofs and piled up stories of the buildings have a singular effect. This view of Jeddo is not the one usually given, but is taken from a different point, showing part of the Palace of the Kobo, which is built in the middle of the city, and which consists of five smaller palaces or castles, and has large gardens and enclosures around and behind it, said to be ten miles in circumference. Jeddo, altogether, is almost forty miles in circumference, and the largest city in the empire. In populousness, activity and bustle, it is said to much resemble the great commercial cities of the civilized nations. A large river runs through the town and encloses the imperial palace, and over this stream there are thrown several picturesque bridges. Nipombus, the principal bridge, is also called the Bridge of Japan. The houses are chiefly constructed of timber and bamboo, in consequence of which the city is frequently visited by terrible conflagrations. In consequence of all the nobles of the empire being obliged to live at Jeddo the year round, the city contains many fine palaces and gardens. These, in connection with the long ranges of trees planted along the canals that traverse the city, make Jeddo the handsomest city of the empire.



SCENE ON THE ROAD TO JEDDO, CAPITAL OF JAPAN.



WESTERN VIEW OF JEDDO, CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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VIEW OF HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

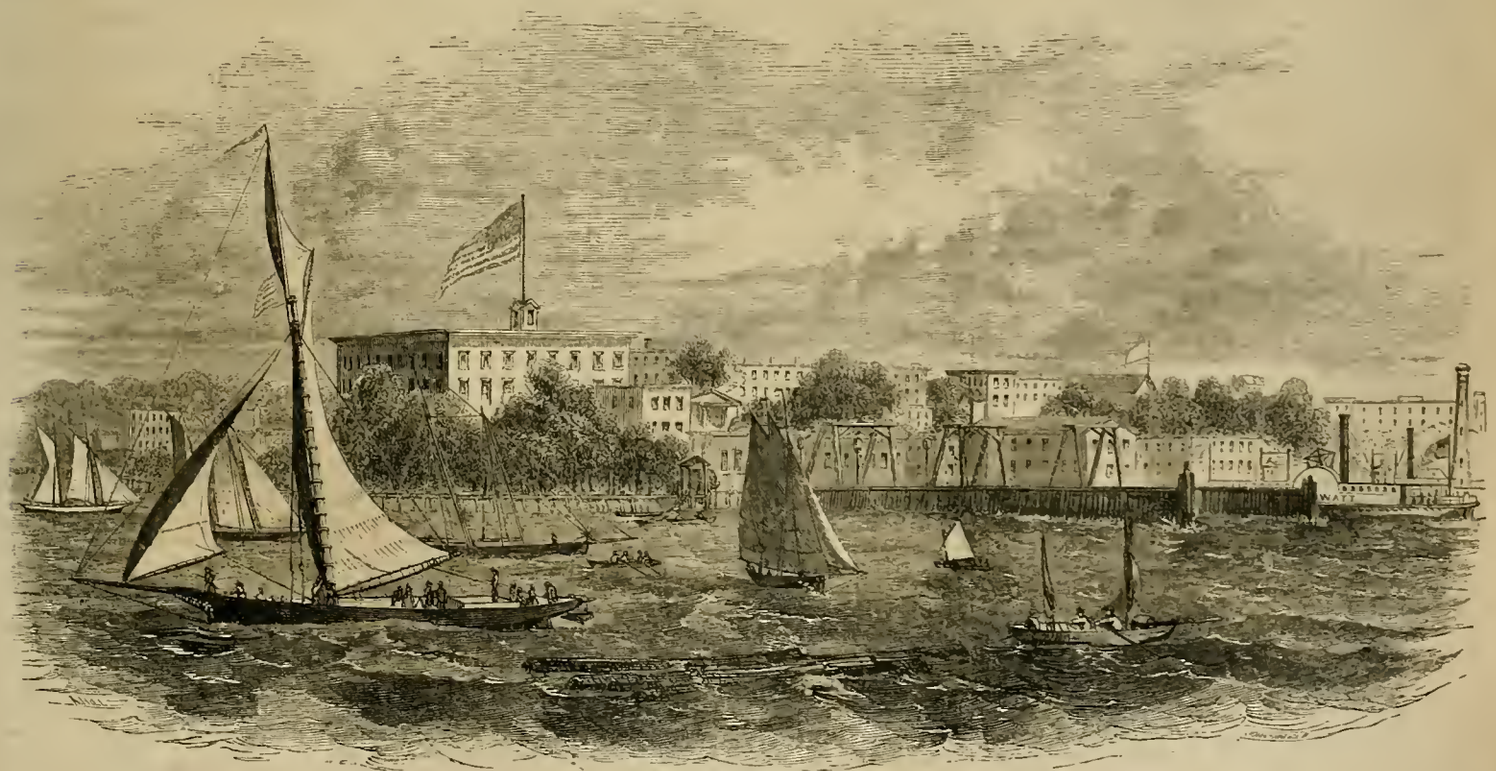
The view of Hoboken, presented in the engraving on this page, was sketched for us by Mr. Hill, from the deck of one of the famous yachts belonging to the New York Yacht Squadron, this being the anchorage ground of the club. On the right are the ferry ways. The steamers that cross to New York every quarter of an hour, running to Barclay, Canal and Christopher Streets, are very different affairs from that in which the hero of Halleck's "Fanny" made the excursion, when

> ——"he had dined, by special invitation,
> On turtle, with the party at Hoboken,
> And thanked them for his card in an oration,
> Declared to be the very shortest ever spoken."

In those days the "perilous stream of the North River" was navigated by horse-boats, the motive power being supplied by horses, traversing an endless circle, like the unfortunate animals who do duty for the proprietors of bark-mills and brick-yards. We believe these horse-boats have entirely disappeared from the waters of New York, steam, everywhere, supplying the place of quadrupedal power. Above the ferry are the Otto cottage and gardens, and beyond are the shipyards of Commodore Stevens, who, before his death, which occurred recently, owned nearly the whole water front of Hoboken, and immensely valuable property in the city, including the estate bounded by the river. In these yards is the great iron floating steam battery for the defence of New York harbor. This battery has been a long time building. It was a favorite hobby of the late commodore, had the support of government and the approval of the ablest scientific men. On the left of the ferries are the Battery Hotel and gardens. Here, enjoying the cool south wind, many congregate of an evening to watch the crowded spires, the forest-like shipping of the New York docks, the arrival and departure of various crafts, from a steam frigate or Collins liner to a towboat, from a Canton clipper to a mud lighter. An unrivalled view of New York is thus obtained.

> "Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
> And banners, floating in the sunny air,
> And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
> Green isle and circling shore are blended there
> In wild reality; when life is old,
> And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
> Its memory of this."

On match days, the lovers of maritime sport assemble here in thousands to see the winning yacht come in. Hoboken is to New York what the parks are to London, Paris and Vienna, and to the children, a place of pleasure and delight that realizes their dreams of fairy-land. Hoboken! what a world of pleasurable associations there is in the word to a New Yorker, when, far away from his beloved imperial city, his memory reverts to its manifold fascinations—visions of summer gardens, rocks, fields, woods, strolls by the river side and in the "Elysian Fields," military and target excursions, affectionate evening walks in the company of angels in silk or muslin, first declarations, picnic parties, and waltzes and polkas on the greensward! These and many more are the attractions of Hoboken. Pleasantly situated on the Hudson, at this spot about two miles wide, it has been supposed by some to have been the original Manahatta. That it was an island at no distant date, the extensive marshes on the west side abundantly testify. Now, these form the hunting-ground of adventurous Teutons, who, landing in New York, armed to the teeth for mortal combat with wolves, bears and other ferocious "varmint," are reduced to the ignoble pursuit of sand-pipers and chipping birds. Beyond the marshes are the rocks rising in abrupt masses fully two hundred feet, the scene of many festive parties. But the shores of Hoboken have not been always sought by persons intent on pleasure, or the quiet enjoyment of the beauties of nature. Among those green shades, the death-shot has rung more than once. Many years ago, a monument marked a spot where one of these unfortunate encounters took place which resulted in the death of a man honored by the entire nation. This victim to the code of honor was no other than Gen. Alexander Hamilton, one of the brightest names on the record of America's great men, the friend and companion in arms of Washington, the soldier and the man of letters, the gentleman and the statesman, one who not only contributed by his sword to the success of the Revolution, but by his pen to the establishment and consolidation of the Union. His antagonist was also a man who filled a large space in the public mind, and who had won distinction as a soldier, a lawyer and a politician—Colonel Aaron Burr. There are many still living in New York who remember the wild excitement created in the city when the news of this duel and its fatal result were made known. The monument erected to the memory of Hamilton on the spot where he fell was removed by the authorities, from a belief that it would tend to perpetuate a terrible practice by a constant memento of an illustrious example. We believe that the spot is not now readily identified. Hoboken is a blessing to New York, as the Common is to Boston. Its accessibility and its numerous features of beauty, its extensive walks, its calm shades and its pure air are attractions that woo forth all classes. It is pleasant to see whole families straying about in the Elysian fields, or grouped in delightful little domestic picnic parties. On a holiday all its rural portions are crowded, and as you pass by the different groups, you hear, besides the familiar English tongue, the brilliant accents of the French, and almost every other European nation.



VIEW OF HOBOKEN, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FARM-HOUSE.

DURING the early part of the present century, a large, rambling, moss-grown farm-house, situated in the western part of New England, formed the central feature of a landscape, rich in rural beauty, and partaking in many instances of a wild and even gloomy grandeur. At one point, the swell of land on which the house was situated, swept downward with a gentle slope, till it melted away and was lost in a broad expanse of meadow, which margined a tributary to one of the larger rivers, while at another, by a descent more abrupt, it was gradually merged into bold undulations, growing still loftier as they receded, till they rose into heights which were mountainous. To the north, the view was terminated by a grand old forest, which towered in primeval pride, and which, in days gone by, re-echoed to the voice of the red hunter.

It was June, and the long summer day was drawing to a close. Above the setting sun hovered purple and crimson clouds, brightened by dashes of burnished gold, which, at first, lying in shapeless masses along the whole extent of the western horizon, gradually assumed the form of a pavilion, surpassing in splendor the fabled palaces of the East.

Seated near a window of the old farm-house, watching this gorgeous sunset, were two maidens—Edith Grosvenor and Bessie Hamlen. The same rich light which flushed the clouds with such brilliant and varying hues, streamed in at the open window and lit up with "a kind of golden gloom" the black and shining braids of Edith's hair, arranged with careless grace round her superb head, only a few wavy curls being suffered to hover round her smooth, white forehead, full of intellectual beauty. She was only eighteen, and yet there was something in the light of her deep, dark eyes, and in the curve of her finely cut lips, which showed that shadows as well as sunshine had fallen across her path.

Edith sat leaning back in her chair, with one arm passed lightly across Bessie's shoulders, who was seated near her so as to face the window. Though she and Bessie were cousins, they did not in the least resemble each other. The damask bloom of Bessie's cheeks varied with each changing impulse, and there was a bewitching uncertainty as to the color of her eyes, whose light was at one moment veiled by their long, dark lashes, the next flashing forth a sunny, almost dazzling brilliance. Her hair, which was suffered to float free and unconfined, and which, at the present moment, as she bent a little forward, fell in a shower of rich, nut-brown curls over the dark dress of Edith, being thus by contrast rendered doubly bright, was no less beautiful than her eyes. In some other respects many might have thought her plain rather than handsome, her features being far from regular. Her mouth, particularly, was too large, and yet it possessed great sweetness of expression, and the flexile lips were as red and fresh as the coral gleaming through the white foam of the wave.

"How beautiful!" broke from her lips, as spires and pinnacles rose silently upward from the magnificent cloud-palace.

The bloom of her cheeks deepened into a warmer and richer glow as she said this, but the next moment, as she caught the sad, almost mournful expression of Edith's face, it quickly faded.

"You are thinking of this dreadful war which is threatening us, I know you are, and of—"

She hesitated, and finally ceased speaking. She had been going to say, "Austin Sedley." Austin Sedley had for some time been engaged to Edith, and about six months afterward, owing to some wilful misapprehension, as was believed, had, while in an English port, been seized by a press-gang and conveyed on board one of the king's ships.

Edith apparently did not notice the abrupt manner in which Bessie left off speaking, and quietly remarked that it was hardly right to regret what could not be honorably avoided.

"I heard Mr. Thaxter say, the other day, that a war with England was as unnecessary as it was inexpedient," remarked Bessie.

"Better judges than Mr. Thaxter think differently," was Edith's reply.

Before Bessie had time to say anything more, a horseman swept round an abrupt bend of the road, the winding course of which had been concealed by a thick growth of trees. She bent eagerly forward, and then said, in a voice which betrayed considerable excitement:

"Look, Edith, and tell me if you know who it is."

"Wilton Richmond, I believe, though he is still so distant I can hardly tell," replied Edith.

In a minute more all uncertainty was at an end. It was, as Edith had said and Bessie's heart had told her, Wilton Richmond. He was a young man of four or five and twenty, finely formed, and with a dignity of mien somewhat above his years, while the ease and grace with which he managed the high-blooded animal he rode—alike remarkable for beauty and speed—showed him to be an accomplished horseman. He soon reached the broad strip of vivid green, crossed by foot-paths in various directions, which lay in front of the house, when, springing lightly to the ground, and removing the saddle and headstall from his horse—an attention which he acknowledged by rubbing his head against his master's shoulder—he left him to crop, at will, the short but sweet grass already silvered with dew.

The smile with which he greeted the two girls, who met him at the door, faded as Edith asked him what news he brought.

"The bill declaring war with Great Britain has been signed by the president," was his answer.

"Do you think it was right to declare war?" said Bessie.

"Undoubtedly. Were we to look tamely on and see our seamen impressed, our commerce plundered, and our great staples prevented from reaching their legitimate markets, in consequence of the unjust measures of the British parliament?"

"Certainly not!" replied Bessie; "yet it is so sad, to think of the misery war always brings in its train."

"And British injustice—hasn't that brought misery to many a heart and home? Edith could tell you it has," he added, lowering his voice.

"Yes, Sedley's fate is indeed cruel," said Bessie, in the same low tone "When I think of him, it almost reconciles me to the war—that is," and her eyes sought the floor—"if I were sure you would be content to remain at home."

"That is a question, my dear Bessie, which is settled."

"Not in favor of your staying at home," said Edith.

"No, I have already accepted a captain's commission, and have succeeded in enlisting a few recruits."

"I knew that at such a crisis you wouldn't be willing to remain idle. I shouldn't have been very proud of your acquaintance if you had been."

"Edith, how can you say so?" said Bessie, with quivering lips, and turning hastily away, to conceal her tears.

"My own Bessie," said Wilton, encircling her with his arm, and drawing her towards him, "you must think of the glory, not the danger."

Bessie could not answer, for she thought how often the glory won on the battle-field sheds its light on the soldier's grave. They were prevented from pursuing the subject by the entrance of Mr. Grosvenor, Edith's father.

"Wilton," said he, grasping his young friend's hand, "I am heartily glad to see you—the more so, on account of what I have just heard."

"You have heard of the proceedings of Congress, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Thaxter told me, and he lamented in bitter terms what he considered the uncalled-for measure. I couldn't help telling him that I was glad it had decided as it has. This temporizing spirit, when carried beyond certain limits, to me appears mean and cowardly. You are beating up for recruits, I understand."

"Yes—can I hope to obtain any in this vicinity?"

"Not within a mile. You must get beyond the Thaxters and the Bayntons before you'll find any."

"Then I must be off early in the morning."

"You must—there is no disguising the fact; though I think I may venture to say, that were it consistent with your duty, my niece and daughter would be glad to have you remain weeks instead of a few hours."

Edith confirmed her father's assertion, while the silence of Bessie was more eloquent than words.

CHAPTER II.

THREATENED DANGER.

WE will not dwell on the sad parting which took place in the morning, between Wilton Richmond and his friends at the farm-house. He devoted several weeks to the enlistment of soldiers, in which he was more successful than he had anticipated; otherwise, as far as he was concerned, the interval was unmarked by any incident worthy of notice.

At the end of that period, some service connected with his military duties required his presence some seventy of eighty miles from where he was stationed. It proved to be one of the sultriest of July days that he started on his journey, and when the sun had nearly reached the meridian, more for the sake of his weary horse than his own, he for a few hours sought the shelter of a wood. He found the rays of the sun to be as scorching as ever, when, at last, he felt compelled to resume his journey. It would, even then, be scarcely possible for him till several hours after dark, to reach the place where he had been instructed to pass the night. This was at a place of public entertainment designated as the "Wolfe-head Tavern," in "honor" of the gallant general who fell on the Heights of Abraham, and not, as many imagined, because the surrounding country was infested with wolves.

It was after night-fall, when he heard a noise which sounded like distant thunder. A repetition of the sound left him no longer in doubt, and looking towards the west, he saw that a heavy mass of clouds lay low down, along the whole extent of the horizon, from which, now and then, broke a faint flash of lightning. The clouds were stationary, for there was not even air enough to rustle the light and glossy foliage of the birch which grew by the wayside. In a little more than five minutes, however, the wind, with a deep sough, broke the unnatural stillness, and then with a hollow and mournful wail, came sweeping down the road, driving before it clouds of dust and bending the sturdy trees of the forest, which bordered the right-hand side of the road. At the same moment, the sun was darkened, for the heavy clouds, driven by the wind, were rapidly surging upward towards the zenith. A few heavy drops of rain dashed against his face, then came a flash of lightning so vivid as to be almost blinding, and in the same breath, a crash of thunder. This, as he well knew, was ominous of one of those deluging showers so common at that season of the year, and he hastened to free from the fastenings which bound it to his saddle-bow, a short horseman's cloak. He had scarce time to throw it over his shoulders when the rain commenced pouring down, no longer in separate drops, but in continuous streams. He knew of no house where he could obtain shelter, and that which the woods would afford was fraught with too much danger, as he was warned by the zig-zag chains of lightning which were momentarily descending. The wind, too, being in a direction to dash the rain full against his face, it almost blinded him. He had proceeded in this manner ten or fifteen minutes, when, through an opening in the woods, he saw a rude dwelling. He checked his horse, and for a moment remained doubtful whether to proceed or to turn aside and seek such shelter as the building would afford. Finally, suffering the reins to fall loosely on his horse's neck, the animal without hesitation turned into the opening.

Wilton was soon at the door of the hut, for it could not be termed anything better. Back of it, he discovered a small shed partly formed by an excavation in a ledge of rocks. Leading his horse under its shelter, he returned to the door of the hut and ventured to knock, though, by the perfect silence which reigned within, he inferred that he was an unwelcome visitor. At first, such was the unbroken stillness, he thought the hut might be uninhabited, but he soon discovered indications to the contrary, such as a small pile of wood with an axe lying near it, and a few implements of agriculture.

Having knocked a second time, footsteps were almost immediately heard approaching the door, which, after a stout wooden bar was withdrawn, was opened by a woman, rather coarse looking, yet not without certain traits of countenance which might inspire a degree of confidence.

"Will you be so kind as to give me shelter till the shower is over?" said he.

"Yes—though you had better not accept it," was the woman's reply, who at the same time drew back that he might have a chance to enter.

"Why had I better not accept it?" inquired Wilton, as he stepped into a rather large room, which appeared to be the only one which the hut contained.

"Because danger worse than being exposed to a thunder-shower may overtake you here."

"Of what nature?"

"You are an American officer?" she said, interrogatively.

"Yes."

"Need you ask, then, the kind of danger you're exposed to? The gold of the British, as you must know, is every hour drawing to their standard the red men of the forest."

"Am I more exposed to danger on their account than I should be on the road?"

"You are. Their way would lie through the forest, and you might pass along the road undiscovered, or if not, the speed of your horse might enable you to escape—but what can you do here against seven of the fierce Iroquois?"

"Does that question mean that you are expecting that number here?"

"It does."

"You have no fear on your own account?"

"No, or I shouldn't have, if alone."

"You are on friendly terms then with your expected guests?"

"I have never seen them, but they know that here they will find food, and dry boards to lie on. You may think this strange, but there are others besides Indians who accept bribes—and what can a helpless woman do, except as she is commanded?"

"I will leave you then, at once. The worst of the shower appears to be already over, and I've no right to remain, if it will bring you into danger."

Instead of answering him, she placed her finger on her lips in token of silence.

"Did you hear that?" said she, as a long-drawn, piercing cry cut through the duller sounds made by the wind and rain.

"Yes—what does it mean?"

"That in a minute more the Indians will be here. It is their signal, and I was commanded not to unbar the door to any except them."

"I may yet elude them."

"It is too late. If you go forth, it will only be to meet your death. Even here your life isn't worth a single whiff of a tobacco-pipe, if *he*—the owner of this place, is with them."

While speaking, she had pulled forward a ladder which leaned against one side of the room, and placed it against an opening overhead.

"You must go up into the loft," said she, "and then pull the ladder up after you. You must then cover the open space with some pieces of board you'll find lying near. All you will have to do then will be to lie as still as death, for these Indians have quick ears."

Without saying a word, Wilton snatched his cloak from the back of a chair, the sight of which might have excited suspicion, and ascended the ladder, which, as she had directed, he drew up after him.

"Even if Dorson comes, you'll be safe enough now, as far as he is concerned; that is,"—and she turned pale at the thought—"if his dog isn't with him. If it is, we are both lost."

A trampling of feet was at this instant heard near the hut. She unfastened the door and threw it open, then seating herself in a corner of the huge fire-place, constructed of blocks of granite, she took a pipe, lit it and commenced smoking. As she did this, one of the Indians, uttering the shrill, whooping cry which had told of their approach, bounded nearly into the centre of the room. The others followed, the whole number, as she had expected, being seven. In the meantime, the woman sat, apparently unmoved, smoking her pipe.

"We cannot frighten the white squaw," said he who had first entered.

Could he have known how wildly her heart throbbed, and in what heavy drops the perspiration stood on her forehead, she would have sunk many degrees in his good opinion.

"Why should I fear?" said she, constraining herself to speak calmly. "The corn is ground, and the venison steaks are ready for the coals."

Even as she spoke, a new fear assailed her. Dorson, though he had not yet entered, might have come with the rest, and, attracted perhaps, by some noise made by the stranger's horse, had gone to the shed to ascertain what it was. As this thought flashed into her mind, it was with difficulty that she assumed an appearance of indifference, as she inquired if Dorson had come.

"The white hunter finds plenty of game," replied one of the Indians, "and wont return to his lodge till another moon."

This answer caused her to breathe more freely, and, laying aside her pipe, she rose and commenced preparing supper for her hungry guests.

Meanwhile, Wilton could easily see what was going on through one of the numerous broad cracks in the loosely laid floor of the loft. With the exception of one of the Indians, whom the others appeared to look upon as their leader, they were not very favorable specimens of their tribe. They, however, undoubtedly would have looked much better, had their dress been confined to the Indian costume, instead of being incongruously intermingled with various garments, and of cast-off British uniforms, among which a discolored scarlet coat showed conspicuously. They still retained their hunting-knives and tomahawks, but the gun supplied the place of the more picturesque bow and quiver.

At first, any slight noise he made by changing his position for one more comfortable, was lost in the noise of the descending rain. It was not long, however, before the rain, from beating violently upon the roof, began to descend softly and silently, and soon entirely ceased, so that the least movement was in danger of being overheard.

Once, when his limbs became so cramped, from having long remained in the same posture, as to be almost unendurable, an attempt to assume one that was easier drew upward the glances of seven pair of keen, piercing eyes. The hostess also gave a nervous start, which, fortunately, was unobserved. The Indians listened a few moments to see if the noise would be repeated, though, in accordance with the habitual taciturnity ascribed to them as a people, they forbore to make any remark on the subject to each other. They did not forget it, however, as was shown by a stealthy glance being from time to time directed towards the loft. More than once, it seemed to Wilton that their glittering eyes met his, though reason told him that this could not be the case, as the flickering light emitted from the pine-knot placed in the corner of the broad fire-place and from the coals where the steaks were broiling, was not strong enough to dissipate the darkness of the loft.

At last, the simultaneous movement which followed the announcement of the hostess that the hoe-cakes and venison were ready, enabled Wilton to wind round him an old brown coverlet which he found near, and to press himself closely into the narrow space where the sloping roof met the side of the house. His next care was to draw towards him some unswingled flax, a large quantity of which was piled in the centre of the floor, and so arrange it as carefully, though lightly, cover him. He then, with as much composure as he could assume, awaited in his wretched place of concealment, the time—for he well knew it would come—when search would be made to find the cause of the noise which had excited suspicion.

The meal was despatched, when the faint hope indulged in by the hostess, that the noise heard in the loft would not be recalled, was destroyed by the laconic question:

"Who's up there?"

The Indian who made this inquiry, pointed to the loft as he spoke.

"Those, which a great part of the time are my only company," replied the woman, with an appearance of indifference.

"I asked who?" said he, with angry emphasis.

"The rats."

"The white squaw is jeering me," said he, a ferocious light kindling in his eyes.

"I speak the truth," she answered.

"We will see."

As he spoke, he sprang upon the table and quickly shoved aside one of the loose boards overhead. As many others followed as could find a footing on the table, with cries full of an eager thirst for blood, which caused the cold drops to start from every pore of him, who now bitterly regretted that, instead of leaving the hut when he first became aware of the approach of the hostile Indians, he had consented to follow the woman's advice and availed himself of so precarious a place of concealment. He reproached himself the more severely on account of the inexcusable thoughtlessness which caused him to leave his pistols in the holster, which still remained fastened to the saddle. Had they been ready to his hand, he believed that even yet, there would have been a chance for his life.

Standing on the table, their heads and shoulders reaching above the floor of the loft, the Indians peered round on every side. The hostess knew their silence to be a good omen. She had before entertained a faint hope, and now she felt certain, that her stranger-guest was, at least temporarily concealed from view. As her own life, she believed, as well as his, hung on this chance, the self-control may be appreciated, which enabled her to preserve an appearance of calmness.

"You see that I told you the truth," she ventured to say.

"There's something under this flax," was the reply. "Maybe the rat is caught in a trap."

The next she expected to hear was a savage cry of exultation, and she turned away to conceal the paleness which, she knew by the sudden faintness which came over her, must have overspread her countenance. They had immediately commenced overhauling the large pile of flax in the centre of the floor. As they took it up in large handfuls, they threw it back where Wilton lay, thus more effectually concealing him. When they found that there was nothing beneath it, they looked at each other for a moment, and then, without saying a word, sprang from the table.

"We will rest till midnight," said one of them. "The moon will then be up, which will guide us to the camp of the white chief."

"I will spread skins for you to lie upon," said the hostess, taking some from a pile in one corner of the room.

Having conveniently arranged them, the red-men, meanwhile, looking gravely on, she withdrew to a distant part of the room, where, leaning back in her chair, she was to all appearance fast asleep. What was feigned on her part, was real as regarded her tawny guests; who, lying in various attitudes, in a few minutes had sunk into a profound slumber. When satisfied of this, she softly rose and stole through a back entrance by which she could gain access to the shed, for more than once Wilton's horse, which there had been no opportunity to attend to, had given audible signs of impatience. She returned and resumed her place in the chair, but the agony of fear through which she had passed had driven away all inclination to sleep. That of the Indians continued to be deep and heavy, as one tedious hour after another wore away, without anything to indicate their silent lapse to either of the impatient watchers.

The fire had gone down and was nearly out, though a faint uncertain glimmer would now and then, for a moment, play on the smoke-stained walls. At length a soft, silvery light shone in at the high, unglazed window, and fell full upon the face of one of the sleeping Indians. It roused him, and half rising from his recumbent posture, he rubbed his eyes and looked round. The noise he made, slight as it was, awoke the others.

"The moon is up and will show us the trail," said he, who first woke. "We will go."

They all started to their feet, and the next moment they were gone. The woman did not move till the noise of their receding footsteps was lost in the distance. She then rose, fastened the door and placed something against the only window which the hut contained, so that a light could not be seen by a person without; she lit a pine knot, which she placed on a ledge of the rudely constructed fire-place, in default of anything which might serve as a candlestick.

Wilton, who, in the meantime, had crept from his confined and uncomfortable quarters, found himself so benumbed, that even if the low roof had permitted, he would at first have been unable to rise to his feet.

"Come," said the hostess, when she had lit the torch, "you must prepare to be away. Day will break in less than two hours, and then, if not before, more of the redskins may be here."

"Why should you expect them?"

"They know that here they can have food. Dorson has so agreed. Be quick, and let down the ladder."

Wilton obeyed, and having descended, remarked that he must go and see to his horse.

"Your horse has been cared for," she replied, "though it will be well for you to look to him yourself."

She had already kindled a fire, and by the time Wilton had returned from the stable, some choice slices of venison which she had purposely reserved, were nearly ready. These, with a wheaten loaf and a cup of excellent souchong pretty liberally dealt from a canister of lackered ware, produced from some mysterious corner, constituted a meal, which by Wilton was highly relished after an abstinence of twelve hours, notwithstanding the peril to which he had recently been exposed.

"Do not think me actuated merely by a spirit of curiosity," said he, when, having finished his meal, he rose from the table, "if I venture to express a wish to know the name of one to whom I am indebted beyond what I may never be able to pay."

"My name is Burmann—Christina Burmann, and my parents came from Germany when I was only two or three years old."

"You are not the wife of this Dorson, then, that you have spoken of?"

"No—he is my step-brother, and is a bad man."

"Why not leave him then?"

"How can I? I have no home except the one he gives me."

"This can hardly be called a home."

"That is true—but where else can I go?"

"Some day it may be different."

"There is little hope of that. Do you return this way?"

"Yes."

"And yet I dare not ask you to call."

"Should you wish to know my fate hereafter, if you have an opportunity, inquire for Wilton Richmond."

"I shan't forget."

Thanking her warmly for her kindness, Wilton now took leave, having first placed a piece of gold in a place where he knew she would be sure to find it. In a few minutes more, he was again on the road, with an unclouded moon to light his way, while the air, rendered cool and balmy by the late shower, revived and exhilarated his spirits.

CHAPTER III.

A STAGE-COACH ACQUAINTANCE.

When Bessie Hamlen's father found that hostilities had actually commenced between the United States and Great Britain, his wife, by his request, wrote for her to return home. His views with regard to the expediency of the war being entirely different from those of his brother-in-law, Mr. Grosvenor, he was not willing that his daughter should prolong her visit. He probably would not have consented to her going, had he been at home, but an annual visit, ever since they were children, had been interchanged between her and her cousin Edith, and as the usual time for her going had arrived, Mrs. Hamlen had permitted her to make the visit, as he knew of no reason for non-compliance with a long established custom.

Some ventured to whisper among themselves, that a constitutional love of ease, rather than, according to his own assertion, a love of country, gave a bias to his political principles. This might or might not, have been true. At any rate, those best acquainted with his disposition and habits, would not have imagined that his patriotism was of so ardent and active a nature as to make him wish for an opportunity to be "set in the forefront of the battle," the place assigned to Uriah, the Hittite.

Mr. Hamlen's home was on the northern shore of Chesapeake Bay. It was a fine old mansion, and situated in the midst of extensive and highly cultivated grounds, which bore ample testimony to the opulence of the owner.

Bessie was expecting to stay, at least, four or five weeks longer with her cousin, when she received her mother's letter. It informed her that Mr. Marshton, an elderly gentleman, with whom Bessie was well acquainted, was on a visit to his daughter, residing only a few miles from her Uncle Grosvenor, and that an arrangement had been made for her to return in company with him.

"Is your letter from home?" inquired Edith, when Bessie had finished reading it.

"Yes, it is from my mother, and she says that father wishes me to return home."

"Why, you haven't staid half as long as usual! Has anything happened?"

"Mother doesn't say that there has."

"How soon must you go?"

"I am to start next Monday morning. Mr. Marshton, a near neighbor of ours, who is on a visit to Mrs. Olney, his daughter, is going then, and he will take charge of me."

"Wilton thought he might get a chance to ride over, and spend an hour with us, next Monday evening."

"I know it. But I shan't see him now. I may never see him again."

Edith felt that what Bessie said was only too true, though her answer was cheerful and full of hope.

It was one of the brightest and balmiest of summer mornings that Bessie waved her final farewell from the coach window, to her uncle and cousin. For some time, the pain of parting with Edith, who was more like a sister to her than a cousin, added to which, as must be confessed, was many a sharp regret at the necessity that compelled her to return home without once more seeing Wilton Richmond, prevented her from taking any notice of her fellow-passengers. She only knew that besides Mr. Marshton and herself, there were but two, a middle-aged gentleman and a lad of fourteen, who was his son.

Bessie had the whole of the back seat to herself, the gentleman and his son occupying the middle one, and the forward one having been taken possession of by Mr. Marshton. It was not long, however, before there was a fifth passenger to share it with him.

He was a tall, slightly built man, about forty-five years of age, or a little older. His countenance was singular, and, in some respects, strongly marked. His brows were heavy and projecting, denoting a pretty strong development of the perceptive faculties, a trait of countenance rendered more observable by the low, receding forehead. His hair, black as jet, was of that lank, oily kind which cleaves together in flakes, and is often found in connection with a corresponding facial uncleanness; a combination which, in accordance with some hypothesis more easily realized than explained, is thought to impart to their owner that peculiar look of meekness, which is often taken for cunning and hypocrisy.

For the first half hour all the passengers remained silent, when the man just described, abruptly addressed Mr. Marshton.

"Did you ever happen to hear of a gentleman by the name of Hamlen?" said he.

"I have," was Mr. Marshton's answer. "The house of a gentleman by the name of Geoffrey Hamlen, is within a short distance of mine."

"Ah—indeed—that is fortunate, as it gives me the promise of your company during the whole of my journey. The Hon. Geoffrey Hamlen is an old friend of mine."

Bessie, at the mention of the name of Hamlen, raised her eyes for the first time after entering the coach, and looked towards the speaker. They quickly fell, however, for they encountered his, which were fixed on her face with a look of unequivocal admiration. Judging by a few of his next questions, he did not suspect that she was a daughter of the Mr. Hamlen he was on his way to see.

"I have been told," said he, "that Mr. Hamlen is immensely rich—that he owns land enough for a principality in Germany. Have I been rightly informed?"

"He is, without doubt, very well off," was Mr. Marshton's answer.

"Has he any children to inherit his wealth?"

"He has only one child."

"Ah, yes, I have heard that he has a daughter."

In order to put a stop to being further questioned respecting what, in consideration of Bessie's presence, was rather an awkward subject, Mr. Marshton was about to make known to the inquisitive stranger, that the young lady present was Mr. Hamlen's

daughter. Bessie, however, who divined his purpose, gave him a significant look to prevent its execution, for she was curious to know in what manner the catechism would proceed.

"Is the daughter single?" was the next question.

"She is."

"But is spoken for before this time, I dare say."

"Likely enough."

"An answer which I suppose means that she is. Who may the fortunate man be?"

"Really, sir, I cannot take it upon me to say. Though Miss Hamlen and I are very good friends, I don't pretend to be her confidant."

"It's my belief that the name of the young man, or boy, I might rather say, is Wilton Richmond," said the stranger, casting an oblique glance towards Mr. Marshton.

"I don't often attempt to shake any one's belief," Mr. Marshton replied, "as it commonly proves to be labor spent in vain."

And turning his face to the window, he appeared to be intent on viewing the scenery. Bessie followed his example, partly for the sake of avoiding being stared at by the disagreeable stranger, whose name, she subsequently ascertained, was Ishmael Withers.

Bessie did not arrive at her father's house till Wednesday evening. During the whole of the intermediate time, as far as Mr Withers was concerned, she had preserved her incognito, Mr. Marshton having, by her request, avoided having called her by name. As she expected, Mr. Withers called in the morning, but she took care to be out of sight. Although in the course of a few days, he was on such intimate terms with her father that he called without ceremony at any time he chose, she continued to avoid meeting him. It was not long before her father spoke to her on the subject.

"Mr. Withers," said he, "has promised to take tea with us this afternoon, and I shall expect you to be present. I was not aware that you had always been absent from the room when he called, till this morning he expressed a wish to be introduced to my daughter."

"I've seen him, if I haven't been introduced to him, and I don't like him."

"You shouldn't say that of any person I call my friend."

"O father, do you call Mr. Withers your friend?"

"Certainly I do. Why shouldn't I? He is a man of influence, as I have heard, and belongs to a good family."

"I'm afraid that he doesn't resemble the family he belongs to then."

"You will please make no more remarks of that nature. And there is another thing that I may as well warn you against, now that I have a good opportunity."

"What is it, father?" said Bessie, finding that her father hesitated a little. "What do you wish to warn me against?"

"Against your any longer corresponding with Wilton Richmond. It is my desire, that from this time the correspondence be entirely broken off."

"I thought that you liked Wilton, and that you were willing we should write to each other."

"If I was willing once, I'm no longer so."

"I may at least write him a few words of explanation."

"Not a single syllable. I didn't suppose that he would be among the first to take up arms in an unjust war."

"He doesn't consider it unjust—neither does Uncle Grosvenor."

"Your Uncle Grosvenor's opinion needn't be cited. We all know how headstrong he is."

Bessie attempted to reply, but he silenced her with an angry gesture.

"We wont enlarge upon the subject now," said he. "You will bear in mind, that you are to assist your mother and me to entertain Mr. Withers, and that you are to do it cheerfully too,—or, at least, with an appearance of cheerfulness."

Mr. Hamlen had been called an easy, good-natured man, and Bessie was not only deeply grieved, but almost frightened at his angry manner even more marked, than his words. The truth was, he was apathetic, rather than good-tempered, and when roused, his illy disciplined passions were not readily controlled. Bessie sought her mother, and told her what had passed between her father and herself.

"It is what I've been expecting," said Mrs. Hamlen. "You wont make any attempt to elude your father's commands."

"O no, but it is so hard not to be allowed to explain to Wilton why our correspondence is to be broken off."

"Write to Edith, and she can tell him."

"Yes, but then I should so much prefer doing it myself."

"'Bide your time,' my daughter. Be careful to do right, and all, so we may hope, will come out right in the end."

Mr. Withers did not fail to make his appearance at an early hour in the afternoon. Mr. Hamlen met him at the door, and conducted him to the presence of his wife and daughter. He entered the room in a kind of stealthy, gliding manner, and there was that in his whole appearance, which excited still more in the heart of Bessie that feeling of repugnance produced by the first sight of him, so that it now nearly amounted to loathing.

He started a little, as he recognized in Bessie the young lady he had met in the stage-coach, and for a moment—for the questions he had asked Mr. Marshton flashed upon his mind—he was a little embarrassed; but instantly recovering himself, for notwithstanding the meekness of his looks he was not a man to be easily abashed, he met her the same as he would had he never before seen her.

Bessie and even Mrs. Hamlen were at a loss to account for the uncommon attention, and even deference, with which Mr. Hamlen treated him. It seemed impossible not to imagine that he was not actuated by some covert reason.

Bessie sat by a window, busy with some needle-work, and Mr. Withers soon drew his chair near hers. She involuntarily shrunk back, as preparatory to speaking, he bent towards her, and assumed a confidential air.

"You may depend on my discretion, Miss Hamlen," said he, looking at her from the corners of his eyes, the same as she had seen him look at Mr. Marshton, when in the stage-coach.

"Sir?" said she interrogatively, for a moment raising her eyes to his, with a look of unfeigned astonishment.

"You don't take my meaning."

"I certainly don't."

"Wilton Richmond [his voice dropped still lower as he pronounced the name] was mentioned the first day I had the felicity to travel in company with you."

"Yes, I believe you mentioned him."

"And from a certain remark I made, you must be aware, that I knew this Richmond was a sweetheart of yours; a circumstance which I suppose you wouldn't wish to have come to your father's ears, seeing he is so hard against the young man on account of his political principles, and so I came to the very natural conclusion that as your father and I are hand and glove as it were, you might suffer some uneasiness, lest I should turn informer against you—betray you, as one might say. But you needn't be afraid, Miss Bessie, the secret shall rest between ourselves."

This was said in a soft, wheedling way, which to Bessie, as well as the proposition of sharing a secret with him of any kind, whatever, was inexpressibly disgusting. He probably mistook the expression of her countenance, for he immediately added:

"You needn't be afraid—I am making no attempt to deceive you—I mean precisely as I say. As I've already said, you may depend on my discretion."

"I certainly shall not dispute your assertion," she replied, "but as there are no concealments of any kind between either of my parents and myself, there will be no occasion for the exercise of your forbearance."

"I'm truly glad to hear it. What you say about not having any concealments between yourself and parents, has raised you a hundred per cent., as it were, in my good opinion. I might have known, that an angel like you must be incapable of entertaining even a wrong thought. And so, after all, perhaps this Wilton Richmond and you are not on the good terms I supposed you to be."

"You will pardon me, Mr. Withers, if I venture to remark, that though there may be no concealments between my parents and myself, as respects Wilton Richmond, or any other person, I know no reason why I should bestow my confidence on a stranger."

She rose as she spoke, and took a seat by her mother, as the best means of putting an end to a conversation, equally impertinent and disagreeable.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COTTAGE OF DAME ANSTIS.

Something like a week afterward, Bessie, as she often did, went to carry some cakes and other delicacies, such as are not attainable by the poor, to a woman who lived in a little house nestled down in a hollow of some wild and craggy hills, at the southwest extremity of her father's domain. She found Dame Anstis, as she was called, sitting just outside the door, at her wheel, spinning linen. The sun was getting low, but through a break among the hills, a broad belt of sunshine fell across the little moss-grown cottage, and her whose home was beneath its roof. All around was in deep shadow, making the sunshine look brighter, and the bit of blue sky overhead seem softer and more delicious. Bessie stopped a minute at the entrance of the glen and listened, for Dame Anstis was singing an old New England ballad, commemorative of Lovewell's fight, in low, chanting notes, to which the humming of her spinning wheel formed no inappropriate accompaniment. She was singing the subjoined stanza, the words of which Bessie could plainly distinguish:

"When gone, my Mary, think of me,
And pray to God that I may be
Such as one ought, who lives for thee,
And come at last, in victory."

When she had finished the stanza, Bessie, finding that she did not see her, stepped forward.

"I was thinking of 'Bright Bessie,'" said Anstis, without ceasing to turn her wheel.

"Were you? Well, I've come on purpose to bring you some of those cakes and tarts you are so fond of."

"Thank you. But how is this?" said Anstis, peering into her face. "You are not the 'Bright Bessie' you were the last time you were here. You smile the same as you did then, but there is a mournful light away down in the depths of your eyes. I know what has done it."

"What has done it, good mother?"

"Let me see your hand, and I will tell you."

It was not without a slight thrill of fear that Bessie held out her hand for her inspection. Anstis took hold of it, and for a few moments followed with her eye the delicate tracery of the lines, which, with many a graceful curve, crossed the soft, rosy palm.

"The lines lose themselves in such a way," said she, "I can make nothing of them. But, last night, I looked at the stars. They were as golden letters to me, on the dark blue sky. I read them."

"And what did they tell you?"

"That the shadow of an evil and a dark-minded man has fallen across the path of 'Bright Bessie.'"

"What more did they tell you?"

"That the same shadow would darken the path of him of the heart and open hand, who is gone to fight the battles of his country."

Bessie felt a chill creep over her as the hateful form of Ishmael Withers rose in imagination before her.

"Even now," resumed Anstis, "he is weaving villanous plot in the dark chambers of his brain, which, if successful, will cost the young, noble-minded and generous man his life, and make yours miserable."

"May they not be hindered?"

"They might, if the boy Hammett were here, for I can weave as cunning plots as Ishmael Withers. Hammett has a true heart cool head and swift foot, and can execute them."

"Your nephew is absent now?"

"Yes—this is the twelfth day since he left me."

"When will he return?"

"He should have been here the tenth. If, with the close of another day he comes not back, I shall know that some misfortune has befallen him."

"And must I remain passive? May I not do something to avert the danger which you say is impending over Wilton Richmond?"

"Not yet. Your path is dark. Wait till the light breaks in upon it. In the meantime, keep your heart pure and your tongue from uttering evil."

As she finished speaking, the sun's broad disk sunk below the horizon.

"You must go now, Bessie," said she. "If Hammett were here to guide you across that dreary moor, you might stay till the stars shine. Now, if you wait till dark, you may miss the firm path, and then, though your steps are light and free as the fawn's, they might sink in the black, soft mud of the fen."

"I shall be across the moor long before dark," said Bessie, taking the basket which Anstis handed her, after removing the contents.

"If you should meet Ishmael Withers, let him see that you don't fear him. He carries a coward's heart in his bosom, and will quail before the light of a calm and fearless eye, even if its light shine upon him from beneath the smooth, white brow of my 'Bright Bessie.'"

"I don't think I shall meet him," said Bessie. "No one but mother knew that I was coming here."

"In two days come again."

"I will if I can. Good-by, Dame Anstis."

"Good-by, Bessie, and don't let thoughts of that evil-minded man trouble you, but be cautious and circumspect."

"What you say gives me courage," said Bessie.

And tripping lightly along, she turned at the entrance of the glen, and once more bid Anstis good-by. She soon came to the moor, but the sinuous path which crossed it was firm, though so narrow that she needed all the light afforded by the fading twilight to avoid stepping aside. The rest of the way was through broad, open fields and flowery lanes, except a narrow belt of woodland. She had crossed it half way when she heard some one coming towards her. She was prevented from seeing who it was by the gloom of the woods, but fearing that it might be Ishmael Withers, she turned to go back. The next moment the person addressed her.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Bessie, it is I," said a clear, pleasant voice.

She was not afraid, for she knew very well that the voice was Hammett's, the nephew of Anstis.

"It's getting dark now. Let me go with you till you arrive in sight of home," said the boy.

Bessie gladly accepted his offer, and she felt still more grateful to him, when, on emerging from the woods, she saw Ishmael Withers dart quickly behind a clump of trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF CAPTAIN DEATH.

Perhaps history cannot afford a more remarkable instance of desperate courage than that shown by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the Terrible, under the command of Captain Death, of twenty-six guns and two hundred men. On the 23d of December, 1757, he engaged and made prize of a large French ship, from St. Maloes, after an obstinate battle, in which he had his brother and sixteen seamen killed. He then secured his prize with forty men, and directed his course for England; but in a few days he had the misfortune to fall in with the Vengeance, of thirty-six guns, a privateer, off St. Domingo. Their first step was to attack the prize, which was easily re-taken; the two ships then bore down upon the Terrible, whose mainmast was cut away by the first broadside. Notwithstanding this disaster, the Terrible maintained such a furious engagement against both, as can hardly be paralleled in the annals of the British navy. The French commander and his second lieutenant were killed, with two-thirds of his company; but the gallant Captain Death, with the greater part of his officers and almost his whole crew having met with the same fate, his ship was boarded by the enemy, who found no more than twenty-six persons alive, sixteen of whom were mutilated by the loss of a leg or an arm, and the other ten grievously wounded! The ship itself lay like a wreck upon the water, and the whole exhibited a scene of horror and desolation. The victor itself was so shattered that it was scarcely able to tow the Terrible into St. Maloes, where she was beheld with astonishment and terror. This adventure was no sooner known in England, than a liberal subscription was raised for the support of Death's widow, and that part of the crew which survived the engagement. There was a strange combination of names belonging to this privateer—the Terrible was equipped at Execution Dock, commanded by Captain Death; his lieutenant was named Devil, and the surgeon's name was Ghost.—*Chronicles of the Sea.*

I have observed that most ladies who have had what is considered as an education, have no idea of an education progressive through life. Having attained a certain measure of accomplishment, knowledge, manners, etc., they consider themselves as made up, and so take their station: they are pictures which, being quite finished, are now put in a frame—a gilded one, if possible—and hung up in permanence of beauty!—permanence, that is to say, till old Time, with his rude and dirty fingers, soil the charming colors.—*Foster.*



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE.

The engraving on this page represents the interior of the church belonging to the Greek convent on Mount Sinai, one of the most celebrated spots in the Holy Land, being that where the law was communicated to Moses by the Almighty. The convent is enclosed on all sides by lofty walls; and being in the midst of a population inimical to the Christian faith, it was built on the brow of a precipice, the only means of access and egress being by a basket raised and lowered by ropes and pulleys. It is one of the most interesting places which the traveller can visit. The massive and simple style of the interior architecture is peculiar. The effect of those ponderous pillars and heavy arches is very solemn, as seen by the "dim religious light" which fills the interior, lighting up the prominent points of the architecture, and casting heavy shadows from the columns and projections. The peculiar situation of the church gives it additional interest.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN,
THE IRISH PATRIOT.

The accompanying head is an excellent and authentic likeness of William Smith O'Brien, who is now, after his tedious exile, returned to his native land, and the home of his fathers. He is the second son of Edward O'Brien, baronet, of county Clare, Ireland, who sat for several years in the Irish parliament. Born in 1806, he was educated at Harrow School and Cambridge University, and in 1827 was elected a member of parliament for the borough of Ennis. Though sometimes acting with the whigs, he did not consider himself a party man. He spoke occasionally with effect, and as he exhibited an aptitude for business, was placed on several important committees. In 1837, he voted against a measure introduced by the whig ministry; and his vote having placed the government in the minority, the ministers were forced to resign. Mr. O'Connell denounced him on that occasion, but he was sustained by his constituency, and returned to parliament from Limerick. In 1843, he opposed the passage of the Arms act for Ireland, and received the thanks of the Repeal Association for his vote. He became an active member of that association, but withdrew with others on the passage of Mr. John O'Connell's peace resolutions,—joining in the new party organization that resulted therefrom. After the French revolution of 1848, he was very bold in the expression of his views, both in parliament and in Ireland, and was brought to trial with Mr. Meagher for sedition. The government failed to convict him, and he was liberated. He was afterwards arrested, tried for treason, and sentenced to death; but his punishment was commuted to transportation to Van Diemen's land. During the Eastern war he received permission to visit Europe, and latterly to return to Great Britain, of which it appears he has availed himself. He is a man of great ability, great resolution, and a sincere lover of his native land.



SMITH O'BRIEN, THE IRISH PATRIOT.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

We present on this page an accurate and pleasing general view of the city of Montreal, the principal city and second commercial port of British America, and connected by railroad with Plattsburg, Portland, Boston and New York. The facility of intercommunication has rendered us near neighbors to the good citizens of Montreal. The city is built on the south side of the island of Montreal, at the confluence of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, 420 miles north of New York, and 600 miles from the sea. Latitude, 45 deg. 30 min. north; longitude, 73 deg. 55 min. west. The city occupies a narrow tract about two miles wide between Royal Mount, which is a beautiful eminence, and the river. It was founded in 1640, under the name of Ville-Marie, on the site of the Indian village of Hochelaga. In 1760, shortly after the surrender of Quebec, it was taken by the English. In 1849, the seat of government was removed to Quebec, a mob having burned the parliament house and the adjoining library. In 1852, a large part of the city was laid waste by a destructive fire. The upper and lower parts of the town offer a strong contrast. In the former the streets are broad and well lighted, and the houses handsome and commodious. The material chiefly used in building is a grayish stone; the roofs are covered with sheets of tin, and these glittering in the sun, and taken in connection with the numerous spires and towers, give the place a very attractive aspect when viewed from a distance. The main street, running on the centre of the ridge on which the city stands, is called Notre Dame Street. St. James Street, further west, is broader and more elegant. In the lower part of the town the streets are narrow and ill-paved, and the houses, generally in the French style, dark and gloomy. The city is well supplied with water, and the streets lighted with gas. The principal public buildings, most of which are on the Rue Notre Dame, are the Town Hall, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the Hotel Dieu, a large hospital for the reception of the sick poor, the convent of Notre Dame designed for female instruction, the General Hospital, two convents, English and Scotch churches, the court house, new jail, government house, Nelson's monument, the barracks, the new Roman Catholic cathedral (which is capable of containing from 10,000 to 12,000 persons, 255 1-2 feet in length, by 134 1-2 feet wide, and with six towers, three of which in front are 220 feet high), and the Market House, a magnificent pile with a lofty dome, fronting the wharf. There are also a library and reading-room, a society of natural history, a mechanics' institute, the Canadian institute, Merchants' Exchange, mercantile library, and an agricultural association. The largest banking-houses in British North America have their head offices here, which are mostly situated on the Place d'Armes. The tubular iron bridge across the St. Lawrence will cost about $2,000,000. The harbor is fine, and the quays are said by some to be the finest in America. They extend for several miles, presenting a vast extent of beautiful masonwork. The city is divided from the river by a terrace of gray limestone. The commerce of Montreal is very extensive, and it is the centre of the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company. Many manufactures are carried on within the limits of the city. The climate is very hot in summer, and very cold in winter. The educational advantages of the city are great. There are a French college, a university with five professors, open to persons of all religious denominations, a Roman Catholic theological school, a high school, and several classical and scientific academies. The population, in 1851, was 57,715, composed mainly of French Canadians, English, Scotch, Irish and Americans. The French language is much spoken.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A writer in the North British Review, speaking of the wonderful advances science has made in the past quarter of a century, thus comments: "It is curious and deeply instructing to observe how much of the advance which mankind has made in some of the most essential branches of material improvement has been effected within the last quarter of a century; and on the other hand, in how many departments human intelligence reached its culminating point ages ago. It is not likely that the world will ever see a more perfect poet than Homer, a grander statesman than Pericles, a sublimer or more comprehensive philosopher than Plato, a sculptor equal to Phidias, a painter superior to Raphael. In the fine arts, and in speculative thought, our remotest ancestors are still our masters. In science and its applications, the order of precedence is reversed, and our own age has been more prolific and amazing than the aggregate of all the ages which have gone before us. Take two points only, the most obvious and the most signal—locomotion and the transmission of intelligence. At the earliest period of authentic history, men travelled as fast as in the year 1830. Nimrod got over the ground at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Napoleon could go no faster. Between 1830 and 1840, we raised the maximum of speed from ten miles to seventy. The first six thousand years did nothing, or next to nothing—the next six years did everything, reached the limits of possible achievement in this direction; for no one imagines that any greater speed is attainable or would be bearable. Again: it is probable that Abraham sent messages to Lot just as rapidly as Frederick the Great, or George III. transmitted orders to their generals or admirals. In 1794, the old wooden telegraph was invented, and made a certain though a partial and a slight advance. But, with this exception, the rate at which intelligence could be conveyed had remained stationary at that of ordinary locomotion on horseback up to 1840. In 1840, we communicated at the velocity of twelve miles an hour. In 1850, we communicated over immeasurable distances in inappreciably infinitesimal subdivisions of time. The experiment was made, and a message was transmitted from Belgrade to Liverpool instantaneously. Here, too, at a single leap, we have reached the 'ne plus oltra' of earthly possibility. In ten years—nay, in five—we have reached the vast space between the speed of a horse and the speed of lightning."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

APOLOGY TO MY BROTHER,

On my apathetic reception of his Commission in the Navy.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Forgive thou my gross selfishness! my heart was fraught with grief;
But my neglect has burned until it laves thus in relief.
I mused upon my own tame lot, nor thought of glorious thine;
I pray thee, brother, now forgive that strange neglect of mine.

Hand now the parchment; let my eye its finest traces scan:
Ha! was this 'warded unto thee? my brother now a man?
Methinks but yesterday we twined damp algea in our hair,
Tossing our tresses on the wind, we sported, childlike, there:

There, by the seashore; where the waves dash up with hollow moan,
Forever singing to the heart in strange sepulchral tone:
There, where great ships flit to and fro, like spirits voyaging on
Time's sea unto eternity—a moment here—and gone!

Methinks we stroll upon the sand; the warelets kiss our feet;
The sea breeze fans our throbbing brows with saline odor sweet;
Beside us wreaths of stolen pearls—the nerlads shells, forgot;
he while old sea rolls thundering on, making the old rocks rot.

And thou hast won this! ay, by toil: toil of that brain of thine!
And oft hast dreamed of this proud day, and of a smile of mine;
When lo, it lies neglected by! like shells upon the sand—
That parchment, which enrolls thee, boy, among a patriot band!

Go! don thy "navy blue," my boy; gird on that sword of thine;
And poise thy chapeau gallantly, to please me, brother mine.
Now dost thou deem no thrill awakes thy sister's bosom core?
Lend me thy chapeau and thy sword, comrade! *Salut ae la gloire!*

There is no curse upon this earth; no, not one under heaven
Worse than affection's apathy—or living unforgiven:
I'd rather be the thing I am—devoured with fieree emotion—
Than calm and coolly reign the queen of earth, and air, and ocean!

But there is that upon my tongue, within my heart, to-day,
That never have I said or sung: but now, 'tis time to say:
Life is a lesson hard to learn—harder for some than other—
But long as ocean thunders on, I'll love thee, O my brother!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FOOTFALL ON THE STAIRS.

AN OLD-TIME HISTORY.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

Only in the hour of grief and sorrow—only when desolation and death had fallen upon the house, and when another soul was about to quit its hold on life,—then it was, and then alone, that the footfall was heard upon the stairs. Generation after generation had passed away, and for the space of nigh two hundred years so said the records handed down—it had existed, throughout the huge old hall, echoing and re-echoing a solemn, slow and ghostly footfall in the ancient mansion of the Grandons.

Always the forerunner of a death to one of the name. When the wind howled around the house, and the rain dashed wildly against the windows, like some invisible, troubled spirit seeking for an entrance; while the thunder rolled above and died away in low mutterings afar off, and while the wailing of bending trees swinging to and fro in the strong grasp of the spirit of the storm could be heard without, then, if death hovered over the ancient mansion of the Grandons, it echoed through the huge old hall.

When sunshine and brightness smiled in the summer sky, and the sweet voices of wood songsters making music beneath the tabernacle of heaven, filled pleasantly the air; when nature was decked out in her robes of verdure, and aught save joy and cheerfulness seemed strangely out of place, then, too, if death hovered over that house, it echoed through the huge old hall.

In the stillness of night, in the broad glare of day, whether death approached beneath the shadow of the home-wales, or far off in a foreign land—no matter; when the destroyer's hand rested on the brow of one of that family, so surely resounded that footfall, slow, solemn and ghostly, echoing and re-echoing throughout the huge old hall within the ancient mansion of the Grandons.

And its history was said to have been this: Long, long years agone, Geoffrey Grandon was holder of the name and possessions of the family. A stern, swarthy man, upon whose brow evil passions had left their deep impress, and in whose glittering black eye might be read a cruel and malignant disposition. Mabel his wife was one of those gentle beings whom fate at times sees fit to tie for life to some such extreme opposite as was her husband, Geoffrey Grandon. She had sweet blue eyes and golden-hued hair, and her voice was like unto music wafted over the waters on the breath of the evening wind.

The marriage of these two had been like many of old, and even some of the present,—an ambitions father's will overruling the feelings and happiness of his child. Possession soon tired Geoffrey Grandon of his sweet young wife, and he scrupled not to display towards her his indifference—nay, even his aversion of her patient and enduring nature. And as day after day passed by and years rolled on, she became that most sorrowful of beings—a scorned, a martyred wife!

The time drew near when she was to become a mother, and she looked hopefully forward to the birth of her child, in the fond thought of its being the means of her gaining from her husband a tythe of at least his respect; his love, she knew now, she never had possessed. So she would sit in her own chamber looking out upon the sea, and watch the golden sun as he dipped his red beams into the waves, slowly disappearing beneath them, and would lose herself in glad visions of this pledge given to her to calm her tortured heart, and dreaming on and on, would rouse at length with a start to find that she had lingered unconsciously until gloom and darkness had gathered over the earth, seeming to mock the air-formed visions of brightness in which she had thus indulged.

And so he came at length—the lovely infant boy, with his mother's blue eyes and her own soft golden hair, and as she held him up before the gaze of her stern husband, she watched eagerly his face as he took him from her. It was plain to see that he was pleased after his own rough fashion, and that he looked with something of pride upon the helpless little creature that he held with such unwonted gentleness within his arms. But, alas! there was no change in his manner towards herself; the little comer was no bond to draw his one iota to herself. She gazed long and fixedly upon him as he stood playing with the child; and as she read her doom of a lifetime of further wrong and indignity, she sunk helplessly back upon the pillow with a sigh of utter woe.

She saw it still more when, some time after, he brought into the house a woman who seemed to rule all things by the power of her will, and before whose, not even her husband deigned to bow. It was a long time before she even dreamed in her guiltlessness of the deep wrong transpiring beneath her very eyes. But it was all laid open before her at last.

This woman—how she shuddered to meet her gaze fixed upon her when she chanced to meet her, for she seldom left her own apartments since the birth of her boy, scarce leaving him from her sight for even a moment, and heeding nothing that was else transpiring around her. But the wrong so openly displayed could not be hid forever from her, and the half-dropped hints of a favorite domestic at length aroused her from her sleep. As she listened to the woman's words, the light dawned faintly at first, and then burst suddenly upon her like a flash, and she knew herself not only as the scorned wife, but as the deceived and dishonored mother of his child.

And she refused indignantly—for the first time throwing aside her blind obedience—to appear again at the board where sat this woman, who, by her husband's sanction, so disgraced the roof beneath which she alone was entitled to sit as mistress. Entreaties and commands were alike unheeded in persuading or compelling her to countenance this last and greatest indignity, and so she was at length suffered to rest in peace. On the last occasion of her husband's attempting to gain her to his point, he had been brute and coward enough to use even violence; but finding it would be as easy to move a rock from its solid bed within the earth as coerce her in this matter, he had left her with a red spot on his swarthy brow, and a heavy black frown settled on his countenance, dashing the door fiercely to with a terrible imprecation.

"Now Heaven support me in my hour of need," murmured the unhappy lady, as she listened to his heavy footstep echoing along the hall until it was lost in the distance. Heaven support thee, indeed, poor lady, for this is but the beginning.

Another chamber in the mansion.

"I tell thee, Geoffrey Grandon,"—it was this woman whom he had brought into the house that spoke,—"I tell thee that the veriest school boy hath more courage than thou showest in this matter."

He sat in the shadow of the room, with his cheek resting upon his hand, and his heavy eyebrows were knit together as though he pondered deeply on some weighty thought that occupied his mind. She had risen as she spoke, and approached him, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"Then wert not always wont to be so fearful in removing from thy path an object which offended thee. Why, then, dost hesitate now?"

"Must blood again stain the walls of the house of Grandon?" murmured he to himself, musingly. "I had thought there was enough shed within them now."

"Then what matter for a few drops more or less? If that there be a perdition for past crimes, this cannot sink thee deeper in its gulf, Geoffrey Grandon!" And as she spoke, she laughed with a low mocking laugh that sounded drearily and echoing throughout the darkened chamber, as though a troop of demons had caught it up and repeated it merrily among themselves.

"This deed," said he, after a moment's silence, "is to me a more fearful one than has ever before reddened these hands. It would seem as though some dread calamity would befall our house should it go on. I know not what mean these fancies, but they do weigh most heavily upon me."

"Then shake them off, and be thyself. What!—art thou turning canter thus late in life, Geoffrey Grandon? Now, out upon thee! I grow a-wearied of this silly feeling. Since thou art no longer a man as once thou wert, mine shall be the hand to accomplish the task."

A pitying angel, hovering over that guilty pair, approached and whispered in his ear a word—it was of his boy. The spark of mercy laying deep within that man's stern bosom was fanned into a gentle life, and he murmured forth:

"She is the mother of my child!"

"And if she is," hissed the temptress in his ear, "he shall not need her care, for I will be to him all that she should, and more. Enough! Choose, Geoffrey Grandon, and quickly, between her and me. See, my hand is on the door; once past its threshold, and I return no more. Speak, thy choice!"

Tearfully the angel pleaded, "She never harmed thee in word or deed, but was all that a loving wife should ever be to thee!"

Yet the words rung in his ear, "Thy choice!"

"She hath lived a pure and gentle life, and all who know her bless her name."

"Thy choice!"

"By withholding now thy cruel hand, there will be hope for thee in the dread hereafter."

"Thy choice—thy choice!"

He sprang to his feet, and between his clenched teeth cried out:

"It is made! Do with me as thou wilt, devil that thou art. I am thine!"

And he felt a presence pass swiftly by him, and could have sworn the sound of a whispered voice echoed through the room: "A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

And the tapestry upon the walls swayed mournfully to and fro, as though in wailing for this anathema that had descended on the house. The night-owl shrieked without, and the sullen roar of the sea afar off seemed to repeat it, while the winds bore it to his ears again: "A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

* * * * *

In one of the vast chambers in the proud mansion of the Grandons, and extended in all the sublimity of death, lays the gentle woman who had borne the empty title of its mistress. None knew assuredly the cause of her death; but the servants exchanged frightened glances one with another, as though each bore a fearful suspicion in his or her mind, but yet dared not give it tongue. For while she had lain upon her dying couch, and while they sorrowfully watched her fainting breath and the dews of dissolution gathering upon her fair brow, they had all been startled by hearing at intervals a slow and solemn footfall on the stairs, echoing dismally through the hall without. And as they went to discover who this intruder might be thus pacing to and fro in the dead stillness of the night, they gazed in one another's faces in blank dismay at finding no soul visible.

And yet the door once more closed, and silence reigning through the apartment, again was it heard—that solemn, slow and ghostly footfall. And until the family vault received the form of the unhappy lady, it was constantly heard pacing to and fro. Then once more all was quiet, and the guilty couple who had listened to it in undefined terror, breathed again with a feeling of deep relief.

They were married—the dark-eyed woman and he whom she had incited to crime, and there was royal feasting and drinking in and about the mansion. But though shouts and cheers greeted the pair as they appeared together, it was but the mocking semblance of joy that met their ears. No soul, as they passed by, murmered forth the cheering "God bless them!" None beheld in Geoffrey Grandon a benefactor, or saw in her face the kindly heart that had beat within the cold breast laying so still beneath the burial vault of the Grandons. So the rude crowd feasted upon the good cheer spread out before them, but gave no thought of thankfulness for the hand that had bestowed the bounty.

And now it was late into the night, and the revels were hushed; the few invited guests departed for their habitations. In the chamber they stood together alone—the guilty pair now made legally one by the ties of holy mother church. Her point was gained, and she was satisfied.

He sat and leaned his head upon his hand; and as his wife approached and laid her hand upon his shoulder, his thoughts reverted to *that* night when they had thus sat in the stillness and gloom, and conceived their plans together concerning her who was now laid at rest. And as he felt her touch, he shuddered visibly, and fancied that once more he heard that whisper breathed within the room, "A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

Hark! Why do they thus start, and in the gloom strain their eyes to gaze in one another's blanched faces, while the blood is leaving their pulses, and their hearts beat with painful distinctness? He grasps her hand, and feels it ice-cold as his own, and half rises from his seat to listen.

Without the chamber, echoing through the huge old hall, and sounding ghostly and fearful in the silence reigning throughout the mansion, they hear it plainly—a solemn footfall on the stairs.

They had listened to it when watching by the death couch of their victim, and the sound had struck terror to their hearts as they heard it slowly pacing to and fro. What could it now portend? He arose, mastering with a powerful effort his emotion, and sprang to the door, throwing it open.

The lights still burned in the great hall, so that its remotest recess was visible; but as he gazed along it, a shudder shook his iron frame as he saw that there was no one there; the hall was quite deserted. And a deadly, undefined fear fell upon them both as they re-entered the darkened chamber, and sat down without uttering a word. Scarcely were they seated, when there again—that footfall, slow, solemn and distinct!

Now it was almost lost to the ear, as it seemed to ascend and grow faint in the distance. Anon it comes again, descending, and each moment coming nearer, until it is even close beside the door of the apartment. This it passes slowly by, and goes towards that portion of the building wherein the future heir of Grandon's name is sleeping.

He loved his child; it was the one bright spot in his heart, and as he listened to that dread footstep slowly approaching the sleeping place of his son, he cast aside all alarm, and hastened to him with a vague feeling of shielding him from harm. His wife followed, and together they entered the nursery.

A taper shed its faint light through the room, and fell upon the infant's face with a strange ghostly hue. He went softly towards it, and took gently with his grasp a little hand lying extended over the edge of the couch. Suddenly he reeled as though a fierce blow had been dealt him, as he felt that hand was cold as death. With a chill and terror at his heart, he looked closer on the little form, and the awful truth burst upon him: his child was dead!

Uttering a cry, he fell upon his bended knees beside the couch, while his wife looked on with a bewildered gaze. And as he thus sank down and buried his face within his hands, again throughout the hall reverberated that unearthly footfall, pacing solemnly to and fro. And now he felt in that dread hour that the words were coming true—"A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

Four children were born to the name and fortunes of Grandon—not the types of that child, his first-born who had possessed the blue eyes and fair-haired hair of the murdered lady reposing in the family vault. These resembled his own swarthy brow and glittering black eye, and his wife's handsome but evil countenance. These, even in their tenderest years, foreshadowed their after wickedness and vicious tendencies. These were living witnesses that the everlasting curse slept not, but lived daily in their young but baneful natures.

Alfred, the eldest, was now past his majority, and was now wandering in a foreign land. With some who love the beauties and novel sights, and with others the depravities which are not to be found at home, are the inventives to this; with him it was decidedly the latter that urged him on.

They heard but little of him or his doings; for in those days man had not yet chained the lightning, bidding it journey to and fro as his messenger, and, save only when the heir of Grandon stood in need of money, his whereabouts was most frequently a matter of conjecture.

In an obscure town on the borders of the Rhine, a young Englishman is living in retirement, awaiting remittances from home to disembarrass himself from some heavy liabilities that hang over him, and prevent him for the time from continuing his usual system of dissipated pleasure. His single servant informs the curious that he is a gentleman seeking health and quiet from too close an application to study, of which he is extravagantly fond. And he smiles grimly as he makes this last assertion, recollecting that his master would be somewhat puzzled to read even the title of a book—an accomplishment somewhat rare in those days, even for steadier minds than his. The simple peasantry see that the young man's face bears marks of what might well pass for nights passed without proper rest, and ask no further questions, but from their cottage door, and amid clouds of smoke give him "good den meinhew Alfred!"—the name given by his trusty servitor—as he walks moodily past. This is Alfred Grandon.

In one of these same cottages dwells the daughter of a small farmer, holding a rank somewhat superior to the bondmen and villeins of the neighboring baron, by name Veinhardt. Alfred Grandon sees the pretty Ernestine, and struck by the extreme beauty of the simple maiden, contrived various devices with the aid of his unscrupulous attendant for meeting and conversing with her.

Dazzled by attentions from one so far above her, she listens to the insidious whispers he pours into her ear, believes his professions of eternal constancy and devotion, and—sins, as women oft has sinned before, led on by a false devil to her destruction.

Shortly after this, Alfred Grandon was missing from the quiet German village, and Ernestine Veinhardt awoke to the terrible truth that she had been the victim of heartlessness and treachery.

A few short months pass by, and there lies within the graveyard hard by the cottage wherein she had lived, and loved, and being deceived, perished, the cold form of Ernestine Veinhardt, and on her placid bosom rests the equally quiet figure of a little innocent dead babe.

But an avenger is on the footstep of the destroyer, and though long months, even years elapse before they meet face to face, the moment comes at last.

"I think there must be some mistake in the person. I would pass on," and the words are cold and haughty as he speaks. "And I *know* there is no mistake. Look you, Meinhew Alfred Grandon, you may perchance remember this. You mishid it on your sudden departure from the inn where you lived, when your vile presence blighted our peaceful valley."

He held up a small ivory miniature of himself to the view of the young man, and then taking a letter from his bosom, and opening it, displayed that it was from his father, and bore damning proof of his identity.

"Now, sir, your answer to the brother of the outraged Ernestine! Aha!" noting his start of surprise, "you thought not of such a champion rising to revenge the memory of the humble village maiden."

"I cannot fight you; we are not equal."

"No, thank Heaven,—we are *not* equal. Cruelty and villany can be but on a footing with devils, whose ministers on earth they are. But we lose time!" pointing to the sun, which was slowly approaching the edge of the horizon: "Before yon setting light shall be hidden in the clouds of night, one or both of us will be in eternity. We are, in this green spot, safe from intrusion; and in the name of God and of my murdered sister, I challenge thee, Alfred Grandon, to mortal combat, and nerve well thine arm, for thou hast one to deal with in whose veins the blood is flowing in streams of molten fire!"

And in the quiet of the forest, with only one eye looking down upon them, these two stand foot to foot and face to face, in the fierce strife of deadly, mortal combat.

Another picture:

A youth of about seventeen sits at a gaming-table, his whole attention wrapped up in studying the game. From the size of his adversary's heap of gold, and the few pieces that are laying at his own elbow, it would seem as though he had been a heavy loser. A moment more, and with an oath he rises from the board, and, without his hat, rushes forth at mad pace into the street. On he dashes, his black locks streaming in the wind, nor pauses for a moment, until he stands upon the verge of the black and rushing river.

He murmurs forth in indistinct tones: "Dishonored and ruined, banished from my father's house, and, therefore, hopeless to look from him for the means of safety; an ignominious death in prospect on the discovery of the crime I committed to gain my last supply of gold, for the wretched Henry Grandon there is nothing left but this!"

Still another picture:

A child of twelve years old wanders by the verge of a cliff, overhanging an abyss of some hundred feet in depth. Its attendant, seated beneath a pleasant shade, takes little heed of his wanderings, nor notes his near approach toward the dang'rous spot.

A noise of crumbling earth at length attracts his attention, and he sees with horror that his charge is but just sinking with the unstable earth, and as he gazes, spell-bound, on the sight, beholds him suddenly disappear from his view.

With wild cries, assistance is summoned, and the mangled form is borne to its home beneath the roof of Geoffrey Grandon, and laid tenderly upon a couch.

And now the last picture of them all:

Geoffrey Grandon and his wife lean over the couch of their child. All is hushed. Without, the golden hues of the sun are fading from sight in the far west, and the beams just rest for a moment on the sufferer's couch ere they are slowly lost and obscurity gathers over the earth. The labored breathing of the child on whose brow the dread seal of death is plainly laid; and the low sobs of the woman, whose offspring it is, alone breaks the stillness, when suddenly the well remembered sound reaches their ears: a solemn, slow and ghostly footfall echoing and re-echoing through the huge old hall in the ancient mansion of the Grandons. And as it strikes upon their terror-stricken ears, a faint sigh from the little couch announces that their child is no more!

* * * * *

Darkness has gathered over the two combatants ere their strife of blood is ended. The brother of Ernestine Veinhardt leans exhausted against a tree; and upon the ground, writhing in the agony of death, Alfred Grandon ebbs out his life-blood. She is avenged!

* * * * *

A hollow plunge in the waters of the black and rushing river, and beneath their flood the crimes of Henry Grandon are ended in this world forever!

One infant boy remained, his the fate to bear that name down, accursed as it was, to far posterity, and thus fulfil the dread anathema prononnced against it. This Geoffrey Grandon thought, as he received, one by one, the intelligence of his sons' deaths. He could have wished that this child, too, had died, but it was not so to be; the curse must still go on—the race not yet become extinct.

The last of the name is long since dead; but until the hand of the dread messenger was laid upon him, it was always heard in the hour when one that bore the name was passing away. It was always heard in the huge old hall, pacing solemnly to and fro, slow, and ghostly, and echoing, ceasing not till the spirit had quitted its tenement of life; and the servants, as they heard it, told in whispers the story they had been told of its origin, and whispered forth with trembling lips the old-time anathema, "A curse, then, rests upon thee and upon thy house forever!"

LAFAYETTE.

In the third volume of the "Life of Washington," by Washington Irving, just issued, we find the following interesting statement in relation to Lafayette:—"During his encampment in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, Washington was repeatedly in that city, making himself acquainted with the military capabilities of the place and its surrounding country, and directing the construction of fortifications on the river. In one of these visits, he became acquainted with the young Marquis de Lafayette, who had recently arrived from France, in company with a number of French, Polish and German officers, among whom was the Baron de Kalb. The marquis was not quite twenty years of age, yet he had already been married nearly three years to a lady of rank and fortune. Full of the romance of liberty, he had torn himself from his youthful bride, turned his back upon the gaieties and splendor of a court, and in defiance of impediments and difficulties multiplied in his path, had made his way to America, to join its hazardous fortunes. He sent his letters of recommendation to Mr. Lovell, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and applied the next day at the door of Congress to know his success. Mr. Lovell came forth—in fact, was embarrassed by the number of foreign applications, many without merit. Lafayette immediately sent in the following note: 'After my sacrifices, I have the right to ask two favors—one is to serve at my own expense; the other, to commence by serving as a volunteer.' This simple appeal had its effect: it called attention to his peculiar case, and Congress resolved, on the 31st of July, that, in consideration of his zeal, his illustrious family and connections, he should have the rank of major-general in the army of the United States. It was at a public dinner, where a number of members of Congress were present, that Lafayette first saw Washington. He immediately knew him, he said, from the officers who surrounded him, by his commanding air and person. When the party was breaking up, Washington took him aside, complimented him in a gracious manner on his disinterested zeal and the generosity of his conduct, and invited him to make the headquarters his home. 'I cannot promise you the luxuries of a court,' said he, 'but as you have become an American soldier, you will, doubtless, accommodate yourself to the fare of an American army.'"—*New York Mirror.*

THE GRAPE IN THE EAST.

The vineyards of Syria abound in the most luscious grapes imaginable, of which there are different kinds; one called the walnut, takes its name from its size, being as large as that fruit; another is the long grape, and another is small and round. There are other kinds beside, which it is unnecessary to mention. The English hot-house grape, good as it is, does not bear comparison with the Syrian grape. The quantity grown is enormous. Did the Syrians know how to make wine, Syria would soon become the wine mart of the whole world. What are not used as grapes, the natives dry into raisins, and the process is thus: The grapes are gathered in September, washed in a composition of lye, water and oil, after which they are spread on a mat to dry, and there they remain for about a fortnight in the open sun, sprinkled once or twice every few days with this composition; they are then gathered and put into sacks of hair-cloth, and sold as raisins. Some grapes are made into a sort of treacle, called *Dibs*, while the refuse thereof is made into wine and arak.—*Dr. Baird.*

If thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.—*Fuller.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GEMMA DE LYRA.

BY J. QUINCY ADAMS.

There's music in the flowing streams
That through the valleys glide
There's music in the moon's pure beams,
And in the ocean's tide

There's music in the songs of birds,
In the whispers of the breeze
There's music in the child's sweet words
That breathe fidelities.

There's music in the heavens above,
And in the earth beneath
There's music in the voice of love—
In everything but death.

ANECDOTE OF MR. LAYARD.

Austin Henry Layard found himself wandering about, on one occasion, somewhere near Bokhara, in the upper provinces of India, and here his funds ran short. He called on a merchant, and requested him to advance him some money. "Can't do it," was the reply, "as many fellows have imposed on me with fictitious drafts; I've been too often taken in and done for." "O, well," said Mr. Layard, "as you please. I have money at my banker's in London; and I will come and breakfast with you to-morrow." "Do so; I shall be happy to see you at breakfast." Next morning, who should walk into this merchant's compound but a Persian gentleman, in full oriental costume. "I have come to breakfast with you as I promised." "What" said the merchant; "I don't recollect having seen you before." "O, yes, you have; you saw me yesterday, and I said I should return this morning." "You're Mr. Layard, are you?" he inquired, considerably astonished. "Yes." After breakfast, and when the traveller has told him his plans, and aroused the interest of his host in the discoveries he expected to make among the mounds around Mosul, in the plain of Shinar, where the ruins of ancient Nineveh are supposed to be, the merchant said: "I'll advance you money—five hundred pounds, if you like. How much do you want?" "O, I don't want so much as that; give me five pounds." "Yes." So he got the five sovereigns, put them in the sole of his shoe as the safest place while travelling, and having mounted his horse, rode away. On his journey down to Assyria, he had to pass through the territories of the hostile Khan, who had already taken away the lives of several Englishmen, and was now trying to get hold of our traveller, now roaming through his dominions. Mr. Layard knew this, and one day, when drawing near his enemies, he waited till the hour of tiffin, when they were all in their tents at the forenoon meal, when, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the midst of the hostile encampment, rushed into the chief's tent, and plunged his hand into a bowl of salt, which he immediately put to his mouth, exclaiming, "Now I am safe!" "Well," said the chief, "you *are* safe." He admired the boldness and dexterity of the Englishman, but, above all, the faith thus reposed in "the covenant by salt." Having tasted the chief's salt, he had now a claim not only to his hospitality, but on his protection, and he was safely escorted on his way to the scene of his future discoveries.—*Macphail's Magazine.*

THE POLICY OF ENGLAND.

An intelligent Frenchman by the name of Lanoye, who has passed some years in travelling through the British provinces in the East, has recently published a very interesting little work upon India, which has excited considerable attention in Paris. The most important characteristic of the work, however, is the tone in which it discusses the British territorial acquisitions in that quarter of the world. Referring to the aggressive policy of the czars, the author observes that Great Britain alone has annexed four times more territory than Russia, in the last half century, and that the growth of the Indian empire is one long act of accusation against the English for a series of unprovoked aggression, marked at every step by rapacity, violence and broken faith. Comparing the English with the Mogul conquerors, infinitely to the disadvantage of the former, M. Lanoye avers that the government of the East Indian Company has been characterized solely by a desire to multiply their dividends, and that although during the last few years the people may be supposed to have gained something from the English rule, in the security of their lives and property, yet those slight advantages are as yet in their infancy, and there is no security against the relapse under the earlier system; and that at best the monuments of Mogul enterprise and civilization are, to the British, a perpetual reproach and shame.—*Portfolio.*

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—A pleasant anecdote is told of Dr. Franklin. The town of Franklin was named for him. While in France, a gentleman of Boston wrote to him of the fact, and added that as the town was building a meeting house, perhaps he would give them a bell. Franklin wrote the characteristic reply, that he presumed the good people of Franklin *preferred sense to sound*, and therefore he would give them a town library.—*Journal.*

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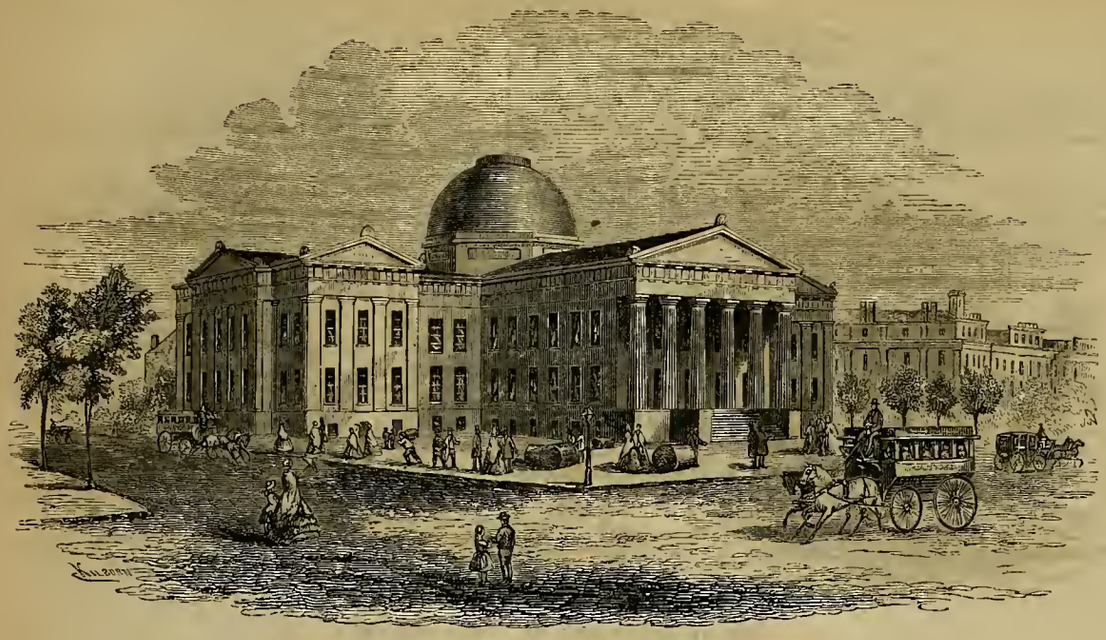
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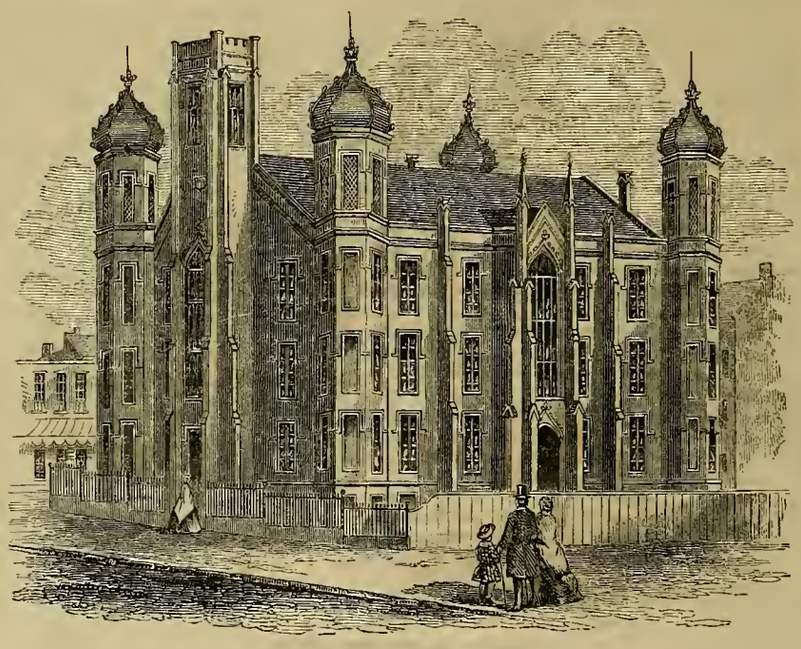
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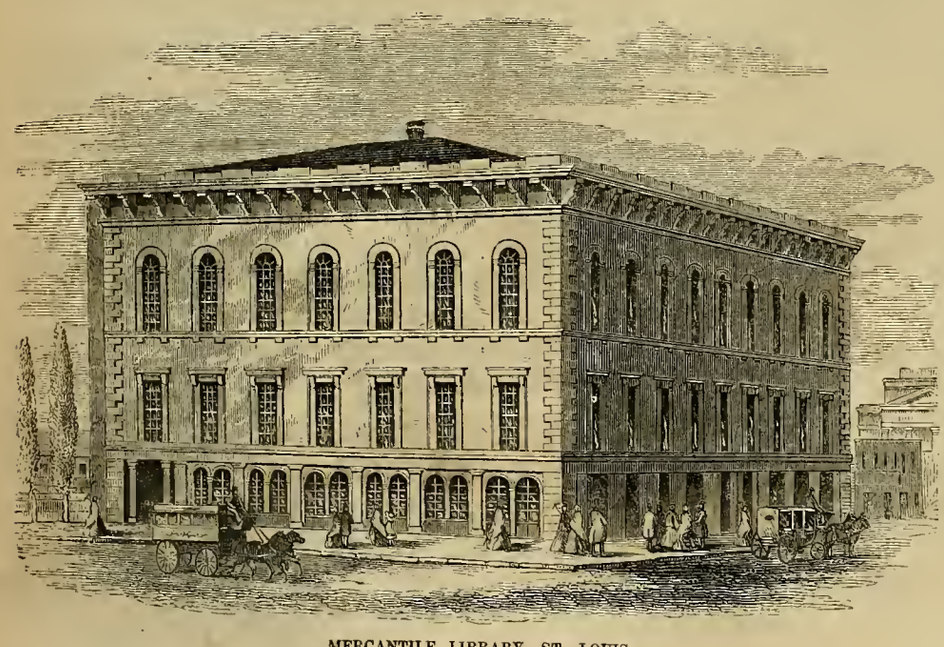
COURT HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

On this and the succeeding page we present accurate views of various points of interest in the city of St. Louis, drawn on the spot and engraved expressly for the Pictorial. These are some of the fruits of the recent artistic tour of Mr. Kilburn, undertaken for the purpose of obtaining fresh and authentic sketches of the most interesting features of the great and growing West. We have the utmost confidence in the accuracy of our artist, and know that his local drawings are pronounced excellent by competent judges. The city of St. Louis is a place of great importance, and constantly increasing in wealth and influence. Occupying the geographical centre of the Mississippi valley, its advantages as a commercial depot cannot be exaggerated. It is located on the west bank of the Mississippi River, 1210 miles by the course of the river from New Orleans, and 863 from the Falls of St. Anthony. The first settlement was made here about 1764, by a company of merchants on whom the French director-general of Louisiana had conferred the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians on the Missouri. They built a large house and four stores, which, in 1770, had increased to forty houses, including a fort and a small French garrison for defence. In 1780, an attack of British and Indians was successfully repelled by the American forces under General Clark. St. Louis was formerly the seat of government of Missouri. Its site is lofty, and hence its proverbial salubrity. It rises from the river by two plains: the first, which is alluvial, being twenty feet above the highest water; and the second, which is a limestone bank, ascending forty feet higher than the first to the level of the adjacent country. From the river to the first of these terraces, the ascent is abrupt, but the second acclivity is more gradual. The prospect from the upper terrace is extensive and delightful. Situated almost at the focus to which the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois and Ohio carvage, St. Louis must in time become a mart of wealth and commerce scarcely surpassed by any in the United States. The trade of New Orleans alone exceeds it now. The river swarms with steamboats, baffling an attempt to number them. St. Louis is also a great depot and point of departure for the American fur trade, and for the lead mines of the upper Mississippi. Here hunters, trappers, miners, adventurers and emigrants meet in the prosecution of their various objects, and hence diverge to the most distant parts of the great West. Under the French and Spanish colonial sway, St. Louis was a mere village, and originally laid out on the first bank, consisting of three narrow streets parallel to the river's course. Under the auspices of the American settlers, it soon extended itself to the upper plain. This portion of the city is well laid out, with broad and airy streets, crossing each other at right angles. The city is built compactly for an extent of about two miles, with extensive suburbs. Many of the warehouses, public buildings and private residences are fine specimens of architecture. The limestone, which abounds here, furnishes excellent building material. Our first picture represents the Court House, not yet entirely finished. It is a massive structure, well and securely built, and thoroughly fire-proof. It is situated in the square formed by Fourth, Market, Fifth and Chesnut Streets. On the right of our picture will be seen part of the Planters' Hotel. The Mercantile Library Hall is the subject of our next illustration. It stands at the corner of Fifth and Locust Streets, has one hundred and five feet front, is twenty-seven feet deep and ninety feet high, and cost $140,000. The lower story on Fifth Street is devoted to stores. On Locust Street, it is occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association. The second floor contains the Library, which embraces eleven thousand volumes, selected with excellent judgment; also a neat Lecture Room, which will seat an audience of seven hundred persons. But the principal feature is the Hall, which will seat two thousand persons. It is most beautifully decorated, and is a credit to the city. The High School, the subject of another of our engravings, is situated on Olive Street, and is a substantial Gothic building. It has eighty feet front, and is one hundred and four feet deep. The basement is finished as a lecture room. It occupies an elevated position near the western limits of the city. The Medical Department of the University, shown in our next engraving, is situated at the corner of Myrtle and Seventh Streets, and is a fine building, of a pleasing style of architecture. Our next engraving delineates "McDowell's College," as it is familiarly called. It is a dispensary connected with the Medical Department of the University of Missouri. It is located opposite the Pacific Railroad terminus. Our view is taken from Seventh Street. The building on the right is the St. Joseph's Academy, by the brothers of the Christian schools. The Biddle Market, shown in our last picture, is an unique but not unpleasing building, situated at the corner of Biddle and Thirteenth Streets. Real estate in St. Louis has advanced in value with astonishing rapidity. An instance will show the extent of this rise. In 1835, the trustees of the Unitarian Church purchased a lot at the corner of Fourth and Pine Streets, 127 feet deep, and 60 feet front on Fourth Street, for $2000, or $33,33 per front foot. Two years ago it was sold for $24,000, or $400 per front foot, and in 1853 it was supposed to be worth $600 per front foot. Many persons embarking a moderate fortune in land have become immensely wealthy by the rise.



HIGH SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS.



MERCANTILE LIBRARY, ST. LOUIS.

LIFE IN A POWDER MILL.

Dickens thus describes a visit to the powder mill at Hounslow, near London:—"In this silent region, amid whose ninety-seven work-places no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where, indeed, no human form is seen, except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are upwards of two-and-fifty work-people. They are a peculiar race, not of course by nature, in most cases, but by the habit of years. The circumstances of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulation, have subdued their minds and feelings to the condition of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrific explosion, here or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories, and acts as a constant warning. Here no shadow of a practical joke or caper of animal spirits ever transpires—no witticism, or slang. A laugh is never heard; a smile seldom seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone; not that anybody fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion or cause an explosion to take place, but their feelings are always kept subdued. If one man wishes to communicate anything to another, or ask for anything from somebody at a short distance, he must go there; he is never permitted to shout or call out. There is a particular reason for this last regulation. Amid all this silence, whenever a shout *does* occur, everybody knows that some imminent danger is expected the next moment, and all rush away headlong from the direction of the shout. As to running towards it to offer any assistance, as common in all other cases, it is thoroughly understood that none can be afforded. An accident here is immediate, and beyond remedy. If the shouting be continued for some time (for a man might be drowning in a river), that might cause one or two of the boldest to return; but this would be a very rare occurrence. It is by no means to be inferred that the men are selfish and insensible to the perils of each other; on the contrary, they have the greatest consideration for each other, as well as for their employers, and think of the danger to the lives of others, and of property at stake at all times, and more especially in the more dangerous houses. The proprietors of the various gunpowder mills all display the same consideration for each other; and whenever any improvement tending to lessen danger is made by one, it is immediately communicated to all others. The wages of the men are good, but not too much so, considering the risks of life and limb to which they are always exposed, and their hours of labor very short. No artificial lights are ever used in the work. They leave the mills at half-past three o'clock, winter and summer."

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Some of the episodes encountered during the search of Dr. Kane have wild interest. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigue party, with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. Kane, in an attempted passage across Smith's Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson and other volunteers. During their travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift swept wildly over the floes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the north the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty-seven degrees below zero. Human nature could not support the cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frozen feet, and with difficulty three or four of their companions, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship, and announced the condition of their comrades. Their chances of being rescued at this time seemed exceedingly small. They were in the midst of a wilderness of snow, incapable of motion, protected only by a canvass tent, and with no landmarks by which their position could be known. Even to drag these maimed men which have been, under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty; but to the slender party left at the ship it seemed impossible. Dr. Kane with the boldness and courage which justified the warm attachment felt toward him by all under his command, in less than one hour organized a recruiting party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to relieve the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrible gale, and steering only by compass, to rescue the sufferers. After nineteen hours' constant travel, during which two or three of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally, staggering under their burdens, one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow. The scene as Dr. Kane entered the tent, was affecting beyond description. The party burst into tears. A blubber fire was immediately built, pemmican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, they having been to this time without drink. Worn out as they were, but four hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen were sewn up in buffalo robes, placed on sledges, and dragged along by their companions, Dr. Kane walking in advance and picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bonsal and Merton, and even the Esquimaux boy, Hance, sunk upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on the way, was fortunately scared off by Dr. Kane, by a wave of the hand. They reached the ship after a walk of sixty-two hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hayes, the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom is got these particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of the number died of their injuries, and two others underwent amputation, and are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick was most lamentable. Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship in the midst of the muttering and delirium resembled a hospital. The surgeon and one remaining attendant were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness, the sick remained for two or three days, but afterward they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane started three weeks afterward and resumed their labors in the field. Intrepidity like this has never been surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion, even now, by the stoutest hearts in the expedition.—*New York Express.*



MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



BIDDLE MARKET, ST. LOUIS.

A SPLENDID PRESENT.

When the Prince and Princess of Prussia completed their *silvir* nuptials (*Silberne Hochzeit*), it was determined by the bulk of the people to present to them as a mark of the esteem and affection in which they are held, an offering which should be worthy the occasion and the exalted rank of the royal pair, and, at the same time, be of a perfectly national character. The Committee, which was formed at Cologne, adopted the idea of Herr von Schadaw, of completing an "Album of the Rhine," for which this part of the Prussian dominions furnished ample materials, both legendary and historical. In order to carry out the wishes of the Committee, and to render the "Album" worthy the acceptance of the august pair, application was made to the Academy of Painters, at Dusseldorf, who cheerfully responded to their wishes, and every one of the most celebrated contributed to the work.—*London News.*

WASHINGTON AND HIS FAMILY.

I had feasted my imagination, for several days, in the near prospect of a visit to Mount Vernon, the seat of Washington. No pilgrim ever approached Mecca with deeper enthusiasm. I arrived there in the afternoon of January 23, 1785. I was the bearer of the letter from General Greey, with another from Colonel Fitzgerald, one of the former aids of Washington; and also the books from Granville Sharp. Although assured that these credentials would secure me a respectful reception, I felt an unaccountable diffidence as I came into the presence of this great man. I found him at a table with Mrs. Washington and his private family, and was received in the native dignity, with that urbanity so peculiarly combined in the character of a soldier and eminent private gentleman. He soon put me at ease, by unbending, in a free and affable conversation. The cautious reserve, which wisdom and policy dictated, whilst engaged in rearing the glorious fabric of our independence, was evidently the result of consummate prudence, and not characteristic of his nature. Although I had frequently seen him in the progress of the Revolution, and had corresponded with him from France, in '81 and '82, this was the first occasion on which I had contemplated him in his private relations. I observed a peculiarity in his smile, which seemed to illuminate his eye; his whole countenance beamed with intelligence, while it commanded confidence and respect. The gentleman who had accompanied me from Alexandria, left in the evening, and I remained alone in the enjoyment of the society of Washington, for two of the richest days of my life. I saw him reaping the reward of his illustrious deeds, in the quiet shade of his beloved retirement. He was at the matured age of fifty-three. Alexander and Cæsar both died before they reached that period of life, and both had immortalized their names. How much stronger and nobler the claims of Washington to immortality? In the impulses of mad and selfish ambition, they acquired fame by wading to the conquest of the world through seas of blood. Washington, on the contrary, was parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen, and stood forth, the pure and virtuous champion of their rights, and formed for them (not himself) a mighty republic. To have communed with such a man in the bosom of his family, I shall always regard as one of the highest privileges, and most cherished incidents of my life. I found him kind and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him; agreeably social, without ostentation; delighting in anecdote and adventures, without assumption; his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic. His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his every wish: hence a look was equivalent to a command. His servant Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was always at his side. Smiling content animated and beamed on every countenance in his presence. The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies; but I declined doing so. As usual, after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and drawing my bed-curtains, to my astonishment, I beheld Washington himself, standing at my bedside, with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. This little incident deserves to be recorded.—*Men and Times of the Revolution.*



MCDOWELL'S COLLEGE, ST. LOUIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BANTAM STREAM.

BY H. WARD.

Upon thy flowery banks I stand,
Dear river of my native land;
And see thy crystal waters glide
Serenely to the silver tide
Of yonder lake, whose mirrored gleam
Rejoices still in Bantam Stream.

How oft in boyhood's sunny hours,
I've wandered mid the woodland bowers
That overhangs thy banks so green,
And charm to joy each well-known scene;
While life was all an Eden dream,
As then I mused by Bantam Stream.

I sat beneath the cooling shade,
And every rural sweet surveyed—
The fragrant flowers in summer's bloom,
The whispering pine-tree's soothing gloom,
The vines that shut each darting beam
From glaring bright on Bantam Stream.

The wild-rose sheds its perfume still,
And daisies crown the sloping hill,
And all along the dewy meads,
The lilies hang their drooping heads;
And all the charms of nature seem
To revel wild by Bantam Stream.

The milk-white blossoms of the thorn,
The golden grain and emerald corn,
And sweetly-scented birchen groves,
Where birds rejoice to sing their loves—
All these, and more, I fondly deem
A paradise by Bantam Stream.

But, ah! long years have o'er me flown,
And I have wandered sad and lone
Far from my native scenes away;
And now again declining day
Dispels the sweet, enchanting dream—
Farewell, farewell, dear Bantam Stream!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOO MUCH HASTE TO BE RICH.

BY EMMA CARRA.

An old man sat in his large arm chair, with his soft, mixed locks flowing backward, and close by his side, on a low ottoman, was seated a fair young girl, her mild blue eyes looking upward.

"Father," she said, "are you well, this evening?"

"Yes, my child," answered the father, thoughtfully, "but—" He hesitated, and raising his hand, he wound his thin fingers among her brown curls, and leaning over, gazed steadily into her beautiful face, and then bending still lower, touched his lips to her forehead. "You are the type of your mother, Cecilia, and I feel that it is hard to give you away, even to one you love," and a tear trembled on the old man's silvery lashes for a moment, and then fell among the glossy curls of the daughter.

"But he is so good, father; and we are not going a great way off—only to the city home you have given us, in the street of your choice;" and Cecilia looked thoughtful, and then added, while her lip quivered, and the words were spoken low, as if she feared he would confirm her opinion: "You do not like Walter. Is it because he is poor that you do not like him? Methought you had given up the idea of wedding me to a wealthy suitor."

"I care not for money, child, for the old farm has always been faithful to each generation, and I have enough for all; but I sometimes think that if you could be persuaded to give up this marriage, it would be better for us all. I shall be so lonely without you, and—"

"O, do not ask for such a sacrifice, father; besides, I probably should not be allowed to remain with you long, for by-and-by, you will want me to become a wife, and as you have often said, there are always plenty of suitors for the hand of a rich man's daughter. I know that Walter is poor, but he does not wish me to become his wife on account of my future prospects. No, he loved me when he did not know that I should ever inherit a farthing."

"Well, well, Cecilia, as you wish. I will say no more to cast a shadow over your hopes. Heaven is my witness that I wish no tear ever to dim your eyes, for you are all that I have left now. Your mother, brothers and sister all lie silently sleeping beneath the green turf."

Both now sat in silence a short time, the old man looking thoughtfully from the window, and the daughter watching his countenance and listening for one who, though expected before, had not arrived, until a ring at the front door announced a visitor. Cecilia did not wait for a servant to usher him, but bounding from her father's side, she met him while his hand was yet on the bell-knob.

"You are late," she said, and in her manner there was a mixture of reproach and playfulness.

"Yes, dearest, I am late, but I know that you will forgive me when I tell you that I was detained by an invalid mother."

"Certainly," said the trusting girl, and with her hand clasped in his they took seats at the window where still sat the father.

It did not seem strange that a fair young girl like Cecilia Grenville should love the noble-featured Walter Gorham, for his eye, though dark and flashing, told that it could appreciate what was good and true to the sight. The old man, too, seemed to feel a different influence when he was present; by degrees he lost that anxious reserve which threw such a shade over his countenance when Walter was not there, and he appeared now to think only of pleasing him who was so soon to be the husband of his only child.

"Would you like the country as well as you do the city?" inquired Mr. Grenville of Walter, as they sat by the window.

"I should be happy where Cecilia was," replied the young man gallantly.

"I think I should like the city better," said the daughter; "for if the air is not so fresh and pure, and if the birds do not sing so sweetly, there are other things to take the place of these in the city. But you, Walter, must have no companions to draw you away from home."

The young man bowed assent pleasantly, and so the hours passed by in agreeable chat, Mr. Grenville seeming to forget his previous regrets at the proposed departure of his daughter.

A week later, and Cecilia was the happy bride of Walter Gorham. The last good-by had been spoken, and the old man was left alone in his country home with his old house-keeper, servants and pets. This old homestead, with its broad acres, was where Mr. Grenville drew his first breath—where his parents lived and died, and where he had brought Cecilia's mother the day that he made her his bride. Every foot of land that surrounded the farm house was connected with some tender association wherein was linked the memory of his parents, or the loved image of his sainted wife. One after another, all had left him for that place from whence there is no return; but he had never felt how utterly desolate was a home without wife or child, until the light-hearted Cecilia left him to dwell with her husband in their city home. The father watched the departing carriage wherein sat his daughter, until the tall trees by the roadside hid it from view; then turning away he wandered from room to room, viewing the tasteful ornaments she had wrought and put in favorite places. There stood the low velvet ottoman, near his arm chair, on which she used to sit and listen to the fond tales he told her of her mother; for Cecilia was but an infant when her mother pressed her to her breast for the last time and said, "Be to her, Edward, what we both would have been, had it pleased the Father to have restored me and left to us our youngest born."

Mrs. Miller, the house-keeper, was a kind-hearted woman, and she left no means untried to make him who employed her happy; but her efforts were in vain; for to Mr. Grenville, the smile and silvery voice of Cecilia were ever wanting.

The new home of Cecilia was very unlike the farm house. None but caged birds sang to her in the morning, and the early zephyrs that floated into her chamber had not kissed the clover fields the last moment before entering, and the low of the herds as they lazily lagged on their way to the pasture was too far away to reach her now. Walter was ambitious, and he arose early and went to his business, for he wished in a few years to double the money that his father-in-law had given him. Cecilia knew that she should see him again at an early hour in the evening, so she strove to busy herself with her new duties, but when the noontime came, she thought what a relief it would be to her ennui during Walter's absence to have her father seated by her side as she was wont at the homestead; and yet she feared to ask for such a sacrifice, for if she had been disappointed in her expectations of the city's capacity to give enjoyment, it could never be a happy home for her father.

"You look pale to-night, Cecilia," said Walter, one evening, a few months after his marriage. "I hope you are not ill."

"No, Walter, I am not ill, but—"

"But what, Cecilia? Surely you are not afraid to trust me with your thoughts?"

The young wife laid her head on his bosom and burst into tears, and then when again interrogated, she said, half audibly:

"'Tis very lonely here—the days are very long when you are away."

"Well, dearest, I would dine with you," replied the husband; "but you know the store and home are a great ways apart, and I must not be remiss in business. You must try to become acquainted with the ladies of the society where we attend church—they will add to our respectability; and once acquire a taste for promenading and city society, and you will forget home and those little dumb pets you have left behind."

"But my father," said Cecilia, softly.

"Oh, it will not be long before he will be with us."

"He will never leave the homestead, Walter; for my mother's grave is there, and beside her sleep the children."

"But the dead cannot always influence the living. It is right that we should venerate the memory of our friends, but when they are beyond our reach we cannot benefit them, and our duties towards the living are greater. When I sought your hand in marriage, not knowing of your father's wealth, he asked me what business I intended to follow. I told him I had marked out a mercantile career, but that my capital was too small to enter into it largely. When I met with you I did not know that your father was rich, nor did I make any inquiries, for I was not looking for wealth in a wife. I only knew that I loved you, and determined that you should be mine; and for the keeping of such a jewel I resolved that my ambition should one day furnish me with a casket of befitting worth."

"And do you really think that father will ever consent to give up his country home to come and dwell with us?"

"I know he will, love, for I had a letter from him to-day, saying that he was so lonely now that the old farm house was no longer home to him, and since my business was such that we could not reside with him, he would, for the present, at least, let the homestead and live with us."

Cecilia's voice was more distinct now, and through her glistening tears shone gleams of joy, and soon her face resumed that cheerfulness which had won the heart of Walter when he wooed her in the paternal home. The next day, although Walter dined at the restaurant, did not seem so long as the previous ones; and when Mrs. Barton, a near neighbor, called to make her acquaintance, and Cecilia contrasted her fashionable manners with the manners of those around her father's home that she had known since early infancy, the dissimilarity did not appear so painful to her now, and she tried to render herself agreeable to her visitor.

Walter and Cecilia both wrote to Mr. Grenville to urge him not to abandon the design he had formed, and in a few days they received answer that he had decided to let the farm and live with them. The day was a sad one to Mr. Grenville when he parted from that home which had been the theatre where had been enacted all the scenes of joy and sorrow in the drama of his life. What wonder that the grass above the grave of her who could not go with him was moistened with his tears, or that the gray, moss-covered head stones that marked the earthly couch of his departed parents, were anew and firmly set, that no rude hand might remove them easily when the old farm burying-ground should be beyond his watchful care? But we will dwell no longer on those painful emotions that none can realize but those who have left some loved spot to the care of strangers.

Mr. Grenville in part forgot his mournful sensations when he met his happy child, for now that he was there, everything seemed in unison with her mind. Walter was away most of the time during the day, but she knew that it was business that detained him; so by her father's side she sat as she was wont, and in listening to him and watching his every wish, she felt not how absorbed was her husband in his favorite pursuit, until the settled shade of anxiety that enveloped his features and the nervous answers that he gave to her inquiries, convinced her that he had ventured too far to retrieve his fortunes without some giant effort, which, if unsuccessful, must prove his ruin. Mr. Grenville had never been accustomed to a business life in the city; his had ever been one of quiet on a farm; so when he was informed by his daughter that Walter had almost from childhood been familiar with the business he had chosen, he thought there could be no risk in placing in his hands, beside the gift of the house to his daughter, a sufficient sum to enable him to carry it on successfully; and with the loan, or gift of such a sum, for he never intended it should be returned, he had surprised the young husband on the day that Cecilia became his bride.

A year or more sped by, and the farmer had now become quite at ease in his new home. His son-in-law had hired a larger and more expensive building in which to transact his business, rushing hurriedly onward, trying to keep pace with those who had more than double his experience and capital. Once or twice, Mr. Grenville attempted to question his son-in-law, and advise him not to make too much haste to be rich; but he soon saw that it did not meet with a welcome, and he said no more, contenting himself with his musings and the society of his child.

One evening, long after Mr. Grenville had retired to his room, Cecilia sat by her chamber window, waiting the coming of her husband, till the moon went down and the stars seemed to come out thicker, as if to make its place good by their glimmering. The wife saw a dark form beneath the window and heard a heavy tread on the steps, and, springing from her seat, she ran to meet the expected one; but when the front door was gently but quickly drawn backward, Walter was not there, but in his stead an officer of the law stood before her, and pronounced the fatal words:

"Your husband is a culprit. Nothing but the immediate payment of large sums of money can save him from a felon's cell, from which, after all is made known, nothing can save him. But the injured party have consented to release him, provided the payment of the goods that he has obtained by false pretences can be secured to them, either by the endorsement of a good name or the ready money."

Cecilia stood like one bewildered; for some time she had felt that Walter was too rash and hasty, but she was not prepared for this. She had ever thought him honest, almost above a dishonest thought; she had said but little to her father of her own uneasiness, wishing to spare him useless anxiety, but now when the crisis had arrived she could remain silent no longer. The picture presented itself of her Walter held a prisoner till the word should be sent back from her lips that would release him, or cause him to be retained among villains of the deepest dye. This thought was too much for the affectionate Cecilia, who, with heart-rending sobs, rushed to her father's chamber and begged him to save her husband. The cheek of the old man blanched when the required sum was named by the officer, and, with a quivering lip, he said, wildly:

"Two years ago I was a wealthy man, nor deemed it possible that I, with my simple wants, could ever lack; but if I pay this sum, nothing can save me; for I shall have to mortgage the farm, the homestead of my father." And turning to his daughter, he continued, while the ashen hue of his face showed his emotion: "Cecilia, shall I place my name to that paper and make beggars of us all?"

At this moment there were steps heard without, and in a moment more Walter entered, accompanied by those whom he had defrauded, they having become impatient at the delay of the officer. Cecilia sprang to his side and buried her face in his bosom, while Mr. Grenville stood as if transfixed to the spot.

"Is all lost, Walter?" he at length questioned, in tones sepulchral. "This house,—the money I gave you on the day you took Cecilia from me?"

"All," said Walter, firmly, with eyes bent upon the floor and and his right arm supporting the feeble one that leaned on him. "To gain wealth that I might restore to you what I took, I played a deep game and lost. For my own sufferings I care nothing, but would that this dear one could be shielded! I cannot bear that she should share my misery and disgrace; so sacrifice no more for me, father; all I ask is for you to take her back to that home,

from which, for her own sake, would to God I had never taken her—cherish her, and leave me to my fate. Should I ever retrieve the past, you will see me again; but if not, Cecilia, for your sake and that of your father, I will trouble you no more!" and, as if forgetful for the moment that others than themselves were present, he clasped her wildly to his bosom, and pressing a farewell kiss upon her face, turned hastily to the officers, and with a forced calmness, said: "I am ready to follow where it may please you to lead!"

With a groan the young wife reached her arms towards him imploringly, and then fell senseless at her father's feet. Mr. Grenville could not penetrate the future, he only saw the present. He had ever met with kindness from his son-in-law, and since he had lived with him, had become attached to him; he knew how dear he was to his child, and scarcely mindful of what he did, he seized the fatal document and placed his name where the act left him penniless: but Walter was free, and the world knew not why the homestead was sold, nor why the son-in-law hired a cheaper store and retrenched his expenses. Some surmised that there had been wrong and the father-in-law was a sufferer, and thus it was hinted from one to another, till it reached the ears of Walter, who felt that, though secresy and prompt action had kept him from a convict's cell, he was none the less guilty; and if his devoted wife and her father could have been provided for, gladly would he have fled from a place where he was regarded with suspicion; and with thoughts like these resting on his soul, it seemed as if fortune had deserted him, until a small tenement in the suburbs was the only home of him whose name once stood so fair in that large city. Mr. Grenville did not sink under the accumulating trials he had to encounter, for his thoughts mounted upward to Him who gives peace to the suffering; though the homestead was gone, Cecilia still lived to bless him and nestle at his side.

One evening—it was just such an evening as that on which we introduced Cecilia and her father to the reader,—they were again seated side by side, talking of the past, but the father did not tell her how much brighter might have been her destiny had she listened to him; for he reasoned that the ways of Providence are mysterious, and if poverty had not been their lot, worse might have befallen them. Cecilia, with tearful eyes, spoke of the sorrow she had caused him, and yet she breathed not one reproachful word concerning him she loved.

"Where can Walter be, to-night?" said the wife; "he has not been out so late before since that night—"

Cecilia looked into her father's face, but she did not finish the sentence, for a sudden thought seemed to seize her; he might again be a criminal; and with this thought came the wish to know the worst, and taking her shawl and bonnet from a recess in the room, she started to go to the place where he was employed, but ere she reached it, she met him walking hastily towards his home. His face was all aglow with excitement and pleasure.

"Come, dearest," he said, "the old homestead shall be your father's again,—I will restore that and more!"

At first, Cecilia thought her husband's disappointments had made him mad, but by degrees he convinced her that he was sane, and that there was real cause for joy; for, on reaching home, he unfolded a newspaper wherein was an advertisement, saying that if any of the heirs of Amos Gorham were living, by establishing that fact they could learn something to their advantage. Upon inquiry at the place designated, Walter had found that there was a large tract of land in the vicinity of a western city which belonged to him, as he and his widowed mother were the only members of that family then living.

"I have known this for several weeks," said the now happy young man, "but I thought I would make all sure before I announced the fact to you or father, for fear that you might be skeptical; but now I can show you the letters I have received in correspondence, which establishes these possessions as belonging to my grandfather, which he purchased in early life for a trifling sum while a settler at the west, and when only a small town marked the spot where the city now stands."

"Did I not tell you, my child!" exclaimed the aged father, "that the ways of God are mysterious but wise!"

Cecilia wept for joy at this sudden release from poverty, and all concluded that the city was henceforth no place for them; so after the western affairs were all settled, the old homestead was re-purchased, and together all returned. Even the mother of Walter dwelt beneath the farm house roof, and when the old man's measure of life was full, he blessed those who so faithfully watched over the winter of his life, and then was quietly laid to sleep beside her whose spirit had gone before. The son-in-law modernized the farm house, and with his surplus wealth he ofttimes rendered assistance to those whose inexperience led them to where, without it, they could not have been extricated, and by his advice he helped them to shun such temptations as he in former times had encountered.

PAUL DELAROCHE AND THE GIRONDINS.

Paul Delaroche has just finished his new picture of the Girondins. The scene represents the twenty accused at the moment when the sentence of death is read to them. The twenty-first, Valaze has killed himself, and his body is carried away by the executioner's men in order to be dragged behind his fellow sufferers to the scaffold. The principal group comprises Vergniaud, Brissot and Gensonne standing in the foreground. Young Lasource, staring fixedly on the floor, is seated at some distance. Fauchet, Boyer, Fonfrede, and a few more sit at a table in the background. On the right hand side stands the commissaire, calling out the names of the victims, and at his side the jailor. The picture is of small dimensions, but makes a grand impression by its composition, as well as execution. The general effect is treated with great art, and the character of the heads of the Girondins is well hit, and rendered with considerable delicacy.—*N. Y. Times.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARY, MY SISTER.

BY WILLIAM D. OLIVER.

In a far corner of Lempster churchyard, is a tomb, covered by a broad slab of grey marble, on which is deeply cut these words:

"MARY, MY SISTER."

Not a word more to tell who was the occupant of the silent house beneath—not a clue to the knowledge of the person who devised the simple but strange inscription. I had often wondered, as I looked wistfully at the words, which seemed to me so full of deep and sacred meaning, so full of tender devotion of memory to a sister, but whether coming from a brother's or a sister's heart, was a matter in which conjecture was perfectly vain. A single sweet briar shed its dewy roses over the tomb, and seemed to image the life of the fair tenant within. Perhaps she, too, held as frail and sweet an existence as the sweet briar's wild rose. But as well I might dream of the life of Cecilia Metella, by looking at her tomb!

"Thus much alone we know—she *died!*" Thus much, indeed, would have been all that I should have known of "Mary," had I not one day encountered another visitor at the grave. I was sitting on a broad, flat stone, apparently a broken millstone, though how it should have found its way into the churchyard, was more than I could conjecture. It lay, almost overgrown with the long grass, near the tomb which had occupied my thoughts so much. I had been imagining all kinds of strange, poetical inscriptions that might have suited the tenant of that lowly spot. I had recalled to memory all that I knew of tender and lofty epitaphs, and had settled down upon the belief that none of them were half so touching as this simple tribute. Footsteps, light and reverent, broke my reveries. A man, bowed with age, approached the tomb, and bent devoutly over it. Presently he noticed that the grass had been freshly watered, and looking round, he perceived the small green watering-pot which I had filled at the spring, and with which I had sprinkled the grave.

"Was it you who did this?" he asked.

I signified that it was, and he thanked me in a voice that trembled with emotion.

"How did you know—"

"I did not know," I answered; "but it has been one of the matters which I have most earnestly desired to know—the history of this tombstone;—only, however, on account of the quaint simplicity of the inscription, which tells at once, so much and so little."

"She was my daughter," said the old man, with tears of genuine sorrow in his eyes.

I was shocked at the idea of intruding upon the sorrow of a stranger, and begged his pardon.

"It is not necessary," he said. "The act that you have performed here this morning tells me from what motives you ask of the beloved one who lies here."

He came and seated himself on the broken stone, and, after a few moments devoted to memories of the past, he told me of his daughter.

"She was lovely," he said; "not only a parent's heart thought so, but every one who knew her. I had another daughter, as lovely in face, but not in disposition, as Mary. Clara was proud and passionate, and ever jealous of her sister's superiority, and of the many friends who clustered around her. Clara loved her, too—but there was a rankling jealousy at her heart which spoiled all her better qualities.

"My wife and myself tried to treat the two children as nearly alike as possible—but undoubtedly we did often give the preference to Mary; and if we did, it was sure to cost Clara a flood of passionate tears, and she would reproach her sister with stealing from her our affections. At school, it was the same. The teachers all loved Mary, while they only endured Clara. I would often stifle down the praise which I would have bestowed upon Mary, lest I should rouse her sister's temper, and make us all sufferers. Meek, unassuming as an angel, Mary would never reproach or retort; and while Clara's heart was meditating wrong against her, she would, in all probability, be contriving some pleasant surprise—something for Clara's pleasure.

"Mary was passionately fond of flowers. The peaceful occupation of tending them, seemed especially suited to her gentle nature; and the first of her beautiful roses and carnations were always to be found on Clara's table. Of books, she had also her favorites—and these also formed a part of her willing sacrifices. O, how a father's memory recalls those things, and brings again before him the loved one and lost!

"I can give you no idea of the goodness and loveliness of this child. It seemed as if an angel had come down to earth. Always, some one was saying to us that she would not live to be grown up. But she did live, and in that life, my own and her mother's seemed to be wholly bound up. Her voice was melody itself. Often have I come home at night, and have seen a crowd gathered, still and almost breathless, around the door, to hear her sweet voice, while she, all unconscious that she was heard, would trill out such notes as seldom come from mortal lips.

"I was wealthy enough to purchase every needful advantage for my girls—and I spared no pains or expense to make them accomplished and well educated. They both well repaid me, by their devotion to their studies. In these Clara excelled. It was part of her character, to allow no one to distance her in any attainment. She was highly intellectual, and in all matters of mere acquirement, was the superior of her sister.

"Mary bowed to this superiority. She rejoiced in Clara's excellence, and her evident admiration of her talents, softened the heart of her proud sister. On those occasions, when Mary's heart went out in praise to some emanation of Clara's genius and talents the latter would seem touched, for awhile, at her involuntary tribute, and return love for love. At such times, I would believe that years would bring more beauty to Clara's soul—that she would forsake the unkindly temper of her childhood, and become more like her sister. I tried to think if aught that I could do, would help this poor child to become better and happier. In her own soul alone, however, lay the remedy. Nothing could help her, unless she would help herself to bear and forbear without repining.

"When Clara was nearly twenty, and Mary was eighteen, Charles Howard came to visit us. He was the son of my dearest friend. I loved his father like a brother. Charles seemed like the impersonation of his father's youth—so noble, so full of generous sentiments, so quick in every lofty purpose. I never knew one except his father, whose character was so self-sustained. I loved the boy with such love, I thought, as I could have bestowed upon a son, had God seen fit to have given me a son. It was like sunlight in our dwelling, this visit of Charles Howard, and when he left us, it seemed as if the darkness had come upon us. He was such a bright, happy, cheerful spirit—he was so rich in "that jewel which no Indian mine can buy—content"—and carried about him such an affluence of happiness, that it was hard to miss his voice, so like music, or his silvery laughter.

"Well, he came again and again. I knew that one of my daughters was his attraction, and I prayed that it might be Clara. The sunshine of his temper might, perhaps, communicate to hers, and both might be happy. But just as I thought my wish was about to be granted, I found, to my dismay, that it was Mary. I was not undeceived until he asked me for my daughter. Even then I mistook his purpose, and my assent was so cordial and earnest, that I think the young man was surprised into a feeling of something like distrust of my sincerity. He told me, indeed, afterwards, that he believed me jesting with his too evident anxiety, and that I was willing to turn his offer almost into ridicule.

"How different that offer looked to me, when all was explained, and I found that it was Mary whom he loved! Well as I liked Charles, I could not yet bring my mind to consent that he should bear away my precious child. It was too much; and I lingered and dallied over my answer, until patience would have been exhausted in any one less a lover than himself. Mary, sweet child, had unconsciously given him her heart long before—but she, too, thought that Clara was the one he sought, and she hid her love in her own soul. *She* would have died rather than to have stood in a sister's path to happiness.

"It was known, before long, that Charles had proposed for Mary. Never shall I forget poor Clara's look when it was announced! She, too, had been deceived by his friendly manner toward her; a manner which was but the result of the kindly feeling which every one connected with Mary, awakened in the young man's heart. I questioned Clara closely, almost hoping to find that he had committed himself to her by some word by which I could bind him to her for life; but even her sanguine disposition and her earnest hopes, could not construe it into anything more than mere passing attentions which might be interpreted either way. But Mary! it was worth a lifetime of anxiety, to see the beautiful happiness which came over that blessed face. Her eyes had the sweet, brooding softness of the dove, and her cheek deepened a little in its roseate tint; and life seemed hallowed and sanctified to her, by the love which was shed, like a radiance, over and around her.

"My poor Clara! now it was that she needed an added tenderness, if she would but accept it. Alas! she was obdurate in her passionate jealousy, and her love, instead of softening and subduing, only made her harder and more perverse. Hour after hour, would she sit, moody and silent, while Mary, poor girl! would try to wile her from that mood, and impart some of her own gentle nature. Charles urged the marriage on, hoping—for he, too, was well aware of Clara's feelings—that, when that was really decided upon, she would be in peace. In peace! Ah, that restless spirit had no element of peace within its troubled depths!

"I do not know how—I never could divine how it was, but Clara *did* separate Charles from Mary. She did it with a tact that left her unsuspected, but I afterwards knew that she alone was to blame. Long after she herself was Charles Howard's wife. Long after Mary had gone down with her unsuspecting heart, to this beautiful resting-place, Clara owned to me that it was through her means that they were separated, but even then she would not own what means she took, nor what artifice she employed. Nor did I seek to know. The 'grave covers all unkindness.'

"Mary did not die because of Charles Howard's desertion,—another cause laid her low; yet Clara will never cease to reproach herself. O! she is so altered! Her pride is all subdued now, and she is meek and gentle as a little child. It was she who caused this stone to be raised, and the inscription is her own. She never comes here—for the association is too bitter to be often renewed; but it was by her direction that this beautiful sweet briar was planted. In vain we assure her that Mary died from illness with which the heart had nothing to do. She still believes that she alone caused her death."

There is a world where the sisters will meet again—where all differences will be explained, all wounds healed, all hearts set at rest. Time—the restorer—the healer of wounds—the drier of tears—Eternity—that vast ocean in which all meaner things will be overwhelmed,—will at last restore them to each other. Until then, thou poor, weeping father! wait and hope!

Be true to your own highest convictions. Intimations from our own souls, of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march along as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.

PELEG W. CHANDLER, ESQ.

The accompanying likeness of Mr. Chandler was drawn for us by Mr. Hill, from an admirable photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case. Peleg Whitman Chandler was born at New Gloucester, Maine, April 12, 1816. He received his preliminary classical training at Bangor Seminary, and then entered Bowdoin College, an institution which has sent forth many eminent men. He graduated with honor in 1834. He then entered Cambridge Law School, and continued his legal studies in the office of Theophilus Parsons, Esq., in this city. For a number of years Mr. Chandler furnished the Boston Daily Advertiser with reports of law cases in the higher courts, and these were remarkable for their accuracy and perspicuity. In 1837, he was admitted to the bar. After having served three years as a member of the city council, he was its president in 1844. From 1840 to 1846, he was a member of the House of Representatives, displaying in that position marked ability, sound sense, and great aptitude for business. In 1848, he was chosen city solicitor, and while he held that important office, performed its duties in the most acceptable manner. Mr. Chandler projected that admirable and valuable publication, the Law Reporter, and conducted it for ten years, winning an enviable reputation by the vigor and purity of his style and the extent and accuracy of his legal knowledge. Among the valuable and important papers he prepared for that journal, is an elaborate review of the famous D'Hanteville case, which will be found in the volume for 1841. Among his other works may be mentioned his "American Criminal Trials," re-published in London, and highly spoken of by the press. Mr. Chandler is also known by other publications of a legal character. His oration, delivered July 4, 1844, is a highly creditable performance of an original character. It is a calm, well-considered production, abounding in sound philosophical views, expressed with great vigor. Mr. Chandler is a close reasoner and an able writer. There is a great deal of epigrammatic terseness in his style. His reputation is established on a sound and enduring basis. Mr. Chandler, by his various law publications, has rendered a great service to the profession of which he is an ornament, and his labors have been highly appreciated. As an author, he never aims at what is called "fine writing," which is one of the most prominent literary sins of the day. We have few writers of purer English among us.



HON. PELEG W. CHANDLER.

CAPE WAGON.

In No. 7 of the present volume, we presented, among other characteristic sketches of the Cape of Good Hope, a picture of a Cape Wagoner. We now add a spirited sketch of a Cape Wagon, with its almost interminable team of oxen and bullocks, wending their way along one of the vast plains of South Africa. The wagoners are furnished with whips of enormous length, the stocks being of cane-pole, so that they are enabled without moving, to reach with the lash a large number of animals. Though not particularly unkind to their animals, they are very fond of wielding this official badge and of cracking it most ostentatiously whenever a European appears in sight. The country over which these wagons travel is of a difficult character, and it frequently requires the utmost exertions of a team like that depicted in our engraving, to get the wagon through the miry places in which they occasionally settle.

"WASSAIL BOWLE, OR GRACE CUP."

Wassail, or *was-heal*, in Saxon, signifies your health, and is now used in a very limited sense, and only at the time of Christmas. It anciently signified mirth and festivity in general; and in this sense it occurs in Shakspeare, as follows:

> "The king doth wake to-night, and take his rouse,
> Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels."

And Milton likewise says:

> "I'm loth to meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
> Of such late wassailers."

Wasselling was a great ceremony at Court on Twelfth Night, in the reign of Henry VII. "When the steward cometh in at the doore with the wassel, he must crie three times 'wassel, wassel, wassel,' and then the chaplain was to answer with a good songe." In a very old house at Bexley, in Kent, is an oaken chimney-piece, on which is carved a wassel bowle, resting on the branches of an apple tree. On one side is the word wassheil, and on the other scinheile; it is at least as old as the fourteenth century. The custom of throwing toast, and pouring out libations to apple trees for proving a fruitful year, was called wassel; the term is still applied to the drinking songs sung in the cider counties on the eve of Epiphany, when the ceremony is performed. In Holderness, and other parts of Yorkshire, it is the custom to carry about with the wassel cup an image of our Saviour, together with a quantity of roasted apples, so that this custom has been restricted to the convivial season of Christmas, and the custom of roasting apples on Christmas Eve still continues in some districts. The origin of the term wassel is traced to the story of Vortigern and Rowena, the daughter of Hengist. On their first interview, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said, "Hlaford Kynning waes-heil!"—i. e., Lord King, health be to you! The king being unacquainted with the Saxon language, asked the meaning of the terms, and being told that they wished his health, and that he should answer by saying *drink heil*, he did so, and commanded her to drink; then taking the cup, he kissed the damsel, and pledged her. From this the custom long remained in Britain, whoever drank to another at a feast said, *watcht heil*, and he that received the cup, answered, *drink heil*. The wassel songs were sung during the festivities of Christmas, and in earlier times, by the itinerant minstrels, of whom, with the practice, some remains may be traced in our present waits and carols. One of these songs is preserved in the British Museum.—A wassail bowle, or cup, was anciently placed on the table of Princes as well as Abbots. In the 11th volume of Archæologia, there is an engraving of one which formerly belonged to Glastonbury Abbey, and a dissertation upon it is by Dr. Milner. The inside (which holds two quarts) is furnished with eight pegs, at equal distances, one below the other, in conformity to Edgar's law to repress excess in drinking. This measurement allowed of half a pint to each person. There is one now to be seen at Mr. Greenall's, Great Common Street, Soho. In the preface to the history of "Tom Thumbe, the Little," published in the year 1621, is the following passage:—"Now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a companye of good fellows, over a well spiced wassel bowle of Christmas ale, telling of these merrie tales which hereafter followe."

WHAT WORKING MEN HAVE DONE.

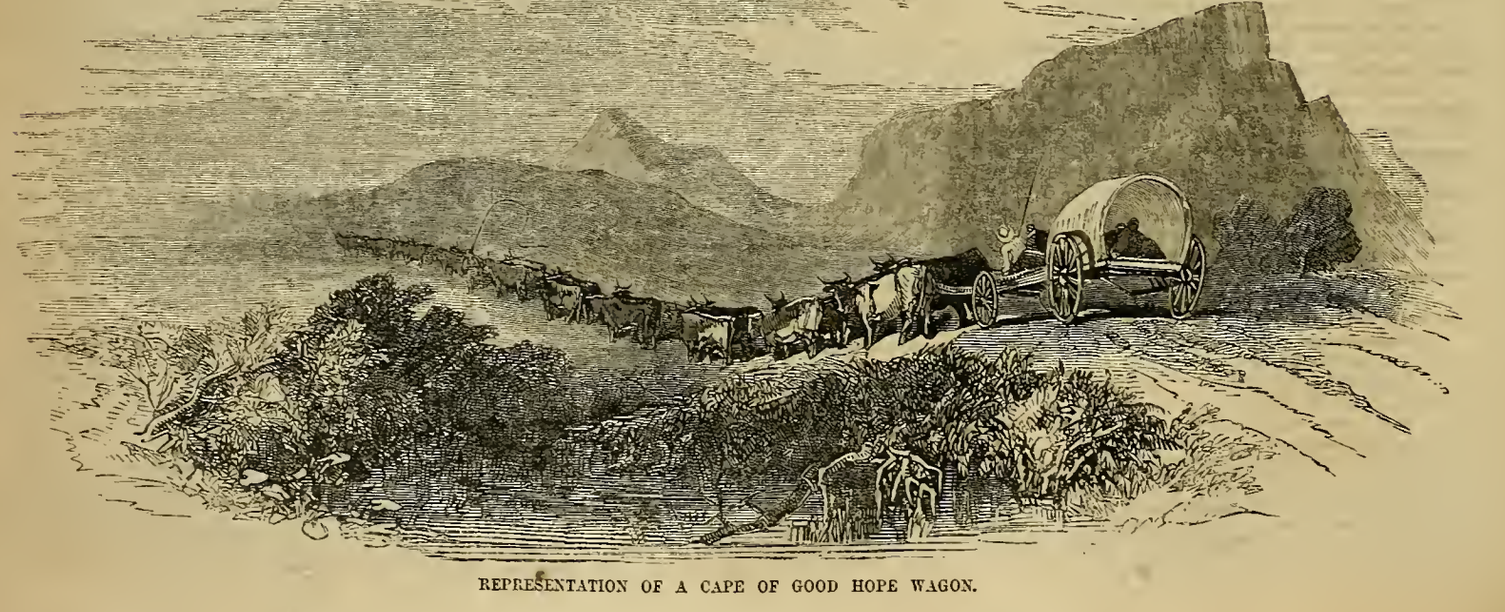
But some may say, "Why give working people time to think? What good use can they make of it?" Let us see what they *have done*. Take general literature. Look at Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," one of the greatest writers of prose fiction that ever lived; he began life as a hosier, and was almost wholly self-taught. William Cobbett, the great master of racy Saxon English, was in early life a farmer's boy, and afterwards a common soldier. Izaak Walton, the pleasing biographer and "complete angler," was a linen draper. Then in science: Thomas Simpson, the distinguished mathematician, wrought, for the greater part of his life, as a weaver. Captain Cook, one of the most scientific of English sailors, and a very pleasing writer, was wholly self-taught. His father, a poor peasant, learned to read when he was turned of seventy, in order that he might be able to peruse his son's voyages. Arkwright, subsequently Sir Richard, the inventor of the cotton spinning machine, was a poor man, and commenced life as a barber. James Brindley, the author of canal navigation in England, the first who tunnelled great hills, and brought ships across navigable rivers on bridges, was a millwright. Herschell, subsequently Sir William, originally a musician in a Hanoverian regiment, became a skilful optician and a great astronomer. To him Campbell refers in the well-known line:

> "Gave to the lyre of heaven another string."

Then for the fine arts. Chantrey was a milk and butter boy, and his first mouldings were in softer material than marble. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper, and wholly self-taught. John Opie was found by Dr. Walcott working in a saw-pit. William Hogarth, the greatest master of character that ever developed his ideas by means of the pencil, served his apprenticeship to an engraving silversmith, and commenced his professional career by engraving coats of arms and shop bills. Then in poetry. Gifford, the first editor of the "Quarterly," began life as a poor sailor boy, and afterwards served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker. Bloomfield—pardon me for calling him the English Burns—wrote his best poem, the "Farmer's Boy," while he, too, worked in a garret as a shoemaker. "Ben Jonson," says Fuller, in his "English Worthies," "worked for some time as a bricklayer and mason. He helped to build the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." Shakspeare, your own Will Shakspeare, was a poor man's son; his father could not write his name, and his cross or mark still exists in the record of Stratford-on-Avon to attest the fact. The poet's own education seems to have been very limited, and tradition describes him as having lived for a time by very humble employments. Then turn we to theology, the highest range of all. The two Millers, Doctor Isaac, dean of Carlisle, and his brother Joseph, author of the well known "History of the Church," began life as weavers. Dr. Prideaux, author of the "Connection," and bishop of Worcester, got his education by entering Oxford as a kitchen-boy. John Bunyan, the greatest master of allegory and author of the second best book in all the world, was a self-taught tinker. These be some of England's best working men, who have thought, and thought to some purpose. These be some of your hosiers, and linen-drapers, and millwrights, and masons, and sawyers, and shoemakers, and weavers, and barbers, and tinkers. Is England proud of them? Well she may be. Does she want more of them? She needs them all. Then let England give her working men time to think; for the man's sake, for the master's sake, for England's sake—for God's sake.—*London Lectures.*

ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

The present emperor seems disposed to depart from the habits of his deceased father on one more point than has hitherto been noticed—he permits petitions to be presented to him when out walking or driving. The wife of an officer, who felt his just claims to promotion unfairly passed over, lately addressed the emperor when out walking early one morning, and made him acquainted with all the circumstances connected with the case by word of mouth. The emperor immediately proceeded with her to the war office, and had the papers she adverted to laid before him, and in the course of a few days, everything had been arranged to the satisfaction of the bold petitioner.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*



REPRESENTATION OF A CAPE OF GOOD HOPE WAGON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

REMOVAL!

We have removed our office of publication to No. 22 Winter Street, in the large building especially erected for our business, and where we shall be happy to meet our patrons.

AMERICAN STREETS.

An Englishman who has written a book about America—we don't remember and don't care for his name—says:—"With very few exceptions, American streets are wretchedly ill paved and intolerably filthy, so badly lighted that it is dangerous to go out after dark, and so full of holes that European carriages would not be safe a week." We don't know what he means by that, for our carriages are fully one third lighter than the English vehicles, and an American trotting wagon is a marvel of light weight to English eyes. "I have seen ladies," says our Englishman, "over the ankle-step in mud ruts two feet deep, and chasms large enough to overturn an omnibus. Even in cities the inhabitants of which pay heavy taxes for paving and cleansing, these departments are very ill-conducted, and the state of many back and cross streets baffles description. So far from bearing comparison with England, the Americans in this respect can scarcely claim equality with the foulest towns of southern Europe. There are lanes in New York worse than any in Marseilles." Such is the sweeping condemnation our foreign friend visits us with. He found a few places in a bad condition, and thereupon Bull-like, concluded that they were all so. But an Englishman has some reason to be proud of the condition of the streets of his native land. London, notwithstanding its enormous population, is kept in apple-pie order, and so might New York be if proper exertions were made.

DYEING HAIR.—The Chinese do not make external applications of coloring matter to the hair. They treat gray hair as a disease produced by the exhaustion of iron in the system, and restore the color by taking ferruginous doses.

A LONG WALK.—At Newark, N. J., one Mickey Free lately walked one hundred and six hours without sitting or sleeping, on a plank forty feet long and four feet wide. He risked his health for the paltry sum of $300.

AWFUL DEPRAVITY.—Two young girls were lately arrested at Hartford, in the land of steady habits, for stealing whalebone to manufacture hooped skirts for themselves.

SPLINTERS.

.... An Ashantee negro, who spoke a little English, on seeing ice for the first time, said: "Him be water fass asleep."

.... The president has pardoned Wagner, the foreign agent, convicted of enlisting men in this country for the Eastern war.

.... The one hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary of Yale College, Ct., was lately celebrated with immense éclat.

.... The new water-works to supply the city of Brooklyn, New York, are under way, and going on with great rapidity.

.... About eight thousand dollars have been forwarded from New York for the relief of the sufferers by inundation in France.

.... Lord Brougham, one of the hardest working of England's great men, is living in poor health and retired at his villa.

.... The Toronto Globe does not like the idea of Canada being merely a duelling-ground for gentlemen from this side.

.... Thirty-two fishing vessels were lately wrecked in the Straits of Belle Isle, during a very violent hurricane.

.... A young English lady lately recovered $15,000 in a suit brought for breach of a marriage promise.

.... St. Martin, the Canadian, whose digestive organs are visible and in good condition, has been taken to England.

.... The imperial recognition of the American Bonaparte has caused a good deal of uneasiness to Jerome.

.... A German is said to have succeeded, under influence of chloroform, in transplanting hair on to a bald man's head.

.... Lake Geneva is to be dammed at certain points to prevent inundation of the River Rhone.

.... A proposition has been introduced into the U. S. Senate, to give members three thousand dollars a year.

.... Our system of private capital executions has been recommended by the House of Lords for adoption in Great Britain.

.... Gen. Tom Thumb lately had $20,000 worth of presents stolen from him in Cincinnati, but recovered them.

.... Miss Laura Keene has been ejected by legal process from the theatre in New York she managed so well.

.... The Russian loss in the late war is now stated to amount to a little less than 300,000 men.

.... The French peasant who won the gold ingot valued at 40,000 francs, died poor, having spent it all in charity.

.... The Emperor Nicholas is reported to have left a memoir of his reign, to be published four years from this time.

.... A man in Doylston lately died from having an arm and leg cut off by a mowing machine. Be careful with machinery.

..— The peach crop in the Southern States is magnificent. Hereabouts there is a very poor show of that fruit.

.... The French residents of Mexico lately gave a tin-pan serenade to their minister for refusing to preside at a charity meeting.

.... The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, one of the world's wonders, has been explored to the extent of eleven miles.

THE INCOMING OF AUTUMN.

September by the almanac! September by the bright atmosphere! September by the exulting bound of the pulses, and the rush of the invigorated blood! We hail thee, bright and genial month! The dog-days are passed. Rabid canine animals have run their race, foamed at the mouth, bitten infants and aldermen, frightened old women into convulsions, and gone to the dogs. We can walk the thoroughfares without fear of insane bulldogs rushing out of alley-ways, and making love to the calves of our legs. We can walk the streets without "larding the lean earth as we walk." We can breathe, we can sleep, we can think. A plunge in the ocean wave is no longer a luxury. We shudder at the thought of Newport, Cape May and Coney Island. We have the ague at the thought of Mount Washington and the cloud-environed summit of the Kaatskills. We turn our thoughts city-ward. We interest ourselves in theatricals and musical matters. We consult the papers to see what our friend Kimball is doing—what Mr. Manager Barry, and what the directors of the Howard and the National. Will Jack Brougham hold his own at the Bowery? How about those new importations of Niblo? What has become of Sarah Felix? Is Max Maretzek destined to an Austerlitz victory or a Waterloo defeat? Are not those balloon skirts a little too airy for autumn wear? Will the concert and lecture season be brilliant? What new "imp of Germany brought up in France" will be introduced into the ball-room? These are serious questions, and discussed with all the gravity of the "points" in a congress of royal representatives to settle the affairs of Europe.

But let us not be in haste to abandon the country. It has still its manifold attractions. The trees are just putting on that bronzed hue so dear to the painter's eye, and so much more soothing than the raw green of July. The distant hills are veiled in that golden mist that poor Doughty used to represent so well. The noontides are glorious, effulgent, and the air is pure and balmy and soft to the lungs. If the parterres of the gardens no longer send forth an aromatic odor, they are bright with a floral glory that the summer knows not. The many-hued dahlias flame along the gravel-walks; the asters display their fluted leaves in many an entrancing hue. Along the trellices, the grapes hang in purpling clusters; and in the garden plats, the luscious melons with their braided skins woo the eye and awaken the appetite. Further on, opened husks of the maize turn their deep golden ears to the sunlight. The sharp sickle gleams among the falling grain. Apples, golden as those of the Hesperides, glisten in the interstices of the foliage. Whole acres of orange pumpkins, suggestive of Thanksgiving, in connexion with the gabbling flocks of turkeys that strut about the fallows, diversify the rustic landscape. From the far-off copse you see now and then a puff of light smoke swell up into the blue atmosphere, followed, at an interval, by a dull report, telling you that the sportsman has donned his accoutrements, and that Rover or Dash has made a point. Now the practical farmer begins to count his gains, and the gentleman farmer his expenditures. The former has his reward for his labor and experience, the latter his pleasure for his pains.

In many respects, September in New England is the most delightful month of the year. It is neither too hot nor too cold; it is healthy and invigorating. It admits of exercise of mind and body without let or hindrance. It is a graceful portal by which we enter on the season of winter, as in a well-regulated bathing establishment we pass through different degrees of temperature, from the callid to the frigid. The man who is dissatisfied with the month of September must be very difficult to please.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

The Journal says:—"France, we believe, makes no Christian pretences in regard to her conquests, and practises but little more than she pretends. Africa she converts into a sort of political Botany Bay, to be used as a vent for the restless spirits who imperil the existence of her despotic rulers. The French idea of spreading civilization seems to be the getting up of *autos-da-fe* among wild Arabs, forcing wines and brandy upon the people of the Sandwich Islands at the cannon's mouth, and stifling Italian independence by armed legions stationed in the Eternal City. But if we measure her sins by her success, she has much less to answer for than her great rivals, England and Russia." Yet our fair cousins of France and England are constantly throwing into our faces our pretended thirst for territorial expansion, much as a rogue in a crowd who has picked a pocket is the very first to utter the cry of "Stop thief!" But we can endure these unjust taunts, because, in Yankee phrase, they "don't amount to anything." But if we chose to retaliate, what stories we could tell with admitted history for a basis!

WEDDED BLISS.—A married woman in England is really the property of her husband, and her sufferings, in consequence, particularly among the lower classes, are often terrible. In those classes wife-beating is common, and we believe the law allows chastisement with a stick big as a man's thumb. As some rustic thumbs are rather solid, the consequences may be imagined.

AUSTRALIA.—Advices from Melbourne represent the agricultural prospects of the colony as flourishing. The gold mines were more abundant daily. Railroads were being encouraged by the legislature.

WHAT NAMES!—The official named as the next Russian ambassador to France is called Count Kissenuff. A Russian army surgeon is named Doctoroff.

MILITARY PREACHING.—In London, lately, a Mr. Coulter, a member of the Life Guards, preached a very effective sermon in a Methodist chapel.

ACCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

The past travelling season produced some accidents on land and water that have carried distress into the bosom of many families, and dismay wherever the tidings have reached. It is still perilous to travel in this country; and the more so, since there is no diminution on the part of the public of that craving for excessive speed, that restless fury of locomotion which perhaps underlies all travelling disasters. To save time, people are willing to run the risk of rushing unprepared upon eternity. The travelling public will patronize the fastest boat, and will applaud the fastest demonstration of a locomotive. The rivalry of steamboats owes its existence to a popular feeling. The sole thought of nearly every passenger in a railroad train is to get on as fast as possible. A slow rate of running causes dissatisfaction throughout a train. A steamboat that accomplishes only twelve miles an hour, is voted an "old tub." Newspaper articles are written denouncing the parsimony and timidity of a corporation that goes on the "slow and sure" principle, and every newspaper correspondent has his fling. No wonder that the cornet player Vivian stipulated, before visiting this country on a professional tour, that his life should be previously insured against the risk of travel for $50,000. We have sometimes, when heart-sick at reading tales of death and mutilation occasioned directly or indirectly by the mania for rushing from place to place at the utmost possible speed, been disposed to regard steamboats and railroads with aversion, and to look back to the days of stage-coaches and sailing-packets with regret. We are, we sorrowfully confess it, too fast a people. We must stop running these daily risks; we must be content to move more slowly and securely. If we escape death and mutilation, we are worn out and effete at fifty. Our old age is an old age of exhaustion and debility, and arrived at the threshold, we cry, too late and despairingly, with Dr. Walcott, "O, give me back my youth!" It is we who have thrown it away. We empty the brimming chalice at a draught, and then, when the parching thirst comes on, complain that there is not a drop left in the cup.

A PHENOMENON.—A child with two heads is living in England. One of its heads is charming, the other diminutive and deformed. The old proverb says that "two heads are better than one," and an opportunity is afforded of testing its truth now.

J. FROST.—This gentleman has returned to England. We allude to John Frost, Esq., and not Jack Frost of meteorological celebrity. This Mr. Frost was the exiled Chartist, who made such a noise in this country recently.

GOING UP.—Among the celebrities who, in times past, made ascensions with M Godard, the aeronaut, were Marshal St. Arnaud, the hero of the Alma, and Arago, the great French astronomer.

MARRIAGES.

At Boston, by Rev. J. P. Robinson, Mr. Thomas Taylor to Miss Bridgett O. Laughlin; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles J. Stuart, Jr., of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Ada Dearborn, of Stratham, N. H.; by Rev. Phineas Stowe, Mr. Caleb D. Smith to Miss Charlotte M. Hunt; by Rev. A. H. Burlingham, Mr. John Petit to Miss Elizabeth Bailey; by Rev. A. Blaikie, Mr. Daniel Campbell to Miss Susan J. Buchanan.—At Dorchester, by Rev. H. Pike, Mr William J. Rolfe to Miss Elira J. Carew.—At Nantucket, Mr. Charles B. Swain to Miss Lydia G. Brock.—At Roxbury, by Rev. A. C. Thompson, Rev. S. B Fairbank, of the Bombay Mission, to Miss Mary Ballantine.—At Newburyport, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Mr. Henry M. Brackett, of West Newbury, to Miss Mary E. Richardson, of Groveland.—At Amesbury, by Rev. E. Mawson, Mr. William A. Rowell to Miss Lucinda N. Bailey.—At Salisbury, by Rev. B. Sawyer, Mr. William A. Kennett to Miss Sarah D. Osgood.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Edgar H. Baily to Miss Arabella Loring, both of Duxbury.—At New Bedford, by Rev. B. V. Stevenson, Mr. Eugene H. Gifford to Miss Rebecca T. Howland. At New York, Mr. William A. Lamper to Miss Sarah E. Wright, both of Lynn. At Cleveland, O., Mr. L. M. Oviatt, of C., to Miss Mary E. Smith, of Springfield, Mass.—At Chicago, Ill., P. Cornell, Esq. to Miss Helen M. Gray.

DEATHS.

At Boston, Mr. William D. Stewart, 28; Mrs. Olive Marshall, of Nashua, N. H., 84; Mrs. Sarah D. Munroe, 75; Mrs. Abigail T. Voss, 69; Joseph F. Dyke, 14; Mr. Hugh Dugan, 71.—At South Boston, Mr. Daniel Weston, 65.—At Chelsea, Mr. Charles J. Hanson, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. John Rass, 41. At Medford, Miss Hepzibah Hall, 58.—At Brookline, Mr. Timothy H Child, 72; Capt. Benjamin Bradley, 70.—At Cohasset, Mr. Charles Cunningham, 46. At Lowell, Mrs. Matrassa L. Sanford, 24.—At Wenham, Mr. Abraham Dodge, 42; Alphonso M Dodge, his son, 17.—At Haverhill, Mr. Gilbert W Rowe, 17. At Worcester, Mrs Hannah Parker, 40; Mr. Richard Hill, 78; Mrs Polly Woodward, 90.—At Monument, Mrs. Mary Gifford, 65.—At East Salisbury, Mrs Elizabeth T. Coffin, 49.—At Taunton, Mr. Frederick W Morey, 35.—At Sandwich, Mr. Edmund Bassett, 45.—At Nantucket, Mr. Benjamin F Bay, 43. At Worthington, Mr. Elijah Higgins, 65.—At Buckland, Mrs. Mary Newton, 54.—At Montague, Mr. Francis Webber, 62.—At Portsmouth, N H., William Haven, Esq., 81.—At Bath, Me., Mrs. Sarah F. Tallman, 42.—At Portland, Me., Capt. Jonathan Tucker, 86.—At Camden, Me., Joseph M., second son of Mr. George Bradford, of Charlestown, Mass., 18.—At Palmyra, N. Y., Mr. Benjamin Armitgton, 80, formerly of Providence, R. I.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A PHANTASY.

BY "GAY HUMBOLDT."

I dreamed it was night by the sleeping sea,
And the stars were sinking away to rest;
And I thought that proud kings were humbled to me,
That proud nations trembled at my behest.

In a moment a ship arose from the sea,
'Twas a fairy ship with a cloud of sail,
And it sped on and onward right gallantly,
As if borne on the wings of a tempest gale.

There were echoes of laughter and songs of love
That came to my ears—high sounds of glee—
As like a bright cloud of evening she drove
O'er the curling waves of the wakening sea.

Onward and on! and a hurricane swept
Onward and on o'er the place where I stood,
Onward and on, till the fairy thing leapt
Like a wild thing of life from the maddening flood.

Onward and on, like a bird of the sea,
It toppled the waves of the ether air,
A moment—then dashed down breathlessly,—
And vanished like rime in the sun's fierce glare.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CANADIAN FUGITIVE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was a soft, warm day in early summer. The glorious beauty of the season bore no sign of approaching decay, but all over the green earth's broad bosom were sunshine and loveliness. No cloud was in the summer sky—no gloom in the cool, sweet depths of the glorious old woods that skirted the city, and spread its dark, green foliage miles and miles away towards the broad river.

There had been tokens of an insurgent spirit among the Canadians for some months. Secret meetings had been held, arms provided, and the watchword was only needed to arouse the lion hearts longing to achieve the deeds they fondly hoped would lead to independence. Of these hearts, Simon Duncombe was the strongest and bravest. By common consent, he had put himself into the foremost rank, and was allowed to retain his position without a rival. At once statesman and soldier, with judgment and experience to mark out the path for himself and others, and bravery to lead them on, each insurgent involuntarily looked to Duncombe, as to the gallant leader who, in some way, was to gain the prize for which their souls panted.

Every one knows how this ill-fated struggle ended—how powerless was the insurgent force against the serried ranks of England's army. But perhaps few know what became of the brave Duncombe—of him who left his blood in streams upon the streets of Montreal; and who, not until his associates were all cut down by the bayonets of the soldiers, or were made prisoners, sought to secure his own immediate safety.

Hastening unperceived from the melee, he succeeded in gaining his own house, where he remained until evening, with his wife and children clustering about him, deploring the fate that was about to separate them perhaps forever. For the brave associates who had fallen by his side, there was an honorable grave. For him, in prospective, there was only the traitor's death. It could not be! No rope should ever touch the free neck of Simon Duncombe; and although his brave heart swelled at the thought of flying ignominiously from his family and friends, still it was the only alternative, and he felt compelled to embrace it.

In the depths of the forest was a cave which he believed was unknown to any person but himself and his eldest daughter, who had frequently accompanied him on his exploring or hunting expeditions. To this place he resolved to trust himself for a few weeks, or at least until the storm raised by the insurrection should have blown over, or the hot pursuit which would probably be made for him should have abated.

In the dead of night he left his wife and Constance weeping bitterly at the necessity of this painful separation. Sadly, and yet with a step that did not once falter, he passed around the beds of his sleeping children, kissed their bright, rosy lips and fair, waxen eyelids again and again, pressed his wife and daughter to his bosom in a long and lingering embrace, and was off under the clear depths of the midnight sky to his lonely place in the deep wood. Thither his daughter promised to go on certain days, and keep him supplied with fresh food.

"But the danger to Constance, Simon—have you thought of that?" Mrs. Duncombe had tearfully asked of him.

"All, all has been in my thoughts, Mary," he answered, "and provided for, as far as possible. Constance will show you the little case of pistols which I have given her; and she has had experience enough in our excursions through the woods, to avail herself of her skill in fire-arms to defend herself should she be attacked by any animal; and I do not apprehend any danger from pursuit in that part of the wood through which she will have to pass. Take courage, Mary! God will protect the right!"

It was the third morning after Simon Duncombe had left his house, and judging that by this time the food he had carried away was consumed, Constance prepared herself for a walk through the woods. She took with her a brother of about ten or eleven years old, both as a companion, and also to give a color to the story she might be forced to tell respecting the food. Taking care to select provisions that would afford the most nourishment with the least bulk, she divided it with Roland, first making it into small packages, that could be easily disposed about the person.

Roland was a bright, intelligent, little fellow, who almost worshipped his sister Constance. And indeed Constance Duncombe was a sister to be proud of. Handsome, dignified, yet without a touch of vanity or haughtiness; modest and delicate, yet with a smack of her father's brave and indomitable spirit; fleet and agile as a young fawn, from her health-giving exercise, taken in the woods and on the mountain tops with her father, in his wandering hours, yet graceful in every movement as the most courtly lady in the queen's household, Constance, at nineteen, was almost matchless in the rich gifts of her beauty and goodness.

Nor was she less fond of the beautiful boy, who already gave promise of a life that should be rich with the affluence of his beauty and genius. It was rare hearing the boy converse with his sister, as he now did, upon the probable fate of his father. That he would escape—would go to America—would there become a great, free and glorious leader of thousands, seemed to be in the boy's mind. Such faith on the part of a few more of such brave hearts as those who drenched Montreal with their blood, would have made Duncombe at this moment the leader of a mighty host, or the ruler of a people.

"And now, sister Constance," he continued, "how long do you suppose papa will have to stay in that horrid cave?"

"Not *horrid*, Roland! The cave is a very good hiding-place for papa. Do not think of it so, Roland; it will make you unhappy. Papa and myself have stayed in that cave through a tremendous thunder-shower, but yet it did not seem gloomy to me."

"That is because you are such a famous hunter, Constance. Wasn't it a pity that you were not a boy? You would have made such a glorious huntsman; and perhaps Mr. Morton up at the Lodge would have let you marry his daughter."

"Why, Roland, do you consider that as the greatest happiness?"

"Why, Constance, Agnes Morton looks like an angel! Did you ever see such beautiful eyes? They seem to look right into my heart."

Constance could not even smile at her brother's enthusiasm, so much did she regret his too mature nature. "Whom the god's love, die early," she had often heard it said; and always she thought of that mournful prophecy, when Roland was the subject of her meditations. And certainly there was room to fear that the boy-poet—he whose thoughts ran into verse, even before he had learned to write them down—would not be very long-lived. Already he had addressed stanza after stanza to Agnes Morton, who had become spiritualized and holy to the boy's poetic imagination. Leading the subject back to his father, Constance tried to interest him in her description of the cave, and thus beguiled their weary walk.

An hour's smart walking brought them before it, and then Constance began to tremble. What if her father had never found his way hither during that night? What if he might already have been tracked and imprisoned? For a moment her strength failed her; but in faith and hope she sprang forward, lifted the tangled brushwood that hid the mouth of the cave, and entered, to find herself and her brother clasped in their father's arms.

He looked careworn and thin; and it was with a strong effort, that he could appear cheerful before the children. His wounds were partly healed, and Constance helped him to dress them with the bandages she had brought with her. A part of his sufferings had proceeded from this circumstance; and now that the wounds were easier, he wore a more cheerful aspect. Hour after hour elapsed, and still the children stayed on. They could not bear to leave their father alone, and Roland seriously proposed remaining with him.

"That will not do, my son," said his father. "Constance would, in that case, be obliged to go home alone. I sleep here, too, much more comfortably than if I had a child to protect. So, go home, my good children, and come to me again in three days."

As she emerged from the deep underwood that sheltered the mouth of the cave, Constance fancied that she heard another step than her own or Roland's. Nor was she mistaken; for before she had gone many yards she encountered Duncan Law, a half-crazed, half-idiotic fellow, who lived at the outer edge of the wood, and whose wandering propensities were well known to herself and her father, who frequently met him in their rambles. She could not tell by his countenance whether he suspected anything or not. He did not look surprised to see her in that place, but he looked rather strangely at the boy, whom he had never seen there before.

"An' whur's your braw father, Miss Constance?" said Donald, in his broad Scotch voice and accent. "He doesna hunt in the woods as he did lang syne."

"No, Donald," she answered, kindly. "Papa has been wounded, and has gone away from home to recover. We hope he will be able to be about and well before long."

The "innocent" nodded, and Constance fancied that he directed a furtive glance in the direction of the cave. Scarcely had she time to take in this thought, which was in itself unwelcome, if not positively alarming, before a man dressed as a soldier appeared at the opposite side of the wood. He started at seeing the odd group, but recovered his presence of mind, and blew a small whistle, which hung at his belt. Another appeared; and so much time elapsed after that, that Constantine felt re-assured by the thought that there were no more to come. These two confronted the idiot, who drew his face into such a hopeless, senseless look, that the men fairly smiled.

"A pretty enemy to attack, Bill!" said the one who came at the sound of the whistle. "No wonder you were afraid! Formidable foes—a fool, a girl, and an infant! Well said some of our fellows at mess the other day, that Bill Herkimer was a good scout, but a bad fighter!"

"Don't say that again, Joshua, or you will find Bill Herkimer's courage somewhere about your long, lean carcass."

"Well, well, Bill, put your courage in your pocket now, for I don't think you will need it here. But you must speak to the enemy. I am too bashful. The girl looks as if she was the leader. Faith, she is a proud one, I know!"

All this Constance heard, and then, taking Roland by the hand, and beckoning Duncan to follow, she took up the line of march, and passed directly in front of the soldiers. Such were her dignity of manner and the air of conscious superiority she wore, that they stood amazed, not offering to move until she was entirely out of sight.

"I say, Bill, that must be the queen, God bless her!" said Joshua. "No common 'oman could look and walk like that. What's your opinion?"

"Don't speak to me, Josh. I am consumedly flustrated; and if we've done wrong in not taking her before the leftenant, I can't help it. *I* couldn't touch her, and she looking so grand all the time!"

Meantime, Constance and her companions made what haste they could out of the woods. She saw that Donald trembled and grew pale at the sight of the soldiers, and this determined her not to follow a plan which she had half conceived in her mind, of trusting him with her father's retreat, so that, in case of anything happening unexpectedly to herself in the way of capture, she would have no apprehensions of his starving to death in the cave, or running the risk of being taken by leaving it.

She charged Roland not to tell her mother that there was any danger to be dreaded, but determined to go more frequently to the wood and watch. Under pretence of gathering roots, she carried a small basket and a knife, and equipped Roland with a similar outfit, taking care to have the knives well ground. As she entered the house, she uttered almost a scream of delighted surprise at seeing the guest who was with her mother. The stranger rose and clasped her in his arms. It was Roderic Heathfield, the long-acknowledged lover of Constance, and the special favorite of all the Duncombe family, from the father down to little Kitty. And well he might be, for, bating a little family pride, Roderic was a a very noble fellow, and his love for Constance Duncombe was fast outgrowing all his little defects of character springing out of this very quality of pride.

"Thank Heaven, that you are come, Roderic," said Constance. "Now indeed I shall have no fear"—feeling assured that her mother had explained her father's position.

"I came because I heard such exaggerated stories of the quelling of the insurgents," he said. "Maury told me at Quebec, that your father had been among the killed, and that his family had fled from Montreal. I was almost frantic until I reached this place. I would have gone immediately to meet you, had not your mother assured me that I should not find my way to the cave."

Constance's happiness had now but one drawback, and that was her father's situation; and the danger of this, too, faded away before her lover's glowing description of the beautiful scenery of American landscapes, the glory of American sunsets, and the priceless worth of American freedom. Constance listened, and drank in the desire of seeing her father safe in one of those highly favored spots which he described so glowingly. Roderic must, of course, return soon, and whatever was to be done, must be done quickly. No time was to be lost. She must visit the cave the next morning early, and make preparations for her father's escape.

At dawn the next morning, Roderic and Constance went to the cave, carrying a suit of boatman's clothes for Mr. Duncombe. Dressing himself in these, they found, to their great satisfaction, that the disguise, assisted by a brown wig, fitted over his black hair, would be impenetrable.

Their plan was for him to steal from the cave at night, and meet them at the river side before dawn. They would touch at a given point with a boat, while Roderic, who should be similarly dressed, should in reality perform the labor of rowing, while Mr. Duncombe should appear to relieve him. Thus, if they were seen on the river, they would be apparently conveying the old lady, whom Constance was dressed to represent, her various trunks, packages and boxes down the river.

Under the very eyes of a sentinel, who was pacing his slow, sleepy walk, at the breaking of the day, they shot off into the stream, and when at last he strained his dull vision, as the muffled oars dipped in the water and gently dripped the sparkling drops from their blades, he was greeted with the mortifying sight of two men with red flannel shirts, and what seemed to be a bundle of shawls lying in the boat.

"Sold, by heaven!" was his half drowsy exclamation; but he concluded to keep his own counsel, although he shrewdly suspected that some escape had been made which should have come under his surveillance.

Row on, brave oarsmen! the danger is over!

* * * * * * *

On the banks of a glorious river in the New World, a neat, white villa, cushrined in its embowering green, rises with such a perfect affluence of beauty upon the eye of the passing voyager, that he longs to land and thread with his footsteps its vine-covered walks, and listen to the tinkling music of its fountains.

Here dwells the fugitive, Simon Duncombe. Here also are Roderic and Constance, long since married. And here, too, is the boy-poet, filling his pages with inspiration drawn from the beautiful scenery around him. Hush! he is reading his poetry to Agnes Morton, who has come from her Canadian home to bless with her angel eyes the home of Roland Duncombe! All are here—Simon's gentle wife, now passing into the quiet beauty of a peaceful sunset; little Kitty, now grown into the image of Constance; and a group of older, but graceful and handsome, brothers and sisters are seated together on the broad piazza, watching the gay steamers as they hurry on their course upon the noble river.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Mr. Henry Harris, the engineer who was killed by the recent collision on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, is the third one of his family who has been killed by railroad accidents. Two brothers of another family, now in the employ of the Reading Railroad, have each lost a leg. —— The American Association for the Advancement of Education held its annual meeting in Detroit on the 12th ult. —— The Toronto Colonist states that serious riots have taken place in the parish of St. Agnes, Malbaie, St. Irene, and St. Fidele, Lower Canada, the inhabitants having risen in crowds and attacked the municipal councils, beating them and turning them out of their rooms, upsetting the tables, and seizing and carrying off all the archives and papers. The cause is the imposing of direct taxes for roads. —— The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal, is to believe all stories to be false which *ought not* to be true. —— Samuel Cornwell, alias Fat Sam, a noted highway robber, died lately at the Brooklyn hospital. He was one of the most desperate characters which ever infested this country, and his boldness at times was astounding. He appeared to take no account of the condition, pecuniarily, of his victim, knocking him down and robbing him with the same satisfaction, whether he obtained a dollar or five hundred dollars. —— It is said that there is not an ounce of that famous perfume, pure otto of roses, sold in our country. It is adulterated before it is sent from Egypt—the country which furnishes almost the entire supply. —— A company of ten members, comprising gentlemen from the East, West and South, is being formed in Cincinnati, for the purpose of proceeding to Perry, a point eighty miles from the mouth of the river Amazon, where it is believed that the mahogany and India rubber trade offer extraordinary inducements to men of means and enterprise. —— It was agreed at the wine-grower's meeting, in Cincinnati, recently, that freezing does not injure wine, provided the bottle is not burst or the cork started. A heat 110°, however, will completely destroy it. —— The St. Louis papers give an account of the breaking up of a den of counterfeiters in that city. A complete coining establishment was discovered, and the gang of counterfeiters, as is supposed, arrested, consisting of five men, all Italians. A large quantity of unfinished bogus gold dollars was seized, as well as the metals and apparatus for making them. —— A Russian of the name of Bababin has succeeded in extracting an oil out of the yolk of eggs, from which he manufactures oil and pomatum. These articles are spoken of as being excellent. —— On a Sunday evening, lately, a young girl jumped from one of the piers in the city of Racine, and was drowned. She had been accused of stealing money from her employers, which impelled her to this act of violence. After her death, the money was found in the house where she had lived. It had been mislaid. —— The St. Anthony (Minnesota) Express estimates the number of logs that will be floated down the Rum, Mississippi and St. Croix Rivers from the pineries, this season, at 320,000,000. —— Judge Davies has rendered a decision in the supreme court, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that commissioners of highways are liable for accidents on the highways, when it can be proved that such accidents occurred in consequence of the roads not being kept in proper order. —— It is with a faded beauty as with a clock: the more the face is enameled, the more clearly do we see the progress of time. —— A number of boys discovered several hundred counterfeit gold dollars in the edge of the water at the Levee in St. Louis, recently. On further search being made, a sack full of counterfeit silver coin was found near the same place. —— In New Orleans, drums are used instead of bells, to give notice of an auction sale.

SANITARY STATISTICS.

The sanitary survey of Massachusetts gives pulmonary statistics of all New England, which shows that the usual average of about one death in five, from all diseases, occurs from pulmonary diseases, in the mountains and hills of Vermont and New Hampshire, as well as in the interior of New York and the Middle States, and that the same ratio, for a series of years, holds good on the seacoast, and in the cities of Boston and New York. Boston, from its population of one hundred and fifty thousand, loses by consumption about fifteen per week, sixty-five per month, or about seven hundred and eighty per annum; New England not less than twenty thousand; and with the State of New York added, the victims of this single disease swell to forty thousand a year. It is claimed, however, that the use of some of the new remedies in this disease has recently diminished its fatality.

California Coal.—Coal in abundance is being discovered in almost every portion of the State of California, and coal mining will, ere long, be added to its already fruitful resources, and engage the attention of capitalists. A company has been formed to work the Table Mountain Coal Mine, with a capital stock of one million of dollars. The coal is found 100 feet from the surface.

Lighthouse Appropriations.—Mr. Comins of Massachusetts, from the Committee on Commerce, has reported a bill in the House of Representatives, making appropriations for lighthouses, light-boats, etc., in Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The amount appropriated for Massachusetts is over $1,000,000.

Serfdom in Russia.—The Emperor Alexander II. is said to be desirous of abolishing serfdom in the empire. He proposes that the government shall raise a loan, purchase serfs of their masters and liberate them. In this way, serfdom would be extinguished without violence.

Population.—Paris proper has increase two hundred thousand in population since Louis Napoleon assumed the reins of government.

Wayside Gatherings.

The New Brunswick prohibitory liquor law has been repealed.

J. Insco Williams, the artist, of Cincinnati, is painting a panorama of the Bible.

In the third heaven of Mahomet, the Koran says, there is an angel whose eyes are 70,000 days' journey apart.

In an old French dictionary, *liberty* is described to be a word of three syllables. The lexicographer dare not say more.

The most cross-grained are by no means the worst of mankind, nor the humblest in station the least polished in feeling.

A boy about sixteen years of age, in St. Louis, shot his mother with a pistol, wounding her severely, because she attempted to correct him.

St. Peter's Church, at Rome, independently of its inestimable treasures of art, cost $5,000,000, and the annual expense of repairs is over $80,000.

The upland hay crop, says the Amherst (N. H.) Cabinet, has been gathered, and usually in fine condition, and considerably exceeds that of last year.

A "catacomb" of rattlesnakes has been found on Rattlesnake Hill, near Lockport: from a crevice in the rock, three bushels of remains were taken out.

The girls in the silk factory at Hartford have sent one hundred spools of sewing silk, of forty colors, to the Times. The editor says he likes it "darned well."

Samuel Lover says that the words of his popular "Low Back Car" song were original with him, but they were adapted to an old Irish air called the "Jolly Ploughman."

Five passenger cars recently run from Buffalo to Dorchester, a distance of seventy-five miles, in an hour and thirty-eight minutes. This sort of sporting ought to be discouraged.

Mr. Andrews, near Onarga, in Iroquois county, Illinois, has an artesian fountain upon his premises, from which flows so powerful a stream that mills are about to be erected upon it.

There are one hundred and one masonic lodges, with about four hundred acting members, in California, and St. John's day was celebrated at Grass Valley with appropriate exercises.

Mrs. George Blakesly, of Bath, New York, was bitten on the ankle by a rattlesnake, while picking berries, and died the next day, the physicians being unable to do anything for her relief.

The Lowell Citizen and News says that "tin placed about young apple trees will prevent the mice from girdling them. The material used is the tin of refuse cans, and costs one cent for each tree."

Edward A. Jessell, of Jersey City, who recently returned from San Francisco, and while there was a member of the Vigilance Committee, was terribly beaten in New York, by Andy Sheban, a well known gambler.

A new bridge to Goat Island, Niagara Falls, which has so long been wanted, is now being constructed, and will be, if completed in accordance to the design, a much better structure than was ever before seen in that locality.

Three brothers named Keeley died suddenly in Cincinnati—one in jail, of delirium tremens, another the next day by sun-stroke, and the third also by sun-stroke, received as he was following his brother's remains to the grave.

This is the "tournament" season of the South. One took place at Mt. Solon, Augusta, lately. Mr. John H. Crawford, of Augusta, was declared victor, and Miss Mat. Phillips, of the same county, was chosen Queen of Love and Beauty.

Colonel Colt and his bride, a beautiful and accomplished lady from his own neighborhood in Connecticut, are stopping now at Fenton's Hotel, in London, where they intend to sojourn some little time before proceeding to the continent.

Mr. C. Branch, of Sandal, near Doncaster, has now growing on his farm a large breadth of wheat which has been irrigated with gas water with the most satisfactory result. The farmers in the neighborhood say that the effect is surprisingly good.

A professor, named Joquet, condemned by the court of chancery to fifteen months' imprisonment for blasphemy, because he declared that Christ had brothers, and that no faith could be attached to the immaculate conception, has been pardoned by King Victor Emanuel of Sardinia.

The Mobile Tribune says: "We recently noticed the handsome donation of $1000 to Bishop Cobbs. Since then, Rev. Dr. Mandeville's people, of this city, who pay him the fair salary of $3000 a year, have voted him permission to travel for three months, and a present of $500 from them to pay expenses.

The Eastern Argus tells about one of its subscribers calling at the office, wearing a hat which he had worn for the last forty years! It was still a good hat, and looked as though it would last forty years more. The owner said that the changes of style made it a fashionable hat every five or six years!

John S. Gustin, superintendent of Washburn & Co.'s wire works at Quinsigamond Village, has constructed a little pleasure boat for the pond in that village, which is propelled by electricity. He says the boat can be propelled at the rate of four to six miles an hour for fifty cents a day, and carry twelve persons.

Intense and sudden excitement, often renewed, produces a habit of increased action and flow of blood to the brain, so as to involve inflammation of that organ, sometimes temporary and sometimes chronic. If this is permitted to go on for years, a little stronger each time, there will finally be a settled disordered action of some portion of that great nervous centre, and insanity results.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that emigration continues large, with the prospect of an increase in the fall, chiefly from Germany. Some of the ship captains say, that the preparations for emigration in some of the German ports was never so great as at present. The health of the emigrants continues good, and it is noticed that they generally possess a good share of pecuniary means.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times, under date of July 15th, says that the arrivals of shipping at the port of St. Petersburg have never been so numerous as in this year; in the first six weeks after the opening of navigation, nearly one thousand vessels had cleared, exclusive of all coasters. The consequence was that freight was moderate, although the large quantities of grain there waiting for shipment took up a very considerable amount of tonnage.

At Newboro', Canada, lately, the dwelling house of Henry McAnalby was destroyed by fire. While the flames were enveloping the house, Mrs. McAnalby rushed in, as is supposed, to recover some money which she had privately laid up, but the fire was so furious that she could not get out again. Her husband tried to get her out through a window, when he too was surrounded by the flames, and the roof falling in, they were both destroyed by the devouring element.

Foreign Items.

The Emperor Napoleon suffers much from rheumatism.

The steamer Gedser from Japan carried rich presents for the king of the Netherlands from the emperor.

The Bedford Observer states that Smith, the executioner of William Palmer, is to be "exhibited" at the forthcoming Leeds fair.

The property called "Gadshill" (which is situated a few miles from Rochester), where the second scene of the first part of Shakspeare's "King Henry IV." is laid, has been purchased by Mr. Charles Dickens, who is a native of Rochester.

Galignani's Messenger, in its summary of news from the Crimea, says: "The English soldiers, in order to occupy their leisure time, had constructed on the heights of Inkermann an immense battery with 20,000 bottles. It has been christened 'Lord Cardigan's Black Bottle Battery.' It is said that the Russians intend to build a similar one opposite."

The Emperor Alexander has authorized young noblemen to enter the civil professions without losing their nobility. Hitherto nobility has been lost to a nobleman's son, if he did not devote himself to the national service; but henceforth, in consequence of the new arrangement, it is hoped that a good many of them will embark in financial and manufacturing enterprises.

The highest point reached by the mercury in the thermometer in England this summer, as far as we have accounts, was on the 4th of July, when it reached 74 degrees. July 5th, the thermometer was reported at 60 deg., which was the highest point on that date. On the 8th of July it only rose to 56 deg; on the morning of July 8th the thermometer indicated only 49 degrees.

Sands of Gold.

.... An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof.—*Bossuet.*

.... A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.—*Manlius.*

.... The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.—*Hare.*

.... In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him; what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.—*Landor.*

.... We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—*Colton.*

.... Serious thoughts are folded up, chested and unlooked at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought.—*Landor.*

.... Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.—*Johnson.*

.... True wisdom is a thing very extraordinary. Happy are they that have it; and next to them, not those many that think they have it, but those few that are sensible of their own defects and imperfections, and know that they have it not.—*Tillotson.*

.... We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

It was said of a rich miser that he died in great want—the want of more money.

A philosopher, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to called his wife *brown sugar*, because, he said, she was *sweet, but unrefined.*

A lady leaving home, was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mama, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a *religious* one, that I can use it on Sunday."

A schoolboy, being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light!"

"Jake," said an old farmer one day to his mower, "do you know how many horns there are to a dilemma?"—"Well, no, not 'zactly," replied Jake, "but I know how many there are in a quart of good Monongahela."

"Miss Dubois, what is your opinion of the weather? I think it intends to clear. Do you agree with me?"—"I do, indeed; and wish some folks would follow the weather's example, and clear, too." Mr. Scofield seized his hat, and has not been seen in that street since.

A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she ever saw Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "O, indeed," said she, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *losing his poetry* (repeating his poetry) through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nanny?' as sensible as you or I!"

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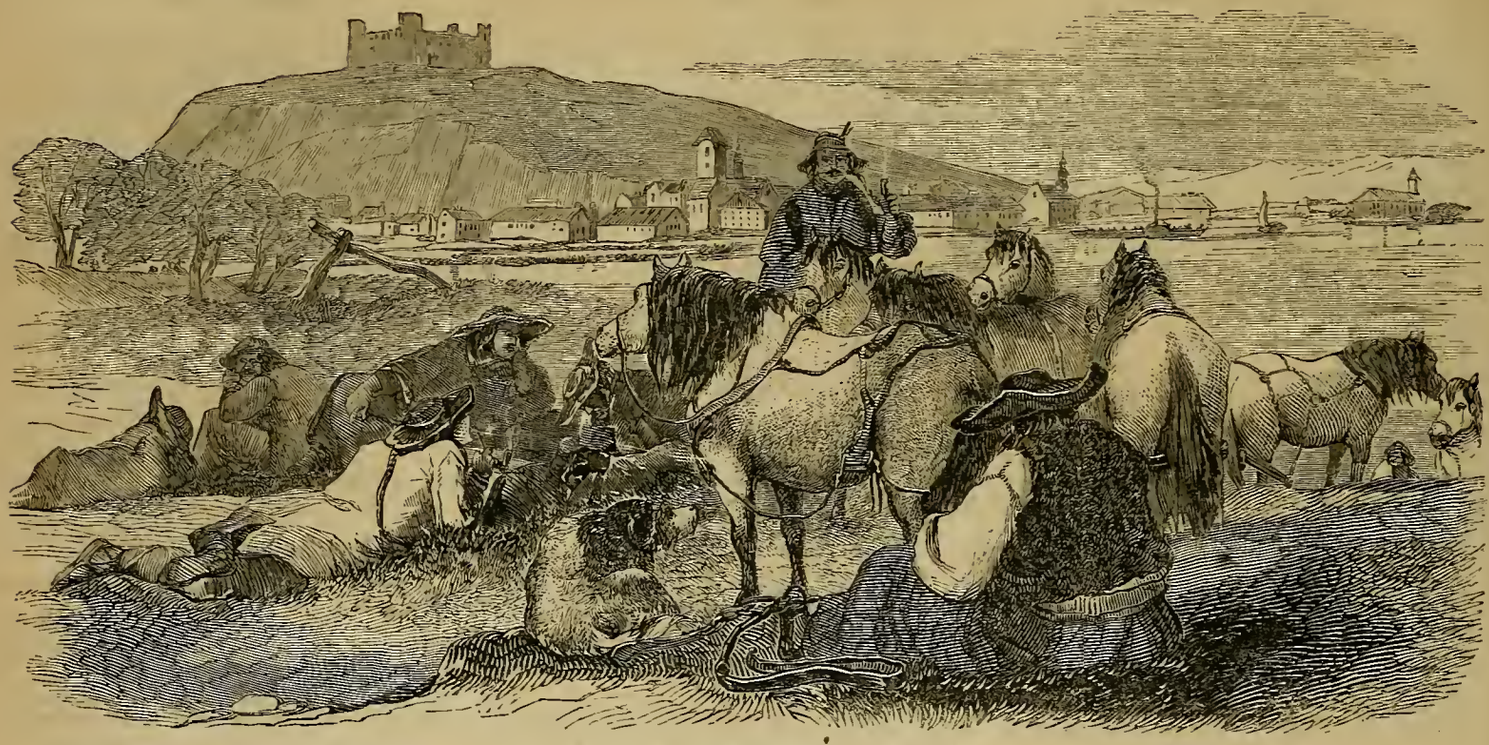
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WAGON HALT NEAR PRESBURG, HUNGARY.

HUNGARIAN SKETCHES.

We present on this page two striking views in Hungary. One represents a halt of Hungarian wagoners near the city of Presburg. Their shaggy horses, the wild figures and peculiar dresses of the men, make up a group of great interest. Some are lounging on the grass, too weary even to light their pipes; others are enjoying the luxury of tobacco. The only busy person in the group is a man who is mending his sandal. These men are peasants. The Hungarian peasants wear, summer and winter, their sheepskins, dressed with the wool on, except that in the summer the wool is turned outside; but every one strives to assume something of a soldier's dress, as spurs, heavy riding-boots, or hussar jackets. The women generally have handsome faces, with an air of melancholy about them. The people, children of a wild and romantic country, have much of the fiery temper of the south, and are fierce, proud, and eager to resent an insult. They have always been reputed the best soldiers of the Austrian army. In the distance, the profile of the city, with its castled eminence, rises boldly against the sky. Presburg is on the frontiers of Hungary, 46 miles from Vienna, and 75 from Pesth. The adjoining country is quite healthy, and the very reverse of the Hungarian countries properly speaking, and the country between the Danube and Theiss, and beyond this mighty river, where frequent swamps and morasses intersect the arable land. Here, too, lies Debreczin, a large unpaved village; and Kerskemet, proverbial for its mud, which proved fatal to so many Austrian men and horses during the Hungarian revolution. In the castle, on the hill, above the city of Presburg, the States formerly assembled; and in the Cathedral of St. Martin the kings of Hungary were crowned. The town is very ancient and pleasantly situated on the Danube. The fortifications are of a secondary order. Our second engraving represents a Hungarian wagon, a peculiar conveyance of the country, heavily laden with wines. It moves but slowly on its broad wheels along the sandy roads near the Platten Lake, where *chaussées* and artificial roads are unknown. The kingdom of Hungary, united under the same civil government as determined after the peace of 1815, comprehends Hungary (Proper), Sclavonia and Croatia; to the last of which the circle of Carlstadt (previously part of Illyria) and the Hungarian littorale, or sea coast, were annexed in 1822. The military frontier, though geographically a part of Hungary, is under a peculiar and entirely distinct form of government. The kingdom, within the above limits, is bounded on the north by Moravia, Silesia and Gallicia; on the east by Transylvania; on the south by the military frontier (which separates it from Turkey), and by the Gulf of Quarnero; and on the west by Illyria, Styria, Lower Austria and Moravia. There is, perhaps, no country of the same extent which contains such a variety of nations as Hungary. The Magyars, or proper Hungarians, are originally an Asiatic people; there are also Wallachians, Armenians, Germans, Italians, Jews, Servians, and a medley of tribes, distinguished by names not easily accommodated to English orthography or English pronunciation; Russniaks, Slovacs, Croats, and Wendians, improperly called Vandals—these four and the Servians being of Sclavonian origin. The face of the country is extremely varied. The northern and western parts of the kingdom are very mountainous. The Carpathians on the north, and the Alps on the frontier south of the Danube, surround almost the whole kingdom, like a girdle, and send out numerous branches, which cover nearly thirty-three counties. These heights enclose beautiful valleys, drained by large and small rivers, verdant meadows, rich corn fields, fruitful gardens, vineyards many leagues in extent, and vast forests. While one part of the kingdom is covered with mountains, another spreads out into interminable plains, some resembling the Pampas of South America, and others being oceans of sand like the Sahara; whilst in the mountains are innumerable caverns, many of them of great beauty. Hungary is particularly favored by nature. It is one of the healthiest countries of Europe. Protected from the north winds by high mountains, it is open to the mild sea breezes from the south, which are tempered by great bodies of water. The soil is very fertile. Among its agricultural productions are all kinds of grain, maize, rice, garden vegetables and plants, melons, plums, grapes, woods, gallnuts, tobacco, hemp, flax, hops, saffron, madder, sumach, cotton and rhubarb. Horses, cattle, sheep and hogs are raised in great number. In the north the forests abound with game, and sturgeon and salmon are plentiful in the rivers. Honey and silk are produced in great quantities. Among the minerals are gold iron, lead, zinc, cobalt, antimony, sulphur, alum, vitriol, coals and peat. Among the precious stones, the opal and chalcedony are remarkably beautiful. No country has so many mineral and medicinal springs. The Hungarian has a natural inclination to the agricultural and the breeding of cattle. Both agriculture and cattle-breeding, however, are still in their infancy; but the inexhaustible fertility of nature supplies every deficiency of industry and skill. It must be remembered that Hungary is, after all, but thinly populated, that the Hungarian peasant has no property in the soil, and that foreign commerce is checked.



CONVOY OF WINE, ETC., PLATTEN LAKE, IN HUNGARY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

The beautiful emblematic design on this page is from the pencil of the gifted Billings, and is one of the most felicitous of the many drawings with which he has enriched the Pictorial. In the centre are the State-arms—simple and expressive—the anchor with the legend "Hope." This is surmounted by a view of the famous old round tower at Newport, which our romance would fain believe to be the fortress of a northern Viking, in spite of the prosaic explanation that it undoubtedly was a mill. On the left is seen a galley filled with Northmen pushing for the shores of the Narragansett, thus illustrating the legendary story of the past. On the right is a scene illustrating the modern condition of the State—two men drilling rocks, a factory in the distance, a lighthouse on a headland, and a railroad train arriving. At the base and around the vignettes are vines and other emblematic ornaments; among them the spear, sword and winged helmet of the Northman, the earliest visitor to the shores of North America. This State is the smallest in the Union. It lies between 42° and 43° north latitude, and 71° and 72° west longitude from London, comprising an area of 1306 square miles. About a tenth part of the area is water, a very considerable portion of the remainder islands. The islands are generally fertile, while a large portion of the main land is rough and unfitted for cultivation. The largest and most beautiful of the islands is the island of Rhode Island, in Narragansett Bay, fifteen miles long by three-and-a-half wide. Its fertility and the salubrity of its climate, has gained for it the name of the "Eden of America." Narragansett Bay, which extends some thirty miles into the State, affords excellent harbors along its whole length, of which that of Newport is not excelled by any in the United States. This circumstance at one time gave rise to the belief that Newport would be the commercial capital of the Union. Formerly Rhode Island ships visited all parts of the world, and they were the second, if not the first, to display the American flag in the Chinese ports. But within the last half century the commerce of the State has declined, and capital been changed to manufactures and the mechanic arts. More persons are now engaged in the cotton manufacture than in any other business. Education has received close attention in the State, though it does not possess the same resources as other States for making appropriations, having no public lands. A State normal school was established in 1854. Brown University at Providence is an institution of high repute, which has sent forth many accomplished scholars. The State owes no debt except what it has used of the United States surplus revenue. The Butler insane hospital at Providence can accommodate 145 patients. A large sum is annually appropriated for the education of deaf, dumb and blind persons, who are sent to Hartford, to South Boston and elsewhere. The liberty of conscience always allowed in this State has led to the establishment of every denomination of Christians. The population, by the last census, was 147,545. Roger Williams and his associates commenced the first settlement at Providence in 1636.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

OR, THE

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

RICHMOND TAKEN CAPTIVE BY THE INDIANS.

Wilton Richmond had heard that Bessie had gone from her Uncle Grosvenor's, but this did not prevent him from calling as had been anticipated. It was the first time there had been an opportunity for him to call after his journey, though several messages had passed between him and the two cousins.

As he entered the parlor, Mr. Grosvenor was unfolding a newspaper, that moment received. The first words which met his eye caused a glow of enthusiasm to overspread his countenance. He waved his hand to Wilton to be seated, and then commenced reading in earnest and eager tones.

"BRILLIANT NAVAL VICTORY.

"On the nineteenth inst., off the coast of Massachusetts, the United States frigate Constitution, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, fell in with the British frigate Guerriere, commanded by Captain Daeres. After an action of thirty minutes, the Guerriere struck her colors, every mast and spar having been shot away, and one third of her crew either killed or wounded, while the loss of the American frigate was only seven killed and seven wounded. The damage sustained by the Constitution was so slight that she was ready for action the following day, while so complete was the wreck of the Guerriere that she was set fire to and burnt."

"There's a little comfort in that," said Wilton, "after the shameless surrender of Detroit."

"Yes," was Mr. Grosvenor's reply. "The British may yet find that they reckoned without their host, when they boasted that the whole of the American navy would be soon swept from the ocean. But Edith, my child, how pale you are. One would think that your sympathies were with the enemy rather than with your countrymen."

Edith replied only by a faint smile, for a short time since she had heard—in an indirect way, it was true—that Sedley Austin had been transferred from the British sloop-of-war to which he had been conveyed by the press-gang, to a frigate called the Guerriere. If the information should prove to be correct, the hope that he was restored to freedom was more than counterbalanced by the fear she entertained that he was among those who had fallen. The bare thought of the suspense which she might be subjected to, unless some means, to her unavailable, were resorted to for ascertaining the truth, was almost insupportable.

Wilton, with that truer instinct in such matters natural at his time of life, as well as by that keener perception resulting from having the deeper and purer founts of his soul stirred by an ardent and honorable attachment, was quicker than Mr. Grosvenor to comprehend in some degree, the cause of Edith's emotion.

"It is but natural," said he, addressing her, finding that her father was engaged in reading the newspaper, "that the account of this naval battle should bring to mind our friend Sedley, who, it cannot be denied, may, sooner or later, be subjected to the painful necessity of bearing arms against his own country."

"He has already been subjected to it, there is but too good reason to fear," was her reply.

"He couldn't have been aboard the Guerriere?"

"I have heard that he was, and, as I believe, from a reliable source. The circumstance was mentioned incidentally, in a letter sent to a lady of this country by a gentleman in England, and forwarded from Canada a long time after it was written."

"I shouldn't wonder then, if we see him in a few days."

"If he is alive and well, you mean—but that can hardly be expected."

"I will make every inquiry it is possible to make, at once. I cannot leave my post, or I would go in person to inquire into the matter. But if I cannot go myself, I can find some one who will. You shall not, longer than necessity compels, be tortured with suspense."

"I will not attempt to tell you how deeply I appreciate your considerate kindness. Your own heart will tell you better than I can. If I could only bring myself to entertain even a faint hope that he escaped uninjured, I would try to wait patiently during the time which must necessarily elapse before he could be here. But even at the risk of your thinking me superstitious, I will confess that I feel as certain that he is either dead or dangerously wounded, as if a messenger had been sent to tell me."

"Dear Edith, don't indulge in feelings, I beg of you, which are but the effect of that nervous excitement naturally superinduced by listening to the account of the engagement between the two frigates."

"What I feel is a presentiment, and has no connection with nervous excitement. It was the same before I listened to the description my father read, as it is now."

"Instead of presentiment, wouldn't superstition be the better word?"

Edith shook her head, and tears came into her eyes.

"Forgive me, dear Edith, but you, yourself, are aware that you are subject, more or less, to influences both natural and moral, which have a tendency to promote feelings of superstition. Only a short time since, you repeated to Bessie and me, some of the wild legends about wraiths and winding-sheets told you by your old housekeeper, who, as I think you mentioned, passed the first twenty years of her life in the highlands of Scotland, where the scenery, wild as it was, could not be wilder or fuller of savage grandeur, than many a mountain-pass or deep glen within fifteen or twenty minutes' walk of your home."

"All this may have had a certain influence, I grant," said Edith, "but could hardly have produced the vivid picture I saw last night. You would call it a dream, but to me it was a reality, and what my father read in the paper was but a cold description of what I beheld last night."

"Which was nothing more nor less than the reproduction of what, owing to your anxiety on Sedley's account, has, I dare say, often been present to your imagination."

At this moment Mr. Grosvenor looked up from his paper.

"Wilton," said he, "since I last saw you, I've made up my mind to strike a blow for my country. I saw a little service near the close of the Revolution, and though I was young—not over eighteen—I believe I was never known to flinch. I don't take to myself much credit on that account, however, for I candidly think it requires more courage to run away than to stand your ground. At any rate, if the ardor of youth be a little subdued, I trust I sha'n't—according to the example set so recently by one in an elevated station—prove to be a recreant."

"That, sir," said Wilton, "is a word which no one dare couple with your name. By some hints I the other day heard thrown out, I am certain that your willingness to accept it, is all that need be known to insure your being offered the commission of a lieutenant-colonel."

"I expected that, by this time, commissions of every kind were pretty much disposed of. If so, I can serve as a common soldier. Better and abler men than I am have not hesitated to do so. When I think of the shameful excuses and the miserable subterfuges resorted to by many of those who sit in high places, as reasons for withholding the men from duties of such vital importance to the country, I've no patience. The governors of several of the States, I've been told, have actually withheld the militia, when called for by the president."

"Under the pretence," said Wilton, "that the officers of the general government have no power over the militia, until consigned to their authority by the State executive."

"Yes, and that even then they cannot be compelled to march beyond the boundary of the republic. But you are silent, my daughter," said he, turning to Edith. "You are too much of a patriot, I know, to wish your father to remain idly at home."

"I ought not to wish it," she replied. "I even feel that I am to be envied when compared with Bessie, who has so little cause to be proud of her father."

"I couldn't have thought," said Mr. Grosvenor, "that my brother Hamlen would take the course he has. Whatever opinion as to the expediency of the measure may be entertained, now that war is declared, he who doesn't go heart and hand with his country is, to say the least, but one remove from a traitor. The most sacred of all authorities says, that 'he who is not with us, is against us.'"

A servant now put his head into the room and told Mr. Grosvenor that some one in another apartment wished to see him. After he withdrew Wilton remained half an hour longer, chatting on various subjects connected with Bessie and Sedley Austin. When, at last, he rose to go, he promised Edith to lose no time in endeavoring to ascertain Sedley's fate.

"Don't take the path through the woods, Wilton," said Edith, as, mounting his horse, he rode up to the open window where she was sitting. "I have been told that they are swarming with Indians."

"I thought of taking it, the distance that way is so much shorter," was his reply. "I hardly think I should incur much risk. I have a pair of pistols carefully loaded, and I'm not a bad marksman."

"But your skill in that respect is useless, unless you can see your mark. The way through the woods is so narrow—nothing more than a bridle path, you know—that even at noonday the sun can't pierce through the thickly interlacing branches overhead. The stars, bright as they are, cannot penetrate the darkness."

"Well, since you desire it, I will take the open road. If the way is longer, it is easier and better, and an hour's brisk ride will take me to my quarters."

"When shall you have time to ride over again?"

"In the course of a week, I think. By that time there may be a line from Bessie, and possibly, from our friend Sedley."

Wilton once more bid Edith good-night, and then, starting his horse into a canter, was soon out of sight. It was not long, however, before he lost himself in one of those waking dreams such as those of a poetic temperament are apt to indulge in, and unconsciously he suffered the reins to fall loosely on his horse's neck. The animal accepted it as a signal to slacken his speed, and exchanged the canter for a walk. This slow movement was well suited to Wilton's dreamy state of mind.

He had reached the most lonely part of the road, one side of which was skirted by some trees, when he was roused by the whizzing of a rifle-ball, which must have passed within an inch of his head. Another ball would doubtless have followed, had not a voice exclaimed:

"Hold! I claim him as my prisoner."

A savage yell followed this announcement, and before Wilton had time even to attempt an escape, he was surrounded by a party of Indians. The most that he was able to do was to fire one of his pistols at random, the deep shadow cast across the road by the trees, added to the gloom of night, rendering the forms of those flitting around him nearly as dim and indistinct as the shadows themselves. The next instant he was dragged from his horse, which was reluctantly abandoned by his captors, for soon their course would be through the wild and devious forest, unmarked by even the vestige of a path, and often obstructed by tangled boughs and a thick growth of underwood. Half an hour's hasty march brought them to the precincts of the forest through which their course lay. They were not long in penetrating to a small glade, walled in on every side—except at one point, hardly wide enough to permit the ingress of a single person—by the dense foliage of trees and embowering shrubbery. Here they prepared to encamp for the night.

"To-morrow's march will be a long and weary one," said one of the Indians, addressing Wilton. "Sleep, or your strength will fail."

Wilton made no reply, but followed the example of those around who were hastening to repose themselves on the green turf, or at the best, a heap of dry leaves, for he had no wish to exhaust his energies, either physical or mental, by indulging in a feverish restlessness, and on the preservation of each in their unimpaired vigor depended his chances of escape. But his will was not strong enough to overcome his excitement. He found it impossible to lose himself in sleep, even for a single moment. The monotonous, droning sound made by the breathing of his captors, who, excepting one acting as sentinel, had in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep, which, under different circumstances might have had the effect of an opiate, had now an irritating effect on his excited nerves.

On his first entrance into the glade, to his unaccustomed eyes, the surrounding gloom, unbroken save by the light of the few stars shining overhead, seemed nearly impervious, causing the Indians who swarmed around to look shadowy and weird-like. Soon, however, the outlines of each, as they lay in different attitudes of repose, were defined with tolerable distinctness, as were those of the sentinel, who sat motionless and statue-like as the trunk of the tree against which he leaned. Wilton thought he might be sleeping as soundly as the rest, and in order to satisfy himself, partly rose so as to lean on his elbow. A slight movement made by the Indian as he commenced raising himself, and instantly checked when it was found that he made no attempt to rise to his feet, showed him how little he had to expect from any lack of vigilance.

He remained for a minute or two in his half recumbent posture, as his eye could then take in the whole number of the sleepers. He found there were eleven, the form of one of them being so slight that he could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years old. Wilton was not sorry when he became sensible of that cool, fresh feeling of the air which betokens the break of day. It was still two hours to sunrise, and the sleep of the Indians continued heavy and unbroken. He, too, took care to preserve an attitude fixed and immovable, as if he had been buried in slumber as profound as theirs.

It appeared a long time before the stars began to fade, but at last the largest and most brilliant, while his eye was yet fixed upon it, seemed to go out like a light suddenly extinguished, and soon afterward, here and there, through an opening in the leafy wall by which they were enclosed, from the rising sun were darted golden arrows of light.

In a few minutes the swarthy band had risen, and then, with a faint, sickening sensation, he saw, depending from the belt of a tall, sullen-looking Indian, whose name, as he afterward learned, was Memattanon, some half dozen scalps. From one of them swept downward as low as his knee, a cluster of tresses of a bright golden brown. At sight of them a cold shudder ran through his frame, for they resembled the soft, silky curls of Bessie.

There was only one whose belt was not garnished in the same horrible manner, though less profusely. This was the boy whose slight figure as he lay sleeping, had attracted Wilton's attention, and who, as he could now see, was a captive. Though he must certainly have had an admixture of Indian blood in his veins, his complexion was a warm brown, rather than the dull copper color characteristic of the race, while his eyes were larger and softer in their expression, and his hair, instead of being straight and dull of hue, fell round his neck in rich, wavy masses, and was as lustrous as the raven's wing when glancing in the sunlight.

The boy's eyes for a moment met Wilton's, and then, with a mournful look and a slight shudder, they glanced at one of the scalps which hung at Memattanon's belt.

At another time, Wilton would have keenly enjoyed the freshness and fragrance of the morning in this sylvan solitude. The more flexile branches of the trees were swaying to the cool currents of air, and the rustle of the foliage formed a low and grateful accompaniment to the sweet, wild bird-music floating from every spray. Even as it was, he so far forgot himself as to experience a moment's exhilaration of spirits.

"This is good," said Memattanon, approaching Wilton, and fixing on him his eyes, which gleamed with a dark, lurid fire.

"What is good?" Wilton asked.

"That my father's spirit is doomed no longer to wander unappeased."

"What means the chief?" said Wilton, who half read his deadly purpose in his eye.

"Listen, and you shall know. My father was a great warrior. He fell by the hand of yours. His last words before he entered the path that leads to the great hunting-grounds of the other land, were these:

"'My son, avenge your father's death. He will wander about gloomy and sorrowful till he sees the pale-face whose sword drank his blood, enter on the dark trail.'

"'What shall Memattanon do,' I then said, 'if he should escape—if death should come to him in some other way?'

"He answered, 'He has a son. Seek him and send him along on the dark and gloomy trail that leads to the desolate land, forsaken by the deer and the buffalo. I shall see him and shall be glad. Give no rest to your feet till it is done.'"

"Your father escaped me. When he died it was not by my hand. His son is now before me. He cannot escape. He shall burn at the stake, and then will my father frown on me no more."

"When must I die?" said Wilton, thinking that if several days were to intervene, there might be a chance for him to escape.

"You will know when the appointed time comes."

Wilton, knowing that importunity would be worse than in vain, said no more. Startling as was the announcement he had just listened to, his courage did not forsake him.

By this time a slight repast, consisting mostly of dried venison, had been spread upon the grass, of which Wilton and the younger captive were told to partake. Wilton was surprised to find how firm his nerves were, now that he was aware of the precise nature of the danger which was looking him in the face, compared with what they were while he remained in a state of uncertainty. He ate heartily, but in spite of his attempt to preserve the appearance of apathy, the Indian youth was unable to swallow a mouthful of food.

Memattanon smiled when he saw that what he had told Wilton did not prevent him from eating.

"Though the young white warrior," said he, "knows that when he reaches the desolate hunting-grounds, whence the deer and the buffalo have fled, his rifle must rest idly on his shoulder, his courage does not fail. I and my braves know how to torture, but he will not shrink. His skin is white, but he has the heart of an Indian. Indians have courage—they fear not pain. My father will be glad when he sees so brave a warrior wandering gloomy and comfortless in the dismal land whence the game has fled, with the rust eating into his rifle."

By this time the frugal meal was finished, when a few brief directions were given by Memattanon, relative to the day's journey. They then, one by one, left the glade, and proceeded in single file through the dim and devious mazes of the forest, the Indian who came next to Wilton pressing so closely on his footsteps that he, in turn, almost trod on the heels of the one who immediately preceded him.

Next but one to him who led the way, came the young Indian captive. Faint and exhausted from agitation, long abstinence from food and the want of sleep, he soon, as Wilton could see, began to falter. He longed to be able to offer him the support of his arm, when, now and then, the way became less narrow and intricate, but this he dared not do, knowing that it would only draw upon the hapless boy taunts and reproaches, if not personal abuse.

Once the boy looked back, and his eye sought Wilton's. He returned the look, purposely throwing into his countenance an expression of hope and encouragement. This was in turn replied to by a faint smile, and for a short time, rallying his failing energies, he proceeded with a firmer and freer step. But this could last only for a short time. He again began to droop, and more than once came near falling.

"Leave me and let me die—I can go no further," he then said to the Indian in front of him.

The aspect of him whom he addressed was milder than that of his companions.

"Let not the chief hear you say that," said he. "The way is more open here. Lean on me. A little further on and we shall rest. Poor child," he added, as if speaking to himself, "the voice of the bird that sang in his heart is hushed."

He wound his strong, muscular arm around the boy's waist, and half supported his sinking form. They thus proceeded ten, or perhaps fifteen minutes longer, when, making an abrupt turn round a mass of huge, precipitous rocks, they were introduced into a scene of wild and wondrous beauty.

The hard, gray rock, rising on one side almost perpendicularly, and in some places standing out bold and bare, was in others half screened by the foliage of a birch or an elm. Still more frequently, wherever a twig or a fissure in the rock was offered to its clinging tendrils, the wild grape-vine spread its green and glossy drapery, and its heavy clusters of fruit, already tinged with a faint purple. But these, as well as many another feature of this singularly wild and beautiful spot were unheeded by Wilton. A spring rimmed with flowers and verdant moss, whose cool, translucent waters sparkled brightly in the sunbeams, was the only object that engaged his attention. Quickly twisting a broad, smooth leaf of grape-vine in such a manner as to form a drinking vessel, he filled it with the water of the spring and handed it to the Indian lad, whose lips were parched with fever. Many times was it emptied and re-filled ere his burning thirst was slaked, and then, with grateful, low-breathed murmurs he sank upon the turf, and nestling close to Wilton's side, in a few minutes was asleep.

Wilton and the youthful Indian were apart from the rest, in the shadow of an overhanging rock, where no ray of sunshine could penetrate. The murmur of the breeze among the foliage of a cluster of maples near at hand and the hum of the wild bee made pleasant music.

The Indians, having drunk of the spring, with the exception of two, remained mute and almost motionless, either lying on the grass, or leaning against a rock or tree. One of these was Memattanon, and he, for the most part, was silent, though now and then he spoke in a low, suppressed voice to him who sat near him. Wilton, though he closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, listened with deep attention, for he soon found that what was said had reference to himself and the young Indian captive. He, himself, as he already knew, was to be sacrificed to the manes of Memattanon's father, who had been slain by his, and he now found that the evil spirit who scattered mildew and blight among the fields of corn, was to be propitiated by the sacrifice of the Indian lad.

"When will the sacrifice be?" asked the Indian who sat by Memattanon's side.

"The day when, at the same moment the sun goes down in the west the moon will be seen rising in the east. In how many days will that be?"

"Three."

"The spirit of dreams whispered to me last night in my sleep, and told me that then would be the fitting time. I knew he would come to me when I slept, for in the faint star-light I saw his dim and shadowy form flitting in and out among the trees. 'Even now,' said he, bending over me, 'thy father is glad with the joy of expectation. Often he stops in the chase and turns his eyes towards the dark trail on which he knows the young pale-face, the son of him who slew him, without any one to bear him company, will soon enter. He smiles, and his eyes sparkle.'"

Wilton, who ventured occasionally to partly unclose his eyes, saw that when he ceased speaking he bent his ear close to the ground as if he were listening.

"The tall morning shadows," he at length said, "are gathering themselves up, and begin to press closely to the foot of the rock. They wont come."

"No—'tis past the hour," returned the other.

As Wilton afterward learned, they were expecting a party of Indians to meet them there at a certain hour.

Memattanon gave the signal to resume their journey. Wilton reluctantly roused the poor boy sleeping near him. As they rose to their feet, the Indian who had so kindly assisted the younger captive, with a seemingly careless air passed near them with lingering steps, though without looking toward them.

"To night be on the watch," said he, "and if there should be a chance to escape, let it not slip."

"I will remember your words," was all that Wilton found opportunity to say in return.

They filed off from the wild and beautiful spot where they had been resting, in the same order they had entered it, the friendly Indian, as before, immediately preceding the boy, and drawing him to his side and sustaining him whenever the way would permit. A little before sunset they reached the place where they were to encamp for the night. Six hours' march on the following morning, as Wilton gathered from what was said, would bring them to the Indian hamlet where he and his fellow-captive were to be immolated.

The place of their encampment was on the banks of a rivulet sheltered by a grove of oaks and other forest trees. The hour was calm and very lovely. A canopy of clouds of every gorgeous hue hovered over the setting sun, from which small masses, momentarily detaching themselves, floated toward the zenith. The Indian lad, as at the other resting-place, seated himself near Wilton. As he sat in a half-reclining posture, his dark, liquid eyes, full of a dreamy light, were directed to the sunset sky. Suddenly a bright smile, like a burst of sunlight, broke over his countenance, and with a quick, eager, movement, laying one hand on Wilton's, with the other he pointed to the western horizon.

"See!" said he.

Wilton looked in the direction he indicated, and beheld the fragment of a cloud of great brilliancy and beauty.

"'Tis the Wakon-bird!" said the boy.

The cloud most certainly resembled a large and beautiful bird, soaring upward with a graceful, undulating motion. Drops of liquid gold seemed sparkling amid the rich purple and crimson of its outspread wings, and the long train, curving gently downward, exhibited all the varied and gorgeous colors of the rainbow.

"The Wakon-bird, did you say?" said Wilton.

"Yes."

"You believe it to be a good omen?"

"It foreshows that peaceful and happy days will be his over whom is shed the glory of his wings."

"You think your life is safe now?"

"Yes—yours and mine. The hand of mortal cannot reach the life of him who has seen the Wakon-bird. Look, it will soon be gone!"

As he spoke it began slowly and almost imperceptibly to blend with a mass of clouds which for some time had been hovering near, and in a moment more was lost amid their rosy folds.

"We must try and make good the happy omen," said Wilton. "To-night we must endeavor to steal away, when all except the sentinel are asleep."

"It will be vain to try. He who will be set as a watch over us will lose his life if, in the morning, we should be gone. It will make his eyes sharp and his hearing keen. Not so much as the breaking of a twig or the rustle of a dry leaf will escape him."

"Are you willing to try?"

"Yes, though 'twill be better not."

At this moment an expression of pain crossed the young Indian's countenance. Wilton noted the direction of his eyes, and found that they were turned towards Memattanon, who stood on the verge of the embankment which overlooked the rivulet, his tall figure being thrown into strong relief against the sunset sky.

"'Twas the white captive's," he murmured.

Wilton knew what he meant, for he saw the long, fair curls of the scalp already alluded to, waving in the fresh breeze which had just sprung up.

"Who was the white captive?" asked Wilton.

"My sister—the adopted daughter of my mother. She was a prisoner of the Iroquois when our people found her."

"Is your mother a white woman?"

"No—she's a Seneca. The Senecas, as you know, are friendly to the whites, and that is why you see these Indian scalps hanging from the belt of Memattanon and the others. Our warriors were gone. None were left in the cabins but the old men, women and children. A few made their escape, among them my mother. The rest were slain and the cabins burnt. I was abroad with my rifle. I saw the sky red with the flames which were consuming our dwellings, and hastened towards the spot. As I drew near many rifles were ready for my life, when Memattanon cried with a loud voice, commanding them to spare me. 'The evil spirit is angry,' said he; 'it is long since we offered him any sacrifice, and he begins to shed mildew on our fields of corn.'"

"You said that your mother made her escape. If you were absent, how could you know?"

"She was concealed behind some trees. I passed close to them and he spoke to me. 'Twas in a whisper, but I knew her voice, and held my breath to listen. 'I have heard what Memattanon said,' were her words, 'but the Great Spirit will save you by the hands of our warriors, whose wives and children are slain, and whose bones are now only so many heaps of ashes.'"

Food was now placed before them, and the Indian lad, cheered by what he considered the happy omen, ate heartily.

"Sleep now," said Wilton, when he had finished his meal, "and I'll wake you if there's any chance to escape."

"There'll be none, my brother," he replied.

In half an hour the Indians were soundly sleeping, all except him whose task it was to watch the prisoners. He had seated himself close to their feet, so that the slightest movement on the part of either was sure to redouble his vigilance. The moon had come up from behind the eastern hills, and had for hours been pursuing "her blue path in the heavens." Wilton felt no wish to sleep, and the grim watcher at their feet was as untiring as ever, but the slumber of the Indian lad was as sweet and unbroken as if he had been in his own home.

At last, when the moon was long past the meridian, the eyes of the sentinel closed, his form began to droop, and finally his head bent forward so that his chin rested upon his breast. Wilton half suspected that he only simulated sleep, and to ascertain if his suspicion was correct, he raised his head and looked round. The Indian remained immovable, betraying no sign of consciousness. Wilton ventured to make no attempt to rise. At the same instant the Indian's rifle was pointed at his head. Not a word was spoken, and Wilton again sank down on the turf.

Convinced that escape would, at least for that night, be impossible, and worn and weary with his day's march and long watchfulness, all care and anxiety were soon lost in the oblivion of sleep. When he woke, the sun was up, and the rivulet, stirred by the morning breeze, flashed back thousands of diamond sparkles to his unclouded beams.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SACRIFICE OF THE CAPTIVES.

When they reached the Indian hamlet, Wilton was placed in a small lodge by himself. Though he ventured to request it, the Indian lad was not suffered to be with him. It was almost dark when a woman entered and placed food before him.

"I offered to bring it," said she, "that I might bid you hope."

The gloom prevented him from distinguishing her features, but he thought he knew her voice.

"Is it Christina Burmann!" said he.

"Yes."

"Have you left the hut in the woods?"

"No—Dorson sent me here with a message for Memattanon. Though I came reluctantly, I am glad now, as I may possibly be of service to you."

"There is a captive besides me—an Indian lad."

"Yes, I know him and his mother well. I saw her this morning, and she told me what had befallen her and her son. She is a Seneca, and if your life is saved it will be by the people of her tribe. I have means of communicating with them through her."

"The time is short."

"Too short. You might count on your rescue as certain if there were only a few hours more."

"If I could only escape to-night."

"That cannot be. Memattanon, who has at last seized the prey he has long watched for, will see that you are strictly guarded."

"There is little chance for me or the poor Indian lad, I fear, certain as he is that he shall be rescued."

"I shall not sleep to-night, and meanwhile I will do all I can."

Footsteps were now heard near the cabin, and lifting a mat that fell over an opening on the opposite side, she quickly withdrew.

* * * * * * *

The hour appointed for the sacrifice was near at hand. The medicine-man and the initiates who were to assist at the terrible rites, had been preparing themselves by fasting and such other observances as were enjoined by their wild, mystical faith.

The place selected was a large, smooth area, a short distance from the village. In form it resembled an amphitheatre, a dense growth of pines forming the background. Two pyres were placed some twenty or thirty feet distant from each other, near the centre of the amphitheatre. Men, women and children were gathered round with looks of eager expectation. The warriors, their faces streaked with red paint and their heads adorned with feathers, stood in grave and silent dignity. But the exultation of Memattanon could not be wholly suppressed. A fierce joy at times was seen to kindle in his eye, and occasionally he would throw out his brawny arms with a wild, impatient gesture towards the sun, as it neared the horizon, exclaiming:

"Hasten! The spirit of my father waits!"

At last, when not even a rim of the fiery orb was visible, and the full moon, with a mellow, golden light, was seen in the eastern sky, the two captives were led forth. Wilton was bound to the stake which rose in the midst of one of the pyres, the Indian lad to the other.

The medicine-man, with a blazing torch in his hand, approached the pyre of the young Indian. When within a short distance, followed by several of the initiates, he commenced pacing round the pyre with slow and measured steps, chanting the subjoined lines to a rude and wild melody, the initiates joining in the chorus.

"Spirit, whose dusky wings
Blight and mildew shed
Wherever the green corn waves,
Leaving it sere and dead,
Come from the noisome fen—
Come from the glassy flood—
Come from the stagnant pool
When the scent of burning blood
Is on the murky air.

Chorus.—Come, come, come—
Come when the crackling flames rise high
And stain the evening sky
With their blood-red glare.

Come, and in the red flame's light
Thy dusky pinions bathe—
That no more the foul and deadly blight
They shed where the green corn waves.
Come from the fen—
Come o'er the flood—
Come from the pool
At the scent of burning blood.

Chorus.—Come, come, come—
Come when the crackling flames rise high,
And stain the evening sky
With their blood-red glare,
And the scent of blood is on the air."

As they proceeded in the chant, gradually they began to move quickly, tossing their arms wildly in the air and brandishing their glittering tomahawks. The voice of the medicine-man at every line grew more shrill and piercing, as did the voices of those who joined in the chorus, the four concluding lines being shrieked forth in a manner inconceivably wild and discordant, each in succession hurling his tomahawk in the direction of the victim's head, though at the same time taking care that it should not strike him. When the last note died away there was a breathless silence, and the medicine-man drew nearer to the pyre, slowly waving the flaming torch.

During the whole of the frightful performance, the Indian lad manifested no symptom of fear. He had even more than once looked towards Wilton with a smile full of cheerfulness and encouragement. The hope inspired by the happy omen was strong within him.

The medicine-man bent forward to light the pyre, and Mematanon stood regarding him with a look of fierce exultation. Even at the very moment of applying the torch, it was dashed from the hand that held it, and almost at the same instant the thongs that bound the young victim to the stake were cut asunder. At the same time Wilton was set free. The rush of the red warriors from behind the pines had been so sudden that not an arm was raised against them. Before there had been time to realize that the prisoners were liberated, they had both been hurried into the woods and impelled swiftly along by strong and willing arms.

CHAPTER VII.

BESSIE'S INTERVIEW WITH DAME ANSTIS.

"What has happened, my daughter?" said Mrs. Hamlen, as Bessie, pale and agitated, entered the room with an open letter in her hand.

"Edith writes me that Wilton is gone—no one can tell where."

"Gone? How long since?"

"Read the letter, mother. It will tell you all about it better than I can."

After a few remarks, preparatory to the unpleasant news which was to follow, the letter ran thus:

"Wilton came, as he promised, the day after you left. About an hour after he left, a horse at furious speed came up to the door. It was soon found that he was without a rider, and that he belonged to Wilton. It was the one father gave him a short time before you went from here. My father, taking with him several of the hands who work on the farm, one of whom was furnished with a lantern, immediately set out in search of him, for it was thought that his horse might possibly have thrown him. The search was a vain one, and up to this time every attempt to trace him has proved unavailing. The general opinion is that he has been captured by a party of Indians, but father bids me tell you that you must be of good courage, as there is often some chance to escape, and Wilton is not one of those who would be likely to let it slip. For my own part, I feel nearly certain that he will escape.

"Perhaps I am more hopeful than I otherwise should be, on account of the good news I have received from another quarter. A letter from Sedley Austin now lies before me. You may remember that I heard he was aboard the British frigate Guerriere, which was recently captured by the Constitution. He was wounded, though not dangerously, and thought that his letter would not precede him over a week or ten days. After spending a short time at the farm-house he will visit his parents, who, as I believe I have told you, live in Tennessee. He says that he doesn't think that he was cut out for a sailor, and intends, as soon as his health is re-established, to join the army under General Jackson, whom he has often seen, and for whom he entertains great admiration.

"My father has accepted a lieutenant-colonel's commission. He, at first, insisted on serving in a more subordinate station, for, although he is not over fifty, he says that a younger man would fill the place better. For the truth of this assertion he says that we need only to look to General Hull, whom, by the way, he judges more leniently than he did at first, and thinks that, instead of being a coward or traitor, he was only superannuated. He says that 'age deliberates when it should act. Deliberation follows deliberation till the opportunity is lost in the multiplicity of counsel. Youth resolves and executes. The conception is but the prelude to the enterprise. Where realities are to be encountered, the less the counsel the surer the victory.'

"'All this is very true,' said a gentleman who was present when he made these remarks, 'but they don't in the least apply to yourself. You are neither so old as to be dilatory, nor so young as to be rash. Everybody knows that energy and prudence are your distinguishing characteristics.'

"I don't think my father was sorry to have his objections to accepting the appointment overruled. I am certain that I was not, for all who are best acquainted with him are satisfied that he is fully equal to the discharge of those duties which will necessarily devolve on him. Knowing well that my cousin loves her uncle, she will forgive my egotism, for it is egotism of a certain species to hold up for the admiration of others the excellencies of those who are dear to us.

"If I hear a word about Wilton, I will write to you without a moment's delay. Do not indulge in gloomy presentiments concerning him. There is nothing in them. I was almost certain that I should hear Sedley was dead, but you see that I was mistaken."

Bessie took the letter when her mother had finished reading it, and went to her own room, for she heard her father's steps in the hall, and she did not care to see him until she could appear less agitated. Some hours afterward as she stood looking out of a window, she saw the boy Hammett coming down one of the garden walks. Perceiving that he walked slowly, as if reluctant to approach the house, she went out to meet him.

"Aunt Anstis wishes you to come to her," he said.

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"It is late, now."

"There will be time."

"Wont to-morrow do as well?"

"She said she must see you to-day."

"Tell her I will come."

"I am to wait for you in the woods."

"Go then—I will soon be there. I only wish to let my mother know that I'm going to see Dame Anstis."

The boy hastened to the shelter of the woodland, which was only two or three rods back of the garden, and in a few minutes he was joined by Bessie. She was a good walker, so that nimble-footed as Hammett was, he found that she occasioned him no delay.

Bessie saw, when she came in sight of the cottage, that Anstis, the same as when she last visited her, sat just outside the door, at her spinning-wheel. When she perceived Bessie, she rose and set it aside, and placed her chair nearer a rustic seat overshadowed by a grape-vine. She had, in expectation of her youthful visitor, altered her dress somewhat. The blue and white checked apron which she usually wore, was exchanged for one of white lawn, and her plain cap had been laid aside for a kerchief of crimson silk, richly fringed and embroidered, which was gracefully twisted into the form of a turban, and rested lightly on her head, so as not wholly to conceal her jet black locks, not a hair of which was yet frosted by time.

"I expected you yesterday," said she, as Bessie took her seat on the bench overshadowed by the grape-vine. "Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't without offending my father."

"Why?"

"We had a visitor—one that my father had invited to stay to tea."

"I knew 'twas so. Do you know why Ishmael Withers so often visits you?"

"He is my father's friend."

"He is no man's friend, but he means one day to make my 'Bright Bessie' his wife."

"He never will!"

"Say that always, even though he were able to offer you a palace of pure gold to live in. But," said she, looking earnestly into the young girl's face, "it wont do for me to call you 'Bright Bessie' to-day. The light in your eyes grows more mournful every time I see you. You've had bad news."

"I have."

"And about Wilton Richmond?"

"Yes."

"I knew it three days ago, and so did Ishmael Withers."

"Why didn't you send me word?"

"That you might be spared the pain of knowing it a little time longer, and perhaps enable me to obtain some good news to put with it."

"How came Ishmael Withers to know it?"

Anstis answered by putting a piece of soiled paper into her hand, intended to have been folded into the form of a square, though one of the angles was rather acute. It had, in lieu of a wafer, been sealed with a piece of pine pitch, and was directed to "Mister Squoire Ishmael Whithers."

"Read it," said Anstis, seeing that Bessie hesitated to unfold it.

Though no easy task to decipher the scrawling, irregular lines which at first sight might have been taken for so many rows of rude hieroglyphics, with the help of Dame Anstis, after a while Bessie succeeded in reading as follows, except that in transcribing, certain liberties have been taken with the orthography:

"The chap you know of is trapped. There would have been an end of him right off, for I had told the Indians not to let him slip through their fingers but to put a bullet through his head, and they were ready enough to do it, for I did as you told me, and promised them the red gold if they would make clean work of it; but Mematanon must needs have him saved for a sacrifice to his father's spirit, which, according to his way of thinking, is kind of uneasy-like because the chap's father, who killed him, died a natural death, as 'twere, though Mematanon hunted him for years the same as if he had been a wild beast. Now, you see, he means to make the chap answer instead of his father—supposing that the old Indian chief will be about as well satisfied with the young man as he would have been with the old, seeing the same blood runs in his veins. My advice is, that before long you had better come this way and see what is going on.

"Yours to serve, JAKE DOBSON."

"Do you think Wilton is the person meant?" said Bessie, when she had finished reading it.

"Yes—but he is already out of danger."

"Out of danger?"

"Yes. Those who do my work have better heads, stronger hands and swifter feet than those employed by Ishmael Withers. That dirty scrawl will tell you better than you knew before, what kind of a man Ishmael Withers is."

"But are you certain that Wilton is safe?"

"He is, unless he has fallen into some other danger."

"This letter—how could you get it?" said Bessie, with a look of perplexity.

"Fortune favored us in that. Hammett found it in the woods. Withers must have dropped it. You thought that my nephew might be in the confidence of Withers—was it not so?"

"The thought *did* pass through my mind."

"Think so no more. Hammett is a good boy, and may be trusted."

"The letter Hammett found—is it best that I should speak to my father about it?"

"No, Bessie—lock your knowledge of it in your own bosom. If your father knows it he will tell Withers, which may cost my nephew his life. Besides, it would only make him careful to work more in the dark while weaving those toils about Wilton by which he will strive to again place him in danger. The only way to deal with him at present is to meet his plots by counter-plots."

"Is Withers indeed so cruel and vindictive?"

"Yes, he is capable of any amount of cruelty which will go to accomplish his wishes. No, no Bessie—if you value Wilton's safety, breathe not a word of it at present, even to your mother. So dangerous a secret cannot be too well guarded."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

From a work recently published in England, the annexed extract on the buoyancy of the waters and the appearance of the Dead Sea is taken: "Though in breadth not exceeding ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north to south, and the murmur of waves, as they break on its flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of drift-wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea, I put to the test the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and I was quickly convinced there was no exaggeration in what I had heard. I found the water almost tepid, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and, with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time, the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out—when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel they flew upwards; the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears and nose, and for one horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no further attempt to walk in deep water, which, I am inclined to believe, is almost impossible."—*Boston Chronicle.*

DESTRUCTION OF MOSCOW.

It was on the 16th of September, 1812. At midnight, Napoleon, in utter exhaustion of body and mind, retired to rest. The gales of approaching winter shrieked portentously around the towers of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the east, immense volumes of billowy smoke, pierced with flame, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mines scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A score of buildings were thrown in the air. Flaming projectiles, of the most combustible and unquenchable material, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravages. Earthquake succeeded earthquake—volcano followed volcano. The demon of the storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets. Mines were sprung, shells burst, cannon were discharged, wagons of powder and magazines blew up, and in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay, the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flames. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayonetted them, tossed them into the flames, but still, like demons, they plied their work.—*Boston Gazette.*

INFLUENCE.—Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of the surface it covers, but by its *kind*. A man may spread his mind, his feelings and opinions through a great extent, but, if his mind be a low one, he manifests no greatness. A wretched artist may fill a city with daubs, and by a false, showy style, achieve reputation; but the man of genius, who leaves behind him one grand picture, in which immortal beauty is embodied, and which is silently to spread a true taste in his art, exerts an incomparably higher influence.—*Channing.*



THE BASIN OF COMMERCE, OSTEND.

SKETCHES OF OSTEND.

Ostend, with a harbor on the North Sea, is a place of considerable trade and importance, and much resorted to by bathers in the hot season. It is memorable in history for sustaining a three years' siege by the Spaniards (1601–1604), at the expiration of which it capitulated on honorable terms. We present two correct views, drawn on the spot. The first represents a lively scene sketched from the Basin of Commerce. The steam packet quay is that facing the spectator. On the right is the handsome railway station, with a train of cars on the track, while the quay to the left is called the "Quai de l'empereur"—Imperial quay. The second picture is a scene on the sands with some of the bathing machines. These are on wheels, and are drawn by horses into the water. A group of fishermen are in front—one of them wearing wooden shoes. The young girl is an attendant on the bathing houses. The quay represented in the first picture, was built by Louis Napoleon. The railroad connects Ostend with the great cities of Belgium, Holland, France and Germany. The town of Ostend is well built, the streets are wide, and cross each other at right angles; but its distinguishing feature is found in its fortifications, which at present defend 13,000 inhabitants. The ramparts are nearly three miles in circumference; on the southern side, near the sea, they are of prodigious strength; the moats are triple, and bastions, mounds and redoubts are duplicated and re-duplicated, till the utmost resources of Vauban's art appear to be exhausted. As a fortress, Ostend forms the first member of that great chain of defences which were intended to protect Belgium on the side of France. The peace-securing railway crosses these formidable works. As a watering-place, Ostend presents many advantages. The sands are of immense extent, the beach is free from weeds, and the walks on the Digue form very noble promenades. The people are handsome, obliging, and remarkable for the neatness and simplicity of their attire.



SCENE ON THE OSTEND SANDS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COTTAGE OF MY MOTHER.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

To the cottage of my mother
O! I long to hie once more,
Dearest cottage of my mother,
On the wild New England shore;
Where the balmy breeze is laden
With the perfume of the flowers
That are springing, fresh and lovely,
In my native woodland bowers.

There the gray old hills are glancing
In the morning's golden light,
And the merry rills are dancing
Down the lofty mountain's height;
And the voices of the loved ones
In their sweetest accents flow—
To the cottage of my mother,
Dearest mother, let me go.

For my soul was nurtured roughly
Midst the stern and wild and free,
And it loves New England's valleys
As the petrel loves the sea;
To her stern and rocky big ilands,
And the meadows green below,
To the cottage of my mother,
Dearest mother, let me go.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GARDENER'S BOY.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

As I sit here to-night in my study, with the last leaf of my to-morrow's sermon lying, just completed, upon the table before me, I rest from the labors of the present, and let my thoughts wander back to times years and years gone by, and to things that happened then.

When I was a boy—it does not seem a long time since I was one, although I am eight-and-thirty now; for the events of those days rise in strong, fresh, vivid colors before me, like the events of yesterday,—I was the only child of my father and mother. They are both dead now, and I am far away from the place that was once our home; but we dwelt together then, at the foot of a brown hill in Dorsetshire, where for a time we were all very happy. My childhood was a pleasant one. My parents loved me dearly. I was their joy, their pride, their hope; for they had no other child save their little Harry.

And I loved them with equal affection in return. My happiness was in playing about on the floor at my mother's feet: in following her around wherever she went; in sitting for hours and hours at her knee, watching her while she spun, and listening to her pleasant songs, and the thousand and one stories to which I loved so to listen, and which she was never weary in repeating to me. And it was my delight, too, holding her hand, to go with her to the garden gate, to welcome my father home from his day's labor; to sit by him while we partook of our simple evening repast, and sit on his knee afterwards, in the open doorway, with my mother close by, during the hour preceding my bed-time, when I received the good-night kiss of both, and went to slumber.

This was my life, through the years of my childhood. I was a quiet child. I had few or no companions among other children, and, indeed, wished for none. At play or at study, while my father was away, my mother was all-in-all to me. The simple education I received, up to my twelfth year, she gave me. I was always at home, always quiet, always happy.

The distinguishing mark of my boyhood was a love of books. I studied diligently all that came in my way, calculated to increase the knowledge for which I thirsted. They were not many, but they were good and instructive, and such as I should have had; and I mastered them thoroughly.

My father and mother were well pleased at the studious disposition which they observed in me. Then, from time to time, my father procured a new book for me, and every one was a treasure of untold worth, in my eyes. My only trouble was, that I could not have more; but he was far from rich, and he could not satisfy all my wants then, without deferring indefinitely a day to which he was looking earnestly forward.

He wished, at some future time not far distant, to send me to school. For this purpose, every penny he could spare was saved carefully. Frugal, industrious and persevering, he and my mother managed, from time to time, to lay up little sums for my benefit, trusting in a while to amass enough to compass the wished-for end. Meanwhile, everything not absolutely necessary at the time was denied us all; and hence it was that my father said to me: "Wait a little, and be content, my son, for by-and-by thou lt be the better for it. Study what thou hast, and thou'lt be able the sooner to go to school, where thou'lt make up for all thou lackest now."

So I waited; and ah, with what joyful anticipations we all looked forward to the day on which our mutual hopes were set! But truly is it written, "We know not what a day may bring forth." It wanted but a little time of that so confidently anticipated, when, by some unhappy accident, our little cottage was one night destroyed by fire, and with it the entire sum which my parents had been so patiently and diligently hoarding for my future education. Now were we indeed distressed: I, because my parents were deprived of their sheltering roof; they, not so much for that, as that they had no longer the means of educating me. I, for my part, would not dwell upon this consideration. It gave me the sincerest pain, but I banished it as selfish at this time.

To a good neighbor, a prosperous farmer, we were indebted for a temporary shelter.

"And now," I said to my mother and father, "I will no longer devote my time to studying, but go to work with my hands, and help to gain the means to rebuild our cottage. I am strong enough, and old enough; for was I not eleven last spring? And in the evenings I will study, when I have done my day's labor. Thus I shall do very well."

They smiled, and were pleased with my resolution.

"But, dear child," said they both, "what canst thou do—thou, so young? Thou art *not* old enough, nor strong enough for the labor that would be required of thee."

"But I can work," I answered, "and I will; for to be idle now would be to be unhappy."

Therefore, I cast about to see what might be done. As my parents had said, I was not large or strong enough for hard labor; but I knew there must be something I might do, and I resolved to find it. In this state of affairs, I suddenly bethought myself of a plan.

At a distance of something like half a league from us, there dwelt a very rich old gentleman, who had the finest and most extensive gardens in the country, and who, I had heard, was in want of a lad to assist his head gardener. The thought of this pleased me. Young as I was, and only self-trained, I had not a little skill in the culture and care of flowers; and from my infancy, the little garden about our cottage had been my pride and delight. I had taken almost the entire charge of it, and always with the greatest success. True, it was not to be supposed that our plain, common flowers were to be compared with those in the gardens of Mr. Burrage, nor that the culture of these was such as they needed; but then I was confident of soon learning all that would be required of me, and I was sure I should take the greatest pains to give satisfaction. I determined to apply for this situation.

Accordingly, I set off the very next morning, and, arrived at the house of Mr Burrage, inquired for and was shortly introduced to him. I found him a free, kindly-spoken and evidently good-humored old gentleman, of fifty-five or sixty years, who greeted me in a hearty, pleasant way that very much encouraged me, though it was with many blushes that, after informing him who I was, I made known to him the object of my errand.

He listened with every sign of lively interest, and asked me several questions concerning myself and family, which drew from me an account of our affairs, that is, so far as was proper for me to make them known to so new an acquaintance.

Finding what good reasons I had for desiring the situation, and hearing what experience I had already had, he instantly declared that he was perfectly disposed to receive me, and named, as the half-yearly amount I was to receive, a sum which to me appeared, at that time—and which, indeed, really was,—a very handsome one, for the services I was to render.

Then he took me out into his garden, and introduced me to the gardener, who appeared to me a very good sort of man indeed, and with whom I quickly became well acquainted. The conclusion of the matter was, that I was engaged to come next day; and after a little further conversation with Mr. Burrage, took my leave with a light heart.

He had promised, I may add, to call on my parents some time; which he did, very unexpectedly, the following morning. He spent nearly half an hour in talking with them concerning me; after which, he took me back with him, and I was installed immediately in my new office.

It was one in which I succeeded not only to my own satisfaction, but to that of my employer, and of the gardener whose assistant I was. I learned very easily and quickly whatever he taught me, and with the greater facility, I think, because of the object for which I was working. I was always diligent, always busy. My master came out to see me very often in the garden, and had always a gay, good-humored word for me, which gave me infinite encouragement in my labors, so that I worked all the harder and all the better for it.

But one day I heard something which somewhat troubled me. I said to the gardener, after one of these visits of Mr. Burrage:

"What a kind-hearted man he is! His people must love him very much."

"Ay, Harry," answered the gardener, "a right good master he is when he's not crossed in anything; but thou must be careful, lad, never to vex him, or there's no telling what may happen. He's main good-humored when all goes smooth, but he's a terrible temper when it's roused. So mind thee well that thou'rt not amiss in thy duty, and that thou make no blunders and do no mischief, or the least of it may be, mayhap, that thou'lt lose thy place."

All this caused me some dismay, and for awhile, as I have before said, I was much troubled; for I thought, "What if, by any means, I should unintentionally anger my master?"

But presently I saw that it would not benefit me to alarm myself about a thing which might never happen. I, therefore, dismissed my trouble, resolved not to fear for the future, and only to take, henceforth, the greater heed to please Mr. Burrage.

In this effort, I was successful to my utmost contentment. The summer passed and autumn came, and I had never received a single harsh word or look from my master. On the contrary, he was always kind to me.

Once, indeed, I saw his anger break out, though not against me, but one of the domestics in the house. The man had committed, it is true, a somewhat serious though perfectly unintentional and, therefore, excusable offence; but Mr. Burrage, giving way to such a tempest of wrath as made me tremble, discharged the poor man on the spot, and though it was a long time before he got another place, never would take him back, or in the least relent.

"Harry, lad, let it be a warning to thee,' said my friend the gardener. And it was a most serious one.

In the autumn, I had more time to myself than in the summer, and every spare hour was devoted to my beloved books. I studied with more diligence than ever; but, though often sorely tempted, I never let my love of study encroach upon the time that was legitimately my master's. I worked at my employment in the garden most faithfully, and never wasted an instant there. My master often commended me. That made me glad. And at the end of September, too, I received a quarter's wages, which I joyfully hastened to place in my father's hands. I felt that I was working for something.

My master interested himself very much in the circumstances of my parents as well as myself. His was no idle interest, either. He saw that we were willing and anxious to help ourselves, and, therefore, he was disposed to assist us. He saw my father and mother industrious, energetic, active. He knew me patient, willing, assiduous in the toil to which I had voluntarily subjected myself. This pleased him. He liked us all, and determined to help us. An opportunity for the execution of his good intentions was soon opened, and unexpectedly. But alas! whatever was the merit that he saw in us, how brittle we found the thread which attached us to his favor!

It was at the close of fall, when winter was just setting in, that, from some business embarrassment of my father's employers, he was thrown utterly out of work; and at that season of the year, he found it impossible to obtain another situation, even of the meanest kind. We were poorer now, almost, than we ever had been. My father had not a penny in the world. All the wages that both he and I had earned, during this last half year, had been employed to pay our way as we went, since the fire, and to keep out of debt. Nothing had been laid away.

Now my master's opportunity presented itself. On the very evening after he had heard from me of our misfortune, he visited my father and mother. It was even while they were talking together of the destitution in which they were left at the very commencement of the rigors of a most severe winter, that my master made his appearance. After a little conversation with them on the subject of their losses:

"I have," said he, "at the distance of a league from here, a well-stocked farm, which is without an overseer at present, the one whom I have had having lately left the country with his family. I must have some one to keep it in order, and to see after the creatures there, which else will certainly suffer this hard winter. If you will both go thither and live, it will be for our mutual advantage."

It was with much gratitude that my parents accepted this offer. It was decided that they should go in three days; and, meanwhile, they were to make preparations for their departure. I was delighted with this new phase in our circumstances. It was a happy hour that I spent with my master, talking with my parents; and then Mr. Burrage set off for home again, I accompanying him.

When we reached there, my master's son, a fine little boy of some eight or ten years, who had lately come home from a visit of some months to a relative in a neighboring county, came running to meet us. His father, who was very fond of the boy, stopped for some moments to talk with him, and then went into the house. Francis, however, accompanied me to the conservatories, whither the plants had been removed from the gardens, when the first frosts began to set in, and which were now for a few days under my charge, during a temporary indisposition of the gardener.

I went about, as was my custom, to see that everything was safe for the night, and that all my master's favorites were well sheltered; for the evening was intensely cold. But I was not so particular as usual that night, for Francis was eager for me to go with him and see a fine new sledge which had just been finished for him to ride upon the ice in.

I was quite confident, however, that I left everything right when I went with him. I very much admired the sledge, which was really a beautiful one; and when we had both looked at it sufficiently, he went to his father, and shortly I repaired to my own room. My dreams were happy ones that night. I could not dismiss, even in sleep, the memory of my parents' happiness, and the goodness of my master.

But alas! my joy was of short duration. The following morning, on going to the conservatory, I found that a small door at the far end had been left open all night, owing to some oversight of mine on the evening previous, and that several of my master's finest plants had been completely destroyed, one of the number being an exceedingly rare exotic, which he valued, if possible, more than all the rest he had. For several moments, I stood perfectly petrified with consternation, distress and terror. Finally, recovering myself sufficiently for action, I ran directly to Mr. Burrage, and told him of what I had done.

Words cannot express the violence and intensity of his anger on learning the consequences of my remissness; but when he actually saw for himself the ruin wrought among his petted favorites, in which he had taken so much pride, the storm of his wrath became terrible. He reproached me in the bitterest terms, charged me with wilful carelessness and ingratitude, and commanded me to leave his sight at once and forever—to let him see no more of me or mine.

I had no words to defend myself. I knew my fault deserved punishment. Silent and sick and trembling, I turned away. I went to my room, tied up in a parcel the few articles of clothing I possessed in the world, and left Mr. Burrage's house.

It was a wild, bitter wintry morning. The skies were gray and cold as I left the gates. Far down on the lake, which was thickly frozen over, I descried the little Francis, in his beautiful new sledge, flying swiftly hither and thither, guided by one of the ser-

vants. Then my tears blinded me; they filled my eyes, and ran over my cheeks like rain, freezing as they fell. I hurried on. I was afraid that the affectionate little fellow should see me, and I could not bear parting with him.

I reached home, and told my father and mother what had happened. They were both startled; both looked pale, and grave, and sorrowful, for a little while.

"Your fault has indeed been a serious one, Harry," said my father, presently. "You have caused Mr. Burrage a great loss. But we must even try and repay it as soon as we may, though I fear it will be long before we are able to do so."

He spoke so gently that my tears burst forth afresh, and flowed the faster as I met my mother's sad yet pitying glance. They both entreated me not to weep. But how could I help it? I had not only caused Mr. Burrage a great loss, but I had also deprived them of the home which had been promised them. Of this last, however, unselfish as they were, they would not think.

"We must seek to repair the evils that befal us, rather than lament them," said my father.

And after a somewhat lengthy conversation with my mother, he declared his intention of setting out on the morrow to a neighboring town, to seek for employment of some kind, let it be what it would. I wished to go with him. This, however, he would not allow. I was not big enough, he said, to walk so many miles as he should be obliged to go. So the next morning he kissed my mother and me, and set off by himself.

All the remainder of that week we were alone—my mother and I. With sad hearts we waited for some tidings from my father. And all that week I mourned in secret over my fault, the consequences of which had been so unhappy. One day, the gardener from Mr. Burrage's came to see me. The honest man was much distressed at all that had happened.

"I had hoped," he said, "that thou wouldst stay there; for thou'rt a clever lad, Harry, and I like thee. But now I know thou'lt never come back again, for the master is bitter against thee. He's been angry many a time with one and another, but I never see naught like this."

I could do nothing but weep, boy as was. I had learned to look upon my master with affection, during the time I had been in his service, and he had treated me so kindly. Now, it was a most bitter grief that he thought so hardly of me. The gardener said that little Francis had been very indignant at my being turned away, and wished to come and see me, but that his father had sternly forbidden his doing so. I could not but be gratified with this evidence of the child's love for me. It gave me a sad kind of pleasure. I bade the gardener tell him I should always remember him, and then bidding me a kind good-by, he went back.

That evening we received a letter from my father. He was at a place some thirty miles away, where he had found, he said, some temporary employment, and bade us come to him the next day but one, with some neighbors who were going that way, sending, for our journey, the little sum we would require. With a full heart, the next morning, I wrote a brief letter to my former master, thanking him for all the kindness he had ever shown me, and expressing my grief for the loss which I had occasioned him, and which, I said, I would endeavor sometime to repair. I told him of our intended departure, and bade him farewell. This letter I sent in the morning, and then, with my mother, made ready for our next day's journey.

That afternoon, my mother went to make her last visit to a sick neighbor; and when she had been gone about two hours, and I was impatient for her return, she sent me word that our neighbor was so much worse that she had been requested to remain over night with her. So I sat down by a window, alone, to spend the rest of the short December afternoon in solitude and in sorrowful reflection.

It was a wild, fitful, gusty afternoon, bitter cold out of doors, and so dreary and dismal that it made me even more gloomy than I had been before. The landscape was covered with snow; the heavens were dark and cloudy. The wind, whistling and wailing drearily around, foreboded a storm near. And it came soon. It was about two hours before dark when the first flakes came driving down. I watched them coming—thinly scattered at the beginning, one here and another there, but promising a heavy drifting squall ere long.

And as I sat there at the window, I saw a little sturdy figure plodding bravely along towards the cottage—a little figure in a bright plaid coat and cap that were powdered lightly with the snow that was beginning to fall. It was Francis Burrage, my master's son.

He saw me at the window, and took off his cap, waving it to me. I sprang to open the cottage door and let him in. I was both pleased and surprised at seeing him so unexpectedly. He, on his part, threw his arms about my neck and kissed me tenderly.

"You see, Harry, I have come," said the dear little fellow. "I couldn't stay away any longer. I must come, whether my papa would let me or not; for you are going away to-morrow, aren't you?"

"Yes, Francis," I said, "I am going away to-morrow. It is very good, indeed, in you to come and see me, and I am very glad to see you. But was it not wrong to come without your father's leave or knowledge?"

He looked grave.

"Yes—it was wrong, Harry; but I couldn't help it."

"And this storm coming up, too, and you at such a distance from home! But you will think I am *not* glad to see you, Francis, if I talk in this way; and I am very, very glad indeed."

I kissed him, as I placed him in a chair by mine, and took off the little snow-sprinkled cap from his bright curly head. His face brightened.

"That's right, Harry. I like to hear you say that. I knew you would scold me a little for coming when—when papa bade me not; but I thought I would brave the scolding, just to see you once more before you go away. It's a great shame that you must go."

"You know it, then?—your father got my letter?"

"Yes—at noon. I made him let me have it to read. It had angered him very much to read it, Harry. It was then that I made up my mind to come. But I asked him first, indeed I did, Harry."

"Well, he said no?"

"He said he would punish me severely if I tried such a thing."

"And he meant it. He *will* punish you, Francis. Poor child! you knew it."

"Yes—I knew he would do what he said, Harry. But, for all that, I must come." And the boy sighed. "Besides," he continued, "I wanted to bring you this. You mustn't look at it till I'm gone." And he pressed something slyly into my hand.

But I saw. It was the pretty embroidered purse, containing a precious five pound note—his last birthday present from his father. I made him take it back. My heart was almost too full for words, as I experienced the faithful and generous affection of this dear child; but I was forced to disappoint him. I assured him firmly, though gently, as soon as I could speak steadily, that I could not take his gift, and that he must receive it again. I put it in the inner pocket of his little jacket, and buttoned both that and his coat over it.

He saw I was resolute, and would not be disputed. The tears came into his eyes for a moment, but he brushed them directly away.

"Well, Harry, if you wont take it now, I shall send it after you, or give it to somebody to spend for you."

"No, you will not, Francis," I said, kissing him; "because it would be very wrong. Your father would not wish you to do so, perhaps, and you would be doing it without his knowledge. But whether he approve or not, I could not take that money from a little boy like you; do you not see, Francis? I should as soon think of eating my kitten's dinner."

All this time, the snow-flakes had been falling. Francis suddenly started up from his chair.

"I must go now, Harry. See—it snows faster than when I came."

It did snow faster. A terrible storm it was going to be, by the wild, swift driving of the flakes, as they came hurrying down; and I knew that he could not get home in safety now. I was loth to let him go; but he declared that he must.

"Let me send some one up and let your father know where you are, that he may send for you, then," I said.

No—he must go home himself. I knew this was right, after all, though it might not be safe.

"Then I must go with you, Francis," I said, and went to get my cloak and cap.

He was overjoyed to think I was going. He said that after I got there, I should stay all night.

"No—I shall not go in," I answered. "I shall leave you at the gate, and come directly home."

"We will see then, Harry," was his resolute reply. "I tell you my father will keep you after coming up with me in the storm. It will be too bad for you to come back."

I let him have his own way. But I remembered that my master had forbidden me even to enter his doors again,—that even the letter I had written him that day had been received scarcely with toleration, by what Francis had said.

We set off together—Francis and I. Hand in hand we trudged along towards his father's house. It was quite half a league distant—a long way, with a storm driving about us, for two boys like us to tread. But I was not afraid for myself, though the way was lonely and wild. My greatest care was for my little companion. I walked fast with him for the first mile, that we might get along as far as possible before the storm made much progress. But often he grew tired, and then we were forced to proceed more slowly.

The wind blew violently, and was bitter cold. The road was white with snow, and the fences, and the trees. The air was full of it; above, around, beneath, nothing but snow was to be seen. It fell faster and faster, cutting our faces sharply as we went along, stinging like so many thousand needles. And how cold it was!

"Francis, how do you feel?" I asked of the little fellow who plodded on so bravely at my side, his hand held fast in mine. "Are you very cold?"

"Not very," was the stout answer. "I can get along nicely, Harry."

And we kept on. I talked to him cheerfully, when I could, to keep up his spirits,—that was, when the wind did not take away my breath; for, as the storm increased, it seemed to blow from every quarter at once. Colder and more icy the snow-laden atmosphere became. Sometimes we could not see a dozen yards before us, so thick and fast fell the flakes. Soon the snow began whirling around in drifts across the way. I was glad I had come with Francis. Now that the drifts were beginning to form, they grew and multiplied fast, and I was forced to lift him through them. We made slower progress now.

An hour must have passed, or nearly that, since we left home, and we had not accomplished more than half the distance we were to go. But, by my own feelings, I knew that my companion must be not only wearied out, but almost frozen as well. My shoes were full of snow; my feet and hands were almost numb with cold. My face had scarcely any feeling in it. Still Francis plodded on.

"How are you now?" I asked, looking down in the little face that was red with the beating of the icy storm. My very heart misgave me as I asked the question.

"It is cold—isn't it, Harry?"

It was all he said that was uttered in a very faint voice, and I was more troubled than I can tell.

"And you are very tired, Francis?" I said.

"Yes, Harry."

The voice was scarcely audible now. There was something beside the snow on his face. The child was crying silently, with fatigue, and cold, and fear. The winds grew wilder, the storm more furious, the drifts deeper and colder.

"Do you think we shall ever get home again, Harry?" came the faint, trembling, childish voice to my ear.

I could not have answered without bursting into tears. I looked at Francis. He dragged along more wearily at every step. Stooping, I lifted him as well as I could in my arms, though I staggered beneath even his light weight, and stumbled on through the drifts, while his head sunk on my shoulder.

I could not see my way. The air was all white around me. Everything was white. There was no path. I felt myself pressing through a snow-drift; higher—higher, my feet moved wearily, sluggishly. I could feel nothing now—not even the cold. My limbs seemed to grow numb—sleepy; and now I could not see at all. Everything became dark. And little Francis was quite still. A terrible agony possessed, though it had not the power to rouse me from the lethargy that was creeping over me. I think now it was the dread that Francis would die of cold. With the last struggle of receding consciousness, I tore my own coat from my shoulders and wrapped it around him, but as one moving in a dream. And I knew no more. • • •

"Francis would have died had it not been for him. His own coat had been taken off, and covered the child, whom he held sheltered in his arms, even in unconsciousness. It was thus we found them."

Was I awake—and on earth? A glow and a warmth were around me. An indistinct brightness afar off, crossed by ever-moving figures; and I heard the words I have recorded. The glow grew brighter. In a moment more, sight was given me. I *was* awake, and on earth. It was in a wide chamber of my master's house I lay, and my master's face bent eagerly over me.

"Thank Providence, the boy is safe!"

With a sigh of relieved and terrible suspense, the words broke from his lips, as I opened my eyes upon him. *From the lips of my master!* I heard them. I was really and truly on earth, and not in a world of spirits. But it was as if I had come back from the grave.

I had been very near mine. It was only when fully restored to consciousness that I knew how near—when I knew that my master and his servants, in going at night-fall to seek through the storm for little Francis, whom some one had seen going to the house of Harry, the gardener's boy, had found Harry lying senseless in a drift on the road leading to Mr. Burrage's, with Francis folded in his arms, and sheltered by his coat, which he had taken off for the purpose, and which had saved the life of the child by the warmth it afforded; when I found both Francis and his father by my pillow, and knew that I had saved my little friend by submitting to the exposure which had nearly cost me my own life; when I found that the whole story had been related to the father by the innocent lips of the child, and my master, shaking my hand, with the tears actually standing in his eyes, declared me the preserver of his son's life, and himself my debtor forever.

From the circumstances of that day, in my boyhood, sprung the fortunes of the man. From the hour in which his beloved son had been so nearly lost, so barely saved to him, I held a place with Francis in the affections of my master. But my master no more—rather a father—a guardian. For to him was due the after-prosperity of my parents, who owed a future of happiness to him, in his gratitude; and to him, under Providence, I refer the destiny of the poor gardener's boy, who was ever after as a son to him. At the same academy with Francis, I was placed to continue my education immediately; and entered, eight years after, on my theological studies, after which I was ordained for the ministry. With the hand of a firm, unchangeable friend, Mr. Burrage helped me through all this, and gained for me, at last, the life for which my soul thirsted.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES TO E. M. H.

BY F. E. R.

Let others hail thee, fairest one,
An opening flower—a dawning beam!
Emblems of human love alone,
To me thy charming beauties seem.

There's love upon thy pure white brow;
There's love upon thy gentle lips—
A fountain sealed! but whence shall flow
Such honey as the wild bee sips.

For God hath gifted thee beyond
The herald's bootless pomp of pride,
With sweeter looks—with smiles more fond
Than ever decked a monarch's side.

Eleanor! be thou ever blest
And beautiful as now thou art:
A star of hope in every breast,
An idol to each kindred heart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PYROTECHNICS.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It has been sagely remarked by some shrewd observer of human nature, that, in every respect, there is as much difference in folks as there is in people; and in nothing is the truth of this remark more apparent than the different light in which different people view the subject of public amusements; and in no species of amusement is there a greater diversity of opinion than in the matter of fireworks. There are individuals—few in number, I grant, but very respectable, notwithstanding—who hold pyrotechnics in utter contempt. To them a bunch of India crackers is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. A blue-light they look upon as a burning shame; a soaring rocket they consider the height of absurdity, and they never weary in making light of Roman candles. That such individuals have an undoubted right to their own opinion, neither you nor I will pretend to dispute, although they differ from ourselves so materially.

Now for my part, although I do not absolutely pine after fireworks, I am nevertheless disposed to look upon them with favor, particularly when they are exhibited in the proper place and upon the proper occasion. But I think I can convince the reader before I have done with him, that there are times and seasons when a display of this kind, so far from being a source of pleasant amusement, becomes in fact a positive evil and an unbearable nuisance, as the ensuing narrative will illustrate.

It happened one day during the fourth of July week just past, that Tompkins, having been invited out to dine with a friend, proceeded to array himself in his subdued mouse-colored breeches, his black velvet vest, and our new black dress coat—and thereby hangs an explanation.

Now it is absolutely necessary that I should make known to the reader why I say *our* dress coat, before I proceed any further, and to facilitate the explanation, it must be recollected that my roommate, Tompkins, and myself, are of the same height, weight and build, and in every respect precisely similar as regards physical conformation, with the trifling exception that, whereas Tompkins is rather an ordinary looking gentleman, scarcely possessing a claim to that somewhat doubtful title, "a fine-looking man," I am, on the contrary, a most remarkably—indeed I may say a miraculously—but never mind, I am not given to blowing my own trumpet. When we consider the striking similarity of our configuration, the absurdity and extravagance of possessing between us two garments precisely alike, becomes obvious. We long ago discovered this great truth, since which one black dress coat, one ditto frock, ditto one blue, and one brown ditto ditto, has constituted our joint wardrobe. This community of interests is attended with peculiar advantages, each of us receiving from our fellow-men the deferential consideration due to the possessor of four new coats, besides which, they are oftener replaced, and of later styles than would be the case if worn by one person only.

And again, it is much easier to obtain credit, as any sagacious and reflecting tailor would be much more easily persuaded to deliver a garment on time to a corporate concern than to a single individual. Secondly, it is much easier to dodge a tailor, and put him off when he becomes importunate, as tailors will. When we hear the footstep of our relentless creditor approaching our room, what strategetical exploit can be more exquisitely beautiful in its conception, than to have Tompkins dodge into the closet, while I, with a patronizing smile, encounter the knight of the shears on the threshold, and with much feeling express my regret that he had not called five minutes sooner, as Tompkins had but just gone down town for the express purpose of settling his little account, and was without doubt at that very instant chasing him (the tailor) about the city, with his (Tompkins) breeches pockets stuffed almost to bursting with bank notes of a large denomination. Such a course of proceeding is pretty sure to send the unwelcome visitor off in a pleasant mood, and when after a considerable interval he calls again, it is only necessary to vary the performance by going myself into the closet and leaving my partner as spokesman. I have known this single manœuvre to hold the enemy in abeyance for three months, and never did I know it to fail of a good effect but once, when Tompkins, soon after entering into his closet and shutting the door, was seized with a prolonged fit of sneezing, which betrayed the hoax and caused our creditor to become so obstreperous that we were compelled, out of respect to ourselves, to kick him down stairs. It is true we paid dearly for it, but such accidents do not happen every day.

I mention this little dodge merely as a sample of the many that will naturally suggest themselves to a man of talent. Lastly, it is almost impossible to enumerate the many benefits beside those already mentioned, which flow from a community in coats; and in conclusion I would respectfully suggest that you try the experiment, making a partner either of your room-mate or some trusty friend. You are almost certain to succeed, and it cannot be denied that you really *need* a new coat, notwithstanding it would be so excessively inconvenient for you to pay for it just now.

But this is a digression. Tompkins having accepted the invitation, was of course obliged to wear the new dress coat, for, as is well known to all who, like yourself, adore the higher walks of society, that man could not be forgiven, who in this age of enlightenment should attend a dinner party in anything else; indeed, no person who was not determined upon committing social suicide, would ever make the insane attempt to swallow a mouthful in any other than a black dress coat. The invitation was extended to me also, but it being Tompkins's turn to wear the coat, I of course was obliged to decline. Indeed, I could not have accepted had it been my turn, for just at present I am making strenuous efforts to establish a reputation among my friends, of being literary, and a profound student. To effect this it is necessary for me to eschew all hilarity, to affect the dignified and reserved, to walk with my claws clasped beneath my coat-tails, my head bowed, my brow knitted and my lips muttering; to start suddenly when spoken to, and appear abstracted and thoughtful. It is mighty difficult to accomplish all this, for a fellow is apt to forget himself and appear inconsistent; but I am already well paid for my trouble, for it is the firm conviction of all my acquaintances that I am engaged upon a great work, requiring the profoundest research and study, a conviction which I render a certainty by allowing to lie upon my table several quires of partially written manuscript, upon the outside sheet of which is inscribed in bold characters, "Shakspeare and the Shakers; being an inquiry as to the real authorship of the works hitherto attributed to Mother Goose."

But here I am again wandering away from my subject. I must stick more closely to my text, or the little incident I had intended to relate in about forty-three words, will extend to as many pages. To take up the thread of the story then where it was broken off, Tompkins donned the black dress coat and went to the dinner party, leaving me to my literary labors, which for that day consisted in repairing sundry rips and rents to which my nether garments had been subjected in the battle of life, and replacing divers suspender buttons and other of those artificial aids which help to support frail human nature in its weary pilgrimage to the grave. Profoundly interested by the absorbing nature of my occupation, the hours sped swiftly by, until Tompkins's well known footstep was heard upon the stairs. At the moment of his return all my energies were bent upon darning a large hole in the toe of one of my stockings. The proper performance of this important matter I found to be attended with no little difficulty, and it taxed my ingenuity to the utmost. Three several times had I obliterated all traces of the aperture by passing the needle and yarn backward and forward across the objectionable opening, until to all appearance the stocking was good as new, though there was an evident disproportion in its shape. The singular look of the thing induced me to try it on, when I found to my surprise that, although a perfectly sound stocking, it had somehow become much shorter than it was wont, bringing the heel toward the middle of my foot. Three separate times I undid my work, and as many times did it over again, but with the same result—it was too short. I was a good deal vexed at my want of success. There was evidently something wrong, unless, indeed, the thing was enchanted, and I determined, come what might, to darn that stocking in a proper manner and have it long enough too. It had become a matter of principle with me to accomplish that object, and I set myself deliberately to consider the cause of the strange phenomenon that had thrice baffled me.

At length an idea occurred to me, and hastily undoing my previous work, I took a pint porter bottle, and inserting it in the stocking foot, distended and held apart the edges of the foramen while I wove the yarn back and forth across it. This plan succeeded admirably. I was even more than successful, for not only was the stocking long enough, but there was a considerable superabundance of toe to be lapped over. This to be sure was not altogether desirable, but I had achieved a victory, and it could be borne; indeed, I rather looked upon that extra bunch of woolen as a trophy to my skill and indomitable perseverance.

It was while in the midst of this absorbing occupation that Tompkins hastily entered the room. Too much interested in the accomplishment of my object to give much attention to him, I merely looked up and again continued my work, while he divested himself of his bettermost apparel and stuck himself into other and less expensive garments.

"There, Jinx," he said, as he hung our coat in the closet, "I've been buying a mess of those firework concerns, crackers, torpedoes and that sort of thing, to throw out the window at the gals, to frighten 'em a bit, you know, on the fourth—wont it be jolly?"

I admitted that the effect to be produced would without doubt be uncommonly jolly.

"I say, Jinx," he continued, as he left the room, "I'm going down the harbor with a crowd of chaps, to have a reg'lar high time; so you needn't be alarmed if you don't see me back here again afore a week from next fall;" and slamming the door behind him he galloped down stairs, leaving me to my labors, which I continued with much ardor, being so much pleased with my newly discovered plan of darning that I could not bear to stop. One stocking after another was nicely mended, until the supply began to fall short, and I was thinking seriously of going to the room of some other lodger and repairing his hose for him, so greatly was I pleased by the discovery of this new and improved process, when the girl who answered the door bell entered with a note.

The sight of the well-known hand-writing upon the envelope put me in such a flurry that I pricked myself consumedly with the darning needle in my hurry to get hold of the note. It was from Carrie! The beloved female with many expressions of endearment gave me to understand that, had the fates so willed it that she could visit the theatre that evening and witness the enactment of that highly intellectual drama, "The Forty Thieves," her happiness would have been complete. "But," continued the note, "if it was so ordered by an over-ruling destiny that she was to be debarred from that as from other innocent amusements, she would try to bear up under it, and though her heart bled, she would wear a smile on her countenance, and in my own beautiful language, 'suffer and be strong.'"

The meek spirit of resignation evinced in the missive touched me deeply. It would have touched any chap, particularly if his adored had credited to himself Mr. Longfellow's fanciful version of that grey-headed recommendation to "grin and bear it."

There was no resisting such an appeal as this. No human power could have prevented my going to the theatre that evening, and taking my dear Carrie. I do not think I should have wavered in my resolution, even if it had cost me three dollars. It was already quite late in the afternoon, and the performance began early; so casting aside the half-darned stocking, which now held only a secondary place in my mind, I looked anxiously at my watch; but I might as well have looked at a brick—the thing being intended rather for show than for service—the fact of my looking at it at all being more the result of a habit I have contracted by a frequent pretended consultation of the turnip when in company. But to do the concern justice, it has a magnificent case, and, as Tompkins says, "It has been a good time-keeper in its day, but it aint now and never was." I was therefore not in the least disappointed at not being able to learn anything from that source, and running the superior portion of my tenement of clay so far out the fourth story window that I nearly lost my balance and precipitated myself into the street below, I was enabled to get a glimpse of the church clock. It wanted but just twenty minutes of the time mentioned in the bills for the curtain to rise "precisely." Withdrawing my head and shoulders and so forth from their exposed position, I proceeded to make a hasty toilet. To wash and shave the "human face divine," to brush the two rows of teeth appertaining to that divine face, and to neatly tie a flaming red cravat immediately beneath the whole divine concern, occupied just no time at all. Jumping into my boots and under my hat, I ran my arms into the sleeves of our dress coat and left the house. I noticed there was something heavy in one of the tail pockets, but being in too great a hurry to examine what it might be, I walked rapidly toward Carrie's residence. The dear child was in ecstacies of delight at seeing me, she was *so—so* glad I had come; she hadn't the remotest idea her little note would induce me to go to the theatre; indeed, she hadn't thought of such a thing when writing it, etc., etc., very much after the manner your own little darling goes on.

I admire to hear Carrie lie, she does it so prettily; so circumnavigating her with my coat-sleeve, I kissed her, of course, precisely as I would any one of my charming young lady readers, if she was my beau and was going with me to a jollification; though for that matter I don't think I should hold back hard enough to pull the buttons off my coat, if the young lady aforesaid possessed neither of the aforesaid qualifications. I will not insist, however, upon this latter point, for there is no knowing how I might feel under fire; I should, nevertheless, like amazingly to try.

But to continue: there was little for Carrie to do, she being already as well prepared for the excursion as though our going had been decided upon a week previous; so taking one of her little wings under my arm, we walked rapidly toward the theatre, chatting and giggling and saying nice things to each other, just as pleasant and happy as anything. Arrived at the spacious and brilliantly-lighted entrance to the temple of the drama, with the monstrous placards upon either side, my attention was attracted by the staring letters announcing the play, and I unconsciously uttered in an audible tone, "The Forty Thieves."

"Yis, mister, and there 'll be forty-*one* when you get inside!" shouted a ragged little pocket edition of a man, as amid the laughter of the bystanders he prudently took himself out of my reach.

Now, although I am by no means of an irritable disposition, or given to flying into a passion without cause, I was nevertheless vexed by the impertinent remark of that miserable little boy, and nothing but the fact of my having a lady on my arm, the fear of the police, the danger of being late to the play, the probable interference of the crowd, the chance that the affair would be mentioned in the papers in connection with my name, and the danger that some big fellow would take the boy's part and give me something I could not buy at the apothecary's, prevented me rushing after that ragged, impudent youngster and demolishing him on the spot.

A moment's reflection upon the above objections enabled me to overcome my propensity to tear the offender limb from limb; and having with some little difficulty procured tickets, we were fortunate enough to obtain seats in the very centre of the house, where, in listening to the fiddlers fiddling upon their fiddles, and in contemplating a splendid portrait of the immortal Shakspeare, with a forehead fourteen inches in height, I speedily "recovered my temper," as people ridiculously say; though why they should say so I never could divine, for it seems more reasonable to me that when a fellow is getting over a mad fit he is *losing* the temper he had aboard when his anger was excited, and that he *recovers* his temper when the injury or insult, or whatever it may be, is repeated.

For my part, I cannot recollect a single instance of having my nose pulled or being kicked, that I did not *gain* temper amazingly.

I will not occupy valuable space with an account of the play, but hasten at once to the catastrophe. Let it suffice that everything went off admirably, the audience being particularly fascinated with the irresistible manner in which "first thief" (Mr. Junius Brutus Boots) would every now and again pop his head out of an olive jar and then pop it back again, a proceeding which brought down the house every one of the thirteen times it was repeated.

In this play, as all theatre-goers are doubtless aware, a considerable amount of vocal music is often introduced, particularly if the stock company happen to have voices the slightest degree above the miserable—and in this respect our company was especially favored—one lady in particular, who "executed" an incredible number of songs, having formerly been prima donna to an Ethiopian troupe. One of her pieces was immensely popular; twice had it been encored, and now she was preparing to sing it the third time. She began; the audience listened in breathless attention; she commenced the second verse; you might have heard a pin drop (nine pin); she struck into a cadenza, her voice rising high and shrill in a sort of quivering squeal, like the opening notes of a horse's neighing, only less musical—a sort of thing called in musical parlance "a trill."

To say that I was entranced by the music, would be to chronicle a whopper—to me it seemed but small potatoes, anyhow. Not so the rest of the house—they literally held their breaths in silent admiration. Thinking I might as well improve the opportunity by blowing my nose, I sent one of my hands round behind me to my coat pocket on an exploring expedition in search of Sir John Handkerchief, and having discovered it, I began to draw it slowly forth. I may have drawn it half way out of my pocket—perhaps a little more, perhaps a little less—I will not pretend to be strictly accurate in this particular, but let the proportion removed be what it may, it was while the audience was the most silent and attentive, and when the singer was in the midst of one of her shrillest and shakiest squeals, and making her worst faces at us, that there occurred directly behind me a loud and most appalling crack, perhaps as loud as a small pistol, but in the perfect silence sounding like the thunders of Jove. In an instant all was confusion; the cantatrice faltered and stopped, the audience as one man sprang to their feet, while I, no less astonished than the rest, turned sharply round to see who the presumptuous individual might be that dared explode a torpedo so close to me, muttering an indignant "put him out" as I did so.

Not being able to fix upon any one as the perpetrator of the deed, I gave another tug at my handkerchief to remove the rest from my pocket, when crack, crack, crack! went more torpedoes, still behind me. Astonished, I again turned and beheld all eyes fixed upon me, while at the same time a muffled spluttering and snapping of unmistakable India crackers, and a thin smoke rising in my immediate vicinity, gave birth to a terrific idea—the recollection of Tompkins's purchase of fireworks flashed into my mind. Hastily thrusting my hand into one of my coat pockets, I withdrew it again with the speed of lightning—*burnt!* For an instant I was motionless with amazement and horror, but a sharp burning sensation quickly roused me to action. Grabbing my coat-tails in both hands, I endeavored to smother the fire. Vain attempt! it only rendered matters still worse. Half a dozen of those confounded squirming concerns called serpents flew out through my fingers, and emitting a stream of sparks in their course, flew over and under and around among the ladies, singeing their hair and setting fire to their laces.

A terrible uproar ensued; men shouted "put him out!" and thumped the floor with their canes, women screamed and fainted, and came to and screamed again, louder than ever, while amid the tumult I descried a couple of police officers making for me; but there was little need of their services; I was quite as anxious to depart as they could possibly be to have me go, for the unexpected "fire in the rear" produced a sensation which the reader can only appreciate by finishing this article while seated upon a red-hot griddle. With both hands holding my coat-tails straight on end behind me, and thereby in a slight degree diminishing the acute pain, I darted up the aisle, over the benches and down the stairs, capsizing men, women and children in my headlong course. Out of the building I rushed, a trail of sparks and exploding crackers streaming behind, amid the hoots and jeering cries of "go it, comet," from the boys.

Panting and exhausted with fatigue and pain, I reached home just as the last piece of that infernal bunch of pyrotechnics burnt itself out. Crawling up to my room, I proceeded to do that which it would have been better had I done before—to wit: to remove my coat from my shoulders. But let those who think I *could* have done so try the experiment themselves, and they will find that the instinctive action of their claws to hold the fire as far as possible from their persons, will keep them too busy to accomplish any other object which upon deliberate and cool reflection may seem to be the better course. Upon examination I found one tail of the coat completely burnt off, and the other partly gone, while my pants were' it all over—in short, they were badly damaged. Throwing coat and a heartfelt explication together into a corner, I flung myself into a chair and immediately flung myself out again. A sitting position was a decidedly uncomfortable one.

But I will pass over the events of that night. The next day I walked over to see Carrie; she rallied me good-humoredly upon my accident and asked me to *sit down*. I declined and walked home again. I walked my room all day. I believe I am getting fond of walking; I didn't use to be. If I was a member of the present Congress, I feel certain that a fair exhibition of my claims would ensure my appointment as a member of a perpetual standing committee.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Little hands are clasped in prayer,
Holy incense on the air
Wafted to the fount of love—
Pleasing to the One above
Listen—for my child doth pray'
They have taught her how to say

"Our Father,' give to me
Thought and heart to worship thee,
Thou, from whom all blessings come—
Parents, pleasures, friends and home—
All my warmest love and praise
To my Maker would I raise'

In this world of trial, sin,
Father, keep me pure within;
Make me gentle, true and kind,
Onward, upward, thee in mind—
Till at last through Him I rise,
Jesus opens Paradise'

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A HOT NIGHT IN THE CITY.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

It is trying enough to feel, as the church clock twangs out the hour of ten, that the thermometer stands at 90°, by moonlight; to see the streets getting gradually thinned; the man with the checked coat who compromised his dignity by sitting in his doorway, and the daughters who promenaded, barcheaded, with their fans, dressed in gossamer, retiring for the night; the clerk and his pretty little seamstress, who have just taken an "ice" together, are separating; house-doors adjacent, over the way and further up the hill, are slammed together, and the great keys are turned to bid defiance to night burglars. There is no gas burning, for the moon has taken the office from the lamplighter; only here and there a hatless pedestrian is wending toward his lodgings, perchance dreading to reach his small attic chamber, the window of which careless Mag has left open all day to the full blaze of the sun, and the bed which he would give his last dime to know has no unwelcome tenants; he goes whistling along with the hope that he shall be master workman by-and-by, and build his house, and find his mate, and keeps pondering over what Jenny said when he last met her, until he has reached his suffocating room, away down in Mechanics' Alley. And Jenny, too, sits in her upper room, watching to see "Thomas" pass, hiding herself behind the flaunting, fluttering curtain, while the perspiration rolls off her broiled face; for she has just left the ironing-table, where a dozen of mistress' skirts are made to stand alone with polished stiffness, and the bosoms and collars of the father and sons will require another hot day to rumple.

And it has now come to be eleven—so says the same church clock, and scarcely a being is seen; and feeling solitary, we, too, are missing. Spiral mattress—what a luxury you are! Linen sheets, cold and agreeable, who can say aught against you? City house, with the whole story unoccupied, and such delicious breezes playing through opened windows and wide halls, how can we envy poor musquito-bitten friends at Nahant, or those pent up in little closets nicknamed "lodging-rooms," even at the "Notch," or at Niagara at the "International," where the eternal roar keeps one wakeful? Why not say your grateful prayers for such a home, and go to sleep in happy contentment? Cool and quiet, such may be your honest intention; but alas! just as you are about sallying off to dream-land, that baby over the way sets up its nightly serenade. If this were its first concert, we would pity it and lie awake,—but no; every night for a fortnight, at about the same hour, the little tyrant grows restless, and cares neither for disturbing nurse or neighbor. How visions of Godfrey's cordial, and valerian, and soothing syrups rise before us! No mistake—we heard the pap-spoon drop on the floor. How long is the query, before it takes effect? The hour of midnight is tolled out, and still the baby cries. How long before he will get his teeth? But then there is the pain always right under the front breadth, and can we suppose "dear little Johnny" is going to suffer in silence?

And now comes retrospection. It was just so last year. Other tenants occupied the same premises; the baby cried just as all over-fed children do cry, and the nurse slept on and let it pursue its disturbing employment. And so we moved into the back chamber. True, we had seen a family moving in at the next door some days ago; but we never thought about their having a baby, and never should, had we not been aroused at the same hour as before by the long-continued, unending, snarling little wretch (the mother calls it angel), who would not be appeased until the nurse had recourse to the old-fashioned custom of sitting in a common chair and violently rocking, accompanied with the old goose melody of "lullaby baby on the tree-top," etc. The perspiration settled on my brow, a burning sensation came over my limbs, an irresistible impulse to sit at the window and give up all ideas of invoking Morpheus.

It is one o'clock! What train of cars leaves the city at this hour? Yet there is the whistle; the steam is on; the passengers are in cool quarters, and how swiftly they leave us behind who are soon to encounter another burning high pressure, and feel the ill effects of this night's restlessness.

It is now three o'clock! The ponderous ice-carts have just struck yonder bridge; the office-boy is trudging along two hours in advance of his usual time, noises, such as only can be heard at early dawn, are distinct, a little bird has come to sing his plaintive note before the bustle of the day, the baby is hushed, a few pedestrians are dimly seen, perchance they, too, have had a sleepless night; the sounds of active life are fast returning; housemaids are cleaning the sidewalks to the entire destruction of broom-corn, and sand is faithfully washed out between the interstices of bricks; yet it is a fashion—nay, a household law, which must be obeyed when necessary, and *when not so*.

Morning has come! You close windows, darken rooms, read journals, letters from friends in various quarters. One tells you "what an icy chilliness came over him as he yesterday went into the Tuckerman Ravine, and found a huge unmelted snow-bank." Another speaks of "an iceberg encountered in a given latitude," and yet another represents himself "under shade trees, where the brooks are gurgling by, and the breezes are laden with the fragrance of the newly-mown hay." Now whither shall we go?

We have tasted all these enjoyments; the novelty—or shall we call it the enthusiasm?—which such scenes occasioned has died out of us, and in hot weather it cannot be re-kindled. We know from experience what it is to be crammed up at the "United States" in Saratoga, and be present at a sweltering "hop" in the evening. At the White Mountains, too, when the sun at midday struck us speechless, and took all the sublimity away. On the seashore, where burning sand glittered till our eyes grew dim; and epicurean tit-bits lost all flavor; and in the homestead, too, under the shade trees whose long shadows protected us from glare, and a desire to change our place. And yet, were it not that those babies keep up such an unceasing, inharmonious concert, we should cast our vote to remain in our own domicil until dog-days are ended, and then with renewed vigor we would taste the pleasures of travelling. "Better bear the ills we have," than fly to others we know all about. We only grieve for those who cannot withstand the tyrant custom which they fancy must be complied with—of eating hotel dinners in flounces out of which the starch is taken; of lounging in drawing-rooms among a promiscuous crowd who know not how to dispose of themselves; of fanning ourself with very vexation because the lodging-room is so small and illy ventilated; and of hearing, to increase the annoyance, that the charge is nearly doubled at this hotel compared with five years ago, when we tarried there. "Yet we have engaged the rooms," says my friend, "and we must remain. Come and see us and attend a Fremont ratification meeting. We are to have glorious times next week." Just as if we would go a hundred miles to attend a political gathering, when we can witness such a spectacle almost any evening from our own windows! Besides, it is too hot weather for us to draw our conclusions as to which party we had better belong. We have read "Upham's Life of Fremont," and thought Young America had in him all the requisites to make him the most available candidate; and we have heard much to respect in Mr. Buchanan. We remember, too, how imposing was his appearance at a certain watering-place, where we sojourned with him; and had we with prophetic eyes then looked upon him as a candidate for the presidency, we should have sought to know him better.

But as women are excused from "stumping it" in favor of either candidate, and both parties are well represented by scores of our friends, we will take time to consider who would have our vote were we allowed to give one. But we must *coolly* reflect, and with the present intention of keeping dark and comfortable and at home, if we survive a few more hot nights in the city, our "ratification meeting" will be to call home all sojourners who are carried off by custom or fashion, and enduring "all the ills that flesh is heir to," no longer to victimize themselves, but rally under one common standard upon which is legibly inscribed the word *home*.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 537.

Of course this book will have a great sale—and it deserves it. It is a thrilling narrative of a white man—an American, brought up among the Indians, and ultimately a chief of the Crow nation. As a mountaineer, a hunter, a scout, a pioneer, and a faithful servant of the United States, on the war-path and in battle, his romantic adventures deserve to be perpetuated. The book was written by T. D. Bonner, at the dictation of the hero. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Tongues of Fire: or, *The True Power of Christianity*. By Wm. Arthur, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 18mo. pp. 354.

A powerfully written work of religious truth, suggestive of serious thought, and of great practical value. For sale by Redding & Co.

Bernard Lile. An Historical Romance. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 287.

The period of this story embraces the Texan revolution and the Mexican war, a fine field for graphic narrative. In his portraiture of southwestern character, the author has avoided the "impossible" dialect attributed to the people of the southwest by many American writers. The name of the author (Col. Jeremiah Clemens), will alone give this book a wide currency. For sale by Redding & Co.

English Traits. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 312.

We are inclined to think that this work will somewhat disappoint the admirers of Emerson. It is a rather slipshod and careless performance, with here and there a bright and sparkling thought, and an occasional passage of power and eloquence. We are curious to see what the English will say to their portraits as painted by the American philosopher

New Music.—From Oliver Ditson, Washington Street, we have the "Champlain March," the "Brunette Polka," "Gipsey Polka," "The Poppy," a song. From G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, Boston, "There are angels ever near us," by James G. Burnett; "The Truest Friend is God," a sacred song; and La Traviata Waltz.

The Angel in the House.—The Espousals. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

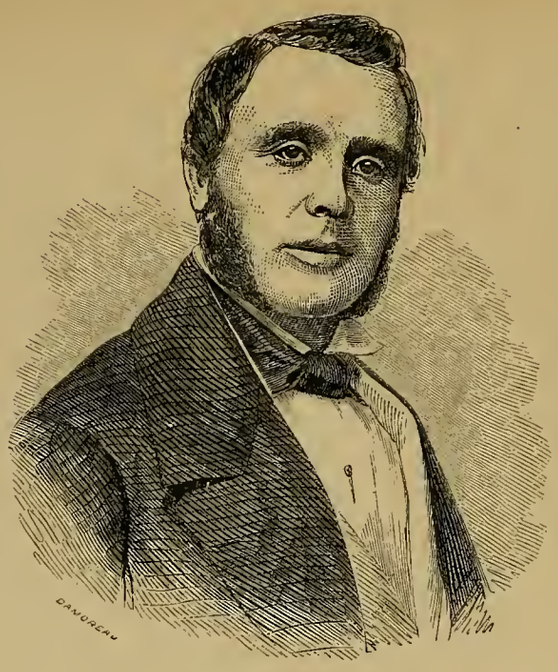
The favor with which "The Betrothal" was received will ensure a warm welcome for this continuation, and both will grow upon the reader. Both "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" are full of exquisite gems of expression and thought, and the tone is lofty and pure. The simplicity of the book is one of its chief recommendations.

Cousin Nicholas. By Rev. Richard Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." Buffalo: A. Burke. 1856. 12mo. pp. 377.

This story first appeared, some years since, in "Blackwood's Magazine," and was then read with the greatest interest. We are not aware that it has ever before appeared in book form. If so, the American publisher deserves credit for getting out a neat edition of so spirited, so amusing, and so interesting a work. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 59 Cornhill, Boston.

EUGENE PIERRE GODARD, THE AERONAUT.

We present, on this page, a fine portrait by Hill, from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee and Case, of this city, of the most daring and successful of living aerial navigators, a gentleman who has added an American to a European reputation. Eugene Pierre Godard is a native of France, and was born at Batignolles-Monceaux, in the banlieu of Paris, August 27, 1827. From an early age he exhibited a decided *penchant* for aerial adventure, and read up everything relating to aerostatics with the utmost avidity. His passion for soaring above the earth was first gratified on the 8th of October, 1847, at which date he made his first ascension from Lisle in a paper balloon inflated with heated air. Since that time he has made repeated ascensions, his last from this city, being his three hundred and seventh voyage. In Europe, he has ascended from Paris and other cities in France, and from cities in England, Germany, Italy and Belgium. At Gratz, in Germany, he had the misfortune to lose a noble balloon, the "Europa." He had made a brilliant ascension, had descended in safety and was letting out the gas, when a bystander, thoughtlessly lighting a match, set fire to the stream of hydrogen and the balloon was almost instantly consumed. In October, 1851, he went from Paris to Belgium, a distance of 200 leagues, in twenty-four hours. He has crossed, in his balloon, the English Channel, the Carpathian Mountains and the Alps. On one occasion he took a large party from Paris to Versailles, landing them safely. From Vienna, he made, in the space of six hours, six separate ascensions with the balloon at liberty, and eight ascensions to the extremity of a long rope, permitting some of the most distinguished ladies of the city to experience the novel sensation of rising in the air. Many distinguished European celebrities have been, at different times, the *compagnons de voyage* of M. Godard—among others, Arago, the astronomer, Victor Hugo, the author, and Prince Murat. On the apprehension of hostilities in Europe, M. Godard offered his services to Louis Napoleon, proposing the establishment of a corps of aeronauts, for the purpose of making military reconnoissances. It will be remembered that the victory of Fleurus, won by the French in the days of the first republic, was attributed to the information obtained by observations made from a balloon over the enemy's lines. Louis Napoleon courteously declined the offer, but the Austrian government, to whom he made a similar proposal, accepted it conditionally, and if they had sent an army into the field, M. Godard would have been employed as chief of an aeronautic corps, with high rank and pay. An official agreement to this effect was drawn up and signed by the minister of war and other authorities. M. Godard came to this country, landing in this city in 1854, and made his first ascension from the Hippodrome, New York. He was quite successful in New York, New Orleans, Havana and other places, and particularly so at Manchester, N. H., on the 4th of July last. On this occasion, as on that of his first ascension from this city, he appeared mounted on a live horse. He has such complete command of his nerves, that, suspended to a bar below his car, he performs a variety of difficult gymnastic feats with as much coolness and certainty as an acrobat in an arena on *terra firma*. He is generally accompanied in his air voyages by Madame Godard, who is perfectly fearless and thoroughly acquainted with the management of a balloon. Several American editors have accompanied our aeronaut into the realms of space—among them representatives of the New Orleans, New York and Boston presses. Mr. Fuller, of the New York Mirror, who ascended from New York, was much pleased with his trip, and wrote a glowing description of it. "The city itself," said Mr. Fuller, "seemed exactly like a miniature block model city, or like the village built with toy houses on parlor floors by children. The horizon seemed to rise, giving the earth a concave appearance. There was not the slightest oscillation to the car, which seemed to be perfectly stationary, except when very near the earth." Mr. Lassalle, of the New York "Courier des Etats-Unis," who accompanied M. Godard on one of his finest voyages, has placed upon record a spirited account of his sensations and his experiences. When they were about a mile high, he says: "A truly magnificent spectacle awaited us. The descending sun began to disappear behind the Highlands. A mass of fog cut off our view of the earth, and we seemed literally journeying in free space. Nevertheless sounds from below reached our ears with a certain distinctness." "The sun, with his parting rays obliquely illuminated the fog, and thus converted it into a rosy mirror in which we could see our shadow upside down. By degrees, the splendid picture was veiled by the shadows of evening, and the sun's disk finally disappeared behind the mountains. 'The sun leaves us too soon,' said M. Godard, 'let us go and find him.' A little ballast thrown overboard sufficed to unveil to our wondering eyes a new horizon still glorified by the rays of the setting sun. We can say, hereafter, with perfect truth, that we have seen the sun set twice in one day. The moon rose. We were now nearer the earth, and our shadow followed us in the form of a microscopic balloon in black, thrown into relief upon a luminous cloud. Soon, upon our left we discerned a city in a glow of gas-light which we rightly judged to be Patterson. We continued to descend, and, in a little while, found ourselves within hail of the earth, above a deep valley." Our contemporary, Mr. J. Howard Sleeper, who ascended from this city, in company with Monsieur and Madame Godard, Mr. George L. Colburn of Boston, and Mr. F. S. Merritt, of Roxbury, June 28, 1856, was equally well pleased. He alludes to a phenomenon noticed by all aeronauts. "Our car appeared to be stationary; and it seemed as if that, instead of leaving the earth, the earth was gradually receding, then rapidly sinking away from beneath us, leaving our balloon and car suspended in mid air." The balloon (the America) used on this occasion, was sixty-two feet high, forty-two in horizontal diameter, and contained more than 45,000 cubic feet of illuminating gas. It was subsequently ruptured, and had been through so many storms as to be no longer considered safe. M. Godard is now having constructed a new one of a large size.



M. EUGENE PIERRE GODARD.

CROSSING THE FORD. "COME ALONG."

This is one of those charming artistic conceptions, whose simplicity and truth to nature ensure sympathy and popularity. A young mother, laden with her burthen from the reaping field, is crossing the stream, followed by a charming child, the image of herself, a miniature copy of a rustic belle. Though the child is apparently left to its own guidance, and the mother, to inculcate self-reliance, bids it "come along," yet you see in her expression, her backward glance, the most tender watchfulness. Should the child miss its foothold, it would be in its mother's arms and clasped to her heart before it could strike the water.



CROSSING THE FORD.—"COME ALONG."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. BURRAGE, Assistant Editor.

THE WILL AND THE HEALTH.

If the truth could be known, it would be found that, perhaps, in eight cases of sickness out of ten, the disorder is brought on by the morbid and excited imagination of the victim. Intense fear of disease is sufficient to produce it, and in the sickly seasons of the year, we cannot too powerfully exert our will to banish apprehension and keep our minds perfectly easy. The learned Feuchtersleben says:—"The principal cause of an habitual unhealthy state is an exaggerated attention to everything that concerns the body. It is pitiful to see narrow minds occupied by an incessant and minute care for their physical existence, and wearing themselves away by habitual anxiety. The physician, whom they are never weary of consulting, only feels contempt for them. These people die of the desire to live!" The effect produced on most people of weak minds, by reading medical works in which different maladies are described, is well known. It often happens in studying diseases of the eye that, the fear of amaurosis striking the imagination, the sight finally becomes affected by that fear alone. An English servant, after reading an account of a frightful death caused by the bite of a mad dog, was seized with symptoms of hydrophobia, and only owed his life to the most careful treatment. Goethe says:—"During an epidemic fever which raged around me, I was exposed to inevitable contagion, and felt the first attacks, but succeeded in saving myself (I am convinced of it) solely by the exercise of a strong will. The power of the will at such moments is almost incredible: it expands, so to speak, throughout the whole body, which it places in a condition of activity to repel injurious influences. Fear is a condition of indolent weakness which surrenders us defenceless to the victorious attacks of the enemy." These are facts worth remembering and acting on, and they are seasonable hints.

A New Novelette.—In *The Flag of our Union* of this week, we commence a novelette from that favorite writer, Dr. J. H. Robinson, author of "The Silver Knife," and other frontier stories. It is entitled, "Never Fail: or, *The Children of the Border*. A Tale of Kentucky." Let no one forget to procure the first number of the new story, which has all the charm and romance of frontier life.

Look in upon Him.—Dwellers in the neighborhood of City Hall Avenue have found an exceedingly neat and convenient place for dining at No. 14 Niles's Block, kept by Andrew J. Hall. The viands are served in the most expeditious and cleanly manner, and at a marvellously cheap rate.

For every Fireside.—All who have seen *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* admit it to be the cheapest magazine in the world, with its hundred pages of reading matter in each number, besides two pages of original humorous illustrations.—*New England Farmer.*

SPLINTERS.

.... It is asserted that the "Life of Washington" will yield its author, Irving, one hundred thousand dollars!

.... The London Athenæum predicts that Buchanan Read will be a sharer of Longfellow's laurels.

.... Victor Hugo made fifty thousand francs out of the first edition of his "Contemplations," lately published.

.... Sarah Felix is in Paris, picking up a talented French company, to try the experiment of French plays in New York.

.... The diamond found by a poor woman on the shore of Lake Superior, is quite a wind-fall, or rather a water-fall.

.... The St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, including its furniture, cost one million nine hundred thousand dollars!

.... The new pavement for Chatham Street and the Bowery will cost about two hundred thousand dollars, it is said.

.... In transplanting shade trees, let them stand in the same direction as their original growth.

.... It is said that a mania for drinking laudanum has lately developed itself extensively in this country.

.... The Brooklyn, N. Y., water-works will be in operation in two years, and supply ten millions of gallons daily.

.... Childhood is like a polished mirror collecting and reflecting images from everything that surrounds it.

.... The threshold of life is known by the number "21" on the door. Knock boldly, and enter like a man.

.... The cultivation of flowers is the most innocent occupation in the world. It injures no one, and rewards itself.

.... To discover new sights it is only necessary to look at old objects with increased attention.

.... Mr. Strickland, for twelve years past an actor of some note has abandoned the stage for the pulpit.

.... Money flows into Uncle Sam's treasury faster than it flows out. The old gentleman is getting rich.

.... A Mr. Johnson lately swam across Niagara River between the Falls and the Suspension Bridge.

.... Max Maretzek's opera season at the New York Academy of Music closes the first of October.

.... Hon. Edward Everett has made a donation of five hundred dollars to the Dorchester High School to establish a library.

.... It is said that "the lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact."

.... Linnæus the botanist had a floral clock, which measured time by flowers blooming stated hours of the day.

DUELLING ABROAD.

Recent occurrences having produced a pretty general discussion of the principle and practice of duelling, one of the last relics of a past age, a French paper, in reply to one of our journals, has given some curious statements as to the way they manage matters in the land of Louis Napoleon. It appears that the laws against duelling are entirely impotent—for public opinion sanctions the custom, and juries refuse to find defendants guilty. Duelling may be considered as still forming a part of the "institutions," as we say, of a people among whom the love of arms and glory has for centuries predominated over all the other impulses of national character. Under Louis Philippe, the "citizen-king," all efforts to abolish duelling proved useless. Every man who, when challenged, avoids a hostile meeting, is infallibly despised in France, both by the men, who regard the practice as the personal safeguard of their honor, by the women, who esteem only brave hearts, and by the very children, of whom a majority are taken to fencing-schools and shooting-galleries, as soon as they have strength to handle a sword or pistol. To avoid responsibility to the implacable law of public opinion, it is necessary for a man to have already given proofs of personal courage—and when Emile de Girardin, struck in public by Emile Pages, had recourse to the courts of law for redress, he had already killed Armand Carrel, sword in hand.

The statistics of duelling in France since 1830 would show that the pistol is as common a weapon as the sword in these encounters. The reason is plausible,—every one is not a swordsman, but every one can fire a shot, and an equality between the combatants is more easily established. Duels with swords are usually fought after trivial provocations, such as insulting expressions—and in such cases a slight effusion of blood is deemed a sufficient salve for wounded honor. If the quarrel is of sufficient gravity to really tarnish the honor of one of the parties, then it is generally agreed that the combatants shall fight as long as they can keep their feet or hold a sword. The small-sword is not the only weapon used. Soldiers and naval officers frequently employ the sabre, either the formidable weapon of the heavy dragoons, or the smaller arm of the light cavalry.

In encounters with the pistol there are several modes of combat. 1. Simultaneous firing at a marked distance, fifteen or twenty paces and at the word. This is the least murderous. 2. Alternate shot, with leisurely aim, after the privilege of the first fire has been decided by lot. Extremely dangerous. 3. Firing at will, without regard to priority, and with the liberty of advancing on each other up to a certain point. 4. Fight across a handkerchief, or at point blank with two pistols, of which one only is loaded. This is a death-duel in all its barbarity. Chance alone is then called on to decide between two irreconcilable enemies.

The duels fought in the German universities, where only the faces are exposed, and where the seconds measure the length of the wounds with straws—so many inches being an offset to such an insult, so many to another—are well known, and form the ridiculous part of a grave and tragic picture.

ON DIT.

Among the political gossip of the day is the following: It is said that Great Britain is fearful that Louis Napoleon has his eye and will soon have his claw on the crown of Spain, and that it has advised, or will advise Spain to sell Cuba to us at a fair price, in order to raise the "sinews of war," wherewithal to stave off the aggressive advances of Mr. L. N. We think and have always thought, that it would be really good policy in Spain to sell Cuba to us. They cannot hope to retain it for many years, and surely it is better for them to secure a full equivalent for the "pearl of the Antilles," rather than lose it by a revolution. That a successful revolution, if matters remain as they are, will take place before a very great lapse of time, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. There is a free and aspiring spirit at work among the native Cubanos, which in time will find a vent in action, and the fruitless attempt on the part of Spain to repress such a revolution will cost them a national fortune.

The lamented Downing.—A beautiful monument has been erected to the memory of Andrew J. Downing, the great landscape gardener, in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. It will be remembered that he was engaged in laying out and beautifying the Capitol grounds at the time when he lost his life by an act of devoted heroism on the North River.

Fame.—A man lately swam across Niagara River above the Falls. Some of the papers say his name was Jackson, and others Johnson. Such is fame. Byron said fame was to be killed in action and have your name misprinted in a bulletin. That's worse than a bullet—in the body.

Reporterial.—At the close of the session of the British parliament, Mr. Herbert, M. P., gave the reporters of the two houses a sumptuous dinner. Can his printed speeches hereafter fail to glitter with Ciceronian eloquence?

Street Locomotives.—The Hudson River Railroad Company have received permission to run locomotives in the city of New York. The machinery is hidden; they burn coke and make no smoke.

A serious Question.—A writer wonders how the Venus de Medicis would look in a hooped skirt, and implores the aid of ridicule to abolish the whalebone nuisances.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

The large national picture which occupies pages 168 and 169 of the present number, is from the pencil of Billings, and is one of the finest of this historical series, drawn expressly for the Pictorial. It recalls and commemorates the darkest hour of our revolutionary struggle, when a destitute army were exposed to every hardship and suffering in their winter cantonments at Valley Forge. The most conspicuous figure in the picture, is that of the Father of his Country, calm and collected as ever, though surrounded by circumstances of the most painful character, which none felt more keenly or more sympathizingly. He is attended by his staff officers. In the costumes and the faces of the guard marching past we read volumes of woe and suffering, the expression of which even the presence of their beloved commander-in-chief cannot change. They are marching wearily and almost barefoot through the snow. The miserable huts which afford so poor a shelter for the patriot troops, are scattered through the "valley of death," and the whole scene is at once gloomy and expressive. "The American encampment at Valley Forge during the severe winter of 1777–8," says Lossing, "presented a spectacle for which the pen of history never drew a parallel. A large army (Sparks says 11,098, with 2898 unfit for duty) was there concentrated, whose naked footprints in the snow, converging to that bleak hillside, were often marked with blood. Absolute destitution there held high court, and never was the chivalric heroism of patient suffering more tangibly manifested than was exhibited by that patriot band within those frail log huts that barely covered them from the falling snow, or sheltered them from the keen wintry blasts. Many were utterly without shoes or stockings, and nearly naked, obliged to sit, night after night, shivering around their fires in quest of the comforts of heat, instead of taking that needful repose which nature craves. Hunger also became a resident tormentor, for the prevalence of toryism in the vicinage, the avarice of the commissioners, the tardy movements of Congress in supplying provisions, and the close proximity to a powerful enemy, combined to make the procurement of provisions absolutely impracticable without a resort to force." Washington wrote to Congress—"For some days there has been little less than famine in the camp. A part of the army have been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and dispersion." It is by the contemplation of such scenes in our revolutionary history, such trials and such fortitude, that we learn to value the glorious legacy we have inherited from our heroic fathers.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Wm. Brown to Miss Matilda Aitken, both of Glasgow, Scotland; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Capt. John H. Anderson to Miss Elizabeth F. Roundsy; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Samuel N. Furber to Miss Priscilla A. Worster; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Warren Wasgatt, of Rockland, Me., to Miss Lucy A. Buchanan; by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Samuel F. Tuft, Jr., of Charlestown, to Miss Ellen J. Humphrey; by J. P. Healy, Esq., Mr. Wm. Reid to Miss Abby Garey, both of Providence, R. I.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, George W. Thomas, Esq., of Tuskegee, Ala., to Miss Lizzie L. Adams.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. Beavis Tucker to Miss Sarah E. Wharrie.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Sykes, of Boston, Capt. Henry R. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Sarah S. Young, of Calais, Me.—At Canton, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Moses M. Pettes to Miss Margaret M. Bacon.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Foster, of Beverly, Rev. Luther G. Bingham, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss Harriet Foster.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Ambrose Allen, Jr., to Miss Caroline E. Stacy.—At Rowley, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Solomon L. Cummings to Miss Susan F. Pulsifer, of Newburyport.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. James W. Merry to Miss Catherine Witte.—At Auburn, by Rev. Mr. Headley, Mr. Wm. Smith Wood, of North Attleboro', to Miss Sarah S. Knowlton.—At Whitehall, N. Y., by R. Doig, Esq., D. H. Klog, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss S. Anna Colman.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Fanny W. F. Jones, 16; Mrs. Jane N. Jones, 40; Mr. Jos. W. Hammond, 22; Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, 71; Mrs. Mary Jane Green, 54; Mr. Johnson Colby, 65; Mr. George D. Marsh, 38.—At East Boston, Miss Sarah Frances Brown, 22.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Lucy M., wife of Mr. Edmund C. Bradford, 16; Mrs. Mary Bailey, 24.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Mary G. Lunt, 79.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Eliza Moore, 32.—At Melrose, Mrs. Mary Gould, 61.—At Milton, Mrs. Julia Rogers, 48.—At Needham, Mrs. Miriam W. Stedman, 62.—At Salem, Dr. John G. Treadwell, 51.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Ruth Phillips, 69.—At Danvers, Mrs. Clarissa French, 60.—At Dudley, Mrs. Rosanna T. Pope, 74.—At West Randolph, Capt. John Belcher, 85.—At Gloucester, Mr. Samuel Wonson, 24, 37.—At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph H. Bayley, 35.—At Worcester, Mr. Ira Fisher, 59.—At Dartmouth, Mary J. Gray, 47.—At North Belchertown, Mr. Hezekiah Thayer, 71.—At Amherst, Mr. Elisha Hasting, 76.—At Lenox, Dr. Robert Worthington, 54.—At Provincetown, Mr. Nathan Young, 63.—At East Falmouth, Mrs. Betsy Backus, 63.—At Oxford, Mrs. Jerusha S. Merriam, 69.—At Exeter, N. H., Col. James Odlin, 64.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Daniel Edward Whidden, printer, 23.—At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Rev. Wm. Thatcher, 87.—At the island of Mingan, Bay of St. Lawrence, Capt. William Bush, of Provincetown, 65.—At Havana, Mr. William T. Moore, formerly of Bath, Me., 24.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOME.

BY ROBERT B. MCKAY.

Where is there a spot so dear on the earth,
As the home of our youth, the land of our birth?
Where shall we find, in this wide world alone,
A place so endeared as the one we call home?

'Tis there we are happy with those that are dear—
We'll think of them often with many a tear;
We'll think as we wander, o'er earth as we roam,
Of the comforts and joys we had in our home.

Then give me my home, I'll love it the more—
Its joys and its ties in years I'll deplore;
Though humble it be, though lowly the cot,
I'll ask for it back, content with my lot.

'Twas there I was born, 'tis there I would live;
No spot in the world such enjoyment can give:
Though I wander about, my thoughts they will flow
Back, back to the scenes of my home long ago.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"It will be a very wild night," said Michael Wayne to his wife, as they moved up closer to the comfortable stove.

"A bad night for seamen, poor things!" echoed Hannah, and a ready tear forced itself down her cheeks, for Hannah's father and brethren had all been sailors, and each had found a grave in the sea.

A terrible wind came at that moment, and beat in one of the windows. Another sough of wind, and the chimney threatened to topple down; and the third seemed to shake the foundations of the small cottage in which the pair lived.

Michael Wayne was a poor man. All his life from his youth, he had been a fisherman, barely gaining enough in the short summer and autumn to supply the wants of the long winter and the tardy spring. His food was poor—his clothes were poor—and his was also a poor little cottage. And yet, by that law of universal compensation, which evens and equalizes all life, Michael was rich in many things. He was rich in a sunny, cheerful temper, which no poverty could fret nor sour; rich in a wife, who was the kindest and pleasantest soul that ever brightened a poor man's home; and rich in one child, whose youth was just opening into manhood, and whose devoted attachment to his parents was the theme and the envy of all their neighbors.

And on this stormy day, the good and affectionate son—the only and dearly beloved—was out on the waves, exposed to the storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, and the pitiless hail which came rattling down like a shower of stones from the clouds. Neither of them could mention Paul's name. Something—they knew not what—kept back the well beloved name, which, before, was ever on their lips, until, at a more blinding flash than the rest, and a louder peal, as if the heavens were bursting asunder, Hannah uttered the word "Paul!" and sank upon the floor.

Merciful indeed, to the poor mother, was the deathlike swoon, and Michael thought it almost cruel to awaken her; but he took her in his arms, laid her on the bed, and bathed her cold hands and face with brandy—which he kept in the house as a restorative for those who might be cast on the shore—and poured some of it into her pale lips. She revived, and then begged him to go out if possible, and see how the storm was dealing with human life. There was an interval, perhaps only long enough to gather new force, Michael said, and he could not bear to leave her, struggling with her mighty fear—but she insisted; and he walked down to the shelving rocks that overhung the beach. Soon other men joined him.

Two or three large vessels were careering onward and still onward to the dangerous shore. Loud cries were heard, above the hoarse murmur of the waves, and the louder din of the storm, while the occasional flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces and clinging forms, in every attitude of the deepest fear. Michael's heart sank within him. Beyond the shore, at a long distance from the other vessels, a single light burned steadily, like a star, when all other lights were quivering and trembling. He kept his eye upon that one beam, and the next flash showed him the whole of the little schooner from which it proceeded. He knew it instantly. Paul's hand had trimmed that binnacle lamp the very day before he sailed, and remarked upon its peculiar steadiness, owing to a certain wick, which he had himself prepared, as well as to the superior oil which he used.

"If he can but keep her head off shore," said he to himself, and yet aloud.

"What is that?" asked a hoarse voice at his side.

"Is that you, Mr. Washburn?" asked Michael.

"It is, my old friend," answered the gentleman, who was the richest ship owner in the town, and whose son was daily expected home in the Cygnet. "Are you expecting any one, Mr. Wayne?" continued Mr. Washburn; "or is it only your usual custom to brave the elements in this way?"

"I always come out in a storm," said Michael, "but to-night, I am expecting trouble for my son, who is out here, I fancy; I believe that to be his schooner, just inside of Norman's Woe, as well as I can see."

"I, too, fear for the Cygnet's safety," said Mr. Washburn. "And yet, perhaps, I ought not to expect her so soon. God grant that my Willie may not be near this coast!" And the strong man wept like a child.

"Your *only* son, Mr. Washburn?" said Michael. "Paul is my only son, sir. If you have other sons, you can hardly think what store we—that is, his poor mother and myself—set by the lad."

"I *had* another, Mr. Wayne. But he went to sea, many years ago, when he was but a mere boy, and since then we have never seen nor heard from him. Ah! that was trouble, my old friend! Must I be called again to endure the same?"

"Mr. Washburn, God will do right by our children. Let us humbly believe that he will, and give them up to his care. He will not lay upon us heavier burdens than we can bear—and yet, O, Mr. Washburn, while I speak, my heart tells me that if my Paul is taken from me, I shall rebel against his will!"

At this moment, a large ship came on, pitching and rolling, with one mast shivered, as if by lightning, and a hand of ghastly looking objects on deck. As she made one fearful lurch, a terrible and prolonged cry came up from her, that seemed to rise far above the fury of the storm, or the deep thunder of the waves.

"That must be the Cygnet," said the deep voice of an old sailor, beneath the cliff. "She is expected daily, and Mr. Washburn's bright little son is in her."

"Mr. Washburn, hold up, for God's sake, sir!" said Wayne. "There is hope yet. Don't give way so, man! Willie will be saved yet!"

Onward drifted the ship, and fast in her wake shot forth the bright light in the binnacle of the little schooner.

"Both our sons! God help us, Mr. Washburn!"

On and on they came, now rising with the billows, mountain high, and then settling down into the trough of the sea, until both vessels were directly in front of the rock where the two fathers stood, regardless of the pitiless storm that was drenching them through, and only alive to the danger of their sons. They grasped each other's hands with a grasp that seemed to bring their very hearts and souls into contact. The poor man and the rich man! now poor alike, and bending before Heaven together in the same deep sorrow.

There was a time—it might be possibly ten minutes,—but it seemed hours on hours, when the noble ship was groaning, creaking, bending under each successive strain, when suddenly she righted! Contrary to all reasonable expectation, she took advantage of a temporary lulling of the wind, and stood off, with her shivered mast showing strongly in the first bright flash that came. But the schooner! where was that? They missed the bright light that had shown itself from the binnacle, and at once the fearful truth seemed revealed to them in characters as burning as the fierce lightning that flashed over the waters. The ship, in righting, had borne down the schooner!

Mr. Washburn had no comfort to give to the half-distracted father, who lay on the wet rock, unable to move, or to control the terrible sighs that burst from him. Nothing could be known, for the ship was still standing off, under her bare and shivered masts, and there was no probability that any communication could be had with her until morning. The stricken father arose slowly, and turned towards his home. Mr. Washburn supported him. He had mastered his own anxiety about the Cygnet, feeling nearly sure, after her late exploit, that she would ride out the gale; and his sympathies went to his poor neighbor, in his sighs and desolation. He bore him up kindly to his home. Hannah Wayne, hearing the sound of footsteps, joyfully believed that her son had returned with his father. She opened the door, and the appearance which her husband presented, sent her back, reeling, to her chair. The white faces of the two men told a tale which she had, for hours, been dreading to hear.

Mr. Washburn left the pair together, conscious that here there was no comfort to be given, and then went back to the beach. As the clock struck twelve, the wind subsided, and with it, the dense, black clouds parted. Through the rift, a single star shone out like a diamond upon the black robe of the night; and as the wearied man threw himself down on the rocks, beside the powerless watchers there, he saw another and another, until the deep, clear vault showed itself all studded with the "poetry of heaven." A soft, warm south wind had succeeded the storm, but the ocean lay, with its great heart palpitating in strong, deep throbs, and the stars were looking down on fragments of wrecks that already were thrown on shore.

On the opposite point, large fires were burning, and showed, even at that distance, figures moving about, but diminished by the distance to mere specks. There was, doubtless, then another wreck there, and the watchers on the opposite shore began to think of walking over the narrow strip of land that separated them. A single horseman was heard galloping across, and the remaining few felt assured that he would soon be back with the news, whatever it might be; so they walked up into the town. Mr. Washburn was fascinated to the spot. As long as that black mast stood there before him, he must stay, and not lose sight of it. A man crossed the beach, and called to him. He answered, and the man ran up to where he sat.

"Mr. Washburn," said he, "is that you, sir?"

"It is, Burns; and yonder is the Cygnet, and in her is my poor, motherless boy! Burns, there is a stout wherry turned up on the beach, a hundred feet from here;—I will give fifty dollars to the man who shall row me over to that ship."

"I will do it, Mr. Washburn—not more for the sake of the money, than for the sake of the boy. Willie was always kind to every one, and I will engage to take you over safely. The waves are still boiling, but we can do it."

The boat shot out from the beach, and was soon riding on the billows, with the strong spray dashing over her, yet swaying to the fall of the waves, as if conscious that she carried a father's love. The strong arm of Burns was severely taxed, but they soon came within hailing distance. Burns lifted the trumpet, which he invariably took with him whenever a storm seemed to indicate any use for it, and hailed the battered ship.

"Ship ahoy!" he thundered through its tube, with a strong and powerful voice. "What ship is that?"

"The Cygnet, Crawford, master!"

"Are all on board?"

"All on board, but one!"

Washburn started. Was that one Willie? He shrank, trembling, to the bottom of the boat, awaiting the answer to his name, for which Burns had called.

"Stephen Morrison!"

"Thank God!" was all that Mr. Washburn could utter. In a moment, his joy struck him as being selfish. *Somebody* would mourn for that drowned sailor!

They neared the ship, and with difficulty got to her side. A crowd of eager forms were seen standing on her deck, looking down upon the little, venturous boat, and eager to exchange words with the men who were in her. A slight boy appeared among them, and as the father was raised slowly into the ship, Willie's arms were around him! Even the rough sailors wiped their eyes with the sleeves of their water-soaked jackets, and old Tom Saunders, who had imbibed rather freely after the storm, from a bottle which he had stowed away behind his berth, blubbered out his satisfaction, in tones that sounded like a nor' wester sweeping round Eastern Point.

Burns hung on to the side of the vessel, his stout arms rather sore and tired, and the sailors on board, who knew him, alternately coaxing and jeering him. At length he sprang on board, by a strong effort, and as he pitched into the midst of the weather-beaten crew, he looked steadily at one man, who, with head and face tied up, and his arm in a sling, was sitting near.

"I ought to know that man," said Burns, approaching him. "Isn't it Paul Wayne?"

"Paul Wayne, sure enough, Burns, what is left of him. I have got a small battering—not much to speak of—but when I went down in the schooner—poor old Angenora! I struck the side with my head, and somehow, my arm got broken, and—"

He was running on, quite out of Paul's usual calm and quiet way of talking, when one of the sailors, more considerate than the rest, suggested that the poor fellow was delirious, and advised his being sent to a berth, to sleep off the effects of his wounds.

"By no means!" said Mr. Washburn. "He must not be permitted to sleep for several hours."

The morning was now dawning—and hundreds were coming off from the shore to the ship. As Mr. Washburn was the owner, he could take Willie back with him, and feeling assured that young Wayne needed medical aid, he had him wrapped in the only dry blanket that could be found, and deposited at the bottom of the boat. Another man took the oars from Burns, and they soon touched the shore.

At Mr. Washburn's house, all was bustle and confusion. The wreck at the point, had thrown on shore several persons, only a few of whom had been restored to life. Among the latter, was a beautiful child, whose rich clothing and jewels were so conspicuous, that the doctor who had been called to the spot, deemed it best to take her in his carriage to town, and confide her to the care of Mr. Washburn's housekeeper, whose skill and kindness had been proverbial. She had been restored with great difficulty, and had it not been for the perseverance and skill of Dr. Page, would have been laid aside with the other dead bodies.

She was a slender, delicate girl, with blue eyes and long, golden hair, now soiled and draggled with the sand and sea-weed; while her skin, except where the rocks had cut her face and arms, was exquisitely fair and white. She lay on a sofa, in the housekeeper's room, when Mr. Washburn returned home with Willie and Paul Wayne. The doctor was still there, and it was thought best to dress his wounds and set the limb before his father and mother should know of his being there. The carriage which brought him to Mr. Washburn's house, was now despatched for his parents, and when they arrived, the housekeeper's room seemed like an hospital. Willie looked pale and wan, after his restless night, and occupied a great chair, while a large lounge was drawn in from the hall, for Paul; for Mr. Washburn had decided to keep him at his house, until he had entirely recovered, promising to bear the expense of his sickness, and, also, to provide him with a good vessel, when he should be able to go again to sea.

They found that the little girl was an English child, who had been sent over, with her nurse, to visit some friends; her father and mother being dead, and her nearest relatives in America. Mr. Washburn communicated with them, and they agreed to have him adopt her as his daughter, although not quite willing that he should do so, when they learned from England that she was a wealthy heiress. Mr. Washburn gave Paul a year's schooling, to fit him for the station of mate, and afterwards captain, of a fine vessel, which he was having built. The last voyage which Paul made, was finished just in season to see Willie married to little Alice Robinson, his father's adopted daughter, now become more truly his daughter.

Nothing is so beautiful as the devotion Paul bears to his parents. He has placed them in a comfortable home, in sight of the ocean. Mrs. Wayne's sitting-room is filled with marine treasures, shells, coral, sea-mosses, wrought into beautiful pictures by her son's hand, and these with curiosities brought from foreign countries, form a perpetual amusement for all. Michael Wayne can distinguish his son's vessel, before any one else knows a vessel is in sight, for, in the upper room, Paul has fitted a splendid spy-glass on a heavy frame, and hither, when they are expecting him, Michael takes his book and Hannah her knitting-work, and alternately, they peep through the tell-tale tube, until one or the other exclaims, "He is coming!"

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Benjamin West is said to have painted more than three thousand pictures. —— The owner of the celebrated race horse "Sacramento" recently attempted to trot him 100 miles in ten consecutive hours in California; but the poor animal gave out on the 77th mile, and soon expired. This feat has been performed only four times, and but two horses have survived the task. —— A young *sperm* whale, said to be the first ever seen in this country, was thrown upon the shore at Quogue, Long Island, one day, lately. —— The Dubuque Express states that a few weeks since about sixty Norwegians landed at Lansing, Indiana, part of a colony settling in the western part of Allamakee county. —— *Fourfifths* of the soil of New Jersey is entirely uncultivated. —— A ram belonging to Mr. Jenkins butted down a boy belonging to Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis became enraged, and severed ram's jugular. In the language of Shakspeare, "So much for *buckingham*."—— In the Treasury at Washington, subject to draft, there are twenty-three millions of dollars. —— The Canadian government has granted four millions acres of land to aid in constructing a railroad from Quebec to Montreal, along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, to the city of Ottowa, and thence to Sault Ste. Marie. This road is to be completed within five years. —— The consumption of tobacco in the United States is about two pounds ten ounces for each inhabitant. —— In one of the English provinces is a farm upon which there is an old pond. As soon as the ducks were hatched, of course they took to this pond, and as soon as they did so they lost their feet. To ascertain the cause of these mutilations, the pond was drained. The bottom of it was found to be formed of mud three feet in depth, in which are thousands of eels, many of them of immense size. There is not a doubt but that these eels are the culprits. —— Bituminous coal has been found near Blue Earth city, Minnesota. —— Two boys arrested in Cambridge for setting fire to Ricker's carpenter shop, confess to firing Arkerson's ropewalk, which was destroyed a short time since. They gave as their reason for committing these deeds that they "*wanted to have a lunch with the engine companies.*"—— Jesus Christ means Jesus the Anointed; for the word Christ (in Greek) means anointed. —— A correspondent of the Bulletin, who has observed that Miss Stanley at the Walnut Street Theatre is accompanied by Mr. Baker as leader of the orchestra, inquires whether this is the *baker* that prepares the *roles* for her? —— A negro barber was tarred and feathered at Hudson, N. Y., recently, for "too great intimacy with a respectable white girl."—— Dr. Wayland states that the Baptists of this country have ten theological schools with 105 students and 24 professors, which graduate annually about 35 men, while the annual demand requires at least 600 new ministers yearly. —— A boy recently died in Nantucket from standing on his head. A very dangerous practice, boys. —— The number of hogs in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky, at this time, is estimated at 10,943,334, which, at three dollars a head, a fair average value of stock, would amount to $32,820,002. If fat when sold, they would average $10 a head, amounting to $109,433,340. —— From the result of a series of experiments, it appears that chloroform neutralizes the action of strychnine. —— A compositor on the Detroit Advertiser came to the office one morning, and said he dreamed during the night that he saw his mother in her coffin, and the dream was so vivid and had affected him so deeply that he could not work. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he received a telegraph despatch announcing the death of his mother, which took place in Niagara, C. W., early in the morning. —— Mons. Ferrie, an eccentric old French barber of Cincinnati, has come into possession of $100,000 by a recent decision in the Surrogate's Court of New York.

JULIEN'S NEW CONCERT HALL.—The London journals are rapturous upon the Royal Surrey Gardens, constructed in sixteen weeks only. In the hall, one thousand singers and instrumentalists are accommodated, and six thousand auditors find excellent opportunity to see and hear. Among the celebrities present in the orchestra at the opening concert were Alboni, Clara Novello, of whom rumor again speaks as coming to America, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves, Sivori, De Bazzini, Pialti, Bottesini, Vieuxtemps, Koenig, Reichardt, Madame Gassier. Fireworks were let off, champagne dispensed at sixpence a glass, the Messiah performed, a miscellaneous concert, and Julien made his usual display of magnificent attire.

THE UMBRELLA COAT.—The latest style of great-coat, represented as hailing from Paris, is described as a loose water-proof cape with an air-tight tube running around its lower edge. Under the collar is a little blow-hole communicating with this tube. The tube takes the consistency of a hoop; the great-coat takes the form of a diving-bell, and the drops fall a long way outside the wearer's feet.

RELIC OF THE GALLOWS.—The rope with which Reynolds was hung in Hartford, in 1833, is now hanging in the doorway of Haskell's grocery store, corner of North Main and Trumbull Streets. It has the great hangman's "noose and knot" combined, and it attracts considerable attention, as the instrument which strangled a human being to death for one of the worst of crimes.

INTELLIGENCE.—There are in the State of Illinois 22 daily and 110 weekly newspapers, besides 22 weeklies issued from the daily offices. The above is the number of political journals. There are in addition, 33 neutral and religious papers, making a total of 187 in the State.

CARRIAGE MAKING.—There are about 1430 persons and $744,000 worth of capital employed in carriage making in the two cities of New Haven and Bridgeport, Conn., alone.

Wayside Gatherings.

In 1643, at Ipswich, beans were ordered to be used in voting; the white beans denoting yea, the black nay.

A spiritual bride was married to her dead lover at Bordentown, N. J., a few days ago, with ceremonies that would have done discredit to a mad-house.

Work upon the Washington monument, at the Capitol, has been temporarily stopped, that the company may settle up affairs before proceeding further.

The annual report of the superintendent of common schools in Connecticut shows that the capital of the school fund is $2,049,-953 00, and the income last year $ 147,215 02.

Hon. Edward Everett has placed in the hands of the Dorchester school committee the sum of $500, to be appropriated towards a library for the high school in that town.

A bear was killed in East Columbia, N. H., recently, weighing three hundred pounds. He had been making sad work with the sheep in that vicinity for a few weeks past.

The city authorities of Albany have suppressed the hotel runner business at the depots and steamboat wharves. It was a very oppressive outrage upon the travelling public so long as it was tolerated.

The New London Chronicle says that Mr. Richards, who keeps a store on the Hartford road, a few mornings since found in one of his empty molasses hogsheads a human skeleton, the remains, no doubt, of a departed negro.

Dr. John G. Treadwell, who lately died in Salem, left the greater portion of his property, estimated at $200,000 (after the decease of his mother, who is about eighty years old), to Harvard University.

In Philadelphia there is a sign six feet long and ten inches wide, on which are the words "fly poison for sale here." A minute examination shows that the letters are formed of the bodies of dead flies, who have succumbed to the potency of the poison.

The venerable John Griswold, the founder of the first line of packets between New York and London, recently died at his residence in Hyde Park, Dutchess county, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Griswold was a native of Connecticut, but had been a citizen of New York during a half century.

A company of ten members, comprising gentlemen from the east, west and south, is being formed in Cincinnati, for the purpose of proceeding to Perry, a point eighty miles from the mouth of the river Amazon, where it is believed that the mahogany and India rubber trade offer extraordinary inducements to men of means and enterprise.

The Cincinnati Times says that a bridge across the Ohio at that point may now be considered a fixed fact. The company authorized by charter to erect it have concluded to commence the work as soon as $300,000 is subscribed, and that amount has been nearly if not quite raised. The foundation for the abutments will, in all probability, be built during the present low water.

Rev. Dr. Stahl, one of the most eminent and erudite of German divines in the Protestant body, has written a work in which he claims an unlimited toleration only for the Lutheran, the Calvinistic and the Roman Catholic churches, which he calls the three providential branches of Christianity; all others, he thinks, have no right whatever in a Christian state, and advocates the punishment of apostacy from the faith as a crime.

The Chinese idol worshipped by the Buddhists in California is Chingtai, a famous Chinese warrior, who lived about fifteen hundred years ago, and conducted himself so bravely on earth that, at his death, he was elevated to divine honors. In the temple of San Francisco, Chingtai is exhibited in a sitting position, with a magnificent moustache of very long horse hair. He is clothed with rich garments, and his knees adorned with jewels and precious stones.

The Janesville (Wis.) Free Press states that, as Dr. Evans, of Evansville, was returning home from that city, a short time since, he met a span of horses attached to a wagon loaded with produce, and the owner, William Smith, a corpse, although sitting erect and holding the reins. The doctor stopped the team, and had Mr. Smith immediately carried to a house, but life was extinct. It appears he had been sick for some time with dyspepsia, and probably died of disease of the heart.

A history of the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, has been published, from which it appears that America contains 68,700 of that sect. Of these, 38,000 are in Utah, 5000 in New York, 4000 in California, 5000 in Nova Scotia and Canada, and 2000 in South America and the Islands. Europe contains 39,000, of whom 32,000 are in Great Britain and Ireland, 5000 in Scandinavia, 1000 in Germany and Switzerland, 500 in France, and 600 in the rest of Europe. In Asia there are said to be 1000, in Africa 100, in Australia and Polynesia 2400, on travel 1800.

The St. Louis Democrat records the following "events," which took place in that city in one day: "Muss kicked up between a wagoner and furniture cartman; furniture car ran into wagon; wagoner grew wrathy—swore terribly and picked up a rock—threw it—was soon joined by other wagoners, when all commenced throwing pebbles; hit furniture cartman's horse—animal didn't like it and ran away from it—ran like the deuce—upset cart—spilled the driver out, and did a good deal of damage; one man arrested." Quite a perspiry time!

Charles M. Wilson, passing through a street in Philadelphia, the other day, heard issuing from a house the cries of a female in distress. He opened the door, and discovered an individual engaged in beating his wife. Mr. Wilson seized the husband and attempted to impress him with the enormity of the offence, when the wife turned on her rescuer and demanded to know what business he had there, at the same time enforcing her remarks with a poker. The knight-errant retired immediately, and left the entertaining couple to amuse themselves as they thought proper.

Not long since a youth of sixteen years was out, in the town of Victory, Vt., gathering spruce gum. While thus engaged his dog started up a bear and immediately attacked him. The dog being of small size, the owner undertook to call him, and in doing so attracted the attention of the bear. The lad was armed only with a gumming pole, a stick eight or ten feet in length, with a knife-blade in one end. The bear made at him with mouth wide open, when the lad thrust the knife end down the bear's throat, killing him almost instantly.

A novel case of assault recently came before a London magistrate. Mrs. Baker loaned a gridiron to a neighbor, and the neighbor returned it covered with candle-grease. The owner of the gridiron, indignant at this treatment, took the gridiron to the neighbor's house, and used it upon the latter's head with particular ferocity. The magistrate thought it very foolish for neighbors and friends to fall out about such trifles, but a breach of the peace should not be allowed to go unpunished, and he must therefore fine Mrs. Baker ten shillings, or send her to prison for ten days.

Foreign Items.

The city of London has presented a 100 guinea sword to Geo. Williams.

Official statements make the Russian loss of men from the crossing of the Pruth to May 1st, 1856, (not up 277,000).

The Brussels Academy of Belles Lettres have offered a prize of 3000 francs for the discovery of Charlemagne's birthplace.

Garibaldi recently declared his conviction that the day of deliverance was nigh at hand, as all the provinces of Italy were ready to rally around the banner of Sardinia.

The Ticinese Gazette states that during the first six months of the present year, 1756 Swiss have emigrated to the United States, including 450 Bernese, and 306 from the Grisons.

At a presentation of Americans and English at the Tuileries, the emperor recognized at a glance Dr. Parmley, of New York, who had extracted a tooth for him nearly twenty years ago, when he was an outcast in this country.

The Bishop of London retires from the duties of his late see, on a pension of £6000 per annum. The Bishop of Durham also retires on a pension of £4500! Meek and lowly followers of him who had not where to lay his head.

The Austrian Gazette states that for the three last years, in which horseflesh has been sold at Vienna, 4225 horses have been slaughtered, which have furnished 1,902,060 pounds of meat, distributed to the poor in 3,804,000 portions of half a pound each.

The British Parliament are following the example of the Turkish Sultan, in granting religious toleration—having adopted a bill by which church rates are permanently abolished in all parishes in which none have been levied during the last five years.

Sands of Gold.

.... No wise man ever wished to be younger.—*Swift.*

.... Nature has only made beasts; we are fowls to society.—*Balzac.*

.... Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.—*Swift.*

.... The youthful portion of the public is composed of aged people. The enthusiasm of old men is singularly like that of infancy.—*Gerard de Nerval.*

.... Institutions depend entirely on the sentiments which men attach to them, and the grandeur with which they are clothed by the mind.—*Balzac.*

.... Men do not dance or sing through life, or an opera or a ballet would "come home to the bosoms and business of men" in the same manner that a tragedy or comedy does.—*Hazlitt.*

.... It is found that the machine unmans the user. What he gains in making cloth, he loses in general power. There should be temperance in making cloth, as well as eating.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... One never ought to devote more than two-thirds of his income to the ordinary expenses of life, since the extraordinary will be sure to absorb the other third.—*Lord Burleigh.*

.... A sea shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... Mean actions or gross expressions too often unsettle one's theory of genius. We are unable as well as unwilling to connect the feeling of high intellect with low moral sentiment: the one is a kind of desecration of the other.—*Hazlitt.*

Joker's Budget.

When the day "breaks," what becomes of the fragments?

Luttrell proposed for an epitaph on a distinguished diner out—"He dined late and—died early."

He was a wise man who cut a hole in his barn door for his big cat, and a lesser one for her kitten.

Under the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get mashed up by railroad collisions, or financially bursted.

Ladies who wear hoops are kindly advised by the Bellows Falls Argus "to look to their rigging." A few days ago, the editor observed a lady sweeping along with the air of a queen, with about two feet of whalebone sticking out behind!

What is the reason that the people of Ireland are so very fond of buttermilk? It is only an adaptation of tastes to circumstances; for it has been satisfactorily shown that the Irish cow gives *but her milk*, and nothing else!

Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chatting to his fellow-squirrels in the woods. This, we have every reason to suppose, arises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest *tail*-bearers among his tribe.

Louis Napoleon's baby has received another order—the Order of the Seraphim, bestowed by the king of Sweden. It is understood that until further notice, no more orders can be admitted. Time must be allowed for baby to grow before there is room upon it for another decoration.—*Punch.*

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IRISH AND SCOTCH LABORERS.

The two pictures on this page are sketches from the life. The first, the Irish reaper, represents "a broth of a boy," in the palmy days of Donnybrook Fair, before good Father Mathew had revolutionized the land. His hat-band is of wheat straw. He has tucked his sickle under his arm, and is raising to his lips a keg containing, not water, but a fiery freight of "potheen," the "mountain dew" of the Scotch Highlanders. Now-a-days the reaper's bicker contains nothing but "water, bright water." A great change has come over the social character of the Irish peasantry, and the grand locality of their ancient saturnalia, Donnybrook, presents the most striking evidence of the transformation. The good sense of the people and the exertions of the friends of temperance have effected this revolution. The larger picture represents the female turf-carriers of Lochaber, Scotland. Two girls, both good-looking, with huge baskets on their backs, heavily laden with blocks of peat-turf, are descending the rocky side of a hill to their cottage. These girls are laying in a winter's supply of fuel. The scene demonstrates at once the excessive poverty of the people and their singular provident habits. In the north and west parts of Scotland, the only material in general use for the domestic hearth is turf, or peat, called in the Highlands foid and moin. It is unnecessary to describe so well-known a natural feature as a moss or bog, and the manner of its formation from the marshy deposit of vegetable substances, accumulating for ages. Such a tract is sometimes of wide extent, and although in many cases shallow, in others the depth is found astonishingly great. One at the foot of the Grampian mountains, in Aberdeenshire, was sounded with an auger of forty feet without meeting other soil! Mosses are often an unsightly blemish on the fair fields of a proprietor, and are frequently brought under tillage, and rendered excellent soil by agricultural skill. This is accomplished sometimes by cutting up the surface, which is burned, and the ashes scattered around; at other times, judicious irrigation speedily transforms the dusky heath into a verdant field; and in the case of the great Blair Drummond Moss, in Perthshire, the turf being cut deeply out, it was, by an ingenious contrivance, carried away by water, and floated into the river Forth. When the fuel is plentiful, a moss may be brought into cultivation without hardship to the people, and should it be wanted in future, the peat will again be found under the surface soil. The destruction of the Caledonian forest, which covered the Highlands, and the progress of improvement, have denuded the country of its ancient wood; and where coal is wanting, mosses afford a supply, as if by the order of Providence, of an article of the first necessity, for which no substitute is to be found. In some parts, where peat is valuable, the several farms have certain allotments, or "peat banks," specified in the tack or lease; but great liberality is generally shown in this matter, the poorer tenantry being by most land-owners allowed to supply themselves with as much as they require during the year. Some proprietors have, indeed, restricted this practice, of immemorial observance; at which the people very reasonably grumble, as an interference with their ancient rights. The peat harvest, to assume an expression, takes place in the months of summer, and the cutting or "casting" begins in May, the operation being performed with an implement called torrisgian, by which the turf is cut into pieces in the form of a brick, but thinner, and some inches longer. The surface being taken off, the torrisgian is applied, and the spade part being furnished with a sharp projection, at right angles, cuts the moin into the shape described. This is done within a certain breadth, the workmen passing alternately from side to side, and the operation is continued to a suitable depth, the pieces being detached with rapidity and thrown to the bank, where a person dexterously catches them; and when there are no wheelbarrows, and plenty of hands, the peats are passed from one to another, spread out to harden, and then set on end by threes and fours to dry. If the weather is propitious, and the people diligent, they are then removed home, and "stacked" or built up in an oblong form beside the house, like a small hut, and protected from wet by a covering of the upper part of the moss. They are often, however, left in this state on the moir, and portions carried home when required for use. The primitive stack was conical, and hence called "cruach whoine," as descriptive of its form. The poorer people have their "firing" cut and taken home for them by their friendly neighbors, and there is often seen a spirit of co-operation such as a socialist might envy. A certain farmer wishes to have the whole quantity of fuel which he requires cut up at once, he therefore intimates his desire, when all the adjacent tenants turn out, both men and women, and the work is speedily accomplished, generally in one day. This affords a scene of great animation, for casks of whiskey and ale, bread, cheese, fish and mutton, are provided in cheering abundance; and now-a-days the portion of the laborers are provided with their valued beverage, the heart-healing tea. This is a mutual service rendered to each other with great delight, and is particularly remarkable in the county of Sutherland. Peat fuel is burned on the hearth, and considerable skill is said to be necessary in its right management. It makes a cheerful fire, throwing out great heat, with a smell which pervades the whole house, but is not disagreeable, and its effects are said to be less injurious than those of coal. The ashes are carefully preserved and are a useful manure, especially when mixed with sea-weed or with other substances. The Scotch peasantry are famous for their habits of thrift; indeed, without the most rigid economy and self-denial, numbers of them would perish of actual starvation.



AN IRISH REAPER.

THE TURF CARRIERS OF LOCHABER, SCOTLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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GRANT THORBURN.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Barry, from a painting by Freeman, and is pronounced by competent judges an excellent likeness of the well-known original. Mr. Thorburn was born in Scotland, but has for many years been a citizen of the United States. Galt, the Scotch novelist, introduced him into a romance under the pseudonym of "Laurie Todd," but his actual career, which, in some respects, has been "stranger than fiction," has been delineated in an autobiography, published in New York. Arriving in this country just after attaining his majority, with nothing but his trade (that of a nail-maker) to rely upon, he worked his way up to competence by diligence, industry and resolution. For many years he was a leading seedsman and florist in New York, having been accidentally led to the adoption of that business. He still pursues this occupation in New Haven, Ct. Though far advanced in life, he is still in the enjoyment of his faculties, as the readers of the "Pictorial" and "Flag of our Union," who have perused his spirited original sketches of the olden time in New York, have had occasion to note. In reply to some inquiries which we addressed him, Mr. Thorburn furnished us with the following memoranda, written in his characteristic style: "I was born in Scotland 18th February, 1773, arrived in New York in my 22d year, a wrought-nail maker by trade. Could only read the Bible and write my own name. In 1802 the cut nails cut me out of employment, and God transformed me into a seedsman—have married three Yankee lasses—one on the 27th of June, 1797, one on the 14th May, 1802, and one on the 12th June, 1853, and the honeymoon is still in the ascendant. Have six children, forty grand-children, and twelve great-grand-Scotch-Yankees. I have been only six days confined by sickness since I saw America; I never was drunk in my life; I never eat enough; I have drank six gills of coffee daily for thirty years past, and smoked six pipes of tobacco every day through the last sixty years (a *slow poison* in my case). I walk without a staff; I sleep without rocking, and eat my food without the help of brandy or bitters. I wear flannel next my skin summer and winter from my neck to my ankles, hence I never felt a rheumatic pain. The first night I slept on shore was the 17th of June, 1794; the garret was covered with shingles, the roof within five feet of the floor; there was no bed in the garret—I spread my ship mattress on the floor and laid down; the night was *very* hot, and the room alive with fleas, bedbugs and mosquitoes; sleep fled from mine eyes. At midnight the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and hail and rain drops beat on that shingle roof. I knew not what it meant—we have no shingle roofs in Scotland, no such heavy rain, nor lightning flashing, nor loud thunder. The windows being open the garret seemed on fire—I trembled in every limb. The storm cleared and day broke at three A. M. I rose—head-ache, bone-ache, and spirits sank down to my heels. I wished myself at *home* again; I had never been twenty miles from the house where I was born till I started for America. Being a stranger, I was loth to disturb the family by going out so early; to improve an hour I opened my small box of books, thinking they wanted airing, having been fourteen weeks in the damp hold of the ship. On the top lay a small pocket Bible; I opened the book. My eye lit on the words, '*My son.*' I thought my father *spoke;* his pious hands placed the book where it might draw my first attention. I read to the end, when, looking up—I had been reading the *third chapter of Proverbs.* The effect was—my headache fled, pain disappeared and my spirits rose ninety-nine per cent. above par; I grasped my nail-hammer and went forth to earn my first sixpence in America, resolving to take this chapter for my *guide* and the sixth verse for my *pilot.* It is sixty-two years since that morning, and often, very often, when not knowing whither to turn, to the right hand or to the left, on turning to this chapter, I found written: 'This is the way—walk ye in it.'"



GRANT THORBURN.

MORMONS CROSSING THE PRAIRIE.

The striking scene on this page was drawn for us recently at Fort des Moines, and may be relied on for its fidelity. It was made on the occasion of the transit of a company of Mormons, numbering about six hundred, men, women and children, on their way to Salt Lake, 1400 miles from the fort. They travelled on foot, each family drawing a handcart containing household goods, etc. The train presented a novel sight as it moved on over the great overland route to the Pacific, and though the dwellers on the line see many different kinds of conveyances, the Mormon equipage was something new.



MORMONS CROSSING THE PLAINS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. HAMLEN AND ISHMAEL WITHERS.

An hour or so after Bessie returned home, Ishmael Withers called and inquired for her father.

"My husband," said Mrs. Hamlen, "is in the library, and requested me to tell you, if you called, that he would see you there."

Mr. Hamlen, who had heard him enter, came to the head of the stairs and invited him to walk up.

"Well, sir," said Withers, seating himself in the comfortable arm-chair which Mr. Hamlen offered him, "have you spoken to your daughter yet, on the subject I named to you?"

"No, not yet—but I've thought about it, and have come to the conclusion that we had better give her time to get her thoughts off of this Wilton Richmond. Besides, we may as well, in the first place, come to a fair understanding between ourselves."

"This, sir, is nothing more nor less than clear, sheer evasion. I am not to be trifled with, Mr. Hamlen."

And Withers knit his brows, and a fiery gleam shot from his eyes, which materially detracted from that look of meekness which he usually endeavored to assume.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Withers. I am sure I never entertained the thought of evading the matter. It will be no fault of mine if Bessie doesn't consent to accept you for a husband."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I believe I haven't named to you that I have recently received a letter containing rather pleasing intelligence respecting this Wilton Richmond?"

"No—what is it?"

"I will read the letter to you—that is, all you will care to hear. It is from a man I have dealings with, and part of it relates to my own affairs."

As he finished speaking, he put his hand in his pocket and took thence a number of papers, among which were several letters. He looked them over, and then once more put his hand into his pocket, which he found was empty.

"Can it be possible that I've lost that letter?" said he, his pale countenance growing still more cadaverous than usual.

"You may have left it at your boarding-house. You of course remember what was in it?"

"O, yes, to be sure I do—but then, as I said, a part of it relates to my own affairs—you know I have been dabbling a little in the fur trade—and when I make a bargain, I prefer to have the knowledge of its details confined to the parties immediately interested; otherwise, before I'm aware, a dozen spoons will be dipping in the same dish with me. Besides, it isn't exactly safe to have it known that I have dealings with those Indians who have accepted bribes of the British."

"That is true. But what is this pleasant intelligence about Wilton, which you spoke of?"

"Nothing, only he has fallen into safe hands—that is, as far as your interests and mine are concerned."

"Have the red-skins run across him?"

"Yes, and they'll take good care of him."

"They wont murder him?"

This was said with a slight shudder, and he looked Withers keenly in the face, as if he imagined that the true answer to his question might be found there, rather than in his words. But Withers had already so far recovered from the sudden agitation caused by finding that the letter was missing, as to assume that impassive look, with which he was wont to mask what was passing in his mind, and he answered carelessly:

"No," said he, "there was no danger of that. He was alone when they came across him, and they might have killed him on the spot, had they chose. You may as well hint to Miss Bessie the fellow's fate, or rather, as a drowning person will catch at a straw, the communication better be made in such a way as to give her the impression that the red-skins didn't spare him. As long as she thinks he is alive, I shall stand no chance with her."

"That is exactly my opinion. I will give her to understand that there's no hope of her ever seeing him again—that he has been put out of the way."

"It will, at least, prepare her mind for what you are to say in my behalf, or rather in your own."

"We may as well say in yours and mine too, I should think."

"Well, we wont waste words in drawing nice distinctions. As I have told you more than once, a powerful squadron, now in preparation, will enter Chesapeake Bay early in the spring, and it depends mainly on yourself whether these fine buildings of yours, after being plundered of whatever is valuable, are spared or reduced to ashes."

"But are you certain, even if my daughter were your wife, that you have enough influence with him who is to command the squadron, to persuade him not to destroy my property?"

"I sha'n't have to resort to much persuasion, I'm thinking."

"How will you manage, then?"

"Just whisper a few words in his ear, which, if known, would place his neck within the compass of a halter."

"But what if Bessie refuses the offer of your hand? I cannot be so much of a tyrant as to compel her to accept it."

"I can only say, if she does refuse it she and her parents will be reduced to beggary. I mean, of course, if your lives are spared, which it isn't very likely they will be, for General Cockburn will undoubtedly have some of the red-skins to aid him, and he isn't the person to balk them, if they wish to take a few scalps."

"And you would permit this to be done, when the few magic words you referred to would prevent it?"

"Why shouldn't I, unless I am rewarded for my trouble in the way I wish? They who desire me to do them a good turn, must show themselves willing to do me one. This disinterested benevolence I don't understand, nor have I any ambition to understand it. If you have any powers of persuasion, you had better hunt them up. I have already given you to understand that I am not to be trifled with, and if you don't believe me now, the time will surely come when you will."

During this colloquy his usual appearance of hypocritical meekness had been gradually thrown off and an air of bold audacity substituted in its stead. He thought that he had made the discovery that if he intended to succeed, he must appeal to Mr. Hamlen's fears. Though cowardly to the last degree when exposed to immediate danger, no one, when he thought it would subserve any desirable purpose, could better put on the airs of a braggadocio.

"I will do all I can—I will speak to my daughter," said Mr. Hamlen, his voice and whole appearance expressive of an abject spirit.

"And when?"

"To-night, if you wish."

"This evening, if you say so."

"Well, I do say so. It has been too long deferred. But mind that you don't forget your promise, as you did before."

Mr. Hamlen did not forget it. The moment Withers was gone, he sought his daughter and told her that after tea he wished to have some conversation with her. After what Dame Anstis had told her, she suspected what was to form the theme of conversation, and would gladly have avoided the interview. There was no alternative, however, and she could only promise compliance. She would have preferred to have her mother present, and expressed a wish to that effect, but the consciousness that he was about to overstep the legitimate bounds of parental control, caused him to withhold his consent.

At the appointed hour, Bessie entered her father's presence. He at once approached the subject to which he wished to call her attention, for it was a painful one, and he was desirous to get rid of it as quickly as possible.

"Your mother," said he, "told me what your cousin Edith wrote you respecting Wilton Richmond. Since then, I've had news which is more explicit."

"Mr. Withers told you—did he not?"

There was something—probably unintentional—in the peculiar intonation of Bessie's voice, as she asked this question, which caused her father to withdraw his eyes from the carpet and fix them on her face; but he could see nothing there to confirm the half-formed suspicion that she did not think he had derived his information from a very respectable source.

"Yes," he replied, after the momentary scrutiny, "as was suspected by Edith and her friends, he fell into the hands of the Indians, and his fate is, without doubt, sealed ere now."

"In what way?"

"You can certainly understand without my going into a minute explanation of so unpleasant an affair. You know, as well as I, how much mercy can be expected from those who captured him."

"The Indians sometimes adopt a captive into their tribe, and sometimes, watchful as they are, a prisoner has been known to make his escape."

"The instances are so rare, they're not worth mentioning. But it can be of no consequence to you, whatever, as far as your future prospects in life are concerned, whether he is living or not. Not long since I forbade all correspondence between you, and even if he is alive, I have no intention of withdrawing my prohibition. I have other views for you, and if I hadn't, Wilton Richmond could never be my son-in-law. It was an unheard-of piece of effrontery for him to aspire to such an honor."

"Everybody who has ever known anything about him, gives him a good name."

"That may be, but I don't choose that my only child should be the wife of a poor fisherman's son."

"I never heard it mentioned before that he was the son of a poor fisherman."

"No—he thought proper to conceal it. I didn't know it till Mr. Withers told me. If I had, he never would have been admitted beneath my roof, even as a common acquaintance, much more, as a suitor to my daughter."

"I cannot think that Wilton had any wish to conceal the obscurity of his origin. He was too frank and open for that. At any rate, he was always a welcome guest at the houses of the first families. The first time I ever saw him was at Mr. Marshton's, whose son was his most intimate friend."

"Mr. Marshton and his son are not people for me to copy. If a young man looks and appears tolerably well, and they know nothing against his character, it is all one to them whether he is the son of a gentleman or a chimney-sweep. But, if you please, we'll say nothing more about this Wilton Richmond for the present. As I have said, I have other views for you. Mr. Withers, who owns one of the finest estates in Virginia, though distinguished for his prudence and discretion, is willing to marry you—to make you, young and volatile as you are, the mistress of his princely estate."

An answer full of keen and cutting sarcasm rose to the lips of Bessie, but the habitual deference and respect with which education had taught her to treat her parents, prevented its expression, and she merely said that she thought Mr. Withers had better select some one for a wife, whose tastes were congenial with his own, and who could preside with more dignity at the head of his princely establishment than she could.

Mr. Hamlen sat silent for a few moments, then rose and took several turns across the room, in order to call to his aid a little more resolution than he really felt, for he could not but realize that Ishmael Withers was not the man whom any young lady of taste and refinement would select for a husband.

"Bessie," said he, when he had arrived opposite the place where she sat, "you must make up your mind to marry Mr. Withers."

"Then I must make up my mind to do what will make my whole life miserable."

"I have a reason, and a very weighty one, for requiring you to do this."

"It should be a weighty one, which would compel me to marry a man, whom I believe to be unworthy any woman's love or esteem."

"You are prejudiced against Mr. Withers, because his personal appearance isn't in his favor."

"It isn't that."

"Will you be so obliging as to tell me what it is then?"

"I believe him to be a bad man."

"Have you any proof that he is, or is your opinion founded on mere caprice?"

Bessie could have told him that she had proof, but she recalled to mind the caution of Dame Anstis, and refrained.

"You can certainly answer my question," said he, seeing that she hesitated.

"I disliked him the first time I saw him," she replied. "There was something in his appearance which I cannot well describe, that made me recoil from him."

"That was merely a foolish whim. You will get over it when you become better acquainted with him."

"I don't think that I shall ever get over it, for the dislike that I at first felt soon amounted to loathing. Tell me, my father, I entreat you, by what fatality has it become necessary for me to be bound for life to one I hate and despise?"

"To save your mother, and me, and yourself from ruin."

"There can be no greater ruin for me than to be the wife of Ishmael Withers."

"Well, if you like the phrase better, it will save us from being reduced to poverty."

"Were I obliged to choose between him and the most abject poverty—such as would oblige me to beg my bread from door to door—I should not hesitate, I would choose the poverty."

"You seem to forget that your parents are too advanced in years to give up the comforts and luxuries of life with the same indifference as a girl in her teens. We couldn't endure the privations and hardships it would involve."

"But how can your property be subject to this bad man's control?"

"You may be aware, that since our rulers, in the superabundance of their wisdom, have seen fit to plunge our country into this unhappy war, that property on the sea-coast is liable to be destroyed."

"Yes, I know."

"And have you heard that early in the spring it may be our boy will be entered by a large squadron which will sweep everything before it?"

"I've heard there was reason to fear it would."

"Villages, country-seats and farm-houses will first be plundered and then destroyed. My property must share the fate of the rest, unless you will consent to save it by marrying Mr. Withers."

"I cannot see how, unless he has some secret understanding with the enemy."

"It is true that the person who is to command the squadron is his friend, and will, at his intercession, spare whatever belongs to me."

"I understand now—but O, my father, can you indeed consent to save these buildings, beautiful and costly as they are, at such a price?"

"I merely wish you to marry a man of wealth, who would deny you nothing."

"He could not be less hateful to me, if the wealth of the Indies were at his disposal. But, father, even if your buildings are destroyed, these broad acres, which extend on every hand almost as far as the eye can reach, cannot be burnt up. You would be a rich man still."

"It would be like beginning life anew. I am too old for that. I should be utterly disheartened. Give yourself time to think of it, Bessie. You surely cannot decide to let the home inherited from my father be destroyed."

These were Mr. Hamlen's words, but he kept back the more powerful motive which impelled him to urge his daughter to so great a sacrifice. He did not dare to tell her that he feared the malice of Withers, should his wishes be defeated, even more than he did the danger which threatened the destruction of his property, lest, by changing her aversion and disgust into horror, it should tend to overthrow his own purpose. He was even conscious, as he sat in the silence and gathering gloom of his own apartment, after his daughter had left him, of a sensation akin to this himself, when he recalled the words of Withers, and remembered the cold yet fierce glitter of his eyes.

He tried to banish a feeling which he whispered to himself was foolish and absurd, but his efforts, instead of being successful, had a contrary effect, till, at last, it almost appeared to him that

some horrible though invisible power, with serpent folds was tightening around him. Mr. Hamlen, who had, heretofore, always basked in the sunshine of prosperity, had the reputation of being a very agreeable, gentlemanly and amiable man. What he lacked most, was energy of character. He had never "learned to stand alone."

CHAPTER IX.

HOW WITHERS CAME INTO POSSESSION OF HIS ESTATE.

Bessie could not help thinking that what Withers had told her father respecting Wilton Richmond, had no foundation in truth. She, however, subsequently learned that it was, at least, partly true. During the recent interview with her father, she had learned for the first time, that Withers owned a plantation in Virginia. But he had never told Mr. Hamlen how he came in possession of it, nor was it at that time fully known, except to himself and two others. Some of the circumstances were known to Dame Austis, and these she related to Bessie the next time the young girl made her a visit. We will give the story in her own words.

"A gentleman by the name of Edgar Percival," said she, "formerly owned the estate now in possession of Ishmael Withers. During the last two years of Mr. Percival's life, Withers was his steward. About a year previous to his decease, being incapacitated from failing health to attend to his business, he gave the entire management of his affairs into the hands of his steward, whom he knew to be equal to the task, and who was, as he believed, trustworthy.

"Mr. Percival's only heir was a grandson, at this time about three years old, both of whose parents were dead. A girl, who had been Mrs. Percival's nursery-maid, continued to have the care of the little Edgar after the decease of his parents. When the weather was fine, she was in the habit of taking the child to the woods and the fields, where she often remained hours at a time. In this she was encouraged by his grandfather, for it was plain to see, by the vigor of his little limbs and his blooming complexion, that the pure, fresh air had a salutary influence on his health. The favorite resort of the girl was a little woodland glade, the entrance to which was a few rods from a beautiful stream of water. The shore of this stream directly opposite the glade was bold and rocky, rising perpendicularly, or nearly so, ten or a dozen feet above the surface of the water. At only a short distance from this, the river was margined by white and shining sand, perfectly smooth and level.

One day, the girl with her young charge sought, as usual, her favorite retreat. It was the first day of June, and the soft, velvet grass at the entrance of the glade was flushed with violets. She filled the child's lap with them, and then, throwing herself on the flowery turf beside him, with the help of a few long and shining blades of grass, she entwined some of them into a wreath which she rested lightly on his soft, sunny curls.

"'Now Anzy must have some of the flowers on her head,' said the delighted child, clapping his chubby hands.

"'Anzy will,' was the girl's reply.

"And she bent down her head so as to enable him to arrange the flowers as fancy willed among the shining braids of her black hair. It amused him for a long time, and he laughed gleefully when he had finished, but the soporific influences of the low and peaceful murmur of the river mingling with the mysterious harmonies of that wind-harp of the woods—a lofty pine, which rose near where they sat—were irresistible. The white lids drooped over his eyes, blue as the violets, and then Anzy, as was her custom, made him a kind of hammock by fastening the four corners of a large shawl to the limbs of a tree, about three or four feet from the ground. She had just placed her young charge in his aerial bed, and seating herself on a rock close at hand, had taken from her reticule a sash she was hemming for him, when a girl of eight or ten years old appeared at the entrance of the glade.

"'Grandmother wants you to come over to our house,' said she.

"'For what?' inquired Anzy.

"'She's sick, and wants you to make her some herb tea.'

"'I don't see that I can go and leave Edgar.'

"'But he's asleep, isn't he?'

"'Yes, but he may wake while I'm gone."

"'Grandmother is dreadful bad,' said the girl. 'I'm afraid she'll die. It wont take you but a little time.'

"'Well,' said Anzy, after a minute's reflection, 'if you will stop here and watch Edgar, I will go.'

"'Grandmother said I must come right back, the minute I'd told you.'

"Anzy went and looked at the child and found that he was sleeping quietly. It was seldom that he waked under an hour, and she concluded to go. A path which crossed the woodland led directly to the house, and in less than ten minutes she was there. As the girl had told her, her grandmother either was, or appeared to be so ill, that unless she could obtain speedy relief, it didn't seem possible that she could live only a short time. Anzy insisted on sending for a doctor at once, but this the old lady opposed with so much earnestness and even vehemence, that she was forced to give it up.

"'It's on'y one of my bad spells,' said she. 'Some good hot airb drink will soon bring me out of it.'

"The herb-tea was soon made, but it did not, according to the patient's account, possess its usual efficacy. She must, she said, make trial of a different and stronger kind. To Anzy it appeared inhuman to leave her in such apparent agony, and with the greatest possible despatch she prepared and administered the more powerful remedy.

"'There, I feel kind o' easier now,' said the old lady, 'and I rather think I can get along now with what my granddarter can do for me.'

"'I'll speak to Mr. Percival about it,' said Anzy, 'and he will let Aunt Sibby come over and nurse you.'

"'No, no,' she replied, 'there wont be a bit of need of it. These spells come upon me all at once, as 'twere, and they leave me full as sudden. This time I was taken worse than common, and as I knew 'twas your time to be out in the woods with the young squire—I al'ays call him so when speakin' of him, kind of out of respect, you know—and that in a likely way he'd be takin' his arternoon nap, I concluded I'd send for you, for I knew you were too pitiful and kind-hearted to let a poor woman like me suffer, when I've nobody on airth to lift a finger to help me, but this child.'

"Anzy impatiently waited to hear her speech out, and then, with all the speed of which she was capable, set out for the place where she had left Edgar. If she exerted herself to the utmost, she knew that the time of her absence would not fall short of three-quarters of an hour, and when she drew near the spot, she half expected to hear the child's voice calling her. She felt relieved when she found that all remained silent, and proceeded a little more slowly, for she was almost out of breath. Two minutes more and she had entered the glade. The first thing that caught her eye was one corner of the shawl in which she had left Edgar sleeping, dragging on the ground.

"How could she have been so careless as to tie it so loosely as to allow the knot to slip, was the question she asked herself as she bounded to the spot, almost without touching the ground. The fall might have killed him, was the thought that struck her, otherwise why should he be so silent? From this fear she was at once relieved, there being no vestige of the child, except the wreath of violets she had suffered to remain round his head, and which now lay on the ground close to the corner of the shawl. His little blue cap, ornamented with a small ostrich plume, which she had left lying close to the spot where they sat, while she wove the wreath of violets, was no longer there. Before wandering away he must have seen it and put it on.

"She went to the entrance of the glade, but he was no where to be seen. She called him by name, but no laughing infantile voice responded to the call. Suddenly a new fear assailed her, as her eyes rested on the bright river flowing near. With wildly throbbing pulses she hastened to the steep embankment which overlooked its waters. She could see nothing there, but at a short distance down the stream she saw something floating, which she thought looked like the child's cap. It was within a short distance of that part of the shore which was low and level. She was soon there, and then all doubt was at an end. She could see plainly that it was the child's cap. It was just possible that he might have thrown it from the embankment. This shadow of a hope, so eagerly welcomed, was the next moment destroyed.

"As she looked to see if anything was at hand with which she could reach the cap and draw it to the shore, she saw a blue sword-knot which had ornamented the handle of a wooden weapon that he delighted to have belted to his side, in imitation of his elders, which was lying close to the water's edge. On stooping down to pick it up she discovered several tiny footprints, which she knew to be Edgar's. A little further on she found others, at more or less distant intervals from each other, the sands, in a general way, being too hard and firm to be susceptible of any impression from the light footsteps of a child. Other and large-sized footprints were on the shore, but this was nothing uncommon, and did not excite her attention. She followed those of the child, and found they led to a large pine log, which was disposed in such a manner as to reach some distance into the water, and was often used as a seat for those who angled for pickerel and other fish with which the river abounded. Here the child's footprints terminated, several larger being intermingled with them, which were still fresh, as if some person had recently stopped at the end of the log for the purpose of adjusting something.

"Though trembling so that she was hardly able to stand, Anzy ventured out on the log, half expecting to see the child lying beside it under the water, which was so transparent that the most minute object on the smooth, hard sand, which, at this place, formed the bed of the river, was distinctly visible. Nothing, however, larger than a pebble or a muscle-shell was to be seen. At the moment she turned to go back to the shore, a distant sail-boat, which she had seen though scarce noticed, swept round a distant point and was lost to view. As she jumped ashore, almost hidden from view amid the tangles of an old fishing-net which had drifted close to the log, she saw a gleam of something red. It proved to be a red morocco shoe, one of those she herself had put on to the child's feet, when preparing him for his afternoon's excursion.

"With a heavy heart she now turned towards home. She could scarcely doubt that Edgar was drowned, and yet, when she reflected on the manner in which the sand was trampled at the end of the log, she imagined that some one might have discovered him and rescued him from his perilous situation. As there was no one in that vicinity to whom the child was not well known, he would, in that case, have been carried home. The idea, as she indulged in it, appeared more and more plausible, and when the housekeeper met her at the door and inquired what had become of the child—finding that this, her last hope, had proved as fallacious as the rest, all her fortitude gave way, and she sunk fainting on the threshold.

"'Where is Mr. Withers?' were her first words, when consciousness returned.

"'I don't know—I haven't seen him since dinner,' was the housekeeper's answer.

"'I rather think he's gone to the village,' said a girl, who had been assisting to restore Anzy. 'I heard him tell Mr. Percival that he had business there, and must go this afternoon or in the morning.'

"'O, I hoped he was here, so that he could break the news to Mr. Percival. He would bear to hear it from him better than any one else.'

"'What news?' said several voices, for half a dozen or more of the servants had gathered round, when it was found that Anzy had fainted.

"She told them what had taken place, which spread consternation through the household, for little Edgar was the pet and the favorite of them all. No one dared to tell Mr. Percival, but, in his enfeebled state of health, the shock might prove fatal. It was finally decided that a number of the servants should go and search the woods, while others should take a boat and row down the river and round the spot where Anzy had seen the cap floating. By the time this could be accomplished, Mr. Withers would have time to return, and then, if unsuccessful in their attempts to trace the child, he could manage the matter as his better judgment might direct. It was growing dark, when, weary and disappointed, they returned from their unavailing search. In a few minutes afterward, Ishmael Withers came. Anzy was sitting alone in the housekeeper's room, with her face buried in her hands, when she heard approaching the door, those stealthy footsteps which she knew to be his. They ceased just inside the threshold, but she neither stirred nor looked up.

"'What has happened?' said he.

"'You know,' she replied, still without looking up.

"'Know—how should I?' said he, in such quick and startled accents, that she withdrew her hands from her face and looked at him.

"'I supposed they had told you,' she replied.

"'No, the servants were all gathered together, talking among themselves. They didn't see me.'

"At this moment the housekeeper entered the room.

"'I'm glad you've come, Mr. Withers,' said she. 'Who could have thought that anything so dreadful as this would have ever happened! Not one of us has dared to breathe a word of it to Mr. Percival yet. You will have to tell him. Poor gentleman, he will never hold up his head again, I'm afraid.'

"'You haven't told me what it is yet. I must know before I can tell him.'

"'I thought Anzy had told you. Well, there's no such thing as concealing it. The child is gone—dead without doubt.'

"'You don't mean Mr. Percival's grandson?'

"'Yes, the boy is gone, and such a handsome, promising child too. If he'd lived he would have made his father's place good, I've no doubt. But you mustn't blame Anzy. She wasn't gone near long enough for him to get his cap out, and to all appearance he was as safe as a bird in its nest.'

"'There you are mistaken, my good woman. Anzy is to blame. There's no need of her going at the beck and call of every old woman in the neighborhood who happens to have a pain in her little finger.'

"'How should you know where I was gone?' said Anzy, raising her head, and steadily fixing her dark, keen eyes on his.

"'Why, hasn't she just mentioned where you went?' said he, looking towards the housekeeper.

"No, for I've neither told her nor any other person. I mentioned to her that I was absent a short time, but did not say where.'

"When Anzy said this, Withers appeared nonplussed and disconcerted, but soon regained his usual self-possession.

"'Well, perhaps she didn't mention it,' said he, 'but I took it for granted that you were off on some such errand. I heard Doctor White say the other day, that he expected it wouldn't be long before you'd take the bigger part of his practice off of his hands.'

"Nothing more was said, for at this moment Mr. Percival sent for Mr. Withers to come to his room. What effect the communication had on him at first was never known—no person besides himself and Withers being present. In the morning he gave directions to have the river dragged, that his idolized grandson might, if possible, be found and placed by the side of his parents. He was greatly agitated, yet he gave his orders clearly and with much minuteness.

"Withers, at his request, superintended the exertions of those employed for the recovery of the remains, and when the directions of Mr. Percival had, in every respect, been complied with, he returned. It was near sunset, and he went directly to Mr. Percival's room. Vinna, the nurse, was present, and heard and saw all that passed.

"'Is the child found?' said Mr. Percival, in his eagerness half rising from his chair, while an almost purple flush overspread his countenance.

"'I am sorry to say, sir,' replied Withers, 'that though everything has been done that can be, it has all been to no purpose.'

"This, according to Vinna, was said in a lugubrious tone of voice, but somehow, she said, there was a light in his eyes which made him look as if he felt glad. Mr. Percival, at the utterance of the first three words, sunk back in his chair as if he had received a heavy blow. He remained silent for the space of several minutes.

"'You are certain,' he then said, 'that the orders I gave have, in every respect, been fully carried out?'

"'They have, to the letter.'

"'Tis strange,' said he. 'The river is neither rapid nor very deep.'

"'Tis hardly necessary to remind you, sir, that the body might have been washed ashore, and that during the night some beast of prey—'

"Withers had proceeded thus far, when Mr. Percival, raising

his hand with an angry gesture, while his eyes seemed absolutely to flash fire, exclaimed:

"'Cease, sir!'

"It is difficult to imagine the mingled anger, anguish and horror expressed by these two short words. The startling effect produced by what he had intended should be rather consolatory than otherwise, was to Withers a mystery. There was no chord in his own bosom which would have vibrated painfully at contemplating the picture which his remark would naturally present to the mind. At first he appeared surprised, but when he began to comprehend that Mr. Percival was really angry, he turned pale, and shrank back like a whipped hound. After a while he recovered himself a little and attempted to apologize.

"'Not a word, sir, if you please,' said Mr. Percival, sharply.

"'But I merely wish to explain—'

"'Leave me, sir.'

"This order was given in a manner too peremptory and emphatic to be disputed, and Withers, turning frightfully pale, left the room. He was muttering something to himself as he passed through the hall. He left the house, and was not seen again until the expiration of twenty-four hours. Where he spent the time of his absence was never known. After his return, however, he appeared to be in the best possible humor. His harsh and arbitrary treatment of all who were subject to his control, had heretofore made them his enemies. His manner towards them, from this time, was entirely changed. He treated them kindly and with all proper indulgence, and their spirits were too light and volatile for the sense of his unkindness to sink so deeply that it could not readily be thrown off. His orders, therefore, which had formerly been obeyed imperfectly and with reluctance, were now cheerfully complied with.

"The star of Withers was in the ascendant. The health of Mr. Percival, from the day he lost his grandson, declined surely though not rapidly. Now that he had no heir to inherit it, he lost all interest in whatever appertained to his fine and valuable estate. Even books, of which he had ever been fond, no longer possessed the power to interest him. It was a long time before Withers was again received into favor. Even the sound of his voice appeared to thrill painfully on Mr. Percival's nerves. All necessary directions were transmitted to and from Withers by a third person.

"Many months had passed since the loss of the little Edgar, when, one evening, Mr. Percival was suddenly taken worse. His personal attendants gathered round him in alarm, and then Withers, for the first time since their estrangement, ventured into the room. At first he crept away into a corner, but when he found no order was given him to leave, he hazarded the experiment of approaching the patient's bedside. From that time he daily went into the room. For more than a week Mr. Percival took no notice of him. As far as could be judged by any indication to the contrary, he was unconscious of his presence. Even this was a point gained, for it had not been long since the bare mention of his name fearfully agitated him.

"It was by many thought strange that Mr. Percival had suffered Withers to retain his situation as steward, but his spirits were broken, his energy gone, and so he suffered him to remain. By degrees, with that kind of martyr-like—or rather brow-beaten—air which he thought it politic to assume in Mr. Percival's presence, he ventured some little attentions, such as are promotive of the comfort of an invalid, and they were not rejected. This gave him courage to offer more, which, from being merely tolerated, were soon received with evident pleasure. His assiduity increased as Mr. Percival grew weaker, so that Vinna's office as nurse soon became nearly a sinecure.

"What method he took to finally achieve the purpose, which, undoubtedly, he had long had in view, was never known. The ignorant and superstitious, though they dared only to whisper it among themselves, were satisfied that it was by the influence of some unhallowed means. It was a matter of astonishment to those who possessed no faith in any such mysterious power, when, at Mr. Percival's decease, it was found—what was before known to the housekeeper, Vinna and Anzy—he had made a will, and that, with the exception of a few small legacies, had given the whole of his property to Ishmael Withers. There was a codicil, however, stating that if Edgar Percival, his grandson, should ever be found alive—no matter how remote the period—that any former will or testament made and signed by him should be revoked, and that all the testator died possessed of, whether lands, household goods or money, should be for his sole use and benefit, except one thousand dollars, which was to be given to Ishmael Withers.

"This addition to the will was not made without considerable opposition on the part of Withers, as happened to be known to Viuna, who, unbeknown to him, was in an adjoining apartment and overheard what was said. He professed to think that it was taking foolish and unnecessary trouble, but Mr. Percival was peremptory, and Withers dared not urge the matter too far.

"Withers took peaceable possession of what had been given him, but when it was fairly within his grasp, the difference between him and the courteous and munificent Mr. Percival was keenly felt. Those who had ranked among the personal friends of the latter, could not help feeling that it was a species of desecration to have one in his place so much his inferior in those qualities which constitute the true gentleman."

"And so that is the way that Mr. Withers became a rich man?" said Bessie, when Dame Anstis had concluded her long story.

"Yes—but he never has been, nor never will be, a happy one."

"Do you think that he had anything to do with the disappearance of the child?"

"It isn't always safe, Bessie, to make known our thoughts. I may say, however, that he didn't escape suspicion."

"And do you think that little Edgar Percival was certainly drowned?"

"I don't say that. Withers, however, thought he was safely disposed of, so that he wouldn't be in his way, and still thinks so."

"What if he is mistaken, and the lost heir should suddenly make his appearance?"

"In that case, Withers will be obliged to give up what he never should have had."

"And what became of Anzy?"

"She lived, though for many years her life was very wretched. She could not cease to blame herself for going away and leaving the child. After a while she became more cheerful."

"It is now so long since the child was lost, that I suppose the remembrance of it is no longer vivid enough to affect her happiness?"

"She never can forget it, nor cease to blame herself. Some day I will tell you why she is now more cheerful."

CHAPTER X.

A DESIRE TO PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

THE party of Indians who had rescued Wilton and the other captive, continued their march under cover of night, rightly apprehending that there would be an attempt to recover them. This might not have been easily prevented, had they not had horses awaiting them on the opposite side of the woods.

Aside from the dreadful fate which had threatened himself, Wilton, owing to the want of sleep and the agitation caused by being obliged to witness the wild and terrible ceremonies initiatory to the horrible tortures of the slow fire, which those who had made cruelty a study could alone have invented, and to which the handsome Indian boy was doomed, the more surely to appease the wrath of the evil spirit, found that his powers of endurance would have proved inadequate to the performance of the journey on foot.

The Indian lad, on the contrary, such was his faith in the happy omen of what he called the Wakon-bird, beheld the savage ceremonies and listened to the wild, discordant chant by which they invoked the invisible presence of the evil spirit, with an indifference amounting to apathy. Even when, with fierce, unearthly yells, the torch was about to be applied to the pyre, which he knew was so prepared as to burn slowly, though surely, and would consequently protract his sufferings to an indefinite period, his countenance was still radiant with hope. A rescue, even then, was confidently looked for. This expectation had so strengthened and renovated his vital energies, that, as in company with the foremost he threaded the woods, he was well entitled to the appellation of Hare-foot, which had been bestowed on him by his associates, who were unconscious that a king of England had borne it before him.

At sunrise they halted by a stream of water, and refreshed themselves with such food as had by the care of Christina Burmann been hastily provided, for it was through her that they had received such directions as to enable them to reach, in season, the spot which half an hour later, as far as the Indian boy was concerned, would have been too late to save him from great suffering, perhaps death. When they were ready to resume their journey, the leader of the band addressed Wilton.

"We are on our way," said he, "to the camp of the great white chief, General Harrison, who is preparing to gather his forces at the head of Lake Erie. If it be our white brother's wish to go with us, we will do what we can to shield him from his enemies should they pursue and overtake us. If he chooses to turn his steps towards the rising sun, where he will find the camp of another of his chiefs, he may take from among our horses the one fleetest of foot, but we cannot go with him."

"I will accompany you to the camp of General Harrison," said he, after a moment's reflection.

He would, on some accounts, have preferred to return and resume the command of his men, but his escape from a cruel death was too recent to make him relish the idea of hazarding the journey alone across a country, which, a great part of the way, was wild and uninhabited, and where at any moment he was liable to incur danger similar to that from which he had been rescued.

"And you," said he who had spoken to Wilton, addressing the Indian lad, "will you remain with us?"

"Why should I go," said he, "to look on the ashes of our wigwams? My mother, if she were here, would say: 'Go and help the pale faces.' She loves them. My father was one."

The chief smiled.

"It is well," said he. "Hare-foot is young and is as handsome as a woman, but he has the heart of a warrior."

In a few minutes more they were again on their way. Wilton noticed that more than one of the Indians looked back on the way they had come, as if half expecting to see the fierce Memattanon and his warriors, whom they could not doubt were in pursuit of them. No one was in sight. In the distant solitudes the eye rested on no living thing, save some bird on the wing bathed in the golden beams of the morning. In the course of the day they fell in with a party of upwards of fifty warriors, belonging like themselves to the Seneca nation, and during the rest of the way they had little fear of being molested.

A few days after Wilton, under the protection of the friendly Indians, had arrived near Lake Erie, Ishmael Withers received intelligence which ultimately decided him to leave the neighborhood where he then was, and undertake a journey which would compel him to be absent weeks, if not months. It had been his intention, if his suit for the hand of Bessie should prove prosperous, to make a visit of a week or more to his plantation, and after giving directions relative to certain improvements he wished to have made, to return and claim her hand. The news, however, he had received, interfered very unpleasantly with these plans, and once he almost came to the conclusion to risk remaining where he was, and to send certain instructions in writing to him from whom he had received the communication.

He was on his way to Mr. Hamlen's and turning the subject in his mind, when suddenly, on rounding an abrupt turn of a crooked lane, he encountered Hammett. The boy had passed on twenty paces or more, when he called on him to stop. He obeyed, though with evident reluctance.

"You live with your grandmother, I believe?" said Withers.

"No, sir, I have no grandmother."

"Who is she then, if not your grandmother?"

"My aunt."

"Well, it's all one. I never saw her, and so don't know whether she is old or young. Will she be at home this evening?"

"She is at home always after dark."

"Tell her then I shall drop in for a few minutes this evening, between nine and ten."

"Yes, sir."

And turning on his heel he was once more on his way, when Withers again stopped him.

"I shan't be likely to meet any one there—no one but you and your aunt."

"No, we never have visitors at so late an hour as the one you have named."

"That will do."

Hammett hastened home and told his aunt what had passed between him and Withers. She seemed a little flurried at first, but soon regained her accustomed composure. She then went and looked into the little looking-glass.

"Time has not dealt very rudely with me," said she, "but yet I think he wont recognize me. I mustn't be too confident, however."

And taking from a drawer a stiffly starched cambric cap, suitable for a person much older than herself, she put it on, pulling it well over her forehead and making it fit closely so as to entirely conceal her black, glossy hair. This added at least a dozen years to her apparent age, besides making her look so stiff and prim as to excite the risibility of Hammett, who said that she didn't look like herself.

"That is just what I wish," she replied. "I've seen this Ishmael Withers many a time, but I should be sorry for him to know it."

"When did you see him, Aunt Anstis?"

"Long before you were born. Go now, and employ yourself in any way you like. I wish to be alone."

Hammett did not wait for a second bidding, for there were wild and savage dells whence came the sullen murmur of water, which, except at high noon, never caught a ray of sunlight, where he loved to recall the legends his aunt had told him, as well as green and flowery hollows deep down among the hills, where he often repaired to dream away the sunset hour, or to watch the gathering of the evening shadows.

When he was gone, Anstis took her favorite seat outside the cottage door, to gather up and arrange her thoughts. Though it was more than twenty years since Withers saw her, she had many times, within the last few weeks, seen him wandering over the broad and fair domain of Mr. Hamlen, noting with greedy looks, its richness and fertility. But she had never in all that time heard his voice, nor been near enough to him to mark the changes time might have wrought in his countenance. She looked forward to the proposed meeting with feelings of dread and curiosity. She thought she knew the motive for seeking the interview, and intended to turn it to good account.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENORMOUS CONDOR.

In the course of the day I had an opportunity of shooting a condor; it was so satiated with its repast on the carcase of a dead horse as to suffer me to approach within pistol shot before it extended its wings to take flight, which to me was the signal to fire; and having loaded with an ample charge of pellets, my aim proved effectual and fatal. What a formidable monster did I behold in the ravine beneath me, screaming and flapping in the last convulsive struggles of life!

It may be difficult to believe that the most gigantic animal that inhabits the earth or the ocean, can be equalled by a tenant of air; and those persons who have never seen a larger bird than our mountain eagle, will probably read with astonishment, of a species of that same bird, in the southern hemisphere, being so large and strong as to seize an ox with its talons and to lift it into the air, whence it lets it fall to the ground in order to kill and prey upon the carcase. But this astonishment must in a great measure subside when the dimensions of the bird are taken into consideration, and which, incredible as they may appear, I now insert *verbatim*, from a note taken down with my own hand. "When the wings were spread, they measured sixteen paces (forty feet) in extent, from point to point; the feathers are eight paces (twenty feet) in length; and the quill part two palms (eight inches) in circumference. It is said to have power sufficient to carry off a live rhinoceros."—*Temple's Travels in Peru.*

AREA AND POPULATION OF RUSSIA.

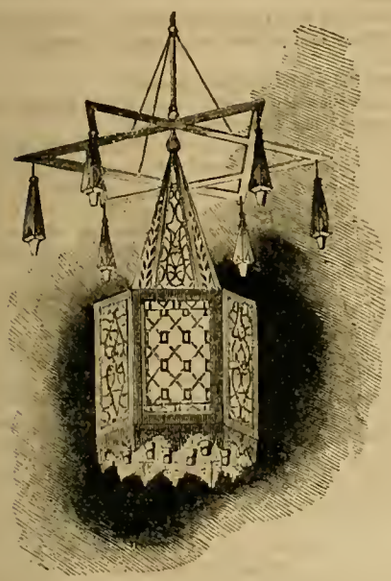
Russia possesses in Europe and Asia a surface of 348,165 square miles, occupied by 65,183,437 inhabitants. France and England present an area of 15,530 square miles, and occupied by 63,407,990 inhabitants. While England has 4839 inhabitants to the square mile, and France 3789, Russia in Europe has only 647, and in the whole of her empire only 63. It is this want of concentration which renders it of the first necessity that Russia should connect her scattered people and provinces by internal communications. Mere extent of surface and numbers are otherwise sources of weakness, especially in defensive warfare. This has only been discovered when she was assailed on diverse parts of her extended empire by the allies in the last campaign of the war. She makes peace to repair this defect.—*Westminster Review.*



HUNGARIAN WATER-CARRIER.

SCENES IN THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

On this page we have grouped together a number of interesting sketches, all of them relating to the old world. The first represents a Hungarian female water-carrier, with her jar slung over her right shoulder, and her staff in her hand. Others are seen in the distance. The costume of all the Hungarian peasants is exceedingly picturesque. That of the Hungarian shepherds and



A CHINESE LANTERN.

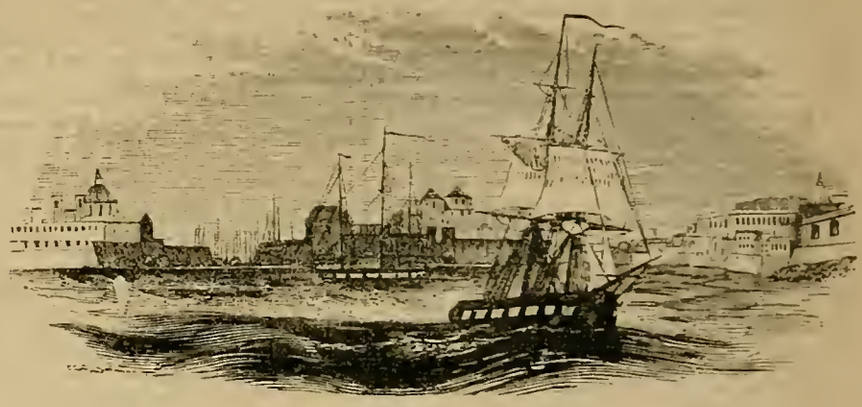
herdsmen, shown in the next picture, is decidedly so. They wear their cloaks and hats with grace, and their attitudes are bold and decided. The third sketch is of a Chinese lantern—a very fanciful and tasty affair. The Chinese are certainly the people, *par eminence*, for all sorts of illuminations; and in the fabrication of colored lanterns, no nation thinks of competing with them. Their "feast of lanterns" is a show of unequalled splendor. Our next engraving is a view of the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean, a place of some importance, and of great historical interest. It now belongs to Great Britain. It is seventeen miles long, and about nine miles wide, and is situated sixty-two miles south-southwest of Sicily. It is very irregular in form. The capital, Valetta, is sketched in our view. It stands on a remarkable peninsula, which, dividing the waters, forms a double bay. The surface of the island is broken and rugged, and there is very little arable land. The rocks consist of coral limestone, yellow sandstone, and a yellowish white semi-crystalline limestone, which furnishes admirable building material. The climate in winter is mild and agreeable, but in summer the heat is excessive, and the sun's rays, reflected from masses of white limestone, frequently produce opthalmia. The vine, olive, fig and orange thrive well here, but only a three months' supply of corn is raised. The British government has, by a liberal expenditure of money, made Malta one of the finest naval depots in the world. The docks and fortifications are admirable. Malta is said to have been first peopled by Phœnicians, and was successively possessed by Greeks, Carthaginians and Romans. After the fall of the Roman empire, it was alternately in the hands of Vandals, Goths and Saracens. In 1522, after having been a possession of Sicily, it was granted by Charles V. to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1798, the then grand master of the order surrendered it to Napoleon, and it was afterwards captured by Lord Nelson. The population is about 100,000. There are many interesting memorials at Valetta of the military order that so long possessed the island. Portraits of the grand masters, the armor worn by them, and their books, are preserved in great numbers. The last picture of the series is a view of Shanghai, a seaport city of China, and one of the five now open for European commerce. It is in the province of Kiang-soo, on the Woosung River, fourteen miles from the sea. Like all Chinese cities, it is densely populated, containing nearly 200,000 inhabitants. It is fortified, and the houses, as will be seen by our cut, are very picturesquely grouped on rising ground. The junks, with their clumsy sails, and various other water craft, give an animated aspect to the foreground. The streets of the city are narrow and indescribably filthy. It is a place of considerable manufacture—silks, iron wares, glass, paper and various articles of ivory, gold, silver and bone being made here. It is an important entrepot of the commerce between the north and south provinces of China; the coasting trade is very extensive. In 1853, the total exports amounted to $26,900,000. Shanghai was taken on the 19th of June, 1843, by the British.



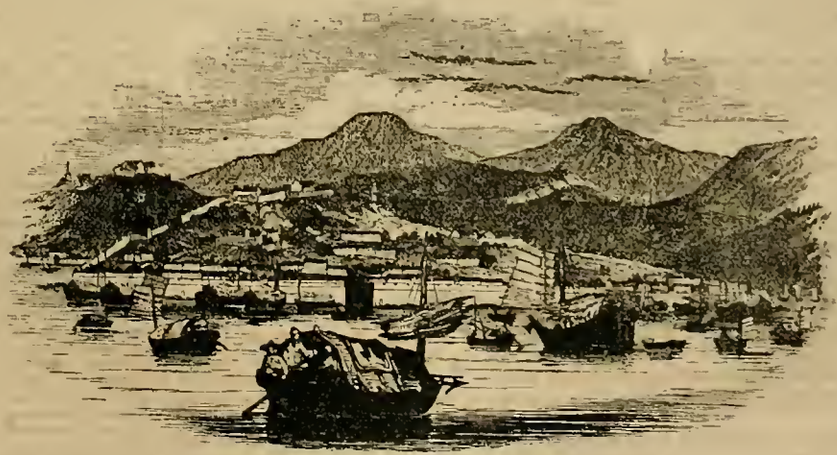
HUNGARIAN SHEPHERDS.

THE SOCIETY OF LIMA.

Notwithstanding the wretched universities, the defective system of education, and the anarchy of the state, the cultivation of literature has made decided progress; and, in Peru especially, some works of considerable merit have recently appeared. The South American character, in losing much of the dignity and strict loyalty of the Spaniard, has obtained, through a mixture of Indian blood, which in Peru is almost universal, a vivacity of temper and a rapidity of thought which has gone far to compensate for the loss. The young men, especially, educated at the University of San Marcos, the oldest in the New World, or the College of San Carlos, at Lima, though spending much of their time in cafes and billiard-rooms, and devoted, it must be confessed, to cock-fighting and gambling, are extremely agreeable in conversation, and frequently well read. But, above all, the women of Lima form the most attractive part of Peruvian society. Frequently very beautiful, with brilliant black eyes, graceful figures, and bright, intelligent expressions, they at the same time possess much natural cleverness, exquisite wit, and most pleasing manners. Until a few years ago, they wore, when walking abroad, a very becoming and elegant dress, now only seen at bull-fights, religious processions, and other great occasions, called the *sayu y manto*. To a full satin skirt was attached a black silk mantle, which passed over the head, was held so as only to expose one brilliant eye to view, and leave the imagination to fill up the enchanting picture. Since the introduction of steamboats and railroads, however, this truly national costume has given way to modern French fashions. But the ladies of Lima, though they have lost their peculiar dress, still retain their lofty qualities, and are infinitely superior to the men in natural talent and intelligence. With such society, a residence in Lima cannot fail to be otherwise than agreeable; and, besides the Italian opera and pleasant dinner parties, a grand ball and fetes of various kinds, yield frequent opportunities of observation. A ball on a large scale is a rare occurrence, and the late president, General Echeniqoe, was particularly sparing in his entertainments. There is an occasional one given at the house of the late Marqois of Torre Tagle, now belonging to his heiress, who has married a lawyer named Sevallos. The entrance, through a fine doorway, with stone posts richly carved, and up a handsome staircase, leads to a broad corridor, with a finely carved roof, supported by Moorish arches. The great *stata*, a spacious room, with latticed balconies looking into the street, containing some very fine cabinets, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver, made a very good ball-room. On these occasions the festivities continue until four o'clock in the morning, when there is a hot supper. All the rooms in the house, including bed-rooms, are thrown open, some for dancing, some for gambling, others for refreshments, and the guests wander through the long vistas of apartments, in the intervals of the dance. Balls and gambling are the chief occupations of the people of Lima; the latter especially, which is their besetting sin, and prevalent even among the clergy. The young men but too often lead lives of idleness and frivolity, as is seen in their general want of application, and is exemplified in the scanty periodical literature of the country Indeed, the general habits of life in Lima, as in all South American cities, are of a very frivolous character, and lack the sterling under-stratum of Anglo-Saxon society.—*Southern Traveller.*



ISLAND OF MALTA.



ISLAND OF SHANGHAI.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

The one located in Paris is situated on the frontier of the city, and is a large and well constructed edifice. The interior is kept exceedingly tidy—the floors of polished oak, and the walls of plaster polished like glass. The babes are kept in cradles covered with white drapery, and arranged in rows along the rooms. A separate apartment is allotted to children affected by eye diseases, and another for sick children, both extremely well arranged. Children are now received into the hospital only when the parents sign a paper resigning them to the care of the state. If healthy, they are allowed to remain in the hospital but a very short time, being sent into the country and placed in the care of nurses, who receive one or two dollars a month. After two years of country-nursing, the children are brought back to Paris, and transferred to the hospital for orphans. There are on the average nine hundred children in the hospital, and as many as thirteen thousand out at nurse in the country. There are one hundred and fifty foundling hospitals in France. Whenever a woman desires to abandon her child, and she appears before a magistrate for that purpose, it is his duty to warn her of the act; but he is, nevertheless, obliged to accept the child, if she demands it. If she will keep it, he is empowered to give her aid. If the child is abandoned, the clothes are saved, or some token is kept, by which to maintain the identity of the child, and to enable the parents to reclaim it, if they wish to do so at any future time. Formerly, it was easy for a mother to rid herself of her child—it being only necessary for her to take the child to the hospital during the night, place it in a box and ring the bell, when it was at once drawn into the institution, and no questions asked; but this arrangement was abolished by the government some years ago.—*Hartford Free Press.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

'TIS NIGHT ON LARA'S ISLE.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

In quiet rolls the azure stream
By Lara's verdant isle,
And softly falls the silver beam
Of Luna's placid smile;
'Tis night, and o'er the lonely shore
The linden shadows fall,
And save the softly dipping oar,
'Tis silent, dreamlike, all.

My bark is borne upon the tide,
Like perfumed airs at play,
Unknowing where they next may glide,
Nor caring where they stray;
The waters kiss the lovely shore
As starbeams kiss the sea.—
Would I might press with like caress
The heart that beats for me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BEATRICE, OR LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY LOUISE T. ZIMMERMAN.

Nestling beneath overshadowing trees, lay a thatched cot, close beside a steep mountain, whose brow was usually darkened with clouds and mist, but occasionally the brightening rays of the setting sun found their way through the thick gloom, and then

"Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Seemed bathed in floods of living fire."

An open space lay before the cottage, which commanded a view of the distant village, but excepting this, monntains surrounded it on every side.

In the cot dwelt Mabel, the sweet "lily of Hazel Copse," as she was called. And who so good and gentle as Mabel? None in all the village, I ween. Fair Mabel knew no other home but the wild one she now inhabited, and she was content with that. Much did she marvel when she looked upon the careworn face of her widowed mother, and heard her tell of brighter days long since gone by; for to Mabel all days were bright, and her home the sweetest place on earth. She was the youngest of three children. The others were a boy and girl, both different from her in appearance and in character.

Willie was a brown-haired rogue, handsome and wilful, just two years older than Mabel. There was more sympathy between these two than either had for the dark-eyed, thoughtful Beatrice, their elder sister. Yes—Beatrice was alone, and deeply she felt her solitude. She never joined the children in their sports; she did not seem a child.

Much did the mother wonder at her strange child, and many an anxious foreboding had she concerning her. She would sit for hours gazing into the brook, or watching the birds as they soared far out of sight. Sometimes her mother fancied her asleep, she was so quiet; but if she spoke to her, Beatrice would start as if awakened from a reverie, and then seek some hidden spot where she could not be disturbed.

Beatrice had long attended the village school which was about two miles from the cottage; the others were sent with her as soon as they were old enough. Mabel won the love of all by her disinterested kindness. Beatrice won the admiration of all by her brilliant recitations and unequalled talents; but she was cold and reserved, and no one cared for her. Willie soon became the general favorite of both scholars and teacher, and was in a fair way to be spoiled, for no one could resist the fascination of his alluring face, set off with the clustering curls of his chestnut brown hair. Thus were the cottage children during the few short years of childhood, and happy would it have been could they have remained so.

Beatrice was accustomed to seek the shade of an old oak tree at noon, there to meditate alone, far from the noise of the other children. This tree was in the midst of a thick wood directly behind the school-house. A beaten footpath led from the pastor's house through it to the school-house.

One sultry afternoon, Beatrice was stretched as usual beneath her favorite tree, and overcome with the heat, had fallen asleep. It so happened that at this time the pastor had received into his family two young gentlemen, whose parents were abroad, travelling. They were to stay with him, and pursue their studies for two years—the allotted time of the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Louvegne. They were delighted with the scenery about the parsonage, and had just discovered the beautiful path which led through the wood to the school-house. Anxious to find a cool place to rest, after their long walk, they joyfully espied the oak tree whose broad branches formed such a perfect shade.

As they approached the tree, they perceived the graceful figure of Beatrice reclining carelessly on the grass. Both simultaneously exclaimed, "What a beautiful picture!" And certainly a most beautiful picture it presented. The lovely maiden was half sitting, half reclining, her head pillowed on a root of the tree, which was elevated above the ground; her long black hair half veiled her slender figure; the long lashes of her dark eyes proudly swept the richly-tinted cheek, and gave by contrast a purer white to her broad intellectual brow. One small white hand was nearly hidden by her raven hair, while the other carelessly held the strings of a large brown hat which lay beside her.

How long the youths would have stood contemplating this picture we cannot say; for a huge wasp put an end to the romantic scene. He settled on the hand of the maiden, and as Edward Louvegne instinctively brushed him away, Beatrice started up in surprise at finding herself observed by two young men, and one touching her hand. But the dead wasp at her side explained this, and both were profuse in their apologies for having disturbed her pleasant slumbers. They asked her where the path ended, and upon her telling them that its termination was at the village school, and that she was going there, they desired to accompany her.

Permission was granted with some surprise on her part, for she was unaccustomed to any solicitation of her company. To all their questions about the environs of the village, she replied understandingly, and they were much struck with the elegance of her language, and the natural hauteur of her manner.

She conducted them to the school, presented them to the teacher, and then bowing gracefully, took her accustomed seat. Much whispering was heard round the school-room respecting the strangers, and many were the envious glances cast at the beautiful Beatrice. But she was happily unconscious of them, being wholly absorbed in her lesson. When it came her turn to recite a speech which she had prepared, a thrill of admiration ran through the school, and Edward whispered to his brother, "What a fine actress this girl would make!" But Frederick shook his head, and begged his brother never to suggest the thought to her. After school, the young men walked with Beatrice, as far as the door of her humble dwelling. Both were perfectly enraptured with her, but very differently. Edward looked upon her as a superior person, endowed with beauty and talents, which, if rightly used, would make her a superb woman. Frederick only saw in her a beautiful girl, with fascinating manners.

But where was Mabel all the while? She had held aloof from the strangers, and had gone home, as usual, cheerfully chatting with Willie. The Louvegnes little thought, when they passed the sunny maiden, that she was the sister of this superb beauty.

Beatrice said nothing of the youths, but went to her room to study. Her mother did not know of her adventure till Willie commenced talking about "sister Beatrice's beaux." She was so distant that even her mother hardly dared question her concerning the event which caused Willie to be so loquacious. She did venture to say:

"My daughter, you had company home this evening?"

"Yes, mother," was the reply.

"Who are the gentlemen?"

"Their name is Louvegne," answered Beatrice; and soon after she left the room to avoid further questioning.

"Louvegne!" repeated the widow, to herself,—"Louvegne! Is it possible?" The name seemed to bring up sad recollections, for she sighed and looked troubled.

What mad dreams ran through the young girl's brain that night, and which of the two strangers figured most prominently in them? She could scarcely tell herself. She wondered if she should see them again. She wished she knew their parents. They were the first educated people she had ever met, all in the village being rustics.

And did the young men forget their pretty enchantress? Ay, that they did not. They spoke of nothing else all the evening, and dreamed of nothing else all the night.

The next day Beatrice, as usual, took a book, and went into the woods; but she avoided the path, and went into a thicket of fir trees, where she could be entirely hidden from any who should chance to pass down the path. She had not been there many moments, before she heard voices approaching. Presently she could distinguish what was said, and she was a most unwilling auditor to the following conversation:

"Confound it, I don't believe she'll come to-day."

"I did not expect her. I should think it very strange and improper if she did come."

"You blessed innocent, to talk of propriety! Do you suppose such a preciously green little country beauty ever heard of the article? Besides, she is owner of these woods; she has been here so long, and we are only strangers, and compared to her, have no right even to pass through them; so I think the impropriety (if there is one) is all on our part."

"Well, we can see her this afternoon, at any rate."

"This afternoon! You take matters coolly enough. I shall not quit this place till I catch a glimpse of her beautiful face. I shall go down to the school, and wander round there, if I have to lose my dinner. So Master Faintheart, I shall leave you to return and do double justice to the dinner, and a double injustice to your digestive organs. Good-by."

With that he began whistling an opera air. By-and-by he stopped, and cried as loud as he could:

"Wont you look grim, old fellow, when I come home, and tell you that I have seen the charming Beatrice."

Thus ended this talk, so confusing to the mind of the fair listener.

"Am I indeed beautiful?" she asked herself; but at the next moment she laughed at the thought. "No—no; Mabel is beautiful, and so is Willie; but I am neither beautiful nor interesting, and I'm sure I don't care. I expect to find my pleasure in study and meditation; but yet he called me beautiful and charming. I guess I'll just run and see for myself."

Beatrice was well acquainted with every part of the wood, and she knew that near her arbor there was a pond clear as crystal, which reflected faithfully the trees and sky; and why should it not reflect her face?

She stopped before she reached it, and thought, "How silly I am! and yet I wish to know how he could think me handsome." So trembling between the fear of being disappointed and the hope that what she had heard might prove true, she peeped into the lake; but she was so agitated that she could see nothing this time. So she tried it again, re-assuring herself with the thought that whichever way it might be, it would be of no consequence to her. There she stood, gazing at herself for several moments. "Well," thought she, "I do not know exactly what to decide. I am certainly not plain. I suppose others might call me handsome; but I don't like my style. I prefer Mabel's infinitely. I look too full of earthly passion. I should do very well to sit for a picture of a voluptuous character—like Cleopatra, for instance."

When she raised her eyes, they met those of Edward Louvegne, intently bent upon her. Mortified at having been seen in so awkward a situation, she felt also piqued at being thus closely watched. Her anger and pride quickly got the better of her mortification, and she drew herself up with great dignity, saying:

"I fear, sir, that I shall be obliged to absent myself from these woods altogether, as I perceive they are not free from spies."

Edward started at these words, as if an adder had stung him. Blushing deeply, he replied:

"Miss Mansdell, I beg your pardon a thousand times. I meant no harm. It was only by accident that I came upon you so suddenly. As to the privacy of these woods, you have it by right of possession, and you have only to say the word, and I will never appear in them again—um—that is, if there is any other from the parsonage to the school-house."

Beatrice said:

"It is now my turn to apologize for my hasty words. Any one has as good a right to these woods as I have, and can avail themselves of it at whatsoever time is most convenient to them."

"That is to say, I can walk here to meet you whenever I choose?"

"I am not the one whom you need consult about coming here. As for me, I shall come whenever I feel like it, without thinking of any one."

"And I shall take good care to learn at what time that is."

"By saying that, you oblige me to say that I can never come here at all, for there is another often inconvenient consideration to be thought of besides right; this is propriety."

"Miss Mansdell, you astonish me. I thought one who had been brought up in the woods like yourself, could have no idea that there was such a word in the English vocabulary, much less an appreciation of its value. Who has taught you?"

"I am nature's student. She is the most refined of all instructors, and I would that I had profited more from her teachings. All that I know, I have learned from the trees, the rocks and yonder lake that lies embosomed in soft heather, and crowned with sweetest flowers. The birds have told me much, and the gossiping brooks have let me into many secrets. Even the honey-bee has whispered me sweet counsel, and taught me industry by his example. Nature and I are great friends. All the dear little wild creatures love me, and they are the only living things I care for. The Bible tells me I should love mankind, but I fear I do not follow its teachings. I could never see anything in man half so lovable as in these rocks and trees, or even in the very ground we tread beneath our feet."

"But in order to appreciate man, you should see him in perfection. You have never been beyond the bounds of your own village?"

"Fifteen miles mark the limits of my earliest remembered and longest journey."

"Have you never thought of what might be beyond—of what the great world might contain?"

"I have thought about it, but I was only filled with confusing perplexities."

"Should you not like to go into the world and try it?"

"I do not know. I should almost be afraid to explore its mysteries—so obscure to me now. But here we are at the school, and I must go in."

"I shall see you again soon. Good-by."

"That is to say, you will walk home with me after school, if you can," thought Beatrice.

Nothing was right that afternoon with our heroine. She made mistakes in her mathematical problems, and hesitated and blundered over her other lessons at such a rate that she fell into deep disgrace. The girls whispered to each other, "She is in love." Was Beatrice in love? Not quite. She was thinking of Mr. Louvegne's suggestion that she should try the world; she was wondering whether it were best for her to venture forth, and how it could be done.

That afternoon she turned from the road which led directly to her home, and took a secret path through the woods. This was done in order to avoid the Louvegnes, who, she knew, would be waiting for her at the end of the lane. As soon as she was hidden from sight by the thick foliage, she ran joyously along, her hair streaming behind her. She had never felt so light-hearted before; she knew not the cause of it. Reader, can you divine the cause? It was that her desolate heart had found one which could sympathize with it. No longer was she alone in the world; no longer need she keep pent within her own bosom the glorious thoughts which sometimes, spite of her reserve, almost burst their prison bounds. Now she could talk freely, and feel that she had an appreciating listener. She stopped, hoping to hear the young men coming behind her. Wholly repenting that she had not taken her usual route home, she turned back—yes, she turned back, and retraced her steps. Ah, proud Beatrice, you have yet to learn what *love* can do!

She reached the open space again whence the road emerged, and looking cautiously around, saw the two youths just turning down the path to the parsonage. They had waited a long time for her, and finally concluding that she had taken another road home, they also turned their faces homeward. Now, when Beatrice saw that she was about to lose their company, her first impulse was to shout to them, her second to run after them; but neither of these could she do, for it would be so ill-bred. Her last

idea was by far the best. She turned away her face, and began singing in a clear, rich voice, a wild air. The sound reached the ears for which it was intended, and produced the desired effect. Both returned quickly on seeing that Beatrice was the singer.

She was, of course, all surprise at seeing them; and Edward said something about "the appointed meetings of fate," which caused a brighter glow to overspread her cheek.

A charming walk they had of it—at least, so the Louvegnes said, and I think Miss Mansdell might have re-echoed their opinion, if she had chosen. She asked them to come in and see her mother; but they refused, saying that they should hardly be able to get home before the storm, which had been gathering for several hours, should burst upon them. This was certainly a good excuse; for a big, black cloud was rising on the other side of the mountain, and fitful streaks of lightning played over the heavens; at one moment the scene was dark and angry, and at another it was lighted up as by heavenly torches. Then big drops of rain fell to the earth like bullets; but the rain soon ceased, and a fierce hurricane of wind ensued. The wind-king had it all his own way that night, and most tyrannical was his rule. He struck dead the unyielding trees which would not bend at his touch; he wantonly played with the young birches and maples, and just as they were dancing merrily together at the sound of his voice, he whistled round, and they found themselves torn up by the roots, bereft of life. How fiercely he rushed, howling round the widow's cottage, and what mad pranks he played with the chimney and the cow-house! The poor cow moaned so piteously that they were obliged to bring her into the house, and she spent the night in the kitchen. Whether it was that her new quarters were so agreeable to her mind, or that the remembrance of last night's sufferings made her so obstinate, I know not; but she refused the next day to budge an inch out of the kitchen, and Willie was obliged to pull her by the horns with all his strength, while Mabel pushed her forwards.

But to return to that fearful night. The storm raged till past eleven; then it ceased, and the moon peeped out as placidly from the clouds as if nothing extraordinary had taken place, and this was the time for her to appear. She looked in upon Beatrice, cold and motionless, sitting up alone in her room, vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness without. She was hailed by the young girl as a messenger from heaven. Wrapping a thick shawl round her, Beatrice stole out of the house, so quietly that she did not even rouse the house-dog slumbering on the mat before the door.

She went to the wood-shed and took down the dark lantern from its rusty nail, lighted the lamp, and shutting out the light so that none might see her, she was about to start, when a large stick of wood fell from the top of the pile to the ground directly on an old piece of tin, making a terrible rattling. Bruin was wide awake now, and began to manifest his displeasure with a low growl. Beatrice knew that this would soon end in a loud bark; so she quickly ran to the door, and let him out, calling, "Hush, Bruin! Come with me. I wonder I did not think of you before, poor fellow! You will be of great use."

They then set out, the dog trotting contentedly along by the side of his mistress. When they reached the wood, Beatrice pushed back the screen of the lantern to let out the light, for it was pitch dark. She advanced slowly now, and called softly but distinctly, "Edward—Frederick!" No one answered. "They must have got further than this," she thought. So she walked on till she reached a space of open ground. Here she could see what ravages the storm had committed. Huge trees lay around, displaying their roots in fantastic spectral shapes, that would have frightened any other but the brave Beatrice. It was evident that the lightning had done its part in the general destruction; for in some places the trees were split open, so that their white interior was visible. The thought of what the lightning might have done almost sickened Beatrice; but she could not rest till she knew all. So she courageously went on. What was it that caused her suddenly to stagger back as if she had received a mortal wound? What was it that blanched her cheek so deadly pale, and made her teeth to chatter in her head? Her foot had stumbled against *a human body*, stretched at full length across the path. Quick as thought, she kneeled down to see the face. It was so bruised she could not recognize it. She took the hand that lay so cold and stiff across the breast. No—that was not Edward's hand: this was a great relief, and in the fullness of her heart, she cried aloud, "Thank Heaven, it is not Edward!"

At that moment, she heard a rustling of the bushes behind her. Casting the rays of her lantern in the direction of the noise, she saw Edward, pale and haggard, coming towards her.

"Beatrice, angel of mercy," he said, "you have revived the last faint ray of hope within me. This is my brother. We lost our way, and he was struck by a falling tree; but life is not yet gone. Could he have assistance within two hours, he might live."

Beatrice said not a word, but putting the lantern in Bruin's mouth, she assisted Edward in raising his brother, and they both carried him slowly and gently along the path, Bruin leading the way with the lantern. It was about two o'clock when they reached the cottage. Mrs. Mansdell and Mabel were quickly roused, and soon the suffering youth was on a comfortable bed, surrounded by kind nurses. Beatrice whispered something to her sister, and then darted out of the door with Bruin and the lantern. She was on her way to the doctor's house, which she reached in about an hour, and in half an hour after, she returned with the doctor. He pronounced the bruises severe but not dangerous; but he said if he had been sent for two hours later, he should have been of no use.

After he had dressed the wounds, and made Frederick as comfortable as possible, he looked for Beatrice. Calling her to him, and counting her pulse, he said:

"My child, you are feverish with excitement. You need rest, and if you do not take it, we shall have you for a patient soon."

The idea of being a troublesome invalid quite frightened Beatrice; so she immediately left the room, and went to lie down.

After she had gone, Edward advanced to Mrs. Mansdell, and said

"Madam, your daughter has saved my brother's life. It is a benefit that can never be repaid on earth; but she shall have whatever wealth can purchase. Ask anything for her, and she shall certainly receive it."

"My daughter did for your brother what I should wish her to do for any one. It is a sufficient reward to me that she has done a good deed. She is such a strange child that we do not understand her; but I believe her heart is all right, for all her oddities."

"That it is, madam; and if she is strange, she is truly noble. I will not say to you now what I have on my mind, for this is not the time; but by-and by I will manifest my gratitude in something more substantial than words."

Mrs. Mansdell changed color at this, and begged he would think no more about it. She did not understand what he meant, and she had too much pride to allow her to think of accepting money as pay for a mere act of humanity, as she called it.

After a long and painful illness, Frederick recovered. He was almost sorry that he was well enough to be taken home, for it was so pleasant to be surrounded by such kind nurses as Mrs. Mansdell and her beautiful daughters. But the time had come when he must leave the cottage and its inmates. They, too, were sorry to part with the gentle invalid, to whom they had become much attached. There was something peculiarly pure and simple about him. Willie told him, one day, that he would look beautiful in the pulpit. He laughingly said he hoped he should, and preach beautifully, too, for he intended to be a minister. There was one gentle heart in the cottage which felt a strange vacancy, after Frederick had left. This belonged to Mabel.

Edward and his brother were now constant visitors at Mrs. Mansdell's. There was certainly sufficiently strong attraction at her house to induce any young man to go there frequently. Many a pleasant evening they passed together; in summer, sitting on the rocks, enjoying the evening breezes, which always reached the cottage; in winter, socially chatting round the wood-fire.

Under such favorable circumstances, love is seldom idle. This time he had successfully disposed of two young ladies; for Beatrice was the affianced bride of Edward, and Mabel was engaged to Frederick. The widow had given her consent reluctantly, for she knew not what the wealthy parents of the young men would think of such poor connections for their accomplished sons. But they were so earnest about it that she finally concluded it was wisest to let them "gang their ain gaes," and to trust in Providence for the rest. Their parents were expected home soon, and they must return to the city to meet them; they, of course, spent the evening before their departure at the cottage. Every one was sad and thoughtful that night, and not much conversation was carried on. Edward was thinking what an awkward thing it would be to announce his engagement to his father. Fred, who was his mother's pet, thought only of the pleasure he should have in presenting to her his lovely Mabel. At last the widow broke silence, saying:

"My children, it is now time that you should know something of my history. I was once a wealthy lady, and lived in the most fashionable part of A——. My husband's death was occasioned by the grief which he suffered in losing his whole fortune by one unfortunate speculation. I was left with a mere pittance, barely sufficient to support my family. I soon left the city, feeling deeply my change of fortune, and settled in the most secluded spot I could find, which was this wild place. No one ever knew what had become of me; I kept it a secret because I would not receive assistance either from my relations or friends, and I was afraid of anonymous remittances, as I had already received several. My most intimate friend wished to adopt one of my daughters, as her own children were away at school. But I would not consent to this, for I wished to keep my family together. Beatrice was the one she fancied, and I have since often regretted that I did not accept her kind offer to educate her; but it was all for the best."

"I am glad you never told me this before, mother," said Beatrice, "for I should have been so discontented."

"That is the very reason that I have never spoken of it," said Mrs. Mansdell. "But I have not yet told you the lady's name."

"Her name would signify nothing to us, for we probably never heard of her," said Beatrice.

"I am not so sure of that," answered her mother. "Did you never hear of any name that begins with *L* and ends with *e*?"

"None but Louvegne."

"That is it."

"Then it is our mother!" cried Edward; "for I know she lived in A—— about that time, and we were away at school. Is not this good news, Beatrice?"

But Beatrice did not answer, and Edward turned away with a troubled face, wondering what new obstacle she would present to their union. Beatrice sorely felt her poor circumstances, and when she contrasted them with Edward's fine prospects, she could not brook the idea of being raised by him to a station that did not belong to her.

"He shall not marry me—a poor girl," she said to herself. "I will not consent till I have gained a support for myself. But how is that to be accomplished? The stage! He always told me I should make a fine actress, and I will try it."

Thus thought Beatrice, but she concluded not to speak of it to her lover till their next meeting.

It was quite late before the Louvegnes could tear themselves away from the cottage; but all things in this world must end, and so their last night drew to a close. There is always a certain sadness connected with the *last* of anything, whether it be the last leaves of autumn, the last look at a departing friend, the last unpaid bill, the last piece of apple pie, or the last scene of the last opera of the season. Reader, does not each of these illustrations recall to you painful recollections?

Mabel was troubled by no anxious thought concerning her departed lover, but slept peacefully as a child. Not so Beatrice. Something was heavy at her heart, for she walked the room all night, like a restless spirit. She thought of her mother having been the friend of Mrs. Louvegne. "So we are equal in birth to the Louvegnes, but alas! not in fortune, and that must be of great importance in the world, for mother's unhappiness was caused by the loss of it. So it is very condescending in the Louvegnes, I suppose, to marry two poor village girls; and when we move to the great city and live in splendor there, we shall be constantly reminded of the great favor that has been bestowed upon us, by the contrast with our former humble dwelling. No—I cannot marry him. I will tell him so; I will tell him that I scorn to be the possessor of wealth and honors to which I am not entitled; I will tell him that I prefer independence, though with a sad and lonely heart, even to his companionship and *serenade*; for it is nothing less when a poor girl marries a rich man.

"But I will say nothing to Mabel, for I am sure she has had no misgiving since she was engaged, and I will not be the one to destroy her happy delusion; may it last forever. I must part with Edward: it is like depriving myself of life. From this moment I must live in excitement. The stage—the stage!—that is the place for me. Was I not made for that? Indeed I am sure of it. I must say farewell to peace, for where I go it is not to be found. O, my heart longs for excitement! I wish I were on the stage this moment."

Finally exhausted with her own distress, she sank into a feverish sleep. Phantoms chased each other through her wildered brain. At one moment, she was walking through the woods with Edward, then a demon would come and snatch him from her, bearing him away into darkness; at the next, she was on the stage, acting, and her audience was composed entirely of gentlemen, all of whom bore the face and form of Edward; and to whatever side she turned, she must meet the reproachful eyes of her lover. At last she was being stifled, and she started up to see flames all around her, ready to devour her, and then the dreams were all over, and a long, long calm ensued. * * *

"Why, mother, how could you let me sleep so long? How weak I am! Mother, what is the matter with me? I can't sit up."

"You will soon be stronger, my child," answered Mrs. Mansdell; "but you must be very quiet now."

"Mother, have you heard from the Louvegnes?"

"Many times. Edward has watched with us constantly."

"Many times! Mother, what are you thinking of? It was only yesterday that they went to town to meet their parents."

"Beatrice, you have forgotten. That happened three months ago."

"But where have I been all this time?"

"Where you are now—ill, very ill, but you must not talk any more now, for the doctor ordered that you should be kept quiet."

It was true, she had been very ill; they had despaired of her life. She was delirious on the night that the Louvegnes left, and continued so for a long time, with intervals of quiet unconsciousness. But at length her reason returned, and as we have seen, great was her astonishment at finding herself three months behind the times.

She recovered rapidly after this, and it was not long before she was allowed to sit up and receive visitors. She was delighted with Mrs. Louvegne, who treated her with the greatest consideration. She told her she must get well quickly, for her house was very lonely, and she wanted a daughter. When Edward appeared, Beatrice was shocked at his haggard face.

"You look more fit to be called the invalid, than I do," she said. "Are you not well?"

"How could I be well with such a prospect before me, as I have had, and when I had to reproach myself as being the cause of it all? You do not love me, then, Beatrice?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you raved about me so when you were ill. You vowed you never would marry me; you wanted to be an actress, and you—"

"O, please, please stop!" laughed Beatrice. Then she added, gravely: "No—it was my own wicked pride that nearly killed me; but instead of causing my death, it has received its own death-blow."

"You mean by that, you can now condescend to marry a rich man; but what if I should not deign to marry a rich girl?"

"I am not rich."

"Yes you are. A host of your relations have suddenly started up, all as rich as Crœsus."

"Edward, what do you mean? I thought we had no relatives."

"And so you might have thought to your dying day, if a certain young gentleman had not happened to meet with a certain young lady, once upon a time, fast asleep under a tree."

"But do tell me, who are my relations?"

"Well, the principal is, or rather was, your father's brother, an old bachelor, who went to India, and there made an immense fortune, which he left to his brother's children, if they could ever be found. My father was well acquainted with him, and they used often to talk of the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Mansdell."

"He is dead, then?"

"He died several years ago; but you do not seem overpowered with the fact of being such an heiress."

"I was thinking of my poor mother. How much she has needlessly deprived herself of by remaining concealed in these woods."

In less than a year, Beatrice and her sister were married. Frederick was ordained a minister over a flourishing congregation, by whom he was soon almost idolized. Mabel was also held in high esteem. Mrs. Mansdell and Willie made her house their home.



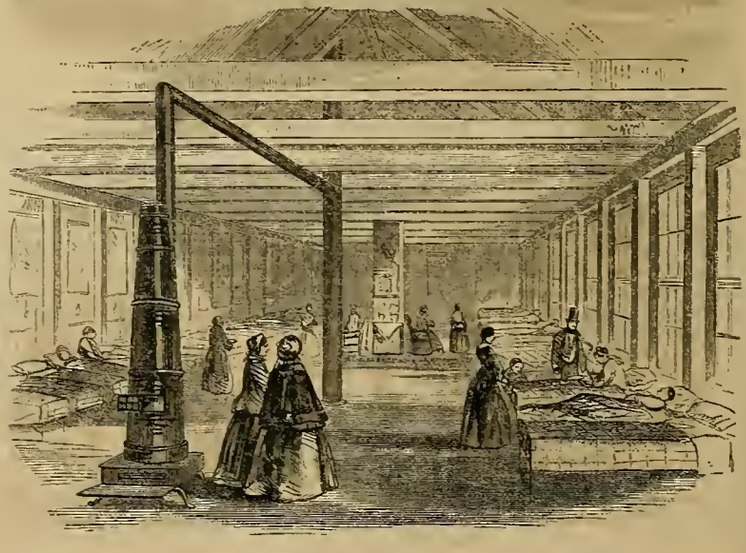
DEER ISLAND HOSPITAL, BOSTON HARBOR.

DEER ISLAND HOSPITAL, BOSTON HARBOR.

The accompanying engravings, remarkable for their accuracy, were made for us by Mr. Hill, during a recent visit to Deer Island. The first view is a general one, and embraces all the buildings, commencing with the House of Industry on the left, continuing with the doctor's house, with the Alms House and Hospital buildings intermingled on the right. We first visited the Hospital, and were struck with the perfect cleanliness and order that reigned throughout the establishment, an air of almost military strictness reigning throughout. Most of the patients were out at the time of our visit, as the physicians cause all who can do so to go out whenever the weather admits. The windows were mostly open, and the sunlight fell on beds that would be a source of envy to many a poor resident of a city boarding house. All the bedsteads are of iron, the beds of straw, covered by two good blankets, white sheet and a check coverlid. The physicians are very attentive, and take a great deal of interest in the patients, who, on their part, appear to have entire confidence in their position, and the attendants. In the female department of the Hospital, of which we give a sketch, was a most engaging and interesting child, that had lost the use of his lower limbs, otherwise perfectly formed and healthy. He is a general favorite, and his intelligent smile and engaging manners touched us more than anything else we saw. Adjoining the Female Hospital, is a large room, devoted to infants and very young children. We give a correct view of this nursery. It is here the foundlings deserted by their unnatural parents are cared for, and provided with suitable nurses, and here they toddle about and enjoy their infantile existence in happy unconsciousness of their position. In the kitchens (likewise models of cleanliness), supper was being prepared. Enormous healthy-looking loaves of bread, and the pleasant aroma arising from overgrown boilers, on which the coffee was cooking, gave proof that there was no lack of substantiality in this department, which, one of the Celtic cooks gave us to understand, they were very proud of. We cut from the official report the following statement of the daily fare of the inmates at the House of Industry, Deer Island:—Breakfast—bread one-third Indian, chocolate, with milk and molasses. Supper—bread and tea. Dinner, Sunday,—baked pork and beans, or corned meat with vegetables; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, beef soup with vegetables, or rice and molasses; Friday, fresh or salt fish, with vegetables; Saturday, beef soup, with vegetables, or rice and molasses. Mutton or veal broth every day for the sick. Beef juice for the sick as required. One quart of milk is furnished for the nursing women daily. From the kitchen, we stepped into the Work-room, also depicted in another engraving, where the women are employed, making the clothes worn on the island. They were sitting in rows, quietly making up the coarse blue stuff into garments. One or two were reading, and some walking about, and to us there was an appearance of indulgence we did not look for. In the Dining-room, a long, low apartment, the men of the establishment were quietly discussing the meal we had seen prepared in the kitchen. Our drawing is a correct illustration of this interior. They are employed, some in the shoe-shop, and others in various occupations on the farm, in the garden and bakery, and in whatever necessary work they are capable of performing. Apart from the necessary restriction on their personal liberty, they are much better off than their class in the city, and a great deal better employed than in going about begging of people, who, if they refuse assistance, think they have done wrong, and if they give, feel that they are fostering imposters and loafers. Upon the arrival of a patient or candidate for poor-house accommodations, his clothes are exchanged for a suit of the poor-house manufacture, the old one being packed up and put away, numbered, till they are prepared to leave. The next thing is to give them a good bath and a dose of simple medicine, to relieve the system of the stimulants with which they are mostly supposed to be filled. Then after a rest of a day or two, if not confined to the Hospital, they have some employment apportioned them. Almost the only thing needed to make the institution perfect, is newer and more commodious buildings; those now occupied were never intended for their present use, having been originally erected as temporary hospitals for the yellow fever patients. They are capitally ventilated, but in other respects are rude and unsubstantial. Dr. Moriarty, the quarantine physician, is, in every sense of the word, "the right man in the right place." He has that rare quality of command which fits men for those posts where strict discipline must be enforced, and yet a mild rule is preferable. A martinet in sanitory matters and the regulation of the establishment under his care, yet he has the power of making himself beloved even in the enforcement of the strictest orders. Of a generous and benevolent disposition, it is a pity he has not greater means at his command for the improvements necessary, notwithstanding that he keeps each department at the highest point of perfection in his power. The report of the Directors of the Houses of Industry and Reformation for the year 1855–56, states, in regard to the farming operations, that "the product of the farm this year has much exceeded that of the past, and though presenting no tangible result in a pecuniary form, has, nevertheless, been turned to profitable account in the support of the inmates of the institution, and the feeding of the stock of animals. The condition of the island has, also, been much improved, and its productive power increased, by the judicious culture of the soil by the officer in charge; the beneficial results of which may be looked for in future years." The location of the institutions on Deer Island is admirable for quarantine and hospital purposes, for no spot within the vicinity of Boston is more salubrious; and if not quite as accessible as some other sites that might have been selected, still, for the purpose of some of the institutions, its very isolation is a recommendation. There is no question of the fact stated in the official report that the condition of the island is very rapidly improving, and a visit there will satisfy any one of the care and attention bestowed on the patients.



DINING ROOM.



FEMALE HOSPITAL.



PRISON CHAPEL.



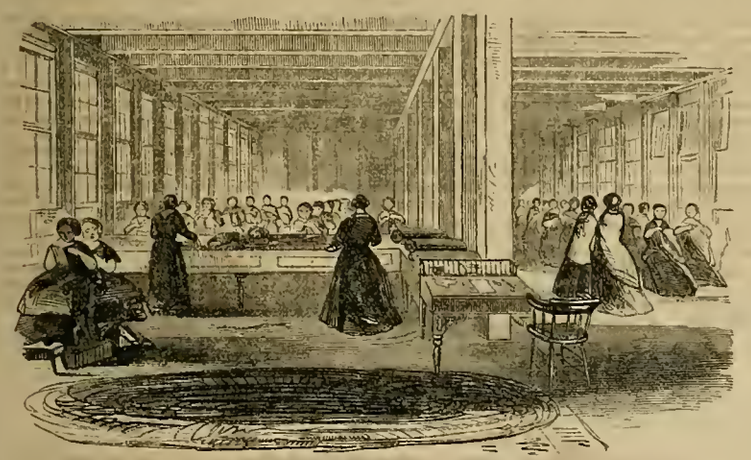
DORMITORY AND SCHOOL.

NAVAL HEROISM.

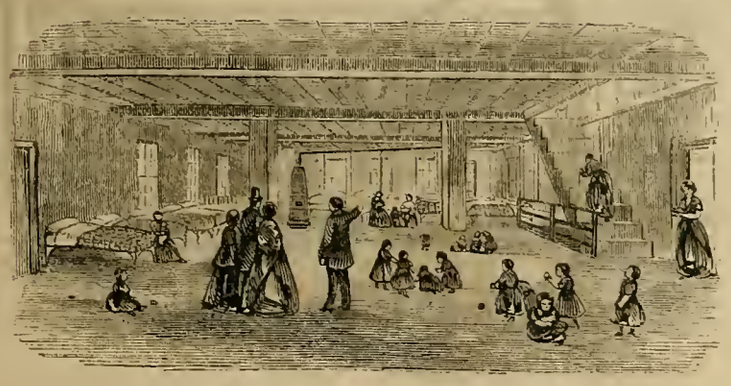
In Cooper's Naval History, we find the following sketches of desperate battles, hand-to-hand affairs, which occurred during the battle of the gun boats, in the war between the United States and Tripoli: "No sooner had Mr. Decatur got possession of the boat first assailed, than he took her in tow, and bore down on the one next to leeward. Running the enemy aboard, as before, he went into him, with most of his officers and men. The captain of the Tripolitan vessel was a large, powerful man, and Mr. Decatur personally charged him with a pike. The weapon, however, was seized by the Turk, wrested from the hands of the assailant, and turned against its owner. The latter parried a thrust, and made a blow with his sword at the pike, with a view to cut off its head. The sword hit the iron, and broke at the hilt, and at the next instant the Turk made another thrust. Nothing was left to the gallant Decatur, but his arm, with which he so far averted the blow, as to receive the pike only through the flesh of his breast. Pushing the iron from the wound, flesh and all, he sprang within the weapon, and grappled his antagonist. The pike fell between the two, and a short trial of strength succeeded, in which the Turk prevailed. As the combatants fell, however, Mr. Decatur so far released himself as to lie side by side with his foe on the deck. The Tripolitan now endeavored to reach his poniard, while his hand was firmly held by that of his enemy. At this critical instant, when life or death depended on a moment well employed, or a moment lost, Mr. Decatur drew a small pistol from the pocket of his vest, passed the arm that was free round the body of the Turk, pointed the muzzle in, and then fired. The ball passed entirely through the body of the Mussulman, and lodged in the clothes of his foe. At the same instant, Mr. Decatur felt the grasp that had almost smothered him relax, and he was liberated. He sprang up, and the Tripolitan lay dead at his feet. In such a melee, it cannot be supposed that the struggle of the two leaders would go unnoticed. An enemy raised his sabre to cleave the skull of Mr. Decatur, while he was occupied by his enemy, and a young man of the Enterprise's crew interposed an arm to save him. The blow was intercepted, but the limb was severed to a bit of skin. A fresh rush was now made upon the enemy, who was overcome without much further resistance In the meantime Mr. Trippe, in No. 6, the last of the three boats that was able to reach the weather division, was not idle. Reserving his fire, like the others, he delivered it with deadly effect, when closing, and went aboard of his enemy in the smoke. In this instance, the boats also separated by the shock of the collision, leaving Mr. Trippe, with Mr. J. D. Henley, and nine men only, on board the Tripolitan. Here, too, the commanders singled each other out, and a severe personal combat occurred, while the work of death was going on around them. The Turk was young, and of a large, athletic orm, and he soon compelled his slighter but more active foe to fight with caution. Advancing on Mr. Trippe, he would strike a blow, and receive a thrust in return. In this manner, he gave the American commander no less than eight sabre wounds in the head and two in the breast; when making a sudden rush, he struck a ninth blow on the head, which brought Mr. Trippe upon a knee. Rallying all his forces, in a desperate effort, the latter, who still retained the short pike with which he fought, made a thrust that passed the weapon through his gigantic adversary, and tumbled him on his back. As soon as the Tripolitan officer fell, the remainder of his people submitted. The boat taken by Mr. Trippe, was one of the largest belonging to the Bashaw. The number of her men is not positively known, but living and dead, thirty-six were found, of whom twenty-one were either killed or wounded. When it is recollected that but eleven Americans boarded her, the achievement must pass for one of the most gallant on record."

AMERICAN MECHANICS IN ENGLAND.

It is a curious fact that American mechanics excel all others in the manufacture of fire-arms, and are at the present time filling large contracts for parties in England representing the English government. Sharp's arms, particularly, are in high favor, both the carbine and the rifle being in large demand. They are claimed to combine simplicity of construction, rapidity of firing and extraordinary range, with perfect accuracy and unequalled safety. An order for 25,000 American rifles, with the Minnie sight and knob for the "lock bayonet," is in course of execution at the extensive works at Windsor, Vt., and is now probably nearly completed. Another order for 10,000 Sharp's rifles, also on account of parties in England, is in course of fulfilment at Colt's factory in Hartford. In order to avoid any collusion or mistake as to the construction of the arms, English gunners personally inspect and stamp them as completed. Sharp's arms are peculiarly well adapted for cavalry service. The remarkable success which has been gained in this country in the manufacture of fire-arms is further illustrated by the fact that machinery, to the value of $220,000, such as is used in some of the large American establishments in this department of mechanics, has been made at Windsor, Vt., and sent to England, and is now, probably, very nearly in readiness for operation. To insure its excellence, it was particularly directed that it must not only be made by Americans, but must be taken out and set up by Americans, and finally, Americans must be employed to control and superintend its operation. Accordingly, some of our most accomplished artisans are now employed in the English workshops. It was proved that the same arm, made in England, at a cost of $9, was made at the Springfield armory for only a trifle over $3. The success of American mechanics here noticed is a matter of congratulation.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*



FEMALE WORK ROOM.



NURSERY.



CELLS IN NEW WING.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AMBITION.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR.

I saw the eagle with undazzled eye
Gaze on the sun, as soaring through the sky
On mighty wing the kingly bird of Jove
To reach that burning beacon proudly strove;
I watched his lofty course, till from my sight
He vanished mid the blazing beams of light;
Still on he soared, though lost to human view,
While naught of fear his lordly bosom knew,
Till in the region of the thinner skies
More slowly now the airy monarch flies;
But in those realms through which no clouds may sail,
He sinks at last, and all his efforts fail—
And hurled from heaven upon the flinty rock,
His form lies mangled with the fearful shock.

I saw the lion in his lordly pride
The forest monarch, through its thickets stride—
His majesty of strength is aye revered,
By man admired, by brute creation feared.
But not content his kingly power should span
The lesser brutes, he turns his strength on man;
This vain ambition makes him darkly blind,
He dares to war upon the power of mind—
The lord of earth asserts his birthright here;
The lord of forests falls beneath his spear.
Ambition! thus thy course is ever run,
And like the eagle soaring to the sun,
Or the fierce lion in his brutal strength,
Man vainly strives, and thus he falls at length.

As on the coast, by wreckers' hands supplied,
The burning pile the mariner doth guide,
When mid the darkness and the storm he flies,
And o'er the waves with joy the beacon spies;
How bursts the truth in horror on his soul,
When drawing near his brightly blazing goal,
Amid the rocks he sees his vessel cast,
And every hope of life and safety past.
Thus, fatal passion, do you cast your spell,
More deadly far than wrecker's luring light,
O'er the mind's darkness—like a spirit fell
Onward you guide the soul to deeper night.
Ofttimes you choose earth's noblest and her best,
(More pleased to lead a lofty mind astray),
And bid them boldly seek thy doubtful guest;
With tempting bait you lure them on the way,
And pointing upward to the shining prize,
Bid their lost souls all obstacles despise.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CLEMENTINA THE ACTRESS.

BY WILLIAM D. OLIVER.

"FAREWELL, dearest Florence!" I exclaimed, passionately, as I pressed the lips of the being who alone of all the world was beloved by my youthful heart. "If I live and prosper, and can do aught that will exalt me in your thoughts, or bind me nearer to your love, I will return; if not, then farewell!"

She could not answer me; but as I turned to give her a parting look, I saw that in her eloquent eye, which told a deeper tale than a thousand words could have done. Sweet Florence! At this distance of time, I see it still! Again do I feel thy warm tears trickling over my hand, and see the speaking glance that entreated me to forbear those cruel words, "forever!"

I was twenty-one years old when this parting scene occurred. Florence was but sixteen. She was a very child in simplicity, in singleness of purpose, in straightforward, almost blunt truthfulness—but in strength of mind, in maturity of judgment, in real dignity, she was a woman.

The mother of Florence Hope had been dead two years; but even at the early age of fourteen, Florence had assumed the cares and responsibilities of a housekeeper to her father, and of a mother to the two younger children. Charlotte Hope was a wild, gay, wayward child, whom no one but Florence could manage. Louis was a fine, manly boy, eager to aid and assist his sister by everything in his power, and making everything smooth and light with his father, when he returned weary and listless from his counting-house duties. At his mother's death he was but ten years old, and Charlotte twelve. All the children were more than usually mature; and perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that their mother's long illness, and their father's strenuous devotion to business details, had laid upon them a more than ordinary share of care, at a season when children are usually unmindful of anything but pleasure. Charlotte managed to get along with less than her share, which, of course, only imposed upon Florence a little more than her own. When the time of my departure arrived, Charlotte was of course fourteen, and Louis twelve. I had been acquainted with the family from a child, and knew their whole life intimately.

I parted from Charlotte Hope as one parts from a gay, happy child, unconscious of any influence that she could ever have over my fortunes or life. On her part, she declared it would be her happiest day when I was gone—poor, dear Florence could have some rest when that teasing Aubrey St. John had once sailed for South America. She hoped his uncle would find business enough to employ him just nineteen years. He might come back in welcome the day he was forty—then she and Florence (*she* first!) would both be married to the most splendid men, to whom Aubrey St. John could not hold a candle—not he, indeed!

I had heard the silly little one talk away in this manner before, when it had only excited my laughter. This night my spirits were attuned to another key, and I had an indefinite sense of a real distress. She saw that it annoyed me, and kept on. I grew almost wicked towards her; but she suddenly changed her tone, and I saw tears come into her eyes. She did not know that I saw them, and presently she regained her usual lively, happy humor; and when I came out of the gate with Florence on my arm, for a last ramble in the woods at twilight, Charlotte was challenging Louis to get the little wherry out of the boat-house, and take her out on the pond to have a moonlight sail home.

The next day saw me on board ship, and sailing for South America, where Mr. Phillips, my mother's brother, had offered me a situation as confidential clerk in his mercantile house at Lima. I bore in my heart the image of Florence Hope; and near my heart I wore her pictured resemblance, painted by one of the first artists in the city. It was my study and my recreation during our tedious voyage. It never left me night nor day; and often in the deep watches of the night I lay gazing, by the faint starlight shining into my small window, upon the features that were so graven upon my soul, that I fancied I was looking at them by that pale light, when I was only remembering how they had looked by the more generous light of day. Sweet Florence! not even yet are those sweet lips faded upon the ivory, while thine!—but let me not anticipate.

For months—nay, even for two years—Florence and myself corresponded constantly. Not a mail went to America that did not bear from me the impassioned words that only lovers dare to use. Not one arrived in Lima that did not bring me the gentle love of Florence, embalmed in touching language—the accents of a sentiment unfelt by her for any human being save myself.

I had become acquainted with a set of young men in Lima, whose habits were social, and whose inclinations led them frequently to parties, and very often to the theatre. I was always urged to go with them; but feeling that it would separate me in some way from the idea of Florence, I refused always, and up to the fifth year of my stay, I had never once visited any place of public resort.

After that—whether that, as I grew older my sensibilities grew blunter, I did not stop to analyze—I began to take pleasure in going, and frequently staid out until a late hour at night. The gentle monitor that lay so near my heart would sometimes reproach me with its mild eyes, when I looked at it after returning home; but I was again and again entreated to go, and I as often consented, until at length, no night saw me anywhere except at a party or play. I was handsome then—reader, forgive the vanity which says it! You should see me now, and you would pardon the brief reference to that which comes back no more to human faces! I *was* handsome then—and no one marks a handsome man sooner than the loving and spirited women of Lima.

Released wholly from business after the noontide hour, I had leisure, after the invariable siesta, to ride, drive or walk with them. Horses, which in some countries would be of immense value, were here offered me to ride as a favor to the owner—often the owner being the lady who accompanied me. On one of these, richly caparisoned—for taste in Lima is gorgeous enough—I would spend hours by the side of some fair rider, equipped still more gaily, until night came down upon the orange groves, and I would almost forget Florence in the charm of the radiant being beside me, until the rare splendor of the Southern Cross would perhaps waken me to the remembrance that she might be walking alone by the cold, pale moonlight of our Northern home.

Then I would part from my charming companion at the door of her father's villa, and resolve never to wrong my own Florence again, by spending my hours with these beautiful girls;—never again to lie through the long twilight on the piazza, listening to their guitars or the witching melody of the songs which came from their lips in those thrilling Spanish words;—never again to admire the magnificent long black hair which they spend so much time in combing and arranging, nor the eyes that flash so gloriously upon our sight. No! henceforth Juliana D'Estrees nor Dolores de Montane should never again compete in my heart with the image of sweet Florence Hope. And as I uttered these words, I pressed the dear resemblance to my lips, wondering how I could ever have been drawn from her for a moment.

Strangely enough, I was forced year after year against my will to stay in South America. I longed to go home; to feel at rest once more; to build my cage for the sweet bird that I knew would fly to it with me—but Mr. Phillips ever interposed with his eternal—"Stay another year, Aubrey, and I will give you the business of the house at New York, and then your fortune is made forever."

I was sick at heart, and I felt that Florence was wearing away her young life for me. Sometimes I grew desperate, and said to myself, I would bear it no longer. I had now been at Lima a little more than nine years, and was consequently past thirty. I started one day, while looking at the miniature, to think that Florence herself was past twenty-five. "Does she look like this now?" I found myself asking—and I could *only* question; but lover-like, I did not fear the answer.

I had been terribly dull and *distrait* for some weeks, for my young companions had mentally consigned me to oblivion, because I would no longer join them in their favorite diversions. I was reading Don Quixote—caring as little for it as one would for a spelling-book—when young Jose de Lopez came in and challenged me for a walk.

Jose de Lopez was a much younger man than myself, but he was altogether a noble little fellow, and I liked him much. He was more generous and yielding in his conduct towards our countrymen, than any man I had known in Lima—very courteous in his manners, without that appearance of condescension which sometimes marks their intercourse with foreigners. After we got out, he begged me to go to the theatre. I demurred at first, but the boy—for he was scarce more than that—was so earnest, that I could not refuse him. I went. On our way he told me that a new star had appeared, who was winning great applause. She was very handsome and talented, and a spirited performer. He added that she went by the name of Signora Clementina—believed she was an Italian; he had not seen her, but Benito had, and pronounced her superb. "Benito" was his eldest brother, and his criterion.

This was all fustian to me, for, after five years' abstinence from theatrical performances, I felt that I could not get up much enthusiasm for any actress, however distinguished. I went merely to oblige my friend, and endorse, if I could, his brother's statement. She was deep in the first act of a fiery Spanish *romanza* when we entered. She was large, finely developed, with all the good points of a "taking" actress—commanding figure, voice, action and countenance, and with a singular *empressement* in her manner at every love passage that occurred in her part, as though it came home to her very soul. I looked once or twice at my friend. He was enjoying it as only very young play-goers ever do—eyes and ears were all fully occupied. I smiled at the enthusiasm I could not imitate—and yet there was something, I could not divine what, that singularly interested me in "La Clementina."

She brought home to my thoughts some person (I could not imagine *whom*), that I had known. The contour of her head and face—so superb in its repose, so bewildering in motion—all impressed me as something I had seen before. I watched her through the whole play—through the afterpiece, in which she only sang—and what singing! In that crowded, suffocating theatre, you might have heard the faintest flutter of a humming-bird's wing, so deep was the silence, so breathless the hush; and there—cool, quiet, unimpassioned, looking as if she was surrounded by icebergs, instead of excited, passionate Spaniards, men and women who delight only in deeply-laid and highly-wrought scenes—Clementina sang! She came forward in the same cool way, after being called for several times, bowed gracefully, placed her hand upon her heart, and in a moment was almost buried beneath the rich flowers that literally covered the stage.

Fool that I was!—in imitation of my younger and richer friend, I loaded the end of my rich bouquet with golden coins, and threw it, as I intended, directly at her feet. Those magnificent eyes of hers saw everything, knew every hand that thus sacrificed to her, and she marked my gift also. There was a shutting down quickly of the large white lids, and then a sudden flash, as if they knew a secret, and could keep it, too; and amidst the deafening applause, the loudly expressed resolves of the young men to harness themselves to her carriage, she disappeared. The disgraceful spectacle was not enacted—thanks to her good sense, and the commands of those in present authority at the theatre—otherwise, the youth of Lima would have inevitably made donkeys of themselves.

I sat in a stupor. The very roof seemed falling to crush me. In vain de Lopez and his brother tried to rouse me from my stunned state. I had seen Clementina's last parting glance at the audience. It had lingered latest upon my face, and—how could I think or believe it?—it shone from the eyes of Charlotte Hope! I was blind not to see it before. That haunting, mocking likeness to some one, that had baffled me so curiously all the evening! Should I recognize her, or wait until I could see her elsewhere!

I would not see her here—that was decided. I would not swell the crowd of fools that were ready to throw themselves beneath the carriage wheels of a new actress, and as ready to trample her in the dust when her short-lived popularity was over. I would wait. If it was indeed Charlotte Hope, she would see me *somewhere;* and my cool Northern blood came to my aid, and said, "whenever and wherever it suits *her*."

I was at the very head of our mercantile house now, for Mr. Phillips, old, sick and weary of business, had retired. I was, therefore, a rich and independent merchant—a merchant prince. I had been endeavoring to arrange matters so that I could take advantage of my new position to go home. Home! yes, where Florence was would ever be home to me. My object was to make as brief stay there as possible consistent with the arrangements of the marriage.

Our correspondence had not latterly progressed with the spirit with which it commenced. Something in the letters of Florence had struck me as sad and strange. It was my long absence I had thought; and I had tried to re-assure her in mine, and to soothe her anxious fears. I had written her of my new position, and that I would see her as soon as possible. Dear girl! I longed to look upon that sweet face again!

The next forenoon a handsome page brought me a note. It was gilded and perfumed with one of those rare scents that the Spanish ladies delight in. To this day, that odor sends me back to my couch faint, sick and quivering like a frightened girl. The note desired me to come to her at the Colombian, and following the page into her presence, I stood face to face with the actress of the previous night. She was a thousand times more self-possessed than I was. She took my hand, and began to talk volubly about the events of the last night; spoke of my costly gift, and of South American audiences, and such chit chat—while I was dying for news from Florence. When at length I questioned her, she answered that she had not seen her for a year!

"To tell you the plain truth, Aubrey," she said, "I do not much relish our plain, prosy old home. Do not look so shocked—it is not even what you left it. Louis is gone, and Florence—I wish you could see her! I saw a procession of nuns yesterday in the convent garden just below this window, and in one I traced a resemblance to poor dear Florence—so thin were her features, so sharp her nose and lips. Ah, you were a sad fellow, Aubrey, to let Florence fall into the sere and yellow leaf!"

I involuntarily drew the miniature from my bosom, and touched the spring. She leaned over to see it.

"Do you suppose that Florence looks like that *now*, Aubrey?"

"I do not suppose that the sweet expression of Florence has altered more than the lively one of her sister. Charlotte seems to retain her youthful look."

She made a mocking curtsy. The interview was growing painful to me. I could elicit nothing respecting Florence, except the badinage about her looks; and I did not relish that from the handsome and graceful—nay, the dashing and brilliant creature before me, whom I knew to be only two years the junior of Florence.

"Come again," she said, as I took up my gloves to go.

I almost decided not to go again, so painful was it to see her. I had not learned what she had been doing for the last year, but concluded that she had been studying her profession away from home. And my Florence was the sister of an actress! Hateful idea! And if I married Florence, and brought her hither, all Lima would know the fact.

I found myself strangely drawn towards the theatre on the nights when La Clementina was going to appear. I hid myself as much as possible from her view, but she knew well enough when I was there, and I could not resist the fascination of her presence and her acting.

Again I visited her—visited her after the play was over in her luxurious, nay, princely rooms. Benito de Lopez was there, too. The youth of Lima were chained—enslaved by the new actress. She turned from all to me, making me conspicuous in spite of myself. It was a distinction that wore two aspects, and one I did not like.

One day she told me that Florence was married. She had seen it, she said, in an American paper—which, however, she could not produce. There might be some color to this, for three mails had brought me no single line from Florence. Charlotte's preference of me became so marked, as to leave me the only alternatives of leaving her entirely or marrying her. The former she would not listen to for a moment; the latter she half suggested. I was goaded on by the thought of being given up so coolly by her sister; and perhaps by the attentions of Benito de Lopez to herself. I had resolved that he, at least, should not come between me and this radiant creature.

We were married, in short, publicly in the Church of San Juan, and all Lima was ringing with the news. As I opened my vest for air on the noon of the marriage day—for, truth to tell, I was half frantic with the stupendous falsehood I had committed towards my early love—the miniature, once so cherished, fell out, and the half unclosed spring invited another look. In those clear, truthful eyes, lighted by the very radiance of that beautiful faith which she had placed in me at the time when it was painted, I read my punishment. At that moment it came upon me, like the light of heaven, that Florence Hope was still true to me!

The glitter and gorgeousness of a wedding in Lima blinded me for a few days—nay, there were weeks in which revelry and show disputed my attention with the grief that was actually lying deep in my heart. My beautiful bride reproached me for my dulness; and once or twice laughingly remarked that she had better have taken de Lopez. The first time she said this, I was fierce and angry; but as she continued to annoy me with it, I grew provokingly cool and self-possessed. Once I agreed with her, that it was a pity she had not. She gave me the look of a beautiful tigress, but was soon subdued by the overmastering passion which she saw in my face, and which, in habitually mild persons like myself, is sometimes terrible.

We were constantly enacting these scenes; for, after the first glare and glitter of her beauty had ceased to interest me, she had not the intellect nor the soul to preserve my love. Her literature was merely that of the green-room and the stage. She could put on tragedy airs, and *mouth* her passionate speeches, learned by rote, and rehearsed for my benefit when she chose to get up a domestic romance. And it was for this false, heartless woman that I had bargained away the pure, and truthful, and patient affection of Florence Hope! O, wise Aubrey St. John! the verdancy of your youth was as nothing beside the deeper green of your advancing years!

Once, in a singularly soft mood, my tigress told me that she had loved me dearly when I left America; that she envied Florence even then; that she had often invented hints of my probable unfaithfulness, although she had not ventured upon an actual falsehood, in the rebuking consciousness of her sister's truthfulness. She demanded that I should give up wearing the miniature, but this I resisted. I told her that I needed the image of a saint upon my person, to protect me from the demon who was ever by my side. She actually laughed at the conceit, forgiving the application to herself, for the sake of the wit she believed to have found in it.

To get rid of time, I passed most of my days now in my counting-house. Our quarrels seemed to have all the more zest when we only saw each other at intervals. Meantime she was drawing attention to herself, by joining the numerous riding parties which are so frequent in Lima, and that, too, under the escort of Benito de Lopez. My friend Jose still remained true to me and my interests.

She had thus disposed of her time one day, while Lopez and myself were seated together in our usual corner, when a young man entered the counting-room, approached me and called me by name. It was not strange that I did not recognize him, for when I left America Louis Hope was a boy—and I was little prepared to see the fine, handsome and noble-looking man who now pressed my hand. It was with a joyful sadness that I welcomed him—and long before the party passed the windows on their return, he had told me every incident of Charlotte's wild career. I was dying to ask him of Florence, but I felt myself unworthy. He told me at length, that she, too, had been deceived some months before by Charlotte's written statement of my marriage with a Spanish lady, and, in consequence, had discontinued writing to me. Louis did not seem to blame me as I blamed myself.

"She has made us all unhappy," he said, mournfully. "My poor father is in a sad way, requiring all my sister's affectionate care to preserve his life. His peace has long since left him."

"Do you wish to see Charlotte?" I asked him.

"By no means. I came hither expressly to learn the right statement of what we had heard, and to enlighten you, if need be—and also to tell you of the lofty faith and noble reliance which Florence still holds in your love." I groaned aloud.

I found a pleasant home for Louis, begging him to stay with me awhile, unknown to Charlotte, and to watch our *domestic happiness*!—of which he saw, by my management, several rare specimens. One star only gleamed upon my pathway of ruined hopes. It was the birth of my little Isabella. I did not call her *ours*, for Charlotte had no maternal principle nor feeling; and I hastily carried out her wish that the child should be sent away to nurse. For once there was unity of purpose between us; for she was determined not to be sacrificed, as she called it, and I was equally determined that my child's temper should not be poisoned at the source of life. I visited it daily; she once a month, perhaps, to load its little neck and wrists with jewels, but never to caress it.

Louis remained several months. She passed and re-passed him in her rides, but his broad hat concealed his face. He predicted, and I believed, that she would some time lose her life in one of her reckless and daring feats of horsewomanship; but not so. It was evident, however, that she had some disease preying upon her. Her cough and hectic were frightful. I pitied her, even when the cough was brought on by her excitement in talking to me.

"Charlotte's troubled spirit is at rest," said Louis to me one evening as I entered the house. Latterly he had made himself known to her, and had never left her in my absence. As I had come up the garden walk, she had been seized more suddenly than usual, although she had been uncommonly passive and quiet through the day; and when he drew me to the room, she lay covered with blood from a ruptured blood-vessel. She had "died, and made no sign."

To say that I lamented Charlotte's death would be affectation, as well as falsehood. But death brings its solemn accessories, happen where it will; and the funeral of Clementina the actress was remembered long by the people of Lima, as well as that of the wife of the rich merchant, St. John.

Sick at heart, and shattered deeply in health by the events of the last year, I arranged my business, and with Louis, little Isabella and her nurse, and two other trusty servants, we set sail for the rocky cliffs of America. The voyage restored my health, but not my spirits; and even with the sweet presence of my beautiful child, whose looks recalled, not Charlotte's, but those of Florence, I could not raise myself to the desired tone. We arrived in June; and even the orange and myrtle groves we had left, seemed fainter in perfume than the roses of our dear native land. It was just the reception for my glorious Isabella, herself the sweetest flower of all.

I pass over the lauding—impatient now as then to come to the meeting with Florence. She was at the door, down the long gravel walk, outside the little gate, and pressed in the arms of Louis and myself, before we had time to think of the reception she would give me after all that had passed.

And why not? Was she not my own Florence?—betrothed to me in childhood, and only separated from me by falsehood and wrong, and not by any real fault of either! And would not little Isabella always believe that she was her own dear mother? And to this day little *Hope* St. John—for so we baptized *our* first born—does not dream that Isabella is not her own dear, beautiful sister.

Months of anxiety had faded the roses on the cheek of Florence, and paled the light in those sweet eyes; but they are not less dear to me than when at midnight's starry hours I tried to trace their serene depths, as I lay in the little cabin of the good ship Susquehanna.

PARIS BY NIGHT.

"The day for work, and the night for pleasure," is the motto and practice of the Parisians. During working hours but a few people are to be seen on the promenades, and in the public gardens, except strangers and visitors; the coffee rooms are vacant, and the large number of chairs and small tables with which they abound are piled up on the sidewalks in front, and the waiters are lounging listlessly around. But as evening approaches, the busy scene begins, and by 9 o'clock in the evening, Paris seems a perfect beehive. All the public houses are crowded, the coffee rooms and the sidewalks of whole streets occupied by persons taking their coffee and their roll. And this bustle is kept up until midnight, when all the omnibuses in the city cease to run; by half an hour after midnight the city becomes quiet, and for three or four hours the stillness is only broken by the occasional sound of carriage wheels. If persons are wandering out after this time, they are obliged to give a satisfactory account of themselves to the police, who are always on the alert. Notwithstanding all the vice and wickedness which is to be found here, as in all other large cities, the police arrangements are admirable, and life and property are safe.—*Christian Witness.*

A GOOD WIFE.

In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife:—"My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. *She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth.* And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect." How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary and the gallows every year, had he been blessed with such a wife. "She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different was the testimony of an old man a few years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs' yard, in New York. "I didn't intend to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "Which am I?"—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CHEERFULNESS.

There are some persons who are constantly making themselves unhappy, and without reason. They see nothing but the dark side of life, and close their eyes and their hearts to the bright. They get up in the morning out of humor, not only with themselves, but with all mankind; and wherever they appear or in whatever circle they have power and influence, they cast discouragement and repulse. They pore at themselves in the mirror of [illegible] ounce, foolish fears, and vague apprehensions, and even if prosperous for the present, they predict some sad calamity in the future, and thus prove themselves [illegible] insensible to the blessings of Providence. It is not only to distress themselves, but to annoy and depress others. They are in the moral world, what [illegible] They cast a gloom over everything for the moment, and seem to drive away the sunny influences which are so well calculated to brighten the pathway of life. In what happy contrast is the cheerful spirit—the individual whose heart is full of kindness and generosity, who is ever ready to say a good word, or do a benevolent act, and whose daily life may be likened to a constant beam of sunshine! He may be disturbed and depressed for the moment, but it will only be for the moment. A cloud may pass over his brow, and silence may check his lips, but his natural buoyancy will soon restore the ascendant, and the joyous laugh and cheerful smile will soon be heard and seen again. If he cannot say anything kindly or complimentary, he has the good sense and manly feeling to keep his peace. If he cannot praise, he will not blame. Scandal has no charms for him, and ridicule is utterly foreign to his disposition. He constantly tries to give tone and encourage, to cheer the despondent and unfortunate, to assist and relieve to the extent of his ability. The head of a household, or the master-spirit of an extensive establishment, possessing to a considerable extent, the means of making or marring the comfort and happiness of all who look up to, depend upon, or feel the exercise of his influence. Imagine a peevish, fretful and discontented individual under these circumstances! His appearance creates a shudder, for he is certain to say something harsh, cold, or uncivil, and thus to irritate feelings, trample upon sensibilities, or stimulate prejudices and passions. He is miserable himself, and, according to the old adage, misery loves company. He moves about like a troubled spirit, and instead of a smile, a cheering word and an encouraging look, a frown, a rebuke or a grumble are certain to characterize his progress. How much better the gentler, the milder, the more generous policy! How beautiful are cheerfulness, benevolence and appreciation under these circumstances! In the one case, the heart shrinks back, the feelings revolt, and the sympathies turn away; while in the other, the cheek glows with pleasure, the fountains of emotion are filled to overflowing, and a cordial welcome and an involuntary blessing are sure to attend, like invisible angels, the coming and the presence of the cheerful, the kind-hearted, the appreciating and the good.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HOUSE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

The house where Michael Angelo resided is still occupied by one of the descendants of the great artist, and opened once a week to visitors. The arrangement of the rooms, the furniture and ornaments, and everything, remains much the same as it was three hundred years ago. The visitor is conducted to the cabinet, and is shown the table upon which he did his correspondence, and the inkstand and writing implements which he used. He is led to the little oratory, with its crucifix and picture of the virgin, where the poet-painter prayed. He sees his sword and cane, vessels in which he kept his paints, bottles for oil, and many other valued memorials. Each appointment and ornament is such as might be designed or ordered by an artist of perfect skill and taste. Everything is upon a scale of liberality and elegance. Rich and quaint oak carvings, marbles and gilded ornaments are displayed in the different apartments. The walls and ceiling of the principal room are decorated with about twenty large pictures in panels, painted by the hands of his pupils and brother artists. One of the rooms is filled with portraits of different members of the Buonarotti family.—*Florence Correspondent of the Providence Journal.*

BEARDS.

During hundreds of years it was the custom in England to wear beards. It became, in course of time, one of our insularities to shave close, whereas in almost all the other countries of Europe more or less of moustache and beard was habitually worn. It came to be established in this speck of an island, as an insularity from which there was no appeal, that an Englishman, whether he liked it or not, must hew, hack and rasp his chin and upper lip daily. The inconvenience of this infallible test of British respectability was so widely felt, that fortunes were made by razors, razor strops, hones, pastes, shaving soaps, emollients for the soothing of the tortured skin, all sorts of contrivances to lessen the misery of the shaving process, and diminish the amount of time it occupied. This particular insularity even went miles further on the broad highway of nonsense than other insularities; for it not only tabooed unshorn civilians, but claimed for one particular and very limited military class the sole right to dispense with razors as to their upper lips.—*Household Words.*

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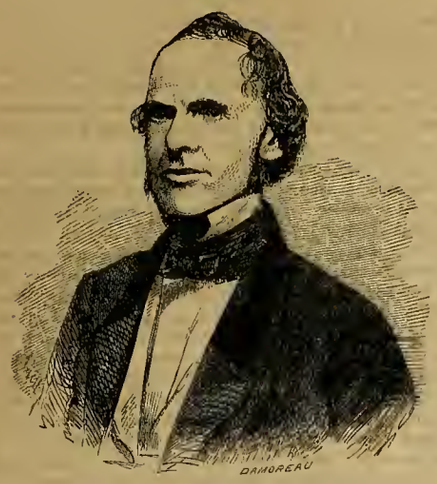
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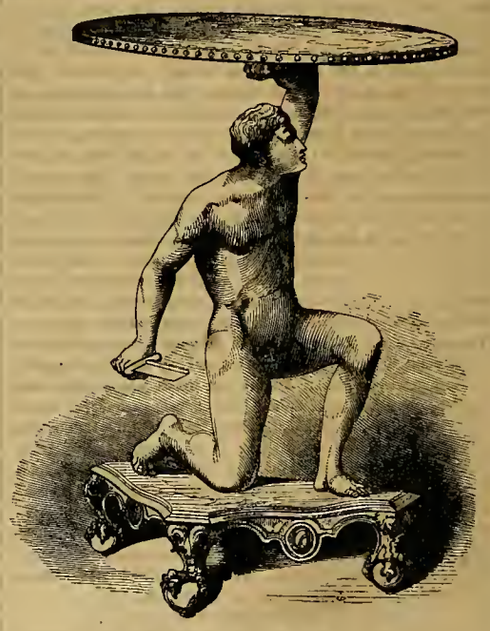
ALBERT W. LADD.

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Herewith we present our readers with an excellent likeness of Mr. Albert W. Ladd, of the firm of Albert W. Ladd & Co., pianoforte manufacturers of this city. The circumstance of a piano from his house having received a first class medal at the great Paris exhibition, as the best square pianoforte exhibited, and the recent admission of Mr. Ladd as a brother member of the Grand Imperial Society of Piano Makers of Paris, adding an honorably won European to an honorably won American reputation, has naturally stimulated public curiosity, and all classes are anxious to learn something respecting the Boston mechanic who has risen to such eminence. To gratify this very laudable curiosity, and also to hold up to the young and struggling an honorable example of tireless industry and energy finally attaining the meed of success, we have thrown together the principal incidents in his career. Albert W. Ladd was born at Loudon, N. H., April 2, 1816, and is consequently but forty years of age. His father, Gideon Ladd, was an industrious and ingenious mechanic, but with no worldly fortune to bestow on his sons. He gave them, however, a good moral training and the best education his circumstances would afford. At the age of seventeen the subject of our sketch left home for the purpose of learning a trade with a relative in Raymond, about thirty miles distant. The journey was performed on foot, the young adventurer starting with all his worldly goods in a pack at his back, as many a successful adventurer of the old Granite State has done before him. He reached his new home by night-fall, and was greeted with a warm welcome. The assiduity and intelligence he manifested led to happy auguries for his future success. At the age of twenty he commenced business for himself in a neighboring town. But feeling the necessity of a more thorough education than he possessed, he determined to pursue a course of study at Gilmanton Academy, then and now an institution of high repute. No student makes more rapid progress than the mature man, who has had some experience of the world, who knows what branches are required by his position, and who voluntarily devotes himself to mental culture. The spur of necessity stimulates his energies to the utmost. This was the case with Mr. Ladd, and after completing the course of studies he had marked out for himself, he felt emboldened to seek a broader and higher field for the exercise of his abilities. Accordingly in the autumn of 1838 he came to this city, and immediately looked about for employment suited to his capacity and his ambition. The pianoforte business then being in its infancy, he determined to embark in it, and found no difficulty in obtaining employment in one of the oldest and most respectable establishments, in which he had a fair opportunity of manifesting his ability. His talent was recognized and appreciated, and in a short time he was entrusted with the more responsible and delicate departments of the business. He designed and wrought out many improvements in pianofortes, which were received with general favor. He was offered a partnership in the firm that employed him, but an honorable ambition urged him to achieve a reputation under his own name, and he boldly resolved to risk his all in founding a new house and raising it to distinction. Just ten years (in 1848) after he arrived in Boston, he commenced his enterprise with the limited capital furnished by the savings of years of honorable toil. But his genius, industry and manual dexterity supplied the want of funds. Having effected an arrangement with Chief Justice Shaw, by which a large and noble granite building on Washington Street was erected for his manufactory and sales-room, under the superintendence of Jonathan Preston, Esq., the architect, Mr. Ladd went to work with resolute will. His talent and perseverance were crowned with success, and his business has increased so rapidly that successive enlargements and additions to his premises have been necessary, until his establishment is now one of the largest in the great metropolis of New England. Besides this establishment, which is one of the most attractive architectural ornaments of Washington Street, Ladd & Co. have three other manufactories, in which different parts of their instruments are prepared, for the reception of the finer work and finish of the central house. Mr. Ladd is fortunate in his partner—Mr. W. K. Batchelder, a gentleman of varied accomplishments, agreeable manners and great energy. Mr. B. has travelled extensively in Europe, and profited by his intelligent observation of the mechanic arts in the old world. He had been connected with the establishment since 1853, and was admitted partner January, 1856. It will be thus seen that the subject of our sketch occupies a high vantage ground, and at a period of life which promises a long career of usefulness, commands every element of success in his business. We accordingly find that the instruments which he produces are eagerly sought after, not only in New England but in the South and West. For power, purity and beauty of tone the pianos that bear his name are unsurpassed, while as specimens of scientific combination and mechanical skill they are unsurpassed. No imperfect instrument ever leaves the establishment—none that do not completely satisfy the fastidious requirements of the cultivated eye and ear of Mr. Ladd. We were acquainted with the merit of his work long before the jury of the exhibition at Paris, the fountain head of fashion and taste, had stamped it with their approving fiat. The house of A. W. Ladd & Co. was the only Boston one to which a prize medal was awarded for excellence at the New York World's Fair in 1853. This notice would be incomplete, were we not to allude to the fact that Ladd & Co. have commenced the manufacture of grand pianos, until very recently, with the exception of a single Boston house, a speciality of the London and Paris makers. We had the pleasure of examining the first of grand pianos manufactured by A. W. Ladd & Co., and were delighted with the absolute perfection of the instrument. It was remarkable for the ease and elasticity of the action and touch—points of the most difficult achievement. Among the numerous improvements made by Messrs. Ladd & Co., in their instruments, is the perfection of their grand diagonal scale, which is constructed on an entirely new principle, the base strings being elevated above the others, and running diagonally over the sounding-board, the length of string increasing the volume and purity of tone, thus giving to the smaller instruments the peculiar qualities of the grand piano. We record the success of Mr. Ladd and his house with great pleasure, for it is a success honorably achieved, and based upon individual ability and energy, coupled with integrity and honorable dealing. A fortune and a fame acquired by such means command universal respect and esteem.

GLADIATORIAL TABLE.

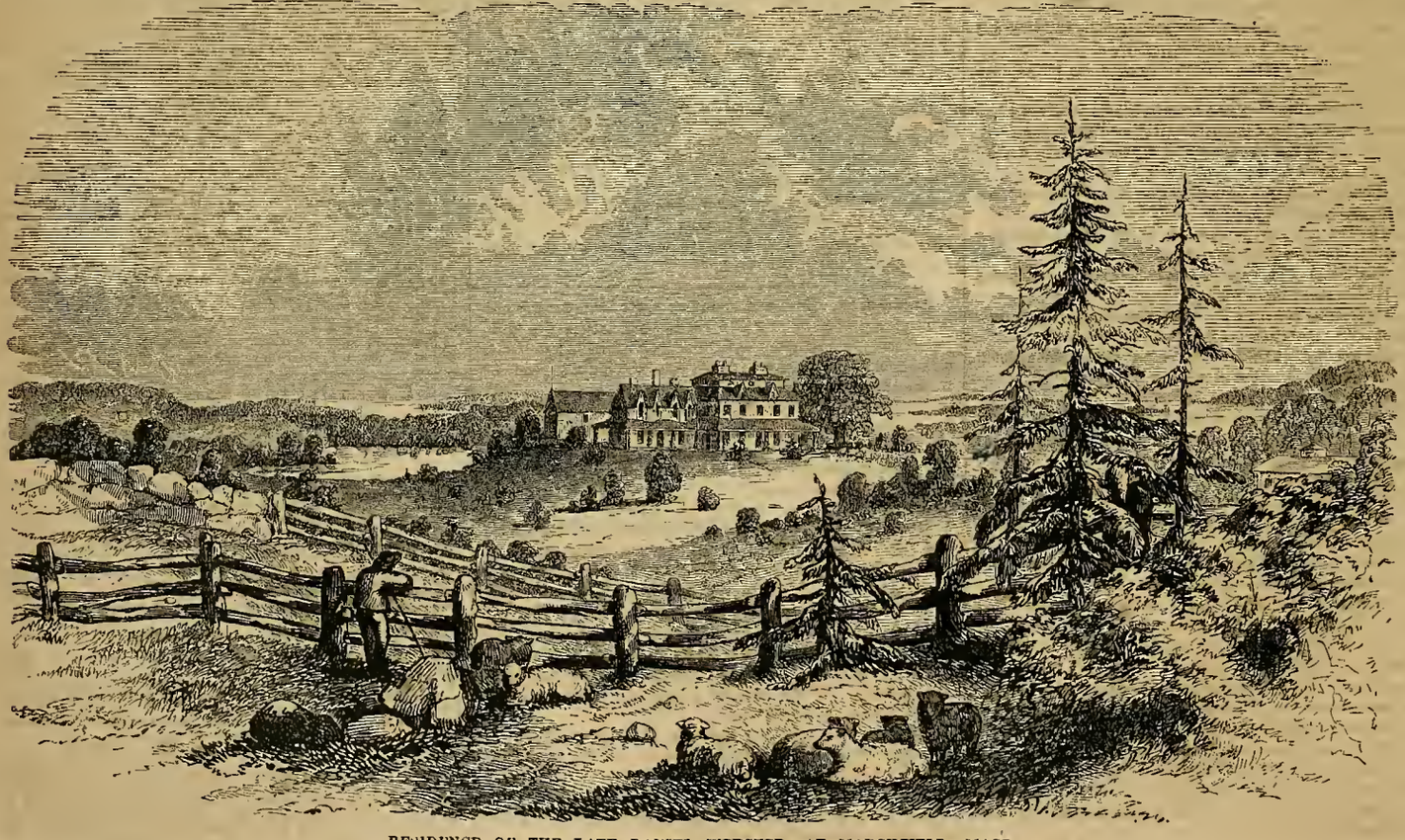
The accompanying engraving represents a very ingenious and novel piece of furniture, in which a fine work of sculpture in the antique style is made to serve the purpose of a table. It was designed by Mr. J. Fletcher. The "full-orbed shield" of the kneeling gladiator forms the table. The figure is perfectly well poised and balanced, and the stand upon which it rests is furnished with castors. The introduction of sculpture in various forms into our drawing-rooms is a revival of the ancient classic taste, and the extent to which it is carried evinces a very general culture. Beautifully carved book-cases and buffets are now very common in our fashionable houses. Not many years since all such articles were imported from abroad, but now, in all our great cities there are manufacturers of these articles, and our American forests furnish an inexhaustible supply of material for them.



GLADIATORIAL TABLE.

WEBSTER'S MANSION AT MARSHFIELD.

We present below an interesting and accurate view of the house and a portion of the estate of the late Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, Mass. Here he indulged to the full those agricultural tastes for which he was so noted, bringing his teeming acres up to that point of culture which stamped him emphatically as a model farmer. Mr. Webster, while yet a young man, evinced a great predilection for the town of Marshfield, and years before he possessed any property there was in the habit of spending a portion of every summer there, enjoying those invigorating field sports to which he was so much attached. The retirement of the place, the abundance of game in the marshes, and fish in the waters, and the salubrity of the climate, induced him finally to pitch his tent there. Some of the happiest moments of his life were passed on his Marshfield farm, and there he finally received the summons of the death-angel.



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE DANIEL WEBSTER, AT MARSHFIELD, MASS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CROTON WATER-WORKS, NEW YORK.

No one who has traced the whole course of the Croton aqueduct, measured the gigantic structures rendered necessary by its direction, and studied the practical operation of these works will hesitate about ranking them among the wonders of the world. And this merit is cheerfully conceded even by foreigners familiar with great engineering operations abroad. The most gigantic labor of this structure is the bridge over the Harlem River, which brings the water in York Island. To cross the river and valley, whose breadth is one mile, fourteen arches were erected. This modern bridge, conceived and executed with admirable boldness, was designed not to interrupt the navigation of the vessels which plough the Harlem River. It was necessary, therefore, to raise pillars which should be 150 feet above the highest tides, so as to allow the tallest masts to pass under the bridge. This gigantic work cost more than $600,000. The aqueduct is composed of enormous cast iron tunnels, which receive the waters of the canal, and are protected against heat and cold by means of a covering four feet thick. In the middle of the river, to show to what height the water may be directed, another conduit is established which ends in a jet two feet and a half in circumference, from which issues a mass of water that readily rises a hundred and eighty feet. This colossal mass is set in motion on great occasions, when the municipality of the city of New York receives some distinguished person and wishes him to admire the works which reflect such renown upon the Empire State. This immense aqueduct, undertaken in 1837, was completed in June, 1842. On the 15th of that month, the engineers partially opened the Croton dams, and, to make sure if the work was in a state to receive the waters immediately, they ventured in the middle of the subterranean tunnel and allowed themselves to be thus floated from the source to King's Bridge. When the aqueduct was filled, which was done with prudent slowness, a free course was given to the water, and the national holiday, the 4th of July, 1842, was selected for the entrance of the precious liquid into the city of New York.

A DEFINITION.—Dr. Currie (hot by name and hot by nature), when teazed by a frivolous Blue to tell her the precise meaning of the word idea, about which she said she had been reading in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it, at last angrily exclaimed: "Idea, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a female fool!"

REBUILDING.—Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, the home of the Percys, and the theme of one of Halleck's best poems, is being rebuilt in a true mediæval style. It must gladden the shades of Harry Hotspur and his Kate.

SPLINTERS.

.... Full accounts from the Molucca Islands state that 2800 lives were lost by the recent earthquake.

.... To General Williams, the heroic defender of Kars, the city of London has given a sword worth 100 guineas.

.... Lady Byron, the wife of the great poet, is still alive and hearty. She is living in London now.

.... An authentic portrait of John Hampden, the gift of John McGregor, Esq., is to be placed in the White House.

A splendid Brazilian war steamer, building in England, is to mount 68 and 32 pound guns. She is named Peiraquassa.

.... The city of Washington was this year unusually healthy throughout the whole of the "heated term."

.... A cask closely packed with the fat of the whale will not contain the oil extracted from it.

.... The city of Jackson, Miss., is to be lighted with gas. There will soon be gas throughout the continent.

.... Nine-tenths of the olive oil in this country is manufactured in France from American lard oil.

.... The annual fair of the Michigan State Agricultural Society commences at Detroit on the 30th inst.

.... An artist in Louisville lately received half a million of dollars by the death of a California uncle.

.... Ex-President Roberts, of Liberia, has been elected President of the Liberia College, soon to be built.

.... We are afraid that Great Britain and France will do nothing for Italy, except sympathize.

.... At Buffalo, the neatest writing-books at the public schools are handsomely bound at the close of the year.

.... The Chinese sugar cane, it is thought, may be profitably cultivated throughout the United States.

.... Every so-called "gentleman" in St. Petersburg has to pay 40 roubles tax for six months residence.

.... It is stated that the Danish Sound dues have been mortgaged by Denmark to a London banking house.

.... Miss Nightingale has been elected an honorary life governor of the Royal Free Hospital, London.

.... A young girl in Philadelphia committed suicide because her mother refused her a new bonnet. Quite Parisian!

.... Some years ago, two divers employed on the wreck of the Royal George had a pitched battle under water.

.... Coating sheet-iron with varnish to protect it from atmospheric influence, is an English discovery.

.... The idle are a heavy tax on the industrious when they rob them of time by frivolous visits.

COMBATS ON THE OCEAN.

Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for the supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur. The swordfish go in schools like whales, and the attacks are often regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The swordfish always endeavors to take the whale in flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the cuirass—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blows.

The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of its adversary, the whale is lost, receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and finishes him with a single blow. But if the active swordfish avoids the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in his turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes on every side, kills him, and flies to other victories.

Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it; it dies then like Maccabæus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally, the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

Now let the reader imagine himself upon a foaming sea, reddened with the blood of victors and vanquished—two troops of these animals determined to slay each other; let him try to comprehend this indescribable tumult, this agitation, these furious blowings, these terrible shocks, these savage bellowings, these fierce bounds, this liquid arena which shudders and moans, this tempest produced by a truly terrible struggle; let him look afterwards on the bloody lists, yet boiling and rolling the immense motionless carcasses, and he will be able to conceive its profound horror.

The heroic combats of the swordfish with the whales would assuredly furnish matter for a strange poem, in which the grand would contend with the eccentric. The sea of blood, loaded with monstrous bodies devoid of life, and slain upon each other, would be a picture worthy of inspiring a rival of the singer of the Batrachomyomachia. If the divine Homer did not hesitate to celebrate the wars of rats and frogs, why should not one of the sons of Apollo accost the recital of the exploits of the swordfish, and the formidable resistance of the giant of the waters?

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

It was not a very filial, though it may have been a truthful remark made by young Dumas, respecting his father, viz., that Dumas was so vain, that he was capable of riding behind his own carriage, to make people think he kept a negro.

But we heard a very good anecdote of the elder Dumas the other day. He ordered his servant to furnish some wine, and when the latter told him that the dealer always exacted pay in advance, gave the lackey twenty-five francs to settle for it. In a day or two he found out that the servant had cheated him, by selling him wine that he had stolen out of his (Dumas's) cellar. The author sent for the offender.

"You villain!" said he, "I had made up my mind to dismiss you, but you are so clever, that I can't afford to lose you. Only take care in future, and when you sell me my own wine, remember I expect you'll give me credit."

HARRINGTON, THE VENTRILOQUIST.—We learn that this gentleman has left for an extensive professional tour in the West, commencing his performances in Chicago. Our Western friends have a great treat in store for them. Mr. H. is a really wonderful ventriloquist, while his feats of legerdemain are unsurpassed. Above all he is a whole-souled, true-hearted gentleman, and possesses a fund of humor without a particle of vulgarity, and is thus enabled to attract and enchain audiences of the highest refinement. We cordially wish him in his present trip, what he never fails to command, complete success.

ROSES.—Montaigne says that roses flourish best when planted near beds of garlic and onions. Delightful association! And think of the mingled odors of the queen of flowers and those odious vegetables. Decidedly, we should prefer our roses without the onions—"plain, without," by all means.

ENOUGH TO LIVE ON.—The Bishop of London retires on an annual income of $50,000. An old half-pay officer, on hearing of this, exclaimed: "Dash my wig! it pays better to serve in the church militant than in the line!"

UNION.—Boston and Nantucket are now united by the submarine cable, and are in direct communication.

IRON ROAD.—The rails for the Metropolitan Railroad, in this city, are manufactured at South Boston.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Now that the great war between Russia and the western powers is concluded, we are beginning to search extremer fields for exciting news, and to inquire into the progress of that formidable rebellion initiated years ago against the imperial throne of China. Imperfect as our advices are, it is still certain that the revolutionists are making progress, and that they fight with a valor which the imperial troops never displayed.

Although the Chinese have known for many centuries the use of gunpowder to launch projectiles, they have always been very unskilful in artillery, and were themselves so well convinced of it, that, in a difficult crisis at the commencement of the 17th century, the emperor accepted the services of some Portuguese gunners from Macao, to defend himself against the Tartars. The war with England proved the almost complete state of ignorance in which the Chinese have remained, as regards the use of cannon and the defence of places. Discipline is a thing totally unknown in the armies of the celestial empire. Each soldier keeps near his banner, but without observing any order or keeping rank. The English observed that the mandarins advanced on horseback to fight, but when the engagement had commenced, they dismounted, either to be nearer to their men to encourage them or to avoid the enemy's shots. Honorable exceptions were quoted, and some mandarins displayed during the war a certain bravery.

It must be remarked also, that the heaviest responsibility rests upon the heads of commanding officers, and that the emperor does not admit that Chinese troops can be vanquished by outside barbarians. This explains the pompous bulletins of victories sent to the court and circulated among the people even after the bloodiest defeats. According to the reports of Chinese generals, the English were constantly repulsed and cut to pieces. The following fact will serve to give an idea of the military customs of the celestial empire. When the English fleet went up to Canton, a few vessels were ordered to take a fort which seemed to be defended by a large garrison and a formidable line of battery. Before commencing the fire, the English captain sent a flag to summon the fort to surrender. The mandarin came on board and promised to obey; but, in order to cover up his responsibility, asked permission to exchange a few blank cannon-shot, after which he would retreat. The captain, without positively lending himself to this innocent trickery, signified that if within a certain time the fort were not evacuated, he would commence the attack. The mandarin returned to camp, and for an hour burned his powder and made more noise than a whole army. After this magnificent display of fireworks, he gallantly abandoned his position and retired with all the honors of war. No doubt this courageous mandarin received a brilliant recompense, and if we relied on the imperial bulletins of the present war, should suppose the throne impregnable.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Miner, Horace Bickford, Esq. to Miss Margaret A. Smith, both of Newburyport; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Daniel P. Holmes to Miss Jerusha Morse; by Rev. Mr. Lovell, Mr. H. Richard Curtis to Miss Melinda Forbes; by Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. Johan Huber to Miss Jane Watson.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. James D. Osborn to Miss Jennie D. Perkins.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. John F. Ware, Mr. Stephen W. Trowbridge, of Newton, to Miss Mary R. Baird.—At Somerville, Mr. Charles W. Walker, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maria Sawtell, of Charlestown.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. John Parton to Miss Lucinda Gott.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. John D. Chapple to Miss Mary Ann Stanton.—At Andover, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rev. Samuel C. Dean to Miss Augusta Elizabeth Abbott.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Damon, Mr. Thomas T. Salter to Miss Sarah Turner.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Pollard, Mr. Alfred Sharp to Miss Ellen E. Dean.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Tillotson, Mr. Cyrus Arnold to Miss Mary Louise Partridge.—At Bradford, by Rev. Mr. M'Cullum, Mr. William Hilton to Miss Ann Maria Mitchell.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Orrell, Mr. Francis H. Ellis, of Dartmouth, to Miss Harriet Hill, of Taunton.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Brouson, Mr. James A. Boynton to Miss Judith A. Freelove.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Louisa Matilda Morgan, 45; Mr. John Taylor, 30; Widow Elsie Hammett, formerly of Elliot, 76; Widow Susan Howley, 74; Mrs. Lucy A. Berry, 44; Capt. Elijah Doe; Mr. John G. Nixon, 33; Miss Sarah E. L. Ball, 17; Widow Emeline P. Mason, 58.—At Charlestown, Mr. William Chalk, 55.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Susan Scott, 57.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Henry Kinsley, 96.—At Cambridge, Mr. Jonathan Cooper Prentiss, 73.—At Medford, Mrs. Millie C. Pierpont, 34.—At Danvers, Mr. Samuel Putnam, 73.—At Quincy, Mr. Stephen F. Child, 32.—At Salem, Mrs. Hannah B. Hodges, 78; Miss Sarah Ward Peterson, 20; Mrs. Amy Matilda Remond, 47; Mrs. Sarah Currier, 88.—At Wayland, Mr. Dana B. Moore, 36.—At Newburyport, Widow Hannah Woodbury, 78; Mrs. Mary Adalaide Wilson, 18; Mrs Mary Page, 79.—At Walpole, Widow Susan Hartshorn, 59.—At New Bedford, Mr. William Milan, 44.—At Leicester, Mary, widow of the late Dea. David Parker, 87.—At Hyannis, Mrs. Cora Johnson, 34.—At Nantucket, Mr. David Cathcart, 52.—At Cohuit, Mrs. Betsey Lovell, 67.—At Springfield, Mr. Rowland Stebbins, 71.—At Wendell, Mr. William Fleming, 74.—At Northfield, Mr. Isaac Mattoon, 91.—At Conway, Mr. Medad Crittenden, 92.—At Shuderland Mrs. Sarah Montague, 93.—At Warren, R. I., Col. Seth Peck, 86.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KILBUCK'S LAST PRAYER.

BY JAMES J. SWEENY.

'Twas night, for evening's solemn shades had closed
Within the vale where Kilbuck's band reposed;
A weary chase they held the live-long day,
From early dawn till Sol's departing ray
Had faded in the gloom of cheerless night,
Nor left a single ray of heaven-born light
To guide man's trembling steps from danger free,
Or joyful tell of life's eternity.
Exhausted had the wearied Indian brave
Sank to his rest, lulled by the restless wave,
Which in the pale moonlight with glittering crest
Shone o'er the Alleghany's placid breast.
But mid the wearied throng of Kilbuck's band
Was one on whom fate laid a heavy hand,
Had poisoned every spring within his heart,
And ever pricked him with a vengeful dart,
Which pierced his trembling flesh with envious pain,
And gave each action of his life its bane;
No longer could he bear the weight of woe,
Which in a flooded stream ne'er ceased to flow;
Worn out at length by trouble, toil and care,
He looked to Heaven for aid, and this his prayer:

"Great Manitou, thy servant hear,
And to his prayer lend gracious ear.
'Tis now fourscore of springs and more
Since first I heard the cascade roar,
The song of birds, the sighing breeze,
The rustling branches of the trees,
Beheld the sun with glorious light
Dispel the paling shades of night,
Or saw the stars begem the skies;
Or Luna from her day-couch rise;
Since then much trouble have I known;
I have through youth to dotage grown.
For eighty years I've snuffed perfume,
In spring-time when the bright flowers bloom,
Have felt the winter's fiercest cold,
Have borne me in the battle bold,
Struck down my foe as warriors do,
Who ever have their God in view;
I've listened to the warrior's tale,
Have musing trod the silent vale,
Have looked from nature up to God,
And loved the ground on which I trod,
And never in these woods among
Gave countenance to dastard wrong.
And yet borne down with weight of years,
My bosom racked with childish fears,
My palsied hands with powerless grasp
Can scarce the bow and arrow clasp—
Which gains amid this solitude
The warrior's fame and daily food.
O Manitou, thy servant hear,
And list his prayer with gracious ear."

So singing, sat the warrior down awhile,
And gracious Heaven put on a pitying smile,
For soon she clasps the pale moon's purest ray,
And bore brave Kilbuck's noble soul away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FALSE RHYME.

BY E. S. SMITH.

On a fine July day, the fair Margaret, queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her royal brother, had arranged a rural feast for the morning following, which Francis declined attending. He was melancholy, and the cause was said to be some lover's quarrel with a favorite dame. The morrow came, and dark rain and murky clouds destroyed at once the schemes of the courtly throng. Margaret was angry, and she grew weary; her only hope for amusement was in Francis, and he had shut himself up—an excellent reason why she should the more desire to see him.

She entered his apartment. He was standing at the casement, against which the noisy shower beat, writing with a diamond on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole companions. As Queen Margaret entered, he hastily let down the silken curtain before the window, and looked a little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said the queen, "which crimsons your cheek? I must see the same."

"It is treason," replied the king, "and therefore, sweet sister, thou mayest not see it."

This the more excited Margaret's curiosity, and a playful contest ensued. Francis at last yielded. He threw himself on a huge, high-backed settee; and as the lady drew back the curtain with an arch smile, he grew grave and sentimental, as he reflected on the cause which had inspired his libel against all womankind.

"What have we here?" cried Margaret. "Nay—this *is* treason:

"'Sourent femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie!'

Very little change would greatly amend your couplet. Would it not run better thus:

"'Sourent hemme varie,
Bien folle qui s'y fie!'

I could tell you twenty stories of man's inconstancy."

"I will be content with true tale of woman's fidelity," said Francis, drily; "but do not provoke me. I would fain be at peace with the soft mutabilities, for thy dear sake."

"I defy your grace," replied Margaret, rashly, "to instance the falsehood of one noble and well reputed dame."

"Not even Emilie de Lagny?" asked the king.

This was a sore subject for the queen. Emilie had been brought up in her own household, the most beautiful and the most virtuous of her maids of honor. She had long loved the Sire de Lagny, and their nuptials were celebrated with rejoicings little ominous of the result. De Lagny was accused but a year afterward of traitorously yielding to the emperor a fortress under his command, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. For some time Emilie seemed inconsolable, often visiting the miserable dungeon of her husband, and suffering on her return, from witnessing his wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief as threatened her life. Suddenly, in the midst of her sorrow, she disappeared, and inquiry only revealed the disgraceful fact that she had escaped from France, bearing her jewels with her, and accompanied by her page, Robinet Leroux. It was whispered that, during the journey, the lady and stripling often occupied one chamber; and Margaret, enraged at these discoveries, commanded that no further quest should be made for her lost favorite.

Taunted now by her brother, she defended Emilie, declaring that she believed her to be guiltless, even going so far as to boast that within a month she would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said Francis, laughing.

"Let us make a bet," cried Margaret. "If I lose, I will bear this vile rhyme of thine as a motto to my shame to my grave; if I win—"

"I will break my window and grant thee whatever thou askest."

The result of this bet was long sung by troubadour and minstrel. The queen employed a hundred emissaries, published rewards for any intelligence of Emilie—all in vain. The month was expiring, and Margaret would have given many bright jewels to redeem her word.

On the eve of the fatal day, the jailor of the prison in which the Sire de Lagny was confined, sought an audience of the queen. He brought her a message from the knight to say that if the Lady Margaret would ask his pardon as her boon, and obtain from her royal brother that he might be brought before him, her bet was won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and readily made the desired promise. Francis was unwilling to see his false servant, but he was in high good humor, for a cavalier had that morning brought intelligence of a victory over the imperialists. The messenger himself was lauded in the despatches as the most fearless and bravest knight in France. The king loaded him with presents, only regretting that a vow prevented the soldier from raising his vizor or declaring his name.

The same evening, as the setting sun shone on the lattice on which the ungallant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed on the same settee, and the beautiful Queen of Navarre, with triumph in her bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended by guards, the prisoner was brought in. His frame was attenuated by privation, and he walked with tottering steps. He knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered his head; a quantity of rich golden hair then escaping, fell over the sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the suppliant.

"We have treason here!" cried the king. "Sir jailor, where is your prisoner?"

"Sire, blame him not," said the soft, faltering voice of Emilie. "Wiser men than he have been deceived by woman. My dear lord was guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. There was but one mode to save him. I assumed his chains; he escaped with poor Robinet Leroux in my attire; he joined your army. The young and gallant cavalier who delivered the despatches to your grace, whom you overwhelmed with honors and reward, is my own Enguenrard de Lagny. I waited but for his arrival with testimonials of his innocence, to declare myself to my lady the queen. Has she not won her bet? And the boon she asks—"

"Is De Lagny's pardon," said Margaret, as she also knelt to the king. "Spare your faithful vassal, sire, and reward this lady's truth."

Francis first broke the false speaking-window, then he raised the ladies from their suppliant posture.

In the tournament given to celebrate this "Triumph of Ladies," the Sire de Lagny bore off every prize; and surely there was more loveliness in Emilie's faded cheek—more grace in her emaciated form, type as they were of truest affection, than in the prouder bearing and fresher complexion of the most brilliant beauty in attendance on the courtly festival.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

After enduring years of drudgery at the mechanical duties of a compositor, which, to one of so imaginative and powerful a mind, must have been almost unbearable, Mr. Douglas Jerrold determined on making his first essay as an author. The opera of "Der Freischutz" was produced for the first time in London, and the two friends went to witness the performance. The grand and mysterious music which illustrates the wild German story made so deep an impression on Jerrold's mind, that on reaching his humble lodgings, he sat up half the night writing an essay on the opera. As morning was breaking, he stepped out and dropped his first article into the editor's box of the newspaper on which he was engaged as workman. In the morning, as he was wondering over the fate of his anonymous composition, he was joyfully surprised at having his own writing placed in his hands to be set up for the next number. The essay soon caused a sensation; but amidst all the praise, the young author preserved his incognito; until at last, finding himself earnestly inquired after in the "Notices to Correspondents," he presented himself to the editor, who instantly employed him upon work more suited to his abilities and more congenial to his taste than that of setting up type.—*London Globe.*

KEEPING A DEAD HUSBAND COOL.

When an Arab woman intends to marry again, after the death of her husband, she comes, on the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels and prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and, having well saturated him, she departs.—*Taylor.*

LIFE IN A DROP OF WATER.

Clear and transparent it lies before us, vainly our eye endeavors to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object; the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and lo! what life suddenly presents itself; we scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain, wonderful shapes rush backwards and forwards, drawing towards and repulsing each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves on an extensive sea. These are no delusions; they are real living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they whirl round each other, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or madly they precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle, until the one conquers and the other is subdued, or carelessly they swim, side by side, until playfulness and rapacity is awakened anew. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye cannot detect without the aid of a microscope, are susceptible of enjoyment and pain; in them lives an instinct which induces them to seek and enables them to find sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and to escape the enemy stronger than themselves. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust, it stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water-drop. There is another creature; it does not swim about, remains upon the same spot, but contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpitatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony? And so it is; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away, but he must have had a tight hold, severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death-struggle—it has expired. On one spot a great creature lies apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes carelessly by, and like a flash of lightning the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape its more powerful enemy; he has already caught it, embraces it; the throes of the vanquished cease—it has become a prey. This is only a general glance at the life in a water-drop; but how *great* does even this already show the *small!* how wondrously does everything shape itself within that of which we had formerly not the least conception!—*Troy Budget.*

ALMOST SUNDOWN.

When in college, a professing Christian, who subsequently became a missionary, deemed himself ill-treated by a fellow-student, and in consequence, got very angry. To the surprise and grief of his brethren, he gave somewhat free expression to his feelings. No one ventured to rebuke him, or to remonstrate with him, while he was uttering things very little adapted to promote the edification of the hearer.

Towards the close of the day, a judicious friend was passing his room. Pausing before the open door, he said in a significant tone, "It is almost sundown." The reproof, so kindly and delicately admonished, was felt by his erring brother. The divine commandment, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," was called to remembrance. The perturbation of passion was exchanged for that of conscious guilt. The latter was calmed by prayer, and was followed by confession before those who had been witnesses of his sin.

It is our duty to rebuke sin, to endeavor to arouse the conscience to a perception of wrong doing, and to a sense of guilt. To do this successfully, and so as to secure beneficial results, requires wisdom. Wisdom seldom prompts the direct and stern rebuke. It never assumes the attitude of a prosecuting attorney; it never allows the rebuker to assume an air of superiority. In the example given above, the rebuke was indirect, and by means of an allusion to a passage of Scripture. There is nothing comparable to Scripture in power to convince of sin, and yet much depends on the skill with which it is applied. When bluntly or boisterously presented, it is more likely to repel and harden than to convince. When the conscience is thus directly addressed, it puts itself on its guard, and endeavors to steel itself against impressions. An indirect mode of address throws the conscience off its guard, and allows the light of truth to enter and reveal the sin.—*Christian Watchman.*

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Captain Whittingham, writing of the general appearance of the women he was permitted to see in the empire of Japan, says:—"Just arrived from the tropics, the ruddy—too ruddy cheeks, red lips, and eyes bright with health, struck me most; the face and features are too Mongolian; their forms are full and tall, the skin fair; small, uncompressed, stockingless feet, and luxuriant hair, and white and even teeth, complete the number of the charms of the young and unmarried; the married blacken their teeth, and destroy other charms most ruthlessly, which I at first imagined proceeded from the jealousy of their lords; but subsequently hearing that a man's momentary dislike permits him to send away his wife, and that Japanese dames may vie in renown with the buried matrons of republican Rome, I was at a loss to guess a cause, until I incidentally heard that any official seeing a pretty woman married to an inferior, and wishing it, may take her to his home as an additional wife. I hope that neither of these causes of divorce are common; indeed, my walks in the country led me eventually to think that they are not usual, as I saw rosy, blooming children rushing out of almost every cottage door."—*N. Y. Despatch.*

KIND WORDS.

They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own souls; angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make the blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured; cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is now in London. He will pass a short time in Switzerland prior to going to Denmark and Sweden for the winter. —— It is stated that a company has been formed for the purpose of inviting some 80,000 Germans to immigrate to California, and settle upon certain valley lands, which will be offered to them for this purpose. The terms are to be more favorable than the *minimum* prices of the public lands at the East, and they are to migrate for the sole purpose of cultivating the soil. —— Next season there will probably be two boats running between Boston and Nahant, leaving every hour. The number of transient visitors this season has been very large. —— Another explorer of Central Africa has fallen a victim to the terrible climate—M. Contrier, a young Frenchman. He died, it appears, some months back, at Brezina, an oasis in the Sahara, where he was stopping to learn some of the native languages. —— In South India the wages of the natives are but *five cents per day!* —— One of the oldest books in the world was recently sold in a book-sale at Paris. It is a Chinese encyclopedia, called "When hian thoung khao" (General examination of Writings and of Sages) in ninety-six volumes, which was printed so far back as 1322—a century before Guttenburg flourished! —— In Lubec, Me., not far from 500,000 boxes of herring are annually put up for market. Those engaged in the business are said to be getting rich. —— Locust, or "St. John's Bread," such as St. John lived upon in the wilderness, has been imported into England to feed cattle. It is a fruit about the size of a large bean, and is said to contain a great deal of saccharine matter. —— The Scotch dialect is never more expressive than when a hot forenoon is spoken of as a "simmer morn." —— The shells of the cocoa-nut, in a finely reduced state, are now combined with gutta percha, by which the latter article is rendered more durable, and the cost of the same is considerably lessened—the shells not being considered of much value, and are easily obtained. The gutta percha thus prepared, is rendered more elastic, and will sustain a greater degree of heat. —— The New York Mirror says that a "fast woman" is one that "you can say anything to." —— The Chinese are said to have conceived a horror and antipathy for the steamboat which nothing can conquer—they contend that it is a most "indecent and disgusting" invention. —— Flour of sulphur, dredged plentifully on chickens that are affected with vermin, will cleanse them in a twinkling. —— Swift used to say that, universal as was the practice of lying, he did not remember to have heard three good lies in all his life. A good reason why—all lies are bad. —— It may not be as generally known as it should be that great danger may be incurred by the reckless handling of guano. We understand that cases have occurred of persons having cuts upon their fingers who, in handling this manure, have received a deadly poison into the system. —— The mirrors in the St. Nicholas Hotel cost $40,000; the whole building furnished and in operation, represents an invested capital of one million nine hundred thousand dollars! —— The United States own upwards of 1,000,000,000 acres of land, worth $2,000,000,000! It requires no reasoning powers to show the importance of wisely economizing and prudently using this prodigious national domain. —— The same iron ore furnishes the sword, the ploughshare, the pruning-hook, the needle, the graving-tool, the spring of a watch, the chisel, the chain, the anchor, the compass, and the cannon-ball.

ELECTRICAL CLOCKS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial says the municipal administration has raised, at regular distances on the Boulevard de Sebastopol, columns surmounted with candelabras of a particular form, lighted with gas. On the candelabras clock dials have been ingeniously placed, marking the hour, the minute and the second, for the day as well as the night, by means of electricity. This is the first application at Paris, on a grand scale, of electricity as a regulator of public clocks. The experiment succeeds perfectly.

Female Gamblers in Paris.—The temptation to gambling offered by the Bourse (Exchange) of Paris, is ruining thousands. The wives of hard-working tradesmen throw away the money given them for the supply of their families in gambling speculations. It is no uncommon thing for women to go to the great noisy, exciting scene, in men's clothes, and there shamelessly and shamefully to bet or speculate away the very means of their children's lives.

All Greek.—The local terms used in some of the outlandish newspapers are a perfect puzzle to the uninitiated. Take, for instance, the following paragraph from the Calcutta Englishman: "At Sreekond some 4000 or 5000 Santhals have collected for a re-adjustment of their Jummahs; and the Amiah, to the detriment of all other business, are busy writing out new pottahs."

Was Hamlet a Butcher?—This query has been suggested by a portion of one of the philosophic prince's speeches:

"My tablets—*meet* it is, I set it down."

From which it has been inferred that Hamlet drove his own cart, carried round mutton, and charged it in his book to reliable customers.

Female Delicacy.—A quaint writer of sentences says: "I have seen women so delicate, that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear that the dew might fall; but I never knew one afraid to be married!"

Railroad.—The first railroad in the Roman States, that from Rome to Frascati, was opened for travel this summer.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are at present nineteen vessels of war at Halifax, mounting in all 664 guns.

During the last two years Inquests were holden in St. Louis upon 477 human corpses.

Copper has been found near Ripon, Wisconsin, while excavating for the railroads, which is entirely pure.

Some people think the best way to cook tomatoes is to bake them on a flat dish, as apples are baked, and butter, pepper and salt to your liking.

Nineteen steamers are advertised to leave American ports for Europe during the present month, and seventeen will leave European ports for America.

John B. Groves, of Boston, who went to Europe last year, is pronounced the best violinist in the Brussels Conservatory, and has been presented with a silver cup for a performance in a Beethoven quartette.

Miss Catherine Hayes recently gave a concert at Melbourne, Australia, in aid of the funds of an hospital. A committee of citizens, headed by the mayor, subsequently presented her with a magnificent gold bracelet.

The gold fields of Australia are yielding at the rate of nearly $100,000,000 per annum, and the produce of the first three months of 1856 is nearly double that of the corresponding months of 1855, being close upon 700,000 ounces.

A German named Riesberg was recently executed at Bidwell for murder. As he was being conducted to the place of execution, a friend approached and shook him by the hand, with the feeling advice—"*Take care of yourself, old fellow!*"

Admiral Puttiani, who commanded the Russian squadron that eluded the vigilance of the British cruisers in the Chinese seas during the late war, has been created a count of the Russian empire by his sovereign for his conduct on that occasion.

A Missouri editor announces that the publication of his paper will be suspended for six weeks, in order that he may visit St. Louis with a load of bear skins, hoop poles, shingles, oak bark, and pickled cat-fish, which he has taken for subscription.

The walls of the new custom-house in Providence are completed. The structure has been a year in building. The appropriation for the purpose was $290,000. When finished, it will contain a post-office, custom-house, and United States court room.

A letter from a bank, containing a genuine bill for a thousand dollars, was lately returned to the dead letter office at Washington, the pre-payment having been omitted. This act of carelessness has probably thrown more or less blame upon city post-offices.

The naval appropriation bill, which has just passed Congress, sets apart the sum of $11,348,800 for the uses of the navy. Among the items are $121,300 for the Charlestown Navy Yard, $16,700 for the hospitals in Chelsea, and $78,200 for the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

It is now said that Jenny Lind has netted £80,000 during her farewell London and provincial season, and that the public, in consequence of the system of buying up tickets by the music-sellers, must have paid at least £100,000 for the privilege of hearing her.

Capital punishment, which was abolished in Prussia, in 1848, has been recently re-established. The mode of execution is to be by the axe, within prison walls, and in the presence of a certain number of magistrates and officials expressly appointed for the purpose.

A woman in Rochester has been detected in the strange habit of stealing such children as pleased her taste, getting them baptized at different churches, and thus fancying they became her own. It is not charged against her that she treated them unkindly, or used them as charitable decoys.

Six years ago, says the Norfolk (Va.) Argus, a gentleman with a capital of $1500 bought a farm in this county for $5000; in four years he paid for the farm with hired help, and bought $1300 worth of land besides. He has recently sold it for $20,000, and the property is now worth $35,000.

A cordage and oakum factory has been nearly completed at Potrero, California, which it is estimated can turn out 10,000 pounds of rope per day. The ropewalk is 1200 feet long. Connected with the factory are two buildings for the manufacture of oakum, which can supply 3000 pounds per day.

A Mississippi paper informs us that, on one night a short time since, some 15,000 white fish were caught in one seine on Presque Isle Point, and the night before about 7000. The 15,000 were large, fine fish, worth about $1200 as they were taken out of the water. Pretty good work for eight or ten men.

A saw-fish has been caught near Mobile whose length was 19 feet nine inches, breadth from fin to fin across the back three feet, weight about 3000 pounds. The liver weighed 400 pounds, and furnished a barrel of oil. A thousand eggs, from the size of a marble to twelve inches in circumference, were taken from the fish.

It being necessary, lately, to perform an operation upon a favorite horse belonging to Rev. A. W. Burnham, of Rindge, N. H., chloroform was given with complete success. The horse laid down quietly in a sound sleep, and did not wake till fifteen minutes after the operation was over, having apparently suffered not a particle of pain.

Wire rope is coming into extensive use for the standing rigging of vessels. It is asserted to be only one quarter as bulky as hemp rigging of the same strength, consequently offering much less resistance in sailing by the wind, or in steaming against a gale. It is also but two-thirds as heavy as hemp, and therefore adds materially to the stability of a vessel.

It is stated that one thousand men are at work on the mammoth steamer now building in England, and that she may be expected at Portland in May next. Mr. Betts, one of the directors of the Steamship Company, has completed the arrangements for the building of the wharf for her accommodation at Portland, which is to be furnished at the expense of that city.

The complete plan of the extended Capitol shows that it will be one of the most beautiful and magnificent edifices in the world. Its length will be over 300 feet, its breadth more than 220, and its height from the foundation to the pinnacle of the dome will be 300 feet. The original estimate for the two wings was $2,000,000. More than $3,500,000 have been already appropriated.

Albert and Victoria receive one million of dollars annually. By strict economy they are able to support life on this small amount. It is proposed to settle three hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the Princess Royal of England, as her annuity after her marriage with the Prussian prince. Having been trained to frugal habits, it is hoped that the young housekeepers will avoid all unnecessary expenses, and thus be enabled to make the two ends of the year meet.

Foreign Items.

The Sultan has remitted through the Ottoman Bank, the sum of £1000 as a contribution to the Nightingale fund.

The students at Heidelberg have, of late, been extremely riotous. The civil and military power have, however, [illegible]

A medal has been struck to commemorate the baptism of the young Napoleon. It represents the emperor holding his son aloft to the view of the spectators in Notre Dame.

Dr. Livingston, one of the many famous African travellers, has crossed the African continent from Angola to the neighborhood of Quilimane, on the Mozambique coast.

The prince imperial of France has been declared a citizen of the Basques provinces, his mother being a Spaniard. It is hoped that he will some day wear the Spanish crown.

The late heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady, upon the eve of his great victory at Meanee: "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I *have* loved."

Capt. Sherrard Osborne, of Arctic celebrity, and since actively engaged in the Sea of Azof, has written to the Times, contradicting the Russian reports of slight damage done to the Arabat Fort, and pointing out the pains taken by the Muscovites to give false impressions of that locality.

M. Brache, of the mineralogical school of Prussia, has published, at Melbourne, the result of an inquiry as to the quality and extent of the gold fields in California and Australia, with both of which he is acquainted. He considers the Victoria gold fields at least twice as rich as those of California, and still more inexhaustible.

Sands of Gold.

.... Poetry is only born after painful journeys into the vast regions of thought.—*Balzac.*

.... The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.—*Fuller.*

.... Prophet and apostle can only be rightly understood by prophet and apostle.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... Genius is the power which equalizes or identifies the imagination with the reality or with nature.—*Hazlitt.*

.... We are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged, than those who have obliged us.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... You may say to a monk, why did you not struggle?—but is not the seclusion of a woman always a sublime strife?—*Balzac.*

.... It is dangerous to pass too early for a writer of good sense: that is the privilege of mature mediocrities.—*Gérard de Nerval.*

.... Good churches are not built by bad men; at least, there must be probity and enthusiasm somewhere in the society.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honor; he would shame the world, and not the world him.—*South.*

.... Instead of a thousand equals, we compound for one superior, and allay all heart-burnings and animosities among themselves, by giving the palm to the least worthy. This is the secret of monarchy.—*Hazlitt.*

Joker's Budget.

The Gloucester News says that the "chief glory" of that town is its girls.

A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles.

A countryman, giving in his evidence at court, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock. "No, sir," he replied, "I was born in Devonshire."

One of the Brooklyn justices recently fined his own brother $10 for intoxication. Jonah, on reading this, said that one was a brute and the other a Brutus.

Everything has its use. Were it not for the flies, people in summer would sleep two hours longer than they do, and thus lose the best part of the day—the portion devoted to sunrise and meadow larks.

"Ah," said a father to his son William, "hearty breakfasts kill one half of the world, and tremendous suppers the other half." "I suppose," retorted William, "that the true livers are only they who die of hunger."

A Speech for a Lieutenant.—Let me seek the thickest of the fight. My Matilda is faithless! my overdrawn bills are in the hands of one more formidable than the foe! Away! To death or bankruptcy!

They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him in the street they run home crying for bread.

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ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

The village of which we present an accurate sketch is one of the prettiest places in the Empire State. It is situated on the Chemung River, about twenty miles above its junction with the Susquehanna, in a valley of several miles in extent, bordering the river, and branching off northward, along a stream known as Newtown Creek. These combined vales seem to have been intended for the site of a flourishing town, and here has Elmira, hitherto comparatively unknown, but probably destined to be known and admired in the approaching future, grown up within the shadows of her picturesque hills and dense forests, to a size and importance not easily to be overlooked, and with strong indications of increasing greatness. This locality was called, by the aborigines, Conewawah (a head on a pole), and is the scene of some interesting reminiscences in the early history of our country. It was in the vicinity of the foreground of our picture that a battle was fought, in 1779, between General Sullivan's army and a force of about 800 Indians and Tories, under the Butlers and Brant. In the year 1790, the place was visited by ten or twelve hundred Indians, with the chiefs of all the Six Nations, including the celebrated Red Jacket, at which time, it is said, he made one of his most eloquent speeches. The object of this visit was to negotiate a treaty with the United States. The stump of an immense oak, under whose shade the convention assembled, is still to be seen but a short distance from the village court-house. In 1778, the first log cabin was erected, and some others soon followed, constituting a settlement. In 1792, the first frame house, and from that time the progress of the village was gradual and steady, though the want of convenient and even safe thoroughfares prevented strangers making acquaintance with the place and its peculiar beauties and advantages. But since the completion of the New York and Erie Railroad, its increase in population and business has been almost unprecedented. It now contains about 10,000 inhabitants, one half of which number has been added within the last four or five years, and "the cry is still they come!" It is believed that the completion of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad and the Junction Canal, both now in progress, will give additional impetus to the growth of the place. The degree of activity in business enterprises which is here met with, would do credit to places of much greater pretensions. During the first few years of its existence, the village was called Newtown, but in 1828, through the partiality of a gentleman of the legislature, it was denominated Elmira, in compliment to a young lady of that name, and we can well believe, while gazing on the exquisite beauty of this charmingly-situated town, that a mantle of loveliness has indeed descended upon it from its fair namesake. In the beauty of its location and the natural scenery that surrounds it, Elmira is not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any place in our country. The nearly level valley in which it lies, comprises not less than thirty or forty thousand acres, whose general fertility may be inferred from the statement that one hundred bushels of corn have been produced from a single acre, and this, we are told, is a fair specimen of the whole. Through the centre of this beautiful vale glides the Chemung River, over whose surface, in seasons of high water, are floated immense quantities of valuable lumber from the still extensive forests of the neighboring counties. It is also intersected and watered by the Newtown, South and Seely Creeks, which have each their peaceful dells, leading far away to quiet and secluded rural homes. Clinton Island, so called in honor of General James Clinton, a former owner, lies directly opposite the village, and, in summer, offers to the tread of feet, weary and heated by contact with dusty pavements, the most tempting carpet of verdure, overhung by the richest foliage of a lofty growth of elms, maples and sycamores, whose commingling boughs afford the most delightful shades. Sullivan's camping ground, near Sullivan's Mill, which stands at the foot of Mount Sullivan, from a point of which the view is taken, is about three quarters of a mile below the village, near a large elm tree in the centre of a meadow, at the left of the road. The remains of a fortress might have been seen there until a very few years since. But the admirer of nature will find more to interest him in the views presented from the summits of the range of hills encircling this luxuriant valley. Before him lies the cheerful and busy village, gleaming in the sunlight, and stretched all around against the horizon, rise the massy curves of an amphitheatre of hills, contrasting their purple shadows with golden summits fading away in the hazy distance. Among these hills are many spots of interest, not the least of which is an ancient fortification, evidently the work of civilized men, but of an antiquity dating beyond the first settlement of the country by whites. The locality of this curiosity has derived from it the name of Fort Hill, and is one of the distant group at the left of the river. We might descant much more fully upon a scene so highly favored by nature, but will conclude by inviting all lovers of beauty not to glide past a spot presenting so many attractions, without a pause, but to linger long enough for a somewhat intimate acquaintance with its "nooks and corners," and we will ensure them ample compensation for any time spent in exploring the beauties of Elmira and vicinity.



TOWN OF ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

A CHINESE FAMILY.

The engraving below represents one of those Chinese families which, since the celestials have been smitten with the thirst for seeing foreign parts, bids fair to be a very common exhibition among us. This family has lately been exhibiting in Paris and London, and may see fit to visit our Atlantic cities. Mr. Chung Atai, the head of this closely-shorn family, is a man of about thirty, with no obliquity in the setting of his eyes, which are as bright and keen as a squirrel's. From time to time, he smokes a pinch of opium, displays the curiosities of which he has quite an assortment, or reclines upon his oaken couch, with the voluptuous satisfaction of a Turkish pacha. The ladies are very industrious, and devoted to their embroidery. Their costume is graceful and rich, and their head-gear very picturesque. It is a scaffolding of plaits, mingled with red flowers; at some distance the whole arrangement looks like a bright-plumed bird. It is not without instinctive repugnance that they show amateurs their little feet, cruelly tortured out of shape, but a mark of their high rank (Mr. Chung Atai being a tea-merchant). The youngest of the two married ladies, a girl of twenty, whom the London fog has rendered a little phthysicky, sings, accompanying herself on the pay-pa (a sort of three-stringed mandoline), while her husband patters away industriously with a pair of sticks upon a bit of tortoise-shell. Their religion is Budhism, an easy mode of worship, which dispenses with all external observances. Their favorite game is domino, and their other diversions playing on the pay-pa and smoking opium. They sleep *en famille* reclined upon matting. They are curious specimens of a curious people. But a Chinese family, with all its social belongings, is a very different thing from the same fraternity in civilized countries. Few of the immunities and rights accorded to the female members of that relation in Christian countries, are regarded there. There is one custom common in China, as well as other Eastern countries, which subjects woman to the utmost degradation,—that of infant betrothal, which shuts her out from all recognition as a being having thought, passions or will, and views her only as transferable property. Among the aborigines of New Holland, and in Western Australia, this custom extensively prevails; the female children being always betrothed a few days after birth, and, from the moment of the betrothal, the parents cease to have any control over the future settlement of their child. Should the husband die during the infancy of the girl, she then belongs to his heir. This custom is also common among the Society and Sandwich Islands, the islands of the Kingsmill group, and in New Zealand. But of all methods of at once obtaining a wife and a slave, that of purchase is the most universal. It prevailed over the vast continent of North and South America, and many of the isles of the Pacific; to this day it is carried on in Africa, and practiced by both black and brown races of the Indian Archipelago, and by nearly all the nations of Asia. The Tambookie women are marked at one ox or two cows, while at New Guinea a wife is worth ten slaves, and is, therefore, a costly article; but in the Arru islands she may be had much cheaper.



A CHINESE FAMILY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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VIEW OF LOWELL ISLAND, SALEM HARBOR.

We present on this page an accurate view of this noted island, for many years known as a favorite watering place, with a well-kept public house, the chosen resort of the citizens of Lowell during the summer season. The characteristic features of this scene are well depicted in the view, which was drawn expressly for our paper. The island has an area of about nine acres, and is a lovely spot, far off the shore, where the sea breezes may be enjoyed in all their freshness. The island was once the property of John Endicott, the staunch old Puritan, to whom it was granted by the general court in 1665. In 1684, an heir of the governor bequeathed it to his daughter, under the name of Cotta Island, soon corrupted into Cat Island. It received the name of Lowell Island on the occasion of its purchase by certain citizens of Lowell and Salem, a few years since. The property has recently again changed hands. In the years 1773 and 1774, it was the site of the Essex Small Pox Hospital, an institution established by the authority of the State, where patients might be inoculated with the small pox, and thus have the disease in a mild form, the practice previous to Jenner's discovery. The buildings were finished and ready for occupancy about the middle of October, 1773, and the name of "Essex Hospital" was given to the establishment. The main building contained ten rooms, with four beds, etc., in each, calculated for eight patients. There were also apartments for the family, besides a smoke house, clean room, etc. An Island Guard was established, and careful rules adopted by the selectmen of Salem and Marblehead, to prevent communication of disease between those on and those off the island. Patients went and returned in the hospital boat, which landed at a certain wharf in Marblehead. On Monday, October 17, 1773, the first detachment of patients, 103 in number, went down to the island; they were very respectable people, of both sexes, accompanied during the first day by many friends, so that the hospital was thronged, and all were in high spirits. The physicians were Dr. Hall Jackson, of Portsmouth, and Dr. Annnias Randall, of Long Island, both eminent physicians. The first lot or class of patients having passed through the process and the disease with success, a second class went down, and were "put through" in the same manner; and subsequently a third class,—each class numbering about one hundred. On the 4th of November, the patients indulged in a little merriment amidst the thoughts of death, by celebrating, in the evening, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Tar barrels were burned upon the middle of the island, rockets were ordered from Boston, the hospital was brilliantly illuminated, and everything passed off in the spirit of hilarity and joy. The people of Marblehead, however, disliked the location of the hospital, at the mouth of their harbor, and came to the conclusion that the small pox had been introduced into their town from it. This feeling produced intense excitement. January 11, 1774, when the hospital boat attempted to land some discharged patients, it was beaten off by the crowd, and the next day the boat was burned. The intense excitement continued, until the proprietors gave notice that the hospital would be immediately closed. On the 17th of the same month, four of the employés of the hospital went down to the island to steal some clothing; but they had been watched, and on their return, were seized, tarred and feathered by the people, placed in a cart, and paraded through the streets of Marblehead, and afterwards Salem. On the 21st, another man was tarred and feathered in Marblehead, and the proprietors of the hospital threatened with public vengeance. While a committee, chosen by the town, were attending to their designated duties of cleansing and closing the hospital, the buildings were assailed by a mob, and burned to the ground, during the night of January 26, 1774. Thirteen persons, some of them females, were asleep in the building when it was fired, without notice, and on rushing forth, were assaulted by the rioters. Subsequently, two persons were arrested and lodged in Salem jail, as participants in these outrages. Upon this an armed assemblage proceeded to the jail and rescued the prisoners, parading them in triumph. They declared their intention of marching to the rescue of any others who might, in a similar manner, fall into the clutches of the law, and such were their numbers and the determined spirit which animated them, that no doubt was entertained by law and order loving citizens that they would carry out their threats to the extent of their ability. The greatest consternation was excited. An armed collision was feared. Terrible scenes would doubtless have been enacted had not the proprietors of the hospital pledged themselves to institute no further proceedings against offenders.



LOWELL ISLAND, SALEM HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

The evening was clear and the stars were shining when Hammett returned. Soon afterward footsteps which sounded cautious and stealthy were near the door.

"He is coming," said Hammett.

"Yes—and you must retire to your little room. He wont, I suspect, like to have a third person present."

Hammett withdrew and the next minute there came a rap against the door. Anstis opened it and invited Withers to enter. He lingered a little on the threshold, and with looks of curiosity peered into the room. If he expected to see any such professional insignia as those, it is said, who pretend to possess the skill of looking into futurity sometimes think it necessary to gather round them, he was disappointed. There were no parchments presenting a view of the heavenly bodies or inscribed with mystical characters, such as might be displayed by the more ambitious charlatan, while far from there being a dozen black cats sitting in a row on a high shelf and looking grimly down, as was once seen, or pretended to be, in the miserable hut of one of the fortune-tellers of the period, there was not even one. He saw nothing except an apartment of medium size, simply though tastefully furnished.

"I take it you are the person I have heard called Dame Anstis?" said he.

"Yes—and your name, I believe, is Withers. I was expecting you."

"I hardly know why, but I have a curiosity—a kind of fancy, to ask you a few questions. Not that I have any faith in that kind of thing."

"Then you may as well spare yourself and me the trouble."

"Perhaps so—and yet, as I am here, I may as well ask you one or two questions, and if I think that you answer me truly, I will cross your palm, not with silver but gold."

"I shall take neither your silver nor your gold."

"But the knowledge I seek to obtain is worth paying for. I am afraid I cannot depend on your discretion, or rather your silence, unless you will accept a recompense."

"If you think I've not discretion enough to know when to keep silence, better not trust me."

"Is any one within ear-shot? You have a grandson—a nephew, I mean."

"He is probably asleep by this time. If he isn't, he is at a safe distance."

Withers sat silent for several minutes, apparently doubtful how he might best introduce the subject.

"If you can tell what is to come," he at length said, "you can, of course, tell what has been?"

"Sometimes. Let me look at your hand."

She shrank back as he held it out to her, as if she felt a dread of taking it in hers.

"Rest it on the table," said she, "if you please, so the rays of the lamp will fall directly on the palm."

She traced the lines with her eye, apparently with much attention.

"Well," said he, becoming a little impatient, "what kind of a life has mine been?"

"None too good."

"That is what may be said of every one. What important incidents have marked it, I mean?"

Once more she made a show of following the lines of his hand with much care.

"The most important event of your life," she then said, "took place twenty-two years ago."

"What was it?"

"One that prepared the way for your stepping into a rich man's shoes. Am I not right?"

"I must confess that it so turned out."

"Should you like to have me tell you what that event was?"

"Yes, the question I wish to ask you has a bearing upon it."

"Twenty-two years ago, then, the heir of the rich man alluded to was lost. Is not that the truth?"

"It is. He was drowned."

"Are you certain of that?"

"There was every reason to suppose he was."

"You answer evasively. Unless my skill is at fault, you don't suppose so."

"How could he have been made way with, then?"

"That is a question you don't need to ask of me."

"I may have been deceived—he may still live. I have, at least, received intimation that he is alive, and my object in seeking you is to find if there's any truth in it."

"By what name is he known?"

"*That*, he who warned me couldn't tell. Can *you* tell me?"

"My art doesn't permit entering into particulars like that."

"I was afraid it didn't, yet that is of more importance than all else, for how can I take measures to escape the impending evil, if I don't know who I am to deal with?"

"Very true. Yet surely, if he is alive, you can obtain some clue to him. You know whom you employed, and you can judge whether he was one who would be likely to perform his task faithfully."

"What task?"

"It may not be altogether pleasant for you, or me either, to enter into particulars."

"To confess the truth, the man I trusted the matter to, is dead. He died only a few weeks since. Couldn't die in peace, he said, till he had disclosed something which bore heavily on his mind."

"And didn't he tell his name?"

This was said with an earnestness which a man cautious as Mr. Withers found it necessary to be, should have known was induced by some motive foreign to what concerned him personally. But his thoughts were so much engrossed by what he was saying, that he did not notice her manner.

"Unfortunately," said he, in reply to her question, "the man found out, before getting as far as his name, that the person who was listening to him was a friend of mine."

"And what else did he tell him?"

"After he found out that, he wouldn't say another word. But to come back to the starting-point, is he living or is he not? Might not the man's story be the offspring of a diseased brain, for he died of a contusion on the head, which at times made him delirious?"

"His story was true."

"You are certain of this?"

"I am."

"I wish I understood by what means you arrive at such a conclusion."

"Nothing can be more simple or easier to the initiated."

And she proceeded with great volubility in the technical language of palmistry, to show why certain meetings and crossings of the lines of his hand formed that peculiar combination which indicated that danger might threaten him about twenty-two years subsequent to the event which had paved the way to his worldly prosperity.

"Does it not appear perfectly plain to you?" she asked, when she had gone through with the explanation.

Withers shook his head with a look of bewilderment.

"Why not let the matter rest?" said she. "He neither knows his name nor his lineage, and is consequently ignorant of his right to the property now in your possession."

"That is true, but there is no knowing how long he may remain in ignorance. After all, your jargon is of little use to me as long as you are unable to tell me his name."

"And if you knew it—what then?"

"Why, if I chose, I could let him have what belongs to him."

"Yes, and you may, some day, be compelled to."

"One more question, and I will leave you. I am attached to a young lady, and have a rival."

"And you wish to know which will be successful?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No, though perhaps *you* have. He has been in this neighborhood."

"I didn't see him. 'Twas before I lived here."

"Will you tell me what I wish to know?"

She looked at his hand attentively, the same as she had done before.

"He is young and handsome."

"You know this, and yet you say you never saw him."

"If I didn't see him when he was here, I see him now."

"Where?" said Withers, with a startled air.

"You needn't be afraid—he isn't here bodily, and will remain invisible to you."

Notwithstanding this assurance, Withers looked round the room uneasily, as if he expected to see a phantom form glide from among the shadows in some remote part of the room. Anstis smiled. She saw that what she had said conveyed to his mind the impression that she had summoned up the form of his rival, which, though impalpable, was to her sight visible, and she did not seek to remove it.

"If," said he, after some hesitation, "you have the power to call my rival before you, why not call the other—he whom we have been speaking of?"

"I *can* do it. You may see him yourself—do you wish it?"

"Yes."

"You had better not ask it. A pale, anxious face would rise up beside his, which you would not care to look upon. The old gentleman need not have been hastened. He would have died soon enough."

"What do you mean?"

"I can hardly think that you wish for an explanation. You know better than I."

"I didn't come here to listen to such nonsense," said he, rising and taking hold of the door-latch. "Once for all, I demand a definite answer to my question. Shall I or my rival be successful?"

"Your rival."

"It isn't true—I don't believe it."

"Your incredulity will neither advance your own suit, nor injure his."

"I have the father on my side."

"And he, the young lady herself. No, Ishmael Withers—Bessie Hamlen will never be your wife. The dove is no mate for the vulture."

"She shall be my wife in spite of fate. You refused to take my gold—now, I refuse to give it, for it is easy to see that you are an impostor."

"Your good or ill opinion is a matter of indifference to me. You had better look to yourself, or something worse than failing to obtain a rich bride may befall you. It will be well for you if you are not anxious to obtain either a rich or a poor one. The hand that helped rid the Percival estate of its lawful heir, will never clasp the hand of his own heir in peace."

"Surely I have seen the flash of those dark eyes before. Who are you?"

"A poor woman who has no wish to be longer disturbed by your presence."

"You, at least, have no reason to fear you will again be disturbed by it."

And without the ceremony of bidding her good night, he left the cottage.

Although Anstis, as she told Withers, did not see Wilton Richmond when he was in that neighborhood, she being, at that time, many miles distant—she had seen him several times a few months previously. It struck her when she first saw him, that there was something in his features and in his air that had once been familiar to her, but it was impossible for her to decide whether she had at some former period met with him, or whether he merely resembled some person she had, at some time, been acquainted with.

One day, when she was thinking the matter over by herself, striving in vain to assign some reason for his appearing so familiar—all at once, sudden as an electric flash, it became all plain to her. It was Thomas Percival, the father of Edgar Percival who was thought to be drowned, that he so closely resembled. His size, figure and air were almost identical, as well as the general cast of his features, though in this last respect he still more closely resembled Mr. Edgar Percival, the child's grandfather, for whom he was named. It might be one of those accidental resemblances sometimes met with, which it is impossible to account for, though Anstis, or Anzy, as she had always been designated in the Percival family, having never believed that Edgar was drowned, at once undertook to ascertain the origin of Wilton Richmond. This she did with great caution, lest some rumor should get afloat which would reach Ishmael Withers, who might, she feared, by putting into requisition the baseness and cunning which characterized him, defeat her purpose.

The result of the investigation, though not entirely satisfactory, was far from causing her to feel discouraged. She finally sought and obtained an interview with the young man himself, but his recollections of the first three or four years of his childhood were too vague to serve her purpose, except in one or two instances, which, as isolated facts, were not very important, though they might, in connection with others, have been of considerable moment.

In answer to some questions she asked him relative to his parentage, he replied that his father's name was Hendrick Richmond, who had always since his remembrance, until the time of his decease, owned a small fishing schooner of which he was the master. He had intended that Wilton should be his successor, and for several years had always taken him with him. After his father died, having little predilection for a fisherman's life, and a strong desire to acquire an education, his guardian disposed of the little fishing schooner and some other property, the proceeds of which, being well invested, afforded Wilton the means for a comfortable subsistence and of going through college.

Of his mother he had little or no recollection. He had heard his father say that at the time she died he was too young to remember anything about her. He was certain, however, that a young woman, with large dark eyes and a soft, pleasant voice, used to bend over him and hush him to sleep, and sometimes sing to him. He had a dim remembrance, too, of a gentleman who occasionally let him have his gold-headed cane for a horse.

Anstis, if he had not been so certain that Hendrick Richmond was his father, would have thought it might have been herself who hushed him to sleep, and Mr. Edgar Percival who let him have the cane for a horse, as she could distinctly remember that that gentleman never walked abroad without a walking-stick with a gold head. She made many suggestions in the hope to elicit something more definite, but without success. When Withers asked her if he was still alive and she replied without hesitation that he was, she had no doubt that she answered truly, though she was aware that proof stronger and more explicit would be required before he could be recognized as the heir of the late Mr. Percival. In her recent interview with Withers, she had, as she intended, gained more information than she had given.

She was glad to find that, personally, he and Wilton Richmond were strangers, she having previously entertained the idea that the resemblance he bore to the Percival family had excited suspicions which influenced him quite as much in his desire to have him got rid of, as his being in his way as a rival. Now, while he was in pursuit of the heir, she hoped Wilton would remain unmolested, till at least she could find means to communicate with him, and by warning him that he had a secret enemy, put him on his guard.

Withers did not mention to her that at the same time he received information that Edgar Percival was living, he learned that Wilton Richmond, who had been in danger, was now safe, though she suspected he had, from the earnest manner he had questioned her as respected his rival.

When Withers, after leaving the cottage of Anstis, was in his own room and the door made fast, he drew from its secret receptacle a dingy piece of paper, folded in the form of a letter, for since he lost the missive which Hammett had the fortune to find, he had not trusted to his pockets. He unfolded it and read it for the third or fourth time. Judging from the style and chirography, it was indited by the same head and written by the same hand as the one he had lost. After detailing, though more circumstantially what Withers had told Anstis, it concluded with several suggestions in the way of advice.

"Now what I say is this. You had better let that other chap rest a while, for it isn't in the nature of man to keep a sharp look-out on two different trails at the same time. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and for that reason the wisest thing you can do is to look after what you have got and let the other alone. The estate you are on the lookout for, is a fair one I know, if what I have heard is true, and I dare say the girl is well enough; but as you had set your heart on her father's houses and broad lands before you had seen her, and as you are not the man to break your heart about red cheeks and a pair of bright eyes, I advise you to give it up for a bad bargain. Whether you do or not, you must come this way as soon as you can. You ought to have been here before now. My opinion is that the man that died at my house told Christina more than he did me, but I can never find out anything by her. You are more cunning than I am, and perhaps can find out some round-about way to put her off her guard and make her tell. That other business—you know what—I shall say nothing about till I see you. J. D."

Withers was in a state of most miserable indecision. In the morning he had a long—and what he intended should pass for a confidential—conversation with Mr Hamlen.

"Remember, I hold you to your promise," said he, when about to take leave, he having finally decided to go.

"Certainly, certainly, sir," was Mr. Hamlen's reply. "When may we expect to see you again?"

"In five or six weeks, I think, though I'm afraid I shall be detained much longer."

In his secret heart Mr. Hamlen hoped that he would be, for he began to tire of an influence which every day seemed to gain over him a greater ascendency, and from which, such was his indolent and quiescent nature, he could not bring into requisition sufficient energy to free himself. Withers, while these thoughts were passing in Mr. Hamlen's mind, had risen and gone to the door.

"Is your daughter at home?" he inquired.

"I presume so, though I'm not certain."

"I should like to say a few words to her, before I go."

A servant was summoned, who was sent to tell Miss Hamlen that Mr. Withers would like to see her in the parlor. It was not until after a somewhat protracted absence that the servant returned.

"I 'spect," said he, "that Miss Hamlen has gone off somewhere, for I've been all over the house and can see nothing of her."

Bessie had indeed made her escape, for she knew that Withers had come to make her father his farewell call, a ceremony which she expected would be extended to herself, unless she took the precaution to be absent. She took care not to return, till through the embowering foliage of the sylvan recess to which she had retired, she saw Withers leave the house. Something like half an hour afterwards she heard the distant rumbling of the stage-coach which was to convey him many miles distant. A weight seemed to be lifted from her spirits when the sound of the wheels could no longer be heard.

CHAPTER XI.

A GLANCE AT WARLIKE ACHIEVEMENTS.

As is well known to the reader of history, the military achievements during the former part of the war were unfavorable for the most part to the American land forces, while, at the same time, the navy, by a series of brilliant victories, enhanced the national renown—instead of being, as was boasted by the British, swept from the ocean.

During this time, among others, was the battle of Frenchtown, where, after the English commander had pledged his honor that the lives and honor of those who surrendered should be held sacred, left the wounded without a guard, who, after fire had been set to the buildings, were killed and scalped by his Indian allies. Many of these were young men who belonged to the first families of Kentucky.

An event less disastrous in its results to the Americans was the attack of York (now Toronto) the capital of Upper Canada. It was here that the brave Pike, who would not suffer in comparison with the heroes of ancient romance, was mortally wounded by the blowing up of a magazine. The spirit of a soldier and a commander remained with him to the last.

"Move on, my brave fellows," he exclaimed, "and avenge your general."

Inspired by the affecting appeal, they pressed on. The enemy fled from their entrenchments, and they gained possession of the town. When the flag was brought him with the red cross of St. George displayed on its broad field, which, as he led on his men a few minutes before, he had beheld waving over the British fort, with a look of triumph, almost of rapture, lighting up his countenance, he made a sign for it to be placed under his head. A few moments more, and the look of transport had faded away and given place to the deep and calm repose of death.

Wilton Richmond having volunteered his services to the army commanded by General Harrison, the rank of captain was conferred on him, the same as he had formerly held in the army of the north. He was present at the unsuccessful siege of Fort Meigs by General Proctor, assisted by the Indians under Tecumseh. Not long afterward was the battle of Lake Erie, where the gallant Perry immortalized his name. This splendid achievement, by giving the Americans the mastery of the lake, opened the way to Malden. The troops of General Harrison were embarked and transported across the lake. On reaching Malden, however, they found that General Proctor and his forces had left, and that the fortress and public store-houses were burnt.

* * * * * * *

Night had already fallen, when, under the command of General Harrison, three thousand five hundred men, selected for the purpose, arrived within a short distance of General Proctor's encampment on the Thames. Though the air was keen and frosty, with his knapsack for a pillow and the blue vault of heaven above him, the sleep of the weary soldier was sweet and unbroken.

Wilton Richmond, as has been said, after his fortunate escape from his captors, received an appointment under General Harrison. Having seen that those under his immediate command were as well cared for as the nature of the circumstances would permit, and that, like the rest, they were enjoying the sweets of repose, he wrapped himself in his cloak and endeavored to follow their example. But sleep, as far as he was concerned, was not to be propitiated, whatever drowsiness he might have felt being soon dispelled by a faint roll of the drum and the shrill fife, the notes of which were sometimes broken or entirely hushed, and then again, when the wind freshened, clear and distinct. He knew the enemy were setting their watch—and now, in the evening stillness, when each footstep was stayed and every voice was hushed, thoughts of the coming conflict awakened a train of mournful reflections which he cared not to indulge.

The better to shake them off, he rose and ascended a slight eminence near at hand. The Thames was at his feet, but the gleam of its waters was now hidden by a cloud of snow white vapor. Scattered in picturesque groups along its banks, slept those who on the morrow were to engage in mortal conflict.

"Many of them, at this moment," thought Wilton, "may be blest with some golden dream of home which they are destined no more to see."

As the distant roll of the drum and the last note of the fife ceased, a wild, prolonged cry, which died away into a low and sullen wail, was borne on the wind. It was repeated a second and a third time, and was then heard no more. Wilton well knew it was intended to call to their post those Indian allies of the British, who might not choose to obey a signal unrecognized by the usages of their own wild and irregular modes of warfare.

It was late, almost midnight, when Wilton returned to the spot occupied by his men, and once more sought to lose himself in sleep. Contrary to his expectations, he was this time successful, and when he was finally roused from sleep he found that some of the men near him were already astir. Slight as were the preparations necessary for him to make, by the time they were completed he found the commander-in-chief was ready to give the requisite orders.

On reaching the Moravian village on the Thames, where the enemy were encamped, the American troops were at once formed in the order of battle, and the engagement between the hostile armies commenced. The forces of the enemy were drawn up in a piece of woodland, and as Wilton, who had been placed in the van, led on his men to the conflict, a red warrior darted from behind a tree and confronted him. At the same instant he saw the flash of his tomahawk as he raised it to strike. But Wilton's eye was not quicker than his arm, and the weapon was struck from the uplifted hand ere it had time to descend. The next moment the Indian lay at his feet mortally wounded, and then Wilton recognized in him Memattanon.

The battle of the Thames was an event, which, whether we consider the skill which conceived, or the bravery which achieved it, that calls up many and startling reminiscences. The victory was complete. Though the English early gave way, the Indians continued the fight with an obstinacy of which only the Indian is capable. The fall of their leader was alone the signal of their retreat.

The army was destroyed and the league dissolved. The result was equally important to the nation and honorable to the army. The Indian confederacy was broken, the loss of Hull restored, and the western frontier relieved from the ravages of war. Here Tecumseh, long the head who had pointed out the victim and the arm which directed the scalping-knife, fell. Here Johnson won the wreath which elevated him to the vice-presidency, and here, too, Harrison fought his last field.

If we cannot award him the qualities of a great commander, we can hardly deny him the meed of an able officer. If his military abilities are to be measured by his success, he will occupy no unenviable position in the annals of the times. In contrast with the revolutionary officers appointed at the commencement of the war, he shines a bright, particular star in that galaxy of worthies whom the war called into action.

CHAPTER XII.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

Several American officers, among whom was Wilton Richmond, were sitting together in the apartment assigned them, which was rendered comfortable and cheerful by a bright wood fire. They had just finished their evening meal, and were discussing among themselves the favorable influence which the victory that had been gained must necessarily have on the American cause, when a handsome, dark-eyed youth appeared at the half-open door, and inquired if Captain Richmond was there.

"My name is Richmond," said Wilton, rising and approaching the door.

The boy handed him a slip of paper.

"Will you please to read what is written on it *now*?" said he.

Wilton went to a table where candles were burning and read as follows:

"The bearer of this can answer certain questions which you may like to ask."

"Will you come with me?" said the boy, when he had read it.

"Yes—but wont you first have something to eat?" said Wilton, seeing him cast a wistful glance towards the table, on which were some biscuits, cold ham and other edibles, the remains of their recent meal.

"Thank you, I *do* need something, for I've eaten nothing since the morning."

"Sit to the table, then, and eat whatever may suit you best."

"No, a biscuit and slice of ham is all I need, which I will take in my hand."

He and Wilton left the house together, and finding the air too keen to be comfortable, they turned their steps towards an old, half-dilapidated building, which was at a considerable distance from any other, and would afford them a partial shelter from the cold. On their way what few words had passed between them had been on indifferent subjects. It was not till they had entered the half roofless building and were fairly seated on a fallen rafter, that Wilton permitted himself to gratify his curiosity, which it had cost him no small effort to suppress.

"According to this slip of paper you gave me," he then said, "you can answer certain inquiries the writer thinks I should like to make."

"You can judge for yourself, when I tell you my name is Hammett."

"I've heard of you. You have an aunt who is generally called Dame Anstis?"

"Yes—her name is Anstis Fay."

"You can tell me something about a gentleman by the name of Hamlen?"

"He is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Wilton, interrogatively, and almost starting from his seat at the unexpected intelligence.

"Yes—he died suddenly a number of months ago."

"And do Mrs. Hamlen and her daughter remain at the mansion house?"

"Mrs. Hamlen does—Miss Bessie is gone."

"Where?"

"She left home with the intention of spending a few weeks with some of her mother's relations, who live in Virginia. Her principal object in going was to avoid meeting Ishmael Withers, who had sent word that she might soon expect to see him."

"You say that when she left home it was her intention to visit some of her mother's relatives—did she alter her mind?"

"All that is known is, she has never been there—so Mrs. Hamlen's friends sent word, in answer to the letter she wrote them when she failed to receive a letter from Miss Bessie, according to promise."

"It is very strange," said Wilton, speaking to himself rather than to Hammett. "Did Withers make the promised visit, which Miss Hamlen was so anxious to shun?"

"Yes—and *opposed* very much surprised when he found Miss Bessie was gone."

"You speak as if you thought his surprise was only pretended."

"Aunt Anstis thinks it was. It is her opinion he knew very well where Miss Hamlen was."

"Do you know what reason she had for thinking so?"

"One reason was, he didn't even ask where Miss Bessie thought of going when she left home. He was in a great hurry to get away—didn't stop more than fifteen minutes—and instead of coming by the public conveyance, as he is always in the habit of travelling, he came horseback, just as if he didn't expect to stay long. But what made my aunt think so more than everything else, was because he was in such high spirits. She happened to be at Mrs. Hamlen's, and was on the lawn in front of the house at the time he took leave. He took pains to turn aside from the path that he might speak to her."

"'What do you think now, Dame Anstis?' said he. 'Shall I, or Wilton Richmond, win the heiress!'"

"What did she tell him?"

"She answered him by repeating these four lines:

'When the heir of Percival
Shall for an heiress sue,
He will surely prosper,
If his title's true.'"

"One would think that she doubted *his* title."

"And so she does."

"Why should she?"

"It is a long story—one that my aunt intends to tell you some day."

"What did Withers say to the rhyme?"

"That he should win her then, as his title to the Percival estate was true, as any one who would take the trouble to examine the records, might see, and then with a low, disagreeable laugh, he turned back into the path and rode away."

"I believe your aunt was right in thinking that he knew where Miss Hamlen was."

"At any rate she said that it would be well for you to know that she was missing, and as I was obliged to come this way for other reasons, she thought I had better try to hunt you up and tell you."

"I owe many thanks, both to you and her. Wont you return to the place where you found me, and spend the night?"

Hammett declined the invitation, saying that he had promised a friend who lived some miles distant, that he might expect him back.

Wilton was about to rise, when Hammett with a quick movement prevented him. There was no need of asking the reason of this, for at the same moment the frozen ground gave back the echo of approaching footsteps, and soon after voices were heard. It was not a time nor a place to venture abroad after dark unarmed, and Wilton did not forget to take his pistols with him. Hammett was similarly armed, and even if those they heard were enemies, they imagined there was little cause for fear.

It was a bright, starlight evening, and soon, through an aperture they could see two men advancing leisurely towards the build-

ing where they had taken shelter. They were talking in earnest though suppressed voices, and bent their course directly to the front of the building. Wilton and Hammett drew back into a corner so as to be completely shrouded by the darkness, for they imagined the men, the same as they had done, intended to enter as a protection against the cold air. In this, however, they were mistaken. Instead of entering, they seated themselves on a log a little distance from the door-way.

By their voices, which they could now distinguish more plainly, they were certain, as they had already suspected, that one of them was an Indian. They went on with a conversation already commenced.

"I thought that voice was his when I first heard it," said Hammett, in a whisper scarce above his breath.

"Whose?" said Wilton.

"Jake Dorson's. Let us listen."

"How do you know that he was here?" said Dorson.

"I saw him—it was by his hand that Memattanon was slain," was the Indian's reply.

"Where can he be? I've looked into every window where there was a light, after we had made ourselves sure that he was neither among the dead nor wounded. If Withers wasn't a fool he would know that the girl would never consent to be tied to him for life, even if the young chap was dead."

"But he's got her now where he'll scare her—make her afraid of him. She wont dare to refuse any longer."

"You don't know what a spirit these white girls have. She isn't a squaw."

"Well, it's nothing to me, whether she listens to him or not. 'Send me Wilton Richmond's scalp, and as many broad pieces of gold as you have fingers, shall be yours,' were the words he said to me."

"Well, earn the gold if you can. I will have nothing to do with it. Come, let us go."

As they turned away, faint and imperfect as was the light, Wilton was certain that the Indian was one of the party who had formerly taken him prisoner. What had passed between him and Dorson left no doubt that it was through the agency of Withers that Bessie Hamlen had been prevented from arriving at the place intended. Wilton was not long in deciding in his own mind what course to take. He knew that the victory just gained over the enemy must, in all probability, put an end to the war on the western frontier, and as his services had for a long time been devoted to his country, he felt justified in resigning his commission and taking a few weeks to himself.

"I have long," he said, when after parting with Hammett, he rejoined his brother officers, "been desirous to visit my old home in Virginia; and, in truth, I need a little relaxation, as I have never fully recovered from the effects of the wound I received at the siege of Fort Meigs."

He mentioned re-visiting his home as a motive for travelling in Virginia, though a possibility of discovering Bessie Hamlen's retreat was a much more powerful one, which, had there existed no other reason, prudence would have prevented him from disclosing. Aside from this, the consciousness that a search which must be wholly dependent on chance for its success, might be thought to bear a family resemblance to the expeditions of those errant knights of the olden time whose object was the relief of the distressed, might in some degree influence him, though he was by no means over-sensitive on the score of ridicule.

He was not one of that class who are troubled with infirmity of purpose, and having made every necessary arrangement, at an early hour in the morning and in company with a number of others whose homes were in that direction, he was on his way to Virginia. One by one the companions of Wilton, at the time of starting forming a cavalcade of a dozen or more, fell off on reaching some intersecting road, or their homes on that they were travelling, so that by the time he found himself in Virginia, there were, besides himself only three left. At another time he would have been vividly alive to the different aspects of the scenery, in which the wild and the beautiful often formed fine and striking contrasts. Now, his mind was too ill at ease to allow himself to share the keen delight expressed by his companions.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

It was near sunset on the second day after they had crossed the boundary which admitted Wilton to his native State, that, having attained the last of a series of hills which overlooked a broad, deep valley, they saw approaching from the opposite direction two men and a lady. The men were roughly clad, and rode large, heavy horses, which seemed formed for endurance rather than speed.

The lady's horse, on the contrary, was a clean-limbed, spirited animal, yet to appearance perfectly manageable. The fair rider, as was almost universally the case with the Virginian ladies, was evidently at home in the saddle, though her appearance now was negligent and drooping, as if much fatigued or suffering from great mental depression. They were advancing slowly, and soon after Wilton and his friends came in sight, they stopped as if for consultation.

"I suspect they have some thoughts of turning back," said a young man whose name was Braynard, and who rode by the side of Wilton.

"We will make the better speed then," was Wilton's reply; "for there is something in the appearance of the young lady which gives me the impression that she is not over-pleased with her escort."

"No, they are not going to turn back," said Braynard, "they think of crossing that marsh to the left. See, the burly-looking fellow, nearest the lady, is pointing towards it with his riding-whip."

"They surely aint going to trust themselves to such treacherous footing," said Wilton. "The horses, before proceeding a dozen paces, would sink to their saddle-girths."

"So one would think, yet many of these bogs or marshes may be crossed in safety by those who know how to choose their ground. To the practised eye of that man the way, no doubt, is perfectly plain. Every inequality or diversity of surface, however slight, forms a land-mark."

"The lady don't seem willing to trust to it."

"Or she may have thoughts of seeking to exchange her escort."

"It may be so. The men with her certainly don't look like persons whom a lady would be likely to choose for protectors."

Wilton, the moment it was perceived that they intended to cross the marsh, had put his horse to a smart trot, the others following his example. He now broke into a gallop, but before he reached them one of the men turned aside into the path crossing the morass. He who remained directed the lady to follow.

"Keep as near Hans as you can," said he, "for if you vary a hand's breadth from the path, you'd keep on sinkin' and sinkin' till you come out 'tother side of the airth for all anybody knows to the contrary."

She cast a despairing look towards Wilton, who in half a minute more would reach the spot, but she dared not refuse to obey. Turning her horse, she prepared to enter upon the narrow track. An unexpected obstacle presented itself. The high spirited animal she rode had not, like the two others, been trained to venture where the footing appeared so insecure, and stopped the moment he reached the morass.

"Wait," said the man, "and I will get off my horse and put him before me, and lead yours."

As he said this she again looked at the young officer who was still in advance of the others. She then saw it was Wilton Richmond, who had already recognized in her, Bessie Hamlen. As the man jumped from his horse her resolution was formed. Wheeling hers round, she put him to his speed in the direction Wilton was going, just at the moment he came up. The man, whose feet touched the ground at the same instant she turned her horse, threw himself towards her and made a frantic attempt to catch hold of her bridle, but failing, stumbled and fell, at the moment Braynard and the two others dashed by. In the same breath Wilton and Bessie were with them, and by the time the man had fairly risen to his feet, the whole party were several rods distant, though this did not prevent him from sending a pistol-ball after them.

"'Sposin' we should try to overhaul 'em?" said Hans.

"'Twould be a wild goose chase, if we should. We might as well try to overtake the wind. Besides, two to one is al'ays one too many."

Wilton and his party did not imagine they were in much danger of being pursued, and as soon as they were fairly out of sight of the two men, rode at a more moderate speed.

"Where were those men taking you to?" inquired Wilton of Bessie, as soon as they checked their horses so as to permit conversation.

"That is what I am unable to tell you."

"You don't imagine they were acting on their own responsibility?"

"No—from what I heard them say, I know very well they had received directions from Ishmael Withers."

"Where is he?"

"Of that, too, I am ignorant. Did you know, before you saw me, that I was from home?"

In answer to this question, Wilton related those particulars concerning her absence, which he had learned from Hammett.

"I have reason to believe," said Bessie, when he had finished, "that Withers sent word that I might expect to see him soon, on purpose to induce me to leave home—for he knew that if possible, I should avoid seeing him."

"That is what I think. It was merely a ruse to withdraw you from the protection of your friends, when he hoped he should be able to frighten you into accepting him for a husband."

"I couldn't go by stage within half a dozen miles of the place where my friends lived, and thus far a faithful servant accompanied me. He would have gone the whole of the way, but I found a carriage in waiting for me, and kind messages from Mrs. Woodhull and her daughters—at least, I was made to believe so—whom I was going to visit. I therefore dismissed the servant, as he was needed at home. The distance appeared to me much greater than I expected, and it was nearly dark when the carriage stopped at a house which the darkness prevented me from seeing plainly, and which, as I found in the morning, was in a lonely, secluded spot—no other dwelling being in sight. I was met at the door by a woman, who, in answer to my inquiries for my friends, told me they were absent. The moment I entered, from the entire absence of everything which denotes wealth or refinement, I knew it could not be the residence of the family I intended to visit. The woman, in answer to my questions, said she didn't know those I called my friends, but that I should soon either see or hear from a person who called himself mine."

"She meant Withers?"

"Yes—but thank Heaven, I didn't see him."

"And did you hear from him?"

"I did. The next day, towards night, I received a note from him, in which he confessed that he had taken advantage of my being from home, to have me conveyed to a place where I should be free from influences which he knew to be inimical to his wishes. It was his intention, he said, to make me his wife, and what he undertook, he generally accomplished. He concluded by expressing his regret that an unforeseen occurrence would oblige him to take a journey which would prevent his having the supreme felicity of seeing me for a number of weeks."

"And you have never seen him since you left home?"

"No. I believe I should have died had it not been for the note he sent me, as then I should have been in hourly dread of seeing him."

The road now, which followed the course of the Potomac, was overhung by frowning crags which deepened the gloom of twilight, and seemed to threaten, every moment, to fall and overwhelm them. Not a single human habitation was in sight, and Wilton began to feel some anxiety on Bessie's account. For her own part, the sense of safety experienced by her was so great, that as yet, she had not spent a thought on what, under different circumstances, might have appeared the rather alarming prospect of being obliged to pass the night without a shelter.

After riding several miles beneath the dark shadows of the overhanging precipices, the road, on sweeping round the base of a steep cliff which stood boldly out from the rest, gradually diverged in the direction of a high, open plain, whence the prospect was less confined.

They now found that night was not so near as they had apprehended. Vestiges of a brilliant sunset still lingered in the west, and mantled with burnished gold a distant reach of the river, which finally seemed to lose itself and blend with the sky. At a little distance a road, or rather a lane, turned to the right, and from behind a thick grove of pines ascended a slender column of smoke.

"There must be a house back of those pines," said Wilton. "That wreath of smoke, slowly curling upwards, has a look of hospitality. It is the sign of a good fire, which would be very comfortable after our long ride, for the air, as night comes on, begins to be cool."

Bessie, while he was speaking, had been looking at those thick, gloomy pines, and thought they appeared familiar. By the time he had finished, she felt certain that the dark outline they formed against the twilight sky, its monotony broken here and there by one, which, like some lofty spire rose high above the rest, was the same her eye had often traced from the window of the house where, for a number of weeks, she had been watched and guarded the same as a prisoner.

"O, no!" said she, "we mustn't go there! It is the prison from which I've just made my escape."

"I will try," said Wilton, "not to forget where it is. Hereafter, I may like to make it a visit."

"I hardly know what the lady can do," said Braynard. "As for the rest of us, we might do as we have many times done before, make a good bed of some pine boughs."

"We wont give up yet," said one of the others. "The road, as you see, will soon again wind among the hills, and from the summit of one of them we may have the good fortune to descry some roof large enough to cover us."

The hills, though more distant than they appeared to be, were at length attained. By the time they had reached the top of one of the highest, the last line of light had faded from the western horizon, and all was wrapped in the gloom of night.

"Yonder is a star, the loveliest that can greet the eye of weary traveller," said Braynard.

"It must be a ground-star, then," said Wilton.

"It is."

All eyes were directed to a light which, at a distance, shone through a break in some rocky, wild-looking hills, and whose long and tremulous rays, caught by the ripples of a rivulet, were broken into thousands of sparkles. They were all inspired with new courage. Even the weary horses seemed to be aware that a place of rest was at hand, and voluntarily quickened their pace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FECUNDITY OF CORN.

A single plant of corn, either wheat, barley, or oats, by being allowed proper time and ample space for the full development of its roots, leaves and branches, is naturally capable of producing eighty ears or four thousand-fold. Anomalous, however, as this may appear, yet it is certain and as strictly true, that not fifty-fold, or one perfect ear is obtained from each grain planted throughout the entire breadth of the United Kingdom: and it would require a countless number of ifs, ands, and buts, to prove the contrary, though but few words to substantiate the truth of this assertion, namely:—"That were it so, as a necessary consequence, one hundred bushels per acre would be an average crop! viz, fifty times as much as is sown, say at two bushels only per acre as seed for wheat, barley and oats; but it is a fact not too much to affirm, that scarcely half thus much (incredible as it may appear at first sight) is actually obtained; about thirty-two to fifty bushels per acre being a fair average crop of all kinds of grain, so estimated by the most able and trustworthy statisticians of the present day."
—*Hardy's Essay on the Cultivation of Corn.*

RUSSIAN MUSIC.

The Russians are very fond of music; and this natural musical talent makes private orchestras quite a cheap luxury—as they can be employed at ordinary times as servants or workmen. The "horn music" of Russia, peculiar to that country, is said to be one of the most remarkable kinds of music in the world. The band must be composed of as many persons as there are notes in the compass of the horn. Each performer has but a single note to play, and his duty consists in bringing that note into the performance at exactly the right time. This, of course, requires the utmost accuracy and precision. The individuality of the musicians is so completely annihilated that they are ordinarily designated by the notes which they play. Thus one is called B flat, another F, and a third G.—*Musical World.*

A truly virtuous man is he who prides himself upon nothing.—*Rochefoucauld.*



HEMP.



INDIANS PREPARING CASSAVA.



ARENG SACCHARIFERA.

On this page we have grouped together accurate representations of various vegetable productions of the earth, of value in commerce and manufactures. The first is the hemp-plant (*Cannabis Sativa*), the fibres of which are employed particularly in the manufacture of cordage. The next engraving represents a group of Indians of the Caribbee Islands, preparing a kind of bread called *cassava*. It is made from a very poisonous root called *Jatropha Manihot*, rendered wholesome by the extraction of its acrid juice. The root, after being washed, scraped clean and grated in



TOBACCO PLANT.

a tub, is enclosed in a sack made of rushes, of a very loose texture; the sack being suspended on a stick placed on two wooden forks. A heavy vessel at the bottom of the sack is so contrived as to press the juice out of the roots. When this is done it becomes a sort of starch, which, when well dried, is passed through a sieve. The cassava, as the root is called when in this state, is baked into cakes by laying it on hot plates of iron, or on hot earth. The substance so extensively used by us under the name of *tapioca*, is a finer kind of cassava. The *Areng Saccharifera*, delineated in the next engraving, is employed by the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago to manufacture one of their beverages. The sap flows abundantly from the wounded branches about the period of fruiting; a bamboo bottle is tied to the extremity of an amputated limb, and removed morning and evening. The sap thus extracted, at first transparent, becomes in time yellowish in color, powerfully odorous, very astringent and intoxicating. The tobacco plant, *Nicotiana Tabacum*, next represented, is a tropical, herbaceous plant, rising with a strong, erect stem to the height of six or eight feet, with a fine, handsome foliage. When full grown, the stalk near the root frequently attains a diameter of more than an inch. The leaves, of light green, grow alternately at intervals of two or three inches on the stalk. They are oblong and spear-shaped; those lowest on the stalk being about twenty inches long, decreasing in size as they ascend. They are smooth at first, but assume a rougher surface as they approach to maturity and become ready for cutting. The *Carnauba*, next delineated, produces a fruit yielding a valuable oil. Our sketch of the cotton plant shows a pod in the act of bursting. Cotton, an object of gigantic manufacture, yielding vast wealth to the world, is a delicate fibrous substance found in the seed-bed of a tropical plant of which the varieties are numerous. The blossoms are either yellow or dull purple. The seed-vessel is a capsule opening into three, four, or five lobes, exposing many seeds enveloped in cotton that sometimes adheres so firmly as to be separated with difficulty, but in other cases it parts freely. The fibre is, in some species, much longer than in others, giving rise to the terms of "long-staple" and "short-staple" cotton. Turmeric, used for dyeing yellow, is the root of an Asiatic plant, the *Cucurma Longa*, delineated in the next picture. The color is prepared from the roots which are internally of a deep yellow. They readily yield their coloring matter to water and alcohol, communicating to the former a deep yellow, and to the latter a yellowish-red hue. The roots are reduced to powder before being used. The next picture shows an Indian engaged in the culture of the yam, one of the numerous roots used by the natives of tropical countries. It is a native of the East, and it is highly nutritious. The last sketch shows a branch of the *Coffea Arabica*, or coffee tree, with the flower and the berry. It is a tropical plant, and grows to the height of eight or ten feet. The berry encloses two hard, oval seeds. The left hand part of the engraving shows the entire berry—a berry half extricated from its pulp—the separate seeds and the flower.



CARNAUBA.



COTTON PLANT.



TURMERIC.



YAM.



COFFEE PLANT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY WILLIAM A. T. SILENUS.

I think of thee when dawn of day
First changes darkness into light,
And the larks sing as they pass by,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

I think of thee at early morn,
When solar rays shine forth so bright,
When all around is still and calm,
And dewdrops sparkle in the light.

I think of thee at evening tide,
When day is fading from the sight,
And floating clouds so gently glide,
All tinged with golden rays of light.

I think of thee at midnight hour,
When moon and stars shine forth so bright,
While seated in some pleasant bower,
All lighted by the queen of night.

I think of thee while on the deep,
When moving onward to the goal;
Thine image I will always keep,
'Tis stamped upon my inmost soul.

O yes, I always think of thee,
When youth and brightest joys are fled,
When naught but musings cheer the heart,
And care and sorrow deck thy head.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HISTORY OF TWO LIVES.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

Hush! Tread lightly over the velvet carpet; close the heavy oaken doors with a gentle touch, and draw the rich damask around couch and casement. Speak your joy in low tones and whispered accents; shut out the sound of the storm, the raging of the wind and the lightning's flash, and let naught disturb the silence of this stately chamber; for lo! to-day a child is born,—to-day an heiress is given to the proud house of G——, and in all fair England, there is not this hour a happier household than gather within the walls of S—— House.

The fair young mother (the very flower of the English aristocracy) is slumbering beneath silken curtains, on downy pillows, watched by careful, loving eyes, and blessed by a score of loving hearts. The tender infant, all unconscious of the magnificence that attends its appearance in this world of trouble, is reposing peacefully in its nurse's arms, unmindful of the fact that its tiny form is enveloped in robes of priceless value,—that each quarter of the earth has been searched to procure fitting adornments for its frail body.

Fair child, the unnecessary ornaments on your fairy-like couch would be a fortune for many a poor infant, helpless and innocent as you are, but unlike you, born to penury and want. But Providence has seen fit to place the little lady in a home of regal magnificence; to make her the descendant of one of her country's oldest and wealthiest families, and there are none to dispute her right to so much magnificence.

See in yon gallery one who walks with unsteady tread, with clasped hands, and joy-flushed countenance. He is very young; scarcely thirty winters can have passed over his head, and yet he enters into the councils of his sovereign, and even now he has left the walls of a palace to follow the messenger sent to summon him home. He is handsome—exceedingly handsome, not merely possessing the physical beauty that attracts the eye, but that greater beauty which wins the heart, that is read in those clear dark eyes, in the form of that beautifully-shaped head, and the small, almost womanly mouth, and which has all his life distinguished him among his fellow-men.

He is evidently in a state of joyous excitement, and we see his countenance change as his happiness comes before in every new light in which he views it. One moment he stands beneath the heavy arches of an old-fashioned window, and we feel, as he lifts his eyes to the stormy clouds above, that words of thanksgiving are in his heart and trembling on his lips,—that he is acknowledging the bounty and mercy of the Great Giver. Again his thoughts have wandered back to her, the beloved one—she who *might* have been taken from him, and who is so mercifully spared; and now, if we look in those dark eyes, we see them dim with tears—tears of love and tenderness.

But see! a messenger approaches, and whispers a few words. They leave the long dark gallery together, and with light and careful step, they seek the door of the mysterious room, where the obsequious domestic bows low, and leaves his lord to enter alone. All is silent and peaceful; not a sound breaks the repose of this delightful chamber, until softly drawing aside the curtains, he kneels beside the couch, and clasping the fair hand extended to him, kisses the pale cheek of his young wife, murmuring, "Louise—my Louise! God bless you, my own wife!"

Reader, we may not linger on such scenes as this. Happiness, pure, unmingled happiness, comes rarely to mortals, and still more rarely remains with them long. Think not, because we leave the two we have here introduced, at the very summit of human happiness, that we shall find them the same when we again resume their history.

We leave them rejoicing at the birth of a child; we may yet find them lamenting that that child ever saw the light. We leave them in the enjoyment of boundless riches, the possessors of all that rank and wealth can give to man; we may yet see them turn with loathing from their hollow magnificence, with disgust from the deceitful splendor, which has failed to give them peace.

Turn we now to a similar, yet far different scene—a scene of misery, of sorrow, such as the favored occupants of S—— House could hardly have imagined, certainly never realized.

In a wretched cottage, a few miles from an ancient and partly ruined castle belonging to the owner of S—— House, on the same day that our story opens, a little babe had been welcomed to the world amid want and wretchedness, the tears of a heart-broken mother, and the mournful wailings of an aged, sorrow-stricken and fast dying grand-parent. No husband was there to cheer the sinking heart of the young mother,—to press a father's kiss on the brow of the innocent little being, so helpless in its weakness, so strongly claiming love and kindness. No; the husband and father is far away. While his wife is weeping bitter tears over their first born, he is singing a wild song to amuse his choice companions, the idle, drunken loungers of a village tavern.

His money was spent long ago, even to the last farthing, but they who delight to listen to his fine voice, who love his witty conversation and pleasant company, take care that he shall not want for inducements to remain with them. They give him plenty of the liquor he loves, and he drinks again and again, until his voice grows thick and his step uneven; and still he quaffs the delightful poison, and cares not that his wife is suffering for the very necessaries of life,—that she is fainting with hunger and thirst, that she is ill and worse than alone; for her babe needs the care there is none to bestow, and she looks helplessly from the poor infant in her arms to the shivering old grandmother cowering over the few dying embers on the hearth, and in despairing accents she prays aloud for help.

The fierce storm is carefully shut out from the chamber of one mother; it sweeps through the unglazed windows of the other, while the lightnings flash blindingly in her face, and the heavy rain drops fall on her miserable and scanty bed. All through the long hours of that dismal night, a careful watch is kept at the bedside of the patrician lady; her lady mother, her husband, even the old dowager herself, are near her, and their fond glances ever and anon seek her sweet slumbering countenance. The morning sun disclosed a scene of horror in the drunkard's cottage.

In the darkness and cold, amid the horrors of the tempest and the sufferings of poverty, the spirit of the aged woman had departed. Cold and motionless she sat in her chair, deaf to the screams of her terrified daughter, deaf to the pleadings of her conscience-stricken son.

Hark! how he calls her! how he implores her to speak once more, to listen to his words of repentance, and not to say he murdered her! Vain—vain are sorrowful words now, addressed to her. The wretched son feels that it is too late; his mind is absorbed in his own misery. He leaves his wife to the care of strangers, and hastens to his favorite resort to drown his remorse in repeated draughts of the deadly liquor. The recollections of his childhood half madden him. It is destruction to remember the happy home of his youth, the dying charge of his father, the patient love of his mother, her self-denial and anxiety to procure him an education, to minister to his boyish wants. Little wonder is it that he almost shrieks aloud in his misery, and strives to fly from his tormentor. And his wife—the poor loving girl he made his wife two short years ago,—she, also, is looking back to the past, when he, the degraded and lost one, was innocent and good,—when he took her from a happy home, a fond mother's side, and proudly called her "his own."

But now, all is changed. Cold, hunger and sorrow have long been her portion, and even this her first-born (so welcome under other circumstances) is wept over with bitter forebodings for her future.

Fifteen years—they pass rapidly, and they bring great changes. They have made a material difference in him whom we last saw rejoicing at the birth of his daughter. Then he was young, impulsive and warm-hearted; now he is cool, calculating and worldly. The bright smile and the joyous light have left his handsome countenance, and in their stead we find deep care lines, anxiety, weariness.

Riches have multiplied with him; honors have been heaped on his head; more than once has he been honored with the most marked evidences of his sovereign's esteem and favor; he has become the sole representative of his family honors, and yet the Duke of S—— is not as happy as, when a young man, he had been sole master of his own time and pleasure.

And the fair young duchess—she, also, sighs over the past. No more retirement, no more quiet happiness; they belong to the public. Her husband has become deeply entangled in his country's politics, and henceforth she finds her place in his heart occupied. They meet but seldom now, and then the eyes of the world are upon them.

The "ducal coronet" presses painfully on that fair brow. Her grace has vainly implored a boon from heaven; it has not granted her a son. She tries to be resigned now, but well she knows that her only daughter, her beautiful Constance, will never be allowed to exercise her own right of choosing a partner; even now a contract is making in which neither of the parties most interested is allowed to have a voice.

The Lady Constance is self-willed and obstinate; her mother has sad fears for the future, and more than once has striven to change her lord's determination. An unusual display of temper on her daughter's part has tempted her once more to interfere. Her husband is in his study, deeply immersed in business, and surrounded with papers; he answers his wife's knock with impatience, and hands her to a seat with ill-concealed vexation. Feeling that she is an intruder, the lady hastens to explain the cause of her visit, and states the source of her uneasiness.

"I am astonished, Louise, that you should again annoy me with such nonsense. I have more than once told you that the affair is settled, or very nearly so, and Constance has nothing whatever to do with it. This is no affair of boy and girl love, but a serious matter, embracing the interests of both families. Had I but had a son, our daughter's marriage would have been of secondary importance; but now, when it is evident that the title and principal estates must pass away, it is equally certain that my only child must go with them, and I am convinced she herself will view it in the proper light before the time comes for the celebration of their marriage."

"But her dislike of her cousin is so great, she will not allow his name to be mentioned before her."

"All girlish fancies, Louise, and, moreover, such whims do not speak very well for your method of training. I hope I shall not have cause to repent of having gratified your wishes, in allowing Constance to remain under your care, instead of pursuing my first intention of having her educated with her cousins. But I desire this may be the last I shall hear of such childish objections, and also that she prepare for her betrothal in a few weeks, as my nephew and future son-in-law will then start on his travels."

And thus it was that the Lady Constance G—— became the promised bride of her cousin, and short-sighted friends spoke admiringly of her "stately beauty," her "lofty magnificence," all the qualities so rarely seen in a girl of fifteen, and did not dream of the smothered passions hidden beneath that calm outside. They saw not the agony, the uncontrolled passion, when all was concluded, and the fair betrothed was alone in her magnificent apartments. They heard not the moans of impotent anger, the rash resolves of the thwarted girl; and they were unanimous in declaring that the match was in all respects most desirable, for "did it not unite the two fortunes of the family, and keep together all the ancient estates?"

"Maggie!"

"I am here, dear mother."

"Maggie, child, I am sinking fast; come closer to me and listen, for I have much to say, and little time to say it in."

"Mother—dear mother! you will not die and leave me—leave the little baby, and Charley, and Jamie? O, mother, I cannot let you die!"

"Maggie, dear child, don't say that. It is very hard to leave you all, but I must go; and Maggie, my little daughter, it is to you I leave my precious babes, to your care and your guidance. Be always kind to your poor father, and never cease to lead him from his evil ways; he will one day acknowledge his faults, and then you will be rewarded. Do all you can for the boys, but never desert your little sister if she lives. Take her yourself to the minister, and ask him to baptize her; keep her always with you, and never forget her in your own happiness. And now, dear child, kiss me once more. God bless you and my other darlings, and may he cause my dear husband to forsake the evil and turn to the good."

Poor Alice Brown! hers was a short and unhappy life, and in her dying request she bequeathed to her gentle child a burden of care and sorrow far too heavy for the poor young creature. But Maggie Brown, frail and delicate as she appeared, in reality possessed an untiring and energetic spirit.

Born in sorrow, despair and poverty, she had all her short life been accustomed to the hardest trials and troubles, and thus at her mother's death she assumed the control of their cottage with a courageous determination to conquer every difficulty, to fulfil to the letter that dear mother's request.

Maggie's neighbors, as poor as herself, yet found opportunities to do little offices of kindness for the children of drunken John Brown.

"Send little Charley over to our house, Maggie, and I will always give you some milk for the babe," said one kind-hearted matron, who, with tearful eyes, had watched the poor girl's efforts to induce the half-starved infant to eat the only food she had to give it.

"Don't try to do that, my lassie; you are not strong enough for such work. I will send some one from the house to help you, you poor child." And true to his word, Farmer Harris despatched his son Willie to the cot, to provide fuel for the suffering children.

Maggie blushed deeply as young Harris came to her side and relieved her of the hard task she had undertaken. He was a stranger to her, having only just arrived home from school; and being a very good-looking youth, and also displaying considerable admiration for his new acquaintance, there was little wonder that poor Maggie felt somewhat shy and ashamed in his presence.

After that morning, it became an everyday occurrence for Willie Harris to call at John Brown's cottage on his way to the post town, and old Farmer Harris frequently had his patience tried to the utmost by the length of time he had to wait for his letters and daily paper. But Willie always found means to pacify his father, and not unfrequently succeeded in obtaining a small sum of money from him, after patiently listening to a reprimand.

Next to his son, Farmer Harris loved money, and Willie had hitherto showed a disinclination to spend, that delighted his father's heart. Now, however, the case was different, and many were the discussions the good man held with his dame, as to the possible use their boy could make of his cash. One thing was certain: Mrs. Harris could never be made to believe that her darling made any improper use of it, and she always ended the argument when the old gentleman with a solemn shake of his head would say, "Dunno, dame,—dunno; boys are boys, and Willie's one of them."

It is quite probable that both Willie's parents would have been angry had they seen the numerous little presents their son bestowed on Maggie Brown's little orphan charges (he never offered Maggie anything for herself); but as they never knew it, it never grieved them, and poor Maggie felt herself encouraged to hope on through many a dark and dreary hour by the knowledge of how firm a friend she had in rich Farmer Harris's gentle-hearted son.

But these happy days did not last forever. Willie Harris had a grand uncle in the Indies, old, rich and unmarried. He wrote to his English agent, learned that Willie was his nearest of kin, sent for him to come out to him without delay, and Maggie Brown lost her friend. True, Willie had promised to come home some day and make her rich; but then Willie was only seventeen, and India was *such* a long way off. Poor Maggie took the infant on her lap, and shed the bitterest tears she had wept since her mother died.

"Constance—dearest Constance, you are not offended with me? You will pardon my rashness, for you know how much I love you."

"I know you love me; Sidney, but think of the consequences of an elopement now. I dare not think of Norman's anger, for he, too, loves me, Sidney."

"Not as I do—never as I do, my own—my beloved!" And the impassioned words were rendered more earnest by the caresses which accompanied them. And the guilty wife—for she was a wife—listened to his wicked pleadings, and scarcely by word or look attempted to discourage his libertine hopes.

We left Lady Constance, at fifteen, the betrothed wife of her cousin. One short year after, she fled from her magnificent home, her affectionate parents, and the husband they had destined for her, to become the wife of a captain in a foot regiment.

Captain Norman was handsome, jealous, ambitious and poor. He had won his beautiful young bride by the exercise of his exceedingly fascinating qualities, and he carefully guarded her, now she was his own, very much to her annoyance. To maintain her in elegance, he deprived himself of a thousand accustomed pleasures, asking but a word or look of approbation in return.

One thing alone he denied her, and that the artful beauty found means to obtain without his consent; viz., the society of gentlemen, as her position, both past and present, little fitted her to enjoy without danger.

Among the most objectionable of her acquaintances was Sidney L——, a brother officer of her husband's, and a wild, careless person as ever left college with a disgraced name. Heedless of consequences, he had always been accustomed to indulge his taste for flirtation to the utmost; but in Lady Constance, he met with one so different from those he had hitherto honored with his notice that the usual transient passion became something more serious, and he at last persuaded both her and himself that he was the victim of violent love. Careless of the danger, he continually implored her to elope with him, and her evasions (on the ground of Captain Norman's unfailing vengeance) but added fuel to the flame.

To him, bold and reckless in iniquity, "the danger's self was lure alone," and on the evening we have introduced them to the reader, he had determined to win her consent to fly. Favored by the supposed absence of her husband (whom they believed to be on duty), the guilty pair remained together until long past their usual hour of parting, and it was not until Captain Norman himself burst into the room that they realized the consequences of their imprudence. For hours the enraged man had been on the watch, and now he came to demand instant vengeance on him who had destroyed all his hopes of happiness. The events of that fearful night were never known.

At day dawn, the startling tidings was carried to the garrison that Captain Norman had died in a fit during the night.

Many were deceived, and sincerely sympathized with the young widow, whose affliction was so overwhelming that even her most intimate friends were refused admittance. But others were not to be blinded by such deceptive appearances; and when the unfortunate officer was borne to his last resting-place in silence and without the customary honors, the whole city mourned his unhappy fate and sad end. Captain L—— immediately left the army, and for many years was unheard of by his friends; while of the future fate of the guilty wife, little or nothing was ever known with certainty.

Such was the career of one, born to inherit riches, honors and an untarnished name. Of her parents, we dare say no more; death has taken them from this troublesome world, and their hopes, their disappointments, their sorrows and their disgrace are alike sacred. The present wearer of the family honors is now an old man. He mixes much in public life; he has for long years been a husband and father, and his stately wife and noble sons might well make glad his heart; but friends will tell you that his grace's temper suffered from an early disappointment, and not all the years since passed can efface the remembrance of the fair and deceitful cousin who disdained his youthful love, and left him to battle his way through life, with the firm conviction that truth does not exist here. The lady, whom for political reasons he made his wife, is a true "woman of the world," and her influence has strengthened her husband's error.

"Maggie, I have returned no richer than I left you, but unchanged in regard to my love. You must be mine now, Maggie; I cannot see you slaving forever for your father and brothers without a hope of change for the better. My home is at least comfortable, and my parents will welcome you for my sake."

The young couple were seated under the shade of the green trees, and Willie Harris had passed his arm around the slender waist of his companion, and drawn her close to his side. Very beautiful the cottage girl looked, despite the poverty-stricken appearance of her dress and the careworn expression of her countenance.

And Willie, as he passed his hand over her smooth, glossy hair, and watched the rosy flush rise in her fair cheek, heeded not that her faded old dress was worn and patched, that the bonnet lying on the ground was old and shabby, or that her feet were covered with shoes of the coarsest material.

It was for herself alone that Willie Harris loved Maggie, for her sweet temper, her beauty and her untiring devotion to her family; for these he had refused the wealthy bride selected for him by his rich old uncle, thereby incurring said uncle's displeasure, and returning in disgrace to his home. And Maggie knew all this, and yet when Willie asked her to become his bride, she slowly drew herself away from the clasping arm, and looking in his face with tearful eyes, exclaimed:

"It cannot be, Willie—dear Willie! I never can be your wife."

"Maggie! What is this?—what has come over you, Maggie, my own, to speak such words as these?"

"Hard words they are, Willie, God only knows how hard to me; but they must be spoken, and again I say I cannot be your wife."

With unmingled astonishment, the young man saw the great tears falling down her cheeks, as those words passed the lips of her he loved so well; and catching her to his bosom, he exclaimed, passionately:

"This is all nonsense, Maggie! Mine you are, and mine you must be. It is too late now to try to make me believe you do not love me. You must promise me now at once that you will be my wife immediately."

But Willie Harris was not prepared to find his gentle Maggie firm and unyielding in her strange determination, and not all his love could prevent his feeling angry, on hearing that her refusal arose from her determination to obey her mother's dying injunction, and never to forsake her father and his poor neglected children.

The little girl Maggie had so carefully attended since its birth, was merrily playing beside them, and Willie reading some of Maggie's thoughts, hastened to assure her that for little Bella his home was always open,—that he never dreamed of parting her from her sister, and consequently there could be no further objection to his plan.

"But what will become of the boys? and father, too, grown old with poverty and dissipation! No, no, Willie; urge me no more. It never, never can be!" And catching her little sister up in her arms, Maggie fled away from her lover as if fearful of listening any longer to his arguments.

Willie's first resolve was instantly to banish Maggie from his mind forever, but a few hours convinced him that it was no longer in his power to do so.

Maggie's noble renunciation of happiness made her dearer than ever to him, and evening saw him at the cottage, where, after another fruitless attempt to change her purpose, he bade her farewell, convinced that to remain near her was only additional misery.

"If he could only have stayed here!" sobbed poor Maggie, as, standing in the moonlight, she watched her lover slowly retracing his steps,—"only remained where I might sometimes see him, I could have borne my misery; but now—now he has gone, and I am all alone."

Scarcely less unhappy was the young lover, who went home to astonish his parents with the announcement of his intended departure for the "Great West."

"There is no room in this country for a man to live, father," was his answer to the old farmer's objections. "I must go where I can roam freely over the wilderness,—where no one shall say, 'this is mine; you cannot come here.' I have been east, I will now go west. Perchance, when wearied of wandering, I may come home and settle quietly in the dear old place, but at present it is impossible."

And Willie actually went away, in spite of the lingering hope in Maggie's heart, that he would change his plans; and once more the poor cottage girl pursued her weary course uncheered by anything save the voice of an approving conscience, and the love of little darling baby Bella.

But Maggie had not yet passed through all her trials. It was not until she stood beside the little pauper coffin and looked her last on the fair little image sleeping in it, that she realized how many and how agonizing are earth's trials.

But Maggie passed through the ordeal unmurmuringly. Her father, shocked at the death of the little one, suddenly left off his bad habits; but long use had rendered him powerless to overcome their evil effect. He pined, sickened and died; and Maggie, after proving herself a "ministering angel," sincerely mourned for him whose mistaken ways had shadowed her whole life.

As soon as John Brown's death became known, friends gathered round the orphans, and an old sailor uncle of their mother's fitted out the two boys, and took them with him to sea. Maggie refused all offers of a home, persisting in remaining in the little old cottage and supporting herself by knitting and sewing for her neighbors.

Several months passed thus, until Dame Harris was taken severely ill, and then in his perplexity the farmer could think of no one so likely to make a good nurse as "orphan Maggie." True, he had treated her very coldly of late days, for he more than half-suspected the agency she had had in sending his boy away; but the case was urgent, so he smothered his vexation, went himself, told her his troubles, and took her home with him at once.

And then such a change as took place in the old farm house! Nobody could have convinced the old gentleman that by any possibility any other woman could do what his dame could do, and he almost believed in magic art when he witnessed the improvements the young girl made in his disordered household. And the sick dame, too, almost doubted the evidence of her senses when told by her husband that instead of being all wrong, every part of their house was in excellent order.

The prejudice once removed, and confidence felt in her, the old couple soon began to love Maggie dearly, and before Willie's return, she had become necessary to their comfortable existence. Of course, after that she never left them, and her future life amply repaid her for the trials of her youth.

Five years after their marriage, Willie's uncle in India died, and left Willie a large fortune. The old house was pulled down, and a handsome and convenient new one replaced it. Their garden (always a good one) was enlarged and improved, and gradually the old place assumed a look of elegant comfort, in accordance with the young master's taste.

When I saw Maggie last, it was at the christening of her third child; and as it was the first son, the occasion was one of exceeding joy. The young mother looked very well and very happy, and if a slight shade of remembered sorrow was at times visible, it did not detract from her beauty. Her pretty lavender silk dress, delicate lace collar and most becoming cap (the matron's badge in England), looked just as they ought to have looked, and I could freely pardon her handsome young husband's admiring glances. Her two little girls (born to a happier childhood than their mother enjoyed) were very pretty, rosy, English children, and evidently great pets with their grand-parents and all their father's family connections, half a dozen old maid aunts inclusive, said aunts allowing them to disarrange the prim propriety of their ringlets and ribbons with most admirable patience and good humor.

THE AFRICAN WOODS.

The most formidable of all animals in the woods of Africa is the famous but recently discovered Troglodytes Gorilla, called in the language of the Gabun, Njena. It belongs to the orang-outang or chimpanzee family, but is larger and much more powerful than any other known species. It is almost impossible to give a correct idea, either of the hideousness of its looks, or the amazing muscular power it possesses. Its intensely black face not only reveals features greatly exaggerated, but the whole countenance is but one expression of savage ferocity. Large eyeballs, a cross of long hair, which falls over the forehead when it is angry, a mouth of immense capacity, revealing a set of terrible teeth, and large protruding ears, make it one of the most frightful animals in the world. It is not surprising that the natives are afraid to encounter them even when armed. The skeleton of one, in possession of the Natural History Society of Boston, is supposed to be five feet and a half high, and with its flesh, thick skin and the long shaggy hair with which it is covered, must have been nearly four feet across the shoulders. The natives say it is ferocious, and invariably gives battle when it meets a single person. It is said they will wrest a musket from the hands of a man and crush the barrel between their jaws, and there is nothing, judging from the muscles of the jaws, or the size of their teeth, that renders such a thing improbable. The common African chimpanzee abounds in all parts of Western Africa. Those of Southern Guinea are not so large as those higher up the coast. It is the nearest approximation to the human species of any of the monkey family. It is easily domesticated, is mild and sociable in disposition, and gives unmistakable evidence of strong personal attachments. Its character and habits are so well known that we do not feel it important to give it a more extended account.—*New York Star.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Recollections of a Zouave before Sebastopol. Translated from the French by Mrs. M. Harrison Robinson. Philadelphia: Hayes & Zell. 1856. 18mo. pp. 300.

The extracts from this work which we had seen in foreign papers, excited a curiosity which a perusal of this version has fully gratified. It is a lively, graphic and dashing narrative, not without a touch of *Vagus*, giving a perfect picture of that unique corps, the world-renowned French Zouaves. It is thoroughly readable, from title-page to colophon. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

Robert Graham. A sequel to "Linda," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 296.

The readers of "Linda, or the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," one of the most graceful productions of a pen that will delight them no more, will be gratified to peruse the continuation of that charming story, which is concluded in the same spirit, and which is quite as interesting. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street.

Western Border Life: or, *What Fanny Hunter saw and heard in Kansas and Missouri.* New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

The title of this book is enough to draw attention to it. How faithfully life on the frontier and in the new territory is depicted, we are incompetent to tell. The book undertakes to delineate the "efforts of a faithful Christian teacher from New England to do good among her pupils." For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

The Life of General Daniel Morgan of the Virginia Line, U. S. A. By James Graham. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 470.

The name of Morgan is one of the most illustrious on the long list of our revolutionary heroes, and his unexaggerated efforts read like a romance. The life before us is well written, and embraces a general view of the stirring and glorious times in which the gallant general lived and did his part. A fine portrait of the hero faces the title-page. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

Victoria, or *The World Overcome.* By Caroline Chesebro'. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 465.

We think the public will decide that this is the best work yet from the pen of our popular American authoress. It is interesting as a narrative, pure and lofty in its tone, and abounding with vividly drawn characters. We predict an extensive sale for it.

New Music. We have received from Henry Tolman, 153 Washington Street, "Old Friends and Old Times," a ballad, "Song of Washington's Men," "Springfield City Hall Polka," "Evening Party Waltz," and "Children's Party Waltz."

Feathers from a Moulting Muse. By Henry J. Sargent. "Residuary Legatee of the late Walter Anonym." Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854.

These very clever poems, many of them humorous, seem to grow in favor with the public. There is an ease and grace in the versification, a geniality and purity in the sentiment, which commend them to all tastes. These first print offerings of a native genius lead us to expect other and yet more successful productions

The Life of George Washington. By J. T. Headley. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner. 1856. 8vo. pp. 477.

The life of the Father of his Country cannot be too often written. Each year that rolls over our heads adds to the value of his example and the importance of his counsels. The work before us is done in the best vein of a picturesque and graphic writer, and is embellished by a fine authentic portrait and by numerous illustrative engravings, executed in a high style of art. It deserves and will receive an extensive sale. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street.

FLYING PROAS
OF THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

The accompanying picture represents the peculiar boats (proas) used by the Ladrone islanders, with their slender hulls and huge triangular sails, managed by the natives with great adroitness. To the mariner accustomed to European rigs, a fleet of these queer craft hurrying along shore affords a singular spectacle. All the navigators who made known to us the existence of groups of islands in the Pacific, the Indian and other oceans, accompanied their narratives with descriptions of the canoes or other kinds of boats in use among the natives; and means are thus afforded for observing the various ways in which ingenuity is brought to bear on such matters. Whether each nation or tribe made its own discoveries, and applied its own inventive skill, or whether one borrowed ideas from another and modified them according to circumstances, can now hardly be known; but it is probable that both causes led to the production of the object in view. The proa we have delineated is used among the Ladrones and other eastern islands. In the account of Anson's voyage, this proa is spoken of with marked commendation. "Whether we consider its aptitude to the particular navigation of these islands, or the uncommon simplicity and ingenuity of its fabric and contrivance, or the extraordinary velocity with which it moves, we shall find it worthy of our admiration, and meriting a place among the mechanical productions of the most civilized nations." The proa seems to be constructed on a principle the very reverse of American vessels; for, while we make the head of the vessel different from the stern, and the two sides alike, the proa has the head and stern alike, but the two sides different. There is one side of the vessel which is intended always to be kept to leeward, and this is flat, whereas the other side is rounded. To prevent her oversetting, which is liable to happen from her narrowness of beam, and the straitness of her leeward side, there is a frame extending from her to windward, to the end of which is fastened a log, shaped like a small boat, and made hollow. The weight of the frame is intended to balance the proa, and the small boat, by its buoyancy, prevents the oversetting. The body of the proa is made of two pieces joined endwise, and sewed together with bark—there being no iron used about her; it is always about two inches thick at the bottom, and about one at the gunwale. The proa generally carries six or seven men, two of them placed in the head and stern to steer the vessel alternately with a paddle, according to the direction in which it is going; the other men being employed in baling out the water which she accidentally ships, or in setting and trimming the sail. The peculiar construction of these vessels arises out of the sort of navigation for which they are intended. The Ladrones are a string of islands lying nearly north and south of each other, and the proas have scarcely to follow any other points of the compass than these two in maintaining intercourse between one island and another. Either end of the vessel may at pleasure make the head, and thus, by simply shifting the sail, it may go to and fro without ever "putting about" or turning round. By the flatness of their lee side and small breadth, they are able to be much nearer the wind than other vessels. They have been known to progress, when a brisk tradewind was with them, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and their amazing swiftness has earned for them the name of "flying proas."



FLYING PROAS OF THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

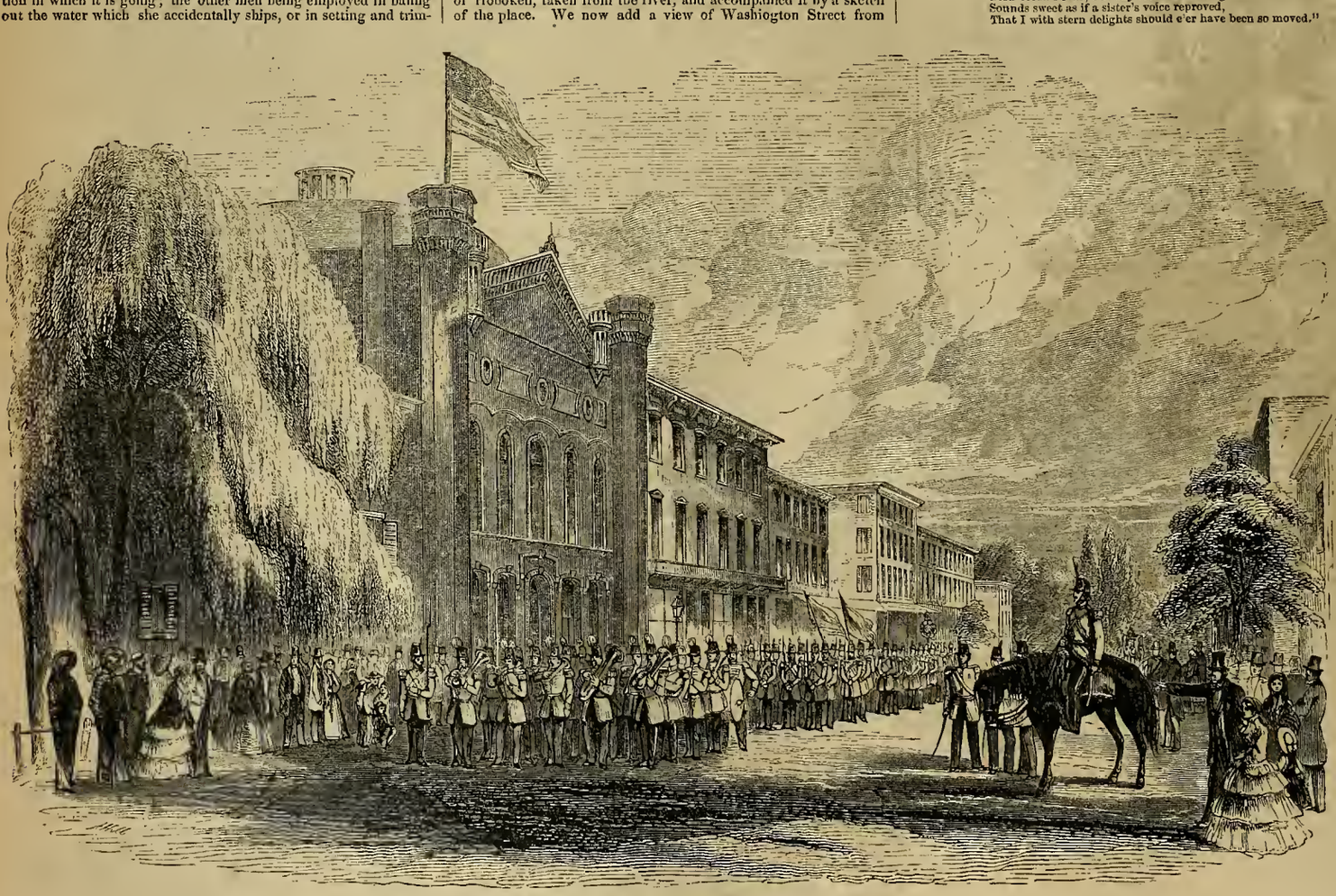
WASHINGTON STREET, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

In our number of September 6th, we presented a general view of Hoboken, taken from the river, and accompanied it by a sketch of the place. We now add a view of Washington Street from the pencil of the same artist—Mr. Hill. Hoboken is laid out with great taste and liberality, and the streets are planted with shade trees. That in our view is the principal business street. The prominent buildings delineated are the Odd Fellows Hall and one of the armories. In front of the latter, a New York city company, on a target excursion, accompanied by Dodworth's band, is halted. During the fall, hundreds of corps come over from New York for target and battalion exercises. There is great military spirit in New York, and the emulation among the volunteer companies brings their drill as near perfection as possible.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

The Lake of Geneva, or Lake Leman, presented on the next page, is one of the most beautiful and celebrated of European lakes. The picture before us delineates as far as engraving can, one of the most striking portions of this vast inland mirror, reflecting the magnificent theatre of mountains that rise until their snow-capped summits blend with the very clouds. The buildings stretching along in the middle distance, add greatly to the picturesque effect of this truly magical scene. This lake lies between Switzerland and the Sardinian States. It is in the form of a crescent. Its length is forty-five miles, while its breadth varies from one to ten. It is 1230 feet above the sea, and its greatest depth is 984 feet. It is traversed by the Rhone from east to west, and receives the Dranse, Venoge and other small rivers. Its waters are noted for their deep cerulean blue color. They abound in fish. This magnificent sheet of water is never frozen over. It presents a very curious phenomenon at times, when it rises from one to five feet, this remarkable elevation lasting only about half an hour. It has formed the subject of many paintings and poems, but none of the latter attain the beauty of the well-remembered stanzas in Child Harold's Pilgrimage. During Lord Byron's stay in Switzerland, he took up his residence at the Campagne Diodati, in the village of Coligny. It stands at the top of a sloping vineyard, the windows inside presenting a fine view of the lake and the city of Geneva. To his evening excursions on the lake, we owe those stanzas commencing with an invocation to the lake:

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved."



VIEW OF WASHINGTON STREET, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.



VIEW OF LAKE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CONTENTMENT.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

But few the hearts where true content
Doth in its fullness dwell,
And few there be who rightly prize
Its calm and holy spell.

To its possessor it is more
Than all the gems of earth:
It is a rare and blessed gift,
And owns a heavenly birth.

We may be rich without the wealth
That falls to some below;
We may be poor, yet millions own,
As earthly riches go.

But he who true contentment feels,
However low his lot,
Bears in his heart a jewel rare,
That will forsake him not.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY TUTOR'S NIECE.

BY WILLIAM D. OLIVER.

I was just seventeen years old when my father entrusted me to the care of Parson Atherton, an old friend of his. He lived in a rural district, far away from the temptations of the busy town, in a quiet embowered parsonage, from whence he rarely emerged, except to give his usual Sabbath sermons. To all appearance, the gentle old man was as innocent of world knowledge as his young pupil; and had there not been a Mrs. Atherton, one would have doubted whether the placid flow of his existence had ever been stirred by any emotion whatever. But that he had a wife, and the fact that she at least had felt something more than mere ripples on her sea of love, were proofs that some time—long back perhaps in the history of the great past—Mr. Atherton's life had been buoyed up into hope, or swayed by ambition for one he loved.

Be that as it may, they had settled down in a passive calm now. Nothing on his part ever took place more important than the dull lesson from Cicero or Horace, which he drilled into me, or the duller sermons which he drilled into his rustic parishioners. Nothing on hers more grand than the autumnal pickling and preserving, or the tying up of her roses and honeysuckles. It was the old story of Adam and Eve; and surely this place—this very Longwood Parsonage—was Eden itself. But alas! Adam had grown old and infirm, and Eve, though a good deal younger than Adam, was certainly not the "fairest of her daughters."

They were very kind to me. I can remember that. Whatever of wrong or blame may be attached to me—Hamilton Lockhart—that of forgetting friends or favors is not among my transgressions. I loved the kind old man very dearly, and I am not sure that Madam Atherton did not claim as large a share in my youthful heart as her good husband. Everything which she could do, or cause her neat-handed servant girl, Nannie, to do for me, was done. My chamber was as sweet as the mountain heather, with lavender and dried rose leaves, my wardrobe neatly kept, the handsomest flowers and finest fruits at my disposal, and freedom to read in the cosiest corner I could find.

Those were rare days! I wonder now that I did not linger more fondly over them, and feel that nothing brighter or happier could ever come up to me in life again! The morning lesson, rendered easy by the masterly teaching Mr. Atherton gave me, the two following hours before our simple, early dinner, in which I helped Mrs. Atherton shell peas or pare apples, and listened to her stories of old times; the after dinner *stretch*, not sleep, in the cool, shaded alcove, with the murmur of the brook and the song of birds in my ear, and the fretted network of green leaves and branches above me, where the stray sunbeams only partially came in, and a perfect bower of roses around me; the sweet rustic repast which Nannie always spread beneath the trees, when the weather would permit; the moonlight sail on the little stream, in which I was proud to show my seamanship to the two venerable friends who accompanied me—yes, those were rare days indeed; and yet they were as nothing, absolutely nothing, to the bewildering dream that followed them.

Strange as it may seem, I did not tire of these simple joys. Whether it was that out in the illimitable future there stood a shape, a destiny, that I seemed to know by intuition would never be approached nor hurried, I seemed to wait passively the time when it should come to me, or I should unconsciously be drifted up to it, I know not. But despite my youth, and the impatience natural to it, I was waiting for it very calmly.

Sometimes it had a glory around its brows, and then it seemed farther off; but often it wore a look of gentle dependence, and of patient hope, as if it, too, was waiting for time to bring two souls together, which, after that meeting, were never to be parted again.

You will say these were schoolboy fancies; but if so, why did they grow stronger, and become invested with a higher faith and a more enduring presence, as I ripened into manliness? Why did I believe in it, firmer and firmer, as the devotee believes in his patron saint, or the spiritualist in his guardian angel? Why did not the conviction ever come to me, as my mind and understanding matured, that I had been cherishing a mere fancy—a deception—a chimera?

No; each year deepened my faith in the coming fate which always wore so sweet an aspect in my eyes. And had it not seemed like dragging down my angel into a mere common mortal, I might almost have embodied my ideal, or at least hoped to have done so, in the person of Madam Atherton's niece, whom she was now daily and hourly expecting to take up her abode with her—for both father and mother had died abroad, and left their only child to the protection and care of my tutor and his wife.

I thought a great deal about the new comer. She did *not* take the place of the dweller in my thoughts; but she had a nearer approach, and I could think of her differently—more like a human and less like a supernatural being. Moreover, this one had a name, and I could identify her, too, through another's vision. Madam Atherton had *seen* her niece, although she was then a mere child, and I could not blend my glorious shadow with the large staring eyes, gipsey skin and irregular features, which she laughingly owned were her niece's distinguishing characteristics of person, scarcely improved, she thought they could be, by her three years' residence in the West India islands, where her father, a rich Scotchman, had resided, and where his wife and child had joined him. The fever which spared the daughter, had not been so merciful to the parents; and Flora Ballantyne was now coming to the parsonage, with little more than a remnant of her father's wealth—perhaps barely enough to pay her board.

"But we shall never mind that, Master Hamilton," said the old lady; "my sister's child would be welcome without a penny, as well to Mr. Atherton as to myself. She will be like a daughter to us both; and surely she will not forsake us in our old age, if we protect her youth."

The sympathies of a youth of twenty are not hard to be roused when the subject is a young lady; and I delighted Madam Atherton by my ready appreciation of the new treasure she was about to receive, promised my assistance in trying to make Miss Ballantyne's time pass pleasantly, and won her admiration the very next day, by a new coat of paint which I gave my boat, and the new brass collar which I fastened around Hector's neck. She took both as compliments to her niece.

For my own part, I found myself stopping short in my Latin translation, with the words "staring eyes, gipsey skin" on my lips, which I took care should not reach the ears of Mr. Atherton, who sat writing out his Sunday discourse, perfectly unconscious of his pupil's wandering thoughts; and, in his simple way, turning over the leaves of his great Bible until he found the passage he needed.

We were not expecting Miss Ballantyne very soon, for word came that she would first visit an old schoolfellow at Southborough. When, therefore, the Longwood stage came dashing and tumbling down the hill opposite our house, disappeared into the valley, and was again seen through the trees, lumbering slowly up the ascent that led to Longwood parsonage, we were not prepared for the advent of the Scotch maiden, but rather believed it to be some member of my own family paying me a hurried visit on the way from town.

I stood, therefore, on the receptive, thinking only to see brother Charles, or perhaps only John, my father's head clerk, who sometimes came to settle my board bills, when the stage drew up with a jerk, the driver dismounted and pulled down the step, and took in his arms a small, light figure closely veiled and draped in deep mourning. I stood aside, awkwardly enough, and let Mr. Atherton take my place; and for the next half hour I was seeking Madam Atherton among the shrubberies, down in the orchard, and finally in old Katy Jewsbury's cottage. By that time I found that there would be no further sight of the new comer until the next morning; and I retired to my room, where I lay watching the moonbeams playing on the brook, and wondering what strange beauty Flora Ballantyne's face might have grown into since her childhood; and fell asleep to dream of two distinct figures standing afar off in the mist, and finally blending into one.

The next morning I was up bright and early; but on going down to the pretty stream which ran by Longwood parsonage, I found that our guest had preceded me. She was sitting on the green bank of the stream, and playing with the branch of a tree, which she dipped into the sparkling water.

"Miss Flora Ballantyne?" I said, inquiringly; for I had come unaware upon her seclusion, and I could not retreat.

"Just so," said the maiden; "and this is Mr. Lockhart, I suppose."

I acknowledged the fact, and sat down beside her; and when we returned to the breakfast table, it was with a friendship already begun and considerably advanced. For we had talked nearly two hours upon a variety of subjects, and had discovered a wonderful similarity of opinion and sentiments; and the formal introduction which Mrs. Atherton had been anticipating for weeks, was fairly nipped in the bud.

"Well, Hamilton, does Flora look as I described her to you?" said good, simple Mrs. Atherton, as I drew a chair for the lady, and boldly seated myself beside her.

I pretended to look at her niece somewhat narrowly, as if her looks had not had any place in my thoughts before.

"She certainly does not resemble the people of her father's country," I answered, after mature deliberation.

"Very true," said Madam Atherton, "my sister lost all her blue-eyed and auburn-haired children, and only this 'gipsey-skinned maiden' survives."

I looked again, and the bright, eloquent blood was struggling up through the dark skin, and beneath the black, glorious eyes; and the red lips parted into a smile, that showed such magnificent teeth, as one sees but once or twice in a lifetime. She did not then resent the term of gipsey. I knew then that she was sweet-tempered, for dark girls are sometimes irritable and sensitive as to their peculiar tinge; and she was so dark, that she might have been mistaken for a genuine West Indian.

I liked her for this; and indeed our breakfast was not over before we all seemed happily to grow into the belief, that she was to be the great acquisition to our family circle—was to fill up the niche in the household so long empty, and, in short, that none of us could ever do without her again. She fell into her place as pupil to my instructor in the most natural way; told him that she wished to rub up her school learning; and, with the most exquisite little aprons, she commenced helping Mrs. Atherton and Nannie with the housework, doing all the parts that required most perseverance and energy, and again copying for her uncle with the zeal of a regular literary fag.

I looked to see her tire herself out, and go back to unmitigated fine ladyism. Not she! She was too much engrossed in it to weary, and nothing seemed to trouble or fatigue her. She was always cool, always ready, and never in haste, nor out of temper.

"How had aunt Atherton lived without her so long?" she asked one day; and the good old lady said, earnestly, "*How*, indeed?"

Among all these pleasant things was one that troubled me. She received letters constantly from some one who wrote a beautiful hand, evidently a gentleman's. As I was the one who attended to taking the family letters from the post-office, I often saw the quick blush that came to her cheek when that particular handwriting was presented to her eye. She never entrusted me with any in return; but while I was engaged in my morning lesson, she generally went down to the village, I could not doubt for what purpose. It was coming upon me slowly, but not less terribly, that Flora Ballantyne had a lover! And equally slow and terrible was the fact, that I could no longer deny to my soul that I loved her with the deepest and strongest love of which the human heart is capable.

I struggled madly with this new trouble which had come upon me. I felt that a wrong had been done me; that here, in this quiet, peaceful home, a being had been sent to me without any act of my own, formed, as it seemed, expressly for me alone, and yet that I was scarcely to look at her face, and feel how intimately our beings were united, before the tie was to be severed, and we were to become as nothing to each other! This was mad reasoning enough, but I was new to heart conflicts then, and I did not know how to manage and keep in check the deep, loud throbs that came swelling like billows from the tide of my overpowering passion.

I was lying on the bank of the stream one evening, just as the daylight had departed, and the broad, round moon had shown its rim above the horizon. My boat lay there ready to be launched, and Hector was impatient to spring in. I rose languidly, and prepared to cast off the rope by which I had fastened it to an upright post.

"Let me go with you, Hamilton," said the voice of Miss Ballantyne behind me. I had been thinking of her, and must have blushed like a girl, as I turned to her; but I courteously placed her in the boat and sat down near her, while Hector, according to custom, laid his head in her lap. I was cold and embarrassed, and she evidently noticed it.

"We have beautiful moonlight sails on our Scottish streams," she said, after a pause. "I remember some in which joy and sorrow are so intimately blended with their memory, that I cannot tell which has the pre-eminence."

"Your recollection of your mountain home, Miss Ballantyne, seems always more vivid than your recent residence in the islands."

"It is, indeed, and far more pleasant. When I tell you that my little brothers and sisters, and my parents all died after we left Scotland, you will not wonder that those islands seem to me like one vast grave."

"Enough. I entreat you not to recall it again. I was almost rude to make the remark; but as it was inadvertent, you will, I am sure, forgive me."

Of course she said everything kind, but we had a painful and constrained meeting, until as we were about to step on shore at the little sort of cove where I sheltered my boat, Flora's foot slipped, and she went backward with her face falling forward into the water. It was but the work of a moment to take her up and bear her to the house in my arms, Hector following with his loudest bark. They had all retired, but I ran to my bedroom and brought blankets, and laid her on a settle by the kitchen fire, and poured wine into her mouth, and finally restored her. She had fainted from striking her knee against a stone, and it now pained her terribly. I called her aunt, and ran off for the doctor, who decided that it was an injury which would probably confine her some days to the house. It did so for weeks.

During this illness my relations with Flora were of the most genial nature. I waited on her almost constantly. She was not carried up stairs, but a bed was brought down for her every night, and her aunt or Nannie slept on the couch. In the morning, after she was dressed, either her uncle or myself would take her in our arms and carry her to the breakfast-room, where she remained until after tea, when she would be carried back to the parlor again. No queen on the throne ever met with more homage; no one ever more graciously acknowledged it. The fruit, flowers, game, fish and fowl that were brought to her from the village, would have supplied many a summer boarding-place through the season. She pleased herself by selecting it for the sick and poor, who fared all the better for her temporary illness.

"Take this down to old Katy Jewsbury, please, dear Hamilton," she said to me one evening, when she had sent all the family out on similar errands. She had never called me so before, and I was half glad, half sorry to hear it now. Glad—if indeed I could be forever dear to her heart in the way in which she alone was dear to me; sorry, if the word was only prompted by sisterly tenderness for one who had so watched and tended her.

"No, Flora, I shall not leave you alone. Wait till Nannie comes back, and I will send her. See, she is coming now with a letter."

It was for Flora, and the well-known hand was upon it. How

I hated it! She blushed as usual in taking it, and laid it by. I left her to read it if she wished, but when I returned from the garden, from whence I brought her some fresh roses, the letter lay on her couch with the seal unbroken. I looked at her. She had grown paler and more shadowy since her injury; and when I had placed the little chaplet of rosebuds around her brow, I fancied that she resembled that shape which my boyish fancy had sometimes pictured as belonging to me, or linked some way with my fortunes. I could not help telling her of it.

"Do you believe in fate, Hamilton?" she asked.

"I do."

"Why, then, do you not suffer it to come along as it listeth, and not give way to vain struggles in attempting to hasten its approach."

What could she mean? Had she so truly guessed my state, that there was no need of my ever making any revelation of my feelings towards her, even if the time should appear to have arrived! She laid her hand upon the letter, the sight of which brought up all my wrath again. How was I ever to wait patiently for a fate which that handwriting could at any time turn into misery! O, Flora! Flora!

I leaned my head upon my hand, and looked resolutely away from her. My heart was growing hard towards her. At that moment she seemed born to be my evil destiny—she, so young, so beautiful, so much like the being I had hoped for as my good genius, my guardian angel, my shadow in the distance, brought near and enveloped in a robe of light that dazzled while it charmed me.

In turning around I caught a glimpse of her face, and saw that she was in tears. I was melted down at once. Flora, weeping, was a sight I could not well bear; and before I knew it—as I firmly believe, before either of us knew what we were about—we were weeping together on each other's shoulder, I kneeling by her couch.

"This is worse than folly," I said, as I started from that posture. "I will fool myself no longer. Flora Ballantyne, do you return the true love which you know now that I bear you, or are you bound to the writer of that letter? Speak one word—yes or no!"

She was frightened. She had never seen me vehement, or even roused before, and she could not well bear it now. She was weak, too, from suffering. She drooped under my passionate words, and seemed to be weeping again.

The door opened, and in came her uncle and aunt. They did not notice anything, and only excused their long absence—were sorry to have kept Hamilton in so long. I went out quickly, and saw her no more that night. The next morning at breakfast she was grave and silent. It was Sunday, and as Mrs. Atherton never had dinner cooked on that day, I proposed to her privately, that she should let Nannie go as usual, and I would stay with Flora.

"But how will they get along with the singing, dear?" said my simple old friend.

"O, well enough. Charlie Austin is in town to-day, and will be there. Let Nannie go; she has been quite confined lately."

"Ah, I see, you are lazy to-day, and want a nap in my husband's rocking-chair."

"Well, do let me have it." And she consented.

How vividly that glorious Sabbath morning comes back to me! The range of hills opposite our house, and seen only through a loophole which I had cut through the shrubbery, stood covered with trees, and forming almost a perfect amphitheatre; while below lay the broad basin of our beautiful lakelet, as we sometimes called the brook, when swollen by rain to an unusual size. As the belt of trees cut sharply against the clear blue of the sky, every branch seemed pencilled there by the hand of a mightier artist than man; while from the southwest were rising a few milk-white clouds, whose fleecy edges varied and beautified the scene.

The bell from the village church was calling the people to worship, and soon the last, lagging footstep had entered. I watched it all with my hand clasped in Flora's, and she returned the close pressure of mine. The letter lay there still, but now it was unsealed. I dreaded to break the silence that lay about us.

"May I have faith in you, Flora?" I at length said. "May I believe, that whoever you loved when you came here, you have transferred it to me? Am I too presumptuous in hoping for this? Speak to me, Flora."

She could not, for she was now sobbing violently, but she did not withdraw her hand.

"If you will let me hope, Flora, clasp my hand still tighter."

She lingered but for a moment, and then pressed my hand in both hers. It was enough.

* * * * * * *

It was late in the evening before Flora had finished her tale. Some one kept breaking in and disturbing her. Uncle Atherton thought she would like to read his sermon, as she could not go to church, and aunt Atherton had brought her the compliments of half the congregation, and Nannie bustled in, thinking she was missed from her post of nurse, and the doctor made his special Sunday visit a long one.

But I could wait *now*. I could look at that letter, and admire Colonel Hector Macdonald's handwriting with perfect magnanimity. Out of her broken and detached relation, I learned that Colonel Macdonald was a great friend of the late Mr. Ballantyne; that in dying, he had told her of his friend's proposal to marry her; that he had claimed no actual promise from her, but had generously offered to wait her own time.

Within a fortnight she had written him, that *the time could never come;* and this letter, which she had so dreaded to open, was his reply. It was a noble renunciation of her affections, which he said he never had believed would be his; assured her of his continued friendship, and his sincere wishes for her welfare, and begged her to feel towards him and his family, as if no such thoughts or feelings had ever been.

"And why did you write the letter to which this is the answer? Answer me, Flora! I deserve this at least from your hands."

"Because already I had learned that my life must henceforth be passed with you, or alone."

I did not question her further that night. I bore Flora into the breakfast-room next morning in my arms, stoutly contested by uncle Atherton.

"My privilege, my dear sir," I said, "now and always."

"What is the boy talking of, Flora?" said he. "Too much study is turning Hamilton's brain; he must go away for awhile."

"Not until Flora gets well enough to go with me, sir. We shall then travel, I think."

"Flora must travel, Hamilton—she is a rich heiress, my boy. I have a letter from her father's bankers, and they say every penny of her property is restored, and they wish to see her, if possible."

Flora turned red and then pale.

"O, I am so glad!—so glad for *you*, Hamilton!"

It was all she could say; but her uncle and aunt caught up the key-note, and said:

"What is it to Hamilton?"

"A great deal," she answered, while her fine eyes glistened with the happiness of bestowing upon those we love. "I am going to marry Hamilton!"

"And I am so glad that I did not know of this fortune yesterday," said I.

* * * * * * *

We are to be married to-morrow, and on the very next day we start for Scotland, thence to the islands where Flora's property lies. I am very happy. My shadow—my destiny has assumed a distinct and beautiful shape. She looks at me with her clear, loving, trustful eyes, as if she had found with me peace and protection. Already she has blended and become inseparable from that which sometimes came between us.

We shall return; but it will be to establish ourselves permanently close to Longwood parsonage. As long as our venerable friends live, we will never give them the deep pain of parting from those whom they ever call their beloved children. The evening of their days shall be made serene and beautiful by our love; and when God calls them home, we will "keep their memories green."

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the holy city, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence to the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the wilderness has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freely in his rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its holy colonnades.

It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save the mounds of crumbling brick-work; but the Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither palace nor temple, but some vast reservoir. And if the light of any should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the glory which outlives all other, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, impartiog to its work something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing therefrom the ordinary monuments of historical tradition of more magnificence.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

IMPORTANCE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

There should be a telegraph line constructed along the route of every railroad. Its usefulness, as an indication of the position of trains, and of the occurrence of accidents, would be sufficient in most cases to compensate for its cost. On New Year's day, 1850, a catastrophe was averted on one of the London railroads by the aid of the telegraph. A collision had occurred to an empty train at Gravesend, and the driver having leaped from his engine, the latter started at full speed to London. Notice was given by telegraph to London and other stations; and, while the line was kept clear, an engine and other arrangements were prepared as a buttress to receive the runaway. The superintendent of the railroad also started down the line on an engine, and, on passing the runaway, had it transferred at the next crossing to the up line, so as to be in the rear of the fugitive. He then started in chase, and on overtaking the other, ran into it at full speed, and the driver of his engine took possession of the fugitive, and all danger was at end. Twelve stations were passed in safety; it passed Woolwich at fifteen miles an hour. It was within a couple of miles of London before it was arrested. Had its approach been unknown, the mere money value of the damage it would have caused might have equalled the cost of the whole line of telegraph.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

SHADE TREES.

The maple is one of the best shade trees for city growth. It is not affected a particle by the extremes of heat and cold. It forms a beautiful head, with clean, glossy foliage, smooth bark, is free from all insects, and has a rapid growth. In five years, in a good soil, it makes a fine, symmetrical head, with gracefully sweeping branches, and affords a dense shade. The American tulip-tree is also very choice. Its great elegance of habit, and striking beauty of leaf and blossom, recommend it to any one who has an eye to fine proportions. It requires a deep soil, with plenty of room to expand freely on all sides. It will not bear removing when large: but small trees grow rapidly when transplanted into a deep soil.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A SCOTCH JUDGE.

Another original of the Scottish bench was George Ferguson, Lord Hermand, a personage still remembered in Edinburgh. He was an able lawyer and a worthy man. Two young gentlemen, friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out on their separating or not separating, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced only to a short imprisonment. Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. "We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor! In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God! my lards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he do when he's sober?"

His love of children was warm-hearted and unaffected. He always treated them seriously, exactly as if they were grown up. Few old men's speeches are more amiable than his, about his grand-nephew who happened to be his partner in a match at bowls. "No wonder that that little fellow and I are such friends—there are just seventy years between us." He was eighty, the boy ten. But when a boy happened to be a sailor he was irresistible. A little English midshipman, being violently attacked by a much bigger lad in Greenock, defended himself with his dirk, and by an unfortunate, if not accidental, thrust killed the assailant. He was tried for this at Glasgow, and had the good luck to have Hermand for his judge, for no judge ever fought a more gallant battle for a prisoner. The boy appeared at the bar in his uniform. Hermand first refused "to try a child." After this was driven out of him, the indictment, which described the occurrence and said that the prisoner had slain the deceased "wickedly and feloniously," was read; and Hermand then said, "Well, my young friend, this is not true, is it? Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, my lord." "I'll be sworn you're not." In spite of all his exertions, his young friend was convicted of culpable homicide; for which he was sentenced to a few days' imprisonment.—*Lord Cockburn's Memorial.*

HOW TO COMMENCE BUSINESS.

One of the wealthiest merchants of New York city tells us how he commenced business. He entered a store and asked if a clerk was not wanted.

"No!" in a rough tone, was the answer, all being too busy to bother with me; when I reflected that if they did not want a clerk they might want a laborer, but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store, and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again—

"No, sir!" was the response, when I exclaimed in despair almost,

"A laborer, sir? I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object; I must have employment, and I want to be useful in business."

This last remark attracted their attention; and in the end I was hired as a laborer in the basement and sub-cellar at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. In the basement and sub-cellar I soon attracted the attention of the counting-house and chief clerk. I saved enough for my employers in little things wasted to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let anybody about commit petty larcenies without remonstrance, and threats of exposure if remonstrance would not do. I did not ask for any ten-hour law. If I was wanted at three A. M., I never growled, but told everybody to go home, "and I would see everything right." I loaded off at day-break packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short, I soon became indispensable to my employers, and rose, and rose, until I became head of the house, with money enough, as you see, to give me any luxury or any position a mercantile man can desire for himself and children in this great city.—*Merchants' Magazine.*

GRIZZLY BEARS.

Californians tell a great many wonderful stories about the prowess and ferocity of the grizzly bear; and all agree that, as a general thing, a bear is a very unpleasant stranger for a man to encounter in a lonely place. The best chance of escape, in such a case, is for a man to lay prostrate upon his face and pretend death; for the bear will never prey upon a body which he has not killed himself, unless upon the verge of starvation. An American miner while prospecting in the mining regions, beheld one of these shaggy monsters approaching him down a mountain path. Finding that the animal was close at hand, and an attempt to fly being useless, he suddenly dropped upon all fours, and boldly advanced towards the bear. As soon as the two met, they put their noses together dog fashion, and finally went through all the formality of strange dogs meeting each other, not omitting the most minute ceremony, till master Bruin, being satisfied with the civilities of his new acquaintance, bade him a very affectionate adieu, at a neighboring tree, and marched off.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

HON. OTIS P. LORD.

The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Hill, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city, presents an accurate likeness of the original, who is so widely known as a public man in Massachusetts, and who has so wide a circle of acquaintances in this city and in Salem. Mr. Lord was born at Ipswich, Mass., July 11, 1812. After the usual preparatory course of study, he entered Amherst College, where he distinguished himself as an industrious student and a young man of great ability and promise, graduating with honor in 1832. Having selected the law as a profession, he entered the law school, and after a full course of study, graduated in 1836. He soon after commenced practice, and is now one of the most eminent lawyers in Essex county. Politics engaging his attention, he soon rose to a prominent position in the ranks of the Whig party, and for a series of years was a prominent and active member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in the year 1854 was chosen to preside over that body. Possessing the requisite promptness, self-possession, fairness, and a thorough acquaintance with parliamentary usage, he discharged his duties as a presiding officer to the entire acceptance of the members. Mr. Lord is a very able and fluent debater, and is a pleasing and convincing popular speaker. He is not one of those orators who conceal a lack of minute information by rhetorical flourishes. He always speaks to the point, never indulging in episodical remarks for the purpose of consuming time, or displaying the graces of oratory. Mr. Lord has always been regarded as a sound and reliable man, pursuing the even tenor of his way, never shaken in his adherence to his principles and convictions. His ability is uncontested, and though still comparatively a young man, he has earned an honorable and enviable name in our community.



HON. OTIS P. LORD.

COAL PIT ON THE GRAVOIS ROAD,

NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

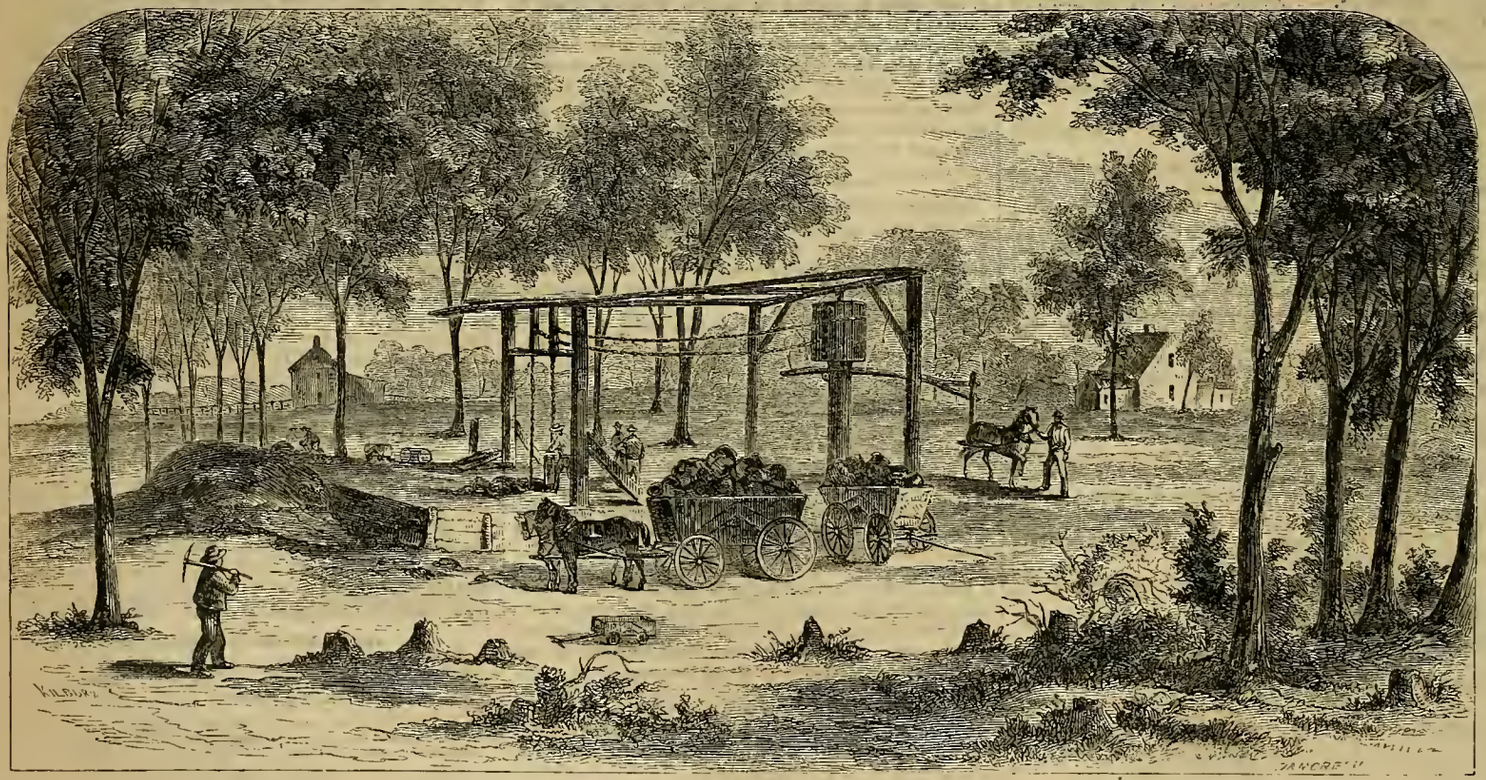
The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, during his recent pictorial tour through the Western States. The coal pit, delineated with its characteristic apparatus and figures, is situated upon the Gravois road, about five and a half miles from the city of St. Louis, and was selected by our artist on account of the picturesqueness and attractiveness of the locality. The scene is depicted with the fidelity of the daguerreotype, and may be relied upon as correct in its minutest features and details. The coal is found near the surface, and the veins are followed horizontally under ground. The expense of the coal being very slight, owing to its location and the low cost of the material employed by the miners, it is afforded at ten cents a bushel at the pits. The State of Missouri abounds in coal. In the centre and on both sides of the Mississippi, is a remarkable deposit of cannel coal, the extent of which is yet unknown. The stratum is from thirty to seventy feet in thickness and underlies several counties. In addition to this great central deposit of "Cannel Coal," Missouri is furnished in the southwest with another coal field which is known to be very extensive, but the capacity of which has never yet been ascertained. The mineral wealth of the western country is inexhaustible, and this, taken in connection with the fertility of the soil and the inestimable facilities of navigation, accounts for its extraordinary progress—a progress which no one can appreciate who has not travelled extensively in this wondrous region, studied for himself the bounties which Providence has lavished on it, and marked the energetic spirit, which within a few years has converted a wilderness into the abode of comfort, of civilization and refinement. Elsewhere the growth of empire is slow and imperceptible, but here the process is visible and appreciable. It goes on before your eyes. You mark the disappearance of the forest, the conversion of the wild prairie into cornfields, the magical celerity with which villages, towns and cities spring up. It is impossible, however, to measure the future of this country. The imagination halts in the effort to picture the future splendor and power of the West.

ANGLO-FRENCH TUNNEL.

The project of constructing a railroad tunnel beneath the Straits of Dover, with a view to unite the shores of England and France, has occupied much attention lately, and a number of plans have been laid before the public through the columns of the newspapers. The plan, however, which seems to attract the greatest share of attention from scientific men, is that which has been matured by Mr. William Austin. He proposes to construct a tunnel having a triple way of three arches, oval in form, and securely locked together by inseparable and indestructible masonry, impervious to moisture; and for such unavoidable leakages as will occasionally occur, three culverts are to be provided to carry the water to either shore, where powerful lift pumps will convey it to the sea. The fall is to be from the centre towards each shore, and it is calculated that the crown of the tunnel will have a thickness of chalk of sixty feet between it and the ocean bed at the deepest point, which does not exceed one hundred and forty feet below the tidal level, as proved by soundings. There will be three double lines of railways, which will be ample for all purposes. Sufficient space is afforded for the necessary pathways, and the telegraph wires will be laid in the centre, on a new principle of economy and ready access. The tunnel, by its length, will thoroughly ventilate itself, but, should it prove necessary, three or four, or more, air-shafts can be readily constructed, the upper portions forming light-houses or places of refuge in case of shipwreck, or to be used for the purpose of signalling vessels which may be in the channel. The cost of this truly gigantic enterprise is estimated at £6,000,000, and the time for its construction seven years.—*Portfolio.*

GRAND CAIRO—HALIM PASHA'S GARDENS.

We visited the gardens of the harem of Halim Pasha, brother of Said Pasha, governor of Cairo—a ride of three miles from Cairo—through an avenue of sycamores forming a delightful arcade all the way. We entered, and a scene of cultivated grandeur burst upon our sight, and the odor of the orange-blossom scented the passing zephyrs, while trees laden with ripe lemons, apricots, oranges and nectarines glittered in the sun. Having with us a dragoman in his Eastern livery as a *cicerone*, he led us to a fine pavilion, where we enjoyed awhile the cooling breeze before we proceeded along the countless walks of this paradise, which contains eighty acres. All was beauty and enchantment. The shadowy walks, clustering trees, varied flowers and the delicious shrubberies thickened as we approached, and the birds above sang anthems to their praise. Pavilion after pavilion arose, furnished in most superb style, with windows stained in every hue and design, draped with ample curtains and painted blinds in all the excellence of high art. The walks are generally composed of pebbles stuck artistically in cement, decorated with designs in white and black, and feel most comfortable to the feet and grateful to the eye; and in looking over their rich green borders, the earth was strewn with fallen fruit, as we see in orchards at home in autumn, but of a very different kind; and occasionally heaps of lemons gathered together similar to the manner we gather potatoes into bins. There is no necessity here for conservatories, the whole extensive parterre being a hot-house of itself! In the centres of the converging avenues are fountains and water-spouts with pavilions around, while other walks lead to terraces of great height, reached by capacious stairs, with openings in the balustrades for landing on each terrace, where streams of water flow for coolness and irrigation, and on the margins of which grow the rarest flowers and fruit trees. We now come to an extensive quadrangular building, the outside of which scarcely gives an idea of the grandeur within; ascending a flight of marble stairs, a massive gate is opened, and an enchanted palace bursts upon the eye! This marvellously grand elysium is called the "Fountain," and all the peerless beauty of the East seems concentrated here. The centre is open to the sunlit sky, with a marble promenade all round the sides, 300 feet in length and about 50 in breadth, covered with a highly ornamented verandah supported on 200 Italian carved marble pillars of twenty feet high, each formed of one stone. Great marble bowers, surrounded with solid marble borders, are laid out like drawing-rooms, one in each centre of a quadrangle, furnished with divans and ottomans of the most sumptuous order, and in the rarest styles of foreign design. Inside of this vast edifice, and open to the sun, is a lake with a great centre, double-balustraded and decorated with vases full of flowers, where, with little skiffs you may row over and pace the extensive floor of this artificial island, so elegant in structure—while all around the canopied promenade, windows unglazed, but grated with fanciful bars resembling panes, let in the balmy air that wafts in gentleness the garden odors around you! In each corner, circled off, are also suites of rooms which the keepers open to show you. The first we entered dazzled our eyes and excited our imagination, for the perfection, the grandeur, the wealth, the art in all departments almost exceeded belief; and as we proceeded to the other three, our amazement still increased. It is said the decorative art of window staining is lost, but here the flattest contradiction is given by ocular demonstration. The richness of the colors, the chasteness of combination, the designs and workmanship, are as much alive, and even more resplendent than in the mediæval times. The blinds, also, are in color and design equal to the finest paintings. Words cannot fully express what the eye perceives in such elaborated repositories of wealth, art and magnificence. Those beautiful gardens and palaces are for the summer enjoyment of Halim Pasha and the ladies of the seraglio, who generally frequent them on the Fridays, when the gates of this truly magnificent realization of Oriental splendor and luxury are closed to travellers and the public.—*Glasgow Citizen.*



COAL PIT ON THE GRAVOIS ROAD, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE STEAMSHIP ARABIA.

People have not yet done talking about the accident to the steamship Arabia, last month, which came very near adding another to the long list of ocean tragedies that have filled so many hearts with mourning. When running at full speed, the steamship struck upon the same rock on which the Staffordshire was wrecked. It is charged by a nautical man on board that proper precautions had not been taken, and that the lead had not once been used on the passage from Boston until the accident occurred. The shock of the vessel, her recoil, her wild rush over the rock with the loss of her keel, of course created the greatest panic on board. It was a time when the officers should have shown the utmost forbearance and kindness to the alarmed passengers who crowded on deck, many of whom were ladies. But it is charged that the officers refused to reply to the questions asked by those who were quaking for their lives, and that they were treated to a full dose of bulldog British insolence. It is charged, also, that when the ship arrived at Halifax, and it was determined to send her to England in spite of her leaking badly, the passengers, after the survey, were allowed only one hour to decide whether they would land or stay by the ship, and that no facilities were afforded those who chose the former alternative for getting out their luggage. We say nothing of the rashness of despatching the vessel to Liverpool in her leaky condition, merely remarking that such an act on the part of American shipowners would have been held up abroad as a proof of the criminal recklessness of American navigators; but this is not the question—it is whether British officials are to be upheld in insolent treatment and neglect of American passengers committed to their charge. If such conduct is sanctioned, then, as a matter of course, no Americans will sail under any flag but their own. The establishment of an American steam line between Boston and England has been projected, and the affair of the Arabia will no doubt hasten its consummation.

AN OUTRAGE ON THE FACULTY.—When a Turkish M. D., from want of skill or negligence, causes the death of a patient, he is compelled to parade the streets, carrying a wooden frame round his neck, to which are attached a number of bells. If this atrocious punishment were inflicted on all the quacks in America, a man could not hear himself speak for the ringing of the bells.

PEA SHELL SOUP.—In France, they make excellent soup out of pea shells. If we imitated our Gallic neighbors, we could live quite economically with pea shell soup, frogs and horsestenks. They already send us champagne made out of honey, and olive oil manufactured from lard.

REMOVAL.—We have removed our office of publication to No. 22 Winter Street, in the large building especially erected for our business, and where we shall be happy to meet our patrons.

SPLINTERS.

.... Five hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated by Congress for building a new post-office in New York.

.... The explosion of a Greek merchant's contraband gunpowder lately caused destruction and death at Salonica.

.... Punch says the man who intends "getting round his wife" must start early in the morning.

The walls of the meat-market at Ghent are painted with laurel oil, the smell driving away flies.

.... Judge Haliburton, universally known as "Sam Slick," is said to be about retiring from the bench of Nova Scotia.

.... The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (Eng.) lately died worth $750,000. Meek and lowly apostle!

.... The Grand Duke Michael is to be viceroy of Poland, and his brother Nicholas to be retained at St. Petersburg.

.... Prince Napoleon could not succeed in exploring the island of Jean Mayou, which has the volcano nearest the pole.

.... The Russian government is about to despatch two corvettes from Cronstadt to make a tour of the globe.

.... Five hundred ounces of strychnine lately arrived in New York, and were transhipped to California.

.... The Birmingham manufacturers made for the British government 272,000 muskets and rifles in two years.

.... In Russia, when a Cossack is extravagant, they say that "he is eating his candle at both ends."

... A man living on the Hudson River, New York, predicted his death on a certain day, but failed to fulfil his prophecy.

.... In parts of Wisconsin and Iowa, harvest laborers have been receiving $2 25 a-day.

.... The Albany Common Council have recently passed a law abolishing steamboat and hotel "runners."

.... The Peruvian war steamer Amazonas, which was guaranteed by the English builders, has been sent back for repairs.

In Memphis, the other day, a skeleton was absolutely palmed off on a "green one" as Shakspeare's.

.... When people come to what is called "high words," they are very apt to use what is termed "low language."

.... Some of the best books which have had the largest sale have been the most widely rejected in manuscript.

.... Naples has interdicted the export of grain, but Spain is shipping large quantities to England.

.... Arguments drawn from the Mint are said to be more convincing than those from reason and philosophy.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

There are writers in every age who praise the past at the expense of the present, who talk about the "good old times" and ignore the glory that actually surrounds them. But these writers are successively convicted of error. The manners of an age, blamed by contemporary writers, are quoted as models by writers of the following century, and thus from epoch to epoch, the manners of the same period are by turns lauded and condemned. A familiar acquaintance with history shows a constant progression of the human race, with certain comparatively insignificant periods of gloom and stagnation. The great river of human life has its eddies and turns, but the stream widens and deepens, and grows stronger as it advances to the great ocean of eternity.

If there were any foundation for the eloquent declarations we have read in favor of the past and against the present, it would follow that there exists in the world a progression of evil. "If this were true," says Montesquieu, "men would be now worse than bears."

An author of the 16th century says:—"Is it not apparent that if the world were always growing worse, and fathers in general were always better than their children, we should long since have reached a climax of evil which could not be heightened! Six hundred years ago, a certain cardinal, convinced of this alleged progression of evil and continual degradation of the human species, concluded that the number of our teeth was diminishing. So, according to the cardinal's propositions and deductions, we should all of us be toothless at this present moment."

A quaint old French writer (Guyot de Provins), embracing the same opinion, declared that a fatal change was going on; that men, formerly tall and handsome, had become small and mean, and that the human race would go on dwindling, until the time would come when the peasants could easily thresh grain in an oven, and "four knights fight in an iron pot."

"This false opinion," says an eminent writer, "this respect for the past and this contempt for the present, are the fruits of our education. Fathers, regretting the keen enjoyments of their youth, are constantly vaunting the days in which they could experience them, and blame those in which they have ceased to feel; moreover, to command the esteem and respect of their children, they take good care to appear better in their eyes than they really are. The children, detecting afterwards vices in society, seem to see them growing with their growth, and take the progress of their experience for the progress of evil. Their teachers, equally mistaken, fortify the mind of youth in these views by their discourses. Thus an error is established which can only be eradicated by a study of the past—a study repugnant to most men, who find it easier to believe a falsehood than to painfully labor in searching for a truth."

THE CHARTER OAK.

This famous tree, in which the royal charter of Connecticut was concealed, May 9, 1689, and which was blown down on the morning of the 21st of August last, was probably an "old settler" at the time of Columbus's discovery of America. It stood upon the old Wyllis estate at Hartford, now owned by Hon. J. W. Stuart. The history of this venerable monarch of the forest is briefly as follows:—In 1685, when New Haven was a separate colony, she refused to give in her adhesion to the charter from Charles II., consolidating the Connecticut colonies into one government. So, in 1687, James II. sent over Sir Edmund Andros to resume the charter of the several colonies. The Hartford Assembly was in session on his arrival, and while the subject was under consideration, the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the charter secretly conveyed away and concealed in the cavity of an old oak. Since that day, this tree has been called the "Charter Oak." After the deposition of Andros, the charter was resumed, and continued in force till 1818, when the present constitution of Connecticut was adopted.

NEWPORT.—Though the past season has been gay at this watering-place, yet all agree that its splendors paled in comparison to those of previous years. Belles abounded, but beaux were sadly deficient—particularly dancing ones. A word to the wise is sufficient, and we dare say that next year Newport will be flooded with dancing cavaliers.

THE SYDENHAM PALACE.—The Sydenham Crystal Palace, England, is a marvel of taste. In architecture, in fountains, in curiosities, it surpasses everything else in the world. It is a monumental museum—a universal conservatory. The result of a private enterprise, it has already cost thirty millions.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—We are indebted to our friend and correspondent, W. R. Lawrence, for the "Transactions of the Connecticut State Agricultural Society for 1855," and for other documents of interest, as well as for a bunch of leaves from the old Charter Oak, now alas! laid low.

GREECE.—For the twentieth time, at least, it has been officially announced that the brigands of Greece have been exterminated, and the very last rascal expiated his offences against life and property by death. Unfortunately, these Greek brigands, like the fabled Phenix, are born anew from their own ashes.

A SIMPLE RULE.—To ascertain the length of the day and night, any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.

HONEST.—When Crockford, who kept a gaming house in London, was charged by an old man with ruining his only son, he answered:—"I know it! I ruin a man a-day. I live by it."

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

One of the cleverest hits at the times was lately given in one of Punch's caricatures. France, allegorized as a jaunty damsel, was coaxing a bouquet into the button-hole of England, figured as a sturdy gentleman in top-boots. John Bull looks confused, and says:—"Well, Madame France, as to this treaty of peace, I don't exactly understand—" "You no onnerstan," replies France. "O, no mattaire; come viz me and see ze fireworck." Well, the fireworks have gone off, and the cannon have thundered, and now the smoke has cleared away, our friend, John Bull, is beginning to "onnerstan" that he has wool pulled over his eyes—a terrible indignity. The English press now makes admissions of facts which we were charged with unkindness in hinting some weeks ago. To show that the correctness of our views is admitted by our English friends, we copy the following from a late number of that widely circulated journal, the "Illustrated London News." It is not an expression of individual opinion. "We, for our part, shall not cease to lament the indecent haste and slavish obsequiousness with which our statesmen and diplomatists lent themselves to the foregone conclusions of the emperor of the French, and agreed to a peace that settled nothing, that left everything to chance, and that made Russia and France the virtual masters of Europe. This country is rapidly drifting into a second-rate position. Our ambassadors have no influence abroad. England is no longer the first to be feared—the first to be thought of—the first to be consulted in emergency. The Emperor Napoleon is the master. What he wills is done. What he thinks is earnestly inquired; and English diplomatists take their cue from those of France, and sedulously refrain from saying or doing (whatever they may think) anything that can in the remotest degree awaken the jealous susceptibilities, or offend the dignity of the all-potent autocrat of the French. They 'crawl under his huge legs,' and treat him with such obsequious deference, that he may not unjustly flatter himself with the idea that he is a greater man than his illustrious uncle. England never placed herself in the humiliating position of acknowledging the superior might of the first Napoleon. Napoleon III. has achieved what his predecessor would have given his right hand to have accomplished. He has made free England not only his ally, but his tool. He has gained all the honors of the victory, and left us with nothing but the bills, the wounds, the losses, and the discredit."

FANCY DRESSES.—A young man, lately arrested in New York in female apparel, gave as his reason for the travestie, that he found it easier for a female to obtain employment than a man. A young woman at the West lately was induced to put on a male attire, because, she said, she could thus more readily obtain a situation. Such is the difference of opinion.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Lewis Wagoner to Miss Lucy A. Green; by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Henry P. Littlefield to Miss Catie A. Lowell: by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Oliver Isbeel, of Keokuk, Iowa, to Miss Lydia Hayward; by Rev. Mr. Walsh, Mr. Henry Jordan to Miss Mary Hancock; by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Robert B. Randall to Miss Nancy K. Hill.—At Brookline, John H. Brownson, Esq., of Milwaukie, Wis., to Miss Isabella Anna Rogers, of Andover.—At Concord, by Rev. Mr. Angier, Mr. A. Gardiner Heywood to Miss Mary Julia Adams.—At Salem, Mr. Charles P. Todd to Miss Mary R. Long, of Charlestown.—At South Danvers, Mr. James C. George to Miss Hannah Flint.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. George F. Brooks, of Boston, to Miss Delana H. Smith.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Humb, Mr. Joseph Campbell, of Tennessee, to Miss Frances Bond.—At Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Webster, Mr. Sebastian Kramer, of Cambridge, to Miss Emma Augusta Bacon.—At Northampton, by Rev. Mr. Marcy, Mr. James P. Braloard, of Milwaukie, Wis., to Miss Eliza S. Pond.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Martin R. Wallace to Miss Julia Glennin.—At Portsmouth, by Rev. Dr. Lamson, Mr. Edward Hoffmann to Miss Sarah E. Dodge.—At South East New York, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Norman F. Nickerson to Miss Emma Caroline Smith, both of Ridgefield, Conn.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Susan Jane Neal, 29; Widow Sarah Ford, 72; Miss Frances Fales, 22; Mrs. Mary C. B. Simonds, 30; Miss Susan S. H. Tarr, 29; Mrs. Eliza Hichborn Thacher; Widow Martha Lewis, 76.—At Chelsea, Mr. John Mills, a native of Scotland, 62.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. William H. Baker, 48.—At Medford, Miss Helen M. W. Raymond, 48.—At Newton Lower Falls, Mr. Edward Horatio Neal, 24.—At Quincy, Mr Stephen Franklin Child, 31; Mrs. Hannah Maria Coombs, 20.—At South Dedham, Mrs. Harriet E. Smallwood, 24.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Hannah Osborn, 71.—At Salem, Mrs. Rebecca Bangs Dudley, 72; Miss Anna White, 18; Miss Lucy Ann Perley, 38.—At Ipswich, Widow Hannah Lord, 69.—At Manchester, Capt. John Girdler, 76.—At Gloucester, Mr. James Davis, 48.—At Haverhill, Mrs. Harriet Newell Gale How, 35.—At Lancaster, Mrs. Hannah C. Wood, 45.—At Raynham, Mr. Isaac King, 61; also, next day, his wife, Mrs. Zeruah King.—At Leominster, Deacon Otis Stearns, 69.—At Barre, Hon. Nathaniel P. Denny, 85.—At Leverett, Mr. Erastus Adams, 86.—At Fall River, Mrs. Ann Jane Hacklog, 20; Mr. Martin Cuneo.—At Sandwich, Mr. John McLaughlin, 96.—At Stockbridge, Mrs. Norah Dailey, of Pittsfield, 27.—At Springfield, Mr. Cullen Vining, 51.—At Brunswick, Me., Mrs. Nancy B., wife of the late Dea. Daniel Farren, 86.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY JOHN THORNDERRY.

"HERE we are, then!" said Mr. Newman to his family, as the stage-coach brought them in view of his brother's country-house, the old homestead of his youth. "Now this begins to look like it. This does me good. I'd rather come out here for a week or two, than go to all the watering-places in the land."

The two girls—Elmira and Josephine—thrust a head apiece out of each window, uttered an exclamation of disappointment, and drew their heads in again. Mrs. Newman curled her lip, elevated her nose, and resolved that nothing of this kind should "stand between the wind and *her* nobility."

They had had a long jaunt of a day from town, by rail and by coach, and on the whole were glad to find the end of their journey anywhere. At his brother's house Mr. Newman was certain of finding both rest and welcome. He was tired of the world. No spot that he could think of was half as pleasant as the place where he passed the innocent days of his childhood. There he could throw off care and anxiety, and revel in the freshness of new days.

"O, brother! O, sister!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, as she accosted them at the gate. "How glad we are to see you all out at the old place again! Children, welcome home here! Do pray come in, all of you! I'll send for Henry at once, for I knew he he didn't expect you to-day, and he's off in the field, getting in hay."

They all bundled in across the deep porch, and collected in the large living-room. There they were met by Mr. Henry Newman's three girls, two of them about the same ages with Elmira and Josephine. Mrs. Newman assisted them in taking off their bonnets and travelling toggery, and the girls showed their cousins to their chamber.

In less than half an hour, all hands were assembled again; Mrs. Newman and one of the girls were getting supper on the table, however, and the two brothers were chatting as pleasantly as if the outside world had never crowded itself between their hearts. Mrs. City Newman, however, said little or nothing. Occasionally one or both of her daughters glanced round at her, to catch the right cue, and then fell to their silent criticisms again upon what was going on before them. The simplicity of the furniture, the earnest and honest manners of their country cousins, the style of the table, and the like of these things, were the chief objects of their attention, and instead of making the most of their privileges, they tried to feel as uncomfortable as they could, by contrasting this simple country life with their own way of life at home. If people want to make themselves uneasy, there is no better way than this that one could recommend.

When supper was ready at last, Mrs. Henry Newman (the farmer's wife) smoothed out her apron, and asked them all if they wouldn't sit up to the table.

"Do you sit there, sister," said she to Mrs. James Newman, "and you there," to Mr. Newman. The two girls she seated on one side by themselves, and her own found places all about.

To enumerate the several dishes with which the table was garnished, would occupy more space than I have allowed myself. But it was a right down country feast, at any rate. It was dinner and supper stirred together; and no thrifty housekeeper understood that trick one half as well as Mrs. Henry Newman.

Elmira and Josephine did not wish to be thought hearty eaters, though in truth they were as hungry as bears. So they just nibbled at the ham, and dallied with their rich cream-toast, and sipped their tea like any ladies. They wanted to enjoy as much as any one; but their pride would not tell them where to begin. Mrs. Newman ate, because it was her way. She needed food. She had an appetite. She had ridden a great ways, and was really tired; and being tired, was hungry too. So she made everything taste good; and felt thankful in her heart that there was a plenty. As for Farmer Newman and his brother, the city merchant, they were enjoying themselves as highly as two men ever did. Farming was now the topic of their talk, and now merchandize. Mr. James, however, delighted chiefly to talk about the grass crop and cattle.

After supper, they scattered in all directions. The girls helped about clearing off the table, while their mother sat down to entertain Mrs. James by the open window. As for Josephine and Elmira, they walked out by themselves. The brothers finally found themselves beneath a famous old pear tree in the back orchard, that they had known in their earliest youth. Mr. James stood and smoked his fragrant Havana, while the farmer threw himself at his length upon the ground.

"O, this is a beautiful old spot, Henry!" at last burst forth from the merchant's lips. "I sometimes wish I had never left it, but had let you try the world. As it is, you have shown the best evidences of filial affection; you have taken care of our parents in their old age; this old homestead has been a mine of wealth and happiness to you and your family; and here you are, anchored safe from all the tempests of the world. I know what a peaceful life yours must have been; and it is on that account I envy you."

"Then why not give up business at once, and live as we live?"

"Ah, but there's the rub! Once in, is in for your lifetime. There's no getting out of it."

"But you can end it, if you choose. What is easier? You are worth enough to-day. You are rich. What more do you want? To get still richer? I wish I was in your shoes."

"From my heart, I wish you were."

"At all events, I would show the world that I preserved independence enough to quit business when I'd got money enough."

"Ah! but you wouldn't be likely to feel then just as you feel now. If you were in my shoes, you would feel about as I feel; and this is the way *I* feel. When I make up to a certain mark in business, I mean to leave off and retire to some pleasant spot like this. That mark I haven't quite reached yet."

"Now let me ask you one single question," returned Farmer Henry. "Didn't you, years ago, say exactly the same thing to yourself?"

"Well, I did," replied Mr. James.

"And didn't you then set your mark lower than you have set it now?"

He hesitated. Finally he answered, "Well, yes. I confess I did."

"And now," pursued the farmer, "just as sure as you reach your present mark, just so sure you'll be as dissatisfied as before. I *know* enough about the ways of human nature. If you don't stop where you are, you'll never stop at all."

Mr. James thought a moment or two about it, and puffed thicker clouds of smoke. Finally he said: "Well, I'm inclined to think you're more than half right, though I really wouldn't say as much to anybody else, I can tell you. There's something about this accumulating business that plays the mischief with every one of us."

"I know it," said Henry. "When men become engrossed in this business of getting gains, they are *slaves*. And now you may just as well stop to-day, as to wait to do it to-morrow. Why not? You know what you have looked forward to all your life, and that is just what I have been all my life enjoying. Happiness is not to be had in the goading hurry for wealth. You must change your intentions. You must cease looking without, and begin to turn within."

"We can all *talk* about these things, I suppose," rejoined Mr. James; "we can theorize and speculate, but when one comes to the *pinch*, I tell you it's not exactly the same thing. We are the creatures of circumstances, I believe; of destiny, in other words. Where we shall bring up at last, Heaven alone knows."

And upon this, he fell into a short rumination, which he soon came out of, with a dreamy remark or two about the delights of country life. His farmer brother assented to what he said, and seemed to try to help him along toward his conclusions.

"I always meant to find me a quiet spot somewhere at last," said the merchant, "and I mean to still. There's nothing in life to me half so pleasant as the thought of a home, and a last resting-place in the country. And if my heart is drawn to any one place, it is to this place of my birth."

"I will divide the old farm with you," eagerly offered the farmer. "Come; do leave off in the city, and settle down again where we began life together. What's the use of putting it off?"

"I'll think of it, at any rate," said Mr. James. "I'm really more strongly inclined towards it than I ever was before. But I must take time to turn it over. I must go back and consult with my old friends, and look up some of my interests in business, you know."

The farmer's heart sunk. "Then," said he to himself, "the case is a bad one. He'll not make up his mind at all."

They left the precincts of the old pear tree long after twilight, and found the two families sitting in the door, enjoying the evening air. That one sight almost determined the merchant's resolution, at once, but he could not thus quickly yield.

Next morning, all awoke bright and early. The country cousins had rosy cheeks and expressive eyes. Their city cousins looked as if one night's sleep out there having done so much for them, there was no telling how much a week of nights might do.

After breakfast was over and the things cleared away, Mrs. Farmer Newman went about her butter in the little dairy. She asked her sister and the girls if they wouldn't like to look in on her. There she stood at the dresser under the window, kneading out the buttermilk from a great wooden tray full of yellow butter, the generous churning of the morning. Her sleeves were stripped up, and she wore a tidy apron about her.

"How awful that kind of work must be!" exclaimed her city sister. "I declare, I should get so tired of it, I shouldn't know how to follow it up."

The two daughters obediently curled up their lips, and skipped off out of doors.

"I don't know," responded Mrs. Henry, when she found herself quite alone with Mrs. James, "I sometimes think I'd rather do this than do a great many other things. But then," she added, with a glow of earnestness, "to think that you are making your own butter! That's a privilege every one don't have, in these times."

"Farm labor must be the coarsest kind of drudgery," said Mrs. James. "How *can* you bring yourself to it so?"

"Well, I don't know. Nothing is drudgery, unless you choose to make it so. It all depends on how you take hold of a thing. After all, there isn't so much difference between one sort of work and another. It's all about alike."

"But I should get tired of this everlasting sameness all around me," added Mrs. James. "I don't believe I could ever get used to it. Perhaps I could put up with it for a week or two in the summer; but to think of staying here all through the winter! How terrible dreary it must be!"

"As for that, I can only say again—it's all in habit. For *my* part, though I should like a visit once or twice a year to town, yet I don't think I should ever reconcile myself to *living* there. And as for the winters, why, you don't know what they are! You must live out in the country, as we do, to appreciate *them*. Here they are beautiful. I think quite as much of them as I do of my summers."

And thus the conversation was carried on.

Out doors, Elmira and Josephine had fallen upon their cousin Kate, with whom they began an animated discussion about the same topics, though perhaps in a slightly modified way. Among other things, Josephine declared that country people were just the coarsest, greenest people in the world. Her cousin Kate was shrewd enough to keep her temper under such speeches, and merely smiled their effect away.

"I should *die* here, among such boors," said Josephine. "And if I'd got to stay, I'm sure I should wish to."

"*I* should die," added Elmira, "with the very thought of it."

"How do you manage to pass your time?" asked Josephine. "What do you do all day? Do you ever go out evenings?"

"O yes, sometimes," good-naturedly answered Kate. "We some of us pick up a beau, now and then, you know."

"Beaux! La! What horrid creatures they must be! Cow-hide boots and satinets, I suppose? As much manners as oxen? How I should like to set eyes on one of them!"

"O, well; then we will invite some three or four of them over, some afternoon, if you say so. You can tell your friends then, you know, that you have seen and talked with the real specimens."

"O, no; I beg you wouldn't get any of them here on *my* account," said Josephine.

"No, nor on mine," chimed in Elmira.

"Or you may see them at church, perhaps, on Sunday. I will point them out to you, as they come in to meeting."

"What curious creatures they must be! But don't you miss society here? parties, and soirees, and assemblies, and all those things? Don't you wish you were nearer *folks*? or ever feel dreadful dismal and lonesome, out here in the *fields* so? I should think you would, I'm sure. I should think you'd die in a week, only for want of seeing somebody that's civilized. Just to think of living out of the world so! Why, it's abominable I don't see how anybody can possibly stand it!"

"O," laughed out her more philosophic and sensible cousin Kate, "we all manage to get *used* to these things. After a while, you know, they cease to trouble us. I suppose, to tell the truth, that they would come hard to *you* at first; but we have the decided advantage of being born and brought up among them. I suppose we hardly know what we lose here."

"No, you don't indeed," responded Josephine, with characteristic courtesy and curtness.

"Still," added Kate, "I never would change situations with you."

The city cousins gazed at her with a look of surprise that bordered closely on contempt.

And in this way was the discussion carried on between the daughters; the mothers still engaged in it, in the dairy and kitchen.

As for the brothers, they were both haying as hard as they could, down in the meadow back of the barn. It was a warm day, a great deal of grass had been cut early in the morning, and they were making out a merry time of it. It carried them back to their youthful days, to be working thus together again. They tossed, and pitched, and talked, and laughed. They sat down to their luncheon beneath the same old trees that had sheltered them when boys, and went over the old times once more in the shade. It was sad, and yet it was dearly delightful to the heart of the city merchant, thus to throw off restraint, and give himself up to the innocent enjoyment of the hour. Fifteen minutes careless tossing and rolling on the grass was sweeter to him than as many days passed in the society of idlers at the crowded hotels by the seashore. He felt the blessing descending even while he lay there.

Supper was a welcome repast. It found them all tired and hungry. Never were known better appetites, nor more wholesome and inviting food. Even the girls had forgotten that they were satisfying themselves at the table of a plain country farm-house.

They all sat in the little parlor and entry, and twilight was already gathering, when a boy came in with the mail from the post-office. There was a letter for Mr. James Newman. He took it and hastily broke the seal. It was glanced over almost in an instant, when he let it fall from his hands, exclaiming, "Ruined! ruined! I might have known as much!"

His face was colorless. His wife sprang towards him with a shriek, and began to ask him what it all meant. It was some time before he could collect courage to tell the story. Finally said he:

"I have lost all! My ship has gone to the bottom, and not ten dollars worth of insurance on her! I haven't enough left to count on my ten fingers!"

All manner of exclamations followed so unexpected an announcement. His wife couldn't believe it—*wouldn't* believe it. The girls sat demure and astonished. The farmer's wife and daughters were sympathizing and sad, while only Mr. Henry himself dared offer consolation of any nature.

"Does this strip you of all?" at last inquired he. "Haven't you a dollar?"

"Yes," said his brother; "perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand."

"Then you are rich enough! Now just hold on right where you are. You know what we were talking about last evening; now is the time to take your resolution. You've got enough; you needn't ask any more. I'm ready to divide the old place with you to-day. Come; the hand of a kind Providence is in this. Promise me to take that resolution to-night, and my word for it, you will never regret it as long as your life is spared you."

"It is taken!" answered the merchant. "I could choose no better time. From this day, wife, I am no longer a dweller in cities! I come out and live on the farms! It may cost us a pang at first, but we shall be all the happier for it in the end."

In three months a house was in process of erection near the old homestead; and in less than three years, Miss Josephine was engaged to be married to one of the "horrid country beaux," with big feet and hands.

Mrs. James Newman, moreover, makes her own butter, and it is good butter too. And among them all, there is no more lamentation over the day that changed their fortunes so much for the better. They are content.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The number of arrivals at the several hotels in Saratoga, from the 23d of June to the 23d of August, was 17,058. —— The corner-stone of a Free Public Library was laid recently at New Bedford, with considerable ceremony, in presence of a large concourse of the citizens. It was laid by the mayor, who made a short and appropriate address. —— Advices from Sydney, Australia, May 20, mention extensive gold discoveries in the western part of Australia. —— There is a family of four persons living in Suffield, Connecticut, who bear the following relations to each other—husband and wife, son and daughter, father and mother, brother and sister, uncle and aunt, nephew and niece, and first and second cousins. —— At St. Louis, lately, two young ladies were burnt to death, in consequence of carelessness in filling a lamp with burning fluid. —— The people of St. Paul, Minnesota, held a public meeting recently, with a view to the adoption of summary measures for the extirpation of the gamblers, cut-throats and thieves who infest that city. —— It is anticipated that an invitation will be given to Mr. Collins to visit Boston in his new steamship, the Adriatic, in October, by the merchants of this city, and that he will accept the compliment. —— A female physician in Philadelphia advertises that it is her particular speciality to cure all affections of the heart." —— William Sprague, of Rhode Island, has purchased a valuable water power and a large tract of land on the Shetucket River, in the town of Lisbon, Ct., some ten or twelve miles from Willimantic, and is putting up a cotton factory there 950 feet long, 80 feet broad, four stories high, and intended to run 1200 looms with 50,000 spindles. —— The shipments of cotton to Europe for the present commercial year thus far amount to about $129,000,000; of tobacco, $14,000,000; of rice, $3,000,000; and naval stores, $2,000,000. —— A lot of tobacco of a "bright golden hue, and the texture as fine as silk," was sold in Lynchburg, Va., recently, at the enormous price of $255 per hundred! It was said to be the finest specimen of the article ever seen—and ought to be to sell for two dollars and fifty cents per pound. —— The Journal of Commerce says, that the predictions of a short peach crop are fully verified. There is no probability that it will exceed one quarter of an average. —— The oldest daily paper in London is the Public Ledger, established in the year 1700, which for several years has only had between six and seven hundred subscribers. The printing press had been at work in England nearly one hundred and fifty years before the inventive genius of that country produced a single newspaper; and nearly another hundred years passed before a daily paper was ventured upon. —— It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States six millions of dollars annually, the criminals nineteen, the lawyers thirty-five, tobacco forty, and rum one hundred millions. —— The lumber business at Albany, heretofore the greatest lumber market in the country, is decreasing year by year. It culminated in 1853, and has never been so great since.

Expensive Luxury.—The Albany Knickerbocker says, "as things are managed now-a-days death is one of the most expensive luxuries that people can dabble in." The editor speaks of the burthen, entailed upon decent poverty, reducing it frequently to want and misery, by the costly funerals and costly mourning which fashion obliges the family of a deceased person to indulge in. There is certainly a necessity for a reform in this matter, for we are fast approaching the condition of the Parisians, with whom living is amazingly cheap and dying enormously dear.

A Commentaton.—An ardent Shakspearian has written a pamphlet on the play of "Hamlet," called an "Attempt to ascertain whether the queen were an accessory before the fact, in the murder of her first husband." This reminds us of the attorney's clerk in the pit, who, when the witches reply to Macbeth's question, "What is't ye do—a deed without a name?" shouted, "It's null and void. If it isn't signed, sealed and witnessed, I wouldn't give a ha'penny for it!"

Milking by Machinery.—Some genius has actually invented a machine for milking, and a wag suggests an Æolian attachment, so that the cow while undergoing the operation may be soothed to perfect stillness, regardless of the flies. The tunes might be the "Mellow Horn," or "Corn rigs are bonny," or that fine old psalm tune called "Durham."

New Invention.—A Yankee has invented a new preventive to theft. It consists of a box the size of a watch, and worn in the vest pocket attached to a chain. When a thief seizes the chain, it immediately puts in operation an alarm-bell, and thus enables the intended victim to seize upon the thief.

Fruits of Genius—Genius is sometimes well remunerated in this hard world, after all. Jenny Lind, during her late professional tour in England, covering a few months, received nearly half a million of dollars. When Paganini the violinist netted $75,000 in a season it was thought wonderful.

Privateering.—The American government will not abandon privateering until foreign nations give up the right of capturing private goods by national ships.

Apples.—There will be a scant supply of this fine fruit this year, at least in this region, though in some parts of the country there is a heavy crop.

Gas.—The town of Dorchester is to be illuminated with gas. There's nothing like the diffusion of light, physical and intellectual.

Wayside Gatherings.

The grasshoppers, or a species of locust, are said to be making fearful havoc on the Upper Mississippi.

The receipts of grain at Chicago for the month of August, will, it is said, amount to nearly 5,000,000 of bushels.

The valuation of Worcester the present year is as follows:—real estate, $12,599,100; personal estate, $6,309,400; total, $18,905,500—an increase of $855,500 over 1855.

Rev. Thomas Allen, a minister of Pittsfield for forty-five years, in addition to numerous published sermons, left 2700 sermons, written in short hand, which no one has yet been able to decipher.

W. Gilmore Simms, author of the series of Revolutionary and Border Romances of the South, has accepted a number of invitations from Lyceums at the North to lecture before them the coming season.

The Louisville Courier says the wife of a well known drayman, in Covington, died one day, lately. The next day the bereaved man married a new wife, and took her with him to the dead wife's funeral!

The summers of 1812, 1814, 1818, 1826, and 1856, are the hottest remembered in Ireland by the "oldest inhabitant." It was exceedingly hot in 1826, but we believe the past summer to have been more so.

The Cincinnati papers record the death of Mr. Robert Orr, in the 88th year of his age. He was born in Lancaster, Pa., in 1771. Mr. Orr, 57 years ago, raised corn and other grain on what is now the densest part of Cincinnati.

The Council Bluffs Chronotype states that a citizen of that place lately sold 960 acres lying on the Bottom, south of the city, for $50 per acre, amounting to the snug sum of $48,000. This land cost $1200 within less than three years.

Mr. Leonard Neilson, of Montgomery county, Md., who was on the Japan expedition, returned home recently in the United States frigate Macedonia, bringing with him two beautiful mouse deer from the island of Java. They are great curiosities.

The Paris Moniteur publishes a complete list of the losses of the French army in the Russian war, showing a total of 62,492 men, of whom 56,805 were privates, 4402 non-commissioned officers, and 1284 commissioned officers. This does not include the wounded.

The Seckel pear originated on the farm of Mr. Seckel, about four miles from Philadelphia. It was sent to Europe by the late Dr. Hosack, in 1819, and the fruit was pronounced by the London Horticultural Society, exceeding in flavor the richest of their autumn pears.

An Austrian officer, fishing lately in the Rhine, pulled up from the bottom a sword, which the antiquarians pronounce to have belonged to the Emperor Adolphus. The Duke of Nassau has purchased it of the lucky fisherman for the sum of one hundred and sixty florins.

A painfully interesting return has just been made to parliament. It is a list of railway accidents during the half year which ended the 30th of June last. There were 126 persons killed, and 105 injured on the 8461 miles of railroad open for traffic in England, Scotland and Ireland.

A coroner's jury at Linley, near Huddersfield, England, returned a verdict of temporary insanity in the case of a man named Joseph Hyde, a weaver, aged forty, who, after drinking for three weeks, had first cut his throat, and then succeeded in partly pulling his windpipe through the aperture.

Letters detained for postage are returned quarterly to the post-office department, the same as advertised dead letters. Previous to the adoption of the present plan of notifying persons to whom unpaid letters are addressed, the rule was to send such letters to the dead letter office monthly.

A lady appeared at a recent ball at Congress Hall, Saratoga, with a $10,000 set of diamonds, besides other jewelry, upon her person. They were not her own, however, but belonged to a dealer who hoped to find a market for them among the fashionables, and took this mode of advertising them.

There is said to be an old lady in Johnsonville, S. C., who is *one hundred and thirty-six years of age*. She was a grown young lady at the time of Braddock's defeat, and can recount many incidents of the Revolution. She has been blind for thirty years, but can walk about with the aid of a walking stick.

A servant girl in London has been fined forty shillings, or a month's imprisonment, for pouring a kettle of boiling water on a cat that was trespassing on her master's premises. Under the same law (cruelty to animals), Lieut. Craven, of the Guards, and his groom, were fined $15 for killing a horse by overriding.

The Russian clergy have just celebrated a grand mass at Balaklava, at which every one walked barefoot in sign of mortification, after which holy water was sprinkled in every direction. The camp of 6000 men, which has been formed on the heights of Inkermann, will be the only military force remaining in that part of the Crimea.

In two years four thousand miles of telegraph wire have been erected in India. Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Delhi and Lahore are now telegraphically united, and six thousand miles of new lines are in the course of erection. No. 1 galvanized iron wire is used. The wires are erected on strong, durable posts like those in our own country.

The New York Express states, that never, since the summer and fall of 1853—the Crystal Palace year—have the hotels in that city been so full as at the present time. The number of visitors from the South en route to and from Europe and the fashionable watering-places here at the North, since the commencement of the summer months, has been unprecedented.

A young lady, at present a pupil in one of the literary institutions of Richmond, has received the distressing intelligence, that among those who perished in the terrible calamity at Last Island, were her father, brother, uncle, aunt and two cousins. Having previously been deprived of her mother by death, her lonely situation must now excite the deepest sympathy.

Moscow is assuming a most Oriental look. The whole of the Kremlin is surrounded with scaffolding, constructed for the illumination, which is to last for three days after the coronation; the high tower of Ivan Veliku will be lit up from the base to the summit, the latter surmounted with an immense glittering crown of flame. Every house will also be illuminated.

There are 1,000,000 of inhabitants in Upper Canada, of whom 308,000 are children between the ages of five and sixteen. Of these, 212,000 are in the schools, which number about 3500; of these, 1500 are free, and about fifty separate or Roman Catholic. There are paid out in salaries to teachers, $700,000 annually; and the total expenditure for schools is about $1,000,000.

Foreign Items.

The neighborhood of the Val Suzon, in France, is at the present moment ravaged by wild boars.

"Lord Stanley, a son of the Earl of Derby," an English paper states, "has announced a penny paper, to appear in a short time under his immediate direction."

A statue of Thierry Martens, who restored the typographical art in Belgium, has just been inaugurated with a good deal of pomp, in Alost, his own town.

Mrs. Charles Matthews, better known as Madame Vestris, a prominent member of the English stage, died at Grove Lodge, Fulham, on the 16th ult. She was 59 years of age.

Rear Admiral Surkow has died of his wounds in St. Petersburg. It was he who with Col. Narew directed the men in building the bridges, by which the Russians escaped after the taking of the Malakoff.

A group in marble, representing "Queen Hortense instructing Prince Louis Napoleon in 1822," has just been placed in the Museum of Versailles. It is from the chisel of M. Chatrousse, and was one of the ornaments of the Universal Exhibition of the Fine Arts.

The celebrated piano forte manufactory of Messrs. Broadwood, in London, destroyed by fire on the 11th ult., covered two acres of ground, and consisted of five distinct ranges of buildings, three stories high. Nearly one thousand pianos, in various stages of construction, were destroyed, together with valuable woods and other materials, and the tools belonging to four hundred and twenty workmen. The property destroyed is valued at from £100,000 to £150,000.

Sands of Gold.

.... To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Art must anchor in nature, or it is the sport of every breath of folly.—*Hazlitt.*

.... Tragedy is one of the imperishable forms of art; but it is particularly suited to the reproduction of antique or simple subjects: it is sculpture.—*Gerard de Nerval.*

.... The English are a heavy people, and the most like a stone of all others. The French are a lively people and more like a feather.—*Hazlitt.*

.... Universities are of course, hostile to geniuses, which seeing and using ways of their own, discredit the routine: as churches and monasteries persecute youthful saints.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.. . There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.—*Colton.*

.... Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some baseness before there is any elevation.—*Landor.*

.... When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.—*Pope.*

.... Some, admiring what motives to mirth infants meet with in their silent and solitary smiles, have resolved, how truly I know not, that then they converse with angels, as, indeed, such cannot among mortals find any fitter companions.—*Fuller.*

Joker's Budget.

In an action, lately, Mr. James said it was a lamentable thing to see "two tailors in the same suit."

A jocky sold a nag as an "honest" horse, because he always threw his rider when he threatened to.

The learned man who lately cut a slice off his thumb, to see what the veins looked like, is assisted by the chap who contends that madness is a mineral.

"Mother," said a little square built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes! I can lick every boy in my class but one."

A visitor was contemplating Niagara Falls the other day, when a verdant looking individual came up and asked him if he would please to tell him the name of *that river*.

It was said of a lady who had just completed her fourth decade, and who played very loudly on her piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was *forte* upon her piano, but *piano* upon her forty.

A wag in New York, seeing a man driving a tack into a card, through the letter *t* of the word "Boston," printed on it, seized the latter and exclaimed: "Why, what are you about? Don't you know that laying *tax on tea* in *Boston* once raised a thundering muss there?"

A gentleman residing in Boston, as the story goes, seeing an Irishman removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired, "Patrick, what are you doing?" "I am opening the cellar window, to be sure." "And what are you doing that for?" "May it please your honor," said Patrick, "*to let out the dark.*"

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CHARLES GILDEMEISTER.



G. J. B. CARSTENSEN.

THE COLUMN OF THE PLACE VENDOME, PARIS.

This magnificent monument, erected at a cost of 1,500,000 francs, stands in the Place Vendome at Paris. The square was formerly occupied by the sumptuous hotel of the Duke de Vendome, the son of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle d'Estrées. Louis XIV., in 1685, purchased the hotel and removed it, at the suggestion of Louvois, intending to erect, around the square thus formed, buildings for the royal library, the mint, the ministers, etc. On the death of Louvois, this project was abandoned and the ground ceded to the city of Paris, conditionally. The form of the *place* is a symmetrical octagon, the larger sides of which measure respectively 420 by 450 feet. The buildings on the sides are uniform in character. The place was first called the *Place des Conquetes*, then the *Place Louis le Grand*, and finally the *Place Vendome*. A colossal equestrian statue of Louis XVI., in bronze, formerly stood in the centre, but was demolished by the revolutionists, August 10, 1792. The mutilated pedestal remained until 1806, when it was replaced by the triumphal pillar erected by Napoleon to commemorate his successes in the German campaign of 1805, the material being 1200 pieces of brass cannon captured from the Austrians and Russians. The column is an imitation of Trojan's pillar at Rome, and rises to the height of 135 feet; 360,000 pounds of metal were consumed in this gigantic work. The pedestal and shaft are of stone, covered with bronze bas-reliefs representing the victories of the French army. The reliefs on the pedestal depict the uniforms, armor and weapons of the conquered troops. Above the pedestal are garlands of oak, supported at the four angles by eagles, each weighing 500 pounds. The door is of massive bronze, decorated with oak wreaths, surmounted by an eagle of the highest finish. Above is a bas-relief, representing two figures of Fame, supporting a tablet with a Latin inscription showing the purpose of the structure. The bas-reliefs of the shaft pursue a spiral direction to the capital, and display, in chronological order, the exploits of the army from Boulogne to Austerlitz. The figures are three feet high, and number about two thousand, the length of the scroll being 840 feet. A spiral thread, dividing the lines, records the names of the battles represented. The designs were furnished by Bergeret, and executed by thirty-one sculptors, one of whom was a lady named Charpentier. Above the capital is a gallery, approached by a winding interior staircase of 175 steps, from which a fine view of Paris is obtained. The present statue of Napoleon was placed there under the reign of Louis Philippe, and inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies on the 28th of July, 1833, in the presence of an immense multitude, who greeted with deafening cheers and every demonstration of delight the restoration of the effigy of the popular idol of France. The statue is eleven feet in height, represents the emperor in his military costume, and was modelled by Seurre.

ARCHITECTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, NEW YORK.

On this page we present engravings, from photographic portraits, of Messrs. Charles Gildemeister and George J. B. Carstensen, both young men, and architects of the Crystal Palace, New York, a building which, in symmetry and elegance, is acknowledged to surpass both the palace of the World's Fair at London and that in which the grand Exposition was held in the city of Paris. Various plans were submitted to the Crystal Palace Association for adoption. Sir Joseph Paxton, the gifted originator of the English Crystal Palace, with great liberality furnished a splendid design, which the peculiar form of the ground on which the building was to be erected precluded the association from accepting. The late lamented A. J. Downing, a gentleman of unequalled architectural skill and taste, submitted a very original and admirable plan, but it did not meet the requirements of the city, which, in making the grant, had stipulated that it should be entirely of iron and glass. Mr. Leopold Eidlitz presented a plan with a suspension roof, intended to obviate the great difficulty of spanning great widths by arches. Mr. James Bogardus submitted a plan of a circular building with successive colonnades, placed above each other, somewhat resembling the Colosseum at Rome, and involving a new mode of joining, for which he has obtained a patent. Mr. Julius W. Adams submitted a plan of a great octagonal vault or dome, the supporting ribs being formed of clusters of gas pipes. Among the other plans, presented by different individuals, were some of such beauty and originality that the task of selection was rendered a delicate and difficult one. That, however, which was finally adopted gave universal satisfaction, and showed its authors to be men of genius and skill. That so novel a style of building should have been successfully attempted and carried in an American city excited universal astonishment abroad, and created a high idea of the progress of the arts in the United States.

THE COLUMN OF VENDOME, AT PARIS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE RIVER SIDE.

The pastoral landscape on this page is such a one as would have delighted the heart of Izaak Walton, and will delight the eyes of all who are "lovers of virtue and go an angling." Screened from the world without by a mass of foliage, through which a single opening gives us a view of a rolling country and a rustic cottage, a tranquil river pursues its liquid path. But the scene is not inanimate. A delightful group is gathered on the grassy shore. Lounging in an easy attitude, with his creel beside him, an inveterate fisherman is watching his float, anxiously expectant of at least "one glorious nibble." Near him stands a recreant brother of the angle, whose rod is idle, and who is completely absorbed in the romance or poem which one of the group of young ladies is reading to her companions. On the other side are two rebellious spirits insensible to the spell of literature, and bent on more frivolous pursuits. They are engaged in an attempt to snare a beautiful butterfly, whose bright wings, glittering in the noontide, have attracted their eyes, and inflamed them with the desire of possession. The fluttering insect will most probably elude its youthful pursuers—the chances are in its favor.



THE RIVER SIDE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

OR, THE

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

When the party arrived within sight of the house and its surroundings, as well as could be seen by the imperfect light, they found they wore a pleasant and encouraging aspect. They stopped at some little distance to reconnoitre the apartment, which could be seen through an uncurtained window.

"What a lovely home-picture," said Bessie.

"Yes," said Wilton, "here, if I mistake not, is what may be truly called a home."

They both had good reason for what they said. In the ample fire-place a good fire was burning, and on a small table placed in front of it, was the well-trimmed lamp which had been their guiding star. On one side of it was a man with a boy of four years old on his knee. The earnest and delighted attention with which the child looked up into his father's face, made it pretty certain that he was listening to one of those veritable stories, such as is recorded of "Jack, the Giant-Killer," or that cow, remarkable for her "vaulting ambition," that jumped over the moon. At the opposite side of the table sat a woman busy with some sewing, and near one corner of the fire place, a girl of ten or a dozen years was knitting, who seemed nearly as much charmed with the stories as her little brother.

The four forming this family group were handsome—uncommonly so; and yet, as far as the husband and wife were concerned, it was a kind of beauty not easily described, as it consisted more in those expressions of countenance which have their source in the culture of the affections rather than in the beauty of outline or color.

There was, however, a great deal of this last kind of beauty in the girl's face, with cheeks red and fresh as the mountain daisy, and her fair, smooth brow shaded by rich, nut-brown curls. And then those heart-smiles. Anybody who looked at the father and mother, would have known the reason of their being so warm and full of sunshine was because they had never been met by frowns and unnecessary rebuke. It required only a minute for the eye to take in this picture, and for the heart to give it a true interpretation.

"We can hardly wish for anything more promising than this," said Braynard.

"No—I think not," was Wilton's reply. "And you, Bessie, are of the same mind, judging from the exclamation which escaped you, when you first caught a view of that cheerful-looking fire-side."

"O, yes," replied Bessie, "with such a family I should feel safe as I should at home."

"Come, Bessie," said Wilton, springing from his horse, and then assisting her to alight, "I think you had better go with me, when I apply for admission. The sight of your face will be a good passport for the rest of us, as it will quiet all fears of Indians or marauding soldiers."

The man came to the door, who, when he saw Bessie, called to his wife.

"Mary," said he, "here is a lady. You must come and welcome her."

And very kind and cordial was the welcome she gave her, while that which Wilton and the others received from the host was equally warm. It was plain that feelings of true Virginian hospitality were cherished beneath that humble roof. While the host, whose name was Ashmore, assisted by the travellers, saw that the horses were well cared for, a well supplied larder afforded Mrs. Ashmore the means of preparing a plentiful and acceptable repast.

In the morning, finding that there was a post-town about seven or eight miles distant, Bessie wrote to her mother, giving a brief account of what had befallen her since they parted. She also mentioned that she intended going to Mrs. Woodhull's after a day's rest, which, as near as she could ascertain, would be somewhat of a hard day's ride from where she then was. She would remain at Mrs. Woodhull's, she wrote, till she received a letter from home.

When Bessie's letter was ready, Wilton set out in company with the three other young men (who now, being within a day's journey of their own homes, were anxious to arrive there), to convey it to the post-office.

"You will return in season to dine with us," said Mr. Ashmore, addressing Wilton, when they were ready to start.

"I think not," was his reply. "I may be absent all night, but shall return in the morning, in season to accompany Miss Hamlen."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PERCIVAL MANSION.

At the village where the post-office was kept, Wilton and his friends parted. While they proceeded in a south-easterly direction, he turned to the north, where, some ten or twelve miles distant, there was another post-town, where he hoped to find letters from Mr. Grosvenor and Edith, and also from his business agent. It having been later in the morning than they intended it should be, when they left Mr. Ashmore's, they remained at the village hotel to dine; after which, as it might be a long time before they would meet again, if ever, they indulged in an hour's social chat. Wilton was in no hurry, however, as there was more than time enough to enable him to reach the other village before dark.

His horse, finding that he was suffered to take his own gait, from a brisk trot soon came down into a walk. The animal's indolence was favorable to the rider's enjoyment of the highly picturesque scenery, which, in the distance, was softened and harmonized by the golden haze of the Indian summer. When Wilton, at last, awoke from his reverie, he found the oaks and chestnuts which grew by the wayside, were casting long shadows across his path, and looking towards the west, he found that the sun in less than half an hour would sink to rest beneath the golden-fringed clouds which already arched the clear, amber-hued sky.

He looked at his watch, and found that it must be full three hours since he took leave of his friends at the hotel. The village where he intended going was not yet in sight. He quickened his horse's pace and rode on something like a mile further. Still, nothing was to be seen of the village. There was a small house, however, some forty or fifty rods ahead, where he concluded he would make some inquiries, as he began to suspect he had lost his way. By the information obtained from the woman who came to the door, he found that he was right in his conjecture. He must have turned aside from the road that led to the village, only a few miles after he left the hotel.

"Is there any hotel, or tavern," said he, "within a few miles of here, where I can obtain supper and a night's lodging?"

"I don't know of any," was the woman's answer; "but after you get a piece further, the road turns away to the left among the hills, and pretty soon you'll come to a valley where there are a number of houses, and you'll find no difficulty in obtaining such accommodations as you need, at either of them. I would invite you to stay here, only I know you'll fare so much better than you would in this poor place."

Wilton thanked her and rode on. He found, as she had said, that the road turned to the left, and very soon he came to a part of it which overlooked the valley, which was varied by fine swells and ridges of land, and nearly encircled by a river, one of the tributaries of the Potomac. On one side of the valley, where the ground was more elevated than the rest, there was a large edifice, built after the fashion of the old manor-houses of England. It was now venerable from age, having been built over two centuries. In convenient proximity were the dwellings of the servants.

Several small houses were situated near the outskirts of the valley, and Wilton checked his horse while he considered whether it were better to apply at one of these or the larger one. Inclination was in favor of the latter. He hardly knew why, for one of the smaller houses, nestled amid vines and shrubbery, which still retained much of their summer verdure, wore a far more cheerful aspect.

Proceeding about a quarter of a mile further, he arrived at the entrance of the broad avenue shaded with oaks, which led to the mansion. It was now after sunset, though still so light that objects were distinctly visible. He turned into the avenue, and when he had approached the house more nearly, he found that the front part of it seemed silent and deserted. He rode round to a side-door and knocked, which was opened by a colored girl.

"I have lost my way," said Wilton, "and have called to see if I can stay here to-night."

"I will go and see," replied the girl.

In a minute or two she returned, and inviting him to walk in, conducted him to what might have been called the home room. A woman, whom he subsequently found to be the housekeeper, invited him to take a seat near the fire.

"The master is absent," said she, "but I could not refuse supper and lodging to a traveller who has lost his way."

An aged and very disagreeable-looking woman sat on a form placed against the jamb of the huge fire place, smoking a short, dingy pipe. As Wilton took the chair offered him, she removed the pipe from her lips and regarded him with great attention. The moment, however, that he looked that way, she replaced her pipe between her lips, muttering something to herself, though in such a manner as to be unintelligible. From time to time, when she thought herself unobserved, she cast towards Wilton quick furtive glances, and once she shook her head, and said, half audibly:

"No, no—'tis no such thing, and I'm a fool for thinking about it."

After a while she turned aside a little, and looking steadily into the fire puffed away with great energy till the weed which filled the blackened bowl was exhausted. She then knocked it free of ashes on the end of the large back-log, and having put it into her pocket, folded her arms around her, bent forward, and again seemed intently watching the fire. Having sat in this attitude several minutes, she raised her head and turned sharply round towards Wilton.

"Are you a stranger in these parts?" said she.

"I am, as regards this particular section of the State."

"You were never this way before?"

"I've no remembrance of ever having been."

"You aint a native of Virginny then?"

"Yes—but I was born further south."

"And nearer the sea-shore, perhaps?"

"I was. Richmond is my native place"

"That's where your parents live?"

"They *did* live there. My mother died before my remembrance, and it is over ten years now since my father's decease."

"You'll think I've no business to be so inquisitive, sir, but somehow, strange fancies come over me sometimes."

"O, ask as many questions as you please," said Wilton, smiling. "If there should happen to be any I should prefer not to answer, I will be frank enough to tell you so."

The woman seemed disposed to avail herself of the liberty thus granted, and went on with her catechism.

"You said you were born in Richmond—have you always lived there?'

"Always, till within a few years—except when I was at college."

"Then you are college larnt?"

"Yes."

"A cravin' for larnin' always run in the Percival blood. After all, my first thought may be right."

This was said in low, mumbling accents, not intended for Wilton's ear. He had for a moment been a little absent-minded, and imagined that she addressed him.

"Did you speak to me?" he said.

"No, 'twas nothin'—I was thinkin' of my son."

"You have a son, then?"

"No, no, I haven't," said she, with a startled look. "What made you think I have?"

"You said you was thinking of your son."

"So I did—I remember now. Well, it has been years and years—I can hardly tell how many—since I was a childless widow. Though hard for me, 'twas better for him, so I've tried to make the best of it."

"Was your son quite young when he died?"

"Died? Well, no matter—he's dead to me. No, he wasn't young—he'd come to man's estate. At first, it wrung my heart. Then it grew hard and bitter, and there have been times when I've almost thought that all wasn't right here," said she, touching her finger to her forehead.

"All are liable to be afflicted," said Wilton, "and we must try to bear the common lot with as much fortitude as we can."

"Do you say mine is the common lot?" said she, sharply. "Well, so it is, in one sense. But the mother can never forget her son—no, never. The son may forget the mother who has watched over him when she should have slept, and even be ashamed of her."

"We will hope, for the sake of humanity," said Wilton, "that the cases are rare."

"If rare, when it does happen, it is so much the harder to bear. The old proverb says that misery loves company, and it says the truth, sir."

And again folding her arms around her and bending forward, she commenced a nervous, rocking motion, such as persons inclined to be somewhat demonstrative, have recourse to sometimes, when suffering from painful emotion. Supper was now brought in and placed upon the table.

"I think you must need something by this time," said the housekeeper. "We have a good cook, but she is rather slow."

As Wilton passed near her to take a seat at the table, she looked towards the woman who sat in the corner.

"There are times," said she, "when her mind is not quite sound."

"That is what I thought," he replied.

After having partaken of the viands which had been placed before him so liberally as to be quite satisfactory to the hospitable housekeeper, Wilton expressed a wish to be shown to the room where he was to pass the night.

"Don't let it be in the southwest chamber, Lois Grey," said the woman in the corner, to the housekeeper, and speaking for the first time since she questioned Wilton so closely.

"That is the one I had prepared for him," said Mrs. Grey.

"Don't let him go there—I charge you not to let him," said she, with a kind of frenzied earnestness.

"What chamber shall he have, then?" said Mrs. Grey, who seemed inclined not to cross her.

"Any one but that."

"He can have the one over the back parlor, then."

"That is as good as the other."

"Yes, quite as good, except the prospect from the windows isn't as fine."

"Fine prospects wont make him sleep the sounder."

"I am not particular," said Wilton. "Consult your own convenience, and I shall be well satisfied, I dare say."

Meanwhile a colored man, somewhat advanced in life, had been standing ready to show him the way.

"To the room over the back parlor?" he asked of Mrs. Grey.

"Yes, Numa. As she says, the chamber is as good as the other."

Wilton followed Numa up a grand old staircase, almost broad enough for a chariot and four.

"This is the room where Mrs. Grey intended you should sleep," said Numa, opening the first door they came to, after ascending the first flight of stairs, and holding the light just within the chamber, so that a view of the interior could be obtained.

The furniture was rich, though rather cumbersome, and the walls were hung with a number of portraits.

"Would you like to look at the portraits before going to the other chamber?" inquired Numa.

"I should. I like to look at portraits."

They entered, and Numa held the lamp so that its rays fell full on the first one they came to. It represented a handsome, dark-complexioned man, in the prime of life, with the peaked beard and broad, stiff ruff of Charles the Second's time.

"This is the portrait of Sir Harry Percival, who came over from England," said Numa. "He purchased the plantation of a gentleman who wished to go South."

"Sir Harry Percival, did you say?"

"Yes, the estate was owned by the Percival family more than a hundred years."

"It has passed into other hands, then?" said Wilton, finding Numa as intelligent as he was inclined to be communicative.

"Yes—the heir who would have inherited it was lost."

"Lost?"

"Yes—drowned, as was thought, when he was only a little over two years old."

Wilton had it on his lips to ask into whose hands the estate then passed, but at that moment, without having stopped to look at several intervening portraits, Numa held the light so that it fell on the full length portrait of a lady, youthful and very lovely.

She was dressed in the comparatively modern costume fashionable at the beginning of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the rich, brocaded skirt, as well as the soft and glossy texture of the pink satin robe worn over it, which was open in front and swept back in graceful folds, being represented with an accuracy and carefulness of finish, characteristic of the Dutch school. Even the pearls and diamonds which adorned the stomacher were so faithfully delineated as to resemble real gems. Though the strong contrast afforded by raven locks is generally thought to enhance the brilliancy of a fine complexion, it would have been difficult to imagine how that of the lady represented could have appeared more brilliant, though, according to the fashion of the period, the natural hue of her hair was concealed by powder.

When Wilton first glanced at the lovely picture, the general effect was so dazzling that he did not mark the form and expression of the features; but when the bewildering influence had had time to subside, he was certain that it bore a strong resemblance, either to a person or portrait he had somewhere seen. It was impossible, however, for him to recall to mind the time or the place.

"Is the original of this portrait living?" he inquired.

"No, she has been dead many years."

"Who was she?"

"The wife of this gentleman," said he, passing the light along to the next portrait.

"And was he a Percival, too?"

"Yes, and the lineal descendant of Sir Harry Percival, whose portrait you first looked at."

There was something, too, in this one, which Wilton thought looked strangely familiar.

"There is, to say the least," said he, "something singular in the impression which these portraits give me."

At the same moment he happened to cast his eyes towards a pier-glass, opposite to where he stood. It reflected his figure at full length, and this solved the mystery as regarded the last portrait. It was impossible for him not to see that there was a very striking resemblance between it and himself. Numa, too, had discovered the similitude, judging from the manner he alternately regarded him and the portrait.

"One might think that *he* was a Percival," said Numa, unconsciously perhaps, giving utterance to what was in his thoughts.

"You see a resemblance between me and the portrait?" said Wilton.

"A very great one."

"It isn't impossible but that my mother might have been related to the family."

"Was her name Percival?"

"I never knew what her name was before she was married. She died before my remembrance, and I was too young when my father died to have much curiosity as respected my genealogy."

Numa, without making any answer to this, passed on to the next portrait.

"This," said he, "is the likeness of Mr. Edgar Percival, father to him we've just been looking at."

"Was his son's name Edgar?"

"No, Thomas. He had a son, named for his grandfather—the same I have already mentioned, who was drowned when he was only two years old."

Wilton, after remaining in a thoughtful attitude a few moments, asked Numa if he knew the reason why the old lady who sat smoking in the chimney corner at the time he arrived, appeared so unwilling to have him sleep in the chamber where they then were.

"I do not," he replied. "She runs of wild and singular notions occasionally, and has done, at times, for many years. She is generally thought to be deranged."

They were about to look at the next portrait—that of Mr. Edgar Percival's wife—when they were startled by a voice at the door.

"How dared you disobey me?" it said.

They turned, and saw her they had just been speaking of. She had a wild, frightened look.

"I am going to the other chamber," said Wilton. "I only stepped in here to look at these portraits."

"'Twas Numa who brought you here. He will live to see the day he will repent it."

"It was for no evil purpose," said Numa.

"That is evil which leads to evil."

"Well, good mother," said Wilton, "we will hope that no harm will come of my looking at these portraits, for it has given me much pleasure. If it has caused you any uneasiness, I am sorry for it. We will go now."

As he and Numa approached the door, she glided into the room.

"I shall keep guard here to-night," said she, "so you needn't try to come back. I shan't be lonesome. *They* will come down," and she pointed to the portraits of Mr. Edgar Percival and his son—"they will come down and make me show them my hands. They've done it before, and they looked at each other and laughed. I knew what they meant. They expected my hands were stained, but they found no blood on 'em."

"You see she isn't in her right mind," said Numa, as they passed along the corridor.

"Yes. What caused her insanity?"

"It isn't known."

By this time they had reached the other chamber.

"I should advise you to turn the key," said Numa, as he lit a candle which stood on a table. "Old Elsie wont be likely to sleep much to-night, and she may take it into her head to pay you a visit, if she finds the door on the latch."

When Wilton was left to himself he followed Numa's advice, and locked the door. Feeling no inclination to sleep, he sat down by the table, and tried to remember why the portrait of Mrs. Percival had looked so familiar to him. For a long time it was a vain endeavor, when suddenly it flashed upon his mind.

"I think I have it with me," said he, and putting his hand in his pocket, he drew forth a small package.

Undoing the folds of a thick, strong envelop, a piece of soft tissue paper presented itself to view, in which was enclosed a cameo portrait. It was that of a very young and lovely woman, and was one of the first things of which he had any recollection. It was of an oval form, about three inches in circumference, plainly set in gold, with a small ring at the top, through which was passed a band not more than a third of an inch wide, which was wrought with the finest and most delicate needle-work. This band was fastened together by a tiny clasp, which was marked with the letters—F. P.

"They are the initials of the person's name who once owned it, no doubt," he murmured to himself, as he unrolled the band which was wound round the cameo.

A sudden flush crossed his brow as he thought one of the names might have been Percival.

"I knew I could not be mistaken," said he, when at last the portrait was revealed.

The form of the features, and the graceful way the finely-shaped head was placed on the shoulders, was indeed the exact counterpart of the one he had seen in the chamber. This certainly appeared singular, and he endeavored to recollect some incident connected with the cameo, which would serve as a clue to come at its history. Nothing, however, could be recalled, which he could in any way, as far as he could perceive, make available for this purpose. In this respect, the few memories connected with it appeared to him unimportant.

His father had been very choice of it while he lived, and had always kept it under lock and key, in a little box or cabinet, where he kept his most valuable papers. He had given Wilton to understand that it belonged, not to himself, but him; and when he occasionally showed it to him, he was accustomed to tell him that as soon as he was old enough to take good care of it, he should give it up to him. Once Wilton asked him where it came from, when he answered rather evasively, that such kind of things were brought from over the sea.

A few days before he died, he mentioned the cameo portrait to Wilton, and charged him to preserve it carefully, as the time might come when it would be worth a great deal to him. When Wilton asked him in what respect, he replied that he was unable to give him any satisfactory explanation, but that for certain reasons he had faith in what he told him.

If he had only specified those reasons, Wilton might have turned them to good account; now they only served to perplex and more deeply involve him in conjecture.

"What if *I* am the lost heir?" was the thought which struck him so suddenly, that he involuntarily started to his feet. The next moment he smiled at his folly in indulging an idea so preposterous. Just then, the old eight-day clock he had seen in the hall, commenced striking the hour of midnight. He could hardly believe it possible that it was so late, and hastily restoring the cameo portrait to its wrappings, he returned it to his pocket.

He had scarcely laid his head on the pillow, when he heard a stealthy footstep approach the door, and a minute afterward, some one lifted the latch. He recalled to mind what Numa had told him, and concluded that it was old Elsie, and very thankful he felt that he was secure against the intrusion of the wierd-looking woman, who, whether her intellectual faculties were disordered or not, appeared to him as if urged by some strong impulse, to which she yielded unwilling obedience, to entertain towards him some sinister purpose. The latch was lifted a second time, and then some low-breathed mutterings were heard close to the keyhole. Shortly afterward, the stealthy footsteps were again heard, this time receding, and soon were lost in the distance.

Soon the maze of strange thoughts and bewildering fancies floating through his mind began to grow dim and indistinct, losing themselves, as it were, in a cloud of mist, till, at last, even the bright sweet face of the lady's portrait, which, when all besides had faded, continued to beam upon him, suddenly vanished, and he slept.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

When Wilton woke, the sun was shining brightly into his chamber windows. On descending to the room where he had spent the previous evening, he found the table already laid, though he was told that breakfast would not be ready under an hour.

He saw nothing of old Elsie, and was glad, soon after his entrance, to find himself alone with Mrs. Grey, for he was now determined to inquire who was the successor of the Percivals, which, although he had fully intended it, and had had ample opportunity for the purpose, he had by some means neglected.

"Though I have partaken of your hospitality," said he, "I am as yet ignorant of the name of the gentleman who owns this fine plantation."

"His name is Withers."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; it is now over twenty years since he came into possession of it. By your manner of speaking, you know him, I should think."

"Is his name Ishmael Withers?"

"It is."

"I have heard of him, though I never saw him. Were you here in the lifetime of his predecessor?"

"This wasn't my home at that time, though I often came to see my aunt, who filled the same place in the household of Mr. Percival which I do now."

"His name was Thomas Percival, was it not?" said Wilton, anxious to lead her on to say something of the family.

"No, it was Edgar. Thomas was his son, and was here very little, after he became of age. He was only twenty-seven when he died."

"He was married?"

"Yes, but his wife lived only two years afterward."

"He survived her only a short time?"

"No; he died suddenly, only a few months after she did."

"Do you recollect the lady's Christian name?"

"Certainly I do. It was Florence."

Wilton thought of the initials engraved on the clasp of the band attached to the cameo, and felt more convinced than ever that, at an early period, before his remembrance, he had in some way been connected with the family who formerly owned the estate, now in the possession of Withers.

"Mrs. Percival's name was Dale before she was married," Mrs. Grey went on to say, "and she was a descendant of Sir Thomas Dale, who, two hundred years ago, was governor of Virginia. Young Mr. Percival found her when on a visit to England, and a sweet lady she was, too. Do you know, sir, that when you smile, you make me think of her!"

"How?"

"I can hardly tell myself. You don't resemble her, in the least, any other time."

"The man who showed me to my room last night told me that the younger Mrs. Percival had a son who was drowned when he was only two years old."

"Yes, it was so said."

"And was there any reason to suppose that it was not so?"

"Some thought there was, but I was very young then—only a child, and the older people who whispered it among themselves were careful not to say much in presence of the children. I remember, though, that my aunt said, if the boy's father had been alive, it wouldn't have been passed over so lightly. The child's grandfather did what he could, but his health had been failing him ever since the death of his son, and the loss of the little Edgar gave him a shock which he never got over. This prevented him from giving his personal attention to the investigation which took place, and though Mr. Withers appeared to be very much concerned on account of the child's disappearance, and made a great flourish about searching the woods and dragging the river, a great many people thought that he was glad the child was gone."

"Mr. Withers must have been wealthy, to be able to purchase so valuable an estate as this."

"He hadn't a hundred dollars in the world. Mr. Percival gave it to him by will, a short time before he died. This was partly what made people talk; for though Mr. Percival had no near relations, he had cousins who would have fallen heirs to his property, and were, as it was said, much better men than Ishmael Withers."

The entrance of a servant, who came to tell Mrs. Grey that breakfast was ready to be served, put an end to the conversation.

When Mrs. Grey had told Wilton that when he smiled he reminded her of the younger Mrs. Percival, she had not passed unnoticed the much greater resemblance he bore the lady's husband and his father. She had once been on the point of mentioning it, but, on second thought, concluded it might not be altogether advisable.

Wilton, conscious of the resemblance which he bore both father and son, thought it a little strange that she should not have noticed it when she had been so quick to detect even what she considered a slight similitude between him and Mrs. Percival, though, as was very natural, from motives readily appreciated, he refrained from making any allusion to it himself.

Wilton, now that he knew it was at the house of Withers where he had been entertained, would have preferred to leave before breakfast, but there had been a tacit understanding that he should remain, and he could think of no plausible pretext which he could assign for taking leave at the very moment it was ready. He had already ascertained that in coming thither he had taken a route so circuitous that the distance had been more than doubled, and that he could go by the way of the post-office, where he expected to find letters awaiting him, and still have time to return to Mr. Ashmore's in good season. There was no one at the table except himself and Mrs. Grey, who dismissed the servant in waiting.

"You will excuse me," said she, the moment the girl had left the room, "if I take the liberty to inquire your name, as it isn't from any idle curiosity."

"Certainly," he replied. "I was thinking that I had already mentioned that my name is Wilton Richmond."

"I have heard that name before, but had no suspicion that it belonged to you."

"You have heard Mr. Withers mention it?"

"Yes."

"Not in a manner which gave you reason to believe that his feelings towards me were very friendly?"

"No, it was not. I don't think that he knew I was within hearing at the time I heard him speaking of you. I believe you told me that you and he are not acquainted?"

"I did. If we were to meet, I shouldn't know him."

"And you think he wouldn't know you?"

"How should he?"

"It is not impossible," said she, appearing slightly confused, "that he may have seen you. Such a thing might happen without your knowing it."

"May there not be some other reason why he should know me?" said Wilton, as he recalled to mind the unmistakable resemblance between himself and the portraits of Mr. Edgar Percival and his son.

Before she had time to make any answer to this question, old Elsie entered the room with a covered basket in her hand.

"What have you there?" said Mrs. Grey.

"Something that will be needed before long. I knew that it would be, long ago, and told *him*."

"Told who?"

"My son."

"But I've heard you say a great many times that you never had but one son, and that you lost him a great many years ago."

"Yes; 'twill be twenty-nine years next Michaelmas; but then I see him sometimes. Do you want to know where?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Grey, "if you have no objection to telling."

"Listen, then, and you shall hear;" and fixing her eyes on the floor, and swaying herself backwards and forwards so as to mark the different stops and cadences, she repeated these lines:

"We meet by moonlight, but not on the lea,
We meet, though not by fountain or tree;
But where the deadly nightshade springs,—
Where the boding raven flaps his wings.
We meet on the wild and blasted heath,
Where the night-wind shrieks, and the gaunt wolves howl,
And where noisome weeds, their odors foul,
Blend with the serpent's venomous breath;

and brave and merry meetings we have, too. When shall you be here again?" said she, coming up close to Wilton, and laying her withered hand on his shoulder.

"I don't know that I ever shall," he replied, and recoiling a little at this unexpected familiarity.

"You will, and it wont be long first, though you had better take the advice of one who has lived longer in the world than you have, and stay away."

Having said this, she went and took her old seat in the corner of the fireplace, and taking her pipe from her pocket, held it in her hand, and appeared to be impatiently waiting for them to get through with their breakfast. Her patience was not severely tried, for the meal was soon finished, and Wilton, seeing through the window that his horse was ready, took leave. He would like to have said something more to Mrs. Grey, but the presence of Elsie prevented. Seeing Numa standing near, as he was about to mount his horse, he bid him good morning. Numa returned the salutation in a manner very respectful, and then approached a little nearer.

"Mr. Withers," said he, "has just sent word that we may look for him sometime between this and sunset, and that he wishes to have everything put in the best order possible on so short a notice, as he expected to bring some one with him."

"Did he mention the person's name?"

"No, though I shouldn't wonder if it was a British officer. More than one has been here within the last six months. I didn't know but what if you knew he was coming home, you would like to stay long enough to get a sight of him. You will pardon me, sir, if I tell you that he is no friend to you, and it is well to know our enemy when we meet him."

"That is true, but I must trust to some other time, as well as place, to obtain sight of him; besides, I have an engagement, which I mustn't break."

"I hope you wont think I've been too presuming. I meant right."

"By no means. On the contrary, I owe you many thanks."

"I am old," said Numa, "yet not so old but that I hope to live to have a better man for a master than Mr. Withers."

Numa bowed in a respectful and evidently regretful manner, as, after saying a few kind and cheerful words, Wilton turned down the broad avenue which led to the high road.

As he expected, he found letters from Mr. Grosvenor and Edith at the post-office, and without meeting with either incident or accident to occasion delay, he found himself at Mr. Ashmore's door. He was busy doing something near the house, and Wilton thought he appeared a little surprised at seeing him.

He looked towards the windows, expecting to see Bessie with a smile of welcome, at one of them, but he was disappointed.

"I hope Miss Hamlen's fright and fatigue didn't make her ill?" said he.

"O, no," replied Mr. Ashmore; "she was well, and in good spirits, when she left here."

"She surely hasn't gone from here?"

"Did you expect her to wait till you came? We didn't any of us so understand it."

"I certainly told her that I would be back in season to ride over to the hotel with her, where she was to take the stage."

"Yes, we knew that, but then we understood by the messenger you sent, that you were unexpectedly detained, and that you wished her to go with him."

"I have never sent any messenger."

"Then we have all of us been deceived."

"Which we must now remedy the best way we can."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BESSIE.

So consistent and plausible seemed the reasons which were assigned for Wilton's detention, that Bessie did not, for a moment, suspect any treachery, and with full confidence placed herself under the guidance of him whom she supposed had been sent for that purpose.

In the hurry of departure, she had hardly noticed his personal appearance; but when they were fairly on their way, she saw that he was a middle-aged man, by no means ill-looking, and, by some, might have even been thought handsome. To her mind, however, all beauty was destroyed by an expression which hovered about his lips, arising more from the lines traced around them than from any peculiarity of formation, and a restless, scintillating light in his small, head-like eyes, which betokened more of craft and cunning than good faith.

But she was far from being so much of a physiognomist as to imagine that the "mind's construction" could be always read in the face, and as his words and manner were sufficiently respectful, she made a successful effort to throw off these feelings of distrust which had begun to assail her.

"I should judge by the manner you manage your horse, that you wouldn't be afraid to go a pretty good jog," said he, after they had gone a short distance.

"No; I am used to riding; but is there any hurry?"

"There's no time to lose," was his answer; and as he spoke, he bent forward slightly, and directed a keen, scrutinizing glance along a road which branched off a little to the right, though the course, for some distance, was so nearly parallel to the other that it could, when the view was unobstructed by trees or thick clumps of evergreen shrubbery, be plainly seen. No one was in sight, and while a look of apprehension passed from his countenance, he fell back into his former easy and natural position, and spurred his horse into a brisk trot. But the fleet animal which Bessie rode appeared to rejoice in the accelerated speed, and required no urging.

Still, from time to time, the man continued to cast quick, apprehensive glances towards the other road, which, though it kept gradually diverging more and more, would require some ten or fifteen minutes of hard riding, ere, by the intervention of more hilly ground, they would lose sight of it. This appearance of apprehension did not escape the watchful eyes of Bessie.

"Is there any reason for fear, sir?" she at last ventured to inquire.

"I think not, but then these are times when it is best to keep a sharp look out."

"That is true," she replied, and her thoughts reverted to her recent escape from those who, as she doubted not, were acting under the direction of Withers, by the opportune appearance of Wilton and his companions, and began to fear that she might again fall into their hands.

When, at last, the other road was lost to view, she fully shared the feeling of relief evidently experienced by her guide, who now checked the speed of his horse. They rode on in silence the better part of an hour longer, when Bessie began to think that the seven miles between Mr. Ashmore's and the hotel, where she expected to find the coach which would convey her to Mrs. Woodhull's, appeared much longer than she had anticipated.

"Are we not nearly there?" said she.

He hesitated, though only for a moment, while Bessie thought she heard a noise resembling the distant tramp of a number of horses. His ear had caught the same sound, and this was what had caused his momentary hesitation before answering her question.

"When we reach the top of yonder hill," he then said, "we shall be in sight of the place where you are going."

By this time, there was no mistaking the noise heard in the distance. It was surely the tramp of horses, and they were rapidly approaching. In a minute more, half a dozen horsemen made their appearance on the brow of the hill, which was now only a short distance.

"Who can they be?" said Bessie.

"That isn't easy telling. They may be friends, or they may be enemies."

"See—they wear the dress of British soldiers. Let us turn back. We can yet escape."

"'Twill be much better," said he, "to jog quietly on. If we take no notice of them, ten to one, they wont mind us."

"I'm not willing to trust to that," she replied, and fully confident that the fleetness of her horse would enable her to soon place herself at a safe distance from them, when she could before long reach Mr. Ashmore's, she was determined to make the attempt.

But the man at her side had kept a watchful eye on her, and caught hold of her bridle at the very moment she essayed to turn her horse.

"You wouldn't have done that," said she, "if your intentions were friendly towards me. Wilton Richmond never sent you for me."

There was no time to deny the accusation, for the party of horsemen, who, as Bessie had thought, were dressed in the British uniform, had already reached them, and hemmed them in on every side.

"We thought you had met with bad luck," said one of them, addressing the man with Bessie, "and so came to hunt you up."

"Well, you see that you were mistaken," was the reply.

"I beg that you will permit me to proceed," said Bessie.

"That is what we intend to do. We are going to turn back, and will take you with us."

When they reached the top of the hill, Bessie found that it overlooked a valley containing several houses, one of which was a large and ancient-looking edifice, but she could not see that either of them bore any resemblance to a hotel.

"Are either of the buildings I see yonder used as a hotel?" she inquired of the man who was nearest her.

"No; did you expect that you were going to find one here?"

"Yes; he told me that when we were at the top of the hill, we should be in sight of the place where we were going," said she, indicating him who had accompanied her.

"Well, he told the truth, and you will find better accommodations at yonder fine house than you would at an inn, or a hotel, as you call it."

"Is that large house the one we are going to?"

"Yes."

"And does the stage stop there?"

"No, I rather think not," he replied, laughing.

"Who lives there?"

"O, a nice gentleman, rich as a Jew."

Bessie's heart sunk within her, and she said no more. The few questions she had asked had been prompted by a faint hope that her fears were exaggerated. Now, she needed no further confirmation that they were about to be realized,—that the stately mansion they were now approaching belonged to Ishmael Withers. Even then, full as her heart was with indignant and bitter emotion, among which, predominating over all the rest, was a sickening, loathing dread at the bare thought of meeting him in whom recklessness, hypocrisy and sycophancy seemed so strangely blended, a faint sense of what the surrounding scenery must be, when in its summer glory, existed in her mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NAPOLEON'S BRAVERY.

At the first rumor of the emperor's return to Champagne, the Austrian army, as if seized with panic at a single name, had retreated by every road from the walls of Paris, as far as Troyes and Dijon. The Emperor of Austria, fearful of being surrounded, even in the midst of his troops, took refuge at Dijon. Alexander and the king of Prussia had got beyond Troyes. These sovereigns, magnifying the danger by the memory of so many former defeats, and fearful of a snare in the very heart of France, which had fallen with such apparent facility into their hands, agreed to send to their respective plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Chatillon the most pressing instructions to effect a peace. Had the emperor had timely notice of these terrors, he could have signed a peace on a European basis, at the moment that his own empire was fading beneath his feet; but he was ignorant of them. Alarmed, on his own part, at the masses crowding down upon him, he retreated towards Arciasur-Aube, where he unexpectedly came in contact with the army of Schwartzenburg. A sanguinary battle ensued, unexpectedly to both generals, between the French and Austrians. Napoleon fought at hazard, without any other plan than the necessity of fighting, and the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed in this action the miracles of bravery and *sang-froid* of Lodi and Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's cannon, and reappearing as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of the explosion, Napoleon, to re-assure them, spurred his charger towards the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waited unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound, amidst the plaudits of his soldiers, he calmly demanded another horse, and continued to brave the grape-shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle. His guard at length arrived, and restored the fortune of the day.—*Lamartine.*

WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

We present on the next page a large engraving representing the embattled gateway and the flag-tower of Windsor Castle, one of the royal residences of England. The castle is of great extent, but by representing only a portion of it, we are enabled to exhibit minutely the style of this massive feudal structure. The court here pass a portion of the year, and the figures in our engraving show the style in which the queen and Prince Albert travel, with outriders, footmen and an escort of cavalry. The castle is 28 miles from London, on the right bank of the Thames. During the residence of the court, its interior is a scene of dazzling splendor. There modern art has ministered to heighten the charm of antiquity, like a jewel sparkling in an antique crown—the bright gem shining more brilliantly from its ancient setting. About the towers of Windsor, ten centuries have woven a web of rich associations, and its corridors, chambers and terraces are tenanted by many of England's holiest memories. And there, too, all around this courtly magnificence, lie spread the sweetest charms of nature. There, in the park, is every shape and form of sylvan beauty, from the smooth lawn dotted with

"Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved,"

to the bold upland swelling towards the sky, the quiet dell, the tangled coppice, and the woody groves—the spots that Shelley sang of, where

"——the woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the wierd clouds."

Before the time of George IV., Windsor was an old castle, kingly in its proportions, rich in the recollections of bygone scenes, but yet only an old castle. It had little of comfort and elegance—a noble and half-deserted relic of other times. It is now fitted up with every comfort and elegance, is enriched with costly furniture and paintings, has a magnificent throne-room and chapel, and halls and chambers without number. No traveller in England should neglect to pass at least a day at Windsor Castle.



WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ONWARD.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Nulla vestigia retrorsum."

Nor look, nor footstep backward turn.
Though many a vanished scene be fair;
There's less Nepenthe in the urn
Of Memory than despair.
The Future we can carve at will—
The sculptured Past defies our skill.

Why summon up the wierd array
Of spectres false—Delusion's train?
The idols Time has proved of clay
Will ne'er be gold again:
Nor deftest Alchemy restore
The treasures that we prized of yore.

Onward Life's river bravely pours—
And when we've won the skill to guide
The enginery of sails and oars,
Why backward cleave the tide?
If Beauty charmed the vanished scene,
We'll look to find some new Undine.

The wreaths that decked our youthful brows
Have lost their brightness and perfume:—
We'll weave our crowns from fresher boughs
And flowers of richer bloom!
And brighter sunbeams than of old
Shall change our sails to beaten gold.

We will not think of reef or wreck,
Of latent dangers hurried o'er,
Of storms that whilom swept our deck;
Our Pharos shines before
And gilds the waves that ceaseless sweep
On to the vast eternal deep.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

Uncle Joshua had not only a goodly number of veritable nephews and nieces, but he was the adopted uncle of the whole neighborhood where he resided. It may, however, be more satisfactory to our readers to have him formally introduced to their notice as Joshua Churchwood, Esq., a wealthy landholder in one of our Western States.

Uncle Joshua was a bachelor; and as his years already numbered more than threescore, it seemed highly probable that he would remain so. It was a question of deep interest with many of the wise ones around him, as to who would become heir to his rapidly increasing wealth; and to confess the truth, the same question frequently presented itself to Uncle Joshua's own mind, and caused him many serious reflections. A recent and somewhat alarming illness had aroused him to the performance of a prompt decision; and on the evening when we would first present him to the notice of our readers, he was seated before the cheerful wood fire, in his handsome, though lonely parlor, absorbed in a reverie, in which all his relations, distant and near, were passing before him in solemn review.

"I will not give to those who are not in need," he said, half aloud. "Brother Henry is a richer man than I am. To him and his children I will leave nothing but my love; and the same to sister Sally's. There is no use in feeding those who are already surfeited. Poor Margaret's boy may do for my heir. I wonder what sort of a fellow he is—like the father, perhaps. Got married a year ago; foolish boy! hardly out of his teens, and only a clerk's salary to depend upon! Well, well, I suppose he missed his mother, and so he took a wife." And an involuntary sigh from Uncle Joshua gave evidence that he was not unaware of the blessing of woman's love.

The young man to whom his thoughts were now directed, was the only child of a younger sister, who, having married against the wishes of her family, had for many years held little communication with them. Her husband was a man of little energy of character, and ill-fitted to struggle with the many trials of life. He died about three years before the commencement of our story, while yet in the prime of manhood; and ere another year had passed, his wife had followed him to the spirit world.

Frank was at this time in his nineteenth year, and was employed as clerk in a large mercantile establishment in the city. His health had always been delicate, and he depended greatly upon the affectionate care of his devoted mother. For months after her death, his health and spirits failed so entirely, that the duties of his situation were but very imperfectly fulfilled, and it was only through the kindness of his employers that he was retained in the establishment.

At length, the bright eyes and gentle smile of a young girl, an orphan like himself, awakened him to the consciousness that all was not lost. A happy future appeared before him; he could yet love and be loved. Health and vigor returned, and from the time that Ellen became his bride, the duties of life ceased to be irksome; and with a manly step, and a cheerful heart, he went about the business of the day. Ellen brought him no fortune, but their wants were few, and his salary was sufficient to afford them a comfortable maintenance. A widow lady, who had formerly let a part of her house to Frank's mother, now gladly received him as her tenant; and by her motherly advice and sympathy quite won the heart of the young housekeeper, who gladly profited by her counsels. And thus happily glided along the first year of married life.

But we must return to Uncle Joshua, whom we left seated in his arm chair, engaged in deep deliberations on the important subject of his will. His long-neglected nephew, Frank Maynard, seemed to him the only proper person to become his heir, always provided that he was a "promising young man, and had a taste for Western life."

"Can't have my fine farms sold," soliloquized Uncle Joshua. "But there is little danger that he would want to sell. Most independent life in the world. A poor clerk in the city would think it a happy exchange."

But then came confused thoughts, that by the time the will was carried into effect, Frank might no longer be a poor clerk. The Churchwood family were rather remarkable for longevity. Uncle Joshua might enjoy his own farms for many years yet. "But there was no telling what might happen, and therefore he would make inquiries concerning the young man, and if all seemed well, he should be the principal heir."

Certain legacies must be given. One or two poor relations must be considered; the orphan asylum must receive at least one thousand dollars; and then the housekeeper—good Mrs. Payton—she surely deserved some token of remembrance. And as Uncle Joshua's reflections reached this point, Mrs. Payton herself appeared at the door, and informed Mr. Churchwood with her usual respectful manner, that supper was quite ready.

The interruption was by no means an unpleasant one, and Uncle Joshua willingly deferred the further consideration of events which were to succeed his death, and proceeded at once to partake of the tempting repast designed to prolong his stay on earth.

The knowledge of his generous intentions towards Mrs. Payton gave a wonderful complacency to his manners towards her, and observing the marks of recent tears upon her cheeks, he kindly inquired the cause of her sadness, and whether he could be of service to her.

Mrs. Payton was a widow with one child, a promising boy of twelve years, on whom all her earthly hopes had centered. Her situation at Mr. Churchwood's not only afforded her a comfortable home, but it enabled her to provide suitably for her boy, who was kindly cared for in the family of her sister. For three years she had sent him to a good school, and her heart was gladdened by his good behaviour and rapid progress.

"But this could not last always," as she said to Mr. Churchwood, in answer to his inquiries. "Edmund must be put in a way to earn his own living. He had already got a power of learning, and Mr. Blanchard the carpenter wanted a young apprentice. So it was a good chance for him."

"Does the boy fancy the trade?" asked Uncle Joshua, thoughtfully.

"Not at all, sir; that is what troubles me. He has been to see me this evening, and pleaded so hard for a little more schooling, that it made my heart ache to refuse him. But every one says I ought not to lose the opportunity."

"Mr. Blanchard is a worthy man, undoubtedly," replied Mr. Churchwood; "but the boy's inclinations should be consulted. What trade does he fancy?"

"None whatever, sir—nothing but the books. And that will not do for me, you know."

"The teacher gives him the character of an excellent scholar," observed Uncle Joshua, with a thoughtful shake of the head.

"He does, indeed, sir; and learning is a fine thing. But poor folks must earn their living."

Perhaps Uncle Joshua did not hear the last remark, for he seemed quite absorbed in his own reflections. Mrs. Payton feared that her unusual garrulity had displeased him, and wisely said no more.

"There is no time like the present!" exclaimed the old gentleman, suddenly breaking the silence, and almost unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts.

"To speak plainly, Mrs. Payton, I have intended remembering you in my will."

"Heaven forbid that you should think of that at present, sir," exclaimed the good housekeeper.

"It is time to think of it, my good woman," returned Uncle Joshua, with some solemnity. "But, as I just observed, I have intended remembering you in my will. I thought a legacy of a few hundred would be useful to you, and your services justly entitle you to consideration. But if you prefer help at the present time, I will devote the sum which I had intended to bequeath to you, to the education of your son. Education is a capital investment of property. If the young man proves worthy, he may make you a rich return."

"He is a good boy, indeed!" exclaimed the delighted mother. "Bless you for your kindness, sir. I would rather have Edmund well educated, than to be made the richest lady in the land."

"Set your heart at rest, then, for it shall be done," replied Uncle Joshua. "I will attend to it at once. The boy shall be placed at the best school in this part of the country."

With another burst of gratitude, Mrs. Payton retired from the room, eager to relieve her own excited feelings by communicating the glad news to her son; while Uncle Joshua indulged in a second reverie, differing but little from the first, excepting that there was a feeling of satisfaction when he thought of Mrs. Payton, and of the pleasure he should experience in being an eye-witness to the good fruits of at least one of his legacies.

"And now that I have taken the business in hand, I will have it all settled at once," he said to himself, as he retired for the night. "I will write to some of my old friends at the East, and make inquiries concerning my nephew. Meantime I will take a peep at the Orphan Asylum, and decide what sum to bequeath to it. And then that family of poor cousins. I must remember them. They are in need, I am told. My mind will be easy when the legal document is drawn up. Lawyer Bruce will do it for me in good shape." And thus ended Uncle Joshua's soliloquy for the night.

Promptness is a rare virtue, but it was one which Uncle Joshua undoubtedly possessed. Neither weeks nor days had passed before a letter was despatched to an old friend in the great Eastern city where Frank Maynard was a resident, making particular inquiries respecting the young man's character and prospects; while Uncle Joshua himself, after putting the letter into the office with his own hand, turned his horse's head in the direction of the Orphan Asylum, and was soon engaged in earnest conversation with the matron of the establishment. Uncle Joshua loved children; there was a tender spot in his heart, which always yielded at once to their bright eyes and glad voices. This institution had grown up under his own observation, and he had already contributed largely to its support. Others had also done much, but there yet remained much to be done; and secure of the sympathy of her visitor, the matron poured the list of wants and troubles into his attentive ear. So much more good might be done, if their means were a little enlarged. It was sad to think of it, but then people had done a great deal already.

Uncle Joshua's face wore its thoughtful expression again. He thought of his intended legacy, and his favorite motto, "There's no time like the present," came forcibly to his mind. He could easily spare a thousand dollars. Even should his life be prolonged many years, he would not feel the loss. And how pleasant to aid the little ones who were now before him, and to feel that they would have reason to bless his memory long after he had passed from earth.

"I will see the treasurer," was his cheering promise to the matron, as he bade her good morning; and before many days had passed, it was noised abroad that great improvements were to be made in the Orphan Asylum, in consequence of a handsome donation lately received. Other wealthy citizens followed the example of Uncle Joshua, and the good results of their benevolence were soon apparent in the charitable institution.

"Another legacy disposed of," thought Uncle Joshua. "I shall be my own executor after all."

In due time came the answer to the letter respecting Frank Maynard, but it was not clear and explicit enough to satisfy his uncle. It stated briefly that the young man was a clerk in a very respectable establishment, and was well thought of by his employers.

"But I want to know something of his private character," said Uncle Joshua, as he finished perusing the unsatisfactory epistle. "A man may be one thing in business and another at home. I have half a mind to take a trip to the eastward myself. Let me think—forty years since I last saw my native city. It is time I took another peep at it; and travelling has got to be an easy matter now-a-days. I need not be long absent, and Stevens can be trusted to attend to affairs here. Yes, I will go."

The matter once decided upon, it took but a short time to complete the necessary arrangements; and but a few days elapsed, ere Uncle Joshua found himself whirling along the great western railroad, at what he could not but consider as an alarming rate. The composed and satisfied countenances of those around him tended to re-assure him, however, and with many reflections upon the wonderful changes which had taken place since he first resolved to seek his fortune in the West, he abandoned all fears for his safety, and enjoyed his novel situation with the keen zest of a schoolboy.

More than a year had passed since our young couple had taken possession of their bridal home, but we still find them in the same neatly furnished rooms. The cradle in which Frank himself had been rocked, has lately been dragged from its hiding-place in the garret of a friend, with whom it had been stored for safe keeping, and now stands in that cozy little parlor, while the young mother bends with delight over the tiny treasure which it contains.

Frank's eye also brightens as he enters the room on his return from his daily employment, and gazes fondly on this new blessing. But his step is less firm than it is wont to be; and an expression of extreme languor comes over his countenance, as he takes his accustomed seat.

"Are you ill, dear?" asked Ellen, anxiously, as she watched his movements.

"Not ill, but weary, Ellen—very weary. This close confinement to the counting-room is ruining my health. I have never been so sensible of its ill effects as within the last few weeks."

The words fell like a chill upon Ellen's heart.

"Is there no other way of gaining a support?" she asked, as she gazed sorrowfully upon her husband. "You are very young. Can you not engage in some more active business?"

"Capital is needed in almost everything," was the reply, "and that we do not possess. If I were unmarried, I believe I would go to the West. It would do me good to 'rough it in the bush,' but I cannot expose my treasures to the privations and dangers of such a life."

"Far better to expose us to those trials than to endanger your health, and perhaps your life, by continuing in an employment which you feel to be injurious to you," pleaded Ellen, earnestly.

"You magnify the danger, Ellen. I am sorry that I have thus disturbed you. Let us think no more of it. Another day I shall feel better."

The young wife was silenced, but not convinced; and as each succeeding evening continued to bring Frank weary and exhausted to his home, her anxiety increased, and she felt that any hardships would seem light when compared with the misery of seeing his health and strength thus failing from the confinement of his present situation. * * * *

"A gentleman wishes to see *me*, did you say, Mary?" repeated Mrs. Maynard, in some surprise, as her little handmaiden sum-

moned her to the parlor one afternoon in the latter part of autumn.

"Yes, ma'am. A very nice old gentleman. He asked for Mr. Maynard, and when I told him he was not in, he said he would like to see you."

"Very well, Mary; say I will be down directly." And with the infant in her arms, Ellen quickly descended to the parlor.

Uncle Joshua certainly deserved the appellation of a "nice old gentleman;" and the mistress fully agreed with her little maid, as he greeted her with one of his peculiarly pleasant smiles, and informed her in his plain, kind manner, that his name was Joshua Churchwood, and that he was uncle to her husband.

Ellen had heard of the existence of such an uncle, and she had a confused idea that he resided somewhere in the western world; but Frank being himself entirely unacquainted with his relations, seldom spoke of them to his wife, and she was quite ignorant of Uncle Joshua's situation in life, and of the great advantages which might result from gaining his good opinion.

But her sweet voice and affectionate greeting found its way at once to Uncle Joshua's heart; and long before Frank's return, they were chatting together as freely as if they had known each other for years.

Delighted to have found a relation of Frank's to whom she could confide her anxieties, Ellen told of all her fears on Frank's account, and asked numberless questions about the West, "hoping, as she said, to be able to convince Frank that a wife and child need not prevent him from going there if he desired it."

No wonder that Uncle Joshua's motto came forcibly to his mind, "No time like the present." Why not take the young folks home with him at once? He had enough for all; and if Frank was to be his heir, why not treat him as a son during the remainder of his life?

Uncle Joshua's face absolutely shone with pleasure, as he thought of the happiness it was in his power to bestow; and his satisfaction was by no means diminished when his nephew appeared. The well-remembered features of his younger sister, who had been his pet and plaything in his boyish days, were clearly reflected in the countenance of her son; and the old gentleman's voice faltered, and his eyes were suffused with moisture, as he shook him warmly by the hand.

"My dear boy, I am glad to know you now, and I wish I had known you before," were words which called forth a responsive feeling of affection in the warm-hearted young man before him.

It was a happy evening for all parties; and before its close, Uncle Joshua's visit had been explained, and the young couple promised to share his Western home, and be to him as affectionate children in his declining years.

Another month had passed, and good Mrs. Payton had welcomed with no little bustle and ceremony, the return of Uncle Joshua and his young family. The little infant was quietly sleeping in his new home, while the old gentleman gazed first upon him, and then upon his parents, exclaiming, as he rubbed his hands together in the fullness of his joy:

"Well, Frank, my boy, this seems like comfort. I like being my own executor. Now I have nothing to do, but to send a few hundred to those poor cousins of ours, and then give you a deed of all my property. And I am no longer a lonely old man. I have those around me whom I can love, and who will love me. My motto is a good one—'There is no time like the present.'"

LOVE.

The earth is full of love, albeit the storms
Of passion mar its influence benign,
And drown its voice with discord. Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands,
Is born of love; and every song of birds,
That floats mellifluous on the balmy air,
Is but a love note.—THOMAS RAGG.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Letters to Ernst Moritz Arndt, on the dangers to Religious Liberty in the present state of the World. By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 440.

This work from the pen of Chevalier Bunsen, admirably translated by Susannah Winkworth, will be read with deep interest by the religious. It is largely devoted to the religious controversies of Germany, but embraces also a general view of the relations of church and state throughout the world. For sale by Redding & Co.

RELIGION IN AMERICA. By ROBERT BAIRD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 8vo. pp. 696.

This is by far the most elaborate work that Dr. Baird has yet presented to the public. It gives an account of the origin, relation to the state, and present condition of the evangelical churches in the United States, with notices of unevangelical denominations. Apart from the main theme, there is a vast amount of historical information embraced within the compass of this volume. It is a work of great and abiding value. For sale by Redding & Co.

MADDALEN HEPBURN. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. New York: Garrett & Co. 12mo. 1856.

This story of the "Scottish Reformation," by the popular author of "Zaidee" and "Adam Graeme," is a romance of wonderful power and deep interest. The characters are boldly drawn, and the historical features of the period are painted with a vividness that reminds us of Scott. The heroine, Margaret Hepburn, stands out from the canvass in bold relief, a portrait of female character of exquisite beauty and finish. For sale by W. V. Spencer.

LIVE AND LEARN. New York: Garrett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 216.

A truly valuable work. It is a guide for all who wish to read and write correctly—explains grammatical difficulties, punctuation, etc, defines those Latin and French words and phrases in most common use, and gives lucid directions for writing for the press. Except to a consummate scholar and mature writer, this work is absolutely indispensable. For sale by W. V. Spencer.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By CHARLES DICKENS. Thirty-nine steel illustrations. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 2 vols. 12mo.

This glorious work lies before us in the fair type, white paper and neat binding of "Peterson's uniform edition of Dickens's works." Of the first issue, "Pickwick," we spoke in terms of praise. The present volume comes fully up to the mark, and will be eagerly and extensively purchased. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

RETRIBUTION. A Tale of Passion. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 305.

Written in Mrs. Southworth's most vigorous style, full of vivid pictures, and striking incidents, this work contains all the elements of popularity, and is sure of an extensive sale. For sale by Redding & Co., and A. Williams & Co.

BOSTON COMMON. A Tale of our Times by a Lady. James French & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 556.

A local story, written with a great deal of spirit, and introducing a great variety of character and incident. There are some very clever descriptions of local scenery in it, and altogether the work is quite a creditable production.

[Translated from the French of Gerard de Nerval.]

THE PRINCE OF THE FORESTS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

In the province of Valois, near the woods of Villers Cotterets, there were a little boy and girl, who met from time to time on the banks of the little streams of the country—the one, compelled by a woodcutter named Oak-Twister, who was his uncle, to pick up dead wood; the other, sent by her parents to collect the little eels which the subsiding of the waters at certain seasons renders visible in the slime. She had also to watch for crawfish, which were very numerous in certain localities.

But the poor child, always stooping with her feet in the water, was so compassionate for the sufferings of animals, that generally, on witnessing the contortions of the fishes as she drew them from the river, she restored them to the water, only retaining the crawfish, which sometimes drew blood from her fingers, and to which she was therefore less indulgent. The little boy, for his part, made fagots of dried wood and handles of brush, often exposed to the reproaches of Oak-Twister, either because he had not brought home enough, or because he had been too busy talking with the little fisher-girl.

There was a certain day in the week on which the children never met—the same, doubtless, on which the fairy Melusina changed herself into a fish, and the princesses of Edda were transformed to swans. The morning after one of these days the little woodcutter said to the fisher-girl:

"Do you remember that yesterday I saw you pass below in the waters of Challepont with all the fishes escorting you, even to the carps and pikes; and you yourself were a beautiful red fish, with your sides all glittering with scales of gold?"

"I remember it well," said the little girl, "since I saw you on the banks of the stream, and you were like a beautiful green oak, whose branches were of fine gold, and all the trees of the wood bent to the earth, saluting you."

"It is true," replied the little boy. "I dreamed all that."

"And I dreamed what you told me. But how happened it we both met in a dream?"

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Oak-Twister, who struck the boy with a heavy staff, reproaching him with not having bound a single fagot.

"And then," added he, "didn't I order you to twist off the branches which yield readily, and add them to your fagots?"

"But," said the boy, "the guard would put me in prison, if he found green wood in my fagots; and then, when I wished to do as you told me, I heard the tree moaning."

"Just so," said the little girl, "when I am carrying away the fishes in my basket—I hear them singing so sadly, that I throw them back into the water. Then they beat me at home."

"Silence, little masque!" said Oak-Twister, who seemed excited by drink. "You hinder my nephew at his work. I know you with your pointed teeth, the color of pearls. You are the queen of the fishes. But I shall know how to take you on a certain day of the week, and you shall die in the basket—in the basket!"

The threats which Oak-Twister had made in his drunkenness were before long accomplished. The little girl found herself caught under the form of the red fish, which destiny had obliged her to snare on certain days. Happily, when Oak-Twister wished, by the help of his nephew, to take the wicker trap from the water, the latter recognized the beautiful red fish with scales of gold which he had seen in his dream, as being the accidental transformation of the little fisher-girl. He ventured to defend her against Oak-Twister, and even struck him. The latter, furious, seized him by the hair, and tried to throw him, but was astonished to find a great resistance. The boy's feet clung to the earth with such tenacity, that his uncle could neither overthrow him nor lift him, though he twisted him in every direction.

At the moment when the child's resistance was about to be overcome, the trees of the forest shuddered with a deep sound; the agitated branches gave passage to the winds, and Oak-Twister, recoiling from the tempest, rushed into his hut. He soon came back, threatening terrible revenge, and changed, as a son of Odin. In his hand gleamed the Scandinavian axe, which threatened the trees, like the hammer of Thor breaking rocks.

The young Prince of the Forests, the victim of his uncle the usurper, now knew his rank which they had sought to conceal from him. The trees protected him, but only by their bulk and passive resistance. In vain did the thorns and the saplings twist together on all sides to arrest the steps of Oak-Twister. The latter had summoned his woodcutters, and was carving a path through all obstacles. Already many trees, formerly sacred in the days of the old druids, had fallen under axes and bills.

Happily the Queen of the Fishes lost no time. She had thrown herself at the feet of the Marne, the Aisne, and the Oise, the three great rivers of the neighborhood, showing them that if the projects of Oak-Twister and his companions were not arrested, the forests, too widely cleared, would no longer collect the vapors that produce rain and furnish water to the streams, rivers and ponds; that the fountains themselves would dry up and cease to feed the rivers, to say nothing of the speedy destruction of the fishes, the game and the birds.

Thereupon the three great rivers made such arrangements, that the ground was entirely swept by an inundation which speedily destroyed the aggressors. The Prince of the Forests and the Queen of the Fishes could now resume their innocent interviews. They were no longer a little woodcutter and a little fisher-girl, but a Sylph and an Undine, who were afterwards legally united in the bonds of matrimony. Such is the allegory of the union of wood and wave still current in the Valois.

ELIZABETH CITY, NEW JERSEY.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—After an interregnum of some months duration, I resume the pleasurable task of furnishing you, and through you, your many thousand readers with the result of my wanderings in search of the picturesque. Beginning nearest my *point d'appui*, I present you herewith a group of illustrations of the City of Elizabeth, N. J., a place of some considerable suburban importance, whose rapid growth of late years is a striking evidence of the repletion of the neighboring metropolis. Notwithstanding it is the oldest (English) town in the State, it ranked among the second or third rate towns until within the past ten years, when the influx of residents, whose business is in the great metropolis, having given it a start, its prospect are now second to none of its sister towns or cities. The New Jersey Railroad, which passes through it and affords communication with New York some fifteen or twenty times per day, and the New Jersey Central Railroad, which now extends from Elizabethtown Point, on the one hand, to the mines of Pennsylvania, on the other, have been the immediate means of the prosperity and full development of the place.

The land on which Elizabethtown is situated was purchased from the Indians, in 1664, by John Bailey, Daniel Denton and Luke Watson, and a charter was granted to them and their associates by Gov. Richard Nichols. The land was known and designated as the "Elizabethtown grant," and the first settlers as the "Elizabethtown Associates." They were not permitted to occupy their purchase in quietude, for there were a number of persons who claimed to have a title to the grant by virtue of a warrant from the Duke of York, and the commotions, strife, and difficulties arising from these rival claims, were seriously detrimental to the growth of the place.

In 1665, Gov. Philip Carteret, of East Jersey, settled here, and fixed the capital of the province, naming the place in honor of his brother's wife, Lady Elizabeth Carteret. At this time there were but five log huts in the town, but settlers were soon attracted to the seat of the provincial government, and it assumed an air of importance, which made it for many years the most flourishing town in East Jersey. The first General Assembly met here in 1668, and continued its sessions until 1682, when it was removed to Perth Amboy, and after fluctuating from place to place, was finally established at Trenton.

A large proportion of the settlers being from New England, and such as were driven from England by religious persecution, it is natural to suppose that the doctrines and influence of the Puritans were paramount; and we find the first church edifice erected was the Presbyterian, which is, in fact, the oldest congregation in the State, dating its origin in 1666. The church stood on the site of the present one (represented in the large engraving), and was a very venerable and antique structure. After standing over a hundred years, it was ruthlessly fired by the hands of a tory, named Jacob Hetfield, and burned to the ground in 1780.

Elizabeth is situated on Elizabeth Creek, an inconsiderable stream, which empties into Staten Island Sound, about 2 1-2 miles from its mouth, where is situated Elizabethport. The two places are rapidly approximating, and will shortly be embraced within the same bounds. The latter is a thriving place, having considerable trade. Steamboats and sail-vessels ply between it and New York daily, and the depot of the New Jersey Central Railroad being located here, gives to it an appearance of great activity. During the Revolutionary war, both places, from their proximity to Staten Island, where a large portion of the British army was stationed, were subject to all the accumulated horrors of that struggle for independence. The inhabitants were continually harassed by incursions of foraging and other parties of troops, added to which, the disaffected in their midst kept them in a constant state of fear and excitement. Being the main thoroughfare into "the Jerseys," from whence the troops of the enemy drew most of their supplies, the streets of the two towns were alternately occupied by parties of British and Americans, who frequently encountered each other in hostile array, and shed each other's blood.

The influence and example of such men as Gov. William Livingston and Rev. James Caldwell had a powerful effect to keep alive the spirit of patriotism in the breasts of the better part of the inhabitants; although it is not a matter of surprise that there should have been a considerable amount of illicit trading with the enemy, when the facts are considered. The Americans were poor and paid in worthless continental money, while the British paid for all supplies in substantial and attractive gold. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and many persons, whose patriotism was undoubted, preferred the market at Staten Island to that of the American camp, although the traffic at the former was attended with much danger and risk of life and limb. The page of history bears witness to many scenes of thrilling interest as occurring in this vicinity; and although I long to dwell in view of subjects of such absorbing interest, yet a due consideration of your pre-occupied space, and the patience of your readers, will allow me only to notice the more prominent incidents in the lives of the two gentlemen who are mentioned above, and whose names are intimately associated with the Revolutionary history of the place.

When the struggle for independence commenced, William Franklin, the only son of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, was the royal governor of New Jersey. Unlike his father, he took sides with the king, and the provincial legislature declared him to be a dangerous enemy to the common cause. He was arrested at his residence at Perth Amboy, and sent to Connecticut, and William Livingston elected in his stead. This gentleman belonged to that noble family which furnished so many distinguished names to the annals of the Revolution. He was a graduate of Yale College, and possessed talents of the highest order. His patriotism was as eminent as his talents, and such was the high estimation in which



VIEW IN ELIZABETH PORT.



LIBERTY HALL.

he was held by the people, that he was re-elected annually to the office of governor, until his death, in 1790. He was an active partizan, and was constantly employed in aiding the cause of the Republicans. This, of course, attracted towards him the particular attention of the enemy, and several attempts were made to seize his person. For this purpose, Sir Henry Clinton sent an expedition from New York, which landed at Elizabethtown Point about 12 o'clock on the night of the 28th of February, 1779, and marched directly to "Liberty Hall," the residence of the governor, which was about three miles distant. Surrounding the house, they burst open the doors, and demanded of the frightened inmates the person of the "d—d rebel governor." Fortunately he had gone to spend the night with a friend, and thus escaped capture. Disappointed in their search, the marauders demanded his papers and effects. These were in the parlor, in the box of his snikey, but the presence of mind of his daughter preserved them from capture. Seeing one of the men about to seize the box, she claimed it from the officer in command, asserting that it contained her own private effects, and appealing to his sense of honor as a gentleman and a soldier, not to permit a defenceless female to be robbed. He could not resist the appeal, and ordered a guard stationed over the box, while the brave girl led his men to the library, where she surrendered to them a mass of worthless law papers, with which they filled their foraging bags and decamped. On another occasion, when Knyphausen, who had marched to attack Greene at the Short-hills, and had been forced to retreat, was marching through Elizabethtown, a number of British officers stopped at the house in pursuit of the governor, who was again fortunately absent. They however intimated their intention to take up their quarters there; and as there was no gainsaying them, the females of the family retired to rest, feeling secure from molestation by the troops, while their officers were in the house. It happened, however, that they were called away in the night, and a short time afterwards a party of tories and Hessians entered, and threatened to burn the house over their heads. The ladies retreated to their room, where they locked themselves in, while the servants hid themselves in the kitchen. The drunken assailants soon found out the hiding-place of the former, and threatened to break in the door unless they were admitted. At this juncture, one of the young females (probably the same brave girl who had saved her father's papers), thinking it best to show an appearance of courage, which they did not feel, opened the door, and as one of the wretches seized her by the arm, she grasped him by the collar in a threatening manner, which induced him to look up, and a gleam of light shooting athwart the hall at the moment, and falling upon her white dress, he staggered back in affright, exclaiming, as he did so, "God! it's Mrs. Caldwell that we killed to-day!" Alarmed by their own superstitions fears, the party soon after left the house without any further demonstration of hostility. Governor Livingston's proximity to the enemy laid him open to surprise and capture, and he was subject to constant alarm, particularly as a reward had been offered for his arrest. At one time it is said that Sir Henry Clinton offered a bounty for his assassination, and induced a notorious tory to undertake the task. Governor Livingston accused Clinton of this base endeavor, and the following correspondence ensued.

Gov. Livingston to Gen. Clinton.

"Elizabethtown, March 29, 1779.

"SIR:—I beg leave to acquaint you that I am possessed of the most authentic proofs that a general officer under your command has offered a large sum of money to an inhabitant of this State to assassinate me, in case he could not take me alive. This, sir, is so repugnant to the character which I have hitherto formed of Sir Henry Clinton, that I think it highly improbable you should either countenance, connive at, or be privy to a design so sanguinary and disgraceful. Taking it, however, for granted, that you are a gentleman of too much spirit to disown anything you think proper to abet, I give you the opportunity of disavowing such dark proceedings, if undertaken without your approbation—assuring you at the same time, that if countenanced by you, your person is more in my power than I have reason to think you imagine. I have the honor to be, with all due respect, your excellency's most humble servant. WILLIAM LIVINGSTON."

Sir Henry Clinton to Gov. Livingston.

"New York, April 10, 1779.

"SIR:—As you address me on a grave subject (no less than life and death, and your own person concerned), I condescend to answer you; but must not be troubled with any further correspondence with Mr. Livingston. Had I a soul capable of harboring so infamous an idea as assassination, you, sir, at least, would have nothing to fear; for, be assured, I should not blacken myself with so foul a crime to obtain so trifling an end. Sensible of the power (of being able to dispose of my life, by means of intimates of



COURT HOUSE, AND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



VIEW IN THE CENTRAL PART OF ELIZABETH CITY.

yours, ready to murder at your command), I can only congratulate you on your amiable connections, and acknowledge myself your most humble servant. H. CLINTON.

"WM. LIVINGSTON, Esq., New Jersey."

Not satisfied to let the subject rest here, Livingston addressed a somewhat sarcastic reply, closing with the following language:

"As to your 'must not be troubled with any further correspondence with Mr. Livingston,' believe me, sir, that I have not the least passion for interrupting your most useful correspondence with the British ministry, by which the nation will doubtless be greatly edified, and which will probably furnish materials for the most authentic history of the present war—and that you cannot be less ambitious of my correspondence than I am of yours; because, whatever improvement I might hope to receive from you in the art of war (and especially in the particular branches of conducting *moonlight retreats* and secret expeditions, I should not expect from our correspondence any considerable education or refinement in the epistolary way. I am therefore extremely willing to terminate it by wishing you a safe voyage across the Atlantic, with the singular glory of having attempted to reduce to bondage a people determined to be free and independent."

To understand the allusion above, to "moonlight retreats" and "secret expeditions," it may be necessary to state, that Sir Henry, in his report to the ministry regarding the retreat after the battle of Monmouth, had said that he "took advantage of the moonlight," whereas the moon had set two hours before he commenced to move; and also that none of his secret expeditions were successful, owing probably to a want of generalship.—I have given a view of "Liberty Hall," the residence of Gov. Livingston during his lifetime, and the place of his decease, July 25, 1790. This house, now the property of John Kean, Esq., is still standing on the road leading from Elizabeth to Springfield, about three quarters of a mile from the former place. Another of the smaller engravings represents the handsome marble obelisk erected to the memory of the Rev. James Caldwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in the grounds of which it stands. Mr. Caldwell was an ardent patriot, and through his influence the greater portion of his congregation were led to adopt his views, and many of them were enrolled in the American army. He himself joined the patriot host in the capacity of chaplain. Many anecdotes are related of his fervency and zeal in the cause of his country, as well as of his God. Such was the animosity engendered in the breasts of the tories by his activity and efficiency, that fearing for the safety of his family, he removed them to Connecticut Farms, about four miles from Elizabethtown, where he thought them comparatively safe. He was destined to bitter disappointment, however, for when Knyphausen marched from Staten Island to attack the Americans at the Short-hills, he passed through Connecticut Farms, which he reduced to ashes, and Mrs. Caldwell was killed by a renegade soldier, who had formerly been in the employ of her husband, and entertaining a malignant feeling against him for some fancied affront, took this course to revenge himself. Mrs. Caldwell was lying down in an inner room, when her servant informed her that a British soldier was crossing the yard towards the house. She rose with her infant in her arms, and the wretch fired through the window, killing her instantly. At the time of her death, Mr. Caldwell was with the army at Springfield, in fearful suspense, which was only relieved by news received next morning, of the murder of his wife. Mr. Caldwell was himself shot by an American sentinel, at Elizabethport, a little more than a year afterwards. He had gone to the port to receive a young lady, who had come under the protection of a flag of truce from New York; but not finding her on board of the vessel, he took charge of a small bundle which belonged to her, and with which he was proceeding to his chaise, when he was accosted by the sentinel, a man named Morgan, who demanded the surrender of the bundle that he might examine it. This Mr. Caldwell refused, and turning to go back to the vessel, he was shot in the back and instantly killed. Morgan was convicted of murder, and hung at Westfield. The body of Mr. Caldwell was conveyed to the house of Mrs. Noel, in Elizabethtown, where his congregation learned of their bereavement the next morning (Sunday), when they came to hear him preach. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Alexander McWhortee, of Newark, on the following Tuesday. Previous to his burial, the body was placed where the concourse which had attended could view his remains, and after the services were closed, Dr. Elias Boudinot came forward, leading a group of nine orphan children, who were by this second calamity left to the cold charity of the world. Placing them around the bier on which was the remains of their parent, he touchingly appealed in their behalf to the multitude assembled, which was nobly responded to, and they all lived to fill prominent and useful positions in society. Dr. Caldwell was a man remarkably beloved by all but the enemies of his country. His church, which was a wooden structure, and occupied the site of the present brick one represented in the first large engraving, was given up to the American troops as a hospital; and the spire was used as an observatory, from whence the movements of the British on Staten Island were watched. Elizabeth has, owing to the rapid influx of persons from the city of New York, from which it is only about thirteen miles, recently assumed an air of thriving importance, commensurate with its rapid growth and future prospects. Having been incorporated as a city, it is assuming all the privileges and responsibilities of a city government, and bids fair to take its stand among, if not to rival some of its more prominent sister corporations. The large view given above is a truthful representation of what is usually a very busy scene. It is taken from near the depot looking south, along the main street. In the middle ground the tracks of the two railroads are seen crossing each other at an acute angle, and running along on either side of the handsome depot, recently erected for the convenience of passengers and freight. The residence of Chancellor Williamson (seen in one of the smaller cuts), is situated a short distance north of the depot, on the main thoroughfare, and is surrounded by many handsome private dwellings. Not to pass over the claims of Elizabethport, for representation, I have given a characteristic scene in the centre of the place, the prominent features of which are the depot of the New Jersey Central Railroad, the hotel, and the distant shores of Staten Island. The straggling nature of the village precluded the possibility of giving a more comprehensive view, or I should have done so. And now I take my leave for the present, by subscribing myself,

Very respectfully, your artist, NEUTRAL TINT.



RESIDENCE OF CHANCELLOR WILLIAMSON.



CALDWELL'S MONUMENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES

On seeing MRS. KELLER *in the Triumph of Galatea.*

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I thought it was a dream—a shadowy myth
Born of the fabling fancy of old Greece;
But lo! the blushing Paphian queen of love
Rises in new-born beauty from the waves
In the voluptuous splendor of her charms:
What grace of figure matched to royal mien!
What rounded outlines to the snow white arm,
That shames the marble with its lustrous glow!
It cannot be a creature born of clay
That thus excels in loveliness divine
The high ideal of a poet's soul.
Ethereal essence sparkles in her glance,
And a charmed hush is in the listening air,
A glory far beyond expression bright,
In the mute sky, as if the natural world
Welcomed a creature so divinely fair.
The whiteness of the foam-flake on her cheek
Commingles with a rich Auroral dye
Caught from the morn-kissed wave.
Young queen, all hail!
Attending nymphs are round thee, and the sea,
Enamored of thy presence, basks in light,
While in thy rocking, rose-lipped shell afloat
Borne onward art thou, without aid of oar,
To an enchanted home in Cyprian bowers.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COUSIN JULIA.

BY SARAH HAMMOND.

LOOKING over a trunk of valuables, the other day,—valuable for the pleasant reminiscences connected with them, valuable because dear hands had consecrated them,—my eye fastened upon a package of letters, firmly bound together by a long piece of red tape. The handwriting was easy, graceful and even elegant. As the author of these—a fair cousin of mine—has long since entered the circle matrimonial, and is now the pride of a fond husband, the perfection of all that is good to numerous little ones who call her by the loving name of mother, perhaps she will have no very serious objections to our presenting them to the public, making use of fictitious names for the real.

May 15, 1844.—Here I am, dear Grace, in the big noisy city. The whirl of wheels, the tramp of thronging feet, the dusty streets, the never-ending rattle of business, gives me a feeling that borders somewhat on home-sickness. It is all so different from the green fields, the pleasant shade, the quiet I have left behind me; and not more different are all these sights and sounds, than the faces by which I am surrounded from those that now shine before me, as I sit alone in my chamber. But this I must expect—did expect; but I feel it none the less for all that.

I came directly to Aunt Mussey's; my hand trembled a bit as I pulled the door-bell—it was not one of those natural, vigorous pulls that go jingling to the heart and tell of a pleasant arrival; but it accomplished its errand, and I was ushered into the presence of a fair, somewhat haughty-looking lady, whom I at once recognized as my Aunt Ida. I had not seen her for many years, not since I was a little girl; still there were traces of the old face, that had once won my childish love. Time had hardened, fashion distorted, and pride marred the soft beauty that once characterized it; still those regular features were the same. She gave me quite a cordial welcome, assisted upon untying my bonnet-strings, and offered me her own easy chair; but there was something in her manners, I hardly know how to describe it, Gracie, and you cannot imagine it, unless you have some time felt it, that jarred, awoke a wrong note in my bosom—a sort of patronizing air, that you cannot find fault with in words, but nevertheless calls forth a feeling of resentment. I always long to say I do not need it, that I can stand alone, proud in my poverty; and then comes the bitter afterthought of dependence; yes, the poor must labor for the rich, but the mind need never grovel. All these things and many more passed through my mind, while she was endeavoring to act the agreeable, striving to make me feel at home in her splendid cage. If she would only have left me alone, I could have pillowed my head upon her crimson cushions, and felt to enjoy the soft touch of velvet and silk. I could have looked in the broad mirror at my own rosy face, and thanked nature for her kindness. It is not vanity that prompts me to say this, but my heart is offering its own frank thoughts to *only you*, dear Grace.

My dress was plain, but there was no glare about it, to disturb the harmony of colors; and had it not been for the over-fidgety kindness of my hostess, I think I should have acted the *lady* at once. My cousins, Georgianna and Maria, were from home, on a shopping expedition. Georgianna, my aunt informed me, was considered very beautiful, quite a belle. Maria was plainer, but very accomplished. I forgave this display of the daughters' good qualities, for there was so much motherly feeling mixed in with the vanity that I could not help it. I was soon conducted to my chamber to arrange my hair and prepare for tea. It is a pleasant little apartment, commands a fine lookout, and, since I have hung my dresses in the closet, arranged my books, got my writing-desk and work-box out, it seems, or begins to seem, a little right, a little like home. I had hardly time to finish my toilet before the tea bell summoned us below. I descended to the parlor, where I was introduced to my city cousins for the first time. They both gave me a pleasant greeting. I was rather disappointed at the non-appearance of my uncle, Mr. Mussey, for I had often heard him spoken of in terms of highest praise; but soon learnt he was absent on business, and would not return for a number of days.

Here let me leave you, Gracie, for I am still a stranger, and all is strange. Do not forget how much I shall need your kind encouraging letters. Adieu, until I write again. JULIA.

May 30.—He has come, uncle. Tuesday; a week ago to-night you would have laughed heartily to have seen the meeting. I was standing by one of the parlor windows, entirely alone, building all sorts of air castles, as usual, when I was interrupted by a quick step; the next moment a pair of great hands pushed back my hair, and held my face, where he, uncle, could read all its blushing, surprise, and curiosity.

"And so Cousin Julia has concluded to honor us with her presence a while, has she?" said he, laughing at my confusion. "I have no doubt but that we shall become excellent friends. Come," said he, flinging the sofa cushions on the carpet, to make a place for me by his side, "sit down here; there is time for a nice chat before tea."

He is a little strange, this uncle of mine, Gracie; but you could not help liking him at once. There is something in his open, genial countenance that inspires confidence at the first glance. His hair is heavy and dark, with here and there a gleam of silver; his eyes large, beaming with pleasantness. He is so different from aunt, I cannot help wondering how the world engrosses so large a share of her affections, blessed as she is with such a companion. He is so free, careless and independent, and minds so little for the "they say" of those around him, while she is a perfect specimen of propriety, all paralleled off with the straight lines of decorum. Why is it, cousin mine, that prosperity has so dissimilar an effect upon different individuals? Why does it contract, narrow down, all the good there is in some, while in others it is the means of giving play to all those finer vibrations of the soul? Little minds become contaminated by the world's touch; they seek only to gratify their vanity. Self swallows up the nobler aspirations of youth; gold removes the absolute necessity of toil. With folded hands, comes a dull apathy in regard to the welfare of others, till at last those bright traits of character that would have shed a holy radiance about their earthly pathway, in a less luxurious atmosphere, seemingly vanish in utter darkness. But there are those whose souls were originally run in so perfect a mould that these outward circumstances fail to distort, selfishness fails to seam. Their hearts and hands go together continually to do good. True greatness is appreciated by such in whatever garb it appears; and the tongue is not afraid to say "I like," though the world's voice fail to echo the sentiment.

Mr. Mussey is such a man; one that wears humanity gracefully—that can recognize a brother clad in home-spun garments as readily as he can appreciate broadcloth and linen. But I was going to tell you, Gracie—but my pen has not forgotten to run its old races you perceive, and will go where it likes. After tea was over, uncle asked if we, the girls and myself, would not like a moonlit stroll. That temptation was strong, but I thought of the unfinished dress of Maria's that was wanted for the next afternoon, and so declined, reluctantly, I confess, the pleasure. "But you must go," said uncle. "Why not? give us your reasons. Poh! I don't care anything about it; the girl has frocks enough. Where's your bonnet? Maria!"

There was a tone of reproof and impatience in his voice this time. "Bring me my cane." I looked up and at once felt the cause. An unmistakable frown was visible upon her brow, resembling a thunder-cloud at the dusk of day. My spirits deadened at once. O, how gladly would I have gone to my room! but there was now no retreat. The evening was beautiful, and spite of the ill-humor of my cousin, whom I very soon forgot, I enjoyed it to the full. The dark blue waters of the harbor, the dancing sails fluttering in their white beauty, the stately mansions gleaming in the moonlight, fair gardens just springing into the life and luxuriance of summer—how could I think of scowls and unfinished work, with my eyes feasting on so much? I knew I should suffer for it, but I put the thought far off, and lived only in the sunshine of the present; and is not this the wisest course to pursue, to enjoy what we can, and when we can? If I had done wrong, or needlessly given pain, then I should have suffered rightly; it would have been very different. Georgianna only bade me good-night upon our return. 'Tis late, dear Grace, and I must close. Do not forget your own cousin JULIA.

June 6.—Very many thanks for your last kind letter, dear Cousin Grace; I have been happier ever since it came. To be thus remembered is a happiness that I would not lose for the whole world. Tell mother not to worry about the strayed one. I am learning to be contented quite fast; but I don't forget, O no. I am with you continually. But I must hasten to tell you of the scattered cloud that so threatened to mar my sky of blue, when last I wrote. I took Maria's dress to my chamber that very night; there was a great deal of trimming about it, two or three flounces, and I knew if I was not very industrious, it would not be finished in season for the next day. I sat late, worked till I could work no longer, and then retired with a violent headache. The next day it was no better; but the dress was ready at the appointed time; how it happened I hardly know.

Georgianna knocked at my door to inquire how I was, before leaving, offering to stay with me, but I would not listen to it; said Maria was a cold, selfish girl, and ought to be ashamed of her conduct. But this I did not like, and I told her so, when she put her beautiful face down to mine, to kiss the pain away, as she said. I do not know why it was, but this little act of kindness completely overcame me. I cried heartily after she left, and it did me good—made me strong for a long time to come. The next morning I was much better, and went below to take a scolding from my good uncle and a command to touch no work for the next forty-eight hours, and to receive a condescending smile from Miss Maria, whose dress, Georgie whispered to me, was the most elegant thing out.

I must tell you one little incident, Grace, because I know it will please you. A few mornings after my arrival here, Georgie and Maria came to my room to have a "social good time," they said; but I could not help thinking a little curiosity had something to do with the call; nevertheless, I was glad to see them. Georgie is a vain little thing, beautiful and good-hearted, but not intellectual; Maria the reverse—lacks heart, but owns a cultivated mind. Georgie seated herself on the floor to arrange a bouquet, just brought from the garden, while Maria carelessly leaned over my table to examine my treasures—"story books," with just the slightest contemptuous smile playing about the corners of her mouth.

"But," said she, looking up with an entirely different expression—"French, German!—you can't read these, Julia?"

"I try to sometimes," replied I; there was something so inexpressibly ludicrous in her amazement that I could not help laughing.

"O, I am so glad!" exclaimed Georgie, springing up and scattering her flowers in all directions,—"so glad! Cousin Julia, Maria thinks no one can know anything but just her dear self. So glad—so glad!"

"Hush, chatterbox!" said Maria, her dark eyes flashing. "Where did you learn such things, Julia? What good will they ever do *you?*"

"One that has drunk of the fountain of knowledge need not ask that question. May I answer, Yankee fashion, by putting the same to yourself?"

A graceful sweep of skirts, a jarring door, and Georgie and I were left to our comfort. I assisted her in re-arranging her flowers, which she bestowed upon me before leaving; they are very beautiful, and still grace my toilet-table. So you perceive, Gracie, a poor little sewing-girl like myself has no right to meddle with books; for what can she do with the high thoughts of master minds? what right has she to know anything beyond her daily occupation? Why shouldn't poverty cramp the soul as well as the body? why should that be free to soar? Thank God for the blessed freedom of this land, that gives the child of the poor man equal advantages with that of the rich, to lay a foundation for future usefulness. Our common schools—what a glory they are to us! what a reproof to those who know not the good! Yes, Cousin Maria is learned, too learned to seek to fetter an unshackled mind, to take from it its own rightful wealth.

June 12.—A quiet Sabbath morning; not a cloud veils the clear blue of heaven. The finger of silence seems to have sealed the harsh voices of yesterday. No bustle, no rattling confusion. Now a solitary bell is heard, sending forth its voice on the still air; another and another, till the chime of ringing notes awakes a jubilee in the heart, joy, hope and faith in the future, when the clinging robes of earthly toil, earthly desires, shall vanish before the blest visions of immortality. Does it never seem strange to you, Gracie, that the things of this world so engross our minds? Transient pleasures which are but for a moment—how we toil for them! how we fret when they are beyond our reach! how seemingly forgetful we are of that which should be the end and aim of our being! How bowed down are our minds!

I sit at my chamber window and watch the stream of faces, as they glide by. How unintelligible are many of those thought-written brows! How eagerly do we gaze, to catch a glimpse of the veiled heart beneath! and yet we, who are acquainted with the emotions, the hidden springs that swell tumultuously in our own bosoms, can imagine the music, the discord that exists in all human souls.

You will, doubtless, ask me, Grace, why I am not one of the many who go to the house of worship this day. Why, I prefer the solitude of my chamber to listening to the deep-toned voice of one of God's servants, earnestly exhorting his children to seek that peace that cometh from above, that passeth human understanding. Uncle asked me that same question this morning. I have always evaded giving a direct answer, heretofore, when interrogated; but I knew by the calm, searching glance of his dark eyes that he would know the truth. So I told him frankly that I respected the pride of my aunt and cousins too much to accompany them to church; that if I were among entire strangers, it would be different—then my plain Quaker-like appearance would affect no one—not even myself; for I cared not for such trivial things, only as they pleased or pained my friends. My heart could sing hymns of thanksgiving of joy in any garb. He smiled, Gracie. I hardly know what he thought, for he made no reply; but I think he understands, sympathizes with me. I sincerely hope that *big* bump of generosity will not be allowed to disturb me. I am sorry I had to tell him, but how could I help it?

June 16.—Just as I feared, Grace. Uncle's generosity has *acted.* With the bonnet—a pretty little affair, trimmed with white ribbons,—came this slip of paper: "Julia must not be too proud to please her uncle; oblige me by accepting the enclosed," which proved to be a fifty dollar bill. I went immediately to the study, where he spends his mornings, to return the money. I did not want it, but he was apparently very busy with his newspaper, and would not hear a word; so, half-laughing, half-crying, I have come back to my room. What shall I do, Gracie? If it were not for a pair of blue eyes, a singing voice, that dwell beneath our home-roof, for whose welfare I have left you, loved ones, I could not brook all these things. Little Mag will never be able to buffet the world's rude ways alone; I must clear a path for her. When I think for

what I have come here, I quite forget my pride, my restlessness. I can work forever with such an incentive to urge me on, and call it all pleasure. Here comes Georgie, with a face full of interesting items. Remember me as ever yours, JULIA.

July 30.—Dear cousin, I have come to you for rest—I am so weary. Do not think I am about to inflict upon you a fit of the "blues." Ah, no! but I thought a sight of your fresh, cheerful countenance, even though it had to come to me through the medium of the imagination, would do me good. I wanted to look into your brown eyes, to feel their kindly glance. It seems a long, long time since I left you. The glare and glitter of city life is so tiresome; we find so much tinsel beneath the show of pure gold, that we cannot help longing for the real, the true.

I know there are pure loving hearts that throb beneath the touch of fashion's magic fingers; but they are *so* covered up, buried so deep in finery, that we are quite apt to lose our way in seeking them. Georgie is such an one. At times the goodness, the truthfulness of her nature gleam forth in such beauty that it startles you, coming, as it does, from so unexpected a source,—times when she loses all thought of mere self, when her soul seems to drink in living inspiration,—times when the spirits of mercy and love lead her where they will; and children's cries and mother's lips bless her, with mingled tears of joy and hope for the glad future.

Evening. Aunt Ina still remains the condescending lady whom I first met, though I do not think her feelings are as cordial as then. Maria dislikes me thoroughly, which is very evident, except in her father's presence. He is loved and feared by the whole household; even Aunt Ina never opposes him. To-morrow I am to go to Cousin Marcia's. Aunt is apparently in a great hurry to have me away—why, I cannot imagine. You know how anxious she was to have me come. However, I am quite delighted with the idea. It is a pleasant place—a very paradise of flowers and trees, about three miles from the city. I have never spoken to you of this cousin, because I knew so little about her. She is the eldest of the family; was married when a mere child—some of aunt's manœuverings, I have understood. Her husband is nearly twice her age, but very wealthy, which, perhaps, will explain the whole. I send Mag a new sketch-book. You must criticise her work, now I am away. She has a fine taste; her pictures are bold and natural; but I fear she may grow careless. The dear child! God bless you all! JULIA.

August 15.—Bright and early, dear cousin, was I up this glad morning, long before the dew-drops vanished. The air is redolent with the perfume of blossoms. O, these beautiful smiles of heaven! how can one be thankful enough for them? We breathe such an air of purity in their presence; their penciled leaves preach such sermons to our desponding hearts—"Behold the lilies of the field!" If God careth for these—if they are valuable in his sight, how much more precious are the lives of his children! for they shall bloom forever when transplanted by his hand, knowing no blight.

I have been very busy since I came here—very busy. Cousin Marcia said she sent for me to assist about some plain sewing; and did you know, Gracie, that *plain sewing* consists in everything but fitting dresses? Two rich brocades were to be finished immediately. Then was brought forward a little cloak of curious pattern. "Did I think I could cut and make one like it for Willie?" I would try. I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. The cape and sleeves were to be embroidered. So I was a number of days in completing it. I overheard my cousin—accidentally of course—tell a rich neighbor she should save five dollars on that one garment.

Would you be rich, Gracie—would I be rich—if our souls were to be worn thus thread-bare in striving to save a few dirty coppers? O, they are poor indeed who begrudge the laborer his hire, who live as lives my cousin. You would blush at the meanness that walks these splendid apartments, could you look beneath that which is visible to the world—to that which greets my vision daily. I never felt more sincerely to utter the prayer, "give me neither poverty nor riches," than since I have been an inmate of this house. The breakfast bell rings, and I must bid you a hurried good-by. JULIA.

September 4.—At uncle's again. Yesterday I was sitting in my cousin's back parlor, busily plying my needle, when my attention was attracted by hearing uncle's voice—"Get some one else, Marcia, if you are in such a hurry about your sewing. Julia is going home with me." A whispering voice answered. The dining-room opened and closed; I could only now and then catch a confused murmur. O, I did hope he would not go away and leave me; I did so long to hear his good honest heart talk once more,—so long to see Georgie,—that aunt, Maria, Marcia, were quite forgotten. I was not held long in suspense. Uncle's hearty laugh aroused me. "Come, child," said he, taking my work; "get your things quickly. The boys are waiting for us. Don't stop to fix up, or I shall be jealous, and an old man's jealousy—"

I heard no more, for I was half way up the stairs. I was determined to leave nothing. I would never return—no, never. Who did uncle mean by the boys? Fred was at college; had he come home? it must be. I had just locked my trunk, and was putting on my gloves, when Cousin Marcia entered. "Your wages, Miss Julia, I will pay you now; you may need the money; *plain sewing*, two shillings a day; four weeks, lacking three days."

I thanked her, took the vile stuff between the tips of my fingers, carefully enclosed it in a piece of brown wrapping paper, as if it had been an unclean thing. Don't exclaim, Gracie, for true as I am writing, I never thought of Cousin Marcia till I caught the angry, almost hideous brightening of her eye. She had seen all, understood and felt it keenly. I bowed, bade her good morning, and left, without one throb of envy. She was welcome to all the luxuries by which she was surrounded. I, a poor sewing girl, would not change places. I found uncle waiting for me, and with him two young gentlemen—one, too like the father not to be recognized at once. I think my cheeks flushed as I was presented to each in turn. Cousin Fred and his friend, Waldo Hamlin, a classmate, who hailed from the sunny South. New acquaintances seldom tend to make me feel at ease. I know not how it was, but before our drive was half ended, I could chatter and laugh as gaily as beneath the elm trees that shadow our home-nest. "Here we are," cried Fred, giving me his hand; "mother, Georgie, where are you? All safe, you perceive, and captured a prisoner in the bargain."

I was met by a look of *unexpectedness* by the whole trio. The dimples were fairly dancing about Georgie's mouth, though the lips were firmly pressed together.

"We are glad to see you," said Maria, bowing slightly and returning to her book.

"Yes," said aunt. "I was telling Mr. Mussey, this morning, we must send—"

A look from said gentleman left the sentence uncompleted. The silence that followed was a little embarrassing. Georgie stole to my side. "Come to my room," said she, in a low undertone, "until you are rested; you look so pale and tired."

I rose mechanically, and followed her.

"Dear cousin," said she, as soon as we were out of hearing of the drawing-room voices, "you wont mind them, will you? I am so glad you have come, and somebody else is glad, too—somebody who has asked me all about you; now, wouldn't you like to know!"

"No, Georgie; I rather you would not tell me."

"O, Julia, how strange you are! But did you know I have not been good once since you went away? Mother and Maria keep me so cross—so out of humor with myself, them and every one around me. Don't you think, Julia, Maria already monopolizes all of Mr. Hamlin's time? He hardly speaks to me. 'Tis books, poetry and sentiment from morning till night. I do so tire of such things. Don't scold," said she, putting a white hand over my mouth, as she saw I was about to make some reply. "Why I should actually explode if I didn't talk to you, father and Fred, occasionally. I believe you all love me, if my head isn't filled with those hard, outrageous sayings that puckee Maria's mouth into such excruciating twists."

I can't tell you, Gracie, half this little chatter-box said. I know that she would curl my hair instead of letting me braid it, that she insisted its red hue was only a rich auburn, and that she whispered a thousand flattering things in my ear, one of which I cannot remember well enough to tell. I know that the evening passed pleasantly. Uncle read his newspaper; aunt lounged on the sofa; Maria and Mr. Hamlin were discussing some author in one corner, while Fred, Georgie and myself were studying the language of a huge bouquet in another. I would say more, but I hear Georgie calling me. Truly yours, JULIA.

September 30.—I am not, my own dear Grace, feeling very bright or remarkably happy this evening. I believe all the music, which usually keeps such a singing in my heart, has died out, only leaving a faint echo—the memory of happy hours passed, never to return. Fred requested an interview with me in the library this morning, and, Gracie, he asked me to be *his wife*, and I said *no*. O, with how much more calmness was it uttered than it is now written! Did I not love him? Yes, better than life; but I would never marry a man by whose side I could not stand proudly—his equal.

Georgie has just left me, with smiles and tears. She told me the glowing promises the future has in store for her, as the bride of Mr. Hamlin. Poor Maria! how will she bear all this?

Later. The darkness of night ushers in the gladsome day. How often are our drooping spirits, when shadowed by a mighty darkness, relieved by some unexpected ray of light that sheds a halo upon our whole future. Yesterday the gloom was impenetrable; not a beam cheered the way before me. To-day the whole world seems filled with joy, and uncle, dear uncle, is the blessed cause of all. This morning he joined me in my early walk about the garden. I think my face must have evidenced my heart's bitterness.

"You here, Julia?" said he, laying his hand on my arm; his voice was tremulous from inward emotion. "You are not happy, my child; may I guess the cause? My boy has told me all. Is it not false pride that builds a barrier between you and earthly happiness, that would destroy all the beauty and bloom of another's life? Long have you been the adopted child of my heart; why not give me the right to call you my own? Georgie soon leaves us to gladden another home. Maria," and his hand bent low upon his hands,—"Maria, my poor girl, eloped last night with her German music-teacher."

O, how I pitied him! but what comfort were my weak words? She has launched her frail bark upon the troubled waves of uncertainty; she has heedlessly flung aside all the love, sympathy and protection of her home. Heaven help her! Before we parted, uncle succeeded in convincing me it was my duty to remain, to bring my mother and little Mag here. "I am rich; I can care for you all," said he, as he relinquished my hand at parting.

October 20.—No news from Maria. Aunt Ina has been quite sick; over-anxiety brought on a high fever. I did all I could for the invalid by my *fair off* attentions; I dared not intrude by a too near approach; I feared the old dislike. To-day I thought she slept, and I stole softly into her room. I gazed upon the sad, troubled face. O, I thought if she would only let me love her! Slowly she opened her eyes; a faint smile lit up the angular features. I was about to withdraw, but she beckoned me back.

"My poor Julia," said she, "how pale you look! Do you know that your presence does me good? I have not slept through all your silent watches; but I was selfish, I longed to have you near me. Can you, will you forgive the past?"

Gracie, 'twas so sweet to clasp that hand in mine,—to feel that henceforth no coldness, no distrust could steal between us. It hardly seems possible that the proud, aristocratic woman whom I waited upon a few weeks since, and the gentle, childlike being that now leans so trustingly upon my care, are one; but so it is. Sorrow and sickness have broken the outer crust of worldly selfishness, that once so steeled her heart from all true sympathy.

October 25.—Fred has appointed the 30th for our visit *home*. What a thrill that word brings to my heart! "Home, sweet home!" We are all very quietly happy here. A long letter has been received from Maria, expressing, however, no regret for the step taken. Aunt Ina, pale and languid, sits in her easy chair, with Georgie at her feet, a world of tenderness beaming from her blue eyes. Uncle, all care and devotion, anticipates the invalid's slightest wish. I think, dear Grace, she is beginning to appreciate him. Fred and Waldo, when not too busy with their own affairs, entertain us with reading. Georgie is becoming quite an attentive listener. We shall miss her sadly. To-night she gives her hand to Mr. Hamlin. My bridal must take place in the little cottage on the hillside. Wish me joy, my cousin, for I am very happy.

JULIA.

PRESENT QUEEN OF GREECE.

The queen is a woman of thirty-five, who will not grow old for a long time; her *embonpoint* will preserve her. She is of a powerful and vigorous constitution, backed by an iron health. Her beauty, famous fifteen years ago, may still be perceived, although delicacy has given way to strength. Her face is full and smiling, but somewhat stiff and prim; her look is gracious, not affable. It would seem as though she smiled provisionally, and that anger was not far off. Her complexion is slightly heightened in color, with a few imperceptible red lines which will never grow pale. Nature has provided her with a remarkable appetite, and she takes four meals every day, not to speak of sundry intermediate collations. One part of the day is devoted to gaining strength, and the other to expending it. In the morning, the queen goes out into her garden, either on foot or in a little carriage, which she drives herself. She talks to the gardeners; she has trees cut down, branches pruned, earth leveled. She takes almost as much pleasure in making others move as in moving herself, and she never has so good an appetite as when the gardeners are hungry. After the mid-day repast, and the following siesta, the queen goes out riding, and gets over a few leagues at a gallop to take the air. In the summer, she gets up at three in the morning, to go and bathe in the sea of Phalerum; she swims, without getting tired, for an hour together. In the evening, she walks, after supper, in her garden. In the ball season, she never misses a waltz or quadrille, and she never seems tired or satisfied.—*Boston Post.*

IMBECILITY OF THE SULTAN.

It is said that the sultan has almost reached the limit at which he can be no longer held responsible for his actions. The life which this unhappy sovereign has led from boyhood, has made him, at thirty-three years of age, not only prematurely old in body, but almost prostrate in intellect. All energy of will is gone; how long understanding will remain is a question which no one can answer. He is entirely ruled by a race which it would be an insult even to Naples to call a Camarilla. His wives, eunuchs, his pipe-bearers, his daughters, do with him whatever they please. He has his fits of rage—his hours of despondency. He changes his mind as often as those who surround him urge him to change it. Such is the sovereign who, at this time of danger and transition, governs the Turkish empire, just saved from the grasp of a hostile potentate, and still occupied by the armies of two powerful allies.—*Times.*

NATURAL ACTING.

The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from "An Essay on the Science of Acting:"—In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, 1788, the *Fair Penitent* was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage. During the night, her illness continued; but the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent for the stage-keeper, and anxiously inquired where he procured the skull. He replied, from the sexton, who informed him it was the skull of one Norris, a player, who, twelve years before, was buried in the grave-yard. That same Norris was her first husband. She died in six weeks.—*London Globe.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made for us by Barry, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case of this city, and is an admirable and reliable likeness of the noted French author as he looks at the present time. Few literary reputations are more extensive than that of this author; he is read and relished in every part of the world. He was born at Villers-Cotterets, in the department of the Aisne, France, June 24, 1803. His father, Alexandre Davy Dumas, a distinguished officer of the first French revolution, was the son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a wealthy planter of St. Domingo, and of a negress, and born in Jeremie, March 25, 1762. He entered the French service in 1788 as a captain of dragoons. A brilliant action procured his promotion, and he became successively lieut. colonel of hussars, brigadier general and general of division. He was at one time commander-in-chief of the army of the Alps, and distinguished himself both in Italy and Egypt. On his return from the latter country, on account of ill health and wounds, his vessel was forced by stress of weather to put into a Sicilian port, and he was incarcerated in a dungeon, where his sufferings were very great. He came out of prison with shattered health, and died in suffering and poverty in 1807. On his death, young Dumas, who had hitherto led an idle life, came up to Paris to seek employment, hoping to obtain aid and countenance from his father's friends. He met with some rebuffs at first; his father's friends having almost forgotten the general, and showing themselves sufficiently indifferent towards himself. He succeeded, however, in interesting General Foy, the deputy from his department, in him, and through his instrumentality procured a situation in the secretary's office of the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) as despatch clerk, at a salary of 1200 francs a year—to him a fortune. And it is worthy of remark, that he obtained this situation solely by the elegance of his penmanship—the only accomplishment he then possessed. For three years, besides performing his official duties, he studied with intense zeal to remedy the defects of his early education. Some of his early literary attempts were farces, one of which, "Wedded and Buried," met with a certain success. He pretends that the performances of an English company of actors at Paris, by drawing his attention to Shakspeare, first fired his literary ambition, and that, in writing for the stage, he followed Shakspeare as his model. But no one of his numerous pieces is in the slightest degree Shaksperian, except in the violation of the classic unities. Dumas is destitute of ideality, of comprehensiveness, and of depth, but is particularly happy in stage arrangements, in producing interesting situations, and in the impetuous and stirring rapidity of his action. He is impetuous rather than energetic, feverish rather than warm, sensual rather than passionate, a stranger to the inner mysteries of the heart, but familiar with all the caprices of that other portion of the human organization which M. de Maistre calls the "brutal." His first successful play, Henry III., performed at the Français, the leading theatre of Paris, yielded him thirty thousand francs. "Feasted and invited by all Paris, M. Alexandre Dumas feasted and invited all Paris in return." As if bewildered by his sudden transition from 100 francs a month to 30,000, he plunged with ardor into exaggerated luxury. He wore fantastic coats, glittering vests, gold chains, gave dinners a la Sardanapalus, broke down a great quantity of horses and made love to a great quantity of ladies. Having once established a literary name, Dumas followed the vein he had struck to its fullest extent, and poured out plays, tragedies, melodramas and farces with more than the rapidity of Scribe or Lope de Vega. When his dramatic reputation waned, he took to writing romances, travels, histories, essays, poems, in masses. As an instance of his productiveness we may mention that in a year, 1840, he published twenty-two volumes 8vo. And ever since then he has been driving the quill. A French writer says: "Attacked by the deploring contagion of literary manufacturing, the leprosy of the age, M. Dumas, we may and ought to say it, seems now devoted body and soul to the worship of the Golden Calf. On the bill of what theatre, even the meanest, in what shop, in what enterprise of literary grocers, have we not seen his name figuring? It is physically impossible for M. Dumas to write or dictate half of what bears his name. It is a sad thing to contemplate the decadence of a man well endowed in certain respects, but destitute of the intellectual conscience called taste, which maintains a writer's dignity, and who cannot long resist the murderous career of literary job-work." Dumas is certainly a clever story-teller, and a vivacious, picturesque writer. But it is now perfectly well understood that he never wrote one tenth of the works he put forth as his own. His most popular romances are the productions of other brains. The "Three Guardsmen," so popular in England and this country, with its continuations, were furnished him by a M. Maquet; but Maquet himself cheated his employer, for he stole the greater part of his work from some old published memoirs. Writers of talent, unknown to fame, who could not get a bookseller even to look at their MSS., have ever found in Dumas a ready and probably a liberal purchaser. Their productions, stamped with the name of A. Dumas, were sure to sell. It is thus that this distinguished "author" has been enabled to supply the public with whatever quantity of literary wares they demanded, and in certain specialities the house of A. Dumas & Co. have monopolized the market. Alexandre Dumas has a son who has produced some very popular plays and romances.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

HUT OF A CALIFORNIA MINER.

The accompanying engraving represents the interior of a hut belonging to a party of California miners, and is sketched from the life. But that represented by our artist is a perfect palace compared to some of the rude shelters under which the gold seekers repose their weary bodies. It has a comfortable fireplace, and berths fully equal to those of the forecastle of a merchantman, or indeed the cabin of many of our coasting vessels. The furniture, to be sure, is rather scanty—boxes and barrels supplying the place of chairs, lounges and ottomans. The candle-sticks are rather primitive, being neither more nor less than empty junk bottles. Then there is no tool-house, and the picks and spades are heaped promiscuously on the *parlor* floor. But what of this, so long as the ore is abundant? So long as the sand and the quartz yield their auriferous deposits freely to the adventurer, and so long as his health is robust, he can afford to wait until his earnings purchase him ease and comfort in the old Atlantic States, or in the great cities springing up on the Pacific. The gentleman with the cigar and pistol appears to be a visitor, to whom the miner is exhibiting a huge lump of gold he has found, on which another miner is expatiating to the guest. One poor fellow, wearied out with his day's toil, is asleep in his bunk. But the flame is roaring merrily up the chimney, and the miner, engaged in the preparation of a "savory pottage such as Esau loved," will soon probably announce that the soup is ready, and we will venture to say it will be partaken of with appetites such as even a city alderman might envy, for as hunger is the best sauce for dinner, their hard labor and out-door exposure prepares them to partake of food with a keen relish.



CALIFORNIA CABIN AT THE MINES.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

A GREAT ARTIST.

Nature is a great painter—and October the season for her grand annual exhibition. With all North America for her canvass, she has ample scope for breadth and graceful pencilling. And then what a palette she sets! What infinite variety and splendor in her autumnal tints! It seems as if with a mullet of unapproachable power she had ground up topazes, and emeralds, and rubies, and cornelians, and amethysts, and sapphires, and lumps of lapis luzuli, and the pure yellow gold of California, to form her chromatic scale. Vain the attempt to imitate her coloring, unless we could snatch the rainbow from the evening cloud, separate its subtle dyes and manipulate them on our palettes. Let us step just out of the city limits, and glance at her handiwork. Look at that glorious sugar-maple standing forth in the sunshine. Every leaf is a masterpiece; for in every leaf there is a gradation from pale yellow to glowing crimson. And there stands a walnut, with all its foliage of beaten leaf gold. And there is a vine blazing with scarlet that no verbena can match, so reflected in the calm stream that creeps beneath it, that it seems as if the much talked of problem of setting a river on fire had been solved at least. Note the Indian red of the oak leaves contrasted with the bronzed hue of the cedars, and the vivid green of the white pines. See the vines trailing their purple and red glories along the gray old mossy trunks; and then, in one sweeping glance, take in the whole panorama of gloriously-tinted scenery melting into the blue ethereal distance, and blending on the horizon with the delicate sky, and you will confess that nature is a great, an unapproachable artist.

A vast Graveyard.—The number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time, is 36,627,843,275,075,845—we like to be exact—and it is estimated that the whole surface of the globe has been dug over one hundred and twenty-eight times to bury its dead.

A Professional Beggar.—A professional beggar, named Garnier, who lately died at Troyes, France, apparently in the utmost destitution, was found to have been possessed of property worth two or three thousand dollars.

Poetry.—The true test of poetry is the impression it makes on the memory. A thrilling lyric is remembered with scarcely an effort of the mental powers.

A Compliment.—La Hire said to Charles VII., of France, "Sire, it is impossible for any one to lose a kingdom more gaily than yourself."

SPLINTERS.

.... Albany is regarded by scholars as the scientific centre of the United States.

.... During one of her recent trips, the British steamship "Persia" made the run across the Atlantic in 9 days, 1 3-4 hours.

.... A grand festival was held in Nicaragua, lately, at which Gen. Walker was toasted as the "hope of Cuba."

.... Gen. Todleben, the Russian engineer, and Canrobert, the French general, became warm friends at Aux les Bains.

.... The Orleans family had a grand meeting at Hamburg. What's the use? Their day is over.

.... Mr. Jules Janin declined the secretaryship of the Russian embassy on account of his "principles and obesity."

.... Punch says children are now doubly *dear* to their parents since bread and meat have risen so high.

.... Russia is constructing a first class arsenal on the island of Kasko, Gulf of Bothnia.

.... Sebastopol is to be rebuilt on a vast scale. So Moscow rose brighter from her ashes.

.... There's a difference between a young girl and an old hat—one has feeling, the other has felt.

.... The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it. What an eye, dear!

.... The trial of Mr. Baker for killing Mr. Wm. Poole takes place in Newburg, not New York.

.... They are going to have a subterranean railroad in London, an expensive but excellent idea.

.... Mr. Young, the great English tragedian, left a fortune of 150,000 dollars.

.... W. S. Chase, of Paris, is writing an article on American literature, for the French Cyclopedia of the 19th century.

.... The 14th volume of Thiers's "History of the Consulate and the Empire" has just been issued at Paris.

.... The French people turn up their noses at our flour. Well, they can quarrel with their bread, if they like.

.... In England, out of fifty millions acres cultivated, ten millions are sowed to wheat.

.... A monument has been erected at Borgo, on the Baltic, to Beukels, the man who invented pickled herring.

.... In a cave near Decorrah, Iowa, the ice that forms in winter keeps all summer, supplying the townsfolk.

.... A correspondent of the Picayune says that "Belle Britan," of the New York Mirror, is Col. Fuller himself.

.... Charles Matthews, the London actor, is in prison for debt, and his wife has just been laid in the grave.

.... At forty miles above the earth the temperature is 225 degrees below zero—cool enough for anybody.

AUTUMNAL AMUSEMENTS.

With the long evenings comes a train of popular amusements provided by the caterers of the many-headed for their delectation and—their money. The concerts and the lecture-rooms open their doors, and the dramatic temples fling wide their portals. Old Puritanic Boston is amply provided. First in the field was our friend Kimball, with his well-drilled company and his popular repertory. Then the Howard unbarred its gates; and the National, with the old pit restored, and the beautiful and magnificent Boston followed. Certainly every shade of taste must be gratified; even the old *blasé* theatre-goer ought to find something to amuse him—the man who dwells upon the past glories of the Boston stage, and to whom the memory of the past is brighter than the most gorgeous vision of the present.

It is something of a bore to visit a place of public amusement in company with one of these old fogies. Ask him what he thinks of the actors, he will turn an inquiring gaze upon you and say—"Actors! actors! my dear sir—I don't see any actors. These people are merely players." You venture to point out to him Warren, the inimitable Warren, the artist, who demonstrates, by the way, that a low comedian may be also a scholar and a gentleman. "Very fair," says the fossile, "but, my dear sir, you forget that I remember Thwaits. Ah! there was a Tony Lumpkins! Goldsmith must have prophesied Thwaits when he wrote 'She Stoops to Conquer!' You fare no better if you point out the most charming actress on the boards. To this *en quarte*, he parries with the *tierce* of "Mrs. Darley, sir!" You compromise the matter by regretting Mrs. Barrett—"poor lost Ophelia!" "You are only partly right," retorts the incorrigible. You mourn Mrs. Barrett—*I* regret Mrs. Henry, the same, and yet how different. There, sir, ere *embonpoint* and age had injured the Medicean contour, was a combination of grace and elegance such as never, yes, never beamed upon the world before. Her Mrs. Oakley and her Lady Teazle, sir, were high-bred ladies, fit for the drawing-room or the throne! When shall we see her like again? Never on this side of Lethe. Never! never! It is all 'leather and pronella' now." "But the scenery!" "What do you know about scenery! You never saw Worrall's!" "But the dancing!" "Dancing! dancing, sir! You don't call bouncing, and vaulting, and whirling, and cringing, and wriggling, and posture-making, and ground and lofty tumbling, *dancing*, I hope. Sir, dancing went out of the world with the *minuet de la cour*, and high-heeled shoes and hair-powder!" "Then, permit me to ask, my dear old friend, why you are here to-night?" "Force of habit, sir, mere force of habit. My enjoyment lies in the past. And the brightness of my memories is heightened by contrast with the gross, degrading humbug of the day." Whereupon the old fogy leaves you, to wonder whether he doesn't sleep in a sarcophagus, and wrap himself up in the swathings of an Egyptian mummy some two or three thousand years old.

A "TURN COAT."

It is amusing to trace the origin of popular expressions, and fortunately there are plenty of amateurs always happy to delve into the records of the past, deeming no matter trivial which bears the stamp of antiquity. To one of the antiquarians of the Scots Magazine we are indebted for an explanation of the opprobrious epithet turncoat. It took its rise from one of the first dukes of *Savoy*, whose dominions lying open to the incursions of the two contending houses of *Spain* and *France*, he was obliged to temporize and fall in with that power that was most likely to distress him, according to the success of their arms against one another. So being frequently obliged to change sides, he humorously got a coat made that was *blue* on one side, and *white* on the other, and might be indifferently worn either side out. While on the *Spanish* interest he wore the *blue* side out, and the *white* side was the badge for the *French*. From hence he was called *Emmanuel*, surnamed the *Turncoat*, by way of distinguishing him from other princes of the same name of that house.

Justice in Havana.—A few weeks since a man in Havana, in debt to a woman, gave a lottery ticket in pledge, with the privilege of redemption. He soon returned with the money, but the woman, having found out in the interim that the ticket had drawn a $30,000 prize, refused to surrender, and was summoned before the alcalde. That functionary said that the ownership of the ticket was a difficult matter to decide, and so he would settle it by giving each of the parties 10,000 dollars, keeping $10,000 for his trouble. And actually in this way the affair was settled.

Practice and Theory.—Socrates, remarks a distinguished writer, invented morality; yet others before him had put it in practice Aristides had been just before Socrates had explained what justice was. Leonidas had died for his country before Socrates had made patriotism a duty. Sparta was abstemious before Socrates had praised sobriety; and Greece abounded in virtuous men before he had pronounced the eulogy of virtue.

Decimal Currency.—The bankers in England have decided against the proposed change of sterling to decimal currency. They say of the innovators, like Rolla to the Spaniards, "We seek no change, and least of all such change as they would give us," meaning by change, dollars and cents, of course.

A Query.—Why should the orange-blossom be chosen as the bridal flower in preference to the lily of the valley, the snow-drop or the jasmine, which are quite as beautiful?

Truthful.—The most ingenious equivocation is as criminal in the eyes of the Deity as the grossest fabrication.

A STORY OF A "VIDDER."

Artists sometimes have queer customers, and they certainly enjoy excellent opportunities of studying human nature, albeit the weakest side of it is too often exposed to their observation. Smith tells a rather amusing story of Joseph Nollekens, the English sculptor, one of the bluffest and blantest fellows in the world, and withal a man of brilliant genius, perhaps unrivalled as a sculptor of busts. Patronized by the most eminent men of the Augustan age of England, the zenith of his career compensated for the hard struggles of its commencement. One day a widow in the deepest mourning weeds for her husband, came drooping like a willow to the sculptor, desiring a monument, and declaring that she did not care what money was expended on the memory of one she loved so fondly. "Do what you please," were her parting orders, "but O! do it quickly." Nollekens went to work, made the design, finished the model, and began to look for a block of marble to carve it from, when in came the lady, who had been absent some three months. "Poor soul!" said the rough, but good-hearted sculptor, when she was announced, "I thought she would come soon, but I am ready." The lady entered with a light footstep and a lighter heart. "Ah! how do you do, Mr. Nollekens? Well, you haven't commenced the model." "Ay, but I have, though," answered the sculptor. "And there it stands, finished." "There it is indeed," said the lady, dropping into a chair. A silence of a few minutes ensued, which was broken by the lady. "These, my good sir, are, I know, early days for a change," she said, glancing at her dress, from which a good portion of the crape had disappeared; "but the fact is, since I saw you, I have met with an old Roman acquaintance of yours, a very charming man—who has made me—I hardly know what to say—an—an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see in our church a monument of such expense to my late husband. Indeed, on second thoughts, it would perhaps be considered quite enough if I get our mason to put up a marble tablet, and that, you know, he can cut very prettily." "My charge, madam, for the model," said the sculptor, "is one hundred guineas." "Enormous!" exclaimed the lady. But she drew out her purse and paid.

Outshining us.—A Paris correspondent of the Transcript writes that the Grand Hotel du Louvre is about five times as large as the St. Nicholas, at New York, and fitted up in a style of palatial splendor. Now the New Yorkers must go to work and build a house five times as large as the Hotel du Louvre.

Commemorative.—A monument to the Martyrs of the Revolution is in process of erection in Trinity churchyard, New York.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Right Rev. Bishop Southgate, Mr. George A. Dresser, of Worcester, to Miss Fannie Augusta Weitsell; by Rev. Mr Skinner, Mr. John J. Jones to Miss Olive Rogers; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. William Willoughby to Miss Ellen A. Stimson; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Jason B. Smith to Miss Susan E. Badger; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Theodore L. Kelly to Miss Elizabeth A. Weller; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Matthias Haines to Miss Mary M. Whitman.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Charles T. Redding to Miss Ella N. Jackson.—At Cambridge, Mr. Edward Williams to Miss Lizzie Welch.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Francis E. Fay, of Boston, to Miss Sarah Ann Sanderson.—At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Marsters, Mr. William H. Loring, of Boston, to Miss Nellie Flagg.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Gear, Mr. Alonzo G. Draper to Miss Sarah F. Andrews.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Alleo, Mr. Nathan J. Reed, of South Danvers, to Miss Emily Sylvia Mooles.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Huntoon, Mr. Stuart F. M'Learn to Miss Ann Maria Stone.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Henry A. Coburn, of Boston, to Miss Emily H. Littlefield, of Milton.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Stephen H. Thurlow to Miss Agnes C. White.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. Nathan Emerson to Miss Mary H. Swan.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. Rufus W. Wheeler to Miss Susan M. Munroe.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Sarah E. Trull, 31; Mrs. Zilpha M. Brown, 46; Mrs. Mary M. Marsh; Mr. William Waldock, Jr., 28; Mr. Josiah Hayden, of Braintree, 25; Mr. Thomas Turner, 66; Mrs. Elizabeth Aborn Burtt; Widow Ann Burchsted, 80; Mr. Thomas Knight, of Manchester, Eng., 24; Mr. Daniel Thomas, 68.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Fannie C., wife of Rev. C. E. Swope, of Baltimore; Mrs. Adeline, wife of Mr. George W. Curtin, 37.—At Cambridge, Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, 54.—At Dorchester, Mr. Parius Holbrook, 35.—At West Roxbury, Mr. Henry Sweetser, 67.—At Lynn, Widow Isabella N. Beckford, 30.—At Salem, Mr. William Ryan, 35; Widow Elizabeth L. Smith, 43.—At Beverly, Widow Ruth Leach, 77.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Mary Riggs, 86.—At Pepperell, Eli Boynton, Esq., 76.—At Sherburne, Widow Daphne Stone Leland, 71.—At Fitchburg, Dea. Samuel Crocker, 82.—At Taunton, Mr. John Bunah, 37; Mr. John Rocket, 28.—At Leominster, John Gardner, Esq., 89.—At Fall River, Mrs. Ann Eliza Harrison, 31; Miss Abby P. Nichols, 23.—At New Bedford, Widow Abigail Hathaway, 93; Mr. Levi Chace, 78. Elijah Colby, M. D., 58; Widow Hepsa Howland, 80.—At Plymouth, Widow Betsey Whibley, 81; Mr. Edwin Webster, 28.—At Fairhaven, Widow Mary H. Taber, 89.—At Leverett, Mr. Lucius Field, 78.—At Worcester, Mr. Hiram Gleason, 48.—At Winchendon, Mr. Elijah T. Martin, of Worcester, 35

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DISENTHRALLED.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Something of pain was in the warm smile of Mr. Atherton, as sitting in the parlor with his wife by his side, he watched the gambols of two children on the floor. They were a boy and a girl, the latter about four, and the boy of six years. The glossy, light curls of the younger, and her deep blue, laughing eyes, certainly contrasted strongly with the dark, wavy hair of her youthful playmate, and his pensive, but glowing hazel eyes, from which orbs there seemed to pour forth, in the midst even of their frolics, a melancholy intelligence unusual to youth. His mirth, too, seemed subdued, while hers was unconstrained—the very soul of uncheeked gladness; and at every brief pause in their sport, she would look up into his dreamy, dark eyes, in silence, as if wondering what his thoughts might be, which then made him look so abstracted.

"See, how the innocents gambol, Marianna, on the golden threshold of life! How fresh and fair all seems to them; and yet a few years will put shadows into those beautiful eyes. Even now the boy seems to have caught a glimpse of the future. How thoughtful he looks at times. O, whatever he may know of the future, may he never know the past."

The father sighed so deeply, that the boy looked round earnestly at him.

"Father, what makes you sigh? You tell me when I sigh that it is not good for me."

"Bless you, boy, may you never have the cause that I have!" replied Mr. Atherton, placing his hands fondly on the boy's head. "There, Edgar, run you and Flora into your play-house, while your mother and I are talking alone together."

"Come, Eddy!" exclaimed Flora, rising from the carpet, as fast as she could, and taking him patronizingly by the hand, "come and pay in the pay-house."

And the youthful twain went off together.

"Marianna, the time which has passed since that hour of agony, does not obliterate my keen remembrance of it. O the curse of passion! O the bitterness and restlessness of remorse!" He struck his breast and swayed his head to and fro. "I cannot bear to think of it. The boy's own eyes seem to reproach me, as if he knew all, or as if there were some sleeping spirit within him, which occasionally awoke, and looked out from his face upon me to keep alive those pangs!"

"Be calm, Albert," said his wife, much moved at his agitation; "this melancholy is wearing you away. Do not give up to it. Perhaps change of scene would be good for you. What is done cannot be undone, and we are doing our best, are we not, to atone for what is past!"

"Bad's the best, Marianna, bad's the best. I never shall know happiness again."

"Before God," returned his wife, "the works of the penitent are accepted sacrifices, even if not wholly sufficient; and time—"

"Time! Time!" interrupted he, shaking his head despairingly, "how little it has yet done to quench this fire, and bring our former happiness. Ah! when we first met!"

Her efforts availed little, and she relapsed into brooding, anxious silence.

It was but a few days afterwards, when Mr. Atherton informed his wife that business was to call him across the Atlantic, business which, if successfully carried out, would bring them a vast increase of fortune. He should be gone for at least a twelvemonth.

"Will you go?" asked he.

A dread of the water had always been a part of her nature, and the thought of such a mighty voyage filled her with horror.

"Across the ocean! I should die with fear," she replied. "Besides, my health, Albert, is so slender, that even if the passage were safe in other respects, I feel that my constitution would be utterly shattered by it. I never can undertake such a thing. But will it be so very profitable to you?"

"I am confident of it," he replied, "and the only drawback is the separation which it would cause, should you resolve to remain behind. And yet, it would be but a year."

"Perhaps it will be for the best," she returned, after a long pause; "and you know that I will be faithful to the children during your absence, and that will lessen your anxiety."

"The children! Flora's tender years and the necessity of your being with her, demand that she should remain with you. But I can never part with Edgar—never! If I go, he must go, too. I could not live unless he was daily under my eye. Let Flora stay with you, and Edgar go with me. It will be but a year, and his education will lose nothing by it."

It was so agreed. The day of parting came, the long and tearful farewell was taken, and Mr. Atherton and Edgar set sail for England.

A mother's love! How many truthful tributes have been paid to it by the children of fame, in undying language. How many equally truthful, yet unwritten tributes, have been given to that holy instinct, by the millions who have shared, lost, then only fully appreciated, and "mourned because they found it not!" Of all loves the most unselfish, of all it is least often weighed in the balance and found wanting. Thus they whose tenderest youth was orphanage, as they never felt its value, have never truly mourned the loss of the truest instinct upon earth.

How watched that gentle mother over her prattling daughter, while the father was far away. By day her sole living memorial of him, by night her last communion, as she sank, from prayer to God, into the slumbers that He guarded. It was a long year to her. The longest she had ever known. Long, not from the cause, of which Campbell sings—

> "Heaven gives our years of fading strength
> Indemnifying fleetness,
> And those of youth a seeming *length*
> Proportioned to their *sweetness*;

for hers were of a *bitter* protraction, and often would she sit and sing, to while the time away, with her fair child folded to her bosom, that song, so ripe with sad sweetness, so full of memory to many a yearning heart,—

> "Thou over the world, and I at home,
> The one must linger, the other must mourn;
> Yet our hearts will flee
> O'er the sounding sea,
> Mine to thy bosom and thine to me.
>
> "I watch the skies, by the stars' pale light,
> Till the gray dawn breaketh on gloomy night;
> And the wind's low tone
> Hath a whispering moan,
> Which goes to my heart, as I weep alone!
>
> "With the morning's light, O would I could see
> Thy white sail far o'er the breaking sea,
> And welcome thee home,
> O'er the wild waves' foam,
> And bid thee no more from my side to roam!"

The long year wore away and still her husband came not. Tidings she had, from month to month, but none of surety that he would soon return; and now a letter came announcing the almost deadly fact that his presence abroad was yet demanded, for one year more. It nearly crushed her spirit, and she bathed the young girl's face with tears, as often she looked up to ask, "Will papa come?" Yet no suspicion of her husband's fidelity passed into the pure sanctuary of her confiding heart. Her grief was that loneliness of soul which those alone know who have had their fill of love, then find the garner empty! Consumption, to which she was predisposed, set rapidly in; and towards the close of the second year she would often say, with a premonitory smile:

"I know that I shall see him, but it will be only to die in his arms. Yet that will be a blessing. Poor Flora! Poor Edgar!"

Her husband crossed the sea at last, but Edgar came not with him. He had entrusted him to the care of tried friends abroad, and he was to be educated at a foreign university. For his tuition Mr. Atherton was enabled to pay roundly, for the two years of his agency abroad had been of almost unexampled success, in his sphere of business—yet, fortune dearly purchased!—with fortune's rays upon him, he came home to enter into the night gloom of death! Three days after his arrival, he pressed to his shuddering heart the spiritual bosom of his clay-cold wife! As he drank in her expiring breath, as he kissed the last accents from the lips, then closing forever, as he caught the last meaning sparkle of those eyes, no longer to interpret her fidelity to him, what to him were the riches he had accumulated, or all the wealth of the world? For him its greatest treasures were lost to all but memory!

She had placed little Flora's hand in his, just as she died, and faintly uttering, "Albert, Edgar, Flora," she bowed her head upon his breast and died.

"Mama is sleepy," said the child.

She slept the sleep that has but one waking; a happy sleep to see in one like her.

* * * * * * *

During the years of Edgar's stay abroad, Mr. Atherton repeatedly crossed the ocean upon business, and made long sojourns with the youth, who was rapidly growing in mind and body under the most promising influences. Flora's education received no less attention, and each of the children looked cheerily forward to the day when both should meet to be separated by the waste of waters no more. Her mother's aversion to the sea was inherited by the daughter, else she had seen her brother long before. His education completed, Edgar went upon his travels, and after a short stay in Paris and London, with Mr. Atherton, they sailed for America.

"And how does my sister look?" asked Edgar, as Mr. Atherton referred to her accomplishments, but not to her personal appearance. "You seldom, in fact never, have given me any details, father, by which I can determine whether she is short or tall, blonde or brunette—though I can remember her little golden curls well enough, even through the long lapse of time, and the dusty lane of books which have intervened, since I left my native land. My poor, dear mother!"

"You must remain in the dark about this, Edgar, until I see fit to present her to you," said Mr. Atherton. "It may be that you will not see her when we first arrive. Perhaps not till a long time afterwards. We have, within a short time, changed our residence from New York to Boston, and as she often makes very long visits there, we may not see her at once. However, we shall see."

Their arrival in sight of the long-sought shore was hailed with rapture, by Edgar, inferior only to his ecstasy when the carriage drove up to Mr. Atherton's residence.

As had been intimated to him, Edgar found Flora absent, and not even the promised fascination of the ball, which was given by Mr. Atherton, a few nights afterwards, in honor of his return, could quell Edgar's impatience to behold and embrace his beloved and unforgotten playmate, Flora.

"She will possibly be here this evening," said Mr. Atherton to him, as the festive lamps were being lit. "These joys will fitly come together."

The welcome of the graceful, comely young man was such as might have been expected under the circumstances which marked his return. Only one thing was wanting to complete his happiness in that jubilee, and that was—the presence of his sister.

As he sat, at one period in the evening musing sadly over his disappointment, and wondering whether she really entertained any affection for him, his eyes were suddenly attracted by the appearance of a young and graceful maiden, whose superior charms of person and manner made a deep impression upon him. He wondered he had not observed her particularly before, among the throng of fair guests who had been presented to him; and attributed it solely to his absence of mind, in the thoughts of Flora.

"What do you think of her?" asked Mr. Atherton, with a smile, he having slyly stole behind Edgar, to watch his motions.

"Superb!" exclaimed Edgar. "What a figure! What a head! What an eye! and gait! Introduce me again, father, for I—"

"Miss Flora Atherton—your brother Edgar!" was his father's reply, as he placed their hands in each other, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks. "I supposed you needed an introduction, for you have not met before for thirteen years."

In an instant the twain were buried in each other's embrace, while the gala crowd looked on with many a moistened eye. It was a meeting worth looking upon, the brightest of that scene of brightnesses; and hearts that felt the affection burning there, so long disported by old Ocean, now united by his aid, throbbed with pride that theirs, too, were human bosoms!

* * * * * * *

Was it sorrow for his mother's death, which, not more than a month after the night above-mentioned, weighed so heavily upon Edgar, that everybody noticed it? That could not be—such a long time had passed since that sad event. Was he yearning for the society of dear companions left abroad—perhaps some fond, female heart, to which he had pledged his faith? Possibly. But to Mr. Atherton's inquiries he gave no satisfactory answers. He had grown gloomy, and none but himself knew the cause.

But finally his father divined the reason, or thought so; for in the presence of Flora, Edgar's manner partook of so much *more* than a brother's tenderness, while he looked upon her with such an air of loving sadness, more that of an ardent, hopeless lover than with the proud and gay affection of a doting brother, that Mr. Atherton surmised the existence of that rare anomaly—he loved his sister—but not with merely *fraternal* affection!

Alas! that it *was* so! Alas for Edgar, that after his long exile he should come to the garden of promised happiness, and find its gateway closed. Alas that he should feel the immortal truth and sorrow of that song, where Byron breathes the lamentation of all blighted hearts:

> "O love, what is it in this world of ours
> That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
> With cypress branches hast thou twined thy bowers,
> And made thy best interpreter—*a sigh!*"

To be the helpless slave of such a passion was Edgar's lot, and while he hourly bled and groaned beneath the thraldom, two others suffered also.

With the quick eye of woman in such matters, Flora was not long in discovering the truth—though had they been always reared together, the idea would have never entered her imagination. But as it was, fate seemed to place him in the light, more of a lover than a brother, and she felt, and blushed to own it to herself, that her own heart was far from being irresponsive to his. Yet she saw the dread, inexorable barrier, and essayed to hide herself from herself.

Not the least anguish in that family—to the shallow-judging world apparently so happily situated—was experienced by Mr. Atherton—in his case, old wounds as well as new, framing the grinning skeleton of his misery! There had been one act of his life which had placed them all in their present position; and as they daily presented their sad aspect before him, his pangs became unutterable, and he at last resolved, by a great hazard, either to increase or end them; and this hazard was to be a sacrifice, in either event.

Calling Edgar into his study, one morning, he addressed him thus:

"Edgar, sixteen years ago, in a distant section of this land, chance threw me into a convivial party. Some of the members, influenced by wine, were rude and quarrelsome. High words were followed by blows, and being struck by one, in whose behalf I interfered, I returned the blow. We were parted. A challenge and a duel ensued. My adversary fell by my hand. Dying on the field, he stretched forth his hand to me and said, 'Atherton, I die. As freely as I hope God's pardon, do I pardon you! The blame was mine, or rather in the cursed cups which made us mad. But let that pass. My home is distant, my relatives scattered, and I have no immediate one, but my poor boy. A dying father asks of you this favor. Take him, care for him, love him as your own, be all I would have been to him, and as you shall prove a blessing to his orphanage, so shall my blessing be on you!'

"I promised, kneeling by his side. He died. The whole affair was conducted with such honest secrecy, that no clue was obtained to the chief participants, who fled to different parts of the country, full measures being taken for his proper burial. For me, I have fulfilled my vow. I took the boy, and the world has never known him since save as the son of Albert Atherton!"

"My God! My God!" said Edgar, with a groan, clasping his temples wildly, his face pale as marble.

"Edgar, do you forgive me?"

Without another word, the unhappy young man walked hastily from the room, followed a few paces by Mr. Atherton, who then suddenly paused, and retracing his steps, dropped into a chair.

"His father's murderer! How can he forgive me? It was a desperate risk; yet he loves Flora, and she loves him; and I thought it better, to give *them* happiness, to hazard all on this terrible disclosure. Perhaps I was wrong. O God grant that I was not!" And bowing his head upon a desk, he prayed for Heaven's forgiveness, and for Edgar's. Ere *he* had closed, he heard a quick step enter the study. He looked up. It was Edgar, his face red with weeping.

"Forgive me, Edgar."

"*Father*, I do!"

They rushed into each other's arms.

* * * * * * *

Not many months elapsed ere a glorious bridal took place, which celebrated the enfranchisement of three who were *disenthralled*.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is said that there are 100,000 different kinds of plants existing in the earth, and 400,000 varieties of insects. The world of the sea is still more rich. —— The extended petticoats now in vogue give the cord makers full employment. One at Newburyport has sold two thousand dollars worth to a single dealer in this dress cord, in Boston, within the last four months, and all the manufacturers have been unable to supply the demand for the extension of these fabulous skirts. —— Mrs. Catherine Morgan, an Irish woman, died in Lowell, lately, at the age of 106 years and 11 months. She never used spectacles, and at the time of her death all her teeth were perfectly sound. —— La Fitte, the celebrated French banker, leaving the house to which he had applied for a clerkship, was not too proud or careless to pick up a pin. The simple pin laid the foundation of his immense wealth. The wise banker to whom he applied saw the act, called him back, and gave him employment, being convinced by this simple act, that he would be a valuable clerk and a useful man. —— In Belgium, hedges are made by planting beech nuts in rows, and interlacing the branches of the young trees. By this mode of compression, the tendency to form trees is checked, and a close live hedge is formed. —— The income of the McDonough estate has been materially increased since the death of its owner. At that time its value was appraised at about $2,284,697; a recent valuation, after nearly six years of administration, and the cost of repairs, etc., makes it $2,281,678. —— A needle factory is in successful operation in Holyoke, where all sorts and sizes of needles are manufactured. —— A fine marble monument, twenty-five feet high, of the Roman Doric order, has been erected in the Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, in memory of the physicians, druggists and nurses who nobly and generously tendered their services to the Philadelphia committee for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., last summer, and who fell victims to the fearful epidemic. —— The Newburyport Herald reports that the blue fish, the enemy of all other fishes, have filled the waters thereabouts, driving away cod, mackerel, and all others usually found in that vicinity. It is blue fishing or nothing, now. —— The Ohio Medical and Surgical Journal has an excellent article by Dr. Hooker, which shows conclusively, that persons abstaining from fat meat are much more liable than others to lung diseases, and especially consumption; while those who are in the constant habit of using an abundance of fat meat, are almost untouched by this terrible destroyer. —— The chapel and music building of the Glendale Female College, at Glendale, Ohio, were destroyed by fire on the 27th ult. Loss, $10,000, half insured. —— In the household of Henry VIII., the following was one of its rules:—"His highness's baker shall not put alum in the bread, or mix rye, oats, or bean flour with the same; and if detected, he shall be put in the stocks. —— Advices from Canton state that a company of Americans were about building a couple of steamers to run on the rivers of China. —— The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper who is able refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast, that by briskly applying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning. —— The Courrier du Havre, in alluding to the plan lately suggested for driving away flies (the use of laurel oil), states that no fly will enter a room in which a wreath of walnut-leaves has been hung up. —— A favorite cosmetic for removing freckles, in Paris, consists of one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon juice, and a pint of rose water.

RAISING THE WIND.

A new way of "raising the wind" was resorted to by a lady in a railroad car, in the State of New York, a short time since. Shortly after the train left Schenectady, the lady approached a well-known citizen of Albany, and told a very pathetic tale in regard to her sad condition, stating that she had been robbed of her porte-monnaie at the Schenectady depot, and was entirely destitute of means to reach her friends in the West. A genteel looking fellow pretended to feel interested in her case, and solicited aid from the other passengers. Soon a handsome sum was raised for her, but to the surprise of the passengers, after passing the next station, the lady and gentleman had disappeared.

INCIDENT AT A "WATERING" PLACE.—A broad-hooped lady of Saratoga was out walking just as a sudden shower came over the place, passing square across like a wall, so that while the upper portion of the village was drenched, the lower was not even sprinkled; and she happened to be near the centre, and the north portion of her dress was utterly ruined, but the unsoiled south half is still sufficient to clothe several of her daughters.

A SAD REALITY.—There is a young daughter of a titled English aristocrat living in Albany, New York. She was brought up in luxury, fell in love with and married her father's groom, was turned out of house and home, and obliged to fly from her country to avoid her father's vengeance. She passed through many trials in her career from wealth to poverty.

IRELAND.—It is said that the demand for labor in Ireland exceeds the supply—an unusual and encouraging state of things. In the south of Ireland, laborers are getting two shillings sterling a day—about fifty cents.

BOSTON STREETS.—More than $2,500,000 have been expended in laying out and widening streets in this city, during the past thirty years, exclusive of the cost of paving and grading.

COTTON.—There seems at present no probability of any serious rivalry from any part of the world, with our cotton-planting States.

Wayside Gatherings.

M. Kossuth and his family are residing at Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

It is said that Mr. Macaulay is about to travel to Venice, and on his return, will proceed vigorously with his history.

A French writer says:—"The seasons in London are equally divided; there are four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain."

It is said that there is a probability of the entire fleet of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company being purchased at once by the Russian government.

Nathaniel E. Atwood is experimenting on the hatching of trout in the Marshpee River. He is one of the State Commissioners on this artificial propagation of fish.

The strictest orders have been given by the Papal government to exclude all posthumous works of Gioberti, which are about to be published at Turin, from the Roman States.

A gentleman writing from Texas says:—"I heard an old hunter remark, a few days since, that the turkeys were so fat that he could see the grease in their tracks where they had walked along."

The Russians have made a demand upon the French for 400,000 francs, for damages done to the Russian embassy at Constantinople, it having been converted into a French hospital during the war.

The Phœnix, screw steam vessel, is to be immediately fitted for particular service. Captain Inglefield, it is reported, is to commission her for further search for the relics of the late Sir John Franklin and his associates.

Accounts from Hungary mention that within the memory of man, there has not been such a luxuriantly abundant promise for the vintage as during the present season; and contracts for the supply of wine have been entered into by German and French houses with the proprietors of vineyards.

The ship Resolute, abandoned by the British in the Arctic Ocean, and for the purchase of which, from the American sailors, an appropriation was made by Congress, for the presentation of her to the British government, will be refitted at New York. Captain Hartstein has been tendered the command.

There is a scarcity of breadstuffs in Portugal. A government decree lately issued allows free importations, and there is a plan on foot for the municipality of Lisbon to raise £67,000 for the purpose of importing wheat, getting it ground, and baked for sale at a fixed price.

The *Giornale di Roma* publishes a notification respecting the observance of the Sabbath and other holidays. On such days, the only shops that are henceforth allowed to be open until ten A. M. are those of grocers. Any grocer selling his goods after that hour, even with closed doors, is liable to fine and imprisonment.

The pickpockets of London have hit upon a new dodge. One of the gang goes about with a live turtle, which he places upon the footwalk, and begins to talk about it to any one passing; a crowd gathers, and a row succeeds, and then watches, purses, handkerchiefs and money disappear.

The returns from the wheat harvest of the United States, says the New York Journal of Commerce, are now complete, and it is settled that the crop is of most excellent quality, and if not the largest ever gathered since the settlement of the country, is at least above the average, and will yield a large surplus beyond the supply of our domestic wants.

Lafayette sent for a hogshead of earth from Bunker Hill, to be placed over his body at his interment. The selectmen of Boston received the application from his agent. It was taken from the spot where General Warren fell, and accompanied by a certificate that it was "genuine," signed by three of the oldest veterans of the town.

A countryman came early into the town of Elmira, N. Y., one day, lately, with a load of wood, which he endeavored to sell for two dollars; but, failing to do this, he took it down to the river and threw it in, and complacently watched it till it floated out of sight. That's the way Cleiman (in Dickens's story of "Little Dorrit") served the flowers.

An only child, four months old, of respectable French Canadian parents, met with a singular death at Montreal, lately. It fell from its mother's arms during her sleep, and the string of its cap catching upon the post of a cot at the side of the bed, it was suspended and strangled. When the mother awoke in the morning, she missed the child, and looking for it, found it hanging dead.

Those celebrated trotting horses, Flora Temple and Tacony, contended for a stake of $1000, over the Union Course, L. I., recently,—Flora in harness, Tacony in saddle—mile heats. The race was won by Flora in one heat, which she accomplished in the astonishingly quick time of two minutes twenty-four and a half seconds, distancing Tacony. There is no record in the annals of the turf of a mile being passed over so quickly.

Rev. William Buckland, D. D., Dean of Westminster, died at Clapham, England, August 14, aged 73. Dr. Buckland was one of the first geologists of his day. He was the author of one of the celebrated Bridgewater Treatises, and of other works on geology, which highly raised his reputation and rendered his name familiar in this country. But unhappily a cloud came over his mind about six years ago, and the close of his life was passed in confinement.

Mademoiselle Fouquier-Tinville, daughter of the attorney-general of Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville, one of the most sadly celebrated actors in the great drama of the Revolution, has just died at Paris, at the age of 78. She has always been a woman of note, and an object of reverence for historians and writers, who sought her society for the information she could give. She had never married, and for several years before her death was completely blind.

The Vanilla Bean, which is so much used in flavoring puddings, jellies, ices, etc., grows in Mexico, near Vera Cruz, and has become very profitable to the cultivators. The Bureau has information that last year's importation of and consumption in the United States, of this article, amounted to 5000 pounds, at a cost of $20 per pound, or $100,000, paying the United States a duty of 20 per cent., or $20,000. At the present time, the Vanilla bean is selling at $30 to $40 per pound.

The increase of the tonnage of the great lakes is one of the most remarkable facts of the day. We learn that no less than five steamers, 20 propellers, four barques, one brig and 102 schooners have already been launched from the Western shipyards since the commencement of the year. The size of the steamers ranges from 78 to 1800 tons; of the propellers, from 263 to 800; the barques from 380 to 603, and the schooners from 50 to 531. The total steam tonnage of the vessels built is 12,912; sail tonnage, 33,461.

Foreign Items.

It is confidently asserted that Mario and Grisi are to revisit this country, in the course of a few months.

The Central Italian Railway Company have deposited five millions of francs at Modena as a guarantee for the execution of the line, in accordance with the contract signed at Vienna.

The Turkish government is said to be concerting a general treaty of commerce, to be offered to all nations, its leading principle being to circumscribe for the advantage of native produce the concession hitherto made to foreign trade.

Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, has been at Constantinople, playing to the Sultan, who gave him a decoration of some kind, and, what the eccentric pianist liked better, a golden snuff box valued at about fifteen hundred dollars.

M. Thiers has undertaken a journey into Germany to examine the fields of battle of Lutzen, Baulzen, Dresden, and Leipsic, an account of which he will have to give in the next volume of the "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," which he is now writing.

Pierre Freccia, a Piedmontese sculptor, who had acquired great celebrity by his *Psyche*, and by his model of the monument of Christopher Columbus, has just expired at Florence. About a year ago he was attacked with mental alienation, and was placed in a lunatic asylum, and there he died.

Marshal Pelissier, the conqueror of Sebastopol, is, just now, the "lion," in France. He possesses the titles of Marshal, Senator, Duke, and is likely to be made Minister of War. He is rude and petulant, and, although admired for his talent, is not loved by the soldiers. He is sixty-two years of age, and a bachelor.

Sands of Gold.

.... Castles are proud things, but 'tis safest to be outside of them.—*R. W. Emerson.*

All merely graceful attributes are usually the most evanescent.—*Hawthorne.*

.... All nobility in its beginnings was somebody's natural superiority.—*R. W. Emerson.*

.... To smell of a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.—*Fuller.*

.... The obtrusive claims of empty ostentation, played off like the ring on the finger, fluttering and sparkling in our sight, relieve us from the irksome task of seeking out obscure merit.—*Hazlitt.*

.... Such is the sociableness of music, it conforms itself to all companies, both in mirth and mourning; complying to improve that passion with which it finds the auditors most affected.—*Fuller.*

.... The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time; and he who has much to think of, must take many things to heart; for thought and feeling are one.—*Hazlitt.*

.... In our nature there is a provision, alike marvellous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it.—*Hawthorne.*

.... The love of distinction is the ruling passion of the human mind; we grudge whatever draws off attention from ourselves to others; and all our actions are but different contrivances, either by sheer malice or affected liberality, to keep it to ourselves or share it with others.—*Hazlitt.*

Joker's Budget.

The difference between Perseverance and Obstinacy—the first is a strong will; the second, a strong wont.

Daniel says that he thinks that boarders who are obliged to eat *sausages* three times a day during dog days, are justified in *growling* at their fare.

Is there any truth in the report that the Arabs who live in the desert have sandy hair? and is it also true that those who live by the Red Sea have carroty hair?

"Wont you take half of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel. "No, I thank you; I would prefer a *better half.*" Eliza blushed, and referred him to her papa.

A wag upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

The following advertisement appears in a late London newspaper: "Childrin taut to danse, if agreeable at 6d per week, by J. Williams, who buys and sells old iron and coals—shoes cleened and mended."

When the late M. M. Noah, who was a Jew, was a candidate for the office of sheriff of New York, it was objected to his election, that a Jew would thus come to have the hanging of Christians. "Pretty Christians," replied Noah, "to need hanging!"

"Jake," said an old farmer one day to his mower, "do you know how many horns there are in a dilemma?" "Well, no, not 'zactly," replied Jake, "but I know how many there are in a quart of good Monongahela." Jake was a bit of a wag.

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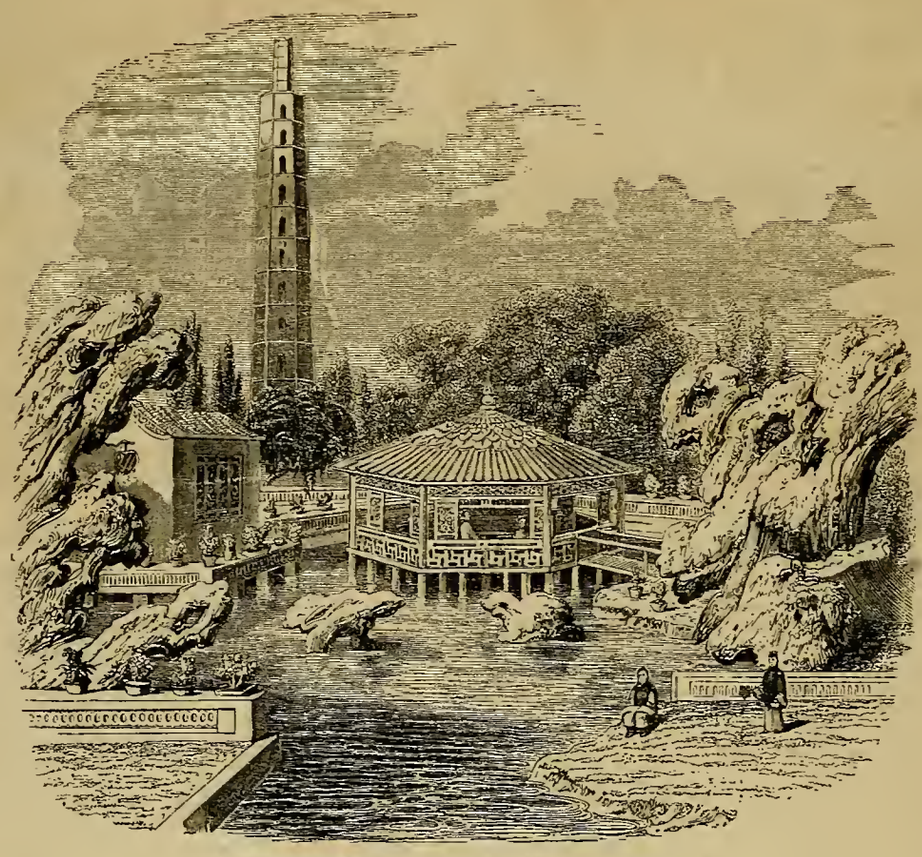
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SUMMER HOUSE AND PAGODA
IN THE ISLAND OF WHAMPOA.

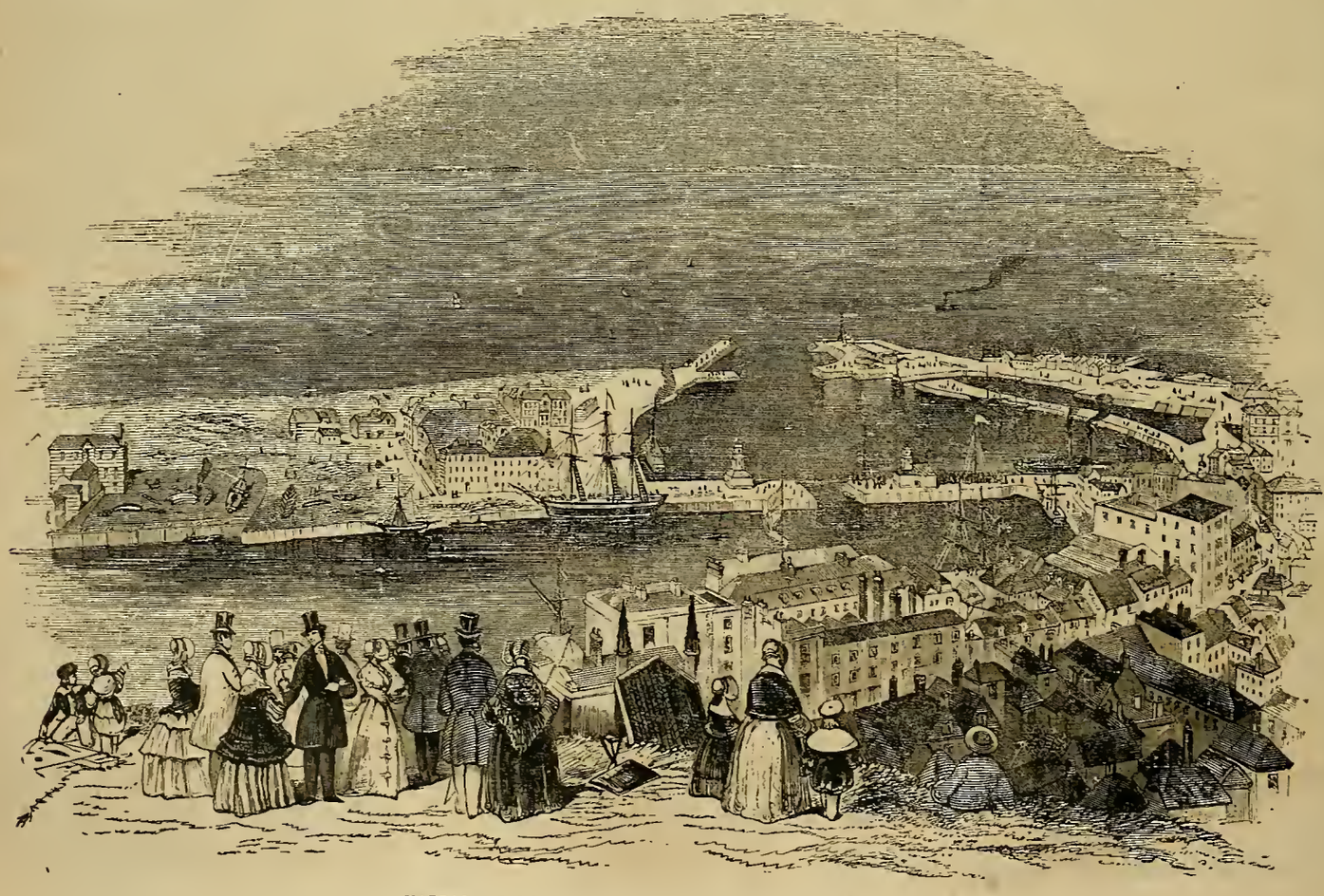
The landscape herewith presented is strikingly typical of Chinese scenery and architecture. The pagoda in the background differs from those we commonly see in pictures, and at the same time throws an instructive light on the word "tap" (pagoda), which, in its graphic signification, implies an edifice composed of successive joints or stories. In the summer house the duet of celestial friendship is being performed. Two old acquaintances are seated upon a stool of bamboo, at the end of a table that rests on four pillars, which are carved and bordered after the taste of the country. On this table the *kin*, or Chinese lute, is placed, which, by its antique and melancholy sounds, helps the performer to retrace the fabled annals of his country, ere degeneracy had seized upon the sons of men, and rendered them less happy and less wise. By turns they admire the severity of moral truth, feel the witchery of gold, splendor and sunshine, and sigh for the ineffable nonchalance of ease and retirement. This is no unfair description of social intercourse in China. Their genteel minds are not too sensual not to catch the lure of indolence and voluptuousness, and too much harassed by a cruel and hypocritical magistracy not to long for some sequestered nook where the vulture's eye of the public informer could never reach. The architecture of the inhabitants of China is perfectly unique, and is based on a different principle from that of any other nation. All their buildings have a marked character of their own, and their nationality is recognizable at a glance. The principle of Chinese architecture is considered to have been founded on the construction of a tent, the fragile dwelling of the roaming tribes who first peopled China. It has been remarked that many Chinese buildings would stand even if the walls were to fall, inasmuch as, independent of the walls, the roof rests upon a timber framework. The combination of colors, varnish and gilding helps to give that holiday appearance which the shape of a Chinese building seems in itself almost fitted to impart. There exists a curious sort of architectural police in China whereby each man is bound to content himself with a particular kind of house according to his rank in life. A prince of the first, the second or the third degree; a noble of the imperial family; a grandee of the empire; a president of a tribunal; a mandarin, a citizen—all are bound to observe certain regulations concerning the area of ground to be covered by a dwelling-house, the number of courts and rooms, the height of the ground level and of the upper story, and of the appearance presented towards the street. The origin of architecture has formed a theme on which many learned men have written and discussed. That man would form a building to shield himself from the weather, before he sought to give it beauty of appearance, is natural enough; but when, and where, and how the transition took place from convenience to beauty, or the combination of the two, is not easy to determine. Mr. Hope, taking the central plains of Tartary as a starting-point, imagines the roving hordes of that country to have spread themselves by degrees eastward to the country now known as China, and southward to Hindostan; the first of these were built after the model of tents, the latter took their architecture from caves.



SUMMER HOUSE AND PAGODA, ISLAND OF WHAMPOA.

HARBOR OF DOVER, ENG.,
FROM THE WESTERN HEIGHTS.

The view of Dover harbor herewith presented, is purposely taken from an eminence, which accounts for the height of the horizontal line in the distance, in order to show the formation of the harbor, which is wholly artificial. Its extent and excellence are signal proofs of the liberal scale upon which all operations connected with commerce are conducted in Great Britain. The town, as will be seen from the accurate drawing of the houses and streets, has not much to boast in style, being quite plainly and irregularly built. Dover is one of, and the principal station and seat of government of the Cinque Ports. It is in the county of Kent, at the terminus of the south-eastern railway, 66 miles east-southeast of London. Its population is not far from 23,000. The town consists mostly of a collection of old streets on the north side of its harbor, and a long street on the banks of a small stream, the whole enclosed and backed by chalk downs, on which are the castle, citadel, and several strong detached forts. On the west, the railroad enters the town through a tunnel cut into the cliffs, which here abut into the sea. The castle is a collection of formidable works, occupying 35 acres, and it is supposed to date back as far as the Roman occupation of Britain. It contains Roman and Saxon towers, a spacious keep, forming a bomb-proof magazine, and barracks for 2000 men. The other principal edifices are a military hospital, the two parish churches, a handsome chapel of ease, numerous dissenting chapels, a synagogue, the town hall and jail, the hospital Maison-Dieu, custom house, work house, theatre, assembly rooms, museum, baths, docks, bonding warehouses, and numerous excellent hotels. The harbor consists of three basins, the outer one enclosed between two piers, one hundred and fifty feet apart. Large sums have been expended upon it in different reigns, since Henry VII., but its entrance is unfortunately impeded by a shingle bar. Operations are in progress to establish here a harbor of refuge, by throwing out jetties of great magnitude still further into the sea. The works authorized by the government will cost $12,500,000. Dover has continual intercourse with Calais and Boulogne in France, by steamboats, the distance being about thirty miles. The passage is frequently rough and unpleasant. It imports large quantities of eggs, fruit, and other rural produce, from France, and has a thriving coasting trade and fishery. Ship building and the manufacture of sails, rope and paper, form the business of a considerable portion of the inhabitants.



HARBOR OF DOVER, ENGLAND, FROM THE WESTERN HEIGHTS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. | VOL. XI., No. 15.—WHOLE No. 275.

TUFTS (UNIVERSALIST) COLLEGE, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

The accompanying engraving presents a correct representation of the Universalist College in Somerville, with the adjacent buildings, sketched expressly for us at the time of the recent celebration of its first anniversary. It has opened under favorable auspices, and no efforts will be spared to render it one of the most flourishing and effective institutions in the country. It owes its existence mainly to the liberality of Charles Tufts, Esq., of Somerville, while other individuals have contributed largely to its establishment. Rev. Mr. Chapin, in his address at the anniversary, spoke in fitting terms of Mr. Tufts's well-directed generosity. He said:—"Dollars are worth nothing till they are sent forth on their mission of love to mankind. Providence has made Mr. Tufts deaf, so that he cannot hear the praises of men, but he can listen to the praises of angels. Who would not hear the inward voice speaking to his noble heart? The desire of all men is to project themselves into the future, to build the bridge and span the arch from themselves to immortality. Some sought historic fame, others pride themselves upon wealth, but more wise is he who lays up in future ages an immortality by building up columns in God's temple, by assisting to rear the edifice of eternal truth. He who touches the springs of thought, sets in motion an agency immortal in its consequences." From the treasurer's statement, we learn that the property of the College consists of sixty-eight acres of land, the gift of Charles Tufts, Esq., of Somerville; a bond given by Silvanus Packard, Esq., of Boston, upon which the income, one thousand dollars per annum, is paid quarterly; the college building, erected at a cost of $38,000; the boarding-house, erected at a cost of $9700; the president's house, which cost $3600, of which was defrayed by special subscription, $1849, making the cost to the college, $1751; a bond of the Passumpsic Railroad Company, $1000; besides notes amounting to $3700. The whole amount subscribed to the first of August last, exclusive of the land, is $77,000, including Mr. Silvanus Packard's bond for $20,000. The total ordinary expenses of the college are $4450; the annual income is $3400, leaving about $2000 to be made up annually at present. Mr. Packard has offered to give $10,000 annually for three years, provided a like sum is contributed from other sources. Messrs. George W. Gage, of Chicago, formerly of Massachusetts, William Savery, of South Carver, Jesse Murdock and Thomas A. Goddard, have pledged themselves to contribute a large sum each, making $5000 already secured. B. B. Mussey, Esq., has offered to give $10,000 the third year. Mr. Packard has intimated that if his proposals are accepted, he will continue to contribute till he has reached the sum of $100,000. The Universalist denomination, within the past ten years, has raised nearly half a million of dollars and devoted it to the cause of education. The establishment of this college, the purpose of which is to give a thorough classical and practical education to the students, is a great step in advance. The president, the Rev. Dr. Ballou, is universally known and respected as a man of high character and attainment, and particularly well fitted for the post he occupies. He is aided by earnest and cultivated men, who are determined to bring their institution to the front rank. The site of the college is well chosen. It stands on a lofty eminence, commanding an extensive view, and, notwithstanding its vicinity to a great city, is far enough removed from the noise and turmoil of business. We cannot but think that a brilliant future is before it. The large and increasing denomination of Universalists feel the deepest interest in its welfare. The number of students already gathered within its walls is large for an institution in its infancy, and there is every reason to suppose that it will be soon crowded even to its utmost capacity. But as the demand increases, so will the means of supplying it be multiplied. We have already seen the liberality that has been manifested by individuals for its support, and their example will be followed by that of others. Before many years have elapsed, Tufts College, fostered by the liberality and zeal of its friends, and the energy of its president and professors, will exert a widespread and commanding influence.



TUFTS COLLEGE, SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

The party had turned into the avenue which led into the house, and every moment she expected to behold him who, in her eyes, was hateful and ugly above all others she had ever seen. But he was, at that moment, closeted with a man who had arrived only fifteen minutes before, with whom he was discussing a question involving an affair of grave and momentous import to himself.

It was a relief, instead of his sallow, oleaginous visage, surrounded with its stringy hair, so damp as to appear as if glued to his forehead, to see the frank, genial countenance of a handsome matron beaming upon her from the open door. Numa stood ready to assist her in alighting from her horse, and the next moment she found herself encircled in the arms of her whose pleasant, smiling face, so different from that she had expected would greet her, caused her heart to go out towards her, and enabled her to find relief in tears.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Grey, "I knew that you didn't come here voluntarily, the moment I saw your sad, sweet face."

"Is *he* here?" said Bessie, in a voice broken with sobs.

"You mean Mr. Withers?"

"Yes."

"He is, though for the present you wont see him. He has business to transact, he said, which might require his attention for an hour or more."

"Why don't you call him Squire Withers? He is a great man—he is rich," mumbled a voice close behind them.

Bessie started and looked up.

"It is old Elsie," said Mrs. Grey. "Her mind is a little wandering at times. But let us go in; the air is cold."

"Is this where *you* keep?" said Bessie, as Mrs. Grey placed a chair for her near the fire.

"No; a fire was ordered here on purpose for you."

"O, let me go with you; I had rather not stay here."

"You shall, at least for the present."

"Are you the lady that is to be mistress here?" said Elsie, coming up close to Bessie, and looking her keenly in the face.

"No, I shall never be mistress here," Bessie replied.

"You will be. I know better than you do. There will be a brave house-warming, too, and you'll be as sweet a bride as Florence Dale was, when she came here, more than five-and-twenty years ago. I lived then in a little cottage just beyond the woods; you can see from the window; but I had lost my son before that. My son used to work for me, and help support me and my little granddaughter; but after I lost *him*, Squire Withers found me in bread. It was bitter bread, though; it had tears on it. After a while, my heart grew hard. There were no more tears after that. I've led a merry life ever since. I must go now. I should like to stay and keep you company, but it is a busy day with me."

Through the door she opened to leave the room, came sounds of rude and boisterous revelry.

"The men who were sent to meet you, and as many more, are in the great hall," said Mrs. Grey.

"Are they not British soldiers?" inquired Bessie.

"I think there can be no doubt of it, and if Mr. Withers knew what was for his own interest, he wouldn't permit them to be here."

"Who was that old lady," said Bessie, "who left the room a minute ago?"

"Her name is Elsie Cawley. Nothing is known of her early history. I was a child when, by the permission of Mr. Percival, the former owner of this plantation, she came to live in a little house a short distance from here. She brought a child with her; she called her grand-daughter, and it was generally thought it was through the influence of Mr. Withers that Mr. Percival permitted her to live where she did."

"She spoke of losing a son."

"Yes, but it was before she came here; and by the strange way in which she always alludes to the subject, it appears to have unsettled her mind."

"Does she still live where she used to?"

"No; she lives here now, and has ever since her grand-daughter was married. It was by the invitation of Mr. Withers that she came. We all thought it strange, for he was never charitably inclined; and ever since she has been here, he avoids her as much as possible."

An hour from this, they heard the door of the next room open. Bessie turned pale. It was Withers, she knew, by the soft, stealing steps, as they drew near the room where she was sitting.

"Don't leave the room," said she, imploringly, to Mrs. Grey.

"No, not unless he commands me to," she replied.

By this time, Withers stood in the doorway.

"Good day, Miss Hamlen," said he. "I am glad to see you beneath my humble roof."

"If you had a spark of either honor or humanity about you, or a single feeling which would not dishonor a gentleman," she replied, "you would be incapable of feeling pleasure at what gives me so much pain."

"O, you are a little homesick. That is a feeling which will soon wear off."

"Never while I am beneath a roof which you call yours. If I thought myself capable of being otherwise than miserable, thus situated, I should despise myself as much as I do the owner."

"If you have a taste for such saucy petulance, you may as well indulge it while you can. But of one thing you may be certain—I never undertook to bring about anything which I had set my heart on in which I was foiled. Sooner or later, I accomplished it."

"Even what you are pleased to term saucy petulance," said Bessie, "is preferable to cringing sycophancy."

"Rest content on that score. You will find no occasion to complain of cringing or flattery. I never make use of either, unless to subserve some purpose."

"I am certainly much obliged to you for the assurance."

Withers took no notice of this, except by one of his peculiar smiles.

"It is now," said he, "over seven years since your late father and I had some important business transactions together, and it so fell out as to make it in my power to ruin him. Instead of that, I advanced him a certain sum of money, which enabled him to stem the tide. He was profuse in his protestations of gratitude, and in promises to refund what I had let him have, at an early day; but I gave him to understand that there was one mode of payment, and only one, which I would consent to."

"What was it?"

"I told him that he had a daughter, and that when she was old enough, I should claim her hand."

"And what did he say?"

"He consented."

"Unconditionally? Did he say nothing about my consent being gained?"

"There was something said about it, but he soon found whom he had to deal with, and as he knew he had no means of paying me, was obliged to let me have things my own way."

"And you were so ungenerous as to take advantage of his embarrassment?"

"I kept an eye to what I considered my own interest. You can give it whatever term you please."

"It was my father's land, it seems, rather than his daughter's hand, that you had in your mind when you made the bargain."

"As you were an only child, I, of course, didn't expect that you would be a dowerless bride. He never told you about this bargain, I suppose?"

"He never did. The reason he assigned for wishing me to receive your addresses was a very different one from what you have mentioned. As you don't deny that your chief object in making the condition you did, was to ultimately put you in possession of my father's domain, I will willingly make over to you what claim I have on it, which will certainly be much more valuable to you without the incumbrance than with it."

"You forget that, as a minor, any transaction of that kind would be illegal. No, Miss Hamlen; the sure way is always the best. I have succeeded in removing you from all such influences as would be likely to be adverse to my success, and I've no doubt but that your good sense will soon induce you to listen to reason."

"Permit me to assure you, sir, that you are entirely mistaken, if you expect me to regard you otherwise than I do now."

"Unfortunately," said Withers, after making this last remark, "I am obliged to devote myself to business, just at this time, more than usual, which will deprive me of the pleasure of spending as much time in your company as I could wish, and which I regret more on your account than even my own."

This was evidently intended to provoke some angry rejoinder, but Bessie had already been betrayed into a more bitter manifestation of those feelings which she entertained towards him than she had intended, or, as she imagined, was altogether consistent with self-respect. She, therefore, remained silent.

What Withers had told Bessie relative to relieving her father from pecuniary embarrassment, by placing such funds at his disposal as were required for the purpose, was true. It was true, also, that he made a proposition concerning herself, of the nature he had specified, but he should not have forgotten to mention that the debt was fully cancelled, four years after it was contracted. The money was received by Withers very reluctantly, who, counting on Mr. Hamlen's easy disposition and careless habits, had considered the debt as a guarantee to the ultimate possession of the coveted estate.

He never forgave Mr. Hamlen for insisting on paying him, and subsequently, by secret intercommunication with one of the enemy, who proved a disgrace to his brother officers of the English navy, he matured a plan by which he succeeded in so working upon Mr. Hamlen's fears as to wring from him his consent, to save his property, and it might be, even his life, by the sacrifice of his daughter's happiness.

Two hours after Withers had withdrawn, as Bessie and Mrs. Grey were sitting together, a girl came to the door and said that there was a pedler in the outer room, who wanted to know if the ladies did not wish to purchase something. Mrs. Grey sent word to the pedler that she would be there in a minute or two, and then turned to Bessie.

"Wont you go and look at his wares?" said she.

"I believe not, as I don't wish to make any purchases," was Bessie's reply.

"You had better go. Who knows but that it may be some one by whom you can venture to send a message to some friend of yours."

This suggestion at once made her determine to go. The thought even struck her that it might be Wilton Richmond, who had resorted to this method to obtain access to her. A single glance, however, as she entered the room where he sat with a middling-sized trunk, containing his wares, at his side, showed her it was not Wilton. He was much stouter, though, as he sat, apparently not so tall, and, at least, a dozen years his senior.

At the approach of Bessie and Mrs. Grey, he threw back the lid of his trunk, and began to spread out muslins, laces, ribbons and trimmings of different kinds, together with other light and fanciful articles, such as form the decorative part of a lady's wardrobe.

Bessie wished for nothing herself, but as she had a well filled purse in the reticule which hung on her arm, she could not deny herself the gratification of making a few trifling purchases for several of the servant girls, who hovered near with glistening eyes and smiling lips.

Each was made happy by a few yards of gay ribbon, or a still gayer kerchief, whose crimson and yellow hues would appear still brighter in contrast with the sable brows they were destined to adorn. They were accepted with eager manifestations of delight, when they withdrew to a distant part of the room to examine them more critically, and forestall the pleasure they anticipated in wearing them, by planning in what manner their vivid colors could be displayed to the best advantage.

Bessie made one more purchase—a few yards of fine thread lace, which she intended as a present to Mrs. Grey, whom she had seen examining it rather wishfully, but when urged by the pedler to take some of it, hastily returned it to the place whence she took it. Bessie imagined, as was truly the case, that the high price demanded exceeded her means. She contented herself, after Bessie had made her purchases, with procuring a supply of pins, needles and sewing-silk.

"Is there anything more you would like?" said the pedler, after she had selected what she wished.

"Nothing more," she replied.

"You certainly will like something more," said he, addressing Bessie.

But she answered in the negative, and was about to turn away, when he handed her a small package done up in brown paper.

"Please examine what is in it," said he. "I think what you find will suit you."

Bessie, having untied the piece of twine which fastened it, she caught a glimpse of her own name on the back of a little white package compactly folded.

"I *should* like it," said she. "What is the price of it?"

"Examine it before I name the price, so as to be sure you aint mistaken as to its quality. There is no objection to your taking it to your room, if you wish," he added, looking towards Mrs. Grey.

Bessie understood what the look meant.

"She is my friend," said she. "I can trust her."

"I am to wait till you read it."

Bessie unfolded the paper, and found, as she already was well satisfied, by the hand-writing of the superscription, that it was from Wilton Richmond.

"You may well imagine my surprise," it said, "when, on returning to Mr. Ashmore's, I found you were gone. My surprise was changed to the most lively alarm when I found that you had been made to believe that the messenger had been sent by me, for at first I imagined that by some fortunate chance you had fallen in with some friend.

"Mr. Ashmore furnished me with a fresh horse, and I was so fortunate as to come across the Indian lad I requested Edith to write to you about, who saw a man and a young lady, who, I knew by his description, must be you, take the road which led to the plantation of Withers, and where, he said, there had recently arrived as many as a dozen British soldiers.

"As I had been there myself this morning, I fortunately know some of the localities of the place. At a certain point, sweeping back in the form of a crescent from the shore of the river, which you can see by looking from one of the west windows, is a broad belt of trees and shrubbery, which, in the summer time, must be so dense as to be impervious to human foot, as well as impenetrable to the eye, and which now, though half despoiled of its foliage, must screen from the view of persons, in or near the house, any object by the margin of the river, even in broad daylight. This evening, at eight o'clock, I will be there. A boat will be ready to put us across the river, where horses will be in waiting.

"A pedler, a man worthy my confidence, will hand you this. Send me word by him, if you think it possible to meet me at the place designated. You may trust Mrs. Grey, who may be able to do something towards favoring your escape. W. R."

Bessie tore off a portion of the paper which had been left blank, and with a pencil wrote thus:

"I will do my best to meet you at the place and time you mention. If I am prevented from being there as early as eight, still don't give me up under an hour from that time. BESSIE."

Just as Bessie had handed it to the pedler, old Elsie entered by the outer door with the same covered basket on her arm that Wilton had seen her with.

"Ah, here is a parcel of brave trumpery," said she, coming forward, and peering curiously into the pedler's trunk, the lid of which still remained unclosed.

"Will you buy something?" said he.

"No; my day is over for such trash. The time has been when I flaunted my feathers and my ribbons with the vainest and the merriest. What have you here in these vials?"

"Essences."

"Is there any essence of hellebore, or the deadly nightshade?"

"No; I have no poisons."

"I will distil you some, then;" and going up close to him, she raised the lid of her basket. "Look," said she, "here are roots.

I dug them long ago, when the sweet dew of a summer's night was on their branches. But it didn't sweeten *them;* it only made them the more deadly. Say, shall I distil some of 'em for you?"

"*No;* I don't deal in such kind of wares." And having by this time put in order the disarranged contents of his trunk, he passed the broad leathern strap attached to it across his shoulders, and saying to Bessie, as he passed her, "May you prosper, fair lady," he left the house.

"Wont you come with me?" said Bessie, to Mrs. Grey, as she turned to leave the room.

"You have received a message from some friend," said Mrs. Grey, when they were in an apartment by themselves.

"I surely am not wrong in thinking I may trust you," said Bessie, looking wistfully into the pleasant and compassionate face regarding her, instead of answering her question.

"May evil befall me and mine," she replied, "in the same measure that I willingly bring harm on you."

"Read this," and Bessie handed her the missive she had received from Wilton.

"The writer says he left here this morning," said she, having finished its perusal. "It must have been Wilton Richmond, for I see that the note is signed with the initials of his name."

"Yes, Wilton Richmond wrote it. He says, as you see, that I may trust you, and that, perhaps, you can favor my escape."

"I will do everything I can, but nothing can be reckoned on beforehand with much certainty. If Mr. Withers should happen to be at leisure this evening, and feel disposed to bestow on you his company, I hardly know how the affair can be managed."

"What o'clock is it?"

"Almost five."

"Only a little more than three hours, then, to the time appointed. It will be long enough. I wish it were only one hour instead of three."

"There will be less than one hour of daylight, and there is some preparation to be made. The first thing to be done is for you to learn the way to the place of meeting. But then what might appear plain by day, would be very different with nothing but starlight to guide you. It will never answer for you to attempt to go alone."

"What shall I do? Can you go with me?"

"I think I had better not. If Withers should inquire for you, I can excuse your absence better than any one else. We must take Numa into our counsel. He must be ready at the moment to guide you to the spot."

"Can he be relied on?"

"Yes, and without the shadow of a fear, as far as depends on himself. He loved his old master, but has little good will for this one. I will go and speak to him about it, as I may not have another opportunity."

After an absence of a few minutes, Mrs. Grey returned.

"Is he willing to go with me?" inquired Bessie.

"Yes, you may depend on him. And now, if Mr. Withers only keeps out of the way, and old Elsie shouldn't rise up like a ghost in your path—for somehow she is always sure to be where she is least desired,—I think there will be nothing more to fear."

"Two such ifs in the way, as those you mention, will be hard to get over."

"We will hope, that when the moment arrives for you to go, that neither of them will be in the way. Withers, I have no control over, but if I can only get Elsie seated in the chimney corner smoking her pipe, she will be in no hurry to leave her comfortable quarters. But I forget to tell you that there was some baggage brought here yesterday, which Withers, when he came, ordered to be placed in the chamber, which, since your arrival, he told me must be prepared for you. It belongs to you, no doubt, and there may be some things, such as can be made into a small bundle, which you would like to take with you. We will go, if you please, and see if it belongs to you."

"We sha'n't be likely to encounter Withers?"

"No; he is in a distant part of the house, quite remote from the apartment designed for you."

Mrs. Grey had a reason apart from the one she assigned in wishing Bessie to go to that chamber. It was the one containing the portraits of the Percival family, and now that she knew that she was acquainted with Wilton Richmond, she wished to witness the effect which would be produced on her by the striking resemblance he bore to Mr. Edgar Percival and his son, particularly the latter.

"You see what a silent company you would have had gathered round you, if you had remained here to-night," said Mrs. Grey, as they entered the chamber.

As she spoke, she drew aside one of the window-curtains, admitting the sunshine, which lit up one of the portraits with a sudden effulgence. Bessie involuntarily stepped quickly back; for while it seemed to have been quickened into instant life, she almost thought that Wilton Richmond stood before her.

"Whose portrait is this?" said she, having for some time regarded it in silence.

"Thomas Percival's."

"And this?" pointing to the next.

"His father's."

"They would either of them answer for Wilton Richmond's portrait. You surely couldn't help noticing the resemblance when he was here?"

"I *did* think he looked like them."

"Isn't it singular?"

"Perhaps it is, but we often meet with things there is no accounting for. I am sorry that I didn't think of them sooner; you might then have examined them at your leisure."

"I should like to look at them longer, but I've no time to spare now."

Bessie found that the luggage referred to was hers, and selecting a few things which she could not well do without, she and Mrs. Grey left the chamber. In a few minutes supper was ready, and Withers again made his appearance.

"I hope you haven't been lonesome?" said he, addressing Bessie. "It cannot be possible that you have regretted more than I my inability to give you my poor company."

This was said in a mocking way, which Bessie did not think herself called upon to answer. Little was said during the meal. It was with feelings of dismay, when they rose from the table, that Bessie saw Withers seat himself in a chair near the fire, as if he intended to remain for the evening.

Time went on. It was more than half an hour since the old clock in the hall struck seven. Bessie began to grow alarmed, as well as impatient.

"You look tired, Miss Hamlen," said Mrs. Grey, wishing to give her an excuse to retire.

"I am tired," she replied. "I should like to go to my room."

"I sha'n't excuse you till nine," said Withers.

Before Bessie had time to say anything in answer to this, old Elsie opened the door and thrust her head into the room.

"You are wanted," said she. "Come—come now," and she beckoned to Withers.

"What does the old hag want?" he muttered between his teeth.

"What is that you say?" said she, sharply.

"No matter what," he replied, rising from his chair.

"Did you hear what I told you? You are wanted."

"I must humor her, I suppose," said Withers; "but I will be back soon."

It was with evident reluctance that he left the room, but for some reason, he did not seem as if he considered it prudent to disobey Elsie's request, or rather command. After he was gone, Mrs. Grey rose, listened a moment, and then softly opened the door, which he had closed behind him.

"Couldn't you have waited an hour or two?" demanded he, in angry accents, as could be plainly distinguished both by Bessie and Mrs. Grey.

"I could wait, but fate wont," was the answer.

Mrs. Grey remained at the door a few moments longer, and listened, then softly closed it.

"They've gone to his room," said she. "Now is your time. The soldiers are at supper in the hall, so that you will be free from the danger of encountering them."

It took Bessie but a short time for preparation. Numa was near at hand, waiting for her. There was brief time for the interchange of friendly adieux; a fervent clasp of hands, and the words, "God bless you, my child!" uttered with heartfelt emphasis by Mrs. Grey, and Bessie turned away, and joined the faithful Numa.

It was very dark, the sky so clear in the morning, being now nearly blotted from view by dark, drifting clouds, through the skirts of which, only now and then, a star was visible.

This was considered favorable, rather than otherwise, for through gloom so dense, even should any one chance to look from a door or a window, there would be little danger of being seen. Numa was familiar with every inch of the ground, and with steps so firm and elastic that they would have done no discredit to a much younger man, while he cautioned Bessie to keep a firm hold of his arm, he pursued his way.

They soon reached the belt of woodland, on the opposite side of which was the spot where Wilton had told Bessie he would wait for her. They were obliged to keep along the edge of this for some distance, the trees and shrubbery being so thick and tangled that a rabbit could have scarce found space for ingress.

"A few rods more and there's an opening," said Numa. "I came before dark and cleared away a few straggling branches which crossed the path."

At the moment he ceased speaking, voices were heard in the distance, and looking back, they beheld the red glare of torches.

"My flight is discovered," said Bessie.

"Never mind; ten more steps, and we shall reach the path."

"But if Wilton shouldn't have come?"

"There's little danger of that. Here's the opening."

"Leave me, and let me find my way alone."

"Not till I can leave you in as safe hands as mine."

"Wilton! Wilton!" cried Bessie.

"I am here," was the answer to her call.

He had heard them coming, and had met them midway in the path which led through the woods.

"Now, Numa," said Bessie, "you must return, and take with you my heartfelt thanks."

"Yes," said Wilton; "they may not have missed you yet. You can manage to go back a short distance without being seen, and then mingle with the pursuers."

"Yes—yes," replied Numa; "there'll be no trouble about that. Good-night, and I hope still to see the day when I shall again see a Percival at the head of yonder house."

In a minute from the time they parted with Numa, Wilton and Bessie stood on the bank of the river.

"Barefoot!" said Wilton.

"Close at hand," was the answer, and a boat shot from behind a clump of tall reeds, and almost in the same breath, the keel grated on the silvery sand.

"We must be quick, Bessie, or they'll be upon us," said Wilton; and snatching her up in his arms, he placed her in the boat.

The same moment, was heard a crash of brushwood, and the opposing limbs of trees, and then more than a dozen men, one after the other, dashed into the little area. The torches had been extinguished, as otherwise they could not have broken through the barrier of interlacing branches, which had to be forcibly turned aside, or cut away at every step.

"Seize him—seize him! Down with him, Tiger!" exclaimed Withers, speaking to a large, fierce mastiff which he had taken with him.

The dog darted forward with an angry growl, but the boat was already afloat.

"Fire upon them!" he cried, in a voice half choked with rage.

"But the lady, sir," a voice was heard to remonstrate.

"Who cares for the lady? Do as I bid you!" was the angry response of Withers.

"If we fire, it will be at random. We can't see the boat."

"Wait, then—wait a minute. Some one is coming with a torch."

He had scarce ceased speaking, when one of the servants with a torch, who knew where the path was, stood in their midst.

"Spring forward, and let its light fall on the water," commanded Withers, "and let those which were put out be relit."

In less than half a minute, the red glare of a dozen torches was thrown on the river, revealing the fugitives. The boat had already nearly reached the middle of the stream, and was skimming like a bird over the waves.

"They are within musket-shot yet," said Withers. "Is there no one among you who can send a bullet through that fellow's head?"

"Which one?" inquired one of the men.

"The one at the right hand. If you will do it, more gold shall be counted out to you before the rising of another sun than you were ever the owner of in your life."

"I could do it easily, sir, if the light of the torches wasn't so unsteady."

"Waste no time in words. Do your best."

The order was obeyed, but the boat still kept on with the same speed as before, and the monotonous dip of the oars, in the momentary silence that ensued, could be distinctly heard. Withers uttered a bitter imprecation.

"If one bullet wont do, let us see what a dozen can do. Take true and steady aim, all of you, at *him*. If the girl is hurt, it wont be your fault nor mine."

As far as could be seen to the contrary, in the flickering, uncertain light, the command was obeyed to the letter. Not a single shot, however, took effect, more than one having been purposely caused to swerve by the hand that sent it. Had this not been so, there would have been little chance for the fugitives to escape unharmed; for though they distinctly heard the order given by Withers, the small, shoal boat, with the exception of Bessie, left them fully exposed. For her alone there was room to crouch down in such a manner as to be partially screened, though had not Wilton's strong arm directed the movement, she would have had no other thought than to share the danger.

Although, as has been said, not a single shot took effect, more than one bullet whistled by, within a few inches of Wilton's head, and one, after dancing along the waves, struck the oar which he held with so much force that it must have been hurled from his hand had his grasp been less sure and firm.

"From these leaden messengers, we have nothing more to fear now," said Wilton; "for although the opposite shore, even, is hardly at a safe distance, before they can reload, we shall have time to round yonder point, when a bold shore will be interposed between us."

"Do you think we shall then be out of danger?" asked Bessie.

"They may pursue us, for there's a bridge half a mile further up the stream; but our horses are fleet, and do their best, we shall have a good start of them. But I hardly think that Withers will run the risk of implicating himself as far as that. Some powerful, though secret cause, must have urged him to take the course he has, and if I am not mistaken, it will need all the cunning and duplicity, of which he is doubtless master, to escape the reward he so richly merits."

A few more vigorous strokes of the oars, and they had swept round the sheltering point. They were already close to the shore, and at a little distance from it, secured to the branches of some trees, three horses stood waiting.

"I hardly need ask you, Bessie, if it is your wish to go to Mrs. Woodhull's," said Wilton, as he assisted her to the saddle.

"That is where I should certainly like to go," she replied; "but if were inclined to be superstitious, as I have twice failed to reach there when I imagined I was fairly on my way, I might now bear in mind the adage that exhorts us to beware the third time."

"We will brave the warning, for the sake of your being with those you can call your friends."

"Are you sure that you know the way?"

"I am to guide you," said the Indian lad.

"Yes—he is to be our guide," said Wilton; "for though I could find my way by daylight, I could not trust myself so dark a night as this."

"Have we passed the place yet where the bridge crosses the river?" said Bessie.

"No, though here it is, right at hand. After passing by that, our course will no longer lie by the side of the river."

Soon afterwards, on attaining a spot more elevated, they looked back. The mansion whence Bessie had fled, could now be descried, looming up, shadowy and indistinct, against the leaden sky; while in an adjoining court, by the red and gloomy light of several torches, horses were seen, and men hurrying to and fro.

"They are preparing to pursue us," said Bessie.

"There can be no doubt of it," was Wilton's reply. "Withers will do that in a solitary place, and under cover of night, which he wouldn't venture on in open day."

They had, by common consent, when they found that preparation was making to pursue them, quickened the speed of their horses, as much as the roughness of the way would permit. Before long, however, the path became comparatively smooth.

"Do you think, Bessie, that you could ride still faster?" said Wilton.

"You shall see," was her answer, and she broke into a hard canter, which, her horse being naturally the fleetest of the three, gave the others enough to do to keep up with her.

In a minute more, there would be a turn in the road, when the mansion of the Percivals could no longer be seen. Wilton checked his horse and looked back. The thought would force itself upon him that the name of Percival, rather than Richmond, was the one he was properly entitled to. All was now wrapt in gloom. From one window alone, shone a light. Those who had been seen preparing to pursue them, he well knew were already on their way. In a few minutes they could be heard crossing the bridge, but the sound, muffled and dolled by the distance, was more like the muttering of distant thunder than the sharp clatter of steel-shod hoofs.

Bessie, who had reined in her horse, when she saw that Wilton had checked his, well knew what the sound meant.

"Can they overtake us?" said she.

"If they do, they will have to beat a good mile first. Will they not?" said Wilton, appealing to their youthful guide.

"More than that," was the answer.

"Very likely, for I find that the road, since the last turn, again lies parallel with the river, so that the sound made by their crossing the bridge had a shorter distance to travel than they will have."

Once more urging their horses to their former speed, they proceeded in silence.

"We had better go more slowly now," said Wilton, at the expiration of something over half an hour. "You, Bessie, as well as the horses, will give out at this rate."

"I could do very well still longer," she replied; "but if I mistake not, my horse begins to droop."

They listened. Not a sound, save the low moaning of the wind, could be heard.

"Even if they have lessened the space between us," said Wilton,—"which I hardly think they have,—we shall gain nothing by tiring our horses."

"We shall soon come to a place where two roads meet, which will perplex our pursuers," said the guide.

"How long will it take us to reach Mrs. Woodhull's?" inquired Bessie.

"An hour."

"Do you mean if we go no faster than we do now?"

"Yes—I think we can."

"By that time it will be twelve o'clock," said Wilton.

"No matter," remarked Bessie. "Mrs. Woodhull, if you claim admission in my name, will hardly refuse your request, though it should be at an unseasonable hour."

It did not exceed the time mentioned by Harefoot when they were at Mrs. Woodhull's door. It was well that they arrived as soon as they did, for in less than five minutes after they were beneath the sheltering roof, from the clouds, which for the last half hour had been rapidly condensing, the rain commenced descending in torrents.

CHAPTER XVII.

A STRANGER'S WARNING.

For three months after an unsuccessful attempt by General Wilkinson to dislodge a detachment of the British, who had fortified themselves at La Colle Mill, there was no hostile movement of the armies of either nation.

This repose of arms gave the American officers abundant leisure for relaxation and social intercourse, and such pursuits as were most congenial. It was during this time that Mrs. Hamlen, at the earnest request of her brother (Mr. Grosvenor) and his daughter, consented to make them a visit. Bessie, of course, accompanied her mother, and Wilton was stationed so near by as to be able frequently to enjoy with them a social evening. Sedley Austin, too, having, at the head of his company under General Jackson, acquitted himself in a manner highly honorable to himself, in the series of engagements which took place with the Creek Indians, came to the North, giving his friends a pleasant surprise, to rest on his laurels and recruit his health.

But May had now come, and this golden episode in the heart-history of Wilton and Sedley and the two fair cousins to whom they were betrothed, was near its close. In a day or two, Wilton expected to join the army of General Brown, and a week or two later, Sedley was to return to the South.

The day was so bright, balmy and delicious that May seemed no longer a myth, but the dainty-footed, flower-crowned goddess celebrated in song. Wilton and Sedley were both expected at the farm-house by five o'clock. It was already three; and while Mr. Grosvenor and Mrs. Hamlen sat together enjoying a quiet chat, Edith and Bessie wandered away some distance from the house to a small and nearly circular bay, for its green borders approximated so nearly at the point where its waters mingled with those of Lake Champlain that it had often been a pleasant pastime for them, when they were children, to toss flowers across from one to the other.

The turf was soft and smooth as velvet, and the delicate sprays of some willows, which grew near the water's edge, drooped so low as, when swayed by a gush of the sweet May air, to brush the sparkles from the dancing waves. But these graceful willows did not all press so closely to the waters of the little bay. At one point, where a grape-vine had woven itself among their branches, they curved back so as form a little sylvan bower, where the white blooms of the wild strawberry and the large purple violets were earliest found.

Here Edith and Bessie, after their long walk, sat listening to the silvery murmur of the ripples that broke almost at their feet, and watching the interweaving and capricious play of sunshine and shadow which fell among them. It was not strange that footsteps at the outer edge of the willows, though firmly planted, should have been so muffled by the soft and yielding turf as not to be heard. When they paused, and a small though toil-hardened hand clutched a portion of the feathery foliage and held it aside, and through the opening thus made, a pair of keen, almost fierce-looking eyes were fixed upon them, they still remained unconscious that any one was near. No wonder, then, taking into consideration the unsettled state of the times, that they were alarmed when an unfamiliar voice, scarce three yards distant, spoke to them.

"The name of one of you is Bessie Hamlen?" it said.

They both started to their feet. It was a woman's face which was peering at them so earnestly between the willow boughs, and when they saw this, their fears were somewhat relieved.

She repeated her question.

"One of you is Bessie Hamlen?" she said.

"Yes," replied Edith, who stood a little in advance of Bessie.

"Which?"

"I am the one you inquire for," said Bessie, stepping forward.

The woman remained silent for a few moments, and looked at her very earnestly. As she stood regarding her, Bessie and Edith examined her in return. She appeared to be about forty, and was coarsely though decently clad. She was not tall, and she seemed shorter than she really was, her form being rather full, with that appearance of compactness which is imparted by severe toil, when the health and muscular powers are such as not to sink beneath the burden. Her features were well cut, though her countenance was crossed by many of those harsher lines planted by a constant tax on the physical rather than the mental energies.

"You will hardly be willing to believe me," said she, when, at last, she appeared satisfied with her scrutiny, "but the time has been when I was as handsome as you are."

"I've not the least doubt of it," said Bessie, with a voice and manner which could not make the woman doubt her sincerity.

Her swarthy brow flushed, and a faint smile flitted across her features.

"I came to upbraid you," said she, "but I shall now only warn you."

"Of what?"

"Never to be the bride of Ishmael Withers."

"You hardly need warn me against that."

"I thought you were going to be married to him."

"No, never, with my own consent."

"Then he lied to me."

"Why should you feel so much interested about me as to wish to warn me against marrying him?"

"It wasn't that I cared for *you* that I came here to warn you. Once I was to have been his bride. He was then Mr. Percival's steward. When he came to be master instead of steward, he spurned me. It was then that I made a vow that no wife of his should ever pass the threshold of the princely mansion where *I* should now be mistress. No one knows—no one can ever know—the bitterness which, since then, I have carried with me locked up in my heart."

"That, then, is what made you come here?" said Edith.

"It did, though, at the same time, I had a longing to look on a face which he told me was the handsomest and the sweetest that the sun ever shone upon. I thought he said it to torment me. But she has a sweet face—one that almost any one might love."

"But this Withers—he is very ill-looking, as I have been told," said Edith. "How could you love *him*?"

"I thought him good then. It was before his vile and evil passions had set their mark upon him. His serpent nature had not shown itself. He did not fawn and crawl, and almost partake so far of the curse as to eat dust like one."

As she finished speaking, she bent down and looked earnestly forward.

"What do you see?" said Edith.

"Some young gentlemen are coming. I am no fitting company for you or them. Farewell."

Without waiting to hear what the girls said in reply, she turned away just as Wilton and Sedley, who had arrived sooner than was anticipated, approached at the opposite side of the willows. She turned away, but this was only a ruse, for she experienced an uncontrollable desire to witness the meeting between the maidens and the young men who had just arrived. She saw Bessie's face brighten as she bounded forward to the side of him who first entered the enclosure.

"How could you know that we were here, Wilton?" said she.

"We didn't know; we only suspected."

"We supposed you would naturally be attracted to what we knew was a favorite haunt," said Sedley. "Besides, while yet at a distance, we heard voices."

"One of which, we thought, belonged to neither of you," remarked Wilton. "We expected to find some one with you."

"We must have been mistaken," said Sedley.

"No, you were not," replied Edith. "Some one *was* here. She left at the moment you came."

"Who was it?" inquired Wilton.

"She was a stranger," replied Bessie. "We neither knew her name, whence she came, nor where she was going."

"I intended," said Edith, "to invite her to go home with us, and remain all night, if her own home was distant, but when she saw you coming, she hurried away."

"Wilton, you look sad," said Bessie. "Has anything unpleasant happened to you?"

"I was thinking of Cavendish and Weston, two of my young associates," he replied. "They have both fought by my side, and I was near Cavendish when he fell. Sedley and I had occasion to pass the place to-day, where they, and many others who fell with them, now rest. They lie side by side in a sweet, sequestered spot, something like this. Early flowers were blooming on their graves."

"I wish you had been there, both of you," said Sedley, "to have heard Wilton repeat that beautiful ode by Collins. It was always a favorite, but I never realized half its beauty before. The lovely images which it brings up throws such a charm around the spot of the warrior's last repose, that, while I listened, I could not help thinking that theirs was a happy, almost enviable lot."

"I wish we *had* been there," said Edith. "As we were not, Wilton must recite the ode for us. It is some time since I read it, and I am unable to recall it to mind fully."

"Yes—do, Wilton," said Bessie.

Wilton had one of those deep, mellow voices, full of pathos, which searches out and brings to view those finer and more subtile traits of fancy and feeling which could hardly have been realized so fully had the poem been read in the closet. A spell seemed thrown around them, as they listened to the perfect intonation and rich modulations of his voice as he recited the ode:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

The woman, who, unbeknown to them, had stood looking through the willows, when he had finished, turned away.

"She did not deceive me," she murmured to herself. "She had rather marry the poor soldier with his handsome face, than the rich villain with his handsome house. It may be that the handsome soldier and the princely mansion will, one day, both be hers."

That evening, at eleven o'clock, Wilton bade them all farewell, not expecting to meet them again for a number of months.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBBER TRIBES IN INDIA.

The Punjaub frontier, in the northern part of Hindostan, has for a long time been infested by robber clans, who, dwelling in miserable villages among almost inaccessible rocks, have until recently bade defiance to all the efforts of the British government to arrest their career of robbery. Recently, a band of these outlaws descended from their mountain fastnesses, and after murdering nineteen peasants, carried off a considerable amount of property. The English commander of the troops in the neighborhood therefore resolved to try a new expedient, rather than to advance against them as heretofore, in force. He established a strict blockade, stopped their trade, seized their supply of salt, caught a chief or two, and all their bullocks, and waited for distress to do its work. The tribe submitted. They possess much wood on their bleak hills; and they were ordered to bring in fifteen thousand maunds of firewood, and stack it on the scene of the murder. The savages found the labor almost intolerable. They pleaded for permission to pay in cash, but the request was refused, and for three months the tribe must work like convicts for the benefit of the public works. The wood was saleable in Kohat, so that they are paying the debt both in person and in property, and with interest. When this task is complete, the chiefs must be ransomed. This is a point of honor, and the ransom, like the fine, must be worked out. The lesson will not be speedily forgotten. While the clans have gained the plunder of a few houses and the pleasure which may accrue from nineteen successive murders, they have lost their chief and all their cattle, three thousand rupees, and the severe labor of three long months.—*United States Gazette.*

FINDING MONEY IN EGYPT.

A villager lately found some money in the bank of the Nile by accident, but not by happy accident; for what is good fortune in the West, is a misfortune in the East, so reversed is the order of things in the latter. The villager was in a boat, with three others, and running their boat into the bank of the river, stove in an earthen jar buried in the soil and containing money. Three of the trovers took some; the fourth, being a cautious man, and having his doubts as to the consequences, did not. The circumstance, of course, came to the ears of the nearest governor, and the men were all put in prison. First, they were all bastinadoed for keeping the thing from him; and next, because they did not produce as much as the governor considered they must have taken. The poor fellows gave up all; but why should the governor believe they had given up all, or that one of them had taken none? A little more beating and a little more imprisonment had the desired effect of producing more money, the unlucky finders being glad to take some from their own stores at home, besides what they had taken from the accursed jar in the bank, to satisfy the hungry and cautious governor.—*G. T. Lowth's Egypt.*

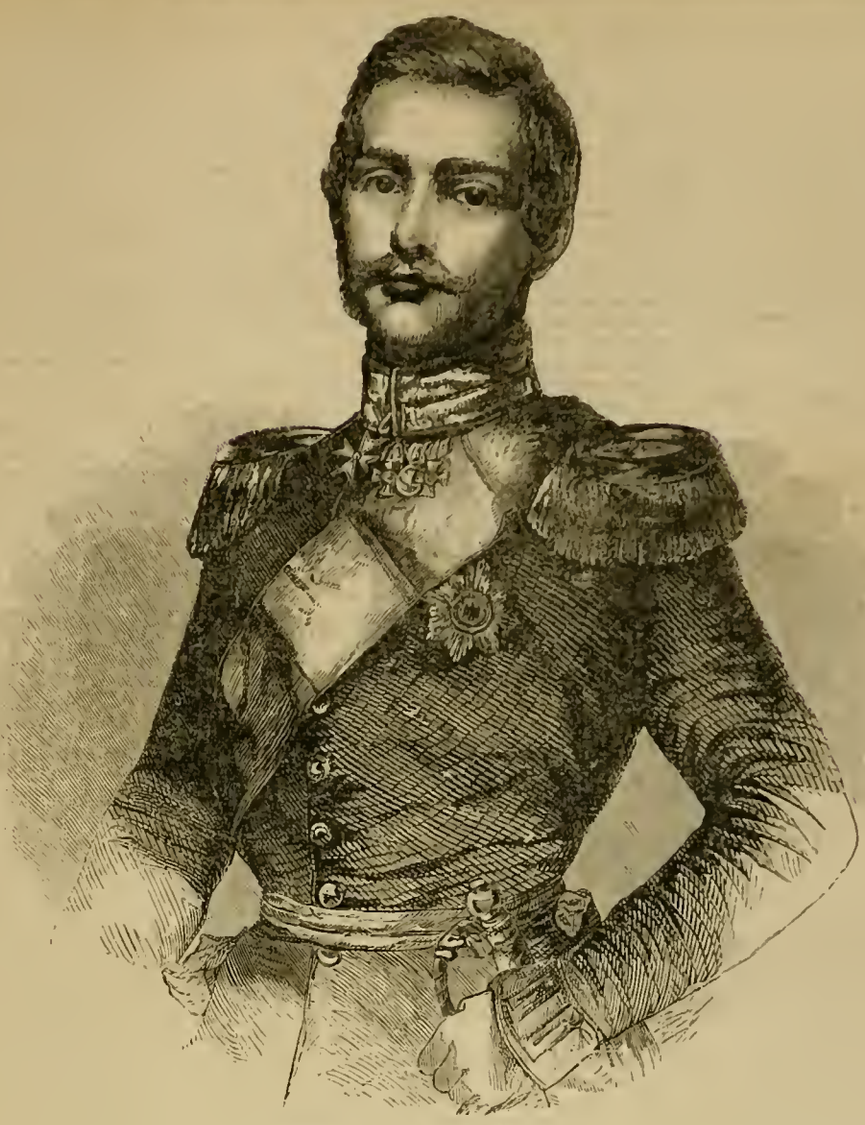
A MORAL WELL POINTED.

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not permit his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Luciuda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine we would be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." She did so, and behold, her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress, too. We cannot be too careful in handling coals—even if they do not burn, they blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious.—*Hervey.*

Decision of Character.—Without it no man or woman is ever worth a button, nor ever can be. Without a man becomes at once a good-natured nobody; the poverty-stricken possessor of but one solitary principle—that of obliging everybody under the sun merely for the asking.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM.

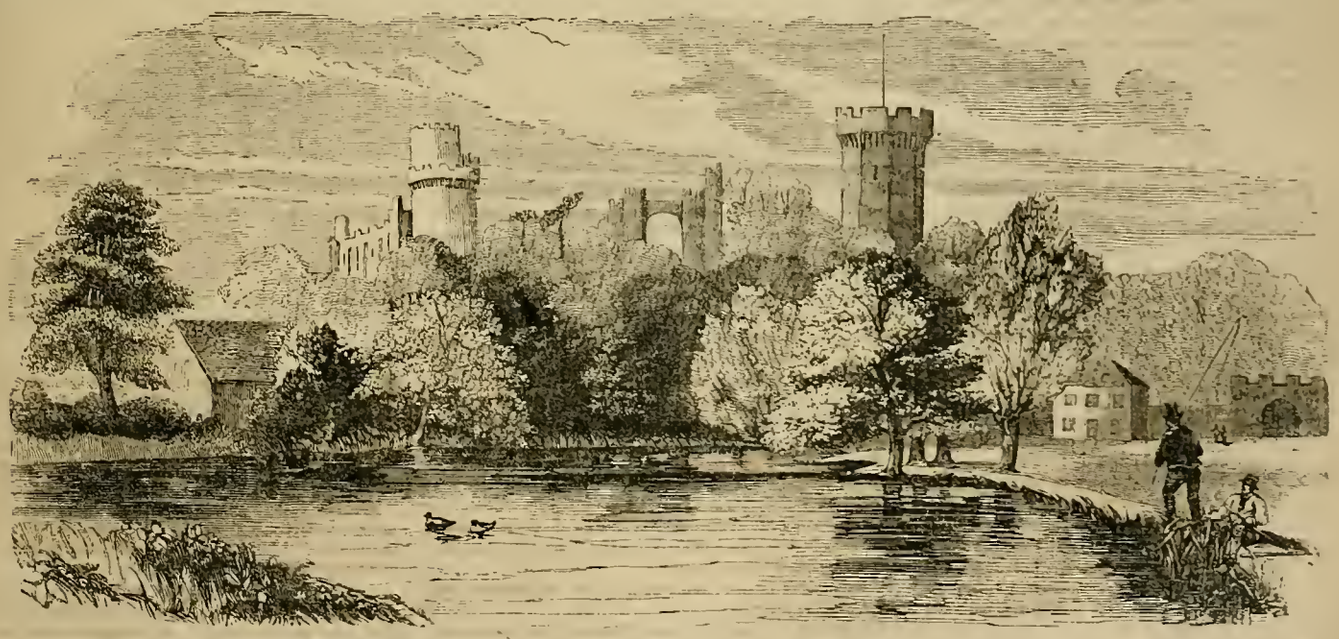
The good looking young man, whose portrait, engraved from a photograph, faces us on this page, is Prince Frederick William of Prussia, an object of some interest just at present, from the fact of his being affianced to the Princess Royal of England, to whom he is to be married about a twelvemonth hence. These princely marriages are rarely affairs of the heart, the bride and bridegroom being merely the figures moved by statesmen on the great chessboard of politics. Yet these alliances are sometimes not purely dictated by policy, but are also affairs of the heart. We believe that the union of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria was a love-match; that of Louis Napoleon and the Countess de Montijo certainly was, for it brought him no political strength. The engagement between their prince and the daughter of Queen Victoria is very favorably received by the Prussian courtiers and people. They see in it another tie to a country whose name is powerful no less for its strength than its integrity. They boast of the virtue, uprightness and honor of the prince who is now the suitor; they laud the princess royal, and heap compliment upon all who strove to bring about the union. With the Prussians, the idea of this alliance causes quite a rage; with Britons, such matters are treated in a different way. The fire of the German is lost in the cold calculations of the Englishman, who resolves most matters to a condition of pounds, shillings and pence; and so soon as the proposition is put forward that the royalty of England be further alloyed by the royalty of Prussia, argues that as Prince Albert brought nothing in with him, the princess royal should take nothing out with her. These notions may be very mundane and coarse, but upon these points we are not at present expatiating. It is sufficient for us here to state facts. Another order of the public look with anxiety to the future bearing of the union; they fear lest the low political morality of Prussia embroil the English in disturbances neither necessary nor advantageous. These, however, are counterpoised by those who believe that if the princess royal be united to Prince Frederick William, the sympathies of the two countries will be more congenial, and the reasons for a peaceful and unanimous policy more urgent. In short, the opinions of England are so evenly balanced that, as a whole, she will neither be sanguine nor sorrowful. But on this side of the water, the matter is regarded simply with curiosity; for, fortunately, the marriages and divorces of royal families do not concern us in the least. We sympathize with the joys and sorrows of crowned heads only as they are members of the same human family, rank being with us a matter of perfect indifference.



PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND, FROM THE AVON.

We recently presented our readers with a view of this famous old castle as it appeared in the pomp and glory of feudal times, and we now sketch it in its present condition, with its towers rising above the wooded shores of the classic Avon. The point of view from which our sketch is taken is a favorite one with artists, as they have here a charming landscape with all the features arranged in perfect harmony. The history of the old pile is quite interesting. Warwick Castle stands on the northern bank of the river, some eight miles from Stratford. The era of its first erection is doubtful; and Dugdale, though he speaks but doubtfully, from the authority of Rous, ascribes it to a daughter of King Alfred, who, according to that monk, in the year 915 caused the dungeon to be made, which was a strong tower, raised on a high artificial mount of earth, near the river. "It appears," says the author of the "Memoirs of the House of Greville," "by Domesday Book, that the castle belonged to the crown in the time of King Edward the Confessor, as a special stronghold for the defence of the midland parts of the kingdom, and that Turkill was governor thereof for the king." Some remains of this ancient work were visible in Dugdale's time; the mount is still to be seen on the west side of the present castle. At the conquest, William employed Turkill de Warwick to enlarge and fortify it; for which purpose four (Rous says twenty-six) houses belonging to the monks of Coventry were destroyed, but on its completion, he entrusted it to the custody of Henry de Newburgh, his countryman, whom he created Earl of Warwick. George Plantagenet, created Earl of Warwick by his brother Edward the Fourth, resided here, and began to strengthen and beautify the castle, and proposed many magnificent improvements; but being prevented by his imprisonment and death, it came to his son Edward, during whose minority John Hugford was appointed constable; and in the second of Richard the Third, Humphrey Bewfs, his son-in-law, was joined with him in that charge. From this time it continued long in the possession of the crown; but Edward the Sixth, in the first year of his reign, advanced John Dudley to the earldom of Warwick, granting him this castle, with divers lands which had belonged to the former earls. All these, on his attainder escheated to the crown, were, by the favor of Queen Elizabeth, in the fourth year of her reign, granted, with the title, to Ambrose, his son; he dying without issue, it reverted to the crown, and there rested till the second year of James the First, when that king granted it in fee to Sir Fulk Greville, Knt., whom he afterwards created a baron. The castle then being in a very ruinous condition, the strongest part serving for the county gaol, Sir Fulk expended £20,000 in its reparation and embellishment. From him it descended to Francis, created Earl Brooke, of Warwick Castle, in the twentieth of George the Second, and Earl of Warwick on the 27th of November, 1759. In the civil war it was made a garrison for the parliament by Lord Brooke, and besieged by Lord Northampton in 1642, who surprised the artillery and ammunition bringing down from London for its defence. It was then commanded by Sir Edward Peito, who, though he had only one small piece of ordnance and a few muskets, defended it sixteen days, until it was relieved by Lord Brooke. The prisoners taken at Edge Hill were confined here. Robert, Lord Brooke, in the time of Charles the Second, much embellished the whole building, and particularly fitted up the state apartments. The rock on which this castle stands is forty feet higher than the Avon; but on the south side, it is even with the town. From the terrace there is a beautiful prospect. The rooms are adorned with many original paintings by Vandyke, and there is one apartment not inferior to any in the royal palaces. Across the river, near the Castle Bridge, is a stone-work dam, where the water falls over it as a cascade, under the castle walls. Warwick Castle, among many other objects of interest, contains a most magnificent marble bacchanalian vase, of astonishing dimensions, it being seven feet in diameter and twenty-one in circumference, which is encircled on the outside with fruit leaves and branches of the vine, the latter being entwined so as to form two massive handles with grotesque masks at the end of each; the whole being in exact proportion to the magnitude of the vase. This unique specimen of ancient sculpture was discovered in the baths of the Emperor Adrian, and presented by the Queen of Naples to Sir William Hamilton, the British ambassador at that court, by whom it was forwarded as a present to the late Earl of Warwick, who erected a splendid greenhouse for its reception. This fine old feudal castle is an object of interest to all travellers in England.



WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND, FROM THE RIVER AVON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD MILL WHEEL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

There's music in the glen,
Where the bright water tosses,
As the rocky shelf it crosses,
With a never-ending song
That the echoing hills prolong,
And give back again and again.
From the dam on the hill
Pours the white wave at will,
But the old mill wheel stands still.

There's a rushing in the glen—
A movement of life
In the wild waters' strife,
In the tossing of the trees
In the arms of the breeze
That shakes them again and again;
There's life and there's will,
The deep gorge to fill,
But the old mill wheel stands still.

There's sunshine in the glen—
It glitters on the branches,
On the white wave as it launches
Like an arrow from the bow,
Or an avalanche of snow
Ever falling, falling, falling—but then
Though the pleasant sunbeams fill
The gorge beneath the hill,
Black and cold stands the wheel of the mill.

It stands a thing apart—
A shadow in the brightness,
A spectre in the lightness,
Amidst the music dumb
In the sunbeams black and numb;—
Like a sorrow-stricken heart,
That no pulses ever thrill,
That no joys of life can fill,
So the old mill-wheel stands still.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUR ALLIE.

BY ELLA DAVIS.

There never was but *one* such child as Alice Leighton, and we who have known her from her babyhood, numbered among our everyday blessings of free air and sunshine and showers, always "our Allie." She was not a beautiful child, as artists count loveliness. No golden curls imprisoned the sunbeams, or brilliant lips tempted the stranger's kiss—"to common eyes a common child,"—to us a child-angel was our Allie, whose life was a new evangel. To have seen her, sitting in some hidden corner of a crowded room, one might carelessly have passed by the little drooping form, and dull, colorless cheek, unless, indeed, some chance word started her into life and interest; then the soul-lit glance of those large, earnest gray eyes, with their dark, heavy fringes, and the delicate tracery of the blue veins on that broad, calm brow, would defy forgetfulness.

No one at whom Allie ever looked with those mirror-like, truth-telling eyes of hers, ever did forget her. And it was thus Mark Lee, our minister's son, first saw her, when she was but a tiny child, and he a youth in the first flush of early manhood. It is true, he had often before, on his way to college at morning, passed a little pale child, carrying a store of books, and on Sunday recognized the same wan face, rendered more wax-like under the deep black of the mourning dress, in the farther corner of the Widow Leighton's pew; but it was at the children's gathering at his father's house, he first *saw* our Allie as she was. He was passing her low seat, when something he said, but a sentence carelessly uttered, waked an echo in the depth of her soul, and for a moment those heavy lids unveiled their treasures, and she met his glance. From that time Mark knew our Allie, or I should say he began to learn her; for all the strange contradiction of her wondrously blended nature, still attuned to its own perfect harmony, one could only learn gradually. Her shrinking sensitiveness to slight, of tone or look, and her modest, firm confidence of action when responsibility rested upon her; her childlike innocence and winsomeness that caressed its way to our hearts; and her marvellous womanliness, giving a quaint, old propriety to her little old-fashioned ways, were only to be reconciled by those who knew and loved her. And they trembled as they studied her; for in the low tones of her sweet voice, the quick coming of the rosy blood to the pale cheek, and the tear that a word might call to the soft eyes, were "woman's tenderness—how soon her woe."

Allie had few playmates among the children, for though she was always gentle and kind with them, and loved to watch them in their sports, she rarely joined them. When they romped and shouted on the green, she chose her cool, shady seat under the old oak; where, in breathing the fragrant air and pleasant sunshine, listening dreamily to the melody of birds, the silvery rustling of leaves and the laughter of childish, merry voices, she traced the blended shadows of the wind-stirred leaves on the long grass with the sun-flecks peeping between, unconsciously daguerreotyping on her heart refreshing sights and sounds that memory in after days would give back to obscure the sterner realities of the present. If a garland were to be woven, a knot of daisies and buttercups to be tied, or a little hand or foot, wounded by a thorn, to be bound up, no one could do it half so well as Allie Leighton.

They all loved her, and were proud to be her friends, but when she bade them "good-by," and came slowly over the meadow toward home, they all seemed to think it better she should be alone, for they would say, as they saw her at the east window peeping out between the heavy honey-suckle clusters, "Allie is resting, she so soon gets tired."

Mark Lee wasn't a child though—so very often, after that memorable evening, he found his way to the Widow Leighton's cottage, and a pretty picture Allie and he made, as they bent together over the same book or slate, his well-developed, manly form contrasting finely with the fairy-like fragileness of her symmetry, and the calm mildness of his clear blue eye, with the eager, wondering restlessness of hers, for Allie often found her school-tasks wearisome enough, till Mark's careful, patient renderings and gentle teachings rolled some great stone of difficulty from her path. Then how lightly her low laugh rang out as her bright face met his look of earnest love so fully, so frankly; for it was but a child's gratitude that beamed from her eyes, a sister's love for a dear brother that looked out from their clear depths, so purely that angels might have smiled on it.

How often in her artless innocence, and how thankfully, Allie spoke of "dear Mark's kindness in devoting so many evenings to her, it must be so dull, so wearisome for him." Little knew she of the rich reward he reaped even while he sowed, as he took so often her tiny hand in his and lingered, teaching her school-tasks, and conning the while—all unconsciously—for himself a hitter life-lesson, with the small white fingers almost enveloped in his own. In the changeful light of her speaking eyes, the gleaming of her sunlit hair, the touch of her childish hand, the tones of her well-known voice, and the sound of her light footfall, were a soul-thrilling charm to him; her very presence was a fount of happiness, so quiet and calm that he could not but drink often of its thirst-creating waters. Little, indeed, dreamed she of the priceless treasure her *being* was to him.

Allie seldom now carried the store of books herself. It so happened that Mark was often near the gate when his little friend came out at morning, and the evening found him *always* making smooth the rough paths of learning for her. Very often on the weekly holiday Mark's carriage waited at the door till Allie, in her spotless sunbonnet and snowy dress—for white was a fancy of hers and they indulged her in it—appeared on the door-stone, her little basket swinging on her arm, already equipped for a day's journey.

With a laughing good-by, he lifted the small, light figure to its seat, and springing up beside it, they rolled away over the hill. Mark always knew where the ripest, sweetest berries grew, and when the lake was most thickly strewn with the Lotus lilies; mayhap, he knew too when Allie was most herself, and would chatter away unrestrained, telling all those childish fancies, to the ear alone that best loved to hear them, away in the strawberry meadow kneeling over the low vines, her little sunbonnet thrown back from her pure brow, shading to a darker hue her brown hair, her cheek flushed with the sun's kiss, and the excitement of pleasure, and her glorious eyes so fearlessly meeting his, for he had often seen her thus; or, gliding over the lake's still bosom, strewn with the broad green leaves, and starred by the snowy blossoms, their perfume rising like an incense about her, with those tiny hands outstretched, eagerly grasping for her treasures, meanwhile his loving, almost adoring glance, telling that to *him* she was the purest, loveliest flower of all. With what gentle force he clasped those outspread hands and folded them with a quiet "I'll get them, Allie—you must not endanger yourself, for I promised to give you back safely to your mother at evening."

The widow was always at the door listening for the sound of wheels, and looking anxiously over the brow of the hill for the first glimpse of her darling. Gratefully she clasped her as Mark lifted his little lady to her side, then returning for her basket, laden with its fragrant burden of bright berries and peerless blossoms, with an almost reverent kiss on the child's hand held out to receive them, he bade her good-night.

Pleasant seasons rolled by in quick succession; and many rides Mark gave his little friend when the summer days were long; through green lanes, by flowering hedges, by whispering streams, brightly gleaming in the golden sheen of sunlight, through the soft dim twilight of leafy old woods, and as often, when lanes were white with snow, crackling and sparkling beneath them, the woods were gemmed and crested by the frost king, and the little streams were silent at his icy touch. It were a difficult question to decide which was the happier then, the gleeful, careless child abandoning herself to the impulsive physical delights of her new-found pleasures, or the strong man, forgetting for the time the great world, alike its cares and joys, living only in the life of his little spirit-like companion—for surely none other than elfin were the changes that came over her in those pleasant days. Now a merry, laughing child, lightly tripping on before him, gaily flinging back flowers on the air; again a self-possessed tiny woman, uttering only strange, quaint thoughts and feelings, till he gazed on in very wonder at the fair young face beside him, so demurely upturned to his, almost expecting to see it visibly change into a similitude of the old, old thoughts beneath it.

Very glad and happy was the Widow Leighton to see them thus together, for she knew our Allie would shortly need some other guide and protector than herself. Care and suffering had made the language of her heart like one of old, "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage;" and only for Allie's sake would she have had them lengthened. Therefore, as she noted, with the quick eye of a mother's love, the tender, cherishing, almost womanly care of the minister's son for her only one, she calmly and trustfully thanked the God of her widowhood that one so well fitted to guard and keep the sacred treasure had chosen to wear on his heart her life's one gentle blossom. And so peacefully, joyfully, one blessed summer morning she waked among the white-robed throng in the New Jerusalem. By the side of the mound where the forget-me-nots dotted the grass over the resting-place of the companion of her youth, they buried her.

Poor Allie, the sunlight seemed forever shut out from her spirit's sky, and her rare, sweet smile became rarer and sadder. Now it was that the deep, pure unselfishness of Mark's love became so beautifully apparent. The unobtrusive kindnesses which strewed her way were numberless; now it was a cluster of the rarest flowers from the rectory garden, a basket of choice fruit, or a book of gentle, soothing thoughts and heart-reaching truths, marked in diverse places by his familiar hand, till it seemed they must find their way to her heart's holiest of holies. As the first bitterness of her desolation wore away, she learned to look for *his* coming, to know *his* step on the gravel-walk from the host of kindly friends who daily came to her; to love to wander with him at sunset to the churchyard; and she did indeed repay Mark's noble devotion with earnest, heartfelt gratitude, that was *love* in all but its sacredly guarded secrecy—its shrinking timidity; for Allie's frank, loving greeting and warm clasp of the hand was only sisterly.

But changes came. Mark could linger no longer to gaze on her pale cheek and snowy, blue veined temple, at the vine-wreathed east window, as she bent daily over her mother's book—the best of all—conning its sacred pages, for Allie had left her native village for a distant city, where her mother's only brother had offered her a home.

She had just learned to look out upon the dusty streets and into the windows of her opposite neighbors, whose tall dwellings seemed longing to shut out even God's sunshine from her—just learned to banish from her rebellious memory the green hillside and broad meadows of her village home—when she recognized one evening among the hurrying throng on the pave, a familiar form and step. In a moment, "Dear Mark!" "Dearest Allie!" sealed her recognition. Mark, too, had come from the quiet woods and hills to make the crowded Babel his home. Allie had left him closely pursuing his studies; for the sacred calling of his fathers, for generations back, had been also the choice of his life. "To proclaim glad tidings of great joy" from the desk from which for nearly half a century his father had preached the everlasting gospel, had been the holy dream of his childhood—the longing aspiration of his boyhood—and strong in the glorious determination of his youth, he little thought that even here, in the very citadel, the tempter so soon would overthrow him.

But Allie went from him and with her the light of his soul. His love for her had strengthened with his strength, and even *he* knew not its power till he found that life itself was an insupportable desolation without her. He must see more of the world and men, he argued—his heart whispered the while that it was more of Allie. He wrote to a friend of his father's, one of the merchant princes of America, expressing a wish to come to the city. A place in the counting-house was offered him and he gladly accepted it.

Not daring to ask his father's blessing, he left the home of his childhood, and with it its calm content and joy. If his sin was great, so great was his temptation, and sad his expiation. To Allie, alone and a stranger as she was, Mark's familiar face became doubly dear; and he, making few other friends, resumed the evening comings as of old. Allie, no longer "little Allie," but a fair, graceful maiden, was wondrously changed since the evening of the children's party. The little frail form had expanded to the rounded beauty of early womanhood; the dull, pale languor of her cheek had given place to a fresh, clear whiteness, just tinged with the warm bright blood; and then those eyes, that grew in witchery with each year of her life, there was no fathoming their lustrous depths, unless, indeed, they chose to reflect for a moment the true heart that lived beneath them; the silken masses of brown hair, arching away from the calm, pure brow, and gracefully disposed around her small, exquisitely formed head; all these gave her a rare, high beauty even to a careless eye; how must, then, their charm have bound one who, like Mark, had watched daily their budding and slow ripening into perfection? Noiselessly, but surely, through the long years, the silken web had been woven that now so inextricably entangled the fibres of his life, and a victim most hopelessly and pitiably resigned he was.

Again he rendered himself indispensable to Allie. He brought to her the newest and the oldest books, and taught her when and where and how to read them. He unveiled before her enraptured gaze the fairy-builded worlds of painting and poetry. He bore her nightly to brilliant halls, where voices of heavenly melody held entranced strong man and peerless woman, while her heart-strings trembled and thrilled to the wondrous harmony; and in her gladness he was glad. To have seen Allie happy for an hour was a fount of happiness for days; and this perfect love it was that beamed in every feature of his, that trembled in his voice, and lingered in his touch, till all but Allie read aright that the worship of his life was offered at her shrine. To her its very unguardedness was its most effectual concealment; for Mark's ceaseless kindness and tireless devotion were as necessary to Allie, and as free as the air, and she partook of both with gratitude and gladness, unfettered by a thought of repayment. She had been an ailing child, and he a strong man, who in the fullness of his love and pity, had made for her the joy of her happiest hours—she a simple girl and he her loved and revered brother. Had she for one moment thought of him as otherwise, had she dreamed that one so noble, so glorious in goodness, could have loved and wooed "little Allie" for his wife, her heart would have answered all her unspoken questions. But happily, unconsciously, she lived and loved her *brother* Mark more and still more day by day.

As time wore on, Mark rapidly grew in favor with the men with whom he daily mingled, and so made many friends. Among these there was one whom he most frequently mentioned to Allie, as the truest, noblest man of all, often exclaiming, with the gener

ous enthusiasm which characterized him, "I'm sure, Allie, you would love him if you knew him;" while she smilingly replied, "Surely, Mark, if he is worthy of your confidence he would be of mine."

Poor Mark! little reeked he of the fatal truth he uttered, for was not Allie his own treasure, a part of his soul's life? and must not she love what he loved always, and *as he loved*!

Running in hastily one pleasant evening, he exclaimed:

"Quick, Allie, get your bonnet. I've something new to show you, and I'm sure you want to see it."

"Never a moment to be wasted, with you, is there Mark?" said she, laughingly, as she left the room to obey him, and soon they mingled in the human current on the moonlit pave.

Hasting on to the crowded thoroughfare, where the gaily lighted windows eclipsed the moon's rays, they paused before the well-known entrance to the Gallery of Arts, where they passed so many happy hours. Once in the brilliant hall, Mark threaded his way till they stood opposite the celebrated group, "The Moral, the Physical and the Intellectual."

"Now, Allie," said he, "this painting is what we have come to see, and I must know what you think of it before I commit myself by an opinion. The impersonations are from your own sex—now as a woman, are either of them your ideal, and which one?"

"Mark, Mark! you bewilder me," said Allie. "Give me at least time to ascertain the subject of the picture, the artist's idea, and five minutes to think, before you compel me to answer."

As she turned from him, and stood silently and earnestly contemplating the painting, his eager eye was bent as earnestly on her. Passingly lovely indeed was the perfect flower that had blossomed from the pale bud of the widow's cottage. The snowy whiteness of her flowing dress as it fell in soft folds upon her graceful form, alone was the same. A mantle of blue silk fell carelessly from her shoulders, and her straw bonnet with its simple ribbon, shaded a brow more purely beautiful to him than the most heavenly of the trio her spiritualle eyes were gazing on.

At this moment a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a familiar voice saluted him with a whispered:

"Mark Lee, you are among closer observers than books and trees now, and should learn to carry your secrets in your *heart*, not in your *eyes*."

At the sound of Mark's name in a stranger's voice, Allie turned quickly round, and Mark, recovering himself in a moment, presented to her:

"My friend, Mr. Graham, Allie; his name, at least, is not unfamiliar to you. Mr. Graham, Miss Leighton."

With a faint blush, she returned, by a smile and a bow, the marked empressment of the stranger's salutation, and turned again to the picture. Frederick Graham had been spoken of so often by Mark that, unconsciously to herself, Allie had entertained a strong desire to meet him, and as he now appeared, few men could have made a more favorable impression upon her. He was tall and gracefully formed, with a well-carried head, adorned with heavy masses of hair, raven black, thrown from and contrasting finely with a brow singularly fair; dark "magnetic" eyes, and a fascinating smile disclosing treasures of teeth, faultlessly regular and white. These, with a manner of rare ease and eleganee, and a soft, musical voice, made the charm of his presence complete to her. To a more practised observer than Allie, however, or one less true and single-hearted than Mark, the very perfection of the polish of his manners, and the careful modulation of his silvery voice, would have suggested a lack of what would have more than compensated for these external graces—an honest, manly heart.

"Well, Allie, said Mark, after a slightly awkward pause, "what conclusion have you come to?"

"I scarcely can tell," she replied, "what I really think of the picture, and if I could it would be mere presumption in me to express it, but since you have demanded an answer, I must hazard the admission that neither of the figures is perfect, to my taste; from the fact that the idea of the picture is entirely distasteful to me. I cannot, in my own mind, so entirely disconnect the one from the other as the artist has striven to do." Her color deepened as she hastily proceeded, for she felt that the stranger's eye was bent upon her with increasing interest; "and I fancy even he has not succeeded, for the face of the intellectual is not that of a De Medicis, and implies the moral—the moral, without either of the others, could be but a pure thought, a hymn, or a prayer—and the physical alone would be a beautiful idiot. So to me the picture could only be made lovely, or true to my ideal of my own sex, by reducing the trio to a unit, and blending the three in one."

"Will Miss Leighton allow me to thank her for her better expression of my own idea of the group? And were the artist present I might be able to suggest an impersonation from the company this evening, which should be the most perfect possible blending of his ideal attributes."

The tone in which this was said was not more marked than the strictest etiquette would allow, but a glance of his keen black eye applied it well; or, why did the bright blood so quickly crimson Allie's cheek and brow?

After a short exchange of opinions, they left the hall together, and the stranger bade them good evening. As his step died away behind them, they walked on in silence, until Mark hesitatingly said:

"Allie, Frederick Graham is anxious to know more of you; shall I give him the opportunity by accompanying him to your home, some evening?"

"Certainly, Mark," was the reply; "any friend of *yours* would be a welcome guest."

Were not these the first insincere words Allie had ever spoken to her childhood's friend? But by these the die was cast, and together they then entered the shadow of a great coming grief. A few evenings after brought the gentlemen together, and though at first Allie and Mark conversed almost exclusively together, some expression of her thought or opinion very often drew from the stranger that silent, expressive approbation which speaks so loudly to the heart, and more than once she met the gaze of those deep, dark eyes fixed steadily upon her.

After a short interval the visit was repeated, till it soon happened that Mark rarely came alone, and when he did, Allie and he were not as they had been; they talked only on indifferent subjects, and no longer soul to soul.

Time wore on; and a change came over both. Mark's face grew paler and Allie's brighter; a new light and life beamed from her glad eyes, while his grew mournfully sad day by day. It was only in his presence that a remorseful sorrow banished her joy as she remembered his numberless kindnesses from her childhood, his patient, faithful, unselfish love, that had showed itself only to brighten her life, and never to claim its own well-earned reward, and in unutterable humiliation she avoided the silent questionings of his heart-searching eyes.

Often when he had quietly left her after bringing some new token of his constant care for her, she flung herself upon her knees, and in an agony of regretful tears prayed God to comfort the one she had so surely stricken. As she remembered how he had striven to foster all nobleness and good in her—how he had taught her that love itself is only perfect as it approaches that of the Deity—seeking only to confer, never to receive happiness; as she recalled the look and tone with which he had said, "Perfect love sacrifices itself for the best happiness of its object," she bitterly repented her "perverse blindness and unwomanly cruelty," as she termed it, and rebuked herself for not loving, where every trait was so purely love-worthy, as if, poor child, her heart's affections were in her hand, to bestow where and upon whom she chose.

The reactions from these intervals of agony were Frederick's coming—now alone—and while listening to his low-breathed tones of manly wooing, or the deep, full richness of his voice in poetry or song, earth had not a care or sorrow for her; for the time, his presence was her *world*, a world of wild, dreamlike joy. As the months flew by, the strong love of her woman's heart, nay, the over-mastering passion that had bound her, overcame all else, and she blended her praises to the Giver of this fullness of her joy unutterable, with whispered prayers for the suffering brother of her heart whom she now so seldom saw.

With the unerring instinct of affection, Mark foresaw all this, and strove bravely to school himself to see Allie as another's, but the manly effort told on his haggard face; and one evening as Allie sat listening for other footsteps, he came quickly in, and clasping the small hand he had taken so often in happier days, said, in his own kindly tone:

"You love him, Allie, dear; I see it all now, blind fool that I was, to hope it would be otherwise. The prayer of my life is for your happiness. God's choice blessings rest upon you, darling; but remember, Allie, if sorrow ever should reach one so carefully guarded and so well loved, your best friend is always your brother Mark. Till I can increase, not cloud your joy, farewell!" And so before Allie could speak, he was gone, she knew not whither.

A letter from her old home, soon after, mentioned casually "Mark Lee has returned home, and resumed his studies. He is looking very pale. The close confinement of mercantile life made sad work with him, and we think it was well that it did so, for it was but a passing fancy of his, and he was never fitted for it. We hope to have him filling his father's place among us, for the good old man fails fast, and will soon be taking his last rest."

Gradually her remembrance of his grief died out in the light of her great happiness, and one glad day followed another as joyful, till her heart trembled from the excess of its own deep ecstacy. The dream was all too blissful to linger long, and even ere its rosy light had grown familiar to her, its first glow had faded, for Frederick came not as Mark had, *always* with the setting sun. It sometimes chanced that several evenings were heavily away without him; and though his plea of unavoidable engagements was always softly whispered, and sealed by a loving caress, a strange sadness stole into her heart with the sound of his voice. Once, a week came and went without him, nor line to tell when she might expect his coming. As she wearily counted the long days of suspense, she remembered Mark's faithful coming through wind and storm, never failing lest she should have an anxious thought, with a bitter pang, but with unshaken confidence in her heart's chosen one. When he came, even *his* keen eye fell before the confiding, truthful gaze that met his; and when he told her of his father's claim upon his time, she knew him as the son of an old and haughty house, and argued well from his filial reverence and devotion.

But even her holy confidence and patient blindness served not to avert the blow; and it fell with a crushing weight upon her, as stunned and bewildered, she read the letter which followed a long absence and silence. With the quiet nerve of despair she re-read the terrible words that seemed burned on her brain, yet conveyed no meaning to her aching heart. Slowly the light dawned upon her; she—Allie—was betrayed, basely deserted by the false craven who had won her love; forsaken, and with the flimsy fabrication that a haughty father had forbidden his union with a penniless orphan, and selected for him a richly portioned bride. Cursing the "adverse fortune that had separated him from one he loved so well, and hoping she might find one more worthy of her, and more blest in being able to win and wear her," he closed by subscribing himself "ever her friend and well wisher."

For a time, Allie bowed beneath the stroke, and gave way to the wild grief, the agonized tears that welled up from her quivering, bleeding heart; but soon, summoning her woman's pride to her aid, and forcing back the scalding tears, she calmly resumed her every day duties.

The truth was this: he, a gay worldling—satisfied with the pleasures of earth, its brilliant trappings and gilded falsity—had met her, a simple wild flower, blooming by the wayside of life, and for the moment charmed by its fresh, pure loveliness and reviving fragrance, had stopped to pluck it, but ere it withered in his clasp, cast it lightly from him, for a rare exotic, forced into a gorgeous blossoming by the false light and air of the hot beds of fashion.

Nobly Allie strove with her heart-blighting sorrow, and but that her cheek was paler and her eye had lost its short-lived, wondrous brightness, a stranger would have known nothing of the struggle within; for when she had found her idol "clay," she ruthlessly tore it from its shrine. At times, in the solitude of her chamber, when the rush of agony flooded her soul, and she knew the bitter sting of wasted affection, the memory of other days and other love came over her, and the cry of her wrung heart was, "Mark, dear Mark!" Then she felt how sore had been the chastisement for lightly rejecting the gift of a heart so nobly true as his.

And he, in the peaceful quiet of his holy life, did he forget his loved one? Never for one moment, and his true heart bled more for her wound than for his own. When he heard of her paling cheek and failing strength, he resisted no longer the strong impulse of his deathless love, and as at evening he had left her, so at evening again he stood before her. With a cry half joy, half woe, she sprang to the sheltering arms outstretched to receive her; for her heart was yearning for the sure support of his strong cherishing love. And now, with the holy light of that love, the love he had long ago told her of, that joys to confer, not to receive blessings, irradiating his noble face, he gathered her to his heart and solemnly, tenderly said:

"Allie, my best beloved, my heart's idol, listen to me. Long ago I sinned for my love of you—in dust and ashes have I repented. You have suffered deeply, but without sin, and your stricken heart has not where to seek a shelter; orphaned and alone, be mine the glorious trust, henceforth, till death alone part us, ever to pillow your throbbing head in sorrow, and minister to your joy, and may He seal my life-long efforts by his all-hallowing blessing."

The response of her heart was an unuttered "amen;" for the low, solemn tone of Mark's voice, and the clear light of that moment, dissipated the mist of years, and she saw the past in its true light. The wild, fevered dream of her passion was over; her chastened spirit went gladly back to the faith of her childhood's trust; she humbly and reverently rested her head on the heart that had beaten always so true to the melody of her name.

Now again the long deserted cottage of the Widow Leighton re-echoes children's footsteps. A calm, matronly face looks out from the vine-covered east window, lovingly watching a dear, familiar form that is searching the grass for hearts-ease for another white-robed Allie, seated on the door-stone, or raising a monster kite for a little romping Mark. Here Alice Lee lives, happily as of old, in the cottage home of "Our Allie."

BRILLIANT TO THE LAST.

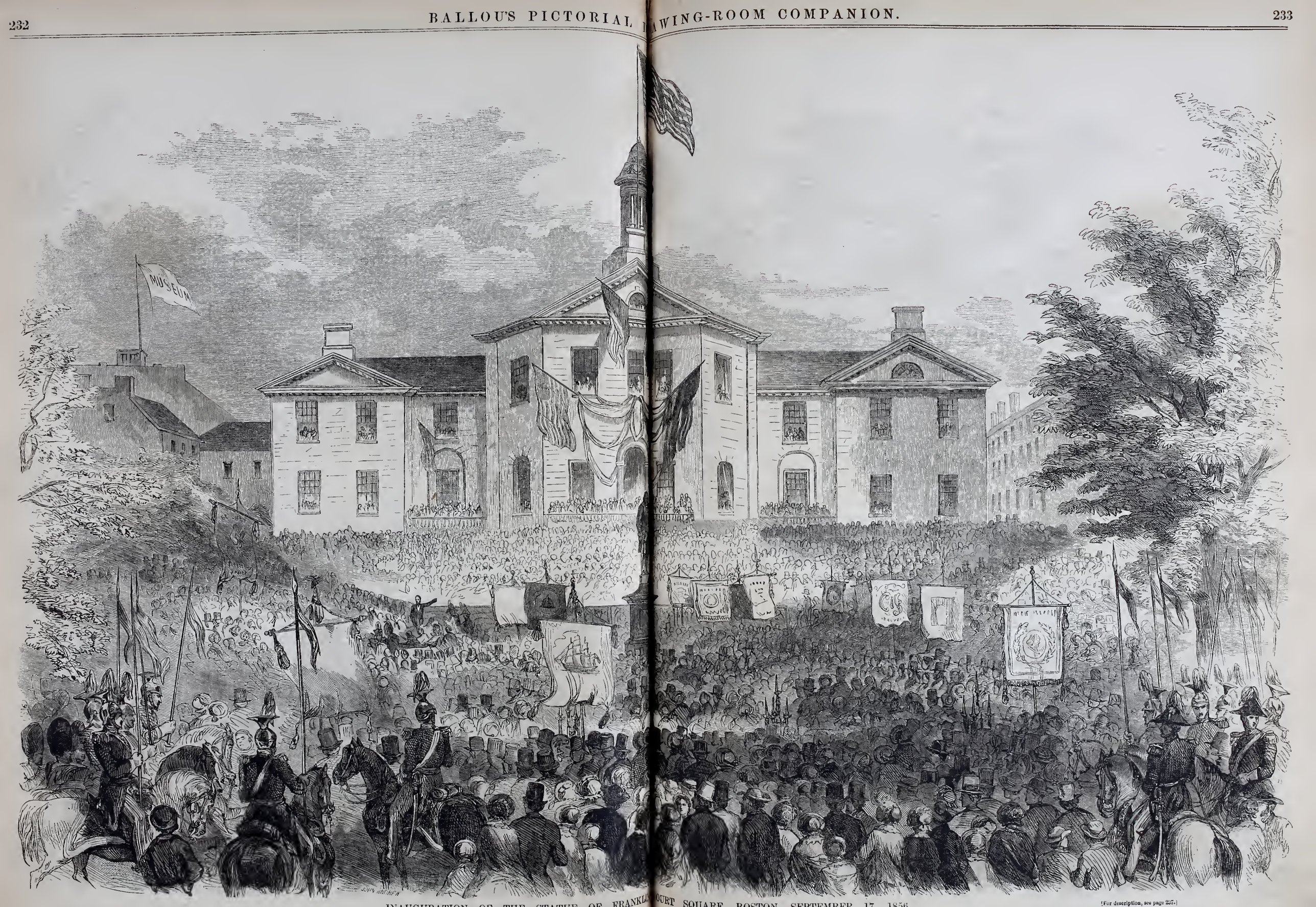
A gentleman writing from Paris, states that M. Place, the French banker who recently failed for the immense amount of sixteen million francs, gave, on the evening before the grand catastrophe, a splendid dinner, to which were invited all the celebrities of a certain grade upon the *Bourse*, together with an equal number of ladies. The feast was of the most *recherche* kind—the cost probably being not less than twenty five dollars a head; and the buoyant spirits of the liberal host were the theme of general admiration. When the enthusiasm was at its height, a magnificent dessert was placed upon the table, having in the centre a vase of silver gilt, which M. Place ordered the waiter to pass round to the ladies, as it contained a few nuts for their especial cracking. Every lady then plunged her hand within the vase, and drew forth whatever chance bestowed in the shape of some rare jewel, the cheapest of which could not have been worth less than sixty dollars, while some of them were of great price. After this delightful ceremony the generous host took his leave amid the reiterated applause of his guests. The next day his house was silent and deserted, and a defalcation of sixteen millions was announced before the Tribunal of Commerce.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A USEFUL ANIMAL.

The success which has thus far attended the attempt to domesticate the camel in this country, is calling the attention to other useful animals, which may be profitably introduced. One of these animals is the Yak of Thibet—an animal which Buffon, with the enthusiasm of a naturalist, declared "is more precious than all the gold of the New World." This animal actually combines in a remarkable degree, the qualities of the horse, the ass, the cow and the sheep, since it bears heavy burdens, draws large loads, supplies milk, has flesh which is excellent, and hair which is wrought into warm clothes. The fact that the Yak is far from being a handsome animal, since it is short and shaggy, with an exaggerated horse's tail, need not hinder its being generally used, since it is as cheaply raised as the mule, bears the intensest cold with ease, and forms in every respect just the animal for poorer farmers.—*Portland Transcript.*

THE PASSION FLOWER.

This flower is thus named, on account of the points of coincidence between its various features and the chief circumstance of Christ's passion. The leaves are thought to resemble the spear that pierced Christ's side; the tendrils, the cords that bound his limbs, or the whip that scourged him; the petals, the apostles; the pillar in the centre, the cross or tree; the stamina with the antheræ, the banner; the three styles, the nails: the triple crown upon the filaments, the thorny coronet; the radiance, Christ's glory; the white in the flower, emblematic of the purity required; the blue, the azure type of heaven. The flower continues three days open, and then disappears, typifying Christ's death and entombment.—*Flower Garden.*



INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 17, 1856.

[For description, see page 237.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FAITH AND PRAYER.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

When dark clouds are gathering o'er us,
Let our hopes be fixed above;
When life seems all dark before us,
Let us seek our Father's love.
He's all pity and compassion,
We are prone to go astray.
He will still each rising passion,
He will be our guide and stay.

Can we doubt God's power to shield us,
Since the thorn-crowned Jesus died?
Since his blood was spilt to heal us,
Need we stronger proof beside?
There are joys too pure to perish,
They are won by faith and prayer;
Joys that Christians shrine and cherish,
When the heart is worn with care.

Come, ye sad, and tired, and weary,
Come, and taste the bread of life;
Friends may fail, and life seem dreary,
There's a balm for care and strife.
Seek for gems all pure and peerless,
Set in diamonds bound to shine;
Faith will never leave thee cheerless,
Prayer will soothe the downcast mind.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SNAKE-HUNTING.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"When the stars went out, and the night grew dim,
And the gray dawn peered from her misty hood,"

the hurricane, that for twenty hours had swept the ocean and the coast, was among the bygones, and a stark and sultry calm brooded over the waters. But the heavy swell still rolled in sullen, foaming masses over the reef, and the little schooner, with both anchors and ninety fathoms of cables ahead, plunged bows under with every succeeding wave. Immediately upon the subsiding of the gale the night before, all hands, overcome with fatigue and the violence of their exertions, had sought their hammocks, and in profound slumber buried the recollection of the dangers they had passed. With the first glimpse of morning, however, Captain Flukes lowered his ponderous body from his swinging bed, and with a roar, awakened the crew:

"Seven sleepers, ahoy! Turn out, turn out! You don't want to snooze all day, do you?"

"What in thunder is the good of heaving out so soon? I haven't had above thirteen winks since I turned in," growled Mr. Midships, the mate, sleepily rubbing his eyes, and yawning fearfully.

"Go to thy aunt, thou sloggard!" responded the captain. And fishing out from a locker a big demijohn and a tin cup, he administered a "moderate quencher" all round, as we turned out—a proceeding which materially accelerated our movements.

"When did you sound the pumps last, Chips?" asked Captain Flukes, as the carpenter tossed off his pannikin of "O, be joyful!"

"Not since yesterday morning," replied the wood-spoiler, holding out the dish for another go.

"Well, you'd better 'tend to it at once, for the old boat seems a trifle below her bearings; and by the plashing underneath, I wouldn't wonder if there was considerable water in her."

Chips, arming himself with a short iron rod attached to a long piece of spun yarn, disappeared up the companion way, while we lazily drew on our boots, and completed our toilet. A couple of minutes had not elapsed, however, before he rushed back to the booby hatch, and in a tone of voice expressive of no little excitement and alarm, exclaimed:

"By the powers of Moll Kelly, if there isn't four foot and a half of water in her hold, I'm a cherubim!"

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the skipper, turning out and swallowing three horns from the demijohn in rapid succession, so completely overcome with surprise as to be unconscious of what he was doing—perhaps.

"It can't be!" exclaimed the mate, following the captain's example, and briskly handling the demijohn.

"Impossible!" we all vociferated, following suit to the mate.

"Fact!" responded the carpenter, sliding down the companion ladder and imitating us.

"Come, boys," continued the skipper, leading the way on to the deck, "fist the breaks and give her a jig out; she must have strained 'mazingly last night to open her seams this way."

The double break was shipped, and with both pumps in operation we rattled away merrily to the tune of a lusty pump song, the name of which I have forgotten, if indeed it ever had a name at all. The first few lines I remember were something after this fashion:

"Ginger-*ral* Taylor, so-o they say—
Heave ho-o, my lads, heave ho—
Made San-ta An-na run a-way,
All on the pla-a-ins of Mex-i-co."

But though our pumps were of large size, and kept several stout streams running from the scupper on both sides, yet after an hour's constant pumping, it was found upon again sounding the well, that we had not gained an inch—indeed, the depth of water in the hold had increased if anything. This unwelcome discovery sent the mate and carpenter into the hold by the run, to ascertain, if possible, where the trouble was; while the crew kept the pumps jigging, to prevent the water gaining on us.

"Well, did you diskiver any something?" asked the skipper, as Chips, after a short absence below, projected his countenance above the combings of the main hatch.

"That's just exactly what I did do," replied Chips; "the water comes in all along the garboard streak, from the forefoot chock to the waist, and can't be stopped nuther. In my 'pinion, there's a plank started, and she'll have to be hove out to come at it."

A careful examination by the captain in person, assisted by all hands, confirmed the carpenter's suspicion that a plank had started. There was nothing for it but to make a harbor at the earliest possible moment.

A protracted consultation resulted in a decision to run for the mouth of the Calabar River, a branch of the Niger, which finds its way to the sea at the southern and eastern extremity of the slave coast, where we could find a quiet harbor, in which to heave the schooner down and overhaul her bottom. The starboard anchor was at once hove up and catted, and the larboard bower hove short, in readiness to trip as soon as the sea subsided, or a breeze sprung up. But of this latter there seemed no present prospect; noon passed without bringing so much as a breath to stir the dog-vane, and the afternoon wore wearily away, as we continued our monotonous labor at the pumps, any interruption of their working causing the water to gain upon us rapidly. The heavy waves, however, no longer driven by the storm, gradually grew less and less, until they settled into a long, regular, unbroken swell, reflecting from their glassy surface the burning rays of an African sun with almost intolerable brilliancy and fervor.

Toward nightfall light cats'-paws began to ruffle the smooth water around us with indications of a coming breeze. Our loud and joyous shout of gratification at the pleasant and wished for sight, aroused the captain, who, having "striven mightily with the enemy" in the demijohn during the day, had found it convenient to stretch himself out under the hencoop to recuperate. Rolling over, and recovering his perpendicular, he stuck his forefinger into his mouth, and having apparently with some little difficulty succeeded in moistening it, he held his hand aloft to ascertain which side dried first, as indicating the quarter from which the wind might be expected.

"Hurra, boys," he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "drop your pumps and man the windlass; fair wind in about an instant and a quarter."

And almost as he spoke, the water began to ruffle and curl upon our starboard bow, and a cool, strong breeze swept down from the nor'ard and east'ard. Our windlass flew swiftly round to the tune of "Johnny Tameringo, John Tamaree," and the anchor, that had been atrip all the afternoon, was speedily hanging by the ring-stopper. The jib was run up, the schooner's head fell off, and under foretop and mainsail we dodged slowly along the coast—the bright moonlight enabling us to avoid the reefs that made out from the coast; and though the old craft rolled clumsily from the great body of water in the hold, we found ourselves at daybreak abreast the mouth of the Calabar River, when, rounding in the starboard head braces, and flattening the main sheet, we headed up stream nearly three miles between sedgy shores overgrown with mangroves, until we came to a bend in the river where the lofty banks, rising abruptly from the water, were covered by an innumerable variety of the tallest forest trees, from whose summits a trailing network of vines and gorgeous, many-colored flowers floated down till the pendant foliage was laved by the gently flowing current of the majestic stream.

Here was the place for us. A perfect natural dry dock, combining the advantages of a good harbor, plenty of timber, and magnificent scenery. Running so closely to the bank that we disturbed the soft mud at the bottom, our water and provisions were removed to the shore, the sails unbent and formed into tents beneath the trees; the schooner moored head and stern, and a purchase rigged from both mast-heads to the trunks of two gigantic trees, when clapping luff upon luff, we soon had the vessel down on her larboard beam ends, with her keel above water. An "autopsy" held upon her hull revealed the fact that the first two planks on the starboard side were thoroughly decayed, and most of necessity be replaced by new ones.

We were not in the least disheartened by this discovery, for there was no earthly reason why we should be in haste to quit so pleasant a locality. Our wages were going on, and the comfortable aphorism of "more days, more dollars," with which a sailor solaces himself in a calm or head wind, was a source of great consolation to us in our exhausting labors of nearly three hours per diem, one third of which time was generally consumed in making suggestions as to the best mode of proceeding with the work, and another third frittered away in going to and from the schooner to the shore to light our pipes and wet our whistles, by which time the sun would get above the trees, when of course it was too hot for a white man to think of doing anything beside hunting, fishing, sleeping or playing backgammon. Sunday being a day of rest throughout all Christendom, we were particularly careful not to interfere with the established order of things by doing any useful thing on that day. Moreover, two of our crew professed to have conscientious scruples about violating the Jewish Sabbath; so we piously refrained from labor on that day also, for there was no use of part of the gang working while others remained idle.

Blue Monday has always been a lazy day since a time to which the memory of man runneth not back, and it was really surprising how many holidays we discovered. If I remember rightly, Christmas, Saint Washington's day—as sailors call the birthday of the patriot—Thanksgiving, and the Fourth of July, all occurred within the space of three weeks, besides numerous other feast days and fast days which were never heard of before. It was no unusual thing upon turning out of a morning, for one of the men to remark, "This is saint such a one's day, and I'm blowed if I going to work;" and stretching himself on the grass, he would remain deaf to all arguments to the contrary, so there was no other course to pursue than to keep him company. It would occasionally happen however, that we were wholly at a loss for a saint upon whom to throw the responsibility of our idleness, as was the case once when visited by a deputation of the natives—masculine, feminine and neuter—with whom we spent the entire day in dancing beneath the trees. A lucky thought of the mate's, however, convinced us that it was undoubtedly a legal holiday, for, as he shrewdly remarked, the fact of our having all felt such an irresistible desire to dance for such a length of time, was of itself convincing proof that it was St. Vitus's day, and no other. There was no refuting such an argument, and we slept that night the sleep of men who have performed a good work.

The sight of our camp would have charmed a lover of the picturesque. With our sails stretched between the trunks of trees, large and commodious tents were formed, carpeted by the fresh short grass, and festooned with vines and flowers, while from the overhanging branches depended our cool hammocks. Every article of convenience, comfort and luxury that the schooner contained had been landed for our accommodation; and the place, moreover, had been dignified by a sounding title, which was formally adopted at the laying of the corner-stone, which last was a smooth pebble about the size of a man's hat, beneath which was deposited with great ceremony, a plug of tobacco, the schooner's name written on the back of a ten of diamonds, and an old pipe; when the name by which the spot was thenceforth known was announced to be "The great African Hurra's Nest."

We had not been located at the nest many days before being joined by a neighbor—an American slaver under Brazilian colors, that, having been chased by an English cruiser, fled for safety up the river and moored a mile or two above us. We had exchanged visits pretty often, so we were not at all surprised upon turning out one morning, to observe one of the slaver's boats making for our camp with all possible speed, while her crew appeared to be in a high state of excitement.

"Hulloa, Captain Flukes," shouted the person who acted as coxswain, when the boat came within hail, "have you got any powder and shot knocking about?"

"Lots on it," replied the skipper.

"Will you sell us half a dozen pounds or so?"

"No, I wont!" said Flukes. "'Taint mine, it belongs to the owners."

"O, confound your owners! Will you give us some?"

"Sartain," responded Flukes, with alacrity. "Pitch a keg or two aboard that boat, boys. But I say," he continued, as the boat touched the bank, "what d'ye want of powder at this time of the morning? Anything turning sour up the river?"

"No, nothing of the kind," replied the slaver; "but we sighted a thumping big boa constrictor about a mile above here, and not an ounce of ammunition in the boat, or we should have probably brought him along with us."

"A boa constrictor!" exclaimed the captain, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospect of sport.

"A boa constrictor!" ejaculated the mate, seizing his rifle and slipping a charge into the barrel.

"A boy constructor!" muttered the carpenter, in a dubious tone. "What'n thunder's that?"

"Why, you notorious fool," replied the captain, "don't you know?"

"No, I don't," responded Chips, with a bewildered look; "leastways, I dunno whether I do or not."

"Why, it's an allfired great snake, as big over as the mainmast, and as long as the jib halyards; and is called constrictor, because it kills its prey by pinching on 'em—the poor creeters having to cave in to an 'outside pressure,' as the saying is."

"O, I see," replied Chips, with an air of relief, "a sort of a long shore sea sarpunt. You see I was never much of an astronomer among reptiles, and not so familiar with snakes as some folks."

The invitation of the boat's crew to join them in the hunt was joyfully accepted; and having divided our party—the captain and half a dozen men armed with guns and clubs, which last is considered the best weapon in a close encounter—going by land, while the rest of us tumbled into the schooner's jolly and followed the slaver's boat. There was always plenty of natives hanging about the camp, and were willing to take any hard work off our hands for the mere sake of being with "white folks;" so taking three or four stout fellows on board with us, we kindly allowed them to pull the oars, while we "bossed the job."

The scenery upon either side of us, as we passed up the river, was perfectly enchanting, and well worthy an extended description. But as I have lately been reading Brantz Mayer's excellent book, in which he describes African scenery so many ten thousand times better than I possibly can, I fear if I made the attempt, I should be compelled to plagiarize a page or two; and as that sort of thing is not considered pretty—if, indeed, it is not absolutely naughty—the reader must take my word, that the view was decidedly and most bewilderingly bunkum.

The oars were dexterously handled by our sable allies, whose smooth, tight-fitting, black jackets—which, by the way, are all the go in Africa—glistened in the sun like the bottom of a japanned tea tray. A short pull brought us in the vicinity of the spot where the "snaik" had been seen. Upon one side, the bank rose precipitately, and was covered with gigantic trees, as at the "Hurra's Nest;" while upon the other side, the shore was flat and marshy, and overgrown with a dense thicket of canes, at least a dozen or fifteen feet in height.

The monster had not moved from the spot—and a most disgusting reptile he certainly looked, as he lay coiled in massive folds

upon the ground, his ponderous tail swinging gently to and fro among the grass. He was something more than forty feet in length, of proportionate thickness, and covered from head to tail with tawny spots, like a dirty leopard. I have observed that the mention of so many feet, in describing the dimensions of any object, conveys but a very indefinite idea of size to the generality of readers—and particularly is this the case with young ladies, to whom the word feet is suggestive only of their own little trotters, which, as Punch justly remarks, are always encased in shoes at least a mile too big.

Let me endeavor, then, by a familiar illustration, to assist you to form an adequate conception of the magnitude of a boa constrictor. Just imagine, my dear young lady, that if the reptile's tail was made fast to the eaves of that magnificent four story brick house, with green steps and marble blinds, in which you will undoubtedly reside after your marriage, which must speedily occur, if the men have any taste at all, its head would reach to the sidewalk, and rest upon the very spot where your husband's footman will stand as he assists you in and out of your thousand dollar carriage; while its body—not your husband's, nor the footman's, but the snake's—would be fully as big round as that fat Mr. Smith, who lives just round the corner, and whose daughters, although such nice girls, wear such terribly dowdy dresses.

I think I see you now, my fascinating young friends, as your mind takes in and comprehends the immensity of the monster, and you raise your little hands, with an air of pretty wonderment, and exclaim, "O, my, isn't it dretful?" while your younger sister, who is thinking of the carriage and footman, and husband and things, merely casts a little glance at the mirror, and modestly replies, "To be."

Having sighted the reptile, we laid on our oars, awaiting the shore party, who had not progressed so rapidly as ourselves.

"So that's what ye call a boy constructor, is it?" asked Chips, gazing with an air of intense disgust at the many hundred weight of snake that lay coiled upon the bank. "Well, he looks old enough to have been the identical old serpunt that supplied Mrs. Adam with apples a while ago. I wonder how the critters travelled afore they were condemned to crawl on their belly, as we read about?"

The appearance of the captain's party on the bank abreast of where we were laying, deprived us of the opinion of the boat's crew upon the interesting question, and drawing in to the shore, a council of war was held upon the best method of commencing the attack. All being arranged, the boat was again pulled into the centre of the stream to cut off retreat in that direction, while the others advanced towards the scene of action from different directions, so as to bring the enemy in the centre of a half circle of about an acre in extent.

The snake, as I have said, was coiled upon the bank, the voluminous folds overlaying each other in such a manner as entirely to conceal its head. To produce a change of position, without sufficiently alarming the reptile to induce him to attempt a retreat or show fight, was decidedly essential to our success. A simultaneous shout resulted only in a slightly increased motion of the tail; but at length a small stone skilfully thrown into the centre of the coil, produced the desired effect. The enormous pointed head of the animal was at once reared some twelve or fifteen feet into the air, its mouth wide open, its forked tongue darting in and out like lightning, while its basilisk eyes glared upon its assailants with no very loving expression, and a loud and horrible hiss betokened its irritation at being thus unceremoniously disturbed.

"Hissing, aint ye? Want to make us ashamed of ourselves, don't ye?" said Captain Flukes, bringing his gun to his shoulder, and taking deliberate aim. "Take that, my long acquaintance;" and pulling the trigger, a charge of duck shot was lodged directly in the reptile's open mouth. Our worthy commander being somewhat unfamiliar with this description of game, and not aware of their tenacity of life, supposed that his well aimed shot must have been a settler; and clubbing his musket, he rushed through the smoke of the discharge, which prevented his having a view of his antagonist, eager to give the finishing stroke, and secure the honor of capturing the reptile with his single arm. The scattering charge of shot, however, had no other effect than to rouse his formidable opponent into a furious rage. Darting its head some ten feet further into the air, and bringing its jaws together with a flap, it seized upon a large limb overhead, and began rapidly drawing up its body.

The captain, brave as brass, in his ignorance of the danger, rushed boldly on to the encounter, heedless of the warning cries of our African allies, until coming within reach, the serpent with a flourish of its tail brought him a tremendous crack on top of the white beaver hat he wore, "sacking" it as effectually as it could have been done by a practised Bowery boy, the rim resting upon his shoulders on either side; while at the same instant a mass of the trailing vine becoming detached by the contortions of the snake, fell over and completely enveloped him in its folds, which he very naturally took for the serpent itself.

"Fire, murder, rape and robbery!" roared the extinguished captain, his voice muffled by the hat which he vainly struggled to raise above his chin, to which it pertinaciously clung. "Take this turnal snake off on me, somebody, wont ye? O, Lord! O, dear! Shoot him some on ye, can't ye?" he yelled, in an agony of spirit, rushing wildly hither and thither, dragging the vine along with him—his ponderous body and frightened cries reminding one strongly of the fat knight at Gadshill—until with uncertain steps, in his benighted condition, he approached the brink of the bank, over which he tumbled, freeing himself from the vine, his head and body disappearing beneath the soft mud of the bottom, his stout legs executing the most extraordinary evolutions above the surface of the mud and water in which he stuck fast.

Our first duty was of course to extricate our unfortunate companion from his uncomfortable predicament, even at the risk of losing our game—one fat captain being, to our thinking, of more value than many serpents. A dozen strong hands at once grasped the captain's agitated continuations and gave a jerk. It was unsuccessful; another—the clinging mud and clay held him fast. At last with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, as Byron said, the devoted commander came out of the tenacious soil with a bang, and was laid in the stern sheets of the boat. In obedience to his energetic pantomimic directions, and muffled spluttering, his hat was jerked from his head with no little difficulty, the crown being torn from the rim in the operation, leaving the latter hanging about his neck, not unlike the monstrous collar we see about the neck of Governor Winthrop, in the pictured representation of that ancient worthy.

"O, dear me, sanz day!" gasped the half smothered victim, wiping his pallid, muddy countenance. "What a scare I've had! Mercy sakes alive! I wouldn't hev been so frightened for all the snakes south of the Arctic circle. It's a wonder I didn't bust a vessil! Where has the consarned old likeness of the adversary got himself to now, any way?"

"Look sharp there, boys; he's going to cross the river," shouted the shore party, who had been worrying the enemy, and succeeded in putting two or three shots into him.

Leaving the captain to his reflections and his mud, we shot the boat quickly up stream to intercept the retreating animal, who, with elevated head, and mouth wide open and bloody, was swimming with many convulsions of his long carcass across the stream. A few strokes of the oar brought us directly in his path; but he still continued to advance, raising his head and neck more and more from the water as he approached, with the apparent design of throwing himself on to, and passing over the boat. But the mate had prepared a slight surprise for him, which materially altered his plan of the campaign. Seizing his rifle, Mr. Midships sprang upon the thwarts, and thrusting the muzzle of the gun almost into the serpent's open throat, he fired. Simultaneously with the report, the snake settled in the water and disappeared below the surface.

"There now, he's gone, and we shall lose his hide," was the exclamation of disappointment that broke from all, while the mate, looking rather sheepish at the unexpected result, silently reloaded his rifle.

"No, he haint *gone*, neither; he's only going," suddenly exclaimed the captain, with animation, pointing to the opposite side of the river.

Turning our eye in the direction indicated, we had the satisfaction of perceiving our elongated enemy slowly emerge from the water, and take refuge among the canes and reeds of the opposite shore, crashing the slender vegetation beneath his weight, and opening a broad path by which he could be tracked.

All hands were speedily ferried across the stream, and preparations made for a decisive battle. In single file, with loaded guns and drawn knives, we entered the soft and spongy trail, the mate taking the lead, with one of the negroes as a special aid. We had penetrated perhaps a couple of hundred yards, when we came suddenly upon him. The mate raised his rifle to his shoulder, and was about to fire, when he was checked by his native aid, who gave him to understand that such a proceeding would be attended with much danger in such a confined locality, where escape would be so difficult; and further intimating that if permission was given him, he would alone capture the snake without any difficulty or danger.

The desired permission was accorded, and club in hand he quitted the direct trail, making a considerable circuit among the canes, succeeded in getting close on to the animal, whose attention was occupied in watching us. Swinging his club high in the air, he brought it down with tremendous force upon the reptile's head, with a sound such as might be produced by striking two old fashioned leather fire buckets violently together. The first blow completely stunned him, and two or three repetitions of the same caused him to stretch himself out at full length and give up his snaky ghost.

With a rope around his neck, he was speedily triced up to the limb of a tree, and his "peel" taken off, which, amid great rejoicing, and more bragging, was conveyed to the camp at "Hurra's Nest," where for several days it remained an object of universal admiration. But sad to relate, under the influence of an African sun it soon began to emit a peculiar and not very agreeable odor, which disgusted us with the trophy. So taking it to the water's edge, we inflated the skin to its utmost extent, tied a string tightly around the throat to prevent the escape of air, and set it adrift on the wide ocean, a strong east wind taking it rapidly seaward, the motion of the waves communicating to it an excessively lifelike appearance; and it is by no means improbable that being seen by some imaginative ship's crew, it was reported as the veritable old sea serpent himself.

AN OWL'S RETALIATION.

Some time since one of my servants brought me an owl which he had captured. It was a fine, vigorous bird. I placed it on a side-table, where it sat with the solemnity of the judge; but a cat, that happened to be in the room, eyed his lordship with no sort of reverence, and watching her opportunity, when she thought he was wrapped in his intensest day-dream, she sprang on the table, and seizing the breast of the dignified bird, was about to devour him. But with surprising activity he instantly liberated himself from the claws of his antagonist, and rising into the air a few feet, darted down rapidly on the back of the astonished cat, who ran round the room in agony, with her assailant riding triumphantly upon her back, and pinching her severely with claws and beak.—*Andrew Crosse, in the Field.*

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here.—*Young.*

THE LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON.

He died as he lived, and what a beautiful harmony there was in his death! Not a faculty was impaired, not an error had marred the moral of his life. At sixty-six, not quite threescore and ten, he was taken away, whilst his example was perfect. He took cold, slighted the symptoms, saying, "let it go as it came." In the morning of the 14th December, 1799, he felt severe illness; called in his overseer, Mr. Rawlings, to bleed him. He was agitated, and Washington said to him, "don't be afraid." When about to tie up his arm, he said with difficulty, "quick." After all efforts had failed, he designated the paper he meant for his will, then turned to Tobias Lear and said, "I find I am going; my breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlings finish recording my other letters which he has begun."

Between five and six o'clock he said to his physician, Dr. Craik, "I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." Shortly after, again he said, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." Lear says, "I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied 'yes, sir.' 'Tis well,' said he." And these were his last words. Just before he expired he felt his own pulse; his hand fell from his wrist, and George Washington was no more.—*Portfolio.*

IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

This famous crown, now preserved in one of the chapels of Monza Cathedral, near that city, has adorned the brows of forty-five sovereigns. One who has recently seen it says: "On entering the cathedral I found the crown chapel decorated with crimson hangings, the candles lighted, and incense burning. A scaffolding had also been erected before the altar, for the convenience of the priest who was to take the crown from its resting-place, at the back of the bronze altar-piece. He soon arrived with five huge keys hanging at his girdle, with which he proceeded to turn as many locks. Finally, after throwing open two or three doors, drawing back a silk curtain, amid a great waving of incense and constant genuflections, I saw the Iron Crown in its case of crystal, supported in the hands of two bronze cherubim. At my request, the priest took it from its resting-place, and I had leisure to examine it carefully. I found it to consist of six links of pure gold, perhaps two inches or more in width, and very thin. In fact, it resembled very much a highly ornamented dog-collar. Its outer surface was beautifully enamelled with green leaves on a white ground. It was also set at regular intervals with emeralds, garnets, and sapphires. Running round the inner circumference, and riveted to the gold links, is the iron band which gives the crown its name. Tradition declares it to be one of the nails employed in our Saviour's crucifixion, hammered out into a thin fillet. Indeed, the Italians call the crown *Il Sacro Chiodo*, or the holy nail. To the sanctity of this bit of iron is due all the decoration and ceremony I have alluded to.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR.

A few Sundays since, says the Cork (Ireland) Examiner, a young and interesting country girl, plainly but neatly dressed, was standing among a group of anxious and agitated people, on the steam-packet quay, evidently awaiting the arrival of the London boat, which, it was expected, would bring home a portion of the troops returning from the Crimea. As the boat approached the quay, the young woman of whom we speak recognized him for whom she evidently was anxiously and impatiently waiting, and in a few minutes was recognized in return. Kind and friendly greetings passed between them; the young woman waved a cordial and heart-felt welcome, and her husband acknowledged her salutations. When the ship touched the quay she rushed on board, and, eagerly making her way to the place where he stood, she reached out her hand to bid him welcome again to home and friends, when the poor fellow faltered for a moment, unable to repress his emotion, turned away from her and burst into tears; both arms had been shot away! The poor woman hid her face in her handkerchief, and retired to the side of the ship, where she could indulge her grief without observation, and many of the spectators who happened to witness the scene were almost as deeply affected for the moment.

When an uninstructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes, it is exceedingly apt to be deceived. When, however, it forms its judgment, as it usually does, on the institutions of its great and warm heart, the conclusions thus attained are often so profound and so unerring as to possess the character of truths supernaturally revealed.—*Hawthorne.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY. By JOHN WM. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 8vo. pp. 649.

An admirable treatise on Physiology, delineating the conditions and course of the life of man. The subject is treated after the manner known as Natural Philosophy. The author is a man profoundly read in science, and possessed of a well balanced and original mind. The text, which is clearly and forcibly written, is illustrated by three hundred engravings in wood, in the very highest style of art. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE OLD REGIME AND THE REVOLUTION. By ALEX. DE TOCQUEVILLE, of the French Academy. Translated by John Bonner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp 344.

The author of "Democracy in America" has here presented us with his views of the men and the principles of the time just preceding the great French revolution. Its particular object is to explain why the revolution, which was impending over every European country, burst forth in France rather than elsewhere; why it issued spontaneously from society, and how the old monarchy fell so rapidly and completely. For sale by Redding & Co.

MODERN GREECE. By HENRY M. BAIRD, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo.

This very agreeable and useful book contains a narrative of a residence and extensive travels in Greece, with remarks on its antiquities, literature, language, politics and religion, with sixty excellent engravings, illustrative of scenery and architectural remains. For sale by Redding & Co.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 323.

Lamartine, like Goldsmith, adorns everything he touches. He is as brilliant a painter of history and character as Macaulay, and just about as reliable. In these biographical sketches his peculiar style is seen to advantage. His subjects are—William Tell, Madame de Sevigne, Milton, Antar and Bossuet.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson, the publisher, we have received "Lillie Bell," "Cheerful Voices" and "Ida Vane," songs; and the "Minnie Scottisch."

THREE PER CENT. A MONTH: or, *The Perils of Fast Living*. By CHARLES BURDETT. New York: Derby & Jackson 1856. 12mo. pp. 295.

A very clever story, written with great spirit, and showing up the folly of that extravagance, which is one of the besetting sins of the day. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

HENRY WILLARD, ESQ.,

LESSEE AND MANAGER OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

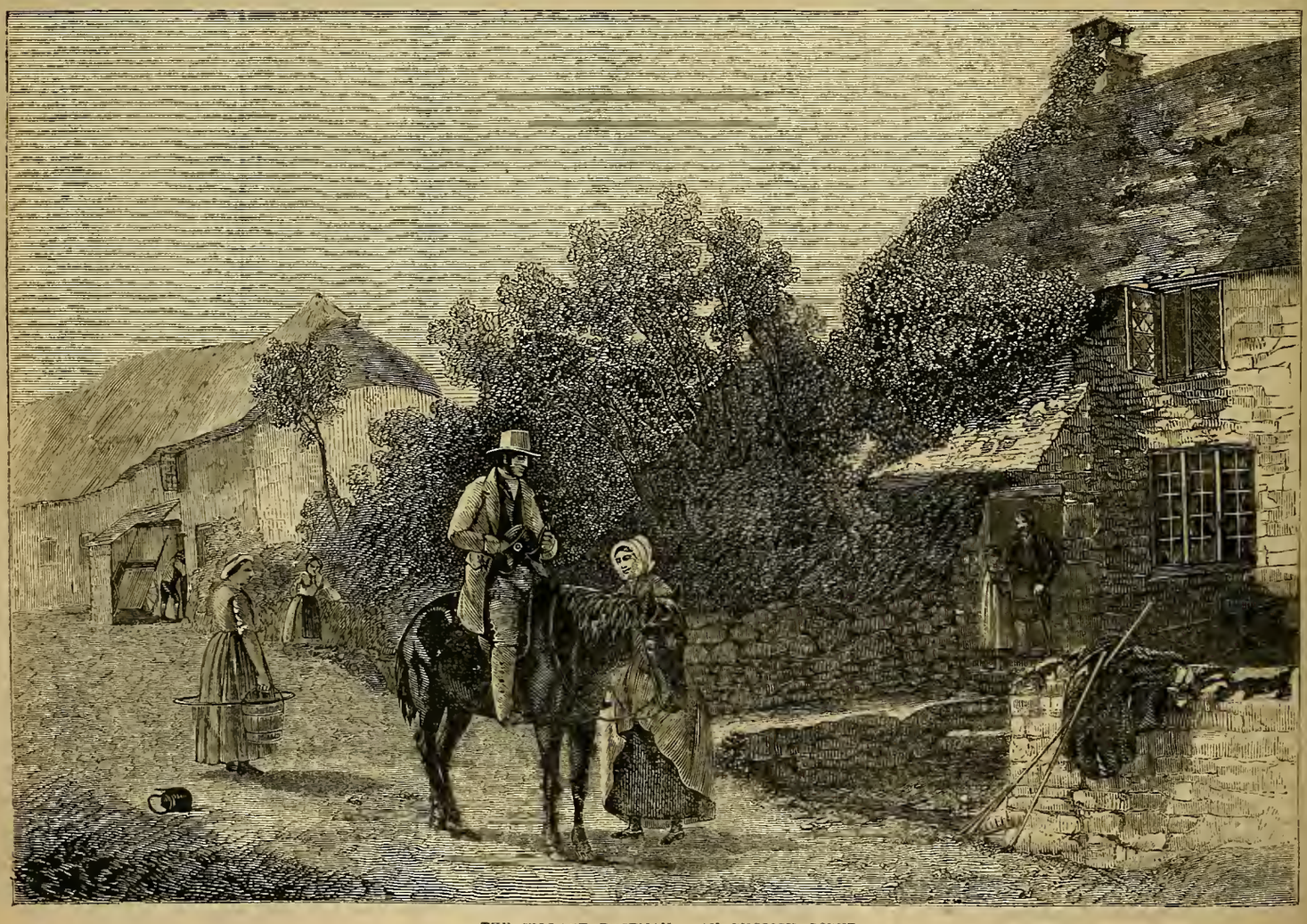
The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city, and is a striking likeness of the energetic and enterprising manager of our National Theatre. Mr. Willard is a son of the late Dr. Moses Willard of Harvard, Mass., a gentleman of great respectability, and a patriot of the Revolutionary War. The subject of our sketch was destined for mercantile life, and at an early age was placed in a counting-house, in which he rose from a sweeping-boy to confidential clerk, in which capacity he served long and faithfully, and a brilliant future apparently opened before him. A disastrous revolution in mercantile affairs, however, brought on the failure of the house to which he was attached, and diverted his energies into another channel. In 1828 he became associated with the late J. J. Adams as theatrical manager and lessee, Mr. Adams then having charge of the southern theatres. In 1828 and 1829 Mr. Willard introduced for the first time to the Charleston, S. C. public, Miss Kelly, Clara Fisher, Mrs. Barnes, Booth, Cooper, Hamblin, Conway, and other theatrical stars of magnitude. In 1830 he was the lessee of the Richmond Theatre, and James H. Caldwell, while playing a star engagement with him, was so much pleased with his energy and tact, that he induced him to accept the situation of prompter at the St Charles, New Orleans (Caldwell's theatre), and also engaged the whole of Mr. Willard's company, who were accordingly transferred to the stage of the crescent city. There was a boy attached to the Richmond company whom Mr. Willard advised to return to his home in New York because he exhibited no talent for the stage. The advice was adopted, and the individual, now grown to man's estate, has reason to be grateful to Mr. Willard, for he is now mayor of the city of New York. Mr. Willard remained one season at Caldwell's Theatre, and then, removing to New York, was engaged as prompter to the Richmond-Hill Theatre, then building for Mr. Richard Russell. In 1833 Mr. Hamblin sent for him and gave him the entire control of the treasury of the Bowery Theatre. He remained at the Bowery until 1836, when he leased the then Opera House in New York, and fitted it up in splendid style, making it the best house in the city. At this time he brought out in the ship Europe, James Wallack, Jr., William Mitchell and wife, Charles Howard and Bengough, the great scenic artist. The theatre opened in August, and for the first twenty-six weeks the receipts amounted to $96,000—the largest amount of money taken by any theatre in this country during the same period of time. The property being sold by the stockholders to Messrs. Mauran and Hackett, was leased by them the following season to James Wallack, Esq. Mr. Willard's next step was building the elegant little theatre in Broadway, called the Olympic, where William Mitchell made a fortune and the projector lost one. His next ambition was to build the Chatham Theatre, now the National, which he sold out to Charles R. Thorne. After the lapse of a few years he leased the Howard Athenæum, in this city, and managed it for two years. He then took the Metropolitan, New York, at its enormous rent. Being one week in arrears, the house was taken possession of by Mr. Lafarge, the legality of which proceeding is now pending before a bench of judges on law points. During the present year Mr. Willard leased the National Theatre in this city, which he opened on the second Monday in September with a fine company, under the stage management of Mr. Henry Wallack. The *corps dramatique* embraces a variety of talent, adequate to the representation of the whole range of the drama, tragedy, comedy, spectacle, melodrama, operetta and farce. In the ballet department the celebrated Madame Ciocca, "la Ciocca delle belle gambe," is engaged for the season. The house has been re-modelled, re-painted and brilliantly decorated throughout. An agreeable feature is the removal of the parquette and substitution of an old-fashioned pit, capable of comfortably seating a very large number of persons. The energy, large experience, tact, liberality and business qualities of Mr. Willard lead us to anticipate with confidence a most prosperous career for his beautiful establishment.



HENRY WILLARD.

THE PENNY POSTMAN.

The accompanying picture is unmistakably English in the atmosphere, the buildings and the people. The central figure, the penny postman, has arrived at the dignity of a pony, more fortunate than most of his brethren who perform their rounds on foot. The milkmaid pauses to glance at him curiously as he sits in his saddle, taking forth a letter for the good dame who has come out from the moss-grown cottage, at the door of which her husband shows himself resting on the shoulder of a grandchild. In his left hand the Mercury of the post-office holds the horn whose notes give token of his approach. There is no one better known in his district than the village postman. "A stranger to those parts" knows him as they pass each other on the road to be a man of important charge, although his coat be of fustian and his leggings of leather, cut in the most yokel fashion. His gaudier fellows of the cities do their spiriting unnoticed and unknown to any one but the lacqueys and servant-maids who open the door, and wish them now and then at the centre of gravity. Not so the village postman. Every one has a cheery "good day" for him and he has for every one. He is as well known and welcomed at the hall as he is at the cottage, and the mug of home-brewed is never denied to the postman. It is quite as well to be on good terms with him, for no one knows more of what is going on in the village than he does. Do you think if pretty Miss Fanny at the manor house receives six days a week a letter directed in a bold, manly hand, the envelope not "adhesive," but properly sealed with a mild-looking griffin as a crest, that he is not aware she has a lover? To be sure she has, or why does she sit every morning in the old bay-window which commands the path leading from the high-road; and, though affecting to be embroidering a pair of slippers for nobody knows who, never takes a stitch but her pretty hazel eyes look for the advent of the postman? Or, if poor Susan stands at the cottage door each morning as he passes, and still looks after him with glistening eyes if he has shaken his head in token of having no letter for her, or, what is better, if she has run down to the garden gate, with her face one smile, to receive a packet on which her name is rudely scrawled, and sealed with a patch of wax as large as half a crown, impressed with a pair of scissors open to indicate "We part to meet again," do you think he does not know that Tom Brown, who was apprenticed to Jackson, the village butcher, is still faithful to his early love, despite the smart caps and pretty faces of the London servants? Or if Mr. Pauperton, the genteel nobody who came to settle in the village last autumn, has many letters with only gum or wafers to fasten them, and the superscription engrossed to look as severe as possible, do you think that he does not know that Mr. Pauperton is in the toils of the lawyers and will very soon be devoured? During the past two years of war the English postman's task was not always a pleasant one. How many hearts beat quicker when he came! How many paused in their throbbing when he passed by! The well-known hand brought joy before the writer's words were heard or read. The strange, unknown character on the long-expected letter told the story within that all was over, and dreadful war had slain the loved one. The postman's commission often made him the bearer of tidings that threw the pall of grief over the hearthstone.



THE VILLAGE POSTMAN.—AN ENGLISH SCENE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

HEROISM OF PRIVATE LIFE.

The terrible catastrophe at Last Island, Louisiana, will long be remembered. In this tragedy there were many dramatic episodes in which individual courage shone with peculiar brightness. Delicate ladies, amidst all the horrors of the tempest, displayed the utmost fortitude and presence of mind. Mrs. Cropper, of Iberville Parish, is one of the heroines of this modern deluge. She remained with her children in the kitchen when the main part of her house had been swept away. A skiff passing, she made use of it to gain a point where the water seemed shallower. Abandoning the frail boat, which the waves would have soon swept into the gulf, she told her children and servants to join hands and form a solid barrier against the current. She had previously made them take off their shoes that they might have a firmer foothold on the sand. They faced the point of the horizon whence the wind blew. Whenever a wave rolled towards them, they stooped forward at a signal from Mrs. Cropper, and the wave swept over their heads, without their losing an inch of ground. They passed the entire night in this dreadful position, beaten by the tempest, constantly swept by the waves, and seeing nothing around them but a furious sea. In the morning, they were all safely taken on board the "Star." Mrs. Trollier, of Bayou Goula, floating with her mother and brother on some boards, had an infant in her arms. In a few hours it gave no signs of life; but Mrs. Trollier persisted in clinging to it, at the risk of being swept into the gulf, and to administer from time to time some drops of nourishment. They were all saved, after passing the night in the water, and the child lived. What a thrilling example of maternal tenderness and courage!

KOSSUTH.—The great Hungarian is living with his family in Vethor, Isle of Wight. It is said that he is regarded in England as a "mercenary political charlatan who played a bold game for riches and won the stake." We do not believe it. We believe him to be a sincere enthusiast, injudicious, perhaps, at times, but a true lover of liberty and of his country. We cannot afford to place him among our fallen idols.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.—The New York Academy of Music on an opera night presents one of the most dazzling scenes that the eye can rest on. There are ladies there who wear quarts of diamonds, but they don't look like quartz.

DIGNIFIED MAGISTRATE.—An English sheriff lately sang "Villikins and his Dinah" at a county dinner, and was encored. Fancy our mayor, Mr. Rico, executing "Dance, de boatman, dance," in Faneuil Hall!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—In Newark, N. J., there are twenty-four watchmen to a population of 60,000, consequently burglaries are not infrequent there.

☞ MR. F. GLEASON has removed his office from Tremont Street to No. 292 Washington Street.

SPLINTERS.

.... It is said the expression the "height of the fashion" is obsolete—changed to the "full of the fashion."

.... Society, like changeable silk, must be viewed from every point to ascertain its true colors.

.... The German opera has been fairly inaugurated in New York, the most cosmopolitan of cities.

.... Abstracting feathers from beds and selling them, is a newly-discovered fraud of house-servants.

.... The singers Grisi and Mario have one of the most magnificent villas in the world, near Florence.

.... Miss Nightingale has modestly refused all public demonstrations since her return to England from the East.

.... Mr. Macaulay is handled severely by Frederick Devon in a pamphlet on the first Lord Dartmouth.

.... Mr. Barnum has taken Cordelia Howard, the child-actress, to Europe, to make a fortune for her.

.... Parodi and Strakosch will make a tour through the United States this winter, giving a series of concerts.

.... Miss Emma Stanley's "Drawing-room entertainment" is everywhere successful. Her changes of dress are marvellous.

... Benson J. Lossing has written a "Family History of the United States," complete in a single volume.

.... Laura Keene expects to open her new theatre in the course of this month. She has hosts of friends.

.... One hundred thousand francs have been sent from New York for the relief of the French sufferers by inundation.

.... "Belle Brittan" describes a lady at New York with a fine dress over which "a pint of diamonds was poured."

.... Some rogues in England have lately been selling heavily plated lumps of coarse metal for pure gold.

.... At Burlington, Mass., they had a picnic at which three bushels of berries were used in one pie.

.... Peaches have been selling in Chicago at fifteen cents apiece, or seven for a dollar.

.... Professor Morse received a very polite invitation from the Emperor Alexander to attend his coronation.

.... Recent advices from Nicaragua state that Gen. Walker's prospects are improving. No sickness there.

INAUGURATION OF THE FRANKLIN STATUE, BOSTON.

The large picture which occupies the whole of pages 232 and 233 of this present number, drawn for us by Billings, and engraved by John Andrew, represents the appearance of the City Hall Square, School Street, during the imposing ceremony of the inauguration of the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which took place on the 17th of last month. The background is formed by the plain and unostentatious façade of the City Hall, richly decorated, however, for the occasion, with banners, emblems, streamers and devices. In the centre rises the familiar figure of the distinguished man, who was at once printer and philosopher, statesman and poet, a man venerated next to Washington, with a fame co-extensive with civilization, known wherever his country is known, and gifted as few men have been gifted who have figured in the pages of the world's history. Around are grouped the officers of the day, of the different associations, the members and representatives of the various trades, assembled to do honor to the occasion, with their various banners, together with the military and spectators. The narrow space in front of the City Hall could contain, of course, not one thousandth part of the vast multitude drawn together by the occasion, which produced a display, in point of numbers and character, far surpassing the most brilliant parades that ever graced any previous occasion.

The statue of Franklin was the work of Greenough, the sculptor. It is of bronze, and of a golden hue, which time will subdue and modify. This work, modelled by an American artist, was executed throughout by American mechanics, and is a pleasing specimen of the perfection to which art and skill have been carried by our countrymen. It was cast at Ames's foundry, Chicopee, Mass. The weight of metal employed was about 2000 pounds. The figure is eight feet in height, and the total altitude of the group, including the completed pedestal, is twenty-seven feet. The whole cost of the work will be about $10,000. This sum was raised by subscription. A committee was formed by the members of the Charitable Mechanics' Association, to which was united a committee of private citizens, to whom was entrusted the task of raising, by voluntary subscription, the necessary amount. The statue, completed under their auspices, was given in charge of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, by whom it was presented to the custody of the city, the association, in case of the barely possible necessity of a removal at any future time, resuming charge of the work.

Our readers have been already apprized, through the medium of the papers of the day devoted exclusively to the circulation of news, of the circumstances attending the inauguration; of the splendid procession which filed through our streets to the music of innumerable bands; of the ceremonies in the square, so solemn and impressive; of the multitude of visitors that thronged our streets, to the number at least of 100,000; and of the various other features and incidents of the great gala day. We have performed our part in placing on record a most graphic delineation of the great centre of attraction—a representation worthy of preservation, as it will be one of historical importance. In the vast procession, imposing in numbers, brilliant with banners and devices, with emblematic figures, and everything that the ingenuity of man could contrive to typify art, labor and principle, impressive from the character of its component elements, the feature which impressed us with peculiar satisfaction, was the display made by the worthy brethren of that craft of which Franklin was an illustrious brother. To the printers of the city a conspicuous place was properly assigned. Franklin's own old press, which he had worked with his own hand, was carried in state, while a metrical life of the hero of the day from the pen of the printer poet, H. P. Shillaber, Esq., was worked off and distributed from numerous presses as the procession moved along. But it would require pages even to catalogue the features and the doings of this memorable day. In a word, it was worthy of the occasion and of the city. No one could find fault with the programme, or the manner in which it was executed. Good taste and liberality, and an earnest spirit on the part of all engaged, rendered it a truly worthy and memorable celebration.

"NEVERFAIL."

The remarkable story of wild life in the West, now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*, entitled "*Neverfail; or the Children of the Border*," is fully equal to Cooper's famous Leather-Stocking tales of the frontier. The author—Dr. J. H. Robinson—shows great knowledge of character and woodcraft, as well as the startling characteristics of pioneer life, upon which the interest of the story mainly depends. So large a number of the readers of Ballou's Pictorial are also subscribers to The Flag of our Union, that we need hardly refer to the brilliant novelettes which are regularly appearing in its pages. The Flag and Pictorial we send together for $4 00 per annum to one address.

NATURAL HISTORY.—A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county; and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners of the fence *begging every man that passed for a chew.*

We cannot too highly commend *Ballou's Pictorial*. No family can be in the weekly receipt of this admirable illustrated paper without constantly realizing fresh impulses to love all that is beautiful in art, and also attaining to a vast fund of exceedingly valuable information of localities, and of eminent characters throughout the world, to be obtained in no other way.—*Vermont Watchman.*

EQUILIBRIUM.—The Durham University has just had built an eight-oar boat, which is so exactly poised, that the rowers are obliged to part their hair down the middle to keep their balance!

JUST SO.—Wit should be a shield to defend yourself, but not a weapon for the injury of other individuals.

THE SOLDIERS' RETURN.

The fine engraving on our last page represents one of those episodes of which history takes no account. Its stately pages record the entry of victorious generals and armies into the capitals of nations, and deal with the movements of masses, but the emotions and the lives of untitled individuals are without its sphere. It is the province of art to delineate scenes which the muse of history overlooks. Our picture takes us into the heart of an old-fashioned French provincial town, with its narrow streets, its queer, old, thatched houses, and its ancient church tower in the distance. The tidings of the return of some of the Crimean soldiers has spread like wildfire, and their families, friends and neighbors are pouring out to welcome them back. Look at that house on the right, from which its entire inhabitants, young and old, seem to be rushing down the stone stairway. The central figure in the principal group is an officer. His wife is hanging round his neck. A brother is clasping his hand—a little child toddles forward to greet the long-absent. The noble dog leaps up to claim notice and caress. Sisters are springing forward to join in the glad welcome, and the old grandmother, bent double with age, and supported by crutches, tottles forward with the rest. Alas! that gallant soldier in the prime of life will need the crutch, too, for he has left a limb in the Crimea. The little *gamin* in wooden shoes has noticed it—and so has the dog that is curiously scanning the rude wooden substitute. Close by is a gallant Zouave, with his picturesque Algerian costume, clasping to his own the faithful heart that has beat with anxiety and love for him for so many long, weary months. Farther off, another hero, with all his worldly goods strapped upon his back, is delivering to an admiring crowd of rustics an oration on the subject of some of the hard actions in the East—perhaps describing the storm of the Malakoff, or the "infernal fire" poured on the fortress of the czar. Other bearded and bronzed faces are seen in the distance, mingled with those of the villagers, over whose heads an extemporized flag is waving, in honor of the heroes, in the hands of a young enthusiast. In a French village, among a people enthusiastic, passionate, fond of arms and military glory, such a scene as that we have depicted is indeed an event, rising almost to the dignity of historical importance in the annals of the place.

SMOKING IN CHURCH.—One of the missionaries at Ningpo, in China, describing his interesting congregation, says: "The men bring their pipes, tobacco, and flint: they strike fire, fill the room with smoke, which they blow through the nasal orifices, and make remarks about our words, dress and appearance. The women bring their work, and sometimes their tea-pots, thrusting the nose into their friend's mouth, as the men do their pipes."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. George Wilson to Miss Isabella Haslett, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Alfred Stebbins, to Miss Harriet L. Brackett, both of Brooklyn, N. Y.; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Robert A. Nicholas to Miss Sarah J. Marsh; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William A. Smith to Miss Ellen F. Chase; by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. E. L. Frothingham, Jr. to Miss Elmira S. Rice, of Bindge, N. H.; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. William A. Holmes to Miss Ellen O. Green.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Henry Lyon, Esq. to Mrs. Elizabeth T. Hurd.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hoppin, Dr. Charles F. Foster to Miss Mary J. Wells.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, Mr. Charles Carswell to Miss Lucy Jane Pierce.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr Manning, Mr. Joseph S. Nutter to Miss Emily C. Carter, both of South Danvers.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Hugh Parkhurst to Miss Eliza S. Parsons, both of Gloucester.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Robert Sharp to Miss Jessie Bright.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. George E. Langley to Miss Ellen Ellen Fletcher.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Maltby, Mr. Francis G. Lindsey to Miss Mary A. Wilber.—At Attleboro', by Rev. Mr. Alden, Mr. Lowell B. Wilmarth to Miss Mary A. Bates.—At Lancaster, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Henry C. Kimball to Miss Harriet C. Fisher.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. George W. Macomber to Miss Corlista M. Wilbur.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Sophronia D. Page; Widow Catherine O. Hall, 78; Mr. Henry Lyman Whitney, 22; Mr. Osgood O. Carleton, 44.—At Charlestown, Miss Rachel Bassett, 64; Mrs. Caroline Oakman, 51.—At Chelsea, Widow Mary Ann Short, 50.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. William Parkin, 34.—At Roxbury, Widow Aphia Brackett, late of Newburyport, 72.—At Medford, Miss Nellie A. Range, 18.—At Waltham, Miss Caroline M. Wyman, 21.—At Watertown, William Stone, Esq., 75.—At East Lexington, Eli Roberts, Esq., 70.—At Dorchester, Rev. Edward Sharp, 83.—At Lynn, Mrs. Eliza Dulap, 34; Miss Jane M. Richardson, 18; Mr. George B. Harney, 48.—At Salem, Mr. John Cunningham, 30; Mrs. Frances Celestine, 26.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Harriet E., wife of Rev. John R. Richmond.—At Westboro', Widow Sarah Fay, 75.—At Woburn, Mr. Thomas F. Plummer, of Newburyport, 21.—At Cohasset, Mrs. Caroline Augusta Stoddard, 21.—At Georgetown, Mr. Eleazer P. Goodwin, 31.—At Middleton Village, Eben Adams, Esq., 81.—At Newburyport, Col. Robert Robinson, 73.—At Taunton, Rev. Josiah Tucker, 65.—At Attleboro', Widow Huldah Pierce, 91.—At Leicester, Mr. Waldo Whittemore, 42.—At Uxbridge, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Rev. Samuel Clarke, 59.—At Worcester, Mrs. Ann G. Washburn, 52.—At Nantucket, Capt. David Paddock, 79.—At Claremont, N. H., Hon. Edmund Parker, of Nashua, 73.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHARTER OAK.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Thou wert nobly reared, O, heart of oak.—Mrs. Hemans.

For years and years, till centuries had fled,
Sweeping their terrors o'er thy form,
O mighty oak! thou braved the storm,
And boldly reared thy high-brow, noble head.

The forest child had looked with solemn awe
Upon thee, ere the white man trod
New England wilds to worship God
As holy men had worshipped him of yore.

And they—the red men—when the axe was heard
Amid the forests, came and plead
That *thou* might'st stand! to rear thy head
Still in thy majesty, all undisturbed.

"For"—this their plea—"our fathers in the chase
Had made the old oak tree their guide;
They rallied here from far and wide,
And loved the tree; O, spare it this disgrace."

The white men heard. They did not scorn the prayer;
And year by year in strength it grew,
And still a broader shadow threw,
Standing a thing of strength and beauty there.

And then, when tyranny its iron hand
Would place upon the pilgrim's right
Thy final mission loomed in sight,
And made thy name illustrious through the land.

That name from history shall not depart;
Won when that charter famed of old
Was held by thee—as lover's hold
Their ladye's memory—within thy heart.

The storm of revolution soon swept by!
And underneath thy wide spread arms
Free from the fear of war's alarms,
Brave men and fair maids basked 'neath freedom's sky.

So generation after generation came
To gaze upon thee, blessing as they gazed,
Thy monarch form, in air upraised,
Sacred by revolutionary fame.

But rocks must crumble, and the firm grow frail;
Thou, like thy kindred, must lay low;
But not by woodman's humble blow—
It took the giant death-stroke of the gale.

Thy death was glorious, as thy life had been;
The fragments of thy noble frame
Will yet perpetuate thy name,
And with it keep the "charter hiding" scene.

Thy trunk remains, fearing no tempest's frown;
Standing the treasure of the land;
Sacred from touch of spoiler's hand,
Girt with the buckler of thy great renown.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CATCHING A MINISTER.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

When the reverend and quite young Mr. Markov came to preach with us at our village, it was generally supposed that he would either be obliged to bring a wife along with him, or consent to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the gossips of the town. Many people esteemed it a highly inconsiderate thing, that he should have the audacity to come among us without so much as declaring his intentions on the subject. It was hardly what was expected from a "beardless boy," but a little time from the seminary, and of course profoundly ignorant of the ways of the world of our village.

But come he did, whether it was presumptuous in him or not; and come without a wife, or a word about a wife, too. And he had scarcely been installed in the place where he expected to pass the vigor and the strength of his life, when the inquisition began its labor in downright earnestness. The moment they understood him well enough to know how to take him, they did "take him" with a vengeance.

Of the multitudinous sheeps' eyes that were thrown at him in the desk from behind hymn books, fans, and other Sunday ornaments of a like character, it is unnecessary here to speak. What precise effect they had upon him, no human being seemed to know. He endured them as stolidly as one of the Egyptian pyramids would endure the gaze of a party of blinking and winking travellers.

But of all those who set their hearts on the poor man, on their own especial account, none excelled, in point of perseverance and enthusiasm, Miss Ann Tippit. She had the ill fortune, besides, to be pretty well advanced beyond the years when a young lady is supposed to be most charming, and still she assumed airs that would have been a fair topic of satire even in a giddy young miss of sixteen. To be short, her aims and her age were at sixes and sevens with her. She wanted bad enough to marry a young candidate, but still she never would remember that she herself was growing old. It was unfortunate for Miss Ann; but pray, whose fault could it be?

Next in order, in point of tenacity of purpose, came the Widow Duke; not on her own account, I beg to be understood, but solely and altogether on that of her only daughter Fanny.

Ah, but Fanny Duke was a "young thing," though; and she was shrewd and obedient enough to do as her mother bade her, and she understood something of the influence of coquetry besides, and the secret fascination of smiles. Fanny knew in a moment upon whom her mother had her eye, you may be sure, and she put her eye on the same spot, just as quick as she could get it there. There was quite a difference, too, between herself and Miss Ann Tippit, in point of years; a circumstance that very often has more to do with a match, or anything of that sort, than almost any other. Fanny was fresh and blushing, like a rosebud in June; whereas in Ann's face a very close observer, such as a lover would be rather likely to be, might possibly detect a stray blemish or wrinkle.

In *our* town the ladies kept a sewing-circle agoing, especially during the winters. It is then that they come out in all their individual demonstrative force. Mrs. Slocum was the president; Mrs. Somebody-else (she always made me promise I would not lug her name into the newspapers) was vice; Miss So-and-so, treasurer; Mrs. What-d'ye-call'-em, secretary; and a handful of Mrs. and Misses jumbled together indiscriminately as executive committee, and so forth, and so forth. This sewing establishment was one of our largest institutions; and that is all there is to be said about it. Second only to the church itself in its scope and aims, it assumed even to lead the church in matters of immediate worldly moment.

Mr. Markov was forthwith elected an honorary member. He was expected to be on the ground at every meeting, and to offer a brief exhortation and prayer. With this kind of ceremony, the various members deemed themselves safe against all charges of scandal, and perfectly free to pursue their own female sociability. Once having secured the priestly services of the Rev. Mr. Markov, the ladies began to settle themselves to their weekly tasks. Mrs. Duke, the widow, too.

"You must feel lonely here, in a measure, she said to him, as she dropped a piece of her work on the floor for him to pick up. "I know what it is to go into a strange place to live myself; for when dear husband brought me here to live, I was just as much of a stranger as you are."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Markov, not knowing how he could very well say any less.

"I've often wondered whether you received quite all the attention you deserved here," said she.

"O, Mrs. Duke, the people are very kind; very kind to me, indeed."

"But what I am going to say," she pursued, dropping her voice and nudging her chair nearer his, "was only this—and I hope you'll take it just as I mean it. Any time you feel as if you'd like a home, or more of the comforts and attentions than a man like you generally gets in a boarding-house, please make my home your house, will you? I should be *very* happy to add to your enjoyment here, I'm sure I should."

Mr. Markov thanked her with undisguised sincerity, and said he would gladly accept her kind offer whenever the occasion might present.

"And don't be ceremonious with us, Mr. Markov," she added. "I beg you wont be *that*. If there is anything in this world that I dislike, it's ceremony and formality. It's all so cold. There's no *friendship* in it, you know."

And her eyes kindled with her sentiments in an instant.

When he came to go home one evening, who should stand in the door but Miss Ann Tippit! Mrs. Duke was on the lookout for him that day, but she happened just at that critical moment to lose him. So there stood Miss Ann, as if she was just ready to venture out into the snow and the night, but still waiting for our young minister to take her along with him.

Being a gallant gentleman, it was no part of his breeding to refuse. So he crooked his elbow with great politeness, and out they went together into the illimitable dark—Miss Tippit as tickled as a boy with a new whistle, and Mrs. Duke as chagrined as a general after a defeat and overthrow.

Thus matters see-sawed between these two rivals, the victory inclining now to one, and now to the other. One day, Miss Tippit was the winner; the next, the artful widow believed that Fanny was hooked for a minister's wife for certain. This time, Miss Ann was sure she had got him; the next time, Fanny was in ecstacies over her own good fortune.

Till one day—some considerable time having now intervened—Mr. Markov was seen to come out from Ann Tippit's house. He had been there a pretty good while, for Mrs. Duke had watched the whole proceeding by the clock; and if ever a woman sat all that time on pins and needles, she was the very woman. She observed, as she peeped through the blinds, that Ann was remarkably gay as she took leave of the minister at the door, and that she curtsied and bowed, and bowed and curtsied, a great many times before he stepped down from the broad stone step before the door. This did not suit "my lady" at all. She went back into the kitchen in a jiffy, and resolved to invent *some* performance that would take the vertebræ out of Miss Ann's prospects immediately.

The very natural result was, in less than a week Fanny Duke gave a party; and to that party the minister was invited before anybody else was thought of. The rooms were full, though they were small affairs in themselves; and it would be no very great trouble to fill them. In the evening, at the ninth hour, in came Mr. Markov.

It is impossible to describe the delight of the ambitious Widow Duke. Her countenance, anxious and unsettled before, wore a changed look then. She was wreathed with smiles. Now she commenced the display of her generalship, and calculated on carrying off the laurels of the season.

Desirous of having Miss Tippit a witness of her triumph, she had purposely invited her in with the rest; and as soon as Ann had learned that the minister was to be there, she was not slow in making up her mind as to what was best to be done. She put on her things and went.

It was "How do you do, Mr. Markov?" and "I'm glad to see you, this evening, Mr. Markov!" and "You're always welcome to *this* house, Mr. Markov!" from the moment he put foot over the threshold, till the moment he stepped over it again on his way home. Fanny was brought out before him in all the brilliancy of her beauty. It was the widow's last and best card. She believed it was the only "trump" left.

When Fanny, therefore, was not in his company for the rest of the evening, Mrs. Duke herself was. And Ann Tippit was standing back all the while, and watching her own chances. In this triangular sort of play there was a good deal of excitement.

Mrs. Duke delighted, however, to throw her darling daughter and the minister together; and then she would retire to a knot of her friends, and ask if the two did not make a "beautiful couple." This was her game all the while.

"Only see how partial our minister is!" she would go around and say. "Really, I'm little afraid of something, after all. But aint they a handsome match, though?"

Almost everybody heard her say as much as this, and many caught a great deal more. No one who did not consider her in as high ecstacies as ever a man was who had made his supper off of "laughing gas."

You must have read of the milkmaid, however, whose hopes came tumbling down from the top of her head one morning, while she was on her way to market; then you can get an idea of the feelings of Mrs. Duke, when, after wringing an affectionate "good night" out of Mr. Markov's hand, she had the mortification to behold that gentleman, for whom in truth this whole thing was got up, marching off home with Ann Tippit on his arm! Aha, the crafty old maid was too much for the widow! She laughed in her sleeve, as the good man innocently piloted her along, and wondered about what time Mrs. Duke's *next* party would come off!

After that event, there was an out-and out scratch. The widow felt that she had been driven to the wall by her active enemy, and then she turned to buy. No one can describe with what desperation she fought, nor how severe was the encounter on both sides. Ann was not going to give in, neither would Mrs. Duke any sooner. It was a drawn battle, out of which each came off second best and bloody.

For a time, by mutual agreement, as it were, there was a cessation of hostilities. During the armistice, Mr. Markov got leave of absence for a couple of weeks, and left the place. While he was gone, each party exercised increased vigilance, and made ready to renew the warfare with greater spirit than ever. They had just got ready for their performances, when he returned.

But O, what confusion and dismay did not that return bring along with it! Mr. Markov came back *with a bride!* A married man!—having in this way cut the knot that neither of them could untie!

From that day forward, both of the hostile parties were the best of friends; and if ever *he* had any enemies in town after that, they were the ones! They hated nobody but him.

WEALTHY BUTCHER OF LONDON.

Mons. Francis Wey, a French writer of distinction, who passed some weeks in London during the great exhibition, has recently published, in Paris, his impressions, under the title of "The English at Home." On one occasion, while riding in an omnibus, he formed an acquaintance with a fellow-passenger, from whom he derived many explanations of the strange things he saw. One of these we give:—"I addressed a few words to him concerning a carriage which just drove by. It was too fine to be elegant, and was drawn by two magnificent horses. On the box, adorned with beautiful fringe, sat a black-coated coachman; there was not a wrinkle in his white cravat—his snowy gloves were spotless. In the vehicle, on downy cushions, carelessly lounged a man without a coat, his arms bare, his sleeves turned up to the shoulder; an apron, with the corners turned up, served him as a girdle. Mr. W. asked his neighbor who and what was the strange-looking occupant of the carriage. 'The richest butcher in London,' was the reply. 'He is returning in his carriage from the slaughter-house to his residence. His forefathers were in the same business; his father left him a fortune of more than two millions, and he follows his profession—a very honorable old custom. This gentleman butcher possesses four millions.'"—*Newark Advertiser.*

The heart of man is older than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind; his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted, if he would avoid falling.—*Ziegler.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The expenses of Congress for the current year will amount to $2,678,000. —— The present postmaster at Jamestown, Lebanon county, Pa., was appointed under Thomas Jefferson's administration, by Gideon Granger, then postmaster-general, on the 23d of September, 1802. He is eighty-one years old, and does all the business himself. —— Stalks of sugar cane ten or twelve feet in height, have been grown in the neighborhood of Winona, Minnesota, the present season. —— The cocoa tree furnishes the Indian with bread, water, wine, vinegar, milk, oil, honey and sugar. And from its leaves, branches, and the shells and husks of the fruit, they obtain thread, clothes, vases, cups, baskets, paper, boat-sails and ropes. —— One million and eighty thousand silver coins were struck at the New Orleans mint in the month of July—value, $218,000. —— The ensign of Nicaragua consists of three stripes, two of sky blue, with a white stripe in the centre. In the midst of the white is a circular device of the seal of the State, and the representation of seven volcanoes, in token of the volcanic range of Nicaragua. —— A subscription paper is now in circulation to raise a sum to erect a new monument on Lexington Common. It should certainly be done. —— The Boston, or Channing's system of fire alarm by telegraph, is on exhibition at St. Louis, and the Chamber of Commerce in that city has reported favorably on it. —— At Davenport, Iowa, prairie hay is selling for $7 and $8 per ton. —— The authorities of Philadelphia have numbered the police—the figures being engraved upon the badge stars. The arrangement, says the Ledger, is a good one, as it will enable those who have complaints to make against policemen, to single out their man, and obtain his name. —— Experiments made in the south of California, in the culture of broom corn, flax and tobacco, have proved successful beyond all expectation. —— Some of the aged fig trees of India are said to cover as much as two acres of ground by the simple extension of branches, and regiments of soldiers have taken refuge under the shadow of a single tree. —— B. P. Shillaber, Esq., has just perpetrated a peculiar "pome," which he will hold in readiness for the lyceums of the coming winter. —— It is said of one of the shrewdest and wealthiest of the business men of the city of Washington—a gentleman now upwards of 70 years of age—that he has never set his foot in a railroad car, a steamboat, or a grave-yard, and that he has never been so far from Washington as the city of Baltimore. —— There are 21,000 pianos made in the United States each year, affording employment to upwards of 3500 workmen. —— The Davenport (Ia.) Democrat states that in grading a street in Montezuma, a few days since, a sum of $230 was found, in ten and twenty dollar gold pieces. It is supposed to have been stolen, and buried there for safe keeping. —— Mr. Joseph Stillson, a wealthy farmer of Bethlehem, Connecticut, was recently killed by a colt which he was attempting to catch in a pasture. He was very much mutilated and had been sometime dead when found: he was about 80 years of age. —— Emma Jane, daughter of Daniel Elliott, of Smithfield, R. I., died lately of hydrophobia. Her age was three years. She was badly bitten in the arm by a mad dog some five weeks since. —— It is stated as an evidence of the abundance prevailing, notwithstanding the high price of flour, that the Virginia Central Railroad has been unable to supply cars enough to transport to market the wheat and other produce which is offered at its various depots.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, writing from Tully, Lewis county, Missouri, says—"I saw yesterday one of the greatest natural curiosities now extant—a snake with two heads, one at each extremity. The body is about two feet long, and two inches in diameter in the centre. The snake is well formed, large in the centre, and gradually tapers to each end, with two perfect heads in every respect. But the most novel thing to witness, was its actions towards the gentleman that caught it, running one way with as much ease apparently as the other, with both tongues out, each raging apparently with anger. I have no doubt many of your readers will look upon this as a snake story, but it is a fact, and can be vouched for by many of our most respectable citizens."

The Great American Staple.—In many quarters cotton is regarded as the great American staple production of the United States, but it falls far behind several other articles. The crop of corn in the quantity produced and the market value, far exceeds that of any other agricultural product, being worth more than *three times* as much as the cotton raised in the country. The wheat crop also exceeds in value the production of cotton, while that of hay approaches within two million of dollars only, the aggregate value of the cotton raised in the United States.

Martin Luther.—The leader of the Protestant reformation is a prominent fact in the history of the world. About few men have so many books been written. Several years ago, there were collected at the great Luther Festival in Berlin, in a single room of the Royal Library, more than eight thousand volumes relating to the great reformer and his works.

A Bugbear.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Post informs us that the droshky-drivers of the city frighten their horses when they are refractory by shouting out the name of Lord Palmerston, and he is the great terror of the equine race from Lake Ladoga to the Caspian.

Shakers.—The number of Shaker societies in this country is eighteen, in seven different States. There are none in any foreign country. The denomination was founded through the instrumentality of Ann Lee, who was born in 1736.

Wayside Gatherings.

About $5000 worth of blackberries were sold in New York, during the late season, from one town on Long Island.

The wheat crop in Wisconsin, of the present year, it is estimated will not fall short of fourteen million bushels. The average yield per acre will be about twenty bushels.

Mr. John Rice, a New York produce dealer, has recently become insane, and it was found necessary to send him to the Utica Asylum. His property, valued at $100,000, has been placed in the hands of a commission.

The Ottawa newspapers speak of a starch factory in that city, eight stories high, covering an area of 150 by 250 feet; and of a dwelling-house of one of its opulent citizens, which, when finished, will cost from $60,000 to $70,000.

Mr. Ira Stratton, of Cambridgeport, on the occasion of the jubilee of the Alumni Association of the Academy at New Salem, August 27th, subscribed one thousand dollars as a gift from himself for the benefit of the academy.

A census of Nebraska has just been taken by the United States marshals. The returns were to be made by the first of September, and would, it is thought, show a population of between fifteen and twenty thousand civilized white inhabitants.

The United States frigate Macedonian, which has been undergoing an examination as to her condition, is pronounced unseaworthy, her timbers being found to be much rotted. She will have to undergo very thorough repairs to make her fit for sea.

Miss Margaret L. Cooper, of Covington, La., had a lover whom her friends threatened to shoot; so she dressed herself in boy's clothes, and travelled all the way alone to Monticello, Mississippi, where she met and married him, and his name is John Rogers.

One Sunday, lately, John Baker entered the M. E. Church at Philadelphia, walked up the middle aisle, and when in front of the altar drew a pistol, and presenting it to his breast, pulled the trigger. Fortunately the cap exploded, and the madman was taken in custody.

The General Association of Congregational Ministers of New Hampshire, at their late meeting in Exeter, took measures to erect a monument to the memory of Whitefield, who nearly ninety years ago closed his earthly labors by the preaching of his last sermon in that town.

A neighbor of ours on Clinton Avenue, says the New York Times, has an item of news that ought to be passed around for the public good. He reports that he obtained a fresh domestic yesterday, and this morning she is *non est*, ditto one *gold watch and eighteen silver spoons!*

The Newburyport Herald says that several letters containing valuables, which were posted at that office, one containing $200, but never reached the persons to whom they were directed, have been traced by Mr. Holbrook, the mail agent, to a dishonest clerk in the office at Providence.

At a distillery in Auburn, New York, one thousand hogs have lately died of distemper. One physician pronounced the disease cholera, and another erysipelas. Five hundred more, which were driven off at the commencement of the epidemic, were fed on buttermilk, and are rapidly recovering.

The Louisville Journal says Mr. Alexander, of Woodford, has purchased the celebrated race horse Lexington. He met Mr. Ten Broeck, in England, and the purchase was made there. The price paid was $15,000. This, we believe, is the highest price that was ever paid for any horse in the United States.

A splendid ship, designed for the East India trade, and launched on the day that the Dudley Observatory was dedicated at Albany, has been named "Blandina," in honor of Mrs. Blandina Dudley, the liberal and public spirited lady, who lately gave fifty thousand dollars towards the endowment of the Observatory.

W. Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, has enrolled himself among the lecturers for next winter's campaign. His subject will be "Rural Life at the South;" and the novelty of the theme treated by a Southerner, as well as curiosity to hear the author of "Guy Rivers," etc., will ensure large audiences.

According to the returns of the industry of Massachusetts, there are two crops—hops and tobacco—that are having an increased cultivation. There are seven counties in which hops are raised to the value of nearly $50,000. The tobacco crop is chiefly in the valley of the Connecticut, and valued at $60,000.

Benjamin Lombard, Esq., of Illinois, has removed to Cambridge, having purchased the palace-like edifice recently erected in that city, at a cost of forty or fifty thousand dollars, by J. M. Doe, Esq. Mr. Lombard is the founder of the Lombard University at Galesburg, Ill., an institution under the patronage of the Universalists.

Miss Mary Virginia, daughter of Samuel P. Hawes, Esq., of Richmond, was united in marriage to the Rev. Edward P. Terhune, of Charlotte county, lately. Miss Hawes is the accredited authoress of the novels, "Alone," and "The Hidden Path," both of which were published over the *nom de plume* of "Marian Harland."

The Green Bay Advocate of the 28th ult., says that black and gray squirrels are now visiting the corn and wheat fields in the vicinity by thousands. Farmers are complaining bitterly of the destruction they make among the crops. This is accounted for in a great measure by a scarcity of most all kinds of nuts in the woods this season.

The Empress Dowager of Prussia has been named chief of the 6th regiment of cuirassiers. When the officers of that regiment were presented to her majesty, lately, at Sans-Souci, the empress wore a costume which, to a certain degree, resembled the uniform of the regiment. With the exception of the queen, no lady has ever received such a command in Prussia.

Mr. George Francis, of Hartford, has a young oak tree (ten years old, nineteen feet high, and twelve inches in circumference near the surface of the ground), raised from an acorn of the famous Charter Oak which was recently blown down. This young oak, which he calls "Charter Oak, Jr.," he has presented to the Hon. I. W. Stuart, who has undertaken to transplant it, at the proper season, to the site of the old tree.

A family living in the back part of Watervliet was nearly poisoned recently. Arsenic had been laid around the house to poison rats. The rats ate the arsenic, and feeling very thirsty under its burning operations, ran to the water-pail. The poison was communicated to the water, and the family made use of it the next day. The whole of them were taken sick, but were saved from death by promptly calling a physician.

An Albany editor says that a mouse, which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in his pantry, was the other day traced to its nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little "responsibilities." The parent rogue was arrested, and executed for larceny. On one side of the nest, a piece of an old Bible was found, on which the following words were distinctly visible: "Thou shalt not steal." What a hypocrite!

Foreign Items.

Douglas Jerrold is about to visit the United States—to lecture.

Sir William Temple, minister at Naples, Lord Palmerston's only brother, is dead.

The annual debt of Great Britain now is but little rising thirty-eight hundred million dollars.

The English grocers now adulterate their pepper with hard wood raspings. O, the discoveries of the age!

The Austrians are carrying things with a high hand in Hungary, and the Hungarians are furious at the indignities they suffer.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon and family were at Biarritz, and letter writers continue to assert that the emperor is suffering much from disease of the liver.

The harvest of Portugal is over, and is even less than had been anticipated. The vines will prove a total failure, and disease has broken out among the cattle.

According to the Allegemeine Zeitung there are 12,000 Jews in the Austrian army, of whom more than 500 are officers, surgeons with the rank of officers, and members of the auditing department.

A dinner to the Guards was given in the Surrey Garden, London, on the 24th, of which 2000 partook. Sergeant Major Edwards, the oldest in the army, presided. The lord mayor proposed Edwards' health, and the whole affair passed off pleasantly.

A Paris correspondent says: "By dint of building houses in Paris, the city has be come uninhabitable." Rents are so high that people at their ease are obliged to fly, and poor families trying to move into the suburbs, by the very competition which their influx excites, raise lodgings to the same price as in the capital.

Sands of Gold.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.—*Channing.*

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—*Osborne.*

.... There is an alchemy of quiet malice by which women can concoct a subtle poison from ordinary trifles.—*Hawthorne.*

.... There is no disguise which can long conceal love where it does, or feign where it does not, exist.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

... Prescribe no positive laws to thy will: for thou mayest be forced to-morrow to drink the same water thou despisest to-day.—*Fuller.*

... Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine; and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.—*Cicero.*

.... There are very few original thinkers in the world, or ever have been; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers, I have adopted the opinions of some who went before them.—*Dugald Stewart.*

... Passion is the great mover and spring of the soul; when men's passions are strongest, they may have great and noble effects; but they are then also apt to fall into the greatest miscarriages.—*Sprat.*

.... Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption.—*Johnson.*

Joker's Budget.

Pitch darkness has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity."

In reference to ladies' dresses, it is no longer customary to say "the height," but "the *breadth* of fashion."

The man who thought he coaxed a lawyer to take a dollar less, is now trying to set fire to an iceberg with a cigar.

Look out for your dogs. A person has invented and patented a machine for making guano out of dogs and other animals.

A well-known wit says: No Yankee is satisfied with the truth, unless you can prove to him that it is worth eight or ten per cent.

A friend says he's either head and ears in love, or else he's got the colic—he can't tell which, as he is not certain which he tasted last, kisses or watermelons.

"Doctor," said a loquacious lady, "why have I lost my teeth?" "You have worn them out with your tongue, ma'am," replied the dentist. The lady vamosed.

The change of a single letter makes a curious difference in a word sometimes. A paper copying from "Benton's Thirty Years," calls it "Thirty Bears in the United States Senate."

The young man who was crossed in love last week, says if it were not for getting wet he would drown himself! He will probably compromise the matter by shooting himself in a looking-glass.

A stupid fellow being seen one day in a singular attitude, stooping down with his head between his legs, was asked the reason, to which he replied that he wished to see how the pain at the back of his head looked.

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THE FRENCH SOLDIERS' RETURN FROM WAR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF WISCONSIN.

The emblematical picture on this page is from the pencil of Billings, and designed expressly for the Pictorial. In the upper part are the State arms, embracing a plough and wheat sheaf, with a steamboat ploughing the water in the distance. On the left, at the door of a log-cabin, the wife of a settler with a young child in her arms and a boy and girl beside her, are gazing at the river, on which a party of Indians are seen rowing their canoes. A boy in the distance is calling the attention of his father to the same spectacle. In the foreground are seen a house-dog, a pig, fowls, and other indications of an agricultural settlement. Wisconsin, or Ouisconsin, was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State July 9, 1848. The French settled portions of the territory as early as 1670. From the French it passed into the hands of the British in 1763, and thus remained till 1794. It was successively connected with and separated from the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, but was organized as a distinct territory of the United States in 1836. A portion of it was set off in 1838 to form the territory of Iowa, and in 1849 it was still further curtailed to form that of Minnesota. It now extends from the Illinois line, in north latitude 42° 30', to latitude 45° 20', and reaches from Lake Michigan on the east, to the Mississippi River on the west, with an area of 53,924 square miles. It may be described generally as on an elevated, rolling prairie—there being no mountains, properly so called, within the State. Many minerals are found in the State, including lead, iron, some copper, and marble of various tints and varieties. Besides Lakes Superior and Michigan, which wash its eastern and northern shores, there are a number of small lakes within the limits of the State. The Wisconsin is the principal river, about 200 miles long, but there are several other streams of magnitude, though few of them present many facilities for navigation. On these rivers are numerous picturesque falls which would afford endless variety of subjects to landscape painters. The climate is free from sudden changes, though the winters are severe and long. A portion of the State is well adapted to agriculture. The staple products are wheat, Indian corn, oats, potatoes, butter and live stock, besides considerable quantities of rye, wool, beans, peas, barley, buckwheat, maple sugar, beeswax, honey, cheese and hay, with some sweet potatoes, tobacco, fruits, wine, grass-seeds, hops, flax and hemp. In 1850 there were 20,177 farms in Wisconsin. In the same year there were 1262 manufacturing establishments. In January, 1855, there were 322 miles of completed railroad in the State, and 707 miles in the course of construction. In May, 1855, Milwaukie was connected by completed railroads more or less directly with Chicago, Madison, Janesville, Watertown and intermediate points. The State enjoys great facilities for internal trade with the lakes and Eastern States. Education is well provided for in this State. Out of a total population of 305,391, there were 95,293 in attendance on school. 46,080 acres of public land have been granted for the support of a State university. There are also other colleges and academies.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

BATTLE OF BRIDGEWATER.

Nowhere else is nerve so well tested and skill displayed as in small bodies of men drawn up in the open field. Victory, which depends on united exertion, seems suspended on the prowess of each individual. Every man becomes a hero. The events on the Niagara frontier, from the third of July to the twenty-third of September, 1813, strongly illustrate our principle.

The battle of Chippewa naturally led to that of Bridgewater, and the siege of Fort Erie, and the sortie of Brown, followed as consequences of the latter. They were a series of hand to hand encounters, in which every soldier emulated the officer, and the officer forgot safety in the excitement of the struggle.

Had the skill which devised them been less, defeat must have followed; had the arm which executed relaxed for a moment, destruction awaited the victors. These triumphs were purchased with an effusion of blood which cannot but remind us that next to defeat, victory is most to be dreaded.

The sun had almost gained the western horizon, and Niagara thundered prelusive of the coming onset, ere the hostile forces met. The moon, full-orbed, looked fitfully down; now surveyed the carnage, now veiled her face from slaughter. The commotions of nature were hushed amid the wilder strife of men. The eternal voice of Niagara was heard only in the pauses of the battle.

Wherever the Americans made an impression, the British artillery, advantageously posted on an eminence, vomited death among their ranks. Brown and Scott are severely wounded, and Ripley succeeds to the command. A glance at the field pointed out the danger and suggested the expedient. The height must be stormed, or the sun rise on discomfiture and defeat.

The answer of Miller to the question, "Can you take that battery?" has become as memorable as his services were eminent.

"I can try, sir," was the heroic reply.

The command is given to the columns to move on. They are on the hill, the artillerists about firing their pieces bayoneted, and the guns turned against the enemy. The British move on to the rescue, and the Americans rally to the defence. The enemy recoil under the scathing fire poured from the height. A second and a third attempt, and the tide of battle rolls back, leaving the Americans in possession of the height and masters of the field.

Wilton Richmond had ascended the eminence, at the head of one of the columns, when the storm of battle raged wildest and fiercest. Amid the glare of its lightnings, and the deafening crash of its thunders, he led his men steadily on, and when he saw them falling by his side, mortally wounded, he dared not stay his hand, that he might even for a moment bend over them to soothe their last moments.

He had remained till the last of the enemy were dislodged, and then with the handful of his brave soldiers who still survived, had turned to pursue the flying enemy. He had proceeded only a short distance, when he heard his own name pronounced in a faint, moaning voice. He stopped, and only a few feet distant, beheld Hammett supporting himself on his elbow.

"Are you much hurt, my poor boy?" said Wilton, bending over him.

"Not dangerously, I believe. I was wounded in the side, and fainted from loss of blood. When I came to myself and attempted to rise, I found that my leg was broken. It must have been done while I was insensible."

"Most probably," said Wilton, "by one of the cavalry horses. I saw several that were riderless pass this way."

"Don't stay any longer with me," said Hammett; "you are needed elsewhere."

"The enemy appear to be completely routed," replied Wilton, "and I sha'n't leave you till I see you in a place of safety."

While these few words were passing between Wilton and Hammett, a man, who had already emerged from some distant place of concealment, stole towards them and crouched down behind one of the pieces of British artillery.

"Dorson, is that you?" said he, speaking to a man who stood at a little distance with his back turned towards him.

"Yes," replied the man, turning and stepping up to the place where he was crouching behind the cannon. "How came you here, Withers?"

"Hush! Don't speak my name. He's close by, and will overhear you."

"Who will overhear me?"

"You know."

"If you mean him we were speaking about before the battle, you're mistaken. I've done for him. He wont trouble you any more."

"You dealt with the wrong man. That is he."

"Where? Which way?"

"There—directly in the range of that oak."

"Yes, yes—I have him in my eye now, and will cool his courage if cold lead will do it. But are you sure it is he? I could have taken my oath that I shot him through the head."

"I am not mistaken."

"And yet you never saw him but once, and that was by torchlight."

"His birthright is written in his face. I could read it by a fainter light than this full moon gives. Mind, or he will escape you."

"I'll take him when he rises."

Dorson stood holding his rifle in such a manner as to take instant aim the moment Wilton, who was still bending over Hammett, should rise to an upright position. He did not have to wait long, and in the same breath that he rose, the rifle was pointed at his head.

"Mind! Make sure of him," said Withers.

"I've shot more pigeons on the wing than you could bag in a week. It will be a pity if I can't hit the fellow'a head somewhere. If it was only daylight, I would shoot him in the eye."

"Now, then, or he'll be off," said Withers.

Before these words had fairly left his lips, a lithe, boyish form darted from behind a cannon close to where Dorson stood, and struck the rifle aside, causing it to explode. The bullet whistled by so near the ear of Withers that the concussion of the air, the same as a smart blow, for a few moments stunned and bewildered him.

"You shall have your pay for this, you young villain!" hissed Dorson, between his shut teeth; but on looking round to put his threat into execution, he found that the boy had disappeared as suddenly as he came.

"Again foiled!" muttered Withers, when he had come to himself.

"And you may thank yourself for it."

"Why so?"

"If you'd kept your tongue still, when I first took aim at the fellow's head, I should have been sure of him."

"There was no need of your stopping to listen."

"That's true. I might have considered that the fears of the coward are a hindrance to everybody else, as well as himself."

"But why don't you reload your rifle? If you have a mind to, you can have him yet."

"Well, I a'n't a mind to," replied Dorson, sullenly. "My mind was worked up to it then. I was in a fever, as 'twere. The din of battle was still in my ears. I could have taken him off then, and never thought of it again. Now, to creep after him and shoot him, would be the same to me as murder."

"Confound your casuistry! I make no such nice distinctions."

"I knew that before you told me."

Wilton, meanwhile, without having been in the least aware of the danger to which he had just been exposed, had, with the assistance of a soldier, conveyed Hammett to a small, deserted house, as a place of temporary shelter. He then went out, looked round and listened. It was evident that the enemy were in full retreat. For the present, there was nothing more to fear. By a fortunate chance, he fell in with an acquaintance who had some skill in surgery, who was able to bestow on the wounded boy such attention as was needful.

Ripley retired with his forces to Fort Erie, and Drummond, having received reinforcements, invested the fortress. The same foresight which planned, and the same valor that won the fields of Chippewa and Bridgewater, marked the defence, and gave success to the sortie which raised the siege, and closed the campaign on the Niagara frontier.

CHAPTER XIX.

PLOTTING.

"I am glad to see you, Captain Richmond."

The speaker, a middle-aged man, and in every respect of prepossessing appearance, as he said this, stepped from the door of a hotel, where he had been standing some five or ten minutes watching for the arrival of the stage-coach, and gave his hand to Wilton, who had just alighted.

Wilton returned the greeting as cordially as it had been given.

"I have been waiting for the arrival of the coach with some anxiety," said the gentleman, whose name was Ritson, as he and Wilton entered the hotel together. "Shall you go on further to-night, or remain where you are?"

"I've not exactly decided, but think I shall go on to the next stopping-place, which will enable me to take an earlier start in the morning."

"There's no time to spare, then," said Mr. Ritson, looking at his watch. "I must see you alone a few minutes, before you go. Here is a place where we sha'n't be likely to be disturbed."

As soon as he and Wilton had entered the room referred to, he carefully closed the door, but did not notice that one of the front windows was open, it being shaded by a thick curtain.

"I have government funds," said he, pushing a chair towards Wilton and taking one himself, "amounting to five thousand dollars, which I am authorized to request you to take charge of as far as Burder's hotel, which, if you leave here to night, you will reach about sunset, next day after to-morrow. There you will meet a gentleman, to whose care you can transfer the money, as your route thence, I understand, does not lie in the direction of the place where it is to be conveyed."

"What is the gentleman's name who is to meet me there?"

"Mercer. You are acquainted with him, I believe."

"No; I never saw him, though I have often heard him mentioned."

"Your being unacquainted with him is of no consequence, as he will be the bearer of a letter to you, containing all necessary directions and explanations."

"What am I to do, should he fail to meet me?"

"There can be so little fear of that, it is a contingency which hasn't been provided for."

"It may happen, however."

"Well, if anything should prevent him from going himself, you may be sure that he will employ some one to supply his place, in whom he has perfect confidence. Here are fifty one hundred dollar bills, I believe. Please see if I am right."

Wilton counted the money, and found it to be correct.

"Now just sign this piece of paper," said Mr. Riston, "that I may have something to show that I have fulfilled my engagement by delivering the money into your hands."

Wilton, after running his eye over the contents of the paper, and finding that all was correct, put his name to it. He then, after restoring the bills to their strong envelope, placed them in the inside pocket of his coat.

His indecision as to going further that evening was now at an end, as any delay on his part might subject Mr. Mercer to the inconvenience of waiting for him.

After he had taken his seat in the coach, which was at the door in a few minutes after the business between him and Mr. Ritson had been transacted, his eye happened to fall on a man seated on the piazza, apart from any one else. There was something in his countenance, and, indeed, in his whole appearance, which struck him as being peculiarly disagreeable. It was not until after they had started that he recalled to mind the description which Bessie had many times given him of Withers. It could, he imagined, apply to no other person than the one he had just seen, and he felt nearly certain that, for the first time, he had beheld him whom, above all others, he had the greatest reason to dislike.

Wilton was not mistaken; it was Withers, who, as may be remembered, had already on two occasions seen him, without being himself in a situation to be recognized by Wilton.

Withers had, for more than an hour, been impatiently waiting in his room for the moment to arrive when he could venture to leave the hotel without fear of encountering any of its inmates. For the last five minutes, all had been silent. Softly opening his chamber door, he stood and listened. The silence continued to be unbroken, and he was convinced that all had retired to rest.

He descended the stairs, opened the front door cautiously, and then, with similar caution, closed it behind him. For half a minute he remained standing on the doorstep, carefully looking in every direction, so as to be certain that no one was near, and then, with swift, gliding steps, pursuing his course along the high road for a short distance, struck into a by-path which, winding among some hills, was soon lost to view. The path was rough, yet he went on with the same celerity as ever, something like a mile and a half, when he again struck the highway, though at a place which must have been nearly or quite four miles from the hotel. A few rods now brought him in front of a plain, though decent-looking dwelling. After a minute's delay, he went up to an end window.

"Maxon—Maxon!" said he.

There was no answer, and after a short interval he repeated the call, and then gave three raps against the window. A voice now called out, and asked who was there.

"A friend," answered Withers.

"I don't always believe all that's told me," said the voice within.

"I'm your friend Withers. Don't you know my voice?"

"Yes, I do now, and might have known it before." He then murmured to himself, "He's come to make a cat's paw of me, or he wouldn't be so particular to style himself my friend."

"Are you alone?" asked Withers.

"Nearly so. Nobody but my daughter is with me, and she is in a distant part of the house."

"Let me in, then. I have something of consequence I wish to speak to you about."

Maxon unfastened the door with as little noise as possible and conducted Withers to his bed-room, as being the apartment most remote from that of his daughter.

"Have you a good horse, Maxon?" asked Withers.

"Yes, two."

"Well, you will need one of them."

"When?"

"To-night."

"What villanous piece of business have you in hand now?"

"Nothing so very villanous."

"Nor dangerous?"

"Not for one who has such a natural turn for things of that sort as you have."

"If a natural turn is all that's wanted, better try your own hand."

"I can plan, but haven't your talent to execute."

"You mean that you haven't the courage? You are willing that your dear friend should risk having his neck brought within the compass of a halter, but are determined to take special care of your own. You may chance to miss a figure, though, some day."

"What's the use in bringing up such horrible images?" said Withers, with a shudder.

"Best to get familiarized to them," said Maxon, with a sneering smile, which would have done no discredit to Withers himself. "But why don't you come to the point? What's the use of dallying with the matter in this kind of style?"

"Have you ever heard of a man by the name of Benjamin Mercer?"

"Yes, and seen him, too. What of him?"

"Wait and you shall hear. But, first, tell me if you know where he lives."

"I do."

"Does he know you?"

"Yes, by sight, but that is easily taken care of."

"As you know where he lives, you also know that the road a few miles from his house passes over a broad, open plain, destitute

of either tree or bush, which might serve as a lurking-place for man or beast."

"Yes, I know all that, of course."

"Well, this morning, soon after daybreak, he will have occasion to pass over this bare and lonely piece of road, and you must so manage, as, by the time he gets about midway, to overtake him and obtain possession of some papers he will have about him."

"In other words, you wish me to commit a highway robbery!"

"You may give it the name that suits you best."

"If I knew where he carried his papers, it might be done; but I might hunt half an hour for 'em, and not find 'em after all, and in the meantime, more lookers on might arrive than I should care about."

"That difficulty is easily settled, as I happen to know, if he has any valuable papers with him, he always carries them in his pocket-book."

"What am I to do with the papers after I get 'em? Deliver 'em up to you, though, I suppose?"

"Among the papers," said Withers, without taking any notice of either question or remark, "you will find a letter addressed to Captain Wilton Richmond."

"The fellow you've been trying to get Dorson to take off so long, eh?"

"This letter you must take to Burder's. You know where that is?"

"Yes."

"There you will find this Richmond, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Mercer."

"What next?"

"You must give him the letter, and at the same time hand him this one. I will read it to you. It is supposed to be written by Mr. Mercer."

"Yes, I understand."

"I regret that sudden and severe indisposition prevents me from meeting you at Burder's, as I had intended. Fortunately I have succeeded in engaging a friend of mine—Mr. Smith—to supply my place, to whom you will please deliver what was entrusted to your care by Mr. Ritson."

"Who is this Mr. Smith?"

"Why, you. Smith, you know, is a safe name. It would hardly do for you to call yourself by your own. Is all this clear to you?"

"Yes—clear enough; but I don't see what good it is going to do you, or anybody else."

"You have nothing to do with the good it is going to do. Bring the papers to me that Richmond will give you, and in return you shall receive better pay for what you have done than you ever did get for a week's or even a month's work. Will you undertake the business or not?"

"If I knew how to get the papers from Mercer, I would."

"I suspect you've managed more difficult things than that. You are stout enough to handle two such men as he is."

"Well, it is about time for me to be gone."

"Yes; 'twill be daybreak by the time you can reach that little thicket of trees, which is only a short distance from the place where the road enters upon that long barren waste he's got to pass over."

"It will be best for me to wait there till he passes, and then follow him at a convenient distance, and watch my opportunity."

"Neither your wit nor your strength will fail you, if you have a mind to make good use of them. You had better be at Burder's as early as you can. If you arrive late, Richmond will be obliged to stay at Burder's all night, which might not prove to be much in your favor or mine. Remember, the papers Richmond gives you are to be delivered to me."

"At what time?"

"Whenever you return."

"I think I can be back by Saturday evening."

"You may expect me, then, sometime between twelve and one o'clock."

They left the house together. Withers waited till Maxon went to the stable, and led out his horse.

"Are you known at Burder's?" inquired Withers.

"I never was there, but I sha'n't trust to that. I am going to wear this wig, which is so smooth and sleek that when I get it well plastered down on my forehead, I look nearly as much as if I might be canonized for a saint, when I shuffle off this mortal coil as you do. I don't believe there's a soul in the world that would take me for Ruffling Rube Maxon, as I sometimes have the honor to be called."

"You are properly prepared in other respects, I suppose? You know what I mean?"

"Yes, but you might as well ask me and done with it, if I've got my pistols with me. Every one must act according to his nature, though, and it's the nature of the snake to keep in the grass."

Withers thought it prudent not to resent a speech so flattering, and telling him that he would see him again at the time appointed, hurried back to the hotel.

Maxon, after parting with Withers, showed by the celerity with which he accomplished the first two miles that there was no danger but that he would have time to arrive in due season to the little piece of woods in whose covert he was to watch the passing of Mr. Mercer. He then, however, fell into a fit of musing, and his horse, finding that he was no longer urged, though he kept on at what might be called a good journey stroke, no longer dashed forward with lightning like speed.

"Withers," said Maxon, to himself, "boasts how well he can work with his head; but he is a fool after all, or he would see that waylaying and robbing such a man as Mercer wouldn't be so safe a business as he imagines. I've a better plan of my own. The letter I have in my pocket, with Mercer's name signed to it, is as good in my opinion as half a dozen would be. I will, at least, try its efficacy; for I've no malice against Mercer, and he may go to Jericho, if he pleases, for anything that I will do to hinder him. I ain't quite as bad as Withers is yet. That drop of black blood he has in his heart has venom enough in it to poison the ocean."

His soliloquy finished, he turned and looked towards the east. As yet, there was no appearance of day. All around was wrapt in that tranquil repose which makes it seem as if there was a "floating whisper" in the air. The deep, unclouded azure of the sky, the silver radiance of the stars, and the faint gleam of a distant river, all had a tranquillizing effect on his mind, and strengthened him in his new-formed resolution.

If it could only have influenced him still further, and induced him to entirely abandon the piece of business he had undertaken, it would have been well. But he was not aware of the grave consequences which would result from merely handing Wilton Richmond a letter and in receiving in return what he imagined—as Withers wished him to believe—a bundle of papers.

He arrived at the place where he was to conceal himself till Mr. Mercer had passed, and still there was no gleam of the golden sandals of morn glancing through the mist which hovered on the distant mountain tops. Knowing that he had plenty of time, as he had a long road before him, he wisely abstained from urging his horse beyond his natural gait.

Maxon arrived at Burder's earlier than he expected. He did not inquire for Wilton, but he soon obtained sight of a young man who, he doubted not, was he. All doubt on the subject was speedily removed by hearing some one call him by name. Wilton, at that time, was standing at the door of the hotel. Soon afterward he entered. Maxon followed him, and found that there was no other person in the room.

"Captain Richmond, I believe?" said Maxon, approaching him.

"Yes—my name is Richmond."

"Then it is to you that I am to deliver this letter."

"Mr. Mercer, I presume? I've been expecting you," said Wilton.

"No; but the letter is from Mr. Mercer, as you will see when you open it."

"I see that in consequence of being taken suddenly ill, he has employed you as his agent," said Wilton, when he had read the letter.

Maxon bowed.

"Your name is Smith, he tells me."

"It is."

"I am glad to see you, since Mr. Mercer is unable to come himself. You are in such good season that I shall be able to leave here, at least, two hours earlier than I expected. If you will come with me to my room, Mr. Smith, we will despatch the business at once."

Wilton hastily wrote a few lines, for the coach in which he wished to go was to start in a few minutes, and handing it to the pretended Mr. Smith, requested him to sign it. Wilton, had he observed him, would have seen him start, when, on reading what he had written, he found that, instead of a few papers, funds belonging to government were to be committed to his charge, amounting to five thousand dollars. Bad and reckless as he was, he faltered with a half-formed intention of confessing that he was employed by Withers instead of Mr. Mercer.

This better purpose was put to flight when the money was fairly within his grasp, and by Wilton's request he had removed the envelope and counted it. An alluring picture flashed upon his imagination, in which there was a confused medley of cards, dice-boxes and other appliances of the gaming-table. He had just put the name of John Smith to the paper, when the coach in which Wilton intended to take a seat drove up the door.

"All aboard, I believe," was heard the voice of the driver through the open window.

"Wait one moment," said Wilton, who had hastily risen and thrust his head out of the window.

The forged letter and the receipt lay close to the hand of Maxon, and the time, short as it was, while Wilton's back was turned, sufficed for him to snatch them up and put them in his pocket. When Wilton turned, he thought of the papers, but not seeing them on the table, concluded he had already taken care of them.

"Give my respects to Mr. Mercer, and tell him I regret that he is so indisposed. Good-by, Mr. Smith," and Wilton hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

FAITH, DOUBT, AND THE PROMISE.

"It is not true, Edith,—I know it is not."

Bessie Hamlen, as she said this, started to her feet, and swept back the brown curls which, in careless disarray, had fallen over her brow, as for several minutes she had sat bent forward with her face buried in her hands.

"It is not true," she repeated, and her eyes, moist with tears, sparkled with indignation as she spoke.

"I hope it is not," was Edith's reply.

"Do you say you *hope*?" said Bessie, with a slight touch of anger in her voice. "You who know that Wilton Richmond is the very soul of honor."

"Had I not always believed him to be, after what Mr. Ritson has told us, I could not even hope that the accusation against him will prove to be false."

"I care not what Mr. Ritson has said, or may say, knowing, as I do, that Wilton would sooner plunge his hand into a caldron of molten lead, than to touch a single cent, with the intention of applying it to his own use, of what was intended for the compensation of those poor soldiers who have no other means of procuring their children bread."

"I don't blame you for your confidence in his integrity; I only wish that I could fully share it, for Wilton has ever been to me the same as a brother. But what can we think when we look at all the circumstances of the case? Five thousand dollars are entrusted to his care by Mr. Ritson, as is attested by an acknowledgment bearing his own signature. A gentleman by the name of Mercer, who was to meet him at Burder's tavern, and to whom he was to transfer the money, arrived at the time appointed, to find that he had been gone full two hours."

"Yes; but have we not also heard that a man by the name of Smith brought a letter to him from this Mr. Mercer, saying that he was prevented by sudden and severe illness from meeting him, and requesting him to deliver the money in question to this Mr. Smith?"

"Certainly; but he is unable to produce the letter or the receipt which he says was given him by this Mr. Smith."

"Edith—Edith, you but just now said that Wilton Richmond was the same to you as an own brother, and yet how eagerly you pick up every little incident which can tell against him!"

"Think not that it is without pain that I do it. I only wish that you may not deceive yourself with false hopes. When you see them swept away, your distress will only be the greater."

"I don't wish to blame you, Edith, but when one who has always conducted in a manner so irreproachable as Wilton Richmond has, it seems strange to me that you can doubt his word."

"I cannot help doubting it. You accuse me of picking up every little incident which can tell against him, but those I have named can hardly be termed little or unimportant incidents. To me, they appear only too direct and weighty. And then there are others."

"I have heard no others."

"I thought not to have told them to you, nor will I, if you prefer not to listen."

"Let me know all—the worst."

"His not appearing the following morning, after leaving Burder's, at the place where he lodged, to claim the seat in the stage-coach, which, by his desire, was reserved for him, is one. No one knew when he left, nor where he went. Subsequently, a number of fifty dollar bills, each of which bore certain private marks, which Mr. Riston took the precaution to place on all of those entrusted to Wilton, were proved to be won from a stranger at a low gambling-house."

"And you believe that stranger was Wilton Richmond, whom we have both heard say, never spent a moment at a gaming-table in his life?"

"I can hardly think it possible, and yet, how can we do otherwise than believe it?"

"My heart tells me not to believe it, Edith, and I will obey its promptings."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREATEST DEPTHS OF MINES.

Wheal Abraham attained (rather more than twenty years ago) a depth of about 242 fathoms, 1452 feet, (a fathom being six feet.) Dolcoath Mine had reached 235 fathoms; Tresavean Copper Mine is gradually becoming extraordinarily deep, and it is last reported as being 2112 feet under the surface, and about 1700 feet below the level of the sea. The Consolidated Mines are 300 fathoms deep; and the United Mines 280 fathoms below the adit level. Let the reader realize these depths by imaginary pilings of the highest building, as St. Paul's and Monument, on themselves a sufficient number of times to attain the respective amounts!

Speaking of mines generally, the Eselsceact Mine at Kuttenberg, in Bohemia, now inaccessible, was deeper than any other mine, being no less than 3778 below the surface. Its depth is only 150 feet less than the height of Vesuvius, and it is eight times greater than the height of the pyramid of Cheops, or the cathedral at Strasburg. The bore of the salt works of Minden, in Prussia, is 2231 feet deep, and 1993 feet below the level of the sea. Mines on high ground may be very deep without extending to the sea level. That of Valenciana, near Guanaxuato in Mexico, is 1686 feet deep, yet it is 5960 feet above the level of the sea, and the mines of the Andes must be much more. For the same reason the rich mine of Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, though 2120 feet deep, has not yet reached the sea level. The Fire Springs at Tsen-hee-tsing, in China, are 3197 feet deep, but their relative depth to the sea level is unknown. How insignificant are the works of man compared with nature! A line 27,600 feet long did not reach the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.—*London Mining Journal.*

BREATHING AND THINKING.

Let any reader think for a moment of what he experiences when he breathes, and attends to the act. He will find that his whole frame heaves and subsides at the time; face, chest, stomach and limbs are all actuated by his respiration. Now let him *feel his thoughts*, and he will see that they, too, heave with the mass. When he entertains a long thought, he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath alternates with rapid alternations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tumultuous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, so is his respiration; when success inflates him, his lungs are as timid as his conceits. Let him make trial of the contrary; let him endeavor to think in long stretches at the same time he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible; that in this case the chopping lungs will needs mince his thoughts.—*New York Mirror.*

THE TEACHER'S HIGH VOCATION.

If that man deserves well of his country, who makes three spires of grass to grow where only two grew before, what praise does he merit who multiplies intelligence, who expands the slumbering faculties of the human soul, who calls forth into exercise powers capable of increasing the public stock of wealth, of virtue and happiness, and of exalting the possessor to his proper station of usefulness and importance? If that potter who has moulded the unresisting clay to forms of beauty and elegance has deserved our patronage, what glory shall be his who, faithful and diligent in his functions, has shaped the minds of men, and all to honor and virtue?—*Dr. Henry Hunter.*



TRIUMPHAL ARCH DE L'ETOILE, PARIS.

SCENES IN PARIS.

We present on this page a view of the famous triumphal arch de L'Etoile (the star), erected by Napoleon I., at the Barriere de L'Etoile, on the northwest side of the city of Paris. It is a noble portal to one of the most magnificent cities of modern days. Its summit commands an extensive view of Paris and its environs. Looking down in front of the arch, the eye sweeps along the avenue of the Champs Elysées, which runs nearly parallel to the Seine, the rich gardens of the Tuileries, taking in that famous old historical palace and the equally renowned Louvre abutting. As the arch appears to the greatest advantage on a gala day, we have delineated the triumphal entry of Louis Napoleon at the head of a powerful body of troops, and in the presence of a vast concourse of citizens. The designs for this useless but showy structure, which cost vast sums of money, were furnished by Chalgrin, the architect. The first stone was laid August 15, 1806. But a few of the lower courses had been raised, when, on the 1st of April, 1810, Marie Louise, the daughter of the emperor of Austria, whose marriage with the Emperor Napoleon had been concluded on the 7th of February in that year, made her solemn entry into Paris. To receive this princess worthily, and to give her a great idea of the capital of the French empire, the procession made a long sweep. Starting from the Chateau of St. Cloud, it traversed the wood of Boulogne, and took the Neuilly road. The triumphal arch, then showed, by means of woodwork and painted canvass, what it would be when completed. The foundation of this monument delayed its elevation. The calcareous strata of the soil presented no solidity. The workmen were obliged, after digging down 24 feet, to form an artificial soil, which might support without danger the enormous weight of this structure. This artificial basis was



THRONE ROOM OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

composed of many layers of hewn stone of large dimension. Each of these layers was arranged in such a manner that the joints of one should not correspond with the joints of another course, either above or below it. The stones of these courses presented irregular forms, so that the salient angles of some were received into the retiring angles of others. On this solid base rose the arch of Triumph. It is 133 feet high, 138 feet broad, and 68 feet deep. The central arch is 87 feet high, with 45 feet opening. This structure, which required eight years of incessant labor, is adorned with immense bas-reliefs, trophies of arms, etc. "A nobler and more commanding monument at the entrance of a capital," says J. J. Jarves, "no other city can boast. From its elevated position, it towers far above all that portion of Paris, conspicuous to a great distance in the country, like a colossal gateway to a city of giants. It is simply an architectural ornament, useful only as affording from its top the best coup d'œil of Paris. The glory of exhibiting this arch has cost Frenchmen two millions of dollars additional taxes. Even they, while boasting its possession, consider it an apt illustration of their proverbial expression in regard to prodigality, 'to throw money out of the windows.' Were American citizens called to decide between the appropriations of two millions of dollars to a similar construction or for purposes of education, the schools would get it. Not so in France. The gold goes for ornament, the copper for instruction." The engraving on this page represents a levée of Louis Napoleon in the throne-room of the Tuileries. The magnificent draperies which overhang the imperial throne are ornamented by the golden bees, the emblem of industry selected by Napoleon I. to indicate the means by which he had obtained his greatness. The figure of the present emperor will be readily recognized.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LUNDY'S LANE.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

[The battle of Lundy's Lane was fought in Canada, almost opposite the Falls of Niagara, on the night of July 25th, 1814. The spot is now distinguished by two lofty observatories.]

The harvest moon arose with radiance bright,
Her form reflected in the river green;
But poured she not her soft and mellow light
On peaceful harvest scene.
Her rays disclosed a scene of fearful strife,
A battle-plain, a conflict fierce and dread;
And notes of martial drum and piercing fife
Were requiem for the dead.

Upon the fair and green Canadian ground,
The armies of two mighty nations warred
In work of death, and made the woods resound,
And piled with dead the wood.
The thunder of the mighty waterfall
Was drowned in cannon's roar and clash of steel;
The smoke hung o'er the field like funeral-pall,
Earth shook with cannon peal.

The darkness fled, dispelled by lurid flame,
And night was turned to day before the dawn;
While fierce Bellona with her furies came,
For Peace was far withdrawn.
The banners of our nation mingled there,
With those of Britain, tost by battle-wave;
The British lion, springing from his lair,
Our eagle combat gave.

At last the battle ceased, the strife was o'er,
And Luna pierced the smoky canopy;
She saw the field, all drenched with human gore,
And strown with dead the lea.
Here, where the red and blue together fell,
With broken sword and bayonet still bright,
The corpses thickly strown along the dell,
Proclaimed the fiercest fight.

But two score years have passed away—the spot
Is now as peaceful as 'twas ere that day;
The moon looks on that field, but sees she not
The battle's stern array.
So should it be, for peace is nobler far,
And should forever hold the verdant plain;
"The pomp, and pride, and circumstance of war,"
Must pale before her reign.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TALE OF RETRIBUTION.

BY N. T. MUNROE.

I HAD had a hard day's work, and weary and tired at its close, sought my lonely bachelor's room. As I turned the key a dread of its loneliness and silence came over me, and I felt a longing for the sight of the human face divine to give me a welcome. I had passed my landlady on the stairs, who to be sure had smiled and bade me good evening; but I was nothing to her, the only interest she felt in me was to prepare my meals, to take care of my room and receive her regular pay for so doing. In passing she handed me a letter; I had been poring over letters and papers all day, and I threw the document down upon the table in disgust. It was not yet dark enough for a light, but it was just the worst time in the world for a lonely bachelor. I looked around my apartment—it contained nothing to interest me. In my survey my eye fell again upon the letter just thrown down, and as that was the only thing which could excite my curiosity, I took it up. The superscription was written in a delicate female hand; I knew it well, and rushing hastily to the window, broke the seal. A mere scrawl met my eye.

"Harry, come to me. I am dying!
Your poor brother GEORGE."

I staggered, for an instant the room swam around and all was dark. As my shocked senses returned, I looked again at the letter, but it contained no further information. The postmark was a small town in Indiana, the same from which of late his letters had been written. And he was dying—my only brother! I had few relations, and this brother was very dear to me, he was so good, so gentle, so unlike myself. He had always been delicate; he had gone away for his health, and, poor fellow, he was just married; indeed, the wedding had taken place sooner than it otherwise would have done, to give dear Mary the right to go with him as his wife, to take care of him. He had been gone some time—I had heard from him—he was better—he was stopping in the place from whence his letter was written because the air seemed to agree with him. And now he was dying, yes, perhaps he was dead!

I must go to him—yet how could I leave? The case in which I was engaged would be decided to-morrow; it was impossible to go till after the decision—I must wait.

All that night I never slept, I never closed my eyes. I seemed to see my brother pale and wasted to a mere skeleton, and his dear wife, our Mary, whom I could not have lived to see the wife of any mortal man excepting my dear brother. O the misery of that night. Seldom have I suffered greater agony. That night lies far back in my recollection like the shadow of a dark cloud. It seemed as if the hours would never pass. I had not undressed, I only flung myself upon the bed, and rising long before daybreak, I went and seated myself by the open window. The fresh, cool breeze fanned my heated brow and cooled somewhat the fever in my veins, and I sat there watching the day break over the city.

I remember now with strange distinctness, how the first beams of morning broke over the cold, gray sky, how the heavens grew brighter and brighter, how first came faint streaks of light, then the rich crimson clouds welled up, then they grew brighter and finally changed to golden. I remember how the city awoke to life, the rumbling of wheels, first at a distance, then nearer, the tread of pedestrians under my window, then the rumbling, the trampling increased, mingled with the sounds of human voices, and the city was wide awake and busy. How well I remember all these sights and sounds—and yet at the time I heard them and saw them as if I heard and saw them not.

Well, the day passed. O that crowded court-room, the heat, the jostle, the confusion, witnesses examined and cross-examined, the lawyers' pleas, the judge's charge and the jury's decision—how strangely they are blended in my mind. The day before so much depended in my mind on the decision of this case, and now its fate was nothing to me. I spoke, they said I spoke well; however that may be, the side on which I was engaged won the case. My friends crowded round me to congratulate me; I broke from them—reached my room—took my valise, already packed for travelling, and in ten minutes was in the express train bound for the West.

I had eaten nothing since the noon of the day on which I had received the letter; I had not closed my eyes to sleep through all that night, and on the following day my nerves had been stretched to the utmost; all this, joined to the close air of the court-room, the excitement, the anguish of my mind, was too much for me. I bought my ticket, took my seat in the cars, heard the whistle, felt the motion of the train as it started, and remembered nothing more till I awoke to consciousness in a strange place.

It seemed as though I had but slept in the cars, and I listened for the noise of the machinery, the rumbling of the car wheels—all was still. Then how can I describe my anguish as the truth rushed through my mind in an instant. I had been sick, I had been detained, how long I could not tell; the thought was bitter as death. I screamed aloud in my mental anguish. My scream roused my nurse, who was sleeping in her chair by my bedside, and also called in two or three persons from an adjoining room. They came to me.

"Tell me," I cried, "how long have I been here?" It seemed as if they would never answer me. "Tell me," I screamed with my remaining strength.

"A week!"

"A week! Good God," I groaned, and fainted wholly away. But I soon returned to consciousness; the bitter horror would not leave me. A week, and who knows but he is dead—is buried—and she; O, heavens! why had this been? Why had my miserable powers failed me just at this important time? Ever sounded in my ears the words, too late, too late. I was weak as an infant. How long would it be ere I should be able to proceed on my journey? I asked my physician. He could not tell; if I took care of myself, perhaps in a week or two, but I had had a brain fever of a very alarming character, and I must be patient and keep myself quiet.

Merciful heavens! Did he only know half what I suffered. I had a tremendous will, and I would exercise it. I would not lie there. If I chose, I could get up, I knew I could. My nurse had left the room for a few minutes—I raised myself in bed. Opposite me hung a mirror; I caught a glance of a ghastly figure, and in my weak state it appeared to me like the spirit of my brother. I reached out my arms to him—ah, how my heart failed me when I realized that the thin, unearthly figure was myself, reduced to such a wreck. I fell back exhausted. However, it seemed as if my will had triumphed, for I recovered wonderfully. I ate ravenously what was set before me, for I must eat to get strength. I forced myself to close my eyes and to sleep, and soon I began to feel returning strength. I thanked Heaven, paid my physician and my host and hostess, who had been very kind to me, and started once more on my journey.

As I drew near the place of my destination, my heart failed me more and more. It was a small, pleasant, western town. I knew my brother had boarded at the only public house in the place, so I directed my steps thereto. My summons at the door was answered by a strong, buxom-looking woman.

"Does Mr. George Bertran live here?"

"O, bless you, stranger," said she, "he has been dead more than a week."

I had expected it, yet my brain began to swim, and I leaned against the door for support. The woman saw my agitation, and with a great deal of kindness in her manner, she said:

"Perhaps you are a relation of his—a brother, may be—you look very like him. Will you walk in, sir? You look very unwell."

"I have been sick," I replied, "or I should have been here before. I am his brother."

"He spoke of you; he wished very much to see you."

"I thought him improving till I received his last letter, then I started to come to him, was taken sick, which detained me. Did he fail very fast?"

"He did; he seemed to grow worse all at once."

"But where," and my heart almost choked me, "where is his wife?"

"O, she went away with a friend who came the day her husband died."

"A friend? What was his name?"

"Jenkins, sir, Thomas Jenkins. The lady wished to wait till you came, for she told me that she expected you, but the gentleman told her that you wouldn't come, and that he would see her safe with her friends."

"Was Mrs. Bertran well? Was she able to take the journey?"

"She grieved very much for her husband, the night after his death. I heard her sobbing and crying in her chamber. I don't think she closed her eyes all night. She looked very pale and worn when she went away. The day she left she visited her husband's tomb—he lies in the churchyard which you can see from here—and when she came back I thought she would not be long away from him."

I went out to the little churchyard, but no tears came to my eyes as I stood by the spot where they had laid him. My brain was all on fire. What had so dried up the fountain of grief? He was dead; I had expected it, but this new blow was all unlooked for. She was gone; she was in the power of a villain who had hung around their track like a beast of prey. Deep, bitter, burning hate took possession of me, so that I had no tears for my best beloved brother lying dead at my feet. O, how I longed to meet the villain, wrest her from him and tell him I hated him. Better she lay still and cold by her husband's side than in his power. She did not know him as I did; true she disliked him, but she had no idea of his baseness, his perfidy. If he said he would carry her to her friends she would trust him, but O, I knew him better.

Thomas Jenkins had once paid his suit to Mary and been refused, for she loved my brother. Deadly hate was in his mean and sordid soul, yet he hid it all beneath a pleasant exterior. He professed friendship, and my brother believed him; and Mary, if she did not look upon him as a friend, was far from considering him an enemy. But I knew him well. I knew the meaning of his look when it rested on my brother and his wife, and I would not have considered my brother's life safe in his keeping for a single moment, for I knew he would pause at no action, however base or fiendish, to accomplish his purpose. What wonder, then, that I trembled with rage and fear, yes, fear, when I thought of our weak, gentle Mary in the villain's power.

But what could I do? How could I get track of them? I did not know, but I set myself to the work, and felt no weakness, the strength of my purpose gave almost supernatural strength to my body. I went back to the house, my first inquiry was:

"How long had they been gone?"

"But two days, for the lady had persisted in waiting for me."

Hope rose in my heart.

"To what place were they going?"

The woman did not know for a certainty, but supposed they had taken the train which went east, of course.

As I turned to go, the woman called to me, inquiring if I would not return to dinner.

"It was doubtful; I thought not."

"Will you not have something to eat now?"

I shook my head. I turned round after I had got some distance from the house, and she still stood there, shading her eyes from the sun and looking at me.

Arrived at the station-house, I asked the ticket-master if a gentleman, answering to the description I gave him of my brother's wife and her companion, had taken the cars two days previous for the east.

"No; he remembered no such persons."

A man standing near interrupted him.

"Why yes, I saw a gentleman buying tickets here, day before yesterday, and he had a lady with him, who might be the one the gentleman describes."

"He did not buy an eastern ticket; he was going further on."

"But it might be the same one for all that;" and my own heart echoed the man's reply. I inquired more particularly, and was confirmed in my suspicion that Jenkins had deceived poor Mary, and was taking her far from home and friends.

"How long before the train arrives that will take me out," I inquired.

"The noon train will be here in half an hour."

"Give me a ticket like the one the gentleman purchased," said I.

He handed me a ticket; I took it and turned and paced the platform for a while with impatient steps. The station-house was close to the river, and I paused in my walk and looked down into the dark, rushing stream. I had stood there but a few minutes when I became conscious of some one beside me. I looked up. It was the man who had been talking to the ticket-master. I had not noticed him much before, now as I looked up at him I saw he was a cautious, shrewd, intelligent looking man, with keen, bright eyes, which a lawyer's knowledge of physiognomy told me betokened a quick insight into human character. As I looked up, those keen eyes met mine.

"Were those people your friends?" said he.

"The lady was my friend, sir," said I, somewhat coldly, for I knew not how to take his interference in my affairs, and yet the man's countenance and manner were in his favor.

I turned to pursue my walk. He laid his hand on my shoulder with a western familiarity and a western kindness in his manner.

"Don't think me impertinent, sir, but I am of the opinion that that man was deceiving the lady, who thought they were to go east, and instead of that he has carried her further on. Was she travelling with him against her will?"

"No," I replied, "I believe not."

"Well, there was something very curious about them. The lady cried a good deal and seemed very sad; the gentleman seemed to try to cheer her, but she avoided him."

I grew interested and I suppose the man saw it, for he went on:

"I watched them narrowly, and came to the conclusion that something was wrong. Are you in search of them?"

Just then I heard the rumbling of the cars. I caught up my valise, and seized with a sudden thankfulness to the man who aided me even a little in my search, I extended my hand, and thanking him, told him that the lady was my brother's widow, her husband had died here in the neighborhood, she belonged east;

this gentleman had promised to see her safely to her friends; I had reason to doubt his sincerity. In fine, I thought him a villain, and should follow his track till I overtook him. The man pressed my hand in his honest clasp.

"I am seldom mistaken—I took the man for a villain. I hope you will overtake him and punish him as he deserves."

The train had now stopped. Bidding my new friend good-by, I jumped in and was soon whirled away. It was the express train I had taken, and we rushed along with lightning speed. I liked it, for it suited well my mood. On we went, rushing through the forest, screaming past the villages, pausing for nothing. The fresh breeze blew in at the car window and cooled my heated brain. On we went, through a land rich and beautiful, a land I had dreamed of and longed to see, but now I gave no thought to its beauty, had no eye for its surpassing loveliness. But one thought occupied body and soul—to find her and be revenged on him. So on through the forest, over the vast prairie, mile after mile, till as the sun was sinking in the west we stopped at a place within ten miles of my place of destination. Here the cars stopped to allow the passengers to procure some refreshment. I passed into the refreshment room with the others, took a cup of strong coffee, a sandwich and a piece of cake, and hurried back to my seat; for I had grown nervous and feared the cars would be off without me. In a quarter of an hour we were on our way again.

It was nearly dark when we went screaming into the depot where I must make further inquiry. I went up to the ticket-master and describing the persons of whom I was in quest, asked if he had seen them. He thought a moment:

"Yes, he had seen a gentleman and lady answering my description; he had noticed them because the lady was so melancholy."

"Did he know where they had gone,—what train they had taken?"

"No; they had bought no tickets of him; he rather thought they had not gone on, indeed, the lady looked unable to journey further; he thought likely I should find them at the hotel where the passengers usually stopped who were travelling west."

The train passed on, and I, following the directions of the ticket-master, sought the hotel. Here I asked if I could be accommodated with a room for the night. The polite landlord answered in the affirmative, and himself led the way to my apartment. To him I propounded my usual question.

"Yes, he had seen them; they had stopped at his house the preceding night and that day, indeed they had taken the very last train out, the one in which I came."

"But are you not mistaken? The ticket-master says he sold no tickets to persons answering my description."

"He did not; I bought their tickets, as the gentleman was unable to leave the lady."

"And why?" I inquired.

"He thought it not safe, you know, on account of her unhappy condition."

"Unhappy indeed," said I, thinking it not best to betray my ignorance of his meaning, but under pretence of knowing all, draw the truth from him. "Is she then indeed in such a state the gentleman could not leave her even to buy his tickets?"

"O yes, she is very bad at times, sometimes quite violent, and sometimes she will beg and plead so to be carried home, it is enough to break your heart to hear her. She begged me so hard to let her stay with me, I tried to soothe her, and told her the gentleman would take good care of her, and upon that she screamed and cried and wrung her hands, till I was glad to get away from her it made me feel so bad."

"How long before they will arrive at the place where he is to carry her?"

"Let me see; they took the cars to-night; well, I suppose they will reach there to-morrow forenoon if nothing happens."

"Did the lady know where he was carrying her?"

"I think not—she expected to go home. I suppose he had told er so to keep her quiet; but I think she began to think he was deceiving her, though I don't know as she thought he was carrying her to the Asylum."

"Is it a good establishment," I asked, "where he is going to leave her?"

"I don't know; the gentleman said it was. I suppose you know where it is—in the town of I."

"O yes, I know the place well, or rather I have heard of it."

The man turned to go.

"What time does the first train start in the morning?" I inquired.

"There is one goes as early as four o'clock. Shall I call you?"

"Yes, be sure and do so; I wish to take it."

Left alone—how can I describe the emotions of my soul? O, had I but gone on in the cars, could I but have seen him and accused him of his baseness and rescued Mary from his power! How had I been so unfortunate as to miss them? Alas, poor Mary! who knew but she was indeed crazed—driven by sorrow, death, despair and villany into very madness? How could I sleep? how could I even stay in the house till morning?

But the night passed—four o'clock came. I took the cars and was again hurrying on at a speed which well suited my impatience. The gray light of the early morning gave place to glorious sunrise, and bright and beautiful as the garden of Eden looked the country through which the iron horse bore me on. We stopped at a town of some note where we took in a number of passengers; and where I learned from some conversation I overheard, that the train of the night before had met with some slight accident, which had detained the passengers some hours.

Just as we were starting, I saw my friend, whose acquaintance I had made at the railroad station, enter the car where I was seated. He came, and sitting down beside me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and whispered:

"Have you found them?"

"No," said I.

"They are in the train ahead of us, I saw them—he pretends the lady is insane, and never leaves her for a moment."

"The villain!" said I, between my closed teeth.

My friend went on.

"He gets out at the next station where he has a carriage waiting—I have one there also—he has to cross a wide prairie—we will follow him. God only knows where he intends to carry her."

I looked into my friend's face, and would have thanked him, but I had no words. For a moment I was faint and weak as a child, the next the blood rushed again to my heart and I felt the strength of a giant.

The next station was in a lonely, out of the way place, and no one got out excepting my friend and myself. We found a horse harnessed into a light wagon in waiting for us.

"Jump in," said my friend, and I obeyed.

He sprang up beside me, tightened the rein, and the horse was away like a bird.

"He has but two hours the start of us," said my friend, "and he must have a swifter horse than I think he has, if we do not have him in sight before an hour."

Our road at first lay through thick woods, where we could see but a short distance ahead. Our horse seemed to fly over the ground, and now we were out on the prairie stretching away mile upon mile as far as the eye could reach. My friend raised his whip and pointed to some object in the distance. I looked and saw a small, black speck—I wondered he had noticed it.

"I told you we would have him in sight in an hour, and there he is."

We gained on him so fast that in a quarter of an hour we could see them very distinctly. Jenkins was driving at a moderate pace, but when we were within a mile or so he turned around and saw us. Surely, steadily we gained on him, though he urged his beast to the utmost. It must have been his guilty conscience that caused him to flee, else why should he fear two travellers riding peacefully in his track?

The air had been very close and sultry all the afternoon, and now we heard the rumbling of thunder, and I noticed a heavy black cloud lying around the north.

"A storm is at hand," said I.

"Yes," said my friend, "and a prairie is not the best place in a storm. We must overtake them before it comes on," and he touched his horse with the whip.

Blacker and blacker grew the wrathful clouds, and the red lightning flashed across the heavens, and the thunder rolled and rattled above us, yet between the peals of thunder we could hear Jenkins urging on his steed, and the crack of his whip as it fell upon the poor beast. We gained upon him every moment, we were close beside him; I saw his face white with passion, for he had recognized me. I saw Mary beside him, pale, motionless as a statue. I think she had fainted. Just at that moment there came a flash of lightning which fairly blinded us, a peal of thunder as if the earth were opening at our feet, and Jenkins's poor beast, already goaded and whipped to the verge of desperation, plunged and reared, disengaged himself from the vehicle, and dragging his driver at his heels, entangled in the reins, went scared and frightened with desperate leaps over the prairie.

In an instant my friend reined in his steed, and we were both out on our feet. Pale and insensible upon the ground lay Mary, the object of our search. We lifted her, but she gave no signs of life, though we could see no hurt nor bruises upon her. Meanwhile the rain began to fall; my friend drew forth a blanket from the wagon, and protecting Mary from the rain by means of the shattered remains of the ill-fated vehicle, we tried again if we could discover any signs of life, but all seemed vain. All this while the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and the rain poured down. We felt not the storm for ourselves, and Mary, surely she felt it not lying there cold and still. We protected her all we could from the storm; we still continued to chafe her hands and to try to bring back the vital spark.

By-and-by, when the thunder grew less fearful and the storm had somewhat abated, my friend rode away and was gone for half an hour; he said nothing but I knew well where he had gone.

For half an hour I sat at Mary's side looking upon her as one looks upon the face of the dead; surely she would never speak to me again, never again would those blue eyes meet mine. Ah, how thin she was, how worn, how haggard, how unlike the fresh, happy being who had left me as my brother's bride! Ah, why had all this been?

The rain had now ceased to fall, the thunder only rumbled at a distance, and soon the sun streamed out just at his setting, in one long, golden belt of light across the wide prairie, full upon Mary's pale face. It lit it up with a glow like life, and for a moment I fancied she only slept. I bent over her—was that a sigh, a breath? I put my hand upon her wrist; I held it tight and firm, and my own heart almost ceased its beatings the while, the pulse of life beneath my pressure flickered faintly and unsteadily, but it was there.

"God, I thank thee!" I exclaimed, and out on the broad prairie I poured out my thanks to Heaven.

I looked up, for I heard the sound of wheels. My friend was close beside me; his face was very stern and sad, and his strong hand shook as I took it in mine and pressed it on Mary's small wrist. He started, and a look of thankfulness displaced his somber aspect, for he felt the beating of that feeble pulse.

"She lives," said he. "We will place this blanket in the bottom of our wagon; she can lie upon that, for we must be retracing our steps."

Even as he spoke he put the blanket in the vehicle and lifting Mary as if she had been a child, silently beckoned me to sit beside her and laid her head in my lap. We travelled some distance in silence, and I felt the pulse of life beneath my hand beat stronger. I wished to know the truth concerning Jenkins ere Mary should return fully to consciousness, but I almost feared to ask, for I knew it was something terrible. Just at this moment my friend stopped, and coming around looked down upon the pale face and laid his hand upon her heart.

"It was a narrow chance," said he.

"God has been very good," said I.

"Yes," said he, "and his justice is very terrible;" and the stern, sad look came back to his face.

"Is he dead?" said I, in a low voice.

"He is dead—mangled and torn so that even his mother would not have known him. May the Lord keep me from ever again looking upon a sight like that!" And he covered his face with his hands. And this was all we said concerning him.

Very slowly Mary returned to consciousness. When she opened her eyes they rested on my face. I expect that in her bewildered state, aided also by my pale and sickly appearance, she mistook me for her husband, for she threw her pale, thin arms around my neck and cried, "O, what a fearful dream I have had!" But all too quickly the truth came to her; the arms fell from my neck and the white hands covered the pale face, and I saw the tears falling between the pale, thin fingers. But after this burst of grief, she looked up at me with that sweet, thin, wasted face lighted up with thankfulness.

When we reached the town, which was not till a late hour Mary was lifted from the wagon and placed in a dry and comfortable bed, and entrusted to the care of the landlady, who seems to be a very kind-hearted, sensible person.

Mary was much better in the morning than I had expected to see her. Her face was pale and haggard, it is true, but it wore sweet, angelic expression, and was full of thankfulness for her delivery. She asked few questions concerning the affair. We told her about the horse being alarmed and her being thrown from the carriage, nothing of which she recollected, but it was not till long after that she heard the particulars of Jenkins's terrible fate.

In a few days we started on our homeward journey. My friend went with us as far as his home, where we left him with much regret. I brought Mary in safety to her friends, and returned again to my office and my business, which had suffered somewhat during my absence. My landlady had just given me up for lost, and was about letting my rooms to another occupant, so that I arrived just in time to save myself the trouble of looking up a new residence.

Mary's health long suffered from the effects of that season of bitter trial, and her face now bears a look purer and holier than ever rested there before my brother's death, sweet and lovely as I had ever thought it.

One day, some years after the incidents I have related, I told my landlady that I should be obliged to give up my rooms, and if she could find a chance in the course of a fortnight, to let the apartments, she had better do so. She opened her eyes very wide.

"Why, sir, do not my accommodations suit you?"

"I cannot say they do exactly, my dear madam."

"In what respect, pray, sir, allow me to inquire?" and she bridled up and looked very dignified.

"In the first place, they are very lonesome."

"And have you lived here all this time and just found it out?"

"In the next place, they are not commodious enough."

"Indeed, sir, they are as large as one ought to expect for the price."

"In the next place, I have secured rooms which suit me better."

"Indeed, sir, I think it is very unkind in you, after boarding with me all these years and never finding a word of fault before, for we have always got along pleasantly together—"

"Very pleasantly, madam," I broke in.

"And now to go and secure rooms and not say a word about it, when I would have been willing to have done most anything for your accommodation, is, to say the least, very unkind;" and the good woman, for she was a good woman though she had some little peculiarities, put the corner of her apron to her eye.

"But there is one other reason I have not mentioned," said I, very gently, "that will render it wholly impossible, as you will see, that I should keep your rooms. I am going to be *married*."

The good lady dropped her apron, lifted up her hands and her eyes, burst into a merry, ringing laugh, and exclaimed;

"Bless you, sir, why didn't you tell me this in the first place. I wish you much happiness I am sure, and all I have to say is, that I hope the lady will be as well satisfied with you as a husband as I have been as a boarder."

Mary, sitting by my side, looks up archly and wishes to know if bachelors never marry to save the expense and trouble of procuring a boarding-place.

SINGULAR MONUMENT.

Elkanah Watson, in his memoirs, states that the magistracy of Devizes, a large market town in England, erected a monument to commemorate a striking interposition of Divine judgment. A fact perpetuated by the inscription is this: A woman having purchased some commodities in the market, upon payment being demanded, an altercation ensued, and she uttered the imprecation—"May God strike me dead if I have not paid it!" She fell down and immediately expired, and in the clenched hand, which she had impiously raised to heaven to attest her perjury, was found the money in controversy. "Facts like this," says Mr. Watson, "bear fearful and powerful admonition of the interposition of an omniscient God in the affairs of man."—*Boston Transcript*.

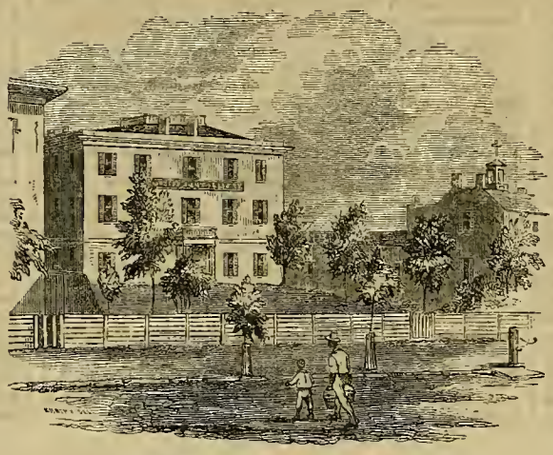
LOUISVILLE, KY.

We present on this and the next page a series of accurate views of localities in the city of Louisville, Ky., drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Kilburn, during his recent artistic tour in the West. Louisville is situated on the Falls of the Ohio River, at the mouth of Beargrass Creek, about 130 miles below Cincinnati. In a commercial point of view, it is the most important place in the State. It is the seat of justice of Jefferson county, and stands upon an extensive sloping plain about a quarter of a mile above the principal declivity of the falls, and seventy feet above high water mark. The falls may be seen from the city. In high stages of water they almost entirely disappear; but when the water is low, the whole width of the river, which is here nearly a mile wide, is covered with foam. The river is divided by a fine island, which gives a picturesque appearance to the scene. To obviate the obstruction to navigation caused by the falls, a canal two and a half miles long has been constructed around them. The Marine Hospital, presented on the next page, is situated on the outskirts of the city, and is a fine, commodious building. It was built, we believe, in 1823.



SPEED MARKET, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Our view in Sixth Street presents the general appearance of the Louisville streets, all of them being shaded with fine trees. The church on the right is the First Presbyterian; that on the left is the Saint Paul's, Episcopal. Market Street contains several markets, one of which, the "Speed Market," is given above. The sketch was taken from near the "Kentucky Market," which is immediately in the rear of the spectator, and not seen in the picture. The University of Louisville, given below, is situated on Chesnut Street, corner of Eighth Street. The buildings have a fine location, and are an ornament to the city. The left hand building in our view is the Medical, and the other the Law Building. Beargrass Creek is a picturesque locality, and is crossed by several bridges, one of which we present below. The buildings seen at the right of the picture are connected with the gas works. Another engraving represents the St. Joseph's Infirmary, a Catholic benevolent institution, situated on Fourth Street. Louisville was formerly considered unhealthy, owing to the stagnant waters in the vicinity, and subject to epidemic diseases; but these having been drained, it is now one of the most healthy places on the river. The railroads in course of projection will link Louisville yet closer with other important towns and cities. The situation and scenery of the place are truly beautiful, and some portions of the city command enchanting views. The streets are broad, well laid out, paved, shaded by ornamental trees, and lighted by gas. Eight of them run parallel to the river. Our artist has sketched those of the public buildings which appeared to him best suited to the purposes of illustration. The Medical Institute, shown in one of his drawings, ranks very high, and was founded by an ordinance of the city council, which appropriated $50,000 for the library, buildings, etc. The Mercantile Library Association, with its well-selected collection of books, and the Historical Society, deserve honorable mention. Louisville, it is stated, may be said to owe its existence to the Falls, which arrest the course of navigation at this point. The canal, to which we referred above, projected to avoid the Falls, was cut through the solid limestone rock at a cost of $75,000. The dimensions having been found too small to admit the passage of the largest New Orleans steamers, a railway has been projected on the Indiana side, the object of which is to transport such vessels round the rapids by means of a stationary engine and pulleys. In 1850, the entire trade of Louisville was computed to amount to $50,000,000. The wholesale business has increased rapidly since that period. There are now over one hundred houses engaged exclusively in the wholesale business, the amount of which is estimated in round numbers at twenty millions of dollars. The chief articles of export are tobacco, pork, hemp and flour. In 1852, the quantity of tobacco received was 16,176 hogsheads. The amount of revenue collected here, in 1853, was $48,307. The shipping in the port amounted in the aggregate to 11,891 tons, all of which was employed in steam navigation. During the year referred to, twenty-seven steamboats, with an aggregate burthen of 7313 tons, were measured. The new custom house will cost about $200,000. Although Louisville is devoted rather to commerce than manufactures, still the latter amount in value to about $6,000,000 annually. For a place which has been in existence but about three quarters of a century, its growth has been very rapid.



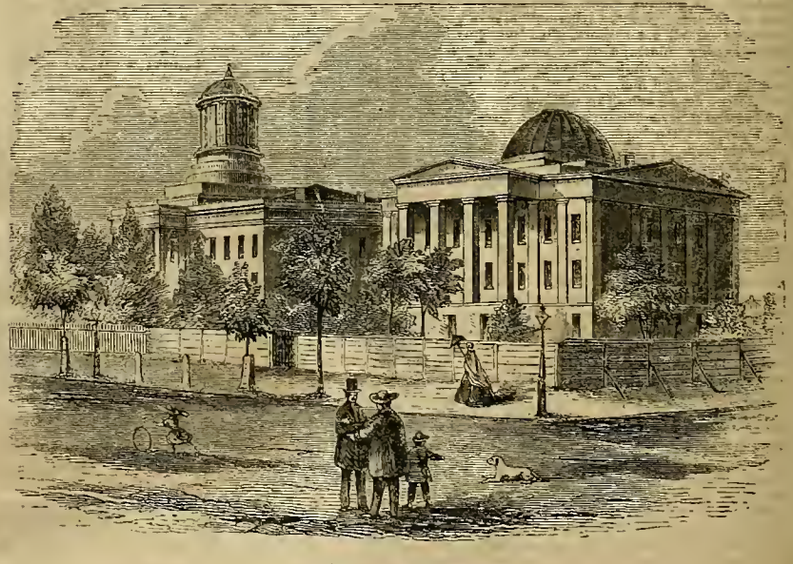
ST. JOSEPH'S INFIRMARY, LOUISVILLE.

EARLY PIONEERS.

Mr. Ferris, in his book on the Great West, thus sketches the character of the pioneers who began to spread themselves throughout the West, between the close of the Pontiac war and the commencement of the American Revolution:—"The pioneers, living in constant contact with the Indians, necessarily became more than half savages in appearance, habits and manners; and frequently the whole savage character was assumed. Their ordinary dress was too unique to be forgotten. A coon-skin cap, with the tail dangling at the back of the neck, and the snout drooping upon the forehead; long buckskin leggings, sewed with a wide fringed welt, down the outside of the leg; a long, narrow strip of coarse cloth passing around the hips and between the thighs, was brought up before and behind under the belt, and hung down flapping as they walked; a loose, deerskin frock, open in front, and lapping once and a half round the body, was belted at the middle, forming convenient wallets on each side for chunks of hoe-cake, tow, jerked venison, screw drivers and other fixings, and Indian moccasins completed the hunter's apparel. Over the whole were slung a bullet-pouch and powder-horn. From behind the left hip dangled a scalping-knife; from the right protruded the handle of a hatchet; both weapons stuck in leathern cases. Every hunter carried an awl, a roll of buckskin, and strings of hide called "whangs," for thread. In the winter loose deerskin was stuffed into the moccasins to keep the feet warm. The pioneers lived in rude log houses, covered generally with pieces of timber about three feet in length and six in width, called "shakes," and laid over the roof instead of shingles. They had neither nails, glass, saws nor brick. The houses had large slab doors, pinned together. The light came down the chimney, or through a hole in the logs, covered with greased cloth. A scraggy hemlock sapling, the knots left a foot long, served for stairs to the upper story. Their furniture consisted of tamarack bedsteads framed into the walls, a few shelves supported on long wooden pins; a chair or two, but more often a piece split off a tree, and so trimmed that the branches served for legs. Their utensils were very simple generally nothing but a skillet, which served for baking, boiling, roasting, washing dishes, making mush, scalding turkeys, cooking sassafras tea, and making soap. A johnny cake board, instead of a dripping-pan, hung on a peg in every house. The corn was cracked into a coarse meal by pounding it in a wooden mortar. As soon as swine could be kept away from the bears, or rather the bears away from them, the pioneers indulged in a dish of pork and corn, boiled together, and known among them as "hog and hominy." Fried pork they called "Old Ned." Unlike the French, who clustered in villages, and had their common fields, our Yankee settlers went their whole length for individual property. Each settler claimed for himself four hundred acres of land, and the privilege of taking a thousand acres more, contiguous to his clearing. Each one run out his own lines for himself, chipping the bark off the trees, and cutting his name in the wood. These claims, so loosely asserted, were called "tomahawk rights," and were respected by all the emigrants. Each settler went to felling the timber and chopping house-logs, sleeping, meanwhile, under a bark cover raised on crotches, or under a tree. It is said of one of them that he could hardly stomach his house, after it was done. The door way was open, the logs unchinked, and the chimney gaped wide above him; but the air was too "cluss"—he had to sleep outside for a night or two to get used to it.



BRIDGE OVER BEARGRASS CREEK, LOUISVILLE.



LOUISVILLE UNIVERSITY.



MARINE HOSPITAL, LOUISVILLE.

AN ADVENTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

The truth of the following thrilling tale of adventure is vouched for to us by a person who heard it from the lips of one of the party: A party of three men started from Sacramento on a prospecting tour, and, being well supplied with provisions, they penetrated much farther into the mountains than any other party, without meeting with any success. Being men of great perseverance, however, they determined to pursue their course still further, although they had nearly reached a point where it was believed the foot of white man never trod before. The party began to feel somewhat discouraged, as luck appeared to have abandoned them. They were many miles from any habitation, and their provisions were getting very low. A melancholy feeling pervaded the whole three, but they kept on until they came to a deep gulch. After making a thorough examination, they returned to Sacramento for ropes and provisions. Having procured these, and loaded their mules with as much as was thought necessary for their purpose, they proceeded again to the gulch. To get down this ravine was the next object. They tied a rope to a tree, and by this means one after the other descended to the bottom, after lowering down the provisions and tools. Here they found gold in abundance, and labored assiduously to secure their pile as soon as possible, not being particularly in love with their habitation. By a mere accident, after having been in the ravine for several weeks, they discovered that the rope had been cut by the Indians, or let loose by some other means, which cut off all hopes of escape. The ledges of rock were perpendicular for hundreds of feet, and climbing up was out of the question. Their provisions rapidly diminished, and starvation stared them in the face. The gold which they had secured was of no use. They had made up their minds that their end was near. Providentially, a party of friendly Indians came by, and hearing the men hallooing, they discovered their whereabouts, and immediately went to work to release them. Ropes were obtained, and let down, when they were drawn up one by one, and their gold also. Being released from their prison, they liberally rewarded the Indians, and went on their way to a more suitable location, thankful for their preservation from the awful fate with which they had been threatened.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE CAGED LION.

The Westminster Review, in a recent article on Gerard's (the celebrated lion hunter of Algiers) account of his adventures, relates the following anecdote of a pet lion, Hubert, which Gerard caught when a cub, and raised till he was big enough to be dangerous, when he was sent to the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. Hubert was sent to Paris and placed in the Jardin des Plantes, where, sometime afterward, Gerard went to see him. He was lying half asleep, gazing with indifference on all the visitors, when suddenly he raised his head, his eyes dilated, a nervous twitching of his face and agitation of his tail showed that the sight of the well-known uniform had roused him. He had recognized the uniform, but had not yet identified his old master. His eyes vaguely interrogated this vaguely remembered form. Gerard thrust his hand into the cage. It was a touching moment which followed; without taking his eyes from Gerard, he applied his nose to the outstretched hand, and began to breathe deeply. With every breath his eyes became more affectionate, and when Gerard said to him "Well, Hubert, my old soldier," he made a terrible bound against the bars of his prison, which trembled beneath his weight. My friends, alarmed, sprang back and called on me to do the same. Noble beast! thou art terrible even in thy love! He stood pressed against the bars, striving to break through the obstacles which separated us. He was magnificent as he stood there roaring with joy and rage. His rough tongue licked with joy the hand which I abandoned to him, while with his enormous paws he tried to draw me gently to him. No sooner did any one approach the cage than he flew out in terrible expressions of anger, which changed into calmness and caresses on their retreating. It is impossible for me to describe how painful our parting was that day. Twenty times I was forced to return to reassure him that he would see me again, and each time that I moved out of sight, he made the place tremble with his bounds and cries. Poor Hubert, this visit, and the long *tete-a-tete*s of subsequent visits, made captivity a little less painful to him, but the effect seemed to be injurious on the whole. He drooped, and the keeper attributed it to these visits, which, perhaps, made him languish for the camp and his days of liberty. He died, leaving Gerard firmly resolved to kill as many lions as he could, but to capture no more; death in the forest, by a rifle, being infinitely preferable to a pulmonary disease bred in a prison.

AN AMAZON.

Phœbe Brown is five feet six inches in height; is about thirty, well proportioned, round faced and ruddy; has a dark, penetrating eye, which the moment it fixes upon your face, sees your character, and that with precision. Her step is more manly than man's, and can cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man's hat, coat, with a spencer over it, and men's shoes. She is unmarried. She can lift one hundred weight in each hand, and carry fourteen stone; can sew, knit and spin, but hates them all, and every accompaniment of the female character, that of modesty excepted. A gentleman at Bath had recently treated her rudely. "She had a good mind to knock him down." She assured me "she never knew what fear was." She gives no affront, but offers to fight any man who gives her one. If she has never fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter being a coward: for the man of courage would disdain to offer an insult to a woman. Phœbe has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says smart things and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine—it is deep toned. With the wind in her favor, she can send it a mile; she has neither beard nor prominence of breast; she undertakes any kind of manual labor, as holding a plow, driving a team, thatching a barn, using a flail, etc., but her chief vocation is breaking horses, for which she charges a guinea a week each. She always rides without a saddle, is thought to be the best judge of a horse or a cow in the county, and is frequently employed to purchase for others at the neighboring fairs. She is fond of Milton, Pope and Shakspeare; also of music; is self-taught, and performs on several instruments, as the flute, violin, and harpsichord, and supports the bass violin in Molloch Church. She is a markswoman, and carries a gun on her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork and but little mutton. Her chief food is milk, which is also her drink, discarding wine, ale and spirits as unwholesome.—*English paper.*

TRADING THE HAIR.

In most countries, the hair is regarded as one of the finest ornaments of the female head. Among the inhabitants of Brittany, however, in western France, a contrary idea prevails, and while the men wear their hair hanging over their shoulders in long tresses, it is considered a mark of immodesty for a woman to reveal a single lock or ringlet. A close fitting cap, which effectually hides the hair, is the height of propriety. But there are other prudential reasons for this, besides that of modesty. The female peasantry turn their hair to account in other markets than that of love, and make a good profit out of it. Shocking as it may appear, "many London and Paris ladies are indebted for the magnificent hair which adorns their heads, to the wilds of Brittany." A recent English traveller detected the travelling hair merchant in the very act of spoliation. He says: "Strolling through the scene, my attention was attracted by a crowd around a half-ruined house. Wedging my way to the entrance, I saw a man standing in the middle of a room, armed with a formidable pair of scissors, with which he was clipping the hair from a girl's head with a rapidity and dexterity bespeaking long practice. For not only was the operation performed with almost bewildering quickness, but when the girl was liberated, her head assumed the appearance of having been shaved. There was great laughing among the peasants, as she emerged from the house, leaving the long tresses in the hands of the hair-merchant, who, after combing them carefully, wound them up in a wreath and placed them in a basket, already nearly half full of hair. For, as I heard, he had been driving a highly profitable trade all the day; and girls were still coming in willing, and in some cases apparently eager, to exchange their fine *chevelures*—which would have been the glory of girls anywhere but in Brittany—for three poor little handkerchiefs of gaudy hues, scarcely worth a dozen sous! This terrible mutilation of one of woman's most beautiful gifts, distressed me considerably at first; but when I beheld the indifference of the girls to the loss of their hair, and remembered how studiously they conceal their tresses, my feelings underwent a change, and I looked at length upon the wholesale cropping as rather amusing than otherwise. Great was the apparent disappointment of girls, whose tresses, although seemingly abundant and fine, did not come up to the hair-merchant's standard; but the fellow had so abundant a market, that he was only disposed to buy when the goods were particularly choice. His profits, too, must have been great, as the average price of a good head of hair, when cleaned, is eleven shillings."—*Portfolio.*

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

The origin of the soldiers of the Temple may be clearly traced to the wild enthusiasm of the Crusaders. On the capture of Jerusalem by the Christians, thousands, not of well-appointed warriors, but of old men, women, and even children, set forth toward the Holy City, from the most distant parts of Europe, unconscious alike of the distance and the dangers they should have to encounter. To alleviate the distresses to which these pious enthusiasts were exposed, to guard the honor of the saintly virgins and matrons, and to protect the gray hairs of the venerable palmer, nine noble knights formed a holy brotherhood in arms, and entered into a solemn compact to aid one another in clearing the highways of infidels and robbers, and in protecting the pilgrims through the passes and defiles of the mountains, to the Holy City. Warmed with the religious and military fervor of the day, and animated by the sacredness of the cause to which they had devoted their swords, they called themselves the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ. This chivalric vow they subsequently ratified in the Church of the Resurrection at the city of Jerusalem, and they there pronounced the additional and monkish vow of chastity, obedience, and poverty. In the year 1118, Baldwin, the second king of Jerusalem, granted them their first possession, a dwelling within the sacred enclosure of the temple on Mount Moriah, which the ignomnt and superstitious ecclesiastics had designated as the Temple of Solomon; and hence the "poor fellow-soldiers" received their name of "the Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon."—*New Orleans Commercial.*



VIEW FROM CORNER OF GREEN AND SIXTH STREETS, LOUISVILLE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ON A PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

BY H. WARD.

Majestic dignity—exalted thought—
A calm serenity, as if repose
From some dark storm of thunder, rested down
Upon a placid sky, and left no trace
Of the fierce lightning's revel, mark the lines
Of those mild features. Who can e'er forget
That noble countenance and brow serene
Of our loved country's Father—Washington?
Hast thou e'er harbored in thy reckless heart
One treacherous thought—one traitorous desire?
Hast thou e'er heard the maddening cry of rage,
Dissnion, discord, civil strife and broil?
Gaze on that portrait: canst thou steel thy soul
To bear the silent awe—the stern rebuke
That seem to flash indignant from those eyes,
Now fixed upon thee? Canst thou even bear
That penetrating glance that seems to read
Thine every thought and purpose? O forbear
To look upon that picture, if thy heart
Be not the seat of high and holy love
For all that makes man noble,—country—friends—
Truth, justice, freedom, and the deathless weal
Of nations struggling yet to rise in might
Above the gloomy mists and iron cells
Of centuries of bondage—patriot zeal,
Forever burning like the glowing sun
Of summer's noon-day—these, all these, and more,
Should be thy guerdon, while thou turn'st thy gaze
Upon the portrait of the best of earth,
The great, the good, th' immortal Washington.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PIRATE'S WIFE.

BY HELEN WILDES.

In a palace, which for centuries had been the principal ornament of Seville, sat the Lady Inez. She was a perfect daughter of Spain. Her soft, olive complexion, and glossy black hair—those magnificent eyes and small feet, could only be found in that delicious clime.

The castle was anciently called Froila, in commemoration of a victorious battle fought by Froila against the Moors, in which 54,000 of the latter were killed. We will still call it Froila, although the name was a temporary one, given by a grandee, who had lived there in the year 1300.

At the time of our story, 18—, it looked ancient certainly, and that was all. It must have been glorious to have lived there in that old stony palace, that had outlived so many generations of men; that at one time had been the residence of a Moorish king, and subsequently the home of the haughty grandee, and still later of a lower order of nobility. To have sat there and thought of all the loves, and births, and deaths, to which these old walls had been witness, and of which the memory even had passed from every living being, must have roused all the Spanish ardor and romance of the Lady Inez.

Froila was surrounded on all sides, except the southwest and south, with a noble forest of chestnuts, and tamarisks, and birches, and pines, and the evergreen oak bearing edible fruit, and the cochineal oak, on which is found the false cochineal yielding a fine crimson color—trees indigenous to the country. On the south there was a circuitous road or broad path, made upon the principle of McAdam; and on the southwest was the beautiful Guadalquivir. The castle was elevated, and the terraces which led to the river were covered with the trees of the south—lemon, orange, pomegranate, almond and olive. At the very bottom of the garden was a small private quay, which was ingeniously concealed by foliage. The interior of the castle gave signs of age, and many of the apartments of desertion. But the principal room was of the amplest dimensions and luxuriantly furnished. The walls were covered with crimson drapery, which was here and there, at short intervals, drawn aside to bring to view immense mirrors, which multiplied the room a hundred times. It seemed as if the wealth and talent of the world had been laid under contribution to furnish the luxuries of this one room. There were the substantial comforts of America, the ingenious ornaments of China, painting and sculpture of Italy, the graceful frivolities of France, and literary productions of every language. In every nook and corner of this spacious hall was some object of beauty. But it seemed more a collection of things rare and rich, than the embellishments of a family drawing-room. Even the carpets that covered the floor, though gorgeous and beautiful, were of different material and pattern. In one recess, almost concealed by dark velvet drapery, stood an altar, upon which was a crucifix and a statuette of the Virgin Mary; her neck and hands bore jewels of value. There were several secret minute drawers about the altar, which were filled with gold, and silver, and jewels, either pious oblations to the virgin, or placed there for safe keeping, in expectation that even the lawless robber would respect the symbol of religion. The altar was covered by beautiful mosaic work; the spring by which each door was opened seemed the centre of a flower.

But amid all this, Inez sat sad and alone. She was very lovely, but anxiety had paled her cheek and subdued her spirits. Whence came this motley collection of valuables? Her husband, when he returned from his voyages laden with wares of every description, told her that they were the results of his traffic. But Inez had long had misgivings. She had observed an uncertainty about her husband's movements, which was totally inexplicable. He would often start on long voyages for distant ports and return in a few weeks; and after remaining with her some months perhaps, on the receipt of some news, he would start off before it were possible to obtain any cargo, apparently without the slightest premeditation, and come back in a longer or shorter time laden with wares of every description. Why were not these things sold? Indeed, why were they ever bought? Why were piles of velvet, and silks, and cottons brought there and left in the deserted chambers? Why did he enjoin upon her to live so retired? For two years she had not quitted the precincts of her garden; she had no communication with any one but her husband's old man servant and his wife. Why did he always return in the night, and come in a small boat to the quay in the garden? Why did he come stealing round to the window of her couch and make a signal, and wait for her answering password before making himself known? Why was he constantly changing the name of his vessel? She knew it was all for the sake of secrecy—but why was secrecy necessary?

One day, when she put these questions to him, he replied:

"Wait a little, dearest, and I will take you and all we possess to some foreign country, where we will live for each other. Could you be content with only me, love?"

"I could go with you to the ends of the earth," said Inez, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "To live with you alone, would be to have my heart's content absolutely. Even in this stern old palace, with thee, and our books, and our beautiful grounds, I could be happy as in Paradise."

"So could I," he answered, the tears springing to his eyes; "so will I. Yes, Inez, I will yet live happy with thee and innocence."

It was the twilight of a soft autumn day, that Inez sat, as I have said, alone and thoughtful. Soon her quick ear detected a step in the garden; she started to her feet. In a moment the old servant, Pedro, entered the room, and removing his hat, said:

"Master will be here to-night about twelve o'clock, ma'am."

"Thank you, Pedro, thank you," said the lady. She glanced at the watch at her side. "It is not yet nine," said she; "those hours will seem ages." But ere one had elapsed, she heard the well-known step of her husband; she rushed to the door, and they were locked in each other's arms.

On this occasion, contrary to his wont, he had found means to convey to his servant news of his return, and receive intelligence of the safety of Inez, and therefore took not his usual precaution of waiting for a signal.

"Will you ever leave me again?" said Inez at length, after they had talked a long time without approaching this subject—always nearest her heart. "Will you ever leave me again?" There was a sadness in her tone which she could not wholly suppress.

"Once more, dearest, and by heaven, for the last time!" replied her husband. He knit his brows, and his face was dark with passion. Inez said not a word, but gently unclosed his clenched hand, and pressed it to her lips. "O, Inez," he exclaimed, with a softened voice, "you know not with what a power—infinitely stronger than fetters of iron—circumstances can bind one. Let the young man beware of yielding to the first (I will not say temptation, for it may not always be such), but to the first strong circumstance that rises upon one almost like destiny; it must be conquered, or it will subdue. But we will not waste these few hours that remain to us in sad retrospection or foreboding. Let me prophesy, Inez," he added, in a playful tone. "In a year and a day, love, you and I will leave Froila and Spain forever." Then, to avoid any inquiries, he walked up to the altar. "This is a safe bank," said he, opening one after another the secret drawers. "Here, old lady," he added, irreverently, "take care of this till I call for it." And he poured into an empty one a number of gold and silver pieces. It was evident that whatever confidence he felt in the superstitious reverence of others for these religious emblems, he had none himself. He resumed his seat. The morning twilight was just appearing. "Let us walk in the garden," he said.

Inez put her hand mechanically in his; a sadness which she could no longer resist took possession of her. Her hopes, that the darkness had seemed to foster, were now fleeing away with it. No word had been spoken of the time of his departure, but she felt that it was close at hand. He plucked an orange from the tree, and handed it to her.

"Tell me," said Inez, as she took the fruit, "tell me when you must leave me—let me know the worst."

At that moment old Pedro appeared at the quay, waving a small black and red flag. Her husband saw him and returned the signal.

"Now," he replied—"this moment. I thought to spare you the anticipation at least of sorrow, and to prolong till the last moment the happiness of being together, so I said nothing of parting. God bless you! He will take care of such as you! Keep a light heart; you will hear from me soon, and see me, perhaps—who knows?" He spoke in a cheerful tone; he clasped her to his heart an instant, and was gone.

Who knows, indeed! Happy for us, that the future is hidden! In how many hearts would the light of hope be quenched, leaving only darkness and despair, were it otherwise! None but the fool would seek to know the future. * * *

When the good brig M—— left the wharf at Boston one bright summer morning in June, 18—, with fair wind and cloudless sky, and "all right," as was frequently shouted back and forth, little did those on board reck of the fate that awaited them.

One thing had been omitted in provisioning the M——. Not a weapon of defence of any description had been furnished; not a man on board had so much as a pistol. It is not uncommon for a vessel of six hundred tons, with a valuable cargo, to go into regions infested by pirates wholly unarmed. This does not appear to be safe; though in a vast proportion of cases, guns would be a needless expense.

For thirteen days the brig M—— enjoyed uninterrupted good fortune. On the morning of the fourteenth, the captain descried a vessel, which he seemed to regard with considerable interest. As the day wore on, his watchings increased, and his interest seemed tinged with anxiety; but he spoke not a word of it. As night, which promised to be dark, drew near, he saw with evident satisfaction that the strange looking craft had partially altered her course.

I will not go into the details of the horrors of that night, which I heard from one on board. Suffice it to say, that in the dead of night, when deep darkness had settled over the waters, the M—— was boarded by a band of well-armed and disciplined ruffians. What resistance unarmed men could make in the first impulse of despair was made; but it availed nothing. They were soon overcome and secured. Some of them were forced to assist in searching the vessel for money and valuables. One of the crew, a Mr. R., of Chelsea, was ordered by him who seemed to be second in command, to handle over a keg of nails, to see that no gold was concealed there. Not working fast enough, the pirate that stood over him struck him a cruel blow on the head that nearly stunned him. The brig was robbed of all her available wealth, and the men of every dollar of money. The last and most atrocious act of the invaders was to force every man down into the hold, nail down the hatchways, and set fire in various places to the vessel.

As soon as the men became aware of the departure of the pirates, they crept round, faces downward, smothered the fire with their hands, made their way to a hatchway that led into a sort of cabin, which had been overlooked by the robbers, and succeeded in making their way to the deck. These strong-hearted men, grateful to Heaven for the preservation of their lives, but full of burning indignation for their dastardly invaders, set all sail for the nearest port. But meeting, the second day, a vessel from which they obtained some necessary supplies, and by which they sent forward the account of their disaster, they turned them homeward.

When they arrived at Boston harbor, they found the news of the piracy had reached home before them. Other vessels had been attacked by these robbers on the high seas, and already was an armed fleet sent in pursuit. Scarcely had these things ceased to be the daily topic among men, when the whole city was thrown into excitement by the announcement that one vessel had returned bringing in it four pirates. The crew of the brig M—— was summoned to identify them, which was easily done. Mr. R., with peculiar satisfaction pointed out the man who had struck him, and swore clearly to his identity. "For," he added to some friends near him, "that face has never been absent from my mind a waking moment since, and scarcely ever when sleeping. Even at the moment of the blow, when I was helpless and in his power, I swore that blow should be avenged—and it *shall*. Even at that moment, I fixed that face on my memory, never to be effaced till death." * * * * *

A few months after the departure of her husband did Inez remain in her usual listless solitude. Soon Pedro—the aim and end of whose existence seemed to be, to watch the course of his master—brought tidings that a vessel, answering in every particular to that in which the husband of the Lady Inez had last embarked, had been captured by a United States man-of-war, which was taking her to Boston. After, came accounts of his crimes, the excitement of the public mind against him and his company, and their probable fate. Then Pedro told the lady of all her husband's danger; of his lawless occupation, and that now perhaps his life was in peril. "Indeed," he added, as he saw she bore it more calmly than he anticipated, "we may say he is lost."

Inez sat as if turned to stone. The first shock had paralyzed her. To her quick perception, the whole breadth and depth of her calamity was seen and felt at once. She knew his crime; she knew the laws against it; she knew that even now he was in the hands of those who were swiftly bearing him to justice.

"How can we save him, Pedro?" at last issued from her white lips.

"You cannot save him, dear lady," said Pedro, gently; "but you can go to him, and see him, and comfort him before—" His voice trembled a little, and he stopped. They both knew what the laws would require of him.

Inez, touched by the sympathy of the faithful servant, burst into tears. It was well for her; it relieved her overcharged brain. She did not indulge long in the luxury of grief; she was soon ready for action. In a few days her jewels and valuables had been disposed of, her money and wardrobe collected, an American clipper, which happened to be in port at that time, was chartered, and she was on her way to Boston.

Meantime the trial came on. Those among us who were living then, will not soon forget the excitement of that time—the joy when the pirates were taken—and the sorrow, mingling with a sense of justice, on the terrible day of their execution.

One scene occurred during the trial, which I will mention. While Mr. R. was giving his testimony, he spoke of the brutal attack on him, as he was searching the keg of nails.

"I never struck him, your honor," said the prisoner.

R. turned upon him with a look of fury; all the power of mind and body seemed concentrated in his clenched hand, as, with one blow on the head of the prisoner, and, "You know you lie, villain," he threw him headlong on the court room floor. A spontaneous shout of approbation arose, which was soon checked, however, and Mr. R. was fined on the instant for contempt of court. The fine was immediately collected by the crowd in the court room, and paid over to the clerk. The trial was finished; three of the pirates were condemned to be hung—a fourth, a young boy, was acquitted.

When the Lady Inez arrived in Boston, she heard that her husband was in jail awaiting death. During her long passage she had laid her plan of action. She waited not even to see him, but proceeded directly on to Washington. "He must not die!" she

said to herself. "He shall not die; I *will* save him. I will go to the only one on earth who can pardon him, and I will beg of him this one little life that—O, God, I must succeed!"

She hurried on to Washington; she made her way without delay to the audience chamber of the president. How successfully she pleaded with the old general is a matter of history. She begged his life for her own sake—she the young, the innocent, to be widowed and infamous; for her husband's sake—he so young and so full of good. Yes, she knew he was; she knew him better than any one else, and she would pledge herself that his future life would be useful and honest; for the general's own sake—the remembrance of having saved a fellow-creature from an infamous death for a usefully honest, happy life, would be the sweetest of reflective age. She recalled to his mind a letter written to her husband, a few years before, thanking him for relieving an American vessel in distress off Havana, when other (American) vessels around dared not go to their suffering fellow-citizens. She prevailed. Men said that the general could not resist the prayers of a beautiful woman in distress. But he no doubt felt that good would come of it. Truth has a convincing power that nothing else has. Inez felt the truth of her pledge, and could make him feel it.

Inez sped back to Boston with a lightened heart. She stopped not till she entered the cell of her husband, with the president's pardon in her hand. Who can describe that meeting? She did not linger there long—but long enough to hear her husband's solemn vow that henceforth his life should be one of innocence and virtue; long enough to join her vow with his of never ceasing gratitude for the president's clemency; long enough to utter one fervent, heartfelt prayer to God for strength for the future.

When Inez left the prison with her rescued husband, their first task was to retrace her steps to the capitol, and pour out at the feet of their benefactor their gratitude, and assure him of their good resolves. De Soto procured a miniature of the president, which never after left his person for a day. The other two wretches condemned to death, had no wives to plead for them—they probably deserved none; they were hung.

It is but a few years since I met Mr. R., and as usual I asked, "Where is De Soto?" And as usual he answered with as much certainty as if the last mail had brought him the latest intelligence, "He is now master of a Baltimore clipper that runs from Baltimore to New Orleans. I never lose track of him; and but for my wife, I would have had his life before this."

It is perhaps needless to add, that the above tale is strictly true.

FOUR GREAT MEN.

It is a remarkable fact, that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived, closed with some violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another one for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of our God, and called him Hannibal—died at last by poison, administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his hands in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world called *great*—those four who, each in turn, made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile.—*Notes and Queries.*

ANECDOTE OF BEETHOVEN.

Nothing vexed Beethoven more than when anything went wrong in the performance of his works. He would thereupon fall into a state of excitement which knew no limit. At a large theatre-concert in Vienna, where, besides his pastoral symphony, a fantasia of his for the piano with orchestra and chorus was performed, the clarinettist, in the variations of the closing theme, accidentally made a repeat of eight measures. Beethoven sprang up furiously, and overwhelmed the members of the orchestra with abuse. At last he cried out, "From the beginning!" The theme was commenced again. All fell in rightly, and the result was brilliant. But when the concert was over, the artists could not forget the honorable titles Beethoven had conferred upon them, and swore never again to play when he was in the orchestra. But this only lasted till he came forward with some new composition, when the curiosity of the musicians got the better of their indignation.—*Musical World.*

MADAME TALLEYRAND AND DENON.

It is said of Madame Talleyrand, that one day her husband, having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame, upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which, having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon, at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant. At last, upon her saying, "Ah, dear Friday!" he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe.—*New York Mirror.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STONE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

BY W. A. POOR.

In the darkness of the night,
Undiscerned by mortal sight,—
That the buried form might rise
To its glories in the skies,—
From the tomb where Jesus lay,
Angels rolled the stone away.

From our tomb—which hides the Lord,
And dims the beauty of his word,
The mighty stone of care, or grief,
Or sect, or creed, or unbelief,
Father, grant thy angels may
Thus and ever roll away;

Leaving thus our spirits free,
E'en as Christ's, to rise to thee;
From the deep and dismal tomb,
Holding others inhist its gloom,
Helping, in our upward way,
Angels roll the stone away.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD FLUTE-PLAYER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

In the fourteenth century, there was in the principality of Kalonberg a large town called Hamelen. Built at the confluence of the Hamel and the Weser, it received in its port ships from all countries, and afterwards distributed their cargoes throughout Germany. It was noted everywhere for its commerce, its wealth, its power; and the man who could say, "I am a citizen of Hamelen," was sure of finding everywhere protection or civility. So the inhabitants had become hard, unjust and proud, as it usually happens with those who can do whatever they desire.

Now, there entered one day into the port a foreign vessel, of a construction so singular that the most experienced sailors could not tell where it had been built. It moved without sails or oars, and its cargo was composed of precious merchandize, such as silken stuffs, perfumed leather, gold dust and oriental spices. One single man constituted the crew. It was an old man with white hair, clad in a robe of yellow velvet, fastened by a woollen girdle, and carrying suspended to his neck by a silver chain, two flutes, one of which was of ivory and the other of ebony.

All the inhabitants of Hamelen hastened, as we may imagine, to see the strange vessel and the unknown captain who commanded it. The latter received his visitors kindly; but to all their questions replied that he had come to do business with them, not to relate his history, and he pointed to his merchandize spread out on the deck.

Nevertheless all went away without purchasing, and each made his own supposition on the mysterious stranger; some said that it must be some oriental Jew, whom the desire of gain had attracted to these remote regions; others asserted that he had come from India, pursuing an unknown route by the north; some suspected him to be a pirate who had enriched himself by getting rid of all his companions.

This last opinion prevailed because it was the most unfavorable one. It spread throughout the city, and it was soon universally believed that the old man with the flutes (as they called him) was a skimmer of the seas, who sought to sell the fruit of his piracies. Some of the inhabitants then ventured to say that it would be prudent to interrogate this man, in order to learn the truth; others insisted that they had even a right to arrest him; at last, a merchant, who feared his business would be injured by the stranger, exclaimed that the wisest course would be to seize his merchandize as the property of a suspected man. This last opinion was immediately adopted by everybody. They addressed the council who then governed Hamelen, and some of the magistrates were despatched to the ship in order to seize its contents.

The old man in vain attempted to oppose them, remonstrating that they despoiled him without reason and contrary to all justice; the magistrates replied that the merchandize should be restored when he had proved that it belonged to him lawfully, threatening, if he resisted, to throw him into prison.

The stranger then comprehended that they were determined not to listen to him; he therefore seated himself beside the helm, and suffered them to remove the cargo, without saying a word. At last, when everybody had gone, he rose, detached the rope which moored the ship, and allowed it to descend the stream.

The curious crowd had assembled to see him depart, and the magistrates themselves had remained near. The old man, who perceived them, bent over the side of the ship.

"I am going, unjust men!" said he, in a threatening tone; "I am going, driven away and despoiled by you; but I leave behind me what will punish you and avenge me."

At these words he opened the red bag which he carried at his girdle, and they saw come out of it three rats of different species. They jumped into the river, swam across it and reached the shore; after which the ship continued its course.

The inhabitants contented themselves with laughing at the singular vengeance of the old man, but they soon discovered that it was a serious one. The rats multiplied so prodigiously that they ended by taking possession of the whole city. They had driven all domestic animals from the houses, and made their nests in the corners of the windows, in the places once occupied by swallows. Scarcely was a table set, when they all ran to eat the repast prepared for the family. They penetrated by innumerable companies into the granaries, consuming in a few days the food which should have sufficed for a year. The result was a famine, which rendered them more dangerous by making them more hungry. They spread throughout Hamelen, destroying all the merchandize, and gnawing the sails and cordage of the shipping. Afterwards they attacked the beams of the houses, which began to fall into ruins; at last, the rage of hunger which tormented them became such that they even attacked men during their sleep, and devoured infants in the cradle.

The inhabitants, who had vainly employed all known means, were at a loss how to escape this calamity. Their warehouses were empty, and foreign vessels no longer dared enter the port. It would have been all over with Hamelen, had not the council resolved to offer a reward of a hundred thousand gold pieces to him who could deliver the city from the animals which were devastating it.

This notice had already been published for some time, and no person had yet presented himself, when one day, the ship without sails re-appeared, commanded by the old man with the two flutes. He did not enter the port, but sent to the supreme council a letter in which he proposed to deliver Hamelen from the scourge which he had sent upon it, for the hundred thousand gold pieces offered. After having read it, the magistrates hastened to the port and summoned the old man to land, declaring that they would pay him the sum if he had really power to save them. The old man, confiding in this oath, landed, and taking his ivory flute, began to traverse the streets of Hamelen, playing a singular air, unlike any known music. As he played, the rats ran towards him from every direction and followed him like an army; when they had thus assembled, he returned to the port and made them all enter his ship, which departed alone, and quickly disappeared at the mouth of the river. Then turning towards the magistrates, he said to them: "You see I have kept my promise; now keep yours."

But the magistrates, having no longer anything to fear, began to find reasons for violating their pledged word.

"The compensation," said one of them, "ought to be proportioned to the trouble, and an air on a flute cannot reasonably be estimated at a hundred thousand gold pieces."

"Give him two hundred, and he ought to think us generous," added a second.

"Two hundred!" repeated the merchant who had finally advised the confiscation of the old man's cargo; "have you forgotten that this man is the original cause of all our sufferings?"

"True!" exclaimed all voices.

"Far from being indebted to him, we ought to inflict a severe chastisement," resumed the merchant; "let him esteem himself fortunate in being allowed to depart without having been called to an account for the past; for our pardon is a sufficient recompense."

The old man remained standing in the same spot, until the last of the inhabitants had crossed the threshold of the council-room; then, seizing his ebony flute, he cried, in a terrible voice: "Let them then be rewarded according to their works!"

Then he began again to traverse the streets of Hamelen, playing his black flute, and this time, all the children came out of the houses, and began to follow him, drawn by an irresistible power. He passed thus before each door, and his company constantly increased; finally, when it was complete, he returned towards the river.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants were praying in the church; but suddenly a gloomy voice resounded beneath its vaults, saying: "The curse of the fathers shall be punished in their children."

And rising in terror, for they had recognized the voice of the old man, they issued forth in crowds and hastened to the port: the old man was no longer there; but every wave of the river rolled to the shore the corpse of one of their children.

A chapel was built in commemoration of this great disaster. On the windows were painted mothers in tears, traversing the shores of the Weser, in the midst of which appeared little heads floating and little hands elevated to demand help; in the distance was the old man playing the ebony flute, and beneath it was written: "To our children, destroyed by the malice of the demon."

But the same evening an invisible hand effaced, it is said, the last words of this inscription, and the next day the inhabitants read, with fear and surprise: "To one children, destroyed because of the injustice of their fathers."

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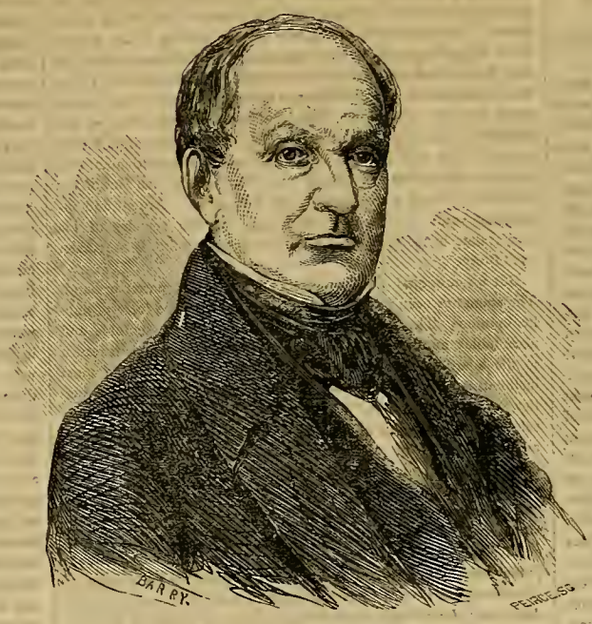
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COL. WILLIAM HEATH SPOONER.

We present herewith a portrait of Col. Spooner, a gentleman as well known and as popular as any of our citizens, drawn for us by Barry, from a lifelike daguerreotype. Colonel Spooner was born in the State of Virginia, in the year 1798. His father, Rev. John Jones Spooner, was a graduate of Harvard University, engaged in mercantile business in this city, and for many years was one of our leading merchants. One of those reverses, however, so common in mercantile life, caused him to abandon trade, and he removed to Virginia, where he studied divinity, and was settled as a clergyman of the Episcopal church. His wife was the only daughter of Major-General William Heath, of Roxbury, one of the distinguished officers of the Revolutionary army. The subject of our sketch was but a year old when his father died, and being brought to the north by his surviving parent, received his education in the schools of Brookline and Roxbury. On the completion of his studies, he entered a counting-room, and was for some years engaged in mercantile pursuits. Taking an interest in public affairs, and being much esteemed by his townsmen, he was elected a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from Roxbury, and served his constituents acceptably in that body. For about five years he was also an officer of the customs in that city. From an early age he manifested a great interest in military affairs, and for a period of twenty years was connected with the militia in various official grades. For several years in succession he was colonel of the first regiment; and it was in a high state of discipline and drill when under his command. His last service was in command of the brigade as its senior colonel. He was exceedingly popular in the regiment and the brigade, and his resignation of his commission caused a deep regret. He refused to accept the office of brigadier-general, though six times elected to that rank. For the past six years Colonel Spooner has been known as the landlord of the United States Hotel, one of the largest establishments of the kind in the country. He had previously had charge of the Winthrop House. All who have had the good fortune to be his guests, will bear willing testimony to his affability, his care, his tact, and his skill as a manager. It is no light task to preside over such a house as the United States—a world of itself, with an army of attendants, and a multitude of guests to provide for. Col. Spooner has done this successfully, and has completely identified himself with the establishment. A finished gentleman, kind-hearted and generous, it is not surprising that he is surrounded by "troops of friends," who esteem and regard him as he deserves to be esteemed and regarded. He is one of the most deservedly popular men in our little village of Boston.



COL. WILLIAM HEATH SPOONER.

ARRIVAL OF A BURMESE ENVOY AT CALCUTTA.

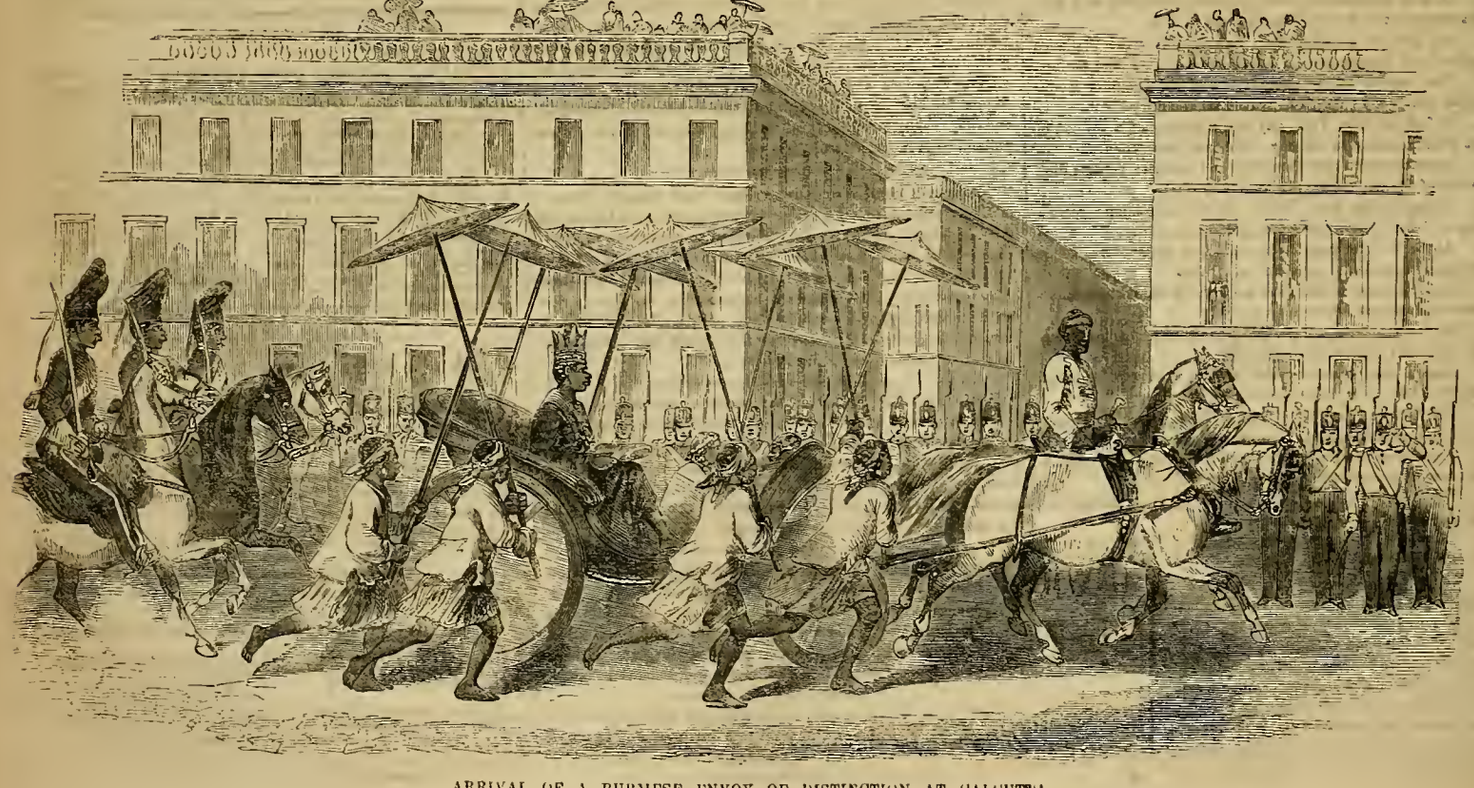
The accompanying engraving was sketched on the occasion of a recent visit from a representative of the emperor of Burmah to the British authorities at Calcutta, and conveys a vivid idea of the manner in which eastern dignitaries travel. The carriage and its pair of horses present nothing remarkable, but the ambassador himself blazes with jewels, and, arrayed in gorgeous robes, is the centre of attraction. Behind him rides a detachment of native cavalry, and the seapoys who line the street receive him with military honors. A peculiar feature of the affair is found in the running footmen who accompany the carriage, holding umbrellas on long handles over the sacred head of the envoy. Of course it would not do to have a covered carriage, and so these poor fellows must keep pace with the horses through the broiling sun of a long journey. These Burmese runners have wonderful endurance and speed. One of them will tire out a horse, and there are more frequent relays of the latter than the former on a journey. Burmah was once the most extensive and popular state in Farther India, but since the war with the British, in 1824–26, it has been materially "curtailed of its fair proportions." It is enclosed on all sides by lofty mountains, and its soil is fertile but sadly neglected by the inhabitants. In the year B. C. 300, at which period the Boodhist religion was introduced, the government was permanently fixed at Prome, where it continued for 395 years, under the reign of twenty-four princes. After this it was removed, under a new dynasty, to Pugan, where it continued nearly twelve centuries, under a succession of fifty-five monarchs. In A. D., 1300, the seat of government was established at Panyah, and continued there fifty-six years, under three sovereigns. In 1364, it was removed to Ava, where it continued 369 years, and first became known to Europeans in the 16th century. About the commencement of the last century, the Burmans were conquered by the Peguans, a people they had themselves enthralled and kept in subjection for the two preceding centuries. At this period Alompra founded the present dynasty. He was succeeded by his son, Uparaja, who made Pakaing his capital. On the death of Uparaja, three years after his accession to the throne, his brother Sembuen succeeded to the sovereign authority, and removed the seat of government to Ava. In 1776, Sembuen was succeeded by his son, Senkusa, who, after a reign of five years, was succeeded by Paongkaeha, who removed the capital to Amarapoora. After a reign of thirty-eight years, Paongkaeha was succeeded, in 1819, by Nunsun, who removed the court once more to Ava; but on the almost total destruction of that town by an earthquake, in 1839, Monchoboo became the seat of government. In 1837, on the death of Nunsun, his brother Serawa succeeded to the throne, to the exclusion of the rightful heir. The British governor of Madras, in the 17th century, made friendly advances to the Burmese monarch, which, being graciously received, in 1709, Captain Alexander Hamilton paid him a visit, the details of which he recorded in his "New Accounts of the East Indies." In 1757, the British were allowed a site for a factory within the empire, but subsequently, aggressions on the part of the Burmese, and insolence to British ambassadors, provoked a collision, which terminated in the subjugation of the greater portion of the Burman empire to the British arms.

THE GRAVE OF STEUBEN.

About five miles from the village of Steuben, and in the town of that name, is the grave of Baron de Steuben. In a five-acre woodland, on a hill, and fenced in so that the field cattle cannot enter, quietly rest the remains of the Prussian patriot and hero. The grave is in the middle of the wood, and was once covered by a monument—a plain slab, with the following simple inscription:—"Major-General Frederick William Augustus Baron de Steuben." We visited the grave a few days since, and found the monument tumbled down, and things going to ruin and decay. It was an unpleasant sight to stand by the grave of that great man, and think how negligent our country had been of her heroes. There in the wild woods, far from the city's crowd, and by the "fair forest stream," reposed the remains of a gallant patriot, with nothing but a ruined mass of mortar and stones to mark his resting-place. Baron Steuben was aid-de-camp to the king of Prussia—he was receiving a salary of about $5000 a year at the time of our Revolutionary struggle—his sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the infant colony, and he left his home and situation to serve in the American cause, and take the lead of our armies. He was an able general, and an experienced tactician, and rendered invaluable service to our country. Soon after the close of the war, Steuben retired to private life, and for seven years endeavored in vain to prevail on Congress to remunerate him for his services. At length he received a salary of $2500 a year, only half of that which he had relinquished thirteen years before, to risk all in her service. He located himself on the farm, and in the township where he died, given him by the State of New York. He cleared off sixty acres of land, erected a log house, and sat down for the remainder of his life. With his trusty servants and a few friends, who still clung to him with more than filial affection, he watched the current of his years drift peacefully away, without a sigh for the splendors of royalty he had left behind him in the old world. A tree near the spot where his house stood, was a favorite of his; and under that tree in summer he used to pass many of his hours. He expressed a wish to be buried, when he died, under the tree where he had so often rested while living. On the 25th day of November, 1797, he was struck with paralysis, and lived but three days afterwards. He directed, just before his death, that he should be buried in his military cloak, with the star of honor, which he always wore, placed on his breast. His weeping servants, and a few rustic neighbors, formed the procession to his solitary place of burial; and there, in the still woods, "with the military cloak around him," and the star flashing on his breast, they laid the old warrior down to the rest. He sleeps well beneath the soil he helped to free. His stormy career was over, and he who had passed his life on the battle-field, had not a flag to droop over the hearse, or a soldier to discharge a farewell shot over his grave. A nation seems to have blotted him out from its memory, and left him to die alone, forgotten and unhonored. A "republic may prove ungrateful," and refuse to erect a monument to the memory of the departed patriot and warrior, but the people of the land which he helped to free will cherish his many virtues with filial tenderness and affection. In 1854, his remains were taken from the place where they were first deposited—a highway having been laid out there—and removed some fifty or sixty rods distant. As we stand by the grave of the baron, amid the tall trees of the forest, standing like so many sentinels around, the following touching and appropriate lines of the poet Collins, which have been so often quoted for their beauty and effect, came clustering to our memory:

> "So sleep the brave, who sink to rest
> With all their country's honors blest.
> When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck the hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
>
> There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To deck the mould that wraps their clay;
> And Freedom shall a while repair
> To dwell a weeping hermit there."

[*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.*



ARRIVAL OF A BURMESE ENVOY OF DISTINCTION AT CALCUTTA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

THE UMBRELLA AND THE THRONE.

Who that ever "toted" a blue cotton umbrella, one of those heavy, old-fashioned things with a world of cloth and timber in its construction, being beguiled thereto by a prospect of rain, while leaving home in the morning, ever thought of an umbrella as a stepping-stone to the throne? In fact, it was considered rather fatal to royal hopes. Louis Philippe always carried an umbrella, and Louis Philippe lost his crown—cause and effect. But the philosopher knows that the same causes do not always produce the same effects. It seems that in the Maleva, in India, there is a certain precipice over so many feet high, and springing from a base of sharp-pointed rocks, from the summit of which the Rajpoot women sometimes cause their firstborn to precipitate themselves in pursuance of a vow. In last February, a young man whose mother had been kind enough thus to dedicate him to the gods, led him to the precipice to accomplish her vow, in the presence of a vast multitude. The young gentleman was very docile, but at the moment of leaping, he snatched a huge umbrella from the hand of one of his uncles, and sprang into the gulf. At the moment of his descent, the umbrella opened, and forming a parachute, buoyed up the adventurer in such a manner that he lighted gently and unharmed on the rocks beneath. The multitude exclaimed that it was a miracle, and an evident proof that Vishnoo and Brahma designated a successor to the reigning prince. The cry went up that it was their duty to massacre the rajah and his family. So the crowd rushed to the residence of the prince, stoned him and his whole family by way of "putting them out of their misery," and proclaimed the young gentlemno with the umbrella Rajah of Oukar. The Bombay Gazette informs us that this young Rajpoot was an adventurer, who, having witnessed a balloon ascension at Calcutta the year previous, had instinctively caught at the laws of aerostation, and had made use of them to dethrone the rajah of Oukar-Mundattah. Our friend Godard himself could not have done it better.

A Dilemma.—A horse dealer in Chicago has contrived an ingenious method of preventing the intrusion of constables on his premises to serve civil processes. On one side of his doorway is a savage bulldog, whose chain reaches half-way across the opening, and on the other side, an untamed bear, with a similar extent of chain. Of course there is "no thoroughfare."

No Thavellen.—A wealthy and shrewd business man of Washington, D. C., has never in his life been as far as Baltimore, and never set foot in a railroad car, a steamboat, or a graveyard. He is over 70 years old.

Rain.—Nature raises water for refreshing the earth from 13,000 to 14,000 feet for some of the mining districts of South America, and not less than 16,000 feet for the highest inhabited regions of Thibet.

Sweets.—Elwanger & Barry of the Mount Hope Nurseries, near Rochester, N. Y., have two acres of roses in a single block, and seven acres of the queen of flowers in all.

SPLINTERS.

.... A man in Brantford, being unfeelingly taunted with having just come out of jail, took laudanum and died.

.... At the last accounts from San Francisco, the Vigilance Committee had disbanded their forces and abdicated their powers.

... The oration at the inauguration of the Franklin monument was delivered by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

... A firm in New York city sold a quarter of a million of dollars worth of wheat in one day. A heavy transaction.

.... Eight thousand seven hundred and nineteen persons died in the city of Mexico during the year 1855.

.... Politeness has been likened to an air-cushion: there's nothing in it, but it eases the world's jolts wonderfully.

... At the Webster mansion in Marshfield, the names of about four thousand persons are registered as visitors.

Punch assures us that there are bores in the best families: the oldest houses have leaden spouts.

... No sooner does a fool get into trouble of his own seeking, than he proclaims himself the victim of fate.

The old Stuyvesant pear-tree in New York, two centuries old, this year bore more than a bushel of fine pears.

.... The Tentines, an ancient people drank honey and water at weddings—hence the phrase honey-moon.

.... If an heiress is worth one hundred thousand dollars, rumor speedily magnifies the amount to five or six millions.

The theatrical campaign in this city is being carried on with great vigor by the several managers.

Laura Keene's splendid new theatre in New York is on the eve of completion. Laura is a gem.

The scene of Mr. G. R. P. James's new novel is not located in Virginia, as was reported at one time.

.... Miss Emma Stanley, with her elegant drawing-room entertainment, wins fame and money wherever she goes.

.... The artists of New York and Boston have come back from the mountain regions with numerous sketches.

.... The New York Herald will soon be enabled to throw off from its presses sixty thousand sheets an hour.

... The Cunard company are about to build a vessel to surpass the Persia. It will be a marvel, if they do.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

A few weeks since, the London Times, in its search for material to create a sensation, or perhaps from a higher motive, pounced down on an unlucky Italian opera, *La Traviata*, and tore it all to pieces. The ground of attack was not the poverty of the music, or of the performance, but the immorality of the *libretto*, which, in fact, deserved all the censures of the critic. To be sure the Times was silent during the performance of many operas, whose immorality is veiled only by the cobwebs of long custom; but we are thankful it has waked up at last. There is Don Giovanni, for instance. The hero is anything but an exemplary gentleman, and the bad effect of his example is not obliterated by the fact of his tumbling through a trap-door in the last scene. Ardent and ingenuous youth dwell rather admiringly on the velocity of his career, than in the little circumstance of his being finally overtaken by "Bogy."

But we are glad the London Times took the matter in hand. The stage has been purified, to a great extent, by the force of public opinion. The drama is now, on the whole, presentable and acceptable; and we must see to it that immorality does not return to the boards, under cover of the sweetest music and the most insinuating of modern tongues. What a mass of horrors and atrocities is Lucrezia Borgia! That woman never should have been selected as the heroine of drama or opera. History furnishes examples of purity, of lofty heroism, of heroic daring and generous deeds, to awaken, in the hands of an able writer, interest and enthusiasm, without touching those dark shadows that chequer its pages.

If this movement of the London Times is followed up with vigor, it will be well for managers, actors and the public. Honest and fearless criticism is what we stand in need of. Indiscriminate puffery and indiscriminate blame, based on personal preferences or prejudices, are too apt to be given us instead of honest opinions. And since, for a long time to come, we fear, we must be dependent for our dramatic entertainments on England, it would be well for us, if a rigid censorship should be established there as a barrier to the wretched stuff which has been imported thence in cartloads for our consumption, simply because the garbage had been stamped with the seal of European puffery. It is for the interest of managers and actors to court and solicit fearless, honest criticism, instead of puffery. The stage is rising again into a power—a power felt and acknowledged. If it is permitted to sink once more into its late state of degradation, then it falls

"—— like Lucifer,
Never to rise again."

The English press, in the palmy days of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt and the "Examiner," was famous for the fearlessness, intelligence and impartiality of its criticism. And in the century beforehand, criticism was in the hands of men above all suspicion of venality and favoritism. The stage was then a model of elegance of deportment and of purity of pronunciation. No such thing as slovenly English was ever heard from the lips of an actor—no such thing as "gaggery." Talent found its fitting appreciation, and imbecility and dulness were restrained to their proper spheres. The dignity of art was upheld by the dignity of criticism.

A YOUTHFUL COLONY.

Not long since a number of children, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Van Meter, started by railroad from New York for the great West. They were brands snatched from the burning by the noble ladies of the Five Points' Mission. These ladies paid all the expense of the expedition. The children and their guardian occupied a car by themselves; and at the moment of departure the spectators gathered about the station were thrilled with emotion on hearing all those little childish voices mingling in the song of "Happy Land!" May Heaven bless them and their generous protectors! May the future of their lives be as bright as its beginning was dark and dreary. The establishment of the Five Points' Mission in the very heart of the worst moral corruption and physical degradation of New York, was one of the noblest philanthropic movements of the day.

"Porter's Spirit of the Times," New York.—We cordially welcome this new sporting journal recently established by the founder and editor of the old "Spirit," in connection with Mr. George Wilkes, a successful and able journalist. Porter seems to have renewed his youth and vigor with his new garb. The brilliant spirits of the olden time cluster around him with many a new recruit; and his sporting and dramatic journal blazes with intellect, wit, fun, humor and criticism, from end to end. Its permanent existence is already a fixed fact.

Unlucky.—The dowager queen of Oude came to England on a bootless errand—that of bribing the British government into a restoration of her son to his kingdom. She ought to have known that the British lion never relaxes a prey in which he has once firmly fixed his claws. The old lady started with jewels valued at a quarter of a million of dollars as presents, but they were stolen from her on the way—an Oude-acious robbery!

Powerful Engine.—The Detroit Tribune states that an engine, costing $50,000, is in course of erection, which is to be used for pumping water into the reservoir of that city. This engine is guaranteed to raise 1,000,000 pounds one foot with 100 pounds of coal—less than two pounds of coal per hour for a single horse power—the highest guaranteed duty of any engine known.

Chivalric Daring.—A milkman in this vicinity, who has grown rich by his business, has set up a carriage, and has had painted on one of the panels a pump, and on the other a cow. Between the two he gets along very comfortably.

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

It is refreshing to step out of the circle of our own political affairs, now involved in the boiling and feverish excitement of a presidential election, and glance at the doings of our transatlantic neighbors. We can afford to keep cool when we are reviewing their difficulties, and certainly cannot be charged with partizanship when we are discussing them. We predicted long ago that a coolness would before long arise between the great governments so lately allied in arms against the ambition of Russia. It is reported that such a state of feeling does actually exist, and that very sharp notes (by the way, these diplomatic notes are sometimes three or four hundred pages long) have passed between Louis Napoleon and the English ministry, "concerning everything in the world and something besides." France is patting Russia on the back while turning the cold shoulder on England. And lately some curious hints have been thrown out, which accounts for the precipitancy with which the treaty of peace was hurried through at Paris. About that time, it will be remembered, the vast, fertile and wealthy kingdom of Oude was annexed to the British possessions in the East—they didn't call it annexing, but absorbing, by the way. Louis Napoleon, who was seeking for a pretext for ending the war, in which he had reaped glory enough for his present purposes, eagerly caught at this fact—inquired very politely how John Bull could be so inveterate against the encroachments of Russia in Europe, while Johnny was setting the example in the East on such a gigantic scale. He hinted that consistency would not permit his good friends to prolong a bloody contest, of which he himself had had about enough, etc., and so, adroitly harping on this string, created a flurry, under cover of which the treaty was rushed through. It will be well if matters remain simply in this negative, frigid state; but John Bull is sturdy, and Johnny Crapeau is fiery, and we should not be at all surprised to wake up some fine morning and find them at loggerheads with each other. It would not be difficult to rouse up the old hereditary hate of both countries—each of which, has in turns, been invaded and subjected by the other. Then England would again become the "perfidious Albion" of the old French journals, and Louis Napoleon the unmitigated villain which the London Times called him at the time of the *coup d'etat*.

The Reason.—It is an acknowledged fact that plays are always popular in which the principal character is a villain. Balzac explains the fact by saying, "We like to see a greater scoundrel than ourselves, and console ourselves with the idea that, with all our imperfections, we are not quite so bad as he is."

An Old 'Un.—An old oak tree in France, planted in 1070 by the Count of Champagne, was lately struck by lightning.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Richard Stanley to Miss Maria Riols; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. William Wilson to Miss Ellen Grindell; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Amasa T. Thompson to Miss Phebe Stoddard, both of New Bedford; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. T. F. Shattuck, of Dedham, to Miss Annie L. Learned; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Capt. Nathaniel Gammage to Miss Mary A. Eustis; by Rev. Mr. Strickland, Mr. Francis T. Marshall, of Deer Isle, Me., to Miss Nancy J. Joy; by Rev. Mr. Sallock, Mr. Geo. W. Hildreth to Miss N. J Weed.—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Staples, Mr. Oliver C. Robinson, of Madrid, N. Y., to Miss Adeline Viles.—At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Timothy D Taylor, Esq. to Miss Mary M. Kendrick.—At Acton, Mr. Moses A Noyes to Miss Emeline Hosmer.—At Lowell, Robert Clark, Esq., of Stow, to Miss Louise S. Goodnow.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. William W. Cameron to Miss Mary F D. Harrington.—At North Bridgewater, Mr. Rufus C. Freeman to Miss Marianna Stoddard.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Maltby, Mr. Frederick A. Harrington to Miss Evelyn Soper.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stetson, Thomas M Stetson, Esq. to Miss Caroline D. Eliot.—At Harwich, by Rev. Mr. Dunham, Mr. Matthew McKenzie to Mrs. Achsah Taylor.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Charles W. Potter to Miss Laura M. Persip, of Hinsdale

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon Elijah Vose, formerly of Dorchester, 67; Mrs. Elizabeth Davies; Mrs. Elizabeth J., wife of Mr. J. W. Hobbs, 38; Mrs. Catherine Fahay, 35; Mrs. Ellen Carr, 72.—At Charlestown, Miss Sarah A Rogers, 22; Mr. Rufus J. Fererty, printer, 29.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Harriet Macarty, 53.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Olive Bradford Jenkins, 56.—At Watertown, John L. Hancock, Esq., 60; Mrs. Mary Melina Packard, 34.—At Newton Upper Falls, Mrs. Mary Abby, wife of Hiram Studley, Esq., of New York 28.—At Dedham, Mrs. Hopestill, wife of Dr. J. Stimson.—At Lynn, Mrs. Hannah Wood, 41.—At Hull, Mr Charles W. Turner, 41.—At Framingham, Mrs. Deborah Herring, 77.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Johanna Jackson; Mrs. Ann, wife of Rev. Thomas Tracy, 70.—At Dunstable, Mr. Asa Butterfield, 55.—At Uxbridge, Mrs Sarah wife of Rev. Samuel Clarke, 50.—At Fall River, Miss Lucia B. Tillinghast, 18—At Barnstable Mrs. Sarah, wife of Capt. Caleb Sprague, 42.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Susan, wife Mr. Daniel Vincent, 71.—At West Tisbury, Widow Mary Hancock, 47.—At Pittsfield, Miss Catharine Berry, 17.—At Nantucket, Mrs Betsey Barker, 61; Mrs. Priscilla Swain, 72.—At Exeter, N. H., Mr. John B Kidder, formerly of Charlestown, Mass., 51.—At New York, Mrs. Caroline W wife of Mr. Lewis H. Morris, formerly of Boston.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHERE I WOULD LIE.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

When I am gone to that far spirit land,
From whence to earth no soul hath ere returned,
To lift the mystic veil that hides our view,
When naught is left of all that once I was,
Save the icy form, the tenement of clay:
I would be borne to my last resting-place,
In some green spot beneath the blue of heaven,
Where the delicious breath of the balmy spring
Might float around me, and the dirge-like winds
Of sighing autumn, in low, solemn numbers,
Chant o'er my grave their mournful requiem.
Lay me not in the cold and cheerless tomb,
The prison-house of death: but place my form,
Silent, and as though of marble made,
In the kind bosom of my mother Earth,
Where once again my dust shall mix with hers.
Not many circling years shall roll around
Their onward orbit to the far off bounds
Of time, before, methinks, my life's frail bark
Shall have launched forth upon the great unknown,
Perchance to sink within some fearful depth,
Or safely wafted by angelic hands,
To some fair haven of the better land.
When this soul of mine has winged its flight,
I would that the frail tenement of clay,
Where once it dwelt, might peaceful lie among
Its kindred dust. And lo! when pealing far
Through earth and heaven, shall sound the trump of God,
May it arise from the long clasp of death,
Clad in the garments of celestial brightness,
And joining there the choir of angel harpers,
Traverse with them the golden streets above,
And evermore through heaven's high arches peal
The grand and glorious song of earth's redeemed.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOOLISH TOM HORN.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Impulse raises the old cat with many and many a young man. He may be safe just now, for he knows where he is; but to-morrow, or in the course of the next hour, he is liable to be in the maze of a difficulty from which nothing but brass or a good sword can ever extricate him.

Thus it chanced to be with our misguided friend, Tom Horn. A cleverer fellow, in the common acceptance of that word, probably never passed you his cigar case; nor a jollier one, upon occasion; nor an easier, freer, more careless, or trust-to-luck individual. He always lived, when he got a dollar, as if he should never need another. And in spite of his improvident habits, he managed somehow to keep always with the rest of the world, too.

There is no trying to tell how many hearts he broke, here and there, nor into how many scrapes he got in consequence. It would be nonsense to think of reckoning up his conquests, whether against the efforts of other men, or over the more delicate natures of the female sex. Wherever he was he was proud to be esteemed a lion.

His impulses led him into all manner of difficulties. He had hardly extricated himself from one before he found himself over head and ears in another. Perplexities, especially of the amatory sort, he never failed to be mixed up in. He invariably had an exhausting affair on his hands. And all this simply because he was run away with by his sudden feelings. They were like wild horses hitched to him, without curb or rein.

Last summer Tom took it in his head to make a little excursion into the country. So taking down a large map of the State, he studied over it, and studied over it, till he fixed his thoughts on Obed as the very place where he wished to sojourn. It was exceedingly inland, it had public houses of one kind and another, and it was understood to be a locality full of the delightfulest rural associations.

Accordingly, on the twentieth day of July, he crammed his summer effects into a good-sized carpet-bag, bade his anxious landlady "good morning," and sallied forth. First to the cars. The cars took him within two miles, or such a matter, of Obed, and a coach, such as you cannot find anywhere except in the country, trundled him on the rest of the way.

Once installed in his little seven-by-nine room at the hotel, he began to look industriously about him. On investigation, he discovered that there was another establishment for summer boarders right next his hotel, and easily overlooked from his own little window. Here was a subject for him to study. His curiosity was piqued, as usual. And down he sat, with open window, day after day, and for so many hours each day, to watch for any stray developments that might offer.

It was not long before he thought himself paid for his trouble. For nearly opposite, at a window always open and with the curtains drawn completely aside, sat a beautiful young creature with dark curls and fair complexion, who to appearances was engaged in embroidering, but in fact was occupied with throwing glances over at our friend Tom.

There he sat, making everybody but her believe he was reading; and there she sat, trying to impose on the world the idea that she accomplished a deal of fancy work every day. They grew tender very soon with their eyes, and finally came to exchanging smiles. At this stage of the proceedings Tom certainly supposed he must be crazy.

By-and-by he bowed to her. What was his delight to find that she stared fixedly yet pleasantly at him a moment, and then nodded back as gracefully as a spirit! Now he was beside himself in truth. He wished he had wings, that he might fly straight across to her window. He wanted to throw himself out of his own window and go in some way through the air over to her, and hover about her charming face.

One day after another went along, Tom more a victim to his feelings than ever. She sat and looked at him and he sat and looked at her. In the course of his life, Tom had picked up, among other things, a sort of knowledge of the language of mutes. So he bethought himself that he would try an experiment with signs and dumb show.

He made a few letters in the air. She immediately replied in the same way, making other letters in return. He was delighted more than ever, and found he had finally "struck a vein." If they could in this way arrange it so as to *talk* with one another, the business was a safe and profitable one. By means of his signs he asked her Christian name.

"Bessy," answered she; "short for Elizabeth."

"Mine is Tom," he rejoined. "What is the color of your eyes, Bessy?"

"Black,"—with a hesitating smile. "Yours are blue; I can tell from here."

"Are you a stranger in these parts?" asked Tom.

"Yes; came out to pass a few weeks with some friends."

"Friends boarding in the house with you?"

She nodded yes.

"I wish I had taken rooms there too," communicated Tom. "Why didn't I?"

"We are full here now," returned his fair friend.

Throwing a kiss to her from the tips of his fingers, as he heard some one rap on his door, he closed half his shutter and sprang up to let in the applicant.

Next day he returned to his exciting occupation, taking care to secure himself against sudden interruption. This was an adventure that occupied his thoughts and his heart. He was in for it in good earnest. This time he found his new *inamorata* punctual at her post, and apparently awaiting him. Her face lit up with a smile, she bowed, and, in response to his own advances, kissed her hand to him. This, surely, was getting on bravely. With his thumbs and fingers he went to work again.

"I think you are beautiful," said he. "I feel as if I had known you always. Are you from the city?"

She nodded yes, as a quicker way than by signs.

"Parents?"

"No."

"Brothers?"

"Not here. One in town; the other in California."

Tom half wished they were both in California.

"Relations with you?"

"An uncle and aunt. That is all. But they watch me, you know."

Tom here clasped his hands across his breast, made up a face of the most deeply sympathetic pretensions, and declared that he would like to tie them both up in a bag and hide them down cellar together for a month. She shook her head and curls at him playfully, as much as to say—"That never would answer in the world; for they are going to leave me something one of these days!"

"Rich?" pursued Tom.

"Yes,"—with her head only.

Tom could have clasped the dear creature in his arms only for the distance that lay between them. "Now," said he to himself, "this girl's a prize. I'll have her or die in the attempt! Let *me* once handle the bonds and stocks that her Jew of an uncle is going to leave her, and I think I can make a different thing of life entirely!"

"I wish we could meet," he went on, "I have so much to tell you. I want to see you closer; take your hand; and talk with you. I want to hear your voice; to look into your eyes; and watch the play of your countenance. Can't we meet somewhere?"

She hesitated. At length she gave a timid assent to his proposal. Tom could have died that minute, for joy. Thrice he kissed his hand to her, rising to his feet and bowing. His manner was already that of a most passionate lover.

"In the orchard," he suggested, "down the lane below," pointing in the direction of the locality that was thus to be made sacred. To that she agreed also.

"What time?" he inquired.

She dared not suggest herself. She would leave that to him.

"To-morrow afternoon?" said he, in the form of an interrogatory.

"Yes; that would answer very well."

"At three o'clock?"

"Yes," again.

And so it was arranged.

Tom could scarcely sleep at all that night, and no wonder. To a person of an impulsive and nervous temperament, like himself, a matter of this sort was a great affair. It made his pulses flutter and trip a good deal faster than those of people in more ordinary circumstances.

In the afternoon, and at a little past three o'clock, he stole off for a stroll down to the orchard in the rear. His way was through a pleasant lane, shaded here and there with a broad-spreading apple-tree, over long strips of most delicious green grass, and through a gate or two that kept out vagabonds and stray cattle.

Arrived, finally, at the spot designated, he leaped the bars that stretched across his path, and looked carefully all around the enclosure. Old stone walls shut it in on every side, and the grass was as thick and vigorous as in June. The apple-trees stood in dense order, their shadows giving an almost forest-like look to the whole orchard. The sun glistened in through the leaves, and touched up with a yellow brilliancy the young fruit that had begun to make its boasts to the eye of the proprietor. Altogether it was a very beautiful rural scene, and just the place that youthful lovers would select for the exchange of vows or admiration.

Tom went strolling about here and there, almost at random, gazing all around him, and wondering whereabouts he should find his friend Bessy. For some minutes he inclined to the opinion that she had not yet arrived. But suddenly catching a glimpse of a white dress beneath a distant apple-tree, and seeing that the person's back was turned to him, and leaning against the tree, he took heart and inwardly returned thanks for his luck. He went nearer, to satisfy himself of the identity of Bessy. Yes—there were those long, dark curls, and that same black hair. He was certain of her now. His suit was accepted, and his fortune was made for his lifetime.

In order to afford her a delightful surprise, he resolved to creep stealthily up behind her, and then to rush forward and throw his arms around her neck. All of which would, no doubt, constitute a very pretty arrangement.

So up he stole a-tiptoe, working his way slowly through the tangled grass, till he came very near to the tree; then, with a laugh and an exclamation of tenderness, he threw himself down on the ground beside his fair one, wound his arms about her, and began uttering protestations of his devoted attachment. Instead of reciprocating this sort of sentiment at all, the lady threw down the newspaper she had been reading, and screamed out at the very top of her voice: "Alfred! *Alfred!* Alfred!"

It was a scream of terror and desperation.

In an instant almost, up sprang a man from the grass and shadows somewhere, in his shirt sleeves, carrying another newspaper in his hand. He looked to see what the matter was, and flew to the rescue as swift as lightning.

Before Tom could begin to recover from his astonishment at the lady's screams, he found himself set on by the fists of the gentleman in summer afternoon undress, pounded till he could not see one from the other, kicked all about the grass, and ordered to take himself out of the orchard in no time at all! So different a reception from what he had expected. The difficulty was, he had mistaken another man's wife for the girl of his heart. They were a couple who boarded in the same house with young Bessy.

Blind, bloody and swollen, and mortified even more than he was disfigured, he dragged himself away without a word of explanation, and started for his room by the most private way. In the lane he met Bessy herself. He could just recognize her; but she did not know him, though so much surprised at his appearance. She thanked Heaven that she did not know him, and passed quietly on. It was a sad termination indeed to prospects that ten minutes before were so golden.

The same night he paid his bill at the hotel, hired a conveyance to the cars, and slipped off to parts unknown to the dwellers of Obed. The story got about very soon. Only one person really understood the secret of it, and that person was Bessy; but she was prudent when it was absolutely necessary, and nobody was ever the wiser for what *she* knew on the subject.

It was said that Tom Horn was cured of his amatory impulses; but there is no telling how that is. As likely as not, he will get into a worse scrape, ten times over, when the next summer shines over our heads. Such sad dogs never *will* learn a new trick,—not even when it will protect them against the results of the old ones.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

Among many curious yet well authenticated anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful sagacity, or reasoning powers of the canine race, the following deserves a place: A large Newfoundland dog, belonged to the captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion, the captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals of such different natures were almost inseparable during the passage. On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained for several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend and fellow-passenger, Rover, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation which had taken place between them. On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the usual bustle on board gave Rover a hint of what was going on, and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to puss, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was about hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well conditioned, in and upon the good ship called the Nancy of Greenock; and then ran to his master, wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might remain on board.—*N. Y. Albion.*

FEEDING FISH.

The last efficient sea-fish pond we chanced to examine is situated near Port Nesson, Wigtownshire. It was constructed in 1800. A flight of steps leads downward to a small platform, by the water's edge, and the moment the old woman, who was our conductress, showed herself in the act of descending those steps, the whole body of codfish moved toward her, just as a flock of poultry follows a henwife. She had in her hand a basin filled with sand-eels and limpets; and when we neared the surface of the pond, and were seen by the fish to be manipulating the contents of the basin, as many as could press themselves close in shore raised their heads, or at least the anterior portion, quite out of the water, opened their mouths wide, and made a gurgling and occasionally a snapping sound, the latter occasioned by the sudden shutting of their jaws when they felt or fancied that something had dropped between them. As we stood on the lowest step, *au niveau* of the water, some of them laid their large, languishing faces over our feet, allowed us to put our hands beneath them, and roll them over, or even raise and replunge them—as nurses do children—out of, and then beneath their native brine. The species were chiefly cod, with a few lithe, a gurnard, and a small grilse or sea trout.—*Blackwood.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The total export of treasures from California ports for the last seven months is rising $30,000,000. —— Paper-making in the United States has become one of our greatest productive interests, in consequence of the unrestrained liberty of the press, the prevalence of common school education, and the appetite for literature of all descriptions. —— The Chicago Times states that 3750 buildings have been erected in that city since the commencement of the year. —— The Philadelphia Journal says that there is considerable commotion just now existing among the police of that city, arising out of the recent stringent orders of the mayor. Many of them threaten to resign in a body, and a party from one of the upper districts have already presented themselves at the mayor's office for that purpose. —— They have had a lady at Sharon Springs, so they say, who would ring the bell with a pistol eight times out of ten. —— A ludicrous mistake recently occurred in San Francisco. The citizens had held several enthusiastic meetings, appointed committees, marshals, president, etc., and made ready for a grand celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lafayette, on the 6th of September, when all at once it was discovered that Lafayette was born Sept. 6, 1757, instead of 1756, as was supposed, and the hundredth anniversary does not occur until *next year*. —— The Joint Library Committee of Congress have ordered a full sized statue of Hancock to embellish the capitol. —— A man named Honar, at Kennet, England, was lately fined for using a steel-yard which was found to be incorrect, and though it turned out that the inaccuracy of the steel-yard used had defrauded Mr. Honar himself, the penalty was enforced. —— In the year 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world. —— Lord Campbell, in his Lives of the Chancellors, says that Lord Tenterdon, the celebrated judge, expired with these words on his lips: "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." The last words of Lord Hermand, the Scotch judge, were equally striking and professional: "Guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the court." —— It is estimated that fourteen thousand Africans have been landed in Cuba within the last eight months. —— It is said that sole leather (instead of iron) boxes about the axles of omnibuses and other vehicles relieves them, almost entirely, of the deafening noise which the iron ones make, and that they will outlast those of iron. —— John Bray, a farmer of Bleinham, Canada, poisoned himself and five children with strychnine, during the absence of his wife. —— The next expedition to Liberia will sail from Baltimore early in November, in the Colonization Society's new ship, John Stevens, now being built in that city. The ship, it is supposed, will accommodate about 300 passengers. —— In Canada West, where certain species of wild grapes are very abundant, the manufacture of wine, recently introduced, has been attended with the most signal success. —— A Clarkesville paper speaking of the low water in the Tennessee, says that a rise of three feet came down a few days previous, but could not get over the shoals! —— Thomas Jefferson was but 23 years old when he draughted the Declaration of Independence. —— The commercial tonnage of the United States exceeds that of Great Britain by the amount of ten per cent., and exceeds that of all other European nations (excluding Great Britain) by the amount of over nine hundred thousand tons. —— Mr. Kennedy was bitten by a rattlesnake near Wakulla, Florida; he applied the white of an egg and salt to the wound, drank abundantly of spirits, and the next day was about his business. —— The population of New York is dying off at the rate of one every seventeen minutes, day and night, all the year round. What a steady succession of agonies! —— The great bell for the clock-tower of Westminster Palace has been cast at the village of Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees. The metal employed amounted to eighteen tons. The ringing of that bell must be very gratifying to invalids residing in its vicinity.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.—Professor Olmstead lately spoke of Percival as the "most learned man in the country at the time of his death." His poetic talents, in connection with which we commonly think of him, formed but a single item in the vast resources of his mind. He possessed a deep knowledge of medicine, was acquainted with nearly all the modern languages, and was pronounced by Sir Charles Lyell to be one of the most extraordinary men in geology whom he had ever met. Yet this brilliantly gifted and accomplished man lived and died in poverty.

PAVEMENTS AND HEALTH.—Every city should endeavor to have its streets well paved, because health and pavements have an intimate relationship. In the city of Rome the utmost watchfulness is exercised respecting the pavement of the streets, because it has been found that malarian fever is sure to visit every unpaved locality in it. In the city of Liverpool, England, narrow and unpaved streets in which the typhus fever used to rage the year round, were rendered healthy by paving.

TOLERATION IN TURKEY.—Since the publication of the new law in Turkey, 106 Christian churches have been repaired or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed $5000 to one, building in the island of Candia. In fact, everything is done by him and his government to conciliate his Christian subjects, and to improve the condition of the empire.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—John Brougham is rapidly making a fortune at the Bowery Theatre. He richly deserves it, and no one would adorn a fortune better.

WELSH CHURCH.—The Welsh Presbyterians intend to erect a house of worship in Philadelphia, where the gospel will be preached in Welsh and English.

Wayside Gatherings.

The St. Paul Pioneer gives the intelligence of a threatened war between the Sioux and Chippewa Indians.

"The Medical World" is the name of a new weekly publication in this city, edited by Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

A panther was killed at Chesterfield, New York, lately, measuring six feet in length, and with claws an inch long.

A young man named John Curtis was shot dead lately near Cincinnati, by a gentleman, whose house he entered for the purpose of robbing it.

It is understood that, owing to the unsettled political condition of affairs in Nicaragua, no new minister for that country will, at present, be received here.

A young girl, about six years of age, residing in Albany, in a state of somnambulism went to the window and fell out head foremost. The fall and slight injury she received awoke her.

St. Paul, Minnesota, is now said to have a population of 10,000 souls. In 1849 it did not contain 500. During the present season, 28,000 persons stopped at three of the leading hotels.

A woman at work in a flax mill in Patterson, N. J., while engaged in cleaning some of the machinery before leaving at night, caught her long hair in a shaft, which tore her scalp entirely off.

Harrison Randall, an esteemed citizen of Mercer county, Ky., was in good health, excepting that he was very fleshy and very sleepy—so he went to sleep, and died after a nap of several days.

A paper published in British India publishes a letter from a person at Kurrachee, who says that he is determined to export 120,000 salted rats to China. The Chinese eat rats, and he thinks they may sell.

A large flouring mill, called the Cairo City Mill, has just been completed at Cairo, Ill., at a cost of $25,000. It is expected that it will grind and pack two hundred barrels of flour per day when in full operation.

There are no male descendants of the family of Franklin to perpetuate his name. The celebrated Professor Bache, who has been spoken of as "the nearest descendant of Dr. Franklin living," is one of many great-grandchildren.

Russia, notwithstanding her reverses in the late war, seems as powerful and vigorous as ever, and will soon be ready to make another struggle for power and territory, especially if other European powers get together by the ears.

Notwithstanding the beauty of his consort, the empress, Napoleon is reported to be desperately in love with two other persons—the Countess Castiglione, a Florentine of great wealth and beauty, and the celebrated Miss Neil, of England.

The Register general estimates that there are nearly 40,000 surnames in England. Among them there are 51,000 families bearing the name of Smith, and 51,000 that of Jones. The Smiths and Joneses alone are supposed to include about a million of the population.

Among the inmates of the Maryland State Hospital there is an old man whose derangement has taken a very peculiar character. He has great horror of anything in print. He steadily refuses to read any printed matter, alleging that it is not reliable, and perverts and misleads the mind.

The library ought to have the same attention as the greenhouse; light, air and equal moisture ought to be imparted to the leaves in either case. Light without injury to color, moisture without mildew, and air without soot, are as necessary to the librarian's as to the gardener's charge.

Another expedition is about to be undertaken to discover the source of the White Nile. It will be under the command of the French Count D'Escayrac de Lauture. It will be fitted out at a great expense, and will comprise twelve European, and three hundred Egyptian soldiers, with interpreters, boats, steamers and other conveniences.

Two boys were playing in one of the rooms of the Pacific Mills, at Lawrence, Mass., lately, when one of them, Michael McDonnell, was accidentally pushed into a tub of water heated to 165 degrees, in which he was immersed to his neck. He was immediately rescued and plunged into cold water, but died the same night in the greatest pain.

A grand celebration has just been held in Leipsic, of the jubilean in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the house of Brockhaus, booksellers and publishers. In commemoration of the event, Henry Brockhaus, the head of the firm, has presented a thousand dollars to the Schiller foundation, and a thousand dollars to the "Institution for Decayed Booksellers," in Dresden.

So far from the Sultan's having abolished the slave trade, according to promise, its mischief has been so much accelerated of late, that white slaves can be bought to-day in Constantinople for twenty-five dollars each, and black ones for almost nothing. In a country rooted in tradition, the only reforms easily effected are those upon paper; such is commonly the end of reformation in Turkey.

The latest advices furnish reason for believing that the relations between France and England are not as friendly as formerly, in consequence of some misunderstanding in relation to Spanish affairs. On the other hand, it is thought that England is very desirous of being on the most friendly terms with the United States. A rupture between Great Britain and France before many months would not be surprising.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Baltimore, says:—The yellow fever is originally miasmatic, produced by atmospheric influences, becomes then contagious, and is terminated by other atmospheric influences. The symptoms are those of nervous and putrid fever. The real yellow fever confines itself between the equator and the fortieth degree of north latitude, and never penetrates more than eighty miles from the sea-coast.

The new electric cable to be laid down between Sardinia and the coast of Africa has been lost. Its length was above 120 miles, and it was insured at Lloyd's for £30,000. The vessel which was paying out the cable had reached Galate Island, when a tremendous storm came on, and in order to save the ship and the lives of those on board, they were obliged to drop the cable. This is the second cable lost in the attempt to establish the communication at this point with Africa.

The English papers announce the death of the celebrated Arctic navigator, Sir John Ross, rear admiral in the British navy, at the advanced age of 80. Having entered the navy in 1786, he took an active part in the war of the end of the last and beginning of the present century. In 1818, he accompanied Sir Edward Parry in his expedition to the Arctic seas, and subsequently spent upwards of four years there, from 1829 to 1833, in command of another expedition to these inhospitable regions, and on his return received the honor of knighthood from William IV., for his distinguished services.

Foreign Items.

Paul Julien, the violinist, is about to leave the United States for Europe, agreeably to a royal invitation from the court of France.

Madame Thillon has retired from the stage, and an action for divorce is now pending between the charming vocalist and M. Thillon.

The London Post estimates the cost of the war with Russia at £80,000,000; and recommends that an annual sum be applied to converting personal annuities into terminable ones.

France is comparatively tranquil on the surface, but there are, nevertheless, many causes of anxiety and apprehension. The people of that country are at once impulsive and impatient.

Venice contains the largest collection of archives in the world. They occupy eighteen miles of shelves, which are distributed through no less than two hundred and ninety-eight apartments.

In Italy discontent is spreading in the legations, and alarm is manifested at Naples in consequence of the now ascertained movement of the Muratist party. This party has been circulating a programme or proclamation at Naples with secrecy and activity.

A very large quantity of wheat has been shipped this season in the Sea of Azoff. Up to the middle of August about a million chetwerts, or 720,000 quarters, were shipped at Taganrog and Rostoff; and it is estimated that a similar quantity has probably been shipped at Berdiansk and Marioupol.

Accounts from Hungary mention that within the memory of man there has not been such a luxuriantly abundant promise for the vintage as during the present season; and contracts for the supply of wine have been entered into by German and French houses with the proprietors of vineyards.

Sands of Gold.

.... He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.—*Fuller.*

.... Volatility of words is carelessness in actions; words are the wings of actions.—*Lavater.*

.... Reason cannot show itself more reasonable, than to leave reasoning on things above reason.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

.... To judge by the event, is an error all abuse, and all commit; for, in every instance, courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, temerity.—*Colton.*

.... No man's body is as strong as his appetites, but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his desires by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities.—*Tillotson.*

.... Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death: what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life.—*Colton.*

.... The passions are the only orators that always persuade: they are, as it were, a natural art, the rules of which are infallible; and the simplest man, with passion, is more persuasive than the most eloquent without it.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face: and true proportion the beauty of architecture: as true measures that of harmony and music.—*Shaftesbury.*

.... Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receives.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

There is a time for all things. The time to "leave" is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

Never, perhaps, are children dearer to their parents than when, as at present, the price of bread and meat is excessive.—*Punch.*

The man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-two pound weight has fallen on his toes, may be called excruciatingly funny.

Talk about "mysterious knockings," what is more mysterious than the knockings of two human hearts, set in operation by the magnetism of youthful love?

Somebody thinks that if nature had designed a man to be a drunkard, he would have constructed him like a churn, so that the more he drank, the more firmly he would stand.

They have a new way of hatching chickens in the west, by which a single maternal fowl is made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs and place a hen on the bunghole.

My opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so or not, I shall not inquire. All I have got to say is, that he will get floored if he interrupts me again.

An old gentleman who had dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this, by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"

An old revolutioner says that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Ben's, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

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THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND HIS BROTHERS.

The spirited engraving on this page presents us with equestrian portraits of the present emperor of Russia, Alexander II. and his brothers, the grand dukes Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, who appear as we have named them, in order, from left to right, the imperial group being depicted as they exhibited themselves to the loyal eyes of the populace of Moscow on the recent grand gala of the coronation, with the details of which the papers are now filled. The young emperor looks "every inch a king." The eldest son of the late Czar, Nicholas, he is about thirty years of age. He is said already to have given proof of energy and ability, and he passed through a training well calculated to fit him for the important station he occupies. On his accession to the throne, he found the empire involved in a terrible struggle, comparable only in its son of the emperor, since, at the date of Alexander's birth, Nicholas had only been grand duke. So late as the past summer, there were apprehensions of a revolution, with the object of dethroning Alexander and substituting Constantine in his place. The danger seems, for the present, to have blown over. Constantine is inferior in stature and personal appearance to his imperial brother. His features are regular, but bear marks of premature care; and, if the expression of his countenance be taken in evidence, his temper is the reverse of angelic. He was educated for the navy, trained on board ship, performed a voyage round the world in company with his governor, Admiral Lutke, seemed to identify himself with the maritime power of the empire, and is distinguished by manners and speech as bluff as any sailor need possess. He is reputed to hold England in the most cordial detestation, though he visited and sterile command—and of such family discipline there are precedents abundant in the history of Russian sovereigns—so long will it be impossible for any Russian liegeman to exercise aught but a delegated authority, or to foster a party that would have more than a semblance of influence, or, indeed, of existence." The czar's younger brothers, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael—one born in 1831 and the other in 1832—are chiefly known to the public by the part they took at the battle of Inkermann. Previous to the conflict, the Grand Duke Michael, a fine, stout young fellow, who was noticed on several occasions riding about with a white dog for a companion, informed the soldiers that the czar had issued orders that every Frenchman and Englishman should be driven into the sea ere the year was closed; but when the grand dukes heard of the slaughter of their men, they turned pale; and



ALEXANDER, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AND HIS THREE BROTHERS.

magnitude to that in which it was engaged in the memorable year 1812, when Napoleon, at the head of the greatest army of modern times—an army that might be said to embrace nations in its ranks—undertook to "conquer a peace" in the capital of all the Russias. Though trained to arms, and the chief of a military nation, still it is said that Alexander does not love war for the sake of glory, and certainly the fall of Sebastopol is not calculated to inspire him with any great enthusiasm for military campaigns. The Grand Duke Constantine, who, from his fierce, daring and impetuous character is the hero of the Russian nobility, was born in the year 1827, after Nicholas had ascended the throne; and the circumstance of his having been thus "born in the purple," according to Petersburg gossip, raised, in their youthful days, a dispute between the brothers, Constantine asserting that *he* was the eldest that country in 1847, and inspected its naval arsenals and dockyards in the most minutest details, and with the most careful attention. He is said to be surrounded in St. Petersburg by a band of followers known as the "old Russian party," and is suspected to govern the empire over which his brother nominally reigns. Hitherto, however, he has given no proof of eminent talent. Speaking of the Grand Duke Constantine, the author of that interesting work, "Nine Years in Russia," says: "It has been insinuated that he rules the empire over which his brother nominally reigns; such statements, however, like those which affirm the existence of powerful opposing parties in Russia, must be received with great caution. As long as the czar, in the absoluteness of his authority, can, by a word, consign his nearest relative, like any other subject, to a dungeon, or send him into exile, or appoint him to a distant when the day was irretrievably lost they burst into tears, retreated with their staff, and implored Menschikoff to make the best capitulation he could and abandon the hopeless struggle. Such, at least, is the English account of their behaviour, which must, of course, be received with due caution. The Grand Duke Nicholas has recently been appointed chief of the division of the pioneers of the cavalry of the guard; and the Grand Duke Michael chief of the second division of the artillery of the guard. Promotion is rapid when one's brother is emperor and commander-in-chief. Over how vast an empire has Alexander II. been summoned to preside—the largest, probably, that has ever existed in ancient or modern times. All this vast territory, and more than sixty-five millions of people, are ruled by the will of the one man whose portrait faces us on this page.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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SPANISH MINSTRELS.

The picture on this page is well executed and highly characteristic. It is a group of two Spanish maidens, one of whom is striking the chords of the national guitar, bending over it in the excitement of minstrelsy, her parted lips indicating that she's singing; while her companion accompanies her with the tamborine and voice. Fair they are not—these bronzed daughters of the sun—and yet theirs is a wild and gipsy style of beauty, not without its fascination. Dark hair, dark eyes, pearly teeth and rounded contours are their heritage. There is a charm about the Spanish women which the coldest hearts acknowledge. Their figures are generally supple and elastic; their movements full of grace and witchery. Their walk is a study; but it is as much impossible to imitate the walk of a Spanish senorita, as to copy her manner of managing the fan. In their gait, and in their fan exercise, they certainly surpass all the daughters of Eve. Doomed by the jealousy of the "lords of creation" to great seclusion, and to a forced silence, except among themselves, they find in the fluttering of their fans an eloquent mode of expressing their sentiments and emotions, as the ladies of the East make of a bouquet of flowers a most expressive dragoman. But we should forget the principal accomplishment of a Spanish girl, if we omitted her dancing. The stage gives us a faint, though fanciful idea of the character of the Spanish dancers. The *Iolero*, and the *cachucha*, and the *Jalio de Xerres*, must be danced by the daughters of Spain, to be fully understood and appreciated. Even Fanny Elsler lacked a certain something, which only nationality could give. Nor are the Spanish women wanting in the higher qualities of devotion and heroism. If France has her Maid of Orleans, Spain can point with equal pride to her Maid of Saragossa, whom Byron's pen and Wilkie's pencil have immortalized. The characteristics of the women of Spain are preserved in their colonies and in the revolted provinces of Spain with singular fidelity. The women of Lima and the ladies of Havana and of Mexico have the same features, the same fascination of manner, and the same habits, as their sisters of the country of their origin.



SPANISH MINSTRELS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

OR, THE

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

Before Edith had time to say anything more, she was called from the room. The door by which she went out had hardly time to close behind her, when another communicating with the hall was thrown open, and Ishmael Withers entered.

"You are in trouble; allow me to offer you my sympathy," said he, advancing towards her and holding out his hand.

"I wish for none of it," replied Bessie, shrinking back and burying her hand within the folds of her dress.

"You wont even shake hands with me, for old acquaintance sake, after so long a separation?"

"We avoid the viper for fear of its sting, even more than from its loathsomeness."

"I understand a part of your taunt, at least," said Withers. "If my features were not cast in one of nature's fairest moulds, it is no fault of mine, and now that you have seen to your sorrow that a fair outside may conceal a depraved heart, you might, I think, for the sake of common courtesy, be more chary in the choice of your words."

"I know whom you allude to, but there is not wealth enough in the wide world to tempt Wilton Richmond to the commission of a deed at once so wicked and so mean as the one he is accused of, and you, incapable as you are of appreciating anything which is true and honorable, know this. Nothing low or vile could ever harbor in a nature so open and frank as his. As soon might foulness and corruption be concealed in a crystal vase."

"You would do to deliver a Fourth-of-July oration, Miss Bessie," said Withers, with a sneering smile, "but facts are stubborn things."

"Yet stubborn as they are, they may be warped and twisted by cunning hands."

"This is all folly," said Withers, changing his tone. "Nothing is gained by handying words. One thing is certain: this Captain Richmond, immaculate as you hold him to be, whenever he is brought to trial, to say nothing of the disgrace, will be found guilty of a crime involving a heavy penalty."

"Whenever he is brought to trial, do you say? Has he not already had his trial?"

"He isn't yet even arrested, for which you may thank me."

"Why should I thank you? What good can result to him from delay?"

"Delay might not be of much use. What I wish to do is to prevent his being arrested. If he is brought to trial, there will be no chance for him whatever."

"How are you to prevent his arrest?"

"As yet, the affair is known only to a few. To none, in fact, besides you and your immediate friends, except Ritson and Mercer. There has been a vage rumor afloat, it is true, bearing a distant similitude to the truth, yet nothing has transpired which can seriously implicate him. For this, too, you are indebted to me."

"You appear to possess great influence."

"The truth is, I went earnestly to work, and at once. I sought an interview with Ritson and Mercer, and obtained a promise from them that they would give me a chance to investigate the matter, previously to their disclosing anything which might implicate him."

"It appears to me as singular as it is unnatural for you to interest yourself so much in behalf of one whom I know you regard with such bitter enmity."

"I should not, of course, go to so much trouble without what I considered a sufficient reason—without the expectation of some reward. You can certainly be at no loss to guess what that reward must be."

"How should I guess? I have no aptitude at tracing the artful and crooked policy by which some like to bring about their designs."

"What I require is merely for you to obey what was your late father's wish."

"You may not know as well as you think you do what that wish was."

"I believe I understood it perfectly; but you may think his death releases you."

"No—it makes it doubly binding."

"All you have to do, then, is to obey it, and within twenty-four hours, Wilton Richmond shall be conveyed to a place where the arm of the law cannot reach him."

"A place of safety?"

"Yes."

"You have the power to do this?"

"I have, with the aid of that all-powerful talisman—gold."

"And is this place of safety one that an honorable man can accept?"

"That is a matter of opinion, and opinion may be modified by circumstances. If Wilton Richmond, or any other man of common discretion, holding a commission in the army, was required to choose between a place of safety and the disgrace of being cashiered, and then imprisoned for life, or even shot—for the severity of martial law may demand such an expiation,—I think there can be little doubt but that he would be of the opinion that he might accept the first alternative, and still be an honorable man."

"Though I may not clearly understand you, I believe that I can see that your notions of what is honorable differ so widely from Wilton Richmond's, that he would reject your offer of safety with disdain."

"The more fool he, then."

"Do you *know* that the penalty of such a crime is what you mentioned?"

Withers faltered a moment, for he had spoken at random, and merely with a view to intimidate her.

"You dare not say that you know it," said she, observing his hesitation.

"I fain would have spared your feelings a little," he replied, quickly recovering himself. "I said that he might be doomed to be shot, whereas I should have said that hanging is the punishment for treason, which I think will appear to you, as it does to me, far more dreadful and ignominious than the one I first mentioned."

"Treason did you say? Surely the crime he is accused of cannot be called by that name."

"He has been guilty of an act of treachery against government, which he would hardly have committed had he not renounced his allegiance to that government. It can, moreover, be proved that he has renounced it."

Withers, on this subject, was somewhat at home. Having himself ventured on slippery places, he had taken the precaution to inform himself as to what really constituted the crime of treason, in the full confidence that he could at will refrain from overstepping the limits of safety. He found that he had deceived himself. Almost before he knew it, he had taken the dangerous step, which, had he been betrayed by his reckless coadjutors, would have branded him with the name of a traitor.

Withers waited to give Bessie a chance to reply, but finding that she remained silent, he went on.

"You know now," said he, "what this Captain Richmond has to fear, as well as hope. His fate is in your hands. Do you think that he will thank you for permitting him to suffer the death of a traitor, when you had it in your power to prevent it?"

"If I only knew what I ought to do," said Bessie, in a low, moaning voice.

"It is plain enough, I should think. We are commanded in a certain book, which you profess to hold in great reverence, to preserve our own lives and the lives of others."

"Not by unlawful means—not by taking on ourselves vows which we know it will be impossible for us to fulfil," said she, with a touch of the old spirit which she had manifested at the beginning of their interview.

"Let him die, then, and remember that his blood will be on your head. I shall urge you no more."

He turned to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," said Bessie.

He turned towards her, but did not speak.

"Let me be certain," said she, "that Wilton Richmond is out of danger, and I will do as you wish."

"I shall not trust to that. When once the knot is fairly tied, his safety shall be cared for, and not till then."

"Let it be so, then, and may Heaven forgive me if I have done wrong!"

"Will you give me your written promise?"

"No; if my word cannot be trusted, neither can my written promise."

"When I see you again, which, I expect, will be to-morrow, everything will be so arranged that Captain Richmond can at any moment be placed beyond danger of arrest. You will bear in mind that the ceremony is first to be performed, for which purpose I shall bring a few friends with me."

"But if you should fail to make the arrangement which will secure his safety?"

"Why, then, I shall not claim the fulfilment of your promise."

Half an hour after Withers had gone, Edith, who had been detained longer than she expected, re-entered the apartment. Bessie, who, when she returned, sat bent forward, leaning her head on a table, seemed under the influence of a kind of stupor. She neither looked up nor spoke.

"Come, Bessie," said Edith, laying her hand on her shoulder, "this is wrong."

"I have promised," said Bessie, raising her head from the table and looking up.

Edith was startled at her extreme paleness.

"Promised what?" she asked; for, not knowing that Withers had been there, she feared that her reason was forsaking her.

"That I will marry him."

"I don't understand your meaning, Bessie."

"I have promised to be the wife of Withers."

"You never told me that before."

"It is only half an hour since."

"I didn't know that he had been here. But did you reflect well on what you were doing?"

"Yes; I did it to save Wilton's life."

"I didn't suppose that his *life* was in danger."

"If he is arrested, it will be."

"I think Withers has deceived you."

"No; he made it appear all plain to me, and yet I am unable to tell you how he made it appear so."

"Didn't he explain to you how he could save his life?"

"He says that he can cause him to be conveyed to a place of safety, and has given me his promise that he will."

"Have you faith in his promise?"

"If he does not make it appear to me that he can place him beyond the reach of danger, I am to be released from mine."

"When is Wilton to be conveyed to this place of safety?"

"As soon as it can be accomplished after the ceremony is performed."

"I regret that you have done this."

"What could I do? He would promise to save him on no other condition."

"The sacrifice, I am afraid, will prove to be a vain one."

CHAPTER XXI.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

THE rumor, mentioned by Edith to Bessie in the preceding chapter, that Wilton Richmond left the inn, early in the morning, where he stopped the night after leaving Burder's, was correct. He rose at an early hour, while the morning star was still shining brightly in the east, and finding that no one was yet stirring, strolled away among the distant hills, intending to return by the time the people belonging to the house had risen.

He had ascended one of the higher hills, whence, in the distance, could be seen a broad, green valley bounded on one side by a river.

"I've surely seen this valley before now," thought he, and looking in the direction of some tall oaks and chestnuts, he could see, gleaming through the foliage, portions of a large and ancient mansion. He knew, then, that he was not mistaken. It was the estate now in the possession of Withers, and as he fully believed, his own ancestral domain. "Yes—it is mine, I have no doubt, but how am I to prove that it belongs to me?" said he, unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts.

"When the right time comes, proof may not be wanting," said a voice behind him.

He looked round, and beheld a woman he had never before seen.

"You speak as if you knew what I was thinking of," said he.

"The knowledge of no forbidden art is required to tell people's thoughts when they think loud," said she.

"Did I speak?"

"Certainly, otherwise I could not have known what was passing in your mind."

"I was not aware that I did, and even if I had been, I should hardly have expected any one to be within hearing."

"I am in pursuit of my cow. She strayed away last night—a thing I never knew her to do before. I was vexed when I found she was gone, but have now reason to be glad, as otherwise I should have missed seeing you."

"You speak as if you knew me, and yet I am certain that I never saw you before."

"You have many a time, but you were a wee thing then—too young to remember me, even if I had not changed from a handsome girl of seventeen to what you now see me."

"You must have seen me since then. How else could you recognize me?"

"Yes, I have."

"When and where?"

"Near a little bay which opens into Lake Champlain. Bessie Hamlen and two others were with you."

"I remember the time, but didn't see you."

"I was close by, and I heard them call you Wilton Richmond. If I hadn't, I should have known you by your looks. I must go now, for I see old Cloudy-face, and she may stray still further."

"Wait one minute. Why did you speak as you did in answer to the words which unconsciously escaped me?"

"I will tell you if I can see you in my own home. It will soon be time for people to be abroad now, and it wont be best to excite curiosity."

"Where is your home?"

"Do you see the smoke curling upward from behind that piece of woods?"

"Yes."

"The smoke comes from the chimney of a small house where I live whenever it suits me."

Wilton had a strong desire to hear what she had to say, and as there was no absolute necessity for him to be at Mrs. Hamlen's, whither he was going, at precisely the hour he had named in his letters to Bessie and Edith (the latter was spending a few weeks with her aunt and cousin), he told her she might look for him in the course of half an hour.

When he arrived, she had just finished milking her cow.

"I have sat on this door-sill many a time," said she, as he entered the house, "and held you in my arms."

"You have lived here many years, then?"

"Yes, but I did not live here then. Old Elsie, as she is called, lived here, and I often called to see her, and when your nurse would let me, used to bring you with me."

"Who was my nurse?"

"Her name was Anstis Fay. We both of us lived in the large house the other side of the woods."

"Where a man by the name of Withers lives?"

"Yes; but your grandfather, Mr. Edgar Percival, was alive then, and Withers was his steward."

"Mr. Edgar Percival was my grandfather, then?"

"As truly as you are a living man."

"Are you the only one that knows it?"

"There are others who suspect, or I might rather say, are satisfied in their own minds who you are; but there are some circumstances unknown to any one except myself. Even Withers is ignorant of some of them, and they will go further towards proving your identity than any of the rest. As I have already said, when the right time comes, proof will not be wanting."

"As I am the person most interested, you surely don't intend to keep me in suspense. Having excited my curiosity, you should gratify it."

"It may be as well. I thought to defer it awhile, lest by the impatience natural to the young, you might mar the good fortune which I hope is in store for you. Life is uncertain, and I may not have another opportunity. There was one who knew as much as I do, but his lips now have that seal of silence on them which will ever remain unbroken."

"Who was it?"

"A bad man, though not so bad as his employer."

"And his employer was Withers?"

"Yes. There was another—old Elsie—who had some faint knowledge of what took place, but Withers browbeat and threatened her so, that if she had had any inclination to speak of it, she wouldn't have dared to. After her mind became disordered, she used occasionally to say something to me about it, but what little truth there was in what she told, was mixed up with a great many wild imaginations of her own. I was to have been married to Withers, but he broke his solemn troth-plight, which may be the means of restoring you to your rights, and of exposing his guilt, as you shall hear.

"It may seem strange to you—it does to me now,—but I liked him then, and when he said to me that if ever he married, it would be some one richer and higher than I was, his words fell on my heart like a heavy blow. After he left me, I went and sought a solitary place in the woods, for I thought I could neither bear to be seen nor see any one. The spot was just back of Elsie's cottage, and so walled in by trees and tangled vines that I was perfectly screened from view, though I could easily see what was passing without.

"I don't know how long I had been there, it might have been only a few minutes, or it might have been hours, when I heard footsteps coming along the path which led to Elsie's cottage. I knew those steps, though they were so soft as to be hardly audible. I looked through an opening among the leaves, and saw Withers as he turned the bend of the path which led directly to the door. The windows were open, and by creeping as near to the house as I could, still keeping beneath the shelter of the trees and vines, I could hear all that was said. He spoke to the old lady more pleasantly than usual, and told her that he wanted her to send for Anstis. He had previously taken her close to a window at the back part of the house, not more than a dozen feet from where I was concealed. This was to prevent the girl Elsie called her granddaughter from hearing what he said.

"'Anstis,' said he, 'is in the little glade at the entrance of the wood, where she goes every pleasant day with the child. He is asleep now, and as I've already said, you must send for her to come here.'

"'I don't suppose she will come, if I do,' said Elsie.

"'Tell the girl to say to her you are sick—dying, you are afraid.'

"She dared not refuse to do as he bid her. She sent the girl, who was much frightened, for she really thought that she was taken suddenly ill, and might even be dying. I didn't wait for her to return, but by a path less direct than the one she had taken, hastened to the glade. I was just in time to see Withers enter it. Anstis had gone. I could hear the voices of her and the girl, as they hurried towards the cottage. The child still slept. Withers took him in his arms, and then crept along close to the edge of the woods till he reached the river. I had so managed as to keep within short distance of him, and when he stopped at the side of the river, I crept still nearer. He gave a low whistle, when a small boat shot out from beneath the shelter of an overhanging rock. There was no one in it, except a coarse-looking, ill-dressed man. Withers handed him the child, after taking off his little blue cap, and then tossed something into the boat.

"'There's your reward,' said Withers.

"'How do I know but what you've cheated me?' said the man.

"'Because you know I aint a fool,' replied Withers. 'Don't forget that he is to be lost overboard. It mustn't be very near the shore, though, for I've heard it said a young one like him can swim like a duck.'

"The man promised, and Withers turned away and plunged into the woods.

"While witnessing all this, I seemed to be under the influence of some horrible dream. Apparently, I had lost the power of volition, and a heavy weight seemed to be placed on my head, crushing me to the earth. When Withers was out of sight, I remember of thinking that I would go and tell Mr. Percival, the grandfather of the child, all that I had seen and heard. What happened to me afterward, I never fully knew. When I awoke from what I imagined had been a few hours' sleep, I was told that I had been dangerously ill of a brain fever for a long time.

"As the light of the past by degrees entered my mind, I recalled the incidents which I have now related to you. Subsequently, when it was thought safe to let me know the truth, I was told that for many months my reason was entirely gone. Much had taken place during the interval. Your grandfather had died, and given the whole of his property to Withers, unconditionally, it was then said, though afterward this was found not to be true."

"And did you mention what you had seen to any one?"

"Yes, but those I told it to shook their heads and whispered to each other that my mind was not yet exactly right. I thought you were dead, and as I found that no one believed what I said, I let the matter rest. About two years after my health was restored, I fell in with a cousin of mine by the name of Hendrick Richmond. He had a child with him, who at once attracted my attention from his strong resemblance to the Percival family. I asked him many questions concerning the boy, in answer to which he told me that between two and three years previously, just as he was ready to start on a fishing voyage, a man came aboard the vessel with a child who appeared to be two or three years old, whom he pretended he found by the shore of the river. Nobody would own him, he said, and he begged Richmond to take him to sea with him. He didn't believe the man's story, but he thought he was no person to have the care of a child, and the boy was so handsome and appeared so well pleased when he took him on his knee and spoke kindly to him, that he told the man he might leave him.

"I didn't tell my cousin that I believed I knew who the boy was, for then, as I thought that you could hold none of the property Mr. Percival had left, I supposed you would be better off to remain with him. I feared, too, that your life might not be safe, if Withers found that his evil intentions towards you had been frustrated. But the time has now come when you can vindicate your own rights. Whenever you need it, the testimony of the man employed by Withers to put you out of the way, may be had. It was written by a man procured for the purpose, at his earnest request, and signed by him a few hours before he died. Christina Burman was present, and witnessed it. It is now in her possession. What more it may be necessary for you to learn, that will show."

"And to whom am I indebted for this valuable information?" said Wilton.

"My name is Margaret Rustan."

"And he, whom till within a short time since I supposed to be my father, was your cousin?"

"Yes; his mother and mine were sisters."

Wilton rose to take leave, but as she had busied herself in preparing breakfast while relating her story, she now so earnestly invited him to stay and partake of it, that he could not well refuse.

As he had, the evening previous, in expectation of leaving before breakfast, paid his bill at the tavern, he decided not to wait for the afternoon coach, but to proceed on foot as far as the residence of an old college friend. He, therefore, wrote a note to the landlord, which Margaret said she should have opportunity to send, in the course of the day, requesting him to forward his baggage.

On reaching the residence of his friend, he found him preparing for a journey on horseback, and as Wilton's route lay in the same direction as his, he offered to furnish him with a horse for the sake of his company. Thus, by a series of unforeseen incidents, he was prevented from continuing his journey by the public conveyance, as he had expected, though subsequently, when those circumstances transpired, relative to the disposition of the money confided to his care, a very different reason was naturally assigned for his changing his mode of travel.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO PERSONS TROUBLESOME TO WITHERS DISPOSED OF.

Maxon did not meet Withers according to agreement, to deliver to him the *papers* he had received from Wilton. When he found that Withers had intended to deceive him, the anger attending this discovery made him determine to appropriate at least one of the fifty dollar notes to his own use, in a way most gratifying to his tastes. For this purpose, he made the best of his way to a little hostelry, where he was pretty sure to meet some of his boon companions.

Though, to appearance, it was the same as other second class wayside inns, Maxon knew that, besides the little bar-room with its sanded floor, there was a comparatively large, and in his opinion, splendidly furnished apartment, where he could indulge in the excitement of the gaming-table, and in the choice wines and brandy provided by the host, who could change him a fifty or even a hundred dollar note, and would ask no questions. Withers, he knew, would not dare to openly call him to account, as it would implicate himself. He could not see that there was much danger of detection, and there probably would not have been, had not Mr. Ritson placed private marks on the bills. When Withers first became aware that Maxon had made free with some of the money, he was much alarmed, till he found that, as yet, the suspicion of Mr. Ritson was excited against no one except Wilton Richmond.

"This Richmond has done me one or two shrewd turns," said Withers, when speaking to Mr. Ritson on the subject, "and if you will leave this matter to me, I will engage that every dollar of the money shall be refunded. When this is accomplished, you can proceed against the culprit as you think honor and justice demand, but at present you will see the necessity of keeping the matter close, or he will steal a march on us, and find safe quarters in the British camp."

This and more was said in such a plausible way, Mr. Ritson was persuaded that the best thing he could do was to remain quiet, as Withers recommended. He also undertook to caution Mr. Mercer against spreading the affair abroad, lest Wilton, as Withers had said, should take alarm and steal a march upon them.

When Withers left Bessie Hamlen, it was with the determination to give himself no rest till he had found Maxon. Until he *did* find him, he felt that his situation was little better than that of Damocles, when sitting at the feast with a sword suspended above him by a single hair. He did not dare make any inquiries for him, but he knew him well enough to be tolerably well convinced that the temptation to return to his favorite haunt would be too strong to be long resisted. After a little reflection, he decided to go directly thither, and if he did not find him, to make an arrangement with the landlord to send him word the moment he came.

The inn was situated on a lonely, unfrequented road, no habitation of any description being nearer than half a dozen miles. He was still full four miles distant, when he saw, a little ahead of him, a man, who, like himself, was travelling on horseback. It was beginning to be quite dusk, so that he could not see him distinctly, though there was something in his general appearance which made him think it must be Maxon. He quickened his pace, and in a few minutes overtook him.

"Well, sir, I've found you at last," said he, riding up close to his side.

"And you'd have found me before, I reckon, if you'd happened to come where I was."

"I went where you promised to be. How did you dare to deceive me?"

"I think I can ask you the same question and with a better grace. By what you told me, I believed I was to receive from Wilton Richmond nothing more nor less than a roll of papers, not worth a red cent to any one but the owner, and if Captain Richmond had been as mean and underhanded as you are, I shouldn't have known to the contrary, but *he* knew what was due from one gentleman to another."

"We will discuss that question some other time, if you please. What I wish to know now is, how much you have spent of what you received from him."

"A mere trifle: five hundred dollars, lacking a few odd shillings, in the whole."

"And you have the rest with you?"

"Every dollar of it, safe as a thief in a mill."

"You may just hand it over to me now, if you please."

"And supposing I don't please?"

"Now, Maxon, what is the use in supposing any such thing? You know if you should keep it, you would be no better off at the year's end."

"There you are mistaken, for I should have had my money's worth in good cheer. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go halves with you."

"Come, no more of this foolery; this is neither the time nor the place for it."

"For my part, I was never more in earnest in my life. I've as good a right to the money as you have, and better, too, as to that matter, for the risk in getting it all fell on me. My offer is a fair one, and you may accept it or not, just as you please."

"But don't you see that the whole affair will come to light, if the money isn't forthcoming?"

"Well, if it does, I shall stand as good a chance as you, I reckon, and a little better."

"But I am not going to keep the money; I shall restore it."

"That *would* be bright."

"You supposed that it was for the sake of the money that I engaged in this business?"

"Why, at first, I supposed it to be a little petty piece of malice against Richmond or Mercer, but when I found what a large sum of money you expected to get into your hands, I changed my mind."

"Do you know what the consequences will be, if you persist in keeping the money?"

"Yes; I shall have the pleasure of spending it."

"Can I say nothing that will persuade you? Are you determined not to listen to reason?"

"Listen to reason yourself. I have got four thousand five hundred dollars sewed up in this neckerchief—"

"Which will soon be exchanged for a hempen collar, if you go on in this reckless way."

"I'll give you one half of it, and when we get to Crawson's, I'll stake my half against yours, and play any game you choose."

"I am no gamester, and besides, to be seen at Crawson's would be staking my reputation as well as the money."

"If the reputation was mine, I shouldn't consider it worth the snap of my finger."

"You wont give me the money?"

"Not on any other condition than the one I've named."

"I bid you a good-evening, then."

"But now that you are within two miles of Crawson's, you surely wont turn back? I bear no malice against you, Withers, if you do refuse my offer, and if you'll go and spend a few hours there, you shall have the privilege of drinking as much wine as you please, and at my expense."

"I want none of your wine," he replied; and as he spoke, he wheeled round his horse towards the opposite direction.

"I'll go slowly," said Maxon, "so if you change your mind, you can soon overtake me. But go or come, remember I lay up no malice against you. I never hoard malice nor money."

As he finished speaking, Withers again turned his horse in the direction of Crawson's, with a loaded pistol ready in his hand. Maxon, as he had promised, was proceeding slowly.

"The fool has forced me to this!" muttered Withers, between his shut teeth, as he raised his pistol and took deliberate aim at the unsuspecting man's head.

Maxon's horse, frightened at the report of the pistol, plunged madly forward, while his rider, after reeling a moment in the saddle, fell, though with a convulsive grasp he still retained his hold of the bridle. Withers, who, the instant he fired the pistol, dismounted, ready to secure the money, stood watching, expecting every moment to see him released. But this did not seem likely to happen as soon as he had anticipated, and remounting his horse, he determined, as long as he considered it safe to do so, to follow in the wake of the terrified animal. But still, through the deepening shadows of twilight, he could see by the light-colored clothing of his victim that he was still dragged along by the side of his horse. A glimpse of Crawson's tavern, though still half a mile distant, could now be seen through the trees. He dared go no further. Already, as he feared, he had ventured too far. He

stopped his horse and peered uneasily around through the thickening gloom, half expecting to see some one start up from behind a rock or bush, and accuse him of the crime he had just committed. But he neither saw nor heard anything. The hush of evening had fallen on all around, unbroken save by the clattering hoofs of the flying steed, already growing faint in the distance. It was only for a moment that he stopped, and then turning, he urged his horse to the top of his speed, till he came to a cross-road which led to the more frequented highway.

Meanwhile, Maxon's horse dashed wildly on till he arrived at Crawson's, where, giving a plunge towards the stable-door, he stopped short, quivering in every limb. The landlord and several others stood watching in front of the inn, for they knew, while the horse was yet at some distance, that no animal under the control of bit and bridle, would rush onward at such headlong speed.

The next moment, a traveller on horseback arrived from the opposite direction, who, springing to the ground, joined Crawson and the others, who were already gathered round the terrified and panting steed standing at the stable-door.

"It is Rube Maxon's horse," said the hostler. "I can see well enough to tell that, if it is getting dark."

"And this is Maxon himself, I believe," said Crawson, who, turning to a stable boy, ordered him to bring a light.

"There's one already here," said a man, who had reached in at an open window and taken a lamp from a table that stood near.

"Yes—it is Maxon," said the landlord, taking the light and holding it so as to fall on the ghastly face. "His horse must have thrown him, and he supposed that by holding on to the bridle he could succeed in stopping him."

The traveller just arrived, who was no other than Mr. Ritson, bent down and with some difficulty released the bridle from the grasp of the hand, already beginning to be cold and rigid. It was not till he had been carried into the house that it was found he was shot through the head.

"Whoever did this meant to rifle his pockets," said Crawson, "but I reckon they wouldn't 'ave found much of anything," he quickly added.

A coroner's inquest was held, Mr. Ritson and others, who had, in passing, been attracted by the stir and bustle, composing the jury. During such examination as was necessary to enable them to render a correct verdict, the forged letter and the receipt signed "John Smith" was found in one of his pockets, together with a purse containing a few shillings in silver and copper coin.

"There must be more money than this somewhere about his person," said Mr. Ritson, after examining the letter and receipt.

Diligent search was therefore made, and four thousand five hundred dollars, as Maxon had told Withers, were found sewed in his neckerchief, which was readily identified by Mr. Ritson, as the same he had confided to the care of Wilton Richmoad. This, in Mr. Ritson's mind, fully exonerated Wilton from the foul charge which Withers, without appearing to do so, had labored to fasten upon him.

This malicious scheme of Withers had now arrived at that point where all might be lost by a few minutes' delay; and though burdened with the guilt of his recent crime, he hastened to seek the commander (General Cockburn) of the powerful squadron in Chesapeake Bay. In two hours he was in the cabin with him, "whose name will ever be considered a stain among the officers of his country." The two had already met several times.

"How do you prosper, Withers?" asked he, when they were left by themselves.

"I've had ill-luck, and a plenty of it."

"This Captain Richmond you spoke to me about—what of him?"

"He must be aboard one of your vessels before morning, or all my labor will prove to have been worse than in vain."

"It isn't my fault that he wasn't aboard one of 'em a week ago."

"Stratagem must be resorted to; there's no other way."

"Well, you may plan, and I will see that you have the means to put your plans into execution. But first, you may as well put your name to this bond."

"The sum you demand is a heavy one."

"Nothing more than a fair percentage on what your estate is valued at, which is much better for you than for the heir to step in and claim the whole. You know where he is to be found, I suppose."

"Yes; so far I am fortunate. He isn't over two or three miles from here."

"Isn't there some way to entice him to the shore near here—to meet some friend, for instance? If that can be accomplished, a boat and two or three stout men will be all that's necessary to place him in such snug quarters that he wont be likely to be in your way again very soon. How long will it take to get him here?"

"It might be done in two hours, or less, if he should prove to be manageable."

"Two or four will make no difference, if it can only be done under cover of night. Here's the bond I spoke of. You may not have another so good a chance to sign it. It can do you no harm, you know, for I can claim nothing unless I come up to my part of the agreement."

"I'm aware of that."

"Why, Withers, how pale you are! I didn't notice it till you came forward into the light. And your hand shakes like an aspen. What has happened?"

"Nothing—but I don't feel quite well. I'm fatigued, and haven't slept well for two or three nights."

Something like an hour after this colloquy, Wilton Richmond was roused from a sound sleep by a loud knocking at the outer door of the house where, as Withers had previously ascertained, he intended to spend the night. Wilton raised the sash and inquired who was there.

"A messenger from Mr. Grosvenor to Captain Richmond," was the reply.

"You may deliver the message to me, then. My name is Richmond."

"Mr. Grosvenor has met with an accident, and wishes you to come to him. He is about two miles below here."

"What accident has he met with?"

"I haven't heard the particulars, but he was thrown from a carriage. There was a lady with him, but she was not injured."

Wilton knew that Mrs. Hamlen had taken the opportunity to go some distance from home, where her presence was required on account of some business connected with her late husband's affairs, while Mr. Grosvenor and his daughter were at her house, that she might have the benefit of his protection and counsel. Hence the answer to his question was considered satisfactory, and without any unnecessary delay, he prepared to accompany the messenger. The distance being short, he thought he should probably be able to return early in the morning, and finding that no one except himself appeared to have been disturbed, he left the house with as little noise as possible. Finding a horse had been sent for him, he suffered his own to remain in the stable. They had proceeded about two miles, when the man with him reined in his horse.

"We must leave our horses here," said he, "and cross this creek."

"Why?" demanded Wilton.

"Because, to follow the windings of the shore, we should be obliged to go half a dozen miles, while it will take only a few minutes to clip across this narrow creek."

Wilton could discern a house on the opposite shore, from one of the windows of which shone a light, and concluded that it was there he should find Mr. Grosvenor. Without saying anything more, he stepped into the boat, in which were two men, who were, as he was told, to convey him across. The messenger followed him, first telling a boy who stood near to take care of the horses. Not a word was said, and the men commenced pulling hard at the oars. Wilton, unsuspicious of any fraud, leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to his own thoughts. Suddenly it occurred to him that they must have nearly reached the opposite shore. He looked up, and found that they had struck out into the broad waters of the bay, and were already alongside of a vessel belonging to the British flotilla.

"What's the meaning of this?" he inquired, starting to his feet.

"You'll have plenty of time before morning to find that out," was the gruff reply.

Something like the truth flashed upon his mind, but he knew that to remonstrate would be alike foolish and futile. Bitterly upbraiding himself with his carelessness, as well as credulity—for he had neglected even to take his pistols with him,—he submitted to his fate, and stepped aboard the vessel.

The following morning, there was a story afloat, which, before evening, was known far and wide, that Wilton Richmond, after shooting a man by the name of Maxon through the head, who undoubtedly had been his accomplice in an affair relative to the embezzlement of certain funds belonging to government, had, as was supposed, sought safety among the enemy, a person answering to his description having been seen, as it was said, riding at furious speed, late in the evening, in the direction of the British camp.

The intelligence carried sorrow and dismay into the abode of Mrs. Hamlen, and revived in full force those doubts of his integrity and patriotism entertained by herself, Mr. Grosvenor and Edith. Bessie alone refused to believe anything which could criminate him, though this did not detract from her anxiety for his safety. In another piece of intelligence received shortly afterward, there was comfort. Withers was so unwell as to be confined to his room, and Bessie was, therefore, for the present relieved from the hourly apprehension of being molested by him.

It had been decided that Edith should remain with her aunt and cousin the remainder of autumn, if not the coming winter; for now that a large naval force was on Lake Champlain, her father, who was obliged to be absent much of the time, did not think it prudent for her to return home in its immediate vicinity.

A number of weeks after Wilton Richmond disappeared, Hammett sought an interview with Bessie. He had, he informed her, just parted with Harefoot, the young Indian, who told him that Captain Richmond was not at the British camp, as had been reported, but that he had by stratagem been conveyed aboard one of the vessels of the British flotilla in Chesapeake Bay, and that he was on the lookout for an opportunity to escape, which, he thought, he should before long be able to effect. This was all that Hammett had learned, yet it was enough to lighten the burthen of anxiety and suspense, which had so long weighed down her spirits.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE TWINKLING OF THE STARS.

According to M. Arago, astronomers and others have failed to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the twinkling of stars on account of their failure to give an exact definition of the term scintillation. He affirms then, that, in so far as naked-eye observers of the heavens are concerned, scintillation, or twinkling, consists in very rapid fluctuations in the brightness of the stars. These changes are almost always accompanied by variations of color and certain secondary effects, which are the immediate consequences of every increase or diminution of brightness; such as considerable alterations in the apparent magnitude of the stars, and in the length of the diverging rays, which appear to issue in different directions from their centres. It has been remarked from a very early age that the phenomenon of twinkling is accompanied by a change of color. It is asserted that the name of Barakeach, given by the Arabians to the star Sirius, signifies the star of a thousand colors. M. Arago also asserts that the planets twinkle.

MARTIN LUTHER.

A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great crags of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow, and deepest melancholy, sweetness and mystery were all there. And often did they seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in a man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered unheard of agony.

"O, Dr. Staupitz," said he, to the vicar-general of his order, "I cannot do it. I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it."

Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said, upon this: "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember that they need good heads up yonder, too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die, as it happens."

So Luther preached, and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world; and also before he died, he wrote very many books—books in which the true man was—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the table-talk, for example. We see in it a little bird, having alighted at sunset on a bough of a tree that grew in Luther's garden.

Luther looked up at it and said: "That little bird, how it cowers down its wings, sleeps there so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great, blue depths of immensity! Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it too is there!" The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in other passages of his books. Coming home from Leipsic in the autumn season, he breaks forth in living wonder at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head in it—the bread of man sent to him yet another year!" Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible, across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted, he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo. As it was, the streams of energy and modesty met in his active spirit. Perhaps, indeed, in all men of his genius, one quality strongly developed might force out other qualities. Here was Luther a savage kind of a man, as people thought him—a wild Orson of a man—a man whose speech was ordinarily a wild torrent that went tearing down rocks and trees—and behold him speaking like a woman or child!—*Records of the Great.*

THE BITER BIT.

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouche, Duc d'Otrante. He at last had a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied: "You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittau; I was then surrounded by numerous adherents; but at Hartwell, for instance,—were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?" "Yes, sir; every day the motions of your majesty were made known to me." "Eh, what!—surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately." "Sire, you urge me to say what must wound your majesty's heart." "Speak, sir; kings are but too subject to be deceived." "If you command it, sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont." "What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the king, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor; he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well, then, M. Fouche, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week; and I gave up to him twelve thousand out of the eighteen thousand francs which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family.—*Halifax News.*

DUTCH CUSTOMS.

In Broeck, no one enters a house by the front door, nor is any one seen at the front window. The front of the house is where the best "parlors" are, which are sacred to cleanliness and solitude. Irving's description of such an apartment is rigidly true:—"The mistress and her confidential maid visit it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling the floor with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up till the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day." The people of Broeck always enter their houses by back doors, like so many burglars; and to insure the front door from unholy approach, the steps leading to it are removed, never to be placed there but when three great occasions open the mystic gate, and these are births, marriages and funerals; so that to enter a Dutchman's house by that way is indeed an "event."—*Art Journal.*

STORM OF AN ENGLISH CASTLE.

The large illustration on the next page depicts one of those sanguinary episodes in the civil war of England in the 17th century. A party of Puritans, or "Roundheads," as they were termed by their adversaries, are rushing to the assault of a castle held out by the cavaliers against the Commonwealth. No siege artillery is on the ground, and the adventure is a desperate one, to be decided by endurance and valor. From the battlements and from the loop-holes of the strong towers, a close fire of musketry is raining down bullets on the steel head-pieces and iron corslets of the assailants, while huge rocks are precipitated from above, falling with crushing weight. Many of the besiegers have already fallen; but still they press onward with indomitable valor. They have planted their ladders against the curtain flanked by the square towers on the right, and appear determined to make good their way into the interior of the fortress. Once there, those terrible swords, wielded by iron hands, will sweep away opposition, and the flag of the Commonwealth usurp the place of the royal banner of England on the "outer wall." The desperation of battle is well depicted in the thronging figures of this startling scene. The wars of the Commonwealth in England, like all civil wars, were excessively sanguinary and productive of great domestic misery, yet still not disgraced by atrocity, like the civil wars of France.



STORMING OF AN OLD ENGLISH CASTLE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DREAM-THOUGHTS OF KATIE.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Tricksy, gladsome little sprite—
Laughing wild in sheer delight—
Dancing ever, morn till night—
Dainty little fairy!
Clinging curls of golden brown
Circling round thee—nature's crown—
Lips so rosy—eyes so brown—
Long may thou be merry!

Eye so sparkling, bright and gay,
Scintillating liquid ray;
Even in thy tricksy play
Genius is out-beaming;
And I start, and thrill, and sigh,
At the gleaming of thine eye;
Silently I seat me by,
Of the future dreaming.

Glance I at my life of old,
Ere my heart was grown so cold;
Ere the sorry tale was told—
Life is sad and weary;
Was I once so like thee, child?"
Joyous? gleesome? glad and wild?
Smiling back as fancy smiled—
Like thee—little Katie?"

Life was lesson hard to me—
I would make it light for thee;
I would rather have thee be
A true, loving woman,
Than aspire to visions high—
Feed the lamp and burn it dry—
Make the spirit mount the sky—
Scorning all that's human:

So I bid thee—*fly the lyre!*
Touch it not—it burns like fire—
Making life a funeral pyre—
And we're not long merry.
Surely—as they fly the bowl—
Fly the lyre! it drains the soul;
Quick enough thou'lt win the goal,
Dainty little fairy!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAGICIAN'S DOOM.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

It was about the time of the feast of the Grand Lama, when Guiscard, the young French traveller, made his entrance into the city of Belkar in Western Tartary. Turning aside into a by-street to avoid the crowd of comers, he was beset by two Chinese runners, whose loud invitations to the "world-renowned inn of Taledh," as they termed it, he quickly disappointed by taking refuge in an ancient but respectable looking hotel which stood near at hand. Its master, grave and portly, and wearing a turban on his head, met him in the middle of the great apartment which served the fourfold purpose of kitchen, dining-hall, reception-room and sleeping apartment.

"Welcome, hadji," said the host. "Wilt thou place thyself on the derven till the repast is ready?"

The derven, as it is termed in Western Tartary, is a raised platform of stone or brick, lying back of, and somewhat elevated above the ovens. Here the better sort of the inn's guests sleep, eat and drink, or amuse themselves by smoking or conversation. On this platform was soon placed a repast of beef, goat's flesh and curds, with soft butter and other accompaniments, served in platters of coarse, white earthen. As the guests attacked it with their fingers, helped by spoons of mixed metal, they kept up among themselves a running discourse, partly jocose, partly serious, of which Guiscard heard but now and then a word, till the raised voice of a greybeard Tartar overtopped the rest.

"O, Hassan," he said, "beware lest Azef himself come to a hearing of thy slander. Surely thou art aware that he is able, if he will, to return thee to the shape which was thine before a human form was bestowed upon thee. Alas, if the magician overheard thee, thou wilt immediately become an ape once more!"

Guiscard's attention was fully aroused by the name of Azef, whose reputation as a performer of magic feats had already excited his curiosity. In answer to his inquiries, an old Bukharian merchant informed him that the sorcerer was in the city, and that he was presently expected at that very inn. Busying himself with the various humors of the guests, Guiscard awaited the arrival. A half hour had thus passed away, when one of the servants rushed in, exclaiming in a low voice:

"El Azef, El Azef!"

There now entered a man rather past the middle age, of clear, tawny complexion, and features that would have been pleasing had it not been for the expression of a pair of small, glittering eyes which gave to the whole countenance a sinister intelligence. The magician had two companions, or assistants; the one a female, veiled, and clad in loose drapery; the other a young and good looking lad. The latter bore in his arms a small chest or box, curiously inlaid with pearl and metallic ornaments. The magician and the girl, or woman, whichever she might be, also bore some small articles in their hands. Without a word of preparation, the wizard formed a circle on the inn floor whose curve encompassed himself and his attendants. Placing a brazen vase in the centre, he lighted a lamp which was held in the lower portion or pedestal. The box was taken from the arms of the boy, and being opened, was seen to contain a small mirror and several strangely formed implements, of which only one or two were selected for present use. A smoke began to ascend from the vase, and a sharp pungent odor diffused itself through the apartment.

"You were in error," said the sorcerer, now for the first time speaking, and turning toward the host. "You supposed me to be a juggler or necromancer of the common order, only unusually skilled and expert. You were in error. Neither am I wont to go to inns and the houses of strangers, to display for money the secrets of nature. But fear not; I have answered your summons in order that I may convince a profane disbeliever who has never witnessed and is therefore incredulous concerning the wisdom which is revealed to the sages of India."

Guiscard was startled at encountering at this instant the penetrating glance of the wonder-worker, but immediately composed himself to observe what might follow.

"I have power," continued the sorcerer, "to present to whomsoever I will the secrets of his past life. Is there any one here who chooses to put my assertion to the proof?"

Guiscard was amused by the awe which suddenly seized the company. Each seemed desirous that one of his companions should test the assertion of the juggler, but none were quite willing to accept the offer in person. At last, however, a sprightly young fellow stepped forth.

"Here I am, father Azef," he cried; "and now for your promise."

Azef turned to the female figure which stood by his side.

"Chant me the mystic chant of Hieros."

Some strange words, sung in a low, musical voice, followed the command thus given. The smoke ascended higher and higher.

"Place thyself close to the edge of the circle," said the magician; "but beware how thou attemptest to cross it. Gaze fixedly toward the centre of the vapor, and thou shalt soon behold that which thou desirest."

The young man obeyed his directions in silence. Placing himself at the outer edge of the circle, he gazed intently towards its centre. In a moment after his face lighted up with a smile. Then he uttered a rapturous exclamation, stretched forth his arms, and threw himself forward into the forbidden area. An immediate and deafening explosion ensued. The hall was filled with turbid vapor.

"Mash Allah!" exclaimed the frightened inn-keeper, as soon as he had partially regained his senses. "In the name of the prophet, why comest thou hither with magic arts which are to destroy us all?"

"Hist!" replied the sorcerer, in a stern voice. "It is not I who am to blame, but this foolish youth, who chose to despise my caution. Let him rejoice that he has not suffered more harm from his ignorant intrusion. Bathe his face with water, and presently he will be as usual. And now if any other desire to make trial of my art, let him first promise to obey the directions which I have given."

Although the young Tartar quickly recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen, nevertheless, the spirits of the company were somewhat dampened. Silence was, for the time being, the only reply. The magician looked around with a smile, half of triumph, half of contempt, and was about to remove the brazen vase, when Guiscard leaped from the derven, and came towards the circle.

"Hold!" said the Frank. "I wish to try the power of thy magic."

"Dost thou promise to follow the conditions?" inquired the juggler, regarding him with a look of fire.

"I do;" replied the traveller, placing himself in the required position.

"Your wishes lead you to a scene of your childhood. Behold!"

Guiscard was astounded, even while striving to regard the vision before him as an illusion of the imagination. Amid the light-blue vapor he saw, as it were, a picture filled with moving figures. It was the household field of the good pastor of Marien, in his own native valley of the Loire. The village youth, just let loose from Father Guillaume's school-room, were bounding along in joyous glee. The gazer distinguished the well-known features of his schoolmates, and even his boyish self; and, more vividly than all the rest, one childish face, whose lineaments remained imprinted on his memory, hallowed by the sadness of early bereavement. Guiscard stood spell-bound, while the vision faded away into the surrounding vapor.

"Desirest thou another scene?" asked the magician.

"I wish no more;" answered the traveller, sadly. "I will own that thou possessest an influence over the minds of others which I cannot at present comprehend. But that thou or any other man hath power over things superhuman, I believe not."

"Sayest thou thus!" exclaimed Azef, with a look of indignation. "Thou wilt then be obliged to disbelieve the evidence of thy own senses. Thou disbelievest? Come, then, to my own abode; where, if thou choosest, thou canst be fully convinced. But I cannot remain here longer. There are those who at this moment await my return with impatience."

At the time when the events of our story had action, the boundaries between philosophic truth and superstitious fantasy were even more uncertain than at the present time. To the mind of an ardent and enthusiastic seeker after knowledge, there were many fields of bewildering inquiry. Guiscard had now entered on one of these. He had heretofore listened with an incredulous interest to stories of the wonderful feats of the eastern jugglers. But in Azef he now met, not merely a skill altogether incomprehensible, but a mind and a grasp of intellect which he had scarcely known in the most favored societies of Europe. Since the opening scene of our narrative, the young Frank had been for a fortnight an intimate in the mansion of this eastern magus. At the close of that period he had become, as it were, almost completely fascinated by the learning, the eloquent discourse and the artful sophistry of Azef. And truly the latter had exerted every power of sensible and intellectual novelty to bewilder his intended convert and bring him into submission to the mastery which he desired to exert over him. And now, having conceived that the mind of his pupil was ripening for further action, this master of magic began to hint at the rise of a mighty realm in the East, the initiation of which was soon to take place. He darkly indicated the fact that he was the agent of a vast conspiracy which was daily gathering strength and growing to its completion. He compared the fertile plains of Cashmere with the jaded lands of the West, oppressed by a race of tyrants whose dominion was too firmly fixed to admit of revolution. He commended to his hearer the smart and agile natives of the border mountains. Brave and faithful of purpose, they wanted only the proper leaders to accomplish the foundation of a powerful nation. The tendency of events was such, that to those who willed it, there would soon offer an opportunity of gaining fortune and honor.

Thus the wily Azef plied the young Frank with varied allurements. Curiosity, intellectual thirst and ambitious desire were in turn aroused to exertion. And it needed only that Guiscard should behold Erenthe, the beautiful pupil of Azef, to awake a passion stronger than all the rest. By such attractions as these, was the youth bound a willing captive in the toils of the magician. Yet not altogether so, since Guiscard's glance never met the small snaky orbs of the master without an innate feeling of repulsion. Sometimes, too, there were words of doctrine uttered, at which even the blunted perception of the student recoiled indignant. Still, these undertones of discord were sedulously suppressed. A glimpse of the queenly figure of Erenthe was sufficient to dispel the lingering doubt which for a moment might assert itself. "For how," said he to himself, "could such purity and loveliness be found associated with evil influences?"

It was on a night when the magician had exerted more than usual fascination over Guiscard, that the latter retired at a late hour to his chamber. Music and converse had wielded unwonted power; and wearied with the play of various emotions, he threw himself at once on his couch, and gave himself up to a dreamy reverie. He had already sunk into unconsciousness, when a rude touch recalled him to himself. Opening his eyes, he saw imperfectly, through the glare of the lamp, the dark, high-cheeked features of a Tartar gipsy. At this moment of astonishment, a soft voice, scarce above a whisper, fell on his ear.

"I am Erenthe. Rise and follow me. Make no noise. Take your valuables, but delay not a moment unnecessarily."

Surprised at this command, but without an instant of hesitation, Guiscard obeyed. Through secret passages and a corridor, damp with mouldering decay, Erenthe, just visible in the dim light which hovered in the unhealthy atmosphere, moved onward in advance of her companions, till all three at length emerged in the open air.

"You wish to know the reason of my conduct," exclaimed Erenthe, suddenly pausing, and turning towards Guiscard. "You shall be satisfied. I was, but the other day, your fellow-pupil and your fellow-dupe. I am so no longer. This so called magician veils the basest designs under the garb of the noblest offices. To me the veil has fallen forever. He is a daring and skilful villain. I have sought to warn you, and it may be, rescue you from the net which he is drawing about you. If you mistrust me, return. Make your decision at once, for there is no time to be lost."

"It is made," replied Guiscard, quickly; "if you will but allow me to follow you."

"The path lies before us," answered Erenthe.

Without other word, they proceeded on their way, sheltered by the shadow of neighboring walls. The chance gleams of moonlight occasionally touching the face of Erenthe, displayed features faultlessly regular, of a noble and even somewhat haughty expression. Soon they gained the open country, and, striking across the plain to a distant wood, entered within its shadowy depths. Presently the gipsy companion of Erenthe uttered a sharp, hissing sound, which was immediately answered in like fashion. Then Guiscard was led to an open space, or lawn, encircled by evergreen and oak, in which stood an assemblage of tents and hastily erected huts. In and about these moved forms of motley shape and costume. Guiscard saw before him a gipsy camp.

"Behold the people whereof I am a princess royal!"

Guiscard looked at the fair speaker with a puzzled air; but the pleasant smile which lingered on her lips re-assured him.

"You are pleased to jest," said he. "Were it not so, I should congratulate the tribe on the genius and beauty which in some degree presides over them."

"There was more seriousness in my words than you suspect," returned his guide. "These are indeed my people, with whom my lot is cast, and of whom I am the rightful superior; as I also am of all the gipsies (as you call them) at present sojourning in Western Tartary. And though regarded, by the world at large, with such undistinguishing scorn, yet there are some among us who have received a knowledge which should rather be prized than jeered at by those who are thus deeply prejudiced against our unfortunate race. My father left me not wholly uneducated. Eager for improvement, I sought to avail myself of the teachings of Azef, renowned through the whole East as a master of the mysteries of nature and art. I deny not his learning nor his ability. It is true that he possesses these; but, unsuspicious as I was at first of his true character, I learned at last its real baseness. I deem myself indeed fortunate that I have escaped from his wiles unharmed. Woe to the wretch over whom he may obtain his full

and desired mastery. Body and mind alike are desolated by his pernicious seductions, his stimulating drugs, his poisonous perfumes. You he had pitched upon as one who might be fashioned into an efficient instrument of his ambitious purposes. I have warned you; and I must add that the more quickly you remove yourself from his neighborhood the better will be your security. His influence is secretly and widely diffused; and you can scarcely be said in any case to be safe from the pursuit which he will surely contrive against you, as well as against myself. On the highway you would be at his mercy. If you choose, I can send forthwith to your inn, and remove hither such packages as you may have there; that done, I can make your passage from hence comparatively safe."

Guiscard's countenance betrayed a momentary embarrassment, and the pride of his companion took instant alarm at his hesitation.

"Nay," she added; "on second thought it were better otherwise. Yonder is Hamed, who may accompany you to the inn, and who shall guide you on the by-roads whithersoever you may choose. I will pledge my word for his trustiness, when commissioned by myself."

"You mistake my thoughts," replied Guiscard, feelingly, but with composure. "It is not readily, nor even to avoid danger, that I would wish to part from you forever. There is no better moment than this to tell you that I have already learned to regard you with an honest and true devotion. I would almost choose to give up all my aims in life, and become one of your own wandering subjects, rather than henceforth to be banished from your presence. Pardon my bold abruptness. I will say, Erenthe, join your fortune with mine. Let us leave these scenes, and this people of yours who cannot, whatever may be their merit, truly appreciate one like yourself. In the far West I have a pleasant and an honorable home, Erenthe; will you not make it yours as well as mine?"

"You indeed speak abruptly," answered his fair companion, with a countenance flushed and half averted, yet by no means displeased; "yet I distrust neither your honor nor your sincerity; nor will I deny that I have received your words with emotion. But while these people are true to me I must be true to them. Till contrary fate order it, a gipsy I am, and a gipsy I must remain; doing my poor best for those who have certainly, heretofore, regarded me with love and confidence. Nevertheless, frankly I say it, I cannot be displeased with what you have said; and let this finish the subject, for mark you, we approach the tents. Yonder, at the door of her canvass dwelling, sits Mother Berbice, who, I mistrust, would have no objection to assume in her own person, complete supremacy over the tribe. We shall meet her face to face, for a little way beyond lies the hut wherein you must need for the moment establish yourself."

Entering the gipsy hamlet, they came to the tent where Mother Berbice, a malicious-eyed, kiln-dried beldame, sat crouching at the doorway. Erenthe gave her greeting, which was acknowledged by a sort of ungracious mumbling on the part of the old witch-woman, who moved scarce a single muscle as Guiscard and his companion passed by. As the latter moved forward, however, a stout young fellow, wearing a tunic striped with rather pretentious-looking colors, came forward from the back of Mother Berbice's tent, and stood by her side.

"Have no fear, grandson Milov," said the hag, "she shall be yours. Have I not cast my spell? As for this dog of a stranger, his broth shall be poison in his vitals. Do you hear, grandson Milov? Such a dinner as he shall make of it!"

"No, no!" replied the other; "I like not that way of managing it. It will bring ill luck, I tell you."

"You are a fool!" retorted Berbice, with a spiteful look. "You and your cronies think nothing of an old woman like myself. Ho! But you'll rue it, some fine day or other."

"Softly, good Mother Berbice. What is it that I have said? I meant no harm. Besides, you know young people must talk; no doubt you did the same, when you once stepped the fairest of all the Romany maids."

"Ho! he!" chuckled Berbice. "That's true. Not many now who are equal to what I once was. You shall have the girl, Milov; you shall have her, even though I should call in the aid of Azef himself, who pretends to such a knowledge of magic. I have said it."

Not more than two days had passed since the return of Erenthe, when she became convinced that a complete revolution had taken place in the feelings of a majority of the tribe. In fact, she was openly informed that they no longer owned the authority which she had formerly exerted. It needed little observation to prove to her that Mother Berbice had been busy in her absence, and that she had fully succeeded in arraying against their mistress the superstition and prejudices of these malcontents. Moreover, the uncouth advances of Milov declared themselves too plainly to be mistaken. Guiscard himself had narrowly escaped an attempt on his life. Erenthe's resolution was formed accordingly. Secretly collecting the remnant of the tribe who remained attached to her, she set forth by night for the mountains. On the morn after their departure, they were ascending the highlands which border on the plains of Thibet, and which are tributary to the Himmalayas. Like these last, the mountains of Thibet and Cashmere present a series of climes, forming a cosmorama of the vegetable productions of different and widely separated lands. The bamboo, the orange and the luxuriant parasites of the torrid zone are found at the base. The towering palms, the Indian oak, the cedars and plane trees occupy their special territories; and the landscape varies continually with the ascending steps of the traveller. The rudest and most frightful crags, the softest and most verdant lawns excite the surprise and delight of the beholder, in turns with sensations of the rarest novelty. The air is fierce and sultry, or full of pure and balmy fragrance; or again, at loftier heights, it braces the system with grateful strength. The mood of the skies is as changeful as the scenery of the earth. Storms burst in sudden fury on the unwary wanderer, and floods, unknown before, dash down the devastated steeps.

Into these regions, Guiscard and Erenthe entered with feelings of pleased astonishment. On the minds of their followers were produced emotions of equal but different wonder, in which superstitious ignorance bore its full proportion. The attention of the lovers was, however, soon engaged by other considerations. For, gazing down the precipitous descents, Erenthe, with an exclamation of alarm, caught Guiscard by the arm and pointed to an opening in the wooded slopes far below. Her companion followed with his eyes the direction which the movement indicated, and beheld a cluster of forms moving slowly upwards, and for the most part scarcely to be particularized by reason of their distance. Nevertheless, the white turban and the crimson-colored tunic of one of them sufficiently distinguished him to the eyes of the observers.

"It is Azef, the magician," exclaimed Guiscard. "He pursues us with his satellites, and as I now perceive, with many of your own people, whom doubtless he has cajoled into furthering his ends. Have a care, or we shall be seen by them."

Although instantly acted on, it was plain that the caution had come too late; and that Erenthe and Guiscard had been perceived by their pursuers. The latter gathered in haste around the magician, whose orders they appeared to receive, and then, again putting themselves in motion, pushed onward up the undulating acclivities. Guiscard took from the pocket of his coat a small travelling glass, and turned it on the crowd below.

"Behold," said he, delivering the instrument to Erenthe. "Yonder is Mother Berbice, borne on a litter in the midst of her people. Mark how she urges on the tribe with frantic gestures of her thin, bony arms. Nearer is our friend Milov, as stolid-looking as ever. And Azef; observe you not his evil countenance, and the serpent-like glimmer of his eyes, watchful for their prey? Erenthe, in these rude regions, and among your untutored wanderers, there is no safeguard against such influences as those of the magician, and old Berbice, the witch-mother of the tribe. Come then, fair Erenthe, relinquish the poetic dream of your tutelary dominion, a fancy no longer tenable in reason. In our southern Europe there are brighter skies than these, and, indeed, a fairer field for the intellect and the imagination. Thither let us fly at once, and leave these regions of baleful influence, whither an unsatisfied curiosity no longer attracts us."

Erenthe sighed, gently returning the hand pressure by which her lover added emphasis to his earnest pleadings. Meanwhile, they and their companions delayed not retreat. They pressed on through forest depths and sunny glades, over rocky shelves and greenswards bright with flowers unfamiliar to European eyes. Ever and anon, the sound of voices borne to their ears, warned them of the vigilant and untiring quest which Azef directed, and which Berbice and Milov eagerly encouraged. To add to the peril of the lovers, the gipsies who had hitherto accompanied them, began to manifest signs of dissatisfaction. Their sullen looks, their murmurs of displeasure at being thus separated from their fellows, remained not long concealed from Erenthe. An interchange of glances passed between Guiscard and herself, significant of the action that was now to be taken.

"Children of Romany," she said, addressing herself to her little band of followers, "I will no longer divide you from your kindred. As you cannot now accompany me with willing hearts, it is better that you and I now separate. I am to accompany this stranger, to whom I am now betrothed. Only I entreat you not to strengthen the hands of Azef, my enemy, who leads on your fellows in pursuit of us, making them the ignorant instruments of his own evil purposes."

The gipsies received this somewhat unexpected announcement with embarrassment and hesitation. They were governed by different emotions. Some were filled with sorrow and regret; others, on the contrary, appeared at first to meditate mischief. After a few words among themselves, however, they agreed to abide by the proposition made them. One or two even sought to exculpate themselves to their former mistress; and a little, pleasant-looking young fellow came forward and offered his services as a guide, promising to show the lovers a way of escape which their pursuers would be unable to discover. Erenthe and Guiscard accepted his offer; a bestowal of confidence which was received with the most lively satisfaction.

"It is odd," said the guide, as he proceeded with agile steps just in advance of his companions, "it is odd, surely, that I am the only one who knows of this curious cavern passage through which I am going to lead you. I found it one day when hunting among the hills for fox skins. I thought I would keep the thing to myself a while, just to punish my mates, who have often said that I am the only Romany in the tribe who cannot keep a secret to himself."

Amusing them thus with his simple chat, he brought them to a thicket of young palms. Forcing his way among a growth of underbrush, he pushed aside the thick foliage, and revealed the entrance of the cave, a gloomy and forbidding portal. But Tokel (as the guide was called), producing a little tinder-box, kindled some shavings of balsam-wood from which he lighted sticks of the same material.

"Now, then, for the cavern," exclaimed Tokel. "I know not that I should have had courage to explore it, had it not been that I remembered some old story of my grandmother, concerning a cave which existed in the mountain passing through to the other side, so as I had no great fear of the demons, whom I don't so much believe in after all, I thought I would see what was to be found in the place.

As Guiscard and Erenthe followed the gipsy into the cave, the baying of a dog faintly reached the ear of the young Frenchman, and sent a thrill through his bosom.

"Can it be a bloodhound!" he said to himself, "if so, the wily mountebank has indeed an unerring guide."

For the present, he thought it best not to communicate his apprehensions to the guide, otherwise than by urging his advance as much as possible. Tokel pushed forward at a pretty rapid pace, waving his torch from side to side, throwing the light in fitful gleams over masses of rock and fantastic petrifactions. Presently he stopped.

"Hold there!" he cried. "We must now move more cautiously, for we must be nearing the pit, which I call the Bottomless Well."

At this moment, the baying of the hound was heard near the mouth of the cave. Tokel started at the sound, and in his agitation dropped his torch. Its sparkling cinders, dashed on the floor, sent forth a momentary brilliancy in which the edge of the abyss was vividly marked out before them.

"Move on," said Guiscard, taking up the torch and restoring it relighted to the guide. "There may yet be time for us to gain the end of the cave, when it is possible that we may have our foes at some advantage."

Tokel hastened forward with redoubled speed; but soon he encountered an obstacle altogether unexpected. A huge mass of fallen rock, filling up the whole passage, denied them further progress.

"An earthquake, an earthquake!" exclaimed Tokel, in despairing accents. "The roof of the cave has fallen in."

The barrier was complete. No possible means of surmounting it could be found. The noise of the pursuers was already approaching. Drawing from the bosom of his frock a pair of pistols, Guiscard examined their condition; and while thus doing, the glare of torches saluted his eyes, and Azef and Milov made their appearance with a crowd of gipsies and retainers.

"Lo, the hunt is up at last!" exclaimed the magician, surveying his victims with an air of malignant triumph. "Men of Romany, it is this vile Frank who had conjured away your fair mistress by his wicked spells. Seize him, lads, and bind him fast."

"Stand back, at your peril," cried Guiscard, aiming a pistol at the foremost.

Heedless, however, of his menace, they rushed on him. The fall of one of their number did not prevent Guiscard from being immediately overpowered and bound hand and foot.

"Drag him to the edge of the pit, yonder," said Azef, advancing to point it out. "Meanwhile, let some of you see to your mistress; look you, she is ill."

"My lad," he continued, turning to the trembling Tokel, "you are not the only one who has visited the cavern passage, and looked into its fathomless pit. I am truly obliged to you for having served my purposes so well in coming hither."

Azef now bent over the motionless Frank, holding the torch in such manner that he could view him face to face.

"See!" he cried, suddenly pushing forward his captive, so that the head of the latter lay over the edge of the pit. "Behold the fate which awaits thee, miserable wretch!"

Gloating over the silent agonies of his victim, he knelt and lowered his torch to display the gloomy abyss into which the Frank was about to be launched. An instant, the flame glittered feebly above the deep; then, swift as sheeted lightning, a fiery volume sprang from below, enveloping the form of the magician. Starting, and stumbling blindly, with a cry of horror he fell over the precipice. With one impulse, the crowd rushed to the edge of the pit; and there, far below, impaled on a projecting point of rock, they saw Azef writhing in ghastly fire. Shuddering, they drew back to escape the view. Then quickly releasing Guiscard, they turned toward Erenthe, vying with each other in humility of respect. They entreated pardon for their past conduct, declaring that they had been enticed by the sorcerer and Mother Berbice into a course which they now sincerely regretted. But Erenthe, though uttering no reproaches for the past, had been fully warned of her danger in longer remaining dependant upon their caprice. After a short season of delay, therefore, she bade them a kind farewell, and with a single attendant, set forth with Guiscard, her betrothed, for her future home on the shore of the Mediterranean. But doubtless it will be long before, from among the traditions of the wandering people over whom she once held authority, will have vanished the memory of the gipsy princess, and the sudden doom of her enemy, the magician.

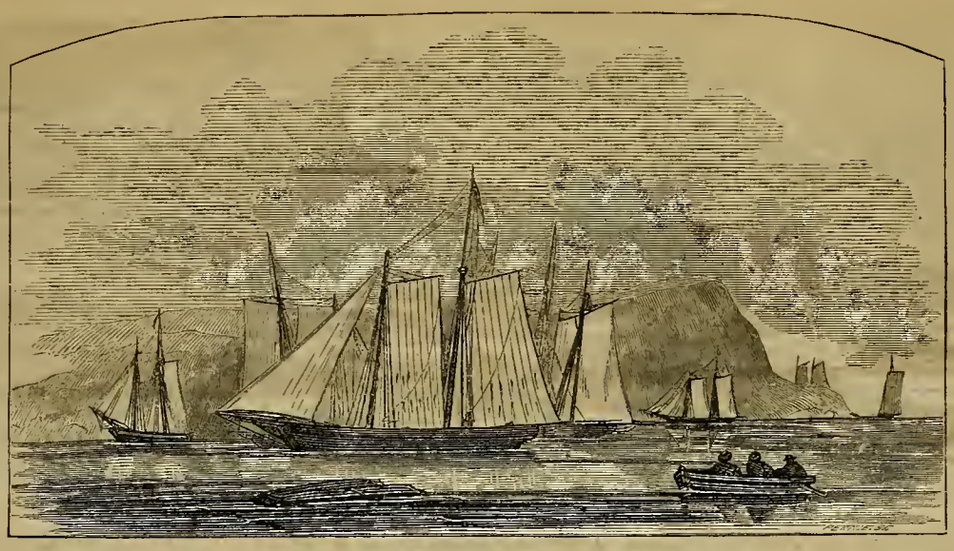
ARMIES IN EARLY TIMES.

In 1682, Kara Mustaphe commenced his fatal enterprise against Vienna. A revolt of the Hungarians, under Count Tekeli, against Austria, which had been caused by the bigoted tyranny of the Emperor Leopold, now laid the heart of that empire open to attack; and a force was collected by the Grand Vizier, which, if ably handled, might have given the house of Hapsburg its death blow. Throughout the autumn of 1682, and the spring of 1683, regular and irregular troops, both foot, horse, artillery, and all kinds of munitions of war, were collected in the camp at Adrianople, on a scale of grandeur that attested and almost exhausted the copiousness which the administration of Kiuprili had given to the Turkish resources. The strength of the regular force which Kara Mustaphe led to Vienna is known from the muster roll which was found in his tent after the siege; it amounted to 175,000 men. Perhaps not less than half a million of men were set in motion in this last effort of the Ottomans.—*Athenæum.*

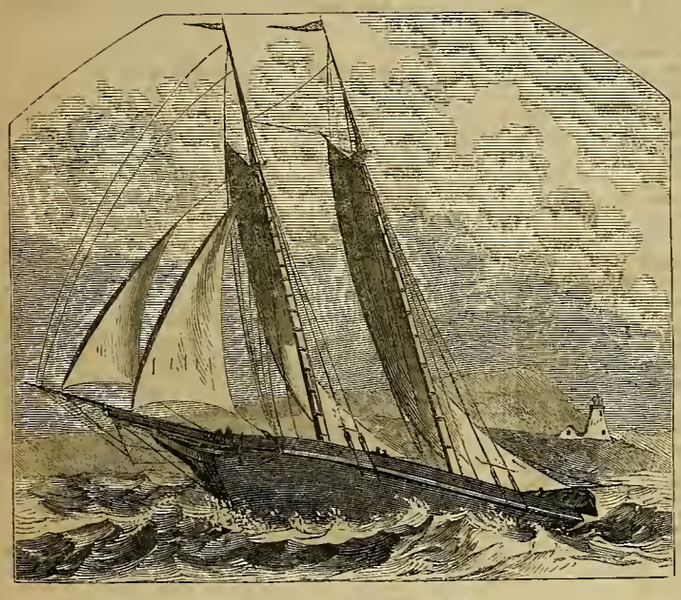
A statesman, we are told, should follow public opinion. Doubtless—as a coachman follows his horses; having firm hold on the reins, and guiding them.—*Hare.*

THE MACKEREL CRUISE.

MR. BALLOU:—To the accompanying illustrations, drawn expressly for you, I add an explanatory text, the materials for which, as well as the sketches, were the result of a trip undertaken the past summer for health and recreation. Every summer the mackerel fishermen of Gloucester and fishing ports of lesser note, send out their tidy, trim built vessels to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay de Chaleur. The fleet is mostly composed of fore-and-aft schooners, varying from 60 to 120 tons. They are fitted out by their owners, and provisioned for a ten or twelve weeks' cruise. The small craft carry from six to ten hands; the larger ones from ten to twenty. The men are shipped on shares with the owners—consequently each individual is interested in the well doing of his vessel. The captain, or skipper, as he is called, is usually part owner, and spares no pains to make the voyage not only profitable but pleasant. We left New York July 4th, and started for Gloucester, the largest fishing mart in the United States, where we were so fortunate as to procure a passage in one of the fastest sailers of the fleet, the "Republic," owned by parties in Gloucester, and commanded by Capt. George Friend, of the same place. After a mackerel season, many of these little vessels outride the winter on the Western and George's Banks, returning into port occasionally to discharge their cargoes of cod and halibut. Subject to much violence from the heavy northeast storms, they become badly damaged in both hull and rigging, making it necessary to overhaul and completely repair previous to the departure for the fishing grounds in the spring. The "Republic" was in this dilapidated condition when we stepped on board of her; therefore, we will begin at the beginning, and open the record of the adventure with the first important business—washing decks and discharging ballast, in order that the schooner may be beached for painting. The schooner is represented in this condition in the last engraving on the next page. She is floated broadside to the shore, and is left at low water high and dry upon her beam ends. A coat of thin verdigris is then applied to the sides and bottom below the water line, to prevent any injury to timber by the destructive sea-worm. After which, the hull, masts, decks, etc., are painted to suit the fancy of the skipper. It was a glorious summer morning, wind and tide favorable, when our saucy little schooner, with her crew of sixteen hands, left the harbor of Gloucester for the town of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, our first stopping-place, where we dropped anchor early on the afternoon of Saturday, after an extraordinary passage of fifty-one hours. The picture of the schooner under way gives a correct idea of her appearance. Our object of the visit accomplished, the following day, with a spanking breeze, we were again on our course, making Cape Canso—the easternmost land of Nova Scotia, distant about four hundred miles from Cape Ann—on the afternoon of the following Tuesday. Leaving this point, our way was changed, and the vessel headed for Pirate's Cove, a romantic harbor midway in the Gut of Canso, where we arrived in good time, and remained a few hours to obtain wood and water. On Thursday, the wind, which had been favorable, suddenly left us becalmed in the Bay of St. George (this interesting incident is depicted in our first engraving), when active preparations were at once made for moulding jigs, setting knives, reeling lines, etc., each man striving to excel his shipmate in mechanical ingenuity. Jig-moulding, especially, is one of the fisherman's delights, and is entered into with great zest by all hands. They are formed of the best quality of hooks of different sizes cast into sinkers of block tin and pewter. One of our sketches delineates correctly the "mackerel jig." After all necessary appurtenances for catching the fish are completed, the right rail of the schooner is divided, according to the number of men, into what are called berths, or stands for fishing. The best of them are then sold by the skipper to the highest bidder. One of our engravings shows the amusing scene of the auction. This proceeding is always productive of the greatest excitement. Fun and frolic are the order of the day; rare jokes are perpetrated, and original *sells* are conceived for the benefit of each impatient bidder, making the scene one of uncommon interest. Thirty, fifty, and even sixty dollars premium is often paid for the "high line position." Barrels of bait are now drawn from the hold and ground by a machine for the purpose into requisite portions for feeding. This is done from troughs securely fastened to the fore and main rigging. Bait is constantly thrown to entice the mackerel to the surface of the water. They rise in vast schools, and are fed continually while about the vessel. Saturday morning, with a light breeze came the order to set sail, the island of Bonaventure, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, our destination, where we "hove to" for our first chance among the numerous schools of fish surrounding us. When the vessel is well off her course, jibs down, and sails motionless, each individual takes his place at the rail, and with a line in either hand, waits patiently for the mackerel to rise. Soon a *tinker* is seen to dart swiftly up the schooner's side, and over the shoulder of the "high-line man." Another, and another follows it, the sight of which makes the little pale lad at the bait-box half frantic with joy. And now they come! Hurrah! how fast from the bubbling water!—all hands, from the weather-beaten skipper to the green hand aft, joining with wild delight in this most exciting sport. One of our illustrations depicts this exciting scene. The fisherman holds a line in each hand, but uses both to draw the fish, which is thrown over the right shoulder, and dropped into the barrel behind. A crack fisherman *never* moves from his position, only using his arms; and can endure three days' fishing without fatigue, though they sometimes drop asleep. Fisherman when busy stand the entire day at the rail,



A MACKEREL CRUISE.—DEAD CALM IN THE BAY.



THE SCHOONER UNDER WAY.



SALE OF BERTHS.



THE SCHOONER IN A SQUALL.



ALL HANDS FISHING.

and salt nights. In active times, it is not unusual to fish and salt three or four successive days. Success, however, does not always follow the mackerel catcher. A lucky man may return home with his vessel in a fortnight, and discharge a capital load of three or four hundred barrels; while his neighbor skipper that sailed out with him, may dodge about from place to place, till he is forced back by wintry storms, with only fifty. Nevertheless, among the unlucky ones there's a deal of contentment; for 'tis all play with fisherman Jack when tinkers are scarce. You will find him, on such occasions, either spinning out the toughest yarns, or dancing till he is black in the face, some good old-fashioned reel. Then there's the *lark* ashore, and the breakdown with the village girls; the political discussion with the Britishers, and last, but not least, the "red-eye frolic," ending in broken heads and aching limbs. One of our illustrations exhibits



ARCH ISLAND, IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.



SPLITTING THE MACKEREL

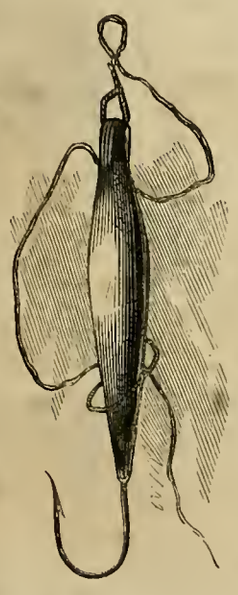
the crew of the mackerel schooner dancing for dear life, and enjoying themselves, as men only can with whom recreation is an infrequent episode of a laborious life. We have also shown an incident in the cruise in the sketch of a squall, by way of contrast to the "dead calm" previously delineated. No vessel can outride a storm better than these fishermen. They haul down flying jib only, and "let her slide" into ten and twelve knots. These squalls are very common in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, blowing almost every day when the wind is off shore. Another of our views represents Arch Island. This extraordinary rock rises abruptly from the sea to the height of 288 feet, and is a third of a mile in length. It is uninhabited by man, but myriads of wild birds build their nests, covering the entire surface, which is as white as if capped with snow. The singular arch at the south-eastern extremity was formed by the action of the tides, and can only be approached in calm weather. Six miles distant, Mont Perce, or Table Roulante, is seen towering 1250 feet above the town of Perce at its base, and visible distinctly forty miles from the ocean. In another sketch we have depicted the operation of splitting mackerel. The splitter takes the fish in his left hand, and draws the knife down through the back from head to tail. An expert hand can split sixty fish in a minute. Another hand immediately cleans the fish, and a third salts and packs them in the barrel. Each hand marks and sorts his own catch. This series of views will give your readers a correct idea of the details of a business which employs a vast amount of capital and tonnage, and involves the labor of a perfect army of men. The mackerel belongs to the family of Scomberoides. That found upon our coast is the Scomber vernalis (spring mackerel of Mitchell). Dr. Storer says that Mitchell describes under the name of "grex" and vernalis" the common mackerel of our coast. Cuvier, although he admits both in his great work, considers them as the same; and Richardson remarks, the "only difference between scomber *grex* and *vernalis* seems to be in their size and color, and they are very probably different ages of the same species." In the specimens brought to Boston market, Dr. Storer found the difference between the two too slight to constitute distinct species. From six to eight thousand barrels of fresh mackerel are sold annually in Boston market alone; but "their great value to this people arises from the means of employment afforded to an immense number, by the process of salting and packing." We believe the fishery of a single year in Massachusetts alone, has amounted in value to a million and a half of dollars. The number of barrels of mackerel inspected during a period of five years, in this State, was 1,079,116. As we have remarked above, the luck of the fishermen is very variable. "In some years," says Storer, "immense shoals of these fishes are readily met with, and the vessels return in a few weeks with full cargoes, while the same localities may be visited in other seasons, and the efforts of the fishermen prove fruitless and his fare meagre. So peculiar are the habits of this genus, that oftentimes weeks may pass, the fishing smacks be surrounded by millions sporting upon the surface of the ocean, and scarce one allow itself to be taken; while again, the success of a few days will retrieve the disappointments of nearly a season. Thus, a fisherman informs me, that last season, having been in the Bay of Chaleur, and taken but few fish, the vessel to which he belonged was returning home, when, off Cape Cod, the fish were so numerous and voracious, that the crew, consisting of ten men, captured in two hours nearly thirty barrels. At this time about two hundred smacks were together, and they were all equally successful, some of them taking even forty barrels of fish. * * Several of the most intelligent fishermen inform me that the difficulty of taking mackerel is yearly increasing, from the barbarous custom of gaffing them, of collecting them around vessels by means of throwing out bait, and then suddenly drawing up an instrument armed with numerous sharp iron points, by which many are captured, and greater numbers are cruelly maimed without being taken." The European mackerel was early known as an article of food, and was held in high esteem by the ancient Romans, as forming the celebrated *garum*—a pickle or sauce—of which they made great use. This was prepared from several different kinds of fishes but that from the mackerel was deemed by far the best. The generic character of the scomber are "scales on the body small and smooth; vertical fins not bearing scales; two dorsal fins widely separated; some of the posterior rays of the second dorsal and the anal fin free, forming finlets; sides of the tail slightly carinated; one row of small conical teeth in each jaw, the parts of the gill cover without denticulations or spines; seven branchiostegous rays." The delicate colors of this fish, shading from black on the head, and dark green on the back to silvery white with reflections on the sides, make it a perfect picture. It is certainly one of the nicest table fishes we have, and when broiled by a skilful hand, fresh from the water, forms a dish that a hungry man can relish without much coaxing of the appetite. The mackerel, salted and cured, forms a staple of export and consumption, perhaps second to no other fish, a branch of business too well known to be discussed in this connection. A mackerel cruise, as an episode in one's life, is a pleasant thing to look back upon; while a life devoted to the business is one of severe toil and not unfrequently attended with great danger.

Your artist,

PORTE CRAYON.



THE CREW DANCING.



MACKEREL JIG, FULL SIZE.



THE SCHOONER BEACHED.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

They left the young child all alone,
To battle with the waves of life;
He read their names engraved on stone,
And felt unfitted for the strife.

A weary way the future seemed;
The present was uncertain ground;
But from the past one sunbeam gleamed,
And here the child some comfort found.

'Twas this: bent lowly at her knee,
The mother taught her child to say,
"When father and when mother flee,
The Lord will care for those who pray."

And father, mother, now *had* fled,
And left the young child in his grief;
The sod was on each withered head,
And on the sod a withered leaf.

He bent the knee upon the sod;
His folded hands were on his breast,
His child eyes were upturned to God,
"Who giveth those who seek it, rest."

He prayed that He might stoop to care
For one left lonely on life's shore;
And he who hears the suppliant's prayer,
Promised to guide him evermore.

And all through life went one whom men
Called holy, from the words he spoke;
And when he slept, these men said then,
"Surely, he hath in glory woke."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SALE OF A KINGDOM.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

It was a masquerade in the wood of Ardennes, and the four o'clock sun streamed slantingly through the aisles of the great forest, and upon the varied costumes of the temporary inhabitants. Never since the days of Rosalind and Jacques had so motley a crew danced beneath the umbrageous oaks, nor one half so splendid. Fine ladies of the court had thrown aside their hoops and powder, and stepped out in the native dignity of peasant girls, or ascended into a blazing guise of borrowed royalry. Atalantas with buskins and apples, Dianas with crescents and hounds; graces, muses and dryads all mingled their gay array with gods and satyrs, Turks and yeomen. The dance was swinging round like a band of reeling bacchanals among the treeboles, when one withdrew fatigued, and wandering to a little distance, flung herself on the sward beneath wide-spread branches. Dressed as a sea-nymph, she went by the name of Nathalie, and was by far the loveliest one among all the merry masqueraders; and so doubtless thought the tall and graceful Apollo, who, with golden curls clustering round his temples, and golden arrows slung across his shoulders, joined her.

"It is not," said he, "the first time that Nathalie has been seen by her adorer; once and twice before in the evening shade of these woods has Le Norman worshipped her beauty, but never in guise so costly as now. What spell has come over the maid of Ardennes?"

Nathalie slowly rose, showing in every motion the waving grace of a true sea-nymph, and stood leaning against the tree-stem before him; her flowing robe was of an iridescent, pearly-colored stuff, changing now to the suggestion of a palest blue, now to the soft flesh tint of a shell, and now to a deep, watery sheet of sea-green. Slender branches of scarlet coral made a vivid splendor in her dark hair, and hanging from their tips, a veil of lace fell down and half-smothered the glow and sparkle of jewels that adorned her. Diamonds flickered with every breath upon her bosom, as she sat there in the sunbeams; wreaths of mock sea-weed trailed festoonwise round her skirt, and rubies, emeralds and opals, strewn with a profuse hand on her attire, and glistening with lavish lustre, transformed her into the image of one who, just rising from the sea, was blazing with the myriad, dazzling waterdrops that dripped away from her, each first hiding in its bosom a sunbeam of this upper world to carry down into the still depths of twilight caves.

"Monsieur has perchance thought," returned she, "that because I lived with foster-parents in a hut among these woods, I had no ancestors; that because I wore russet, I could never wear satin; that because I decked my hair with flowers, I had therefore no priceless heirlooms. Monsieur, these jewels have been in our family six hundred years and over!"

"And my family scarcely counts behind *that*," said the young man.

"And monsieur has then a family and name?"

"None nobler in the kingdom. But Nathalie, how came you here?"

"Ah, the marchioness was my mother's friend, and to-day is my birthday, Le Norman. To-day I am fifteen."

"So young and so lovely," thought Le Norman; "and if she loves me (as I cannot doubt she does), born to how much trouble!" And he remembered with a double pang of both exquisite joy and pain the emotion manifested by her on the occasion of a slight accident to him. Then he had thought her a wild, charming forest girl, beautiful enough to beguile an hour away, although doubting even then, if his feelings towards her were not too deep for trifling. Now he found her of a certain noble rank—but what of that! It must be a high rank indeed, which should smite down the barrier between them; and nursed in different religious faiths, inexorable state laws would intervene, should all else prosper, and prevent their union. He should never dare tell her of his love; she would recover her affections in a little while, if he were silent, and be happy again—he would not entail wretchedness on her young life—he would never speak. Having made which doughty resolution, while his thoughts had been almost written on his face, he hummed a snatch of the distant dancing-tune before he spoke again.

And of what was Nathalie thinking? Of sorrowful things, if *her* face was any index. It was a moment before he dared trust himself to look at her; at last when he raised his head, her dark eyes were fixed on him, welling over with tears. There is a moment of weakness that is irresistible; if he had withstood now, he had been more than human. He need not ask if she loved him; he knew it. He need not swear his love for her; she would feel that. He took her in his arms, and lulled the grief that then first broke forth, with tenderest kisses and most endearing sentences. Alas for Nathalie!

A month had passed, and every day had witnessed an interview between the two lovers of the wood; and when once, half-tremblingly, Nathalie had requested to know the name of her lover, an almost stern tone had come into his voice, as he bade her not inquire again—and with a strange pain in his face, warned her that, as it was, she would know all too soon.

"At least you are not one whom I need be ashamed to love?" she ventured.

"Not that, indeed, my darling! But one who, knowing what lies before him in the future, should be ashamed to love you!" And Nathalie, feeling he could do nothing wrong, was satisfied.

Now she sat in the drawing-room of her friend the marchioness, in full dress, awaiting her lover, who was to accompany and present her at court. A coach dashed to the door; another moment, and Le Norman stood in the apartment, with flushed cheeks and an anxious, vivid brightness in his restless eyes. As the marchioness turned and beheld his face, she began a sudden exclamation instantly checked by his warning look, and they were soon rolling along together to the royal palace.

Whenever Nathalie had seen her lover before, it had been in his simple hunting-dress, or that of some fancy disguise. Now in court costume, almost too dazzling Nathalie thought, he could not look better than he did in the woods; and her heart swelled with joy as she thought of the happy rustic life she should lead for all her future with this titled forester, who despised rank and courtly baubles—and she pleased herself with delicious images of quiet contentment as they rolled along. Coaches in the street made way for them by the flaring gaslight, ushers at the palace door swept open long avenues through the noble crowd, who respectfully withdrew. Bowing to the right and left, Le Norman, with Nathalie upon his arm, and the marchioness following directly behind with the chamberlain, passed the halls and staircase, swept through the ante-rooms till the doors of the throne-room were thrown open and they entered; while lords and ladies, who had been and still were patiently awaiting their turn, stepped aside. If the brilliancy of the ante-rooms had seemed gorgeous, what must the flood of lustre have appeared to her bewildered eyes as Le Norman paused at the threshold, giving her hand a lingering and re-assuring pressure.

Hitherto depending on him, she had been only the shrinking girl of Ardennes wood; now, and as it were instantaneously, a new force seemed to develop within her—her figure grew a shadow more erect, the rich folds of her garment shook out with a somewhat prouder grace—a prescience of what was to come seemed to surround and strengthen her. She cast her eyes round on the magnificent throng, and prouder and statelier than any empress, swept up the noble vista to the king. A moment, with Jove-like thunders gathering on eye and brow, the old monarch gazed on the approaching pair, while all the court anticipated his action, and were smacking their mental lips over the expected scene. But like a balmy, summer wind dispersing the clouds of tempest, a smile far worse than they scattered the frowns; and advancing a step or two, the king briefly exclaimed, in a voice inaudible to any but they:

"Son!"

"Father," said Le Norman, in the same tone, "wooing a peasant girl, I have found the Lady Nathalie d'Arens."

While he spoke, Nathalie and the king measured each other with undaunted eyes.

"The prince, in his present, passing fancy," said the king, "does the court honor. Let us hope that when this boyish freak is finished, the Lady Nathalie will regard it as leniently as it deserves! Mademoiselle, your father rendered me distinguished services; but for him, I should have lost my kingdom. Command from me any favor!"

"Sire," answered Nathalie, "beyond protection from royal and princely insults during the reception, I neither ask nor will receive any favors from your majesty!" And with a courtesy as superb as the least possible loyal submission could render so graceful an action, she sailed between king and prince, and stood beside the marchioness, a little in the rear upon the right of the unoccupied throne.

"Well, sir," said the king to Le Norman, in the same low tone, savage in its almost inaudible intensity and slow pronunciation, while sunbeams could not equal the benignity beaming on his face, "well, sir, I have heard something of this before. I was not unprepared. A pretty affair you have made out of nothing!"

"Sire, I am in earnest."

"And so am I, you graceless wretch! Must you drag into court all your awkward country flames?"

"I have never before intruded, I believe."

"So much the worse now, to find you entangled so uselessly at this late day!"

"Could you choose in any royal house of Europe a queenlier bride?"

"By heaven, young man, you wont want a queen till you are king! And if you think of this again, I'll declare your brother heir in your stead."

"Sire," said Le Norman then with coolness, "nothing would better please me."

"Then, if that's your cue," returned his father, "you *shall* be both heir and king."

"I will not consent to be either, on any other terms than that my wife be Queen Nathalie."

"Your wife!" fairly whispered the exasperated king. "Has the boy ruined me? Are you *married* to her, sirrah?"

But not deigning to reply, Le Norman bowed, and stepping aside joined Nathalie, while the chamberlain immediately continued the presentations. They stood in the shadow of a curtain, and as Le Norman again drew Nathalie's arm into his, with a decided gesture she withdrew it, and only lightly laying her hand on his, gazed steadily into his face. What reproach, what passion, what great sorrow suffused her countenance. Though for his soul he could not have helped loving her, nor, as we have seen, forborne vowing fidelity to her, yet his heart smote him that he had ever concealed his rank.

"You would never have loved me, Nathalie, if I had told you," murmured he. "Forgive me—fortune will favor us—I shall yet make you my wife—we shall yet be happy!"

A sudden dizziness, like the precursor of a swoon, overcame him, and in the midst of it her voice tolled out low and clear as a bell upon sultry air, the one word, "Impossible!"

Great must have been her self-control; for in this moment of bitter pain, disappointment and emotion, so lightly had her fingers touched his hand, that he was not aware when the pressure ceased, but only felt her face receding, as a vision fades, while she flirted backward and away from him into the throng and out among side arches and distance, and with a low moan he reeled and fell; caught by an attendant, he was borne unseen to his own apartments, and the gaiety of the others continued. Thus frequently under the gayest masque are the saddest tragedies enacted.

Scarcely had Nathalie gained a remote corridor, when a sudden rush and murmur proclaimed that the king had withdrawn and the audience was broken up; and while she paused to look around her, she became sensible of an approaching step, and in a moment the king appeared, and taking her hand, led her back into a private apartment, and courteously requested her to be seated.

"Madame," said he, sternly, while seating himself opposite, "by what authority do you receive my son's addresses?"

Nathalie raised her eyes, and with her head somewhat thrown back, answered:

"I must be addressed altogether differently before I reply at all."

"Perhaps the Lady Nathalie will instruct her slave in some suitable conversational terms!" said the king, his face slightly on one side, his eyes leering upon her, and in his most insinuating manner; nevertheless, if any voice was ever plainly suggestive of scaffolds and broad-axes, this was one.

Nathalie, forest girl as she was, could not condescend to battle the king with these his own weapons, and as there did not appear to be any other, thought best to make a feint of surrender, and calmly said:

"I had wished to leave your majesty possession of your son. Be assured, I had no knowledge of the prince's rank when he offered me marriage. My religious faith will now be an invincible bar to his wishes. I love Le Norman the hunter; I will never wed your son the prince!"

"Madame," returned the king, "your frankness charms me! You have truly made me your friend. My son, I confess it, is more than a match for me. If you had been daughter of grand duke or minor king, I would not have whispered a word against your faith; but, as you well know, my kingdom, though recent, is important, and will become more so strengthened by a royal alliance. Still, generous as you are to resign your lover, human nature is not infallible; it were too much to expect this of you. Let me guard you; let me be always your friend. And as a proof of it, let me offer you a most worthy husband in the person of the Count d'Entremer!"

The indignation of Nathalie was too great for utterance; but at last, as the king continued his harangue, it broke forth in wild and angry protest.

"Allow me at least to convey the future countess to a place not so liable to listeners." And Nathalie accompanied him perforce through several devious ways, till they stood in the dimly lighted palace chapel. "Now, madame," said the king, who had so lately professed friendship, and now speaking in his lowest tones, "I give you a choice. This is what is called a civilized community; nevertheless you are completely in my power. You have not a relative in the world! If you do not comply with my demands, I have dungeons so deep, that for all your life you will never see daylight again. Neither do I shrink from such terrific resources, although loth to mention them to ears polite—as starvation, tight cords, hot irons—"

She interrupted him haughtily. "I can never be frightened into submission!"

"Let me urge you, then. While you are single, my son will never complete the alliance I design. He will be wretched and unhappy; while, if you marry, he will resign himself to forgetfulness. Do you wish to be the cause of his misery? I have no great affection in my nature; it is chiefly pride. But all those pangs with which I threatened you, I now threaten and will pour

upon *him*, if *you* disobey. You can can go forward to the altar, where the Count d'Entremer awaits you, or back the way we came. In the last case, my guards will attend upon you, and you will be forced to witness how bravely the prince endures his tortures!"

It is not likely the king would have performed an iota of this grandiloquent threat; but Nathalie could have given credence to any evil from him. She trembled an instant, and then with a firm step went forward, placed her hand in the Count d'Entremer's—never seen by her before—and being quickly and irrevocably pronounced his wife, received the congratulations of the smiling king and the few witnesses. Leaning against the altar, pallid and cold as sculpture, the first object her married eyes discerned was Le Norman. He moved forward, with an expression as if every second of time was a sharp sword that stabbed him, and appeared to offer his compliments.

"What ardor!" he murmured; "what sincerity! what constancy! Madame le Comptesse is as firm as a rock in her determination to be faithless as shifting sand!"

* * * * * *

Time, too fast for the most of us, lagged sadly with the young countess, scarcely more than a child, as she sighed far away in distant France, and from the windows of her chateau watched the shadows come and go on the purple, Pyrenean slopes, while her husband was absent the greater part of his time at Paris, or at the court she had so lately left. Time passed not so slowly with the prince; indeed, Le Norman had had a thousand events form in his years, for every one in the monotonous ages of the Countess d'Entremer. Having recovered from the first severe shock of his loss and disappointment, with the native energy of his nature, not deeming it right to waste his life in idle despair, he had wonderfully bestirred himself—superintending the education of his brother, arranging scientific expeditions, and performing all duties devolving upon him, but steadfastly refusing the royal match urged by his father, and clinging to the loose fragments of the love of earlier days.

Ten years had passed—seven since the death of his father and his own coronation—his brother had entered into manhood, and Le Norman, as the king, had already commanded the admiration of all Europe by his daring genius, when the Count d'Entremer appeared again at court after a short absence, and for the first time since his marriage brought with him the countess. Of course all the world were on the *qui vive* to behold the meeting; but in the calm, nonchalant air of the countess, who, not quite twenty-five, was in the full vigor and bloom of womanhood, and perhaps lovelier and with a better balanced mind than if she had not experienced these long, lonely years, as she received the rather sarcastically polite welcome of the king, all the world found very little satisfaction.

A few weeks had elapsed, and in one of the sea-shore palaces the whole court were assembled at summer festivities. The royal abode was on a cliff, which afforded in front of the building a promenade of several hundred yards, and abruptly terminating in a precipice, whose base was washed by the sea. On this cliff, one afternoon, a party of courtiers—among whom was the king, his brother and the Countess d'Entremer—were watching the approach of a small boat, which, out on a fishing excursion, could hardly hope to make shore before the squall should burst upon it. Erect in the prow, a keen eye could not fail to recognize the lofty figure of the Count d'Entremer.

Leaning breathlessly over the cliff, Nathalie remained with her eyes fixed on the boat; for although she had no manner of affection for the husband forced upon her, she could not view his danger with indifference, nor desire anything but his happiness. The boat was still far distant, the wind increasing—already it fluttered the ends of her white scarf into the air across the brink of the precipice, as with hands slightly extended forward, she stood silent and motionless. The courtiers withdrew a little, and the king and herself remained nearest together upon the edge. Great raindrops pattered down slowly, then quickening their flood, poured down with broad gushes of speed, dashing down the bands of her hair, soaking her garments, blinding her eyes—yet still they stood heedless of it.

The count saw her, for, doffing his cap, he raised his hand to his lips with a knightly gesture, and waved it towards her. He was so near that the wind might be seen lifting his hair, when the little mast strained, cracked and broke, dragged the boat down into the sea that ran over her, and precipitated the occupants into the roaring gulfs. He was a strong swimmer! For after every green, cavernous wave broke its white crest over him, he was seen riding the next one triumphant. Now lost to sight, now again appearing, now supporting a fainting comrade, and now with rapid strokes parting the strong sea—a weaker man had sunk long ago. The rain and the spray mingled their strength with the wind and the waves, and a thick, white, curling mist arose and hung round him, closing him out from the sight of his wife, and hiding his beacon star from him. At last the wind veered, and the mist cleared away; little patches of blue sky smiled out from the south and west, and the waves rocked to and fro in stray sunshine. The countess still strained her eyes, surveying the broad, vacant expanse—nor count nor fisherman was there; and at the end of an hour's intense length and watching, three bodies were tossed high upon the strand. One had been the Count d'Entremer. All the heavens and earth in their commotion spun back from Nathalie, and with "outflung hands and shapeless shriekings wild," she fell senseless.

A year's seclusion—due not to grief, but to respect—had passed, and the leafy echoes of Ardennes had lulled Nathalie into complete forgetfulness, for the moment, of the last eleven years—and again she sat beneath the oaks and plucked the flowers growing in the self-same nook, as in her girlhood. All but the first fifteen years of her life, seemed vaporous as a dream; and consonant with all around, the distant bugle of some royal hunting party stole upon her ear like "horns of elf-land faintly blowing." And thus when one stood before her in a garb of Lincoln-green, leading a red roan steed, it seemed as if all the interval had never been; and looking up, merrily she said:

"It is my birthday, to-day, Le Norman! I am"—but here, as she would have said "fifteen," memory rushed back on her, and hiding her face in her hands, she turned and would have fled away, but his voice sternly arrested her.

"Stay a moment, madame!" he commanded. "Since Providence has thrown us once more together, let me return to you the truth you once gave me. It was broken by you, and rendered valueless to me, eleven long years ago."

With a certain wild vehemence, she exclaimed, turning at bay upon him:

"I was forced to break it! Had it been true truth, you had died in torture first! It was to save *you* from dying in torture, that I sacrificed myself to worse than death—more than torture—to marrying d'Entremer!"

A moment or two he regarded her.

"I have taken shame to myself for eleven years that I could not lose my own passion, while feeling its object to be faithless. Must I undo the work of so long a time?" She returned him no answer. "If that were done," he resumed—but she interrupted him.

"Your cruel father's death has not left in the inexorable state laws one obstacle the less!"

"I can annihilate all obstacles," he returned, triumphantly. Silence followed. Some time they thus stood confronting one another. "A singular fancy strikes me, Nathalie. It is your birthday. How old are you, my friend?"

"I am fifteen," she returned.

"And I, nineteen. It seems to me that an hour ago we plighted troth. Is it so?"

Not many days had elapsed ere a strange rumor flew trumpet-tongued through the kingdom, and was proclaimed officially to all the crowned heads of Europe. More than one king of different realms had congregated in this capital, and a universal wonder was displayed in the countenance of every subject and plenipotentiary.

The seventh of October, with all the sweet decadence of summer in the air, came, and the streets and cathedral were thronged for a triple ceremony. The procession left the palace to the sound of slow, pleasant music, and the shouts and blessings of the populace upon Le Norman, "the dear king," wound to its destination, and entered the great aisles of the solemn place. There, in the presence of subjects and brother kings, Le Norman took the crown from his own head and placed it on his brother's; and when a further ceremony of coronation was finished, knelt as count only, of his paternal heritage, and was the first among his brother's new subjects to swear fealty.

The new king stopped aside, while all the world wondered the reason of so great a sacrifice. The reason? It came through the open door of an inner chapel, whence Nathalie, unattended by any one save the spirit of radiant beauty, issued, and advancing, placed her hand in that of the abdicated king, Le Norman; and beneath the benedictal hands of the patriarchal archbishop, was declared the wife of the Count of Nassau.

SIBERIAN SLEDGE DOGS.

These dogs are said to resemble the wolf—to have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and long bushy tails; color various—black, brown, reddish brown, white and spotted. They vary also in size; but a good sledge dog should not be less than two feet seven inches high. Their howling is that of a wolf. In the summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to escape the mosquitoes, which in those regions are not less troublesome than one of Pharaoh's plagues. In winter, they burrow in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The preparation of these animals for a journey is carefully to be attended to. For a fortnight, at least, they should be put on a small allowance of hard food, to convert their superfluous fat into firm flesh. They are also to be driven from ten to twenty miles daily; after which, Von Wrangel says, they have been known to travel a hundred miles a day without being injured by it.

"We drove ours," he says, "sometimes at the rate of one hundred wersts (sixty-six miles) a day. Their usual food is fresh fish, thawed and cut in pieces; and ten frozen herrings are said to be a proper daily allowance for each dog. A team consists commonly of twelve dogs; and it is of importance that they should be accustomed to draw together. The foremost sledge has usually an additional dog, which has been trained as a leader. On the sagacity and docility of this leader depend the quick and steady going of the team, as well as the safety of the traveller."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

STRYCHNINE.

In Ceylon and several districts of India grows a moderate sized tree, with thick and shining leaves, and a short, crooked stem. In the fruit season it is readily recognized by its rich orange-colored berries, about as large as golden pippins—the favorite food of many kinds of birds—within which are the flat, round seeds, not an inch in diameter, ash-gray in color, and covered with very minute silky hairs. The Germans fancy that they can discover a resemblance in them to crows' eyes, but the likeness to them is purely imaginary. The tree is the strychnos nux vomica, and the seed is the deadly poison nut. The latter was early used as a medicine by the Hindoos, and its nature and properties were understood by Oriental doctors long before it was known to foreign nations. Dog-killer and fish-scale are two of its Arabic names. It is stated that at present the natives of Hindostan often take it for many months continuously, in much the same way as an opium-eater eats opium. They commence with taking the eighth part of a nut a day, and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat it directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect these precautions, spasms result.—*American Builder.*

WHAT FINGER-RINGS HAVE DONE.

Many have suffered imprisonment, and even death, on account of rings. The great antiquarian, Winkleman, was murdered by a scoundrel servant for a very precious ring that he wore. Conrad, a Neapolitan prince, flying from Charles, King of Naples, was discovered to a sailor by his ring, informed against, examined, and there being found no sufficient reason why he should live, was put to death accordingly. Richard Cœur de Lion having made a three months' truce with Saladin, hoped to get safe home, but was betrayed to the enemy by a jewel on his finger. He had reached Vienna, when fearing to fall into the hands of Leopold, the Austrian archduke, whom he had affronted, he took a cook's place in a gentleman's family, but not taking the precaution to roast with his rings off, he was recognized, arrested, and thrown into prison. The last instance we shall cite of a ring proving inimical to the happiness of its possessor is taken from a remarkable relation of Phlegon of Tralles, Hadrian's freedman, who dealt in marvellous recitals, and who gives the following among others of his *mirabilia*: A young man by the name of Achates, travelling in Greece, became the guest of Demostrates. One evening, after retiring to rest, he was surprised by a visit from the fair Philinnone (the deceased daughter of his host), who presented herself in the most bewitching guise before him, and persuaded him to exchange pledge-rings with her. This nocturnal visit was repeated for three nights successively, the young man having no idea the while that his fair inamorata was a visitor from another world. On the third night, a maid discovering a strange lady in the guest-chamber, recognized her deceased mistress, and apprised the parents of the late Philinnione of what she had seen. Incredulous at first at the young woman's story, they at length agreed to enter the chamber at the same hour the night following, when to their bewilderment and joy, they saw their own daughter before them; but this joy was soon turned into horror, for the maiden had no sooner recognized her father and mother, than, escaping from the embraces of both, she reproached them bitterly for thus coming abruptly to destroy the happiness which for three more nights she had also enjoyed with their guest, her leave of absence from the shades extending to a whole week. Saying this, she fell a lifeless corpse on the ground at their feet. On recovering from the shock, the first impulse of the parents hurried them to the tomb, whence the body had indeed departed, and all that remained there was Achates' pledge-ring, on seeing which, the unhappy youth, terror-stricken at having attained himself to a spectre, fell upon his sword, and died immediately.—*New York Despatch.*

LIFE THE WORLD OVER.

When Peter of Cortono was engaged on a picture for the Royal Palace of Pitti, Ferdinand II. particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see how easily it is to make this very child laugh?" And, suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the inner extremity of the eyebrows, when the little urchin seemed in danger of bursting his sides with laughter, who in a moment before seemed breaking his heart with weeping. If this be true in the world of living men, slight, very slight are the causes that make or break the happiness of life. The touch of a brush can dim heaven with a cloud, or brighten the prospect of the fair horizon.—*Portfolio.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DRED. By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This work is openly announced as an anti-slavery novel, so that readers who are surfeited with that species of literature may pass it by. It appears, however, by sales of this book, that there are plenty of buyers. As a work of art, "Dred" is written with more skill than "Uncle Tom." At the same time it is less dramatic and less exciting. The hero, as is frequently the case in fictitious narratives, is on the whole a failure, but several other characters are drawn with great power. This book is likely to suit the English market admirably.

THE HILLS OF THE SHATEMUC. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 516.

A work by the author of "The Wide, Wide World," whose reputation is "world wide," is indeed a treat. The new book is worthy of the writer. It is interesting, it is natural; it takes us into the midst of fresh, and unfamiliar scenery, and the characters are flesh and blood, and talk and act like men and women. The book is spirited and interesting from beginning to end, and is as sound in morals as a sermon from the pulpit. For sale by Redding & Co.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. By CHARLES READE. In 2 vols. 12 mo. 1856. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This work, though less terse and dramatic in style than "Peg Woffington," and "Clouds and Sunshine," is written with equal ability, and is none the less interesting for the fuller development given to its characters. The scene alternates between England and Australia, and the incidents though natural are thrilling and exciting; while the characters are no dreamy phantoms, but flesh and blood realities.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA. Among the recent of this beautifully got up series of acting plays, are "Life in New York," by John Brougham, "My Wife's Mirror," by Ed. G. P. Wilkins, "Aline or the Rose of Killarney," by E. Stirling, "A Conjugal Lesson," by H. Paulvers, and "A Good Fellow," by Charles M. Walcott," all capital and popular pieces.

LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND. By CHARLES R. MCILVAIN. New York: C. Scribner. 1856. 12mo. pp. 382.

The biography of Talleyrand is a romance from beginning to end. The "prince of diplomatists," he was far from being an honest man, though possessed of brilliant talents, and making his mark upon the great period of the world in which he flourished. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

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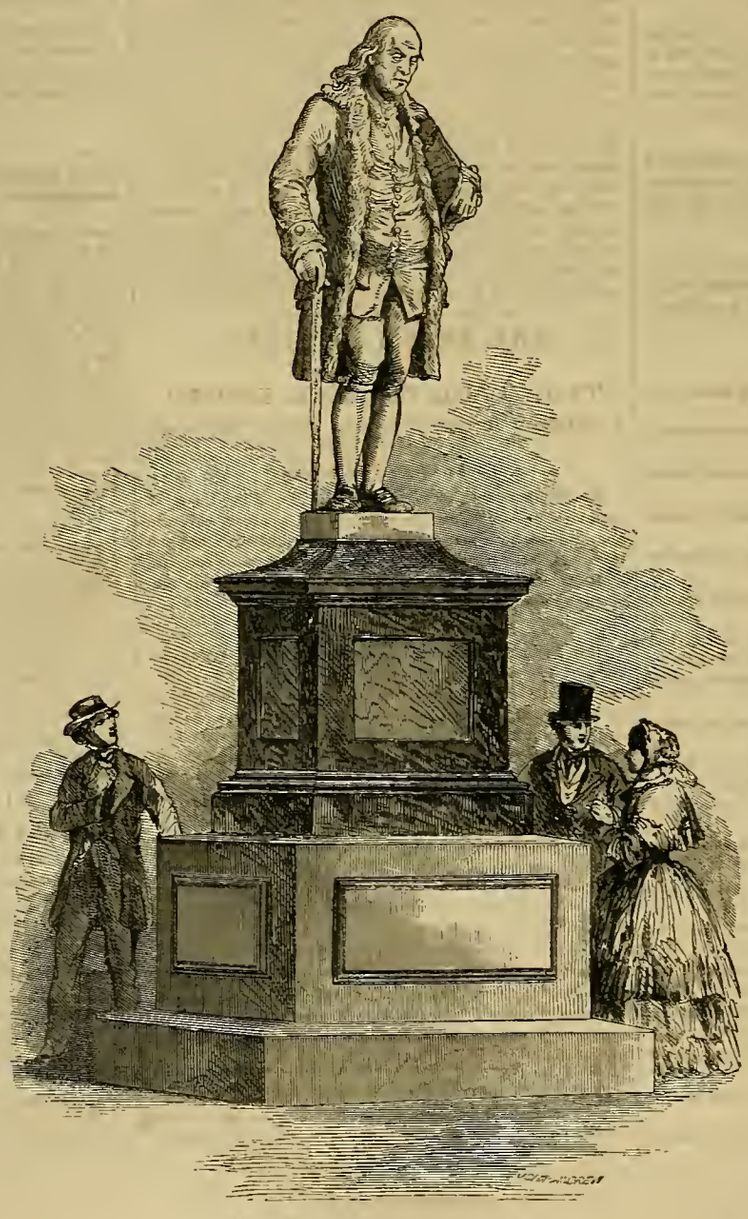
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THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

As the extent of space covered by our large representation of the inauguration of the Franklin Statue, rendered it necessary to represent the figure on a small scale, we now present a large and accurate view of it from the pencil of Billings. The sculptor, Richard Saltonstall Greenough, who is still a young man, has been very happy in his characterization of our distinguished townsman. There is nothing artificial or constrained in the attitude. He stands resting on his staff, in the dress that pictures and descriptions have rendered so familiar to us, looking down from his position with a benevolent and intelligent expression, that satisfies the popular conception of the man, and is at the same time true to facts. The figure is so natural and life like that you almost expect it to move as you gaze on it. It must have been conceived in an hour of genuine inspiration. The inauguration day of this statue, September 17, will long be remembered in the annals of the city. For several days previous, strangers had been pouring in, and there was so great an accession of visitors on the day itself, that the whole number of the welcome outsiders was computed to be at least 100,000, which, added to our local population filled the city to repletion. At no previous celebration have we witnessed such a display of human beings. The weather was remarkably propitious, as if Heaven smiled approbation on the occasion. It was moderate, with gentle breezes, and at times light clouds tempered the glare of sunshine. Business was entirely suspended. All along the line of the procession and in many parts of the city there were splendid and tasteful decorations. The Tremont House was splendidly adorned with flags and streamers. Nearly opposite, from the Cadet's head-quarters, floated a flag inscribed "Monstrat viam (it shows the way), 1741," the motto of the gallant corps. The decorations of the Boston Museum attracted much attention. On its lower piazza was the motto, "He snatched the lightning from the heavens, and the sceptre from the hands of tyrants." Scollay's building bore on its eastern side the same in Latin—"Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis." In Court Street there was a store with this inscription, "Benjamin Franklin when he was twelve years old was apprenticed as a printer to his brother James, whose office stood on this spot." A flag suspended on the north side of State Street was inscribed, "The opinion of Benjamin Franklin in 1754, 'A union of the colonies is absolutely necessary for their preservation.' His motto—'join or die.'" From the Old State House, "First settlement of Boston, Sept. 17, 1630." On the corner of Union and Hanover we were told "The father of Benjamin Franklin removed from Milk Street to this spot shortly after Benjamin was born. Here he worked for a short time in his boyhood at the trade of a soap boiler and tallow chandler with his father." The birth place of Franklin in Milk Street was most elegantly decorated. Beneath a star were the words, "He took the lightning from Heaven," under which was a painting subscribed: "The House in which Franklin was born. Benjamin Franklin was born on this spot on Sunday the 17th of January, A. D. 1706." In Federal Street were flags with the following inscriptions: "Born January 17, 1706. Tallow Chandler's apprentice, 1717. Printer's apprentice, 1719. Author, 1725. Dry Goods clerk, 1727. Printer, 1729. Legislator for Pennsylvania, 1732. Founder of the University of Pennsylvania. Deputy Postmaster General, 1751. The Inventor of Lightning Rods was the originator of the Volunteer Militia. Fellow of the Royal Society. Doctor of Laws by Oxford. Colonel of Militia. Representative of America in England, 1764. Concluded first treaty for America, 1778. Member of Continental Congress, 1775. Commissioner Plenipotentiary to France, 1776. Minister Plenipotentiary to France, 1778. Commissioner to treat with England, 1782. President of Pennsylvania, 1785. Delegate to Federal Convention, 1787. Died, April 17, 1790." Washington Street and Dover Street had many fine decorations and appropriate inscriptions, and everywhere apt quotations from "Poor Richard" met the eye. The procession was a fine one, and its arrangement reflects great credit on Col. Newell A. Thompson, the Chief Marshal, and his assistants. It was three hours in passing a given point. The military escort, consisting of the commands of Cols. Burbank and Bullock, with the Light Dragoons and the Lancers, led off in fine style. Col. Marshall P. Wilder appeared perfectly at home at the head of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. The first division, under Gen. John S. Tyler as chief marshal, comprised the city government and invited guests, among whom were Gov. Gardner and his aids. The second division, Col. Thomas E. Chickering, embraced the trades of Boston, fully and finely represented. It would require pages to describe properly the interesting features of this section. The silversmith's establishment, a barge loaded with costly jewelry and plate was very conspicuous. The Ames Manufacturing Company of Chicopee, came out 200 strong. From Chickering's Piano Forte works came a large body of men. Hooper's Bell founders gave sonorous token of their presence. In the third division, marshalled by Capt. Charles O. Rogers, the leading feature was the display of the printers, led off by the Franklin Typographical Society and the Boston Printers' Union. They had two platforms, drawn each by five horses, on which were presses representing past and present eras of printing, the former by the old press worked on by Franklin himself previous to 1742. Upon this press was worked a *fac simile* of the Boston Courant, No. 80, in which the name of Benjamin Franklin first appears as publisher, copies of which, as they were thrown off, were distributed to the crowd. Among the invited guests who rode with the printers was "Father Boylston" of the "Farmer's Cabinet," Amherst, N. H., an old gentleman of seventy-five, and a printer of sixty years standing. From Mr. French's Hoe's cylinder press, a humorous metrical life of Franklin by B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), was worked off and distributed to the spectators. In the fourth division, marshalled by Hon. Moses Kimball, the masonic fraternity made a splendid appearance, particularly the Knights Templars and the De Molay encampment. The fifth division, Major Lewis W. Tappan, chief marshal, contained the Bunker Hill Association, the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, the Medal Scholars from 1792 to 1856 inclusive, and the recipients of the Lawrence Prizes. Edmund F. Cutter, Esq., was at the head of the sixth division, which included the several historical, scientific, literary and musical societies. The Mercantile Library Association sent an immense delegation. Harvard College was strongly represented. The seventh division, under the lead of Joseph West, Esq., numbered the various benevolent and charitable associations. The Highland costume was worn by the Scotch societies. Nathaniel Winsor, Jr., Esq., appeared at the head of the eighth division, devoted to the marine societies and boat clubs, and flanked by a body of mounted police. The ninth division embraced the public school children, who received the procession on Beacon Street, marshalled by John L. Emmons, Esq. The ceremonies at the City Hall were very interesting. Mr. Winthrop's address was a masterly performance, and that of the President of the Charitable Mechanics' Association and of the Mayor were appropriate and well received. The ode by James T. Field, Esq., was most felicitous. Dr. Winslow Lewis, as Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Massachusetts, assisted by Col. John T. Head as his deputy, performed the masonic ceremonies, and the day closed without a single untoward accident to mar the enjoyment and gratification of the vast assembled multitude.



JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.



THE NEW STATUE OF FRANKLIN, BOSTON.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

The admirable accompanying portrait of our great American novelist gives a life likeness of its subject. James Fennimore Cooper was a son of Judge Cooper, and born at Burlington, N. J., in 1789. He was educated at Yale College, and after the completion of his studies entered the American navy as a midshipman in 1805, and remained in the service until 1810, when he married and retired. Soon after this he turned his attention to literary pursuits, and made his first essay as a novelist in a work entitled "Precaution," which met with a very limited sale. He was not discouraged, however, by this disappointment, but followed it up by the "Spy," a revolutionary tale. This novel was immediately successful. The vivid delineation of the hero, the truthful portraiture of the period, the dramatic interest of the stirring scenes it depicted, and its thorough nationality, gave it great popularity. In the "Pioneers," he painted the history of an American settlement in the wilderness, deriving his facts and groundwork from the settlements of Cooperstown in New York by his brother and others. In this book he struck on that Indian trait which he afterwards followed out with so much spirit and success. In the "Pioneers," too, he first introduced his *chef-d'œuvre* character, "Leather stocking," the hero of several of his subsequent romances. The "Pilot" was the first sea-novel proper ever written, and opened a path since crowded with successful adventurers. To Cooper, therefore, we may apply the words of the "Ancient Mariner:"

> "He was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

The work alluded to laid the foundation of Cooper's fame. He soon became world-renowned. His novels were translated into the principal languages of Europe, and became as popular in France, in Germany, in Spain, in Russia and in England as at home. He produced a large number of volumes, chiefly romances. His forte was in romance-writing, though his political essays and sketches of travel were not without merit. His history of the American navy, not completed at his death, ranks as a standard work. He died at Cooperstown, N. J., in 1854. A daughter has inherited much of his literary talent and has produced some well-written works. The works of Cooper, or rather a large portion of them, will live as long as English literature lasts. They are vivid pictures of events and manners of social life long since gone by.

A RUNAWAY STEAMBOAT.

An eccentric but most amusing cruise was recently made by a steam tow-boat in the waters of Southampton harbor, in England, the particulars of which are related by a correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair. It seems that the Belmont, a regular steam tug, had taken in tow the ship Walter Hood, bound from Southampton to Australia. On reaching the lower bay, the sails were set on board the ship, and at the same time the tow-boat cast her off with the intention of returning to Southampton for another vessel, but by some accident the ship ran into the steamer, a violent crash followed, and in the confusion, all hands, including the captain and the cook of the latter, jumped on board the sailing vessel, leaving their boat in charge of a dog and two cats—a strange crew for a steam-going craft. But her steam was up, and after a succession of plungings and crashings, she succeeded in shaking herself clear of the ship, and the next moment was seen "going it alone," starting off at a terrific speed, and in anything but the right direction for her. For a few moments her captain and crew, engineer and all, were struck with dismay. The long tiller of the rudder was seen dashing wildly to and fro, while the fierce barking of the dog, who evidently knew little of navigation or steering, rendered the scene at once absurd and terrific—ludicrous and frightful. Meanwhile, the captain of the steamer, having recovered his presence of mind and composure, obtained a small boat, and with his men started in pursuit of his absconding craft; but ere he was well under way, she had altered her course, and from some cause or other came around, and set out for the point whence she had started, thus making or describing a complete circle. The men bent lustily to their oars, but the chased steamer dodged, shied, and circulated about in the most erratic manner, the dog keeping up an incessant barking and howling, as though seeking in this manner to head her off and bring her to reason. Soon she shot off in an opposite direction, and now made directly for a light ship in the outer harbor. Here the men on the look-out descried her position, and having manned their boat, also started in pursuit. The race now became truly exciting, the course of the steam-tug becoming more and more uncertain as her helm shifted to and fro at the sport of the waves of the channel. By this time, however, she had nearly run her race, her steam was getting low, and at length her speed gradually diminished, her paddles stopped, and she ultimately gave in from sheer exhaustion. The crew from the light ship was the first to board her, her own crew coming up about twenty minutes after. She was at length got into working order, and brought safely into Southampton dock, where she was sentenced to undergo complete repairs after her frolic. It is said that the crew were fully justified in leaving her as they did, she being in imminent peril of going down.—*Boston Post.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL,
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

We have been told that "out of evil cometh good." A striking illustration of this truth is manifest in the halo of true glory that encircles the name we have placed at the head of this article. Out of the awful collision of rival nations meeting in arms, from the midst of a carnage the recital of which, as it was wafted across the water in successive episodes, made our blood run cold within us, rose one pure, radiant image of virgin womanhood, claiming our admiration for the sex which it represented, and producing the conviction that angels have their abode on earth as well as in heaven. It was reserved for a period of bloodshed and calamity, for the highest storm of human passions, to produce the spectacle of a high-bred and delicately-nurtured English girl, leaving her beautiful home in a peaceful country and plunging into abhorrent scenes of strife, not to lead on embattled hosts like Joan of Arc, but to breathe the pestilential air of plague-infested rooms, to face the most horrible forms of mutilation and suffering, and to soothe with her kind words, her glorious presence, and her untiring hands, the anguish of physical and mental woe, and the bitter pangs of the parting hour, "to shrive the dying, bless the dead." Her long and weary task accomplished, she set her face homeward. On her way, she did not seek reaction from brilliant pageants and splendid assemblies, but turned aside to visit the abodes of suffering and sickness. Had she chosen, her reception in England would have been such as the proudest conqueror might have envied; for she came wearing no blood-stained trophies, but the victress of all hearts. But she has declined every public demonstration of regard. Only when the mechanics, her neighbors, wrote her a letter of congratulation, she replied in the kindly, warm-hearted language befitting her modest and beautiful nature. As the type of truest womanhood, we honor Florence Nightingale from our "heart of hearts." Long after the laurels of the Crimea shall have faded, the wreath of immortelles that circles her name will bloom in unfaded brightness.

Speech and Silence.—Bishop Hall says that "the ear and the eye are the mind's receivers, but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received." Now we have known a good many gossip tongues busy in retailing what eye hath not seen nor ear heard. To be sure, the stuff was slander, not treasure.

Comfortable.—The "Prairie" shows that the production of breadstuffs has not kept pace with the increase of population in this country, with the single exception of Indian corn, and that, consequently, prices must continue to rule high.

Scolding Husbands.—We hear stories enough of scolding wives, but none of scolding husbands. Yet there are plenty of male scolds, and they are the most unmitigated nuisances in creation.

SPLINTERS.

.... At the Cunyho Iron Works, Cleveland, they make ice by machinery at a cost of five dollars a ton.

.... A Southern paper talks about having "refreshing showers." We have had nothing else for months.

.... General O'Donnell, the present prime minister of Spain, is, as his name shows, of Irish descent.

.... There is a talk of establishing a line of monthly steamships between Liverpool and Montreal, Canada.

.... Who is free from care? From blooming childhood to gray-beard age, it accompanies every one.

.... The Bible is the book for all; and like the wind of heaven, the sunshine and the water, free to all.

.... A witness in court said of a certain man, that he had "supped with him, sailed with him, and knocked him down."

.... Scolding is the pepper of marriage, and ladies the pepper-boxes, says a savage, ugly old bachelor.

.... Men require the curb as well as the spur. A good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

.... We are looking out for a hard winter. In New Hampshire, they had snow as early as the month of August.

.... It is hinted that Mr. Gaillardet, the French editor, may start a new French paper in New York.

.... A clergyman in Ohio lately warned his people against "trying to hide their souls behind a three cent piece!"

.... The Board of Trade of Baltimore have bought the ship Ontario, and will set up a practical navigation school.

.... Mr. Ten Brock has made a great sensation in England by the appearance of his American race-horses.

.... The best policy of a brazen-faced statesman is said to be the policy of *assurance*.

.... It is said there is a deficit in the accounts of the Russian commissariat to the tune of sixty-five millions of dollars.

.... Foreign consuls in this country cannot settle the estates of their countrymen dying in the United States.

.... The Russians have withdrawn their troops from the Crimea. A few Cossacks only garrison Sebastopol.

.... A marriage by advertisement must after all be the union of two "corresponding" minds.

.... Life is but a railroad station where we stop for a few moments. No time for enjoyment before we are off.

.... Ladies' equestrian contests are getting very common lately. There was one recently at Syracuse.

BORROWED PLUMES.

There are very few people in the world who are not troubled with a propensity to masquerade it; to get out of the clothes and characters that fit them, and put on something else. Men as meek as Moses are intensely fond of donning tremendous bearskin caps, and carrying enormous muskets, and *talking* about volunteering, or privateering, whenever a war breaks out in any part of the world. Savage looking and savage feeling fellows, who take fire at a word or a look, and occasionally knock down porters and hackney-coachmen by way of airing their belligerent propensities, are almost always members and orators of peace societies. Excellent prose writers, whose essays have the charm and polish of Goldsmith, Irving and Addison, persist in writing what they call poetry. Little jolly men, overflowing with wit and humor, will do nothing but write tragedies. Undertakers are proverbially fat, well-to-do fellows, with a merry twinkle in the corners of their eyes and mouths; and Shakspeare understood human nature perfectly, when he made his grave-diggers, in Hamlet, crack jokes over the remains of poor humanity. Liston, the English comic actor, a glimpse of whose face was enough to set a crowded house in a roar, was consumed with a desire to play Richard III. and King Lear—the heroic and pathetic. The regal beauty, whose charms would be fitly matched by a display of costly jewelry, is generally attired with great simplicity; while the ugly old dowager, like Shakspeare's toad,

"Wears yet a precious jewel in her head."

And speaking of jewels and borrowed plumes, the best illustration of our position is a scrap from the New York correspondent of the Evening Gazette. He says:—"Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel is the celebrated jewelry establishment of the Tiffany's. A few weeks since, two ladies called there to look at some articles of jewelry. They could not decide upon them, however, but requested that a certain necklace and bracelet should be sent to the St. Nicholas at a particular hour. The party happened to be just going down to dinner, and the person was requested to leave them, and call in about an hour. Ascertaining at the office that they were respectable people, he did so, and the articles were returned with a message that they would call the next day. The next day about the same hour a note was received, requesting that another necklace and bracelet (describing them) might be sent to the hotel, which was complied with; they were likewise returned. And for three or four days the same thing was repeated, when the party left town without making a purchase! A few days afterwards a gentleman boarding at the hotel called at the store to select a present for a lady; and seeing some articles he thought he recognized, exclaimed: 'Why, surely I have seen those before.' He was assured that such could not possibly be the case, as the patterns were entirely original. 'Why,' said he, quite confidently, 'they were worn by a young lady who was stopping at the St. Nicholas, and who each day at dinner appeared with a different necklace and bracelet; and they were evidently so valuable, that she was besieged with interesting gentlemen, and enjoyed the envy of all the female boarders.' A light broke upon the mind of the storekeeper, and I do not think the trick can be repeated there."

THE BRIDE OF PARIS:

—OR,—

THE ROLL OF THE DRUM!

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION, THE REIGN OF TERROR, AND THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

We shall next week commence in "The Flag of our Union" a most vivid and interesting novelette entitled as above. We will not say one word in advance for it. It will tell its own story, and make a sensation exceeding all its predecessors in those columns. This is another of the brilliant series of novelettes which are constantly appearing in "The Flag of our Union."

New Establishment.—We have no hesitation in saying that our next door neighbor, P. J. Mayer, has the handsomest confectionary establishment in this city. It has just been fitted up at great cost, and in exquisite taste. Mr. and Mrs. Mayer, so long established in Tremont Street, have earned a high reputation for the excellence of their manufactory in all the delicate articles pertaining to their business.

A Magician.—McAllister, the magician, who died lately in New York, had travelled all over the world in his professional capacity. He was not only an excellent legerdemain performer, but a fine, liberal gentleman. His accomplishments were numerous; he was an excellent chemist and electrician, and conversed fluently in four or five languages.

Austrian Meanness.—Cesare Cantu, the Italian historian, has been refused permission by the Austrian government, to accept or wear the order of the cross of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus, presented him on account of his literary attainments, by the king of Sardinia.

A model Coroner.—A man drowned himself at a Western city, recently. The coroner could not find the body, but to make sure of his fees, held an inquest on his jacket, which had fortunately turned up with the tide. Verdict, "found empty."

Defaulters.—These gentry are not confined to the United States. The cashier of the Northern Railway, in France, lately went off with a million francs in his pocket.

A FEMALE ARTIST.

Miss Rosa Bonheur, a young Frenchwoman, is winning a most brilliant reputation abroad in a rather singular line of painting for a lady—the portraiture of animals. To this branch of art she has devoted herself for years with unswerving assiduity, commencing her studies from nature when a mere child. To further her pursuit, she frequents all the horse fairs in the neighborhood of Paris, disguised in male attire, and she is only known to the dealers as a very enthusiastic young gentleman with a remarkable taste for horseflesh. When she meets with a fine animal, she buys him—for Rosa is rich—mounts him *en cavalier*, and rides him home. The horse is introduced into her studio—a large parlor, where he stands on a brick platform, and Rosa goes to work on his portrait. There are two of her pictures in the Athenæum gallery this year. Rosa possesses a remarkable power over animals. We don't know whether her secret of taming them consists, like her fair countrywoman's, Miss Isabelle, in "carrots or kindness," or the fascination of a fearless eye, but certain it is she finds no rebellious subjects among her four-footed sitters. She has lately visited the Scotch Highlands in search of subjects. She receives fabulous prices for her works. And by the way, "talking horse," reminds us that we have a young artist in this city, Mr. Marsden, who promises to paint horses as well as Rosa Bonheur—he cannot—no one can—excel her.

Autumn.—On our last page we have placed a large allegorical picture, representing autumn. The figures in this scene are boldly and freely sketched. The huntsman and the reaper in the foreground, are bearing on their shoulders old Silenus—the preceptor of Bacchus, who has partaken so freely of the juice of the abundant vintage that he is unable to stand or walk. The horn of plenty, the heaped fruits in the foreground, the procession with sheaves of wheat and other produce, typify the prodigality of the season, while the round harvest moon rising in the distance, completes the fullness of the allegory.

Forrestian.—John Brougham has made a great hit in New York by his personation of the hero in his burlesque of "Metamora, the last of the Pollywogs," in imitation of Edwin Forrest. Brougham is one of the best mimics on the boards.

Vocalism.—Madame Angri, as dashing a vocalist as Vestvali the magnificent, who has gone to manage the Mexican opera, is engaged for a six months' tour in the United States. We shall be *angry* ourselves if we are disappointed in her.

A Fat Office.—The office of corporation counsel to the city government of New York is stated to be worth $10,000 a year. Quite a windfall to a poor lawyer of ability!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. James Wright, Jr. to Miss Maria L. Lillie; by Rev. Mr. Blatkie, Mr. Benjamin Wheeler to Mrs. Mary Douglass; by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. Lyman G. Tucker to Miss Sarah F. Morris; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Charles P. Johnson to Miss Mary A. B. Norcross; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James Kirby to Mrs. Joanna Whitaker; by Rev. Mr. Neale, Mr. David P. Lincoln, of East Weymouth, to Miss Lorinda R. Burrows.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Justin A. Jacobs, Esq. to Miss Sarah Augusta Heywood.—At West Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Thomas B. Johnson to Miss Margaret M. Thomson.—At Newton Upper Falls, by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Asahel Phelps, of Roxbury, to Miss Harriet A. Hunt.—At Medford, by Rev. Dr. Ballou, Capt. Samuel K. Leach, of Charlestown, to Miss Julia A. Peck.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. George W. Laugmaid to Miss Lucy T. Wheeler.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Mr. George A. Stanley to Miss Lydia A. Prince.—At Wenham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Elijah Barker, Esq., of Georgetown, to Miss Juliet Friend.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Charles Beal, of Boston, to Miss Nancy W. Robbins.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Craig, Mr. Jacob Brightman to Miss Mary E. Bowker.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Faunce, Mr. E. A. Prescott to Miss Sarah R. Whitney.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. James Bullock, 63; Miss Sarah Shimmin, 74; Widow Elizabeth Chadwick.—At Cambridge, Widow Elizabeth Davis, 73.—At West Cambridge, Miss Caroline A. Fowle, 23.—At Brookline, Miss Elizabeth Craft, 21.—At Canton, Mrs. Mary Capen, 91.—At Neponset, Mrs. Martha Williams, wife of O. Putnam Bacon, Esq.—At Quincy, Mrs. Mary Galvin, 27; Widow Mary Dailey, 70.—At Stow, Mr. Francis Conant, 67; Mrs. Betsey Fletcher, 59.—At Plymouth, Mr. William H. Swift, 60.—At Tewksbury, Mrs. Mary S., widow of the late Rev. Jacob Coggin, 71.—At Newburyport, Mr. Thomas Goodwin, 67.—At Oakham, Miss Charlotte P. Simpson, 45; Mrs. Sally M. Crawford, 53.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Clarissa Cannon, 68; Mrs. Sarah Jackson.—At South Dartmouth, Mrs. Katharine D., wife of Capt. Alexander Wheldon, 23.—At Westport, Mrs. Betsey S., widow of the late Mr. Edward Potter, 76.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Bethania, wife of Mr. John P. Gardner, 24; Mrs. Elizabeth Griffiths, 64.—At Mansfield, Miss Eliza Cotton, formerly of Boston, 69.—At Burlington, Vt., Hon. Alvah Foote, a graduate of Dartmouth College, 81.—At Washington, D. C., Mr. Frederick W. A. Mallard, formerly of Boston, 20.—At Calcutta, Mr. James P. Lawrence, of Falmouth, Mass., 36.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

'TWILL EVER BE SO.

BY ROLANTHE.

I drift out on the sea of dreams,
In shallop-bark with silken sail;
And losing sight of life and friends,
I gaze beyond earth's dusky veil.

I catch a glimpse of coming things,
I see the holy saints of God;
And shed a tear to think that men
Have not more in their footsteps trod.

And o'er the sea there comes a wail,
That maketh mean, "'Twill e'er be so;
And ever in the downward way
Their footsteps sad will come and go."

I wake to earth; I moor my bark
Upon the steadfast shores of life;
And losing sight of coming things,
I share again in earthly strife.

"'Twill e'er be so! 'Twill e'er be so!"
It floateth sadly in mine ears;
Ah, more, why steerest not thy bark
Beyond this gloomy "vale of tears?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RESTORING A HUSBAND.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

One pleasant morning in the fall, I was sitting alone in my office, conning over a brief I had just prepared for a case then pending, when I heard a knock on my door, and in walked a young looking woman, with a pleasantly sad expression of countenance, carefully dressed, who desired to know if I could transact a little legal business for her.

She immediately seated herself, and after some hesitation began and went through with her story.

It seemed that her husband, who was given to turns of extreme dissipation, had deserted her of his own choice, and she had heard nothing from him for a number of years. At first, she was unwilling to believe that his absence was anything more than temporary, as he had at several times forgotten his obligations to her in this way; but, finding it became protracted indefinitely, she entertained fears for his safety.

Thoughtless, apparently, of his wife's distress of mind, and caring nothing whether she ever received tidings of him or not, he followed after his own inclinations, and led the life of a wretched vagabond. Yet he carefully kept his whereabouts a secret from his wife's ears. Perhaps in this one particular he did have some regard for her feelings. She gave me her name as Mrs. Mallows.

"Henry," said she, "was once my all in all; and"—the tears swimming in her blue eyes—"I love him now as much as I ever did. I *pity* him so."

Poor woman! How much was she to be pitied herself!

"I have earned a living for myself and my little girl," she continued, "ever since I was left alone. Besides that, I have bought a little plain, but necessary furniture, and put something into the savings bank."

"He has been gone several years, you say?" I asked her.

"Yes, sir; he must have been, in order to give a poor woman like myself any time to lay aside a little money."

"I suppose you wish to secure your savings, then, against—"

"Yes, sir. He must not have them! It never will do! Think of my child!"

I told her what the law was, and regretted that such a law was tolerated on the statute book.

She looked at me as if she wanted to tear the leaf out of the statutes with her own hand.

"I knew how it was," said she, "and for that purpose have prepared to take a step that otherwise I never would take in the world. *I must obtain a divorce.*"

I studied her countenance well, for it challenged my scrutiny then. It was that of a brave and noble woman, who from duty and principle makes a sacrifice whose greatness the world can never measure.

"I wish it could be avoided," said she; "but how is it possible? Even if he returns and claims what I have saved, before a separation is legally effected, he can take it all without any power of mine to prevent it. Is it not so?"

I was obliged to confess it was.

"Then," said she, with a sad resolution, "this step must be taken. It tears my heart, but I will do my duty to my child."

I therefore took such data from her lips as enabled me to bring a petition before the proper court. While I sat making the memorandum, she threw in various exclamations of sorrow at the state of things with her, that excited me with unusual sympathy. I know that lawyers are not apt to be the most sentimental of men, nor to cultivate on their part the liveliest of sensibilities. But here was a case to challenge, in many of its connecting circumstances, the sympathy of any living creature. I did not hesitate, accordingly, to render the poor lady a full measure of my better feelings in return for her sorrow; and I shall never hesitate, I hope, to do so in any person's case that may happen to come in my way.

"Poor Henry!" she would say. "Poor Henry! I loved him so much! I can't but love him yet! How can I forget those early days?"

The safest way for me was, while she talked thus and cried too, to hold my head down as closely as possible to my paper. At some points of her story, I do not believe I could have looked her in the face without helping the unhappy creature along with tears of my own.

"When we were married," said she again, "I didn't think of days like these. I wouldn't have believed it if my best friend had told me they were sure to come. I loved Henry—poor Henry! And I know how truly *then* he loved me. But he has been led astray. He never would do this of himself; some one else must have led him off into it."

After a time I succeeded in collecting all the facts from her that were necessary to the business, and pushed back from the table. She once more inquired of me:

"I cannot prevent his taking all, except by bringing this petition for divorce?"

"I see no other escape," I told her.

"Then," said she, with a heavy countenance indeed, "the matter is settled forever. I am to be without the husband of my youth! I am to live and die alone! Good day, sir. I *loved* Henry before he took to these courses. Ah, sir, I love him now! I would make *any* sacrifice, if I could thus avert this dreadful step!"

And she took her leave sadly of me, as if she were passing out into the dark shadow of a cloud.

I sat undisturbed in my office for several hours, ruminating on the hard case that had just been presented. I thought with myself it was a fearful matter thus to divorce husband and wife forever, when perhaps happy circumstances might yet intervene to reconcile their differences; and I felt it worse than all that a law should be allowed to stand on the pages of the statute book, which drove an unprotected woman to petition for a divorce in order to save her little property.

The more I thought about it, the harder it seemed to me to be. Yet I knew well enough there was no present remedy for a case like this, but this single one she had felt forced to choose. Her husband had been away from her—had voluntarily deserted her for a number of years—long enough to warrant the granting of her petition, under the provisions of the law. He deserved to be cut off from a true and loving woman whom he had so basely betrayed, and I hoped to be an instrument in bringing about such a result.

Even while I sat there thus occupied, the door opened, and there walked in a man of perhaps thirty-five summers, who removed his hat at once and sat down in the chair which my unhappy client had vacated.

He stated that he was a person long absent from the city, and therefore he wanted legal advice. I expressed myself ready to deal it out to him, of course.

"I expect my wife is somewhere in the city," said he, "and I'm anxious to find her. Can you help me? And after that, I want more help."

"What is your name?" was my first question.

"Henry Mallows," said he.

I was thunderstruck. Taking another careful look at him, I discovered that his face and dress evinced every mark of dissipation. I could see plainly enough that he had but just returned from a long absence of that character, having abandoned his course only till he could in some way recruit his pockets, and come back determined to strip his poor wife of all she had. To see the man of whom I had been thinking, so soon—the very cause of the trouble over which my unhappy client grieved—rather startled me, albeit I am somewhat accustomed to surprises of this character. I watched and studied him closely. I could not for a moment keep my eyes off of him.

From his own telling, I became convinced that he was determined to find his wife again, simply to live off of her or to appropriate her savings if she had any. I at one time even suggested that as he had been absent so long, according to his own confession, she might perhaps have obtained a legal separation.

He was struck with surprise at the possibility of such a thing; then declared it could not be possible, for he knew Mary would never do such a thing; and finally sprang to his feet with excitement, and said he must find her *at once*. I saw his urgency, and took advantage of it.

"I can help you," said I.

"Can you?" he asked, his face lighting quickly.

"Come here to-morrow afternoon at half-past three o'clock, will you? Not a moment before, however. Be punctual at that hour, and you shall find your interests all answered."

He promised me with much eagerness, and took his leave.

"Meantime," said I, as he was shutting the door, "keep perfectly quiet. Do not make a single inquiry of any one. I can help you if anybody can."

He bowed his thanks and was gone. A few minutes afterwards I left my office in search of the residence of the wife. She had given me her street and number, and I had no difficulty in finding her.

"I want you to be at my office to-morrow afternoon, at four o'clock," said I; "not five minutes sooner, however."

"Yes, sir," she answered, satisfied that I was looking closely after her interests.

I passed the night more awake than asleep, thinking how I could best secure the object I had in view; how that odious and inhuman law could be evaded, that otherwise was certain to make a wreck of this unhappy woman's household. The forenoon slipped away as it always did. After dinner I sat and waited for half-past three o'clock to come. I was apprised of the fact of its arrival by the opening of the door, and the entrance of my man again.

"Punctual!" said he.

He looked better than on the previous day, though I could see he had still been feeding the fires of dissipation over night. I led him into a back room, leaving the door ajar, and sat down and began conversation with him. I saw more plainly than before that he was determined to get all his wife had, whatever it might be. And still, from various questions put to him to divert his thoughts to other objects, I saw as plainly that at heart he loved his wife, and might possibly yet become a devoted and noble husband.

While we were occupied with nothing but these generalities, I keeping his curiosity piqued to learn what I might have of importance to communicate, the town clock hard by struck *four*. Involuntarily I started in my chair. At the same moment the door opened in the other room. I told my man to sit still a few moments and I would be back again. But in going out, I was careful to leave the door ajar, that all we said in the outer office might be overheard.

The poor lady was there, prompt enough. I asked her to be seated, she little thinking that the cause of all her trouble was just in the other room. She waited apparently for me to introduce the subject for which I had requested her attendance.

"I can obtain your bill for you, I think," said I, in a loud tone; "but if I should tell you that your little savings would be untouched *without* this proceeding, would you still insist on carrying it through?"

"No, never, sir; never in the world!" she answered, clasping her hands. "I would not cast Henry away! I love him yet! I always shall love him! He may wrong me more than he has, but it will make no difference with my heart. I do this only for the sake of my dear little girl. She must be cared for, let who may be the sufferer. O, *dear* Henry; why *wouldn't* you be to me what you once was?"

This last exclamation was uttered in such a touching tone, and came so fresh from her wounded heart, that a man must have been less than a man who could have heard it unmoved. In an instant almost, the repentant husband, moved by her words of anguish and supplication, came rushing out from the inner room and threw his arms around his wife. He called on her to forgive him—*to forgive him!* His heart was smitten. To find her thus true to him through the whole of his treachery, and to hear from her own lips that she still loved him in spite of his negligence, cut even him to the quick of his nature. He could bear it no longer.

They embraced, and wept, and embraced each other again. He confessed his guilt. He declared that she should thus suffer no longer. She forgave him all, and withdrew her petition for divorce altogether. I saw them leave my office with joy in company. They went home. Since that time he has been an altered man, and a model husband. And I sometimes love to think I may have had a hand in it all.

WE LIVE IN DEEDS, NOT YEARS.

A pleasant, cheerful, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by time. They are made old by the ravages of passion, and feelings of an unsocial and ungenerous nature, which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits and withered their souls. They are made old by envy, by jealousy, by hatred, by uncharitable feelings, by slandering, scandalizing, ill-bred habits, which if they avoid, they preserve their youth to the very last, so that the child shall die, as the Scripture says, a hundred years old. There are many old women who pride themselves on being eighteen or twenty. Pride is an old passion, and vanity is gray as the mountain; they are dry, heartless, dull, cold, indifferent; they want the well-spring of youthful affection, which is always cheerful, always active, always engaged in some labor of love that is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them, and there is a youth which never grows old, a lover who is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.—*Life Illustrated.*

HOW THE FLY WALKS ON THE CEILING.

How the fly manages to walk over the smoothest surface with his feet upward, in defiance of the law of gravity, is a phenomenon that would interest us more than it does were it not so common. It has been generally supposed that his feet were supplied with valves or suckers, and that he is thus enabled to hold himself upwards by atmospheric pressure. Others have attributed this peculiar power to the secretion of a sticky liquid in the feet, which enables him to sustain himself in this seemingly unnatural position. The microscope has demonstrated that in many insects of the fly kind, the foot is furnished with a pair of membranous expansions, termed *pulvilli*, commonly known as valves, and that these are beset with numerous hairs, each of which has a minute disk at its extremity. There is no doubt that this apparatus is connected with the power these insects possess of walking with the feet upwards, but there is still some uncertainty as to the precise manner in which it ministers to this faculty. Recent observations of Mr. Hepworth, published in the Quarterly Journal of Microscopic Science, has led him to the conclusion that the minute disk at the end of the hairs on the pulvilli act as suckers, each secreting a liquid, which, though not viscid, serves to make its adhesion perfect.

NAVAL GUNNERY.

In firing into masses of timber, or any solid substance, that velocity which can but just penetrate will occasion the greatest shake, and tear off the greatest number of and largest splinters; consequently, in close actions, shot discharged with the full quantity of powder tears off fewer splinters than balls fired from the same nature of guns with reduced charges. In naval actions, shot intended to take effect upon the hull of an enemy should rather be discharged with a falling than with a rising side; but such pieces as may be appointed specially to act against the masts and rigging, should be fired, on the contrary, with the rising motion, the aim being taken low. In all close actions, the great object should be to strike as often as possible the enemy's hull. One or two twenty-four pound shot taking effect just below the water line, and perhaps perforating both sides of a small vessel, will in general either force her to surrender, or send her to the bottom; and such an injury is much more likely to be occasioned by firing with a falling than with a raising motion.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

According to the census report recently taken, there are now in Canada 2802 persons of an unsound mind. —— Hon. Edward Fuller, of Readfield, Me., died on the 26th ult., at the age of 74 years. For more than half a century he had been actively engaged in the pursuits of public and private life, and had shared largely in the confidence of his fellow-citizens, having been a member of the legislature both before and after the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, and also of the executive council of Maine.——The Broadway Theatre difficulty between Messrs. Bowen & McNamee and Mr. Marshall has been amicably settled. —— It is stated that the bituminous coal found in Chatham county, N. C., yields more gas of superior quality than the English coals, with gas from which our cities are generally lighted. English coal costs $9 50 to import, while the North Carolina coal can be delivered at about $4, or less than one half that sum. —— The first literary magazine in America was published by Franklin, in 1741.—— The brig Planet, lately arrived from Africa, brought to Salem, several monster snakes—anacondas; one eighteen feet long, and another thirty-five feet in length. These snakes when at liberty, are ravenous and dangerous, and will seize animals of large size, and after crushing them so as to break all their bones, swallow them whole. —— Willis Bigelow, who poisoned himself in Marlboro', Mass., was twenty years old, and left a good character, and a letter stating that he was weary of existence. —— Advices from abroad go to show that Europe, although at present rejoicing in a state of peace and repose, is by no means relieved from all apprehensions of war. Where it will break out, is uncertain, but Italy will probably be the scene of trouble ere long. —— Mr. Rowecroft, late British consul in Cincinnati, dismissed with Mr. Crampton, embarked in the Cherubim at Richmond in good health, but died suddenly on the voyage to London. —— It's a fact that a good many people bring on sickness by indulging in foolish fancies. Dr. Holland says, if persons are always supposing that they are liable to a certain distemper, the nerves will so act on the parts, that it is very likely to come upon them. —— The number of voters in New York State, according to a statement from the census department, is 651,820, of whom 516,745 are natives, and 135,075 naturalized. —— At Harrison Lake, Wisconsin, a sportsman, on shooting at a duck in the lake, was horrified to see a man spring forward and fall on the beach near by. It appears that a ball struck a wave and bounded back in a line varying only about fifteen degrees from whence it started, and passed through the heart of the man who fell, killing him instantly. —— The British and Foreign Bible Society has been the means of issuing nearly 20,000,000 of Bibles in 170 different languages; its receipts the last year were $40,000 more than any previous year. —— In Canada West, where certain species of wild grapes are very abundant, the manufacture of wine, recently introduced, has been attended with the most signal success. Buchanan's Journal pronounces it superior to the imported port wine. —— It is stated that the train on the Great Northern Railway, on which the Queen of England was a passenger on her journey to Scotland, was driven at the rate of seventy miles an hour. —— The Chicago Tribune says that forty-five emigrants from Wisconsin—mostly farmers, men of education and character—passed through that city one day, recently, en route for Kansas, where they go to make themselves homes in that beautiful territory. They take the Iowa route, via Burlington.

BEHIND THEIR BACKS.

A lively correspondent of the N. O. Crescent, writing from Pass Christian, says: "I fancy it would take the starch out of some of the nice young men here—those who flutter around the ladies most—if they could hear the remarks the ladies make about them when their backs are turned. 'Why don't you dance?' asked a lady of an apathetic friend, a few evenings since, on the piazza, when the music struck up. 'O, we have no men dancers here,' was the reply; 'only a lot of little shanghais, that tease a body to death.' Again, when the music struck up a quadrille, a lady on the piazza asked another, sitting near the door, 'Who are all in there, Miss ——?' 'Nobody but those everlasting shanghais,' was the response. One of the said birds, who sports Parisian legs, a Cape May hat, and a Saratoga coat, and is all whiskers, teeth, bows and flattery, was approaching a group of ladies with a languid shuffle, when one remarked, *sotto voce*, 'Here comes our *monkey* friend!' Of another individual—who, by the way, is a gentleman, but wears a crop of glossy black hair that hardly agrees with his age—the remark was made, 'Here comes our *wig* friend!' And so the dear observing creatures talk of those who wait upon them most devotedly."

Queen Victoria.—It is said this august lady proposes to visit Canada, and if so, the quidnuncs have it she will make a call on Brother Jonathan. Nonsense! a visit to the United States is not even thought of. But if such an event did occur, what an enormous amount of flunkeyism would be exhibited. Ha! ha! we remember the Prince de Joinville. Enough said.

Pay up.—The Hon. George S. Hillard has consented to act as treasurer for the funds to be collected for erecting the equestrian statue of Washington on our Common—and we hope it will be an uncommon affair.

Large Ferry Boat.—George Law is about putting a steamer on the Staten Island and New York Ferry Line, which will measure 700 tons.

Gen. Warren.—A statue of General Warren is to be erected in Roxbury. Ball Hughes is the very man to do it.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Adam Deems, Sr., died at Parkersburg, Va., recently, at the advanced age of 102 years.

A new bridge is to be built, at government expense, over the Potomac at Washington. It will be half a mile long.

The total imports of the city of Cincinnati for the past year reach $75,295,901; and the exports for the same period $50,744 760.

Mr. Levi Hawley of Alleghany county, Md., while in the act of gaping, dislocated his lower jaw, leaving his mouth wide open till the surgeon came.

The Rock Island Railroad bridge across the Mississippi River, being fully repaired, the railway trains now pass over it regularly from Chicago to Iowa City.

The first copyright under the new Dramatic Author's bill, has been taken out by Mr. Thomas H. Elliott, a young man connected with the Philadelphia Ledger, for a five act comedy, entitled "Law and Fashion."

A member of the Scottish Mesmeric Curative Association stated at a late meeting, that persons desirous of avoiding sleepless nights, should *lie with their heads to the north*—on no account with heads to the west.

The London Herald of August 23d, says—"During the last year we expended £85,000,000, exceeding our income by £21,000,000; in the previous year, the excess of our imports over our exports was at the very lowest computation not less than £17,000,000."

The Sicilian composer, Salvatore Agnello, at Paris, has just finished a grand lyrical symphony, dedicated to the imperial prince. This composition is intended for three orchestras and chorus, and is to be produced in the garden of the Tuileries by 500 performers.

Mr. Rufus W. Griswold is now engaged upon a new edition of the Female Poets, which will be out in December. It will be almost a new book, being entirely reconstructed and much enlarged, and will contain fifteen portraits on steel of the most celebrated of our poetesses.

Dead Englishmen's teeth, collected on the battle-fields in the Crimea, are now in great demand by the London and Paris dentists! The price current of human ivory has greatly fluctuated recently, owing to the quantities of deceased soldiers' masticators put into the market.

An English cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied: "They're 'andsome—quite so; but they don't quite hanser my expectations; besides I got vetted, and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in a hingraving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse."

M. de Lamartine, who for some time has been in Macon, France, where he is suffering from rheumatism, has received from the Emperor of Brazil one hundred thousand francs, as payment of five thousand subscriptions to the Familiar Course of Literature of the illustrious and hard-working author.

The breadth of land in Ireland, planted with potatoes, is this year one hundred thousand acres in excess of last year, and the estimate of the value of an acre, was stated to be moderate at $50 an acre, so that the additional crop, this year, is worth to the farmer something about five million dollars.

A crazy man was found riding on the cow-catcher of the locomotive, on the arrival of a train of cars at Wankegan, Wis., on the 15th ult., but how or where he got into the position he occupied was a mystery to every one. On attempting to remove him, it was found that one of his legs was broken.

His Majesty King William of Holland has conferred a decoration of a gold medal upon Mr. Henry Sawyer of Charlestown, Mass., who is a resident at Surinam, South America, for risking his life in attempting to save a gentleman, a Dutch naval officer, who fell from a ship and was drowned at that port.

A medal is now being struck at the Constantinople mint, which the Sultan intends to confer upon all the officers of the allied armies who took part in the siege of Sebastopol. The medal, which is destined both for the land and sea forces, will be in gold for generals and admirals, and in silver for other officers of all ranks.

The beautiful country of Switzerland has been visited by an unusual number of travellers during the past season, and many daring feats have been performed by ambitious tourists. The frozen forehead of Mont Blanc has been pressed by the feet of a number of venturous parties, and other peaks, hitherto regarded as inaccessible.

The Prescott (Canada) Messenger of September 19th gives an account of a tornado which on the previous Wednesday evening passed over the township of Winchester mountain, etc., destroying fences, breaking trees, and unroofing barns and houses. The storm-king committed some strange fantastics, and saw-logs of a large size were carried several rods, and in some instances split or otherwise broken.

In St. Petersburg there is a story in circulation of a reply that Sir Charles Napier gave the Grand Duke Constantine. The latter, after letting Sir Charles see all the arrangements and the entire strength of Cronstadt, asked him, in a chuckling sort of manner—"Well, admiral, and why didn't you come in?" To which Sir Charles replied by asking, "Pray, why didn't your Imperial Highness come out?"

It is the general impression at Cape May, that Mr. Cane, the father of the Cane family, who was burnt up by the destruction of the Mount Vernon Hotel, was murdered and robbed before the hotel was set on fire. The jewelry of all the members of the family was found near the charred remains, but not a dollar of gold or silver coin has been recovered, and there is every reason to believe that there was considerable in their possession.

The Chinese Repository tells of a strange kind of death punishment which was inflicted on a Chinese criminal who had committed a dreadful murder. He was wound with cotton, saturated with tallow, places being left for him to breathe. He was then dipped like a monster candle, until he presented a mass of tallow. In this way he was stuck upon his father's grave, lighted, and kept burning, until his body was consumed by slow degrees.

The incontestable scarcity of the silk crop this year in France and Italy, is already felt in all the manufacturing districts of Europe, and prices have risen to 20 and 30 per cent. above those of six months ago. The best qualities of raw silk are really very scarce, some large operations in this article have recently shown an advance of 75 per cent. on last year. Raw silks average in France and Italy 50 to 60 per cent. higher than in 1853; and prices are still rising.

The Missouri Republican recently announced a death which occurred under singular circumstances. Capt. Benjamin Watts, of Howard county, was seen walking out into his park, just back of his residence, about 12 o'clock. He had in the park some elk, deer, etc. At 1 o'clock he was found dead, horned to death by the elk. He had some twelve or thirteen wounds, any one of which would have killed him. His clothes were all torn off, or nearly so. To all appearance he made an extraordinary effort to escape.

Foreign Items.

Colonel Colt, Mr Jarvis and Professor Morse were presented to the Emperor of Russia, at Petershof

Mdlle. Agatha de la Forest d'Armaillé, Countess de Legge, died near Vitré, at the age of nearly 100. Several priests of the diocese of Rennes owed their lives to her protection during the Reign of Terror.

Recently the Bologna and Ravenna diligence was stopped by a band of brigands armed to the teeth, who carried off all the money, including a parcel of Napoleons belonging to Monsignor Amici. All the rest of the Romagna is in the same state. neither life nor property is safe.

The Dresden Journal says: "The great subject of conversation in the military circles of Berlin is a new kind of small field-piece, capable of carrying correctly 1000 yards, and which is mounted on wheels, and so light that it can be drawn and manœuvered by a single man."

A shock of earthquake was felt lately, at Mahon, in the Balearic Islands. The sea at the same time rose in an extraordinary manner, and produced a "bore," which caused considerable damage in the port. On the following day a second but less violent shock was felt, the oscillation appearing to be from east to west.

A letter from Warsaw states that an old Polish emigrant, Count Stanislas Ostrowski, belonging to one of the first families in the kingdom of Poland, and who during his residence at Paris, up to the revolution of February, filled the post of Chef-de-Bureau at the Ministry of Public Works, has been reinstated in his rights of nobility and in his property, by the Emperor of Russia.

Sands of Gold.

.... An extreme rigor is sure to arm everything against it, and at length to relax into a supine neglect.—*Burke.*

.... The mind's eye is perhaps no better fitted for the full radiance of truth, than is the body's for that of the sun.—*Greville.*

.... Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.—*Grymestone.*

.... Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity: the too humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence.—*Talleyrand.*

He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.—*Shakspeare.*

.... There is so great a charm in friendship, that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging oneself duped by the sentiment it inspires.—*Talleyrand.*

.. There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied.—*Colton.*

.... The woman that has not touched the heart of a man, before he leads her to the altar, has scarcely a chance to charm it, when possession and security turn their powerful arms against her.—*Mrs Crowley.*

.... Human life is like a game at chess; each piece holds its place upon the chess-board—king, queen, bishop, and pawn. Death comes, the game is up, and all are thrown, without distinction, pell mell into the same bag.—*Talleyrand.*

Joker's Budget.

Absence is to love what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

Mr. Albert Smith once wrote in an hotel visitors' book his initials, "A. S." A wag wrote underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

Chevreau, in his history of the world, tells us that it was created the 6th September, on Friday, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon!

An old widow, when her pastor said to her, "God has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, so; I have a very good appetite still!"

It is concluded on all hands that ladies are *fair*—and the chickens are *fowl*—that the money market is *tight*, that the morals are *loose*, and morning gowns too.

"What order do you take on that?" said one friend to another, as they stood gazing at a flock of ladies and gentlemen in the surf at Cape Island. "The order of the *Bath*," was the quiet but happy reply.

Williams, our quarter-master, is an eccentric character. He is married, and constantly receives letters from his absent rib; these, however, he never opens, but keeps them all tied up. On his return, he says, she can read them to him all of a lump.

George the Third, talking to Hutton, the Moravian missionary, said: "Mr. Hutton, I am told that you Moravians do not select your wives, but leave it to your ministers to choose for you—is it so?"- "Yes, please your majesty; marriages among the brethren are contracted, as your majesty will perceive, *after the fashion of royalty.*"

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CITY OF ROME, GEORGIA.

We present on this page a fine engraving, from a drawing by Hill, reduced from a most elaborate delineation made for us by Mr. A. Grinevald, on the spot. It represents faithfully the flourishing city of Rome, the capital of Floyd county, Georgia, which is situated at the confluence of the Etowah and Oostenaula Rivers, forming the Coosa. It is 170 miles northwest of Milledgeville. Its site, embracing several hills, affords an extensive view of some of the finest scenery in the State. Steamboats of light draught navigate the Coosa, and ascend as far as this place. One of these, with a stern paddle-wheel, is shown in the centre of our engraving, as well as a second boat with side wheels. The opening of the branch railroad from this city to the Western and Atlantic Railroad, at Kingston, in 1847, gave a sensible impulse to the business of the place, and hastened its growth. About 200,000 bales of cotton are shipped here annually. Rome was chosen as the county seat in 1834, and received a city charter in 1847. The population is over three thousand. The river which flows in front, is the Etowah, crossed by the Etowah bridge on the river—the Coosa River being shown on the extreme left. The water seen over Cunningham & Co.'s store, above the steamboat on the left is the Oostenaula, there crossed by a covered bridge. At the end of the Etowah bridge is seen the railroad station with a train of cars. The building just below the nearest steeple is the Etowah House, and the steeple belongs to the Presbyterian church. The Baptist church is just beyond it. The Episcopal church is yet further on the horizon, a neat building with a square tower. The court house stands just this side of it. On the same line, and in about the centre of the picture, backed by the trees, over the two funnels of the left hand steamer, is the Cherokee Female College, with the residences of Col. S. Fouch and Hon. John H. Lumpkin on the right and left. Between the two steeples on the summit of the hill we have a glimpse of the male academy. The Odd Fellows have a neat hall in the place. The citizen and the traveller familiar with the city will readily recognize other local points in this picture, such as the Masonic Hall, the post-office, and the hospitable mansions of the leading citizens. The situation of Rome is certainly very romantic, and the buildings of which it is composed are neat, pretty and unostentatious. No matter how crowded it becomes, it will always be a picturesque place. The streets are laid out of a liberal width, permitting a free circulation of air, and allowing ample accommodation for present and prospective travel. Our olden cities on the seaboard are sadly cramped in this respect. Their founders had no idea of the future greatness of the country, and probably did not look forward to the aggregation of more than mere villages, where now flourishing cities rear their roofs and spires. This want of foresight has entailed the most serious inconveniences on the people of the present day. The older portions of New York and Boston proper are examples of this. Narrow, dark and winding streets present formidable obstacles to the transaction of business, to say nothing of their unhealthiness. Even Broadway, in the Imperial city, is too restricted for the tide of life that flows through it from morning till night, and to cross it in safety during the busiest part of the day is quite an achievement. But we of the present day are forewarned. We see examples of such extraordinary growth in our towns and cities, that when the field is open, in establishing and regulating a growing place, we can guard against the unconscious errors of our forefathers. The settlers of villages in these days look to see them grow into large towns, and from large towns to large cities, and are therefore ready to meet coming contingencies. If our cities were laid out on a liberal plan, with broad streets and parks, they would no longer be proverbial for unhealthiness.



VIEW OF ROME, GEORGIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOST HEIR:

—OR, THE—

YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

ANOTHER year had made its advent. It was a clear, cold evening, and Mrs. Hamlen, her daughter and her niece were sitting before the fire, sad and dispirited. Footsteps were heard in the hall, and the next minute Mr. Grosvenor, accompanied by Wilton Richmond, entered the apartment.

"He has been weighed in the balance," said Mr. Grosvenor, "and has *not* been found wanting."

A single fervent, heartfelt exclamation of joy and thanksgiving escaped the lips of Bessie, as she rose and sprang to meet him who had so long been absent, while the welcome accorded him by Mrs. Hamlen and Edith carried with it a warmth and sincerity which left nothing to be desired. But in such cases, when tears are gilded with smiles, and questions are asked and answered in a way so earnest and eloquent as to show that they arise from the truest and liveliest interest in each other's welfare, imagination can well supply the place of description.

Wilton related to them the manner in which he had been decoyed to the shore of the bay, in the expectation of meeting Mr. Grosvenor, and how he had been conveyed aboard one of the vessels of the British flotilla, which soon afterwards ascended the Patuxet, for the purpose of aiding the troops of General Ross in the contemplated attack on the city of Washington. Previously to the attack, he succeeded in making his escape, and in joining the brave band under Commodore Barney, a part of which, when the moment of conflict arrived, being overpowered by superior numbers, were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners of war. Among these was Wilton, but an exchange of prisoners soon afterwards took place, which enabled him to assist in defending the American works at the time they were unsuccessfully attacked by Sir George Provost, and to behold, instead of the British flag, the "star-spangled banner waving in triumph over the waters of the Champlain."

Of his own bravery he made no mention, but had there been a shadow of doubt existing as to his patriotism, caused by the aspersion which Withers so sedulously labored to cast upon him, it must have been removed by the courage and valor which made him conspicuous, where all were brave.

Wilton had only time to fairly finish the narration of what had befallen him, when a letter was handed to Edith, superscribed in the well-known handwriting of Sedley Austin. She was silent as to the contents of the first closely-written page, but the remainder she read aloud.

"On the eighth of this month (January, 1815,) was fought the memorable battle of Orleans—memorable for its results, but still more so for the disparity of the loss on either side. Though in the midst of winter, the air was balmy and the sky serene. The British outnumbering, by more than half, the Americans, were composed of the veterans of a hundred battles. Trained in the school of the redoubtable Wellington, they had quailed to defeat and triumphed in victory. They had risen superior to the one, and gazed only on the splendor of the other. They had helped to remove the yoke, which for twenty years had galled the neck of Europe, and had now crossed the Atlantic in search of new fields on which to display their prowess. Having conquered victory in the old world, they sought fresh triumphs in the new. The idea of defeat had never flitted upon the imagination, or the thought of reverse embittered expectation. With the wreath of victory still fresh upon their brow, they marched to the conquest of booty and beauty. In their assurance, the one had been assigned as the reward of victory, and the other appropriated as the solace of toil.

"Without invoking the protection of Jove, or deprecating the wrath of Juno, they moved on in all the circumstance and panoply of war, to the work of death. Arrived within range, the American artillery swept away whole ranks of the advancing columns. Like the lion, conscious of impediments, but sure of the prey, without a step stayed or a space unfilled, they steadily advanced to the assault.

"And now the infantry, posted in two lines behind an almost impenetrable breastwork, completed the destruction the artillery had so auspiciously commenced. A blaze of fire shot along the American line, as unerring as it was incessant. The field, as if by some sudden convulsion of nature, was strewed with dead and wounded. The leader fell, another bit the dust, and still another succumbed. The veterans of a hundred fights wavered for a moment, recoiled, and then fled in confusion. The proud array of the invader, confident of victory and bent on spoil, on which the morning sun rose, scattered the plain, or fled discomfited, ere evening drew her curtain. The night which followed a day so ominous, the enemy sought their ships, and the booty of Orleans remained safe in her warehouses, and her beauty slept quietly in their beds.

"On the first intelligence of the meditated attack, the general hastened to the defence of Orleans. His presence restored unanimity to the city and inspired confidence in the motley inhabitants. The citizen was lost in the soldier. One mind devised the means of defence, inspired the energies which raised the works, and directed the prowess which saved the city. Never was trust more complete, never was confidence more worthily bestowed.

"Aware that his forces were marksmen rather than soldiers, he set about the means to avail himself of that quality. He knew how little marksmanship profited in the open field, and that its preponderancy was incalculable behind defences. The staple of the country supplied the means, and the planter and the merchant vied with each other in furnishing the material. How well he availed himself of this advantage, the result has told more eloquently than language can paint."

"By this time," said Mr. Grosvenor, when his daughter had finished reading, "I should think that the British lion is covered with scars rather than glory."

"While our eagle soars higher than ever," said Wilton. "But Sedley might have said a few words as to what befell himself during the battle."

"We all know," said Mr. Grosvenor, "that Sedley's modesty is equal to his bravery, which may very well account for the omission."

Edith's countenance lighted up, and she cast a grateful look on her father, for the delicate, and as she well knew, just praise contained in this remark.

They were soon joined by several friends and neighbors, for it had already been whispered round that Edith had received a letter post-marked New Orleans. News of the glorious victory had arrived in the newspapers, but they were anxious to hear from Sedley Austin, who was their personal friend.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MEETING ARRANGED BETWEEN RICHMOND AND WITHERS.

HABIT had made Wilton an early riser, and while standing on an eminence some distance from the house, to watch the rising of the sun, a glimpse of the cottage of Dame Austis recalled her to mind. He had become convinced that the dark-eyed woman, of whom he had a faint remembrance, must have been his nurse and not his mother, as, at an early period, he had sometimes imagined. The cameo portrait had been carefully, even sacredly treasured since the time when, in the chamber of the mansion now in the possession of Withers, he had compared it with the likeness of Florence Percival.

If Austis Fay was his nurse—and he had strong reasons for believing that she was—she might know its history. Full of this thought, he bent his steps towards her cottage. She had already risen, and as soon as the customary greetings were over, he withdrew the cameo, still attached to its silken band, from its enclosure.

"Do you remember of ever seeing this before?" said he, placing it in her hand.

"It would be strange if I didn't," was her reply. "It was purchased by Mr. Thomas Percival, because of its striking resemblance to his wife, and this delicate silken band was mostly the work of her hands. Her health had for a long time been failing, and at last she grew so weak that she could do no more. So one day she put it into my hands, and requested me to finish it. When it was done, and the cameo attached to it, she called her little son to her, as she sat in her easy-chair, and put it round his neck—your neck, I should say, for I as much believe that Thomas and Florence Percival were your parents, as I do in my own existence."

Much more was said, and other incidents called up, which have been alluded to elsewhere, and which it is unnecessary to recapitulate. In less than an hour afterward, Hammett, mounted on a good horse, was on his way to the old Percival mansion with the subjoined note, addressed to Withers, in his pocket:

"Sir,—I have for some time past been accumulating facts, which now form a chain of evidence, by means of which I am prepared to prove that I am the grandson of the late Edgar Percival, and that my parents were Thomas and Florence Percival. A knowledge of this, I presume, is all that you will require to induce you to yield me peaceable possession of the inheritance of which I have so long been defrauded. I have instructed my messenger—Hammett Fay—to wait for your answer. From him long known as Wilton Richmond, though entitled to the name of Edgar Percival."

Hammett was not one to loiter by the way, and on his arrival, representing that he had pressing business, he was at once admitted to the presence of Withers. As he rapidly glanced his eye over the note which Hammett handed him, an almost cadaverous hue overspread his countenance, which was quickly succeeded by a dark, purple flush. This, too, soon passed away, giving place to that peculiar look of hypocritical meekness which had, in Bessie Hamlen, excited such a loathing, during the early part of their acquaintance. At the same time there was something in his whole demeanor which betrayed a strong desire to appear amiable and conciliatory. He ordered refreshments to be prepared for Hammett, and told him the answer to *Mr. Percival's* note would soon be ready.

Hammett had just drawn back from the table, when Withers entered the room, and with a smile, handed him a neatly folded missive directed to "Edgar Percival." Hammett, when he arrived at Mrs. Hamlen's, found Wilton and Mr. Grosvenor in the parlor by themselves.

"Here is a letter," said he, "for Edgar Percival."

"Ah, the villain recognizes your claim!" said Mr. Grosvenor.

Wilton tore open the letter, and read aloud:

"Sir,—I hope that you will do me the justice to believe that I have not the least inclination to contest your claim to the estate of the late Edgar Percival. Till within a short time, I entertained no doubt that, as was generally believed, you were drowned when only two or three years old. You cannot desire that the affair should be amicably adjusted more earnestly than I do. As I shall, as in duty bound, make immediate arrangements to quit the premises, I shall be happy to see you at the old Percival estate at your earliest convenience, where henceforth, after having been so long tossed on life's stormy waves, I trust you will find a peaceful haven."

"And do you mean to let the kidnapper, traitor and would-be-murderer escape the doom he so richly deserves?" said Mr. Grosvenor, when Wilton had finished reading it.

"Between ourselves, it is known by one individual, at least, that it is he who shot Maxon."

"Well, we will let things take their course then. Shall you act upon his hint, and proceed to take immediate possession of your estate?"

"I believe it will be the best way. He is so full of trickery that if I only give him time enough, he will hatch up some vile piece of fraud which may put me to some trouble. For this reason, the person who can testify against him in the case of Maxon, is to keep still till he hears from me."

After the departure of Hammett, Withers paced up and down the floor for half an hour, with a rapidity that showed that he was greatly agitated. At the end of that time he left the room, and stepping across the hall, opened the door of Mrs. Grey's apartment.

"Where's old Elsie?" said he.

"She has been gone since early in the morning," she replied.

"When she comes, send her to me."

"Shall you be in the parlor, sir?"

"No—in my chamber. I am not to be caught by his conciliatory note," thought Withers, as he sat waiting for Elsie. "I can see through his policy. He intends to get peaceable possession of the property, and then I shall be arrested as a kidnapper, and maybe something worse than that, for some one must have heard and seen the whole transaction at the time he was carried off, or how could he be in possession of facts which will prove him to be the lost heir? The man I employed, and who died at Dorson's hut a while ago, let drop some hints, but as near as I can find out, they were too indefinite to amount to much. It must have been Madge. I always thought that she knew more than I could make her tell, and I was a fool—"

At this moment, his mental soliloquy was cut short by the voice of Elsie humming an old song in a low, droning tone, as she came along the passage which led to his room. She opened the door, just so that she could put her head into the room, and glancing her eyes round in a wild, deprecating way, as if she felt afraid that she shouldn't be allowed to enter, she said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Did you send for me, Ishmael?"

"Yes, you old fool you! Come in and shut the door."

"Your days wont be long in the land, Ishmael Withers."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Haven't you just called your own mother a fool? And doesn't one of the commandments say, 'Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which—'"

"I will listen to that some other time. I've something of importance to say to you now. What has become of that little vial, full of a dark colored liquid, I saw you have a few weeks since?"

"It's safe."

"Give it to me."

"The vial is full of deadly poison."

"That is why I wish for it."

"You'll do some mischief with it. Two drops of it would kill a man."

"Are you certain?"

"Do you ask if I'm certain, when,

> I gathered the roots at dead of night,
> By the full moon's pale and spectral light,
> When I muttered o'er each a charm and a spell,
> Then, in water drawn from the haunted well,
> Distilled them and caught each drop as it fell,
> Though o'er me the deadly vapors curled—
> Though round me the scorching flames were whirled—"

"Enough of your senseless gibberish! Give me the vial."

"I wont be commanded by my own son, when 'tisn't to blind people. For your sake, Ishmael, I have for more than twenty-five years submitted to be an underling, because you said it would keep you from rising in the world, if 'twas known that such a poor creature as I was your mother. I've sat at the table with the servants and eaten from coarse earthern, when you sat in the sumptuous dining-hall, and was served from costly plate. Thinking about it, and how you've ordered me round like a dog, has crazed this poor old head; but I've never cursed you, Ishmael. I've tried to, but never could, for I always remembered how you used to smile upon me when you were a wee-bit thing in your cradle."

"This is all vain and idle talk. That vial I must and will have."

"I know what you want it for, but there's no blood on these hands, and I don't mean there ever shall be."

"You complain because you sit at table with the servants. You shall be treated the same as if you were the first lady in the land, if you'll give me the vial."

"And shall I have the keys of old Dame Percival's drawers, so that I can wear the brave silks and satins, the velvets and brocades, and the feathers and fine laces, the same as she used to wear them, when she sat at the head of the table in the dining-hall?"

"Yes, for all what I care."

"Promise solemnly."

"Well, I promise."

"Here it is, then, and woe to you if you use it for a bad purpose! Now give me the keys."

"You shall have them all in good time."

"Yet after all, what will it avail me? If I dress ever so fine, and tell people that I am the mother of the rich Mr. Withers

they'll only say to each other, 'Old Elsie is crazed!' And if they should ask you about me, you'll only smile the way I've seen you sometimes, and they wont know as I shall that there's a lie in your smile, and so they'll say, 'Poor creature, what strange notions she does have in her old crazy head!'"

CHAPTER XXV.

RETRIBUTION.

About an hour after sunset, Wilton turned into the avenue leading to the mansion of the Percivals.

"Captain Richmond," said a voice.

He checked his horse, and some one from the side of the avenue approached him. There was yet light enough to show him it was Numa.

"My old friend, I am glad to see you," said Wilton, shaking him heartily by the hand.

"Yes—I am your friend, though a humble one," said Numa, "and that is why I am here. Be on your guard. Mr. Withers is expecting you, and it would have been well had you brought a friend or two with you."

"I have two, in the shape of a pair of double-barrelled pistols, well loaded."

"I fear that no good is intended you, but you have a coward to deal with, and with the two friends you speak of ready to your hand, I believe you have nothing to fear, if you keep well on your guard."

"I wont forget to do that," said Wilton.

Numa now fell back, for a turn in the avenue, a few rods ahead, would bring them in sight of the front part of the house. Wilton quickened the speed of his horse, and was soon at the door, near which a servant stood ready to lead his horse to the stable.

Withers met him and welcomed him in the most obsequious manner, and with many a smile, every one of which, to use old Elsie's words, had a lie in it.

"Welcome, welcome—a thousand times welcome to your home, Mr. Percival! It is best to call you by your right name, you know, that you may become familiarized to it;" and as Withers said this, he proffered Wilton his hand.

"No, Mr. Withers," said he, drawing back and bowing coldly. "There can be no feeling existing between us akin to friendship, or even good will, and we will, if you please, consider it the same as if we met under a flag of truce."

"As you will, though I hoped that bygones would be looked upon as bygones. I trust, however, I shall not forget, now that I am acting as host the last time in the mansion of the Percivals, and the first time to its only remaining heir, what is due to us both."

This speech, though of itself it was sufficiently courteous and manly, would have been thrown away on Wilton from an unconscious manifestation of that tone and air which bespeaks the hypocrite, had there not existed, in addition to Numa's warning, still deeper and graver causes sufficient to make him doubt his sincerity.

"Neither do I intend to forget what is due to us both," was Wilton's reply; "yet I see no reason why we should feign what it is impossible to feel, as it must fail to deceive either of us."

"You are prejudiced against me, sir, but as you have had a hard day's ride, we will let prejudices and business shift for themselves till after supper; but as I didn't know exactly when to expect you, there will necessarily be some little delay. Here is some wine, Mr. Percival, which was put into the cellar in the time of your grandfather. I was in the humble capacity of steward then, and saw to the storing of some five or six hundred bottles of the same vintage as this, besides thousands of an inferior quality."

While speaking, he had approached the sideboard and filled two large goblets of cut glass, exactly alike in shape and size, though one had a gilt edge, while that of the other was plain. Had Wilton been near enough to see the inside of the one edged with gilt, before it was filled with wine, he would have seen that it contained a few drops of a dark colored liquid. Withers had taken the silver salver on which the glasses stood, and was advancing towards Wilton, when he was arrested by hearing the tramp of horses, which were coming at a swift pace up the avenue.

"Who can they be?" said Withers, and at the same time he turned pale and cast a keen look upon Wilton. The next moment he rallied. "Let them be who they will, we wont let them cheat us out of our wine," he added; and going up close to Wilton, he held the salver in such a manner that the gilt-edged goblet was the readiest to his hand.

But the combination of the poison with the wine had already turned it a few shades darker than that in the other, and had also detracted from its transparency. Wilton noticed the difference, and recalling to mind the warning of Numa, quietly passed his hand over it and took the other. At the moment he did so the attention of Withers was drawn towards the door, for footsteps and voices were heard on the opposite side.

"After all, they *will* cheat us out of our wine, I believe," and snatching up the goblet, he added, "I drink to the lost heir, about to be restored to the home of his ancestors," and raising the glass to his lips, he drained it to the last drop.

As he was returning the glass to the salver, the gleam of the gilded rim caught his eye. It fell from his unnerved hand upon the floor of polished oak, and was shivered into twenty pieces, at the same moment the men entered the room.

"Treachery has been met by treachery," he said, turning towards Wilton, with a face pale as death, and a dusky fire, expressive of malice and hate, burning in his eyes.

He then turned to the men who had just entered, and said:

"Your prey has escaped the clutches of the law."

"Has he gone? Has Ishmael Withers fled?" said one of them.

"No; I am the person you seek."

"I arrest you, then, for the murder of Reuben Maxon."

"For the murder of Maxon, did you say?"

"Yes; there was a witness to that affair, you little dreamed of."

"It is best as it is, then. I am glad I took it."

"What does he mean?" said the man, turning to Wilton.

"He has taken poison, I suppose, though it was unintentional. It was in a glass of wine, as I suspect, intended for me, which I exchanged for the one designed for himself, without his observing it."

"Is this so?" said the officer who had arrested Withers, addressing him.

"It is—it is! I haven't half an hour to live."

"And why did you wish to destroy him?" indicating Wilton.

"I was sorely tempted. These possessions I have enjoyed so long are all his. He is the grandson of the late Edgar Percival, who has, when I thought him dead over twenty years, risen up like a spectre in my path to claim his own."

"Is this true?"

"As true as that in a few minutes more I shall be nothing but a clod. The poison will do its work quicker than I thought."

"While yet you can, will you make oath of what you have told us?"

"Yes, though there is no need. He will have proof enough, even if he didn't carry it in his own person. Had I not known this, I shouldn't have mixed the draught for him, which is now stealing away my life. I've owned the truth, so you needn't come," said he, after a few moments' silence. "The old man looks pale and ghastly—the same as he did after he took the last drink I ever gave him. Wont some of you have pity on me, and take him away?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why Mr. Edgar Percival—he that died more than twenty years ago."

"It is the living Edgar Percival you see—not the dead one."

"The living one? Why should he look so ghastly then? He didn't take the poison. He is gone now. I'll manage to keep the place yet."

These were his last words, showing that his thoughts, in their incoherent wanderings, were running on the scheme of villany in which he had been defeated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

"What can have happened?" said Bessie Hamlen, speaking to her mother and Edith.

They all rose and went to a window, for a mingling of many voices, evidently expressive of joy and triumph, though no articulate sound could be distinguished, came surging along, borne on the clear, cold breeze of a bright afternoon.

"Hark!" said Edith. "If I mistake not, peace is the word which forms the burden of those rapturous bursts of exultation which are rending the welkin."

The words had scarce left her lips, when Wilton Richmond—or, as we may now call him, Edgar Percival, his claim to the name as well as to the estate being undisputed,—accompanied by Sedley Austin, who had, a few days previously, arrived from the South, entered the apartment.

"Why don't we find you waving your handkerchiefs and clapping your hands?" said Percival.

"Why?" inquired Bessie. "Have tidings of peace arrived?"

"Yes; the treaty has been signed at Ghent, and the whole country—those who were friends and those who were foes to the war—are indiscriminately rejoicing at the auspicious event."

"It promises to be a bond of brotherhood between those who have long looked coldly on each other," said Sedley.

"I hope you are not wanting in candles," remarked Percival, turning to Mrs. Hamlen; "for it is expected that, to-morrow evening, all good patriots will illuminate their dwellings."

"And the peace, as I suspect, is to be celebrated by song as well as by light," said Sedley; "for as I passed old Pompey's domicile, he with his fiddle, and his son Pete with his tamborine, were practising an Ode to Peace, while a score of voices joined in the chorus."

"Pompey, in anticipation of the happy event, has been practising it for more than three weeks," said Bessie.

"I have a proposition to make," said Mr. Grosvenor, who at this moment entered.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Hamlen.

"That we celebrate peace to-morrow evening by the double wedding, for which preparation has been making for several weeks."

"I am agreed, if the young folks are," said his sister.

"But we aint half ready," said Bessie and Edith, both speaking at the same time.

"Pooh—nonsense!" said Mr. Grosvenor. "The time set is only two days later, so that it certainly can make no great difference. It is only to make your fingers fly a little more nimbly. What do you say, Edgar Percival? and you, Sedley Austin?"

"That your idea is a capital one," was Percival's reply.

"And one that I certainly sha'n't gainsay," said Sedley.

Bessie and Edith brought up numerous objections, but they being in the minority, these were overruled; and so it was decided as Mr. Grosvenor said, whom the inspiring news seemed to have put in a metaphorical vein, that the torch of Hymen should illumine the olive of Peace.

After all the misgivings and excuses of Bessie and Edith, everything was brought into ample order at the appointed time. The great hall, where the bridal ceremonies were to be performed, was decorated with evergreens, starred with lamps, amid a cluster of which, in mimic answering to the Stars of the Union, hovered the American eagle. Nor was the national flag forgotten, several being so arranged at the upper end of the hall as to unfold their stars and stripes above those who were to kneel at the altar.

The two brides, always lovely, appeared transcendently so now, which was less owing to their tasteful and becoming attire, than the beautiful enthusiasm which lit up their countenances, inspired by the thought that the humblest sons and daughters of the land, as well as the highest, were at that moment bearing a part in the celebration of an event which would bring joy and comfort to their hearthstones.

Percival, with his frank, soldierly air, looked worthy to be at the head of one of the finest estates in the country, while the appearance of Sedley Austin, who had already made a friend in every acquaintance, was such as to excite the praise and admiration of all.

They fully shared the enthusiasm of Bessie and Edith. There might have been an unacknowledged pleasure and satisfaction derived from a slightly superstitious feeling that the festival which gave so much eclat to the double wedding, was the precursor of the peace and happiness they were destined to enjoy in the untried path which lay before them.

Dame Austis was present, looking blooming, youthful and happy, while Hammett, her nephew, dressed in a fancy costume of her own selection, looked as bright and graceful as the youthful cup-bearer of Jupiter.

Harefoot, too, was there, quiet and sedate, the soft and radiant light beaming from his dark eyes, alone showing the fullness of his content. The servants, after witnessing the bridal ceremonies, and partaking liberally of the wedding-cake, in which, as might have been imagined, "each nice ingredient" had been chosen by the Cyprian queen, withdrew to proceed with the celebration of peace after their own fashion, and in a manner suited to their vivacious tastes. The Ode to Peace, which had been committed to memory with great care, was sung by Pompey to the accompaniment of his violin and Pete's tamborine, which, in the chorus, when more than a hundred voices joined—many of them very clear and sweet,—swelled into such full waves of song that, floating away on the still evening air, it was heard more than a mile distant.

After a number of toasts and sentiments had been given, several of which were to the newly wedded, when the guests were about to separate, Edgar Percival gave—"The American Eagle:

> While the proud British lion lies crouching,
> Not covered with glory, but scars,
> Our eagle triumphantly hovers,
> Midst splendor that bursts from the stars."

When, in a few days afterward, Edgar Percival bore his bride to the home of his fathers, Dame Austis accompanied them. One bright day, after they were well settled, she pointed out to them the tree where, for the last time, she had suspended the shawl-hammock of her sleeping charge, little thinking of the unhappy consequences which were destined to grow out of it.

Hammett and Harefoot, whenever it suited them, always found a home at the Percival mansion, as did Christina Burmann, her step-brother, Dorson, having, shortly before the close of the war, lost his life in a quarrel with some of his vicious associates. Mrs. Grey still retained her place as housekeeper, and Numa, busy in the performance of self-imposed tasks, experienced a new accession of dignity and self-respect in being freed from the control of the despicable Withers, and in the restoration of the rightful heir.

Old Elsie, who, after the death of her son, could never be prevailed on to sleep beneath the roof of the mansion he had called his, and where his hands had been stained with crime, found a home in the cottage of Margaret Rustan.

Near the close of summer, according to pre-arrangement, Edgar Percival and his wife, in company with Mrs. Hamlen, made a journey to the North, and spent a few delightful weeks with Mr. Grosvenor, his daughter and son-in-law, at the old brown farm-house on the shores of Lake Champlain.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Propose to yourself an object that is noble; pursue it from motives that are high. Let what is best in you take the mastery. You shall be ranked with the wise and good long before you are fully either. And as you go on in the course of improvement, the idea of your better self shall become more definite, and the life of this idea of wisdom and goodness shall be dearer and stronger in you. You shall be named after the idea of your life; you are wise, for you are becoming so; you are good, for you are becoming so. In all right courses of life, a man resolutely desirous of becoming a wiser, a better informed, better disciplined, more useful individual, will find his thoughts, both of the end and the way, get clearer as he proceeds in his work. He sees more truly and more brightly what it is he wants; he sees more fully the means for its attainment. And with better prospect both of the end and the way, there comes increased motive for the self-improving effort of the journey.—*Lynch.*

METHOD.

We are in danger of ruining our promising plans, in themselves very good, by the habit of putting off till to-morrow what may be done to-day. "That letter may be answered to-morrow; that request of my friend may be attended to to-morrow, and he will be no loser." True, but *you* are the loser; for the yielding to one such temptation, is the signal for the yielding up the whole citadel to the enemy. "That note and that valuable fact may be recorded in my common-place book to-morrow." True, but every such indulgence is a heavy loss to you. Every hour should be perseveringly filled up. But this is not all. It is not sufficient to take for your motto, with the immortal Grotius, "Hora fruit," but let it be filled up according to some plan. One day filled up according to a previous plan is worth more than a week filled up without any plan.—*Todd.*

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON.

BY CHARLES W. STEVENS.

THE venerable Belus, king of Babylon, believed himself the first man in the world, for his courtiers told him so, and his historians proved it to him. What might excuse in him this ridiculous notion, is the fact, that his predecessors had built Babylon ages before him, and he had embellished it. It is known that his palace and park, situate some leagues from Babylon, were extended between the Euphrates and Tigris, that laved these enchanting shores. His vast edifice, whose front was three thousand paces long, rose to the clouds. The flat roof was surrounded by a balustrade of white marble, fifty feet high, which contained the colossal statues of all the kings and celebrated men of the empire. This roof, composed of two rows of bricks covered with a thick coating of lead, was spread over with earth to the depth of twelve feet. Forests of olive, citron, orange and palm trees had also been set out there, which formed walks impenetrable to the sunbeams.

The waters of the Euphrates, raised by pumps in an hundred hollow columns, filled vast marble basins, and descending afterwards through other canals, formed in the park cascades six thousand feet long, and an hundred thousand fountain streams, of which the height could hardly be perceived. The gardens of Semiramis, which, many centuries afterwards, astonished Asia, were only a feeble imitation of these antique marvels; for in the time of Semiramis, everything began to degenerate among men and women.

But the most admirable sight at Babylon, which eclipsed all others, was Formosant, the only daughter of the king. Belus, moreover, was prouder of his daughter than of his kingdom. It was deemed necessary for her to have a husband worthy of her; but where could he be found? An ancient oracle had declared that she could belong only to him who should bend the bow of Nimrod, that mighty hunter, who had left a bow seven feet long, of ebony wood, harder than the iron of Caucasus. No mortal since Nimrod had been able to bend this wonderful bow.

The oracle added, besides, that the arm which should have bent the bow, should kill the most terrible and dangerous lion that should be let loose in the Babylonian amphitheatre. The victor also was to have a cultured mind, be most beautiful and virtuous, and possess the rarest thing of the entire world.

Three kings presented themselves, who dared compete for Formosant: the Pharoah of Egypt, the Shah of India, and the Khan of Scythia. Belus appointed the day, and the scene of the combat was to be the extremity of his park, the immense space bounded by the two rivers. There was erected around the list a marble amphitheatre that could contain five hundred thousand spectators. Opposite the amphitheatre, was the throne of the king, who was going to appear with Formosant, accompanied by all the court; and on the right and left, between the throne and amphitheatre, were other thrones for the three kings and other sovereigns who might be curious to see this august ceremony.

The king of Egypt arrived first, mounted upon the ox Apis. He was followed by two thousand priests clad in linen robes whiter than snow, by two thousand magicians, and as many warriors.

The king of India soon after arrived in a chariot drawn by twelve elephants. He had a cortege still more numerous and brilliant than the other.

The last was the king of Scythia. He had around him only chosen soldiers, armed with bows and arrows. He was mounted upon a superb tiger, which he had subdued. The form of this monarch was imposing and majestic, far surpassing that of his rivals. His naked arms, brawny yet white, seemed already to bend the bow of Nimrod.

The three kings prostrated themselves before Belus and Formosant. Pharaoh then offered to the princess the two most beautiful crocodiles of the Nile, two hippopotami, two zebras, two Egyptian mummies, and the books of Hermes, which latter he believed to be the rarest things on earth. The shah presented to her a hundred elephants, each of which carried a tower of gilt wood, and put at her feet the Veda, written in the handwriting of Xaca himself. The khan, who neither knew how to read or write, proffered a hundred war-horses, caparisoned with housing and black fox skin.

The princess cast down her eyes before her lovers, and bowed with graces as modest as they were noble. Belus conducted these monarchs to their thrones. "Would that I had three daughters," said he to them, "that I might to-day render six persons happy!"

He then drew lots for the one who should first try the bow. The names of the three candidates were cast into a golden casque. That of the Egyptian came out first, and that of the Indian next. The Scythian, looking at the bow and his rivals, complained not at being the third.

While these brilliant trials were in preparation, twenty thousand pages and as many girls, without confusion, distributed to the spectators in the rows of seats choice refreshments.

Everybody avowed that the gods had established kings only to give festivals every day; that life is too short to use it otherwise; that lawsuits, intrigues and war, which consume human life, are absurd and horrible; that man would not passionately and continually love pleasures, were he not made for them; that the essence of human nature is to rejoice, and all else is folly. It might be added, this *excellent* moral has never been denied, except by facts.

As they were about to commence these trials, which were to decide the destiny of Formosant, a young stranger, mounted on a unicorn, and accompanied by his valet, who, mounted in the same manner, held in his hand a large bird, presented himself at the gate. The guards were surprised to see in this equipage a figure which had the air of divinity. It was, as they declared, the head of Adonis upon the body of Hercules! His black eyebrows and long blonde hair, a mingling of beauties unknown at Babylon, charmed the assembly. All the amphitheatre rose to see him; all the women of the court bent towards him their astonished eyes; Formosant herself, who was wont to look modestly down, gazed at him and blushed. The three kings turned pale. While comparing Formosant with the unknown, the people cried out: "There is no one in the world who is as beautiful as Formosant, but this young man!"

The door-keepers, seized with wonder, asked him if he were a king.

"I have not that honor," rejoined the stranger, "but I have come a great distance, through curiosity to see if there are any kings worthy of the princess."

He, with his equipage, was introduced into the first row of the amphitheatre. He very courteously saluted Belus, his daughter, the three kings, and all the assembly, and then blushingly took his seat. His two unicorns lay down at his seat, his bird perched upon his shoulder, and his servant stood by his side.

The exercise commenced. The bow of Nimrod was drawn from its golden case. The great master of ceremonies, followed by fifty pages, and preceded by twenty trumpets, presented it to Pharaoh, who had it blessed by his priests, and having placed it upon the head of his god Apis, doubted not that he would obtain this first victory. He descends in the middle of the arena, tries, exhausts his strength, makes contortions which excite the laughter of the populace and also of the princess.

"Let your majesty renounce this vain honor, which is only that of muscles and nerves," said his great almoner, approaching him. "You will triumph in all the rest. You have the sword of Osiris, and you will vanquish the lion. The princess is to belong to the one who has the greatest mind, and you have divined enigmas,—to the most virtuous, and you are so, since you were brought up by the priests of Egypt,—to the most generous, and you have given the most beautiful crocodiles and the books of Hermes. Moreover, you possess the ox Apis, the rarest thing in the world; so that no one can compete with you for Formosant."

"You are right," observed the king, and retired to his throne.

The bow was put into the hands of the king of India. He had blisters from it for fifteen days, and consoled himself by presuming that the Scythian would not be more fortunate than himself.

The khan handles the bow in his turn. He joined skill to strength. In his hands, the bow seemed to take some elasticity, and though it yielded a little, he could never wholly succeed in bending it. The spectators, to whom his noble mien inspired favorable opinions, groaned at his little success, and judged that the princess would never be married.

Then the young unknown descended with a leap into the arena, and addressing the Scythian, "Let your majesty," said he to him, "not be astonished at not having entirely succeeded. These ebony bows are made in my country. There is only a certain turn to give; so that you have more merit in having made it yield, than I in bending it."

He immediately took an arrow, adjusted it on the cord, bent the bow, and sent it far beyond the gates. A million hands applauded this prodigy, and Babylon resounded with acclamations. He afterwards drew from his pocket a little ivory plate, on which he wrote with a golden needle, and then attaching to the bow the tablet, he gave the whole to the princess, and with a grace, too, which charmed all the attendants. He then went to seat himself again, modestly. All Babylon was surprised, and the three kings were confounded; but the unknown appeared not to notice it.

Yet Belus, having consulted his magi, declared that none of the kings having been able to bend the bow of Nimrod, it was no less necessary for that to marry his daughter, and that she should wed the one who should succeed in slaying the great lion that had been brought up in his menagerie. The king of Egypt found that it was very ridiculous to expose a king to beasts for the sake of marriage. He confessed that the possession of Formosant was worth a great price, but maintained that if the lion strangled him, he would never be able to espouse the Babylonian belle. The king of India entered into the sentiments of the Egyptian, and both concluded that the king of Babylon was jesting with them; that they ought to levy armies to punish him; that they had numberless subjects who would consider it an honor to die in the service of their masters; that they might easily dethrone the Babylonian, and then draw lots for the beauteous Formosant. This agreement being made, the two kings despatched, each into his own country, an express order to assemble an army of three hundred thousand braves, in order to carry off the princess.

Yet the khan of Scythia descended alone into the arena, with his scimetar in his hand. He was not desperately smitten by the charms of Formosant. Glory had hitherto been his only passion, and it had led him to Babylon. He wished to show that if the monarchs of Egypt and India were prudent enough not to expose themselves to lions, he was valiant enough not to disdain this contest, and that he would repair the honor of the diadem. His rare valor did not even permit him to avail himself of the aid of his tiger. He advances alone, lightly armed, and covered by a steel casque garnished with gold, and shaded by three plumes white as snow.

There was loosed against him the most enormous lion ever nurtured in the mountains of Anti-Lebanon. His terrible claws seemed capable of rending the three kings at once, and his huge mouth of devouring them. His frightful roarings made the amphitheatre resound. The two proud champions rapidly plunge toward each other. The Scythian drives his scimetar into the lion's throat, but the point meeting one of those thick teeth which nothing can pierce, is shivered, and the sylvan monster, furious with his wound, was about imprinting his talons in the sides of the monarch, when the stranger, touched by the peril of so brave a prince, leaps into the arena quicker than a flash, and with wonderful dexterity beheads the lion.

Taking out, then, a little box, he presents it to the Scythian khan, saying: "Your majesty will find in this box the veritable dittany, which grows in my country. Your glorious wounds will be healed in a moment. Chance alone prevented you from triumphing over the lion; your valor is not less admirable."

The Scythian, more sensible to gratitude than jealousy, thanked his liberator, and after having tenderly embraced him, entered again his throne to apply the dittany.

The unknown gave the head of the lion to his valet. Having washed it in the great fountain near by, and drawn out all the blood, the latter drew from his bag a peculiar knife, with which he dug out the lion's forty teeth, and inserted in their stead forty diamonds. With his usual modesty, his master retook his seat.

"Beautiful bird," said he, giving to his bird the monster's head, "go and lay at the feet of Formosant this feeble homage."

The bird flies, holding in one of its claws the terrible trophy. Having presented it to the princess, it humbly bowed its neck, and spread itself out before her. The forty brilliants dazzled all eyes. They were not yet acquainted with this magnificence in proud Babylon, since the emerald, sapphire, topaz and pyrope were still regarded as the most precious ornaments. Belus and all his court were seized with admiration. The bird astonished them still more. It was the size of an eagle, but its eyes were as mild and tender as those of the eagle are haughty and threatening. Its beak was rose-color, and its neck resembled all the hues of the rainbow, but more lively and brilliant. Gold in a thousand shades glittered upon its plumage. Its feet appeared an interweaving of silver and purple, and its tail surpassed those of Juno's birds. The attention, curiosity and astonishment of all the court were divided between the diamonds and the bird. Formosant flattered, caressed and kissed it, and it seemed to receive them with pleasure mingled with respect.

Belus, who had attentively considered the diamonds, judged that one of his provinces could hardly pay for so rich a present. He ordered his attendants to prepare for the unknown gifts still more magnificent than those which had been destined for the monarchs.

"This young man," observed he, "is doubtless the son of the king of China, or of that part of the world which is called Europe, which I have heard about, or, perhaps, of Africa, that they say is near the kingdom of Egypt."

He immediately sent his great squire to compliment the unknown, and to inquire of him whether he were sovereign of one of these empires, and why, possessing such astonishing treasures, he had come only with his valet.

The squire approached the stranger, and delivered with dignity his message. At this flattering token of regard, the stranger deeply blushed, for his modesty equalled his worth. He then accompanied the squire to the king, and gracefully bowing, thus replied:

"Though unworthy these encomiums, I will with pleasure reply briefly to your curiosity, most noble king. I am the son of Ormar, the king of Mauritania. I was brought up to conquer the king of beasts in my country's jungles, and with my bow to bring dead to my feet the prince of birds. I will not speak of my achievements in battle; let vanquished nations relate them. I will not speak of mental acquisitions, for fathomless wisdom gleams before me in the golden distance. Reports of this intended occasion having wandered to my palace, I eagerly set out in order to be present, and behold this august scene, though I am conscious of being the humblest of the admirers of fair Formosant. As for those diamonds, they were gleaned from the depths of our own limpid streams, and relying on my arm that never learnt fear, I arrived without danger. May I add, that the pleasure of seeing Formosant has more than repaid me."

With what joy the princess heard these words is inexpressible, and her father, enraptured, quickly rejoined:

"Illustrious prince, your deeds respond to the ancient oracles, and Formosant is yours. I feel proud to call you my son—to welcome you to the shrine of my heart. I am confident a wreath of glory awaits you in the future as brilliant as your past is glorious. Sons of Babylon," pursued the king, turning to the people, "welcome the new son of Belus!"

Such a shout waved up to the azure arches, as was never heard before. Peal after peal reverberated. The young happy pair joyously embraced. As sombre twilight was creeping on, the vast assemblage happily dispersed, and that night revelry danced, and joy laughed, and hearts glowed over the ruby beaker.

The three kings, seeing the stranger's intrepidity and nobility of soul, and tacitly acknowledging his superiority, the next morning started homewards. After a month's festivities, a message having reached the son of Ormar that his father was deceased, he and Formosant set out, convoyed by a magnificent cavalcade, and burdened with costly gifts. Both in due time ascended the throne, and to acquaint all that their reign was happy and prosperous, it need only be said, that their subjects revered them as parents.

Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it, when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end: but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never turns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*



WATER-SELLERS OF CAIRO.



EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER.



SKIN WATER-BOTTLES IN THE EAST.

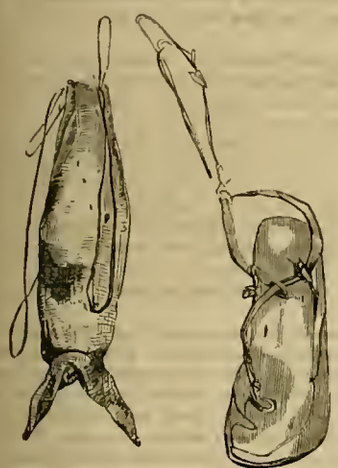
WATER-CARRIERS IN THE EAST.

We have grouped together on this page a number of striking sketches illustrating the manner in which that indispensable article, water, is conveyed and distributed in the East, where its general rarity causes it to be most highly appreciated. Whoever has read the narratives of intelligent travellers in the East, must have had abundant means of observing the shifts to which not only travellers but the inhabitants themselves are put in consequence of not having an adequate supply of water at hand, the wells being far away from their abodes. The conveyance of water from a river across a sandy encampment, or the retailing of water by itinerant dealers, gave rise to the use of portable vessels suitable to the object in view; and many of the oriental countries down to the present day, exhibit such persons, vessels and scenes as



ARAB BOTTLES AND WATER-CARRIERS.

ward of Egypt, the system of carrying water in skin-bottles has been described by travellers. Browne, in his "Journey to Dar-Fur," says:—"The water, in leaving Egypt, is commonly conveyed in goat-skins, artificially prepared for this purpose; but no skill can entirely prevent evaporation. On their march from Soudan to Egypt, the Jelabs oftener use ox-hides, formed into capacious sacks, and properly secured with tar and oil. A pair of these is a camel's load. They keep the water in a better state for drinking than the former. And these sacks are sold to great advantage throughout Egypt, a pair of the best kind being worth thirty piastres. They are the common instruments for conveying water from the river to different parts of each town. The camels are not allowed to partake of this store, which, after all the care that can be taken, is often nauseous from the tar and mod



ARAB SKIN WATER-VESSELS.



STREET WATER-SELLER.

are shown in our engravings. In some few cases the vessels used are of earthen ware; but as these are hard and unyielding, and in that respect somewhat difficult to carry, a curious substitute has been adopted for them. These are skins of goats and other animals, prepared in a rough way, and fastened when necessary. The Arabs sometimes use water-bags made of tanned camel skin, but the skins most generally employed are those of the goat and kid. The most common sort of these bags make a curious appearance when filled with water, resembling an animal, of which the head and feet have been cut off. It will be seen from many of the figures in this page, that the pliable nature of the skin-bottles enables them to be carried very conveniently on the back, bending round to the front over the shoulder, or under the arm. One engraving shows three Sakekahs,



WATER-SELLERS OF CAIRO.

which accompanies the drawing, and heat. Six of the smaller skins, or two of the larger, are generally esteemed sufficient for four persons for so many days. In many of the less civilized countries the natives often use some kind of vegetable substance, capable of being hollowed within, as a water-vessel. The New Zealanders, for example, make use of the calabash, the fruit of a tropical plant, as a drinking vessel—holding the vessel some distance above the head, and allowing the water to flow down in a stream into the mouth, as shown in our engraving. These pictures are all characteristic. One of them, at the foot of the page, shows a woman filling a cup from her skin-pitcher. Another shows the skins and manner of attaching them. The sketches of "skin water-bottles of the East," and "Arab bottles and water-carriers," are not only illustrative of our subject, but picturesque in themselves.



NEW ZEALANDER DRINKING FROM A GOURD.

or water-carriers of Cairo. One of them has a camel to transport his bags, another an ass, while the third supports his burthen on his back. The water-skins borne by the camels are made of ox-hide; those of the asses are made of goat-skin. These men have generally one cry, "Ya ow wud Allah!" (May God compensate me!) They



DOMESTIC SKIN VESSEL.

exact nothing for the beverage, depending on the generosity of the consumer for remuneration. The *Khem'alees*, a more numerous class, are dervishes, and carry vessels of fine gray earth on their backs. One of our engravings exhibits these Khem'alees and their manner of serving the water. In the districts of Africa south-



AQUEDUCT AT EPHES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOUCH-ME-NOT.—A SONG.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

There's a jewel by the brooklet
Uplifts its golden eye.
Whose leaves are glittering every morn,
In silvery-ruby dye;
O'erladen with the dewdrops
That sparkle bright and high:
And the trembling pendants glisten
Like the gleam of beauty's eye!

As this jewel by the brooklet
I one day chanced to spy,
I said: "To gain thee, glorious flower,
I certainly will try!"
Endearingly I pressed it—
Th' affected tendrils fly!
Mock-indignation beaming
In a glance of beauty's eye!

Now—the jewel by the brooklet
I pass neglected by;
The leaves at morning lade with gems,
At noon are crisped and dry;
And the floweret, like a false coquette,
That once has made me sigh,
Now gleams upon me with the glare
Of jealous beauty's eye!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EVELYN SEYMOUR.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"WANTED, a seamstress. Apply early at No. 5, —— Street," read aloud, from the evening paper, a graceful, pretty-looking woman, clad in widow's weeds, as she sat by the hearth in a plainly-furnished but very neat apartment.

"A seamstress—how would that do, Milly? I can do almost anything in the way of sewing, I think, Aunt Caroline was so particular with me. But no—I cannot take it—I forget. I should be obliged to leave home, and you, Milly; and I never thought of that."

She addressed herself to her daughter, a pretty, soft-eyed, brown-haired girl of some ten or twelve years, who sat at the opposite side of the hearth knitting and listening the while. She half suspended her employment, as she raised her eyes to her mother's face.

"I don't know, mother, that you would. Do seamstresses always—"

She paused suddenly; and her cheeks crimsoned with a flush of painful emotion.

"O, mother," she broke forth, "to think of *your* being a seamstress!"

"O, nonsense—nonsense, Milly! Not a word on that score, I positively wont hear it!" said the pretty widow in her liveliest tone, and she bent down to hide the quick tear that sprang to her eye, and commenced raking the fire.

"Don't pray, give a thought to that, Milly," she continued. "You know we must do something, and as to my being a seamstress, there are hundreds better than I am, perhaps, who have starved for want of even a situation like that. I am going to try and forget the luxury and idleness to which we have been accustomed, and put my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest. Don't *you* try to discourage me, you little mouse—you will be disappointed if you do. Well, now, what were you going to say? I am sadly in want of advice. Make haste and give me some, Milly."

Milly was not deceived by this lively manner; she detected the tear so bravely and resolutely repressed, but she saw that her mother was trying hard to nerve herself for approaching trials, and she must also take courage and assist her. Keeping down the grieving sigh that filled her breast, she answered:

"Would you be obliged to go away from home? Would they not let you work at home, perhaps? And then, you know, I could help you a great deal. You know you have taught me to sew quite nicely; and nurse Nanny is as proud as can be of those caps which I embroidered for her. They are done, I am sure, too, as well as a great deal of the finest work one sees at the stores."

"That is very true, Milly," said Mrs. Seymour, cheerfully, "and I know you could help me; though I should not wish you to take a moment of time from your studies. But I do not know whether I should be allowed to take the work home; and yet, I cannot do less than find out, for indeed, Milly, I do not know what else I can do than this. I never could teach in the world. Suppose, then, I knock at the door of No. 5, to-morrow morning?"

The resolution was formed; and at an early hour Mrs. Seymour and Milly retired, that they might be up earlier to-morrow. The last words the young widow said to herself before sleeping, were: "I must conform in all things to these new and straitened circumstances in which I find myself. I shall be obliged to rise before dawn, every day, now, perhaps, that I may earn sufficient to provide us with bread."

It was with her as with hundreds of others. Dependent upon a proud and unkind relative from her early girlhood, she had married at the age of seventeen, a wealthy merchant, and after twelve years of perfect happiness and contentment, with not a wish ungratified, she became at once a widow and penniless by the simultaneous failure and death of her husband. She was thrown upon the wide world alone with her child, with nothing but her own brave, woman's heart to bear her up; and now commenced the battle of life.

She had endeavored to obtain pupils in music, and drawing, and found herself disappointed at the outset. The languages she felt herself incompetent to teach, though her acquaintance with them was not inconsiderable. Several other plans had been equally impracticable. She was reduced at last to her needle; but she never dreamed of shrinking.

On the morning after reading the advertisement, she prepared herself to apply at the place designated. Milly set off for school a little before nine, and in rather more than an hour afterwards, the widow took her way to —— Street. A degree of irrepressible agitation possessed her, despite the courageous resolutions she had made, as she proceeded thither. She felt troubled and sorrowful; for now, as she went on this humble errand, the loneliness and distress of her situation were impressed upon her most painfully. Her countenance, usually bright, cheerful and animated, was much paler than it was wont to be, and an expression of inward grief and disquiet lay like a mournful shadow in the sunny depths of her beautiful, dark-fringed eyes.

A carriage swept round a corner which she was passing; within were three ladies reclined upon the luxurious cushions; and Evelyn Seymour knew them. They were an aunt and two cousins of her late husband; and never, after his marriage, upon the most familiar or friendly terms with him or her, had, since his death, scarcely noticed her at all. They merely bowed to her now in the most distant manner—Mrs. Acheson first, and then Miss Arabella, and lastly Miss Indiana—one after the other, and with the most frigid dignity. Mrs. Seymour's pride arose. Quickly and proudly she returned the haughty sign of recognition, and passed on. In that moment, with all their wealth, and all her poverty, she felt that they sunk immeasurably below her. With a lighter step, and a lighter heart as well, she went on her errand, treading her poverty under foot. She rose above it then.

And Arabella Acheson's carriage rolled on, while the scornful beauty smiled exultantly over what she termed the "downfall" of her cousin Harry's wife; for she had never forgiven Evelyn St. Leger for captivating her cousin Harry, whom she had counted on securing for herself.

"Poor and proud," said her mother, contemptuously. "Did you see her, Arabella? She looked as haughty as any queen."

A cold, triumphant expression sat on Arabella's countenance.

"Let her look as haughty as she likes; her pride will not help her poverty. For my part, I am glad—"

She paused suddenly, and bent forward, with a quick flush of pleasure breaking over her face.

"See, mama—there is Maximilian—see!" And she bowed with a sweet smile.

"Yes," said mama and Miss Indiana; and both followed the example of Arabella.

A handsome and distinguished-looking man on the opposite side of the way half paused, lifted his hat, and smiled also; but instead of approaching, as Arabella evidently expected he would, and for which purpose the carriage drew up, he passed quickly along, and was lost amid the crowd.

"Provoking! ejaculated Miss Arabella, with her countenance clouding, "why in the world didn't he stop?"

"O, never mind—some business, I dare say," was mama's consoling answer; "but you will see him to-night, my dear, and then I think you had better bring him to a point as soon as possible. Pray don't let him slip as your cousin Harry did; for though you are certainly as brilliant as at twenty, you must remember that you were thirty last week, and it will not do to neglect so excellent an opportunity as this."

Away went the trio, discussing prospects matrimonial; and on in the opposite direction, hurried Evelyn Seymour on her morning's errand. It was a beautiful street, in the most fashionable part of the city—that to which her steps were directed. Number five was reached; and Evelyn, with a heart throbbing with agitation, paused at the entrance for a moment, to recover some degree of calmness. What an errand! * * * She felt sick and faint; but in an instant, shaking off her emotion, she touched the bell.

While she waited, she had time to observe the general appearance of the mansion. It was one of the finest in the street; but while an air of life and cheerfulness pervaded the rest, this had an air of unusual quiet—almost of utter loneliness. All the blinds, except those of the drawing-room and of one chamber, were closed, and had every appearance of having been so for a long time. Much dust, and not a few cobwebs, had settled here and there. The place looked still and nearly deserted.

Evelyn was just reading the name—"St. James"—on the door, when the bell was answered, and a servant appeared. Evelyn trembled, blushed and stammered, as she asked for his mistress. The man looked at her with an expression of something not unlike perplexity.

"My mistress? I beg your pardon, ma'am, but Mr. St. James is not—O, here is my master, ma'am."

And as Evelyn turned, a gentleman who had just turned the corner, ascended the steps, and stood beside her. He glanced from the domestic to the lady, and with a slight and graceful bow, inquired whom she wished to see. Twenty times in a minute the beautiful color went and came in Evelyn's cheek, as she answered, hesitatingly:

"Indeed, I scarcely know—I came—to answer an advertisement—which appeared in the Times of yesterday."

A look of surprise and perplexity flitted over the fine face of the gentleman.

"An advertisement, madam? You do not mean—"

"I mean, sir," said Evelyn, in a faint tone, "the advertisement for a seamstress."

A seamstress! No wonder his presence of mind forsook him for an instant. With Evelyn Seymour's graceful loveliness, and the air of elegant refinement natural to her, she seemed a strange applicant for such a situation.

"I beg your pardon, madam; will you come in?" he said, suddenly recollecting himself. And Evelyn found herself seated in the drawing-room. The gentleman drew a chair forward for himself, saying—"The advertisement, madam, was mine, on behalf of my aunt, who comes here next week to reside. She requested me to engage one for her by that time, if possible. Do I understand that you—"

He hesitated again; for he would not be quite sure yet. His deferential and respectful air gave Evelyn courage.

"You are right," she answered, calmly, anticipating his question. "I wished to obtain some employment of this kind; but it is necessary that I should remain at home, and I desired to ask whether, if I engaged to take it, the sewing can be taken out. If so, I should be glad to have it. I think my work would give satisfaction."

Her voice trembled, and her eyes dropped, to hide the tears that would spring as she uttered the last words. It was the plea of one earnestly seeking for the means of subsistence. It touched the heart of her hearer; for St. James's heart was a kind and noble one. He read her story in her appearance; he saw that she was in need. He was not only willing, but glad to have an opportunity of assisting her; and yet, it seemed a mean employment to offer one like her; and then, he would have given any amount if some one else had been there to speak the words that tendered to her the office and the wages of a seamstress. As it was, there was no help for it; and his manner was embarrassed as it was earnest and respectful, while he answered:

"Certainly, madam—as you please," then adding: "I could wish that my aunt were here to speak with you about this. She will arrive, however, next week, and then she would like to see you, if you will be so good as to call, or leave your address."

Evelyn drew from her pocket a tiny mother-of-pearl card-case, one of the last remnants of her former wealth, and gave him a card. Then, with gently expressed thanks, which it shamed him to receive for a favor which he had been equally ashamed to offer, she took leave of him.

In her proudest days, Evelyn had met no greater deference or courtesy than that which marked St. James's manner throughout this interview to its close; and with grave and gentle respect, that was almost reverence, he bowed her to the door.

For some moments after she had retired, he stood silently regarding the single tangible token left of her presence—the tiny enameled card lying in his hand. "Mrs. Seymour," he murmured to himself. "A widow then, as I thought."

Even as he spoke, a handkerchief lying upon the floor attracted his attention. It was hers—lying where it had fallen from her lap, unnoticed. He picked it up. In one corner was wrought upon the delicate fabric, in exquisite embroidery, the name of "Evelyn."

"Evelyn Seymour. What a beautiful name!" he uttered, "and yet, no less beautiful than its lovely owner. How fair she was! What mingled sadness and dignity pervaded every look and motion!"

Moment after moment he sat engrossed by his own reflections, with his eyes fixed upon Evelyn's card and handkerchief; then, with a half sigh, he rose and locked them in his writing-desk, to remain until he should have an opportunity of restoring the handkerchief. But though he had put them out of sight, he could not forget his beautiful visitant. Nor was he inclined to deny that he was deeply and earnestly interested in her. With pleasure undisguised he lingered in thought over her visit, and recalled her appearance. And now he desired the time to come when he might see her again. * * * * * * * *

"My, dear, what in the world ever put it into your ideas to become a seamstress?"

For good Mrs. Mackenzie, looking at her graceful figure and exquisite hands, declared that Evelyn had selected the surest mode of spoiling both.

"O, I could do nothing else," said Evelyn, half sadly. "I had thought of so many things—but none of them seemed practicable; and those that I actually tried, failed at the very first. No, I could do nothing else, and I was very glad to get that," she added, with a gentle smile.

"Well, I am glad, since you were obliged to take up with that, that you applied where you did," said the old lady, kindly, "for I have seen trouble too, my dear, and I dare say, if you are the sensible little thing I take you to be, I can help you very often. My husband failed when I had been married only three years, and then he died, and I was left alone just as you are; so, after my first grief was over, I went out as a governess. I had a great many trials, and hard ones, to endure, and they seemed all the harder, as you may well conceive, after the easy and happy life I had led. But I had to go through with them. I had no one to turn to in my troubles. And after five years, when a very distant relative, whom I had never seen twice in my life, died and left me a fortune, you may be sure it was not to be despised. Still, I had learned many a lesson well worth the learning, in those days of poverty and hardships; and I have had reason, many a time since, to be thankful for them. I was quite as poorly off as you are, my dear; for I also was destitute of friends in those sad days. My parents were both dead, and my sister and brother, the parents of my nephew, whom you have seen, were dead too, so you see I had nobody. But I tire you with my prattle."

"O, no, no indeed," said Evelyn, earnestly, "your story gives me courage—your case was so like my own."

"Well, I hope you will consider me as your friend, my child, and then I shall try and lighten your cares all I can; for I like you"—and here she laid her hand gently on Evelyn's head—"I

like you," she repeated. "You have good courage—you are not afraid nor ashamed to toil; and be assured that Providence always helps those who are willing to help themselves."

"I believe it," was Evelyn's serious response.

"And now," said the old lady, "here comes your little girl, running in from school. She is a little darling. Will you let me take her home with me and spend the afternoon? I will send her home safely before dark."

With pleasure Evelyn assented.

"Mr. St. James, to whom are you bowing!—pray tell me;" said the fair Arabella, languidly, while chatting with that gentleman, who had encountered her during one of her shopping excursions.

"That lady in black—Mrs. Seymour—there, you may just see her face. Are you not acquainted with her? I thought she looked just now as though she knew you."

Arabella colored, angrily, and, without noticing his question, said: "So you know her?"

"Yes—I have that honor."

He regarded the lady quietly for an instant, and then exercising himself, hurried away. In a moment more he had reached Evelyn Seymour's side; and as he did so, the carriage of Mrs. Acheson dashed past them; and Arabella, seated within, beheld Maximilian St. James and her despised cousin, walking side by side.

"Mama—look!" was all she could say, for anger.

"My dear," was the quick response, as Mrs. Acheson remarked them, "I will find out, shortly, what all that means."

That afternoon, Mrs. Mackenzie was seated in the drawing-room at —— Street, engaged in reading. The house had assumed a more cheerful appearance since her arrival, for Maximilian's was no longer the mere bachelor's residence it had been. Instead of being shut up now, with dust and cobwebs, it had suddenly thrown off its air of loneliness, for one of life and pleasantness, that completely metamorphosed it. It was one of the most elegant residences in town. It was the property of a man whose wealth had excited the most ambitious dreams of half the managing mamas and marriageable daughters about; and Mrs. Acheson had secured all this, *prospectively*, for her eldest darling, the magnificent Arabella, who was resolved neither to die in single blessedness, not yet to make an insignificant match.

Mrs. Acheson had known Mrs. Mackenzie for years, and was on terms of considerable intimacy with her, though truth to say, the friendship was pretty much all on her own side, since Mrs. Mackenzie had no very faint suspicions of the lady's designs on her nephew, and was not over fond of the haughty and scheming Arabella. Maximilian himself, from his friendship for Wilton Acheson, the only son and brother of the family, was, consequently, intimate with the rest; but an attachment for Arabella was the last thing which would ever have entered his mind. Mrs. Acheson's carriage, on the afternoon of which we have spoken, drew up at St. James's door, and five minutes after, the lady herself was seated, engaged in the most affable style, in conversation with "her dear friend, Mrs. Mackenzie."

A thousand subjects of commonplace importance were touched upon before Mrs. Acheson ventured to introduce the one which she had come purposely to discuss. Finally, however, it was brought in in this way:

"O, by-the-by, my dear madam, I met Maximilian this morning, or rather passed him, I should say, and a lady was with him who strongly reminded me of a former friend of mine. The resemblance was certainly striking—who could it have been, I wonder?"

And thereupon followed a most minute description of Evelyn; so that nobody who had ever seen her could mistake it. Mrs. Mackenzie recognized it in a moment, and the more readily, because she already knew from Maximilian's own lips, that he had that morning walked with Evelyn, whom he overtook in the street, as far as her own door. The shrewd old lady guessed directly that her guest desired to find out whether *she* knew anything of Mrs. Seymour, and, if so, whether she was on terms of intimacy with her; because she discovered on the instant, that Mrs. Acheson was aroused to curiosity and uneasiness concerning Maximilian and this beautiful woman whom she had seen by his side. As yet, however, she was unaware of the connection existing between Evelyn and Mrs Acheson.

"O, that was a young friend of ours—a Mrs. Seymour,"—she answered quietly, scanning the lady's face with a glance from over her spectacles—"one of whom we think a great deal. She is one of the sweetest women I know. Maximilian admires her very much."

He did, did he? Mrs. Acheson could not help turning pale, as she thought of Arabella's prospects. So Evelyn Seymour was an intimate friend of theirs; and Maximilian St. James admired her very much. She went home in a state of mind considerably disturbed. Was Evelyn Seymour destined to rival her daughter a second time?

She arrived at conclusions rapidly. Evelyn Seymour herself had never dreamed of such a thing. She continued to sew for Mrs. Mackenzie, resolutely pursuing her employment, and confining her ideas to it alone. She tried to forget what she had been, and to look upon herself merely as Mrs. Mackenzie's seamstress—to think of nothing more.

Mrs. Mackenzie, however, sought to make a friend rather than dependent of her. She tried to win her to visit her frequently—to accompany her when she went out—in short, so genuine and sincere had become her admiration of Evelyn, and so earnest her friendship, that she disliked to regard her as Evelyn's own noble, self-denying heart prompted—in the true position which she occupied.

Evelyn went to her only when it was absolutely necessary to do so. She worked steadily, saying to herself that she was dependent on her needle for support, and maintained the strictest seclusion in keeping with her station. Milly, however, was a frequent guest of Mrs. Mackenzie and St James. Both loved the child. She was an especial pet of the old lady, who declared she filled the house with sunshine; and Maximilian found a degree of pleasure in drawing her to his side, and tracing in the sweet countenance her mother's likeness, that sprung from no common interest in either mother or child. He saw Evelyn but seldom. The morning walk with her, when he had overtaken her in the street, after parting with Arabella Acheson, was the occasion of the longest interview he had yet had with her; and he remembered it; for it was with secret pleasure that he had seen that morning something like pleased surprise in the glance with which she discovered him walking beside her. Since then, he had seen her but once.

"Aunt, how long has Mrs. Seymour been a widow?"

Maximilian St. James was leaning over the work-table, playing with the worsted in Mrs. Mackenzie's basket. He asked the question in a tone and manner that were calm, and yet not without some slight embarrassment.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked sharply at him over her glasses, and half suspended her knitting-work, then went quietly on; his glances, meanwhile, being fixed on the worsted he was entangling.

"A year and a half, or nearer two years, Maximilian. If you are going to propose to her, I advise you to put it off. She would not have you. You must wait some time yet."

This quiet and straightforward admission of her knowledge of his thoughts, somewhat disconcerted him; but since she had perceived their nature he went further.

"Aunt,"—he said, plainly—"do you think she would marry again?"

"I think she may, sometime—yes."

"Sometime!"

"That is, when she shall have—but no matter, Maximilian. It is difficult to judge one woman by the rest. I see Evelyn happy and cheerful and light-hearted; existence is a pleasure to her. She mourns no longer her husband's loss, but she has not ceased to cherish that saddened remembrance of him which would prevent her from marrying again yet. When that sadness has passed away, and she has learned to think of him without tears, you may hope. I am very glad, Maximilian, that you like her. I had always a kind of uneasiness, I confess, in relation to your opinion of Miss Acheson, her husband's cousin. How unexpectedly that relationship came out, by-the-by. They have treated Evelyn shamefully—those Achesons. Mrs. Jackson told me all about their ill-will towards her. Well, I don't wonder that Harry Seymour chose Evelyn in preference to his unbearable cousin."

It was some six or eight months after the time when the above conversation took place, that St. James sat at his writing-desk sealing a letter which he had just finished writing. He was slightly paler than usual, as he rung the bell and delivered it to the servant who appeared, bidding him carry it to Mrs. Seymour, in —— Street.

The man departed to deliver the missive; but as it happened, he found on reaching the lower hall that Mrs. Seymour herself had just been admitted, and was waiting in the drawing room for Mrs. Mackenzie, who was out. Evelyn was surprised when he entered and presented the letter, saying that he had just started to carry it to her residence. She supposed it a communication from Mrs. Mackenzie; but in the superscription she recognized, with a quick-throbbing heart, the chirography of St. James. For a moment, she could not open it. What had he to say to her?" Slowly the envelope was removed, and she perused the contents of the epistle.

It was an offer of marriage from Maximilian. The color wavered in her cheek—she was agitated—she blushed and trembled. She could scarcely comprehend it. A step descended the stairs—to the hall—to the drawing room door.

"Aunt," said Maximilian, entering, and then he paused, his glance encountered Evelyn's face. She was blushing; his letter was in her hand; she had read it. He moved forward; he took her hand. His countenance was quite pale; his voice trembled. "Mrs. Seymour—Evelyn—what have you to say?"

He held her hands clasped in his own, with a gentle, timid pressure. He had no words of pleading, but there was an entreating tenderness in his voice that was eloquence itself, as bending over her, he uttered, earnestly:

"Evelyn—Evelyn!"

Reader—let us take our departure. You do not need to hear what was said there. I am half afraid we have lingered too long already for politeness. And I suppose it is very well known to you that Evelyn and Maximilian were married shortly after; an event which made every one happy but the Acheson family.

ANECDOTE OF AN ACTOR.

Madame Rollan, who died in 1785, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, was a principal dancer on Covent-garden stage in 1731, and followed her profession, by private teaching, to the last year of her life. She had so much celebrity in her day, that having one evening sprained her ankle, no less an actor than Quin was ordered by the manager to make an apology to the audience for her not appearing in the dance. Quin, who looked upon all dancers as "the mere garnish of the stage," at first demurred; but being threatened with forfeiture, he growlingly came forward and in his coarse way thus addressed the audience:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am desired by the manager to inform you that the dance intended for this night is obliged to be postponed, on account of Mademoiselle Rollan having dislocated her ankle. I wish it had been her neck."—*Anecdotes of the Stage.*

WASHINGTON'S DIGNITY.

The visitors at Mount Vernon, many of whom have recorded their impressions, included a singular variety of characters, from the courtier of Versailles to the farmer of New England, from the English officer to the Indian artist, and it is remarkable, that, various as are the terms in which they describe the illustrious host, a perfect identity in the portrait is obvious. They all correspond with the description of Chief Justice Marshall.

"His exterior created in the beholder the pleasing sentiment of manly gracefulness. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and unobtrusive dignity, removed with haughtiness, of which he had no part, from the reach of familiarity, and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship increased his intimacy, was ardent, but respectful. He listened patiently, but seldom spoke and contradictory; but there was quickness to take offence, liability to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to correct."

An illustration of the first named trait is afforded by an anecdote related by the late Governeur Morris, who was distinguished by an uncommon share of Washington's confidence and affection.

"At a convivial party to which Washington was invited, his remarkable traits were the subject of discussion among the company; and it was insisted that no one, however intimate, would dare to take a liberty with him. In a foolish moment of elation, Governeur Morris accepted a bet that he would try the experiment. Accordingly, just before dinner was announced, as the guests stood in a group by the fire, he undertook somewhat freely to cast, and in the midst of it, apparently from a sudden impulse, clapped Washington familiarly on the shoulder. The latter turned and gave him such a mild and dignified yet grieved surprise that even the self-possession of his friend deserted him. He shrunk from that gaze of astonishment at his forgetfulness of respect, and the mirth of the company was instantly awed into silence."

It is curious, with this anecdote fresh in the mind to revert to the eulogy delivered by Morris after the death of Washington. "You have all felt the reverence he inspired; it was such that to command seemed to him but the exercise of an ordinary function, while others felt that a duty to obey (anterior to the institutions of civil ordinance or the compulsion of a military code), was imposed by the high behests of nature."—*H. T. Tuckerman in North American Review.*

MAGNIFICENT NIGHT SCENE.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene mid-summer night, the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in its last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked steadily up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the work of transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of heaven; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.—*Hon. Edward Everett's Address at Albany.*

THE CHINESE MONARCHY.

The era of the Chinese monarchy has been variously fixed from 2952 to 2132 years before Christ, and the year 2637 has been chosen for the lawful epoch. The difference arises from the uncertain duration of the first two dynasties, and the vacant space that lies beyond them as far as the real or fabulous times of Fohi. The thirty-six eclipses of Confucius, thirty one of which have been verified, were observed between 722 and 480 years before Christ. China is, undoubtedly, the oldest empire in the world; its authentic history extends over the marvellous period of 4000 years. About two centuries before our era, the Chinese were possessed of ink, paper, and the art of printing. They were also acquainted with gunpowder, and excelled in pyrotechny.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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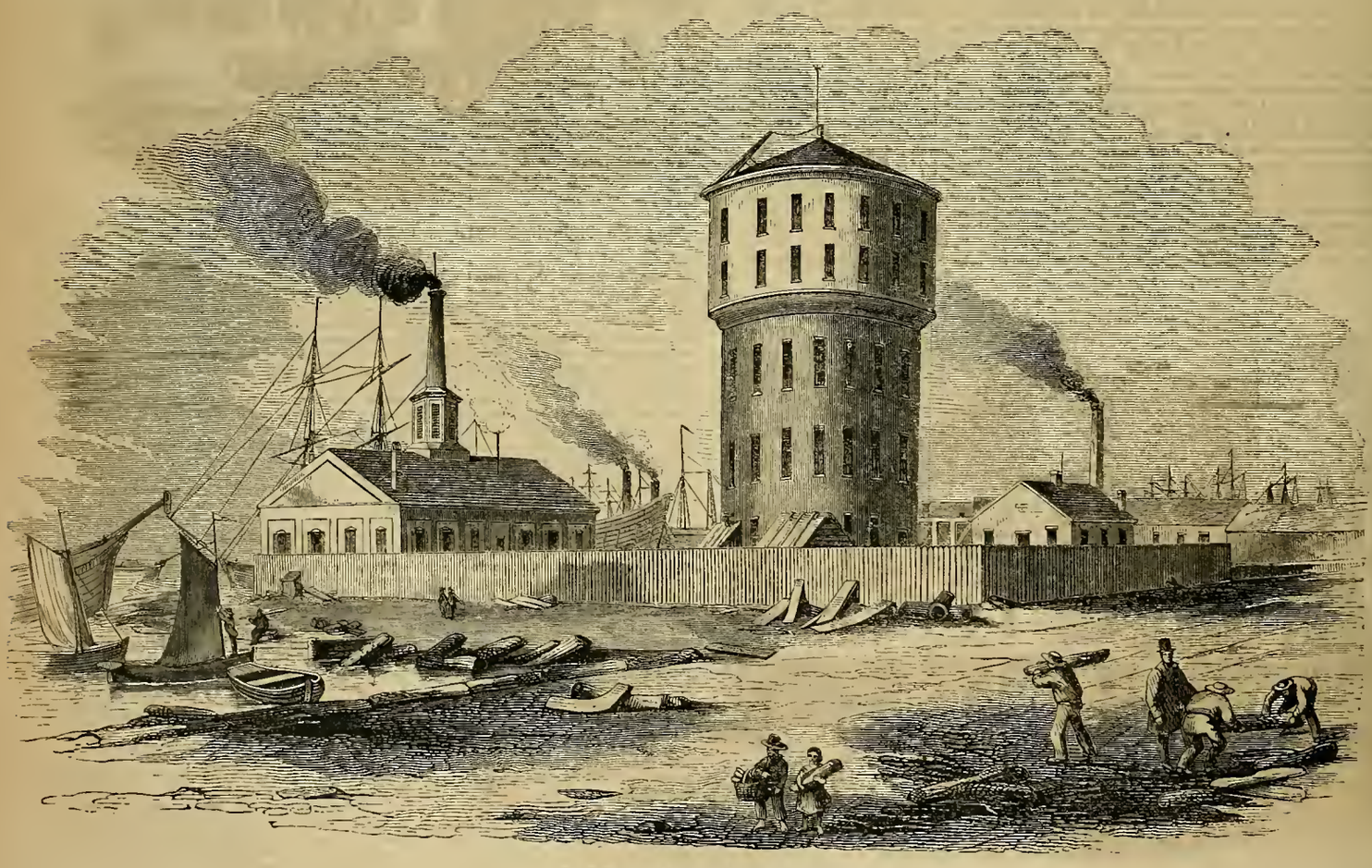
M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
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DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

This city, of which we present some fine illustrations, drawn expressly for us in Kilburn's best style, is situated on the northwest bank of Detroit River, in Wayne county. The city is supplied with water from Detroit River. The reservoir and hydraulic works, of which we present a view, are situated upon Atwater Street, in the upper part of the city. The reservoir which contains the water is of cast iron, sixty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, and is supported by a circular brick building sixty-two feet in diameter at an elevation of forty-seven feet from the ground. The water is raised to the reservoir by a steam engine, which works a forcing pump that is fixed several feet below the surface of the river. The building occupied by this engine is seen on the left of the reservoir in our engraving. The old State House, seen in our first engraving, is a brick building of a florid style of architecture. It fronts upon State Street, and is enclosed in a fine park. The capital of the State being changed to Lansing, left this building without occupation, and it is now used as a school. The post-office and mariner's church are located in a Gothic stone building corner of Woodward Avenue and Woodbridge Street, and are delineated in our third engraving. A portion of this building is also occupied as offices. The Odd Fellows' Hall, depicted in our last engraving, is also located upon Woodward Avenue, near the corner of Congress Street. It is a neat, substantial building, and makes a pleasing appearance upon the street. A commercial college is also in the building. St. Ann's Church, upon Larned, corner of Bates Streets, is chosen for illustration from the peculiarity and picturesqueness of its appearance. The body of the building is of dark stone, the towers and steeples being of wood. On the left of our picture is seen a part of a building containing the water works office, and also an engine house. Detroit has several extensive manufactories. It has five large saw-mills, which turn out nine million feet of lumber and four million laths annually. Ship and boat building is also largely carried on. There are several large foundries and machine shops for the manufacture of heavy machinery, that employ several hundred hands. The business of Detroit is immense. The annual exports, coastwise, amount to above $4,000,000, and the imports to upward $15,000,000. The shipping of the port, June 30, 1854, amounted to an aggregate of 52,456 tons, of which 21,368 tons were employed in steam navigation. Population in 1853, 34,436. The village of Detroit was incorporated in 1802. In 1805, it was destroyed by fire. In 1812, the fort and town surrendered to the British, but were re-occupied in 1813. The following is a condensed account of Hull's surrender at Detroit:—Soon after the declaration of war, on the 16th of August, General Hull, the governor of Michigan Territory, surrendered his whole army, and the fort at Detroit, without a single battle, to General Brock. "So entirely unprepared was the public for this extraordinary event, that no one could have believed it to have taken place, until communicated from an official source." Hull had been sent at the head of about 2500 men to Detroit, with a view of putting an end to the Indian hostilities in that part of the country. At the time of the surrender of the fort, it is said that his force consisted of more than 1000 men, that of the British was 1300, of whom more than half were Indians. When the British column had arrived within 500 yards of the American lines, General Hull ordered his men, who were placed in a favorable situation, to annoy the enemy, to retreat into the fort, and that the cannon should not be fired. "Immediately there was heard a universal burst of indignation." The order, however, could not be disobeyed. The men were ordered to stack their arms; a white flag was hung out upon the walls, and a communication passed between the two generals, which was shortly followed by a capitulation. Not only the American force at Detroit, but various detachments from the fort, the volunteers, and all the provisions at Raisin, the fortified posts and garrisons, and the whole territory and inhabitants of Michigan, were delivered over to the commanding general of the British forces. Two thousand five hundred stand of arms, forty barrels of powder, and twenty-five iron and eight brass pieces of ordnance, the greater part of which had been captured from the British in the revolutionary war, were surrendered with them. The American volunteers and militia were sent home, on condition of not serving again during the war, unless exchanged. The general and the regular troops were sent to Quebec as prisoners of war. Being exchanged, General Hull was prosecuted by the government of the United States, and arraigned before a military tribunal, who acquitted him of the charge of treason, but sentenced him to death, for cowardice and unofficerlike conduct. But in consequence of his age and revolutionary services, the president remitted the punishment of death, but deprived him of all military command.—As an amusing contrast to the city of



OLD STATE HOUSE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



WATER WORKS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



POST-OFFICE, WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT.

to-day, we here copy a picturesque sketch of Detroit in the olden time, from that charming book, "Shoepac Recollections, by Walter March," which cannot fail to interest and entertain our readers:—"Ours was a little antiquated city. Its inhabitants were mostly French. At the time I came upon the stage of events, the transition to a modern American town had scarcely commenced. The body of the population was still of the *ancien régime*. The few Americans were officers, or ex-officers, of either the general or territorial government, and their families, relations, dependents and friends, whom they had persuaded to venture beyond the 'jumping-off place,' as Buffalo was then termed. The spirit of emigration had not been fully aroused; and the spirit of speculation, if felt at all, was confined to the fur-traders, a class made up of all nations. I cannot compare the society more nearly than to that of some principal East India Company station in a city of Hindostan. There were the governor of the territory and his family, the judicial, executive, and military functionaries, with their families and their dependents; like subahdar, nabobs, begums and the lesser lights—traders and natives, French, Indian and half-breed. But one could not well imagine a pleasanter state of feeling than mutually existed, with sufficient distinction between the different castes or classes to prevent wrangling, and yet sufficient community of interest, prejudice and pleasure to make everybody sociable. The French gave a tone of gaiety—the military, both elevation and hospitality. There were balls, where everybody danced with everybody's wife and daughter. There were theatricals, where the most dignified gentlemen took parts. It may be a mere whim, but I think I never have elsewhere met such easy polish and affability among gentlemen. There was no touchiness about position in the social scale, and consequently neither stiffness nor affectation; and to this day, the same easy grace of manner is notable among the sons and daughters of the good old city. The traveller, journeying at that period from New York westward, after leaving Albany, penetrated into regions where civilization grew dimmer and dimmer as he advanced, until he became quite certain of having passed the *ultima thule*, when he would stumble with astonishment on our little community. There he would be welcomed with a courtesy no less gracious, and a hospitality much warmer than he would himself have extended to a stranger in the metropolis. Yet there he would behold the Frenchman, riding in his two-wheeled cart to market with white fish and onions, and screaming a rascally *patois*. Or he might observe a wedding procession, of the same mercurial race, driving through the principal—or rather only—avenue, at full speed to church, two and two, in little antique *calèches;* the bride, of course, dressed in white, but wearing no bonnet, though rejoicing in a veil that sweeps the ground, and her bridesmaids driving after, as bonnetless as herself—a happy state of things to which the dear ladies of the present day are fast returning. As he sauntered along up the street, he would see old-fashioned buildings, stores and dwellings forming a promiscuous row, with high gables and dormer-windows, roofs peaked like Vandyke hats, with their edges notched and painted red, and doors panelled into four parts, and opening by subdivisions, like modern window-shutters. Motley groups, consisting of French, Americans and Indians, sit with their sociable pipes enjoying confabulations made up of words, nods, shrugs and the impenetrable "ugh! ugh!" of the taciturn red man. Peeping into the halls and rooms as he passed, he might here and there discern a carpet, but generally the floors were covered with Indian mats. The shops would be filled with bales of furs, gaudy-colored calicoes—known as Indian calicoes—moccocks of maple sugar, broidered with painted porcupine quills, deerskins, moccasins and Indian trinkets; few such, however, as are now palmed off upon the curious and credulous stranger at Niagara. Often he may meet on the sidewalk an Indian—some dark Pottowattimie, or tall, painted Sac or Fox—one of nature's own noblemen, erect and martial in his bearing, and with a single ridge of stiff, black hair, standing like the crest of a helmet on his head; or, peradventure, groups of Winnebagoes, with blue blankets on their handsome squaws, while their own arms, ears and noses would jingle with silver ornaments; or, skulking along, some thievish craven of a Menomonie, whose name was no less a term of reproach among the nobler tribes, than that of the Samaritan with the disdainful children of Judah. Passing above the town, he might find large, conical, birch-bark tents pitched on the long slope of the river bank, and graceful, light pirogues drawn up in regular rows on the shore; these belong to the Indians, who in he may, if it chance to be payment season, behold in hundreds, or even thousands. Succotash is boiling in huge iron or brass pots over the fires. A small army of famished, wolfish-looking dogs lie around, winking lazily in the sun; and no smaller army of naked children are running everywhere—some pitching bright coppers, others shooting with their bows and arrows, and others swimming and diving in the limpid water; while around on the trees or fence, or sides of the wigwams, he may behold many infant papooses sleeping in their hanging cradles of hide and birch; or with their heads strapped back, looking on the scene with wise, unwinking eyes. They seldom cry, and are no inapt representations of patience on a monument. He would meet pretty, fawn-faced young squaws who glance coquettishly at him, and no less so at themselves, or rather some ornament, or little rude mirror half-concealed on their persons. Now and then one peeps at him from behind the blanket at the tent-door. Respectable elderly women would be sitting around, at work on moccocks, mats, or moccasins, or cooking game, or pilfered chickens in the sugar-boiler, or smoking fish, depending from a stick sustained over the fire by two forked uprights. Shame to the pale faces!—he might hear drunken noises issuing from a lodge here and there; or worse, see an Indian and his wife, or several squaws by themselves, alternately caressing each other and quarrelling, moved by the demon that lurks in fire-water. There must be dark shadows in every picture, especially in a picture of human life. Gratefully, now, let him turn, at the soft sound of an Indian flute, played with no great skill or variety of cadence, but plaintively, by some young dandy. It is a reed, into which holes are burned for the gamut of notes, and around it are wound deerskin thongs to prevent splitting. Possibly, your Indian Pan may be joined by a musical brother on the drum, which is naught else, after all, than a species of rude banjo—a skin drawn over a hoop, as everybody knows. Then fortunate the Gothamite might deem himself to witness an Indian dance at that comparatively primitive period. As he strolls out further from the town, he is struck with a peculiarity in the divisions of the farms; for each one is but a narrow strip of land running back into the woods two or three miles, so that every farmer may have a front on the river. A hundred or so yards from the beach stands the farm-house, similar to those already described, with only more amplitude of dimensions, and a broad, indolent, sun-loving porch, on which sleeps an old dog—practised no less in raccoon lore than experienced in swimming after wild ducks. In cozy familiarity, an old cat is blinking by his side, or purring as she rubs her electric coat against his shaggy hair; or perched upon his back, a piping chicken is with difficulty balancing itself, as it picks at the flies which buzz around his nose, or alight with a tickling mischief on his lazily-flapping ears. In front of the house are the cherry-trees, and in rear the pear and apple-orchards; and the traveller is surprised to find the best of fruit thus far beyond the pale of civilization—fruits brought from sunny France, and planted by the skillful Jesuit; apples, red to the core, large and luscious; cherries that rival nectarines; and pears of every variety, and of every season, from July to November. Nor will the patch of onions escape his notice: it is a Frenchman's flower-garden—the invariable concomitant of every family who may claim a foot square of mother earth. The fish-net or *seine* is stretched on the fence. The long, flint-lock duck gun, with leathern pouch and powder-horn, is hung on wooden hooks in the hall. The canoe is drawn up on the beach. But hark! you hear the sound of distant voices come stealing over the water. Turn towards the river. See a long pirogue, or more ample Mackinaw boat—perhaps a little fleet of them in a single line, manned by *voyajeurs*, or *courreurs de bois*, and loaded with packs of peltries. The oarsmen have fitted out at Mackinaw, to appear in style at Detroit—the greater station, and nearer civilization. Probably the present is the glad occasion to which they have looked forward, and they have talked over their plans concerning it for many, many months. Each *garcon* has a sash around his waist, and pulls a red oar. They keep perfect time—and it is joyous quick time—with the notes of a French song which was chanted in France a century ago: 'Malbrooks s'en va t'n guerrah!' Or perchance the air is one you may not recognize: 'A Lon-don day. S'en va coucher!' No music could be more lively or inspiring. It comes over the water—is accompanied by the plash of oars. It is roared out with the utmost spirit, too, by that most glorious of all instruments, the human voice. It has pealed through the woods, and over the rivers and lakes, for thousands of miles. It has animated those brave adventurers in camp, at *portage*, through summer and winter, rain and snow, sickness, peril and death; and now, joy! joy! it greets the steeples of St. Ann! The children run out of the houses, down to the river shore, to hear it; the maiden turns pale, and blushes, and hurries to the door; the old man hobbles out and waves his hat. Troops of people rush down to the wharves to see them land; and such shouts of welcome and rejoicing never were known before."



ST. ANN'S CHURCH, CORNER OF LARNED AND BATES STREET, DETROIT.



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, WOODWARD AV NUE, DETROIT.

ISLAND OF SICILY.

The fair island of Sicily, once the garden and granary of Rome, is now an oppressed and neglected appanage of the kingdom of Naples. In years past she has had many rulers—Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Normans, French Germans and Spaniards; but under none has she been so misgoverned as under her present masters, the Spanish Bourbons. The people are heavily taxed, but not for the promotion of great enterprises or internal improvements. The roads are few and in bad repair; the mines are unworked, and everything betokens the poverty of the country. The city of Syracuse, which once contained more than a million of inhabitants, has dwindled into a town of but fourteen thousand, and the total population of the island is but little more than a million and a half.—*Charleston (S. C.) Courier.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A MEMORY.

BY ELIZA P. MORIARTY.

'Neath a beech tree's leafy shadow
One sweet summer day of old,
Happy children we were playing,
Care to us was then untold;
You and Jemmy were the lambkins,
I the shepherd of the fold.

Gamesome was our cousin Jemmy,
No young lamb was blithe as he,
Richer rang his liquid laughter
Than a wild bird's melody;
'Neath the gentle skies of Eire
Few had gayer hearts than we.

All amid the grasses sporting,
Heedless of the flying hours,
When bright butterflies pursuing,
Treading down the garden flowers;
Often since when pleasure seeking,
Crushed we some sweet peace of ours.

More like some dark dream of sorrow,
Seemed it than a chilly truth,
When they sought us in the garden,
Vainly speaking words of ruth—
"Jemmy, dead is thy dear mother,
Now from heaven she guards thy youth."

Hushed was darling Jemmy's laughter,
Drooped he like a flower wan,
Those sad words that Sabbath morning
Fell like night his heart upon;
Long he sobbed "Come back, sweet mama!"
All his young heart's glory gone.

Jemmy soon will reach proud manhood,
Our sweet childhood's years are o'er,
He in foreign climes in sorrow,
We upon a distant shore.
'Neath the smiling skies of Eire
We shall meet ah! never more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOO MISERABLE BY HALF.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

In the wide range of open country that meets the traveller's eye in one of our Northern States, there is no lovelier spot than Cedar Vale. The house was low, and rather quaint than elegant in its architecture. But before it was a wide sweep of lawn and river, forming the loveliest landscape in the world; behind it were cultivated fields and dense forests.

There came a time when for me all the sunshine seemed pressed out of the visible world; when life looked dark to me, and Hope turned aside her head and wept. Almost I had begun to doubt even the goodness of God, for sorrow had hung a dark curtain between me and the light of his countenance. I sickened of myself, the outward world, and human nature; and my day-dreams only yielded in the intensity of their horrors to those which assailed me at night. I did not know how much I needed the kind and gentle hand of a friend to be laid on my suffering heart; and yet such was the only remedy which would touch or mitigate my disorder.

I was walking one day through the crowded city, careless of the gay throngs that passed me, and thinking how utter and complete was the desolation of the crowded thoroughfare, when I felt some one touch my shoulder. Mechanically I turned round and met the gaze of an old friend whom I had not seen for years. It was the first touch of gladness which had visited me for many months, and I aroused myself sufficiently to give Hervey Mansfield something like a cordial greeting.

"Why, doctor," I exclaimed, "so far from Cedar Vale."

"Even so far from Cedar Vale," he answered, "yet only here on pressing business, and deeply anxious to get back the moment I can accomplish it. Nothing would tempt me to stay in your confounded city twenty-four hours longer! How you can exist here at all is a great mystery to me!"

I related to him briefly the sad and mournful experiences of the last few months, and received my friend's pitying and genuine sympathy. His full appreciation of my sorrow was in itself a balm to my heart, and I felt for the first time in my life, how fully such sympathy can reach the heart of the mourner.

My friend was a physician, deeply and devotedly attached to his profession, and by no means confining himself to the outward tokens of disease; he knew that they often lay far deeper than can be seen by those who only look superficially. Over me at this time he seemed almost to possess a mesmeric power, and I yielded at once to its influence.

"You are looking pale and ill, also, Herbert," said my friend. "Come home with me to Cedar Vale, and leave this dusty city for those who have strength and spirits to endure it."

I looked up into his good, honest face, and saw such an expression of genuine heartiness in the invitation, that I felt prompted to accept it at once.

"But your father and mother, Hervey," I said—"how will they like to have a visitor thrust thus unceremoniously upon them?"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Herbert. They remember your last visit, and still speak of it with pleasure; besides which, you know that I am an only son, and my happiness makes theirs. So you need have no scruples on that score, but come at once."

"When do you leave?" I asked.

"This afternoon at four o'clock. I am impatient to get away."

I agreed to meet him at the station, and parted from him to pack my portmanteau for the journey.

A railway car is no place for conversation or sight-seeing; but we were amply remunerated the last five miles of our journey, for the railway extended no nearer Cedar Vale, and the doctor had left his chaise at the station. Sad as I was, I could not shut my eyes to the beauties which everywhere surrounded us, and my friend's conversation fairly drew me away from my sadness.

An hour's rapid driving brought us under the shadow of the old quaint gateway, in time to see the most glorious of sunsets. The elder Mr. Mansfield met us at the door, and gave me a hearty welcome, which was echoed by his wife, as we entered the pleasant parlor where she sat. Her greeting to her son was as warm as though he had been absent months instead of days.

"How is Anstice, mother?" asked the doctor.

"Much better," she answered, "but still unable to come down stairs. Will you go to her a moment before tea? She will perhaps expect you."

He replied by running swiftly up the broad staircase, and I heard a sound of joyful welcome as he entered the room above.

I was aware that Harvey had no sister, and concluded that "Anstice" must be some child who might be visiting Cedar Vale, for the laugh with which she greeted him was as low as an infant's. He came down soon, and we did ample justice to the delicious country supper. The old lady's steaming Hyson was equalled only by the thick rolling cream and nice white biscuit, flanked on each side by delicate preserves; while a cold chicken was considerately added to the evening meal for the benefit of the travellers. After this we had a walk under the rich August moon; we then separated for the night. How delicious seemed the wide airy room with its wealth of white dimity hangings, its cool straw mattings, and the rich vines trailing over its windows. I had not experienced a sensation of such peace and comfort as now came upon me in the quiet home of my friend for many months. Sleep visited my eyelids unaccompanied by the horrors of which I had dreamed for some time previous; and I woke refreshed and invigorated in body and spirit.

The doctor was awaiting me in the pleasant breakfast-room, the windows of which were curtained only by the soft green of a trailing grape vine. As we sat down to the luxurious breakfast, I observed that Hervey was selecting the most delicate food, and placing it on a small tray.

"Take this up to Anstice," he said to the servant in attendance. A smile which his mother exchanged with him brought a deep blush on his brown, manly cheek.

"Surely, this Anstice can be no child," I said to myself; but in the earnest and interesting conversation, in which we were soon engaged, I forgot to ask any question respecting her.

After breakfast, Hervey went out to visit his patients, and I took a stroll in the garden. Returning, he joined me there, and began to select the finest and rarest flowers, tossing them carelessly into a small basket, which he found lying on a seat in the summer house. As we returned to the house, I noticed that he again ran up stairs, and again I heard the low, musical laugh.

A week passed in this manner, every day bringing me some fresh proof of my friend's devotion to the invisible being, whom I still thought of only as a child. One morning at breakfast, Mrs. Mansfield announced that Anstice would be able to leave the room.

"You had better take her down in your arms, Hervey," said she, "if you feel perfectly able to do so."

I looked at the strong, commanding form of Dr. Hervey Mansfield, as he rose from the table, and wondered what should hinder him from bringing so light a burden as a child down the broad, easy staircase.

"Can't I help you, Hervey?" said I, playfully; and was rather puzzled at the honest and unconscious way in which he answered, that he thought he should be able to take her down with some little assistance from the servant girl. He left the room, and as I passed into the parlor, I observed that a couch was prepared there, as for an invalid, just under the vine-shaded window. In a few minutes I heard a stir upon the staircase, and made my exit through one of the long windows, thinking that I might annoy the sick child. Half an hour afterwards, Hervey beckoned to me from the door. I joined him immediately, and leading me forward to the couch, he introduced me in his own cordial manner to Miss Milford. I believe that I blushed deeply, for instead of the child whom I expected to see, I beheld a beautiful young lady, whose bright color and rounded form showed that at least she had been no sufferer from illness. One delicate foot peeped out from among the folds of her white muslin dress; the other was enveloped in flannel, and lay upon a cushion.

The solution of the whole matter was, I now thought, before me. I saw it all in the doctor's handsome and satisfied face, as he bent down benignly over the recumbent beauty. She looked up at him fondly and admiringly, as he was explaining to me the nature of the accident which had kept her confined so long to her room. It had been done, he said, in jumping from her horse, "carelessly, too," he added, "for what were men fit for but to wait on these slender creatures?"

There was something in the countenance of Anstice Milford, which reminded me of one whom I had loved and lost. The same calm, clear blue eye, the same confiding look, and the same small, beautifully-shaped head—all reminded me of my buried love. It came upon me so sadly, and with such deep force, that my heart uttered a deep cry. It was as though the image of my lost Caroline was suddenly placed before me.

I breathed nothing of this, however, to any mortal; and days, and even weeks passed by, and no thought came into my heart of Anstice Milford, except as the beloved of my friend Hervey. To her he was all devotion, and as she became convalescent, his attentions were as marked as ever. She could now walk slowly about the garden, and at the hours in which he visited his patients, I became her sole attendant. Looking at her as the future wife of my friend, I experienced for her only a tender friendship. At least I thought so; and even now my heart acquits me of all disloyalty towards Hervey Mansfield.

As time went on, we walked and rode together in the hours of his absence; and I know not whether it was most painful or pleasing to me to watch the gentle, confiding manner which she invariably used towards me. I thought I knew her feelings perfectly—that she looked upon me as Hervey's friend, and wished to make me her own. How well I accepted the trust, time showed.

Up to this time I had been perfectly ignorant of the manner in which she became an inmate of my friend's family. On this subject, Hervey's mother was kind enough to enlighten me. Hervey had once saved her from drowning, while she was under the care of her aunt. Anstice was an orphan almost from her birth, and was brought up entirely by her mother's sister. Mrs. Elwood had suffered the little creature to run at large, and she was thereby continually meeting with accidents.

On one occasion she had undertaken to paddle a boat, and lost her balance. Hervey Mansfield was just passing, and risked his own life to save her. This happened in the river, which runs just below Cedar Vale, and she, of course, was carried thither. From that time she made long and frequent visits to Mrs. Mansfield, who would gladly have adopted her for their own. It was on one of these visits that she had met with the accident which had so long confined her to her room.

Hervey treated her with the fondest care, such as one would bestow on a petted child—just such affection, in fact, as I had always supposed Hervey Mansfield would show to one whom he intended to make his wife. I found, however, to my consternation, that these walks and rides with Anstice were doing me a positive injury. Not that I was unfaithful to Hervey Mansfield, or his interests, but my heart began to tell me that I was loving Anstice too well, and I resolved to terminate my visit as soon as possible.

I told Hervey that I must go. He combated my resolution in his own frank, hearty manner, begged me not to think of such a thing, and declared that he was not going to have his month's work spoiled by having me fall into low spirits again, as I should inevitably do, if I went back into my bachelor's den. He called upon his mother and Anstice to try their persuasions to induce me to stay longer; and when I pleaded business, he turned away with a half-irritated, half-incredulous air.

I knew my own weakness, however, best, and left them in spite of their earnest entreaties for me to prolong my visit. Hervey's prediction proved true. My spirits relapsed into a still more despondent mood, and in a fit of desperation I embarked for Europe. Driven by a restless spirit, I wandered from place to place, visiting every scene of interest, yet bearing about with me a sad heart, and I suppose as sad a countenance. I passed much of my time in the picture galleries of Europe. There were faces constantly meeting my sight that wore the blended features of Caroline Ashton and Anstice Milford, and those I gazed upon long and sadly.

There were living faces, also, that captivated my imagination, if they did not appeal to my heart. Nay, I am not sure that, bachelor as I was, I was not always proof against the fascinations of the beautiful Italians. But after all, I was true to my first loves; the flashing black eyes and midnight hair of Gabrielle d'Este paled before the remembrance of the sunny locks and bright blue eyes of those whom I had worshipped in other climes. Those who cling pertinaciously to the idea that the heart can have but one love, may sneer at the blending of these two images; and yet the twofold love had really settled in my soul into one and the same.

I had made an engagement one day to visit some ruins, which were said to be the finest in Italy. The day was glorious, and the sky that bent above us was such as that land of beauty alone can present. Every tree and hill rose up sharply against the sky, strongly and well defined, and were mirrored softly in the silver streams and quiet lakelets that were dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, or sleeping in their quiet beauty beneath the hillsides.

We started on horseback, in the early morning, reaching our destination about nine o'clock. We were vexed at finding that a party had preceded us, and we took pains to avoid them by going to a distant part of the ruins. I had lagged behind, however, to secure my horse, and my party had already gone in advance of me, when I heard my name called out by a voice which seemed familiar, although I could not remember when, or where I had heard it. I looked up, and among the group that had first arrived, I recognized the frank, sunny countenance of my friend, the doctor. He looked elate with happiness, and coming towards me with his cordial, earnest manner, as of old, shook my hand affectionately, and begged me to join his party. The thought of Anstice Milford came over me; and when he added that he wished to introduce me to his wife, all the old jealousy came up with fourfold intensity.

I pleaded engagements with others, but it was of no use; he fairly dragged me to his circle, where my eyes were bewildered by the sight of several beautiful women. I heard Hervey's voice introducing me to his wife, and I looked up and saw Anstice—Anstice herself, even more beautiful than in former days—and still another, larger and more noble beauty beside her. Both were proffering their hands, and I was trying to call Anstice Mrs. Mansfield, but the words died on my lips; and making an apology that I must join my party, I left them, Hervey earnestly entreating me to return and spend the day with them, which I promised to do, if I could persuade the others to do the same. I walked slowly enough to the place where my friends were sitting; my mind was full of sweet and bitter fancies. Anstice, with her full and glorious beauty, was then really lost to me forever—and yet I had not the heart to grudge her to my noble friend.

By the time I arrived I had preached a lesson of patience and forbearance to my heart, and fancied myself quite a hero in thus trying to subdue my feelings. I found my friends ready and eager to go back, as the place where Hervey had seated himself was decidedly the most picturesque part of the ruins. We therefore joined them again, and introducing my party to Hervey, I left to him the task of performing the same ceremony to his companions.

I found Anstice willing, and in fact earnest to enter into conversation with me, and we passed a pleasant hour in recalling old memories of Cedar Vale. As to Hervey, his attention seemed to be equally divided between Anstice and her whom I called the lofty beauty; but as I had not caught her name, I could not as yet address her.

The day wore pleasantly on. Almost I caught the inspiration of gayety, that breathed out so fully from Hervey and his companions. I could not complain of Anstice, for she bestowed on me all the attention that any friend of the doctor's could reasonably expect—nay, even more than I had a right to expect; for must she not have remembered my devotion at Cedar Vale? Still, it was kind in her thus to forget all the past, and to treat me as her husband's friend. Nor was the other beauty behind her in attentions to myself; and as I gazed upon the glorious eyes and magnificent brow of her whom both Hervey and Anstice called Cecile, I thought how well she would have been fitted to be the wife of my friend; and I could not help wishing that he had left Anstice to one who would have loved her as fondly, to say the least, as himself.

We rode home under the bright moonlight, and I was astonished to see that Hervey left his wife to my care, while he himself escorted Cecile. I took the opportunity to inquire after all my old friends at Cedar Vale, and found that Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield still lived in the full tide of health and happiness.

"We are a happy family, I assure you, now," said Anstice, "especially since Cecile has come among us."

"Indeed," I said. "I knew nothing of this new relation before; I perceive that you call her cousin."

"Yes, she is Hervey's cousin, and, of course," said she, smiling, "she must be mine also."

We parted at the door of my hotel, and I consigned Anstice to the care of the doctor. All three pressed me for an early visit, and for a whole week, I went day after day to sun myself in the smiles of the two fair ladies. There was one peculiarity that struck me in the behaviour of the two; and that was, that when Hervey was absent, Cecile showed signs of unmistakable impatience and anxiety, while Anstice was calm, serene and happy.

Truth to tell, I now sought Cecile's society much oftener than that of Anstice. Indeed, our conversations, especially on the subject of marriage, became exceedingly confidential. So familiar had we become, that Cecile often rallied me on my choosing a single life; and one day she sent an electric chain throughout my whole being, by exclaiming, "Why in the world, Mr. Linton, do you not marry Anstice Milford?" I looked at her in blank dismay. Had Cecile heard of my blind attachment to Anstice?—and was she amusing herself at my expense?

I could not believe it of one so habitually kind and friendly, and I gasped out a demand for an explanation of her meaning. She looked aghast, as if feeling conscious that some mistake had been committed, not knowing what. Indeed, we both sat blushing and stammering, until Hervey came in with his light, ringing step, and sitting down by Cecile, he asked her, tenderly, what was the matter.

"I cannot tell," she said, "except that I must have asked Mr. Linton a very unfortunate question."

Hervey saw at once that there was something really serious between us, and asked her what could be the question that had disturbed us both so deeply.

"I simply inquired," she said, "half-seriously, half-jestingly, why he did not marry my dear cousin. I know now that it must have been an improper question, and I sincerely beg Mr. Linton's pardon for my rudeness."

"There is no apology necessary, Miss Mansfield," I said—I had always called her Miss Mansfield, as I understood that she was the elder Mr. Mansfield's niece—"I can readily forgive you, although I must confess to you both that the question touched a sore place in my heart. I did like Miss Milford, and could I have won her love, I would have resigned her to no person on earth, except to my friend Hervey. He alone deserves her, and I am glad that he has won the prize."

I cannot describe to you, reader, the look of blank surprise which pervaded the countenances of both Hervey and Cecile. Never was astonishment more strongly depicted. My friend looked as though he thought me mad, and Cecile's beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"There is some mistake here," she said, a little proudly, I thought, "which no one but Miss Milford can clear up. I will send her to you, Mr. Linton. "Come, Hervey," she said, playfully, as she clasped her small hands round his arm, "we will leave them together. This must be some lovers' quarrel, which we may only widen by intermeddling with."

It was my turn to look astonished, and I did it with all my might. Hervey took Cecile away, and returned with Anstice on his arm.

"I cannot tell what thought has taken possession of our friend; but if the idea was not too preposterous, I should almost think that he believed me to be married to you, Aostice, instead of to Cecile."

What a fool I had been! Now that the solution was before me, it seemed so stupid of me not to have read the riddle aright. What could Anstice—what could Cecile have thought of me? I didn't care at all for Hervey. I could make it all right enough with him, but to stand committed in the eyes of two beings like the others, was more than I, sensitive bachelor that I was, could bear with equanimity. An hour's conversation with Hervey set everything right; and he was even traitor enough to betray to me that Anstice Milford had more than a passing liking for my humble self.

"I love her next to Cecile," said the doctor, "and I shall be glad to bestow her upon you whenever you see fit to make the demand."

Again the doctor, remembering my ludicrous mistake, burst out into a long and hearty laugh, for which I forgave him in consideration of the crumb of comfort which he had just bestowed on me.

The wooing was begun under Italian skies, and completed in the following September amid the beautiful shades of Cedar Vale—an arrangement which seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, who had been patiently awaiting the return of their children, and who seemed to look upon me only as another link of the chain which bound all of their hearts together.

A beautiful cottage, in the immediate neighborhood of Cedar Vale, belonging to a gentleman who was about leaving America to take up his residence in Germany, was for sale, with all its furniture and appurtenances, of which I became the joyful possessor. It was so pleasant to think that I should ever be under the influence of Hervey Mansfield's hopeful and trusting spirit; and my marriage with Anstice was like taking out a new lease of life. What had become of the faithless and untrustful thoughts which I had cherished before coming to Cedar Vale?

"Even for the dead I would not bind my soul to grief." And even as the dead face of Caroline Ashton had mingled with that of Anstice, in the picture galleries at Florence, so the two became now in my mind one and indivisible.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRAVELLING MANIA.

BY MRS. E. WILLMONT.

The habit of travelling had become a second nature to the Bly family. Not a single soul of them could content themselves at home six weeks at a time during the whole year. For this reason they never had any quiet enjoyment in any place. We have often looked in upon them when some member of the eight children was sick, and supposed there could be no desire then to leave the darkened chamber, where everything was arranged with exquisite skill to make one comfortable; but still the words re-echoed, "we are hoping soon to be able to carry our child into the country," or, if at their country residence, "they did believe a trip to the seaside, or a journey to Niagara, would operate as a charm upon his or her debility." It is not a little curious to observe the accommodating spirit of physicians in recommending prescriptions which exactly take well with their patients. Dr. Blunt always told Mrs. Bly a "change was necessary," and she fully endorsed the sentiment.

And there sat the little pale seamstress, not allowing herself time to wipe the perspiration from her wearied and aching head, for the fifth flounce must be set upon Arabella's dress before tomorrow morning at seven o'clock, when she must take the cars for a western tour. Beside this, full a dozen pair of hose lay unmended upon the table, the eyelets to half a dozen pairs of boots need repairing, and a stitch here and there in this and that frock, that had been carelessly switched against a nail or other projection, all were ranged in the workroom, to be successively attended to in proper order. This same Arabella was sitting in a drawing-room below, ensconced in a recumbent chair, fanning herself with great velocity, listening to every sound of the bell, since it lacked but three minutes of the time to the engagement Mr. Faber, the German flutist, had made to accompany her to Nahant that morning. Five minutes from this time he arrived; the coach conveyed them to the boat, and the eldest daughter without care or trouble had rolled away for the day.

Busily our seamstress pursued her task—the last time she looked out being upon the pair who had just left the house; then she more actively pursued her labors, as her thoughts took a discursive range. Now and then the low snatches of a song might be heard—the seamstress was picturing the probable end to the career of Miss Arabella. The young lady had told her some of her secrets, for it was ascertained long since, that although Malvina was obliged to work for a living, yet she had much common sense, and an education which would compare with many young ladies of higher pretensions. But her parents had died young, and the guardian of the orphan had carefully invested three hundred dollars for her, as her marriage portion, and to meet her daily expenses, and to secure for herself a home. She had been recommended to Mrs. Bly as "apt with the needle."

Malvina, too, had a lover. He was no French professor, nor Italian tourist, nor German philosopher, nor English nobleman; but a plain farmer's son, born and bred in her native village, of a good practical education, correct moral character, and a decent patrimony in expectancy. She had told Arabella of "her John," and had read to her random parts of his letters, and Arabella wondered how such a young man could express himself so happily. There can be no doubt but that the seamstress's engagement lightened all the labors she was called upon to perform. The compensation for her services mitigated her pain, and the prospect of a vacation when she should meet "John," made her more unmindful of her increasing debility.

By four o'clock she had completed the fifth flounce; she shook out the dress before the admiring gaze of the mother, who remarked "it ought to look well, as it cost thirty-five dollars, and should be carefully worn; but young ladies now-a days had not much care of their apparel." The boas, the hoops, the torn frocks were all completed, ready to be packed for the journey, twilight had deepened into darkness, the bells had rung the nine o'clock concert, and no Arabella came. Mr Bly had been to the wharf where the boat landed, but nothing but the waves and a few merry boatmen met his gaze. He had glanced into more than one confectioner's saloon, had extended his walk both south and west, but there were no traces of his daughter; and with a disappointed heart he returned back with the most painful forebodings. Malvina was sent to search the chamber Arabella occupied, to ascertain if any scrap of writing or other clue could be found to account for her strange absence. The "Sorrows of Werter"—the romantic girl's idea of true love—lay upon her dressing-table, scored and marked in all its pathetic sentences, and a note on tinted rose paper protruded from the fly-leaf. Malvina, with her sacred regard to honor, carried it unopened to her mother, who read its contents amidst alternate sobs, and tears, and hysterical emphasis.

"My friends, call me not a blinded fool; say not I am the dupe of a mystical German lover; tell me not about severing the ties of kindred and friends at home. I am not mad when I tell you that there is only one true love that the heart ever knows; that mine is the concentration of a long struggle, a deep passion, an uncontrollable affection, all pledged to a responding heart worthy to return the sacred flame, and keep it burning brightly. Yes, Julius Faber, when you read this, will be *my husband* by legal right as he has long been my heart's idol. Do not grieve for me. I do not poverty; I am not disgraced; nothing remains for me but to wed and be happy. I have traveled until I am weary with sight-seeing—am sick of seaside and mountain scenery. Nothing that is grand or sublime in nature moves me; nothing fills my soul but a life of prospective enjoyment with my own Julius. We sail for Germany to-morrow—not Nahant, as you supposed. I am provided with suitable apparel. Do not grieve, my dear parents, over my complete happiness and the accomplishment of my long cherished purpose. We may meet again. A kiss for my father and mother, brothers and sisters, from ARABELLA."

Driven to frenzy, on the verge of desperation, Mrs. Bly could not think of remaining at home and brooding over her sorrows. "Could not the daughter's conduct be concealed? Need the world know but that they were aware of her departure?" There was comfort in these thoughts. Malvina and Mr. Bly only were in the mother's secret, and they would be silent. Mrs. Bly wiped her tears away, and her hopefulness returned. The three younger children would accompany her; the others were sent to different localities, the house was closed, the trunks upon the pavement, the coach-horses pawed, and Mrs. Bly and her three little ones, in one week from her daughter's elopement, were at a fashionable watering-place—Arabella not being missed among the crowd.

And how the opposite neighbors envied Mrs. Bly her indulgent husband, and her quiet, easy disposal of her children, and her rural enjoyments, and her fashionable trips! They wondered why it fell to their hard lot to always stay at home and drudge. Those with no families could not shut up their houses for fear of burglars; those with many children were always detained by sickness, or expected country cousins, or more generally because "the times were so hard," and board in "favored localities was so high." Nothing save a picnic in a burning hot sun, or a trip down the harbor when the silvery surface of the water put their eyes out and blistered their faces, or a ninepenny excursion on the horse railroad; these were all the enjoyments they could afford—and what pleasure was there in all this? To be happy, one must go from home—board in a luxurious hotel, dress like a duchess, look upon flirting maidens and silly coxcombs, or old beaux rejuvenated, color your hair, if gray, iron out your wrinkles and crows-feet by "Rowland's Kalydor," have a new upper and under set furnished by the dentist as "temporary," buy lace basques, silk flounces, sets of Honiton lace, an imitation diamond set of jewelry. And those who happen to be blessed with precocious responsibilities, why they must not be overlooked, for they are acquainted with young ladies who ride on horseback with nice young men—and this implies they must have a suit appropriate—and Master Buck drives his tame steed, and carries on a flirtation with Anna. All the while the old folks only look upon them as "mere children, determined to have a good time in their summer vacations." Well, I have not wandered from my story; for all this was just what the young Blys were doing, notwithstanding their sister's elopement stood so recently before their mother as a "horrible, unnatural thing."

And how was it with our stay-at-home neighbors? A paragraph in the evening paper informs them that "last evening some daring burglar entered No. 43 —— Street, the residence of Mr. Bly, and abstracted all the plate and other valuables, carrying off property to the amount of several thousand dollars; that the family are sojourning at Misty Springs, where one child lies dangerously ill, and the eldest one is suffering from a sprained ankle, and the third has dislocated his thigh by being thrown from a horse."

Poor Mr. Bly returns back to enter his premises—his neighbors gather in friendly sympathy—no trace of the thief is found; but the story has leaked out that Arabella has never been to Germany, and Julius has been seen surveying the premises in the family's absence, and they all seem to feel if travelling from place to place produces *such* results, the greater benefit results in staying at home, provided one does not leave home under favorable auspices. But Mr. and Mrs. Bly have engaged their passage to go to England the coming autumn, with the exception of two children, who prefer to go and live with Malvina the seamstress, who is now married to John, and lives upon a farm, where she works hard but enjoys the comforts of a good home. What she saved from her wages in flounce-making, etc., has furnished her parlor and spare chamber with every little requisite to give a comfortable air to her dwelling. She moralizes upon outward show and mistaken ideas of happiness, and finally concludes, as all sensible people must, that if one cannot be happy at home, it is pretty certain they will not be abroad.

HON. AMASA J. PARKER.

The career of Judge Parker, of New York, of whom a correct likeness engraved expressly for us is presented on this page, affords a striking example of the results of energy, determination and industry, and an encouragement to young men to struggle on manfully in the battle of life. The ancestors of Judge Parker were of the old Puritan blood of New England, and residents in the western part of Connecticut for successive generations. Amasa Parker and Thomas Fenn, his paternal and maternal grandfathers, were soldiers of the Revolution, and widely respected for the sterling virtues of their character—the latter filling various offices of public trust. He was for thirty-eight successive sessions a member of the State legislature. Both were residents, throughout their lives, of the county of Litchfield, in the above State. Amasa J. Parker—the son of Rev. Daniel Parker, for nearly twenty years pastor of the Congregational society of Ellsworth, Connecticut—

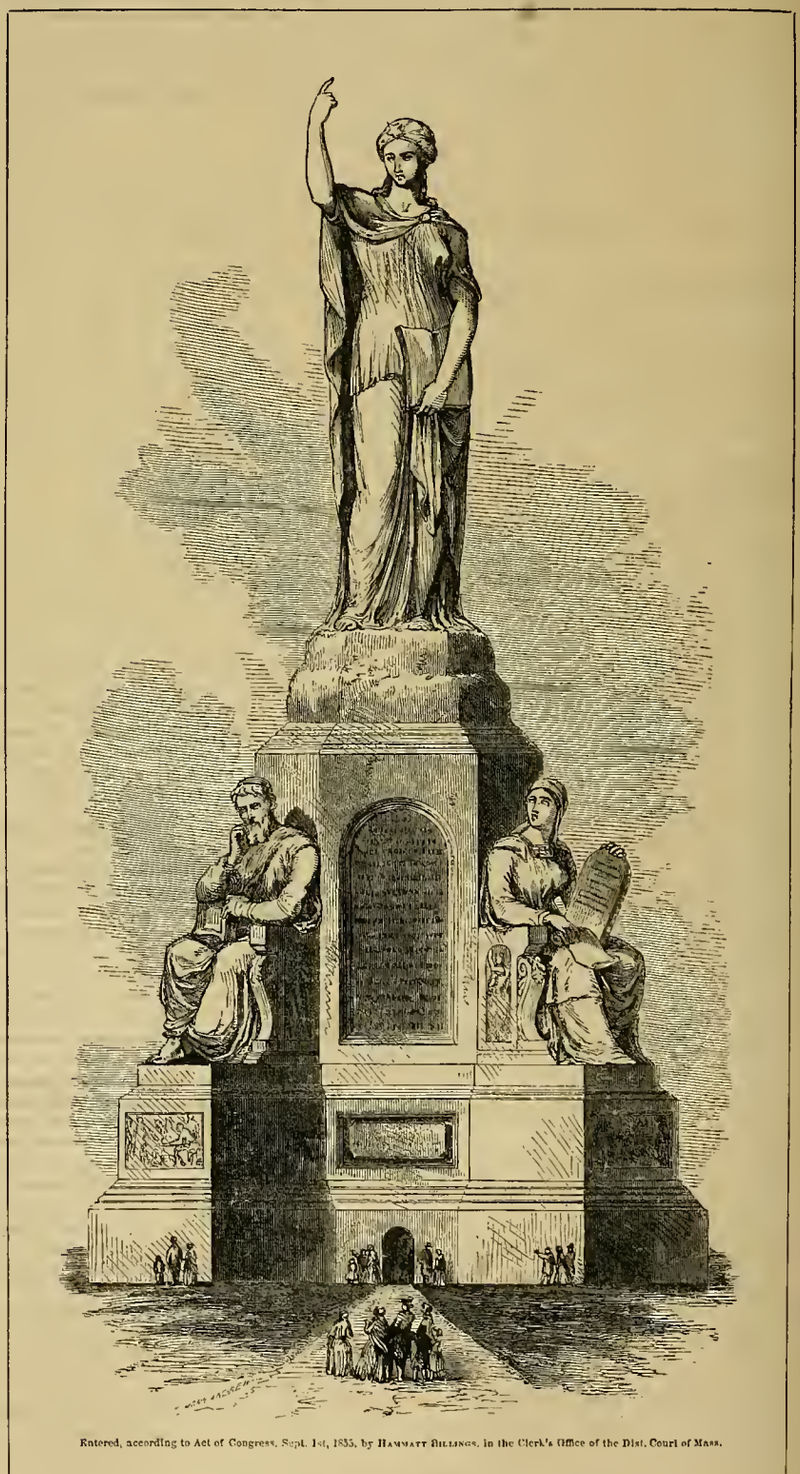


HON. AMASA J. PARKER.

was born in Sharon, in the same State. In 1816, his father removed to Greenville, Greene county, New York, to take charge of the academy. Young Parker here commenced the study of Latin at the age of nine years; continuing at the academy for two years, he was then removed to Hudson Academy, where he pursued his studies diligently, and finally completed an extensive course in the city of New York. The devoted attention of his father, and of the best teachers of his day, was rewarded by the zeal and diligence of the pupil, whose ardor was such, that at the age of sixteen he had completed the usual collegiate course. Such were his accomplishments, that, notwithstanding his youth, he was made principal of the Hudson Academy, and held the position for four years. Under his supervision the academy was placed in a most prosperous condition, and attained a wide reputation; and such was his youth, that many of his pupils, since distinguished, were older than himself. He was not up to that time a college graduate; but in consequence of a rival academy adducing this as an objection to the young principal, he, in July, 1825, caused himself to be examined at Union College for the entire collegiate course. He passed the ordeal triumphantly, graduated with the senior class, and obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and afterwards, in due course, received the degree of Master of Arts. After graduating, he resumed his duty at the academy; and during the latter portion of his career here he entered the office of the present Judge John W. Edmonds, then of Hudson, to prosecute the study of law. In the spring of 1827 he resigned his trust as principal of the Hudson Academy, and at the age of twenty removed to Delhi, in the county of Delaware, where his uncle, Col. Amasa Parker, a lawyer of distinction, was practising his profession. He entered the office of his uncle, finished his studies, and in 1828, at the age of twenty-one, was admitted to the bar. He then became a partner of his uncle, and for fifteen years a very large practice engaged the attention of the firm. As a lawyer, he displayed the same assiduity and zeal which had characterized him as a teacher and as a student. He was always distinguished for the energy of his character, and promptitude of his business habits. It was a rule of his office that no business letter should remain on the table unanswered over a single return mail. He had great facility in the despatch of business, and with his untiring industry and application, and the admirable system adopted and enforced in his law office, the amount of business transacted was as large as it was various in character. Entering into political life, as a member of the Democratic party, he was elected to the legislature, and by that body chosen a regent of the university—the youngest man ever before or since that time made a member of that distinguished body. At twenty-nine, he was elected to Congress without opposition, served with distinction on several important committees, and distinguished himself by sound speeches on the great questions of the day. In 1844, he was appointed circuit judge of the third district, and removed to Albany, which has since been his residence. The same promptness and system which distinguished him as a lawyer, characterized him as a judge, and enabled him to perform a vast amount of business. It was in 1845, while holding the Delaware circuit, that the energy of his character was strikingly manifested. The county was in a state of insurrection. The anti-renters had set the laws at defiance, civil officers had been shot down in the discharge of their duty, the military had been called out, and the county jails were filled with prisoners charged with every grade of crime, from murder down to misdemeanor. At the end of the third week of the session of the court, Judge Parker had disposed of every case; the jails were cleared, the offenders sentenced, and the majesty of the law successfully vindicated. The firmness of the judge, the mercy that tempered his justice, disarmed all opposition, and restored peace to the county. In 1846, at the expiration of his term of office, he was elected Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, receiving the votes, not only of his own party, but a large number from the opposition. He is now the Democratic candidate for the office of governor of New York. His career affords a striking proof of what may be accomplished by the power of industry, perseverance and integrity.

PILGRIM MONUMENT, AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.

A miniature model of the monument modelled by J. A. Jackson, Esq., from the architect's drawing, has been on exhibition at the Fair of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association. This is merely a sketch, intended by the artist to give a more accurate general idea of the form and proportions, than could be done by a drawing. It is proposed to make this monument—as indeed it should be, both by reason of its purpose and its magnitude—a national work; one in which the people shall all possess that interest which we can only feel in that which is in the strictest sense our own. The memory of the forefathers belongs to us all; a memorial to them should also belong to all. With this feeling, arrangements have been made for a universal contribution of twenty-five cents from each individual throughout the country. None certainly can decline on account of want of means; and the spirit of intolerance which would deny a tribute to the worth and the virtues of the Pilgrims on account of their human shortcomings, scarcely casts a shadow over the universal liberality of feeling of the 19th century. Need we say to our readers, "Let every man subscribe?" Throughout the length and breadth of this land—now so filled with blessings, so prosperous, so happy—the spirit which actuated the pilgrims to leave home, friends, and the blessings of civilized life, and encounter the perils and hardships of the wilderness, has been and still is the moving impulse. Love of liberty—hatred of oppression; regard for the rights of others—invincible determination to hold our own. This it is which has made us a great and powerful nation; which has covered the land with our villages, towns, cities—the sea with our fleets of every sail and motive power; which is developing the riches of our mines; drawing to us the wealth of the ocean and of distant climes; conquering the elements to our use; crowning our prosperity with new advances of knowledge; with increase of intellectual and moral as well as physical greatness. We have thus adverted to our indebtedness to the Pilgrim Fathers as a fitting introduction to a description of the stupendous monument which is now being erected at Plymouth, from designs by Hammatt Billings, in grateful remembrance of their privations and sacrifices, and of the eventful sequel to their history. A monument unlike all others in the world in its purpose, and which will far exceed all others, at least of modern times, in the grandeur of the scale upon which it is to be executed. The national monument to the forefathers was originated by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, as a suitable manner of expressing the reverence in which the American people hold the memory of this portion of its illustrious ancestors, and of recording the events which have had so much influence in forming the character of our institutions. It is to be entirely of granite, with the exception of the panels and alto reliefs. The centre portion of the structure is an octagonal pedestal, eighty-three feet high, upon which stands a figure of Faith, rising to the height of seventy feet above the platform of the pedestal—so that the whole monument will rise one hundred and fifty-three feet above the earth upon which it rests. Faith is here represented as standing upon a rock, holding in her left hand an open Bible, while the other hand is uplifted towards heaven. From the four smaller faces of the main pedestal project wings, or buttresses, upon which are seated figures emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrim Fathers proposed to found their commonwealth. These are Morality, Law, Education and Freedom. The sides of the seats upon which they sit are decorated with niches, in which are statues appropriate to the figures above. Upon the larger faces of the main pedestal are panels which are intended to contain records of the names of the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower," the events of the voyage, the prominent events in the early history of the colony, and the events which occurred previous to their departure from Delft Haven. Upon smaller panels placed below these are to be inscribed events connected with the Pilgrim Society, and the erection of the monument, with an appropriate dedication. All of these panels are to be of porphyry, serpentine, or other hard stone; and the inscriptions are to be inlaid with white marble. Upon the faces of the wing-pedestals are panels designed to contain alto-reliefs of the "Departure from Delft Haven," the "Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower," the "Landing at Plymouth," and the "First Treaty with the Indians." These sculptures are to be of white marble—that stone being susceptible of greater delicacy in delineating the subjects. In the main pedestal is a chamber twenty-four feet in diameter; and from the floor of this a stone staircase leads to the platform upon which stands the principal figure. The pedestal is eighty feet in breadth at the base; and the sitting figures upon the wings are forty feet high in their position. The figures in the panels are eighteen feet in height. In magnitude, the monument will far exceed any monumental structure of modern times. The figure of Faith will be larger than any known statue, excepting that of the great Ramses, now overthrown, and the Colossus of Rhodes. To ensure the utmost accuracy in the realization of the design, models of the statues are to be made of the full size. The construction of these models alone will occupy about four years from August, 1855. The estimated cost is somewhat over half a million of dollars. The work is under the direction of a committee of the Board of Trustees of the Pilgrim Society, consisting of the following gentlemen:—Hon. John H. Clifford, William Thomas, Samuel Nicolson, Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Chas. G. Davis and Eleazer C. Sherman, Esq.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, Sept. 1st, 1855, by HAMMATT BILLINGS, in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of Mass.

THE MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIMS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH.

There is no climate in the world more delightful than that of New England in mid-autumn. The pure, mild yet bracing air, the sunshine, the rich tints of the foliage, the golden haze of the distance, all combine to exert the happiest influence upon the human frame and the human heart. The awakening of devotional feelings is an ordinary consequence of such genial influences. One of those days we have glanced at, coinciding with the Sabbath, is enjoyed in completest and fullest manner. We have always thought, that even if we had lost our reckoning of days, we could distinguish a Sabbath in the country, long before the music of the steeples in the valleys announced its advent—long before the absence of laborers from the fields denoted the welcome day of rest. A peculiar tranquillity seems to reign throughout nature's wide domain; the very winds seem to whisper reverentially as they sweep through the bronzed arches of the old oak wood; the birds spring aloft in the blue air more fearlessly, and the gray squirrel crosses your path with a bolder tread. If this be purely fancy—it is still a fancy that we love to cherish. One of these peerless Sabbath days it was our lot to enjoy lately in the environs of the city, far enough removed from its clatter and bustle.

As we passed from the sunshine and the gay garniture of the woods into the cool quiet of the village church, the words of the first hymn harmonized sweetly with the thoughts and feelings awakened by the genial autumn morning—"frosty but kindly:"

> "Giver of sunshine and of rain!
> Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
> Fountain of light that, rayed afar,
> Fills the vast urns of sun and star.
>
> Who send'st thy storms and frosts to bind
> The plagues that rise to waste mankind;
> Then breathest, o'er the naked scene,
> Spring gales, and life, and tender green."

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE

We shall commence in next week's Pictorial a highly interesting Revolutionary romance of loyalty and love, under the above title. The plot of this story enters fully into the historical incidents of those exciting times, and is treated with all the accomplished author's usual tact and power.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.—The continued success of this admirable place of amusement is contingent solely upon the intrinsic excellence of its performances, and the admirable manner in which it is conducted. It richly deserves all the abundant patronage it so surely enjoys.

SPLINTERS.

... Highway robberies are matters of frequent occurrence in the interior of the State of California, it is reported.

.... It is said that lawyers are getting scarce in London. Wonder if the great Babel is growing honest?

.... The total assessed wealth of the city of Providence, R. I., for the present year, is $58,064,576.

. Our neighbors in the city of Cambridge are rejoicing over the introduction of water from Fresh Pond.

.... The curious old printing-press of Benjamin Franklin has lately been on exhibition at Amory Hall.

.... President Pierce has announced his intention of settling down in New Hampshire on a farm.

.... Yankees differ from other folks by making money out of their "disadvantages"—rocks and ice.

.... Chartism is reviving in England: great political changes are in preparation there.

The Kabyles in Algeria are becoming troublesome to the French, who are marching in numbers against them.

.... The fortifications of Quebec are being put in repair, and all the works materially strengthened.

.... The Montreal Commercial advocates the division of Canada into three States, forming a Federal association.

... Mr. George Peabody declined to be lionized, accepting only the honors afforded by his native town.

.... A Mr. Mooney in Australia has broached the theory that gold was once animated matter.

.... The death of George Steers, the builder of the victorious yacht "America," is most widely lamented.

.... Meyerbeer's great opera, "The Star of the North," was brilliantly successful at the New York Academy.

.... There is a story floating around of a "mountain of silver" having been discovered in California. Guess not.

The Ladies Daily Companion asks whether the "steep and thorny path" can be travelled in hoops?

.. People who were not satisfied with our late autumnal weather must be very hard to please.

Competition is the soul of business—and so the managers of our four theatres find it.

.... The Indians have done a good deal of mischief, but Harney the terrible is among them.

.... There has been another revolution in South America—making the 4588th affair of the sort there.

.... Pierre Soulé, the statesman and orator, has purchased a ranch in Nicaragua for $50,000.

THE ALLIES OF DESPOTISM.

A few weeks since the anniversary of the first French revolution was celebrated in the city of New York by an assembly of so-called republicans, natives of France and Germany principally, but by no means representatives of those great countries. One of the orators, the one who received the most enthusiastic applause, delivered a most ferocious harangue, which would not have disgraced the Jacobin Club in its palmiest days. He eulogized all that was atrocious in the French revolution, slurring all that was good and great in its idea. His heroes were Robespierre, St. Just, Danton, Murat, the men of blood whose excesses excite horror and execration to the present day. He went in for a new revolution more prescriptive and sanguinary than the first. Expatiating on Proudhomme's idea, that "property is theft," this mild gentleman proposed cutting off the head of every man worth a dollar. As this would involve a most prodigious carnage, he proposes setting up a new "Marianne" (guillotine), to work by steam. The assembly that applauded these sentiments, coupled the name of Louis Napoleon with such epithets as "villain," "rogue," "rascal," "thief," "assassin," and other expressions and euphonious terms, never for once suspecting, in their ferocious stupidity, that it was to such crazy and degraded fanatics as themselves that Louis Napoleon owes his present position and power.

The vile excesses of the terrorists of '93 ruined the first French revolution and the hopes of liberty, and prepared France to bow submissively at the feet of one great man because he had the power and the will to crush the fatal minority of butchers that had ruled their country by the knife of the guillotine. Again, it was the dread of these dangerous enemies of society that gave a king instead of a republic to France in 1830. Eighteen years afterwards, when the whole world hailed with delight and sympathy the dethronement of a government which had lapsed into the old tyranny of the elder branch of the Bourbons, these ferocious terrorists demanded the red flag of revolution and carnage in the place of the Hotel de Ville, and at the point of the bayonet, when Lamartine, with ten thousand muskets levelled at his heart, refused to accord them a banner which had been "only trailed in the blood of Frenchmen through the Champ de Mars," and insisted on their accepting the tri-color which had made the tour of the globe in a halo of glory. But they rebelled against the republic a few weeks afterwards, and were only put down by a terrible effusion of blood. The terror inspired by the movements of such men, undermining the whole social fabric, has caused France to accept the despotism of the present emperor, with its restrictions on the press, its interdictions of liberty of speech and assemblage, and all its concomitant evils, as infinitely preferable to the sway of the axe, and the wholesale prostration of religion, industry, commerce, agriculture and art. Yes—the terrorists of '93 and of '56 are the best allies that despotism has, and, though small in numbers, work incalculable mischief to the cause of freedom.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

Sir Walter Scott said, that "if men could read each other's feelings, some who now sit so friendly at the dinner-table, would rise up in horror and fly from each other." Yes, and if every man should know what his dearest friend, one who would lay down his life for him, thought and said of him, at times, in his absence, even without the intention of wronging him, or without a diminution of respect or love for him, there would be no such thing as friendship in the world. We are so constituted that we cannot bear to hear the whole truth of ourselves, even from friendly lips; and friendship, like love, requires a blind devotion, like that which the Hindoo pays to his idol. Whatever a man may know of himself, he must believe that to his chosen friends he is something very near approaching to perfection.

WORKS BY WALTER MARCH.—That charming work, "Shoepac Recollections," by Walter Marcli, has reached a third edition, and which meets with a ready sale. The author has reason to be gratified with its success and with the warm encomiums it has elicited. French & Co, of this city have in press, from the same author, a novel with the *intrigant* title of "Face, an Army Memoir." It presents some phases of American life never before made the theme of the romance writer, and a glance at the proof sheets has excited in us a strong curiosity with regard to the volume.

A BULL.—A distinguished gentleman, on being written to for his autograph, replied by letter as follows: "Sir, I regret to say that I cannot comply with your request. To avoid importunities, I have made it a rule when asked for my autograph never to give it. Your obedient servant," &c.—here following the distinguished personage's name in full. Now the perpetrator of this bull was not a native of the Emerald Isle, but an honored American general.

THE COMING VOLUME.—We have some of the finest illustrations now in course of preparation for *Ballou's Pictorial*, that have ever been executed in this country. Vol. XII, which will commence on the first of January, it is resolved shall be unequalled on either side of the Atlantic.

MISQUOTING.—Deliberate misquotation is one of the commonest things in the world. There is not a deotist in the world but who is ready to asseverate upon his honor that Shakspeare wrote:

> "How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
> To have a toothless child."

VERY TRUE.—Franklin said "a newspaper and Bible in every house, and a good school in every district, are the principal supporters of virtue, morality and civil liberty."

AMUSEMENTS.

The gentleman who fed his pony on shavings, and whose economical experiment was defeated by the death of the animal in the moment of triumphant success, was no more fortunate in his plans than those would-be regulators of society, who would have men and women work from morning till midnight, day after day, week after week, and year after year, without relaxation or amusement. Just as the man is merged in the machine, and learns to go his rounds like a horse in a bark-mill, in a sudden fit of perversity he dies. Just as you get him to think that riding and fishing, walking and fencing, dancing, attending the theatre or concert-room, in moderation even, is a waste of time, you have to send for the doctor, or the undertaker, or the guardian of a lunatic asylum. Your model-worker becomes an "unpleasant body," as Mr. Mantilini says, on your hands. The fact is, that human nature craves relaxation and excitement—that they are the breath of its nostrils, the blood of its organization. He must have them. If you never turn out your horse to have a frolic in the green pasture, he will be off his feed and feed. The quadruped of the bark mill, to which we have referred above, is good for nothing on the road, and bark-mills are not favorable to equine longevity. As a people we are just beginning to discover these simple facts. As a people we have been overworking ourselves for eight or nine generations, and the system is beginning to tell on the *physique* of the men and women of to-day. The careworn look of our people tells the sad story at a glance. We do not give ourselves time for amusement—we have too few holidays—our recreations are too irregular, too few and far between. We stand in need of invigorating sports and plenty of healthy amusements. We should be more intellectual, even if we devoted less time and thought to the culture of the intellect. We should be more many-sided—less fanatical. We should enjoy a healthier old age. Fortunately there are a number of social reformers among us who are busy in the genial mission of teaching our people the duty and economy of more frequent relaxation, men satisfied that "all work and no play" is a short-sighted maxim, even in an economical point of view. We confidently expect that the next generation of Yankees will have shorter and ruddier faces than the present, and approach more nearly the Anglo-Saxon type than those we see about us. We have hopes that in time, our young men will be ashamed of carrying old heads upon their shoulders, and exhibiting narrow chests, spindle shanks, and febrile and precocious intellects.

THE REASON.—"Where did I get such a nose as this, doctor?" asked a lady of Abernethy. "Out of the decanter, ma'am," was the cool reply.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. John Barnard to Miss Selina G. Lakeman; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William H. Bates to Miss Mary Cobb; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Edward Stout to Miss Isabella Gawler; by Rev. Mr Stockbridge, Purser Charles W. Abbot, U. S. N., to Miss Annie F. Smith, both of Warren, R. I.; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. James Dexter Martin to Miss Ionthe Waterman.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr Stowe, Mr. William Gove, of Windsor, Me., to Miss Leonora Manning.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr Munger, Dea. James Tollman to Miss Catherine B. Tucker.—At Lynn, by Rev Mr. Brooks, Mr. James Ashcroft to Miss Sarah E. Cheever.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. George H Hovey to Miss Martha A Cottrell.—At Stoneham, by Rev. Mr. Jameson, Mr. Gilman C. Bates to Miss Frances Florence.—At Concord, Mr. James M. Keep, of Selma, Ala., to Miss Jeanna N. Reynolds.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Gardner Parton, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth K. Stanford.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Edson Mr. William Davidson, of South Danvers, to Miss Martha R. Stafford.—At Chelmsford, by Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, Hon. B. F. Barrett, of Rock Island, Ill., to Miss M. P. Hunt.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Craig, Charles T. Bonney, Esq. to Miss Mary Lucretia Gibbs.—At Paris, Me., by Rev. Mr. Butler, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of Hampden, to Miss Ellen V., daughter of Hon. Stephen Emery.

DEATHS.

In this city, Col William Boardman, 69; Mr. Windsor Lord, 59; Mr. William Dodd, 52; Mr. Charles W. Davis, 31; Mr. William Hennessey, 50; Mrs. Elizabeth B., wife of Mr. Joshua Clark, 28.—At Roxbury, Widow Polly Wiswell, formerly of Newton, 78; Mr. Nathaniel Sturgis, 78.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Deborah Adams, formerly of Kingston, 79.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Julia M. Simonds.—At Medford, Mr. John Emerson, 69.—At Malden, Mr. William Waitt, 80.—At Newton, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Dea. Ezra Fuller, 80.—At Concord, Mrs. Frances H., wife of Mr. Silas B. Wilde, 27.—At Beverly, Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Dea. Washington Eaton, of East Weare, N. H., 69.—At Quincy, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, 81.—At Lynn, Widow Mary Adams, 55; Miss Lydia Ann Goldsmith, 15.—At Salem, Mrs. Mary Arrington, 41; Widow Ruth C. Perkins, 84; Miss Mary Byrnes, 35.—At South Danvers, Miss Lydia H. Floyd, 26.—At Newburyport, Mr. Edward Titcomb, 77; Miss Mary Hale Green, 39.—At Lowell, Miss Mary Ann H. de, 48.—At Franklin, Mrs. Jemima, wife of Mr. Luke Daniels, 69.—At South Peabody, Capt. Ebenezer Nickerson, 80.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Helen Howland, 43; Widow Jane Quoverell, 91.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Sophrona P., wife of Capt Alex P. Fisher, 40.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Sarah Macomber, 43; Miss Abby A. Sisson, 24.—At Honolulu, S. I., Mr. Wm. F. Studley, Jr., formerly of Boston, 29.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A MOTHER'S PLAINT.

BY MILDRED MONTROSE.

The sweet spring speeds o'er the lovely earth,
With the birds and the early flowers,
And the warm, soft wind comes freighted with
The perfume of southern bowers.
And the hearts of all seem light and gay,
Mid the air so calm and mild;
But my weary thoughts roam far away,
For thou art not here, my child.

I wander oft in the dim old woods,
And I find in its sheltered nook
The meek, blue violet peering forth,
With its quiet, lovely look;
And I think how oft I have twined for thee
A wreath of those blossoms wild;
And I turn to gaze on thy sunny brow,
But thou art not here, my child.

O, where art thou, while I'm roaming here,
Lost idol of my heart?
O, why is it thus that the bitter tear
Amid nature's bloom must start?
In a cold, dark grave they have laid thee down,
And the snow on thy breast was piled,
And I wept, as I kissed thy cold, cold lips—
Thou art dead, thou art dead, my child.

I know that my heart must lonely throb,
As the spring-time glideth by,
And the summer flowers will be seen by me
Through the veil of a tear-dimmed eye.
But O, when the autumn days shall come,
With their sunshine calm and mild,
Mid thy withered flowers they'll lay me down—
I will be with thee then, my child.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MERCHANT'S ENTRY.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY BELL BRAMBLE.

Robert Carson was descended from one of the old but impoverished families of Virginia, who had formerly ranked among its opulent tobacco planters. Early in life he had emigrated to New Orleans, the then Peru of the South, in the hope of making or bettering his fortune, and whether accidentally or by intention, took a decided step toward achieving his object by marrying the youthful heiress of a respectably circumstanced creole family. Great was the surprise of every one when told that Constance de La Croix was about to marry the gallant young Virginian, as she had been looked upon as the affianced bride of her father's friend and partner, Mr. Barret. The handsome Virginian carried the day, winning the fair creole, who, shortly after their marriage, accompanied him to his family home in Richmond, where the only blossom that ever gladdened their hearth was born, and to whom he gave the name of his native State.

The little Virginia, unlike her dark-eyed, raven-tressed mother, had the golden hair, violet blue eyes and fair complexion of her father, and like his, the fine cut, beautiful mouth, on whose firm curve decision of purpose was more legibly stamped than on the more delicately harmonious features of her beautiful mother, whose large dreamy eyes, of oriental languor, indicated refinement of temperament more than energy.

And well it was for the fair tropical blossom that hers was a strength of character equal to reverses, for they soon loomed up thick and dark in her young life's horizon.

Robert Carson had embarked successfully in mercantile speculations, entering into partnership with an extensive cotton broker, Henry Vincent. But the fall of prices in the cotton market, during a few successive years, added to the dishonesty of his partner, brought him to bankruptcy. His fair and fragile wife, unfitted to bear up under reverses, was soon prostrated by the rude blast, beneath which she bent her fair head unresisting, like a storm-stricken flower, leaving Virginia to cope with life and its ills alone.

Alone, indeed! for mortified pride, added to a hope to retrieve his losses, determined Mr. Carson on removing to Rio Janeiro, remaining no longer in New Orleans, after the death of his wife, than served to place Virginia with a distant relative of her mother, when he betook him to the promised El Dorado of South America. During all the anxious forebodings that fell heavily on her young heart, Virginia had ever one constant, unchanging friend, in the young Harry Vincent, the son of her father's former partner.

Like most of the native sons of Louisiana, slight and graceful, tall and symmetrically formed, his fine massive brow was shaded with wavy raven hair, his olive-hued, handsome, intelligent face was lit with dark flashing eyes, beneath which was lined a dusky semi-circle, which to the experienced would denote a slight tinge of his Indian ancestry, through whom, three generations back, his family had acquired the wealth, since squandered in the speculations and expensive habits of his father, Mr. Carson's fraudulent, absconding partner. Though Harry Vincent's features were well cut and regular, still the dusky olive of his complexion much more closely resembled his dark yet handsome Indian ancestress, than did his father; for strange as it may appear to those not experienced in this physiological fact, it is nevertheless a well attested one, that where all resemblance has been merged and lost sight of in intermarriage with European nations, some distinctive trait, either in color or feature, will again, after two or three generations have passed, unmarked by either characteristic, reappear, denoting, it may be, almost imperceptibly yet surely to the experienced observer, the amalgamation between the distinctive races.

Harry's father, Mr. Carson's former partner, was the son of a well-connected Northerner, who, emigrating to New Orleans, had married a very beautiful and accomplished young Indian girl, said to be a natural daughter of Lord Cornwallis—at all events, she had been educated as his adopted daughter, in Camden, South Carolina, and had come to New Orleans, with her wealthy mother, on a visit to her uncle, a chief of the Cherokees, then stopping at one of the first class hotels there. The beautiful Undine created quite a sensation; very fair, with coal-black eyes that looked, according to Lady Morgan, "as if set in with dirty fingers." The accomplished wild flower certainly bore a resemblance to the lordly protector who had cultivated the sweet wood blossom.

Her son, Henry Vincent, certainly bore no manner of resemblance to his dark-eyed, graceful mother, having the chestnut curls, Roman nose and clear azure eyes of his Northern father. While in her grandson, the young Harry, to the raven hair and lambent eyes of the tropics, was added a dusky tinge, slight, yet unmistakable, of his descent from the red chieftains of the forest. This excited no remark, being of too frequent occurrence, even among the highest classes, to cause the least speculation.

From her father, who had ever shown a marked preference for the young Vincent, Virginia had never heard a word of caution with regard to her intercourse with Harry, who, from his earliest boyhood, had been a constant playmate of hers; ever received with the pleased caress of her gentle mother, and the as pleasant welcome of her approving father.

In Harry, himself, she had never seen a single fault to condemn, while she saw everything to admire. His chivalric courtesy to her mother, his deferential manner to her father, his unconstrained, poetical language, the dark, spirited beauty of his intelligent face, his graceful bearing and proud independence of character, that from the time of his return from Oakland College, where he had graduated with all the honors, nobly prompted him to carve his own way to fortune, being himself its architect.

One there was who, in that noble struggle for independence, felt a sister's holy pride and anxiety on noting the lines of care already traced on the noble brow of him who, through all change, had continued unchangeably the same to her. A greater calamity, however, than all the past awaited her now in the black sealed letter that bore from Rio Janeiro the melancholy account of her father's death. He had left New Orleans a bankrupt, and failing in his anticipations of retrieving his losses, now filled a suicide's grave.

Silently, yet fast as autumn rain, fell the orphan's tears upon the sheet that told of her father's suicide and her own destitution. While sorrowing in her young heart's desolation over her bereavement, she was aroused by a visit from her mother's early admirer and guardian, Mr. Barret.

Kindly taking a hand of the fair orphan girl, he silently drew a chair near hers, and sat down to offer words of comfort, but anticipating him, she was the first to speak:

"This is very good—very considerate, to come to see me in this lone hour, Mr. Barret. It does me good; for my mother told me you would be my friend, as she said you had been hers."

"And did Constance—your mother, I mean—really tell you to come to me? Poor Constance! You are her very image, at this moment, Virginia. She never knew how I loved—worshipped her. I had been her father's partner. She never gave me a thought, save as being her guardian; while I, with a crushed heart, noted her preference for your father, Robert Carson. On marrying him, she went on a visit to his Virginian home, where you were born. It was long after her death before I could muster up resolution to see her. When I did, she brought you into the room, and from that hour, Virginia, I loved you for her sake. As you grew up, need I add that it increased for your own? She or you never knew it, but never watched miser his treasure as I did your sweet spring-time, from budding, girlish beauty to graceful, accomplished womanhood. You are now alone, unprotected, with matchless beauty, and impoverished. Be mine! I offer you riches, not simply to make you independent, but as the illimitable means of doing good. Toil, for such as you, Virginia, with scanty and poor fare, will soon do its work; your beauty will fade, your health wear away. Do not despise or reject my love. On one hand, view yourself as you are, then as you may be. See the present—beautiful, poor, surrounded with memories of a brighter past, surrounded, too, with snares; while on the other, I offer you wealth without limit, that in your sweet stewardship might be the means of as illimitable good. Not, Virginia, that gold, or equipage, or diamonds, beyond your wildest dreams, could bribe you, if failed the worship of an honest heart, and the independence of all obligation. Reflect, ere you refuse. I offer you station, wealth, the power of doing good. Will you be mine?"

Slowly and sadly were the young girl's tearful eyes raised to his, as she answered mournfully. Chords there are in the human heart, strangely, sweetly musical, but which are only reached by accident,—chords that would have remained mute to passionate and earnest appeals, yet respond, giving forth their melody to some slight and random touch, reverberating long, and strong, and deep. The pure, sisterly regard of Virginia's heart for Harry Vincent now first assumed a different form, revealing itself, as all great truths have done, by chance. She thought on him—young, gifted, toiling; his form rose up before her there, in his graceful beauty. Her mind was made up, and decided forever:

"I feel grateful, Mr. Barret,—very grateful, but you must not deny me the privilege of toiling for independence. The references I can bring from former teachers will procure me a place as one in a school. My independence is now my all; do not ask me to resign it."

Long and earnestly the merchant pleaded; but though Harry had never by word told her that he regarded her as other than a sister, still did his slight, graceful form rise between her and the man who would have made her the wealthy possessor of means whereby she might have placed affluence within his reach. Mr. Barret rose to go. There was a painful pause, broken by his faltering voice:

"Virginia, are you too proud to accept of assistance from me? Do not refuse me this slight gratification—at least, do not make any objection. Whenever I can serve you, come and let me know. You know where to find me. After this, I may not come here again."

"I will come to you, Mr. Barret, as to a dear, valued friend; nor fail to avail myself of your kind offer, if I need it."

"Till then, farewell!"

He pressed her hand and went to the door, then turned as though hoping yet by a word or look to be recalled. But her arms still rested on the table, on which her head was bowed down, and he felt that it had caused her a pang to give him pain. Again passing his kerchief across his eyes, the wealthy merchant left the door, and went away sad, and lone, forever.

A year from that time, the merchant sat at the desk in his private office, when a clerk asked at the door if he might show a lady in, who asked to see him. With a quick bound of the heart, he divined at once that it must be Virginia, and replied in the affirmative. As she entered the room, Mr. Barret started from his seat.

"Virginia, where have you been? How I have thought on you in all this time! Why did you not write, to relieve my anxiety?"

"I thought it best not, fearing you would object to my going as a teacher in a school. I have been for a year past employed as a teacher in the McShee Seminary, and when unoccupied in the school, give music lessons, in Lafayette, where I have a number of pupils. Nor would I be here now, but that I come on another's account. You can serve him. Serve us both, Mr. Barret."

"Serve *him*? Of whom do you speak, Virginia?"

"Of Harry Vincent. I met him this morning, when I came to town to purchase music. He told me he had heard that your book-keeper, Mr. Post, is about to leave you, returning to Scotland. Harry would be made happy by the place. I did not tell him that I would come to you, being afraid he would disapprove of it, but remembering your promise, I have come to ask you to give the place to him. I know you will think us both very foolish, since our love is our all. Still, we will make it sufficient for us."

Wiping the cold dews from his forehead, the opulent merchant paced the floor; then stopping, his lip quivered and his eye was dim, as he looked on the beautiful girl, who stood so calm and happy, in her poverty, before him. She had come to ask a favor, yet he felt, to have trusted himself with another look at her, would have made *him* the suppliant. He turned abruptly and went to the desk.

"Would Mr. Vincent accept a loan from me? Perhaps if he had other plans, I could aid him, Virginia."

"I know Harry's proud spirit too well to dream of his accepting a loan as a favor obtained through my intercession. No; only give him Mr. Post's place, when he calls to ask for it, and we will both be so happy while struggling for the light of a better day."

"And in case I appoint him my book-keeper, what are your plans for yourself, Virginia?"

"To remain at the school, until such time as the savings from our united exertions will permit us to think of being married. We are young and hopeful, and if you give Harry the situation, we will succeed, since we both economize from our small earnings, though poor Harry's salary, at present, is very small."

The merchant's voice was husky, but the brave, honest heart in his manly breast was nerved to the trial. He was about to tear the idol worshipped for years thence, going to the grave lone and unloved.

"Virginia, you are too high-minded to accept a favor other than Mr. Vincent would approve. I give Mr. Post fifteen hundred dollars a year; I will add five hundred to this from the time Mr. Vincent takes his place in the office." He then, unlocking the desk, took out a roll of notes, counted them, and placing the parcel in the young girl's hand, said in a faltering voice that went to her heart: "Take this, *my child*; it is one thousand dollars—half a year's salary in advance. Now quit your school. The place is his; only he married to him before he comes to enter on his duties as my book-keeper."

Virginia could not speak, but the tears that fell on the hand she raised to her lips told her gratitude. He drew her hand within his arm, and led her to the door, where, drawing her veil over her tear-wet face, she entered a stage, to speed to Harry on her joyful mission, while the merchant returned to his private office, and locking the door, sat down on the chair she had occupied, and covering his face with his hands, said: "I should have more command of my feelings than this. I have loved her from her very infancy. I never dreamed of her loving another. I am alone, now, and forever. Of what use are riches, now that she is lost to me? Still, I can help to make her happiness. And Vincent—I know *him* well; a noble young fellow. God's will be done!" Then going to his desk, and taking out his private account-book and pencil, he added: "Since I only could have prevailed on her pride to take the half year's salary in advance—which I mean shall be paid him in full,—to what account place this thousand dollars? Let me see—*an act of benevolence.*"

And so he wrote it, and to this day it remains a bright memento of a noble deed—that merchant's entry.

Human life is like a game at chess; each piece holds its place upon the chess board—king, queen, bishop, and pawn. Death comes, the game is up, and all are thrown, without distinction, pell mell into the same bag.—*Talleyrand.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

There were $2700 taken for admission to the grounds of the late agricultural fair in Worcester.—— The California Chronicle records the arrival of 1200 boxes of grapes from Lower California, by the steamer Sea Bird, and remarks that that portion of the State is rapidly becoming one of the best grape-growing countries in the world, and will, in all probability, in a few years, rival the southern portion of France in the quantity and quality of its vines. —— The citizens of Louisville, Ky., have voted by a large majority in favor of the erection of waterworks to supply that city with water.—— It is stated that the Cunard Company have made arrangements for the construction of another iron steamship, to be built on the Clyde, and called the Scotia. It is to be larger than the Persia, and it is thought will exceed that vessel in speed as much as that fine vessel exceeds ordinary ocean steamships. —— At Lexington, Ky., William L. Jones has received a verdict of $3000 damages against William P. Hart, for whipping him while bathing. —— Oceans of ink and reams of paper have been expended to reform the social and political condition of man. The only way to effect this object, is to "do as we would be done by." —— The art of distilling brandy and other spirits was first brought into Europe by the Moors of Spain, about the year 1150. They learnt it of the African Moors, who had it from the Egyptians. —— Several of the New York restaurants have recently introduced frogs upon their bills of fare. What next? A good sized rat, splendidly done up, with requisite "fixins," might grace a table. There's no end to progress. Nero powdered his horse feed with gold-dust—splendid mess that for a patrician horse! But such kind of progressive days have long gone past—people cook their gold-dust in a different way now, and horses are dwindled down to plebeians. —— It is said that there are no less than fifty widows in the small village of Cranbury, below Trenton, N. J. —— A boy by the name of Sullivan, about 16 years of age, while playing around the machinery of the Coddington Factory, Newport, R. I., had his arm caught in the machinery, and it was torn from the body; he lived about three minutes. —— Charlestown, Va., is shortly to be lighted with gas. —— The proprietors of Goat Island have an iron bridge nearly completed on the foundations of the old wooden structure connecting Goat Island with the main land at Niagara Falls. There are five spans, or arches, supported by stone piers. The bridge will cost some $20,000, and will be a great improvement in that locality. —— Whoever sells his neighbor's credit at a low rate, makes a market for others to buy his own at the same price. —— The wife of a merchant tailor of Cincinnati recently went to a gambling house in which her husband had lost $1200, found him there playing, and set to work and demolished everything breakable she could put her hands on. She was disguised in male attire. Her husband took her home, and promised to "sin no more." —— It is reported that Senator Douglas is soon to be married to a lady in Washington. —— The Councils of Richmond city have appropriated $4800 towards improving the navigation of the James River, by opening a channel through Rockett's bar, of sufficient depth to admit large vessels into the port of Richmond. —— The Charleston Mercury states the total cotton crop of 1855–'56 at 3,556,362 bales. —— A gang of burglars, recently arrested in Connecticut, used to send a pedler ahead of them, selling polishing powders, so as to ascertain who had silver plate in their houses. The genius of crime is prolific of "dodges." —— Daniel Webster, when a young lawyer, was employed in a case for which he received a fee of eighteen dollars. Later in life he was employed in a similar case and received a fee of five thousand dollars, though he used the same brief which he had prepared for the first case.

A GOLDEN ROMANCE.

A Mr. Thompson, of Smythe county, Virginia, went to California when the gold fever first broke out, and worked at mining two years with very poor luck. Finally, worn out with fruitless toil, he threw aside the pick and spade, and came back thoroughly disheartened. To be sure, he had previously bought a piece of land in California, but he never gave it a thought, for he had made up his mind that he was one of the unlucky ones, and was destined to die a poor man. But not long since he received a letter which instantly changed his prospects. It was discovered that the land he had purchased abounded in the precious metal—"gold, yellow, glittering gold"—and was worth to him at the very least three hundred thousand dollars. Such is life! Once in a while a prize turns up in a lottery. Alas! there are many blanks to every prize.

A Discovery.—A Glasgow paper states that a certain kind of rock, found somewhere in Scotland, after being crushed by some kind of machine, and going through some kind of chemical process, may be converted into paper. On this, perhaps, some divine will write his lucubrations, and thus we shall have Shakspeare's idea realized—"sermons in stones."

Origin of the Rose.—The fanciful origin of the rose, as given by Maundeville, is, that slander had brought a fair maiden of Bethlehem to the stake, and that at her prayer, Heaven quenched the fire, and turned all the brands into rose-trees, bearing white and red roses, the first "that ever ony man saughe."

Binding.—All sorts of binding, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, music (old books *entirely renewed*). done promptly, and at the lowest prices, at this office. The "Flag" and "Pictorial" firmly and beautifully bound for preservation.

Marriage.—Hymen is the oculist that opens the eyes of Love who is represented blind. He does an extensive business.

Wayside Gatherings.

4807 dogs were killed in New York during the past summer.

The Presbyterian Herald, published in Louisville, has entered upon the twenty sixth year of its publication.

Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast on.

The healthiest children are those born in January, February and March.

A three-wheeled phaeton is now in use in Columbus, Ohio, and is said to work well.

A couple were married in the cars on the Connecticut River Railroad recently. This is beginning life at railroad speed.

J. H. Green, the reformed gambler, is building at Jacksonville one of the best saw and planing mills in Northern Iowa.

There are said to be 3000 groggshops in Cincinnati. Not one of them pays license.

It is said that the first patent ever granted to a citizen of Arkansas, has just been granted to James B. Miles of Chicot, in that State, for an improvement in cotton gins.

The Hartford Press says that a handsome goblet has been made of the wood of the Charter Oak, which was to have been presented to Mr. Peabody at the banquet to be given him in this city.

The Philadelphia Journal states that Hon. Lewis C. Levin, formerly a member of Congress from their 1st district, is deranged, and is now an inmate of the Pennsylvania Insane Hospital.

Thomas Kennedy was choked to death in Troy, while eating his dinner, recently, by a large piece of corned beef and potato sticking in his throat.

Dr. Jewett, the well known temperance lecturer, has settled upon a farm near St. Paul, where he proposes to quietly spend the remainder of his days.

The Churchman, a Protestant Episcopal paper, comes out in favor of dancing, as "an innocent recreation, and as healthful as it is graceful."

There is said to be a congregation in Northampton, Va., composed entirely of females. They have at the present time twenty-two members, and their numbers are constantly on the increase.

The citizens of Providence are discussing a project to introduce a supply of pure water from Ten Mile River for the use of the city. A committee estimate the cost at $600,275.

Mrs. Bently walked for forty hours in succession in Chicago, but she was so prostrated by fatigue that her recovery is doubtful. It was a foolish act. "Women are not, in their best natures, strong."

Stamped postage envelopes have been in use in the United States about three years, and two years still remain under the contract by which they are made. The demand by the government now reaches 32,000,000 or 33,000,000 envelopes per annum.

Signor Perelli, so favorably known and appreciated in Philadelphia, has just returned from Europe, whither he had gone to perfect the arrangements necessary for bringing out the Italian opera which he is at present busily engaged in writing.

At a revival at McGee's meeting house, Sampson County, N. C., recently, a lady joined in a prayer offered up. When the congregation arose, she was discovered remaining on her knees with her hands clenched to the back of her seat, and on examination was found to be entirely dead.

In England, according to a return recently presented to Parliament, there was issued, during the ten years ending April, 1856, the large number of 187,124,000 stamped postage envelopes. Their introduction into general use in the United States, was very gradual, very few being used at the outset.

From Mexico we learn that immense placers of pure gold have been discovered in the southern portion of the State of Gurrero. Attention is called to the sulphur beds which exist at and around the volcano of Popocatapetl, and which are said to be inexhaustible.

The Mormons are making numerous converts in Great Britain by exaggerated pictures of life in Utah. They now teach openly their doctrine of polygamy, but it seems no impediment to accessions even from the gentler sex. The annual emigration of converts is computed as high as 8000.

Lucy Stone Blackwell, in a recent speech, insisted that the election of women, as well as men, to Congress, would improve the character of that body. An exchange suspects that the habit of "pairing off" would, in that event, be even more common than it is now.

The London Times was established in 1785, by John Walter, and inherited by his son, now a member of Parliament. It is valued at $3,750,000. Its principal editor has an annual salary of $25,000, and its Paris correspondent $10,000. Its advertisements, it is estimated, yield it $3,000,000 a year, one firm alone paying $150,000 a year.

"A good finding" is noticed in the Melbourne Argus. A party of three miners working on the Black Creek, at Tarradale, at a depth of about twelve feet from the surface, came upon a solid lump of gold, weighing 54 lbs., with about 80 ounces of smaller nuggets in close proximity. The total value taken from the claim was a little under £3000.

There are said to be in London one million four hundred thousand persons who never attend public worship; one hundred and fifty thousand habitual drunkards; one hundred and fifty thousand living in open profligacy; twenty thousand professed beggars; ten thousand gamblers; thirty thousand destitute children; five thousand receivers of stolen goods.

Prof. Loomis, in the preface to his recent work on astronomy, states that "it is but twenty-five years since the first telescope, exceeding those of a portable size, was imported into the United States. Now we have one telescope that acknowledges no superior, and several that would be esteemed worthy of a place in the finest observatories in Europe."

The half yearly returns of the poor-law board communicate the information that, in England and Wales, during six months, the sum of £2,097,655 had to be paid for the relief of the poor, or, at this rate, considerably more than four millions per annum. If England is called the richest country, it must also be called the poorest, for where is the nation that needs a compulsory assessment of more than four millions a year for its paupers?

Near the Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire, Scotland, there lives a remarkably hale old man in his 108th year. He is quite upright, stands nearly six feet high, and has complete possession of all his faculties. Notwithstanding his great age, this venerable old gentleman frequently marches across some of the smaller mountains of the Plinlimmon range, to meet the Hereford mail, which passes along the road, within three miles of his residence, and sometimes lends a hand in changing the horses at the first stage from Aberystwith.

Foreign Items.

Mozart's Requiem has just been performed in St. Petersburg for the first time, under the direction of Schubert.

The amount expended in the in door and out door relief of paupers in England in the half year ending Lady-day, in 1856, was £2,097,655.

A gigantic organ has just been built by Merklin, Schultz & Co., Brussels, for the cathedral in Murcia, Spain. It contains 64 stops, 4 manuals, and two octaves of pedals.

The music publisher Andre, of Offenbach, has just put forth a composition of Mozart which has never yet been published. It was composed in the year 1777, and its title is *Lamani de consolabili Altares*.

Thiers, in his magnificent account of the Moscow expedition, adduces conclusive proof that the burning of the Russian city was the work of the Russian governor Rostopchin exclusively—a scheme of "barbarous patriotism and savage grandeur."

In England of late the worst crimes are not committed by professed criminals, not by the criminal class, but by those who walk abroad in the light of day, and move about freely in society, like any other members of it.

At the Swiss music-festival this year, among other works Mendelssohn's Elijah, and a Beethoven symphony were given by 700 performers. 3000 people, musicians and guests, partook of a princely banquet at the superb villa Bartholony.

The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was its senior editor. The imperial autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

Sands of Gold.

.... In contemplation of created things by steps we ascend to God.—*Milton.*

.... The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected, is the most inveterate.—*Tacitus.*

.... Every error of the mind is the more conspicuous, and culpable, in proportion to the rank of the person who commits it.—*Juvenal.*

.... Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Bacon.*

.... The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Thinkers are scarce as gold: but he, whose thoughts embrace all his subject, pursues it uninterrupted and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.—*Lavater.*

.... Our welcome of a stranger depends upon the name he bears—upon the coat he wears: our farewell upon the spirit he has displayed in the interview.—*Talleyrand.*

... It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.—*Johnson.*

.... We ought not to be over-anxious to encourage innovation, in cases of *doubtful* improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one; it is established and it is understood.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there be anything that woman relishes, it is to be contrary.

If five and a half yards make a perch how many will make a trout? If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

An affected singer at one of our theatres, the other night, was told by a wag in the gallery "to come out from behind his nose and sing like other people."

An Illinois editor, speaking of a rogue who lives in his vicinity, says: "The rascal has broken every bank, and jail, and Sabbath, we have had in this county for the last five years."

A belligerent wight threatened to kick a dry character who had offended him. "If you undertake it," answered the challenged, "you will find yourself a man more *skinned against than skinning.*"

Colonel B——, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a "how d'ye do!" answered, "Pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own." "Yes, sir," rejoined the man, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

A barber in London, to attract custom, had on his sign a picture of Absalom suspended by his hair from the boughs of an oak, and underneath, these lines: "O, Absalom, my son, my son, had you but worn a periwig, you'd never been undone."

An advocate before the Southport bench of magistrates, the other day, said he had two witnesses in court in support of the cause of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, *for he had had no opportunity of communicating with them!*"

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THE SPANISH GIPSY.

This beautiful engraving represents a Spanish gipsy girl, poising a water-jar in her hands. In the distance another girl, with a similar jar balanced on her head, is conversing with a lad of the tribe mounted on a donkey. The Moorish ruins, with the horse-shoe arch and trailing vines, forms an appropriate background to the figure in front. The artist has felicitously hit the true Bohemian type in the dark complexion, raven hair, lustrous eyes, artful smile, pearly teeth and graceful figure of the Gitana All writers agree in commendation of the surpassing beauty of the young female gipsies, a beauty, however, which is exceedingly fragile, and evanescent as the bloom of the flower. The exposure of their homeless and wandering lives soon ruins the charms of the young girls, and they become hideous hags at thirty, or even younger. The gipsies are the most singular people on the face of the earth, and the tenacity with which they cling to their peculiar habits, manners and modes of existence, presents an interesting phenomenon. These vagabonds stand peculiar and aloof from all the rest of the world; they alone are free and independent in the midst of absolutism and serfdom. There is a very interesting article on "Gipsies and their Ways" in the October number of Putnam's Magazine, worth reading, if only from the brilliancy of its style, and embodying a number of facts relating to this singular race. The writer gives the various names under which gipsies are known in different parts of the world, as follows: In England, Gipsies; Scotland, Tinkers or Caird; France, Bohemian, Egyptian; Portugal, Cygana; Spain, Gitanos; Germany, Zingeuner; Sweden, Sparking; Holland, Heiden; Denmark, Tartars; Italy, Zingari; Hungary, Tzygani and Pharao Nepols (Pharaoh's people); Russia, Tsingans; and Turkey and Syria, Chingana. In Persia they are termed Kauli, that is, inhabitants of Kabul, Sari, or Smiths and Karachi; while in Hindostan they are known as Nath and Kanjar. They term themselves Roma, and their language Romany. The following is the number of gipsies in the different parts of the Eastern Hemisphere, as nearly as they can be ascertained: Europe, 900,000; Africa, 400,000; India, 1,500,000; and other parts of Asia, 2,000,000, making a total of 4,800,000. "The gipsy physiognomy," says Putnam, "when once seen, can never be forgotten. The males are slightly above the medium size, well developed and nervous. Their bronze complexion, teeth as white as ivory, and long, crisped locks of jetty blackness, impart a singularly wild and ferocious aspect to forms resembling, in many respects, those of Hottentots and Caffres. They have an aspect of melancholy mingled with pride and cunning, and the expressive gestures which characterize their conversation, impart a lively interest to these picturesque vagabonds. The females are not wanting in the browned, ruddy cheeks and swelling bosoms, so associated with gipsy charms. A rich, olive complexion, with red lips, and a just proportion of the limbs, imparts to them even something more exquisite than the splendid outlines and delicious tints of Circassian beauty. The eye is, however, the marked feature of the race, and would distinguish the gipsy in whatever color, costume or character she might appear. It is not the small, luxurious eye of the Jewess, the oblong eye indispensable to the Chinese beauty, nor the soft, almond eye of the Egyptian, but something unique and peculiar. It is vivid, lustrous or liquid, according to the thought which seeks for utterance. Now, it has a wild and staring expression, and then, in moments of repose, a filmy, phosphorescent haze will gather over it, through which one looks into the depths below, as he does upon the stars of heaven, half obscured by the last ethereal rays of a flashing sunset. He has a conception of gipsy beauty, without beholding it, who has seen the fair damsels of Cyprus, where once stood the hundred Paphian altars, burning incense to Venus; or watched, on the islands of the Ægean, or in the shady villages of Asia Minor, the timid daughters of Grecian blood, collected around some gushing fountain, or bearing away its crystal wreath in graceful vases, as in the days of old:

> 'A gipsy maiden's sparkling eye
> Has pierced my bosom's core—
> A feat no eye beneath the sky
> Could e'er effect before.'

I have often seen boys among the gipsies as beautiful as Astyanax, and young females whose forms Phidias would have chosen for models. Now and then, in the forests of Hungary or in the wilds of Bulgaria, I used suddenly to come upon groups of these mysterious wanderers, which stood before me like living *tableaux* from the pastoral age and country of Agamemnon. Their manner of life, *sans feu et lieu*, is, however, highly unfavorable for the retention of beauty; manhood is apt to assume a sinister and ferocious aspect, and females, made wives at twelve, generally become ugly and forbidding at twenty. With the latter, the change is as great as if the Graces had been metamorphosed into Harpies, or the daughters of Acheron and Nox. It takes an angel to make a demon. The dress of the gipsies is in keeping with their nomadic tendencies. They occasionally dress somewhat like those with whom they live; but they are generally too proud, as well as too indolent, to deck themselves with a foreign garb, and adhere to the national costume descended from their forefathers. This consists of ragged breeches and torn shirt, which, although their antiquity is obvious when put on, are never removed, for want of a change, until they fall from their body of their own accord, in a state of complete dilapidation. The children are brought up in the true Calmuc style, being allowed to run naked until the age of six or eight years, when they assume the garb of their elders. The wind cannot blow off his hat who has none, and shoes are troublesome appliances among people whose manner of life and general economy are those of vagrants and beggars. In warm weather, they uniformly go barefoot, except when parading a pair of yellow boots and spurs which have fallen into their possession by theft or some accident of fortune, and contrast ludicrously with a pair of breeches wanting in the ampler parts. In winter, they envelope their feet in bundles of rags, or, as in Wallachia, wear coarse woolen stockings, knit by females upon huge wooden needles. The women neither spin nor weave, neither sew nor wash, and yet it cannot be said of them that they are clothed like unto the lilies of the field. They are even more picturesque in the matter of dress than the males. In Wallachia, I have seen numberless instances where the entire female attire consisted of a large piece of linen thrown over the head and round the body, the solution of whose continuity revealed here and there large portions of the cutaneous integument supplied by nature, and well darkened by exposure. These Wallachian gipsies have also a dash of Bloomerism; for, in case their own wretched garments give out, they do not hesitate to draw on those of their male companions, should the latter be so fortunate as to have any unmentionable articles of dress to spare. They are excessively fond of ornaments, and often wear strings of jingling piastres, or other small coins, around the head and neck. I have frequently noticed gold ducats dangling upon the naked breasts of these half dressed barbarians. The gipsies are not, however, totally indifferent as to dress. In Spain, they occasionally assume a gay attire. The red cap is there indispensable, but otherwise green is the favorite color, as among the Turks. In Hungary, they have the greatest *penchant* for acquiring, by theft or otherwise, the cast-off clothes of distinguished personages, and nothing can be more ridiculous than to behold one of those idle vagabonds pompously parading a laced coat with silver buttons, while his head and feet are naked." We refer our readers to the article from which we have made the above extract, for a very readable sketch of gipsy life and manners, while the romance of gipsy life is admirably depicted in Borrow's entertaining and instructive books, the "Bible in Spain," the "L'Avengro," etc.



THE SPANISH GIPSY.

GREEN VELVET AND BLUE SATIN.

Sometimes things did not go on quite so smoothly, however, at Malmaison, when any of the Bonaparte family visited Josephine, for a most cordial hatred seems to have existed between her and the ladies of the imperial family, partaking somewhat of female rivalry and jealousy.

One evening in particular—when the beautiful Pauline was to be formally presented to Josephine, on her marriage with the Prince Borghese—must be noted in the annals of Malmaison. Pauline, clever, witty, and most lovely, had accepted the hand of the Borghese, almost a fool in intellect, solely on account of his money and his title. Sacrificing her heart to her ambition, she determined to make the first use of her new honors by endeavoring to humiliate poor Josephine; and in order to carry out this admirable resolution, announced her intention of visiting her on a certain evening shortly after her marriage. Days were passed in preparing the splendid toilette which was to crush her sister-in-law. At length the memorable evening arrived. Josephine, fully aware of the intention of Pauline, took her own measures accordingly. She arranged herself for this trying ordeal, of a graceful against a beautiful woman, with consummate tact and a perfect knowledge of that peculiar style of dress well calculated to display her faultless shape, which she has almost immortalized. She wore a white muslin dress, edged and trimmed with a narrow border of gold; the short sleeves, which displayed a finely-turned arm, were looped up at the shoulder by large cameos, an enamelled serpent encircled her throat, on her head was a kind of diadem formed of cameos and enamel, confining her hair somewhat in the style of the antique busts of the Roman empresses. She looked so extremely graceful and classical in this attire, that when Napoleon entered the saloon he was delighted, and saluted her with a kiss on the shoulder—a somewhat *bourgeois* caress, by the way. On his expressing his surprise at the care with which she was dressed, she reminded him of the expected visit of Pauline. The evening wore on, and yet the princess did not arrive. Napoleon, having remained beyond his usual time, retired at last to his cabinet. Shortly afterwards the princess made her appearance, looking transcendently lovely. But on this occasion she had not trusted to the charms of unadorned beauty, as she literally was resplendent with jewels. Her dress, composed of green velvet, was embroidered in the front with masses of diamonds, her arms, her neck, her head were also encircled with splendid jewels. As she advanced across the room towards Josephine, who, as the wife of the First Consul, did not rise until she approached, Pauline gazed around full of pride and gratified vanity, conscious of the effect created by her beauty, her youth, and dazzling splendor.

The salutations were cold between the rival ladies. Pauline seated herself, and to break the stiffness of the reception, began conversing in a low voice with Madame Junot, who was placed near her.

"Well, Louise, how do I look to-night? What do you think of the Borghese jewels?"

"Think? why they are wonderful—actually *eblouissants*," returned Madame Junot.

"But do you really, now—flattery apart—think this dress becomes me?"

"Vain Pauline! why, you knew perfectly before asking me that question you never looked better in your whole life."

"Well, it is not exactly vanity that makes me ask you so particularly," replied Pauline; "but it is because I want to astonish Madame Bonaparte, and you know I have spared no pains to mortify her by this display of my new jewels. Yet how elegantly she looks in that simple India muslin dress, with those cameos, too, like a Grecian statue; she certainly does understand to perfection the style that suits her. That white dress contrasts so well, too, with the blue satin of the furniture—it is perfect. Good heavens! what shall I do?" she suddenly exclaimed, in an agonized whisper, and turned quite pale.

"What is it?—what can be the matter?" asked Madame Junot, quite alarmed.

"O, Louise, why did you not tell me? How cruel not to remind me! To let me come here in this room dressed in *green velvet, when the furniture is blue satin!* O, this is too much! I shall never forgive you! How dreadful I must look by the side of Josephine! This is more than I can bear. I must go away at once."

Pauline was conquered. Elegance had won the day even against beauty. She took a hasty farewell of Josephine, and hurried out of the room, consoling herself a little in her retreat by displaying her jewels before the whole establishment assembled to do her honor. She passed down the alley formed by the household, preceded by lighted torches, and followed by her husband, whom she early taught to aspire no higher than to the honor of being her chamberlain; and thus ended in absolute failure this notable wedding visit of the Princess Pauline Borghese.—*Pilgrimages to the French Palaces.*

He who reforms himself, has done more toward reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.—*Lavater.*

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THE STATE OF INDIANA.

The design on this page is one of the most beautiful of the series of State scenes drawn for us by Billings. The base of the picture is formed by wheat sheaves, the plough and sickle; above which, beautifully framed and draped, is a correct representation of the State capitol. In the upper part of the design we have the State arms, with a herd of buffaloes, plunging through the prairie grass, a woodman felling a tree, and the sun rising on the far horizon. The arms are flanked by laurel and Indian corn leaves, and beneath are the scroll of the constitution and the sword of justice. On the right are a party of pioneers with their wagons and horses, illustrating the initiatory steps of civilization, and on the left a harvest field, with farmers loading their wagons, laborers cutting and binding the sheaves, and a domestic group in the foreground, a picture of peace and plenty. The State of Indiana is bounded north by Lake Michigan and Michigan, east by Ohio, south by Kentucky, from which it is separated by the Ohio River, and west by Illinois, from which it is partly separated by the Wabash River. It is about 275 miles long, by 135 miles broad, with an area of 38,809 square miles. Three-fourths of the State are yet uncultivated, but it will in time be one of the most densely populated portions of the great Mississippi Valley. This State has no great mountains, and a large portion of it is either level or slightly undulating. The streams mostly empty into the Ohio. A portion of the State is heavily timbered. It has an immense quantity of coal, and there are also iron, copper, lime, freestone, gypsum and grindstones in varying abundance. Of the rivers, the Wabash is the largest that has its course mainly in the State. Its total length, including its windings, is about 500 miles. The climate is milder than in the same latitude on the Atlantic seaboard, but it is subject to sudden changes. The winters, though severe, are short. The soil is generally good, some portions, particularly the river bottoms, being of extraordinary fertility. It ranks fourth among the States of the Union in the quantity of Indian corn grown, and raises the usual agricultural productions, together with some wine, hemp and silk. In 1850 there were 98,396 farms, occupying 5,046,243 acres. In the same year there were 4326 manufacturing establishments in the State. In August, 1854, there were 1278 miles of railroad completed, 1592 in the course of construction, and 732 miles projected. In the same year Indiana had 367 miles of canal, including the famous Wabash and Erie Canal. The State has an active lake and river trade with New Orleans and the various points of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, and with New York by the lakes. The school fund of the State, in 1853, was $4,988,988. In 1850 there were 11 colleges, 4822 public schools, and 131 academies and other schools. In the same year there were 2032 churches, the Baptist being the most numerous. At Indianapolis there are asylums for the deaf and dumb, the blind and the insane. There were, in 1850, 58 public libraries, 88 school and Sunday school libraries, four college and a church library. Population, in 1800, 4875; in 1850, 988,393.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR DEN: PERLEY POORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

"Hark! 'twas the trumpet of Freedom that sounded,
Millions of voices respond to the strain,
Hailing the day when an empire was founded,
Firm as our mountains, and free as the main!"

American Independence! It was a glorious epoch in the history of nations when our heroic sires resolved to be free, and nerved their iron hearts for a desperate revolutionary struggle. Year after year had they submitted to the ever-increasing burdens imposed by order of a despotic sovereign, remonstrating without avail, pleading without obtaining redress, until the spirit of armed resistance, brought to a focus by the oppressive taxations of Lord North's ministry, was kindled into a blaze at Lexington fight. Brightly did the pure beacon-light burst forth, illuminating the entire seacoast like an electric flash, and penetrating into the deep recesses of the interior forests like a "pillar of fire," guiding those who were willing to fight for Independence to the armies recruiting around the newly-raised flag of the free. Dense war-clouds dimmed the horizon, the fountains of public opinion were opened, and a broad tide of liberty swelled forth like the waters that had once rolled over the whole surface of the continent. Every county had its regiment—every hamlet its company of minute-men, pastors led their faithful flocks to head-quarters, and mothers, with Spartan firmness, sent even their youngest sons to the tented field, while they cultivated the homestead crops. The plough was deserted in the furrow, tools were left around unfinished works, and the merchant forsook his counter to join the brave yeomen and patriotic mechanics who hastened to enforce the glorious truth, that "disobedience to tyrants is obedience to God." There was a deficiency of weapons and a lack of uniforms, but each patriotic recruit was impressed with a firm belief that governments must derive their just powers from the governed—a principle which was to be sustained until death, whether on the victorious battle-field or on the menacing scaffold. "Blandishments," said one of their leaders, "will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate us—for, under God, we are determined that, whensoever or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free-men!"

Bunker Hill proved that these improvised phalanxes—that had sprung into existence like the fabulous dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, warriors ready for the fray,—were animated by that resistless intrepidity which ensures success. Neither were they novices in the art of warfare. Accustomed from early youth to the wild sports of the forest, where game was then abundant, they had grown up hardy and fearless, well fitted for the endurance and the danger of a soldier's life. Some of them, from the frontier, had combated the Indian war-chief, so noted for the skill of his ambushes and the ferocity of his revenge. Others had served at the conquest of Louisbourg from the veteran troops of France; or had fought shoulder to shoulder with the British when Wolfe fell, in the arms of victory; or had shared in the disasters of Braddock's defeat. The lessons they had learned while fighting for the king were not forgotten; and those who had gallantly served under Pepperel, or Rogers, or Amherst, were among the first to throw themselves into the revolutionary struggle, and to confirm with joy the selection of a well-known "Provincial colonel" as their commander-in-chief. Washington, noblest of mortals, armed with the wisdom of Minerva and the prowess of Jove, was a fit leader for freedom's host. The strength, the glory, the wisdom of the protracted struggle was concentrated in the Father of his country, who not only led his armies to victory, but sheltered them from annihilation. Ever will his memory be dear to every true heart, and his humble sepulchre a hallowed shrine where the pilgrim of liberty will delight to resort, thanking the Ruler of the universe for the example of such a life as that of Washington.

It was in the month of September, 1775, that a young man might have been seen riding along the main street of the old town of Ipswich, in what was then called the Province of Massachusetts Bay, on his way to Newburyport. It was a lovely afternoon, and as he faced the declining sun, the atmosphere seemed filled with floating powdered gold, which cast a dazzling radiance upon the wooded hills before him. Fields of rich green corn revelled in the yellow sunlight, and the well-cultivated farms on either side of the highway recalled to the traveller's mind the pastoral beauty of Greece, in those storied days when nature smiled upon her classic soil. The very earth seemed joyous in its prolific beauty, as if proudly conscious that no unjaundiced mind could gaze on it without delight, and the birds, coming forth from their noontide shelters, carolled forth subdued vesper-songs of happiness.

These beauties of nature were not lost upon the young man who then gazed on them for the first time, and ample leisure had he to enjoy them, for his gray charger was in no hurry to proceed very rapidly, having left Washington's head-quarters at Cambridge since breakfast. The rider was young—very young, and yet there was a stern resolution in his earnest look that denoted a full maturity of mind. His expressive black eyes were large and sunny, his nose was classically straight, full arched lips disclosed perfect teeth, and thick, black curls, clustering on either side of his high, broad forehead, nearly concealed his small, transparent ears. He sat on his horse with that negligent grace peculiar to those reared on a Virginia plantation, and his whole bearing was that of a young man of fortune, whose mind was intensely occupied for the time, though there was a certain frankness in his open features that would have led a stranger to cultivate his acquaintance.

He wore the becoming uniform of Morgan's Rifle Rangers, a loose frock of dark green cloth, with a small cape bordered with gold fringe. Buckskin leggings, ornamented with gay Indian head-work, came down over his thick moccasins, which were soled like ordinary shoes. A short sword hung from his wampum belt, in which he carried a stout hunting-knife, and a white buck-tail was jauntily set in a visorless cap made of racoon skin. This picturesque garb was highly becoming to the young man's lithe, well-formed figure, while further evidence of his aristocratic habits were discernible in the delicate texture of his neckcloth and ruffles, which were also edged with narrow lace. A small valise was on the crupper behind his saddle, while before it was a pair of holsters from which protruded the silver-mounted butts of a formidable pair of pistols. Never, in the palmy days of chivalry, was there a more gallant-looking cavalier than was this same Ensign Herbert Yancey, now on his way to Newburyport with special despatches from General Washington.

A rustling sound in some bushes at the roadside started him from his reverie, and he had drawn a pistol ere he recognized in a man who rode out into the highway an old and certainly pacific acquaintance. A bright flush colored his cheek, as if ashamed of having been startled, and pushing back the pistol, he raised his hand to his cap, in true military style, exclaiming: "Why, professor, is that you? Good-day to you, sir."

The new-comer was evidently a Frenchman by birth, with the slender figure, thin, yellow features and aquiline nose so peculiar to the land of Charlemagne and champagne. It was a dozen years or more since he landed in Boston, where he gave French lessons with such success that he was soon afterwards engaged at Harvard College, first as tutor, then as professor. Amiable in his disposition, retiring in his habits, and almost childlike in his manners, he was a universal favorite; nor did any one but himself know that his life had been anything but that of a quiet scholar. Yet often, in the dead of night, would he lift the veil of hypocrisy from his troubled conscience, reviving long smouldering fires of love and jealousy, and recalling many prominent parts which he had acted in the great drama of life, with shuddering fears of the final act. The morning sun would light up his serene face as he greeted his scholars with a gentle smile, though a close observer would have noticed that his eye had a restless glance.

At first, the professor did not recognize one of his pupils in the dashing-looking officer who had addressed him; but there was no forgetting Herbert Yancey.

"I do declare," said he, "it is you. And what frolic has made you put on that disguise? It is very becoming, though."

"Thank you, professor," laughingly replied the young officer, bowing to his horse's mane. "But let me tell you that I am now serving my country. When the college exercises were discontinued, I remained at Cambridge, intending to continue my studies. But that was no time for metaphysical investigations, or for the mysteries of classic lore, and I soon became inoculated with a desire to aid in rescuing my country from the tyrant's yoke. A sense of filial duty to my dear widowed mother alone restrained me; but when our own Virginia riflemen came to Cambridge, life had no other object of ambition for me than military renown in their ranks. I knew most of the officers, some of them having been my schoolmates; and at last my mother, yielding to my earnest prayers, gave me a reluctant permission to accept a commission. This Colonel Morgan easily obtained, as my father had been an acquaintance of General Washington's; and now, my dear professor, a new career opens its bright vista before me. No more syllogistic arguments in Latin, no more Greek exercises, or incomprehensible problems—but the march, the bivouac, and, I hope, the glory of victory. Don't mention it, professor, but I shall be off for Canada in a fortnight."

"For Canada!" repeated the old gentleman; "and what, Herbert, do you intend doing in Canada?"

"Doing!" replied Yancey; "why, take it, to be sure. Colonel Arnold is to lead a large force, including our Virginia Rifle Rangers, which is to cross some uninhabited country, and join Montgomery before Quebec. But, professor, what are you doing here? Botanizing, of course?"

"Yes, Herbert. When the army occupied Cambridge, I came to pay a long-promised visit to an old friend in Ipswich, and have made many valuable additions to my herbarium."

"I am right glad to learn your success, professor. Indeed I would like to have a chat with you, but the sun is getting low, and I have a dozen miles to ride. So good-by."

Touching his horse with the spur, the young officer was off the moment he finished his sentence, leaving his companion gazing after him in a deep study. "He goes to Canada—to Quebec," he soliloquized. "Ah, how I would like to see that pleasant city, yet how terrible are my souvenirs of it!" Then, with a quivering lip, and a shudder, as though he felt the brand of Cain searing his conscience, the unquiet man turned the head of his horse toward Ipswich.

Our readers may have partially gathered from the interview above mentioned that Herbert Yancey was the son of a wealthy Virginia planter, who had died some years previously, leaving his only child in the guardianship of his bereaved wife. Residing on one of the family estates, Mrs. Yancey devoted herself to the education of her son, into whose mind she successfully endeavored to instil honor and truth, with the gentler feelings of her own heart. She succeeded admirably, and until he had nearly arrived at the age of manhood, "Massa Herbert" had the uncontrolled range of the plantation, with its host of devoted sable retainers. But when his tutor informed him that he could instruct him no further—when he had hunted, and fished, and rode, over the whole county,—the young man's active mind became weaned, and he entreated his fond mother to let him pursue his studies at old Harvard, where his father had graduated.

On arriving at Cambridge, Herbert's family position, fine personal appearance, and cheerful disposition, won him a host of friends, and for a wonder, he soon became as popular with the faculty as with the students. Not that he was free from faults, especially what were called college misdemeanors in those days of pedagogical severity; but the faculty saw that his faults were those of impulse, not of calculation, and so they overlooked in him what they would have expelled others for doing. Indeed there was no resisting the frank earnestness of his manner, neither was there any reason to complain when the waste-gate of freedom from home restraint had once performed its office. No sooner was he satiated with the frivolities of college life than irresolution of purpose was exchanged for decision, new aspirations were awakened, and although some of his classmates were young men of marked ability, Herbert was in the foremost rank. Yet although he was a close student, he by no means neglected the manly exercises of his early youth. A row upon Charles River, a gallop into Brookline, or practice with his rifle upon the hills of Brighton, were indulged in nearly every day. These manly accomplishments, while they invigorated his body, gave him that mental energy and firmness of purpose which are so necessary to ensure success in martial pursuits.

When he first requested permission to join the revolutionary forces, at the commencement of hostilities, his mother sent a positive refusal in reply to his earnest epistle. Yet when the gallant Virginians around her enlisted under the stalwort Morgan, and left for the North, her patriotic spirit overbalanced her maternal fears. No sooner was her consent obtained, than he was elected an ensign in the company raised in his own county, and Herbert's first intimation of his mother's consent to his earnest desire, was the receipt of his commission, with a letter from Colonel Morgan, appointing him quartermaster to the regiment.

Elated with this realization of his dreams, Herbert immediately commenced a diligent study of his duties, so that when the brave Virginians reached the camp at Cambridge, he was able to report himself for immediate service. Washington, who had noticed his attention to the important duties of the commissariat, spoke of him in the highest terms, and in arranging the expedition to Canada, young Yancey was charged with the supplies of the advance guard, which was to be chiefly composed of riflemen. It was to procure certain stores, and attend to their shipment, that he was now on his way to Newburyport, in advance of the invading force.

Passing through the straggling village of Rowley, Herbert saw the sun declining over the distant hills of West Newbury, fringing the pine thickets with golden hues, while the sky was filled with gorgeous cloud-castles, shaped by the great Architect of heaven. The birds twittered in the trees, or skimmed over the brooks and pools, while a troop of thieving crows, scenting their repast from afar, were seen trooping through the air, like mourners hastening to a funeral banquet. Nature was melodious and joyful, while from the distance, like the full tones of a cathedral organ, came the roar of the ocean surf upon the sandy beaches of Plum Island. But when he reached the river Parker, an incident occurred of startling moment, dispelling all his day-dreams, and completely changing the tidal current of his existence.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARSONAGE OF ST. PAUL'S.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Newburyport—now a mere nursery from whence recruits are sent forth into the great "Battle of Life," and the asylum which welcomes them back with their spoils to die,—was a prosperous seaport in the revolutionary epoch. Her sails whitened every sea, her merchants lived in princely state, every one of her towns-people was directly or indirectly interested in navigation, and she had much to lose by engaging in the struggle. But the current of the Merrimac was not fuller and stronger, as it swept past her shores, than was the patriotism of her sons. Regardless of the individual cost, they spurned all thoughts of conciliation with King George, and zealously pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" for the establishment of the sublime principles of constitutional freedom.

Yet there were exceptions to this, as to every other phase of the public will. A few families clung loyally to their church and to their king, in obedience to the solemn warnings of their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Gwynne, rector of the Episcopal church of St. Paul. Although a native of Massachusetts, the Rector was proud of his old English lineage, and dearly did he love to trace it back through the vexed period of the Commonwealth, the eventful era of Queen Elizabeth, and the Reformation of bluff King Harry, to the time when his first notable ancestor was knighted by Edward the Third at the battle of Crecy. The passion of one ancestor for gaming, of another for horses, and of a third for foreign travel, had gradually wasted away the broad acres regally donated to the valiant De Gwynne with his golden spurs. But it was the rector's boast that, amid all changes, the gradually impoverished family had proudly supported the throne, even when they had been exiled to the western wilds by the loss of the last acre of their old estate.

In addition to this ancestral pride, Parson Gwynne (as he was called) had been educated and ordained in England, under the auspices of the "Society for the propagation of the Gospel in

foreign parts." The munificence of this body had settled him at Newburyport, and in return he had never failed to respect its patrons, reading prayers for the king and the royal family, as became a loyal missionary. Nay, he denounced the first workings of the rebellion as "a most sinful rebellion," and sternly refused to read the committee of safety's recommendations for fasts or thanksgivings, announcing as a reason that the proclamations emanated from men who were alike traitors to their country and to their God.

This, of course, made the Episcopal rector obnoxious to the revolutionists; but the man, apart from his holy office, was beloved by all the good people of Newburyport. High and low, rich and poor, and of every religious denomination, regarded him with genuine reverence, for he was emphatically a man of peace and of good works. A constant visitor at the bedsides of the sick and of the suffering, ever ready to aid those in distress or to raise the fallen in heart, Parson Gwynne won the most stubborn opponents of Christian life by his kindness, and inculcated virtue by his spotless example. His cordial and courteous manners were stamped with a winning joviality of character when conversing on secular matters, yet no one ever dared take liberties with him, or infringe the bounds of decorum.

The parsonage house of St. Paul's church was in every way worthy of its tenants, and looked the abode of peace and happiness. It was a large, low-studded wooden edifice, with a huge stack of brick chimneys clustering out from its centre. Above the windows, which were filled with small diamond panes of glass, clung the luxuriant woodbine, and the deep porch, with its cedar columns, was embosomed in roses. Large elms waved their sentinel branches in front, along the road, while on either side, stretching rearward to the very edge of the Merrimac, was a noble garden. This it was the rector's delight to cultivate in the old English style. There were long terraces, fringed with vines, large squares of grass with borders of flowers, a small fish pond and a summer-house, covered with the graceful tendrils of the clematis, on the very banks of the river. Neither was there any lack of excellent fruit trees, of currant or of gooseberry bushes, or of vegetable patches, filled with culinary treasures. It was, in short, a very gem of a garden, presenting unequivocal signs of the rector's peaceful enjoyment, his successful industry, and his love of the beautiful.

Attractive as was the garden, it was but a fitting preface through which to pass ere entering the parsonage, which it so exquisitely enshrined. On the left hand of the small entry, which was nearly filled by a winding, heavy-banistered staircase, was the rector's study. It was a large, low room, with oaken beams crossing it below the whitewashed ceiling, and a clean pine floor, upon which lay scattered a score of small oval carpets, made of bits of cloth braided and then sewed together. An immense fireplace was filled with green asparagus boughs, and a long, sombre-looking clock ticked in a corner. But not an inch of the walls could be seen. They were hid by tall book-shelves, evidently made from time to time as the library had gradually increased, until there was now no available room. Many of the books, of course, were on theological topics, embracing the musty folios of Leyden and of Geneva, in which the doctrines of Calvin and Luther were so prolixly interpreted by their disciples. Yet the fine old English poets were all there—ay, and their pages bore marks of frequent consultation, while a few choice dramas, the works of the Jesuit missionaries who first elevated the cross in America, and a shelf devoted to science, completed the collection.

In one corner stood a good reflecting telescope, with a celestial globe, and a quadrant. Near by, and in a good light, was a large table, literally heaped with books, manuscripts, mineralogical specimens, and other "litter of literature." Here, in a large arm-chair, sat the rector, on the afternoon of which we have spoken.

Parson Gwynne was in his seventieth year, but, from his thick, auburn hair, and the vivacity of his movements, he might have passed for a hale man of fifty. His attenuated but pleasing features, his beautifully formed mouth, and his large brilliant eyes, composed an intellectual, and, at the same time, amiable expression which was extremely fascinating. Though his frame was rather slender than strongly built, it was muscular and active, well adapted to those athletic exertions in which he delighted to be accounted a master. For to confess the truth, the rector was no less anxious to be esteemed a man eminent for ecclesiastical learning, than to be held a skillful angler, a good shot, and a distinguished adept at base-ball, running, leaping, and all exercises which depend upon animal spirits and muscular exertion. These, he held, were eminently English, and he therefore practised them assiduously—rather too much so, perhaps, to suit the gossips of his parish. They—good souls—would have rather seen their rector a pale, thin man, with a weary-looking countenance, and a shuffling, unsteady gait. Luckily he cared not one straw for their opinion.

The rector, at the time of this introduction, was in earnest discourse with Madame Ordway, who had presided over his household affairs for nearly a score of years, and had contributed much to his comfort. A few years previous to her installation at the parsonage, she had been one of the happiest of wives, when her husband "followed the seas," and she was the occupant of a pleasant house at the "north end" of Boston. At last, after a long, dreary silence, almost worse than the worst news could have been, she received intelligence that he had arrived at Newburyport, after having been shipwrecked. Hastening thither, she found him a mere skeleton, but by careful nursing he soon recovered his health, and having an opportunity to command the vessel which had rescued him, he went to sea again.

His wife never saw him more. Month after month she awaited his return, and her fond heart beat high with the thought that at his coming she could gladden him by presenting their first born son, born after his departure. But the child never knew a father's smile, and at length the mother, who had neither relatives nor property, accepted joyfully the position of housekeeper tendered her by Parson Gwynne, who, as her spiritual adviser, had a fine opportunity to observe her even, gentle disposition. As the lad grew up, it was her heart's prayer that he might, on arriving at manhood, become an expounder of heavenly truths, and minister at his Redeemer's altar. As the lad grew up, however, it became evident that the ministry was not his vocation, and Madame Ordway was at length compelled to admit that such a frolicsome scamp would never make a staid clergyman. Frank was accordingly released from study, and apprenticed to a ship-carpenter, where he soon manifested a great aptitude for ornamental carving. The figure-heads of Frank Ordway's handiwork were celebrated in the colony, and now that he had just attained his majority, he devoted himself to this branch of his trade.

Up to the breaking out of the Revolution, Frank had been a great favorite with Parson Gwynne—nay, the gossips said that he would leave the young man one half of his accumulated savings. But of late, the good rector had become quite dissatisfied, and was now unburthening his grievances to young Ordway's mother.

"I tell you what," said he, "Frank is on the broad road to destruction. I have heard of him at several of the meetings at the Liberty Tree, and he even had the audacity to say to me this very morning that he hoped before the next 17th of June there would not be a Tory in Massachusetts."

"But, sir," replied Madame Ordway, in an imploring tone.

"Never mind your buts, madame," interrupted the rector. "This rebellious spirit may attain its end, and unless promptly checked—"

He in his turn was interrupted by the entrance of the only undescribed inmate of the rectory, yet the one who would have first attracted a stranger's attention. Some fifteen years previous, a large French vessel had been driven ashore on Plum Island, in a furious gale of wind, and went to pieces within sight of a crowd of spectators, who could do nothing to rescue those on board from a watery grave. Singularly enough, only one soul, and that a delicate young child, was preserved. Washed on shore, she was with difficulty rescued from the waves, and was carried home by the rector, who found his housekeeper delighted with an opportunity to do good by cherishing the little stranger. A fever set in, and when the girl recovered her consciousness, she was unable to give any idea of her family or home, although the rector conjectured that she was a Canadian, and a Roman Catholic. So she grew up, the companion of Frank Ordway, but even a greater favorite of their kind protector. Now that she had grown up, and was entering into womanhood, she was the rector's especial companion, and their love for each other was devoted. Nor was she his favorite alone. So gentle were her ways, so sweet was her smile, so melodious was her voice, and so guileless was her heart, that every one in Newburyport spoke well of the rector's ward. Such was the term by which he addressed her, and she, at his request, called him "guardian." She had been christened Mabel Gwynne.

As she entered the study, a painter would have rejoiced to have transferred her charms to canvass, so cherub-like was the expression of her angelic features. If there was passion in her heart, it was not displayed upon the noble outline of her countenance, while a sweet smile ever lingered around the corners of her tiny mouth. Her bright auburn hair was tightly drawn back over her high marble forehead, and escaped in flowing curls from behind a small straw hat, jauntily perched upon her head. Her clear blue eyes shone with a pensive light through their long, drooping fringes, and her coral lips poutingly kept watch over the pearly treasures disclosed through their slightly opened, rosy gates. A boddice of dark blue cloth was fitted so tightly as to develop the elegant, untortured contour of her figure, with a cambric kerchief intervening between the dark material and her snowy neck. A long, sweeping skirt of striped homespun kersey was held gracefully up in her left hand, while in the right she carried a riding-whip.

"What, Mabel,—is Selim saddled?" asked the rector, suddenly ceasing his remarks upon the politics of his housekeeper's son.

"Yes, guardy. Old Margy Westcott, who lives near Parker River bridge, has sent me word that she needs flannel badly, having severe rheumatic pains. So I thought that I would canter over with some."

"I wish that I could go over with you, but am preparing a sermon with great care. The rights of the church and of our king must be asserted, or every one will become as rank Whigs as you and Frank Ordway are."

"Would that they—" Here Mabel checked herself, and running up to the rector, kissed his forehead, saying: "But I wont vex my loyal old guardy. Good-by—good-by!" She then left the study with a light step, followed by Madame Ordway.

"Really," said the matron, as they came out from the door, "I don't see what Frank can do."

"Do!" replied Mabel. "There is but one thing for Frank Ordway or any other true-hearted American to do."

"And what is that?" asked Frank himself, coming from behind a cluster of lilacs, and going towards Selim, whose rein Mabel was already unfastening. Holding out his hand, she touched her tiny foot in it and sprang into the saddle. Then turning towards her expectant attendant, she exclaimed:

"Fight for your country's freedom!"

Ere he could recover from his surprise, she was gone, but her words rang unceasingly in his ears. Walking slowly away, he repeated the phrase again and again—"Fight for my country's freedom!" An important secret weighed upon his heart, but it was overpowered there by that warning advice. Yes—yes! He was ready to "fight for his country's freedom," to wear the black cockade, and to follow the rolling drum beneath the "flag of the free."

CHAPTER III.

PERIL BY LAND AND WATER.

"On such a steed sprung Lochinvar,
To bear so gallantly afar
The maid he bravely wooed;
On such a steed the martyr-queen,
Bewildered, tearful, yet serene,
Passed on to Holyrood."

Mabel, on leaving the parsonage, made her horse pace gently along the high street, then but imperfectly shaded by the giant elms, whose interlacing branches now enshrine it, like the nave of a Gothic cathedral. She did not wish to offend the good dames who sat at their windows, like spiders in their webs, all ready to pounce upon any exhibition of hoydenishness on the part of the rector's ward; but no sooner had she passed the "green," than she tightened her rein. "Forward, Selim,—forward!"

The noble animal, arching his neck, and throwing forward his tiny ears, at once started off in a sweeping canter. In those days, every lady was a good rider, but Mabel Gwynne excelled in horsemanship, that promoter of invigorated health, braced nerves and elevated spirits. Rapidly passing over a mile or so of the smooth, pleasant highway, she slackened her rein as she entered a beautiful wood, which stood in its primeval grandeur. Some of the trees cast deep shadows, but through the intervals darted the concentrated rays of the sun in brilliant lines of light, producing a magical effect. The birds were singing their evening songs, and nature's happiest harmonies seemed consecrated by the sweetest melodies.

Letting Selim walk, Mabel was enjoying this landscape, when a horseman suddenly emerged from a cross bridle-path, and rode directly toward her. He was in the prime of life, and gaily though rather shabbily attired. His crimson cloth coat was badly stained, the embroidery on his satin waistcoat was tarnished, the laundress had evidently not had recent possession of his cambric ruffles, and the long riding-boots, which reached above the knees of his leather small-clothes, bore samples of dried mud from many a rut.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said, in a half jocular, half brutal tone, stretching out his arms as if to clasp her around the waist.

Mabel shuddered at the sound, nor, as she gazed at the speaker with mingled amazement and fear, was there anything about his appearance to re-assure her. His was one of those faces which make one shudder without knowing why. It was of a dark olive shade, deeply furrowed with the traces of small-pox, and tinged with the scarlet brand of intemperate indulgence. Gray-grizzled, black hair hung in tangled masses from beneath his three-cornered felt hat, and thick, bushy eyebrows of the same hue gave to his deeply-sunken gray eyes a yet darker shade. His features were elongated, while diagonally across his face was the livid scar of a disfiguring sword cut, which had so marred his upper lip that when he spoke, or was moved by excitement, his large teeth were so uncovered as to give a repulsive, if not ferocious air to his whole countenance. Strange to say, however, one would have been disposed to regard this sinister expression as perfectly natural. The wound which spoiled the man's good looks, seemed to have given but the finishing touch to the likeness which his aspect bore to his soul, and to have harmonized the physiognomy and the disposition. It was the stamp of passion beyond self-control, and of a defiant, hardened career of dissipation, branded indelibly, as if to warn all well-meaning people against the possessor.

Mabel's color went and came with indignation, although she did not dream that the annoyance was anything but the freak of a drunken man, emboldened by the disturbed state of the province. Gathering her energies, she replied:

"I am in haste, sir, and do not desire company."

"But suppose you cannot help having it!" exclaimed the man, with a satyr-like leer, for her beauty but inflamed his excitement.

"Nay, sir. Let me pass. I must go on!" hurriedly ejaculated Mabel, who, for the first time in her life, felt thoroughly alarmed.

"Never, my beauty!" And the fellow seized Selim's bridle.

"Sir, do you know who I am? I am the Rev. Mr. Gwynne's ward, and am on a visit to a sick woman."

"So, so!" roared the persecutor. "You are the parson's ward—the stray eaglet in the old Tory's nest. I knew all that, my beauty, when I sent for you; for old Dame Westcott's rheumatism was caused by a guinea from me, with the promise of another one if she could tole you out here."

"God help me!" exclaimed Mabel, turning white with fear. "O, sir, let me return!"

"Never, without me as your husband, my darling!" And as the man uttered these words, he seized the bridle nearer the bit with his left hand, while he sought to encircle Mabel's waist with his right arm.

No sooner did she feel his rude grasp, than a thousand agonized thoughts whirled in frightful chaos through her excited brain. A ray of hope flashed through the gloom. Raising her riding whip, and summoning her every energy, she dealt the would-be-abductor such a blow across the face that he dropped the bridle and his prey, instinctively raising both hands to the smarting livid line which crossed both cheeks.

"Forward, Selim,—forward!" shouted Mabel, gathering up the reins as she freed herself from a loathsome grasp, and away sped the noble steed as fully comprehending the peril of his rider.

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the baffled ruffian, his eyes flashing fire, as he spurred his horse in pursuit. "Stop, or by the saints, I will fire!" But he found it impossible to overtake Selim, who was urged on by his mistress, as if every impulse of his life was concentrated in his speed.

Onward—onward they flew. Mabel dared not turn around, but she could hear the hoofs of her pursuer's horse close behind her, and his loud cries were swept past her on every breeze. Half a mile further and she would be safe, for she would then reach the river, and there were houses on the other side of the bridge.

"Forward, Selim,—forward!"

The gallant animal, with distended eyes flashing fire, quivering nostrils, and veins which swelled like the fibres on a vine leaf, almost flew over the ground, while the distance between him and the pursuer rapidly increased. Meanwhile the rage of the horseman appeared also to increase into madness, and he was on the point of carrying his threat of firing into execution, when he descried the bridge just before Mabel, and on it a party of men, who were engaged in repairs.

"Foiled and defeated!" he muttered, returning his pistol to its holster and abruptly wheeling about, while his countenance wore a look of diabolical ferocity. "Who would have thought that Dan Holbrook would have let his game slip through his fingers this way, and lose five hundred guineas? Horse-whipped, too! If I catch her again—never mind!" Plain was it to discover, in the distortions of that hideous face, convulsed with passion, that the poor girl's fate, if she ever fell into his clutches, would be a sad one.

How different the feelings of Mabel! "Thank God!" she exclaimed, when she saw the men on the bridge, but such was her nervous agitation that she did not observe that all the planks had been removed. In vain did the workmen, who were at the opposite extremity of the bridge, shout to her to stop. In vain did the noble Selim endeavor to retreat from the yawning gulf. One idea alone had full possession of her fevered brain, and that idea was comprehended in the single word "escape!"

The horse, on reaching the opening in the bridge, and seeing the tide rolling between the open timbers, convulsively drew himself back upon his haunches. Then, for the first time, Mabel was aware of her perilous position, but it was too late. With a maddened bound, the noble animal leaped into the river.

"God help me!" was Mabel's hurried exclamation, as this new danger so unexpectedly presented itself, and that at the moment when deliverance from another peril seemed at hand. A sharp pang, as if of death, passed through her brain, there was a splash, a gurgle, and she felt that her senses were abandoning her. Luckily, she mechanically disengaged her foot from the stirrup ere the horse touched the water, and while he swam away for the shore, she floated down the stream, insensible of her position, and buoyed up by her clothing.

Fortunately for her, Herbert Yancey had just reached the river bank, where he was conversing with the workmen, while one of their number went to procure a batteau for the purpose of ferrying him across. He had witnessed Mabel's perilous approach, and no sooner did he see her precipitated into the water than—throwing off a portion of his apparel and his sword—he plunged in to the rescue. An excellent swimmer, he soon managed to seize Mabel, and, in less time than is here occupied in narrating the mishap, he reached the bank of the river, an inanimate burthen in his arms.

Laying Mabel gently down upon the grass, Herbert knelt at her side, and gazed in mute admiration, for he saw before him the very face that had ever haunted the love-dream of his heart. O how beautiful, drenched and terror-stricken as she was, did she appear to her preserver, who gazed on her as if she was an angelic visitor!

Slowly and dimly did returning consciousness steal into the young girl's mind, as the first light of dawning day struggles against the mists of night in the eastern horizon. How long she had been unconscious, she knew not, but at the re-awakening of her intellect, she felt a hand upon her brow, and saw a man kneeling at her side. Was it her beloved guardian? Or had she fallen into the power of her late pursuer?

By this time several of the workmen had arrived at the spot, and as Mabel recognized some of them who were Mr. Gwynne's parishioners, she recovered full possession of her thoughts. Again the current of rich, warm heart-blood shot through her cheeks and lips, and she resembled the fabulous statue of the Greek sculptor, warmed into life by the prayer of love.

"Never fear, Miss Gwynne," said one of the workmen; "you are among friends. But what did make you ride so?"

Again the angel of terror cast the shadow of his wing over Mabel's face, as she hurriedly gazed around, but she saw no one around who did not regard her with unmistakable interest. A sweet smile chased away the doubt cloud, and she said:

"Thanks—thanks! But do not ask me any questions. I wish to go to Mr. Gwynne's at once."

"But will you not come to our house, miss?" asked the workman. "Your clothes are wet, and—"

"Thanks, but no," interrupted Mabel. "I wish to see my guardian as soon as possible. Where is Selim?"

"He swam ashore, and started for home," replied the workman. "If you insist upon going, I will go to the pasture for my horse, and take you up behind me."

"Take mine," said Herbert. "I will follow on yours, and we can re-exchange at the tavern."

"Davenport's?"

"Yes. First let me take my saddle-bags, that I may get dry clothing."

A few moments afterward, the kind workman had crossed the river in the batteau with Herbert's horse, with Mabel mounted behind him. She had taken no notice of Herbert beyond a pleasant smile of adieu, but that smile lingered in his heart.

"Who is she?" he inquired, when the last flutter of her drenched hat-plume had arrested his earnest gaze.

"Parson Gwynne's ward, sir. The old rector is a rank old Tory, but we all like Miss Mabel."

"Yes," added another of the by-standers; "and we should all be grateful to you for saving her life as you did. It's a wonder that she did not thank you, but, poor thing! she seemed half frightened out of her wits. The old rector's good to make it right, though. And now, sir, step up to my house yonder; put on your dry clothes, and we'll have old Norton's horse ready for you to ride into port with."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

"Sainted shades! who dared to brave,
In Freedom's ark, the pathless wave!
Manes of Carver, Standish, hear!
To love the soil you gave, we swear,
And midst the storms of state be true
To God, our country and to you."

On this same Thursday evening, a close observer might have noticed small triangular pieces of red paper pasted upon corners of houses, gate-posts and other prominent places in Newburyport. Many of the towns-people passed them without having their attention in any way excited, while others wondered what foolish boy had been so precise in disfiguring the painted wood-work; but there were citizens, stout and true-hearted men, to whom these trifling bits of paper conveyed a deep meaning. They signified danger to the cause of freedom, and, like an electric flash, they sped the intelligence throughout the whole town that the council-fire was that night to be lighted, and summoned around it each true "Son of Liberty."

This mystic yet all-powerful fraternity had its head-quarters in Newburyport, in a large sail-loft at the water-side, near the ship-yards. There, when the sun had dipped his glowing disc behind the swelling hills of West Newbury, a determined band began to assemble. Giving the sacred pass-word of "liberty" at the lower door, they were admitted by a vigilant sentinel, and by eight o'clock, the large loft was filled. A few wore the rich broadcloth or velvet suits of the epoch, but the large majority were evidently workingmen, ready to fight for the independence of their native land. These were the true patriots of '76—that glorious crew who so promptly manned the ship of state when first launched upon the troubled waters of political strife. Some professional and wealthy "gentlemen" joined them when office or honor was to be attained; but it was emphatically the mechanics and the yeomen of the thirteen colonies who demanded and obtained the glorious boon of national independence. In the camp or in the council, the hard-handed men were in a large majority.

The proceedings were opened with prayer. Every man in the assembly devoutly bowed his head as a reverend patriot implored the divine blessing upon the meeting, praying that, while delivering their country, they might not forget to render all honor, and praise, and power to their heavenly sovereign, the "King of kings." When he had ceased, a commanding voice called the meeting to order, and inquired: "What seek we here?"

And the entire assemblage responded in a deep-toned whisper, which sounded like the ground swell of the ocean as it rolls against a rocky shore: "We seek liberty!"

"How do her sons obtain her presence?" asked the chairman.

"By clear heads, true hearts and strong arms."

"And do you, again and ever, pledge your heads, your hearts and your right arms in behalf of the glorious cause?"

"We do!" And as the unanimous response came forth, each man laid his left hand upon his heart, and raised his right hand, as if appealing to Heaven for an endorsement of his devotedness.

"Sons of Liberty," said the chairman, "your council-fire is lighted, and we will proceed to business. I have convened you for deliberation on a subject which will doubtless prove as unpleasant to many of you as it is to me, but it must be attended to without delay. You will be seated, and hear the report of your vigilance committee."

The chairman of this committee, who now ascended the platform, was Harry Folansbee, a sturdy ship-carpenter, whose character was unscathed by suspicion, and whose heart was divided between his country and his friends. His readiness to oblige all with whom he came in contact, the delicacy with which he aided those in distress, and his propensity to contrive and to execute schemes for public amusement, made him a universal favorite.

"Brethren," said he, with an evidently troubled mind, "I feel for the first time a reluctance in performing my duty. Yet it is the duty of your committee of vigilance to inform you that the good of the cause requires the immediate suspension of prayers for the Hanoverian tyrant, George the Third, in St. Paul's church. We honor Parson Gwynne as a man, but his devotion to the tyrant on the English throne makes his church a gathering-point for the Tories, and your committee are of opinion that the Sons of Liberty should have these prayers stopped."

The personal popularity of the rector was fully acknowledged in the debate which followed the report of the committee, and several speakers, stating that they had already urged Parson Gwynne to omit the obnoxious portions of the liturgy, expressed a hope that he would yet be brought to take a proper view of his position. They believed him to be at heart a friend of his country, and only restrained from becoming a true republican by his sense of duty. Let him be simply cautioned.

Others, while equally willing to admit the rector's individual excellence, were also convinced of the unyielding pertinacity of his nature. They urged that he be formally notified to change his course, and warned that if he insisted in asserting his allegiance to the Hanoverian tyrant, the doors of St. Paul's would be closed, and kept closed.

The only one who advocated more ultra measures, was a man commonly known as Butcher Holbrook, from his occupation. He was a burly, muscular individual, with fiery gray eyes that glowered from beneath shaggy red eyebrows, a sensual mouth, a chuckle like the laugh of a hyena, and that insolence of speech peculiar to those who know that they are inferior to others.

"Brothers," said he, "I go for giving the old fellow a coat of tar and feathers, and riding him out of town on a rail."

"Shame! shame!" cried many voices, but the mallet of the chairman restored order.

"You may cry shame," doggedly muttered Holbrook; "but it wont be very encouraging to the boys who are at Dorchester, to hear that we have a full-blown Tory parson here, praying for King George, and confusion to us, his enemies."

"Mr. Chairman," said an old and respected member of the council, "I hope that such treatment towards a venerated clergyman be at once discouraged, even though the old gentleman is led astray by the false lights of his faith. Such an infamous proceeding would do our cause more harm than good. And, perhaps, if the rector's ward had looked upon a member of this council with more favor, that individual would have been more merciful."

"Mind your own business, old meddler!" angrily replied Holbrook, as if certain that the remark applied to him. The hammer of the chairman arrested further remark, and the butcher sulkily took his seat.

"Question! question!" was called for on all sides.

"Is it your pleasure to have the question put?" asked the chairman.

"It is," was the almost unanimous response.

"Is it your pleasure that the rector of St. Paul's church in this town, the Rev. Mr. Gwynne, be notified that no public prayers must be offered up by him, or in that pulpit, for British tyrants, or for the success of their undertakings? And, further, that he be notified that he must read the various proclamations of the Provincial Congress and of the Committee of Public Safety? With the distinct understanding that if he opposes the thus expressed wishes of the Sons of Liberty, the church will be seized, shut up, and all occupation of it prohibited. Those in favor of this motion, made on the recommendation of the committee of vigilance, will be pleased to manifest it."

A large majority of those present raised their right hand.

"It is a vote," continued the chairman. "I so declare it, and the secretary will record the will of the Sons of Liberty, thus expressed, on their chronicles. How shall it be announced to Parson Gwynne?"

"I'll tell him," said Holbrook.

"No! no!" was shouted, and a clear voice said: "I nominate Frank Ordway." The chairman at once proposed the name, and Frank was chosen.

"Before the council adjourns," said the secretary, "I would inform the Sons that the army destined for the invasion of Canada will positively sail from here next week. Letters to that effect were received by the selectmen yesterday, and they announced that an officer of the quartermaster's department would reach town to-night, to make necessary arrangements, and to enlist a company of artificers. The services of this corps will be required in building batteaux, bridges, etc. Will not the brothers see that the ranks are promptly filled, and otherwise aid the officer, whose name, I believe, is Captain Yancey? He will, of course, stop at Davenport's tavern."

The Sons of Liberty now adjourned. Nearly every one, as the members chatted in groups after the adjournment, lamented the necessity of interfering with the rector of St. Paul's, but not one felt sadder on the subject than the messenger who had been appointed to hear the tidings officially. The rector had been truly a father, a preceptor and a friend to him; now he feared that the good yet impetuous old gentleman would receive as an insult what was a simple discharge of duty. No Son of Liberty could decline any service upon which he was sent by his council, and the young man started on his mission with a heavy heart.

We have said that Frank Ordway was young, yet he had an athletic, well-formed frame, strong arms, nerves of steel and sinews of iron. His features were frank, although they appeared somewhat stern when not irradiated by a smile of great sweetness. He had a somewhat prominent nose, his deep-set, electric, hazel eyes were fringed with long lashes, and a profusion of glossy brown hair curled over the broad expanse of a well defined forehead. Though one of the youngest members of the Sons of Liberty, there was no one in the council who better understood the sublime principles of constitutional freedom. Love for his mother had alone withheld him from joining the revolutionary forces when the war-clarion first sounded, but he had been one of the most active friends of freedom at home. Nor had he ever before shrunk back from any duty imposed upon him. Now his consolation was that he might be able to avert the threatening storm, which seemed about to break upon the head of the rector, and—for the whole truth must be told—the rector's ward.

On reaching the parsonage, he found, to his astonishment, lights burning in nearly every room, while before the door were hitched two horses well known as belonging to the principal physicians of the town. Who could need their services? He knocked cautiously.

Madame Ordway recognized the knock of her son, and soon appeared at the door, making a gesture of silence.

"Thank Heaven, dear mother, it is not you who is ill!" said or rather whispered Frank. "But who are the doctors here to see?"

"Miss Mabel. Have you not heard of her escape from drowning?"

"No. Miss Mabel in danger! When—where?"

Of the attempt at abduction, Madame Ordway herself was as yet ignorant, but she briefly narrated Selim's plunge into the river, with its results. Frank listened in silence, but his full, arching lips quivered with emotion, while the workings of his troubled heart sent a crimson flush to his cheek. Of course, his mother's



CHINESE MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING CHAIR IN THE TEA DISTRICT.

account of the affair was meagre and imperfect, but the young man heard enough to make him eager to know more, especially to know who had rescued Miss Mabel.

Not wishing to intrude upon the rector while his mind must necessarily be agitated, Frank requested his mother to say that he would call early in the morning upon especial business. Then bidding his mother "good-night," he wended his way homeward, deeply absorbed in thought. Strange to say, the intelligence that Mabel had been exposed to insult awakened in the young man's heart the full consciousness that she was the object of his love. He had for years almost regarded her as a sister, but now a different emotion swept over his very soul. Love! It is impossible to say in what this passion, at once the most mastering and the most mysterious of our nature, has its origin. It springs into life on a look, a word, a thought. The heart may have remained untouched for years; it may have wondered at the weakness of others; for we cannot sympathize with what we do not comprehend, but not the less does the fated moment come at last. Then we believe in all we doubted before; then we yield to the sweet enchantment life never knows again. Such was the case with Frank Ordway. A new sensation had entered into his existence, and, alas! for humanity, sweet, gentle as it seems, it was in all probability to produce a wretchedness before undreamed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING CHAIR.

The accompanying engraving represents the mode of travelling in the mountainous tea region of China. In spite of its oddity, there might be more unpleasant modes of locomotion. The traveller sits, it will be seen, in a light seat suspended between two stout bamboo poles, supported on the shoulders of two men. There is a rest for his feet, and with a palm-leaf umbrella over his head, and a basket of refreshments slung conveniently at hand, gets over the ground much more comfortably than his bearers. It is only a particular part of the central provinces of China which is adapted to the culture of the tea, the extreme limits being too cold and too warm for its growth. The plant is a shrub having the botanical name of *Thea*, the leaves of which constitute the tea of commerce. The difference in the qualities chiefly arise from the mode of culture and preparation when grown. The tea plant is grown from seeds sown in rows four or five feet apart. The ground is kept free from weeds, and the plants are not permitted to grow beyond the convenient reach of the hands in gathering the leaves. The first crop of leaves is not collected until the third year after sowing, and the plants are removed to make room for a new plantation when they are six or seven years old. The leaves are gathered from one to four times during the year, according to the age of the tree, the most general number being three. The first gathering takes place about April, the second about June, and the third about August. The earliest gathering yields leaves of the most delicate color, the most aromatic flavor and the least bitterness; those of the second gathering have a dull green color, and less valuable qualities than the former; while the third collection are of a darker green, and the least valuable of the three. The quality is also affected by the age of the plant on which the leaves are borne, and by the degree of exposure to which they have become accustomed; leaves from young plants, and those most exposed, being always the best. So particular are the Chinese to ensure the finer sorts, that for two or three weeks before the harvest commences, the collectors, who are trained to this business from a very early age, are prohibited from eating fish or other kinds of food deemed unclean, lest by their breath they should contaminate the leaves. They are also made to take a bath two or three times a day, and are not allowed to gather the leaves with their naked fingers, but with gloves. These precautions, absurdly minute as they may appear, owe their origin to the evanescent nature of the finer qualities of the tea; for the finest kind may be changed into an inferior tea in one night, if the proper attention be not paid to the gathering. Then ensue the processes whereby the green leaves assume the wrinkled form so familiar to us. As soon as gathered, they are put into wide, shallow baskets, and placed in the wind or sunshine for a few hours. They are transferred to a flat cast-iron pan, over a stove heated with charcoal, in quantity about half a pound of leaves at a time. The leaves are stirred briskly about with a kind of brush, and are then quickly swept off the pan into baskets. This done, the leaves are carefully rubbed and rolled between the hands, and are next put in large quantities on the pan, and again subjected to heat; but the heat on this occasion is lower than before, and only just sufficient to dry them effectually without risk of scorching. The tea is then spread out on a table, and every imperfectly-dried leaf removed from the rest.

MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

The second picture on this page represents the harbor of Marseilles from one of the most striking points of view, with its strong fortifications on the right and left, its basin crowded with shipping and lined with warehouses, and its bold hills rising in the background over the towers and pinnacles of the city. In the foreground is a family group picnicking on the grass, one of whom is signalling a party in a boat pulling past the point on which they are stationed. The harbor of Marseilles is one of the finest in the French empire. It is perfectly secure in all weathers, and has anchorage for 1200 vessels in from 18 to 24 feet of water. It is strongly defended by the two forts shown in our engraving, the Tower of St. John on the north, and the Fort of St. Nicholas on the south. Near this spot is a wet dock, measuring 500 by 400 yards. The foreign commerce of Marseilles exceeds that of every other port in France, and its coast trade is only surpassed by that of Bordeaux. It is the great port of debarkation for passengers to the various ports on the Mediterranean. It is a place of great antiquity, having been founded by the Phœnicians 600 years B. C. The population, in 1852, was 192,527.



THE HARBOR AND CITY OF MARSEILLES FRANCE

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SEPTEMBER DREAMS.

There comes a strain from the green, dim woods,
I have heard it all the day,
From the actual life with its thousand cares
Calling my heart away!
The low, sweet murmur of many leaves,
By the wandering winds caressed,
The laugh of a thousand tiny waves
At play on the river's breast.

A song from the life of every flower,
Which cradled in greenness lies,
Bathed in the glory that wanders down
From September's cloudless skies;
All mingle together like joyous tides,
In one calm, untroubled flow,
Singing the while of that full, deep rest,
Which my spirit cannot know.

From my earliest days have their glorious strains
Its harp-strings strangely thrilled;
And the wildest yearnings I ever felt,
Their harmony hath stilled!
I will fling off the actual's weary chain,
I will revel in golden dreams;
For I love them well, earth's glad, free things,
Blossoms, and winds, and streams!

It is not with the step which my childhood knew,
The laughing lip and eye,
The bounding heart, whose pulses throbbed
To each gale that wandered by;
It is not with thee that I kneel to-day,
In the hush of the forest glade;
Life's sun shone out for a little time,
And after came the shade.

But is it a shrine for mirth and joy?
And shall it not be for tears?
The shadows that rest on the river's breast,
Are but types of clouded years.
The ivy that winds round the ancient oak
Its green and clasping vines,
Is like friendship's chain, that in weary hours
The warmer and closer twines!

Each sunbeam that kisses the lily leaves,
Seems to say, "O, human heart,
We come from above, as thy trials do,
Be strong, whoe'er thou art!
Sunlight and shadow, and smiles, and tears,
From Christ's heaven alike do fall;
One hand hath fashioned each spirit-chord,
And One Eye beholds them all!"

"Art thou weary and sad?—the autumn days
Breathe in whispers of the spring—
To the roughest crags, where no foot may tread,
The greenest of mosses cling."
Speak unto my spirit, O fair and bright!
Mid the falling of my tears,
Through the mist and clouds of the present grief,
The gladness to come appears.

I've drank of the glory that wanders down
From the soft September skies;
And peaceful and calm as a child asleep,
Each passionate yearning lies.
Winds wander like angels, to and fro,
And a blessing every one,
To my spirit brings—in my new-born faith
I am saying, "Thy will be done."

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

It was a dark and stormy night. The cold March wind howled mournfully around the little church, and rattled the old doors and windows as it strove to find entrance. Without, all was desolate and bleak; within, there was a strange blending of joy and sorrow.

A wedding party stood before the lowly altar, and a white-haired minister had just pronounced the benediction on those who knelt before him. There was little show of gaiety or mirth among the party, and the deathlike countenance of the young bride bespoke a heart ill at ease. Occasionally she cast anxious glances down the dim, dark aisle, towards the door, and at each fresh roar of the wind, would grasp the arm of her companion in an agony of terror.

But now the solemn ceremony is over, and as the newly married turn from the lighted chancel, and go out into the night, the bridegroom can scarce sustain the trembling steps of his companion. Wrapping her slender form in a heavy mantle, he places her in the waiting carriage, and with their two companions they are rapidly driven away.

Mary Lee is married—married to the man she loves. She is close clasped to his heart, and his fond words of thankfulness and encouragement are sounding in her ear, and yet is she far from happy. True, she smiles on him who bends so fondly over her; she places her little trembling hands in his with all confidence, and she clings to him as her best earthly friend. But a weight is on her heart—a burden of deception and ingratitude; and the form of an old and now desolate man rises up to reproach her. Mary Lee has this night fled from what has been her home for many years. She has left her uncle and guardian—he who has been father and friend to her all her life—to mourn over the disobedience of one he loved as his own child.

True he had no right to control the young girl's love, which is, in every respect, well placed. But now, when too late, she feels that she ought to have made greater allowances for his prejudices; to have sought longer and more earnestly for his consent, and even have sacrificed her own happiness to have secured his. But it is over now. She has dared the curse he threatened, and in her remorse she believes it already bestowed. Alas for the first deception!—the first step in the wrong path! Who can tell the misery it occasions?

Mary Lee and her uncle were the sole survivors of their race. Her father, thirteen years before, had been in a government office at Calcutta; and finding that his situation was pleasant, and likely to be permanent, he sent to England for his wife and child, who had remained behind. An older and only brother of Mr. Lee's accompanied them on the voyage out, and the husband and father awaited their arrival with anxious impatience. In vain weeks and months passed on—they came not; and the first news the horror-stricken man received, was the account of the loss of the vessel, and all she contained.

A long and fearful illness, in which he narrowly escaped the grave, was the result of this sorrow; and when he recovered, John Lee was a crushed and broken-hearted man. He gave up his situation, and some of his friends supposed he had gone home; while others, better informed, declared that it was his intention to become a wanderer on the earth. However, none knew his fate, and he was soon forgotten.

Several months after the loss of the C——, the elder brother and the little girl arrived in England. They were the sole survivors of the wreck, and had been carried by the vessel which had rescued them to the West Indies, and thence back to England. Robert Lee made every possible inquiry about the fate of his brother; but as his letters elicited nothing in return but the simple fact of his having left Calcutta, he at last gave up writing in despair. And believing that the child was an orphan, he at once adopted her; and henceforth to provide for her future fortune became the chief aim of his life.

Little Mary had always lived in London, and here her uncle made his home—and here they dwelt until the time we introduce them to the reader. From her childhood Mary had been intimate with a family of the name of Munroe, consisting of a mother and three daughters—another child, a son, she had never seen in her youthful days. Mr. Lee did not like the family, and never approved of the acquaintance; but they having been kind to Mary's mother during her husband's absence, seemed to have established a claim to the gratitude of the young girl.

When Mary was approaching her seventeenth birthday, Charles Munroe came home to visit his friends, with strict charges from the gentleman who had taken him on the death of his father, to make his visit a short one. He came—he met Mary at his mother's—he forgot his promise to return to Scotland—he resolved to remain near her who had so effectually fascinated him. For this determination on his part, poor Mary was made to suffer severely.

Her uncle, jealously awake to the danger of losing his pleasant companion and most agreeable addition to his bachelor establishment, upbraided her for giving encouragement to her young lover, and inducing him to remain near her; while Charles's friends, indignant that he should sacrifice his good prospects and lose a wealthy patron, bitterly reproached her for the same cause.

For a year Mary endured all the unhappiness her ill-fated attachment had brought on her, but at the end of that time, Charles would not allow matters to continue so any longer. An application to her uncle having met with an insulting answer and an angry denial, the young man used all his influence with her to consent to an elopement—a step they both deplored, but which circumstances appeared to drive them to.

After their marriage, they continued to live in London, Charles having obtained a situation of responsibility and profit. Every effort to become reconciled to their friends was met with insult and reproaches. Mr. Lee utterly refused to have anything to do with them; and Mrs. Munroe, though she consented to see her son, would not recognize his wife, and consequently Charles would not avail himself of the exclusive privilege.

Deprived of the society of their friends, the young couple lived alone for each other; and for a year their happiness was uninterrupted, save when the recollection of their incensed relatives caused painful feelings. Mary had hoped and prayed in vain that her uncle might relent. It was the one bitter drop in her cup of happiness; and all the lavish kindness of her fond husband could not banish the remembrance of the lonely old man in his desolate home. She knew he had breathed a bitter curse on her and her marriage, and at times a nameless terror would overwhelm her—a horrible fear of some unknown evil. It was the foreshadowing of the coming events. * * * *

Let us enter this gloomy building. We ask no leave from that surly turnkey; we are invisible. What dark, damp passages we pass through!—what massive arches overhead!—what heavy iron-bound doors! Do not shrink. Those doors have no power to detain you, though to others they may bring untold terrors.

But now we have arrived at our journey's end. It is a low, dark cell, with one deep-set, closely-grated window. A chair, a rude couch, a heavy table is the extent of the furniture. In the centre of the room stands a young man with clasped hands and upraised eyes. On his countenance is expressed the intensest agony; he is praying—praying for strength for himself and his companion. And that companion? Behold her lying speechless, almost senseless at his feet. Her beautiful hair has fallen down, and almost covers the deathlike countenance—distressing sobs from time to time burst from her bosom—she is the image of hopeless misery.

That young man is Charles Munroe. He has been accused, tried and found guilty of a great crime, and is now about to leave his country to spend the remainder of his life amid the horrors of a penal colony. And is it possible that that fair outside can cover a guilty soul?—that the noble brow, from which the dark and heavy curls are pushed back, can deserve to be branded with the vile name of "forger." We shall see.

"My husband! O, my husband!" The piercing scream which accompanies these words startles the entering officials, and causes a yet deeper shade of despair to cloud the prisoner's brow.

"Mary, my dear Mary, the hour has come for us to part. Will you not promise me that for the sake of your infant and yourself, you will try to bear this dreadful trial with fortitude?"

The only answer to this appeal is the same piteous wailing, "My husband! O, my husband!"

Raising her in his arms as he would a child, the young husband strove to impart some courage to that sinking heart, and at last succeeded in securing her attention long enough to tell her his wishes and advice relative to her future life. And who can tell the agony that brave heart endured while thus planning the lonely future for the helpless being, clinging in speechless agony to him for strength and support?

But the last minute has arrived. A party of harsh-looking men surround them, and the clank of the additional fetters they are about to place on him, strikes a chill through the prisoner's frame. And now they would unwind those clinging arms, clasping his neck with the force of despair. Again that fearful scream rings through the dungeon, and the wretched wife is kneeling at her husband's feet.

"Charles! Charles! Tell me once more before we part, as you love me, and would save me from despair, tell me that you are innocent!"

"I am, my Mary. As God is my witness, I am innocent of this deed."

One last, despairing embrace accompanied these words, and Charles Munroe was hurried from the presence of his young wife, who again sank senseless to the ground. But Mary was capable of greater endurance than her feeble appearance warranted. Once recovered from the agony of parting, she collected all her strength to enable her to fulfil his wishes. But first a journey must be performed; she must see the vessel sail which contained the only friend she could claim on earth—her beloved and much wronged husband.

To attempt to describe her feelings on that occasion were absurd. None but those who have gone through a like ordeal can sympathize in such sufferings. In obedience to her husband's wish, Mary Munroe made preparations for immediately leaving England and proceeding to America. He said:

"You will there be able to maintain yourself, and be free from the disgrace that here will always attach to you as the wife of a convict."

It was also her husband's desire that she should resume her own name. This she at first refused to do; but the touching plea, "For your child's sake, Mary, do this; let it not be branded with its unhappy father's shame," caused her to yield, and she took passage in a New York packet, under the name of "Mrs. Lee."

Not without bitter anguish did the poor girl bid adieu to the pleasant little home where she had passed so many happy days. It was hard parting with the mementoes of those days—the books, the birds, the flowers he had loved. Even the various articles of furniture were precious in her sight, each containing a little history of its own—each recalling some incident in the "days gone by." Mary had few friends and no relatives to bid adieu. Her uncle had treated her with the greatest cruelty, when during her husband's trial she had implored him to use his influence in his favor.

"Never!" was the harsh answer. "Not if one word of mine could save him from the gallows, should that word be spoken. I believe him to be guilty, and I trust he will meet the punishment he merits."

The poor wife stifled the bitter answer that rose to her lips, and rushed from the presence of her hard-hearted relative. Mrs. Munroe, amid her bitter wailings for her son's sad fate, ceased not to blame his innocent wife as the cause. "But for her, Charles would now be safe and well in Scotland." Such was the unhappy mother's lament. "O, my boy, my boy! I told you, you would rue the day you ever saw that wretched girl." Poor Mary! pining for sympathy, for some kind friend to comfort her, and realizing acutely the absence of the one on whom she could have reposed all her cares and sorrows, it was needless to add to her misery by harsh words. * * *

There was a strange sound on board the crowded packet ship—the feeble wailing of a new-born infant mingling with the roar of the winds, the fierce rushing of the vessel through the waters, and the loud voices of the rough sailors. Women were there—kind, gentle women, obeying the impulses of their natures, and ministering to the wants of the mother and babe. But though Mary Lee received their kindness with all the gratitude it demanded, the one crushing thought was present in her mind. Bitterly she wept over her worse than fatherless babe, and imagined all the joy that would have been hers, could *he* have seen and blessed his little daughter. In that hour of sorrow, the poor young wife "learned how much the heart can bear." She lived through all her wretchedness, and at last reached the place of her destination in safety.

* * * * *

"Have you heard the news?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Jones, on the occasion of her friend, Mrs. Goodale, as she entered the pretty morning-room of the latter, in a perfect flutter of excitement. "But of course you have not, as you only got home last night. And now I must tell you all about it. In the first place, the old 'Briar Cottage' has got a tenant."

"That is not so very extraordinary," replied Mrs. Goodale, smiling. "My only astonishment is that the prettiest place in N——ville should have remained vacant so long."

"Well, but it is such a queer tenant; the whole town is in a fever of curiosity about her."

"O, it is a lady, then. I am sure I pity her, if once the curiosity of the people is raised about her. I know from sad experience, what mischief and trouble the prying into strangers' affairs frequently leads to." Mrs. Goodale sighed, and the color deepened on her visitor's cheek, as she replied:

"O, this is a very different person from you. People only wondered what made your husband choose such a young wife; but this young woman has no husband, and yet she has a little infant with her, only a few weeks old. She calls herself a widow—and of course she may be, but I think it is very doubtful." Mrs. Newcome gave her head a toss, as much as to say, "There, you have my opinion; now what do you think of it?"

"We cannot tell anything for certain about her yet. For aught we know, she may be deserving of our sincerest sympathy." The minister's gentle wife was ever for taking the part of the absent.

"O, no, indeed, we cannot tell anything for certain about her yet—only in case she should want to enter the church, we ought to be very particular. You know we cannot be too cautious who are admitted, religion is so often a cloak for iniquity." Mrs. Newcome sighed with fervor. Mrs. Goodale looked pained, and wished her husband was present. "He would have known just what to say in such a case," he thought.

Time showed that Mrs. Newcome was quite right in saying that all N—ville was awake with curiosity. Never in her life had poor Mary Lee imagined the possibility of her creating such a sensation. But a sensation she did create, and not a small one either. The arrival of such a person—a mere girl, with a young infant, and apparently friendless—in an obscure little town like N—ville, was an event unparalleled in the chronicles of the place, and caused more speculation and comment than any event that had occurred since the Rev. Matthew Goodale, a bachelor of forty, went all the way to New York, and returned with a pretty little wife aged nineteen.

Every one knows that the generality of little country towns have some prominent peculiarity—something that distinguishes them from each other, similar as they may be in other respects. Some places are noted for the hospitality of the inhabitants, some for the dissipated habits prevalent, some for intelligence and love of improvement, others the reverse. The peculiar feature distinguishing N—ville was an excessive show of religion. Not another village of its size in the circuit of five hundred miles, contained as many places of worship, as many Sabbath-schools, as many sewing-circles, as many prayer meetings. The number of tracts distributed monthly within the districts of N—ville, was almost beyond belief; and the quantity of fancy work displayed at the different church fairs was really astonishing.

And yet (how shall it be told?) in all the wide Union, a more disagreeable, jealous, prying set of people could scarce have been found. Of course there were exceptions—bright exceptions. Earnest, sincere Christians, who practised the charity they professed, and went about making peace and doing good. Of this number was Mrs. Goodale and her husband; of this number was *not* Mrs. Newcome.

Bent on finding out the history of the new inmate of Briar Cottage, she intruded herself at all hours on the privacy of the "Widow Lee" (for by this name was Mary known), and being of that exceedingly disagreeable class of persons who never take a hint, it was not easy to get rid of her. Vainly for a long time did she seek to discover the stranger's religious belief—the care of the little infant preventing the mother from leaving her home on the Sabbath, and Mrs. Newcome's offer to let one of her girls take charge of the child having been politely declined.

But the mystery was cleared up at last. In reply to a direct question, the widow gave as direct an answer. "She had been brought up in the Established Church, and had never entered a dissenting place of worship in her life." Poor child! she little knew that that speech made her an enemy for life in Mrs. Newcome. Brimful of indignation, she hastened to tell her pastor's wife the discovery she had made, and displayed but little mercy for the "impudent creature—the next thing to a Catholic, you know, my dear—to dare to call me a 'dissenter' to my face."

Had all the inhabitants of N—ville been like Mrs. Newcome, poor Mary and her infant must have starved. But when it became known that the pale young widow wished for work; that she was in fact actually in want of necessaries, there were many who availed themselves of her skill as a seamstress and fancy-worker.

First in this number came Mrs. Goodale, bringing not only work to the lonely inmate of the cottage, but books to amuse her leisure hours, and flowers to add to the beauties of the already pretty dwelling. To penetrate the mystery of her former life, neither the good pastor nor his wife ever attempted, content to know that the present course was one of prudence and uprightness, let the past be what it might. And so for five years Mary was a resident of N—ville.

Skilled in the use of her needle, she managed to make a comfortable provision for herself and little Leila; and as the child grew up in strength and beauty, it became the pet and plaything of all its mother's visitors. Not for her own beauty and sweet disposition was the little girl beloved by her mother, but chiefly because in the features of his child, Mary could trace the miniature likeness of her lost husband. There were the same dark, blue eyes, the same sweet smile—even the clustering brown curls above the child's fair brow added to her likeness to her father. Little wonder was it that when people praised the looks of the little one, tears would dim the mother's eyes.

In the five years that Mary Lee dwelt at N—ville, it must not be supposed that she was free from the attentions of the "marrying men" of the place. On the contrary, visitors of this kind were frequent, and the poor girl had been shocked more than once by an abrupt offer of a "husband and a home." One of the first and most persevering of her suitors was Mr. Paul Newcome, a brother-in-law of the lady we have already mentioned more than once.

Now Mr. Paul Newcome was called one of the most prosperous men in N—ville, and had long been a mark for the young ladies to aim at. Very shrewd and calculating in all his transactions, Mr. Newcome had long declared that "girls now-a-days were not brought up as they were when his mother was young; and that he had no intention of seeing his money squandered by some gay, fine lady-wife." But with all his good resolutions, Mr. Paul Newcome felt no little pride in the knowledge that any of these "gay, fine ladies" would take him, and rejoice at her good fortune.

How then was he disconcerted, when, after mature deliberation, he decided that the "Widow Lee was just the person to suit him," his proposal was met with a cool, almost contemptuous negative. Vexed with himself for giving any one such a triumph over his well-known opinions, his love for the young widow was instantly turned to hatred; and Mary found to her sorrow that he *could* hate. With the assistance of his sister-in-law (who, having a large family of boys, was exceedingly anxious that he should remain single, and had watched his proceedings with a jealous eye), he succeeded in spreading such reports about Mary's character, as lost her some of the most useful of her patrons.

Just at this time her friend, Mr. Goodale, was taken ill, and by the advice of his physician, resolved to spend the coming winter abroad with his wife. Many of the ladies who had followed the example of the pastor's wife in befriending the widow and her child, now withdrew their liberal patronage, and before Christmas the little cottage became truly the abode of poverty. While there was work to be done, Mary toiled incessantly; but when all was over, and nothing in the future but starvation, her strength gave way, and she could only weep over the little one, who so piteously begged for the food the mother had not means to procure for it.

* * * * * * *

It was the morning of the New Year, and Mary sat in her little cottage kitchen, holding her child to her bosom, striving to impart some warmth to its benumbed and apparently dying form. She pressed its chilled hands to her lips, and kissed the little blue fingers and the pale lips. It was a sad and mournful sight, but apparently made little impression on the heart of one who had entered unobserved, and was gazing on the scene with a smile of cruel satisfaction.

The visitor was Paul Newcome, and Mary started up in alarm as she met the look he fixed on her. Taking a seat, he coolly desired her to sit down and listen to something he had to communicate. And then came the cruel intelligence that for several months he had been the owner of the cottage; that quite a large sum was now due for rent; and that unless she could at once pay it, the house must be instantly vacated, as he had another tenant ready to come in.

Half an hour previous, Mary had thought her sorrows incapable of increase; now they were brought to a climax, and for several minutes she gazed in speechless horror on the heartless monster who was evidently exulting in her misery. The cries of her little girl at last aroused her, and every thought of self vanished at the remembrance of her darling's sufferings. Throwing herself at the man's feet, she wildly implored his pity for the starving child, beseeching him in the most moving terms not to turn her out into the inclement weather homeless and penniless.

It was now that all the evil in Paul Newcome's nature was displayed. He answered her prayers with mocking, laughed at her appeals for mercy, and taunted her with a repetition of some of the vilest slanders that had been spoken against her. Then the tears were dashed aside, the slight form drawn up to its fullest height, and holding her child close pressed in her arms, Mary turned to leave the dwelling so long her home. Her hand was on the latch; one last look she cast around, one inward prayer she murmured for help, and then turning away for the last time, she found herself almost in the arms of a tall stranger, who was in the act of entering.

"Charles! Charles! God help me, can this be true?" And with a faint moan, she sunk fainting on her husband's breast.

On recovering her senses, Mary found herself on her little couch. Fondly bending over her was the well-known countenance of her husband; while contentedly seated on a stranger's knee, sat little Leila, enjoying the luxuries of a good fire and a New Year's feast. Mary closed her eyes, and silently prayed that it might not all prove a dream.

When strong enough to listen, she was made acquainted with the extraordinary events that had combined to restore her to her husband, and give her back her long-lost father—for such the stranger really was. On his deathbed, the son of Charles's employer in London, had confessed that he alone had contrived the plot against the young man, in revenge for some fancied injuries he had received from him. Instant steps were taken by the father to procure the release of the innocent one who had suffered through his means. And as soon as the necessary forms had been gone through and conveyed to the proper authorities, Charles was set at liberty. With the liberal sum sent to pay his expenses home, the anxious husband immediately took passage for America; and on arriving at New York, inserted numerous advertisements in the papers, in the hopes of their meeting Mary's eye.

For several months these were unavailing; and almost in despair, Charles started on a tour through the different large cities, advertising and offering rewards for the lost one. On board one of the numerous Mississippi steamboats, he was attracted by the name of Lee in the passenger list. The owner of the name was pointed out to him; they became acquainted, listened to each other's history, and Charles discovered his wife's father, while Mr. Lee learned to his joy and surprise, that he was not childless. They returned to New York, and there Charles found a letter from Mr. Goodale, who had seen the advertisement in the American papers, and instantly written to inform him where Mary could be found.

The rest is known. There was no more sorrow, no more suffering for the "Convict's Wife." With her husband, her father, and her child, she found a happy home in New York. And years after, the sad events of their earlier life were told to their children and grandchildren, as an instructive lesson teaching them never to doubt the good providence that orders all things well.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning, or how adverse a fate occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his overtasked powers. By her counsel and her love, she can win him from bad company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her example, and her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good men and women. And by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach, so that with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do as much—alas! perhaps even more—to degrade man, if she chooses to do it.

Who can estimate the evil that woman has the power to do? As a wife, she can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a devil and an outcast of a man, who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings, strife and perpetual discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes whom God has entrusted to her charge, into vile men, and even viler women. She can lower even the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil, instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the whole earth smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death. This is what a woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no "worthy work," as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher path to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.—*Woman's Advocate.*

A POPULAR ERROR.

One of the most common and fatal mistakes made by ardent friends of education, is the indulgence of unreasonable hopes, and the maintenance of extravagant views as to what they can effect by means of it. It is often supposed that great results can be produced in a single term of twelve or fifteen weeks. Both teacher and committee aim at this rapid mode of manufacture. True education is that which aims at the slow and healthy growth of the mind; the incorporation into it of principles, and the formation of tastes and habits, the full value of which will appear only after mature years have developed their tendencies. The highest and best parts of education are incapable of exhibition. The show made at the close of a term is well enough to amuse children and their fond parents, but is often like that of newly-dressed pleasure grounds, adorned with trees and shrubs fresh from the nursery, having a show of vitality in the foliage, though as yet drawing no sap from the root. Such frostwork of the school-room is soon dissolved, and generally passes away with the occasion. All attempts at such premature results of education are entirely useless; and yet our system of employing teachers by the term renders it almost necessary for a teacher who is ambitious of distinction, to lay his plans for that kind of superficial culture and mechanical drill which can be produced in a few weeks, and shown off as evidence of marvellous skill.—*President Sears.*

IS THE SUN INHABITED?

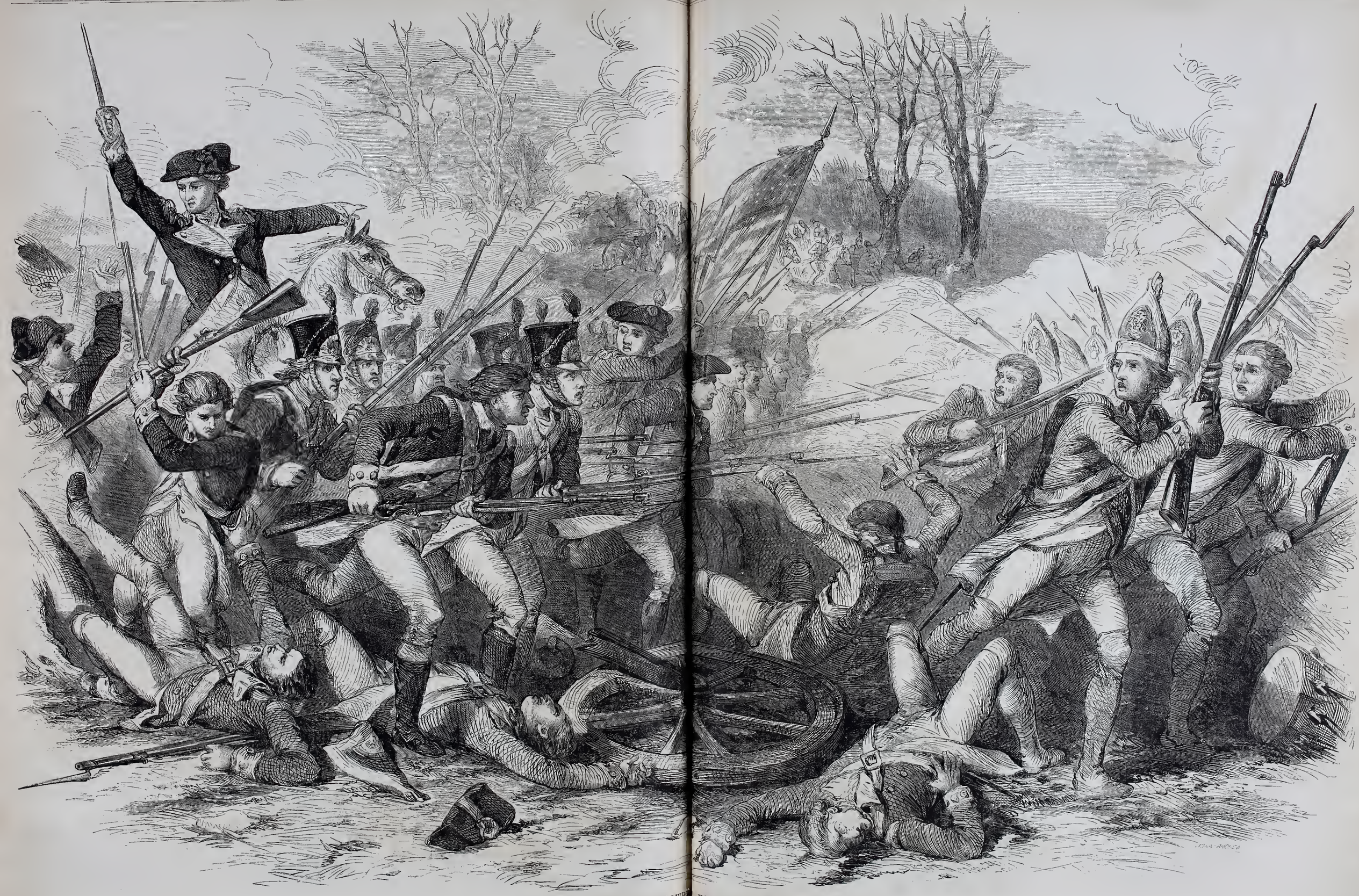
Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks relative to the sun:—"So strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant insane, because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and universal aura, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; that there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered as a proof of insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschel as a rational and probable opinion, which might be deducible from his own observations on the structure of the sun."

THE VIOLIN.

Slow and tender melodies—confided too often now-a-days to wind instruments—are, nevertheless, never better rendered than by a mass of violins. Nothing can equal the touching sweetness of a score of first strings made to sing by twenty well-skilled bows. That is, in fact, the true female voice of the orchestra—a voice at once passionate and chaste, heart-rending, yet soft, which can weep, sigh and lament, chant, pray and muse, or burst forth into joyous accents, as none other can do. An imperceptible movement of the arm, an almost unconscious sentiment on the part of him who experiences it, producing scarcely any apparent effect when executed by a single violin, shall, when multiplied by a number of them in unison, give forth enchanting gradation, irresistible impulse, and accents which penetrate to the very heart's core. —*Berlioz.*

THE AFFECTIONS.

O, man, fear not for thy affections, and feel no dread lest time should efface them! There is neither to-day nor yesterday in the powerful echoes of memory—there is only always. He who no longer feels, has never felt. There are two memories—the memory of the senses, which wears out with the senses, and in which perishable things decay; and the memory of the soul, for which time does not exist, and which lives over at the same instant every moment of its past and present existence. Fear not, ye who love. Time has power over hours, none over the soul.—*Lamartine.*



THE BATTLE OF THE COWP[illegible] FOUGHT JANUARY 17, 1781.

[For description, see page 301.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SISTER EMMA.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Five years ago the sunshine swept
The upturned sod for Emma's grave;
We laid her where her brother slept
The quiet sleep death's comiog gave.

Five years ago, and yet it seems
We laid her there but yesterday,
We see her image still in dreams,
Too beautiful to be of clay.

Five years ago! a lustrum told
Since, 'neath September's golden glow
We laid beneath the charnel mold
All that was left of her below.

Her white hands crossed on whiter breast,
A seal upon her baby lips,
And on her eyelids, closely pressed,
Lay the sad sign of time's eclipse.

Sweet sister Emma, loved and lost!
For her on earth the seasons rolled
But one short round adown time's coast,
And then—the lamb was in the fold.

Beyond the changing scenes of earth,
Beyond its care, its toil, its pain,
In raiment meet for angel birth,
She mingles with the angel train.

And when September's sere leaves stir,
We count the seasons that have rolled,
Since we upturned the sod for her.
And laid her form in charnel mold.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LUNATIC.

BY ESTHER DERNE.

"Confoundedly warm," said my uncle for the fifth time, as he inspected the thermometer, the mercury of which stood at an incredible height even in the shade.

The thermometer gave no sort of satisfaction, and Uncle Ned came back and threw himself upon a sofa, with the muttered exclamation: "I wish I was in Greenland."

I was busily engaged arranging some flowers in the vases, thinking what a very quiet, harmless sort of life I had lived. Thus summer and winter, year after year, the same rooms, and the same objects in them to greet my eyes. Not a single strange or marvellous thing had ever happened to me, out of which my imagination could weave a romance. I had just come to the conclusion that I was quite an unromantic person, when my uncle's remark reached my ears.

"Fanny," said my uncle, after a long pause, "what a pattern housekeeper I possess—so careful, so cheerful, and so young."

"Young, uncle? Thirty-three last November, Uncle Ned," said I, in a cheerful voice.

"Well, well, Fanny, thirty-three isn't so terribly old. I shouldn't take you to be more than twenty-five. It's your cheerful heart, Fanny, always makes you young."

Uncle Ned's praise was very precious, inasmuch as there were only two who ever found anything to praise in me. But I had neither youth, beauty nor wealth, therefore it was quite natural that the generality of people should quite overlook me.

"Fan, my dear, you and I will take a journey this summer."

"A journey, uncle?" and visions of numberless household duties rose up in my mind. A journey seemed quite impossible for me.

"Yes, a journey—it will do both you and me good. Now, Fanny, just name over some of the delightful localities that people frequent this season of the year."

"Well, uncle, the White Mountains."

"Too near by half—we will take a longer journey."

"Saratoga."

"Quite an expanded idea, Fanny."

"Cape May, Uncle Ned."

"Quite too fashionable for either you or me, my dear."

"You said you wished you were in Greenland just now, supposing, uncle, we go there."

"I think we should wish ourselves back again. No—I have been thinking of a quiet little village amongst the Alleghanies, where I once passed a week or two. Though it was so long ago, yet I have a very fresh remembrance of its lovely mountain scenery, and its invigorating breezes. What say you, Fanny, to taking up our abode there for a month or two, and fancying ourselves in some paradise?"

"I should like it above all things—but—"

"No buts. Are you agreed, Fan?"

"Yes," I cried.

And forgetting all my household duties—the preserves that would be left undone, the garments that would be left unsewed, and the flowers that would be left untended—I, a maiden lady of thirty three, jumped up and waltzed around the room. Over went my work-basket and away went spools, thimble, etc., on exploring expeditions to different parts of the room. I would have drawn Uncle Ned into the scrape, but he had escaped.

Left alone, I soon sobered down, and as I gathered up the stray articles from the floor, I read myself a severe moral lecture for the breach of decorum I had just been guilty of. But then, on the other hand, the idea of a journey was so delightful to me, who never remembered going more than twenty miles from home, and to whom every object about was as familiar as household words.

Uncle Ned, when he had decided upon anything, was very impatient to set about it. Consequently, I had but just one week to get ready—an awful task for me, but one which I succeeded in accomplishing.

On the evening before our departure, I paid a visit to the attic, and rescued from the dust that surrounded it, a portrait, representing a young man in the first flush and pride of life. Long I sat with the portrait before me, while the twilight faded into starlight. It was strange that the only cause of unhappiness I had was connected with the original of that picture, who had been and was still to me like a younger brother. Uncle Ned had but one son, Nathaniel, a fine, generous, manly fellow, in spite of his many faults. I was eight years his senior, but we had grown up together as brother and sister in our pleasant home.

In time, Nathaniel went to college, and I was left to bear all my burdens alone. Rumors reached us occasionally of my cousin's progress in his studies; and then other rumors of his wild, reckless behaviour. These last became alarmingly frequent, and finally, to my extreme sorrow and my uncle's anger, the news reached us that Nathaniel had been expelled from college. Indeed, my cousin informed us of it himself, in a long, penitent letter—for come home at this time he could not and would not. But my uncle never could forgive the seeming disgrace his son had brought upon the family; and the affair being exaggerated by officious friends, Uncle Ned was induced to write some angry letters, to which the son returned no answer. Exasperated by this unpardonable offence, my uncle declared that he would no longer acknowledge his son until he should have atoned in some way for the disgrace he had brought on all connected with him.

Nathaniel, high spirited as his father, sought for no softening of the decree that had gone out against him, but breaking up all his associations, went away, no one knew where. For five years I had heard nothing of him; for my uncle had forbidden me even to speak or write to him, and owing him the love and obedience of a child, I dared not disobey, even if I had had any knowledge of Nathaniel's movements.

One name never was spoken in our house, and in order to remove everything that made a disagreeable impression, even the portrait in the front entry was removed to the garret. My heart swelled with indignation at this desecration of something sacred to me. If ever I was disposed to set up my will in opposition to my uncle's it was then. But I resisted the temptation, and consoled myself by the thought that I could look at the portrait when I pleased, without risking a reproof for so doing.

To say that I believed all the rumors that reached us concerning Nathaniel while at college, would be saying what was not true. That he had been guilty of some errors, the very result of his frank, trusting disposition, I could readily believe, but that he had done anything to warrant the punishment that had been bestowed upon him, was a thought I could not and would not entertain for a moment.

That Nathaniel, whom I loved as a younger brother, and who was the only other one besides my uncle who had ever found anything to praise in me, should become reconciled to his father, was my earnest wish. But this reconciliation seemed almost hopeless, as both father and son were too much alike, each too proud and unbending to seek the other. It could be only under peculiar circumstances that such a thing could be effected.

As I sat that night in the moonlight, something of a hope seemed to grow out of our little journey. What might it not bring forth? What had many a journey brought forth.

I had no thought when I closed the attic door after me, that I was leaving the portrait to its undisturbed slumbers for many and many a month. Yet so it was. The dust was deep upon it, and the spiders had woven many a web over its surface before I looked at it again.

We had set off upon our journey, and in due time arrived at the termination. Shall I ever forget the sensations that crowded upon me as I found myself really revelling amidst that glorious mountain scenery? How almost with awe its wildness and sublimity impressed me. How the gorgeousness of these everlasting hills made me think myself almost in paradise.

Many and many a time since I have dreamed it all over again. The long, lonely rambles that I took, scrambling through the thick brushwoods and jumping from one rough place to another, brought back my lost youth. Uncle Ned declared that I was quite rosy when I returned from these excursions.

The lights and shadows, the ever-varying aspect of the mountains, I watched with an interest that grew every day more intense. It seemed to me as if I had but just awakened to something inexpressibly beautiful—something that brought by sympathy, all the fine and more beautiful chords of my life into action. If I had been a writer, I might have been inspired to write volumes to startle the world, or an artist, I might have sketched gloriously from nature. As it was, I only learned how life was in its best and truest sense.

Uncle Ned, from the moment of our arrival, had been seemingly perfectly happy, for he had escaped the intense heat, which he abominated. The dog star might rage, but what cared we, perched among the mountains enjoying a cool breeze and lovely scenery?

There were not many strangers in the place, and two only whom we came in immediate contact with. These were a Mr. and Miss Butler—brother and sister. The former was a very gentlemanly, agreeable person, whom my uncle liked particularly; and the two were almost always companions in their various excursions. Miss Butler, though young and strangely beautiful, always repelled me. Cold and taciturn, we had no sympathy in common. Occasionally, however, there were gleams of a terribly assionate temper, very inconsistent with her usually calm demeanor. As it was, though inmates of the same house, we associated very little, and I preferred taking my rambles alone, to Miss Butler's cold companionship.

The days went on, and with each one I expected to hear the word "homeward," a word which would force me to break up many associations, inexpressibly dear to me. But still Uncle Ned, with all the eagerness and enthusiasm of a young man, planned excursions with Mr. Butler, with the seeming desire to delay the speaking of that word as long as possible.

The autumn had touched with its breath the green foliage, and there slowly came into view gorgeous tints, which deepened and multiplied every day. A soft, gray mist hung over the mountains, and the days became deliciously cool, almost too cool for one who did not like cold weather.

One afternoon a small, sealed note was handed me, which I opened carelessly, with the dim impression that it was from some one at home, to say, perhaps, that the preserves were entirely spoiled, or that the cow had got into the garden and eaten up all my flowers, or some other abominable thing. But the first word I read showed me that no one at home had written it. It ran thus:

"My dearest Fanny,—I came here a short time ago, and to my great astonishment, accidentally learned that you and my father were staying here. I must see you and talk to you. Would it be asking too much of my dear sister, for you really and truly were a sister to me, to meet me at the ledge this evening at twilight? Any nearer place of meeting would risk much for both. I shall hope to see you, for I have much to say.

Nathaniel."

How I longed for that day to close and the twilight to come! In the meanwhile, I busied myself in thinking how my cousin would look—whether five years had changed him much, and whether he had travelled much during those years.

I could scarcely realize now that he was so near me, and that I should really see him and talk to him. Even through me might be effected the long-desired reconciliation.

The shadows grew longer and deeper, the sun finally sank to rest, and in the short gray twilight I ran hastily forth, and turned in the direction of the ledge. It seemed to me, as I left the house, that some one followed me cautiously; but I could see no one, and the twilight was already moving fast. I knew that my uncle and Mr. Butler had not yet returned from an expedition to a place at some distance, and consequently there was no one in the house but its regular inmates, including Miss Butler, therefore my first fear seemed ridiculous, and I hurried on to the place of meeting.

The ledge was well known to me, for I had often visited it. It was a steep mass of rocks, at the foot of which dashed a swollen stream. It made one quite dizzy to look over the edge at the jagged rocks and the dark waters beneath. Those who had looked once hardly wished to look again.

As I sped on towards the appointed place, a fear once more came into my mind that some one was following me. The crackling of dried leaves came distinctly to my ears, and I thought I could almost hear the stealthy footfall of some one even moving in the same direction as myself.

On, on I went, faster than ever, for the step behind became swifter and less cautious. To reach the ledge now was my only thought. To increase my agony, the idea came into my mind that Nathaniel might not be there—but hope whispered that he would. How the leaves crackled behind me as I ran on; but I was nearing the ledge rapidly.

Suddenly a swift, rustling motion immediately behind me made me increase my speed. But a grasp like iron upon my shoulder stopped me, and instinctively I turned to confront my unknown pursuer. The flutter of a white dress showed me that it was a woman, and by the faint light I traced the mildly-beautiful features of Miss Butler. She was panting with exertion, but still held me with a grasp of iron, and her eyes glared upon me demoniacally.

I tried to struggle, but the iron hands only tightened. O, if I could only reach the ledge, then I should be safe. For now the horrible fear came over me that I was alone, in the grasp of a mad woman. I had heard of the strength a mad person often possessed, but I had never experienced it before. In spite of my exertions, she held me as easily as she would have held a child. A cold sweat stood upon my forehead, as I thought of Nathaniel, standing calmly by the ledge almost in sight of me, perfectly unconscious of the agony I was undergoing.

The wild, flashing eye gleaming upon me and the hand raised, suggested new thoughts. This woman was bent on my destruction—I knew that—but how did she intend to accomplish it?

Suddenly the blow fell upon me, with a force that crushed me to the earth; it might almost have crushed an ox. I lay upon the ground not wholly unconscious, but yet without the power to speak. I believe my tormentor thought I was dead, for suddenly she stooped and with almost superhuman strength began to drag me over the rough ground in the direction of the ledge. Like lightning the thought rushed through my mind that she was going to throw me over the ledge into the black stream below. I think I made a faint effort to cry out, but I hardly know whether I succeeded, for from that moment I lost all consciousness of my fate.

Long, long afterwards I awoke to life, and found myself lying in a small, pleasant room with the well-remembered faces of those I had left at home, before me.

Was I really at home? The room certainly did not look natural, but then, in an arm-chair by a window sat Nathaniel's old nurse, and Susan, a young girl, who was a favorite of mine, and whom I had often employed to help me at home, was moving stealthily across the room. I tried to think what had happened, but the very effort exhausted me. Suddenly Susan's eyes encountered mine, and with a cry of joy she sprang towards me.

"Susan, have I been sick?" I asked.

"Yes, Miss Fanny."

"And how long?"

"It will be two weeks to-morrow since you were brought here."

"Hush, hush, my darling," said nurse, suddenly interposing, "you mustn't talk any more."

"But only one word more," I urged; "am I in my old home?"

"No, Miss Fanny, you are in the same place where you have been staying all summer."

I was silent after this, trying to recall what had happened. Slowly the whole came up before me; it seemed almost like a dream, looking back upon it at such a distance. I could trace it all out, even to the time I had been dragged upon the ground. What had happened afterwards was a mystery to me. But a more torturing problem was, what had become of Nathaniel?

Day after day I looked from my window upon the grand picture spread out before me, and day by day a portion of my lost strength returned. The sight of those faithful sentinels lifting their heads up towards heaven, drew me back to life quicker than anything else would have done.

Uncle Ned never by word or look reverted to the past, and I dared not ask the questions that were uppermost in my mind. The Butlers, whom I shuddered to think of, I never saw, neither did any one in the house speak of them. All was mystery.

I was well enough to travel, and the day for our departure was set. And this journey—what had it brought forth? Much pleasure and much disappointment. Yet as I leaned from the carriage as we wound down the hills, and saw the gorgeous masses of clouds that hung over the mountains, and the wild, lovely grandeur of the landscape, I thought how, amid such scenes, a new life had commenced, how, even in my short summer's experience, the beautiful in nature had awakened higher feelings within me.

But all journeys have an end, and so ours had, and in the cool of a lovely September afternoon, we alighted at the door of our long neglected home. I walked up the steps alone, for the others lingered behind. With what regret I thought of Nathaniel, and the reconciliation I might have effected. I was coming back to resume my monotonous life, and the opportunity of doing what I so wished and longed for would never come to me again. I opened the parlor door, and shrank back, for a stranger stood on the threshold, and yet the features looked familiar.

"Nathaniel, is it possible!" I cried.

"It is really and truly Nathaniel," said he, smiling

"But you are so dark, so changed," I continued.

"Five years in South America does not improve any one's complexion, Fanny."

Uncle Ned had come in and was shaking hands cordially with his son. He laughed heartily at the wonder depicted upon my face.

"Grows more and more mysterious, doesn't it, Fan?"

"I cannot understand it," I cried. "But tell me first what happened after—"

"After that mad woman dragged you to the ledge. There you were saved with some difficulty by Nathaniel, who had been long waiting for you."

"And what then, Uncle Ned?"

"To attend to your safety, he was obliged to encounter me, and the consequence was, that at such a time I could no longer persist in my foolish anger, and was only too glad to acknowledge such a son."

"And I am only too glad to think, Fanny," said Nathaniel, "that the just punishment conferred upon me, did not follow me to the grave."

"And Miss Butler," I said.

"Was placed in a lunatic asylum by her brother," answered Uncle Ned.

I need not say what a merry party we were that evening, with the lost one in our midst.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WUNNISSOO: or, *The Vale of the Housatunnuk.* A Poem with Notes. By WM. ALLEN, D.D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 237.

This poem, valuable chiefly for its local color, and its high moral and religious tone, is written in the Spenserian stanza, which the venerable author has managed with a good deal of skill. The notes embody much curious and valuable antiquarian lore. The book is embellished with a fine portrait of the author.

DAISY'S NECKLACE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. By T. B. ALDRICH. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 225.

A quaint and amusing "burlesque of things in general," to quote from the author's dedication. Albeit written in prose, it is full of passages of true poetry, with some vivid sketches of characters. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA, Nos. 100 and 151 of his excellent series of acting plays, contain Tom Taylor's "Retribution," now performing at our theatres, and John Brougham's dramatic version of "Dred." For sale by A Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson we have received the "Young Bride's Song," "Thy Face no more I'll see," "Was it the Chime?" "I know that he loves me," songs, and the "Roseate Blush Mazurka."—From Geo. P. Reed & Co., we have the "Young America Grand March," Mozart's "Song of Elis and Elide," and Beethoven's "Parting Song," Fantasias for the Piano Forte.

BOTHWELL. A Poem, in Two Parts. By W. EDMONSTONE AYTOUN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 267.

The "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by Aytoun, are cherished wherever English poetry is known and loved. The theme now handled by our poet is one on which volumes have been written; but the subject is inexhaustible. The story of Mary, the "Royal Rose of Scotland," and her troubled times, is here put in the lips of the too noted Bothwell. It is a stirring and brilliant poem, reminding us of Scott in its manner, though original and powerful. It is undoubtedly a work destined to live.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. 12mo. Phila.: T. B. Peterson.

David Copperfield is one of the most popular of Dickens's numerous productions. Every character stands out from the canvass a breathing reality. Who that has once made the acquaintance of Wilkins Micawber, or Uriah Heep, can ever forget them? The work is beautifully printed and bound, and is illustrated by thirty-eight engravings. This edition is indispensable to every private library. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK. Phila.: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 410.

A very excellent manual for amateurs and proficients in the culinary art, by one who is a perfect mistress of it. It is beautifully got up on fine paper with large type. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Sanborn, Carter & Bazin, and A. Williams & Co.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

THE MASQUERADE.

BY WILTON RICHMOND.

I HAD stopped at the last relay before entering Berlin expressly for the purpose of viewing the town by daylight. It was a useless precaution, for it snowed as I never saw it snow before. The sleet was perfectly blinding, and nothing, I am convinced, but the din of the postilion's horn saved us from being overrun a hundred times.

I ordered the coachman to stop at Mynheer Zamoski's, a restaurateur to which I had been recommended, as a comfortable abode for bachelors, where dinner was furnished *a-la minute*, where the napkins were of a respectable whiteness, and the attendants ready and civil. I was deceived, miserably deluded, but as it is not my object to dilate upon the numberless nuisances which at this time abounded in a great inn of a great continental capital, I pass it over. Mynheer's possessed one advantage for which, however I may have felt then, I now feel that I ought to have overlooked all its inconveniences. It was situated on the —— Strasse, one of the finest streets in the world. Its chateau, opera, palaces, academy of design and science, college and arsenal, all built of the costliest stone, and of the most elaborate design, its gaiety and animation, its constant glitter of splendid equipages and dazzling uniforms, united in rendering it the most attractive picture that my eyes ever gazed upon, and caused me to remain in the town much longer than I had originally intended.

Of course I had a valet-de-place. What is a stranger in a strange town in a foreign land without one? An excellent lackey he was too, a denizen of the place, and thoroughly initiated in its localities, intrigues and amusements.

It was the time of the carnival, and balls, routs, plays, processions, punch and masquerades were the order of both day and evening. The king and princes of the blood attended some of these amusements, and it was rare indeed that you did not see at least one of the royal family at the opera during the course of the evening. Frequently they all attended and remained through the performance. I was pleased to see it. It endeared the king to the people, and did more to firmly seat him upon his throne, by implanting his image in the breasts of his subjects, than the secluded grandeur of hundreds of riotous private entertainments to the nobility could ever have effected.

I entered the grand opera at ten, just as the prince royal and his wife, with a crowd of starred nobles, were quitting the royal box. They had just finished one of Spontini's grand operas, and the night was to be ended with a masquerade. The pit had been hoarded over, and when I entered, the whole immense area was crowded with a grotesque assembly of harlequins, columbines, actors from the recent opera, Cossacks, bears, tumblers, fools, Indians, monkeys, devils and angels. A glorious band was in attendance, discoursing such music as one only hears when among the most musical people in the world. I came for amusement and bade fair to have plenty of it. I had scarcely crossed the threshold, and was obliterating with my handkerchief an involuntary smile, when I was seized and whirled round in a fearful waltz with what to my confused senses seemed a counterpart of Beelzebub. The next moment a bear had me in his clutches, and drove me down in a gallopade, with a rush which nearly annihilated my seven senses. As we came down upon the stage, my hirsute partner turned shortly, and letting me go, sent me by the irresistible centrifugal impulse into a side scene, which gave way and deposited me upon the boards, not much hurt and considerably relieved. It was while raised on my arm, gazing leisurely at the tetotum twirlers, that my attention was riveted by a beautiful figure hanging on the arm of a man in a black domino. I was up instantly.

"Strange," said I, "that I should discover the finest shape I ever saw in this incongruous country of sweet music and sourkrout!"

I walked by them; she observed me. As I turned round I saw her speak to her companion, and as I lived, I thought I saw her mouth, which was the only feature of her face visible, smile. Now, though I have since seen enough to convince me that travellers speak too lightly of German manners, I was not then as skeptical, which will account for my proceedings in the sequel, that might otherwise seem strange and inexplicable.

The waltzes and dances were now in their highest twirl; so was my heart at that small waist, and those delicate feet. I kept constantly near the object of my solicitude, constantly looking at her, and constantly blushing very red as I did so. It may have been conceit, but I thought her altered looks assumed the shape and expression of an interrogation point. "Why don't you ask me to dance?" seemed to me the inquiry. The customs of a German ball-room, I thanked heaven, dispensed with a formal presentation, and enabled a bashful stranger to approach the object of his adoration with some confidence. So, making a hasty calculation of the probable result of a personal combat with her father or brother or lover, or whichever he was, accompanying her, I boldly made up to the fascinating mask, and stammered out as elegant a request in German as my knowledge of that language allowed.

With an air of stoical indifference her companion released her to me. I was glad of it, for I disliked trouble, and I knew that in the event of it, the German's phlegm would have the advantage over my mercurial temperament.

As I gazed on the animated countenance of my partner, and whirled her in the dizzy mazes of the waltz, the most romantic fancies filled my imagination. I concocted in my excited brain, the whole plan of an elopement; pictured a lovely cottage on the banks of Maggiore and I believe devoted the rest of my existence to the moon, the muses and a Cremona fiddle, or a guitar. But my heart sunk again as I looked at the smooth and nicely rounded chin, and the lips of my partner, which would have entered the most attic of bees from the fairest and most fragrant flower in creation. And then the little taper waist upon which my hand lightly rested! I had great misgivings if I could persuade the possessor of all these attractions to go with me; and besides, there was the phlegmatic man in the black domino. It occurred to me that he might object *too*. But I decided that if *she* would consent he would have to waive his objections.

My head filled with these poetic imaginations, the waltz was finished much sooner than I wished. I felt that I must relinquish her, and with a sigh I passed her over to the phlegmatic black domino, whom I felt very much like punching in the ribs.

The music stopped and I leaned against a column which supported the first row of boxes, to enjoy the misery of beholding my incognita promenading with the stoical German phantom. Again the band struck up, and the dance was again at its highest. A tall Spaniard, with the fiercest of moustaches, accosted the object of my flame, and in a moment they were impelled past me in a gallopade. Her cheeks were flushed with the exercise, and her eyes darted upon me through the little black vizard, a glance which made me curse the long legged Spanish monster, and resolve to secure her hand again, come what would.

I kept close to the black domino, well knowing that wherever the Spaniard took her, *he* was the depot at which they would wind off. She soon appeared, panting and flushed. The German stoic led her to a seat, and a murmuring conversation took place.

"'Tis him again!"

"I know it. I have watched him. You must stay by me the rest of the evening."

And then followed a conversation during which I discovered that, though I had not spoken to a female German, or any female whatever, since I entered Berlin, she knew intimately my every motion and almost every word since I entered town. Curiosity now added fuel to my passion, and with unaffected boldness I approached and again asked her hand for the dance. Her companion set his teeth and tried to retain her arm, but she adroitly slipped her taper fingers through his, and in a moment I was again whirling with her in the dance. As we finished, I walked into a cool recess, and, taking her gloved hand, said:

"How did you know I went to Charlottenburg this morning?"

"I saw you."

"How knew you I was at the grand chamberlain this afternoon?"

"I heard you say so."

Whew! thought I, this beats anything in German intrigue that I ever read in poetry or romance.

"Fair incognita, know that since I entered the theatre this evening I have been equally watchful of you. You have not made a motion I have not observed and admired, nor bestowed a favor which has not torn my heart with jealousy. Deign to remove your mask, and allow me to gaze on the face it invidiously conceals."

"No; I cannot."

"At least remove this glove, that I may have the pleasure of holding your hand, and not a couple of ounces of French kid."

The servant brought some *bonbons*, and she was about complying with my request, more from convenience than to gratify me, I thought, when a sharp intonation surprised us both, and turning round, I saw the horrible German ogre just raising his hand from giving my companion a little blow upon the shoulder. In an instant the glove was on, and I was alone before I could realize it.

I was not much disheartened by this sudden manœuvre, but resolved that when she was again under my wing I would take her to the supper room, when I flattered myself she would be under the necessity of removing her mask in partaking of some refection. So I watched the opportunity, and pounced upon my quarry while the pipe-smoking German was absorbed in a metaphysical discussion, I supposed, with a *confrere*. She ate supper with a degree of modesty and naivete which captivated me; tasted a little Rhine wine, and took ices, but did nothing to gratify my curiosity but lift the smallest possible portion of the little crape veil which fell from the nose of the mask, disclosing merely the mouth and upper lip. Nothing I could do would induce her to expose her face. I almost felt as if under the direction of Ovid, who recommends tearing the bracelet from the lady's arm, and was almost impelled to seize the envious mask. I restrained myself though, and in spite of all anxieties danced with my unknown partner till two o'clock in the morning.

At this hour we were confronted by the black-dominoed German, who suggested that it was time to retire homewards. The domino went for his carriage. The coachman, in turning, had run against a lamp-post and smashed a wheel.

"I should be only too happy," I said, "to give them the use of mine."

They protested. I insisted, and carried the day, assuring them that it was but a few steps to my lodgings and I could walk.

With a heart palpitating with all the emotions excited by the evening's adventures, I conducted the beautiful and blushing fair one to my own carriage, saw her enter, and gave her hand a sentimental squeeze. The domino followed; the carriage door closed on my hopes, and they were off. With a heavy heart I walked towards Mynheer Zamoiski's, reached it, and saw my carriage at the door. I was surprised, for I had been told that my recent flame lived on the Lindau. I ran up to my room and was confronted by the black domino. The scene was fast drawing to a close. I asked him what he meant by the intrusion, when taking off his mask, I discovered my lackey-de-place, who humbly asked me if I had any further use for the horses. I had been making love all night to the pretty fille-de-chambre of Mynheer Zamoiski. I had walked home at two o'clock in the morning in the cold wind and snow, to accommodate my valet-de-place and his flame with a ride. The mention of a masquerade ever after threw me into fits.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

We present herewith a portrait of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, elected governor of the State of Maine, Sept. 8th, 1856. It was drawn for us by Mr. Charles Barry, from a photograph by Burnham Brothers, of Bangor, Me., and may be regarded as a reliable likeness. Hannibal Hamlin was born in the town of Paris, in the county of Oxford, in the State of Maine, in 1810, and is in the full vigor and prime of life, being forty-six years of age. His father, Doct. Cyrus Hamlin, was the son of Capt. Eleazur Hamlin, of Massachusetts, who commanded a company of infantry in the Massachusetts line during the whole war of the Revolution. His mother was Anna Livermore, the daughter of Deacon Elijah Livermore, the proprietor and first settler of the town of Livermore, removing thence from the town of Waltham, in Massachusetts, in the year 1774. Hannibal Hamlin, in 1832, settled in the town of Hampden, about five miles from the city of Bangor, and commenced the practice of law. In a few years he was elected a Representative to the Legislature by the Democratic party, and was subsequently re-elected four times. He was twice elected speaker, and discharged the duties of that office with ability. In 1842 he was elected a Representative to Congress, and was subsequently re-elected. In 1847 he was elected to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy, and in 1850 he was elected for a full term, which expires March 4, 1857. As chairman of the important Committee on Commerce, he has discharged the responsible duties of his station acceptably. At the Republican convention held in Portland, Maine, July last, Mr. Hamlin received an unanimous nomination for governor of the State. He accepted the nomination, resigned his office as chairman of the Committee of Commerce, and in a speech, declined acting any further with the Democratic party, and avowed himself in favor of the Republican party. Prior to the election in Maine, upon the 8th of September, Mr. Hamlin thoroughly canvassed the State, passing through the seaboard region from Kittery to Calais, and speaking to large mass meetings in all the principal towns. He then went northward to the Valley of the Aroostook, then west across the whole northern part of the State to Fryeburg on the New Hampshire line. He thence came to Bangor through the central part of the State, addressing his fellow-citizens in all the principal towns upon the route. The result of the election was as follows: Hamlin, 69,471; Wells (the incumbent) 44,967; Patten, 6668.

A WARNING.

A few weeks since, in the course of conversation with an eminent broker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men of the country, we asked if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death? We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied: "*Not one!* I have seen men," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstance, of no apparent importance, has led to investigations which resulted in disgrace and ruin. Afterwards we again conversed with him upon the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experience was to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and fall. Suicide, murder, arson and perjury were common crimes with many of those who made "haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and there are not a few, who may be seen on 'change every day, ignorantly striving for their own destruction. He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.—*Boston Atlas.*



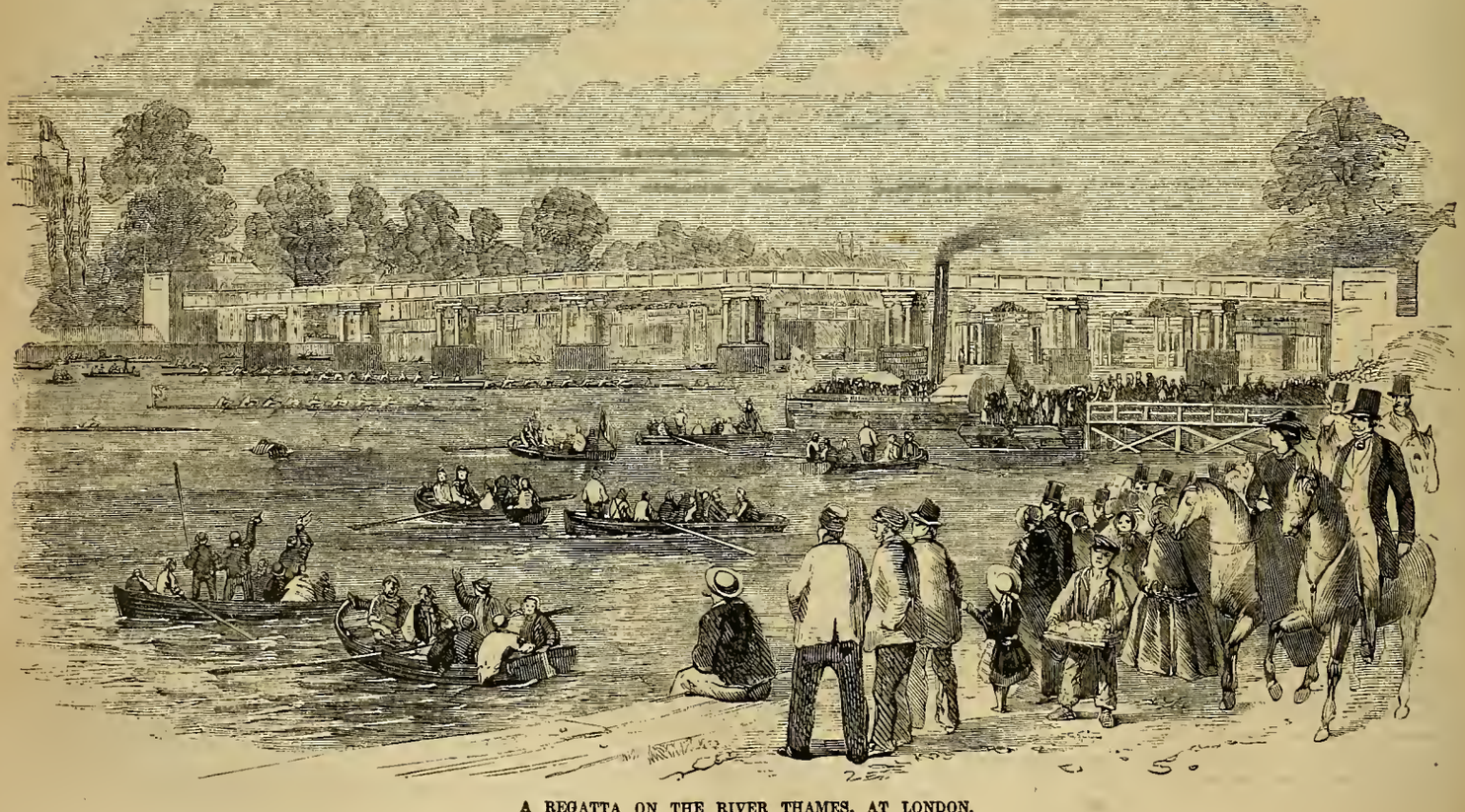
HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MAINE.

REGATTA ON THE THAMES.

The accompanying picture represents one of those exciting scenes in which the good people of London take especial delight, viz., a regatta. In the middle distance, in front of two elegant bridges spanning the Thames, are seen the long, low race-boats, shooting like arrows over the water, the oarsmen straining every nerve to win the goal that lies before them. The pier on the right is crowded with spectators; so is the flag-barge that lies beside it, and the steamer with the union jack hoisted at her bow. Just without the race-track is a perfect fleet of wherries, the occupants of which are lustily cheering the competitors. In the foreground is a characteristic group—watermen, ladies and gentlemen, children, fruit venders and equestrians. We can appreciate the excitement of the multitude, for boat-races are no novelty among us, aquatic sports being a legitimate inheritance from our transatlantic ancestors. The annual regatta of our Fourth of July celebrations has come to be one of the most interesting features of the day. At New York, the races at Hoboken always attract an immense multitude. Rowing is one of the healthiest and most exhilarating of athletic sports, and the speed with which a light boat may be driven through the water is truly surprising. No less so is the length of time which constant training enables oarsmen to hold out. A whale boat's crew will pull for several hours without becoming exhausted.

THE OLD TALE EVER NEW.

Says an old song, "O, Love has been a villain, since the days of Troy and Helen, when he caused the death of Paris, and of many, many more." And the truth of the quaint, plaintive old verse is verified every day. It is true, the villanies of Love seldom come out very romantically in these days of "crowner's quest," and judicial inquiries at the Pig and Whistle; but it is possible to read a romance of love in the report even of a crowner's quest: and here is one: On Saturday evening last (we stick to the original report—the reader must find the romance for himself), Mr. G. T. Brent, the deputy-coroner, held an inquiry at the "New Crown Inn," St. Paul's Terrace, Ball's Pond, Islington, into the circumstances connected with the suicide of a very fine young woman, named Ellen Louise Felstead, aged twenty-one, the daughter of a gun implement maker, residing at 12 Holton Street, Lower Road, whose body had been found on the previous day, in the New River, at a short distance from where the inquest was held. It appeared from the evidence of Mrs. Donaldson and the deceased's father, that for some time past she had been keeping company with a young man named Parrott; and on the evening of Monday last she called at Mrs. Donalson's, about nine o'clock, in company with Parrott. The latter had an angry altercation with her about visiting at the above house, after which they went away, but not together. The deceased called again at half-past eleven, and inquired if Parrott had called and asked about her, and on being answered in the negative she became greatly excited, saying he would never see her again, and that he had sworn at her, and she could not bear such an insult—she could not live to be so addressed by him. She then went away, and witness saw no more of her alive. Mr. Felstead, her father, stated that she had an altercation with Parrott at her own house, between nine and eleven o'clock, after leaving Mrs. Donaldson's. She said to her lover, "You ridicule and satirise the family when we are together, and I cannot bear it." After that she went up stairs to her room, and divested herself of her bracelets, combs, etc., and when the family retired to rest, slipped quietly out of the house, and was never after seen alive. Mr. Rogers, a medical gentleman, residing next door, informed the jury of her high-spirited disposition, and how deeply she would suffer under anything that she construed into an insult. She was a young woman of a very superior cast of mind. The jury, after remarking on the melancholy nature of the case, returned a verdict in accordance with the testimony of the witnesses.—On the morning of this same Saturday, a man also killed himself, not from love and pride, but from love and poverty. His widow, Mary Bradley, came forward at the inquest and said that they had only been married three weeks. She was a servant at the Dover Castle Tavern, and the deceased had paid his addresses to her for nearly five years, but from his poverty their marriage had from time to time been postponed. They afterwards, however, agreed that they should be united, and live apart for a few months until the deceased could procure a little money to buy a few articles of furniture. He was then thrown out of employment, and he became very despending, and several times said if he could not procure her a home he should be unable to live. Poverty still holding him fast, he took a large quantity of laudanum, and so put an end to his existence.—At the Morgue, in Paris, lately was deposited the body of a young married woman who had been afflicted with a disease of the skin, for which she had tried all remedies in vain; life became burdensome because she fancied her husband could not love her on account of the malady. One day the husband scolded her slightly for not having got his dinner ready in time; she seemed much affected, and after warmly caressing a lap-dog, she approached to kiss him, but he turned from her. Greatly agitated, she left the room, and went straight to the bridge of Grenelle and threw herself into the Seine.—*London Illustrated News.*



A REGATTA ON THE RIVER THAMES, AT LONDON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ABOUT COMETS.

These erratic bodies, moving in elliptical orbits round the sun, were deemed, in ignorant ages, to portend dire misfortunes to the world, being the fiery heralds of war, pestilence and famine. Milton tells us that

> "Satan stood
> Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
> That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge,
> In the arctic sky, and from its horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war."

The Romans looked upon the comet of the year 44 B. C. as a celestial chariot of fire conveying the soul of Julius Cæsar to the skies. The great comet of 1630 was deemed a presage of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Even that of 1811 was thought to have foreshadowed the Russian campaign and the burning of Moscow. A young Indian, travelling on the prairie, and beholding the beautiful comet of 1843, said: "This is the Spirit of the Stars—the dreadful Capishi—a famine and pestilence await us." Dr. Cheyne in 1744 wrote, "Most likely they (comets) are *Ministers of Divine Justice*, sending baleful Streams from their long Trains upon the *Planets* they come nigh; and if what is commonly said of 'em be true, they seldom visit us without some such direful Salutation. However, from them we may learn that the *Divine Vengeance* may find a Seat for the Punishment of his disobedient Creatures, without being put to the Expense of a new Creation." This is a specimen of the solemn nonsense written about these brilliant phenomenal visitors of the starry regions. Knowledge has dispelled the alarming fancies of past generations, but the nature of comets is still a mystery.

AGRICULTURAL.—Boston is getting to be quite an agricultural city. There was the U. S. Agricultural show, a little more than a year ago—last winter we ploughed the streets, and lately we had an agricultural exhibition of horses. The fair grounds, on the latter occasion, strongly reminded us of a race-course—but it was n't, it was only a track for "trials of speed."

THE USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL.—Loch Katrine, in Scotland, which Scott has immortalized, is to supply the city of Glasgow, 35 miles distant, with water. The cost of the works will be about three million dollars.

NICARAGUA.—General Walker's army at the last accounts consisted of about 1600 Americans. It would really appear as if he would hold his own.

LAND OFFICES.—The President has established two new land offices for Minnesota, one at Ojibwa, and the other at Buchanan, on Lake Superior.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Delane, the manager of the London Times—the "thunderer"—is now in this country picking up notes.

.... The flight of wild pigeons this year was very great. We thought these birds had utterly deserted us.

.... A monument is to be erected in Baltimore over the remains of the eccentric and gifted Edgar A. Poe.

.... Donald McKay, it is said, will meet all his liabilities, and issue triumphantly from all his troubles.

... The national debt of Europe amounts to ten thousand millions of dollars—a steep sum to work against.

.... A letter written in Australia speaks of eels fifteen feet long. Coehituate water pipes can't beat that.

... The number of emigrants arriving at New York for the first nine months of the present year was 103,541.

Our friend, Major Ben: Perley Poore, of West Newbury, delivered a brilliant address at the Essex County Show.

.... A young lady in France died lately of the sting of a viper, after four days' intense suffering.

.... Mlle. Rachel will return to the stage, improved in health, next year, it is hoped.

... The New York Academy of Music proposes erecting a college which will cost them between 80,000 and 90,000 dollars.

Louis Napoleon drives a span of American horses imported from New York State at a cost of 3000 dollars.

.... Laura Keene's elegant new theatre will comfortably seat twenty-five hundred persons. We wish her success.

.... Mr. Frank B. Goodrich, S. G. G.'s son (Dick Tinto), will return to Europe and resume his correspondence.

.... One of the greatest dandies now figuring in Paris is a colored gentleman from the city of New Orleans.

An electric cannon has been invented, which is discharged by means of an electric battery.

.... The number of students attending the University of Virginia is stated to be about six hundred.

.... The Russians are beginning to manufacture rails for their railroads—said to be better than English ones.

.... We don't hear any more about the Central American difficulty, except that the trouble is all over.

The Churchman (an Episcopal paper) commends dancing as "innocent, healthful and graceful."

.... The last of the summer tourists are coming back from Europe—a trip to Europe is nothing now-a-days.

.... A splendid ship launched at Chelsea, Mass., bears the name of William H. Prescott, the American historian.

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Neither honor nor disgrace can properly descend to us from our ancestors; and among the follies of the day, none is more contemptible than that which leads some people, even in this country, to think more of their pedigree than of their own worth. A French writer has well observed that "those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, search in the roots of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to bear. In other words, they feed on the oyster shells their fathers left behind, rather than dig for themselves."

Curtis says very happily:—"We should dread to be born a Percy, or a Colonna, or a Bonaparte. We should not like to be the second Duke of Wellington, nor Charles Dickens, Jr. It is a terrible thing, one would say, to a mind of honorable feeling, to be pointed out as somebody's son, or uncle, or granddaughter, as if the excellence were all derived. It must be a little humiliating to reflect that if your great uncle had not been somebody, you would be nobody—that, in fact, you are only a name; and that, if you should consent to change it for the sake of a fortune, as is sometimes done, you would cease to be anything but a rich man. 'My father was president, or governor of the State,' some persons may say. But, by Jupiter, king of gods and men, who are *you?* is the instinctive response. If your ancestor was great, you are under bonds to greatness. If you are small, make haste to learn it betimes, and thanking Heaven that your name has not been made illustrious, retire into a corner, and keep it at least untarnished."

With certain snobs, even in this country, there is a perilous rage for ancestry; and when these gentlemen have none, they buy them, as the Chinese do their idols. They haunt auction rooms, and buy up old worm-eaten portraits in wigs, and armor, and brocade, transfer them to their drawing-rooms, and pass them off as the patrician founders of their family. Then they lay bodily hands on any handsome crest or coat of arms they find in books, and straightway emblazon them on their harnesses and panels. We know one of these gentry who sported on his carriage door a funeral escutcheon! "What is your coat of arms?" asked one of these pedigree worshippers, of President Pierce. The president told him that the only family arms he knew of, were the shirt-sleeves in which his father fought in the Revolution.

It would be well if all men duly considered the words of the poet:

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise:
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

A humble origin is no disgrace. "The early frown of fortune is the best security for her final smiles." And we are ready to ask with the poet,

> "What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
> Not all the blood of all the Howards."

FUNNY FELLOWS.

The rag-pickers of Paris are a unique set. In their sordid rags, with their bumper on their backs, a lantern in one hand, and in the other the short iron hook, which enables them to select and secure their prizes, they are not destitute of a certain degree of picturesqueness. There is an *esprit du corps* among them—they have a mutual benefit society, with a constitution and by-laws. They also have their festivals and banquets. At one of these gatherings, lately, the chairman toasted the press, "which," he said, "enlightened the world, and by its large consumption of rags, enabled the rag-pickers to live." Some of these industrials amass fortunes, it is said. Of late years they have rather multiplied on our side of the water; and there is one picturesque wretch prowling about the streets of Boston that would make a study for a painter of *genre*. He certainly drew his breath and learned his calling on the banks of the Seine.

THE ROSE OF SHARON—a religious souvenir for 1857, edited by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer. Boston: Abel Tompkins. This really beautiful annual has come to us promptly and in the choicest style of binding and printing. We know of no more elegant gift for a friend at New Year's, or any prettier ornament for the centre table. The contents we consider far above the usual excellence of annual publications.

MLLE. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE.—This fine performer and teacher of the piano forte has re-opened her classes at her residence in this city, 44 Hancock Street, and has a brilliant array of pupils. She has been most successful with her class system, the young ladies under her charge making rapid and sure progress. Her popularity is the result of modest merit and untiring energy.

PRUNING TREES.—The people of Minorca never venture to prune a fruit-tree, thinking it impious to presume to direct its growth and amend the works of Providence. Minorca, of course, would be no place for Wilder or Hovey, who hurry up the fruit on their trees by judicious pruning.

NEW YORK.—This great metropolis, which resembles in so many respects Paris and London, but is better than both because it is American, is now gayer than ever by day and night. A stroll down Broadway in the sunshine, or by gaslight, is something worth living for.

FREE OF CHARGE.—We send sample copies of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* gratis to any one who desires it. One hundred pages reading matter in each number, and two pages of original humorous illustrations, for *one dollar* a year!

EQUESTRIAN.—Disbrow's riding-school, in New York, continues to be liberally patronized. It is a model establishment.

BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

The splendid battle-piece which occupies pages 296 and 297 of this number, and which forms one of the series of historical pictures now in the course of publication in our columns, and drawn expressly for us, is one of the most spirited productions of the pencil of Billings we have yet seen. He depicts the decisive charge of the American horse and foot in the famous battle of the Cowpens. The British regulars are seen flying on the right; on the left Pickens waves his sword, cheering his gallant Carolinians, while towering above the ranks, the heroic Morgan is urging on the charge, pointing to the distance where Cols. Washington and Howard are hotly engaged with Tarleton's horse. The naked and wintry trees rear their denuded branches through the smoke of battle.

The battle of the Cowpens was one of the most brilliant exploits of the Revolutionary war. It was fought January 17, 1781, during the southern campaign of General Greene. Lieut. Col. Tarleton had been sent by Lord Cornwallis to drive Morgan from his position in the district of Ninety-Six. Tarleton had a thousand picked men, infantry, two field-pieces, and about 250 horse. Col. Morgan, on the other hand, had only 500 militia, 300 regulars, and 75 horse, commanded by Col. Washington. The ground of the engagement was a pine barren. Morgan's militia formed his first line, his regulars, including the horse, were posted about 280 yards in their rear. The British came in sight at daybreak, and commenced a furious attack at sunrise. Morgan's militia after a volley broke, and were hotly pursued by Tarleton's troops, sabreing every man they overtook. At this crisis, Col. Washington, taking advantage of the scattering of the British horse, swept down in a fierce charge, and turned the tide of battle. The British infantry were now brought up, but received by deadly fire from the American regulars, were thrown into confusion, while the militia, determined to retrieve their honor, and cheered on by the heroic Morgan, rallied, rushed down on the enemy, and after one withering fire, gave them the cold steel, and aided their comrades in achieving a glorious victory. The British loss in this engagement was very severe—more than 300 killed and wounded, and more than 500 prisoners, while the loss on our side was but 12 killed and 60 wounded. Col. Washington pursued Tarleton several miles, and slightly wounded him, but he was able to reach Cornwallis's camp with most of his cavalry. In this action the South Carolina troops under Col. Pickens displayed great gallantry. A body of cavalry under Col. Howard proved that Tarleton's legion were not invincible. 800 stand of arms, 100 horses, 35 baggage-wagons, and two standards were among the material fruits of this victory. Two brass cannons which had been taken from Burgoyne, and afterwards captured by Cornwallis at Camden, again fell into the hands of the patriots.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William K. Holt to Miss Ruth A. Andrews; by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Col. J. H. French to Miss Fanny E. Thompson; by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. William W. Kenerson to Mrs. Jane E. Stuart; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Charles S. Parker to Miss Sarah E. Tolman; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Joseph A. Merrifield to Miss Annie M. Pierce; by Rev Dr. Huntington, Mr. Ira Church Gray to Miss Ellen M. Atwood.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Newell, Dr. Benjamin S. Shaw, of Boston, to Miss Amelia C. T. Hastings.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Babcock, George J. Townsend, M.D., of South Natick, to Miss Mary M. Buck.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Alonzo P. Burrill to Miss Mary C. Eaton.—At North Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Damon, Mr. Joseph A. Boyden, of Boston, to Miss Georgie L. Harrington.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Silas F. Haywood to Miss Ann M. McLeod.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Henry M Caldwell, of Valparaiso, Chili, to Miss Caroline C. Willis.—At East Bridgewater, by Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. Calvin Kingman, of Somerset, to Miss Hannah S. Barrell.—At Sterling, by Rev. Mr. Moore, of Boston, Mr. Henry M. Moore to Miss Sarah Isabella Hastings.—At Plymouth, Boston, Mr. James W. Bicknell, of Boston, to Miss Caroline D. Barnes.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Francis C. Still, printer, 39; Mrs. Mary Stanley, 49; Mr. Henry M. Holman, 24; Miss Hannah E. Bridire, 69; Mr. Alvin V. Odell, 28; Mr. John A. Stone, 22; Mrs. Almira Trott, 47.—At Charlestown, Mr. Ephraim Currier, 67.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Clarissa, wife of Mr. Sylvester Manning.—At Dorchester, Miss Martha Baker, 79: Miss Hannah Lincoln Humphrey, 21; Mrs. Anne Locke, 59; Mrs Lois White, widow of the late Dr. Phineas Holden, 80.—At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Elira, wife of Mr. Pliny Nickerson, of Boston, 40.—At Lowell, Mrs. William Hunter, 35; Mrs. Laura Jane Wood, 30.—At Andover, Mrs. Mary Stuart, wife of Prof. Austin Phelps.—At Worcester, Widow Mary Bullock, 56; Mr. Smith Greene, 51.—At Taunton, Widow Hannah K. Dean, 63.—At Salisbury, Capt. Nicholas P. French, 76.—At Fall River, Mr. Joseph Brightman, 59; Mrs. Martha Jane Wilbur, 22.—At Fairhaven, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Hammond, 37.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Abby Reed, 25.—At Nantucket, Mr. George E. Gardner, 60; Mrs. Zilphia Ray, 80.—At Sandwich, Mr. Heman Tobey, of Boston, 30.—At Brewster, Widow Temperance Snow, 74; Capt. Christopher Rogers, 78.—At Holyoke, Mrs. Roxa Whitcomb, 91.—At North Adams, Mrs. Mary Stevens, 64.—At Provincetown, Mrs. Mary Oakman Bowley, 38.—At Swanzille, Me., Widow Elizabeth Williams Durrell, 94.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STENA KILL.

Respectfully inscribed to "JENNIE KARLE."

BY "GAY HUMBOLDT."

I love the songs of quiet streams,
Just floating in the dusk that seems
Between this and the land of dreams.

—What time the world grows hushed and still,
Till the sad moon looks o'er the hill,
And listens to the whippoorwill.

—What time the swallow's drowsy wing
Falls downward dim and darkening,
Till lost like an imagining.

—What time the very leaves seem grown
Upon the breathless air alone,
Upon the stirless ether strown:

Till the sad shades of night sweep down,
From Adirondack's bosky throne,
And the winds rouse them with a moan.

And yet this glorious autumn eve,
What is it makes all nature grieve,
But dreaming dreams of Genevieve?

And yet there is a soul should light
This gloomy, mourning autumn night
Into a day divinely bright.

And yet, could those deep-beaming eyes
Greet mine—with what a glad surprise,
As a freed seraph's, paradise!

Yet could I sit upon this shore
(As we did on one night before),
Till the stars bent the treetops o'er—

Till the mad-bustling world grew still,
And the bright moon rose o'er the hill,
To listen to the whippoorwill—

Till weary sleep should fold her wing,
And the drowsed bird forget to sing,
And naught be heard but whispering

Of the deep waves, as on they rove.
Of the light boughs in heaven above,
And of those lips of "her I love,"

And could—but well-a-day! alone
Must my path henceforth lengthen on,
Till the last dreary day—is done!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SIXES AND SEVENS:

—OR,—

HOW TO HAVE A PLEASANT HUSBAND.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

SOME ladies are blest with fault-finding lords. Mrs. Lemon was one of that unhappy class. If her husband came in too late or too soon for dinner, or supper, if he heard the baby cry, if the room was too hot, or his shaving-water too cold, or everything did not go exactly right and just to suit him, he was up in arms about it forthwith, and there was no peace till his particular whims and wishes were gratified.

Without meaning to be uncomfortable himself, or without even knowing that he was so, Mr. Lemon brought unhappiness to a circle where he certainly desired to confer nothing but comfort and delight. There are a plenty of such men, though they are too blind, some of them, to see it in themselves. It is a most lamentable fault to fall into, and no doubt many of my fair friends will thank me for telling them how Mrs. Lemon managed to cure her husband of it. In order to understand the *modus operandi* the better, it will be as well to deal out the matter in the form and spirit of a narrative.

So Mr. Lemon comes home to supper, and begins to fret round because his slippers are out of place, and the fire in the grate has got low, and the carpet is littered over with the baby's playthings. When he left his office for home, it is not to be denied that he was in the best of spirits, and pledged to himself to dispense sunshine all around him as soon as he got where his wife was.

Mrs. Lemon comes into the room, on hearing the outer door shut, and smiles to see him returned from his day's labor.

"Are you in a hurry for tea?" she asks. "Because if you are, I will have it got ready at once."

He gives a sneer, and says something in a low voice about "tea's never being ready when *he* is ready."

Forthwith his wife cheerfully turns about and orders tea without delay.

On the table were toast, tea and cake. They ate dinner rather late, and the meal was a very hearty one of boiled salmon. Mr. L. uncovers the toast, lifts a slice or two daintily with the spoon, and declares it is done too much; when *will* she learn not to burn her toast up so?

"I don't know," says she; "perhaps that top piece *may* be done a little too much. Give it to me, my dear, and do you help yourself from the bottom of the dish."

"No, I'll eat it, now I've begun with it," is his reply. "I'll trust to luck for a better piece next time."

So *that* branch of the subject is settled. Presently he begins to sip his tea.

"Did you put sugar in my tea?" says he.

"Yes," she replies, pleasantly. "But here is more, if you wish," passing him the bowl.

"No; no matter now. What flat-tasted stuff it is, though! I'd as lief drink dish-water. Latterly, I don't seem to get a cup of tea that's worth a cent. I wonder why *we* can't have as good tea as other people."

Now his wife really took extra pains with the tea that night, and for her own part thought it was the best she had drank in a long time. She could therefore say but little in answer to his complaint, though she wanted to say enough to silence it forever.

Next morning at breakfast it was just the same. As soon as he came down, the fit of fretting seized him.

"This breakfast is stone cold!" said he.

"Margaret has just taken it from the fire," said Mrs. L.

"What's the matter with that baby? I can't stand *that*. You must carry it out of the room, or I must go myself!"

So the bell is rung, and Margaret is told to take care of the baby till breakfast is over.

"You *used* to have good coffee," said he, after sipping a little from his cup. "Why can't we have as good now? I declare, it's downright insipid! It's worse than no coffee at all!"

And he reached the water-pitcher to pour himself a glass of water.

First it was the potatoes, after this experiment at fault-finding; and then it was the ham. The eggs were either underdone or overdone. The toast was burned up again. There never *was* a colder morning, and that was just the kind of a morning to have a cold room to eat breakfast in. And so on till he finished a decidedly hearty breakfast, and got up to go out to his business.

For dinner, he sent home a roasting piece of beef. When he came back to eat it, however, he began to carve it, and at once declared it was as raw as it ever was in the world. It wasn't fit for anybody to eat. Mrs. Lemon expostulated. He always had preferred rare beef,—*very* rare beef; and she was sure that this was as much done as any she had ever cooked for him. But that was to no purpose. The beef was not right *anyway*. And the potatoes were "soggy" and heavy. And the other vegetables were not half cooked. Even the water was warm, winter as it was at the time. And to wind up the performance,—what *was* the matter with that baby?

This was the enjoyment pertaining to the dinner hour. Mrs. Lemon came to the conclusion, after her husband had gone out, that she could not bear with it any longer. She must either subdue this fell spirit of unhappiness and discomfort, or it would subdue her. She took the afternoon to think it all over, and at night installed a new order of things.

When Mr. Lemon first put foot in the house at night, he was met with the heavy brow of his wife.

"O, dear!" said she, beating her husband all out of sight with her fretful manner, "I do believe I shall go raving distracted! I'm almost worn out already! This child, and this housekeeping business, and this one thing and another will certainly finish me! And what I'm to do, I don't know! I don't much care!"

Having arranged his own countenance for a diatribe of fretting of much the same character, Mr. L. was set back not a little at finding that his thunder was thus suddenly stolen away from him. The shock of astonishment had the effect to momentarily silence his complaints. He looked at her face, and wondered what in the world had come over her. And he wondered, and wondered, all in vain.

As soon as they sat down to the supper table, she began the business in good earnest. He would have liked to begin first; but she was careful to dip in her oar before him.

"I tell you one thing, Mr. Lemon," said she; "I've done drinking tea, such as this is. If you can't get better stuff for the table, you must drink it yourself, for *I* won't!"

So *he* had nothing left him to complain of on the score of the tea. He might have been about to begin upon the toast, as usual, when she struck in before him again.

"Just the daubiest, clammiest, flattest, wretchedest toast I ever did eat!" said she, throwing down her knife and fork. "I wish, Mr. Lemon, we could have a girl that could cook well enough to earn fair wages. I'm sure, I don't see why I must have saddled off upon me such kind of help as I'm obliged to put up with! I've got tired of it, thoroughly! For my part, I'm for breaking up housekeeping altogether, and going out to board. I've been thinking how much easier 'twould be—and I've pretty much come to the conclusion that I won't try to keep house any longer!"

Mr. Lemon offered some very tame sort of a reply, the whole of which conveyed no other meaning than that he was completely "dumbfounded."

The baby happened to grow restless.

"I declare," said she, with one of the direst expressions of countenance conceivable, "that child is enough to worry the life out of me! I wish *you* had it to take care of; I guess you'd know how to pity me! Sometimes I wish that children were—I won't *say* where!"

Mr. Lemon grew more astonished still. Never before had he heard her say a syllable in this spirit about her baby. Something was certainly the matter. He looked up at her; she seemed never more in earnest than then. He looked down upon the table; and she went on in just the same strain for several minutes. And so she kept it up. Next morning, she was the veriest scold at the table it is possible to imagine.

"What coffee! O, what coffee!" she exclaimed, as soon as she commenced drawing it from the urn. "You must either get me another girl, or I shall give up; for as for going on in this way, I can't and won't!"

Her husband ventured—wonderful thing for him, that it was! to say that he thought the coffee was as good as it ever was, or ever would be. But she flew at the subject with increased fury, and pell-melled at him till he was thoroughly tired of it. She carried her point, and he was glad to beat a hasty retreat.

"Just see that steak now!" she exclaimed. "Was there ever a woman tried as I am? All browned and wiggled up! If I want a thing *rare*, I'm sure to get it *overdone*. And that's just the way it is! I'm worried to death in this way!"

"But," cried Mr. L., blandly enough for *him*, "what is the trouble with the steak? I think it's good enough. The greatest fault *I* have to find with my meat is, that it's always so *rare!* I never can eat it!"

(Now wasn't *that* a whopper?)

"No, you needn't pass me the bread," she went on. "*Raised* bread I sometimes like; but dough, absolute *dough*,—I'll not put up with it!"

It was hard to suit her. Mr. L. studied her face by stolen glances; but he was able to discover nothing that indicated a disposition to trifle with the subject. She seemed to be terribly in earnest. At dinner she was worse than ever. They had fish on the table. Her husband helped her to some, which he did with a grace that really charmed her.

"O, this abominable fish!" said she, tasting the first forkfull. "I used to like fish; but I don't now, I must confess. Smoked, and soaked, and parboiled, and spoiled! I'd made up my mouth for a beautiful dinner; but just look at it!"

"My dear," asked Mr. Lemon, quite cowed by this time, "what *is* the matter with the fish? *I* see no fault in it. It is a good fish, and it has been well cooked. Don't let us complain too much."

"It isn't half done," said she. "I might have expected as much. I'd as soon eat one right out of the river!"

"Where is Lizzie?" asked her husband, wishing to direct attention from this subject to the base.

"Asleep, I hope! Don't for mercy's sake wake *her* up! She's the plague of my life *now;* and I aint certain at all that she wont finish me! If she'll sleep, let her sleep, for conscience sake! For *my* part, I've had enough of her!"

Mr. Lemon left his dinner table a more thoughtful man than he had been in a long while. He was pledged to himself to find out what the trouble was so suddenly.

When he came home to supper, it was just the same. In the evening, he went out; for he was fairly driven out by his wife's fretfulness. She almost trembled when she thought that she was driving him to this step, yet she sustained her courage all the way through with hope.

And so she carried on for about a week. By the end of that time her husband had forgotten all his old complaints, and appeared to be a changed man throughout. He could sit down to the table and eat as hearty a meal as anybody, and without grumbling, either. This was a victory for his wife, although she still kept up her new device.

One night, when he seemed more quiet and genial than ever, she set up a furious onslaught upon the cheese. He declared to himself he had never heard her go on so. First he looked at her, and then at the cheese; and then he tasted of the cheese. And finally he looked at her again. And next came an explosion.

He laughed out as loud as he could!

"This is too bad, Eliza," said he; "but it was good enough for me. I have deserved it all. Now let us stop right where we are, and agree to have no more of it. I confess you have cured me. I can see now for myself how terrible my habit of fretting had got to be; but *you* shall not suffer any more in consequence of it. I pledge my honor to that!"

He passed round the table and kissed her. The tears gushed from her eyes.

Both wept anew; but the tears were welcome tears of joy. The poor wife felt that she had fairly won her husband over again.

And from that day forward there never was a house where peace presided, and happiness dwelt, with a better prospect of permanence, than in the dwelling of Mr. Nathaniel Lemon, merchant.

NOAH'S TOMB.

A mosque has risen up over the grave of the great patriarch. I do not remember the exact measurement of the tomb; but if this is his sepulchre, Noah must have been a very tall man, for it certainly seemed to me, at a random guess, to be about a hundred feet in length. The old man who showed it to us, told me that this was his length as far as the knees, the rest being bent downwards. Over the grave is a green cloth, the favorite color of the Mahometans, and it is visited not only by Moslems, but also by Christians.— *Wortabet's Syria and the Syrians.*

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

There are 4382 hand-organs ground in the streets of New York city daily. —— A gentleman of New York, who came out the other day in the steamship Persia, and whose word is reliable, saw in Paris, in the middle of August, tomatoes selling at five francs each, and apricots three francs—owing to the cold wet summer, it having rained near two months. —— President Pierce intends to take up his residence in Portsmouth, N. H., after the 4th of March next. —— The library of four thousand volumes, lately belonging to Professor Lucke, of Germany, and purchased for the use of the Divinity School in Cambridge, chiefly by the generosity of Col. Benjamin Loring, of Boston, has arrived in safety at the institution for which it is designed. It will make a very valuable addition to the means of there pursuing a theological education. —— News from Key West reports the markets to be filled with wrecked goods. —— The Nebraska City News says that "corn in Nebraska promises a most unprecedented yield. The average crop will be from fifty to eighty bushels to the acre. Strictly temperate men could hardly exist on soil that becomes so uncommonly corned on such slight provocation." —— In the Irish language the electric telegraph is called "Sgeal abuta bolta," the literal translation of which is, "News upon stilts." —— The Rev. David Moore, D.D., eldest son of the late Bishop Moore, of Virginia, died lately at the rectory of St. Andrew's Church, Staten Island, in the 70th year of his age, and 48th year of his rectorship on the island. Dr. Moore was highly esteemed for his many excellencies, and his loss will be severely felt by his parishioners. —— A mother-in-law in an establishment is a rare good servant, but a precious bad mistress. —— The San Antonio (Texas) Herald says, that a gentleman residing some thirty miles west of San Antonio, has a "live" wolf, some eight months old, which attends his stock of sheep in the same manner as a shepherd's dog, going out with them in the morning, and returning with them at night. His wolfship was captured when young, and has been trained with the sheep. —— Some say that sausages are "*dog* cheap" in this city. However pleasant the fact may be in a pecuniary sense, the suggestions it calls up are by no means agreeable. —— Wm. Arrison, the torpedo murderer at Cincinnati, has been sentenced to the State Prison for ten years. —— A butcher, who has just died, and who was a great dog fancier, has left orders to his heir to pay the taxes on a hundred dogs belonging to him, and to devote a part of the revenues of a very fine estate to their support. There's an eccentric and benevolent butcher. —— Carefully preserve the fallen leaves of trees, and procure as many as you can; when rotted into mold, the produce is invaluable. —— The hotels in New York are crowded. At the Astor House the privilege to sleep in a room with seven others is sold at a high advance; and at the St. Nicholas, one thousand persons hive together. —— A creditor of the city of Philadelphia, despairing of being able to get his pay of the treasurer, has attached the furniture of the council chamber. —— By a recent collision on the Michigan Southern Railroad, three new locomotives, which were on board one of the trains, were completely smashed to pieces and rendered worthless. —— Besides the commerce of the lakes at Chicago, twenty-six trunk railroads and branches bring to it the trade of the interior. —— A correspondent writes that Noah Pense, Esq., of Meredith, killed at one shot forty-one pigeons from a flock that alighted upon a stand prepared for the purpose on a wheat stubble.

VARIETIES OF FOOD.

What is there that men will not eat, either from necessity or caprice? Shipwrecked mariners have often made a hearty meal of boot-soup; and mule-steak has often done the hardy pioneers good service. The natives of Tonquin, according to Dampier, give their friends arrack, in which snakes and scorpions have been infused. The Calmuc Tartars also feed on snakes, and the Syrians eat crocodiles. The inhabitants of Cochin-China prefer spoiled eggs to fresh; the Tonquinese enjoy locusts, whether raw, pickled or broiled; the West Indians have a taste for caterpillars, and ants are a luxury in Africa. Mungo Park astounded Sir Walter Scott while walking with him, by running his stick into an ant-hill, and then after it had been covered with insects, drawing it through his lips. He said they tasted like currants! Truly, there is no accounting for taste.

A PROOF-READER.—The most industrious proof-reader we remember, was a lady to whom, at her request, we sent a revise of an article she had written for us. As there were nearly a hundred superfluous commas in it, according to her account, she "sat up all night, and scratched them out with a penknife so neatly that no one could perceive them."

HOOP, HURRAH!—The ladies hoops still afford subject matter for small wits to excruciate upon. It is now asserted that a cooper of this town has entered into partnership with a milliner, the two branches of trade being identical.

ATTORNEYS AND LAWYERS.—Sterne insinuates that attorneys are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in *scruples*. Some of them are not averse to *drachms*, however.

THE PRESS.—It was Victor Hugo who called the press "the formidable locomotive of universal thought." Louis Napoleon "looks out for the engine" so sharply in France, that it does not run very well there.

MUSICAL.—"Vestvali the magnificent" has gone off to Mexico with a magnificent troupe of opera singers.

Wayside Gatherings.

The number of votes to be cast in the next presidential election will probably reach 3,500,000.

They raise six hundred bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre on the Guadaloupe River, in Texas.

The city and county prisoners of San Francisco are to be fed for twenty-four cents a day, by contract.

Night schools are established in the city of Baltimore this winter. Schools for neglected children are also in contemplation.

The health of Dr. Kane, the distinguished Arctic explorer, being much impaired, he has taken a trip to Europe with a view to its restoration.

A Bartlett pear grown on the farm of Jewett Jones & Son, in Andover, weighed eighteen ounces, and measured ten by twelve inches in circumference.

It is now ascertained beyond a reasonable doubt, that the burning of the Niagara on Lake Michigan, by which some seventy-five lives were lost, was the work of an incendiary.

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. David T. Kimball, at Ipswich, Mass., was recently commemorated by the people of that ancient town with much interest.

Rev. Henry Wood, formerly a clergyman of New Hampshire, has been appointed chaplain in the navy, in place of T. R. Lambert, resigned. Mr. Wood is now consul at Beyrout.

The Hampden (Mass.) County Agricultural Society have purchased a lot of land at Springfield, containing thirty acres, at a cost of $8000, on which to hold their future exhibitions.

A hog exhibited at the late Chilicothe (Ohio) Fair, weighed 1135 pounds, and measured nine feet in length, and about the same in girth. He was two years and three months old.

Ephraim Ricker, who shot one Rodgers at Berwick, Maine, a short time since, while picking apples from a tree, has been tried and sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment in Alfred jail.

A certain sign-board has the following classical inscription:—"All persons what are found fyghteing or trespussing on this ground will be executed wid the utmost wigger of the lawr."

The coronation of the emperor of Russia took place at Moscow on the 7th of September. The barbaric gorgeousness of the scene, and of the preparations for the coronation, appear to have dazzled all beholders, and it is said that the cost exceeded $5,000,000.

It appears that nearly all the Western railroads at the present time are overrun with freight transportation, and so serious is the inconvenience resulting therefrom, that a general rise in freights, both upon the roads and rivers, is anticipated, or has already taken place.

The French Inundation Committee have collected and remitted to the President of the Central Relief Committee, the sum of 105,515 40 francs—equal to $20,621 72—which has been subscribed in New York for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent inundations in France.

Near Greensboro (S. C.), an entire railroad train ran over a drunken man, lately. He had fallen on the track, and the cow-catcher being sufficiently elevated not to carry him with it, he lay there in safety, to the amazement of the conductor and engineer, who, of course, thought he was cut to pieces.

The New England Society of New York have made arrangements for a course of six lectures, to be delivered by New England orators prior to the next December anniversary. Among the speakers engaged are Hon. George P. Marsh, Hon. George Lunt, Rev. A. L. Stone and Rev. Dr. Osgood.

The officers of Murray's Asylum for the Insane, Scotland, believe that no better medicines for the mind are known than rational occupation, recreation and education; wherefore they are endeavoring to extend and vary the modes of employing, amusing and instructing those who are committed to their care.

A powder-horn was discovered recently on one of the "Hunting Islands," near the mouth of Morgan River, South Carolina, marked "2 Rudolph." It is the only trace ever discovered of the revenue-cutter Hamilton, Captain Rudolph, which was lost off the Charleston (South Carolina) Bar, in 1853, and never heard of.

The yellow Newtown pippin is the most popular apple in the English market. It frequently sells there for $16 per barrel; and packed and prepared for export, commands $6 to $8 per barrel in New York. This apple, we believe, is raised nowhere in perfection, except on Long Island and the banks of the Hudson River.

The Detroit Daily Advertiser, of October 2d, says:—"A company of six hundred men, women and children started from Tabor, Iowa, lately, for Kansas. They are farmers and mechanics, who go to make Kansas their permanent home. Two hundred men from Western Iowa volunteered to conduct them into the interior."

The Jacksonville (Ala.) Republican says so severe a frost as early as the 24th of September, has not been experienced in that section for twenty years, and considerable damage must have been inflicted on the cotton and other crops. In the vicinity of Brunswick, Missouri, it is said that at least one-half of the tobacco crop has been destroyed by the frost.

The boring of Hoosac Mountain has gone in over 300 feet, and is still in progress at an average of 4 1-2 feet a day. Fresh air is pumped into the hole through a long box by horse power, and soon clears the end after a blast. On the strength of these demonstrative experiments, it is the purpose of the parties interested to make another appeal to the legislature for more State aid.

Among the visitors at the late Fair of the Essex Agricultural Society, at Newburyport, Mass., was an aged lady from Cavendish, Vt., 81 years of age, who moved around in the crowd with no appearance of fatigue. She came from her home, 120 miles, to visit friends in the city—her first ride in the cars. When she saw the crowds of people, she said it seemed to her that "all the tribes of Israel had come again together."

The frauds of Carpentier and Grelet, clerks of the Northern Railway, in France, the most important of all the French railroads, are greater than those of Schuyler upon the New Haven Railroad, or any others yet developed in this country, and only equalled by the late swindling banker in London. The directors admit the frauds to amount to 3,000,000 francs, or $600,000; while the letters and public opinion in Paris set the amount at a much higher figure—even as high as 15,000,000 francs, or $3,000,000. The robbers are described as young men of honorable families.

The French railroads are managed well. On one railroad line, two hundred and forty trains pass a certain bridge every day, and no collision. The roads are well built. They cost high, compared with ours—but what would ours cost, if made as good as these? The stone-masonry, the grading, the ballasting, the sodding of the slopes, the depots, the station-houses, the cars, the order and the preciseness are all models which we shall follow eventually. No conductor can cheat there; no collecting in cars; no confusion on getting in. Their tunnels are excellent, and their street crossings admirable.

Foreign Items.

The book trade is flourishing in Melbourne. One bookseller there, who now has 14,000 volumes on his shelves, began business with £10 ten years ago.

Miss Catherine Hayes has arrived in Paris, to enjoy a season of repose after her long journeyings in the antipodes, the two Americas, and the East Indies.

It appears that Russia has not suffered much in her trade from the late war. Commerce and manufactures are entered into to an extent never before manifested; and agriculture is everywhere flourishing under a bountiful harvest. The custom house at St. Petersburg is overwhelmed with business.

In a thunderstorm, says an English paper, which broke over the village of Bergheinfield, on the road to Wurtzburg, in Rhenish Bavaria, lately, the lightning set fire to a barn filled with forage, and the flames spread so rapidly that they destroyed not fewer than 130 houses before they could be extinguished.

Not fewer than 71,000,000 of newspapers per annum—or about 200,000 every day—pass through the London post office. The number of "book-packets," exclusive of newspapers, which now pass through the London office, is at the rate of 1,400,000 per annum, being an increase of more than a million, or of 273 per cent. on the number in 1854.

A waterspout, says the Presse Belge, passed near Redbourg (Bavaria), on the 24th of August, and encircling a child eight years of age, swept it into the air to a height of forty feet, fortunately the child fell on a haystack and was unhurt. A goat was likewise transported to a distance of three hundred paces, and was deposited safely in the highest branch of a tree.

Sands of Gold.

.... The "point of honor" can often be made to produce, by means of vanity, as many good deeds as virtue.—*Talleyrand.*

...., Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.—*Lamartine.*

.... We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense, except those who agree with us in opinion.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... He that knows a little of the world, will admire it enough to fall down and worship it; but he that knows it most, will most despise it.—*Colton.*

.... Our welcome of a stranger depends upon the name he bears—upon the coat he wears; our farewell upon the spirit he has displayed in the interview.—*Talleyrand.*

.. We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is a fruit-offering of good deeds.—*Jean Paul.*

.... To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson.*

.... I beg you to take to heart one maxim, which for myself I have ever observed, and ever shall; it is never to say more than is necessary. The unspoken word never does harm; what is once uttered can never be recalled, and no man can foresee its consequence.—*Kossuth.*

Joker's Budget.

A gentleman on entering a cold room where there was no fire, expressed his astonishment that so kind a friend should give him such a cool reception.

"What is the cause of the potato rot?"—"It is attributed to the rot-ta-tery influence of the earth."—"How was this ascertained?"—"By consulting a great many common-taters."

Always accept a seat in the carriage of a lady who has eaten no dinner, for the chances are that, as she has touched nothing since luncheon, there is a good supper waiting for her at home.

It was observed of a philosopher who was drowned in the Red Sea, that his taste would be suited, for he was a man of deep thinking, and always liked to go to the bottom of anything.

"One hears an immense deal about 'legal tenders,'" said Lord Brougham, upon one occasion; "but upon my soul, I never heard of anything *legal* yet, that was not infernally *hard* instead of *tender*."

An old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

A Glasgow antiquarian recently visited Cathcart Castle, and asked one of the villagers "if he knew anything of an *old story* about the building?"—"Ay," said the rustic, "there was anither auld *storey*, but it fell down lang since!"

.... A lady sitting down to a dinner of roast veal, the othe day, exclaimed, while eating, "I do think that butchers are the most cruel creatures that ever lived; these poor calves!—another piece off the shoulder, if you please, Mr. Smith."

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THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW, AND TOWER OF IVAN.

SCENES IN RUSSIA.

Since the recent coronation of the Emperor of Russia, Moscow has become more than ever an object of interest, and to gratify this feeling we have placed on this page striking representations of two of the most noted buildings, the Kremlin, and the Palace of Petrowski, in the environs of the city. The Kremlin is to Moscow what the Acropolis was to Athens, and the Capitol to Rome. It is surrounded by a strong and lofty wall, embattled with many towers and turrets, and several gates. The principal in our illustration is the tower of John the Great,—Ivan Veliki. The dome by which it is surmounted is gilded, like the other domes of the Kremlin—about 60 in all. It is 269 feet 6 inches high, and each story is a belfry. The largest bell weighs 64 tons. The bell at its base was cast by order of the Empress Anna, in 1780. It weighs about 400,000 pounds. The palace of Petrowski, depicted in the second engraving, is one of the sights of Moscow. It was a creation of the Empress Elizabeth. It is fantastically built, and glaring in color, with red and white walls, embattled like those of the Kremlin. The grounds are beautifully laid out and ornamented with trees, and the great carriage road, more than a mile in length, is one of the finest drives in the world.



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SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

We present on this page a fine view of the State House, in Springfield, the capital of the State of Illinois, a flourishing post-town, and the seat of justice of Sangamon County. The State House is a noble stone building, of great architectural beauty, as will be seen by Mr. Kilburn's graphic delineation, executed expressly for us, together with the other pictures of the series of Springfield views, which will be seen on turning to page 312 of the present number. The State House stands in the centre of a square of three acres, bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Adams and Washington Streets. The grounds are laid out with great taste, and shaded by ornamental trees. The building cost $180,000. The town is situated three miles south of Sangamon River, and 230 miles southwest of Chicago. It is laid out with great regularity, the streets being wide and straight, the public square we have depicted being in the centre. The town contains a court house, three banks, a United States land office, churches of various denominations, several academies and hotels. Five or six newspapers are established here. It became the seat of government in 1840, a circumstance which imparted a sensible impulse to the place. It is here that the Chicago and Mississippi Railroad intersects the Great Western Central Railroad, which extends from the Mississippi across the State to Indiana. The western division of this line, which extends fifty-five miles from Springfield to the Illinois River, has been in operation several years, under the title of the Sangamon and Morgan Railroad, the eastern portion of which is still in the process of construction. The Chicago and Mississippi Railroad is completed from Alton to Bloomington, a distance of 130 miles, intersecting at the place last named, the Illinois Centra Railroad. The city is surrounded by rich and extensive prairies, which contain large quantities of bituminous coal. The population in 1853 was 6500, and has largely increased within the past three years. It must be remembered that the place was laid out only in 1822. On page 312 we continue our illustrations of its prominent localities. The next view shows the depot of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, which runs through Springfield. Another view presents a scene upon Washington Street. The building on the right is the Chenery House, and the church seen on the left is the Presbyterian. The remaining view on page 312 depicts the buildings occupied by the courts, State banks and insurance companies. They are located on Sixth Street, and front on the Capitol Square. [*See page 312 for continuation.*



STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR DEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

LOYALTY AND LOVE.

"For love, at first, is but a dreamy thing,
That slyly nestles in the human heart,
A morning lark, which never plumes his wing,
Till hopes and fears, like lights and shadows, part."

The rector, at an early hour on the morning following the rescue of his ward by Herbert Yancey, entered the young officer's room and greeted him with a cordial grasp of the hand.

"When I tell you, sir," said the old gentleman, with emotion, "that I am the guardian of the young lady whom you saved last night from a watery grave, you will excuse this intrusion. I shudder to think what might have been her fate had you not have providentially interposed, and have come to invite you to breakfast with us at the parsonage, that Mabel may express our gratitude to you for her rescue."

A flush illumined Herbert's cheek, as he modestly disclaimed having done anything but his duty, then accepted the invitation with the ease of a true gentlemen.

"Come right along, then," said the rector. "But first tell me, are you in any way related to the Yanceys of Virginia?"

"I am from the Old Dominion, sir, where my ancestors have resided since the first Yancey landed on the American continent, in the days of Queen Bess."

"And in which county have your immediate ancestors abided?"

"In Charlotte, sir."

"Charlotte! Can it be possible that you are the son of my old friend in England, Reneghard Yancey of Evermay?"

"I am, sir. But my father died several years since. I now reside at Evermay with my mother."

"Young gentleman, you have a double claim to my esteem, both as the son of an old friend, and as the preserver of my ward's life. But come, let us start for the parsonage. Madame Ordway, my housekeeper, dislikes to have her coffee cooled before it is drank."

"I am at your service," said Herbert, and they left the tavern.

As nearly every one in Newburyport knew by this time that opposition was to be made, in some shape, to the prayers of the rector for the king of England, it was shrewdly conjectured by the bar-room idlers that the Provincial Congress had taken the matter in hand, and that Herbert had an especial mission to execute. At any rate, it was strange that the rector, who was such a bitter opponent of everything which savored of whiggery, should walk quietly through the streets with a revolutionary officer, and that officer wearing the uniform of the most obnoxious portion of the "rebel" army.

Could they have seen how warmly the young man was welcomed into the parsonage, that focus of Toryism, their wonder would have been increased, although Herbert, at the time, had no idea of the politics of his host. But no sooner did he cast his eyes around the parlor into which he had been ushered, than he discovered unmistakable evidences of female taste. The room, although corresponding in size to the study which has been described in a preceding chapter, reminded Herbert of his own mother's parlor at Evermay. An open harpsichord, upon which lay a pile of neatly-copied manuscript music, an embroidery frame, in which was an unfinished fire-screen rivalling the products of the Gobelin looms, a sketch book, a chess board, and other evidences of refinement and accomplishments, were tastefully arranged, while the air was filled with the perfume of bouquets.

Ere Herbert could hastily inspect these attractive objects, in which he somehow felt an unusual interest, the rector re-appeared, followed by his ward, whom he introduced thus:

"Mr. Yancey, let me present to you—the son of my old friend, Mabel Gwynne, whose life you yesterday preserved."

Stammering forth his gratification at having been able to render Miss Gwynne a service, Herbert took her proffered hand, and stole a glance at the face which had haunted his last night's dreams. Though somewhat pale from the effects of her double fright, a faint blush overspread her beautiful features, while her lustrous eyes, half-veiled in their own lashes, danced in their own light. Never had Herbert before experienced the intoxicating power of female beauty.

Eloquently but modestly thanking Herbert for his timely aid, Mabel asked him to join them at the breakfast-table, which (as was the custom in those days) was spread in the kitchen. That apartment, however, was inferior to no other room in the parsonage. All the smoke and effluvia passed up a wide-mouthed chimney, at the back of which yawned the greater and the lesser oven, while the long buffet in the corner glistened with well-scoured pewter-ware. Madame Ordway was duly presented, and "grace before meat" having been said, the party sat down to the excellent repast.

Greatly to Mabel's delight, the young soldier appeared to walk at once into her guardian's good graces. In fact, there was much similarity in their tastes, each expressing a marked preference for manly sports, and yet displaying an intellectual cultivation peculiarly attractive to the fair sex. Mabel, who had enjoyed much of her guardian's society, had a keen appreciation of intellectual training, and was soon captivated by Herbert's sound remarks, polished wit and general information, so seldom displayed by gentlemen of his age. Gossip, politics and the weather were the stereotype topics of the Newburyport beaux, and she came to the conclusion, ere they left the table, that Mr. Yancey was just such a young man as Mr. Gwynne must have been; in other words, he filled her beau-ideal of masculine excellence.

Soon after they returned to the parlor, Mr. Gwynne was summoned to his study by Madame Ordway, who informed him that Frank wished to see him on especial business. This left Herbert and Mabel together, and soon the young man found that her charming person was but a fitting shrine for mental abilities of a high order. Her superior intellect was matured by study, and her accomplishments, in which she was her own instructor, were of a high order—truly feminine, yet not at all frivolous. Above all, there was no affectation in her character. Brought up with the rector upon the most frank and confiding footing, every emotion that thrilled in her heart, or floated through her head, at once found its way into words—frank, unstudied words, bearing the fresh mint stamp of the heart.

An hour was thus passed—it did not seem five minutes to either, during which they talked of many things, but the heart of each felt a new and previously unknown emotion. All at once, their interview was interrupted by the rector, who burst into the parlor, evidently in a towering passion.

"The rascal!" he ejaculated. "The ungrateful scamp!"

"What has happened?" asked Mabel.

"Happened!" blurted the indignant rector,—"happened! Why, did you not hear Madame Ordway tell me at breakfast that her son wished to see me? Her Frank—a boy that I almost reared—that I have treated as a father should have treated a son! A boy to whom I have given the best of advice, ever exhorting him to be loyal to his king and to his church! And now what d'ye suppose, Mabel, the young scapegrace has demanded of me?"

Mabel's first thought sent the crimson heart-blood flowing through her veins—but no! Her old play-fellow could not have asked her hand. She trusted not, and replied:

"Indeed, sir, I cannot imagine."

"I knew you couldn't. Well, the impertinent jackanapes came into my study, and after a hypocritical whining about his disagreeable task, threw off his disguise, and actually ordered me—me, ordained rector of St. Paul's,—not to read prayers for the king again!"

"But, sir," interposed Mabel, relieved to find that this was the offence.

"Don't sir me, miss. I told the young scoundrel to leave my house, nor ever to set foot in it again. His poor mother, who had entered the study unperceived, threw herself on her very knees, begging him to retract, and to ask my forgiveness. But he remained stubborn, and departed without sign of repentance. Excuse me, Mr. Yancey, but this ungrateful, rebellious conduct of a young man brought up at my own hearthstone, has quite made me forget myself."

"I regret that anything has occurred to annoy you," replied the young officer, "and will take my leave, as I have important business that must be attended to."

"You will, perhaps, return and take tea with us," said the rector, as they escorted their visitor to the door, and a glance of endorsement from Mabel's eyes made Herbert at once accept the invitation, with thanks.

All that day did her image dance before his imagination, and although he had much else to occupy his thoughts, she reigned paramount. Night came at length, and on entering the parsonage, Herbert saw with delight that the rector was more calm than in the morning. He was engrossed with the subject, however, and no sooner had greetings been interchanged than he referred to it. Exile, he said, would probably be his lot, yet he would not yield to the popular edict, and sacrifice what he considered his duty as a Christian minister.

Mabel said little. It was evident to her admirer that she was not certain in her own mind that her kind guardian was correct, yet she endeavored to soothe him as he was passing through the ordeal, cheering him with a touching devotion. Adversity, after all, is the microscope by which things that were invisible before are made plain to our wondering eye. Prosperity never brings out character. As the waters of the becalmed ocean attract no attention, so the even course of a prosperous life presents nothing observable. We need the tempest; we need to have the passions agitated, in order to have our attention arrested. It is then that our eyes are fixed, and that we seek to analyze the soul by watching each shade of character.

Herbert Yancey, sympathizing himself with his father's friend, felt himself drawn towards Mabel Gwynne by sweet chords of sympathy, as they endeavored to comfort the bruised spirit of the rector. At any other time, the young couple might have been months in becoming as well acquainted with each other as they felt when they separated that night.

"Call again to-morrow," said the rector, when Herbert rose to leave. "I must pass the day in my study, preparing my discourse—a discourse that I may not be permitted to deliver. But Mabel will be glad to see you."

"I shall be occupied in the morning, sir, but in the afternoon, will be too happy to call. Good-night."

"Good-night," replied both the rector and his ward; nor did the latter think that those parting words, which rang like silver vesper bells in Herbert's heart, grated harshly on other ears.

Concealed in a large lilac bush near the door—so near that he could have almost touched Mabel as she spoke, was Dan Holbrook. The scar on his face was more livid than usual, and gave a fearful effect to the pale ferocity of his countenance. Yet he was again baulked in his schemes of abduction; for soon after the officer's departure, an athletic young man mounted guard, as it were, before the parsonage, pacing slowly to and fro. Hour after hour did Holbrook wait the departure of this unknown sentry, but he continued his lonely round. At length, in a fit of rage, he sprang from his place of concealment, fired a pistol at the watchful guardian, and took flight. The noise of the shot roused the rector from his troubled dreams, and on going to his open window, he heard groans, as of a human being in distress.

Hurrying on a few garments, Mr. Gwynne hastened out of doors, and there, almost upon the door stone of the parsonage, lay Frank Ordway, weltering in his blood. Humanity at once cast political bitterness into the shade; the sufferer's mother was summoned; he was placed in the rector's own bed, and the good man hastened for a surgeon.

The next morning, the Newburyport gossips had it that Frank Ordway had been sent by the Sons of Liberty to "warn away" Parson Gwynne; that the parson offered Miss Mabel to the young man if he could remain; that Frank was obdurate, and that the parson had then fired at and nearly killed him. Ere nine o'clock, a score of versions of this famous tale were spread from Belleville to Joppa, and each narrator added some marvellous variation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

"——And it is Sabbath morn,
And toil and leaden care are, for a time,
Forgotten. The solemn bells peal their slow chime
Imposingly. The throng, in gay attire,
Wend their diverging steps: some to adore
In consecrated aisle, with prayer and chant,
The God of all! While others, less devoutly,
But go to church in quest of novelty."

Sunday came, clear and pleasant as was that solitary Sabbath passed by Adam in Paradise, ere sin had dashed its gall into the cup of human life. The earth seemed sanctified, the very air holy, the deep blue sky more beautiful, and the few fleeting clouds that floated over its surface of such pearly whiteness, that they might serve as resting-places for angel-gazers. Nature, arrayed in her autumnal robes, stood sublimely great in her mature vigor, and the genial breath which spread a few golden leaves over the bosom of mother earth, gave no indication of the cold, bleak blasts soon to shriek the requiem of the year. It is a melancholy reflection that earth's loveliest things must be sacrificed by the unsparing hand of time,—that the fair buds which have opened their golden leaves to the sunbeam should wither, and that the earth, so lately clothed with fertility, should become desolate. But a gold-tinting sunlight enlivens these deepening shadows. A spirit of beauty pours glory upon the autumnal scenery with lavish hand, and the woods, thus garnished with the tints of the rainbow, are gorgeously magnificent, like an Hindostan sultana decked for the funeral pyre of her dead lord.

The bells rang out their assembling notes, and the streets were crowded with worshippers, on their way to the various churches. Yet it was evident that some movement was agitating the community beyond ordinary worship. The church of St. Paul's, which had been almost deserted for nearly a year by all save its parishioners, was the focus of attraction, and before its bell had ceased tolling, every pew was crowded, with one exception. Although the very aisles were filled, no one sought a seat in the rector's pew.

There was a convulsive movement throughout the church as Mabel quietly entered and took her accustomed seat. The gossips had made up their minds that she would not attend, and it had never entered their fertile imaginations that she would come escorted by Herbert Yancey. Yet such was the case. Herbert had passed most of the preceding day at the rectory, where Frank Ordway's wound had opened a new source of uneasiness. Fortunately, it was not at all dangerous, although a large effusion of blood had rendered him very weak; and as his mother naturally wished to attend him, Herbert had volunteered to escort Mabel to church. She rather shrunk from accompanying him, but the rector, who apprehended violence, rather insisted. So when the young officer made his appearance at the parsonage in citizen's dress, she accepted his arm. Indeed she began to feel that there was a mysterious blending of their destinies, and to look up to him for protection, although the earth had made but three circuits round the sun since she had first seen him.

The bell ceased to toll, the door of the vestry was opened, and the rector entered, walking to the reading desk with wonderful placidity, his countenance beaming with devoted resignation to the will of his Master. He wore a surplice as white as the drifted snow, yet no whiter than the masses of long hair which fell upon his shoulders. Many had seen him in this same attire, and with this same truthful expression of countenance upon many a solemn occasion. Yet never had he appeared inspired with such divine authority as when—after having knelt in private supplication—he stood unflinchingly before them, and commenced the sublime exhortation of "Morning Prayer."

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." Among that congregation the impressive command was obeyed. Every eye was bent, with fixed intentness, upon the speaker, and each one present, rivetted by the spell of powerful emotion, listened to the sublime petitions of the Episcopal rite with unrelaxed attention. It was the prelude; what was to follow? Would he dare pray for the royal tyrant?

Yet, with the exception of a few loyal parishioners, the congregation neither rose at the "exhortation" nor knelt at the "liturgy," for it had been determined to listen in respectful silence, until the offensive "collect" should be offered. Men sat with stern resolution, and women with anxious fear, alike depicted upon their countenances; yet as the service proceeded, the sternest Son of

Liberty could not altogether steel his heart against a mysterious reverence for the rector. The purity of the good old man's soul, diffusing itself from the reading-desk, went forth like the dove from the ark. Pacifically, and with quiet calm, the clear tones of his voice fluttered over that deluge of angry passion, stealing into even the hardest hearts like the deep tones of music.

The creed was ended, the collects for the day, for peace and for grace were read, and then a current of strong emotion passed over the rector's countenance. But he bravely continued, in a distinct tone of impassioned earnestness:

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings and Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth: most heartily we beseech thee, with thy favor to behold our most gracious sovereign, Lord King George, and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that he may alway incline to thy will and walk in thy way. Endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant him in health and wealth long to live; strengthen him, that he may overcome and vanquish all his enemies; and that finally, after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

When this obnoxious petition to the throne of grace was commenced, there was a shudder among the female portion of the congregation, but the Sons of Liberty seemed themselves more like culprits than like judges. The heroic courage with which the venerable rector, in a voice as firm as his conscience, had thus braved their wrath, disarmed his opponents. And the victory was completed by the response, which came from the rector himself, after he had waited in vain to hear it from the congregation: "Amen!"

King George had again been prayed for in Newburyport, and there had been an emphatic response to the prayer, yet no one had dared lay the sacrilegious hand of violence upon an ordained priest of God, as he ministered at the altar. The puritanical education of the rudest of the rude restrained them, and paralyzed their plans.

The hymn was then read, and there was a general disposition to join in singing it, as a true thanksgiving. Herbert Yancey, revolutionist as he was, had been charmed by the display of Christian fortitude, as he was now entranced by the sweet notes of Mabel's voice, as her joyful heart pealed forth the beautiful stanzas concluding:

"Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee."

The last notes died away, and the rector ascended the high pulpit, wearing his black silk gown. Kneeling, he bowed his head devoutly, as if to seek divine grace; then rising, he gazed around on the upturned mass of faces, each wearing a different expression, and announced as his text: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Upon this important precept he commented at length, enforcing that obedience to law and to order, to church and to king, which he considered "ordained of God." Though he loved peace, he loved truth more, and with him the voice of conscience was the command of his Divine Master, in obedience to which he now exhorted his flock, in trumpet tones, to bow their rebellious necks to the "powers that be."

"With these conditions of duty," continued the rector, "should I hesitate? What have I to fear? Shall I, ordained as a disciple to preach the word, fear the frowns of men? Or shall I, in my old age, with a bare inch of life's candle left to me, desert the society which has partially supported me for years, and sustained my ministry in this sanctuary? Desert my heavenly Master and my earthly patrons, too, without my inward conviction of conscience that I should do so, and with every feeling of my nature in open repugnance to the foul wrong in which these rebellious colonies are now engaged. No, my hearers—no! You may tear from me these sacred robes; you may prohibit me, as a faithful shepherd, leading my flock into the 'green pastures' of salvation, —nay, you may shed the last drop of loyal blood in these veins, but never can you make me recreant to my trust, or a traitor to my king.

"Yet, my hearers, I see plainly that another Cæsar is to reign over this land, and he is before me in the vigorous, active forms of these misguided young men. Against them, personally, I have no quarrel, and had I, my years would deter me from warring against them. My energies and faculties have alike been wasted with my decaying frame, and I have no longer strength to resist the current. Yet fear appals me not. I have had sufficient strength to stand here to-day, and to solemnly protest against the threats communicated to me. Nay, I have prayed for King George—the lawful sovereign of us all. Blessed be my Redeemer for thus giving me strength to speak sober, truthful words in behalf of down-trodden right—in condemnation of the sway of evil, despite the menaces of those who profess to be Christians. Now when Peter was imprisoned with one of his brethren, the terrors of the edicts were powerless to silence him. When offered liberty if he would thenceforth preach no more, was there not straight-forwardness in the answer made: 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye; for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard?'

"This was no bravado—no boast, any more than I now speak in a vaunting tone. It was rather the result of the inspiration of that Comforter which emboldened Moses, centuries before, to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer with the children of God, than to share the pleasures of sin for a season—the work of that Spirit which was with the ancient prophets, who, when surrounded by the splendors of the old dispensation, dared to exclaim against 'spiritual wickedness in high places,'—such as inspired John the Baptist when the sound of his voice went forth like an announcing trumpet,—such as our Savior possessed in its entireness,—such as all who labor in his vineyard must receive. It was that spiritually felt power of Jehovah's might which proves that there is immortality in virtue, that there is divinity in moral strength, that the fatherly protection of his Holy Spirit is given to all who ask it.

"Animated by this divine spirit, my hearers, I have remained steadfast in my allegiance to my earthly king and to my earthly church. Unawed by the fury, and the mockery, and the wrath of rebellious spirits, I have gone on in my appointed work, without doubt or fear—even until to-day, when I saw before me men whom I had been notified were ready to lay sacrilegious hands upon me, if I performed my holy duties. Bear me witness that I quailed not. You have heard my words, and I hope that you will remember them.

"But I yield!—not from any conviction of wrong, but from the necessities of age and its increasing infirmities. The sound of my voice in this sanctuary shall trouble you no more. I cannot compromise in a matter of duty, or mar the fair proportions of the church service by omitting any portion of it. I adhere to the landmarks, and if my voice is silent in days to come, let all who hear me now bear testimony that it is in obedience to the wilful decision of law defying men. I announce, therefore, that St. Paul's Church will be closed for the solemn service of God, until this provincial contest is terminated; neither is it at all probable that you will ever again hear the sound of my voice within its walls. Yet I will say as parting words: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem—if I forget thee, O thou church and city of my God,—let my right hand forget her cunning! If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!'

"And now," he concluded, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us evermore. Amen!"

As the venerable rector left the sacred desk, with a calm and resigned air, many of his parishioners were moved to tears. When he afterwards came out from the vestry, they crowded around him, and would fain have assured him of their sympathy.

"Not now, my dear friends,—not a word now. My heart is too full for speech," was his earnest remark, and he was suffered to walk home, accompanied only by his own thoughts. Glorious thoughts they were, too, for, although he felt grieved at severing the link which bound him to St. Paul's, he also felt that he had achieved a victory, not for himself, but for his church and for his king.

Upon no one did this separation-service fall heavier than upon Mabel Gwynne; yet as Herbert, during their homeward walk from church, spoke to her in kind and consoling tones, she experienced content again stealing over her mind. Her love for her guardian, or for his parishioners, was but mere instinct—an earth germ. But a heaven-sprung plant was beginning to moisten its fibres in her heart blood, and to throw forth bright flowers, which kept back the darkening shadows that chequered the present hour.

"Good-day, Miss Gwynne," said Herbert, when they reached the parsonage. "I will not now intrude."

"But you will call to morrow," modestly replied Mabel, raising her full, irresistible eyes.

"With pleasure."

The glance was returned, and the eyes—love's telegraph—conveyed a deep meaning to those simple phrases. Yet they, simple words, were saddening sounds to the jealous ear of Frank Ordway, who heard them as he lay in the chamber above the door. Surely he must go out on the morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

"In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets sports upon the green.
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And man below, and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

So universally was Parson Gwynne esteemed, even by those of a different faith to that which he so zealously adhered to, that his sermon made a deep impression upon the good people of Newburyport; not that it abated their desire for independence, but it made many express a wish that a reconciliation might be effected with the mother country, and the Sons of Liberty felt relieved when it was announced that the advance-guard of Arnold's army was fast approaching the town. The stalwort forms and bronzed faces of the continentals, as they marched through the streets, their drums and fifes playing the just adopted national air of "Yankee Doodle," made the popular heart beat right again. All was excitement. Many of the troops were known to have been at Bunker Hill, while their gallant bearing enlisted the admiration of the veterans who had fought at Louisbourg under Pepperell.

Immediately on his arrival, the captain in command reported to Yancey, who assigned him quarters, and immediately gave his men occupation in loading the stores and ammunition on board of the fleet. This arduous duty, accompanied by no small share of the attendant responsibility, necessarily occupied much of Yancey's time, but he was nevertheless able to pass every evening at the parsonage, where Mabel ever welcomed him with a cordiality not to be mistaken. The rector was generally busy in his study, for he began to arrange his papers with a view to emigration in company with other Tories to New Brunswick. Madame Ordway (whose son had recovered sufficiently to go to his boarding-house) kept discreetly out of the way, and the happy couple were thus left undisturbed to enjoy each other's society.

Each successive visit but served to increase Herbert's passion, and he found with joy that Mabel's heart was worthy of the fane in which it was enshrined. Those who had but a common place acquaintance with her, deemed that the current of her being was incapable of emotion, so calm was her deportment; yet Herbert soon felt that he could read in her tender eyes the evidence of a nature as susceptible as his own, and of a heart which could make for him a heaven of earth. Neither was she unconscious of the hold which she thus exercised on the young soldier's affections—affections which she sincerely reciprocated. Entrancing epoch—perhaps the happiest phase of love. They spoke not of the past, they thought not of the future, but they were content with the present. In this lack of forethought was their happiness; there was none of that anxiety which is the fever of hope,—no fears, for there was no calculation,—no selfishness, for nothing was asked for,—no disappointment, for nothing was projected. Like butterflies, they basked in the quiet sunshine, without thinking either whether the buds of love-promise would ripen into bright flowers, or whether dark storms would alike sweep them and the half-opened petals away.

So entirely were Herbert's ideas absorbed by his love, that he avoided all intercourse with the good townspeople and with his comrades, thus endorsing the many slanderous reports already in circulation concerning his visits at the obnoxious Tory parson's house. He neither knew of nor heeded these idle tales, however, and was equally ignorant of the fact that in Frank Ordway he had a rival—ay, an enemy. It has already been stated that Frank had discovered his own love for Mabel, and had since eagerly fanned the flame. He had recalled their conversations, weighed every kind word which she had ever addressed to him, and had succeeded in convincing himself, as he lay upon his couch of suffering, that Mabel really loved him, although the appearance of Herbert had diverted her love. Irritated by his wound, he denounced himself for not having before secured the prize which he had coveted, and looked upon Herbert with deadly hatred. Nay, he felt that it was the young officer's hand which had levelled a deadly weapon at him, as he was walking before the residence of his beloved, happy if he could see the reflection of her shadow upon the window-blind. Dreadful, unjust suspicion, and yet, fanned by his jealousy from a thought into a fact, it had full possession of his soul. Yet it was not revenge that he sought; it was Mabel Gwynne's love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A JAPANESE PARADISE.

After a march of ten miles along the picturesque shore, we reached one of the loveliest spots on the island. It was a village perched on a bold promontory, overgrown with the pine, banyan and sago palm, at the mouth of a charming valley which opened up between the hills to the base of the lofty peak behind Harrow's Bay. A stream of sweet water threaded the valley, which was covered with the freshest verdure, and overhung with beautiful groves of pine. It was a picture of pastoral loveliness, such as is rarely found in any country. Nothing struck me more during the journey than the great variety of scenery which the island encloses in its narrow compass. We passed through at least four different districts, which bore but the slightest resemblance to each other, either in features or character. We had both the groves of the tropics and the woods of the north, the valleys of Germany and the warm shores of the Mediterranean.

The village was large, thriving, and as neatly laid out and hedged in as an English garden. The scrupulous neatness and regularity of the Lew Chew villages was doubly refreshing to one familiar with the squalor and filth of China. The sight of the *cung-qua* (public house), which occupied the place of honor at the top of the promontory, completed our raptures. Its roof of red tiles glittered in the sun; rows of feathery sago palms threw their brilliant leaves over the wall of the enclosure; the whitest and softest of mats covered the floor; the garden blazed with a profusion of flowers; and stone basins, seated on pedestals, contained fresh water for our use. Its aspect of comfort and repose was a balm to travellers as weary as ourselves, and I directed Terry at once to hoist the stars and stripes upon the roof.

I hastened back to make a sketch of the beautiful valley before sunset, while Mr. Heine occupied himself with a view of the *cung-qua*. A venerable old man, with a snowy beard reaching nearly to his knees, approached the bank where I sat, but upon noticing me, made a profound but dignified reverence, and retired. The village was named Un-na. We had not yet reached the region of fowls, but the people sent us two small fresh fish, with a pumpkin and some cucumbers. For our breakfast, there were sent two long eel like fish, resembling the gar, a few young egg-plants, and a basket of sweet potatoes.—*Narrative of Com. Perry's Expedition.*

AN ADVENTUROUS NUN.

Markham, in "Cuzco," relates the annexed story of Catalina de Erauso, a Spanish lady nun and warrior:—"There are two nunneries in Gaamanga, Santa Clara and Santa Teresa, the former of which was the scene of a strange romance. In 1617, a young ensign in the Spanish army, having slain his adversary in a duel, fled to the bishop's palace after sanctuary. His name was Don Alonso Dias Ramirez de Guzman, and he confessed to several other murders of the same fashionable kind. From various circumstances, however, the suspicion of the bishop was aroused; and, after undergoing an examination, the young duellist proved to be a woman. A full confession then followed: her name was Dona Catalina de Erauso, a nun of the convent of San Sebastian, in Guipuzcoa, whence she had escaped, and, dressed in man's clothes, embarked for the New World. Landing at Payta, she eventually attained the rank of ensign, and became famous as the greatest duellist in Peru. The bishop placed her in the convent of Santa Clara, whence she was subsequently sent to Lima with a guard of six priests, and placed in another convent, where she remained two years, and was finally transmitted to Spain. It is added that the pope eventually granted her permission to wear man's clothes, and she went out to Mexico as an officer in the viceroy's guard."—*Troy Budget.*

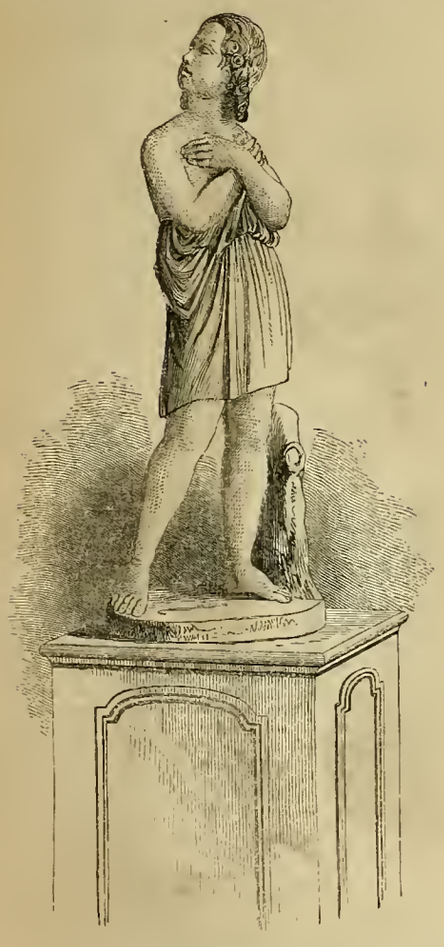
A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.—*Life Illustrated.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

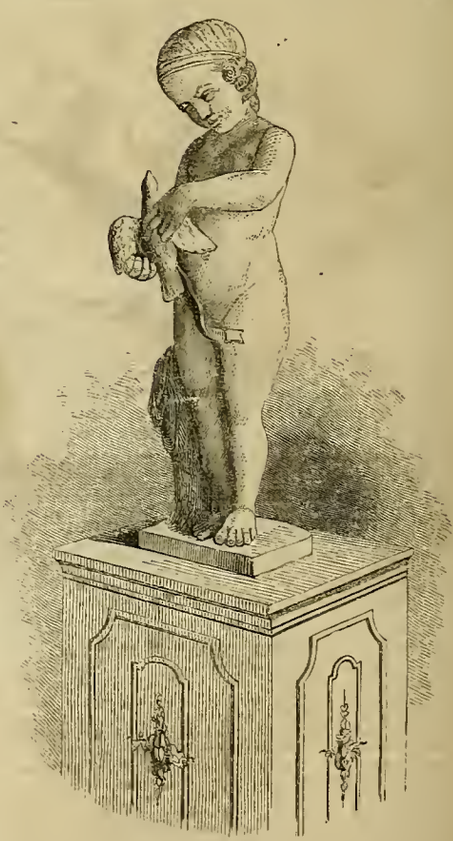
We have heretofore alluded in terms of commendation to this American Art Association, the object of which is to popularize a knowledge of and taste for art, by the distribution of examples of high art, engravings, statues and pictures, at the lowest possible cost, and in some instances gratuitously. The machinery by which this great object is accomplished is similar to that of the London Art Union, and has been managed with such energy that the Association has been a success from the very start—only two years ago. It has carried a taste for art into whole communities, where before the subject was the speciality of a few individuals. It has placed noble specimens of the creative powers of genius in humble homes, whose inmates never dreamed of compassing such treasures, while giving its members more than a full equivalent for their subscription fee. Success has only stimulated the managers to new exertions, and the past year has only witnessed redoubled efforts on their part in their character of art-missionaries. Before describing more particularly the plans and arrangements of the Association for the present year, let us refer to the illustrations on this and the succeeding page. In the first place, we present an interior view of the new gallery, crowded with paintings and statuary, with a throng of visitors circulating beneath its graceful arches, showing the effect of the whole when completed. In view of the necessities of the Association in the way of galleries, it has been determined to erect a building especially devoted to the purpose. To this end, Guildermeister, the celebrated architect of the New York Crystal Palace, has furnished a design and details, as follows:—"The new gallery forms an oblong of one hundred and fifty feet depth by forty feet in width, and is divided by two rows of columns into a centre nave and two aisles, at each side of it, affording in the former ample space for statuary, while the latter give free passage to those viewing the pictures hung on both walls. The architecture of the whole is in the Gothic style, and, as will be seen, is of very light and graceful proportions, great strength at the same time being attained by the use of iron in the principal parts of construction. The columns support light arches of cast iron, the spandrels decorated with open tracery, another longitudinal row of arches bracing the columns in that direction firmly together; on these arches rest the girders of rolled iron supporting the ceiling, which is plastered with projecting ribs, forming an elaborate panel-work, and painted al fresco in delicate tints, so as to present a mellow, harmonious hue, not interfering with the works of art hung on the walls. Light is admitted abundantly through large circular skylights. The height from the floor to the ceiling is rising from about twenty-five to thirty feet. In the centre of the room is a handsome marble basin, with a jet d'eau, with seats arranged around forms—a suitable place for those wishing to rest awhile from looking at the surrounding world of art—at the same time adding to the ensemble. It is designed to have this building constructed as soon as possible, and it is confidently hoped it will be completed in time to receive the next annual collection." The succeeding illustrations are representations of a few of the numerous works of art to be distributed by the Association in January next. The first of these is a statua of "Innocence," executed by an Italian, artist in Carrara marble, after the original by Bienaimé. It is the figure of a child, lightly draped, with his arms folded on his breast, and gazing upward with a guileless and confiding expression. The next, the "Captive Bird," a life-size statue in marble, represents a child binding the feet of a dove he has just ensnared, with a fillet of ribbon. Like the preceding work, this pleasing statue is elaborately finished. We next have a life-sized and life-like bust of the great statesman, Henry Clay, carved by the celebrated sculptor, Rocia, from a single block of Carrara marble. A marble bust of John C. Calhoun, the great Southern statesmen, is next in order, and was executed by the same sculptor expressly for the Cosmopolitan Art Association. It is pronounced the most faithful likeness extant of the great original. The "Child of the Sea," another work purchased for distribution, represents a beautiful little cherub sleeping in a sea-shell. It is in marble, and sculptured by an Italian, after the original by Perelli. Following this, we present an engraving of the "Wood Nymph." This piece of sculpture will indeed be a prize to the winner. It was executed in Italy by Bienaimé expressly for the "Cosmopolitan." The statue was wrought from a single block of pure Carrara marble, and represents a partially nude female figure of exquisite beauty of face and form. On her left shoulder is perched a forest bird, while in her left hand and in her lap, she holds a profusion of wild flowers elaborately sculptured and wrought. The Cosmopolitan Art Association commenced operations in June, 1854, and met with unexampled success The first year of its existence, it had 22,418 subscribers, and distributed several hundred works of art. The second year, its list of subscribers had swelled to 24,488. From the first start, the Association linked literature and art together in its plan, and this was probably the secret of its fortunes. The first feature was to place the subscription of membership at three dollars a year, which sum ensured one of the leading three dollar magazines for the year, and also secured to the holder of the certificate of membership one chance in the distribution of works of art for each certificate. The second year the magazine feature was still adhered to, and the works of art distributed were of increased value and much more numerous. The association have now prepared a magnificent steel engraving, called "Saturday Night," which subscribers of the present year will receive in lieu of one of the magazines, if they prefer it. Furthermore, the Association have issued an elegant illustrated quarterly publication, called the "Cosmopolitan Art Journal," of large quarto form, which is furnished to the subscribers of the association *free*. More attractive inducements to subscribe can hardly be imagined. The next annual distribution occurs on the 28th of January next, when a more varied and valuable collection will be offered than has yet been presented. The marbles we have illustrated and noticed are but a tithe of those to be distributed, while the collection of paintings is unusually large and valuable. Works from the pencils of American and European artists of renown, of different sizes and styles, and representing the various schools of art, will be disseminated broadcast, satisfying and creating a taste for art. It is difficult to set a bound to the good influences of such an association, managed with spirit and liberality. It is only by such a plan that the artistic resources of this country can be developed. It is only by appealing to the people—to the masses—that any great enterprise can be accomplished in this country. Under institutions like ours, it is not to be hoped—perhaps not to be desired—that government will be more than an occasional patron of art, while wealth in this country is too equally distributed to allow of many colossal individual fortunes adequate to the support of art. And art will best fulfil its mission when depending on a whole people for its support; its character will be more truly reflective and cosmopolitan. We thus regard with peculiar favor the designs of the institution under notice, and commend it warmly to the patronage of our friends. Let it be remembered that the payment of *three dollars* not only entitles a subscriber to either a magnificent steel engraving or a three dollar magazine for one year, but to a copy of the Art Journal for one year, and a ticket in the distribution, ensuring four dollars' worth of reading matter, and a ticket which may add a costly work of art. The engraving above referred to is of large size and pleasing character. It is from the burin of Lemon, the celebrated line and stipple engraver of London, and he has been employed unremittingly on the work for two years, receiving $5000 for the labor. Such an engraving in London is never sold for less than five dollars, but the Association have been enabled to afford it at three dollars. The Cosmopolitan Art Journal, given free to subscribers, is very well conducted, and contains a large amount of valuable art information. Further particulars concerning the Association may be found in the catalogue number of the Art Journal, which, we believe, is sent free on application to C. L. Derby, the secretary of the Association, at either of its offices, 348 Broadway, New York, or 166 Water Street, Sandusky, Ohio, to either of which places subscriptions can be sent. We have devoted considerable space to the projects and proceedings of this Association, because we believe that æsthetic culture is destined to exert a most important influence on the future of this country. Hitherto, with grand and glorious exceptions, gemming our national pathway here and there, like bright flowers, the intellect and ability of this country have been devoted almost exclusively to strictly practical objects. This has been a necessity forced upon us by the very circumstances of our being. A continent to be redeemed from the forest and the savage, agriculture to be fostered and expanded, churches, school-houses and court houses, the altars of the soul, the mind and the right, to be set up, political independence to be established on an enduring basis, commerce and manufactures to be built up, creating wealth in one way, while science developed wealth in another,—all these were foremost tasks, and work enough for many centuries, which the indomitable energy and perseverance of our people have accomplished in the lives of some half a dozen generations. The base and the shaft of the pillar were to be hewn and set up, and now comes the Corinthian capital of art. That society is not perfect in which the finer aspirations, the delicate sensibilities, the craving for beauty and ornament implanted in our nature, are not catered for. Without the arts, without painting, sculpture, music, poetry and the drama, this would be but a poor work-day world after all, and little worth. The spiritual nature needs these accessories and aids. The great



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW GALLERY.



INNOCENCE.



THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

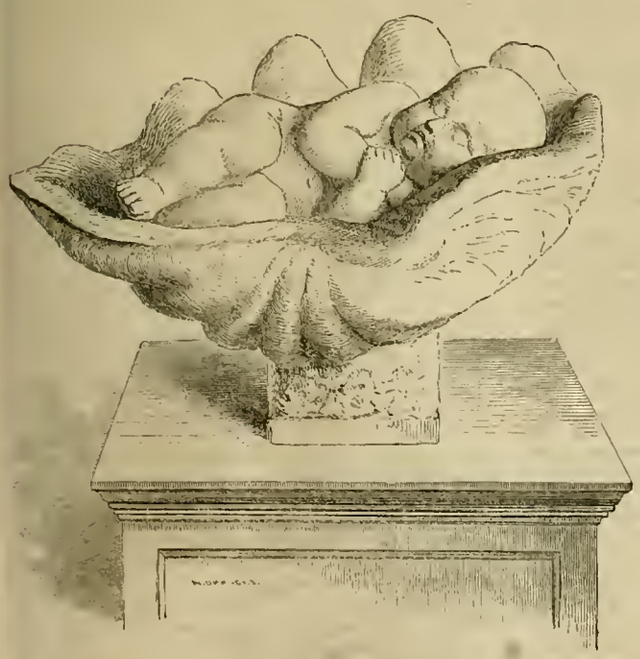


BUST OF HENRY CLAY.



BUST OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

error—the fatal mistake of the Puritans was their ignoring of the beautiful and ornate. These stern iconoclasts, with all their grandeur and loftiness of purpose, with all their spiritual purity, lacked knowledge of the human heart, and lacked discrimination. In the carvings of the shrine, in the graces of architecture, in the gorgeous dreams of poet, and painter, and sculptor, they saw only the devices of the Evil One to lead the human heart astray, and the ruthless hammer, yet wielded with an honest purpose, ruined more than the mere handiwork it shattered—it destroyed the choicest food of the soul. But the present age is wiser. The seeker after spiritual truth, faithful to the aims of his predecessors, hesitates not to worship in fanes that have taxed the utmost cunning of the architect, nor closes his ears to the strains of the organ lingering round the fretted arches of cathedral piles. There is no sect now bigoted enough to condemn works of art. Their lofty spiritualism is universally acknowledged. We should ever keep in view the high mission of art, but its culture appeals also to the worldly-



THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

minded, to the political economist as well as to the man of taste. Look at Italy—impoverished, down-trodden, politically ruined, she owes the bread of life almost to the treasures of art which she possesses, the accumulation of long centuries. The lavish patronage of art of her earlier churchmen, princes, nobles and merchant princes, like bread cast upon the waters, has proved a judicious investment. In the language of the mart, it has paid, and paid well. Look at the monopoly of many branches of manufacture engaging the French. The elegance of their fabrics, of their porcelain, of their furniture, is to be attributed to the taste of their mechanics, and that taste is but the fruit of the works of art and the artistic culture which abound in the French capital and in all the large French cities and towns. A French artizan is more than an artizan—he is almost an artist. Art adds not only to the intellectual, but to the physical wealth of a nation

PHOTOGRAPHY IN FORGING.

A curious circumstance lately happened in Paris, which may be justly regarded as alarming. The science of photography has, for some time past, been the rage among the young men of fashion in Paris, and has been carried to great perfection by many of them, but none to a greater extent than by M. Aguado, whose successful studies from nature are well known among the artists of every country. Recently, this gentleman sent word to the experts of the Bank of France, that he had at length succeeded so fully in the imitation of one of the thousand franc notes that he defied them to detect it; and to show his perfect conviction of the impossibility of discovery, he warned them that the note would be presented at the bank between the hours of one and three. According to this intimation, the experts were all assembled at the *caisse*, and each note brought in was submitted to their examination before it was accepted. The hours passed by, and no false note appeared; the whole of those presented during the interval specified, lay in a row spread out before the experts, who already crowed over the idea that M. Aguado had not dared to hazard the experiment, when, just as the clock struck three, in he walked, smiling and triumphant, with a thousand franc note in his hand. "Well, have you detected my forgery?" asked he, with the greatest coolness. "No," replied the head expert, "for the good reason—you never sent it." "Why, there it lies right under your nose—the third to the left, and here is the original I took it from." The dismay of the experts may be conceived, when even upon comparing the two they found it to be impossible to say which was the genuine one, and which the false. A committee was held to determine upon the course to be adopted, as, according to report, a great number of these photograph notes were in circulation, and M. Aguado declares himself able to manufacture any quantity in a given time, and that none shall be detected, either by sight or touch. The consternation created by the announcement is not to be described, and report tells us that the bank has already accepted the offer of a learned English doctor resident there, to furnish a chemical preparation, of his own discovery, which shall immediately decompose the photograph by the touch of a camel's-hair brush, dipped in the liquid, and passed lightly over the printed lines. The adventure has served to make us laugh, although rather grimly, when it is considered that already the greater proportion of the notes in circulation may not be able to stand the test of the learned doctor's brush.—*Home Journal.*



THE WOOD NYMPH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.

PATIENCE.

Is it to sit with folded hands,
And eyes that will not weep,
Passive and calm, while in our souls
Life's earnest thoughts do sleep?

Is it to grow more cold and proud,
Beneath our heart's sad pain?
Methinks if chastening worketh thus,
Then chastening is in vain!

Alas! pride meeteth not our need,
Nor can it aught avail,
When in our path the shadows lie,
And turns earth's sunlight pale.

This is not patience!—not at least
That patience Christ doth teach—
Alas, dear Lord! we cannot keep
Thy rules within our reach.

O, worldly maxims differ so
From all thy love doth will—
Thou dost indeed beneath thy rod
Command us to be still.

But thou hast not forbade our tears,
Thine own were freely shed!
O'er thy beloved—and may not we
Weep o'er our treasures fled?

Alas! if in our hours of pain
We had no place to flee,
Save the cold world—which in its pride
Naught of love's heart can see!

Kindred and friend may fail to read
The spirit's inmost needs,
The voice that still for love and peace,
For rest and comfort pleads.

And lonelier, wearier than at first,
We turn in tears away,
From seeking that which cometh not
To find thee while we may.

And patience hath her perfect work
When clinging to thy side,
We find in Love Divine the peace
The human hath denied.

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ON THE WHARF.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

The exigencies of commerce during the last fifteen or twenty years have wrought great and wonderful changes in everything connected with marine affairs. The dull sailing drogher that formerly occupied three years in an East India voyage, has disappeared before the mammoth clipper that reels off her fourteen or sixteen knots an hour with ease, and completes her voyage in a period of time that an old time ship would have consumed in loading and discharging. Steam bids defiance to adverse breezes, and "taking the wings of the morning, flies to the uttermost parts of the earth," while an "ancient mariner" would have been mast-heading his topsails, and getting his anchors. Short cuts and isthmus transits reduce the size of the world to less than half its former magnitude, and no place is now so far away that it may not be visited on a pleasure trip. Time was when a traveller who had been in foreign lands, and with his own eyes surveyed the "jumping-off place," enjoyed a certain degree of distinction at home, was pointed out as a lion, and was permitted to roar in whatever manner seemed best unto himself. But now, everybody's folks have circumnavigated the globe at least once or twice, and the voyager, instead of surprising people with the extent of his travels, is himself astonished to find that his absence has not been remarked by his most intimate friends; and if, with a view to making an acquaintance's "eyes stick out," he ventures to remark that this is the anniversary of the day on which he was presented to the sultan of Borneo, the acquaintance aforesaid forthwith gives a detailed account of how, while playing leap frog with the high dignitaries of the court of Pekin, in the month of March last past, he had the misfortune to tread on the emperor's toes, and thereby lost the chance of being made prince of Nogo, which distinction would otherwise have been conferred upon him; and what makes the matter still worse, the acquaintance's story is a fact. But perhaps the most intolerable nuisance brought about by this facility for peregrinating, is the restriction it places upon "free speech." The time-honored privilege travellers formerly enjoyed of pulling the long bow, can now be exercised no longer. If a returned pilgrim to the frozen regions of the north, trusting to the ignorance of his auditors, spreads himself on an account of the wonders there to be witnessed, some barber's clerk coolly takes up the thread of the narrative, and displays a silver medal which was presented him the *last* time he was in the Arctic circle, upon the coming of age of the heir apparent to the crown of Greenland, when he (the barber's clerk) distinguished himself by shinning up, and removing a stuffed seal from the summit of the North pole, which had been greased for the occasion.

But great as have been the changes in ships and *floating stock*, as a railroad superintendent would doubtless say, a still greater change is observable in the character of the men who navigate them. As I wander dejectedly about the docks and among the shipping, I seek in vain among the tall-hatted and long-coated mariners of the present day—who can scarcely be distinguished from landsmen,—for the careless, good-natured, happy-go-lucky sailors of old times. Now-a-days, sailors read and write, keep sober when on shore, and perpetrate other enormities; and the disciples who pin their faith upon "Captain Marryatt, C. B.," will be disappointed in their search after the jolly, ignorant, generous, superstitious, honest, half-sober, semi-pious jack tars they had been led to suppose were as plenty as blackberries about the docks of all seaport towns, and in the bitterness of their disappointed hearts they cry aloud, "Where are the Long Tom Coffins, and Jacob Faithfuls that for years I have known and loved so well, as they fearlessly plowed their way through oceans of printer's ink, and manfully spread their 12mo. sails to catch the favoring newspaper puffs of four lines duration?" Paddy's echo will mournfully reply, "I'm blowed if I can tell you, my lad, what has become of them. They are not here, neither if they were, would they be of any use, for they were slow coaches, old fogies, and behind the times, and have passed away with the lumbering tubs they manned."

It was with such ideas scuffling round and working Tom Cox's traverse under my new straw hat, that I sat, one pleasant afternoon this summer, upon a pile of cotton bales, at the end of Short Wharf, my feet hanging over toward the water, enjoying the cool breeze that comes off from the bay. Presently I observed a boat put off from an inward bound ship that had just come to anchor in the stream, and pull toward the end of the wharf where I was sitting.

"Holloa there, shipmate! pass down a rope's end, and give us a lift with this donkey, will ye, my lad?" exclaimed a familiar voice, as the boat touched the pier.

Not feeling particularly anxious to give anybody a lift with anything on such a hot day, I cocked my eye over toward the boat, to ascertain whether my petitioner was worthy any extra exertion on my part. The proprietor of the voice was a well looking sailor of the old school, in tarpaulin hat, blue jacket and pyramidical trowsers. That he was a brother sailor was abundant reason why I should comply with his request; so dropping over the end of a coil of running rigging that lay alongside, it was made fast to the lashing of the donkey—as he called his big sea-chest,—which I speedily transferred to the wharf; then dropping over the line a second time, and holding it fast for a man-rope, the owner of the chest scrambled up hand over fist, and in another moment stood by my side.

"'Bliged to ye, shipmate," he said, seating himself upon one of the bales, and brushing the sleeves of his jacket. "Proper warm this arternoon."

I admitted the charge, and sailor-like proceeded to inquire where he hailed from, and whither he was bound.

"From Batavia last, come passenger, and am bound for Washington, first boat," he returned.

"For Washington!" I exclaimed. "What the deuce are you going to Washington for?"

"I'm going to Washington to get justice done me," he replied, with an air of importance.

I could not repress a smile at this answer; who wouldn't have smiled at the idea of a friendless sailor going personally to the capital to obtain justice, a commodity for which the demand so greatly exceeds the supply.

"You needn't grin, shipmate," he retorted, somewhat sharply. "I want you to understand that, under the lid of that donkey, there's as good as eight thousand dollars of current coin, and if that wont get justice, what will?"

The mention of the money of course, and very naturally, inspired me with profound respect for my web-footed acquaintance, and I frankly owned that with such a backer, his chances were not so desperate as I at first supposed.

"But," I persisted, "may I be permitted to inquire the description of justice you demand? If we were all to have strict and even-handed justice meted out according to our deserts, some of us would be hung before this time next week."

"I think it's very likely," he replied, drily. "We wont argue the point, however, for I think probable you are the best judge of that sort of thing. But you may take my word that's not the sort of justice I'm after. No, sir. I want damages from the Dutch and English governments, and I'm going to have it, too, I tell ye. But I say, shipmate," he continued, starting up suddenly, "what time does that boat start for Baltimore?"

"O, not this two hours; don't you see she hasn't got half her freight aboard yet?" I replied, directing his attention toward the steamer, which lay nearly abreast of where we were sitting. "It's cooler here than it is aboard; so stretch yourself out in the shade here, and give us the set and drift of your government rumpus."

"Why, it aint much of a yarn any way," he replied, coiling himself down in a comfortable position under the lee of the bales, and with much circumlocution, he proceeded in a rambling sort of way, to give a history of his troubles.

"A little rising of a year ago, myself and an old shipmate of mine, Joe Grummet,—you know Joe, don't you? he's sailed out of this port nigh upon a thousand years."

"I've heard of him," I replied.

"Well, as I was saying, a little more than a year ago, Joe was coxswain, and I pulled the bow oar of the captain's gig belonging to an Uncle Sam's frigate, on the East India station. There were laying in harbor at the same time, an English, French and Dutch man-of-war; and, as usually happens under such circumstances, much rivalry existed between the representatives of the different nations, each endeavoring to excel the other, in every little point of sea etiquette. If one ship did anything particularly nice, there was no peace or rest on board the others until something still better had been done.

"At this time, that scourge of the earth, the Asiatic cholera, was raging with great violence on shore, and not a few belonging to the men-of-war lost the number of their mess through the same fell destroyer. As a general thing, a sailor's funeral is a matter of very little ceremony, the defunct tar—if the ship is in port—being planted almost anywhere, with very little fuss or delay; but with us, the rivalry between the ships extended even to such solemn events, and nothing would do but there must be a procession of boats, muffled oars, the national flag, a regular grave, and a parson to pilot the poor fellow beyond the river.

"Now in the matter of parsons, there is a great difference between this country and some others I could mention. In England, where church and state are so closely connected, young fellows take up the ministry, as they would any other profession, merely as a means of obtaining a living; and as a natural consequence, a good many rather rapid young clergymen are turned out by the colleges, who are no more fit for their position than I should be. As the good sense of the people prevents the worst of these youngsters officiating professionally at home, they are only too glad to accept an appointment to some distant colonial station, where an indifferent people tolerate them, despising the man, though with some show of respect for the office; and where there is no one to call them to an account, except, at intervals, their bishop, from whom they contrive to hide their short comings. Such a state of things is melancholy, certainly; but there can be no help, so long as Queen Victoria is the head of the church, and a clergyman is but a government official.

"It was upon such young Levites, as the sailors called them, that we were obliged to call, for the performance of our funeral services. Well, upon one occasion, when a poor fellow had been rolled in his hammock and covered with the flag, preparatory to the dark journey to that other country, a parson was notified, and our long procession of boats started in great state, with mournful music and muffled oars, pulled about among the shipping for show, and took our way to the graveyard; but the parson was not there according to agreement. The officers fretted and fumed, and the captain did worse, but all with no satisfactory result. A messenger was despatched for the delinquent, but he could not be found. What was to be done? A parson must be obtained somehow, for the English ship had got up a rousing funeral the day before, and it would not answer to be outdone. A messenger was sent to another clerico at the other end of the town, while we waited in the broiling sun. At length he made his appearance, with surplice and prayer book. All was in readiness, and he was about to begin, when the parson who should have been on the ground at first, was seen coming on the dead run, his surplice streaming in the wind. The new comer, unwilling to lose his fee, now that it was so nearly earned, precipitately opened his book, and in a hurried voice commenced the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, 'I am the resurrection and the life'—but had proceeded no further, before his rival, breathless and red with anger, was at his side.

"'What do you mean, sir, by interfering with my professional duties?' he exclaimed, angrily pushing his 'reverend and dear brother' to one side. 'I you want to understand, sir, that *I* am the one employed for this ceremony, and *I* am going to perform it, and—" opening his book with a jerk—"*I*—am the resurrection and the life—" and so continued to read the remainder of the service, amid the grins of all present, who could not but think that he had taken upon himself a somewhat responsible office, considering that he was quite a young man; and that if *he* were indeed the "resurrection and the life," there was but a slim chance for poor Jack.

"The funeral being over, the boats returned to the ship, while the officers proceeded toward the town, where they had been invited to meet the officers of the other ship-of-war laying in port, at a grand dinner party, given by one of the high government officials. Joe and myself, from our positions as officers in the captain's boat, formed the old man's body guard, and usually followed him about in his tramp on shore. On this occasion, we tagged along behind, and took our stations in the dining hall, to be on hand to execute any orders that might be given.

"The captain of the English frigate was a pompous and most ungentlemanly man, who mistook rudeness for frankness, and supposed that, to carry out the character of a true John Bull, he must make himself just as disagreeable as possible. For some reason with which I am unacquainted, our captain was particularly anxious not to come to an open rupture with this man, although there was certainly most abundant cause of misunderstanding, and but for this reason, I am convinced there would have been a jolly row long before. As the dinner progressed, the English captain took occasion to say that—

"'Aside from the American naval officers—who from their constant intercourse with people of other nations could not avoid picking up some refinement—he had never in his life, notwithstanding he had been in many Yankee ports, met with an American gentleman. No, sir,' he repeated, with an oath, striking the table violently with his fist, 'I have never seen an American *gentleman!*'

"The table was electrified by this unprovoked insolence. Our subordinate officers started from their seats and looked earnestly at their commander. He must have had some extraordinary reason for desiring peace; for, though he turned almost purple, and ground his teeth with rage, he nevertheless retained his seat and remained silent. Our younger officers, who of course could not take up the quarrel while their superior officer was present, slunk back into their chairs with looks of surprise and humiliation. A profound silence ensued; no one seemed to know exactly how to act. While this was going on, Joe had been standing behind the captain's chair, twisting his countenance in a remarkable manner, and in the midst of the pause that followed the Englishman's declaration, he turned to me, and in a low but distinct tone of voice, remarked:

"'That's a melancholy fact, true as gospel, every word of it.'

"The Englishman's countenance was radiant with triumph.

"'Take that, my man,' said he, slipping half a dozen sovereigns into Joe's hand. 'You're a good fellow. I wish you belonged to my ship.'

"Joe pocketed the money without a word. Our own officers were struck dumb by such unparalleled audacity from one of their own men; the sight of his taking the money from the Englishman was rather too much; it broke the spell of silence, however; for although our captain might have important reasons for wishing to avoid a brush with the English captain, he had not the slightest objection to whipping him over Joe's shoulders. Foaming with rage, he sprang from his seat, and rushed upon my imprudent friend.

"'O you infernal, mutton-headed, tarry-fisted, lantern-jawed old rascal!' he roared, shaking his clenched fist in Joe's face. 'I'll teach ye to put in your oar when gentlemen are talking! Aint no gentlemen in America, eh? You're a liar, and any one else who says so! Get out of the house, you villain! and count yourself good for twelve dozen, as soon I get on board. Aint no gentlemen in America, eh! you thundering old scallawag!'

"'I didn't say there wasn't no gentlemen in America, yer honor,' said Joe, twitching his forelock, respectfully.

"'Don't talk to me, you infamous rebel!' yelled the captain; 'think I haven't got any ears? What *did* you say?'

"'Why, yer honor,' said Joe, shifting his hat from hand to hand continually, 'when his t'other honor said as how he'd never met an American gentleman, I jist said as how 'twas true; for, d'ye mind, yer honor, it's plain enough even to me, that his t'other honor never *has* seen one; for if he'd ever been in the habit of 'sociating with American gentlemen, or indeed *gentlemen* of a'most any other nation, he'd have long ago learned better than to make any such little-boy statement as he's jest got through him. That's all, yer honor.'

"It was now the Englishman's turn to air his billingsgate; he was perfectly frantic, and demanded that Joe should be sent on board in irons and flogged to within an inch of his life. Our captain, for his own reasons, determined to humor him, and with much show of indignation, he ordered us to quit the house, but added in a low tone as we passed him, that we were to wait for him at the door. Joe touched his hat, and as he passed the furious Englishman, drew the half dozen sovereigns from his pocket, and began coolly counting them over, apparently to the great annoyance of her majesty's officer, who I really feared would get himself with apoplexy.

"I have since heard that, after we left, our captain demanded an explanation of the Englishman, who finding he was likely to have half a dozen successive duels on his hands at once, finally explained that his words were to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. That when he spoke of gentlemen, he referred to the class of people designated by that title in England—to wit, persons who live on their income, and who would scorn to engage in any matter of trade or useful profession; whereas, our people, he had observed, however wealthy they might be, always inclined to dabble in some kind of business speculation, and therefore could not be gentlemen, according to the English acceptation of the word. Our captain was fain to accept the explanation, and even went so far as to thank the Englishman for the compliment, thereby lowering himself prodigiously, no doubt, in the estimation of that worthy champion of aristocracy.

"We had to wait at the door a good spell before the captain made his appearance, and when at last he did come, he was highly indignant at the gross misdemeanors of which Joe and myself had been guilty, for he included us both in his condemnation. The affair, he said, was a very grave one. The English captain was highly affronted, had been laughed at, and compelled to explain, and what made the matter worse, we being such insignificant characters, there was no way in which he could be revenged. For sailors, he continued, to obtrude any remarks of their own upon their superior officers, was subversive of all true discipline. He considered us dangerous fellows, and by way of punishment, ordered us not to show our faces on board—at all events in the way of duty—for the space of one month. As, however, he did not consider it exactly proper to turn adrift even such rascals as ourselves, without some provision for their subsistence, he supplied us with a liberal allowance, adding that, if there was any description of vice or wickedness, of which sailors are popularly supposed to be so fond, that our stock of funds would not purchase, we were to apply to him for more; and with a series of inward chuckles, he waddled off to the landing, leaving Joe and myself no less delighted than surprised at our unexpected leave of absence for a whole month.

"Now, although Joe and myself had been for a long time particularly anxious to obtain shore leave, and had conjured up a hundred things we would like to do, in case it was granted, yet, no sooner did we find ourselves at liberty, than we were at a dead loss as to the manner in which we should occupy the time so as to make the most of it. A dozen things were proposed and rejected. We didn't care about a spree, and it was too sickly to tramp about the country. We were almost upon the point of going on board and declining our leave of absence, when Joe was struck with a bran new idea.

"Some years before he had been on board an American ship, bound to the Straits of Malacca, which had been lost among the Archipelago far down at the entrance of the Straits, not far from the coast of Sumatra. She struck on a sunken rock, or something of that sort, and went down in very shallow water, not above a dozen fathoms at the outside. Ever since the occurrence, Joe had run away with the idea that a good deal of valuable property might be raised with very little trouble, and he now proposed that we should charter a native boat and make the attempt.

"I took kindly to the notion, for I didn't suppose he would start on such an expedition unless he was pretty sure of his ground; and even if we were not successful, the trip promised to be a pleasant and somewhat exciting one. It was too late to accomplish anything that afternoon, but we were at work bright and early on the ensuing day, and soon effected an arrangement for a large sized Chinese boat of about ninety tons, with two masts and lateen sails of tremendous spread and hoist; a dozen stout China riggers were engaged to man her, a plentiful supply of rice and water was got on board, and all being in readiness, we dropped down with the evening tide.

"The wind went down with the sun, leaving us becalmed a few miles outside of the harbor. We had expected as much, and so quietly turned in to await sunrise and a breeze, which were pretty sure to come together. At the first streak of dawn, light cat's-paws began to ruffle the water, growing stronger as the day advanced, until we were bowling along about seven knots. As we swept by a projecting headland that had for sometime hidden the harbor from our sight, Joe carelessly took up the telescope to have a parting squint at the port.

"'Well, I'm blowed if there isn't that English frigate, the Intolerable, with the Blue Peter flying at the fore and her topsails hanging in the buntlines, all ready to trip!' he exclaimed, closing the slides of the telescope with a jerk. 'Who ever knew she was off to sea so soon?'

"'Yes, me know all about,' replied our Chinese helmsman, in his 'pigeon English.' 'Him catchee one pilot yesserda a ay, for trip down the coast. O, yes-ee, me know-ee.'

"'Well, good luck to her, and here's hoping she may have a speedy passage to the bottom, that's all I wish her,' returned Joe, benevolently.

"Our rapid headway soon sunk the harbor below the horizon, and we squared away south-south-west for the Java Sea. It was now the turn of the monsoon, which had been blowing from the northeast, and was, while it lasted, favorable for the downward trip. We calculated to reach the great island of Banca before the shift, and lay by until the wind settled steadily in the southeast, which would bring the scene of our operations well under the lee of the land, and consequently in middling smooth water. The run was made in something less than a week, and we arrived at our proposed anchorage just in season to escape a violent typhoon that had been blowing for some days. The wind soon after hauled round permanently to the southeast, and we were ready to commence operations.

"Another week was spent in hunting up the wreck, which we at length found, as Joe had supposed, in about five fathom water. Her whole hulk could be readily made out when there was no wind to ruffle the water. She was lying just as she went down; her masts gone close to the deck, her bows stove in, and the hull canted over a little to one side, in which position she was held by the sharp, projecting rocks. Our Chinese sailors were good divers, and with their assistance, aided by a strong windlass, we soon had both the ship's anchors, and about a hundred and fifty fathom of chain cable on board our lighter. This was a pretty good haul to begin with; but these apparently were the only things that could be obtained.

"The ship's deck, which was as firm and solid as ever, effectually prevented our reaching any part of her cargo, and resisted all our efforts to break it up. This was particularly vexatious, as the between decks was stowed with a description of merchandize which in all probability was wholly undamaged by water. The ship, although scarcely carrying out the old joke of being freighted with 'rum and missionaries for the coast of Africa,' was partially loaded with pipes of brandy for the East India market. Another week was frittered away in fruitless efforts to make an opening in the deck. Our month's leave had almost expired, and we must either return at once, or have our names recorded on the ship's books as deserters. This matter was duly considered, and having decided that it was quite as well to be hung for an old sheep as a lamb, we renewed our exertions to lay hold of the 'old sheep' which was beneath the vessel's deck.

"'Why not sink a keg of powder under her bottom and blow her up!' asked Joe, with animation, as we were one day considering the chances.

"'Why, that's all well enough, as far as sinking the keg of powder goes,' replied I, 'but how the deuce are you going to get the fire to it?'

"'True!' replied Joe, 'that is something of a puzzle.'

"The solution of this important question caused my shipmate to scratch his head prodigiously, as with an air of profound perplexity he paced the deck through the whole morning watch.

"'Ah, I have it!' he exclaimed, at length. 'What a chucklehead I was not to think of it before!'

"A small pocket pistol, capped and cocked, was fastened inside of a large keg of gunpowder, with the end of the lead line attached to the trigger. A piece of oiled silk, while it allowed sufficient play to the string, prevented the ingress of water; the whole concern was then covered with a coating of pitch, and carefully sunk in a proper position beneath the ship's bottom. Our lighter was hauled off several hundred feet from the spot and the string pulled. A tremendous explosion followed, throwing a column of water fifty or sixty feet into the air, and causing our lighter to quiver as though she had struck a rock. The hubbub and commotion having subsided, we had the satisfaction to find that the hulk had parted just forward of the mainmast, leaving almost the entire cargo exposed.

"To make a long story short, we soon had our vessel loaded to the water's edge with a miscellaneous assortment; and having decided not to return to the port from which we sailed, the vessel's course was directed toward Batavia, where we arrived in safety, after a somewhat prolonged passage. Almost the first thing we saw on entering the harbor, was H. B. M. frigate Intolerable.

"'That craft is bound to do us an ugly turn before we part company,' said Joe, as we swept by her, toward the town.

"We found a purchaser for one half our trumpery almost as soon as our anchor was in the ground. I thought then, and I still think we didn't get half enough for it. But eight thousand dollars in cash was not to be sneezed at, so we jumped at the first offer. We had several good offers for the remainder, and were hesitating, like the ass between the two bundles of hay, when, as we were tramping through the town one morning, who should we meet face to face but the captain of the Intolerable. He gave us a look as black as an opposition candidate's character, and passed on. I didn't much fancy the squint of his eye, and apprehended evil; nor were my apprehensions removed upon observing that we were dogged wherever we went by a couple of British marines, and upon returning to our vessel, we also found that, through the English captain's suggestions, the Dutch government had forbidden any further sale of the property, until there could be examinations, and inquiries, and I don't know what all, which meant nothing more nor less than to deprive us of the stuff altogether. The Englishman even went so far as to manufacture some cock-and-bull story about what he had known of us before, so as to induce the government officials to lay violent claws upon what funds we had already received, and to do them justice, they were no ways backward.

"Seeing how things were likely to go, it was decided between us that Joe should remain where he was, to keep up our claim on the property until some American man-of-war came into port, while I should take passage, with the money, on board a homeward bound ship then laying in the harbor, with her foretopsail loosed, all ready for sea. So now you see what I'm going to Washington for, don't ye?"

"Well, good luck to ye, my lad. I hope you'll be successful," I said, as he went on board the boat, which was now casting off her fasts.

"No fear but what I shall be successful," he returned. "I'm going to see the President and have a talk with him, and if he don't do the right thing, somebody will catch a confounded whaling, and 'twont be me, I promise you. That's the way to legislate now-a-days! If they don't do the handsome thing, why, just hammer 'em. Nothing like it to bring 'em to their senses."

And the boat swept away from the pier. How my marine friend made out in his interview with the President, and also how it has fared with Franklin, I am alike unable to say. I incline to the opinion, however, that government must have done all that was necessary in the matter, from the fact of my not having heard of our chief magistrate's receiving a "confounded whaling," or indeed, any assault having been attempted.

COFFEE-SHOPS IN BEYROUT.

They have a lawn outside, where small stools like a cubic foot are placed for the accommodation of the customer; a raised fireplace is in the corner, whereupon the coffee-pot is heard simmering, whilst immediately above it are two shelves where the nargheles are placed. The customer here enjoys the luxury of a smoke and a cup of coffee for the trifling sum of ten paras, about two farthings. Some of the large coffee-shops have the appendage of a story-teller, who comes of an evening, and either entertains the audience with a story from the "Arabian Nights," or relates to them some gallant deed of some deceased warrior. These stories are well received. In relating the story, the speaker does not stand on a platform, as in the West. The customers are divided to two sides, and an open space is left between them. In this space he walks to and fro. He begins the story by clapping his hands, which at once secures for him breathless attention. In place of the "Ladies and gentlemen" of the West, the story-teller, on clapping his hands for attention, addresses them thus:—"My honored sirs." He speaks a little, then helps himself to a whiff of narghele from one of the customers, who gladly offers it to him; he speaks a little more, takes another whiff from the narghele of another, and so on until he is done.—*Syria and the Syrians.*

It is an attribute of true philosophy, never to force the progress of truth and reason, but to wait till the dawn of light; meanwhile, the philosopher may wander into hidden paths, but he will never depart far from the main track.—*Talleyrand.*

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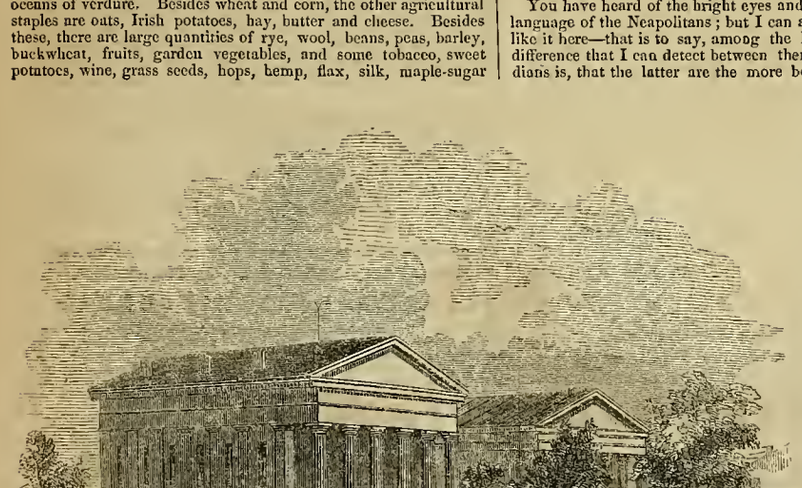
RAILROAD STATION, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

and molasses, beeswax and honey, and the castor bean, are produced. Of indigenous fruits, there are a variety of berries, plums, grapes, crab-apples, wild cherries, persimmons and the pawpaw (a sweet, pulpy fruit, somewhat like the banana). Of orchard fruits, the apple and peach flourish best, but pears and quinces are cultivated with ease. Of nuts, the shellbark or hickory, walnut, butter-nut and pecan abound. According to the census reports of 1850, there were 76,208 farms in Illinois, containing 5,039,545 acres of improved land, and produced 9,414,54[illegible] bushels wheat, 83,364 of rye, 57,646,984 of Indian corn, 10,087,241 of oats, 82,814 of peas and beans, 2,514,861 of Irish potatoes, 157,433 of sweet potatoes, 110,795 of barley, 184,504 of buckwheat, 841,394 pounds of tobacco, 2,150,113 of wool, 12,526,543 of butter, 1,278,225 of cheese, 601,952 tons of hay, 17,807 bushels of grass seeds, 160,063 pounds of flax, 248,904 of maple sugar, 869,444 of beeswax and honey, live stock value at $24,209,258, slaughtered animals at $4,972,286, orchard products at $446,049, and market products at $127,494. In our number for July 26th, we published some other interesting statistics in relation to this State, in connection with an emblematic picture by Billings. There were in Illinois 12,282 inhabitants in 1810; 55,210 in 1820; 157,445 in 1830; 476,183 in 1840, and 851,470 in 1850, of whom 445,544 were white males, 400,490 females; 2777 colored males and 2659 colored females. The ratio of increase in the last ten years preceding 1850, was nearly 79 per cent., notwithstanding there were in other States about 50,000 citizens born in Illinois. This population was divided among 149,153 families.

They are fine buildings and add much to the appearance of the town. The growth of the towns in Illinois, though almost unprecedented, has by no means reached its climax. The various railroads which intersect the State have but just commenced their work of developing its resources. An immense amount of the best of land is as yet unimproved, and its occupation will materially contribute to the rapid growth of the cities. Illinois is pre-eminently an agricultural State. The soil in some of the river bottoms is twenty-five feet deep, and the prairie land is but little inferior in quality. Lippincott's Gazetteer, a very reliable work, furnishes us with some important statistics in reference to the climate, soil and productions, from which we borrow the following particulars:—Illinois, extending through more than five degrees of latitude, has considerable variety of climate. Though somewhat milder than the Atlantic States in the same parallels of latitude, there is great irregularity in the seasons. Generally, there will not fall six inches of snow at one time, which does not lie more than a few days, but at distant intervals the rivers are frozen for two or three months, and the snow lies on the ground for that period of time. The summers are hot, but tempered by moderate breezes from the prairies. Cattle are often left out of doors during the whole winter. With regard to soil, the Great American Bottom, lying on the Mississippi, between the mouths of the Kaskaskia and Missouri Rivers, is of exceeding fertility, and has been cultivated for more than a century without any apparent diminution of its productive powers. The bottom is about 80 miles in length, covering an area of 280,000 acres. On the river side is a strip of heavy timber, with dense underwood, which extends for two or three miles. The rest is mostly prairie to the eastern limit, which is terminated by a chain of sandy or rocky bluffs from 50 to 200 feet in height. This fine region is not, however, healthy, though probably a thorough system of drainage would render it so. The Rock River country is another highly fertile district on the Rock River and its branches; of the same character are the regions about the Sangamon, Kaskaskia and other rivers. Other portions of Illinois are fertile, but those we have particularized are pre-eminently so, frequently yielding 40 bushels of wheat and 100 bushels of Indian corn to the acre. This is especially true of the narrow bottoms immediately adjacent to the shores of the rivers. The prairies of this State are peculiarly adapted to the raising of dairy stock. These prairies are beautiful features of the scenery, of vast extent, decked with flowers of every hue that can gratify the eye, and covered with waving grass, conveying, besides their quiet landscape beauty, a feeling of sublimity from their vastness, similar to that created by a view of the ocean. They are in fact oceans of verdure. Besides wheat and corn, the other agricultural staples are oats, Irish potatoes, hay, butter and cheese. Besides these, there are large quantities of rye, wool, beans, peas, barley, buckwheat, fruits, garden vegetables, and some tobacco, sweet potatoes, wine, grass seeds, hops, hemp, flax, silk, maple-sugar



VIEW IN WASHINGTON STREET, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



COURT HOUSE AND BANK, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

WOMEN OF NAPLES.

You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses, and music-language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here—that is to say, among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and the American Indians is, that the latter are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the "soft bastard Latin" they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favorable—nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women are dirty, slipshod slatterns. Talk about "bright-eyed Italian maids!" Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect a beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. But it is otherwise as to form. In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and, *per necessita*, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire, only by the longest, painfulest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of the milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they would practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.—*Headley's Letters from Italy.*

PARIS IN 1856.

A Scottish gentleman visiting Paris writes:—"Paris is indeed wonderfully changed since I last visited it—changed in every way. The streets are clean and kept in excellent order, and the police, although partly armed, are quite as civil and respectful as those of London. Nor is there any external indication that we strangers, as well as the Parisians, are living under a despotism which will not allow of any conversation about political matters. Still, so far as one can judge from external appearances, there is great order and skillful arrangements everywhere in Paris. Vice is at least not seen walking the streets; all the Paris gambling-houses have been shut up; the sellers of immoral books put in prison, their authors severely punished, and order and decency firmly maintained. Yet the *man* is not popular with the thinking classes, although they acknowledge his administrative ability. However, all is for the best at present; and as the emperor rides about without an escort, we cannot help thinking that he is not generally unpopular. When I visited Paris first, some thirty years ago, one could manage to live well and cheaply at the same time, although in little accessories there was room for much amendment. The streets were then very dirty, the carriages bad, and there was little appearance of wealth, and no improvements going forward in the streets and houses. Napoleon may well say, '*Nous avons changé tout cela!*' The streets are now being widened, and new houses erected, in place of old ones knocked down, all through Paris, and already the city presents everywhere indications of having renewed its youth. It is really and truly, now, a magnificent city: the houses are all palaces; the common stairs in most of the new buildings would put to shame the vaunted palaces of our great nobility in London, and the cleanness of the stairs is quite wonderful. Nor are the houses less so when you get into the interior. To be sure, you have few carpets, but the floors of the lobbies and rooms are all neatly *parquetted* in oak, which is kept so well waxed as to make it shining, and rather ticklish to walk upon for those unaccustomed to it."—*Art Journal.*

A RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Colonel Lake, in his "Kars and our Captivity in Russia," says:—"I was much interested in the temple of St. Sauveur, which was being erected. Round it are groups of figures, twice as large as life, in *alto relievo*, cut in hard white stone, and attached to the walls by iron hooks. These figures represent scriptural events, such as 'David's Victory over Goliath,' in which the faces struck me as very beautiful. Before these figures were finished, the artist died; but as little remains to be finished, the original design cannot be much interfered with. I was much delighted with the Institute for Orphans and *Enfantes Trouvés*, certainly one of the finest buildings I have ever seen. We visited it in company with Madame de Metz, who is the directress, and much beloved by the young girls, and with Madame de Belolubsky, a very interesting, clever woman. We saw all the children and young ladies. The noble charity is under government patronage, and, besides providing for the *Enfantes Trouves*, offers an asylum to the widows of officers. Each infant has a nurse, and a certain number are accommodated in a room airy and capacious. Each nurse has a bed, and a little cradle by its side, all exquisitely clean, and the washing department in each room is perfect. The elder girls are divided into classes, and are dressed in green gowns with white jackets. I saw them all at mass in a beautiful chapel, which was highly decorated with marble pillars, and in very good taste. We afterward watched them at dinner, a most excellent repast, consisting of soup, meat and pudding, all of which I tasted. They speak French and German, and are taught drawing, music, etc. In short, they receive a first rate education to qualify them for the situation of governess, in which capacity they leave on attaining the age of twenty. I heard them play and sing, and repeat poetry in different languages. The drawing-hall was hung round with the performances of the young ladies. The directress, in the kindest manner, begged that I would select a drawing, and accept it as a souvenir of the institution. I took one in water colors, beautifully executed, which I value highly. There is also a room for gymnastics, and, in short, there did not seem to be anything wanting either for their instruction or comfort."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

We present herewith an authentic portrait of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the great female traveller, who may perhaps be regarded as the most wonderful woman of the age, for she has travelled more than any of the celebrated men of the middle ages, or indeed of the present, for she has not only visited the Continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia, but America and the Polynesia; she has traversed over 150,000 miles by water, and 18,000 by land. In appearance, she is slight, and rather under the middle size; her complexion is somewhat darkened by exposure to weather and the heat of the climates in which she has travelled. She is generally regarded as plain looking, but an English gentleman who met her at Vienna, said: "I cannot understand how any one, who has seen her while conversing, can say so. Her smile is particularly sweet and captivating. Her soul beams from her eyes, and I can compare her smile to nothing less than the sunlight darting from behind a cloud. She is very unassuming in her manners; animated and easy in her conversation. She spoke of her travels in an unaffected style, and her thoughts flew in a moment from one part of the world to the opposite, whenever she related a story and wished to draw a contrast between different people. She has been where no white man has ever dared to venture—amidst cannibals in both hemispheres—and I laid three of my fingers in a scar on the upper part of her left arm, inflicted by a cannibal of Patagonia." Madame Pfeiffer was born at Vienna in 1797. In early childhood she displayed traits of character which foreshadowed the future "strong-minded woman." An illustration of her fixity of purpose is not without interest. When Napoleon was residing at Schonbrunn, after his entry into Vienna, he was to hold a grand review of his troops, at which all the inhabitants of Vienna went, from a desire to see the greatest general of his time. Ida, who was then eleven years old, had learned from books and persons by whom she was surrounded, to look upon him as a tyrant and an oppressor of her country, and she consequently entertained the most intense hatred towards him. She had refused to go when asked by her mother, but the latter not wishing to be deprived of the pleasure, took her daughter by force to the review. They obtained a good station, from whence they could see all that passed. At length the procession began to move, and as a body of officers were riding by, Ida, in order that her eyes might not be polluted with the sight of the man she so thoroughly detested, turned her back towards them. The emperor was not, however, amongst them. Her mother, annoyed at her obstinacy, took her by the shoulders and turned her back again, but Ida, determined not to look at him, resolutely closed her eyes, and kept them shut till the emperor and all his retinue were passed. In her preface to her first work, she tells us of the intense desire for travel she experienced during her childhood, but which circumstances prevented her from indulging. In 1820 she married Dr. Pfeiffer, of Lemberg. By this union she had two sons, one of whom followed the musical profession, and studied under the great Mendelssohn; and the other became a merchant. On the death of her husband, the desires of her youth were renewed in all their vigor, and she thought that having fulfilled her duty to her family, in bringing them up and establishing them in life, she was not acting contrary to her duty in following the bent of her inclinations. She knew that dangers, difficulties, and even death, might befall her, but should any of these happen to her during her travels, she would thank God for the sweet hours she passed in beholding the wonders of his creation; and she begs her readers not to impute to her in her travels a desire for notoriety alone, nor to judge her by the common opinion that such a life is not befitting a woman. When she had, by several years of strict economy, amassed a sufficient sum, she set off upon her first pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, "for," says she, "I always felt the most intense longing to tread the spot rendered so holy by the footsteps of our Redeemer." She returned safe, filled with delight at her success, and published her first work, entitled "The Travels of a Vienna Lady to the Holy Land," a work of great interest, and bearing the impress of truthfulness in every line. Unsated in her thirst for travel, she next visited the extreme north of Europe, Iceland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, the result of her adventure being published in Posth, in 1846. She now carried into execution a project of making a voyage round the world. This she accomplished during the years 1846 to 1848. She left Vienna May 1, 1846, and arrived at Rio de Janeiro, after a stormy passage, Sept. 18 of the same year. After travelling through the Brazils, Ida went round Cape Horn, travelled through Chili, visited Otaheite, set sail for China, and then went to India. Thence she went up the Tigris, to visit the interesting ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, then wandered through Khoordistan and Persia, passed the Caucasos, and travelled through the south of Russia, thence to Constantinople, and through Greece, home. When we remember the dangerous regions she traversed, we are astonished at the intrepidity of a woman travelling alone, amidst the most savage tribes on the face of the earth, passing from country to country, from tribe to tribe, braving dangers, fatigue, hunger and thirst; and it is indeed impossible to withhold our admiration from the lady who could undergo all these trials and hardships, and display a courage that very few of the opposite sex can boast of. But her very helplessness was her best protection. In 1851 she sailed from London for the Cape of Good Hope, and thence took ship for Singapore, to visit the islands of the Indian archipelago; after this she went to Sarawak, in Borneo, thence through the dangerous country of the Dayaks to the Dutch possessions in the interior and on the west of the island. After visiting the Moluccas, she went to California, and thence home. She has now started once more on an extensive tour, intending it to be her last. During all her journeyings she has enjoyed excellent health, and says herself that she possesses "nerves and sinews of steel." It should be added that she has not travelled to obtain a reputation, but for her own satisfaction and improvement.



MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, DENMARK HILL, ENGLAND.

This institution is one of the many noble charities of England. It was founded, about twelve years ago, for the benevolent object of relieving fatherless children, without respect to place, sex or religious distinction, the only qualification, in fact, being that the child should be destitute, and above the condition of the pauper. The children were to be received at any age (from their birth, if necessary), and are all retained and provided for, the boys until fourteen, and the girls until fifteen years of age. The institution founded on this liberal principle has, it appears, enjoyed a career of uninterrupted and increasing prosperity. Since its commencement it has received 314 children, and it has now no fewer than 134 within its walls. It is sustained by the voluntary contributions of the benevolent; all who subscribe are members of the institution, and participate in the management of its affairs, and it now flourishes under the immediate patronage of the queen. The new building, which, it will be seen by our engravings, is of great extent and of great architectural beauty, is now in the process of erection, and will cost about $100,000. The ground is about two miles from Croydon. The site is remarkably fine, and the building will form a striking addition to the landscape. The plan is in some respects peculiar, but the architect has kept in view the bold undulations of the ground, and has arranged his design in three well marked groups, which will be appropriated to the infants, the boys, and the girls respectively. The structure, which, it is calculated, will accommodate at least 350 children, will be in an Italian style, and it will possess a frontage of no less than 350 feet, with wings, giving it a depth of about 200. The ornamental portions of the work are to be executed in freestone, and the great masses of surface in Devonshire marble. Altogether the building is well worthy of the design, and the institution is an honor to the land which well boasts its multitude of charitable and beneficent channels of relief to the suffering.

ROSES AMONG THE ROMANS.

Whatever the time of the year, the Roman *must* have a rose in his wreath. "The commonest union was violet, myrtle and rose." Stout old gentlemen who wished to drink unusually deep without feeling unpleasant consequences, wore double wreaths about their heads and necks, as preservatives. The generous rose, however, did something for the ladies also. When the renowned and not over scrupulous Aspasia was a child, she had a wart on her face which defied nurses, doctors and caustic. The pretty child cried herself to sleep one night at the blot on her beauty; and lo! while she slumbered, she saw Venus's dove, and the dove told her to take some rose leaves from the statue of the goddess, and lay them to her neck. The girl did so, full of faith, and she became as perfect in beauty as in intellect, and helped Pericles to corrupt the morals of the Athenians with infinite elegance. That the rose might be so drugged as to poison the wine into which it was thrown, and with which it was often drunk when the topers were at the height of the jollity, may be seen in Pliny; which passage many evil persons have read to infamous purpose, including Tawell, who thereby committed murder contrary to scientific evidence, but happily did not escape the gallows. In what is called the classical period, roses seem to have been employed on every occasion from birth to death, inclusive, and to have made a part in every ceremony, public or private, joyous or saddening.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN AT DENMARK HILL, ENGLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

No gorgeous edifice with columns fluted,
Or towering steeple, stretching heavenward—
No lofty pile to ostentation suited,
Is yonder church, where heaves the velvet sward.

No—for the temple on that hill erected,
Was built by Puritans in years agone;
Whose bones now rest in peace, where they selected
The quiet graveyard from the grassy lawn.

Its time-worn beams and rafters bear the legends
And stories wild of early pioneers,
Who, in the wild, unbroken forest regions,
Commenced a settlement in early years.

Here, where the smoke from Indian lodge ascended,
And where the dark, primeval forest rose—
The prayerful accents of the Pilgrims blended
With solemn chant and wail of Indian foes.

And here came hardy men and women tender,
And youths and maidens on the Sabbath day—
To praise with hymn and prayer the Great Befriender,
And unto him for preservation pray.

Here, when the demon War his torch had lighted,
And bands went forth to seek the Indian foe,
With women pale and children darkly frighted,
They came to ask a blessing on their blow.

Such scenes beheld this temple, now decaying,
In old colonial times, forever gone;
And Time his final stroke appears delaying,
While all around his ceaseless work goes on.

He still preserves this shrine from desolation,
A silent monitor for us, to stand;
A spectacle for serious contemplation—
A relic of the ancient Pilgrim band.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RICH COUSIN.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"But, my dear father, he has had undisturbed possession so long, that it is cruel to reduce him to beggary now."

"Cruel! You know nothing of the sweets of revenge, boy, or you would not say that. Think you that I have waited all these years to gratify a purpose, and now when the time has come, give it up because it is cruel?"

"But his wife and children? Surely, you will not—cannot punish the innocent for the guilty!"

"In that is my revenge. What would poverty be to Edward Leicester alone? No, no; he must see his family stripped of all the luxuries they have so wrongfully enjoyed; he must lose his proud position, and labor for their very bread; he must encounter all the horrors of the most absolute poverty, before I shall be content to say I am satisfied."

"Father, this is horrible! You will crush out all the love and reverence my sainted mother so carefully sought to instil into my heart. I do not believe now that you can be serious in this matter, or that you will load your conscience with so much guilt. We are wealthy. Even now I am at a loss how to spend the income that is mine—what do we want with your cousin's possessions?" Let him live in peace. It will be a sweeter revenge than any you can take."

"Silence, boy! This is no affair for you to meddle in; and though my fond indulgence gives you much license, beware how you abuse it by interfering in what you do not understand. I have told you my plans now, knowing that you would find them out on our arrival in England, not because I wanted your advice. The instant I set foot on my native land, I shall take steps to carry out those plans, and no impertinent interference of yours can prevent their succeeding. You have mentioned your mother—another act of disobedience. 'Tis pity you do not resemble her as much in mind, as you do in person. I never had occasion twice to remind her of her duty. And now let this conversation cease, never to be renewed. Whatever I do, I will not be questioned; and I warn you now never again to dare my anger by like conduct."

Dear reader, after such a conversation, need we say that Col. Leicester was an overbearing tyrant—hard-hearted and revengeful, domineering, often cruel to his dependents, pitiless to his foes, feared by his friends, with but one tender spot in his heart, and that occupied by his only son.

True, the colonel had loved his wife—a beautiful, gentle creature—who never in her life presumed to contradict him, or dared to think differently from his will. But she was born to be cherished and sheltered, and the cold formality of her life withered the warm young heart pining for its mate. Her husband wished her to dress like a princess; and to please him, she robed her slender figure in the richest satins, her pale brow arched under the sparkling gems that pressed it, and diamonds glittered on her fair neck and arms. But she sighed for the days when free and happy she had wandered amid the hills of her "Highland home," and shuddered at the thought that under the burning Eastern sky her grave should be made.

Once only did Mrs. Leicester venture to ask her husband to let her "see her home once more;" then silenced by his cold refusal, she unmurmuringly submitted to her fate, and calmly resigned herself to die. It was an unexpected piece of rebellion on the part of his gentle partner, that astonished Colonel Leicester when informed that she was no more. He had told her that he wished her to get better—in fact, she *must* get better—and she had disobeyed him; hence his sorrow was largely mingled with anger, and he forbade her name ever to be mentioned in his presence. This prohibition fell heavily on his son, who, idolizing the memory of his lost mother, could with difficulty refrain from speaking of her; and favorite as he was, this was a fault that always drew on him his father's anger and reproach.

At the time our story opens, young Leicester was in his eighteenth year. His father did not speak the truth when he expressed a wish that he had resembled his mother in temper; for in his secret heart did the old man rejoice at the evidence of a fine, manly spirit already manifested by his son. And the handsome, noble-looking youth possessed great influence over his parent, though not sufficient to turn him from his revengeful purposes. Brought up in the East amid scenes and with habits foreign to his nature, young Leicester had joyfully left his native land to seek the early home of his parents, and the knowledge of his father's purposes had been the first cloud that had overshadowed his happiness. One week after that conversation they landed in England.

Had England been searched over, a happier man than Edward Leicester could scarce have been produced at the time we commenced this little history. The devoted husband of an excellent and amiable wife, the proud and happy father of three lovely children, the possessor of a magnificent home, and an income more than adequate to meet his utmost wishes, surrounded by friends and a prosperous tenantry, what could man wish for more?

And Edward Leicester knew his privileges, and was thankful for them. No man could say that in word or deed he had offended him, and endless were the blessings bestowed on the kind landlord, the liberal master, and the firm friend. No formal ceremony, no forced show of humility prompted the greeting that everywhere met the Leicesters, that taught the cottager's wife to curtsey, and the laborer to touch his hat at their approach.

And Edward Leicester loved his people, and never lost an opportunity of increasing their comfort, and adding to their means. He built them new cottages, he planted them fruit trees, he gave them a school, and he encouraged education. His wife, no less energetic and enthusiastic, attended to other wants, and unlike many of her station, she sought for and relieved their necessities, ere she expected them to comply with all her wishes.

Again we say, a happier man, a happier family, or one that better deserved prosperity, could scarce have been found in all England. But sorrow and trial were in store, misfortune as complete as it was unexpected, and poverty as distressing as it was undeserved.

"My dear Mary, you look sad this evening. Surely, that is a scene to inspire you with pleasant thoughts." And Edward Leicester passed his arm round his wife's waist, and leading her to the open window, pointed to the lawn on which their children were merrily sporting.

"I feel sad, Edward," was the low response. "An unusual presentiment of evil has shadowed me all day, nor can I look on my children without a feeling of terror."

"My dear wife, this is unusual for you. Certainly, at present we have no reason to apprehend any trouble: but should misfortunes come, we must meet them with fortitude. Earth's bitterest trial, poverty, we have no reason to dread."

Alas for the confidence in earthly riches! That day week, Edward Leicester and his family were far away from the scene of their happiness, homeless, almost penniless, and with the humiliating consciousness that for long years they had been appropriating the inheritance of another.

"It is time to talk over our plans for the future, my Mary," said the unhappy husband and father, as the family gathered together on the first night after their arrival in the humble London lodging-house that must henceforth be their home. "Our means are barely sufficient for present wants, and I must lose no time in seeking employment. At present I am unable to determine what I had better try first."

"My husband, this is the cruelest blow of all. Freely would I have yielded up all we loved so well—freely have endured poverty and privation; but to see you labor for our very bread, O, my Edward, it is hard, very hard." And the loving wife, without a murmur had parted with the luxuries and comforts long use had made necessaries, wept at the thought of her husband's trials.

"Mary, you know that for years I have indulged my love of painting as an amusement, and have been called no mean artist. What better plan can I adopt, than now to make it a source of profit?"

It was with sincere sorrow that Mrs. Leicester gave her consent to this proposal; but feeling at last that without something of the kind her children must perish from want, she smothered her grief, and her smile and kind caress cheered the heart of the weary artist when, in long after days, he was sinking under the united effects of incessant toil and repeated disappointment.

Colonel Leicester felt that his revenge was complete, when those whom he had employed to watch the proceedings of the ruined family, informed him that not only was his cousin laboring for an existence, but his wife also had felt herself called on to lend her assistance, and was even then toiling day and night to meet their increasing expenses.

"Ha, revenge is sweet! Truly, this is an hour worth living for," was his exulting exclamation on hearing of their poverty.

His son made no remark; he had long felt how useless was remonstrance. But the sum destined to the purchase of a splendid addition to his "sportsmanlike possessions" found its way to the humble home of his relatives, where it proved a seasonable and most welcome gift.

"Can Charles have relented, and taken pity on his victims?" was Edward's exclamation on beholding the bank notes.

"It is not from him. Too well do I know his implacable nature to imagine this most welcome present is his." Mrs. Leicester found it very hard to forgive the man who with abundant wealth had turned them all penniless into the world.

"Never mind, mama, who sent it," exclaimed little Marian, the pet of the household; "I will pray for blessings on our kind friend for sending us money to buy sister Alice medicine, and brother Charley books."

The mother looked at her sick child—her delicate, beautiful Alice—on whose sensitive nature her parents' distresses had produced a most alarming effect, and a fervent benediction was bestowed on the unknown for the much-needed assistance. Three months after, when Colonel Leicester heard that his cousin's eldest daughter was no more, he renewed his rejoicings with almost fiendish delight.

"You little thought when you rejected me with scorn, Mary Wyndham, that the day should come when I would mock at your sorrow and rejoice at your bereavement; nor did your proud husband dream that his defeated rival would one day crush him to the dust, and exult over his fallen pride."

But Colonel Leicester was far from being at ease, even when triumphing at the success of his schemes. Knowing the generous nature of his son, he was in daily dread of hearing him avow a determination to visit his relatives, even in defiance of the curse he had threatened to pronounce on him in case of such disobedience. But young Leicester had been too early impressed with the reverence due to his parent, to hazard so fearful a consequence. The dead mother's teachings were strong in his heart, and he felt compelled to content himself with occasionally sending his cousins such sums of money as he could venture on without exciting his father's suspicions. It was therefore with sincere pleasure that the colonel gave him permission to travel for a few years in company with a most estimable gentleman about to leave his native land in search of health.

We must now pass over a space of six years, during which the relative positions of the two families were but little changed. Edward Leicester's circumstances had slightly improved, but he still found it necessary to labor at his pencil for a maintenance. His son Charles, now nearly eighteen, was in a situation of but little profit, but which bid fair to reward him some day.

The colonel had grown very old in those few years. He had discovered that revenge was not quite as sweet as he had at first imagined. Unpleasant thoughts *would* arise at times, and something very near akin to remorse, whenever he thought on the child he could not but feel his cruelty had murdered. Again it was annoying to reflect that he had made himself an object of hatred to his people; that one and all detested him, and drew unpleasant comparisons between him and their former landlord. His son, too, gave him many a heart-pang; for well he knew that, disguise it as he might, the noble young man in his inmost soul looked with horror on his father's guilty revenge. Altogether, it was not wonderful that Colonel Leicester looked old, that his hair had grown gray, and the care lines had come thickly on his countenance.

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Our next scene opens on the banks of one of those beautiful "Lochs," the pride of Scotland and the delight of poets. A blue sky and bright sunshine were not wanting; nor fine old trees, nor distant hills and rocks—all that artists love to paint and poets to sing of. But the loveliest object in our picture was a fair young girl, who, gazing thoughtfully on the blue waters, looked the very personification of graceful beauty. She stood on a mossy bank, one hand clasping the low, drooping branch of an overhanging tree, the other carelessly holding a gipsey hat, the long blue ribbon of which trailed at her feet. Her white dress was perfectly plain, and there was something in her whole attire that showed her one who wore no ornaments; while her exceeding beauty at once told the beholder that there was little need of them.

Long she stood in silent thought, all unconscious that one was gazing on her in rapt astonishment, with quickly throbbing heart and strange emotions. But he advances a step, and the spell is broken. With a start the maiden raises her head and beholds the intruder. The next instant she makes a backward movement—her balance is lost; for a second she seems falling into the deep waters—another, and the stranger's arm is round her; he clasps her to his breast, and she feels that she is saved from a fearful death.

After such an introduction, was it likely that they should be other than friends? They met again and again in those shady walks on the banks of the beautiful Loch, and Marian Leicester (for the maiden was none other than she we last saw as a child) gave her heart into the keeping of the handsome stranger. And stranger he truly was, for not even did she know the name of him who had established so great an influence over her future life.

She loved him passionately, devotedly, with all the strength of an innocent, unworldly heart; and he returned her affection with a love no less sincere and pure. Yet never for an instant did the young girl forget the duty she owed her parents. No promise would she make him, and he reverenced her for her filial respect.

"Fain would I call you mine, Marian," he said, when the time came that the maiden must return to her English home. "Happy should I be to call you my own betrothed, but I dare not ask you to do aught displeasing to your parents. All I may say is, do not forget me. We shall meet again, when I may openly avow my name, and with the sanction of your friends, claim your promise. Until then, darling, keep me in your heart, and never, never doubt my truth. I shall come to you some time. It may be very shortly—it may not be for years; but I shall come—never doubt that."

And Marian promised all he asked, and then the farewell words

were spoken. For one instant she was clasped to his heart, his first kiss was pressed on her brow, and they had parted.

The night after her arrival at home, Marian Leicester told her parents all. Very slightly did she allude to her feelings on the subject, but readily the mother's heart divined all her child might have expressed.

"God shield my darling from the misery of a blighted, disappointed existence!" was the mother's prayer.

"Let us trust in Providence, my wife. That our child loves an honorable man, his conduct proves. I am deeply grieved at the course of events, but they might have been worse. Our Marian has returned to us with recovered health and strength; let us not repine that a new love has brought light to her eyes, and joy to her young heart."

The father's words seemed prophetic. Marian Leicester—the quiet, reserved Marian—was wonderfully changed. Her merry songs were ever sounding through the house, a sweet, contented smile was ever on her countenance, and her words, always kind and pleasant, now took a tenderer tone.

It was summer when she parted from her lover. For six months the remembrance of those happy days was as a pleasant dream; but Christmas came, and with it a token that another also remembered. Mr. Leicester looked sad as he perused the few lines addressed to himself; but he placed on his child's hand the costly gem her unknown lover had besought him to allow her to accept, and though pained at the continued mystery, there was nothing he could reasonably feel displeased with in the letter itself. On the contrary, it breathed sentiments the most honorable to the stranger.

On Marian the letter and its accompanying present produced very little effect, and her father felt some surprise at her indifference.

"Are you aware of the value of that ring, my child!" he said, one day, looking at the sparkling gem on her finger. "Do you know that none but a very wealthy man could make you a present of so valuable a diamond?"

"I always knew he was wealthy, dear father, but that makes no difference. I should have been as happy had his letter come alone. I needed nothing to remind me of my promise."

The winter passed, and when the spring came, Charles Leicester received an offer from his employer to go out to China and transact business for him—an offer so good that the young man felt unable to refuse. It was a sad parting for the whole family; but none dared make objections to what was so obviously for the benefit of the beloved son and brother. After his departure, Edward Leicester's health declined visibly. He lost the energy that had hitherto characterized his endeavors to maintain his family, and again they were made to suffer all the evils of poverty.

Early in the spring they heard that Colonel Leicester and his son had returned to India, the health of the former having suffered severely from his short sojourn in his native land. The estate was given in charge of an agent. The friend, whose secret aid had so materially assisted the stricken family, appeared to have forgotten them. Marian's unknown lover preserved the strictest silence, and the summer passed sadly to the parents and child, in the gloomy old house they had made their home.

Before the autumn came, serious fears were entertained about the safety of the ship in which Charles had gone passenger. This was the crowning of their misery. Even Marian's brave heart yielded to this great sorrow; and but for one hope, she would probably have given way to despair. As it was, in her deepest grief there came the remembrance of her promise, and she fought bravely with her fears, lest health and beauty should leave her. She knew that in his eyes she had been exceeding fair—must he return to find her a miserable invalid? No, she would hope on; something whispered to her heart that her brother would yet return, and they should be happy.

The old proverb says, when affairs get to the worst, they generally "take a turn for the better;" and it proved so in Edward Leicester's case. Their money all gone, himself confined to a sick bed, his wife vainly striving to earn enough to support them, and Marian worn out with anxiety and toil, nothing could be more gloomy than their prospects, when a letter arrived from Charles—a letter doubly welcome, as the token of his safety and the bearer of welcome assistance.

The same post brought another surprise in the announcement of Colonel Leicester's death, and a letter from his own hand, written on his death-bed. In it he bequeathed his English property to Marian, on condition that she became the wife of his son. Of her he spoke affectionately—her parents he had evidently not forgiven.

This letter was a cruel blow to the gentle hearted girl, and was the cause of more suffering than all her previous troubles combined. She felt that one word of hers would place her parents in affluence forever—removing them effectually from the fear of poverty or want. But could she speak it? Could she forever crush out of her heart all those sweet hopes that through so many trials had sustained her drooping spirits? Could she consent to marry her unknown cousin, of whom she absolutely knew nothing, and forever banish the remembrance of *him* who alone could possess her heart? And must she see those dear parents, in sickness and suffering, pining for the comforts in her power to bestow? The thought was distraction.

But Edward Leicester and his wife loved their child too well to see her sacrifice herself for their benefit. The character of their young cousin was totally unknown to them, and the father had done little to prepossess them in favor of the child. Marian was forbidden to agitate herself with any more questions on the subject.

"Our happiness would be dearly bought by the sacrifice of yours, my darling," whispered the mother, as she pressed her child to her bosom and kissed away the tears from her pale cheeks.

Filled with gratitude for their unselfish kindness, the poor girl parted with the precious token she had received from her unknown lover, and with the proceeds obtained for her invalid father numerous little luxuries rendered absolutely necessary by long custom.

"Marian!" She was seated in the dingy little room they called their parlor; tears were on her cheek, and painful thoughts were evidently occupying her mind; but the sound of that voice has driven them away, the tears that are now falling are tears of joy, for once more Marian is clasped to her lover's heart.

"My own, have you doubted? despaired of my coming? forgotten your promise?"

"Never, never. But O, the trouble, the poverty."

"Hush, my Marian, it is all at an end. No more care, no more sorrow, nought but joy and love for my beautiful bride."

With mingled feelings the father gave his consent to his daughter's betrothal. He felt that the stranger exerted a great influence over himself, that he felt peculiarly pleased and interested in him; yet the mystery of his name was still unsolved, and that excited suspicion.

"In two days you shall know all; at present I am too anxious to remove you from this wretched place, to spare time for the long explanations that will be necessary. Surely you cannot doubt me."

Edward Leicester gazed searchingly into those truthful, earnest eyes, and felt that his fears were groundless.

It was the afternoon of the second day. For many long hours the party had travelled without rest, and Mr. Leicester and his wife were leaning wearily back in the luxurious carriage so carefully provided for the comfort of the invalid. The bright autumn sun shone in the windows, the roads were dusty, the air was oppressive; Marian removed her bonnet. The sight of her ungloved hand appeared to suggest a thought to her companion.

"I have never seen you wear your ring, Marian. Did it not meet your approval? or is your dislike of ornaments so great?"

He was watching her attentively, and she blushed deeply at the confession she was about to make.

"I kept it through long months of poverty and distress, and once I thought that nothing would tempt me to part with it. But a few weeks since my father saved me from a fate worse than death, and in gratitude I felt compelled to give it up, painful as the sacrifice was."

"And so it would have been 'a fate worse than death,' to have married your rich cousin, would it, Marian? That little speech is more precious to me than a thousand assurances of your love. But here we are at our journey's end." And before Marian could recover from her astonishment to inquire how he had learned her well-kept secret, the carriage turned into a magnificent avenue of trees, dashed past the gate-keeper's lodge, and in a few seconds drew up at the entrance of an elegant and strangely familiar mansion.

Springing to the ground, the young man assisted his companions to alight, and then led them confused and puzzled into the house, where bowing attendants ushered them into the well remembered rooms. Edward Leicester and his family were in their old home, and to their companion they now looked for a solution of the mystery.

"This is Marian's home, and I am Bernard Leicester," was his answer to the inquiring looks and words. "My father's command, not my own will, kept up the deception. He wished to put my betrothed wife to a severe proof, and truly she has passed nobly through it; and in my new character I must strive to obliterate any lingering prejudices she may entertain against a marriage with her 'rich cousin.'"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

Let me strongly forewarn you against one frequent error. Young physicians often dream that by extending the circle of their acquaintances, they must afford themselves the best chance of extending the circle of their private patients. In following out this chimerical view, much invaluable time is frequently lost; and, what is worse, habits of pleasure and indolence are often with fatal effect, substituted for those habits of study and exertion that are above all price. No man will in any case of doubt or danger intrust to your professional care the guardianship of his own life, or of the life of those who are near and dear to his heart, merely because you happen to be on terms of intimacy with him. The self-interest of human nature forbids it. To have professional faith and confidence in you, he must respect you in your calling as a physician, and not merely in your character as a social friend and companion. The qualities for which he might esteem you in the latter capacity are often the very reverse of those which would induce him to confide in you in the former. The accomplishments which may render you acceptable in the drawing-room are not always those which would make your visits longed for and valued in the chamber of sickness and sorrow. I repeat, therefore, that if you dream of making patients by making friends, you will utterly delude yourself, and damage your own prospects. By your undivided devotion to your profession, labor to create for yourself a sound and just medical reputation, and that will create for you patients.—*Simpson's Physicians and Physic.*

WHAT THE HEART IS.

The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life, that sway and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round about us with *heart* seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and each window is clustered with associations. —*Christian Freeman.*

WOMAN.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.—*Shakspeare.*

LAPLAND LOVE-MAKING.

When a young gentleman in Lapland desires to assume new responsibilities, he lays in a large stock of brandy, and his parents, relatives and friends meet in council to devise ways as possible, to treat the friends of the bride desired. Neither bride nor bridegroom is expected to betray anxiety or interest in the proceedings; the Arctic Mrs. Grundy, who is very strict in such matters, would be very much scandalized if they should. Besides the great mass of relatives and friends, of aunts and fourth-cousins, who must attend, there is a still greater number of outsiders, who are attracted by their curiosity to see whether anybody gets the bottom. The intensity of their curiosity is to some extent determined by the amount of brandy circulating. On the side of the gallant, there is a spokesman called *Suppoaitor*. Bravely flask in hand, he goes over to the other party, and offers liquid hospitality to the father and mother of the young lady. This is a signal for indiscriminate attack of a similar nature by the entire invading party upon the lady's friends. Everybody drinks to her father, everybody drinks to her mother, and she herself is borne in grateful memory. When all are sufficiently elated, the proposal is embodied in a long speech, vibrating between poetry and prose. Her parents ask to see the *kiloh*, the wooing presents. If they are accepted, the matter is settled, and there is nothing more but to go the next day to the parson, to get them published.

Most matches are made at the fairs and great festivals, but they are never made without brandy. Indeed, "courting with brandy" is a proverb among Laplanders equivalent to the French *comme il faut*. When the lady is rich, and the suitor is not, he very often throws his brandy away. The influence of riches in matrimonial matters is nowhere felt more strongly than here; dress counts for nothing; one sheepskin is as good as another. Rank is determined only by the number of reindeer a man owns. Practically, marriage is a mere matter of bargain and sale. Still, the Laplanders recognize the sacredness of the relation in their way. The silver which they pay for their bride must not be in the shape of rix dollars—it must be made up into ornaments. This is better than nothing. If a marriage is broken off, the party who takes a divorce generally returns the bridal presents, and the more conscientious add a gift for the wasted brandy. So, too, when the parents say "no," many are so generous as to pay for the brandy. As all the relatives have a word to say, there is generally a good deal of quarrelling before the answer is agreed upon, and some management is required, oftentimes, to make it favorable.—*European Sketches.*

LIGHTING THE DESERT FIRE.

A strange Bedawy, with an idiotic cast of features, now came from the neighboring tent, carrying in his hand an instrument like a broken pickaxe. Passing through the circle of spectators, he advanced towards where we sat, and, when within a yard of us, raised his weapon and sunk it deep into the soil at our very knees. The whole thing was done with such deliberation and quickness that we both started back as if the blow had been aimed at our head. The Arabs laughed heartily at our fright, but the operator took not the slightest notice, and labored away as if frantic, till he had excavated a considerable hole. Another Arab now came up and threw in a few of the dry prickly shrubs that grow so plentifully in the desert; and then applying match and tinder soon had them in a blaze. A third threw in a cloakful of dry camel's dung over the burning mass. The skirt of his under garment supplied the place of bellows and fanned the heap into a brisk leaping flame. Thus they kindled the desert fire, and the half-naked Arabs gathered round it, spreading out their thin, bony hands to catch the genial warmth, and then rubbing them with evident satisfaction. Ever and anon, one of the circle would add fresh fuel, while others started up the smouldering embers with their hooked sticks or massive clubs. The night wind, too, sweeping round the tent, made the flame leap and play like a thing of life, and sometimes sent showers of sparks and hot ashes into the beards of the little circle, occasioning a momentary confusion, followed by a hearty laugh.—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

EPICUREAN FANCIES OF SERPENTS.

We have before referred to the extraordinary length of time a python has been known to fast without injury. Their fancies as well as their fastings are rather eccentric. Every one has heard of the snake who swallowed his blanket, a meal which ultimately killed him. A python who had lived for years in a friendly manner with a brother nearly as large as himself, was found one morning solus. As the cage was secure, the keepers were puzzled to know how the serpent had escaped; at last it was observed that the remaining inmate was swollen remarkably during the night, when the horrid fact became plain enough: the fratricide had succeeded in swallowing the entire person of his brother; it was his last meal, however, for in some months he died. A friend informs us that he once saw in these gardens a rat-snake, of Ceylon, devour a common coluber natrix. The rat-snake, however, had not taken the measure of his victim, as by no effort could he dispose of the last four inches of his tail, which stuck out rather jauntily from the side of his mouth, with very much the look of a cigar. After a quarter of an hour, the tail began to exhibit a retrograde motion, and the swallowed snake was disgorged, nothing the worse for his living sepulchre, with the exception of the wound made by his partner when he first seized him. The ant-eater, who lately inhabited the room leading out of the python apartment, has died of a want of ants.—*London Quarterly.*

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.

Among the wonders which are related of the "Great Western," that leviathan of steamers, which Mr. Brunel is now building in the Thames, the latest advices state on good authority, that several acres of grass land, in a high state of cultivation, will be put on board, and as many cows and sheep as will supply all the passengers with milk, cream, fresh butter and butcher's meat during the voyage out and home. It is also said that the proper machinery will be put on board for *boring for coal*, which, it is confidently predicted, will be found, and thus the vessel will be prepared for any length of voyage, even to the antipodes, without fear of being short of fuel!—*Saturday Courier.*

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

How is it that some men thought to be so old, still look so young, while others thought young must still look old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant, once, on being asked the reason, said: "I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive." But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth, "a kind, unenvious heart." Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.—*Concord Freeman.*



BERNARDO DEL CARPIO SUING TO THE KING.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

We present on this page a number of fine designs, executed expressly for us by Mr. Warren, illustrating the most striking points in this most popular of Mrs. Hemans's lyrical poems. The story, which the poetess has made immortal, is thrilling and touching. Bernardo del Carpio, a renowned Spanish chieftain, had made frantic efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count of Saldana, who had been kept in prison by Alfonso, king of Asturias, almost from the hour of Bernardo's birth. Bernardo made war upon the crown with such success, that the leading nobles urged upon the king to compromise the matter. Alfonso agreed to restore the count to his son on condition of the latter surrendering the fortresses and prisoners he had taken—and the champion faithfully fulfilled his part of the contract. He rode forth to meet his father—the ballad informs us of the result. The early chronicles and romances leave us entirely in the dark with regard to the ultimate fate of Bernardo. Mr. Warren has sketched five designs—the first, representing Bernardo appealing to the king to release his father; the second, showing him on his way to meet the count; the third, the unhappy discovery of the truth; the fourth, the champion bringing the king and his victim face to face; and the last, the tomb of Count Saldana. The drawings are full of spirit, and the engravings beautifully executed.

The warrior bowed his crested head
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free
His long-imprisoned sire.
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord
O, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
A ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they passed,
There came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode,
As a leader in the land.
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there
In very truth is he—
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearned so long to see."



BERNARDO REPROACHING THE KING.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,
His cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side,
And there dismounting bent.
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took—
What was there in his touch that all
His fiery spirit shook?

The hand was cold—a frozen thing—
It dropped from his like lead;
He looked up to the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—
The brow was fixed and white;
He met at last his father's eyes,
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung and gazed;
But who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw
Its terror and amaze.
They might have chained him as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low,
And wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men!
He thought of all his glorious hopes,
And all his young renown—
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands
His darkly mournful brow,
"No more—there is no more," he said,
"To lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betrayed,
My father—O, the worth,
The glory and the loveliness
Are passed away from earth!



BERNARDO KNEELING AT THE FEET OF THE CORSE.

"I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire! beside thee yet,
I would that *there* our kindred blood
On Spain's free soil had met;
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,
For thee my fields were won—
And thou hast perished in thy chains,
As though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more,
He seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks
Of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp,
The rearing war horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—
The king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge,
My father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king,
And tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—
Give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
Send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—
Be still, keep down thine ire—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak:
This earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed;
Thou canst not—and a king? His dust
Be mountains on thy head!"

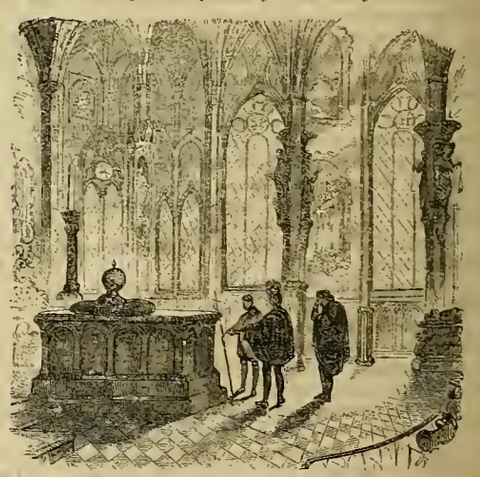
He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell;
Upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,
Then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain—
His banner led the spears no more
Amidst the hills of Spain.



BERNARDO RIDING TO MEET HIS FATHER.

RUSSIAN CROWN DIAMONDS.

The crown treasury of the czars at Moscow contains many precious stones. The two most considerable are diamonds, one the size of a pigeon's egg rose-cut. The Russians have given it the name of Orloff. The other has the form of an irregular prism, and is of the size and almost the length of a little finger; it bears the name of the Shah, and formerly belonged to the Sophis, and was one of the two enormous diamonds which ornamented the throne of Nadir Shah, which were designated by the Persians by the names of "Sun of the Sea," and "Moon of the Mountains." When Nadir was assassinated, his treasures were pillaged, and his precious stones divided among a few soldiers, who carefully concealed them. An Armenian named Shafras resided at that period at Bassora with his two brothers. One day an Affghan came to him, and offered for sale the large diamond, the "Moon of the Mountains," as well as an emerald, a ruby of fabulous size, a sapphire of the finest water, called by the Persians the "Eye of Allah," and a number of other stones, for the whole of which he asked such a moderate sum that Shafras suspected that they had not been honestly come by, and told him to call again, as he had not the money in the house. The Affghan, fearing Shafras was going to act with treachery towards him, left the place and could not again be found, although the three brothers made every search for him. Some years afterwards the elder brother met the man at Bagdad, who told him that he had just sold all his precious stones for 65,000 piastres and a pair of valuable horses. Shafras had the residence of the purchaser, who was a Jew, pointed out to him, and he went to him and offered him double the price he had given for them, but was refused. The three brothers then agreed to murder the Jew and rob him of his purchase, which they did, and on the following day poisoned the Affghan, and threw both the bodies into the river. A dispute soon after arose between the brothers as to the division of the spoil, which terminated in Shafras getting rid of his two brothers by poison, after which he fled to Constantinople, and thence to Holland, where he made known the riches he possessed, and offered them for sale to the different courts of Europe. Catherine II. proposed to buy the "Moon of the Mountains" only. Shafras was requested to come to Russia, and he was introduced to the court jeweller. The terms demanded by Shafras were—letters of nobility, a life annuity of 10,000 roubles, and 500,000 roubles, payable by equal instalments in ten years. Count Pannin, who was then minister, delayed the settlement of the bargain as long as possible, and in the meantime had the Armenian led into such extravagance that he fell into debt, and when the minister found that he had no means of paying what he owed, he abruptly broke off the negotiation. Shafras, according to the laws of the country, could not leave until his debts should be paid, and the court jeweller prepared to take advantage of his embarrassments, and intended that the diamond should fall into his hands for a fourth of its value. Shafras, however, discovered the trap, and, disposing of some of the less valuable stones, paid his debts and disappeared. Agents were sent after him, but he escaped them. Ten years after, while at Astrachan, renewed offers were made to him, but he refused unless the bargain should be settled at Smyrna. Catherine accepted, and became the possessor of the diamond for letters of nobility, 600,000 roubles, and 170,000 paper roubles. Shafras, not being able to return to his country, where he would have had to give an account of two homicides and two fratricides, fixed himself at Astrachan, where he married a countrywoman, and had seven daughters. One of his sons in-law poisoned him to get his share of his property. The fortune he had acquired (from ten to twelve millions) was divided, and soon spent by his successors, and several of his grandchildren are now living at Astrachan in abject misery.—*Galignani's Messenger.*



TOMB OF COUNT SALDANA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

For the three months now drawing to a close, our name of Fall is much more poetical than the English autumn. It is a season that impresses the dullest organization. "Falling, falling"—such is the refrain alike of the whispering breeze that sighs through the grove, and the rude storm that rattles and clashes the mailed branches of the old oak wood. "Falling—falling," murmurs the rivulet, as the crisp leaves drop upon its surface and are whirled away to the distant river, to be lost in its depths ere they reach the tumultuous ocean. "Falling—falling," sound the syllables as our footstep in the forest rustles the dry leafage that strews the path. Lo! from the slender and quivering branches of the birch-tree, the yellow shower descends like the golden rain that filled the lap of Danae. The red flakes descend from the huge oak like drops of blood from a warring giant. The blood red banner of the maples is rent to rags and scattered to the breeze—the emerald verdure of the meadow gives place to a sere brown, as the illusory mirage of the desert yields to the barren sand of the Saharn. The glories of October but herald this fatal fall.

Thus transitory are the pageants, the gauds and glories of this earth. As the monarch of the forest, lately robed in purple and gold, now stands a naked skeleton, so must the magnates of the earth, clothed in "purple and fine linen," be stripped, one by one, of their imperial vestments, and be finally laid in the narrow sepulchre, as gaunt, as lifeless, as unadorned as these lone tree-frames on the hillside. If we pursued the parallel no further—and looked only to the present, gloomy enough would be this darkling period of the fall. But we know that summer will once more renew the glorious garniture of the grand old forests, and we know too that the lost of earth will again be clothed with a brighter raiment in the realms of immortality. So with not too mournful eyes let us contemplate the funeral pageant of the fall of the leaf.

A Favorite.—We find no exchange on our list which affords the home circle so much pleasure as that favorite and long established paper, *The Flag of our Union*. Its columns are chaste, beautifully printed, full of excellent reading matter, conveying a good moral always, and in a most attractive form. We unhesitatingly say to any one who wishes to introduce *a ray of sunshine* to the fireside, subscribe for this best of the Boston weekly miscellaneous papers. It is edited by Mr. Ballou, who has had long experience on the press, and who exhibits good taste and ripe scholarship in every issue of his widely circulated and excellent paper.—*Star in the West.*

The Flag of our Union.—We have been enlisting the services of some new and popular writers for the Flag besides making other improvements in its columns. The Flag is still the favorite miscellaneous weekly of this country—beautiful in form, elegantly printed, and filled with delightful and *original* reading matter.

Handling the Paper.—On receiving our paper, the reader should place a pin neatly in the back, cut the leaves *carefully*, and then it can be read most conveniently, and "like a book."

SPLINTERS.

.... It is not our earnings but our savings that make us rich—as what we digest makes us fat.

.... Since the first of January last no fewer than 10,000 patents have been issued in the United States.

.... Long metre tunes have been abandoned in the California churches as too slow for the country.

.... In a London shop they give "credit to gentlemen, but require cash from members of parliament."

.... The interior of the chapel at Mt. Auburn is very beautiful and well worth a visit.

.... The king of Prussia lately told the emperor of Austria that Humboldt was the greatest man since the flood.

.... At Mandana, in Wallachia, there is a village inhabited by women alone, mostly disappointed ones.

.... A hair-dealer in this city advertises false mustachios warranted to deceive the most expert eye.

.... Mr. George Peabody, it appears, contributed $10,000 to Dr. Kane's arctic expedition.

.... Shakspeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon, has been purchased by a committee who will restore and preserve it.

.... The New York Society Library, founded in 1754, coevally with Columbia College, has about 40,000 volumes.

.... The bark Dragon, of Salem, from that port to the Fejee Islands, averaged 197 1-3 miles for 85 days.

.... A curious genius in Paris has lately invented a mechanism by which he can walk on the water.

.... Nearly every brewery in Cincinnati is *enlarging* its dimensions so as to make lager bier.

.... The great comet of 1264 and 1555 is expected to make us a *flying* visit. No danger from sparks.

.... The old English penny was indented so as to be broken in four pieces—hence far things—four things.

.... Interior works of watches are now made in Massachusetts equal to the European ones.

.... Christian Dellinger, who lately died in Virginia, at 92, was present at the surrender of Cornwallis.

.... A man in Indiana lately died from the effects of eating a large quantity of poisonous oysters.

.... They have been exhibiting a Shanghai egg at Wilmington, N. C., weighing five ounces.

.... The Kellee troupe, with their beautiful statuesque and pictorial groupings, have been successful in Washington.

.... The quickest mile ever trotted in the United States was Flora Temple's, 2.24 1-2.

EASTERN POESY.

To the East, the cradle of our race, we constantly and almost involuntarily turn our eyes, "as the adoring Parsee seeks the sun" The earliest writings with which our intelligence is made familiar, the sacred Scriptures, are strongly colored with the hues of the Orient. Beside our Robinson Crusoe we place the Arabian Nights; the adventures of Sinbad the sailor are as familiar to us in boyhood as those of the English mariner. The East is with us the realm of the imagination, as the West is the arena of stirring practical life. All in that far world is seen through a golden haze—its burning sands, its green oases, its "tinkling caravans," its leagues of pilgrims wending Mecca-wards, its gigantic elephants, its fierce beasts of prey, its splendid palaces, mosques, fountains and bazaars, its caravansaries and story tellers, its gorgeous despotisms, and its mysterious religious rites. It is

> "——the land where the olive and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melt into sorrow, now maddien to crime."

It *seems* the land of poetry—and it *is* the land where poetry has most flourished, pervading every walk of life, and furnishing the medium of instruction, of worship, and of pleasure. How gorgeous and inexhaustible are its poetical treasures, may be learned from a charming little book by Rev. Wm. Alger, entitled "Poetry of the East," and giving, together with numerous specimens of Hindu, Persian, Arabic and Sufi poetry—"orient pearls at random strung"—a splendid dissertation on the fertile theme of Oriental muse. It will awaken in many minds a desire to explore the gorgeous realm of fancy more fully.

As we read the poetry of the East, we experience the emotions and visions which Mr. Alger says are awakened by Moore's "Lallah Rookh," which he praises, as thoroughly imbued with the Oriental ottar. "The lines dissolve in voluptuous language of music; Oriental superstitions impregnate the thoughts: and as we read, or listen, visions of snowy Peris, red wine-fountains in gushing spouts, porphyry palaces, golden domes, and birds of Paradise float before us, and a breeze laden with perfumes from the 'gardens of Gul in their bloom,' is wafted to our nostrils."

We learn, moreover, that the Orientals have cultivated every style of poetry

> —"have run
> Through each mode of the lyre and are masters of all,"

narrative, didactic, ethical, erotic, bacchanalian, religious, epigrammatical. We have interminable epics and satirical couplets; poems of hundreds of lines and sparkling quartrains, wittier than ever Martial or Voltaire penned. Mr. Alger has opened a little way the gates of this paradise, and allowed us a glimpse of the glories streaming forth.

THE SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

A little episode of Florence Nightingale's career in the Crimea is quite too touching to be passed by unnoticed. It appears that in one of the battles of the campaign, a Highland soldier had his right arm so severely wounded that, when taken to the hospital, the surgeons at once declared that it was impossible to save the limb, and that amputation must be immediately performed. Miss Nightingale thought otherwise, however, and caused the operation to be delayed. In the meantime, by careful nursing, she cured the wounds and saved the arm. The poor sufferer's heart overflowed with gratitude to his benefactress, which he expressed in words as well as he was able; but his silent gratitude was more eloquent. He told a comrade that whenever Miss Nightingale passed him, *he kissed her shadow on the pillow*. That soldier had as true a heart as ever beat beneath the stars and orders of a field marshal.

Crayon Drawing.—Mr. Charles Barry, whose pencil has so often been employed in illustrating our columns, has recently executed several crayon portraits, remarkable not only as correct likenesses, but as works of art, for their spirit, vigor and style. Mr. Barry is a thoroughly educated artist, and excels in more than one branch of his profession. Should he make crayon drawings a speciality, he need fear no competitor. Mr. Barry has rooms at No. 8 in this building.

French's American Drama.—Among the recent issues of this fine series of acting plays, published by Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are "Speed the Plough," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and the "Red Musk." These plays are all finely printed, have the stage directions, scene plots, costume and every requisite. They enjoy a prodigious circulation.

Our new Establishment.—We feel a little proud of the completeness and finish of our new publishing hall, No. 22 Winter Street. Our friends and readers visiting Boston, must not fail to look in on us and see the *modus operandi* by which we produce 103,000! Pictorials weekly for circulation throughout this extended country.

Back Numbers.—We can supply any and all back numbers of the "Pictorial" from its very commencement at a charge of six cents each.

English Traits.—Emerson's "English Traits" are quite popular in England. Its general tenor is complimentary to our friends over the water.

Secret Sorrows.—"Every heart," says Longfellow, "has its secret sorrows; and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad."

The Russian Emperor.—Punch says that the coronation at Moscow was the "*crowning* success of the war."

FORREST IN FIVE CHARACTERS.

On the last page of the present number we have placed a fine engraving after an original design by Champney, made expressly for us, representing our great American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, in five of the characters performed by him at the Boston Theatre. The whole group of dramatic figures is surmounted by the mask of history, on the left of whom is seen the Parthenon of Athens, and to the right a portion of the Roman Colosseum. On the lower part of the design are a Roman helmet, shield and sword. The central figure depicts Forrest as Macbeth, in Shakspeare's tragedy of that name, one of the grandest compositions of the tragic muse. To the right he appears as Spartacus in the late Dr. Bird's tragedy of the "Gladiator," and as "Metamora" in Stone's piece of that name. To the left he figures again as Jack Cade, in Judge Conrad's play of "Aylmere," and Virginius, in Sheridan Knowles's fine tragedy of that name.

Forrest is now confessedly the greatest living tragedian who speaks the English tongue, and we question whether any continental actor approaches him in excellence. His rise in the profession, from the start, was rapid; but, unbalanced by his early fame, he has never for a moment remitted his studies, and now stands before us the consummate artist. It was the fashion, at one time, with a certain set to decry him and deny his genius. Because he was gifted with a fine voice and magnificent *physique*, this clique chose to pronounce him a purely physical actor, able enough to personate Damon or Rolla, but incapable of embodying the subtile creations of Shakspeare and his contemporary dramatists. There was a time, too, when we thought these charges had affected the artist himself, and when, in deference to their unjust censures, he was somewhat inclined to subdue his style to tameness. But he has outlived this cant of criticism, and established for himself certain sound principles of art to which he now rigidly adheres. His popularity and his powers have suffered no diminution. If he has ever played to a poor house we are not aware of the fact. On the contrary, he is, in the language of managers, a "sure card." Whether his stay in a city be long or short, he is sure to draw full houses to the very latest night of his engagement. In the whole history of the stage there is no such example of continuous success. Mr. Forrest has amassed a princely fortune by the profession in which he has labored for more than a quarter of a century.

Anecdote of Franklin.—When Franklin was ambassador to the English court, a lady who was about being presented to the king, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, and asked who he was. On being told that he was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the American ambassador, she exclaimed, "The North American ambassador so shabbily dressed!" "Hush, madam, for Heaven's sake," whispered a friend, "he is the man that bottles up thunder and lightning."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Charles G. Dollifer to Miss Frances E. Stevens; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Joseph Burnet to Miss Margaret Harkins; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Thomas S. Hoyt to Miss Arazine P. Lovejoy; by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, Mr. John Lupemva to Mrs. Catharine Vaughan, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Moses W. Dillingham to Miss Julia A. Rose; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Justin Hinds to Miss Mary S. Thayer.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Frank Honnewell to Miss Mary Simmons.—At Charlestown, by Rev Mr. Tappan, Mr. Charles H Deane to Miss Sarah J. Stockman.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr Alfred Stover to Miss Jane Walker, of Birmingham, Eng.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. T. A. Rollins, of Boston, to Miss Ellen Augusta Lord.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Charles A. Thacher to Miss Clara Augusta Austin.—At Quincy, by Rev. Dr. Lunt, Mr. Andrew Buffum, of Lynn, to Miss Sarah E. Congdon.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Nathaniel Jones to Miss Sarah Hawkes.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Henry P. Chamberlain, of Boston, to Miss Eliza Ann Chamberlain.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Nathaniel G. Stover to Miss Mary A. Sinclair.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Sylvanus F. Morton, 69; Mrs. Eliza L. Greco, 64; Mrs. Dolly Bacon, 83; Widow Eliza T. Warren, 58; Mrs. Dora A. Batchelder, 25.—At Charlestown, Miss Lucy J. Tinkham, 19.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Ann Maria Goodridge, 33.—At Quincy, Mrs. Mary Ariolne Kimball, 24; Mr. John Hall, 54; Mr. James Ridrout, 82.—At Waltham, Mrs. Adaline P. Champney, 45.—At Watertown, Mr. Thaddeus Cole, 84.—At Weymouth, Widow Lucy Tarbell, 82.—At Weston, Miss Sarah Woodward, 60.—At Salem, Michael Shepard, Esq., 76.—At Newburyport, Mr. Rufus Greenleaf, 57.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Joshua Morse, 62.—At Oxford, S. Edward Davis, Esq., formerly of Augusta, Ga., 37.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Plummer, 34.—At East Fairhaven, Mrs. Sally, wife of Mr. Cornelius Bly, 76.—At South Lancaster, Mr. Elisha Turner, 54.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Rachel Wordell, 31.—At Shrewsbury, Mr. William G. Holt, 26.—At Ashburnham, Capt. Francis Lane, 69.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Luther Banister, 37; Mr. Henry A. Robbins, 37.—At Keene, N. H., Hon. John Wood, 78.—At New York, Capt. Charles R. Day, 33.—At Franklin, Mrs. Alnira, wife of Rev. Dr. T. S. Clarke, 54.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALLING DOWN.

BY ALVIN HOSMER.

The melancholy days have come,
The leaves are falling down,
And Nature's face, of late so gay,
Is darkened by a frown;
The meads, the rills, the vales and hills,
Have put their sackcloth on,
And there in deepest grief they mourn,
All desolate and lone.

So Summer died in peace serene,
Then Autumn came to reign,
And though she smiled to fields and woods,
They smiled not back again;
Then frosts with sacrilegious hand
Laid all their beauties low;
And now to view the once fair land,
With thoughtful steps I go.

Ye vales, ye hills, how sad your look,
How sudden your decay!
And thou, my gentle, murmuring brook,
How sad thy song to-day!
And O ye woods, majestic woods!
Where now your sweet refrains?
O, of your sweet, deep solitudes
No vestige now remains.

Oft as I view your loneliness,
My heart grows lonely too,
And thinks of friends whose fond caress
Once caused soul-joys to flow;
Of all that band of other years
But one or two I see!
The rest—back, back ye bitter tears—
Are lost to earth and me.

Man! take then up a fallen leaf;
A message 'tis to thee!
Read, read and learn thy life is brief,
There learn of thy decay;
Thou'rt falling down, that fleshy load
Will soon be laid below;
Yes, man, that long and dreary road
Must soon be thine to go.

A little sleep must nature take,
But spring will come again,
And with reviving song will wake
To light and life the plain;
So man must sleep, so man must wake—
Must rise with Him to reign,
And once in that blest paradise,
We shall not fall again.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAINTER'S WIDOW.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THERE was a pile of furniture beside the threshold, and the town-crier was, in a loud voice, calling for purchasers. A few passers-by stopped; but scarcely had they cast their eyes on the articles exposed for sale, than they went on their way. The very beggars passed without turning on them a covetous glance. The crier, weary of his vain efforts, ceased, and, shaking his head, said to a little man in spectacles who was standing beside him:

"You will not pay your expenses, Master Caverdona; I am afraid there is no one in Rome so poor as to purchase the rags of the widow of Pelegrino. All there is here will not bring you three ducats."

"And the wretch owes me twelve!" exclaimed the little old man, striking the ground with his cane. "Twelve ducats, Jacobo, as sure as I am a Christian! More, perhaps; for I had confidence in her husband; I furnished him with oils, pencils and colors without end. Who would have thought he would have died without paying me? I am too good, too confiding. You see that this unhappy dauber has left me, by way of security, rags, a woman and four children. I can sell neither the woman nor the children, and the rags, you say, are not worth three ducats. Ah! the poor people who have anything of their own are very unfortunate, Jacobo; everybody cheats them, taxes them, pillages them."

The town-crier looked behind him.

"Don't speak so loud," said he, in a low tone; "the widow is there with her little ones, and you know how soft-hearted she is; she would take what you say for a reproach. After all, Master Caverdona, it was not Pelegrino's fault that the fever carried him off."

"No, but it was his fault that he took twelve ducats' worth of merchandize of me."

"He would have paid you if he had lived."

"I believe it."

"Of what do you complain, then?"

"How?—of what do I complain?" exclaimed the exasperated old man; "that he did not leave enough to pay his debts. That is the way with you common people. It would seem as if the grave-digger gave a quittance of all obligations to those whom he buries. Learn that one should not borrow when one may die insolvent."

The crier shrugged his shoulders.

"The honesty of the poor does not always depend upon themselves," said he, "it depends also on Providence. They can pay only with their labor; and when God deprives them of health, he is responsible, and not they. Who knows, Master Caverdona, whether your twelve ducats will not go towards purchasing for you a place in paradise?"

The little old man assumed a scandalized air.

"Do not jest on sacred things, Jacobo," said he sharply; "and occupy yourself in summoning customers, rather than in making remarks."

Jacobo obeyed with a smile, while Caverdona approached the movables scattered on the pavement, to estimate anew what he might receive for them. Whether the poor painter's widow had heard nothing of what had been said, or was not affected by it, she had not changed her expression or attitude. Seated on the ground, not far from the threshold, she held in her arms two children of nearly the same age, who were playing with the dishevelled tresses of her hair, a third was rolling at her feet, and the last singing and weaving a few blades of straw attached to its cradle.

The countenance of the widow was tranquil; neither tears in her eyes, nor sighs on her lips! It was more a sorrowful resignation than complaint, and more dangerous than despair; this gloomy self-abandonment which makes one pass through life as if condemned to the scaffold, without anxiety, without precaution, almost coldly, because the result is inevitable and sure. Meanwhile a few persons had collected around the pitiful furniture of which the crier had announced the sale.

Imitation rules the world of men as attraction that of things; it is the only law. New passers-by succeeded, and stopped because the others had stopped; where there was no one a little while ago, a crowd soon gathered. No one bought, but every one looked without knowing why. Each seemed less curious at what he saw than at what excited the curiosity of others. Two gentlemen who were passing, found themselves arrested by the constantly increasing throng.

"What is the matter?" asked the elder, with that air of sullen hauteur which distinguishes an Englishman, on the continent.

"If it was in our good city of Paris, my lord," replied the other, in that coquettish and familiar tone which distinguishes the French in the four quarters of the globe, "I should reply to you that it was a porter's wife beating her husband, or a cat with its ears cut off."

"It is less than that, Signor Frenchman," smilingly observed the Jew with the weasel profile, who had heard the two gentlemen.

"What is it then?"

"The poor furniture of a painter who died a few days since, which Master Caverdona is going to sell."

"Who is this Master Caverdona?"

"A merchant, my gentlemen, who will furnish you with colors at the lowest prices."

"Do you take us for painters?" interrupted the Englishman, with a peevish air.

"In fact, the Jew is too familiar," added the Frenchman, lightly. "Learn, sirrah, that you speak to Lord Pembroke and to M. de Vivonne."

The face of the Jew brightened.

"Lord Pembroke!" said he; "is he not the rich amateur in pictures?"

"Precisely."

"Ah! my lord, how apropos is our encounter! I have in my shop the works of all the Spanish and Italian painters."

The Englishman looked at him.

"What is your name?"

"Israel."

"Ah, ah, I have indeed heard of it. It is said that you are a crafty fox, who buys at the weight of copper and sells again at the weight of gold; no matter. Have you Poussins?"

"Three, my lord."

"Crespis?"

"Several."

"And Dominichinos?"

"At discretion."

"Your address?"

The Jew gave it to him. While Lord Pembroke was writing it, the auction re-commenced, and a cradle was set up for sale. No price was offered for it; the Frenchman observed it.

"Master Caverdona will have difficulty in recovering his debt," said the Jew.

"Is it much?"

"Twelve ducats, sir."

"And has the widow been unable to raise them?"

"Yes."

"Has she no friends?"

"They were so poor!" observed Israel.

"Twelve ducats!" repeated M. de Vivonne. "Do you understand, my lord, how people can live when they are obliged to resort to such a step as this for twelve ducats?"

"The common people have no wants," observed my lord, philosophically.

"They are very fortunate! As for me, I spend three hundred thousand francs per year and want everything! I am obliged to cut down my trees, sell my lands, and I never have two hundred louis by me."

"Ah! who can live now, sir? I who speak to you, have drawn on my income in advance six thousand guineas."

"Nobility is not independent, my lord; it must keep accounts like a plebeian; it is humiliating! If I was rich I would throw to this unfortunate woman her twelve ducats; but play has ruined me."

"As buying pictures has me. Would you believe that I am at this moment proposing to a broker in Rotterdam, fifty thousand crowns for the Seven Sacraments of Poussin, and he refuses? I shall be forced to raise it to eighty thousand and perhaps more."

The Jew heard all, fully resolved to profit by the Englishman's taste for painting; but a few paces off, another person was also listening to the conversation of the two foreigners. This was a middle-aged man, dressed in black, and who was remarkable for nothing but the vivacity of his glance. He had smiled as he heard the complaints of the two gentlemen on the poverty of the nobility, and had cast upon them a look of bitter irony, to which they had paid no heed. At this moment the crier offered for sale a smoky picture.

"Has he pictures also?" asked Lord Pembroke, laughing.

"Some sign of a merchant of maccaroni which has been left with the painter," observed M. de Vivonne.

"At six paoli!" cried the seller.

"It will not bring them," said Israel.

There was silence.

"I will give three ducats," suddenly said the man dressed in black.

A rumor arose in the crowd.

"Three ducats!" repeated the astonished Jew.

"Who is that man?" asked my lord.

"It is Master Stella, sir."

"The painter?"

"Yes, and one of our finest connoisseurs."

"Can this picture have any merit?"

"It is a chef-d'œuvre, perhaps," said M. de Vivonne, with indifference; "who knows? A Caraccio or a Titian."

"Belonging to a mere dauber?"

"Why not? Has not a Corregio been found lately serving as a sign to a button-manufacturer?"

"Three ducats!" resumed the crier; "will no one bid more?"

"I will give four ducats!" cried the Jew.

"Eight ducats!" resumed Stella.

"Ten ducats!"

"Twelve ducats!"

There was a pause; Israel asked to be allowed to examine the picture more closely.

"It is useless!" hastily interrupted the man in black; "I will give twenty ducats!"

Until then, my Lord Pembroke had observed all without speaking. He at last advanced, and, with that tone of calm and cold superiority which fortune gives, said briefly:

"Fifty ducats!"

The painter turned towards him.

"The picture is not worth them, my lord," observed he.

The Englishman looked at him sidewise, and smiled proudly.

"It is well, my dear sir," said he, drawing himself up; "one has not a collection worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling without knowing a little about paintings. You doubtless have your reasons, Master Stella, for bidding on the picture?"

"I have, my lord."

"Well! I also have mine."

And, turning towards the crier:

"A hundred ducats," said he, "and let that end the matter!"

The crowd seemed to wonder. All eyes were turned towards Lord Pembroke; the poor widow, overcome with joy, thought herself in a dream; and Master Caverdona wiped his spectacles, laughing. The crier, after having asked three times if no one would offer higher, declared that the picture belonged to my lord. Master Stella had followed all with his eye; he let the Englishman pay the hundred ducats.

"You did not expect to be outbid, master?" said the latter looking at him with a bantering air.

"Pardon me, my lord, I did hope so," replied Stella.

"How so?"

"I had heard your conversation with this gentleman; I knew that, too poor to give twelve ducats to the widow of Pelegrino, you were rich enough to pay eighty thousand pounds for a Poussin; I wished to profit by your taste to make you relieve a misfortune; I succeeded in persuading you to a good action by giving it the appearance of a good bargain. When I proposed three ducats, I was sure you would offer more."

"So this painting—"

"Is not worth the six paoli at which it was offered."

M. de Vivonne laughed.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Englishman; "if that were so, Master Stella should be accountable to me—"

"For the hundred ducats?—willingly. In case my lord had not bid upon this picture, I should have purchased it, not in order to possess a master-piece, but to have one good memory the more in my heart. If my lord regrets that he has been surprised into an alms, and if he cannot resolve to dispose of a hundred ducats in favor of an unfortunate woman, he may transfer this pleasure to me."

"Softly!" exclaimed Vivonne; "if he relinquishes it, I will take it. This is a lesson, is it not, Master Stella? You have wished to prove that we people of quality have the caprice of art without comprehending it, and that, prodigal in satisfying our manias, we are miserly in fulfilling our duties."

"Alas! sir," said Stella, "it is not only you that are thus, but all men. Our tastes often become vices. We do not love master-pieces in painting, that others may enjoy them, but to possess them by stealth, to heap them up as misers do their treasures. Our love of art is not, as it should be, a reflection of the love of humanity, it is a folly which flatters us. Painters or amateurs, we prefer, for the most part, a smoky picture to a face smiling with happiness. The sons of Adam are selfish, and their selfishness makes them cruel."

"You preach well, master," said M. de Vivonne, with slight constraint; "thanks for the homily; and in order to prove to you that it has taken effect, take this for your protege."

He presented to the painter a purse, which the latter received.

"And I, I will keep the picture," said Lord Pembroke, seriously.

"Do better, my lord," said Stella. "Give it a place in your collection. Every time you pass it, it will remind you of a family consoled; this remembrance will be worth more than a Raphael."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is stated that the French government has given an order prohibiting any further transportations to Cayenne. —— Captain R. Burton, so celebrated for his daring visit to Mecca and Medina, and his journey to Abyssinia, is also about to start, under the direction of the British Geographical Society, for East Africa, for the purpose of penetrating to Lake Unidmesi, and, if possible, to the sources of the Nile. —— There were great rejoicings at St. Louis, recently, in consequence of the passage of the bill granting lands to the La Crosse Railroad. —— William B. Smith, charged with killing his own son, has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by the circuit court of Tippah county, Miss., and sentenced to a term of fifty years in the State Prison. Smith is now over seventy years of age, and will, according to the "higher law" of nature, be reprieved by death before the expiration of fifty years. —— There is a Presbyterian church in Northampton county, Virginia, comprised entirely of ladies. They are twenty-two in number. —— The British government has presented a gold medal and telescope to Captain Lapham, of the ship Helen R. Cooper, and a gold medal to Captain Williams of the ship American Congress, for their humane efforts in rescuing from a watery grave the crew of the British ship Boomerang; also a gold medal to Captain Knowles of the ship Chariot of Fame, for like conduct in the case of the British barque Romulus. —— The American Board of Foreign Missions are now causing to be built a vessel named the Morning Star, to aid in the great missionary work, especially among the missions in the Pacific Ocean. —— Dr. J. L. L. Bledsoe, of New Orleans, has succeeded in training the larger species of mosquitoes known in New Orleans as "gallinippers," to perform all the objects hitherto only accomplished by the leech or the cupper. A dozen of these insects are equal to six leeches, and placed on the desired spot, will at once commence to suck blood in the same way, and with less trouble, than the older institution.——The receipts at the late Connecticut State Fair were over $10,000, an amount exceeding that of any previous fair, and more than sufficient to cover all expenses. —— A new Methodist church was recently dedicated at Bristol, R. I. The cost of the edifice was about $23,000, and it is considered one of the finest specimens of architecture in New England. The Congregationalists are also erecting a new church there at a cost of $25,000. —— Josiah D. Bangs, for twelve or fifteen years connected with the New York daily and Sunday press, died there suddenly. He was one of the ablest descriptive writers of the city press. —— The late English papers state that seventy-five paupers from the village of Ennis, in Ireland, have been embarked for Australia. —— Some of the crack oarsmen of New York have challenged the Union Club, of St. John, N. B., to engage in another encounter, for $2000 a side. The crew is considered superior to that which was lately defeated on Charles River. —— The receipts of the late U. S. Agricultural Fair at Philadelphia were $33,555. The expenses, the Philadelphia Gazetto says, will amount to $35,000 or $40,000. —— A man in Mount Vernon, Westchester county, N. Y., recently undertook to solder up a leak in a tin can containing burning fluid. The flames from his blow-pipe ignited the fluid, the can exploded, and the house took fire and was burned to the ground. Wise man, that!

TALL MEN.—Byrne, a famous Irish giant, who died in London, some years since, measured eight feet two inches. Cornelius Magrath, who died in the year 1760, measured seven feet eight inches. Edward Malone, another Irishman, was seven feet seven inches, and was nearly equal in stature and size to Daniel Cardanus, a Swedish giant. Dr. Cheselden, the famous anatomist, speaks of a skeleton discovered in a Roman camp near St. Albans, England, which he judged to have been eight feet four inches. Goliath of Gath, according to Bishop Cumberland, was eleven feet high, and Maximinius, the emperor, was nine feet:—tall boys, all of them.

OUR ANCESTORS.—The immediate ancestors of a man are two —his father and mother; in the next preceding generation, they are four—his grandparents; in the next they are eight, and so on to the seventh ancestral generation, when they are 128—to the tenth, when they are 1024—and to the twentieth, when they are upwards of a million! Truly, it must be humbling to the pride of an aristocrat to think he is descended from such a mob.

CURIOUS.—Spriggins was advised by Dr. Jackson to take wine and bark three times a day. So, three times a day, punctually, after swallowing a glass of madeira, he would indulge in a furious bow-wowing for half an hour, to the terror of his friends and neighbors. He was then doctored for hydrophobia, and is all right now.

ANCHORS.—The cost of anchors for the British navy is immense. To supply it once only requires more than 500,000 pounds sterling. Each first-rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of the metal is wasted in the forging, and the cost of such an anchor is £400.

A BRAVE DEED.—A lady of Piscataquis county, Maine, Miss Philbrick, lately trailed a bear, put an ounce of lead into his skull, received the State bounty for his head, has a nice bearskin bed-quilt, and the thanks of her neighbors for the exploit.

WAR FEVER.—Since the war in the East all Europe is affecting the soldier. Even babies have been in arms, and ladies to "bare" arms.

DEFINITION.—Love has been described as an absorption of self in an idea dearer than self.

Wayside Gatherings.

The propagation of fish by artificial means has been quite successful in Ohio.

Rurick, a noted Kentucky race-horse, only three years old, has been sold for $5000.

Madame Alboni left England for Paris in October, where she is engaged in the Italian Opera House for two seasons.

The Governors of Maine and Maryland have appointed Nov. 20 for a day of thanksgiving.

In Errol, N. H., a fine child of Mr. John L. Van Buskirk was drowned lately in a firkin of swill.

Two night inspectors at Portland have seized eight cases and 50,000 cigars, on board a vessel from Cuba.

Advices from Ontonagon, Lake Superior, of the 20th September, state that mining business is active, and yielding largely.

From July 1 to October 1, 1856, there were 66,867,235 feet of lumber surveyed at Bangor, Me. In 1855, the amount was 85,981,420 feet; in 1854, 72,271,388 feet.

A California pamphlet alleges, upon pretty good evidence, that five thousand murders have been committed in that country in six years.

Hon. Joseph E. Dawley, one of the Senators from Bristol county, has been appointed by Gov. Gardner, one of the board of alien commissioners for the State.

Of the thirty American doctors who served in the Russian army during the war, it is said about one-third died. The rest have returned without exception.

Mr. George Perley and Mr. G. T. Merrill, while building the county road from Gray to Pownal, removed the end of a ledge, and disturbed and killed forty-two milk adders.

Twenty years since, St. Louis had less than ten thousand population, and now it amounts to more than one hundred and thirty thousand.

There is an oak tree near Raleigh, N. C., which, at the sun's meridian, covers with a shade a space of 9000 feet. It would afford shelter for 4500 men.

Intelligence from Nicaragua has been received to the effect that affairs are assuming a more favorable aspect as regards the stability of Gen. Walker's government.

The Secretary of the Treasury has purchased, for the sum of $20,000, a site in Nashville, Tenn., for the new custom house, post-office and court rooms, authorized to be erected at the present session of Congress.

Mendiola, the old guide who piloted Gen. Taylor through his campaign into Mexico up to the battle of Buena Vista, died in Mercer Valley, Texas, a few days since, at the advanced age of ninety years.

The dwelling of Mr. Jackson Dawson, in West Union, Va., was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult., and in it seven persons, Mr. Dawson, and all his children, five in number, and a Miss Lavenia Myers, were burnt up.

Mr. Joseph Littell, a well known member of the theatrical profession, and for a time a member of W. B. English's company, died in New York recently, of consumption, aged 35 years. Mr. Littell held a good position as an actor.

The oldest "meeting-house" on this continent is in Hingham, Mass. It is a huge, square structure, with the belfry rising out of the centre of the roof. Inside are the old square pews, which bear a look of similar antiquity. It is nearly two hundred years old.

The growth of Western cities is marvellous. Twenty-two years ago, Governor Porter concluded the Pottawatamie treaty, on the site of Chicago, and now it is a city of eighty-five thousand population, with at least one hundred railroad trains arriving and departing daily.

In olden times in England they had circular fruit walls; the walls with the trees, and consequently the bed of earth wherein they were planted being movable, so that the trees might be turned to the sun, or removed from an unfavorable wind.

The Countess of Braziski, a Polish lady of great wealth, was recently at Baden, when a spark from a gentleman's cigar fell upon her dress which took fire. The flames were soon stifled, and she received no injury, but thirty thousand francs worth of lace was effaced from the earth.

The Paris Crystal Palace appears to have been the only successful affair of the kind. The company have realized over 9,000,000 francs, and the government has purchased the building at a handsome premium over its cost; to what purpose to apply it is not stated.

The Pacific Sentinel says that one William Boucle, an old resident of Santa Cruz, has near his dwelling three young plants of green tea, from seeds found last spring in a caddy purchased for consumption. When the writer in the Sentinel saw these plants, they looked well, and were about a foot high and in blossom.

George W. Johnson, one of the largest sugar planters on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, has left an estate valued at not less than $700,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, 209 in number. They are all to be sent to Liberia in four years from his death, and each one is to be furnished with $50.

At the present time, all Europe is preparing for war. France and England are in readiness for action at the shortest notice. Russia is strengthening all her military posts, Spain is vibrating between anarchy and despotism, Naples and other Italian States are in a belligerent attitude, Prussia and Austria are increasing their fleets and adding to their fortresses, and Swden is arming herself against Russia.

The Firemen's Triennial Parade at New York, on the 13th ult., was the greatest demonstration of the kind ever got up in that city. Besides the 115 companies belonging to that city, and the various associations connected with the department, there were other companies from Buffalo, Binghampton, Brooklyn, Newark, Jersey City, Easton, Pa., Detroit, Mich., and Charlestown, Mass. Thirty-two bands furnished the music.

The bridal arrangements, the magnificent trousseau of the bride, in view of the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal of England, at Berlin, attract so much attention that hundreds are actually going from London to witness them. There are six rooms filled with silks, satins, velvets, lace, artificial flowers, embroideries in gold and silver, bonnets, gloves, linen, diamonds and jewelry, shawls, mantles, and toilet requirements of every description and color.

The Newport Mercury records the death of a venerable printer, a compositor in that office, by the name of Henry Barber, at the advanced age of 76, who had been employed in that office for the uninterrupted series of sixty-five years, a period of time perhaps unparalleled heretofore. He never wore glasses of any kind; had never been five miles from home, had never seen a railroad or locomotive, and all that he knew of a steamboat was the exterior seen from the office window.

Foreign Items.

It is said that the Spanish government intends to remove the sequestration laid on the property of Queen Maria Christina.

The Moniteur des Comices announces that a German chemist has discovered the means of obtaining crystallized sugar from birch wood.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on Prince Paul Esterhazy, who represented Austria in the coronation, the Order of St. Andrew in diamonds, which is the highest distinction that can be obtained in Russia.

Mdlle. Rachel's health is gradually improving, but a change of climate is deemed absolutely necessary for her complete restoration, and her return to the theatre cannot, it is stated, be counted upon until the autumn of 1857.

Mr. W. Brett has renounced the project of laying down the electric cable to Algiers, by way of Cagliari and Bone. He is going to take soundings between Marseilles and Algiers, to see if the great submarine valley is not prolonged.

Among the notabilities at the Mozart Festival, held at Salzburg lately, was an old silver-haired man, called Karl Mozart, son of the immortal composer, and last of the name. He was the greatest living object of interest present.

The Emperor Napoleon, as to whose health so many exaggerated and even ridiculous reports are in circulation, is not seriously unwell. There is, in fact, nothing the matter with him but some flying gout pains, for which he went to be cured at Plombieres, and which will prevent him from taking so much horse exercise as he has been accustomed to.

Sands of Gold.

.... Vice stings even in our pleasures, but virtue console even in our pains.—*Colton.*

.... More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind.—*Talleyrand.*

Every person complains of the badness of his memory, but none of their defective judgment.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait. —*Talleyrand.*

.... Nothing hides a blemish so completely as a cloth of gold. This is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses commonly learn.—*Hare.*

.... Thou oughtest to be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises; and therefore thou shouldst be equally cautious in making them.—*Fuller.*

.... An egotist will always speak of himself, either in praise or in censure; but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.—*La Bruyere.*

.... Friendship requires actions; love requires not so much proofs as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul.*

.... It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.—*Plutarch.*

.... In our road through life, we may happen to meet with a man casting a stone reverentially to enlarge the cairn of another, which stone he has carried in his bosom to sling against that very other's head.—*Landor.*

Joker's Budget.

Marriage is designated a "bridal" state, as it puts a curb upon most people.

Too fearful to contemplate.—There is a work advertised, called "Every Man a Lawyer." What a state of society!

Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action-at-law to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

Teacher—How many kinds of axes are there? *Boy*—Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the legislature, axing price, and axe of the Apostles. *Teacher*—Good! go to the head of your class.

On the failure of two bankers in Ireland, named Gonne and Going, some wag perpetrated the following:

"Going and Gonne are now both one,
For Gonne is Going, and Going is Gonne!"

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette; "just give me your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

A female in the Utica Lunatic Asylum is a lady of enlarged ideas. She talks of becoming the empress of the world and using the next rainbow for a waist-ribbon. Only the bump of ambition extra developed.

A kiss on the forehead denotes respect and admiration; on the cheek, friendship; on the eyelids, tender sentiment; on the lips, love. The young men of our acquaintance have not much "respect" for young ladies.

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MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The engraving below, from a design made for us by Mr. Hill, represents one of the most brilliant exploits of the American arms during the second war with Great Britain—the engagement between the American and British squadrons on Lake Champlain—in which the latter were defeated by Commodore Macdonough, while at the same time, on the land the American General Macomb defeated the troops under Sir George Provost, Governor General of Canada, with great slaughter. The forces of the British were largely superior to ours. Previous to the 11th September, 1814, the British general had been strengthening his works at Plattsburg, and only awaited the arrival of the British squadron to undertake the annihilation of the American fleet and army. The British fleet consisted of the following vessels: frigate Confiance, 39 guns; brig Linnet, 16; sloops Chub and Finch, 11 guns each; and 13 gun-boats and row-galleys, mounting in all 95 guns, and carrying 1050 men, under the command of Captain Downie. They made their appearance round Cumberland Head, on the morning of the 11th, and immediately engaged the American squadron, under Commodore Macdonough, then moored in Plattsburg Bay, consisting of the ship Saratoga, the brig Eagle, the schooner Ticonderoga, the sloop Preble, and 10 gunboats, mounting altogether 86 guns, and manned by 820 men. The first gun from the Confiance was the signal for a general action, and Sir George Provost, who was posted on one side of the river Saranac, instantly opened his fire on the American works opposite. Heavy firing at this point continued during the day, and frequent ineffectual attempts were made to ford the river. At a bridge about a mile above, a detachment of American regulars repulsed a division of the enemy, and an effort on his part to force the passage of the bridge in the town, was effectually checked by the American riflemen under Captain Grosvenor. But the most desperate fighting occurred at a ford about three miles from the works, where a portion of the enemy succeeded in crossing. There was a hand-to-hand fight here, and numbers fell on both sides. But the result of the naval battle decided the action on land, and completely frustrated the plans of the British general. After getting round Cumberland Head, Captain Downie anchored his fleet within three hundred yards of the line formed by Commodore Macdonough, placing the Confiance frigate in opposition to the Saratoga, the Linnet to the Eagle, Captain Henley; one of his sloops and all his galleys to the schooner Ticonderoga, lieutenant-commanding Cassin, and the sloop Preble, his other sloop alternately assailing the Saratoga and the Eagle. The latter vessel was so situated, shortly after the commencement of the action, that her guns could not be brought to bear, and Captain Henley cut her cable and placed her between the Commodore's ship and the Ticonderoga, from which position, though she exposed the Saratoga to a galling fire, she annoyed the enemy's squadron with much effect. Some minutes after 10 o'clock, the starboard guns of the Saratoga being dismounted or unmanageable, Commodore Macdonough brought her larboard batteries to bear on the enemy's frigate with such effect, that the Confiance almost immediately struck, with 105 round shot in her hull, her captain and 40 men killed, and 60 wounded. The Saratoga suffered badly, but not in proportion, though she mounted 13 guns less than her adversary. On the contrary, the enemy's brig surrendered to her 15 minutes after the Confiance had struck her flag. In the meantime Captain Henley, in the Eagle, had captured one of the enemy's sloops, and the remaining British vessel surrendered to the Ticonderoga after being terribly cut up. The principal vessels of the British fleet being now captured, and three of their row-galleys sunk, the remaining ten escaped from the bay in a shattered condition. The total loss of Commodore Macdonough's squadron amounted to 52 men killed and 58 wounded. The enemy lost 84 men killed, 110 wounded, and 856 prisoners, the latter outnumbering their victors.



MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

Another week thus passed away, and on the Saturday which closed it, the main body of troops arrived, and encamped or bivouacked in the long ropewalks at the south end of the town. The people greeted them with hearty cheers, and sent large supplies of fresh meat, with newly-baked bread, to the different companies, putting every one in the best of humor, from the drummer boys to Colonel Arnold himself. That officer fixed his headquarters at Davenport's Tavern; and when Herbert called to report that all the men were in camp or bivouac and provided for, he had an opportunity to study the features of the commander. But he could find nothing about him to enlist his feelings, as Washington's commanding presence had at first sight. Colonel Arnold, while professing an ardent devotion to democratic principles, imitated the extravagant follies of monarchical service, and demeaned himself with an insolent hauteur that would have been envied by many a haughty officer of the "King's Own." Although in the flower of manhood, his florid countenance already bore the premature furrows of dissipation, and budding carbuncles gleamed on his aquiline nose. A bland look, glazed with a constant smile, appeared to struggle for mastery over the natural workings of a compressed mouth, around which the nervous workings of ambition, sensuality and daring were unmistakably stamped. The thick, heavy lids of his eyes drooped with languor, as if to shield them from observation; nor did he ever gaze frankly into the face of the person with whom he conversed. He wore the continental blue and buff, but his coat and waistcoat were heavily embroidered with gold, while his linen cambric ruffles were of the most delicate texture.

"Aha! my young quarter-master," he said, when he turned to address Yancey. "We find everything in apple-pie order."

"Captain Wilder and his company have been very active," modestly replied Herbert.

"Yes—yes! So is my watch active, but without winding it up, not a minute will its hands advance. As the key of Wilder and his men, do me the honor to taste a glass of wine."

The glasses were filled, but ere they were raised, in walked Major Morgan, the commander of the Rifles.

"Well arrived!" exclaimed Arnold. "I was just drinking a complimentary health to your young subaltern here, who has done us such good service."

"Old Virginia, colonel, is always up to time," laughingly responded Morgan, advancing toward the sideboard and filling his glass. A glorious type of the American rifleman was he, from nature's most athletic and well-developed moulds. Generous as a prince of the blood, chivalrous as a knight-hospitaller, and fond of humor as a French cadet, he was prodigal to improvidence, instant in resentment, and bitter in his animosities. Every one loved Dan Morgan, save his enemies, and they had good reason to hate as well as to fear him; for when he once outlawed any one from his heart, language could not convey any sense of the intensity of his scorn, or of the depth of his loathing.

"Gentlemen, your good healths," ceremoniously pledged Colonel Arnold. The glasses were emptied, and he continued: "Now I wish to see you about invitations which I have received to attend church to-morrow. Of course, I am anxious to go."

"You, colonel?" asked Morgan, as if somewhat incredulous.

"Yes. Not that I care a pin for their preaching, but because if we go, the faithful will send lots of fresh provisions on board the fleet. Not a bad dodge, eh?"

"As you please, colonel," bluntly replied Morgan. "But the Rifles are Virginians, and Virginians are Christians; so we can go where there is the smallest hope of provender."

"Good, major,—good! Why, let me congratulate you on your conversion, and you can hear Parson Parsons, who must be double-refined in his faith. Fancy a Captain Captains, or a Major Majors!"

"I shall be proud to attend the Rev. Mr. Parsons's command," replied Morgan, whose honest heart abhorred deceit, and who did not fancy speculating on the well-known principles of the Newbury people.

"For my part," said Colonel Arnold, "I am almost tempted to hear some old Tory here, who continues, *on dit*, to pray loyally for the king, and takes a pretty girl to church to keep the Sons of Liberty quiet. It must be rare sport."

"I fear, colonel," remarked Herbert, in a hurried tone and with a flushed cheek, "that you will be disappointed, for the Episcopal church is closed."

"Closed is it? Faith, I will have to go to the parsonage, then. Will you talk to the domine while I make love to the maiden?"

Ere Herbert Yancey could reply (and it was, perhaps, well that such was the case), the door was opened, and a dozen or more men entered, two by two. Ranging themselves along one side of the room, one of them advanced, saying:

"Colonel Arnold, permit me to introduce myself to you as Harry Folansbee, chairman of the vigilance committee of the Sons of Liberty, which committee you also see before you."

"Gentlemen and Mr. Folansbee," said Colonel Arnold, with a low bow, "I am happy to see you. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"Thanks," replied Folansbee, "but we have called upon business which may not be of an agreeable nature. Can we be honored with an interview with you?"

"Certainly, gentlemen. We are but provincial troops, and now that we have thrown off the king's authority, it is our duty to obey the people. What is your pleasure?"

"We would prefer, colonel, that the interview should be private."

"Ah! but these gentlemen are my advisers. One my right hand warrior, the other my less experienced but equally zealous quarter-master. I have no secrets from them."

"We should prefer, colonel, your private ear."

"Do not think that I intend remaining," said Morgan; "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Good-morning. Come, Yancey."

"Let me see you early in the morning. Good-day," remarked Colonel Arnold, as he bowed them to the door. Then advancing towards the committee, he asked, in rather a pompous tone: "Your business, gents?"

"Flints and ramrods!" said Major Morgan, as they went down stairs; "those fellows look as solemn as a coroner's jury, and Arnold will find it hard work to manage them, if they have any unreasonable request to make of him. I have no idea that he will grant it, whatever it may be, for he is fond of snubbing these citizens."

Herbert made some brief reply, and when they arrived in the street, he pleaded an engagement, and left Major Morgan.

"A gallant young fellow!" muttered the major, as he watched Yancey's retreating form; "but he acts strangely. Never mind, though; he's no hypocrite, and that's more than I can say of our commander-in-chief. Holloa! Here comes the delegation down stairs, looking black as night at that. Wonder what they wanted? None of my business, though." By this time, the soliloquizer had lighted a clay pipe, and sitting down, he gave himself up to the luxury of smoking it.

Ere he had given many whiffs, down came Colonel Arnold, his face flushed with anger.

"Where's Yancey?" he asked.

"Don't know," replied Major Morgan. "He walked off just now."

"Do you know Yancey?" asked Arnold.

"Not much. But I used to know his father when I was a wagoner, and I think the son is a chip o' the old block."

"No Tory blood?"

"Tory blood?—not a drop. What makes you ask that question?"

"Never mind now, major; I may inform you to-morrow."

Arnold returned up stairs, and Morgan, as he puffed forth a cloud of smoke, said to himself: "Tory blood indeed! It is not the Virginians, above all the Virginia riflemen, who have Tory blood in their veins, Mr. Peacock."

Herbert Yancey, on leaving the tavern, repaired at once to the parsonage, where he found Mabel awaiting him, and they were soon earnestly engaged in animated conversation. The young soldier, animated by her presence, described to her his southern home and the picturesque scenery of the mountains near it, and often when he turned to look on his auditor, he saw her star-like eyes glistening with the lustre of the self-same feeling that suffused his own. Those who know not love may assert that hours are of equal length, but to fond hearts the movement of time is as irregular as the beating of the pulse. A week of ordinary life, if counted by hopes, fears and fancies, is an age; and when Herbert rose at ten o'clock to say "good-night," he knew Mabel better, and she saw deeper into his heart, than many who hold familiar intercourse for years.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAN PROPOSES, BUT WOMAN DISPOSES.

"There are moments in life—though alas for their fleetness!—
As brilliant with all that existence endears,
As if we had drained the whole essence of sweetness
That nature intended should last us for years.
They pass—and the soul, as it swells with emotion,
Believes that some seraph hath hallowed the clime;
For never were pearls from the bosom of ocean
So precious and dear as those moments of time."

SUNDAY morning; but what a difference since the last "day of rest," when almost every animate object was at rest. Now, the rattle of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife echoed the church bells, and the streets were filled with curious gazers at the various companies, as they marched to church. There were the Virginia riflemen, in whose haughty, determined look, and picturesque hunting shirts, was an air of careless strength and success,—the continental infantry, already in a good state of discipline,—the volunteer companies, with their handsome uniforms, exchanging, as they marched past each other, glances of friendly yet critical scrutiny, which seemed to indicate a spirit of latent and gallant ambition. These were the men who were to win the liberty of their native land, and to become immortal upon the brightest pages of her glorious record. Like the chivalric Bayard, they were *sans peur* and *sans reproche*.

The riflemen marched to the Rev. Mr. Parsons's church, and Herbert Yancey accompanied them, not caring to swell the staff of Colonel Arnold, who went to the Second Congregational Church. His own chaplain preached there, the Rev. Samuel Spring, who made such a favorable impression that when the war was over, years afterwards, he was invited to become its pastor

Mr. Parsons selected as his text: "Zebulon and Naphtali were a people who jeoparded themselves unto death, in the high places of the field." There was a wide difference between his denunciations of England and his appeals to the warlike spirit of the people, as compared with the discourse of Parson Gwynne the Sabbath previous, but Herbert paid little attention to it. His thoughts were with Mabel, and he was anything but pleased when, after services, Major Morgan accepted an invitation for his officers to dine with a party of citizens. After dinner, which was prolonged by the usual toasts, there was an evening dress parade, so that it was sunset ere Herbert Yancey could leave. Need it be chronicled that, after exchanging his uniform for plain clothes, he hastened to the parsonage. Madame Ordway was alone in the parlor, and informed Herbert that he would probably find Mabel in the garden summer-house.

Hastily traversing the walks, Herbert found the object of his search in a rustic bower, over which rich masses of luxuriant woodbine intertwined in one magnificent tissue, through which pierced the rays of a full moon. Never had he thought Mabel so lovely as when she rose from her seat and welcomed him within the leafy portals.

"Mabel."

"Herbert."

Not another word was exchanged, and silently they sat down side by side, enjoying that true repose of feeling—that certainty that we are understood without the effort of words—which is the intoxication of intercourse. True, they had not known each other but a few days, yet each of their hearts had been well prepared by virtuous education, by loneliness, by previous absence of all ardent emotions, to become immediately possessed with that powerful spirit which "never loves but one," and each willingly yielded to its rapture. Love such as this, when the dew of innocence yet sparkles freshly from the virgin blossoms of the soul, is happiness indeed. We may be pleased with fame, proud of rank, overjoyed in the acquisition of wealth, elated by the possession of power, but we are never blessed until we know that we are beloved, nor ever, in after life, do the delights of "first love" return.

Thus far, Herbert never "told his love." Nothing had he said, for the heart, when full, does not easily find words to express its emotions; there had been no interchange of vows, for vows were not needed, and now they sat in happy silence—a silence which, like the banquet of a fairy dream, was lighted by constellation after constellation of pleasant thoughts, which shed their blessed radiance far into the future. Glorious is it, in after life, to look back upon such a scene as this, which casts its halo vista from the spring of youth to the deeper, more bitter waters of life.

The notes of the "tattoo," as drum after drum struck the curfew note, aroused Herbert to a sense of his duty. The crisis of his fate was approaching; love and happiness were to be staked upon the decision of the coming hour. Wait—why, the word was impossible. He was to leave the next day.

"Mabel," he at last exclaimed, with an effort, "we leave to-morrow."

"Is it certain?" she replied in a tremulous tone, and looking up into Herbert's face with one of those glances that can neither be given nor interpreted until the heart is illuminated by the flame of pure affection.

"Too certain. Ah, Mabel, you cannot imagine how I hate to leave—to leave Newburyport!" stammered the young officer, who, brave as a lion, felt powerless and cowardly.

A combined expression of love and maidenly delicacy struggled for the mastery on Mabel's countenance, and though a tender smile gleamed upon her lip, her vein-traced eyelids trembled as they drooped over her luminous orbs.

"Perhaps," she replied, "you will find it even more agreeable at Quebec. Soldiers, I have heard it said, are fond of change."

"Change!" exclaimed Herbert. "Name it not. Can the flower close its petals to the kiss of the golden sunlight, or the lake refuse to reflect the rays of the overhanging moon? Can the green bough turn aside its leaflets from the rain drops for which the noontide sun makes it pant? or can the silvery beach-sand but yield to the impress of the ocean wave? Does the sun change, or does time halt in its career? Ah, do not attach that word change to man—at least, to me!"

As he spoke, Mabel raised her eyes, but drooping with the weight of tenderness, they soon sank again beneath their long silken lashes, which threw a shade upon her blushing cheek. Yet the young lover's heart took courage from the look that gleamed upon him with momentary radiance, and the burning enthusiasm within his breast found voice:

"Mabel—dearest Mabel, need I tell you that you are the idol of my soul, my matchless divinity. Day after day have I basked in the sunlight of your smiles, and at night the very stars to me look dim, for my adoration of them has been transferred to your angelic form. Pure and good emotions hitherto unknown have welled forth in my soul, realizing all that poetry has dreamed and that love has deified. Mabel—fairest, gentlest, dearest Mabel! That glorious name is the magic spell of my life; can it be my own? Can I regard you, dearest one, as my pledged bride—as my betrothed? Light of my heart, life of my existence, will you be mine?"

Mabel shuddered, as if pierced by an arrow, and tears of which she was consciousless stole down her beautiful face. Leaning forward, she joined her hands convulsively together, and seemed to hold her breath that she might drink in every sound of his voice. She made no reply, for her heart was too full for utterance. Neither did she resist when Herbert clasped her in his arms, imprinting upon her stainless brow, her downcast eyes, her pure and roseate mouth, vehement and long-lingering kisses.

"Mabel—dearest Mabel, speak! Tell me that you love me. Say that I may look upon you as my plighted bride."

"Herbert," she replied, in tones which refreshed his heart, as cool water in an oasis refreshes the desert pilgrim,—"Herbert, my heart is yours!"

Joyous words—a rainbow of promise, which brought joy into

the young man's heart, where the music of hope kept merry pace with his thoughts. He could not see her eyes, for they were fringed by their long lashes, but he could feel the workings of her heart playing upon her lips like delirious joy.

There they sat, his arm yet lingering about her waist, and she not being loth to have it linger there—each "the ocean to the river of [the other's] thoughts." There he told her of his home, where the storms of winter are seldom felt, and where—blessed in each other's smiles—they might wander all day long, or recline by the cool spring, listening to the songs of joyous birds. There, too, his dear mother would welcome them; there would be no absences, and the cold world should only come between their hearts in visions of light and of love.

Thus built Herbert castles in the air, as many a young lover has before him, and the fair creature by his side listened and smiled, feeling happier than she had ever felt before. Earth was then to her a paradise, nor did she yearn for a brighter or purer heaven.

The well-known voice of the rector awakened them from their dream, and they sprang to their feet.

"Dearest," said Herbert, "this ring was my father's, and was given to me by my mother as her most precious treasure. Can I not exchange it for that small cross which you wear?"

In a second, Mabel detached the cross from her neck.

"This," she exclaimed, "is all the link between myself and my parents—I mean my own parents. It was on my neck when the good rector took pity on the shipwrecked infant; it has remained there since, and it is now all that I have to give you. Take it, and now farewell. I cannot go with you into the parsonage, and you will find the lower gate open. Good-by!"

Again did Herbert clasp her to his manly breast, and then they parted. The recording angel had registered their impassioned vows in the book of life—ay, and a human witness had been near by, listening to every word, though it fell like a clod of earth upon his coffined hopes. Little dreamed the young lovers that Frank Ordway had been near enough to touch them, crouching like a lion in the foliage, eager to spring upon Herbert and drink his heart-blood, yet restrained by a deep, hopeless love for Mabel. They parted in joy, but they left him in anguish.

"You have been out late to-night," said the rector, as Mabel approached the open door where he stood, a crimson glow flushing her cheeks, and her blue eyes radiant with joy. Yet she did not feel the least apprehension that she had done anything at all reprehensible, for the visits of Herbert had apparently given pleasure to the rector. So looking up in his face with frankness, she replied:

"I have been sitting in the summer-house with Mr. Yancey."

"Come into my study, Mabel," said he, in a kind tone. "I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you."

Never before had she thus been addressed with formality, and a nervous apprehension began to take possession of her whole frame as she followed him into the study, where he motioned her to a seat beside his large arm-chair.

"Mabel," said the rector, gazing at his ward with a look of anxiety, "I fear that I have done wrong—that is, I have not done right in sanctioning indirectly this sudden acquaintance with Mr. Yancey."

"O, sir, why?" asked Mabel, imploringly.

"Because I do not know him well enough," answered the rector.

"Not know him well enough!" exclaimed Mabel. "Why, sir, is he not the son of your own friend? Did he not risk his life to save mine!"

"Ah, Mabel," said the rector, in a grave tone, "why this interest in one who is almost a stranger—an acquaintance of a fortnight's standing?"

A shadow appeared to pass over Mabel's face like a cloud which shades a lake from the sun for an instant; then did her deep blue eyes appear more animated than before.

"You have never deceived me, Mabel; I know that you will not deceive me now. Do you think, or have you reason to believe, that Mr. Yancey loves you?"

"Sir," replied Mabel, turning so pale that the tracery of her blue veins was perceptible through her alabaster-like countenance, "I know that he loves me, for he has confessed his attachment."

"And you, Mabel?" asked the rector, in a tone of bitter anguish.

"I return his love," was the firm response.

"God grant that you may receive it!" said the rector, rising and pacing the room. "Think not, my dear Mabel, that I seek to detract from your happiness, or to say a word in disparagement of Mr. Yancey. His father was a high-minded, honorable man; and he, by rescuing you from a watery grave, has strong claims upon our gratitude. Still, my dear girl, I fear that I may rather have encouraged too rapid an acquaintance, and hope that, for my sake, you will be guarded how you place your affections in the hands of one of whom, personally, we know but little. May our heavenly Father watch over and bless you! Good-night."

Mabel's heart was too full for utterance, and as she rose to receive the pure kiss which the rector implanted upon her forehead, she feared that perhaps she had been hasty in suffering her feelings to be enlisted. But no. It was wronging Herbert Yancey to doubt him for an instant, and mastering her emotions for an instant, she exclaimed, "Good-night!" then hastened up stairs.

After she had left the room, the rector, taking a letter from his table, scanned it with great care. It was evidently written in a disguised hand, and read thus:

"HONORED SIR,—Are you aware that a wolf is in your flock—that a heartless libertine is seeking to do you a wrong—that the affections of your ward are to be trifled with, her life rendered miserable? Beware! Profit by this admonition, which comes from

A FRIEND."

"And yet," muttered the rector to himself, after he had read this missive at least a dozen times, vainly endeavoring to detect some familiar feature in the chirography, "and yet it is wrong even to attach suspicion to a fine looking young fellow, the son, too, of an old friend. He saved Mabel's life; why should she not love him? But O, if he should deceive her!"

Many were the doubts that crossed the rector's mind, and it was late in the night ere he extinguished his lamp and retired to rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONNET.

BY MARY CORRINNA CLAIR.

The wailing wind of autumn, sad and drear,
Comes to my ears to-night; all day the sun
Pours down intensely, saffron, amber dun,
Rich scarlet hues, and green and gold appear
Nature her children in bright robes of cheer
Has clothed; so soon by pale death to be won,
So soon their course, all regal, will be run,
And trees be leafless, leaves be dank and sere!
Upon thy marble face, my friend, the hue,
The beetle flush of death, I plainly see;
I weep, thy unwonted loveliness to view,
Knowing that death, thus gaily, comes to thee;
Winter will pass, spring will earth's robes renew—
Thou shalt be clothed with immortality.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WATER.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every twelve hundred tons of earth which a landholder has in his estate, four hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-Paris statue which an Italian carries through London streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent., the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water.

In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in a hundred and seventy-two days, about one hundred thousand grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.—*New Orleans Delta.*

BURIED TREASURES.

The Tiber is not only rich in historic associations, it is rich in treasure. An English company has actually offered to turn the current of the stream far above the city and around it, provided the government would give them what they might discover in its present bed. This would be attended with a vast expense, but it would pay. Treasures of art from age to age have found their way into the stream, which would bring in the market a perfect remuneration. In the museum of St. John Lateran, a magnificent column of stone is lying, which was taken not long since from the Tiber, a portion of which has been polished to display its beauty, and no one can see it without wishing to have more of the secrets of this river revealed. Statuary more perfect and perhaps more beautiful than any of the ancient works of art now seen in Rome lies embedded in groups beneath the stream. Agostino Chigi, the famous banker at the time of Leo X., once gave a splendid entertainment to the pope and his cardinals, at which the dishes were all precious metals. The price paid for three fish was 250 crowns. It is said that the dishes were all thrown into the Tiber by order of the rich banker, in order that no less illustrious guest might ever use them. The sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem by Titus, among them the golden candlestick, are reported to have been lost from the Milvian bridge, and if so, are still lying there. The present government of Rome will suffer nothing belonging to ancient art to pass from her territory, nor is it able to carry on such an investigation on its own account.—*New York Observer.*

BEAUTIFUL PETS.

The Baltimore American describes in enthusiastic language the beauties of the beautiful little deer which were brought from the island of Java by the United States frigate Macedonian, and are probably the only ones of the kind ever seen in the United States. They are described as about the size of the ordinary rabbit, but resembling the American deer in shape. The American says that "the limbs are very delicate, and the hoof, which is cloven, is almost transparent. In color they are reddish brown, with white breast and stomach. From the nose, and extending back to the ears, is a tan-colored stripe on each side, and under the lower jaw a white stripe, forming a trident. They feed like cattle, and chew the cud, like that species of the animal creation. They are easily domesticated. The eye is large and projecting, but the ears are short and oblong. They are said to be very swift, and their appearance would indicate it, as they are formed precisely like the red deer of this country."

THE RAINING TREE.

The island of Fierro is one of the largest in Canarie Group, and it has received its name on account of its iron bound soil, through which no river or stream flows. It has also but very few wells, and these not very good. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all remedies this inconvenience in a way so extraordinary that man will be forced to acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his wonderful goodness. In the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continue in constant verdure, winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but resolving itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a clear water, and cisterns at its foot to receive it are never empty.

A MAGICAL MANGO.

Everybody has heard of the Indian juggler's trick of producing a young mango tree from a seed which he takes from his bag, and submits to your examination. The seed is sound, and fit for planting. The juggler collects a quantity of earth, moistens it with water, and, taking a mango stone from his bag, plants it in the earth he has prepared. Over all he places a moderate-sized round basket, upon which he spreads his cloth or a native blanket. After an interval of discordant music and incantation, the cloth and basket are removed, the muddy seed is taken from the earth, and you observe that long, slender, white fibres, forming the root, have suddenly shot out. Again it is planted, and covered as before, and the music becomes more discordant and the incantation more furious. At length the charm is complete, and the removal of the basket displays a young and tender shoot, with two opening leaves at its summit. Exclamations of surprise from the by-standers, and satisfaction from the band of jugglers, complete the second act. Again all is covered up anew, and the car-splitting music goes on. Suddenly the coverings are removed, and, to the amazement and delight of all, the first shoot of a young mango-tree, with its small light colored leaves, makes its appearance.

"Seven years ago," says a correspondent of Chambers' Journal, "I was the spectator of such a scene at Madras, where I had gone on sick leave, and was glad of any amusement to relieve the monotony of a forced confinement to the house. I had a shrewd suspicion that, if I could examine this tree of miraculous growth, it would turn out a very simple affair. Acting on this idea, I suddenly seized it, and, in spite of the clamor of the jugglers, bore it off. It certainly had the appearance of a real mango-shoot. There was the dirty stone, wet and discolored, with the earth clinging to it. From its lower part, the white fibres of the recent root streamed out with a most natural appearance, whilst from the upper side sprang a perfect young shoot, six or eight inches in height, with the leaves in their earliest growth. A basin of water solved the mystery, for, on washing the stone, I found it old and dry, and split down on one side. From its cavity I took out a small bundle of grass roots, one end of which was tied with thread, and withdrew the young shoot of the mango from the top of the stone. Here you have only one part of the apparatus of deception. It is perfected in the following manner: The mango, an evergreen, grows in almost every large garden in India. A confederate first pulls a sufficient quantity of the roots of grass which are white, long and fibrous, and resemble the first growth of roots from the mango-seed. He ties them up, inserts the tied-end in the cleft stone, and gives them secretly with the cloth to his chief, who plants a mango-stone with the roots. The moist earth in which it is buried removes all appearance of deception. Again the confederate is ready with his progressive slips of mango, which, at every removal of the basket, he contrives to place within reach of the operator without being seen; and the latter, in his manipulations whilst covering up the basket with the cloth, slips them into the upper part of the slit in the mango stone. The same process may be continued so as to give you the fruit growing in its various stages, but this of course must depend on the trick being performed in the fruit season. I was twenty-three years in India, and never met with anybody who could explain the *modus operandi* of this trick, though almost all—not all—felt satisfied that it was a trick."—*Travels in India.*

PICTURES.

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and, perhaps, Idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—*N. H. Patriot.*

THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

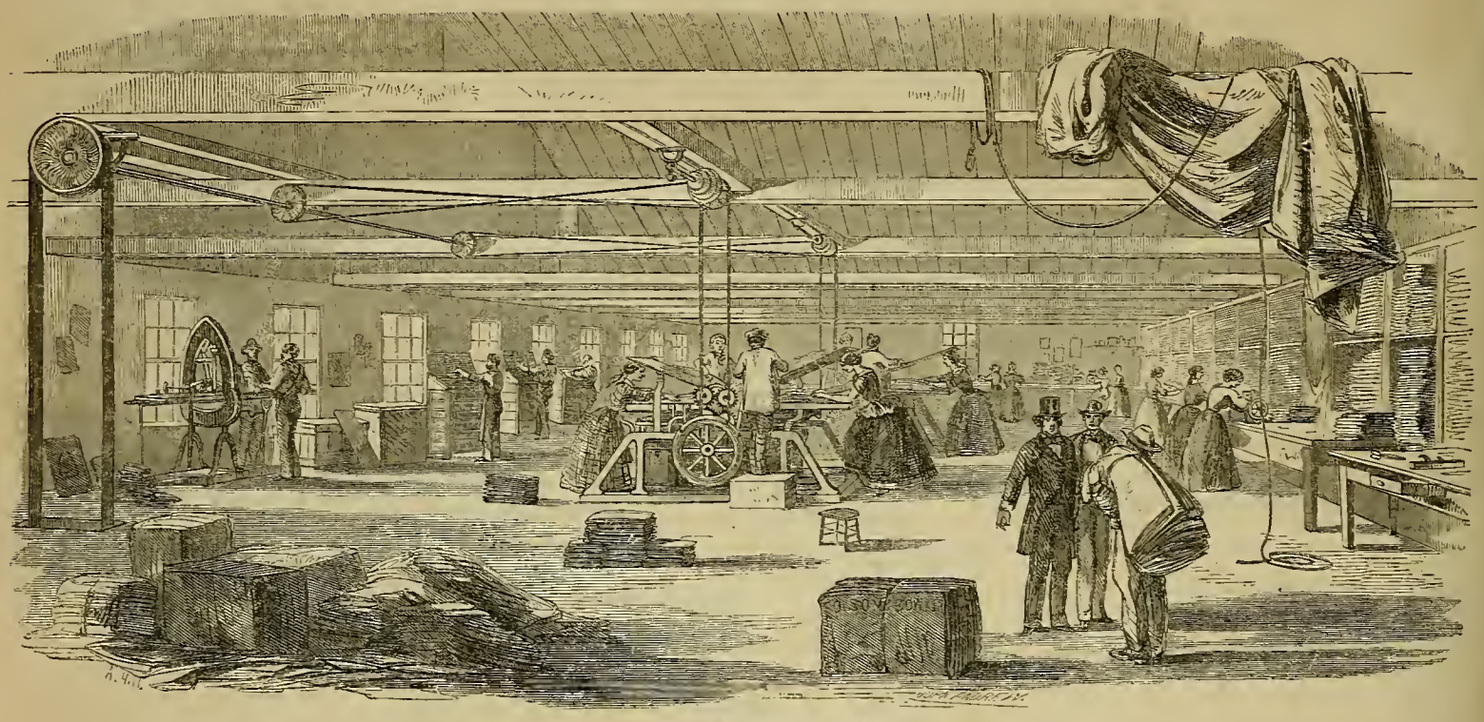
If the head that sleeps beneath the crown is uneasy, it is not because it is laid upon its pillow in uncomfortable lodgings. Crowned heads generally look out for the best quarters, and the pretty head of Queen Isabella of Spain has certainly a most magnificent shelter. The engraving on page 325 gives an accurate view of her superb palace, one of the finest in Europe, or rather, in the world. It is an undisputed model of architectural taste, beauty and grandeur, and its effect is most striking to the eye. It is situated at the western extremity on the site of the original Alcazar, or castle of the Moors, which was burned down on Christmas eve, 1734. Its extent is enormous, being 470 feet each way, and towering, a perfect mountain of masonry, to the height of 100 feet. The rustic base is of granite, and the window work is of white Colmenar stone, which glitters in the sunlight like marble. The architecture is a combination of Ionic and Doric. It contains a small but splendid Corinthian chapel, a library of nearly 100,000 volumes, and has one of the finest armories in the world. Our picture is drawn from the most favorable point of view, and the proportions of this remarkable edifice have been faithfully presented by the artist. The foreground is enlivened by the introduction of a military detachment marching into the courtyard over the lofty bridge. A regiment of infantry are passing in, and behind them comes a squadron of heavy horse. Some of the citizens are grouped together, watching the military pageant. The royal troops are not regarded with particular favor just at present, for they have but recently shed the blood of the people in the streets, and proved themselves the obedient instruments of O'Donnell in the late suppression of popular liberty. There are several other fine buildings in Madrid, such as the Chamber of Deputies, the Palace of the Councils, the Post Office, the Custom-House, the Palacio de Buenavista, and a few churches, but the city, with these exceptions, is not particularly remarkable for beautiful, nor has it any ancient, edifices. The recent date of its becoming the Spanish capital (under the reign of Philip II.), fully accounts for this. During the sway of the Austrian dynasty, which lasted about a century and a half, the only important buildings erected were convents, and these were far from being ornamental structures. Yet Madrid has very much to interest the traveller, as it has a peculiar and unique physiognomy of its own. And this interest in the capital of the nation may be somewhat enhanced when the former power and splendor of the Spanish people is remembered, which have been waning for centuries. The present critical condition of the nation seems to foretoken a still greater decay of its national strength.

FOLSOM & BOWKER'S BAG MANUFACTORY.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers views of the manufactory and ware-rooms of Messrs. Folsom & Bowker, 122 Commercial Street, in this city, widely known in their connection with the manufacturing by machinery of the various kinds of bags now so generally and extensively used in putting up flour, grain, hams, spices, and hundreds of other commodities in daily use. It may not be generally known that machinery is made to lend its powerful aid in their manufacture—that by its use bags are made faster, stronger and neater, and much more uniform in size and finish than they can possibly be by hand, and that formerly thirty or forty grain bags unevenly and very roughly made with the needle, was considered a good day's work; while now, the *sewing machine*, with its never-tiring arm, urged to its work by the ceaseless power of steam, and fed by the immense cutters and folders, rests nor pauses not till from 600 to 800 are made in the same time, and the printing presses finish nearly as many thousands. It is no wonder, when we consider these advantages and the gradual increase of the demand for the article for many years past (until now it is almost incredible), that these gentlemen should extend their means to meet this call; and we will endeavor to explain to our readers their *modus operandi*, which the engravings connected with this article will greatly assist us in doing. The first engraving gives a view of the Cutting and Sewing Room. In this department are some twenty sewing machines, attended by females, who are now seen at their work; here each bag is cut into proper dimensions, folded and sewed, or packed on long shelves, until the hungry maw of the sewing machine shall call for them. The third engraving is the same room viewed from the opposite end, where the bags are pressed into compact bundles for transportation, and the same being delivered,—the whole forming a busy and animated picture. The largest engraving displays the Printing Department, where three presses are almost constantly employed. The great variety of purposes for which the bags are required, and the various inscriptions to be imprinted, describing what they are to contain, rendering this absolutely necessary. In the fourth picture, we have a view of the Counting Room, through which the bags are finally despatched, properly put up according to the distance they are to be transported, and where samples of the many kinds and styles manufactured are constantly on view. It is almost impossible in an article like this, and where our space must be properly divided to suit the tastes of our many thousands of readers, to give such an extended notice of this business as we could wish; we shall, therefore, satisfy ourselves with a few hasty and general remarks. It is a fact not generally known that, during the late high price of flour, thousands of the poorer classes were forced, in the absence of larger means, to purchase the article by the bag. This extended over nearly every portion of our country; and in addition to the regular call, created an almost inconceivable demand for this variety of bags, which are made by tens of thousands at this establishment, the proprietors of which find a ready market in New England, at the same time shipping largely to the South and West, the latter particularly. It is curious to note how large results are often attained by small beginnings. Mr. Folsom (the senior partner and now the oldest manufacturer of bags in this city) was, some four or five years since, engaged in the making of clothing, in which he employed two or three sewing machines. The beauty and strength of the work attracted the attention of a gentleman who wished to have a few hundred bags made in an exceedingly strong and superior manner. This person made Mr. Folsom a proposition to sew them with his machines. After some demurring on his part, he consented; and when the work was finished, it gave such good satisfaction, a contract was offered Mr. Folsom by the gentleman, was accepted, and from using two or three machines in tailoring, the firm now use upwards of twenty, as we have shown, always at their highest speed, and running every working hour. We may as well mention, in this connection, that these sewing machines are all of the patent of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, whose extensive manufactory on Washington Street, near Waltham Street, is an ornament to our city. It is always a matter of pleasure to us to record individual instances of success which are the results of perseverance, energy and tact; and the firm whose name heads this article is deserving of more than this passing notice. They are always at their posts, ever ready to make a bid or to contract for the making of from one to thousands of pieces of the goods they manufacture; and having all the advantages of new and improved machinery, can compete with any other party in the business successfully, while their dealings are characterized by honesty and fairness. We were happy to observe that their employés were many of them females, some of whom we were informed, had been in the employ of the firm since the commencement of its business. A visit to their pleasant ware-rooms and manufactory would amply repay any who make it, whether from curiosity or on business, and we can assure all that they will be politely attended to in either case.



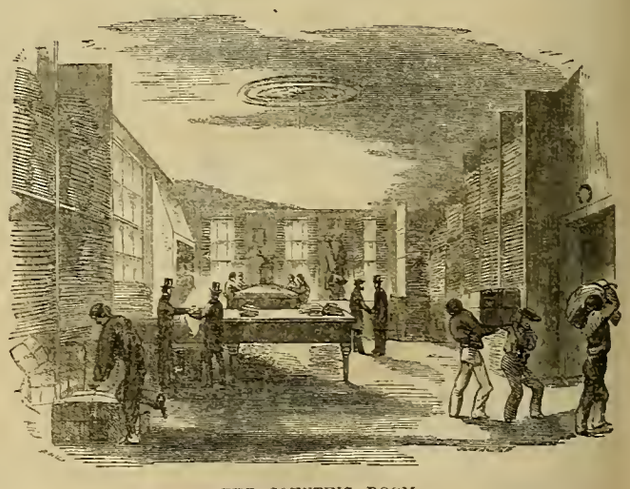
CUTTING AND SEWING ROOM.



THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT.



CUTTING AND SEWING ROOM.



THE COUNTING ROOM.

MESSRS. CHICKERINGS' GRAND PIANOFORTE.

The highly beautiful and tasteful Enamcled Grand Pianoforte, exhibited at the late fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in Boston, by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, which the engraving on next page represents, was made by the Messrs. Chickering more for the purpose of showing to what a state of perfection their art had arrived in this country, than with the expectation of finding a purchaser for so costly an article. It is in the pure style of modern French furniture, and would grace any of the most *recherché salons* even in Paris. The body and legs of the instrument are made of the finest white maple, and the whole finished with a degree of art unsurpassable for mechanical excellence and delicacy of construction. The exquisite carvings upon the case and legs, from drawings made by the principal designer of the manufactory, attracted all eyes during the exhibition, and are of equal merit in the conception and performance, both of which were the work of one individual. No one who is not conversant with the process can be aware of the amount of work and the extreme care necessary in bringing it to a desirable conclusion in the enameling and gilding of so large and ponderous a body as this. This portion of the work was done by Messrs. Stromberg & Co., who can well challenge the world to produce a more perfect specimen of finished art in this department. The encomiums which have been passed upon this elegant article, with regard to its outside perfections and



MESSRS. CHICKERINGS' GRAND PIANO FORTE.

designs, may with the same justice be lavished upon its interior, which is equally unexceptionable in all the requirements of a grand piano, in the fullest sense of the term. Its tone, its power and its sweetness were equally the theme of admiration from the admiring crowds that constantly surrounded it, and had it been entered with the other superb instruments of the Chickerings for competition, it would doubtless have obtained as flattering an approval. When we look back some fifteen years, and refer in our memory to the perfect (as it was then called) piano of the elder Mr. Chickering (of kindly memory), and then cast our eyes upon this magnificent evidence of the advancement of the art, we cannot avoid the conviction that the motto of the new firm, "Excelsior," is not an assumption, but a reality, which is still more strongly shown by the recent announcement in the Transcript of an award of one gold, two silver and two bronze medals for superiority in all the various departments of their business. Our engraving not only delineates the superb instrument above referred to, but the manner in which it was exhibited on a high platform, enabling visitors to see it to advantage from all points. Grouped in various parts of the picture are sketches of the wares of other exhibitors, the whole forming an agreeable souvenir of the great Mechanics' Fair, one of the "institutions" of which Boston is justly proud. We have alluded above to the contrast between the enameled grand piano under notice and the pianos turned out a few years since from the same establishment, as representing a prodigious improvement; but how much greater the contrast between this work of art and those manufactured forty years ago! We should like, for the coriosity of the thing, to see this Chickering piano and one of the date of which we speak placed in juxtaposition. It would speak volumes. The little spindle-shanked oddity, with its few jingling notes, would be a spectacle of fun. What an amazing advance in mechanical and musical science has taken place in this country within a quarter of a century! When we think of the number of pianos made, we fancy that the market must be glutted, and yet, to our astonishment, we learn that the principal manufacturers, with all their facilities, cannot meet the growing demand.



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID, SPAIN.

[For description, see page 323.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FORT NIAGARA.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

[An accurate sketch of this locality is presented in Vol. X., No. 13, of Ballou's Pictorial.]

Old fortress! still thou standest sentinel,
Where swift Niagara meets Ontario;
Thy massy walls seem frowningly to tell
Of former strife and foe.

Thy ministers of death, the cannons black,
Look now as warlike as in days of yore;
When hostile columns marched to the attack,
Along Niagara's shore.

A superstitious air doth hang around—
Strange scenes thou'st witnessed in departed years;
And still thy wall uprears.

Thou art a monument of former age—
A relic of a generation past—
A place of former war, of strife and rage,
Where peace prevails at last.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NELLIE KENT.

BY ESTHER DEENE.

Frank Layton came down stairs, whistling a popular tune—a always whistled when he had nothing else to do. The library door half opened, and his father's voice said:

"Frank, my boy, come in here a moment, I want to speak to you."

Frank went in, closed the door after him, sat down in a chair, and gazed listlessly at the fire. He wondered what was coming.

"Are you never going to get married, Frank?"

There it was, the question direct, without any preliminaries.

"To tell you the truth, father, I have entertained the idea for some time. But I have seen nobody that suits me as yet."

"I have two in my mind now, Frank, either of whom would make you a splendid wife."

"Indeed—do I know them, father?"

"I think not. They are the nieces of your mother's old friend, Mrs. Moxey. They have both come here to live with her, lately, and from what I have seen of them, I should call them very beautiful girls."

"Well, father, supposing that I should see fit to propose to either of these young ladies and should be rejected, what then?"

"Pooh! no danger of that—not in the least, Frank."

Frank passed his hand over his curly hair. One of his greatest and by no means unpardonable weaknesses, was vanity.

"I suppose Mrs. Moxey will try to marry off her nieces, so that they may not be dependent upon her," said Frank, after a pause.

"There you are wrong, Frank. Both of these girls will have splendid fortunes when they come of age. Mr. Bernard was as rich as a Jew, and left all his money to be divided between his two children, Julia and Lucy."

Perhaps the old lawyer was thinking of some will he had drawn up. But it is certain that Frank winced a little as he guessed his father's motive for mentioning the subject to him. He had almost made up his mind that he wouldn't like either Miss Julia or Miss Lucy Bernard in spite of their splendid fortunes.

* * * * * * *

"My dear fellow, let me introduce you to the beautiful sisters," said Alfred Dale to his friend Frank Layton, as they met a few evenings after Frank's conversation with his father, at the house of Mrs. Moxey.

The sisters were indeed beautiful. Frank, as he chatted merrily with them, hardly knew which he liked best—Julia with her black hair and her splendid form, or the brown-haired Lucy with her sweet smile. He quite forgot that he had almost vowed not to like either of them.

"Take care of yourself, Frank," whispered Alfred, as they passed close to each other in the dance.

Frank blushed a little—for with all his vanity he had not forgotten how to blush. Suddenly his eyes fell upon an elfish-looking little figure in a corner of the room. The little face was shaded with a profusion of dark brown hair combed plainly back, and the eyes wandered restlessly over the room. Frank gazed wonderingly, but the next minute was entirely engrossed in a conversation with Miss Julia.

Once more, in the course of the evening, as he stood near Alfred Dale, he caught sight of the plain little figure.

"Here, Dale," said Frank, whispering, "don't look round abruptly now, but tell me if you can, who that elfin lady is in the opposite corner."

"My dear fellow, don't bore me with your elves. You know I am not in that strain."

"But just tell me,—who is it?"

But Alfred had already retreated, and was half way across the room.

As Frank wended his way homewards that night, he tried to think which of the two sisters had pleased him most. But though he examined his own mind carefully, he found that he admired them both equally.

And so weeks went on, and Frank's admiration had changed into love. At least he acted like a man who is attacked with that disorder. But still the problem remained unsolved. For the life of him he could not tell which of the ladies he liked best. Julia he had discovered to be a coquette, but that only fascinated him more. Then Lucy always agreed with him in everything he said. And every one knows how pleasant it is to have one's opinions always acceded to.

He was leaning back in his chair, hearing the wind blowing without, and thinking how comfortable the fire was on a cold day. Then he began to whistle, but stopped suddenly, with the wise reflection that he was a vain fellow after all. Even if he proposed to Miss Bernard, he might be rejected. But then as a good son he would run the risk, and besides that, he was desperately in love—with which, Julia or Lucy? He certainly didn't know which to propose to.

A bright idea entered Frank's head. He would draw lots—that would be just the thing. And by way of improving this bright idea, he selected two slips of paper, and was proceeding to arrange them fastidiously, when the door burst open, and Alfred Dale rushed in quite unceremoniously. Frank wished him an hundred miles off. The fellow always came where he wasn't wanted.

Instead of taking the offered seat, Alfred walked excitedly about the room without speaking a word. Frank looked at him in astonishment. He was certainly insane.

"Frank, how I wish I wasn't poor."

"A fine expression for a man who said only a short time ago he was glad he was poor, because he wanted to work his way up in the world."

"What a memory you have. But then, you know, there was no Miss Bernard in the case."

Frank longed to ask which Miss Bernard was in the case, but hardly dared to.

"I tell you, Layton, I was never more sorry for anything in my life, than when I heard that girl had a splendid fortune."

"Why?"

"Because if Julia had been poor, we should have been on an equality. You must know, Frank, I am over head and ears in love with her."

Frank set his teeth together. From the instant the name of Julia had escaped Dale's lips, Frank was quite sure that it would have been her to whom he should have decided to propose, if he had drawn lots.

"Frank, are you going to strike me?"

"No, Dale,—you are a good fellow. What say you to a saunter down the street?"

"And a call at Mrs. Moxey's," added Alfred.

And away the two young men went, arm-in-arm, Frank inwardly vowing that he would propose to Julia that very day.

Just before they reached Mrs. Moxey's residence, a graceful little figure ran up the steps.

"Who is she?" asked Frank, suddenly interested,—"the very same face that I saw some weeks ago at Mrs. Moxey's."

"So that is your elfin lady, is it? I heard she was some poor relative of Mrs. Moxey's. That estimable lady seems to have a countless number of relations."

"Did you hear her name, Dale?"

"The elfin lady's—yes, I think it was Kent, though I am not quite sure."

Julia looked splendidly on this particular day, and Frank became more decided than ever. He was consequently quite mortified when he found that Alfred entirely engrossed her attention, and that very little was bestowed upon himself. He seated himself by Lucy, but somehow her serenity ruffled him to-day. He longed to have a downright quarrel with some one.

His eye suddenly caught sight of the elfin lady, as he had christened her,—and he watched her as she glided across the room, and seated herself in a corner with her work. She certainly looked as if she might enjoy a quarrel, and Frank had half a mind to provoke one some way or another with this unknown lady. But then nobody introduced her to him, and therefore he had no opportunity.

Julia was holding a very animated conversation with Alfred Dale about a book she had been reading lately. There was a laughing dispute about some passage, and Julia proposed to get the book to show who was right.

"Ah, I forget," said she; "Nellie will do just as well as the book. Just repeat the passage for us."

The elfin lady quietly did as she was bidden, and the result was that Julia was declared to be in the right. Frank thought that the poor relative was of some use after all.

Day after day went on. Frank had not proposed yet to Julia, even though that lady had exerted all her powers to fascinate him, and treated Alfred with coldness. After all, Frank was not certain but what he liked the serene Lucy better. Besides that, Alfred had scarcely spoken to him lately, and had acted as if possessed by some demon. A certain old-fashioned rule came into Frank's head, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Alfred to be sure was miserably jealous, but then Frank would be magnanimous, and give up forever the idea of aspiring to Miss Julia's hand.

This momentous sacrifice once concluded upon, Frank put on his overcoat, for it was quite a chilly day in spring, and prepared to find Alfred. But he was neither to be seen at his office nor his home. No one knew where he had gone. Just as Frank was about to give him up in despair, he saw his well-known figure in a cross street. Hastening, he soon caught up with him.

"My dear fellow, how are you?"

"Well enough," growled Alfred, evidently not much pleased with the interruption.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"A very indefinite locality."

"Well then," said Alfred, angrily, "it is none of your business, to speak plainly."

Frank's good humor was growing wonderfully less, but he managed to speak bravely:

"Now Dale, don't be angry with me. You know we have been friends since we were boys, and I should like us two always to be friends. Don't you remember when all the other boys in school were against me, you took my part?"

"What is the use of recalling those old stories?" And Alfred turned moodily away.

"Because I never want to forget what a good, generous fellow you are. Why, I am not the least bit in love now with Miss Julia Bernard,—Miss Lucy is more to my taste."

"Why, Frank, I thought you had entirely supplanted me with your father's money and your good looks. I am not quite sure you haven't now."

"My dear fellow, I am not so vain that I cannot see that the lady does not care the least for me."

"If that is the case, there is hope for me yet. And I don't care if I am poor, I will work my way up yet. Frank, I am sorry I spoke so to you; I had no right to be angry with you."

"Never mind that. Are you going to Mrs. Moxey's select party this evening?"

"Yes, to be sure. I didn't think though of going a little while ago."

The young man parted at the door of Alfred's office, Alfred looking quite pleased with himself and all the world. Frank wended his way homewards in a spirit of cheerful martyrdom. There were no longer two to choose between, and the state of glorious uncertainty he had been in for the last three months was quite done away with. As he opened the front door, he met his father with coat and hat on all ready for going out.

"Come into the library just one moment, Frank."

Frank followed his father a little reluctantly. He would like to have been excused.

"Have you proposed to either of those young ladies yet?"

"No," said Frank.

"And when do you mean to?"

"I cannot possibly tell."

"Cannot tell, when you have been dilly-dallying these six months. I tell you it is of the greatest consequence that you should marry one of them. If you don't, you young rascal, I'll marry one myself, and leave you nothing in my will."

The old gentleman paused a moment to take breath, and then went on.

"I am going to Mrs. Moxey's—she is as anxious as I am that you should marry one of her nieces. Just see what you subject me to, Frank. Mrs. Moxey actually thinks that my calls on your behalf, are really on her account. There is no limit to the vanity of women."

And the old lawyer departed, leaving his son to rather uncomfortable reflections. In the first place, Frank disliked the idea of marrying any one for her money. As much as he admired Lucy Bernard, he almost resolved to forget her, rather than that it should be said he married her for her wealth. Then there was the disobedience to his father's express wishes—an act he had never been guilty of before. However, he determined that that evening should decide his fate one way or another, and in the morning he would give his father a direct answer.

Mrs. Moxey's party was quite a brilliant affair. No one knew better how to get up a party than the widow. And her two beautiful nieces were quite an attraction. Alfred Dale was present, of course, and Julia and he were exceedingly good friends. Frank almost envied Alfred his happiness. As for himself, he took a seat by Lucy Bernard with the uncomfortable feeling that his father's eye was fixed upon him watching his every movement. He became quite silent, very different from the usually agreeable Frank Layton. Lucy Bernard, after rallying him a little on his apparent dulness, left him to his own reflections. He watched her conversing gaily with some gentlemen in another part of the room. After all, it would be a frightful thing to marry a person who would never differ with him from one year's end to another, even if that person were rich and beautiful. He would have liked a passionate person better.

Quietly passing through the brilliantly lighted rooms, he went through the door that led out on the piazza. Something dark on the floor attracted his attention. Stooping down, he discovered a bunch of violets, which from the fragrance they retained, seemed to have been freshly gathered.

In an exceedingly sentimental turn of mind, he stood gazing at the moon, as the "queen of night" suddenly emerged from a filmy cloud. One by one he dropped the violets over the railing of the piazza, counting a year with each one. Twenty-four violets he had dropped into the darkness, and just twenty-four years had he lived. Twenty-four years of idleness; but from that night forth, he would commence to work out his own fortune.

"Will you spare me a few of my violets?"

The voice quite startled him; he was certain no one had passed through the door since he himself had. He looked around the piazza—a black object was just observable on a bench in the corner. Then the figure slowly arose and came towards Frank—there was no mistaking Miss Nellie Kent.

"Pardon me the use of your property—were they so very valuable to you?"

"Everything is valuable that we toil for. I climbed a steep hill for those violets this afternoon."

"I'm very sorry; I did not know they belonged to any one in particular." It was certainly a very odd, elfish little figure, and a very pretty face that the moon shone upon. "Did the moon attract you, too, Miss Nellie Kent?"

"No, I came here because it was so warm and so tiresome in there."

She had brushed past him, and re-entered the lighted rooms. With the remnant of the violets in his hand, he soon followed, and a few minutes after took his leave of Mrs. Moxey. Frank's dreaded explanation with his father came sooner than he expected. As he opened the outer door that night, his father was pacing the hall, his face looking pale and careworn.

"Is it all settled, Frank?"

"No, father," was Frank's resolute answer.

"And why not?"

"Because I find I have no stronger feeling than admiration for either Miss Julia or Miss Lucy Bernard. And I can never bring myself to marry any one merely for her money."

"Then, Frank, we are ruined."

"How so, father?"

"If you will have the circumstances, you must know that I invested all my property in a speculation and failed. That is, I have lost everything, and find myself as poor as I was thirty-five years ago. I did hope that my son would retrieve my fortune by marrying Miss Bernard."

"He will do better than that, father—he will work for you."

"Work! I believe little in a son who goes contrary to what he knows are my express wishes."

"I could not do what I should regret all my life; but I can and I will work hard."

"Nonsense, you never worked in your life."

"The more reason that I should now, father."

But the old lawyer was already slamming the door after him, muttering to himself, "ruined, ruined entirely." Frank could hear his father pacing his room all through the night. Once and awhile the sound ceased, as if he were resting. But in a few minutes the walking re-commenced. It was so painful for Frank to hear, that his resolution almost wavered. Once or twice for his father's sake he almost came to the determination to marry Miss Bernard and her splendid fortune. But then he could not lose his own self-respect, which he should certainly do, if he married with such a mercenary object in view. No, he would rather work night and day.

He walked out early in the morning before his father was up. The cool, fresh air was quite reviving, and more for the sake of forgetting his anxieties than anything else, he climbed a hill and saw the sun rise over the water. Coming down, his attention was attracted by some violets, that brought back to his remembrance one scene of the previous evening. He gathered a bunch of the fragrant flowers, determining to send them to Miss Nellie Kent in place of those he had destroyed. Consequently, as he passed Mrs. Moxey's house, he left them at the door, and then went home to breakfast and an angry father.

In due course of time, the misfortune of Mr. Layton, senior, became widely known, and friends fell off accordingly. Mrs. Moxey grew a little colder, though all the rest of the household remained unchanged. In spite of the freezing reception he received from that respectable lady, Frank still was a constant visitor; for out of the affair of the violets had grown quite an acquaintance with Miss Nellie Kent. In fact, the elán lady occupied his thoughts much of the time.

The marriage of Alfred Dale with Julia Bernard was quite a settled affair; the chief regret of Alfred being that Julia was not as poor as himself. Now, it is a strange thing, but an actual fact, that Frank Layton made the proposal to Miss Nellie Kent, that he had thought of making to two other ladies before her. And he was accepted; and more than that, it was arranged that he should be married at the same time as his friend, Alfred Dale. After that, Frank was to commence in earnest to work out his fortune.

The wedding-day came and turned out like a great many others, to be the best day that could possibly have been selected. The brides were certainly beautiful. One knew not which to admire most. But the ceremony was over, and the party returned from church, and Nellie stood by the window looking out.

"Mrs. Nellie Kent Layton—how does that title sound?" asked Frank.

"Not quite right, Frank. It should be Mrs. Nellie Kent Bernard Layton—though everybody use to call me Nellie Kent."

"I thought that was your name."

"No, Bernard was my father's name. But I never told you of your mistake, Frank, because I wanted you to think me poor."

"But you were poor, Nellie—at least, I thought it was Julia and Lucy who were rich."

"No, they have each of them only a little property. My father was very rich, and left me all his property." Frank stood silently looking out of the window. "Are you so terribly sorry that I am rich?" asked Nellie, timidly.

"No, my dear," said Frank, drawing her towards him. "But I was thinking that I should still adhere to my plans for working, so as not to be dependent upon my wife. Besides that, Nellie, you know that 'everything is valuable that we toil for.'"

WHALING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Yankee skipper is at present in Manchester for the purpose of getting two rifles of a very peculiar character made by Mr. Whitworth, the eminent mechanical engineer. They are each forty pounds weight, and are intended to shoot whales that cannot be approached and killed in the ordinary method. The barrel is only thirty inches long, rifled polygonally to describe one turn in length. The projectile is a shell of three pounds weight, six inches long, fired from the shoulder with 2 1-2 drachms of powder, and having a charge inside of four ounces. The skipper states that he killed three whales last season out of forty fired at with a bomb, in the shape of an arrow twenty inches long, and having India rubber wings to guide its flight. The rest spouted blood, but got away, owing to the length of the bomb detracting from its destructiveness. They are one hundred feet long, and weigh two hundred tons. The ship and crew are now waiting at Cork until the rifles and shells are completed.—*London Times.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WEENONA.

BY WALTER BYRAFTT.

Hail, thou bright majestic river!
Sporting with the summer gale;
Where the sunshine arrows quiver,
In the peaceful, smiling vale!
Here once dwelt an Indian maiden—
Fair Weenona! blithe and free,
And her step was like a sunbeam
Dancing o'er the playful sea!

Young and handsome was Weenona,
Light and graceful as a fawn;
And her cheeks were like the roses—
Like the crimson blush of morn!
Like the dew-stars' brilliant sparkle,
From their jewelled realms of light,
Were her eyes;—her silken tresses,
As the darkness of the night.

One there was—a dark eyed warrior,
Proud and noble, and a king!
He had seen the queenly maiden,
Heard the young Weenona sing.
One bright evening she sat musing,
Near her wigwam, by the stream;
Bright the star-beams shone above her—
Lovely was Weenona's dream.

Suddenly there stood before her,
One she loved—a warrior bold!
"Fair Weenona, has Abankee
Dared to you his love unfold?"
"Ay, he has," the maiden answered,
"Ha! the villain!" and he frowned;
Darkly as the storm-cloud's threatening,
Ere the rain-drops pierce the ground.

Clearly shone the moon above them,
Near them rocked their light canoe;
"Let us fly!" Weenona whispered—
"Red Bird, I will follow you!"
Like an arrow from its quiver,
Swift they sped adown the stream;
Ah, they saw not their pursuers,
Nor the tomahawk's pale gleam!

O'er the cataract's mad waters,
Through the white and seething foam,
They were wafted safely onward,
To their far-off forest-home.
There they lived and loved together,
In their wigwam—happy twain!
And Weenona's song of gladness
Echoed through the idlis again!

In the Valley of Wyoming,
Years agone, one lovely night,
Languished gentle, young Weenona,
And her spirit took its flight!
Soon her husband followed after,
To the silent land of shades;
Never more their songs of gladness
Echoed through the valley-glades.

Near the river, where a willow,
Drooping, weeps o'er grassy mound,
There they laid the Indian lovers—
Sacred be that spot of ground!
In the silent "Vale of Waters,"
There is fair Weenona's grave;
Underneath the fringing osiers,
By the blue and shining wave;
And the violet lifts its head
O'er the long-forgotten grave.

MONACO.

Upon the southern shore of North Italy, between the Sardinian States of Genoa and Nice, washed by the rolling waters of the Mediterranean, is situated the independent principality of Monaco—a principality containing fifty-three square miles of territory—which is more than twice as much as that possessed by the world-renowned republic of San Marino. The principality of Monaco was founded as early as the tenth century, in favor of the house of Grimaldi, under whose rule, with partial interruptions, it has ever since remained—the prince usually residing in Paris a considerable portion of the year. It has a population of about seven thousand inhabitants, who are prouder of their little State than Napoleon is of his empire. Their capital, built on a rocky promontory, is a town of twelve hundred people, defended by fortifications erected by Louis Fourteenth. The entire principality is under the protection of Sardinia. The people of Monaco, conscious of the inferiority of their State in point of size, have adopted the policy of attracting attention by making a great noise in the world, and it is said that for more than a century, this little principality, not eight miles square, has not ceased for a single day to disturb all Europe with its protests, its pronunciamentos and declarations of right. In this manner it has thus far escaped the encroachments of its more powerful neighbors.—*Portfolio.*

SHIPS AND THE SEA.

I do not know of anything that shows more evidently the limitless capacity of man, and his prerogative to conquer the dominions of nature, than a ship. Even the first rude bark, creeping timidly from the shore, was an indication of this delegated lordship over the material world—the first pushing out of those attenuæ of the human mind that were to clasp around the globe, and stretch out their measuring lines among the stars. And now follow this adventurous achievement, from that simple boat to the vessel that bore Columbus stretching out beyond all ancient landmarks, and beating onward, like the energies of his own dauntless heart, through the gray mystery of the deep—follow it to the deck of a modern steamship condensing in its enormous and beautiful model the art and science of six thousand years, and whipping its surges with its lash of fire, and you will understand how this great and wide sea has accomplished the purposes of wise and benevolent design, by developing, through its very difficulties, the mind, and elevating the social condition of man. Yes, the sea is a great civilizer that carries round the wide world tokens from land to land, and binds together the destinies of the race.—*E. H. Chapin, D. D.*

AN UNFAITHFUL STEWARD.

The Duke of Devonshire was once [illegible] and had [illegible] that one of those stolen views, so characteristic of autumn, was about to burst upon her. He drove [illegible] hoping that he might press on over some farm-house or other means of shelter, he hurried to the top of a hill just [illegible] when his eye was arrested by a scene in the valley below which could compare to nothing but one of enchantment. It was a [illegible] farm house nestling among the trees, and surrounded by the [illegible] and most beautiful meadow land he had ever seen. The [illegible] was perfectly transported by the air of dreamy quietude which hung about it, and he fancied he could almost hear the hum of innumerable bees in the clover-blossoms. When he reached the door, he discovered a middle-aged woman churning, and a young girl of fourteen or fifteen years employed at the churn. The rain had just commenced to patter down in large drops, so that the duke had a good excuse for entering. The poor woman knew the duke only by reputation—he had never seen him before, but she knew from his look and bearing that he was no ordinary person, which of course created considerable trepidation in the heart of the simple matron. The duke said:

"Be not concerned, my good woman, for the sudden shower coming up is the sole cause of my intrusion in the midst of this little paradise." The woman curtsied and stammered out some sort of reply. "I am quite famished," said the duke, "and if you will be so good as to give me a mouthful of something to eat, I will endeavor to intrude on your hospitality no longer than the shower continues."

"I have nothing in the house, poor honor, but some bread and cheese, and a drink of ale," replied the woman, reddening.

"O, that will do very well," answered the duke, who had never tasted a morsel of coarse bread in his life. "I think I will try some—anything to stay my appetite."

While he was partaking of the homely fare which the poor woman spread before him, he inquired if she owned the cottage and the few acres of beautiful green meadow land which surrounded it.

"We did once, sir—that is my husband did; but—" here she hesitated.

"Go on!" said the duke, who saw in a moment that some trouble was lurking at the bottom of it. "I am always interested in the distresses of the poor—if that is your condition."

"It was, sir, till the Duke of Devonshire's steward came to me one day, and said the duke wanted it, and that he would give me sixteen acres away yonder on the hillside, which was good for naught (I could never keep one sorry cow on it but it would look like it were starved), for my five acres here at home, which would keep two sleek and fat."

"But my good woman," said the duke, "do you suppose the Duke of Devonshire would be guilty of so base an act? Why did you not apply to the authorities for redress?"

"Alas!" answered the poor woman, bursting into tears, "the steward assured me if I made any resistance, the duke would take away everything I had, and send me straight to the work-house. Indeed, I used to think the duke was a good man before this, and my husband, honest man, believed it also."

The duke was sensibly affected, and turning to the window, said:

"I am a friend of the duke's, and at present am stopping at Chatsworth Hall; but I doubt if the duke, till the present hour, has ever heard a word of what you have been telling me. Indeed, I am so confident of this, and am so much interested in your grievances, that you shall accompany me on my return, and shall learn from the duke's own mouth the falsity of what the steward has told you."

At first the poor woman hesitated. But the duke assured her that no harm should befall her; that he would stand by her to the last; and that she should soon have the satisfaction of having all her former rights restored to her. Thus re-assured and encouraged, the poor widow, after the shower had subsided, started off in company with the duke on his return to Chatsworth.

When they arrived at the Hall, the steward was sent for, and was completely thunderstruck on beholding the poor woman whom he had so basely defrauded of her rights, in company with the duke his master. He was questioned, and without attempting to deny the charge, he fell on his knees and confessed his iniquity. The duke was perfectly calm during the confession, and when he was done, he turned to the woman and inquired how much her five acres of land were worth to her a year. He then figured up the amount, adding interest and compound interest, and then turning to the steward, said: "Pay this woman the amount, and then I have a settlement to make with you for the remaining sixteen acres which you have appropriated to your own use, which I shall likewise confer upon this poor woman. It is now sixteen years since you commenced to serve me as steward, and this is the second of your offences known to me; and I warn you, as you value your situation, that you never be guilty of a third."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POETRY OF THE EAST. By WM. ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1856. 12mo. pp. 280.

In this elegant volume, the Rev. Mr. Alger, who is fully competent to the task, has unrolled a splendid panorama of Eastern poesy, giving us glimpses of a wealth of the existence of which the mass of readers is probably unaware. His prefatory essay on oriental poetry is a production of great interest and importance.

THREE-FOLD TEST OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By WM. R. GOODSON, D.D.

The reverend author of this volume handles the exciting subject of spiritualism in a novel manner, and argues from his standpoint with considerable force. It is a book which will provoke much controversy. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY. By the VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND. Translated by CHARLES I. WHITE, D.D. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 763.

A complete translation of De Chateaubriand's great work, with a biography of the author, and copious critical and explanatory notes. Apart from the purpose of these essays, which sprang from the revolt of a devoted spirit against the atheism of the French revolution, they are models of style, and the translator has given in pure English the equivalent of the pure and brilliant French of the original. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

THE BANISHED SON, AND OTHER STORIES OF THE HEART. By MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 271.

There are twelve of these charming stories, now to be read with a mournful interest since the death of their gifted author. The perfect purity and womanliness of her writings enhances the effect of their power and brilliance. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST. By S. N. CARVALHO. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 380.

The author enlisted as an artist in Col. Fremont's last expedition, shared the adventures of the party, and also passed through a variety of perils of his own. With a wide field for description, he has managed his materials with skill, and made a very readable book. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.—T. B. Peterson has published this fine story by Mrs. Grey in pamphlet form, and it may be obtained of A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, we have received "L'Inquietude," "Kiss Schottish," "Di Provenza il Mar," from La Traviata, and the "Messenger Polka." Also from G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, the "Rigoletto Polka Redowa," "Love Chase Gallop," and a new version of "Pop goes the Weasel."

CAPE COD.

On this and the next page we present a series of faithful sketches, drawn for us on the spot, by Mr. Kilburn, and delineating some of the most striking localities on Cape Cod, a portion of Massachusetts exhibiting many features of interest. The second view in this series depicts the town of Provincetown, originally a part of Truro, but incorporated as a township in 1727, with the investiture of peculiar privileges, the inhabitants being exempted from taxation. At this time, and for ten or twelve years thereafter, it was a flourishing place, but at the expiration of this period, the people began to forsake the town, and before the year 1748, it was reduced to two or three families. In 1755, it contained about ten dwelling-houses, and in 1776, about twenty houses and 205 inhabitants. After the Revolutionary war, it gradually rose from its state of depression. The town of Provincetown is situated on the end of the peninsula of Cape Cod, and lies in the form of a hook. It averages about three and a half miles in length, and two and a half in breadth. The entire township consists of beaches and hills of sand, and a few shallow ponds. The harbor is completely landlocked, and very capacious and safe, and is a place of great importance to navigation. This was the first harbor at which the Mayflower touched in her passage to Plymouth, in 1620. Provincetown stands on the northwestern side of the harbor, on the margin of a beach of loose sand. Immediately behind the town is a hill or cliff of sand, as seen in our view, upon the summit of which stands the town-house, making a very conspicuous landmark, which may be seen for miles from every point of the compass. The houses are mostly situated on a single street two miles in length, and running near the water's edge, provided with a good plank sidewalk for the entire distance. The street is very narrow and irregular, and upon stepping from the sidewalk, the foot sinks into the sand, which is so light that it drifts about the houses like snow in a driving winter storm. Although surrounded on every side by the ocean, good water is obtained by digging at a moderate depth a short distance from the shore. In our view, the town house is seen upon the cliff; the building immediately beneath the flag-staff is the bank; the church to the left is the Methodist; the next is the Orthodox, and the remaining one seen is the Universalist. Provincetown has a large shipping interest, and a great many whalers are owned and fitted out here. It has become during the summer the resort of a great many strangers, for the purposes of fishing and inhaling the invigorating sea breezes. It is about fifty miles east-southeast of Boston. In the extent of the mackerel fishery carried on here, this port ranks as the fourth in the State, being surpassed only by Gloucester, Wellfleet and Newburyport. In 1851, sixty vessels, with a tonnage of 4332 tons owned here, were engaged in the mackerel fishery, employing 688 men and boys. During the year 1852, 17,640 barrels of mackerel were inspected at this port. The population, by the last census, was 3157. The remaining sketches of our series were made in and about Truro. The settlement of Truro was commenced about 1700. Its Indian name was Pamet, and it appears to have been purchased in 1697. In 1705, it was erected into a township called Dangerfield, and in 1709, it was incorporated by its present name. The town is situated on the northern extremity of the peninsula of Cape Cod. It is about fourteen miles in length, and three in breadth in the widest part. Excepting the salt marshes, the soil is very light and sandy, and free from stones or the growth of wood. No hay, with the exception of marsh or salt hay, is produced, and the appearance of the soil is rather dubious in regard to pasturage. The whole face of the township is composed of sand-hills, and narrow valleys and depressions. The tops of some of the hills spread into a plain, and from these, in the northern portion of the town, nothing can be seen but the ocean and one wide waste of sand covered in places with moss and sparse grass, and in others white, loose and drifting like snow. There is now no wood in this part of the cape, although tradition says it was once heavily wooded; but from the present appearance it is hard to realize it. Pine seed has lately been planted to considerable extent, and embryo pine forests are to be seen in various places. The Highland Light, delineated in our third engraving, stands upon an elevated cliff, and forms a conspicuous object from the inland, as well as from the seaward side. The telegraph line from Boston runs to this light-house, and vessels coming into the bay are telegraphed from it. Not far from this light is the windmill, seen in our last engraving, a fair sample of the mills with which the cape is studded. Pond village, depicted in our first engraving, occupies the inside of the cape. The view we present gives a good idea of the scenery and general appearance of the villages in this part of the cape. The hills, which rise in graceful and regular swells, are entirely destitute of trees or shrubbery, which gives them a peculiar and barren appearance. Truro Beach, which forms another of our pictures, is quite near Pond Village. It forms no harbor, but vessels lie in the offing and communicate with the shore by boats; the fish-houses, etc., make a picturesque appearance. Provincetown is connected with Boston by the regular packet Olata, Capt. Young, and other packets, and by stage, which runs through Truro, Wellfleet, Eastham, Orleans, Brewster and Dennis to Yarmouth, fifty miles, where it connects with the Cape Cod Railroad. Truro is about 110 miles by land, and 55 by water from Boston. The inhabitants derive their chief support from the fisheries. In 1852, 52 vessels and 581 men and boys were employed here in the mackerel fishery; 2541 barrels of mackerel were inspected in that year. In the great gale of 1841, this town lost 57 men, whose homes were in a circuit of two miles—27 of them married, and only eight over thirty years of age. The population at that time was about 1900; the number of widows, 105. In 1850, the population was 2051.



POND VILLAGE, TRURO, MASS.



VIEW OF PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

THE CASHMERIANS.

The Cashmerians are a handsome race, with the oval faces and aquiline nose peculiar to the Affghans, somewhat of the Jewish type, but of a more open expression: they have fair complexions, with a slight blush of red upon the cheek. The Mussulman population seemed to me to have the finest features; but the Hindoos (almost all Brahmins) have fairer skins, more white and pink—some would be reckoned fair even in England—and the tint of the skin is to me more beautiful than that of the generality of my own countrymen. The men are broad-shouldered and stoutly built, of a middling height. One sees fewer of the extremes, neither very tall nor very short men, as in most other countries. The dress of the lower classes consists of a loose woolen frock, reaching below the knee, gathered in round the waist by a piece of white or colored cloth, and a white turban on the head. The better classes wear the same style of dress, but made of a much finer material, the fine wool or Pashmeena, from which the shawls are made. This is usually either of lilac or fawn color, and is very expensive. Mahomedans and Hindoos wear the same dress, and all have the face unshaven. Some of the children are lovely; and along the banks of the river the little girls, seen playing and dabbling in the water, called forth our warm admiration. The women I am not able to describe. It is the custom in the East for all respectable women to conceal the face and figure as much as possible; and



HIGHLAND LIGHT, TRURO, MASS.

RAILROADS IN EUROPE.

The great railroad line from Paris to Marseilles, a distance of 535 miles, is now completed, except the bridges at Lyons, across the two rivers, the Soane and the Rhone, at the junction of which the city stands. These bridges, when finished, will be as fine specimens of workmanship as can be anywhere found. The one across the Rhone is already nearly done—built of cast iron—and it presents a most beautiful and picturesque view, as seen from a point about half a mile above it. The piers of the bridge across the Soane are now building in water forty or fifty feet deep. Great cylinders of cast iron are first planted on the bottom of the river—by some means, I know not how—which reach above the surface of the water. From these the water is pumped out, and the workmen descend in them as in a well, and carry on the work of rearing the piers from the bottom of the river. This bridge across the Soane is approached by a tunnel five or six miles in length! How far it is below the surface of the earth I cannot tell. But it is no uncommon thing in this country to travel for a mile or two at a time through a tunnel, and that, too, at the rate of about forty miles per hour. But the railroads in this country are so delightful! There is scarcely any perceptible motion. The roads are beautifully graded, and then covered with pebbles or small fragments of rock pounded in so as to make them firm. The sides of the embankments are turfed. The tracks are always double, so that there is no danger of a collision. The coaches are elegant, and the whole management of the roads is conducted with the strictest reference to the convenience, comfort and safety of the passengers. Travelling by rail in England, and especially on the continent, is much more pleasant, and vastly safer than in the United States. The express, and the direct trains, as they are called, make but few stoppages on the long routes, and ordinarily not more than one or two minutes at a station. Then everything is so quiet. There is no bustle nor noise at the station. In obtaining tickets, but one person can approach at the same time, and he must get his change and retire before another can apply. In a word, there is perfect system about everything. The coaches are not like ours. They are divided into apartments that resemble elegantly furnished private carriages. On the continent there are eight seats in these apartments; in England only six. The first class on the continent is far superior, in point of comfort, to the first class in England. In England they have no means of warming the coaches in cold weather. In France they warm them by means of cylinders of hot water, which are changed two or three times during the night or day. They keep the coach very comfortable. How unlike are these careful and thorough regulations to those generally enforced on the railroad routes in this country, where comfort is often sacrificed to speed.—*New Yorker.*



RACE POINT LIGHT.

distance it has a very pretty effect, but the courseness of the material injures very much the appearance when seen too closely. The higher classes of ladies, in their houses, wear loose silk trousers, and a kind of silk skirt, all generally of a red color. The taking style of their dress gives a romantic effect to their personal beauty and natural symmetry of form which has always attracted the notice of travellers; and they have become the ideal models of natural grace and perfection the world over. Nowhere else in Asia, if in the world, are to be found so close resemblances to the statuary of the ancient sculptors whose fidelity to nature was unrivalled, as the natives of Cashmere exhibit in the outlines of symmetrical elegance of mould. The refinements of modern life do not seem to have developed a greater degree of physical beauty.—*London Literary Gazette.*



WINDMILL NEAR HIGHLAND LIGHT, TRURO, MASS.

although this is less the case in Cashmere than perhaps any other part of Asia, still an Englishman cannot become acquainted with the appearance of many. The girls of a marriageable age, and all those at all remarkable for personal appearance, are kept shut up. We could therefore form our opinions only from the few of the commoner classes met about the town and surrounding country. The young women do come down to the river to wash their feet and clothes. But our boat, with its gay pavilion and numerous rowers, was a marked object wherever we went; and, I suppose from fear, whenever we approached, the young ladies run off as quickly as they could. On a few occasions, turning sharply round a corner, we surprised a fair bevy of damsels, and a glimpse thus obtained, confirmed the opinion generally entertained of the beauty of Cashmerian women. They better deserve the name of fine than pretty. They are tall, stoutly limbed, with a majestic walk; the nose and upper lip beautifully formed; the dark eye large and soft, like that of the gazelle, with the long, silken black lashes and magnificently arched eyebrows. The hair is parted in the centre, gathered into several plaits behind, which are again collected into one and worked with worsted into a tail reaching to the ankles. A red or white fillet is bound round the head, and the dress consists of a large, woolen, loose frock of red color; this reaches a little below the knee, and sometimes they gather it round the loins with a white scarf. At a little



TRURO BEACH, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IMPROMPTU.

[*On returning the ashes of documents dedicating me to Ambition.*]

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Ha! there's Fame's winding-sheet! gaze on it now!
Methinks the flames are writhing round my brow.
I send thee embers! the mere earthy part:
Their spirit message burns upon my heart.
Soft, magic lines—that wake the spirit lyre;
Wild, burning lines—that set the heart on fire!
Behold the dregs!—the cup is drained full well;
Yet am I sane, the thrilling tale to tell.
Thou deemest not oblivion fanned the fire?
Nor canst thou truly view the act with ire!
Again I say—my lyre is not for fame;
And when I die—then with me dies my name!
I burn thy missives! with them—burn the lays
That wake within my soul such hankering after praise.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The unclouded moon of a June night was shedding its radiance over a rocky cliff, which frowned darkly on the waters of a stream which washed its base. A well-beaten footpath passed over the brow of the cliff, and about midway, springing from its scanty soil, was a clump of bushes.

A little before nightfall, a man, apparently about twenty-five, who, although not wearing the garb of a sailor, showed by his swart visage and the peculiarity of his gait, that his home was on the deep, walked rapidly along the path, which, for a considerable distance, previously to reaching the cliff, passed over an open plain. He did not slacken his pace till he reached the summit of the cliff, where grew the bushes. He then stopped, and with looks of eagerness peered through the gathering gloom, in the direction he had just come. As he stood, the outlines of his lithe though muscular figure were clearly defined against the western sky, from which the red glow of sunset had not yet entirely faded. Even his handsome, well-cut features could be seen in profile, though not the sinister expression which marred their beauty.

"I am certainly in season—he cannot yet have passed," said he to himself, and after carefully scanning the landscape on every side, he crouched down behind the bushes in such a manner that they would have concealed him from the view of any one who might approach the spot, even without the aid of the increasing darkness.

Minute after minute crept away, but the stillness remained unbroken.

"He is a laggard, and I wish I could say a coward," he muttered impatiently, as compressing the spring of his gold repeater, he found that an hour and fifteen minutes had passed, since he had been on the watch. He half rose, but quickly shrunk back again, for at that moment he imagined he heard distant and hurried footsteps. He was not mistaken. They came nearer and nearer, nor did the steep ascent scarce check their celerity. He who was lying in wait would already under any circumstances have known them from all others, for love even fails to render the hearing more acute than the bitter and deadly hate by which he was animated. He did not move an inch, until he who was approaching was within three or four paces of where he lay concealed, when he suddenly rose, sprang into the path and confronted him.

"You walk as if you were in a hurry, Phil. Marsden," said he.

"If you think so," was the reply, "courtesy will teach you not to attempt to detain me."

"Do you know who I am?"

"I do. He who has once met with Ryan Hinkson wont be likely to forget him. Good evening, sir."

"Softly—softly—not so fast. You leave not this spot, till you promise to make no further attempt to win the affections of Mary Enfield."

"First make it appear by what right you demand such a promise, and I shall be better prepared to give you an answer."

"In the first place, you basely stepped in between her and me, and with your honeyed words stole her heart from me."

"That which was never yours, couldn't be stolen from you."

"Say that again, Phil. Marsden, and you'll be sorry for it!"

"You know it to be the truth, as well as I do. The character of the man Miss Enfield honors with her choice, must not be open to such infamous charges as have been cast upon yours, or if it does, he must not shrink from adopting such measures as will be likely to disprove them."

"I leave it to such as you, to try to silence every vile cur that barks."

"When a man is suspected of sailing under the black flag, if the means of exculpation lie within his reach, it can be no disparagement for him to avail himself of them."

"Dare you say that *you* believe I have been guilty of what you mention?"

"Yes, for I believe it to be the truth."

"And you have tried to make Mary Enfield believe it?"

"For such an attempt there is no occasion. It came to her ears before it did to mine, and if you would avoid getting into trouble, you will leave this neighborhood at once."

"Your advice will be more welcome when it is asked. I shall remain here as long as suits me, and in the meantime, I defy you, or any one else, to prove that I am anything more or less, than the captain of the Sea-Gull, soon to sail for South America, and now lying eight miles below here, where she has been taking in her cargo."

"If you have been slandered, I sincerely hope that it will be made to appear. And, now, once for all, good night. This is an unprofitable discussion, and can result in good to neither of us."

"Is it your intention to call on Mary Enfield?"

"And if so, what then?"

"Simply that you wont go there to-night."

"I know of nothing that should prevent me."

"Advance a single step in the direction where she lives, and you are a dead man!"

"That remains to be proved," said Philip Marsden.

Ere the words had left his lips, there was a flash of steel in the bright moonlight, but before the uplifted hand of Ryan Hinkson had had time to descend, the poniard was wrenched from his grasp, and hurled into the stream below.

"You wont escape me so!" exclaimed the ruffian, and exerting his strength to the utmost, he attempted to push Philip over the edge of the cliff.

For a few moments, the struggle was a fearful one, and he seemed likely to effect his purpose; but at the instant Philip felt that his strength was forsaking him, with a desperate effort he shook himself free, at the moment he had again dragged him to the very verge of the precipice. This triumph of strength on the part of Philip having been unlooked for, Hinkson was off his guard. He had no time to plant his feet more firmly, and the frantic attempt he made to clutch at a sapling, when by the sudden recoil he found himself swayed downwards over the brow of giddy descent, proved unavailing. There was a wild, piercing cry, a sullen plunge, and then all was still.

Philip crept to the edge of the precipice and looked down, but the black shadows, thrown half across the stream, rendered the darkness impenetrable. He loudly and repeatedly called Hinkson by name, but received no answer. As the cliff sloped inward towards its base, offering no projection against which he could have struck as he fell, he could not think that he was anything more than stunned, and if so, there was not a moment to lose. At a short distance, the bold shore dropped abruptly down almost to a level with the water. There in the morning he had moored a small boat, and thither he now hastened with the celerity of one who felt that a human life depended on his speed.

It was the work of only a few moments to unfasten the boat and propel it to the place where Ryan Hinkson fell; but the water sleeping in the shadows of the cliff, presented a dark, unbroken surface, which the eye could not penetrate. At a little distance down the stream, there was a small cave, the entrance to which lay basking in the moonlight, though all beyond was hidden by a thick copse which lined the shore. As the eye of Philip was for a moment directed towards the mouth of the cave, some dark object glided like a shadow from the sparkling expanse and was lost to view. It must have been a boat, he thought, and yet, he knew of no other, except the one he was in, which belonged in the neighborhood.

It was useless to remain longer where he was, for without doubt, Hinkson, stunned by the fall, had at once sunk beneath the waves. His first impulse, as he sprang to the shore and secured his boat, was to seek for those who would assist in searching for the body, and make known to them the particulars of what had taken place. But he was withheld by a sudden fear. Ryan Hinkson, as was well known to all in that vicinity, had done his best to supplant him in the affections of Mary Enfield, and though he had been unsuccessful, he had publicly boasted, that if his life was spared, she would never be the wife of Philip Marsden.

Though Philip had been called away on business before Ryan Hinkson's arrival, and had only two days previously returned, he had already been apprised of all this, as well as the bitter taunts and reproaches which the rival lover had heaped upon him, on account of what he pleased to term his underhanded attempts to gain Mary Enfield's love, who, he said, as Marsden undoubtedly well knew, had, when they were children, promised to be his wife. This was true, for Ryan, a handsome, bold and fearless boy, was during childhood her constant playmate, and in one of his imperious moods, which frightened and overawed his gentle companion, he had really exacted from her such a promise. Though at the time she was frightened at his violence, she subsequently thought of it as only a part of the play, for he was accustomed to act the tyrant, and when at the age of nineteen, she herself being five years younger, he decided to go abroad and seek his fortune, she experienced a sense of relief which she could not disguise.

When three years afterwards Philip Marsden became her accepted lover, she certainly did not consider herself under any obligations to the bold and overbearing youth, whom she had not heard from since his departure. It was after an absence of full five years, no one knew whither, that he suddenly made his appearance, as the captain of a merchantman, he said; but it was whispered from one to another, that neither the rakish-looking craft of which he was the commander, nor the reckless, outlandish-looking men composing the crew, made good his assertion, any more than the quality of merchandize of which the cargo consisted. It was certainly, for the most part, of the choicest and costliest quality, and several articles ornamented with embroidery so rich and delicate as to make them worth more that their weight in gold, had been literally forced upon Mary Enfield by Ryan; for as she refused to accept them, he had contrived to leave them in some place, where after he was gone, they would be sure to meet her eye. He imagined that he was sufficiently acquainted with the tastes of the sex, to know that they would exert a silent eloquence in his behalf. They doubtless had their attractions for Mary, the same as they would have possessed in the eyes of any other handsome girl of eighteen, though when weighed against the suggestions of prudence, they were not powerful enough to induce her to appropriate any of them; not even a pearl necklace of such rare beauty, that a duchess might have coveted it.

As has been said, Philip Marsden was assailed by a sudden fear, for he had been indiscreet enough, after listening to Ryan's boast that Mary Enfield should never, while he himself lived, be the wife of Philip, as to say that he had better look to himself then. It certainly, as he was now aware, sounded like a threat, though in reality it was merely an idle outbreak of passion, such as persons of an ardent temperament will sometimes indulge in, and to which they attach little or no meaning. His words, he imagined, would doubtless be remembered by others as well as himself, so that few would be willing to believe that Ryan's fall from the cliff was accidental.

So much time would be consumed before he could procure the necessary assistance, that even if the body could be found, it would be too late to restore vitality. The only way he concluded, to prevent suspicion from being directed against himself, was to remain silent. Even to Mary, he would not breathe a word of what had taken place, who during all this time had been impatiently expecting him, he having found means to let her know that he had returned.

When she first took her seat at the open window, looking out on a smooth, green lawn in front of the house, the shadows of a few majestic oaks were thrown nearly across it; but they had continued to creep along towards the trees, silently and steadily, and now would soon gather themselves up beneath their branches. She started, bent forward with an eager look and listened. In a few moments she fell back into her former attitude.

"It was nothing," she murmured to herself—"nothing but my own imagination. If I only knew what that wild and frightful cry meant."

She was mistaken in thinking it nothing but imagination, for the words had scarcely left her lips, when, emerging from a part of the path which had been concealed by some shrubbery, into the moonlight, she saw some one coming. It needed no second look to tell her that it was Philip Marsden. He advanced with hurried, unequal steps, and instead of approaching the door, turned aside from the path and went directly up to the window. He looked pale and haggard, an appearance which was heightened by the white moonlight which shone into his face.

"What makes you so late this evening, after having kept away two whole days since you returned?" said Mary. "But I see now—you are unwell."

"What makes you think so?"

"You look pale."

"Do I? Hark! Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"What did it sound like?"

"I can hardly tell, but it seemed to me as if some person hailed another who was at a considerable distance."

"Did you know the voice?"

"No, I don't think I ever heard it before."

"I thought it sounded like Ryan Hinkson's."

"It wasn't his—I am certain it wasn't."

"No, I might have known it couldn't have been his."

"You have seen him since he returned?"

"Yes, a dozen times, though he wasn't always aware of it."

"Have you seen him to-night?"

"No—or rather I did see him for a few minutes."

"Where?"

"Why should you care where I met him?"

"I was thinking of that wild cry I heard a while ago. It appeared to me to proceed from the cliff."

"Whose voice was it?"

"I couldn't tell. I thought it might be yours. At any rate, it sounded like a cry of distress, and just as you appeared in sight, I was on the point of going to see if I could ascertain the cause of it."

"It was the cry of a loon—nothing more."

"No, I can distinguish between the cry of a human voice and that of a bird. But who is that coming this way at so late an hour? I hope it isn't Ryan Hinkson."

Philip turned and saw a man hastily approaching. At first sight of him, he experienced an emotion of joy, for he thought it *might* be Ryan, who after all, had escaped drowning. He soon saw that he was mistaken, for the man he saw coming was shorter and stouter.

"I don't know who it is," said Philip, "but, of course, you would rather he wouldn't come here, and I see no way to prevent it, unless I go to meet him."

He turned away abruptly without waiting for her to reply, for the man was already within a short distance of the house.

"I was right in supposing I should find you somewhere about here," said he, stopping short, as Philip met him. "I have a few words to say, which it will be well for you to listen to."

"Very well, I am ready to hear you."

"I am first mate of the Sea-Gull, and I was a witness to what took place on the cliff. There was one with me who witnessed it too, and in less than an hour from now, unless you make your escape, you will be arrested for the murder of Capt. Hinkson."

"But he fell accidentally. I would have saved him if it had been in my power."

"That will be more easily asserted than believed. I am myself inclined to think that you speak the truth, while on the other hand, the man who was with me is willing to make oath that after stabbing him with what he took for a dagger, as it glittered in the moonlight, you pushed Hinkson over the cliff. Be that as it may, he sunk to the bottom as if he had been so much lead."

"And you, near at hand, yet made no attempt to save him?"

"What good would it have done? We knew if there'd been any life in him, the moment he touched the water he would have swum like a duck."

"The body will be found in the morning, and then it will be seen that he received no wound either from knife or dagger."

"You are mistaken in thinking it will be found. The chances against it are more than a hundred to one. The river has a strong current, and there will be time for it to be carried out to sea between this and morning. But all this is to no purpose. Unless you have a fancy for occupying a felon's cell, you had better be casting about for some means of escape."

"It will not be of any use. I know of no place of concealment, and I cannot meet any one within a dozen miles of here, to whom I'm not personally known."

"The night will take care of that. People will be in their beds. I know of a place where you will be safe."

"Where is that?"

"On board the Sea-Gull. We are in want of more men, and if I'm not out in my reckoning, you would make as good a sailor as ever walked a deck. We are all ready for sea, and by midnight the Gull will spread her white wings to the breeze. Come, there's no time for hesitation. You must decide at once, either to leave this place, or stay and abide the consequences."

"A place that is disreputable, can hardly be a safe one."

"I should imagine that the forecastle of so fine a craft as the Sea-Gull would be quite as reputable, and altogether as safe, as the place where you will be obliged to take up your quarters, if you remain here."

There was a sharp and painful struggle in Philip's mind as he thought of Mary Enfield, but the disgrace of the dark crime, which seemed likely to be proved against him if he remained where he was, and which in all probability must be expiated by an ignominious death, soon determined his indecision. He was guiltless, and it was his duty, he believed, to spare himself as well as Mary, the unutterable anguish and terror which must result from remaining where he was. He might, he imagined, if the Sea-Gull proved to be the kind of vessel he feared, soon find some means of escape, while his sudden disappearance, great as might be the anxiety and sorrow it might occasion his betrothed, would be as dust in the balance, when weighed against what must arise from the realization of the revolting and terrific picture which had stamped itself upon his imagination.

"I will go with you," said he, turning to the man who stood at his side.

"That is right; and ten or a dozen years hence, when this unpleasant affair shall have blown over, you can, if you will, return."

"I shan't care to return then," said he, speaking to himself, rather than his companion. "I have neither parents, brothers nor sisters, and there will be no one living then, who will care to see me."

June, in her gorgeous robes, her tresses braided with sunbeams, and her hand still clasped in the dewy fingers of spring, was advancing with timid steps, and with her smiles, warming into richer and more luxuriant life the wide-spread landscape. Mary Enfield was sitting at the same window, where a year previously she sat, when she saw Philip Marsden for the last time. She had not heard a word from him since then. She believed him to be dead, for if he had not been, he surely would have found means to send her some message, either written or verbal.

Six months after Philip's disappearance, Ryan Hinkson made her a visit. This put an end to the fears, which at times she found it impossible to banish, that there had been a quarrel between Philip and him, and that he had fallen by her lover's hand. Hinkson either did not, or pretended not to know anything relative to his former rival. But Mary had no faith in his protestations, and when he renewed his suit, she turned from him with such undisguised abhorrence, that he found, although he no longer had a rival to contend with, his chance of success appeared even more hopeless than formerly.

As has been mentioned, Mary was sitting at the same window, where she sat when she for the last time saw Philip Marsden. As memory dwelt sadly on the incidents of that evening, she saw a man approaching the house, by the path crossing the fields and pastures, which Philip had always been accustomed to take. Her heart gave a sudden bound, for the thought flashed into her mind that he had returned. She rose, and leaned eagerly forward from the window. She listened, for there was no moon, and the ear would be truer than the eye. The step was quick and eager, but it was not Philip Marsden's—worse still, it was Ryan Hinkson's. She drew back, and with a feeling of hopeless anguish, sank into her chair.

"Well, my pretty Mary," said he, coming up to the window and leaning his arms on the sill, "I think you have had plenty of time to forget that renegade lover of yours."

"Even if I have," she replied, "it will make your presence none the more welcome."

"What if I should tell you that I had seen him since I was here last?"

"*Have* you seen him? Do you mean what you say?"

"I *have* seen him."

"Then he is alive?"

"He was a few months since, though it would have been better for himself if he had been dead. He had leagued himself with a set of lawless men, and will never dare show his head here again, if he should live to be a hundred."

"That, as well as the rest of what you have said, is as false as your own black heart!" said a voice close by his side.

"Philip!"

Mary rose as she pronounced the name, and extended both hands towards him who had so suddenly made his appearance. But she drew back at the sight of several men who were standing just back of Philip Marsden.

"Mary, you have nothing to fear," said he, and then turning round, he addressed one of the men. "This," said he, "is Ryan Hinkson, the Pirate Captain!"

Hinkson, the moment he comprehended that he whom Philip addressed was there for the purpose of arresting him, attempted to escape. He was swift of foot and seemed likely to succeed, when all at once he faltered, and just as they came up with him stumbled and fell forward on his face. One of the men raised him up, and found that he had broken a blood vessel.

"I've only a few minutes to live," said he, speaking with difficulty, for the blood was gushing from his mouth. "Let me lie here on the turf. Where is Mary?"

"She shall be called," said Philip, who had hastened to the spot when he saw him fall.

"I am here, Ryan," said she, drawing near to the place where he lay supported by one of the men.

"I've caused you a great deal of grief and anxiety," said he, "but I shall cause you no more. I have tried to injure Philip Marsden, and more than once, have attempted to take his life. My wicked designs have been frustrated, and I am glad that they have been. I have accused him of what he was never guilty of. He is good and honorable, and in every respect worthy of you. May you be happy together. As respects myself, I have only one request to make. Bury me near the sea—so near that its voice can be heard in sunshine, as well as in the storm."

"Your request shall be complied with," said Philip.

"And if you and Mary should ever visit the spot, do not curse me, but—"

The next word died away into an indistinct murmur, and the man who supported him, withdrawing his arm, and suffering him to sink back on the turf, said:

"He is dead!"

One day, full six years after the foregoing incidents, Philip and Mary, who had long been cheered by the light of their own hearthstone, stood together in the shadows of some tall pines, in whose branches the wind answered to the moaning of the sea. They were watching a bright-haired boy, who, a few minutes before, had left them, and was at a little distance, gathering shells on the smooth, hard beach, edged with foam, where the flowing tide broke with a low, soft murmur.

Suddenly a small boat shot from out a cove, scarce a stone's throw distant. Its only occupant was a stranger, whose sunburnt countenance showed that he must have long been exposed to the influence of a tropical sun. Rowing swiftly to a place nearly opposite where Philip and Mary Marsden stood, he sprang ashore, and pulling his boat on to the sand so that it could not float, approached them. He raised his hat, bowed, and addressed Philip:

"What is the meaning of that green mound, just back of you, I saw here a few hours since?" said he.

"It is the Pirate's Grave," replied Philip.

"And that pirate was Ryan Hinkson?"

"Yes."

"You don't remember me?"

"I do not."

"I was once the first mate of the Sea Gull. When you made your escape from the vessel, I saw you, and could have prevented you, but I suffered you to go, and raised no alarm. I soon afterwards escaped myself, and since then I have led a better life."

"I am glad to hear it—heartily glad," said Philip, "and hope you will continue to do so. It is time for us to go home now—the sun is getting low. Will you go with us?"

"I should like to, but my course lies in a different direction. I knew that Hinkson was buried somewhere hereabouts, and thought that I should like to look upon the grave of one whose tempting tongue caused me to leave an honest life for one beset with danger and stained with crime. Farewell to you, and the lady. We shall never meet again."

As he passed the little Philip, who was still playing on the beach, he stopped and laid his rough hand on his sunny curls. Mary sprang forward a few steps, saying, as she did so:

"What if he should take him and carry him away?"

Her alarm was only momentary. He passed on, as the words left her lips, and in a few moments more, was gliding swiftly over the summer sea.

A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

There is a good reason why it is built with so little depth of hold. It is to allow the boats to pass the shoal water in many parts of the river, and particularly during the season of drought. For such purpose, the lighter the draught the greater the advantage; and a Mississippi captain, boasting of the capacity of his boat in this respect, declared, that all he wanted was a heavy dew on the grass to enable him to propel her across the prairies! If there is little of a Mississippi steamboat under the water, the reverse is true of what may be seen above its surface. Fancy a two-story house, some two hundred feet in length, built of plank, and painted to the whiteness of snow; fancy along the upper story a row of green latticed windows, thickly set, and opening out upon a narrow balcony; fancy a flattened or slightly rounded roof, covered with tarred canvass, and in the centre a range of skylights, like glass forcing-pits; fancy, towering above all, two enormous black cylinders of sheet iron, each ten feet in diameter, and nearly ten times as high, the funnels of the boat; a small cylinder on one side, the 'scape pipe; a tall flagstaff standing up from the extreme end of the prow, with the "star-spangled banner" flying from its peak—fancy these, and you may form some idea of the characteristic features of a steamboat on the Mississippi.—*Capt. Mayne Reid's Quadroon.*

COURTING IN SPAIN.

Should you have occasion after nightfall, to traverse the dimly lighted streets, you will not go far without beholding just a figure muffled in an ample cloak, and with the sombrero slouched over the eyes, leaning against the iron bars. As you pass, your ears inform you that it is conversing in a low voice with some one within, whom the darkness shrouds from observation. In all probability you will take no further note of the whispering pair; but if you be more curious than wise, and bestow on them more than a passing look, another hooded figure will probably step out from some corner, and politely request you to refrain from interfering with other people's business. If this hint be not sufficient, he will prepare to enforce it by other means, and, by displaying his navaja, threaten to appeal to arms. He is engaged in one of the most sacred duties of Spanish friendship. To guard from danger or discovery—or, as it is termed, "*guardar la espalda*," "to guard the back" of a friend who may be playing the lover—is an office to be undertaken only by a tried comrade, whose discretion and courage may be proof against the rude trials to which such a position subjects him. If the fair one be noted for her attractions, then there are rivals to be encountered, whose jealous passions, if aroused by witnessing another thus engaged, nothing would so soon appease as a thrust of a knife, given, as may be supposed, without much regard to the rules of fair play. Under these circumstances, the second is summoned to stand, like the knight of old, ready to do battle against all comers, should they approach with hostile intentions. I need not add, that these nocturnal meetings are a frequent occasion of brawls, and that lives are sometimes lost, and usually dangerous wounds are given and received, when the knife is brought into play. This custom, though more prevalent among the lower classes, is not entirely banished from the upper ranks of society. In truth, the mystery and romance attending it have too many charms for Spanish lovers of every degree, ever to permit it to become the exclusive usage of any one rank in life. It is far more congenial to his temperament to throw a veil of secresy over his attachment, which not unfrequently from the first, wears a certain air of romance. On the Alameda he encounters some dark-eyed beauty, whose glance fires all the susceptible nature of his southern bosom. To follow her footsteps when the gay throng disperses—to linger in the narrow street where her home is—and, by one of those mute but expressive signs known in southern climes, to testify his passion to her as she sits at the balcony that commands a full view of the moving world in the street—or to convey a message by some Mercury familiar with such errands—are the usual steps that precede an interview. This, however, let it not be imagined, is to be sought amidst the shady alleys of the Alameda. No; the fair ones of Spain are too jealously guarded by mamas and duennas, ever to know much of solitude, far less to enjoy them with a companion. But when gates are barred, and the household wrapped in sleep, it is then that the Spanish maiden rises to keep her tryst with her lover.—*Murray's Cities and Wilds of Andalusia.*

LEARNING TO SING.

It is common for teachers of sacred music to maintain the doctrine, that all men, without any exception, can if they will, learn to sing. The following statement, made by Bishop De Lancy, recently at a meeting of the Trustees of the General (Episcopal) Theological Seminary, discloses a case which by no means stands alone. Attendance on musical instruction would not benefit everybody. When he was a young man at Yale College, he heard a sermon preached there, which declared it to be the duty of every man to learn to sing. He accordingly went to a singing-master, who, after some lessons, gave him up, telling him, "Sir, you have no *ear!*" (Laughter.) Fearing, however, that it might be incompetency on the part of the teacher, he went to another, who tried him patiently for some time, but at length told him one day, "My dear sir, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but, really, I do not think it worth your while to go on, you have no *voice*." (Laughter.) Still remembering the fervent exhortations of the sermon, and determined to try once more, he went to a third, who concluded *his* exertions with the testy, but perfectly correct declaration, "Sir, you have *neither voice nor ear*, and can never learn music if you should live to the age of Methuselah." (Loud laughter.) We may add, that one of the most eloquent preachers of our country had much the same experience. He studied patiently for several months with a skilful teacher, but at length the teacher gave it up, declaring it was useless to attempt to give him any practical knowledge of the musical scale.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

ROSES.

The most famous roses were those of Pæstum and Samos, happy localities, where the rose-trees bloomed twice every year. The tallest rose-tree we ever heard of, is the one at Sans Souci, and was thirty feet high; but it was trained against a wall, which certainly diminishes the wonder. To plant the tree in ancient times served for ends that are attained now in various ways—it commemorated the dead, celebrated events, illustrated anniversaries, and had many pleasant significations besides. Whole ship-loads of roses were brought to Rome. There were shops in which nothing else was sold; and the artistically-woven garlands were held in such esteem, and the garland-makers in such honor, that the name of Glycera, of Sicyon, has survived as that of a celebrated artist, with whom, however, we imagine Constantine would not be afraid to enter into competition. Glycera, we must add, was so peculiarly admired, as well as generally celebrated, that her lover painted her portrait, and Lucullus gave no less than £300 sterling for a copy of it.—*Notes and Queries.*

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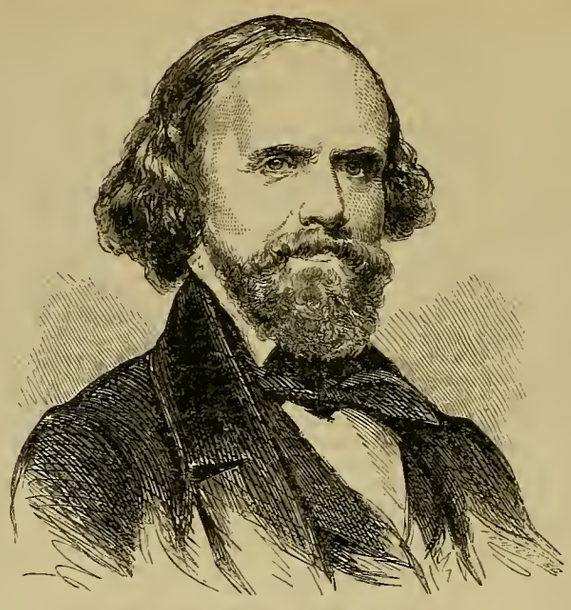
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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass

SETH CHENEY, THE ARTIST.

We present on this page a faithful portrait of this artist, from the pencil of Barry, drawn expressly for us from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case of this city. The recent decease of Cheney, at the age of fifty, has not only plunged a circle of friends in mourning, but has left a sensible void in the domain of art. He died at Manchester, in this State, whither he has recently erected a convenient studio, in which he hoped to continue those fine crayon drawings which had established his fame, and also to essay a branch of art new to him—painting in oil. We are not aware that his life embraced any of those striking vicissitudes which enable the biographer to impart to a truthful narrative the fascination of romance. As a man, Cheney was known and respected for his moral purity and worth; and we have heard that he declined employing his talents in perpetuating the features of any person, however high in station, whose character did not command his respect. He was a careful and constant student of nature, but he was also familiar with all that art had accomplished in the course of time. A residence abroad gave him an opportunity of studying the master-pieces of art contained in the great European galleries, and also of examining the processes adopted by the best living artists. No man was better acquainted with the literature and theory of art. He did not fall into the common error that patient labor is unnecessary to the development of genius. On the other hand, he believed that genius imposed the necessity of labor. The effects he produced by light and shade alone, without the aid of color, appeared marvellous to those who are not aware that the simplest materials are most effective in the creative hand of genius. Though Mr. Cheney's efforts were confined to portraiture in crayon alone, yet his portraits deserved to rank with those of Stuart, and Copley, and Vandyke. His heads have their characteristics: they are not simply delineations of external form, but of character. He was equally successful with male, with female and with children's heads. His crayon portraits do not challenge attention by elaborate detail in the finishing—they are lightly shaded, and very delicately and openly lined, but every touch has a purpose and an expression. No other hand could add a line without marring the unity and exquisite harmony of his work. Everything that came from the hand of Cheney was a gem, and the drawings he left behind him will be cherished by their possessors as among the choicest treasures of art. It is pleasant to know that his talent was highly appreciated, and that his labors commanded large and remunerative prices. In his branch of art he was certainly without a rival.



THE LATE SETH CHENEY, ARTIST.

THE GIPSY CAMP.

The engraving given below delineates a part of a camp of English gipsies, with a dark-eyed and dark-skinned daughter of the tribe crouching in front of one of the tents. The artist has well depicted the wild, dishevelled beauty of the gipsy, with the air of cunning almost always inseparable from her expression. These Bohemians generally pitch their tents in scenes of the most exquisite rural beauty—not, perhaps, from a peculiar taste for the beauties of nature, but because their needs require wood and water, and these are rarely unpicturesquely blended. The gipsies, Bohemians, Zingari, or by whatever other names they are known, preserve their characteristics under whatever clime they pitch their tents, and however widely dissevered their branches. As they never or rarely marry out of their circle, the physical type, brilliantly oriental, is preserved in all its purity, and their peculiar language, with some local modifications, is the same all over the world. The English gipsy girl speaks a dialect which is intelligible to her dark sister on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile. This language is purely oral, yet a distinguished German *savant*—we forget his name—has actually reduced it to writing, and published a dictionary and language of the gipsy tongue, so that any young gentleman with a moderate amount of industry can learn to "patter Romany," if he thinks the accomplishment worth acquiring. The gipsies have many curious and poetical traits, but they are by no means desirable acquaintances. To cajole and to thieve is their regular business. We know not how much honesty they may show in their dealings with each other, but certainly they glory in fleecing the Philistines or outsiders. A year or two since, a colony of English gipsies landed at New York, but we know not whether they are still sojourning in the "home of the brave and the land of the free;" but we do know that they succeeded in "doing" a shrewd Yankee farmer out of a considerable sum of money, by pretending to put him in the way of stolen treasure. Yet gipsies are very useful people—in novels and on the stage, where they run off with noblemen's and princes' children, who turn up the in nick of time to possess immense estates and the like.

AN IRISH DUELLIST.

Pat Power, of Daragle, was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion named Bill Brisco. When taking aim, he said he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and top of his ear. When travelling in England, Power had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when he entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage was a tissue of ignorance, blunders and absurdities; and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristic of his class, and so a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person who sent it. He pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and, with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and, presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own silver one from his fob, and presenting it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It was never claimed. On another occasion he ordered supper; and while waiting for it, he read the newspaper. After some time, the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table; and when Power examined their contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare; and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and, directing him in Irish what to do, quietly made his supper of the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he had laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell, he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.—*Ireland Sixty Years Ago.*

A WITTY RETORT.

On the day of the baptism of the imperial infant in Paris, a number of ladies were standing behind the ranks of the National Guard, on the line of the procession to the church of Notre Dame, when the Guards, getting tired of the long delay, lit their cigars, and soon the whole line was in a smoke. Some of the ladies began to complain of the smoke. An old soldier, turning around, said, with a smile: "Then they don't smoke in your regiment?" A charming little Parisienne wittily replied: "In our regiment? Sometimes; but never *in my company!*"—*Galignani.*



A GIPSY CAMP—AN ENGLISH SCENE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.

In our last number, we presented our readers with engravings of some of the principal works of art to be distributed, in January, by the Cosmopolitan Art Association, and we spoke at length of the plan and merits of this society. We have now before us a number of the Art Journal, published by the Association, and distributed gratuitously to all its subscribers, and furnished at a low price to non-subscribers. It is a large quarto, very handsomely printed, and containing a large amount of reading matter, with appropriate illustrations. Besides a detail of the operations of the Association under whose auspices it is issued, it contains a variety of essays on art, together with correspondence from artists, and art-information. A leading feature with the Cosmopolitan Art Association has been, from the outset, a linking together of literature and art, and the establishment of this handsome journal strengthens the chain. We do not doubt that it will continue to exert a happy influence in extending and improving a taste for art in this country. This taste is not spontaneous, like a love for the beauties of nature, for though Art is based on Nature, and thence draws its breath of life, still it is something very different. In fact, the literal imitation of nature is a low branch of art. A wax figure is, in many respects, truer to nature than a marble statue, but the marble is truer to life. This distinction between art and nature, and the relationship between the two, and the thousand questions arising therefrom, it is the province of a journal attempting to popularize art to examine and discuss. The conductors of the journal before us have amply proved their ability to manage such a publication with success.

PRESERVE YOUR PAPERS.

This is a hint that our regular subscribers hardly require, as such universally preserve and bind the "Pictorial" at the expiration of each six months, making two elegant volumes each year. Persons who have not seen this journal bound, in our durable and uniform style of full gilt, with illumined title-page and index, cannot form a just idea of the great value and interest of the work in this form. We charge one dollar per volume for binding the paper in this style, and those who wish to possess the work from its commencement can be supplied with perfect sets thus preserved. The whole *ten* volumes are furnished for *twenty dollars*, and form a fund of delightful reading, valuable information, and entertaining illustrations for the centre-table, that will prove invaluable to any family circle.

A GOOD APPETITE.—In a single year the city of New York eats 185,000 oxen, 12,000 cows, 550,000 sheep and lambs, 40,000 calves and 280,000 swine. The voracity of the Dragon of Wantley was not a circumstance to this.

COTTON.—The cotton crop of this year appears to be a very slim one. The Mobile Register, a well informed paper, sets it down at 3,200,000 bales.

SPLINTERS.

.... The papers now talk about ladies being attired in the width—not height of fashion.

.... The provincial nobility of Russia, the great boyards of the south, are almost patriarchal in their habits.

.... Salted rats are now exported from British India to China, as a luxury for the mandarins.

.... The sea-serpent has been seen off the Cape of Good Hope. He passed the summer off Nahant.

.... The organ ordered for our magnificent Music Hall will cost the sum of $25,000.

.... If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

.... The Affghans are devastating two Persian provinces. They are quite daring and formidable.

.... A large nugget of gold has been found in Wicklow. Perhaps Ireland will prove another Australia.

.... The Dowager Lady O'Brien, mother of Lord Inchiquin and W. Smith O'Brien, died recently.

.... A gentleman in Newark, N. J., lately exhibited a Duchess D'Angouleme pear weighing over two pounds.

.... A moose was lately run down by the Grand Trunk Railroad cars, which ran off in consequence.

.... Austria is trying to form a navy in the Adriatic to compete with that of Sardinia, which is increased.

.... If the emperor of Russia meets the emperor of France next winter at Nice—wont it be nice!

.... A veteran who was captain of the foretop of the Victory when Nelson fell, lately died in England.

.... The republication of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's novel of "Dred," in Canada, has raised the copyright question.

.... An elk harnessed to a buggy was lately driven full speed through St. Paul, Minnesota.

.... Game keepers in England poison foxes with strychnine. Fox hunters don't like the proceeding.

.... Sir Henry Holland, the queen's physician, has gone home much pleased with his visit to this country.

.... A magnifying glass was lately found in one of the temples of Nineveh by Mr. Layard.

.... A young shipbuilder of Palermo, Italy, only 16 years old, has lately modelled a splendid vessel.

PLEASANT LODGINGS.

Every man likes to have a good house to live in. If he has the means, he builds one to suit his taste; if he has not the capital, he hires the best he can afford—and such is the dearth of good houses in the market, that there are many competitors for every vacant tenement. But there is one house in our mind's eye, about which there is more competition than any other building that we know of. Single and married gentlemen are after it, and so long as it stands, there will probably be the same eagerness to occupy it. This house is not the property of an individual, but belongs to an immense company, and the proprietors are always quarrelling about tenants. The building is leased for a term of four years; and though the proprietors sometimes renew the lease, yet of late they disagree so among themselves, that probably no future tenant can hope to obtain a renewal of the lease. What renders the rage to get possession of this house the more surprising is, that it is not by any means a convenient building, though a large one, and it stands in a very unhealthy situation. Indeed, two of the tenants died shortly after taking up their quarters in it. Moreover, it stands in a very hospitable neighborhood, and the lessee is always expected to see a world of company, and, of course, must be terribly out of pocket for their entertainment. Still a perfect army of house-hunters are after this particular house of all others, whenever it is in the market, so great are the attractions of the "White House" at Washington.

Now, in order to console the disappointed bidders for the lease of this celebrated mansion, we may as well quote what the New Yorker says of it:—"Congresses, from time to time, have been liberal enough to tack on some little appropriation to meet a specified want in the arrangements of the 'White House.' The result is, that the structure, as it now stands, is a sort of a cross between a barn and an Oriental palace. There are Turkey carpets in one room and bare floors in another; sumptuous sofas, cunning in needlework here, and there broken-backed chairs with three legs; one dozen of gold spoons and another dozen of pewter; gigantic $1000 mirrors in the front rooms, and broken windows in the back; well heated and ventilated parlors, and leaky roofs and damp cellars. The whole concern, in all its equipments, is not only a disgrace to the reputation of the American people for taste and liberality, but its location, near the marshes of the Potomac, is fatal to the health of the presidents, and was the probable cause of killing at least two of them."

Thank our stars we are not president of the United States! Read the above to your children and friends; and when they go to their snug little dormitories, contented with their lot, they will exclaim, "What would the poor president of the United States say if he had such a nice bedroom as we have?"

GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS.—The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, of this city, have awarded Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, melodeon makers, on Cambridge Street, a gold medal, for their new musical instrument, the Organ-Harmonium, and a silver medal for their Melodeons, exhibited at the Fair of 1856. This is the first gold medal ever awarded for a reed instrument in this country. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have also just been awarded a silver medal for their Melodeons, exhibited at the Pennsylvania State Fair, held at Pittsburg, and three first premiums for their Organ-Harmoniums from the State Fairs of Vermont, New Jersey and Ohio, making six first premiums received in one month! Their Melodeons and Organ-Harmoniums must certainly be instruments of unusual merit, having been awarded the *first premiums* at every Fair in which they have been exhibited.

FRENCH, GERMAN AND ITALIAN.—Mlle. Virginie Wagner, a highly educated lady, who has taught these languages in Europe and this country, gives instruction in them to adults and children at their residences, or at her rooms in this city, No. 24 Winter Street. Miss Wagner visited this country with strong letters to our leading literati, and she refers, among others, to Mrs. H. G. Otis, Messrs. Longfellow, Sargent and Fields. We learn that she proposes to give a course of French readings, and also that she is looking for a partner to enable her to establish a superior school in this city. She has been liberally educated for the profession of a teacher.

MADAME LAGRANGE.—In 1848, Madame LaGrange, the charming prima donna who has been delighting fashionable and critical audiences at the Boston Theatre, married a Russian nobleman, the Count de Stankowich. The name was probably that of an honorable gentleman, but how would it look to English eyes on a play-bill? Stankowich! Why, it would be a worse name for a prima donna than Amos Cottle for a poet.

AUTHOR AND BOOKSELLER.—Mrs. Stowe took up her residence in London to obtain a copyright for "Dred," under which she claims an injunction on the publication of an edition of her book in Canada, or any of the British provinces. The Canadian publishers will test her claim, and the matter will make food for the lawyers and fun for the public. It would be rather curious if an expensive lawsuit should eat up all her profits.

HABITS.—Habit to man is what action is to oratory, the attribute on which depends all success or defeat in the career of human existence. How hard to wed a good habit, how difficult to repudiate a bad one!

VERDANT.—That was rather a green young gentleman, who, footing it from his native wilds to our modern Athens, inquired of a gentleman in Cambridge, "how fur it was to Boston meetin'us?"

WILD BOAR HUNT IN ALGERIA.

On our last page we have placed a fine picture, engraved expressly for us, from a design by Horace Vernet, representing a wild boar hunt in Algeria. It not only conveys a faithful idea of this dangerous and exciting sport, but evinces the eminent ability of the artist. What life and fire there is in the grouping—what action in the horses, and how life-like the attitudes of the riders! The furious boar is rending the flank of one of the horses, which is represented as rearing in his intolerable agony; while the young Arab, who has passed at a gallop, is checking his blooded steed, and bending from the saddle, presents a pistol with deadly aim at the head of the outraged monster. The dogs, infuriated and reckless of danger, are springing on the quarry. A number of horsemen, French and natives, are spurring up to the scene of action. Wild boar hunting is a fascinating sport, though always full of danger. Boars on the continent of Europe are usually hunted on foot, the sportsmen having spears to ward off their attacks, and to despatch them when at bay. The Emperor Napoleon I. carried to his grave the scar of a wound received while pursuing this dangerous sport. The enraged animal made a dash at him and came near conquering the conqueror. Napoleon used often to laugh at the dismay of his generals who were daunted at this new danger, and kept themselves in the background, each one shouting, "save the emperor!" though not one advanced to the rescue. Talleyrand once invited Napoleon to visit him at his estate near Paris, and promised him a boar hunt by way of amusement. Napoleon, who was not then much acquainted with the character of the game near Paris, joyfully accepted; but great was his indignation when it afterwards turned out that he had been galloping half the day after the ex-bishop's pigs, turned out of their pens and made to perform the part of ferocious wild animals "for this occasion only."

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment. That's why smiles and tears are mingled at the wedding, and why the bridesmaids always find it necessary to use their pocket-handkerchiefs.

ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—The Boston Illustrated paper, *Ballou's Pictorial*, enjoys a most remarkable circulation, but well deserves its success. Mr. Ballou, son of the late Rev. Hosea Ballou, is the editor and proprietor,—never giving currency to any questionable or vulgar matter, his pages are the cheerful fireside companions of the refined, as well as of the humbler homes of the land. It is one of the most successful literary enterprises in the world.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

LOGICAL.—It is said that the reason why the Irish make better sailors than the Welsh, is because they prefer a *shamrock* to a *leak*.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Abner A. Kingman to Miss Sarah J. Kingman; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Capt. Francis M. Hodgdon, of Boothbay, Me., to Miss Esther Bingham; by Rev. Mr. Richards, William M. Lothrop, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth K. Rogers; by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Christopher Tilden, Jr., of Dorchester, to Miss Caroline E. Scott; by Rev. Dr. Gannett, James M. Keith, Esq., of Roxbury, to Mrs. Mary C. Richardson; by Rev. Mr. Blakie, Mr. Samuel Craig to Miss Elizabeth Cross.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, Tracy P. Chevrer, Esq. to Miss Louisa R. Kilburn.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Babcock, Samuel Haskell, Esq., of New York, to Miss Mary F. Amory.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. William T. Raybold to Miss Harriet M. Wood.—At Brookline, Charles Edward Johnston, Esq., of Liverpool, Eng., to Miss Mathilde Eustis.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. John Proctor to Miss Martha W. Fish.—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. Martin Thomas, of Roxbury, to Miss Annie B. Sprague.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. David Hart to Mrs. Hannah M. Southwick.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Mariner Goodwin to Miss Alice Cilley.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Cushman, Mr. William S. Frost, of Marlboro', to Miss Rebecca F. Besso.—At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Osgood, Mr. George May, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Amelia E. Chapin.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. George Dana, 66; Miss Harriet Pomeroy Clarke, 31; Mr. James V. Honeyman, of the Island of St. Helena, 30; Mrs. Lucy Ann Richardson, 30; Mr. Newell Sturtevant, 48; Mr. George A. Woods, 49; Mrs. Mary Fessenden, 79; Mr. Charles W. Haskell, 41; Miss Helen Howland, 22.—At Cambridge, Mr. John Preston, 57; Widow Sarah Anderson, 73.—At Chelsea, Miss Agnes Cunningham, 29.—At Dorchester, Widow Hannah Lyon, 75; Mr. Eleazer Wilder, 79; Mr. Moses D. Leeman, 39.—At Somerville, Mr. James Jackson Gardner, 52.—At South Reading, Rev. Isaac Hurd, D. D., of Exeter, N. H., 70.—At Quincy, Widow Sarah Adams, late of Boston, 70; Widow Sarah Gay, 76.—At Lexington, Mr. Loring Pierce, 81.—At Abington, Mr. Elias Nash, 67.—At Abington Centre, Dr. Ezekiel Thaxter, 69; Mrs. Sophia Curtis, 66.—At Worcester, Mr. Shepard Pratt, of Shrewsbury, 83; Mrs. Lucy Goddard, 70; Mrs. Rebecca Curtis, 41.—At Auburn, Mrs. Charlotte D. Rice, 58.—At Leominster, Samuel Abbott, Esq., formerly of Boston, 91.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Spencer Field, 68.—At Fall River, Mrs. Catherine Brad, 31; Miss Abby Ann Chace, 17; Mr. Joseph Carr, 72.—At Bolton, Mrs. Abigail Sawyer, 69.—At Holliston, Mr. George W. Putnam, 34.—At South Adams, Widow Lydia Padelford, 89.—At Lyme, N. H., Mrs. Lucy, wife of Mr. Samuel W. Baker, 65.—At Lebanon, N. H., Hon. Elijah Blaisdell, 74.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MEMORY OF LITTLE SUSIE.

BY CAROLINE WHITWELL.

Our little Susie slumbers
In a dreamless sleep,
And she will never waken
To see the grieved who weep

Locked the lips and eyelids
Of the pale face fair,
For Death has now our darling—
He clasps the treasure rare.

And to his silent chambers,
Hung with gloom and night,
He bids us bear the loved one,
And shut her from our sight.

Yet we enshrine but ashes,
Laying her away,
The light still lives and lingers
To never know decay.

Tender care can do no more,
Love its all has given,
Gazing still a last farewell,
We leave her now to Heaven.

Place the pure and infant form
'Neath the flowery sod,
While hope and faith are whispering,
The spirit dwells with God.

The little ones are loaned us;
Taking them to our breast,
We enshrine them in our hearts,
And dream as mortals blest.

But Death speeds on his mission,
Ere we heed his tread,
He has seized his precious burden!
And with it heavenward fled.

O Life! we muse and ponder
Thy mysteries o'er and o'er
All in vain—'tis still the same—
Ever a hidden lore.

[Written for Ballou s Pictorial.]

LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

When Mr. Danforth married Lucy Earle, he pomposnly said to a friend that it would have been very great presumption in her friends to *expect* such a match for her, a poor, obscure little schoolmistress.

"But I overlooked her circumstances," he added, "and I flatter myself that she knows and feels the distance between us on that point too well ever to allow her family to presume upon the connection."

Lucy Earle's father was a gentleman—a gentleman in the best and truest sense of the word. He was poor, it is true, but no man had ever found Walter Earle deficient in politeness or self-respect. He wore his threadbare coat with an air as dignified as if it had been an emperor's, and he bowed more respectfully to the gray hairs of a beggar in the street than he did to those of Mr. Danforth. For, truth to tell, Mr. Danforth was originally a low, mean man, and his rising in wealth and power had only cast a little gold dust in the eyes of those who worship wealth, even when unaccompanied by worth.

Mr. Earle was a schoolmaster, on a slender salary, in a country town. Mr. Danforth owned a summer residence there, and in one of his seasons of leisure, he had been attracted by the uncommon loveliness of four sisters, who passed and re-passed his house every day, as he afterwards found, to give certain lessons assigned to each in their father's school. He had condescendingly made their acquaintance, and had successively offered to Jane, Kate and Matilda his fortune and hand. He had no heart, and they knew it; and it was almost with a thrill of horror that they learned from their father that he had asked consent to pay his addresses to Lucy, the youngest, and many thought, the loveliest of Mr. Earle's lovely and interesting daughters.

"And does Lucy consent, father?" said Jane, who, having been first on the list of Mr. Danforth's expected wives, felt qualified to open the matter without unnecessary delay.

Almost sadly, Mr. Earle answered:

"Lucy is a child, and Mr. Danforth's carriage and horses are filling her fancy completely, and then his town house and country house! And indeed," added he, "what can I do? If she likes him, how can I refuse him? God knows, I do not know what is to become of any of you. I am dying, Jane. A few months longer and you will have no father. Every day finds me weaker, and soon I must give up my school. Dear Jane, will it not be a comfort to me, in dying, to feel that one of you is provided for, and that, if worst comes to worst, you can claim a home surely, in a sister's house?"

"Never, father! No foot of mine shall ever enter the door of that pompous fool, who, having a spite against me and my sisters for refusing him, has absolutely forbidden little Lucy—for I must still call her so—from having any intercourse with us after her marriage, and she, poor, blind, simple child, has promised to obey him."

Mr. Earle gasped for breath.

"Separated you! Jane, is this possible? Can it be that Danforth would do this?"

"Ask Lucy, father. She will tell you."

"No, Jane; I will not ask any one. If this is so, why, let it go on. Lucy, poor child, will soon see her folly."

"My poor father, you had enough to struggle with before, what with poverty and sickness, and a large and unproductive family! How will you bear it, to be separated from her who was so long the pet and darling of us all?"

"Only for a little while will it disturb me, Jane," said her father. "It is for you only that I think how hard it will be. But we will not talk of it. Both are eager for the wedding to take place, and Mr. Danforth urges hard for next week; and if it must be, why, do not let us delay it."

And this was the way in which Lucy Earle, in her beauty and youth, came to be married to the rich Mr. Danforth, who numbered five times her age, and who had nothing but that same wealth to recommend him. It was near winter, so he whirled her off to town, scarcely intending ever to bring her back to her native place again, to be troubled with poor relatives.

The winter commenced cold and blustering, and on Christmas morning, when the bells were ringing for church, and the organ was just pealing out, "For unto you is born this day!" Walter Earle's spirit was born, a new angel, into heaven.

Jane wrote to Lucy, but Mr. Danforth answered the letter, saying, in brief terms, that he could not think of *his* wife being compelled to travel at so inclement a season, that she was grieved for her father, sent love, etc.

Jane tore his answer in pieces, and stamped upon it. "Cold-hearted, selfish being," she said, to Kate, "to refuse her this, when her heart is longing, no doubt, to be with us! How mean and cruel!"

So Lucy never saw her father, after her wedding day, and the three girls mourned as much for that as for their father's death. In three weeks, they removed from the house which was no longer theirs, and before the spring opened, they had gone to town, and opened a small school in a hired house. They would not go to see Lucy, nor send for her, nor even send to inform her of their coming, but left it to chance to unfold it.

Frequently they saw the carriage which was recognized as Mr. Danforth's driven past, and once they caught a glimpse of Lucy. She wore no mourning, but looked sad and pale.

All day, after this sight, the sisters were wretched about her. They feared that she was ill. Unhappy they knew she must be. How could it be otherwise—tied for life to that tyrannical and pompous being to whom she had sacrificed her youth and beauty, and the affections of her family? The poor girls cried and sobbed through the evening, after their pupils had departed, and retired to dream of their father and of their lost sister.

One day, Lucy came to the door, evidently unconscious that it was their name, although the same, that was engraved there. The simple announcement, "The Misses Earle's Academy for young Ladies," did not suggest a passing thought that they could be her sisters who taught there. She brought a lady in her carriage, who, it seemed, was looking for a school in which to place a little girl. It was Mr. Danforth's sister, and it was, perhaps, dangerous that she should witness the burst of passionate love and grief that Lucy exhibited. Nature, however, has nothing to do with conventionalities, and she would not be repressed in the embrace of the sisters. It was their first meeting since the death of their dear old father; and even Mrs. Arlingham could not look on unmoved. But she shortened the scene by reminding Lucy that Mr. Danforth was waiting for them, and the obedient wife immediately prepared to depart. She lingered after Mrs. Arlingham had stepped out, to say a few loving and tender words, and to promise to come again alone.

It was a sad pleasure which the sisters felt, in seeing Lucy; they loved her too much to have it other than sad, when they felt how large a barrier separated them.

Lucy exacted, with difficulty, a promise from Mrs. Arlingham that she would not acquaint Mr. Danforth with the fact of her sisters' residence in town. She would prefer his not knowing it, she told her, because he would think it was foolish to spend her time with them. She was not quite candid here, for she did not tell her how much he felt above her family.

So she would pass a stolen hour or two with them, while he was taking his afternoon nap; and recalling old memories, she would seem to be weeping at them, while in reality it was the thought of her own bitter wrongs which she was mourning. He found it out; the fact of her visits was revealed to him by the servant who drove her down often in the one horse carriage. He was amazed that his authority should be set at nought. "Leave your family, or leave me!" was his swelling sentence, uttered in his most grandioso tone. And almost Lucy wished that she could do so. But his riches and position were too weighty to resign without a struggle, and she reflected that, except in this instance, Mr. Danforth had never treated her positively ill. Had she been bound to him by a single tie of love or reverence, her bondage would have been easy; but she was not.

Lucy, however, was not very sensitive. Had it been Jane, it would have been a perpetual martyrdom. To Kate, Mr. Danforth would have been an object of mirth and ridicule; and Matilda would have borne down his grand airs by still grander ones of her own. But Lucy had married him before her character was half formed, and she had nothing but indifference, and a false show of respect which she did not feel, but which the custom of society compelled her to observe, to set against his arbitrary rule.

What wonder, then, was it, that when Alfred Harwood became an inmate of Mr. Danforth's family she should rebel against the fate that had chained her to a man like her husband? He was the son of an old friend of Mr. Danforth, and he availed himself of the opportunity thus offered him, of spending a winter in town. He had been too close a student for his health, and his father had extorted a promise that he would abandon his books for some months. Lucy was interested in him, at first, on account of his ill health, and then from his evident sympathy with her state of mind. He saw she did not love her husband, as, indeed, how could she?

Her heart was constantly whispering to her, what a different woman she might have been had she not sacrificed her youth as she did. And purely because Alfred Harwood was the only man with whom she had ever been domesticated, or shared any home feeling with, her thoughts were perpetually recurring to him as to the one with whom she might have shared even poverty, and yet have been blessed above all other women.

In the midst of these thoughts, her husband fell ill. Then indeed she showed herself a true woman. Night and day she watched by his side, never leaving him except for the sleep which outraged nature resolved upon claiming. She tended him most faithfully, and even his seared and selfish heart acknowledged her as unrivalled in a sick room.

She was so much afraid that she should not perform her duty to him! She dreaded so much that her feelings toward Alfred Harwood might make her willing to have her husband taken away; in short, there was nothing that the most refined and tender love could have performed for a dearly loved object, that Lucy did not voluntarily perform for Mr. Danforth. He liked, too, to have Alfred near him; and in the quiet hush of the darkened room, the student sat for hours, holding the sick man's hand, and bathing his hot forehead.

His pride and haughtiness towards his wife had disappeared. He was as dependent and humble as a child; and Lucy thought often that she *could* have loved him, despite his age, had he always treated her with the consideration and gentleness due to her youth.

The days thus spent were in reality the happiest she had known. Mr. Danforth was more thoughtful of her comfort, more considerate of her case, than ever before; and she felt more truly grateful to him for this than she had ever done for his marrying her from her poverty, and raising her to wealth and station.

Not a word nor a look ever betrayed to Alfred Harwood that he had ever been in her dreams; and on his part, he was merely kind and respectful. What was it, then, that prompted Mr. Danforth's thoughts? No one could tell; but as he lay there, subdued and humbled by pain and sickness, looking for sympathy into the eyes of both alternately, a sudden thought sprang to his mind. It returned as often as he woke, and saw the two sitting apart, each engaged in a different pursuit, and apparently without a thought of each other; for even Lucy's dreams, brought on by her husband's arbitrary sway, were all over.

One would hardly think that a man like Mr. Danforth could be magnanimous, and yet he showed a degree of magnanimity that few could follow. When the sands of life seemed to be fast running out, he told them, separately, that he was dying, and that he wished them to be united, as soon as a decent respect to his memory would permit. He also made his will, giving Lucy his whole property, unreservedly.

Mr. Danforth lingered many weeks after this. Lucy was worn almost to a shadow with watching, and her health seemed to be failing; but she would not forsake the bed of the sufferer. "I have never given him *love*," she said to Jane, who was now almost constantly in the house, "but I can and will give him *duty* to the last."

He insisted on Harwood remaining in the family until he should have passed away; and with his last breath, he pressed his hand, as if to assure him that he was glad to leave his wife in his care. Lucy felt thankful that she could have her sisters with her through this scene; and they, with the readiness of sisterly affection, gave up their school to others, during the period of her trial.

"And why not give it up altogether?" said Lucy, one morning, to Jane. "Why should you toil, when I've enough for us all?"

"Do not name it, Lucy. I could not live upon the bounty of any one. I must be free and independent. Let us be glad that we can have the privilege of seeing each other, so long denied to us. When Kate and Matilda are married, I will then give up teaching, and stay alternately with you all; but now you must allow me to continue as I am."

When Mr. Danforth died, Alfred Harwood set out upon his travels. He had really abandoned study, and now proposed to travel for a year, or perhaps longer. At the end of fifteen months he returned, with renovated health and spirits, and a heart devoted to Lucy Danforth.

The life, hitherto so tried by wayward circumstances, seemed to be brightening up as the sun was declining towards the west. People wondered that they had never known Mrs. Danforth's real good qualities before. As Mrs. Harwood, she shone upon them with a new light, not dazzling, but serene.

"Who were those three ladies in mourning at Mrs. Harwood's, last evening?" asked an elderly man of fine appearance, with two young girls hanging around him.

"Papa, those were our teachers," said Caroline and Julia together. "They are the Misses Earle."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Benton. "You must introduce me to-day when I call at your school."

He went; and in less than three months, Jane Earle was situated as happily as Lucy was, and very near her, too.

"'At evening time, there shall be light,'" said Matilda, reverently. Her own life, and that of the merry, laughing Kate, proved this.

"If our dear father were but living to witness the happiness of his children!" said Lucy.

"And can you think that he does not see it, Lucy?" asked Harwood. "I reverently believe that, while the material body is not with us, the spirit is never absent, but ever watching above those whom it loved on earth."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

They are having swimming races by dogs in the Connecticut River at Hartford—purse $20 and $50. —— In Chili, the most stable and prosperous of the South American republics, great attention is being paid by the government to education. They have established 42 new schools during the past year, making a total of 758, in which are 30,000 pupils, one fourth of whom are girls. Chili is also expending large sums of money for steamships, railroads, and other public works. —— Ex-Governor Sprague, the most extensive manufacturer in Rhode Island, died recently, in Providence. —— Dr. Carnochan, of New York, has performed for the second time his great operation for the cure of neuralgia of the face, by inserting the entire trunk of the second branch of the fifth pair of nerves, as far as the base of the skull. The patient, a medical gentleman from one of the southern States, had suffered excruciating pains for five years. —— Three men and a woman travelling in an ox wagon were burnt to death by a prairie fire near Buckhart Grove, Illinois. —— Illustrative of the coldness and formality that prevail at the English court, Mr. Emerson writes: "When Thalberg, the pianist, was one evening performing before the queen at Windsor, in a private party, the queen accompanied him with her voice. The circumstance took air, and all England shuddered from sea to sea. The indecorum was never repeated." —— They have got a machine in New York State for cutting down and cutting up trees by steam. —— As Mr. John Hall, sexton, of Quincy, was in attendance at a funeral in the westerly part of that town, while the procession was solemnly wending its way to the abode of the dead, his hat was observed to fall, and his head to drop upon his breast. Assistance was rendered, he was removed from the seat of the hearse, and medical aid was promptly at hand, but life was gone. —— Yellow fever, cholera and small pox were prevailing at Guayamas, Porto Rico, on the 9th ult. It must be rather "sickly" there. —— The original Sabbath in England, as established in A. D. 960, commenced on Saturday at three o'clock, and lasted till daybreak on Monday. In the reign of James I., 1606, a fine of one shilling was imposed by act of parliament, on every person absent from church on Sunday. —— Washington once said to his soldiers: "Boys, when the enemy lay down their arms, don't hurrah; posterity will hurrah for you." —— The New York Crayon says: "We understand that the grave of Gilbert Stuart is unmarked even by a headstone. A friend of ours lately made search for it in the graveyard on Boston Common, where he was buried, but without success. Surely this should not be. —— A. Hesler, Chicago, has received the silver medal, of the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association, for his beautiful photographs and daguerreotypes. —— Mount Vernon was so named by Lawrence Washington, George's eldest brother, in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whose command he had held a commission at the siege of Carthagena, in 1740. —— Serious apprehensions are entertained that Colonel Babbitt, the Secretary of the Territory of Utah, who was formerly the delegate in Congress from that territory, has been murdered on the plains by the Cheyenne Indians.

HOOK AND LADY MORGAN.—Hook was not always very refined in his wit, as the following anecdote shows. Taking up a MS. volume of romances, he said surlily, "What garbage have we here?" "That," replied my lady, "is a collection of tales on which I have employed the whole eighty-horse power of my genius, and which only wants some appropriate motto on the title-page to make it complete." "Is that all?" answered the Tartarie Theodore: "what do you say to those lines from Macbeth then?

"'Tales
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.'"

Her ladyship looked carving-knives, but fortunately used none.

VERDANCY.—That was rather a verdant chap who went into an apothecary's in Western New York, lately. "Do you sell drugs here?" he asked of the clerk. "Certainly, sir. "Wall, how much do ye tax for 'em?" "Twelve and a half cents apiece." "I'll take one, if you please." The clerk stepped into a back room, did up a piece of logwood and handed it to Jonathan, who paid his money and walked off, as proud as a peacock with his bargain.

RELIGION.—It was Carroll who said: "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things that the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with greatest satisfaction to myself is, that I have practised the duties of my religion."

MUSICAL HINT.—Eleven at night is by far the best time for amateurs to commence practising on the clarionet; everything around you is so still at that hour, that you can determine the tone of the instrument, and the accuracy of your own blowing, with more ease and certainty than at any other time.

SUPERSTITION.—Many persons still believe that a ring made from the hinge of a coffin will cure the cramp, and that a halter wherewith a criminal has been hanged, if tied round the head, will cure the headache. Tight round the neck, it is an infallible cure.

AN EPICURE.—A gentleman fond of good living, refused to start his colt for the "two-year-old stakes," on the ground that if he won them, they wouldn't be worth the eating.

INTEMPERANCE.—A London paper contends that "drinking begets drink." He says that the inebriate, however impoverished, always contrives to obtain the stimulus that ruins him.

Wayside Gatherings.

A destructive fire in Hong Kong, China, lately, resulted in the loss of two hundred lives.

The porcine animals that roam the woods of Ohio have found plenty of acorns this year.

A party of thirty-six German and French emigrants have settled in Wythe county, Virginia.

The Earl of Caithness has invented a machine for sawing stone. So it seems the nobility can be useful.

The English East India Company has resolved that the seizure of Oude is *not* an act of spoliation and robbery.

At one time lately there were from Chicago and Milwaukie seventy-two vessels on their way to Buffalo, with 1,962,647 bushels of grain.

At the Ohio State Fair, a brass wire screen was exhibited that was so fine that in a single inch of its surface there were 25,000 meshes.

Hon. Solomon Foote, of Rutland, was re-elected United States Senator for Vermont on the 22d ult., for six years from the 4th of March next.

Rev. Isaac Horsford has resigned his situation as city missionary in Lowell, and accepted a call to the chaplaincy of the Lunatic Asylum, Worcester.

There are more than a quarter of a million of Jews in the United States, about 35,000 of whom are in the city of New York, where they have 20 synagogues.

The laying of telegraph wires across the Atlantic next spring is now regarded as a matter of certainty. How such a project would have made Columbus stare!

Land on the banks of the Atchafayn, in Louisiana, which sold, eight years ago, for less than $5 an acre, cannot now be purchased for less than $25 to $75 an acre.

At the late Episcopal Convention at Philadelphia, the House of Bishops remitted the sentence of suspension against Bishop Onderdonk, pronounced twelve years ago. He resumes his ministerial functions.

At an election of trustees at a Jewish synagogue in New York, lately, two sets of candidates were in the field, and the two factions got so furious that the police had to interpose to prevent a bloody knock-down.

The whole number of banks of discount in Vermont is forty-one. Their resources amount to $9,046,834, and their liabilities are $8,622,196. There are fifteen savings banks, two of which are in the hands of the receivers in chancery.

Ole Bull, the distinguished violinist, it is stated, has not taken the stump for any one of the presidential candidates. He is now in Illinois, and since the last of August, he has been unable to move about, having had a severe attack of bilious fever.

The silk manufacture in this country is at present in a depressed condition. The raw stock has gone up to unprecedentedly high figures, so that it cannot be manufactured without loss. Most of the sewing silk mills in the country are either stopped or preparing to do so.

The Chinese potato is likely to succeed here, after all. Mr. Prince, of Flushing, L. I., has 35,000 plants of it; and *he* says it will make good bread, and supersede every other potato, and in thirty years the annual crop in this country will exceed the cotton crop in value.

In Troy, N. Y., recently, some brute in human form set a large bull dog upon a boy of twelve years, named James McConnell, without the least provocation, and before the lad was rescued, the dog had torn more than two pounds of flesh from his back, and it is said to be hardly possible that he can recover.

Mr. E. F. Parker, after three years of solitary labor high up inside the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has at length completed, and in a handsome manner, his re-painting of the eighth dingy old picture originally done by Sir James Thornhull in the reign of Charles II.

Adolph de Werdinsky, a Hungarian refugee, died in Hull, England, recently, of starvation. He was too proud to accept charity. He was the only child of the late Count Adolphe de Werdinsky, who was a general in the Polish army, and a princess of Poland, who died in childbirth. Deceased was educated at home, in the most costly manner.

Advices from Bermuda to Oct. 8th, report that notwithstanding cold weather, yellow fever continued to prevail at Ireland Island, Paget, Pembroke and Southampton. Somerset and Warwick have been fearfully visited; their united population numbers 2600; and upwards of 500 persons in these two parishes have been attacked with the fever.

Mr. N. A. Wheeler, of Bainbridge, N. Y., recently stopped at the Girard House, Philadelphia, fell asleep, and has not since awakened, though everything has been done that could be thought of by medical men to bring him to. It is the impression of his attending physician that there is an effusion of blood in the brain. At the last accounts he appeared to be fast approaching dissolution.

The Wolfborough Pioneer states that a short time since, a Mrs. Tilton, of North Sandwich, drowned her little girl aged about one year, by putting her into a stream of water, face down, and laying a rock upon her to keep her down. She then went to a neighbor's house, and told the family what she had done, and requested them to go and take her out, as it might disfigure her face by laying in the water.

Sylvester Lind, of Chicago, has given to the trustees of the Presbyterian University, about to be established at Forest Lake, some twenty-five miles north of that city, the munificent sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to be applied to the enterprise. The only condition prescribed is that $40,000 shall be used for the benefit of professorships, and the income of $60,000 shall be perpetually used in preparing young men for the ministry.

The Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, which, as its name indicates, is intended to unite the waters of the Chesapeake Bay with those of North Carolina, embracing Albemarle, Currituck and Pamlico Sounds and their tributary streams, is now in process of construction by the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal Company, under charters recently granted by the States of Virginia and North Carolina.

In the recent survey for the Atlantic telegraph, it was found, that for more than 1300 miles in a direct line, in mid ocean, the bottom is an almost unbroken level plain. Not a single rock or a particle of gravel or sand was found over this large surface, but the bottom consisted of minute microscopic shells, soft and yielding as a snow bank, into which the sounding lead buried itself 10 or 15 feet deep. Of course the telegraph cable will bury itself in the same way. The greatest depth attained was 2070 fathoms, about two and a third miles.

Foreign Items.

The Emperor Alexander has promised to renew the annual pension of eight thousand ducats to the Prince of Montenegro.

It is said that a company of Yankees in Russia are making a million dollars a year on a contract for keeping the Moscow railway in repair.

The Epoca calculates that the amount of ecclesiastical property to be sold in Spain, in virtue of the law of disamortization, was 700,000,000 reals, and that 300,000,000 worth has been sold.

In Great Britain, about sixty thousand families own all the territory, which is occupied by twenty-seven millions of inhabitants. Five noblemen—the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyle, Athol, Sutherland and Buccleuch—own perhaps one fourth of all Scotland.

The emperor of Russia has resolved to introduce the Gregorian calendar into Russia, and thus to do away with the difference of twelve days between the old style and the new. This change will greatly aid the development of commerce between Russia and the rest of the Christian world.

A Russian prince, who is a fanatical admirer of an instrument which has fallen into general disfavor of late years, the guitar, has summoned all the guitarists of Europe to a public trial of their skill next month at Brussels, and has promised a gold medal to the best player, and a silver one to the second best.

The Italians in New York, as well as those who sympathize for Sardinia in her present struggle against Austria, have opened a voluntary subscription to contribute towards defraying the expenses for one hundred cannons, to be presented to the Sardinian people, for arming the new fortress on the point of erection at Alexandria in Piedmont.

Sands of Gold.

.... A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.—*Shakspeare.*

.... He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.—*Lavater.*

.... We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Human nature is so constituted, that all see, and judge better, in the affairs of other men than in their own.—*Terence.*

.... Schismatic wranglers are like a child's top, noisy and agitated when whipped, quiet and motionless when left alone.—*Talleyrand.*

.... If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind; for that will make all other sufferings easy. But nothing can support a man whose mind is wounded.—*Fuller.*

.... He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but herself.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Solitude is one of the highest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible. Solitude is also, when too long continued, capable of being made the most severe, indescribable, unendurable source of anguish.—*Deloraine.*

.... The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of omniscience alone.—*Colton.*

.... There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure and fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of the earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.—*Jean Paul.*

Joker's Budget.

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a polite man, whose wife he had been attending, "how is your wife?"—"She is dead, I thank you.'

Lately, an enthusiastic hunter of autographs, resolving to have the signature of a distinguished poet, took up his bill for £20, held in despair by his tailor!

Critics says that the difference between a successful lover and his rival is, that one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss. A distinction and a difference.

A servant girl, writing a letter, asked her master if the next month had come in yet; he laughed. "Well," said she, "what I mean is, has the last month gone out yet?"

"You flatter me," said a thin exquisite, the other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his moustache. "For heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any *flatter* than he is now."

An old lady, looking at the curiosities in a museum, came to a couple of sea-dogs; and, after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag who stood near her, if they barked. "No, madam," says the wag, "their bark is on the sea."

A gentleman, whiskered up to the very eyes, was passing along the street, when a couple of jolly tars on a land cruise observed him. "Shiver my timbers, Jack," said one to the other, "that fellow looks like a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum."

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REPRESENTATION OF A WILD BOAR HUNT IN ALGERIA.

[For description, see page 333.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF KENTUCKY.

The fine emblematical picture on this page is from the pencil of Billings, and was designed expressly for our Pictorial. In the circle in the centre is delineated a scene in one of the wildest passes of the Mammoth Cave, the greatest natural curiosity in the State, and one of the wonders of the world. On the right is seen one of the world-renowned "Hunters of Kentucky," in his forest garb. On the left are a party of Indians on the war-path. In the lower part of the design is a group of deer, and above, the State arms, representing two citizens joining hands, with a scroll containing the memorable motto, "United we stand, divided we fall." Kentucky was originally included within the limits of Virginia, from which State it was separated in 1786, when it was organized as a territorial government, and so remained until its erection into a State in 1792. No extensive exploration of the State is known certainly to have taken place until about 1770, when the celebrated adventurer, Daniel Boone, penetrated into its then remote and inhospitable wilds. Four years afterwards, a permanent settlement was effected at Harrodsburg, but the early settlers were constantly engaged in fighting the Indians, whose hostile operations gave to the State the title of the "dark and bloody ground," until the conclusion of the treaty with General Wayne in 1795. The State is bounded on the northwest and north by Illinois, Indiana and Ohio (from which it is separated by the Ohio River), east by the Big Sandy River and Cumberland Mountains, dividing it from Virginia, south by Tennessee, and west by the Mississippi River. It includes an area of about 37,680 square miles. In Kentucky are found bituminous coal, iron, lead, freestone, gypsum and other minerals. Salt and medicinal springs are peculiarly numerous in this State. In her climate, Kentucky enjoys a happy medium between the extreme severity of the far Northern States and the extreme heat of the Southern States. In fertility of soil it rivals the most favored parts of the great Mississippi valley. Its staple products are Indian corn, tobacco, flax and hemp, besides which large quantities of wheat, rye, oats, wool, peas, beans, Irish and sweet potatoes, barley, fruits and market products, butter, cheese, hay, grass seeds, maple sugar, beeswax and honey, and some buckwheat, rice, wine, hops, cotton, silk and sugar cane are produced. In 1850, there were 74,777 farms in the State, occupying 5,963,270 acres of improved land. Kentucky, when first settled, was one of the best wooded of the Western States, and boasts of a great variety of forest trees. Cultivated fruits abound here. In 1850, there were in the State 3471 manufacturing establishments, producing goods worth $2,487,493. In January, 1854, there were 233 miles of railroad in operation, and 552 miles in the course of construction, and 486 miles of canal. Kentucky carries on an active trade with New Orleans and other large places on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Most of her rivers are navigable to a considerable distance for steamboats, and still further for flatboats. In 1854, the State school fund was $1,400,720. There are many colleges and academies in the State. The population is about 1,000,000.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR DEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE BANQUET AND THE QUARREL.

"Quick in revenge, and passionately proud,
His brightest hour still shone forth from a cloud;
And none conjecture on the next could form,—
So played the sunbeam on the verge of storm."

While Herbert was enjoying this interview with the idol of his affections, most of his brother officers were at Davenport's Tavern, dining with Colonel Arnold. He had ordered the best dinner that the house could provide, and the best wines in the cellar sparkled on the table, in company with French brandy, Danish liquors and real old Jamaica rum. The landlord was a great favorite with the sea-captains who sailed from Newburyport, few of whom returned without either bringing some present, or well-executed commission, which added to his stock of beverages.

Colonel Arnold, of course, presided, and distinguished himself by an unusual flow of spirits as he plied his guests with the good things provided for them. His ambition was, while in conversation, to astonish by sudden combinations, and to follow with story after story each one, like the forms of the magical kaleidoscope, of a different cast from its predecessor. Only one guest could at all approach him as a humorist, and that one we have already introduced to our readers. It was Dan Holbrook, the man who so unsuccessfully endeavored to abduct Mabel Gwynne, whose horse-whip mark he yet bore on his face. He was even more flashily dressed than usual, and wore a large diamond ring, though the deep mourning of his finger-nails showed that it was not in its proper place. With Colonel Arnold, however, he was on terms of the most familiar equality, and the two alternately set the table in a roar with their stories, the only faults of which were a horrible profanity, and a total disregard of truth. The conversation at length fell solely into their hands, and after illustrating almost every comical phase of existence with graphic vivacity, Arnold exclaimed: "A truce to tale-telling, Dan! Sing us a song."

"Ay, Benedict. What shall it be?"

"Something lively, man."

"Well, shall I give the glee to which we smashed glasses as an accompaniment, last year, at Albany?"

"No, no, Dan. I have to pay the bill, and the item would not be an agreeable one for my exchequer, the emptiness of which may yet seduce me back to King George and his guineas. So give us something less roystering, more sentimental, and equally bacchanalian."

"You're too deep for me, Benedict. Why not sing a sample?"

"Agreed," responded Colonel Arnold; "so here goes." And he sang in a clear, full voice:

"Then fill the cup to-night—to-night,
For the sun hath sunk away;
And let the wine be bright—be bright,
And that shall rule our day.
For when the disk of Phœbus flies,
And hides his golden head,
The star of Bacchus then should rise,
To light the world instead."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the gay set. "Let's drink to Colonel Arnold, and may we soon follow him into Quebec."

Every glass was drained, and amid the clatter of their replacement on the shining table, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Arnold, who felt vain of his musical abilities, and was gratified at the applause just bestowed upon them. But no sooner had his eye rested upon the new-comer, than the self satisfied smile was clouded by an ungracious, angry expression.

"So," he said, "our quarter-master is in the land of the living, after all! I sent to your room this morning, sir, to inform you that I had a desire to converse with you."

"I was with the Rifles, colonel," calmly replied Herbert. "Surely that was where I should be?"

"The Rifles, ha!" retorted Arnold, with a smile which served to render his countenance almost diabolical in expression. "Odds fish, gentlemen, but the Rifles are late on parade."

Herbert's face flushed, but the gallant Morgan came to his relief.

"While the Rifles were on parade, Colonel Arnold, Quarter-master Yancey did his duty, and at roll call to-morrow morning, you will find him present. Off duty, his time is his own."

"O, certainly," said Arnold, in a more humble tone. "Take a seat with us, quarter-master, for a few moments. You know the officers present. This gentleman is my friend, Daniel Holbrook, Esq., of New York, dealer in horses, discounter of notes and drinker of all potent beverages."

Holbrook rose, and advanced towards Yancey with outstretched hand, but the latter, with a ceremonious bow, took possession of a vacant chair next that of Major Morgan. There was something in Holbrook's appearance that, at the first glance, created a feeling of dislike in the young officer's mind, though he knew not why. Every one has felt, sooner or later, the strange, instantly created power of repulsive antipathy, which, in this case, had no foundation, save an ugly, scarred countenance. Had Herbert known from whom the freshest scar came, and how it was imprinted, he could not have felt a more deadly enmity than at once took possession of him.

The slight was noticed. Doubling up his declined hand, Holbrook struck the table with it as he again took his seat, while a black storm of anger swept over his swarthy features, the scars gleaming more intensely red. "Not shake hands with me?" he muttered. "He shall repent that."

But Herbert Yancey took no notice of what was passing at the head of the table, for Morgan was whispering to him that most of the party were just intoxicated enough to be quarrelsome.

"Never fear," replied Herbert; "I am not in a quarrelsome humor."

But hardly had the words escaped his lips, when he heard Colonel Arnold announce: "Fill your glasses, gentlemen. Holbrook has a toast to propose in honor of that rebel belle of Newburyport, the rector's ward."

As Herbert filled his glass, he felt a presentiment that his heart was to be stirred, and his fine eyes streamed fire upon Holbrook, as he rose. Returning the defiant look of the young soldier with a glance of malignant ferocity, he said, with emphasis:

"I give you the health of Mabel Gwynne, ward of the Tory rector of St. Paul's, nor did my arm ever circle a bonnier waist."

"Liar!" shouted Herbert, unable to restrain himself. "Never was Mabel Gwynne's form polluted by the touch of such as you."

"Take this for the word," retorted Holbrook, in a hissing voice of concentrated ire, while as he spoke he seized a bottle from the table, which he hurled at Herbert Yancey's head. But scarce had the missile left the hand which threw it, ere Herbert, with a bound, sprang across the table.

"Yes, liar!" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder, seizing Holbrook's throat with a vice-like grasp, and tightening his hold until the fellow's eyes began to protrude from their sockets. "I—have—a—mind—to—shake—your—deceitful—tongue—from—your—head." And as he spoke, he accompanied each word by a quick shake, as a dog shakes a kitten, forming a running commentary on what he said.

The moment that Holbrook saw the consequences of his unprovoked assault, he became convulsed with terror, and gave a howl like that of a wild beast, as Herbert's grasp tightened on his throat. Another second, and it was lowered into a mere gurgling sound, while every muscle of his pallid countenance was racked by pain, and his frame writhed in convulsive efforts to escape. Escape—it would have been easier for prey to have escaped from the death-grasp of the enshrouding folds of a boa-constrictor.

"Part them—part them!" cried Arnold. "For heaven's sake, do not let Dan be strangled like a dog!"

"He deserves it," said Morgan. Then stepping behind Herbert, he threw his arms around him, caught his wrists with a grasp yet more powerful than their own, and whispered: "Let the reptile go, Yancey. You've nearly choked the breath out of him."

Herbert relaxed his hold, and others coming between them, the couple were parted, forming a striking contrast. Herbert Yancey, defiant and vengeful, seemed like a knight-paladin, ready to defend a "faire ladye" from wrong accusation. Holbrook, at first bewildered and stupified by pain, gazed at his late assailant in dogged silence, until his scattered recollections returned. Then turning to Arnold, who had not left the table, he said, bitterly:

"Is this the way, Benedict, that you permit an old friend to be throttled at your table, and that, too, by a traitor?"

Well was it for Holbrook that Morgan had not relaxed his hold, but Herbert struggled in vain to again lay hands on his traducer.

"Yes," continued Holbrook, with a gesture of menace towards Herbert Yancey,—"I told you when you came here how that flirting jade at the parsonage had entangled him, and now you see the proof. Talk about treason and traitors, when you have this popinjay here!"

"Let me go!" literally shrieked Herbert Yancey, his eyes flashing like steel,—"let me go, I say!"

"Stop—stop!" cried Arnold. "This brawl will ruin us—will stop our expedition. Gentlemen officers, I entreat—I command you, resume your seats. Holbrook, sit here. Order, gentlemen,—order."

The magic of discipline stilled the tumult, and Herbert Yancey seating himself by Morgan's side, cast defiant glances at Holbrook.

"Gentlemen," said Arnold, "I little thought that our evening's festivities would have been disturbed by such a scene. I now have to request that you will retire; and to you, Major Morgan, I commit the custody of Quarter-master Yancey, who will consider himself under arrest until morning parade. At that time, I will guarantee that he shall have a full opportunity to defend his honor, though I regard his conduct this evening with but little favor."

"Colonel," said Herbert; but ere he could utter another word, Morgan whispered into his ear: "Silence now, for your mother's sake." The young officer, disarmed by this talisman, bowed politely, and after saying "good-night, gentlemen," left the room, followed by Morgan. A few moments more, and Colonel Arnold was left alone with Holbrook.

"Now tell me, Dan," said Arnold, when the door closed on the last officer who went out, "what in the name of the sutler made you open on that young fellow ere he'd been a moment in the room?"

"Curses upon him!" muttered Holbrook. "My throat feels as though it was pinched by a blacksmith's heated tongs."

"Take some more toddy, man. But you deserved it, for you had your plans so well laid. There you had made the young mechanic believe that this Yancey shot him, and had also began to open a cross-fire at the parson's by anonymous letters. But you wouldn't let your pear ripen. Worse than all, you began by abusing a pretty woman. What could I do?"

"What could you do, Benedict? What did I do for you when you were set on by the Yale students at New Haven? What did I do when you tried to run away with the Patroon's mulatto wench at Albany? What did I do when you had lost your last pistareen at the 'Green Dragon?'"

"You stood by me, Dan, like a man," replied Arnold, who was somewhat troubled at these reminiscences. "But policy—policy is now necessary, Dan, for us to play the cards in a great game, and pocket long odds. You saw all the Riflemen stood by their comrade, and what could I do?"

"All very fine, Benedict," retorted Holbrook, with a sarcastic sneer. "Yet policy is not pleasant to a man who is being strangled to death. Never mind; I'll fix that coxcomb's flint."

"No murder here," said Arnold, in a beseeching tone, for he felt the reproaches and the recollections of his old associate in crime.

"Murder?—not from me," was Holbrook's bitter response. "Catch me at sunrise within twenty miles of here! But let me get near him, and he'll repent this night."

"That's it—that's it. I'll send him on some scout, and let you know it. But now as to these Canadians—can I depend on them?"

"Policy again, my foxy Benedict. But now let us leave this young Virginian, and talk of business. Have you your plans and estimate of forces all copied for me?"

"Here they are," replied Arnold, "Washington's instructions and all."

But we will not now unfold this—Arnold's first treason against the infant republic, as he concocted it with his ally. Little thought the hundreds of brave men who that night dreamed of victory and of liberty, that while they slept, their leader was scheming how to profitably betray them and their country.

CHAPTER X.

A SUBTLE PLOT.

"Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here:
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys."

Herbert Yancey's slumbers were disturbed by troubled dreams, through which the presence of Mabel Gwynne floated like a silver thread; and when he awoke, he could elicit no augury of good from the gloomy sky without. Dark, massive clouds, sullenly tinged with the dawning light, came rolling up from the sea, depositing a gloom-shroud of mist on their pathway. No ray of sunshine cheered the earth with its gladness, and as Herbert looked from his window, he could but feel that the depressing heaviness of the atmosphere was in accordance with his own dejected spirits. The calm which follows a tempest of angry passion is accompanied with a gloom far more painful to the mind than the gloom which precedes it. And as Herbert, pacing his chamber, recalled the events of the preceding evening, currents of thought, no less tumultuous than the elements without, whirled through his troubled brain like the wild harping of a thousand minstrels. Gladly did he turn from the brawl at Colonel Arnold's table to the previous avowal of his love to Mabel, and gradually did recollections of her soften the darker shadows of his heart.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" cried Herbert; and in strode Major Morgan, wrapped in a large green blanket, which he wore Indian fashion.

"Well, quarter-master," said he, in a pleasant tone of voice, "I have come to resume my guard, and am glad to find my prisoner looking so well. Make haste and dress, man; I have news for you."

"A challenge, of course."

"A challenge," echoed Morgan, in a contemptuous tone. "And who, pray, do you expect to fight?"

"Who? Why, that impertinent fellow Holbrook." The very recollection of the insolent allusion to Mabel made Herbert's face flush with anger.

"Well, then," replied Morgan, "let me advise you to smother your anger, and save your sword or pistols for other opponents."

"Does the scoundrel not dare fight?" asked Herbert.

"There you have it, right in the centre," answered Morgan. "At any rate, he has taken good care to keep out of your way. Colonel Arnold sent for me about an hour since, and after a long palaver, said that he regretted the fracas last night—that Holbrook was intoxicated—that on awaking this morning he expressed great regret—and that he had actually started for Albany post haste. So, young bottle-thrower, you are now champion of this pretty miss; nor do I see that it is any one's business whether she be Whig or Tory."

"So the scoundrel has run away!" exclaimed Herbert, a contemptuous smile curling on his lip. "I had hoped to punish him."

"Never mind—never mind. You may meet him some of these days, and in a more appropriate locality for a duel or a chastisement than this straight-laced town. Arnold is evidently troubled that there was any dispute at all, and has given the waiters a Spanish dollar apiece to make them hold their tongues. I must say, though, that to me it seemed strange to see such a scapegrace as Holbrook evidently is on such intimate terms with our commander. Depend upon it, Yancey, unless I am mistaken, neither is any better than he should be."

"Holbrook and Colonel Arnold allies?" exclaimed Herbert Yancey, fixing a searching glance on his companion's countenance.

"Flints and hammers, but I begin to think so. At any rate, Colonel Arnold—"

"Bids you good morning, gentlemen," said that officer, entering. "Your servant again, Major Morgan. Hope you are well, quarter-master. Really, though, you should not leave your door ajar when you discuss your comrades."

"Listeners," bluntly muttered Morgan.

"Never hear any good of themselves," continued Arnold, in a soft, purring tone. "I know, gentlemen, that it must have seemed strange to both of you that Dan Holbrook should have placed himself on such intimate terms with me, but he himself gave the

reason. In other years, when I was a mere tradesman at New Haven, and he had not become a drunken horse-jockey, fortune so willed it that he rendered me service on several occasions. You, gentlemen, who are from the honor-esteeming Old Dominion, should not blame me for being ungrateful."

"That we won't!" frankly exclaimed Major Morgan, "and here's my hand on it."

"Excuse me, colonel, for harboring such thoughts," said Herbert; "I was wrong in losing my temper last night, I admit, but I could not hear Miss Gwynne's name aspersed in a drunken bout."

"I honor your spirit," replied Colonel Arnold, in whose eyes a close observer of human nature might have read the glory of a triumph, won by appealing to noble sentiments at the sacrifice of truth. Having gained this point, he went on: "To be sure, it would do the provincial cause harm to have it said that its officers quarrelled over their cups, but I think I have suppressed the matter. Now for business of greater importance. I am a candid man, gentlemen, and speak plainly. The more radical of the Sons of Liberty, Mr. Yancey, have taken some offence at your visits to the rector's—nay, some of them go so far as to assert that it was you who fired at the young man—"

"I!" interrupted Herbert Yancey,—"I play the part of an assassin? O, Colonel Arnold, this must be a joke."

"No, no," replied Arnold, with a sardonic smile perceptible on his lips. "And I have come here to free your reputation."

"How?"

"The matter is to be discussed by the council to-night."

"I will be there."

"Do not. Discretion is the better part of valor, and I entreat you to abstain. Your presence there might inflame the mob; and although I have no doubt as to your innocence, yet, for the sake of the cause, of the army, of the feelings of General Washington, I advise you to avoid this unjust storm until you can feel assured that justice will be done you."

"Run away?—never!"

"Hear me out. I have issued an order detailing you, to whom the duty as quarter-master belongs, to sail this morning, in advance of the fleet, to reconnoitre the mouth of the river. If you find no hostile demonstration there, you will land, and see what fresh provisions can be obtained. Such are my orders; surely you will not hesitate to obey them."

"But," said Herbert.

"No buts," interrupted Major Morgan. "From what has been whispered here and hinted there, Herbert, I now see that you are in a false position here. It is a noble thing in Colonel Arnold to give you a chance to let the breeze blow over until you can return to face it, surrounded by your friends. Nor is there any disgrace for a soldier to obey orders."

"And the cause, quarter-master," adroitly chimed in Arnold. "Just think how the Tories would chuckle to hear that a young Whig officer had been entrapped in some snare adroitly set. How General Washington would grieve!"

"Ay," said Major Morgan; "but what would your mother say? You well know, Herbert, how these people are excited, and how deaf they are to justice, though their hearts are right. Take my advice, and sail—"

"Within an hour," interrupted Arnold. "I had the sloop fitted for sea yesterday; she drifted down to the bar with last night's tide; the wind is coming round to the southward, and you have only to ride down to Plum Island, go on board, and set sail."

Both spoke so earnestly, and with so much apparent interest in his welfare, that Herbert Yancey at once gave way before their joint argument.

"I will go," said he; "but I must first see—no, I must write—must write to my mother."

"That you can do on board of the sloop, and send the letter back by the pilot," replied Colonel Arnold. "Remember, I wish you to leave before there is the least suspicion breathed against you in public."

"Pack your valise, Herbert," said Major Morgan, "and I will ride down with you."

"But my horse?"

"I will have him taken on the transport with mine, if we carry them," replied Colonel Arnold, "yet I doubt if we take any at all. There are no paths where a horse can travel, and no forage."

"Well," exclaimed Herbert Yancey. "Do you order the horses, Major Morgan, and by the time they are saddled, I will join you below with my valise."

Morgan left the room, and Arnold followed him. In a few moments, though, the latter returned, with a large paper packet in his hand.

"What—all packed? Well, here are your orders, and I trust that, ere many months, you will return to shake off these idle charges. Meanwhile, we shall meet at the mouth of the river, and not only be comrades, I trust, but friends."

"Ay, that we will," cordially responded Herbert Yancey, seizing and shaking Colonel Arnold's hand, while his eyes glistened with moisture. "Never shall I forget your kindness, and some of these days you will find that, whatever my present faults may be, ingratitude does not enter into my composition. Good-by."

Major Morgan was already mounted when Herbert came down stairs, and the two were soon trotting down the river side, to where the sloop lay in waiting. On the way, Herbert learned some of the rumors afloat to his prejudice, and felt sick at heart to find how unjustly he had been accused of infidelity to the cause of liberty.

"Never mind—never mind," said Morgan, as Herbert shook hands with him ere stepping into the boat. "The Riflemen know your innocence, Herbert, and if any Yankee says a word against you before us, he will regret it. Good-by until next week."

CHAPTER XI

THE ORDEAL OF THE HEART.

"——In dreams, in dreams,
The radiance of thy glance upon me beams,
No star has met
My gaze for years, whose beauty does not shine,
Whose look of speechless love is not like thine."

MABEL GWYNNE, like the object of her affections, had passed a troubled night. Her rosy lips, as she tossed on her dream-disturbed couch, told tales which, if breathed consciously by daylight, would have brought the crimson tide to her cheeks; yet why should she blush to announce her first love, or to tell the dream joys which chorded in unison with her brightest hopes? One of the elf messengers sent earthwards by the fairy queen, to scatter "sweets of forgetfulness" on dreamy pillows, must surely have winged his way to her quiet chamber, to nestle in the curls which clustered unrummelled about her head, and whisper sweet conceits into her ear. True, these dreamy thoughts were on but a single theme, and that was love, yet they swept across her heart like the south wind over the strings of an æolian harp, swelling it with notes of liquid harmony, a joyous accompaniment to her brightest hopes. She was by Herbert Yancey's side—that Herbert to whom she had plighted her love, and they wandered in the Acadian groves of dream-land, where the silvery music of fountains mingled with the notes of the turtle-dove,—where the perfume of sweet flowers filled the air,—where the crescent moon, peering through the fragrant canopy of foliage, cast a chequered light around them.

Blessed dream! Imagination painting in the distance this bright picture, radiant as the rose-hues when first tipped by morning's light, and the lovely dreamer felt that neither neglect, nor scorn, nor indifference could conquer the deep tide of love on which her bark of happiness exultantly floated. But, just then, a portentous cloud seemed to glide between earth and heaven; a far distant moan trembled through the air; the affrighted birds flew to their coverts, and the leafy shadows were absorbed in a general gloom. Yet Mabel cared not. Her warm heart still throbbed responsively to the warm pleadings of affection, and for a while she was insensible of the coming storm. Suddenly she perceived the lowering darkness; she heard the rumbling echoes; she felt the hand of Herbert withdrawn, and with a shriek of terror she awoke. The reverberating echoes of a thunder-stroke were echoing around, as she endeavored to recall her thoughts, and she trembled with awe. Then, her mind becoming more calm, she buried her face in the pillow, and shed tears of joy to think that it was but a dream from which the thunder had awakened her.

Soon the thunder ceased to roll, but the day dawned heavily; and Mabel, who had not closed her eyes, began to have apprehensions that her dream was an omen of evil. Could it be ominous of that bitter chalice of disappointment which is the portion of the trouble-stricken heart left alone to suffer in the darkness of affliction? But no, no! Herbert would never disappoint her—never leave her unprotected, to encounter the storms of adversity.

On going down stairs, she found the rector pacing the floor of the sitting-room, and although the good old man bade her "good-morning" with an assumed air of cheerfulness, she saw at a glance that his manner was but a disguise with which he sought to conceal troubled thoughts.

"Good morning," she replied. "Did you hear the thunder just before daylight?"

The rector made no reply, but walked backward and forward in the room, gnawing his finger-nails, as was his wont when troubled. To Mabel this silence was intolerable, and she watched him with an expression of eager apprehension, which, at last, turning his eyes upon her, he perceived. Halting, he gave a convulsive shudder, and said: "Sit you down, Mabel. I wish to speak with you."

The color went and came in the young girl's cheeks; her temples throbbed, and her heart beat high, for she felt that the subject of all subjects was to be discussed. Yet what had she to fear? So drawing a chair near one in which the rector seated herself, she listened with eager earnestness.

"Mabel," said the old man, in a tremulous voice, "I feel it my duty to have a more perfect understanding with you. You are my adopted child, dear Mabel, and since the day on which the Lord threw you into my charge, a waif from the broad ocean, I have endeavored to promote your happiness, even as if I had been your parent. Nay, weep not, for the service has been to me a labor of love. Year after year we have enjoyed sweet confidence, and I have seen the helpless babe cast, Moses like, by the raging waves upon the shore, grow up into a true-hearted, loving woman, ever more than ready to repay my love. Yet within a few days—pardon me if I am wrong—I feel that there is a secret between us. Is it right, Mabel, that we should thus be strangers?"

He paused, but received no reply. Mabel had covered her face with her hands, and bitter tears oozed through her closed fingers, while her frame was convulsed with emotion. She essayed to speak, but in vain, for sobs choked her utterance:

The good rector saw her embarrassment, and continued:

"Indeed there is perhaps no reason why we should not ever agree as we have agreed. I know your secret, dear Mabel, and I assure you that I have no objections to your giving your affections to the son of my old friend Yancey, if—"

"If what?" eagerly interrupted Mabel, her eyes flashing with joy through her tears.

"If he loves you—that is, if he is not merely trifling with your affections as an amusement."

"O, sir!" Mabel here stopped, for it was a marvel to her that any one could doubt the love in which she reposed such confidence.

"Tell me," exclaimed the rector, who saw with concern how her feelings were enlisted,—"tell me, has he professed affection for you on such short acquaintance?"

"Sir," replied Mabel, with sudden composure, while her cheeks and brow burned, "he has told me that he loved me."

"And you," asked the rector, listening to his feet as he attentively watched Mabel's countenance.

"And I, sir," said Mabel, calmly,—"I responded to love by pledging him my own."

"When was this interchange of vows?"

"Last night, sir."

"And do you put full trust in him?"

"Full trust in him, sir!" passionately exclaimed Mabel, in a faint tone. Then passing her hand across her brow, she raised her eyes with a triumphant glance, and continued: "Why, sir, after what you yourself told me about the father, could I doubt the son?"

"Ah, my dear girl," answered the rector, "you little know the world, or the character of mankind. Deeply do I reproach myself for not having warned you—"

"Not against Herbert Yancey," interrupted Mabel. "Not against my deliverer from a watery grave. No, sir; I—"

She was interrupted by Madame Ordway, who entered the room almost breathless, exclaiming: "He has escaped, after all!"

"Escaped!" said the rector. "Who has escaped?"

"The man who tried to kill my Frank, before this very door. Ah, Miss Mabel, after all that I have done for you, who would have thought that you would have set a stranger so crazy that he tried to kill my Frank, just because he was near here at night?"

"But who is it?" inquired the rector. "Who was the cowardly assassin? Who do you mean? Surely not—"

"It was that Yancey. He was to have been taken up and tried before Squire Tracy this morning, but the rascal probably got wind of it. So he slipped down to Plum Island, got on board a sloop, and is off."

"God preserve us!" ejaculated the rector. "That fine-looking young man an assassin and a fugitive?"

"Never! never!" shrieked Mabel, whose brain rang with a confusion of sound as if of a hundred cataracts and a thousand voices endeavoring to make themselves heard above the roaring of the waters. Vision after vision flashed across her scorching brain, each different from the other, yet in each did she see Herbert Yancey. Yet all this was but a second in its passage, and then, pressing her hand to her brow as if to still the wild pain of its beatings, Mabel fell heavily to the floor.

"Woman," exclaimed the rector, "you have killed her!"

"She had better be dead than the wife of a murderer," said Madame Ordway, whose love for her son led her to look upon Herbert as a criminal of the deepest dye. "But do you take her by the shoulders, sir, and let us carry her up stairs. Poor child!"

Lifting her up as they would have lifted a statue—so cold, so pale and so lifeless was she,—they carried Mabel to her room, where Madame Ordway, with many reproaches against Herbert, applied the usual restoratives.

"Do I dream again?" asked Mabel, as she recovered from her swoon. But no. The lamp of her mind gradually illuminated the past, and she exclaimed with frantic impatience: "Has Herbert Yancey really gone!"

"Poor girl!" whispered the rector, stooping over her pillow and imprinting a kiss upon her pale, cold forehead. "Do not think of one so unworthy."

"Not think of him!" replied Mabel, in a deliberate tone. "Have I not plighted myself to him? Is he not mine?"

"Nay—nay," said Madame Ordway; "be quiet now, and endeavor to sleep."

But Mabel refused to be quiet until she had learned the whole truth, and the more she heard, the more she felt assured that Herbert was innocent. True, his abrupt departure looked suspicious, especially as Colonel Arnold declared that he was ignorant of it; but hope whispered Mabel not to despair. Others might doubt him, but her love would be all the purer and holier from being hidden in the treasure-cell of her trusting heart. Meanwhile, she lay on her bed, pale and motionless, though an occasional tear glistened on her drooping, half closed eye-lashes.

In the afternoon, the booming of cannon met her ear, and she cast an inquiring gaze at the rector, who sat watching by her bedside.

"It is the rebel force setting sail," he replied. "And I fear that Madame Ordway's deluded boy has gone with them."

"My dear father," said Mabel, "pray with me."

The good man knelt, and poured forth ardent supplications to the throne of grace, while Mabel mentally followed him. Soon, beneath the calming influence of the divine petition, the heavy weight in her spirit dissolved in a flood of tears, and a ray of heavenly comfort shone into her benighted heart.

"I feel relieved now," said she, as he arose, "and I have a favor to ask."

"Name it."

"I ask," and never had the persuasive tones of her voice fell so plaintively upon the rector's ear,—"I ask that, as you love me, you will never mention Herbert Yancey's name in my presence, or allude to his visit here, until his name is free from suspicion."

"I promise," replied the rector; "ay, and promise for Madame Ordway, too, hard though the task may be." Again was Mabel clasped to the old man's heart, which rejoiced as over a loved one lost. "Now," he added, "go to sleep, and make to-morrow morning bright and fresh. Good-night."

She slept, but it was a troubled sleep, nor were her waking moments thenceforth cheerful. Her all-engrossing hope was that Herbert might prove his entire innocence—of his love for her she entertained no doubt. When the heart is truly filled with love, doubt is excluded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HARVEST IN NORMANDY.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

We have grouped together, on this and the next page, a series of interesting pictures illustrating some phases of European agriculture. The first represents the manner of getting in the grain harvest in Normandy, France. In the foreground, we have one of the famous Norman horses, led by a peasant woman, in the picturesque costume of her district, and loaded with wheat sheaves, while in the distance are seen other female peasants engaged in cutting and binding sheaves. Women are largely employed in the heavier labors of agriculture in Europe. The next picture represents the annual apple-gathering in Normandy. A cart, to which a stout horse is harnessed, receives the golden fruit handed in by the laborers. Women and children are bringing in the heavily laden baskets of fruit, and the proprietor and his lady are superintending the operation. In the distance two men are beating down the apples from a tree, which are gathered by the women and children at the foot of the trees as they fall. The third picture on this page delineates the wood-cutters and wood-carriers in the forest of Brotonne, Normandy. A long file of horses and mules, the foremost furnished with panniers and bells, and each bearing a heavy load of even cut sticks, winds its way through the mountain pass. A peasant boy in his sabots, or wooden shoes, heads the column. On one of the horses a peasant girl is riding, her feet comfortably ensconced in a pannier, listening to the compliments of a queerly-equipped rustic attendant. In the distant gorge of the hills a quaint old town is visible. The peasant women of Normandy wear a very picturesque dress, the effect of which is heightened by gay colors. The petticoat is perhaps of intense red, the neckerchief of pink, the apron striped with orange, and not infrequently "bends over all," not exactly the "blue sky," but the much less poetical canopy of an immensely large scarlet umbrella, which is used as a defence against the overpowering heat of the sun. Seen among the depths of the green forests, such forms give a richness and harmony to the picture, which would otherwise be wanting. Although there are coal mines in forty different departments of France, yet the abundance of firewood produced in the forests is still sufficiently great to prevent coal from being used exclusively, even where the wood is not procurable; while the want of internal means of communication still further limits the use of coal. Many of the French colleries are lying idle, or nearly so, because the expense of the coal itself, added to the cost of transport over insufficient roads and canals, raises the price too largely to enable the seller to compete with the forest proprietor. It has been stated that in the department of Aveyron, the coal mines, if properly worked, would provide a supply nearly equal to the wants of France; but that the deficiencies in respect to roads and canals render this bounty of nature almost unavailable. One eighth of the surface of France is still covered with woods and forests, the annual produce from which, comprising building timber and firewood, is estimated at about thirty millions of dollars. Ten years ago it was estimated that France, with one half as many more inhabitants, consumed only one fifth the quantity of coal burned in England. The consumption of every kind of fuel in Paris amounted at that time in value to nearly eight millions and a half dollars a year, being nearly one half the amount of the annual rent of all the houses in Paris, and two thirds of the sum spent by the inhabitants in wearing apparel! This estimate, if correct, places in a striking point of view the expensive nature of wood fuel. The firewood for the supply of Paris, paying duty on entering the city, is brought down the river Seine on rafts. Sometimes the supply is obtained from a great distance; and in that case, the wood is seasoned before being made up into rafts. The bark is stripped off at the time of the wood being cut, and then allowed to remain exposed, the wood becomes hardened, and much better fitted to be used as fuel. Some forests, contiguous to the Seine, are preferred to others in respect of the quality of wood there obtained—one kind, for instance, obtained from trees growing in a stratum of stones and gravel, is much esteemed at Paris. Two or three other kinds are used on account of the pleasant perfume they emit; while others also are in good favor for the bright, sparkling and cheerful blaze which they yield. Wood, however, is paid for at a very dear rate; and to economize fuel, the Parisians often keep their fires in a smouldering state, or use a kind of charcoal composition with the wood. When the wood rafts arrive in Paris, which they do to the number of four or five thousand every year, they stop at the Isle Louvier, one of the three islands formed by the Seine within the walls of Paris. Here wood depots are established, from which the retail dealers in this commodity obtain their supply. In France and Germany, the selection of the best wood for fuel, and the cultivation and protection of the trees yielding it, have been made the subject of a separate branch of practical education. The best wood for fuel is oak; the next is beech; the harder the wood, in a general way, the more heat it emits in burning. The trunks of large trees, sawn into convenient lengths, and then split into billets, make the best fuel; but where wood is scarce, it is found most profitable to cut down the trees when from thirty to forty years' old, when they have acquired a considerable height of stem, but no great girth. In the woods which are planted for this purpose in France and Germany, the trees are made to grow slender, by being placed near together, and most of the lower branches being cut off. This is a well-known mode of determining the manner in which a tree or plant shall grow, whether tall and spare, or short and bulky; and it is simply a matter of calculation, under particular circumstances, as to which of the methods will be, on the whole, most conducive to the object in view. About sixty or seventy years ago, a German traveller, Riesbeck,



APPLE-GATHERING IN NORMANDY.



WOODCUTTERS AND CARRIERS IN NORMANDY.

gave rather a quaint account of the condition of Prussia at that time; and while defending certain monopolies which existed at that time, and which, he said, were established by the king for the good of the people at large, he gives us an insight into the employment of wood for fuel, the sale of which was monopolized by a company:—"This company is not allowed to set an arbitrary price on its commodity, but the wood is taxed; and they are obliged to furnish the best sort. Though the price of the wood be high, it keeps pace with the wages of the manufacturers; so no one feels it but those who live upon their own estates without doing anything, or those who receive stipends from the court. If the former of these would work like the other parts of the industrious public, they would reckon the article of firewood in their account; as they do not, they are very properly punished for their laziness. As to the latter, to be sure they do not get much, but what they get is sufficient for the decent purposes of life; and the king's maxim is, that every man shall have enough, but no man shall have too much. To the former the monopoly is of service, for the company is obliged to sell him wood as cheap as if there was no monopoly; and, besides, he is himself allowed to take a certain portion of it to market, where the regulations enable him to sell it to better advantage than he would do otherwise. The monopoly also serves to preserve the forests, which all Europe has so long lamented the diminution of. The scarcity of wood makes people more cautious how they grab and burn. Nor does the monopoly affect any but the inhabitants of Berlin and Potsdam, who have great advantages over the rest of the country from the residence of many officers of state in them, and the facility with which money circulates. Strangers, indeed, who reason from the state of their own purses, and see that the materials for fire are as dear at Berlin and Potsdam as Brazil or Campeachy wood, form no prejudices in favor of the Prussian monopolies, and thus far they are in the right." The last fact mentioned, that of firewood being equal in price to dyewood and ornamental wood brought from abroad, is not a little remarkable. A wonderful degree of activity has been shown within the last few years in devising new kinds of fuel, which, being compounded of easily procurable ingredients, shall be cheaper, or cleaner, or more portable, or more fitted for particular purposes than coal. Mr. Williams, a director of the Dublin Steam Packet Company, has devised a kind of composite fuel, in which peat is brought prominently into use. In one of his methods, peat-moss, pressed nearly dry, is further dried with powdered limestone and mud. In another preparation, he combines bituminous matter with peat, and this produces fuel which answers all the purposes of pure coal, and is much cheaper and more portable.—Our next picture represents a Tyrolese peasant at vintage time. He is a sort of walking grape-trellis loaded down with bunches of delicious fruit. The last picture in the series depicts the manner of mak-



TYROLESE PEASANT AT VINTAGE TIME.

ing wine at Pola, in Istria. In the immense tun on the ox-cart, is a peasant treading down the grapes, the juice of which flows into the tubs set outside. All wine, so called, is made from the juice of the grape; and in those countries where the grape is best cultivated, there is the best wine made, or there at least it may be made, if the cultivators possess the requisite skill. All the beverages produced from other fruit, such as cider from the apple, perry from pear, and home made wines from the rasin, currant, gooseberry, orange, etc., are rather substitutes for wine than wine itself. Each of the countries in the middle and south of Europe has its own proper and peculiar reputation for the kind of wine produced. Port is the produce of the banks of the Douro, in Portugal, not far from Oporto. Sherry is derived from vineyards situated in the vicinity of Xeres, in Spain. Claret, or Bordeaux, is the produce of a small district not far distant from the city of Bordeaux. Burgundy and Champagne are the names applied to the wine made in these two French provinces. Rhenish wines, Moselle and Neckar wines are named from the vineyards situated on the banks of the great rivers bearing those names; and the special names, such as Riedesheimer, Hockheimer, Johannisberger, etc., relate to particular vineyards which have acquired a wide-spread reputation. Tokay is a most expensive wine, made at and named from the town of Tokay, in Hungary. Thus it is also in Italy, in Southern Germany, in Greece, and in the Mediterranean islands: each country produces wine, which, when tasted by a connoisseur, is found to possess its own peculiar properties, distinguishable from others. The general routine of wine-making is pretty much the same in all these districts, and may be illustrated by a few examples. In sherry-making, for instance, the grapes, which are allowed to hang till perfectly ripe, are plucked before the middle of September; and those growers who are most attentive to their wines, place the grapes in baskets, and expose them to the sun for forty eight hours, turning and sorting them all the while. When the wine is to be made, the grapes are carried to the pressing room. The presses generally used in the sherry districts are simply large wooden troughs, about eight feet square by twelve or fourteen inches deep; and each will contain, at one time, as many grapes as will yield a butt of wine. A coarse wooden screw stands in the centre of the trough, worked by a lever; and a large quantity of grapes being heaped up on one part of the trough, the laborers commence by strewing them with a little powdered gypsum. Some of the grapes are then spread over the bottom of the remainder of the trough, upon which the men jump with great violence, having heavy wooden shoes on their feet. The grapes being then piled up round the screw, the press is worked, and the "must" or juice flows out abundantly. The bottom of each trough is elevated two or three feet above the floor of the cellar, with two or three spouts so arranged as to allow the must to fall into vessels beneath. The must is poured into butts; and the skins and husks, after having had water added to them, are again pressed to yield an inferior quality of must. The must is allowed to ferment in casks, and gradually exchanges its sweetness for the more alcoholic quality of wine. Of the ruder modes of expressing the juice from the grapes, it is scarcely necessary to speak. The illuminations in the Harleian and other manuscripts, and the paintings on the walls of Egyptian buildings, give abundant evidence of the state of this art in the early stages of a nation's history; and the grape-pressing process adopted at Pola, in Istria, where a man treads the grapes in a kind of cart, and another collects the juice in vessels, will sufficiently exemplify the method still adopted in many countries. All wine is thus fermented; but a great number of minute particulars determine the manner in which the fermented juice is brought to the state of saleable wine. Thus, in some wines, especially port, brandy is added; and in nearly all, age is an important element of goodness. Hence it arises that old wine commands a higher price than new. At Xeres there are very large cellars, in which the sherry wine is deposited, in casks which are always kept in the cellar. The casks contain wine of all ages, from one year to half a century. The stock of the finest and oldest is never exhausted; according to the price at which wine expedited to the market is intended to be sold, it contains a larger or smaller proportion of old wine; but it is only in wines of a very high price that even a small portion of their very finest wines is mixed. What is withdrawn from the oldest and finest casks, is made up from the casks which approach them nearest in age and quality; so that a cask of wine, said to be fifty years old, may contain a portion of the vintages of thirty or forty seasons. The labor of the vine-dressers in the wine countries is often laborious. Thus one of the Rhenish wines is produced at a village called Asmanshausen. The hills behind and around this village are so very steep that it is only by artificial means, often by planting the vines in baskets, that any soil can be retained around their roots. The vineyards are a succession of terraces, or steps, extending from the top to the bottom of the hills, some of which are nearly a thousand feet in height. In some places more than twenty terraces may be counted, rising one above another; they are supported by walls of masonry from five to ten feet high, and the breadth of some of the ledges on which the vines grow is not more than twice the height of the walls. To reach many of these narrow plats, the vinedressers, male and female, must scale the precipices, and hang, as it were, from the face of the rock; while a great deal of the soil itself, and every particle of the manure, must be carried up on their shoulders. It has been remarked that "the life of the Rhineland vinedresser indeed presents a rare example of industry and perseverance." Though by no means rich, they are generally the proprietors of the vineyards they cultivate; and though their appearance does not always verify that which painters draw or poets describe, they at least exhibit an aspect of comfort and intelligence. Independently of the hardness of the labor of cultivating the vine, which is not confined to one season, but must be carried on perseveringly through the whole year, and is most severe during the heat of summer, the vine is a delicate plant; frost, hail or rain may in a few hours annihilate the produce on which the cultivator depends solely for his subsistence. With regard to the commerce and consumption of wine, it is estimated that the average consumption in Great Britain is about six million gallons a year—not more than one fourth the amount of spirits drank, which arises in a great measure from the very high duty chargeable on foreign wine. The inhabitants of Great Britain do not consume more than one quart of wine a year, poor and rich together. In Paris there is a wine market exclusively devoted to this branch of business. It is a well conducted establishment, and the scene of a very large trade. The piles of storehouses are seven in number, four in front and three behind. The two centre piles fronting the river Seine, are divided into seven compartments, and are used as a market, one of the buildings in the back division containing brandies. The spaces between the several masses of buildings form avenues or streets, of which there are several named after different kinds of wine—as the Rue de Champagne, Rue de Bourgogne, Rue de Languedoc, Rue de la Cote d'Or. There are counting-houses for the merchants, and small bureaux for the officers who superintend the entrance and delivery of wines. These entries amount sometimes to fifteen hundred casks a day. The whole establishment contains more than three hundred thousand square yards; it is enclosed by walls on three sides, and has a frontage towards the Seine, nine hundred yards in length. The stock usually contained in this "Halle aux Vins" is from twelve millions to fifteen millions of gallons.—The remaining engraving in this series tells its own story. It is a sketch of an Irish egg-seller. The girl is seated on a little rugged pony, that supports, besides her weight, two huge panniers filled with the produce of the poultry yard.



EGG MARKETING IN IRELAND.



WINE MAKING AT POLA, IN ISTRIA.

THE "MONEY-MAKING SPIRIT."

This game of money-getting all the world over is, after all, only another name for exertion, emulation, ambition, adventure, independence, success, power. We can see no reason to expect its disuse—none even to wish for it. It is so general, so universal; its good is so practically acknowledged, that a thousand platitudes from pretended skeptics do not damage it in the least. The skepticism and the platitudes only prove its utility; the taunts of laziness only demonstrate itsworth. The world *will* have it, the world *must* have it. It is always wanted—sometimes for good, oftentimes for evil; but the good and the evil weigh in this instance only on the same scale as in all other human arrangements. It may be called for to ravage a continent; it may be required to civilize one; it may be wanted to hollow out a mountain range that too long has made enemies of nations; its potent forces may be asked to build hostile barriers on a peaceful plain; but in all these cases it only stands up to represent hate or human passion, human enterprise or human love, husbanded for the inevitable strife alike against physical foes or social evils. The taunt of avarice against England will appear of all taunts the most hollow, when it is remembered that we groan under the heaviest of debts, and that our squandering propensities seem well nigh exhaustless, and when every great national effort, however chimerical or visionary, is sustained with the grandest force and the most enduring prodigality. It is said that we carry out our plans in this country by length of purse; but length of purse only means length of arm and brain, of muscle and will. The money is voted because, though the gap will be felt, the energy can be counted upon for its speedy filling up. And the strength required to fill up that chasm is not that of the sordid man. It is no base metal; it is faith, mountain-moving faith—faith in skill, industry, intelligence, vigilance, and the grand endeavor which conquers all things.—*The "Manchester Papers."*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"TEMPORA MUTANT."

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

"The seasons change"—eternity advances—
The course of Time is onward, day by day;
The beautiful of earth, beneath his glances,
Continue still to droop and fade away.

"The seasons change"—the friends so fondly cherished,
Remain to us in memory alone;
The aspirations of our youth have perished—
Upon the rapid wings of time have flown.

"The seasons change"—the days of youth have fleeted,
The spring-time of our life has passed away;
Yet, in our inmost heart we still secreted
The pleasant memories of a former day.

"The seasons change"—the past is all behind us,
Our future—ah, how little now remains—
Long years have passed away since fate consigned us
To wander here in life's oft-trodden lanes.

"The seasons change"—at length the full fruition
Of hope brings Lethe to our weary souls;
The oft-desired, the heavenly transition
To realms above, for earthly pain consoles.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE QUARREL AND THE CROWN.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

The sad, old, French king Charles was mad again and exiled to one of his woodland palaces. Still clothed in purple and fine linen, he fared sumptuously every day, and never wanted for attendance, even though the strife among the royal dukes for the regency continued unabated; but most faithfully because most lovingly performed, was the service of his fair daughter, Kate. True, there was but little to be done; she could only sing him to sleep in the hot noontime with old ballads that had tears in their very tones, repeat old, mystic legends to him when the day was growing dim, or wander out, holding his hand and directing his steps in the great snowy openings of the park; and constantly preferring these pleasant duties to the frivolous variety of court, she lived in calm contentment till her father should once more recover his reason. The Princess Kate is drawn in an ancient picture as wearing bands of chestnut hair round a small head, from whose broad braids unruly tresses are forever escaping into curls caught and snarled again among strings of pearls; eyes of a yellow hazel, with a perpetual laugh in them, while the white lids lift brown lashes almost to the arch of the well-defined brows. Straight, small, French features, among which the mouth is rather wide than otherwise, but a width of crimson velvet curve, that you would gladly see continued, above those small, ivory teeth, and a chin upturned and deeply cleft with a dimple to match those two in the oval, rosy, waxen cheeks. A white shoulder is partially heaved into light beneath a net of lace gathered up by a white, unjewelled hand; and the whole, surrounded with a black, worm-eaten frame, hangs mouldering and retreating, day by day, further and further from sight, in the hall of the castle of Azincourt.

The park of the present residence of the mad king was very ill trimmed, and the foresters had entirely deserted their cottage in the forest and taken other and finer abodes to themselves—pleasanter ones than the low, stone buildings could not be, their one story covered with ivy and deeply embosomed in the wild green growth of summer, where the birds built, unmolested, below the eaves and the stately deer trod across the very doorstone—and so the two strangers, who had installed themselves unasked in the abandoned place, seemed to be fully persuaded. Of these youths, one was Lord Guilford de Vere and the other a renowned young Welsh knight, Sir Owen Tudor. While the first was remarkable for nothing but the elegant ennui of high rank, the last was remarkable for everything but that. His memory was stored with lays attesting the ancient historic splendor of his country and the daring deeds of his ancestors. Trained in all manly exploits of the age, he had no rival on field or flood, and in polite learning he fully proved the superiority of his Welsh blood and breeding. Rather tall and sinewy, this slender athlete possessed, nevertheless, an extraordinary beauty of countenance, and the long, black locks, black, flashing eyes, fine features, sparkling teeth and beardless face were as beautiful as a woman's.

It is not to be supposed that the princess, leading her father through the glades, had escaped the notice of these foreigners, nor that her fresh, naive beauty had not made, unfortunately, too deep an impression upon them. At first sight Lord Guilford was enraptured, but cooled on discovering her rank, and suffered his admiration to dwell on her pretty attendant, whose station was about equal to his own. But Sir Owen, "an eagle, clanged an eagle to the spheres," and from the first glance of the lovely Kate had felt and nurtured a passion sudden as those in Arabian tales, and which, though impossible, was sweet as first loves usually are. Neither, in turn, had the princess failed to observe the young hunters, and while used in her father's court to meet the delicate languor of Lord Guilford, the energetic, fiery motions and manners of the other presented a new phase of life for her study, which she did not fail to improve, as frequently, when stationed with her friend Rose within a bower of her own, quite hidden by the green undergrowth around, they had been compelled to listen to the conversation of the unsuspecting hunters as they dressed their game on the bank without; and twice had Sir Owen, in propria persona, crossed the path of the princess with a respectful bow and a flush on his dark cheek, while she with a naive childishness had turned to look at him.

The king was growing decidedly better, and one sunny afternoon, accompanied by Rose and the physician, his daughter was guiding him on his accustomed walk.

"King cups," said he, pointing to the brilliant patches of blossoms, "are the kings underneath—little fellows—tired of their crowns? It would seem as if I had worn a wreath of such things once. Pluck me some more, Kate; twine those harebells among them, from the rocks yonder, and come back with thine arms full of flowers like a girl in the streets, child!"

The physician took his hand while Kate sprung to gratify the first desire he had expressed for many months, and plunging into the copse threaded the familiar ways, gathering a thousand rare blossoms and wreathing them together while plucking a handful of iris growing beside the stream, and finishing the adornment with large, white hawblooms, she beheld it with satisfaction. "O, he said harebells!" said she, with a disappointed cadence, as she remembered, "and there they are growing in the clefts so far up I never can reach them, and there are some scarlet berries—lovely—drooping over these white haws, well, I'll try!" And hanging the wreath on her arm, with sprays of blossoms thrust carelessly everywhere about her, from the crown of her hat, half off her head, to the little feet, she began clambering. On the other side of the rocks, at their base, sat Sir Owen, and hearing the little soliloquy, had glanced over and was now gazing unobserved at the climbing flower-nymph, till at last the harebells were within her reach. They grew in a cleft just under the summit, and were well nursed with constant dew, and the spray which in rough weather was frequently tossed to them by the torrent below. She filled her hands with the bells and the long, hair-like leaves, and then glanced at the bough of red berries growing half-way down the face of the rock. It was impossible to reach them unless she slid down the smooth surface, trusting to the bush to stop her progress. And how would she reach the ground after picking the berries? O, time enough—she would see then; and was turning round preparatory to her slide, when she slipped, lost her balance, and falling over with a series of whirls, launched into the air, and would infallibly have been dashed into the torrent had not the little bush put forth its briery arms and caught her frock fast in a hundred thorns, while she hung, still grasping her flowers and looking round for relief. "The stem will break in a minute!" she exclaimed; but the minute had not passed ere Sir Owen, with a few bounds, had reached the summit, and taking the very step she had intended, slipped swiftly downward till brought up with sudden impetus against the bush that supported her, catching her slender waist in his strong grasp just as the bush with a sharp crack broke away and whirled down into the stream, leaving only the twigs clinging to her apparel. What to do now? further slipping would bring them only into the deep water that broke up almost immediately into a cascade of some forty feet, and the rock was everywhere smooth as glass. The stream was but about twenty feet wide, perhaps he could clear it. She glanced into his eyes and saw the same ideas—all this, for thought is more instantaneous than electricity, in some half-dozen seconds, and bracing his foot against the little stump, with the momentum of his slide still quivering in his person, he sprung—the waters dashed and roared beneath, the air whirled, whistled and slipped around them, ages seemed passing in that instant, the world booming back and away from them, she closed her eyes and awaited the shock of descent, should it ever come, and at last like one waking from a dream, found herself close in Sir Owen's embrace, on the opposite shore. Her first impulse at her release was to fall at her preserver's feet and cover his hands with kisses, for she was young and life very sweet; her next, to draw up with dignity and beg that he would request any favor the first lady in France could bestow, and her last, remembering how frequently she had heard his conversations and watched him in the forest, was to do nothing, which accordingly, like a guilty little child, she did. Rather wondering at her coolness, but at the same time noticing the little self-conscious air, and divining her last thoughts by his own, the knight said:

"Pardon, lady; but perchance we are both better acquainted than the other dreams of."

"And monsieur knows then," said she, dropping the crushed rose, while merriment filled her eye and she broke into a gay laugh, "that I know his haunts—that if I do not know his name and station, I know at least a thousand thoughts to which he has given utterance?"

"My name is Owen Tudor, and I am a knight of Wales."

This sudden knowledge of their immense disparity of position which she had half hoped might not be so great, acted like a damp spell upon her glowing thoughts, but in a moment the imprudence and heedlessness of youth returned, and with elastic smiles she answered:

"But the Tudors are descended from kings?"

"So we believe, madam," he replied.

"Then we are not so unequal as it would seem?"

"Quite as much so," was the response to this rather singular question.

"Would it have cost you so much to accept a rank I was willing to accord?" she winningly asked.

"Since it was not mine I should have been far less a free man," he returned.

"I understand," she said for the first time, with a falling inflection, knowing very well that a sweet voice is always sweetest in gentle interrogations; "but because arbitrary fate, by no virtue of mine, has made me what I am, there is no inequality in a friendship which I must always owe to him who saves my life. I would not like to have died, and I *should*—but for you."

The tears came into her eyes, but Sir Owen steeled himself against the witchery as far as it was possible.

"Lady," said he, after a moment's pause, "Tudor can never dare aspire to anything but thy knight. Give me but thy scarf that I may do battle in thy name forever!" and as the custom was, sunk on one knee before her.

"There is nothing," whispered she, "to which Tudor might not aspire. But be indeed my knight, brave youth, till—"

She stopped, confused and blushing, plucked the dagger from his bosom, and clove one of her long, brown curls in lieu of the absent scarf, and returned the weapon, for the first time put to such gentle usage, with the tress twisted round it. Pressing the lock to his lips, Sir Owen thrust it into his bosom while turning to continue the path. The stream, which widened both above and below this point, was only to be crossed by a footbridge at a league's distance, and beguiling the way with pleasantest conversation, the two went on, and by sunset separated at the foot of the great avenue, not, however, till young Sir Owen had agreed to meet her next day again, and turning every step or two to watch his fine figure as he strode away, she finally ran in with her wilted flowers to the old king, who had quite forgotten his wish by this time. She knew very well that she was indulging in vain a passion that ought to be strangled at its birth, she knew she never could be a knight's wife; but blindly closing her eyes upon the future, she laughed, lived, enjoyed, loved, in the present. And Sir Owen, with all the strength of his intellect, as he saw the barriers to happiness in this direction, with all the fortitude of self-control determined never to risk his secret in words, and with all the fire of his heart felt that this lovely creature had kindled a flame there which neither time nor circumstances could extinguish.

"Has the lady smiled on thee?" asked Lord Guilford, as he entered the cottage. "Well, she smiles just so on me," added the same personage with a yawn.

Sir Owen's eyes flashed, but his sleepy friend observed nothing and continued his remarks, whose subject was in reality the pretty Rose, till the knight wondered were he dreaming or waking, that he dared speak in that manner of one so free from coquetry and deceit as the Princess Kate.

The night on slow pinions overswept the sky, and the dew was yet undried by morning, when Kate met her undeclared lover again; and not once but a thousand times, frequently accompanied by Rose and de Vere, did they stroll through the fresh blossomed vines at sunrise, or listen in the shade to the bubbling nightingale at evening. One night, the moon was sinking in the sky, but still with faint lustre filled the pleached alley down which the damsels were wandering, when parting the boughs Lord Guilford joined them, and in an instant more Sir Owen leaped into the group, and in a few moments Kate found herself arm in arm with the knight at some distance from the others. Up to this time, whatever might have been guessed by each of the other's sentiments, no actual protestations of love had passed between them. Taking from the folds of her dress a slip of paper, and unrolling it, the princess repeated with mock solemnity a madrigal whose burden was herself.

"If I had ever seen Sir Owen's pen-strokes," she said, gaily, "I would vow that these were part and parcel of them. I picked them up where he should not have dropped them—at the feet of the old lord-chamberlain!"

He extended his hand to take the paper.

"Nay, sir," said she, restoring them to their former position, "they are far too precious to be restored."

They were sitting on a mossy bank from whence she started to secure a glowworm that glimmered across the way.

"Nay," returned Sir Owen, "these verses are too trifling to be the subject of thy highness's laughter."

"If I laugh at them," she rejoined, glancing at him over her shoulder while stooping to the worm, "it is with the secret joy that cannot contain itself!"

"The lady jests with a simple baron. Such joy is not for the great, only for those who love."

She rose; she turned; she came forward and stood before him; bending, she looked into his eyes.

"But I *do* love thee!" she said, in an earnest yet half-pleading tone," and *we* love, though all the wooing is on my side!" and stooping lower, she touched her cherry lips to his.

Bold as the little charmer was, she trembled when feeling his arms encircling her, his lips returning her kisses, his breath coming and going on her cheek; while with all the forgetfulness that such love begets, he uttered more melting and passionate sentences than she could ever have dared wish to hear.

When they parted that night she wore his ring, a plain, gold circle, upon her finger, and locking her joy in her own heart, sat long alone, only gazing at this outward token of it. For a few days, in a state of blissfulness, they two saw and heard only each other; and then fearing lest he should weary of his gilded toy, Kate, in order to rivet faster his chains, entered on a course to loosen them altogether, by playing off her charms on Lord Guilford, conversing and accompanying him instead of her lover, and, in short, according to her ability, flirting to the last extreme with this languid gentleman. At first, Sir Owen refused to believe his eyes, then sought a hundred excuses for her, and finally, stung by maddening jealousy, poured a hundred vehement reproaches upon her. Kate had thought that such conduct would only increase his passion, and stood still with the first words, prepared for a little scene, but now amazed and unwarrantably indignant, she turned upon him with angry eyes.

"Let Sir Owen remember another time, that when I give my word I keep it," she returned. "Because I am promised to one man, shall I shut myself up like a Turk in a seraglio, from all others? No! if such is to be my fate, better escape it now. I

choose always to receive the homage of whom I please. Sir Owen is released from a bond that must be galling, since he strives by such petty means to break it! I scorn him and his vows!" And tearing the ring from her finger, she flung it at his feet and he saw her no more.

That day, Queen Isabel came down into the country and took her daughter away from the place under her own protection, since the English, invading the French territory, had taken Harfleur, vowing in addition, to seize the princess for their king's wife, and certain provinces as her dowry. Braced by pride and anger, Kate firmly put down any remorse that might linger in her heart, and believing that she had trodden out the flames of love as suddenly as they had been kindled, went gayly off with her mother, while Sir Owen still lingered in the forester's cottage.

One night a herald tapped at the lattice. "Englishman," whispered he, "your king desires you! Not sixty leagues hence he prepares for the French onset. Harry the Fifth counts on Sir Owen Tudor to win a battle for him!"

Like sparks of fire struck in the dark by sudden blows from steel armor, so memories of war and longing desires for the din of arms and clang of trumpets, flashed through the soul of Sir Owen, and snatching his armor, he left Lord Guilford to follow at his ease, and dashed through the forest with the herald till they reached the English camp.

Meanwhile, Kate had been warned by her mother that if they were defeated her hand would be the price of peace, and half in pique at her lover, half in caprice, she had consented, while Queen Isabel, reviewing the French forces, destitute as they were of muscular commons, and abounding in revelling noblesse, could not for a moment doubt the issue.

Day after day the hostile armies had marched up the opposite river-side, and at last, the English, crossing, had forced the French to withdraw to a village some miles distant, where, spending the night in carousal, the latter awaited the dawn which, as they expected, would be the last the English would ever see. Thirty deep, and a line long as the eye could reach, swelled the crescent of their forces at sunrise, heavily laden with armor, and composed almost entirely of cavalry; but a mere handful, light, half-naked, standing only three deep, on marshy ground, the bowmen of King Henry surrounded him where he rode, glittering in kingly insignia, and determined on death without victory. For a few moments the battle arrays stood regarding each other, till three French dukes rode out and haughtily demanded surrender.

"Back for your lives, gentlemen!" returned King Henry, and with the thundering "charge!" that volleyed through the ranks, the archers sprang forward, biting the earth, planted their stakes and blackened the air with hurtling darts that turned the French boasters, already half sunk in mire, with the direst loss and confusion. Then began the melee. Shouts, groans, trumpet brays and hautboy peals, whistling arrows, clashing swords, splitting lances, shrieks, curses in divers tongues and spurting streams of blood.

"Well done, Sir Owen!" cried the cheering voice of the English king, as with battle-axe and broadsword swinging in either hand, the Welsh knight had cleared a square of twenty gayly caparisoned foes around him, and now lifting his helmet from his aching brows wiped his dripping sword upon the saddle cloth. "Had I a dozen like thee the battle were mine ere now!"

Sir Owen glanced at the man for whom he was winning a bride and that bride almost his own, while rapidly twining a long lock of chestnut hair in the crest, then with a jerk replaced his helmet, tightened the strap, and shouting to his battalions to follow him, "on, on!" dashed into the centre of the French. A thousand arms encircled him, great blows parried his, torrents of red blood bathed him, showers of yellow sparks flashed out in a sudden darkness before his eyes, a shock, a concussion upon his head as of two worlds grinding together—darkness closed round him, light and sense flowed from him, and he fell on the field of Azincourt. But Henry won.

Six months, victorious as Mars, Henry traversed France, and fortress after fortress fell before him. At length Rouen opened its gates to his conquering host, and there, for the first time, he beheld his future queen. Kate had never once paused to reflect, and clad in gay recklessness she danced up the hours that led her to his feet; and with the same gay sprightliness that had enraptured Sir Owen, she made Henry the Fifth acknowledge her power. Ignorant of her lover's fate, Sir Owen had taken her at her word she thought, and as the king's wife, she returned with him triumphant to England.

A year had passed, and if any repentance of her sudden anger that evening in the wood came to Kate, she never showed it by sign or word, but with merriest quips wiled the hours away; and if any tears were shed by her, or any mournful moments sighed alone when Lord Guilford brought Rose, his bride, to court, they were shrined in the deepest secrecy.

One day, at Westminster, they were hanging trophies taken in the late wars, and many of the courtiers, together with the king and queen, were straying through the aisles and among the gorgeous chapels. A familiar banner caught Kate's eye. It was one wrought by herself and sisters for the Due d'Alencon.

"Who captured that?" she inquired of the king.

"Is it thy finger-work, Kate?" he rejoined. "It was taken by poor Tudor, the bravest knight in Wales, and for the matter of that, in England itself. I would he had lived, that thy hand might have given him an earldom!"

She waited a moment before asking with a steady voice:

"And where is he now?"

"I saw him fall on the field of Azincourt."

Others drew near, and the queen turned aside, and through a low arch entered a chapel alone. A giant weight seemed to be crushing down her heart, hot tears, not to be shed, to be withdrawn from her sight, her reason reeled, and when, after a time, the king entered, he found her fainted on the floor. Sir Owen was amply revenged.

The next month was an eventful one for Kate; for out of Rouen in France, whither they had gone, she followed an interminable funeral procession and buried her husband, dead of a long, silent disease, among the kings of Westminster.

But while all these things were transpiring, in the forester's cottage in the old French park, a wounded man lay for many months in the alternate delirium and stupor of fever. At last, one night, a gleam of intelligence lighted his dim eye. He surveyed, questioningly, the crone who peered over him with the dripping candle in her hand.

"Ten months, honey, hast thou lain at death's door. Now by Saint Mary's aid thou'lt gain flesh, heart and health!" whispered she.

And slowly as the year wheeled round again, with the first blush of spring, he rose, feeble but recovered, and in the depth of summer Sir Owen, with the strength of manhood once more at his command, left the well-recompensed old nurse and journeyed on a knight's devoir through Germany and Spain, till full three years had dragged away; but still hidden in his bosom was a long lock of chestnut hair, once well soaked in blood.

Time went by, both for Sir Owen and the English court, and summer was again at its luxuriant height in the white-cliffed islands. A longing wish had filled Kate's heart to see the land that had nurtured Sir Owen, to roam through Wales, and perchance to set foot in the very castle where he had first drawn breath. Not with any hope or desire of seeing him, nor with any knowledge of his existence, for she believed him dead, but partly to solace the wild grief and remorse that had ever since waged in her heart. Men thought it was the queen who was inconsolable; they mistook, it was only that Kate who had broken the pledge she made to Sir Owen Tudor. She had ridden all day over the long slopes of the blue hills, and at sunset had housed her train in an old romantic castle whose lord had offered it, through a page, to the travelling strangers. Breakfasting alone next morning, alone she sauntered out through the wild glens, for she was now near the village of his birth. Pale were her cheeks, her hair damp and loose, and her whole array, far from its former costliness, was only carelessly simple. She had wandered some distance, when suddenly at the base of a willow growing out of a rock, she confronted a well known figure, sitting motionless and looking dreamily into the still water. Bubbles of light broke in the depths of her hazel eyes. Sudden carnations blossomed below her temples. Was it a vision—was she awake—had the dead king of England deceived her—was Sir Owen Tudor alive and here before her! She stepped forward, trembling in every nerve.

"Owen!"

The knight looked up.

"Kate!"

"Thou wert not then slain at Azincourt?"

"Your majesty, I am here!" he returned, rising and bowing, while he laid a bitter stress on the first two words.

A moment longer she looked at him, still trembling with painful agitation, and then casting her eyes on the ground, flung herself at his feet.

"Forgive me! forgive!" she cried. "O, Owen, can you never forget?"

The old embrace and the impassioned kiss were his only responses, assuring her of pardon.

"And can you now love me, unfaithful that I was, as then?" she murmured, as they stood there, sunshine flecked in soft green shade, a little after.

"More precious," he returned, "because more longed, more suffered for!"

The queen of England was her own mistress, and happier than ever the princess of France had been, was the ancestress of two dynasties, the baroness of Tudor.

ANCIENT CITY DISCOVERED.

An interesting pamphlet has recently been published by Mr. Bellasis, collector of Hyderbarad, in Scinde, Asia, containing an account of his examinations and discoveries on the site of the ancient city of Brahminabad, on a branch of the old bed of the Indus. Tradition affirms that the city—the capital of the Hinduo kingdom to which the tide of Mohammedan invasion had scarcely penetrated—was destroyed by fire from heaven and by earthquake, on account of the wickedness of its ruler. The investigations of Mr. Bellasis seem to prove that the place really was destroyed by some terrible convulsion of nature, which probably at the same time completely changed the course of the Indus. On no other supposition can a ruin be accounted for that was at once so sudden and so complete. Skeletons were found in every house that was opened and in the streets, some crouched together and there buried; others crushed flat by a falling weight, the pieces of stone or brick still in some cases buried in the fractured skull. Numerous coins and other valuables have already been discovered, carved figures in ivory, engravings on cornelian and agate, a set of ivory chessmen, and the like.—*Boston Courier.*

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain, the mighty torrent which fertilized the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'"—*Trumpet, Boston.*

BOOTH, THE ACTOR.

A friend to us an account of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not remember to have seen in print. It seems that in the palmy days of the drama, before the opening of the theatre had been dismissed by that home of genius—strong drink.

Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore of the old school, who, though of great piety. The host, though disapproving of the stage and theatrical ranting, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man led in this instance over-ruling all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, and the ladies withdrawn, and the company seated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this great gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly as I remember distinctly from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from his white lips, as bidden form, "Our Father, who art in heaven," etc., with pathos and perfect solemnity.

He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his wrapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the *Lord's Prayer*, but I never heard it before, *never*." "You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it *should* be read has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps its seal of divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer, in subdued monosyllables.—*Boston Gazette.*

A TURKISH SCHOOL.

What a picture it was! On the cushioned divan, which runs along one side of the room, sat three venerable looking Imaums, in flowing robes, long beards, white turbans, and with *chibaques*. On their right and left, upon the divan, were seated a dozen boys, of ages varying from six to twelve, whose dress marked them of high rank. In a conspicuous position among these was a tiny boy, about four years old. He wore a little coat of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold; trowsers and vest to match; a leather band, richly worked, round his waist, from which hung a tiny sword. On his head a velvet fez, beautifully embroidered, with a heavy gold tassel, completed his attire. On a small desk before the Imaums were several large books in the Turkish language. One was lying open. Below the divan were rows of little Turks, all dressed alike, in the coat and trowsers and crimson cloth fez. They sat in rows on the floor, like an English infant school, and their little red caps made them look, at a distance, like a bed of poppies. Truth to say, they behaved a great deal better than the same number of little Britons would have done. Our entrance attracted their attention. Only for an instant they gave us a look, then settled themselves again. And now one Imaum called up one boy after another to read a sentence out of the great book; when he had finished, all the school cried out, "Amen." At length the little boy, whose dress we have described, descended from his seat, and stood at the Imaum's feet—then slowly repeated each word after the Imaum. He accomplished a sentence; a very loud "Amen," followed, and there was a buzz and a smile on every one's face, as if some feat had been accomplished. The child returned to his place, and the other boys went up in turns for their lesson.—*J. V. C. Smith.*

THE STORY OF A THRONE.

Of the uncertainty attending the wives and fortunes of children born to inherit the throne of France, the Paris correspondent of the London Times writes: "Not a little remarkable is it to observe that from the accession of Louis XIV. to the present time, not a single king or governor of France, though none of them, with the exception of Louis XVIII., have been childless, has been succeeded at his demise by his son. Louis XIV. survived his son, his grandson and several of his great-grand-children, and was succeeded at last by one of the younger children of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XV. survived his son, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI. Louis XVI. left a son behind him, but that son perished in the filthy dungeon to which the cruelty of the terrorists had confined him. The king of Rome, to whom Napoleon fondly hoped to bequeath the boundless empire he had won, died a colonel in the Austrian service. Louis XVIII. was, as we have said, childless. The Duke de Berri fell by the hand of an assassin in the lifetime of Charles X., and his son, the Duke de Bordeaux, is an exile from the land which his ancestors regarded as their own estates. The eldest son of Louis Philippe perished by an untimely accident, and his grandson and heir does not sit upon the throne of his grandfather. Thus, then, it appears that for upwards of two hundred years, in no one of the dynasties to which France has been subjected, has the son succeeded to the throne of the father."—*Sunday Despatch.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

THE GREAT BOSTON HORSE EXHIBITION, AT THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR IN BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1856.

[For description, see page 349.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONNET.

BY MARY CORINNA CLAIR.

A heaven-born love came in my soul to dwell;
What dainty flowers now decked the halls of thought,
With rainbow hues the future life was fraught,
And on my heartstrings, like sweet music fell
The dreams no worldly prudence could dispel.
Cool, sparkling raindrops thirsty earth has sought,
And into living forms of beauty wrought,
That blossoms fair might gem the wood and dell;
So my glad spirit drank the heaven-sent dream,
And forth, like tender buds and emerald spray
Sprang cherished thoughts, hopes and the radiant gleam
My spirit caught of the eternal day;
Be hushed, O grief! Heaven surely will redeem
These rose-tinged thoughts, so rudely swept away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ASHMEADE.

BY WM. D. OLIVER.

"Farewell, beloved Ashmeade!" I exclaimed, as I stood on the topmost height of the hill at whose foot the beautiful village was built. "Farewell, sweet place of my birth! It may be the last time that my eyes shall behold thee—but when I forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning!"

The first gray light of morning was just changing to a dull red, and the light breeze springing up, was shaking a shower of dew-drops from every bush. I looked down upon the still sleeping town. How beautiful it looked in its quiet loveliness! There was a window open in one white house, and I was almost sure that the curtain was parted for a moment, and a face was looking out. It might be imagination—but I was willing to take the sweet delusion away with me.

At the door of that house, I had parted the night before with Leonore Howard, and had spoken words which only lovers use. With that smile shining upon me, I could have been too happy to live or die with Leonore; but my judgment told me that I had no right to bind her to my destiny until I had toiled, and received the reward of toil. I was going away for this purpose. I was determined to make a name for myself—a name which should not disgrace the choice of Leonore Howard. I did not care for wealth. It was not my ambition to compete with those who, in sacrificing to fashion and show, destroy their chance of any other reward than the poor notoriety which they may gain by the sacrifice.

My eye fixed upon two objects, which stood so near each other that one could not be seen without the other. One was almost a palace, built by one of those men who obtain fortunes by gaming, or at least—to use the softest word—by speculation. The other was a neat white cottage, occupied by his own brother, a man whose rare gifts might seem to raise him higher than the other, even in the world's judgment. Why were not these men on the same round of the ladder? Simply because one would not prostitute his fine powers of mind to acquire wealth by unfair means, and the other did.

"Yes, Leonore!" I exclaimed, as I turned my eyes from the home where she dwelt, "I will bring you a name for which you shall not have need to blush, or I will never return."

It was not that I hoped or expected to perform any great action, which should turn the eyes of the world towards me. I felt that Leonore's heart would be satisfied with one who would keep fast his integrity, and do all that he could for suffering humanity.

She was a noble woman—that Leonore Howard! As I look at her now, through the dim lapse of years, there are thousands of women whom I have known or heard of, who fade into mere painted butterflies before her. My heart still does her justice, although she was untrue to me. Let me not blame her! Few could have passed through the same ordeal, and not have changed.

I pass lightly over the events of the next three years. I had succeeded in my business, which led me to various and far off places, being that of engineering. I had made sufficient to lay by a handsome sum for future contingencies, besides the regular supply which I sent my widowed mother and invalid sister.

While absent, I came in contact, unwillingly enough, with a young man by the name of Edson. I say, unwillingly, for there was something in his eye, brilliant and flashing as it was, and in the low, sensual look of his really handsome mouth, that excited my aversion. Still, our business transactions brought us together in the hours devoted to our daily avocations, and when evening came, Edson was forever at my room. I would have gladly been alone, for I always had letters to write; but his manner was so cordial, and he seemed so sure of a warm reception, that my hospitality could not be refused to one who appeared to expect it.

I had been writing nearly all night, when he came unexpectedly into my room one morning, while my desks and writing materials still lay in confusion. I had forgotten that my letters were lying on the table ready to be mailed, and I soon had the vexation of seeing Edson turning them over, with his usual familiar sort of insolence, and looking at the directions.

"Leonore Howard!" he exclaimed, as her name met his eye on one of the letters. "Do you know her, Allan?"

I was angry, but I resolved not to deny what I was willing that the whole world should know; so I signified that Miss Howard was my affianced wife. I was thunderstruck by the look which came over that face. His beauty now was the beauty of a demon. He almost foamed at the mouth, and his eyes literally glared at me with rage.

"It is false!" he exclaimed; then lowering his tone suddenly, he subsided into a calmer manner. "Excuse me, Mr. Allan," he said at length, his voice still quivering with excitement, "but I have a right to know how long, and in what manner your acquaintance with Miss Howard has been."

"Nay," I answered, "that question would more properly come from me. But I do not ask it, nor will I allow that lady's name to be used in any conversation between us. You will oblige me by dropping all subjects relating to her, now and forever."

He muttered a few words between his closed teeth, while I gathered up my letters, put on my coat and prepared for going out. He seemed amazed at my coolness, and yet I had certainly given him no reason to doubt my spirit. He affected to speak gaily, as he said, in a laughing tone, "I bide my time," and we went away together.

Owing partly, perhaps, to that indefinable dread which we sometimes have of finding a disagreeable truth confirmed, I forbore to speak of Edson in my letters to Leonore. She had never named any person, and I could not bring myself to write his name to her.

Soon after this, Edson left town, much to my surprise, for his business was lucrative, and promised to be permanent. I tried to forget the disagreeable episode in my life which he had occasioned; but in vain. My thoughts still recurred to it, and hovered round Ashmeade and Leonore, as the dove hovers over its nest. I ventured, in my next letter to my sister Julia, to ask if she had ever heard of any one of the name of Edson. Poor, crippled Julia! It was a great effort for her to write at all; but her love for me made her exert herself to pen the following:

"Dear Frederic,—You ask me if I know any one of the name of Edson. While you were at school in Greenfield, many years ago, there was a young lad of that name—Alfred Edson, I think—passing a few months here with the Merrifields. He was a bold youth, with a handsome face, and found great favor with those who do not look much deeper. I beg your pardon, dear brother, for speaking of it; but since you would not have asked the question unless you wished to know all, I must tell you that he was almost constantly with Leonore Howard. People said they were engaged, mere children as they were; but the report soon died out, and I have never heard his name since."

Here, then, was some food for conjecture. I shrunk from mentioning the matter to Leonore, yet it was right that I should do so. I had been so happy in the thought that I was the first who had ever disturbed the pure current of Leonore's affections, that it seemed like sacrilege to me to know that even in her school-girl days, she had been loved by another, and, as it seemed, had been thought by others to have accepted and returned that love.

I walked my room for hours that night, after receiving Julia's letter. How did I know how to interpret Edson's absence? Perhaps even now, the falcon was hovering above the peaceful nest which I had left at Ashmeade.

"Leonore! Leonore!" I exclaimed, wildly, madly, "come to me!" As true as fate, I heard a voice like a deep echo, repeat my words "*come to me!*" I sat down like one in a dream. I could not move a finger. The words dwelt on my mind like a spell. I do not know to this day why I did not obey that voice. It must have been because I feared being thought absurd, or else that the weight of my engagements prevented the breaking of my faith with my employers—for the interests of an entire railway company depended on my fulfilling them.

I tried all the next day to believe that I was exciting myself unnecessarily—that all was well. I tried to believe that Julia was mistaken—that she had tried to get up some story, merely because I had asked her. It would not do! When night and darkness came again, I was again haunted with those words, "come to me!" Could I have gone conscientiously, the next hour would have found me on the high road for Ashmeade! I chafed with madness at the idea that my engagements here were not of a nature that could be set aside, so that I could go at once and satisfy myself that all was safe.

Leonore's letters had been sad and despondent. Then they failed for several weeks; and when, in answer to my distracted questionings, she at last wrote, it was to tell me that she had been dangerously, miserably ill; that she had expected and longed for my coming, and that they had told her, when she grew better, that her whole cry was for me to come to her.

"Well, I shall believe in presentiments after this," I said to myself—I remembered the night when my wild cry had been echoed, and I almost thought that it was a reality.

Months passed before I could free myself from my shackles. I talked with the principal agent of the railway, and begged him to release me. "Impossible, Mr. Allan," he said; "a new engineer before our plans are completed, would prove the destruction of our interests." I thought of Leonore, and fancied that her happiness and mine were of quite as much consequence as railway matters; but I was in the toils, and could not free myself. And, meanwhile, what was the state of affairs at Ashmeade?

There was a period of two months, in which I had had no single letter from Leonore. I thought so deeply upon the cause which might have operated to prevent her, that, added to my incessant toil, it threw me into a fever. I lay for weeks, struggling between the fierce and cruel fever on one hand, and the goodness of my constitution on the other.

When I recovered, another engineer had been appointed, and I was free. I gathered up the little wealth which I had accumulated, and turned my face towards Ashmeade. I arrived at the neighboring village late at night—too late for an invalid to travel even the short two miles which intervened between the two towns; but at the first gray streak of morning, I was there. I stood again on the hillside, on which I had stood three years before, and looked down, as then, upon the white house with its open window. Everything remained unchanged. The blue smoke from the chimneys began to curl up gracefully against the reddening east; the farmers were already astir with their fragrant loads of hay bound to the city market, and here and there I could see the milk-maids carrying their pails lightly along. I fancied that I could almost hear the song from their lips.

I watched in vain for Leonore's face at the window. She did not appear, but the white curtain blew far out into the morning air, and once I saw it suddenly gathered back into the room. "Now, then, I shall see her!" I exclaimed, but she did not appear. Why did I linger so long upon that height? It was because I dreaded to learn my fate. There was something in the book which destiny had spread before my eyes, of which I knew not the import, but which appalled and frightened me. Look where I would on the map of the future, there sat a shape, mocking and grinning—and that shape always assumed the image of Alfred Edson!

At length I summoned courage to go down the hillslope. At its foot I encountered several person with whom I used to be on agreeable, if not on intimate terms. They recognized me, received my proffered hand, and treated me civilly; but the cordiality of old times was all gone. It was not the reception on which I might reasonably have counted after three years' absence. I thought it not long enough to forget, and yet long enough to be glad to see me return.

As I passed down the village, the shopkeepers were standing at their doors inhaling the fresh morning breeze. They, too, bowed coldly—evidently knowing me, but as evidently afraid to treat me cordially. I strode proudly on, for I began to feel angry and indignant. This was but a sorry reception after my wanderings in the rough world. I said to myself, as I went on, that there was one heart at least that would receive and bless me in my coming—my mother's! Had I not often heard

"there is none
In all this cold and hollow world—no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart."

I knocked at my mother's door; the old, familiar door, round which poor Julia and myself had so often played in our childhood—she, a little frail and feeble girl; I, her guardian and protector. My mother welcomed me as I expected. Julia wept tears of passionate joy. They had been lonely enough since the brother and son had been absent. I thought this welcome would well repay me for the cold looks I had received that morning; and when my mother spread her little round breakfast table, and placed upon it the food which her own hands had prepared, she wore such a look of placid contentment, that I almost resolved that I would never again leave Ashmeade.

But Leonore! I must visit her that very hour; and not until I had declared my intention of so doing, did Julia bring herself to tell me that Leonore was engaged to Alfred Edson.

"Edson here in Ashmeade?" I exclaimed. "Tell me, Julia, how long this has been?"

"Ever since last autumn," she replied, "and I understand they are to be married immediately. I thought you knew it all long ago."

I could not credit this. I must hear it from Leonore's own lips; and I walked over to the "white house" immediately after breakfast. The servant who opened the door, looked surprised; but I went boldly in, like one who is sure of a good reception, and inquired for Miss Howard. She came directly, but started and turned pale on seeing me. I offered her my hand, which she did not take, but coldly asked me to be seated. I resolved to know what this meant—and then followed a stormy interview, such as I never participated in before nor since.

She accused me of unfaithfulness to my promises; of reckless and dissipated conduct; of trifling with other hearts, and breaking them by desertion—in short, had I been guilty of a tithe of what she laid to my charge, I should have loathed myself completely. I asked the name of her informant. She would not tell me, but answered that it was one who would no doubt substantiate all the statements that had been made. I would not trust myself to mention Edson's name, but I well knew the serpent that had destroyed my Eden. I was mad, foaming with rage and indignation. It was wrong to feel so with Leonore, for I might have known that she was grossly deceived.

At the door of her house, as I turned away with a burning cheek and a flushed brow, I encountered Edson. His air of cool, impudent assurance acted as a sedative to my rage, and I passed him with a contemptuous look.

"What, Allan," said he, "have you no word for an old friend?"

"*Friend!*" I exclaimed. "Say *fiend*, and you will be nearer the truth."

I would not stop to bandy words with him, and, turning on my heel, I left him to make his projected visit to Leonore. I wondered afterwards at my own forbearance in not performing some wild action in attacking him; but I said to myself, as he had said on a former occasion, "I, too, bide my time!" His calumnies, then, were undoubtedly the cause of my cool reception at Ashmeade! He it was who had poisoned the minds of my old neighbors and friends against me! Scoundrel! I defied him inwardly, and yet it was a bitter cup to drink.

While I was striding homeward, some one behind me laid a hand on my shoulder, and a kindly voice greeted me. It was that of Frank Barnes, an old friend and schoolmate, who had gone away from Ashmeade the year before I had left it, but who had long since returned to its quiet shades.

"I have been studying law," he said, in answer to my inquiries, "and have hung out my shingle on Main Street. Come over to my office, my boy, and let us have a quiet smoke together."

I went with him, and he soon established me in a "Sleepy Hollow" of a chair, and himself in another equally luxurious. We talked of old times, of old school days, of our subsequent ad-

ventures—of everything, in short, save the one subject that came nearest to my heart. At last, Frank blundered upon it himself. I winced a little, for a man does not like to display his heart-wounds; but Frank's manner was so cordial, so full of sympathy, so replete with friendship for me and contempt for Edson, that I threw myself upon his confidence, and he returned it in full.

Only a week before, he said, he had received a letter from a brother lawyer at the West, in which he had casually mentioned some suspicious circumstances in which Edson's name, among many others, figured quite conspicuously. He had taken pains to find out if it was the person of the same name at Ashmeade, and was expecting an answer with full particulars. He was inclined to believe that it was the same; and as he always disliked him, from one of those strange antipathies which sometimes come over us involuntarily, he seemed rather to hope that he was not mistaken!

In the interim of hearing from his friend, he would visit Leonore, and occasionally express his conviction that what she had heard was false, and could be proved to be the invention of a single individual, who would yet be brought to justice. He brought me the assurance that Leonore seemed somewhat impressed with his words, and that she observed that, if they were true, a great wrong had been committed against me somewhere.

"This is something gained, Allan," said Frank, "to have set her to thinking."

I thought it mighty little; but I knew what importance lawyers attach to trifles sometimes, and I allowed him to chuckle as he pleased over his "case." In a week more, he received an answer to his inquiries:

"The very one," wrote his Western friend, "and a greater villain never went unhung. Had he continued in this township twelve hours longer, he would have ridden out in a very uncomfortable garb, I do assure you. Make what use of my letter you please. Show it to the pretty young lady you speak of; give it to her discarded lover, and let him have the pleasure of reading it to her himself—in short, do anything you please with it that you wish. Nothing could delight the good people here more than to know that he was taking a year's lodging at one of your most famous public buildings, or, indeed, they would not grudge him ten years in the least."

Frank clapped his hands with delight, danced round the office, and performed a number of *extravaganzas*, quite unusual for the dignified gentleman of the green bag. He was as interested in the "case," as if it had been likely to bring him in a handsome fee. Nothing would content him but the idea of reading the letter "in open court," as he called it. So, one evening when we were sure that Edson was there, we called at Mr. Howard's, and were shown where the whole family sat assembled in conclave, probably on my delinquencies.

A dead silence followed our entrance. Mrs. Howard, who had always liked me, alone looked pleasant and kindly. Mr. Howard wore a puzzled air, and Leonore looked annoyed. Edson wore his usual satisfied face. Frank, soon weary of this, remarked to Miss Howard that he had received some Western news, which he thought would interest her. He then read the letter. Before he had got half through, Edson rose and left the room, but was stopped by an officer placed there by Frank, according to the authority transmitted to him.

A cry from Mrs. Howard made me turn from this very satisfactory exhibition. Leonore had fainted, and was taken up stairs, where she remained for several hours insensible. A violent fever was the result of the shock she had received. I was almost frantic, and spent most of my time in Frank's office, lamenting that we had opened the eyes of Leonore to her lover's guilt and disgrace.

"You are a fool!" said Frank, one day, when he was tired out with my "Jeremiads," as he called them. And this exceedingly curt and expressive sentence had quite a sedative effect upon me; and as I had heard that day that Leonore was out of danger, I concluded to await the event.

I waited long, but it was not without reward; for I one day received a note with the single sentence, "Come to me," inscribed with a pencil, in a feeble hand. It seemed like the realization of the old echo that had troubled me when afar off. I did not linger, you may be sure. Frank called after me with one of his old saws about "haste," but I sped on, until I found myself ushered into Mr. Howard's back parlor, where lay what was once my Leonore on a low couch by the window. I stopped involuntarily on the threshold. She lifted her head from the pillow, raised her feeble arms towards me, and, in a moment, she was enclosed within my clasping embrace. Our mute silence was perhaps more expressive than any words could have been.

I staid until the doctor came and ordered Leonore to be carried back to her chamber. "Too much color," he muttered, as they bore her away, "another fever setting in." I did not believe it. *I* knew what had raised that color. She grew well rapidly, for all exciting talk about Edson was carefully hushed up before her. She does not know that he is committed for ten years. We are to be married as soon as the roses deepen a little more on her cheek.

Frank—the rogue!—has been making love to my pale sister Julia, without either of them telling me. They declared they could not bear to proclaim their happiness when I was so miserable! Really, my respect for human nature is growing stronger after that! We are to have a "pair of cottages" that were built for two brothers, who foolishly left them for gold-seeking, leaving their wives to board in hotels, or coquette at watering-places. My mother, who would otherwise be left quite lonely by this arrangement, is to pass her time alternately with Julia and Leonore. The only drawbacks—and whose happiness is without one?—are Julia's feeble health, and my unavoidable absences on business. For the rest, our lives will, I trust, flow on serene and cheerful.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BOSELLI.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

BY HALLIE TUYON.

The old prince, Antony Esterhazy, was seated on his throne, surrounded by his court, at Eisenstadt, which was assembled for the particular purpose of celebrating his birthday. The prince was passionately fond of music and a finished amateur himself, hence the early portion of the day had been allotted to this, his favorite divertisement. To Friedberg, his principal composer, was entrusted the entire direction of this part of the ceremony, who, with a wilful eccentricity, had kept his noble patron in ignorance of the rich treat of harmony he had in store for him on this occasion.

The orchestra had taken their places, but Friedberg stood aloof, with a self-satisfied smile resting on his iron features, as though simply a careless spectator, but his glance wandered from time to time to a young man distributing among the performers their scores, whose sombre countenance, agitated features and tremulous fingers seemed in marked contrast to the joyous throng about him who appeared indifferent of his existence.

Prince Antony fidgeted in his chair and began to show evident signs of impatience, which the maestro feigned not to perceive, but still preserved his attitude of supreme indifference. His noble patron was about to utter an angry exclamation at the delay, when his glance rested upon the lovely features of Boselli, a charming Italian vocalist, recently attached to his service. By a sign he bade her immediately draw near to him.

"Ah, my lovely warbler!" he exclaimed, "so you are here to honor your old patron upon his birthday?"

"Your highness, I wish you many happy returns of the same."

"Tush, child, they only come round too often. But I am vexed, mademoiselle, at this tardiness of Friedberg, he who is always prompt to a moment."

"Does the *maestro* direct this morning?"

"By our lady, I know not. He has not even presented me a programme; but he has his whims and so have I, and if I am his prince he is my prince of musicians, and sterling as gold itself."

"Your highness is so proverbially kind to all attached to his service that I am emboldened to question you still further. May I ask who that young stranger is who is now distributing the orchestral scores?"

"I have not noticed. Ah! I see him now, with his Moorish countenance, but as you say, he is a stranger, and unknown to me even by name. Some poor protege of Friedberg's, doubtless, who has the ambition to become attached to my service. Perhaps his librarian; nothing more, for those dull features certainly can never be lighted with the inspiration of genius. What say you, child?"

I cannot see with your highness's eyes, and pardon me if I say that I think he is no ordinary person. That modest exterior may cover a great soul; and your highness is aware that genius is very capricious, and often hides itself under strange forms."

"True, child, but it is in such cases like a pent up volcano, that will force its sparks and smoke through the dull clay to reveal its lurking-place."

"See, your highness, he has ascended the stand of the maestro and has assumed the baton."

At that moment the orchestra commenced the performance. It was a symphony, commencing with a brilliant *allegro*, so rich in the depths of harmony and with so novel a management of instrumentation, that this movement was not half finished when the astonished prince, unable to control his delight and curiosity, stopped the performance, and called Friedberg to his side.

"Who is the author of this fine composition?" he asked.

"If your highness will but look in the direction of the orchestra you may perceive him."

"What, that gloomy Moor?"

"No more a Moor than your highness or your servant," answered the old composer, testily.

"What is the matter, Friedberg? Your humor seems none of the best at this moment."

"When a prince of your highness's attainments is guilty of such an unmusical indiscretion as to stop a half completed movement from motives of simple curiosity, an old servant may be excused for being so indiscreet as to vent his impatience.

"Fairly retorted, my iron-hearted friend; but I will atone. Send the young man hither."

The author hurried forward, confused by the majesty surrounding the prince, and trembling with emotions of hope and fear.

"So you are the author of this symphony?"

The young stranger bowed confusedly.

"Well, Moor, from henceforth consider yourself in my service. And now what is the name of my new professor?"

"Joseph Haydn."

"'Tis well. Hereafter attire yourself as a professor, and renounce your sombre costume. Above all," said the prince, with a mirthful glance at Friedberg, "get high-heeled shoes, and do not scrimp them in that particular, for I would have your stature correspond with your genius. Away to your post—not a word—and finish the performance."

The young author, overwhelmed with gratitude, kissed the prince's hand and retired to the orchestra. This humble youth was indeed the great Haydn, who afterwards astonished the world with a complete revolution of instrumentation, and whose works will survive as long as earthly harmony exists. The symphony, with its several movements, was at length completed, and as the author descended from the [illegible] he caught a retiring corner of the orchestra, for a few [illegible] a deep [illegible] prevailed, which was broken with a hearty shout of ap[illegible], which even the august presence could not restrain, and in which prince, courtiers and musicians all participated in this involuntary tribute to genius.

Haydn was compelled to leave his obscure corner to be presented to the fair Boselli, and a strange emotion thrilled his breast as he met the earnest glance of those beautiful eyes. Time passed on, and the composer was no longer unknown. He had also married—not from the dictates of affection, but from what he considered a solemn duty. Keller, a peruke maker, had sometime previous found the young man in a moment of stern necessity and almost on the verge of starvation. He had received him in his own house, and doubtless believing that his talents would secure him a future eminence, had extorted from him a promise to marry his daughter Ann.

This woman, of unrefined nature, and lacking even in personal charms, could not by the connection add to the happiness of Haydn. On the contrary, her shrewish disposition and a troublesome mania she had for the society of priests, was a source of continual annoyance to him. At the instigation of her clerical friends she continually importuned him to write anthems, motets, chants, etc., which for the sake of peace he composed, to the sad interruption of his higher pursuits, and which she freely distributed among the fathers.

His moments of privacy thus continually invaded with these unpleasant demands, and in the lack of domestic comfort, opinion must not too severely censure him if his heart was filled with the image of a congenial spirit in the form of the fair Italian songstress. Attached to the same service, they were necessarily brought into the society of each other quite frequently, and it was not strange that the refined and talented Boselli should continually present to his mind an unhappy comparison to his own illiterate companion.

A deep despondency settled upon him which completely unfitted him for the prosecution of his duties; and to add to his gloom his noble patron suddenly died, whose title descended to Nicholas, to whom Haydn was comparatively unknown. But he aroused from his lethargy for a short time to perform an act of affection and duty to the memory of his illustrious benefactor; and with unwonted energy bent his powers to the composition of a requiem.

The setting sun found him seated over his finished task, but the fires of energy seemed burnt out, and the clouds of despondency had again enveloped him. He fell back in his arm-chair and as his nervous hands pressed his throbbing brow he seemed lost to everything but his own misery. He heard not the light footsteps that bore a fair form near him. He heard not the deep sigh nor noted the expression of anguish which dwelt upon those beautiful features. It was only when a tear fell upon his burning forehead that he was aroused to sensibility, to find himself in the presence of Boselli.

"You here, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, starting from the chair.

"Yes, my dear friend, and grieved to find you so unhappy."

"True, I am most unhappy."

"Has any calamity befallen you?"

"None but my existence, continued as it is in a state of torture. Still young, but excluded from happiness, with aspirations to win a name in my beloved art, yet disheartened and dragged down to a vulgar level by connections repugnant as they are unrefined."

"Can it be Haydn, whose name is in every mouth throughout Vienna, whose compositions are travelling through Europe, and who has already won the title of the great master, who thus utters the language of despair?"

"Ah! mademoiselle, can I forget that I am human, and can I check the longings of my heart for sympathy and affection, and again can I forget my loathed connections?"

"Again you speak of your connections—will you explain, my friend?"

"It is no secret, I presume, that I married without affection, in the fulfilment of an unfortunate promise, to the loss of my repose and happiness. It was of this I spoke."

"Perhaps your affections are engaged elsewhere. Is it so?"

"Do not ask me, mademoiselle, you of all others," and again he pressed his feverish brow with his agitated hands.

"Proceed, I beg."

"Suppose I loved against hope—against possibility?"

"Well!" she echoed faintly, and clutched a chair for support, for she felt as though she was suffocating.

"Since you bid me proceed, suppose I love even you, mademoiselle."

With a faint exclamation, Boselli sank upon the floor.

"Can it be so," he exclaimed, wildly. "Can it be that this lovely creature indeed loves me," as he supported the inanimate form in his arms and made efforts to restore her to consciousness.

Mutual explanation, which followed, dissolved the doubts of each, and demonstrated how long both had loved with a passion they had considered hopeless. Haydn soon after effected a legal separation from his wife, upon whom he settled an ample allowance. Prince Nicholas became, if possible, a more ardent admirer of the musical art than his illustrious predecessor, and treated Haydn with distinguished honors.

The composer considered Boselli as necessary to his existence, and fancied that he could not write unless she was near him, and she made his happiness her daily study. Despondency had no longer the power to make him its victim, and by his untiring industry he rose step by step in his art until he acquired that eminence which has made his name revered by every one who understands a chord of harmony.

WILLIAM W. CLAPP, JR.,

EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE.

The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Barry, from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case, will be recognized by our city readers as that of William W. Clapp, Jr., the editor and proprietor of Clapp's Saturday Evening Gazette, that has for upwards of forty years, under the direction of his father and himself—under his own since 1847,—occupied a foremost position among the literary journals of our country. Mr. Clapp was born in Boston in 1826, and though but a young man, he is widely known from his connection with the Gazette, and from more substantial contributions which he has made to literature. His "Record of the Boston Stage" and his "History of the Boston Light Infantry" are monuments to his industry and literary ability. As references in matters of local history, they are invaluable. He has, besides, written several dramatic sketches that have been received with immense favor by the public. Mr. Clapp's dramatic cast of thought has led his paper in the same direction, and for years it has assumed and maintained a high reputation for its theatrical criticisms. Fair, manly and intelligent, its columns have spoken the truth of actors and players, unbiased by personal considerations, until the Gazette has become the most reliable sheet in the country with that large class who are interested in stage productions. Though young, Mr. Clapp has seen much of the world. He spent two years and a half in Europe, and completed his education in Paris, with the vernacular of which he is perfectly familiar. There is a piquancy in his style of writing which betrays his French education. It is vivacious and sparkling, pervaded by a generous humor that softens the sting of his satire. But there are times when, his patience tried by public abuses, he applies the lash with a will, and the justice which he enforces is scarcely tempered with mercy. He does not at such times spare the sin for the sake of the sinner, though he "discriminates between the man and the act." He is never actuated by malignity. He writes from a conviction of the duty that he owes, as a journalist, to his patrons. He is ever ready to praise merit, and his praise is worth volumes of indiscriminate puffing from those who do nothing else. Mr. Clapp is highly appreciated for his strong social qualities, his generous friendship and his truthfulness as a man. There is a tenacity in his friendship that holds, and knows no change from time or circumstance. It is not idly placed, and is seldom abused, as the principle on which it is based draws as well as it imparts, and his friends cling to him. He has no love for parasites, and that interesting class cannot live in his atmosphere. He is an excellent companion, and his wit is a desirable addition on social occasions. His ingrain generosity leads him to despise meanness; his independence imparts itself to every line of his character and of his paper, and his ingrain honesty is established by every act of his life. He is a domestic man, and boasts a fine family of children, among which a bright boy is growing to take the place in the Gazette, so long and so honorably filled by his grandfather and his father. We are glad to learn that Mr. Clapp's prosperity is in keeping with his deserts, and that the Gazette, under his management, has attained a position rarely arrived at in this vicinity. Few persons appreciate the labors and responsibilities of the editorial profession. Almost every one who can write, fancies that he can edit, but never was there a graver mistake. To conduct a miscellaneous paper successfully, requires a rare combination of qualities, readiness and vivacity of composition, with various information, and unflagging industry. And it is difficult both to sparkle and to plod. Moreover, a certain indescribable *tact* is required in the profession, which is either innate or the fruit of long and harassing experience, in order to ride gallantly on the wave of successful enterprise.



WILLIAM W. CLAPP, ESQ.

THE COLLEGE OF NOBLES, MOSCOW.

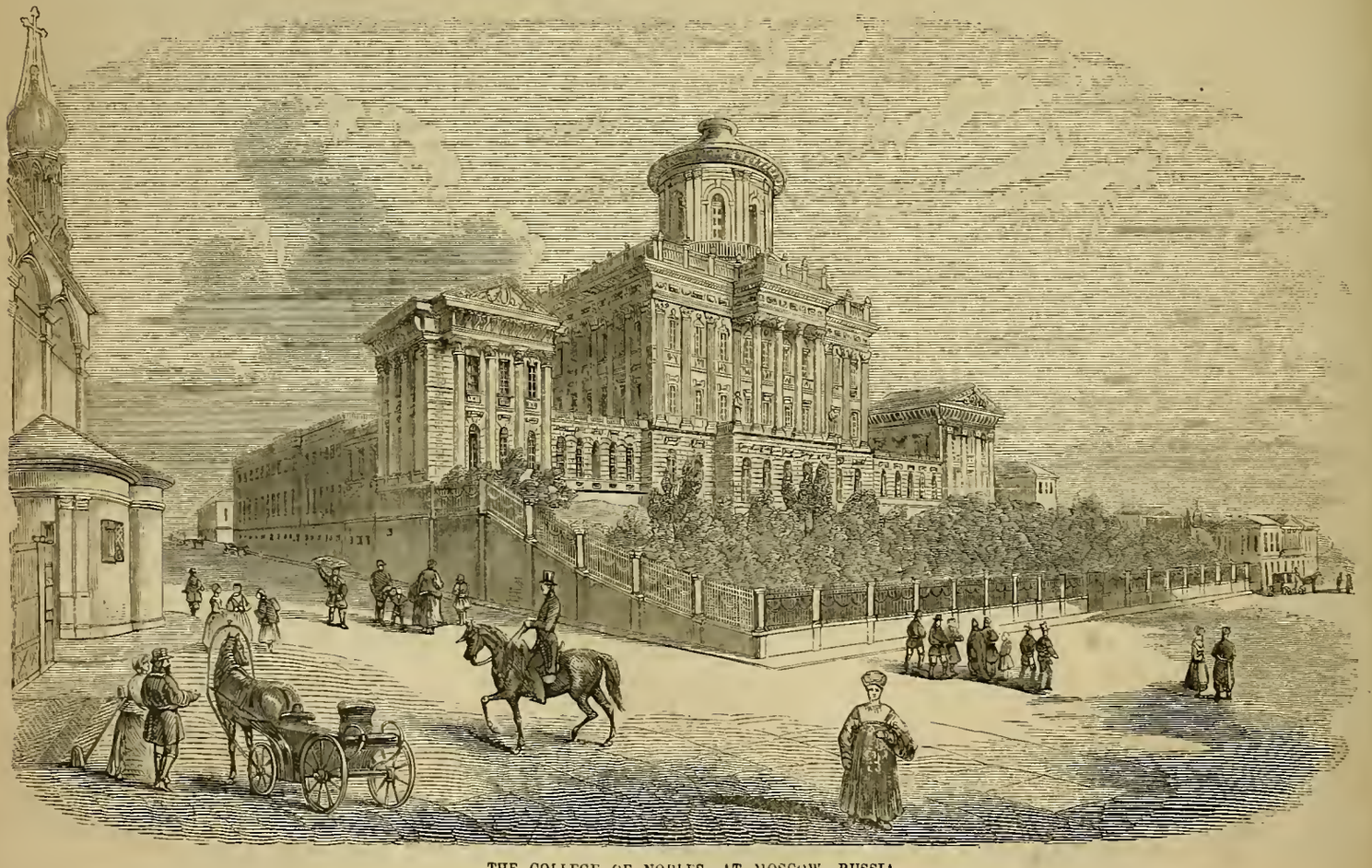
We present below a fine engraving representing the buildings of the Nobles' College at Moscow. They form an imposing pile, ornate in architecture, and fronting on grounds beautifully laid out with shrubbery. In this institution, the children of the nobility receive a finished education, which fitst hem for the service of the state in camp or council, and to adorn private life, if a public career is not opened to them. The soldiers and civilians, in their characteristic costume, add life to our picture, while the droshky in the corner gives an idea of a favorite Russian mode of locomotion. The coronation of the emperor attracted immense throngs of strangers to Moscow, and they were without exception enraptured at the extent, magnificence and originality of this most splendid of modern cities. It is eminently Russian, and it is for its characteristics that the Russians love it. To the traveller who is expatiating on the beauties of St. Petersburg, they shake their heads and say, "Wait till you see Moscow." These two cities are now connected by a railroad finely built, but formerly the journey between the two was long and toilsome. It is four hundred miles southeast of St. Petersburg. It is surrounded by a wall twenty miles in circuit. Since 1812, the period of the French invasion, when it was destroyed by fire, Moscow has been built up in a style of magnificence far surpassing that of the old city. But the style of the city is different from that of the cities in the west of Europe, being oriental.

DOMESTICATION OF ANIMALS.

The power which animals as well as men possess, of conforming themselves to new situations, and forming new habits adapted to new circumstances, is a proof of a capability of improvement. The wild dogs in the plains of La Plata, burrow, because there is no security for them above ground against stronger beasts of prey. In the same country, owls make their nests in the ground, because there are neither trees nor buildings to afford them concealment. A clergyman in Iceland, by sowing angelica upon a lake-island some miles from the sea, not only attracted gulls and wild ducks to breed there, but brought about an alliance between those birds, who are not upon neighborly terms elsewhere. Both perceived that the new plants afforded better shelter from the wind and rain than anything which they had seen before; there was room enough for both, and the neighborhood produced so much good will, that the gulls protected the weaker birds not only against the ravens, who are common enemies, but against another species of gull which attacks the duck's nest. A change more remarkable than either of these, is that which the common hearth-cricket has undergone in its very constitution as well as in all its ways of life, since men built houses and inhabited cold climates. The field-cricket in North America, which buries itself during the winter ten inches deep, and there lies torpid, began about a hundred years ago to avail itself of the works of man and to take up its abode in the chimneys. This insect even likes man for a bedfellow, not with any such felonious intentions as are put in execution by smaller and viler vermin, but for the sake of warmth. The Swedish traveller, Kalm, says that when he and his companions were forced to sleep in uninhabited places, the crickets got into the folds of their garments, so that they were obliged to make some stay every morning, and search carefully before they could get rid of them. Two species of swallows have domesticated themselves with man. We have only that which builds under the eaves in England, but in North America they have both the house swallow and the chimney swallow; the chimneys not being made use of in summer, they take possession, and keep it sometimes in spite of the smoke, if the fire is not very great. Each feather in this bird's tail ends in a stiff point, like the end of an awl; applying the tail to the side of the wall, it assists in keeping them up, while they hold on with their feet. "They make a great thundering noise all day long by flying up and down in the chimneys." Now as the Indians had not so much as a hearth made of masonry, it is an obvious question, says Kalm, where did these swallows build before the Europeans came, and erected houses with chimneys? Probably, it is supposed, in hollow trees, but certainly where they could; and it is thus shown that they took the first opportunity of improving their own condition.—*Inklings of Natural History.*

THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

Wilson, in his "Western Africa," says of this ruler, that he is one of the most absolute tyrants in the world; and being regarded as a demi-god by his own subjects, his actions are never questioned. No person ever approaches him, even his favorite chiefs, without prostrating themselves at full length on the ground, and covering their faces and heads with earth. It is a grave offence to suppose that the king eats, drinks, sleeps, or performs any of the ordinary functions of nature. His meals are always taken to a secret place, and any man that has the misfortune or the temerity to cast his eyes upon him in the act, is put to death. If the king drinks in public, which is done on some extraordinary occasion, his person is concealed by having a curtain held up before him, during which time the people prostrate themselves, and afterwards shout and cheer at the very top of their voices.



THE COLLEGE OF NOBLES, AT MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL,

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE MERRIMAC.

This magnificent national vessel, in which we take particular pride, as she was built and launched at Charlestown, has recently returned from a voyage to Europe, in which she everywhere excited admiration and astonishment. We have already presented a view of her as she lay at anchor off the navy yard, with her sails furled, and we now depict her on double the scale, under steam and canvass, as she entered Southampton harbor, England. The English press spoke of her in terms of the highest praise. The engraving occupies the last page. It will be remembered that she was built and fitted for sea in twelve months after her keel was laid. She was designed by Mr. Lenthall, chief of the bureau of construction at Washington, and built by Mr. Melvin Simmons, master carpenter, under the superintendence of Mr. Delano, naval constructor at the Charlestown navy yard. Her frame is of live oak, strengthened by diagonal plates in the inside, and outside by similar plates at the bow and stern. There are two large pivot guns on her upper deck, each weighing more than three tons. On her gun-deck there are twenty-four 9-inch guns, each weighing nearly four and a half tons. Her magazine will hold 60,000 lbs. of powder. She is a screw, and has two cylinders, and four vertical tubular boilers. Her crew, including officers, is 564 men. She is altogether a splendid craft.

TO ONE AND ALL.

We would call *particular* attention to our liberal prize offer for the new volume to commence January 1st, 1857. Having become completely settled in our new building, with our corps of artists, engravers and various assistants in each department, all under one roof, and possessing vastly increased facilities over any former period, the next volume of *Ballou's Pictorial* will excel all our efforts in this line heretofore.

There having been a question raised, on the awarding of the prizes for last year, as it regarded the value of one or two of the articles, we have resolved to pay each one in *gold dollars* this year, which will admit of no question of intrinsic value. Commence early; make your arrangements complete, and secure a handsome prize. We will cheerfully send sample copies for use to any one without charge.

CLUB PRICE OF OUR PAPER.—It will be observed that we give every *thirteenth* copy to those getting up clubs on our paper for the coming year. Last year we gave only the *seventeenth*. This makes quite a difference to the person who is getting up the club.

A PROVERB CHANGED.—The old proverb says: "When Poverty enters by the door Love flies out of the window." But Punch has it: "Love flies in at the window whilst Poverty is shown the door."

QUEEN.—At the birth of ex-King Louis of Bavaria, a regiment of grenadiers gave him a mattress stuffed with their beards and mustaches.

SPLINTERS.

.... A splendid steamer, building in New York, will be put on the route between Gardiner, Me., and Boston, next spring.

.. Mormonism is making such progress in Denmark as to excite general alarm. Is this the 19th century?

... The telegraph communication between St. Johns, N. F., and New York is nearly completed. This is a great step.

.... Photographic counterfeit bank bills are detected readily by a very simple chemical process.

... A man whose wife had run away told his friends to reserve their pity for him till she came back again.

.... A French tailor has invented a machine which will cut out fifteen suits of clothes at once.

.... A polite man does not mind running out of a hot opera house to order a carriage on a wet night.

... Ex-President Van Buren was lately thrown from a carriage and broke his arm. Just before he had a fall from his horse.

.. A shepherd in Texas has a live wolf who takes excellent care of his sheep and don t like mutton.

.... Hon. John Berry, a member of the Arkansas Senate, died a short time since from the bite of a spider.

.... An English edition of Edgar A. Poe's poems is going through the London press, edited by Mr. James Hannay.

... Sun flower seeds furnish oil, and may then be fed to fowls, while the fibre of the plant makes good paper.

.... Kossuth has been lecturing extensively in England and Scotland. He does not wield much political influence.

.... Walter Savage Landor advocates the immoral doctrine that it is virtuous to assassinate a tyrant.

The construction of the proposed water-works for the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., is proceeding with great energy.

.... A young lady told a type friend he might *print* a kiss on her cheek, but he mustn't publish it.

The admission fees to the Ohio State Fair this year amounted to the sum of 17,000 dollars.

.. . An Englishman and an American lately fought a duel at Toronto about a lady. O, these women!

.. A kind lady lately sent a Western editor a pie, with the request "please insert." He "inserted" it, of course.

ABOUT TOBACCO.

In 1817, the government monopoly of tobacco yielded France a clear profit of five millions of dollars. In this country, vast fortunes are realized every year by the manufacture and sale of cigars, snuff and chewing tobacco. The use of the "vileweed" is almost universal.

"Divine tobacco! that from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor and the Turkman's rest."

We are afraid to look into the statistics to see how much we spend per annum for this luxury. It is useless to exclaim against this extravagance; it is useless to multiply scientific warnings against it: Tobacco lords it over us like Gold. We might outdo in eloquence King James's "counterblast" against "ye fylthye takynge" of tobacco, yet not a single elderly gentleman would be thereby induced to lay aside his pipe, nor a single fast American of tender years to renounce his cigar. But let us glance at its history.

Tobacco was first carried from Brazil to Portugal; the cardinal Santa Crace, papal legate at Lisbon, introduced it at Rome, where it bore the name of the "herb of Santa Crace." It was also called Ternabon's herb, after Nicholas Ternabon, legate in France. Jean Nicot, French ambassador at the court of Portugal, carried some to Catherine de Medicis, whence the names of queen's herb, Nicot's herb, and that of Nicotine, which last it has retained in scientific nomenclature. In 1619, James I. of England published his famous treatise against tobacco, entitled "Miso Kapnos." The Jesuits replied by a book, written like the king's, in Latin, called "Anti-Miso Kapnos." In 1624, Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated persons who used tobacco in churches.

Some time afterwards, Elizabeth of Russia ordered the confiscation of snuff-boxes. Amurath IV. of Turkey confiscated snuff-takers' noses, which was rather worse, ordering that this insignificant but indispensable portion of the human face divine, should be amputated without mercy. This was "the sovereign'st remedy on earth," for who could indulge in Lundy Foot or Prince's Mixture without a nose? Our Puritan ancestors, who put their noses in everything, regulated the use of tobacco by statute. But in spite of papal, royal, imperial, and even democratic edicts, the use of tobacco has advanced until it has become universal. Even our municipal police are compelled to wink at its indulgence in the streets. And mere children smoke now-a-days, whereas formerly smoking was an accomplishment reserved for the age of manhood. The force of habit and of imitation was never more fully exemplified than in the use of this weed. Few who are committed to its use ever relinquish it, even after it has become a source of annoyance.

THE BALL SEASON.

Probably more "light fantastic toes" will be sported this season than ever trod the ball-room floor before, for we Americans are bidding fair to rival the French in our passion for Terpsichorean exercises. The religious prejudices which once forbade dancing as a heathenish diversion, and placed it in the same category with drinking and dicing, are fast passing away. Even the Society of Friends have relaxed somewhat in their discipline, it is said, though we do not remember ever to have seen a broad-brimmed hat describing circles in the sweeping orbit of the waltz. Dancing is an excellent exercise, unless carried to excess. We have no doubt many young ladies spin themselves into a condition of cerebral excitement productive of positive injury, and that many young gentlemen polk themselves into debility and broken-windedness. The only remedy when they lose their foot is to turn them out to grass the ensuing season.

STEAM BAKERY.—The great steam bakery in Brooklyn, N. Y., is a wonderful affair. $40,000 have been expended on the machinery, and it is calculated to supply 200,000 persons with the staff of life. If it reduces the price of bread materially, it will be a godsend to the poor. There does not seem to be a very logical relation between the price of flour and the price of bread.

THE PUBLIC GARDEN.—Our Public Garden, at the foot of the Common, after struggling along for years, has really become at last quite an attractive place. The improvements and tasteful arrangement of the grounds are due to the superintendence of John A. French, Esq., while Mr. Gormley, in the floral department, has won the praises of all lovers of horticulture.

HIGHWAY ROBBERS.—Robbers now-a-days are getting scientific. They employ chloroform to some extent, and are up to all sorts of dodges. Two gentlemen on the "highway lay" recently grabbed a man in the woods near New Bedford, burned loco foco matches under his nose until he was insensible, and then plundered him.

CHANGES OF THE SEA.—In 1752, an English ship was stranded near New Rochelle, Westchester County, N. Y., and the wreck, owing to changes effected by the sea, now lies in the midst of a cultivated field, with about 2000 acres of arable land round it.

FORGERIES.—The crime of forgery has become fearfully common. The last case in New York, involving operations to the extent of half a million, is still the theme of comment. The love of luxury seems to lie at the bottom of these social crimes.

HORSEWOMANSHIP.—At a recent fair in Danville, Ct., Miss Kate Barbank drove a four in-hand team with consummate skill. She is doubtless an admirer of the character of Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance."

INTERESTING.—Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie has been invited to read poetry before the Mercantile Library Association. It will be a treat to hear her once more.

THE GREAT BOSTON HORSE EXHIBITION.

The large picture which occupies the whole of pages 344 and 345 of the present number, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Billings, and engraved in his best style by John Andrew. It represents the interior of the grounds of the Boston Agricultural Association at the South End, as they appeared, when most crowded with spectators on the fourth day of the races, October 24. The most conspicuous feature in this extensive view is the judges' stand, and the horses that are coming in before it at a slashing gait are the famous Flora Temple, on the lead, and Lancet, formerly Know-Nothing. Flora Temple is styled the "Queen of the Turf," having made the fastest time on record. She was driven on this occasion by James D. McMann, while Lancet was "tooled" by Samuel McLaughlin. The race was in harness to sulkies—mile heats, the best three in five, for a prize of 1000 dollars. Three heats were run and won by the mare, the horse breaking badly whenever he lapped her. Flora's time was 2.36 1-2, 2.40 and 2.43 1-2. The old city of Boston never witnessed so much continuous excitement as was exhibited during the five days of the races. The omnibuses and the cars of the Metropolitan Railroad made their trips under crushing loads, and the sidewalks were encumbered with pedestrians, all wending their way to the great centre of attraction—the Fair Grounds. Had the entertainments presented been "races," and the horses been entered for "purses," instead of "premiums," the attendance would have been confined to horse men, and fast and fancy men, "legs" and "levanters," gamblers, thimble-riggers and *id genus omne*; but as the grounds were opened purely and legitimately for "trials of speed" only, as the money offered was not given in the shape of purses, and as the visitors were requested not to bet on the results, the spectators comprised the most respectable ladies and gentlemen in the community, and no one can dispute that perfect order was maintained throughout the whole period of the "trials." The whole affair was most liberally managed, and the prizes amounted to 8000 dollars. Premiums were given to the best representatives of the various classes of horses, and not alone to the fastest. It was quite an event in the history of Boston.

VERY NATURAL.—In Aspenwald, recently published in New York, an intellectual looking young lady asks Mrs. Derby, who has been very enthusiastic in the praise of George Sand, if George Sand is the man who makes the celebrated sarsaparilla!

ARAB LUXURY.—The Bedouins eat locusts fried in butter, with sometimes an onion added as a luxury. We should suggest caterpillars by way of a dessert.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., of New York, to Miss Anna S. Gregz; by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, William B. Weston, Esq. to Miss Charlotte L. Fisk; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. William H. Wilson to Miss Mary Ann Harris; by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. John K. Grout to Miss Elizabeth Bancil; by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. Julian W. Fayre, of Mexico, to Miss M. Maria Shaw.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. William Whitmore to Miss Amanda E. Hallett.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Hoppin, Mr. Richard McCurdy, of New York, to Miss Sarah Ellen Little.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Charles S. Lincoln, Esq., to Miss Louise E. Plimpton.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Best, Mr. Mark Boothby to Miss Anna M. Fleming.—At Quincy, by Rev. Dr. Lunt, George P. Floyd, Esq., of Quincy, Ill., to Miss Belief B. Field.—At West Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Lucius S. Damrell, to Miss Mary M. Smith.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Leeds, Mr. Joseph H. Webb to Miss Sarah A. Newcomb.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Robert S. Eaton, of Stockton, Cal., to Miss Olivia M. Goodrich.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. John G. Flanders, of New York, to Miss Anna Plummer.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. John M. Waters to Miss Mary J. Munday.—At Georgetown, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Prince, Mr. J. S. Moody, of Boston, to Miss Anna E., daughter of Hon. Moses Tenney.—At Barnstable, by Rev. Mr. Doggett, Mr. Prentiss W. Scudder, of Boston, to Miss Lydia A. Davis.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Bowditch, 76; Widow Jemima Willett; Mrs. Thankful U. Dean, 41; Mr. Geo. F. Taylor, 32; Mr. Joseph S. Rogers, 45; Mrs. Mary Ann Thorndike, 33; Miss Lucretia L. Fuller, 52; Mrs. Abigail Lovis, 83.—At Deer Island, Mr. Henry Bergelo, 36.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah L. Robbins, 40; Mr. John Rice, 67.—At Chelsea, Miss Rebecca W. Edwards, 24.—At East Cambridge, Mr. William Augustus Hall, 38; Mr. John H. Wheeler, 64.—At Somerville, Miss Lucy Jane Palmer, 15.—At New England Village, Mr. Henry Nelson, 37.—At Dedham, Jonathan Hawes, 74.—At Waltham, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Grant, 24.—At Lynn, Widow Priscilla Rand, 78.—At Salem, Miss Catherine Elizabeth Arrington, 26; Widow Mehitable Choate, 73; Mrs. Ann Briggs, 30.—At Rockport, Mrs. Nancy Tarr, 73.—At Newburyport, Miss Judith Cooper, 72; Widow Mary L. Wildes, 28; Widow Mary Smith, 84.—At East Salisbury, Mrs. Abigail Pike, 87.—At Worcester, Mrs. Lucy Brown, 61.—At West Boylston, Mr. Edmund Hartwell, 71.—At Northfield, Sarah, widow of Dea. Judah Nash, formerly of Montague, 86.—At Bridgewater, Miss Elizabeth W. Potter, of Dartmouth, 30.—At Plymouth, Mr. Theodore Weld Morton, 20.—At Ashfield, Dr. Enos Smith, 86.—At Coleraine, Mr. Salmon Hunt, 83.—At Windsor, Widow Wealthy Macomber, late of Savoy, 90.—At Nantucket, Widow Mary Care, 64; Mrs. Charlotte C. Cobb, 37.

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[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial]

THE VIRGIN OF VAN DYCK.

BY ELLEN EARNST.

In one of the vast saloons of the Palace St. James were grouped, 'neath its gorgeous hangings of damask and gobelin tapestries, young and beautiful ladies like a parterre of rare and brilliant exotics; they were waiting, chatting in light and merry tones, the rising of the queen, to whom they were maids of honor. One only by her age, having lost all charms of youth and beauty, and grave demeanor, cast a shadow over this otherwise lovely picture; this was the Duchess of Arran, first lady of honor.

Among these so brilliantly blooming flowers, for like flowers they were in beauty, the youngest would be noticed for the simplicity of her toilette and modesty of demeanor—the violet of the bouquet. Her robe of black velvet, closed at the throat, fell over an ample petticoat of white satin; the short sleeves showed, in a truly coquettish way, her perfect hands and arms; a full lace collar was folded around her neck, whose grace and whiteness one could divine; a large cross, fastened by a chain, sparkled upon her bosom, and her golden hair parted in bandeaux upon her forehead, was knotted and fastened in the back by a flowing lace scarf.

This was the daughter of one of the most illustrious houses of Scotland; her father was Lord Ruthven and Earl of Gowrie, a nobleman possessed of some wealth but more powerful by his lineage than by his gold.

Lady Katherine, for such was her name, had but lately arrived at the Court of St. James to be placed near the queen, there to complete the education that she had previously received in her Scottish home. Art for her fed its sacred fires, and by nature reclase and retiring, in painting she discovered infinite treasures. In the immense galleries of her father's castle, ornamented with the works of the first masters, she found her greatest pleasure.

Her habits and manners differed greatly from those of the ladies of the court, accustomed as they were to more freedom and liberty. Gentle and timid, she hardly dared reply to the foolish and sometimes malicious sallies of her gay young companions. All eyes were directed toward the large dial of the saloon as it sounded ten o'clock.

"He is very late," said several voices, and at the same time the usher announced the painter, Van Dyck.

At these words, there was a rustling of satins among the ladies; each moved upon her velvet cushion, like the stem of a flower swayed by the south wind, as if seeking a more graceful position.

The young pupil of Rubens, habituated as he was to contemplate beauty, could not refrain from a gesture of admiration and surprise at finding himself in the midst of so much grace and beauty. The duchess, attributing to herself the young artist's embarrassment, complacently sought to relieve him, and motioning him to a seat by her side, said:

"Sir, the world says that you have talent."

"It does me too great an honor, your grace. Those that say that judge me by what I may in future perform, for I have not yet produced anything to attest it."

Van Dyck threw as much assurance and pride in his reply as the noble lady had impertinence and arrogance in her demand. Katherine blushed with all Scottish pride for shame and vexation at the insolent tone of the duchess and with pleasure at the young painter's reply. She looked at him while he spoke, and Van Dyck understood and thanked her in his heart.

"Ah, well; we shall soon see, for the queen will put you to the test. Her majesty wishes to renew the ornaments of her chapel; you will have a great deal to do. For your studio in the winter, you will have the 'Gray Friars Hall,' an ancient monastery, that can be seen from here, there you will be free and solitary. Your studio in the summer will be the Castle of Eltham, and then you will have a salary by government; that is very well for a young artist, I should think."

"Art is a gift that cannot be purchased, your grace, and if I possess the talent to which I aspire, these favors that you so praise to me would not suffice to pay for my brushes."

"All ambition is praiseworthy, but these honors are on one condition. The queen will proclaim you publicly as her painter, if you gain the prize at the exhibition in Rome. It is to be for the finest head of the Virgin.

"Yes, madam, but I fear that I shall not gain the patronage of the queen if that is the condition."

"And wherefore do you refuse this honor? Do you want confidence in your power?"

"No, your grace, but how can I represent the Mother of Christ if I have no model." In pronouncing these words he looked toward Katharine. "I have sought everywhere this celestial face, but in vain. No countenance possesses the same look of candor and love, none the sweetness and benevolence that reveals the indulgent sister of all woman."

His eyes sparkled with fire, and all his features illuminated by animation, Van Dyck looked noble and truly handsome, for genius shone on his pure, high forehead.

"But I thought that painters found no want of models," resumed the duchess.

"There are models that we pay and who are beautiful, but only one can approach the divinity and beauty of my ideal. Alas! this woman that I have found is a noble lady, who would disdain to become the model of a poor artist."

In saying these words he looked at Katherine in a manner that at once marked her as the one of whom he spoke. The young girl felt it, and all her companions perceived with mingled surprise and rage that the young Scottish girl was the one of them that Van Dyck selected. The duchess, who saw nothing of this, demanded:

"And this noble lady—who is she?"

"The Virgin herself, your grace."

He saluted them all, and casting a look of adieu toward Katherine, said to the duchess:

"If I gain the prize you will see me again, if not I shall leave England."

Van Dyck took possession of the "Gray Friars Hall," and thinking of the Madonna-like face of the young maid of honor, he endeavored to delineate upon his canvass that celestial countenance; but it was impossible, he was unable to embody his inspiration. The day passed in fruitless efforts, and night surprised him, sad and motionless, near his easel, seeking in vain to catch the fleeting vision.

From the time that the painter left the palace, all laughter and taunts were directed against poor Katherine; her envious companions made her dearly suffer for the choice that Van Dyck had made of her. They separated for the night; but even after her evening prayer Katherine still thought of the young artist and longed for his success, as she remembered his sad look when he confessed to having no model.

It is midnight. The heavens sparkle with a thousand lamps, when a soft light is shed over the front of the palace, illuminating the old abbey, which, lone and sombre, seems praying amid its ruins. A window in the palace opens, and a shadow passes along the balcony and glides down the long staircase, crosses alone the courts and corridors, and reaches the door of the monastery.

To tell you how this woman left the palace and how she penetrated these ruins, would be difficult. She must have known all the windings, for in a few moments the shadow had traversed the long alleys, and arriving at one of the galleries in the chapel, it entered the painter's studio, passed lightly along, without looking around her, and sat motionless in front of his easel. O, surprise! O, joy! This woman, so calm and beautiful, is Katherine. The artist, so sad, so unhappy, who could not recall that divine face, sees it living before his eyes; she herself has come to be his model. But what power brought her? what thought gave her this strength?

The painter knelt before her as if to thank her, but Katherine made him a sign to rise, pointing to his palette. Her look filled him with so pure an adoration that he forgot the reality of his vision. Transported by his imagination to an ideal and celestial sphere, he seemed to live in heaven. In the midst of angels he saw the Madonna crowned with her divine aureole. This was no longer the weak and unsuccessful man who an hour before flung in disdain his pencils at his feet. The artist had replaced the man. Mute, breathless, hurried on by an unknown strength, he seized his palette, and in a few moments, to him, but hours they were, he painted the most pure and beautiful of all Madonnas.

When the young girl perceived that the painter, finishing his work alone, had forgot his model in the extacy of his success, she arose, and without uttering a word, retook her calm assured steps and left the monastery by the same way she entered.

Van Dyck, with bewildered eyes, an oppressed heart, and speechless, made no effort to recall her. She was to his eyes no longer mortal. In seeing her glide away, he thought he saw the Virgin borne toward heaven. Exhausted by long labor and excitement, he fell upon a chair and slept.

At waking, Van Dyck's first thought was to run to his canvass. Transported with joy at the sight of his work, which he thought living, he knelt and thanked, he it angel or woman, the face that appeared before him. It was in vain that he sought to lift the veil that covered this mystery. He tried to remember the past, but no effort could reveal to him the truth. He thought of the Madonna and Katherine as one; he could not separate them, and he resolved to write her the following note:

"Tell me if you are really an angel. Tell me if you wish to render lifeless a poor artist to whom you have given life. Reveal to me who this night appeared to me, the Virgin or a woman."

The duchess was charged with opening first all letters addressed to the young ladies confided to her charge. What was her astonishment when she read these lines! "Horror!" she cried. "A daughter of a noble house thus to betray her duty, to go alone and at night to a painter's studio!"

She caused the culprit to be brought before her. But her rage redoubled when Katherine, calm and gentle as ever, assured her that she did not understand her reproaches.

The duchess, who expected the greatest confusion and a sincere avowal, and with that would have pardoned all, would now hear nothing. Her ear was deaf to all petitions. It was decided that the poor girl, ruined and dishonored, should the next morning return to her father's house. Her prayers were all unheeded. The following night was the only delay accorded for repentance. The duchess, to avoid new scandal, caused Katherine to sleep in her apartment. When midnight came, Katherine, like the evening before, arose. Awakened by the slightest noise, the duchess, anxious and happy to persuade those who yet believed Katherine innocent, aroused all the palace.

The duchess, with a numerous suite, followed Katherine. She traversed the long galleries, the halls and the Court of St. James, and entered as before the door of the monastery. No one longer doubted the culpability of the poor girl. They followed her into the studio and saw her seated before the easel. The noise made around her and the dazzling light that the torches cast upon her face, awakened her. Katherine *was a somnambulist*. It was thus she served as a model to the young painter, who gave her love in return for glory. He obtained the prize, and was overwhelmed with honors and fame at the English court, and his Madonna is to this day one of the most celebrated of the great painter's productions. A few days after this scene, the marriage of the painter, Van Dyck, and Katherine, daughter of Lord Ruthven, was celebrated at St. Paul's.

THE CZAR.

Alexander Nicolaievitch is tall and well formed, although he does not in stature, or in grandeur of person, come near to his father. His face bears a resemblance to the portraits of the Emperor Nicholas, but the worshippers of his deceased majesty declare he lacks the wonderful power of eye and dignity and intelligence of expression which characterized the father. His majesty is dressed in the uniform of a general officer, and seems quite simply attired, after all the splendor which has gone past. He wears a burnished casque with a long plume of white, orange and dark cock's feathers, a close fitting green tunic, with aguillettes and orders, and red trousers, and he guides his charger—a perfect model of symmetry—with ease and gracefulness. His features are full of emotion as he returns with a military salute on all sides the congratulations of his people. To all he gives the same acknowledgment—raising his extended hand to the side of his casque, so that the forefinger rises vertically by the rim in front of the ear. The effect of his presence is considerably marred by the proximity of his suite, who have gradually and perhaps unwittingly closed up till they are immediately behind his horse, instead of leaving him isolated, as he was when he quitted the palace of Petrovsky, and thus his figure is lost among his plumed suite.—*London Letter.*

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

They are talking in New York of erecting a monument to Poe, the poet. —— Twelve sportsmen went down from Petersburg, Virginia, to Broadway, on the Appomattox, lately, in pursuit of sora. Upon counting the game, it was ascertained that the twelve had succeeded in killing *sixteen hundred* of the delicious birds. One gentleman alone realized two hundred and twenty as the result of his sport. —— The people of Austria speak seventeen different languages. Quite a small Babel. —— Ex-Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick, the Clock Peddler," has taken a final farewell of Nova Scotia as a place of residence. Clifton, his beautiful seat at Windsor, was sold some weeks since, and the old judge has taken his passage for Liverpool, to make his home in Great Britain the remainder of his days. —— They raise six hundred bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre on the Guadaloupe River in Texas. —— The first grist mill ever erected in Pennsylvania is yet in existence. It is a quaint old stone building, and bears date about 1686. It is located on a small stream near Germantown, and some of the original machinery imported from England is still retained in the mill. —— The amendment limiting the term of Superior Court judges has been adopted by the people of Connecticut by at least 1000 majority. —— Smelt fishing is now the great amusement in Boston. Four gentlemen one day lately caught in six and a half hours, with poles and lines, *one hundred and eighty dozen and four smelts*—being 2164 fish! —— Mr. Benjamin Chandler, an old man, belonging in Wilmington, Delaware, is supposed to have been lost on the White Mountains. —— The appearance of numerous bears among the pines along the line of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, New Jersey, has created considerable excitement among the sparse population of that desolate region. Four large specimens of the black bear were shot near the railroad during the past month. —— Christians keep Sunday, Greeks Monday, Persians Tuesday, Assyrians Wednesday, Egyptians Thursday, Turks Friday, Jews Saturday. —— A boy three years old, son of Michael Goff, at the Clyde Works, Rhode Island, lately, while at play in a wood-shed, found a phial of oil of vitriol, which had been placed there by his father, and drank it, causing death in about eight hours, during which time he suffered the most excruciating agony. —— Late advices from Havana state that a formidable Spanish fleet was fitting out to enforce the claims of the country against Mexico, the previous accounts of the adjustment of this difficulty being erroneous. —— The Ogdensburg Railroad was sold by auction at Malone, New York, lately, for $3,000,000. —— We understand that Mr. Amos Abbott, of Andover, recently a teacher in Ahmednuggur, has invented and patented a table, by which mariners may ascertain their latitude and longitude without going through the long process hitherto required. —— The receipts of the Michigan Southern Railroad for the month of September, it is said, amounted to $386,000—an increase of $44,000 over the same month of last year. —— The number of students in the three first colleges in the country is—in Harvard, 697; Yale, 604; University of Virginia, 504. In the latter there is an increase of 80 over the number last year. At Yale, 57 are from Southern States.

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

At one of the agricultural fairs in New York this season, they introduced a new feature, though one common enough in the old world—a high greased pole, at the top of which was suspended a number of valuable prizes (a watch among other things), to be carried off by the successful climber. We are striving to get up in the world; but in this game of the pole there is a slight difference from the great game of life. In life, the path cannot be too smooth; but the smoothness of the pole is the great obstacle in success. By throwing on sand and resin, and roughening their way the mast-climbers win the goal. Then again, in the world the dispensers of fortune's favors are apt to frown on the most needy, whereas the prizes on the pole were awarded to those most *in-kured*.

HARD ON THE "SHANGHAIS."—A lady writer in the New York Sunday Dispatch has the following "anent" upon the male patrons of the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York:—"I saw something go into the St. Nicholas the other day. What do you think it was? It was the most splendid mirror I ever beheld, large as the side of a house, and cost, as I have been told, $1400. I thought, of course, it was designed for the ladies' saloon; but no! it went into the bar-room, and there sit the *Adonises* before it, drinking cobblers and smashes, admiring themselves between drinks.

"'Nothing is proof against the general curse of
Vanity that seizes all below.'"

RATHER FUNNY.—One punishment in vogue in the military service is to attach a delinquent to a cannon ball by means of a chain fastened to the ankle. A jolly Jack Tar observing a son of Mars in this predicament, exclaimed: "My eyes, if there aint a soger riding at anchor!"

NOTHING NEW.—Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun. At Nineveh, lately, they discovered an opera glass, and yet more recently a basso-relievo, representing a flight of balloons. Possibly they may turn out to be foot-balls, but that makes no odds.

DEAR AMUSEMENT.—The expenses of Earl Granville's mission to Russia, as extraordinary ambassador on the occasion of the late coronation, were not less than $200,000. If John Bull falls out with Russia, he will grumble at footing this little bill.

YANKEE MECHANICS.—A large number of machinists have lately left Boston and vicinity for Cuba, to take charge of the machinery on the plantations.

Wayside Gatherings.

Madame McCallister, widow of the great magician, intends to pursue her husband's professional calling.

Very handsome samples of rice have been raised in Louisiana, where the experiment of raising it has been fully tried.

A man whistling or singing merrily at midnight is a safe person to meet. He will not harm nor rob you.

A fellow in New York pretends to have an instrument which will discover sunken treasure. More Kidd humbug!

The Fourth of July was celebrated in Melbourne, Australia, in creditable style, by the American residents and others.

A new machine has been invented that will manufacture, out of cold lead, two hundred bullets, of four different kinds, in one minute.

The number of scholars attending the Boston public schools is 23,749, and the average cost of educating them is $14,41 for each scholar, per annum.

In a dwelling-house in Varick street, New York, a cooking-stove recently exploded, knocking out two front windows. A hopeful son of the family had stored blank cartridges in the oven!

The latest advices from Mexico state that the sales of the church property had reached $5,000,000. There were rumors of an impending revolution, mostly under the auspices of the clergy.

A privilege has been granted to a French gentleman to run small screw steamers through the dykes between Tacubaya and the city of Mexico.

There was a rumor in Paris at the last dates, that the Messrs. Rothschild had contracted to supply the bank of France with thirty-two million dollars in gold.

Madame Bodisco, widow of the late Russian minister at Washington, with her family, are among the passengers by the steamship Persia, for Liverpool. She is going to St. Petersburg.

The Freewill Baptists have in the United States 1173 churches, 1107 ministers, and 49,809 church members. The first church was formed in New Hampshire in 1780.

Cowles, in his excellent history of plants, notices the virtue of hemp thus laconically: "By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, and rogues are kept in awe."

In a will case, tried in Boston, the strongest proof of the sanity of the deceased at the time his will was made, was the fact that he subscribed for a newspaper a few days before his death.

The New Orleans (La.) Picayune reports the death of Eugene Prevost, son of the well-known conductor of the Orleans theatre orchestra, by the accidental discharge of his gun. He was an accomplished violinist.

The Ocean Steam Company between New York and Bremen has been very successful. It is said that, in addition to regular dividends, the company has accumulated a surplus of $100,000, in a capital of $600,000.

Dr. Armstrong was lately murdered near Sacramento by a man named Colebrook. While the latter was being examined before a justice, the citizens broke into court, disarmed the officers, and, seizing the prisoner, carried him off and hung him upon a tree.

A German paper asserts that prussic acid only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt dissolved in water on the head and spine. Rabbits have been so recovered.

Mr. Alfred Victor Du Pont, the head of the great powder manufacturing company at Wilmington, Del., died at Nemours lately, aged 58. He was the eldest son of I. Du Pont, who founded the gunpowder, wool and cotton manufactories of Delaware.

Deacon Elijah Curtis, at Tioga, N. Y., was returning from church, 19th ult., in apparently his usual health, and while conversing with a friend by whom he was accompanied, he fell instantly dead in the street, without a groan or a struggle. His age was 70 years.

Col. James Ward, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Hartford, died suddenly, lately, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. During the war of 1812, Col. Ward was commissioned as Commissary General of Connecticut, a post which he held, with the exception of a year or two, from that time until his death.

Huntington's forgeries were caused by four pairs of horses, two pairs for carriages for himself and wife, and several fast trotters, two matrimonial establishments—the fair occupiers of which liberally patronized the jewelry shops—and all the et ceteras which usually distinguish a man of such tastes.

The Northern Ensign states that Mr. Petrel, county clerk of Orkney, has discovered that Washington Irving, the celebrated author, is an Orkneyman by descent. His father was born in Shapinshay, and emigrated to New York about 1760, and died in 1798, leaving a large fortune. His family genealogy has been traced back to 1422.

The Lockport Journal states that while a clerk in a law office in that village was overhauling papers on file, a package was found which showed marks of having been set on fire. Examining further, the charred remains of a common moth fly or miller were found, who had probably carried the fire from the candle, in his wings, to the documents and set the paper on fire.

Shipbuilding is prosecuted with considerable activity in New Brunswick. The Miramichi Colonial Times states that twenty vessels have been launched in the northern section of the province during the present season, and that six more will be ready for launching in a short time. The amount of tonnage is set down at 18,661 tons. The largest vessel launched was 1365 tons.

Mrs. Purdy, residing at Spencer, Tioga county, New York, is now 105 years old; is in good health, and apparently has as strong hold upon life as she had many years since. Her husband was killed in the Revolution, and she was left a widow at the age of twenty-two years; she never married again, and now, at this great age, her mind is clear, and she relates scenes and anecdotes of the Revolution with all the ardor of youth.

Lieut. Walton, of the British navy, we see it stated, has prepared a mixture of saw dust and caoutchouc, under the name of kam-pluticon, as a lining for the interior of war vessels. The inventor claims that, from its elasticity, it will immediately collapse when penetrated by a ball, and thus prevent the entrance of water. It also deadens concussions, and by its buoyancy will keep a vessel afloat though it should be riddled with shot.

The London Times, in an article on "Yankee Locomotion," says: Whenever you see him, the Yankee, he is going over the ground as fast as he can. And whatever the motive be, whether pleasure or profit, it is the same. In Europe, he is a pale and breathless sightseer, always in rapid transition, as if a ghost were pursuing him, insatiably accumulating stages, as if his life depended on the sum total at the end of the week. Emigrate is the word.

Foreign Items.

There is an oyster shell owned by the University of Leyden, which weighs 130 pounds.

Within eight years the East India Company has annexed territories exceeding 200,000 square miles, with a population of more than seventeen millions!

Mormonism is making such progress in Denmark, as to excite considerable alarm in the minds of religious and reflecting men. Petitions have been sent in large numbers to the government, asking that the Mormons may be restricted from the more public practice of their ceremonies.

The monetary crisis at Paris is the sole subject of attention. The letters each day, and the hourly telegraphic quotations from the Bourse, are looked for with the greatest eagerness, to know if a suspension of specie payments is to settle the question, and to constitute a new epoch in the history of France.

It has been proposed to establish a printing press on board the Great Western, the mammoth ship now being built in England for the Australian trade, and to issue a daily paper during the voyage. In connection with this there is to be a reading room, well supplied for the use of the voyagers.

A curious lawsuit, carried on through a period of forty years, has lately been decided in Germany. The parties were a Mr. Binding, plaintiff, and the elder of the Rothschilds, defendant, and judgment was rendered for the plaintiff in the sum of 40,000 florins. The case arose out of supplies furnished to the army of Napoleon, by Binding, who was associated with Rothschilds.

Sands of Gold.

.... Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style.—*Swift.*

.... A soul without reflection, like a pile without inhabitant, to ruin runs.—*Young.*

.... Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—*Lavater.*

.... To divest one's self of some prejudices, would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.—*Greville.*

.... The rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.—*Talleyrand.*

.... As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool—but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.—*La Bruyere.*

.... The spirit and enterprise of a courtier are all expended in the search after place and preferment; nothing remains for the fulfilment of the duties to which success compels him.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Every effort is made, in forming matrimonial alliances, to reconcile matters relating to fortune, but very little is paid to the congeniality of dispositions, or to the accordance of hearts.—*Massillon.*

.... Plenty and indigence depend upon the opinion every one has of them; and riches, no more than glory or health, have no more beauty or pleasure than their possessor is pleased to lend them.—*Montaigne.*

.... The affections and the will know nothing of a future; the mind—the judgment—calls it up and gives it the force and life of the present. The mind alone is free, self-acting, and directed towards the unknown; the heart is bound to what is before it.—*Rahel.*

Joker's Budget.

Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch of music she excelled in, declared that the *piano* was her *forte*.

Heavens! what rosaries might be strung for the memory of sweet female kisses, given without check or art, before one is of age to value them!

An auctioneer put up Drew's "Essay on Souls" for sale, which was bid off by a shoemaker, who gravely asked if he had "any more articles on shoemaking to sell!"

A Merryshire farmer recently sent the following message to the "lady of his love:"—"Tell her," he said, "that gin she doesna ha'e me, I winna kill mysel, but I'll pine awa!"

One person having asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, "No," was the reply; "but I believe in their *disappearance*, for I've missed a bottle of gin since last night."

Why is the speech a Jew would make when paying a bill, like two characters in one of Shakspeare's plays? Because he would say, "Cash I owe (Cassio), and dere's de money (Desdemona)."

"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who had slept all sermon time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, Brother A.? Why, I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition of the parson!"

An advertisement in a Boston paper, lately, for a young man to work in a store, was answered by eighteen applications. But one for a "gentleman" to travel and play on the banjo, met with four hundred and eleven responses.

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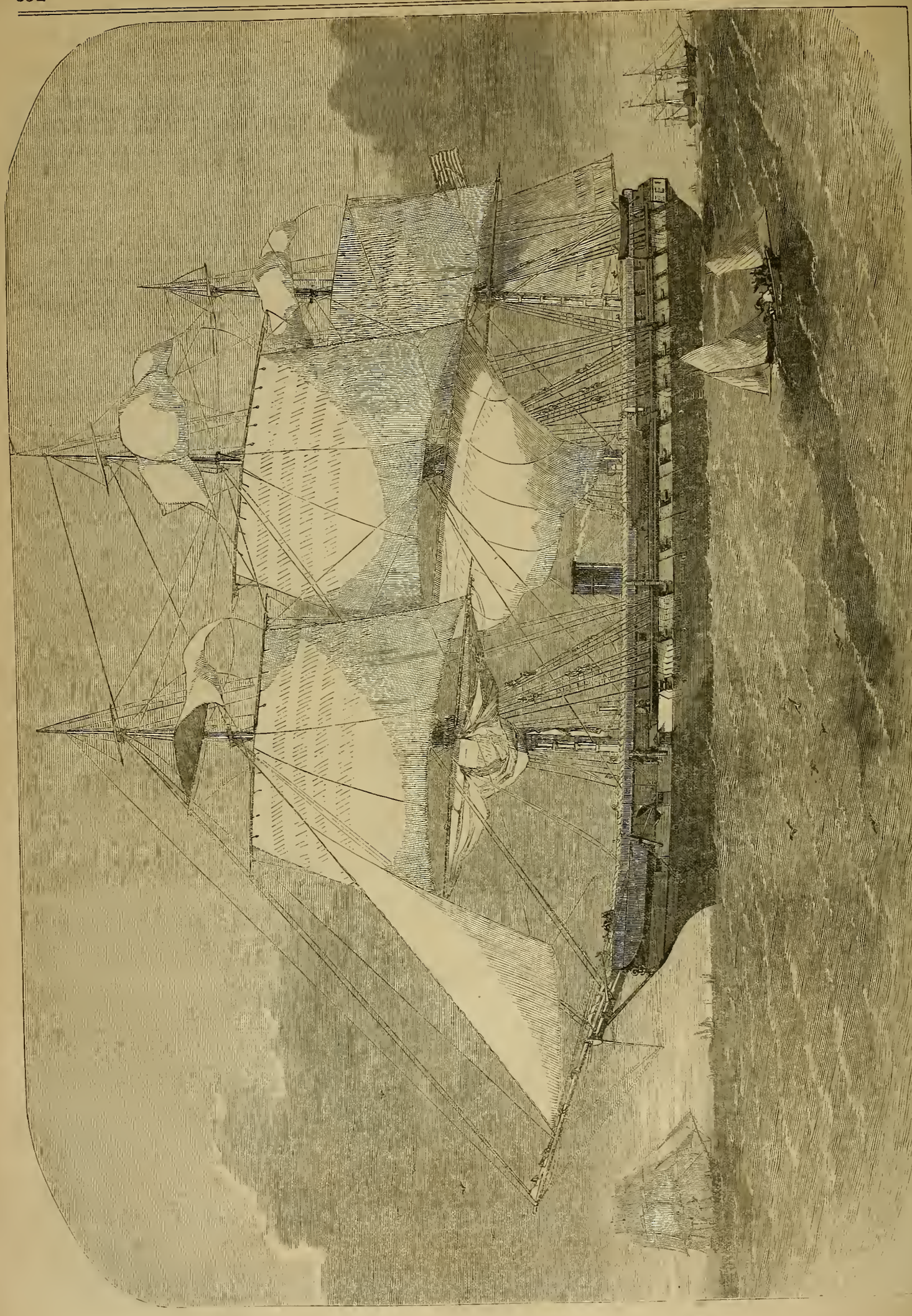
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[For description, see page 349.]

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VIEW OF OUR PUBLISHING HOUSE.

We present on this page, from the pencil of Barry, an accurate view of the elegant new building we now occupy, at No. 22 Winter Street, and which we erected expressly to meet the present and future exigencies of our business. The location in the short street which connects Tremont and Washington Streets, the two great arteries of travel and trade, is surpassed by none in the city. The building is of brick, five stories in height (the fifth not visible from the street), and was built from the designs of John R. Hall, Esq., the well-known architect of this city, by Anthony Hanson, master carpenter, and D. H. Jacobs, of the firm of Roberts, Adams and Jacobs, master mason. The materials and workmanship are of the best. The ground occupied is 132 feet deep with 28 feet frontage. The basement story is occupied by the furnace, steam-engine, etc., and by our twelve power presses. These presses throw off weekly 103,000 copies of the Pictorial, 87,000 copies of the Flag, and 68,000 copies of the Dollar Monthly. The first floor is occupied as the counting-room, editorial and sales-room. In the other stories are various branches connected with our business, artists and engravers' rooms, store rooms, etc., while the upper part is used for our binding establishment. A number of rooms in the rear are occupied by the corps of compositors engaged on our various publications. It will thus be seen that all the departments of our business are under one roof.



VIEW OF OUR NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE, NO. 22 WINTER STREET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

"The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The moat is ruinous and dry,
The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turned to peaceful hall.
But yet precautions, lately ta'en,
Showed danger's day revived again."

Some two months after the events previously recorded, there was an unusual bustle in the city of Quebec, and the rapid peals of the alarm bell were summoning the principal inhabitants to the "castle," as the English conquerors had re-christened the old chateau of St. Louis. Built originally as a stronghold of defence, rather than for purposes of state, the imposing old pile towered aloft on the summit of a precipice two hundred feet above the St. Lawrence, commanding a view of wide-spread river, and of distant hills, and of dense forests, unsurpassed—if equalled—on the western continent. Neither was it less interesting in a historical point of view, for there was the seat of the French government in America, which extended for a half century up the St. Lawrence, through the chain of great lakes to the head of the Mississippi, and down that noble river to the Gulf of Mexico, keeping the hemmed-in English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. Many a midnight vigil, many a long deliberation and deep-laid project had the council-hall of the castle been the scene of, to free the American continent from the intrusion of the ancient enemy of France, and assert, by right of conquest as well as original discovery, the supremacy of the Gallic lilies. The conquest of Canada by Wolfe, in 1759, brought a change of masters, and the red-cross flag of St. George now sluggishly unfurled its heavy folds in the breeze, as if unwilling to display its emblems to the crowds congregated by the tocsin summons. And all knew that danger was at hand.

Vague rumors were circulated from group to group, but no one could give any correct information as to the cause of the alarm, while the bell continued to peal forth its warnings. At last it ceased. The window of the great hall which opened upon the balcony was thrown open, and two figures appeared. One was Dan Holbrook, whose sinister countenance was evidently pre occupied with some deep scheme of villany; the other was well known to most of those present as Colonel Allan MacLean, a retired Highland officer, whose face was bronzed by the suns of many campaigns in his youth, and of many harvests in his riper years.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, in an earnest, blunt manner, "I have come to bear ye bad news. A rebel army is besieging Montreal, where Governor Carlton is just now, and from where he sent me an order to come here and take command. But he little dreamed, neither did I until this gentleman told me so, that another rebel army was on its way through the woods, by the Kennebec Indian trail, to fall upon Quebec like a hawk on a chicken, and take it. Now our loyal friend has not only given me the plans of these invaders, but proof that they expect encouragement here. So I have summoned you here, and I give notice, in the name of George our king, that I assume command. I shall at once put the place in the best posture for defence that I can, and now proclaim martial law. The invading Yankees will be treated as rebels, so will every citizen who has any intercourse with them, or who is backward in aiding the king's officers. Depend upon it, Quebec never falls into the hands of the rebels, or my name's not Allan MacLean."

There was a feeble response of "hurrah for the king!" But all the native portion of the audience remained silent. The yoke of England was galling to the French Canadians, and it was true that they had given intimations that the continentals would be welcome. No cheer escaped their lips, and as their dark eyes peered out furtively beneath their thick eyebrows, it was easy to see that little dependence could be placed on them.

As might have been expected, the news soon spread over the city, and before the crowd had fairly dispersed, a hundred different rumors were in circulation. Orderly sergeants bustled about, working parties were detailed, and preparations for defence were vigorously commenced, while the more timid of the citizens were equally active in making arrangements to leave.

Holbrook remained at the castle, giving his opinion upon every question discussed by Colonel MacLean and the officers, with a familiarity that soon became offensive. Military men can ill brook contradiction or receive counsel from a civilian, and when at last Holbrook flatly denied a statement made by the commander of the Canadians, that officer bluntly asked, with a glow of irritation flushing his swarthy features:

"By what means, sir, are you so well acquainted with Quebec, that you thus give your opinions as worthy of consideration with the observations of those of us who hold the king's commissions here?"

The scar on Holbrook's face fairly gleamed with rage, as he replied with provoking coolness:

"To which of the royal commissions that you have held, Colonel Dupre, do you refer?"

None present could repress a smile, as it was well known that the colonel had held his present command under the French, and had even fought against the British when they captured the city.

"*Coquin!*" exclaimed the irritated Canadian.

"Ah!" rejoined Holbrook. "The oath of allegiance on the first commission may have been broken, but the language comes first."

"But my sword-arm is ready to punish knaves, be they French or English," said Colonel Dupre, furiously, yet in a low tone.

"Gentlemen," began the commanding officer.

"He cannot be a gentleman," interrupted the enraged Canadian.

"Silence! I command it in the king's name," said Colonel MacLean. "This discussion, at this time, is sadly out of place. Here we are, threatened with invasion, and yet at the council-board a quarrel has sprung up. This should not be—nay, it must not be."

"I regret," promptly responded Holbrook, "that any remark of mine, intended to aid in preparing for defending the king's city, should have drawn forth the anger of any one honored by the king's commission. Without expressing any opinion now upon the provocation I have received, I will simply postpone action on it until—until the rebels are driven back to their homes."

"Bravely said!" exclaimed MacLean. "Now, Dupre, let this pass on your side also."

"I ever obey orders," said the Canadian, with a profound bow, during which he cast an angry glance at Holbrook. That gentleman rising, saluted the company and moved towards the door.

"You are surely not going?" asked Colonel MacLean.

"Yes. A walk will do me good."

"Return at five, then, and dine with us."

"I will; thanks."

No sooner had he left, than the Canadian officer, in a tone of high displeasure, asked:

"By what right, I would ask, has that spy a place at the council-table?"

"Spy!" exclaimed Colonel MacLean.

"Yes—spy," responded the irritated Canadian. "At any rate, he was a spy upon his own country people, and who knows but what he may in turn spy upon us?"

"Nay—nay, Colonel Dupre," said a captain of infantry, who had been a silent listener. "Give the devil his due. His information, by bringing our commander here in time to put us on our guard, is of great value; nor do I believe that he would risk that precious neck of his by double duty."

"At any rate," added Colonel MacLean, "we must neither let him play us false, trouble our tempers, nor meddle with our affairs. Now let us proceed with business."

The various subjects for consideration were in turn disposed of, and one by one the officers went to attend to various duties, until Colonel MacLean was left alone. He was writing a despatch to General Carlton, governor of the province, who was commanding in person the defence of Montreal, but his mind seemed to wander from the manuscript. The more he thought of Holbrook's sudden appearance, of his conduct, and of his desire to obtain information, the more his suspicions became aroused.

His orderly interrupted his meditations by announcing Colonel Dupre.

"Admit him." And the colonel, laying down his pen, rose to greet the new-comer.

"Dupre," said he, "I have thought a deal about what occurred here this morning, and must confess that your suspicions may have more foundation than I could then see. Now will you detail two of your most trusty sergeants, men acquainted with the city, to watch this man's movements, and make daily reports? Should he appear to hold any communication with the enemy, let me know it without delay, and in an extraordinary case, have him arrested."

"That I will," replied the Canadian, in whose breast the insult of the morning rankled. "Now let me ask you to grant an interview."

"To whom? Remember that I have been hard at work all day, and that dinner will soon be served."

"But it is a lady who seeks you,—Madame de Frontenac, of whose exertions in behalf of the Indians you must have heard."

"Heard! Why, she is regarded almost as an angel by half of my neighbors. It is a rare thing to see a lady of family and fortune devoting herself to such noble works of charity. Show her in at once."

The Canadian went into the ante-chamber, and immediately returned, leading a lady who was attired in deep mourning, while behind them came a young and beautiful girl, whose delicately-bronzed cheek denoted her Indian parentage. Madame de Frontenac (for such was the name by which she was presented), on throwing aside her veil, disclosed the remains of very extraordinary beauty, of which traces had not been effaced by the cloud of sorrow under which she labored. Her hair, now gently turning gray, was drawn smoothly over a finely-proportioned forehead, while the dark brows by which they were overhung met almost in the centre. A decisive expression around the mouth accorded well with these continuous eyebrows, and lent a decisive tone to her features, but yet there was a subdued, affectionate look about them which could but attract a stranger. She wore a dress of black bombazine, with a widow's cap, and a long crape veil was attached to her bonnet.

Very different in appearance was her companion, the Indian girl. Purchased by Madame de Frontenac from a hostile band of Iroquois which visited Quebec after having made a foray into the Abenaquis country, she had been reared with all the refinements of civilization, yet retained the upright form and free step of the children of the forest. Her features, more regular than those of savages usually are, were delicately sculptured, and the erect attitude of her fawn-like head, the luxuriant beauty of her hair, and the warm coloring of her cheeks, were brilliantly set off by the plaintive expression of her melting dark eyes. Never were such eyes seen among civilized maidens, and when they were lit up by emotion, they appeared almost celestial. Her voice, too, musical as the even bubbling of a water-brook in August, yet tremulous with the same heart-current which sent the light to her eye and the glow to her cheek, added to her attractions. Of the two score Indian girls who partook of Madame de Frontenac's maternal bounty, Estelle (for thus she had been baptized) was the favorite.

It was evident, by the courtly grace with which Madame de Frontenac received the cordial greetings of Colonel MacLean that she was accustomed to receive homage, even from those in power. Declining a proffered seat, she said:

"Pardon this intrusion, but when I tell you that I have under my poor care forty of these tender forest-buds, you will not wonder, colonel, that I feel an anxiety as to their safety."

"That I do not, madame, especially if this bewitching miss is a sample of their charms. All I can say is, that so long as old Hugh MacLean lives, the rebels never enter Quebec."

"But, colonel, you forget that government permits me to use the old Palace of the Intendant, without the walls."

"There, madame, I fear you will not be safe. Let me see," he continued. "Why not move in here, and occupy the vacant wing of the castle? We thought of using the lower flower as a hospital, yet that will not, perhaps, incommode you."

"Thanks—thanks! And in return, should there be any wounded, be ours the task of attending to their wants."

"That, madame, will render us your debtors. I will give immediate orders to have the wing fitted for your reception; and although I hope our foes are yet entangled in the wilderness, it may be well for you to move without delay."

The lady again expressed her thanks, and soon withdrew, followed by Estelle, in whose bright smile, more eloquent than words, the gallant old soldier found ample reward for his courtesy. Colonel Dupre remained to dine with the other officers, and the ladies consequently went forth unattended.

Delighted with her success, Madame de Frontenac halted a moment at the door to re-arrange her veil, and had just pulled it down over features lit up by genuine happiness, when one approached whose presence caused an immediate revulsion in her feelings. It was Dan Holbrook, and had the evil one stepped in before her, she would not have felt more completely paralyzed. The countenance was one not to be mistaken, and it was with difficulty that she stifled a cry of anguish. A cold shudder passed through her frame, her teeth chattered, and she was forced to cling to the door for support. But neither Holbrook nor Estelle witnessed her confusion.

The man had been drinking, and no sooner did his eye rest upon the beautiful Indian girl than her charms made him forget the rules of propriety, although her race was considered one which should ever submit. Approaching with a disgusting leer, which made his face even more revolting than that of a satyr, he endeavored to clasp her waist, saying: "You must pay toll as you go out, my darling."

"Toll?" exclaimed Estelle, her savage temperament suddenly excited by this, the first approach to familiarity that she had ever experienced, while her countenance expressed the utmost disgust. Clenching her delicate hand, she dealt him a blow which sent him reeling to the floor.

"Come," hoarsely whispered Madame de Frontenac, as if a prey to bodily anguish, from which she would fain escape, "let us hasten home."

Estelle immediately joined her, but first took a long look at the speechless victim of her just indignation. Those who know the Indian character, had they seen her, would have said: "She is determined neither to forget nor to forgive."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FOREST MARCH.

"——Tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbor,
Stand in our way.
If we may pass, we will: if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolor."

Meanwhile, Arnold's army, landing at the mouth of the Kennebec, had ascended that river in batteaux to the head of navigation, and then taken up its line of march through the wilderness, following an old Indian trail. It led, in most places through a dense forest, with a dense undergrowth of thorns and brambles, interwoven together, excepting where intersected by the narrow path, in which two could scarcely walk abreast. Sometimes there was an open interval, then a precipitous defile, and then a sagging morass, over which none but the intrepid continentals could have passed. Much as the historians have eulogized Napoleon's passage of the Alps, it will not bear comparison with Arnold's march from the Kennebec to the St. Lawrence. History cannot boast a page in which man's powers of endurance were more severely tasked or more nobly sustained, than that which records that winter march, under the fatigues of which men of iron nerve sank down, helpless as infants, to die.

The Virginia Rifles, placed at the head of the column, suffered less than their comrades, from the fact that the men were accustomed to the toils of the chase, and were encouraged by their commander, whose patriotism displayed itself in its full amplitude. Instead of yielding, in anger or dejection, to his sense of hardship arising from ignorance of the route, and want of proper supplies, he carefully suppressed all indication of it, and infused into his language a spirit which rekindled to a blaze the dying glow of spirit in his command.

"For'rd, boys,—for'rd!" he would exclaim. "We have orders to capture Quebec, and we're on our way there. To be sure, this

having to eat dogs, and go only half clothed, isn't exactly what we 'listed for, but old Virginny never tires. For'rd, boys,—for'rd!"

And the riflemen, fired with patriotism and stimulated by local pride, would echo, "For'rd, boys,—for'rd!" as they passed on. Precipices were scaled, forests were threaded, defiles were traversed, canoes were carried from river to river, yet the Virginians never faltered as they led the van through the inhospitable wilderness. No welcome village cheered the monotony of the route, no tents afforded them shelter at night from the keen blasts of wintry air, and every day the orderly who was sent back with the "report" to Colonel Arnold, would bring news of sickness and faltering in the main body. Still the advanced guard echoed their leader's cry, "For'rd, boys,—for'rd!"

Herbert Yancey, greatly to his own gratification and to that of his comrades, had been detailed to join the advance guard, and secure any supplies that might present themselves. This, in the wilderness, was light duty, and the young soldier had an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with Morgan, as they marched along, or sat by the camp-fires at night. Making the old veteran a confidant, he narrated his acquaintance with the rector's ward, and the inexplicable connection which Dan Holbrook somehow had with the events of his stay at Newburyport.

"Depend upon it," said Morgan, as they sat one evening before a huge pile of blazing logs, "that Holbrook is a most consummate scoundrel."

"That he must be," replied Herbert; "yet why his enmity to me? I do not remember ever to have seen him, or to have in any way provoked his anger."

"Never mind," said the old rifleman. "It will all come out right in the end, and the end of a rope will be the proper end of that rascal. How Colonel Arnold could tolerate such a scapegrace, I never could imagine."

"Neither could I," answered Herbert, who felt that this bad man was in some way linked with his destiny. That night, sleep was a stranger to his couch, and he tossed about, troubled with perplexing doubts, until the older riflemen had bestirred themselves, and were arranging the fire.

A few days more, and the ever-advancing troops reached some Indian villages which lay on the frontiers of Canada, but they were entirely deserted. Game was more abundant in their vicinity, however, than it had been in the wilderness, and Herbert was fortunate enough to shoot a fine deer, which he sent to the rear, a present to the commander. The next morning, he went with Morgan to the same spot, and they concealed themselves in some thick underbrush, on the margin of an open grass-ground, before sunrise. It was not long before a rustling sound was heard, and soon a fine buck and doe came gambolling towards them. Herbert raised his rifle, but Morgan seized his arm, pointing at the same time to two other stags, which were entering the open space, evidently with the intention of attracting the attention of the first comers.

"Indians!" whispered Morgan.

"Where?" asked Herbert.

But his companion, placing his finger on his lips, made no reply. It was evident, however, from the manner in which he watched the last mentioned stags, that he was deeply interested in their movements. The doe had gradually backed out into the underbrush, but her mate did not fancy the presence of intruders, and cautiously advanced, while the two stags retreated, unconsciously, towards the very clump in which the officers were concealed.

All at once, Herbert saw that it was two Indians disguised, who were thus endeavoring to lure the monarch of the forest to such close quarters that an arrow would speed with fatal accuracy into his heart. Now they pretended to feed, now indulged in prancing gambols. After enjoying their cunning for some moments, Morgan could no longer refrain from a practical joke, even at the risk of an encounter with the disguised Indians. Slowly raising his rifle, he fired, and the stag, with one bound, fell dead. But the effect of the shot on the Indians, who were but a few feet from the muzzle of the rifle, was ludicrous in the extreme. Springing to their feet with shrill yells of terror, they cast off their disguises, and struck at once into the recesses of the forest, evidently unwilling to face unseen and unexpected enemies. The scene was worthy of a painter, and Morgan laughed until the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Now, Herbert," he at length said, "let us examine our masquerades."

The disguises were admirably made, of large and well-dressed deer-skins, and as each examined the one which he had taken up, Morgan found a pocket containing letters carefully sewed in.

"Holloa!" he exclaimed. "Why, this fellow is a mail carrier. Let's see who his letters are for."

Opening the receptacle with his knife, he drew out two letters, read the superscriptions, and without saying a word, handed them to Herbert. They were directed to "Colonel Benedict Arnold," and on one was also written, "From D. Holbrook." With them was a passport, signed by Colonel Carlton, the governor of Canada.

"What!" exclaimed Herbert, "Holbrook in Canada before us?"

Morgan's hilarity subsided; a dark expression stole over his face, and he said, in a low tone:

"Can it be possible that Arnold is in the pay of the enemy? If so, he had better die without delay."

"Nay, nay," replied Herbert. "We do our leader wrong. But I cannot imagine what is the secret of all this."

"Neither can I," responded Morgan. "I'll tell you, Herbert. Let us take yonder stag, and carry him to headquarters. We can then explain how these letters came into our possession, and give them to Colonel Arnold."

"The very thing of all others I wished to do. Indeed I was about to propose it when you spoke, for you will remember I have not seen the other portions of our army since we left the Kennebec."

Attracted by the report of the rifle, several of Morgan's men now came up. Directing some to carry the rifles of others, he thus obtained a small party to carry the slaughtered stag, and they repaired to headquarters. The sun was just peeping above the eastern hills, but Colonel Arnold had arisen from his couch of dry leaves, and was making an elaborate toilet. Just as it was completed, he espied Morgan, and advanced to meet him with perfect good breeding.

"Good morning—good-morning!" he exclaimed. "What news from the front?"

"Nothing but a prisoner, colonel."

"Ah! How did you capture him?"

"Not at all, colonel,—we killed him, and a noble buck he is."

Colonel Arnold received the venison with the irrepressible exultation of an epicure, and poured forth a profusion of thanks.

"Dear me!" suddenly exclaimed Morgan. "Here are letters for you, colonel."

Almost rudely snatching the proffered letters from Morgan, a black tempest of wrath seemed gathering on Arnold's brow. He paused, however, as he saw that the seals were unopened, and passing his hand across his forehead, recovered his calmness to all appearance, although a slight flush lit up his features. Gazing at the gallant Virginian, as if to read his very thoughts, he saw nothing to warrant a suspicion that his own honesty was doubted, and again breathed freely.

"Excuse me a moment," said he, in a silvery tone. "These are from a trusty spy, and may decide the fate of our expedition. How lucky that you are here!"

Hastily glancing over the contents, while the glitter of stealthy cunning gleamed from his eyes, Arnold folded them again, and deposited them in his pocket. Then, with a loud whistle of exultation, he exclaimed:

"We will have them! Hurrah! I have good news, Major Morgan,—good news, gentlemen. Montgomery has captured Montreal, and will soon advance on Quebec. Let us get there before him, for I have a man waiting there to open the gates."

A loud cheer greeted this information, and as the glad tidings sped from fire to fire, it elicited hearty responses of joy. The toils of the fatiguing march were forgotten, and each heart seemed re animated by conquest and victory. Foremost among those who congratulated Colonel Arnold on his foresight in thus securing such important information, was Major Morgan, from whose honest heart all unfavorable suspicions and prejudices had disappeared.

"Yes, yes, major. But supposing you had killed my messenger, instead of scaring his wits out of him?"

"Then, colonel, you would not have had venison steaks for dinner. But I must hasten to the front, and communicate the good news. Where's Yancey?"

The quarter-master, not wishing to intrude upon an interview in which he felt so deeply interested, was soon found, and Arnold hastened towards him, extending his hand.

"Why, quarter-master," said he, "how well you are looking! Here young Burr and others of your age in the infantry are mere marching skeletons, while you are plump as a partridge."

"Always ready for duty, I trust," replied Herbert Yancey; "but the commissariat has not had much occupation in the advance guard, colonel."

"Never mind—never mind. I shall soon have some special duty for you to perform that will keep you busy enough. Now, Major Morgan, I will not detain you rifle gentlemen longer. Push on with all rapidity."

"Will it not be best to post sentries at night?" asked Morgan, just as he was about to leave.

"Yes, of course," answered Arnold. But a thought appeared to strike him, and he hurriedly corrected himself: "No, I mean. There is not any danger, and should any of the French wish to come in and surrender, it might deter them. Adieu!"

"Nevertheless," said Morgan, to Yancey, as they hastily straggled along, "I shall post men enough to keep them from stealing our rifles. But, Yancey, you must be impatient to hear about those letters. They were from Holbrook, who has somehow got before us to Quebec, and has sent us the news of Montgomery's success."

"And do you think the colonel—"

"An honest man, you would say?" interrupted Morgan, as Yancey hesitated. "I do, yet somehow vague suspicions that all is not right will force themselves upon me."

"So with me," rejoined Herbert. "And I cannot account for a portion of his conduct, especially his hurrying me away from Newburyport. There is surely no hostile disposition manifested against me by the Newburyport men with us."

"Ah, my dear Yancey, you are in love, and hated to leave. That's the secret. Don't blush."

Rejoining the Rifles, the march was soon resumed, and that night the invading army had reached one of the French settlements, where Colonel Arnold concentrated his forces, as the roads were now good before them.

It was a picturesque sight to witness the many fires blazing as if in rivalry with the twinkling stars above, and after Herbert Yancey had attended to his duties, he wrapped himself in a blanket, and sat down at the foot of a large decayed tree, against which he leaned, in deep thought. Each watch-fire was surrounded by a group of men—some smoking, some cleaning the locks of their rifles, some chatting and others asleep,—the countenances of all suffused with one ruddy glow. The night wore on, and gradually the men lay down to sleep, wrapped in their blankets, nor did Herbert fail to follow their example. How long he had slept, he did not know, when a shake of the shoulder aroused him. Springing to his feet, he saw Morgan and Arnold standing at his side.

"Come, come," said Morgan, "no more dreaming to-night. The commander has a mission for you."

"Yes," continued Colonel Arnold,—"a mission of great importance; and if you will come to my bivouac, I will give you your instructions."

"Good-by, Yancey," said Morgan. "Remember old Virginia."

What the instructions given to the young quarter-master were, it is not now necessary to say, but that night an Indian runner left the camp for Quebec, with a letter, unsigned and undirected, but in the unmistakable hand-writing of Arnold. It read thus:

"DEAR DAN,—The game will arrive in a day after this, and be sure that you take good care of it."

CHAPTER XIV.

A HEART HISTORY.

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where the cowslip and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with bush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

THE Intendant's Palace, which stood just without the walls of Quebec at the time whereof we write, was without question the most magnificent residence on the American continent. After having passed that ordeal of fire to which all Canadian buildings are sooner or later subjected, it had been rebuilt by the French monarch in a style equalling his own palaces, and far more splendid than the castle itself. For some years after the conquest by the English, the palace was unoccupied, and the magnificent terraces of its garden were overrun with weeds. But when it fell into the hands of Madame de Frontenac, to whom it was granted by government as a fit home for her admirable institution, its appearance was changed. Again the rare forest trees spread their waving branches over rich parterres of flowers, and silvery fountains were in constant play. It was a delightful resort for the young Indian girls, and one well calculated to reconcile them to an absence from the flowery savannas of their forest homes.

But the crowning glory of the palace was its conservatory, a large hall with a vaulted, glass-covered roof, containing every variety of tropical vegetation, even in the depth of Canadian winters. Around the walls, which were covered with grape-vines in full bearing, was a broad belt of orange and lemon trees, mingled with enormous camelia japonicas, the golden fruit and verdant leaves of the first mentioned contrasting beautifully with the many colored flowers with which the latter were loaded. Within this mosaic of tropical vegetation was a broad marble paved walk, which in its turn encircled a clump of gigantic palm trees, stretching their tall branches up to the centre of the vaulted roof. Around these were twined every conceivable variety of rare climbing plants, sometimes waving their long wreaths of leaves and flowers in graceful festoons, then hanging like serpents from the boughs, now trailing to the ground, and now interlacing until they formed a floral shrine; a wall of waving beauty, swaying to and fro in the perfumed breeze, to the music of a gently falling fountain.

Within this charmed circle, in a sanctuary accessible by a subterranean passage, leading from the castle, Madame de Frontenac had an oratory—a private retreat, where she was entirely secluded from the world. It was to that secluded spot that she was wont to repair when troubled by the petty vexations of everyday life, and thither she hastened when the unexpected appearance of Dan Holbrook so troubled her very soul. Estelle still accompanied her, for she had not the courage to remain unattended. Man, when the tempest rages, can brave its fury alone, but confiding, gentle woman likes a sympathizing companion. The eagle can sweep the storm-cloud, but the dove returns fluttering to the ark, happy if she can find her mate to smooth her ruffled plumage.

Yet Madame de Frontenac did not speak, or give Estelle any cause to suppose that anything but the insult of a stranger to herself had caused her agitation. Throwing herself upon an ottoman, the queen-like lady buried her head in its luxurious pillows, as if to shut out a hideous sight. But the maiden, with knitted brows and her thin lips compressed, beat upon the marble pavement with her tiny foot, as if in this monotonous movement she found vent for the vengeance which filled her very being.

The tolling of the vesper-bell awakened each from her day-dream, and throwing themselves upon their knees before a statue of the Virgin Mary, they told their beads in earnest prayer. The Indian maiden was the first to rise, and when she saw that Madame de Frontenac had also finished her devotions, she exclaimed:

"Let not our mother grieve because a drunken pale-face troubled her child. O, would that I was a warrior, that I might hang the scalp of that—"

"Peace, peace!" interrupted the matron. "Such vindictive thoughts are not acceptable to her to whom we have just offered our devotions."

"But the insult, mother!" exclaimed the maiden, her eyes sparkling as she spoke, and the heightened color of her cheek betraying her passion.

There was a dead pause, and then Madame de Frontenac said, in a gentle tone: "Estelle."

The girl saw that some weighty sorrow preyed upon a heart which she prized, and going towards her, she knelt at her side, and taking her cold hands, chafed them until heat was restored.

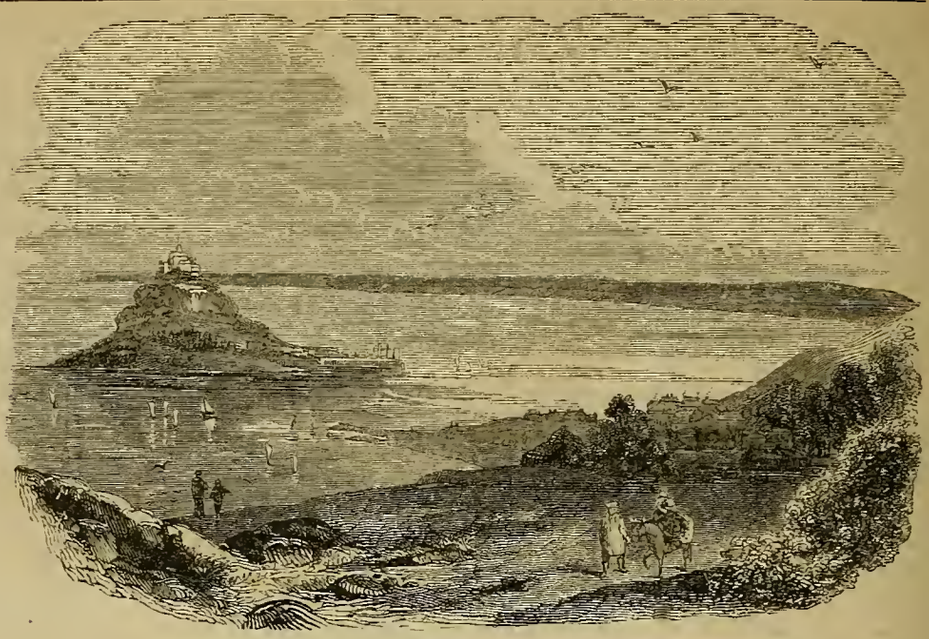
"Estelle," again said Madame de Frontenac, as if it required an effort to speak, "would you hear a heart history?" Then, without waiting a reply, she continued: "Years, years ago, when the French flag waved over Quebec, there was a merchant here

whose whole soul was absorbed in the fur trade, and who regarded his only daughter as a saleable commodity, ready for the wealthiest bidder when she should become marketable. The poor girl was consequently dressed, decorated, and led into such scenes of fashionable dissipation as the province afforded, where her wealth and her charms attracted hosts of suitors. Their very language flowed into a kind of metre as they caught the light of her golden smile; all nature was searched for images to which her charms might be compared, and nature was found wanting—at least she was told so. Even the butterfly officers who came bankrupt from the French court assured her that neither at Versailles nor Trianon had they ever seen such a peerless creature, and she at last began to believe them.

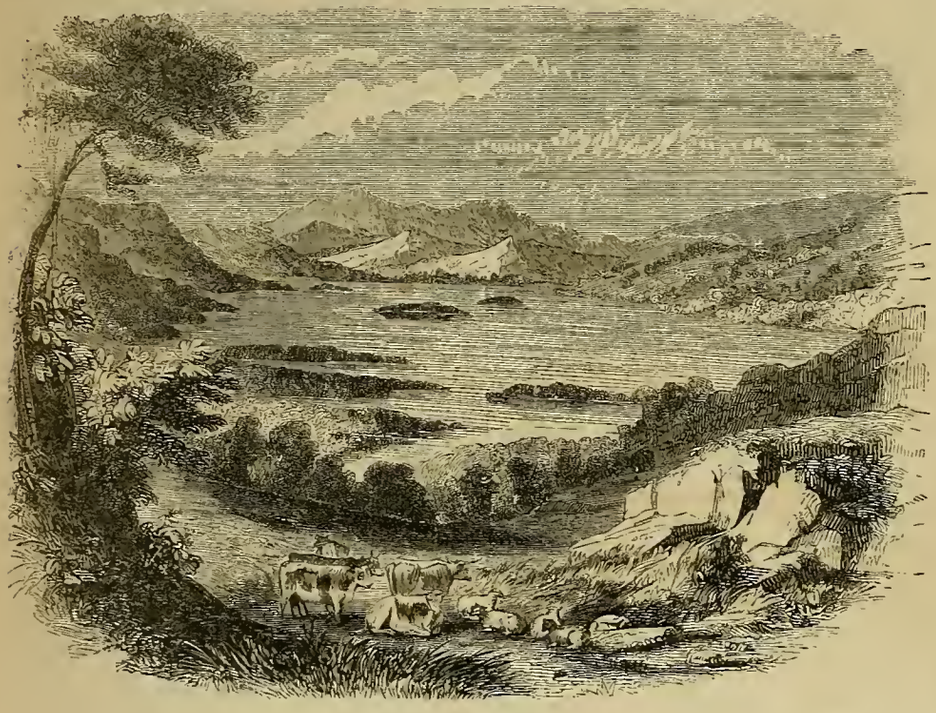
"At times, the young girl's heart would tell her that she was formed for better things than these frivolities, and she would long for some suitor who could command her respect, as a vine seeks some sturdy oak to clasp for support. At last her fancy was arrested by a young and enterprising Bostonian, who had come to Quebec as supercargo of a merchant vessel, and was entertained by her father, in the hope of getting good prices for the return cargo of furs. He, without ceremony, attempted to carry her heart by storm, and the first opportunity that presented itself, declared himself in love with her. This audacity on the part of a stranger displeased her, but his perseverance at first tranquillized her, then interested her, then won her affections. Thinking that he loved her, she loved him, and bright were the dreams that hovered around her pillow.

"While matters stood thus—for he begged her not to inform her father,—the old gentleman one day told her that a formal proposition had been made for her hand by a wealthy Canadian, who bore one of the first names in the province, and was as celebrated for his learning as he was for his extensive estates. The young girl's dismay was beyond description, for she dreaded the arbitrary paternal power, yet felt that she could never consent to marry one man while loving another. She asked for a week to consider the matter—a long, wretched week, and at its close, emboldened by agony, she stammered out a confession of her attachment to the Bostonian.

"The old gentleman very coolly inquired if she had seen her captivator that day. 'No, nor the day previous.' With a chuckle he opened a large pocket-book, from which he took a paper, and requested her to read it. At first she glanced her eyes over it mechanically, but then saw—O horror!—that it was a regular business agreement, by which her pretended lover, for twenty pounds sterling, relinquished all claim to her hand, and pledged himself not to see her while he remained at Quebec.



PILCHARD FISHING IN MOUNTS BAY, CORNWALL.



LAKE WINDERMERE.

"This selfish treachery on the part of one to whom she had given her pure heart, made her desperate, and she consented to be led passively to the cathedral, decked like a victim to the sacrifice. There, at the holy altar, her father bestowed her hand and her dowry on her wealthy suitor, who well knew that he was not the object of her love, yet persisted in his selfish purpose. He obtained her hand, but her heart remained her own.

"Her father was now at the height of his ambition, for he saw his daughter the wife of a noted and a rich man, who was at the head of the hereditary aristocracy of the province. Magnificent was the house fitted up for her reception, gorgeous were her monthly importations of fashionable attire from Paris, dazzling were her jewels. All the troubles and the cares of life seemed far removed from her, as she presided over her well-appointed establishments, in the city and in the country; yet there was not a menial in her service that was not more happy. Her husband, piqued at her previous preference for a mere clerk, and vexed at the coolness with which she continued to treat him, had the meanness to constantly insinuate what was unfortunately the fact—that she had carried her beauty into the market, and sold it as her father would sell a bale of buffalo robes. Now she regretted the sacrifice which she had made, but it was too late to retrace her steps. She had promised to love, honor and obey, the first her husband did not now care for, but with great decision he enforced the latter. Indifference was impossible; she was required to choose between a qualified submission and open warfare.

"Providence, as if to cheer her path of life, blessed her with a daughter—a lovely babe, my dear Estelle, who, if living, is about your own age. The child seemed to act as a bond of union, and for a while they lived more happily together. But just then, as if designed as a punishment for her former heartlessness, her old lover returned. She despised him, yet he persisted in visiting her—in intercepting her walks—in serenading her at night. At last, the craven dared to speak of love, and to propose an elopement. When she first heard his degrading proposals, she was too much astonished to reply. At last, words came to her relief, and she sent him sneaking away like a scared wolf, disappointed of his prey, yet, with the tenacity of that animal, resolving still to accomplish the base purpose on which he had set his soul. Vowing revenge, he became a spy on her actions, hovered around her house at unseasonable hours, and spared no means by which he could blacken her reputation.

"Soon his diabolical scheme began to have its desired results; the public began to shun her, and at last the jealousy of her husband was aroused. Bitterly and coarsely he accused her, and she, with pride of heart, cast back his foul charges, until he felt the more confident of their truth. As he went out, he met the tempter, who professed great embarrassment, and asked pardon for offences that only existed in his own miserable imagination. But he had gone too far; for the husband, thinking himself dishonored, drew his sword, and inflicted a wound that the wretch will carry to his grave. That night, taking his child, with her nurse, he hastened on board a vessel just starting for France; nor has he, or the innocent babe, been heard of since.

"This attempt at dishonor, with the loss of her child, awakened the doomed wife to a sense of her position. Ever ardent in her feelings, her remorse was bitter, and had death at that moment released her from the agony of self-reproach, it would have been welcome. But the inexorable King of Terror will not come at a mortal's wish. Now it was, for the first time in her life, that she began to turn her thoughts seriously towards the Holy Church as the only source of comfort. Gladly would she have taken the veil, but there was no certainty that her husband did not live—nay, she never would admit that her child had perished in the waves. Her father's death made her the possessor of enormous wealth, and that she might offer some atonement for her offences, she—"

"Ah," interrupted Estelle, "I see—I see it all! It was this sorrow that prompted you to devote your life to the redemption of us poor children of the forest, plucked as brands from the burning."

"You are right, Estelle, and you, being about the age of my dear child (who I feel is preserved by Providence), have received my especial love. Often have I wished to look back into the tablets of memory, and confide to you my heart-sorrows of the past, for I was confident of your sympathy."

"O, madame," exclaimed Estelle, weeping as though her heart would break, "it needed not this recital to obtain it, for you have ever possessed it! Would that I could supply your daughter's place!"

"Thanks," replied Madame de Frontenac, embracing the affectionate girl. "But I have not told you all. I have to-day seen the author of all my sorrows—the sordid, revengeful violator of my domestic happiness."

"What! that hideous monster who so insulted me?"

"The same. Dissipation and other unbridled habits have sadly changed his form and features, but the body is now far more worthy of the mind than it was before."

The boom of a cannon startled them, and it was soon followed by another and another report.

"Can the enemy have landed?" exclaimed Estelle.

"I cannot say," replied Madame de Frontenac; "but it will be best to retire into the city by the subterranean passage. It branches off to the castle and the cathedral."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CORNISH FISHERWOMEN OF MOUNTS BAY.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

PILCHARD FISHERY.—The first engraving on the preceding page represents the pilchard-fishery at Mounts Bay, Cornwall. The pilchard is a fish found chiefly on the coasts of Cornwall, and is caught either by the drift-net or the seine. A seine-fishery requires three boats and about eighteen men to work together. There are two nets employed, one of which is the "stop seine," a quarter of a mile in length and a hundred feet in depth; the other is the "trick seine," half as long as the other, but somewhat deeper and having a hollow in the middle. Each seine is carried by a separate boat, while the third conveys the men to and from shore. When the position and extent of the shoal is ascertained the stop seine is cast. There are corks at the top and leads at the bottom to keep it in position. The seine at first forms a curved line across the centre of the fish, and while the two largest boats are employed in warping the ends, the third boat is stationed in the openings, and the crew keep the fish from escaping by dashing water. When the seine is closed and the ends brought together, the tuck-seine is laid on the inner side, and then drawn together so as gradually to raise the fish from the bottom. Sometimes five million pilchards have been taken at one haul. Another engraving on the same page presents us with a sketch of the Cornish Fisherwomen at Mounts Bay. One of them has her creel, or fish-basket strapped on her back. Its form is more distinctly seen in that which lies beside the seated fisherwoman. A distant glimpse of the bay and mountains is seen in the distance. These fisherwomen, like all ladies who deal in their commodity, are remarkably sharp at a bargain, and have a glib fluency of speech not always agreeable to purchasers, who are apt to get more "tongues and sounds" than they bargain for. Mr. St. John, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks," has collected many humorous passages from the classical writers relating to the quickness, the wit and the knavish cunning of the itinerant fish dealers of Athens, so much, indeed, as to strongly remind us of what passes in the markets of modern cities. LAKE WINDERMERE.—The beautiful landscape on the preceding page is a faithful view of Lake Windermere, one of the most charming sheets of water in the famous "Lake District of England." It has been the theme of poets and painters, and is the idol of tourists. The fine, sweeping outlines of the hills are, in calm, bright days, duplicated in the mirror of the lake, and with the wooded islets, and the cattle grazing in the foreground, making up a charming group of natural beauties.



LAKE OF TIMSHAH.

THE LAKE OF TIMSHAH.—On this page we present a sketch of the enormous basin, thus called, in the centre of the Isthmus of Suez. In the foreground is a group of oriental travellers, with their desert ships, the camels, and further on, the white tents of an Arab encampment. If the Suez canal, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean is completed, this basin would become an inland harbor of sufficient depth to float all the commercial navies in the world. SUEZ.—The next engraving on this page presents a view of the town and harbor of Suez, taken from the Asiatic coast. The buildings at the foot of the hill—a spur of the Altaba Mountains—are the fort and custom-house, the grand hotel, and several mosques, stores and private buildings. All these have sprung up since the establishment of the overland mail to India. The harbor is deep and safe. The last view on this page is of an oasis, south-east of Pelusium. The group of palm trees, sheltering the travellers' tents and camels beneath them, contrasts agreeably with the wide waste of sand extended before and beyond them. An oasis, or spot where grass and trees thrive, may be found throughout Egypt wherever a spring of water enlivens the arid deadness of the soil. The oases on the Isthmus of Suez may be said to be the last remains of ancient cultivation and history-renowned fertility. The luxuriant vegetation which spontaneously springs up wherever fresh water is conducted to cool and moisten the ground, shows not only what ancient Egypt must have been, but also what modern Egypt might become, if in connection with the maritime canal across the Isthmus of Suez, a system of fresh-water canals were to spread the water of the Nile over a wilderness which waits but for that one gift of Heaven to become a land of abundance. The building of this canal would be one of the greatest commercial enterprises of modern times, and would be a sure means, not only of adding incalculably to the wealth of the West, but of hurrying on the civilization of the East. With the European tide setting upon Asia through this channel, and the American tide flowing upon it from our Pacific shore, it would seem that the cradle of the race was destined to retrieve its long ages of darkness and despotism and rise once again to power and influence. This new channel of communication would be a powerful lever towards the accomplishment of such a result. It would seem that in the providential destiny of nations, our own country is to exert no unimportant part in the future resuscitation of a continent which in the remote ages of the world, held all that there was of civilization and power, and was the original birthplace of all the nations.



VIEW OF SUEZ, FROM THE COAST OF SUEZ.



OASIS, SOUTHEAST OF PELUSIUM.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO AN OLD MAN.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

When musing on the furrowed brow,
That once with beauty beamed,
Most venerably hoary now,
Full often I have dreamed
That purer ministers than e'er
Our worldly thoughts engage,
Make sweet the autumn atmosphere,
And bless the calm of age.

Beside thy path, though none behold,
Are angel shapes, the same
As in the plains of Mamre old,
To righteous Abraham came.
They guide thy weak, descending feet,
As deeper grows the vale,
And faster dies the verdure sweet,
And falls the fruitage pale.

But glorious, unseen ministers
Dwell not with thee alone;
Each promise that thy spirit stirs,
As deeply moves my own.
By faith is heard, in calm or storm,
A voice o'er all the globe,
To-day, as when the Eternal from
The whirlwind answered Job:

To show, as in the time of yore,
Man's weakness—his decay;
And how God reigneth evermore,
Though all else pass away;
How strength and grandeur e'er abide
In godliness and truth;
Though humbled low be worldly pride,
And vanished worldly youth.

To thee shall death come soft as one
Who waketh man from dreams;
To show, beyond the glorious sun,
Rejuvenating streams.
More precious than the fabled fount,
Once sought in southern shade,
By Mexic vale and Cuban mount,
And sun-bright everglade.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE AND THE GRADUATE.

BY N. T. MUNROE.

CONSTANT attention to business and study had seriously impaired my health, and in compliance with the orders of my physician, I packed my valise one beautiful morning in May and started on a southern tour.

As I had determined to leave all care and business behind me, I tried with all my might to get interested either in the scenery or in my fellow-passengers; but at first, visions of law cases would come in between me and my surroundings; the thoughts which had pressed so hard on my brain would not be easily put aside, yet as the cars whirled swiftly along, there was something in their rapid motion that seemed to break the spell that had bound me—something that carried me mentally as well as bodily out of the atmosphere in which I had moved so long. I began to look with pleasure upon the green fields, the pretty country villages, and found myself getting interested in the appearance of a nice looking couple in front of me who were acting out a little love drama, as they thought, all unobserved. I began to wonder where this man belonged who was talking politics so fiercely, and where this other gentleman—dressed in black, intently reading a newspaper, and who I judged must be a minister—was settled, and of what persuasion he was; then I wondered if that interesting young lady in the neat travelling dress was not going South as a governess; and when I saw the politician dropped at one station, the clergyman at a country town, where I imagined he was settled and where I pointed out to myself the church in which he preached, and finally the neat looking young lady was left at one of the depots where she was led off, as I thought in triumph, by a fine looking young gentleman, I really felt as if I had lost old friends. But I quickly got interested in new faces and new persons whom we were constantly taking up on the road. By-and-by it grew dark, the conductor came and lighted up the cars, the buzz of conversation began to die away, the heads of the passengers drooped, I saw the couple in front of me sat still nearer, then I noticed that the gentleman passed his arm around her waist to support her, her head after a while all unconsciously dropped on his shoulder and—I fell asleep.

I had not wholly decided on my course of travel when I started upon my journey, but had determined to let myself be guided by circumstances. Stopping for a few days at the city of Philadelphia, I fell in with an old college friend, Fred Newton, whom I had not met since we left together the classic halls of Cambridge. Fred was a wild boy, and evidently he was a fast young man, but he was cordial, warm-hearted, generous, and glad to see me, said I looked drove to death and as thin as a hatchet, and insisted upon my going home with him to recreate. He would let me ride or walk or sit still, in fine, I might do just what I pleased; and as I was in truth not at all averse to his proposition, we started together, a few days after, for Newtonville, which was the name of the elder Mr. Newton's estate. Fred had written to inform the family of our coming, and on leaving the cars we found two saddle horses ready to take us, the remainder of the journey, a distance of about twelve miles. It was a splendid ride after a journey of many miles in the close cars. The air was pure and soft, the country was fine, our horses good, and as we rode over the ground at a swift pace, our spirits rose with the occasion, and perhaps no lighter, freer-hearted fellows ever cantered over the soil of the Old Dominion.

All care and business I had left in the old Bay State, and now I was bound to enjoy myself. I had once thought fame, wealth and station were all that was worth living for, and asked no higher good; but the demons of dyspepsia, ill health and the blue devils took possession of me, and I said in bitterness of heart, "all that a man hath will he give for a sound body, a good digestion, a light heart." I had money enough, I enjoyed a good reputation among my fellow-men, but my poor, frail body had of late entered so many complaints, making itself a most conspicuous personage by threatening to refuse its aid when called upon, that it fairly embittered all my happiness. But now, on this bright afternoon, what cared I for all these things? I laughed at dyspepsia, snapped my fingers at the blue devils, and cried, "Get thee behind me, unmannerly imps."

We came at last within sight of Fred's home, a fine, large, roomy mansion, with a verandah all around the lower floor. Two blacks stood ready to take our horses as we dismounted, and the whole family came to the door to greet us. I was introduced to Fred's father and mother, also to his sister, a young lady of about twenty, looking a good deal like Fred, and also to a younger brother and sister, and these composed the family group. Behind them stood a number of negro servants, grinning and showing their white teeth and the whites of their eyes. Fred shook hands most dutifully with his father and mother, kissed his sister most lovingly and respectfully, and caught the younger ones in his arms, embracing them in not the most gentle manner.

I was pretty well tired out that night, for a ride of twelve miles on horseback was something I was not used to, and greatly as I enjoyed it, I found it fatigued me very much. But one night's rest recruited me. I rose the next morning refreshed and exhilarated. I threw open my window and the rich perfume of the roses came in on the morning air. I looked around on the well kept grounds and all things which spoke of wealth and abundance, and tried to realize that I was at the sunny South. I heard the voices of the children at play on the lawn, then I heard Fred's merry laugh, then a sweet voice singing little snatches of some simple ballad, and making what haste I could with my toilet, I was soon below, exchanging morning greetings with the family.

A merry life we led in this pleasant, hospitable home. We had no care, no thought, beyond the enjoyment of the present hour. We rode on horseback, we strolled through the woods, we went on pleasure excursions. My worn out frame gained strength in the warm southern atmosphere, life began again to have bright hopes for me, and I began to think there was something worth living for besides books and court rooms.

A week's free, social intercourse such as we enjoyed at Newtonville, ripens one's friendship astonishingly fast. Your northern friendships are long coming to maturity; but go to a southern home, be with its inmates every hour of the day, ride with them, walk with them, sit with them beneath the shade, or out on the verandah by moonlight, sing with them, talk with them freely, not conventionally as we do things at the North, and it is astonishing how quick your friendship grows—how soon you understand each other, and feel as if you had been acquainted for years, and were old, true friends.

Now, all my four years' intercourse with Fred at Cambridge, had not given me the insight into his character that one week of close home communion with him had done. He appeared in his best light at home, he was so kind and deferential to his parents, so affectionate to his brother and sisters. I knew he was impetuous, passionate, and not always actuated by the highest principles, but I always had faith that the good heart would retrieve the sometimes misjudging head.

So I might have met Clara Newton at a whole winter's course of assemblies, lectures and parties at the North, yet not have obtained the clear insight into her character that a week's constant and familiar intercourse in her own home had given me. When I say she was pretty and graceful, I say no more than might be said of hundreds of young ladies; she was more, she was fascinating by her naturalness, her perfect freedom from any mannerism or affectation. She always spoke from her pure, true heart. She pretended to no charms of person or mind to attract or please you, and yet all the time you felt yourself attracted and pleased. She was warm, affectionate, loving, impressive as Fred himself, but without his fiery temper, and with more of strong, firm, moral principle as a basis to her character. She was generous and self-sacrificing, without seeming to know they were virtues, so natural were they to her. She was like a fresh, sweet flower, to me like a new bright star in my firmament.

In the circle in which I moved at home I had formed the acquaintance of many finely cultivated women, and some very beautiful ones too, but yet there were none like Clara. I liked them, liked to converse with them, felt it was good to be with them, that their influence over me was for good, that they were splendid specimens of womankind, ornaments to society, and a credit to the land that nurtured them—but Clara was not like these. I liked to be with Clara, were it only to look upon her, she was so beautiful, she always looked so fresh, so glowing and happy. She always had a smile for you, a kind word, some little token of affection. Her manners were not like our northern manners. I know many ladies of my acquaintance who would have been greatly shocked at many things which Clara did not hesitate at all to do, yet no one could doubt her purity of thought and act. She felt no foolish reserve in her intercourse with me, and she saw fit to affect none. She trusted me, she thought well of me, she was willing to let me see it; at my words of gallantry and praise of her beauty she never blushed nor simpered as I have seen ladies do, but looked at me with a clear, pleased glance, happy that she was beautiful if it afforded pleasure to others. Well, week after week passed, and blissful weeks they were. Week after week of long sunny days, week after week of pleasure. By and-by, I don't know how it was, Fred was often absent from our walks and rides, and when on moonlight evenings we sat on the verandah, Clara and I generally sat the longest. Those weeks were like a long blissful dream, and they ended at last, yet not as dreams end; they did not vanish like the blissful fabric of a vision, but when they had passed, I stood with the white hand of Clara within my own, and her clear eyes looking into mine, making stronger the assurance her lips had already spoken, that she was mine forever.

So I started for my northern home with my beautiful bride. I had more than accomplished the object of my journey. My health seemed perfectly established, and I had found what many are much longer in finding—their other self. Shall I ever forget that journey home? How beautiful it was! The skies were never bluer nor the face of the earth more lovely. The disappointments incident to travelling by cars and steamboats were nothing to us. In our excess of happiness we wondered how people could be so miserable for such trifles.

I took my bride to my mother's home, for so it had been arranged, till I could fit up a home suitable for her. Clara's loving, winning ways went straight to my mother's heart, and in a very little time she loved her dearly.

In a short time our house was fitted up for our accommodation, and I took my wife to her new home. I tried to make it pleasant for her, and furnished it in southern style as far as was consistent with our northern climate, and she was delighted; indeed she was not exacting, it was of the heart and the affections she thought more than of externals.

We went into society, and Clara was admired for her beauty, and attracted much attention.

I had gone again deep into business which took up much of my time and attention, but Clara seemed gay and cheerful, and always met me with a sweet smile of welcome. O, we were very happy! As the winter came on we went still more into society, not gay and brilliant assemblies, but select circles, composed of men and women of cultivated intellects who spoke learnedly and eloquently upon the great subjects of the day, people who cared little for show and dress, but more for intrinsic merit and mental culture. It was a circle in which I enjoyed much and to which I was proud to belong. There were many ladies in this circle whom I much admired and considered as models of their sex. It was a new circle indeed for Clara. She listened, as she told me in her artless way when we were alone, with astonishment to hear ladies converse so well. She had never before been in company with ladies of such superior intellect, and there was a shade of sadness on her beautiful face as she said:

"I felt quite insignificant, and was afraid you were ashamed of me."

I made no reply, only to kiss the upturned face and tell her playfully she was a foolish little thing.

There are some people who I think are all mind and no heart, and some of this description belonged to the circle of which I have spoken; and I was not long in seeing that they looked upon my good and beautiful wife with a sort of silent contempt, as if they thought her a doll or plaything—pretty to look at and no more. They made no conversation with her, never asked her opinion upon any subject, and were sometimes almost marked in their neglect of the common rules of politeness towards her. Clara was not long in seeing this, for she was quick and sensitive. I saw that she understood it all, and I was aware that it made her very unhappy, but I did not comfort her nor soothe her. Shall I say it?—I began to feel when with the keen-eyed women a feeling, not shame perhaps, but something akin to it, that my wife was not what they would style an intellectual woman.

A spell seemed upon me, my good and gentle wife was not to me what she had been. She was beautiful as ever, and kind and true and loving, but there was something lacking—she was not all I wished. Evil passions took possession of me; I grew sullen and morose; I often spoke to her unkindly—may God forgive me! But Clara never answered me back again; she grew silent and sad and pale, yet 'was ever ready to smile and be cheerful if I seemed any more cheerful than usual. If I was in a sullen mood she was quiet and thoughtful, but always speaking pleasantly to me no matter how unreasonable I grew.

Our life was not what it had been. I often went into company leaving my wife by herself, and I think she was relieved by my doing this. We were in fact very unhappy; but it was a state of things which might not long continue, for beneath all Clara's gentleness and kindness there lay a vast amount of energy and decision.

One night on coming home, I did not find my wife in her little sitting-room as usual, and on going into the parlor I found she was not there. I inquired of the servants for their mistress—she went away in a carriage this morning, they said. I was thunderstruck. Was this my gentle, yielding Clara? I sat down to my lonely meal. How silent and deserted was the house! It seemed every moment as if she must come in. I went up to our chamber; how still and silent it was. Could it be that she had left me? I felt the spell breaking that had bound my heart so long, and I began to see how that perhaps my own conduct had driven her from me. I went up to her dressing-table; she had left a few of her articles around—a ribbon she had worn in her hair, a glove I had seen upon her hand. I took up the ribbon and held it in my hand. I took up the glove, and scarcely knowing what I did, pressed it to my lips. A delicate perfume, in my mind associated with Clara,

thrilled through my frame, and the tears came to my eyes. I went to my own dressing-table; there lay a little morocco case; I opened it; it contained her picture. Was it indeed her parting gift! Beneath the case lay a little note addressed to me, I tore it open and read:

"Dear Robert,—Don't think hard of me, don't blame me. We have been very unhappy. I leave you. You will not try to find me for it will be useless, and it is better you should not. I was not suited to you. I have not made you happy. It was my misfortune not my fault that I could not do so. My purpose in leaving you is not a sudden one, and I do it for the best. Some day you may bless me for it. If I have erred, forgive me. Do not forget me, my husband; think of me kindly; think of me as I was when you first knew me and we were happy. It is possible that being absent you will love me better than when present. I leave you this little token of remembrance; when you look at it think kindly of her who is away, and hope that we may yet be happy, and may God in heaven bless you. Clara."

This was all. She had left me, gone I knew not whither. How all her beauty, her goodness, came up before me, how every unkind word I had spoken to her, every act of neglect, rose up before me through that long night. Yet it seemed so strange and unaccountable that she should leave me. I had been so sure of her perfect love and devotion, so sure that nothing on earth could estrange her from me, not even my unkindness and neglect, that turn it as I would I could not solve the mystery. But there was the bitter truth before me—she had gone, she had left me, I was alone! The long night passed at length, and morning dawned. I pressed the ribbon she had worn in her hair, the glove which had touched her hand, the picture she had left me, to my heart, and prepared to start in search of her; for how could I heed her request not to seek her? But where should I go? I knew not, yet I seemed to have a vague idea that perhaps she had gone home. So, leaving a message for my mother, telling her of what had happened and where I had gone, I started upon my mournful journey.

Once again I travelled that road, but O, with what different sensations from those which had filled my heart when I came home with my young bride! I saw now no beauty in nature, felt no interest in humanity. I stopped again at the well-known depot where I hired a horse to carry me to Newtonville. The road seemed long and dreary; even the house, which had always looked to me so pleasant and cheerful, seemed now to wear a different aspect. I rode up to the door. Fred was the first to greet me.

"Good heavens, Robert," said he, "what is the matter!"

I knew by the address and the manner, that she was not there—that he knew nothing of her—and as my last hope faded away I came near falling from my horse. Fred helped me into the house; he saw that some mighty grief was upon me, and was silent. I sat down upon the sofa, and Fred stood before me waiting for me to speak. As soon as I could, I said:

"She is not here, then?"

"Who, Robert?" said he, in a pitying tone, and I saw that he thought I was a little bewildered.

"Clara," said I.

"Clara," said he, "my sister—what do you mean?"

"She has left me, Fred, and I did not know but she had come home."

I saw that his cheek grew deathly pale, that his teeth pressed his lips till the blood started, to keep down his rising anger, and I began to grow almost frightened, for how could I explain the cause of her leaving me?

"Come home!" said he, at length, in a dry, husky voice. "Left you!" and he paced the room to keep down his rising anger.

"Fred," said I.

He turned round quickly, and his face, distorted by his passion, was fearful to look upon, and I almost shrunk from him.

"What have you to say, sir. Explain yourself."

"Fred," said I in a gentle tone, "Clara has left me."

"You told me so before," he thundered forth; "but why did she leave you? answer me that. You must have abused her, villain that you are, or she would never have done it. What have you done with her? Where is my sister? answer me." And he sprang upon me with the ferocity of a tiger. "Speak to me," he cried, "or I will shake you to atoms."

I struggled in his grasp, but he had the strength of a giant, and I was weak as a child. Mrs. Newton entered the room at this moment.

"Fred, Robert," said she, "what does this mean?"

He turned and flung me from him, with a sudden revulsion of feeling put his arms round his mother's neck and wept like a child. Mrs. Newton knew not what to make of the scene.

"Tell me, Robert," she said, "why is all this—and Clara, where is she?"

The name roused Fred; he waited not for me to answer.

"You may well ask where she is. She has left him, he says—our own Clara—and he dares come here to find her. How must he have treated her, to have driven her from him. May the—"

"Fred," said she, "be calm, and hear what her husband has to say."

He stood looking at me with bitter rage, as I went on and told the whole story, not sparing myself in the least. His face grew softer in expression as I proceeded on, and he felt that my sorrow and remorse were sincere, but still I saw that he did not forgive me.

But why dwell on the sorrowful scene—she was not there. I had brought sorrow to the home that had given me such untold happiness, and I left there with a heavy heart and stricken conscience.

I knew not where to direct my steps, yet for many weeks I travelled on, seemingly without a definite object other than to escape from my great sorrow. That, I found at length, was impossible, so I came home, or rather to my mother's home, for how could I go back to the home now so desolate! So for many years I lived with my mother, and the mystery was not solved. I heard nothing from Clara, knew not whether she was living or dead. I grew a sadder, a wiser, and I hope a better man.

Rumor had been busy with my name at my wife's departure; but the nine days' wonder at last passed away, and people ceased to talk of it. One, two, three years faded away. The treasured ribbon, the glove and the picture which never left me, showed that I had been faithful to her request—that I remembered her.

It was during the fifth year of her departure that one day I was surprised at receiving a letter from Fred Newton, requesting me to be in Philadelphia at such a time. There was something mysterious about the letter, and I started instantly, as requested. I met him at the same hotel where we had met once before, and his greeting was cordial and friendly.

"Why did you send for me, Fred?"

"To introduce you to my wife. I am married, and live in this city. You must come home with me."

I did so. Went with him and was introduced to his wife, a most charming and agreeable woman.

"Come, Robert," said he to me the next day, "will you go with us this morning? My wife has a sister in the Female College in this city, and as she is to graduate this term we feel very much interested in the exercises."

I consented, of course, as it would have been very impolite for me to refuse. When we went into the hall it was very much crowded, and we were obliged to take a seat at the side of the platform, where the students would stand, and the crowd in front much intercepted our view. The exercises soon commenced, and I was beginning to grow very much interested, although I could not see the fair students, when a voice struck upon my ear which caused my heart to stand still, it was so like a voice whose music I had not heard for nearly five long years. I leaned forward, I rose up and stretched over the throng before me. I could only catch a glimpse of her dress. At the risk of being pronounced rude, I pushed forward; but it was too late, she had disappeared from the platform. I looked around and caught Fred's eagle eye fixed upon me, but his expression was unreadable. I sat down again, but I was all ears as the exercises went on. By-and-by I heard the voice again, and this time in a Latin dissertation. Had not my whole soul been intent upon the voice, I should have been pleased with the perfect execution of the performance. I sat still. I made no effort to catch a glimpse of the speaker. I seemed weak and powerless. Then came English recitations, and I listened to many fine dissertations and essays, but I heard as hearing them not, till by-and-by rose that voice again. It read a finely written English essay upon some subject I do not now remember. As the reader went on and the beautiful thoughts flowed forth, the crowd gave evident tokens of their pleasure and admiration.

I could stand it no longer. I pushed forward, regardless of all politeness, and there, upon the platform, stood Clara—my Clara, my gentle, my beautiful wife—reading, with a clear, sweet voice, words to which the vast audience were listening with pleasure and delight.

I did not faint, nor start, nor utter even an exclamation, for I was a stout, strong man, but I stood there and looked at her, and thought the words were very beautiful. I don't think I understood one of them; but I understood something more, I saw through it all. I saw why she had left me. I understood how the long years had been passed, years of toil and study all for my sake, so that I might not be ashamed of her, might yet be proud of her. I understood it all—her generous self sacrifice, her enduring love, her patient toil—and as she went on and I stood and gazed—and she didn't know who was looking thus earnestly upon her—I saw how her face had changed, how it had perhaps lost a little of its glad, joyous expression, but had gained a spirituality and a soul-light that was far more lovely.

She finished, and I went back to my seat, and sitting down, covered my face with my hands, and the exercises went on; but I heard them no more than if I had been a hundred miles away. I heard nothing of aught else but Clara's voice, saw nothing but Clara's face.

The crowd dispersed. Fred touched me on the shoulder, and we went home in silence. I went directly to my chamber and sat down. Some hours passed away, but I don't think I stirred or moved till a servant came to my door and said some one below wished to see me. Then I went down to the parlor, and there we met, who had not met for five years.

"And you will forgive me, Robert?" said she, as she put her white hands in mine, and looked up to me once more with that dear glance I thought never more to meet on earth. "And you have not forgotten me?" she added, "and we will yet be happy, won't we?"

It is needless to tell of the many things which, in my excess of happiness, I whispered in her ear. Clara was mine again. I appreciated her now. I held her fast. I gave her no cause for unhappiness more.

"It has been a lesson for me, Clara; without this absence I should not have understood you. We might have been unhappy through life. Whatever these years may have done for you, their lesson has been far more to me, for it has taught me the depth and strength of your nature, which my dullness, without this, could not have seen."

So our bridal home was opened again. People had another nine days' wonder to talk over, and we were very happy once more. Fred and his wife came to see us, and he told us how he had planned the meeting; for Clara, knowing the anxiety of her parents and brother concerning her, had long before informed them of her purpose, but strictly enjoining secrecy till her collegiate course should be finished.

I red often laug about the time when he came near shaking me to atoms, and declares it is the greatest wonder in the world he had not done it, for it was a deed which just at that time could have been so easily accomplished.

THE ATHEIST SILENCED.

Some years ago, the Rev. Isaac Guseman made a trip to Iowa. On board the steamer in which he took passage there was a gentleman who took great pains to make known that he was opposed to Christianity, and all forms of religion.

He spent most of the day in arguing with those who would dispute with him, and in pouring forth anathemas against priestcraft and the credulity of mankind. He denounced Christ as an impostor, religion as a delusion, any particular form of worship or creed as the result or trammels of education, and that it was only tolerated by statesmen for the security of government and the benefit of the weak and erring. He was evidently a man of education and ability. His repertee, drollery, sarcasm, and a faculty for turning things into the ridiculous, bore down so heavily upon those with whom he argued, that they were generally silenced though not convinced.

One day he was in high glee, and kept a crowd of passengers in a continual roar of laughter at his irreligious jokes and witticisms. On this occasion Mr. Guseman, who had hitherto refrained from entering into any dispute or controversy with him, determined to try and silence him or turn the laugh against him. He accordingly moved slowly towards the crowd the skeptic was amusing. On his approaching, the other observed:

"Well, old gentleman, I am a free thinker, what is your notion about religion?"

"Why, sir, I have always been taught to believe in the truth of the Christian religion; and have never once had a doubt of the existence of a supreme and intelligent Cause. But in turn, let me ask you a question. Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Certainly not—I have none."

"Do you deny the existence of a God?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Then, sir, I have heard of you before."

"Heard of me before!"

"Yes, sir, I have read about you."

"Read about me! I was not aware that I was published. Pray, where?"

"In the Psalms of David, sir, where it reads, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

At this unlooked-for turn in the argument, there was one general burst of laughter and hurra, at the expense of the atheist, who, confounded, and being unable to rally at being thus unexpectedly proved a fool, moved away to another part of the boat. During the remainder of the voyage the wiseacre was silent on religious subjects; but occasionally some of the passengers would tease him by slyly observing, "I have heard of you before."—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

The vicissitudes of human life are very strange. In 1830 President Taylor, then a colonel in the army, wrote a letter to Gen. McNeil, who had just been appointed surveyor of Boston, from which we make the following extract: "I am fully aware that it is impossible for us to pursue any profession—particularly that of arms—for fifteen or twenty years, without forming a strong attachment to it in various ways, and of course, must abandon them with considerable reluctance; but there are circumstances which should reconcile us to do so, and to justify us, not only in our own eyes, but that of the community. Could I get a civil appointment as respectable, with half the emolument attached to it that there is to the one you have received, and where I could be located so as to superintend the education of my children, I would resign forthwith; for after serving twenty-two years and upwards, in the army, all of this time on duty, with the exception of a few months, without being stationed two years at any one post, during that time, I begin to think that I need repose, but as I do not possess influence to procure a civil appointment of any grade, I consider my doom fixed."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

YANKEE SPIRIT.

Hiram Pearson of California, is now travelling in Europe. Recent foreign letters say that, having arrived at Vienna, he applied to the proper authorities for permission to inspect the government buildings. He was refused, on the ground that no one but a member of the European Congress of Science, then in session in Vienna, could be admitted. Thereupon he applied to be received in the Congress as a member, stating that his diploma had been destroyed by the great conflagration in San Francisco. This demand was complied with, and he was treated with the greatest consideration by all the members of the body, except the Archduke Charles, who took exception to his admission, as he had no diploma. Col. Pearson, feeling himself aggrieved at the manner in which the archduke's objections were made, challenged him; whereupon the archduke descended from his dignity, apologized, explained, and all was satisfactorily settled. Col. Pearson was admitted to the chair of Surgery and named a vice president of the Congress.—*Cincinnati Emporium.*

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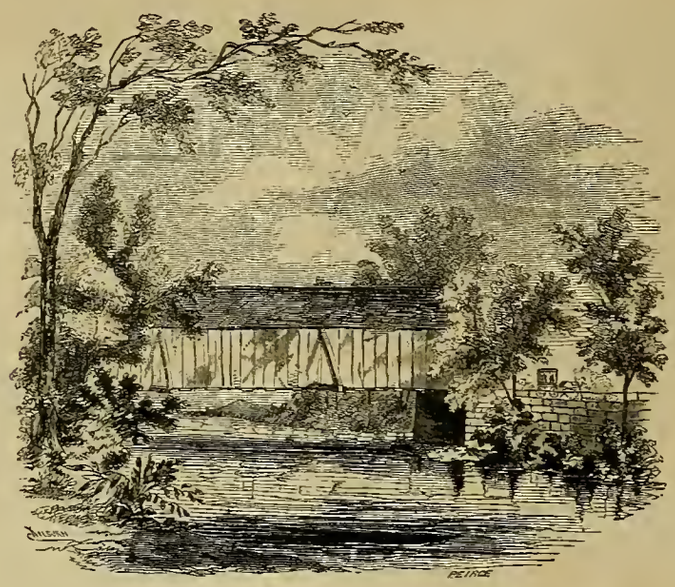
THE NEW STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AT LANCASTER, MASS.

LANCASTER, MASS.

Lancaster is one of the finest, if not the finest town in the interior of Massachusetts. It is beautifully located on both sides of the Nashua River, one of the most charming and romantic streams in New England, and is about 17 miles north-northeast of Worcester. It embraces three villages—North Village, Lancaster and New Boston. Clintonville, another village, was incorporated as a separate town, under the name of Clinton, several years ago. Lancaster Centre stands upon elevated ground, and is particularly noted for the number and beauty of its elms, whose graceful forms add a delightful feature to the charming landscape. Lancaster contains a bank, a savings' institution, and an academy incorporated in 1847. It has manufactures of ginghams, counterpanes, sheetings, combs, machinery, forks, boots, shoes, etc. It is the oldest town in Worcester county, and the site it occupies was called by the Indians Weshakim or Washoway. The soil of the township is alluvial, and amply repays the careful culture it receives. The water-power for the manufacturing establishments is derived from the confluence of the north and south branches of the Nashua in the centre of the town. There are some excellent farms on what is called George Hill, in the westerly part of Lancaster. Several delightful sheets of water, such as Turner's, Spectacle, Fort and Sandy Ponds, add to the romantic beauty of the scenery. We present on this and the next page a series of illustrative sketches, drawn expressly for us on the spot by Mr. Kilburn, whose accuracy and gracefulness of delineation our readers have often had occasion to admire. The first picture of the set is a correct view of the State Industrial School for girls, a most noble and praiseworthy institution, dedicated on the 27th of August of the present year. We subjoin a condensed description of the buildings, and of the very interesting ceremonies which took place at the dedication. The site selected by the commissioners was one of the most eligible in the town, combining greater advantages than those of seventy others examined in various parts of the State. It is about a mile south of the railroad station, on the Worcester and Nashua Railroad, known as the Stillwell estate. The original purchase was 100 acres, on which were three houses and five barns, and to which was added ten acres of wood land, the whole cost amounting to $10,705. The estate was laid out before the Revolution by an English gentleman, who provided liberally in the disposal of the grounds, leaving an area of some twenty acres about the mansion covered with fine trees. This house is large, three stories in height, substantially built, and although a hundred years old, was believed to answer very well for the purposes of the institution, with slight alterations. Two other brick buildings have been erected under the direction of the commissioners, at equal distances from the old house. The accommodations in each are the same, comprising a parlor, work-room, school-room for thirty pupils, kitchen, laundry, and bathing-room, on the first floor, with rooms for the matron and assistant, a hospital, wash-room, and sleeping-rooms for thirty girls, in the upper stories, and a room for play in the attic. A majority of the sleeping-rooms are small, for one person only, provided with a small bureau and chair, in addition to a single bed. The rooms are well ventilated, the houses abundantly supplied with water, and in the work room of each is the beginning of a library. The buildings are so located, that should it be necessary, others may be erected upon the grounds to advantage. The water is brought from a spring a mile distant, with a head 108 feet above the lawn. This allows an ornament of a fountain to the grounds. The other houses purchased with the estate, adjoin on either side, and were fitted up at a little expense for the occupation of the superintendent and the farmer. The entire front on the road is 1200 feet, running back to Still River in the rear, nearly the whole estate being in one tract. The original purchase and the new buildings were provided for by an appropriation of $20,000 by the State, conditional upon raising the same amount by subscription. The expenditures are believed to have been judiciously made, not exceeding the estimates, and the work faithfully performed. The public exercises on the occasion took place in the open air, in front of the old mansion house, John H. Wilkins, of Boston, presiding. The hymn by N. P. Willis, beginning,

"The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God,"

slightly altered, was sung as a dedicatory hymn. Reading of Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Doe, prayer by Rev. Mr. Bartol, both of Lancaster. Henry B. Rogers, of Boston, addressed the audience in behalf of the commissioners. In meeting to inaugurate a new institution, he said it was but carrying out the principles and usages of our Pilgrim Fathers, which had become the policy of the State, resulting in the establishment of colleges, hospitals, asylums, churches, and other institutions for the cultivation of literature, arts, science and religion. With an eloquent tribute to the public institutions of the State, which might be pointed to as her jewels, the speaker referred to the more recent attention in Europe and this country to the elevation of the less favored classes, and especially to reform schools, and gave the history of the legislation and the results of the labors of the commissioners on the subject, closing with a transfer of the property into the hands of the trustees. George S. Boutwell, secretary of the Board of Education, responded on behalf of the board of trustees, in a well-written address upon the question of reform of criminals. He deemed it a sad and mischievous delusion in the public mind that the pardoning power was useless, and assuming that the laws governing prisoners followed the laws of society, he contended that such a power had a highly beneficial effect, and that over 90 per cent. of those who had experienced executive clemency had done well. Both of the speakers dwelt upon the plan adopted of relieving the institution as much as possible of the character of a place of punishment, and giving it the moral influence to be derived in constituting each household, as near as possible, a family.



COVERED BRIDGE AT LANCASTER, MASS.

The public exercises were concluded in a few remarks by Governor Gardner, introductory to a proclamation, in accordance with the statute, that the institution was now ready for occupation. The large company of citizens and strangers were then invited to partake of refreshments, abundantly supplied by the ladies of the town. The dinner was followed by sundry sentiments, which were responded to by Governor Gardner, and others. The act establishing the State Industrial School for Girls provides that girls from seven to sixteen years of age, on complaint of offences punishable by fine or imprisonment, leading an idle, vagrant, or vicious life, or found in the street in circumstances of want and suffering, or of neglect, exposure and abandonment, or of beggary, shall be brought before any judge of probate or commissioner under this act, and if it shall be proved to the satisfaction of said judge or commissioner that such girls are suitable subjects for the Industrial School, and that their moral welfare and the good of society require that they shall be sent to the said school, he shall commit them. The design of the institution is expressed in the by-laws, as follows:—"The intention of the State government and of the benevolent individuals who have contributed to the establishment of this institution, is to secure a home and a school for such girls as may be presented to the magistrates of the State, appointed for that purpose, as vagrants, perversely obstinate, deprived of the control and culture of their natural guardians, or guilty of petty offences, and exposed to a life of crime and wretchedness. For such young persons, it is proposed to provide, not a prison for their restraint and correction, but a family school, where, under the firm but kind discipline of a judicious home, they shall be carefully instructed in all the branches of a good education; their moral affections be developed and cultivated by the example and affectionate care of one who shall hold the relation of a mother to them; be instructed in useful and appropriate forms of female industry; and, in short, be fitted to become virtuous and happy members of society, and to take

respectable positions in such relations of life as Providence shall hereafter mark out for them. It is to be distinctly understood that the institution is not to be considered a *place of punishment*, or its subjects as criminals. It is to be an inviting refuge, into which the exposed may be gathered, to be saved from a course which would inevitably end in penal confinement, irretrievable ruin or hopeless degradation. The inmates are to be considered hopeful and promising subjects of appropriate culture, and to be instructed and watched over with the care and kindness which their peculiar exposures demand, and with the confidence which youth should ever inspire." The officers of the institution are Bradford K. Peirce, superintendent and chaplain; A. E. Boynton, farmer; Mrs. C. M. I. Carpenter and Mrs. Mary M. Willard, matrons. The superintendent is to have the general charge of the business and interests of the institution, visit all the departments as often as convenient, and see that the officers are prompt and efficient in the discharge of their duties; have the charge of the public religious services of the schools, and shall secure the daily reading of the Bible and prayers in the different houses, also secure scriptural instruction on the Sabbath, and public devotional exercises and preaching. Over each house a matron is to have the general superintendence, and the whole care of the inmates, under the advice and direction of the trustees, and the counsel and assistance of the superintendent. Increases of persistent obstinacy, requiring more forcible punishment, such cases shall be submitted to the superintendent for advice and action in the premises, but no corporeal punishment shall be inflicted without the approval of one or more of the trustees. The trustees are Laban M. Wheaton, of Norton, chairman; William R. Lawrence, of Boston, secretary; Francis B. Fay, of Chelsea, treasurer; Wilder S. Thurston, of Lancaster, Charles Bunker, of Nantucket, James Deane, of Greenfield, Daniel Denny, of Dorchester. Messrs. Fay, Lawrence and Bunker are the executive committee. Our second picture represents a picturesque bridge over the Nashua River, a very attractive feature to the lover of landscape. We have spoken above of the fine elms which characterize the scene, and in the next picture we present a noble specimen in the magnificent tree which shades the street near the old Common. This noble elm has stood for generations, and each year puts forth its garniture of leaves, spreading abroad its graceful branches, and standing a green and unfading landmark in the landscape. Another view, drawn in the centre of the village, delineates the Unitarian Church, one of the most pleasing specimens of architecture in the country. Its elevated position makes it a landmark, and renders it visible at a great distance in almost every direction. It was erected in 1816, and is in a fine state of preservation. On the right is the Town House, and Lancaster Hall, a modern building, erected in 1848. The other building is a schoolhouse. The Lancaster House, which stands immediately back of the church, is almost entirely hidden by the foliage.



LARGE ELM NEAR OLD COMMON, LANCASTER, MASS.

LOVE TOKENS.

The ancient English custom of giving love tokens on the 20th of August was a very wise and far-seeing plan for settling young ladies in life, and would, if revived, enable a mama with a large family of girls to get rid of them as quickly as pine apples at a penny a slice. It was the custom in England, a long time ago, for "enamoured maydes and gentilwomen" to give their favorite swains, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs, about three or four inches square, wrought round about, often in embroidery, with a button or tassel at each corner, and a small one in the centre. The finest of these favors were edged with narrow gold lace or twist; and then, being folded up in four cross folds, so that the middle might be seen, they were worn by the accepted lovers in their hats or on the breast. These favors were sold in Queen Elizabeth's time at from sixpence to eighteen pence a-piece.—*Albion.*

RUSSIAN HOTELS.

In place of hotels, a system of accommodation has been established in these cities for travellers who remain for months or longer. An agreement is made for board and lodging at a stipulated price; they receive one or two furnished rooms, tea, a good dinner, at the *table d'hote*, and tea in the evening; and each pays for lodging, fire, candles, food, drink, and attendance, twenty-five, forty, or fifty silver roubles (£4, £6 8s, or £8) a month. Inns of this kind now exist in all the government towns, some of them kept by Germans, and these for the most part tolerably good. In places, however, where they have been established and are kept by Russians, they still present a mixture of the caravansary and Asiatic eating-house. On arriving and stopping before one of these houses, no one comes to receive you—the landlord you seldom get a sight of. You go into the house, and search for the bar, which is generally in the upper story, and there you find a kind of waiter, whom you ask for lodging. He shows you the rooms, in general badly furnished and without beds, instead of which a leathern sofa serves for a place on which you can spread out your own bed. The traveller has always to bargain, and offer half what is demanded; and when this is concluded, he enters into possession. At the bar, different kinds of drink (wine, brandy, etc.,) and cold meats are sold; next to this are several rooms, the so-called restaurant, in which dinner is served *a la carte*. If you ask what is to be had, cutlets and beefsteaks are always named (since 1815, these two words have penetrated even into the heart of Asia!), they are, however, commonly of very bad quality, and very ill cooked. On the other hand, if you ask for genuine Russian dishes, the *shtchi* (cabbage soup with meat in it), or the *piroi* (a kind of pie with fish or meat), you find these palatable and wholesome. The white bread is bad, the black bread good. Good tea may also be procured everywhere in tumblers, generally with a slice of lemon in it, and without milk. The genuine pious Russian drinks it ordinarily with honey, at least on fast days, because the sugar is refined with ox's blood. It is only, I have been told, when the sugar has come from one particular manufactory, where this process is not used, that an orthodox Russian will eat it on fast days. It is a curious sight to see, in the eating houses, the merchants sitting motionless in rows upon the benches ranged along the walls,—genuine bearded Russians, in blue kaftans, never moving, except to put the glass of tea to their mouth, or set it down. Thus they sit in summer days four to six hours at a time, without stirring a limb or speaking a word, swallowing glass after glass.—*Tribune.*



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, TOWN HOUSE AND SCHOOL HOUSE, LANCASTER, MASS

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DREAM LAND.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

All night have my dreams been with thee,
My own true-hearted love!
All night have I been walking
In thy spirit home above.

And even while there, I remembered
The hour when thou didst go
To the foot of the beautiful mountain,
Where eternal flowers blow.

I went with thee there—but no farther
My steps were permitted to rove,
And I left thee with tears fast streaming,
My own true-hearted love!

I know thou art sometimes thinking
Of one who now wanders here,
And if spirits could weep, O, beloved!
Thou wouldst give me one pitying tear.

I am thinking of that glad morning
When I shall be coming to thee—
When thou from thy radiant dwelling
Shalt shine in thy brightness for me.

And shall it be soon, love? I weary,
I pine for that morning to come,
When I, with thy child, shall be knocking
At the door of thy blessed home.

When thou shalt look out from the lattice,
And smile with thy own calm smile,
And give me thy own dear welcome,
As thou gavest me oft erewhile.

When thou with two radiant angels,
Who were ours awhile on earth,
Shall meet me at heaven's portal,
To hail my spirit's new birth.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THERE was not the faintest breeze from sunrise to sunset on that long and terribly hot July day. Scorchingly the sun poured down his rays upon the glisteoing stones, which gave back heat and light again. Every particle of dust, every atom of white paint, every unblinded window, caught the beams of that great unwinking eye, and made new points of reflection for the blinding light.

By the seashore, the hot sands almost burned the feet that pressed them. The sails hung down idly, and the rowers lay listlessly along their boats, unable to use the oars, so intensely scorching was the heat of the sun upon their rugged frames. In one of these boats lay a figure so perfect in its proportions that one might almost have thought it a statue, while the utter stillness in which it lay would have supported the idea. The eyes were closed, not in sleep, but from exhaustion, and the wet masses of black hair curled closely around a forehead whose white breadth contrasted well with the deeply embrowned cheek.

The boat was near the shore—so near that the loud laugh of a company of bathers, who had assembled on the hot beach, was distinctly heard, and even a few words came over the still waves to the ears of the rowers. The bathing party had retired to their little rude sheds to change dresses, and soon they came out in bathing costume, and ran over the hard, dry beach, which would seem to scorch the bare white feet that left no print on its burning surface. As they rushed into the waves, the sea received their light forms lovingly, as it were, to its cool embrace; and those who could dive, were already where the hot sun had no power over them. Holding each other's hands, five or six girls had formed a ring, and were dancing merrily in the water. Here, a frightened woman was held up by her scarcely braver husband; while a black nurse was dipping two or three little children, who seemed fearless and happy under the operation.

"Wake up, wake up, Tracy, and see the mermaids!" cried one of the companions of the young men in the boat. "Here are plenty of them right upon us. Wake up, idle fellow, and do homage to the sea-goddesses."

Tracy languidly smiled and said:

"No, Bob, I would not get up to see Venus herself rising from the sea. You may lower me down as low as you please, but for heaven's sake, don't ask me to get up such a day as this, or wake up either."

His companion turned impatiently away to watch the bathers again, bidding Tracy to lie there forever, if he liked, and resumed his observation of one lady in particular, whom he had noticed from the beginning of the sport for her graceful movements in the water, her courage in diving, and her daring feats in swimming. He was not near enough to see her face, shaded by the immense straw hat which she wore; but he saw that, unlike all the others, she allowed her long hair to float over her shoulders at will. Bob could see the wet tresses shine in the sun from where he stood, and he thought if the face was as beautiful as the hair, he should like to have one look at it before he ceased his watch of the merry groups in the water.

"What a fool you are, Tracy, to lie there, while the prettiest girl is out here swimming towards you. By heavens, what a dip that was! And now she is floating over the water like a swan."

"A goose, you mean, Bob."

"Silence, blasphemer! Don't take such a lovely creature as this to crack your impious jokes upon. Vent your spite, if you choose, not upon her, but upon those would-be fashionables, who were skimming round you at the Pavilion last evening, or upon that puppy of a brother of theirs—Lord Fitz Pompous, I heard one young lady call him; he overheard her, too, but the silly fellow thought she meant Ashley, and he bowed and simpered at her to show his appreciation of her wit."

"Don't get in a passion this hot day," murmured Tracy. "It is dangerous, believe me. Let your fervid imagination cool itself in the depths of the coral caves beneath us. Think of the cool, wet seaweed floating down there. Faith, I should like to go down there myself, if it were not for the immense fatigue of the leap over the boat."

Loud cries came over the few waves that now separated the bathers from the boat, for the latter had lazily drifted down nearer the shore, and the perfect calmness of the water had tempted the former to strike out further than usual.

"Kate, Kate!" cried out many voices at once—"she is drowning. Save her, save her! See, she sinks! Fergus, *do* go to Kate!"

The cry roused up even Tracy Hetherstone, and in a moment he leaped into the waves. Bob was already over, and with his usual impetuosity was half way to the sinking object which caught Tracy's eye. Cool and collected, Tracy swam by him; and while Bob was making desperate, almost superhuman efforts to reach her, she was already in Tracy's arms, her long tresses hanging over his shoulder, and her pale face turned upward to the light.

The fair bathers had made for the shore as soon as they saw that she was rescued, and now stood on the beach to receive her. Bob bent his course thither also, supposing that Tracy would bring his charge to her friends at once. They were disappointed, however, for he shaped his course towards the boat, which was much nearer, and already Tracy was borne down with the lifeless weight of the girl. He had calmly calculated what was best, and showed wisdom by his decision.

He knew that the boat contained several articles of a restorative nature, as well as a large woolen shawl of his own; and what was still better, two strong and *dry* fishermen, who would probably know a great deal more how to bring a drowned person to life, than the wet, frightened men and women who stood gasping in their limp and dripping clothes on the beach. So he soon had the pleasure of giving the lady into the arms of Ben—a stout fellow some six feet high—while he was somewhat roughly hauled into the boat by Ben's brother.

A ghastly pair they were; for the color had all faded from Tracy's cheeks from looking on the pale lily he had carried in his arms; and by the time the two drenched figures were lying in the bottom of the boat, he needed the care of the men as much as the other. A draught from the brandy flask restored Tracy enough to sit up and direct the men to wrap the lady in his shawl, and to force some of the liquid into her purple lips.

The rough fishermen held her as tenderly as a mother would a baby; and they soon had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes, and draw a faint breath. She lay in the man's arms, encircled by the coarse sleeve of his jacket, and scarcely betrayed a sign of wonder at her situation, even when she recovered and looked around her. She gave almost a comic glance at the figure of Tracy, as he lay drying himself in the hot sun, and seemed to take in the meaning of the whole scene at once.

"I remember now," she said, giving him a smile that well rewarded his exertions in her behalf. "I have been drowned, and you fished me up. I don't know as it was worth the trouble, after all."

Tracy murmured some indistinct words, which scarcely reached the lady's ear. He was amazed at her rapid restoration, forgetting that the dwellers by the seashore take little note of anything short of absolute drowning. Her perfect ease of manner soon wrought its work upon Tracy, and he recovered his spirits and assurance wonderfully before the boat landed. A carriage was waiting to convey the lady to her home, into which she insisted upon his also entering; but as they were so near the Pavilion, he preferred to walk across the beach to the back entrance.

"May I wait on you this evening?" he said, as he parted from her, after wrapping her closely in the shawl.

"Certainly. My father will be happy to see you at 57 Marion Street, and thank you for the service you have rendered me."

Another smile brought the eloquent blood to Tracy's cheek, as he bowed low to her when the carriage drove off. The group of ladies had gathered round to see that Kate was well cared for. In the first moment of seeing Tracy gain the boat, they had hurried back to their bathing-rooms, and prepared to welcome her when she landed.

At the Pavilion stairs he encountered Bob coming down just dressed. He accompanied him back to his chamber, rang for a warm bath for Tracy, and performed several acts of attention and kindness; yet Tracy could see that Bob was mortified and irritated. He soothed him by earnestly entreating him to call with him in the evening to see Miss—"Bless me," said Tracy, "what *is* her name? I declare I don't know who to inquire for."

"The girls called her Kate," said Bob, "and that is the name. You will have to ask for her in that way, Tracy. Imagine us stepping up to No. 57, and asking if Kate is at home!"

Tracy did not quite relish Bob's rallying, especially as he did not believe that they should find a name on the door, few houses in that vicinity bearing the owner's name.

The hot afternoon dragged wearily on to the two young men. Tracy idled with a book on the bed, and Bob consumed a great many cigars. At last the early tea hour came, and they prepared for the call. No. 57 Marion Street was a tall, brick house of handsome appearance, shaded on the front by four large chestnuts. A large yard at the side was filled with beautiful flowers, while a garden beyond showed a fine collection of rare fruit trees and splendid grape vines. Tracy was relieved when he saw a silver plate on the door, on which was engraved "Arthur Blanchard." He rang, and a gentleman came to the door, who proved to be Mr. Blanchard himself. He waited on the young men into a handsome parlor, where sat two ladies. One was an elegant woman, who was no other than Mrs. Blanchard. The other, in a plain white dress, was Kate. Half an hour's chatting made the parties quite intimate, and the incident of the morning was food for conversation. Mr. Blanchard was warm in his thanks.

"I must transfer at least half of them to my friend, Mr. Hetherstone," said Tracy. "He was even more prompt than myself, but from some cause, for which I cannot account, he made less headway than myself."

"Thank you, Mr. Cleveland," said Bob Hetherstone. "But really, you must allow me to renounce all share in the exploit. Miss Blanchard must take the will for the deed this time; although I should have been most happy to have been the favored one who saved her."

Tracy then amused them with the morning sail and Bob's anxiety that he should see the ladies. A pleasant evening was quickly passed away, and they parted, mutually pleased with the new acquaintances which each had formed.

Had Kate Blanchard known how her image mingled with the sight of the waves in the dreams of Tracy Cleveland that night, she might have felt somewhat flattered; and perhaps to her most intimate friend she would not have owned all she thought of the brave, sailor-like young man who saved her life. Bob had no chance at all with Kate. She only thought of him as the friend of Mr. Cleveland, and treated him very civilly on that account.

Week after week passed away at the Pavilion. Cool, bracing mornings and evenings, that almost required a fire in the rooms, succeeded to the sultry days of August, and the last loiterer at the watering-place had packed up and departed; all but the two young men. They still lingered, each day finding some excuse for staying on. Each one concealed, or attempted to conceal, the true reason from the other; but each knew the other's meaning, and tried to feel or appear indifferent. A morning's shooting on the beach, a drive through the woods—anything that would employ the early part of the day, was reason sufficient to induce them to remain; but the latter part was invariably spent at Mr. Blanchard's.

Mr. Blanchard did his part, too, in amusing and interesting them. His carriage, his guns, his dog, were all at their disposal; and from Kate and her mother their reception was always kind. If Kate's cheek flushed brighter when Tracy pressed her hand, when parting for the night—and if she only smiled and did *not* color when parting from Mr. Hetherstone, it was not the fault of either. Her heart was reflected in her pure, pale face—that face which had ever mirrored her thoughts, as the lake mirrors the sky.

"We will go to the woods to-morrow and spend the whole day," said Mr. Blanchard, one fine evening. "Kate must pack our baskets, and we will drive out early, so as to avoid the heat of the day, and return by moonlight."

The plan was pronounced charming, and they separated for the night.

Morning came, and the party breakfasted together at five o'clock, and at six they were riding through the woods. There were cool mornings and evenings then, but the middle of the day was warm and bright, almost hot. They sat down to dinner at twelve, Kate having produced from the baskets an abundance of nice cookery, most of which had been done by her own hands. Meats and pastry, fruits and ale, never tasted so deliciously as under the shade of those magnificent oaks, where the birds were pouring wild music over their heads, and tiny squirrels were flying up and down the trunks of the old trees.

Mrs. Blanchard sat on a turf seat, which Tracy had made for her, and she looked like a queen. Her husband reclined near her on a low rock, while Kate and the others were on the grass at their feet. A portable seat from the carriage served as a table, when covered with a snowy cloth and tastefully arranged. As twilight approached, they prepared to leave this scene of enchanting beauty, each wishing that they could always enjoy this wild kind of gipsey life. The mellow autumn moon was shining brightly over the sea as they returned. They lingered awhile at the point where the waves were showing whitest and highest, under her light, and talked over another excursion for the morrow.

Tracy Cleveland!—this day had done its work for him. By the light of that sweet moon shining down through the dancing leaves of the chestnut trees, and making beautiful tracery on Kate's white dress, he told her his heart history.

It was a long story, but she heard him patiently to the end. He told her of a boyish love which he once had for Margaret Allston—a beautiful girl as far as regarded mere personal attractions, but proud, haughty and capricious. Older than himself, and far more skilled in artifice, she had almost compelled him to love her; for her strong will subdued all things around her. He described to her how that, having borne her yoke for years, he had suffered martyrdom in attempting to free himself from her; that when she found herself scorned, as she said, although he was so patient and gentle when he broke from her, she had vowed, if he should ever choose a wife, she would persecute her to the death—and that for him she would reserve her sharpest, most exquisite cruelties, striking them deepest where and when he least might expect them.

Tracy drew a long breath of relief when he got over this point of his history. Then he told her how dearly he had loved her while she lay in his arms on that day when he had saved her; and how every day since had but found his love deeper and holier. He touched upon his poverty—upon the almost utter ruin which

had befallen him in his business life only a year before, and from which it might take him years to recover; and wound up by asking her if, under all these circumstances, she could give him a hope that, when brighter days should come to him, and he could feel himself justified in asking her hand, her heart could truly respond to that asking?

If Tracy felt a pang when the blessed answer came, soft and murmuring, from her lips, it was for his friend Hetherstone. He knew how that strong, brave heart had been trying to be magnanimous—trying to give up the hope of Kate Blanchard's love for the sake of Tracy's happiness; and judging from his own feelings what Hetherstone's might be, he almost wept over poor Robert's inevitable disappointment.

But Tracy had plunged into the subject, and he resolved to see it out. So he walked into the house, laid the case before Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, and received their consent, and then went home to tell Bob Hetherstone that he had laid the axe at the root of his life's happiness. It was a hard thing to say to him, and Tracy shrunk painfully from it; for he had heard Kate's name spoken in Hetherstone's dreams night after night, and he knew that his heart, though strong and sturdy, might break in the bending.

Bob heard him through as he told him, sitting by the window, at the Pavilion, that night, with no light but the stars, for the moon had gone down before he left Mr. Blanchard's house. He could not have told him all had the light been less dim, for he could not have borne to see the tears which he felt were dropping from eyes that had looked and worshipped even as his had done. Hetherstone wrung his hand, and said not a word. An hour after he was walking on the sands, trying to cool his fevered cheek and brow with the night breeze. Tracy watched his figure as it passed and repassed, until he saw him approach the house, and then he threw himself on the bed and feigned to sleep.

Tracy knew that the best remedy for his friend would be absence. He therefore proposed that they should go away together on the second day after that which had decided the fate of all three. Hetherstone was glad, too, to go—for he could not now bear to visit Mr. Blanchard, and he knew that it would look strange to desert the house. He got through the leave-taking with a poor grace, but Kate's heart was occupied with one lover, and she did not heed the other; and then pride came to his aid, and he parted from her at last with a cheerful good night.

"Go home with me, Bob," said Tracy, as they started the next morning. "My family will make you most especially welcome as my friend, and you will find some prime shooting round our part of the country. You will come?"

Independent of any business or profession, Robert Hetherstone sometimes found it difficult to dispose of his time. He had formed no plan for the remainder of the autumn, and he assented with a half sad and half bitter feeling at his heart, but a most heroic determination not to give way to it.

"I shall be delighted to make acquaintance with your people," he said, and added inwardly, "I might as well be there as anywhere. All places will be henceforth alike to me."

In the twilight of a cool September day, the stage which had brought them the last fifteen miles, stopped at a low gateway. A boy came out to open the passage for the stage, and it bowled lightly over the smooth, broad gravel which formed the avenue to the house. The front door was open, but the brilliant light of a wood fire greeted their eyes through the long windows, as they approached a low, rambling sort of house, surrounded by a broad terrace, and shaded by mighty elms, whose branches reached the stone fence on the opposite side of the road, as they bent over to mingle with the lowlier foliage of the fragrant elder. As they came nearer, they heard a sweet voice singing the evening song to the virgin. The music came with a soft and soothing power on Hetherstone's ear, and Tracy, replying to his look, told him that the voice was his sister's.

How Bob envied the endearments that were lavished on the son and brother that night! How fresh and pleasant seemed the large, airy chamber! How fragrant the pure, white linen, scented with rose-leaves!—and how refreshing the warm bath prepared in the room where they were to sleep. Hetherstone thought it a perfect palace—this clean, cheery looking old house. He told Tracy so when they had retired for the night, after a cup of strong tea from the hands of Tracy's mother, who looked the very embodiment of goodness and benevolence. Sister Anne had not made her appearance, but greeted her brother elsewhere.

What a sight presented itself to the eyes of the friends the next morning! The trees had been lightly touched by the frost, and had assumed the most brilliant and beautiful tints. For more than a mile from Mr. Cleveland's house, there was a perfect avenue of splendid rock maples, and these had changed in one night. And as the sun rose and gilded their highest branches, they seemed transmuted to the golden trees of fairy land. Hetherstone met the family at breakfast. He did not wonder now at Tracy's pride in his home and relatives. Everything was in such perfect keeping, that he could not detect a single discrepancy. No upstart modern invention stood side by side with the noble old fashions of bygone years; and the people themselves were not old people vamped up to look like new, but had about them a healthy identity as to age and condition, that any innovation would have made ridiculous.

Thus Tracy's father did not conceal the noble bald head, but showed at once the graceful decay of his youth; and his mother wore her soft gray curls without an attempt at concealing them by cap or band. All the furniture was waxed as in olden time. The pleasant wood fire blazed from between the polished andirons, and the light was reflected back from the tall, old-fashioned silver tea-set and candlesticks on the table.

On the faces of both Tracy's parents there was a sweet and dignified serenity, so different from the anxious and toil-worn expression on the faces which Hetherstone had met with in his city life, that he could but wonder and admire. At the same time he found that in everything intellectual, or of a literary nature, they were perfectly at home. Not a phase or change had escaped their observation.

While engaged in earnest conversation, Tracy's sister entered the room. She was less handsome than her brother, and apparently a little older. She looked the very image of health and happiness. Hetherstone thought her plain at first; but when he saw her blue eyes lighting up with the pleasure of seeing her brother at home once more, and heard her sensible remarks, betraying her acquaintance with books at least, if not with society, he almost envied Tracy his sister.

Hetherstone was an only child. An orphan from his birth, he had drifted through life without a home, which even his ample fortune could not purchase when relations and connexions were wanting. No mother's knee had been the altar of his childish prayers. No sister's influence had been brought to bear upon his heart and mind. He had loved no one except Tracy Cleveland, until he saw Kate; and he did not even know, until his emotions were mirrored in Tracy's, that he loved her. He only now knew that she was to him a dream. She had troubled the current of his life and passed away.

But he felt that had he a sister like the pure, sweet-looking Anne Cleveland, he could go to her with that dream, and she would tell him how to bear the disappointment which was weighing down his spirits. Not that he was angry with Tracy either. How could Tracy help loving her, too? And if she had eyes or heart, how could she but love the perfection of manly beauty, and the height of manly goodness, which he could not but acknowledge were the attributes of his friend?

So Hetherstone reasoned. And each day that he staid, his love for Kate seem to grow more and more dreamy and shadowy, till he could bear to see her name traced by Cleveland's hand on the letters which he constantly sent her every day;—could bear to hear Tracy speak of her to his mother in terms of most loverlike admiration, and even to join in her praises himself.

But a shrewd observer, who knew the history of the past six weeks, might have smiled significantly at the fact that after one of Tracy's bursts of enthusiasm about Kate, Hetherstone would invariably ask Anne Cleveland to walk out with him; and somehow these walks increased in length and frequency, until Tracy suddenly waked up to the suspicion that his sister had a heart as well as himself, and that Bob was fairly laying siege to it. He spoke to Anne, and she, too truthful to deny the impression which Hetherstone had made, acknowledged the whole. She loved him with the pure, fond, womanly love of her good and true heart, and she was not ashamed to own it.

Long before Tracy could retrieve his affairs sufficiently to allow him to think of marriage, he saw his friend and his sister settled in a happy and beautiful home. Nor was Hetherstone unmindful that he now had a brother's right to help him out of his many difficulties, and enable him to bring his affairs to such a state as would justify him in preparing a similar home for Kate.

The anniversary of that memorable fifth of July had twice passed by, and was approaching the third. The friends had all gone down to the seashore to pass the hot weeks of summer at the Pavilion. As they sat together on the rocks one delightful evening, Tracy looked roguishly at Hetherstone, and then up at the windows of the Pavilion, now glittering in the sweet moonlight. Hetherstone saw the look, and understood its full meaning. He had not forgotten the agony of his first experience in love; but he turned to the beloved wife, who had so fully repaid him for that experience, and felt that she alone was the star which could ever have guided his path through life—the only spirit which could mingle with his in heaven.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Pronouncing and Defining Dictionary. Abridged from Webster by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D. J. P. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 610.

This work, which contains an immense amount of matter, is well digested. Besides being an abbreviation of Webster's standard work, it contains Walker's key to the pronunciation of classical and scripture names, popular phrases and quotations from modern languages, abbreviations, etc. The definitions are ample, and render the work valuable even to those who, like ourselves, do not adopt Webster's standard of orthography. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Winter Street.

Marry Too Late. By George Wood. New York; D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 185.

This work, by the author of "Modern Pilgrims," illustrates a new phase of married life, and the plan is certainly executed with great ingenuity. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Scottish Chiefs. A romance by Miss Jane Porter. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1856. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 661.

A beautiful edition of a book that charmed the preceding generation, before Scott had burst like a northern light in the literary firmament. Few novels have enjoyed a wider popularity. The present edition is a very handsome one, revised, corrected and annoted by the author. We regret, however, that the portrait of Sir Wm. Wallace facing the title-page looks so dandified, and that he carries pistols and a rifle, which didn't happen to be invented when he flourished. For sale by Tickner & Fields.

Twenty-four Sermons by the Rt. Rev. J. M. Wainwright D. D., D.C.L. Edited by his widow. New York: Appleton & Co., 1856. 8vo. pp. 565

These sermons are all beautifully written, and attest the piety, learning and genius of the lamented author. There is very little in them of a sectarian character, and enough to commend them to every true Christian. Bishop Wainwright was a man universally loved and respected—his reputation being by no means confined to the pale of his church. For sale by Tickner & Fields.

The Elements of Punctuation. By John Wilson. 5th edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 152.

This little treatise is an abridgement from his larger work, prepared for the use of schools by the author. It is admirably calculated for the purpose, but will be of assistance to any one. Few practised writers, even, understand the true principles of punctuation.

The Banished Son. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

This volume of stories by the lamented Mrs. Hentz, of which we have already spoken favorably, is for sale by Redding & Co. Its typographical appearance is highly creditable to the press of the publisher, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

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WYZEMAN MARSHALL, ESQ.

AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN.

The accompanying portrait of Wyzeman Marshall, one of our most eminent and popular American actors, was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, after a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city. Mr. Marshall has recently closed a successful engagement at Willard's National, in this city; and the fresh memories he has left render the publication of this authentic likeness timely and acceptable. The subject of our sketch was born in Hudson, New Hampshire, September 26, 1816, but was brought to this city by his parents when an infant, and grew up in our midst. It was at our schools he received some preliminary training, but his education was completed and accomplished by his own unaided efforts. Good books, and a determination to inform himself thoroughly in all the branches of an English education, "supplied the want of school and college." It was in February, 1836, that, after pursuing a variety of occupations, his theatrical proclivities induced him to appear on the boards of the Lion Theatre, then under the management of the late Wm. Barrymore, Esq., in the inconsiderable character of Vibulanus, in Sheridan Knowles's tragedy, "Virginius." During the remainder of the season, Mr. Marshall was attached to the company, playing small business, but studying his profession diligently, and looking forward to an opportunity of rising. During the ensuing summer, as a member of a company which performed at Providence and Newport, he appeared in such characters as Pizarro, Angerstroff, Buckingham, etc. In the theatrical season of 1836–7, he played at the National, appearing in a variety of parts. On the 27th of February, 1838, he received his first benefit, and acted Pizarro (Mrs. Pelby, Elvira; Mrs. Anderson, Cora) and Lubin, in the ballet of "L'Amour." In the summer of 1838, a part of the corps went to Waltham, Mass. Mr. Marshall re-engaged at the National for the season of 1838–9, receiving two benefits, on the second of which (June 29, 1839) he played "Damon." He wished to introduce Miss Eaton to a Boston audience as Calanthe. Pelby objected, thought she had no talent, etc., and it was only with great difficulty an appearance could be secured for her. The manager opened his eyes afterwards, when, as Mrs. Woodward, this lady became one of Boston's favorites, a popularity which California at present unequivocally endorses. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Otis Marshall, brother of our subject, made his first appearance on any stage as Dionysius; J. Hudson Kirby was the Pythias, and Leman the Philistius. Mr. Marshall organized during the summer a small olio company, with which he did a good business in the country, and returned to the National. February 21, 1840, he played "Virginius" for his benefit, with Henry Wallack as Dentatus; and in the summer of that year opened Boylston Hall, under the title of the "Vaudeville Saloon," where he had a successful campaign of two months. He went back in the fall to the old homestead, the National, where the parts assigned him gradually increased in importance. He introduced James H. Stark, the well-known actor, to the stage, June 17, 1841, as Walter Barnard, in the "Wreck Ashore." That summer, Mr. Marshall again provincialized with a small troupe, and returned, to be promoted to a very singular combination of lines of business—first heavy business and ballet master! During the run of "London Assurance," Mr. Marshall went to Providence for a short time, and in 1842, he ceased his connection with the National. He took the Amphitheatre, corner of Haverhill and Traverse Streets, and opened it June 27, 1842, as the Eagle Theatre. Here Mr. Marshall had a fine company, and the casts of some pieces were admirable. We will instance one of "Hamlet," during a star engagement of the lamented Booth. Hamlet, Booth; Ghost, Marshall; Gravedigger, W. H. Smith; Laertes, McCutcheon; King, Booth, Jr.; Queen, Mrs. H. Lewis; Ophelia, Mrs. Booth, Jr. This theatre Mr. Marshall carried on till the spring of 1843, in connection with the Providence Theatre. He brought Pelby down in his prices at the National, and Mr. Pelby cut away the roof of the Eagle one fine evening. Mr. Marshall's business had been bad just before, and this untoward circumstance not only put a stop to his managerial operations, but left him without a dollar. Mr. Marshall went to New York, and played a short engagement at the Chatham, then managed by C. R. Thorne, and returned to Boston, but did not act till the fall of 1844, when he supported Macready at the time when the Melodeon was fitted up for his performances. Mr. Marshall then went down East, and starred it. In May, 1845, Mr. Marshall accepted an engagement at the Chatham Theatre, New York, under the management of DeBar, and became a great favorite. In the spring of 1846, he again visited the East, but returned to the Chatham Theatre in the succeeding autumn. After a brief engagement at Welch's National Theatre, Philadelphia, he returned to New York, and closed his engagement at the Chatham, June 17, 1847. This was in consequence of having received a liberal offer from Mr. Hamblin, manager of the Bowery Theatre. He opened as Virginius to Miss Charlotte Cramptoo's Virginia to a tremendous house, and was received with great enthusiasm. During the vacation he played at Utica, Syracuse and Albany, returning to the Bowery at the opening of the next season. Here he played, in the course of the season, many leading parts to the entire acceptance of the audience. In 1848, he appeared at the Boston Theatre, Federal Street, with complete success. The Evening Gazette says:—"There the improvement and refinement of style brought about during his absence from Boston by intense study and close application to his profession, were most favorably noted. Eschewing the traditions of melodrama, his Shakspearian delineations won praise from the critical. They proved what could be done by a self-educated man, all whose energies, whose sole ambition, were centred in his profession." At the close of his stay here, Mr. Marshall starred in the provinces, played a few nights at the Beach Street Museum, and then went to the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening as Macbeth. His engagement was so successful that Burton engaged him as acting and stage manager. Here his Matthew Elmore (Margaret, Julia Dean; Herminie, Mrs. C. Howard) and his Master Walter (Julia, Mrs. Farren; Helen, Mrs. Booth, Jr.) were highly praised. Thence Mr. Marshall went to Baltimore, where he played a star engagement, followed by one with Forbes at Providence, and then returned to his managerial position, where he remained till the opening of 1850, when an engagement at the Baltimore Museum, where he played Tell, in compliment to the Hungarian refugees, who visited this theatre, was followed by one at Washington, which was extraordinarily successful. After fulfilling engagements at Baltimore, Albany and New York, he became manager of the Portland Theatre for a short season, thence he went South, and, in 1851–2, managed the Howard Athenæum, in this city, where he first introduced to a Boston public, Madame Anna Thillon, Laura Addison, Mrs. Warner and Lola Montes. His subsequent career is well known; he has played various star engagements, and everywhere with success. He has also been successful as a Shakspearian reader. Mr. Marshall is much esteemed in private life. He is a good husband and father, a warm friend and an exemplary citizen. We are happy to know that his professional exertions have yielded him a fortune. When not professionally engaged, Mr. Marshall resides in this city.



WYZEMAN MARSHALL, TRAGEDIAN.

RUSSIAN BOATMEN ON THE NEVA.

The spirited engraving on this page presents, in admirable grouping, a party of the Russian boatmen who ply on the Neva. Their cumbrous boat is propelled by a man in the bow, while a comrade in the stern manages the heavy tiller. Three others are supping their porridge from a tub placed on a thwart midship. Their faces exhibit the true Russian type. These fellows are good-natured and industrious, but no more cleanly or scrupulously honest than their countrymen on shore. It is fortunate for the subjects of a despotic emperor, that the burthens of life, however heavy, rest lightly on their shoulders. In the distance, the profile of a portion of St. Petersburg is seen against the horizon. The recent war in the East, and the coronation of Emperor Alexander II., have contributed to awaken new interest in Russia.



RUSSIAN BOATMEN ON THE RIVER NEVA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We have been accustomed to devote certain hours each week to the answering of various questions from our subscribers, who in the absence of books of reference appeal to us by letter, but as those queries multiply upon us, we shall devote a brief space to their answer, for the future, under this head.

B. H. Toronto.—It is necessary in subscribing for our paper to send us twenty-six cents extra to prepay the U. S. postage to the lines for the year. This applies to all Canada subscriptions.

W. C.—You are mistaken in thinking the discrepancy in the loss between the two armies referred to is the most remarkable on record. At New Orleans the British lost 2000 killed and wounded, while the Americans under Jackson lost 7 killed and 6 wounded.

F. M.—The reason we did not publish the article, was because of its political bias. Whatever may be our personal feelings in the matter of politics, we never obtrude them on our readers. We know neither North nor South in these columns, but cater for all sections.

CLARA B.—The *true* Cashmere shawl can only be manufactured of Thibet wool. The price you name is far below the average. A thousand dollars is not an uncommon price in New York or Boston.

A. W.—You can commence at any number you please of either of our papers, and have The Flag of our Union and Ballou's Pictorial together for $4 a year. We have the ten volumes complete of the Pictorial for sale—the set $20, any single volume, $3 each.

E. S. T.—Maj. Poore's address is Newburyport, Mass. He is quite a farmer as well as author, and oversees the broad acres of land which he inherits from his fathers with true Yankee zeal and industry. He had the nomination of the Americans of the sixth district for Congress this fall.

I. P. W.—The observance dates further back than you suppose, for the ancient Romans used to go in procession to the grotto of Egeria on May-day. It has always been observed in England with almost religious veneration as a rural festival.

J. R. D.—We shall bring out a picture of the venerable old man you speak of, in a few days. The drawing is already made. He is the oldest living person in the United States, if not in the world.

D. L.—We have no means of deciding the question exactly, but can state the fact perhaps near enough for your purpose. That is—that the present population of Greece will vary but a small number from one million of souls.

ELLA W.—Try again—one failure should not discourage you.

A. S.—Coffee was first used as a beverage in the East; it was common in the year 1550, when it was sold in the city of Constantinople. The Venetians were the first Europeans who adopted its use. It was not known in London until subsequent to 1650, and the first coffee-house was opened in Paris in 1671. It was introduced into Brasil and Cuba from Mocha about a century since.

C. W. H.—Artesian wells derive their name from the province of Artois in France, where this kind of well was first adopted. The Artesian well at Grenelle, a suburb of Paris, is eighteen hundred feet deep.

TO RAILROAD TRAVELLERS.—Let your wits go a wool-gathering, and forget the station you stop at; then when the train is under full headway, suddenly spring up, plunge on the platform, jump off; and if you survive, you will probably have cause to remember your stopping place the next time.

TO GOOD NATURED MEN.—Be very wary of holding a strange woman's baby to oblige her. Terrible results have followed such verdancy. One bachelor was lately "stuck" with a baby in the cars, and another in the street, their unnatural "parients" abandoning their offspring.

WANTED!—One or two first class wood engravers can have constant employment by applying to this office. None but *experienced* hands need apply, finished workmen only being wanted.

SPLINTERS.

.... Sebastopol, like Moscow, will rise from its ashes more powerful than ever, for so wills the czar.

.... It is said that the smoky skies on the Atlantic sea proceed from the burning prairies of the West.

.. The Empress of France lately put on a shooting jacket, and, in the park of St. Cloud, killed nine pheasants. Feminine!

.... An American vessel—the Savannah—was the first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic; this is undisputed.

.... The London Times circulates about 60,000 copies daily, and its publication was commenced in the year 1788.

.... Among the advertisements in a London paper, we are informed that "two sisters want washing."

.... The 50th anniversary of a wedding day, celebrated by a happy couple, is called a "golden wedding" in Germany.

Always keep a kitten to amuse the children, says Punch, they can pull its tail, and hide it in their father's boots.

.... The "Star of the North," as performed by Maretzek's troupe, is the most splendid of operatic spectacles.

... A man who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue, and ought to be avoided.

.... U. S. storeship Release goes to the South Atlantic to procure sugar cane and seeds for this country.

A lady in a long dress reminds us of the poetical description, "She *swept* gracefully along."

The French Legion of Honor was instituted by Napoleon, then First Consul for life, in 1802.

... There is a cypress tree at Sonoma, in Lombardy, said to have been planted in the time of Julius Cæsar.

... Two Digger Indians in California, wishing to be fashionable, lately fought a duel with bows and arrows.

.... John Brougham is one of the cleverest of the dramatists now writing for the American stage.

... When the powder mills at Acton, Mass., blew up lately, the explosion was heard for a distance of thirty miles.

.... Godard, the aeronaut, whose portrait we presented in the Pictorial, has lately made some fine ascensions.

.. Mademoiselle de Lamotte, of this city, is meeting with immense success as a pianoforte teacher.

.... Mr. Sala, who writes for Dickens's "Household Words," can imitate, to perfection, any living author's style.

.... Hiring jewelry to be exhibited as wedding presents, is a modern and a very censurable practice.

.... A single silver balustrade in the Cathedral of Mexico is supposed to be worth a million of dollars.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The New York Albion informs its readers that an intelligent American friend, just returned from a visit to Great Britain, was "particularly impressed by the almost universal interest which Englishmen of various classes and parties manifested in the affairs of America, by their desire for accurate information in regard to the economical progress and the social condition of the United States, and by their hearty sympathy with all that is good in the greatness of America." This is certainly an encouraging statement. "He found that the ignorance even of the most intelligent Englishmen in regard to America was very great, but that the one-sided and ridiculous descriptions of American life and manners, which were formerly received by Englishmen as authentic, were falling into universal disrepute. The Trollope-literature has had its day, and done all the mischief it could do." There are important collateral proofs of the accuracy of this witness. It is well known, for instance, that Mr. Delane, the conductor of the London Times, feeling the necessity of furnishing his readers with more reliable matter on the United States than they had been in the habit of receiving, has recently made a visit to this country, in order to see and judge for himself, and has engaged two regular American correspondents, one to reside in the city of New York and the other in the heart of this commonwealth. Now if these are fair and impartial men, and not political partizans, we may expect to see our friends over the water pretty well posted up on American affairs. They sadly need such information, for the most candid American journals do not find their way across the Atlantic.

But our English friends have still many prejudices to eradicate before they can form an honest opinion of us, and they have certain national idiosyncrasies which stand in the light of reason. That same London Times was, only the other day, grossly humbugged by a blood-and-thunder story of a duel on a Southern railroad, a fabrication on the face of it, which it nevertheless published as true, and made the subject of a severe "leader" on American social vices.

Certainly the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, the giant champions of human freedom, need only to know each other, to entertain a mutual respect and attachment. In commerce, each is necessary to the other, and no spirit, save that of generous rivalry, need animate us both. Our old quarrels should be forgotten, and every attempt to revive the irritation of wounds that have long since cicatrized, should be frowned down indignantly.

But if friendly relations and good feeling are to be maintained, if our English friends are sincere in their desire to cultivate our amity, they must remember that we Americans are a proud and high-spirited people, and will resent all impertinent intermeddling with our domestic concerns. We have grown out of our teens, have prospered beyond all precedent, simply by minding our own business, and feel that we are abundantly able to dispense with all foreign advice and interference. Though in Europe one great nation may aspire to regulate the affairs of the Eastern hemisphere, we recognize no European nation as an arbitrator and a monitor. As we enter no protest against the aggrandizement of any European nation, so we shall listen to no protest against our aggrandizement, from any foreign power. The authority of our own constitution and the will of our own people are our only recognized standards. We are willing to remain at peace with Europe, but we shall submit to no European dictation.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

We think the prospects of the American stage are truly encouraging. The old prejudices against this species of amusement are fast wearing away, as is proved by the fact that papers professedly in the interest of sound morality no longer hesitate to admit advertisements and editorial notices of dramatic performances. What the friends of the drama, who clung to it in its dark days, predicted, has come to pass, viz., that when the respectable part of the community afforded the drama a steady patronage, it would prove itself worthy of that support. Something more is wanting yet—that the stage should be in a measure nationalized. The passage of the dramatic copyright will tend to effect this latter change, and to develop dramatic talent among our writers. Recently an original American comedy—"Self"—has been completely successful in New York, and we learn that many original plays of merit are in the hands of managers.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you would enjoy a good night's rest, then, in the words of Dr. Holmes: "Spare, O spare the evening meal!" A bowl of clam soup, with two pounds of beefsteak, four or five rolls, a plate of ham sandwiches, and three cups of coffee, are not conducive to "rosy dreams and slumbers light."

THE WINTER SEASON.—No matter if the flowers have vanished from our garden paths, and if the water be congealed in our fountains, sunshine still adorns the scene so long as we keep summer in the heart.

A RESOURCE.—A very youthful specimen of "Young America," who had ruined himself in cigars and juleps, told his father that he should go to the dogs unless he could get "elected to Congress," and asked the "old man's" influence.

LONG EVENINGS.—The long evenings of this season of the year are a boon. No warm moonlight nights tempting to rambles abroad, but snug fires and plenty of time for reading good papers and books.

TO EVERYBODY!—Read our prize offer on another page of this paper, and act accordingly.

COMMERCIAL DISHONESTY.

Crimes are epidemic. At one time, murder will rage like a pestilence; at another, incendiarism will redden the land; then suicide will be prevalent, and again fraud be the fashionable guilt. The present time seems to be characterized by gigantic financial swindles; the offspring of intense commercial activity and a universal avidity for gold. These crimes are not confined to one locality and to one country; they break out in different places. If New York has her Schuyler, London has her Strahan. A railway swindle here is answered by a railway swindle in France. If Huntington forges in New York, Robson plunders in England. This last financier was a transfer clerk in the Crystal Palace, at a salary of 150 pounds a year. In this position, he stole the shares of stocks left in possession of the company by certain parties, just as Carpentier stole those of Rothschild from the safe of the Northern Railway of France, sold them, and speculated on the money. But his ill-gotten gains did him no good. He had his splendid establishments at Kilburn Priory and St. John's Wood, his carriages, servants and liveries, his fast horses, his sumptuous plate and costly wines. It is passing strange that, in a commercial country like England, the suddenness of this man's fortune should have awakened no inquiry, and that he should have been allowed to blow his gilded bubbles so long. But at last suspicion was awakened, and the culprit fled. But he was overtaken; for justice, though blind and halt, is more than a match for the swiftest sinner in the long run. From Kilburn Priory to a prison was but a step; and his poor wife, probably innocent of all complicity, sunk in an instant from a palatial residence to beggarly lodgings in Brighton—from wealth to destitution. Such records are fraught with terrible warning to the worshippers of Mammon, and they cannot be too widely circulated by the press.

A SIGNIFICANT DREAM.—It would do no harm if every crowned head had a dream like that of the German prince, who saw in a vision three rats, one fat, the other lean, and the third blind—sent for a celebrated Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself."

MUSQUITOES.—A New Orleans physician undertakes to prove that these insects are a blessing, not a curse—that their bite is healthy and necessary. He is turning his attention to raising them, and hopes to turn some out with stings as large as toothpicks.

ART CRITICISM.—A tavern-keeper, who had been dipping into the "Lives of Eminent Painters," thought it a pity that so many of them should "die and leave no *sign*."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Hon. Charles E. Walker, of Madison, Ind., to Miss Harriet E. Lane; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. F. B. Perkins to Miss Sophia Hosmer; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Henry J. Wells, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., to Miss Maria A. Goodrow; by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Mr. Gardner Greene Hammond to Miss Elizabeth Crowninshield Mifflin; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. D. T. Hale, of Chicago, to Miss Carrie L. Stone; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. George M. Forristall to Miss Mary Eliza Crocker.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. James M. Hale to Miss Fanny A. Fletcher.—At Dorebester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, John Phillips, Esq., of Mobile, Ala., to Mrs. Ann Jane Gardner.—At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Lawrie, Mr. Charles W. Davenport to Miss Sarah A. Hittenger.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. J. W. Pierce to Miss Nancy S. Gassett.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Oswald Lawson to Miss Amelia Berry.—At Concord, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Mr. C. E. Fuller, of Boston, to Miss Josephine Barton Whidden.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Daniel C. Hutchinson to Miss Susan Watson, of Boston.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. James P. Greely to Miss Ellen Tilton, of Newbury.—At Salisbury, by Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. James Palmer to Miss Miriam L. Eaton.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Isaac Dickerman to Miss Louisa Westgate.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Joseph Mitchell, 45; Widow Elizabeth Banister, 63; Mr. Varnum B. Heald, 24; Mrs. Lois Weeks Todd, 40; Mr. William Campbell, 43; Mrs. Mary McEwen, 89; Mr. John L. Haynes, 40; Miss Pamelia Scudder, 20.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Margarette B. Chorley, 56.—At Newton, Samuel Hyde, Esq, 82.—At Somerville, Mrs. Harriette A. White, wife of E. N. Moore, Esq.—At South Malden, Mr. William Baldwin, 48.—At Dedham, Mrs. Rebecca, widow of the late Rev. John Chester, of Albany.—At Salem, Mr. Seth Currier, 40.—At Swampscot, Mr. William Fenno, late of Boston, 72.—At Newburyport, Capt. Moses Emery, 83; Miss Betsey Chute, 46.—At Marblehead, Mr. Albert C. Magoun, 28.—At Groveland, Mr. William H. Fowler, 33.—At Leominster, Miss Mary Newman, 70.—At Middleboro', Mr. Elisha B. Hammond, 29.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Abby A. Aikin, 58; Miss Hannah K. White, 18; Mrs. Averick P. Lewis, 36.—At Fall River, Mrs. Sarah C. Davis, 29.—At Edgartown, Mr. Charles Francis, 46; Mr. Ralph Cleaveland, 65.—At Lincoln, Miss Harriette W. Wellington.—At Nantucket, Mr. George Ruberg, 63.—At Leicester, Widow Persis Earle, 88.—At Gorham, Me., Widow Mary Coburn, formerly of Newburyport, 76.—At Turner, Me., Mrs. Francis Phillips, 40.—At North Stonington, Ct., Mr. Josiah B. Maine, 81.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEAF BEAUTY.

BY RALPH TRYON.

"She is positively beautiful, Mrs. Strong."

"Pretty, I'll allow, Mr. Vapid. What a pity 'tis she is so deaf!"

"Deaf?—you astonish me."

"Why, she will have to carry a trumpet soon, for the malady grows upon her most fearfully."

"Quite a deaf belle, I declare! but I dare say she is not dumb. They say a woman never loses the use of her tongue, but with the loss of her breath," and Mr. Vapid laughed very complacently at what he considered a very original conceit.

"You are too severe upon the sex, to be thus witty at our expense," replied the lady, tapping him reprovingly with her fan.

"'Pon honor, I did not mean it. The fact is, I must bridle my own tongue, for it lets slide many a sharp thing that had better remain unsaid. But this Miss—eh? what is her name, by-the-by?"

"Ashley—Ida Ashley."

"Pretty name, by Jupiter! Pray, how did she become so unfortunate?"

"She may thank her own vanity. A ball, thin dress, low neck, short sleeves and a long ride home, gave her a severe cold, which resulted in a fever. Her recovery was doubtful and protracted, and left her almost bereft of hearing. She had the ambition to be considered a belle, and has suffered the punishment. How thankful I am that my daughter Emma was never guilty of so silly an aspiration! still, notwithstanding I am her mother, I may say that in person she would compare not unfavorably with the haughty Ida, although her style is entirely different."

"Your daughter is positively charming to-night. I think I never saw her looking better."

"Ah, you flatter!"

"Not at all, my dear madam. But where has she hidden herself? I declare I have been allowed hardly a glance this evening. Upon my word, this is very cruel of her."

"Indeed where can she be? Ah, I see her now—bless her kind heart—there in that corner, conversing with old Miss Hadly, whom every one neglects on account of her age and garrulity."

"Amiable, 'pon honor; but excuse me, madam, and I will rescue her from that chattering antique. It is really too bad of her to inflict herself with attentions to that venerable old sponge."

This conversation occurred at a fashionable party. Mrs. Strong was evidently a strong-minded woman, manœuvering for a husband for her daughter; and Vapid, shallow-pated but rich, the gudgeon for whom her hooks were baited. Miss Emma was doubtless a very interesting young lady, who was supposed to think only through "mama," and consequently quite ready to take any fish the maternal angler might catch for her.

But Ida Ashley, the object of their first remarks, the deaf beauty, as she was frequently called, although she was in such society, could not be said to belong strictly to this class. Proud she was called, because she allowed no idle train of flatterers to fawn about her; haughty, for the simple reason that she mingled not with the scandal gossips of her day. Unfortunate she truly was, at her early age, to be stricken with deafness. Still, she was not the object of open slight. The wealth and position of her father forbade this, and although society had lost for her much of its early charm, she still moved in its gay circles, because it was the desire of her parents.

At this gathering was a young man whose distinguished bearing and refined manners made him the guest of fashion rather than his position, which was considered obscure. He was a physician by profession, but comparatively unknown, and gossips reported that his first entry into society was the result of a mistake; but having pleased the rich widow B——, he was invited to her soiree, and by her intimate friends to others, until he became quite a matter-of-fact fixture. In fact, hardly a party occurred to which he did receive cards of invitation.

It was observed that the glance of the proud Ida softened as it rested upon his handsome features, and her voice took a deeper tone when it addressed him. He was also a fine musician, and gifted by nature with a rich and powerful voice, which, however, he seldom displayed except upon general entreaty, and then with reluctance. When he sang, it was one ear alone that he sought to please, and how well that object was effected the glowing features of the beautiful girl plainly evinced.

Accident, or something more than chance, brought these young people frequently into each other's society, until knowing mothers looked wisely at each other, and the young man was more in favor than ever with these schemers, who thus hoped that he would soon remove a powerful rival, which would leave a clearer field for their own daughters.

Mr. Ashley, a merchant of the old school, was one day seated in his private office. He was leaning back in his capacious arm-chair, his hand still holding listlessly the ready pen, although his thoughts were far from his immediate business. It was his daughter who thus caused his abstraction. Rumors of her growing intimacy with the young physician had already reached his ears, and he hardly knew whether to be pleased or angry with the intelligence. He despised the young men of the day who were termed fashionable, with a thoroughly old-fashioned prejudice.

On the contrary, this young man rather pleased him than otherwise. His simplicity, united with a highly cultivated mind, and the absence of ostentation and dandyism, had won the regard of the clear-minded man of business, who prided himself upon attaining his own position from the humblest walks of society. But there was an obscurity resting about this young Arthur Benson, which the merchant had not been able to fathom, and which he did not altogether like. No one seemed to know his family, or from whence he came, or his future prospects. In the midst of these reflections, to prove the truth of the old adage, the young man was announced as desirous of a few minutes' conversation; completely taking Mr. Ashley by surprise, who was uncertain of the object of so unusual a visit.

"Good-morning, Dr. Benson; you are an unexpected visitor, although I confess I had just been thinking of you."

"May I claim a few moments of your leisure?"

"Certainly; I will consider myself at your service for a half hour."

"I shall not trespass so long upon your time, but indeed I hardly know how to make known the object of my coming, which greatly concerns my happiness, and I may say my welfare."

"Suppose, sir," said Mr. Ashley, "that we dispense with the preface, and come at once to the point. It is my way, and I like it better."

"Then, sir, since you bid me speak out, I will do so, and briefly. The fact is that—"

"You love my daughter. Have I guessed aright?"

"You have."

"And you have told her so, and she, like a dutiful child as she is, has referred you to me?"

"No, sir; I have not been so bold. In my present position, I should be unable to justify such conduct, and, therefore, have first sought you."

"This is as it should be; but you spoke of your position. Pardon me if I ask for further information on that point."

The young man blushed slightly, but answered with a firm voice: "I do not blame you, Mr. Ashley, and will answer frankly. I am simply a young man with a fair education, a tolerable knowledge of my profession, but without fortune, striving to make my way in the world. I do not aspire to the hand of your daughter until I shall have earned the right to do so, but I simply ask leave to continue in her society until then."

"But your family—you have not spoken on this subject."

"True, sir, and I must still keep silence on that point. But for their respectability, I shall refer you to an eminent attorney, Mr. C——, who is, perhaps, not unknown to you."

"He happens to be my own counsel."

"So much the better, but even he will give you no further proof than his own assurance. The name and position he will withhold even from you."

"I don't like mystery, my young friend, but I must allow that you have dealt fairly with me. I shall seek the reference you have offered, not because I lack confidence in what you have said, but simply to discharge the duty I owe to my motherless child, whose inclinations I will never thwart except for her own welfare. Granting all that you have told me to be true, and I do not doubt it, if you have talents and energy, you will succeed. You shall have the opportunity for displaying both. There is my daughter. All that money can do has been done to relieve her misfortune. Cure her of her deafness, and I will not only allow your continued intimacy, but will not forbid the hope of attaining the very summit of your desires."

Love catches at a straw of hope, and the young doctor resolved to cure what had baffled the skill of the most renowned practitioners. Days of study and nights of intense toil passed in his medical researches, all devoted to this one object. His own health was suffering, but he still persevered.

Mr. Ashley one day received a letter from an old friend of his who was also an eminent merchant in another city. This friend, an old bachelor by-the-by, informed him that he was about to retire from business, and besought his assistance in finding out the whereabouts of his nephew and adopted son, whom, in a fit of anger, he had banished from his presence because he chose a profession instead of becoming his successor in business, as he wished to make him. This young man—Felton was his name,—he had reason to believe, had chosen the city in which Mr. Ashley resided, to practise his profession, and he thought that in his pride he had discarded his own name.

The merchant was astonished with this intelligence. He had not seen the nephew of his friend Felton since the former as a boy left to enter college, and was not aware of the rupture which had occurred. A light seemed to break upon his mind, after a few moments of reflection, judging by the smile which played upon his features; but he kept his own counsel, and commenced his investigations.

In the meantime, Mrs. Strong had proved herself a successful angler, and the redoubted Vapid had swallowed bait, hook and all. In short, he was securely engaged to the interesting Emma. Her future son-in-law was busy in conversation with the strong-minded woman, awaiting the return of the daughter, then making a morning call at the Ashleys, who of late had seldom appeared abroad.

"O, mama, such news!" exclaimed Emma, suddenly bursting into the room, and looking flushed and heated.

"Nothing serious, my dear, I hope?" said the mother.

"Don't tell it, if it is, my charmer," said Vapid; "for I think this serious news a confounded bore."

"Ida Ashley has recovered her hearing, and who do you think effected the cure?"

"Why, my dear, I am sure I can't tell. It surely could not have been Dr. Benson?"

"But it was, and furthermore, she is engaged."

"To Dr. Benson, of course."

"Not exactly, mama, but to Dr. Felton, who has now assumed his own name, after playing the masker so long with us as Arthur Benson. And what is more, he belongs to a high family, and is the heir to an immense fortune. After some difficulty with his uncle, who was his adopted father, he renounced his friends and came here under an assumed name. The old gentleman having retired from business, has sought a reconciliation, which Ida's wedding is to celebrate."

"Well, this is news indeed."

"Uncommon fine fellow," added Vapid. "I always thought he was better bred than he pretended; for a real gentleman can always tell another, no matter what guise he puts on. And now, since everybody is being made happy, I must say that it is positively cruel in you, Emma, not to name the day for my own happiness,—it is, 'pon honor."

Mrs. Strong, with a well dissembled reluctance, named the time at an early date—so early that Vapid was surprised at her goodness. But the fact was, that the strong-minded lady wished to get the start of the Ashleys. In which laudable effort she succeeded by some two or three days.

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A street, two hundred and twenty feet broad, is to be laid out on the Back Bay lands, Boston. —— Lizzie Howard, a native of Roxbury, Mass., committed suicide in New York, on account of the desertion of one whom she had "loved not wisely but too well." At the grave, a sister in grief read Hood's touching poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," amid the tears and sobs of all present. —— Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the "sensation preacher" of London, is coming to this country. —— A flour laden vessel recently sailed from Charleston, S. C., for Barcelona, being the first shipment of breadstuffs from Charleston to Spain; though but one of many cargoes recently shipped from the United States to that country and Portugal—the harvests there being deficient this season. Both Spain and Portugal have heretofore been large exporters of grain. —— It is a noteworthy circumstance that fully two-thirds of the cheap books published in London during the last three years, are reprints of American works. —— Water has been discovered at Tumerna, near Bathno, in Africa, on the edge of the Southern Desert, after boring to a depth of about two hundred feet. This was the first well bored on the European plan; and as the place had already suffered dreadfully from drought, the natives, it is said, manifested "frantic joy" on seeing the waters burst forth. —— Good honey is raised in California. In some places, however, the bees feed upon the blossoms of the mustard plant, and thereby impart a spicy flavor to the article. —— Prince Lucien is about to commence, on his return to Paris, the publication of the gospel of St. Matthew in all the Basque dialects, and after that a map of the countries in which the Basque language is still spoken. The Prince every day assembles at his table at St. Jean de Luz, representatives of the numerous dialects of that language in Spain and in France. —— The lumber trade between Puget Sound and Honolulu is becoming important. Seven vessels, of 2000 tons capacity, are employed in the trade. —— Owing to the failure of the apple crop in Europe, there is a large demand at New York for apples for exportation, and at least 10,000 barrels of Newton pippins, embracing the best of the crop, will be sent this fall. One firm already has contracts for England to the amount of 6000 barrels. This variety of apples has the preference above all others, though Baldwins and Russets are exported to some extent. —— A horse which met Rice's circus elephant in the road near Frederick, Md., fell in the shafts and expired of fright. —— In the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, there are, in connection with the London Church Wesleyan and American Missionary Societies, 119 missionaries, 45,929 communicants, 239,900 professed Protestants, and 54,709 scholars. —— Edwin Forrest has recently sold Fonthill for one hundred thousand dollars. —— Whiskers and cold weather seem to be coming on together. As the cold strengthens, the hair lengthens. It is a sort of natural greatcoat for man's frontispiece —and don't look bad, either. —— The population of California is decreasing. —— An agent of the American Bible Society, in Turkey, says that, in a recent tour in the Levant, he everywhere found an increased interest in the Bible and the Christian religion among the Moslems, who are becoming indifferent and skeptical with regard to their faith. —— The weather-wise are predicting an open winter. —— In London, the size of a drink of ale is established by law. Recently a pot-house keeper was prosecuted and fined for selling the beverage in measures holding less than a pint. —— The Kingston (C. W.) News tells of a singular death which occurred in Belleville on Friday. A little girl, aged ten, daughter of a widow Brennan, while in a graveyard, was killed by a gravestone falling over upon her.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

The United States frigate Macedonian recently brought from Java to this country a specimen of the mouse deer, one of the most curious and interesting little creatures in the world. When full grown they are about the size of the ordinary rabbit of our forest, and shaped like the American deer. The limbs are very delicate, and the hoof, which is cloven, is almost transparent. In color they are a reddish brown, with a white breast and stomach. From the nose, extending back to the ear, is a tan-colored stripe on each side, and the lower jaw a white stripe, forming a trident. They feed like cattle, and chew a cud like that species of the animal creation. They are easily domesticated. The eye is large and projecting, but the ears are short and oblong. They are said to be very swift, and their appearance would indicate it, as they are formed precisely like the red deer of this country.

Liberality.—A year ago, says the Independent, four churches in New York and Brooklyn, the "Pilgrim," "Plymouth," "Puritans" and "Tabernacle," agreed each to raise $2000 toward the liquidation of the debt of the New England church in Brooklyn, provided that church itself should raise $8000 for the purpose. The whole work is now accomplished, so that a debt of $15,000 has been cancelled, and a property worth upwards of $40,000 is made entirely secure and safe in the hands of the New England church and society.

Volcano.—The lava from the volcano of Mauna Loa, Sandwich Islands, has already desolated about two hundred thousand acres, which will remain forever barren. Volcanoes decidedly do not pay.

Worth knowing.—It is said that a small piece of rosin dipped in hot water, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give relief to persons troubled with a cough.

Letters.—In Hobart Town, Australia, there is a bookstore containing 14,000 copies of valuable works. This fact speaks volumes.

Wayside Gatherings.

A young lady by the name of Humphrey was fined $5 in Albany, lately, for spitting in another lady's face.

A number of San Francisco gentlemen are forming a cricket club on the plan of the Newark, N. J., club.

A wildcat of the largest size was lately killed in Calaveras, Cal., by a Walla chief, with bow and arrows. He was sold to a Chinaman for $2,50, for the purpose of a stew.

The Friend of India estimates the number of converts to Christianity at probably one hundred thousand in India, and twenty thousand more in Ceylon.

New York has become the largest German city in the world, except Vienna, Berlin and Hamburg, and Germans exist in as full force on the Hudson as on the Rhine.

The Chicago Democrat learns that a gentleman from Scotland, a banker there, has brought on half a million of dollars to Chicago for investment in railroad and other stocks.

A man named Church visited Staunton, Va., with a load of corn from Pendleton. He is 82 years old; and his mother, aged 107, and his father, aged 112 years, are both living.

The Chicago papers state that another vessel is about being fitted out at that port for Europe. The owner proposes to freight his craft with corn, and is going out as supercargo.

An exchange says down in New Orleans it requires three persons to start a business firm—one to die with yellow fever, one to get killed in a duel, and the third to wind up the business.

Vivier, the celebrated French musician, is engaged to come to the United States, but is so frightened at our numerous railroad accidents that he demands a life insurance for fifty thousand dollars.

A curious phenomenon has recently been observed in Greece. The lake Copais has completely dried up, and an immense tract of fertile land is thus rendered available for the purposes of agriculture.

The catalogue of Williams College for 1856-7, just published, shows a total of 224 students—seniors, 55; juniors, 58; sophomores, 60; freshmen 51. New York furnishes 88, and Massachusetts 60 of the whole number.

It is stated that the French government has shipped to the United States 20,000 barrels of prime mess pork, purchased in Cincinnati, Ohio, during the Crimean war. Being no longer wanted, it is sent back for a market.

The heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Meanee—"If I survive I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall I shall be with those I have loved."

An exchange says that metallic life preservers made of thin sheet copper, are the safest and best. It would be very easy to make every seat, table and mattress used on board a steamboat a life preserver, and steamboat proprietors should be compelled to do this.

The venerable Judge Samuel Hoar died at his residence in Concord, Mass., lately, after a short illness. The long, active and useful life of Judge Hoar made him one of the most respected and valued of our citizens, and his death will be regretted by thousands.

While we were correcting proofs last evening, we heard repeated rappings on our window, "as of some one gently tapping." On looking round, we found a little sparrow sitting on the sill and looking at the gas-light. But as we didn't raise the window, he turned away—perhaps he would if we had.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Among the recent arrivals of emigrants at New York, were several French political refugees. There were also thirty-six soldiers of the British Foreign Legion, who served in the Crimea. They came in uniform, and landed with their knapsacks on their backs. They are on their way to the bounty lands in Canada granted to them by the British government.

The Chinese made porcelain as early as 185 years before Christ. The porcelain paste used by the Chinese is a mixture of kaolio, which is infusible in the furnace, being merely baked. The glazing of the famous Sevres porcelain of France is more difficult to fuse than Chinese glazing.

The Royal Gazette, of Greytown, Demarara, publishes an account of the seizure of a large Camondie, a species of boa constrictor. He had seized a fine sheep, and coiling around its body, crushed the bones of the animal and killed it. A laborer, who was near, ran up to the monster and destroyed it with his cutlass. When uncoiled, it was found to measure twenty-five feet in length.

New apples, of extraordinary excellence, have been discovered in the Crimea, which will no doubt find their way to Europe and America. Pallas speaks of one called Linap Alma, which keeps until July, and only acquires its excellence before the new year. Wagon loads are annually sent to Moscow, and even St. Petersburg. There is also an autumn apple, thought to be far the best ever tasted in any country.

Horse racing is fast becoming a respectable "institution," and there is now scarcely a county in New York which cannot boast of its race track, where people can witness the sports of the turf without compromising their standing in the church or community. Of course *no racing* is allowed on these tracks. By a very dexterous construction, as the lawyers would say, that "sin" is avoided. The horses go around singly, and the "committee"—not the "judges," mind ye—time 'em just to see which can go the fastest.

Prof. Loomis, in the preface to his recent work on Astronomy, states that "it is but twenty-five years since the first telescope, exceeding those of a portable size, was imported into the United States. Now we have one telescope which acknowledges no superior, and several which would be worthy of a place in the finest observatories in Europe." The manufacture of astronomical instruments in this country, is said to be carried to a high state of perfection.

A package of old love-letters recently brought a man $20,000, in Bristol, England. His first flame married another man, and he himself also married, but retained the letters of his first love, against an occasional remonstrance of his wife. After some years the writer of the letters died a widow, leaving her old lover $20,000, and her letters to him were essential to prove his identity. The wife is now glad she was not allowed to burn the evidence of her husband's affection for another.

Among the literary treasures in Durham Cathedral, England, is a book with a cover executed in needlework by Lady Arabella Stuart, niece of Mary Queen of Scots, and grand-daughter of Henry the Seventh, who died a lunatic in the Tower. She was a well educated woman, and worked the cover to show her respect for Greek and Hebrew learning. Her handiwork is now a little tattered, and one day, a lady visitor to the cathedral, being admitted to the library, with a woman's kindness and love of neatness, offered to "mend the cover," an offer which, of course, was declined.

Foreign Items.

Presents from the King of Siam to Queen Victoria are on their way. Among them is an elephant of remarkable color, which will probably cause some little excitement in England on its arrival.

There are over a thousand princes in Germany, great and small, who receive annually from the people over two hundred millions of dollars; while a laborer works eighteen hours out of twenty-four for seventy-cents per week.

A sensible testimonial to Handel is proposed in Germany, to be ready against the anniversary of 1859. The testimonial is to be an edition of the entire works of the master, so cheap as to be within reach of the poorest musical student.

Slips of earth into the principal crater of Vesuvius have been taking place for some time past. It is feared that the entire summit of the mountain will disappear in the open chasm. Violent and continual reports have of late proceeded from the volcano.

A Hamburg correspondent of a London paper writes, that although the rent paid by the British ambassador for his hotel during the coronation at Moscow is *thirty thousand dollars a month*, the house did not contain an apartment large enough for a ball-room.

A little girl, of Bristol, was missed by its parents, and was supposed to have been drowned. An alarm was given, the river was dragged, and, the body not being found, the friends of the disconsolate mother commenced to console her. The child all this time was standing among the watching crowd.

Two galley slaves at Genoa conceived a mortal hatred for another convict, who had been rewarded for good behaviour. They armed themselves with two sharpened nails, with which they stabbed him to the heart. One of the murderers was immediately arrested; the other had to be killed, he fought so desperately.

A statue of Froissart has been inaugurated with much ceremony at Valenciennes, the native place of the chronicler. It is by M. Lemaire, of the Institute, the sculptor of the pediment of the Madeleine at Paris, and other great works. The likeness of the historian is taken from a miniature painted in one of his "Chroniques." A cantata was executed and sung, and speeches in honor of Froissart were delivered on the occasion.

Sands of Gold.

.... The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor; who lives to fancy, never can be rich.—*Young.*

.... Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are all a clear *because* to a clear *why*.—*Lavater.*

.... As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.—*Landor.*

.... Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.—*Sidney Smith.*

True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can anything feigned be lasting. —*Cicero.*

.... Two things are necessary to a modern martyr,—some to pity, and some to persecute; some to regret, and some to roast him.—*Colton.*

.... Pleasure is a necessary reciprocal; no one feels, who does not at the same time give it. To be pleased, one must please. What pleases you in others, will in general please them in you.—*Chesterfield.*

.... There is a truth, accommodated to our nature, which poetry best conveys. There is a truth for the reason; there is a truth for the passions; there is a truth for every character of man. —*Landor.*

.... Whatsoever is not detrimental to society, and is of positive enjoyment, is of God, the giver of all good things, and ought to be received and enjoyed by his creatures with thankful delight.—*Robert Burns.*

.... Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you want ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

.... The day-laborer, who earns with horny hand and the sweat of his brow, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by this generous motive, to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.—*Channing.*

Joker's Budget.

When you see a small waist, think how great a waste of health it represents.

Punch says it requires an early start, now-a-days, for a man to get round his wife.

The boy that undertook to suck an egg plant and was choked by the yolk, has recovered.

Good taste generally prevails in the naming of English yachts. We can't, however, include Lt. Col. Mountjoy Martin's *Emetic.*

The Mohammedans believe that our first parents forfeited paradise by eating *wheat*, which deprived them of their primeval purity.

A negro once gave the following toast: "De gobernor ob de State—he come in wid bery little opposition—he go out wid nono at all."

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

A person pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know!" he replied; "I am not skilled in the dead languages!"

A young lady in the millinery line, having been deserted by her lover, exclaimed, "Such a menial ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a bandbox!"

An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, an' that's a good idee! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his life time!"

A lady in Oregon, in writing to a friend in this city, says that cattle in that region live to such a great age, their owners have to fasten long poles to the end of their horns, *for the wrinkles to run out on!*

A Rhode Island clergyman recently illustrated his argument in favor of corporal punishment for children by a pleasant piece of witticism. He said that "the child when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the *switch* to get it off."



AN ITALIAN WINE CARRIER.

THE ROMAN WINE-CARRIER.

The fine engraving on this page depicts one of those Roman wine-carriers, of whom travellers in Italy have so often spoken. He is walking beside his horse, smoking his pipe, and presents a fine type of the Italian peasant. His costume, careless and picturesque, is worn with that artistic air which distinguishes even the humblest inhabitant of the land of art. On his handsome and manly face, however, there is a shade of sadness, which is not uncommon to the expression of the Italian faces in repose—no bad indices of those fervent hearts that "now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime." Poor Italy! well may a cloud rest upon the brow of her children! Well may the Roman girl sing:

"O, Rome, Rome, thou art no more
What thou hast been,
When on thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen."

Vainly does the softest of skies bend over Italia—vainly does the bluest of waters lave her curving shores. Every hill, every valley, every promontory is marked by the ruins of departed greatness. Once the mistress of the world—now no longer mistress of herself. In her fairest cities the gleam of foreign bayonets is seen, and the roll of foreign drums is heard. Austrian and French uniforms mingle in the Eternal City. The heart of the nation is crushed out. Now and then, at long intervals, there is a spasmodic movement among her people, giving rise to wild hopes of Italian liberty; but the cordon of absolutism is drawn too closely around her to afford room for hope. At one time, and in the star of Napoleon the Great, it seemed as if a bright future was in store for her; but the great emperor died without accomplishing his plans for the regeneration of united Italy.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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METROPOLITAN HORSE RAILROAD.

The fine engraving below is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Champney. It represents the cars of the Metropolitan Railroad at the Boston terminus in Tremont Street, and embraces an accurate view of the Tremont House and the gateway of the Granary Burying Ground. The comfort, convenience and economy of horse railroads, benefiting all classes of the community, are now almost universally recognized. By another year there will be six of these lines for the purpose of accommodating the travel to and from Charlestown, Dorchester and Cambridge, and in the direction of Brookline and Brighton. The Metropolitan Railroad Company was the first chartered. This road commences at the Tremont House, and extends by a double track through Tremont Street, passing on the side of the street next to the Granary Burying Ground and the Common, to the intersection of Tremont with Boylston at the Winthrop House; thence by a single track through Tremont and Dover to Washington Street, also by another single track, from the same intersection, through Boylston and Washington to the junction at Dover Street. From this point the line runs by a double track to the Norfolk House in Roxbury. In connection with the main line, the company have a branch to the Dorchester line, near Cottage Street, in that town, by way of Eustis Street and Mount Pleasant, Roxbury. Branches will probably be added through Warren Street, Oak Street, Roxbury, and from the Norfolk House, via Centre Street, to the line of West Roxbury at Hog Bridge, the last named branch being intended to meet the Jamaica Plains road. In Boston, the Metropolitan Company have a location over the Tremont Avenue, past the Boston and Providence Railroad, crossing through Lowell Street to its junction with Centre Street, Roxbury, at Hog Bridge. This branch will be constructed in the spring. The route of the cars from the Tremont House is through Boylston, Tremont and Washington Street, over the Neck to Roxbury, returning through Dover and Tremont Street. The station-house and offices of the company are in the Metropolitan Hotel, formerly the Montgomery House, and lately occupied by our own establishment. The offices are fitted up very liberally, and embrace a complete suite of apartments for the ladies, provided with all the modern conveniences. The equipment of the company will consist of 500 horses, from 40 to 50 cars, including open and top-seated cars, 50 omnibuses and 80 close and open sleighs. The cars for Roxbury are all painted a straw color, and will show a green light at both ends. Those for the Dorchester line, via Eustis Street and Mount Pleasant, are painted blue, edged with gold. The Neck cars are painted red, and will show red lights. The Neck cars will run from the Roxbury line only; the Roxbury cars to all points will run through Roxbury Street. Appropriate light-boards on the top of each of these lines will indicate their precise destination respectively. A part of these cars will show lights from the dome ventilators on the top. The cars will seat comfortably 24 passengers, and it is the intention of the company to provide enough for all to have a seat. A car will run from each main terminus every two minutes. At present the cars run from daylight to midnight, but will soon run three or four times an hour from midnight till morning.



THE METROPOLITAN HORSE RAILROAD, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR HEN: PEARLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

WEALTH AND HONOR.

"The miser lives alone, abhorred by all,
Like a disease, that cannot so be 'scaped,
But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's hearts
That live about him—never has commerce
With any, but to ruin them."

"It will never do to go up stairs in this plight," muttered Holbrook, as he rose and endeavored with his handkerchief to staunch the blood that was flowing profasely from a cut made in his forehead by the sharp corner of the lower stair, against which he had fallen. "Luckily 'tis only skin deep, and I will go down to Job Carr's, where I can wash off the blood."

So he left the palace, and was soon threading the lanes of the lower town, with his hat over his eyes, and his cloak drawn up about his blood-stained face.. The tell tale scar was livid with rage, and the more he thought of the boldness with which the Indian girl had punished his rudeness, the more savagely did revenge gnaw at his heart. Meanwhile he arrived in that part of the city frequented by the lowest and most abandoned of both sexes, and stopped before an antiquated house, over the door of which was a sign, bearing the time-faded inscription: "Job Carr, Dealer in Marine Stores."

The door was fastened, and such a dull, heavy echo followed Holbrook's vigorous knocks, that the old house seemed deserted. Holbrook, however, knew better, and going up a side alley, he unceremoniously entered the yard, where a wrinkled old hag was washing. Familiar as she was with vice-distorted countenances, the bloody and ferocious visage of the intruder made her start, and she exclaimed:

"Be you human?"

"Human!" he hissed; "that is more than any one in this den is. Where is Carr?"

"Got something to sell?" asked the old woman, in an inquisitive tone.

"Where is Carr, I ask?" roared Holbrook, becoming more and more irritated.

"Not to home for the hangman," answered the old hag, with a chuckling laugh; "so I guess you'd better get out."

The countenance of Holbrook assumed a look of diabolical ferocity, and snatching up a billet of wood, he would surely have struck his tormentor had not a head been protruded from an upper window, as if to ascertain the cause of the difficulty. Holbrook was not to be forgotten by any one who had once seen him, and as he raised his arm, his angry purpose was stayed by a soft, yet masculine voice:

"Don't hit her—don't hit her! She's a sort of simpleton, and don't know ye. Let him in, Becky; he's a friend."

"A friend!" growled the old dame, fastening a look of malignant spite upon Holbrook as she opened the house door. "A few sich friends as this would keep the ghosts off."

"Hold your tongue," said Holbrook, "and take this half guinea to buy brandy with, to make you good-natured."

The old woman clutched the coin in her skinny palm, without a word of thanks, and Holbrook entered the kitchen, which was half filled with old sails, cordage and scraps of iron. The walls were blackened with smoke, although but a few embers then occupied the huge fire-place, and but little light found its way through the dirt-begrimmed windows. There was but a scanty array of old furniture, and the aspect of the place was wretched and cheerless indeed.

Yet it seemed an appropriate abiding-place for the owner, who entered from a side door. Originally tall, his meagre form was now bent by time, and long white locks hung in matted masses upon his rounded shoulders. His cadaverous countenance was formed of a succession of sharp angular lines, which gave him a look of low cunning, while his reddish eyes, gleaming from their sunken pits, seemed almost to light up the obscurity of the room. Unshaven and unwashed, with a patched, greasy suit of clothes, he appeared more like a wild beast than a civilized being.

"Well," said he, in a purring tone of voice, "have you had a tussle with your young bride?"

"What bride?" in turn inquired Holbrook.

"Why, the dear lost one for whom you went, and who you intended to bring back as Mrs. Holbrook, to crave her lady-mother's blessing, and her property."

"Half of which," sarcastically growled Holbrook, "was to go into the well-filled coffers of Job Carr."

"Nay, worthy captain,—I have no coffers. I am a poor man—a miserably poor man. But did I not discover the prize? Did I not discover, in an old anchor brought me by a Yankee cabin-boy, a clue to the missing vessel, to which I knew at a glance it belonged? Did I not then ascertain that the young heiress had been saved, and lived? And did I not give you, my valiant soldier, money to go and secure her with?"

"Give me some water," said Holbrook, with provoking coolness. "I wish to wash the blood from my face."

"But the girl—my money advanced?"

"Hang you, the girl, and your money! Give me some water."

Although burning with impatience to learn the result of Holbrook's mission, the old miser, with a heavy heart, was forced to bring a basin of water, a tiny bit of soap, and a diminutive towel that was worn thin enough to serve as a mosquito net.

"Here is what you want," said he. "Now will you have a small glass of spirits?"

"Not I!" exclaimed Holbrook, as he removed the blood stains. "But a good half tankard of it, without a drop of the liquid called water, for which I have no reverence. Bring also a clean pipe and some tobacco."

Groaning at such extravagance, the unwilling host disappeared, but soon returned with what had been so unceremoniously demanded.

"Good!" exclaimed Holbrook, after having nearly drained the tankard of its fiery contents. Then leisurely seating himself, he filled his pipe, and began to smoke in the most provoking way, apparently enjoying the uneasiness of Carr, who appeared to be sitting upon pins, so nervously did he move about. At last the expected budget of news was opened. Holbrook, it appeared, had gone to Massachusetts for the express purpose of abducting Mabel Gwynne, and forcing her to marry him, that he might secure her property. But her boldness in escaping from him, as has been previously narrated, frustrated his schemes, neither could he succeed in carrying her from the rectory, so closely did Frank Ordway keep watch and ward there.

"And so," he concluded, "having a chance to do a little business in the way of news carrying between the armies, I gave up the chase. The game is still there."

A groan escaped from Carr, which seemed to have been wrung from the depths of his very heart, while Holbrook puffed away with apparent unconcern. It was a moment of deep meditation for each one.

"I suppose," blandly remarked Carr, "that you are willing to repay me the sum which I loaned you before you started?"

"Loaned me!" exclaimed Holbrook, regarding his companion with an eye of fierce scrutiny.

"Yes—that is—well, you had the money."

"And you, sitting in this old shanty like a spider watching for flies, would have made over a hundred per cent. had I been successful," said Holbrook, with the sullen displeasure of an injured man. "So no more of that, old two per cent., but when this fighting is over, I mean to try again. Meanwhile, I have something equally good in view."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired Carr, his face beaming with the exultation of prospective gain.

"Do many officers come here to borrow money now-a-days?"

"Yes—nearly all," replied the old miser; but then he took care to add: "Of course, I can accommodate but few of them, for capitalists are scarce in Quebec."

"O stop your poverty cant," said Holbrook. "The fact is, that Quebec is now in great danger of being captured."

"I fear it is."

"Well, for a consideration, the continental force can be rendered powerless, and their leader will surrender them with but a mockery of an engagement."

"And he asks?"

"He asks ten thousand pounds, so do I. What per centage will you discount for us at?"

"Fifty per cent."

"You extortionate old hoard-up! Never mind; I must have a couple of hundred guineas at any price."

"Two hundred demons! Why, I have not ten in the house!" exclaimed Carr, with the despairing look of a ruined man.

"You can obtain them, if not—"

Holbrook's remarks were here interrupted by the same discharge of artillery which had been heard at the Intendant's Palace, but which was so near at hand as to make Carr's old windows rattle madly in their frames.

"I must hasten to see what this is," he exclaimed, and left the house, greatly to the relief of his host, who rubbed his thin hands cheerfully together as the sound of the desperado's footsteps smote heavily upon his ear.

"Aha!" muttered the old man. "He thinks he can fool Job Carr, but he is mistaken. Madame de Frontenac will give me more to restore her daughter single, than to have her come back the wife of that rascal. I will write her at once."

About half an hour before the discharge of artillery to which double allusion has been made, a canoe, with four Indians bending its paddles as they urged it along the rapid current, had been seen coming down the St. Lawrence. It was evidently from Montreal, and as it drew near the water battery, news spread throughout the city that the governor was on board. He had been anxiously expected, and as he was very popular, crowds rushed down to welcome him.

Rumor for once was correct, and it was a salute fired as the canoe was brought alongside of the wharf, that had caused so much alarm in palace and in hovel. True, he brought unpleasant intelligence, for he had been forced to surrender Montreal, and had only escaped by using muffled paddles. Yet he was nevertheless welcome.

Vigorous and muscular, General Carlton had a commanding aspect, and his very manner and gestures bespoke that decision of action which inspires the wavering with valor, while it makes the erring tremble. The fire of genius flashed from his full eye, which never glanced at an object but looked it through and through, while equal characteristics of firm determination were easily discernible around his well-formed mouth. The very presence of such a leader restored confidence.

Acknowledging with graceful bows the cheers of the assembled crowds on the wharf, and briefly stating the position of things at Montreal, the governor hastened to the castle. Ere proceeding far on his way thither, however, he was greeted by Colonel MacLean, who had hastened to meet him, and who immediately began to explain why he had assumed so much responsibility, and how he had exercised command.

"You were right—quite right," said the governor, when he had heard all the worthy colonel's plans, "and I shall take great pleasure in giving you due honor in my despatch. Meanwhile, let me solicit your continued co-operation."

CHAPTER XVI.

PLOTTING AND COUNTER-PLOTTING.

"From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow;
Prompt at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood."

A review of the garrison by the governor, on the morning after his arrival, enlivened the city at an early hour. Squadrons of horse swept by at a brisk trot; field-pieces and caissons rumbled heavily along; battalions of infantry were announced by their bands, and the bagpipes of the Highlanders were echoed by the bugles of the riflemen. The line was formed on the Plains of Abraham, rendered immortal by Wolfe's glorious victory, and before all the troops had arrived, the limits marked out for the parade were defined by a large concourse of spectators, which formed a brilliant framework to the martial panorama. A glowing autumn sun gilded each sword and bayonet, and a pleasant breeze, as it stirred plaids and plumes, added to the effect. Every one appeared to be in high spirits; the smiles of beauty and the cheers of manhood encouraging those who were evidently so well prepared to defend the city.

The governor was most delighted of all, and when, in the imposing column which marched past him in review, he recognized whole companies of discharged veterans, mingled with volunteers from the merchants and the students, he exclaimed to his staff: "I had to run from Montreal, but the rebels will have to run from Quebec!"

After the review, the governor invited his principal officers to accompany him to the Intendant's Palace, that they might plan an observatory on its roof, where a watch could be kept. The spacious edifice was now only tenanted by a few domestics, Madame de Frontenac having removed her seminary to the castle; but on entering the hall, Colonel MacLean was reminded of a question which he had intended to ask earlier.

"Tell me, Dupre," said he, "have you heard that our Yankee friend attempted to insult that bewitching Indian girl who accompanied Madame de Frontenac yesterday, when she called at the castle?"

"No. The scoundrel, if it is so, I will whip him like a dog!"

"He deserves it; but my informant stated that the girl gave him a good share of punishment by pushing him over against a step, which cut his head. At any rate, such is my orderly's reason why we were not honored with his company yesterday at dinner, though I did not regret seeing the chair he was to occupy vacant."

"Of whom are you speaking, gentlemen?" asked the governor.

"A fellow who brought the information that the continentals were coming here by the way of the Kennebec," replied Colonel MacLean.

"What—Holbrook?"

"The same. Does your excellency know him?"

"I received a letter on my arrival last night, cautioning me against him, as being really in the service of the rebels. I think we had better keep an eye on him."

"That will not be difficult," said Colonel MacLean, who had gone to look in the garden from a window. "Yonder he sits on the wharf, busily engaged in fishing."

"Let us go and question him," proposed the governor. "I wish, at any rate, to see if we must erect a battery in the garden."

So, followed by his officers, he directed his steps towards the river band. Just at that moment, and as if Providence had so directed it, a canoe shot alongside of the wharf, and the Indian who had paddled it handed a large letter to Holbrook.

"Caught, by my sword-knot!" whispered Colonel Dupre. And at a signal from the governor, the party slackened their steps, that they might observe this singular interview. For some moments they were in earnest conversation, for Holbrook evidently had no idea that there was any spectator. But soon the wary Indian espied the group, and one glance convinced the traitor of his perilous position. A few words, and away the Indian shot in his canoe, while Holbrook, slowly turning around, affected to see the group of officers. Springing to his feet, he advanced directly towards them, holding in his hand the letter which he had just received, its seal unbroken.

"I suppose," said he, with great self-possession, "that I have the honor of addressing his excellency the governor?"

"You have," was General Carlton's reply, with a gracious bow.

"Then it is no more than proper that you should be the first to read a missive just received from an agent in the rebel army." And with a low bow he handed the document to General Carlton.

The governor took the letter, broke the seal, glanced at the contents, and read:

"Dear Dan,—The game will arrive in a day or two after this, and be sure that you take good care of it."

"A brief epistle," said Colonel MacLean.

"Of little consequence, if its meaning is unknown," replied Holbrook, with a meaning smile.

"Can you interpret it?" asked the governor.

"To your excellency," was the reply, "if you will step one side a few moments."

The governor complied with his request, and after an animated conversation (during which Holbrook exhibited his passport from Lord Howe, as a "trusty and loyal secret agent,") he returned to the group of officers, saying:

"Colonel MacLean, you will detail a squadron of cavalry to-night for active duty, commanded, if possible, by an officer who is acquainted with the surrounding country. Let them have ten rounds of ball cartridge for their pistols, and report for duty at the castle at ten o'clock."

The old soldier raised his hand mechanically to acknowledge this order, but in his heart he wondered why it was given. It is the duty of a soldier, however, to obey, not to question.

"Now, gentlemen," said the governor, "let us again ascend the palace staircases, and see if we can contrive an observatory. Mr. Holbrook, I shall be pleased to see you at seven o'clock."

When they had left, Holbrook drew a long breath, as if he felt that he had narrowly escaped detection by the promptness of his action. Just as he was about to return to the wharf for his fishing-tackle, he saw Colonel Dupre again approaching him, and again his fears were revived, though he retained an air of self-possession.

"My good fellow," said the Canadian, "I fear I wronged you yesterday."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Holbrook, again relieved.

"You must bear in mind, though," continued Dupre, "that we Canadians feel ourselves outcasts in our native land, and are therefore very sensitive."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Holbrook.

"Indeed, Mr. Holbrook, I am not sure, after all, that we should not do better with the colonies, if they succeed."

"Perhaps so," was the guarded response. Holbrook, like other rascals, was prompt to entertain suspicions at the slightest appearance of anything which did not look perfectly open. It occurred to him that the Canadian was endeavoring to extort some criminating remark, and while he answered with great reserve, he encountered his questioner's gaze with steady assurance. While questions and answers were thus exchanged, the colonel had as it were led his companion into the palace, and proposed to visit the conservatory. Holbrook agreed, and when there, after having admired the floral beauties, the conversation was renewed.

"Sometimes," said the Canadian, "I feel tempted to desert, with all my forces, to the rebel standard."

"Surely, then, you must be subject to fits of derangement?"

"By no means. Look at the honors and emoluments before an officer, whose only rivals are booksellers like Knox, blacksmiths like Greene, or doctors like the leader at Bunker Hill."

"You seem posted up on the rebels' history," quietly ejaculated Holbrook. "But I see nothing in any of them to admire."

"But the cause—the sacred cause. Tell me, can you, for a large sum in gold, ascertain the probability of my receiving a general's commission from the Congress, if I go over, and thus surrender the city to Arnold?"

Such a proposition from such a source would, at any other time, have been eagerly grasped at by Holbrook, but now a vague suspicion that some snare was spread out for him had full possession of his mind. So he replied:

"Colonel Dupre, if this is a jest, it is a sorry one; if you are in earnest, Dan Holbrook is the very last man to select as a go-between. I draw the king's pay, sir, and although to serve his interests I may perform his secret service, I am not enlisting for the rebel ranks."

"Bravely spoken!" exclaimed Governor Carlton, coming out from the retreat in the centre of the conservatory, followed by his officers. "To speak frankly, Holbrook, it was deemed advisable to test your fidelity at this critical juncture, and I congratulate you on escaping unharmed from the trying ordeal."

"Thank you," muttered Holbrook. "But I think that my Canadian friend here is very apt in his part in the farce, although I had to play a new role."

"Never mind—never mind," laughingly responded the governor. "But instead of coming to tea at seven, let me see you to dine at five."

Holbrook bowed thanks, and again the officers left him, more relieved than before. "Aha!" he chuckled to himself, "it is not by such French chaff that Dan Holbrook is caught. It was a narrow escape, though."

Curiosity now prompted him to examine the retreat wherein his unseen audience had been secreted, and while he was wondering if it was constructed expressly for listeners, he heard a noise directly under his feet. Then it was evident that some one was unbolting a trap-door, and the thought occurring to him that he might in turn endeavor to glean something which might be of advantage, he whipped under a large table, which was covered by a cloth reaching to the floor. Hardly had he thus concealed himself, when the trap-door was thrown up, and the rustling of female apparel announced the presence of one belonging to the gentler sex. Holbrook drew his breath gently, and lay crouched like a tiger, ready to spring on certain yet unknown prey. But he was not long in suspense, for heavy footsteps soon entered by the door from the conservatory, and he immediately recognized the voice of Job Carr.

"I am here, madame," whined the miser.

Holbrook held his breath, then started, despite himself, as he recognized the tones of Madame de Frontenac's familiar voice. Years had passed since he had heard it last, each year marked by crime and wrong, yet it swept across his troubled heart as the sound of a Sabbath bell does to one condemned to die near the home of his youth."

"I also am prompt," said she, "although I cannot imagine why you should have sent me so urgent a request for a private interview, and here."

"I have news for you that you will value."

Madame de Frontenac looked steadily into the man's face with an inquiring glance, and then, with lips quivering with eagerness, she exclaimed:

"News! Can it be that you have news of—"

She had not the courage to finish, but the miser supplied the word—that word for which her heart thirsted:

"Of your daughter? I have."

Her daughter! The fate of her child had been a bitter drop which had poisoned her cup of life, and made her long for a cooling draught of the waters of oblivion. She had neither murmured nor complained, but in silence had wept over the lost one, guarding a hope of again clasping the wanderer to her heart as a secret treasure. Again hope lit up her pale countenance, and she inquired:

"Where is she?" She dared not ask how is she.

"A long way off, madame, but money will bring her back," replied Carr, with a chuckle, as if counting the gold which he was certain of securing.

Madame de Frontenac's cheeks, which had burned with excitement, became pale as death. The news had broken upon her so suddenly as almost to deprive her of the power of thought, yet she had felt a faint hope that she might soon see the long lost idol of her heart.

"Name the sum," at length she ejaculated, "and it shall be forthcoming. But where is she?"

"Ah, madame, I have spent thousands in tracing her out, sure that you would repay me. Now say two thousand guineas as a first instalment, I will—"

"You will receive such a drubbing as you little dream of!" interrupted Holbrook, in an ironical voice, as he suddenly crawled out from beneath the table,—"you will receive such a drubbing as you little dream of, if you do not leave here and hold your tongue, you contemptible skinflint!" And seizing the affrighted Carr by the collar, he whirled him so near the door that the terrified miser bolted out and took to his heels.

Madame de Frontenac, sinking upon a seat, endeavored to quiet the busy tumult of feeling in her heart, and though an occasional tear rolled down her careworn cheeks, her features resumed their wonted expression of melancholy impenetrability.

"No, Louise,—no!" said Holbrook. "It is not by bribing that fellow that you can obtain your child."

The sound of a voice hated above all others made the distressed woman tremble, but fixing her clear eyes upon her old tormentor, who quailed before their glance, she said, with dignity:

"I am not now the girl, sir, with whose feelings you once trifled, and whose happiness you once ruined. But upon what terms can I have my child?"

"By ordering her to marry—"

"Who?"

"Your humble servant—myself."

"God forbid!" shrieked Madame de Frontenac. Then rising, she approached the door. Holbrook advanced as if to stop her, but she hurried past him as she would have passed a reptile, exclaiming: "Touch me not, sir, I warn you!"

Just then, voices were heard in the conservatory, and Holbrook dared not detain her. The new-comers, however, were only a party who had come to see the palace, now vacated, and the baffled villain slank away, muttering curses upon the female sex, as ever thwarting his plans.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOSCOW OF TO-DAY.

In Moscow, with its glorious undulating site, its long irregular streets of handsome villas, interspersed with greenery, its handsome *magazins*, and its constant rattle of equipages, you feel as if surrounded by human interest, and cease to wonder why neither despotic power, nor long neglect, nor systematic preference for a rival, can wean the true Russian from his love for the ancient cradle of his race. And now it looks brighter and gayer than ever. Paint, and lime, and varnish, have done wonders, making even the old Chinese town look sprightly and modern; while the gilder has given to the thousand domes, minarets and spires of Moscow a splendor only to be appreciated by being seen. Stand on the esplanade of the Kremlin, and having first curiously examined its battlemented walls, its ancient treasury, its grotesque church—the Assumption, its gay modern palace, and its thousand and one quaint details; watch for a moment the people, high and low, military and civil, as they reverently doff their hats while passing under the sacred gate; and then turn suddenly toward the vast city that spreads itself out beneath your feet, count its innumerable church spires of delicate green, bright golden, or royal red, learn to distinguish its fortress-like convents, its regal palaces, its great public institutes, and you must admit that you are gazing on a panorama to which the civilized world can offer but few parallels. —*Paris Univers.*

GROWTH OF CITIES.

A writer in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, in speaking of the progressive growth of cities, says;—"New Yorkers do not doubt, and, indeed, have no reason to doubt, that their city, now numbering little more than one-third the population of London, will within the next fifty years be greater than the metropolis of the British empire. New York, with her immediate dependencies, numbers about 900,000. Since 1790, she has established a law of growth which doubles her population once in fifteen years. If this law continues to operate, she may be expected to possess 1,800,000 in 1871, 3,600,000 in 1886, and 7,200,000 in 1901. If twenty years be allowed New York as her future period of duplication, she would still overtake London by the end of fifty years. London *may* then have five millions; New York will almost certainly have more than that number."

We find means to cure folly, but none to reclaim a distorted mind.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

ALPHABET OF SELF-MADE MEN.

The following from "Household Words" gives, in a brief space, the names and characteristics of eminent living characters, who have raised themselves by their own exertions:

To begin with the letter A, and dash hastily and skippingly on through the alphabet, we find that Anderson, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity school, and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being very frequently on the very brink of starvation. Beranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his godfather, a poor tailor, and was a *gamin* in the streets of Paris till promoted for a time to the dignity of a pot boy. Elihu Burritt, as all know, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of £200 a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Rafael Carrera, president of the republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer-boy and a cattle-driver. Mr. Colden is the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a millwright. Dumas, the great French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and a negress, and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice to a book-binder. Millard Fillmore, late president of the United States, was first a plough-boy, then tried the trade of a clothier, and was then apprentice to a wool-carder. The present emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Herring, the animal painter, began the profession of art with sign-boards and coach-panels. Jasmin, the Burns of the south of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar. Mr. Lindsay, M.P., the great ship-owner, left his home with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a ship boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and streets at night. Lough, the distinguished sculptor, began the world in the capacity of a plough-boy. Minie, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. Robert Owen was a shop-boy to a grocer, and then a draper. Johannes Ronge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, tended sheep when a boy. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape painter, was a cabin boy, and a shipmaster was his first patron. Thiers, the well-known historian, and ex-minister of France, is the son of a blacksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseilles. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron foundry for forty-seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to enable him to carry on his philanthropical labors.

There is encouragement here, we fancy, for the poor and down-hearted; and likewise rebuke for those who are continually harping on the wrongs of the indigent, and the impassable barriers between the high and the low.

BURIED FORESTS.

Extensive forests, covering valleys and hillsides, are overturned, and the uprooted trees form a gigantic barrier, which prevents the flowing off of the waters. An extensive marsh is formed, particularly well adapted for the various kinds of mosses. As they perish they are succeeded by others, and so for generations, in unceasing life and labor, until, in the course of time, the bottom, under the influence of decay and the pressure from above, becomes turf. Far below lies hard coal; the upper part is light and spongy. At various depths, but sometimes as much as twenty feet below the surface, an abundance of logwood is found, consisting mostly of oak, hard and black as ebony, or of the rich chocolate-colored wood of the yew. Such ancient forests every now and then rise in awe-inspiring majesty from their graves. The city of Hamburg, its harbor and the broad tracts of land around it, rest upon a sunken forest, which is now buried at an immense depth below the surface. It contains mostly limes and oaks, but must also have abounded with hazel-woods, for thousands of hazel nuts are brought to light by every excavation, not exactly made for nuts. The city of New Orleans, it has been recently discovered, is built upon the most magnificent foundation on which a city ever rose. It was the boast of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerate sons; but our Venice has not less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew; and the great Sir Charles Lyell expresses his belief that it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away to a level with the bottom of the swamp before the upper could grow upon it.—*De Vere's Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

THE GOLD FISH.

Among the many members of the animal kingdom from foreign parts which have been fully domesticated here, may be enumerated the gold fish, which are so frequently seen in ornamental fountains and reservoirs. These beautiful fish are native to the southern districts of China, and generally speaking, are identical with the English carp. The first specimens seen in this country were brought from England, we are told, by Mr. Robert Morris, who successfully bred them in sheltered ponds, after which he introduced them into the Schuylkill. There are plenty of these fish now in the river above the dam at this city, and many of the creeks in the interior contain them in considerable quantities. So prolific are they, that a pond soon becomes stocked after the introduction of a few to commence the colony.

The naturalist, Pennant, informs us that the gold fish was brought to England, in 1691, but was not generally known until 1728. It is now completely naturalized, both here and in Europe; and in Portugal, large quantities of them are raised and exported in trading vessels, making an article of considerable commerce. In the still, spring-fed ponds of Long Island, gold fish have been abundant ever since we can remember; and they are now constantly hawked about the streets of New York, by urchins, who get for them from six to ten cents each.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

MARY STUART.

Prince Alexander Labanoff, of St. Petersburg, is such an intense admirer of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, that he has passed a great part of his life in studying her history, and collecting materials connected with it. About twelve years ago, he published seven volumes of her letters, and recently he has brought out a notice, in 226 pages, of the numerous portraits of her which he possesses, and which he has got together after infinite pains and expense. The portraits are 136 in number, namely, 12 paintings and 144 lithographs or engravings. He also possesses 29 engravings of events in which the queen figured, and a great many portraits of contemporary statesmen and sovereigns.—*Literary Gazette.*

SCHAMYL AND THE CIRCASSIANS.

The fine engraving on this page presents us with an elaborately executed equestrian portrait of Schamyl, the Circassian hero, concerning whose prowess in arms so many romantic sketches have been from time to time published. The redoubtable warrior is herein depicted sitting on his war-horse with easy grace, and armed to the teeth in the Circassian style, which carries us back to the days of chivalry. On his head he wears a helmet, and on his body a cuirass of chain armor. In his belt is a straight poignard, and beside him hang his bow and quiver and his trenchant sabre. In his bearing and appointments, he looks almost like a paladin of Charlemagne. Romance and poetry have thrown a golden veil around the actual life of this chief, and many feats of daring attributed to him doubtless originated in the fertile brains of western writers; but enough is known respecting him to warrant that admiration which is due to gallantry in the field, to prudence in counsel, and a lofty spirit of patriotism and independence. We know that he is fighting for his country, and that to his influence, to his sword, and to his counsels, his countrymen are indebted for the continuance of their independence. For years the Russians have waged unrelenting war against the Circassians, and for years they have been subjected to a series of ignominious defeats, illy compensated, at long intervals, by the capture of some mountain stronghold they have found themselves unable to maintain. The country inhabited by the warlike people who have thus hurled defiance at their invaders, Circassia or Tcherkessia, is in the southeast corner of Europe, and embraces but about 40,000 square miles. It is a mountainous region, covering a large portion of the Caucasus and its precipitous branches. Deep ravines, brawling torrents, and high-soaring peaks on which the snow and ice rest for nine months of the year, characterize this portion of the globe. The background in our picture of Schamyl conveys a correct idea of the character of Circassian scenery. Now and then you meet with valleys of great fertility, and these are the more agreeable from being immediately contrasted with the stern and frowning features of the landscape. Circassia is claimed by the Russians, but they have never been able to make good their pretensions. The early history of the Circassians is almost a blank, and they have preserved scarcely any local traditions. They undoubtedly came originally from the East, and probably sprung from the Medes. They sent colonists to Greece, and Greece in turn colonized the Circassian coast, the settlement ultimately falling under the universal dominion of Rome. Between the 10th and 13th centuries, however, they became subject to Georgia, whose queen, Tamar, is said to have converted the Circassians to Christianity. In the 15th century they threw off the Georgian yoke, and not only asserted their independence, but pursued their conquests so far that they were brought into collision with the Tartars, who, after a series of fierce conflicts, gained the upper hand and made tributaries of the Circassians. In the 18th century they defeated the Tartars, who had cruelly oppressed them, and regained their independence. In 1781, the Russians acquired the Kooban as a frontier; and in 1784, the Turks built the fort Anapa, and thence directed their efforts to stir up the Circassians against the czar. Anapa was taken by the Russians in 1807, and was restored to Turkey in 1812. The Turks then succeeded in converting the Circassians to Islamism, their motive being not so much a zeal for religious proselytism as a measure of policy to implant a principle that would ensure the ever-during hostility of their converts to Russia. In 1829, Anapa again fell into the hands of the Russians, who, by the treaty of Adrianople, also acquired all the other Turkish possessions on this coast. Upon this they ground their claim of sovereignty of Circassia, though the latter was never, in fact, subjected to Turkey. It is to resist this claim that the Circassians have been obstinately fighting for so many years. Circassia extends from the Black to the Caspian Sea. The inhabitants call themselves Adige or Adighé; by the Turks and Tartars they are called Tcherkas, or highway robbers; by the Arabs, Memalik; by the Ossetes, likewise a nation dwelling on Mount Caucasus, they are called Kasachi. They inhabit the following districts:—Great Kaharda, Little Kabarda, Beslen, on the Great Laba, which flows into the Kuban, Temirgoi, on the Schagwascha, Ahassia, chiefly on the River Pschaha, Bsednch, in the lower districts of the Rhunsch, Hadukai and Bschana. These hard names, like most of the words in the various unwritten dialects of the Circassian tongue, are almost unpronounceable by European organs. Schamyl has endeavored to promote a spirit of unity among the people, who would have been a formidable nation had they not been divided into a number of petty principalities. The most important of the Circassian branches of the Kuban are the Temirgoi; they inhabit more than forty fortified villages, and can send two thousand men into the field. The Schagacki, below the fortress Anapa, had a prince who formerly maintained vessels on the Black Sea. The Kabarda Circassians, a half-civilized nation, inhabit a fertile country on the northern frontier of the Terek, and are distinguished from all the other nations of the Caucasus by their superior beauty. In many parts of Circassia the soil is fertile, and some of the forests contain the heaviest timber. Agriculture and the rearing of cattle seem to be the only industrial occupations of the inhabitants. They have no manufactures, properly speaking, and trade is only conducted as barter, money being unknown among them. Their agricultural implements are very defective, but they produce corn and wine and the usual agricultural staples in considerable abundance. The Circassians are chiefly celebrated for their physical beauty, the men and women being alike distinguished by symmetry of figure and regularity of feature. They are unquestionably the original stock from which the races now dominant throughout the civilized world are derived. The men are of lofty and commanding stature, regular features, and unequalled in the use of the sabre. The women have delicate features, fine complexions, dark hair, graceful figures, and a beauty of outline which would make them the chosen models of painter and sculptor. The Circassian girls were formerly an article of traffic, being sold by their parents to traders, who disposed of them in the slave mart of Constantinople, whence they passed into the hands of opulent Turks. This trade has now been broken up, but the girls are still sold, and not given away to their future husbands. Courtship and the union of hearts are things unheard of in Circassia. The Circassian prince or nobleman—that is, every one who does not serve, and possesses a horse, is constantly armed with a dagger and pistols, and seldom leaves his house without his sabre and quiver. A helmet and a coat of mail cover his head and his breast. Kabarda furnishes fifteen hundred noblemen or uzdens, and ten thousand peasants or serving-men, capable of bearing arms. But the princes of Kabarda destroy each other by constant hostilities, though of late years they have seen the necessity of uniting against the common foe. The soil of Kabarda is excellent for agriculture, but the winter is severe, and the warm season of short duration. The inhabitants neglect the gifts of nature, and make no use of their mines, from which they might extract the most useful of metals, such as iron and copper, for the manufacture of their weapons. A great part of their wealth consists of goats, sheep, oxen and horses. Their horses are famous for beauty, speed and endurance. The Circassian cavalry climb the steepest mountain passes with the agility of goats; they brand colts of a good breed, and set almost as much store by them as the Arabs do. Their feudal system is worthy of notice. The subject is the property of the prince, though he cannot be sold, and is compelled to perform all personal services, but pays no taxes. The nobleman maintains order among the people and serves the prince in war. The latter keeps an open table, and all those who have herds contribute to it. Immediately after the birth of a princely child, it is taken from the house of its parents, and its education is confided to a nobleman. The boys are instructed in hunting, plundering and fighting, and the girls in sewing and braiding straw and embroidery. By their laws of hospitality, a host is responsible for the safety of his guest; and when a murder has been committed, the relatives of the deceased are allowed to take the life of the murderer. The different tribes of Circassians strongly resemble each other, but differ very greatly in their language. There are nearly a hundred different spoken dialects. None of their languages have a written character, and their sounds are guttural and harsh to an European ear. The total population does not exceed 650,000 souls. For governmental purposes, the people are divided into four different classes, over whom are the princes or Pshees. Under each Pshee or prince are the nobility, the full freemen and the serfs. Beneath these are the absolute slaves. Formerly, the prisoners taken from the Russians in war were reduced to servitude, but Schamyl has recently adopted a far better policy. To those Russians taken in arms who are willing to enrol in the Circassian army, he now promises good treatment and a tract of land to settle on. As the Russian private soldier leads a dog's life and lives on dog's fare, he will eagerly seize the opportunity of abandoning the yoke of the czar for an independent life, and we have no doubt that the future history of the war will record many wholesale desertions from the Russian ranks. During the war between Russia and the western powers, the Circassians were kept quiet by Schamyl, as he was perfectly willing that Russia should send as many troops as possible against the Turks, who are scarcely less hated than the Russians in Circassia. His reappearance in arms has been signalized by some important victories over the Russians, and it is the fresh interest awakened in the mountain hero that has induced us to present his portrait to our readers. There are in the character and manners of the Circassians those picturesque points which render them fine subjects for the poet and novelist, and accordingly we have seen them figuring in many a lay and many a story. But when we judge them by the standard of sound reason and morality, we find them sadly deficient. The upper classes are haughty and arrogant despots; the lower classes are serfs and slaves. Wife and children are slaves of husband and father. The Circassians trade in their own blood. They have no literature, and only the arts of necessity, and are but half-civilized savages after all, wanting many of the good qualities our Indians have. Distance too often lends enchantment to our views.



SCHAMYL, THE CELEBRATED CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.



ANCIENT CITY OF GUATEMALA.

OLD AND NEW GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

The first of the views on this page represents the old city of Guatemala, built at the foot of the Volcan D'Agua, or water volcano, by an eruption of which it was overwhelmed in 1541. It was again devastated by an earthquake in 1773, but has since been in a great measure rebuilt, and contains some 18,000 inhabitants. Many of the ancient buildings are entire, as, for instance, the fine old cathedral seen on our left. The large plaza, with its fountain, that occupies so large a space in our picture, is crowded with horsemen and footmen, with mules, water-carriers, buyers and sellers of vegetables and fruit, and presents a lively and bustling aspect, while the sweeping mountain peaks in the distance lend a sublimity to the landscape view. We present below a fine view of New Guatemala, the capital of the State of Guatemala, situated in a rich and spacious elevated plain, about 24 miles northeast of the old city, and containing 50,000 inhabitants. It is finely built, and looks like the best Italian cities. Our view represents the plaza, or square. In the background is the cathedral; on the left the president's palace. An arcade contains a row of shops, while on the left of the square are the municipality and the prison. A body of government troops are on parade, and the citizens, in their varied costumes, give life to the picture. This city is 90 leagues from the Atlantic, 26 from the Pacific, and 800 from Mexico. It has been frequently besieged, taken and plundered. The Water Volcano, at the foot of which the old city lies, is about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has sometimes been ascended by travellers. In 1828, a party of five, the Netherlands consul general and daughter and three others, made the passage, the ascent to the top being so difficult that some of the party had to be pulled along by the guides with ropes round the body. The view from its summit is fine, with lovely Guatemala and its cochineal plantations at its foot and the Pacific Ocean in the distance. In 1840, Mr. Stephens ascended the mountain.



MODERN CITY OF GUATEMALA

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RED LEAVES.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Where like an old enchanted tower,
The oak uprears his blazoned caves,
How sweetly through the yellow shower
Of sunset, glow his leaves:

As if they caught the morning gleam
Of some unknown, delightful sphere;
Like souls whose faith and glory beam
Through mortal weakness here.

My heart can feel the mellow skies,
The high inspiring leaf and breeze;
And long-neglected memories rise,
As bright as autumn trees.

The owl hallooes, as one in sport,
And loud his hollow chorus rings;
A phantom he, that haunts the court
Of these primeval kings.

Great lords! I muse how o'er the rocks,
Above the ancient hills they reign;
How he of old, of golden locks,
Under the oak was slain;

How gentle hearts that plighted vows,
Ere life had passed the budding May,
Have grown in sweetness, like the boughs,
Beauteous in age as they:

How, over story, over life,
The clustering leaves of many a hue,
Show where hath been the blast of strife,
And where hath been the dew.

I see the ages dim and far,
With deed and impulse shadowy grown,
As forests in the twilight are,
As soon must be my own.

O hearts made weary long ago!
Now dreading no autumnal stroke;
Again your green leaves blooming grow,
No scarlet hath your oak.

Life, day and verdure leave in flight
Prophetic signs in earth or skies;
And never spring, nor morn, nor light,
But only weakness, dies.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

Never, since the memory of woman, has the ancient town of Pugwash been thrown into such a flutter, such a tumult of consternation and dismay, as within the past week; and for no insufficient reason has such been the case, as will be presently seen. All those who have attentively perused the papers of late, must have observed that the vicinity of the town in question has latterly been the scene of an unprecedented number of incendiary fires, burglaries and assaults; a state of things which in any locality would be likely to cause no little apprehension; but which, in a place usually so quiet, not to say dull and stupid, has wrought the people almost into a state of frenzy. Old ladies of both sexes have talked the matter over, gravely shook their heads, and wondered what the world was coming to; and not receiving any satisfactory reply, have worn out their shoes in nightly pilgrimages about the house to see that all was securely fastened and that no one was secreted in the closets. Young ladies have looked, in fear and trembling, beneath their beds and in their work-stand drawers before retiring, and informed their anxious friends, confidentially, that, in the event of a robber entering the house, the fearful result would be that they should certainly "give up," an event so much to be deprecated as to cause their respective adorers to talk valiantly of forming a vigilance committee—which, of course, has never been done—to purchase revolvers, and to tremble violently in their beds, and pull the clothes over their heads upon hearing any one about the house at night.

But notwithstanding the selectmen have offered large rewards for the detection of the culprits, and also hired, at great expense, a rheumatic old gentleman to patrol the town through the hours of darkness, the excitement had in no degree abated when the occurrence of a most unusual event caused a ripple in the current, and gave, for a time, to the swift-tongued villagers a new subject of conversation; and this unusual occurrence was no other than an arrival of strangers at the Swan and Goosepimple public house. The Pugwash hotel being conducted on the "European plan,"—that is to say, the guests being "accommodated" with very small rooms at a very large price, and provided with nothing at all to eat, at outlandish hours, at still higher prices—it was considered right and proper to give the house a decidedly English name; accordingly, the above eminently British appellation was selected, after much study of books of travel and such like trumpery publications.

There are, no doubt, many places on this wide extended continent where the arrival of a stranger at a public house is considered a matter of no very startling importance; but such is not the case at Pugwash. That interesting town, not being situated on the line of any important railroad, nor, indeed, of any other road, very little travel passes that way, and, as a natural consequence, whenever a voyager does put up at the Swan and Goosepimple, he at once becomes an object of universal speculation. It is not surprising, therefore, that a good deal of interest was manifested when it became known that there had arrived at the hotel a canvass-covered travelling trunk, marked T. T., a dark-colored carpet-bag, marked A. J., and a light-colored gentleman marked with the small pox, who at once inquired for a room, ordered his baggage sent up, swore at the porter, gave him twenty-five cents, and called for supper, to which he was about sitting down, when there also arrived a black moustache, interspersed with a number of red and yellow bristles, closely followed by a tall, dark complexioned young gentleman, who inquired for the light gentleman and joined him at supper, when he ordered minced fish and a doughnut, said he would occupy the same room with the light gentleman, to which they shortly retired, locked the door, and had not made their appearance since.

In less than two hours after the first arrival, all these particulars were known, and being talked over at every house in town. Who were the strangers? what did they want in town? how long were they going to stay? where did they come from? and were they people of sufficient consequence to be patronized? were questions anxiously and rapidly asked by each young lady as she recollected that, less than a year had elapsed since Lucy Tompkins had made a splendid match by catching a wealthy southern gentleman who was stopping at the hotel, and who every young lady felt certain she might have caught herself had she only been quick enough and put herself forward as much as that artful, scheming Lucy Tompkins. The recollection lent a spur to the tongues, feet and imaginations of all who were not disposed to waste their sweetness on the Pugwash air.

As evening approached, young ladies, dressed in their best, and looking their prepared prettiest, strolled in couples with careful carelessness up the street in front of the hotel; and young ladies strolled down the street in front of the hotel; young ladies sauntered into the milliner's shop opposite the hotel; asked questions about the hotel, and glanced slily at the hotel. Ladies of a certain age called upon other ladies of a certain age and questioned of the strangers who were stopping at the hotel; gawky brothers dropped in at the bar-room to endeavor to get a sight of the great unknown; and one or two old ladies called upon Mrs. Mixer, the landlady, whom they subjected to a vigorous pumping process, with regard to the important topic, but all to no purpose; the gentlemen having entered their room, did not leave it again that night. All that could be gathered was, that the names upon the register read "A. Jinx" and "T. Tompkins," only that, and nothing more; no title, no residence, no nothing. They were evidently travelling *incog.*, and that they were unmistakably *somebody*, was equally evident from their reserved and retired manner. There was no longer any doubt in the minds of the young ladies that they were distinguished strangers travelling through the rural districts in search of sentimental damsels under difficulties, for the purpose of taking to themselves wives; for every one posted in story-book literature must be aware that such is the sole occupation of young gentlemen of wealth and talent.

Excitement and expectation ran high in Pugwash that night. Under the ruffle of many a sheep's-head night-cap flitted charming dreams of a fascinating young lover on his knees—by the way, I wonder if a chap ever did get down on his knees to pop the question? If such a thing ever did occur, the fellow was a spoony, and the lady not much better if she didn't push him over and step on him. That's not the way to do the thing. Bless your heart, it's the simplest thing in the world if you only know how. Fellows are usually too earnest about the business, and consequently, boisterous and clumsy; so different from the calm self-possession of the dear creatures themselves, that they cannot be otherwise than disgusted with the awkward flounderings of their adorers.

Now for my part—and my advice is by no means to be sneezed at, having popped the question at least fifty times, and it makes no difference that it has always been with the same result, to wit, "I shall always like you as a friend—but—" and then, they don't say it but they think it—"Poor fellow, he loves me, I know he does, by his looks; what a pity he hasn't a little more money. Well, perhaps if I don't have a good deal better offer this season or next, perhaps I may take pity on him. I wish he was rich." It makes no difference, I say, that this has always been the tenor of the reply, for practice makes perfect, whether successful or not; and my advice is, not to be too precipitate about the matter; do not commit yourself in any greater degree than does the lady also. Instead of blundering ahead with a blunt proposal, go calmly to work and gently *feel* your way as you go. In this, as in all other pursuits, there is little hope of success where you cannot feel your way, and keep open an avenue for a graceful retreat. What can be more absurd than a proposal by letter, in which case you place yourself fearfully in the power of your fair enemy? What should we think of that mariner, who, upon approaching a dangerous coast, should go down upon his knees on the forecastle, and murmur, in a foolish tone of voice, "Dearest coast, you know I am dying to get into port, pray, therefore, take pity on me, and remove all reefs, rocks, and other obstacles from the course, that I may, like a second lemons, go in and be squeezed," or who should content himself by inditing a foolish epistle to the coast requesting a like favor? We should write that mariner down an ass, and so, also, would the coast to which he prayed. No, your skilful sailor, with wary eye, and lead line in hand, stands cautiously onward, sounding continually; not plunging head first toward his object, but ever feeling his way; when, if a sunken reef or shoal interposes, he has an intuitive perception of it long before it is reached, and putting his craft about, he stands along the shore for a further opening; and not having committed himself, he quits the coast with a smile and bow of such perfect good nature, as to leave the coast in some doubt as to whether he really intended an approach, or was only amusing himself, and that coast has ever a smile and a pleasant look for that mariner whenever they meet. Yea, verily! strive to become such a skipper, if you would successfully navigate a court-ship.

But this is a digression. Well, next day the campaign was resumed with renewed vigor. There was more walking, more calling upon Mrs. Mixer, more questioning, and more conjecturing; but as before, all was of no avail. The gentlemen only left their room to feed, and immediately returned, appearing to be busily engaged upon some important and secret business. The young lady who fills the poet's corner in the Pugwash Independent, had indeed caught a glimpse of the strangers as they sat at dinner, but had no opportunity of procuring an introduction, although she must say they seemed to take much interest in her conversation as she talked to Mrs. Mixer, and at them. Their personal appearance she reported as eminently *distingue*, and more particularly was this the case with the black moustache, Mr. Jinx, who she felt must be a congenial spirit—a being filled with high and noble sentiments, and all that sort of thing.

The excitement grew intense as another day drew to a close, bringing no developments. Old ladies, who could remember events that transpired a thousand years ago, wondered if this Mr. Jinx was any relation to the Jinx that was hung about the time Deborah was married. Young ladies wondered whether this Mr. Jinx was related to Senator Jinx, who made the celebrated speech in reply to Spink on the Goose question, when it was proposed to submit something or other to the committee on the whole. But all this conjecture resulted, as conjecture usually does, in nothing. The young lady who does the chamber work at the hotel could throw no light upon the matter. She had, she confessed, applied her ear diligently to the key hole of the gentlemen's room, "but the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token, and the only words there spoken" was an occasional "Jinx, my boy, pass that cocktail," or "Tompkins, my lad, toss us a cigar," while all the time a continual scratch, scratch, scratching was going on, for which she could in no way account.

This state of things was unbearable; the town was in a ferment; they *must* find out something. If it should turn out after all that there had been a Bourbon among them and they not know it, what a never ending source of regret it would be! But they didn't find out anything. Yet another day passed and left them as ignorant as before. The strangers were not communicative, and stuck to their room like a dog to a root, wholly unaware of the interest they excited. This feverish excitement could not last. There is an end to all things earthly, except—according to Solomon—the making of books, of which there is no end.

There was relief in prospect. The following day was Sunday, when, of course, the strangers would cease from their pursuits, whatever they were, and make their appearance at church. The dry goods stores of Pugwash drove a thriving trade that warm Saturday afternoon. Innumerable lace collars and under-sleeves having had their price "beat down," were rolled up in flimsy papers, and carried home in impassable pockets somewhere in the voluminous folds of flimsy skirts. New parasolettes expanded in the sun, and none so poor but that a pair of new pink lute-string bonnet ribbons flaunted in the summer air.

The Sunday sun arose, and so did the Pugwash damsels some hours later; then, such a trying on and putting off, such a pinning and tying, such a letting down of this garment and putting a tuck in that, was never seen before. Those young ladies who were tall and thin, wore high-necked dresses, with a pretty collar and ribbon, and perhaps a pin; while those who were blessed with pretty necks wore baby waists, so extremely short at the top that little hail-stone muslin no-you-don'ts had to be called into requisition. (I am not altogether certain that I have hit upon the proper name for this latter article of dress, so I had better describe it, though if it isn't a "no-you don't" that is what it says, fast enough). In the first place, then, the material resembles a lamella of fossil fog of extreme tenuity, made into a garment which commences at the lower extremity of the throat, around which it is made fast, thence descending on all sides, over the shoulders, back, and-so-forth, for a considerable distance, until it meets the upper rim of the baby waist, inside of which it vanishes. They are very taking garments, and I am amazingly fond of them, as why shouldn't I be, when they are so very near perfection? But I say, my dears, don't the little lumps of embroidery scratch your necks dreadfully?

Ah! it was a beautiful sight to see those high necks, those baby waists, those new parasolettes and collars, those pink lute-string bonnet ribbons, as they quitted their homes at the sound of the bell, and hurried their little feet in little steps toward the church; and more delightsome was it to look on, as they entered their pews and sat down, got up, again sat down, again got up and a third time subsided into their seats with a furtive glance around at the congregation, and began industriously flying their fans, one after another, until the whole body of the church was alive with the ceaseless motion of these skilful performers upon their noiseless wind instruments. The house was completely packed, scarcely a seat was vacant; the out-of-town churches were deserted for the day. You would have supposed, from the crowd in attendance, that some great preacher was going to hold forth, so much excitement and expectation were apparent in the faces of all present.

Time wore on. The deacons arrived, the clergyman arrived—poor dear man, how pleased he looked to behold so many gathered to hear him—every lady arrived; but the strangers didn't. It was outrageous. People were as indignant as they could have been had the gentlemen issued tickets at a high price to an exhibition of themselves, and then disappointed their audience. They might, however, come in the afternoon. No, the afternoon passed, and still they came not. Public opinion, ever changeable, began to take a turn.

"Perhaps these strangers might not be all they had represented themselves," said one old lady to another, with a shake of the head, never thinking but that their own surmises were distinct and positive assertions on the part of the unknown; but let that be as it may, it was extremely tantalizing not to be able to discover anything. While the strangers had been considered somebodies, the young ladies had taken the lead, but now that the case was reversed, the old women took the matter in hand.

"As evening waned away from breezy cliff and bay, and the strong tide went out with weary moan," Mrs. Smith, the grocer's wife, found it convenient to drop in to Mrs. Mixer's sitting-room, at the hotel, and scarcely had she taken her seat before in came Mrs. Jones, the blacksmith's lady, accompanied by Mrs. Brown, the postmaster's spouse; indeed, people continued to drop in until there were some fifteen or twenty ladies of mature age, some wives and some maidens, assembled in the little sitting room.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Smith, upon learning that the strangers had kept their room all day, only coming out to their meals; "I don't know but what all may be right, but when people come into a place and can't give any account of themselves, it doesn't seem to me as if everything was just as it should be."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones; "and after making such a to-do, and giving out that they were such great people, as they did at first, it's queer, to say the least."

"And when people consider what dreadful things have happened about here, of late—fires and robberies and such like," croaked another old lady. "And when such mysterious people as these come into town—I say, when people put that and that together, it's well enough for people to find out who people are, that's what I say," and the old creature gave an anxious shake of the head.

"Well," broke in Mrs. Mixer, "I must say, these men have had some strange carryings on together; some things that I can't anyway understand."

"What like; do tell us?" exclaimed the entire party.

"Why, nothing that I can explain exactly; a sort of secret way of understanding each other, and communicating by signs; for instance, the other day when the young lady who writes poetry for the Independent was in here, she was repenting some of her verses to me, while they were at dinner, and that Mr. Jinx, as he calls himself, put his fore-finger on the side of his nose, and shut up one eye, and the other fellow put his tongue into his cheek and rolled up his eyes, then they winked at each other in a peculiar manner, which, now that I think of it, puts me strongly in mind of what I have heard tell of pirates and others who commit crimes on the high seas, though I don't want to say anything against any person till I know for certain."

"O, goodness gracious!" exclaimed the lady who waits on the table, "I've seen hundreds of things just as bad, and worse. Only last night, when they were at supper, I reached the tea to that Tompkins fellow—it was rather weak to be sure, and he turned to Jinx and asked if he liked his tea strong, and Jinx said 'yes, with a brick in it,' then they looked at each other, and laughed in a way that made my blood run cold. I trembled all over just like a leaf. Who ever heard of putting bricks in tea? It means something, you may depend!"

"O, mercy! that's nothing to what I've seen of 'em," exclaimed the young lady who works at the millinery business. "Almost the first day they came here, as their window was directly opposite where I work, I felt a very natural curiosity to know who and what they were; so I borrowed uncle's spy-glass, and stood looking over to see if I could see anything, when that Jinx man caught sight of me, and ever since then, when he sees me looking that way, he will get right before his window and make the awfullest faces, puffing out his cheeks, and crossing his eyes like a condemned felon, and frightens me so that I've almost made up my mind not to look at the house while they stay here."

"There shall be no such goings on in *my* house," said Mrs. Mixer, decidedly. "They shall either give an account of themselves to-morrow morning, or leave at once. But I say, Mrs. Smith, haven't any letters come for either of these men since they have been here?"

"Why, yes," returned the post-mistress, "there was one came up from the city for Mr. Jinx, in the last night's mail."

"And is it in the office now?" inquired Mrs. Jones, with no little earnestness.

"Why, not exactly," returned the post-mistress, in a qualified tone, as though the letter was half in the office and half out. "As I was coming over here, I thought I might as well put it in my pocket and bring it along, to give to the gentleman if I saw him."

"O, do let me look at it just for a moment," chorussed all the ladies, with great eagerness.

"I don't know as it's exactly right," she replied, hesitating, and half drawing the letter from her pocket. "They are very strict about the mails."

"O, nonsense, it's nothing justto look at the out side!" exclaimed Mrs. Mixer, snatching the letter from her half-reluctant grasp. "Post-marked from the city, isn't it? and directed to A. Jinx, Esq., Pugwash. Well, there isn't much to be learned from that. I'd like to see what's inside of it. It's one of the self-sealing envelopes, too." And from her hands it passed to those of the other ladies. Each of them eyed it with a look which seemed to say they would give their ears to be alone with the letter about five minutes.

"If it wasn't for these pesky envelopes, a body might get a glimpse of a word or two," said Mrs. Jones, holding the letter up to the light, turning it over and over, and running her fingers along the borders. "Well, there, I do declare, if it hasn't come open all of itself!"

"What are you doing!" exclaimed the post mistress, anxiously, endeavoring to get possession of the letter.

"I couldn't help it, dear, it would come open; that little place there was torn before, and it's easy enough to seal it up again," said Mrs. Jones, looking round to the rest of the company for their approval.

"Now that it has happened to come open so, all of itself, I think we might as well see what is in it," said Mrs. Mixer, eagerly. "If there's nothing out of the way, Mr. Jinx wont care, and if there is—why, we ought to know it."

A general murmur of approbation followed this proposal, and Mrs. Jones, drawing the paper from the envelope, cast her eyes over the contents.

"O, good gracious! O, lawful sakes! It's just as I expected! I've had my suspicions all along!" she exclaimed, throwing herself back in her chair, as though completely overcome.

"What is it? Do read it aloud!" vociferated the whole party, fixing their eyes upon her in breathless anxiety.

"O, law, it's too dreadful—I never can," she gasped, with much emotion, and to prove that she never could, she forthwith held the letter to the light, and read as follows:

"MR. JINX:—Dear Sir,—I do not altogether approve of your plan. In my opinion, it would be better that Julia should be poisoned instead of stabbed, as you propose; it would be less revolting; and as for the old gentleman, you might have him accidentally burned, by his house taking fire; or you might fasten some crime upon him, for which he would be imprisoned a number of years; any way, in short, rather than murder. I don't like so much blood and thunder work. I would like you to complete this business as soon as possible, as I have another job on hand, requiring your attention.

"Yours truly, A. B."

"O, horrible!" exclaimed all the ladies, with a simultaneous gasp, at the conclusion of this diabolical epistle.

"It's a conspiracy to murder the whole of us," exclaimed the landlady. "O, that such people should have lodged in *my* house. I must find Mr. Mixer."

"When Julia and the old man are disposed of, then there's another job on hand, and who knows who that will be? I must find Mr. Jones," murmured the blacksmith's wife, as she quitted the room.

"I'm afraid to stay in the county," gasped the post-master's spouse. "I must find Mr. Brown."

Half an hour had not elapsed since the discovery of this monstrous villany, when a dozen armed men might have been seen stealing cautiously along the passage leading to the room occupied by the strangers. Arrived at the door, they paused a moment for consultation, then, with a simultaneous rush, the door was thrown violently open, the two murderers knocked down, ironed, and gagged, the papers which covered the table taken into the keeping of the constable, and in five minutes more the bloody rascals were lodged in the Pugwash county jail.

As may readily be imagined, there was little of sleep in the town that night. The entire population was too much excited even to wink. Each one who had been of the party in Mrs. Mixer's sitting-room, was in every one's else house, giving an extended account of the whole matter, and proving to a demonstration, that but for her own individual efforts nothing whatever would have been found out. But morning came at length, as mornings will, and at an early hour the office of the justice before whom the examination was to take place was crowded to suffocation; all business was suspended, and people came flocking in from every direction. Presently the justice made his appearance, in company with several associates, and having commanded order in the court, the prisoners, together with their counsel, were with some difficulty got through the crowd on the outside, and brought into the dread eleven by fifteen tribunal. People now had an opportunity to note, what they had not remarked before, that the prisoners were most revolting looking men, without one redeeming feature about them. Indeed, one of the justices took occasion to remark to another, that, "to his recollection, he had never seen a face which bore such unmistakable traces of frequent and bloody crimes, of low and brutal ferocity, as did the countenance of the prisoner Jinx; either was, doubtless, bad enough, but Jinx was certainly the most repulsive."

The examination commenced, and the witnesses were interrogated as to what they knew of the affair. But being all females, a slight difficulty presented itself. Each one being naturally a little proud of the part she had taken in the matter, they were constantly interrupting each other with explanations, until the justice, out of all patience, declared that if they did not remain silent he should be obliged to remove them all from the room, and examine each separately.

"I hope your honor will do nothing of the kind," remarked the counsel for the prisoners. "It is highly important that we should know just how much each lady has had to do in this matter, as it is our intention to bring an action for damages against each and all who have been concerned in this conspiracy to interrupt my clients in their lawful business, and to bring about this false arrest and imprisonment."

"Lawful business, sir!" exclaimed the justice. "What do you call lawful business?"

"An examination of the papers belonging to these gentlemen, which were captured at the same time with themselves, will probably give you some insight into the matter."

The papers were produced and examined.

"Why, this appears to be some kind of a play," remarked the justice, after fumbling over the sheets for a moment.

"Precisely, sir; it is a play," returned the counsel, "a tragedy, and one, I should judge, of considerable merit, considering the excitement that has attended its first introduction to the public, and this here is a letter from the theatrical manager for whom the play is being written, containing a few suggestions in regard to the plot. If anything further is necessary, we can bring a hundred gentlemen to prove the respectability of the prisoners."

It was not necessary. In twenty minutes from that time the prisoners were seated in an open buggy, their baggage piled up behind, and a two forty nag in front, on to which the writer was industriously laying the string, while Tompkins, with his feet braced against the dasher, his head thrown back, and his hands grasping the lines, was shouting, at the top of his voice, the mystic words, "Hi! hi! ha-rr!" by way of encouraging our quadruped to pick up his toes with regularity and despatch.

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BROADWAY, NEW YORK, BY GASLIGHT.

[For description, see page 381]



A GROUP OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

[For desc. pt u see page 381.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN'S COME.

BY ROBERT R. MCKAY.

Autumn's come! hark its tread;
See, the leaves are turning red—
Turning all, and now, anon,
They are falling one by one.
Falling, from each branch and tree,
Downward, slowly, silently;
What a lesson to us each
Do these falling leaflets teach.

Autumn's winds are blowing chill,
Through the meadow, o'er the hill;
In the woods, where oft we've seen
Summer flowers, robes of green,
Through each haunt we call our own,
They with mournfulness do moan;
In each cherished, favorite spot,
One by one, the leaves do drop.

Dropping, dropping on the ground,
Lodging everywhere around,
In the spring, where last we drank,
On the mossy velvet bank;
On the brook they fall like rain,
Then are borne away again;
Then do others take their place,
Following, joining in the race,

There's another—see how slow—
Yet another—down they go;
How like life its truth, we say,
That we're passing, too, away.
Round us gentle forms we see,
Like the leaflets of the tree;
They from us are fading fast,
'Neath the fell destroyer's blast.

But though death those ones obtain,
They shall brighter homes regain;
As the leaves, when spring is here,
All renewed, again appear—
So will God above give birth
To those ones who pass from earth;
Pass away but to regain
Homes where joys eternal reign.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PEEP THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE.

BY H. T. SANFORD.

I was on my first voyage, as first mate, on board the "Two Pollies" of Marblehead, with young Jack Dunmore as captain. A fine, generous, social man, too, was Captain Dunmore,—not a bit of foolish pride in him, and yet stately enough, when any occasion demanded it. He would not bear anything like an insult nor any want of obedience either; but he would speak kindly and humanely to the lowest sailor in his ship. I have seen him tend a sick boy, as a mother would her own baby; and when Ben Corwin was taken down with yellow fever at Havana, the captain waited on him with his own hands. It shamed us all, lubbers as we were, for we were terribly afraid of "Yellow Jack," as the sailors call it.

Ben got well, and always declared that he owed his life to the captain; and in all human probability he did. It was on this voyage that our ship was struck by lightning. I never wish to see such a sight as that again. As the sailors cast their eyes upward, the strong, blue flame reflected upon their faces, and gave them the look of demons.

The lightning did not much damage to the ship, but it left its memory in our heart; and from that time to this, I can never see a thunder cloud approaching, when I am at sea, without shuddering. I recall those fearful countenances, and it takes from me all power of utterance or motion.

We sailed, as I said, to Havana, and arrived back with no material incident, excepting Ben's fever and the lightning. We came into the harbor at Marblehead, under as sweet a moon as ever lighted true-hearted sailors to their homes. Onward came our vessel, like a sea-bird upon the waves, as we sailed across the bay, rounded the point and stood in for Marblehead. All was calm, and still, and bright. The town lay sleeping in its moonlight beauty. It was twelve o'clock, and not a light to be seen.

Captain Dunmore was pacing the deck, with his cigar in his mouth, and his head bent down on one side, as was his fashion when he was thinking very deeply. I came up to him suddenly, and whispered in his ear.

"No, Brooks, I will not risk anything of the kind. I am too young to play one of those tricks. It would do for Captain Welch and Captain Coffin, who could afford to be degraded from the rank of captain; but it will not do for me."

I persisted, for I thought it such a fine chance to get out the captain's goods before we went to Boston, as we should undoubtedly be ordered to do, and I begged him to allow me to do so. He refused still; but as I urged repeatedly, I could see that he was wavering. I pressed my point harder.

"Well, Brooks, I shall go home the moment we arrive. I don't choose to run the risk."

"But, captain, I am only a mate. They cannot hurt me, you know; and if you will only consent to my doing as I please, and go on shore yourself, I will do everything that is to be done."

I won a reluctant consent, and the captain went home as soon as the ship anchored. I carried him in the first boat. The second contained a prize, which the officers of the revenue would have been delighted to get hold of.

We had called up a very clever fellow, *for a landsman*, and he had promised to store our goods for us, until we could get them away in safety. He was a friend of Captain Dunmore, and would have done anything for him. We stowed them away in an old shed, and covered them with straw.

Part of our cargo consisted of rich spices, and our friend became alarmed at the powerful odor they emitted, and grew very anxious to have them removed. Sure enough, the officers were upon the lookout, on the suggestion of a good-for-nothing cousin of my own, who first watched and then betrayed me. I would like to have had the caning of that rascal. I will have it yet, some day, if I ever find him sober enough to "take the sense" of what I am doing to him.

We had three or four *doctors* on our custom-house list at Marblehead, and they, having little practice, were on the scent for smugglers, and they scented our spices. They were seized and in the custom-house before they had been out of the ship twelve hours, and Captain Dunmore was every moment in peril of being seized too. It would have been a hard thing had he been discovered, but he was so much beloved that even the officers at the custom-house sent him word to keep out of their way.

An old friend of Captain Dunmore's father undertook to secrete him, and took him to his own house, in order to prepare for his journey. While there, waiting for the carriage in which he was to go, one of the custom-house officers entered the house, in his medical capacity. Captain Dunmore evaded him by leaving by another door, disguised in a large white overcoat and a slouched hat, and thus joined his friend, who was waiting at a little distance with the chaise. Captain Coffin thus carried him away without suspicion, to Scituate, where he had a brother.

On the evening of that day, Mr. Andrew Coffin, the captain's brother, was sitting quietly with his wife and daughters at tea, when the door-bell rung loudly, and a familiar voice called for Mr. Coffin. That gentleman rose, and was absent long enough from the room to excite the curiosity of his youngest daughter, a girl of sixteen. She left the table, and peeping through the key-hole of the spare parlor, she saw her uncle and a man whose appearance certainly did not prepossess her. She wondered much what her father and uncle could have to do with such an uncouth personage. But while she looked, he changed all at once. The fair Bertha could hardly believe her eyes, when she saw the old white hat and long light hair suddenly disappear, and a noble head, with black curling locks appear in their stead. Then the loose coat fell off, and a handsome figure in black met her gaze.

Afraid to stay longer, she ran back to the tea-table, and soon her father returned, bringing her uncle, and an elegant young man, whom he introduced as Dr. Merritt.

Bertha blushed very deeply, when he was introduced, but she kept her own counsel. Captain Coffin explained that his young friend was somewhat indisposed, and would like to try the sea air for a few weeks, and that he had not any better place for him than to throw him upon their hospitality, and recommended him especially to his favorite Bertha's care.

Here Captain Dunmore stayed, week after week, until a merchant in Boston, knowing his enterprising character and seaman-like qualities, wrote to Captain Coffin, to find his young friend, and offer him a new ship that was just ready for the East Indies. Once away, the excitement would be over, and by the payment of a large fine, things were all arranged without subjecting him to imprisonment, or degradation from his rank.

It was a long voyage, and when it was over, Captain Dunmore married the young lady whom "Doctor Merritt" had wooed. Not until then did Bertha tell him of her "peep through the key-hole."

My wife and Bertha are very intimate. Through Captain Dunmore's interest, I got a fine ship belonging to the same merchant for whom he sailed; and we are often in port, and lying along side each other. On such occasions, we recall the "spicy" events of that night on the waters, and have a merry laugh together at Bertha's first peep at her husband.

The reader may well believe that we never again risked the danger of smuggling.

SPOILS OF WAR.

An English paper says there has recently arrived at Portsmouth from Kertch, taken from the museum of that ill-fated and, until lately, beautiful city, the fall sized figures in marble of a lion and lioness; and although the hand of time has told upon them, they still possess in their outlines proofs of the skill with which they were sculptured. There is nothing to the uninitiated eye, in the way of inscription, to indicate their date or place of sculpture; but those who have some knowledge of such matters, attribute them to the period of the ancient kings of Pontus, of whose realms the Crimea was a portion—probably they date from the time of that celebrated monarch, Mithridates, surnamed the Great. The same vessel which brought them to Portsmouth, also brought a marble slab with some devices or scroll work sculptured upon it; and this may, perhaps, afford some clue to the date of these ancient sculptures. The lion and lioness were placed at the entrance of the Kertch Museum; they are now destined for the British Museum.—*Portfolio.*

TRADE IN INSECTS.

Bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember is, that of the trade of fireflies in Havana; the insect, being caught and carefully fed on the sugar cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American firefly, it is very brilliant at night. The Creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city belles; some of them carry them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a fine display by lamplight.—*New York Despatch.*

[Special Correspondence of Ballou's Pictorial.]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS,
Nov. 8, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—Wishing to see Paris in good shape, and without regard to cost, I have taken up my lodgings at the magnificent establishment from which I date this letter, and of which the Parisians are justly proud—though to one familiar with your Tremont and Revere Houses, and the Metropolitan and San Nicholas, New York, there is nothing positively stunning in this great caravanserai. Still it is, by all odds, the grandest hotel in Europe, and is probably destined to become the general rendezvous of all tourists who have "put money in their purses." It fronts the Place du Palais-Royal, and its enormous façade is a fine specimen of architecture. Though it has some splendid suites of rooms, which can only be occupied by a fortunate speculator on the Bourse, by a banker or a Russian prince, still the establishment is not devoted exclusively to millionaires—and the directors have not forgotten that it is necessary to recruit their finances from all classes of travellers. Besides a table d'hote in a magnificent gallery, and reminding you of that of the St. Nicholas, the hotel is provided with a restaurant of the first class. M. Edouard Dremel, proprietor of the Vittoria Hotel at Dresden, is at the head of this colossal establishment, and has thus far proved himself an excellent manager.

The Hotel des Princes is another establishment highly patronized, which I shall try before leaving this fascinatiog city. It enjoys a European reputation. You must go there, if you wish to become acquainted with all the seductions of Parisian luxury. Fancy a hotel in the very heart of pleasures; a world of servants ready to minister to and anticipate your caprices, carriages always harnessed in the huge courtyard, apartments furnished with every luxury, a *cuisine* worthy of Careme or Brillat-Savarin, always ready to lavish its marvels for your money—here, if you have that and health, you can enjoy metropolitan life, or else you are very hard to please. And do not fancy, Mr. Editor, that it costs three thousand francs a month to lodge at the Hotel des Princes. You can live there for from one to four dollars a day. A nice room, three or four flights up, however, costs only about twenty dollars a month, meals extra. But you can dine at some of the splendid restaurants in the Palais-Royal—fully equal to Parker's in Court Street—for sixty or seventy cents, whereas at your hotel, the dinner, no better, would cost you a dollar and a half or two dollars.

Paris is beginning to be very gay—it is never otherwise to the stranger, to be sure. The theatres, circusses, and other places of entertainment, are in full blast, and the balls are beginning. One of the most attractive places is the Jardin d'Hiver (Winter Garden), a sort of Crystal Palace in miniature, about the middle of the great avenue of the Champs Elysees (Elysian Fields). The entrance fee is one franc. Rare trees and shrubs are grouped here with infinite taste. The fetes of the Jardin d'Hiver are various in character—sometimes they give a concert here, sometimes a full dress ball, and sometimes a masked ball. I look forward with some curiosity to the masquerade balls, of which we have read so much. In the carnival season, the Parisians seem to enjoy themselves, I am told, only when they put on false noses and beards, and figure as impossible postilions of Longjumeau, Mexican Indians, hunchbacks, etc. The theatres minister to the delirium of the hour by changing themselves into dancing saloons. The Opéra-Comique, the Odéon, the Porte-St. Martin, the Ambigu, the Gaieté—all of them theatrical establishments—have their dress and masked balls. The Grand Opera gives the signal. That establishment draws the most prodigious crowds, and makes the most noise with its roar of drums and its mighty orchestra, led by Musard, the mighty magician, whose batoñ is the sceptre of frenzied joy and tumultuous calisthenics and gymnastics.

The other day I saw the empress riding out to take an airing in a carriage, escorted by a detachment of mounted chasseurs. The engravings you have seen have not exaggerated her beauty. She does not look, however, like the spirited creature she is. But the Spanish blood in her veins is said to be as fiery as that which flows in the royal arteries of Queen Isabella. Many stories are in circulation with regard to her frolicsome disposition, which is said to have finally defied the attempts of Louis Napoleon to hold it in check. Think of her going out shooting in the woods of Fontainebleau, in a half masculine costume, and bringing down a brace of birds with her double-barreled fowling-piece, without so much as winking! The story runs that Louis Napoleon has resumed his former dissipated habits, that the empress has found him out, and that she has suspended her certain lectures only on condition that he shall not interfere with her innocent gayeties; and that she shall not be tied down to that rigid court etiquette, which the "nephew of his uncle" sought to establish.

Among the recent deaths in this city, is that of the widow of Danton, the terrible revolutionist. She was a girl of fifteen, and married the monster about two years before he perished by the guillotine, to which he had consigned so many victims. During the consulate of Napoleon I., she married Baron Dupin. The name of Danton was never mentioned in her house.

Some weeks since the world-renowned Cafe de Paris was closed. It was opened July 15, 1822, and soon established a brilliant reputation. This restaurant occupied the ground floor of the house at the corner of the Rue Taitbout and the Boulevard des Italiens. The proprietor gradually raised the rent from $4000 to $8000. The lessee grumbled and paid. But when Lord Seymour, the owner, raised the figure to $15,000, the eating-house man refused to stand the extortion, and the establishment was closed. And, as you have probably had enough of French gossip by this time, I will close my letter.

Ever yours, CHARMION.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NAVAL FAREWELL SERENADE—QUARTETTE.

BY LIEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

All. Our bark awaits the shore, love,
Our banner floats the breeze:
Adieu to thee once more, love,
We're bounding o'er the seas.

1st. Tide is on the ebb, now,
And time upon the wing—

2nd. Gala Youth is at our prow,
While syren Hope doth sing—

3d. Victory flings her garlands
Upon the heaving wave—

4th. Glory bids us "gather them,
Or find a watery grave!"

All. Our bark awaits the shore, love,
Our banner floats the breeze:
Adieu to thee once more, love,
We're bounding o'er the seas.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WRONG AND INJUSTICE DEFEATED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The lamps of the great hall of Oakdale Manor-house were lighted, although the reflected brilliance of the still glowing west, had it not been for the thick, heavy drapery shading the windows, would have rendered unnecessary the aid of artificial light.

Sir Geoffrey Wilmonth, the owner of Oakdale, an estate inherited from a long line of ancestors, was alone in the hall, pacing up and down in that hurried manner which betokens mental disturbance. He was but little past the prime of life, and was, in many respects, a handsome man, notwithstanding those hard lines, denoting certain unamiable traits of character, which time had traced round his mouth. Suddenly, he stayed his footsteps, and stood in the attitude of listening.

"He comes," he murmured, half aloud, as a dull sound of horses' feet was heard in the distance. "After all, I must have been mistaken," said he, as the sound ceased.

Scarcely a minute, however, had passed, when was heard the sharp clatter of iron-shod hoofs on the pavement of the court. The travellers, a gentleman and his servant, had taken a short cut across a corner of the park, so that the noise of their approach had for a few seconds been muffled by the yielding turf. Sir Geoffrey's countenance brightened, and yet, now and then, a shade of uneasiness flitted over it. In a moment or two, the door at the upper end of the hall was thrown open, and a gentleman with a Spanish cloak thrown over his shoulders, for, though early in September, the evening air was chilly, entered the apartment.

"Welcome, Count de Silva," said Sir Geoffrey, stepping quickly forward to meet him, and offering him his hand.

"You were expecting me," said de Silva.

"Yes, though the message which preceded you was delayed. It is only two hours since I received it. But throw off your cloak. A fire was lit half an hour before sunset, which, as you will find, has agreeably tempered the coolness of the air, and removed the dampness."

"A pleasant change," said de Silva, seating himself in a deep, velvet-lined chair, "after crossing those bleak moors, with a north wind sweeping over them."

De Silva remained a few moments without speaking, enjoying the genial warmth of the fire. As he sat with the red firelight throwing its strong glare upon his features, those lines, scarcely visible in the softer lamplight, were distinctly revealed, so that the forty years which had passed over him were fully told, though ordinarily he might have passed for a man of thirty.

His complexion was dark, almost to swarthiness, and his forehead, indicative of considerable mental power, was surrounded by sable curls, short and crisp, while his eyes, black and piercing, would have been handsome had they not, at times, emitted a cold, serpent-like glitter, which made those near shrink from him with a kind of instinctive dread.

"You said nothing of the charming Arabel in your last communication. I hope she is in good health, and disposed to regard me more favorably than when I was here three months ago," said de Silva, throwing himself back in his chair, with a negligent air, though it was easy to see that his indifference was assumed.

"As to her health," replied Sir Geoffrey, "it is as good as can be desired, though I am sorry to say that, according to her own declaration, she does not regard you with more favor than formerly. It will make no difference, however."

"You have decided, then, to accept my offer."

"I have. There is no alternative. The money I must have, or I am a ruined man."

"But Arabel has a will of her own—how can she be managed?"

"I hardly know, but it must be done. Some way will be found out, I think."

"Yes, if you can depend on yourself. A priest can readily be found to perform the marriage ceremony, and as for tears and reproaches—*I* am proof against them."

"I can say the same, when I see ruin staring me in the face. Were she my own child, instead of the daughter of a half brother I never had reason to love, I would not hesitate."

"How soon shall it be?"

"I must have the money in three days from now, or it will be too late."

"Let it be to-morrow, then."

"Rather a short time for preparation—so Arabel will think. But I suppose I can't expect to receive the money till she is your wife."

"It would be hardly discreet to part with forty thousand pounds till the bird is safe in my hand."

"You are right. To-morrow let it be. On the whole, it will be the safer course, for if Clarence Hastings should get an inkling of what is intended, even bolts and bars would hardly suffice to keep her safe."

"I could have sent a pistol-ball through that fellow's head, when I was here before, and no one would have been the wiser for it. I was a fool for letting him escape. Should the chance again happen, I think I should know how to silence any foolish qualms of conscience which might rise in his behalf."

Little did the two unprincipled men imagine that Arabel Anvers, the niece of Sir Geoffrey, had heard every word of the foregoing conversation. When de Silva entered the hall, the door was left partly open, while that of her own apartment, which was at the head of the staircase, being ajar, their voices were perfectly audible. Though no eaves-dropper, it would have been a false delicacy under existing circumstances, when she heard de Silva's questions concerning her, to avoid hearing what might be further said relative to a negotiation which was of such vital importance to herself.

Just at the moment when de Silva finished his remarks concerning Clarence Hastings, a single bugle-note, clear and prolonged, was heard in a neighboring forest. Arabel started to her feet, and clasped her hands in joyful surprise.

"It is Clarence," said she to herself, "and I shall escape the snare."

It was the work of only a moment to wrap herself in a large shawl, and hide the wealth of her golden tresses beneath a plain straw hat. Scarce longer time did it take for her to descend a back staircase, and unlock a door at its foot, of which she alone possessed the key, and which opened on a lawn, bounded on one side by the forest whence had sounded the bugle-note, and where, as she well knew, Clarence was awaiting her.

The moon was up, and poured its silver beams through the openings of the leafy wall, which enclosed one of those sylvan glades, such as one might suppose a troop of fairies might choose wherein to hold their revels. Towards this sweet and silent glade Arabel Anvers hastened with steps fleet and light as those of the roe of the hills; but ere she gained its entrance, Clarence Hastings met her.

"I didn't expect you till to-morrow evening," said Arabel, as she placed her hand in his, "but it is well that you have come. De Silva has arrived."

"I know it, and it is for that reason I am here."

"Know it? How should you? It isn't yet half an hour since he came."

"Fortune favored me. Last night he stopped at the little hostelry where I had engaged my lodging. I heard him say that he was on his way to Sir Geoffrey Wilmouth's, which was all I needed to hear. I knew what the journey portended."

"He didn't see you?"

"No; I took good care to keep out of his sight. I started on my way hither in advance of him, and was secreted in the forest when he arrived, though I thought it not best to give the signal till daylight was gone, which would give my servant a chance to reconnoitre the premises with less risk. Having made sure that the count's argus-eyed valet was fairly engaged in discussing the news and ale, together with the remains of a venison pasty, I ventured on trying the bugle-note, though without much hope that at present you would find opportunity to leave the house."

"My uncle thinks me safe in my chamber. He and his guest were too busy in laying their plans, to wish for my presence. Before I heard your well-known signal, I had already determined on attempting to escape; for had I remained, it was decided that within the next twenty-four hours, if persuasion failed, I should be forced to participate in the ceremony which would make me the wife of de Silva."

"Their infamous designs will be foiled this time, I trust," said Clarence.

By this time, they had arrived at the glade, where three horses were waiting, and in a moment more Clarence and Arabel, followed by the trusty Martin, were on their way through the forest-path which soon terminated in the high road.

In the meantime, the Count de Silva and Sir Geoffrey, so deeply engaged were they in tracing out the details of their base plan, felt no impatience on account of the protracted absence of their intended victim. Not till dinner was ready to be served did her waiting-maid, who, on the arrival of de Silva's handsome valet, had obtained leave to pay a visit to the servant's room, return to the apartment of her mistress. Sir Geoffrey and the count, after, waiting something like five minutes for her appearance, began to grow impatient.

"Though she puts on airs, and makes you wait now,' said Sir Geoffrey, "you will soon be able to repay her, and with interest if you please."

"I will see to that," replied de Silva, "for it is no trifling matter, after four hours' hard riding in the eye of this keen wind, to be obliged to wait till the dinner grows cold."

"We will wait no longer," said Sir Geoffrey, and going to the foot of the stairs, in an angry voice commanded her to come down.

"Miss Arabel isn't in her room," said the waiting-maid, stepping forward.

"Where is she, then?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Didn't you see where she went?"

"No, sir, I stepped out just a minute—she gave me leave to go—and when I returned she was gone."

The rooms of Arabel's chamber, as well as those more remote, were now searched, though of course she was not to be found. The servants were assembled and sternly questioned, but no one had seen her leave the house. In the midst of the excitement caused by her absence, a young farmer, one of Sir Geoffrey's tenants, called with a few nice apricots, which he said the good wife had sent, with her best respects and humble compliments, to Miss Arabel, for she should never forget the nice suit of clothes she gave little Johnny on his birthday, nor the plum pudding and pies she sent them for Christmas.

"Miss Arabel has gone—no one knows where," said the servant to whom he delivered his message.

"Gone, and nobody knows where?" repeated the young farmer.

"'Tis just as I say."

"'Twas she. I thought of her then, and said to myself I never saw a lady that could ride so brave as she does but Miss Arabel."

"What's that you say?" said de Silva's valet, coming forward.

"Nothing for your ear."

"I will just call the count, then, and see if it is for his."

"You may spare yourself the trouble, for it is no more for his ear than for yours."

"You may find yourself mistaken."

The farmer made no reply, but turned nimbly away, saying as he did so:

"I might have known that it was Miss Arabel, and that it was the brave and noble Clarence Hastings who was with her; but if her uncle and this foreign-looking gallant aint put on their track till I do it, it will be a long time first."

When Sir Geoffrey and de Silva were satisfied that Arabel was gone, several different parties were formed to go in pursuit.

"Where is the dolt you told me about?" said de Silva, addressing his valet.

"Far enough from here by this time," was the reply, "for truly, if he be a dolt, his heaviness doesn't lie in his heels."

"After him and bring him back. But stay—I can soon overtake him. He has run away to avoid telling what he knows, I suspect. If we were in my own country, I would soon find a way to make him speak."

But he found it to be different in England; for, though the sturdy young farmer was soon overtaken, neither promises nor threats could induce him to break the promise he had made to himself not to betray Arabel Anvers. Count de Silva, however, entertained but little fear that the party headed by himself, or one of the others, would not, ere long, overtake the fair fugitive. The result showed that his expectation was not without foundation. The morning sun was not yet an hour above the horizon, when at a little distance ahead of him and his companions, he saw a lady on horseback, whom he knew to be Arabel, and riding by her side a gentleman whom he at once recognized as Clarence Hastings. They were accompanied by several gentlemen and ladies, the faithful Martin bringing up the rear. They looked back, but instead of accelerating, checked the speed of their horses.

"Does that mean that the runaway lady has repented?" said de Silva.

He was not long held in suspense. When, being in advance of his party, he arrived within a few paces of them, they wheeled round their horses, and one of the gentlemen, greeting him by his name and title, presented to him Clarence Hastings and Arabel, his wife.

"I don't say that your assertion is false," said de Silva, "but I will say that I shall be satisfied with nothing short of proof."

"Which you can have if you will take the trouble to accompany me to yonder chapel, you see gleaming through the trees. Had you been fifteen minutes sooner, you might have witnessed the ceremony, performed by special license, which gave my friend Hastings a legal right to take the fair lady by his side under his protection."

"It is enough. I should have laid my plans better, and been more vigilant. But let Clarence Hastings remember, that if he and I live, in less than a year from now he will repent having defeated me."

The threat might have been fulfilled, if both *had* lived, but only a few weeks afterwards de Silva was thrown from a carriage, by which he sustained injuries which soon proved fatal.

Sir Geoffrey, whose affairs, by reckless extravagance and waste, had become so embarrassed as to tempt him to agree to accept a bribe from de Silva, was compelled to pass the remainder of his days in obscurity, on the wreck of his once princely fortune.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass



COL. JAMES M. THOMPSON.

COL. JAMES M. THOMPSON.

The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee and Case of this city, cannot fail to be pronounced a striking likeness of the original Col. James M. Thompson, of Thompson and Co.'s Express, one of our most widely-known and popular citizens. Col. Thompson, who is now in the prime of life, is a native of New Hampshire, but for many years a resident of Boston. He started in life a poor boy, without any advantages, but determined by the exercise of his ingenuity, industry and ability, to work his way to competence and honor, if not to fortune. As "there is nothing impossible to him who wills," we find him at last at the head of an extensive and prosperous business, and in a fair way to realize the most sanguine anticipations and hopes of his earlier years. It is now ten or twelve years since he purchased Harnden and Co.'s Express, and has ever since conducted the business, constantly enlarging the field of his operations. He has taken into partnership two gentlemen who formerly officiated as clerks in his office, Messrs. W. N. Melcher and R. L. Johnson. Col. Thompson is also a director in the Adams Express Company. The business done by Thompson and Co. is co-extensive with the Union, and embraces Canada also in the field of its operations. They have offices in all the principal cities and towns of most the Northern, Middle and Western States and in several of the Southern. Besides the conveyance of parcels and merchandise, they transact a large money business, in the collection of notes, bills and drafts. The head of such an establishment must necessarily unite many rare qualifications, as its details are complex, and its success is dependent upon perfect system. That Col. Thompson possesses the requisite energy, tact and character is amply proved by the high reputation enjoyed by the company. Col. T. is hardly less known and admired for his qualities as a citizen and man than for his business abilities. Manly, generous and independent, he commands the esteem and affection of his intimates, and the number of his friends is legion. We must not neglect to mention that he has ever taken a warm interest in military affairs, and that his rank is derived from having served as aide-de camp on the gubernatorial staff. Thousands of our readers will thank us for publishing the colonel's "counterfeit presentment."

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.

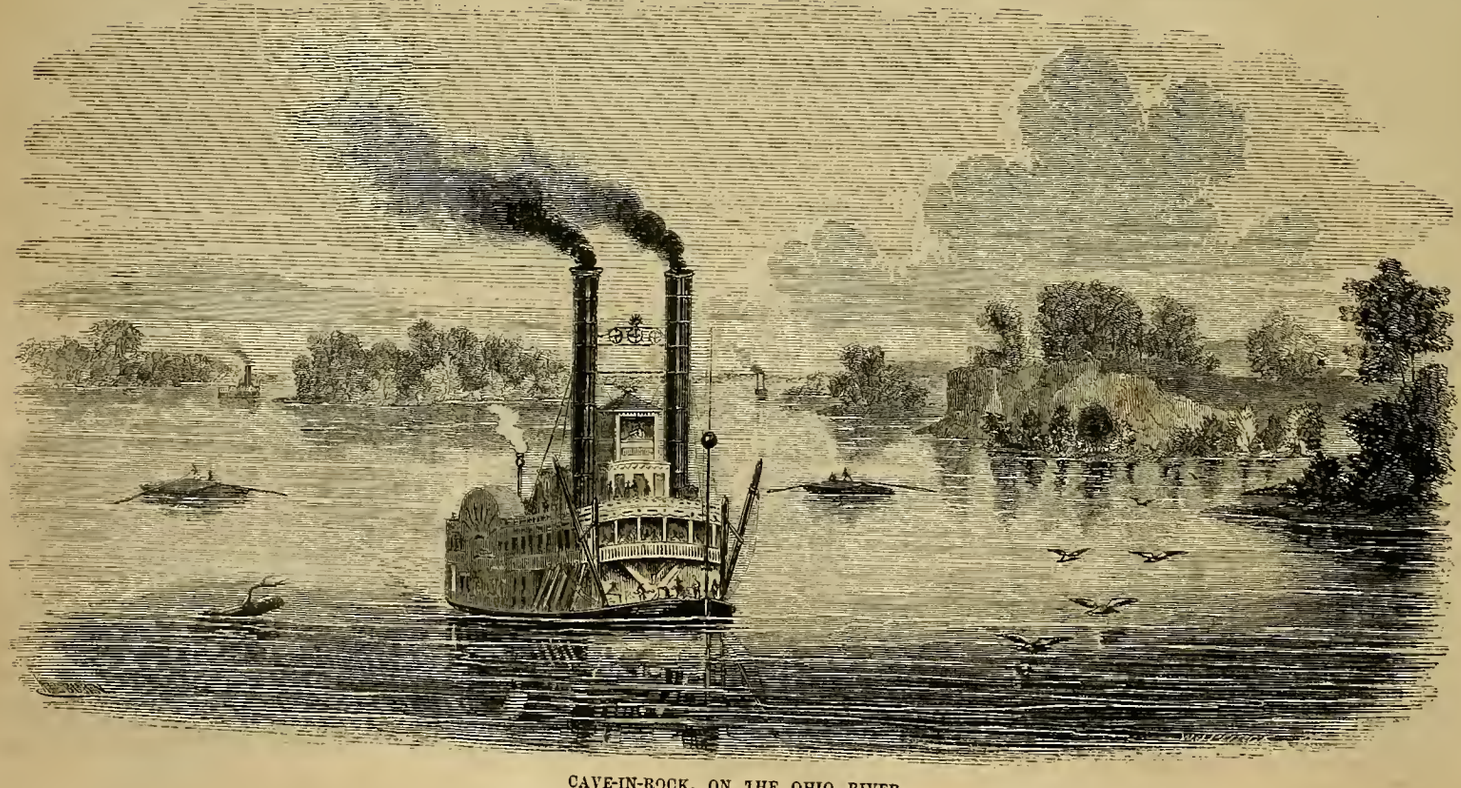
The accompanying portrait is an accurate likeness, drawn for our paper, of Peter Nassau, a colored man, now a resident of Woodstock, Vermont, who has reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty-six years! This fact has been established by N. Haskell, Esq., town clerk of Woodstock, who has taken great pains in order correctly to trace out Peter's history. When quite young, he came as a gentleman's servant from Martinique, his native place, to Boston, but for many years past Woodstock has been his home. Peter Nassau is as well known in Vermont as the Green Mountains themselves. He is of a thin, spare frame, and is nearly bald, but his skin is remarkably smooth and unwrinkled. He has no son, but seven daughters, two of whom yet live in Woodstock, by which town he is supported. Go, however, where he will, and he is fond of wandering about, he always finds friends who are glad to give him food and shelter. His eyesight is still good, and his teeth remarkably sound for a man of his age. He converses freely, but, unlike most old men, is not garrulous. While he was sitting in the office of the Windsor House, lately, some one asked him how many more winters he expected to see. "Ah!" said Peter, "if this yere house was offered to me all full of gold, I wouldn't 'cept it to live my days over again." It is almost certain that Peter Nassau is the oldest living man in America. What a history his would be if faithfully chronicled! Think of his having been born two years before Washington, and outliving all the actors in the ante-revolutionary period. He was past the prime of life—forty-six years old—at the date of the Declaration of Independence. Long before the second war with Great Britain broke out, he had passed the scriptural limit of life—threescore years and ten. He has lived to see many a man who was an infant when he was in his prime, die of old age. He has seen the population of this country increase from three to thirty millions of people. He was ten years old when Frederick the Great ascended his throne. How many wars have convulsed the world, how many changes have taken-place on the surface of the globe, since Peter Nassau saw the light! There are some instances on record, of persons who have attained a greater age than Peter Nassau, but they are not many. The following among other names are mentioned by Dr. J. W. Draper, in his admirable work on Human Physiology: Attila, 124 years; Margaret Patten, 137; the Countess of Desmond, 145; Thomas Parr, 152; Thomas Damme, 154; John Rovio, 172; his wife, 164 and Peter Torton, 185. The Englishman, Parr, who was born in 1483, married when at the age of 120, and was in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, mental and physical, at the age of 140. Henry Jenkins, who died in Yorkshire, in 1670, lived 169 years.



THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.

CAVE-IN-ROCK, ON THE OHIO.

Cave-in-Rock, or the "House of Nature," an accurate view of which, drawn and engraved for the Pictorial, we present on this page, is situated on the Illinois shore of the Ohio River, twenty-four miles below Shawneetown. It is pointed out to passengers as a great curiosity, and the approach to it, as you descend the stream, is strikingly picturesque. Above and below it are lofty perpendicular limestone bluffs, surrounded by trees. The entrance to the cave is just above high water mark. It is about 20 feet high, and leads to a spacious apartment with an arched roof, about 30 feet in height, and extending inward to a depth of 125 feet. On its front are carved the names of many visitors. This cave has occasionally afforded a temporary winter asylum to families descending the river. About the year 1800 it was the rendezvous of a noted outlaw and pirate, by the name of Mason, who, with his band, subsisted by plundering flat-boats on their way down the river, or by waylaying the unfortunate boatmen on their return, and robbing and murdering them. The voyage down the Ohio was then performed in "arks," which, moving slowly with the current, occupied weeks in the distance that now requires but days. There was little to relieve the monotony of this dull progress; while the slow pace at which the ark moved, ensured their easy capture by the canoes of Indians or robbers. Mason availed himself of this, and became the terror of the boatmen. The leader of this notorious band of outlaws was finally shot by one of his own comrades, in order to gain a reward of $500 offered by the Governor of Mississippi for his head. The story of Mason has been made the subject of more than one sketch, and has, moreover, we believe, furnished the outlines of a drama. The history of the western settlements abounds in themes for the pen, as do the vast regions of the west in subjects for the pencil. In fact American scenery and history are abundantly suggestive, and afford an inexhaustible mine to artistic skill, being full of striking features and strange combinations.



CAVE-IN-ROCK, ON THE OHIO RIVER.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. D.—Your friend is right and you are wrong. General Lopez was not a native of Cuba; he was born in Venezuela, South America, and was an adopted son of Cuba, where he married and became a citizen

H. S. C.—Stone bullets were in use for nearly a century before lead ones were adopted. Stone cannon balls are still in use among some of the Eastern nations. Cannon were first used as early as the year 1338.

W. F.—We do not agree with you in your article against horse railroads in cities, and so dwellers it. Those in operation in Boston, viz., from Boston to Roxbury, and from Boston to Cambridge, have proved eminently successful.

M. G.—You ask why so many South Carolinians are of French extraction. In 1683 a colony of French refugees, exiled in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in Carolina, from whom many of the first families are descended. The population of Charleston is less than 40,000.

Enquirer.—The first vessel that sailed round the world and thus determined its being globular, was Magellan's. He was a native of Portugal, in the service of Spain. He was three years and twenty-nine days in performing the voyage.

A. R. R.—It is the warlike people who inhabit the confines of Poland, Russia, Tartary and Turkey, who are known as Cossacks.

Teacher.—Damascus is probably the most ancient city in the world, as it was in existence in the time of Abraham. See Gen. xiv. It has been under Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman and Saracen rule. At the present time it is the capital of a Turkish pachalic.

H. W.—Next to the two celebrated diamonds you mention, the richest one we know of is that in the sceptre of Russia, the intrinsic value of which is half a million of dollars. The famous Pitt diamond was sold to the king of France in 1720 for the same amount.

Mary C. V.—The Elgin Marbles are ancient works of art gathered by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon, a temple of Minerva in the Acropolis at Athens, and date back five hundred years before Christ. They are now in the British Museum, the government having given his lordship nearly $200,000 for them to place there.

Helen C.—Roxbury.—We now strongly suspect from whence those fragrant flowers have come, from time to time, giving a sweet fragrance to our sanctum, and mystifying us amazingly.

Harry.—Address "Porter's Spirit." New York —*we* would not engage to hunt up the pedigree of a horse for a handful of silver dollars.

B. W.—We cannot say how far back corsets date as an article of female wearing apparel; but there is a tradition that they were invented by a hard-hearted butcher in the thirteenth century as a *punishment* for his wife! He thought it would partially deprive her of breath and prevent her tattling so much.

D. H.—Mr. Herbert's residence is Newark, N. J. He calls his residence "The Cedars," and a beautiful cottage it is, on the river's bank, about a mile and a half from the centre of Newark.

A. H. W.—It costs a trifle more to cross the Atlantic in our American steamers, than by the Cunard line, but the superior accommodations of the former over the latter are beyond comparison.

S. B.—Very acceptable, shall be published next week.

REMEMBER!

Two more numbers of our paper will complete the volume for the present year; and all whose subscriptions end at that time, will confer a particular favor upon us, by renewing at the *earliest moment*, in order that we may print an edition equal to the demand. We discontinue all subscriptions at the date to which payment has been made; therefore, to ensure an unbroken receipt of the paper, *immediate* renewal is necessary.

The forthcoming volume of our illustrated journal shall be *the best that has ever yet appeared from this establishment*. We have engaged some new and finished artists, who are added to our already large corps of designers, and several new and popular contributors to the literary department. Fresh spirit and new life will be imparted to our pages.—"Ballou's Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," sent together to one address, for $4 per annum.

SPLINTERS.

.... At Colchester, Eng., 72 Crimean soldiers were married in one day. There must be quite a hymeneal furor there.

.... Merle d'Aubigne, the celebrated religious historian, will visit Boston some time in next summer.

.... The Rev. George Bird, of Whitehaven, Eng., teaches his parishioners that it is right and moral to beat their wives.

.... An English writer thought he had discovered the sea-serpent, but finds out it was only a line of porpoises.

.... At Madrid, Narvaez has been caning the husband of the Infanta of Spain, the king's sister.

.... The real force of the Papal army is now no more than 8000 men, 7400 infantry and 600 cavalry.

.... In 1639 the first printing-press was established in America, and the "Bay Psalm Book" was printed on it the next year.

.... It was Bishop Horner's own opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper.

.... The people of Yucatan, handed back by Great Britain to Hondurns, are displeased with the transfer.

.... In France, there is a metal-worker whose business has had the curious effect of turning his hair green.

.... A man in the Albany Express' advertises for an able-bodied Irishman to hold his wife's tongue—the brute!

.... Col. Baylies of Taunton has made a bet that Major Ben: Perley Poore will be governor of this State next year.

.... An exchange says an editor deserves more credit for what he suppresses than for what he prints.

.... A false friend, like a shadow on the dial, appears in the sunshine and disappears in the storm.

.. Julius Cæsar was nervous and so were Bonaparte and Nelson and Marlborough, yet they were brave.

.... If there are Quacks who seem to stand high, it is because of the Flats that surround them.

.... Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others, without getting a few drops yourself.

.... In Prussia, males are not permitted to marry under 25 nor females under 22 years of age.

.... Senator Douglas, it is said, is to marry Miss Cutts, the reigning belle of Washington City.

.... The failure of the silk-worms in France has raised the price of silk to an enormous figure.

.... The catalogue of Yale College, lately issued, registers the names of five hundred and ninety-eight students.

.... The author always the most appreciated by the world at large, is the author of his own fortune.

BROADWAY, NEW YORK, BY GASLIGHT.

On page 376 of the present number, we have placed a fine characteristic picture, drawn for us by A. Hill, and engraved by Damoreau, representing Broadway by gaslight. Its spirit will be acknowledged by all who see it, and its truthfulness by those who are best conversant with its localities. Prominent in the line of buildings on the right is the Broadway Theatre, with its line of glittering lamps, and the people pouring into the vestibule. On the other side of the street are several noted places—Putnam's bookstore, Taylor's famous saloon, Brady's daguerreotype rooms. That fine corps, the New York Light Guard, are seen filing along the sidewalk, on their return from a parade. The flag in the distance floats from the Liberty pole at the corner of Grand Street. The street, itself crowded with omnibuses and private teams, presents its usual crowded aspect, the confusion being increased by an alarm of fire, in obedience to which, a fire company with their machine and lanterns are dashing madly in the direction indicated by the signals. The whole picture will call up many an agreeable reminiscence.

Broadway is like nothing in existence but itself. In this most cosmopolitan of our cities, this great artery of life is the most cosmopolitan of streets. Other localities in New York are specialities—are American, Teutonic, Helvetian, or Batavian in their character; but the representatives of all nations make Broadway their thoroughfare. It is the finest field in the world for the ethnological student. Here you meet, throughout the day and evening, besides your own countrymen, swarthy Spaniards, mercurial Frenchmen, black-eyed Italians, sturdy John Bulls, stalwort Milesians, light-haired Bavarians, meditative Germans, plodding Dutchmen, sable Africans, with here and there a Greek, a Turk, or an Armenian—and now and then a long-tailed immigrant from Central Flower-Land. Nobody would be surprised at encountering a Kaffir, or a Polynesian. In fact, nothing surprises anybody in Broadway—it is so full of wonders that you cease to wonder at them. Its architecture, its magazines, its hotels, are striking features, but its passengers are most attractive, after all. What a spectacle does Broadway present in the after-dinner hours, when it is gay with glittering equipages and gay promenaders—the ladies with their loveliness and rich attire, making the sidewalks seem like a parterre of flowers! But he who knows not Broadway by gaslight, loses the most striking half of its physiognomy. It must be seen and studied when its cafés and restaurants are a blaze of light; when its theatres present their glittering illuminations; when the omnibuses thunder by with their red lights, and the whole population give themselves up to amusement. It is then that it strikingly resembles one of the Parisian boulevards. And yet it is strongly national, after all, and most essentially New York—and New York city is a world in itself.

GROUP OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

The striking group of Indians on page 377 of this number, was drawn for us by Mr. Champney, from a fine daguerreotype taken by Mr. Heywood at Crescent City, Klamath River, Oregon coast. The Indian with a cap and sword is a chief, and the second one next him is his son. The remainder of the group are Indians and their squaws. The costumes, appointments, attitudes and faces of these specimens of the aborigines are faithfully rendered from the daguerreotype. Mr. Heywood, to whom we are indebted for this unique group, is an accomplished artist, who has travelled extensively in this country and Europe, and has brought home many interesting souvenirs of his journeyings, in the shape of views of places, people and buildings of note. His rooms are at 228 Washington, corner of Summer Street, with a branch establishment at 103 Court Street, and are freely open to all visitors. He has won quite a reputation by his portraits and views.

The old Ruin at Newport.—A special correspondent of the London Times, whom we take to be no other than Mr. Delane himself, has a dab at the famous Newport ruin, and combines the evidence that goes to prove that it was never anything but a mill, and that the old northern Vikingrs had nothing to do with its erection. Well, we suppose we must give it up; we'll say it's a mill, and call it square—though it is certainly round.

Russia.—Russia does not appear to have lost much prestige by the late war. True she has been beaten, but beaten without disgrace; and then that coronation affair at Moscow was the most brilliant fete of modern days.

Dr. Kane.—We are sorry to learn that this intrepid navigator is gradually sinking in his health. His publishers, Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, write us that they fear, from late advices, he will not live to return to this country.

Railroad Festival.—The railroad celebration at Montreal was a grand affair. The arrangements were conducted on a scale of great liberality, and the hospitalities of the Canadians were unbounded.

Cincinnati.—Ballou's Pictorial, which has heretofore been sold in Cincinnati at *ten cents* per copy, will henceforth be furnished at retail for SIX CENTS. R. A. Duncan, agent, 162 Vine St.

Frank Freelove.—We had marked your "Rosicrucian Glee" for insertion, when we ascertained, casually, that you had already published it in "Porter's Spirit."

To Everybody!—Read our prize offer on another page of this paper, and act accordingly.

THE BULL FIGHT AT BAYONNE.

On the last page of this number will be found a spirited representation of the famous bull fight at Bayonne, a recent *festa*, got up by Louis Napoleon expressly to gratify the empress, who, a Castilian by birth, had long regretted her deprivation of the excitement of her national sport. The emperor and empress are seen in the front of the box at the left hand, looking down upon the arena. The most famous bull-fighters in Spain and the fiercest of Andalusian bulls were engaged for this occasion. The sketch was made at an interesting point—the death of one of the bulls. The experienced *matador* (slayer) as the animal is making forward, in his last blind, desperate charge, puts his sword into the junction of the neck and spine, and terminates his unhappy career. In the foreground, a horse, wounded to death, is rolling over in his agony. The *chulos*, with their red mantles and exceedingly graceful Andalusian costumes, are hovering near, ready to divert the attention of the bull if the matador fails in killing him, and he becomes dangerous. The objects sticking in the neck of the bull are *banderillas*, darts decorated with ribbons, and thrust into the animal to increase his rage and ferocity. Three mounted picadors are in the ring. They have high demi-pique saddles and huge shovel stirrups, so that it is exceedingly difficult to dismount them. Their pantaloons are made of hide, ribbed with steel, as a protection against a chance stroke of the bull's horns. The horses used on these occasions are sorry nags, for this sport is too dangerous a one to allow of valuable horses being employed, nine out of ten of the horses being almost sure to be killed or disabled. It will be noticed, that the eyes of the horses are bandaged—the broken down hacks could not otherwise be brought to face the bull, even with the sharp persuasion of the heavy rowels of the Spanish spurs. It is no less strange than true that the most delicate and refined Spanish ladies take as much delight in a bull fight, as the lowest ruffians of the streets. High and low, young and old, seek their highest enjoyment in the bull-ring. So of old the ladies of Rome thronged the Flavian amphitheatre, and looked on with tearless eyes when the gladiators hewed each other to pieces, or were pitted against Numidian lions and Indian tigers.

Mormonism.—The Mormon missionaries in England now openly preach their pernicious doctrine of a plurality of wives, but it appears the English women don't object. The annual emigration of converts from Great Britain is computed at 8000.

The Merrimac.—The London Times says that our frigate Merrimac has the "most terrible shell armament" that was ever put on shipboard. John Bull must be a good boy, and not compel us to "shell out."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr James E. Morse to Miss Mary A. Dorey; by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. John Bartlett to Mrs. Rebecca Robertson; by Rev. Mr King, Mr. H. S. Welch to Miss Elizabeth S Foster; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Stephen A. French to Miss Frances E. Bracket; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Asa W. Kingsbury, of Framingham, to Miss Sarah E. Boynton; by Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. Henry C. Knapp to Miss Ellen A. Lincoln; by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Jacob A. Corey, Esq., of New Orleans, to Miss Caroline M. Wilkinson.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr Harrington, Mr. Thomas Edgar French to Miss Lizzie F Chamberlain.—At Somerville, by Rev. Dr. Albro, Dea. Curtis Lawrence, of Groton, to Miss Harriet Burrill.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr Rice, Mr. Alden Whiting to Miss Mary Jane Pratt, both of Weymouth.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Lombard, Rev. William P. Myrick, of Orleans, Mass., to Mrs Lydia H Yale.—At South Danvers, Mr. William L. Full to Miss Sarah Jane Shore.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Prince, Mr James O. Lowe to Miss Abby Burnham.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Rogers, Rev. Junius L. Hatch, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss Lucy W. Plumer.—At Rockport, Mr. Benjamin F West to Miss Frances Willis.—At Lowell, by Rev Mr. Steele, Mr. Thomas Fennell, of Dayton, Ohio, to Miss Anna Louisa Eager.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. John A. Joyce, of Kingston, to Miss Maria T. Alexander.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. George W. Briggs, 40; Mrs. Margaret M., wife of Mr. Antoine Mattel, 43; Mr. Peletiah Harmon, formerly of Portland, Me; Miss Mary Janverin, 80.—At Cambridge, Miss Nancy Fullerton, 46; Mr Robert McMasters, 92.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Samuel Dunnels, 41.—At Dorchester, Braddish Billings, Esq., 82; Mrs. Mary B., wife of Mr. Calvin M. Thompson.—At Quincy, Miss Anna E. Baxter, 17.—At Waltham, Mr. Samuel Lucas, formerly of Boston, 73.—At Braintree, Miss Rachel Sampson, 82.—At Beverly, Mr. Benjamin Wallis, 82.—At Lynn, Mr. Nathaniel Bothwell, 35; Mrs. Betsy, wife of Mr. Thorndike Chase, 68; Widow Lydia Farrington, 72; Mrs Nancy, wife of Mr. William Lewis, 82.—At Salem, Mrs Ellen M., wife of Capt. George Upton, 33; Miss Ellen Benjamin, 19; Widow Sarah Dunlap, 83.—At North Danvers, Mrs. Sarah A., wife of Mr. Albert Howe, 23.—At Gloucester, Mr Aaron Bray, 74.—At Newburyport, Mr. Jeremiah Waterhouse, 76.—At Southbridge, Miss Catharine Fox, 45; Mr. Ira F. Barlow, 46.—At Clintonville, Mr. Caleb Battles, 82.—At Northampton, Mr. John F. Munroe, 79.—Provincetown, Mrs. Lucy Paine; Miss Salome Cook, 17.—At Sandwich, Mr. Frank Nye, 70.—At Worcester, Mrs. Hannah M May, 52.—At Fairhaven, Mr Isaac Wood, 81.—At South Yarmouth, Mrs. Rhobe B., wife of Capt. George Wood.—At Augusta, Mr. Arthur Berry, 72.—At West Boscawen, N. H., Mrs. Mary Ann C. Stone, 29.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

I weep not as I see thy pale flowers die;
Through my full heart a still, sad joy is stealing,
And as I gaze upon the sunset sky,
My bosom gently throbs with pent-up feeling.
O, there are thoughts too hallowed to be spoken,
I dare not whisper lest the spell be broken;
Deep in my heart there is a sacred prayer,
Low angel-whisperings soften every care.

See, how the tender vines are closely clinging
Around the trees, whilst threatening storm-clouds lower;
'Tis thus fond woman, her caresses flinging,
Around man's sturdy form in sorrow's hour,
Shows him the strength that in her weakness lies,
And how her shielding arm the worst defies;
In every heart there is a spot so tender,
That 'neath love's witching smile it must surrender.

There is a charm in autumn's fading treasure;
Her oak-leaf garlands tinged with scarlet hue,
Are meet to grace the crowded halls of pleasure,
Where hearts are broken—hearts too fond and true.
O, how I love and shrine the wee pale flowers,
That ope their petals in the woodland bowers,
Loved all the more because they will not stay,
To shed their fragrance round life's toilsome way.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COURT MARTIAL.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THERE was trouble at Tangier between our U. S. consul there and the authorities of Morocco, and our ship was sent thither to overhaul the matter, and it was while lying in that harbor that the incidents occurred which I am about to relate.

It was on the morning of the 5th of July that the crew were not a little startled upon finding a great quantity of blood upon the deck close by the starboard bridle-port, and shortly afterwards a bloody sheath-knife was found close by. The men had not yet been called, the hammocks having not been piped up, but as the morning was warm and sultry, quite a number had come on deck. The officer of the watch was called at once, and he called the first lieutenant. The sheath-knife was recognized instantly. It bore the initials, cut into the handle, "E. T.," and was known by some of the men to belong to Edmund Thaxter.

"There's been a murder committed here, as sure as the world!" said the first lieutenant, as he looked upon the scene. "Some man has been killed and then thrown out this port. You say this knife is Thaxter's?"

"Yes, sir," returned one of the men.

"Then let us send for him at once. Mr. Orland (to one of the midshipmen), have him sent on deck—to the mast."

Orland went down and found Thaxter asleep in his hammock, and he awoke him and bade him come on deck at once.

Edmund Thaxter was a youth, not over nineteen years of age; a mild, kind-hearted fellow, intelligent and faithful, and never known to be engaged in any broils of any kind. He dressed himself as quickly as possible, and then went up to the mast.

"Thaxter," spoke the first lieutenant, with a strange, startled look, what is that on your trowsers? and on your hands, too?"

The youth looked down, and found his white trowsers all bedaubed with blood, and his hands the same. He gazed eagerly upon the strange marks, and then he put his hand up to his face, as though he would see if there was any wound there.

"What is it, Thaxter?"

"I don't know, sir—I'm sure I don't," the youth replied, in a bewildered state.

"Whose knife is this?" the lieutenant next asked, holding out the bloody weapon.

Thaxter instinctively placed his hand upon his sheath, which was attached to his belt, but he found no knife there.

"That's my knife, sir," he at length said, apparently more bewildered than before.

"Now just come forward here," the officer resumed, as he started towards the forecastle.

The ship had a topgallant-forecastle which reached aft beyond the foremast, and the place where this scene had been enacted was under this forecastle clear forward. When they reached the spot, the lieutenant pointed to the blood upon the deck, and asked Thaxter if he knew what it meant.

"Good heavens, sir!" the youth gasped, as a gleam of the truth flitted before his understanding, "what do you mean?"

"Do you not know what I mean?" the officer asked, very significantly.

"No, sir—I'm sure I don't."

"Well, you can see what has probably been done, eh?"

"Done, sir?"

"Ay—you can see, can't you?"

The youth gazed first upon the stained deck, then upon the like stains on his hands and clothing, and then upon the bloody knife which the lieutenant held, and which he knew was his.

"Mercy, sir! has there been a murder done?" he finally uttered. "*Don't you know?*"

"No, sir! As true as God lets me live, I don't!"

"Ah, Thaxter, this looks dubious. If I am not much mistaken you had some rum last night, didn't you?"

The youth trembled, but made no immediate reply. The fact was, the day before had been the anniversary of our nation's birthday, and quite a number of the crew had managed to obtain liquor, besides some three or four extra torts which had been served out to the men from the ship.

"Answer me! Didn't you have some rum last night?"

"I had a little, sir; but I know nothing of this. I was not drunk, sir—as true as Heaven I was not!"

But the lieutenant only shook his head. And he was not the only one. All who stood around shook their heads, and the looks which were bestowed upon the boy were anything but cheering to him.

The master-at arms was called, and Thaxter was placed in his charge, and the corporal of the watch ordered to post a sentinel over the place where the blood was, with orders to keep the men out from beneath that side of the forecastle. After this the captain was called, and the whole matter explained to him. He went and saw the blood, and then went around upon the other side and looked upon the suspected youth.

"O, captain!" Thaxter cried, clasping his hands in agony, "I am not guilty of this!"

"Never mind now. We shall look into it," returned the captain, as he turned to walk aft.

The boatswain was now ordered to pipe up hammocks, and as soon as the men were all up, and the hammocks stowed, the word was passed for mustering the crew. All hands came flocking to the larboard side of the waist and quarter-deck, and the fearful whisper went around amongst them that some one had been murdered during the night!

The purser's steward took his station at the capstan, and commenced to call the roll. One after another of the men answered and passed around through to the starboard gangway. At length the name of John McMull was called.

"John McMull—*John McMull*—JOHN MCMULL."

But no one answered to that name. The rest of the names were called, and call answered or were accounted for. Then the missing man was called for again, and with the same result. He was not to be found. His hammock was hanging all alone upon the berth-deck, and its owner was absent. A reasonable search was made, and the final result was the same. John McMull was missing. He had been a youth about Thaxter's age, and also Thaxter's particular friend and crony.

After all search was over, and it was a settled thing that the man was gone, a fellow named Michael Heany came to the mast and wished to speak with the first lieutenant. Heany was a tall, stout, dark-featured man, and belonged to the crew of the fore-top. The lieutenant came up and asked what was wanted.

"Sir," said Heany, touching his hat, "I think I can tell ye somethin' about this thing. Last night, sir, about one bell (half-past twelve), I heard a scuffle under the forecastle, and heard somebody cry out as though they was hurt. I went as quick as I could, but only met Thaxter coming out. I spoke to him, but he wouldn't stop. He went below, and then I went under the forecastle to see what else I could find, for I supposed of course there was another one there. But I couldn't find anybody."

"You didn't see the blood, then, did you?" asked the officer.

"No, sir, for 'twas too dark; but you see I got some on my shoes." He held up one of his feet, and the blood was plainly seen.

Heany was questioned further, but nothing more of importance was elicited. He was ordered to say nothing of this among the crew, and then dismissed.

Three days were suffered to pass away, and during that time every exertion was used to find the body of the missing youth. The harbor was dragged, but without effect. There were many sharks in the neighborhood, and it was supposed the body had been devoured as it floated in the water.

On the fourth day a court-martial was organized to try the supposed murderer. The sailing-master was appointed judge advocate, and one of the passed-midshipmen, a shrewd, keen man, was appointed counsel for the prisoner to conduct the defence. The trial took place in the ward-room.

When Edmund Thaxter was brought in he looked pale and haggard, and he trembled fearfully. The judge advocate read the charge, and the prisoner was asked if he was, or was not, guilty.

"Guilty?" he gasped, with a wild start, "O, God knows I am not! I was not on deck that night! I was not! O, I was not!"

"We will come at that by-and-by," said the prosecutor.

And then the witnesses were called up and sworn. First came one of the midshipmen, who testified that on the evening previous to the murder the prisoner was the worse for liquor. Next came two men, very reluctantly, who testified that the prisoner and McMull had some difficulty on the evening in question—that high and hard words passed between them; and that the prisoner threatened to whip the other, and would have attempted it had not they, the witnesses, separated them and sent McMull below.

The prisoner's counsel questioned these witnesses some, and obtained from them that McMull went directly below and turned into his hammock, and that they then got Thaxter below, and saw him turn in also. Furthermore, they said that the prisoner was not so drunk but that he knew what he was about, and that he appeared to be very sorry after he had got into his hammock that he had had any difficulty with his crony.

The next witness was Michael Heany. He swore to the same statement he had made to the first lieutenant, relating the incidents promptly and clearly. This evidence was deemed conclusive, and a shudder ran around among those present as they heard it. Edmund Thaxter gazed upon the witness in utter astoundment. There could be no mistake in the meaning of his look.

"Michael Heany," said the prisoner's counsel—and he seemed to feel a deep interest in his client—"have not you had difficulty with both of these youngsters?"

"What youngsters?"

"With Thaxter and McMull."

"No, sir."

"Be careful, sir! Have you not threatened to flog them both when you got a chance?"

"Why, I may have said something of the kind."

"Ay, so I thought. And now answer me again. Did you not, on the evening before this affair happened, smuggle a lot of rum on board this ship?"

"No, sir."

"You did! Do you dare deny it now?"

Heany started now with fear for the first time.

"Michael Heany," said the passed-midshipman, looking the stout man sternly in the eye, "you brought rum on board that night—and John McMull saw it—and you feared he would expose you!"

"Well, sir," returned the witness, "I supposed a man was not obliged to criminate himself, and I denied having done what has no connection with this affair at all. If I did bring rum on board, and if McMull did see me, I don't know what it has to do with this. And if I had anything against either of 'em, they are both beyond my reach now."

The counsel questioned Heany further, but he could only arrive at simple facts which had no direct effect upon the testimony against the prisoner.

After this two or three witnesses were called who had seen the blood upon the prisoner's person; and the knife was also produced; and here the prosecution rested the case.

Upon the other side some witnesses were called, but their testimony only amounted to what every one before knew from the result of previous cross-questioning. The case looked dark and hopeless. Edmund Thaxter sank upon his knees and swore that he was innocent, and begged for mercy! But the officers shook their heads.

The sentence of the court was about to be pronounced, and the prisoner had sunk back into his seat, when there was a sudden commotion upon the deck, and loud voices in startled speech. In a few moments more the officer of the deck came rushing down, and informed the court that a new witness was coming. Another step was heard upon the ladder, and while the court were in anxious waiting, two men entered, and between them walked—*John McMull!* He looked pale and ghastly, and his step was weak and tremulous.

Michael Heany started to his feet, and having gazed for an instant upon the unexpected visitor, he made a leap for the door; but he was knocked back, and at a motion from the judge advocate he was caught and secured.

As soon as order could be restored, and the prisoner had embraced the new-comer, all the circumstances were explained to McMull. He opened his eyes with astonishment, and at length he told his own story.

"After I had got into my hammock," he commenced, "I remained awake until Ned Thaxter had come down and turned in; and then I went to sleep. I did not wake up until midnight, and after that I lay awake for some time. Just as one bell was struck, some one came to my hammock and called me by name. I looked up and saw Michael Heany. He whispered to me and told me that Ned Thaxter had gone on deck and got drunk, and that he had been trying to get him below, but couldn't, and he wanted me to come up. I thought nothing, and got out of my hammock and slipped on my trowsers, and then followed Heany up. He led me to the forecastle, and when we had got close by the bridle-port he turned and struck me on the head with something he had in his hand, but he did not wholly stun me. I saw him draw his knife, and I felt him stab me, and then I knew that he pitched me out of the port; and I remember well of hearing him say, as he drew his knife, '*This 'll settle ye both, ye bloody young villains!*' The only thing I can remember after striking the water is, of feeling a dull pain in my breast, and of striking out with all the energy and strength I had. I can remember of feeling something pulling my hair; but the next thing of reality I knew, I found myself in a miserable room ashore, and an old woman standing close by me. I was in the hut of an old fisherman, and when he came in he told me how he found me.

"He was coming in from Gibraltar, where he had been to sell his fish. The wind had all died away, and he had lowered his sails, and he and his son rowed in. They saw me in the water—they said both my hands were stretched up over my head, and I seemed to be treading with my feet. They caught me and pulled me on board, and I had been in their house two days when I came to. An old Arab doctor had dressed my wounds, and he said I should recover. This morning the old man told me that somebody was going to be tried for murder on board the ship to-day, but he had forgotten the name. I asked him if it was Heany, and he said no. Then I thought of what Heany said as he stabbed me, and I asked if 'twas Thaxter, and he said yes. Then I knew that Heany had contrived to get rid of both of us because we had been the means of having him flogged, and I told the old man that he must bring me off—and he has done it. Now you know all."

There was a change of feeling after this. Michael Heany was put in double irons, and when he found that he could not escape conviction, he confessed that he did mean to murder McMull; and that he went to Thaxter's hammock and got his sheath-knife, and also went back and daubed blood on his trowsers and on his hands while he was asleep.

Edmund Thaxter recovered; but Michael Heany was not punished as the court-martial had decreed. On the fifth night after the trial he made his escape. All search was made for him on shore, but no traces of him could be found. The wind was blowing hard on the night when he slipped away, and in all probability he was drowned.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Chinese sugar cane is coming in use at the South. Some few specimens have been raised there, and it is a pity that in this season of scarcity of sugar it could not be more generally cultivated. The cost of making a gallon of syrup in Georgia will not exceed fifteen cents, and it is thought that soon it will be made into sugar for export. —— T. B. Read, the poet artist, on his passage to Europe, was obliged to take his turn at the pumps six hours per day for fourteen days, to keep the ship afloat—and his health was much improved by it. —— Mrs. Lorenzo Cheney, of South Gardiner, met with a horrible death from burns, lately, in consequence of the explosion of a camphene lamp, which set fire to her clothes. She lived but six hours after the accident. —— In Germany, where everybody drinks beer, tea is sold by druggists; and the demand for it leads to anxious inquiries about your health! —— Mr. Parker A. Benner, of Waldoboro', Me., went to his store one morning, lately, apparently in health, built his fire, and in a few minutes complained of blindness; left his store and started for his house, but did not reach there before he expired. —— Kansas news says fever and ague is quite prevalent in those parts. —— The Nashville (Tenn.) Gazette states that some apples raised in that State, and exhibited at the late Fair, were sold by the half dozen, and as much as $5 20 per half dozen paid for them. The whole lot, about 1 1-2 barrels, consisting of seven varieties, brought the sum of $111. —— Molasses is now made from the Chinese cornstalk in Columbia, Pennsylvania. —— Ole Bull, the distinguished violinist, it is stated, is now in Illinois, and since the last of August he has been unable to move about, having had a severe attack of bilious fever. —— The medical profession in Austria consists of 6398 physicians, 6148 surgeons, 2951 apothecaries, and 18,798 professional women. —— By recent despatches to the navy department from Commander Swartwout, of the United States steamer Massachusetts, the important fact is communicated of a discovery of valuable coal on the Straits of Suo Juan de Fuca. This discovery was made by Capt. J. H. Thorndyke. About four tuns of it were dug out by Indians, and tested on board the Massachusetts. —— The Portsmouth Journal thinks that Ben: Perley Poore should be created a *barrow*net. —— The Minnesota Pioneer, in speaking of the growth of St. Paul, and the increase of population in the territory, says that "emigration has been steady and increasing the whole season, and that the people are now beginning seriously to entertain the idea of applying for admission into the Union as a State, its population numbering, it is thought, nearly 200,000 souls." —— At Rome, lately, Col. Hiram Pearson, of San Francisco, was fined one thousand piastres for seating himself on the throne of the pope. —— It is stated that, with the exception of a few miles in Virginia, there is now a connected line of railroad all the way from Bangor, on the Penobscot, to Montgomery, on the Alabama. Ere long the chain will be extended to New Orleans, thence to be carried westward until it reaches the shores of the Pacific. —— The witty James Smith says that November is the period at which most Englishmen take leave of the sun for nine months, and not a few of them forever. —— The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," he said, "is a brave man; he knows his danger and faces it."

MOSAIC PORTRAITS.

We learn from the Commercial Advertiser, that in the basement of the Vatican, at Rome, there is a large manufactory for the production of mosaic pictures, which are used for the adornment of churches, and for presents to the crowned heads of Europe. The workmen are now engaged in making colossal portraits of the Popes, to be placed in St. Paul's Church, now erecting. These mosaics are made of a species of glass enamel manufactured for the purpose, and the different tints used in these works amount to more than ten thousand. It is requisite for the persons employed to have great knowledge of art, and a discriminating appreciation of the different schools of painting. Some idea can be formed of the difficulties to be encountered in these productions, when it is known that from twelve to twenty years are frequently occupied in their execution. Their artistic beauty is unrivalled.

Short Speeches.—There is nothing like short speeches. A man can put as much pith into four lines as into a two hours' harangue. On the summit of the Alps, Bonaparte's address to his soldiers was only this:—"Soldiers, we will descend from these rocks like an impetuous torrent, and we will conquer the immense plains that meet our wondering eyes. Then shall victory dispense happiness to all." And they "went and did it," as Mr. Squeers says.

Fine Location.—A very pleasant place must Treverton Manor be, somewhere in Pennsylvania. Even an auctioneer could only say of it, that it was "covered with stones, and under each stone were rattlesnakes; and nothing but hemlock knots and huckleberries were produced in addition to stones and rattlesnakes."

A burning Shame.—How much wood do you suppose the railroad locomotives of the United States consume annually? Well, we happen to know—five millions cords. That's where our forests go to.

Virtuous Indignation.—What is called "virtuous indignation" should be sparingly indulged in. It has been justly called the handsome brother of anger and hatred.

Formality.—The more polished the society is, the less formality is there in it. It is only clowns and mountebanks who walk on stilts.

Wayside Gatherings.

A man at Syracuse, N. Y., has recently been obliged to pay $200 for calling a neighbor a sheep stealer.

Newell Akeley, of Somerset, Vt., has been committed to await a trial on the charge of the murder of his own daughter.

One of the most popular dramatic writers of America is a physician in active practice. While others sleep he is wide awake.

Christ's Church, in Alexandria, six miles from Washington, is supposed to be the oldest church edifice in the country. The bricks of which it was built were brought from England.

Col Nathan Boone, the youngest and last surviving of the children of the famous Daniel Boone of Kentucky, died in Missouri, a few days since, at the age of seventy-six years.

When the stopper of a glass decanter is too tight, a cloth wet with hot water and applied to the neck will cause the glass to expand, and the stopper may easily be removed.

Twelve city lots have just been sold in Janesville, Wisconsin, for the sum total of $14,322 50. Eight years ago $300 was paid for them, and it was then thought an enormous price.

W. F. Johnson, the owner of a lard factory on the Lake Shore, at Cincinnati, has recovered $51,000 damages from the Illinois Central Railroad Company for cutting through his property.

It is said to be an indisputable fact, that taking the whole United States together, much more money is expended for the single article of cigars than for all the common schools in the Union.

The Nicaragua flag consists of two blue stripes with a white stripe between them, the latter twice as wide as the former. In the middle of the white stripe is to be a red star with five points.

The net amount in the U. S. Treasury, subject to draft, is upwards of $24,000,000, of which there is in New York $11,750,000, in Boston $3,000,000, and in Charlotte, North Carolina, over $1,750,000.

Our Cincinnati friends, we see, are following the example of their Eastern brethren in the matter of opera houses. It is said that a magnificent structure is about to be erected forthwith in the Queen City of the West.

According to the report of the Committee of Emigration of New York city, immigration from Europe seems to be rapidly on the increase. 114,562 have already landed at that port the present year, and they now arrive at the rate of 3500 per week.

In 1752, an English ship stranded near Rochelle, Westchester county, N. Y. Such have been the changes in the sea that the wreck now lies in the midst of a cultivated field, thirteen feet above the sea, and around it are 2000 acres of cultivated land.

The inhabitants of Springfield, Mass., recently saw a meteor. It lighted up the town for the moment like the sun, and so that shadows were strongly cast. Its nucleus was red as fire, while its tail spread out dimmer and whiter. It was a startling sight to the beholder.

Recently, upwards of one hundred bakers of Madrid waited on the Constitutional alcaldes to represent that they would be obliged to raise the price of bread. The civil governor, considering this act a coalition, caused seven of the more influential bakers to be arrested, and ordered for trial.

There is now residing in Trenton, N. J., an old gentleman, of French origin, named Peter Vansciver, aged ninety-nine years, who served in the army of the revolution under Washington, cast his first vote for the illustrious hero, and has ever since sustained the democratic party. Long may he live.

The oldest church in Philadelphia is the Gloria Dei, which was erected in 1700 on the same site as its predecessor, which was built of logs, and served the double purpose of a place of worship and a defence against the Indians. Christ Church is where Washington and Franklin worshipped. It was also at first a log building The present edifice was finished in 1753.

According to a statistical work lately published on the consumption of Paris, the quantity of tobacco consumed in smoking in 1854, was nearly double that of 1849, and that of cigars five times as much; whilst that of snuff, on the contrary, presented a marked diminution. It is calculated that the number of smokers in Paris, including the garrison, is about 420,000.

The New York Express says the failure in silk worms in France, the inundations about Lyons, etc., have made silks and robes enormously dear this year for our fashionable ladies—but, nevertheless, they buy and groan, and groan and buy, about as freely as ever. Nothing less than $40 can bring out of the shops anything like a fashionable robe—but about as many as ever are sold.

It has been officially announced in Great Britain that the mammoth steamship Great Eastern will be launched about the middle of April next. Her first trip will be to Portland, where ample wharves are building for her accommodation. Portland cannot but reap a harvest out of an event which will attract thousands of people thither to witness the astonishing proportions of this leviathan steamer.

At the state prison, New Jersey, Isaac Fuller, a convict, recently tried to break out. It was at once determined to iron and confine him in the dungeon; but on attempting to do so, he was found armed with a sharp knife, with which he threatened to kill any one who attempted to enter. It was finally found necessary to shoot him, and one of the keepers shot and wounded him in the hands. He then surrendered, and was taken to the dungeon and chained fast.

In the city of London, one of the conditions of a license to keep a tavern is, that the keeper shall, without pay, cook and salt a piece of meat for any person desiring it done. Any particular individual can step into a butcher's, pick out his steak, and see it cooked. The only reward of the publican for his fire, labor, and salt, is the chance of selling a glass of "'alf and 'alf" of ale to the beef-eater. The gratuitous part of the operation has been provided for by law for hundreds of years.

Clara Schumann, the distinguished pianist, during her late visit to England, was invited to a very fashionable London house, and, being requested to play, seated herself for the purpose. Amid loud talking, she began simply to prelude, thinking to command attention; but vainly; the noise kept on. "Ladies and gentlemen," said she, "if my performance annoys you, pray tell me—I am ready to stop." Silence ensued. They listened and applauded; otherwise, they would doubtless have applauded without listening.

The St. Lawrence American of Ogdensburg, says: "The largest sheep we ever saw was on board the steamer Northerner, on her passage from Kingston to this port. He was two years old, and weighed three hundred and fifteen pounds. He was an imported sheep, and was exhibited at the Provincial Fair at Kingston. A gentleman from Vermont had purchased him, and was taking him home. The price paid was $315—a dollar a pound for mutton! What think ye of that, farmers of St. Lawrence? He was as large as a steer."

Foreign Items.

It is said that during the past three years, there have been eaten by the poor of Vienna 725 horses.

A comparison of the figures of the last return of the Bank of England shows a decrease in the bullion of nearly £500,000, instead of the enormous increase stated by the European Times in its money article.

Two well known but long lost portraits have just turned up in England—that of Milton, by Faithorne, and that of Dryden, by Kneller,—both are in the collection of a country gentleman in Hertfordshire.

The *Univers* confirms the intelligence given some days ago to the effect that the Sultan has presented to the Emperor of the French the sanctuary and church of St. Anne, held by the Turks since the capture of Jerusalem by Sultan Saladin.

A monster gun is being made at the Mersey steel and iron works at Liverpool. The barrel will be 15 feet long, 27 inches in diameter at the muzzle, and 44 inches at the breach. It will have a bore of 13 inches, and will carry a shot of 502 pounds.

The Shah of Persia has just founded a military college, for the instruction of young officers. The instruction consists of mathematics, drawing of plans, the principles of the military art, and the French language; for, strange to say, all the words of command are given in French.

A terrible accident recently occurred in London. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, Baptist preacher, was speaking in Concert Hall, Surry Gardens, when some thieves raised the cry of fire, causing the audience to rush towards the doors, and several persons were trampled to death.

Sands of Gold.

.... It is not by concealing what is wrong, that anything right can be accomplished.—*Landor.*

.... The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue: the only lasting treasure, truth.—*Cowper.*

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—*Chateaubriand.*

.... The imagination of men is often the refuge of their prejudices.—*Talleyrand.*

.... The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age.—*Channing.*

.... The wave of prosperity had risen up to his very lips, and its ripples were forever breaking there in a succession of easy smiles.—*Miss Warner.*

.... Paradox is dear to most people; it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.—*Landor.*

.... Amongst the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle, peace-breathing music.—*Elihu Burritt.*

.... To cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst.—*Colton.*

.... Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause, a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence: and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.—*Coleridge.*

Joker's Budget.

The most potent labor-saving machine is a large fortune left by your aunt.

An old bachelor's latest.—Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

A gentleman once asked a lady of his acquaintance, "What are you making, Miss Knapp?" "Knapp-sacks," was the reply.

Women will never be punctual. They scorn the "charms" that hang to a watch chain.—*Punch.*

Which causes us the most bother—the mails or the females? The latter keep us writing letters all the time, while the former never deliver them.

"What does your husband deal in, marm?" "He deals cards chiefly, sir" "Well, the de'il will be apt to get him when the last trump is played."

Whatever we may think of woman's right to vote and legislate, there can be no disputing her right to *bare* arms, and the prettier the better and more irresistible. This is a right descended from Mother Eve.

Precarious.—"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs." "Why, the doctor says as how as, if he lives till the mornin', he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

The Boston Chronicle corrects the following amusing typographical blunder:—"We tried yesterday to say that christendom had *denied* pants, and all that sort of thing, to woman. The types made us say *decreed*. Perhaps the types were right."

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THE BULL FIGHT AT BAYONNE, FRANCE.

[For description, see page 381.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF OHIO.

The emblematic picture on this page was drawn for us by Billings, and engraved by John Andrew. In the upper part of the design appear the State arms, representing the sun rising on the Ohio River, an ark floating down with the tide, and wheat sheaves in front, surmounted by the Phrygian cap, with the motto, "Liberty." On the right is an armed figure of Minerva, together with a steam engine, etc., below which a group of cattle indicate one of the leading pursuits of the State. To the left of the State arms, we see the figure of a female teaching a child to read, typifying education, a view of the observatory and the famous telescope, a palette and chisel representing art, etc. A beautiful vintage scene and the ornamental branches of grapes remind us that the culture of the grape is an important business in this State. Ohio is bounded north by Michigan and Lake Erie, east by Pennsylvania and Virginia, south by Virginia and Kentucky, from which it is separated by the Ohio River, and west by Indiana. It has an area of about 39,964 square miles, or 25,576,960 acres. April 7, 1788, a company of New Englanders made the first white settlement at Marietta. The Indians were troublesome, until their utter rout by General Wayne, in August, 1794. In the war of 1812, Major Croghan, a young man of twenty-one, with 160 men, successfully defended Fort Sandusky in this State against an attack by General Proctor, with 500 British regulars and as many Indians. There are no mountains in Ohio, though portions of the State are quite elevated. There is abundance of coal and iron, the former being found in twenty counties. Besides the Ohio, the Muskingum, Scioto, Miami, Maumee and Sandusky are considerable streams. The climate is temperate and the soil fertile, amply rewarding the labors of the agriculturist. By the assessment of 1853, Ohio had 3,733,169 sheep, 2,341,502 hogs, 1,506,563 cattle, and 574,844 horses. In the preceding year, there were, in the vicinity of Cincinnati, 1200 acres of grapes under cultivation, producing 500,000 gallons of wine, and this production has been largely increased since. There is quite a variety of forest trees in the State. Though manufactures are in their infancy, yet, in 1850, there were 10,622 establishments in the State, each yielding upwards of $500. In January, 1855, there were 2997 miles of railroad completed, and 1631 in the course of construction. There are altogether 921 miles of canal in the State. The lake and river trade of Ohio is very great. The aggregate trade of all the ports is between 130 and 140 millions of dollars. The curing of pork and the manufacture of lard oil form a great business in the State. In 1852–53, the number of hogs packed was 603,152. In the cause of education, Ohio takes a front rank among the States. In 1854, the total amount appropriated by the State for school purposes was $2,266,457. In the same year, Ohio had 12 colleges with 674 students, seven theological schools, and four medical schools. Ohio ranks third among the States in population. In 1850, it amounted to 1,980,329. The assessed value of property in the State, in 1853, was $759,381,366. It is an empire in itself.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR DEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

CRIME'S LAST CHAPTER.

"So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpions girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven—
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!"

THE continental force had reached the parish of St. Mary's, within about three days' march of Quebec, when Herbert Yancey, accompanied by a dozen of the Rifles, went forward with orders to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to select a suitable place for crossing the St. Lawrence. Such were the instructions of Colonel Arnold; and although Morgan remonstrated strongly against risking an officer and party of men so far in advance of the main body, Herbert never felt prouder than when he started. The field was open for individual distinction, and he felt that he might signalize himself in such a manner as to regain the position which he was too well aware his intimacy at the rector's had injured. True, he had received no insult, but it was evident that Ordway had prejudiced many against him, and he longed for an opportunity to clear all tarnish from his escutcheon by some signal service to the cause of independence.

Passing quickly onward, they arrived at night at a small hamlet, where Herbert's instructions ordered him to stop. The appearance of the man who kept the small tavern was not at all prepossessing, and he refused to let them sleep in the house, which he said was full; they could pass the night in the stable-loft, however, if they paid for their lodgings in advance. This offer was accepted, though when the hour for retiring arrived, the host told Herbert that he had a room for him.

"Not I," replied the young officer; "I prefer to go with my men," and so accompanied them up into the stable-loft, where there was a large mow of clean straw—a luxurious couch to the travel-worn soldiers. One by one they sank into the light and watchful slumber of men accustomed to snatch their repose when they can obtain it, but Herbert found it impossible to follow their example. Did he close his eyes, he soon found them open. Did he endeavor to count a thousand, he never could get higher than fifty. Now his thoughts would wander back to the scenes and faces of his Virginia home, and then he would think of Newburyport Mabel—was she true to him? Would the love-chain which bound their hearts ever be riveted by the holiest of religious sacraments? Had her father yielded to the voice of the people and changed his allegiance? But soon after midnight, though he knew it not, slumber touched him with her wand, and thoughts were exchanged for dreams.

At first, these wild dreams were of an undefinable and fantastic nature, but ere long they assumed a more definite shape. He dreamed that he was an English officer, with many who loved him, and whom he loved at home. Then he was sent on a mission to meet a traitor, who would sell his country's liberties for gold. They met, and the traitor's countenance seemed familiar, and they called the perjured wretch Benedict Arnold. He surely had seen that man before, but could not (ever dreaming) remember where. The compact was made, and he set out to return, rejoiced that he was through with his detested mission. But no. He was captured by three rebels, who refused to let him escape. He was imprisoned, tried, sentenced, and about to be shot. The word was given—"fire!"

Struggling in a convulsive nightmare, Herbert sprang to his feet. It was but a dream, yet the noise of muskets rang in his ears, and he found a combat raging around him. The Riflemen, with shouts of rage, were dealing blows with the butt-ends of their rifles upon thrice their number of assailants, some of whom were firing pistols almost in the very faces of those who refused to surrender. Drawing his sword, and shouting, "Washington and liberty!" Herbert leaped into the dark tide of conflict. Encouraged by his example, his men fought like demons, although their assailants were recruited from below. One by one the determined band fell, and at last Herbert, knocked down by the heavy butt of a musket, staggered backwards, and was caught at the moment when consciousness was fast leaving him.

When he came to himself, he found that he was lying on a pile of straw out of doors, while two officers were bathing his temples with cold water. Faint and exhausted, he was lost to all thought of the past or future, and gazed vacantly around upon the sad scene, dimly visible by the clear light of a full moon. On every hand were the dead, the dying, or the wounded.

"You made a gallant defence, sir," said Colonel Dupre—for he was the commander of the detachment sent out expressly to surprise Herbert, whose coming had been projected between Arnold and Holbrook.

But Herbert heard him not. The blow which had felled him brought on a slight concussion of the brain, and he was carried on a litter to Quebec, while the other prisoners were securely guarded. Not a single Rifleman lost his life, but over twenty of the royal forces never answered to their names again at roll-call. Colonel Dupre had several long conversations with the prisoners as they marched along, and his report to the governor embodied such a train of evidence that a warrant was forthwith made out, ordering the arrest of Dan Holbrook.

Early the next morning, before the last notes of the reveille had died away, a court-martial was held at the castle, and not only the great hall, but every avenue leading to it, was crowded with spectators. Any court sitting in judgment on a fellow mortal is imposing, but none have the power so completely as those held under "law martial." Respectfully did the dense crowd open to let the officers comprising the tribunal pass to their seats, and then all was quiet as the grave. Those officers, it was well known, were to try a fellow mortal for a heinous crime, and if guilty, they would take away that which they could not give.

"Bring the prisoner before the court," said the presiding officer.

All looked towards a small door, behind the table around which the court sat, and soon Holbrook appeared, walking between his guards with an air of mingled confidence and defiance.

"Let the accusation be read," said the presiding officer.

"Stay," said Holbrook, his scar gleaming like fire across his pale cheek. "I wish this court to examine this pass, signed by Lord Howe, which permits me to hold communication with the rebels, if I think I can thereby advance his majesty's interests."

As he spoke, his keen eyes glanced anxiously from one to the other of the court, for his indomitable villany had before then extricated him from worse positions. But he could discover no ground for hope in the unrelenting countenances before him.

"The prisoner's defence can be heard at the proper time," coolly remarked the presiding officer. "He will now be silent, and the judge advocate will read the accusation."

It was a lengthy document, upon which Colonel Dupre, who had volunteered to act as judge advocate, had worked all night. At first, Holbrook's eyes flashed angry defiance, but as he went on with charge upon charge, they lost all expression. Craven terror contended with rage on his hideous features, but before the document was read, he sat spell-bound, in the stupefaction of silent terror.

"And having preferred these charges," concluded the judge advocate, "I do offer to prove them, and ask that the prisoner be put upon his trial for high treason."

The sound of Colonel Dupre's voice appeared to rouse Holbrook from his apathy; and when the presiding officer asked: "Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?" he replied:

"Not guilty; and I object to the jurisdiction of this court."

So resolute and unflinching was his bearing that many of the spectators began to think him innocent. But the ghastly paleness of his cheek flushed for a moment into burning crimson, when he heard the judge advocate say:

"Provost marshal, call Job Carr."

Yes—inflamed with rage, and stimulated by a large reward, the old miser came to testify all he knew about his old comrade in crime. In vain did the dismayed culprit attempt to stop him, for the court ordered the provost marshal to apply a gag if silence was not preserved, and so the long catalogue of crime was presented, showing up the prisoner in the worst possible light. A bundle of letters from him, written the day previous, and obtained from the messenger, whose canoe was waylaid, corroborated the old miser's statement, while the testimony of the captured Riflemen confirmed the already unquestionable evidence of guilt.

Had it not been so, the very appearance of Holbrook would have convicted him. Finding that opposition was useless, he listened in despair to the catalogue of crime, and as his black, double dyed treachery was exposed, he gnawed his finger-ends in anguish until the blood streamed from them.

At last the witnesses for the prosecution had all been examined, and the prisoner was asked if he had any rebutting testimony.

"No!" was his almost mechanical answer, for he knew not a living soul in Quebec who could speak well of him.

Then the judge advocate, in eloquent tones, depicted the baseness of his treachery, urging his conviction. It was labor lost, for their minds were made up. How could the court have any doubts?

"Does the prisoner wish to offer any defence?"

"No."

Without leaving their seats, or even having the hall cleared, the court gave a unanimous verdict of "Guilty." The prisoner heard it unmoved, but when a murmur of applause arose from the spectators, he gave such a glance of malignant hatred that it was remembered by many to their dying days.

In view of the fact that the enemy was close at hand, and an example necessary, the presiding officer now pronounced the awful sentence, to be executed that very afternoon. "And may God have mercy on your soul!" was a conclusion to which many a one present responded "Amen!" Of all those present, not one went out thinking that justice had been wronged.

Holbrook was led to the guard-room, where a close watch was kept on him, and a clergyman was sent for. But the condemned man refused to see him, begging piteously for an interview with the governor, that he might make important revelations. Finding that this prayer was not granted, he endeavored to bribe his guards, promising them large sums in the frenzy of his despair if they would suffer him to escape. But all was of no avail. The hour arrived; and when the provost marshal and his guard appeared to convey him to the place of execution, he had sunk from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair.

It was a beautiful autumnal afternoon as the wretched criminal was brought forth, his hands tied behind his back, and escorted by a strong guard to a temporary gallows which had been erected at the spot where he had been seen to hold communication with the enemy. Every spot which commanded a view of the fatal rope was crowded, and when the procession appeared, it was greeted with a murmur of approbation, sounding like the sullen craving for human life with which the storm-king dashes the tempest-tossed bark against a rocky coast. The sullen attitude of the prisoner, who actually refused to speak to a clergyman on the scaffold, added to the general indignation, and execrations could but reach his ear.

But when all chances of hope were shut out by the drawing down of the hangman's cap, then the helpless victim called for "mercy!" in piteous tones. It was too late for repentance then. Fearful cries spoke the agony of his soul; a shriek rang out like a demon's welcome, and then a senseless mass of humanity, fluttering in the breeze, was all that remained of the traitor.

Somehow, news of the trial of his tool reached Colonel Arnold, and on the day that his army crossed the river, he sent a flag of truce to Governor Carlton, thanking him for having executed one who had—as he worded it—"deceived them both."

"He deceived me," said Colonel MacLean, when the governor read him this hypocritical message; "but I think if we could hang all his accomplices, the rebel force would lack a commander."

"Nay—nay," replied the governor. "We could not hang any one who may yet be of service to the crown. Indeed, I should try what influence a bag of gold would have on him now, if I did not know that Montgomery has arrived and taken command."

"Have you heard that the principal witness against this fellow Holbrook, when he was tried, died himself that afternoon?" asked Colonel MacLean. "I have just learned the particulars."

"What were they, pray?"

"Why, it seems that he had promised to give Dupre some information about Madame de Frontenac's long missing husband and child, but refused to say a word while Holbrook lived. So about an hour after the execution, the colonel went to the old man's house. It was barred up, but an old hag who kept it for him, and who was delighted at the justice done Holbrook, found a way in. As they opened a door leading to the kitchen, they saw, to their horror, old Carr lying on the hearth, with the blood trickling from a wound in his temple, caused by falling against a sharp-cornered andiron, as he stooped to light a candle. The colonel raised him up, but the last traces of life were extinct."

"Poor old fellow!" said the governor; "he has joined his old comrade in crime, and the betrayer scarcely outlived the betrayed."

"There is some mystery about the cause of their quarrel," said Colonel MacLean, "and I believe that again Madame de Frontenac has lost track of her husband and child."

"She deserves to find them," replied the governor, "for she has taken the entire charge of the hospitals. Already she and her Indian girls nurse the sick of the garrison and the prisoners taken yesterday, and they have volunteered for the siege."

"Noble creatures!" exclaimed the gallant MacLean. "Such is not the prudish philanthropy of some women, but it is emphatically that 'loving kindness' which has made the name of Mary immortal."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CARRIED, BUT NOT CAPTURED.

"The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."

FORTUNATE was it for Herbert Yancey that, on reaching the hospital at Quebec, Madame de Frontenac superintended in person the dressing of his wound; for while unlooosing his cambric neckcloth, she discovered—fresh beacon-light of hope—the gold cross given him by Mabel Gwynne. How she longed to learn how it came where she now gazed upon it! and when she ascertained that the wearer would not be free from delirium for some days, it was with difficulty that she restrained her impatience. Although Herbert was in reality a prisoner, taken in arms against his sovereign, yet such was the sympathy excited by his ensnarement by the agency of Holbrook, that the governor granted her request that he might be removed to the castle, and placed in one of the rooms now appropriated to her.

There, aided by Estelle, she watched the stranger with jealous care, and ere many days, his toilsome restlessness subsided into an incoherent half consciousness. The seventh day came, and he settled by degrees into a torpid lethargy, that left him in the semblance of a deep sleep without its refreshing calm. From this he awoke. Nay—did he not still dream? He had fancied himself on the battle-field, and he found himself in a large apartment, fitted up in splendid style, although everything had a look of mouldering decay. Richly gilded cornices surrounded the walls; the mantel-piece, of white marble, was curiously carved; old portraits hung in tarnished frames, and heavy curtains of faded damask hung over the windows, almost excluding the light of day.

Neither was he alone, for by his side sat Estelle, her fine eyes bent upon some head-work which she was making for a friend. Never, to him, had a mortal appeared so lovely, and at last he said, in a faint voice:

"Where am I?"

"Hush!" said Estelle, raising her finger to her lips. "The young warrior is not to speak until his wound is healed. But he is among friends."

Herbert said no more, but crowds of memories danced across his brain. At length his ideas began slowly to crystallize, and he remembered his capture.

"I am a prisoner?" he asked.

"You are among friends," replied a voice, the tones of which he at first thought were those of Mabel Gwynne. But when he saw the speaker, he found that she was much further advanced on life's journey. It was Madame de Frontenac.

"Thanks—thanks!" whispered the invalid, and again he sank

into partial insensibility. But when he next awoke to consciousness, he was able to tell his story, and to ascertain where he was. His kind nurses wrote to his mother, and when they left him at sunset, he felt that he was indeed among kind friends. An old veteran attended to his wants, brought him news from his comrades in the hospital, and he slept calmly and quietly.

The next morning, after the visit of the surgeon, Herbert obtained ink and paper from the veteran, that he might write to Mabel Gwynne. As may be imagined, he had much to say, so that when Madame de Frontenac came to see him, four closely-written sheets lay on the bed. Bringing his missive to a conclusion, he folded it, and directed it.

"Can this be sent to Boston by the first courier?" he asked.

"I will try and send it," replied Madame de Frontenac; "but who, pray, is this Miss Mabel Gwynne?"

"The ward of the Episcopal rector at Newburyport," replied Herbert, his pale cheeks lighting up.

"Aha! I see that she would be the one to minister to your wants just now," said Madame de Frontenac, with a smile.

Herbert did not reply, but it was evident that he was of the same opinion. Just then the distant sound of martial music was heard, and it was answered by drums beating "to arms" throughout the city. Then arose three loud shouts, and soon the streets were filled with troops, marching in various directions.

"What does this mean?" inquired Herbert, of the old veteran, who soon after entered.

"Mean, sir? Why, it seems that your Colonel Arnold either wishes to sell his men or to frighten us, for he has just paraded them in a line outside the walls. His music played, his troops gave three cheers, then the music played again. We all expected an attack, and hurried to the different posts, but, lo and behold! when the tune had been played out, he wheeled his men into platoons, and away they went to their camp. What it all meant, I do not know."

Neither Herbert Yancey nor Madame de Frontenac could conjecture. After some conversation, she inquired:

"Did you ever see a gentleman bearing my name in the provinces?"

"No," replied Herbert.

"Or a lady?" she went on to ask, looking at him earnestly and with hope.

"No. Indeed I do not know that I have ever been fortunate enough to know any French lady."

"You speak the language, though?"

"Yes—I acquired that from my tutor at Cambridge."

Again the sad-hearted mother felt that her exertions were fruitless, and that disappointment was her lot. Bidding Herbert good-day, she retired, nor did he thenceforth see her more than once a week.

As Herbert recovered, he wished to take exercise, and spoke of going out, but the veteran informed him that this was forbidden.

"You are in my custody," said he, "but I am ordered to permit you to go out upon parole, that you will not leave the city, or bear arms again against your lawful sovereign."

"Nay," replied Herbert; "that is asking too much." And he resolved to himself that he would consent to neither proposition. Besides, the weather was very cold, and he was yet feeble. Sometimes, when he heard the batteries of the besiegers, or saw at night their bombs bursting high in air, he would wish for liberty, that he might combat with his old comrades. But there appeared but little chance for him, and his attendant, who was not at all disposed to converse, could give him no information as to the progress made by the besiegers. It was a dreary phase in his life, upon which he never looked back with any degree of satisfaction, although he was afterwards informed that had it not been for the warm intercession of Colonel Dupre, he might have met the fate of a spy.

One bitter cold night—it was the 31st of December—there was another general alarm. The court-yard of the castle was filled with adjutants and orderlies, waiting to receive orders, and it was evident that an attack was expected. One by one they left, though occasionally some would return for fresh instructions, and Herbert could scarcely persuade himself that any attempt would be made, for the snow fell fast, rendering it impossible to see many feet off.

But about four o'clock in the morning, a discharge of rockets at four different points showed that the enemy was in earnest, although it afterwards appeared that two of the storming parties were only instructed to make "feints," in order to divert attention from the two attacks. Another moment, and a fire was opened from all the batteries on the advancing columns, the drums of which, beating the charge, made Herbert almost frantic. "Why am I not there, with Morgan and my comrades," was his involuntary exclamation, "to fight or fall for liberty?"

"The young warrior can go, if he wishes," said a musical voice at his side. "The doors are open, and it is not well for the eagle to remain caged when the war-clouds look dim."

Herbert did not need a second invitation. "Thanks," he replied; then seizing his sword, which Colonel Dupre had brought to his room, he sallied into the street. There everything was confusion, while the thickly-falling snow soon enveloped Herbert with a fleecy coat not to be distinguished from that of the British.

Guided by the noise of musketry, Herbert found his way to the lower town, where the cracking rifles and ringing war-whoops told him that Morgan was within the walls. Soon he came in sight of the fray, where the Highlanders, under MacLean, were disputing a narrow street, inch by inch. Pressing forward, and not above thirty yards from them, were the Virginians, the fire of their rifles flashing through the snow storm, while Morgan was urging them on.

Just then, along came a field-piece, and Herbert saw that it was to be "masked" in an old building, while the Highlanders were to retreat past it, when they had cleared its range, it was to rake the advancing column.

Could he not give warning? Every one was covered with snow; every one was intent upon the work of carnage, and it was not yet sunrise. So it was not to be wondered at that Herbert slipped gradually through the Highlanders, who either did not observe him, or thought him a staff officer of the garrison.

But he was too late. Scarcely had he worked his way to the head of the retreating column, when the gunner applied his match, and the priming blazed. Herbert threw himself to the ground, almost beneath the window from which the muzzle of the piece protruded. There was an explosion, but by some providential chance, the piece had been over-elevated, and the Rifles dashed on, unharmed, beneath the iron rain.

"For'rd, boys,—for'rd!" shouted Morgan; and ere Herbert was on his feet again, the gallant Virginians had dashed past, as if confident of victory.

Herbert was about to follow them, when his attention was arrested by a groan from a wounded man, wearing the continental uniform, who lay in the centre of the street.

"Can I help you, friend?" asked Herbert, kneeling, and raising up the sufferer's head.

Raising his hand to his forehead, the wounded man wiped away the blood with the cuff of his coat, then sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"It was a narrow escape, and close quarters for a musket ball, but I believe it has only grazed the skin. But—"

He started back, for it had been reported at camp that Herbert Yancey was killed.

"Is that you, Mr. Yancey?" he asked.

"Why, Ordway!" exclaimed Yancey.

"Yes. Who would have thought that when I last night told Major Morgan how I had wronged you, who I believed was dead and gone, that I should see you, and see you here?"

Just then, along came a man wearing the continental artillery uniform, shouting: "Montgomery is killed, and Arnold is wounded! The orders are to retreat!"

On he went, but ere he had gone a hundred yards, he was stopped by a company of Canadians, who had been marched around to flank the Rifles.

"This way—this way!" said Herbert Yancey, seizing Ordway by the arm, and hastening up the hill.

It was evident, however, that the engagement was over, as only a few straggling shots were heard, and the idea occurred to Herbert that it might be advisable to return to the place from whence he had started. Luckily for him and his companion, the troops were all engaged in repulsing the enemy; there was not even a sentry to oppose them.

Entering his room suddenly, Herbert started, for there, upon her knees, was Estelle.

"Ah!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Are these British tyrants conquered?"

"I fear not," mournfully replied Herbert. "Had we not good reason to believe that the case was hopeless, you would not see us here."

"But your companion is wounded," said the noble-hearted girl. "Let me bring Madame de Frontenac." She turned towards the door, but then stopped to say: "Of course, Mr. Yancey, you will not let any one know how you found your door open?"

"Never fear," replied Herbert; and she disappeared.

"What lovely creature is that?" asked Ordway. But ere he could hear Herbert's reply, he fell back upon the bed near which he stood, faint from the loss of blood, which continued to stream from his wound.

While Herbert was endeavoring to restore him, the door was slowly opened, and Estelle came in, attended by a domestic.

"Is it here," she inquired, with apparent ignorance, "that there is a wounded man? Madame de Frontenac cannot leave, and has sent me to do the best I can. Ah! he has fainted. Get some water, Jacqueline."

Bathing Ordway's forehead with cold water, soon restored him to consciousness, and on opening his eyes, he gazed up with a look of vacant inquiry into the beautiful face that was bending over him. Then, as his recollection returned, he began to stammer thanks.

"Nay, sir," said Estelle; "you must be quiet." Taking her scissors, she clipped the hair from the wounded temple, and having washed away the clotted blood, dressed it in a style that would have done honor to a veteran practitioner. "There," she at last remarked; "the wounded warrior must now remain still for a few days, and he will be ready to serve his country again. Good-morning."

"Ah, Yancey," exclaimed Ordway, as she tripped from the room, "you are a lucky fellow!"

"What—to be cooped up here?"

"Yes—with an angel to attend on you. Never did I expect to see any one whose charms rivalled those of Mabel Gwynne, but—"

"You have not seen one yet, surely?" interrupted Herbert.

"What—do you not give this lovely surgeon the preference?" eagerly inquired Ordway.

"Not I. There is no one on earth, Frank Ordway, who, in my estimation, is equal either in point of beauty, accomplishments or heart to your rector's ward."

"And your devotion for her is not transferred?"

"To Estelle? Not a particle of it. She has been kind to me in my captivity, but my love for her is that of a brother for a sister."

"Thank God!" fervently exclaimed Ordway. Nor was it long before both of them, weary with the fatigues of the night, fell asleep.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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EUROPEAN SCENES.

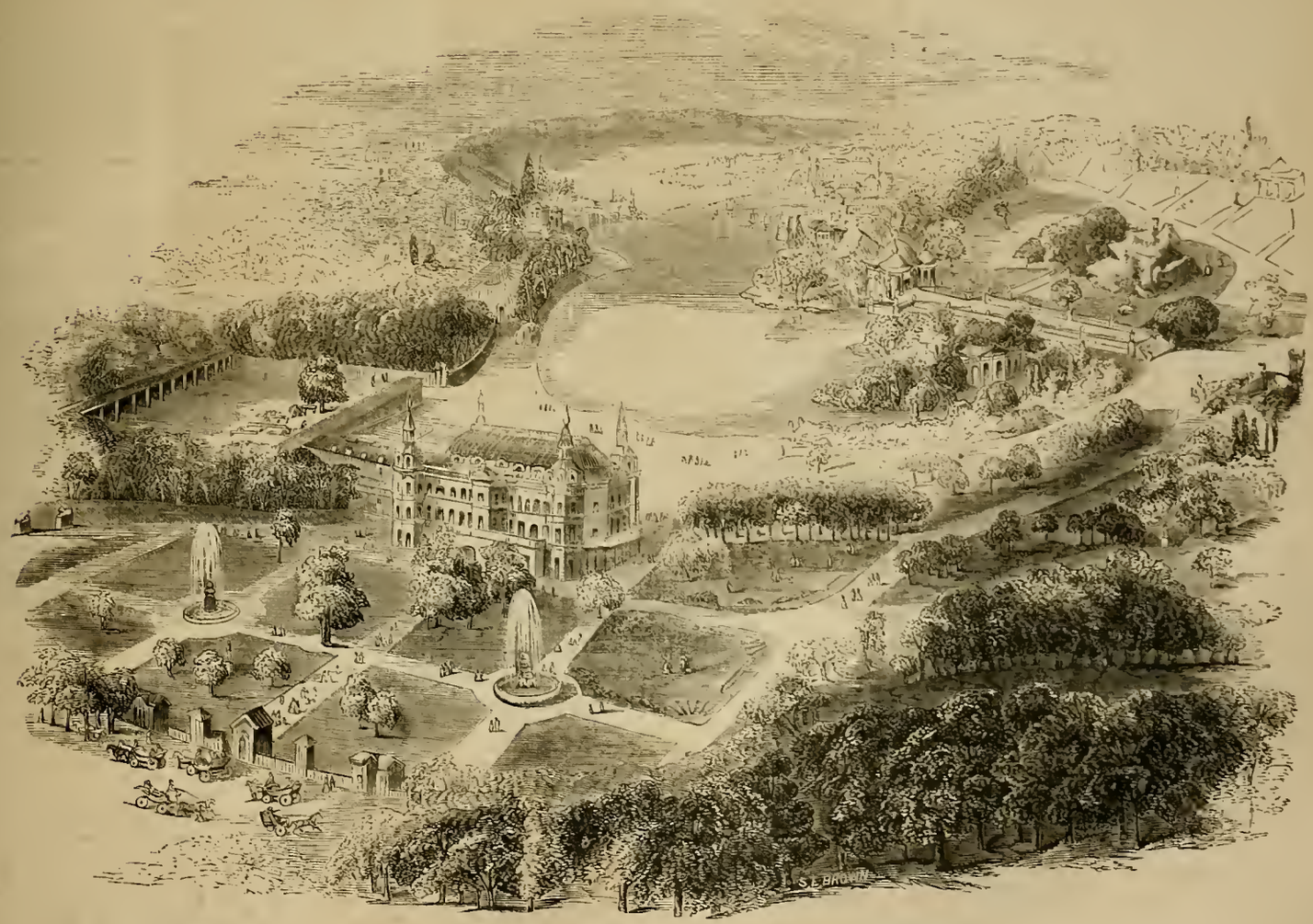
SERVIAN MINSTRELS.—We present on this page a very picturesque groups of Servian Minstrels, in their national costume, performing in an eastern coffee house. In the balcony, between which the two musicians are performing, sits a Greek with his pipe to his lips. A turbaned Turk and one or two Armenians are also seen in the gallery. The costume of the minstrels is almost identical with that of the Greeks,—the fez or cap with its long tassel, the gay jacket, the rich sash, the loose breeches and white petticoats. The instrument used is the "goosely," a sort of viol with a single string, and played upon by the bow. The melodies these people perform are sweet and plaintive, and their voices are rich and pleasing; so sad and tender, however, are their strains, that the listener is often painfully affected. At the present time, when the settlement of the Danubian principalities is a question mooted in almost every newspaper we take up, in its department of foreign intelligence, our readers cannot help feeling curious about so interesting a people as those who inhabit Servia. Even in a military point of view, the Servians are the reverse of contemptible. Their regular military force does not amount to more than 2000, but every male capable of bearing arms is enrolled in the militia, and they have thus the power, in case of emergency, of collecting no fewer than 40,000 fighting men. It is now about eleven centuries since the Servians, who belong to the widespread Sclavonian stock, with which a great part of Eastern Europe is peopled, migrated from the Carpathian Mountains to the Danube; but it was not till the twelfth century that the petty states which they formed were united into a single feudal monarchy similar to those which, in the middle ages, existed all over Europe. This continued until 1389, when the Servians yielded to the conquering arms of the Turks. Centuries of submission followed, till a revolt was headed by Czerny-George, a native chief, who, in 1806, took Belgrade, and governed the province till the peace of 1814. At that period, Servia again submitted to the porte; but next year, a new revolt, under Milosch Obrenowitsch, was successful; and he, after ruling Servia till 1839, owing, as is supposed, to the influence of Russia, was obliged to resign in favor of his son Michael. Being an agricultural country, not boasting of any seaport, and having no commercial class of its own, Servia's population consists principally of peasantry. Attired in coarse frieze jackets and boots, the Servians strike strangers as a remarkably tall and vigorous race of men, their forms indicating thorough physical strength, and their countenances much intellectual energy. The women are considered particularly attractive, having fine complexions, dark, glossy hair, and figures decidedly handsome. Their beauty, which they preserve for a considerable time, is set off by a peculiar head-dress. This consists of a Greek fez, from which is suspended a gold tassel, that contrasts with the black hair laid smoothly down the temple, and is well calculated to heighten the charms of the fair wearer. One ancient custom in which the gentler sex take part is worthy of mention. When a long drought has occurred, a young woman—of course one who is handsome—is so dressed up in grass, cabbage leaves, and flowers, that her face is all but invisible. Thus attired, and accompanied by several damsels of her own age, she goes from house to house, singing a song, of which a prayer for rain forms the burden. The mistress of the house throws a little water over her; and this superstitious ceremony, known as the "Dodola," inspires the natives with the hope of refreshing showers. Like the Russians a few generations back, the Servians, even at this date, are sufficiently ungallant to consider the women as somewhat inferior beings, only to be made use of as playthings in youth, and as nurses in old age; but much more enlightened views have been adopted in Belgrade, and will doubtless spread, ere long, all over Servia. In some respects, the character of the Servian is thought to resemble that of the Scottish Highlander. Even the outlaws, who, at the beginning of this century, infested the forests that spread over the country, were so many Rob Roys in their way—rebels as well as robbers; and under the impression that in plundering rich Moslems, while displaying generosity to the poor, they were really doing nothing unjustifiable. Moreover, the Servians are, like the Highlanders, brave in battle, hospitable to strangers, and fond of plaintive music. LYTHAM, ENGLAND.—The very striking and interesting picture on the next page is an excellent general view of Lytham, England, a picturesque old town and a place of great resort during the bathing season. It is in Lancaster County, on the coast of the Irish Sea, about five and a half miles west-southwest of Kirkham, with a station on the Preston and Wyre Railway, and contains a little over two thousand inhabitants. On the right is the principal street, with its long line of houses, many of them in the quaint old Elizabethan style of architecture, stretching away into the distance. A Gothic church rears its tall spire from the group of buildings. But perhaps the most picturesque object in the view is the huge windmill on the left, standing like a tall giant with expanded arms, soliciting the charge of some English Don Quixote mounted on a donkey. There are plenty of donkeys scattered over the wide level of the shore, for donkeys and English watering-places are inseparable—one is the complement of the other. Each donkey or group of donkeys is accompanied by a driver. They are easy saddle-beasts for the ladies, and, except when seized with one of those freaks of obstinacy, which quality is a liberal ingredient in donkey-nature, are quite passable substitutes for horses. The donkey-drivers have methods of their own for getting their animals along when they "stake," which is not an uncommon thing with them. These methods are more efficacious than humane, consisting in sundry applications of a sharp stick, twistings of the "narrative," and similar mild persuasives. The numerous promenades on the level plain impart a liveliness to this seashore picture. In the distance, beyond the windmill, we have a glimpse of the Irish Sea, and of the canvass-covered bathing machines on the sands. These machines are covered carts on four wheels, drawn by a horse. The driver takes the machine out into deep water, wheels it round, and the ladies or gentlemen who change their bathing dresses inside, spring into the water from the rear of the vehicle. We are not aware that there are any of these machines in this country. It is said that the English, staid and stiff at almost all other times, unbend in their aquatic sports, and frolic about in the water like veritable mer-men and mermaids. Be that as it may, a trip to the seaside, in the warm season, is with them, as with us, an *obligato* episode in English fashionable life. THE ROYAL SURRY GARDENS, LONDON, ENGLAND.—We present on the next page a bird's eye view of the Surry Gardens, a favorite place of resort, which has recently been remodelled and decorated, and is now a delightful place. On the borders of the lake, which forms one of the most striking features of the scene, is erected a beautiful music hall which will hold 10,000 persons. Here excellent musical entertainments are given, at a price which secures large audiences. On these occasions, the hall is brilliantly lighted, as well as all the surrounding gardens, producing, with the reflection of myriads of colored lights in the water, a picture of oriental magnificence. Although the building accommodates ten thousand persons, yet, from its peculiar construction, as many more can hear the music to perfection, protected from the weather by balconies, verandahs and galleries outside, and breathing an atmosphere as pure as they would enjoy in the garden. The grounds comprise about ten acres, and contain, as will be seen by reference to our engraving, many groves of heavy timber, but there are flower beds, undulating lawns, Italian terraces, adorned with statuary and pathways, through alleys of choice shrubs and plants. Many fine American shrubs and trees are acclimated here, and are regarded as great curiosities. There are Swiss chalets, grottoes, fountains, cascades and running streams, which, combined with the attractions of the well-known lake, form one of the most beautiful gardens in Europe ever adapted for open-air entertainments, not excepting the ancient Tivoli of Paris, and the celebrated Krolls Garden of Berlin. Last season, among the most attractive exhibitions, there was a splendid view of the city of Constantinople, the Bosphorus being represented with real water. It is said that the illusion was complete, and that even an Eastern traveller might for a moment be deluded into the belief that he was again standing on the shores of the Golden Horn. An accident occurred in these gardens, a few weeks since, which was attended with fatal circumstances, but which it is a wonder did not produce yet more serious results. A popular preacher, whose audiences had become so large that his own chapel did not accommodate a tithe of them, engaged the new music hall for four successive Sunday evenings. On the first evening, a vast concourse, estimated at twenty thousand persons, assembled to hear him preach. The building has two or three tiers of galleries, galleries inside and balconies outside, and all sorts of devices for hearing, whether sitting or standing. On this occasion, fifteen thousand of the audience were jammed inside, and five thousand perched together on the exterior. Something, in the course of the evening, occurred to create an alarm, either a neighboring bell, or a cry of fire, or the suggestion that the roof was settling. The whole of that vast multitude, seized with an awful panic, poured tumultuously out of the building, rushing, screaming, trampling down one another, clogging the staircases, breaking the balustrades, tumbling over to the bottom, falling one upon another. By a merciful Providence, not six hundred, but only six were killed, and rather more seriously hurt.



SERVIAN MUSICIANS.



LYTHAM, ENGLAND.



SURRY GARDENS, LONDON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RUINED CASTLE.

BY JAMES F. PITTS.

Behind its walls the river steals
With slow and noiseless wave,
And drooping foliage conceals
The shores its waters lave:
Each broken roof and battlement
Is mirrored in the stream,
And beauty to the scene is lent
By th' setting sun's last beam.

The clinging ivy winds around
The moss-grown, crumbling walls,
With grass the turret tops are crowned,
And silent are the halls;
The moat with weeds is half concealed,
The drawbridge in decay,
While rusted sword and battered shield
Speak of some former fray.

And if the voices of the dead
Again could reach the ear,
warriors from their earthly bed
Unto us could appear—
What fearful tales of knightly rage
Would from their grim lips flow!
Dark histories of feudal age,
And battles long ago.

But these are past—no longer here
Does knightly rule hold sway:
No warlike bands—no arms appear,
All strife has passed away.
These desolate and crumbling walls
Are all that now remain
Of tapestried and gilded halls,
Where solemn owls now reign.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ORPHAN'S FATE.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Fanny Lorrimer! Bright, little, golden-tressed, blue-eyed Fanny Lorrimer! Who, that knew her in her childhood's innocent orphanage, could forget her?—forget the laugh and tones, all music and merriment, which cheered every one around her, while her frank, free, lovely face inspired many a youthful playmate with his first ideas of love? Yet Fanny was without parents, or brother or sister. Living with her father's brother, Caleb Lorrimer, a merchant "in good standing," having never known, to appreciate, the devotion of parental love, until she was sixteen, she knew little of care or sorrow; all her wants supplied, and friendship smiling upon her on every side.

Her mother had died when she was very young—so young that she could not remember that mother's face; and her father in a few years followed to the grave, leaving his only offspring in the care of his brother. Fanny was now growing into womanhood, and her uncle bethought him seriously of her future prospects. An orphan, and he her only guardian, she was quite as much an object of interest to him as was his son Arnold, a young man of some twenty years; and Lorrimer looked forward to the day when his son and his niece should be united in marriage.

But, unluckily for Caleb Lorrimer's plans, there was no similarity between the dispositions of the young twain. Fanny was of an open, generous, sympathizing nature, scorning all meanness, intrigue or artifice, while Arnold was the counterpart of his father—cold, designing and calculating. Fanny regarded him only as a cousin and household companion, but with aversion rather than preference, reserving her attachments for others of about her own age, more winning, genial and demonstrative than was he; and when they attended social gatherings, she avoided him as much as possible; feeling an instinctive repulsiveness towards him, she knew not exactly why. He was attentive, but frigid. His smile was like his father's—icy; and his manners, likewise, stiff and ceremonious.

Her sixteenth year came, and on her birthday Fanny was surprised at the disclosure of her uncle's wish and intention regarding her. At first, she treated his proposal with mirth.

"Why, uncle, ha, ha! What, marry Arnold? Marry my cousin? You are joking."

"You know I am not given to joking," he replied, with calm severity. It was true, he was not.

"But I never can think of such a thing. I must fall in love first, you know, uncle, then have a few quarrels, and then make up again, as lovers do, and all that, you know, first; and then, after making myself and him—whoever he may be—miserable for awhile, accept him romantically, and be married with all the ceremonies. That's the way I shall do, uncle. But as to marrying Arnold, that is out of the question entirely."

"But it is *not*, I tell you!" exclaimed he, with asperity, his dark eyes flashing with anger. "You must not oppose my will. Your father died leaving no property, and confided you to my care. It is he, you must consider, who speaks in me, and you must follow my direction."

"My father would never have urged me to marry against my will," replied Fanny, vehemently; "and I never shall, whatever comes of it!"

"So stubborn, Fanny," said Mr. Lorrimer, with a scowl and a sneer. "I suppose you are already fascinated with some young sprig of a fellow, with a pretty face. It will be labor thrown away, mark me. You shall never marry another, and you *shall* marry my son. Set your heart upon that, and think better of it."

And Mr. Lorrimer went angrily out of the room, surprised at this first show of resistance from his ward, and enraged that his first step towards the darling design of his heart was foiled. "The very spirit of her father," he muttered between his clenched teeth. "But I will accomplish it, or I will urge her to her ruin."

"So this house, I suppose, I must consider no longer my home," reflected Fanny, after he had gone. "I know his determined way. I despise Arnold; and as long as I remain I shall be subjected to insult and tyranny. This is a pleasant omen for a birthday. Perhaps it foretells what is to come. Which way shall I turn?"

A marked change was now observable in her uncle's demeanor, though Arnold, close-minded, and apparently indifferent to her, as usual, gave no intimation whether he knew what had passed. Mr. Lorrimer now no longer approached her with affected smiles, nor spoke to her in any way but harshly and abruptly. He was a man, as may be imagined, of no benevolence of heart, and from the time of her opposition to his will, he was continually reproaching her with a tendency to extravagance—in dress or otherwise—and utterly prohibiting her giving anything to the poor who came to the door for charity, an indulgence which he knew was one of her chief pleasures. Still, she disobeyed this injunction when she could without detection, and continued, as before, to be regarded by mendicants as the "angel of the house."

Finding so little enjoyment at home, she was impelled to seek it elsewhere, among her friends; and her absences became so frequent and sometimes so prolonged, that her uncle chid her for that; not, however, from any desire for her welfare, but to irritate her into leaving the house altogether, that she might take the first step toward the ruin and degradation he desired for her. Disappointed in his design of an alliance between her and his son, for which he had good reasons of his own, he resolved to get rid of her as soon as he could, provoking her to seek companionship, which, to a friendless and homeless orphan, young and beautiful as she was, would result in her lasting shame and the world's contempt for her.

That first step—the abandonment of his roof—was soon taken. Life there soon became intolerable to her, and the contrast between its gloom and the agreeable society she found elsewhere, determined her to forsake it wholly, and trust to God to find friends and some means of livelihood abroad.

"So she *has* gone at last, has she, Arnold?" said Mr. Lorrimer, one day, when Arnold informed him of the fact. "It is all for the better, and what I expected. She may die in a ditch for what I care; but she shall never cross this threshold again."

"She is getting dissipated and reckless, I think," replied his son, with a malicious twinkle in his eye; for he had long writhed under the consciousness that Fanny loathed him. "All the young men have begun to laugh and sneer about her and her associates. I suppose she has gone to live with some bad character. She has the look and ways of one already."

"She will no longer disgrace us, then," said his father. "Besides, she has now removed an obstacle which I long wished to be rid of. I will tell you more of this, some day. But I should like you to keep watch upon her movements, if you can ascertain where she is. It may be of great service to us."

Arnold promised to play the spy, like the dutiful son of his father. Such a commission well assorted with his tastes.

Among the many acquaintances whom Fanny Lorrimer's beauty had drawn towards her and made her a favorite, was a young man named Bertram Gay. He was employed in the counting-house of two brothers, Asa and Aaron Hill, tradesmen with whom Mr. Lorrimer had extensive dealings. He was one of their most important customers, and a good commercial understanding existed between them in consequence.

Gay had often visited Fanny at the house of her uncle, and at the time when she made such a mysterious departure from it, he suspected that it was rather owing to ill treatment, than from what her cousin intimated to him was the real cause of her flight.

"No—Fanny, innocent as I have ever thought her, is incapable of leading a life of iniquity. They must have driven her abroad by unkindness. Could I but find her, I could soon ascertain. Her cousin shows no mortification, but joy, rather, at her being gone; and there is no wonder that she should be unwilling to live with two such disagreeable beings as he and his father. It cannot be that she has been evil-minded or weak-minded enough to abase herself. I don't like the appearance of old Lorrimer. That he is a designing and unprincipled man he has proved by his conversation in the store. He is not a man of integrity in business matters, and were it not for his wealth, he would find it difficult, with his reputation, ever to rise. I will learn more of him if I can, and help Fanny, if possible."

Such were the thoughts of Bertram Gay, as he pored over the accounts of Hill and Co. While thus ruminating, he overheard the two brothers in conversation about Lorrimer.

"Has old 'Grumpy' been in to-day?" asked the elder brother.

"I met him in the street," was the reply, "and he appeared very cheerful, for him."

"Old 'Grumpy' cheerful! And how did that miracle happen, pray?"

"He told me, but pretended at first to be quite mournful about it, that his niece had run off, and become an abandoned character. She had been fractious for a long time, he said, and he found it impossible to do anything with her. But he could not conceal his real feelings long. He is glad of it—and you and I can guess the reason."

"Of course—the property." (Bertram listened eagerly.) "But had he taken no method to reclaim her?"

"He shook his head, and said it was useless—the old rogue. While he appeared to be hopeless, I could see he was most hopeful. He said she would not listen to the idea of marrying his son—that chip of the old block—and I have no doubt he would be glad to have her a confirmed profligate, and die miserable and ignorant of her father's will. But you should have heard how briskly he talked upon matters of trade. He promised us a large order soon. We know what that is for, too."

Here the elder brother made a sign to be silent upon that subject, pointing slyly, with his thumb, over his shoulder at Bertram, whose curiosity was aroused, and who felt chagrined that he could hear no more. He had heard enough, however, to confirm his previous suspicion that Fanny was the innocent victim of her uncle's villany, and that his employers were either knowing to, or perhaps partners in the plot.

When Fanny Lorrimer fled from her uncle's house, she repaired to the humble dwelling of a poor old man named Peter Speal, a cripple, who, being thus disabled from earning a subsistence, occasionally begged from door to door. His wife took in washing, and his daughter, about Fanny's age, earned a scanty addition to the common stock as a shop-girl. To her father, Fanny had often been kind, when he came to her door, and now, in her adversity, she applied to him for a temporary shelter.

"Why, miss! What make you here?" was his astonished inquiry, as, seated on a broken chair, she covered her face and wept aloud.

She soon told the poor family the whole story, and begged them to allow her to stay with them till she could find something to do. She desired her whereabouts to be unknown to others, lest her uncle should compel her to go back. The refuge sought was readily granted.

"We are wretchedly poor, Miss Fanny, as you may see; but not so poor as to be ungrateful—as to deny what comfort we can give to a friendless orphan. Mercy on us! I thought you were better off than this. But Heaven only knows the hidden sorrows of the world. But better days are before you, child. Don't give up."

The kind words of the poor cripple were furthered by the encouragement of his wife and daughter, and within a week the latter obtained her a place where she herself worked, as a seamstress. It was a hard change for Fanny, accustomed as she had been to living in affluence, and the bloom soon fled from her cheek and the gayety from her eyes. But even so, she felt it was better than to be daily subject to the spleen and tyranny of her worse than heartless uncle; and though now, from fear of discovery, she was compelled to shun the society of which she was so fond, and veiled her face as she passed through the streets, the encouragement given her by those humble but faithful friends led her to hope that misfortune would not always be her lot.

One day, as she was on the way to her work, closely veiled, as usual, and hurrying along with her fellow-seamstress, suddenly she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and for an instant fearing that it was her uncle, she uttered an exclamation of alarm, not loud enough, however, to attract much notice from the passers-by. But she was suddenly re-assured; for she saw Bertram Gay at her side, and at once put her veil back.

"Am I such a scarecrow, Fanny," said he, smiling, "that you should scream when I merely touch you? I was not quite sure it was you, but thought I recognized your gait. I have been these three days looking for you, but could obtain no tidings. I have something of importance to tell you—but is she"—looking at her companion, suspiciously—"is she trustworthy?"

"Perfectly," replied Fanny, blushing; for her quick penetration told her that Bertram regarded Miss Speal's poor apparel with a doubtful eye. "She is my friend."

"Your *friend?*" exclaimed Bertram, with surprise, his countenance suddenly changing.

"O, Mr. Gay, I know, I think, what your thoughts are; but if you knew all you would not blame me! I have no companion now but her, and no home but where she lives."

"Ah, Fanny, I know not what to think!" replied Bertram, seriously, and suspecting the worst. "Have you indeed deserted your uncle's house for—" he could not finish the sentence, for Fanny's beautiful but reproachful glance arrested the words he was about to utter.

"I will tell you all, Bertram—for I know you are my friend—this evening, if you will come to see me then; and you shall be convinced that I am not to blame, and then you can say what you would have informed me."

Bertram received the direction, and promised to be there, though his heart sorely misgave him as he saw Fanny pass along, her face veiled again, with her ill-clad associate.

"Can it be," he muttered, as he gazed sadly after them, "that she is going to destruction? Perhaps she has even now deceived me about the address, merely to get rid of me. But I shall see, and perhaps save her yet. What a pity that she has no brother to protect and guide her."

On his return to the store, he found his employers engaged in loud and somewhat angry conversation with "Old Grumpy," as they elegantly designated him—Mr. Caleb Lorrimer—in an inner counting-room. Bertram's entrance to the outer room was not noticed, and mounting his high stool and opening his book, with pen in hand, he—listened. He could not help it, and was not sorry for that.

"That is *my* business!" he heard Lorrimer say, firmly. "I want nobody's advice about it."

"But it is a pity such a girl should go to ruin for the want of some timely hand to help her," said the elder brother.

"I have talked to her enough, and she will have her own way," replied Lorrimer, sullenly.

"I suppose she is not still in ignorance about her father's will," said the younger Hill. "You know you told us it would be better to conceal the fact of his having left her the property, in order

that she might not be spoiled by the thought that she was to be rich some day. It *was* a good idea, for a time, but now, it seems, she is old enough to have a will of her own, and to take care of herself."

"I told her about the will long ago," declared Lorrimer, lying, that he might divert their intentions, should they be disposed to seek her out and disclose the fact to her. "I now wish I had not told her, as perhaps it has turned her head. As to her 'taking care of herself,' as you say, you see she does bid fair to do it, after a fashion. Finally, gentlemen, I wash my hands clean of her, after this. When she is disposed to reform, I shall do my duty by her—not before. Had she the property in her hands at this moment—what use would she make of it? You know, as well as I do, it would only be an instrument of her still speedier destruction. Let us talk no more upon this subject, but proceed to business at once. Here is a list of what I want—it is a large order, you see—and give me your prices."

What further conversation they had was of no interest to Bertram, relating simply to trade. He could not but feel indignant at the thought that "Old Grumpy's" "large orders" were proving an effectual silence upon Hill and Co., deterring them from revealing what was no more than Fanny's right to know.

"I am determined to ferret this affair out," said he to himself, as he proceeded in the evening to the place she had designated, "if human ingenuity can do it. She is the victim, the artless, helpless victim, of a rascally plot, which, now that she has no protector, after having driven her from a shelter, would rob her of a fortune and destroy both her soul and body. She is an angel, and her uncle an own brother to the devil, if not the devil himself. So this is the house. What a rickety old shanty it is. Poor Fanny!"

He knocked and was admitted; and Fanny, having previously given the family to understand that some disclosure of importance was to be made, they, soon after his arrival, left Bertram to confer with her alone.

"Since I saw you, Miss Lorrimer, I have learned still more regarding your history, or rather your affairs; and while I tell you that you are the victim of an atrocious fraud, let me also congratulate you."

"I am at a loss to understand you. Explain, Bertram, and don't call me 'Miss Lorrimer' any more. Call me Fanny, as you used to, when we met in pleasanter scenes and hours than these."

"Well, then, Fanny, let me first ask if your uncle ever informed you anything of your father's will."

"Never, not a word. I never thought he made any. I was told, always, that he left no property."

"Indeed! Then let me tell what I know of it, and perhaps I can greatly assist you."

Bertram now related all that he had heard, with such a warmth of indignation as induced Fanny at once to look upon him as her champion; and, in return, she told him the reason for the course she had taken.

"But are you contented to remain here?" he inquired. "Should you wish a place more suitable to your taste, say the word and it is at your service."

"No, no, Bertram," she hastily answered, a quick ingenuous flush suffusing her face. "It would give my uncle a chance to calumniate me. I had rather remain here—at least for the present. But how is it, do you suppose, that my uncle's secret became known to them?"

"I don't know; but to-morrow I will state the whole case to them, and appeal to their honor, as men, to do you justice if it is in their power. I may, perhaps, learn something more to your advantage, which may enable me to work, even without their aid, should they withhold it."

With many thanks, the orphan girl took leave of him, and with a greatly lightened heart she communicated to her humble benefactors that she had heard good tidings, the nature of which they would probably soon know.

"The will! The will! *That* is what I want. If that is in existence—but even then, how should I get at it? No—my main dependence is in persuading my employers, after all. Without their assistance I can do nothing."

Thus reflected Bertram Gay, as, on the following morning, he entered the counting-room. He lost no time, but when the partners entered, stated Fanny's case plainly and calmly, and without a word as to her whereabouts; and informing them what he had overheard on the day before, he asked them to do as they would be done by—to befriend the orphan and maintain her rights.

"Of the existence of the will, there is no doubt in our minds, Bertram," said the elder brother. "We were both witnesses to it, when at her father's death-bed, and she a mere child. But it is a question with us, whether the girl is not as her uncle has represented her; and if so, whether it would not be sacrificing both her and the property, by being instruments in placing it in her hands. He himself says he is willing to do her justice, if she will reform."

"Reform! Reform himself!" replied Bertram, with warmth. "There is no reformation needed on *her* part. He has cheated and tyrannized over her, and now would destroy her character. He has told you that she knew of her father's will. She denies it, and was surprised when I informed her. Is not this sufficient proof of his intentions?—of his fraud? You have children yourselves. Do you love them? Suppose them wronged, after your death, and those to whose care you had confided them should make outcasts of them, for their own advantage. Suppose this—and then consider the mighty wrong which is being done to this poor orphan girl."

"You are right, Bertram," returned they, "and we will have an interview again with the old fellow, though he is flinty and obstinate enough; but even though we are witnesses to the will, and could swear to it and to our signatures, were it ever produced in court, it is doubtful if much good will come of it. But at any rate, we'll try. He will be here to-morrow, at ten."

During the day, revolving the affair constantly in his mind, Bertram devised an additional expedient, and informed Fanny of it in the evening.

"His private papers—it is a daring thing to attempt, I know—but if I could but gain access to them, I am willing to incur the risk of detection, for the sake of finding your father's will among them. Do you think it possible to get at them?"

"It is possible, and to further the chance, I will go with you," exclaimed Fanny, now elated and emboldened with the prospect of success. The stake was too important to be lost by any trifling neglect now.

"He will be at the store to-morrow morning at ten," said Bertram. "At that hour let us be at the house, meet what luck we may."

This plan was carried into execution. With palpitating hearts they stood upon the doorsteps, awaiting the opening of the door. Their greatest fear was that Arnold might be at home—perhaps come to the door. To their relief, it was opened by a maid-servant.

"Why, Miss Fanny," exclaimed the girl, holding up both hands, "is it you have come back again? I am so glad!"

"Hush, Bridget!" whispered Fanny, as she and Bertram entered. "Is Arnold at home?"

"No, miss. He went out with his father, half an hour ago."

"Very well, then, Bridget. You can attend to your work, and we will wait till he returns."

Bridget thus disposed of, no time was to be lost. Fanny led the way at once to the library, and pointing to a secretary, and a small trunk upon it, informed Bertram that Mr. Lorrimer there kept all his personal papers, as far as she knew.

"The locks must be forced then—we must shut the doors to deaden the noise—for I have no keys."

"But what are these?" said Fanny, exultingly, as, casting her eyes down, her glance fell upon a bunch of keys, one of which was inserted in the lower drawer.

"Fortune smiles upon us!" said Bertram, seizing them instantly, and at once opening every drawer. While Fanny searched them, he took down the trunk and opened that.

"Plenty of dust upon it," he said. "I fancy it has not been opened lately, and perhaps—what is this?"

He held up, as he spoke, a document fastened with red tape, the paper grown yellowish, as if with age.

"See here, Fanny, 'Will and Testament of William Lorrimer. Codicil.' This is the all-important paper upon which hangs your fate!" exclaimed Bertram, pale with excitement, as he stripped off the fastening, and read the paper hurriedly to her. "Here, too, are their signatures as witnesses—'Asa Hill, Aaron Hill,'—appended also to the codicil, which confirms your right to choose your guardian at the age of sixteen. It was a providential act in your father which added such a supplement. Could he have mistrusted the fidelity of his brother? But all's one for that. We have the document. Let us haste away, and—"

In another instant they were appalled by the sound of footsteps, and a voice—the voice of Caleb Lorrimer.

"What's here? What's all this?" he vociferated, rushing towards them, followed by his son and both of Bertram's employers. They had come to discuss the affair upon which they were at issue with Lorrimer, at his own invitation, he hoping to engage them to secrecy, as he should manage it. "Villain, who are you?" added Lorrimer, wildly, glancing at the papers scattered confusedly about. "You here, girl—begone!"

"Stay!" cried Bertram to Fanny, who, trembling, with excitement, was about to obey. "She is the rightful mistress here, and should command *you* to begone. There, gentlemen, is the proof!" and he held up the will in sight of all.

"Rascal! Robber! Give it me!" shouted Lorrimer, frantically, seizing Bertram's uplifted arm, and endeavoring to snatch the paper on which so much depended. Finding it beyond his reach, he clutched at Bertram's throat, when a fierce but brief struggle ensued, and Lorrimer was hurled to the floor.

"Your time of triumph and tyranny is past, miserable schemer!" exclaimed the exasperated young man, again seizing the paper, which had fallen upon the floor; but as he stooped, he heard the shriek of Fanny, as she cried out, suddenly:

"Take care, Bertram, take care!"

Rising at once, he was barely in time to grasp the extended arm of Lorrimer, who, desperate and furious at his exposure and his discomfiture in the scuffle, had taken a pistol from one of the drawers, and now presented it at Bertram's breast. With the swiftness of thought, the latter bent Lorrimer's arm, by a powerful jerk, and the murderous contents were discharged into the body of the intended murderer. The red stream of life gushed from his guilty bosom, and staggering a moment, vainly striving to articulate something, he fell to the floor and expired in a few moments.

The encounter was so suddenly had, and the two brothers were so engaged in preventing Arnold from also assaulting Bertram, that no interposition was possible to avert the catastrophe. No sooner had Lorrimer fallen, however, than a score of people, attracted by the report of the pistol, entered from the street, and there heard a full explanation from Bertram's employers, while Arnold, kneeling by his father's corpse, was groaning over his bereavement.

Thus fitly died the oppressor of his dead brother's daughter—the robber and slanderer of the orphan girl—in the very house from which his cruelty had expelled her, and in the presence of the son to whom and his own avarice he would have sacrificed her. He died, too, by his own hand, the unintentional victim of his own misdeeds, yielding up the fortune he would have perverted to his own benefit, unto the rightful owner, and surrendering the life he had corrupted to the God who judged it well.

It was a solemn, useful and life-long lesson to his son, to whom his father's death thus proved of more benefit than his existence would have been. And for her, the orphan heroine of this story, now came the long and sweet reward of her early trial, the crown of which, she often says, was her happy union with Bertram Gay. Their life is happy; and, in their prosperity, they have not forgotten the family of the poor cobbler, who proved a true friend in her darkest hour.

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FREE SCHOOL NEWPORT, KY.

COVINGTON AND NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.

We present on this and the succeeding page a series of very reliable sketches made expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, illustrating the principal features of Covington and Newport, Kentucky. The first-named place is situated on the Kentucky bank of the Ohio River, below the mouth of the Licking, upon a fine plain mostly above the highest flood of the Ohio. This location commands a fine view of the city of Cincinnati, which lies directly opposite. The streets of Covington, and also those of Newport, are laid out in such a manner, that, when seen from an elevated position, they appear to be a continuation of those of Cincinnati. With the latter city, both the towns above mentioned are connected by steam ferries. The first of these views represents the Free School, Newport, a fine, substantial brick building, well adapted to the purposes for which it was erected. The pupils in this school, under competent teachers, who are liberally paid for their services, receive an excellent education. The school is in an excellent condition, and the pupils evince great interest in their teachers and zeal in their studies. The second view is an accurate delineation of the City Hall and Court House, Covington. It stands on Greenup, corner of Third Street. It was erected in 1843. The architecture, it will be observed, is of a pleasing and substantial character, and it has a fine effect from the luxuriance of the surrounding foliage. The Market and Square, Covington, are next depicted by our artist, from a point of view selected on Greenup Street. It has a lively and bustling appearance. Another object of interest, also graphically delineated in our series, is the fine Suspension Bridge, which connects Covington with Newport upon the other side of the Licking. It is a fine and substantial piece of building. The Licking is a beautiful stream; the lower part, near the Ohio, is used as a sort of hospital for invalid steamboats, when they are hauled up for repairs, during the low stages of water in the Ohio. The last view delineates the Newport Barracks, garrisoned by United States troops, as seen from Cincinnati. It is very pleasantly situated, and makes a fine appearance when viewed from the river, and taken in connection with the busy life that moves on the face of the waters. Newport owes its rapid growth and importance chiefly to its proximity to Cincinnati, and the beauty of its situation. Newport, and the villages of Jamestown and Brooklyn, embracing about two thousand acres, will in a few years probably be consolidated into one town. It contains several rolling-mills, iron foundries and steam-mills, and a manufactory of silk goods; also, one bank, and one or two newspaper offices. The population, in 1853, was about 3500. At Covington, many persons doing business in Cincinnati reside, owing to the facilities of intercourse. It is connected with Lexington by a railroad about ninety miles long.

THE STORY OF JANE M'CREA.

From the third volume of Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," the following interesting sketch of the arrest and murder, by the savages, of Jane M'Crea—the story of whose love and sad fate has been the theme of many a tender ditty and exciting tale of Revolutionary days—is taken:—"In Gen. Frazer's division was a young officer, Lieut. David Jones, an American loyalist. His family had their home in the vicinity of Fort Edward before the Revolution. A mutual attachment had taken place between the youth and a beautiful girl, Jane M'Crea. She was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of the Jerseys, some time deceased, and resided with her brother on the Hudson, a few miles before Fort Edward. The lovers were engaged to be married, when the breaking out of the war severed families and disturbed all the relations of life. The Joneses were loyalists; the brother of Miss M'Crea was a staunch Whig. The former removed to Canada, where David Jones was among the most respectable of those who joined the royal standard, and received a lieutenant's commission. The attachment between the lovers continued, and it is probable that a correspondence was kept up between them. Lieut. Jones was now in Frazer's camp, in his old neighborhood. Miss M'Crea was on a visit to a widow lady, Mrs. O'Neil, residing at Fort Edward. The approach of Burgoyne's army had spread an alarm through the country; the inhabitants were flying from their homes. The brother of Miss M'Crea determined to remove to Albany, and sent for his sister to return home to make ready to accompany him. She hesitated to obey. He sent a more urgent message, representing the danger of lingering near the fort, which must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. Still she lingered. The lady with whom she was a guest was a royalist, a friend of Gen. Frazer; her roof would be respected. Even should Fort Edward be captured, what had Jane to fear? Her lover was in the British camp; the capture of the fort would re-unite them. Her brother's message now became peremptory. She prepared, reluctantly, to obey, and was to embark in a large batteau, which was to convey several families down the river. The very morning when the embarkation was to take place, the neighborhood was a scene of terror. A marauding party of Indians, sent out by Burgoyne to annoy General Schuyler, were harassing the country. Several of them burst into the house of Mrs. O'Neil, sacked and plundered it, and carried off her and Miss M'Crea prisoners. In her fright, the latter promised the savages a large reward, if they would spare her life, and take her in safety to the British camp. It was a fatal promise. Halting at a spring, a quarrel arose among the savages, inflamed most probably with drink, as to whose prize she was, and who was entitled to the reward. The dispute became furious, and one, in a paroxysm of rage, killed her on the spot. He completed the savage act by bearing off her scalp as a trophy. General Burgoyne was struck with horror when he heard of the bloody deed. What at first heightened the atrocity of it was a report that the Indians had been sent by Lieutenant Jones to bring Miss M'Crea to the camp. This he positively denied, and his denial was believed. Burgoyne summoned a council of Indian chiefs, in which he insisted that the murderer of Miss M'Crea should be given up to receive the reward of his crime. The demand produced a violent agitation. The culprit was a great warrior—a chief—and the 'wild honor' of his brother sachems was roused in his behalf. St. Luc took Burgoyne aside, and entreated him not to push the matter to extremities, assuring him that, from what was passing among the chiefs, he was sure they and their warriors would all abandon the army, should the delinquent be executed. The British officers interfered, representing the danger that might accrue should the Indians return through Canada with their savage resentments awakened, or, what was worse, should they go over to the Americans. Burgoyne was thus reluctantly brought to spare the offender, but thenceforth made it a rule that no party of Indians should be permitted to go forth on a foray, unless under the control of a British officer, or some other competent person, who should be responsible for their behaviour. The mischief to the British cause, however, had been effected. The murder of Miss M'Crea resounded throughout the land, counteracting all the benefit anticipated from the terror of Indian hostilities. Those people of the frontiers, who had hitherto remained quiet, flew to arms to defend their families and firesides. In their exasperation, they looked beyond the savages—to their employers. They abhorred an army which, professing to be civilized, could league itself to such barbarians; and they execrated a government which, pretending to claim them as subjects, could loose such fiends to desolate their homes. The blood of this unfortunate girl, therefore, was not shed in vain. Armies sprung up from it. Her name passed as a note of alarm along the banks of the Hudson; it was a rallying word among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and brought down all their hardy yeomanry."



CITY HALL AND COURT HOUSE, COVINGTON, KY.



MARKET AND SQUARE, COVINGTON, KY.

HOW WOLVES CAPTURE WILD HORSES.

Whenever wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing, to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time, the gang, squatting, are looking on at a distance. After some time spent this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward, or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defence. The wolf before then springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are then cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal, the lookers on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance, until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.—*Russian Sketch Book.*

THE COSSACK AND HIS HORSE.

The Cossack is unsurpassed in roving excursions. No European cavalry can make such long marches, without sacrificing their horses. In his campaigns in the West, the Cossack had sometimes a pack-horse with him, but even without this he can perform wonders, and forty miles a day is quite an ordinary achievement for him; he and his horse must be seen to understand this. The Cossack is generally a powerful man, and appears too heavy for his horse, although this is not really the case. The sharp withers, the handsome head and stag-neck, the long, well-formed bones of the shoulders and pelvis, and the short bones of the legs, the handsome chest, the fine and firm hoof, display all the qualities of a good animal. Persons versed in such matters will sometimes question his power of carrying a heavy weight, on observing his apparently long, though broad loins; but these animals have not unfrequently two ribs additional to other horses, and thus the great distance between the withers and loins is not necessarily a sign of weakness. A rough exterior often conceals the well-bred descent of the Cossack horse. He has to scrape his fodder, in winter, from under the snow in the Steppe, and anything he can procure is welcome—bread, oats, barley, rye, grass, straw, good or bad hay, and hard work. He can climb the hill and swim the stream. The Cossack has also a peculiar way of managing his horse. He rides in the Oriental manner, with the knee bent, the stirrup short, the saddle high. The bridle is slack; the horse having been bred in the open air, is left to his practised instinct, examining the way with his head close to the ground, and exercising his intelligence to obey his master, with as little trouble as possible. Although the knee of the horse is often bent, he rarely stumbles. People in the East cannot understand why we tie up our horses' heads, and bestow so much care in guiding an animal, which is not unfrequently cleverer than its master. The bit, as well as the bridle, of the Cossack is simple and convenient. He speaks to his horse, who understands his master's language. The Cossack himself displays unwearied activity, dismounting and leading his horse whenever practicable. The latter is accustomed to feed at any time of the day, and his rider never neglects an opportunity of feeding him. Whenever there is a halt, even under fire in battle, the Cossack may be seen reaching something to his horse, who never despises his food, however indifferent its quality and unusual the time and place in which he receives it. Whoever has once experienced the vexation of seeing his faithful charger, after a severe day's battle, refuse his fodder; whoever has seen a noble animal grow daily weaker under him from rejecting his feed, and seen the effect of bivouacking, hard riding, and fodder of indifferent quality, will be able to appreciate the value of this peculiarity of the Cossack horse. He is treated affectionately and managed easily by his master, who possesses a knowledge of his animal which practice alone can give. The Cossack is the model of a groom and rider of his own horse, as the Englishman is of the high-bred race-horse. The Cossack is bred with his horse, a hearty attachment exists between them, and their common road through life might be regarded as the model of a happy union. There is something striking and beautiful in this attachment of the Cossack to his horse, and reminds one of the fond affection of the Arab for his charger.—*Records of the War.*



SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE LICKING RIVER.

THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.

Madagascar lies off the eastern coast of Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel, about 300 miles broad. It is more than 800 miles in length, while its breadth varies from 120 to 300 miles. It is intersected by a chain of mountains, in which many rivers have their source, one of them being navigable for boats or canoes for a distance of 100 miles. It also contains several lakes, one of which has a circuit of about 75 miles. It is said to be exceedingly rich in mineral productions and equally so in its botanical. Its shores are indented with bays and harbors so admirably adapted for commerce, that were the island inhabited by a civilized people, or were its resources properly developed, it would be resorted to by the ships of all nations for the purposes of commerce. Some twenty-five or thirty years since, the larger portion of the island was brought under the rule of a native prince named Radama, who brought about great reforms. He raised an army of 20,000 men, which he equipped with fire-arms obtained through commerce; sent several young men to Europe to be educated; encouraged missionaries and established a printing-press. Teachers were also sent to various parts of his kingdom. Things were in this flourishing state when his career was suddenly terminated by poison administered by his wife. Anarchy followed, commerce was destroyed, and the incipient steps towards civilizing the country were arrested. Several attempts afterwards made by foreigners to open a trade there were frustrated, and for the last ten years we have scarcely heard the island spoken of.—*Bee.*

Room for all.—Though the world is wide enough for every one to take a little, and there appears no reason why we jostle and make one another unhappy as we pass along, yet so it is, we are continually thwarting and crossing each other at right angles; and some lose all memory of the temper that governed at first setting out.

TRAVELLING IN 1799.

In the latter part of October, 1799, before daylight, I left my mother's house, about twenty miles west of Newburgh, and I did not reach Princeton until the next Saturday week, progressing as fast as the public conveyances would carry us. The easiest and most expeditious way was on board of a sloop, and two days and two nights in reaching New York was considered a good passage; and four or five days, and even more, as in my case, was not uncommon. From New York to Princeton the journey by stage was equally tedious. In the fall of 1807 the first steamboat came up the river—the wheels unprotected and exposed to public view. A form on cross beams, like that of a saw-mill, moving up and down, and the boat creeping along at the rate of three or four miles an hour. A real curiosity! the wonder of the country! People would come twenty or thirty miles to see the boat on the day she was to make her trip. Then came an improved boat, such as would accommodate passengers, but it was a very different thing from the floating palaces in which we may now go at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, with lodging and fare equal to the best city hotels. There was no landing at the dock; the boat lay in the river, and we had to be rowed out in a small boat. I have been dragged in one of these row-boats until we were opposite New Windsor, in a dark night, before I ascended the steamer, and then could find no convenient place to sit, or stand, or lie; perhaps it was raining; nothing to eat, and I was glad to be let off at New York, after paying three and a half dollars for the passage. At the close of my first college term, in company with three other students, I hastened to the public house to wait the arrival of the mail stage from New York. When it arrived, there were in it four sailors, just landed from a distant voyage. The rule was that not more than six passengers could have a seat within the stage unless with the consent of those already in. Two of the students immediately rushed into the stage. I was one of two without a seat. We begged to be admitted; the driver said "no," except with the unanimous consent of those occupying the seats. At last Jack cried out to me, "come in, my hammock will hold us both." The other student took a seat with the coachman on the box, and we were soon on our way. The roads were in a sad state. The stage was often so sunk in the mud that four horses could not extricate it, and we were under the necessity, as Jack said, of going "on shore." "The craft had grounded." On another occasion, returning home, we took a sloop at New Brunswick, and when we reached Amboy, the tide and wind were against us, and it was proposed to have a supper of oysters. And although I had often tried, I had heretofore failed to eat oysters; but as my companions were going to have an oyster supper, I concluded to go with them. I ordered what I thought to be sufficient for myself to be shucked and fried. These were brought forward first, and in a minute or two they were all gone. Then came the roasted; and as I saw my shipmates eating heartily, I thought it was too bad to pay fifty cents for a cup of coffee; "I'll try and eat two or three little ones" I did so; and I continued until I had as large a pile of shells as any one at the table. Thus *commenced* my fondness for oysters, and it has continued to the present time.—*Autobiography of Rev. John Johnston.*



BARRACKS, NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DIRGE—O, FROST KING, TOUCH THEM LIGHTLY.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

[We regret to learn that our esteemed contributor, WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE, is dead. He had suffered with lung complaint for more than a year, and finally was carried off with it. One who stood beside him at death, informs us that "he seemed to drop to sleep like a pure child in a parent's arms," and adds, "I never saw so patient a sufferer nor so peaceful a death."]

O, Frost King, touch them lightly—
The sweet spring violets wave;
Smile on the loiterers brightly,
And lay them in their grave.

O, Frost King, touch them lightly—
The roses on the bower,
Whose buds were strong so slightly,
They vanished ere the flower.

O, Frost King, touch them lightly—
The forest bancers wide;
They oftimes flaunt too brightly,
And wave in garish pride.

O, Frost King, touch us lightly,
Like Ceres' golden sheaves;
And may we die as brightly
As fall you maple leaves.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARPER'S MILL.

BY EUSTACE KINGMAN.

I WAS the eldest son of the proprietor of Harper's Mill. I am not ashamed to own that my father was a miller—the good old miller, whose whitened locks may Heaven forever bless! Wealth and fame have been mine, both in my own and foreign countries. At home and abroad, I have mingled with the highest, and received praise and homage from the gifted and intellectual; yet never, when the honors of the world seemed most to await me, and when the foam in my cup was sparkling highest and brightest, have I forgotten that I was the son of Thomas Harper the miller.

My younger brother had begged to remain with my father at the mill; but my father, whose business had always been good, was abundantly able to give me my choice of my future life, and I eagerly seized upon his consent to establish myself at college. I passed through with honor and credit to myself, and was fortunate enough to obtain a situation, partly as tutor and partly as travelling companion to a lad from one of the Southern States.

I roamed all over Europe, saw everything worth seeing, visited ruins, temples, churches; revelled in music, painting and sculpture; and enjoyed all with the enthusiasm of a young and romantic traveller. My companion, Philip Loftus, was a boy of strong natural sense, intermingled with a keen perception of the ludicrous. Everywhere he was well received on account of his ever-failing fund of good humor, and his talents and acquirements.

While absent I had made many drawings of the old mill, which I had delighted to show Philip, as being the beloved and picturesque home of my childhood. The scene struck his fancy, and he was never tired of admiring the random sketches which I had made of its various points of beauty.

"When we return, Philip," I often said to him, "you shall see the old place under the softest influence of our summer sky; you shall then acknowledge that we have seen no place of wilder interest, or one of more romantic situation, in Europe."

I kept my word; and immediately on our return, after having visited his Southern home, we proceeded to my father's residence. All through the latter part of our journey towards home, we had glimpses of such delicious landscapes as have seldom greeted our eyes in foreign lands. Philip was delighted, and when we arrived in sight of Harper's Mill, he warmly declared that he never yet had seen its beauty surpassed.

A few days served to strip us of our foreign dandyism, and induct us into the homely ways of Harper's Mill. My father had nearly given up the entire business of the mill into the hands of my brother, and was now enjoying the green old age of his well-spent life—waiting patiently to rejoin my mother, who had long preceded him to the land of the immortals.

In my boyish days, I had held a tender affection for my cousin, Ida Harper. Our fathers were brothers; but while mine had been contented to remain at his rustic mill, Stephen Harper's ambition had led him into the speculating ways of the great city. Here he had prospered beyond his most ardent hopes, and Ida was now no longer my little playful cousin, but a wealthy heiress, basking in the noontide sun of wealth and fashion.

Often as I thought of her and her little sister Caroline, I wondered if, amidst the glitter that surrounded them, the warm sunshine of the heart had not faded away. I resolved as soon as Philip's visit should terminate, to ascertain what had become of Ida's old affection for me. But while waiting for this, I happened to read the announcement of Caroline's marriage in the newspaper, and soon after I heard a detailed account of the same from the lips of one of my old college friends.

It seemed that it was from no very strong preference for each other, and from no very exaggerated idea of love in any way, that Frederic Sumner and Caroline Harper came together. The father of the bridegroom had long held strong business relations with the father of the bride. "Propinquity," as the lady in some old novel keeps constantly harping upon, did the whole. They married because they were continually thrown in each other's path, and because no one competed with them for the heart of either.

Mr. Harper "shelled out," as young Sumner called it, handsomely. The bride's clothes and jewels, her plate and furniture, were all selected without regard to expense, at the most fashionable establishment, and cost quite as much as the elegant house which Sumner's father transferred to their immediate possession. "Treading the same walks of life," he said—"standing upon the same plane of society, there were none of those ineffable *gaucheries* to be enacted, which always happen where one party is above the other, and the higher bred acquaintances of the one have to condescend to the lower bred associates of the other."

I supposed then, by what my friend said, that all was smooth and fair in my cousin's lot. No cloud from the ungenial leaden-colored sky of poverty lowered upon the young couple. If the bright sunshine of the heart and affections was not there, there were gilded trappings of wealth and fashion—and the latter are often preferred to the former.

So the Christmas holidays, my friend told me, had found them settled with all the appointments, privileges and investments of the rich and fashionable. Parties were given in return, theatre and opera boxes secured for the season, and all the appliances for a gay, if not an absolutely dissipated winter bargained for. It was no wonder that, in the style that prevailed throughout the families of Harper and Sumner, one of them should have forgotten that he, at least, was not born into that magic circle, but came into it by degrees, and in ways which he had rather not remember.

Mr. Stephen Harper did not like retrospection; he would have said: "Don't tell me what I have been, but tell me what I am *now*." He did not even like to think of his brother, the miller, at Harper's Mill; and still more sensitively he would flinch from the idea that away off in an obscure country town, there was once a miserable old farmhouse, with its shattered roof and tumble down chimneys, and empty barns and granaries, where he, Stephen Harper himself, first opened his eyes on this changeable world. He did not love to remember that his eldest brother, the miller, had impoverished himself to take his widowed mother, and his younger brothers and sisters, into his own family; had given Stephen his first start in life, and had given the two feeble sisters and bed-ridden mother that assistance which Stephen, in his wealth, had never thought of sharing with him. All this was perfectly true; but Stephen Harper, Esq. never believed it. He ignored the very name of Harper's Mill—still more that of Harper's farm, the dilapidated place where he was born; and had so often told the story of his being an only son, and of his parents dying in his boyhood, in easy circumstances, that all his friends received that version of his life.

Like old Colonel Thornton, who made himself the hero of many battles, until he came really to believe in his own exploits, Mr. Harper at last began to put faith in the statements he had manufactured so often. All this I heard from my friend, and it did not stimulate me at all to wish for a renewal of intercourse with the family of my uncle. And yet there was the long-cherished image of my cousin Ida rising fresh, and bright, and beautiful on my vision, as I remembered her in her angel childhood.

Surely, surely, I thought, so fair a promise must ere this have realized as fair a noon. Ida Harper could not be very different to the being I had known in my boyhood. I remembered our last parting. I was at the venerable age of fifteen, and she was some two years my junior. Ten years had elapsed, and her father had grown rich and powerful, while mine still bore the appellation of the miller of Harper's Mill. How would she look at my presumption, should I ever dare to address her again as my "little wife?"

What though I was nothing but a poor tutor, and Caroline had married the son of a merchant prince, did that place me in fact upon any point beneath that on which Frederic Sumner stood? My heart answered no, and I obeyed the impulse, and set out the next morning for town; and in two hours after my arrival, I was in the presence of my cousin Ida.

Dear soul, she had not kept me waiting one moment; but in the simplest of morning dresses had flown over the stairs, with the card still in her hand, which I had sent up by the servant, and on which I had written "Gilbert Harper, of Harper's Mill." She had remembered me, then, through all these long years, and she now came up to me with a charming frankness, that made me despise myself for the doubts I had cherished respecting her. Our interview was long and pleasant, and we parted with the promise of speedily meeting again. I contented myself with merely asking after her father and Caroline, thinking I would wait for time to develop the way in which they would receive me.

I pass over the subsequent interview which I had with Ida. It is enough to say that our affections were irrevocably engaged; but while the spell which united us seemed to be drawing closer and closer around us, still the dread came stronger upon us both of the opposition that might be expected from her father. I dreaded it even more than Ida, for I felt I could not ask her to disobey her father, although my heart told me she, with her present feelings, would cling closer to me then ever, if his consent was denied.

Time brought me at length into the presence of Stephen Harper, and I learned instinctively what favor I might expect when my engagement to his daughter should be known. In his behaviour towards me in his own house, there was too little of the ceremony due to a stranger, and too little familiarity which might be expected from a relation. Altogether it was deeply offensive to me; and it must be confessed, that I paid little of that court which he might reasonably expect from one who aspired to his daughter's hand. All that I could at present obtain from Ida, was an assurance of undiminished affection, and a promise of correspondence, and with this to console me for the want of her presence, I returned to Harper's Mill.

I tried to be content with Ida's letters, but still there was an uncertainty about my fate which distressed and annoyed me. Sanguine as I was, I could see no prospect of ever marrying her, except against her father's consent, and this was painful to think of. Restless and discontented, I soon found my way back again to town, where, with the means which my father supplied me, I established myself in a business which would leave me half the year to visit Harper's Mill, or to go abroad, as I might choose.

This time I saw more of my uncle; and emboldened by what I fondly hoped was increasing kindness on his part, I one day almost bluntly asked him for the hand of his daughter. He looked surprised, and briefly answered, that any man who would become his son-in-law, must show his enterprise by amassing a fortune, as he himself had done.

"And how is it, Mr. Harper?" I asked. "Has nothing else any weight with you? Do you consider the acquisition of wealth the only good in life? Are talents, qualifications, perseverance and energy of no account in your estimation?"

He frowned and bit his lips. "If a man lays claim to all those in reality," he said, "he will show that he possesses them, by acquiring the wealth of which I spoke."

"That may be partly true, Mr. Harper," I answered; "but we read that 'the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Undoubtedly you can remember many persons who started with you in the race of life, whom you considered as men of enterprise, who have fainted by the way in the pursuit of wealth."

He could not but own the truth of what I said, although seemingly unwilling to do so. "Even you yourself, Mr. Harper, may not always enjoy the wealth you have attained."

He looked daggers at me. "Do not name it," he said. "I have not so lightly laid my plans—no danger of that kind can be apprehended."

I went back to the subject matter of our discourse, and asked him if I might consider that as his ultimate decision.

"Certainly," he answered, and we parted.

Slowly, but surely, for the next three years my business progressed. Everything on which I laid my hands seemed to be transmuted at once into gold. It gave me no joy, excepting so far as it assured me that through its means I might win Ida, whose beauty had already begun to fade under the influence of anxiety and hope deferred, I strove to comfort with the hope of my success. She listened with a mournful smile. Her hopes had withered under long continued expectation.

"You will marry some one younger than myself, Gilbert," she would say. "One whose youth has not been sacrified to a father's love of gold." I would try to cheer her then with the hope of brighter days. * * * * *

I had gone home on a visit to Harper's Mill. I walked up to the post-office one night, hardly daring to hope for a letter from Ida. The boy at the window awkwardly shuffled over a package of letters, and told me there were none for me; as he put them back again, my eye caught sight of a delicate envelope, which I could not help hoping might have come from the only correspondent from whom I cared to hear.

"Let me see that letter, my boy," I said, as I pointed to the one in question.

The boy muttered, and unwillingly passed over the letter. There it was, in Ida's fine Italian handwriting, Gilbert Harper, Esq. I opened it then and there. The paper seemed to swim before my eyes, as I read the following words:

"Come to me immediately, dear Gilbert. We are in the greatest confusion imaginable. Officers in the house, Caroline and my father almost distracted, and I sick at heart witnessing their distress. I have a vague feeling that your presence will restore us to something like peace and order again. But come at all events, and that speedily. IDA."

I got the boy at the mill to drive me to the station, whence I took the night train, and at nine o'clock was in town, and at the door of my uncle's house. I rung and asked for Ida; she came to the door on hearing my voice, pale but collected.

"I am glad you are come, Gilbert," she said, mournfully. "My father is almost out of his senses, and Caroline is, if possible, still more so. The firm has failed, and Frederic says we are all completely ruined. I do not care for money, you well know, Gilbert; but it will be hard to see my father's gray hairs steeped in poverty, when gold has been his idol so long."

It was but too true; they were irretrievably ruined. Everything was brought forward and given up to the creditors; for my uncle, though grasping, was at least not dishonest. A day was appointed for the sale of their effects; but before it came around, I had hurried Ida and her father down to Harper's Mill, where my father gave them a most cordial welcome.

Back I went to town to attend the sale, at which I purchased Ida's harp and piano, all the plate which was marked with the family name, a few of the most valuable pictures, and my uncle's favorite arm-chair and writing-desk. I procured Frederic Sumner a lucrative situation as clerk, and saw him established, with his wife and father, at a comfortable boarding-house, and then went home to join Ida. Already my father had begun to love her as a daughter. For herself, she was in raptures with the mill, the old homestead, and all the scenes which she had remembered so well from her childhood.

"Would you be content to live here always, Ida?" I asked her one night, as we strayed by moonlight down to the old mill.

"I should ask no greater happiness," she answered, "than to know I should never again behold the busy town. Here I could live and die in peace."

No more opposition could reasonably be expected from Mr. Harper; and while I pitied his misfortunes, I could not but feel that they were calculated to make him wiser and better. In another month, then, Ida will become my wife, without waiting for any additional delay to our joy. The clouds which had hitherto rested upon our lot, seem to have passed away. The future seems brightening before us; and although we have waited beyond the glowing period of youth, still I do not despair that, after all, we shall enjoy a fair portion of happiness.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

O, WHENCE FLIES MY SPIRIT?

BY ISABEL MONTAGUE.

O, whence flies my spirit, elastic with gladness?
The breath of such air is aroma of wine!
Then why on my soul lies this load of deep sadness—
When heaven, air and earth are no less than divine?

O, whence flies my spirit, elastic with gladness?
High poesy—goddess! I've thrown down thy lyre—
But laved not in Lethe—A Phlegethon's madness
My heart-strings consume with unquenchable fire.

But whence flies my spirit, elastic with gladness,
From the rich, sunny dales where it took such delight?
Abandoned—I'm left here to all trials and in sadness—
I conjure thee back, thou weird minstrel of night!

I spurned thee, my lyre—for stern poverty claimed me!
I vowed I would shun thee henceforth to the goal!
I spurned thee for riches—but now I reclaim thee—
Enchained have I found thee to chords in my soul!

We'll part not, my lyre! e'en though poverty claim us;
Anon thou dost torture—anon thou dost soothe!
But while upon earth the Fates longer detain us,
We'll while away care with the lays that we love.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY BELL BRAMBLE.

"Well, 'tis 'an ill wind that blows nobody good,'" said my Uncle Caustic, brushing the ashes from his cigar, on reading in a New Orleans paper of the appointment of the Hon. Paul Clement to some post of trust and emolument abroad. "I remember Paul Clement—as noisy and unpromising a scamp as ever headed a row in 'old South Middle,' in my college days. There were four of us, known to tutors and professors well, as *mauvais sujets;* and never referred to by Fresh or Soph, save with a not very commendatory valediction, as "The Quartette Club." Three of the worthy confreres hailed from the South, while the fourth, Latham, belonged to the North. Fred Selbourne, a noble young fellow, belonged to an aristocratic old Mississippi family, while Clement, like myself, was a Creole of Louisiana.

While pursuing his studies in a preparatory school in New Haven, Selbourne, who was the son of a wealthy cotton planter in the vicinity of Vicksburg, formed a friendship for his classmate, Robert Latham, which lasted unchanged during the whole of his collegiate course. Talented, and of peculiarly winning manners, Latham had so fully ingratiated himself in the warm feelings of the young Creole, to whom his society had become indispensable, that on his migration to New Orleans the following winter, the old bond was renewed by Selbourne inviting him to spend the Christmas holidays with him at "The Oaks"—the name of his plantation home—where the family at the time resided, and where he soon became a favorite with the whole household; added to that matter-of-fact sort of education, which most Northerners give their sons, fitting them to act well their part on life's stage, wherever in after life that stage may be.

With the prestige of a successful collegiate course, a fine person, and agreeable manners, young Latham had become the favored suitor, when a student in the New Haven law school, of a Miss Dashcroft, long toasted by juniors and seniors as the college belle; but his circumstances forbidding the idea of marriage at the time, he migrated to New Orleans, where an injury received by a railroad accident, followed by ill health and depressed spirits, so won upon the sympathies of Fred Selbourne, that he prevailed on his father for permission to invite his former classmate to make "The Oaks" his home until he might be enabled with renewed health to resume his profession.

During his stay at "The Oaks," Latham's attentions to Selbourne's sister Eulalie were always characterized by an open frankness, that would have precluded any one less susceptible from imagining that he felt a preference; but she, poor girl, thought otherwise, and she soon became to him in the stead of society, friends, everything. Born beneath the burning sun of a tropic clime, her feelings had imbibed a portion of their warmth; and if, under other circumstances, she had felt admiration for the brilliant and elegant Latham, how much a dearer object had he become as an invalid dependent on her care and sympathy!

Reading, drawing, singing, driving out with him, was just the situation to draw forth, in all its fervor, the warm love of her impassioned nature. It might be that Latham was incapable of tampering with her affections; or it might be, incapable of comprehending them, since he must have observed that his constant attention had established an interest in her heart (for men soon discover this), long before her own sensitive delicacy would admit, even to herself, that she loved him. A look, a word casually spoken, and to which he possibly attached no importance, would afford ground for hope in her romantic nature; and as often would an averted look, or careless word, spoken with as little thought to wound, send her to a sleepless pillow, tortured with doubt of whether her love was returned—wherein, could she have read his cold, calculating, selfish nature aright, she would have seen he had no love to give—at least to her.

Could men but see how often their attentions, slight though they may be, are translated;—could they but know the agony of hopes raised but to be wrecked;—could they but note the pale check, the quivering lip, the pulse's accelerated play when some slight compliment was paid by them, and to which they perhaps attached no meaning;—or could they see the blanched lips, from which the color had fled to support the fainting heart, or the tear-dewed pillow when a night of unrest had followed as slight a mark of admiration for another, when their long-continued assiduities had made the *seriousness* of their intentions no longer a matter of doubt, they would pause to reflect whether it was right to longer play the trifler's part.

The family had come for the season to their winter's residence in New Orleans. Days had become weeks, and weeks had glided into months, and still Robert Latham lingered near the side of Eulalie Selbourne, her constant escort in her rides and to all places of public amusement; while she, pleased with the dangerous proximity, lavished her whole wealth of love on her brother's friend, until ministering to his slightest expressed wish by day, and dreaming of him by night, had become a part of her being.

The winter had passed, and Eulalie was roused from her bright dream of hope and happiness, by Latham informing her that he had received letters from the North relative to the disputed will of his Uncle Sheffield, that would compel his immediate return for an indefinite period. Alas, for the poor dreamer! So closely had her love become inwoven with every thought of her existence, that the bare possibility of separation from him had never occurred to her. Hitherto, the spoiled child of affluence, the pride of fond parents, the pet of a darling brother, her life had been but as a summer's dream; her now only relief, solitude and tears. Summer came, and the family once more returned to "The Oaks." For a time her brother received letters from Latham; and though her name never occurred therein, save in a casual or commonplace way, still it gave the satisfaction of again meeting him when the lawsuit that had taken him to the North had terminated.

Only those who have had their dearest hopes overthrown, and then again re-illumined, can form any idea of the excitement, amounting to wild delirium, with which she devoured the contents of the letters her brother occasionally received, and without a suspicion of the value placed on them by his romantic sister, would carelessly hand them to her for a perusal; or the agony with which the last hope in life was crushed from out her young heart when they ceased altogether. The summer had passed, and the tall sycamores that shaded their plantation home had donned the gorgeous drapery of the autumn, when with the dews of death on her brow, round which her dark hair clung in moist and wavy masses, her dream of tranquillity and solitude was disturbed by removal again to their town residence, when stretched wan and emaciated on her couch, the sweet, pale face of the yielding, broken-hearted girl was laid on her pillow, where the last blow aimed at her peace was that of hearing of his arrival in the city, accompanied by his bride. In vain would she argue, as a check to her rebellious constancy, that she had no claim upon him. What recked it? She had shipwrecked her all of earthly happiness in the hope of his return; and now to hear that he had come, accompanied by one who bore the name, and held the place in his heart she had fondly believed would have been hers, rang the death-knell to her hopes, extinguishing them forever. The mere knowledge of his presence in her vicinity when another bore his name and claimed his heart, but helped to prostrate and accelerate her doom.

The friends of the Selbourne family, little dreaming that every word rankled a barbed arrow in the torn breast of the stricken one, often spoke, when admitted to her darkened, silent room, of the wealth, beauty and accomplishments of Mrs. Latham—none, save her brother, noting the deadly pallor of her cheek when that name was spoken; and none, save he, felt that the sun of her earthly happiness had set forever. Premonition of consumption, an alarming cough set in, and the late beautiful girl, who a year before had left the boarding-school in the pride of her radiant loveliness, begged, as the last request, to return to the tranquil shades of "The Oaks" to *die.*

Her request was complied with. She was taken to her Mississippi home the shade of her former self; yet with the shrinking delicacy of her nature, closely allied, as it was, with a high-souled woman's pride, had the gentle girl so schooled her feelings, as never to allude to him. Yet was the memory of Robert Latham ever present, even unto her dying hour, and his name the last articulate sound that passed her sweet, pale lips ere her gentle spirit winged its way to where disappointment and the heart blight come not.

If, with the knowledge of her fervent romantic nature, Latham had wilfully tampered with her affections, a fearful expiation was before him. It afterward transpired that a college friend of Latham's, Paul Clement—he who had first informed Fred Selbourne of Latham's engagement to Miss Dashcroft, and of his repulse when it was yet uncertain how the lawsuit respecting old Sheffield's will might terminate—had himself long been on the list of the New Haven belle's admirers, and indeed supposed her favorite suitor, until old Sheffield's will placed Latham's more prosperous circumstances in the ascendant.

Paul Clement was decidedly the preferred swain of the college belle at the time Latham migrated to New Orleans to push his fortune in that then Peru of the South. Not being of the cast and calibre to remember that the woman who could waver between two objects was unworthy of either, no sooner had his uncle's legacy enabled him to aspire, than he proposed to Miss Dashfort and was accepted. Accepted the more readily, that she was beginning to be considered somewhat musty by the succeeding classes of sophs and juniors of Yale, having flirted with the members of every graduating class, until placed on the shelf with those designated by Yalensians as "students' widows," and fearing to become a judgment of an old maid among them, she eagerly grabbed at the returned limb of the law; while young Clement was at the time not sorry to be rid of her. But when the next winter he again met her in New Orleans, where she was quite the fashion—that is, among the gentlemen, her bold, dashing manners not being to the taste of the dignified matrons of the South, who cut her society at once—he renewed his assiduities, and report said, was not frowned upon.

One morning, about a month after Eulalie's death, he called upon her brother, and taking a letter from his vest, said:

"I have come to you, Selbourne, to act for me in this affair. That fool, Latham, has seen fit to send me a challenge."

"And you fight him, of course?" asked Selbourne.

"Not I! I'm in no particular hurry to be ushered where I have doubts of my credentials passing muster respectably—perchling myself to be shot at for Latham's amusement, in particular, and the edification of my friends generally—not I!"

"Then, in what way am I to understand that you want me to serve you?"

"By going to the duelling idiot, and smoothing matters over, if you can; for if his infernal wife's name gets mixed up with mine, it will injure me some with the governor, or I'm mistaken."

"Really, Clement, I seldom see Latham of late—moreover, I scarcely comprehend how I'm to serve you."

"Well, to come to the point, he has got hold of some of my billets to the infernal jilt, and—"

"The lady, if you please," interrupted the fastidious Southerner.

With something that sounded like the ghost of a strangled oath in reference to being punctilious, Clement began his story "at the beginning," with his first introduction, when a fresh, to the New Haven belle, ending with a not very commendatory valediction of himself for being such a donkey as to have been inveigled into a second flirtation with the quondam Miss Dashfort.

Aware of what might be considered the palliating circumstances of a case, Selbourne promised to call on Latham, and propose that the high-flown notes on both sides should be returned, engaging that Paul Clement should leave immediately for Europe—proposing, too, that Mrs. Latham, for the sake of her infant child, should return to the protection of her father, avoiding all newspaper publicity, in the hope that time might heal the memory of his domestic wrongs in the memory of his irate husband.

But Latham was in no mood to listen—as he called it, "to be dictated to"—literally applying the terms scoundrel and coward to the naughty Paul Clement; when, as his wrath waxed "fast and furious," he added that of liar to the catalogue, Selbourne, Creole-like, impulsive and high-spirited, forgot he was only a second, not a principal, in the affair—and after administering a proof on Latham's eyes that his college boxing-lessons were not forgotten, repaired direct to the pistol-gallery, to make preparations for any further satisfaction his friend might require.

As might have been foreseen, he was challenged; and the two collegians met next morning at daybreak a short distance from the Bayou, on the Meterie Road, where Selbourne's bullet reached his heart, who, whether he had trifled by design, or by only pursuing a course of unmeaning attentions towards his impulsive, gentle-hearted sister, had left her to die—too sensitive to prate of wrongs, too proud to acknowledge neglect, too forgiving to complain, too gentle, all too gentle to upbraid where she loved—to die of a broken heart. Selbourne went abroad, and has never returned; the dead were soon forgotten by the fashionable world, and now Paul Clement's star shone bright in the ascendant.

Still magnificently beautiful, the dashing Widow Latham seemed no bad spec., whereby the young limb of the law was to rise in the world. No longer fearing the governor's wrath on seeing his name associated with that of the wealthy widow, he soon succeeded in persuading her to adopt his. And often, in after years, when the former college belle would be pointed out to me, circled with a crowd of followers, whether blazing in jewels at the opera, or in her stylish equipage dashing along the lake road, her haughty features set off with magnificent attire and radiant with rouge, and when I have heard her beauty and the faultless taste of her stylish surroundings commented on, I have always turned away with a sigh, to the memory of "The Collegians."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Westward Empire. By E. L. Magoon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 445.

The object of this work is to demonstrate the westward movement of civilization, by linking together the great leading events of time. The design is well executed, and the book cannot fail to convey instruction, and awaken thought. For sale by Redding & Co.

Harpers' School History. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 450.

A well-defined outline of ancient and modern history, with questions to each paragraph, illustrated by 150 maps and engravings. It is written in a plain style, and may be placed in the hands of quite young children. It is a valuable addition to our list of school books. For sale by Redding & Co.

New Music.—From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, we have "Root, Perrine Animal, or Expire," one of Ordway's songs, "I bade thee stay," "Amusement Waltz," for the piano, "The Merry Sleigh," a song, and the "Morning Hymn," from the oratorio of Eli.

A Child's History of Rome. By John Bonner, author of "A Child's History of the United States." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 18mo. 2 vols. pp. 307—305.

A very well-written and well-arranged compendium of Roman history. The author never forgets that he is addressing youthful readers, while the publishers, by their liberal illustrations, all well engraved, have completed the efficiency of the work. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Iowa Hand-Book for 1856—with a new and correct Map. By Nathan H. Parker. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 187.

An excellent and reliable account of Iowa, its climate, soil, cities, towns—in a word, everything the emigrant needs, besides being a valuable addition to our statistical history.

The Minnesota Hand-Book. By Nathan H. Parker. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 159.

Uniform with the last mentioned work, by the same author, and crowded with reliable details. These works will have an extensive sale.

The American Poulterer's Companion. By C. N. Bement. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 4to. pp. 304.

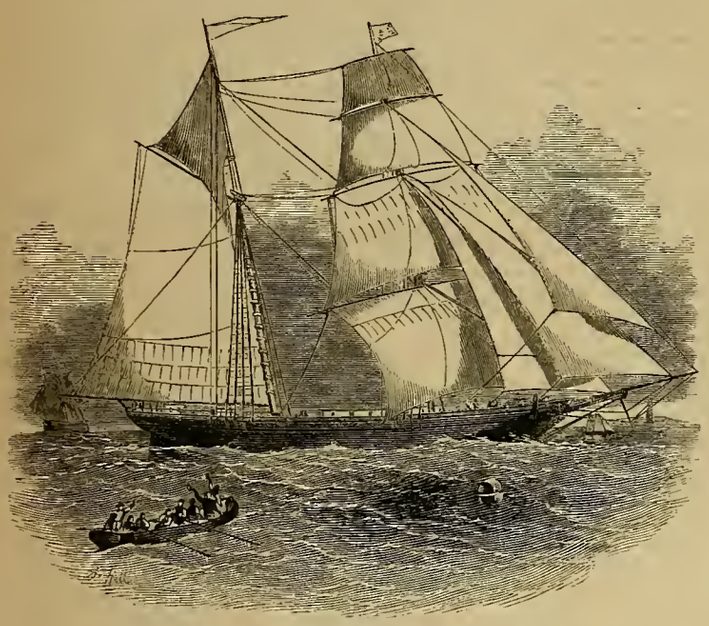
Mr. Bement is reliable authority on the subject of fowl-breeding, and his treatise is comprehensive, thorough and practical. The work before us is finely printed, and has 120 beautiful illustrations on wood and steel. Every man who has a poultry-yard should own this book. For sale by Redding & Co.

JOHN NEAL.

The accompanying portrait, from the pencil of Barry, after an admirable photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city, is a reliable likeness of one of the most distinguished American writers of poetry and prose. John Neal was born in Portland, about the year 1794. In 1815, he went to Baltimore, and engaged in business in partnership with John Pierpont. The disastrous results of their commercial enterprise induced Neal, who was a man of genius, and spirit, and energy, to turn his attention to literature, for which he had a peculiar aptitude. He made his debut as an author in the "Portico," a monthly magazine, to which he contributed a series of vigorous critical essays on the works of Lord Byron. These essays were very favorably received by the public. In 1818, he published his first novel, "Keep Cool," and the next year he produced the "Battle of Niagara, Goldau the Maniac Harper, and other Poems, by John O'Cataract," acknowledging the authorship in a subsequent edition. In the same year was published "Otho, a tragedy," from his pen. In 1821, appeared Allen's "History of the American Revolution," a large portion of which was from Neal's facile and busy pen. In 1822, he wrote "Logan," his second novel, published in Philadelphia, and reprinted in London. The next year appeared "'76," perhaps the most popular of his stories, and "Randolph," a book which derives peculiar interest from its graphic sketches of the most prominent characters of the day. We believe that "Errata, or the Works of Will Adams," is referable to the same date. All of these compositions bear evidence of rapidity of execution, for Neal at that time was almost an impromptu writer. There are passages both in his poetry and prose which remind us in brilliancy of Wilson, and he wrote with the same facility. "Randolph," a work in two volumes, was written in the short space of a month, and "'76," his best novel, in three weeks, and this while engaged in professional business. These various publications gave him a literary reputation abroad, for at that time American writers were few and far between, and the debut of a man of undoubted genius on this side of the water, was hailed as an auspicious event by the more generous of British critics. It was thus heralded, that Mr. Neal went to England, where he met with a very warm reception. His career was an exemplification of the Horatian adage: "Cœlum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt." At that time, this country, its institutions and society were very little understood in England, and John Neal took up the cudgel, in defence of his native land, with spirit and effect. His various articles in periodicals and newspapers, correcting these prevalent misrepresentations, did us "yeoman's service." The columns of Blackwood's Magazine were opened to him by Professor Wilson, and he contributed there some valuable papers on American topics, as well as miscellanies. It was during his four years' residence in Europe that his "Brother Jonathan" came out, and after his return to Portland, his native city and present residence, he published "Rachel Dyer," the "Down Easters," "Ruth Elder," and "Authorship." He also edited the "Yankee," a weekly journal for two years, and has contributed largely to our leading periodicals and papers. Mr. Neal has written much, both poetry and prose, that deserves to live, and we sincerely trust that a selection of his works, revised by himself, will be given to the public by some enterprising publisher. Since his principal works were published, a new generation of readers has sprung up, and the fire, imagination and sound sense of Neal would not appeal to them in vain.



JOHN NEAL, ESQ.



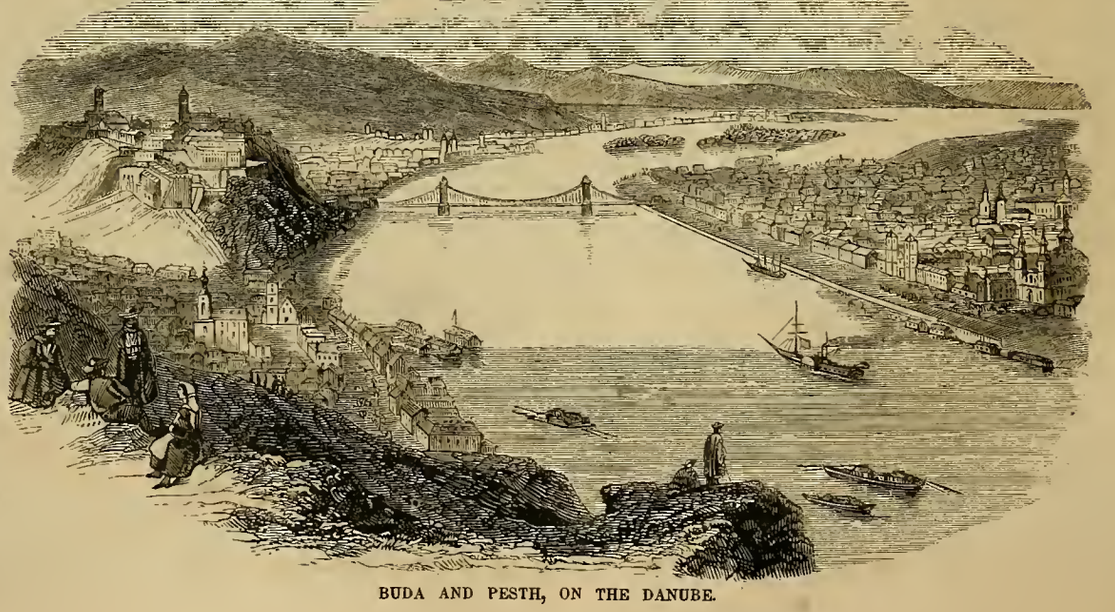
THE NEW MISSIONARY PACKET, MORNING STAR.

THE MISSIONARY BRIG "MORNING STAR."

We present herewith a fine representation of the Missionary Brig "Morning Star" under canvass, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill. She was recently launched at Stetson's yard, Chelsea, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, some of them attracted by curiosity, but the greater part by the deep interest they felt in the missionary cause. She is a noble specimen of American naval architecture. She is brigantine built, 90 feet in length, 24 feet in breadth, and nine feet in depth. She has a house on deck, with accommodations for her crew, and four state rooms for passengers. Her cabin extends from the stem to the mainmast. It is commodious, and very beautifully fitted up. Her stern has a fine specimen of basso-relievo carving, gilded, and represents an open Bible, resting on a cushion, with tassels on the corners. This central figure is supported by olive branches, and a gilded star radiates from the expanded page. On the bow is a carved figure of a female, carrying the word of God in her hand as an offering to the benighted heathen. Rev. S. L. Pomroy, corresponding secretary of the Board of Missions, in the remarks he made at the launch, explained to the Sunday school children assembled to witness the spectacle, that she was called the "Morning Star," because, when it arose, the morning star indicated that the sun was about to shine upon mankind, and morning and light were coming; so wherever this vessel sailed, it would announce the dispelling of darkness and the dawning of the Sun of Righteousness. This fine little vessel has been built by the united contributions of the Sunday school scholars of the country. Her capital stock amounts to $12,000, divided into 120,000 shares of ten cents. The little ship-owners who watched the first meeting of the "Morning Star" with the element which, we trust, she is destined to traverse in safety for many and many a year, manifested the deepest interest. She is commanded by Captain Samuel G. Moore, of New York, and the first land she makes will be the Sandwich Islands; thence she will sail to various other islands in the Pacific. May prosperous gales waft her over the two oceans she must cross, and may her future career realize all those pure hopes and designs which gave rise to her creation!

BUDA AND PESTH, HUNGARY.

The two cities delineated in the engraving at the foot of this page are most romantically situated on the banks of the Danube, one of the most picturesque of European streams. They are connected together by the beautiful suspension bridge seen in the centre of our picture. This bridge, five hundred yards long, cost the enormous sum of $3,250,000. Previous to its erection, the only communication was by means of a bridge of boats. The suspension bridge was not fully completed until 1849, but previous to its being opened to the public, its strength was tested in an unexpected manner, for it bore the weight of the whole force of the Hungarian army pouring over it, hotly pursued by the Austrian troops. For nearly two whole days the platform of the bridge was densely crowded with masses of soldiery. Buda is a free city of the Austrian empire, and the capital of Hungary. It is 130 miles southeast of Vienna, and is built on the right bank of the Danube, which, it must be remembered, occupies the *left* side of our picture. The city is situated on the slope of a hill, and is amphitheatrical in its shape. In its centre is the citadel, an old fortress, enclosing the royal palace, in which are preserved the insignia of Hungarian royalty, and the buildings of the central administration. The other principal edifices are the cathedral, the garrison church, various convents, and the palatial residences of the Hungarian nobility. It is the residence of the viceroy or palatine of Hungary, the seat of a lieutenant-general of the administration of the royal treasure, and of a commander general. The observatory on the Blocksburg, connected with the University of Pesth, is one of the finest in Europe. A type foundry, a gymnasium and several libraries on this side of the river, are also connected with the same institution. A cannon foundry and powder mills are connected with its arsenal. There are some manufactories of cloth, leather, silk and velvets in the city, and wine of excellent quality is produced in its vicinity. There are hot sulphur springs, which have led to the erection of extensive baths. Buda is supposed to derive its name from Buda, a brother of Attila, who resided here. Old Buda, a little further up the Danube, Sicambria of the Romans, was a place of some importance in their time. Buda was taken by the Turks, under Solyman the Magnificent, in 1541, was garrisoned by janissaries, and became the seat of a pacha. It was retaken by the Austrians in 1685. It was made the Hungarian seat of government in 1784. Crossing the suspension bridge to the left bank of the Danube, the *right* of our picture, we find ourselves in the city of Pesth, a considerable portion of which is seen in our engraving. Unlike Buda, it is situated on level ground, and is about seven miles in circumference. It is a large place, with at least 100,000 inhabitants. The older portion of the city is not very attractive, but the modern part is finely built. The principal edifices are the theatre, the casino, the artillery depot, together with various convents, churches and hospitals. It has good accommodations for travellers in the way of hotels, and many of the private residences are elegant and costly. It has the only university in Hungary. Here also are a botanic garden, a veterinary hospital, a very valuable national museum with a fine library and cabinets of antiquities, coins, medals, etc., a Hungarian academy of sciences, schools under the charge of various religious denominations, and charitable institutions. Pesth is the seat of the Royal Board of Council and the Septemviral Tafel, together forming the supreme court of appeal. Various manufactures are carried on in the place, but the principal is the manufacture of meerschaum or pipe bowls from the rough material brought from Constantinople. The city is immediately surrounded, on the land side, by the "Rahofield," a wide plain, on which the Hungarian Diet, the great national assembly of Magyars, was held for many centuries. The gathering together of the deputies, with their vast retinue of vassals, the nobles in splendid attire, and all in picturesque costume, must have presented a most striking spectacle. More than one hundred thousand men, a vast army, assembled on these occasions. The present employment of this field clashes with its grand historical souvenirs, for it is now only used for horse races. Pesth is supposed by antiquaries to occupy the site of the ancient *Transacincum*. In the 13th century, it was walled in. The Turks held possession of it for more than a century and a half. The inundations of the Danube, in 1838, it will be remembered, occasioned heavy losses of life and property both in Buda and Pesth. Buda is a station for steam packets, one of which is shown in our engraving. The view of Buda and Pesth, from a high point, with the curving Danube, and bold hills in the distance, as we have shown them, is remarkably striking.



BUDA AND PESTH, ON THE DANUBE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. W. E.—The slave trade, from the coast of Africa, was first begun by the Portuguese in 1481. England was engaged in this traffic up to the year 1807.

H. Y. C.—Tobacco was first discovered at St. Domingo, in the year 1496, and was freely used by the Spaniards.

Ellen H.—At the commencement of the new year we shall do very nearly as you mention, and introduce into *The Flag of our Union* a "Floral Department" for our lady readers.

A. B.—The potato is a native of Chili and Peru.

W. O. A.—The English gold coin, the guinea, was so called from the fact that it was made from gold brought from the coast of Guinea.

B. H.—When the tulip mania raged in Holland, years ago, as high as $2000 was paid for a single bulb!

Lucy H.—Lace is mentioned in great perfection as early as 1320. It was most lavishly worn in the reign of Elizabeth. Dresden, Valenciennes, Mechlin, and Brussels have long been famous for their fine lace.

D. F., Saco.—Lafayette was but nineteen years old when he first came to this country. He raised a corps at his own expense and fought bravely for our independence. He was wounded at Brandywine.

Boos Worm.—The library of Harvard College contains a trifle over one hundred thousand volumes and manuscripts.

R. H. H.—The first queen invested with authority as a ruling sovereign, was Semiramis, queen and empress of Assyria, 2017 years before Christ. She made Babylon her capital, and embellished it until it was acknowledged to be the most superior city in the world.

Alex C.—Madeira is so called from its woods. There is a pleasant romance told about its discovery by two lovers in a boat, which was wafted to its shores by chance, about A. D. 1345.

W. D.—Miss Adelaide Phillips, the young and successful prima donna, is a Bostonian, and was for years attached (in juvenile parts) to the Boston Museum theatrical company. She is an excellent actress as well as vocalist.

O. O. W.—We have an admirable portrait of Mr. Vandenhoff already in hand, and shall bring it out in a couple of weeks. His engagement at the Boston Museum was eminently successful.

A. C. B.—The guillotine was named after its inventor, Dr. Guillotin, in 1785. He introduced it as a substitute for the more cruel gibbet, and his name was applied to it at first from mere waggishness.

M. W.—Harvard College was the first endowed in this country, in 1638. The second was William and Mary, in Virginia, 1693. The third, Yale, at New Haven. Harvard is still the first and best endowed in America.

B. H.—August is named after Augustus Cæsar, because in this month he was born, was created consul, or chief magistrate, thrice triumphed in Rome, etc.

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR, AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

This is the title of a highly dramatic and absorbing story, with which we shall commence the new year in Ballou's Pictorial. It is entirely different from any novelette we have ever published, and must prove vastly popular, from the wonderful intricacy of its plot, the vivid character of its tableaux, the startling spirit of the story, and altogether, the excellence and finish of its narration. An experienced critic, to whom we submitted its pages in manuscript, remarked:—"You have never printed an interesting a novelette as this in your paper—indeed, I have never read one more so."

To Everybody.—Read our prize offer on another page of this paper, and act accordingly.

SPLINTERS.

.... The foundling hospitals in France are some one hundred and fifty in number. The infants are well cared for.

.... We hope no more exploring expeditions to the North Pole will be undertaken—they are quite too perilous.

.... Excellent sugar and molasses have been made at the West from the sugar millet, a plant easily raised.

.... "How shall I fill the theatre?" asked Sheridan, when he was manager. "Invite all your creditors," was the answer.

.... There is not a single money broker in Wheeling, Virginia. Of course the people of Wheeling shave themselves.

.... A henpecked husband declared very recently, that the longer he lived, the more he was smitten.

.... Miss Florence Nightingale is so modest, that she took passage from Constantinople for England as Miss Smith.

.... It is only the individuals with "piercing eyes," who have the ability to "look daggers" at their foes.

.... No less than seventy-one million newspapers pass through the London post-office annually.

.... Cheat the physician by leading a temperate life, and the lawyer by keeping out of debt.

.... No discrimination is made by our government between the volunteer and regular service in regard to bounty.

.... A pigmy placed on a pedestal is only a pigmy still—a warning to little men who are ambitious.

.... The Masonic Board of Relief, New York, is a new association of Masons to relieve the widows and orphans of members.

.... Dr. Digg asserts as a positive fact, that mariners can always tell Long Island by the *Sound*.

.... We do not think, after recent demonstrations, that the alliance of France and England will last forever.

.... Professor Morse has been created a knight of the ancient order of Dannebourg by the king of Denmark.

.. On the Calais and Baring Railroad, the engineer ran down a fine buck, and killed him with his jacknife.

.... More than ten thousand young men under 18 years of age are annually committed for theft in Great Britain.

A war of extermination is threatened by the Chippewas, in Minnesota Territory, against the Sioux.

.... The creed of fashion, that idleness is a privilege, and work a disgrace, is among the deadliest errors.

.. The life of the Emperor Napoleon has been publicly threatened in placards posted in the streets of Paris.

.... A second line of first class propellors between New York and Glasgow is to be inaugurated, it is said.

THE USE OF ENGRAVINGS.

Pictorial representations of persons, plans and things, are no longer regarded as mere ornaments, or as affording simply amusement or gratification to the eye; they are rightly considered as a means of education. No school-book which admits of illustrations, is now thought complete without them—and works on geography, history, biography and science would not command a sale, were they not embellished by engravings. No one would think of purchasing a cyclopedia that was not amply illustrated, and yet five-and-twenty years ago, a voluminous cyclopedia would be issued without a single explanatory engraving. The popularly diffused portraits of Washington serve a better purpose than the gratification of a mere idle curiosity; the contemplation of those mild and benignant, yet dignified and firm features, keep up a conception of the character of the Father of his country. So, without we had studied the mingled energy and sweetness of Napoleon's head, we should be at a loss to understand the power and the fascination which his presence exerted over the firmest men.

Vivid representations of striking scenes of history serve to fix events indelibly upon the memory; here the pencil aids the pen and perfects the images of the past. In the sciences, in botany, ornithology, and the other branches of natural history, the aid of the artist is indispensable, as it is in the study of mechanics. Pictures are the labor-saving machines of mental culture—the stenography of literature. The devotional feelings of many a child, like those of Doddridge, have been quickened by even rude illustrations of scriptural events—such as the old tiles representing Scripture history that used to form the ornaments of old-fashioned fire-places. We remember very well a set of these, illustrating the affecting history of Joseph, that used to grace an old fireside in this city, and we recall with pleasure the boyish delight with which we used to trace his pictorial career. This series was the production of an artist of Delft, and the patriarch, as a matter of course, was an indubitable Dutchman, like many of the personages in Rubens's Scripture-pieces. Now-a-days even our children have more tasteful guides. The Tract-Society's publications are elegantly embellished. This general appreciation of the importance of engravings has led to the development of high artistic talent among us. We no longer depend upon European designers and wood-engravers, but fully rival them, notwithstanding the youthfulness of the art among us. Our progress in these branches has been remarkably rapid, and has excited the surprise of our European friends, utterly confounding those theorists who have been in the habit of asserting that democratic institutions are utterly unfavorable to the development of the fine-art talent.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF NEW YORK.

On our last page we have placed a fine engraving, representing various characters to be met with in the streets of the imperial city, drawn from life for us by that clever artist, Mr. Barry. The engraving is by Pierce. In the centre, and over the title, we have the bouquet vender, a well-known personage, not quite so attractive as the flower girl of Paris and Florence. To the left is the little boot-black, a representation of an out-door trade of recent adoption. The number of these peripatetic polishers in New York is so great as to awaken sad thoughts of the want of work among the humbler classes of the great city. On the other side is the "ginger-nut vender," another local feature. The "Broadway swell" may be met with at any hour of the day after eleven A. M. He is the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" in his own estimation—a perfect exquisite, an all-conquering Adonis. Pity he cannot hear the remarks on him that the ladies whisper to each other. On the other side of the page we have the well-known "Bowery boy," in his fighting or fire costume, equally ready to "run wid der masheen," or to plunge into the perilous mazes of a "muss." On the lower line, we have the itinerant glazier, and the itinerant vender of letter paper, both faithful and characteristic types, and the blind beggar with his dog—a touching sketch, appealing strongly to the feelings. New York presents as many subjects for the sketcher, almost, as Paris or London, and certainly as many choice originals.

Park Benjamin, Esq.—We are pleased to see that this gentleman has commenced the lecturing campaign with his accustomed vigor and success. He always interests and amuses his audience by his subject matter, while he charms them by his fine elocution. We perceive that he still continues his literary agency, securing publishers for authors, and making purchases of books for individuals and societies. His address is 49, 7th Avenue, New York city.

Hard to Please.—One of the guests of the Montreal jubilee, who had been ridden hundreds of miles, feted like a prince, and treated like a nabob, all for the pleasure and honor of his company, grumbled because he had to pay the sum of two shillings for cab hire.

Death of Professor Hentz.—Professor Hentz, a French gentleman of varied accomplishments, and long a successful teacher, died lately in Florida—not a year from the death of his accomplished wife, Caroline Lee Hentz, the distinguished authoress.

Cincinnati.—Ballou's Pictorial, which has heretofore been sold in Cincinnati at *ten cents* per copy, will henceforth be furnished at retail for SIX CENTS. R. A Duncan, agent, 162 Vine St.

Pun by a Shopkeeper.—If Mr. Delane of the London Times continues to bark at this country, we shall think of muzzlin' Delane (muslin de laine).

Generous.—A certain Irishman blasted rocks, and received board and half the noise for pay.

BIG SHIPS.

The tonnage of vessels has been enormously increased in two centuries. The vessels built that length of time ago would seem mere cockleats alongside of the inanimate monsters that now float the deep, and of which the poet may well sing:

"Like leviathans afloat
Lie their bulwarks on the tide."

It is in the tonnage of merchantmen particularly that the increase is apparent. Many of our business men remember when a vessel of six hundred tons was looked upon as a large ship, and now it is not unusual to launch a vessel of nineteen hundred and two thousand tons. In the beginning of the 17th century, a line-of-battle ship of 1400 tons was looked upon as a marvel. "This year, 1510," says an English chronicler, "the king built a most goodly ship for war, the keel whereof was 114 feet, and the cross beam 44 feet in length; she will carry 64 pieces of great ordnance, and is of the burthen of 1400 tons. This royal ship is double-built, and is most sumptuously adorned within and without with all manner of carving, painting and rich gilding, being in all respects the greatest and goodliest ship ever built in England, and this glorious ship the king gave unto his eldest son Henry, Prince of Wales." It seems as if we moderns had reached the acme of ship-building, and made the most of navigation, remembering what old Purchas said of the ocean: "The sea covereth one-half of this patrimonie of man—thus should man at once loose half of his inheritance, if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds and saddle of his shipping, to make him serviceable."

REMEMBER!

One more number of our paper will complete the volume for the present year; and all whose subscriptions end at that time, will confer a particular favor upon us, by renewing at the *earliest moment*, in order that we may print an edition equal to the demand. We discontinue all subscriptions at the date to which payment has been made; therefore, to ensure an unbroken receipt of the paper, *immediate* renewal is necessary.

The forthcoming volume of our illustrated journal shall be *the best that has ever yet appeared from this establishment*. We have engaged some new and finished artists, who are added to our already large corps of designers, and several new and popular contributors to the literary department. Fresh spirit and new life will be imparted to our pages.—"Ballou's Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," sent together to one address, for $4 per annum.

Marine Hospital.—The new hospital for sailors at Chelsea, Mass., is progressing rapidly. It will be a fine structure.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr Edward D. Wadleigh to Miss Sophia M. Hussey; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr Ernest Horn to Miss Elizabeth Burnside; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr Daniel Donohue to Mrs. Honora Collins; by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Charles S. Graves to Miss Lydia E. Emerson; Seth G. Hodges, Esq. to Miss Louise C. Fairchild. by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Dr. George Hayward to Mrs. Mary Ann Binney; by Rev Mr. Skinner, Mr. Isaac W. Abbott to Miss Clara M. Lamson.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. E. W. Glover to Miss Elizabeth A. Mayo.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hempstead, Mr. Chester Collins, of San Francisco, to Miss Martha J. Noyes.—At Roxbury, by Rev Mr. Ryder, Mr. Samuel Payson, Jr to Miss Abbie B. Morse.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Teele, Mr. Jeremiah T. Hunt to Miss Sophia M. Beal, of Boston.—At Wilmington, by Rev Mr. Tolman, Mr. Everet Harndes to Miss Julia A. Clemens, of Andover.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Albert H. Silvester of this city, to Miss Caroline L. Johnson.—At Marlboro, by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. Joshua Francis to Miss Eliza C. Butler.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. Timothy Holland to Miss Susan Lyle.—At Salisbury, by Rev. Mr. Byram, Mr. George W. Osgood, of Amesbury, to Miss Mary A. Woodman.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Obadiah W. Richardson to Miss Sarah A. Webster.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Bowers, Mr. James Todd to Miss Jane Gray.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Sally, widow of the late Mr. Lebbeus Stetson, 72; Widow Eunice Cook, 75; Mrs. Nancy B., widow of the late Mr. Fisheery Homer, 48; Mr. James J. Rutledge, 20.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Elizabeth L., wife of Henry Washborne, Esq.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Mary F., wife of Mr William Calder, 23.—At West Cambridge, Mr. Joseph Pearson, formerly of Ipswich, 56.—At Watertown, Mr. Richard Sarger, 88.—At Cohasset Mrs Deliverance, wife of Capt. Henry Snow, 75.—At Swampscott, Mr. Foster Parrott, 57.—At Salem, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Mr. William H Parker, 20.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, 28.—At Roxford, Jacob Peabody, Esq, 78.—At Worcester, Mrs. Pamelia, wife of Mr. Charles Carlisle, 53; Mrs Elizabeth Defise, 38; Miss Sarah G Chamberlain, 31.—At Leicester, Mr. Austin Sprague, 24; Mrs. Ann Woodcock, 55.—At Spencer, Mr. Lewis Bemis, 59; Mrs. Lucy K. Hale, formerly of Leicester, 34; Widow Thankful F. Woods, formerly of Rutland, 89.—At Medfield, Col. Johnson Mason, 80.—At Grafton, Miss Sabre Leland, 67.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Abby B. Thompson, 27; Miss Susan Louisa Haywood, 26.—At Lunenburg, Mr. John Goodrich, 45.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Mary Brownell, 51.—At Springfield, Mr. Hiram Houghton, 92; Mr. Daniel Farrell, 53.—At Pittsfield, Mr. William H. Thompson, 40; Widow Sarah Francis, 89.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DECEMBER.

BY FREDERICK J. REYES.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
In the track of the waning year;
And coldly whistle his chilly winds
Through the forests so lonely and drear.
The autumn flower that in beauty bloomed,
Through the Indian summer day,
In silence has folded and scattered its leaves,
And passed from the earth away.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
With his sceptre of faded leaves—
With his rustling robe and his frost-gemmed crown,
Which the storm and the tempest weaves.
While he rushes by on his pinions of wrath,
Nor stops on the blighted plain;
For dark are the clouds that loom on his path,
And short is his dreary reign.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
He hastens through forest and bower;
To scatter forward upon his track
The remnants of leaf and flower.
The old oak tree and the stately elm
Bow low as he passes on.
With murmurs like sounds from shattered harps,
Whose music is dead and gone.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
On his war-horse of wrath and strife;
And many a flower at his touch shall fade
From the beautiful garden of life;
And many a lamb shall be missed from the fold
Of affection and friendship true;
Nor e'er be found by the meadows green,
Where the river of death runs through.

He's come! he's come! December's come!
O'er the chilling earth he steals
Like a spirit borne from the icy north,
With the winter at his heels.
While far from his youth in the desert of time,
Man floateth the fountain of tears;
And mourns from the lonely depths of his heart,
O'er the gloomy December of years.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SISTERS OF A KING.

A TALE OF THE NINTH CENTURY.

BY PHILIP HARRIS, JR.

In the *Rue de la Harpe*, in one of the oldest "quartiers" of Paris, and not far from the renowned University of the Sorbonne, stand the ruins of the Palace of Julian—one of the many monuments of Roman skill and splendor which travellers in Europe may still admire. A hoary, wicked, old ruin falling away in fragments, as it stands there grimly shivering through the long winter nights, doorless and roofless, and deserted.

Like all human greatness, it had its day, and a long and tedious one it was. One shudders to think of the crimes done within those walls. Julian the Apostate did perhaps the only great and virtuous deed that palace ever knew, when he resolved to rescue the empire from the tyranny of his own kinsman, and answered the call of his legions, who loudly proclaimed him emperor. Here were done the dark crimes, the fathomless turpitudes of the two first races of Gallic kings,—deeds to be told in whispers, and in Christian charity, to be soon forgotten. See! it was once a noble structure; it is now an empty ruin. Even the towers that defended it have passed away. I think they were conscious that now they had grown useless; so they shook, and tottered, and stood a little longer, nodding at each other across that vast deserted garden, till, one by one, they too fell, and men have almost forgotten them.

I wander about in the Thermae, the spacious baths of the imperial household; I can even see the niches where the old marble bathing-tubs stood. As I stand surrounded by this desolation, fancy (willing artificer!) is busy about the men and women of long ago, who used to revel and quaff their Falernian in mirth and jollity at night, and bathed here the next morning—for the sick headache, perhaps. Tastes differ; we of a better age laugh at the ancients, and, for our part, much prefer soda water or small beer to the strigil. Our posterity will use us no better, I dare say; our likes and dislikes will not be theirs; our sublime will, perhaps, be their ridiculous.

We are thinking of times long, long gone by. Ah! since those days, history has turned many a fresh leaf in the record, and covered it oftenest with blood, and tears, and shame: how seldom with the golden annals of public and private virtue!

When I visited the *Palais des Thermes*, in 18—, it was with my learned friend L——e, a man devoted to literature, and an enthusiastic antiquarian. We went over the ruins and the neighboring *Hotel de Cluny*, that quaint old mouse-hole that all antiquity has contributed to fill with curious old rubbish; and when we emerged again into the street, L——e said:

"You have now seen a ruin which a Roman emperor's heart would bleed to look upon. Who knows," he added, musingly, "but that may be their punishment in a world of retribution."

"Come, L——e," said I, "you are a dreamer. We have yet an hour before our evening walk on the Boulevards; you, who know all antiquity by heart—have you no legend of this old palace, to while it away pleasantly?"

"That I have," answered my companion, who has a true Frenchman's love for telling a story. "Come over to yonder *cabaret* with me, and, over a bottle of old Burgundy, I will tell you a legend of the *Palais des Thermes*."

When the buxom bar-maid had brought us our wine, and we had pledged each other—only once, my dear madam, I assure you,—my friend began as follows:

"Good old Charlemagne was dead and buried, and his son and heir, Louis le Debonnaire, was daily expected in the capital, where, one fine evening in February, in the year 814, a large crowd of burghers was collected in front of this old palace, even then called the *Ancien Palais*. People went into the street in those times, as they now make a point to read their morning paper, for the sake of keeping up with the events of the day. Every one asked his neighbor that evening, not without some visible anxiety, when the king might be expected to arrive.

"While the crowd was still on that subject, and a few others of lesser importance—a little of love-making, a good deal of gossip, and a very little bargaining, for we Frenchmen are adverse to business out of hours—"

"Which being interpreted," I put in, "means from cock-crow to curfew."

"Bah! don't be disagreeable. Burgundy?" and he pushed the decanter over to my side of the table. "Well, while this respectable crowd was thus variously engaged, two horsemen were seen riding towards the palace at a furious speed. Though they were clothed in complete armor, their raised vizors revealed countenances both handsome and manly. In those eventful days, when the honest burgher might, at any moment, see war at his very door, it needed only the clatter of hoofs to bring trades-people to their shop-doors, and the old women to their windows. They now stood on either side of the street, holding torches, and lighting the way for the strangers as they rapidly sprung by to the palace gate. At their heels ran a ragged mob—the scum of Paris—eager for the news, and more still for their wonted dole at the hands of the new monarch. Meanwhile, the burghers indulged in every sort of curious conjecture as to this remarkable arrival.

"'Our good king comes at last,' said a corpulent old draper, —'the best king that ever wore a crown.'

"'Marry! you forget Charlemagne,' answered his neighbor, an old man-at-arms in the late king's service.

"'Charlemagne is dead and buried; God rest his soul! I say, long life to good King Louis!'

"As this dialogue was going on in one part of the crowd, another group were as intently engaged in their own speculations, at the opposite end of the façade.

"O, see, mama, how handsome our king is!' exclaimed a pretty maid all in blushes.

"'Which one do you take to be the king, my pretty?' asked an old veteran, standing near her.

"'The fair-haired one, with the scarlet scarf.'

"'You've missed it for once, *petite:* it is only a knight.'

"'*Mon Dieu!* when *will* he come?' asked the girl, impatiently.

"Now there stood just in front of her an honest jeweller, who had come out to air his politics, and had brought his better, and, by a good hundred-weight, his larger half with him. He heard the girl's exclamation, and desirous of showing how much he knew of the profound secrets of the state, he forthwith began talking *at* her to his wife.

"'He will soon be here,' said he; 'these knights precede him but little.'

"The woman did not see her lord's stratagem.

"'O, you want to seem to know everything,' she said, somewhat spitefully. 'Did you not tell me those four horsemen who passed through our street yesterday came to announce that the king was at hand?'

"'My dear,' returned the jeweller, losing none of his composure, but with the air of one who has not forgotten his 'swashing blow,'—'my dear, you make me blush for your stupidity. Those four were nothing but men-at-arms; these two are barons. I can assure you I have sold them jewelry more than once, and of a sort, too, that only suits your rich and noble young courtiers.'

"'And pray, sir, who are they?' timidly asked the little maid.

"It was what Monsieur l'Orfevre wanted; he turned to her with his blandest smile, and said, complacently:

"'The one on the black charger was Lambert Odier, the three others—'

"'I didn't mean the men-at-arms, stupid! I meant the two barons who buy so much jewelry of you.'

"'O—ah—I—I don't know exactly. You see, one has so many customers, one doesn't—one can't—'

"The girl turned away with an air of vexation, and left our poor jeweller wishing his wife ten times as large as she was, so he might hide in a fold of her gown.

"The knights had already alighted in the court of the palace. Thence they ascended wearily into the body of the building, where they were met by the grand seneschal of the palace—an officer then not yet called by a wrong name. He commanded the doors to be closed behind them, and himself led the way into the interior chambers, signing to the young men to follow him. His manner was so extraordinary and almost ominous that the knights looked at each other in amazement at such a strange reception. Reassured, however, by the recollection of the unusual favors the king had shown them, and by the royal letter of which they were the bearers to the seneschal, they followed him in silence. A long dark vaulted passage, with a very sensible descent, brought them to a low arched hall, dimly lighted by the torches of the attendants. Here the seneschal seated himself, and proceeded to ask the young men their names.

"'Paul de Ligi,' spoke the younger. And the other, in a manner and tone which showed he was not ashamed of his kindred, 'Robert Count de Guerci, my lord.'

"'The king,' said de Ligi, 'tarries not long; he bade us announce his coming, and we have not rested a moment since we first put foot to stirrup. So, my lord seneschal, you see before you two men as weary as a long ride could make them, and as hungry as wolves. Be pleased, therefore, to give orders for our entertainment, and let us have convenient apartments wherein to rest awhile. I promise you the king our master will not grudge you his thanks.'

"The seneschal smiled grimly, without raising his eyes from the king's letter, which he had been perusing.

"'De Ligi is right,' added Guerci, beginning to have doubts as to the meaning of this man's conduct; "and, if we are to judge from the unusual favors our king has designed to show us—'

"'You are my prisoners, my lords!' broke in the seneschal, rising abruptly.

"'Prisoners!' exclaimed the young men, at one breath. 'Why, and for what?'

"'Question your own consciences.'

"'But the king's letter—'

"'Is an order to guard you closely in separate dungeons.'

"'Divide us?—never!' exclaimed the two friends. 'Dost thou hear him, Guerci? They wish to divide us! We, who have lived thus long together! But we will rather die together!'

"The seneschal would be obeyed, however; so the guards tore the young men apart, and led them each to a separate cell in the subterranean prisons of the palace.

"Left alone in that prison, over whose vaulted roof the gardens of the royal residence extended, the thoughts of Paul de Ligi were anything but pleasant. He had left Paris only a year before, full of hope and in high favor with the monarch; a daughter of Charlemagne had even smiled on his love. Now he returned to be cast into a dungeon, where he had expected a far pleasanter durance. Did Rotrude know he was languishing in a prison? Perhaps at this very moment the princess might be walking over his living tomb, and thinking of him, little dreaming he was buried alive beneath. Nor was this all his trouble. To be separated, at such a moment, from his sworn brother-in-arms, made still dearer to him because he loved Rotrude's sister—this it was that added the keenest poignancy to his grief. 'O that he at least were here,' exclaimed De Ligi, 'that we might speak of them, and with our last breath mingle together their names and our sorrows!'

"He rested his head on his hand, and remained long absorbed in bitter thought, from which a sudden sound of footsteps aroused him. The door opened, and Robert, leading a veiled lady by the hand, stood before him.

"'What means this?' exclaimed Ligi, in surprise.

"Gilla—for it was she—raised her veil, and stood before him pale and trembling.

"'Not a moment must be lost—'

"'But Rotrude?'

"'My sister is near by; we knew your condition, and are here to save you.'

"'Come, Paul,' put in Guerci, 'help me, for Heaven's sake, to remove this slab. Behind it is a secret door, and Rotrude shall pay you for the trouble.'

"'But for love's sake, lords, depart quickly. Should the king know of this, we are all lost.'

"'Alas!' cried the count, bitterly, 'the ashes of Charlemagne are yet warm in their urn, and Louis rules us already with a rod of iron. Accursed is he who only knows how to punish!'

"'Traitors!' cried a terrible voice, as the door swung open, and from the secret passage, the king strode forth, leading the trembling Rotrude by the hand.

Paul and Robert stood aghast; the princesses had fallen on their knees, and raised their suppliant hands towards their brother. He stood over them, in an attitude of cold scorn. The king spoke at last:

"'Ha! Count de Guerci, you doubt our clemency?' and he laughed that bitter laugh of his. 'And you, sister Rotrude, pay me a poor compliment by flying in such horror at my approach. But come, we will be merciful. Your loves have not escaped me. Count de Guerci, you love Gilla; De Ligi, you, too, have the plighted faith of a daughter of Charlemagne. The altar awaits you. And now,' continued the king, regardless of their expressions of gratitude,—'now, my brave knights, you shall don the rich armor which your king is pleased to offer you as a proof of his regard. You, my sisters, may go for the nuptial wreaths my foresight has provided.'

"He motioned to the esquires who had brought in the armor to harness the knights.

"You may suppose Gilla and Rotrude were not long in returning. They found the two friends clothed in magnificent armor, and seated in two large arm-chairs. At their approach, they stirred not; at their call, they made no answer; at their touch, they no longer thrilled with pleasure. Paul and Robert were dead!

"In the year 1560, in excavating some of the ruins in the old garden, there was found a helmet of such peculiar construction that, on touching a spring on the outside, the vizor would shut hermetically, while the throat-piece closed upon the victim who wore it, producing immediate strangulation. Within this helmet was found the skull of a young man. A legend of a Venetian monk reveals this mystery; but, whilst it tells this horrid tale, it goes on with the utmost serenity to give the son of Charlemagne the usual name of Louis the Good-natured!"

"*Lucus a non lucendo*," said I.

"Exactly. And now, how do you like it?" asked L——e, draining his glass.

"Capital Burgundy, by Jove!" said I, looking over my glass at him.

"Humph!"

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The expenditures of the quartermaster's department for the army, for the last fiscal year, amounted to nearly $7,000,000. —— In the reign of Queen Margaret, of Scotland, the parliament passed an act, that any maiden lady, of high or low degree, should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her, he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. ——James D. Porter, of Louisville, Ky., stands seven feet nine inches in his stockings, and is said to be the tallest man in America. ——A gentleman residing in North Weymouth has a dog in his possession that will betake himself to the water and secrete himself among a number of decoys arranged for the purpose, until a flock of wild ducks alight near him, when he will seize upon one of their number with his mouth, and convey it ashore to his master. —— In Greece, at the present day, so Mr. Baird tells us, the birth of a daughter is as much the subject of condolence, as the birth of a son is one of congratulation. ——Eighty-six Peruvian llamas arrived recently at Havana, having been imported for the Cuban authorities, by M. Rohen, a French naturalist. A considerable reward had been offered to the first person who should succeed in introducing these useful animals into the island, where they are designed for beasts of burthen. ——Just out of the city of Mecca, where Mahomet was born in the year 751, is pointed out the hill, where, it is said, Abraham went to offer up Isaac, in the year 1871 before Christ. —— This section of Minnesota, says the Henderson Democrat, is alive with the finest varieties of game. Deer, turkeys, geese, prairie chickens, etc., abound to an extent satisfactory to the most eager sportsmen. Almost every day wagon loads of wild fowls enter that place. —— The bird of paradise is a native of North Guinea, near the equator. They emigrate to Aroo in flights, but will not live in confinement. —— The Hartford Courant is informed by several correspondents, that there are no less than twenty faro banks in full operation in that city, and that there is more gambling carried on there than in any city of its size in the Union. —— Boston glories justly in her schools. Her seventy-eight school-houses have cost $1,602,333, of which $149,733 was expended last year. —— Eight thousand returning emigrants have embarked at New York for Europe in the last six months—a considerable number of them, however, to visit their friends and induce them to return with them to this country. —— A locomotive was thrown from the track the other day, in Maine, by coming in contact with a moose which weighed a thousand pounds. —— The world is indebted to the Russian empire for one event of great importance. Religious toleration is proclaimed throughout the Turkish empire, and equal civil rights accorded to the Christians and the Mohammedans. —— Charles Dickens was once a strolling actor. —— The Circassians only consider a woman as of one half the value of a warrior; our fair readers will be shocked to hear, that the legal fine for slaying one is only one half the fine for killing a man. —— Throughout Italy horses are fed on good baked barley and coarse wheat bread, which is sliced with a knife, and given to them several times a day, when travelling. —— The noted post-office robber, Townsend, has again broke out of Newcastle jail. He cut his irons, and broke a passage through the floor of the cell and is now at liberty. This is his third successful escape.

GROWTH OF NEW ORLEANS.

The commerce of New Orleans, for the past year, has been larger than for any previous year. We also learn from the Crescent, that a large number of buildings are in the course of erection in that city, involving an expenditure of more than two millions of dollars. Among them are two splendid churches, two orphan asylums, one Jewish and one Catholic, a Mechanics' Institute, one medical school, a Jewish Synagogue, a cotton press to cost about $150,000; a house for James Robb, to cost $75,000; several other houses, costing from $12,000 to $35,000 each, and a large number of stores, costing from $10,000 to $20,000 each. The new custom house will not be completed in several years; it will cost $3,250,000. We are happy to record such unmistakable evidences of the prosperity of New Orleans, one of the most patriotic and enterprising of American cities.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.—It has been asserted that no one ever read the Scriptures regularly and thoroughly without being, or becoming, not only religious, but sensible and consistent. Dr. Johnson said that Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention. People are very ready to attack what they do not understand.

DYING CONFESSION.—The infamous Cæsar Borgia, on his death-bed, exclaimed:—"I have provided, in the course of my life, for everything except death; and now, alas, I am to die, although entirely unprepared."

LANGUAGE.—Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. So says Trench—and you can't "open that trench" without digging up something valuable.

LITTLE SINS.—A little hole in a ship sinks it; so a little sin sometimes produces a man's utter ruin. We should guard against "small vices," as well as great errors.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Joseph Bonaparte wrote to his brother, the emperor, "All is vanity except a good conscience and self-respect."

Wayside Gatherings.

A woman in Salem, Mass., recently died in four hours from the effects of a spider bite.

Mrs. Ruth Pennington died from the effects of a severe fit of sneezing, in Baltimore.

The London Daily News thinks it probable that Queen Victoria will soon visit Canada.

The pacha of Egypt has made a contract with a French house to light Alexandria with gas.

Mdlle. Taglioni, younger sister of the great dancer, has appeared successfully at Berlin as an actress.

The Prussian government, by a new decree, pronounces death against any one selling poison, by which life is lost.

Gov. Clark has pardoned Sylvanus Butler, of Utica, who was sentenced to three years in the State prison for passing counterfeit money.

A man named S. H. Patterson was shot in the streets of Charleston by Robert Lynes. The shooting was caused by an ordinary quarrel.

Miss Louisa Reeder, the actress and authoress, is no longer Miss Reeder, having married a wealthy gentleman in Baltimore. She is now Mrs. Doctor Wright.

Joseph Ockes recently shot and killed his step-brother, William Sylvester, in Baltimore, for insulting his sisters and a young lady who was paying them a visit.

It is a mistake to suppose that newspapers are printed for amusement, and that printers deem it a compliment when a friend begs half a dozen to give away.

A farmer returning home in his wagon, after delivering a load of corn, is a more certain sign of national prosperity, than a nobleman riding in his chariot to the opera.

The first bank was established by the Lombard Jews, A. D., 808. The word bank is derived from *banco*—a bench, which was erected in the market-place for the exchange of money.

A man of sound mind and temperate habits recently hung himself in the woods near Poughkeepsie, New York, because of some hard words with his family about sleeping accommodations.

A little son of Mr. J. D. Martin, of Greene county, Ill., was so badly gored by a vicious beast, lately, that he died from his injuries. The horn of the animal penetrated his skull just above the left eye.

A Washington letter says that contracts for deepening the Mississippi have been concluded with Messrs. Craig & Righton, of Kentucky. They contract to execute the work, and maintain it four years and a half, for $320,000.

Charlotte Smith and Louis Hines—the former twenty and the latter fourteen years of age—have been sentenced in Pittsburg, Pa., to nearly three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, for setting fire to one of the dormitories of the House of Refuge, in which they were inmates.

Jack Cross, alias Jack Morrison, who has for several years past resided at Madison, Orange county, Texas, and whose hands are stained with the murder of some half dozen human beings, including one William Sutherland, of that parish, three years ago, was lately arrested in an interior town of Louisiana.

One of the first young men in Paris has been obliged to fly the country in consequence of heavy losses—a million of francs, it is said—by gambling at one of the fashionable clubs—debts his family refuse to pay. He is said to be *en route* for the Fifth Avenue. Surely, some New York lady will take pity on him.

M. Cabet, founder of the Icarian community at Nauvoo, died at St. Louis, of an attack of apoplexy. M. Cabet's name has been brought prominently before the public within the past four or five years, in connection with his new socialistic enterprise, and he has been subjected to much criticism and animadversion.

A powder horn was discovered lately on one of the "Hunting Islands," near the mouth of the Morgan River, in South Carolina, marked "Randolph." It is the only trace ever discovered of the revenue cutter Hamilton, Captain Randolph, which was lost, with all hands, off Charleston Bar, in 1853, and never heard of.

A most singular suicide is mentioned by the Eastport (Me.) papers, as having occurred in that city. A Mr. Norton, butcher, had been missing for some hours, and after a diligent search was made, he was found in a hogshead of water, with his hands tied behind him. In this position he had terminated his existence.

A Pittsburg (Pa.) paper calculates the loss to the merchants, manufacturers, mechanics and mariners of that city, since last June, by the suspension of river navigation, is not less than $1,500,000, and pertinently inquires, "What might have been done with that much money, if applied to the improvement of the Ohio River?"

The Parisians have been amused of late by a man who walks on the water. He is supported by small air-tight boxes strapped to his feet, and has a pole in his hands, with a bladder at each end, with which he touches the water, and restores his equilibrium when about to tip over. He walks with the greatest apparent ease up and down the Seine.

In Camden, N. J., a Mr. and Mrs. Frost have been arrested on the horrible charge of causing the death of one of their own offspring. They had been interrogated, it is said, on several occasions, in reference to the disappearance of their child, and failing to give any satisfactory answer, search was instituted, and an infant answering the one in question was found dead in a basket on the Cooper's Creek Road.

A German in Patterson, N. J., named Frederick, committed suicide by drowning, on account of disappointment in love. He made money enough in this country to send for his girl from Germany; and after her arrival here postponed his marriage till he had money enough for a nice wedding. Meantime, his lady-love became acquainted with another German, and got married, whereupon Frederick drowned himself.

Some "man of the world" gives the following rule for the observance of young married ladies:—"Loll in bed until eleven, A.M., and have your toast and coffee *a la Grecque*. Rise at one, and adorn yourself to attend the most fashionable church. Be sure everything you wear is of the very latest style, otherwise there is no necessity for your going. A person who does not create surprise and numberless remarks in passing up the aisle, is not worthy of notice from any one."

A scuffle in Trenton, N. J., lately, resulted fatally. Joshua Rawnsley, the deceased, and George Rotherham, were romping good-naturedly, but roughly. Rawnsley ran into a tavern, where Rotherham followed him. In going out, Rotherham gave him a push backwards; he fell and struck his head on the curb-stone, causing concussion of the brain and death. Rotherham, as soon as he heard of Rawnsley's death, immediately left the city. If captured, he will probably be exonerated from all criminality in the case, it being accidental.

Foreign Items.

Carlyle is about to write a life of Washington. He could not select a nobler subject.

Jules Gerard, the lion killer, has been robbed of 70,000 francs confided to him by a friend to buy land in Algeria.

Suicide has been extremely prevalent the present season, in France. Six persons killed themselves in one day in Paris.

The accounts of the recent earthquake in Egypt were exaggerated. At Cairo, however, much alarm was felt. Among other incidents, Mdlle. Rachel rushed from the house in her night dress.

The "Schiller Society," in Germany, has purchased the house in which the poet lived, in Gohlis, for a sum of $2000; the building is an old tumble-down tenement, and has long been offered for sale.

It is said that Maximilian, of Bavaria, has recently shown a great interest in geological matters, and under his auspices, in the various quarries of his kingdom, many curious and beautiful petrifactions have been brought to light.

New apples of extraordinary excellence have been discovered in the Crimea—one of which keeps until July, and an autumn apple, thought to be the best ever tasted in any country. They will doubtless find their way to America and England.

Some soldiers, who were firing a Minie rifle at a target at Magdeburg, at a distance of 1000 paces, hit and mortally wounded a laborer at work 700 paces beyond. A sheep was accidentally killed in England with the Enfield rifle, from a distance of 2500 yards.

The Journal de Constantinople announces that in a battle fought on the river Kuban, the Russians left 16 guns and 800 prisoners in the hands of the Circassians. It is also announced that the Russians have been driven back from the river Kuban, with the loss of many men and guns.

Sands of Gold.

.... No good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Impatience is a proof of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be.—*Landor.*

.... It is sometimes quite enough for a man to feign ignorance of that which he knows, to gain the reputation of knowing that of which he is ignorant.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Of all studies, the most delightful and the most useful is biography. The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. No history was ever true.—*Landor.*

.... The proverbial wisdom of the populace at gates, on roads, and in markets, instructs the attentive ear of him who studies man, more fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously arranged.—*Lavater.*

.... To me the progress of society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to elevate and strengthen his own mind.—*Channing.*

.... Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—*Chesterfield.*

.... Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions.—*Addison.*

Joker's Budget.

There is one evil that doctors in length of time do effectually cure us of—and that is, the faith we place in their nostrums.

The lady whose dress was too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to be washed, had a matter of serious import to decide.

A newspaper was started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent, who signed himself "a constant reader."

An Irishman, who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered:—"If the house were turned topsy-turvy, I'd be livin' on the first flure!"

We see advertised as for sale by a certain firm, "Candles for City Consumption." This, we presume, is a new method of preparing cod liver oil as a remedy for consumption.

Wise persons, when they take advice, go to a physician, but fools go to a quack—and the large disproportion between the two classes explains why so many quacks make their fortunes, whilst many a clever physician starves.

A friend of ours says that he has been without money so long, that his head aches "ready to split" when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says the notion that "we live in a world of *change*," is a great fallacy.

A late celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked:—"Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

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THE BOQUET MAN.
THE BOOT BLACK.
GINGER NUTS
THE BOWERY BOY.
THE BROADWAY SWELL.
BOWERY THEATER
THIS NIGHT
SKETCHES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS of NEW YORK
GLASS PUT IN !
LETTER PAPER.
THE BLIND BEGGAR

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1856. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. | VOL. XI., No. 26.—WHOLE No. 286.

MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING, STATE STREET.

We present below a very fine view of the exterior of the Merchants' Bank building, corner of State and Exchange Streets, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Waud, and mathematically correct in all its details, besides having a fine artistic effect. The building which occupied the site of the new edifice was massive and enduring, but it was removed to give place to a more commodious and splendid structure. The old columns of Chelmsford granite, the most conspicuous feature of the old bank, have been recut and fluted, so that the whole front now present a uniformity of color. The first story and a portion of the basement above the sidewalk are combined to form a plain and solid substructure for the second or principal story, and the third story, which are formed into an arcaded order. On the State Street front, this is divided into five compartments, the two angle compartments projecting somewhat beyond the three central. These have two attached columns of the Ionic order, and the whole is surmounted by an attic with projecting pedestals over the columns below. On these pedestals are urn-shaped finials. The offices of the Merchants' Bank are on the second or principal floor. The new façade on Exchange Street consists of four compartments, treated similarly to those at the angles of the State Street façade. The whole of the work is executed in Concord granite, a material which, as regards color and durability, is not excelled by any building-material yet found. It is nearly white, having a very slight tinge of warmish gray, contrasting favorably with the bluer Quincy granite. The completed building reflects great credit on all concerned, and will be a conspicuous ornament to State Street. This street has changed astonishingly within half a century, the only landmark of the olden time, when it was King Street, being the Old State House. Long may it be before that veteran sentinel is removed—though we dare say there are innovators who would be glad to see it cashiered. As it is, it divides the stream of travel, and compresses it into two very narrow channels on the north and south. But though modern exigency is imperious, there are certain exceptional cases which ought to be conscientiously considered. The Old State House is identified with the history of the city and the nation; the silent and venerable witness of deeds recorded in imperishable annals,—deeds that will reverberate forever through the arches of time. It has looked down on many a patriotic meeting,—on many a scene of danger, glory and triumph. At its base was poured out the life-blood of the people, on that memorable moonlight winter night of 1770, when the British troops and the people of the city came into collision. It has survived many a trying political and financial crisis.



THE NEW MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR DEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS.

"Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together.
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After our flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty and not to banishment."

"How is my prisoner?" said Colonel Dupre, that afternoon, as he entered Herbert Yancey's room. "Prisoners, I should have said though, gentlemen, for here are two of you."

Herbert frankly related the occurrences of the preceding night, at which the colonel laughed heartily.

"Who ever heard," said he, "of a prisoner's going forth to capture another, to keep him company? Jesting aside, Mr. Ordway, I doubt if you are fairly taken, and shall not therefore report you."

"Is General Montgomery really dead?" asked Yancey.

"I regret to say that he is. The first discharge from our battery at the column which he commanded, killed him and his two aids-de-camp. Arnold was also wounded as he led on the other storming party, or we should have another story to tell. As it was, this Major Morgan and his Virginia Riflemen came very near capturing the place. But I have overstaid my time. *Au revoir!*"

Before nightfall, Ordway grew ill, for, like Herbert Yancey, his wound acted upon his brain, and the next morning when Estelle came with her attendant, she found her patient totally unconscious. He lay thus for a long, long week, during which time Herbert and Estelle were much of the time at his bedside, striving to alleviate his anguish, though their hearts grew fainter and fainter at the daily visits of the surgeon, who would merely say, "No better—failing fast—all you can do is to make him comfortable."

Yet nature did triumph; and as the invalid gained strength, his tell-tale eyes would so follow the movements of his lovely nurse that Herbert could easily read the feelings which prompted the earnest gaze—gratitude, but above that, a higher, holier passion. The semi-civilized heart of the maiden was evidently equally filled with admiration for the daring, stalwort young mechanic, who, like herself, scorned the effeminate restraints of society, and worshipped at the shrine of freedom. Their position was such as to foster the growth of their passion, which could put forth leaf and flower, without an adverse wind to retard its growth. Day by day would they bask in the sunlight of each other's smiles, without even thinking whether the glad warmth would ever ripen it to perfect fruition, introduced alike by the chill of officious friendship, or the sneer of insidious envy. Neither vows nor declarations, promises nor plighting of troth was thought of, and they floated along on the full current of affection, unconscious of its depth, and regardless of rocks or whirlpools to be encountered.

One morning, the two young men heard the firing of minute guns, and soon the music of a full band, as it passed the castle, pealed forth a funeral march. Just then, Estelle came on her daily visit, but this time she was accompanied by Madame de Frontenac. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, Herbert inquired what was transpiring without.

"They are interring General Montgomery's remains with martial honors," said Madame de Frontenac. "Nor does it seem a year since Wolfe and Montcalm received the same honors."

"That was ten years ago, was it not?" inquired Yancey.

"Ten!" replied Ordway; "it is fifteen. I never shall forget the time, for it was while a sermon was being preached in honor of Wolfe's memory that a French vessel called the Saint Anne was wrecked on Plum Island. Crowds of the Newburyport people went down, and stood on the beach, but they could render no assistance."

"What!" eagerly exclaimed Madame de Frontenac. "Did you see the Saint Anne wrecked? And did all on board perish?"

"Not all," answered Frank Ordway. "I believe that some of her passengers and crew, who made a raft before the vessel drifted through the breakers, were able to get ashore at Ipswich. But only one living soul was saved at Newburyport."

"And that was—"

"It was a little girl, about whom my friend here can tell you more than I can, for I have often heard her say that a gold cross she always wore was the only distinguishing link between her life before and after the wreck. If I have not seen that very cross as Herbert has stooped over me in his night attire of late, my eyes deceive me."

Madame de Frontenac, with an hysterical laugh, sprang towards Herbert, and he, as if divining her desires, detached the cross from his neck. Seizing it with a convulsive movement, she gave it a twist, gazing on it the while as if her destiny was locked up within it. Ah! it moves—it opens, and the astonished spectators beheld the cross separated into two, opening on a pivot, with an inscription on the inner side of each. One half bore the name of Jules de Bourg Frontenac, the other that of Marguerita d'Artois.

"And she!" exclaimed the overjoyed mother. "Does my daughter live?"

A long explanation ensued, frequently interrupted by the overpowering happiness of Madame de Frontenac, who now began to yearn for the long treasured idol of her heart. While they were thus happily conversing, there was a knock at the door, and Colonel Dupre entered. He was evidently downcast and embarrassed from some cause, and seemed unwilling to speak. But at last he said:

"You well know, Mr. Yancey, that I considered you a victim to that villain Holbrook, and ever regretted having made a prisoner of you under such circumstances. Now—"

He paused, and all gazed at him as if his silence was ominous of bad news.

"Let me know the worst," said Herbert, in a tone which showed how difficult it was to control the terrible misgivings of his heart, "even if I am standing on the brink of a spy's grave."

"Nay—I hope that you will be rescued from such a position. But your misguided countrymen seem determined to keep up the siege, and the governor feels constrained to adopt harsh measures. You, unfortunately, were captured while on an expedition not recognized as entitling you to the humanity of war, and, I regret to say, a court martial has been ordered to try you to-morrow. The appearance of your friend here has not only given rise to unfavorable rumors about you, but he is also to be put on trial as your accomplice."

With a low bow and a look which expressed his sorrow at having been the bearer of such tidings, the colonel left the room. A dead silence reigned, and it seemed as though a funeral pall was already hung over the two young men, who sat buried in thought. But the effect of the news was most evident upon the Indian girl, who was untutored in those arts which refinement has adopted to conceal the wildest passion of the soul. Rising, she went up to Madame de Frontenac, and knelt before her.

"Mother," said she, "you have rescued the fawn from captivity, and she has grown up beneath your care. But another now shares her love. With him is one who has the affection of your own daughter—she of whom you have ever spoken. Shall we leave these young warriors here, perhaps to die like dogs? or shall we not go with them to their own land, that we may see them free, and thus you can gladden the daughter of your love and the unworthy child of your adoption?"

* * * * *

That night, Major Morgan, who was quartered at the Intendant's Palace, had invited the officers of his Rifle Battalion to sup with him, and the table was laid in the conservatory, now shorn of its vernal glories. The attendants had fled into the city on the approach of the continental forces, and the plants, deprived of artificial warmth, wore the gorgeous livery of the winter-king. Several balls from the city batteries had also made sad havoc with the glass roof, but it was nevertheless a capital place for a feast, and right merrily were the Virginians enjoying themselves.

All at once, and as if by magic, two men wearing the uniform of the Royal Canadians stepped from the large clump of palm trees in the centre, causing no small consternation. All sprang to their feet, and Morgan exclaimed:

"Turn out the guard! Have the long roll beat! If we are surprised, let us die like men!"

"For'rd, boys,—for'rd!" exclaimed one of the intruders.

And Morgan, gazing at him for a moment with a blank expression of astonishment, fairly shouted:

"Herbert Yancey, by the fates! and here is that Newburyport man, too, who was returned as killed! Are any more dead men with you?"

"No," replied Herbert, "but here are two ladies, and we ask for them, to whom we are indebted for life and for liberty, your respect."

It would be a difficult task to describe the scene that followed, after the ladies had been escorted to the room in the Intendant's Palace, which Madame de Frontenac had so long occupied. When they had been made as comfortable as circumstances would admit of, the two escaped prisoners returned, and inquiries and replies were interchanged like the volleys of musketry during the unsuccessful attempt to carry the city by storm. Major Morgan concocted a potent bowl of punch, and a scene of jovial revelry ensued that showed how those who had been considered dead—for such had been the official record against each name,—were esteemed by their comrades. True, the army was in a disabled condition, with nothing to encourage any hopes of success, and all respect for Colonel Arnold had vanished, since he refused to let Morgan take command when within the city on the night of the attack. Many, too, who had enlivened the last social gathering, were now in their silent resting-places; but in war—as a gifted writer has truly said—the last shovelful of earth upon the grave buries both the dead and the mourning. Events so strikingly opposite in their character and influences succeed so rapidly one upon another, that the soldier's mind, kept in a whirl of excitement, accustoms itself to change with every phase of circumstances, regarding their succession as natural as that of the seasons.

The next morning, Yancey and Ordway reported themselves for duty, and reported a furlough, with leave to return to Massachusetts—a favor which Arnold could not refuse to grant them. It was evident to Herbert that he felt guilty, but no opportunity for apology was given, and they separated, never to meet again. A detachment of the wounded was returning to Albany, and the quartette accompanied the sleighs, passing through the forests without meeting with any remarkable adventure.

A month from the day on which they left Quebec, they entered Newburyport, and drove at once to the rectory, where Madame Ordway received her son with great joy; but alas! Mabel Gwynne was not there, neither did any one know where she was.

* * * * *

There was a wedding at the rectory, and the old house was crowded with spectators, eager to see their townsman, who had returned as it were from death, and brought a forest-flower to grace his home. The Sons of Liberty presented the bride with a heavy silver tea-pot (yet preserved as a heir-loom by her descendants), and Madame de Frontenac settled a handsome dowry on her protege.

How all wished that good old Parson Gwynne could have performed the ceremony, but no one could even give a clue to his whereabouts. A few weeks after the expedition left for Quebec, he sailed with his ward for St. John's, to join Judge Upham and other loyalists, who had there formed a colony. Certain it was that the vessel had never arrived there, and many speculations were afloat as to the probable fate of those on board.

As Herbert Yancey and Madame de Frontenac stood side by side at the wedding, their calm, strong natures—so different in the love-tempests within, so alike in the forced quietness without—were thrilled by thoughts of another. Both secretly hoped that the day would come when one of them should lead Mabel Gwynne to the altar, taking her "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death should them part."

CHAPTER XX.

UNION OF HEARTS AND HANDS.

"O absence! by thy stern decree,
How many a heart, once light and free,
Is filled with doubts and fears!
Thy days like tedious weeks do seem,
Thy weeks slow-moving months we deem,
Thy months, long-lingering years."

A MERE sketch of Herbert Yancey's brilliant career through the remaining years of the revolutionary war, would be a history of that glorious struggle, for his sword flamed like a meteor wherever Washington directed the fight, and in more than one official despatch was his name mentioned with such praise as made his mother's heart leap with joy, while she thanked the God of battles for his preserving care. Attached to the staff of the illustrious chief who was "first in war," he enjoyed rare opportunities for witnessing the lights and shades of that protracted contest, which never could have been sustained by the revolting colonies had not a sacred love of liberty inspired the continental troops.

But while the young soldier's ear often heard the distant boom of the hostile gun, the nigh thunder of field batteries, the rolling of musketry, the tread of columns, and the clash of engaging squadrons, there were other sounds for which his heart longed—sounds that would have been even more welcome than the shouts of victory. His mother was never forgotten, and pleasant memories of Mabel Gwynne, his plighted bride, cheered him on the march and in the fight, in the hard-fought battles contested beneath the sultry rays of summer suns, and in that icy cantonment at Valley Forge, where, if a sentry ceased his march, drowsiness would hurry him into the sleep of death. It was this double love which encouraged him to action, and which enabled him, with unwearied perseverance, to perform his arduous duties.

Yet he had his moments of depression. Whenever he saw any one who, by some similarity of form or voice, reminded him of Mabel, he felt an irresistible pang that, for the time, embittered even his very existence. Often did he endeavor to imagine where she was, for he had never obtained tidings of her, and a thousand wild speculations alternately chased each other through his brain.

Madame de Frontenac, by the kind intercession of Colonel Dupre, transferred her ample fortune to the States, and was welcomed at Evermay by Madame Yancey, who loved her as the deliverer of her son from death. She spared no pains in having inquiries made throughout the British provinces, for Parson Gwynne and his ward, her daughter. The result was ever the same, yet the fond mother hoped on.

At length came the decisive struggle at Yorktown, where the flower of the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, held a defensible position selected with consummate judgment, and strengthened by art. Washington, reinforced by the French allies under Lafayette, made an equal display of military knowledge in besieging the place, and his personal heroism was never more conspicuously displayed than in the coolness with which he approached so near the enemy's lines when reconnoitering, as to attract the fire of their sharpshooters on several occasions. Naturally humane, the great chieftain wished to spare all useless effusion of blood; but it was so evident that two redoubts must be carried by storm, that at last he issued his orders. One party selected for this daring duty was from the continental line, headed by Alexander Hamilton; the other was composed entirely of Frenchmen, under the command of Baron de Viomeuil, to whom Herbert Yancey was assigned as special aid.

The two columns—"brothers in arms, yet rivals for renown"—were formed immediately after sunset, and without ammunition! Cold steel was to do the work, and every man felt that now was the time to display his gallantry. At last, a rocket shot up from before Washington's marque, and the columns started, diverging towards the redoubts, which poured forth a galling fire of grape shot.

Yancey, accustomed to the rapid, irregular movements of the Americans, could but admire the steady coolness with which the French grenadiers moved forward, as if passing in review. As they approached, the grape shot ploughed through their ranks, but the veteran Viomeuil did not quicken his step. Going before the leading company, and facing them as if giving a drill, he moved forward, back to the enemy, exclaiming, coolly: "Left—left—left—dress up on the right—left—left!" And it was not until he was within ten paces of the redoubt, from which the red flames danced wildly and the balls whistled fast, that he gave the command:

"Halt! On, first company deploy into column! Pioneers and fascine carriers to the front!"

At this moment, up dashed Major Barbour, aid to General Lafayette, who had accompanied the other column.

"Baron," said he, "we have taken our redoubt."

"Not by the regulations," replied the baron, with a sigh at the unprofessional neglect of tactics. "But we will honor your ball at sight." Then waving his sword, he shouted: "*En avant, mes braves,—en avant!*"

"*En avant—en avant!*" burst from every Frenchman; and without any heed to rank or order, they plunged into the ditch, made their way through the abbatis, and rushed into the redoubt like a mountain torrent. There was a sanguinary struggle, but ere many minutes had elapsed, the white flag waved in triumph, and Herbert was despatched to Washington's marquee with the gratifying intelligence of success. Never, it is said, was Washington more profuse of congratulations than after the splendid termination of this twin assault.

Encouraged by success, the American army now advanced steadily towards the town, and Cornwallis in vain endeavored to drive them back by sorties. The veterans of England, under cover of their artillery, would advance towards the Americans with dauntless bearing, but would as often be repulsed, leaving the ground on which they had fought covered with the slain. Resistance at last became madness, and the drums of the British grenadiers, which had so often been insolently beat throughout the land, now called for a "parley." Cornwallis capitulated. America was free!

Herbert Yancey seemed to bear a charmed life throughout the siege, as he galloped to and fro with orders, often joining in a charge, or covering a retreat. Lafayette was especially attracted by his bravery, and at his marquee, he found, to his surprise, his old college instructor, Professor de Bourg. The vivacious old botanist, after studies were interrupted at Harvard, had been persuaded to serve on the staff as interpreter, and was thus of great service when the French troops first arrived, ignorant as they were of the English language.

One pleasant evening, after the capitulation was signed, Herbert—now Colonel Yancey—was sent by Washington with orders to Lafayette, and as that general was away making arrangements for the next day's surrender, the professor asked his old pupil for a recital of his Quebec campaign. From the questions which the old gentleman had to ask, it was evident that he was familiar with Quebec. Then he manifested a deep interest in the story of Holbrook's villany, and when Madame de Frontenac's name was mentioned, he became very much excited.

At once, and by one of those mysterious mind-workings which all have experienced and none can explain, the truth flashed upon Herbert's mind. Why had it never occurred to him before?

"By the way, professor," said he, "is your first name James or Jacob?"

"Neither," pettishly replied the old gentleman. "It is Jules. Pray go on with your story."

"Yes," exclaimed Herbert, taking the cross from his neck, opening it, and reading: "Jules de Bourg Frontenac!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried the astonished listener. "*Il a mon secret!*"

Herbert was sufficiently acquainted with the family history of the Frontenacs to convince the repudiating husband that he had been led, by Holbrook's villany, to cast from him a true heart—a heart which was well stored with generous faith, unfailing constancy, and womanly love. Bitter tears, too, did the afflicted father shed, to think that he had been, during so many years, within one day's journey of his daughter, yet now could not see her. Before General Lafayette returned, he wrote a long letter to his wife, asking her forgiveness, and begging that he might again see her. This letter Herbert promised to forward without delay, and returned to his quarters.

When he went over the next morning, he found that the mental exertion of the night had so overcome Professor de Bourg, or rather De Bourg Frontenac, that he was in a raging fever. The surgeon shook his head gravely, yet said that if he could be removed to some quiet house in Yorktown, and carefully nursed, he might recover. Herbert sent off the letter of penitence, writing his mother to accompany Madame de Frontenac, if she came; and no sooner did the "stars and stripes" replace "St. George's cross" on the flag-staff of the captured town, than he entered it, in quest of the desirable lodgings. For a time he was unsuccessful, but at last he was directed to the house of a strange old gentleman, who was, his informant said, a clergyman. He lived alone with a female relative, who had acquired the name of the Protestant nun. Apparently dead to the pleasures of the world, she was alive to deeds of charity and good works.

As Herbert rode up to the quiet cottage where he thus hoped to find a refuge for the invalid, he was struck with its neatness. A servant opened the door, and said that she would call "the lady of the house," for Herbert had not learned her name. Soon a female form, dressed in black, entered the room. There was a mutual recognition—a mutual cry of surprise. It was Mabel Gwynne!

Herbert, folding her to his heart, gazed with speechless tenderness upon the loved face that had for so many years haunted him in visions by day and in dreams by night. There had been some change, time having added dignity and maturity to her beauty, but her cheeks again glowed with the unutterable language of steadfast and sacred love. That moment's joy, before either had spoken, compensated for years of absence, and mourning, and despair. Each had thought the other dead, but neither had ever doubted that the other's last thought had been of his or her plighted love. Their sun of happiness, which had so long been clouded, shone forth with dazzling brilliancy, and their tears of happiness, like rain drops on the forest after a summer shower, but added to the bright hues of their perfect joy.

Why prolong this chronicle, when its chequered events are all to be harmonized, as brawling brooks flow into deep, quiet streams? Professor de Bourg Frontenac, nursed by his daughter's tender care, was forgiven by his wife, even as he forgave her, and they forgot the remembrance of their long estrangement in the love of their long lost child. Parson Gwynne could but manifest some feeling at seeing strangers thus step in between him and his adopted child, but he soon became reconciled to it, and received with complacency the never ceasing thanks of Madame de Frontenac for his fatherly care.

* * * * * *

Once more the old church of St. Paul's was opened for religious services, and although it was a week-day, there was not a vacant seat within the time-honored walls. Again the solemn tones of the organ were heard, and then the venerable rector—paler, thinner, feebler than when he last officiated—ascended the sacred desk. Slowly and solemnly did he read the morning prayer from the sacred volume which had so long remained closed, following it to the letter until he came to the collect which had been such a bone of contention in years gone by.

Drawing a paper from his pocket, one side of which was covered with writing, while on the other gleamed four scarlet wafers, he said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Providence having blessed the arms of this people, and our late sovereign having recognized their independence, let us henceforth, as before, acknowledge a temporal supremacy, and 'render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

Then moistening the wafers, he fastened the manuscript over that portion of the open page which contained the prayer for the king, and read, from the manuscript, a fervent prayer for those who ruled the "United States of America."

A thrill of satisfaction appeared to pervade the entire assembly; but there was even more joy manifested on the many familiar countenances upon whom the good pastor gazed, when, at the conclusion of the service, Colonel Herbert Yancey and Mabel Gwynne de Frontenac advanced to the altar, "to be joined together in holy matrimony, which is commended by St. Paul to be honorable among all men."

There are those living who remember the feasts which followed, especially the dinner given by Squire Tracy to the Rifle officers, who came to congratulate their comrade, and the party at the rectory, where Frank Ordway and his wife for many years contributed to the comfort of the old rector. But the great rejoicings were at Evermay, where old Virginia hospitality was dispensed with a lavish hand, and Morgan himself made barrels of punch for the scores of ridemen who came to see their old quarter-master and his bride. Washington himself wrote a warm letter of congratulation, and invited, not only the happy couple, but Herbert's mother and Mabel's parents to visit Mount Vernon.

"What more—what more! O, why need we pursue
Unto its close a tale of love so true!
Calm in its holy depths their future lies,
Scarce visited by aught save angel eyes.
Yet, if you *will* know all—they loved and died;
And slept, at last, pale lovers, side by side;
Mourned by their only child, who made his way,
To fame and fortune in an after day.
So ends the tale. There stares from off their stone
No praise of self, no skull, nor crossed bone;
But from their rainbow love a lustre glows
Which leads us on—like fragrance from the rose—
Which bids us love, and hope, and trust to truth,
And see age radiant through the tears of youth."

THE PRISON OF BREST.

Adjoining the arsenal may be seen a vast building of considerable architectural pretensions, to which the Englishman is admitted by merely showing his passport and entering his name in a book. This is the famous Bagnes, or prison, to which the worst description of criminals are consigned. Though I was prepared for a painful exhibition, the reality was blacker than the anticipated picture. Having complied with the required formalities, I was conducted by a *garde* through extensive passages into a hall about three hundred feet long and fifty broad, furnished with a great number of sloping wooden platforms, about four feet apart and so disposed as to allow free passage around the room. These form the beds of the convicts, who, at night, and when not at work in the dockyard, are secured to them. Those under the heaviest sentences are also chained in pairs. They are attired in a loose red serge coat and yellow trousers. When I entered the hall, they had just been chained to the platforms, and those I saw, with few exceptions, possessed physiognomies of the most forbidding nature. To intimidate and suppress revolt, cannon loaded with grape are placed at the ends of the room, and so adjusted as to sweep the entire apartment. Talking is strictly forbidden; and during the periods of labor, which are extremely long, the prisoners are overlooked by hard task-masters, who compel them to work without any relaxation. I had seen quite enough; and many hours elapsed before my mental vision of fierce passions chafing in chains became dim. At the time of my visit, the Bagnes contained about 4000 prisoners, but there is chain-accommodation for double that number.—*Weld's Vacation.*

HISTORY OF A DRINKING CLUB.

Some years ago, in a large town in the west of Scotland, there existed a drinking club of upwards of twenty members, all of whom belonged to the middle classes of society. This club had a great influence in municipal affairs, and several of its members were elected to fill posts in the town council. The drinking was carried on to a fearful extent in the tavern where they met. The members were to be found often in the club at all hours of night and day. Their drinking was often connected with such noisy mirth as to attract the attention of the passers by. The club was broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days.—*Buxton.*

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEND.

Do you really read the article? It probably is a pretty common dress, in furniture, but what sort of heroine will it be to you? Or it to some luxury for the table, that you can as well do without? Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bonnet, or new dress, you are tempted to buy some other little luxury you had not intended, and while you hesitate, the dealer says to you, "It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is." Not, before you purchase, stop to think. Will you be the better a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to "lay by something for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for the moment: you soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances, not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses; and the first step towards learning this lesson, is to think before you spend.—*Economical Hints.*

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DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

We are indebted to the kindness and liberality of Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, for the pleasure of presenting our readers with the fine wood engravings on this and the following page. They are extracted from the splendid work in two 8vo. volumes, of which the full title is "Arctic Explorations; the second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54 and '55. By Elisha Kent Kane, M D., U. S. N. Illustrated by upwards of 300 engravings, from sketches by the author. The steel plates executed under the superintendence of J. M. Butler, the wood engravings by Van Ingen & Snyder." An effort was made to induce Congress to publish Dr. Kane's narrative; but that having failed, recourse was had to private enterprise, and the spirit with which Messrs. Childs & Peterson assumed the task, and the perfect style in which they have accomplished it, places them in the front rank of American publishers, and will forever connect their names with the memorable expedition they have thus heralded to the world. Their book will compare favorably with the finest works of the kind issued by the European press. We are happy to learn that their services are appreciated, and that, after obtaining thirty thousand subscribers in advance, they are meeting with more calls for the work than they can keep pace with. Our paper of to-day contains fair specimens of the wood cuts; the steel engravings are numerous, and in the highest style of art. The frontispiece of the first volume is a fine likeness of Dr. Kane; that of the second, a striking portrait of Henry Grionell, the liberal New York merchant, whose name is associated with two of the most memorable Arctic expeditions on record. Dr. Kane, it will be remembered, held a subordinate position in the Grinnell expedition, which was commanded by Lieut. De Haven; but he was its historiographer, and the experience he obtained on that voyage, together with energy and honorable ambition, admirably fitted him to take command of this second expedition, the primary object of



METEK.

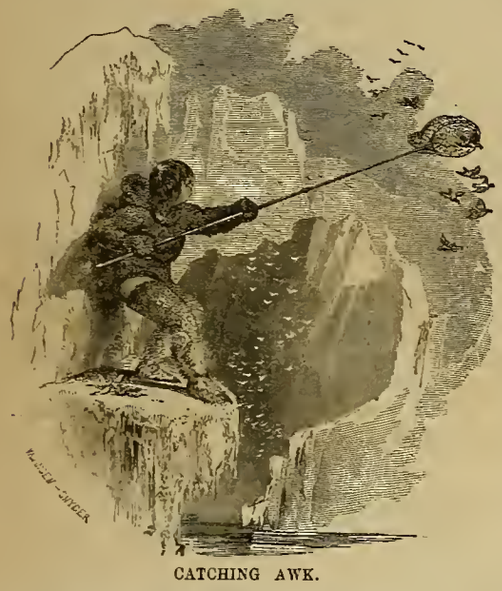
which was the discovery of Sir John Franklin, while the attainment of important scientific results was also anticipated from the voyage. Dr. Kane's vessel was the "Advance," belonging to Mr. Grinnell, in which he had previously sailed, and which was generously placed at his disposal for the cruise. Mr. Peabody, the American banker, of London, contributed liberally to the outfit; and a number of American scientific associations afforded assistance to the adventurers in various ways. Dr. Kane and nine others of his party were under orders from the U. S. navy department, the remainder were shipped for the cruise on moderate salaries, and all were volunteers. The principal regulations adopted, as laws for this special service, were subordination, abstinence from intoxicating liquors, except when dispensed by special order, and the habitual disuse of profane language. The "Advance" sailed from New York, May 30, 1853. In eighteen days, she made the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, where Dr. Kane was handsomely received by Governor Hamilton, who gave him a noble team of Newfoundland dogs. The brig reached Baffin's Bay without incident. On the 23d of August, they had reached north latitude 73 deg. 41 min. On the 10th of September, they reached a bay which they named Rensellaer Harbor, where they spent two winters. A sketch of Rensellaer Island will be found among our engravings. They were finally compelled to abandon the brig, and to make a journey of 1300 miles to the Danish settlements of Greenland, where they were relieved by Lieut. H. G. Hartstene, in command of an expedition fitted for their relief. Dr. Kane's narrative, embracing all that befell them, describing their various journeyings in search of Franklin, making an aggregate of 3000 miles, under every imaginable difficulty, the discovery of the "Iceless Sea" in the extreme north, the strange aspects of nature in the polar regions, the natural history, the geology, the people of the frozen north, has all the interest of the most thrilling romance. Nothing can be more modest than the manner in which the author speaks of himself; yet the simple record of his acts proves him to be a hero, such a one as Europe loads with titles, crosses and wealth—such a one as America delights to honor with heartfelt applause. Whatever may be his worldly fortune, Dr. Kane has succeeded in establishing an imperishable name. Let us now glance at the pictures before us. The first engraving is a head of Metek, an Esquimaux, who made the acquaintance of Dr. Kane at Rensellaer Harbor. "He was," says Dr. Kane, "nearly a head taller than myself, extremely powerful and well built, with swarthy complexion and piercing black eyes. His dress was a hooded capote or jumper, of mixed white and blue fox-pelts, arranged with something of fancy, and booted trousers of white bear-skin, which at the end of the foot were made to terminate with the claws of the animal." The entire costume is seen in another picture, on the next page —"Nessak in his travelling dress." An Esquimaux of fourteen is seen in the sketch of Panlik, Metek's nephew, described as "fine-looking," that is, for an Esquimaux, we suppose. That our readers may form some idea of an Esquimaux beauty, we present a portrait of Anak, the wife of Nessak, one of Dr. Kane's northern friends. It will be observed that the style of *coiffure* is not very unlike that adopted by our fair countrywomen a few years since. The second engraving represents an Arctic sledge, loaded and drawn by nine men in their bear-like costumes. "I named her the 'Faith,'" says Dr. Kane. "Her length was thirteen feet, and breadth four. She could readily carry fourteen hundred pounds of mixed stores. This noble old sledge, which is now endeared to us by every pleasant association, bore the brunt of the heaviest parties, and came back, after the descent of the coast, comparatively sound. The men were attached to her in such a way as to make the line of draught or traction as near as possible in the axis of the weight. Each man had his own shoulder-belt, or 'rue-raddy,' as we used to call it, and his own track line, which, for want of horse-hair, was made of Manilla rope: it traversed freely by a ring on a loop or bridle, that extended from runner to runner in front of the sledge. These track-ropes varied in length, so as to keep the members of the party from interfering with each other by walking abreast. The longest was three fathoms, eighteen feet, in length; the shortest, directly fastened to the sledge-runner, as a means of guiding or suddenly arresting and turning the vehicle. The cargo for this journey (the first), without including the provisions of the party, was almost exclusively pemmican. Some of this was put up in cylinders of tinned iron with conical terminations, so as to resist the assaults of the white bear; but the larger quantity was in strong wooden cases or kegs, well hooped with iron, holding about 70 pounds each." Another picture of the "Faith," with a group unloading her, and a polar bear lying dead beside her, appears on the next page. On this page is a picture of the boat called the "Faith" also, which did Dr. Kane "yeoman's service," and which is now at the Brooklyn navy-yard. The third picture on this page represents the sledge called the "Little Willie," with its team of four Newfoundland dogs, Dr. Kane, in his Arctic costume, driving. "My dogs," says he, "were both Esquimaux and Newfoundland. Of these last I had ten: they were to be carefully broken, to travel by voice without the whip, and were expected to be very useful for heavy draught, as their tractability would allow the driver to regulate their pace. I was already training them (this was at the commencement of his adventures) in a light sledge, to drive, unlike the Esquimaux, two abreast, with regular harness, a breast collar of flat leather, and a pair of traces. Six of them made a powerful travelling-team, and four could carry me and my instruments, for short journeys around the brig, with great ease. The sledge I used for them was built, with the care of cabinet-work, of American hickory, thoroughly seasoned. The curvature of the runners was determined experimentally: they were shod with annealed steel, and fastened by copper rivets which could be renewed at pleasure. Except this, no metal entered into its construction. All its parts were held together by seal-skin lashings, so that it yielded to inequalities of surface and to sudden shock. The three paramount considerations of lightness, strength and diminished friction were well combined in it. This beautiful, and, as we afterwards found, efficient sledge, was named the 'Little Willie.'" Following the picture of this sledge, is a representation of the manner of catching awks, birds which the Esquimaux relish highly. They breed in low cones of rubbish among the cliffs. The Esquimaux, perched in a convenient station, employs a purse-net, made of seal-skin, and fastened to the end of a tusk of the narwhal, sometimes spliced, to give it the requisite length, and so scoops up his feathered prey as they fly by him in startled numbers. We



SLEDGE DRAWN BY MEN.



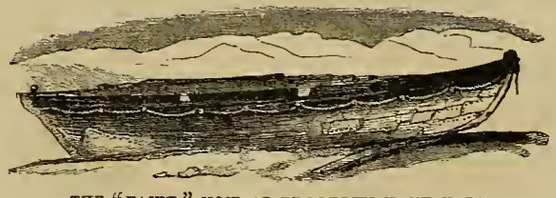
LITTLE WILLIE AND NEWFOUNDLANDERS.



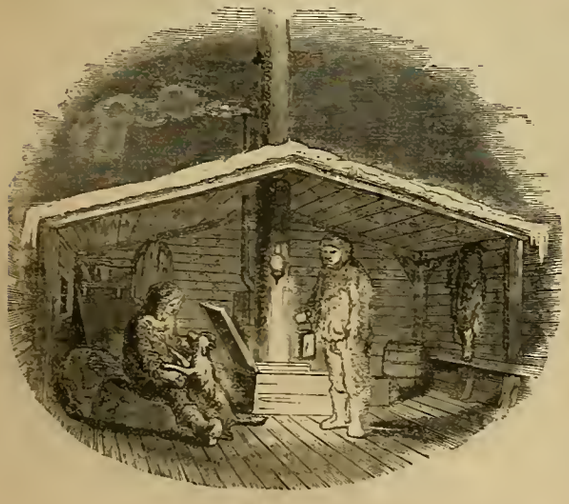
CATCHING AWK.



EIDER ISLAND.



THE "FAITH," NOW AT BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.



DECK BY LAMPLIGHT.



RENSELLAER ISLAND.

have next a picture of "Eider Island," with an eider duck and her brood of young ones. Near the Littleton Island of Captain Inglefield, "we saw," says Dr. Kane, "a number of ducks, both eiders and hareldas; and it occurred to me that by tracking their flight, we should reach their breeding-grounds. There was no trouble in doing so, for they flew in a bee-line to a group of rocky islets, above which the whole horizon was studded with birds. A rugged little ledge, which I named 'Eider Island,' was so thickly colonized that we could hardly walk without treading on a nest. We killed with guns and stones over two hundred birds in a few hours. It was near the close of the breeding season. The nests were still occupied with the mother-birds, but many of the young had burst the shell, and were nestling under the wing, or taking their first lessons in the water-pools. Some, more advanced, were already in the ice-sheltered channels, greedily waiting for the shell-fish and sea-urchins, which the old bird busied herself in procuring for them. Near by was a low and isolated rock-ledge, which we called 'Hans Island. The glaucous gulls, those cormorants of the Arctic seas, had made it their peculiar homestead. Their progeny, already full-fledged



ANAK, WIFE OF NESSAK.



NESSAK, IN TRAVELLING DRESS.



THE BRIG CRADLED.



PAULIK, METEK'S NEPHEW.

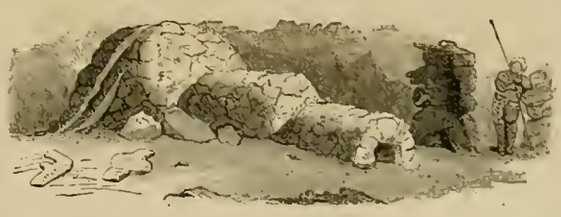
and voracious, crowded the guano whitened rocks; and the mothers, with long necks and gaping yellow bills, swooped above the peaceful shallows of the eiders, carrying off the young birds, seemingly just as their wants required. A more domineering and insatiable rapacity I have never witnessed. The gull would gobble up and swallow a young eider in less time than it takes me to describe it. For a moment you would see the paddling feet of the poor little wretch protruding from the mouth; then came a distension of the neck, as it descended into the stomach; a few moments more and the young gulls were feeding on the ejected morsel." Our next picture represents the deck of the "Advance" by lamp-light. It is built over, to ward off the extreme cold, a stove-pipe passing through the roof. Near the hatchway stands one of the party, lantern in hand, while another is seated, caressing one of the Esquimaux dogs found such valuable auxiliaries in their journeyings. The next picture is a sketch of Rensellaer Island. On this page we have a picture of the brig cradled, the decks protected by canvass from the cutting wind. She was lifted with double chains passed under at low tide, both astern and amidships. In this position she is frozen in, high and dry, to "pass an Arctic winter over an Arctic ice-bed." The next engraving presents a sketch of a group of walruses sporting among the field-ice and icebergs. Until the thermometer sinks below zero, these bulky monsters find water enough to sport, and keep in between the fields of drift-ice as they open with the tide. Besides these, they work out holes for themselves. The walruses swallow gravel and even large stones, but for what purpose, it is not known. Another picture on this page is a curious group of Esquimaux huts, which Dr. Kane found in one of his excursions from the brig. "They are four in number, long deserted, but to an eye unpractised in Arctic antiquarian deductions, in as good preservation as a last year's tenement at home. The most astonishing feature is the presence of some little out-huts, or, as I first thought them, dog-kenoels. These are about four feet by three in ground plan, and some three feet high; no larger than the polngs of the Tchuschi. In shape they resemble a rude dome; and the stones of which they are composed are of excessive size, and evidently selected for smoothness. They were, without exception, of water-washed limestone. They are heavily sodded with turf, and a narrow slab of clay-slate serves as a door. No doubt they are human habitations, retiring chambers, into which, away from the crowded families of the hut, one or even two Esquimaux have burrowed for sleep—chilly dormitories in the winter of this high latitude." Our last engraving but one represents a polar bear at bay, rearing to his full height, surrounded by hunters with their long spears. In speaking of one of his expeditions, Dr. Kane says:—"Our whole journey had been an almost unbroken and scarcely-varied series of bear-hunts. They had lost for me the attractions of novelty; but, like the contests with the walrus, they were always interesting, because characteristic of this rude people (the Esquimaux). The dogs are carefully trained not to engage in contest with the bear, but to retard his flight. While one engrosses his attention ahead, a second attacks him in the rear; and, always alert and each protecting the other, it rarely happens that they are seriously injured, or that they fail to delay the animal until the hunters come up. Let us suppose a bear scented out at the base of an iceberg. The Esquimaux examines the track with sagacious care, to determine its age and direction, and the speed with which the animal was passing when he passed along. The dogs are set upon the trail, and the hunter courses over the ice at their side in silence. As he turns the angle of the berg, his game is in view before him, stalking probably along with quiet march, sometimes snuffing the air suspiciously, but making, nevertheless, for a nest of broken hummocks. The dogs spring forward, opening in a wild wolfish yell, the driver shrieking, 'Nannook! nannook!' and all straining every nerve in pursuit. The bear rises on his haunches, inspects his pursuers, and starts off at full speed. The hunter, as he runs, leaning over his sledge, seizes the traces of a couple of his dogs, and liberates them from their harness. It is the work of a minute, for the moment is not checked, and the remaining dogs rush on with apparent ease. Now pressed more severely, the bear makes for an iceberg, and stands at bay, while his two foremost pursuers halt at a short distance, and quietly await the arrival of the hunter. At this moment, the whole pack are liberated; the hunter grasps his lance, and, tumbling through snow and ice, prepares for the encounter. If there be two hunters, the bear is killed easily; for one makes a feint of thrusting a spear at the right side, and, as the animal turns with his arms towards the threatened attack, in the left is unprotected, and receives the death-wound." "Many wounds are received by the Etah Bay Esquimaux in these encounters; the bear is looked upon as more fierce in that neighborhood, and about Anoatook and Rensellaer Bay, than around the broken ice to the south. He uses his teeth more generally than is supposed by systematic writers. The hugging, pawing and boxing which characterize the black and grizzly bears, are resorted to by him, only under peculiar circumstances." The last engraving represents the "Forlorn Hope," the whale-boat in which Dr. Kane, with a small boat's crew, left the "Advance," to prosecute his researches. We trust that the extracts we have made will induce many of our readers to possess themselves of the splendid work from which we have taken our text and illustrations. The curiosity excited by this expedition abroad is scarcely less than that felt here with regard to it, and editions of the narrative are already going through the German and French presses. Dr. Kane himself has been received in Europe with distinguished consideration, and his gallantry in offering his services to Lady Franklin for another search after traces of her husband, is highly lauded.



WALRUSES SPORTING.



THE "FAITH."



ESQUIMAUX HUTS.



THE BEAR AT BAY.



THE FORLORN HOPE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN AUTUMN MURMUR.

BY WILLIS E. PABOA.

The earth is heavy with the autumn airs;
Man's heart is like it with his many cares;
And oftentimes grief's strokes come unawares.

I watch the dry leaves borne before the wind,
And solemn shadows steal across my mind,
Leaving a withered souvenir behind.

The dead leaves tell of summer's swift decay!
They—like man's being—are but for a day,—
And then? Behold, the burial comes alway.

The dead leaves whisper of the summer fled;
And as we look, our thoughts are backward led
To muse upon the many summers dead;

When we, with those whose faces met our own,
With looks familiar, walked without a moan,
The shore of time, which now we tread alone.

We hear the echoes of the loves that kept
Our hearts in ecstacy. Hope's hand then swept
The lyre of bliss. But now? it long hath slept.

O, silent all! alas, December's gale
But typifies the spirit's wail
In sadness following on sorrow's trail.

December on the earth and in the heart!
The links are loosening—the chain will part,
And then? How do we to the churchyard start?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TRUST IN GOD.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The fire burned dimly on the hearth of the Widow Romaine. It was a bitter cold day—the night before Christmas. Two children were hovering over the feeble blaze, and shivering with the fierce cold that was creeping on their limbs. Willie, the eldest, was trying to warm little Addie by putting his arm around her, while the mother took down the Bible, lighted an inch or two of candle that remained, and read to them the beautiful story of the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, the angel coming to them and the glory of the Lord shining about them. The little ones listened, almost forgetting the cold; and then the mother passed over many pages, until she came to the touching words of the Saviour, when "he had not where to lay his head."

"Then he was worse off than we are, Willie," said little Addie, as she crept from her brother's arm to the poor and ill-covered bed, where the three huddled together for warmth.

The candle went out in the midst of her readings, and Mrs. Romaine and Willie lay down, one on each side of the little girl The children slept, but the mother lay for hours, tossing in painful thought of how she was to live through the cheerless winter and keep these children alive.

She rose the next morning, and made a fire with the last wood which she possessed, spread her table with the last loaf; and then, waiting for her children to awake, she sat down and wept. They were the first tears she had shed for months, and she felt relieved by the flow; but she would not let the children see her, and she dried them up quickly before they awoke.

Catherine Romaine was the daughter of a once wealthy and enterprising merchant. She had married Mr. Romaine, who was much older than herself, when he was in business with her father. He was a widower with one son. She loved the little Herbert with all but a mother's love, and the child returned it fully. He was twelve years old when his father married, and it was six years after that when Willie was born. Herbert's unaffected interest in the little one repaid Catherine for all the love which she had given him. Two years afterwards little Addie came to bless the happy household, and the measure of their bliss seemed complete. Herbert was one of the head clerks in the firm, and although only twenty years old, was distinguished for his attention to business.

It was a sudden and terrible shock to the whole community when it was reported that the firm of Thatcher and Romaine had failed. There were people involved in their difficulties whose every dollar had been invested with them. Old men, who had lain by a small sum, perhaps to be called in when sickness should come upon them—widows who had saved a scanty pittance by needle-work—single women who had been at service until their laboring days were over—all these had trusted their small earnings with the great firm that was as "good as the bank."

The firm that was "good as the bank" failed, however, and then came poverty, distress and sickness. Mr. Thatcher was found in his room, with a bottle of laudanum in his clenched hand, perfectly dead; and not many months after this, Mr. Romaine, worn out by repeated shocks, sunk into the grave.

They had given up all to the creditors, keeping not even the bridal presents of Mrs. Romaine, nor those which had been made to the children. A small, mean house in the lower part of the city, held Mrs. Romaine and her children, and after her husband's death, and Herbert had gone away, she underlet all the rooms but one.

Sad indeed was her heart when the night of her husband's death brought the finishing stroke. She sat in mute anguish, gazing upon the beloved face, and then upon the helpless little ones by her side.

"Trust in God, Katy, dear," said the dying man. "He will not leave you utterly desolate."

Herbert staid until after his father's funeral, and then sailed for Africa.

"Sometime, I shall return, dear mother," said the affectionate son, "and then, believe me, you shall not want."

O, the grief of these partings! They were like the bitterness of death to Mrs. Romaine, for they seemed to contradict her husband's assurance that she should not be left desolate.

She succeeded at first, in obtaining a little sewing of the coarsest kind; but it would hardly pay for the candles by which she worked after her children had gone to bed. She would not apply for work from those who had known her in her prosperous days; and she dreaded going to the shop, where a hard and unfeeling man was grinding the faces of the poor for a few miserable pence. She would not send Willie, for her mind revolted at exposing him to the danger and contamination of the streets.

She wore the coarsest clothes herself, and dressed her children in similar ones, and yet, so neatly were they made and put on, that there was something almost elegant in their appearance.

Sometimes she recognized in the street those whom she had known in better days; and then she would start aside and turn away her head, forgetting, for a moment, that they could never discover the elegant Catherine Romaine in the poor, haggard woman that was bearing her bundle of cheap work from a shop.

One person only had known her when meeting her thus, and that one did not dare to approach her, because he saw that she avoided him. This was a Mr. Russell, who had known and loved her husband as a brother. He followed her at a distance until he saw her enter the poor dwelling in which she lived—took the number of the house and the name of the street, and then returned to tell his wife what he had seen. All Mrs. Russell's womanly tenderness rose up at his recital, and she begged to go and see her.

"No, Mary," said her husband, "that will not do; you may write her that you will visit her if she wishes it, but you must go no farther until you know how she would receive you."

The note was written and sent, but no answer obtained, and the generous couple were obliged to give up all thoughts of helping her.

Day after day, Mr. Russell met her, with her two children, each carrying a package. The sight melted him to pity; and yet her step was so proud that he could not stop her, as he wanted to do, and offer her assistance.

The house in which Catherine lived was inhabited partly by an Irish family, whose good feelings were all excited by the evident poverty of their neighbor.

Norah Dolan was a kind-hearted woman, neater than most of her class, and with great respect for what she called "real born gentry," among which she classed Mrs. Romaine and her children. Mrs. Romaine had allowed little Patrick and Maggy to come in and learn to read with her own little ones; and she had tended Mrs. Dolan herself when she was sick, and her gratitude was unbounded. It so happened that Mrs. Dolan's husband worked for Mr. Russell, and he, in the plenitude of his joy at his wife's recovery, related the kindness of their neighbor, "Mistress Romaine," a real born lady, he said, and ought to be in a grand castle instead of the poor little place at home.

Through Dolan's means, Mr. Russell had partly gratified his benevolent heart, by sending Mrs. Romaine various articles of food and clothing, which he directed to her address and charged him to lay privately on her table, and, on no account, to say to her that he sent them.

In vain she questioned Dolan and his wife. They would know nothing of it, unless the fairies were at the bottom of it.

"Sure it's the fairies, ma'am," said Dolan, when she wanted him to take a bundle away, which she was sure that he must have placed there, because she saw him coming from the room, as she was entering it. "Sure it's the fairies, and wouldn't they be cross if yees did not take their prisents? And didn't I see the bundle on yees table whin I wint into yees room? Faith, thin, I did, ma'am, and it's no use in the world for yees to quistion me and Norah, for it's little we know, any way."

And Mrs. Romaine, grateful to her unknown friend, and yet with a great pain at her heart, would undo the package, and appropriate the sugar and tea, or bread and butter, as it might be, to the wants of herself and children.

Once, little Willie, in helping her empty the sugar into a wooden box—their only sugar bowl—had discovered a silver dollar; and the tea was often productive of dimes and even quarters. These were helps indeed—but small in comparison to the wants of a family of three. Her handful of meal and cruse of oil were often wholly exhausted. The work which she carried home was not always paid for at the time; and many nights she was obliged to go to bed with the children at dark, because her wood and candles were all consumed. Often she feared that she would be forced to ask aid, to keep them from starving; but until the actual hour came, she would struggle on.

There were times when logs of wood, which she missed at once from Mrs. Dolan's wood pile (never very large or high), would find their way mysteriously to the expiring embers on her hearth, and kindle up a cheerful blaze, by which she would assemble the four children, her own and the little Dolans, and teach them to read and spell.

Among the few things which she had saved from the wreck of her luxurious home, was a mutilated copy of Shakspeare—the only book except the Bible which her father had given her when she was married. The Shakspeare had lost its covers, and many leaves, but she would sometimes take it up and find in its pages, so strangely fitting to every phase of life or circumstance, something that was applicable to her own. These two books were her solace and comfort. The pictures contained in each, formed the initial letters to her children's love of art, and the beautiful manner in which she read impressed the contents of the books upon their minds, or at least, such parts of them as they could understand. It was hard to wake up from the absorbing perusal of her books, to the dreary reality of the poverty around her,—to come from the gorgeous descriptions of Shakspeare, into the dim light of the actual life that she was enduring,—but she was possessed of that rare courage and fortitude that cover up and conceal the inward pangs of the soul. To outward appearance, she was contented, if not cheerful.

Sometimes—but rarely—she would indulge herself in going backward into the past, and remember what she was in years long gone by. The retrospection which showed her to herself in the dimmed and broken mirror of memory,—first, as the gay and beautiful Catherine Thatcher, followed alike for her own beauty and her father's wealth—then, having turned from this crowd of selfish flatterers, she saw herself the happy wife of the good and honored Romaine, dispensing to his motherless boy all the kindliest offices of maternal care, if not the perfect fulness of maternal love. Then came thronging in the memory of that blessed time when two children, fair and beautiful as angels, were in her luxurious home, caressed and waited on by friends and dependents, and the pride and joy of a father's loving heart.

These were not healthful remembrances for Catherine to indulge in. They made her harder and more unquiet in her present situation; and there were times when her good angel seemed almost to forsake her. O, these depths of poverty and desolation! They are hard to bear. Truly we have need to remember that the sacred head of Him who loved us, was once destitute of shelter, to reconcile us to these hard experiences of life.

But not always did Catherine's heart sink into these states of unrest. There were times when her sorrow seemed uplifted into serener skies, and the anguish of her daily lot turned into divinest peace, when her poor apartment seemed like the habitation of angels, from the presence of those who had gone before.

And now, indeed, came a trial. Willie was taken ill. She exhausted her skill in trying to subdue the fever which had fastened upon the little patient boy. Now it was that Norah Dolan proved invaluable as a friend. Never, in the days of Catherine's brightest prosperity, did she value any service so much as this poor woman's heartfelt and willing sacrifices for her sake. She took little Addie away from the affected room—for her practised eye told her truly that it was the dreaded small pox—and leaving her and Maggie together, she devoted herself to the sick boy and his mother. Norah's whole family had experienced it, so that there was no danger to be apprehended except for Mrs. Romaine and Addie. Her neighbor's experience proved invaluable indeed to Catherine, and saved her the trial of asking the services for which she could not have paid. Those were anxious nights when the two women sat up with the little sufferer, whose reason gave way under his disease. It was touching enough to hear him call for his mother, not knowing that it was her hand that bathed his burning forehead. Then he would fancy that Addie was dead, and would weep because he too could not go to his father.

One night, he seemed near death. His mother had been watching Norah's face, and she saw nothing there from which she could draw a single ray of hope. Norah had seen others die, and she knew from her countenance that she thought Willie dying. Catherine groaned in spirit, and the words came up from the deepest recesses of her almost broken heart, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." She tried to add the rest, but she could not. Half an hour after, when she saw the poor child's struggles with the cruel disease, she could utter them more easily.

Just at midnight, Willie's eyes closed. Catherine thought he was gone, but Norah laid her hand upon her shoulder, and seated her by the bedside.

"Hush!" she whispered, "and watch for his waking."

They did watch all through that long night. Norah drew up the curtain a little just as the sun rose. Somehow, the bright gleam that came into the room, brought also a glimmer of hope into Catherine's heart. Norah dropped the curtain quickly, lest suddenly waking, the strong light might destroy Willie's eyes forever.

He lay still,—so still that they could hardly see that he breathed. The morning and forenoon passed, and still he slept. Catherine thought he would pass away without waking.

"O, that I could see those dear eyes once more!" she whispered, just as the clock was striking twelve; and, as if in answer to that whisper, the "dear eyes" opened, and the weak voice murmured:

"Mother!"

Willie was saved! Those only, whose hopes are narrowed down to the life of one or two dear objects, can imagine the rapture of Catherine Romaine as she bent over her child, and saw by the dim, uncertain light that he saw and knew her. That long, long twelve hours' sleep had brought him back to life.

The kindly eyes of the Irishwoman overflowed with tears as Catherine wept upon her shoulder, and poured out her gratitude to her humble friend.

"I will love you always, dear Norah," she said, as soon as she could speak, and Norah wept the more.

It was long before they would see little Addie, lest she should contract the disease which, doubtless, still lingered in the walls of the room; but Norah's husband took good care of her, and she was contented with Maggie, though longing for mother and Willie.

After Norah had made a thorough fumigation, and Catherine, afraid to trust it, had made another, the doors were opened, and the children all admitted to see Willie, who, scarred and feeble, was yet only permitted to sit up a little while.

But this sickness had made sad inroads upon Catherine's small

resources. Her work was stopped, of course, and her health had suffered from anxiety and watching. From long staying in a dimly-lighted room, her eyes had become affected so much that she could not see to mend Addie's clothes, which had suffered for her care while Willie was ill, and the thought continually tormented her that she was going blind.

The bundles which used to be placed upon her table were no longer found. She did not know the reason, but Norah and her husband did. They knew that Mr. Russell and his family were gone abroad, and would not return until December.

She had parted with everything but the merest necessaries of life. She had even taken away the andirons that supported her wood fire, in order to buy with them a few sticks of wood. The few pieces of crockery followed, and half the straw from the miserable bed. She took in a little washing, but her own irons were gone long ago, and the washboiler too, and she had to borrow both from Norah.

"Come and wash in my room, Misthress Rummin," said Norah. "There is plinty of fire here to bate your wather, and yees may look after little Maggie's spelling to pay for it."

There was delicacy in the Irishwoman's mode of giving favors. She would always make it appear that "Misthress Rummin" had obliged her in some way, and that her services went only to pay for something she was receiving.

But the cold weather was approaching. November, dark, dreary and glooray, with its chilling winds, and the sad looking piles of dried leaves that lay, brown and sere, upon the pathways, and rustled under the footsteps with such a melancholy sound, was fast giving way before December, with its piled snow-drifts and howling storms. Sad and gloomy enough, they sometimes think, who sit in richly-curtained rooms, where the thick carpets give back no answer to the footfall; where light and warmth come stealing in from invisible sources; where the dainty viands crowd together on the table, and the wine sparkles red in the cup; where loved ones are sheltered from the biting storm, and little children are asleep in beds that seem covered by the work of fairy hands; where music and painting and sculpture address themselves to the ear and the eye, and all the senses receive the ministry of luxury and art. What must it be, then, to those who are shivering over the fitful blaze that only tantalizes the chilled and perishing limbs —those whose cupboards are empty and whose clothing is scanty —whose children creep into their pallet of straw to sleep away the feelings of hunger that gnaws at their vitals?

It was thus with poor Catherine on the evening and morning of that terrible Christmas in which we found her and her helpless little ones. The scars had faded from Willie's face, leaving it pale and haggard, and his eyes had that unnatural brightness so painful in a child. He suffered more from privation than Addie, who was strong and healthy.

We left her watching the awaking of her children. She bent over them, and saw Willie's pallid look with dismay.

"Must I lose him after all?" she exclaimed. "Was he saved from that cruel disease, only to waste away with hunger?"

At that moment, a loud knock was heard at the door, and she hastily dried her tears and answered the summons. No one was there, but as she opened the door, a large bag fell inward, marked with her own name in large letters. As she drew it in, and was about to close the door, she saw the shadow of Norah's husband flitting around the corner of the house. She knew it by the ragged hat, of which one half the brim was gone. She called after him, to know if he saw any one leave the bag.

"Faith, and how could I, whin I've jist come ont of the house? But I'll be afther asking Norah—perhaps she saw the thafe himself!"

Catherine opened the bag, and found everything for a Christmas revel, as she said to Norah, when she wanted to share with her. But Norah had had a bag, too, inscribed, in the same writing as Catherine's, "To Mrs. Norah Dolan;" and her husband told her that Mr. Russell had arrived in the steamer, but did not tell her that he and Mr. Russell's man had brought up the bags.

"Sure," he told her, "it must be St. Nicholas himself, who could not get the great bags down the chimney."

Great was the astonishment and joy of Catherine's children when they opened their eyes upon the table loaded with chickens, boiled and roasted, great loaves of bread, and piles of small brown paper parcels, marked, each with the name of some useful article. In the parcel of sugar was a piece of gold as large as a half dollar.

There were joy and deep thankfulness in the heart of Mrs. Romaine as she saw the children devour the abundant Christmas breakfast. Poor Willie had to stop from weakness, and his mother warned him to be moderate, and he might have a little, and eat oftener. As for Addie, she was deep in the mysteries of a vast plum pudding, and threatened to eat herself into a fever, but for the careful checking of her mother.

Catherine borrowed the wood unhesitatingly of Norah, to-day, for she knew she could repay it to-morrow, and redeemed her andirons also. Her poor room shone by two o'clock in the afternoon, from the effects of her rubbing and blacking and polishing; and then the three sat round the nice Christmas fire, and the mother told them stories which they had never heard before, nor indeed had she. The afternoon sun shone in, too, lighting up the poor, mean furniture with the same glow it was bestowing in rich apartments; and the snow, which was blackened and dirty around the other doors in the small court, lay spotless and unsullied round Mrs. Romaine's.

"I hear sleigh-bells," said Willie, starting up, "and they are coming right up the court. And see, mother, see, Addie, what a fine horse! And a gentleman all wrapped up in fur!"

And true enough, there was the gentleman holding the long reins and knocking at their own door. Willie opens the door and presents his poor, little, pale and scared face to the stranger's anxious and earnest gaze. He does not recognize the boy, and yet it is the very child he is seeking; for Herbert Romaine has come home, and is trying to find his lost mother and her children.

"And is it here, in this poor place that I find you, dear mother!" said Herbert, after Mrs. Romaine had cried and laughed a dozen times, in the alternations of her nervous excitement. "Not another day nor hour shall you stay here! Come to the hotel where I am stopping. I will find you beautiful rooms, and you and the children shall spend a happy Christmas."

"I want none other than your return gives me, Herbert; and I must not forget that our course and shabby clothing would not correspond with any other room than this."

"You shall have better clothing. I will go myself to procure it for you."

"But you can't," said Willie, who had sat quietly on his brother's knee, without speaking, "the shops are all shut up Christmas days, and you can't buy any cloth to make them of." And Willie renewed his study of his brother's face.

Herbert was obliged to be content until to morrow, then—but he sat and related the story of his wanderings since he left her.

"One object which I had in view, dear mother," he said, "was the restoration of some property which I knew had belonged to the firm, and which lay in the West India Islands. I heard fabulous accounts of its value, although I knew that my father had always considered it of no account. I will not trouble you, to relate all the tedious processes by which I circumvented the agent, one of the greatest swindlers I ever knew, and brother-to that rascally lawyer whom my father trusted so much. You will be satisfied that I wrested the whole from his grasp, and that it far exceeds all that I had heard of it. There is enough to pay off every creditor, restore every one to his own, and leave a handsome property, one third of which is yours, of course, and the rest belongs to me and these little ones. Why don't you speak, dear mother?" he asked, playfully, as she turned pale and red by turns.

She recovered herself by a strong effort, and whispered:

"O, if your dear father could have lived to know this!"

"He does know it," said Herbert, reverentially. "It cannot be that justice or injustice can walk the earth, and the spirits above the earth ignore their existence. I believe in this, dear mother, and so do you. Now I will leave you, and come again to-morrow."

Dolan brought home a paper that night which contained an advertisement of a sale which would take place the day after Christmas, of a house and furniture next to Mr. Russell's.

"No. 2401 Why, that was our own house," said Mrs. Romaine, to herself.

Herbert did not come the next day, and Catherine wondered and expected. Towards evening, he came, with his fine face glowing with excitement.

"I have got it, dear mother," he said; "I have bought our own house, and most of our furniture still remains there—well kept and almost as good as ever. I thought you would prefer it to having all new. You know Mr. Eaton bought it, and now he is going to Europe. It was by mere accident that I rode by, and saw the bills at the window. The people were assembling for the sale. I stopped my horse, and went in with the air of a man determined to purchase, and there was not a bid made against me. I have come now to take you all home once more."

He now produced from the sleigh a basket of nice clothing for them all; for, he remarked, that as he had already procured servants, and appointed them to come that evening, he would like them to appear as became their position.

Before they were all dressed, a close carriage stood at the door. Herbert would not let them enter until his mother had introduced him to the Dolans, to whom he left all that had belonged to his mother, and a handsome sum of money.

"And wont yees forget Norah and me, whin yees are a great lady?" asked Dolan, as she put ont her hand to bid him good-by.

"Never—never, my good friend," she weepingly uttered; and she kept her word.

"I have come home to live with you, mother," said Herbert, as he showed her the rooms he had selected for himself. "I shall never marry, and your new wealth will have this drawback and encumbrance—a bachelor son."

"Thank God!" said Catherine, "then I shall have you always —always, at least, until you break your resolution."

Who can describe the delight of the little children? They were so happy that the pale, anxious look had left their mother's face, and that she need no longer worry about their wants. And then Willie was so pleased to have good clothes and a nice cap; and Addie smoothed down her clean muslin dress and black silk apron, and they were so happy! They went to school now, and their mother's teachings were the cause of a good many praises from their teachers.

Norah came often to see Mrs. Romaine in her new home; and when Herbert bought some land behind the house, and turned it into an extensive garden, his mother said:

"Why not have Dolan for a gardener, and give him the little gothic lodge at the other side of the garden, to live in?"

"Just the thing!" said Herbert, and engaged him that very day.

The gothic lodge was repaired, neatly fitted up with plain new cottage furniture, and in four weeks Norah stood at the door, admiring her husband in his new gardening suit, and the children in their clean frocks, playing with Willie and Addie among the flowers.

"Trust in God! He will not leave thee desolate," were the words which Catherine caused to be inscribed over the entrance to her beautiful summer-house. They were already engraved on her heart and her life.

NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR IS ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

IS AN ELEGANT MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.

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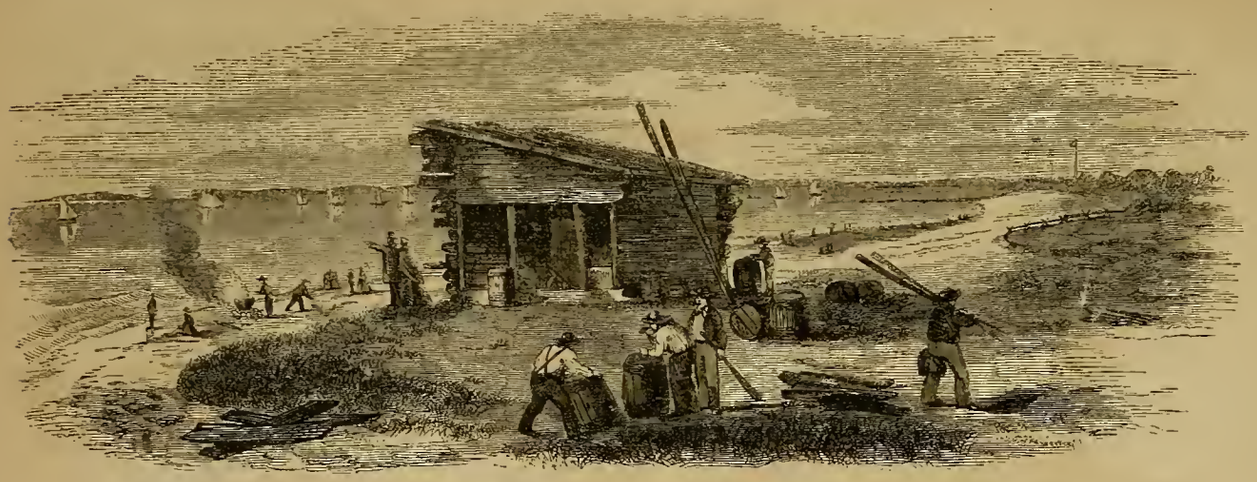
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OLD FISH HOUSE, END OF CHELSEA BEACH, MASS.

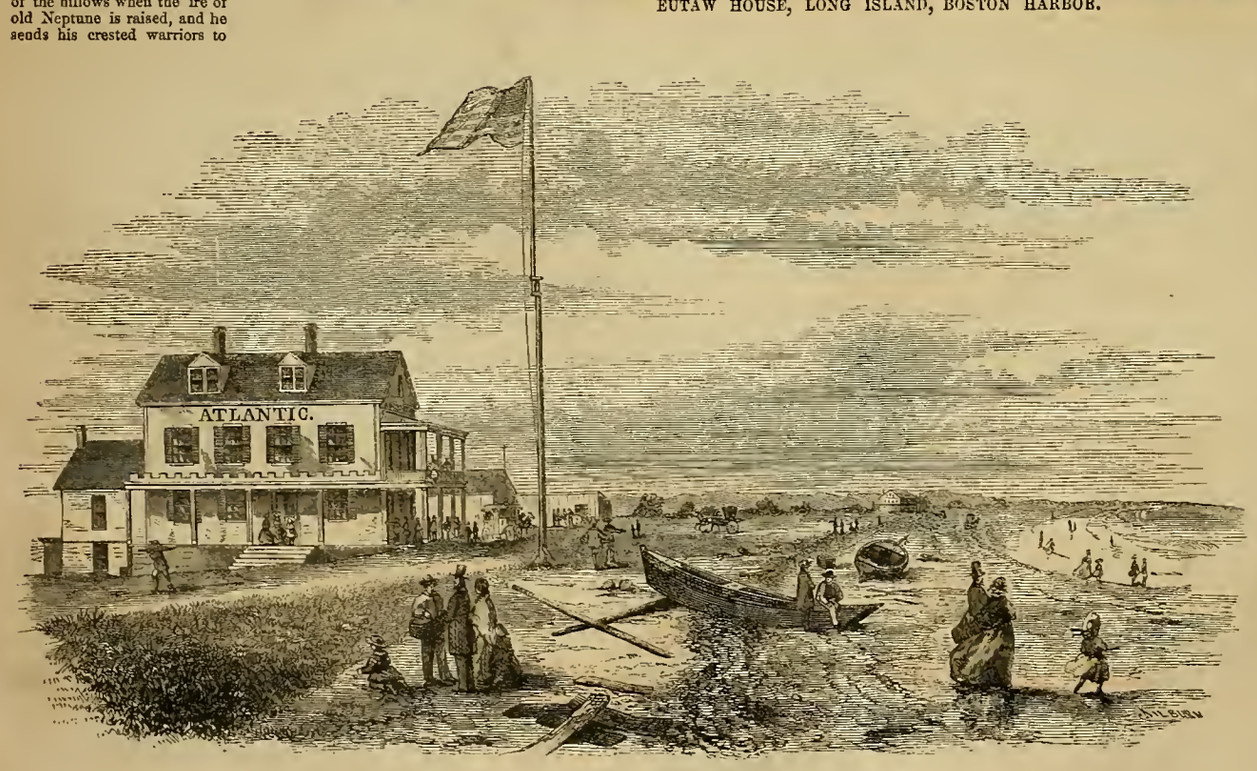
SEASIDE SKETCHES NEAR BOSTON.

Our artist, Mr. Kilburn, on this and the next page, has given us some of the fruits of his professional midsummer rambles. The good people of Boston are not entirely exempt from obedience to that impulse which leads mankind to see the greatest attractions in the remotest scenes. Many hie away to the White Mountains and the Kaatskills, who have never climbed Blue Hill or Powder-horn Hill. Persons see beauties in the Bay of Naples, who never detected the charms of our own Boston harbor, or, very like, go into extacies on little strips of British sand, utterly forgetful of such glorious places for rides or rambles as Chelsea and Nahant Beaches. Still, there are enough to appreciate home beauties; and now and then, when the tide of fashionable immigration sets forth to Newport, Coney Island and the Rip-Raps, there may be found some editor bold enough to insinuate that Boston is itself a watering-place, and there are localities within easy walking or riding distance, well worthy of being patronized. Well—with these pictures before us, we again go back, in imagination, to the shore of that sounding sea, which has been falsely charged with monotony, but which, even in a calm, has its dimples, its smiles and frowns—its thousand modes of expression. We listen to the plaintive murmurs of the waves as they die in music on the beach, to the wild battle-music of the billows when the ire of old Neptune is raised, and he sends his crested warriors to storm the barriers against which he wages an undying warfare. Or we loll in some shady nook, the shallow pretence of reading abandoned, and gazing out on the face of the waters, follow the course of the white sails, and giving a loose rein to the fancy, conjure up a thousand pleasing visions. We attach ourselves to some white-winged bark, and try to imagine who are on board—what little society thus segregated from the mass of humanity, and seeking a far fortune by a pathway ever perilous. We call up the images of the daring navigators who have gilded the page of history with their great deeds. We think of those fierce Northmen, the Vikingrs, who swept the broad Atlantic with their adventurous galleys, and cast their anchors in the farthest havens. Or we think of the gallant Genoese steering towards immortal fame in a frail caravel, such as the boldest pilot of to-day would hardly venture in. The romance of the sea and of the sea-shore is inexhaustible. They have their superstitions, their legendary tales, their history, and, above all, their poetry. But if there are those whom neither poetry nor association nor beauty move, still against the dear delights of bathing, fishing and fish chowders few are proof. Hence our illustrations of to-day, we think, cannot fail to prove acceptable. The first in the series is a sketch of the old fish-house at the end of Chelsea Beach, which, by the way, is five miles long, and one of the longest, if not the longest, sea beach in the Atlantic States. The



EUTAW HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR.

building in our sketch has certainly an "ancient and fish-like" odor about it, but it, nevertheless, is a spot around which many pleasant associations cluster. In front of it are a group of men coopering casks, while the shore is lively with pleasure seekers. Our second view is of the Eutaw House, Long Island, a commodious building and a pleasant resort. The view is sketched from the headland on which the lighthouse stands. On the right is a schooner, and a party of men are engaged in wheeling ballast on board. The next view is a very pretty scene, in which the most prominent feature is the Atlantic House, kept by J. Moran. It is the first house on the beach, and the stopping-place of the omnibus from Boston through Chelsea and North Chelsea—a very pretty village, by the way. The next engraving represents Long Island Head Light, sketched from the steamboat wharf, a part of which is seen in front, covered with figures. The fifth view delineates the Neptune House, kept by E. Hayes. It is the next house beyond the Atlantic. In front of the house is a swing in full blast. Our last picture is the Robinson Crusoe House, Chelsea Beach, kept by Amos Talton. It is the last hotel on the beach. The boat-house, summer-house, and all the surroundings are accurately sketched.



ATLANTIC HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

A contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1795, thus describes an amusement practised on Christmas Eve, at the mansion of a worthy baronet, at Ashton, near Birmingham, down to the end of the last century. He writes: "As soon as supper is over, a table is set in the hall. On it is placed a brown loaf, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it, a tankard of ale, with pipes and tobacco; and the two oldest servants have chair behind it, to sit as judges if they please. The steward brings servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a winnow-sheet, and lays their right hand on the loaf, exposing no other part of the body. The eldest of the two judges guesses at the person, by naming a name, then the younger judge, and lastly the oldest again. If they hit upon the right name, the steward leads the person back again; but if they do not, he takes off the winnow-sheet, and the person receives a threepence, makes a low obeisance to the judges, but speaks not a word. When the second servant was brought, the younger judge guessed first and third and thus they did, alternately, till all the money was given away. Whatever servant had not slept in the house the preceding night forfeited his right to the money. No account is given of the origin of this strange custom, but it has been practised ever since the family lived there. When the money is gone, the servants have full liberty to drink, dance, sing, and go to bed when they please." "At York," says Stukely, only a century ago, "on the eve of Christmas-day they carried mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaimed a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior, and even wicked people, at the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of heaven." "In the Isle of Man," relates Waldron, "on the twenty-fourth of December, towards evening, all the servants have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock, when prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren; and after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a bier; bring her to the parish church, and bury her 'with a whimsical kind of solemnity,' singing dirges over her in the Manx language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins." At Dewsbury, Yorkshire, one of the church bells is tolled as at a funeral, on Christmas eve; and any one asking whose bell it was, would be told it was the devil's knell. "The moral of it is, that the devil died when Christ was born." This custom was discontinued for many years, but was subsequently revived by the vicar of the church in 1828.—*Sharp's London Magazine for December.*



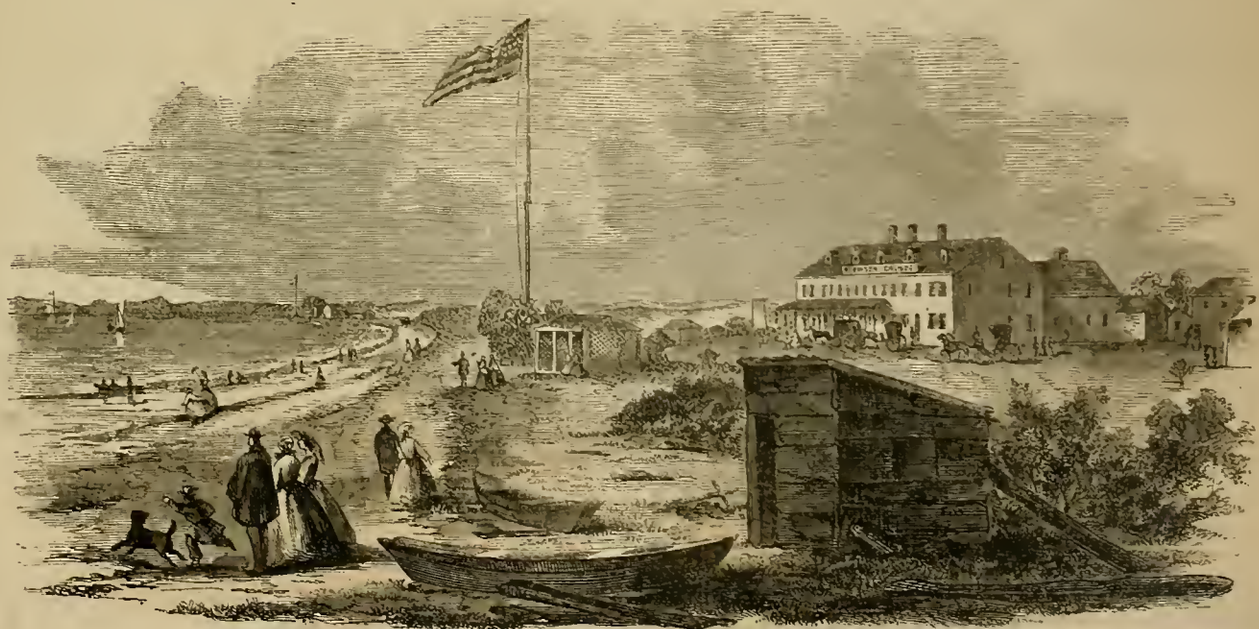
LONG ISLAND HEAD LIGHT, BOSTON HARBOR.



NEPTUNE HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.

CANINE SAGACITY.

William Dredge lives about five miles from the town of Trinity, Cal., at the base of the mountain which towers north of that place. A short time after midnight on one of the days of the last winter, he was aroused from his slumbers by the howl of a dog. No menace on his part could rid him of the presence of the strange intruder. The dog continued to walk around the cabin, still repeating his dismal, moaning howling, occasionally making efforts to effect an entrance through the closed doorway. Surprised and somewhat alarmed at this singular demonstration, Mr. Dredge at last hastily dressed himself and unbolted the door, when a large mastiff rushed in. The dog at once caught hold of his trousers and employed every gentle means to induce the man to accompany him outside. Dredge's first impression was that he was mad; and yet so peculiar and earnest were his dumb entreaties that he finally yielded and proceeded without the cabin. A joyful yell was the result, and the delighted brute, now capering and wagging his tail before him, and now returning and gently seizing him by the hand and trousers, induced Dredge to follow him. Their course was up the precipitous side of the mountain, and soon they were forcing their way through a snow-drift that had settled in one of its numerous fissures. Here comes the wonder. Upon the snow lay the body of a woman, who had evidently perished from cold and exhaustion. Her limbs were already stiffened in death; but what was the surprise of Mr. Dredge to see that faithful dog ferret out, from a bundle of clothing that lay by the side of the woman, a young child, about two years old, still warm and living. A little inspection, aided by the starlight and the brightness of the snow, enabled him to discover that the person of the woman was nearly naked. With a mother's affection, she had stripped her own person in order to furnish warmth to her exposed infant. The trusty dog had completed her work of self-sacrifice. Mr. Dredge immediately conveyed the child to his cabin, and, arousing some of his neighbors, proceeded again to the mountain to secure from the attacks of the wild beasts the person of the unfortunate woman.—*California Times.*



ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SERENADE.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

O lady, wake! The stars of night
Their silent vigils now are keeping;
And, guided by their twinkling light,
I find the place where thou art sleeping.

O lady, rise! The day is gone;
The risen moon is sweetly glowing;
And forest, garden, hill and lawn
Are lighted by the beams she's throwing.

O lady, list! I'll wake the strings
Of my guitar, with song or story;
While Philomel in answer sings,
I'll sing to thee of love or glory.

O lady, sleep! The midnight hour
Doth fast approach, and stars are paling;
Rest sweetly now! For every flower
Doth sleep while night is still prevailing.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOLDEN DEATH.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

VERY many of the older inhabitants of our "Modern Athens" will remember a broker's sign, displayed in one of the by-streets of the city. The building itself was demolished long ago, and in its place stands an elegant store.

The particulars of the fearful story connected with that building, are, I think, known to very few. But if it is a fearful story, it has, at least, its moral, which deserves to be recorded.

There never was a better man for business than Hanson the broker, as he was familiarly called. Early and late he was at his post; and there was a floating rumor in the neighborhood that he had already acquired a considerable property. It was certainly true, that the sight of gold cheered his heart more than anything else in the world would have done. Little and old and greedy was Hanson the broker.

Mrs. Hanson was a careless, simple woman, who never took any sort of pains to make things go right. If household affairs went wrong, there was no alternative but to sit down and cry till they righted themselves. She hated all trouble, and cared nothing about hoarding money, thereby being the very opposite of her husband.

The only children of the household were two boys, George and William, George being two years the elder. These two boys differed as much in their dispositions as did the father and mother. As a child, George displayed the miserly habits which years only had developed in the father. With a rare cunning for one so young, he always gained the advantage over all with whom he came in contact. Not a toy or a piece of money did William delight in, but what it soon graced the pocket of his greedy brother. The rare talents of George for trading were early seen in his successful barters of marbles, tops and other toys. He always made the best bargain, either by threats or persuasions, and bore off his winnings triumphantly, in the face of a dozen opponents, who were entirely unable to cope with him in the weapons which he used.

William, the younger son, while he had neither the health nor the strength of his brother, differed from him in all other things. He liberally gave whatever he possessed, and was accounted to be the most generous boy in the neighborhood. His genius, such as it was, displayed itself in the rude drawings which were scattered in every part of the dwelling. But though rude they were, they bore the marks of powers of no humble order.

Time went on. The broker's sign still caught the eye of the passer-by; and within, a little, old man plied his business from morning till night. Our sins grow with our years, it is said, and Hanson the broker's avarice grew with his years. His avaricious, greedy, grasping spirit developed itself more and more. Gold, gold, gold, was his constant cry, and many a face turned itself in despair from the little shop, and the stony-hearted, inexorable miser within. There was a rumor that the pitiless broker had driven more than one to that last resort of despairing humanity—a suicide's grave.

George, as he grew up, became his father's delight. He was the son after his own heart. The boy's insatiable love for gold rivalled his father's; and already George looked with pride upon the treasure he had collected, if not dishonorably, at least in a questionable way.

About this time, a change occurred in the household. Mrs. Hanson had one sister, who lived in the country, having married an architect. They had no children, and at length determined to adopt one. Accordingly, Mrs. Fletcher proposed to the broker and his wife to take one of their sons to educate as her own. The broker had no objections, as long as they did not take George, the pride of his heart. But William was only a useless incumbrance to him, and he would gladly get rid of the expense of maintaining him. Mrs. Hanson liked the idea, because there was a prospect of less trouble to her; and even her blinded eyes could not but see that William would be benefited by the change. So William became the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.

His quiet, country home suited better the boy's disposition than the noisy streets in the city. And here, too, he had an opportunity of acquiring the education which the avaricious spirit of his father would have denied him.

Mr. Fletcher had a fine education bestowed upon his adopted son, and felt himself repaid a hundred fold by the rapid progress which the boy made, and his generous, affectionate disposition. His singular taste for drawing was discovered, and cultivated, and promised to develop itself into a rare talent.

No longer uncared-for and neglected, but loved and appreciated, William exerted himself to please those with whom he had found such a pleasant home. As he grew up, it was decided that he should become an architect like his father, for which business his wonderful taste for drawing peculiarly adapted him.

In the meantime, George, from being his father's delight, had become absolutely indispensable to him, by his sagacity and cunning. He showed himself even more greedy than his greedy parent. It was at length decided that these two worthies should enter into partnership together, and that the enormous profits of the business should be shared equally. Things went on very well, only, if anything, more despairing faces than ever turned from the place, where even a more pitiless spirit than Hanson the broker's reigned.

William, by his steady industry and his prudence, had acquired a little property of five hundred dollars. He had already settled in his mind that when this was increased to a certain sum, he should be able to marry. At present, both himself and his promised bride were too poor to think of it. But if the sum which he had earned, were increased so as to afford him a capital to start with, and his adopted father was able to give him the assistance he had promised, he would be enabled to carry out the plans which he had formed, and would have the pleasure of knowing that his fair prospects in life had resulted from his own energy and perseverance. At present, his thought was how to dispose of his money to the best advantage, and in some place where it could be easily forthcoming when wanted. After mature deliberation, and by the advice of Mr. Fletcher, William decided to place the sum with his father, the broker, feeling confident that it would be perfectly safe in such hands. The broker received it willingly, and assured his son that it would be much increased when he should want to use it.

Time went on; and gradually the business of the broker's shop fell off. People began to dislike to go there, as the character of both father and son became widely known. Many rumors were afloat concerning their practices, and suspicion of dishonest dealings having once been circulated, the place began to be avoided.

George proposed a plan to his father, one day, as they sat in the shop. Having had only one or two customers during the forenoon to attend to, they found the time to hang heavily upon their hands. It was this suggested the plan which George unfolded.

He proposed to gather in all the money which they had trusted out, change it into gold, and conceal it in some secure place in the house. In order to make the place of concealment as secure as possible, he proposed that his father and himself should dig a place in the cellar, construct a sort of brick wall, as a division between the cellar and the vault, and in this vault to place their money. The banker readily agreed to this plan, delighting in the idea of having his cherished gold close at hand, where he could look upon it daily. And accordingly they went to work, conducting themselves with as much secrecy as possible, and so well did they manage, that not even Mrs. Hanson knew that anything unusual was transpiring. The place in the cellar was dug, and with some difficulty the brick wall was completed; but so natural did it look that no one could have told but what it was the legitimate cellar wall. Just over the vault was a small room, used as a deposit for rubbish. In the floor of this room a trap door was constructed, and thus the initiated could make a very easy descent into the money vault. But a stranger could not easily have discovered the door, so effectually was it concealed by the accumulated rubbish.

The money was collected together, placed in bags and boxes, and secured in the vault. The mania which possessed both father and son led them daily to descend to this place of concealment to hoard and count the gold. It was all the happiness of their lives; and a strange fascination it was that the yellow metal possessed for them.

William, who from time to time had added to his little property, which still remained in the hands of his father, found the time drawing near when he should be able to realize the plans which he had marked out for himself. Accordingly, he asked from his father the money which he had entrusted to him a year before. The temptation was too strong for the old broker to resist. With many expressions of deep sorrow, he told of the falling off of the business, of heavy and severe losses which he had sustained, and the consequent loss of nearly all his property. It would not be in his power to return more than half of the sum entrusted by William, and even that would impoverish him. Though intensely disappointed, William begged his father not to think of returning any portion of the money, but to keep it for his own support. He was young and strong and could work. Old Mr. Hanson, the broker, felt a few twinges of conscience, but they were quickly smothered by the thought of his beloved gold, the yellow metal for which he sacrificed everything.

William, in the meantime, had commenced to tread cheerfully the same path, hardly regretting what he felt had been a comfort to his father. Many a one would have lent him the requisite amount, but he refused it, deeming it best to rely on his own exertions. It is needless to say that the marriage was again postponed. * * * * * *

"I tell you, George, you have not given me my full share—two hundred dollars of that is mine."

"You are mistaken, father; the whole amount is mine," said George Hanson, coolly.

"That such a cheating villain should be a son of mine," muttered the old man, angrily.

"Like father, like son," was the only answer.

"I tell you, George Hanson, this very day your money shall be separated from mine. You shall take it and begone from my sight. I will make a new will and leave everything to William. Not a cent shall you have from me." And the old man paced across the room angrily.

George Hanson was enraged at this threat of making a new will, and in his anger he struck his father a blow. The old man fell, striking the stove in his descent. As George, conscious stricken, stooped to raise him up, he discovered that he was dead. Either the blow, the fall, or his rage, had killed him.

For a long time the guilty son sat, his face covered with his hands, indifferent for once to his own fate, as his father's murderer. But gradually a thought of himself came back. His own life or freedom must not be parted with easily—they were too precious; and perhaps the blow had not been the cause of death. If it had, there were no witnesses to the fact. So George Hanson, smothering the only natural feelings of penitence he had ever had for anything in his life, raised his father's body, and then went forth to startle the neighbors with the information that Mr. Hanson, the broker, had died in a fit. And startling indeed was the announcement; but then, everybody said they always knew he would die in a fit.

George, in the meantime, calm and self-possessed, answered all the questions and conducted all the business. Mrs. Hanson cried, because that was her invariable remedy for what could not be helped. The only really sincere mourner was William, whom the dead man had so cruelly wronged.

'Out of sight, out of mind,' and Hanson, the little old broker, once buried was soon forgotten.

George, of course, succeeded to his father's property, the amount of which no one but himself dreamed of. Hours and hours he spent in the place of concealment, counting the gold—now all his own. He was rather glad than otherwise, that his father was not alive to dispute the treasure with him.

William, who had never had any expectations of money from his father, and who, besides, believed that he had died poor, troubled himself not it the least about the will, except to see that his mother was comfortably provided for.

In the course of time, George began to think that his mother was too great an expense to him. He wanted to get rid of her in some way, and finally proposed that she should seek a home elsewhere, as the house was sold.

"I thought your father owned this house," said Mrs. Hanson, thunderstruck at the proposal.

"He sold it before his death. I am really sorry, mother, that you cannot remain here, but I think William will be glad to have you come and live near him."

"I shall not leave the house until I am certain it is sold," said Mrs. Hanson, for once aroused to indignation.

"Very well, mother, I will prove it to you."

The next day he showed her a deed by which the house was transferred to a stranger. The whole, of course, was a forgery, but Mrs. Hanson was apparently satisfied.

When William learned the particulars of the interview, he insisted that his mother should immediately leave a place where she was exposed to such treatment. A place in the country was found where she could be boarded, and William paid all the expenses, rather than call upon his brother to bear any share of them. Although this would delay still longer his marriage, William felt it was his duty, as well as a pleasure to him, to make his mother comfortable in her old age. In the meantime, all intercourse ceased between the two brothers.

George still revelled unmolested amid his gold. He grew more and more absorbed in the contemplation of his riches, and it was noticed that he very seldom left the house. At length there came a time when he was not seen for two whole days. On the third day a neighbor ventured to try the door of the shop and found it unlocked. Everything inside appeared as if he had left the room with the intention of soon coming back again. His absence was so very singular that on the afternoon of that same day a messenger was despatched to William with the information. On his arrival, a search was instituted with but little result. Everything in the house remained as usual. A chair in the shop was pushed back as if the occupant had but just arisen. Some half opened papers were lying upon the counter. Nothing showed that any preparation for a journey had been made, though that seemed at first to be the only solution of the mystery. But no one had seen the missing man start on this journey. No one had ever known him to go on one before; and the idea seemed improbable when they remembered his habits. As the fourth day wore on and no traces of his brother were discovered, William, assisted by Mr. Fletcher, commenced another and more thorough search. In passing through the rubbish room, William stooped to pick up something he had dropped, and in so doing discovered the trap door. Surprised at discovering something the existence of which he had never known before, he lifted the door cautiously up. As the rays of light penetrated below, a horrible sight presented itself.

There lay the missing man, crushed by the weight of a number of iron-bound boxes, which had fallen upon him whilst in the act of stooping. He had gone to count his gold as usual, leaving the trap door partially opened by means of a stick; the stick had given away, and the trap door coming down suddenly, had disturbed the pile of heavy boxes. Life seemed to have been crushed out instantaneously, and one of the boxes having burst, a complete shower of the yellow metal for which he had lived and died, had covered the miserable man from head to foot. His hands clutched his treasure even in death, as if he wished to carry it with him wherever he went. It was literally a golden death.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GIVE ME BACK MY LYRE!

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Tell me not the laurel's dying,
Though the lyre be long unstrung;
Tell me not the Muse is flying,
Till her dying song is sung;
Tell me not the day is wasted,
Till the night pall darkly down;
Tell me not life's hopes are blasted,
Till we're lost the golden crown.

Tell me not the laurel's dying,
Though the lyre be long unstrung—
When the pent-up soul is sighing
Thus to breathe away in song,
Think ye I can wait for glory?
Tune my trembling lip for fame,
When a human heart's my story,
And my breath its funeral flame!

Tell me not the laurel's dying,
Though the lyre be long unstrung!
Seize the Muses while they're flying—
Breathe the soul away in song.
Golden Riches—I defy ye:
I defy thee—sounding Fame!
But my lyre—O hang beside me;
Leave me *that*—though blot my name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHASE.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

"It is white as milk, sir!" exclaimed one of the men, rushing into the cabin in a high state of excitement.

"What is white as milk?" asked the captain, who, together with the chief mate, stood, compasses in hand, poring over a chart that lay spread out upon the table.

"The water alongside, sir. I think we must be shoaling very rapidly."

"Just as I feared," muttered the captain, gloomily; "the bank is right before us."

"And we must go over it?" said the mate, inquiringly.

"Yes, or lay our bones upon it," responded the captain. "But come, let us get on deck. It is useless looking at the chart any longer; we know our position only too well."

Ascending the companion-ladder, the sailor's statement was fully verified, the water all around presenting that peculiar appearance which indicates a sandy bottom at no great depth; while the ship, under a cloud of canvass, was flying through the foam with the speed of a racer. The crew were grouped about the deck with anxious faces as they looked ahead, where the waves curled and combed over the bank, or glanced astern, where, at a distance of less than three miles, a heavy frigate, with the blood-red cross of St. George at her peak, was steadily and relentlessly pursuing, like a bloodhound on the trail.

"I think she has gained upon us slightly since we went below, Mr. Midships," said the captain, addressing his first mate.

"I think she has somewhat; but not so much but that we might keep out of her way until night, when we could easily dodge her in the dark, if it were not for this confounded bank," returned the mate, with an anxious look ahead. "I never crossed this shoal but once; and then, although we were in a light schooner, drawing less than half the water we do now, it was a narrow escape for us. In my opinion, we must strike before we are half way over."

"Well," replied the captain, with an air of fixed determination, "if we must strike, there will be an end of it. The only alternative is to surrender to the Englishman; and then come the prison ship, starvation, disease and death. If she strikes, let her strike. By running, there is at least a chance; and I shall trust to that chance sooner than surrender."

"They are going to try the range of their bow-chasers, I reckon," said the mate, directing the captain's attention astern.

A slight commotion was observable upon the frigate's forecastle; the muzzle of a gun protruded from her bridle port; a cloud of thick white smoke shot in a circling ring from beneath the knight-heads, and rolled up against the belly of the foresail. The next instant the report was borne down upon the wind, and a round shot came skipping over the crests of the waves, and passed the ship within half a dozen fathoms to leeward.

"With a little better aim, their irons might trouble us," remarked the mate.

"Yes, it might, but we have very little to fear on that score; they will scarcely deaden their headway by firing at this distance. The only anxiety I feel, is in regard to this bank. Just step below, if you please, Mr. Midships, and ascertain at what time we have high water here."

The mate descended the companion ladder, and soon returned with the information, that the Nautical Almanac reported the flood tide to make upon that bank at six o'clock.

"Six o'clock," repeated the captain, thoughtfully, "six o'clock. It is now five, and the middle and shallowest part of this shoal is at least fifteen miles distant. If we could pass that point before the tide begins to ebb, our chance would not be so very desperate; but if not, we are no better than dead men. We must make more sail, Mr. Midships, and at once."

The ship, with something more than half a gale of wind on the starboard quarter, was under whole topsails, courses and topgallant sails, a spread of canvass which would have been considered too great for prudence in such a breeze under ordinary circumstances, for the spars and rigging evidently felt the strain severely; but now that life or death depended upon the vessel's speed, it was no time to think of favoring the top hamper.

"Set the foretopmast studdingsail," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, and walking forward to the waist, he issued the order.

"Reeve the foretopmast studdingsail gear; rig out the boom, and get the sail along," repeated the boatswain from the forecastle.

The men sprang aloft with the end of the tack and halyards, and having reeve them through the blocks, the boom upon the foreyard was rigged out through the boom and quarter irons far beyond the yard-arm, and the sail bent on.

"Hoist away," shouted the captain, who had been waiting for a favorable lull; for with the breeze then blowing, it would have been fitter to shorten than to make sail, and there was great danger of the sails blowing to ribbons before it could be set.

At the word, the men swayed down upon the halyards, and the sail rose from the deck. But no sooner did it reach the top of the rail, than catching the wind, it swung far out ahead, and passing in forward of the foresail and foretopsail, it thrashed and beat upon the yard and sails with a force that threatened to demolish everything with which it came in contact, and almost rendered ineffectual the efforts of the men to hoist it to its place. But the hardy crew, urged on by the evident necessity of the case, bent strongly to the work, and the fluttering sail was at length hoisted to the block on the topsail yard arm, where it hung slatting and flapping, threatening every moment to go to pieces. The tack was now taken to the capstan and hove steadily in, the long, slender boom twisting and bending with the strain until its continued existence seemed little less than a miracle. Contrary to the reasonable expectations, but much to the joy of all hands, the straining clew was at length drawn slowly out to the boom end, the sheet trimmed down to the rail, and the huge sail, now fairly steadied in its place, drew strongly in the rising gale.

The good ship, feeling the increase of canvass forward, lifted her bow in the water, and with every sheet and brace ringing like the strings of a mammoth wind harp, dashed through the angry, leaping waves, driving the spray far before and on either side in her headlong course, and burying her forecastle in a smother of foam.

"Try how fast she's going, Mr. Midships," said the captain, who with uneasy steps was pacing fore and aft on the quarter-deck.

"Lay aft here, a couple of ye, and hold the reel," said the mate.

Two men sprang upon the poop, and got the apparatus in readiness—one man holding the reel, and the other the glass, while the mate tended the line.

"Watch," said the mate, casting the log over the lee quarter rail.

"Watch, sir," responded the man, promptly.

"Turn," said the mate, sharply, as the log passed astern out of the influence of the dead water, and the line began to pass rapidly through his fingers, while the reel spun swiftly round.

"Turn, sir," echoed the man, quickly reversing the half minute glass, and carefully watching the running sand as it poured through the opening; while the reel, with a constantly accelerated motion, continued to spin on its axis, and the line to pass over the rail.

"Hold," said the man, as the last grain of sand disappeared from the upper part of the glass.

The mate suddenly checked the line, and examining the knot that last went over the rail, he left the line to be hauled in and coiled up by the men, while he walked over to the weather side of the deck to report.

"Well?" said the captain, inquiringly, as he approached him.

"She marks eleven knots and a half by the log line," replied the mate; and taking into account the set of the sea, which sends the log home, I should say she was going through it something more than twelve."

"Not fast enough," said the captain. "We must knock fourteen or fifteen out of her, or we shall never work over the bank. We must crowd more sail on to her, Mr. Midships."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the mate, with astonishment. "She can hardly bear what she has now. As it is, I expect to see something part every minute. Do you see?—the weather fore brace and studdingsail tack is fairly smoking with the strain."

"Can't help that. You must reeve preventer braces, and get the lower studdingsail on her."

"Very well, sir," replied the mate. "But we shall have the boom coming inboard by the run before we can boom-end the jackyard."

The captain made a gesture of impatience, and he went forward to issue the necessary orders.

The lower studdingsail is an immense square sail, half as large as the fore course, and is hoisted to the end of the foretopmast studdingsail boom—the tack coming down through a block on the end of a long swinging boom, which juts out some twenty-five or thirty-five feet from the vessel's side. The strain upon this sail is enormous; and though increasing the vessel's speed materially, it tries the strength of the booms and rigging to the utmost, when it is set in a heavy breeze.

With almost incredible effort the sail was hoisted to its place without any accident, though the boom whipped and bent like a rattan, instead of the stout, heavy spar it was. With this additional spread of sail, the ship darted onward to her work—almost seeming to leap clear of the water as she sprang from wave to wave; now lifting her bows high in the air, and again plunging heavily into the yielding billows, churning the waters into foam, and deluging the deck with spray.

While this was being done on board the ship, the frigate was by no means idle. With a larger crew, the same sail had been made upon her in much less time, and the distance between them had very perceptibly diminished. With a torrent of foam and spray dashing far before her and flying clear to her foretopsail yard, she held on her course as steadily and resistlessly as a cannon-shot.

It was now near the turn of the tide, and the largest portion of the bank was yet three miles distant. The gale, which had been steadily on the increase for the past hour, had now reached such a pitch, as to render serious fears for the safety of the masts. They would gladly have lessened the spars, by taking in the studdingsails, but it was now too late—any attempt to start them would have ensured their destruction, and perhaps the loss of one or more yards; and still the gale piped fresher and stronger, surging through the strained rigging with a sharp, ringing sound. The stretched and swollen seams gaped ominously at many a starting seam, and semi-transparent patches began to make their appearance at the clews and about the reef-band. The jib-stays hissed over in wonderful lights to leeward, and the poor ship, quivering in every plank and rope-yarn, fairly howled through the seething foam that shot like lightning by, beneath her lee.

With the most intense anxiety, each man on board the ship awaited the critical moment. The dreaded point was almost reached; the water evidently grew more and more shallow every instant; the waves combed and broke as on a lee shore.

"We are almost on the spot," said the captain, in a hoarse whisper.

The flying ship rose upon a billow and plunged heavily forward; there was a slight grating beneath her keel. Again she rose and fell with the surging wave; the shock was harder, and a quiver ran through her entire frame. A third time she settled in the trough, striking her stern-post heavily upon the bank, driving the lower rudder pintle from the gudgeon, and sending the wheel spinning round with the velocity of light, throwing the helmsman high into the air. Once more she rose upon the swell; each man grasped some object for support, and with set teeth and suspended breath, awaited the catastrophe. An instant she hung upon the crest of a wave, as if in dread; then plunging forward, settled in the water. There was no shock. Again she rose and fell, and still the expected crash was delayed—the water was perceptibly deepening.

"She is over!" shouted the captain.

"She is over!" cried the men, exultingly, "She is over!"

"Stand by to shorten sail there for'ard!" vociferated the mate. The order was obeyed with remarkable promptitude. A strong puff of the still rising gale swept through the rigging. There was a rending crash, and the foretopmast and lower studdingsails, bursting from their bolt-ropes, flew far away to leeward like white gulls; the lower, swinging boom came in against the rail with a loud bang, and the ship, relieved from the unusual strain, held on her course with easier motion, though with diminished speed.

All eyes were now turned upon the frigate, which, less than two miles astern, was dashing onward through the foam, with her snowy canvass and towering spars—a gallant sight, indeed. A short fifteen minutes brought her to the spot where the ship had struck; but that fifteen minutes was of the utmost importance. The tide was falling, and the frigate drew more water than the ship. As she neared the bar, it was evident they were becoming aware of the danger; the studdingsail gear and the topgallant sheets and halyards were let go by the run, and with everything flying, the yards were braced sharp up, and the vessel hauled on the wind.

But their precautions were taken too late. Rising on the heaving swell, she rolled to leeward, and sinking in the trough, struck heavily broadside on to the bank, pitching her three masts over the side, and fairly dragging her bowsprit out by the roots. The next wave swept her over the bank, and she lay wallowing in the trough of the sea, with her hull undamaged, but with never a spar upon which to stretch an inch of canvass.

The frigate was now fain to beg assistance from the vessel she so lately hoped to make a prize, and gun after gun flashed through the twilight, and boomed over the waters; but it is treason to render aid and comfort to the enemy in time of war, and the ship, hauling on the wind, stood full and by for Yankee town on a taut bowline.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE RIFLE, AXE AND SADDLE-BAGS, AND OTHER LECTURES. By WM. HENRY MILBURN. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 368.

This volume embraces a number of lectures on various topics, but chiefly devoted to western history and phases of social life and adventure in the West. The author has labored usefully to society. In spite of the impediment which a partial blindness placed in his path. His lectures exhibit energy, truthfulness, originality and great descriptive powers, and are quite a valuable contribution to our literature. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

WHALING AND FISHING. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, author of "Man-of-War Life" and the "Merchant Vessel." Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach & Keys. 1856. 18mo. pp. 383.

As entertaining as a novel. The life of a whaleman, with his trials, adventures and "hair breadth 'scapes," is herein vividly depicted. All who have a relish for maritime adventure will find ample enjoyment in these pages. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

VIOLET: or, *The Cross and the Crown*. By M. J. MCINTOSH. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 448.

This story, by a lady writer not unknown to fame, is well-written and deeply interesting, while its moral and religious tone is unexceptionable. It is full of incident, and ends happily. We shall not disappoint our readers by giving an analysis of the plot.

STUDIES OF THE FIELD AND FOREST. By WILSON FLAGG. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1857. 12mo.

The object of this work is to foster a taste for the observation of nature, and to aid in the culture of a love of it. Mr. Flagg is himself a keen observer, and a warm lover of nature, and withal a fine writer. In his charming work, he causes the panorama of the months to move before us, painting out the various objects of interest that present themselves in animate and inanimate nature. The vicissitudes of the seasons, the habits of birds, the changes of trees, the variety of insect life, a thousand rural topics, are discussed gracefully and well. We cordially welcome the appearance of this work, and wish it the great success its merit should command.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, we have received No. 1 of Dr. Watts's Songs for Children. "Vorrei ch' il tuo," from Ricci's "Otello," the "Jubilee Polka," the "Yungfrau Polka," and the "Early Flower," a song.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE. By DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1856. 8vo. pp. 506.

One of the most useful works we have for a long time met with. It is arranged in the form of question and answer, and explains the principles of natural and physical science, and their practical and familiar applications to the employments and necessities of common life. No work of this kind is complete without illustrations, and this has over a hundred and sixty well executed engravings.

MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

The accompanying portrait of one of the most distinguished ornaments of the modern stage was drawn expressly for us by Barry, from a photograph by Masury, Silshee & Case. George Vandenhoff is the son of the celebrated tragedian, John Vandenhoff, and was born in the city of Salisbury, Wiltshire, England. He was destined by his father for the legal profession, and received a finished education at the college of Stonyhurst, the alma mater of the elder Vandenhoff, and a favorite institution with the higher classes of English society. As a proof of his scholarship, we may mention that during his collegiate career, he received no fewer than six prize medals for English, Latin and Greek composition. He also distinguished himself greatly as a debater and declaimer. He commenced his legal studies at Liverpool, and, after being admitted to practice in the high courts of Westminster, returned to the former city to begin his professional career. He was soon recognized as a young man of the highest ability, employed as solicitor and secretary of the Liverpool Reform Association—a powerful political body, selected to deliver Lord Brougham's lectures before the Mechanics' Association, and subsequently elected solicitor to the Trustees of the Liverpool Docks, an office requiring great legal acumen and industry, and strict integrity of character, as the income of the estate committed to his management amounted to two millions of dollars. In the employments thus conferred on him, he acquitted himself with high honor; and a brilliant future, rich with the promise of fame and wealth, opened before him. But he chose to renounce it for the stage. He made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris, in the character of Leon, in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," with complete success. The public and the press emphatically ratified his choice of a profession. His fine face and figure, his cultivated mind, his melodious voice and finished elocution, completed the conquest of the audience. From London he went to Liverpool, where he was hailed with enthusiasm. After a professional tour of some extent, making daily advances in power and popularity, he returned to Covent Garden in 1842, and, at the close of a successful season, took passage for this country. He made his first appearance before an American audience at the Park Theatre, New York, in September, 1842, as Hamlet—a character in which he had prepared himself by long and conscientious study. His performance was a complete triumph, to which the name he bore contributed no part; for we Americans are no believers in hereditary fame. With us the bearer of an historic name is subjected, for that very reason, to a severe ordeal. Mr. Vandenhoff was equally well appreciated in Boston, Philadelphia, and the other large cities of the Union. In 1848, he sustained the severe test of supporting Mr. Macready in a series of characters. Every year that Mr. Vandenhoff has remained among us has added to his professional reputation, and to the esteem in which private society holds him as a gentleman. Among his most popular characters, we may mention Hamlet, Othello, Falconbridge, Romeo, Reuben Glenroy, Creon (in the *Antigone* of Sophocles), Charles Surface, in the "School for Scandal," and Rover, in "Wild Oats." The diversity of these characters shows sufficiently the versatility of Mr. Vandenhoff, which is adequate to all the exigencies of the higher drama. Mr. Vandenhoff, during his many engagements in our principal cities, has been greeted, not only by full houses, but by floral tributes, valuable presents, and other unmistakable tokens of popular enthusiasm, while the press has been unanimous in his favor. In 1852, after an absence of ten years, Mr. Vandenhoff re-appeared on the English stage, and was most warmly welcomed back. He played Henry V. in Liverpool thirty-five nights; and his London engagement at the Haymarket was brilliantly successful. Both the London Times and the London Morning Post were unqualified in the approbation they bestowed on his performances. The Post said:—"We have no hesitation in declaring Mr. Vandenhoff's Hamlet to be, not only by many degrees the best at present on the stage, but also better than any that has been seen since the days of John Kemble." During this London engagement, he played Benedick, Evelyn, Claude Melnotte, Cardinal Wolsey, and Bob Handy, thus running through the scale from the highest tragedy to the most eccentric light comedy. Returning to America for a brief period, in 1855, he married Miss Makeah, a lady of New York, and after a short and successful engagement at the Boston Theatre, took his bride with him to England, and played with her successful engagements in the principal theatres of the United Kingdom. Mrs. Vandenhoff, we may remark, was highly spoken of by the English press, as a lady of promising histrionic ability, and a fine specimen of American beauty. After having gathered a harvest of gold and laurels on the other side of the Atlantic, they have returned to America to become, we believe, permanently located in this country. Mr. Vandenhoff has just concluded a brilliant engagement at the Boston Museum, and is at present engaged in delivering lectures and readings before the principal literary institutions of New England. He has recently published a work on Elocution, in London, of which we have seen highly laudatory notices in the leading English journals. In this brief outline of Mr. Vandenhoff's career, we have not left ourselves space to speak, as we should like, of his characteristic merits as an actor. We have briefly adverted to his physical and mental qualifications. Let us add, that he is still an arduous student of his art; that applause, however grateful, only stimulates to higher effort; that the truth of nature is his pole-star, and that he never sacrifices his pure and cultivated taste to secure the noisy plaudits of the hour. Had we the space, we might easily crowd our columns with commentaries corroborating what we have advanced respecting the histrionic genius of Mr. Vandenhoff. A very well-written article in the New York American—a high authority—after speaking of the apparent spontaneity of his performances, thus compares his style of Shakspearian reading with that of Mrs. Kemble:—"There is an essential difference in the manner and method of these two great vocal interpreters of Shakspeare. Mrs. Kemble's manner at the table is severe and solemn, almost stern, as if she deemed herself engaged in a high and sacred office—the priestess of the temple in the exercise of her holy functions at the altar. Vandenhoff, on the other hand, enters on his work as if it were a pleasure and a delight to him to pour out the treasure of Shakspeare's verse; he warms, he glows, as if he felt the presence of the god whose oracles he so vividly expounds. Mrs. Kemble excites our *respect* for the woman, our *admiration* of her talent, our wonder at her power. Vandenhoff carries us away by the vividness of his own imagination and the intensity of his execution. We forget *him*, we see only Hamlet, the *Ghost*, the *guilty King*, the erring *Mother*, the hapless *Ophelia*, the garrulous Polonius; and it is not till the book is closed, that we think of the *man* who has carried us away. They are both great artists at the head of their distinct schools, and worthy to be named together as the fit interpreters of the immortal poet's mind to the ear and heart of a people." Few judicious critics will dissent from this conclusion.



MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

The beautiful engraving below is thoroughly English in its character. There is not a building in view that is not venerable and time-honored. The "smithy," on the left, is old, and will stand for ages yet under the shadow of the luxuriant trees. Its cheerful ruddy fire is seen blazing through the window. The bridge that crosses the river, the church, spire, the cottages backed by wood and hill, are all old, crumbled and moss-grown. The figures are highly characteristic. On the left, in front of an old cottage with porch and latticed casement, two children are sharing their breakfast with a favorite dog. By the window of the blacksmith's shop, two boys, who have brought a little colt to be shod, have permitted a barefooted gentleman in petticoats to take a seat on the animal; and he sits there as proud as Napoleon crossing the Alps, and far more happy. Further on, the smith is shoeing a sturdy farm horse. On the stone, to the right, an aged man is sitting, and with a market-woman, who has rested her basket for a moment, is listening to a stalwort farmer, who is discoursing vehemently on some exciting topic of the day.



THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.—AN ENGLISH RURAL SCENE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C.—Gas stoves are a Boston invention, quite new. They are very clean and neat, requiring no funnel. They are as cheap as any other means of heating.

B. H. W.—In sending us money, where it is of any considerable amount, a draft payable to our order, either on New York or Boston, is the best mode You may deduct the exchange.

C. H.—If the horse had given no evidence of illness up to the hour you sold him, though he died the next day, as you admit, still no share of the loss should fall upon you. We are sorry that you named us as umpire; it is never a desirable office.

RODERICK H —The enormous depth of six statute miles has been lately found in the ocean, north of Bermuda This is exactly double the depth you name

L. L.—We can only say that your verses evince a very sad condition—both of mind and body. A *seven dose* of Lindley Murray would do you good.

T. H. S.—You are very wide of the mark. Æsop's fables were written more than five hundred years before Christ.

LYDIA M.—The daisy and cowslip are English plants, that is, though profusely growing in the fields of Great Britain, they are not to be found with us. We have read so much about them, that they seem like old friends of our childhood.

TARCUSA.—Late calculations make the average number of inhabitants to the square mile in the United States to be seven.

INSTRUCTOR.—The word "Punjab" is a compound Indian word, and signifies five waters, relating to the rivers Indus, Jhelum, Chenab, Ravee, and Sutlej.

QUESTR.—Nebraska covers 400,000 square miles.

W. R.—It would not be a bad idea to furnish beds on the night trains over our railroads This is done in France.

C. E. F.—The population of the United States is doubtless thirty millions; that of Russia is sixty-three millions.

F. S.—Postage stamps have been in use over thirty years. They were invented by a Swede, named Trekenber, in 1823.

A. C. F.—The Azores, or Western Isles, were settled by the Portuguese in 1448.—Fayal is named on account of its profusion of beech trees.

HORACE B.—Backgammon is the oldest game known to our times. It was common 1224 years B. C. in Greece.

M. D. C.—There are eight hundred and sixty distinct languages spoken in the world, from which there are about five thousand branches or dialects derived. America has four hundred and twenty-three.

W. B. S.—Rolling to death was a legal punishment in England. It was especially invented as the punishment for poisoners. In 1541 Margaret Davie, a young woman, suffered this death for poisoning.

LUCY D.—Bread can be and is made out of a great variety of compounds, besides grain. In Iceland, codfish beaten into powder is made into a bread. Potato bread is very common in Ireland.

L. D. F.—North Carolina has more than double the number of inhabitants that New Hampshire numbers.

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR, AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

This is the title of a highly dramatic and absorbing story, with which we shall commence the new year in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. It is entirely different from any novelette we have ever published, and must prove vastly popular, from the wonderful intricacy of its plot, the vivid character of its tableaux, the startling spirit of the story, and altogether, the excellence and finish of its narration. An experienced critic, to whom we submitted its pages in manuscript, remarked:—"You have never printed so interesting a novelette as this in your paper—indeed, I have never read one more so."

BINDING AT THIS OFFICE.—Besides our own publications, we bind other magazines, pamphlets, old books, etc., in the very best manner, and at the lowest rates, with promptness. Those who have this class of work which they desire to see done, in a manner much better executed than usual, will please call, or send their orders to this office.

SPLINTERS.

.... A Philadelphia writer complains of the extreme homage paid to ladies in this country—a bachelor, of course.

.... It is estimated that there are more than 9,000,000 gallons of whiskey sold in Cincinnati, yearly.

.... A man turned his son out of doors, lately, because he wouldn't pay his rent. What a pay-rent!

... The death of Elisha Smith, Jr., chief engineer of our Fire Department, was a severe loss to the public.

. Mr. Delane, of the London Times, says that "Boston is thoroughly and solidly English." It is rather so, we think.

.... Young man in New York married rich man's daughter—received $5000 to release her, and kept the girl.

Little Cordelia Howard, the child-actress, has gone to Europe to play, with P. T. Barnum as director.

... The Baltimoreans mean to keep their harbor open this winter by means of an ice-breaker and tow-boat.

.... They had quite a smart specimen of earthquake in Memphis, Tennessee, lately—shook the folks up some.

... An advertiser in a provincial paper says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms *and an acre of land.*

. They had a mule race on Long Island, lately—four entered. Three wouldn't run—the fourth one took the purse.

.... A Miss Mitchell, at Ossinn, New York, was cruelly torn by a fierce dog while milking its master's cows.

. The new wife of Senator Douglas, Miss Ada Cutts that was, is described as a beautiful and accomplished lady.

... Apples this year are apples of gold. The few farmers that have any are coining money by them.

.... A young lady attired in the breadth of the present fashion, is entirely isolated from society.

.. . A little girl in Woburn fell asleep in church, lately, and slept there all night into Monday morning.

.. Carlyle says each man carries under his hat a "private theatre," where a great drama is acted.

.... Solomon Juneau, the first white settler of Milwaukee, died, lately, at the Indian settlement, Shawano county.

.... The Boston Theatre has done a great business, lately. The Ravel troupe was the last great card there.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

There seems to be a prevalent notion that modern society in America has become so smoothed and levelled by the polishing process of civilization, that all its picturesque salient angles have been worn away, leaving no strong points for genius to grasp in making up pictures of the present time. The men and women of to day, we are told, are all alike; there is no peculiarity, no originality about them; and this has been alleged as the reason why we have no American comedies, holding up the mirror to nature, and giving us the actual life of our countrymen and countrywomen. We have always dissented from this view, and insisted that the world around us is full of materials—is, in fact, a perfect mine of wealth to the artist who has learned the first rudiments of all art—how to see and to observe.

We are not alone in this opinion. Our shrewd and lively contemporary, the French "Courrier," of New York, says:—"The hourly movement of Broadway brings before us one continual succession of striking characters, and the panorama of a world whose manners and whose morals give to its external appearance an idiosyncrasy as peculiar and prominent as ever individualized a race or a nation." "Hamilton," the piquant dramatic critic of the New York Albion, says:—"The types of American life are as sharply cut, as instantly cognizable, as eloquent of meaning, as the world ever saw. You look abroad in vain for their analogues, and you have to content yourself with saying that the Hollander and the Belgian, the Marseillais and the Parisian, the Scotchman and the Londoner, are not more sharply accentuated with impressive differences, than are the model Bostonian and the unimpeachable Philadelphian, the elaborately elegant Southerner and the dashingly courteous New Yorker."

In surveying the wide field of American society, we are startled at the richness of its characters and contrasts, at the manifold varieties of life and circumstance that it presents. We may boldly assert that the harvest has never been reaped. Now and then some adventurer has gone into it, and brought back a sheaf as a trophy, but thousands might fill their garners from the exhaustless stores. Look over a file of newspapers for a year, and reckon the strange social incidents, the singular vicissitudes of fortune, the marvellous impostures, the prodigious isms therein recorded, and you will acknowledge that a Dickens or a Scribe would find materials for volumes of novels and plays in a source which we almost utterly neglect.

That there is undeveloped talent enough among us to profit by this unmined wealth, it were both unpatriotic and irrational to deny. What we have done is ample assurance of what we can do. The mischief has been that hitherto novels and plays have not "paid," and the lively genius of America is so commercial that it will not exert itself for mere fame alone. But now that it has been demonstrated that the public are willing to regard literary men as something better than drones,—as real "laborers worthy of their hire," it is time to be up and doing. To naturalize our literature, to naturalize our drama—this is the mission of our writers. What we have done for our historic past, let us do for our social present. Let us not import characters three thousand miles, while living originals crowd about us waiting to have their portraits taken. As our scenery is matchless in grandeur and beauty and originality, so our people are sufficiently striking for all the purposes of art.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

Next week we shall issue number one of the new volume, being the twelfth volume of "Ballou's Pictorial." It will be a superb number—new type, new head, but same style, fresh and bright in every line. This number will contain one of our elegant *mammoth pictures*—the finest and most effective we have yet published, covering two entire pages of the paper. Among many other illustrations, it will also contain a most unique and original allegorical design for the new year—a gem of a picture, curious and significant. The new novelette, which we also commence in number one of the forthcoming volume, is a *little in advance* of anything yet presented in these pages, as it regards vivid interest and intricacy of plot. Renew your subscriptions at once, in order to secure complete sets of the "Pictorial."

THE PRIZES.—Those persons engaged in getting up clubs for the prize offer, in another column of this paper, should lose no time in commencing to send in the names and money as fast as they obtain a dozen or more names. We are thus enabled to register their names, and credit them regularly with the number they send. Each addition to the clubs thus sent will be credited to the one sending in the subscribers. By sending us fast as the names are obtained, we are sure to print enough papers for all.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.—The New York Dutchman was right in calling this the age of science. The editor saw some burned peas put into the hopper of a mill, the other day, and in two minutes afterwards they were in a store window, labelled "Best Old Government Java."

HEART-CHANGES.—The heart of a man weighs about nine ounces; that of a woman, eight. As age creeps on, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty.

SIMILE.—Strong passions under a cold exterior are like the working of water under a crust of ice.

TO EVERYBODY.—Read our prize offer on another page of this paper, and act accordingly.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

1856 is on his last legs; his existence cannot possibly be prolonged much longer; the winds of December already wail his requiem, striking the bare branches of the trees, those harp-strings of the woodlands, as if he were already dead and buried. Poor old fellow! It is strange how fast these years run through their career. The child of an hour grows superannuated in a twelve-month. How they sweep along, these years, in wild and weird procession, driving past like the flying sand in the tempest, or falling leaves before the gale, or foam on the waters, or witches on their broomsticks careering through the midnight sky to meet their evil master. This apparent speed in the flight of time increases as we grow older. A year is a vast period to the child. Duration of time is measured by events, and in our tender age, the simplest incidents are events. Further on upon life's journey, only wonderful incidents make their record on memory's tablet, and there are so few that we seem to be hurried onward at a frantic pace. The bark of youth glides almost imperceptibly between flowery shores, lingering long at grassy points and by attractive curves, while the whole landscape is bathed in a golden faery light. Anon, the current grows stronger and deeper—sterner scenes arise on either hand—the clouds mutter ominous thunder, and flashes illuminate the distant horizon. Sometimes, through the battle-storms of manhood, we emerge into a clearer atmosphere and more tranquil waters; but as the voyager grows gray, whether he ride upon turbulent waves, or is borne along by smoother waters, his course is swift as an arrow or a shooting star, to that great ocean from which no traveller returns. The pauses in the voyage in which we foot up our reckoning, are at the close of each year. They are the "waits" between the heats on the great race-track of existence; the "waits" between the acts in the great drama of life. The drop curtain of 1856 is nearly down—it will soon rise again on other scenes.

"Life's a brief candle—then play out the play!"

REMEMBER!

The present number completes Volume XI. of the PICTORIAL; and all whose subscriptions end at this time, will confer a particular favor upon us, by renewing at the *earliest moment*, in order that we may print an edition equal to the demand. We discontinue all subscriptions at the date to which payment has been made; therefore, to ensure an unbroken receipt of the paper, *immediate* renewal is necessary.

The forthcoming volume of our illustrated journal shall be *the best that has ever yet appeared from this establishment.* We have engaged some new and finished artists, who are added to our already large corps of designers, and several new and popular contributors to the literary department. Fresh spirit and new life will be imparted to our pages.—"Ballou's Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," sent together to one address, for $4 per annum.

BINDING.

We are now prepared to bind up the past volume of "Ballou's Pictorial" in an elegant and uniform style of full gilt, adding an illumined title-page and index, the whole at a charge of one dollar. The value of the work thus preserved will be very great as a book of reference in years to come. We can supply any lost or torn numbers from the commencement of the work. We have also complete sets of the bound volumes in uniform style. The ten volumes, containing a vast fund of delightful reading and valuable information, with nearly *ten thousand* illustrations, are sold for $20.

BALLOONING.—Where hasn't "Commonpaw"—Pliny Miles—been? He once wrote a note to the Boston Post in the car of a balloon, in which he ascended from Cheltenham, dated "Sky high—two miles up."

AGRICULTURAL.—Mr. Angur, of Woodbridge, Ct., raised four bushels of California potatoes from a single tuber. He made 72 hills out of as many eyes. The yield *augurs* well for his plan.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr David E. Bently to Miss Alice Parker; by Rev. Mr Skinner, Mr. Seth W. Lewis to Miss Pamelia W. Cate; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Ingersoll Bowditch Endicott, of Salem, to Miss Anu Caroline Dennett; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. John G Spear to Miss Sarah F. Chase; by Rev Dr. Cushman, Dr. Addison Davis, of Lynn, to Miss Emily L. Alden; by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. Samuel R. Hodgkins to Miss Mary A. Hawkins; by Rev. Mr. Sampson, Mr. Ephraim Randall to Mrs. Emily Fletcher, both of Charlestown.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Rufus S. Doane to Miss Abby S. Stevens.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Sessions, Sewell F Parcher, M. D., of East Boston, to Miss Mary E. Libby —At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. William E Alley to Miss Lydia A. Henderson.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Mr Edward Peirce to Miss M. Elizabeth Arrington.—At Danversport, by Rev Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Charles McIntire to Miss Sarah B Jacobs.—At Essex, by Rev Mr Prince, Mr. Elisha B. Annable to Miss Livonia H Tiney.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr Parmenter, Mr. Daniel L. Merrill to Miss Elizabeth L. Blatchford, of Rockport.—At Newburyport, by Rev Dr. Dimmick, Mr. George Niles to miss Lydia M. Pulsifer, both of Georgetown.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. George W. Kingman, of Boston, to Miss Lizzie Bartlett.—At Granby, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Nelson O. Dibble to Miss Emily L. Wilcox.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Mary E Hodges, 20; Widow Lucy Cole, formerly of Winthrop, Me.; Mr James Barry, 61; Mr. Robert A. Hayden, of Stoughton, 49; Lieut. James O. Edgerton, 40; Dr. J W. Chapman, 53.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Jane B., wife of Mr Daniel Jones, 49; Widow Ellen Fenerty.—At Dorchester, Mr. Joseph Foster, 84.—At Milton, Mrs. Sarah W, wife of Mr. Wm Crehore, of Boston, 69.—At Newton, Mr. George Wiswell, 24.—At Salem, Mr. Daniel E. Abbott, 26.—At Beverly, Edith, wife of Mr. Joseph Woodbury.—At Hamilton, Mr. Isaac Francis Dodge, 22.—At Gloucester, Mr. James A. Bray, 54.—At Lowell, Mr. Samuel Allen, late of New York, 29.—At North Andover, Mrs Rebecca, wife of Col. Moody Bridges.—At Taunton, Mrs. Clarissa H., wife of Hodges Reed, Esq, 68.—At Clinton, Miss Mary F. Eaton, 15; Mr Jonas B. White, 82; Mr James O Rich, 24.—At North Fairhaven, Widow Elizabeth Wilcox, 80.—At Scituate, Mrs Deborah C. Marsh, 48.—At Plymouth, Mr. Oliver Vaughn, 47.—At New Bedford, Mr. Joseph F. Hammond, of Mattapoisett, 35.—At West Townsend, Mr Nathan Whitney, 52.—At Leominster, Mrs. Sally, widow of Col. Luke Joslin, 78.—At Great Barrington, John O'Brien, Esq, 72.—At Nantucket, Mr Samuel Carey, 83.—At Vershire, Vt., Mrs Phebe T Fuller, formerly of Pepperell, Mass, 92.—At Castine, Me., Mrs Dorothy P. Little, 77.—At Philadelphia, Mr Charles H Averill, formerly of Medford, Mass., 35.—At Chicago, Rev. G. W. Perkins, formerly of Meriden, Conn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

My soul is rife with poesy!
I cannot breathe it forth on this rude lyre,
Nor yet can I endure its seething fire.
Earth seems so fair to me!
Autumn's elixir floating on the air
In thrilling effervescence, makes my wild!
O, when I gaze on scenes so bright and fair,
Methinks I am at heart again a child.
Yet would I fly the load—
Th' oppressive beauty that now bows me down.
Ye dazzling rays of Autumn's glittering crown,
Lift up my soul to God!
Autumn—grand Autumn! thrilling all my brain,
My heart, my whole existence—O remain!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALMOST A MISTAKE.

BY WALTER DANFORTH.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Harry Morley received, as he entered the drawing-room at Ridgewood, "pray what brings you here?"

Harry was struck dumb, and it was very natural he should be.

"I believe your father has died a beggar! Under such circumstances do you hope to wed my niece?"

If Morley had before respired with difficulty, his breath at this remark was utterly taken away.

"Young gentleman, I wish to be explicit with you; young women should mate with their equals; you are no equal for my niece; so a good morning to you!"

The straightforward churl after the last remark, walked out of the room, leaving the door open, that Morley might have sufficient room for egress.

Harry was a young man of spirit, and he kept up his heart, though his ship seemed all at once going down. The moment he recovered a little from his astonishment, he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to see him in the parlor!" said he to the servant who answered it.

The man went up stairs and instantly returned.

"My master's orders are that you quit the house immediately, and he has given me instructions never to admit you again!"

Harry, as I before said, had a stout heart, but this was almost too much. It needed but the straw now to break the camel's back. He had known Rose Clavering from the time when she had to mount a chair to make her little face come opposite to his. When he was fourteen and she twelve he used to dandle her on his knee, call her his little wife, and exchange juvenile vows of unutterable affection and constancy. Whenever he returned from college at vacation, he always visited the Claverings before he thought of going to his own father's house, and Rose was always the first to welcome him, and offer the dimpled cheek for the inevitable salute.

Little Rose was proud of being called Harry's wife because everybody spoke in praise of him, and as the frankness of girlhood vanished, and the diffidence of young womanhood began its blushing reign, though less familiar and explicit in expressing her feelings, she still continued to be proud of him. Morley's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rose, and the wedding day had been fixed, when a blighting disease appeared in the town, and Miss Clavering was left an orphan at eighteen. Her uncle had been appointed guardian in her father's will, and in a week after her dreadful bereavement she had taken up her residence with him at Ridgewood.

Her sole consolation now was such as she received from the letters of Harry. But Harry soon needed consolation himself. His father was attacked by the same terrible fever that had taken off the Claverings; he died, leaving his estate in the most inextricable embarrassment, owing to imprudent acceptances made for the accommodation of speculating friends. This was a tremendous blow to Morley; but he was not fully aware of its weight until the moment at which we have placed him before the reader. It was his first visit to Ridgewood since his father's death, and his reception was such as would have borne down a haughtier spirit even than his.

"I must see Miss Clavering!" he replied to the brutal message borne by the servant.

"It is impossible, sir!" said the man respectfully; "for though there is not a servant in the house, Mr. Morley, but is sorry for you, and would do anything for you, my lady is locked up at present in her room. However you can send a message to her!" he added, in a whisper.

He did send a message, and in ten minutes was seated by her side in the summer-house in the garden, where long ago he had used to support on his knee his little wife of old. But how different did Rose appear from then. The summer of her eighteenth year now beheld her bursting into womanhood. Her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful current, began to run a deep, broad and steady stream. A spirit of unutterable tenderness, as she reflected upon the welcome she well knew Harry had received, diffused itself through her heart, and she would willingly have submitted to any sacrifice to have restored his peace of mind.

"I am sure we shall disappoint this surly old gentleman!" she observed, confidently.

"Don't say disappoint, say thwart him!" said Harry, haughtily.

"Well, no matter about the expression, so long as we prevent him from causing our separation!"

"Rose, I shall not offer you a beggar's hand! I shall ask you to remain true to me for a year! Meanwhile I shall go to London. People have given me credit for some ability; there I shall avail myself of it!"

Harry had founded his hopes of fortune and fame in London upon the energies of his pen. His education was finished; and if his father had not left him a fortune, he had at least provided him with the means of making one for himself. So he meditated. At an early period he had discovered a talent for dramatic composition, and having devoted himself more sedulously to that branch of literature than to any other, he now resolved that one bold and strenuous effort should place him at once on the pinnacle of fame, or induce him to abandon this road to honor forever.

The play was written, accepted by the manager, cast as satisfactorily as Harry could have wished, and advertised. The momentous evening of its representation came, and Morley, seated in the pit by the side of a friend, with a throbbing heart saw the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, without any marked demonstration favorable or otherwise. Two men with sagacious eyes, evidently of the *corps critique*, sat in front of Morley.

"What d'ye think?" asked one of the sagacious eyes.

"Rather slow!" replied sagacious number two.

"Will it do?"

"Doubtful!"

But it did do, though. The third act decided the fate of the play. The interest became intense; people in the second and third rows of boxes rose up and vied with each other in demonstrations of applause; "bravos" resounded from every part of the theatre; the curtain fell amid roars of approbation, though the author had not a dozen friends in the house, and the skepticism of sagacious eyes one and two very suddenly vanished.

Morley slept little that night, though contentment answered all the purpose of rest. The fiat of a London audience had dubbed him dramatist, the road to honor and wealth was clear, and Rose Clavering was to all intents and purposes his wife. After a night of reflections like these he rose in the morning, and seizing a paper, proposed to himself rather complacently to see what the critics said. Theatre Royal met his eyes; he thought what would he Rose's feelings when it met *her* eyes; and what indeed would have been her feelings, to have read Harry stamped as a plagiarist (though without a word of proof of it), and torn limb from limb, in an article three quarters of a column long; and all done in so general a way that it could only be answered by direct refutation, and not by convincing proof.

"A very singular criticism!" said Morley.

"Very!" rejoined a friend, dryly; "I thought you said the play was your own, Morley. I see here that there are half a dozen other plays and novels founded on the same story!"

"I never read a line upon the same subject. Why does he assert so broadly without a word of proof!"

"So as not to commit himself! He does not believe you are a plagiarist, more than I do!"

"Then he is certainly a liar!" said Harry, emphatically.

"Undoubtedly!"

"And I shall flatly contradict it to-morrow morning!"

"Certainly not!"

"Why?"

"Because the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it that it is utterly harmless among those whom you would least desire to be affected by it. Have you an acquaintance among the press?"

"No."

"Then this contemptible tissue of falsification is complete proof that you have succeeded!"

Harry found salve for his lacerated feelings in looking over some of the rest of the morning papers. He was, however, in no danger of being spoiled by their praises. One paper was somewhat enthusiastic, two were very calm and respectable in their criticisms, and the remaining two were of the class which "damned with faint praise."

The play on the whole had a good run. It was not a brilliant success, but it was an unusual one. The audience continued to be respectable, but they did not increase. The management paid its expenses, with a creditable stipend to Morley—and that was all.

Harry had now been in London eight months. He had written a successful play and acquired many valuable acquaintances, but his purse was quite as light as when he first entered the great metropolis. He had bills, however, drawn on his manager to a considerable amount, which became payable in a day or two, when he proposed to run down to Ridgewood, and if possible, by the assistance of the servant who was in his confidence, have an interview with Miss Clavering. On the day when the bills matured, they were both returned to him dishonored. The manager had become bankrupt.

"Fortune is in her moods," said Harry, with considerable resignation. "Let her have her humor out."

He was engaged upon a melodrama, and notwithstanding this reverse, determined to pursue his original intention and ride down to Ridgewood, to obtain the encouragement of a smile from Rose, in the prosecution of his dramatic efforts. The first paragraph that met his eyes as he took up the paper to ascertain the hour for the coach, was, *Splendid Fete at Ridgewood*—the country seat of Sir Thomas Atherton. The account stated how the young lord of the manor opened the ball with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rose Clavering—that the fête had been given by Sir Thomas to commemorate the birthday of his fair niece, and the editor took occasion to observe that a pair so eminently adapted by nature for each other as Miss Clavering and the young lord, would unquestionably join in a longer and more momentous dance, eventually.

All this to young Harry was very much like gall and wormwood. For a half hour he saw nothing but ball rooms, and glittering lights, and young lords of manors leading lovely and accomplished Roses down contra dances. Then, when the set was over, he saw them promenading in the garden, arm-in-arm, and at supper he saw them seated side by side. His fancy then changed the scene to the country church. Rose was standing at the altar with the delighted young lord of the manor at her side. The questions and responses rang upon his excited tympanum, and he was on the point of forbidding the banns in a loud tone, when a servant brought him a letter. It was from Rose. A thousand times before he opened it he blamed his stupidity in doubting her for a moment, and then broke the seal and read:

"Harry,—I am too well informed of the futility of your efforts to carve out your fortune by the end of the year, during which I consented to reserve my hand. Why should I continue to keep it for you? You will interpret what I must utter briefly. To you I look as the guardian of my happiness. Friday, with your consent, shall be my wedding-day. Rose."

Harry in his answer did not condescend to complain, nor elucidate, nor expostulate. He simply wrote:

"Rose,—You are free! H. M."

When he had done so he folded and sealed the laconic missive, and, under the impression that he added it to a pile of letters which he had prepared for the post, threw it under a heap of manuscript, and resumed the pleasant reflections which the arrival of Miss Clavering's letter had disturbed.

His feelings on the second day after the receipt of the letter were insupportable. He was here, there, everywhere. No spot furnished him rest. Finally he determined to sail for America. In a day he had made every preparation. The packet sailed on Friday, the day of Rose's wedding. Meanwhile he continued to experience the dreadful restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection. He turned every way for the solace which he felt he could no more meet with, except in the entire extinction of consciousness. Nothing gave his soul the least consolation but the thought that he might once more look upon Rose. At last he resolved to do so.

"It can but drive me mad, or break my heart," was his consolatory reflection.

He sprang into the coach, and in a few hours was at Ridgewood. It was Friday morning. He approached the house of Sir Thomas. It wore a gala appearance, as if arrayed for some festivity. His resolution faltered as he approached the door, and he turned into the garden. By a natural impulse he entered the summer-house, where he had last parted with his betrothed. There sat Rose in the very spot where he had last seen her. The moment she recognized him, with a slight scream she threw herself into his arms.

"Why did you wait so long, Harry? At least, why did you not write? I have been so miserable!"

"Why did I come at all?" inquired Morley.

"Did I not write that we were to be married to-day?"

"No; you wrote that *you* were to be married to-day."

"And whom should I marry but you?"

"I interpreted your letter as a request for a release from any obligations I might hold of you."

"Harry!" said Rose, with such a look of affectionate reproach, that he was compelled to pacify her—in what manner, the reader will conceive.

"I was intending to sail for America, to-day," said Harry. "I surely mistook the import of your letter; it nearly drove me mad!"

"A week ago I discovered a codicil to my father's will—which my uncle had suppressed—in which he sanctions my marriage with you in explicit and undeniable terms. As soon as I had made the discovery, I despatched a letter to you, in which I declined postponing my happiness any longer, merely to allow you the opportunity of gratifying your *penchant* for pantomimes. Since then, I have neither heard from nor seen you, and my wretchedness has been complete."

"I entirely misinterpreted your letter, my dear Rose, and in a paroxysm of misery, I determined to sail for America. I could not leave the country without first seeing you again, however. With that object I came down here this morning."

"You came very near making a sad mistake," said Rose, naively. "How we should look—one in America and the other in England!"

It is needless to assure the reader that the projected pilgrimage was abandoned. They were married on that day, as Miss Clavering had arranged; and it was Rose's invariable caution in future to all marriageable young ladies, to be explicit in their communications, to avoid mistakes.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

In Bangor, the other day, an intensified broker offered to accommodate a friend with $100 for fifteen minutes for $12. —— At Paris, lately, the Comtesse Charles Fitz James, in passing through a room when in full dress, stepped upon a lucifer match lying upon the floor, by which her clothes were set on fire. She was so badly burned, that after several weeks of sickness she died. —— A most remarkable case has just been brought before the courts of New York, in which an individual charges that his brother endeavored to induce him to commit murder. —— Col. B. L. Baker, a gentleman of great experience in the manufacture of arms of all descriptions, having had the superintendence of government arsenals for nearly forty years, and until recently been president of the Ordnance Bureau, at Washington, has been elected president of the Sharpe's Rifle Company, Hartford. —— Cato, the elder, was wont to say that the Romans were like sheep—a man were better to drive a flock of them than one of them —— Gerald Massey, the peasant poet of England, has lately published a second volume of poems. They are much less revolutionary and radical than their predecessors, a change which is ascribed by the critics to his recent aristocratic intimacies. —— A vein of coal, six feet in thickness, has been discovered at Edwardsville, Madison county, Illinois, at a depth of thirty feet from the surface. —— J. Payne Collier, the Shakspearian commentator, has written a volume purporting to give seven lectures on Shakspeare and Milton, delivered by Coleridge, in 1812, and of which Mr. Collier took short-hand notes that were misplaced and not discovered until 1854 —— The senior editor of the Pittsburg Dispatch lost his beard, a crop of five years' growth, on the recent election! —— Thomas Ellwood, an intelligent and learned Quaker, who was honored by the intimate friendship of Milton, used to read to him various authors in the learned languages, and thus contributed as well to his own improvement as to solace the dark hours of the poet when he had lost his sight. —— A few years ago, old flour barrels could be purchased from 12 1-2 to 25 cents; now, rough old barrels readily bring 48 cents, and dressed, 64 cents. —— De Quincey says "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking, and from that to incivility and procrastination." —— The British whale fishery has been unusually profitable this year—so much so, that in Dundee dividends of £100 per share are to be paid by the Union Company on shares which might have been bought lately under £40. This success has led to the proposal that steam power should be employed as a means of giving Arctic fishermen increased command over the fishing ground. —— There is little doubt that William A. White, formerly of Watertown, Mass., who disappeared mysteriously, in Milwaukie, has been murdered for his money. —— Prince Albert, they say, is getting unpopular. On several public occasions lately, he has been received with marked coldness, almost amounting to disrespect. The queen has by degrees become a mere cipher, and relies, it is said, implicitly upon her husband. The consequence is, that a complaint is raised about his royal highness' interference. —— Le Miroir Face et Nuque is a new patent toilet glass, which reflects the back of the head, enabling a lady to arraage her back hair with the greatest ease and precision.

Gas Stoves.—The gas stoves invented, patented and sold by Wm. F. Shaw, No. 174 Washington Street, are truly admirable contrivances. They are of various patterns, adapted either for simply warming rooms, or for cooking purposes. The economy of gas for fuel, by means of this invention, has been satisfactorily demonstrated; but the convenience, cleanliness and neatness of these stoves can hardly be too highly commended. We are using one of Mr. Shaw's "Library Stoves" in our editorial office, and are delighted with its performance. The temperature of the room can be raised to any desirable degree almost instantaneously, and there is no deleterious gas, or even upleasant odor, arising from it. It is certainly one of the most ingenious inventions of the day.

The Irish Language.—The Irish language is expressive and beautiful. Every word accurately describes the thing signified, as in the English words, *buzz* of bees; *crash* of falling timbers, etc. It is highly poetical. The Irish scholar translates "serpent"—the "father of poisons;" and "reconciliation" by "second friendship."

Zoological.—A panther escaped from the cars on the Stonington Railroad, three years since, and was lately "dropped" by a rifle shot in West Greenwich, R. I. He measured 7 feet from his nose to his tail, and 7 feet from his tail to nose—making fourteen in all; as the showman says.

Vandalism.—Some rascal lately stole six valuable landscapes by old masters from the Earl of Suffolk's gallery, in London. We hope they were not such valuable "old masters" as we see in our auction rooms.

The Clock Business.—Only 140,000 clocks will be made in Connecticut this year. As time is money, we suppose the clock-makers do a fine business. It is one that goes on tick, however.

Tragical.—The favorite sultana of Abdul Medjid lately fell in love with a young Armenian, was detected, bowstringed, put in a sack and thrown to the fishes in the Bosphorus.

Madame Augusta.—This splendid dancer is teaching her art in New York, where, some twenty years ago, she made such a sensation in the Bayadere.

The Adriatic.—We regret this steamer did not visit us before sailing for Europe; she will have the gloss off when she gets back.

Wayside Gatherings.

Sugar cane has been successfully raised in Minnesota.

Valuable coal mines have been discovered on the Pacific coast.

A large business is being done in Sacramento, Cal., in the curing and smoking of salmon.

Quite a number of deer have recently been killed in the lower counties of West Jersey.

During the past year, the precious metal coined at the eight mints of Mexico, amounted to $16,337,255 in silver, and $956,222 in gold.

The City Bank of Quebec, was robbed lately, but fortunately, it contained but $1000. The entrance was effected by undermining the vault.

At Middlebury, Vt., a man by the name of Arnold was killed by a large vat which he had been building, being seized by the wind and thrown upon him.

Hon. William Sturgis has presented to the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, a copy of "Audubon's Birds of America" in five volumes, four volumes plates, folio edition.

A gentleman in the American Agriculturist states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare afflicted with the heaves, by feeding her on cornstalks, and that the disease never returned.

A lad about thirteen years of age, son of Benjamin M. Stanley, was accidentally shot in Troy, N. H., by a younger lad, who was playing with a loaded gun. The contents passed directly through his brain.

John Kelley of Shelburne, N. Y., killed his brother with an axe, in a dispute between the deceased and the prisoner's wife. On entering the jail, Kelley found one of his sons, twelve years of age, confined there on a charge of burglary and theft.

Two curious cases of intermarriage have occurred in Newton county, in Va. Mr. Stephen Daniel, aged 56, married a daughter of N. Rogers, who was 15, and N. Rogers, aged 62, married a daughter of Stephen Daniel, who was 14 years of age.

Jay Bassett of New Haven, caught two eels a few days since, one of which was nearly four feet long, and measured eleven inches round the middle; the other was three feet three inches, and measured nine inches, and the two weighed *thirteen pounds*.

The town of Mapami, Durango, Mexico, has lately been the theatre of a dreadful scene. About one hundred and fifty savages attacked the place, killed ten men, and carried away five children and two women as prisoners, besides a quantity of mules and four horses.

A plan is on foot to purchase the entire salt property in the Kanawha, Virginia, Salines, and to place all the furnaces under the management of one company. They yield three hundred thousand bushels of salt per annum. The purchasers are Eastern Virginians, and will raise one million of dollars.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the celebrated Prussian traveller, who visited Boston in 1855, is about visiting Madagascar. A committee of the British Association made her a grant of twenty pounds to assist in making researches in the natural history of the island, and Prince Albert sent her ten more.

A singular and fatal accident happened in Wells Street, Hartford, a few days since. A boy fifteen years old, son of Mr. Rowell, was starting for school, and stopped a minute in the doorway, to play with his sister, when he tripped, as is thought, and fell down the steps, breaking his neck.

They do not trifle with defaulters in England. Robson, the secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment. Within half an hour of sentence having been pronounced, he was stripped of his ordinary habiliments, and clothed in a convict's dress, and became the associate of half a dozen other transports.

A party of four Americans, consisting of David Nichols, Dr. P. B. Cabell and Messrs. Collier and Kennedy, were recently surrounded and attacked by a party of sixteen Camanche Indians, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Zacatecas, Mexico. Dr. Cabell was killed. The remainder of the party escaped without injury.

Mr. S. N. Botsford of Whitneysville, has laid all the little boys in Christendom under lasting obligations, by his invention of a toy locomotive, which winds up like a clock, and will run across a room, or perform sundry circuits around the carpet, with great speed, to the everlasting delight of "Little Breeches," who is conductor, fireman and engineer.

The Staunton (Virginia) Spectator, says that a man named Church, aged eighty-two years, arrived in Augusta county a few days ago, from Pendleton, with a team for a load of corn, and stated that his father and mother were both living—the one being one hundred and twelve and the other one hundred and seven years of age.

As a general rule, short pieces are liked best. A gentleman in a bank once said, when asked to subscribe for a certain Quarterly Review:—"Read a review! why, I never read anything longer than a telegraph despatch! But I will take it and send it to my brother, who is a minister in the country." The public like a short article, when it is a condensation.

It is generally admitted that coal is the product of a buried vegetation—mostly trees. How thick they must have grown in the coal period! It is calculated that an acre of coal three feet thick is equal to the produce of 1940 acres of forest. There is now raised five times as much coal in Great Britain as in any other country; and it is estimated that there is in these isles more than 4000 square miles of coal fields yet to be cut out.

An improvement has been made in propelling boats, consisting in an arrangement and combination of the ordinary endless chain horse power, with paddle wheels, whereby the raising and lowering of the paddle wheels to suit the various depths at which the boat sinks in the water, also produce a variable inclination of the endless chain horse-power, so as to enable the horse to exert a power in proportion to the weight of the load.

The condensers of the ship Adriatic, invented by Mr. Allen of the Novelty Works, New York, cool the steam by means of *twenty-one miles* of brass tubing, through which cold sea water is made to pass constantly by two pumps. The condensed steam is thus fed back into the boiler *fresh*. The brass tubing is cut up into sections twelve feet long, so that the cooling power of the water passed through them must be nearly the same as if it were mixed with steam jets.

A letter from Constantinople says: "The European taste for music has of late made immense progress here. The sultan has at present, for his harem, an excellent orchestra, composed of women alone. One, in particular, is remarkable for her performance on the violin, her style of execution resembling that of Theresa Milanolo. Very few harems are now without a piano forte, and many of the Turkish ladies are excellent performers. The sultan has signified his intention of building a theatre."

Foreign Items.

In London, one thousand per week is the average number of deaths.

The whole literary production of Russia, in 1855, consisted twelve hundred works.

A large number of iron paddle-wheel steamers are now building at Walker-on-the-Tyne, England, to run on the River Nile in Egypt.

More than one hundred public fairs are held annually in different sections of Russia, at each of which, business to the amount of $40,000 is transacted.

Lieutenant Saunders, an English officer of one of the cavalry regiments of the German Legion, was lately publicly dismissed from the service at a parade at Colchester, England.

It appears from the marshal's report that, during the Crimean war, 309,260 men were sent to the East from France. The losses by casualties in battle and sickness amounted to 69,229.

The stocks were lately put in requisition at Broomsgrove, Worcestershire. A man named Stanton was placed in them for six hours, for refusing to pay a fine in a case of assault.

The journals of Lombardy, conducted under Austrian Inspiration, show themselves increasingly hostile to England. The Bilancia, of Milan, every day attacks Lord Palmerston as "the firebrand of Italy."

The Queen of Spain lately gave a grand ball on the occasion of her birthday, at which all the distinguished personages at Madrid were present. She was particularly gracious to Marshal O'Donnell, with whom she opened the ball.

The supply of fish has doubled in Paris since 1817, but it is not equal to the demand; and the price, except of very inferior kinds of fish, is enormous. Fish in that capital, and indeed throughout almost all France, is still a luxury.

Italy has just lost two enlightened men. Dr. Braun, secretary of the Archæological Society, founded by the king of Prussia at Rome, died in that city, recently. The death of Luigi Cannia, president of the Museum and Gallery of the Capitol, is also announced.

Sands of Gold.

.... There is no virtue like necessity.—*Shakspeare.*

.... He who makes religion his first object, makes it his whole object.—*Ruskin.*

.... The best poets are the most impressive, because their steps are regular; for without regularity, there is neither strength nor state.—*Landor.*

.... To contradict and argue with a total stranger, is like knocking at a gate to ascertain if there is any one within.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.—*Colton.*

.... The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—*Saadi.*

.... Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—*Addison.*

.... The stream of vice will flow as naturally into palaces, as the common sewer flows into the river, and the river flows onward to the sea.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.—*Landor.*

.... The ancients pretended that nations were civilized by music, and this allegory has a deep meaning; for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed either by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second.—*Madame de Stael.*

.... He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little farther, and try to plant in a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labor to renew; a strong soil that has produced weeds, may be made to produce wheat, with far less difficulty than it would cost to produce nothing.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

Why are violinists twice as prudent as any other men? Because they have *four* strings to their bow.—*Pasquin.*

"What time is it, Tom?" "Just time to pay that little account you owe me." "O, indeed! Well, I didn't think it was half so late."

A lady in Calcutta asked a colonel for a mangoe; as he rolled it along, it fell into a plate of kiss-mists—a species of grape. "How naturally," exclaimed the colonel, "*man-goes to kiss miss!*"

A singer in the opera chorus, who formerly had a very good chest voice, sings now altogether in falsetto. He ascribes it entirely to the dentist, who, he says, gave him false set o' teeth.

The Tribune, speaking of the custom prevalent among the German fishermen, who attach small bells to their shad-fishing nets, says, that our own fishermen, in the spring, will try the *cast-a-net* system, as the one most likely to be successful.

Dr. Johnson, being once in company with some scandal mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed:—"It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks, than to blacken other people's characters."

An elderly Portuguese lady, having pledged herself to make a pilgrimage to a distant shrine barefoot, her friends persuaded her that the fatigue would prove fatal. She persisted, however, in going to the shrine, and in going barefoot—but she went in a sedan-chair.

"Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead; it is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpeen." "Troth, boy, indade an' it's just miself what is wanting swate Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Sure I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

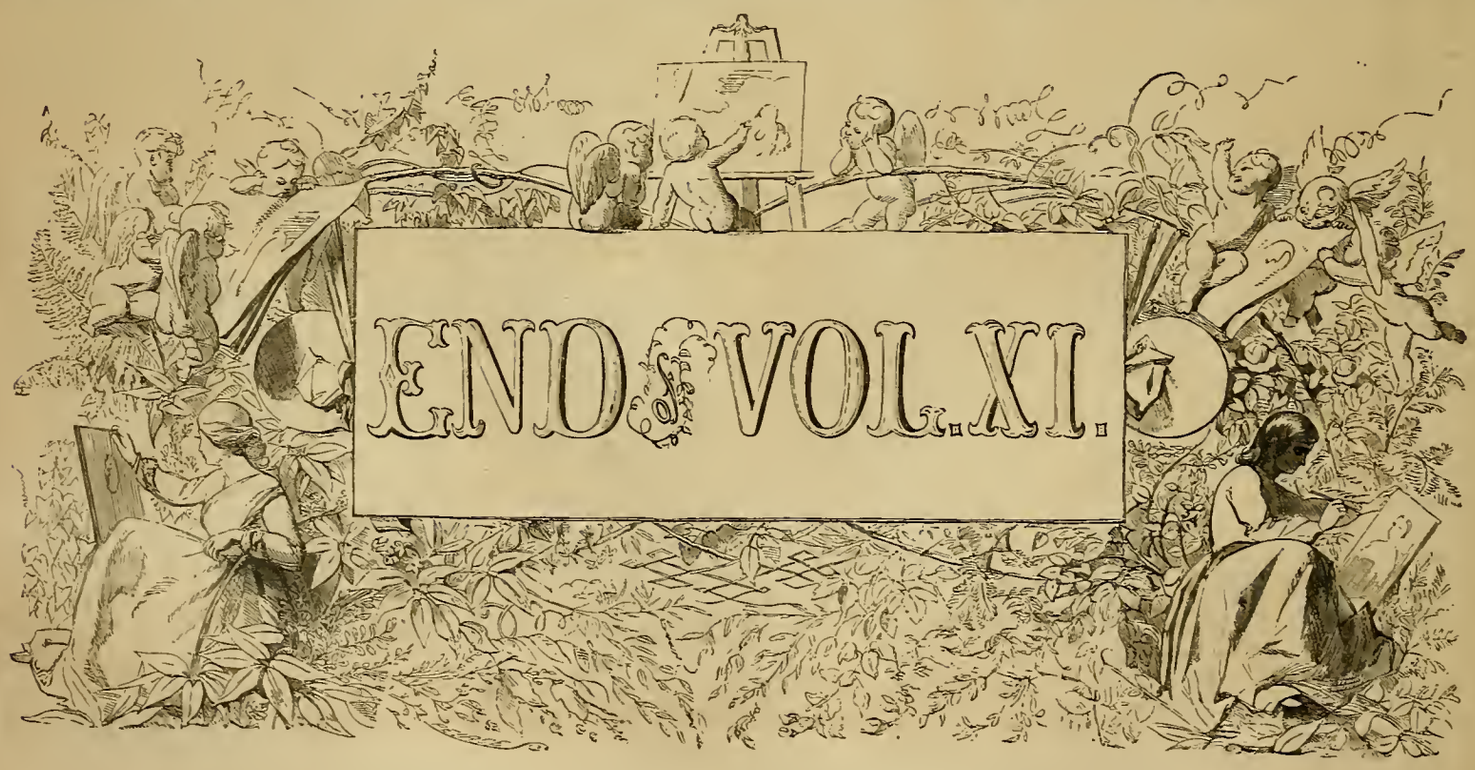
A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes; and not knowing exactly the style she required, he despatched a written missive to her, asking her whether she would like them "Wround or Esq. Toad." The fair one, indignant at this rich specimen of orthography, replied, "Kseether."

THE EX-QUEEN OF OUDE.

The gorgeously got up lady on this page is the mother of the ex-king of Oude, a lady who recently undertook a Quixotic expedition to England to ask a restitution of her son's kingdom, which Great Britain has recently absorbed—we were about to say annexed, but we remembered in time that the British are opposed to annexation as a species of spoliation, while they regard absorption as a legitimate mode of appropriation. This lady, the ex-queen, is quite good-looking, and her splendid gold and pearl ornaments and rich dagger give her, in an engraving, quite a theatrical air. She looks like the queen of a stage ballet. When, in former days, the dynasty of the six Tartar Moguls was supreme in India, Oude formed only a province of their far-extending empire, and was governed by a viceroy. Gradually, the Mogul dominion, shattered by contact with the English arms, and enfeebled by vice and luxury, dissolved, and was split up into a crowd of inferior states. The Viceroy of Oude took advantage of the general confusion to constitute himself a king; but so early as the reign of his son, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the kingdom was powerless, and began to lapse under the political influence of England. But the sort of protection thus afforded was of a very equivocal character. The prince was protected against the people, but not the people against the prince. Accordingly, an odious tyranny was established, under the sanction of the East India Company. Villages were burned, to punish the inhabitants for delays in the payment of taxes; bands of riotous soldiers swarmed in the towns and robbed the bazaars; men were flayed alive for attempting to escape plunder by concealing their possessions; the country was desolated by the avarice of the king, and the villany of his agents; and Lucknow the capital, became a centre of dissipation and luxury. This beautiful city, the residence of the queen who has visited England, contains many noble buildings, and is situated on an imposing elevation overlooking the Goomty River, which pours into the mighty Ganges. Notwithstanding, Oude has gradually declined in importance. Though situated in the healthy north of India, with an uniformly level surface, a rich soil, and an area of more than twenty-four thousand miles, or nearly half the area of England, its population is considerably less than three millions. The climate is generally healthy, though hot and dry. The soil produces rice and other cereals, cotton, hemp, tobacco, opium, an abundance of luscious fruits, and many of the rarest products of the East. In former days there were large manufactures of cotton, gunpowder, soda, saltpetre, salt, glass and fire-arms; but an army of fifty thousand men robbing the people instead of protecting them, brought to their lowest ebb all these sources of national prosperity. Though five noble rivers, including the Ganges, flow through Oude, destined by nature to be a garden of fertility—though, throughout its length of 270 miles, and its width of 160, scarcely a barren tract is to be found—it exhibits a deplorable contrast with some British provinces not possessed of half so many natural advantages. At one period it is known to have been renowned for riches. Its former capital, Oude—the oldest city in Hindostan—which gives the kingdom a name, is said to have been founded two thousand three hundred years ago, and to have had a population of one hundred thousand, is reduced at present to less than a tenth of that number. Finally the East India Company resolved to deprive Wajib Ali Shah, the reigning prince, of his sovereignty, and take the government into their own hands. No personal injury was sustained by Wajib Ali Shah, or his numerous family, consisting of four principal wives, a harem crowded with handmaids, and a vast variety of princes and princesses. The king was left in the enjoyment of his personal estate, and treasures in gold and gems, amounting to nearly a million sterling, while the British Government undertook to administer justice, carry out a scheme of public works, and collect the taxes. For a time, the dethroned monarch contemplated a visit to England, bringing with him £200,000 ready money, and directing his income of £120,000 per annum to be paid, through an agent, in London. He fancied, in his ignorance of English history, that he had nothing to do but arrive at Buckingham Palace, demand an audience, and fall at the feet of the queen praying her to restore his crown and kingdom. He expected her to say, as though she were an Oriental despot, "Rise, unfortunate prince. I will order the restitution of your dominions!" It was represented to him, however, that his mother would have a better chance of popularity in England, and, accordingly, he sent that lady, with the prince, formerly heir apparent of the throne, a gorgeous retinue, a collection of rich Eastern gifts, and abundance of money, to plead his cause. Including the ex-queen herself, a hundred and ten of these Orientals arrived, about the middle of August, at Southampton. The Oudeans rise early; the men go out all day shopping; the women—in London—never stir abroad without being closely veiled; the whole train appears like a party at a masquerade. Gold and silver mace bearers stand at the doors of the royal apartments, guarding them from all profane intrusion; but if we pass within, the scene is truly Oriental. The heir apparent wears a cloak of scarlet and gold, a coronet decorated with jewels, a scimitar in a gem-encrusted scabbard; but, within still more jealously guarded precincts, sits the queen herself, represented in our engraving. She is robed in splendid shawls, and, when only in the presence of women, sits on a sofa, with her head, neck, and one or both arms, uncovered, displaying two massive earrings, and other jewelry, and rather short hair, brushed back in the Chinese fashion. She is stout, and good looking, not near so dark as might be expected, and, in appearance, still far from aged. Her voice is pleasing, and her manners indicate an amiable disposition. The Oude Mission is at present located in Brunswick House, New Road, London. The men are frequently seen abroad in the neighborhood; the women rarely venture out. It is not known how long they may continue their stay. In addition to a box of jewelry, worth £10,000, which was lost during the voyage, the expenses of this royal visit to England will, no doubt, amount to an enormous sum, while the ex-queen has no chance of fulfilling her son's desires. The lion never lets go his prey.



THE EX-QUEEN OF OUDE.





BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

VOL. XII.

M. M. BALLOU,
PUBLISHER.



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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE INCOMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

The original and spirited allegorical picture below is from the pencil of Champney, and executed expressly for the Pictorial as the initial engraving of the year 1857. The New Year is represented under the figure of a charming young equestrian, who, as she bounds from the back of her flying charger through the balloon which represents a dial plate, lifts the wrinkled mask of 1856, and displays the figures of the New Year. Old Father Time is clown to the ring, and wears the "motley" as if he were used to it. By his side hangs the hour-glass. The ring-master is an airy young sprite, with a star on his forehead, and may be looked upon as Hope. Around the principal design are other emblematic sketches—a sexton ringing out the old year and ringing in the new, a joyous procession welcoming the infant year, a spectral row of figures illustrating the departed years, etc. This joyous picture typifies the gladness with which we enter on a new twelvemonth. We part from our old friend with scarcely a regret, or, if the tribute of a tear to his memory is shed, it is soon chased by a smile. So when a military comrade is carried to his grave, a few beats of the muffled drum, a few footfalls to melancholy dirge music, a rattling volley—and then off with the crape, and hey for the lively quick-step of the returning escort! We do not mourn for the individual years as they pass away; it is only when we glance backward at the congregated graves of many years that sadness and remorse steal over us. The death of the old year and the birth of the new coming on us simultaneously, we have no time for sorrow. It is with us as with the courtiers of a European monarchy, of which the theory is that the king never dies—that the throne is never vacant. "The king is dead—long live the king!" is the accustomed formula of acclamation. As the courtiers rush with indecent haste from the bedside of the dying monarch to the chamber of his successor, so do we turn from the expiring year to greet the new-born heir. Toll, toll mournfully, solemn bell, for the departed! Ring out cheerily, festal bell, for the new born! The sands of time for once shall be golden as those of Pactolus, and shall glimmer in the festival lamps we kindle on the hospitable board. In all the bravery of our holiday attire, we will fancy that we are embarked in a gay gondola, floating along the tranquil canals of a fairy city, with gallant cavaliers and dames flaunting beside us, with mask and merriment, while the air reels with the melodious thunder of the lofty campanile. For we are children of the age of steam—not given to looking backward, but onward, and, we trust, upward. In the season for joy, we can be as glad as any; and in the spirit of true joyousness, we wish our readers, one and all, a happy New Year!



THE INCOMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR.

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROCLAMATION.

It was the market day in Pampeluna; the crowd, which was rushing towards the grand square, stopped before a placard affixed to the gate of the Gefatura, the residence of the lord mayor. The peasants, removing the baskets of vegetables and fruits, or the barrels of oil and butter which they carried upon their shoulders, contemplated the bill with deep attention. The number of people became so great that they spread across the square to the very door of a shop belonging to Gongarello the barber, and pressing against his very window, so darkened his room that he was obliged to desist from shaving his customers till the crowd should move.

Aben-Abou, known in that quarter under the name of Gongarello, was a small, dark man, of a joyous and bantering disposition, like nearly all his brothers in trade, but more industrious and intelligent, like his countrymen, the Moors. His activity contrasted singularly with the gravity of his neighbors of pure Spanish blood, old Christians and descendants of Pela. Scarcely a barber in Pampeluna but had more practice than he, for nearly every month he was regularly denounced to the Inquisition by some of his neighbors for the crime of sedition, impiety or sorcery.

Gongarello, making his way with difficulty through the crowd which obstructed his doorway, approached the placard, and in a loud voice, began to read what was printed in large, black letters:

"Faithful citizens of Pampeluna! our well-beloved lord, Philip III., king of Spain and the Indies, wishes, on his accession to the throne, to visit the lower provinces and good cities of Saragossa and of Pampeluna; he will make, by torchlight, this evening, his entry within its walls. We charge the lord mayor, magistrates, alguazils and familiars of the Inquisition to prepare in each quarter a passage for the royal cortege. Signed, the governor,

"COUNT DE LEMOS."

And lower down was printed:

"The coach of her majesty and that of his excellence, the Count de Lerma, preceded by a regiment of infantry and followed by a regiment of guards, will enter the gate of Charles V., and will pass along Taconnera Street to the palace of the viceroy, where her majesty will alight. On the route of the procession, all windows must be illuminated, ornamented with flowers, or bear the arms of Spain and those of the Count de Lerma, first minister. It is not necessary to enjoin fidelity upon the loyal population of Pampeluna to cause them to show these marks of the enthusiasm and submission which they bear in their hearts for their well-beloved sovereign. All offenders will be reported to the Inquisition by us.

"JOSUE CALZADO, *Corregidor*."

Hardly had Gongarello finished the reading, when the corregidor appeared upon the balcony of his palace, and raising his plumed hat, exclaimed: "Viva Philip III.! viva el Count de Lerma, his glorious minister!"

Like a faithful echo, the multitude repeated the same cry; some murmurs proceeded from a group under the balcony. A large, lean man with a gray moustache, which gave him the air of an old Spanish soldier, and who was Gines Peres, host of the "Golden Sun," coughed discontentedly, and said, aloud:

"Let us receive at Pampeluna our new king, the court, and above all, the Count de Lerma, whose suite, I have heard, is more numerous than that of her majesty; I wish him well. The count does not mind expense; his men hold to being well kept; they should dine at the Golden Sun."

"And have some holiday dresses made," added Truxillo, the rich tailor.

"But," continued Gines Peres, raising his voice, "for what good are these two regiments which they announce—that of guards and of infantry?"

"That of infantry!" exclaimed Truxillo, turning pale.

"Yes," replied the innkeeper; "also a crowd of unnecessary people who always appear in a city with the troops, without thinking that these soldiers will all be lodged and fed by the citizens."

"It is true—it is true!" exclaimed many merchants.

"And those who have the misfortune to have fine houses," continued the host, "large shops or spacious hotels, will be overwhelmed with billets of lodgment."

"It is very necessary," said the barber, "that our lord and master, the new king, have around him soldiers to guard him."

"No—it is not necessary!" cried a man with large shoulders, thick, red beard and ferocious eye,—"no—it is not necessary! The law and our rights oppose it."

"He is right!" cried the innkeeper.

"Very right!" louder cried the tailor.

The voices in the crowd were hushed, and all listened with deep attention to the orator, who pursued with vehemence:

"When the deceased king, Philip II., under the pretext of pursuing Antonio Peres, came armed, and destroyed the charters of Arragon, he only regretted that he could not destroy the charters of Navarre also, and that which Philip II. did not dare to do, his son and successor will attempt; but you will not suffer it if you are true citizens, true people of Navarre."

"We are all true!" cried the tavern-keeper.

"All!" shouted the tailor.

"All!" repeated the crowd, which, without fully comprehending what was going on, began to be agitated and sway about.

"What say our charters? That the city shall be governed and guarded by its citizens, and no stranger shall enter there. That is the text."

"That is true!" cried the host, who had never read it.

"That is true!" confidentially repeated the tailor.

"But," hazarded the barber, in a low voice, "the soldiers of the king are not strangers."

"They are Castilians," replied the orator, with scorn; "and what is there common between the kingdom of Castile and Navarre? We are not like the rest of Spain; we have never been conquered; we gave ourselves on condition that Navarre should preserve the old charters which she possessed."

"That is true—that is true!" was the cry on all sides.

"And stronger, more brave than our neighbors, the citizens of Arragon, we will take the motto which they did not know how to defend, and we will say: 'The king will enter our gates without any other guard than the citizens of Pampeluna.'"

It was not unintentionally that the speaker made this allusion to the ancient formula of Arragon; there had always been a rivalry for privileges between Arragon and Navarre, and the enthusiastic shout of "Long life to Captain Josef Baptista!" showed that his words went home.

Hearing the noise in the street, the Corregidor Josue Calzador again appeared on his balcony, more satisfied and startled by the silence which followed his appearance and permitted him to show his zeal, and above all, to harangue the people. The honorable lord mayor loved to speak, but he was cruelly disappointed, for he had hardly collected the whole strength of his lungs to cry, "Faithful people of Navarre!" than his voice was drowned in cries of, "Down with the corregidor!"

"Long life to the king! long life to his glorious minister!" cried the corregidor, raising his voice to the highest pitch.

"Down with the Count de Lerma! down with the minister!"

"That is what I mean to say, my dear citizens. Hear me; my sole motto is—live our glorious monarch!"

"Down with the king, if he curtails our liberties!"

"That is what I say, my countrymen. Deign to hear me—Hurrah for our liberties!"

The multitude interrupted him tumultuously; many reproached him, and the people, excited by Gines Peres and Truxillo, had already torn the great proclamation from the gate and trampled it under foot. The rage of the population did not stop here, for the people, stooping to their baskets of vegetables and fruits, provided themselves with projectiles which, directed by a steady eye and strong arm, proved anything but harmless. The poor corregidor stood exposed to the full fury of the assault, and he was about retreating from the field of battle, when Captain Josef Baptista, with the agility of a sailor, seizing one of the iron supports of the balcony, swung himself up beside the frightened magistrate, and clasping him in his powerful arms, was about to throw him into the street, when Josue Calzado made one more attempt for his life, and exclaimed, as the powerful captain raised him in his arms:

"You will not listen to me—I am for you! Inhabitants of Pampeluna, I think like you. Live our charters!"

"Long live the corregidor!" cried the people, with one voice.

"Yes, yes—he shall die to defend our charters," added the captain, and he squeezed his victim so tightly that Josue ran eminent danger of being suffocated, and could only extend his hands as if taking an oath.

The people, always changeable, repeated with admiration, "Long live our worthy magistrate, Josue Calzado!"

"He will conduct us himself to the governor," continued the captain, "and will be spokesman for us himself. It is himself who proposes it to you."

At these words, the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The corregidor, led into the street by Josef Baptista, was overwhelmed by the redoubled vivats of the delirious multitude. Before he could open his lips, he was pressed, surrounded, and raised upon a thousand arms and carried off in triumph, his forehead still soiled by the traces of the last projectiles, crowned by a wreath of oak. The popular cortege, conducted by Gines Peres, the master of the Golden Sun, and Truxillo the tailor, marched to the palace of the governor, traversing Taconnera Street, already begun to be decorated with flowers, ribbons, or banners ornamented with the arms of Spain, waving at each crossing, to salute the royal entrance of Philip III.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO CHILDREN.

While these events were taking place in the centre of the city, a little child of ten or twelve years perhaps—I say perhaps, for no one, not even himself, could tell his age,—was wandering in the street Saint Pacome, a little, dirty, crooked path. His face was very much emaciated, and bore marks of fever, and his ragged clothes attested to his great poverty and misery. The expression of his face was sweet and gentle, and his large black eye denoted intelligence. He walked, or rather dragged himself along, and his greatest illness now, of which he was dying, was hunger. He passed slowly and wearily through several streets, which, to his great astonishment, he found entirely deserted, for at the first news of the revolt, the people had run to the public square. The poor child put out his hand to a counsellor who came along, not daring to speak; but the man did not look at him, but passed on his way. An instant after, a nobleman appeared, walking slowly and enveloped in his mantle. The poor child ventured timidly to raise his ragged hat and salute him; but he received for alms only a return of the salute. The young beggar sank with weakness, supporting himself against a gate, and he heard the voice of a woman, which raised his hopes.

"Pablo—Pablo," cried the mother, "come here; your soup awaits you."

At these words, the orphan knocked loudly at the gate, as if it had been himself who was called. But the mother was too busily occupied with her child to heed the stranger at her gate.

"Alms!" exclaimed he, "I have no mother to call me; I have no repast awaiting me." And wearily he continued to follow the beautiful street which conducted him to the borders of the Argu, hoping nothing more from men, without doubt, for his eyes were turned towards heaven. Just then, the sun broke through the clouds, and the child leaned against the wall, while a melancholy smile lit up his face as if he recognized in the sun his only friend. Then his eyes, more accustomed to the dim light of narrow, crooked streets, drooped, and as they did so, fell upon some pieces of melon lying in the street. Almost famished, he stooped and picked up the pieces, and was carrying them quickly to his mouth, when he saw a child, nearly his own age, a kind of Bohemian, equally ragged with himself, who came towards him singing.

"You must be very happy and gay to sing," said he, to the child.

"I sing because I am hungry and have nothing to eat."

In an instant, without uttering a word, he generously handed his companion the pieces of melon he had picked up. The Bohemian regarded him with astonishment, and exclaimed:

"What! have you no other dinner but that?"

"Very happy am I to have found it; let us eat."

And the two friends seated themselves on the curb-stone and commenced their repast. The dining saloon was vast and grand. It was a deserted street, resembling nearly all the other streets in Pampeluna; it was straight, graced by a fountain of running water, which offered a cool drink. In front of them was an elegant mansion, upon the door of which they read, "Truxillo, mastertailor." Behind them was the fine hotel called the "Golden Sun," whose windows opened nearly above them. Their repast was soon finished, and the Bohemian asked his friend's name.

"Juan—that is what I was called by the monks, with whom I was. And you—what are you called?"

"Pedralvi. Your parents?"

"I have none."

"Nor I. Have you ever known your father or mother?"

"I never knew my father. My mother," said Juan, trying to recall his remembrances, "was a great lady. There came with her great lords and ladies in rich dresses, and plumes in their hats; she had splendid rooms with tapestry. I see still a splendid mirror with which I played; it was beautifully ornamented, and had a drawer always filled with sugar-plums and candies. That is all I remember of the care and tenderness of my mother, and then, one morning, I went to the gate of a great building they call a convent, where they kept me—I cannot tell how long; then they sent me away, saying: 'Seek thy own living, idle one!' I was hungry, I was poor, and then I was ill. Every one said to me: 'Go; you have the fever; we shall catch it.'"

Pedralvi held his hand tightly while Juan spoke.

"And, finally," continued he, "I have nothing; I know not where to go. What is your history?"

"Mine?" said Pedralvi. "I remember my mother only; I see her still; she was large and strong, and carried me on her back. One day we came to Grenada; we descended the mountains, which they call the Alpujarras. I forget how it was done, but some men in black cassocks surrounded us, and separated my mother from me in spite of her cries and mine. They threw cold water on my face, and said some barbarous words which I did not understand, and my mother cried out: 'He is not a Christian; he never shall be, nor myself, either;' and she tried to wipe what she called a stain off my forehead, and they killed her."

"Killed her!" cried Juan, in affright.

"Yes—while they called her a heretic accursed."

"A heretic!" repeated the child; "what is that, I wonder?"

"I don't know. My blood grew cold; I saw her, and she said to me: 'Pedralvi, my son, remember me always.' Then she suddenly became pale; her limbs grew stiff, and she ceased to speak. What followed I do not know. I only know that in a wood I met some Bohemians, who took me with them. Then one day they were attacked by the men in black whom they called alguazils. Each mother fled with her child; I, who had no mother, was left on the great road. Since then I walked ahead, I sang and I begged. That is my story."

The two orphans seized hold of each other's hands, exclaiming: "My brother!"

"Our dinner is finished," said Pedralvi, "but I am still very hungry."

"So am I," sadly replied Juan; "but I will hope to get another course," he added, cheerfully, while his eager, hungry eyes roamed round in search of another stray bit of food.

"Stop, children," said a sweet voice; and at one of the windows of the Golden Sun, appeared a young girl in Moorish dress. It was Juniata, a young servant of the hotel. She threw out to them a large piece of white bread, and the remains of a breakfast left by two students of Saragossa. Never had royal banquet, never minister's dinner been partaken of with greater joy. The children sat joyously, forgetting their former want and poverty and all ills, but not the calls of gratitude, for, from time to time, they turned with grateful eyes to the window where the little servant still stood. This laughing picture was interrupted by a cry from Juniata. The cry was caused by the sudden appearance of Gines Peres, who sprang forward and caught Juan by the ear, while Pedralvi, throwing the remains of the food into a basket he carried on his back, managed to escape, after whispering to Juan: "This evening, behind the church of Saint Pacome."

Juan would willingly have followed his more fortunate compan-

ion, but one of his ears was held tightly by the innkeeper, who was denouncing Juanita as a little thief and witch, and he also thought, generously, that even if he could escape, he ought to stay to defend his young benefactress. Juan pleaded earnestly for the young girl. Suddenly Gines said he would pardon Juanita and Juan, and even give him twenty maravedis, equal to about five cents, upon one condition.

"And what is that?" asked Juan, his large eyes wide open with astonishment.

"I will give it to you this evening, if you will promise to cry all the time from now till then, in the streets of Pampeluna, *Vivent nos fueros!* Live our charters!"

"That is not difficult," said the child, "if I shall really have the money."

"Yes—I will pay you here, this evening; I swear it, little fellow," he added, almost kindly, as he saw the doubt springing up in the large, earnest eyes,—"I swear it by the Nuestra Dama del Pilar;" and he released the child's ear, who, after thanking him, set off gaily, crying at the top of his young strong lungs: "*Vivent nos fueros!*"

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIUMPH.

In an old rich mansion of Pampeluna, whose windows opened upon the street Taconnera, in a Gothic chair was seated an old man, a warrior, and by his side stood a young man waiting respectfully for the old man to speak. The old man was Don Juan d'Aguilar, an old soldier and courtier of the reign of Philip II., father of the new king. The young man waited sometime for him to speak, but as he continued silent, he hazarded a remark:

"May I go to Ireland with you, my uncle?"

"No," replied the old soldier.

"And why not?" asked the young man.

"You have not yet won your first arms, Fernand; I would wish to see you begin by a victory, and we shall be beaten."

"What do you say, you Don Juan d'Aguilar? when the king has given you six thousand men from his best troops to embark for Ireland,—when he wishes to signalize the first year of his reign by a glorious enterprise!"

"I will go—I will go; but we shall never succeed. It is useless. In the place of attacking free Elizabeth, exciting troubles and stirring up revolts, I will not say what ought to be done. But they scorn our counsels; will not listen to us, the old soldiers who know how to make war, and who have served under Don Juan of Austria. Spain was great and glorious then."

"And now, uncle," said the young man, proudly, "she has not degenerated."

"Yes," cried the old man, regarding him with satisfaction, "she has still arms and swords to defend her; but the empire of Charles V. is finished; our power is gone; her decline has commenced, and it will not stop."

"A new reign will bring back its splendors."

"A new reign!" murmured the old man. He heaved a deep sigh, and continued, in a low voice: "I stood by the death-bed of Philip II., and that king, who heard the news of a victory without his face expressing the least joy, that prince saw one of his fleets destroyed without a regret. I saw him weep—yes, weep, before me, his old servitor, for the future government of Spain. 'God,' said he, 'who has given me so many states, has not given me a son capable of governing it.'"

"What does that matter, if he has a good minister?"

The old man made an impatient gesture.

"The Count de Lerma a good minister! Where has he learned how to be a good minister? Is it in the chamber of the infant king, under the orders of the Marquise de Vaglio? During Philip's infancy, he made himself such a favorite that he has been appointed prime minister; no—the Count de Lerma has not become his minister, but absolute sovereign of Spain. Yes—it is true that the signature of the Count de Lerma is of as much value as that of the king himself—he, the descendant of Philip II. and Charles V. A king of Spain ascends the throne and abdicates the empire! I know this favorite detests me."

"How is that, my uncle? Does he not give you the command of the glorious expedition to Ireland?"

"Yes—he loves me better in Ireland than in Pampeluna. Pampeluna seems to him too near Madrid and the court. He wishes to send me as far away as possible. Martin Padilla, who commands the fleet, is my enemy; Occampo, who is given to me for lieutenant, is my enemy—"

"More reason, dear uncle, why I should go with you. You will let me go?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"No. If you go, who will defend my memory? Who will protect Carmina, my daughter, when I leave her an orphan? She has no rightful protector but her aunt, my sister, the Countess d'Altamira, and I have little confidence in her. You know, Fernand, the plans I have in relation to both of you. You will not desert her—you promise me?"

"Yes, uncle,—I promise you," exclaimed the young man, taking the old man's hand.

"And then," added the old man, wiping a tear away, "when you are old enough, you will enter the council, for you have a right to be there, for you are Fernand, Baron d'Albayda, first baron of the kingdom of Valencia; forget then all I have said to-day. Defend then our feeble monarch against his favorite and himself; always respect his authority; whatever he may do, he is your lord and father."

While he was speaking, a distant but prolonged murmur was heard. The noise increased slowly, and finally the cries of "Justice! justice! Death to the Count de Lerma!" were heard.

"Already!" exclaimed Don d'Aguilar; and turning to Fernand, he desired him to seek his daughter Carmina.

Fernand turned to obey, but at that moment the door opened, and a man entered quickly, whose rich clothes were disordered and soiled. His haughty face showed at the same time fear and rage, and he sought to hide his emotion by smiling.

"The Count de Lemos! the governor of Pampeluna!" exclaimed Don d'Aguilar and his nephew.

The Count de Lemos was brother-in-law to the Count de Lerma, and viceroy of Navarre.

"Yes—it is I, my dear friend," he exclaimed, laughingly. "They surrounded my carriage in the middle of the street, and assailed it with stones. I was obliged to alight, and they followed me even to your very gates."

"Of whom do you speak?" coldly asked d'Aguilar.

"Have you not heard what has passed?"

"I have heard nothing."

"Nothing?—well, that is laughable—a folly—a delirium! They have lost their heads, and Josue Calzado, the alcalde, as well as the rest. I saw him carried in triumph on the shoulders of the people; he came in that way to my palace. They wish to close the gates against the entrance of the king into Pampeluna—"

"Close the gates against the king of Spain!"

"Certainly. I have sent instantly a disguised messenger to my brother-in-law, the Count de Lerma, the first minister; he will know what to do."

"But you, monsieur count,—what did you do?"

"Do? what should I do?"

"Is there not a citadel in Pampeluna?" scornfully asked the old soldier, his eyes flashing.

"It is not wholly finished; not a cannon—not a soldier."

"In a frontier city!" cried d'Aguilar, looking at Fernand. "What do you say to that? Behold the foresight of those to whom Spain is confided! No garrison—no soldiers!"

"Very happily," impatiently remarked Lemos, "since that is the cause of all the trouble—of the revolt. They wish the king to enter without a military guard, escorted only by the citizens."

"Did you yield to them?" fiercely asked d'Aguilar.

"No. Seeing that it was impossible to make them hear me, I had my couch and horses made ready, and was leaving the back gate of the palace. I hoped to be able to join the Duke de Lerma and the two regiments which accompany him, and then we would have seen!" and the governor raised his head proudly and defiantly.

"You, the governor," exclaimed Don Juan d'Aguilar, with scornful surprise, "abandon the city!"

"Yes—but to re-enter it; but I was unable to do so. They saw me, and followed me. Fortunately, I was able to take refuge with you, and I ask ten thousand pardons, my dear d'Aguilar, for entering without ceremony and without being intro—"

At this moment the tumult redoubled outside, and a valet tremblingly entered, saying that the people outside demanded with horrible cries and menaces the governor. The Count de Lemos paled. Young Fernand approached him as if to protect him, and Don d'Aguilar, without quitting his chair, said, laughing:

"Tell them that I am too much honored by this visit from the count to wish to abridge it. He shall remain in the hotel as long as he wishes." Then, with Castilian dignity, he added: "To the men at the gates, tell them to withdraw."

The unhappy corregidor, chief of the populace, without wishing it, tried in vain to make himself heard, and tossed his arms wildly; and the people thought he was encouraging them to proceed, and they cried aloud: "The alcalde is right! To the assault—to the assault! Long live the corregidor!"

Stones began to be thrown, and each moment the fury of the populace seemed to increase.

"What is to be done?" cried Count de Lemos, in despair, as he heard the crashing of the windows and rattling of stones.

"Arrest the alcalde and two or three others, and the rest will depart," said Don d'Aguilar.

"Death to the governor!" cried the crowd.

The Count de Lemos tried in vain to hide his feelings, and in spite of the smile on his lips, his cheeks were pale, and a cold sweat stood on his brows. Don d'Aguilar tried to reassure him, and bade him fear nothing, for in a few hours, perhaps minutes, the Count de Lerma, with two regiments, would arrive and disperse the mob.

A renewal of cries more menacing than before reached their ears, and also the noise made by beams and pikes beating at the door. These noises seemed to give back youth to the old Don d'Aguilar. He crossed the apartment with a firm, majestic tread, and in a clear voice gave orders for his servants to tear out the casements and beams. The governor demanded what he intended to do, and the reply came clear and calm:

"Throw the first story of the house upon their heads."

Fernand's young, fiery blood glowed with the thoughts of a battle. The Count de Lemos was surprised at the generosity of the old man, for their families were hostile and himself an enemy of d'Aguilar. All preparations were made, for the old general wished not only to repulse the crowd, but to make with his servants a sortie upon the assailants, and had given orders to have the doors unbarred, when he was astonished at the sudden silence which fell upon the crowd. Turning to the window, to discover the cause, he saw galloping into the square a soldier, waving in his hand a white flag. He stopped before the Hotel d'Aguilar, and cried:

"Open in the name of the king!"

At the name so respected, Don Juan bowed with respect, and caused the gate to be thrown open. It was the captain of the infantry, Fildalgo d'Estremas, bearing a letter from the king to the governor. The count took the letter and read it in haste. While he was reading, Don Juan questioned the bearer as to where the king was, and received for a reply that he was outside the gates of the city, with the two regiments. Count de Lemos finished the letter, and after a moment's hesitation, he handed it to d'Aguilar to read, who, raising his voice, read as follows:

"The king hears with pain the light disorders of which his arrival has been the cause, and after having deliberated in his council, and taken the advice of his ministers, recognizes the privileges accorded to the faithful inhabitants of Navarre by all the kings, his predecessors. His majesty declares it to be his will and pleasure to have on his entrance no other escort than the citizens of Pampeluna; and, further, his majesty condescends to grant to them, during his sojourn in the city, the sole honor of guarding his person and palace."

This paper bore no other signature than this: "For the king, our lord and master, Count de Lerma, first minister."

It was evident from the despatch with which this resolve had been taken, that it had been made by the favorite. It was doubtful even if the king had been consulted. Pale and trembling with indignation, Don Juan d'Aguilar read twice the writing which proved to him the weakness which had already fallen upon the king. Without speaking a word, he returned the paper to the governor, who hastened to quit the hospitable roof where he had found refuge and protection. The old man remained alone with his nephew, and for a long time they were perfectly silent.

At last he exclaimed:

"Alas! what have I said to you, Fernand? I was not wrong in trembling for Spain and for my king." And not daring to say any more, he rose and hastily left the apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A TRIUMPH.

The news of these events spread rapidly through all quarters of the city. The citizens of Pampeluna, those even who had remained at home during the action, now walked in the streets with an air of triumph and satisfaction. The hotels and coffee houses were filled to overflowing, and the hotel of the Golden Sun could not hold all the people who wished to enter. Gines Peres was no longer the same man; he had changed his black hat, his menacing tone, for a white cap, and an affable manner and engaging smile. The conspirator gave way to the host. He stood behind his counter, to see that no fraud or waste was perpetrated, when the brave alcalde, Josue Calzado, and some friends, entered, followed by a dozen citizens, who, like himself, bore the shoulder-belt and halberd.

"Honor to the conquerors!" cried the host.

"Honor to you," replied the corregidor,—"to you, who the first exclaimed in favor of our charters. Yes, friends," pursued he, turning to his companions; "without him our liberties would have slept; no one would have thought of them. The king would have entered peacefully the city of Pampeluna, escorted by two regiments of Castilian soldiers, if our worthy host had not recalled our senses, and to him alone belongs the right of escorting and guarding our monarch."

The men shouted and drank to the health of their new captain, Gines Peres. The poor innkeeper grew pale, and pleaded that he could not leave his inn; it needed all his attention. But no denial was to be taken, and in half an hour, notwithstanding all his prayers and entreaties, Gines Peres was in the street, obliged to march at the head of the body of men as their captain. He had proceeded but a few steps, when he encountered Juan and Pedralvi, each followed by a dozen or more ragged little boys, each shouting his cry; Pedralvi, who had been hired by an alguazil, shouting: "*Vive le roi!*" and Juan, faithful to his promise, shouting, "*Vivent nos fueros!* Live our charters!"

Giving orders to his men, he had the two little fellows seized, while their followers ran away in affright. Ordering four of his men to take the two children and put them in a dungeon belonging to the hotel, he marched on his way. Juan thought little of himself as he was dragged along, but of his friend Pedralvi, and how to liberate him. Suddenly he fell, as if by accident, and, unseen, picked up a poignard. The soldiers roughly pulled him up, and suddenly, Juan turned, and with his knife struck Pedralvi's guards in the face, at the same time whispering: "Save thyself, brother!" Pedralvi seized the opportunity, and sprang away.

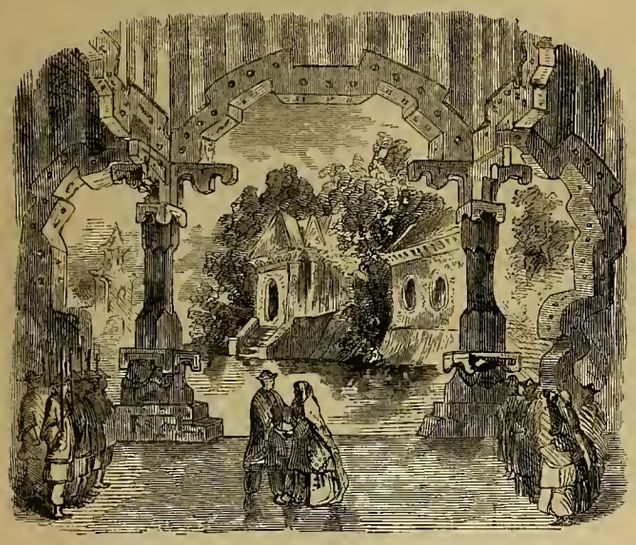
This generous action cost Juan many hard knocks and kicks from both his own guards and those of Pedralvi. They soon reached the hotel of the Golden Sun, where, obedient to orders, he was thrown into a damp dungeon in the cellar, hungry and bruised, and the halberdiers ran to join their comrades.

Juan was many hours in the dungeon. He tried vainly to break open the door, or obtain help by crying out; but it was of no avail, for the dungeon was deep under ground, and the great noise in the inn prevented his voice from being heard. Finding all his efforts vain, Juan seated himself and wept bitterly. Suddenly the ray of light which shone feebly through the bars of his cell, was obscured by the figure of a person. The figure paused an instant, then fled quickly, while a partridge nicely cooked fell at the feet of Juan.

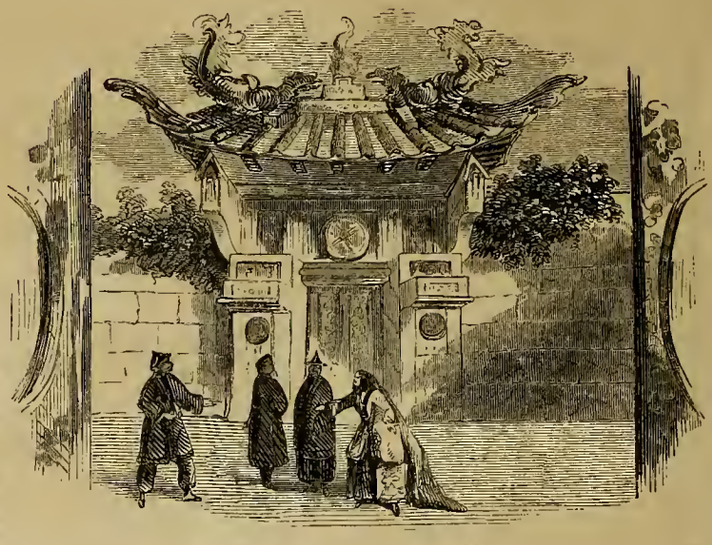
"I swear to you," said, an instant after, in the dining saloon, the sweet voice of a young girl,—"I swear to you there is not a single partridge left."

Juan was provided with a good supper, as well as a breakfast, through the kindness of Juniata. Having finished his repast, he felt invigorated, and looked round in hopes of finding some means of escape. The only hope he saw was in the iron barred window. Putting on top of each other the two stools in the cell, he managed to reach the window, and though tearing his flesh in many places, he contrived to squeeze through, and soon found himself in the court-yard. Juan had left his cell, but not the hotel, for he found it enclosed by walls so high that he could not scale them.

He was disconcerted and discouraged, and stood looking at the



INTERIOR OF ALADDIN'S PALACE.



EXTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL BATHS.

wall in blank despair. As he gazed, he saw first a head, then a body appear above the wall, then somebody dropped at his feet, and in an instant a hand was placed over his mouth, while a voice whispered in his ear: "Be silent; it is Pedralvi. You saved me, and I will save you." And removing his hand from his mouth, Pedralvi led him to the wall, where hung a light rope ladder. With perfect silence they mounted the ladder, and then Pedralvi descended first into the street, that Juan might feel secure. Juan was descending carefully, when he felt himself seized, and heard a rough voice:

"Where do you come from, little thief?" cried Captain Josef Baptista.

"Senor cavalier," cried Juan, "I am no thief; you are mistaken. Please let me go."

"No—I shall not let you go, little rascal. You will follow me."

"Let him go," cried Pedralvi, in wrath, "or I will call loudly for help."

One of the men who accompanied the captain drew a pistol. Josef Baptista seized his hand, saying:

"What would you do, fool? A noise like that at this hour? Of these two night-birds, one is enough."

"Help me!" cried Juan, in despair.

"Help! to the rescue!" cried Pedralvi, remounting the wall.

The cry was heard by the roysterers in the hotel, who rushed into the court; but the captain and his little captive were far away.

Josef Baptista was a Portuguese, the illegitimate son of the Duke of Santarem. Wholly unprincipled, he had accumulated considerable money in various unlawful ways; and one day discovering a castle built on rocks, shrouded by a dense oak wood, not far from the main road, he bought it, and established himself in it with a band of lawless men, himself their captain. It was in these hands that poor Juan had fallen.

Seeing him descend so stealthily from the walls of a fine house, the captain had taken him for a young thief, a brother in trade, or an apprentice, at least. The candor and honesty of the answers given by Juan soon undeceived him, but he could make him what he wanted, for he was young, and Josef Baptista knew that he began at a good time. The greatest regret Juan had was leaving his companion. What would become of Pedralvi, who had exposed himself to save him? Juan Baptista and his friends were out of the city before the break of day. Outside the city, some men were found waiting with horses and mules well laden. The captain smiled grimly as he saw them. The cavalcade set out at a little trot, and travelled all night—crossing, about the middle of the next day, a river which Juan knew was the Ebro, and a few hours after, began to ascend the mountain and enter the forest. Juan understood nothing of the conversation that passed during the route, but when he looked at the captain, determined to ask, he lost all wish to do so. Already cowed and fascinated by him, he did not dare open his lips, and was seized with inexpressible feelings of terror.

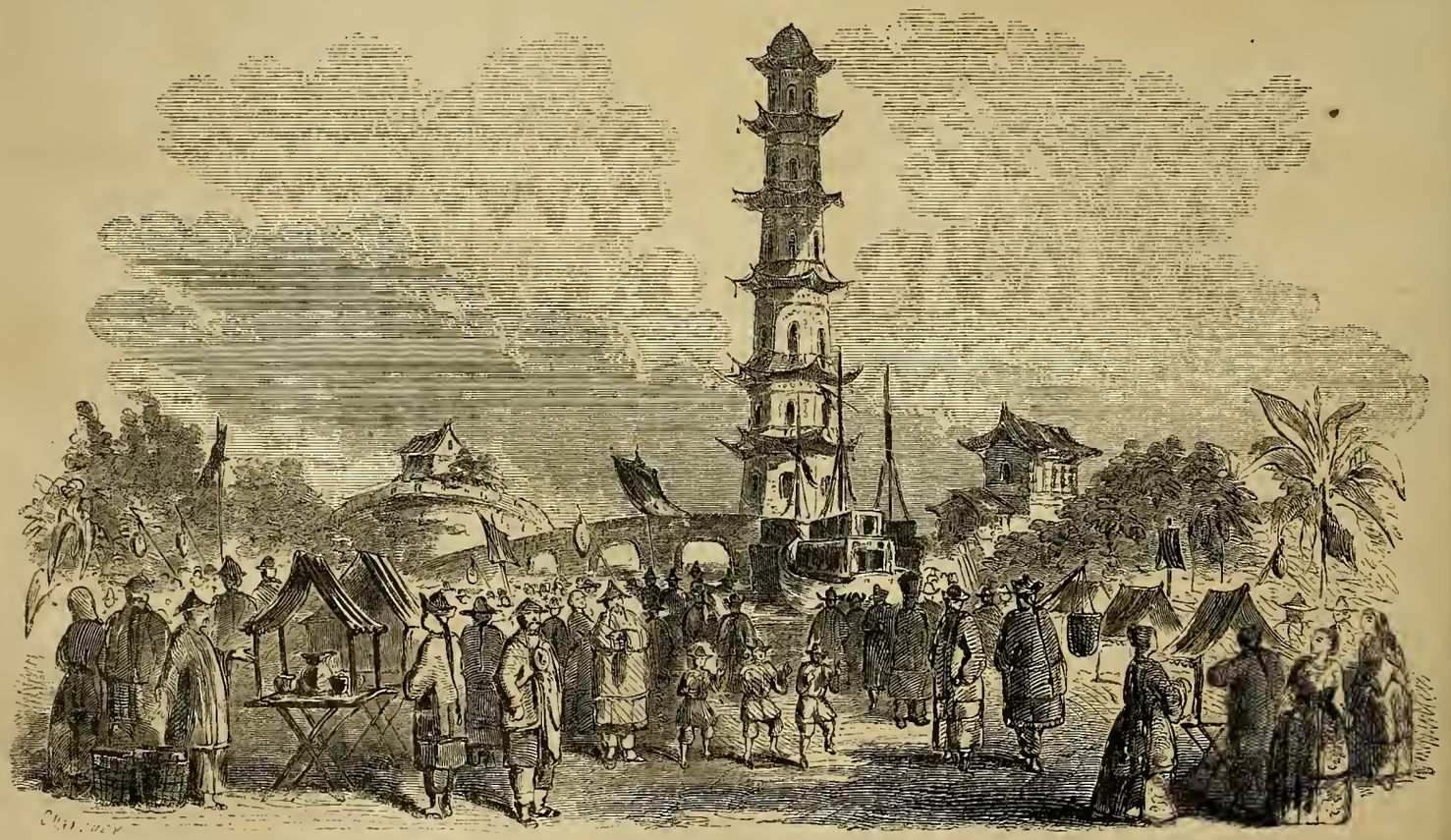
When he reached the castle Socoro, he felt worse still, for there reigned a frightful silence which contrasted sadly with the noise of gayety and revelry which was always heard at the Golden Sun; that hotel remained a long time in his memory, as the image of a terrestrial paradise, an enchanted place; he even regretted the cell where he was imprisoned, and which seemed to him far better than the apartments of Captain Josef Baptista Balsicro. The remembrance of the pretty, smiling Juanita, and his friend Pedralvi, made the society of the castle seem yet more sad and terrible. The table of the captain was always well served; good wine and brandy were freely circulated; but what he heard only confounded his ideas of right hardly yet framed,—the orgies finishing nearly always by oaths, imprecations and disputes, which Josef took no pains to stop. When Juan, frightened and disgusted, wept at these scenes, they shook him by the shoulders, or mocked him, and that which excited his horror, on the contrary received praises from those who surrounded him. For the poor child, who had no very definite notion of right or wrong, and no one to guide him in his darkness, this horrible tavern or castle was the antechamber of hell. Juan was forbidden to leave it; it was the order of the captain, and woe to him who dared to disobey! Juan had had a proof some days previous of that.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If ever crystal water ought to flow sparkling over shining stones, it should be the heart-stream of the family.

SCENES FROM "ALADDIN," BOSTON MUSEUM.

We present on this page three striking scenes from the fairy spectacle of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," now performing at the Boston Museum, and produced with all that splendor of scenery, decoration, costume, general and detailed effect for which Mr. Kimball's establishment is renowned. These pictures were drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Champney. The large scene represents a Chinese market-place, and a most amusing picture of Asiatic life. Here are rice and tea venders, rat and cat sellers, sham-shee men, toy girls, fruit dealers, tom-tom players, dancers, soldiers, conjurers and beggars, and other characters too numerous to mention. This is the third scene of the first part of the spectacle. One of the smaller cuts represents the entrance gates to the imperial baths, with their gay and fantastic architecture, and the meeting, producing love at first sight, of that fortunate youth Aladdin and the incomparable Princess Dahlia-Yan, the emperor's daughter. The remaining engraving represents the interior of Aladdin's Fairy Palace, with a distant view of the country—Aladdin and the princess in front. The legend of the "Wonderful Lamp" is a prime favorite among the tales of the Arabian Nights entertainments, and on the stage, as represented by Mr. Kimball, it produces a wonderful effect on young and old. The story is quite pleasing, and the representation of Chinese architecture, costumes and manners, very instructive. Mr. Kimball has spared no expense, no labor and no study in producing this gorgeous oriental spectacle; it is a blaze of splendor from the first scene to the last. Some of the pageants—such as the grand procession down the Mount of Bridges—are unsurpassable. "Aladdin" was first produced at the Museum ten years ago, and initiated a series of brilliant spectacle pieces. It is now revived, after the lapse of ten years, with more than its original brilliancy. It has attracted overflowing audiences, and will probably run with undiminished success for many nights to come, winning golden laurels for the popular manager.



CHINESE MARKET SCENE, IN "ALADDIN."

THE FORTRESS OF HAM.

The whole history of the present emperor of France is a romance; indeed, had Scott, or Dumas, or Victor Hugo attributed such a career to a fictitious personage, the tale would have been treated with derision, as involving a tissue of glaring improbabilities, not to say impossibilities. His story is indeed, from beginning to end, stranger than fiction. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Paris, April 20, 1808. He was the third son of Louis Napoleon, king of Holland, and of Hortense Beauharnois, sister of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, and daughter of the Empress Josephine. Napoleon was his god-father, and he was baptized by Cardinal Fesch. At one time, previous to Napoleon's divorce, it appeared as if Louis would inherit his uncle's throne. It is certain Napoleon took the deepest interest in the welfare and education of Louis and his brother. After the fall of Napoleon, Hortense removed to Switzerland, all the Bonaparte family being exiled from France. Louis received a careful education, rather military in its character, and displayed great proficiency in mathematics, the art of war, engineering, political economy and history. His various works, published from time to time, attest high mental culture and great talent. On the occasion of the Italian outbreak in 1831, he took part with the revolutionists, and displayed courage under fire at the defence of Bologna. Hortense and her son visited France *incognito*, but were not permitted to remain there, and went to England, where they were received with great distinction. The subsequent events of his life are pretty well known—his failure at revolution at Strasburg, his imprisonment and exile, his visit to America, his abortive descent on Boulogne, in 1840, his trial, sentence to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Ham,



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF HAM.

his escape therefrom, his return to France in 1848, his admission to the rights of citizenship, his election to the presidency of France, and his successful usurpation of the imperial power, confirmed by an immense electoral majority of the people. We have not space to follow out this career in detail, and would refer our readers to a well written life of Louis Napoleon, by Edward Roth, published and for sale by Alexander Moore & Brother, of this city. That work which we have already noticed, and which we are now using as reference in compiling the present sketch, embraces a full history of the remarkable man of whom it treats. We now proceed to the description of the engravings on this page. The first represents a general view of the strong fortress of Ham, in which Louis Napoleon was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, after the failure of his descent on Boulogne, in 1840. The fortress of Ham, in a little town about 90 miles northeast of Paris, is situated in the province of Picardy, and department of Sommo. It stands in the midst of a wide plain. Its name, which is derived from the German, signifies a resting-place. It was frequently taken and retaken during the wars of early French history. Some portions of the present wall were built more than one thousand years ago, but the present castle dates from 1470. The great round tower seen in the left hand corner of the quadrangle, and which is 100 feet in diameter, with walls 30 feet thick, was built in the 15th century. Here the fallen ministers of Charles X. were imprisoned in 1830. The only gate of this formidable fortress is to the northeast, and is shown, on a pretty large scale, in the second engraving. Louis Napoleon's imprisonment commenced here on the 7th of October, 1840; here he remained for five years. Negociations for his release by pardon having failed, the government being decided to enforce his sentence, the prince resolved to attempt an escape. He was aided by Dr. Conneau, who had been a fellow-prisoner, but remained voluntarily as the prince's medical attendant, and by Charles Thelin, his valet, both of whom were allowed to visit the town whenever they chose. The plan adopted was for Charles Thelin to ask permission to go to St. Quentin, as he had done several times before; then he was to go and hire a carriage for the purpose. As he was leaving the prison to find the carringe, the prince, disguised as a workman, was to go out at the same time. This project appears simple enough, but its execution was accompanied by great dangers. The strictest surveillance was kept up, and the prince would have to pass many persons acquainted with his person. Moreover, the workmen, in whose company he was to leave, could not be trusted with his secret. These people, who were engaged in making repairs on the interior, came every morning and left every evening, all the time under strict observation. The attempt, however, was made on Monday, May 25th, 1846. Louis Napoleon on that day had his mustachios shaved off, stained his face and hands, and put on a workman's blouse, cap and course trousers, having his ordinary dress underneath. His high-heeled boots he thrust into course shoes, and thus increased his stature. Then he pulled a shelf out of his book-case, and carrying it on his shoulder, so as to give the appearance of a carpenter, and also to disguise his face as much as possible. He also stuck a short pipe



CASTLE OF HAM, NAPOLEON'S PRISON.

in his lips. He then boldly left his room, accompanied by the faithful Thelin. He succeeded in passing the door-keepers, at the foot of the staircase, unchallenged, passed the first sentinel unchallenged and unsuspected, passed within a few feet of some of the officers of the garrison, and finally issued from the gateway. Once or twice he narrowly escaped detection. "Between the two drawbridges," says Mr. Roth, "the prince saw two workmen coming straight towards him, on the side, too, on which his face was not concealed by the plank. They looked at him with great earnestness from the distance at which they still were, and in a loud voice expressed their surprise at not knowing him. Fearing lest their surprise might impel them to seek an unpleasant explanation, the prince, pretending to be tired of carrying the plank on his right shoulder, moved it to the left; the men, however, appeared so curious that the prince thought for a moment he should not be able to escape them; and when at last they were near, and appeared as if about to speak to him, he had the satisfaction of hearing one of them exclaim, '0, it is Berthoud!'" Our engraving represents the scene of this thrilling adventure, fraught with such vast consequences to Europe. We behold the lofty embattled gateway, with the portcullis raised and the drawbridge lowered, as indicated by the chains on the right and left. Sentinels and officers are on either hand. The workmen are pouring through the opening in the wall, which is commanded by two pieces of artillery. In front, holding a board in his right hand, and with his faithful friend and servant beside him, the future emperor of France casts a backward glance at the scene of his five years' imprisonment. A few moments more, and he will reach his carriage and baffle all pursuit. Little more than two years after his escape, he took his seat in the Assembly, chosen a member by a prodigious vote, soon after prince president, and then emperor, the wild dream of his early youth, the object of his constant aspirations, realized. Though we are undazzled by the splendid fortunes of Napoleon, though we think that no success justifies the means by which he rose to power, still it would be idle to withhold from him the credit of having done much to benefit his country. Not to look behind his acts at his motives, we must concede that he has labored hard to improve the condition of the laboring classes. He has erred in some of the measures adopted with reference to their wants, but they were not wilful mistakes. It was a great error, for instance, to attempt to regulate the corn-market; it was an error to demolish the houses in the crowded faubourgs, before equivalent accommodation was furnished elsewhere. These ill-judged measures have produced a strong feeling against Napoleon in Paris, but with the army secure to him, and the middle classes opposed to revolutions, he may be considered safe in his seat. Not long since, he rode through the faubourg in advance of his guards, at the time when all the workmen were going to dinner. His fearlessness had its effect, and he was loudly cheered. No one, we think, will dispute that the sudden death of Louis Napoleon would be a calamity for France. On the other hand, had he failed in his famous *coup d'etat*, the republic in France would have been established on a firm basis, some sound man would have been chosen president, and the principle of rotation in office would have enabled the government to move on smoothly and regularly, the nation becoming every day more interested in the stability of democratic institutions. As it is, the press having been virtually silenced, all political assemblages and discussions having been interdicted, there is no concert of opinion among the people, and revolution would produce anarchy.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DEPARTED YEARS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Retreating down Time's weary way,
A long procession, sad and slow,
With feeble steps and garments gray,
And mournful mien, I saw them go.

Each, full of joy had started forth,
Mid January's snow and cold,
From chilly regions of the north,
Freighted with hopes of young and old.

Returning seasons rolling round,
The budding Spring—the Summer's smile—
Autumn with yellow harvest crowned,
And Winter with his snowy pile,

Each year had seen: the falling leaf
Whispered its warning to the ear,
And winter days, so few and brief,
Dethroned the old, decrepit year.

Slow disappearing from the sight,
In silence passed the spectral train:
Entered eternity's dark night,
Ne'er to be viewed by us again.

Departed years! Ah, who can tell
What withered hopes, what griefs ye bear!
Each footfall is a funeral knell,
Re-echoed by the grim Despair?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY FRIEND'S VALET.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL,
AUTHOR OF THE CONTRABANDIST, ETC.

"My dear Charles, pray, what is the name of that handsome young man dancing with the coquettish waiting-woman of Madame d'Arville?"

I asked this of my friend, M. d'Arville, as we stood on the terrace before his country-house, watching the gay movements of his domestics, who, with some of the honest people of the neighborhood, were assembled on the wide lawn below, enjoying the animated recreations of a general holiday, which was slowly drawing to its close. The soft, rosy sunset shed a clear glow over the merry scene, brightening the faces of the dancers as they moved hither and thither in their fine holiday costumes, and bringing out into especial relief the figure and countenance of one, a handsome, graceful youth, who far surpassed his companions in appearance, and who seemed to be particularly attentive to the pretty damsel at his side.

"He?" said M. d'Arville, "O, that is Edmond, a favorite attendant of mine, whom I have taken into my service since you were here, last winter. You are pleased with his appearance, Louis?"

"Extremely. There is about him an air of frankness, and at the same time, of modesty, which is most engaging. What a fine, cheerful, open countenance! Honesty itself is imprinted there."

M. d'Arville looked pleased.

"Yes, he is a fine fellow, I think—that is, if one may judge correctly from his appearance from a six months' acquaintance with him, and from the good character he has always borne, and that, I should say, is amply sufficient—I like him very much. He is a general favorite with the other servants, also."

"Doubtless. A very decided one, I imagine," was my answer, as I observed the bright smile which his companion, pretty Mademoiselle Josephine, cast upon her handsome partner, as she moved along by his side.

"Except, perhaps," added my friend, "except with Baptiste, my valet, whom you may see close by, there, and who is somewhat discomposed by the preference of Ma'amselle Josephine for Edmond rather than for himself."

"Ah, then!" I cried, laughingly, "your well-behaved Baptiste is jealous?"

"Precisely—jealous—though his jealousy is evinced in a very mild way, which makes me sympathize with him so much the more. For, instead of being angry with Josephine and hating Edmond, as any other disappointed lover would do, he displays only an air of subdued seriousness, which he cannot conceal, though he evidently desires to hide his wounded affection. He is civil to Edmond, and treats Josephine as one who will probably soon be betrothed to his rival, with grave courtesy, through which, however, is visible at times, despite himself, a tender, and sometimes gently reproachful melancholy, telling how severe is the disappointment which he tries so bravely to overcome. The poor fellow displays a generosity—a magnanimity—worthy of being followed as an example, and which much advances him in my favor."

At this moment, Baptiste himself, who was not dancing with the rest, but merely looking on, as one who is inclined less to festivity than to grave meditation, passed near us, and saluted, with a polite yet serious air, his master and myself; his countenance, meanwhile, wearing a slightly dejected expression, which I readily comprehended. Then he passed on, his glance resting for a moment, as I observed, upon Edmond and Josephine.

"Well—and Edmond?" I said.

"O, Edmond, I believe, is really sorry for the disappointment of Baptiste!" answered M. d'Arville; "but he is very much in love—that is, fascinated—with Josephine; though I confess, I wish it were with some one less coquettish than she. I think she is hardly the wife for him. She makes my wife a very excellent waiting-woman; but she is too trifling, too fond of dress and display, which is not well for a young woman in her place. She is fickle, too—inclined to think best of those who are in the best circumstances. Baptiste was the favored suitor before Edmond came. When Edmond was found to be the favorite in the esteem of people, she smiled on him instead. Ever ready to turn to the one highest in favor, I very much suspect she will make a false move one of these days."

Such was our conversation on the evening of my arrival at the Chateau d'Arville, at mid-summer. Very often, I had occasion to observe during my visit, the deportment of Edmond, who was so faithful, steady and trustworthy, and had, moreover, such excellent abilities, that M. d'Arville came gradually to treat him with the utmost confidence, and to entrust to him the transaction of many of his minor business affairs; which, being so well executed, were after a time succeeded by those of more importance. Although a poor boy, and obliged to maintain himself by hard labor, Edmond had found little opportunities, now and then, of acquiring some learning, so that he had now a very good plain education. He was, in particular, a good arithmetician, and M. d'Arville, discovering this, frequently employed him in the arrangement and settlement of accounts, in writing or copying letters, etc. He grew continually in his master's favor, and also in that of Ma'amselle Josephine, who was, one could see, not a little flattered and gratified by learning the comments of people on her good fortune in possessing such a lover.

Baptiste, on his part, seemed to grow gradually resigned to the prevailing state of affairs, and by degrees to be recovering from his disappointment. He got quite cheerful at last, and was very friendly with Edmond; indeed, on one occasion he was heard to declare that he did not doubt that Edmond would make Ma'amselle Josephine a great deal better husband than he. I sometimes wondered that Baptiste could be so generous—that he could look with friendly feelings on Edmond, who had innocently transplanted him in Josephine's good graces, and who was daily becoming such a favorite with his master.

"That Baptiste of yours is the most good-natured fellow in the universe," said I to my friend, when we were speaking on the subject together.

"Yes, indeed—but did I not tell you so?" he returned. "Though then I did not know how much he could bear. I have lately employed Edmond in several matters which I formerly gave only into the hands of Baptiste. Baptiste is evidently a little disappointed at the transfer of confidence, but will not complain, and, if anything, treats Edmond the better. I have tried him purposely. Yes, Louis, he is really a most excellent-hearted fellow."

"And Edmond gains every day in your confidence," I said.

"Yes—every day. I really admire his good qualities. So much, indeed, do I value him, that—I may as well tell you now—I have determined to make him my steward, in place of M. Jean Pierrot, who is obliged to resign in a month of two, the infirmities of old age rendering it necessary for him to retire from his situation. M. Jean will spend the remainder of his days in quiet, upon the little farm which I have given him, near my estate; and Edmond, meanwhile, will assume the duties of his office. But do not mention the subject to him, if you please. Madame d'Arville is the only other person who is acquainted with it. I wish it to remain quiet at present."

"My dear," cried Madame d'Arville, gaily, to her husband, "what is the matter over which you are pondering with so much gravity? Absolutely in a brown study, I declare."

M. d'Arville started up from the meditative position which he had unconsciously assumed.

"I was wondering, Emilie, what can have become of my seal ring—that which your brother gave me."

"You have lost it, then?"

"Yes—that is to say, I can find it nowhere."

"When did you have it last, my dear—do you remember?"

"Yesterday evening, when I was writing letters at the desk in my study. I perfectly recollect using it, and I do not remember having had it since. I do not think I put it on again, though I might have done so. My impression is that I left it on the desk."

"It may have rolled off upon the floor, may it not?"

"Possibly. But it is not upon the floor now. I have searched carefully. There is no sign of it."

"Have you asked Edmond if he has seen it?"

"No—he is out, and I only missed it a little while ago."

"He was with you in the study, writing, last evening. He may have observed it and put it away for you."

"He would not, in that case, have forgotten to mention it to me."

"No—no. He cannot have seen it."

At that moment, Edmond himself, with his usual cheerful face, entered the vestibule, having just returned from a brisk morning walk, and M. d'Arville, thinking he might have heard their last words, said:

"We were speaking, Edmond, about my seal ring, which I have mislaid. You have not seen it, I presume, lying anywhere in the library?"

"No, monsieur," said Edmond, "that is, not since yesterday evening, when I remember that you used it in preparing your letters. I held the candle by which you melted the wax to seal them, if you recollect. It was then that I observed the ring last. Did you not put it on again?"

"I do not think I did. Well, we will search in the library once more."

"Allow me to assist you, sir," said Edmond.

They sought together. We all looked, wherever we thought it possible the ring might be found; for it was one which M. d'Arville valued exceedingly, as a gift from the brother of his wife. Inquiry was made among the servants; but the ring was not to be found.

"Never mind," said M. d'Arville, "it will doubtless come to light some time. Let it go at present."

We little thought what a sad hour it would be when it would be discovered.

But so the matter rested. Day by day a month elapsed. Why it was I could not guess, but of late, M. d'Arville appeared at times unusually grave. The reason of this gravity I could not comprehend. It was equally a secret from Madame d'Arville. At first, observing these moods of grave abstraction, she rallied him upon the matter, with her usual liveliness. Then, with much seriousness, she besought him to tell her the cause. He refrained, however, from disclosing it immediately, but assured her that she should sometime be made acquainted with it.

One morning, while walking with him in the garden, I observed that he wore this ever-recurring air of thoughtful gravity. Without being quite aware of it, I regarded him, I suppose, very attentively, myself falling into a mood of reflection concerning this perplexing matter. Suddenly I was aroused by his raising his head, and seeing me looking at him. He sighed.

"Come, Louis," he said, "shall we go in, now?"

Assenting, I turned back with him.

"My dear friend," said he, as we proceeded, "you have, doubtless, remarked that I have been somewhat absent-minded, occasionally, of late?"

I acknowledged that he had appeared so.

"And absence of mind in a host is extremely impolite; I will, therefore, give you an explanation, which shall be for an apology; and I know you will grant it to be a sufficient one. You are not, perhaps, aware," he continued, as we entered the library, "that I am somewhat careless in regard to money. I very frequently leave it lying about in my rooms, particularly in my study, in various sums. I have done this so often that it has become a habit; and when I am hurried at any time, and happen to have money in my hand, I lay it down, on desk or table, or throw it loose into a drawer, wherever I happen to be, and leave it there, where it stays till I think of it again. From this imprudence of mine, no trouble has ever resulted until lately. And within a few weeks past, since I have had occasion to be more circumspect, I find that my fault is not without its evil consequences; for, of the sums which I thus leave about, at least one half is invisible after I have left it. Probably I should never have ascertained this fact, had it not been for a certain circumstance which occurred some time since, and which aroused my suspicions. But so it is. There is in my household a traitor—a thief."

"Whom do you suspect, Charles?" I asked, thoughtfully.

"One in whom I have placed the utmost confidence—one of my own people. One who is nearest my own person, and who takes advantage of the knowledge he has gained of my habits to pursue his nefarious practices without fear of discovery. I do not think I am mistaken in the person, but I must wait for certainty before I make any accusation. The person whom I suspect has all along appeared to me such a paragon of perfection, that I am lost in indignation and astonishment at this sudden discovery of his guilt.

A terrible thought startled me.

"Charles!" I uttered, "you cannot surely mean—"

At that moment a knock was heard at the library door, which was directly opened by Madame d'Arville, who just put her pleasant face into the apartment, saying to her husband:

"My dear Charles, there is one of your tenants without here, who desires to see you immediately."

"I will come, my dear Emilie," said M. d'Arville. "Louis, you will be so good as to excuse me for ten minutes," and he followed his wife from the room.

As the door closed, a slight sound at the upper end of the apartment caused me to turn. I beheld Edmond standing by the escritoire at which he usually wrote, with one hand leaning upon it, while his face was deathly pale. I started as if I had been struck. Before I could recover myself, he had passed from the room. He had been there when we entered, though unnoticed by us, and must have heard every word his master uttered.

I did not see my friend Charles alone again that day, though I would have given much for an opportunity of doing so; for he had not concluded the business interview with his tenant before guests arrived at the chateau, thus depriving me of the hope of further explanations at present. And all that day, the thought of that unfinished communication, and the pale, trouble-stricken countenance of Edmond haunted me.

It was that morning that Edmond had requested leave of M. d'Arville to visit his mother, who was ill, at Clermont. He was to go on the morrow, and had permission to remain at Clermont a week. His portmanteau was packed in readiness for his departure on the following day.

But there was destined to be a delay. It was early on the succeeding morning when, entering the library, I beheld Edmond seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon the floor, his countenance pale, and its expression indicative of some inward agitation. He looked up as I entered. A feeling of pity filled my breast.

"Ah, Edmond—still here?" I said, endeavoring to speak as cheerfully as I could. "Why, I thought you were about setting off for Clermont."

"Monsieur," he answered, in a voice of pain, "I was to go this morning. It is no longer my intention to do so."

"But your mother, who is ill?" I said.

"My mother would not have me leave the chate now, monsieur, if she were in much more danger than threatens her at present," was Edmond's reply.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, monsieur," he returned, "in doing so I may place my own honor in peril."

The door opened. M. d'Arville entered, his face pale, serious, almost stern. He was followed by Baptiste.

"Shut the door, Baptiste," said his master.

The man obeyed; his glance fixed upon his master with apparent perplexity and curiosity to know the meaning of his proceedings.

"You do not know, of course, Baptiste," said M. d'Arville, calmly, "why you have been summoned to follow me thither—to a room which you so seldom enter."

"No, monsieur," answered Baptiste.

"It is, then," said M. d'Arville, "to investigate an affair which nearly touches the honor of some one at this moment present in this apartment."

There was utter silence for an instant. We all looked at M. d'Arville. I noticed that Edmond's paleness increased; but he did not shrink from the glance of M. d'Arville. Baptiste, meanwhile, wore an air of well-blended astonishment and curiosity, as before, and his eyebrows slightly raised at the mention of the word "honor," with a dawning expression of concern. Charles crossed over to me.

"My dear Louis," he said, "I am very glad you happened to be here. I wish you to mark well the countenances of Edmond and Baptiste, while I examine them in relation to the affair which I mentioned to you yesterday. It lies between them. *I know* now which is guilty. Do not be deceived by appearances. Watch well."

He returned, and seated himself by the table.

"Edmond—Baptiste," he said, regarding them by turns, "you both know that in one corner of my study stands a small iron chest."

Edmond bowed. Baptiste said, quietly:

"Yes, monsieur—in which, I think, you keep your papers."

An almost imperceptible smile curled the lips of M. d'Arville.

"You are wrong, Baptiste. I do not keep my papers there. Edmond, what do you think I keep there?"

"Gold, monsieur," answered Edmond.

"How do you know that?"

"I have seen you deposit it there, monsieur."

"Right. I never kept it a secret from you. But you see Baptiste was ignorant. Is it not so, Baptiste?"

"Monsieur is correct," said the valet, with an honest air.

"I was not quite sure," went on M. d'Arville, "whether that were so or not, for this reason: Last night, just before retiring, I placed in that chest a certain sum of money, contained in a certain number of small bags. That money I was to pay away this morning. This morning, on going, just before breakfast, to take it out, I find that one of the bags is missing."

He paused. Edmond's eyes were fixed, with a look of intense distress, on his master's face. I read there the agonized thought in his breast—"how am I to prove that I am innocent?" Baptiste, on his part, started with consternation.

"Missing, monsieur!" he ejaculated.

"Missing, Baptiste!" returned M. d'Arville; "and I regret exceedingly to say, that, as *I know* no one but you and Edmond have entered my study since yesterday, one or the other of you is responsible for the loss."

"I am sorry if monsieur suspects *me*," said Baptiste, with simple candor and dignity—"that he should suspect his old servant, who has served him faithfully and affectionately for so many years. I thought monsieur knew the heart of his Baptiste."

"That is scarcely to be doubted, my good fellow," answered his master. "Yes, indeed, Baptiste, you have served me as none other has ever done or could do again."

I thought I perceived a double meaning to this speech; but was soon persuaded that I was mistaken. M. d'Arville proceeded:

"Baptiste, when were you in my study last?"

"At noon, yesterday, monsieur, when I went to announce that M. Lefevre desired an audience with you."

"Very good. And you, Edmond?"

"Monsieur," answered the young man, in a hollow tone of despair, at which I did not marvel, "I was there the greater part of yesterday afternoon, and spent the evening there."

"Alone?"

"Alone, monsieur."

He acknowledged the truth that formed the greatest evidence against him. He might have told a falsehood if he had chosen. But he told the truth; and I never saw so deathly a countenance as his. He leaned his head upon his hand. M. d'Arville gave him a goblet of water.

"Drink, Edmond," he said.

The young man mechanically obeyed.

"Now," said M. d'Arville, "I must perform a disagreeable but necessary duty. It is to search the apartments of both of you. Baptiste, I take yours first. Edmond, will you come with us?"

Edmond slowly arose, endeavoring to shake off the faintness that he seemed to feel. We went together. Readily Baptiste allowed us to examine everything in his room. Every box and drawer was thoroughly searched—every nook and corner capable of hiding anything. The money was not to be found there. It was not, then, Baptiste. A look of triumphant innocence sat on his brow. M. d'Arville made no comment, but merely led the way in silence to the apartment of Edmond.

Rallying now, for the first time, under the weight of the terrible suspicion resting on him, he with his own hands opened to our view everything there, one after another. But the search did not take long. There was only the box in which he kept his clothes, a small cupboard in the wall, a little desk, in which were a few papers, neatly arranged, and some mementoes, a lock of his mother's hair, a plain, old-fashioned ring, marked with her name, and worn to a mere wire by forty years' wear, and a delicately-finished likeness, executed by himself, and religiously preserved, of a dead sister. The single table had no drawers, and held only books, from which he daily studied, and among which I remarked two or three well-worn ones, of a religious character. His portmanteau, packed the day before, was the last thing to be examined.

It was at the foot of the bed. He knelt down and unlocked it. One article of apparel after another was taken and laid aside, till he came to the bottom. Then—he started as if a serpent had stung him. With a convulsive exclamation he seized the portmanteau and emptied out upon the floor—a bag of gold!

We stood, silence-stricken, gazing on him. He, with a look of agony, bewilderment and despair, remained with his glance fascinated to the terrible object on the floor.

"Mon Dieu!" he murmured, wringing his hands, "my mother!"

Suddenly he turned to M. d'Arville.

"O, monsieur!" he uttered, in accents of impetuous anguish, "can you—will you, believe me—I never—never put it there! I never touched this money before!"

I saw his master's lip tremble. And Charles d'Arville turned away with tears in his eyes.

The door had been left open while this scene was going on. Some servant, in passing, had observed our movements within, and now quite a crowd of domestics had gathered outside. They all seemed to understand that Edmond was a thief; and we could hear them murmuring to one another. Some were evidently by no means sorry; for Edmond, having been the favorite of M. d'Arville, was envied by them. Among them stood Josephine, to whom one or two were whispering maliciously.

"Serves you right, Josette," I heard, quite audibly, "serves you right for jilting Baptiste. Now our master wont think any more of Edmond, and Baptiste will be favorite again."

"Come!" said M. d'Arville, suddenly, in a loud voice, "come, Baptiste, my good fellow! Come, Edmond!" and taking up the bag of gold, he turned to leave the room with me. The servants stood back.

"Now," said he, pausing at the threshold, and addressing the servants, "you see this young man, in whose possession my bag of gold has been found. Josette, what do you say, now?"

Slightly turning away, she tossed her head scornfully, with a withering look at Edmond. *She* would have nothing to do with the thief. But the next instant, she smiled graciously on Baptiste.

"Away—all of you!" cried M. d'Arville, with sudden sternness.

In consternation, the group scattered to right and left. M. d'Arville looked at us—at Edmond—at Baptiste. Now, his brow had grown black and threatening.

"Follow me!" he uttered, in a terrible tone, like the low muttering of thunder.

What did this sudden change portend? Edmond himself, I saw, was astonished by it. Baptiste started, as he met the frowning glance of his master. In silence we followed, as M. d'Arville led the way back—to the room of his valet. He paused on the threshold, turned to Baptiste, and said, commandingly: "Go in!"

The man looked at him, hesitated, and then slowly entered. M. d'Arville followed us in.

"Now," said he to Baptiste, facing him with a threatening look, and pointing with his hand to one corner of the room, "what is there in yonder corner?"

Baptiste looked, with a wavering glance, in the direction pointed out, glanced at his master again, and turned white as a ghost.

"Speak!" commanded M. d'Arville, with a yet darker frown. "What is it you have there? Go get it!"

"I—I have—nothing there," stammered Baptiste, losing completely his presence of mind, and quailing before the terrible gaze fixed on him.

"It is false. I know you, Baptiste! The play is played out! Do you think I was not watching you last night at twelve o'clock? I saw you! I have watched you all along! The secret visits to my study—the impression of the lock of my chest, taken in wax—the false keys—the ring and money secreted in Edmond's room—villain! you are discovered!"

"O, mercy, mercy, monsieur!" cried Baptiste, falling on his knees, his face blue with terror, his teeth chattering in his head. "Mercy monsieur! Do not kill me! I will confess! I will make reparation! I will do everything—only have mercy!"

"Go and get me the false keys!" uttered M. d'Arville.

The wretch crawled, a picture of fear and detected guilt, in abject terror, to the farther corner of the room; and then, pressing, with hands trembling so that they could hardly perform their labor, some hidden spring in the floor, discovered a tiny trap door, not a foot square, which flew up, showing a small bunch of keys. These he brought fearfully to his master, cowering back, the while, as if afraid of being struck.

"Now, wretch, confess!" thundered M. d'Arville.

"I will—I do!" stammered the terrified culprit. "Only have mercy, monsieur—have mercy, M. Edmond—good M. Edmond! It was I who stole the ring, and the money, wherever I found it, and put the—the bag in M. Edmond's portmanteau! I was jealous of him! I wished to disgrace him in your eyes, monsieur, and revenge myself upon him for winning Josette from me! It was I who did it all. O, pardon, monsieur, pardon!" And he fell on his knees again, before his master.

"Behold, my dear Edmond!" cried M. d'Arville, turning, with joyful tears, to the young man, "behold, your innocence is proved! What—fainting—nonsense! Ho—water, Louis! The boy is swooning!"

The worst storm has the brightest breaking up. Those few hours of agony and suspense which Edmond endured, preceded the commencement of a lifetime of prosperity, of honor, and of happiness.

It was a terrible thing to be suspected of crime—a terrible burden to Edmond, thinking that his master suspected him.

The conversation which he overheard between M. d'Arville and myself, that evening in the library, first led him to fear that he was looked upon as the guilty one; for his master had said: "It is a person who is continually about me—who has learned my habits—one in whom I have placed the utmost confidence, of late."

To a person of a timid and sensitive nature such as his, the conviction that he was suspected, and, until lately, a stranger in his master's household, therefore more likely to receive the blame than older and better tried servants, was perfectly natural. But M. d'Arville had never suspected him. It was Baptiste instead, to whom he alluded in his conversation with me. But he has endeavored since to obliterate, by kindness and affection, the memory of the unhappiness which he caused Edmond.

Baptiste was sentenced, not long after, to the galleys, for some deeper crime than the one for which Edmond generously caused him to be forgiven. The coquettish Josette was severely punished for her fickle temper. And Edmond, three years after the events, married his master's daughter.

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(For description, see page 13.)

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN RHYME.

BY WILLIAM L. SHOEMAKER.

O, the autumn-time—the autumn-time!
The clouds grow dark and drear;
And the wailing winds sing a mournful rhyme
For the waning of the year:
Their voices sound like prophecies
Of desolation near;
And the last few leaves on the wild-wood bough
Are fluttering pale and sere.
O, the autumn time is a mournful time,
And it brings sad thoughts to me.
As I muse of the Summer's golden prime,
And her warmth, and light, and glee!

O, the autumn-time—the autumn-time!
Its tender grace is o'er;
And the streamlets murmur a mournful rhyme
To the sedges along the shore;
And the splendor has gone from the bosky hills,
That late, like a crown, they wore;
And the lingering flowers, as fast they fade,
Seem whispering low—"No more!"
O, the autumn-time is a sombre time,
And it brings sad thoughts to me,
As I muse of the Summer's golden prime,
And her flowery pageantry!

O, the autumn-time—the autumn time!
There is sadness everywhere;
And the crickets gray trill a mournful rhyme
In the meadows brown and bare;
And the ominous caw of the ebony crow
Shrills through the misty air;
But the tuneful choir have left their nests
For a clime more bright and fair.
O, the autumn-time is a tuneless time,
And it brings sad thoughts to me,
As I muse of the Summer's golden prime,
And her wood-notes wild and free!

O, the autumn-time—the autumn-time!
Its solemn sway I own,
As I listen in turn to each mournful rhyme,
And think of the beauty flown,
And over the grave of delight how soon
The pall of the past is thrown;
And a gradual gloom o'er my soul is spread,
As I walk through the woodlands lone.
O, the autumn-time is a faded time,
And it brings sad thoughts to me,
As I muse of the Summer's golden prime,
And her joys so swift to flee!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"THY WILL BE DONE."

A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

ARTHUR GLADFORD walked home through the snowy streets of Boston upon New Year's eve, with his accustomed firm and manly step. His tall figure was protected from the driving storm by a rich cloak trimmed with fur, and his entire dress betokened a man whose circumstances were easy, if not affluent. The thinly-clad beggar, who had known better times, glanced at him with an eye of envy, and bitterly contrasted his position with his own. But could the wayfarer's eye have pierced that calm and polished exterior, and read the story of the heart within, he would have shrunk appalled from the revelation. Or, could the eye of an intimate friend have looked steadfastly upon Gladford's face, as he moved onward against sleet and snow, he would have seen traces of suffering that belied the firm expression of the lips, and the studied calmness of the deep lustrous eyes.

Gladford turned from Washington into Winter Street, traversed the bleak Common, that lay in its fresh winding-sheet of snow, and hastened his pace as he approached his palatial house in Beacon Street, the elegance and taste of whose exterior were but an indication of the comforts and luxuries within. The glitter of gas and the glow of coal fires blazed out through the richly-draped windows on the snow. A pass-key admitted the owner of the mansion, and, hanging up his outer garments in the hall, he passed into the spacious drawing-room. His footsteps made no sound as he moved mechanically to the fireplace, and sunk into a luxurious chair. He glanced uneasily about him; taking in every familiar object, the pictures, the statuettes, the books, the piano, the embroidered footstools, the rich drapery. But these make not home. The merchant missed objects near and dear to him—the wife of his bosom, the child of his affections—his joy, his support and blessing in his early struggles; the sharers of his prosperity, the angels of his house. They were gone from him; and now, when fortune had smiled upon his efforts, when his talents and probity had been crowned with complete commercial success, when unbroken health promised him many years of existence, he sat at his hearthstone alone.

Alone! how the word and the thought echoed through the chambers of his heart. Alone! no light foot to spring to his coming; no light arm to wind about his waist; no musical voice to breathe words of welcome in his ear; no bright smile to shame the firelight in its innocent glance. Alone!

Arthur Gladford had recently received the saddest news that a father and husband could hear. A ship of his—the Gloriana, richly freighted with silks and wines, and bound from Havre to Boston—had perished in a tornado on the broad Atlantic. She had been seen to go down—and a boat containing the crew and passengers had also perished. Vainly had the vessel which brought the news cruised about the scene of the disaster. Among the victims of that fearful catastrophe were Gladford's wife and daughter. He had himself accompanied the former to Europe, and they were to bring back their only child, a daughter, whose education had been completed abroad. But Gladford was suddenly summoned home on business before the ladies were ready to return, and he had left them in charge of his captain. He was momentarily looking for the arrival of the Gloriana when the news of her loss reached him.

To say that he was not for a season stunned by the blow, would be to make him out more than mortal. But he had early learned to look beyond the shifting lights and shadows, storms and sunshines of this world, to that bright, unclouded sphere, where the weary are at rest, and trouble never cometh. And in the hour of his sore trial and his heavy affliction, his faith forsook him not, and he could say, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord!"

And now—as the blithe New Year approached, as joy-bells rang upon the air, as smiling faces greeted him in his daily path, as misery, too, stalked abroad under its constant cloud, he forgot not his sympathy both with the joyous and the afflicted. His munificence flowed forth in his accustomed charities—the houses of the poor and the invalid were gladdened by his presence and his bounty—his domestics were made happy—he intermitted not one of his daily duties. Then the careless and unthinking said that, after all, his sensibilities were not so delicate as they had given him credit for possessing; his mind was too much taken up with business to leave room for sorrow—he would marry again before long, and the house in Beacon Street would be as gay as ever before the season closed. Alas! they measured the mourner by their own narrow standard.

It was late when Gladford retired to his lonely chamber. There were many little objects there that revived his sorrows—embroidery and pictures, the handiwork of his wife and daughter, books they had read, flowers they had tended. But he kneeled down in prayer, and found consolation and relief in communion with the Ruler of the universe; and it was from his very heart that he uttered the fervent exclamation: "Not my will, but thine, be done!"

The next morning, just as he had finished dressing, he was told that a person was below waiting to see him. He followed the servant into the breakfast room, and found a roughly clad, seafaring man waiting to speak with him. The merchant and his visitor were left alone.

The sailor, sitting uneasily on the edge of the ottoman, and twisting his tarpaulin hat in his hand, seemed rather at a loss for words:

"Mr. Gladford," said he, "I don't know as you remember me, but my name's Braxton—Captain Braxton, of the brig Durt."

"I remember your countenance, now," said Gladford. There was a pause.

"A good deal of rough weather, lately, Mr. Gladford."

Gladford shook his head mournfully.

"Have you arrived lately, captain?"

"Just in, sir. I suppose I don't bring you news of the loss of the Gloriana?"

"Alas!—no sir."

"No tidings of the boat that left the ship?"

"None," said Gladford.

"Have you given her up?"

"Entirely."

"Well," said Captain Braxton, uneasily, "I don't think I should if I were in your case. She may have lived—may have—"

There was something in the expression of the honest man's face which awakened agitation in the merchant's breast.

"You—you—" he stammered—"have something to communicate, I'm sure—some bodies have been found—"

"Mr. Gladford," said the captain, taking his hand, "they tell me you have borne trouble like a hero."

"I—I have endeavored to be firm," said the merchant, the tears forcing their way from his eyes as he spoke; "but sorrow like mine is hard to bear."

"They say that sudden joy is harder."

"Joy!"

"Yes; good news," said the sailor, now as much agitated as the merchant himself.

"One moment," said Gladford. And he buried his face in his hands, and prayed for a moment—prayed that he might have fortitude to bear whatever was in store for him.

"Now, then," Captain Braxton," said he, "if there is a ray of hope—as your words lead me to imagine—speak! Tell me what it is! I can bear it!—it will not kill me!"

"Then, sir," said the sailor, taking his hand, "let me wish you a Happy New Year! Your wife and child are saved! I had the happiness of saving the boat's crew of the Gloriana. Your wife and daughter will soon be here—they are here already! Look!"

The door was thrown open. A noble-looking woman and a beautiful girl rushed forward, and were clasped in a speechless agony of joy to the manly heart that had been so severely tried, and so gloriously rewarded for its truth and strength.

The scene was too much for Captain Braxton, and he rushed out of the room, bringing up at the head of the staircase, to "swab out his lee scuppers," as he said. But he was brought back by Gladford, who overwhelmed him with demonstrations of gratitude. He was only permitted to leave the house on condition of returning to dinner, which he did, and was witness of a joy that angels might almost envy. Such is our simple record of a New Year's Day.

There is a wider division of men than that into Christian and Pagan; before we ask what a man worships, we have to ask whether he worships at all.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CANARD."

The origin of the word "canard," when employed to signify some unfounded story, is not generally known. The following are the terms in which M. Quetelet relates, in the "Annuaire de l'Academie" (article on Norbert Corcelissen), the manner in which the word became used in its new sense:—"To give a sly hit at the ridiculous pieces of intelligence which the journals were in the habit of publishing every morning, Cornelissen stated that an interesting experiment had just been made, calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty of these animals had been placed together, and one of them having been killed and cut into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all, and thrown to the other nineteen, was most gluttonously gobbled up in an exceedingly brief space of time. Another was then taken from the nineteen, and being chopped small like its predecessor, was served to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other; and so on to the last, who was thus placed in the position of having eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short time. All this, pleasantly narrated, obtained a success which the writer was far from anticipating, for the story ran the round of all the journals of Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back from America with amplifications which it did not boast of at the commencement, and with a regular certificate of the autopsy of the surviving animal, whose œsophagus was declared to have been seriously injured. Every one laughed at the history of the 'canard' thus brought up again, but the word remained in its novel signification."

POWER OF THE MUSCLES.

The muscular strength of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athlete of Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and, by degrees, became a monster in strength. It is said he carried on his shoulders an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was a Pythagorean, and to his uncommon strength that learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age, he attempted to pull up a tree by its roots and break it. He partially effected it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree, where cleft, reunited, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone; and, unable to disengage himself, died in that position. —*Musical World.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CORNELL'S HIGH SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857.

We have examined with much care these works, issued in the Appletons' best style of publication, and can cordially commend them to teachers and heads of families. The Geography is admirable arranged, perfectly reliable in its details, and liberally illustrated by fine engravings. The maps in the Atlas are beautifully engraved and colored. For sale by Redding & Co.

LAKE NGAMI: or, *Explorations and Discoveries during a Four Years' Wandering in the Wilds of Southwest Africa.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 511.

Interesting as a romance, well-written, crowded with startling incident, and full of beautiful engravings, this work is sure to go like wildfire. For sale by Redding & Co.

STORIES OF AN OLD MAID, RELATED TO HER NEPHEWS AND NIECES. Translated from the French of Emile de Girardin. By ALFRED ELWES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp 249.

Very pleasant stories for young people are all of these pretty tales. The illustrative wood cuts are well executed, and the volume makes an admirable gift-book. For sale by Redding & Co.

MILLE DUCUA. Selected from Notes and Queries. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo.

A "thousand sweets!" The book is rightly named. It is full of charming curiosities, and may be taken up or laid aside whenever the whim suits, for it treats on a myriad of interesting topics. A charming fireside companion. For sale by Redding & Co.

WHALING AND FISHING. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. This clever book, which we have already noticed favorably, is for sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

ROME, CHRISTIAN AND PAPAL. By S. D. SANCTIS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 261.

This illustrated work is written by a convert to Protestantism, and, of course, gives a Protestant view of matters and things in the Eternal City. It is written in the form of letters; it is elegantly printed. For sale by Redding & Co.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND HIS TIMES. Translated by HENRY S. EDWARDS, from the French of Louis de Comenie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 490.

A brilliant picture of French society in the 18th century—a world in itself. Beaumarchais was one of the most brilliant adventurers of the age, and played his part with singular tact. He was a man of brilliant talent, and contributed largely to the revolution which convulsed Europe at the close of the last century. This is one of the most readable books we have met with for a long time. For sale by Redding & Co.

FACA. An Army Memoir. By MAJOR MARCH, author of "Shoepac Recollections." Boston: James French & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 338.

To those familiar with "Shoepac Recollections," we need hardly say that this is a readable, lively book; for Major March has already won an enviable and reliable name. "Faca" is a very pleasant story, opening well, progressing well, and ending well. American military life has never before been portrayed in novel form, we believe; and there is a freshness and vigor in these pictures of it which are quite charming. The book is sure to make a powerful and lasting impression.

MORMON WIVES. A Narration of Facts stranger than Fiction. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 318.

The title of this story sufficiently indicates its character. The peculiar features of Mormonism are herein delineated by a vigorous pen. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WE MEET NO MORE.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY

We meet no more. Yet how can I
The language of those eyes forget?
And time has passed Thy tender sigh
In memory thrills my being yet;
And oft amid the throng I start,
Some gentle voice recalls thy own—
Alas! from my regretful heart
The blessing of sweet peace has flown!

I dreamed of thee last night—ah me!
That dreams and hopes are all in vain—
I cannot bear to dream of thee,
Since waking brings such bitter pain.
E'en the sad bliss that others find
In dwelling o'er the happy past,
Can ne'er be mine; my heart resigned
All joy when it beheld thee last.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLIND GIRL.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

In 1840, I started in life as a physician. I had received collegiate honors that were, to say the least, *respectable*. My partial friends called them a little more than that. As a medical student, I had acquitted myself to the satisfaction of the professors, and I was armed with recommendations and certificates enough to have made the fortune of a dozen schoolmasters.

The only really skilful physician in the town of Danforth having removed to a better locality, and the remaining two being, one a botanic physician, and the other somewhat irregularly trained to the profession, I was advised to enter on this field of practice immediately, without waiting for one more promising. I hired an office in one of the principal streets—for there were actually two—and looking up a pleasant boarding-house, I spread out my books to make as much show as possible, and sat down to await the coming practice. As there was no dentist in town, I had the pleasure of removing a number of ponderous teeth from the jaws of several of the inhabitants, and a few, of a smaller kind, from some little children. This was small practice; but I pocketed the quarters from time to time, and comforted myself that "many drops make a shower."

I succeeded in obtaining board in the same building with my office, which, in fact, was a parlor of the house, and belonged to my landlord, who was a silversmith, and had converted his other front room into a shop for himself. Both rooms were pleasantly shaded by two large maples; and a fine garden, which extended on each side of the house to a back street, added to its attractions, and made it the pleasantest location in town.

My expectations were not, in the end, disappointed. An epidemic prevailing among children, in the first case of which I was successful, brought me into notice; and for a few weeks I was on the continual move night and day. I did not have time even for my meals, and my landlady was ever expressing the greatest anxiety for my own health.

This epidemic decided my success. I was ever after, *the* doctor par excellence. The other two were left to hide their diminished heads before the superior skill of Doctor Alexander Westman. I could now repose upon my laurels. I had cured the minister's baby, Squire Lowe's only child, a girl of five years, and a special favorite with everybody, Deacon Farmer's little boy, and the son also of a rich widow, who lived just at the edge of the town, kept her carriage, and was exceedingly popular in Danforth. My fortune was made—and made, too, without the claptrap of riding at full speed through the street, or causing myself to be called hastily out of church. If half the professional compliments which Mrs. Blanchard, my landlady, retailed to me were just as she told them to me, I was a famous man.

Mr. Blanchard's family consisted of himself and wife, two sons and three daughters. The latter were pretty, accomplished girls, yet not above taking their part in domestic concerns, under the direction of their active and industrious mother. As I grew more acquainted with the Danforthites, I received many hints that they would be just the wives for professional gentlemen, and that doctors were much more likely to be successful when they were married. I invariably expressed the profoundest regret for the young ladies in question, but added that I could not take the three, and feared to offend two of them by a preference of one.

My relations with these amiable girls were of the most pleasant and satisfactory nature. They showed me every kindness, and treated me with such openness and frankness, as to disarm all suspicion of any scheme to entrap me into matrimony had I been ever so vain and presumptuous. We evidently had no designs upon each other, and the fact rendered our intercourse perfectly easy.

I had seen enough, too, of young physicians embarrassing themselves with family cares before their practice was established—drawing wife and children, too, perhaps, into situations of distress and difficulty, which were hard for the helpless ones to bear, and harder still for man to look upon and not be able to relieve. I wished to be free to stand or fall by myself, without running the risk of dragging others down with me, if it should be my lot to fall.

Perhaps, if I had happened to love any woman devotedly, I might have adopted some fine-spun theory of the necessity of a physician becoming a married man, but my time was not yet come. Women there were, plenty of them, too—for, in my profession, one sees a great deal of the angels—women who pleased me as companions, and many, too, whom I recognized as congenial spirits—*sisters*, as man should ever recognize them, but as yet they had found entrance only to the outer vestibule of my heart. The inner sanctum had not yet been invaded. I could afford to wait, too, while my selfishness was so nourished by Mary Blanchard and her sisters. I did not need a wife while Mary attended to my wardrobe, and Emily worked my slippers, and Jane made my dressing-gowns, and prepared my bandages for broken bones, and received my messages when absent; and when all three knew exactly where I was gone, and how long before I should be in, and the thousand and one fussy little matters of a physician's life.

I had been there some weeks before I knew there was yet another member of the family whom I had not seen. I had heard Mary, it is true, talking with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jane Blanchard, about a certain delicate dress pattern of light, flowered chintz, or something of that sort, which she said would be so becoming to *Florence*. I had seen Emily boxing up a splendid bouquet to send away by express, which she said was for *Florence;* and I had some curiosity to see this friend of theirs, as I supposed her, who was to be the receiver of all delicate and odorous gifts. Mary enlightened me. She was their youngest sister, this Florence; but had been away from home many years, only returning at midsummer. I wondered—but seeing Mary's eyes moisten, I did not like to ask any questions. I learned gradually, however, that Florence was *blind!*—that she was at an eminent establishment for people of her class, and that she was coming home in a few weeks. I thought a good deal about the absent Florence, as her situation interested my medical experience. Already I had two cases of partial blindness under my care, which I feared would become total, and my latest studies had been much occupied with this disease.

I was much from home after this, having all at once an accession of practice. I returned home one evening to late tea, and found only the servant girl to wait on my table. Mary had always specially attended me. The dining-room was just under the parlor, and the doors and windows were all open. As I raised my cup of tea to my thirsty lips, I heard a voice, the sweetness of which I shall never hear excelled, save by the angel choir above; and it was singing a low, sad, melancholy air, that pierced my very heart. I sat back in my chair, and listened with "lips apart" to that soul-enchanting melody, until it seemed as if all meaner sensations had passed away from me.

"It is Miss Florence," said the girl, who was treading round the table on tiptoe, as if she, too, feared to break the sound.

I did not want her to tell me that. I preferred to keep the illusion that it was no mortal voice a little longer. It ceased—but my hunger and thirst were gone, and I rose from the table uncertain whether I ought to invade the drawing-room until the first hours of intercourse with the new comer were over. Mary solved the difficulty, by rushing down stairs to see if I had come home.

"Tea over, doctor, and no one to wait on you! Too bad! But come up and see Florence."

In a low rocking-chair sat a child, as I then thought, about ten or twelve years old. Her soft, curling hair hung down far over her dress of white muslin, and the beautiful arms and neck were bare. She was leaning her arm upon her mother's knee, while Emily and Jane knelt by her side, apparently just as they had done when she was singing. Mary led me to her, and said simply, "Florence, this is our friend, Doctor Westman." She put out her hand, and the blue eyes were turned towards my face just as if she could see me. The light shone upon them. They were perfect in form and color, and shaded by long dark lashes. Sitting there in repose, no one would have thought that there was no vision in those full, beautiful orbs. After a while she sang to me again, by Mary's request. This time the music of her voice was not so mournful to my ear, but it was sweet and powerful.

A few days brought me into intimate relations with the fair blind girl. She learned to distinguish when I was in the room, when she entered it, and the sound of my step at the door. She made various ornaments for my table, and took an interest in me, because she felt how much her sisters contributed to my comfort.

After her return I became an intense student. Every work that treated of the eye and its diseases I could lay hold on, was eagerly devoured; and the particular species of blindness to which she was a victim, commanded the most intense thought. I made communications of her case to the best oculists that I had heard of, stating the time she was taken blind—ten years of age—and every circumstance of her situation, health, intelligence, and so forth. Some of the answers were favorable to an operation, some doubtful, and one or two positively adverse.

I did all this privately, not daring to raise hopes in the family which, it was more than probable, would be crushed. Conversing with her father, I found that nothing had ever been done for her, except a few simple washes by my predecessor—that he had declared the case incurable, and advised her being sent to an institution where she could learn the various employments and amusements of the blind, and where she would be less conscious of her calamity than at home. Good advice from Dr. Croft, provided she was incurable, which I doubted!

I let the midsummer pass away, feeling that it was better for the weather to subside into cold before anything was done; and meantime I took charge, with her mother's permission, of her diet, exercise and entire manner of living. The family was pleased with my interest in her case, and prolonged her stay at home, that she might continue under my care.

A regular course of salt water bathing, a walk in the open air every day, and frequent drives, strengthened her system; and I fancied, too, that the atmosphere of sound, healthy people was more favorable to her, such as she found at home, than that of the sickly inmates of the institution. At all events, she grew stronger and larger, and the rose-leaf color assumed a deeper tint upon her cheek. I bestowed so much care on her, that I really began to feel that she belonged to me, and I was anxious to see how she returned it. She watched every change in the weather—for her sensations were very acute in that respect—and never allowed me to go out without ascertaining if I was well sheltered to meet it.

I thought so much of her restoration to sight, that I made myself positively unhappy when any answer came to my inquiries at all discouraging. I wrote now to a fellow-student of my own, who was in Paris prosecuting this very branch of our profession, and awaited his answer with great impatience. Two steamers arrived, and no answer from my friend Arthur. The third brought me a letter, which I hardly dared open, so great was my anxiety. I broke the seal, and read as follows:

"The case you mention is an interesting one, and I have great hopes that something may be done. What if I ask you to wait my return, which will be in February? I have performed two operations in cases which I believe to be nearly similar to your friend's. By the way, you speak in more than professional interest of your patient. I should like to give you the pleasure of witnessing my skill."

I knew if there was one man in the world who would lend his whole soul to such a case, it would be Arthur St. John, and I now talked with Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard about the matter. They professed a great deal of confidence in my judgment, but did not dare to hope, and begged me not to speak of it to Florence at present.

Part of the winter passed away in sweet and intimate communion with this unfortunate but highly gifted creature. A perfect child of song, and with a talent for conversation which I never knew surpassed, drawing, as she did, all her images, either from the memories of early childhood, or from her own heart, and not from the outward that was passing around her. You will learn, reader, that the blind girl was now the dearest object to me on earth, and can judge, perhaps, something of my intense anxiety on her account.

The February steamer was delayed. It seemed ages to my expectant thoughts, and when at length its arrival was announced, I thought that Arthur was unnecessarily long in coming. He came at last, and I introduced him to the family. He watched every movement of Florence, and, after a day or two, they became great friends, without her suspecting that he was thinking of her eyes. In a careless way, he asked her to let him examine them. I watched his face, and saw it brighten up as he looked carefully, and even hurt her by his continued pressure. A look of intense satisfaction passed between us. We prepared now to acquaint her with what we desired to do; and she gave her consent very sweetly, but apparently without any hope.

We thought it best to perform the operation without witnesses—only that Mary, whose strength of mind and nerve was very great, might be present, in order to give us what assistance we needed. The house was to be very still, and we were to occupy the back attic, where no sound could be heard from the street, and where a strong light was obtained from above. Not a word was spoken, except to ask for necessary assistance. Our sweet patient lay back upon pillows, with her hands crossed on her lap. She had promised not to struggle, if we would not confine them.

It was a moment of intense expectation. Arthur was firm of eye and limb. His steady hand held the instrument without the slightest wavering, and in a few minutes, but which seemed hours, the deed was done. She had seen his face! A bandage was applied, and she was carried in my arms to the chamber below, and laid in bed. Perfect stillness and repose was prescribed for her, and she obeyed it to the letter, only speaking in whispers. At length Arthur permitted the bandage to be loosened, and at last withdrawn altogether, and he gratified me by allowing me to withdraw it. It was a moment of intense excitement to me, but she calmly opened her eyes upon my face, and whispered my name; and then closed them again, as if her joy was too great to be real, and as if she wished to go back into darkness again to realize it all.

If life seemed to hold a new and divine prospect to the blind girl after her long sitting in darkness, it was no less so to me—to me who had long ago told her how very dear she was to my heart, and had received her assurance, that if she ever obtained her sight, she would be my wife. Nothing I could say would induce her to strike out this proviso.

"I will never be a burden on you," she would say. "If I am never to recover, I shall feel that God himself places a bar between me and you that must not be passed; and that it is His pleasure that I shall be solitary." Sweet girl!—while I loved her better for this delicacy, I was only more eager to overcome her scruples.

In a few weeks she was well enough to visit my office, her father's workshop, and to take long walks and rides with me. Her eyes were perfectly restored. O, the happiness which such a restoration brings! Who can tell! I cannot describe the joy of the parents, nor the intense satisfaction of the brothers and sisters, nor the still intenser gratification of Arthur St. John, at his share in the general happiness. I think he confides it all to Mary—for they hold long private conversations together, which, doubtless, are entirely upon the treatment of the eye. Both seem pleased at the result of these studies, if one can judge by the animation of their countenances when accidentally discovered in their speculation.

Florence is the "doctor's wife." In her new relation, she is interested for all the sick and suffering everywhere; and to those whose privation is similar to her own, she feels the tenderest sympathy. I have not yet withdrawn her from the pleasant atmosphere of her father's house, because I fear that in my absence, and unwatched by mother and sisterly eyes, she might be tempted to strain the precious orbs which are alike my pride and my care.

And Arthur St. John is reaping abundant laurels in his profession. He is going to Europe next month, and I shall not be surprised if Mary accompanies him. It is not his purpose to settle down anywhere at present; and our active, efficient and gentle Mary will be just the right one to take care of the wanderer.

MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

We present on this page an admirable likeness of our friend and correspondent, Major Ben: Perley Poore, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Barry, from an ambrotype by Cutting & Turner, of this city. We fancy that Shakspeare must have had a prophetic glimmering of the future major, when he wrote, "Each man in his day plays many parts." It is true that we all pass through many marked stages; but to very few of us is accorded the ability to do well so many things as the subject of our sketch, though a young man, has already accomplished. Born in Newburyport, Mass., where he now resides, in November, 1820, we find that, at the age of fourteen, he had gratified an ardent desire to see the world, by visiting nearly all the principal cities of Europe. Though his home was an attractive one, still his wandering propensities were stronger than his love for the paternal fireside; and probably anticipating a veto on his plans of travel, which he would have reluctantly obeyed, he started again on his wanderings without leave or license. In the course of his rambles, he was received into the office of Messrs. Myrick & Bartlett, of Worcester, as a printer's apprentice, and there learned the mysteries of that craft, whose history, in one of his addresses, he has delineated with such ability and warmth. When editing the Boston Bee, Mr. Poore, in speaking of the printer's craft, said:—"We entered a printing-office a spoiled 'eldest son,' who had devoted more attention to Shetland ponies, and a juvenile infantry company, than to his books; and at the end of our apprenticeship could write almost as well as we can now. This is not saying much, perhaps; but we will show our 'copy' for plainness and correctness, with any professional writer in the country. It used to be rather hard work to wash rollers and bring wood, but we had a pretty good time after all. A warm piece of gingerbread—the regular donation of the subscribers at a baker's shop, when their paper was handed into them early in the morning—had far more relish, than the sumptuous banquets tasted at royal entertainments within five years afterwards. The heart of the ill-clad newspaper-carrier was lighter and merrier, than when it was afterwards encased in an old embroidered diplomatic coat." Finally, after a period of severe, but not unprofitable discipline, young Poore returned to his father's house. At the age of seventeen, he was established by his father as editor and proprietor of a paper. In the year 1840, being then just twenty-one, we find him an attache of the United States embassy at Belgium. One of his early adventures was a journey on foot to Venice—not in a direct line, but with deviations to embrace interesting places in Switzerland, Lombardy and the Tyrol. Very likely this early training gave him that confidence in his powers of endurance, which caused him to undertake recently the feat of wheeling a barrel of apples from Newbury to Boston, in fulfillment of a sportive political bet—a feat which he accomplished with ease and credit. This little incident is a sample of the true Anglo-Saxon pluck which the major manifests in all his undertakings. Soon after returning from his pedestrian tour, Major Poore took up his residence in Paris, and was appointed agent of the Massachusetts Historical Society, to describe the documents in the marine and colonial departments relating to the history of our State. In 1845, in pursuance of the resolve of our legislature, he was appointed by the governor historical agent of Massachusetts for the same purpose. His labors make ten large folio volumes of MSS., and two of maps. Their style of execution is admirable. The able manner in which he performed his task, caused a recommendation from the committee of the legislature to double his compensation. Before returning home, he travelled extensively in Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt and Europe; and, during a portion of his time, corresponded with the Atlas, of this city, embodying in his spirited letters the fruits of his excursions. Among his own tangible records of travel, is a splendid collection of autographs. Since his return to America, he has performed a great amount of labor—was, for a time, editor of the Boston Bee, has written books, among others, a popular life of Louis Philippe, has been a large contributor to periodicals and journals, has lectured, raised a rifle battalion, which he commands, is a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and, above all, is a practical farmer on a very large scale, as is evinced by the splendid condition of "Indian Hill," at West Newbury.



MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

MERCANTILE WHARF BUILDINGS.

The success of the Hon. Josiah Quincy in his speculation with the City Wharf property, induced other parties owning similar dock rights to enter the field also. The Mercantile Wharf Corporation, which, it will be remembered, bounded upon the east side of Commercial Street from City Wharf to Commercial Wharf, has within the last two years laid out and disposed of seven large valuable lots upon the site of a portion of its dock property. These lots are surrounded by four important streets, viz., Commercial, Clinton, Richmond, and a new marginal, or water street, parallel with, and 102 feet east of, Commercial Street. Upon these lots has been erected a block of granite warehouses, having its four façades bounding on the four thoroughfares abovenamed. This building is 456 feet in length, 100 feet in depth, and six stories or 70 feet in height. Its frontage upon the four streets which surround it, is one thousand feet, and the whole exterior from basement to cornice is granite. It is divided from front to rear into stories of 13, 12, 11, 10 and 9 feet each, and the total cost, not including the land, has been four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We give our readers a view of this leviathan structure, taken from the corner of Clinton and Commercial Streets, and drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney. In its massive and far-reaching façades, there is a simplicity which should especially mark buildings of this class, and yet there is a vigorous boldness produced by the pier and pier block construction of the first story, the irregular ashler of the stories above, the sill-bands, champferred window jambs and projecting console cornice. The great excellence of this work is a true fitness or expression of purpose, and a pleasing effect—a building which, at a glance, is regarded as an exponent of commercial wealth, without the least useless expenditure or architectural whim, and one that does credit to its architect, G. J. F. Bryant, of this city, who has designed and built a large number of our buildings, and has fairly earned an enviable reputation by his skill and taste. It is probable that, as Commercial Street is built up, a similar style of building will be adopted for the future blocks that may be erected. In the commercial parts of a city, such uniformity is a desirable feature. As a general thing, the irregularity of our city architecture is a noticeable point—and is a thing which particularly strikes strangers. But while some unhappy contrasts are the result of a diversity of tastes, and of means in real estate owners, a sort of picturesqueness is produced which is by no means unpleasing. In architecture, as in painting, contrasts are sometimes as effective as harmonies; and as the force of a color is brought out by apposition with its direct antipodes in the chromatic scale, so certain styles of building are the more striking from being placed in juxtaposition with a totally dissimilar style. We have read that travellers soon grow weary even of St. Petersburg, whose continuous magnificence and stateliness are monotonous, while Moscow, from its very irregularity, is far more interesting, both to strangers and residents. Mr. Delane, of the London Times, was reminded by the variety of our architecture of the towns and cities of England, where the same spirit of Saxon independence produces a variety of building, each man going, as we say, "on his own hook." In England, as in America, there is no Louis Napoleon to plan out streets, tear down buildings, and order new ones at his will.



MERCANTILE WHARF BUILDINGS, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. C. S.—A dissolution of partnership, in order to be legal, must be regularly advertised a number of times in the daily papers

L. D.—There is a book relating entirely to the subject, which may be had by addressing Phillips, Sampson & Co., of this city

H. F.—Bellini died at the age of 34, in 1837.

T. W. S.—The Marseillaise Hymn was not composed at Marseilles, but at Strasburg. It derived its name because it was introduced into Paris by a body of Marseilles troops

R. G.—You are right. Captain McClure, of the British R. N., actually discovered the Northwest Passage in 1850, if we remember rightly.

BOOKWORM.—The official returns of the Imperial (formerly Royal) Library, of Paris, in 1850, accounted for 700,000 volumes and 80,000 MSS. It was commenced in the 14th century by King John, with ten volumes!

EMMA V.—The property of the fabulous river Lethe, or Stream of Oblivion, was to cause those who drank of it, to forget their whole former existence.

J. O. S.—The lines,

"'Tis not in mortals to command success—
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it,"

occur in Addison's tragedy of Cato.

S. J.—If the husband die without making a will, the wife is entitled to one half of his personal property, if there be no children; and to one third, if there be.

MARINER.—The word letter-of-marque, for the commission granted to a privateer, is derived from *mark*, the German for frontier—as being the right to capture property beyond the limit or boundary of another state.

W. H. S.—No harpsichords are manufactured now. Pianos have entirely superseded them.

SPIRITUALIST.—A belief in spectres has certainly been entertained by many eminent men—but has chiefly prevailed in times of ignorance and superstition.

C. G.—Lieut. Maury has declined the Knighthood of the Order of Dannebrog offered him by the king of Denmark. It is a very ancient order—founded in 1219, revived in 1693, and resuscitated in 1808.

C. C.—You are not far wrong in your calculation. Some years ago it was estimated that the milk-bill of the people of London and its vicinity amounted to four millions of dollars annually.

LAYMAN.—The first appointment of deacons is mentioned in the sixth chapter of Acts.

SENATOR.—We agree with the principle you have laid down. The question never ought to be, whether any proposed measure or regulation has a tendency to benefit agriculturists, manufacturers, or merchants; but whether its tendency be to benefit the public.

JULIA B.—If you have the courage to brave notice and comment, why then adopt the larger style of bonnet. You will soon be in the fashion—the French court have set their faces against small bonnets.

STUDENT.—David Rizzio was Mary Stuart's vocalist and secretary. He was murdered in her presence, A. D., 1565.

THE MYSTERIOUS MINER:

—OR,—

THE GOLD-DIGGERS OF CALIFORNIA.

A STORY OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC SHORES.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

This is the expressive title of the stirring novelette with which the twelfth volume of "The Flag of our Union" commences. We can promise much interest in this charmingly written and intensely interesting story. Each successive chapter is vivid, and presents a tableau in itself, depicting the wild life at the mines, and frontier adventure on our south-western border—as well as much interesting matter of scenes nearer home. Secure the first number, and preserve the story complete.

SPLINTERS.

.... A splendid manuscript copy of the Bible, written in the early part of the 12th century, has been found at Grenada, Spain.

.... Sir John Davie, in a poem on dancing, written in 1396, describes the polka minutely. There's really nothing new.

.... Lord Brougham is now sojourning at Cannes, France. He is said to be wearing away very fast.

.... Jackson Square, in the centre of the city of New Orleans, is now a civic garden, tastefully laid out.

.... There is scarcely a doubt that American commerce will soon be relieved from the burthen of the Danish Sound dues.

.... A Russian engineer has found out how to convert peat-turf into hard coal. Peat-er! the grate!

.... In Rome, Italy, there are 244 painters, 105 sculptors, and 144 engravers, natives or permanent residents of the city.

.... The Rothschild family, of Paris, are publishing the works of Moses Maimonides, the St. Thomas d'Aquinas of the Jews.

.... The man who has an "ancestry," has his feet shod with lead. Our authority is the New Orleans Picayune.

.... The first theatre ever established in America was at Williamsburg, Virginia. It opened September 5, 1752.

.... The Spiritualists of New York have divided into two sects—the "Christians" and "Non-Christians." Both are numerous.

.... The itinerant flower-venders of New Orleans are quite an "institution." They sell a neat bouquet for a dime.

.... In the city of New York there are about 12,000 more males than females. A few more ladies wanted.

.... The copper mines at Flemington, N. J., are again worked, after a lapse of some time, by a new company.

.... A son of John C. Breckinridge, vice-president elect, was lately severely injured while playing with gunpowder.

.... The Messrs. Cunard are about establishing a line of steamers between Liverpool and the St. Lawrence.

.... The canal season in New York is now over. The receipts for the present year far exceeded the last.

.... Congressional districts must contain 91,958 inhabitants, according to the last apportionment.

.... Hoe, of New York, has sold two of his largest presses to London journals—quite a triumph.

.... The Circassians reckon a woman at one half the value of a warrior—the heathen!

.... A snake exhibitor in California was lately bitten by one of his pet rattlesnakes, and came near dying.

.... A lad at school, being asked to name the four seasons, promptly answered, "Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar."

.... A Pole in this country has invented a sort of shield to avert fatality in railroad collisions.

THE NEW YEAR!

We come before our readers and the public, in the present number of *Ballou's Pictorial*, with a cordial greeting and an earnest wish for a happy new year to one and all. It will be seen that we appear in an entire new suite of type, new heading (after our old style), and fresh and bright from head-line to imprint. Every material which goes to make up the number of the paper now in the hands of the reader, is new and perfect, just from the manufacturers' hands. It is not egotistical in us to acknowledge a little honest pride in the complete appearance of our favorite illustrated journal. The degree of perfection to which it has been brought, has not been the work of a brief period, but is the result of nearly six years of heavy expenditure of time, industry and money.

That we have exactly met the requirements of the public taste, and have succeeded in producing a paper universally sought after and fully appreciated, is attested by our immense circulation and our mammoth subscription list. In this respect we are entirely satisfied, and freely acknowledge that, even with our present enlarged facilities and admirable machinery, we could print but a very few thousand copies more per week than we now issue. Grateful for this complete success, we are resolved to deserve it by unremitting endeavors to please, and by continuing to make *Ballou's Pictorial* a truly valuable fireside companion for every American home.

During the last ten days, our clerks have been engaged night and day in registering the hosts of subscriptions that have poured in upon us from the far West, the extreme South, the North and our immediate Atlantic neighborhood. We expected that with the increasing numbers of readers and the improvement of our paper, that our list would increase, and our circulation would be extended, but we hardly anticipated such a welcome avalanche of subscribers as have come to us with the new year. In arranging our mail books, with so many thousands of new names, added to the renewal of thousands upon thousands of old ones, some errors must occur, but we trust our friends will have patience with us; inform us at once of any mistakes, and all shall be made scrupulously correct.

In closing, let us add that it is all-important for those who would secure the work complete, to send in their subscriptions at once, and thus prevent any break in the perfect sets of the volume. Once again, a happy new year to one and all!

FREE ADMISSIONS.

Miss Laura Keene, in her Varieties Theatre, New York, has been compelled to request gentlemen of the press to leave their cards with her door-keeper each time they pass in, as a check on impostors obtaining the *entrée* as editors. We would suggest to Miss Keene an improvement on the system, and that is, to request editors to send their daguerreotype, with the name attached, to the theatre. These daguerreotypes might then be arranged in a case over the door-keeper's table, and it would be a pleasant amusement for him to study the intelligent countenances at odd times, and thus enable himself to identify the originals. After all, it would be no great harm if the free admissions were abolished. The privilege does not secure a seat to the editor, and if anything worth noting is going on, every seat is likely to be occupied. If the presence of critics is desirable, they should have reserved seats.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.—We would suggest to those of our subscribers who have been with us from the first—and there are a vast number of them—to turn back to the early numbers of our illustrated journal, and compare the style of our engravings then published with the number in hand. The *improvement* is *remarkable*, and a source of congratulation to realize to what perfection American hands and American enterprise are bringing this branch of art.

THE PAST VOLUME.—We have volume eleven bound and for sale at our office, in full gilt, uniform with the preceding volumes, with illumined title-page and index. Price, single volume, $3. The whole set of eleven volumes complete will be sold for $22. These books can never be re-printed, and we have but a few complete sets left.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA.—The recent issues of this admirable series of acting plays, arranged with stage business, costumes, relative position of performers, ect., are, "That Blessed Baby," a most mirth-provoking farce, Coleman's play of the "Iron Chest," and Shakspeare's play, the "Merchant of Venice."

THE EXILE'S HOME.—Longwood House, at St. Helena, is in a ruinous condition, and Napoleon's chamber is used for a grain-room. Thousands of travellers yearly make a pilgrimage to Longwood House and the grave that once held the remains of the great captain.

USE OF HOOPS.—An old lady, who fell overboard from a brig in our bay, lately, was saved from drowning by her hooped skirts. She appeared in a "watered silk" when she was fished up.

WHAT A COUNTRY!—It appears that we owe only about thirty millions, and that would have been paid if creditors had asked for their money. Uncle Sam seems to be doing pretty well.

POETRY AND WINE.—It seems that Lamartine will make 2500 hogsheads of wine, this year. He receives also about $80,000 per annum for his serial work.

SHAKSPEARE.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble has been reading Shakspeare in various parts of the country. It is a treat to hear her.

POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF SMITH.

The large picture drawn expressly for us by Billings, and occupying the whole of pages 8 and 9 of the present number, illustrates one of the most thrilling and dramatic scenes in the whole range of our history. Though all are familiar with the story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, still we are quite certain that this vivid picture will flash a new light on the heroism of the Indian maiden. Captain Smith has been surprised by the Virginia Indians, and after heroically defending himself and nearly escaping, has been taken and condemned to death. His hands are bound behind him, and he lies with his head on a projecting rock, placed there to receive the fatal blow from the executioner's war club. Over him stands Pocahontas, the youthful daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan, her graceful form shielding the Indian captive from instant death. Around her swarm her savage countrymen, in various attitudes expressive of astonishment, indignation and demoniac fury. Powhatan, seated on his throne on the right, and leaning on his plumed lance, exhibits no traces of emotion on his stoical countenance, but listens to the remonstrances of the scarred chief beside him. The Indian drummer on the left, the woman with the child behind Pocahontas, all the dusky, agitated figures that surround her, are animated by one spirit of vengeance, by the same deadly hate of the white man. Even in civilized communities he must be a man of heroic mould who dares to plead the cause of an enemy against the united voice of his countrymen. Let us then accord full honor to the gentle Virginian maiden, who, at the peril of her life, and in opposition to her father and her whole people, interposed successfully to save the life of a wounded captive of a strange race of men. From the very first, Pocahontas was the friend of the white, and she frequently braved peril to do them service. Her friendship for the settlers resulted in her exile from her native land, but, married to Thomas Rolfe, an Englishman, received as a convert by the Christian church, she was treated with great respect by the people and court of England. When she met Smith, whom she had been led to believe dead, in London, she was completely overcome by emotion. When about to revisit Virginia, with her husband and infant son, she died suddenly, at the age of twenty-two. The son was carefully educated by an uncle in London, and afterwards became a wealthy and distinguished character in Virginia, where his descendants still exist. Had Pocahontas wedded Captain Smith the romance of this historical episode would have been complete.

SHORT AND SWEET.—Our friend Baron Nathans complains of the length of presidential messages. He says if he were president he should say nothing more than "all right—go ahead," or "looks squally—keep a sharp lookout," according to circumstances, referring for particulars to small bills.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Wm. E. Porter, of West Cambridge, to Miss Lavina E. Berry, of Strafford, N. H.; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Edwin Devoe to Miss Elizabeth P. Lane; by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. David Adams to Mrs. Nancy M. Malstrom; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Lemuel Nichols, of Cornish, Me., to Miss Sophia Magray; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. William H. Mitchell to Miss Elizabeth F. Sproul; Mr. Thomas Watson to Mrs. Grace Brannon.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. Lorenzo B. French to Miss Lucie A. Gilmore.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Mr. Charles H. Moore to Miss Clara J. Prince.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Theodore Lyman to Miss Elizabeth Russell.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Bagnall, Mr. James E. Harris to Miss Caroline A. Strong.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Morison, Mr. Gideon Beck to Miss Alice S. Briggs.—At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Furber, Mr. R. Dana Morse to Miss Helen S. Hutchins.—At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Mareb, Mr. Samuel A. Fowle to Miss Mary Whittemore.—At South Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Lewis Day to Miss Anna M. Smith.—At Lawrence, by Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Mr. J. Knudson to Miss H. E. Stevens.—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Potter, Mr. D. W. Bates to Miss Abby G. Rice.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Prince, Mr. G. S. Perkins to Miss Ednah Burnham.—At Conway, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. A. F. Adams, of Castine, Me., to Miss Isabella F. Osborn, of Boston

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Lucy Parsons, 79; Mr. Samuel F. Gray, of Cambridge, 18; Mr. Stephen Macdonal, 28; Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D.D., 49; Mrs. Hannah B. Delaud, formerly of Salem, 66.—At East Boston, Mrs. Sarah F. Lufkin, 48; Mr. J. Franklin Bradford, 28.—At Charlestown, Miss Ada T. Lee, of Manchester, 20.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Olive Fenno, 86.—At N. Chelsea, Mr. Benjamin Watts, 94.—At Dorchester, Mr. Moses Gleason, 60.—At Quincy, Noah Curtis, Esq., 84.—At Malden, Mrs. Eliza T. Waitt, 63.—At Milton, Mr. Henry Thayer, 35.—At Newton Lower Falls, Mrs. Eliza P. Pulsifer, 34.—At Lynn, Mrs. Mary Wilson, 81.—At Waltham, Miss Cornelia Hobart, 21.—At Needham, Mr. Joseph Mills, 83.—At Groton, Mr. Ezra Farnsworth, 86.—At Newburyport, Mr. John Ballou, 75.—At Ware, Mrs. Lydia Pope, 88.—At Belchertown, Mrs. Thankful Lowell, 91.—At Palmer, Mr. Nathan Bond, 83.—At Leominster, Mrs. Zillah T. Drake, formerly of Hampton, N. H., 73.—At Worcester, Mrs. Mary Upham, 83.—At Lancaster, Nov. 8, Mrs. Betsy Newman, 83 years and 3 months; Nov. 14, of lung fever, Mrs. Mary G., wife of Danforth Lawrence, aged 55 years and 10 months.—At South Yarmouth, Mr. William Gray, Jr., 42.—At Lunenburg, Captain Luther Farwell, formerly of this city, 76.—At Northampton, Mr. John Edwards, 75.—At Champlain, N. Y., Capt. Reuben Moore, formerly of Concord, Mass., 48.—At Bath, Me., Capt. Joseph Edgecombe, 62.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWILIGHT.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

The golden twilight, soft and meek,
Fled from the rosy god of day—
Then waited, with a flushing cheek,
For dark-browed Night, who bade her stay.

Softly he threw his mantle o'er
Her form, as they together went,
And wooed her, gently, as before,
To come within his silent tent.

And, one by one, he drew from far
His diamond treasures, clear and bright,
Till, on her brow, a single star
Gleamed, peerless, in its heavenly light.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

O, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!—MOORE.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Flowers, that bloom to wither fast;
Light, whose beams are soon o'ercast;
Friendship warm, but not to last;—
Such by earth are given.

Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade;
Find the light no cloud can shade;
Win the friend who ne'er betrayed—
These are found in heaven.—MISS H. F. GOULD.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KALED, THE PAGE.

A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XIII.

BY BELL BRAMBLE.

WITHIN a dimly-lighted saloon of the beautiful archiepiscopal palace of Narbonne, sat a thin, gaunt man, whose cadaverous visage was impressed with an air of subtlety and finesse. His bald brow was bordered with thin white hair, seen straggling from beneath a closely-fitting red cap. He was dictating to a page, notes and memoranda, to be handed after to a secretary to copy. The old duke had several of these pages in his service. These boys were younger sons of high and powerful families, yet, according to the custom of the day, were placed in the family of great nobles, a remnant of feudal patronage, receiving wages from them and holding themselves ready to do their bidding,—were devoted to their lord's interest. The page now writing at the table, near which sat the old duke, was the young Vicomte Henri d'Effiat, son of the late Marechal de Chaumont. The old man with the close, red cap and gaunt figure, was Armand Duplessis, Cardinal de Richelieu.

For a while, he dictated his instructions, reading them from a slip of paper, written in his own hand. A profound melancholy spread over his features, and when he had ended, his head sank forward on his folded arms, and the stripling page, surprised, heard him mutter the memorable words:

"What utter weariness of spirit—what disgust of life is mine! For twenty years have I toiled and striven to give a more fixed light to the glimmering ray of the star that on my birth shone bright—ever since casting a dim, uncertain gleam. Had I but possessed the king's *hereditary* rights, what could I not have achieved? The genius that should be given to deeds of high emprise, is all wasted in the endeavor to merely sustain my balance in his feeble, vacillating mind. What boots it, that I hold within my grasp the destinies of Europe, so long as my interests are perpetually frustrated within the narrow space of his mutinous cabinet?—its few feet of dimensions causing me more infinite calculation to compass, than it requires to direct and govern all Europe besides! And this is the life so envied—of a prime minister!"

At this moment, the tapestry was pushed aside, and a courier entered.

"Ha! that little miscreant, Gondi (afterward Cardinal de Retz.) The queen insists on having him for her secretary. Well, I owe her some amends for separating her from her admirer, Buckingham, I suppose. Come hither, Kaled," (a pet term employed by Anne of Austria for the young Gondi.)

The page approached, holding up a packet, sealed with black, for the king; this, he replaced under his arm, as he drew near the duke, presenting him at the same time with a little billet, which the cardinal eagerly clutched, reading over again and again, the words of laconic brevity, of such import to him. "*Mary de Medici is dead!*"

Tearing the billet into fragments, the minister spoke long and earnestly to the page, in so low a tone, however, that the other page, Henri d'Effiat, could only occasionally catch a few disjointed words, such as, "Take heed that you reach not the Louvre for twelve hours yet—remember the reward—the hand of the young Duchess of Mantua (d'Effiat started)—pooh, you glance at Henri de Cinq Mars—his head is too full of his handsome figure and shoulder knots, to ever rise in the duchess's favor—and now, Gondi, be firm or perish!"

Bowing low, the page withdrew, while the cardinal, without showing the least emotion, went on with his dictating, while the young Vicomte d'Effiat trembled in every limb. These two pages belonged to the first families of France; yet could they, either would have escaped from out the gilded doors of the minister's cabinet, gladly as a bird from its cage.

And now entered Mazarin, insinuating and cringing as ever, and with him the Duke d'Angouleme, that Valois, who, having long struggled against Henry IV., now paid court to the cardinal-generalissimo, by detailing the operations of Perpignan, by way of preparatory to the tutelage himself would yet receive, even on the battle-field, from Richelieu.

"Monsieur le Duke, it is with unaffected pleasure I inform you that the king has created you Marshal of France. But here comes Marechal Schomberg who has, doubtless, something of importance to communicate."

An hour later, and the pompous litter of the cardinal stopped at the Louvre. Two ushers, clothed in royal livery, raised the great curtains that hung before the council-chamber, where the king, Louis XIII., stood, encircled by the great officers of the crown, and announced "*his eminence!*" The king glanced with an angry, haughty air of resolute defiance at him, which was afterwards remembered by Richelieu, who, attired in all a cardinal's pomp, advanced slowly, leaning on the young page, Henri d'Effiat. Slowly, as if in much pain, the minister approached; not that suffering caused him to halt in his gait, but that each step was arrested to observe the courtiers before him. A hurried glance of his practiced eye around, sufficed. Calm and placid as a summer's morning, was the minister's smile of disdain, as, assuming that look of firmness and grandeur he ever bore when danger threatened, he walked direct to the king. Louis turned round in astonishment. His head was uncovered, and his pale and noble features, with their melancholy expression, his lofty brow and classic profile, set off by a faint, straggling sunbeam, that made distinctly visible the proud lineaments, easily recognized, of the Bourbons. He had all the characteristic traits of his race except their fiery glance, so potent in a princely line. His sole forte, owing to weakness of sight, being in a cold, icy look, that, though it did not *compel* submission, was, nevertheless, effective in its way. Without uncovering his hoary head, the cardinal, leaning heavily on the page, approached the king, and said:

"Sire, my health, long failing, admonishes of other and eternal duties. Eighteen years ago I accepted from you the charge of a divided, weakened kingdom. I have conquered all your enemies, and return it united and powerful. My life's great aim is accomplished. I now only crave to retire, to end my days in meditation and prayer."

Offended at the haughty tone of the cardinal, the king merely said:

"We thank you for the services of which you remind us, and grant monsieur le cardinal the opportunity he craves for retirement and repose."

Deeply irate, yet did Richelieu repress all outward indication of the rage he felt, as he went on:

"The only return I would ask for my poor services, would be the recall of your mother, Mary de Medici, whom, though I always loved, yet state policy forced me to require her banishment. I would pray her recall from exile."

For a moment, Louis XIII. looked on his aged minister without venturing to reply. He saw the snowy hairs and wan face before him, of Richelieu, and thought only on his long-tried devotion and boundless capacity. That pitying look upon that aged, decrepid man, decided the fate of France. With all the noble frankness and kindly courtesy of a Bourbon, he extended his hand to the duke, as he promised to recall the queen.

The council had ended. Louis sat in the dressing-room of his beautiful wife, Anne of Austria. The dauphin, afterwards Louis XIV., was playing on the carpet at his feet. Mademoiselles d'Hautfort and Lafayette were braiding the beautiful blond tresses of the queen, while the young Duchess Maria of Mantua looped up her slashed sleeves with strings of pearls. A captain of the guards was announced, who, on entering, spoke in a low tone to the king, who, unable to restrain his agitation, exclaimed:

"A courier from Cologne, said you? I come!" and while the captain of the guard held up the curtain of the adjoining cabinet, the young Duchess of Mantua noticed the stripling page, Gondi, presenting a packet to the king, sealed with black.

When the curtain was again raised, Louis, paler than usual, re-entered the queen's apartment. Mazarin, de Thou, Richelieu and his page, Henri d'Effiat, were there. Glancing at the imperturbable cardinal, the king observed:

"Gentlemen, the queen has just died, at Bologne. Perhaps *others* knew of this before me. Give orders; in an hour we will proceed thither. Monsieur le Cardinal, I would confer with you." And following him, without a sign of either sorrow or annoyance, Richelieu entered the cabinet, to leave it a victor.

After a somewhat protracted conference, the cardinal rose to retire, observing:

"This is the hour I usually begin my avocations for the day."

"I will hereafter open all letters, and issue commands myself," replied the king.

The minister touched a bell, and his page entered, on whose shoulder, heavily leaning, he left the room. Louis, left alone, stared in very helplessness at the mass of papers that lay heaped before him. His weak sight failed, his throbbing brain reeled; he fancied he felt his kingdom crumbling away from under his trembling limbs. The blood forsook his wan face, receding to his heart, as he called, feebly: "Richelieu!"

Languidly re-entering the cabinet, Richelieu fixed his keen eyes on the pale face of the heart-sick monarch.

"You have recalled me. What would you?"

Turning away his head, the king faintly answered:

"I am ill—unable to govern. You must rule in my stead."

"Then sign this paper," said the implacable cardinal.

"O, do not ask this!—anything but *this!*" entreated Louis, in a faltering accent. "I promised the Marshal de Chaumont the hand of the young Duchess of Mantua, for his son, Henri d'Effiat. For pity's sake, don't urge me to break this compact. I am ill—dying."

"And *I* have promised herself and duchy to Gondi, or Wladislaus of Poland—whoever bids highest," continued he, imperatively, whom men call the *great* Richelieu.

The king signed the paper. The beautiful Duchess of Mantua began to be considered as the bride of Wladislaus, King of Poland. Henri d'Effiat was created *grand ecuyer*; Gondi was made abbe, afterwards Cardinal de Retz. Meantime, Anne of Austria grew daily more grave and immovable. She, alone, separated from her Buckingham by the crafty policy of Richelieu, saw *his* hand in the movements of the puppets evolving around. She had vainly endeavored to confer with Milton, ere his return to London, where the parliamentarians, under Essex, had raised the siege of Gloucester, and Prince Rupert lost a battle at Newbury; while Charles I. implored of France the assistance his queen now vainly sought of Holland.

It was the eve of a fete in the Louvre. The prince palatine was present, sent by the old King Wladislaus of Poland, to escort his promised bride, the Princess Maria Gonzaga, Duchess of Mantua, to his northern court. Seated beside the queen, the duchess was apparently listening to some pleasantries addressed her by Gaston, Duke of Orleans, when, raising her eyes, they rested on the pale features of the grand ecuyer, Henri d'Effiat. He was pale as death, and his dark eyes looked sadly on her from beneath his knit brows. Following him with her alarmed gaze, she noted that he made a sign as if wishing to speak with her. Obtaining permission to retire, a few minutes sufficed to exchange her ball costume for a domino; when, with a black velvet mask held to her face, following the retreating figure of the grand ecuyer, the young and trembling duchess pushed open the folding door of the private chapel, where she was met by his tutor, the Abbe Quillet, who conducted her within the confessional, while Henri d'Effiat carefully locked the chapel door, to guard against the entrance of any one from the outside.

"How I tremble, Henri! The queen looked so grave when I asked permission to retire. Why remain in France? Why not throw up your appointment of master of the horse? O, let us fly to Tuscany—anywhere, to escape from that old rebel Richelieu!"

He was silent. The mere question showed the ignorance of a girl of eighteen—born to a throne, and accustomed to the frivolity of a court.

"Maria, I have summoned you here either to cement or release you from your vows."

"Alas! Henri, why this urgency? Can I wed you when so changed, or do you fear that I could leave you, when so unhappy?"

They were married. Straining the fair girl to his breast, d'Effiat said:

"And now a short farewell, my beautiful, my *own!* To-morrow places many a mile between us and France."

"O, happiness! Nothing now can ever part what God has just united. The queen favors us both. We are yet very young, and now that we are united, the future looks like a bright, joyous holiday—"

At this moment, a rustling in the aisle, like the soft sigh of a wind harp, startled them. Henri d'Effiat called aloud:

"Who goes there?"

No one answered. The young duchess trembled, and even the grand ecuyer was agitated. Throwing his arm round his girl-bride, he hastened to the door. It was unlocked; and the next moment he was in close pursuit of a muffled figure, who sped with the swiftness of an arrow along the corridor leading to the grand staircase, as Maria de Gonzaga, falling heavily against the aged Abbe Quillet, exclaimed: "O, Santa Maria! *Kaled!*"

An hour later, and the master of the horse, pale as death, entered the king's cabinet unannounced. Richelieu was with Louis. Without noticing the minister, the young ecuyer approached the king with an undaunted mien, saying:

"Your majesty might find it difficult to arrest the son of Marshal de Chaumont—having twenty thousand men under my command. I have voluntarily come to surrender myself."

Unbuckling his sword, he laid it on the table, while the feeble king said:

"I pledge you my word, Henri, you are only required to stay in the Bastile for a few days, until this strange affair is satisfactorily explained."

And the young bridegroom left the room, following de Thou to the Bastile—his sad fate the next day made matter of history.

The long parliament still endured in England. That the Earl of Strafford had been condemned to death, seemed but to render Richelieu the more immovable—above or below the common standard of human nature. Submissive Europe listened to him through its representatives. His levees were thronged with presidents of parliaments, princes of the church, marshals and ambassadors. The king dared no longer brave him; and the grave face of Anne of Austria became paler, and each day more melancholy, as she noted the inquiring gaze of Mantua's young duchess wandering anxiously over the court's glittering throngs for the unreturning grand ecuyer. She noted with surprise, that while the merits of older dignitaries of the church were passed over, Richelieu had importuned Urban VIII. to grant the Roman purple to the Abbe Paul de Gondi, who, still a favorite of the queen, had won her over to further the minister's compact, that setting aside the previous marriage of the young duchess, made her queen of Poland, and transformed the young secretary into a cardinal—for to this elevation did Richelieu's compact raise Kaled the page, afterwards the Cardinal de Retz.

Editorial Melange.

The State of Illinois has the largest coal area on our continent, and greater by 56,695 miles than the whole area of Europe. —— An improved mode of lubricating the spindles of machinery used in preparing and spinning cotton, and other fibrous materials, revolving in a lifting rail, has recently been adopted in England. The invention consists in attaching to the lifting rail a rib covered with flannel, which, being kept saturated with oil or other lubricating material, imparts the same to the spindles as the lifting rail moves up and down. —— Governor Bragg, in his annual message to the North Carolina Legislature, says the common school system of that State is rapidly acquiring value and efficiency, and now gives instruction to 130,000 children. —— At Cincinnati, coal has run up to seven dollars per ton, and wood to eight dollars a cord, and they are beginning to be anxious about the chance to procure fuel at all. Think of that—in a country that was all forest forty years ago! —— Eighteen hundred millions of bricks are produced per annum in England, weighing about 5,400,000 tons. The capital employed in the business is about £2,000,000, and the patents that have been issued in connection with it number 230. —— Artificial teeth are now made of flint or quartz rock and feldspar. After trituration, a paste is made of the mixed powder, which may be fashioned into any shape, and then hardened by heat. —— The North China Herald thus sums up the present position in China: It appears to be established by a variety of concurrent testimony, that over a region, equal in extent and population to some of the most powerful States of Europe, the people have discarded the Manchu costume, and reverted to that of the Ming dynasty. —— A submarine telegraph wire is to be laid across the Detroit River, from Windsor to Detroit, by means of which direct communication will be had between Detroit, Toronto, Montreal and Quebec. —— The Dublin Freeman's Journal chronicles the sailing of an Irish emigrant ship for Buenos Ayres. It says the Irish now in Buenos Ayres number 12,000, and they have succeeded remarkably well, fortunes of £5000 up to £50,000 being not uncommon among them. —— The Second Presbyterian Church, in Stillwater, Minnesota, which was just being finished, was destroyed by fire, recently. A large new bell, which had just been put up, was also destroyed. —— Vienna papers announce the death of Dr. Fredrich Krauter, at the age of sixty-six. He was the private secretary and intimate friend of Goethe. Mr. Lewes, in his life of the great poet, speaks of him as "his last secretary Krauter, who never speaks of him (Goethe) but with idolatry. —— Blankets were first made at Bristol, in England, by a poor weaver, whose name was Thomas Blanket, and who gave his name to his peculiar manufacture of woolen cloth. —— An organized band of desperadoes is existing in Boone, Montgomery and Putnam counties, Indiana, who steal horses, break open dwelling-houses, and help themselves generally, in the most cool and off-hand manner. —— The Hingham Journal, alluding to newspaper borrowers—a class who use an editor's brains without contributing to cover his back,—offers to give the paper to those persons who will procure a certificate from the selectmen that they are too poor to subscribe for it. —— Benjamin Ashly, who built the first steamboat on the Connecticut River, died recently at Springfield, Mass., aged 81. —— The London News says:—"Either the Emperor Napoleon is panic-stricken, and undoes one day what he has done on the preceding, in his uncertainty how to proceed; or there is a 'power behind the throne greater than the throne'—the Bourse gamblers and the protected interests—strong enough to withhold him from obeying the dictates of his better judgment."—— The Maine Farmer says, there is not one blacksmith in fifty who knows how to shoe a horse properly.

Debating Societies.—These are excellent institutions, and we should be badly off for good public speakers without these preparatory schools for orators. But they sometimes have queer discussions. At the last meeting of the Pigtown Debating Society, a young Cicero started the following question:—"Mr. President, sposin' I was courtin' a young gal, and she was to run away, and I was to run arter her, would I be happier when I cotched her than when I was running arter?" The question of the evening was whether there was more pleasure in the possession or pursuit of an object.

Ladies' Letters.—It is said the dear creatures who tease us never can write a letter, no matter how brief, without appending a postscript thereto. Dr. Byles, of facetious memory, once affirmed this in a company of Boston ladies, his parishioners. "My very next letter shall refute you," said a lady present. Three days afterwards, the doctor received an epistle from her, which closed thus:—"P. S. Who is right?—you or I?"

The oldest Apple.—A gentleman in the town of Wiscoming, Va., has in his possession an apple which was grown in the year 1787. It grew into a bottle which was attached to the branch of a tree, and when the fruit was ripe, the stem was severed and the bottle sealed up. The fruit is in perfect preservation. It ought to be sent to Major Poore, of apple fame.

Delicate Phraseology.—A dress-maker in the Bowery, New York, advertises for assistants who are required to "amuse themselves" with work between the periods of refreshment, consisting of breakfast, dinner, tea and supper. Almost everybody in this country can find plenty of such "amusement."

Prospering.—Canada is rapidly progressing in solid prosperity, judging from her railways. Five years ago, there were about 100 miles constructed—now there are nearly 2000 miles.

Wayside Gatherings.

Recruits for Walker now sail in large numbers, unmolested, from New York.

The Virginians have been amusing themselves with a tournament at Fredericksburg. From three to five thousand ladies and gentlemen were in attendance.

At Funchal, Madeira, it is the fashion to wear white boots instead of black ones, and a lump of chalk does the service of the blacking brush.

The Oswego Palladium says that Mr. Peter Borelli of that city, now 103 years old, has voted almost ever since political parties have had an existence in this country.

The Engineer states that one of the largest landed proprietors of Cuba is now introducing steam culture upon his estates, for the purpose of of superseding horse and slave labor.

Lieut. John T. Walker, of the Navy, committed suicide by hanging himself, at his lodgings in Chambers Street, N. Y. He was under orders to join the sloop-of-war St. Mary's at Panama.

Twelve of the superb capitals, which were to surmount the great columns in the new Custom House at New Orleans, La., costing $8000 each, were recently lost in the ship Oliphant.

A writer in Porter's Spirit states that he got a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat on his horse by simply giving him a few raw carrots every day to eat. The remedy is said to be infallible.

A firm in Jackson, Miss., have commenced laying the foundation of a large cotton factory building. The site chosen is on the banks of the Pearl River, between the city and the railroad bridge.

Nine Frenchmen, recently political prisoners at Cayenne, but who succeeded in escaping on a raft, and reaching Damarara, from whence they were conveyed to Baltimore in an American vessel, arrived in New York.

The Cincinnati Enquirer states that there is now at that place an amount of manufactures, the value of which is moderately estimated at $3,000,000, waiting to be shipped as soon as a sufficient rise in the Ohio River shall take place.

A number of persons have been indicted in Baltimore during the past and the present terms of the Criminal Court, for selling lottery policies in violation of the act of Assembly of 1856, which makes the offence a fine of two hundred dollars.

A boy named Martin was shot by a man named Stewart at a turkey-shoot near Watertown, N. Y., recently. The ball passed through the boy's temples, just back of the eyes, cutting off the nerves of the eyes, but failing to kill him, though his recovery is hardly expected.

The demand for furs of fancy descriptions this season exceeds all precedent, and as a consequence, prices on raw stock, for varieties, have gone up to fifty per cent., or even higher, compared with last year. For dress goods, furs will be worn the coming winter to an unusual extent. Sets costing $150 are very common.

In Woburn, lately, there was great excitement on account of the disappearance of a little girl five years old. The whole population turned out to search for her, and about three o'clock in the morning she was found asleep in one of the pews of the Orthodox church.

A gentleman who resided at Nyack, N. Y., has left by his will the munificent sum of $20,000 to the Five Points House of Industry, New York city, and $5000 for the personal benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Pease. He had previously made various donations to the institution, one of which amounted to $2000.

The suspension bridge about to be erected over the Mississippi at St. Louis, it is said, will be the most costly in the world. It will cost about two million dollars, will be eighty-four feet above high water, and over a mile in length. The bottom of the towers will be sixty feet below low water.

Amherst College, according to the Independent, is in a flourishing condition. About $10,000 have been secured for the Alumni fund—$15,000 being needed. In case this is raised, a friend has pledged $10,000 to repair the college buildings, and another $10,000 to erect a hall for the Alumni and literary societies.

Ballooning is becoming an institution in Philadelphia. Last week, M. Goddard took up with him a party of six gentlemen, landing them at a magnificent rural country seat, where they were feasted, and the whole party, with the balloon, returned to the city *by team* in the evening.

A priest of Rome has just sent to Turin a subscription towards the 100 guns of Alessandria, accompanying his donation with the following quotation from the Missal: "We pray thee, Lord, to humble the pride of our enemies, and to prostrate their perverseness by the power of thy hand."

A New Yorker who fired a revolver in the streets in London, was let off with a light fine, on the ground that it was a common practice in the United States, where nobody thought anything of it. The lord mayor said it was a very surprising state of society, but he was not prepared to dispute the fact.

An interesting mechanical operation has been lately performed at the imperial dockyard at Cherbourg, in the hauling up of a line-of-battle ship, under a building shed, upon an ordinary launching cradle and way. It was performed with the assistance of six capstans, manned by about 700 men, and occupied nearly seven hours.

A new steamboat is being built on Lake George, in the place of the John Jay, burned in July last. She is to be 145 feet long and 26 feet wide. The boiler and furnace are to be placed in compartments encased in iron, entirely fire-proof. The life-saving apparatus is to be of the most modern and improved kind, and no expense to be spared to make it complete and perfect.

A Mr. Hayt, aged forty-two years, murdered Calista C. Allen in Erie, Pa., because she would not marry him. She was fourteen years old. Hayt has been tried, found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. Medical men testified that he was afflicted with "moral insanity." What is that?

A London paper gives a very gratifying account of the progress Christianity has made in New Zealand. A chief of that cannibal country was questioned by one of the missionaries as to how far the study of the Scriptures had broken him of his unnatural passion for human flesh. The chief answered, proudly: "You missionary men have done me much good. *I never eat my enemies on Sundays, now!*"

A night or two since, a woman in Philadelphia called at the mayor's office and asked for lodgings. Seeing that the woman was in a stupid condition, she was searched and two empty vials, labelled laudanum, were found. The woman said she had taken their contents, but as she took that quantity daily, there was no danger. She was permitted to go to sleep, and next morning awakened all right—demanded her vials and change, and started for more laudanum.

Foreign Items.

The Paris Medical Gazette states, that of the 3,205,202 young men examined in France for military service during nineteen years, 13,007 were exempted on account of defective sight.

The naval force of Spain consists of 4 ships of the line, 10 frigates, 5 corvettes, 11 brigantines, and 11 smaller sailing vessels, 32 side-wheel steam frigates, 4 screw frigates, and 6 smaller steamers; together, 82 vessels, carrying 1301 guns of various calibres.

M. Lindenberg, the principal editor of the Berlin Gazette l'Artiotique, has been found guilty of defaming the Prince of Prussia. He has been condemned, by the Tribonal of Potsdam, to nine months' imprisonment, and the deprivation of all civil rights. General Gerlach appeared as a witness.

A locomotive weighing sixty tons, with ten feet driving wheels, and said to be capable of attaining a speed of one hundred and fifty miles per hour, has been exhibited in Paris. Its centre of gravity is placed so low as to render it safer than ordinary engines at the usual speed, so far as getting off the track is concerned.

During the late war, a certain M. Tolstsky, attached to the commissariat of the 4th corps d'armee in Russia, took to flight, carrying with him the contents of the treasury, amounting to the enormous sum of 600,000 francs. By an official notice in the Journal de St. Petersburg, he is summoned to appear before a military tribunal at Warsaw in the course of six months, if in Europe, and one year if he is out of Europe.

Sands of Gold.

.... Love is a reality which is born in the fairy region of romance.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Every good writer has much idiom; it is the life and spirit of language.—*Landor.*

.... Women, ever in extremes, are always either better or worse than men.—*La Bruyere.*

.... The errors of great men, and the good deeds of reprobates, should not be reckoned in our estimates of their respective characters.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Poets, by the constitution of their minds, are neither acute reasoners nor firmly minded. Their vocation was allied to sycophancy from the beginning.—*Landor.*

.... I learn several great truths: as that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment always attends the villain; that love is the fond soother of the human breast.—*Goldsmith.*

.... The Christian religion alone contemplates the conjugal union in the order of nature. It is the only religion which presents woman to man as a companion; every other abandons her to him as a slave.—*St. Pierre.*

.... A society composed of none but the wicked, could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, without a flood, would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

A Canadian paper tells us how one Miss Philbrick set a trap for a bear, and how the bear bodily carried the trap away. We have heard of cases of worse fortune; in which a lady, in her idleness, not only set a trap for a beast, but absolutely caught him.

A gentleman, coming into a barber's shop to be shaved, was tormented by the fellow's finical manners and insignificant garrulity. "In what manner would your honor wish to be shaved?" exclaimed the tonsour. "If possible," replied the gentleman, "in silence."

In a tavern in a small town sat a farmer, who was plagued and bantered by over a dozen guests who were present. "Well," said the farmer, at last, "I've got the best of all of you."—"How so?" asked all. "In me you've only got one fool, while in you I've got over a dozen."

Two fellows were disputing about their respective claims to distinction on the score of ancestry, when a third stepped in and said: "I rather think my ancestors made more noise in the world than those of either of you; for my father was a drummer, and my mother cried oysters."

Mr. Garrow, examining a witness, asked him what his business was. He answered: "A dealer in old iron."—"Then," said the counsel, "you must, of course, be a thief."—"I don't see," said the witness, "why a dealer in *iron* must necessarily be a thief more than a dealer in *brass*."

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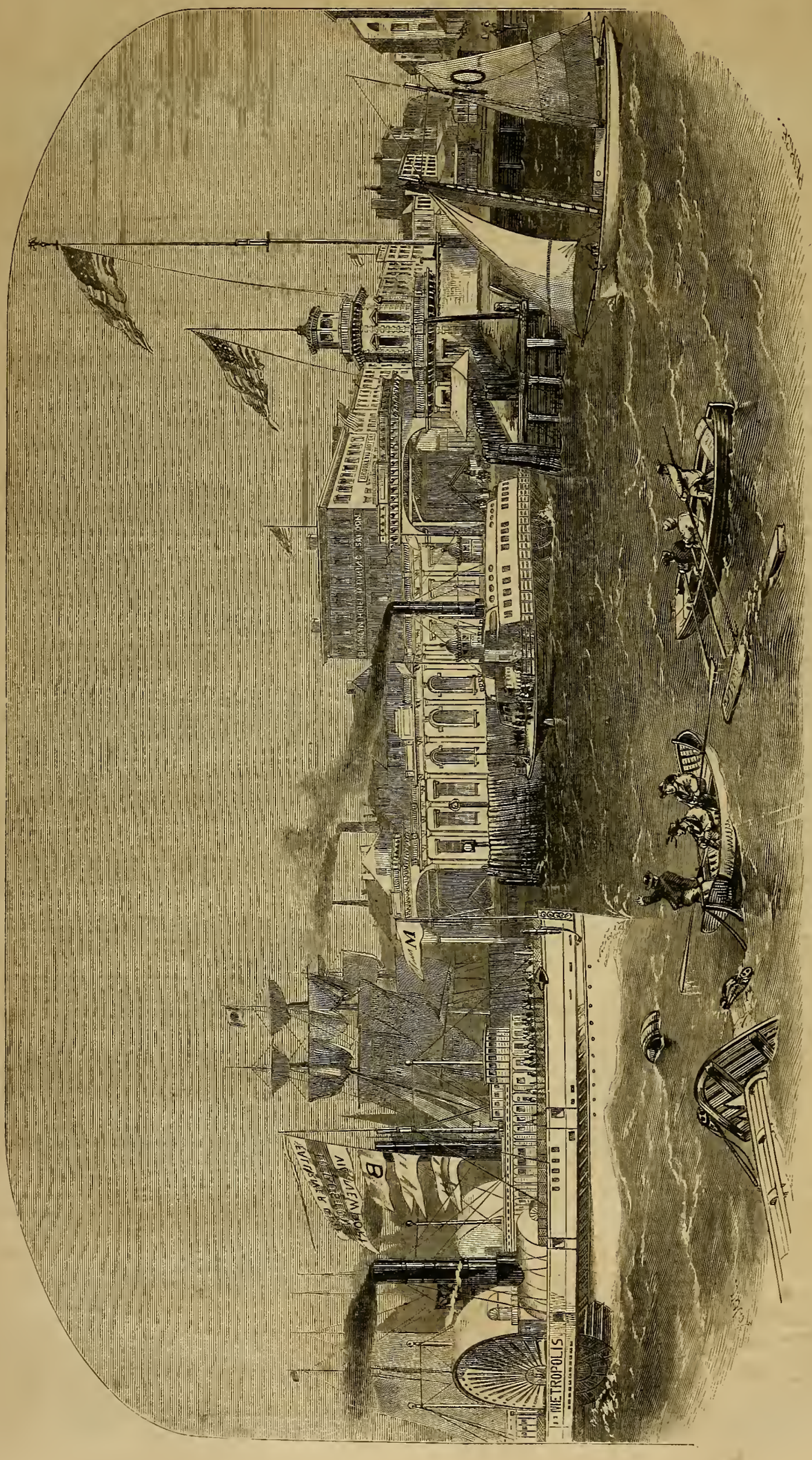
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VIEW OF THE FULTON FERRY BUILDINGS, BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.

FULTON FERRY BUILDINGS.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

The very spirited picture on this page was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill, and is not only an accurate delineation of the scene represented, but an effective work of art. The ferryways, offices and signal-tower, are seen on the right, beyond which is the hotel and Fulton Street, stretching away in perspective. In the slip is seen one of the noble boats of the ferry company, with ample accommodations for carriages, horses and foot passengers. The regularity and frequency of the passages render this ferry about as convenient as a bridge. The East River, in the foreground of our view, is alive with various craft. On the left is the Metropolitan steamer, of the Fall River route, coming in with all her flags flying—on the right, heading in an opposite direction, a fore and aft schooner. The East River is crossed by several steam ferries, the principal of which are the Fulton, Wall Street, South, Jackson and Hamilton Avenue ferries. Of all these, the Fulton Ferry is by far the greatest thoroughfare. Boats leave the opposite landings every few minutes during the day, and on every half hour from 12 o'clock at night till morning. From early morning till late in the evening, a constant tide of travel is passing. Merchants, mechanics, pleasure drivers, milkmen, marketmen, hucksters, specimens of every variety of life and occupations are to be met with on these boats. The passage occupies but five or six minutes. The sail is quite a pleasant one, particularly in summer, when the fresh sea-breeze comes up from the Narrows, and sweeps over Brooklyn and New York. Not very many years ago the communication between Long Island and New York was by means of row boats. We believe that horse-ferry boats were subsequently added. But the introduction of steam ferries worked marvels in promoting the growth of the towns on the island, and creating and developing wealth there. To this beneficent agency of steam we must attribute the prodigious growth of Brooklyn, which, from a small village, has attained the gigantic stature of a splendid and flourishing city. It now embraces within its limits, Williamsburg and Bushwick, and extends from Newtown Creek, including Greenpoint, to the boundaries of Brooklyn, below Greenwood Cemetery, a distance of about seven miles, or nearly ten miles, if we follow the line of low water mark. It varies in breadth, averaging about three and one-half miles. Fulton Street, the commencement of which is shown in our engraving, is the principal thoroughfare, and with its blocks of lofty buildings, forms an imposing entrance into the city. The south-western portion rivals upper New York in the splendor and style of its private residences. Brooklyn is one of the best built cities in the United States. Among its public buildings, the city hall, which is bounded on Fulton Street, is a conspicuous and splendid specimen of architecture. It is built of white marble, and covers an area 162 feet by 102. The summit of the dome is 153 feet from the ground. Brooklyn has been called by some the city of churches. It contains, we believe, sixty-six, and many of them are very fine and costly structures. The church of the Pilgrims, with its lofty tower and spire, is a commanding landmark. The Church of the Holy Trinity, built of brown stone, in the Gothic style, cost $150,000. Grace Church, the Church of the Restoration, Dr. Cox's and Dr. Bethune's churches, are noted structures. Among the remarkable features of the city we must not omit to mention the Atlantic Dock, about a mile from the spot delineated in our picture. It is a work of great magnitude and importance. It was built by a company incorporated in 1840, with a capital of $1,000,000, and embraces an area of more than forty acres. It is deep enough for ships of the largest size. The dry dock at the navy yard, is also a great and costly work. The shores of Brooklyn where not protected by docks and wharves, are rapidly wearing away by the current of the East River.

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STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The fine picture on this page was drawn expressly for us by Billings, and engraved by John Andrew. In the centre is the State arms, with the eagle and the sun rising over the waters. This is surmounted by an armed figure of Minerva, bearing the liberty cap on the spear in her right hand. On the left we behold De Soto, the governor of Cuba, and probably the first white man who ever saw the River Mississippi, in converse with an Indian chief, while his mailed followers are grouped behind. To the right is a sketch illustrating the great agricultural interest of the State—field laborers bringing in their baskets of cotton to the huge cotton-press which rises in the background. The State of Mississippi is bounded north by Tennessee, east by Alabama, south by the Gulf of Mexico and Louisiana, and west by the Pearl and Mississippi Rivers, which divide it from Louisiana and Arkansas. It has an area of about 47,156 square miles. The eastern and central parts of the State are a kind of table-land, descending by two ranges of irregular bluffs to the Mississippi, the largest river in the United States, and one of the largest rivers in the world. A considerable portion of the territory is low and swampy. The rivers generally run in a southwest course. The northern and central parts of the State are undulating; the northeast is prairie land; the southeast part is low, but abounds in pine. Portions of the State are heavily timbered. The Mississippi River renders this State accessible along its whole western boundary for steamboats of the largest size. The State approaches near the torrid zone, and its long summers are warm. There is a great variety of soil in the State, and much of it is of unequalled fertility. The great staple is cotton; the other products are Indian corn, peas, beans, Irish and sweet potatoes, butter, beeswax, honey and live stock, wheat, rice, tobacco, wool, fruits, cheese, molasses, sugar, barley, buckwheat, wine, hay, grass-seeds, rye, hops, hemp, flax and silk. In 1850, there were 23,960 farms, averaging about 146 acres each. In January, 1855, there were, in the State, 239 miles of railroad completed and 755 in the course of construction. In the same year, there were 866 manufacturing establishments, each producing $500 a year, and upwards. The commerce of the State is mostly carried on through New Orleans. In 1850, the State had 11 colleges, with an aggregate of 862 students, 782 public schools, and 171 academies and other schools. According to the last census, four tri-weekly and semi-weekly and 46 weekly newspapers are printed, with an aggregate annual circulation of 1,752,504 copies. There were also reported four public libraries with 7264 volumes, 109 school and Sunday school libraries with 4380 volumes, and four college libraries with 10,093 volumes. Population in 1850, 605,948. In January, 1854, there was but one bank, with $240,165 capital, and a circulation of $234,745, and $5669 in coin. The Mississippians have missed no opportunity of testifying their loyalty to the confederacy, and their gallantry was signally displayed, in the war with Mexico, on the bloody field of Buena Vista, under General Taylor, where they contributed to the victory.



[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

Josef Baptista had a cask of excellent rum, brought probably from Jamaica, and which he reserved for himself alone, and one day he discovered somebody had dared to take it. It was a young Bohemian named Paco, a new comrade, who, loving rum, took a bottle of it, which he was offering to Juan, who refused, when the captain entered.

"What are you doing there?"

"Drinking to your health, captain."

"That rum is mine."

"Everything is ours—that is our law," returned the Bohemian.

"But the law is to obey me."

"And if by chance you are disobeyed once?" said Paco, laughing ironically.

"I am never disobeyed a second time," coldly responded the captain; and drawing a pistol from his belt, he fired. The Bohemian fell dead. Juan uttered a horrible cry. The captain turned, saying: "I do not like noise." But when he saw Juan trembling, he smiled grimly, saying, as he left the room: "I did not know you were there; but that will serve you as a lesson in future that you may know how to obey."

Since that day, Juan had for his terrible master an obedience, or rather a terror, that kept him quiet in the castle; and all the freedom he dared to allow himself, was a look from time to time from one of the castle windows into the woods and rocks.

One beautiful day, the sun was so bright, and nobody but himself in the castle, Juan could not resist the desire to walk in the forest and breathe the pure air. He had hardly taken a dozen steps before he felt refreshed; the cool air of the morning, the perfume of flowers made his blood bound; a ray of happiness glided into his sad little heart; a joyful smile curved his lips, when suddenly his cheerful face became pale and cold. He could hardly breathe, and was obliged to support himself against a tree. He had come, by a turn of the path, face to face with the captain.

The captain and his lieutenant Caralo were discussing a projected expedition. Joseph Baptista cast a terrible look upon Juan, like the one he had given the unfortunate Bohemian, and without uttering a word, signed to his lieutenant to seize the trembling culprit. Juan was carried into the dining-saloon, stripped of his clothes, and Caralo, detaching from the wall a leather lash, made it ready to apply to the back of the shrieking child, with a care and precision which showed that he enjoyed the task. The other bandits, occupied with their breakfast, paid no attention to the cries and groans of poor Juan. When the captain entered, he seated himself gravely, and counted the strokes.

"Ten, twelve, fifteen—not so quick, Caralo,—sixteen, seventeen. Ah, see that! What is that—the sign on his left arm!"

"Nothing, captain," said Caralo, continuing to strike; "pay no attention to it; they are Arabian characters, religious or devilish signs that Moorish mothers put on their children when they are born."

"That proves that the little miserable fellow is not a Christian—eighteen, nineteen—as he is a pagan—"

"It would be wrong to spare him," continued Caralo, striking harder.

"Bravo, Caralo! One more stroke well applied!"

So well was it given, that Juan, whose body already dripped with blood, uttered a piercing shriek and fainted. The captain ordered vinegar to be brought, and the child was soon restored.

"It is well. Remember, Juan, what it is to disobey me; if it happens a second time, you will not fare so well. Remember Paco, the Bohemian."

From that day, Juan had neither the courage nor wish to leave the castle. When he went out, it was either with the captain, or by his orders, with instructions which he followed without wishing to comprehend the meaning, so much had terror and slavery paralyzed his faculties and dulled his intelligence. Oftentimes, when sent of an errand, he felt like falling on his knees and imploring the people to save him, but he feared the vengeance of the captain. He remembered with affright the day when, touched by the kind reception he had received from a rich man, he was going to throw himself on his knees and implore protection, when happening to look from the window, he saw Captain Josef Baptista Balseiro dressed like a rich cavalier.

Thus persuaded that this man was his evil genius, who saw all and knew all, Juan submitted in silence to a domination against which he had neither the strength nor power to struggle. To all travellers who asked admission, it was granted, and they were hospitably received. To them the captain denied nothing—not even the Jamaica rum of which he was so jealous, and after an excellent supper, they were conducted to a fine chamber, which Juan had never entered, but through the open door he had seen a splendidly decorated room with two beds. That chamber alone was at all elegantly furnished. One thing Juan remarked—that these travellers did not make their appearance in the morning, and he never saw them leave; often, even, they left without taking away their carriages, and leaving their horses in the stable. They would probably return some day.

CHAPTER V.

THE TWO GUESTS.

More than two years passed in this savage state, and the incessant brutality, little by little, was exercising an influence over Juan—an influence he did not perceive, and for which he was not accountable. When we have breathed the pure out-door air, and enter a close room or pestilential prison, we think we cannot remain there one instant; if compelled to, we get accustomed to it—not to live there, but to die there. The habitual contact with vice produces the same effect, even upon a good and honest nature; the disgust which it inspired at first does not prevent the contagion and death. The finest, sweetest flower, surrounded with filth, will fall defiled.

Juan seeing no other manners, no other examples than those which surrounded him, began to think that all the world was so—that Juniata and Pedralvi were exceptions which he should never meet again. Although young, he began to be indifferent. His natural instinct, which for a better guide he followed, showed him no more what was good or bad, except that from time to time some old remembrance made his heart beat. All the sap within him was withered; the tree existed still, but the finest branches were beginning to wither and die.

The lieutenant Caralo lost no occasion of annoying and vexing him, and he could seek no redress, for the hand of the captain was as heavy as that of the lieutenant, but the captain knew how to excite the gayety of the troops by wounding the vanity and pride of the child, and raising in his heart angry and vindictive feelings. Above all, when the lieutenant was angry—and that was often,—Juan was the victim of his bad humor.

One day, while he was drinking and playing, he ordered Juan to bring him his pipe, which Juan promptly brought, when he received thanks and a sound box on his ears. Juan was furious, and threw the pipe on the floor and broke it to pieces with his feet. The lieutenant thought a great deal of his pipe. The captain applauded, and the lieutenant rose, red and angry, from the table.

"Yes—bravo!" said the lieutenant; "for this time he shall die by my hand." Then turning to Juan, he said: "Count the pieces of my pipe (it was in a thousand pieces), and thou shalt receive as many lashes with the scourge."

He went to the wall and took down the fatal whip. Juan sprang to the table and seized a large carving-knife. All the bandits were astonished, and made a circle round them.

"Do not advance a step!" cried Juan, and his voice, ordinarily so feeble and low, was loud and firm. "I appeal to the captain; I appeal to these cavaliers. You have given me a blow when I did not deserve it, and I have heard you say to all that a blow is worth blood. Do not advance, or I will have yours!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the captain, clapping his hands.

The lieutenant imitated the movements of the toreadors, at the commencement of a bull-fight; then feigning, like them, to excite the animal to fury, he waved a red handkerchief which he held in his left hand, and with his right he flourished the whip around his head. The whole circle laughed at this ingenious pleasantry of the man, and he, animated by the bravos of the assembly, struck Juan with the end of the lash. Blind with rage, Juan threw himself upon him, and struck him with the knife. The lieutenant fell with a wild cry of rage and pain. The bandits rushed and seized Juan, and in a moment ten poignards would have found their way to his heart if the captain had not stopped them.

"Stop—by all the saints of Spain, stop! The combat is loyal and good."

"Too good," replied Caralo, fiercely.

"Bravo, Juan,—bravo!" continued the captain, paying no attention to his lieutenant. "And you, sirs, by Saint Juan Baptista, my patron, had better take care how you touch that young comrade, who knows how to use arms. Now that the young tiger has licked blood, I tell you for him, he is one of us. Come here, Juan, and you, Caralo, consider what he has done."

"Perhaps so," replied the lieutenant; "but I wish you to bear witness that he shall yet become acquainted with the blade of my poignard."

"You must take care of that," coldly answered the captain; "it is an affair of your own." Then when they carried away the lieutenant, he said to Juan, with the air of an affectionate master to his pupil: "The stroke was too low; it is necessary to strike higher."

From that day, Josef Baptista was not less brutal or coarse, for with him that was impossible, but more communicative to his young apprentice. Juan, in spite of his youth and his inexperience, commenced then to comprehend what road he followed and what guides were given him. The same discovery filled him with horror, and awoke in his heart all the good feelings nature had placed there. He was not yet initiated into all the mysteries of the order. The captain demanded from him a blind submission and passive obedience.

When any strangers came to pass the night there, the red chamber was always prepared for them, which excited his curiosity and anxiety; for one evening he though he saw traces of blood on some of the furniture. But since then nothing had confirmed his suspicions. The chamber was very handsome, airy, with two windows, one opening upon the wood, the other upon the court-yard; the apartment was perfectly private, and the door itself was provided on the inside with large bolts, which, when moved, could be heard on the outside. Nevertheless, as we have said, Juan rose very early, and placed himself like a sentinel in the room which served him for a chamber, which was the attic of the house; but he never saw the strangers go away, especially when their dress or equipage denoted wealth or rank. Juan made still another remark.

The master of the house always kept his guests company during their supper; the repast finished, they retired to their apartment, and the captain remained to drink; then when he had drank an hour or two, instead of going to bed, which was more proper, he descended to the cellar, and returned in a few minutes, bringing back neither bottle nor cup of wine. That was very mysterious; and despairing of discovering the reason for such conduct by thinking alone, Juan had many times, at a distance, followed to the staircase the captain. He had seen him descend the stairs and open a door with a key he always carried, and even leave the keys in the lock. There his discoveries ceased. One day, Juan had the audacity to go further, even to the door of the cellar. He followed behind the captain, saw him enter, and was about turning the key, when he thought he heard a noise. His courage fled, and he returned to his chamber and threw himself, trembling, upon his bed. Since then he had not dared to renew the attempt, and probably the mystery would always remain unsolved; for the captain was going to leave the castle for some time, for the reputation of the place, never good, had grown worse of late, and he deemed it prudent to absent himself for a time at least.

Disclosing to his friends his new projects, Baptista supped with his companions, without his lieutenant Caralo. The latter had hardly recovered from his wounds, and his return among them frightened Juan; but although nearly well, the lieutenant preferred to remain in his chamber; he only asked for three bottles of wine, promising to drink but one. Caralo, seated at a table, drank slowly, and it was evident that he was concocting some projects of vengeance. The captain and his men drank to the health of their absent comrade, and joyously eat a soup placed before them, the perfume of which delighted Juan, who stood behind the captain to wait all orders.

Suddenly a loud knock was heard at the gate, and two strangers demanded admission, which of course was given them. The man who had opened the gate led into the room Gongarello and his niece Juniata. Juan felt ready to fall at recognizing them, and was obliged to support himself upon the captain's chair. The remembrance of Juniata and Pedralvi was too deeply engraven in his heart to be readily effaced. His first movement had been to rush forward and speak to her, to ask of her news of his friend the Bohemian, his only friend; but a fear, an indefinable shame, perhaps also an instinctive feeling of the danger which menaced them—all concurred to keep him pale and immovable behind the captain's chair. She did not recognize him, and he felt easier.

The captain courteously invited the guests to be seated, and sent for two more plates and more wine. When his guests had eaten a little, the captain, with a winning smile and gentle voice, asked them their names and where they came from.

"My name is Aben-Abou, though I am called, in Pampeluna, Gongarello. This is my niece Juniata, who has been at the Golden Sun, where I placed her as servant. My occupation is that of a barber; but I had no peace; every month nearly I was denounced to the Inquisition, and finally I determined to sell my goods, which I did for two hundred ducats, which I have in my valise,—yes, I have them there."

Juan, frightened at the turn the conversation had taken, passed quickly behind the barber, and brushed against him rudely, while he whispered:

"Imprudent fellow, be silent."

"Take care, sir page, you hurt my shoulder with your bottle," said Gongarello, to Juan. Then turning to the captain, he continued: "Yes, senors,—two hundred ducats in gold. I am going to establish myself in Madrid, where I have a relation."

Raising his glass, Josef Baptista, who had not lost a word of the recital, cried out:

"Permit me to drink a glass of this good wine to your success, to your health, and that of your niece."

"My niece does not drink wine, but I will drink for both," gaily replied the barber.

"You have been accused of being a sorcerer. By Saint Jacques!" cried the captain, "tell my fortune."

"Willingly, my host; your hand."

The captain held out to him a hand remarkably small and soft. After having examined it attentively, the barber said, in a low voice:

"Your French wine troubles me. It must be so, for I see lines of wickedness and misfortune traced on your palm. It is incomprehensible, and I cannot tell you."

"Speak!"

"Will it not frighten you?"

"Nothing frightens me."

"Well, well; I am undecided. One line tells me that you will be burned, and another that you will be hung, or, as one contradicts the other, you see that my prediction signifies nothing;" and he laughed loudly.

He was the only one, for the men looked on in astonished silence, agreeing, in all probability, with the barber. The captain alone was unmoved. He handed a fresh glass of wine to his guest.

"And you, sir barber, since you are so wise, can you tell what fate awaits you?" he asked, smiling.

"I am never uneasy about the future," replied Gongarello, who was a barber as well as philosopher; "but I can tell you, without being a sorcerer, what will happen to me to-day and to-morrow."

Juan trembled and the bold captain turned pale.

"Where do you see that?"

"Parblen! in your face. I see first that I have good company, an excellent dinner, and exquisite wine; it is not that which makes me anxious—it is what follows."

The captain's face grew paler; he tried to appear indifferent, and even gay, like Gongarello.

"Yes," continued the barber, "it is what follows that makes me anxious. I see by your air that you are a man who will make us

pay dear for our repast; it is plain; it is your habit, and that of many of your brothers. You will find that we can defend ourselves. I cry when I am scorched!" And he laughed again—a laugh which seemed to the captain satanical.

For the first time in his life, the latter felt ill at ease, and was disconcerted; his brow was covered with sweat, and his face was pale and red by turns.

"Ah!" exclaimed the barber, "you have had feelings. We have made you sit up too long, and we had better retire to our couches."

"You are right; I am weary," said the captain; and he gave Juan orders to go and prepare the chamber for his guests.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RED CHAMBER.

Juan took the captain's dark lantern and left the room; but he had gone but a few steps, when he stopped, and gave vent to his despair. "At the risk of my own life, I will save Juniata. But how? The young girl and her uncle thinks of no danger. How can I warn them, when I know not myself what to fear!"

Recalling his senses, he ascended the stairs, and entered the fatal red chamber. It was the first door opening upon a long corridor. He entered with trembling, and began to arrange the chamber, seeking always for some appearance of danger, but found none. He opened the bed, arranged the pillows, but could discover nothing. In his haste, he upset and put out his lantern, which rolled on the floor. Stooping to pick up the lamp, he thought he saw a long crack surrounding each bed. Having found the lantern and relit it, he approached the light and examined the floor attentively. No longer any doubt; each bed was placed upon a kind of trap, not very closely joined, for he felt a current of cold air rushing up, proving beyond a doubt that there was an opening below. Juan could not tell exactly how, but he knew now too well that if Juniata and her uncle once put foot in that chamber, once laid on those beds, they were lost—they would never leave the castle.

"Never—never," cried he, "will I lead them to their destruction; I will die sooner!" and his heart beat violently, and his head felt on fire. What should he do? He could think of no way to liberate them. He glanced round the room, but saw no hope; he looked to the dome, seeking there for some means to effect the escape of his friends.

What was his terror to perceive, coming from the first landing, the lieutenant, who, with a poignard in his hand, placed himself at the entrance of the room, thus closing the passage and all hope of retreat. The lieutenant had seen him, he was sure, and Juan had nothing with which to defend himself, not even the carving-knife, as in his first combat. He felt all hope was gone, and in calm despair, waited his death; and yet in this terrible anxiety, his last regret was for his first benefactress, poor Juniata, whose death now seemed inevitable. He knew well that he could expect no pity or mercy from his ferocious adversary; but by an instinctive movement, he closed the lantern, which he still held in his hands, and the room and corridor was in darkness. The lieutenant advanced, with slow, soft steps, upon his toes, and Juan, immovable, leaning against the wall, calculated by the sound of his steps how soon he would be there. He seemed already to feel the cold poignard. The lieutenant nearly touched him, and he trembled, hearing his voice:

"That devil Juan—he was here; I saw him. But he was not alone; there were two—yes, two!" murmured the lieutenant, who was in that state when he saw double, which proved that he had forgotten the moderation which he had promised. He was tipsy.

Juan felt a little re-assured, although the danger was nearly as great; for the lieutenant, when he had been drinking, was more ferocious than ever. He seized Juan by the arm, and he thought himself lost; but he heard the poignard which the lieutenant carried fall on the floor. Juan hastened to seize it; he listened to the lieutenant, who continued, in an unsteady voice:

"You come from below?"

"Yes," responded Juan, in a disguised voice.

"Is Juan there?"

"Yes."

"Well, listen, comrade; go find him, and lead me to my chamber."

A sudden thought seized Juan, and with a soft, slow step, he led the drunken wretch to the red chamber, and laid him on the bed.

"It is singular; my bed was, a little while ago, on the other side of the room; it will turn—everything turns to-day."

A moment more and he was asleep, and Juan rushed from the room, closing the door, and descended bravely to the dining-hall, where the captain, who awaited him, said to him, with an impatient air:

"All well?"

"Well," replied Juan; "the chamber for Senor Gongarello and his niece is ready, and I have the honor to conduct them there."

The barber took his hat and valise, while Juniata looked for her mantle. During the time, Juan, pale and motionless, resembled a statue of stone. The captain, who perceived his trouble, approached him. Juan trembled, and thought all was lost. But instead of his usual brutal tone, he said, softly:

"Thou beginnest to know what he fears? It is well, only it is necessary next time to have more indifference and assurance; but for the first time, it is not bad."

"We are ready. Good-night. To-morrow, senor, we will settle our account," said the barber.

"To-morrow," gravely said the captain, "*all* accounts will be settled. Good-night. Your apartment awaits you. For me I remain a little longer with my friends, to drink another bottle."

He saluted them; then said, in a low voice, to Juan:

"Conduct them to their chamber, and then go to your own. I have nothing more for you to do to-day."

Juan, holding his lantern, passed before Gongarello and his niece. The door of the dining-hall closed behind them, and all three mounted the staircase. Juan, whose heart beat with affright, as well as joy, ascended so rapidly that the barber cried out, in a loud voice:

"Where does he go—where does he go to, the young scamp?"

The captain opened the door to learn the reason of the noise.

"It is I, master, who ran up so fast, in my haste to get there, that my friends could not follow me," replied Juan, trembling.

"It is well," coldly said the captain, and retired and closed the door.

Hearing it reclose, Juan breathed more freely, and this time had courage enough to ascend more slowly. Arrived at the first landing, and passing the door of the red chamber, he stopped for an instant, unable to proceed.

"Is it here?" asked the barber.

"No," replied Juan, scarcely repressing a shudder, and he continued to ascend.

The barber, as well as Juniata, was surprised at the silent air and troubled face of their young guide. Keeping silent, but not without astonishment, they followed Juan as he mounted higher and higher. At last they arrived at the attic which served as a chamber for Juan. He made them enter, closed the door, and putting his hand over the mouth of the barber, who wished to speak, he whispered:

"Silence—silence, or you are lost!"

The barber felt his gayety and indifference leave him on the instant.

"Lost—lost?" he stammered, but he could say no more, not even ask how—why? His teeth chattered and his limbs trembled.

"Juniata," continued Juan, "you do not remember me?"

"No, I do not," she answered, slowly, looking at him attentively.

"Have you forgotten the two poor little mendicants whom, two years ago, near the hotel of the Golden Sun, you kept from starving?"

"The friend of Pedralvi?" cried the young girl, blushing.

"Yes—Pedralvi, my friend, my comrade. What has become of him?"

"Since that time he has been near me, a servant in the hotel. He wept when I quitted him, and said he felt as if some misfortune would befall us."

"No, for I will be near you. Listen to me." And the faithful companion of Pedralvi, in as few words as possible, informed them in what kind of a hotel they were, what was the profession and projects of the captain, and the only chances which remained to them. "They will all be asleep in an hour. Then, according to his habit, the captain will descend into the cave. We must immediately descend then, and strive to leave this infernal house. By what means? I know nothing. We shall see when we are there. Await me. I will go and make a survey."

He left the barber and his niece more dead than alive, and descended a few stairs, and laying flat down, he listened, watching in the darkness, hearing the least noise. His watch was long. At last he heard the bandits rise, and with considerable noise, leave the dining-saloon and enter successively their chambers. He waited till all was quiet, then descended a few steps more, and stopped listening attentively. A minute or two the door of the dining-hall again opened. The captain came out, bearing a lantern in his hand.

He began to descend the steps which conducted to the cellar, leaving the large door open behind him. Juan slowly and carefully ventured to follow him. He softly closed the door and double locked it, drew out the bunch of keys and ascended with the greatest rapidity the stairs leading to his room.

"Now," said he, to his two friends, "there is no time to lose. Come. Among these keys we will find one which will open the gate leading to the wood. If we reach that, we can escape."

"You are our saviour," cried Juniata.

"There is no time for thanks. I have done nothing yet. Come quickly."

Gongarello tried to rise, but it was impossible. His head sank, his eyes closed, his limbs refused to do their office. At last, after a moment's unsuccessful struggling, he fell on to the bed, and, to the terror of Juniata and the despair of Juan, he was asleep. All their efforts to arouse him were useless. He stammered a few words, and fell back into unconsciousness again.

"Ah," cried Juan, "it is the wine—that pretended French wine! To run no danger, to make sure of their victim, they have drugged the wine. It is useless to attempt to rouse him."

"I understand—I understand!" cried Juniata, despairingly.

"If we could carry your uncle, but that is impossible. Let us hasten to descend, for you, my dear benefactress, must be saved, and we have lost time now."

"No," said Juniata, resolutely,—"I will not abandon my uncle."

"And I, Juniata, will not leave you. We will all three die together;" and he seated himself beside her on the bench.

Clasping her hands, Juniata prayed fervently to the God of Mahomet for Pedralvi, her uncle, Juan and herself. Juan almost wept for joy that he should be remembered in her prayers—she, so good, and he the associate of vile robbers.

Just then a terrible noise was heard, and with clasped hands they awaited their dreadful fate. The noise came from below, and was of an indescribable character. The listeners were the more alarmed, as the human heart is the more appalled, the more vague are the dangers that menace it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST HOPE.

A fierce combat [illegible] between the [illegible] and captain. The former had [illegible] upon [illegible], and instantly divined the reason; he knew he was to be strangled. He threw himself at the throat of his assailant, who, not expecting such a reception, had been overthrown, he and his lantern, by the vigorous attack. The two combatants rolled on the ground, and their strength, nearly equal, was redoubled by rage. They fought with teeth and feet, for the lieutenant had no arms, and the captain's pistol had fallen to the ground in the commencement of the struggle. All the bandits were awakened by the frightful noise in the cellar.

"To the rescue!" cried Carnego. "A troop of alguazils or familiars of the Inquisition assassinate our captain! Let us break the door, my friend!"

Some armed with mattocks, others with iron spikes and beams, which for a long time resisted their endeavors. That was the cause of the noise the two prisoners heard, the third heard nothing.

"All hope is gone!" cried Juan, who had gone to the head of the staircase to listen, and who divined what was passing. "We could not fly if we wished it now. All the robbers are on foot; behold them running hither and thither through the house; and if they come here to call me!"

He looked at Juniata in affright, and the poor girl, now fully realizing the danger awaiting her, threw herself into Juan's arms, crying, involuntarily:

"Save me—save me!" Then she looked at her uncle, and said, letting her arms drop: "Fool that I am, it is impossible!"

"No, no," cried Juan, struck with a sudden thought, "no—it is not impossible!"

The attic in which were the three prisoners had only one window overlooking the forest. Juan pushed open the shutter, letting the moonlight stream in, and Juniata, looking out, perceived the trees waving in the night wind.

"You see there is yet another means of safety."

"I understand; yes—thanks be to Heaven, it is very high; and if they come, I can throw myself out—"

"No—not throw yourself out, but descend," said Juan.

"How! and my uncle!"

"I will take care of him," and stepping out on to the roof, Juan showed a cord fastened to a pulley. "If you have no fear, and will trust yourself to me, I can save you."

"Yes, I will," merely answered the young girl.

Then making a loop, he passed the cord around her body and under her arms.

"Do not look at the abyss when you descend; close your eyes until your feet touch the ground, then send the cord back to me, and be ready to receive your uncle."

And with the greatest care he lowered the young girl carefully out of the window. It was a fearful height, but the cord was strong, and the girl cool and brave, and willing to die rather than fall into the hands of the robbers. Doubtless Juniata arrived safely, for the cord, when he pulled it, felt light and came unburdened. Now was the barber's turn, and fastening the cord round him in the same manner, he lowered him down. He listened attentively and heard a slight noise, and drew up the loose cord. This time he was to make the descent alone. Securely fastening the cord, he fearlessly launched himself into the air, slowly allowing the cord to wind till he reached the ground, and felt himself seized by two arms.

"Is it you, dear friends, and without accident?" he asked.

He was answered in the affirmative by two voices, for the aerial voyage had produced a good effect on the barber, and dissipated the influence of the opiate; and Gongarello was launching into a volume of thanks, when Juan silenced him, and began to make his way through the forest. All three marched forward bravely. They had walked scarcely an hour, when sleep again crept over the poor barber, in spite of all his endeavors to the contrary.

"Again?" exclaimed Juan.

"Yes, my boy,—a bad dream," murmured the barber, and he slept again.

"Do you hear nothing?" said Juniata.

"Yes—I hear the tramp of horses," said Juan, after bending his ear to the ground.

The sounds grew louder, and very soon they could hear voices and distinguish words:

"No, Kaled,—no, my good companion; let us rest an instant."

These words were pronounced in the Arabic tongue, and Juniata, who understood them, exclaimed:

"Fear nothing; he speaks the language of the country; he is a Moor."

And Juan, quitting the cover of the wood, threw himself on his knees before the horse, who leaned and turned aside.

"I understand," said the young man; "it is a race he does not love—a Spanish beggar." Then addressing Juan, he said, in pure Castilian: "It is very late to ask alms. If thy companions are hid in the wood, tell them that in the morning I will have money to give them, but to-night I have only steel." Laying his hand on his sword, he said: "Go!"

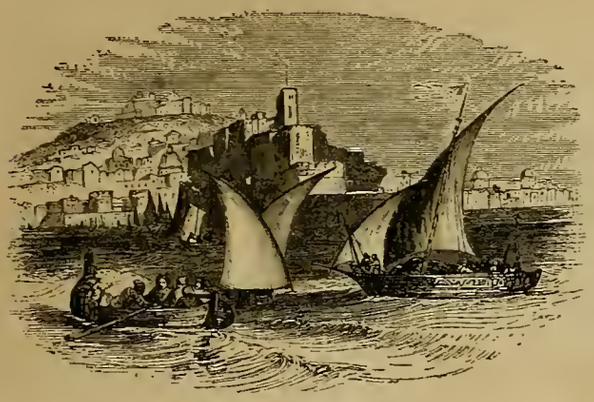
Juniata, who had been watching intently, sprang out, exclaiming, in Arabic:

"Friend—friend, and child of the same God!"

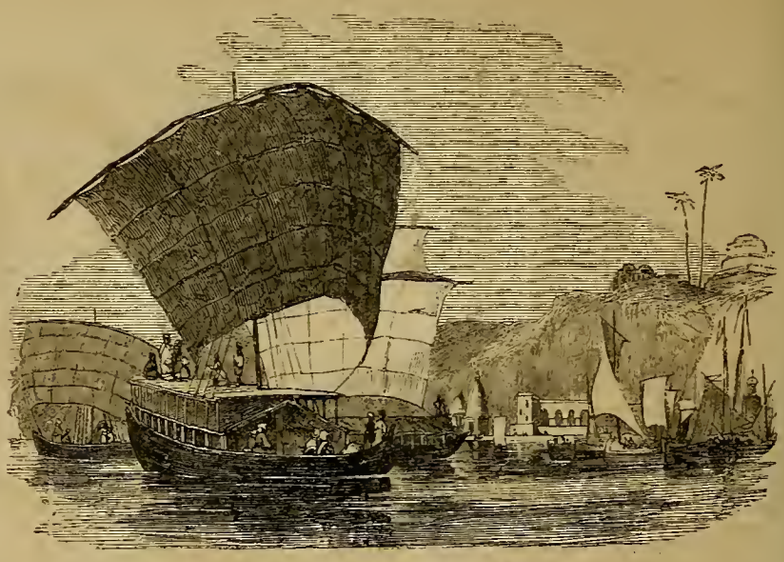
At these words, the young man sprang from his horse, which he gave in charge of a servant, and holding out his hand, said, in the language of his fathers:

"See me, brother; what wishest thou?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NEAPOLITAN BOATS.



HINDOO BOATS ON THE GANGES.

BOATS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

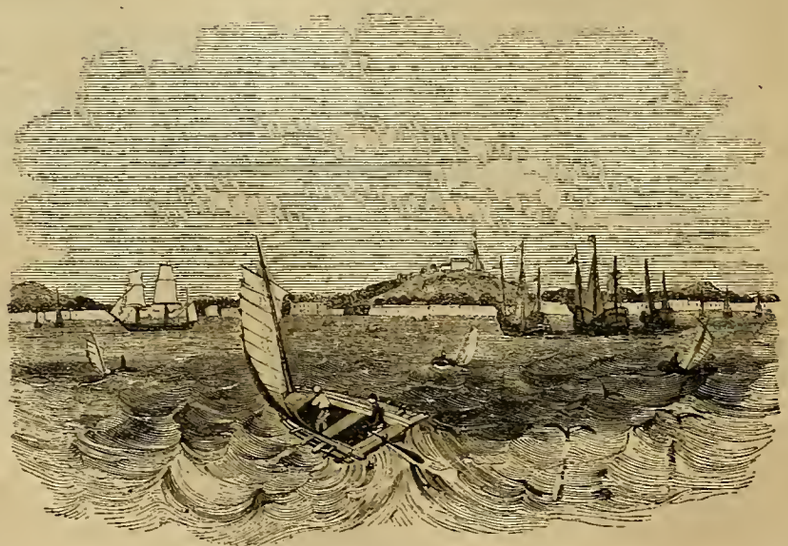
We have grouped together on this page several pictures delineating different kinds of boats used in foreign countries, and remarkable for peculiarity of construction. In a former article we made some mention of the history of boat-building, and showed that the raft was probably the pioneer of all naval constructions. The first picture represents a group of Neapolitan boats. Their sails have a very singular appearance from the great curvature of the yards, and are unlike anything we see in our own waters. The second picture shows us the very singular boats employed on the Ganges, in India. It would seem almost impossible for boats with so much top-hamper, and such clumsy sails, to navigate with safety. The Ganges has many peculiarities about it, and requires great skill in its navigation. It is navigable throughout the year for small boats to the base of the Himmalaya range, and during six months in the year, for boats of a larger size. The number of boats of various kinds on the river is estimated at upwards of thirty thousand, for the most part crazy and ill-constructed vessels. Those in the districts of Bengal and Chittagong have high heads, with large clumsy rudders suspended by ropes, and worked by helmsmen raised at a great height above the vessel. Bishop Heber gives a description of a Ganges boat in Bengal, which he characterizes as the simplest and rudest of all possible structures. "It is decked over throughout its whole length with bamboo, and on this is erected a low light fabric of bamboo and straw, exactly like a small cottage without a chimney. This is the cabin, baggage rooms, etc.; here the passengers sit and sleep, and here, if it be intended for a cooking-boat, are one or two ranges of brick-work, like English hot-hearths, but not rising more than a few inches above the deck, with small round sugar-loaf holes, like those in a lime-kiln, adapted for dressing victuals with charcoal. As the roof of this apartment is far too fragile for men to stand or sit on, and as the apartment itself takes up nearly two-thirds of the vessel, upright bamboos are fixed by its side, which support a kind of grating of the same material, immediately above the roof, on which, at the height, probably, of six or eight feet above the surface of the water, the boatmen sit or stand to work the vessel. They have for oars long bamboos with circular ends, a large one of the same kind to steer with, one and sometimes two sails of a square form (or rather broader above than below), of a very coarse and flimsy canvass. Nothing can seem more clumsy and dangerous than these boats; dangerous I believe they are, but with a fair wind they sail over the water merrily." One form of the Ganges boat is called the "budgerow." It is used as a passage-boat, and is generally accompanied by a laggage-boat, in which the cooking is conducted, while a third boat, smaller than either of the others, and called a "dinghee," keeps up a communication between them in the event of one being fixed on a shoal. Another kind, called the "pulwar," is employed for the conveyance of goods, and is both clumsily built and ill-managed. Many of the boats are floating-ships; cargoes of glass, cutlery, perfumes, etc., being carried as high as the stream will admit, and sold to any purchasers who may be met on the way. The whole system of internal navigation in India, however, is now undergoing a mighty change by the introduction of steam. Some of the towns on the upper course of the Ganges are practically, in respect to time, fatigue, discomfort, freightage and insurance, as far from Calcutta as Calcuttais from England, when the navigation is conducted in the boats of the country; but by the introduction of steamboats, having a burden of about sixty tons, and drawing only two feet of water, a change has been wrought which promises to be of the highest importance. In Singapore, one of the East India Company's possesions, the natives employ the curious flat-sterned boats seen in the last engraving of this series. The deck of these boats has about the form of a common flat-iron, and their great breadth prevents their capsizing readily. Our third engraving represents a couple of the sailing-boats used on the River Nile, in Egypt, moored side by side. Some of them are quite elegant vessels and good sailers. Mr. Lane, speaking of the interior navigation of Egypt, says:—"The navigation of the Nile employs a great number of the natives of Egypt. The boatmen of the Nile are mostly strong, muscular men. They undergo severe labor in rowing, poling and towing, but are very cheerful, and often the most so when most occupied, for then they frequently amuse themselves by singing. In consequence of the continual changes which take place in the bed of the Nile, the most experienced pilot is liable frequently to run his vessel aground; in such an occurrence, it is often necessary for the crew to descend into the water to shove off the boats with their backs and shoulders. On account of their being so liable to run aground, the boats of the Nile are generally made to draw rather more water at the head than the stern, and hence the rudder is necessarily very wide. The better kind of boats used on the Nile, which are very numerous, are of a simple but elegant form, mostly between thirty and forty feet in length, with two masts, two large triangular sails, and a cabin next the stern, generally about four feet high, and occupying about a third or fourth the length of the boat. In most of these boats the cabin is divided into two or more apartments. Sudden whirlwinds and squalls being very frequent on the Nile, a boatman is usually employed to hold the sheet in his hand, that he may be able to let it fly at a moment's notice." Wilkinson gives rather a fuller account of the Nile boats, dividing them into the "djerm," and the "maadil," which carry corn up and down the Nile; the "aggub," carrying stone; the "sandal," a sort of ship's boat; the "gaarib," a fishing-boat, and the "maadeeh," a ferry-boat. The "maash," the "dahabeeh," and the "eangia," are three forms of passenger-boats, usually hired by Europeans in making the voyage from Alexandria to Cairo; the larger ones having two cabins, but the smaller ones only a single cabin, and many travellers cause an awning to be fitted up in front of the cabin, so as enjoy what breeze there may be stirring, without exposure to the torrid heat of the sun. Our fourth engraving represents the "coracle," or wicker-boat, used on the River Nye, England. It is a sort of basket covered with water-proof material, and may be transported readily on the back of a man, as seen in our picture. These sort of boats are of great antiquity. At Toombudra, in Hindostan, they have a curious mode of making basket-boats. They are circular, and of various sizes, from three to fifteen feet in diameter, but very shallow; yet some of them will hold thirty persons. In making them, a number of pieces of split bamboo are laid on the ground, crossing each other near the centre, and are then fastened with thongs; the ends of the bamboos are then elevated by several persons, and fixed asunder at proper distances by means of stakes, in which position they are bound by other long slips of bamboo; the latter are introduced alternately over and under the pieces first crossed, and tied at the intersections to preserve the shape. This being completed, beginning from the bottom towards the centre, the parts above the intended height or depth of the boat are cut off, and it is covered with half-dressed hides fastened together with thongs. These simple basket-boats are so easy of construction, that it is said one may be made by six men in as many hours, and the two principal materials used—hides and bamboo—are always at hand. The boats are navigated either by paddles where the water is deep, or are pushed over a shallow bottom by long poles.



SAILING BOATS ON THE RIVER NILE.



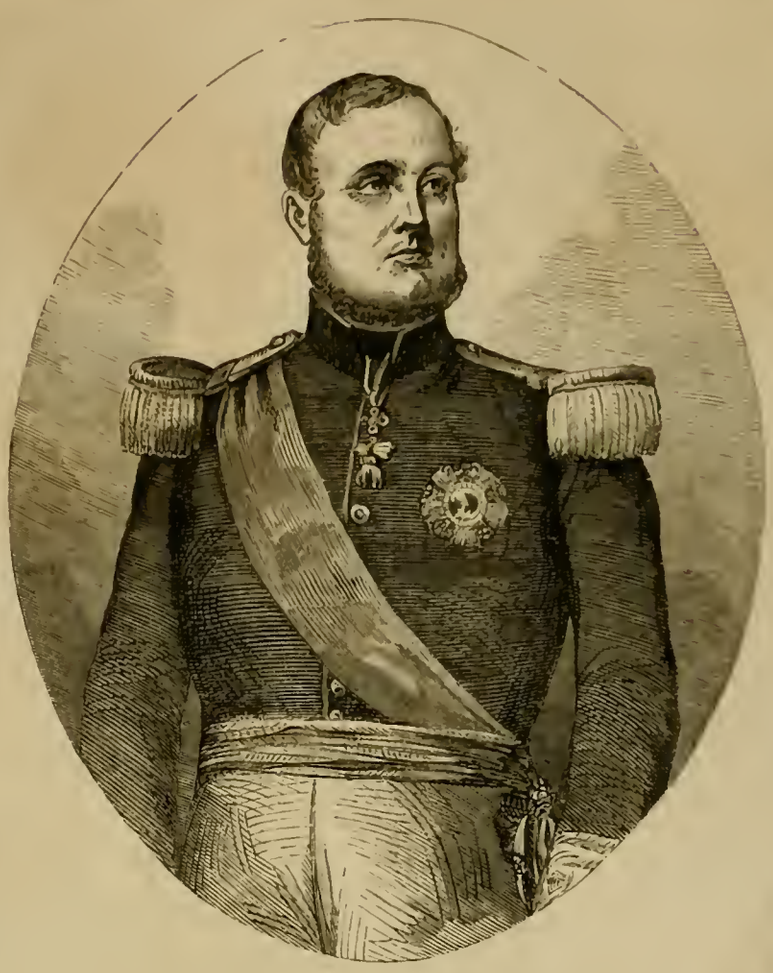
WICKER BOAT OF THE RIVER WYE.



FLAT-STERNED BOAT OF SINGAPORE.

FERDINAND II. KING OF THE SICILIES.

We present on this page a well-engraved and authentic likeness of Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies, a potentate about whom so much has been said, recently, in the public prints, and who is a type of those bigoted despots who rule some parts of Europe with a rod of iron, filling their dungeons with noble men who dare assert the rights of the people, violating their own pledges, and preparing the way for convulsion and bloodshed in the future. Ferdinand does not look like the bigot and tyrant that he is; but nothing is more deceptive than royal appearances. One would take him to be an honest, pompous and somewhat thickheaded military officer, and not the unamiable character which his acts avouch him. Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies, is descended from Henry IV. of France. Of the family of the Bourbons, four sovereigns have already ruled this kingdom. The first was Charles III., who assumed the reins of government in 1734, by the cession of Philip IV., by the unanimous consent of the Two Sicilies, by the investiture of Clement XII., and by the conditions of peace signed at Aix-la-Chapelle. Called to rule over Spain, Charles was succeeded on the throne of this country by his son, Ferdinand IV., who, after the Congress of Vienna, assumed the title of Ferdinand I. On his death his son, Francis I., succeeded to the paternal throne in 1825; and, after a short reign of five years, was succeeded by his son Ferdinand II., the present sovereign, in 1830. His majesty was first married to Maria Christina, of the house of Savoy—a princess so beloved that her acts, even to the present day, form some of the most cherished traditions of the people. Her body within the last two or three years has been disinterred, and placed in a new sarcophagus. Miracles have been attributed to her, and her pious and loyal husband has already taken the first steps preliminary to her beatification. By this princess his majesty had one son, Francis Leopold, who was born January 16th, 1835, and who is heir to the throne. His majesty was married a second time to Maria Teresa of Austria, daughter of the Archduke Charles. By this lady he has had issue:—Luigi Maria, Count of Trani, born 1838; Alfonso Maria, Count of Caserta, born 1841; Maria Annunziata, born 1843; Maria Clementina Immacolata, born 1844; Gaetano Maria, Count of Girgenti, born 1846; Pasquale, Count of Bari, born 1852. His majesty's character and policy have of late been so much discussed that it is almost unnecessary to enter on the subject. Fully impressed with a belief in his divine rights, he belongs rather to the fifteenth than the nineteenth century. Superstitious by nature, and from policy disposed to make the most of it, he at once enslaves and attaches a portion of the public mind. Firm to obstinacy he resists all counsel; as a rule, acts in opposition to it, and doubts every resolution which does not emanate from his own royal head. Thus a minister must needs be nothing more than a registrar of his will; his majesty seeks such men to serve him, and all but such have retired into private life. The great facts by which Ferdinand II. will be known to history, are the publication of the Constitution on the 10th of February, 1848: "In the name of the Most Holy God, Omnipotent, One and Three;" and the swearing to observe it on the Holy Gospel, etc., on the 24th of February, 1848, in the presence of royal princes, the ministers, the officers of the army, the magistracy and the high officers of state. From that time to this the policy of the king has been one continued act in violation of his oath; his name has become a byword, his rule has been a scourge to his people, and a source of controversy and discussion in Europe. Such are a few details of the life and character of Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies.



FERDINAND II., KING OF THE TWO SICILIES.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT IN HIS STUDY.

Let us turn from the portrait of one of the scourges of humanity to a very different character, one of its noblest illustrations, the man of science of two centuries. Our picture is a quiet, interior scene, and shows us the author of "Cosmos" in his quiet study, surrounded by those mute but eloquent companions, his beloved books. Though the figure of the philosopher is drawn on a small scale, still it is a striking likeness of his face and person, while his surroundings are delineated with accuracy. The room he occupies is plain and neat, with little of that litter and confusion thought to be indispensable to genius. A sofa, table and a few chairs, form all the furniture. On the wall hangs a map of the world. The large window admits abundance of light, and the whole apartment has an air of comfort. Though the weight of years has bowed the frame of the philosopher, still he enjoys good health, and his noble mind is as vigorous as ever. Frederick Henry Alexander, Baron Von Humboldt was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769, and is consequently now in his 88th year. He studied at Gottingen, at Frankfort on the Oder and at Hamburg, but his whole life has been a course of study. In 1791 we find him a student of mining and botany in the mining school of Freyburg. In 1792 he was appointed assessor in the mining and smelting department, and soon after removed to Bairenth, as overseer of the mines of Franconia. He has published, from time to time, works of the highest scientific value, the mere enumeration of which would occupy a large space. In 1795 he voluntarily relinquished his office for the purpose of travelling. In company with Aimé Boopland, the French naturalist, he set out for South America in 1799, travelled for four years in that country, drawing and recording the sylva, the fauna, the geology, mineralogy, natural history and phenomena of that wonderful country. Among the rich collections of the two naturalists, were 6300 kinds of plants. The results of this scientific tour were given to the world in a series of volumes published in splendid style. He has since travelled extensively in Europe, daily adding to his stores of knowledge, and from time to time communicating to the world his discoveries and observations. His career is a noble example of a well-spent life, and his remarkable longevity, notwithstanding his severe mental toil, is an encouragement to students. His mind is still vigorous and active, and his spirits buoyant as a young man's.



BARON VON HUMBOLDT IN HIS STUDY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NO MORE AMONG THE WOODLANDS.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

No more among the woodlands
We'll go in search of flowers,
Or haunt the dreamy lowlands
To find the fairy bowers;
For the tempest spirit's coming,
While he withers all the leaves—
And his chill breath o'er us humming,
A misty banner weaves.

No more among the woodlands
We'll wander forth at morn,
To cull us dewy garlands,
Our tresses to adorn;
For the Frost King mows the garlands,
And he scatters all the leaves—
While the Tempest o'er the lowlands
His misty banner weaves.

No more among the woodlands
We'll wander forth at eve—
Weird Solitude in lowlands
Will sit her down and grieve;
For the birds long since departed,
Warbled forth a long good-by—
And they leave her lonely-hearted
Beneath a northern sky.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHADOW ON THE PILLOW.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The sun was just rising over the green hills above the town of Kirkcudbright in Scotland, and shedding his rays over the silver water of the Solway. It rose on a mourning group that was assembled at a low, picturesque house at the upper end of the town; for Donald Murray, the only son of the family inhabiting it, was to set off on that morning to join the army.

The elder Murray was a fine specimen of the true Scottish peasantry. Shrewd, calculating and somewhat cold, in matters that did not come very near the heart, he yet preserved a corner in that heart where the tenderest and kindliest emotions still dwelt. On that morning, these emotions were all called forth. The *father* triumphed over the *man;* for his pride and affection for this son was one of the strongest bonds that he recognized.

Murray's wife had been dead for several years, and her place was supplied in the family by the eldest daughter, Catherine. Two younger sisters, with Donald, completed the family. Donald had ever been distinguished for his daring and adventurous spirit; and added to this, he possessed what few knew of him—a strong poetical taste, and a heart alive to every keen sense of the true and beautiful.

Bred a peasant, dependent on the occupation of a gardener, he had lived in almost complete seclusion, keeping within his heart the beautiful fancies which so enchained his being, yet finding constant food for them in that very occupation. The lightest flower that opened under his fostering hand was a revelation of beauty to the lowly Scottish gardener. The tiniest bird that built in the overhanging trees, was to him a wonder and a delight; and already he had filled numberless sheets with his rude but correct drawings of birds, flowers and insects, which, with slender materials, he had colored to the life. But all these things he had kept to himself. Only his twin-sister, Rose, knew of her brother's gentle nature, and of these quiet pursuits.

Outside of his own family, he had another reputation—that of bravery and courage. Donald Murray had never looked on another's wrongs without trying to prevent or avenge them. His heart, while it was gentle as a woman's, was yet bold as a lion's; and, in his own neighborhood, he had been known from a boy as the champion of the oppressed. Among this class, was the orphan child of a man with whom his father had been on terms of intimacy for years. Robert Ashton died, and left his only daughter to the care of a man by the name of Nevis, who already held most of Ashton's hard earnings, and who, he thought, would certainly protect his fatherless child, and look after the little fortune he should leave her. Nevis, a whining, snuffling churchman, untrue to his religion, grasping in his pecuniary matters, and hard and selfish in his exactions from others, grew positively dishonest, when entrusted with little Flora's small fortune, and treated the child with real cruelty, either from the hope that she would die under his treatment, or become a household drudge in his family, thereby saving the expense of a servant to his sickly and complaining wife.

It roused Donald's indignation, when little Flora Ashton would pass the gate of the garden where he was employed, bare-footed, and with a heavy basket poised on her head, such as only a strong boy should have carried. When he passed the house of Nevis, he had frequently seen the delicate child of fourteen years, laying out large webs of cloth upon the bleaching ground, washing heavy clothes at the spring, and even carrying large burdens of wood. Once, too, he had heard passionate words, and the sounds of a blow, from within the house, and he was certain that the voice was that of Mrs. Nevis, whose temper was a well-known theme in the neighborhood. At the same time, Flora came out of the house with her cheeks red and swollen, and the purple mark of a broad hand on her white neck, which even hardship had not spoiled. Donald longed to go in and strike the heartless woman for her cruelty to such a being as Flora Ashton; but he wisely considered that he might do the child more injury than benefit, and he contented himself with following her down to the spring, to which she was carrying a basket of clothes for the bleaching ground.

He came up with her as soon as she arrived at a distance from which Mrs. Nevis's prying eyes could no longer discern her. She had done weeping; but there was an expression of settled grief, almost of despair, on the poor child's face, which touched the noble and pitying heart of Donald Murray. He took the basket from her hand, and went with her to the spring, wet the cloth and spread it upon the heather, and then talked with her, calmly and seriously, about her present condition in the family of Nevis.

Encouraged by his sympathy, she weepingly told him the hardships and privations to which she was subjected, and Donald's manly heart bled afresh at her recital. She had no idea that she had any right to leave Nevis, or to resist the cruelty to which she was exposed.

"You know I *must* bear it, Donald," she innocently answered to his execrations upon Nevis and his wife; "I *must* bear it, and I do, as patiently as I can; though sometimes I feel that I must have done wrong, when Mr. Nevis prays at night and sets forth all my faults in his prayer."

"Canting, lying hypocrite!" exclaimed Donald. "Don't tell me any more, Flora, or I shall want to go and strangle him and his abominable wife."

"Ah!" sighed Flora, "it is bad enough for him—a man—to be so savage, but when she gives way to her temper, it seems a great deal more terrible to me. Besides, Mr. Nevis, himself, never strikes me; he only encourages her."

"Say no more, Flora," he said. "I shall go mad if I hear anything more. Come with me instantly; nay, you must come to my father and sisters, and see if nothing can be done to relieve you from this bondage."

He led the weeping girl home to his father's roof, interested them all in her case, and represented to Mr. Murray how the child of his friend had been treated. Measures were taken that very day, to free the child from her tyrants, and she entered their house no more.

Nevis and his wife raged and stormed in vain. The powerful arm of the law made him account for every farthing of her father's property, and enough was obtained of him to send Flora to a respectable school in the southern parish of Kirkcudbright, over which two English ladies had long presided. From this school she had come, at the regular vacations, for three years, to spend a few weeks in the family of her deliverer, for so she considered Donald Murray.

On his part, Donald, whose pity had been so thoroughly awakened, began, as Flora grew older, to experience a tenderer sensation. Of the beautiful ideals which had filled the imagination of the young gardener, Flora Ashton was the perfect realization; and, as she grew fairer and lovelier every year, under the fostering care of the two amiable women who instructed her, she was beginning to assume a height in his fancy to which he hardly dared to look up. She, a beautiful, accomplished and educated girl, and he, a simple gardener!

Had he known that the youths of many noble families, who came to visit their sisters at the school, from Glasgow and Edinburgh, were not half so noble, in the eyes of Flora, as the gardener of Kirkcudbright, he would have marvelled how it could be so; but such was the fact; and even when the young Lord Rothwell condescended to notice the beauty of her figure, and praise her splendid hair, compliments which his sister repeated to Flora, she turned away from the flattery, with a silent wish that the words had come from Donald Murray.

The vacation season, falling as it did, in the month of roses, was the jubilee of the year to Donald. For her coming he preserved the rarest and most beautiful of his floral offerings. For this he labored to build and ornament the finest boat that was launched on the Solway. And it was his delight, on moonlight evenings, to take her out on the river, with his father and sisters, and to watch her undisguised pleasure on the little voyage. It was then that she would sing the beautiful English songs, that came so sweetly in her Scottish accent, now tempered and mellowed from the tone she had imperceptibly caught from her instructresses. Even the elder Murray, who had little of poetic or musical inspiration, acknowledged that the "puir orphan lassie had an unco pleasant voice;" and Rose would sit with her arm round Flora's waist, trying to catch and imitate the sweet Southron sound; while Catherine and Mysie would listen to her songs, pleased without knowing why, at the strain which sounded so oddly in their Scottish ears.

After these happy weeks, Flora would go back to school, with something like a shadow on her girlish brow, and a weight on her heart, that she had not experienced since the days when the brawny Nevis and his hysterical wife had held rule and sway over her. And Donald would go back to the garden, where the flowers seemed to have lost their beauty, and the voices of the birds their melody; for he could not help acknowledging to himself, that Flora Ashton, with her singular beauty, her talents and cultivation, might, and would look higher than the poor gardener. At such times he would passionately exclaim: "Why does she then allow me to think that she likes me? Why does she permit me to press her hand, and look for hours into those soft eyes, which perhaps are only lighting me to my ruin? O, Flora! you are either very cruel to me, or kinder than I can believe!"

To none, not even to his darling sister Rose, did Donald murmur these fancies. Like a true poet, he kept all his own sorrows closely locked within his breast, and only sung of imaginary griefs. But the true spirit of poetry was now actually developed, and already he had written much that was very sweet and touching. Some of these effusions he had given to Flora, who valued them above all price, and kept them as hidden treasures. Another memorial which she cherished, was a roughly executed but remarkably correct likeness of himself, which Donald had drawn in the leisure hours of the preceding winter. It was a noble head, and did more justice to his genius than credit to his materials, which were of the rudest kind. But Flora looked only at the perfect resemblance; and after many ineffectual attempts, on her part, to carry it off, she succeeded on her last visit, in obtaining it.

She hung the drawing in her chamber, at school, where she could see it the moment she waked in the morning. It was admired by all as a fancy head, and Flora never breathed to any one that it had an original. With this before her, she became more contented than she had usually been on her first return to the southern parish, after a vacation. And yet she hardly knew why it was that this picture afforded her such a perfect satisfaction. She thought that perhaps it was because Donald rescued her from the hands of Nevis; but as the elder Murray had taken a large part in the matter, she ought to have felt quite as much pleased with the portrait which Donald had executed, with a still greater portion of artistic skill, of his father, and which also graced the opposite wall of her chamber.

Many were the jeers which her volatile companions bestowed upon her, for the care with which she cherished this treasure; and they more than half suspected that it was a true resemblance to some one whom Flora knew. She had given it a beautiful frame, placed a glass over its surface, and hung a wreath of bright immortelles around it.

The school at Kirkcudbright boasted of one pupil, at least, of noble blood. This was the sister of the young Lord Rothwell. Lady Alice Keith, a sweet, gentle girl, who had attached herself to Flora from the moment she entered the school. By her own request, Flora shared her chamber, and henceforth the two girls, equal in everything but rank, were inseparable.

One day, Flora was surprised to hear that some one was asking for her, in the parlor. She went down with some trepidation, and was struck by the apparition of Donald Murray. She did not know that two of the young girls had looked from the window and instantly recognized the original of her favorite drawing, in the noble head of the person who had vaulted so lightly from his horse, at the gateway.

Flora approached him with a beating heart. His look was grave, and she feared that he had some unpleasant news to communicate of the family. He did not keep her long in suspense. He told her that he had enlisted in the army, and would join the troops going to the Crimea on the following day. Her emotion satisfied him that he had, at least, some interest in her heart; for she burst into a flood of tears, and hid her face upon his shoulder. It almost unmanned him.

"Why do you go, Donald?" she at length found voice to ask.

"Shall I tell you, Flora?" he said. "I go to win a name, and I will do it, or die on the field."

Flora shuddered.

"Nay, I go, Flora, that I may one day be worthy of you—of your love. You will not think me beneath you, when I have won that name, dearest, will you?"

"O, Donald, you are cruel, now? When did Flora Ashton ever think herself above the noble friend who rescued her from drudgery and oppression?"

"Well, I was wrong, perhaps. But say, Flora, may I hope that, if I serve the queen faithfully and well, my other and dearer queen will smile upon my return?"

The half hour was up which the Misses Macclesfield allowed to visitors; and Flora was obliged to send Donald away; but before he went, they were plighted for life or death, for good or evil, for earth or heaven.

The troops passed through the southern parish of Kirkcudbright, on their way to join the English regiment. The pupils had a respite from study, in order that they might see them; and such was the excitement, that no one missed Flora, until Agnes Dean cried out:

"Look, Lucy; there is the man who came to see Flora Ashton, yesterday! Flora, here is the original of your favorite drawing!"

Flora was not there. She was sobbing in her chamber, with her head buried in the pillow, to shut out the sound of the drum. That was indeed an hour of agony, and the prelude to many more; for she watched the lightest tidings from the Crimea with an interest which took from her all power to think of aught else.

June arrived—but Flora could not bear to go home to Mr. Murray's. She could not bear the sympathy of Rose, to whom she knew that Donald would confide their engagement, and she gladly accepted the cordial invitation of Lady Alice Keith, to pass the vacation with her at her father's, in Edinburgh.

Gentle, modest and well bred, graceful and lady-like in her manners, and simple and yet elegant in her mourning dress, which she still wore, there was nothing in her station, as the daughter of a solicitor at Kirkcudbright, which would appear strange or incongruous, as the guest of the good and simple Earl of Rothwell, and his sweet daughter, Alice. So far from this, they felt a positive honor, as well as satisfaction, in receiving a young lady who had distinguished herself above all others, at Misses Macclesfield's celebrated school; and they introduced her, with conscious pride, to their numerous other guests.

Had it not been for the thought of the absent soldier, Flora's visit would have been delightful. As it was, it proved exceedingly gratifying, and she carried away with her many pleasant memorials to write to Donald.

Alas! every breeze from the Crimea wafted evil tidings from the gallant troops. The sounds of suffering, of privation, almost of despair, came with every blast that swept over the expanse of waters. How would it be with Flora's gallant soldier? One letter she received from him, by which she knew that he well deserved

to be called by that name. It was after one of those heavily fought, but ineffectual battles, before Sevastopol, when so many "gallant soldiers" lay, "with their feet to the foe," in the trenches. Donald had deserved and received the thanks of his commander, for his brave and fearless conduct, by which he had more than once signalized himself.

Flora read this letter with an exulting pride, which, for a short time, dispelled, or rather overpowered her fears. Now, she went gladly to the little home among the hills of Kirkcudbright, and carried news that made the father's heart glad, for he, too, had pride, as well as love, for his son. And Rose's gentle eyes overflowed with tears for the brother who seemed a part of herself, and from whom this was her first separation, since the day when their mother's angel spirit had blessed their birth, and then departed, to watch their future from a higher world. And Catherine and Mysie, intent on household cares, were making up clothes for that dear brother, which they hoped would reach him with the first supplies from England. It was a new phase in the lives of the hitherto quiet and home-loving family; but they met it hopefully and courageously, as Donald had exhorted them to do, at parting.

Another and another letter came, and with it, with pardonable pride, Donald sent the printed report of "the bravery and courage of private Murray;" and again and again did Flora's heart beat high with exultation. Again was heard, in the little parlor at Kirkcudbright, the voice of thanksgiving and prayer, from the lips of the aged and venerable father, now almost past the active labor of life, and looking forward to his son as to the pillar and support of his declining years, and the protector of his daughters. Then came sad news indeed. The Scottish troops had suffered severely, and great anxiety was felt for the absent Donald. Uncertainty was stamped on every face, and the next tidings were anticipated with dread and apprehension.

At last, a letter came for Flora, directed in an unknown hand. She trembled as she held it in her grasp, unable to break the seal. Her head grew dizzy, and she would have fallen to the floor, had not Alice Keith caught her in her arms.

To Alice she had, at last, confessed that the original of her beloved portrait was her lover, and to her she had communicated, from time to time, the hopes and fears which his letters had awakened.

The sympathizing girl led her to the bed, from whence she could see Donald's picture; and breaking the seal from the letter, she besought Flora to lie down and read it.

"He is dead!" said Flora. "He would have written me himself, had he been living."

"Not so, dear Flora. Sick he may be, but surely alive. Do not give way to apprehension in this matter. Nay, dear," she continued, resolutely putting her arms around her, and placing the open letter before her eyes, "nay, dear, you *shall* read it."

"I cannot read the words," gasped Flora. "Read it, Alice. I will try to hear it."

She covered her eyes with her hands and listened:

"A friend of Donald Murray, is requested by him to inform Miss Ashton that, in the terrible battle of yesterday, he was wounded severely in the right arm. The surgeon has pronounced amputation necessary; and it will be performed this evening. The friends of Ensign Murray have reason to be proud of his gallant conduct in yesterday's conflict. The papers, one of which is all I can procure to send you, are teeming with his bravery. In fact, the queen has no better men in her regiment than the Scottish troops.

"*Later.*—Miss Nightingale is at this moment with your friend, earnestly begging the surgeons to defer the amputation until morning, which they have promised her to do. She thinks it may not be needed, if inflammation does not supervene during the night. Your friend *looks* the thanks which he is too weak to speak; yet he whispers to me in broken words, 'Tell Flora to *hope!*'

"*Morning.*—Miss Nightingale is again by his bedside, having gone the entire rounds of the hospital since I wrote last night. The arm, she says, is doing well. She bends over him like an angel of mercy; and he looks at her with a reverential gaze, that tells how deep is his thankfulness.

"*Thursday.*—Murray's arm is out of danger of being amputated. He is very weak from loss of blood, but has talked with me at intervals to-day, and told me of you, and of the deep anxiety which you would feel. He says, 'Tell Flora I owe it all to one whom, in gentleness and courage, she most nearly resembles—Florence Nightingale.' After a while, he raised his feeble head, and said: 'Tell her that I *kissed the shadow of that angel form every time it has fallen on my pillow!*'

Friday Morning.—The despatches are ready to be sent off, and I can only say that Murray is gaining slowly. I trust he will soon be able to write you himself, or at least, dictate. With many kind wishes, I am yours with great sympathy and respect.

WARRINGTON LINCOLN."

Flora was sobbing with both grief and joy, on her pillow, and uttering blessings on the noble woman whose courage and presence of mind had thus saved Donald from becoming a cripple.

"He will be sent home!" she said, "and then, dearest Alice, I can be all to him that she is now."

But weeks and months went by. A few lines painfully pencilled by Murray's left hand, were received from time to time; but the news came slowly and scantily. Hunger and thirst, cold and fatigue, were doing what the battle had only begun, and Flora's hopes were darkening into dread with each succeeding day.

Unable to bear the sight of a book, or to hear the sound of the music lessons—unable to attend to her own duties in school—she asked leave of absence, and went to the house among the hills, to see if she could cheer or be cheered by the companionship of those who also loved the absent Donald.

Still, her heart was unsatisfied. The rich, full stream of sympathy was wanting even here. The father was rendered almost imbecile by a paralytic attack, and Catherine and Mysie had their whole time occupied by attendance on him, while Rose took their place in the domestic department. Flora attempted to assist her, but her strength was visibly failing, and her sick heart would not enter into the details of household drudgery, when it was dying for the presence that would not come to her.

Thus passed the dreary winter, and the spring was shining vainly upon the garden where Donald had plied his peaceful labor the year before. Where was he now? she asked herself for the hundredth time, as she walked about the deserted paths, and attempted, with trembling hands, to tie up the vines which Donald had so carefully tended. Finding that she could not accomplish it, she opened the gate, and wandered to a little distance, out of sight of the lonely house. All the courage seemed gone out of her heart, all the light crushed from her spirit, and rebellious thoughts against God and man and nature, arose within her. She, an orphan, with neither father nor brother to protect her, was now to give up the only being who cared for her in the wide world. She could not see the justice of the decree which was to leave her thus alone and unprotected. She did not weep, but she seemed to shrink away from these misformings, just as she was then shrinking from the pitiless chill of the spring wind, that seemed pinching her to the very bone. She drew her shawl closer around her, shuddering all over with the breeze which would have been grateful to one in health and spirits, but which came to her like the cold breath of death. As she went on, in her aimless, objectless walk, she met young Hector Callum, an old friend of Donald Murray.

"Did you know the troops were on their way home, Flora?" he asked, with a pitying look at her wasted figure.

Flora pressed her hand to her side, and tried vainly to say "no," but the word would not come.

"I have a paper here," said Hector. "I have not yet read it, but I saw the announcement of their return, or, at least, a force sufficient to protect the large number of the wounded. Donald will soon be here. Come, cheer up, Flora, or you will never do for a soldier's wife."

He took the paper from her trembling fingers, for he saw that she could not open it. He found the place which contained the news from the Crimea, and the sailing of the troops. He read to her, but he might as well have read to the stones. Her eye was fixed, in a long, agonizing gaze, upon the list of the dead, where "Murray" was conspicuous from being on the officers' list. As she looked, the letters seemed to assume a larger, and still larger size, and, as they grew, they were surrounded by large black lines, which spread until they almost covered the paper. Hector snatched it from before her eyes; but in vain. The word was inscribed on the stones, on the vast trunks of the trees, even on the empty air.

This fit passed away, after a while. Hector sprinkled her waxen face with water from a little spring that bubbled up almost at their feet, by the wayside, and urged her to sit down and rest.

No; she would go home and rest. Home! where his loving eye and gentle footstep could never come! Home! where the father sat in darkness, and the sisters were, like herself, alone and unprotected!

Slowly—slowly—and only borne up by Hector's kindly grasp, she turned to go back. The sun, which had hidden itself in the clouds during the afternoon, was now shining out warm and bright, as if to mock Flora's vanished hopes. The sky was serene and blue overhead, as if no weeping eyes or bleeding hearts lay beneath its canopy. Only at the edges of the eastern sky hung a few fleecy clouds, with their foamy edges touched by a golden light, like the rim of a crystal goblet; while, shining through the tender green of the leaf buds, the sun itself was going down in the pomp and splendor of its purple and saffron drapery.

Flora did not heed it, or if she did, it was only to think how unsympathizing nature is to the unhappy. She might have said with another, "You go out among the woods and fields, when you are happy, and the quivering lights and dancing shadows—the blue sky fretted with bars of silver cloud—the low symphony of bees and waters, bearing up, as it were, the exulting vocal chorus of birds—all these things delight you, and tell you that the earth is rejoicing with you. Go out when you are sorrowful, and not a light shall be quenched, not a cloud deepened, not a bird silenced. You are neither missed nor welcomed; there is neither scorn nor sympathy; there is quiet, changeless indifference to you and all your troubles; and you may die, if you please, and of a broken heart, too (if people ever do die of such a disease), and this mother Nature, as she is satirically called, cares nothing for it. She is just the same; and perhaps while your coffin is being let down beneath her green sward, she renews the very same magic effect of light and shade—the same transparent gleam of perishable beauty, which caught and chained your eye the last time you visited her in life."

All this Flora felt, but she had not strength to give it speech. As the crimson light fell athwart her swollen and burning eyes, she made a convulsive movement, as if she would shut it out forever; and clasping her hands tightly over them, she went on, weak and stumbling, upheld only by Hector's strong arm.

He, poor fellow, could give her no comfort. Not a word came to his mind, except the cold, stereotyped sentences which he had so often heard doled out to mourners, and from which his good taste and sensibilities revolted. So he only held the drooping girl with a firmer and tenderer grasp, and led her gently along, with her eyes still closed—blind to everything but the one terrible consciousness of that one word—Murray's name on the dead list.

At the turn in the road, they met the Kirkcudbright stage. Hector looked up, and met the eye of the driver. There was a pleased expression shining all over his good-humored face, which at any other time, Hector would have accepted as an omen of good. Now, he saw no good in anything. His friend, whom he had loved from childhood, had lain down his young, brave heart in a soldier's grave, and this pale flower on his arm would soon follow him.

And Rose, too, his own beloved Rose, to whom Donald was joined as a second self, how would she bear this separation from the brother so tenderly remembered? Hector's manly spirit was fairly giving way to the feelings which pressed upon him, and he wept like a child. Nor was he ashamed of the tribute to his friend's memory, nor the sympathy he felt with those who would mourn him with a lasting sorrow. Flora felt his arm loosen from her support, but she walked on. She knew that he had been weeping, and he knew, too, that he had suddenly aroused, but she had not yet come out from that terrible dream, and she had no curiosity to know what had stemmed the tide of Hector's tears.

"*Flora! Flora!*" said a voice from the little avenue between the maple trees, leading to the house, for they were now at the gate.

Her first thought was that she had died in her grief and that the voice was calling to her in the grave, from the skies beyond it. For it was Donald's voice, soft, tender and musical, with a sort of hushed sweetness about it, like the voice of one who has come out of great tribulation, and has kept some of the murmuring sadness in which it has been so long accustomed to speak.

She drew her clasped hands from her face, but she could see nothing yet. She was standing at the gate, where the sunset was like a flood of crimson light on her pale face and wasted figure, and he who spoke to her was far up the narrow avenue, where the shadow of the trees was falling upon him. But Hector drew her on, his own heart beating high with joyful surprise; and, under that deep shadow, he left her on the faithful heart of Donald Murray. On his heart, and encircled by one arm—the other yet too feeble to bear the weight of even that slight form. But he was alive—was at home once more—was faithful to his love—and that was enough. Never, until he welcomes Flora to the gates of the Eternal City, can she experience another meeting like that!

Within the house, in the darkening twilight, sat the father and sisters, unconscious either of the despair which Flora had felt that afternoon, or the joy that had succeeded it. Hector undertook the task of revealing Donald's arrival. The old man, who, since his attack, had relapsed into his Gaelic accent, forgetting the Scothron words he had acquired from his border neighbors, murmured some inarticulate sentences, that sounded strangely enough to Hector's ears, and Rose sprang to his side, speechless and almost breathless. Grave and staid, Catherine and Mysie received the news with a murmur of deep thanksgiving, but with small outward emotion. Their father's illness had taxed them so hardly that their natures had become less sensitive to pain and pleasure than in their earlier youth. But when he came in, leaving Flora to follow when she could command the tears which flowed now so freely, they all crowded around him, with words of deep and heartfelt affection; and the old father, restored to momentary consciousness by the sight of his son's face, exclaimed:

"Hech, bairn! wha's come ower ye, that ye busk yer arm in tha' fashion?"

Rose glanced at the arm, still worn in a sling, and burst into a passion of tears. Hector drew her away into the hall, where Flora sat, perfectly calm and quiet. She had taxed her nerves to the utmost, and the reaction had left her exhausted and weary. The dimness of the hall was operating like an anodyne upon her senses.

Two hours after, the house was still, and every eye was closed in slumber except the lovers'. They sat alone, in the quiet, moonlighted room, with clasped hands, and eyes that often ran over with excess of emotion; and Flora made him repeat, over and over again, his description of the noble woman who tended his sick bed—the angel to whose shadow on his pillow he had pressed his hot and feverish lips.

They live in a little home of their own, on the banks of the Solway; and Donald has renewed his peaceful occupation of gardening. Figuratively speaking, he has turned his sword into a ploughshare, and his spear into a pruning-hook. A stout Highlander, who, in the late war, stood six feet two inches high, in her majesty's regiment, performs the part of assistant gardener; for Donald's arm is yet too weak for heavy labor, and can only perform the lighter task of tying up the vines, and trimming the rare and odorous plants which are his care and delight.

From his garden—the most celebrated in the country—are daily sent the most perfect specimens of flowers and rich, flowering shrubs; and it was but last week that two magnificent bouquets, formed entirely of the rarest and most beautiful flowers, were sent to England, in boxes, hermetically sealed. One of these delicate gifts was for the queen, God bless her! and one for that other queen, God bless her, too! whose regal shadow on the pillow of the wounded soldier met such impassioned kisses.

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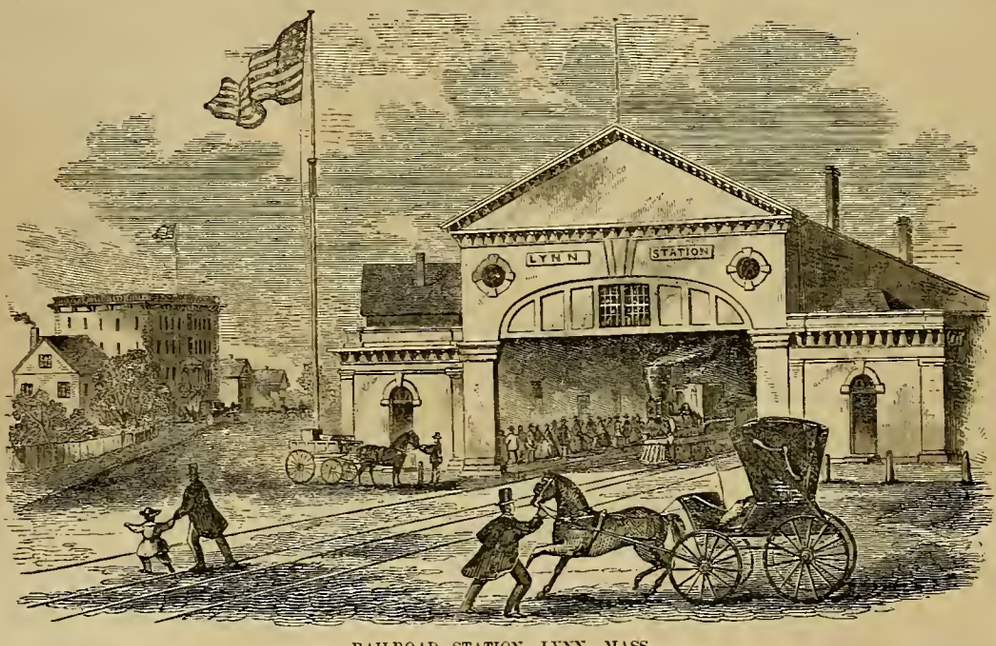
LYNN, MASS.

We present on this and the next page a series of faithful pictures, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, illustrating some of the most striking features of the pleasant and prosperous city of Lynn, in this State. This place is one of great antiquity, its settlement dating back to 1629, only nine years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. It was incorporated in 1630. The Indian name of the town, Saugus, was changed to Lynn in 1637. It became a city in 1850. It is nine miles from Boston, and occupies a pleasant situation. Its boundaries embrace a delightful variety of scenery, field, forest, pasture, cultivated land, rock, beach and bay, while the thickly settled portions abound in beautiful buildings, and exhibit every evidence of thrift and prosperity. From east to west, Lynn extends about six miles along the seashore, and from north to south, including the peninsula of Nahant, about eight miles. It contains fifteen churches, nine principal, six intermediate, and eighteen primary schools, a high school, an academy, and several private schools. The Natural History Society have a fine collection of specimens and a well-selected library. Two newspapers, the "Lynn News" and the "Bay State," are published here, and are well supported by the citizens. There are several good hotels in the city—the famous Lynn Hotel, the City Hotel and the Bay State, in what we may call Lynn proper, the Atlantic, Swampscot and Marshall Houses at Swampscot, the splendid Nahant Hotel, Whitney's Hotel, Rice's and Johnson's at Nahant. In a previous number of the Pictorial, we have described and delineated both Swampscot and Nahant. There is much travel through Lynn by way of old Eastern Road and the Salem turnpike, while about twenty trains pass daily on the Eastern Railroad, which intersects the city. The northwestern part of Lynn is a mountainous forest, the most thickly settled part being a plain between the hills and the sea. From the Lynn Directory, a reliable compendium, we obtain the following particulars: For the first century after the settlement of the towns in New England, there seems to have been no census taken, or, if the inhabitants were numbered, no record has been preserved. In 1638, when Boston was "a village containing 20 or 30 houses," it is certain that Lynn had more than 100 families. Being a farming town, including a territory six times larger than Boston, it naturally invited settlers; and after the opening of the iron-works, the number was greatly increased. But as many families afterwards moved away to form new settlements, the number of inhabitants at no time exceeded 2000. The first recorded census was taken in 1765, when the number was 2198. The following table exhibits the census as taken at eight periods: In 1765 it was 2198; 1790, 2291; 1800, 2837; 1810, 4087; 1820, 4515; 1830, 6138; 1840, 9367; 1850, 13,613. It will be seen that for twenty-five years, the increase was only 93. From 1790 to 1800, the increase was 546, or a fraction less than 25 per cent. From 1800 to 1810, after it had become decidedly a shoemaking town, the increase was 1250 or 44 per cent. Between the years 1810 and 1820, after Saugus, with its 748 inhabitants, had been separated from it, the increase was found to be 1176, or about 28 per cent. From 1820 to 1830, the increase was 1623, or 36 per cent. In 1830, the map and history of Lynn were printed, and being widely circulated and extensively noticed in public papers, perhaps they had some influence in giving a new impulse to the place, by calling attention to it; and the increase for the next ten years was 3229, or 51 per cent. For the last ten years, from 1840 to 1850, the increase has not been quite so rapid, being 4039, or 43 per cent. The particular census of the city, as taken for the Lynn Directory, gave a total of 13,613.

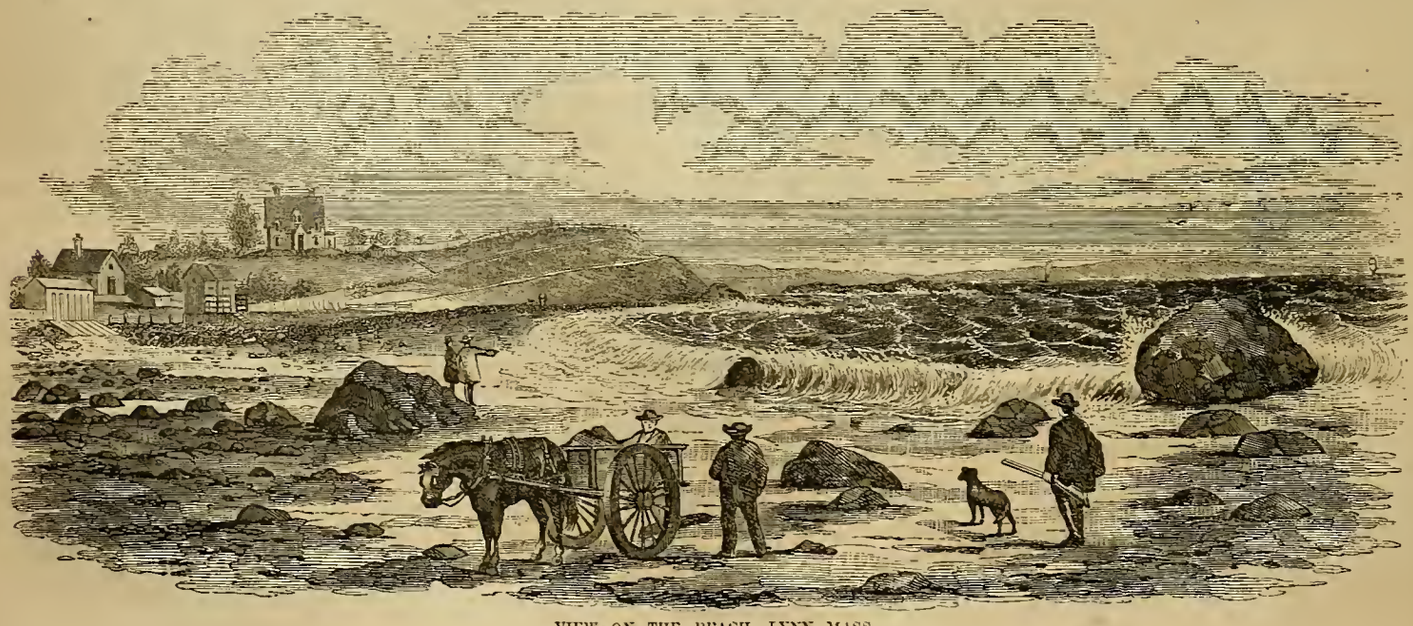


CENTRAL CHURCH, LYNN, MASS.

Should the organization of the city government give a new start to the business and prosperity of the place, and the increase be as it was for ten years after 1830, the city, in 1860, or in ten years more, will number 20,000 inhabitants. The inhabitants of Lynn for the first century were mostly farmers, but gradually they gave their attention to the manufacture of women's shoes, and that is now the principal business. The stock for the shoes is cut in the larger buildings, called manufactories, by men termed clickers. The upper parts are then tied in packages and given to females, who reside at their own homes, to be bound. They are then returned to the manufactories, where they are put together in bundles with the soles, and distributed to the workmen, who make the shoes in small—quite too small—shops, usually at or near their own homes. The workmen are called cordwainers, or more properly cordovaniers; the word being derived from the Cordovan leather, originally manufactured at Cordova in Spain, from goat skins brought from Morocco in Africa. When the shoes are finished, they are packed at the manufactories, in wooden boxes, usually containing about sixty pairs, and sent to all places where there is a demand for them. A few of the nicer sort of shoes and buskins are packed in paper boxes of a smaller size. This branch of business was pursued, as we have seen, before the Revolution. The sales were then chiefly confined to New England, but since that period the business has been greatly extended, and shoes are now exported in large quantities to almost every part of the United States. It is estimated that at the present time there are about 150 manufactories in the city, giving employment to 10,000 persons, more than half of whom are females; and that 4,500,000 pairs of ladies and misses' shoes are annually made, amounting in value to about $3,500,000. From 400,000 to 500,000 pairs are also purchased from neighboring towns. Besides the above, there are manufactories of leather, morocco, cotton, prints, chocolate, glue, machinery, tinware, etc. Lynn has some vessels engaged in the whale fishery. In 1853, two ships arrived here, bringing 1656 barrels of sperm oil, 2120 barrels of whale oil, and 28,000 pounds of whalebone. The cod and mackerel fisheries are also carried on, and there is a considerable amount of coasting trade. There are two banks in Lynn, with a capital of $250,000, a Savings' Bank and two insurance offices. Our first engraving represents the Central or Fourth Congregational Church on Silsbee Street. It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, with a spire of 160 feet. In the foreground is the crossing of Silsbee Street over the Eastern Railroad. Our second view represents the Lynn Station on the Eastern Railroad, which intersects the city. It is a fine commodious brick building, and contains, besides the usual railroad offices, Kellogg's printing-office and a book-bindery. Our next view is a picture of Lynn Beach, one of the finest beaches in this country, with the rare advantage of the water on both sides. This connects the city with Nahant. An excellent road has been built at a great expense, so that the driving is good at all tides. On pleasant summer evenings, with carriages and equestrians, it presents a most animated spectacle. Our next view is of the High School, a substantial and commodious structure erected at a cost of about $7000, under the superintendence of a building committee appointed by the town, March 16, 1850. It was dedicated January 8, 1851. An appropriate address was delivered by Rev. B. Sears, secretary of the Board of Education, and addresses were also made by Messrs. Hood, Shackford, and Jacob Batchelder, Jr. The house is warmed and ventilated in the best manner. It is thoroughly built; and though without any superfluous ornament, is in good taste, and provided with ample accommodations. The



RAILROAD STATION, LYNN, MASS.



VIEW ON THE BEACH, LYNN, MASS.

main school-room is about forty-six feet square and sixteen feet in height. The two recitation rooms are each twenty-two by twenty-five feet. These are furnished with settees, and the school room with Wales's patent desks and chairs. The whole cost of building, grading, fencing, seats, apparatus, etc., was about $9500. The appropriation by a vote of the town for this object was $12,000. It is intended that there shall be, at this school, a three years' course of study. In order to enter, pupils are required to pass a good examination in the elementary studies pursued at the grammar schools. And those pupils who complete the prescribed three years' course of study, shall be entitled to receive a diploma, signed by the teachers and also the school committee. At the present time, there are seats provided for one hundred and twenty scholars. This school has, since its opening, maintained the highest reputation, and it is, undoubtedly, an institution of which the city may boast, as one of the best in the State. The school is, we believe, under the instruction of one principal and two assistants. The pupils receive the best instruction, without money and without price. They are removed from the annoying presence of smaller students; and, in the commodious rooms provided for them, they can prepare themselves, by an extended course of mathematical, philosophical and classical studies, for the responsibilities of active life. The next



HIGH SCHOOL, LYNN, MASS.



MOLL PITCHER'S HOUSE, LYNN.

picture presents a view of the house occupied formerly by the celebrated Moll Pitcher, the fortune-teller of Lynn, respecting whom so many romantic stories have been told, and who has figured in song, story and drama. Dr. Jones, of this city, made her the subject of a very effective piece, still played sometimes with great success, the incidents of which he afterwards worked up in the form of a novelette. The name of Moll Pitcher is almost as familiar as that of Norna of the Fitful Head, the fanciful prophetess of Scott's "Pirate." Had our Lynn sorceress flourished a little earlier, it is certain that her innocent impostures of fortune-telling by palmistry, the cards or coffee-grounds, would have consigned her to the tender mercies of the pious inquisitors of Cotton Mather's time, and probably that worthy divine would have assisted at an auto da fe of which Moll would have been the central figure. As it was, we believe she entirely escaped persecution. In the background is seen High Rock, a remarkable eminence on which the Hutchinsons (singers) built a cottage, and erected a pagoda, seen in the view. A splendid view of Lynn, the bay, the ocean, Boston and the neighboring towns is obtained from the summit of High Rock. Our next view represents the Exchange Building, on Market Street. It is of brick, and makes no pretensions to architectural elegance, but it is spacious, and well adapted to its present purpose. The lower part is occupied by stores of various kinds, and there is a noble hall in the upper part. The last view delineates the South Common, so called. It is beautifully shaded by trees, and encloses a fine sheet of water. The church seen in the centre of the picture is the First Congregational, corner of South Common and Vine Streets. The Rev. Parsons Cooke is the pastor. The other church is the Second Universalist. Lynn is certainly a delightful and interesting place. Its history has been admirably written by Alonzo Lewis, the "Lynn bard," who has done his full share to enhance the prosperity of the town and city, in various ways.



EXCHANGE, LYNN, MASS.



VIEW ON THE COMMON, LYNN, MASS.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around their eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl of the tooth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland, the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and drawing them through. Hindoo families, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and, keeping the wounds open a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem exceedingly ornamental, and practise extensively. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but in Sumatra, the mother very carefully flattens the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Arracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China, small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which, in childhood, are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are bent under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in finger nails so long that casings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them.—*Bee.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONNET.

[On copying the original miniature of Napoleon Bonaparte, painted by Isobey, in 1812, formerly surrounded with the crown jewels, in possession of Josephine, but now in possession of a member of our family.]

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

And this was thine, O, Josephine, in pride,
When regal jewels glittered on its shrine!
Napoleon's miniature, exchanged for thine,
On me he smiles, as first on thee he smiled.
The hero, conqueror, emperor—thou, his bride!
That regal lip, glowing with life's high wine;
That eagle eye, untamed as love of thine;
That gorgeous robe, with half a kingdom filled!
I gaze on all, O, Josephine, and sigh
To think how Fate, relentless, urged him on—
Casting thee, dove-eyed one—with wealth of love
A world might save—for mad ambition by!
Though exiled, taunted, crownless, overthrown—
Didst thou forget him in the realms above?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ORANGE AND GREEN.

A SKETCH OF IRELAND IN OTHER YEARS.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

The day had been one of signal glorying to the Orange party. From every portion of the sea-set emerald, men had thronged jubilant to "merry Bandon town," and there united, after the conceptions of the most demonstrative people on the globe, to celebrate their recent successes, and seal anew the compact of supremacy and opposition to their Greenmen foes.

Weary from the share he had taken in the festivities and excitement, Mikkel Moran quitted the scene, and returned to the peace of his humble home. He had removed the shoes from his feet and lain himself upon his bed for rest, when the latch was lifted and a man, dimly seen, entered, who, closing the door as suddenly as he had opened, threw his weight against it, panting audibly.

"An' sure what's it for ye've been rinning the breath out o' yer body, Jemmy, my son?" asked Mikkel, sitting up in his corner. "There's buttermilk in the can on the table," he continued; "drink it, boy, and away to yer sleep in the loft, that ye may live to see the likes o' this day again."

"Hide—hide me!" returned an unknown voice, in accents of terror. "Though my color be green, am I not a human brother? I was attacked in the vale below, passing alone and harmlessly on my way, and in defence of life and limb, slew an Orangeman. Hark! my pursuers approach; how murderously they shout! Save me, worthy stranger, and so Heaven be with you in peril, and prolong your own life."

The generous heart of the Orangeman melted in pity to the Green, as he listened to his tale and witnessed his distress.

"Come with me," he said, springing forward and grasping the strange guest by an arm. "Dread niver at all the angry voices we hear; your life is safe this night, or I lose my own."

He led him through the kitchen into a small cellar room, excavated in the knoll which formed the back of the cottage, and had barely time to shut the door upon him and meet the infuriated crew at the outer threshold.

"Haste—haste, Mikkel Moran!" cried a hundred voices; "your own Jemmy lies dead among the stones in the hollow yonder. The assassin has fled by the plain this way. Haste—haste! join us, and we soon will overtake him."

Again yells of vengeance rent the air; the pursuers gathered freshly upon what they believed to be the trail of the offender, and rushed on, leaving the bereaved father aghast at the sad tidings. He neither made any movement nor seemed to breathe till the voices were faint from distance. Then with a step at first feeble as a little child's, but gaining firmness as he went, he crossed the apartment and presently stood before the stranger he had concealed.

"Arise," he said, calmly; "the danger is over awhile, but may return more terrible. Indade, you cannot be safe in the dwelling; so come with me to the cave in the thicket, where you can sleep securely as may you sleep the morrow night in your home."

He led him from the cell as he had led him into it; pausing in the outer room, he made him refresh himself with the draught which the son, for whom it had been placed, would never require; then guided on out of door, across a strip of pasture, over a stile, and turning at a right angle, plunged into a coppice overhung by a few aged trees. Pausing shortly, he listened; no sound to alarm disturbed the night.

"If you drop down the face of the rock here at our feet," Mikkel said, "you'll be finding yourself at the very mouth o' the little cave; an' sure, as I told ye, ye're secure in't while ye plaze."

The other, trembling both for himself and his preserver, made the leap, scarcely waiting till the last words were uttered. On touching the landing, he turned and looked upward, with a gush of gratitude on his lips and in his heart; but Moran made a sign for him to be silent, and himself spoke:

"I had a son—only one—God be witness, never was my own life dearer to me than the life of my boy this day. Your hand, stranger of the green, has left me desolate; my own son it was that fell in that accursed strife. I gave my pledge that no harm should come to you, an' the pledge is kept? Peace be with you!"

At that moment, the moon parting the clouds with her silver rays, showed a dash of blood on the white, upturned brow of the transfixed listener. The father of murdered Jemmy heaved a groan at the sight, and before the other could recover speech or motion, was gone.

At once Mikkel repaired to the place where he expected to find the weltering body of his unfortunate son. But he found it not. While he groped, searching in the dimness, some wandered back from the vain pursuit. He ran forward at the sound of their voices, and meeting them, begged distractedly to have pointed out to him the precise spot on which Jemmy had fallen. It was not a spot the father had passed by—the tablet rock glistening white, with dark stains, yet moist, upon its surface.

"Here it was," they said; "an' has he been spirited away?"

A wild hope bounded in the father's heart. Had not young Jemmy been merely wounded and stunned, and afterwards recovering, dragged himself away to where he might be more secure? The idea was no sooner expressed, than his neighbors and friends felt obliged to check a delusion which in the end could but add disappointment to his bitter sorrow. They described the dreadful mutilation the body had suffered, till poor Mikkel wept aloud.

"Ah, no, no, Mikkel Moran! it's gone the boy is, though a grief it is to say it, and swate as was his voice, it will niver be heard again at all."

Thus saying, they joined the lamentation; but at every moment or two, one or another would interrupt himself with pouring maledictions on the head of the criminal escaped out of their reach, or to comfort the stricken father with praises of his son, and assurances concerning the large funeral he should have had—"the finer youth that Jemmy was of all the county, or the three kingdoms, for that matther." And so till the summer dawning, all between the cottage and the hollow, rose the voice of wailing and imprecation, intertoned with murmurs of gentler and purer feelings.

Subsequent efforts effected nothing in the discovery of poor Jemmy's remains. When the parish calmed into reflection, it was believed that there were Greenmen witnesses of the fray, who stole away the body, lest it should excite to the greater indignation against their culpable brother. * * * *

Years—twenty years had passed. In Wexford was repeated the exultant display at Bandon; just so all day had flags streamed to the breeze, and unremembered voices swelled paeans of victory; but now the color was the green, and the many who marched to the music of fife and drum, loved to fancy their feet pressing the bowed necks of the conquered Orangemen.

Leaning against his low door-post, stood John Fitzmaurice, watching the gay ceremonies, from more intimate participation in which he felt himself by age disqualified. Suddenly, above the stirring clangor were heard shouts of rage and menace; the sea of human beings billowed in commotion round a common centre.

"An Orangeman! an Orangeman! Ha! ha! a penny for his ould head! Trample him down like a pavin' stun!"

"Murdher me, if ye will, then; dye these white hairs red in my heart's blood. In twenty years I have not laughed; ye shall not see me weep now. But I could tell a story would shame the dogs to own my murdherers as their masters afterward."

Fitzmaurice's ear caught the shrill tones of that old man's voice; if he did not distinguish the words, he divined their import, and threw his defending arms around the form of the aged Orangeman.

"I'm here, friend indeed," he said, with gushing tears of pleasure and sad remembrance, "to pay the measure of your kindness."

Then, with impassioned earnestness, he rehearsed to all within hearing the tale of the night at Bandon.

"Alone was I among our enemies, as he is among ye; fainting and defeated, this man received and sheltered me; he broke not the pledge he had given to save me, though I had killed his son. Twenty years have taken the strength from the hands of us both; still ye see my heart set as a door before his heart, and the first ye must strike through, if ye would touch the last."

His words were taken up by the multitude, and repeated like echoes among the mountains, or like circles rising from some heavy body being thrown into a lake, that expand even to the shore. The warm Irish heart was touched; it needed no further appeal. Violence and hate were changed in a moment to enthusiasm as harmless as it was fervid. There were cheers for curses, and the pressure around the snowy-bearded Orangeman was in order to wish him yet a long life and to assure him of the friendship of all now and eternally.

And now a stranger in the prime of life, who wore a foreign dress and spoke with a foreign accent, pressed eagerly through the dense crowd.

"It is my father's name they call," he kept repeating, agitatedly; and at length falling on the old man's bosom, he besought him: "Embrace your Jemmy!"

Well indeed might that father exclaim that one had risen from the dead, when he saw the handsome face of his lost stripling, joined to the figure, as handsome, of mature manhood. A score of years he had lived mourning; he felt he could in that moment die rejoicing.

Jemmy Moran had not, at the fray in the stony hollow, been fatally harmed, as to the excited mob it had appeared. Recovering his powers of volition when left by himself, though frenzied alike by his injuries and with loathing of the scene in which he was lately engaged, he secretly fled the place and vicinity. He entertained an incomplete design of finding a more peaceful and happy country, and of sending for his father to share with himself in its enjoyment.

But disasters befell; he was long deprived of liberty, and of all means of communicating with the parent ever affectionately remembered. A free man at last, in a far-off land, he succeeded in making friends with fortune, that had so oppressed him; and not a lifetime afterwards, Jemmy became a rich and honored man.

Meanwhile, his letters to his father continuing unanswered—for the best of reasons, namely, that none was ever received,—Jemmy concluded on a return to old Ireland, to seek there for any remaining trace of whatever was most dear.

The cottage where he was born he found razed to the ground by violent hands, and could learn only that his father, in his feeble old age, was living a wanderer and an outcast for opinion's sake. But soon he had the joy to greet him, as we have seen, and to know that he came not too late to comfort his declining years.

So much was not known that evening, for Jemmy was too deeply affected for talking soberly, as much as the others for listening; but afterwards there was time enough both for recounting and understanding all that, during the separation, had occurred to either father or son.

Enthusiastic to extravagance was the sympathy of the thronging spectators with the three whom a kind Providence thus brought together. Old Mikkel Moran, men raised on their shoulders, and making his friend precede him, and his son follow after, bore him triumphantly through the streets, while far and near rang as it were one mighty and continuous acclamation, and the banners that floated gaily on the breeze were mingled of orange and of green.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A LEAF FROM CAPT. BOBSTAY'S LOG.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"Now, Jack, my boy," said my uncle Bob—a retired, but by no means retiring, sea-captain of the oldest kind of a school—"Now, Jack, you are about to take command of a large ship for the first time. I have told you how to manage, and how to conduct yourself in many emergencies, and have given you lots of tip-top advice, and if you don't benefit by the experience of one who has sailed sights of voyages and traversed no end of marine leagues, why, I wont leave you a dollar of my plunder; a dollar, no, not so much as a bungtown copper with a hole through it. Remember that, now. But aside from the management of a ship, a good many things occur in the course of a lifetime, which are altogether out of the common course of events; requiring prompt and decisive action, regardless of precedent. The commander of a ship should be self-reliant and decided in all he does; taking advice from no one whatever. He should strive to inspire all under his charge with confidence in his judgment. To do this he must always be right, or if he should err a little, he must make it appear that he was right at my risk. A sea captain, like a king, can do no wrong on board of his ship, and as he can shape everything to suit himself, and put whatever face he pleases upon matters, he is a fool if he ever acknowledges himself at fault. It was by preaching a little of this sort of thing, and making much of myself, that I gained—or rather extorted, the confidence of my owners and insurers at a very early age.

"A good many years ago, before I was out of my teens, or had fairly struck soundings on the coast of manhood, I was promoted to the berth of chief mate of the brig Salt Horse, of Boston. The second mate of the brig, who was several years older than myself, and didn't know more than half as much as he thought he did, was a sort of second hand cousin to one of my employers and gave himself airs accordingly; but so long as we were both subordinates, and he not subject to my orders, we got along very comfortably.

"The firm for which I sailed, traded to the West Indies, one of the partners—the second mate's cousin—residing permanently at Havana, the other at Boston. While laying at the former port, almost ready for sea, the captain of the Salt Horse was suddenly carried off by the yellow jack, when of course the command of the brig devolved upon myself as first officer, until I should be superseded by the owners.

"Having buried the captain, I repaired to the office of the resident partner for instructions, where I learned that, having resolved to return home in the brig, he had gone into the country on business, and would be on board the Salt Horse the following evening, when he expected her to be ready to put to sea without delay. In this posture of affairs I took the responsibility of doing precisely what I considered to be the most for the interest of the owners, as every officer ought; to wit, I transacted all the ship's business, effected an insurance and got out clearance papers with my own name as captain, and when, on the following evening, the owner made his appearance on board, the anchor was atrip, the sails hanging loose in the buntlines, and the brig all ready for a start.

"Mr. Smith—the owner—was naturally somewhat surprised at learning of the captain's death, and although he could not but justify my proceedings in the matter, he was not a little disappointed at my having appointed myself commander, it being his wish for his cousin, who was now my first mate, to take command. I of course expressed my willingness to relinquish all claim to the office which I had, as it were, inherited; but to make the necessary alterations in the brig's papers would have detained us another day, which was not to be thought of, and we accordingly hove up the anchor and stood out of the harbor.

"We had not been long at sea before it became apparent that, although I was the nominal captain, the owner and his cousin were disposed to divide the command between themselves. They were continually together, and as thick as five mice in a stocking. Nothing was attempted on board that the owner did not find fault with, or pester me with suggestions and directions; appealing to the mate in support of his views, and setting his judgment against mine, as though a ship was a republic, instead of what it is, and ought to be, an absolute monarchy of the most despotic character.

"I was not at all disposed to put up with this sort of thing, and gave them plainly to understand that, being captain of the brig, I intended to command her, in every sense of the word, and wished for no assistance. This led to a coolness between us, and from that time our intercourse was limited to something less than common civility. A good deal of plotting continued between the owner and the mate, which, however, I affected not to notice, and busied myself with navigating the vessel to the best of my ability. A little incident occurred shortly after, that gave me an opportunity of showing off my knowledge, my seamanship and my judgment to advantage, and I made the most of a lucky accident.

"When in the vicinity of the Island of Bahama, we were overtaken by a smart bit of a gale, which beat and banged us about at such a rate, that when the night came on, stormy and dark as a whole world full of Egypts, I was not altogether sure of my position, but keeping the craft under easy sail, I continued to jog along through the gloom with as much apparent confidence as though the broad ocean was before me. The owner and mate, aware of our proximity to land, although as ignorant as myself of its exact whereabouts, manifested no little alarm and indignation at my persisting in running the vessel, which they loudly declared would be ashore in less than an hour.

"My own judgment would have led me to heave the brig to, as by far the safest course, but as they had undertaken to dictate, I persisted in carrying sail nearly two hours longer than I otherwise would have done, and only laying the maintopsail to the mast when a sea of immediate danger overtook us, I hove to and lay 'grit.' Leaving the second mate in charge of the deck, with orders to call me if anything unusual transpired, I went to my state-room with every appearance of confidence, apparently to sleep, though in reality I was all eyes and ears, and far from easy as to the result. With the first glimpse of dawn, came a messenger to call me in great haste. Going upon deck, I found that we had passed, almost grazing, the island in the night, and the dangerous shore, lined with breakers, stretched away astern and to leeward of us.

"'Good heavens, Captain Bobstay,' said the owner, for the first time giving me my title, 'what a miraculous escape we have had!'

"'Not at all, Mr. Smith,' I replied, coolly lighting my pipe, though I was actually trembling with a sense of the appalling danger we had so narrowly avoided. 'Not at all, sir. Had I hove the brig to, in the early part of the night, we should have gone ashore of course, but by carrying sail as I did, we shunned all danger and gained a safe position; and though by so doing I was forced to disregard your wishes in the matter, I hope you will overlook my seeming obstinacy in the happy result.'

"My manner completely deceived him; no one suspected that chance or Providence had anything to do with it, and I gained a monstrous reputation, if not exactly for being able to see in the dark, at all events for superior knowledge of the coast, and it was no part of my plan to undeceive them.

"We made a very fair passage to the northward, considering the clumsy build and dull sailing qualities of the vessels at that period, and nothing occurred to disturb or increase the harmony of our relations on board until we were well up with the latitude of Boston, and scarcely two days' sail from that port, when we encountered a succession of head winds, with an average of two gales a week, each lasting three days and a half precisely, which effectually prevented our further progress. This was sufficiently annoying to all of us, but more particularly so to the owner, who was not only sea-sick and home-sick, but excessively desirous of getting his cargo early into market. I think it was nearly a month before this provoking head wind blew itself out, winding up with a violent gale, which carried both of our royal-masts over the side, and otherwise damaged our top hamper.

"The next morning broke clear and cloudless, with a fine leading breeze, a gentle sea, and all appearances indicating as fair a day as is often seen out of doors. The owner was in ecstacies; the crew in high spirits and eagerly awaiting the expected order to make sail. No less exhilarated than others by the bright weather and the prospect of being alongside the wharf inside of two days, I was about leaving my state-room with the intention of crowding the ship with canvass, when my eyes rested upon a little instrument that lay at the foot of my berth, which caused me to pause in no little astonishment.

"At that time, the invaluable, and now indispensable, instrument, the barometer, was comparatively unknown; the majority of merchant captains had never heard, or knew the use of such a thing. I was more fortunate, having been in possession of an excellent and valuable instrument for several years, during which period I had learned to depend implicitly upon its timely warnings, and had never known it to deceive me upon a single occasion. Owing to the coolness that existed between the owner, the mate and myself, I had never spoken to them of the instrument or its virtues, and they were probably unaware of its existence.

"It was this unerring weather glass that caught my eye by the merest accident, for I had not thought of consulting it under such a bright and cloudless sky. To my surprise, the column of mercury was lower that I had ever known it before, even in the midst of a hurricane. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not deceived, and examined the instrument more carefully; but there was no mistake; the column was still sinking, and concave on the top. There was evidently something more than ordinary in store for us.

"'Here's another excellent chance to glorify Captain Bobstay,' I said to myself, as I went upon deck and surveyed the serene and peaceful aspect of all around us.

"'Well, Captain Bobstay,' said the owner, as he approached me, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, 'I suppose we shall be in Boston by this time day after to-morrow.'

"'Scarcely so soon as that, sir,' I replied, carelessly.

"'Not so soon, why not, pray? We are not more than two hundred miles to the eastward of Race Point, and with this wind, what's to prevent us, I should like to know?'

"'I do not consider it safe to make sail with this wind, sir; it's not going to hold.'

"'Not make sail!' he ejaculated, in an accent of horrified astonishment. 'Not make sail, and such a day as this, with such a breeze! Really, Mr. Bobstay, you must be crazy!'

"'I am sorry to differ with you, Mr. Smith,' I replied, 'but you certainly must allow me to be the more competent judge of the weather.' Then turning to my second mate, 'Mr. Johnson,' I said, 'let the men furl all sail except the close-reefed maintopsail; send down the topgallant yards and masts; get up the preventer stays, and see everything snug, fore and aft, for heavy weather.'

The second mate, who had been expecting a very different order, hesitated and looked at me with astonishment.

"'Well, Mr. Johnson,' I said, sharply, 'how many times do you expect me to speak before I can have my commands obeyed?'

Thus admonished, he turned away with disappointed looks and repeated the order to the men, who slowly and reluctantly went aloft to their duty; while Mr. Smith dove down into the cabin to confer with the mate. Presently he returned on deck, and with a good deal of anger and determination, addressed me.

"'Mr. Bobstay,' he said, 'I demand an explanation of this insane conduct! Why do you not make sail?'

"'I have told you, sir, that I do not consider it either proper or safe to do so.'

"'Very well, sir,' he retorted, 'I—I—by—' You are probably aware that the firm of which I am one, own the vessel and everything belonging to her, and I have no reason to—to—that I have the power to appoint or discharge a master of any one of our ships that I may see fit.'

"'Yes, sir, I am aware of that fact.'

"'Then, sir, I have to inform you that you are no longer in our employ, and I call upon you to relinquish the command of this vessel into my hands.'

"'Mr. Smith,' I returned, firmly and decidedly, 'if we were in port, your request should be cheerfully complied with, but when I took charge of the brig at Havana, I agreed to take her safely to Boston, and I am responsible for her well being, and for the lives of all on board until she arrives there; it was with this consideration that the underwriters insured her, and I do not intend to desert my duty on the high seas. I alone am captain of this brig, and I intend to remain her captain until she reaches port. My authority here is superior to that of an owner or any other person except the commander of a ship of war, and I shall enforce my authority, with an eye to your own interest as well as to the safety of my own life and the lives of those under me.'

"'I call upon you,' shouted the exasperated man, turning to the crew, 'I call upon you to take the command out of the hands of this man; he is insane, a maniac, we shall never get into port.'

"'See here, Mr. Smith,' I returned, confronting him somewhat fiercely. 'You are merely a passenger on board my vessel, and unless you at once discontinue your ridiculous attempts to excite a mutiny, I shall be obliged to confine you to your state-room, or put you in irons; let me hear no more of it. As for you,' I continued, turning towards the crew and displaying a formidable pair of double-barrelled pistols, 'the first man that shows the slightest sign of insubordination shall receive the contents of one of these persuaders.'

"Mr. Smith, finding himself baffled, retired to the quarter deck and remained silent through the remainder of the day, while the crew sulky and sullen, grouped themselves upon the forecastle and whispered their fears and suspicions to each other.

"As the forenoon wore away, the weather seemed even to improve upon that of the morning; never had I beheld a lovelier day. Ships that had been blown off the coast by the prevailing head winds, were passing us every hour, under a cloud of canvass, inward bound, while we lay like a log upon the water. Occasionally, vessels passing within a short distance and observing our apparently disabled condition, would run down towards us and ask if we needed any assistance. A sententious 'no,' was the answer, and they stood on their course, wondering, doubtless, at our inactivity.

"Noon passed without any appearance of a change, and so peaceful and bright was the warm summer afternoon that serious doubts entered my own mind as to whether I was indeed pursuing a proper course. A visit to my barometer, however, which showed the mercury sunk to a positively frightful point, reassured me, and I returned to the deck with renewed resolution. All through the long afternoon the sky remained serene and cloudless, with a fair wind blowing, while we rolled helplessly upon the waves. More than once I observed the men forward whispering together, shaking their heads ominously, and glancing at me with no very peaceful looks, and I am convinced that nothing but the fear of my pistols prevented an open mutiny.

"As evening approached, a change, sudden and appalling, came over the face of the great deep. Almost in an instant the heavens became shrouded in a livid, ghastly pall, while the waves, as yet undisturbed by a breath of wind, leaped up into mountains, as if to assault the very heavens. And then burst over the ocean, and swept the coast of America, a storm such as never was seen before or since; a storm that strewed the coast with wrecks from Maine to Florida; a storm that feasted on thousands of human lives, that demolished villages and produced disastrous floods; a storm that cannot be described; a historical storm, which is still spoken of with dread and wonder as the great September gale of 1815.

"For days we were hurled about on the mad, boiling ocean like a weed. No one ventured, or could have existed an instant on the tempest-swept deck; the boldest and stoutest hearted among us were appalled in the presence of such a fearful manifestation of the awful power of Him 'who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand.' Death seemed but the natural result of such a war of the elements, but our time had not yet come. A good barometer, a kind Providence, and ample sea room proved our salvation, and we lived to fight another day.

"'Do you see that, Mr. Smith?' I said, pointing to a long line of wrecks that strewed the shore of Cape Cod, as we were running in for Boston light. 'These are the ships that passed us so gallantly on that pleasant day; had we stood in with them and caught that gale in the bay, with the land on three sides of us, we should have been in the same situation. But here comes the pilot to take us in, so now, Mr. Smith, I resign the brig into your hands as you requested me to the other day.'

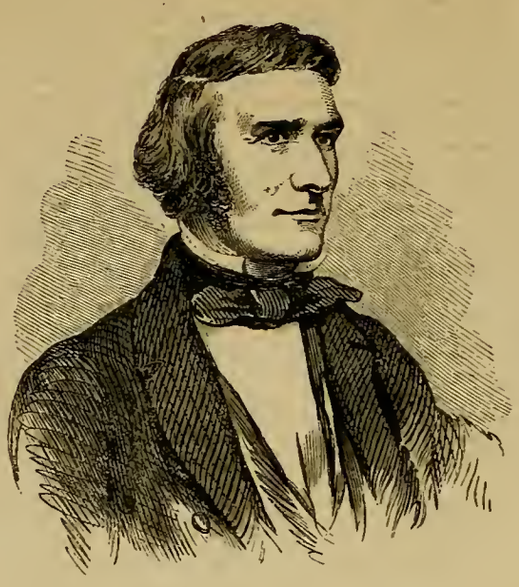
"'Captain Bobstay,' returned the owner, with much emotion, 'you are a sailor, every inch of you, while I am a landsman, and a very foolish one at that; forget my absurd and idiotic conduct on board the brig, and while I own a timber head in a ship, you shall command it.'

"And I did command, Jack," continued my uncle. "I always commanded in every sense of the word; and now that you have got the charge of a ship yourself, never forget while you are captain to be captain all over, from the highest hair on the top of your head to the lowest heel-tap on your boots; if you do, I wont own you. So now clear out and get aboard your ship, and let me hear a good account of you, or you'll get none of my plunder, mind that."

HON. ERASTUS BROOKS,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK EXPRESS.

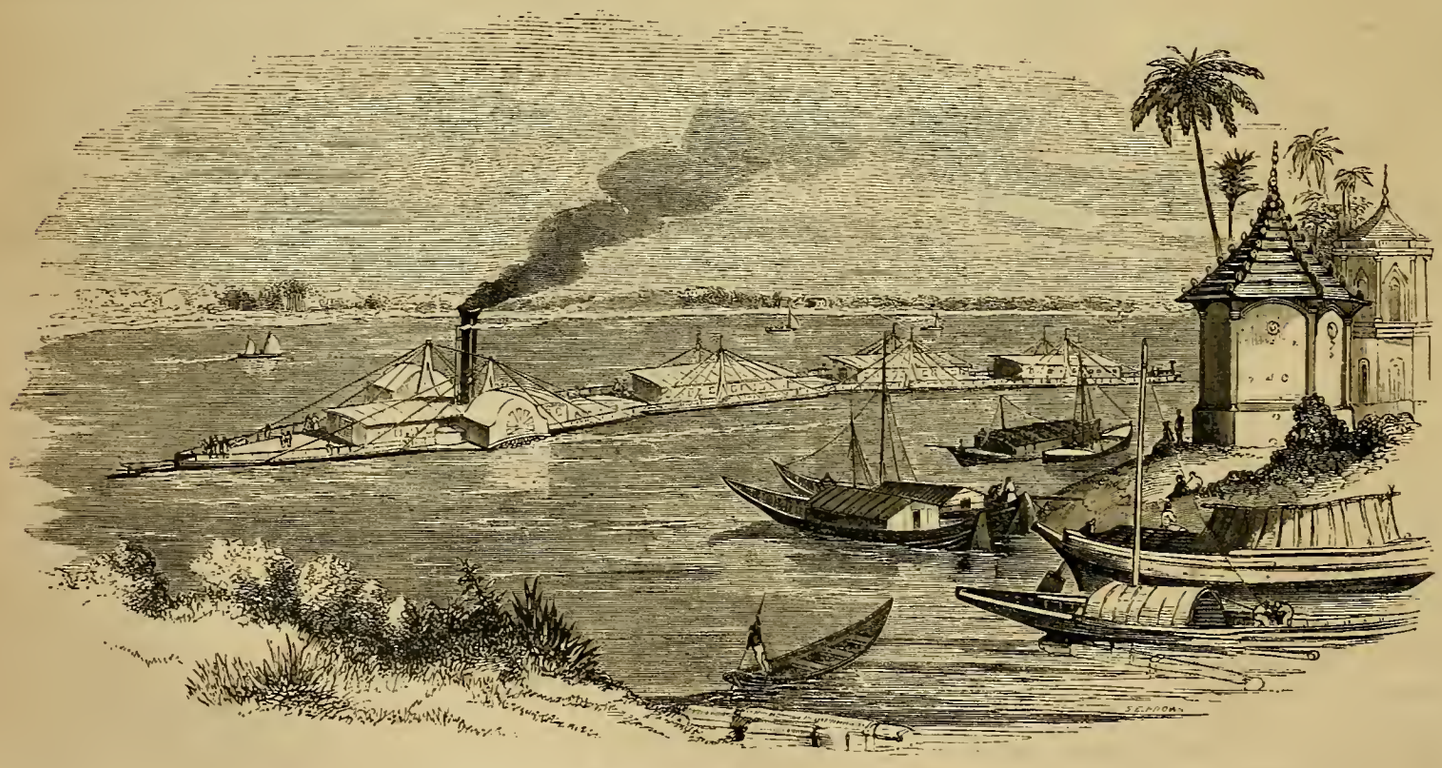
The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a fine ambrotype by that eminent and successful artist and operator, Brady of New York, and is consequently, a reliable likeness. The career of Mr. Brooks affords an encouraging and praiseworthy example of ability and resolution struggling successfully with adverse circumstances. Erastus Brooks was born in Portland, Maine, January 31, 1815. His ancestors were all New England men, and several members of his family were engaged in our revolutionary battles. In the war of 1812-15 his father, a man of bravery, skill, and patriotism, distinguished himself as commander of the "Yankee," which was lost while engaged in the public service, towards the close of the year 1814. His mother being left in straitened circumstances, young Brooks had to begin his struggles with the world when only eight years of age. He came to Boston and entered a store, at first, but afterwards learned the noble art of printing, and rose gradually to the position of printer, publisher and proprietor of a paper at Wiscasset, entitled the "Yankee," a name suggestive of its character, and a memento of his father's services. In the meantime, he had studied diligently, and acquired a valuable stock of information. He worked hard on his paper, setting the types, working the press, with the aid of a boy, and acting as carrier to his subscribers. To these duties he soon added that of editor. He afterwards prepared himself for college, paying his expenses while engaged in his classical studies, by setting type and teaching school, alternately. Entering Brown University at Providence, he had nearly completed his course with great credit, when the want of money and the necessity of providing for those dependent on him, compelled him to leave college. We find him subsequently the principal of a grammar school at Haverhill, Mass., and the editor and part proprietor of the "Haverhill Gazette." This position he relinquished in 1836, and repaired to Washington, D. C., where he corresponded with New England and New York journals, and where he enjoyed the personal confidence of such men as Clay, Webster, Adams and Fillmore. In the same year he obtained an interest in the New York Express, of which paper he still continues one of the editors and proprietor. During the session of Congress, he resides at Washington, attending to the correspondence and reports for his journal. In 1843 he visited Europe, and travelled very extensively on the continent, making, besides the "grand tour," visits to Norway and the heart of Russia. His copious letters from Europe during this journey, abound with spirited descriptions and shrewd observations, and are highly graphic and readable. In 1853, Mr. Brooks was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, as an exponent of the principles of the American party, and acted there a very conspicuous part. He was re-elected to the Senate by a majority of over 4000, an increase of 7000 over the vote at his first election. At the recent election he was the gubernatorial candidate of the American State Convention. Though defeated, Mr. Brooks led the American ticket in every county in the State. During the late presidential canvass, he travelled extensively, addressing large audiences in various sections of the country. He is a forcible, zealous and vigorous partizan speaker. As the Pictorial entirely ignores politics, we cannot, of course, comment on the political career and the political speeches of the subject of our sketch. They have been abundantly discussed *pro* and *con* by the political presses. But it affords us satisfaction to point out the energy and steadiness of purpose which have guided Mr. Brooks from early boyhood, and which have given him prominence and success, with no aids but those created by his own exertions. Born neither to fortune nor influence, he has attained a competence and secured powerful friends by his own industry, and by his own personal qualities. As an editor, he has made an honorable position for his journal in a city where great talent and vast capital are embarked in newspaper enterprise, and where a publication that does not possess robust stamina is sure to go to the wall. As a writer, Mr. Brooks is fluent and forcible, and his articles have that point and practical bearing which are generally characteristic of the productions of the self-taught and self-made man.



ERASTUS BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.

BOURNE'S RIVER STEAM TRAIN.

Interested as we Americans are in navigation, inland and oceanic, any new contrivance, either complete in itself or suggestive, is sure to receive consideration. We have, accordingly, placed on this page a representation of a steamer proposed by Mr. Bourne, an English engineer, to operate on the shallow and curving rivers of the East Indies, and which might possibly be brought to bear on some of the water-courses of South America. It is represented as voyaging down an India stream, and contrasts curiously with the native boats which are grouped in the right of our picture, and to which we have made more particular reference in our illustrated article on boats in the present number. Mr. Bourne's steamer, instead of being formed like a common vessel, more nearly resembles a floating railway train. It consists of a series of barges, articulated to one another like a hinge, so as to be able to bend, if necessary, in passing curves in the river, and to be exempt from straining if it gets aground upon an uneven surface. These barges are built of sheet iron, in the manner of pontoons, so as to float upon very little water; and, upon the deck of each, a wooden house of light construction is built, either for the accommodation of passengers or for carrying cargo. In the first of these barges, which is made larger than the rest, is placed the steam engine, which, by means of paddle-wheels, gives motion to the train. The length of the train can be increased or diminished at pleasure by putting on or taking off some of its constituent barges, and the length of the train will be varied with the quantity of merchandise required to be carried, and also, probably, with the physical peculiarities of the river which is to be ascended; but, on the larger rivers, Mr. Bourne computes that the train may be made sufficiently long to carry 250 tons, the average depth of water not being more than twelve or fifteen inches with this load. It is quite obvious, that, as the first boat may be made very sharp, and as the draft of water is so very inconsiderable, the train will be propelled with a less force than is necessary for ordinary steamers carrying the same load; and it is not difficult to understand how, with a power of 300 or 350 horses, a speed of fifteen miles an hour is maintained. The engine, for various obvious reasons, is of the high-pressure description, to which, in this case, there is no more objection than in the case of a railway locomotive, since the passengers are at one end of the train while the engine is at the other, and with several goods barges between them. It is an easy thing to determine the draft of water of a vessel when her weight and dimensions are known, as the vessel will always displace a weight of water equal to her own weight; so that, when the weight is given, the draft will be proportionate to her displacing dimensions. In the case of a flat-bottomed barge 36 feet wide, it will require a ton weight per foot in the length of the barge (including the weight of the barge itself) to sink it one foot in the water, since 36 cubic feet of water weigh one ton very nearly. If, then, from this total weight the weight of the barge be deducted, the difference will be the weight of cargo that can be carried upon one foot draft of water. Mr. Bourne reckons that his train will float upon six inches of water without any cargo, so that, upon a 12 inches draft, the weight of cargo carried will be about the same as the weight of the train itself. It will be obvious from the foregoing exposition, that a high speed with large carrying power and a large draft of water are attainable by the means Mr. Bourne proposes; but these qualities, though important,, do not of themselves afford the solution of the problem involved in the navigation of Indian rivers with that certainty and expedition which give steam locomotion most of its value. The shoalest part of the shoalest of the rivers it is proposed to navigate, is not less than two feet *in the channel*, in the driest time of the year; but, as the channel is continually shifting, so that there is no assurance that a steamer can always keep it, and as she will consequently have sometimes to pass over shoals on which there is less than two feet of water, it is necessary to provide means for the accomplishment of this object in an effectual and satisfactory manner. Mr. Bourne has accordingly furnished his barges with wheels, which, when the train grounds, may be depressed by appropriate screw gear until they rest upon the bottom of the river; and upon these wheels the train is carried off or over the shoal, in the same manner as if it were a train of railway wagons. Each barge is provided with a pair of these wheels, of a sufficient number of feet in width of tire to prevent it from sinking into moderately hard ground to an inconvenient extent; and the periphery of this wheel, or drum, is serrated, to enable it to bite the ground, whereby, when the wheel is turned round by appropriate gearing, the train is propelled. If the bottom be very soft, or if it consists of quicksand, the train will be able to force its way through without the necessity of resorting to the wheels; whereas, if the bottom be hard, so that the train cannot pass through the deposit, then the wheels will necessarily have a sustaining power which will enable the train to pass over the shoal like a train of wagons over a slight eminence upon the land. There is, obviously, no difficulty in giving the sustaining wheels the same amount of bearing surface per ton of weight as is given to the wheels of the common carts employed for agricultural purposes; and if these carts are able to pass through a river, or along a sea-beach, in a foot depth of water, it is clear that any other kind of vehicle, with an equal amount of bearing surface per ton upon the wheels, must have the same capability. To obviate any straining of the barges, when resting in the middle on the wheels, instead of resting equally upon the water, a suitable trussing is applied, like the ropes of a suspension-bridge, which accomplishes the object without adding much to the weight. With these explanatory remarks, we believe the view we have given of the steam train ascending one of the rivers of India will be readily understood. In the paddle-wheel, the flat-boards are placed somewhat spirally upon the periphery, so as to make the action upon hard ground continuous, instead of consisting of a succession of lifts. In some cases, depending partly upon the size of the train, and partly on the nature of the soil, the paddle-wheels are made the sustaining and dragging wheels for carrying the steamer over otherwise impassable shallow places.



BOURNE'S RIVER STEAM TRAIN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. F.—Very acceptable, filed for insertion.

A Mother.—Our own opinion is, that all clairvoyants who pretend to administer medicine while in a state of trance, are simply impostors!

A. W. S.—When a corner of the card is turned down, it signifies that it was left personally by the party whose name it bears.

Vocalist.—The human voice is at its height of strength and perfection at the age of twenty-eight. It declines rapidly after forty.

Viola.—A sweet poem, but far too long for our columns.

L. W.—Van Diemen's Land is 250 miles in extreme length, and 200 in width; contains 24,000 square miles, or 15,000,000 acres, of which 150,000 are under cultivation. The population is about 100,000.

P. H. D.—The Kremlin is a citadel, containing cathedrals, palaces and government offices. Its walls date from the year 1300. Like the great wall of China, the Kremlin was built to resist the attacks of the Tartars. It is called the heart of Moscow, and Moscow is styled the heart and soul of Russia.

M. H., Iowa.—Answered by mail—book sent.

A. H.—We will not controvert your criticism, but circumstances do not sustain your premises; for Mr. Forrest's engagement in our city was a most brilliant and complete success.

N. H.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, is a Yankee. He was born in the town of Preston, Connecticut, fifty-two years ago.

C. H. W.—Unless you tell us where your paper has been sent heretofore, how is it possible for us to comply with your request?

B. E., Salem.—It cannot be, for Mr. Dickens is but forty-two years of age at the present time.

W. H. D.—A glance at the last presidential message will answer you. The country was never in a more prosperous condition, pecuniarily speaking, and is a marvel to the older nations of the world in this respect.

Mary C.—Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., in 1807.

Querist.—The quantity of ale consumed in England is enormous. There are over one hundred wholesale brewers in London alone. It is the national drink. In the time of James I. it was only a penny a quart.

L. N. S.—It was the French who first extracted sugar from beet roots; but there are several sugar refineries now in England, where beets are extensively used.

B. C.—The Bank of England is the pet of the government; the circulation of its notes has reached over £30,000,000, on a specie basis of half that amount. It has its branches all over Great Britain.

C. D. W.—Elihu Burritt is forty-five years of age; he has shown a peculiar faculty for the acquiring of languages, but has never given evidence of any remarkable scholarship. He is now in England.

M. W.—Fountains of boiling or hot water are not uncommon in volcanic countries. There are a number of them in the Azores.

L. F. G.—Naples has a population numbering nearly twice as many as the city of Boston. Rome is just about the same in numbers as Boston.

A. W.—George Bancroft, the historian, resides in New York city; his birthplace is Worcester, Mass. He is in his 64th year.

"THE MYSTERIOUS MINER!"—Any one who has friends in California, will not fail to read the story now publishing in the *Flag of our Union*, by Mrs. L. S. Goodwin, "The Mysterious Miner: or, The Gold Diggers of California." A startling tale of our own time.

DR. KANE.—The health of this gallant man is probably irretrievably ruined, though a few of his friends hope that the mild air of Cuba will restore him. At any rate, he will go on no more Arctic expeditions.

CLUBS!—Send in the names and money as fast as obtained. Every remittance will be duly credited to the getter-up of the club, and the whole added up on the first of February, and prizes awarded.

FUEL.—It is estimated that the coal mines in Illinois this year have turned out 352,000 tons.

SPLINTERS.

.... At the lowest price, the Indian corn crop of this country is far more valuable than the cotton crop.

.... John Bancroft, who murdered Mr. Sweetser of Roxbury, last August, gets twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor.

.... The new cent pieces are composed of copper, nickel and zinc, and are as large as the old half cent pieces.

.... If European governments let mercantile enterprise go free, we will relinquish privateering altogether.

.... The town of Chelsea may before long receive a city charter. It has more than enough inhabitants to claim it.

.... About fifty-six vessels of all classes were launched at New York during the past year—tonnage 42,470.

.... In Canada, the name of the person who officiates as capital executioner is never made public.

.... A fine new conservatory, to be completed this month, is now being erected in our Public Garden.

.... Ballou's Dollar Monthly now circulates *sixty-nine thousand copies*. A new volume is just commenced.

.... The New England Society of Montreal celebrated the landing of the Pilgrims on total abstinence principles.

.... Don't eat food cooked in yellow-glazed crockery. Some chicken soup thus cooked poisoned a family lately.

.... Frances, widow of the late Tobias Lear, private secretary to Gen. Washington, died at Washington lately.

.... Miss May, who is singing at the Italian opera, London, is a niece of Mr. Gales of the National Intelligencer.

.... It has been suggested that an American daily paper ought to be established in London, England.

.... Several of the bonded warehouses in New York have been closed by order of the secretary of the treasury.

.... A young man in England was sentenced to imprisonment for catching a hare on land his father rented.

.... A scheme is on foot to run a steam line between Bristol, England, and Australia. It pays well.

.... To produce a pound of silk requires the labor of two thousand nine hundred silk worms.

.... The Atlantic Ocean is estimated at three miles, and the Pacific Ocean at four miles deep.

.... There are about 9000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb. 5000 bees weigh a pound.

.... During the past year, buildings valued at $1,600,000 have been erected at Dubuque, Iowa.

ABUSE OF THIS COUNTRY.

A Frenchman named Gaillardet, who made a fortune in New York by a paper published in the French language, sold out and went home a few years since, and in Paris became a convert to the Napoleonic system. He lately re-visited this country, and is employing his pen in the columns of a Paris journal, in the attempt to prove that our glorious country is retrograding instead of advancing in civilization. He tells his readers that while civilization is manifestly being propagated in the old world, it seems to have experienced a check in the new, and as if the moral sun could not dart its rays on two sides at once, the western portion of the globe is darkened, while the eastern is being lighted up. We suppose he referred to the blaze of English and French artillery, Congreve rockets and Lancaster shells in the Crimea, and to the fact that the sultan of Turkey, following the example of some of the dignitaries of western Europe, has learned to consume three bottles of Champagne or Burgundy at a sitting, while his subjects get more economically if not more gloriously drunk on rum. Or perhaps he looks a little nearer home, and among the evidences of progressive civilization, exults in the complete muzzling of the French press, and in the interdiction of all free political assemblages and discussions.

He says of the Americans: "To get rich has been their only business, as private men; to extend their power, their only idea, as a nation. Might has been substituted for right in their foreign and domestic relations." Why, Mr. Gaillardet, we are absolutely astounded at the cool impudence of your assertions! Are you aware that our army is a mere handful, scarcely large enough to repel the aggression of the savages on our frontiers! Are you aware that our navy is hardly large enough to show the stars and stripes in all the ports where its presence is required in time of peace! Look at home, Mr. Gaillardet, and let your censorship begin there. Look at the vast standing army which alone sustains the throne of your emperor; count the cost of military and naval armaments to your suffering country. Let us have the number of your hordes of police spies—let us hear your national schemes of aggrandizement and extension in Africa. And you talk of our pursuit of wealth! Why, the greed of gold on the part of your countrymen is unparalleled. You are a nation of stock-jobbers, from your emperor downwards; and you know very well that avarice and luxury are the capital sins of modern France. We should be at a loss to account for your statements if we did not happen to know abuse of free countries to be now the most popular staple in the European market, and that telling the truth respecting them is not permitted in these latter days by your immaculate ruler. Fortunately, such attacks do not do us the slightest harm.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE PHEASANT SHOOTING.

The fine engraving on the last page offers us, as a central figure, Eugenie, empress of the French, in her sporting costume, pheasant shooting in the woods of Compiegne, where Louis Napoleon lately held his court, occupying the fall season in shooting and hunting the deer, with all the style of the old French monarchs, and much to the dissatisfaction of his lieges of Paris who happened just then to be starving. The empress, pretty in any dress, looks particularly *piquante* in her Amazonian attire, and handles her gun with the facility of a veteran sportsman. A little beyond, Louis Napoleon (a striking likeness) is watching the result of her shot, with his eye on the fine pheasant on the wing. Behind the empress, several chasseurs, richly uniformed, are in waiting with loaded fowling-pieces, to supply her hand. In front, a liveried gamekeeper is stooping to pick up one of the feathered victims of her majesty's skill. With the exception of the emperor and empress and a few of their guests, there were very few good shots at Compiegne. Indeed, it is said that the game-keepers were obliged to keep pheasants in traps and loose them directly in the path of the sportsmen, so as to give them a chance to kill something.

QUALMS OF CONSCIENCE.—There are certain persons in this queer world of ours who are very ingenious in quieting their consciences. They are never troubled by the inward monitor. Old Ferdinand of Naples, who was very fond of shooting, went tottering about with his gun and dogs when his queen lay dead in the palace. But, as a compromise with his conscience, between love of his amusement and grief for his bereavement, he told his courtiers he should shoot nothing but "very little birds."

OUR FRIENDS.—Let those who feel friendly to us be good enough to show *Ballou's Pictorial* to their friends, and let them know that such a work can be had for *six cents* per copy, or $3 a year—the cheapest paper in the world! The London Illustrated News, same style, size and cost, is 25 cts. per number, or $12 a year.

TOO BAD.—Several thousand dollars' worth of property is said to have been stolen from the yellow fever vessels at quarantine, in New York harbor, last summer. The goods were landed on the Long Island shore, and doubtless contributed to spread the disease.

A NOTED CHARACTER.—Col. Hiram Pearson, of California, who lately challenged the Archduke Charles, and insisted on sitting in the pope's chair, is said to be an ex-painter of Chicago. That accounts for wishing to have a *brush* with an archduke.

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.—Donald G. Mitchell (Ike Marvel) has been lecturing successfully, lately, on Venice, a never-failing theme for poets, painters and writers. He was formerly consul at Venice.

YELLOW FEVER.—It is said that this terrible disease may be cured by submitting the patient to a freezing temperature, which destroys the virus.

SNOW FLAKES.

That we are not to pass through the winter without a fair average of snow, is now pretty evident; we have an earnest of the white deluge already. This we cannot regret, for a northern winter without snow or sleighing is a dreary period, and the agricultural interest gives us a hint to be grateful for the ermine covering of good old Mother Earth. The first snow-fall of the season is an event of deep interest. It is generally preceded by the universal hush of nature. Not a twig stirs in the wide landscape; the very rivulets, yet unchained by ice, seem to murmur a subdued melody. You could daguerreotype the scene, and take your own time to do it, for even the tremulous birches are sirless. The "poplar trembling high" is motionless, and as for the giant oaks, they stand as if carved of inflexible marble. Over all bends the gray sky, uniform in color from the horizon to the zenith.

Anon a few fine flakes, little crystallized particles, descend gently. You can just detect their stealthy passage against some dark object, the black trunk of a tree, or the side of an old barn. But they follow faster and faster, and the brown grass disappears, and the range of vision is limited, and soon the whole air is filled with vibrating whiteness—feathers from the wings of airy sprites, down from the unseen eiders, pure and unsullied as purity itself.

> "Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
> At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
> Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
> With a continual flow. The cherished fields
> Put on their winter robe of purest white,
> 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
> Along the many currents. Low the woods
> Bow their hoar head, and ere the languid sun,
> Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
> Earth a universal face, deep hid, and chill,
> Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
> The works of man."

To the young, this spectacle is a vision of delight. It is suggestive of the music of bells, the arrowy rush of horses, the gliding of runners, the festive meeting at the fireside, the dance in the old tavern hall. But weary eyes look out upon the falling flakes from dim and frosty window-panes, and weary hearts sink and sadden at the increase of hardship the snow-storm brings in its train. As we plan our winter pleasures, while the snow-flakes fall, let the voice of charity be heard pleading her impressive claims.

CHOICE RUSSIAN.—American gentlemen about visiting Russia will find most trouble with the droschky drivers. We offer them a few phrases (genuine) that are indispensable. 1, Na prova—to the right; 2, Na leva—to the left; 3, Pasbol-scorrei—go ahead; 4, Stoi—stop; 5, Dorak—fool; 6, Tippian—you are intoxicated. The last two phrases will be oftenest required.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Michael Tierney to Miss Bridget Cosgrove; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Robert B. Denny, of Keokuk, Iowa, to Miss Vallie R. Titcomb; by Rev. Mr. Hale, Mr. Edward Richmond to Miss Mary Ellen Hall; by Rev. Dr. Cushman, Mr. Charles H. Mann to Miss Emily S., daughter of the officiating clergyman; by Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. Ernest Becker to Miss Anna Frances Rice, of Dorchester; by Rev. Mr. Foller, Mr. James D. Mitchell to Miss Rowena Brown; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. Orion Green to Miss Julia A. Bennett; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Allen P. Bovee to Miss Sarah A. Blood.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mr. William L. Whiting to Miss Martha E. Beal, of Cohasset.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Chelsea, Mr. Charles A. Gleason, of Boston, to Miss Emeline L. Bean.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Rader, Mr. J. Frank Kelsey, of Lacon, Ill., to Miss Martha D. Seaver.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Babcock, Mr. Emile E. Masson to Miss Isabella Bennett, both of Boston.—At Saugus, by Rev. Mr. Hatch, Mr. Philip Waldmyer, of Boston, to Miss Sarah J. Fiske.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Edward T. Wardwell to Miss Harriet Ware.—At North Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Mr. George W. Bailey, of Boston, to Miss Hannah W. Briggs.—At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Dr. Cook, Mr. William N. Shipman, of Boston, to Miss Nellie V. Smith of Chelsea.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Lucy A. Tompkins, 27; Mr. William Hillman, 64; Mrs Ann Plunkett, 80; Grace Foster Johnston, 77; Mr. Jonathan Whitney, of Brighton, 52; Mrs. Sarah M. Hall.—At South Boston, Mrs. Elijah A. Blanchard, 21.—At Cambridge, Hon. Sidney Willard, 76.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Henry Emery, 47.—At Watertown, Joseph Eveleth, Esq., late sheriff of the county of Suffolk, 67; Mrs. Susan Cole, 65.—At North Weymouth, Mr. Lincoln Newton, 47.—At North Abington, Mr. John Wild, 73.—At Abington, Mrs. Mary Howland, 46.—At Lynn, Mrs Lydia Newhall, 76.—At Saugus, Mr. Geo. Newhall, 59.—At Salem, Mr. John A. Derby, 32.—At Marblehead, Mr. Samuel A. Brown, 21.—At Danversport, Mrs. Hannah T. Lawrence, 82.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Sarah Coos, 65.—At Newburyport, Mr. Philip Blumpey, 84.—At Salisbury, Mrs. Martha French, 66.—At Pepperell, Capt. Nathan Shipley, 84.—At Tyngsboro', Mr. James Butterfield, 41.—At Worcester, Mrs. Esther Marie Stowell, 29.—At Leicester, Mr. Alpheus Smith, 74.—At West Springfield, Mrs. Persis Brooks, 92.—At Fairhaven, Ruby, wife of Robert Brownell, 78, a member of the Society of Friends.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. John S. Milton, 33.—At Pelham, N. H., Edward Wyman, Esq., 84.—At St. Helena, of dysentery, Capt. J. C. Clapp, master of barque Washington Allston.—At Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Nahum M. Mitchell, formerly of Boston, 39.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HUMAN HEART.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

As when by storms is lashed the mighty ocean
With elemental din,
So, ruled and swayed by every new emotion,
The heart hath ever been.

It is a cloister, in whose dim recesses
Our purposes and aims
Are consecrated by the fond caresses
Of hope's undying flames.

A nursery, where lofty aspirations,
Expanding every hour,
Are shielded from all weakening frustrations,
To bloom the perfect flower.

And, as of old, sweet strains of music flowing,
From Memnon's statue came—
The heart, with glorious thoughts and fancies glowing,
Can utter sounds of fame.

We are not beasts—within this frail creation
A living spirit reigns:
To angels holds its close affiliation,
And until death remains.

THE MOON.

The Moon was pallid, but not faint,
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way,
In hours of trial and dismay;
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the *hot and burning stars*,
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength and try
Her holiness and her purity.—LONGFELLOW.

HAPPINESS.

There are in this rude, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.—KEBLE.

FRIENDSHIP.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.—WORDSWORTH.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We sadly regret to learn of the continued illness of Saxe, the poet. Probably he will never recover from the serious illness that afflicts him. He traces it to the severe attack of fever and ague which he incurred while lecturing in the West, and which seems to have undermined his constitution.....One of the most graceful and effective speakers we know of, is Col. Greene, of the Boston Post. He speaks to the point, is always good-natured, happy in his wit, and never bitter against any one. We don't care a fig for politics, but speak entirely in a personal sense.,.....None of our readers who will be advised by us, will fail to read Dr. Kane's account of his late Arctic expedition. The work is surpassingly interesting, and is an invaluable addition to American literature. It is difficult to understand how human beings could suffer what these adventurous men did, and still survive. Not a page of the two volumes is dull in a single line.....In this progressive age, we observe that cows are being pressed into the service of the farmer in a new capacity. In California, they are very generally used for plowing; and one who writes understandingly upon the subject, in a paper now before us, says that with *good care*, and easy driving, they do as well, if not better, with some work, than those of their kind left to feed and ruminate only. The cows thus used give as much milk as they did previously.....Punch, the inimitable, the daring wag, and not unfrequently the sage philosopher, throws off now and then, amid the steady flow of his wit and exuberant hilarity, a sparkling pearl of wisdom and beauty. He says;—"Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self." True as holy writ.....It may be of interest to the lady readers of "Ballou's Pictorial," to know that small bonnets, lately all the rage in Paris, are in fact going out of fashion, and those of more reasonable dimensions are being adopted.....The late Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D.D., who was pastor of King's Chapel, in this city, was much beloved and respected. He was but forty-nine years of age, a devout Christian, and a truly good man. It is refreshing to hear a man so spoken of by those who knew him best, now that he is gone.....One of the most positive evidences of progress and civilization, is the freedom of the press. We can in this country and our day, hardly conceive of the opposite condition. Charles X. warred against the liberty of the press, and was dethroned. Louis Philippe did the same, and met a similar fate. Louis Napoleon should take warning by their example; his myrmidons are now busy in playing the spy for him upon every daily issue.... .The citizens of New York talk of tunneling the East River at its narrowest point between the city and Brooklyn. The plan has been pronounced entirely feasible by a board of engineers. It will be a great *bore* while building, of course.....Major Ben: Perley Poore, with his jovial look and cordial grip of the hand, has just looked in upon us. That wheelbarrow load of apples, wheeled over thirty miles by the major, in the honest payment of his debt, has put his name in every mouth from Maine to California. The major is a ripe scholar, a good lecturer, a capital farmer, and a true friend.....A little kitten has been playing about the floor of our sanctum for a fortnight past, affording amusement for an occasional leisure moment. Who has not watched the exquisitely graceful movements of these little creatures at play? So natural, so innocent—what a picture of artlessness! It is only a few *weeks* old, and yet a little care will draw out so much apparent intelligence in its habits; but its kittyhood will soon be gone, and then kitty must go, too.....We like to chronicle the fact, that a new high school-house has just been erected and dedicated on Academy Hill, Nantucket. Multiply the school-houses—they are stronger bulwarks than ships of war, or battalions of soldiers.....Childhood is often most happily delivered of thought. A gentleman asked a little girl what it was that made a person feel so when another tickled him. "I suppose it is the laugh creeping over him," was the instant reply.....It is confidently expected that by the Fourth of July next, we shall be in direct communication with England by means of the submarine telegraph. This once successfully accomplished, what may we not expect next?.....A friend writing us from Atalanta, Ga., says:—"We really feel indebted to you for the delightful reading matter with which you freight "Ballou's Pictorial" each week." Now, if our kind subscriber did but know it, he should rather thank us for what we do *not* publish. An editor often deserves more credit for what he leaves out, than what he puts into his paper.....It is a fact, which perhaps few of our readers are aware of, that bees were not originally natives of New England; they were introduced into Boston by the English, in 1670, and have since spread over the continent. We feel a little indignant at their not being indigenous here, but it can't be helped.....The gas stove in our sanctum warms the apartment like magic. A flash of a match kindles our fire, and a turn of the valve puts it out again; no funnel, no dirt—indeed, it is quite the thing.....The practice was universal in the first ages for mankind to sleep upon the skins of beasts. Straw was used in the royal chambers of England as late as the fifteenth century. It was those luxurious dogs, the Romans, who first used feathers....."How full of briers is this working-day world." In a single copy of a late New York daily paper, now before us, we count two suicides, one murder, one large incendiary fire, a girl shot and nearly fatally wounded in the street, in broad day, two heavy business failures, and one ascertained death by starvation, not to mention others unknown who died of hunger!.....There are on our exchange list some fifteen excellent agricultural weekly papers, giving tokens of the rapidly increasing importance of this department of industry in the United States. Lord Chatham said, that trade increased the glory and wealth of a country, but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land.....One cannot read the statistical facts brought to light by the late presidential message, and the reports from the various heads of departments, without experiencing a little pride in realizing the rapid increase in wealth and national importance of our beloved country. "America, half brother of the world!".....A brief notice appeared in a contemporary print of this city, a few days since, relating the sad pecuniary want of a widowed mother struggling to sustain her family of four young children, nearly starving and thinly clad. A small sum of money for immediate relief had been supplied at once by the Christian hand of the publisher referred to, but ere another Saturday night had passed, one hundred and thirty dollars, besides bountiful gifts of clothing, had been placed in the poor woman's own hands, by anonymous contributors, who carried or sent to her humble abode. Many kind hearts and open hands there are in this city—but alas! how much of misery there is unseen and unrecorded!.....The wood-sawyers of Albany are getting up an annual ball. Well, why not! If we were *axed*, and *saw* no objection, we *wood* certainly attend.....We met Mr. Benton at table, lately; he is hale and hearty, numbering some seventy years. His present lecturing tour of our eastern cities has been very successful, and "Old Bullion" expresses himself with entire satisfaction as it regards his visit to Yankee land.....A friend, lately from Washington city, tells us that he was shown in the post-office department, a small folio ledger of not more than three quires of paper, upon which Franklin, when postmaster-general, kept all his accounts relating to the department for two years! At present three thousand largest-sized ledgers are required to keep the accounts of the department.....Mr. George Vandenhoff, of whom we gave an excellent portrait in "Ballou's Pictorial," lately, is teaching elocution in this city to a very large class, and lecturing with marked success in our environs.....We lately met with a curious fact recorded relative to the lace which is manufactured in Belgium—the finest kind being made in cellars, and kept there, lest exposure to the air should render it liable to break. This thread sells for 1800 francs a pound, and has been known to bring the sum of 10,000 francs!.....A native of Kentucky, with a railway imagination, wishes to know how long it will be before they open the *equinoctial line*.....Carlyle says, "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world." Not very flattering, but very true.....An eccentric gentleman of fortune, named Saunders, has taken a fancy to build a house, in the neighborhood of London, with stone from the fortifications of Sebastopol. He has gone out in a little vessel of his own for the purpose of obtaining them. There is no accounting for tastes; now we would quite as willingly have Malone sandstone.....A word once spoken, a coach with four horses cannot overtake it and bring it back. It will no do harm to remember this saying.....A subscriber in Attica, New York, asks how the name of blue-stocking came applied to a certain class of the gentler sex. In looking up the matter, we find that this term applied to literary ladies, was originally conferred on a society of literary persons of both sexes, in 1760. One of the most active promoters of the society was Benjamin Stillingfleet, the distinguished naturalist and miscellaneous writer, who always wore blue worsted stockings; and hence, from such a trifle, arose the name.....Speaking of Stillingfleet, we once saw in a private library, in New York, an exceedingly rare little book, entitled "Calendar of Flora," an original edition by him, published in London some time in 1760.....Edwin Forrest looked in upon us a day or two since, as genial and manly as ever. He exhibits, physically, just our idea of masculine perfection, with a countenance sternly handsome. Mr. Forrest has no equal upon the stage, either in Europe or America.....A religious fanatic, in New Orleans, lately undertook to fast forty days and forty nights, but made a most ridiculous failure of it, dying on the sixth evening. If he could only have held out for a fortnight, it would have been quite a respectable suicide; but to die inside of a week—faugh! it was perfectly disgusting.....How few persons who make use of the exclamation *boh!* to startle little children, are aware of its origin. Boh was a fierce barbarian general, who flourished just before the Christian era. The exclamation of his name terrified his enemies, and is used to this day to frighten children!.....We chanced to see a bouquet thrown to a danseuse at one of our city theatres, a few night since, doubtless intended to fall at the fair one's feet; but it unfortunately alighted full in her face, the stems even drawing blood from her cheek. We would not advise the young lady to *countenance* such a procedure again.....A gentleman belonging to the United States Navy assures us that this branch of our national defence was never in a better condition than at the present moment. Though our ships and steamers are not numerous, they are of the most efficient character, and, in many respects, superior to those of any other nation. Especially is this the case with the late addition of six steamships, the batteries of which are marvels of fearful power, and entirely new and American in their plan and completion. To be prepared for all emergencies often prevents their occurrence.....Major March (a nom de plume), of the United States Army, called upon us a few days since. He is the pleasant author of "Face, an Army Memoir," and "Shoepac Recollections," which have been noticed in our columns. He is under orders for Florida, to have a brush perhaps with the Indians. We shouldn't mind breathing the air of Florida ourself about these cold dates of a New England winter. God speed the major! May he come back to write another agreeable book of army life.....Have we omitted to mention that the Grand Duke Constantine proposes to visit this country next spring? He contemplates coming over for a brief season with a Russian fleet, and expresses great admiration and friendship for the United States. Let him come—he's welcome.....The American reader gets his weekly and daily papers very cheap—comparatively speaking, wonderfully so. The London Times, daily, costs its subscribers about $24 a year—weekly issues in like proportion.

The impulse which directs to right conduct, and deters from crime, is not only older than the ages of nations and cities, but coeval with that Divine Being who sees and rules both heaven and earth.—*Cicero.*

If thou must needs have thy revenge of thine enemy, with a soft tongue break his bones, heap coals of fire on his head, forgive him and enjoy it.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Choice Miscellany.

GREEK WEDDING CUSTOMS.

The bride was arrayed "in gleam of satin and glimmer of pearl," with a white wreath and veil, the Frankish ideal of simplicity and splendor. Her coronation with an artificial chaplet constitutes, as in Sweden, the climax of the marriage ritual. Among the poorer classes there are variations of ceremony. "The more important preparations for the wedding uniformly commence on Thursday evening. Toward dusk, the young men who have been invited bring the wood necessary for cooking purposes; while the young women meet to sift the coarse flour that is to be employed. On Friday they again assemble to cleanse the wheat, and to grind it in the hand-mill. The flour thus obtained is used that very evening, when the maidens gather round the kneading-trough to fashion several kinds of cake. One of the girls—who, according to ancient custom, must have both her parents living—begins the kneading, while the others, standing around, throw in various coins, and sing ditties, which are mostly quite unintelligible, but have been handed down traditionally from dame to daughter for generations. The cakes made of this dough are sent to all the friends of the parties, as invitations to attend the wedding. Another large cake is prepared at the same time, to be cut on Sunday evening at the house of the bridegroom, as a signal for the termination of the festivities."—*Baird's Modern Greece.*

THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

The steamship "Soho" recently arrived at London, with the last consignment of Assyrian antiquities from the ancient Nineveh. They consist of about fifty cases of the most artistic sculptures yet discovered in this earliest postdiluvian city, representing the queen of Assyria feasting under the shadow of the vine, the king engaged in a lion-chase, and after, in the act of pouring forth a libation. There is also a splendid and almost unbroken hunting series, comprising not only lions, but wild asses caught in a noose or lasso; also a procession of the sportsmen bearing away birds, hares, etc., But still more interesting than these treasures of antiquity are the slabs bearing the famous inscription on the winged bull at the entrance to the palace of Sennacherib, recording his memorable expedition against Hezekiah, in which 180,000 of his warriors, "unsmote by the sword," in a single night, "melted like snow in the glance of the Lord."—*Boston Journal.*

AFRICAN ABSOLUTISM.

The king of Dahomey is one of the most absolute tyrants in the world; and being regarded as a demigod by his own subjects, his actions are never questioned. No person ever approaches him, not even his favorite chiefs, without prostrating themselves at full length on the ground, and covering their faces and heads with earth. It is a grave offence to suppose that the king eats, drinks, sleeps, or performs any of the ordinary functions of nature. His meals are always taken to a secret place, and any man that has the misfortune or temerity to cast his eyes upon him in the act is put to death. If the king drinks in public—which is done on some extraordinary occasions—his person is concealed by having a curtain held up before him, during which time the people prostrate themselves, and afterwards shout and cheer at the very top of their voices.—*Wilson's Western Africa.*

GOING AHEAD.

Before the year 1800, there was not a single steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steamboat in 1804; now there are 3000 steamboats traversing the waters of America, and the time saved in travel is equal to 70 per cent. In 1800, there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States there are now 8797 miles of railroad, costing $286,000,000 to build, and about 22,000 miles of railroad in England and America. The locomotive will now travel in as many hours a distance which required, in 1800, as many days to accomplish. In 1800, it took weeks to convey intelligence between Philadelphia and New Orleans; now it can be accomplished in minutes by the electric telegraph, which only had its beginning in 1843.—*Portland Transcript.*

New Publications.

A PHYSICIAN'S VACATION: or, *A Summer in Europe*. By WALTER CHANNING. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 8vo. pp. 564.

England, Russia, France, Spain and Germany are the countries our traveller passed over rapidly, but not unobservantly. On the contrary, we are surprised at the mass of facts he has accumulated in his pleasant journal, and the excellent use he made of his time. His book is one that will be read and re-read with pleasure.

THE YOUNG YAGERS. By Captain MAYNE REED. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. pp. 328.

Captain Reed's vivid and graphic style is well adapted to the delineating of stirring hunting adventures in South Africa, which form the staple of this book. It is addressed to young people, and will be devoured by them with an appetite we envy. The book is handsomely illustrated by Harvey.

THE YOUNG DEBATER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 69.

This little work contains Sheridan Knowles's debate on the character of Cæsar, illustrating fully the mode of discussing a question, and affording admirable passages for declamation. The introductory illustrations are sound and practical.

THE TORCHLIGHT: or, *Through the Wood*. By HARRIET A. ALCOTT. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 447.

Like its predecessor, "Isora's Child," this book has the quality of enlisting the interest of the reader, and holding it to the close—perhaps the best test of a novel. Its vividness and naturalness will secure it universal favor. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

MASSEY'S EXHIBITION RECITER AND DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS. By CHAS. MASSEY. New York: Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street. 18mo. pp. 186.

A very capital collection of pieces for recitation in prose and verse, embracing petite comedies for school or parlor exhibition. Parents and teachers who know how hard it is to "find pieces to speak," will welcome this work. The author is a professed elocutionist. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

THE LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. From the French of De Marles. Boston: Alex. Moore, 2 City Hall Avenue. 1856. 12mo. pp. 391.

The life of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, though often treated, is always interesting. De Marles, who continued Dr. Lingard's history, presents the story from a somewhat unfamiliar point of view. The present edition of his celebrated work is a neat one, and embraces fifteen of Mary's own letters.

THE HUMORS OF FALCONBRIDGE (JONATHAN F. KELLEY). Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 436.

This handsomely printed and liberally illustrated volume, embracing humorous sketches and stories from the pen of J. F. Kelley, one of the most popular writers of his time, and appreciated from Maine to California. His mirth-provoking stories are now published for the benefit of his widow and orphan children, and we trust they will have a most extensive sale. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo Illustrated.

Mr. Peterson deserves the highest credit for the elegant style in which he is getting out Dickens's entire works. Beautifully printed in large type on fine paper, with excellent engravings, strong bindings, and withal portable, these volumes are a necessity to every family that has a bookshelf. "Little Dorrit" is a charming book, and some of the characters are equal to any the author ever conceived. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and A. Williams & Co.

Editorial Melange.

The extreme velocity of the wind was found by Dr. Lind to be ninety-three miles an hour. The machine used to measure it with is called an anemometer. —— Robert Treat Paine was bred to the bar, though better known as a poet than a lawyer. He lost the favor of his father by marriage. Afterwards the breach was healed, and, at the festival which celebrated the reconciliation, he gave the following sentiment:—"The love of liberty, and the liberty of loving."—— The failure of the apple crop is a great loss to the community. Apples are now enormously high, greenings retailing at $5 per barrel. —— Seamen are so scarce at Baltimore that it is necessary for the owners or captains of vessels to employ an officer to guard them until the vessel sails, lest they desert after shipping and getting their advance pay. Some of the men are of the most abandoned character, and become so mutinous that it is necessary to put them in irons. —— A few nights since, a daguerreotype likeness, enclosed in a silver plate, was pried from the tombstone of the deceased wife of a citizen of New Albany, Indiana, in the cemetery in that town. —— The best diluents adapted to the purpose of digestion, it has been discovered by experiment, are those which have been macerated and boiled in malt ale and water. White and claret wines are the poorest. —— Rev. William Bradford has retired from the editorial chair of the New York Evangelist, after fifteen years of uninterrupted labor. —— It is said that potatoes eaten raw are an excellent remedy for the scurvy. It may be so; and we are quite certain that none but a scurvy fellow would eat raw potatoes. —— An English paper tells us that a lady was picked up by a pilot-boat in the harbor of Ostend, whose head was kept above water by her crinoline skirts. When taken into the boat, she was in an almost senseless state, but, on recovering, refused to tell her name or place of residence. She said she had made her family aware of her intention to commit suicide, and that she would ultimately carry her determination out. We presume that the next time she tries the experiment she will unhoop. ——A genius in Cleveland, Ohio, claims to have succeeded in the experiment in which Mr. Paine failed—namely, extracting gas from water. Two-fifths of the product is from carbonaceous substances, three-fifths from water. The apparatus manufacturing it is said to cost but $150, and the product to be non-explosive. —— The citizens of Newark, N. J., are about to establish a system of private watchmen to protect their dwellings from the depredations of burglars. —— A letter from the Cape of Good Hope says that a witch doctor has perverted the minds of many natives by a prophecy that very shortly two suns will appear, that a desperate collision will take place between them, after which a period of profound darkness will ensue. All people, white or black, who wear trousers, will then be swept off the face of the land by a whirlwind. —— An electric light of great reflecting power is to be placed on the new ship, the Adriatic. —— A field machine, called the "Gig-top Harvester," patented on the 2d of September, 1856, has been brought to the notice of agriculturists. It differs from other harvesters, in that its cutters are made to cut separately and in succession, instead of simultaneously as in other machines. —— Postmaster Fowler, of New York, urges the entire abandonment of the box system at the post-office, and the delivery of all matter by carrier, after the systems of London and Paris. —— A family in Springfield were all made sick, lately, from eating of a chicken-pie cooked in a yellow glazed crockery dish. The glazing of such dishes is poisonous, and is absorbed by the food that is cooked in them. —— A Mr. Aubin, of Cincinnati, has invented a gas generating stove, so that every man can make his own gas.

Dead to the Law.—A queer story is going the rounds, of an Arkansas man who owned an estate of $5000, who went off and was not heard of for four years. Administration on his estate was granted, his property distributed and his affairs wound up. But one day the poor fellow came back, appeared at the probate court, and insisted that he was alive; whereupon the judge flew into a violent passion, and threatened to commit him for contempt of court for daring to dispute the record. The poor man fled, and has not since been heard of.

Tempting Offer.—A man and his wife advertises to take care of an aged couple for the remainder of their days, provided the old folks will leave them a farm on their decease. It must be rather nice for a Darby and Joan to have a brace of speculators waiting for them to hop the twig. "No strychnine in the coffee" ought to be stipulated in the contract.

Sweet Simile.—The Woodburn Gazette calls the down-east girls "corn-fed roses." An unsympathizing wretch suggests the prefix of pork. Libellous! The down-east girls never eat anything but the least bit of a chicken-wing. Who ever heard of angels eating!

Museum.—Kimball has added to his curiosities a piece of meat lifted by the fork of a road, a quill from the wing of a tailor's goose, and a tooth from the gum of a tree. He is negotiating with the lady who acknowledged that she accepted the first offer of marriage.

Hoop Accident.—A fascinating belle dropped her hoop in the street, the other day. To her horror, a graceless urchin, whose own hoop had just been ruined by the railroad cars, drove off with it at a 2.40 pace!

Queer Offer.—An English gentleman, who desires to "avoid the horrors and indignity of burial," advertises his skeleton for sale, in the London Morning Star. We believe it is a *boney*-fide offer.

Wayside Gatherings.

Miss Davenport, the actress, has taken up her residence in Lynn, Mass.

Soup houses, to relieve the poor during the winter, have been established in Baltimore.

The original Vermont Black Hawk horse died at Bridgeport, lately. He was a renowned animal.

D. W. C. Callender, of Doylestown, Pa., caught over 900 terrapins in the upper part of Bucks county, in one week.

The Ocean House, at Newport, is up for sale. The house has made fortunes for several, and extracted debts for others.

Potter, in his history of Manchester, says that two centuries ago twice the volume of water passed in the Merrimac during the year that does at present.

The inhabitants of the Gadsden Purchase have sent a delegate to Congress with a memorial praying for a territorial government, to include a portion of New Mexico.

A beautiful young woman in Macon, Ga., recently killed her husband through jealousy of another woman, who had been visiting him on business.

Col. J. B. Richardson of South Carolina is edifying the Charlestonians by the astonishing musical performances of five little negro boys, from eight to thirteen, belonging to him.

The total valuation of New Bedford, according to the Standard, is $27,027,400; real estate $9,311,500; personal, $17,715,500. Rate of taxation $7 60 per $1000.

A range beacon is being erected to show the course of the Eastern Channel to enter Nantucket Harbor. The light is a common steamboat lens.

The Indiana State Fair recently held at Indianapolis, was very successful in a pecuniary point of view. The receipts exceeded the expenses by more than $4000.

At the late State Fair at Columbia, S. C., says the Columbia Times, was exhibited the first dozen of cups and saucers made in the United States. Also, fine Parian China pitchers and vases made from South Carolina clay.

The British United Service Gazette understands that an expedition will be prepared, forthwith, to proceed in search of further traces of Sir John Franklin's party, via Behring's Straits. The command will, it is said, be conferred upon Captain George H. Richards.

Pennsylvania is our greatest wheat State, and is estimated to raise this year 18,250,000 bushels; Ohio is next, raising 16,800,000; New York is next, raising 16,200,000; Illinois next, raising 14,600,000; Wisconsin raises 14,000,000; and Virginia raises 12,500,000.

A prize of 10,000 francs is offered by the Duke of Luynes to to the photographist who shall discover a means of fixing sun pictures and making them durable. Artists of all nations are invited to compete. The award will be made by a committee of the Photographic Society of France.

At the Wareham Manufacturing Company's rolling mill, lately, the fly-wheel attached to the steam engine, weighing nearly seven tons, performing some 200 revolutions per minute, became shivered into fragments, which were thrown in various directions, one of them to a distance of 100 yards. No person was injured.

The secretary of the treasury has selected as the site of the new government building in Portsmouth, N. H., the lot of land now occupied by the Rockingham Bank, the store of Leonard Cotton, Esq., and the Piscataqua House. The price fixed for this lot is $19,000, and the selection seems to give general satisfaction.

A third Roman Catholic church has been built at Davenport, Iowa. The ground, a whole square, was given by Antoine Le-claire, and is worth $10,000. He also built the church, bought a bell of 2500 pounds, an organ, etc., and presented it all to the bishop of Dubuque. He has, besides, bought twenty acres of land for a churchyard, which he gives to the three congregations.

An eminent French statistical writer took his station near the staircase, at a London ball, for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion of gentlemen who arranged their hair with their fingers before entering the room. He found them to average about twenty-nine out of thirty; those who had least or most hair usually occupying most time.

One of the most brutal deeds ever heard of was perpetrated by a shoemaker in Jesus Maria Street, Havana, upon the person of a young mulatto, his apprentice. The boy was talking to another boy, and his brute of a master seized a hot boiled egg just off the fire, and thrust it into the poor lad's mouth, holding his hand over the mouth until the poor boy was suffocated and died.

The cabbages in the Island of Jersey grow on stems to the height of ten or twelve feet. They cut off the lower leaves for the cattle, and hence you walk under the vegetable itself, as beneath a grove of palms. They now cut down the stems, and make them into walking-sticks for the London market. Only think of a cabbage cane!

A substitute for the size hitherto made from flour, used in the manufacture of cotton cloth, has been discovered. The substitute is of silica of soda, or preparation of sand. A saving of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. will be effected by the adoption of this sizing instead of flour. In England alone, it is said, $20,000,000 worth of flour is annually consumed in making size.

A Mobile merchant has obtained a patent for an arrangement and combination of machinery which is expected to create quite a revolution in the industry of the South. By its means the seed cotton will be converted on the plantation, by one continuous process, into merchantable yarn, and this without greatly increased outlay of capital, and with the ordinary labor of the plantation.

Mr. C. A. Simons of Westford, Vt., manufactures honey from harmless buds and flowers, with cheap sugar, and even at the high prices of sugar, it can be made at ten cents per pound, and any one can make it at any time of the year. This new and important invention drew a premium at the Connecticut River Valley Agricultural Fair, at Bradford. Bees will be at a discount after this.

Protestantism is gaining ground in France, rapidly. The Protestants in Havre number now three thousand, with a moving population of one thousand at least. They have four schools with four hundred pupils. Two churches are insufficient, and a third is about being erected to accommodate two thousand. In Marseilles there are five thousand Protestant church attendants, and in other departments flourishing churches are now to be found.

The Scottish people are about to erect a monument to Sir William Wallace, the traditionary chieftain, whose name is still honored by his countrymen, in the Abbey Craig, near Sterling, Scotland. Contributions to this object are solicited from Scotchmen in all countries. A preliminary meeting was recently held in Toronto to raise money in aid of the commemorative enterprise, and another is to be held in a short time, of a more general and public character.

Foreign Items.

The Russian Colonel [illegible] took [illegible] a voyage of [illegible] miles, to [illegible] the [illegible] of the broadest [illegible] in the [illegible] of the Sea.

Before it was finally settled that Marshal Pelissier should be "Duke of Malakhoff," the Russian Court was consulted, the Czar's reply, which removed all difficulty, came by telegraph.

For many years the monetary force in Russian Poland has not been so small as is now the case. The [illegible] are out of more than 60,000 men, and it is not likely to be replaced until the price of provisions has fallen in Poland.

A good substitute for potatoes has been introduced in France, the Chærophyllum bulbosum, yielding on an average of acre, of from half an ounce to an ounce each, very white, and with a delicate vanilla flavor, containing twenty-one per cent of starch.

The plain monumental structure over the vault of the Rogers' family in Hornsey church yard, has received an interesting addition to its mortuary inscriptions. It records the date of birth and death of the poet, adding that he was "author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,'" without, however, specifying to what class of literature the work belongs.

That Ireland is gradually progressing, to say the least of it, from pauperism to prosperity, we may cite the case of the Carlow Union, in which, within seven years, the number of paupers has decreased from 2000 to 374, the latest number in the house; and this number consists exclusively of the aged and infirm, with children under fifteen years of age.

Sands of Gold.

.... Daring destroys, genius elevates, good sense preserves and perfects.—*Fontanes.*

.... The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.—*Pascal.*

.... To write well, is to think well, to feel well and to render well; it is to possess at once intellect, soul and taste.—*Buffon.*

.... We often make life unhappy in wishing things to have turned out otherwise than they did, merely because that is possible to the imagination which is impossible in fact.—*Hazlitt.*

.... It was finely said by Socrates that the shortest and most direct road to popularity is for a man to be the same that he wishes to be taken for.—*Cicero.*

.... Our eyesight is the most exquisite of our senses, yet it does not serve us to discern wisdom; if it did, what a glow of love would she kindle within us.—*Plato.*

.... Every man is closely connected with his every fellow-man, nor should any distance of relationship enter into consideration where there is a common nature.—*St. Augustine.*

.... It is we that are blind, not fortune; because our eye is too dim to discern the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

.... Liberality in princes is regarded as a mark of beneficence. But when it occurs that the homely bread of the honest and industrious is often thereby converted into delicious cake for the idle and the prodigal, we soon retract our heedless praises.—*Hume.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is the sun the strongest thing in the system? Because it supports everything with its beams.

Some person was once asked why B stood before C? Because, was the answer, a man must B before he can C.

A gentleman, the other evening, objected to playing cards with a lady because, he said, she had such a "winning way" about her.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming: "Don't be so *unspeakably* happy."

Never go to bed at ten, leaving your wife up till two with a sick baby, and look pitchforks at her at the breakfast table because that meal is half an hour too late.

A poetic advertiser of pianos says: "Don't drum away on a miserable old piano, unless you wish to scare away the rats, or spoil the children for good musical appreciation."

When George III. was told that Wolfe was quite unfit to command, and was, in fact, a madman, the monarch replied: "Mad—mad—mad! Wolfe mad! Wish he'd bite some of the other generals!"

At a public dinner at which Judge Story was present, Mr. Quincy gave this sentiment: "The members of the bar—Let them rise as high as they may, they can never rise higher than one Story."

To keep up with the times, a schoolmaster down east has just invented a machine for licking scholars. By means of a crank, a boy is put through his discipline in one quarter of the time the rattan used to consume. We rejoice at this—for whoever shortens a road is a benefactor to his country.

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THE EMPRESS EUGENIE PHEASANT SHOOTING AT COMPIEGNE.

[For description, see page 29.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1857. $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XII., No. 3.—WHOLE No. 279.

NEW IRON STEAMSHIP "VOYAGEUR DE LA MER."

We present on this page a picture, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill, delineating the new iron steamship "Voyageur de la Mer (Ocean Traveller)", built at East Boston for the pacha of Egypt. It is a splendid and substantial vessel, and is the first ship of large size ever constructed, in this country, of iron. She is thus a sort of maritime wonder, and will carry abroad the fame of our mechanics and reputation of our resources. It is a singular and suggestive fact, that to a pacha of Egypt belongs the credit of developing a new branch of shipbuilding in this country, and that to Boston belongs the honor of first employing iron on a large scale in the construction of a vessel. The contract for building her was given to Mr. George A. Stone, a young man of this city, who made the acquaintance of the pacha at Alexandria. The model and details of the ship were furnished by S. H. Pook, our distinguished naval architect, and he has won fresh laurels by the elegance of his design. The vessel is 1300 tons burthen, 216 feet long, 37 feet broad, and 22 feet deep. She is built of the best quality of hard-rolled American iron, made by Messrs William Schell and James Hoven, of Norristown, and Messrs. Verree & Mitchell, of Philadelphia, Pa. Messrs. Holden & Gallagher, of East Boston, moulded and rivetted the frame and plates. The weight of iron used was 881,000 pounds, and it required 300,000 rivets. The main boilers, four in number, were designed by James Montgomery, Esq., and built by O. S. Underhill, of the dry-dock works, New York. The two oscillating engines, of about 800 horses power each, were built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston. Mr. Augustus Sampson has executed the wood-work in a superior manner. Captain Frank O. Eldredge, who has had the general supervision of the work, will command her on her first voyage. The "Voyageur" has a full ship rig, the rigging and sails, and in fact all the material used in her construction, being of the growth, produce and manufacture of the United States. She has a single propeller. She has long, sharp ends, slightly concave water-lines, and a semi-circular stern. The iron-work of her outside varies from three-fourths to three-eighths of an inch in thickness, but inside the wood-work is still open. Her frames are of iron. From the bilge to the rail, she is, inside, more thoroughly built than any wooden ship of her size, notwithstanding she has the usual strength of an iron ship outside. The filling in makes her very solid, and must be proof against vibration, when under steam. She has five water-tight bulkheads, and each compartment is so arranged that it may be filled or pumped out at pleasure, independently of the others. She has two flush decks, consequently her machinery and boilers are below the water-line. Her armament will be very heavy, and will all be on the upper deck, leaving the deck below for the accommodation of her officers and crew. We sincerely trust that this noble specimen of American genius, skill and material will safely reach her destination, and that she will long ride the waters in triumph. She is destined to be the pioneer of a vast fleet of American ships built in the same manner, and in after years, her construction, and all the circumstances attending her, will be matter of history. It affords us great pleasure to place her on the record as a sample of our progress.



THE NEW IRON STEAMER, VOYAGEUR DE LA MER, BUILT FOR THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

Juniata recounted in a few words the dangers which she had escaped, thanks to Juan. During the recital, the young Moor gazed at Juan; then striking him on the shoulder, he said to him, in a voice that went to his heart:

"It is well, my child; continue, and thou wilt become an honest man."

Juan trembled with joy. It was the first time any one had said to him: "Courage; it is well!" He looked at the young man steadily, as he said:

"Ah, if I had always been told that! But when you are gone, what will become of the unhappy beggars?"

"Thou wilt not be a mendicant; there are Spaniards who beg. But then," he continued, writing some words on a tablet which he gave Juan, "thou wilt find me where that indicates, and thou wilt learn from us how to ask and become an honest man; but above all, my brother, take this purse, and remember me."

Juan seized the young man's hand and kissed it, and the young Moor then turned to Juniata, and told her that he had business which demanded his immediate presence, and that he would take her uncle and herself—herself before him and her uncle behind his servant Hassan. He felt sorry that he could not take Juan, but it was impossible.

"You, my fine fellow, can, without danger, leave the wood. Do not forget the tablets. In eight days I shall expect you. Adieu, brother!" And he accompanied these words with a smile so gracious, a gesture so elegant, that Juan felt won, and vowed himself, body and soul, to the young stranger. Then giving reins to his horse, he disappeared, followed by Hassan, bearing Gongarello behind him. Juan, remaining alone in the middle of the forest, followed with his eyes the unknown, who soon disappeared from his sight, and the sound of whose voices still filled his heart with pride, and whose words still rang in his ears.

After an hour's riding, Yezid, Juniata and Gongarello arrived without accident at the village of Arnedo. Placing the two in safety and ease, Yezid and his companion set out again, though it was the middle of the night. A little longer, and another arrival came to the hotel. It was a regiment of the queen, commanded by Fernand d'Albayda, Don d'Aguilar's nephew. To him Gongarello repeated his story, and the recital raised a cry of anger and defiance from the soldiers. Gaining all the details he could from the barber and his niece, Fernand ordered his men to mount, and they set forth at a rapid trot for the castle of Buen-Socorro, to raise a siege and rout the bandits.

We will precede them, and return to Socorro for a few minutes. After the greatest efforts, the robbers succeeded in breaking open the cellar door. The troop rushed to the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and by the light of the torches, a horrible sight met their eyes. The lieutenant and captain lay still fighting, bloody and torn, upon the floor. As soon as the light came, the two combatants, uttering a cry of surprise, stopped in their wild fight.

"You!" exclaimed the captain, with fury,—"you, Caralo, who dare to lay your hand upon me!"

"You, captain!" replied the lieutenant,—"you, who were attempting to strangle me! For whom did you take me?"

"For our guests. How is it that you slept in the chamber of honor, which was not destined for you?"

The lieutenant tried to remember the events of the preceding day, but he could remember nothing.

"The barber and his niece?" cried the captain, more furious than ever, because he understood nothing.

They all started now in search of them, towards the red chamber; no one. They searched in all the other rooms in the house; no one—no trace.

"What does this mean?" asked the captain, in the greatest rage.

"I will tell you," replied the lieutenant, gravely, advancing into the middle of the circle. "That Moor was, like all his race, a heretic and a sorcerer; he has disappeared like all other sorcerers—disappeared with his niece in the air."

"But Juan—where is he? It was he who led the Moor to the red chamber; he alone can tell us the truth."

They mounted to Juan's chamber. The door was closed, but they broke it open; no one. An hour they spent in vainly searching. At last beginning to believe that Caralo was right in his suspicions, they were preparing to go to bed again, when some one knocked loudly at the gate.

"More sorcery," murmured Caralo.

"Impossible," replied the captain; and approaching a loop-hole, he demanded who was there.

A young, proud voice replied—the voice of Fernand d'Albaya: "The queen's regiment."

Hastily giving his lieutenant orders to collect their valuables, and be ready to leave by the back gate, he began a parley with the young officer.

"You travel while it is cool; that is wise."

"What is wiser still, is to rid the way of all the scoundrels who infest it, and to commence with you, senor host."

"I think, sir knight, that you are mistaken. You will be convinced of it, if you will deign, you and your men, to accept my hospitality."

"That costs too dear," replied the young officer. "You will charge us the same as the barber Gongarello, your guest last night. Where is he?"

"I did not know the barber was your friend," said Josef Baptista, with a sneer.

"He was. Open this instant; you are my prisoners; yes, open. I am not accustomed to handy words with a robber. Open without resistance, for you cannot escape us. I, Fernand d'Albayda, officer of this regiment, command you to open in the name of the queen."

"A thousand pardons, Senor Fernand d'Albayda, officer of the queen's regiment, for having made you wait so long. Your lordship, without doubt, is tired. You do me great honor to ask my answer; hear it."

And he fired upon the young officer. The ball grazed the plume of his hat, and wounded the shoulder of Fidalgo d'Estremos, who was very dear to Don Fernand.

"Fire," he said, to his men,—"fire, and give no quarter!"

At the same time, some of his men scaled the slight wall of the court. The assault commenced with vigor, and the men of Buen Socorro soon found they were attacked from all sides. After a short but fierce struggle, the queen's soldiers were victorious, and such of the robbers as were not killed escaped into the wood.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS VICTIM.

We will now return to Juan, who remained alone in the deep forest. He thought of his new friend, the young Moor, so handsome and elegant, who had said to him, "My brother!" and who, touching him on the shoulder, had said several times, "It is well; thou wilt become an honest man." Pedralvi had been a friend, a comrade; the unknown seemed to him something more—a superior being, a divinity. He thought of his precious tablets. True, he did not know how to read, but he would learn, and he would go to the stranger when he left the forest. At last overwhelmed by fatigue, holding in his hands his treasure, he laid his head on his arm and fell sound asleep upon the grass, with the trees gently waving above him.

Suddenly he was aroused by feeling himself grasped by a strong arm, and opening his eyes, he saw before him his demon, his evil spirit,—he saw, while a cold shudder ran through his veins, Captain Josef Baptista Balseiro. He was in frightful disorder, covered with blood, blackened with powder and his clothes torn. He held in his hand the purse and precious tablets he had taken from Juan while asleep, and he now stood looking at him with a ferocious laugh.

"You thought to escape me; you thought I was already dead; you have learned quickly how to betray those who have nourished you, to denounce them, like a spy, like an alguazil! Well, well, we will now settle our account, as the barber said. Sent by thee, guided by thy instructions, the queen's soldiers surrounded my house and set fire to it, to my property. The Moor predicted that I should be burned, and it was not your fault that the prediction was not fulfilled. The soldiers of the queen think I am killed, but I escaped with a few others, and I shall not be hung, either; it is you, Juan, though, who shall be this instant, and by my hand."

"I am not guilty; I swear it to you!" cried Juan, trembling.

"I swear that Don Fernand and his incendiaries shall be killed, and all my enemies, and I will commence with you."

And holding Juan still with his powerful left hand, he with the right bent down a flexible branch of a large, isolated tree which stood where four roads met.

"This will be a fine place, my dear little friend; for when any of your friends pass along, you will know that you have the pleasure of showing them what it is to rouse the anger and hatred of Captain Josef Baptista."

So saying, the worthy captain threw Juan upon the ground and knelt upon him, while he prepared the noose to be passed around his throat. Hearing a slight noise, and fearing still some of his enemies, the captain raised a little to listen, and Juan, by a sudden effort, threw him over, and before he could recover his balance, Juan was some steps behind him, and grasping firmly the branch which was to have served for his gallows, and with a violent spring he rose, and the branch carried him twenty feet in the air. His only reason, if he had taken time to reason, for doing this was that in his high and slender seat, the ponderous frame of the captain could not reach him, and he was safe for a time, at least.

The captain, almost beside himself with rage, walked round and round the base of the tree like an angry tiger, while his little victim, clinging with desperate strength to the slender branches which swayed violently to and fro by the high wind that swept through the forest, watched with dilated eyes every movement of his formidable enemy.

"Descend, little rascal!" he cried, as he drew a long pistol from his belt; "descend and I will pardon you; if you don't, I'll fire."

Juan knew the captain too well to place any faith in his promises of pardon, and the new danger which menaced him seemed to him less frightful than that which he had escaped. The captain, walking round the tree, urged upon the little fellow to come down, or else stay and be shot, and Juan, losing not a single movement of the captain's, followed every gesture with his eyes. Taking a stand a few paces from the tree, the captain watched eagerly for the time when the branches, shaken by the wind, should part and give him a fair shot at the boy. The moment arrived; he pulled the trigger; a cry filled the air; Juan fell, and Josef Baptista rushed forward like a tiger on his prey.

It was with the laugh of a hyena that he went to seize his prey; but that prey the captain sought for vainly. The ball had struck and broken the branch on which Juan was seated, and he fell, but was caught by some others a few feet below him, and there he remained unwounded and in safety, suspended fifteen feet above the earth. At the cry of joy that the captain had uttered, Juan, giving way in his turn to a feeling of rage, answered with an accent of exultation which seemed prophetic:

"Josef Baptista, you had no pity for a poor child, and that child, when he becomes a man, will be one day without pity for you. Go; it is useless to wait any longer for me. I shall not fall again into your hands. This evening, to-morrow, perhaps, travellers will come along here, and I will call on them to deliver me. You, assassin, you, robber and villain as well as coward, who would struggle with a child, will be conquered by him."

"Ah, war—war!" cried Josef, his laugh resounding through the forest; "you declare war, do you? Ah, well, we accept the challenge. It is you who will pay for the struggle. I have already this purse, which contains many doubloons, and these elegant tablets," said he, opening them and reading the name; "that without doubt is a protector who offers you power and aid. By Jove! you have not chosen badly: one of the richest proprietors in all Spain. I am happy to know that he protected you. For him and for all his people, it will be a signal of death."

Juan uttered a cry of despair at hearing these words.

"You are powerless to save them, child. You have chosen this tree for your last asylum. Perhaps I will grant it to you, but you shall never descend from it alive; I have sworn it. You did not wish it to be your gallows; it shall be your funeral pile."

Juan did not understand at first what the bandit meant, but he soon saw the explanation.

"You declared war with me, and you shall soon have it right warm;" and Josef Baptista laughed another infernal laugh, which seemed to wake all the echoes in the forest.

While Juan watched with an anxious eye, he saw the captain bring heaps of dried leaves and dead wood, and place around the tree till it reached nearly as high as his head. Then, with an unutterably wicked smile, he drew from his pocket a tinder-box, and striking a light, set fire to the pile of dry fagots at the foot of the tree. For a long time the green tree resisted the effects of the flames which ascended in spiral columns; but the captain watched the fire attentively, diligently working and bringing fresh fuel, and each moment the flame ascended higher, and burnt with a fiercer glare. The silence of the forest remained unbroken, save by the crackling of the burning branches, and even the eagerly-attentive ears of the captain could detect no groan from the poor child, perched upon a branch but a few feet above the flames.

"Dead!" said the captain, calmly, "or if not dead, he will be soon; the fire will soon reach him, little villain!"

He looked again at the fire, added fresh wood, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the trunk of the oak taking fire, and burn fiercely. He saw that Juan could not descend without being severely burned, if not wholly killed. The captain was alone, but he had the well-filled purse he had taken from Juan, and giving one more armful of wood to the flames and one long look at the burning tree, he set forth upon the road.

While the tree burned, Juan had ascended branch by branch, keeping free enough from the flames to prevent being burned, but he had now gone as high as he could; above him the limbs were too slender to bear his weight, and the fire now gained on him. The birds, inhabitants of the tree, had flown far into the forest. Alas! he could not follow them; he must remain on his green funeral pile, to die a lingering death. He saw his enemy disappear among the trees. All the lower branches of the tree were on fire, and seen from above, looked like a great furnace. The poor child, looking around him and seeing his death certain, inevitable, wept bitterly.

"Great God—great God!" said he, "to die so young, when life opened before me, when this night I had such sweet dreams. My God, let me live to do one good action to redeem the past."

The flames still crept upwards.

"You have denied me everything, O my God,—even the love and tears of a mother! a poor child abandoned by her, a beggar and vagabond, having the street for a country and pavements for a home, and working for bread, and forced to receive it from a robber. If I have been guilty of evil, if I have helped to commit crimes, give me time to repent; let me live; pity, my God, pity me!"

The flames still crept upwards.

"O my God! Ah, if you will permit me to escape the danger which threatens me, if you will stop the flames which have almost reached me, I will believe in you, my God, and serve you. I will become an honest man. I will employ my days for all men; my arms shall be ready to serve and save them; I swear it, O my God,—I swear it; receive my oath."

The flames still ascended.

But the prayer of the poor child ascended higher still. God heard it. The heavens were darkened, lightnings flashed and the thunder rolled, and in an instant, as if the heavens were opened, the rain fell in torrents, and in a short space of time, the flames were completely extinguished.

"God has heard me. God wills that I become an honest, brave man." And Juan actually wept for joy.

For the hour that the storm continued with unabated violence, Juan remained in the tree. The rain ceased, and the boy was just descending from the tree, when he saw a man approaching, carrying a double-barrelled rifle in his hand. Nearly fainting with fatigue, he leaned against the trunk of the tree in which Juan sat, and wiping the sweat and rain from his brow, he raised his hat, while he swore a terrible oath. That voice Juan remembered too

well, the voice of Caralo the bandit. Caralo, his deadly enemy, had escaped.

The unhappy captive, to whom the hope of life and liberty had but just returned, remained immovable, stricken dumb with despair and terror, his heart already filling with doubts of God's goodness and mercy.

The robber remained motionless against the tree, which Juan did not understand, but he found a reason soon in the appearance of a carriage, drawn by four powerful horses, the head one being ridden by a youthful postilion, and containing an old man and two young girls. Juan saw that the carriage must pass directly under the tree where he was, and he determined to cry out. Caralo, with a single glance of his eye, saw that the youthful but powerful postilion was the only one to be feared. He waited, and as the carriage came, seized the head horse and knocked the postilion with the stock of his rifle, stunned on the ground, then levelling his carbine at the head of the old man, cried out:

"Your money and the ladies' jewels and purses, or I fire!"

The carriage door opened, and the old man, with white hair, drawing a sword, advanced boldly to his enemy.

"Give up your arms."

"Never!" cried the old man, proudly.

"Resistance is useless; your purse and arms, or I fire."

"Fire, if you wish. Don Juan d'Aguilar never gives up his arms to such as you."

Caralo's finger was on the trigger, his carbine levelled at the old don's head, when a crashing of branches above him was heard, and a mass fell upon the head of the robber, bearing him to the earth. It was Juan, who, watching the affair below him, had thrown himself from the tree upon Caralo's head just as he was about to fire. He was unhurt by his fall, and roused himself almost immediately, crying: "Save thyself—save thyself!"

But as he uttered this cry, Caralo sprang up and threw Juan to the earth, uttering an exclamation of rage and surprise:

"It is he—it is that wretch! This time he shall not escape me."

And holding his weak, trembling enemy down with his feet, he was about knocking him on the head with the butt of his rifle, when the old man, with a quick, vigorous stroke, plunged the sword into the back of his enemy, who sprang up with a piercing shriek and fell dead. Then raising poor Juan, he led him to the carriage, saying:

"Here, my children, Carmina and Alitea, welcome your father's saviour, a child scarcely older than yourself."

He placed him by his side in the carriage, and bade the postilion, who had recovered his senses, to mount and drive on. As they rode along, the old man made Juan tell his name, all his life, and it was with horror he and his two lovely daughters listened to the recital, while the old knight felt his heart warm towards the brave child. He actually shuddered as Juan described his situation in the burning tree, while he smilingly said:

"The habitation seemed to me in a bad state, and thou shouldst make a better choice. But I offer you another, another with me, at Pampeluna, if you will come with me."

Joy flashed in the eyes of Juan, and for his only answer, he seized the don's hand and kissed it. The two girls looked at him with gentle smiles, and Juan closed his eyes, with joy and surprise, when he ventured to ask where he was going, and received for answer: "To the palace of the viceroy."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOOR'S PALACE.

During the two years Juan had been obliged to keep company with Josef Baptista and his lawless associates, other events had been taking place in Spain. Philip II. had bequeathed to his son, Philip III., the war against England, and the Count de Lerma, wishing to signalize the first days of his ministry by a striking success, had fitted out a fleet of fifty vessels, and commanded Martin Padilla to try a descent into England. The fleet of the Count de Lerma was not more fortunate than the famous Armada. The vessels were dispersed by a storm, and forced to put back into Spanish ports, without having met the enemy. Ireland revolted against Elizabeth, and under the pretext of bearing aid to the insurgents, the new minister resolved to conquer the island. The old councillors of Philip II., among whom was Don Juan d'Aguilar, whom they sent on the expedition, declared that six thousand men were not sufficient to take Ireland. At that, the Count de Lerma answered that Spain could furnish a larger army even than that, and if Don d'Aguilar feared to undertake the expedition, there were plenty of others proud and willing to defend the honor of Spanish arms.

D'Aguilar accepted the post, and only stipulated that in place of the commander, Martin Padilla, his mortal enemy, he might have his friend, Don Juan Guevara. The Count de Lerma, who did not doubt the success of the arms, was already dreaming that Ireland belonged to Spain, when news was received of a revolt, and the consequent defeat of the army. The Spaniards, fighting with their accustomed bravery, sustained the contest for a long time, and rendered the victory uncertain, but abandoned by Tyrone and the Irish, d'Aguilar was obliged to retreat. Instead of coming to his aid, the Irishmen were struck with terror, and became submissive to Elizabeth, without any anxiety for the allies who came to aid them. D'Aguilar wished at last to preserve for the king the army, whose safety the world thought hopeless. Attacked on the land by the viceroy and all his army, and the coast guarded by an English fleet, the Spanish general declared to Lord Montjoy, who was surrounded by the ruins of Kinsale and Baltimore, that if those two cities were lost to Spain, they were equally so to England. Lord Montjoy, whose heart was noble and generous, responded to this courageous declaration of d'Aguilar's, by offering to him a capitulation which he should himself dictate; which granted to the troops all the honors of war

All this had been granted him, and yet d'Aguilar was accused of cowardice and treason. Accused by the Count de Lerma, who hated him, d'Aguilar was thrown into prison, there to await his trial and execution, for well he knew that the count, the king's favorite and prime minister, would find ways and means to condemn him to death.

Philip III. had married Margaret, the youngest daughter of the Archduke Charles of Austria, and the cities had celebrated the nuptials by fetes, tournaments and rejoicings. This had happened only since Juan had been confined in Castle Socorro; and yet Margaret had felt that she had a master in the Count de Lerma, the cringing favorite of her husband, the king. Young and romantic, she had loved the weak king, and believed he loved her, but she had scarcely been married six months, when she learned, to her utter disgust and dismay, that Philip II. had chosen her for his son's wife, and the Count de Lerma had prevailed upon him to fulfil the wishes of his father. All her sweet dreams were dissipated, and Margaret became cold and haughty.

Philip III. went to perform his nine days' devotion at the church of Saint James de Compostella, and the queen set out to spend the time at Yuejar. On her way there, she came in sight of the beautiful palace belonging to Don Delascar d'Alberique. The bells of the cows and sheep sounded through the quiet valley, and accompanied by the chant of the shepherds, made a soft melody entirely new to the young queen. She inquired who was the proprietor of the peaceful valley, and upon being told, she expressed a desire to alight and pass the night there. The chamberlain told her it was impossible. Margaret haughtily demanded why.

"They expect your majesty at Tuejar, this evening. Besides, it is impossible, for Don Delascar is a Moor."

"Are not the Moors our subjects as well as the other inhabitants of Spain?" asked the queen, with increasing indignation.

"Yes, madame," replied the chamberlain; "but I am sure his excellency, the Count de Lerma, would formally oppose your stopping there."

The queen cast upon him a scornful glance, and her whole air expressed indignation. Then turning to one of the noblemen in her suite, she ordered him to go to Don Delascar, and ask him if he would receive for that night the queen of Spain.

The count left, and turning to the chamberlain, she said:

"I will not oblige you, senor marquis, to brave the rage of the king, or still more the anger of the Count de Lerma, by following us into this house. You may return to the city."

She had hardly finished speaking, when an old man, mounted upon a snow-white horse, approached, and dismounting, knelt before her.

"I did not think so great an honor was reserved for myself and family; but your majesty wishes to commence her reign by making them happy, and in this house, where she condescends to enter, each day her name will be repeated with respect and gratitude." Then rising, with a look which recalled the majesty of the Moorish kings, he added: "Others would offer you the keys of their cities or their fortresses. All that I have is not worthy of your acceptance; but it is said that the benediction of an old man brings happiness. Permit me to call Heaven's blessing upon you. Thou shalt be blessed, O queen. Let thy sceptre be light. May all thy days be happy!"

It was the first time, since Margaret had been in Spain, that she had heard words that went to her heart, and it was with tears in her bright eyes that, holding out her hand to him, she said:

"Son of the Abencerrages, we will partake of the hospitality of a Moor. Let us enter."

The first court-yard was surrounded with light arcades, formed by light trellis-work beautifully wrought, and sustained by slender columns of white marble. The air was filled with the fragrance of flowers, and the garden was brilliant with blossoms of the cactos, aloe and caper-tree. On the left of the court, a richly-ornamented gateway served for the principal entrance into the inner court, paved with white marble, where young girls, in Moorish costume, waited to throw before the queen new and foreign flowers which she had never seen. Margaret regarded everything with an astonishment and childish pleasure she did not attempt to conceal or disguise. The halls through which she passed were filled with beautiful flowers, statues and tapestry.

During the evening, Margaret conversed with Don Delascar, and he spoke, not of the conquests of his ancestors, but of those which enriched Spain. When Margaret slept, she dreamed of Yoraide, who was put to death by a jealous spouse for a crime which Margaret would have pardoned—that of having been loved too well.

The queen woke at daybreak, and rose to examine her chamber. All in the house were asleep, except herself. She threw a light mantle over her shoulders, already covered by her very beautiful golden hair, and was gazing at a beautiful statue, when she heard a slight noise, and turning, she saw a young man entering quickly, and going to the alcove, where stood her bed, cried out:

"My father—my father, awake! It is me. I have just arrived, and I must speak to you instantly." So speaking, he raised the curtains which hung before the bed, and to his surprise, found it deserted. "Left already!" he cried; and turning to leave the room, was struck speechless with astonishment on seeing a beautiful young girl in morning toilet standing before him, blushing, while she lowered her eyes.

"Are you a child of the prophet, a houri, a fairy?" asked he, tremblingly.

"No," replied Margaret, with dignity, "but I am thy queen—thy queen to whom thy father has extended his hospitality for this night."

Yezid fell on his knees before her.

"Pardon, madame, pardon!" he cried.

The queen made him a sign with her hand to rise, and approaching him, asked how he came to enter that apartment at that hour

"I have journeyed all the night. I have just arrived from Cadiz, and as all the world was asleep, I entered this, my father's chamber, by a secret passage, known only to myself and him."

"What passage?" asked the queen.

The young man hesitated a moment, then seeing truth and candor in the eyes of the queen, he said:

"It is a secret belonging to my family. My father has said: 'Disclose it only to God and his angels.'" He looked at the queen with respect and admiration, and added. "I can tell you, I think, my queen."

Margaret was pleased, and asked to be shown the passage. Yezid told her that the passage led to a chamber containing the treasures of his fathers, treasures which were bequeathed to him by them.

"No one knows their existence. These treasures we constantly increase by our work, that in time of persecution we may be able to help our brothers and ourselves. God will not punish me for having had confidence in my sovereign."

"You are right," said Margaret; "thy father and thyself were alone possessors of the secret; we will be three now; no others." Then raising her hand, she exclaimed: "I swear that the king, my husband, or any of his ministers, shall never know of it."

Then bidding Yezid show the way, she followed him closely through the secret door into the narrow, dimly-lighted passage leading to the cave beneath the palace. One part of the passage was so dark that the queen was obliged to lean upon her companion's arm, whose heart beat wildly to think that the beautiful Margaret, the queen of Spain, deigned to lean upon the arm of him, a Moor. The remembrance of these few moments never left him.

At last the long passage was ended, and opening a door, Yezid led the queen into a spacious chamber, lighted by many silver lamps. The roof of the hall was supported by eight black marble pillars ornamented with gold and precious stones. In marble vases, placed between the pillars, were countless pieces of gold and silver, bearing the images of the califs of Cordova, or the kings of Granada. In chests of wood and iron, were placed jewels and precious stones, while the outsides were ornamented with rubies and pearls. Here and there stood crystal cups filled with diamonds, emeralds and rubies.

The queen looked at all these things in perfect silence, not daring to walk, or even speak, fearing that the sound of her voice would break the dream, which so charmed her that she wished to prolong it. She seated herself upon a chair, and pensive, continued silent. Yezid knelt respectfully before her.

"Will your majesty grant to her faithful servant the greatest of all requests?"

"Speak, Yezid."

"I shall never forget this day, the sweetest and most glorious in my life, and nothing will be wanting to add to it, if your majesty will deign to accept a souvenir of it."

"I promise it, Yezid."

Hearing these words, Yezid took up one of the crystal cups, and emptied it in the queen's lap.

Margaret looked severe, but she saw only respect in Yezid's eyes; and looking at the precious stones in her lap, she selected what she deemed the least valuable—a turquoise, on which were engraven some strange cyphers, and said to him, as she took it:

"You see I pardon you."

Yezid trembled with joy.

"But it must not be said that the queen of Spain received it from the Moor Yezid without giving him anything. What can I do for you?"

Yezid remained silent.

"Art thou so happy that there is nothing thy sovereign can do for thee?"

"Nothing for myself, but perhaps for a friend."

"Speak, then."

"A friend of my father's, a noble and brave gentleman, who cares for nothing, save his honor."

"What shall I do?"

"I ask justice for him."

"And thou shalt have it; I swear it to you. Speak, Yezid, speak."

And Yezid recounted the history of Don Juan d'Aguilar, with which we are acquainted already, who could not defend himself, nor convey the proofs of his innocence to his king. The queen told him to give them to him, for she would see that his innocence was established. Joyfully Yezid handed them to her, and she placed them in her bosom. Again the queen asked to aid him, but he asked nothing for himself, but liberty for the friend of his youth, Fernand d'Albayda, who had been thrown into prison for defending his uncle, Don d'Aguilar. The queen smiled brightly, and promised all. Looking at the turquoise, she asked the meaning of the signs engraven on it. Yezid told her it signified *always*. She turned, and together they left the chamber, and gained the upper world. Just as they were leaving the subterranean chamber, the queen stooped and picked up a pomegranate flower, which she placed in her girdle.

In the morning, when the queen appeared, Delascar presented to her all those who worked in his manufactories. The masters of the establishments presented the queen and ladies with pieces of rich stuff and precious tissues. Then Delascar, taking his son's hand, presented the handsome Yezid to his queen. The hour for departure came, and the carriages were ready. Turning graciously to Don d'Alberique, she said:

"I hope that Don Delascar d'Alberique will come and visit us in our palace, wherever we may be, and let us return the hospitality we have received from him. But before I leave his roof, I pray my host to ask something of me."

Delascar looked at his son, who whispered one word in Arabic to him. The queen wore the pomegranate blossom in her belt.

"I ask of your majesty only the flower she wears in her girdle."

The queen, astonished, hesitated a moment, then with a trembling hand, detached the flower and handed it to the old man. An instant afterwards, the six Arabian coursers bore the queen of Spain into the midst of the rich pleasures of the kingdom of Valencia.

A few days afterwards, faithful to her promise to Yezid, the queen obtained not only the release of Don d'Aguilar and his nephew, but his appointment of viceroy of Navarre, and Fernand d'Albayda, captain of the queen's regiment. All these things happened while Juan was with the bandits.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GRAND DUKE AND GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN.

As we desire to keep our readers informed of whatever is considered noteworthy in all parts of the world, we have presented them, on this page, with portraits of "His Serene Highness," as he is styled by his loyal lieges, the Grand Duke of Baden, and his bride, the Grand Duchess Louisa, daughter of the Prince of Prussia. They are not particularly distinguished by anything but rank, yet their nuptials, which were recently solemnized at Berlin, made the talk of Europe for a long time. It is curious to contrast the simplicity of our manners with the pomp and parade attendant upon aristocratic societies; and as, moreover, the narrative of any wedding is readable, we make no apology for inserting a condensed account of the doings at the nuptials of these high and mighty personages, reserving the privilege of a quiet smile at the pomposity of the proceedings. At the appointed hour, six o'clock in the evening, the nobility invited to attend the ceremony arrived at the palace, and some time after, the royal and illustrious personages entered the Electoral Chamber. At the same time the royal crown was brought in, and placed by the queen on the head of the royal bride. The king then gave orders for the ceremony to begin, and the master of the ceremonies, Baron von Stillfried, led the parties to the places appointed for them in the procession, which passed through the Rittersaal, the Picture Gallery, the White Chamber, to the new chapel, where their serene highnesses were received by the court chaplain, Dr. Strauss, and the clergy attached to the court, and led to the altar, where the bridegroom placed himself to the right of the bride, and the royal and illustrious company formed a semi-circle around them. When all had taken their places, Dr. Strauss performed the marriage ceremony, and at the moment when the bride and bridegroom exchanged rings, on a signal given by the adjutant, a salvo of thirty-six guns was fired. After the blessing had been pronounced, the king, queen, and the rest of the company, retired in the same order in which they entered, to the Crimson-velvet Chamber, where the illustrious pair received congratulations. After the ceremonies, supper was announced, where the viands for the Royal table were served by Lieutenants-General Brese and Von Mollendorf. After supper, the torch dance was performed. As soon as the king and queen, and the bride and bridegroom, had taken their stations under the canopy of the throne, and the royal princesses had placed themselves on the left, and the royal princes on the right, the king ordered the grand marshal to begin the ceremony. He approached the new-married pair, and invited them to begin the dance, which was performed in the following order: The grand marshal, with his staff, and twelve ministers of state, bearing white wax torches, two by two, followed by the bride and bridegroom. After making a tour of the hall, the bride approached the king, and, bowing to him, invited him to dance, and a fresh tour of the hall was made. In like manner, the bride danced with all the princes, and the bridegroom with the queen and princesses. When the dance was finished, the ministers accompanied the royal pair, and the princes and princesses, to the queen's apartments, where the torches were delivered to twelve pages ready to receive them, who lighted the newly-married pair to their own apartments. Here the crown was delivered to the keeper of the crown jewels, and after the garter of the bride had been distributed by the first lady in waiting, the company departed. The three following days were given up to festivities. After divine service on the Sunday, a grand *déjeuner a la fourchette*, and card parties in the evening. On the next day, the festivities were held in the Rittersaal and the Picture Gallery, and galopade in the evening; on the following day, a family dinner at the Prince of Prussia's, and concert in the evening, brought the festivities to a close. Their serene highnesses returned to Baden. In all the places through which they passed, they were received with every demonstration of joy. In every town and village on their road, Prussian and Baden colors waved from the houses, ornamented with flowers and garlands. Numerous loving couples deferred their crowning joy till that day; and when the moment at which the troth was plighted was made known by the telegraph from Berlin, the churches throughout the land sent forth a merry peal. In the evening, the houses in the principal towns of Baden were illuminated, and huge bonfires shot forth their flames from the tops of the mountains in the Oden and Schwartz walds. The grand duchy of Baden is known to all the world for the fashion of its watering places. Baden-Baden is a brilliant resort in summer, and the revenues of the grand duke are swelled by the enormous taxes paid into his treasury by the gaming tables.



GRAND DUKE OF BADEN AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

INTOXICATION OF THE EAR.

During the hallucination produced by taking the Indian hemp (*Cannabis Indica*), the intensity of the sense of sound is most striking. The celebrated Theodore Gualtier related to Dr. Moreau, in poetic language which it is hopeless to attempt to translate, so as to give an idea of the style of this imaginative author, the sensation produced. He says that his "sense of hearing was prodigiously developed. I actually heard the noise of colors—green, red, blue and yellow sounds reached me in waves perfectly distinct. A glass overthrown, the creaking of a footstool, a word pronounced low, vibrated and shook me like peals of thunder; my own voice appeared to me so loud that I dared not speak for fear of shattering the walls around me, or of making me burst like an explosive shell; more than five hundred clocks sang out the hour with a harmonious, silver sound; every sonorous object sounded like the note of a harmonica or the æolian harp. I swam or floated in an ocean of sound." Such is the exaggerated language which has been employed by an individual whose taste and enjoyment of music have rendered his criticism on that art so much sought after, and it serves to indicate how highly the mental faculties may become excited.—*Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

A PHYSICIAN ON DANCING.

That beautiful, graceful accomplishment of dancing, so perverted by late hours and the indecency of fashionable attire, has outraged many sensible people, and led them to deprive the young of one of the most simple and healthful enjoyments, because it has been abused. For myself, I can testify not only to its healthful, but to its recuperative power. The fortieth, nay, the fiftieth year of my age, found me enjoying this life-cheering exercise. It should be one of the earliest amusements of children, and care should be taken by parents that it is understood as an amusement. While I am on this topic, I will mention a case that occurred in my practice. A thoughtful, anxious mother, who had lost three children, brought to me her only remaining child—a daughter; her temperament nervous bilious—the nervous fearfully predominant, with great irritability of the system—peevish, passionate, dyspeptic, sleepless—of course exacting, arbitrary, and uncomfortable; the poor child looked sad, old, morbid, and miserable. She had been to school because her parents thought it an amusement for her to be with other children. After critically examining her physiognomy, I said to her mother, "What is the temperament of your husband?" "The same as my own," she replied. "Then the child is doubly stamped," I continued, "and very vigorous measures must be used, if you expect to restore her health. Divorce her immediately from anything mental, so far as memorizing is concerned; then send her to a dancing school, that she may combine exercise with order and melody, and thus some of her rough edges may be rounded." The child—her large eyes wide open with wonder and delight—interrupted with, "Dancing school? O, how I've longed to go! but mother says it's wroog, and leads to wickedness." What a dilemma for a physician—what a dilemma for a child! "Did you ever intend your daughter to play the piano, guitar, or other musical instrument?" said I, to the mother. "O, yes," was the answer. "Why," I continued,—"why show such partiality to the upper extremities? The hands are rendered happy as a medium of melody; the feet are rendered equally happy in the same way." A nice afternoon school received the little girl, who grew in health and harmony every month as she followed the hygienic rules prescribed for her. Dancing is a healthful, beautiful, graceful recreation, and is not responsible for the abuses luxury has thrown around it. The vulgarism and excitements of the ball room have no more to do with the simple enjoyment of the dance, than the rich fare of the gourmand, with the temperate repasts that satisfy natural wants. —*Dr. Harriot K. Hunt.*

SERVANTS' MARKET, IN MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

The two pictures on the next page transport us into the midst of a very strange scene in a very strange country—the Market for Servants in the Kitai Yard of the city of Moscow, Russia. The first picture shows the interior, with a singular collection of specimens of humanity in peculiar costumes. We have an itinerant pedler of trinkets on one side; on the other, a liquor dealer, dispensing his steaming beverage. A couple of Russian wood-sawyers are in the centre. Hats and caps of various patterns meet the eye, with here and there the helmet of a soldier, and the fur head-gear of a Tartar. Pretty girls and dismal-looking loafers, seeking situations, arrest the attention. The second picture is an exterior view of the market, with its throngs of people. Outside of the groups, here and there, a street pedler has established his little portable table. In the foreground, and elsewhere, are groups squatted on the ground; in the distance, rise the domes and spires of the great city, which has, viewed from a distance, a strange oriental aspect. This market for servants is a peculiar institution of Moscow. The business of the Moscow market is thus transacted: Each servant who arrives in the town, after having obtained permission from his or her master to try the fortune of the market, pays an annual fee (called a *brock*); perhaps, after a certain number of years' service, they save sufficient money, and they buy their freedom, which is regulated according to ability. Count Cheremetieff, however, is said to possess about forty thousand serfs, but he will not give any of them their liberty, though many of them are worth millions of roubles. The market is situated just outside the ancient boundary wall (the Kitai Yard) of Moscow. Here all servants are engaged. It is a large plot of ground, with a shed erected in the centre for protection from bad weather. The market is held every day throughout the year. The most busy day is Sunday. The bargain is as follows: A person wanting a servant



INTERIOR SHED, MARKET FOR SERVANTS AT MOSCOW.

states what service he requires and the amount of wages he feels disposed to give. Thus, all description of laborers—carpenters and joiners, girls for factories, etc., are engaged. Soldiers who have served a certain number of years can obtain a billet for six years; they generally get places as watchmen, the government not liking them to go into dangerous employment for fear of injury. When you engage a man-servant, you take his passport; and on the day he commences work, his name is entered in the police-books; every day you miss getting this entry made, you are subject to a fine of sixty kopeks. On the day the servant is discharged, you must also get the name erased from the police-books. If a servant has a complaint to make, he or she must go to the police-station, where, if the servant is found to be in the wrong, a good whipping is inflicted; but the master, with the aid of a few roubles a day, is always in the right, as a matter of course.



THE OPEN MARKET FOR SERVANTS, AT MOSCOW.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FORGIVE HER, NOW SHE'S DEAD!

BY BELL BRAMBLE.

They've called thee strong as Death, O, Love!
But mightier far thou art.—J. D. B.

'Twas past, and she was dying—yet from her broken heart
She thus poured forth her latest prayer before she must depart:
"Go to my husband! bear this ring—the ring with which he wed—
I feel he wont refuse the pledge when told that I am dead.

"Ask him to wear it for the sake of days ere love grew cold—
In memory of the fond heart then, now throbbing faint and cold:
O, could he weigh its yearning love, or know how it has bled,
I think he could forgive me when told that I am dead.

"And pray him not to think of me as sunk in guilt and shame:
Tell him that only in my prayers I breathed my husband's name—
Tell him how faded was my cheek long ere my spirit fled,
And beg him to forgive my fault when told that I am dead.

"O, pray him to forgive my fault—the guile by which I fell:
I ever loved my husband—his friend I loved too well!
Could he but know the penitence of guilty tears I've shed.
I think he could forgive my sin when told that I am dead.

"I know that Jesus said the stone should first by such be cast
As led a sinless life themselves, nor risked the fearful cost—
The cost of many a sorrow and sin that's on my head:
And yet Christ will forgive me, I feel, when I am dead.

"He knows how gentle was my heart, and loving from my birth;
And he knows that the fondest ones aye suffer most on earth:
And I feel that when Frank knows I'm gone—the suffering spirit fled,
In his heart he'll keep my memory, and love me when I'm dead."

A hushed and holy calm reigned there—that struggle was the last;
The ransomed spirit soared above—life's fitful dream was past.
With tearful eyes I left the couch to bear, with hurrying tread,
The penitent's last earthly prayer—forgive her, now she's dead!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FOURTH POINT.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

"GOOD-BY, Onora! Adio, Leonora!" "*Di novello tutto par bello!* You'll not be so gay twenty-four hours hence, I'll warrant!" sung gay voices from the Italian garden on the cliffs above the little felucca that swung round in the blue bay below.

"*Horae*," replied a sweet voice ringing from the deck, "*non, non, mio nido e bello sempre!*" and Leonora, kissing her hand to the friends above, as the craft separated the waters with a sharp keel, was soon beyond speaking distance.

Taking a seat on deck, she overlooked the sea, enjoying the brilliant scene, while a damp wind filled her streaming ringlets with foam, and loosened the airy folds of amber-hued gauze and crape which adorned her figure. The voyage was to be but a short one—a little over a hundred miles, to one of the Levantine islands, where dwelt an aunt of Leonora's—and darkness set in, with a gently increasing wind, ere they had made much progress. By night, the wind swelling and whistling hoarsely in the shrouds, filled the young passenger's heart with a vague dread, and ere morning a wild hurricane had compelled the sheets to be furled, while they drove along beneath it. But sunrise, as is frequently the case in those vehement squalls of the Mediterranean, brought a counter movement, and after several tacks about, the ship swung loosely to and fro in a dead calm. Wrapping a mantle about her, Leonora went on deck. Here and there, plunging on the yet heaving bosom of the deep, masts, keel and rudder told of disasters which might have happened to them, but no human being was to be seen.

"Who can have been wrecked?" said she, turning to the master of the felucca.

"God send," returned he, "that it may have been Timour the Tartar, who is scouring these seas. St. Peter himself would not save such a pirate as he!"

"Pirate! Tamerlane a pirate?"

"Ah, my lady! True, he conquers by land, but just now, to serve his own purposes, he conquers by sea. Had it not been that the felucca dips her beak into the waters like a bird, we had been where many another crew are. As soon wreck a stormy-petrel; she's too small for the waves to get a purchase of her."

"There, look there, signor! is it not one of the wrecked? Is it not a man swimming with a spar? Hark, a breeze springs up! Put about, and save him!"

"Not I!" cried the captain, in horror; "he may be one of the very pirates."

"No?" returned Leonora, with flashing eyes. "Not save a drowning fellow-creature! But, signor, you shall! Obey me, or by Heaven you lose your ship to-morrow!"

Crossing himself piously, time and again, trembling under her glance, and muttering execrations and ejaculations, he proceeded to comply. Meanwhile, the swimmer, making rapid advances, was now near enough to be quite plainly discerned. A red scarf, one end still half entangled round his head by something that looked like a band of jewels, hung down and was twisted round the upper part of his body; one shoulder only was bare and flashing white, as dripping with water it met the level beams of sunrise; his hair was long and black, and dipped in and out of the water like curling snakes. The strokes with which he parted the waves were vigorous and muscular. Springing half out of the sea, with now and then a quick gesture of throwing aside the hair drifting across his sight, till catching the rope thrown him, he coiled it swiftly up with one hand, and deserting his spar, leaped lightly upon deck, from whence, according to Leonora's previous directions, he was immediately conducted to change his garments. In a moment or two, his dripping, flowing robes lost in an Italian suit of white, tight-fitting clothing, but the red scarf wrung out and placed again carelessly round his temples, with the long ends flowing in the quickening breeze, he ran lightly up the ladder and joined Leonora. There was a commanding ease in his gait, a free, bold motion of the limbs, that betokened a strength and nerve and spirit never found in the common Italian now, and seldom then, in the fourteenth century. His face, too, was Eastern in its characteristics, and very singular. At first sight you saw nothing but the eyes below very fine, long, narrow, and highly-arched black eyebrows. They were large, and impressed you as by far the largest portion of his face. They were black, blacker far than his jetty hair; they were bright, sparkling with greater brilliancy than the gems that confined his scarf; coals of fire, constantly fanned by a strong breath behind thinnest vapor, could not have burned so brightly as those eyes. His face, at first sight, was repellant; one did not care, one preferred not to look again, but if courage came with an afterthought and a second glance, you perceived the thick, black rays of lashes in which these eyes were set, the low, long, white forehead, the dilating nostrils, the sudden crimson high upon the cheek, so sudden and with such contrast, that one would have pronounced it artificial did it not come and go, as it were, with every inhalation and respiration; one saw the lips, thin, red and chiselled so finely that the corners were lost in a delicate line, and one saw small, white teeth flashing under the dark hair that trimmed the haughtily curled upper lip. But all this was not seen at once, for the eyes might have withered you to ashes with their flames, had you dared persist. All this Leonora felt; but partially fortified by gazing at him while swimming, and by the glimpse she obtained when on deck, her own eyes, nevertheless, sought the ground.

"They tell me, lady," said he, addressing her in a voice like silver wires vibrating in a hot wind, low and musical, yet rather painful at first from its intensity, "that I owe my escape to you. That fearing I belonged to that villanous Tamerlane, and would bring all the magic of his crew with me to annihilate this little float, I should have been abandoned to my fate but for your decision. Accept my thanks. Perhaps it may never be in the stranger's power to return such favor, but let his will answer till it is."

At the mention of the word "magic," all within hearing had recoiled, and Leonora, raising her eyes slowly but determinedly, answered:

"Do not thank me, signor, nor yet depreciate an ignorant people for their pardonable superstition."

"Pardonable, madam, since I owe your interference to it. Nay, lady," as she half turned her face away, "why veil yourself? Here in my Italian dress, speaking to an unveiled lady, I feel as if I were born on European shores, listening to endless nightingales, and had never heard the roar of lions when half buried in Asiatic sands. Pray, do not destroy the illusion!"

Rather annoyed, she sank on the seat, wishing that might signify him to leave her; to her amazement, he took a similar place beside her, resuming:

"Though had I you there in my native land, so closely veiled would I keep that beauty, so darkly swathed in linen bulwarks, that even the amorous winds should never breathe on your heavenly radiance, lest they tell it to others and I lose so invaluable a treasure! Ah, Leonora!"

She looked up, angrily.

"The signor forgets," she said, proudly, "that he is not in the centre of a harem of Asian odalisques. Retire!"

But coolly as he had taken it, the stranger retained his seat.

"I have watched you in Italy, in your bowers and your dances," said he. "I saw you embark; my sails hovered on a not distant horizon. I wrecked my ship that you might rescue me. I have boarded this in order only to capture your heart. I do not doubt but that ere we reach Corfu, worse adventures than I can have anticipated, will befall me, but fail in this I will not. By the Eternal! Leonora, I will win your love as madly as I've given mine to you."

"You take a singular method. My heart is not a city, to be stormed, nor a fortress, to be carried by assault."

The stranger smiled, a fascinating smile, as Leonora confessed to herself, what time she dared to think at all, for it seemed as if he read her very thoughts with that searching eye.

"Let us at least begin," said he, frankly, "as friends."

"No, signor; you speak to me as no lady suffers herself to be addressed. We cannot be friends."

"Ah? Let me see. A friend comprehends far more than a lover. I am your lover. I ask you to be my friend. Behold the confidence I repose in you; I trust you, and entreat of your generosity far more than I give. I think we can compass it."

"But, signor, your confidence, in yourself at least, is imposing. Consider a moment. If you know me, you are quite aware of my rank. You will excuse me, signor; you are an adventurer, a stranger, I know nothing of you. From your manners, I am led to infer you do not believe in marriage other than as exhibited in Mohammedan seraglios. Think of such an alliance! Pardon me, signor, it is absurd."

"The lady will believe me, I speak truth. I aver, that in mere worldly rank I am far superior to her; that where one is her slave, thousands are mine;" returned the stranger, leaning forward and looking at her steadfastly, while resting his elbow on his knee and his head on his hand. "As for my wealth, it is boundless. I believe in one marriage with one wife, the light, life and blessing of home; no harems, Leonora. As for my name—call me Marhene, for you found me in the sea. I rose upon you like Venus. I brought love with me, dripping from me as water from the goddess. For my real name, when you promise to be my wife you shall know it. Pray, do not let curiosity stimulate you. Lady, there are thousands of Asian women who faint, dazzled at my words of love. I do not want a slave, however beautiful, but a wife, virtuous, chaste, intelligent, such, in short, as I can find in Europe alone. I wish myself to win love and not surroundings. Therefore I am striving for your love, and I shall have it!"

"Well, signor," replied Leonora, carelessly, "when I love you I will tell you. You speak Italian too well."

"I speak all languages. Will you do me a favor?" said he.

"I have already done one too many."

"Let me pray you to wear this ring lest I lose you."

Her contemptuous, impatient "No!" had no effect, for snatching her hand, he had thrust on her finger a small, close ring, with a diamond star around a costly ruby for a facet. Ere she could tear it in indignation away, a sudden whisper and murmur of voices rang around and arrested her attention, while all eyes were bent in one direction; and forgetting all else, Leonora looked too. Not far distant, a suspicious-looking craft, with a long, black hull and high bulwarks on the stern, was driving down upon them.

"Timour, Timour!" ejaculated the captain. "We are irretrievably lost! Where were ye, fools, that I saw nothing, when we might yet have been saved!" and he flung himself on the deck, as if he already felt the knife of the pirate at his throat.

"It is not too late," said the voice of Marhene, compelling the captain to rise, fascinated and spell-bound. "Let your men, at least such as are not paralyzed by fear, obey me."

Instantly the crew were at his command, and almost as soon, the sails were backed and hanging limp, while the ship drifted idly down the current. The voice of the stranger, in quick, vehement commands, was heard above the rattling cordage, and manœuvre followed manœuvre with surprising skill, so that the pirate, completely mystified, and at first filled with surprise at what he had deemed an easy prize, began now to exhibit considerable anxiety.

"You will deliver us into the cursed Tartar's hands. By my soul, I believe you are here for that!" moaned the captain, as they were running down almost foul of the enemy, for the sixth time.

"Silence, thou knave!" said Marhene, in his first musical tones, and like showers of sparks sent off in parabolic curves, from some dark, central body, were the light, darting movements of the small vessel, aided by one or two sails, and the wonderful tactics, never before seen, of her new commander, as she at last described, by the most extraordinary steps, half a circle round the pirate.

Within a hundred yards of the latter, whose massive bulk was not so easily commanded, she started as the pirate presumed, upon another curve from which she would descend upon his opposite side. Anxious to foil her in this, he proceeded rather clumsily to turn around, and looking up, when the tiny war-boat had gained the usual distance, he saw every inch of linen upon her two masts stretched and filled, and with arrowy speed she was cleaving the sea, and vanishing like a little cloud. Lumbering along, the pirate soon hugged the shore, and hid his bulky head within some one of the inlets that communicated with the inner sea. Meantime, Marhene, returning the trumpet to its owner, said:

"Signor il capitaine, I resign my command!" and resumed his seat by Leonora, who had been perfectly composed.

"A race of European cowards," he muttered.

"Nay, signor—"

"Marhene, if you please."

"You must excuse—"

"Marhene," persisted he.

"Well, Signor Marhene—"

"Drop the signor."

"I do not wish to," she replied.

"I insist upon it. I shall hear nothing without that prefix. What were you about to say, commencing with 'Nay, Marhene?'"

"Nay, Marhene, the pirates came from the East, and through your nonsense my remark has lost its flavor."

"One point gained, Leonora; and I always keep what is once obtained."

"Signor—"

"Marhene, Leonora. I like my new name You were about to ask a favor; I shall grant it but on that address."

"Leave me, Marhene."

"Leonora, your slave obeys if commanded to spring into the sea. Yet first, read him his character."

"You are an impostor. And do not think because you can force all these men to do as you please, that, therefore, I am in your power."

"At least I can manage a ship well," said he, disregarding her last clause.

"You can manage a ship well, and we owe you cold thanks for our safety. Take them and leave me."

Rising, with a bow, he complied. She was angry at such insolence, and yet, she knew not why, half sorry he was gone. She could not tell what it was about him that so commanded her soul, and half against her will she turned her head to look at him. Never, she must confess, had she seen so noble a gait; she hesitated—was he lame? impossible; that springing step, that light motion of the limbs, flung out nervously, that elasticity which seemed to spurn the earth, no one but envy impersonated could have turned into a halt, and so she acknowledged; but he never once turned his head, and she saw him mingle, in a certain gay and unapproachable familiarity, with the common sailors, till weary of jesting, he hung over the taffrail and gazed into the sea.

They were now nearly through the straits; on either side were high walls of rock, and beyond, the waters of the inner bay were calm and placid. They emerged slowly from the narrow chasm. Suddenly a wild cry rose from the felucca, and looking round, they found themselves close under the lee of a great ship, that reared its black bulwarks high above, bristling with spears, implements, and fiendish grins of their enemy who exultingly had so

overreached them. A fierce shout from the pirates, at their cunning circumvention, arose, and in countless numbers they leaped upon the deck, making the felucca shake and groan with the shocks. In the midst of the affray that ensued, notwithstanding Leonora saw a dreadful fate impending, while she shuddered and trembled, she nevertheless found herself watching with considerable interest the action of Marhene, as, having snatched a sabre, he performed dreadful execution on the invaders. He was not by any means the tallest there, but nevertheless was by far the most prominent of all, as if some invisible force surrounded and magnified him, and compelled the most indifferent observer to single him from the ferocious tumult. All at once, he seemed to be alone, for no blows seconded his, and he met scores. His sabre was broken; he fell back, fighting every inch of the way, till quite near Leonora, seized a marline spike, flung it with stunning strength at his nearest opponent, twined his arm round her and sprang into the sea.

"How your heart beats," he said, as they rose at a great distance. "Did you think that although they possessed themselves of all your treasures on board, they should obtain my treasure?"

"I hardly know which were worse."

"Cool!"

"No. I acknowledge you have twice saved my life and placed me under infinite obligation."

"Not at all. If you will look at it in that light, I am but repaying my debt to you."

She clung round his neck, and he swam on in silence, now and then looking round, but no one followed. They were within a rod of the shore, when suddenly a boat darted from the cleft of a rock, and with powerful strokes nearly reached them. Marhene dived as swiftly, and came up at a distance; the boat started in pursuit, and again Marhene disappeared. Several times, thus fruitlessly the boat chased him, then quite at random as to his whereabouts, rowed hither and thither, but never quite in the right spot. At last, when as he dived they rowed forward, to their exultation, he appeared at arm's length; it was not the work of an instant to deal him a savage blow on the head, and for strong, powerful grasps to tear the fainting Leonora from Marhene, who sank lifeless down through the dark waters; but it was not a barnacle that clung to the keel of that boat, and swam with it to the other shore.

Three days after, Leonora woke as from a trance, and found herself well nursed in a luxurious apartment, and in a week, half veiled in snowy gossamer, and robed in costly white muslin, she stood exposed for sale in the slave-market of Bagdad. Once or twice she saw a figure pass her, familiar, though apparently disguised and somewhat lame (and it is a singular historical fact that the lameness of this individual was never recognized in his own person, but only when he assumed the identity of another); a figure who gazed down the line as if seeking some one. Was it—could it be Marhene? No, she had seen him sink through the sea, and she remembered it with a sudden pang. Not that in the interval he had never crossed her mind; on the contrary, she seemed to have undergone a revulsion of feeling, and far from her former anger and contempt, she wondered, was interested, saddened and all but loved. Should she acknowledge her heart conquered by this utter stranger! He would never know it, he was dead; and alas! what use to love the dead. Yet it might not be; and half to obtain a better view, she cautiously parted a fold of lace with the hand where gleamed the ring thrust thereon by Marhene. In a moment the half-recognized figure stood before her.

"Thank me now," said he, "that I forced the ring on you."

"Thank you."

"You fetch a fine price, I hear; they hoped the Sultan Bajazet would see you. Which would you prefer for a master, he or I?"

She was silent.

"A second point gained, Leonora. A week ago you would have said Bajazet, now you are silent."

She felt it, and remained silent. The slave merchant now joined them. "Ten thousand pieces of gold," said he.

Marhene had respected her, and not, with a customer's privilege, raised her veil, or he would have seen the painful crimson that suffused her cheeks at being thus an object of barter. She, but a week since, possessed of vast wealth, countless vassals, high rank and freedom, now sold to a harem. The yellow metal glistened in the meshes of Marhene's purse, and the slave merchant had drawn out his tablets, when two plainly-dressed citizens entered the bazaar. The merchant deliberately replaced his tablets.

"Put up thy purse," said he, "the girl is not thine; yonder behold the sultan!"

"In disguise, then!" exclaimed Marhene.

"By Allah!" exclaimed one of the new-comers, "here among all this chaff is at last one grain of wheat. Behold, lord! Saw ever such symmetry? Look at the rich lovelocks rolling under the veil! that exquisitely moulded hand—an houri descended to earth to reward your devotions at prayers, great Signeur!" and with rudeness he approached Leonora, still discussing her person, and withdrew her veil.

Although European, and never having worn a veil, now, thus placed in the position of a woman where modesty required the use of one, there was something too insulting in this, and with thickening color and sparkling eyes, she shrunk back.

"Ah, what voluptuous blushes!" said one of the purchasers. "What a skin! Wells with stars in them do not equal the eyes! The price?"

"Fifteen thousand pieces of gold," answered the merchant, and that sum was speedily paid out.

While the three were counting the money, Marhene flitted back.

"Foiled, foiled, foiled!" said he, bitterly. "Do not therefore despair; I never was wholly overcome, I will not be now!" and he vanished.

A few moments had elapsed when a herald fell prone at the feet of the disguised sultan.

"Ah, sire! ah, light of the moon and offspring of the sun! Pardon, pardon. Damascus has revolted!"

The old monarch, quite frightened out of his proprieties, started up, and contrary to all Mohammedan allowances, indulged himself in quite a quantity of oaths. At last, slightly calmed, he said:

"What must he must be. I'll march on with the army. Timour the Tartar, may he halt forever! has been in this revolt, as in everything else! Mahmoud, thou'lt follow with the harem and this new slave; we will encamp outside the walls. Speedily will this little affair be crushed," and with his kaftan streaming behind him, Bajazet left the market, followed by the vizier and the Italian.

Another week had passed, and amidst the quick vicissitudes of a hitherto happy life, one morning Leonora found herself, with other inmates of the royal seraglio, splendidly lodged in a temporary pavilion outside the gates of the besieged city, earnestly hoping that the order of attack would drive her from the sultan's memory, which was not, however, by any means the case. Every day till now, by most cunningly obtained opportunities, had Marhene presented himself before her, and been indulged with a short altercation, in turn rewarding her with hope of freedom. The siege was proceeding rapidly, as in those days sieges could, and Bajazet was rubbing his hands exultingly over his success.

"The hounds!" said he. "They dared, when I asked who was their master, to shout, with a voice like a tempest, Tamerlane! I'll teach them. By the way, Mahmoud, where is the lovely Italian?" and he leered frightfully.

"In the pavilion, seigneur," was the response.

"What is all this forbidden revelry and merriment without?" asked the sultan.

"It is a juggler," returned one, "that the soldiers have picked up, and he is the source of their laughter."

"A juggler," screamed the amazed potentate, "dare to enter the camp of Bajazet! Off with his head!"

But as some one suggested that his jokes might enliven the soldiery, who it is true, were rather flagging, his highness reversed the order, and commanded he should be brought in that he might see he was no spy of that filthy Tartar, as he dared term the king, who had added to his own paternal dominions four-fifths of Bajazet's, torn from him by the iron gauntlet of war, and the juggler entered. A man, past the prime, apparently, with sharp eyes under shaggy brows, in turn under a torn, green turban, whose color, green, sacred to a sacred race, would have been sufficient in itself to ensure his life. A short, red frock, girded by a golden belt, and rather tattered, with high buskins, completed his attire. He wore a tawny beard, covering half his face and breast, was undersized and stooping (though he might have been tall had he been able to carry himself upright), with a hump on his back, and walked with a cane, and one foot bandaged. In the other arm he held his tools and toys. The sultan tapped his hump and satisfied himself from its hardness that it was real; trod on his foot and believed it sore because the man winced; pulled his beard, and believed it natural because it did not come off, and ordered him to proceed with his feats. They were in the court of the pavilion, and the females were separated by a golden lattice alone from the place, through which they looked down upon the scene, and as the juggler entered, Leonora floated forward and sat down before the grating. The juggler took a cylinder of solid iron, which he gave the sultan to look at, and after him the other courtiers, that they might satisfy themselves there was no flaw in it. Holding this outstretched in one hand, horizontally, he selected a sword of the finest temper of Damascus, swayed it several times in the air, while it bent and writhed from the strength of the strokes, like a whip lash, then coiling it up like a ribbon in a roll, he tossed it high up the lofty dome. The spectators beheld the quivering weapon straighten at the topmost instant of its flight, and recoiled, lest it should fall and sever them, but the juggler, while standing with his head bent forward, never once glanced up.

"If it should fall upon his neck," murmured Bajazet, "kill him and serve him right!"

But straight as a bolt, with flashing precision, the thin, wonderful weapon dropped, with a papery rustle, upon the iron cylinder, which fell on the ground parted in two portions by the electrical blow, while the sword hung trembling in the hand of the juggler. All the courtiers drew a long breath, and Leonora above, whose suspicions were at work, could have screamed from relief. Still in perfect silence, the juggler approached one of the courtiers and pulled a single fine thread from his garment. Planting the sword upright upon the ground, he broke off a portion of this thread and, with the lightest breath, wafted it against the edge of the blade. The thread shared the fate of the cylinder, and fell divided.

"I believe if I look at that sword much longer," muttered the superstitious Bajazet, "I, also, should fall severed in two pieces."

"Not thou," said the juggler, in a deep, half-inaudible tone, "but thy kingdom!"

The sultan trembled, and utterly in his power as the juggler was, felt the superior force inherent in the latter, as Leonora had felt it before him, and was, moreover, controlled by something uncanny, which the Easterns always attribute to the deformed. A dozen golden balls were now taken by the juggler, and for a short time, altogether, kept dancing aloft with one hand, while with the other, the sword flashed in and out between the mazes they described. There were twelve balls rising and falling as from a golden fountain playing in the air; suddenly twenty-four pieces fell at once to the ground, while as if a hundred swords were flashing and curling and interlacing on high, like a pond of aerial fishes, that one sword kept up its wonderful vibrations and involutions over their heads, while the swift motions of the lame juggler seemed to envelope him in a misty haze, through which you could hardly descry his true form. Murmurs of admiration went up from all the assembly and mingled with singular murmurs swelling outside the pavilion, but at last the latter predominated and the startling exclamation

"The Tartars! O, the hordes! To arms, to arms!" struck on the bewildered ears within, till streaming through arch and door, all rushed out and left the juggler alone. The females also, were flocking behind the golden lattice to the other part of the pavilion above, to behold the confusion, and Leonora still retained her position. Continuing to twirl his sword a rose, though frequently its dazzling point too near made her shrink, the juggler drew near her

"Come down," said he, authoritatively

"I cannot. The eunuchs would see me," she said.

"You would like to!"

"Certainly."

"A third point gained, Leonora, and there are but four points to the compass!"

"Well, the fourth lies before you."

"How!"

"By going on your own route."

"Thank you. I know in what direction my route lies, and at present am busy gaining the fourth point. Before noon I think it will be mine, as well as the battle almost beginning yonder. You told me the other day I was an extraordinary character, a mysterious being; to-day you have given me a larger space of thought than usual, with what conclusion, may I ask?"

"That, I will tell Marhene when he has gained the fourth point."

"You think it probable that I succeed?"

Leonora was silent a moment, then murmured:

"I imagine who you are. Ought I to love such a being?"

"You consider, then, the possibility of it, you are tempted. Let your wishes answer your question. Ah, I said I never failed! I half believe my work is done. For what did I keep this sword dazzling your eyes as it smote the yellow wires? The lattice is pierced for your exit in a thousand contiguous places. Tear it away and come down. Come down, Leonora, and watch the battle. Marhene goes out to conquer!"

Meanwhile, Bajazet and his suite running out, had beheld the plains darkened with hordes of his enemy, pouring down the hills, while more distant specks on the level horizon betokened yet larger squadrons in reserve. Palpitating with fear, the horses were caparisoned, the spears selected, the turbans refolded, and faint order restored there to meet the hostile force. But Bajazet's force was not to be laughed at, it was truly immense. From a corner of the pavilion, down into the shade of a garden of myrtles, a form, enveloped in cashmeres, glided unobserved, and out among the perturbed soldiery, with his balls and cylinders, crawled the juggler.

The armies were within speaking distance, and suddenly reining up, the Tartars confronted the Turks. Exactly opposite the central group of the latter, where stood Bajazet and his body guard, between two well-mounted leaders of the foe, was a gigantic black horse without a rider, and decked only in a white saddle-cloth fringed with gold, and a bridle of blazing gems. The juggler, advancing half way between the two armies, turned to the Turks.

"Ah, my Lord Bajazet!" said he, "I have seen your numbers, learned your tactics, counted your weapons and felt of your hearts. What is to hinder Tamerlane from victory? Take my beard, it is at your service; but thou shalt *feel* my sword!" And brandishing the blade in air, he flung turban and robe at his feet, and bounded on the back of the steed, who, with a neigh of delight, rushed out to meet his rider.

Taking the red scarf from a lieutenant, he bound it under his coronet by one end, and swinging his Damascus blade over his head, the whole band, to a low gush of wild, sweet music, fell back several rods, and then with a shout, swept down as an eagle would, and caught the myriads of Bajazet in their talons. Timour the Tartar conquered. Bajazet, and all the power of the Turk, were his. The gates of Damascus opened joyously to receive the victor. But first, calm as if from a feast, he sought the garden of myrtles.

"You are free, lady," said he, "if freedom is to be desired," he added, as Leonora rose. "Am I to have that wife who values me for myself and not for my crown?" he resumed, "or will you continue your journey to your aunt in Corfu?"

Leonora gazed at the superb face, once so repellant, and which now drew her as by a magnet, "Signor, I once said hearts were not carried by assault. I acknowledge my error."

"Marhene has won what Tamerlane the Tartar shall crown!" was the exulting reply of the lover, who embraced her; and as side by side they rode into the gates of this, his greatest and last conquest, he whispered: "And now the Fourth Point is gained!"

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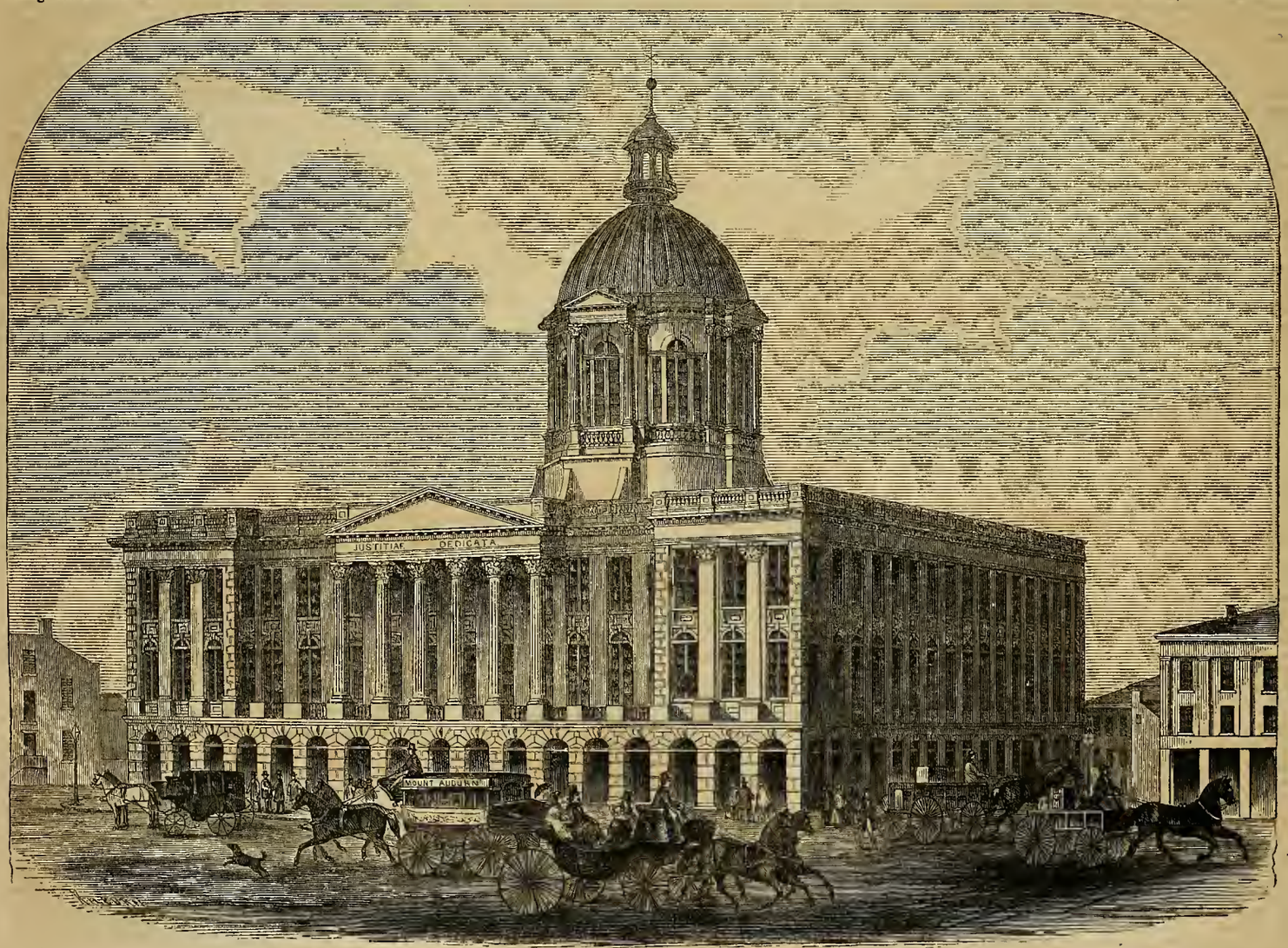
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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We present on this and the next page, a series of views, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, with his usual spirit and literal fidelity, and representing some of the prominent features of the wealthy and flourishing city of Cincinnati. These were all drawn on the spot during Mr. Kilburn's recent western tour, undertaken solely for the purpose of making original drawings for the "Pictorial." Cincinnati, the "Queen City of the West," is one of the most populous and enterprising of the Western cities. It is located on the north bank of the Ohio River, opposite the mouth of the Licking. The city is near the eastern extremity of a beautiful valley, about twelve miles in circumference, and surrounded by hills. It is laid out with great regularity, the streets, some of which are sixty feet wide, intersecting each other at right angles. They are well paved, and extensively shaded with trees, and the houses are ornamented with shrubbery. The shore of the river called the "Public Landing," is substantially paved to low water mark; and the wharf boats or floating wharves, adapted to the rise and fall of the river, render the landing and shipping of goods at all times convenient. The early history of Cincinnati is full of events "stranger than fiction." We will devote a portion of our space to one of those incidents, which shows what mighty results are produced by apparently trifling causes. In the days of the pioneers, there was a deal of rivalry as to where the great city of the Miami country should find a habitation and a name; and those who measured lances, were the respective friends of "Cincinnati," "Columbia," and "North Bend." For a time the victory hovered over the one, and then over the other, till finally a fair and black-eyed Helen decided the fate of the Queen City. For the protection of the Miami pioneers, a detachment of troops had been stationed at North Bend; and the former, desirous of having their ploughshares protected by the sword, gathered round the men of war. This came near determining the much-vexed question and giving to North Bend the preference, by the influx of those who felt safe in the vicinity of the troops. As the following summer was waning, Major Doughty arrived at Cincinnati, and laid the foundation of Fort Washington; but in the meantime, the commander at North Bend had most unceremoniously taken French leave, without any excuse for his departure. The settlers of the Bend were thus left to the mercy of their savage foes, and one by one followed the troops to Cincinnati, till at last the place was almost deserted. Some time afterward, the whispers of those who knew began to tell the tale of the mysterious removal. There was a black-eyed matron at the Bend, who had inspired the commander with such admiration, that when she re-



WOODBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



NEW COURT HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



NEW CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

moved to Cincinnati, the officer followed with his entire command, being convinced, after a short preliminary visit, that Cincinnati possessed peculiar advantages as a military post. That movement, produced by a cause whimsical and apparently trivial in itself, was attended by results of incalculable importance. It settled the question whether North Bend or Cincinnati was to be the great commercial town of the Miami country. Our first view in Cincinnati represents the Woodbridge High School, a fine, substantial building, recently erected. It is in the Gothic style of architecture. Cincinnati is noted for its educational facilities, and the establishment of this school will add materially to the well-established reputation of the city. The next picture exhibits the new Court House, on Main Street, a magnificent building, not yet completed, we believe, but destined to win admiration by its architectural beauty. The new Custom House, at the corner of 4th and Vine Streets, is a fine building, in a very striking style of architecture. It will be occupied by the officers of the customs, and the post-office. Immediately in the rear, our artist has shown a portion of the Burnet House, of which we gave, in a former number, a representation on a large scale. The remaining view of the series is a picture of the Mechanics' Institute. It is situated at the corner of Sixth and Vine Street. Our view gives a good idea of its appearance. It is 75 by 90 feet, and about 100 feet in height. The location is in a very pleasant part of the city, and extremely central. The lower part is occupied by stores, the upper stories as lecture room, reading room, library and hall. The Ohio Mechanics' Institute was chartered by the State, in 1828, and commenced with courses of lectures on scientific subjects. An effort was made to procure a suitable building, and the old Baptist Church on Walnut Street was purchased, but it was found impossible to raise funds to pay for the ground and erect a suitable building. Unsuccessful applications were made to the city authorities and the State; but $3000 was finally raised, with which the bazaar erected by the notorious Mrs. Trollope was purchased and fitted up. The Institute fluctuated some time with more or less success and changes of location, until the present building was erected, which has placed the association on a permanent basis. Cincinnati abounds with features of interest, and evidences of remarkable wealth, prosperity and public spirit. It is the fifth in size and importance among all the cities of the Union; and, when we remember that it was settled only in 1788, its magnitude is truly astonishing. Its population in 1853, was 160,186, and is rapidly increasing. Its railway and water communication give it the command of a most extensive trade. Some idea of its activity may be found from a few statistics. In 1853, the number of steamboat arrivals was 4058, comprising 314 different boats with an aggregate of 120,399 tons. The shipping of the district, June 30, 1854, amounted to an aggregate of 23,843 tons, enrolled and licensed. The value of imports for 1853-54, amounted to the sum of $65,730,029, and of exports, $45,432,780. The receipts for hogs for the year was $9,331,583. The custom house receipts in 1852-53, were $1,390,541. Cincinnati has very extensive and important manufactures to balance its important commerce. An idea of their extent may be formed from the fact that more than 200 steam engines are employed at the various manufacturing establishments. In 1851, the manufactured productions amounted to $35,000,000. The water used by the inhabitants of the city is obtained from the Ohio River by means of steam engines, which raise it to a reservoir holding about 5,000,000 gallons. The climate of Cincinnati is favorable to the grape, and an immense tract in the neighborhood of the city is devoted to vineyards. The largest grape cultivator in this region is Nicholas Longworth, Esq., whose successful experiments have raised him to a high rank among horticulturists. The annual product of the grape vines in the environs is estimated at above two hundred thousand gallons.



MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO THE UNKNOWN,

WHOM I MET AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.

BY ARTHUR MORTON.
AUTHOR OF THE "DUCAL CORONET."

We never spoke—but, as a star
That shines unconscious from the sky,
Thy peerless beauty from afar
Dawned on my wondering eye.
I did not hear Lagrange that night,
Though weaving spells of melody—
In all the throng of beauties bright,
My eye saw only thee.

Tiaras blazed on many a brow,
And gems on many a rising breast;
Ermine on shoulders white—but thou
In black wert simply drest.
Madonna-like, with braided hair
And folded hands, like saint in prayer
Low kneeling at a sacred shrine t
The glance of many a roving eye,
Unheeding, passed thy beauty by—
Not so did mine.

No thought of passion born of earth
Mixed with my admiration pure—
An image thou of radiant worth,
And I an honest wooer,
Seeking no token and no sign,
Not even a word or glance of thine,
Only the privilege to gaze
And carry to my latest days,
Deep in my reverent heart,
Thy image as a perfect type
Of sacred Virtue, Beauty ripe,
Niched in my memory like a saint
Sculptors might carve, and limners paint,
Yet far above their art.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BACHELOR OF GOTTINGEN.

BY ESTELLE QUAY.

The last rays of the sun gilded the arrow upon the principal church of Gottingen, when Doctor Fornarius, after dismissing his crowd of scholars, entered his study. A stove, placed in the centre, diffused a mild heat throughout the apartment, as it was December, and the sedentary life of the good doctor had rendered him very sensitive to the cold. A thick bed of snow covered the streets, which began to be deserted, and the north wind whistled in at the windows of the Gothic houses.

The habitation of Doctor Fornarius was situated at the extremity of a suburb, and entirely separated from the neighboring houses. A high wall which surrounded it, enclosed the little garden, shaded with green trees. His windows, besides, were constantly closed and defended from the curious looks of those who tried to penetrate into the interior of the dwelling of the sage, and the gate rarely opened unless to admit a few of the elect. This mysterious existence, added to the extreme austerity of his manners, had contributed, not less than the diversity and real depth of his knowledge, to spread to a great distance the reputation of the learned Fornarius. He was, above all, versed in the occult sciences, and initiated in all the secrets of the cabalistic doctrines. He had but just seated himself, with a feeling of pleasure, in his large, old leather arm-chair, when a light rap was heard at the door of his study.

"Come in," cried Fornarius, evidently vexed. "Ah, is it you, Frank?" added he, in a milder tone, as he saw a young man, who timidly advanced. "Sit down there first, and warm your cold hands," said Fornarius, pointing to a seat near his own chair; "you shall afterwards tell me what has brought you."

The young man, after taking off his hat and cloak, whitened by the snow, seated himself with an embarassed air, in the place designed for him. Fornarius for some time cast upon him a scrutinizing look, softened by affection. He was a young man, with an open physiognomy, surrounded by the falling locks of his light hair, and a high forehead, full of intellect. His habitually thoughtful eyes sometimes sparkled with ardent fire. Fornarius loved him the best of all his scholars, on account of his wonderful aptitude and zeal for study.

"Master," said he, suddenly, with a timid look, "your lesson today has very much interested me. Your learned inquiries upon effects and causes show a subtle and superior mind, which nothing escapes, which knows equally to trace back to the first principles concealed in all things, and to distinguish the invisible bond which connects one with the other."

"My son," interrupted Fornarius, with modest gravity, "there is, without doubt, at the bottom of these philosophical investigations, a powerful attraction, and an aim worthy of a noble ambition. Yes, I believe that there exists, under the superficial envelope of everything, a particle of eternal truth, and a detached ray of supreme science. But they are infinitely rare, those to whom it has been given to fathom them. May God preserve me from the foolish pride of believing myself of the number of those fortunate spirits!"

"O, master!" cried Frank, with enthusiasm, "you have said it; it is truly a noble aim. To seek truth, that is life. To know, that is its end. And I also burn to know. Dear master," added he, suddenly, lowering his voice as if for some important confidence, "let me open my heart to you."

"Speak, my friend," said Fornarius with eagerness, "speak with confidence."

"I will confess," replied Frank, hesitating, "that of all the advantages your owe to your deep studies, the most admirable and the most precious in my eyes, is to be able to predict and explain the future.

"It is true, my son, that I have sometimes succeeded in reading the book of destiny; but believe me, ignorance is often better than knowledge, and there are some terrible compensations for the satisfaction of this rash desire."

"Whatever are these compensations, my father, since you deign to authorize me to give them this name, I accept them, and yield myself beforehand, if you are willing to initiate me into the mysteries of necromancy—reveal to me the different chances that fate has in reserve for me. Do you believe that my gratitude—"

At these words, Fornarius fixed his piercing eyes upon Frank, who could not refrain from blushing as an imperceptible smile played upon the lips of the doctor.

"I should rather wish to make you renounce this project," replied he; "but since I cannot succeed, I ought to forewarn you that my science deals only with events and facts, and not with sentiments and thoughts. Thus necromancy tells me that you will, by my precaution, come into possession of a large fortune, but if, when obtained, you do not remember the poor Fornarius—ah, this is what I cannot avert."

"O, my good, my excellent master!" cried Frank, "can you believe that I shall ever forget the service you have rendered me?"

"Do you wish it?" replied Fornarius. "Ah well! I consent. But it is already late. Our operations and researches have been prolonged very far into the night, and I would not consent for anything in the world, to expose you to the danger of going alone to your dwelling in the middle of the night, at this season. Accept the hospitality I offer you with all my heart. To-morrow morning you shall be free to go and resume your daily occupations."

"I willingly accept, my dear master, your obliging proposition. If you will permit me, I will stay in this chamber until the day dawns."

"Not so, if you please. You are young; you need rest. One whole night without sleep, would be right neither for your age nor constitution. As for me, I am accustomed to these night studies, and it will neither change my habit nor my health. With your permission, you will spend the night in my bed-chamber, while I await here the return of light."

Without allowing his guest time to reply, Fornarius pulled the bell-rope to summon his old housekeeper.

"Martha," said the doctor, "make a good fire in my bed-chamber, and put some clean linen upon the bed; Frank will take my place there to-night; but first go and look for me in the press, here is the key, for one of those long-necked bottles, sealed with red, which are upon the second shelf."

Martha brought what he wished.

"Very well," said the doctor; "now leave us, and be ready to come again when I shall call you. Here," said he, presenting a glass to Frank, and cutting the cords which confined the cork to the bottle, "this will keep us awake, and fortify us against fatigue. I drink to your success, my dear neophyte, and wish that at your first appearance in the path of honor, you may soon obtain the degree of doctor, the object of your ambition."

The glasses clicked. Frank, in order to do justice to the wine of Fornarius, as well as to his cordial hospitality, swallowed at a single draught, the sparkling liquid which he had poured out. At this moment, a violent knock at the door of the study made Frank start from his seat.

"Who is there?" said Fornarius, in an angry tone. "Has Martha forgotten the order I gave her? What can any one want of me at this hour?"

An old man, that Frank at once recognized as the faithful servant of his uncle, hastily entered.

"Master Frank," said he, "hasten to return home. Your uncle is dying."

"Can it be possible?" cried Frank.

"Alas! the gout, from which he has so cruelly suffered for several days, has risen to his breast, and his physician assures me that he has but a few hours longer to live."

"Such a worthy man, and so good a relation," murmured Fornarius, much affected. "I regret, undoubtedly, the interruption of our interview, my dear Frank. But go, you have not a moment to lose."

"Go then," said Frank, turning to the messenger. "I shall be there presently. I see how it is," said he, looking at the astonished Fornarius, "it is one of the attacks to which the health of my uncle, a little injured by excess, is subject. The attack may have been more violent this time, but there is no serious danger. Let us continue our interview, for I am impatient to know."

Fornarius, more and more surprised, was just commencing, when a second messenger entered, groaning:

"O, my God! what misfortune! My good, my excellent master!"

"Ah, well?" asked Frank, quickly.

"He is dead!"

"Dead, dost thou say? Art thou sure of it?"

"Alas, sir! he died in my arms, after asking in vain for you several times."

"My uncle, my dear uncle," cried Frank, hiding his face in his hands, "that I still see! Let us run."

"Stop, my friend," said Fornarius; "trouble has deprived you of reason. After neglecting to soothe the last moments of a relation who loved you, and whose inheritance is secured to you, do you not fear that this tardy eagerness will be attributed to the base suggestion of personal interest?"

"Do you wish to have me abandon my uncle's house to the rapacity of hired people, and to the pillage of strangers? Who, then, if not I, will undertake to pay the funeral honors to him who was my second father? No, no; do not try to detain me, nothing would prevent me from accomplishing so sacred a duty."

"Depart, then," said Fornarius, "and may Heaven protect so worthy a son."

Several days after, Frank, dressed in the deepest mourning, entered the study of Fornarius.

"My uncle," said he to the doctor, "has appointed me his heir. I am rich, and I wish to be deprived neither of the lessons you have promised me, nor the counsels of your experience. I have conceived some vast projects with which I shall make you further acquainted. Follow me, if you are truly attached to me; we will no longer be separated; leave this house, and give up your place. We will live together, and my fortune shall be at your disposal."

"It will doubtless cost me some effort to change my habits. I am too old to begin a new kind of life. But it is of no importance. It shall not be said that Fornarius will refuse anything to his friend Frank. I will go immediately and attend to the sale of my house."

"I will purchase it of you, my worthy Fornarius; and from this moment if you wish it, you can regard me as your debtor for the sum of twenty-five thousand florins."

"Well, it is agreeable to me. With that, it will be permitted me, by means of a little revenue, to reward the long services of my old housekeeper."

"Just as you please."

Fornarius followed his pupil. Soon, thanks to his lessons, and also to the credit which he enjoyed with some influential members of the university, Frank obtained, after a public examination, the diploma of doctor. This title, which made him the equal of his master, according to rank but not according to merit, altered a little, I confess, the marks of deference and respect which he had formerly accorded to him. But Fornarius, who attached importance only to real emotions, perceived little of the change. Frank was rich enough to do without help from the public, but his ambition had increased with his fortune. The death of his uncle left vacant the place of professor in one of the faculties of Gottingen. Frank coveted this second inheritance, and after the lapse of a year, Fornarius succeeded, by invoking the memory of the uncle, in having the nephew appointed as his successor.

The desire of distinguishing himself stimulated the natural taste of Frank for work. Fornarius served to direct him in his studies, and as a living repertory of human knowledge. His merit burned the brighter because so unlike those around him. His lessons were followed by a numerous and select audience, and his name began to be known in the literary world.

Meanwhile, Fornarius had passed by a rapid transition, from the character of master to that of rival and friend, and finally from the latter to that of private counsellor. Frank, in the intoxication of his success, only remembered his old master when he could use for his advantage his knowledge and his credit. The pre-occupations of science and ambition had even swept away the remembrance of the twenty-five thousand florins, promised in exchange for the house of Fornarius, and for which the honest doctor had no other guarantee than the word of the purchaser. One day, after many struggles with himself, Fornarius ventured to present the subject with an humble request to the new doctor.

"Mr. Frank," said he, timidly (for he had contracted, a long time since, the habit of preceding the name of his old pupil with this respectful appellation), "it is five years to-day that I have had the honor of aiding you with my counsels, and I can testify that they have not been quite useless to you."

"Do you mean that I have failed in what I owe to you?" haughtily replied Frank.

"I did not say that, exactly, Mr. Frank."

"Are you not treated in my house as my equal?"

"I appreciate, as I ought the honor of such a condition."

"Of what, then, do you complain? And why recall the date, and the importance of the services you have rendered me?"

"Because it is precisely five years since I left my little house."

"And of what importance is it?"

"Because," added Fornarius, with embarrassment, "poor Martha waits yet the first quarter of the pension that I ought to pay her upon the twenty-five thousand you promised me."

"Do you believe me capable of breaking my word? and was it personal interest only that induced you to follow me? It is a good time to think of such a trifle when I am wholly occupied with your future and our common fortune. Listen to me, Fornarius. There is at this moment at Vienna, a vacant chair; it is an important post, and needs an able man. You are esteemed by the minister upon whom this nomination depends. Ask for me this favor, and it will be granted on your recommendation, I am sure. Let us go there together; and I shall finally be able to acquit myself towards you with some nobility."

The reputation of Frank had even extended to the capital of Austria. His nomination to the chair which he solicited, was not delayed, and as soon as it was announced he set ont for Vienna in company with Fornarius. The knowledge which he displayed in this eminent sphere of the professorship, gave a new degree of celebrity to his merit, and in a short time the whole of Germany cited with admiration the immense knowledge and eloquence of Doctor Frank. His fortune increased with his fame. He was successively named to several remunerative honors, which were only proofs of the particular esteem of the government. Finally, the dean of the council belonging to the university, having retired on account of his great age, Frank was nominated to fill his place. Fornarius, judging that now the ambition of his old pupil would be satisfied, and that his counsels henceforth would be useless to him, seriously thought of taking leave of the new dignitary, for

he had mourned in secret a long time at the increasing indifference and the haughty manner of Frank, towards him.

"Mr. Frank," murmured Fornarius, trembling with emotion, and perhaps with regret, "you are rich and loaded with honors. As for me, I am old, my devotion will be of no avail to you. I think it is time for me to retire."

"I certainly shall not permit it for anything in the world. I will not consent to be deprived of your experience and your services, honest Fornarius."

"But I am too old to remain in an uncertain situation."

"Ungrateful one! Do you dare to call the independent and honorable position you occupy in my house uncertain?"

"If only," added Fornarius, with a supplicating air, "you would deign to remember the twenty-five thousand florins!"

"What then! Shall I never find you but on eager creditor? and do you believe me an insolvent debtor? I shall not be inclined, to-day, to put into your hands a sum which would perhaps confirm you in the foolish thought of separating yourself from me."

"But," replied Fornarius, with tears in his eyes, "you ought not at least to refuse it for old Martha."

"This woman again. Truly it is a strange thing, the obstinacy of some people to mingle useless things with the most important interests, and to wish to constrain persons in high life to share their mean pre-occupations. I am sorry, my worthy Fornarius, that you give me credit for so little justice. Yet a little more patience and effort, and I shall reach my aim, and mount the last ladder step of power. Do you hear that, my aged scholar? The first minister," added he, lowering his voice, "is worn out with age and hardship. He esteems you, doctor; it is necessary to advise him to rest. He has some affection for me. The emperor, they say, places some value upon my talents. Let us each in our turn, exert ourselves to influence your friend to decide thus, and when the time arrives, to gain his majesty in my favor."

From this day, Fornarius frequently visited his illustrious friend, who loved his simple and honest character as much as he esteemed his great learning. The minister often consulted him upon his private state affairs as well as upon the questions of public interest, and Fornarius served at once the ambition of Frank and the health of the minister, and determined the latter to agree with the emperor to his dismissal, and the renomination of his protege. The last wish of Frank was at length accomplished. Fortune had led him by the hand to the height of honor. He bade adieu, forever, to the professorship, and left his citizen's dwelling to inhabit one of the most magnificent palaces in Vienna.

The crowd of courtiers, of solicitors, and persons of all ranks, which crowded the ante-chambers during the first days of his installation, made it impossible for Fornarius to approach the new minister. At length, the doors were opened to his urgent supplications, and it was with a respectful fear that the good doctor ascended the rich staircase of this place of grandeur, where he had himself facilitated the entrance of Frank. Just as the officer of the door announced Doctor Fornarius, his excellency made a sign to two secretaries, who were writing at his dictation, to retire.

"Ah, my lord," cried Fornarius, when they had departed, "have pity on your old professor—can I not say your friend?"

"What do you wish of me?" coldly asked the minister.

"That you would give me hospitality. Since you left me alone in your last house, which has been sold by your orders, and I am absolutely without an asylum and without resources."

"Your exigencies have wearied my generosity. My bounties have alone encouraged the new freak of which you are this moment guilty. I think that you should at least have learned the duties which devolve upon me, and the high functions with which I am invested, and the distance they put between you and me."

"May Heaven preserve me from failing in the respect that I owe to your highness. But your excellency should consider that I am a stranger in this city."

"And who thinks of keeping you here?"

Fornarius, at this cruel remark, vainly endeavored to conceal a tear, which, falling in the deep wrinkles of his cheek, was lost in the grey tufts of his long beard.

"My lord," replied he, falling on the knees of the minister, "I have left all to follow you. I have abandoned, at your request, my place of professor, and the occupations which were my resource and my only pleasure. There is nothing remaining for me, to-day, wherewith to return to Gottingen. I have no longer any hope but in you."

"Am I, then, your cashier?"

"Meanwhile, my lord, the twenty-five thousand florins for which you have given me your word."

"Insolence! If I had the weakness to make this promise to a miserable necromancer, have you flattered yourself that the minister would ratify the engagements contracted by the inexperience of youth! Depart, unfortunate one, to your house, and your diabolical occupations."

"My lord, have pity for my old age. It is late; the night is dark; snow covers the streets."

"Go, I tell you, or I will call my people."

"It is unnecessary," replied Fornarius, haughtily, rising and gazing upon the minister with his two little piercing eyes, "since your excellency has refused me a shelter in his palace, I shall do well, I see, to remain in my little house at Gottingen."

And saying this, he pulled the bell-rope. Frank looked around him amazed, and soon perceived that he was in the study of Doctor Fornarius.

"Martha," cried the doctor to the old housekeeper, who entered, "reconduct Master Frank to the street door. I am not fool enough to give up my chamber and my bed to a simple bachelor of Gottingen."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

WHY I AM AN OLD MAID.

BY AUNT HANNAH.

I am an old woman now, an old maid of seventy years; but this wrinkled brow was once as fair as marble, and this glass reflected in its stead a bright, sunny, laughing face, with rich chestnut curls hanging in wild confusion around it. Yes, wrinkled and withered as I am, I had once the fatal gift of beauty—beauty which made me vain, frivolous and heartless in my youth, and in my age uncared-for and alone.

I was the only daughter of a prosperous farmer in the flourishing village of B——, and was the pride of the village and of my parents, and indeed, many a city belle might have envied the rustic beauty of Rose Danvers. I had been destined by my parents, at an early age, for the son of a neighboring farmer, should our childish intimacy ripen into a mutual attachment. It did so, and the fondest hopes of our parents were consummated, and for a time the course of true love ran as smoothly as they could wish. William Carlton was a fine, noble, generous fellow, alas! too noble, for the weak creature he had deigned to love. Just beyond the village stood a fine, old-fashioned mansion, which served as a country seat during the summer months, for a wealthy family from the city. Lucy Edgell, the eldest daughter, was of my own age, and we were constant companions, I being the only villager whom she honored with her friendship. They entertained hosts of friends from town, and Lucy was never happy unless I made part of their household. Among the guests, there was a young *elegant*, whose person and manners could not have failed to make him a hero among the fair sex of any clime.

I was not long in discovering that attention from Frank Archer was considered distinction enough for my girl, and how was my foolish vanity fed when I saw myself the marked object of that attention; when I saw my fair hostess neglected for the country beauty! I felt vain of the power of this beauty, which I was not satisfied with exercising over one alone, and flattered by this distinction, vanity led me on, though my heart remained untouched, and still true to my betrothed. But ah! the subtle insinuations of my fancied admirer! ere I had passed a week in his society, I found myself passionately, hopelessly in love with Frank Archer. I felt that I had never loved before, and loathed the thought of becoming the wife of William.

Still, much as I saw Frank, he had never spoken to me of love, though I felt that I could read it in his voice, his deep look of devotion and tenderness as he bent over me, regardless of the presence of others; and I believed that all he desired was the opportunity, "the time, the place, the hour," for declaring his passion. And William was forgotten. Little did he dream of the change in me; he was too noble and true himself to distrust others, and I kept up the deception so artfully that not by a word or look did I betray the real state of my heart. And yet how hard was the struggle! How I suffered when I met him, with loathing in my heart and a lie on my lips, and told him that I loved him alone. But the crisis was at hand which was to decide my fate, and dash from me the cup of happiness already within my grasp, and leave me as I am.

One evening, on my return home, after spending a week with Lucy, I received a hurried note from Frank, begging me to meet him the next day in the glen where William and I had so often strolled by moonlight. My heart bounded with joy and expectation. "This place," thought I, "he has chosen for the avowal of his love; there, alone and undisturbed, we can declare our mutual passion." What must I do? how should I act? Could I go forth to meet him, hear his confession, when I was bound, tied to another? No. I would write first to William, tell him all, beg of him to release me, confess that I loved another, and then go free, unfettered, and give my heart to the only one I ever loved. I wrote—received a calm answer, which freed me from my bonds, and then, with a heart full of guilty emotion, stole forth to the glen, only to return a wretched, broken-hearted thing.

I arrived first at the rendezvous. I sat me down upon a rock, and soon I heard footsteps approaching nearer and nearer; my whole frame quivered with anxiety. Ah! widely different from my wild dreams, my foolish expectations, was the desire, the result, of this interview! One moment more, and Frank was beside me; but how did he meet me! not with the ardor of a lover, gaining a secret interview. His eyes looked none of that devotion which they had ever till now expressed; his step was firm, his look calm and dignified. He took respectfully my extended hand, and then releasing it, began:

"Miss Danver, I have requested this interview that I may implore your pardon for the great injustice I have done you. I do not flatter myself that you care for me, but I feel that I have disgraced myself in making you the innocent instrument of my schemes, and have desired to meet you that I may make the only reparation in my power—that of confessing to you my injustice, and begging your forgiveness. Know then, that I love your friend, Lucy Edgell. She has, at times, led me to hope that it was returned with equal ardor, and again treated me with indifference, and even scorn. To revenge myself for one of these caprices, I vowed to excite her jealousy by lavishing my attentions upon any one whom I could make a tool for this revenge. I attempted a desperate game, and made you my victim, and rashly, selfishly led on by the impetuosity of my passion, regardless of the injustice and baseness of my conduct towards you, till I was warned of the danger I was incurring, and I awoke from my delusion, ah! I trust not too late to obtain your forgiveness ere I bid you farewell."

He paused; trembling with despair, I had heard him to the end. I attempted to speak—my voice failed me. not for worlds would I have humiliated myself in betraying my love for him. I made a second desperate effort.

"Go!" said I, "you are forgiven, it is but my just reward for the wrong I have done another."

He attempted to assist my trembling form, but I bade him leave me. I sank upon a seat, and thus we parted. On arriving home, I learned that William had visited my parents during my absence, to bid them adieu; he was to take passage the next day in a vessel bound for Australia. He had explained to them the cause of this sudden departure, but had uttered no word of reproach against me. I will pass over the grief and disappointment of my parents at the unexpected and sad termination of their dearest hopes. They had looked forward with pride to the day when they could call William their son-in-law, and this was a sad blow to them. From that fatal day I have lived a life of seclusion.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ *Ballou's Pictorial* and *The Flag of our Union* are sent to one address for $4 per annum.

☞ Any postmaster can receive a copy of the paper to his own address, at the lowest club rate.

WILLIAM H. (SEDLEY) SMITH.

The accompanying likeness of this popular performer, was drawn expressly for our paper by Barry, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee and Case. William H. Sedley was born in Wales, in the year 1806, and left home when a boy to try his fortune in the great world. Assuming the name of Smith, from a disinclination to associate his family name with an untried career, he began life as a "call boy" at the Shrewsbury Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Crisp. He occasionally personated some minor characters, and by degrees worked his way into the position of a regular actor. In 1820 we find him engaged as "walking gentleman" at the Theatre Royal, Lancaster. In 1824 he was engaged for light comedy and juvenile tragedy by Edward Seymour, manager of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. In 1827, he had risen to the rank of a "star," and obtained extensive popularity in a wide provincial circuit. Having received a liberal offer from Messrs. Simpson and Cowell, he sailed for this country May 16, 1827, being engaged to play in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. He made his first appearance in this country at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Jeremy Diddler, in "Raising the Wind," and Lothair, in the "Miller and his Men." His success was unequivocal, and he immediately became popular both before and behind the curtain. Mr. Cowell, four weeks afterwards, appointed him stage manager, a post for which he was eminently qualified. In 1828, he first appeared before a Boston audience, at the Tremont Theatre, as Rolando, in the "Honey Moon," and was received with enthusiasm. At the Tremont he played light and juvenile tragedy. The following year he assumed the duties of stage manager of the Tremont, and remained connected with that establishment until 1836, when he was engaged by Mr. Pelby as stage manager of the National. He was as popular at this house as he had been at the other, nor did he enjoy a merely professional popularity. He was warmly welcome in private circles for his refined manners, his social disposition and his elegant accomplishments. In 1840 he went to Philadelphia, and was connected with the Arch Street Theatre in a managerial capacity. In 1842, Mr. Moses Kimball, having determined to introduce dramatic entertainments at the Boston Museum, then occupying the building at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, recently our publishing house, tendered Mr. Smith the appointment of stage manager, which he accepted, and immediately entered on the discharge of his duties. We well remember the little experimental stage and its appointments. It was a successful plan, from Mr. Kimball's liberality and taste in getting up pieces, and from the thorough manner in which Mr. Smith trained the little corps of performers. His instructions and vigilance made the company effective. Then came the great moral play of "The Drunkard," which was a prodigious success, and which won over to Mr. Kimball's support the prominent leaders of the great reform movement of the day—temperance lecturers, clergymen, active philanthropists. Afterwards, spectacles were attempted, and Lehr's magic coloring and perspective made you forget the narrow limits of the stage. In the present Boston Museum, Mr. Smith, who had been associated with and contributed to all Mr. Kimball's dramatic triumphs, had a fairer field for the display of his managerial abilities, and he has labored energetically in seconding the views and in rendering effective the liberality of the manager. Few persons unacquainted with the penetralia of the play-house can appreciate the importance and the severity of the stage-manager's labor. The public can estimate the exertions of a tragedian or a dancer—they are witnesses of the efforts they make—but they are not aware of the incessant toil and vigilance on the part of the stage manager, which produce the effects that enchant and excite them. The order of processions, the regularity of marches, the brilliancy of groupings, a thousand elements of dramatic success, are all the work of the stage manager. Mr. Smith has remodelled and improved many of the pieces presented at the Museum, and written many of the most popular songs in the Museum spectacles. As an actor, he has of late assumed a line of characters new to him, such as Sir Anthony Absolute, Admiral Franklin, Col. Hardy, Sir Robert Bramble, Sir George Thunder and Sir Oliver Surface. He is quite as much at home in these characters as in the airy and sprightly gentlemen, the Charles Surfaces, the Mercutios and the Mirabels, which he used to perform so admirably. In his genteel comedy portraitures, whether he personates the sexagenarian or the youth of twenty-one, Mr. Smith always exhibits the characteristics of the gentleman. He is never chargeable with any solecism of manner. His stage gentlemen are gentlemen that would not disgrace drawing-rooms. For being self-educated Mr. Smith is none the less a well educated man. His literary taste has led him to pursue an extensive course of reading, embracing the best English authors, and with these he is thoroughly familiar. He is equally well versed in the literature and the tradition of his profession. He has had ample opportunities of critically observing the great masters of the histrionic art in the various branches, and has a happy faculty of rendering the knowledge thus acquired available to others. He is known to have acquired also many accomplishments, to be a fine musician and a complete master of arms. Of late years he has been induced to give instructions to those who have determined to make the stage their profession. Among those whom he has thus prepared, we may instance Mrs. Senter, whose brilliant impersonations reflect the highest credit on her teacher. We understand that three or four young ladies, of great promise, are now qualifying themselves for the profession under Mr. Smith's tuition. The subject of our brief sketch has attained his present position through the steady and persevering cultivation of his own talents, without the aid of friends or fortune at the outset of his career. He selected his profession when a boy, and fairly fought his way to the eminence he finally attained. He has now, in his matured manhood, secured an enviable position—he has made warm and devoted friends in private, and is a favorite in public; he is understood to have secured a competence that will render his future comfortable—is the owner of a pleasant farm and homestead, and when the period for rest and recreation comes, will probably settle down into a contented and philosophic country gentleman, fairly entitled to the comforts he will then enjoy.



W. H. SMITH, OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

STERLING, MASS.

We present herewith, a very pleasing landscape view, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Kilburn, and representing faithfully the central part of the town of Sterling, Mass. Among the many interior towns in Massachusetts, Sterling, in pleasantness of location and quiet, rural appearance, compares favorably with the surrounding villages. It is located in Worcester county, at about an equal distance (twelve miles) from the two great centres of that county, Worcester and Fitchburg, with which it is connected by railroad. Sterling is mostly an agricultural town, although manufacturing, particularly chair-making, is carried on to a considerable extent. The village, a part of which we present in our picture, is nestled between high hills. Upon Meetinghouse Hill are the remains of a relic of olden times, a powder-house building, a feature once common in all country towns, but now seldom existing. From Kendall's Hill a fine view of Wachusett Mountain, in Princetown and the adjacent country, is obtained. Sterling contains the Washakum ponds, as fine and picturesque sheets of water as one would wish to see. Our view was taken from the hotel, and embraces the centre of the village. On the left is the Unitarian Church, beyond, nearly hidden by the trees, is the Baptist Church. On the right is the Orthodox Church, and nearer the spectator, the town house. The advent of railroads, annihilating the old-fashioned stage-coach, and bringing distant towns near in point of time, at least, to the great centres of trade, has made and is still making a great change in the rural towns of the State, and the difference of country life and city life is daily becoming less. The extravagance and luxuries of the cities become disseminated through the country, and are fast destroying the charming simplicity of a country residence. But on the other hand, much is to be said in favor of this blending of town and country, and the engrafting of refinement and elegance on rusticity and plainness.



VIEW IN STERLING CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY W.—It is a rule, always observed in good society, never to introduce one person to another without knowing that it is agreeable to both. Gentlemen are to be introduced to ladies—not ladies to gentlemen.

B. C. L.—Paper is not a modern invention, but was known and made in China before the Christian era.

M T.—The mark $ is simply a monogram of P. S—that is, the Spanish word *peso*, which signifies a dollar.

B. R.—Texas is an Indian name, and signifies "Beautiful."

MARY S.—Industry will accomplish your purposes. "Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send flax."

H. V Z.—The nights and days are equal on March 20th.

MINER.—The first deposit of California gold was made at the United States Mint, Dec. 8, 1848. Cannot say by whom.

M. D.—We will send you the last volume of "Ballou's Pictorial," elegantly bound, on the receipt of three dollars.

D C.—You should not offer to shake hands on meeting a lady, that is *her* privilege; also, in bowing in the street, wait for the lady to recognize first.

TEACHER.—Vermont derives its name from *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain, referring to its green mountains.

ENQUIRER.—Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819.

C. H.—We answer—an apple orchard. Apples are the most reliable crop, and pay the best. For family use, they are the most valuable.

W. A. F.—If you will refer to last week's notice to correspondents, you will find your question plainly answered.

WILLIAM P.—The first printing in this country was done at Cambridge, Mass., when an almanac was printed and published, in 1639.

W. L. T.—You are entirely mistaken; the best dressed gentlemen wear the least jewelry. Leave these things to Indians and South Sea Islanders.

EMMA.—Scott was 44 years old when Waverly was published. The best novels have been written by men in middle or advanced life; the best poems by young men.

P. Q.—Congreve rockets were invented by Sir Wm. Congreve, an English military engineer, who died in 1828. The Wm. Congreve you refer to, was an English dramatist, and died in 1729.

J. J.—Any noxious exhalation is called mephitic. Mephitis was the name of a Latin goddess invoked by the Romans to protect them against pestilential vapors.

INQUIRER.—What we call manna is a saccharine substance that exudes from some species of the ash-tree.

C. VAN S.—You have won. Gen. Philip Schuyler, of the American Revolutionary army, was a native of New York.

QUERY.—Bede, usually called the "Venerable Bede," was an English monk, born in 672, at Yarrow, near the mouth of the Tyne. King Alfred translated his "Historia Ecclesiastica" into Saxon.

A. G.—The term, Madonna, applied by Italians to the Virgin Mary, means, literally, "my lady."

G. B.—Count Batthyany, the famous Hungarian revolutionist, is not living, as you suppose. He died very poor, at Paris, July 12, 1854.

STREET SCENE IN NAPLES.

The whole of our last page is occupied by a street view in Naples, from a splendid painting by Ferogio. It is crowded with figures, and will amply repay study, being a most artistic representation of the out-door life of the Neapolitans. The principal object on the left is the open shop of a vender of lemonade, wine, eggs, etc. It is surmounted by a picture of the Madonna. A group of pretty girls are bargaining with a fruit pedler. A country wagon, drawn by two oxen yoked by the horns, is passing through the midst of the crowd. Lazzaroni are loafing and lounging on door-steps and the flagging of the streets; shaven priests are seen gliding on their way; huge cocked hats are worn by two figures in the foreground. The whole scene is replete with vitality and interest, and gives us a vivid reflex of modern Italian life.

SPLINTERS.

.... The stage route across the isthmus of Tehuantepec will be opened for travel about the first of February.

.... Singing birds raised among the Hartz mountains in Germany, are imported to this country for the New York market.

.... Mrs. Dr. Hunt has issued her usual annual protest against her tax-bill. It is short and spicy.

.... The cultivation of the Chinese potato in this country promises great results. There is a large plantation at Flushing, L. I.

.... The culture of silk cotton introduced from Mexico has been commenced successfully in the State of Texas.

.... The Emperor Nero was the first to use an opera glass. His was made of an emerald. Rather green!

.... Emile de Girardin has sold his interest in the Paris "Presse" for one hundred and ninety thousand dollars cash.

.... Mr. Keach, of the Museum, during a late illness, was reported dead, and funeral garlands were sent to his house.

.... Max Maretzek has offered to take the Academy of Music, New York, for a year, at twenty thousand dollars.

.... Have you read "The Hunchback: or, the Hindoo Princess," in Ballou's Dollar Monthly! Written by M. M. Ballou.

.... The U. S. government purchased the old Brick Church property in New York for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

.... Lieut. General Scott renews the suggestion of a retired list for superannuated army officers.

... Mr. Hammatt Billings lately visited New York with his design for the Pilgrim Monument at Plymouth.

.... We learn with pleasure that Mlle. Gabrielle de la Motte is fully occupied with piano forte classes.

.... There is a talk of laying a telegraph cable between Florida and Cuba—if Spain has no objection.

.... Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, of this city, has recently contributed 500 dollars towards building the Pilgrim Church in London.

.... The total losses by the snagging of steamboats on the Mississippi River, last year, was $523,854.

.... The London Times discountenances any further government expeditions to the Arctic regions.

.... In the desert of Sahara, a French general has bored successfully for water. Its absence was a great bore.

.... The present viceroy of Egypt is a man of great energy and large views, but cruel and luxurious in his habits.

.... The New York Courier urges the removal of the Hudson's Bay Company, that giant monopoly, from our soil.

.... Guizot has just published a work on the "Causes of the success of the English and American revolutions."

A MISERY OF LIFE.

In that capital book, Beresford's "Miseries of Human Life," the characters amuse themselves by suggesting to each other certain petty annoyances which, added together, make a total aggregate of wretchedness. To the statement of each of these grievances, an explanatory comment of greater or less length is added. There is a humorous rivalry when the parties meet, as to which shall suggest the most tremendous and astounding evil. At one of these meetings, Mr. Sensitive, or Mr. Testy, pronounces the simple word "servants," and leaves it to its suggestions of terror, a single word of explanation being unnecessary. There must be some meaning in this cabalistic word. A very clever writer made it the theme of a very clever book, entitled the "Greatest Plague of Life," and we have no doubt that those who are envied for their wealth and state, the millionaires of Beacon Street and the Fifth Avenue, find in their retinue the source of their most serious troubles. The skeleton that is in every house is very apt to be clothed in flesh and blood, and to be present at the feast in the form of a butler, or omnipresent as a major-domo. We don't wonder that the little wretches who drive our buggies to and from the stable are called "tigers." They are inexorable and insatiable. "What do you think the old man's gone and done!" asked one of these 'helps,' the other day, of his crony. "He's gone and lent *my* horse, and chousèd me out of my afternoon ride."

If servitude be an evil, then are servants—the servants of the rich—amply avenged on their employers. It is they who control the luxuries of the household—they who really enjoy the plate, the wines, the sumptuous viands, the warm atmosphere, the odors of exotic flowers, the strains of exotic music, for, lucky fellows! they have no bills to pay.

A well-bred servant, transferred from a stately family to the establishment of a vulgar rich man, is really the master of his employer. With what a satirical glance the dog notes every social solecism, and what sarcasm there is in his very servility! One of these gentlemen, while waiting on a table, at a costly entertainment given by a new-blown Cœsus, whispered to a distinguished guest: "Ah, judge, this isn't the style of society that you and I are accustomed to!"

Well, people pay dearly for style, certainly. A housefull of servants is as hard to manage as a troupe of opera singers or actors. In both cases, each individual's line of business is strictly defined, and woe to the wretched man who attempts to change the programme! Ask the chambermaid to perpetrate an omelette when the cook is sick, or the coachman to curry the horses when the groom is drunk, and just see what a row will ensue. Ah, these people who ride in brilliant carriages, and look out on the street through plate-glass windows, and have perfectly well-bred gentlemen to wait at their tables, are little to be envied. The democratic theory of equality in this country is no meaningless fiction, and rank is only to be maintained by a constant tax upon the feelings of the ambitious votaries of state and fashion.

MUSIC.

Luther regarded his love of music as one of the choicest blessings of Providence, and he frequently speaks of it. He says:—"It is one of the finest and most glorious gifts of God to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind of gentle discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Those who love music are honest and gentle in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill I possess in this art." Music, however, Luther to the contrary, does not always soften the temper, for many eminent musicians have been very irritable. Hooker is another eloquent eulogist of music. He says, in his "Ecclesiastical Policy:"—"Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or voice, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature, is or hath in it harmony."

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.—A gentleman in California who shot another gentleman in the dark, thinking him to be a third person, called on the widow a few days afterwards, and politely apologized for his "little mistake." There is nothing like courtesy among well-bred persons.

MAJOR LOUIS GALLY.—This veteran soldier, recently deceased, who for twenty-five years commanded the New Orleans Battalion of Artillery, had served under two commanders of renown—Napoleon Bonaparte and Zachary Taylor.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—This admirable American actress—a Boston lady, by the way,—has gone to spend the winter in Italy. Who that ever saw them can forget her Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth!

THE FLAG FOR FOUR CENTS!—Cheapness being the order of the day, we have reduced the retail price of "The Flag of our Union" to FOUR CENTS per copy.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.—This lady is now personally noticeable for her plumptitude. She looks "fair, fat and forty." Her readings are everywhere successful.

NATUGAL CONSEQUENCE.—The circulation of "The Flag of our Union" has increased nearly eleven thousand since the price was reduced to FOUR CENTS per copy.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Sultan of Turkey has been invested with the Order of the Garter. We believe he never wears stockings.

CROWDED HOUSES.

It is not unlikely that the enormous rents of houses in our great cities may lead to a revolution in our social habits, and that we shall, before long, be compelled to adopt the European plan of building houses a dozen stories high, and lodging many families under the same roof. This manner of living gives rise to many curious mistakes. It is almost impossible for infrequent visitors to remember the rooms occupied by their friends in such a wilderness of lodgings, and occasional intrusions into strange drawing-rooms are unavoidable. A friend of ours was lately invited to dine with a certain family in Paris. On inquiring for the people who occupied such a room—he was sure of the number—he was told they were already at dinner. Wishing to avoid formal excuses, and to put his friends in good humor, he bestrode his cane and galloped into the dining-room, shouting like a boy broke loose from school. To his horror he discovered, as he was caracolling round the table in that ridiculous style, that every person was an entire stranger to him. He had mistaken the room, and, instead of bursting on a joyous company of madcap artists, he had intruded on the privacy of a set of people as grave as deacons of the church. He hesitated for a moment, but being a man of infinite self-possession, and seeing the door by which he had entered still open, he bravely resumed his gallop, vanished through the door, and, mounting a story higher, convulsed his friends by the relation of his misadventure. In Paris, the rents diminish as you ascend—the first floor (our second story) commanding the highest price. Very often a millionaire lodges on the first floor, and a starving operative in the attic. Nowhere in the world are social contrasts so striking. The poor man's death and the rich man's bridal often happen at the same moment beneath the same roof.

MRS. BATEMAN'S COMEDY.—"Self," the new American comedy produced at New York, Boston, and elsewhere, has some good ideas and many striking incidents in it, but is exaggerated and improbable. The same may be said of "Young New York." *The* American comedy is yet to be written.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—We are no less surprised at the remarkable cheapness of this popular magazine, than delighted at its chaste and attractive contents. The story of "Money; or, The Chimney-Sweep of Acres," now publishing in its columns, is not only intensely interesting, but conveys a most wholesome morsl. This publication is one of the wonders of the day, having reached to the marvellous circulation of rising 60,000 copies!—*New York Sentinel.*

ROYAL SORROW.—An English paper says, "Our royal family has gone into slight mourning for the late Prince of Leiningen, the queen's half-brother." Slight mourning! We suppose the queen is half sorry he is dead.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. S. W. Dooner, of Somerville, to Miss Margaret Gerrie; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Orvin S. Roe, of Shoreham, Vt., to Miss Caroline L. Higgins; by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. Charles E. Coolidge to Miss Eliza T. Hall; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr James H. Fairbanks to Miss Anna M. Gibbs; by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Edward Augustus Locke to Miss Nellie Bailey Goodrich; by Rev. Mr. Cruft, Mr. Henry P. Sampson to Miss Margaret A. Mead; by Rev. Mr. Stow, Solon H. Tenney, Esq., to Miss Mary E. Bartlett.—At East Boston, by Rev Mr. Clark, Mr. Samuel Hall, Jr., to Miss Harriet A. Lovejoy.—At Winter Hill (Somerville), by Rev Mr. Pope, Mr. Henry F. Woods to Miss Lucy A. Magoun.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Gear, Mr. Horace J. Nickerson, of Orrington, Me., to Miss Mary Collins.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. John F. Wallis to Miss Eliza A. Foster.—At Westboro', by Rev. Mr. Sheldon, Mr. George F. Tufts to Miss Sarah C. Tufts.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Withington, Mr. Edwin P. Noyes, of Newbury, to Miss Ellen J. Tenney.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Humphrey H. Wordell to Miss Cynthia M. Wordell.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Hathaway, Mr. Elihu C. Hathaway to Miss Marie Sanford.—At Bordentown, by Rev. Mr. Goodno, Mr. Edward Cliff to Miss Hattie C. Taylor.—At Leaksville, N. C., Mr. Charles Eugene Kluge to Mrs Sarah C. Pollard, of Marlboro', Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. George Whipple, 33; Miss Maria K. O'Brien, 18; Seth Sprague, Esq., 69; Thomas I. Parker, M. D., 73; Mr. Charles H. Hopkins, 21; Mr. Benjamin Patterson, 47; Mrs. Betsey Gove Robbins, 60; Mr. Thomas Bartlett, 89; Mr. Timothy McHugh, 51; Mrs Betsy V. Martin, 45; Mr. John Hughes, of Addison, Me., 21.—At Charlestown, Mr Caleb Symmes, 70.—At Milton, Miss Mary Jane Kennedy, of Walpole, 35.—At Brookline, Miss Lucy T. Clark, 39.—At Needham Plain, Miss Mary Ann Howland, 30.—At Dedham, Miss Joanna Davenport, 75.—At Lynn, Mrs. Selina Newhall, 68.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Eliza A. Keyes, 58.—At Worcester, Rev. Nathaniel Herrey, 47.—At Holden, Mrs. Judith B. Holbrook, 95.—At Northampton, Mrs. Hannah Swift, 68.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Mary Eunice Shepherd, 59.—At Falmouth, Mr. Cyrus K. Lioccio, 69.—At Springfield, Mrs. Rebecca Warriner, 57.—At Nantucket, Capt. Reuben G Pinkham, 69.—At Mattapoisett, Mrs. Priscilla A. Barstow, 47.—At Westport, Miss Sarah D., daughter of N C Browoell, 30.—At Yarmouth, Mrs. Matilda, wife of Mr. Ruel H. Bartlett, and daughter of the late Dr. James Hedge, 24.—At New York, Mrs. Hannah Kettell, widow of the late Thomas P. Kettell, 73.—On board ship Southern Cross, on the passage from Calcutta to Boston, Mrs. S. A. Satterlee, widow of the late Rev. Alfred Saterlee, of the Baptist Mission to Burmah.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOR MUSIC.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Something to love—ever something to love!
All crave a fixed star in time's changeable sky;
No meteor to flash, and then fade from above,
But a planet whose lustre shall last till we die!
Though life's sparkling cup
To the brim be filled up,
By affection untinctured, insipid 'twill prove;
Brain it off as we will,
The heart's longing is still
For something to love us—something to love!

For something to love—ay, almost to adore;
And which loves in return with such tender excess,
That life's harp-strings would break with one tremor the more,
Yet be tuneless with one sweet emotion the less.
Proud philosophy's chain
May be forged by the brain;
But spite of such fetters the free heart will rove,
Till round it are thrown
Those pure links which alone
Can unite it forever with—something to love!

DREAMLAND.

For the heart whose woes are legion,
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region;
For the spirit that walks in shadow,
'Tis—O, 'tis an El Dorado.
But the traveller travelling through it,
May not—dare not—openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed—
To the human eye unclosed.
So wills its king, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And then the sad soul that here passes,
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.—Poe

THE CROWNLESS HAT.

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown—to be a king,
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares:
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!—Hoon.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

O, those persuasive, yet denying eyes,
All eloquent with language of their own:
See Venus there, the fickle deities,
And Pleasure seated on her azure throne.—Locke.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Among all our host of exchange papers, we find none that are more readable and acceptable than the New York Mirror, edited by Hiram Fuller. The readers of "Ballou's Pictorial" will remember the fine head and biographical mention which we gave of Mr. Fuller in these pages, not long since. He is a brilliant and fearless writer, aiming his shafts at high and low; while now and then there peeps out from his editorials a tender strain of pathos, that shows he has a heart beneath it all.....Certainly the most disagreeable experience we have gathered in a long period of editorial life, is the returning of rejected manuscripts. After the loss perhaps of an hour or more in deciphering an indifferently written article, it is discovered to be entirely too prosy, or too *something* for our columns. This loss of time, however, could be easily gotten over, and often is, by borrowing a little more time from our pillow; but the worst is yet to come. The author is to be disappointed—perhaps offended. He or she cannot realize the many things we are obliged to take into consideration in our decision. Yesterday we handed back a manuscript to a young lady not yet out of her teens—one who wrote not from necessity—and saw her try to hide the quivering lip and moist eye!.....Six dollars a barrel for ordinary apples! Think of that, ye farmers and fancy gardeners, and multiply your orchards. The most common eating apples are selling exorbitantly high in our Boston market, and hard to find at any price. The last season was a partial failure, to be sure, but the growing consumption of this staple fruit is increasing vastly each year.....It so happens that the three richest men of Boston are at this moment confined to their homes by sickness, more or less dangerous to persons of their advanced age. One of them is reputed to be worth about four millions of dollars What a vast responsibility must rest upon a man with that sum of money! How much of charity should justice demand at his hands. Do such men ever repeat to themselves that sage epitaph?—"What I spent, I have lost; what I possessed, I have left to others; but what I have given is still mine."..... There are some follies which are caught like contagious diseases; for instance, behold the immoderate skirts of our city belles. Washington Street is a caricature upon humanity from 12 o'clock, M. to 3 o'clock, P. M. Where will this expansive idea stop? One fashionably-dressed lady takes up the whole width of the sidewalk already; and whalebone (so large is the quantity in use), is getting to be immoderately expensive. Recall for a moment the simple and classic costume of old, wherein the drapery received its folds and modest fullness from the glorious human form alone! Fashion seldom interferes with nature without diminishing her grace.....The idioms of the Chinese language are perhaps the most curious of all known to us. Generally they are very literal in their signification. Thus our word "Amen" is, in Chinese, "Sin yeuou ching siu," that is, the heart wishes exactly so.....At a temperance meeting in this city, recently, Rev. I. S. Kalloch said, "No wreck is so terrible as that of a blasted character." Yet how many of these wrecks do we encounter daily drifting on the ocean of life towards eternity..... From what strange circumstances do names of places date! The Malakoff, which will figure forever in song and story, was named after a Russian navy lieutenant dismissed from the service for intemperance, who set up a sailor's drinking-shop on that memorable spot.....We see that Dr. Francis Lieber has retired from the professorship of History and Political Economy in the college of South Carolina. Dr. Lieber is a German by birth, highly educated, and when a very young man fought under the Prussian eagles at Waterloo. He came to this country many years since. He was one of the editors of the Encyclopædia Americana.....Master Merrill, an old schoolmaster, well-known at Cape Ann, in this State, sensitive and in needy circumstances, lately committed suicide by hanging. The suicidal mania seems lately to have broken out in all classes.....Is there any affinity between railroads and milk-cans? Asa Whitney, the originator of the great Pacific Railroad scheme, now supplies Washington, D. C., with the lacteal fluid of a herd of kine. He talks like a statesman, and looks like a farmer.....It must be rather pleasant to be frozen up in a foreign port. The ice has caught several American vessels at St. Petersburg, and there they lie, like so many Arctic exploring craft, hard and fast till the thermometer takes a fancy to rise.....Every now and then some gallant soldier of the republic yields up his breath to the universal conqueror. Major Gally, who commanded Taylor's guns at Corpus Christi, is among the last called.....What odd events are constantly turning up in everyday life—and how often a trifling mishap results in a great good! Rev. A. G. Nelson broke down in his Sunday morning sermon at Stillwater, Minnesota, and was so mortified that he left the church, but reached home just in time to save his house from burning down.....All who read "Wilkes's Exploring Expedition" are familiar with the artistic talent of Joseph Drayton, the draughtsman, and will learn with regret that he died recently at Philadelphia Felix O. C. Darley has been called the American Hogarth, but it is no compliment. In genuine humor and exquisite correctness of drawing, he far surpasses the great English artist The Boston Fatherless and Widows' Society perform a noble work of charity. Their thirty-ninth annual report is deeply interesting and touching. Think of a poor widow, half blind, who wearily plies the needle for four days for forty-eight cents! Contributions at this season of the year are peculiarly acceptable. The president of this society is Mrs. James F. Baldwin, No. 128 Tremont Street.....Among the tragic occurrences of a recent date, the following struck us as very sad. A gentleman of New York went on board the Arago from Havre to meet his expected bride. A friend checked his eager steps, and told him that she whom he sought lay cold in death below. The house that was to have witnessed the joyous nuptials, was the scene of the funeral solemnities..... Little do the rich and happy dream of the scenes of toil and care that surround them! There is now in this city a widow sixty-eight years of age, who supports herself, an aged sister, and an invalid daughter, by washing.....We often pity the people of the Far West. Yet, when we know that, while we are eating tough beef, they are luxuriating on venison, wild ducks, partridges, prairie chickens, quails and rabbits in Wisconsin, we really feel as if we should like to dine with them.....What a responsibility rests on a great landholder! The Duke of Sutherland's property runs right across Scotland from sea to sea, and embraces about one thousand square miles.....It is rather a quaint idea of Dow, Jr., that "Life is a contra dance; and when the figure is ended, Time hangs up the fiddle, and Death puts out the lights."..... The most insidious destroyer of life in this country, is consumption; it carries off 200,000 persons annually.....No brilliant image of war was that given us the other day by a Crimean officer on his way to Canada. He told us of a comrade who had lost both his legs and arms, and was still languishing from the effects of seventeen bayonet wounds in his body.....Let none of our subscribers fail to preserve the copies of "Ballou's Pictorial" for binding. Thus each six months they will accumulate a volume to add to their library, the interest of which, in a few years hence, will be greatly enhanced. These volumes are already becoming scarce, and we have but a few sets left complete.....Major Poore, quoting from an old author, in one of his recent lectures, says:—"A fine and honorable old age is the childhood of immortality!" A beautiful idea.....A friend, writing us from far-off Iowa, says:—"I send you eight subscribers with the money for your Dollar Magazine. My little daughter, twelve years old, obtained them this forenoon, and wants a gratis copy for her trouble." She shall have it. That little girl will make somebody a smart wife one of these days.....Mexico is still torn and distracted by internal troubles. With the exception of Spain, this country is the most miserable on the face of the globe—civil war being forever rife.....Col. Fremont is daily met in Wall Street, New York, where his large business relations call him. Mr. Buchanan is quietly preparing for the White House, besieged by political aspirants.....The English militia now in Ireland are being put on a war footing, in point of numbers. What is in the wind?—does John Bull distrust his neighbor on the other side of the Channel?.....The Indians within our limits are estimated at about 300,000 souls. And yet they are often treated as though they were entirely destitute of souls!..... Uncle Sam's finances seem to be in a healthy condition. The president tells us that the entire income for the last fiscal year is $73,918,141; total expenditure, $72,948,792.... An editor, describing a lecture to the fair sex, exclaims with enthusiasm:—"Three thousand ladies hanging on the lips of one man!" Goodness, gracious!.....We don't like to be personal, but the names of five of the leading Unitarian clergyman in and about New York are rather ominous for superstitious minds—Furness, Coles, Bellows, Blease and Burnap.....A Texas editor, noticing the marriage of a contemporary, says:—"We wish him *posterity* and happiness." Of course he does.....An exchange paper says, that the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands, that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers. We know of one or two this way who have been brought so low as to even marry an editor!.....Under the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get smashed up by railroad collisions, or financially bursted..... When the Abbe Malot, expressing a doubt to Richelieu as to how many masses would save the soul, the cardinal replied:—"Pho! you are a blockhead!—as many as it would take snowballs to heat an oven." Richelieu was rather plain spoken.....The London Illustrated News copies one of our local Boston scenes, and we have to thank its editor for a complimentary notice of "Ballou's Pictorial."..... A new project is on foot for the extension of the provisions of the reciprocity treaty to the British West Indies, whose trade is monopolized by Great Britain and her colonies. The movement is certainly one of much importance.....Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks; and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering.....The papers in all directions are recording suicides by individuals, exercised by a belief in what is popularly known as spiritualism—a sad delusion that will have its day.....A church for the deaf and dumb is about to be opened in New York—the first institution of the kind in this country—where divine worship will be conducted by signs.....We observe that Sue Washington, a famous racehorse, has just been sold for five thousand dollars.....Nine hundred and forty-two new subscribers have been added to the subscription list of our Dollar Monthly Magazine in the last six days!.....Who would ever think, dear reader, of sitting down to write in gloves? Yet they say that Eugene Sue, the author of "Mysteries of Paris," writes his novels in white kids, and puts on a fresh pair at the commencement of every new chapter.....What strain is that blending with the carts and carriages in Winter Street? It is a most dismal, pertinacious organ-grinder, torturing our ears with "*Mourir pour la patrie*"—to die for one's country. Why didn't he set the example, and die for his, instead of coming over here to lacerate our tympanums?.....Dr. Hall insists upon it, that there is no such thing as forgetfulness, and that the true interpretation of "I forgot it" is "I don't care."..... There goes a band of rosy-cheeked school children trooping away to school, and running like greyhounds for fear of being late. Unless their faces are deceptive, they are not over pressed with study—one of the crying evils of our modern high-pressure education. We are too apt to sacrifice the body to the mind, and so, ultimately, destroy both..... We have just this moment been handed a splendid specimen of quartz rock glittering with California gold. The owner tells us that there are sixty-three factories in the land of gold, in which quartz-grinding and extracting the gold by machinery are carried on.

Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge, is thy destination, proclaims the voice of my inmost soul. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of piety—no, for action was given thee; thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth.—*Fichte.*

It may very reasonably be suspected that the old draw upon themselves the greatest part of those insults which they so much lament, and that age is rarely despised, but when it is contemptible.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Choice Miscellany.

POISONING BY ADULTERATION.

Dr. Normandy gives a case in which a gentleman was poisoned without any person being directly responsible for the act. The case was as follows:—A gentleman was taken suddenly ill after eating some double Gloucester cheese, and his medical attendant having with much perseverance determined to trace the poison to its source, did so with the following result. The cheese he found had been colored in the ordinary way with annotto; the annotto had been heightened in color with a little vermilion, which, in small quantities, is a comparatively harmless pigment; the vermilion had been, however, previously adulterated with red-lead; and hence all this mischief. The adulterator had been adulterated; and each person, in the series of successive falsifications, worked independently of the other, and was not, of course, aware of the manner in which he was preparing poison for the public.—*Associated Medical Journal.*

CURIOUS EPISODE IN INSECT LIFE.

A curious circumstance is said to have occurred in a silk factory of M. Garibaldi, at Cremona. It is positively stated that in that factory a quantity of silk-worms, instead of forming the cocoon, as usual, actually wove a kind of silk ribbon of the breadth of ten inches, and the length of upwards of twelve feet. In the course of the inquiries made in the matter, it has been elicited that a similar phenomenon, only on a much larger scale, took place at Alexandria, in 1833, in the silk factory of Dr. Gilo, where the silk-worms wove a ribbon two inches broad, and upwards of sixty feet in length, part of which is now preserved in the Museum of Natural History at Turin.—*Liverpool Mail.*

A WATER-DRINKER.

Cobbett thus describes his own experience:—"In the midst of a society where wine or spirits are considered as of little more value than water, I lived two years without either; and with no other drink but water, except when I found it convenient to obtain milk. Not an hour's illness, not a headache for an hour, not the smallest ailment, not a restless night, not a drowsy morning, have I known during these two famous years of my life. The sun never rises before me; I have always to wait for him to come and give me light to write by, while my mind is in full vigor, and while nothing has come to cloud its clearness."—*Dewey.*

RETRIBUTIVE.

John H. Mears, the companion of the late Dr. Gardiner in his frauds on the United States, since he obtained his portion of that plunder, has been a wanderer, and lost and squandered all his money. At length he became a trafficker in small wares, and took his goods from one place to another in the various trains of wagons that go through Mexico. Not long since he was accompanying one of these trains from Nieves to Monterey, and on the way they were attacked by the savages, and Mears, his family, and several others were murdered by them.—*Home Journal.*

JOY IN ADVERSITY.

All birds, when they are first caught and put in a cage, fly wildly up and down, and beat themselves against their little prison, but within two or three days sit quietly upon their perch, and sing their usual melody. So it fares with us, when God first brings us into strait; we wildly flutter up and down, beat and tire ourselves with striving to get free, but at length custom and experience will make our narrow confinement spacious enough for us, and though our feet should be in the stocks, yet shall we, with the apostles, be enabled even there to sing praise unto God.—*Hopkins.*

New Publications.

History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V. By William Robertson, D. D. With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication. By Wm. H. Prescott. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1857. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 618—604—505.

This new addition to the sterling historical series already published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., will receive, as it deserves, a warm welcome from the reading public. Robertson's work is one of the few histories which find equal favor with young and old. Treating of events of the deepest significance, of characters fully as interesting as any heroes of romance, it is written in a singularly fascinating style, the purity and warmth of its diction alone rendering it well worth studying. Mr. Prescott's contribution to the work before us is of great importance. The fresh materials which he possesses, and to which Robertson could not have access, have enabled him to correct many unavoidable inaccuracies in the former's account of the closing years of Charles V., and to throw a new light upon that period of his existence. He has accomplished his task with his usual brilliancy and effectiveness, and completed one of the most vivid and historical pictures extant.

Principles of Government: or, *Meditations in Exile.* By Wm. Smith O'Brien. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1856. 12mo. pp. 460.

Mr. O'Brien's name will command a wide sale for this treatise, while the political ideas of a man of so much learning, experience and ability will meet with earnest consideration. Original notes are appended to the author's text, such as the American experience or Catholic principles of the editor would seem to call for. The style of publication is very creditable to Mr. Donahoe's press.

Holiday Gift-Books for Children.—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., have catered as liberally for the young as for the old. We have before us a pile of their brilliantly illustrated juveniles:—"Red-Beard's Stories for Children," translated from the German by "Cousin Fannie," is a most mirth-provoking collection, with the funniest silhouette illustrations.—"Daisy: or, The Fairy Spectacle," by the author of "Violet," is a really delightful story, beautifully illustrated.—"Worth and Wealth," and other tales, by "Cousin Angie," will bear frequent perusal, and become universal favorites.—"Bright Pictures of Child Life," translated from the German, by "Cousin Fannie," is a collection of pleasant stories, with fine colored illustrations.

Lady's Almanac for 1857. By Damrell & Moore and G. Coolidge. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

This is the prettiest of the series we have seen. The illustrations, drawn by Billings, and engraved by Andrew, are very fine, and the little diamond publication is a perfect gem.

Portrait of Hosea Ballou, 2d.—Messrs. C. & D. Cobb, No. 9 Tremont St., have just published an admirable likeness of this gentleman, the first president of Tufts College. It is a fine specimen of lithographic art.

Kobboltozo, a sequel to the "Last of the Huggermuggers," is due to the pen and pencil of that accomplished artist, Christopher Pearse Cranch. Mr. Cranch has hit the true vein of story-telling, and his "pictures to match" are exceedingly happy.

A Decimal System for the Arrangement and Administration of Libraries. By Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M. D.

This is a small quarto, printed for private circulation, and describing the admirable system invented by Dr. Shurtleff, and applied with complete success in the Boston Public Library. We have examined this system carefully, and are satisfied that it is the best that can be devised. By its use, the management of a large library is quite a simple affair.

New Music.—Oliver Bitson has sent us "We Parted," a favorite duet, "In Whispers Soft and Light," from La Traviata. "O, Gott, du Frommer Gott," German chorsl, and "Tenor air" from Il Trovatore, for flute and piano.

Editorial Melange.

It is said that there are at least two thousand gambling houses and one hundred faro banks in the city of New York. —— The years of the greatest speculation in western lands, have been 1835, in which 12,566,000 acres were sold; 1836, in which the sales were 20,074,870 acres. In 1855, the land sales again rose to 12,000,000 acres, and in 1856 to 40,000,000 acres. —— The number of Shaker societies in this country is eighteen, located in several different States. The denomination was founded by Anna Lee, who was born in 1736. —— The amount of canal tolls collected at Oswego, the present season, is $406,407 31, against $270,432 24. Increase, $135,975 07. Most of this large increase is on the amount of breadstuffs carried, a slight portion arising from the late increase of rates. —— A resident of Madison, Indiana, has invented what he calls "an indelible pencil." It is formed upon the plan of the ink-supplying pen. The handle is tubular, and holds the ink which passes to a pencil point, in which there is a diminutive tube, split like a pen. —— Benjamin P. Bancroft, cashier of Salem Bank, N. Y., late of Granville, Mass., has appropriated a portion of his youthful earnings in order to found a scholarship in Williams College. —— The New York School of Design for women has completed its fifth year, it is said, under encouraging auspices. It is questioned, however, whether an increase of the number of designing women is desirable. —— A student of medicine in Michigan, having courted a girl for a year, and got the mitten, has turned round and sued her father for the visits he paid her. —— Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," died insolvent, though the author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets. What a sad commentary on the fate of authors! —— Robbing the mail is no joke in Alabama. Thomas Cashions and John Montgomery were respectively sentenced to the penitentiary for ten and fifteen years, in Marion county, a few days ago, for taking that description of liberty with Uncle Sam's property. —— Mr. George Duyckinck, of New York, one of the authors of the "Cyclopedia of American Literature," who was injured by a railroad accident in England, some weeks since, has received distinguished attention from many leading men in England during his temporary confinement. He is rapidly recovering from his injuries. —— Among the modes of attraction enjoined on Persian females is this: "Let their crimson-tinted toes be exposed, in order that the young men may see and admire them with wounded hearts."—— When you say in a phrase, which is now Americanized, such and such a man is a brick, do you think of, or do you know the origin of it? It is this: An Eastern prince, on being asked, "Where are the fortifications of your city?" replied, pointing to his soldiers, "Every man you see is a brick."—— A recent writer says that as regards health, no man has any business to grow old. It is absolutely our own fault if we become aged. We have nobody but ourselves to blame if we let our limbs acquire positions which, so to speak, look old. The bend in the knee, the bow in the back, the stoop in the head—all these are not the effects of age, but of the laziness, or weariness if you will that comes with age and may be defied. —— We dislike to see a fact stated "on good authority." It generally turns out to be an unfounded rumor.

Horrible.—An English lady, in full dress, lately got wedged in a narrow passage in Sutherland House, and had to be cut out by garden shears in the hands of an intrepid milliner and her assistants. Punch says:—"The difficulties they encountered in cutting through the innumerable strata of silk, whalebone, guimpure, foundation, muslin, gauze, stiffening, calico, flannel, caoutchouc, and crinoline, would, we are told, if minutely related, send a thrill through the bosom of the stoutest engineer! The lady, considerably curtailed of her fair proportions, was carried home, more dead than alive, in a sedan-chair. The ruins of the dress were removed in a cart. The staircase is to be enlarged.

Cotton Machinery.—Of the rapidity with which some portion of the machinery employed in the manufacture of cotton operates, some idea may be formed from the fact that the very finest thread which is used in making lace is passed through the strong flame of a lamp, which burns off the fibres without burning the thread itself. The activity with which the thread moves is so great that it cannot be perceived, with the unaided eye, that there is any motion at all—the line of thread, passing off a wheel through the flame, looking as if it were perfectly at rest.

Splendid Maritime Picture.—The next number of the "Pictorial" will contain one of our two-page pictures, delineating a local marine scene, executed in the very highest style of art, both as regards designing and engraving. We challenge the most critical examination of this masterpiece.

Cincinnati.—The people of the Queen City have originated a magnificent plan of local improvement. They propose laying out an avenue one hundred feet wide round the corporation line, with little green oases, fountains and statuary at intervals. The estimated cost would be from three to five hundred thousand dollars.

Mystified.—"Presidential Electors at Large!" exclaimed an old lady, as she read a newspaper paragraph with that caption. "Goody gracious! when did they escape?" She was as much terrified as the man who was told the "Guyosceutas had broke loose."

Mormonism.—The Mormon missionaries in London do not appear to be making much progress, though they have lately converted a beer shop into a chapel and are working hard.

Wayside Gatherings.

The value of land attached to the U. S. Marine Hospital, Chelsea, is estimated at $150,000.

Of the ships in the Collins line, the Baltic has made the "best average passage."

At one pork house in Louisville, 4230 hogs were killed and hung up in a single day.

Miss Rosa Peter, of Prince Edwards, Va., eloped last week to Kansas with her lover, F. Friendly. She assumed male attire and passed as his brother.

The Galveston Civilian says that the sugar crop of Texas, the present season, will be almost nothing; probably not to exceed 3000 hogsheads.

Letters from Liberia state that the culture of sugar has been carried on so prosperously that several sugar growers are talking about exporting it largely to the United States.

We see it stated in the Canada papers, that a movement is on foot in Canada to secure the passage of an act of Parliament, by which fugitive slaves may be sent back to the United States.

A mass of correspondence of John Calvin, relating to Protestantism in the south of France, was recently to be sold at Avignon, at public auction. When the day fixed for the sale arrived, the papers were missing.

As a party of four persons were card playing at Circleville, Ohio, a dispute arose between Thomas Moore and another man, when Moore caught up a corn-cutter and literally cut his opponent to pieces.

Melvin Power, a milkman of Farmington, N. Y., is under eight indictments for forgery to the amount of a quarter of a million of dollars. He expects to escape by showing that usurious interest was taken on the paper.

John Andrews, of Petersburgh, Va., wagered twenty-five cents that he would eat two pounds of beef steak, half a shoat, and one pound of tallow candles. He "worried" the whole down, and "wet it with two quarts of ale." The bystanders paid the expenses.

Thrope's Catalogue of Autographs (1843) includes a letter from a Miss Smith, of Arundale, forwarding to the Earl of Buchan "a chip taken from the coffin of the poet Burns, when his body was removed from his first grave to the mausoleum erected to his memory in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries."

Stove lustre when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable, than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust—and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new. The odor of the turpentine passes off quickly.

A project is on foot for facilitating the communication between the Western States and the Atlantic, by the way of the St. Lawrence, by cutting a canal across the Michigan peninsula, which will shorten the distance some hundreds of miles, and save much of the rough navigation of Huron and Michigan.

In Pennsylvania, there are about $15,000,000 invested in the production of iron from the ore, and full $8,000,000 invested in the conversion of cast into wrought iron. The capital invested in lands, buildings and machinery, directly dependent upon the iron works for their value, cannot be less than $25,000,000.

A native of California was lynched and hung at Watsonville, in Santa Clara county, on suspicion of being connected with a gang of horse and cattle thieves. While being tried, he escaped, but was re-captured and hung without a hearing, as his attempt at escape was considered evidence of guilt.

There are now in operation at Ophir, Placer county, Cal., three quartz mills. The Empire quartz mill is driven by a thirty horse-power steam engine, and crushes about twenty tons to the twenty-four hours, as it is kept running day and night. In three weeks it has taken out about five hundred ounces.

A machine for spinning cotton into merchantable yarn has been patented. It is thought it will revolutionize this branch of manufacture. The inventor proposes with the ordinary labor on cotton plantations to convert the seed cotton into yarn. Of the practicability of the invention, nothing as yet is known.

In a lodging-house lately, half a quarter of lamb, two-thirds of a ham, two packages of chocolate, a pot of marmalade, the remains of a large pigeon pie, thirteen lumps of sugar, half a cannister of coffee, the whole of a bottle of French brandy, was discovered (by the landlady) to have been consumed by *the cat*.

At the recent laying of the corner stone of Pilgrim Church, in London, England, a note was read from Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, enclosing £100, and promising another £100 hereafter, towards the erection of the building. The church was established by the suggestion of her late husband while minister to England.

The waters of the river Chesapeake have been united to those of the Great Lakes. A boat passed through the North Branch and Junction canals, arriving at Elmira, N. Y., a few weeks since, from Pittsburg, Pa. This new and important channel of internal communication was commenced in 1853, at a cost of about $400,000. The new channel is eighteen miles in length.

At a chair manufactory in Burlington, Vermont, a machine has been invented and put up for bending timber for chair backs. It is said to work well. A piece of timber, previously steamed, is placed into a cast iron mould of peculiar construction, which bends it into any desired form. The wood is then placed in a drying oven, when it is soon fit to join the backs of chairs of any shape.

A valuable addition to the fossil department of the British Museum has been received, in the entire skeleton of a gigantic wingless bird, recently described under the name of *Dinornis phantopus*. This fossil is stated to be the only specimen of the species in which the skeleton has been reconstructed from the actual bones of one and the same individual bird.

The internal commerce of this country is now unequalled. With 24,000 miles of railway in active operation,—more than all the other countries of the world,—and the vast extent of our navigable watercourses, covered by our vast commercial marine, the United States at this time presents a spectacle of material success which cannot fail to excite the admiration of the world.

A large haul of bogus money has been made in Louisville. A man named Daniel Preston offered a fifty dollar note at a jewelry store. An officer was sent for, who took him into custody. He was searched, and four thousand dollars of the bills of a defunct bank in Georgia were found on his person; also five hundred dollars in counterfeit money. He was lodged in jail to await an examination.

A robber was lately captured at the village of Durno, near Iverury, in a way remarkably unpleasant to himself. He attempted to enter an old widow's house at night by descending a chimney; he stuck fast midway; the old widow heard him; she heaped straw in the fireplace and lighted it; the robber, half-suffocated, roared. Persons were collected by his cries; he was drawn up with ropes, more dead than alive, and the police took charge of him.

Foreign Items.

An alliance is said to be projected between Prince Napoleon and Princess Maria Romanoffski, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg, and niece to the reigning czar.

The editors of the provincial journals in Austria have received verbal notice that they are not to discuss the merits of measures which have not been spoken of in the official journal.

The subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Sir H. R. Bishop is progressing, about £510 having been already subscribed in London, besides numerous sums by members of the University of Oxford.

In Norway, and through the whole of the Scandinavian peninsula, frost and snow surprised the inhabitants in the midst of their harvest, the greater part of which is still standing in an unripe state. In some of the valleys the snow is two feet deep.

The American government has sent Capt. Langenke, of the barque Windermere, a gold medal worth £100 for rescuing the people of the American ship Hampton, when she was in a sinking state. The medal was presented through the Local Marine Board of Liverpool.

The emperor and empress have placed 100,000 francs in the hands of the prefect of the police, to enable him to keep open the food-kitchens for the poor, which were founded last winter. Of this subscription, 80,000 francs is in the name of the emperor, and 20,000 francs in that of the empress.

According to the treaty of peace, Russia is only to have a certain number of vessels of war in the Black Sea; but the new Steam Navigation Company will have twenty-six post-steamers, six other steamers, ten tug steamers and twenty "barques." The crews of these vessels are to have the same uniform and discipline as the sailors who are in the imperial service.

Sands of Gold.

.... To great evils we submit; we resent little provocations.—*Hazlitt.*

.... The wise man is wise in vain, who cannot be of use to himself.—*Ennius.*

.... The most sublime virtue is negative; it teaches us to do evil to no one.—*Rousseau.*

.... As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of a man.—*Guardian, No. 99.*

.... Cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon mean men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.—*Addison.*

.... In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—*Milton.*

.... Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them; but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth.—*Hazlitt.*

.... To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries, and be too acute in their apprehensions, is to add unto our own tortures, to feather the arrows of our enemies, to lash ourselves with the scorpions of our foes, and to resolve to sleep no more.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

.... Think not that guilt requires the burning torches of the Furies to agitate and torment it. Their own frauds, their crimes, their remembrances of the past, their terrors of the future—these are the domestic Furies that are ever present to the mind of the impious.—*Robert Hall.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is the fun of the president elect like your breakfast cakes—Because it is *Buck wit.*

Get your money all ready before getting into an omnibus, and before going into chancery.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Why is one who has murdered a relation like a measure? Because he's "killed a kin." (Kilderkin.)

Who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton? [We know of many who have been pushed for one.]

What is that instrument by which every tooth in the head may be drawn without pain, provided you shut your eyes and open your mouth? A pencil.

How to take care of yourself in the winter:—wear a great coat and long boots, carry an umbrella, and whenever it rains take a hackney coach for an overall!

When the vaudeville of the "Welsh Girl" was played at Liverpool, the bill announced that the music was by John Parry, the celebrated *Methodist*, instead of *melodist*.

"Mr. Engineer, is there any danger?"—"Of what, madam?"—"Of the steam's bustin'?"—"No, marm; the only things that 'bust' on this locomotive, are the boiler and engineer."

A minister out West advertises, in the hope of making young people come forward, that during the warm weather he will marry them for "a glass of whiskey, a dozen of eggs, the first kiss of the bride, and a quarter of a pig."

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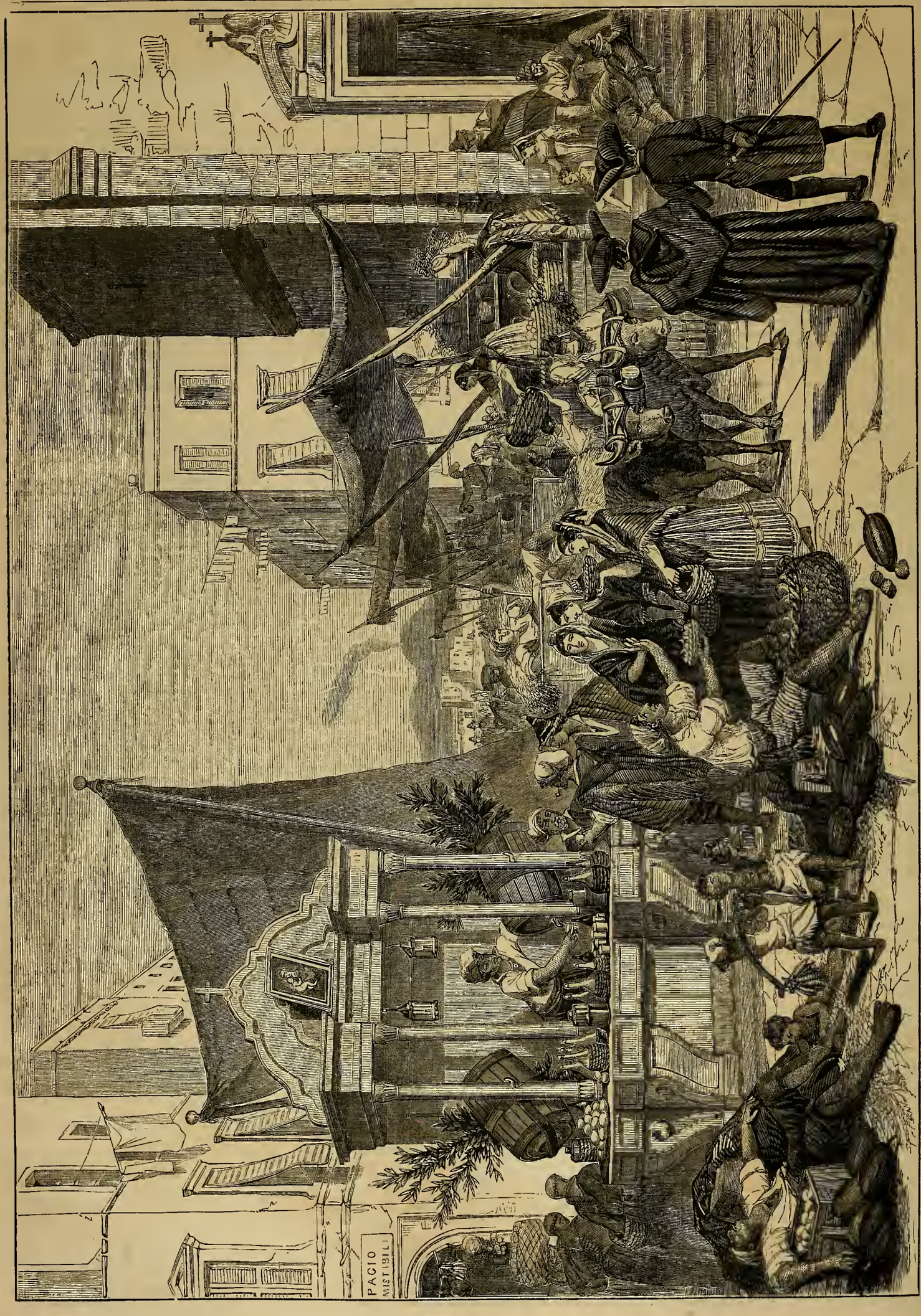
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STREET SCENE IN THE CITY OF NAPLES, ITALY.

[For description, see page 45.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

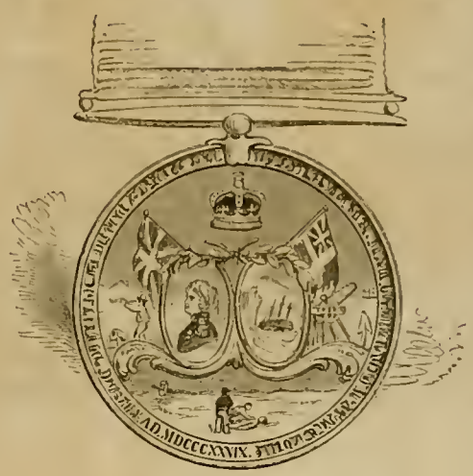


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WRECK OF THE ARCADIA ON SABLE ISLAND.

BRITISH HUMANE SOCIETY'S MEDAL.

On this page we present two interesting pictures—the first representing the medal of the London Humane Society, presented to Captain M. D. McKenna, for rescuing lives from the ship Arcadia, wrecked on Sable Island, in November, 1854; and the second, a view of the wreck itself. These pictures were drawn expressly for the Pictorial. Sable Island is a low, sandy island, 25 miles in length, 90 miles southeast of Nova Scotia, in the Atlantic Ocean, north latitude, 43° 49', longitude, 59° 47' west. It is the scene of many terrible shipwrecks. A company of men has been organized for the purpose of saving lives and property, at an annual expense of $4000. The island produces grass and wild peas, which support about five hundred horses and cattle. We will first speak of the medal. On the rim is inscribed "Captain M. D. McKenna, 1855." There are two medallions in the centre of the medal, surmounted by the British flags and crown. One has a bust of Nelson, the other a ship on the rocks. On one side of the medallions are a capstan and anchor; on the other, a mariner with his glass and a mortar for sending lines. Below are figures resuscitating a drowning person. The circular inscription in German text reads, "Shipwrecked Fishermen of Mariner's Key. Benevolent Society established A. D., 1839; incorporated by act of parliament, 1850." On the reverse, "England expects every man to do his duty. Presented for heroic service in saving life from drowning." The following extracts from the report of M. D. McKenna, superintendent of Sable Island, describes the wreck, which forms the subject of the large picture. The horses in the foreground are the wild ponies raised on the island. "The Arcadia was a fine coppered ship, five years old, 715 tons, built and owned in Warren, State of Maine, and commanded by Capt. William Jordan. She sailed from Antwerp on the 29th of October, bound for New York, with a cargo of



MEDAL OF THE LONDON HUMANE SOCIETY.

lead, iron, glass, silks, etc.; also, 149 German passengers, and a crew of 21 men, and struck on the southeast side of the northeast bar of this island at 6 P. M., on the 26th of November, in a dense fog, and the wind blowing strong from south-southwest. As soon as we got the report on the following morning, we started for the wreck, and on reaching the bar, found the mate of the ship and four seamen on shore, they having landed in their own boat, but were unable to get off to the ship again. We found the ship lying about 200 yards from the shore, head to the southward, full of water, settled deep in the sand, and listed seaward, with her lee side under water; main and mizzenmasts gone by the deck, a tremendous sea running and sweeping over her bows, and the people all gathered aft on the poop. We immediately launched the life-boat Reliance, and the boat's crew took their stations, and with the mate of the ship pushed off for the wreck, and after contending for some considerable time with tremendous seas, strong currents, and high winds, they succeeded in getting alongside; and during the afternoon made six trips, and brought on shore about 80 persons. Two other attempts were made to reach the wreck, but were thwarted by the violence of the sea. When night came on, and we had to haul up our boat, the cries of those left on the wreck were truly heart-rending. A party of island men were despatched to head-quarters to fetch the life-car and mortar-warps, in case they should be needed in the morning; and before dawn of day, all hands were again at their stations on the bar, and the life-boat launched as soon as it was clear enough to see how to work her, and by 10 A. M., the whole 170 persons were safe on the island, and then the boat made a few more trips to the wreck, and saved some of the passengers' clothing. The ship was totally broken to pieces by the gale; only a few packages of cargo, some few articles of ship materials, and some passengers' clothing were saved. The island men were untiring in their work of kindness and attention."



WRECK OF THE "ARCADIA," ON SABLE ISLAND.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO GIRLS AND THEIR CHARGE.

We will now return to Don d'Aguilar and his two daughters. The party arrived in safety. Carmina was the only child of Don d'Aguilar, and Alitea was the adopted daughter. Into their care Don Juan gave little Juan. At first, Carmina entered joyously into the task of teaching him, but when the novelty of the thing wore off, she found it very irksome, and soon Juan was left entirely to the care of Alitea, who, calm, cold and patient, performed her duties.

Juan won a place in their hearts by his ready obedience to every one and his constant cheerfulness. He had masters to teach him to read and write, but they were either unqualified or impatient, for Juan did not progress at all.

One day, Alitea found him in great trouble, almost weeping over his books. He started when he heard her voice, but she kindly and firmly made him confide his trouble to her. His master was dismissed, and Alitea undertook to teach him. Carmina thought Alitea too strict and severe, and in her kind little heart often tried to prevent some slight punishment from being inflicted; but Alitea was wiser than her sister. A few days only and he had not to be corrected, and learned all his tasks with astonishing rapidity.

Juan was still obliged to assist the cook and run of errands—tasks which he faithfully performed, though they suited him not, and oftentimes he felt full of despair because he was called from his book to help the major-domo Pablo. Alitea saw his trouble, and one day requested Don d'Aguilar to raise his situation, that he might have more time to read.

At the word read, Don d'Aguilar opened his eyes, and requested Alitea to prove it to him. She drew from her pocket a copy of Quevado, which Juan, who stood behind the chair of his mistress, read. Don d'Aguilar laughed and thought he must know the lines by heart, so impossible did it seem to him that he could have learned so much so quickly. After a pause, he drew a piece of paper and pencil from his pocket, and wrote some words upon it, and handed it to Juan, who read as follows:

"I will give Juan fifteen ducats per year as wages, and attach him exclusively to the service of Carmina and Alitea."

From that time, Juan had nothing further to desire. The tasks set him by his young mistresses were always light, and performed with joyful alacrity. He became devotedly attached to them, especially to Alitea, who was not so gay as Carmina, perhaps even rather cold and indifferent. He soon mastered all the books in their library, and gained permission to read those belonging to the viceroy. The gravest, most serious works were those which he preferred; science above all gained his deepest attention. His days were passed nearly always near his two dear young mistresses, Carmina and Alitea, and his nights he spent in hard study. He was treated by the young girls no longer as a servant, but as a friend, and he, always anxious to please, redoubled his efforts, and his progress was rapid.

One day they had a delicious repast set before them. They partook of it gaily, while Juan sat reading by the window. Never had the girls been in such glorious spirits. They chatted gaily and laughed merrily. Suddenly the door opened, and Pablo, the major-domo, entered the chamber in haste. Carmina and Alitea rose haughtily at seeing him enter without being sent for or knocking. He did not notice their displeasure, but exclaimed:

"Do not touch it—do not touch it! I come for the cook; the chief told me it was the wrong kind, and if eaten produced certain death."

Carmina uttered a cry, and would have fallen fainting if Alitea had not caught her and firmly sustained her in her arms.

"Juan, do you hear that?" asked Alitea.

"I heard it," calmly said Juan.

Hearing this, Pablo turned and with additional rage, exclaimed:

"Do you see him, in such a moment? the glutton—the thief! But he will be punished for his gluttony. God will chastise him."

"Leave us now, and say nothing, Pablo."

The major-domo inclined his head, and disappeared.

Holding Carmina in her arms, Alitea seated herself on a couch, while she asked Juan why he had eaten what remained on the plate.

"To die with you if you die," calmly answered Juan, and seated himself on a stool at the feet of his mistress.

"In one hour at the farthest. It is very hard to die so young. Poor Carmina! Perhaps it is best," murmured Alitea.

The three remained seated—two watching the clock, as the pendulum swung to and fro, and the hands slowly approached the fatal hour.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGGAR'S GARRET.

Motionless they sat. Nearer and nearer the hand came to the hour; it arrived and passed on, and they were saved. Alitea now aroused Carmina with the joyful news. From that day, Alitea was more friendly still, and obtained from Don d'Aguilar for Juan the situation of private secretary.

A grand ball was to be given on Carmina's birthday. Juan was hither and yonder, seeming to do everything. Anybody wanting anything, Juan found it. The night of the fete arrived, and at the last minute, Juan had a commission to execute for Alitea. He was going quickly through the streets, when a poor old woman begged him to give her a maravedi. He remembered the time when he was starving, and stopped kindly. Putting his hand into his pocket, he gave her all the money he had about him. It was a half ducat.

"A half ducat!" cried the woman, trembling with joy. "Thanks, young senor, thanks." Then she let her arms fall as she muttered: "It is a great deal, but it is not enough. It will not save her."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Of whom?" repeated the beggar, eagerly; "of whom but my daughter? The fever devours her, and the alguazils will send her from our poor garret, and she will die in the street."

Juan asked her where her lodgings were. She answered:

"Figaro Street, in the house of the Jew Solomon, the dyer."

"And your name?"

"Ah, my name—do you ask it? It is Sevilla."

"I will come there to-morrow." And Juan resumed his walk with accelerated steps, and was soon at the palace of the viceroy.

The ball passed off with great gayety. The two young girls, Carmina and Alitea, wore on this occasion Moorish dresses, which displayed to advantage their elegant forms and graceful movements. That evening opened Juan's eyes; he knew that he loved Alitea,—he, but three years ago a poor beggar in the streets of Pampeluna. He loved with the whole strength of his soul, or rather it was his life. Knowing nothing of the world, save what he learned by books, he knew enough to appreciate and understand his folly, and measure the abyss open at his feet.

During the whole night following the ball, Juan repeated to himself that Alitea, though an orphan, an adopted child, was of high birth; but that birth, that family, was unknown, and that very mystery gave Juan room to hope that there might be some misalliance—some stain in the shield. She was rich, but had he not read of many men who, having nothing, made splendid fortunes? Had not Alitea said herself that patience and courage overcame all obstacles? Alternating from despair to hope, he passed the night.

The next day he rose, pale and sad, and wishing to hide his trouble from all his friends, remembering his promise to the beggar the previous evening, he started in search of her. He found the street and house with very little difficulty, and upon reaching the room, found it occupied by three alguazils, with whom the old beggar was remonstrating. On a miserable pallet, in one corner of the room, sat another woman, about forty years old. Her haggard face bore traces of great beauty, but now her brilliant black eye burned with a feverish fire, and a deep crimson spot glowed on each emaciated cheek. The alguazils were in the act of bearing off all the furniture of any value that the room contained when Juan entered.

"Hold!" he exclaimed; "I am secretary to the viceroy, and these people are under my protection, and I forbid you to take their property."

He spoke with dignity and authority, and the alguazils sullenly obeyed, repeating that the woman would not pay her rent. Giving the men the exact amount, he closed the door upon them, and seating himself on a low stool, he asked of the two women their history, which was told in a few words.

The old woman's daughter, Griselda, the one now lying burning with fever, had been a famous dancer, and a count's son had fallen in love with her, married her, and tiring of her, had deserted her, leaving her with one child, a boy. The count's family heard of his misalliance, and under the garb of kindness, had taken her child from her. She found to her horror that she was never to see him any more. Then disease fell upon her, and almost destroyed her beauty. She could no longer dance, and fell into great want, possessing only her guitar and a mirror, relics of his former splendor.

"Yes," replied the younger woman, looking up from her bed and smiling sadly. "My sole hope through my life has been to find my son, place in his hands proof of his birth, bless him and die. That hope is gone, for I feel that I am dying, leaving behind me the mirror, the only remembrance of my beauty, the guitar, of my talent."

Juan turned, as she spoke, to look at the mirror, and as he did so, uttered a cry of surprise, seized the glass, and pressing an ornament, disclosed a hidden drawer. When the drawer flew open, Juan turned deadly pale, and hastily closing the drawer, re-seated himself, and in a calm tone demanded in what convent Griselda had placed her child, and, in fact, all she knew. Not the most minute detail was omitted. He gave as a reason for being so particular in his inquiries, that he thought he knew a young man who might be her son. She described a mark she had placed on his arm, for she was a Moor.

Juan listened in despair. One moment he thought to fly, to commit suicide, without breathing a word of what he knew. Filled with this design, he rose hurriedly, but as he was about to leave the room, he glanced at his mother. He saw her, poor, afflicted, scorned by all; and stopping, he asked:

"The child who was torn from you—do you ever think to see him again?"

"Always—always! He will come and blame me for my conduct, for giving him up."

"He will return," said Juan, gravely,—"he will return, not as a judge, but as a consolation."

"You know him, then? And you are sure he will not scorn me?"

"He pardons you already, and blesses you, my mother!" And uttering these words, Juan knelt before her. He forgot not even the old woman, who had been through life her daughter's evil counsellor, but forgiving all, held his hand out towards her, saying: "My grandmother!"

After a moment's silence, he asked his father's name. His mother at these words began to weep; then raising herself, she had the mirror brought her, and drew from the secret drawer some papers, and then wrote with the energy of a dying woman some words on a piece of paper in which she wrapped those she had taken from the drawer, and handed the package to Juan, saying:

"Go, my son, and give this package to the man to whom it is addressed. Lose no time, for I am dying, and I would fain know the result of your visit before I die. It is all I can do for you. Go instantly." And embracing him, she bade him leave her.

Arrived in the street, he looked at the letter, and read:

"To senor, the Duke d'Uzede. At his hotel, Madrid."

Juan went to the viceroy, and asked leave of absence for eight days, telling his patron that it was to execute important business for another, and the object of his journey must remain secret. Having perfect confidence in the honor and rectitude of his secretary, he not only granted him the leave of absence for eight days, but as long as he should be obliged to stay, and gave him a purse of money. Don Fernand d'Albayda was there, paying his devoirs to his lady-love, Carmina, and as he was going to depart immediately for Madrid, he kindly offered Juan a seat in his carriage.

Arrived at Madrid, Juan proceeded to the hotel, but found to his dismay that the Duke d'Uzede had left the morning previous for Valladolid. Juan was returning to his hotel, weary and dispirited, when he saw on a sign, "Gongarello, Barber." He stopped and knocked at the door, but no one answered the summons. A neighbor standing near told him the barber had been gone from there nearly three years, whither, no one knew; and when asked the reason for the house remaining so long unoccupied, the man shrugged his shoulders, and gave him to understand that the house was haunted. Near by stood another shop, and Juan remembered the name as being that of Gongarello's uncle. So he presented himself there, and upon mentioning that he was a friend of Gongarello and of Juniata, he was received with joy.

The next day, he went to the duke's hotel, just in time to see the gates open and the carriage of the duke roll into the courtyard. Trembling with joy, he ran to demand an audience, but was refused. Three days in succession he came and was denied admittance, and the next the duke had actually gone to Valladolid. In utter despair, he ran to Gongarello's uncle, the only friend he had in Madrid, for Fernand had returned to Pampeluna, and to him he disclosed his trouble.

Andrea Cazolete was perfumer to the court, and he offered Juan to give him some of his articles, and send him to the Duke d'Uzede, who had just ordered a new perfume and pomade. Juan hesitated; he, the private secretary of the viceroy of Navarre, seek an audience with the Duke d'Uzede, his own father, too, in the garb of a perfumer's apprentice! His pride revolted against it, but finally his sense conquered. He had found to his dismay that, even as private secretary, he had no chance of seeing the duke; and while he waited, his mother's life was ebbing away.

He closed with the perfumer's offer, and in a day or two he reached Valladolid, with a small basket of bottles and cases on his arm, and presented himself at the door of the hotel. He was shown instantly into the duke's apartments, where he found him conversing with Countess d'Altamira.

Don Juan d'Aguilar had two sisters younger than himself. The oldest, Isabella d'Aguilar, good and amiable, had married Alonzo d'Albayda, one of the first barons in the kingdom of Valencia; she had one son—Fernand d'Albayda. Isabella and her husband lived but a few years after the birth of their child. The second sister, Florinda d'Aguilar, was remarkably beautiful, but vain, proud and selfish. Florinda married the Count d'Altamira, a man old enough to be her father, one of the first equerries of Philip II. With him she lived a few unhappy years; then he died, leaving her free to plot and scheme for power as much as she liked.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FATHER AND SON.

The countess laughed when she saw the perfumer, and after a light jest with the duke, left. Juan had intently watched the face of his father, seen for the first time now.

The duke was large—Juan was small; the duke had a grave, noble face—Juan's face was less distinguished, but more spiritual. For the rest they looked very much alike, and Juan found the likeness striking. The duke commenced, as soon as he was alone, to examine the case.

"The Circassian cream for the face—good. Water from the seraglio, to give nails a rose tint—very good. Almond cream for the hands—that is new. Ah, behold the bottle! Elixir capillaire; the last was a shade too dark. This is expensive?" he asked, turning to the son.

Juan bowed, unable to speak.

"Ah—well; they will do very well." And paying him, he bade Juan go.

Juan hesitated; then said he had something to say.

"Speak, and be quick, for I have my toilet to make," said the duke, impatiently.

Juan turned pale, and felt his heart beat as, drawing from his bosom the package, he handed them to the duke.

"Ah, a letter of recommendation! Well, you may go; I will read your letter. Call to-morrow for my answer."

"No, senor," said Juan, firmly; "I shall not go till you have read that letter."

The duke turned with great haughtiness towards the bold youth, but he perhaps saw something in that handsome open face which made him silent; and turning to the table where he had thrown the letters, he began to read. As he read, he turned pale, then crimson, and anger and fear showed themselves in his face. Having finished reading, he turned to Juan and said:

"This, then, is the message you had the honor to bear!"

"There is no honor in it, either for you or for me,—it is dire necessity only." And the glance of his eye was as haughty as the duke's own, as he added: "No honor for me to be your son, or you my father."

"Re-assure yourself, my fine fellow, I totally disavow the truth of the statement. And it cannot be proved, either," he added, as, with a sudden motion of his hand, he threw the letters—the only proofs Juan had—into the blazing fire, and stamped them down with his heel.

Juan uttered a cry of horror and utter despair, and sprang forward, exclaiming:

"You shall not escape from my hands alive!"

But the duke had already sounded his bell, and the door opened and three men entered the room. The duke turned with dignity to his men, and pointing to Juan, said:

"Put that man out of the house, and if he ever dares to present himself before the doors, I order you to chastise him as he deserves. Lead him away!"

"Senor duke," said Juan, impressively, "you are high and I am low now. I am ignorant of what destiny awaits us; but you will remember to your sorrow the day when you drove me from your palace."

The servants led him away. The duke remained alone, and in spite of himself, he felt ill at ease.

"Any way," he exclaimed, "all proofs of my youthful folly and madness are destroyed; that is good, and now why should I fear the young man?"

Juan almost ran back to his lodgings, so angry and despairing was he. The next day, and for fifteen days, he lay stricken down with a fever, some of the time vacillating between life and death. At last he recovered, and set out on foot to return to Madrid. Reaching his lodgings there, he found a note from Alitea, bidding him come to them, for they were at Madrid, and in great sorrow. During his absence, the good old Don d'Aguilar had died, and confided to the care of Countess d'Altamira his two daughters.

Poor Juan was filled with grief and despair at hearing of the death of his benefactor, and hastened at once to see his dear young mistresses, or rather friends, after having written to his mother to apprize her of his failure.

On his way to the hotel of the Countess d'Altamira, he traversed the street Santo Domingo, which was crowded with indignant people. He paused awhile to discover the reason, and another grief came to fill his cup. An auto-da-fe was to take place. Two Moors were to be burned, and these two were Gongarello the barber, and his niece Juninta! Juan was stupefied for a moment, then rushed wildly to his friends.

Carmina and Alitea saw his agony, and demanded the cause, and in broken words he told them. Carmina nearly fainted, and went to find her aunt; but Alitea rose calmly and went to her writing-desk, and seating herself wrote a note. Juan demanded what it was she did, and she replied in thrilling tones:

"I try to save my brothers." Seeing Juan's look of surprise at the words *my brothers*, she added, in a low tone: "Yes—*my* brothers, for I am a Moor."

Alitea handed Juan the note, charging him to deliver it, and tell no one, not even Carmina, that she had anything to do with saving the two Moors, for she felt sure they would be saved.

Juan promised faithfully, and set off with speed. When in the street, he drew the mysterious note from his pocket, and saw to his surprise that it was addressed to her majesty the queen of Spain. He knew not how to convey it to her majesty, when he thought of the perfumer. Andrea Cazoleta gladly helped him; and as the perfumer's boy, he again made his appearance at court, before, not simply a duke this time, but the queen herself. He placed the note in a little bag of perfume, and in that way it safely reached the queen.

An hour afterwards, the Count de Lerma and the queen conversed together, and that bold, ambitious man felt that he had met his equal in wit in the queen—the good, beautiful queen. By the strength of her own uprightness alone, she made the Count de Lerma tremble and grow pale. Haughty and severe one minute and winningly gracious the next, the queen obtained great influence over the prime minister, and he left her room, having given her a promise to set Gongarello and Juniata free, but with a determination to persecute the Moorish people in future.

Thus they were saved. The next day, Juniata was appointed as a little chamber-maid to the queen. In many hearts and places rose earnest prayers for the safety and happiness of the beautiful, good queen Margaret.

The next day, Juan found Alitea alone. He gave her an account of the success of her letter. Alitea raised her beautiful eyes to heaven, and cried:

"God protect our queen, that she may be happy!"

Juan hardly dared ask her the reason for her conduct, though he ventured to ask if she knew her majesty. Alitea told him no, which increased his surprise.

"You have seen her?"

"Never," replied Alitea. Then seeing the curiosity which Juan dared not gratify by asking questions, she added: "No—never! If I do not explain this mystery to you, it is because the secret is not mine. If it compromised only me, you should know instantly, my dear friend." And she gave him her hand, which he took, nearly trembling with joy.

"I wish only to have the happiness to save you."

"The risk is great for you and me," she said, in a low voice, "for this is only the commencement of persecution against the Moors."

"But what is the end of these cruelties?"

"To convert the Moors to the Catholic faith, and for that end no means will be wanting. They imprison and torture those who cannot prove that they have been baptized. And you, Juan," said Alitea, after a pause, "have you received the baptism?"

"Not that I know of."

"Will you receive it?"

"If my heart and conscience counsel it, perhaps; if not, never. Rather have the knife and funeral pile. I swear it!"

Alitea looked at him with a flashing eye and courageous smile, while she seized his hand and said only the simple words: "That is well."

From that day, Juan felt happier, though if asked why, he could give no reason. He only knew that he possessed a secret which Alitea only knew. The knowledge that Alitea was a Moor like himself, gave him hope, perhaps.

About this time, Griselda died, leaving to her son a letter directed to Don Delascar d'Alberique. She had lived only to hear of Juan's success. Her mother gave her her son's letter; she read it, uttered one bitter cry of despair, and fell back dead. Juan placed his grandmother in a situation of ease for the rest of her life, and considered that he had done his duty towards one who had only led his mother to evil, and would counsel him the same.

Little by little, Juan's gayety returned to him, and he resolved to go to Pampeluna, to look after his friend Pedralvi, and hear him news of Juniata. He arrived at the Golden Sun, but did not find him there. While he was taking his dinner, he looked out of the window at the very spot where, four years ago, he had sat, hungry and destitute. He saw sitting there a mother and her two children—Moors, who were flying from persecution. The father was standing near the window, looking at the food with eager eyes.

Juan rose and questioned them. They were in search of work, and had been told that in Valencia they would find it. Juan ordered the host of the Golden Sun, Gines Peres, to give them food at his own expense, enough for their present wants, and for the next day, too. He felt his heart beat as he watched the wretched family eating so eagerly the food, and his eyes filled with tears of joy when he thought of the beautiful young girl who, four years ago, had stood at the same window, watching two children, whom she had made happy, and he had been instrumental in saving them from a horrible death. Truly God was good, and had blessed him since he had entered an honest life.

While he watched the Moorish family, a young man, twenty-eight or nine years old, approached, and leaned against the wall and listened to a conversation between some men standing on the hotel steps, who were uttering words which showed that they relished the persecution against the Moors. It was Yezid.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEETINGS.

The young man listened awhile, then went and spoke to the poor man, whose name was Sidi-Zagal. Juan looked at the young man's face, and strove to recall where he had seen it. It was not the first time he had seen it; it was not the first time he had heard a deep, sweet voice. The young man took Sidi-Zagal's hand, and spoke encouragingly to him. The action brought back to Juan's recollection the night when, in the Sierra Moncayo, Yezid had taken his hand.

"It is he!" cried Juan; "it is my benefactor!"

Absorbed in gazing at Yezid, he did not notice that he was the object of close examination himself. A man had entered the dining-hall and been closely watching Juan. When he had finished his repast he came behind him and pronounced one word: "Juan!"

Juan turned quickly and saw a man in black crossing the hall. The voice was too well known not to be instantly recognized as that of Captain Josef Baptista, the robber chief. Juan seized a knife and followed him, but he disappeared behind an orange tree hedge, and after vainly searching, Juan returned to the window. He said not a word of this to any one, and yet without the charge of being either weak or superstitious, he could not get rid of a feeling of impending misfortune.

Juan had learned from some men of the hotel the name and residence of Yezid, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, he set out to find it. Juan was delighted with the splendor of the garden, and with beating heart he glided to the principal entrance, and raised with a timid hand the knocker, which, falling heavily, made a loud noise that made him tremble, for he had found out that Yezid's father was Don Delascar d'Alberique.

At the noise made by the knocker, he heard dogs bark, and a head appeared at a little grating and asked who he was.

"A stranger, who wishes an asylum."

The grating was opened by a large, handsome Moor, who led Juan into a superbly-decorated saloon, took a beautiful crystal cup, containing a delicious draught, from a marble table, and presented it to Juan.

"It is the cup of hospitality," said he, smiling, "and thy lips must touch it to prove that thou art faithful to us."

But Juan, instead of drinking, looked at the young Moor, and his hand trembled visibly.

"What art thou, then? Art thou an enemy and traitor?" he cried, seeing his hesitation. "Hasten to drink—hasten; thou shalt be no longer feared or have fear. It is we who will defend thee."

And the young Moor filled the cup to the brim; but Juan could only lean upon the table, to steady himself. His heart seemed oppressed; tears filled his eyes, and in his trouble, he exclaimed:

"Brother, brother, if I am mistaken, do not answer!"

"And why?"

"You resemble him so much; and if I am mistaken, nothing will console me."

He placed the cup on the marble table, seized the young Moor by the hand, brushed back the hair from his broad brow, regarded him for a while with an anxious and eager eye, then with a trembling voice, exclaimed: "Pedralvi!"

"It is I—that is my name! and who calls me!"

"My heart did not deceive me. Have you, then, forgotten your young friend, who has not slept one night without thinking of you, who delivered him by scaling the walls of the Golden Sun?"

"Juan!" cried his old companion, clasping him in his arms.

Eagerly Pedralvi inquired after Juniata, and learned to his delight that she lived, but his face paled when he heard that for three years she had been in the dungeon of the Inquisition. Seated upon a divan, the two friends mutually questioned each other, and each related his adventures. Those of Juan are already known to the reader, and Pedralvi's took but a short time to tell.

Since the day, or rather night, when Juan was carried off by Captain Josef Baptista, leaving his companion mounting guard upon the walls of the hotel, Pedralvi had enrolled himself among the servitors of the Golden Sun, that he might not leave Juniata. Two years after, when the barber Gongarello left with his niece for Madrid, Pedralvi, who knew nothing and was good for nothing, resolved to make his fortune; but knowing neither how to read nor write, he had no other choice than to be either soldier or sailor. But even that chance was denied him, for, being a Moor, he could serve neither in the army nor fleet of king; and at Valencia, he nearly died of hunger—would have died, in fact, if he had not by chance found a vessel belonging to the rich Moor, Delascar d'Alberique. Yezid the son had noticed him for his courage and zeal, and taught him, and further still made him his confidant, and Pedralvi vowed himself, body and soul, to the family, wishing no greater happiness than to die for them, to prove his love and gratitude.

"They say thy master is very rich," said Juan, anxiously.

"Rich as the king; but they make a better use of their money; for they give work to all the world, but above all, to their oppressed brethren."

"So Delascar and his son are regarded as chief of all the Moors? They have not been baptized? The Count de Lerma—does he not annoy them?"

"He dares not. Rather than submit, they would leave the country, and if Delascar d'Alberique closed his factories, all the workmen would revolt."

"Is he married?"

"He has been a widower some years; and although his faith permits him not only to marry again, but have many wives, he consecrates himself to the happiness of his son and people."

"And he is noble and generous?"

"Thou wilt see for thyself, if thou hast anything to ask of him."

Just then the evening prayer was finished, and Delascar d'Alberique entered with his son, and chief workmen and servants, who seated themselves at a large table. It was a happiness to be admitted and punishment to be excluded from the table. But all submitted without a murmur to the commands of the old man.

"Master," said Pedralvi, "behold a stranger who asks your hospitality, and who has something to ask of you."

"And for myself, I ask him, if he means well, to be seated at my table," replied the old man.

"That stranger is not one!" cried Yezid, recognizing him; "for yesterday he took the defence of that poor Sidi-Zagal, of whom I have spoken to you, my father."

"Yes," said the old man, "Sidi-Zagal—he is one of our brothers."

"He is one of mine, also!" cried Juan, with pride. "I am a Moor, too."

"Seat thyself, my brother, between my son and myself."

Delascar was sixty years old, but fresh and vigorous; his eyes brilliant with a youthful fire, his voice deep and musical, his mind active and cultivated. During the repast, the conversation was pleasing as well as brilliant. Pedralvi stood by, almost dumb with astonishment, to listen to his friend Juan take an active part in the conversation, displaying equal knowledge with his host, Don Delascar.

When the supper was finished, the old man, Yezid and Juan passed into another saloon.

"Speak now," said Delascar: "I will listen to you."

Yezid rose to leave, but Juan begged him not to go. The old man then asked him his name.

Juan stammered out his mother's name—Sevilla.

"Sevilla!—that is the name of an old soldier who fought with us in the Alpaxarras. Less fortunate than myself, he fell, in the act of saving a friend, Don Juan d'Aguilar."

Then Juan, in a low, trembling voice, related all that had occurred, and gave Don Delascar his mother's note. The old man took the letter with a trembling hand, and read it slowly and attentively, then handed the letter to his son, bidding him read. When Yezid had finished the letter, his father, turning to Juan, said:

"You shall not be only the son of Sevilla—"

But the generous Yezid did not allow him to finish his sentence. He threw himself into Juan's arms, exclaiming:

"My brother—my brother! I shall regard you as such, and you, my father, will not forbid me!"

"No, Yezid, my dearly loved son. I will adopt the child of the brave Sevilla, and thou hast rightly called him thy brother."

Juan fell on his knees, and pressed to his lips their hands, which he bathed with tears.

The old man smiled, and said:

"If Heaven does not blind us, your heart, at least, we have not mistaken. Love Yezid like thy brother, for he is the most noble and generous of men." And the father's eyes filled with proud, happy tears.

"I know it—I know it!" cried Juan.

"Swear to me to respect him as thy elder brother, as head of the family, to defend him and die for him, if it is necessary. It is thy duty, my son."

"I swear it. I will fulfil my duty. I swear it before God and before you! I swear it by my honor,—by the sacred name you have permitted me to call you,—that name," he added, hesitatingly, "that my lips dare not yet pronounce."

"I expect you to," replied the old man, kindly smiling.

"My father!" cried Juan.

Delascar received him in his arms, and seated him between himself and Yezid, like a son returned from a long journey, not like the stranger they had adopted. Seated between them, he complied with their wishes and related his history, and he dwelt upon the scene in the Sierra Moncayo, when the words of the noble Yezid raised his good feelings and made him an honest man; and how by misfortune he had been unable to profit by his generous offers. Juan learned that another had brought the tablets, and been kindly received and educated by the Moor. Juan continued his history—how he had saved Don Juan d'Aguilar, and been remanded by him and instructed by his daughters.

It was near the middle of the night when the recital was finished; and before going to rest, Delascar called all his people together, and presented to them Juan Sevilla, the son of the house, their new master. Pedralvi seemed almost beside himself with joy; he thought he had not heard aright, but Yezid said, smilingly:

"Yes—he is my brother."

The old man said to him, before bidding him good-night:

"My son, you have come to us in time of trial and misfortune; persecution menaces us, and if the powerful hand which sustained us is taken away, I know not what we shall do."

"I come, then, at the right time!" cried Sevilla. "My fate will not be separated from you again. I will come to defend and die for you, my father and my brother."

The old man looked at him with eyes flushing with pride and affection, and with a blessing, left him.

The next day, when he was leaving, the old man told him that for all he needed in future for his happiness, pleasure or caprice, he must ask himself or Yezid, and he should have it. He had been shown the manufactories of rich fabrics, and in showing them to him, Yezid had said:

"All that is for thee, brother."

"No—never, never!"

"Ah, well—for us, if you like that better."

But for his despairing love for Alitea, Juan would have been perfectly happy. With a friend's eye, he saw that Yezid was not completely happy. Oftentimes a sadness clouded his brow, and a melancholy smile rose on his lips. D'Alberique vainly pressed his son to marry, but Yezid only said: "We shall see;" but never made a choice. Once Juan saw him, when he thought he was alone, raise a pomegranate flower to his lips. He dared ask Yezid nothing, but one day he told him of his love for Alitea, hoping he would return his confidence, but his lips remained closed. The day came for departure, and with a sad heart he left his tender father. How much richer he went away!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ALGUAZILS AND THEIR CAPTIVE.

It would have been very hard for Juan to leave the hospitable roof of Don Delascar if Pedralvi had not gone with him. Together they travelled, making no distinction between master and servant, but chatting like the friends that they were. They had not travelled far when night shut in, and before they reached the inn where they proposed to stop, they were overtaken by a band of alguazils, who made them captive and despoiled them of their money. Juan remembered the man in black he had met at the Golden Sun, and he feared that these men were only robbers disguised as alguazils, and his fears proved correct, for they had scarcely journeyed far, when the chief came to Juan's side and spoke to him:

"Juan is richer than when he worked with us. He is a gentleman, and has his pockets filled with gold, or rather mine."

Juan, in spite of the lapse of time, knew the voice.

"Robber, what do you wish more?"

"To learn from you the secret of making a fortune; to learn where to find the same treasure."

Just then, both Pedralvi and Juan heard the tramp of horses, and gave a loud, clear cry to which despair lent double strength:

"Help! To the rescue!"

The cry was repeated by the mountains, and they had soon the satisfaction of seeing a large number of mounted men, bearing torches and riding in front of two carriages, near the spot. A man clothed in black, and nearly asleep in the first carriage, demanded to know the cause of the stop.

"I only see some alguazils—seven or eight—who have captive two young men. Question them without descending from the carriage, for the night is dark and cold."

Then the grand vicar, who was spokesman, demanded the cause of their arrest. Pedralvi explained the affair in a few words. They had been arrested and plundered, without any reason, and they demanded their liberty. The grand vicar then turned to Captain Josef Baptista, and asked him what he had to answer.

The captain had heard the pompous prelate spoken of, and knew him to be the most implacable enemy of the Moors, always striving for their conversion or death; so with a bold face, he answered:

"These two young men are Moors, who have not been baptized."

Hearing this, the prelate Ribeira sprang up, as he exclaimed:

"In the name of the archbishop of Valencia, I arrest these heretics!"

"I have already taken away from them the jewels and impious ornaments they carried, and I will lead them to the prisons of Saint Hermandad," replied the gallant captain.

"No; I will take them in my charge." And the prelate had the two young captives brought to the side of the carriage, and questioned them. Pedralvi was the first interrogated. "You are a Moor, then, and have not been baptized?"

"I am a Moor, but I have, on the contrary, received baptism." And Pedralvi drew from his pocket a paper without which he never went anywhere, bearing the seal of the archbishop, and proving that seven years ago, when he was fifteen, he had been baptized by Ribeira himself.

The prelate, with a disappointment he could scarcely conceal, turned to Juan.

"And you—have you been baptized?"

Juan Sevilla remained silent, but Pedralvi answered confidently in the affirmative.

"Swear it—swear it!" replied the vicar.

"I swear it!" said Pedralvi, without hesitation.

"And you also swear it?" said the vicar, turning to Juan.

But he remained wholly silent.

"Are you not a Christian? Have you not been baptized?"

"No, senor."

"What did I tell you!" cried the captain.

"What a happy hour!" said the archbishop. "At last we have arrested a Moor—a perjured Christian, who does not fear to take a false oath."

The prelate gave orders for the security of the prisoners, and to have them follow in his train. Pedralvi, by his courageous but imprudent declaration for his young master, had compromised himself without serving him. Pedralvi prudently retired, and watching his chance, in the darkness of the night, he gave rein and spur to his good Arabian, and before they missed him, he was beyond pursuit. Pedralvi had not hesitated to do that, knowing that he could better aid Juan if free. All the anxiety of the prelate was concentrated upon Juan, who had become, as it were, his property, his parcel, and he would give him up at no price.

Pedralvi hastened to Madrid with the sad news—Juan's capture, and all his friends tried to discover where he was hidden; but in spite of their searching, no traces of him could be found, and fears were entertained that he had been brought to Madrid and thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition.

Carmina trembled violently, but Alitea, self-possessed and calm, only betrayed by the deadly paleness of her face how great was her fear for her friend. Fernand d'Albayda tried to reassure her by telling her that, like all his brothers, he would protest against the violence, but yield at last.

"He will not yield!" cried Alitea, despairingly.

"And why not?"

"Because I know him; and, if it is necessary to tell you, because he has sworn it to me."

"To you?" cried Fernand, turning pale.

"Yes—to me; poor Juan knows well how to keep an oath. He will be killed, rather than fail in his duty, or honor. You know to what punishments, to what tortures, they expose those who refuse to abjure their faith. Perhaps he is dead already. We have hope only in you, Don Fernand."

The noble young man seized Carmina's hand, and turning to Alitea, he said:

"Since Juan is your friend, as well as mine, I will save him; I swear it, and you shall see that Juan is not the only one who knows how to keep his oath."

Alitea sprang forward, while a beautiful blush rose to her pale cheek, and taking one of Fernand's hands in both of her own, she cried:

"Thanks—thanks, Fernand! I esteem and honor you, for you have a noble heart."

The next day, the court left for Valladolid, and Fernand, much as he disliked to be separated from his dearly loved Carmina, was obliged to remain in Madrid, to fulfil, if possible, his promise to Alitea, his bride's adopted sister.

Alitea counted a little upon the queen, but before going to her, she wished to be sure where the prisoner was, and what danger menaced him.

Don Fernand remained at Madrid, and the two girls, with the Countess Altamira, left for Valladolid. Although attached to the queen, the countess was very rarely at the palace; and at Valladolid, she had a house of her own, situated in a solitary and picturesque spot. The chateau was situated above a deep ravine, and surrounded by a dense wood, a thing very rare in that part of the country. Carmina had no need of occupation, for she was pleased always with walking in the park and dreaming of Fernand. Alitea undoubtedly had no one to dream of, and never was idle; she took long walks, carrying her paints and pencils, and many were the beautiful pictures she took around the chateau. In her rambles, she came across a peasant's family. The oldest child was a daughter about to be married. Alitea instantly set about preparing the pretty bride's trousseau, and seemed very happy while she made her needle fly so quickly.

Before Don Fernand had time to prosecute any inquiries concerning Juan, he was ordered to go to Lisbon. The countess laid deep plans in that solitude against the future happiness of Carmina. Always ambitious, she thought to make the king fall in love with Carmina; the rest would follow. These plans she made known to the Duke d'Uzede, the ungrateful scheming son of the prime minister, and together they labored.

One day, the Countess Altamira feigned illness, and confided to Carmina the news that she expected a relation of her husband's, Don Augustin de Villa-Flor, a cousin. She bemoaned to Carmina and Alitea that she could not receive him herself, and that the task devolved upon Carmina; "for you," she said, turning to Alitea, "are obliged to fulfil your promise to the pretty peasant girl, and go to the cottage this evening to get her ready for her marriage to-morrow."

Alitea saw by the false countess's eyes that she was glad that her absence was secured; and thinking to make her feel doubly sure, she said:

"Yes—I *must* be absent, and I am very sorry, for I would like to see the handsome Don Augustin."

The countess smiled, and expressed her regrets; and it was settled that Carmina was to do the honors of her aunt's house. Alitea embraced her sister and set out for the farm-house.

It was nearly the time for Don Augustin to arrive, and Carmina was arranging her toilet preparatory to his reception, when the door softly opened and Alitea entered, with her finger on her lip to prevent any outcry. She had received a note from Don Fernand announcing his departure for Lisbon. All thought he was already on his way, but unwilling to leave for an indefinite time without seeing his lady-love, he had rushed to see her, and requested Alitea to arrange a private interview for him with Carmina.

Carmina was in ecstacies, but suddenly the thought of the arrival of Don Augustin and her promise to her aunt came to her mind, and her heart sunk. Here Alitea came to her rescue; her aunt would not make her appearance; nothing need be said; Carmina should go, and Alitea would receive the expected guest. Carmina was delighted, and the two girls laughed merrily over their intended ruse.

Donning Alitea's mantle and hood, and accompanied by the peasant girl, Carmina made the best of her way across the park to the farm-house, where she was to meet her lover. She had scarcely gone, when Don Augustin de Villa-Flor arrived, and Alitea, hastily arranging her dress, descended to meet him. She opened the door with these words: "A thousand pardons, senor cavalier, for having made you wait."

The sight of such a beautiful girl, and her gracious welcome, completely disconcerted the king—for the king it was. He had been led to the chateau by the Duke d'Uzede, who pretended to have lost his way; and as he knew nothing of the part he was to play, he was completely astounded to be asked by the beautiful stranger for pardon because she had made him wait. The king knew not what to reply, or who she took him to be, for that she had mistaken the person, he felt sure. Her next words placed him in a more comfortable situation, for she requested Senor Augustin to be seated. He in that way learned his name.

"My aunt, the Countess Altamira, is very unhappy," continued the young girl, with a gracious manner, "that she cannot, on your first visit, do the honors of the chateau herself."

The king breathed more freely. He was in the house of the Countess Altamira, maid of honor to the queen; and more, the beautiful girl, who filled his heart already with the thoughts of love, was a niece of the countess. So far he was sure of his ground. The false cousin expressed a hope that the indisposition of the countess would not continue long. Alitea smiled, as she answered:

"It is on your account that she most regrets her illness, Senor Augustin; she wished to give a fete in honor of the visit from her husband's relative, a cousin of whom she is proud. Did you enjoy your hunt? for the countess told me you were to hunt to-day with the king. You must be fatigued."

"A little, my cousin."

Just then supper was announced, and Alitea, with surpassing grace, led the way to the dining-hall, where a very excellent game supper was prepared. While Don Augustin made his repast, the two chatted gaily. Alitea asked if her cousin had been all the time with the king, and received an answer in the affirmative, whereupon she exclaimed:

"You have then a right to be fatigued and ennuied."

The king dropped his fork in astonishment, which Alitea noticed, and added, smilingly:

"Because the king is not amusing, he is so austere. Permit me to give you some wine." And she handed her cousin a glass of wine, which he took, saying:

"You do not love the king?"

"Which?" replied Alitea, with smiling gravity; "for there are two—the Count de Lerma and Philip III., one who reigns, and the other who acts. Nearly all men detest the first."

"And you scorn the second?" said Don Augustin, blushing.

"My cousin, I pity him, for he is good but weak."

"Then weakness is a great crime?" cried the king, ironically.

"Not in such as you, Senor Augustin, but in a prince, who ought to conduct affairs himself. But you do not drink."

For the first time, the king heard the truth, unpalatable as it was, but the beauty and innocence of the being who told him prevented him from feeling angry. He thought of her words a long time, and reasoned thus with himself: "By Saint Iago! if I must be governed, it is better to be led by a beautiful young girl like this, than an old minister like mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The following is said to be inscribed upon the tomb of an idiot boy at Colne, in Lancastershire, England. It is very beautiful:

If *innocence* may claim a place in heaven,
And *little* be required for *little* given,
My great Creator has for me in store
A world of bliss—what can the wise have more?



BAY AND ROYAL PALACE AT GAETA.

VIEW OF GAETA, ITALY.—THE ROYAL PALACE.

The engraving above conveys an accurate idea of the strikingly bold and picturesque features of the city of Gaeta, one of the most interesting seaports of Italy. In front, and stretching away to the right, are the waters of the Gulf of Gaeta. On the strip of beach in the foreground, are grouped some Neapolitan fishermen and women in their peculiar costumes. Along the shore are seen various boats and feluccas with their curious lateen sails and picturesque striped awnings at the sterns. The campanile of the cathedral soars upwards on the left, and crowning the eminence, crowded with buildings, is the cumbrous mass of the Royal Palace. Further to the right is a strongly fortified hill.



VIEW OF CHELSEA, FROM EAST BOSTON.

[For description, see page 61]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IMPROVE LIFE'S HOURS.

BY ROBERT R. MCKAY.

The days misspent in idleness,
The hours all lost in vain.
Once passed, are passed forever,
To come no more again.
The moments spent in pleasure,
When we no wisdom learn,
Are so much vanished treasure,
And never can return.

Waste not in transient pleasures
These hours that are so fleet—
These moments here so precious,
Which will *too soon* retreat.
But some firm mark to trace them
In the lapse of days to come,
Leave on each path you journey,
Which now you are hastening from.

For time will stop for nothing—
Naught can the moments stay;
If gone, they're gone *forever*—
If passed, they're passed away.
Improve them while thou mayst,
For they are gliding by;
Put not off till to-morrow,
For *to-morrow* thou mayst die.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PASTOR'S CRIME.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

Nestled romantically among the New England hills, on the banks of a beautiful stream, stood the somewhat notable village of Gossypville. Its first settlers, impressed no doubt by the idea of its future greatness, had placed it on a commanding eminence, and were extremely careful that all the roads should go straight over the top of every hill, no matter how steep. The most prominent landmark of the village, and its crowning glory, was the ancient church, which, like similar structures of that day, was set conspicuously upon a hill. A graveyard, with many a moss-grown stone, marking the resting-place of generations past, lay upon the slope of the hill, while near by, in the very centre of the village, stood the parsonage. This spot seemed to be an object of special interest to all the inhabitants of Gossypville, inasmuch as nothing transpired in the minister's family, either in doors or out, that escaped their observation. Perhaps this was owing to the fact that Miss Patience Pry inhabited a cottage just over the way, and if anything looked suspicious in or about the parsonage, she always happened to drop in just at that time, to see how the poor dear minister's wife got along, and if she could assist her any. If a cravat was being hemmed for the worthy parson, or an apron made for one of the children, the quality and cost of the material, the stitches employed in making the garment, were all duly ascertained, and discussed over the next cup of tea which Miss Patience chanced to take with her neighbors.

At the time our story opens, the venerable pastor who had labored faithfully in Gossypville for half a century, had recently been gathered to his fathers, and a young minister had been called to supply his place, whose family consisted of his wife, a sister of hers, and a young student, who had been attracted by the apparent quietness of the spot, and had persuaded the pastor to board him.

Mr. Rivers was seated with his wife a month after his installation, when there came a slight tap on the door, and a simultaneous opening of the same, and in walked Miss Pry, her little wiry curls vibrating rapidly with her excessive bowing.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Rivers, and you too, ma'am. I see Deacon Hastings fetch you in a big pumpkin to-day, and I spose of course, you'll make pumpkin pies on't. Now the deacon planted his pumpkins on a miserable piece of land, and this will probably be tough and watery, and I'd advise you to bile the whole at one batch."

"I have not concluded to use it at all at present."

"Well, you'll remember what I said when you bile it. But I come to tell you that the ladies of the Dorcas Sewing Society have chosen you for their president. We meet next Wednesday afternoon at Deacon Harvey's, and we shall expect to see you there airly."

"Indeed, Miss Pry, this is a position that I feel wholly unqualified to fill. I should much rather yield the honor to those who are older and have more experience in such matters."

"Mercy, I hope you don't think we are a set of *old* ladies. I assure you, there are a great number quite as young as you. Ministers' wives are always presidents of sewing circles, and I guess you'll do as well as any on 'em. But la sakes, I've got an arrant to do to-night, and how I've been staying. Good evening all."

"O, dear," sighed Mary, as the door shut upon their visitor, "I am told how to boil a pumpkin, and in the next breath informed I am appointed president of a sewing circle. What a strange woman she is, Henry; don't you think so?"

"She is rather singular, Mary; but there are a great many just like her, or quite as eccentric, so we must make up our minds to accustom ourselves to every phase of human character."

The Dorcas Sewing Circle met at the appointed time at Deacon Harvey's, and a large number of the ladies of Gossypville were in attendance, all awaiting the arrival of their new president. In the meantime, their tongues were not idle, and among other things, Miss Patience enlarged on the fine things at the parsonage, which in truth were only a few fancy articles of furniture and ornaments, which were the product of Mrs. Rivers's own industry, and disposed about the house to suit her own exquisite taste. Soon the new incumbent arrived, with her sister, Miss Helen Arnold, who was now making her first appearance in Gossypville. She was very beautiful in person, with fair, classic features, clear brunette complexion, large, liquid, hazel eyes, and a mass of chestnut brown curls, shading an intellectual forehead. Her form, which she knew how to adorn with the most perfect taste, was finely proportioned, and Helen Arnold, as she first appeared in her beauty among the fair ones of Gossypville, was the observed of all present.

Poor Mrs. Rivers, with trembling timidity, seated herself in the chair of state, and opened the meeting by reading a chapter in the Bible. After transacting some trifling business, the fingers of all present were soon busy upon some garment to send away to the poor children in Burmah, or some other remote part of the world.

"Would it not be well," said Mrs. Rivers, after ascertaining the object of the society, "to appropriate our charity nearer home. We have a cold winter before us, and perhaps there may be some poor people in our own parish who need warm clothing, and if not here, in some neighboring city. The climate of Burmah is very warm, and here are many garments that would be useless there."

Great was the consternation depicted upon the faces present at this proposition. Widow Jones said "it was a shame if those half-naked Burmah children couldn't have decent clothes to wear," and Mrs. Deacon Hastings said that "when folks did give those nearer home, they didn't get much credit for it." And so one after another a dissenting voice arose from the circle, until Mrs. Rivers, grieved and mortified, began to think she was alone in her opinion. But with a smile and nod of encouragement, Mrs. Deacon Lovegood expressed herself highly pleased with the proposal, and suggested that the ladies should think of it, and act upon it at their next meeting. Mrs. Squire Hobbs seconded the motion, and straightway voices of approval were heard in great numbers.

As Mrs. Rivers was about leaving, she encountered Mrs. Hastings in the doorway. Taking her cordially by the hand, she said:

"Good evening, Mrs. Hastings. I have been trying all the afternoon to get a chance to thank you for that fine large pumpkin your husband was so kind as to send us. We are all very fond of pumpkin pies, and that is such an extra large one, I think we can revel in that luxury."

"I am glad if you were pleased with it," said Mrs. Hastings, somewhat mollified at these words; "but I *did* hear you said that you didn't think you should do anything with the miserable thing."

"I am very sorry you should think me capable of making such an ungrateful speech. I have never mentioned receiving the pumpkin to any one ont of the family except Miss Pry, who was in the evening of the day it came, and said she came to advise me about boiling it. The reply I made was: 'It had come so recently I had not thought what I should do with it. I did not know as I should make any use of it at present.' You know pumpkins are sometimes sweeter for keeping in the sun awhile, so my father, who was quite an experienced farmer, used to say."

"There now, I might have known it all came from Miss Pry. I *do wish* she could ever tell anything as she hears it. I hope you wont feel offended, Mrs. Rivers, because I have told you of this."

"No, indeed. I am very glad I have an opportunity to correct so great a mistake. I assure you, your present was a very welcome one, we thank you very much. Our parishioners have been extremely kind in sending us such a variety of nice things."

"I fear, Helen," said Mrs. Rivers, as they were returning home, "I shall have to choose my words very nicely when in conversation with Miss Pry. She told what I said about that pumpkin in such a way as to nearly make Deacon Hastings's family our enemies."

"I fear we shall have to be careful what we say to everybody here, for such a set of gossips I never heard. I couldn't begin to tell you the scandal I heard this afternoon. I am more resolved than ever, to keep our affairs as dark as possible."

Unsuspecting Helen. Their affairs did become darker than she had any idea of. To keep anything private in Gossypville parsonage was an unheard-of thing. * * * * *

It was a glorious afternoon in September, just such an one as would tempt abroad the lover of the beautiful in nature. A mellow radiance bathed hill and vale, and a dreamy stillness seemed to woo the soul to a delicious repose. Charles Favor, the gentleman before mentioned as boarding at the parsonage, had wandered out to enjoy the scenes of beauty which nature had so lavishly bestowed on this retired region, and had seated himself almost mechanically in his favorite spot, a noble eminence overlooking the village, and crowned with stately forest-trees, which stretched far away into the background. There were some blackberry bushes interspersed among the trees and shrubs, but not enough to tempt many of the villagers to take the trouble of gathering them, so here he could dream away undisturbed. He had often thought what a magnificent place this would be for a house; and this afternoon he was admiring his air-castle, with the beautiful form of Helen Arnold as its mistress. Heretofore, his life had been aimless, but since he had seen her he had read a brighter life-lesson in the depths of those hazel eyes, and he felt that to wander with her through the ever-changing scenes of life would be bliss indeed. Charles was startled from his reverie by a shrill voice close to his ear, and turning quickly around, he encountered the form of Miss Patience Pry, a huge tin pail on her arm, with a few blackberries in it.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Favor. I thought seeing as there was a few blackberries out here, I might as well pick em as anybody else, and I guess by the looks there hasn't been any picked yet."

"I think not. I believe the ladies seldom visit this locality, but it is a favorite spot of mine."

"La sakes; then here's where you come every afternoon. I've wondered and wondered where upon earth you could be going to in this direction. How do all the folks at the parsonage do?"

"All very well, or were, at dinner, I believe."

"I guess Miss Rivers will miss her sister Helen when she comes to leave her."

"Is she going away? I had not heard of it."

"Why, for mercy sake. Are you boarding right there in the family and don't know she is engaged. Miss Rivers told me of it more than a week ago. He's a teacher in some school or seminary, I forget where she said it was. Helen's got considerable book-larnin' herself, and I guess she'll make a pretty good sort of a teacher's wife, don't you, Mr. Favor."

Poor Charles grasped a brush that grew near, for support, while his face grew ashy pale, but he controlled his voice enough to say he thought Miss Arnold was well fitted for that position.

"I see you had a book, Mr. Favor. I don't know but what I have disturbed you, so I guess I'll be going home."

"I guess I put a flea in his ear that'll sting him quite sensibly," murmured Miss Patience, as she tripped home, well satisfied with her afternoon's work. As she passed the door of the hotel, and saw the landlady standing near the doorway, the temptation to enter was too strong to resist.

"Well, Betsey Wiggin," said she, addressing the grown up daughter, a fat, buxom lass of twenty, "I guess if I ever suspected that Mr. Favor was bewitched after that ladyfied Helen Arnold, I'm certain on't now."

"How do you know? He didn't tell you so, did he?"

"He might just as well. You see I went over on to Deacon Lovegood's hill over there, to pick some blackberries, and who should I come across but that lazy Charles Favor, sitting there under the trees, dreaming away as though the world wasn't made for folks to work in it. Well, you see just to try him, I told him Helen Arnold was engaged—you know Miss Rivers said she was, the other day. You ought to have seen his face; it turned just as white as that sheet, and he could hardly speak."

"La, I guess you imagined it half," said Miss Betsey, with a toss of the head.

"I guess I didn't. But I see you are bewitched after him just like all the rest of the girls, and want to make out that he isn't head and ears in love now, but you wont make *me* believe it."

Charles Favor watched the retreating form of Miss Patience till it was lost in the distance. He pressed his hand to his throbbing temples, and tried to think it was all a dream. But no; that shrill voice, like a raven's croaking, was still sounding in his ears, "Helen Arnold is engaged." His beautiful air-castle, that he had been building all the afternoon, had tumbled about him, and left him sitting there sad and dejected among the ruins. Finally his determination was made, and slowly and sadly he traced his way homeward to the parsonage. That evening he astonished all the inmates there by remarking at tea:

"I should like to leave town to-morrow afternoon, Mr. Rivers; is there any conveyance that will take me to the nearest railroad station?"

"No, sir, no public conveyance. But surely you are not going to leave us permanently."

"That is my present intention," he replied, in as indifferent a voice as he could assume.

He could not help glancing over to the opposite side of the table to note the effect of his words, and what he saw puzzled him exceedingly. There was Helen, usually so calm and self-possessed, turning pale and red by turns. What could it mean? Was there even a ray of hope for him?

Poor Helen was sadly disconcerted for some cause, for she passed the butter plate twice to Mr. Rivers, asking him if he would have some of the cake, and sweetened her own tea with preserves instead of sugar.

"Come, Helen," said Mrs. Rivers, next morning after breakfast, "I hear that blackberries are very plenty on the hill yonder; suppose you take a walk over there this forenoon and gather some."

"So I will, Mary. I haven't been berrying this many a day."

"I think, Miss Helen, if you have no objections, I will accompany you. That is my favorite haunt about here. I should like to visit once more before I leave."

"I should like your company very much, Mr. Favor. Come, Mary, you must provide *him* with a pail too, for I intend he shall help me in the expedition."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Rivers, "from motives of self-interest, if none other."

That was a dangerous excursion for two hearts in just the state theirs were in. But their pails were nearly filled with berries, and still nothing had been said by either of what was uppermost in their thoughts.

"Come, Helen," said Charles, at length, "I have scrambled about among these bushes until I am really tired, and you look weary too. Let us sit down under this magnificent elm and rest ourselves. I shall miss this shady seat, where I have sat so many hours, more than I can tell, when I am away."

"Aint your leaving something very sudden?"

"Rather so. But then, I am somewhat impulsive. The parsonage will enjoy a season of quiet when two such inveterate talkers as we are absent."

"What do you mean, Mr. Favor? You speak of *our* going away. I have no intention of leaving my sister at present."

"Not at present, perhaps, but the happy hour will arrive soon enough, I presume. As this is the first opportunity I have had since I heard the news, let me congratulate you on your engagement. If you are as happy as I think you deserve, yours will be a blissful life."

"Mr. Favor, what *do* you mean? I confess your words are a perfect riddle to me."

"I fear, Helen, I have offended you by referring to this matter; but I thought it no harm to mention what is spoken of publicly. Miss Pry told me your sister informed her that you were engaged

to be married to a teacher in a seminary, in some distant city, and spoke of how lonely your sister would feel without you."

"More mischief brewed by that odious woman. I declare this is provoking, and yet it is laughable, to see her ingenuity in getting up a story. My sister probably told her I was engaged as a teacher in Lewiston Seminary, which office I am to commence in January. Out of this she has manufactured the story that I am engaged to be married."

"Thank God, Helen. You spoke of my departure being sudden. It was this news that determined me. I could not bear to be tortured daily by the sight of one who has become associated with every hope I have on earth, and know that she was the affianced of another. I had dared to weave glorious visions of the future, and that afternoon I encountered Miss Pry, I had been roaming, in imagination, through the winding paths of life with you at my side. Was I only a visionary, Helen, or can those bright dreams ever be realized?"

Tears, but not of sorrow, and an almost inaudible "they can," were the only answer, but it sent a current of pleasure dancing through every vein of the listener, and life, that but a few hours before had seemed such a desert, now seemed a garden of fragrant blossoms. Hope had given place to despondency, and when they arrived at the parsonage, Mrs. Rivers declared that she had never seen either look in such excellent spirits, and that they ought to be sent on a similar expedition every day.

"Mr. Favor," said Mr. Rivers at dinner, "I have secured a conveyance for you, which will be here at three. I hope that will suit your convenience."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said Charles, turning very red, "but I have altered my mind about going, and have concluded to remain here for the present. I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"O, it has been no trouble. Deacon Lovegood said he was going directly to the railroad station, with a friend of his, and could take you as well as not. I am glad you are going to stay here."

That evening, in the home circle at the parsonage, Charles told the story of his love to the delighted pastor and his wife, who gave him their sincere approval. Mrs. Rivers had studied his character closely, during the months he had been an inmate of her family, for with a woman's perception in such matters, she had noticed his attachment for her sister, and he had borne her scrutiny nobly, and now she wept tears of joy, that her orphan sister, Helen, was to have so excellent a life-guardian.

"That will be a fine project," said Helen, a few mornings after, as the family had been having a confidential chat together. "I will assist you with all my heart. Not a word will I breathe about it to any soul. I pledge you my word."

"You forget that you live in a place where the lightest whisper is heard and told of," said Charles, with a merry laugh. "*Prying* ears may be round."

"Indeed, I don't forget. But we will elude their vigilance now."

"I declare, I haven't been out to-day," said Miss Patience Pry, as she peered out at the window one bright, moonlight evening, not long after the above conversation. "I guess I'll go over back of the parsonage there and across the meadow and call on Widder Jones; I haint seen her this many a day. Poor critter, she don't get out very often, and she likes to have me come, cause I tell her such lots of news. Now, Dorcas, mind you sew every mite of that work before I come home. It's for poor children, and it's your duty to do it. I promised the society that I would have it done for the next meeting, and I shan't if you don't hurry. What's that you say? 'you're poor and want clothes for yourself.' Do you suppose I'll bear that from you, that I took out of the poor house for charity's sake. If I don't give you clothes good enough, go where there's better, that's all."

Away went Miss Pry, slamming the door after her, and poor Dorcas, the poor charity girl, with swimming eyes and weary fingers, plied her needle to make clothes for children not half so meanly clad as herself. Miss Pry reached the cross road that led to Widow Jones's, and there she saw a sight that made her stand still with astonishment. Suddenly recovering herself, however, she darted across the meadow with a speed remarkable for one of her years, and entered the Widow Jones's house in a breathless state.

"Good evening, Miss Pry. I'm proper glad to see you. But mercy sake, what's the matter; you're all out of breath."

"I guess you'd be if you'd seen what I have."

"Do tell us what it is. You always have a power of news."

"Well, Miss Jones, as true as you live, just as I got to the cross road out here, who should I see but a gal standing by the bars there? I don't know who it was, but her form looked some like Helen Arnold's. Think's I, that looks rather suspicious, so I stepped back a little so she shouldn't see me, and watched her. And don't you think, I see Mr. Rivers, yes, that sanctified minister of ours, come and meet that gal, and she took his arm and they went off as lovin' as you please. What do you think of that?"

"Think of it! Why, it's the awfullest thing I've heard tell on since I lived in Gossypville. He ought to be turned right out of the church. I've had my suspicions of him this long time, that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. I guess folks will find him out."

"I declare, if it aint all unsettled my nerves, Miss Jones. I came in here to stay some time, but I feel so flustrated I can't keep still. I believe I must be going."

"I hate to have you go, but it's worth a good deal, even this short call, to hear such a piece of news. Good evening, Miss Pry."

"Don't you think that's an awful thing about the minister, Seraphina?" said Betsey Wiggin to Deacon Hastings's daughter, as they were going to the sewing circle, at Widow Jones's."

"I guess it *is* awful. I wonder that Helen Arnold dares show her head among decent folks, but I spose she'll be there this afternoon as big as life. I do think she's despisable."

"So do I. And what do you think mother saw with her own eyes the other day?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Do tell me."

"Well, mother went to the store to do an errand for Widder Jones, and who should walk in but Mr. Rivers? He picked out the very handsomest Bay State shawl there was in the store, bought it and carried it off with him. When mother had done her errand she went to carry the things to Widder Jones, and right at that cross road where they've been seen so many times, she saw Mr. Rivers meet Helen Arnold and throw that very shawl over her shoulders. Now I don't believe his wife knew anything about it. I think it's scandalous."

"Well, for my part, I don't know what'll be the end of it."

"Nor I either," said Miss Pry, who had been close in the rear, and heard the story about the shawl. "But I guess I can tell you something that'll beat that."

"O, dear, what is it?" exclaimed both girls in a breath.

"Why, I staid dreadful late into Widder Jones's the other night. I guess it was as much as ten o'clock. Anyhow, it was so late Tom said I shouldn't go home alone, and so we were walking along, and overtook Mr. Rivers and Helen, arm-in-arm, just back of the parsonage. I guess she was crying, anyhow, she felt bad about something, for I heard Mr. Rivers say, 'Why, Helen, dear, don't take it to heart. I think we shall spend a more pleasant evening next time.' Now where on earth had they been, and what had they been about! Think of his calling her dear, too."

"I declare, it grows worse and worse," said Seraphina, rolling up her eyes in virtuous indignation, and Miss Betsey Wiggin, seeing Tom Jones coming towards them said, in a very loud voice:

"Well, if that pink of perfection, Helen Arnold, that all the fellers think is such an angel of beauty, cuts up such shines, I think that the young ladies that behaves themselves decent, ought to be prized if they aint so handsome."

By this time the three pedestrians had reached their place of meeting, where their fingers flew not half as fast as their tongues, for they were full of the startling revelations that were daily becoming more scandalous.

"What makes you so sad?" said Mrs. Rivers to her sister, as they were returning home.

"I'm not sad, exactly, but puzzled. I have had all sorts of looks aimed at me this afternoon, looks of disgust, indignation and contempt. I'm sure I cannot think what it means."

"I am just as much in the dark as you are. One remark I heard about myself, I have been thinking about ever since. Some one said to her neighbor: 'I think Mrs. Rivers looks dreadful worried, don't you? Poor thing, I pity her.' Now I was not aware I had anything particular to worry me, or needed commiseration."

"I suppose they have surmised something; at any rate, we shall hear sometime; but I should like to know the meaning of those strange glances this afternoon."

"There, Patience, I'm real glad to see you. I was just telling Betsey how lonesome it was. Do set down and take off your things."

"O, I can't stop now. I came to show you what I found just now. See here if you can read the name on that handkerchief."

"H. Arnold, as true as you live. Where did you find it?"

"Right on the bank of the river, down there by Widder Jones's pasture. Now Helen Arnold hasn't been seen since she went off the other night with Mr. Rivers. I asked Mrs. Rivers yesterday where she was, and she said her husband told her a friend of hers came for her rather unexpectedly, and she had gone to visit them. Now that's a pretty story; just as if Helen wouldn't know beforehand that she was going visiting, and tell her sister on't."

"I think the whole thing ought to be looked into. The pastor's setting a fine example to the young folks in Gossypville. I guess the church will prosper with such doings as this."

"O, I forgot to tell you something. You know at the last meeting of the society they voted to request all who were in need of warm clothes to make it known, and they would send a committee to see if they really needed them. Well, your Dorcas went to 'em, and Mrs. Deacon Lovegood called at your house this forenoon when you was out, to see her. I guess you got a fine settin' out."

Miss Patience grew livid with rage.

"To think that good-for-nothing charity jade should dare to do that. I'll go right home and turn her out of doors."

"Folks will talk like everything if you turn her out this cold night."

"I don't care, they may talk if they like. I guess they'll find I can talk too."

That night poor Dorcas was taken in at the parsonage, her thinly clad form nearly chilled through with the cold, and the tears almost frozen on her cheeks. When Miss Pry ascertained in the morning where she had found refuge, her indignation knew no bounds, and before dusk the story was all over town that Helen Arnold had probably been murdered and thrown into the river by their pastor. Mr. Rivers entered his home that evening looking very much perplexed, and took a letter from his pocket, saying:

"Mary, just hear what I have just now received."

"REVEREND SIR:—There are strange stories in circulation about you and your family, and circumstances that seem to point against you. We have called a meeting of the church and society to be held to-morrow evening, and you are desired to be present, to answer certain grave charges preferred against you. I am very sorry that this unpleasant duty has devolved upon me, but I have no doubt but that you can make all things clear. Your sincere friend in this matter, DEACON SILAS LOVEGOOD."

"What *can* we have done, thus to bring us before the church?"

"I know not, but I have a conscience 'void of offence,' and am ready to meet them; and it is my wish that you accompany me."

The vestry of Gossypville church was crammed on the evening of the meeting, and great was the astonishment of all when Mr. Rivers entered, calm and unmoved, his wife leaning on his arm. After an awkward silence, Deacon Hastings arose and said:

"Mr. Rivers, the church feel that your recent conduct has been unbecoming a Christian minister who has the care of immortal souls, and we have summoned you to appear this evening to hear our charges. You have been often seen to meet a young lady, at a certain by-place in the road, and sometimes walked and sometimes rode off in her company, nobody knows where. You were seen to give that young lady a shawl you were known to have bought at Mrs. Simm's store, and overheard one evening as you were returning home from your rambles, to call her dear, and all the time your injured wife was supposed to know nothing of your whereabouts. That young lady has suddenly disappeared, and her handkerchief was picked up on the evening of her disappearance, on the banks of the Gypsville river; there is great suspicion of foul play."

Mrs. Rivers looked blank with amazement, while her husband quietly arose to make his defence.

"My good friends, if any friends I have, I confess I am filled with astonishment at what I have heard. I should have deemed it incredible that such stories, from such a cause, should have been circulated and believed by any reasonable people. I shall answer your charges in course. Many of the brethren will recollect, sometime ago I suggested something in the way of religious instruction ought to be done for the west parish, whom I found to be generally a poor and neglected people. As it was not thought expedient for the church to do anything for them, I ventured to take the matter in hand myself. I have, with the help of my wife's sister, established an evening school there; it is now under successful operation, and I intended soon, as an agreeable surprise, to invite as many as would like to attend, over there to see what we had been doing. With regard to the shawl, my wife saw one at Mrs. Simm's store she liked very much, and being desirous of making her sister a birthday present, thought that would be an acceptable one. Having no money with her, and being in a great hurry, she left the shawl at the store. I called and purchased the shawl, and as it was the evening of the school, carried it with me and placed it upon her shoulders as a gift from her sister. Our school was held weekly on every Thursday evening, and as Helen has devoted that afternoon to reading to Mrs. Lunt, who you all know is blind, to save quite a walk for her, I have met her at a cross road near Widow Jones's. We have met there repeatedly, and rode or walked, according to the state of the weather. You charge me with calling her dear. As that is an appellation often used among the members of our family, I think it probable I have called her, perhaps repeatedly, 'my dear Helen.' My wife has been acquainted with our project from the first, and would have aided us if her health had permitted. With regard to the sudden disappearance of my sister-in-law, I can produce her in a few hours, alive and well, as on the last evening of our school a friend came for her and took her to stay a few days. I expect her to-morrow, and as many have been mourning her as drowned, can see her at my house in good condition, at any time they please to call. I have made my defence before you, and if the brethren and sisters are not perfectly satisfied now, I shall ask an immediate dismissal from my pastoral relation with this church."

Deacon Lovegood arose, with beaming face, and replied:

"Mr. Rivers, I have never believed there was any criminality in your conduct, and have from the first thought, what I now know, that it was only the fabrication of a set of idle gossips. There has been a great deal of mischief made in town from this same cause, and now I think it high time it should stop. And I would advise those who have been so busy in getting up this story, to be quite sure, hereafter, of a fact before reporting it publicly. I am rejoiced at your defence, and as many of the church as agree with me, will please to rise."

The entire congregation arose at this call.

"I am glad, my friends," said Mr. Rivers, "this unpleasant affair has terminated so happily, for I believe, from the good will that beams in your faces, that I have again your entire confidence, and now I invite you all to my house on New Year's Eve, and I hope to see the parsonage crowded to its fullest extent."

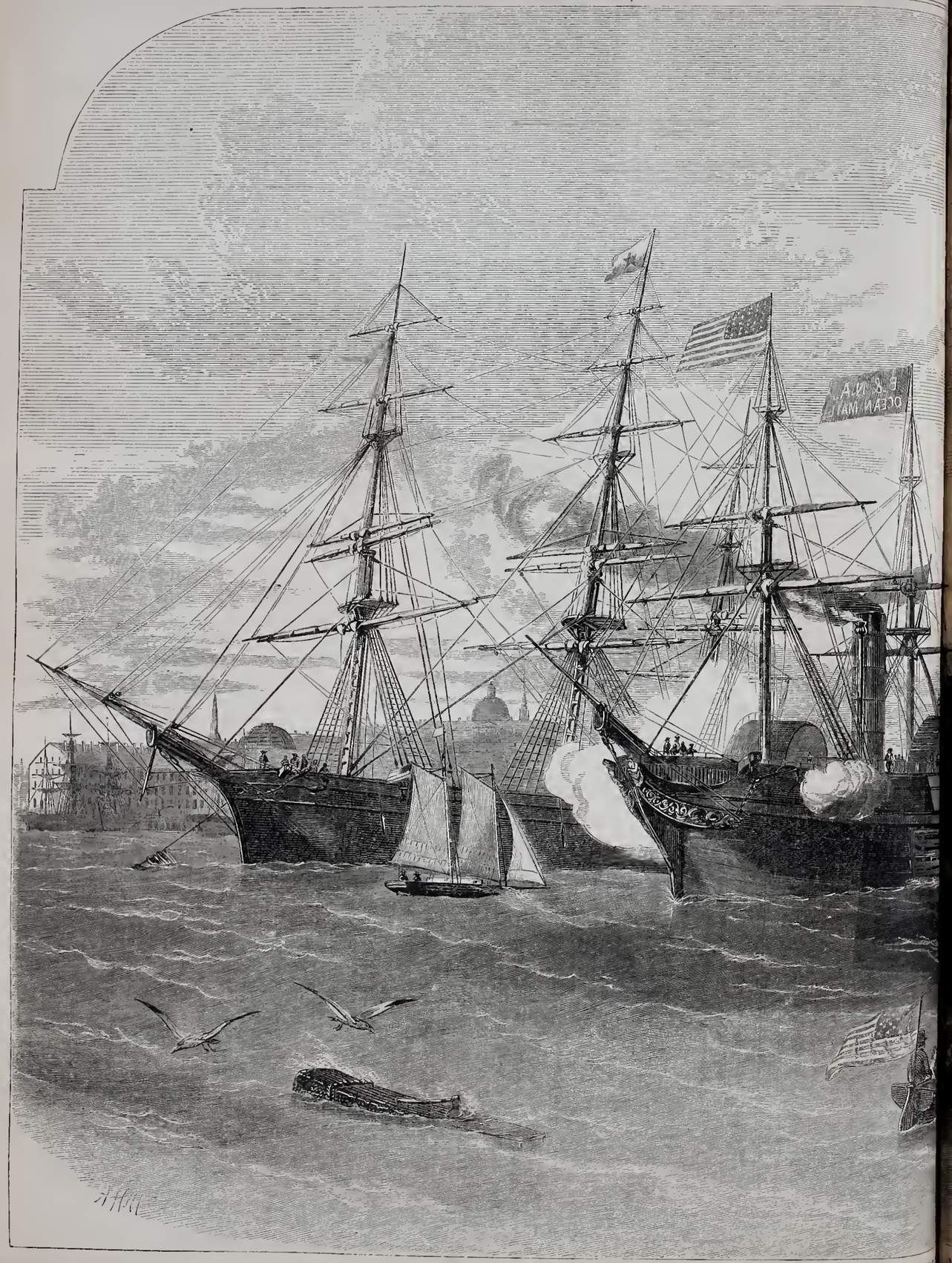
The evening designated at length arrived, and the parsonage *was* crowded, for the people felt so ashamed of their foolish charges against the minister that each one was anxious, by their presence, to prove their friendship.

"Will the company please suspend their conversation for a few moments?" said Mr. Rivers.

The door opened, and Charles Favor, with the beautiful Helen Arnold leaning on his arm, entered, and stood before the pastor, and ere the people had time to recover from their surprise, were pronounced husband and wife. All advanced to tender their congratulations but Miss Pry, who, indignant and mortified, made a hasty retreat.

After his marriage, Mr. Favor disclosed to Helen his real circumstances. Instead of being a poor student, he was the possessor of an ample fortune, and being disgusted with money-seeking daughters, and intriguing mamas, he had come to this village to enjoy a season of quiet. Here he had found his ideal of a true wife, and soon, on the spot where he had built so many air-castles, there arose a more substantial structure, the most elegant in Gossypville, and the town, from his numerous benefactions, had reason to rejoice that he had chosen his residence there.

Miss Pry soon had the mortification to find that her stories were not believed so readily as formerly, and receiving a legacy from a deceased brother, of a small house in Tattletown, she removed thither, in hopes of finding more congenial society. After the departure of the prime mover in matters of scandal, the inhabitants of Gossypville, learning wisdom by the past, and stimulated by the example of their pastor's family, became as noted for harmony and good will as they were before for wrangling and dissension.



VIEW IN BOSTON HARBOR.—ENGL



MAIL STEAMER GOING TO SEA.

[For description, see page 61.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

'Neath the low-drooping boughs of the sad weeping willow,
Life's fever departed, how sweetly he sleeps!
With the bosom of earth for his couch and his pillow,
And one silent mourner, the willow-tree, weeps.

'Tis a beautiful spot in the heart of the valley,
And sweet are the violets grown o'er the mound;
Now the whispering winds with the willow leaves dally,
And mournfully plaintive and sad is the sound.

But no head-stone is here with rude letters engraven,
To tell of the being now moldered to dust;
Perchance 'tis a wanderer, reached his last haven,
And evermore shielded from life's wintry gust.

Perhaps 'tis a soldier—his battles are over.
The roll of the drum can arouse him no more:
Ne'er again round his pillow shall fitfully hover
Grim visions of battle-fields flooded with gore.

Or, is it a pilgrim, whose bosom was burning
To view, if but once more, an earlier home?
But arrived at the spot, there was no more returning—
His spirit departed, and here is his tomb.

In vain we conjecture, for closed are the portals
Which hold from the living the forms of the dead:
Concealed are his ashes from vision of mortals.
And never by us can the secret be read.

O, peace to his manes, whoever the being
Whose bones in this long-hallowed valley are laid!
Let the wild birds of song, with their warbling and gleeing,
Disport round his grave, in the willow-tree's shade.

When the evening wind steals with a low, gentle sighing,
O'er the hills that look down on the flower-covered mound,
Let it be a sad dirge for the nameless one lying
In silence and quietness under the ground.

[Translated for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRICE OF LIFE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH FROM THE FRENCH.

BY CHARLES W. STEVENS.

The servant, opening the door of the saloon, informed us that the post-chaise was ready. My mother and sister flung themselves into my arms.

"It is still time," said they, to me; "come, renounce this journey, and remain with us. When you are gone, Bernard, what will become of us? And O, you may be killed in battle!"

"Mother," replied I, "I am a nobleman, and twenty years old, so I must set out and seek reputation, either in the camp or court. As to being slain, what matters it? Life is only a dream, and noblemen must seek glory. In a few years you will see me return as colonel, or lieutenant-general, or, perhaps, with a fine post at Versailles. Then I shall be honored, and shall marry my cousin Henrietta, and we will all live happy on my estate of Bretagne."

"But you may now," rejoined my mother. "Is there within ten leagues a richer domain and more beautiful castle than this of Roche-Bernard? You are now honored. Do not spend, or shorten by anxieties and torments of every kind, days which already flow so fast. Life is a sweet thing, my son."

"I am twenty years old, and a nobleman," cried I, impatiently, "and I must seek glory. Let me go."

Then through the sad and silent groups I hurriedly passed, and was about mounting the chaise, when a woman appeared on the steps. It was Henrietta. She wept not, nor said a single word, but pale and trembling, she could hardly stand. With her kerchief she waved me a last farewell, and immediately swooned. I ran to her, raised her up, and swore to her love for life; and then consigning her to the care of my mother, I hastened to my carriage. Had I but looked round to her, I could not have gone.

The post-chaise rolled over the highway, and for a long time I thought only of Henrietta, my mother and sisters; but as the turrets of Roche-Bernard receded from view, these thoughts were effaced, and then dreams of ambition and glory seized my mind.

The voice of my servant, who modestly called me monsieur le chevalier, alone forced me to abdicate the throne of my dreams. Every day the same visions returned. I was going to the vicinity of Sedan, to see the Duke de Core, an old friend of my father, and the protector of my family. He was to take me with him to Paris, present me at Versailles, and obtain for me the command of a company of dragoons.

I arrived in the evening at Sedan, and it being too late to repair to the castle, I put up for the night at the hotel, which is the rendezvous of officers, for Sedan is a garrison village. As I supped, I asked the road leading to the castle.

"Any one will tell you," said an officer, "for he is well known here; and it was at his castle that the celebrated warrior Marshal Fabert died."

And so the conversation fell on Marshal Fabert, as is natural to young soldiers. They spoke of his battles and exploits, and the good fortune which elevated him from a simple soldier to marshal. They said that the illiterate gave supernatural causes for his elevation,—that he had from infancy been engaged in sorcery and magic, and that he had made a bargain with the devil. And the credulous landlord asserted with coolness that a black man, whom no one knew, had been seen penetrating the window of the marshal, and then returning with the marshal's soul, which had been previously bought. This narration enlivened our dessert.

The next day, I repaired early to the castle. I must confess that I viewed with emotion the immense Gothic structure, as I recalled the recital of the landlord. The valet, to whom I gave my name, ushered me into a kind of armory, decorated with family portraits. I waited some time, and no one came. That career of glory, which I had pictured, begins then in the ante-chamber, thought I. Impatience got the better of me. I had already counted two or three times the portraits, when I heard a light noise in the wainscot. It was a door, which the wind slightly opened. On looking, I perceived a beautiful boudoir lighted by two large windows, commanding a view of a magnificent park. I walked a few steps in this apartment, but stopped at seeing what had before escaped my eyes—a man lying on a sofa. He arose, and without noticing me, ran abruptly to the window. Tears bathed his cheeks, and deep despair appeared imprinted on his features. He remained immovable for some time, with his face buried in his hands, and then rapidly paced the floor. He perceived me, and started. Confounded at my indiscretion, I wished to stammer an excuse and retire.

"Who are you, and what do you wish?" demanded he, loudly, holding me by the arm.

"I am Bernard of Roche-Bernard, and I have just arrived from Bretagne."

"I know—I know!" exclaimed he, and he cast himself into my arms, and earnestly spoke of my family, so that I thought he surely must be the duke.

"You are M. de Core?" said I.

"I was, but am no longer," replied he, rising, and looking at me with exaltation. And seeing my astonishment, he continued: "Not a word more, young man. Do not question me."

"If, sir, I have unwittingly been witness of your grief, and if my service and friendship could bring any mitigation—"

"Yes, yes—you are right; not that you can in any wise change my fate, but you shall at least receive my last wishes and vows."

After closing the door, he sat down beside me. Agitated and trembling, I awaited his words, which were grave and solemn. His physiognomy had a strange expression, and his forehead seemed marked by fatality. His countenance was pale, and his black eyes flashed lightning, as it seemed; and from time to time, his features, altered by suffering, contracted with an infernal smile.

"What I am going to tell you will confound your reason," he began. "You will not believe, and I myself often doubt, or rather, would like to doubt; but the proofs are at hand, and, indeed, there are in all that surround us many mysteries which we are obliged to submit to without being able to comprehend them." And he stopped a moment to collect his thoughts, passed his hand over his brow, and then continued: "I was born in this castle. I had two brothers, my seniors, who were to inherit the wealth and honors of our family. I had nothing to expect but an abbot's mantle, and yet thoughts of ambition fermented in my head, and stirred my heart. Unhappy at my obscurity, and avidious of fame, I dreamed only of the means of acquiring it, and this rendered me insensible to all the delights of life. The present was nothing to me, for I existed only in the sombre future.

"When I was thirty years old, I was still nobody. Then on all sides were rising literary reputations, the eclat of which illumined even our province. Ah! said I often to myself, if I could make myself a name in the career of letters, it would be fame, which alone is happiness. My confidant was a negro servant, the oldest in the castle, who, the country people said, knew Marshal Fabert, and assisted at his death.

"One day, in the presence of Tago (the name of the negro), I abandoned myself to despair on account of my obscurity, and cried out: 'I would give ten years of life to be placed in the first rank of authors!'

"'Ten years!' said Tago, coolly; 'that is paying very dear for a little thing; still, I accept your ten years. So remember your promises.'

"I cannot paint my surprise at hearing that. I believed that years had enfeebled my reason. A few days afterwards, I quitted this castle for Paris. There I found myself launched into the society of the literati, whose example encouraged me, so that I published many works. All Paris was eager to see them; the journals resounded with my praises."

"Then you are not the Duke de Core?" said I, with surprise.

"No," returned the unknown, gruffly; and a smile of regret and contempt slightly passed over his lips, as he began again: "This literary reputation, which I had envied, was soon insufficient for a soul as ardent as mine. I aspired to nobler success, and said to Tago, who always accompanied me: 'There is no real glory, but in the career of arms. What is a man of letters—a poet? Nothing. Speak to me of a great captain and general. For a military reputation, I would give ten years more.'

"'I accept them,' said Tago. 'They belong to me, and do not forget it.'"

At this point of the recital, the unknown stopped; and seeing trouble and hesitation depicted in my features, he remarked:

"I told you, young man, that this would seem to you like a dream—a chimera, and to me, also; but yet the grades, the honors, I have obtained, were not an illusion. Those soldiers, which I have led to battle, those redoubts, those standards, those victories, with which France re-echoed—all that glory belongs to me. Tago had spoken truly; and when later, disgusted with this vain military glory, I longed for what only is real and positive in this world; when, at the price of five or six years of existence, I desired riches, Tago granted them to me. Yes, young man, I saw fortune surpass all my wishes in lands, forests and castles. This morning, even, all that was in my power, and if you doubt me or Tago, wait and he will come, and you shall see with your own eyes what will confound your reason and mine, and is unhappily too real."

The unknown then went to the clock, made a frightful gesture, and whispered:

"This morning I felt so feeble I could hardly rise. I rang for my valet, and Tago came. 'What is the matter with me?' said I.

"'Nothing, except what is very natural,' rejoined he. 'The hour approaches.'

"'And what hour?'

"'Don't you guess it? Heaven had destined you sixty years to live, and you had lived thirty when I began to obey you.'

"'Tago!' cried I, with terror; 'do you speak seriously?'

"'Yes, master; in five years you have spent in glory; twenty-five years—years which belong to me, for you have given them to me, and the years of which you have been deprived, will now be added to mine.'

"'What! what!—that the price of your services?'

"'Others have paid for them more dearly—Fabert, for instance, whom I also protected.'

"'Silence! 'Tis not possible—not true.'

"'You will see; so prepare yourself, for you have only an half hour to live.'

"Tago was about going out, and I felt my strength diminishing, and life ebbing out; and then I cried out:

"'Tago, Tago! give me a few hours more.'

"'No, no,' returned he, 'for that would be only retrenching from my days, and I know better than you the worth of life.'

"As he said this, I could hardly speak; my eyes were veiled, and the chill of death iced my veins. Making an effort, I gasped:

"'Take back these blessings, for which I have sacrificed all. For four hours more, I renounce my gold, my riches, which I so much desired.'

"'Be it so; you have been a good master, and I am willing to do something for you.'

"I felt my strength rekindle, and I exclaimed:

"'Tago, Tago! four hours more, and I disclaim my literary reputation.'

"'Four hours for that!" ejaculated the negro, with disdain. 'But never mind; I will not refuse this last favor.'

"'Not the last?' begged I, clasping my hands. 'Tago, Tago! I implore you, give me until evening, and let my military deeds be forever from the memory of man.'

"'You abuse my goodness; but still I will grant you till sunset; therefore, ask of me no more favor, for I shall come at evening and take you.'

"And Tago departed," continued the unknown, with despair, "and this day in which I speak to you, is the last that is left to me." And nearing the window, which looked out upon the park, he soliloquized: "I shall no longer see this beautiful sky, these green fields, these gushing fountains; no longer breathe the embalmed air of spring. Fool that I was! These gifts, which God gives to all, to which I was insensible, and of which now only do I comprehend the worth, might have been still enjoyed by me twenty-five years. I have sacrificed my days for a sterile glory, which did not render me happy, and which is now death to me. See! see!" cried he, showing me peasants, who were repairing to their work, singing. "What would I not give to share their labors and misery! But I have no longer anything to hope here below."

At this moment, a sunbeam passed over, and lighted up his pale and distracted countenance. He seized my arm with a kind of delirium, and said:

"Look! look! how charming is the sun! and I must quit all that is beautiful. Let me at least enjoy it yet; let me relish entire this day, so pure and delightful, for there will be for me no morrow."

And he darted into the park before I could retain him, and to tell the truth, I had not the strength. I had fallen down upon the sofa, stunned and confounded by all that I had seen and heard. I arose, and walked to convince myself that I was awake, and in no dream. At this juncture, the door of the boudoir opened, and a servant said to me: "Here comes my master, the Duke de Core." And a man of sixty years, with a noble aspect, advanced; and having given me his hand, craved pardon for having so long kept me waiting.

"I was not in the castle," said the duke, "and I have just returned from the city, where I have been to consult for the health of the Count de Core, my younger brother."

"Is his life in danger?" inquired I.

"No, sir, thanks be to Heaven! But in his youth, ambition had overstretched his imagination, and a very dangerous disease set in, in which he came near dying, and which left in him a kind of delirium and alienation of mind, which continually persuades him that he has only one day to live. That is his insanity."

All was now explained to me.

"Now," pursued the duke, "I will see what I can do for your advancement. I will present you at Versailles."

"I know your goodness to me," said I, "but—"

"What!" interrupted he; "will you renounce the court and the advantages you may expect from it? for by a little assiduity, you can in a dozen years—"

"Ten years lost!" exclaimed I.

"Is it to pay too dear for glory and fortune? Come, young man; let us set out for Versailles."

"No, sir," said I; "I shall start for home, and I pray you receive my warmest thanks."

"That is folly!" cried the duke.

And thinking of the madman's tale, I said to myself: "It is reason."

The next day I departed. With what pleasure I saw once more my old castle of Roche-Bernard, the aged trees of my park, and all the surrounding beauty! I had found again my sisters, my mother, and happiness, which never forsook me; for, eight days afterward, I married Henrietta.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

THE WOUNDED DOVE.

BY MRS. A. T. ELDREDGE

Fly to my bosom, weary, trembling thing,
And I will soothe thy pain;
Against my bosom rest thy wounded wing,
'Twill soon be well again!
Fly to my breast'

I will not harm thee—thy low, mournful cooing
Falls sadly on my ear;
Its thrilling tones, so plaintive and subduing,
Call forth love's stainless tear:
Rest, rest, sweet dove'

Rest on my bosom calmly until morning,
Then I will set thee free;
Thou'lt seek thy home at day's first rosy dawning,
Where thy mate waits for thee:
Thou shalt go home.

How many a heart that bleeds with untold anguish,
A few soft words might heal;
Beneath a diamond crown bright eyes may languish,
A velvet robe may oft conceal
A wounded heart.

Within her nest the dove will find protection—
There's one to love her there;
Whilst many a heart now pines for true affection,
Worn out with grief and care:
There's rest in heaven.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A DELICATE FINANCIAL OPERATION.

BY PHILIP BROMLEY.

"Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes" is a French proverb, which means, or is intended to mean, a tipsy bricklayer may fall from a scaffolding thirty feet high, and rise from the pavement unhurt, while a sober gentleman will break his leg in merely stepping from his carriage;—a proverb which the circumstances I am about to relate are intended to illustrate.

Captain Sullivan was seated in his comfortable front parlor enjoying a cigar. His young wife was employed on a crayon portrait of the captain as a memorial for hearts at home, while he was in India with his regiment. No one could have shown greater heroism than Sullivan at that hour. He had just returned from an annoying interview with Mandamus & Tort, his solicitors.

There was a knock at the door, and the landlady entered to inform Captain Sullivan that a gentleman below wished to see him.

"Show him up. I suppose it is nobody but Lawrence," said he.

A young gentleman, *not* Lawrence, entered the room, and presented a note to the captain. He broke the seal, and read:

"SIR:—Messrs. Mandamus & Tort have assigned their small claim to me for collection. If you will send me sixty pounds by the bearer, I will consider the demand cancelled; otherwise, I do not hesitate to forewarn you of degradation, dishonor and imprisonment. Yours, etc., SERVICE SUMMONS,
"In behalf of Mandamus & Tort."

"I will return immediately," observed Sullivan, leaving the room, *possibly* to procure the sixty pounds. Cæsar Summons, the bearer of the note, who was thus imprudently left alone with Mrs. Sullivan, was the child of an officer, being the son of Service Summons, Esq., sheriff, who acted "in behalf" of Mandamus & Tort. Mr. Cæsar Summons had been transfixed but a few evenings before by the graces of Mrs. Sullivan, having met her walking with her sister and mother, in the Temple Gardens. So deep was his emotion on that occasion, and so conspicuous his attention, that both combined, absolutely drove her from the spot; and Mr. Cæsar Summons, throwing away almost a whole cigar, was for that evening miserable.

"Most happy, Miss Sullivan, at the unexpected, and I may add the emphatic delight of this second meeting!" observed Mr. Summons, as the captain left the room. "Really! what!—a picture of your brother, the captain! Fine looking man, upon my honor! I am glad this small sixty pound matter doesn't weigh upon his spirits. He looks as jovial and hearty as the governor after a successful levy. Depend upon it, Miss Sullivan, your brother will turn out a colonel yet!" Mr. C. Summons could not have assumed a tone of more refreshing confidence and patronage had he been commander-in-chief of her majesty's forces. "But, really, I trust the captain doesn't intend to leave us so soon? There must be some means of keeping him!" Mr. Summons intended to speak in a very significant manner.

"You mistake, sir! I am Captain Sullivan's wife!"

"Ah, indeed! Really, I beg pardon!" said Mr. Summons, not in the least disconcerted.

"Do you really think that Mr. Sullivan will not be compelled to depart so soon as he expected?" inquired the lady, taking Mr. Cæsar Summons for an army officer, instead of the son of a civil one, and supposing him, from his peculiar style of conversation, to be high in the confidence of the commander-in-chief.

"Not quite so soon as he expected," answered Mr. Summons. "I think I may assure you of that upon my own responsibility."

"I am very happy for your telling me so," said Mrs. Sullivan, forgetting, in her joy at the postponement of her husband's departure, the encounter in the Temple Gardens.

"Not at all—not at all, my dear Mrs. Sullivan. Indeed, I think we can defer your husband's departure for an unlimited time. But I claim no credit for it myself, though I would do more to give you pleasure—a great deal more, I assure you, my dear Mrs. Sullivan." And Mr. Cæsar Summons with every word approached nearer to the lady—considerably too near, doubtless, in his audacity, for the captain entered at that moment, and Mr. C. Summons, by some unaccountable process, was flung with his head under the fire grate, his neck in a very uncomfortable position, supported by the edge of an iron fender. There he lay and bled, as the Cæsar who existed before him did. There was one excuse for Mr. Cæsar Summons's conduct—he had not the remotest idea that the captain would return so soon. As for Sullivan, he was inexcusable; he should have known the folly of committing an assault upon the son of a sheriff, who held against him a claim of sixty pounds. I can only observe, in extenuation of his conduct, that he tenderly assisted his servant in raising the prostrate and bleeding Summons, in placing him on his feet, and in conducting him carefully down stairs to the street door. Half an hour afterwards, there was another knock at the door of Captain Sullivan's front parlor, and Lawrence Hardy, a young barrister, and a friend of the captain, was ushered in.

"Ah, Lawrence, I've been expecting you! I'm afraid I've got myself into a scrape."

"There could be nothing less incomprehensible. What have you been doing?"

"I'm afraid I've injured a sheriff's deputy."

"That's dangerous, indeed. What d'ye have them in your house for?"

"He came to bring me that," said Sullivan, giving his friend Mr. Service Summons's letter.

"Why didn't you pay Messrs. Mandamus and Tort?" asked Hardy, after he had read it.

"I employed them some months ago to negotiate a purchase; they delayed to do it, and perceiving that they would accomplish nothing, I took the business out of their hands, when they presented a bill for fifty pounds for what they had *not* done, which I refused to pay. I have heard nothing from them until I received that letter. It seems they have assigned it to the sheriff—who charges ten pounds bonus—doubtless in order to employ the whole artillery of their infernal trade (I beg your pardon,) more effectually against me."

"And now you've hurt the sheriff's deputy, they've got a reserve battery in addition. When does your regiment leave?"

"In a week. You don't seriously apprehend that they will attempt to prevent me from joining it?"

"Most assuredly I do. You may anticipate the service of a writ at any time between to-night and to-morrow morning. It's an admirable ground of action."

"It must be prevented at all hazards. Mr. Summons's prediction of dishonor and degradation will be likely to be verified, if I'm prevented from joining my regiment!"

"It is rather satisfactory, but not at all safe, to break a sheriff's nose. It is enacted by our scrupulous statutes, that it can't be done gratis," observed Mr. Hardy.

"No more of that," said the captain, beginning to be seriously alarmed. "You must help me out of this scrape."

"It is too late to do anything to-night, but I will come here in the morning, and we will call on the aggrieved Summons. Perhaps we can build up a bridge of gold, as a substitute for the one you've broken! Don't lose the sheriff's letter; it may be useful."

As Sullivan and Lawrence Hardy ascended the steps of Mr. Service Summons's office on the following morning, a paralyzing hand was laid upon his right shoulder, and a sepulchral voice said:

"You must come along with me, sir!"

The speaker was Mr. Cæsar Summons, who was still in a very agitated condition. The blood from his injured nose had meandered down his shirt and waistcoat, leaving both garments more fancifully variegated than the professional insignia of the most imaginative hair-dresser.

"Wait one moment. We are about to see your father upon this subject. Perhaps some arrangement can be made, you know," smilingly observed Mr. Hardy.

The soiled sheriff's son assented, and they entered the office.

"Morning, gentlemen. Very happy to see you. Sit down, if you please," was the pleasant greeting of Mr. S. Summons, who spoke as agreeably, and smiled as extatically, as if he were not confronting the man whom the law held responsible for a compound fracture of a very important member of Summons junior.

"Will you have the goodness to show me the assignment which Messrs. Mandamus & Tort made to you of their claim against Captain Sullivan?" asked Lawrence.

"Certainly, with all my heart," said Mr. Summons, with a smile so gracious and cheering, that the captain began to be sorry that he had been instrumental in defacing Cæsar's physiognomy. "Here it is, gentlemen; made purely from disinterested motives of advancing the interest of all parties." And as he handed Lawrence the assignment, he passed the captain the morning paper in the politest manner in the world.

Mr. Hardy read the assignment carefully, and then ejaculated the very French proverb with which I commenced.

"*Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes!* Sullivan, there is certainly some good genius watching over your affairs. This assignment is void from beginning to end, notwithstanding it is drawn by those astute rascals, Mandamus & Tort.

"I thank the genius, whoever he is, for it," said the captain.

"This paper is useless," said Lawrence, addressing the sheriff.

"I rather think it is all correct," observed the sheriff, stretching out his right leg, and patting his calf with an encouraging, and not at all alarmed, air.

"It expresses no consideration, and isn't worth the paper it is written on!" Lawrence's tone somewhat affected Mr. Summons.

"It must be correct, gentlemen. Mr. Mandamus himself drew the instrument."

"Send for him—send for them both, sir!"

In a very short half hour the astute firm made its appearance. Both partners had received an intimation of the purpose for which they were summoned, and both smiled with enviable amiability as they noted the youth of the gentleman who contested the assignment.

"It seems there is a gentleman question the validity of this instrument," smirked the sheriff, handing Mandamus the assignment.

"Ah," observed Mandamus, taking it, while Tort widened his mouth, and continued to smile with great industry.

Mr. Mandamus's face was in a glow of satisfaction, as he handled the paper to his junior partner. Mr Tort read it over carefully, and his voice rung like glass, as he remarked, complacently:

"I don't think the gentlemen will find fault with it!"

"Gentlemen," said Lawrence, calmly, "I hope to convince you that this is a financial operation which wont stand legal tests. Now, Mr. Mandamus, as a professional man and a lawyer, you must know that that instrument, stating that you have assigned to Mr. Summons all your right, title and interest to a large sum of money without expressing any consideration whatever therefor, would be held void in any court of law or equity in England!"

The astute firm opened their eyes. Tort looked daggers at Mandamus, who had drawn the paper, but prudence kept his lips closed. Mr. Mandamus's cordiality and happy flow of spirits suddenly vanished, as the conviction crossed his mind that the senior partner had bungled in "a very delicate operation."

During the temporary embarrassment of the astute firm, Mr. Summons senior whispered to Mr. Tort, who soon after spoke:

"We are really very sorry, gentlemen—very sorry, indeed—that this little informality in the assignment should have produced this discussion. If you will consent to waive it, we will discontinue another little personal proceeding against Captain Sullivan for an assault, of the severity of which Mr. Cæsar Summons's present appearance bears sufficient testimony."

"We shall waive nothing!" said Lawrence.

The firm had now regained its accustomed geniality, and Mandamus rubbed his hands with an air of intense self-satisfaction.

"Very sorry," said Tort. "Nothing but our stern conviction of duty could force us to such unpleasant and distasteful measures. Mr. Summons, execute the writ!"

"Wait one moment!" interposed Lawrence. "Here is a document which I intend to present for your consideration. It is a letter received by Captain Sullivan last evening, purporting to be written by Mr. Service Summons. Here, in the language of the reporters, Mr. Hardy read the letter. "Now, gentlemen, if you proceed one step further in this matter, I shall immediately take the proper measures for having you all indicted under the statute for sending threatening letters, for purposes of extortion!"

The several jaws of the astute firm fell again, and Mandamus looked over his spectacles at the sheriff, as if he would annihilate him, if it were in his power. Suddenly a bright idea pierced the brain of the senior partner, and he whispered to his junior partner, who said, smilingly, as if he had discovered something:

"We presume—as our names do not appear on the document, as you style it, sir—that you do not pretend to hold us liable under the statute?"

"Cer-tainly not! As-surely not!" said the senior, rubbing his hands complacently, and emphasizing strongly the first syllables of the first and third adverbs.

"The letter is subscribed 'Service Summons, in behalf of Mandamus & Tort,' which makes you amenable as principals, and Mr. Summons only as agent."

The looks which the four eyes of the astute firm now bestowed on Mr. Service Summons were too much for that functionary, who disappeared incontinently within a back office.

"Captain Sullivan proposes to pay you ten pounds," continued Lawrence, "for your services in the business he entrusted to you, for which you will do me the favor to write a receipt in full."

The firm was a philosophic one. Tort, particularly, had a vein of unexampled tenderness for a man who could meet him so boldly and successfully at every point. A rational and wise man was Tort—so, with one of his most winning smiles, he handed Hardy a receipt for ten pounds; and with another, still more benign, received the notes and deposited them in his waistcoat pocket.

"No offence, I trust, gentlemen!" observed the astute firm, as it opened the door, and its several coat-tails waved in the morning air.

Cæsar Summons's nose was well in a week, and ever after he was a more cautious deputy. Mr. Summons, senior, was never afterwards considered available by Messrs. Mandamus & Tort in arranging delicate financial speculations. Captain Sullivan joined his regiment, and was promoted to a colonelcy, as Cæsar Summons had predicted; and Lawrence Hardy continued during his life to render himself useful, by extricating his friends from delicate financial operations.

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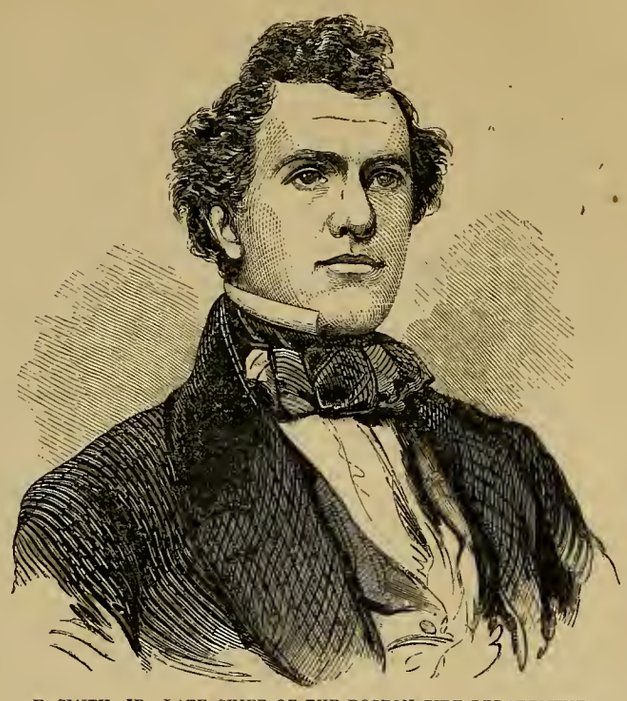
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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

ELISHA SMITH, JR.

LATE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

We present herewith a fine portrait of the late Chief of the Boston Fire Department, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee and Case of this city. The recent death of Mr. Smith, the general sorrow felt for his loss, invest this record of his features with mournful interest. Elisha Smith, Jr., was born in the town of Upton, county of Franklin, Massachusetts, Dec. 22, 1814. He learned his trade with his father, who was a carpenter, and afterwards came to Boston, where he found employment as a stair-builder, which business he continued till the time of his death. Married in 1836, he left a wife and daughter to mourn his loss. In 1837 he joined the Fire Department, and served in various capacities until 1854. At the great firemen's meeting held in Faneuil Hall, Dec. 5, 1856, to concert measures for purchasing a lot of ground in a suburban cemetery, "for the use of the past, present and future members of the Fire Department," in the centre of which the remains of the late chief are to be deposited, Thomas L. Drew, Esq., after a brief sketch of the life of Mr. Smith, paid the following eloquent tribute to his memory: "How well he filled his important post, from the moment of his choice until the day of his death, the demonstration made at his funeral eminently displayed. It was no idle parade—no heartless show—it was demonstrative of the outgushing of the hearts of all the firemen in the city towards a highly honored man and a most exemplary officer. That he was so no surer evidence could be produced. That he was a kind husband, those who were witness to the poignant grief of his bereaved widow could never doubt. That he was a brave and noble fireman, the presence on that occasion of so many of his associates and brothers in danger was also undeniable proof. That he was a man—firm, upright and bold in his integrity—the appearance on that occasion of the ex-members of No. 13, who were disbanded under him, and who exhibited in their voluntary attendance the high regard they paid to that integrity, although it influenced their interests, was a most gratifying evidence. It was one of the highest gratifications to his family and relatives as well as to the department, who honored the 'Ex-Thirteen' for their noble conduct. Those who were with the deceased on his deathbed, and in his last moments, could well testify that, besides the possession of the virtues which had so much dignified him as a man, he was a true Christian, and that he died in the full hope of a glorious immortality. When he was told by his physician that it was no longer possible that he could recover, he summoned his friends around him, and spoke to them the words of Christian comfort and advice. He was asked if he was willing to die, and he said—I hope and trust that I am. It was a matter of desirableness, Mr. Drew said, that every member of the Boston Fire Department had been present on the solemn occasion, to hear the words of advice and admonition uttered by the dying man; none of their number could have failed to appreciate them, and to feel the more deeply thereafter engraved on his heart the injunction—Be ye also ready. Many present here to-night were of the acquaintance of the deceased, and none of them would be for a moment disinclined to bear their testimony of him as a man in whom many virtues concentrated—one whose kindness and charity were seldom equalled. Mr. Drew hoped they would all study the duty of following his noble example, and awake at the Great Day as he would awake, to an eternity of happiness, and that they would so conduct themselves as that their end on earth should be like his." Mayor Rice and others spoke in the same strain of heartfelt eulogy. The words of praise thus spoken will be cherished by the gallant brethren of the departed fireman, and by the near and dear ones whom he has left to mourn his loss. The example of gallantry and devotion to duty set by the late chief, will long be cherished by the department, and incite them to emulate his example. The efficiency and high character of the department has already extended its fame to other lands, and it is not unlikely that its organization may serve as a model even in the older European countries.



E. SMITH, JR., LATE CHIEF OF THE BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT.

SCENE IN A MAGISTRATE'S COURT, OUDE.

In the last number of our last volume, we presented a portrait of her majesty the dowager queen of Oude, and we now give on this page a scene in a magistrate's court in Oude, which is filled with striking oriental figures. The costumes of the people of Oude and their physiognomies contrast strongly with that of the British official who is seated at his table listening to the evidence and prepared to pronounce judgment. Behind and around are grouped a bevy of native officers. A scribe or reporter is seated on the floor with a formidable roll of paper before him, while a basket on his right is filled with documents. Another official appears to be reading an indictment. The prisoner, under guard of a soldier, is heavily ironed, but stands sullen and self-possessed. Other prisoners and other guards are in attendance. The attitudes of all the personages in this scene are very natural and effective. The native races of the East complain bitterly of the sort of justice administered to them by Europeans, though perhaps, after all, they are as well treated by them as by their native rulers. Cruelty is eminently characteristic of the orientals, and the justice that is tempered with mercy is rarely found among them. From the Chinese and Japanese, with their refinements of torture, to the Turks of the West, with their coarse and savage cruelty, there seems to be little exception to the rule of the oppression of the poor by the rich, of extortion, corruption and extensive severity. The British administration of such provinces as have fallen under their sovereignty or protection, instead of deriving its character from the usages of Christendom seems to have been infected by the example and neighborhood of barbarism. More than once have the cruelties, authorized or winked at by men high in authority, been brought before parliament and raised a clamor in Great Britain. But the outcry has subsided, and matters have gone on pretty much the same as ever. There is unquestionably less abuse of power now than formerly; but the dominant race is but too apt to tyrannize over the inferior. Nor can we inveigh against such oppression with a very good grace, when we reflect how much the Indians of America have suffered from contact with the Anglo Saxon race on this continent. The Indians of the East and the Indians of the West both have sad stories to tell of the white man. The power of the Anglo Saxon race is extending rapidly in the East, and every day the western influence gains new accessions or western arms achieve new conquests. The whole political and social aspect of Asia will be greatly changed in the course of the next half century.



COURT SCENE IN OUDE, INDIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. D.—The motto of the English royal arms—*Dieu et mon droit*, that is, God and my right—was first taken by Richard I., to intimate he was the vassal of God only; afterwards assumed by Edward III., when he first claimed the kingdom of France.

A. Y.—The consumption of gas in London is nearly 11,000,000 cubic feet in 24 hours.

L. F.—The great organ in the Abbey of St. Denis, France, has 6000 pipes.

SERGEANT.—"Up Guards, and at them!" were the words attributed to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. But he could not remember himself having made use of any such expression.

THESPIS.—Pantomimes, or dramas, in which action supplies the place of language, were invented by two Romans of obscure station, named Pylades and Bathyllus, in the reign of Augustus.

MARIA S.—Formerly women could not legally marry till they had spun a complete set of bed furniture; hence the term spinsters, still in legal use.

MECHANIC.—Glass bells are a modern invention. In 1841, one was cast in Sweden six feet in diameter.

W. T.—An excellent poem, but necessarily declined on account of its length. We wish our correspondents would confine themselves to at longest six or eight stanzas.

D. W.—Arab, Barb and Turkish horses ran longer distances, and carried heavier weights, than the horses of the present day, although smaller than they are.

C. B. S.—Icebergs have been measured in the Atlantic, which were three hundred feet high.

H. J.—The reason that Nantucket has so equable a climate is, that it is surrounded by the sea, which diminishes the heat and and mitigates the cold.

QUERIST.—The average fall of rain each year in the tropics is ninety-five inches; in the temperate zone, thirty-five.

A SCEPTICIDER.—You have lost your bet; for there is a liquid form of matter to which iron will *float*, and that is quicksilver.

Q.—The strength of a horse as compared to that of a man, is just five times as much; or one horse equal to five men.

D. C. E.—With a quantity of powder equal to two-thirds the weight of the ball, a twenty-four pounder will throw a shot about four miles.

L. M.—Terra-cotta means, literally, *baked clay*.

HENRY C.—Yes; for it has been proved that a person under water can hear a bell struck in the open air not far above the surface.

J. C.—New York has more newspapers than any other State in the Union; Pennsylvania is next; Ohio next; Massachusetts next. The total number of papers published in this country, as near as is known, is 3754.

A. M.—The minor children of any one duly naturalized, if dwelling in the United States, are legally citizens.

STUDENT.—The first library destroyed at Alexandria, Egypt, contained but 400,000 volumes. It is the second one you refer to, when the Saracens took the city. The library destroyed by them numbered 700,000 volumes, and served them for firewood for six months.

L. H. W.—The word aborigines is applied to any people whose origin is not known, that being its actual signification.

T. B. PETERSON'S BOOKS.—We have frequently called attention to the handsome style in which this enterprising publisher issues his various works, particularly to his elegant library edition of Dickens. We have before us several volumes which we have already noticed, but to which we again call the attention of our readers. Here is the duodecimo edition of "Little Dorritt," Vol. I., splendidly illustrated; next, "Mrs. Widdifield's Cookery Book," which has had an extraordinary sale; splendidly bound and gilt. An acceptable present to any lady. The "Humors of Falconbridge," a collection of mirth-moving stories, illustrated, and welcome at any season, and "Major Jones's Courtship," also illustrated, a standard classic of American humor. The name of T. B. Peterson on a title-page is sure to give currency to the book that bears it, for he is an excellent judge of the popular taste.

These books may be found at Shepard, Clark and Co.'s.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Dexter, the sculptor of Gen. Warren's statue to be erected in Roxbury, is entirely a self-taught man.

.... Wayne county, New York, is said to produce more fruit than any other twenty counties in that State.

.... Three girls in Texas went out visiting, lately, and in course of a week came back with Indian husbands.

.... The total number of inhabitants in the city of St. Louis is in the neighborhood of 130,000.

.... J. W. Lanegan, the actor, has fitted up a theatre in St. John's Hall, in the city of St. John, New Brunswick.

.... Men must pursue things which are just at present, and leave the future to a divine Providence.

.... Mr. Oliphant, author of the "Russian Shores of the Black Sea," has gone to Nicaragua to see that country.

.... A son of Thomas Hood, the poet and humorist, has lately written a volume of sketches, in prose and poetry.

.... Deer have been plenty in Falmouth, Massachusetts, this year, so that venison cannot be dear there.

.... The sugar crop in the West Indies promises to be a good one. Sugar has been a scarce article lately.

.... The friendship which is founded on a love of virtue is the happiest as well as the most permanent.

.... Hon. Caleb Cushing, it is said, will practise law in Washington at the close of President Pierce's term.

.... There are 242 Unitarian congregations in England, and 313 of the same denomination in all Great Britain.

.... Ennius, the Latin poet, said, "a sure friend is discerned in an unsure matter," according to Cicero.

.... By an imperial ukase, Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains are placed on equal footing in the Russian army.

.... A companionable woman is always pretty—a fact that plain ladies would do well to remember.

.... The Liverpool Times compliments our countrymen on their ready acquiescence to the expressed will of the majority.

.... An advertiser in a city paper commends his "cool and airy" rooms to boarders. Rather cool for January.

.... He who has acquired a judicious and sympathizing friend may be said to have doubled his mental resources.

.... Oysters ought to be cheap here. They are a drug in New York—but a drug very pleasant to take.

.... He who must needs have company must needs have sometimes bad company. Be able to be alone.

.... There is a domestic society in Providence, Rhode Island, which watches baker's bread when they *need* it.

THE WASTE OF WEALTH.

Just now the papers are ringing with denunciations of social extravagance, and we ourselves have done our part in protesting against this great evil, productive as it is of consequences that will overshadow the future like a black pall. We have not yet made our mind which is the greater evil, avarice or extravagance,—the one locking up wealth that might produce incalculable good to the community; the other stimulating branches of industry useless in themselves, and, by the force of example, sweeping into a wild vortex all strata of society.

But, in justice to our countrymen and countrywomen, we must remember that extravagance is not a vice of this country and this age, and that it has exhibited its folly on even a greater scale in other times and in other lands. All wealthy communities, even the soberest, have, in times of a plethora of prosperity, made themselves ridiculous by spending money wildly and recklessly on some prevalent taste. Take, for example, Holland and the tulip mania. The Dutch are a sober, thrifty people, and flower-raising is generally ranked among the cheapest of recreations; yet this people made this pursuit the basis of the most ruinous expenditure. Were not the record of the tulip mania well authenticated, we should treat its whole history as a fable. Gold, houses and lands were often bartered away for a single bulb, because it produced a flower with a new stripe or a new shade, and yet a whole bed of scentless tulips was not really worth a handful of fragrant roses that might be bought for a penny.

In 1635, many persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty tulip roots. A trader of Harlaem paid one-half his fortune for a single bulb. A famous tulip of Amsterdam was bought for 4600 florins, a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete set of silver-mounted harness.

Many ludicrous incidents occurred during the prevalence of the Tulipomania, which was, in fact, an epidemic mental disease. A travelling English botanist happened to see a tulip-root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. Being ignorant of its quality, and as curious as a Yankee, he took out his knife and began to slice it up, until he had reduced it to half its original size. Suddenly, the owner pounced upon him and roared out: "What are you doing there? Do you know that's an Admiral Van der Eyck?" "Thank you for the name," replied the unconcerned visitor, as he proceeded to make an entry in his note-book. "Pray, are these same admirals common in this country?" "You shall find out!" shouted the infuriated Dutchman; and seizing his guest by the collar, he dragged him before a magistrate. There the poor man soon found out to his consternation that "these same admirals" were worth four thousand florins apiece; and he had ample time to reflect bitterly on the popular mania and on his own thoughtlessness when he was committed to prison, there to remain until he could give security for the payment of the enormous sum demanded by the bereaved tulipomaniac.

This mania in Holland produced in the end terrific results; "substantial merchants were reduced almost to beggary, and many a representative of a noble line saw the fortunes of his house ruined beyond redemption." Let us, as a people, profit by the record of such examples.

HONORABLE CONDUCT.

Pope tells us that an honest man is the noblest work of God, and we are glad to offset the stories of fraud and peculation of late so rife, by citing examples of a different character. A correspondent, writing from Lexington, Ky., furnishes one of these. He says:—"Thirty years ago, Mr. J. S. Davis, of your city, borrowed of the late Nathan Jarvis, then also of your city, a sum of money. Mr. Jarvis became afterwards a very prominent citizen of New Orleans, La., where he was one of the founders of the free school, a city father, and president of the New England Society, besides being a prominent member of all the benevolent societies. He met with an accidental death from the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat. His widow and two daughters found a home here in the interior of Kentucky, where Mr. Davis has taken the pains to seek them out, in order to return this money with thirty years' interest. And he says, 'When I borrowed it, I hoped soon to be able to return it, but I struggled long with poverty. Fortune having recently favored me, enables me now to pay it, feeling very grateful for the use of it, particularly as I have never been reminded in any way that I owed it.' He was undoubtedly the only living person that knew of the existence of this debt."

FROM FAR AND NEAR!—We should be worse than ungrateful not to chronicle our earnest thanks for the prompt alacrity with which our friends have renewed their subscriptions to "Ballou's Pictorial." We also desire to kindly greet the large number of new friends, whose names swell our subscription list. From far and near, subscriptions have poured into our office by each successive mail, until we are induced to ask, what state, city or town is there in this far-extended republic, which we do not reach?

OUR LARGE ILLUSTRATIONS.—The new mode which we have adopted of binding up our large engravings preserves them in the volumes in the most perfect manner, without injuring the face of these elegant scenes. Such a series of mammoth pictures was never before attempted, either in Europe or America. Their popularity is unbounded.

ALMANACS FOR 1857.—John P. Jewett & Co. have published in beautiful style the Boston Almanac and the Juvenile Almanac for the present year, both of them elaborately illustrated.

THE FLAG FOR FOUR CENTS!—Cheapness being the order of the day, we have reduced the retail price of "The Flag of our Union" to FOUR CENTS per copy.

MARINE VIEW, BOSTON HARBOR.

It affords us great satisfaction to lay before our readers the magnificent marine view which occupies the whole of pages 56 and 57 of the present number. It was drawn and engraved expressly for our paper; and Mr. Hill, the artist, has certainly exerted himself to the utmost in producing a picture, striking in local fidelity, and fairly meeting all the requirements of artistic taste. We have no hesitation in affirming this to be the best large wood engraving of a sea-piece ever executed in this country or in Europe. There are boldness and rigor in the detail, and a highly pleasing general effect. The principal vessels introduced are portraits. On the right we have that splendid barque, the Neapolitan, under canvass; on the other side, a Cunard steamer, outward bound, with the British flag at the stern, and the stars and stripes at the fore, firing a gun to announce her departure. The "Forest City" steamer is seen in the middle distance. The crowd of shipping in port is well delineated. Across the water in the foreground, a row-boat, fully manned, gives liveliness to the scene. The profile of the city is accurately delineated, and many striking localities will be readily recognized. On the left rise the domes of the Custom-House, near the water, and the State-House crowning the outline of the city. India, Long, and other prominent wharves, are also seen. On the right are the spires of the Gothic church in Hanover Street, and of Christ Church, so celebrated for its beauty. This beautiful and costly gem of art is, however, but an earnest of the efforts we are making to ensure the perfection of our illustrated journal, in return for its vast popularity.

VIEW OF CHELSEA.—The view of Chelsea on page 53, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, the station-point of our artist being at East Boston. On the left is seen the Naval Hospital, immediately below which is the bridge connecting Chelsea with Charlestown. Near the foreground is one of the fine ferry-boats which ply between Chelsea and this city. On a commanding eminence, surmounted by a flag, is the new Marine Hospital. The building is as yet unfinished, and the grounds are not yet laid out, but the intention is to make the latter highly ornamental. The site is an admirable one.

THE PRIZES.—Let all of our friends engaged in getting up clubs send in the names as fast as obtained, accompanied with the money. The list can always be added to at the same price, and all will be duly counted to the credit of the person sending, till the first day of February. *There is no discount on prizes paid in gold!*

REMARKABLE.—There has been only one death among the children in the Boston Female Asylum in a period of three years.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James Evans to Mrs. Flora Henry; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Hansen Graham to Miss Martha J. Lewis; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Colin Cook to Miss Elizabeth Matthews; by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Allen McLeod to Miss Louisa W. Stearns, of Paris, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Frederic L. Ballard to Miss Anne J. Campbell; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Edward Capen to Miss Rhoda Allen; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. William W. Laird to Miss Anne J. White.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Bowler, Mr. William R. Jackson to Miss Elizabeth A. Attridge.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, Mr. Charles C. H. W. Bent to Miss Eliza A. Canney.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Hoppin, Rev. Charles White, of Berryville, Clark county, Va., to Miss Mary P. Felt.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Bacon, Mr. Albert Lufkin to Miss Betsy Jones.—At Boxford, by Rev. Mr. Coggin, Mr. Albert Berry, of North Andover, to Miss Mary W. Perley.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Dimmick, Mr. Benjamin Austin to Miss Ruth Ann Chase.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Bowers, Mr. J. V. Moore to Miss Henrietta A. Goodale.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. George Benson to Miss Caroline E. Brown.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. David Bradley to Miss Emma Dooley.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. James M. Comstock, of Toledo, Ohio, to Miss Lydia L. Watkins, of New Bedford.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. John Henry Carner, 23; Mr. John H. Weed, 51; Miss Fanny S. Gilman, 19; Samuel Davis, Esq., 81; Miss Emma Augusta Frost, 17; Madam Mary Baury, relict of the late Major Louis Baury de Bellevire, 90.—At East Boston, Mrs. Cynthia Charlotte Parsons, 57; Mr. William White, 57.—At South Boston, Mr. Nehemiah A. Henderson, 56.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah A. Hall, 27.—At West Roxbury, Mrs. Fannie Rice, 20.—At Jamaica Plain, Betsy Perry, 69.—At Dorchester, Mr. Jacob Foster, 80.—At Brighton, Mrs. Mary Hill, 87.—At Lynn, Mr. John H. Sullivan, 23.—At Salem, Mrs. Mary P., widow of the late William Archer, 56.—At South Scituate, Mr. Consider Howland, 96, a Revolutionary pensioner.—At North Bridgewater, Mr. Hannah B. Joslyn, 43.—At Manchester, Mr. William Bingham, 59.—At Newburyport, Capt. Joseph C. Lunt, 87.—At West Newbury, Mr. William Vickery, 75.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Mary Finney, 80.—At Fall River, Mrs. Ruth Ann Slade, 28.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Sarah A. Coggeshall, 39.—At Worcester, Mr. Jabez G. Priest, 35.—At Springfield, Mrs. Martha, wife of Caleb Rice, Esq.—At Somerset, Dec. 4, Gideon Chace; and 5th, Phebe, widow of the late Stephen Chace, both in their 90th year.—At Enfield, Mrs. Sarah Cary, 80.—At Nantucket, Capt. Frederick Swain, 68; Mrs. Sarah Long, 88.—At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Susan, wife of Mr. Holmes Greenwood, 94.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AT REST.

BY C. O. W.

O, pleasant words! O, pleasant thought to me,
So long a wanderer on life's stormy sea;
When gazing back into the misty past,
Where joys and sorrows have their shadows cast:
When cheering hopes revive my weary breast,
How sweet to think that I am now at rest

At rest! How bright the truth—how glad the thought—
How pure the joy—but, O, how dearly bought!
My ardent boyhood, with its hopes and fears,
Has passed away, and brought maturer years.
Farewell, old ocean! to thy billowy breast
Resign me now, for I would be at rest.

When tossed with anguish on a bed of pain:
When wandering fancies racked my fevered brain:
When trembling even at the gates of death,
And life hung wavering on a feeble breath,
My thoughts were wandering in the sunny West—
I dreamed of home, and longed to be at rest.

At rest and happy? No! that hope were vain
In this cold world, where sin and sorrow reign;
But gentle sunbeams sometimes light my way,
And change my cheerless night to summer's day;
Their light is fickle, but it gives me zest—
It lulls my spirit, and I am at rest.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

As through the wood some pure and crystal brook,
Low murmuring, ripples on its peaceful way—
In which, if thy young heart should chance to look,
They should see only native purity:

So may thy life glide on! Do thou aspire,
And all that life with noble deeds adorn:
Then shall thy spirit, answering God's desire,
Soar heavenward to the chambers of the morn.—WM. WINTER.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

In losing fortune, many a lucky elf
Has found himself;
As all our moral bitters are designed
To brace the mind,
And renovate its healthy tone, the wise
Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.
HORACE SMITH.

YOUTHFUL TEARS.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.—SCOTT.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

All the heroes of the European revolutions of 1848 are not crushed. General Klapka, formerly commander of the Hungarian fortress of Comorn, has lately been elected a member of the Grand Council of State of the canton of Geneva, Switzerland—an event which has caused excessive dissatisfaction in the Austrian cabinet.....A man bedizened with jewelry makes a ridiculous figure. Yet the rage for jewelry has infected the French dandies, and they now wear gold vest buttons as large as an American quarter of a dollar.....We never drop into the Boston Theatre of an evening without a kindly thought of the veteran manager, Mr. Barry, whose conduct of that splendid establishment evinces taste, tact and liberality. This theatre alone is enough to justify the claim of our city to the title of the modern Athens.....That was a splendid chestnut saddle-mare that just dashed by our window—a perfect picture. Somebody says that the points of a horse go in triplets:—three things long—ear, chest and forearm; three things short—bones of the tail, hind legs and back, and three things large—the face, the breast, and the croup.....We have just been reading a report of the proceedings of a Woman's Rights meeting. The inadequacy of employment for females is a serious matter, and engages much attention. There are certainly many avenues of employment which they might and ought to occupy. The Home Journal says: "More profitable female employment is within the patronage of the women themselves than of any government in Christendom. But then, women, to deserve it, must professionally fit themselves for it, and not expect to be preferred by their own sex merely because they *are* women; for this, they know, is contrary to nature."".....Statistics are dry reading, as we suppose most of our readers are apt to acknowledge; yet a few figures will sometimes claim our attention, and it is gratifying to notice in the report of the secretary of the United States treasury, that the foreign trade of the country for the last treasury year shows a balance in favor of the U. States of $12,324,976.....The "Mysteries of the People," by Sue, now in the course of publication at Paris, has already yielded its author $100,000. This eclipses Mrs. Stowe.....We hear sorry accounts of Vestvali's opera speculation in Mexico. One of the prima donnas eloped, two musical ladies, infuriated by rivalry, had a pitched battle at the wings, and retained specimens of each other's hair after the combat, while the treasury was empty. Alas! that such discords should enter musical fraternities!.....Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose "Aurora Leigh" is just now eliciting warm commendations from the English and American presses, is the most vigorous female poet of the age.....Our friends in the neighboring town of Dorchester are rejoicing over the successful inauguration of their Athenæum. John G. Nazro, Esq., is president of the society.....We noticed a curious error of the press the other day, the "Home for Indigent Females" being spoken of as the Home for "Indignant" Females. We fancy it would take rather a large institution to accommodate all of the latter.....The heroines of Italian opera are not very amiable or exemplary characters. Mrs. Elvira, Mrs Norma, Mrs. Borgia and La Traviata, are not exactly ladies whose acquaintance one would like to cultivate in private life.....We perceive that General Tom Thumb has sailed for Europe on a professional tour. How capricious the world is! They run after one individual because he is great, and after another because he is little. Mankind are ever rushing to extremes. One must be a giant or a pigmy to create a sensation.....As we saw, a few minutes since, a beautiful lady sweep into Mayer's in all the amplitude of fashionable silks, we thought with bitter indignation of the anonymous libeller, who asserted that hoops made a "woman look like a perambulating sugar hogshead done up in muslin.".....Another insolent fellow, a Frenchman, has invented a writing ink, black and brilliant for a time, but disappearing at the end of three or four months. He calls this the "ladies' ink," thereby intimating that they make promises and professions on paper they do not choose to be reminded of afterwards.....It was a pretty thought of a French writer, speaking of Madame Rachel's library of showily-bound books in her house at Paris: "Not one of these books seems to have been opened—they are books only, not friends.".....We have mentioned before, that the Athenæum Exhibition just closed contained two splendid portraits of horses by Rosa Bonheur. Well, the gentleman who paid eight thousand dollars for her "Horse Fair," cleared fifty thousand dollars by exhibiting it in England.....Happening into Carew's the other day, and noticing some fine designs for marble monuments, we were reminded of one of the ceremonies attending the inauguration of the Emperor of China. A stone-cutter appears with specimens of the choicest marbles, and says: "Choose, O, Celestial Emperor, beneath which thy bones shall one day rest." This is the skeleton at the Egyptian feast.....We see by the papers that there is some talk of refitting the line of battle ship Pennsylvania. She was built at an enormous expense to the government, and has made just one voyage from Philadelphia to Norfolk, where she has been used ever since as a receiving ship.....That was a good idea of Mr. Barry to unite the whole Ravel troupe at the Boston Theatre. They are inimitable performers in their line.....Philadelphia will soon have a rival to the St. Nicholas, New York, in the shape of a magnificent hotel to be erected on the Butler estate, Philadelphia, which was sold in September last to Wm. P. Fetridge, Esq., for the sum of $225,000.....Marsden has painted some capital cattle-pieces, some of which may be seen at Balch's, in Tremont Row, and bids fair, we think, to take a very high rank as a delineator of animals—not the highest branch of art, to be sure, but still a very agreeable and popular one.....We observe by our foreign files, that the mild air of Egypt has quite resuscitated the declining health of Rachel, and her physicians give strong hopes of her once more returning to the Parisian stage.....The culture of silk cotton, introduced from Mexico, has been commenced in Texas. Col. Random, at Fort Bend, recently sold five bales of it at twenty cents per pound. This is a new staple.....Kansas has as large an extent of territory as England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland added together.....Ingenious and scientific men are occupied in trying to discover the means of warming houses by gas. Cooking by gas is already rendered practicable. We find no trouble in warming our sanctum by one of Mr. Shaw's gas stoves.....A bluff son of the sea calls the navigation of the streets by the ladies, "great circle sailing." He deserves to have his cars served as he does his compass.....Since we reduced the price of "The Flag of our Union" to four cents per copy, our edition has rapidly increased in all directions.....A Canadian judge has decided, that inasmuch as lotteries are illegal in Canada, lottery tickets are there valueless, and that, consequently, the stealing of them is no crime. This sounds logical enough, but it isn't exactly square with our ideas of equity.....Fresh Pond is in excellent condition for skating just now, and is visited daily by large numbers, who delight in this exhilarating sport.....Illinois promises to become a sugar-producing State. We see it stated that there will be one hundred acres of Chinese sugar-cane raised in Wabash county the coming year.....An inimitable artist is Frost, meaning Jack. The other morning this sharp gentleman covered the large plate glass windows of our sanctum with sweeping scrolls and foliage, that none of our artists could excel. His pictures were worthy of being perpetuated. Why don't our friends, Masury, Silsbee & Case, ever photograph a window-pane on a frosty morning?.....In the peaceful occupations of art, science and literature, there must needs be the secret of the Elixir of Life. Look at Titian painting to the very verge of a century, and Humboldt in extreme age, still brilliant and profound, and our Washington Irving in his eighth decade, but with no decadence of his brilliant powers!.....Photographs, daguerreotypes and ambrotypes have almost, if not quite, ruined miniature-painting—that exquisite branch of art, which will be known to succeeding generations only in the carefully preserved specimens of its great masters.....The Chinese authorities, we see, have lately been putting to death a Roman Catholic missionary, charged with exciting insurrection, torturing him for days with a savage cruelty aggravated by ingenuity. There is certainly a broad streak of the demon in Chinese nature.....Whatever difference of opinion there may be with regard to the justice of Gen. Walker's course, we cannot but admire his determination, and the Spartan bravery of his followers in Nicaragua. In the words of a certain London cockney:—"There's no race equal to the Hangola-Saxon.".....The mock combats of the stage are not always unattended with danger. The other day, while E. L. Davenport was playing Richard III., in New York, he came near losing an eye from a stroke of Richmond's sword.....The use of stimulants and narcotics, except under the direction of a physician, cannot be too strongly discountenanced. A young lady in Austin, Texas, who had been in the habit of using chloroform to put herself to sleep, was found one morning lately dead in her bed.....The red men of the West still cling to the traditional usages of their fathers. A band of Sioux warriors lately burned a Chippewa prisoner at the stake, and he met his fate with the heroic firmness of the "son of Almoke.".....That magnificent project, the Transatlantic Telegraph Company, by means of which we shall read the London news of one day the next morning at the breakfast-table, requires a capital of $1,750,000.....The people of Saratoga Springs may apply for a city charter this winter. It gives one the ague, though, to think of Saratoga Springs at this season of the year.....The United States corvette Constellation dashed into the Golden Horn the other day, and startled the sluggish Turks with the roar of her guns. But it was a friendly salute, and the deep-mouthed batteries of Topkhane soon did honor to the ever glorious stars and stripes.....Our women's rights friends ought certainly to send missionaries among the Arabs, for the Arab wives are absolute slaves to their lords, doing all their drudgery.....When John B. Gough is not lecturing on temperance, he is raising corn and peaches on his farm at Boylston, Massachusetts.....Can our readers fully realize the idea that telescopic experiments reveal the fact of there being eighteen millions of stars in the milky way? According to Humboldt, there are not in the whole heavens more than about eight thousand stars visible to the naked eye.....In a book of antiquity, which we have just laid down, we see it stated that one Pa-outshe, a learned Chinaman, published a dictionary of the Chinese language eleven hundred years before Christ. That was a good while ago!.....The thermometer, with the help of zero, has given us some pretty severe weather lately. One poor, houseless wanderer was frozen to death upon one of the city wharves during the night.....Some one, not having the fear of our honest indignation before their eyes, has sent us a back-handed manuscript—the letters all leaning the wrong way. *Perhaps* we shall read it, but we rather guess not.....We have passed a whole hour this evening in turning over the leaves and volumes at our neighbors, Phillips, Sampson & Co. What a treat!—what fine print, choice themes, superb binding! We doubt if there is so fine a collection of classical literature on sale in this country.....Some one writes of Paris: "This splendid city teaches idolatry for the golden calf—it places the ballet-girl higher than the orator, the cook higher than the poet, the millionaire higher than all; for with his millions he can command ballet-girl, orator, cook and poet.".....We are about to illustrate "Ballou's Dollar Monthly." The wonderful circulation of this Magazine is a marvel to the slow coach publishers. The secret is, to give the public a valuable work at a *cheap* rate. This is the cheapest publication, *without exception*, in the world!

The friendship which is founded on kindred tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis, will ere long be transplanted, in order to adorn the paradise of God.—*Robert Hall.*

The light of nature not only shines upon the human mind through the medium of a rational faculty, but by an internal instinct, according to the law of conscience, which is a sparkle of the purity of man's first estate.—*Lord Bacon.*

Choice Miscellany.

GLASS AND ITS PHENOMENA.

The elasticity of glass exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, etc., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea dropped from three inches high, has made them fly.—*Laws of Science.*

FERTILITY OF DAMASCUS.

The glory of Damascus is its gardens and forests of fruit trees, which surround the city for miles, and almost hide it from view. Vegetables of all kinds are abundant and cheap. Almost every species of fruit is produced around Damascus, either on the plain, or in the valley of the Barana. Besides the olive, we either saw or heard expressly named, oranges, lemons, citrons, apples, pears, quinces, peaches, apricots, almonds, plums, prunes, grapes, figs, pomegranates, mulberries, walnuts, hazelnuts, pistachios, etc. The wines of Damascus are among the best of Syria. Grapes ripen early in July; and are said to be found in the market during eight months. Such is this splendid plain, the seat of this great oriental city. Well might Abulfeda say of it:—"The Ghutah of Damascus is one of the four paradises, which are the most excellent of the beautiful places of the earth. They are the Ghutah of Damascus, the She'ab Banwan, the river of Uballeh, and Soghd of Samarkand. The Ghutah of Damascus excels the other three."—*Biblical Researches.*

THE NUTMEG TREE.

The nutmeg tree flourishes in Singapore, near the equator. It is raised from the nut in nurseries, where it remains till the fifth year, when it puts forth its blossoms and shows its sex. It is then set out permanently. The trees are planted thirty feet apart, in diamond order—a male tree in the centre. They begin to bear in the eighth year, increasing for many years, and they pay a large profit; they are cultivated chiefly by Europeans. The nutmeg is a large and beautiful tree, with thick foliage of a rich green color. Every day of the year shows buds, blossoms and fruit, in every stage of growth to maturity. The ripe fruit is singularly brilliant; the shell is glossy black, and the mace it exposes when it bursts is bright scarlet—rendering it truly a "thing of beauty."—*Rural New Yorker.*

HEAVY LOSS OF DIAMONDS.

A gentleman, named de Souza, who arrived off Havre not long since, by the Franc Comtois, from the Brazils, in his hurry to land, would not wait an hour for the turn of the sea-tide, which would enable the vessel to enter the dock, but landed by a pilot-boat. In getting from the vessel into the boat, he let slip overboard a small box containing diamonds, which he hoped would produce him a sum of £200,000. A buoy was immediately placed to mark the spot, and an experienced diver was engaged to seek to recover the lost treasure. In case of success, he is to receive 1000 francs; and 100 francs, if unsuccessful. He has already made one attempt without result, and will make another shortly.—*Galignani.*

New Publications.

HOME AND THE WORLD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 405.

A really excellent novel, full of interest and incident. Many of the European scenes are admirably sketched. It is by the gifted author of "Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe." For sale by Redding & Co.

SEDGMOOR; or, *Home Lessons.* By Mrs. MANNERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 18mo. pp. 252.

This little work embraces a vast amount of information conveyed in the most ingenious way, interwoven with the conversation of a home circle. It is an excellent book for the fireside. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW GRANADA. Twenty Months in the Andes. By ISAAC F. HOLTON, M. A., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Middlebury College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 605.

It is quite refreshing to get hold of a book of travels respecting a place that has not been done to death by tourists. This is the case with "New Granada;" and our author has given a most vivid and readable account of it, while the publishers have illustrated it by maps and engravings on a most liberal scale. For sale by Redding & Co.

HISTORY OF HENRY IV., KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE. By JOHN C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers 1856. 18mo. pp. 335.

An admirably written sketch of the heroic king and his stirring times, particularly adapted for young readers. For sale by Redding & Co.

OLD WAITEY'S CHRISTMAS TROT. By A. OAKLEY HALL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

A capital holiday story for young people, with splendid wood cuts. For sale by Redding & Co.

LEARNING ABOUT COMMON THINGS. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Animals, birds, domestic implements, etc., are treated in this neat illustrated book in a manner to interest young children. For sale by Redding & Co.

DOUGLAS FARM. A Juvenile Story of Life in Virginia. By MARY E. BRADLEY. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. 1857.

A very pleasing tale, describing an old Virginia homestead, and sure to be a popular one with young readers. For sale by Redding & Co.

SABBATH TALKS WITH LITTLE CHILDREN ON THE PSALMS OF DAVID. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. Small 4to, muslin, gilt.

The author of this excellent juvenile is favorably known by the "Mothers of the Bible" and "Sabbath Talks about Jesus." An unexceptionable book.

THE PUDDLEFORD PAPERS: or, *Humors of the West.* By H. H. RILEY. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 353.

A book of genuine humor, racy and readable, crowded with mirth-moving originals, and illustrated liberally with very clever pictures. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Russell & Richards, 13 Tremont St., and 282 Washington St., Thalberg's famous capriccio from La Sonnambula, and "Regard, a cluster of gems for the piano, by A. Baumbach."—Also, from Oliver Ditson, "Ah, Forse a lui!" the celebrated aria from La Traviata, "Cavalier's March," for the piano, "Souvenir de Barbamville," polka, and the "Deep Blue Sea," a song by Miss E. C. Huntington, composed by E. Perkins.

Editorial Melange.

Napoleon's father was married at nineteen, and his mother, though a widow at thirty, had thirteen children. Napoleon was the second. —— A loafer was placed in the lockup at Bangor, Me., one night, lately, and before morning, the rats had gnawed holes through his boots and the crown of his hat, but showed no taste for his high seasoned beef. —— The inventor of the crinoline petticoat in Paris now boasts that he has realized, so far, 250,000 francs by his patent. —— Island Hill, in Malden, near Melrose line, has been purchased by the Maine Railroad Company, and is to be "brought low" for the gravel it will furnish for track purposes. —— The most extensive dinner ever given in England was that of Lord Romney to the Kent Volunteers, when George III. reviewed them, near Maidstone. The tables were seven miles and a half long, and the boards for the tables cost £15,000. —— The St. Louis Herald complains that criminals, after serving out their terms in the Illinois penitentiaries, are furnished with money and packed off to St. Louis. —— A new hotel is to be erected at Saratoga Springs. It will have one hundred feet more front than the United States. So the papers are saying; but the Saratoga County Press, which ought to know, says it is no such thing. —— A "Retrenchment Society" has been formed in New York among the ladies, the object of which is to inculcate economy in the way of dress and household affairs. Very commendable. —— The population of Indianapolis, Indiana, is now about twenty thousand. Nine years ago it was only four thousand. —— Another expedition, by way of Bhering's Straits, in search of further traces of Sir John Franklin, is spoken of by the British United Service Gazette as positively decided upon by the admiralty. It will sail early in the ensuing spring, under the command of Captain George H. Richards. —— The New York canal tolls this year sum up nearly three million dollars—almost a million dollars more than last year. —— That strange and awful disease, the "milk fever," is prevailing extensively along the Licking River, back of Covington and Newport. Over one hundred head of cattle died with it in one week, lately, and the inhabitants are afraid, from fear of the disease, to taste milk or butter. —— A little boy, three years old, was killed in New York, lately, by placing his mouth at the nose of a boiling kettle and inhaling steam. The coroner's jury censured the parent for carelessness. —— Andrew Marshall, an old colored preacher, died at Richmond Va., recently, aged one hundred years. He was one of the most gifted of his race, and by many excellent traits of character, won the esteem of all who knew him. —— The real and personal estate of Albany foots up for the present season—real estate, $18,128,441; personal, $4,876,800; total, $23,005,241. —— A new gas company, with a capital of $80,000, has just been organized at Syracuse. —— The library of Congress has received an addition of about 4500 volumes since this time last year. These have all been properly classified, and their titles printed in a neat appendix to the catalogue. —— Intemperance has her thousands of victims, but Avarice can count up her tens of thousands. —— News from Santa Fe says that the gold mines on the Gila River are richer than the richest in California. Many persons had left Santa Fe to go thither.

THE CRIME OF SUICIDE.

We have had occasion to remark of late the frequency of this crime, exhibiting a sort of epidemic mania. The history of this crime, if fully written out, would be very instructive. It was justified to a certain extent among the Greeks and Romans, but in the better days of the latter, it was generally regarded as disgraceful. Napoleon is said to have made an unsuccessful attempt on his life after the destruction of Moscow; but he certainly recovered entirely from the mania which must have prompted it, and afterwards most emphatically condemned self-destruction. He said:—"It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate poltroonery; for what claim can that man have to courage who trembles at the frowns of fortune? True heroism consists in becoming superior to the ills of life, in whatever shape they may challenge him to the combat."

To Getters-up of Clubs!—Let all who are sending us lists of subscribers, be careful to send with their last remittances up to February 1st, *a recapitulation of the number of names sent up to that time*, and the amount of money forwarded also, that we may be enabled to make up our award of prizes promptly. In the immense press of new subscribers at this time of the year, we shall have too many names to examine otherwise, which will cause delay in closing up the prizes.

Virtuous Indignation.—One of the "b'hoys" in Cincinnati is indignant at Mr. Bates's prohibiting peanuts, whistling and noises in his theatre. This "b'hoy" says:—"If yer 'effishunt perlees' puts them down, tha put down the deanmy—tha put down Metamory and Jim Murdick, and Richard No. 3 and King Leer, and Ned Forrest."

Binding at this Office.—Besides our own publications, we bind other magazines, pamphlets, old books, etc., in the very best manner and at the lowest rates, with promptness. Those who have this class of work, which they desire to see better executed than usual, will please call or send their orders to this office.

Public Library.—This edifice will be dedicated on the 17th of September next. It will not, however, be used as a library till about the 1st of January, 1858.

Mortality.—It is supposed that forty-seven persons die every minute, in all parts of the world.

Wayside Gatherings.

The coal trade of Pennsylvania this year, will, it is estimated, exceed that of last year by 225,000 tons.

Col. Benton made his first visit to a cotton mill, in Manchester, N. H., a few days since.

For carrying the mail across the Isthmus of Panama, the government pays the railroad company twenty-two cents a pound.

Three Normal schools will be opened in Canada this month; one of them in Quebec, and two (one English and the other French) in Montreal.

Eleven murders, all by shooting, have recently been committed in Baltimore, and the murderers are all under indictment at the present term of the Criminal Court.

At a recent Connecticut State Fair, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) took the premium for skill in ploughing! Nothing like "Dream Life" in that.

Baron Humboldt has completed some thirty sheets of his conclusion to Cosmos, and the Augsburg Gazette says he hopes to finish the whole within two or three months.

John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, ruralizes during the summer at his residence in Boylston, leads the choir of the village church, superintends the Sabbath school, and extemporizes in the pulpit in the absence of a regular pastor.

The mulberry is grown and raw silk produced to a small extent in Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee and Kentucky, and in the latter two States it has been demonstrated that this crop will pay better than three-fourths of all other farm productions.

Thomas K. Work of Hartford has invented an apparatus by which the distance travelled by a wagon can be accurately measured. It is attached to the axle, and indicates the miles as a watch indicates the hours, by an apex and hands.

Mr. Arthur Gilman, whose lecture upon the "Characteristics of New-England Humor," was received so favorably last winter, has prepared a new lecture on the same subject. It is full of cream and cayenne.

In Wheeling, a number of dry goods clerks amused themselves one evening by hurling rotten eggs at the windows and doors of the store of a merchant who had refused to accede to a movement set on foot for the early closing of stores.

In a late synod at the West, four Choctaw elders were present, sitting as members of the higher ecclesiastical courts of the Presbyterian church. Such a fact is well fitted to awaken gratitude and joy in the Christian heart.

There reside at St. Hilliers, Isle of Jersey, in the same street and opposite one another, two men, one a baker named Abel, the second a grocer named Cain. Quite lately Abel married Cain's daughter, M. Adam, a magistrate, officiating.

The New York ferry boats are just now frequented by elegant lady operatives in the pickpocket line. Their victims are female passengers. These operators make use of the ample folds of their dress to partly cover that of their neighbors, and under this cover ply their trade without detection.

Warburton, in his account of his voyage up the Nile, gives an amusing instance of the singular opinions of sailors. He says: "On arriving at Dench, we gave the crew a feast, consisting of old ram, preferred by them to young mutton, because it stood more chewing."

The following is a verbatim copy of a report made by a New York police officer: "There is an old well at the Cor of 32d st & 9th aven open so that a person passing in the dark would fall in a little girl feel in yesterday and would have been drowned if a citizen passing at the time had not rescued."

Agents are spread over the wine-provinces of France to buy up the new vintage; there is no hope of fall of prices. The vintage in Andalusia, as in other parts of Spain, is reported as poor. The sherry district has suffered materially, to the great distress of the population.

Extensive preparations are on foot for building a new city at the mouth of the Ohio River, to be called Emporium. The amount of cash realized from the first sale of lots was $100,000. A large number of hands are engaged in constructing a marine railroad, and numerous other heavy improvements.

A blind hand-organist in Rochester who went about the streets of the city with a puny and pale little daughter, has fallen heir to an estate in Wales, estimated to be worth a million of dollars. A prominent legal firm in Rochester is now engaged in making out the necessary papers.

A servant man belonging to Mr. Robert Hanner, while ploughing on a tobacco field on his plantation in Albemarle county, recently brought to the surface a gold ring, on which was engraved the name of the owner, Rebecca Harper, and the date 1746, one hundred and ten years ago.

The New York Herald mentioned the fact a short time since, that a married lady living in elegant style in the vicinity of Madison Square, had become so smitten with the stage that no arguments could restrain her from appearing before the "foot lights;" and that she was about to make her *debut* in the city of Buffalo.

A Venetian gentleman is experimenting in Egypt in the cultivation of rice. He has undertaken by a new method of culture, to produce two crops in the year instead of one. He brought his first crop to maturity within the time prescribed by himself, and doubts not that he will succeed in gleaning the second crop before the expiration of the year.

The New York Central Railroad Company manufactures its own railroad iron at a less cost than one half its market value. The average cost to railroad companies is now $60 to $65 per ton, while the cost to the manufacturer is about $30 per ton. The cost of the Central Railroad Company's iron works, all complete, including 1560 acres of land, containing their ore, was $145,600.

Berlin thieves begin to exhibit great refinement in their mode of proceeding. Some of them having a mind to the two fat pigs of a householder of Moabit, introduced themselves into the sty; and, in order to secure themselves from being betrayed by the squeals of their victims, chloroformed both, and then quietly proceeded to slay and cut them up.

Captain Samuel Somers recently killed near his residence on the river St. John, Florida, an old tigress and two half-grown tigers. He also came in sight of the old male tiger several times, but was afraid to shoot at him. The tigress measured eleven feet six inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and it is supposed would have weighed three or four hundred pounds.

A proposition has been received by our government from that of Great Britain, to reduce the postage between the two countries from twenty-four cents to twelve cents for single letters. Our government has indicated a willingness to agree to this proposal, provided England reduces the transit charge on mails passing through that country to twelve and a half cents per ounce—the price paid for the conveyance of the Canada mails.

Foreign Items.

The most arch of votary of pleasure, hunting balls, theatres, suppers, is M. von Steffens, a noble Prussian; he is upwards of 70.

A fraud has been detected in one of the clerks of the Great Northern Railway of England. The default is believed to be only about £1000.

A manifesto of a very strong character has been posted about in Naples, in which the people are told that the most civilized powers of Europe had interposed to save the Neapolitan people from the horrible system under which they suffered.

Prince Adalbert has obtained from the King of Prussia permission to increase the number of ships belonging to the Prussian navy, by the purchase of two new steam-frigates of thirty four guns each, which are to be built forthwith in England.

The Czar of Cracow says that the Emperor Alexander II has been recommended by his medical advisers to avoid exertion for some time, and that his majesty will therefore not quit Russia this season. It is confirmed that the grand dukes, his brothers, are to join their august mother at Nice.

In imperial France the principles of civil and religious liberty do not appear to be well understood. Forty-six individuals of a new sect, said to be Methodist in its discipline and teaching, have been fined for holding a prayer meeting when the government interdicted.

Accounts from Stockholm mention that the government are thinking of establishing a telegraph wire from the Swedish Highlands over to Gothland. The wire has already been ordered in England, and it is hoped that the laying of it down will take place in the course of the next summer, and the opening of the line in autumn.

Sands of Gold.

Nothing is so atrocious as fancy without taste.—*Goethe.*

His hand the good man fastens on the skies, And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.—*Young.*

The history of all the world tells us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.—*Coleridge.*

The highest panegyric that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart.—*Dickens.*

The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession.—*Hazlitt.*

He lives longest of all who looks back oftenest, whose life is most populous of thought or action, and on every retrospect makes the vastest picture.—*Campbell.*

He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.—*Colton.*

Those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who in one sense retain it always, and they furnish other persons with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This alone is an immortal child.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Two principles govern the moral and intellectual world. One is perpetual progress, the other the necessary limitations to that progress. If the former alone prevailed, there would be nothing steadfast and durable on earth, and the whole of social life would be the sport of winds and waves. If the latter had exclusive sway everything would petrify or rot.—*Goez.*

Joker's Budget.

Why are book-keepers like chickens? Because they have to "scratch" for a living.

Why is a tender-hearted person like a housekeeper with but little furniture? Because he is *easily moved.*

How can you make an Adriatic with less expense than Mr. Collins did? By using Osborne's roofing cement, which is the best thing known for 'a-dry-attic."

It is very wrong to persist in kissing a pretty, black-eyed girl, when she resolutely declares she wishes you not to. It looks just as though you wouldn't take her word.

"Ever since you have taken to drinking, John, you're not more than half a man," said a temperance man to a loafing brother. "Fact is, you mean I'm only a demi-John."

Why is the greatest number of those who invest their money in real estate unlike Banquo's ghost? Because they have speculation in their eyes.

If the man is a wretch who lifts his hand against a woman, what must the woman be who raises the hearth-brush against a man—and that man her husband?

"I am surprised that you should leave me, Patrick," said the widow Pinchem to an ex-boarder, "when I set as good a table as any in town." "Och, mam, an' yer thable may be good enough, but niver a dacent bit do ye put upon it, sure."

A gentleman observing a servant girl, who was left handed, placing the knives and forks on the dinner table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "O, indade!" said she, "so I have. Be plased, sir, to help me to turn the table round!"

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TURKISH LIFE.

The lively sketch on this page represents, with the fidelity of a daguerreotype, the out-door life of the Turks in the streets of their famous city, Constantinople. The large figure on the right is a porter, bending under an enormous weight of baggage. These porters are fellows of prodigious strength, and some of them carry loads that would break down a horse. Stuck in his girdle is the never-failing pipe. The indolence of the Turk is well represented in the cross-legged figure on the platform of the booth, and the luxurious Osmanli who is seated with his pipe at his lips, his pipe-bearer beside him just opening a fresh box of smoking-tobacco. Further off is a procession of the veiled beauties of the harem—ghostly, shrouded figures, with only the bright eyes visible. It is said that the ladies of Constantinople are already beginning to rebel against the jealousy that veils their charms, that they claim the privilege to see as well as to be seen, and that though they still wear the veil, it is of so transparent a texture that the bloom of their cheeks and the curve of their lips are distinctly visible through its folds. European influence will produce great changes at Constantinople before many years. The experience of the past justifies us in the belief that the Turks cannot long maintain a foothold in Europe against the encroachments of the Franks. It will be found that as the latter multiply, as their customs, their arts and their religion spread, the Osmanlis will fade away before them, as in this country the North American Indians have before the Anglo Saxons. When the emperor Nicholas said that Turkey was a "sick man" he was only uttering a notorious truth—the only question was whether it should be allowed to be the kill or cure doctor to prescribe for him. As it happens, the services of Russia were dispensed with, and France and England were admitted as regular practitioners. The poor Turks have about as much reason to dread their professed friends as their avowed enemies. Their power is broken. The sign of Constantine is again in the ascendant, and many years, probably, will not elapse before Constantinople will again become a Christian city.



STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

RAILROADS.

The living scene on this page, representing the New York and Boston cars taking the engines to New York city, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, will readily be recognized by all who have journeyed by the inland route from New York to Boston, via Springfield. The location is 32d Street, 4th Avenue, between two and three miles from the City Hall. The horses which have drawn the cars from the city terminus, are being removed, and the long train harnessed to the single iron horse which is to drag it for more than two hundred miles, at a pace no horseflesh can ever attain. Parties of travellers, ladies and gentlemen, who take the cars at this point, are hastening to secure their seats. In the distance is seen the entrance of the long tunnel. The large engine-house is seen to the left. What changes have taken place in the mode of intercommunication between New York and Boston within a very few years! The distance which it required a couple of days' riding in a stage-coach, night and day, to accomplish, is now travelled in eight hours. We complain if the fires are suffered to get a little low in the cars now-a-days, but our fathers and mothers journeyed to and fro without any fire, boxed up, nine inside, in a coach, with the thermometer eight degrees below zero, if not altogether uncomplainingly, at least with comparative resignation. Yet probably a few years will witness improvements in our mode of travel. We may not increase the rate of speed, but we shall probably be able to dine, sup and sleep in the cars.



CARS TAKING ENGINE FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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METROPOLITAN RAILROAD SNOW-PLOUGH.

As the horse railroad is just now attracting great attention, we present our readers with a view representing the operations of the snow-plough for clearing the rails, attached to one of the cars. This implement was used successfully in the first part of the winter, during the light snows, and worked admirably in clearing the rails of snow and ice. The scene depicted in the picture is on the "Neck," and the row of houses is the Malone sandstone block, which has attracted so much attention. The locality is faithfully represented, and the picture was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Champney. In deep snows it is not expected, of course, that the cars will be enabled to run, in which case stage-sleighs will be substituted, the company having already purchased a stock of eighty, so that the public will be fully accommodated. Thus far, the Metropolitan Railroad has worked admirably. In no other way could the travelling demand be met. Not only have the cars carried many more passengers than the omnibuses ever did, but the ease of their running, the facility of getting in and out of them, and the frequency of their trips, fully meet all the wants and desires of the public. Their perfect safety is an important point. The horses cannot run away with a rail-car, and a breakdown, should such a thing be possible with such a strongly-built structure, would be attended with no injury. The rail-cars add a new feature to the physiognomy of Washington Street, an avenue which, except its unfortunate narrowness in certain parts, is worthy of the great and growing city which it intersects, and of which it is the main artery. We knew this street of old under many aliases. In the first place, starting from Market Street, we travelled along Cornhill, then displaying many dry goods shops, and affording a great lounge for shopping ladies and attendant beaux. After Bromfield Street, it took another name, and was known as Marlboro' Street; but a little further along the sign-boards told you you were in Newbury Street, and finally, before reaching the Neck, you found yourself in Orange Street. We never could see the fun of all this, and always thought there was something suspicious about it. It bred deadly feuds among its denizens. The Cornhill boys wouldn't speak to the Marlboro' Street boys, and the Newbury Street boys were at loggerheads with the Orange Street juveniles. In fact, the city authorities were finally obliged to interfere for the sake of the public peace, and merged all these titles into one. A queer, picturesque street it was of old, and it yet retains much of its former character of uniqueness and picturesqueness, though many of the old buildings are gone, and their places are fast being supplied by towering palaces and warehouses. On the Neck, in particular, the hand of improvement is most distinctly legible, and this portion of Washington Street promises, ere long, to vie in palatial character with the "up town" of New York city. It is the great promenade of fashion.



HORSE RAILROAD SNOW PLOUGH, BOSTON "NECK."

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

THE TWO FALSE COUSINS.

The king remained seated in his chair perfectly silent. Alitea was astonished as well as annoyed by the silence, and at last she broke it with: "What is the matter, Senor Augustin?"

"My cousin," replied the Senor Augustin, with an absent air, and still following his own idea, "are you married?"

The question startled Alitea. Was he not a cousin of the conotess, and an invited guest? Could it be that her aunt had not informed him of Carmina's betrothal, and he had come hoping to gain her hand? If that was the case, she could not long usurp her place.

"No, no, cousin," said she, hesitating,—"I am not married. And you?"

"I—I am," replied the king, heaving a sigh.

Re-assured by this declaration, Alitea became frank and gay and with a bewitching, smiling simplicity, she questioned him:

"Are you happy, cousin? You must be, for you are young and married, and your wife—is she not very pretty and amiable?"

"My wife is very beautiful, but I am not happy, for neither she nor any one else loves me." And he said the last words with a sadness so profound that Alitea, in her kind heart, felt great sympathy, and hastened to remove his sadness.

"That must be imagination, for you are too good not to be loved. Perhaps you are disappointed in your fortune?"

"No; I am very rich—very rich indeed."

"In your health, then?"

"No; I have good health, in spite of all the doctors."

"I can think of but one thing more: your ambition, then?"

"No; I have an excellent situation."

"Then you are ennuied, like the king."

"What is that you say?—like the king! Yes—I am always ennuied, except to-day, my cousin."

Alitea laughed, as she made haste to answer:

"You must conquer that evil, my cousin, for I hear people sometimes die of it. You must be employed."

"I have an idea—an ambitious idea, too ambitious, without doubt—"

"Speak to the king, since you stand so well with him, or to his minister, for all depends upon him; but perhaps you stand not so well with the minister?"

"We are good, excellent friends."

"Then the grand-inquisitor Sandoval must be gained, if you are not one of his friends."

"He is a friend, and will refuse me nothing."

"Is it possible!" cried Alitea, her face expressing joy and surprise.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the king, seeing her rather pale face crimson and her eyes sparkle with joy.

"The grand inquisitor refuses you nothing?" cried she.

"No, truly."

Among her many good qualities, Alitea had one—it was never to forget friends, and to think always how to do them good. She instantly thought of poor Juan, arrested, imprisoned, groaning in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and forgot the chimerical griefs of Senor Augustin when thinking of true unhappiness.

"Cousin," said she, putting on her most fascinating smiles, "since you pretend to have so much credit—and I do not doubt you—I have a service to ask of you."

"Speak, speak!" said the king, overwhelmed with joy.

"It will not expose or compromise you, so I will speak. There is an old servitor of the house of d'Aguilar, who is called Juan Sevilla; he has been lately thrown into the prisons of the Inquisition. I am not sure—I know nothing, except that he was arrested, and has not been found,—that the dungeons of the Inquisition are well hid, and no one knows what passes there."

"I will discover—I will tell you if he is enclosed there."

"That is all that I ask of you, cousin."

"And if it prove that this Juan—"

"Sevilla?"

"Juan Sevilla is there, what will you do?"

"I will try to obtain his liberty, by the influence of some friends."

"Ah, well, and I," said the king, with an air of goodness which was not without its charms,—"can I do nothing more?"

"That is too much goodness."

"I have not much credit, but I know others, and I promise you I will employ my influence with them for the deliverance of Juan Sevilla, your protegé."

He wrote the name upon the tablets which he drew from his pocket. And Alitea, touched by the offer of friendship, so simple and frank, became natural and as agreeable as she had promised Carmina she would be.

The king was completely ravished. He had no idea of anything so charming; the court offered him no beauty so fresh, no manners so winning, for etiquette always glided into the most intimate relations—the king was always the king there, whilst here he was only Don Augustin de Villa-Flor, the cousin of the prettiest girl in Spain, and who believed herself obliged to repay in graciousness the services of the generous young man. Alitea pleased very much without striving to, and the poor monarch, beside himself with joy and delight, was master neither of his head nor heart.

He was about to fall on his knees before his beautiful cousin, and exclaim: "Take pity on me; I am the king!" when some one knocked loudly at the gate of the pavilion which opened upon the forest, and they heard the neighing and stamping of horses.

"What is that?" exclaimed Alitea.

"They are my men and horses, who await me."

"You must go, then, and adieu, my cousin."

"Yes—I must go. Tell my cousin how much I enjoyed her reception—that is to say, yours. Tell her I shall never forget this evening, and your good counsels."

"Say my friendship, cousin."

"Yes, yes," said the king, with emotion, "it is friendship—wholly sincere, on your part, at least; I shall prove yours."

"Adieu, then."

"Can I not, at least, claim the cousin's kiss of departure?" he added, hesitatingly.

"I will grant it," said Alitea, gaily, and presented to him her young rosy cheek.

The lips of the king touched her cheek. Then knocks were heard again at the gate, and caused him to hasten. "Adieu!" he exclaimed, but still lingered, and Alitea suddenly disappeared; without that, perhaps, the king would not have left. She had gone, and left him no remembrance of her presence; and the king at last tore himself away from the dangerous place.

Alitea had quitted the king by a little gate hid in the tapestry which opened upon an orange grove in the park.

Delighted with having kept her promise to Carmina, and with having so well received Don Augustin de Villa-Flor, and more delighted still with all that she had done for Juan, Alitea was returning to Carmina's room to give an account of the evening, and was about passing through an oak grove as the nearest way back to Carmina's apartments, when she perceived a man coming towards her. She recognized Don Fernand d'Albayda.

"Is it you, Don Fernand? You have left Carmina?"

"Yes. I felt it necessary to speak in confidence with you, for I am very uneasy. I must go to Lisbon. I wish to die."

"To die is always easy," replied Alitea, firmly, "and is less worthy of a noble heart than to live and struggle, and conquer."

"You are right. I *will* live and *conquer*. I implore you to shield me from the Countess Altamira, and to watch over Carmina; guard her from her aunt."

"Her aunt?" cried Alitea.

"Yes."

"I have not studied her character much," said Alitea, reflecting; "I had no interest to know her. But the constant presence of the Duke d'Uzede at her chatean has seemed singular, for he was Don d'Aguilar's mortal enemy, and is yours also. I will watch her, that she does not malign you or hurt Carmina."

"Thank you. I have heard many things that have aroused my suspicions. I think that the countess, always artful and ambitious, has some scheme on foot concerning Carmina. I know it is through her influence I am sent to Lisbon. I must be got out of the way. Dear Alitea, I implore you to watch her well. I am gone, but I leave my dearly loved Carmina in your charge. Keep me informed of anything important that may transpire."

Just then steps were heard, and Fernand seized Alitea's hand, while she said, in a low, but distinct voice:

"Fernand, I swear to you to guard Carmina, and keep her safe till your return."

"God bless you!" he answered fervently, and was gone.

Alitea, with a heart oppressed by an indefinable dread—a foreshadowing of evil, went to Carmina's room, where her sister was awaiting, blushing with her great joy. Shaking off all appearance of sadness, and striving to be gay, Alitea, after listening to Carmina's account of her meeting with Fernand, gave her a minute description of Don Augustin de Villa-Flor, and all that was said or done, the way he had supped, the kiss which he had demanded, and his departure for Burgos.

During the time, the king galloped away with his faithful confidant, who enjoyed in this circumstance a part that raised him in his master's eyes. The king did not think of the dampness of the night, or the darkness of the forest which he travelled. He was gay, he was happy, he was brave, he was amorous.

"The place you happened to come upon, I learned, was the chateau belonging to the Countess Altamira, one of the queen's maids of honor," said the artful duke.

"I know that already," said the king, with a triumphant air. "I supped there. I passed a delicious evening with her niece."

"The adorable Carmina?"

"Is that her name?" cried the king, eagerly.

"Yes, sir. I know her well."

The king then confided to the Duke d'Uzede all that had happened, as faithfully as Alitea had related it to Carmina, and he ended by declaring he must see her again—must speak to her. Could his companion procure him that happiness?

"It is so difficult! One thing you must be assured of."

"Well, well, I promise you anything."

"Your majesty must promise me to preserve entire silence with the Count de Lerma, my father, with Sandoval or father Cordova."

"To no one in the world will I mention it; I swear it. Thou alone art my friend—my true friend."

From that day, the artful Duke d'Uzede had an influence over the king, equalled by none—not even his father, the prime minister. The king placed in him great confidence, and would always have him with him. One end of the Duke d'Uzede was gained, even if the countess gained nothing.

CHAPTER XVI.

DON AUGUSTIN DE VILLA-FLOR.

The king was ever wishing to see the lovely Carmina, and longed for her introduction at court; and upon his return to Madrid from Valladolid, he counselled the Countess Altamira to forthwith bring her lovely niece into the world. The countess was perfectly delighted with the success of her scheme. Together the Duke d'Uzede and the faithless countess laid more plans, and each in secret thought the other a tool, to be used at will.

One day a great rumor filled the palace and the halls of the Inquisition. The king, without consulting any one, not even his prime minister, had nominated one Father Jerome as abbot superior of the community of Henares, and an unknown monk, named Escobar, had been raised to the dignity of priest. The prime minister went to his son, to ask if he knew a reason for the conduct of the king; and the artful duke replied in the negative, although, to further his own ends and those of the countess also, he had told the king if he wished to see Carmina again he must raise those two men to a higher station, and by ingenious reasoning had made the king believe it was Carmina's wish. Knowing all this, the duke answered his father in the negative. Father Ambrosio, the secretary of the Inquisition, was commanded by the king to search in the prisons of the sacred office for Juan Sevilla, and bring him news of his whereabouts, also to inform him of any vacant places. All these innovations annoyed and puzzled the Count de Lerma.

Since their return to Madrid, Carmina and Alitea did not go out much, and neither morning nor evening had the Countess Altamira been able to make her niece take the air, or walk in the Buen-Retiro, the park surrounding the palace. One evening after vespers, Carmina consented to go, together with Alitea, and the countess's carriage conducted the three ladies to the palace of the king. Two men were standing on one of the sidewalks as the carriage rolled in. Cold, and a desire to remain unknown, caused them to envelope themselves in large mantles, while large Spanish hats shaded their faces. Seeing the ladies descend from the carriage, the youngest one could not repress a slight cry of joy, which his companion strove to check. The three ladies walked up the middle path, wholly unconscious that they were the objects of scrutiny and admiration. A few minutes more, and a large company of ladies and gentlemen joined the party, and continued the promenade, ever followed at a distance by the two men.

Having finished their walk, the countess and the two girls returned to the carriage, and went home. It was nearly dark when they reached the hotel. The countess descended first, then Carmina, but Alitea, the fringe of whose mantle had caught in the carriage, remained a few seconds after them. She was busy disengaging her mantle, when a man, enveloped in a cloak, took her hand. She was about to call out, when he made her a sign to be silent, and respectfully raised his hat.

"Don Augustin?"

"Himself, senora."

"I thought you were in Burgos."

"I was, but returned to serve you." And he slipped a little paper into her hand, enjoined silence, and disappeared.

Alitea, concealing her astonishment from the eyes of the countess, waited patiently till she could go to her room. When there, she told Carmina all that had passed, and opened the note:

"My Cousin,—Juan Sevilla is not in the prisons of the Inquisition, unless he has been set free. Use me and my credit; if I can serve you and prove to you my affection, the most happy man will be your cousin, AUGUSTIN DE VILLA-FLOR."

Carmina laughed, and declared her cousin must be in love with her sister Alitea. Alitea blushed, as she answered, gravely:

"You are mistaken, for Don Augustin is married."

"That alters the case," said Carmina, and dismissed the idea at once from her mind.

The two girls decided that they ought to inform the countess of all, save the letter which concerned only Juan.

A ball was to take place at court, and the Duke d'Uzede persuaded the countess that it was now time for her to present her niece, and so it was settled that Carmina should now in plain sight meet the king's eyes. Poor Carmina did not wish to go, but the countess had compelled her to consent to it, by telling her that the king desired—nay, even commanded it. To go to court, and for the first time, without Fernand d'Albayda, seemed to her absurd; she did not wish to be presented till after her marriage. Alitea tried to console her.

"To be sure it would have been pleasanter," said Alitea, sighing; "but, nevertheless, at your age, a few hours spent in a ball-room is not such a great punishment that is worth disobeying the king for. Have you never seen him?"

"No, never?".

"They say the queen is good and affable; she will protect you, I am sure."

"But I should not mind it quite so much, dear Alitea, if you were going."

"That is impossible. I am not invited. There is a vast difference here between Don d'Aguilar's own daughter and an adopted one. But I shall have a great deal of pleasure in getting you ready."

The hour came at last, the important hour, the decisive hour, and the countess felt as if entering upon a field of battle, where she must either conquer or die. She feared that Carmina would not look as charmingly as she should. Uneasy, she was about ascending to her chamber, when she saw her niece enter the hall. Carmina wore a robe of very rich tissue, and her head, arms and bosom sparkled with diamonds. The countess uttered a cry of admiration, and eagerly demanded where she had got the rare tissue her dress was made of. It had been Alitea's gift.

"The dress should have been reserved for thy bridal, child; no—it is perhaps better to-day. The king must be won, and Don Fernand needs that not. He loves thee enough already."

The countess was perfectly astonished to hear that the dress and diamonds, jewels of the finest water and inestimable value, had been the gift of Alitea. The carriage came to the door, and put an end to the questions of the countess. Carmina and her aunt seated themselves in the vehicle,—the one calm and indifferent, the other fearful and dispirited, hardly heeding the voice which cried to the coachman: "To the palace of the king!"

The apartments were brilliant with light and jewels. All the first families were there, rivalling each other in luxury, elegance, and brilliant jewels and ornaments.

The queen, sweet and sad as usual, seemed to resign herself to the pleasure they forced upon her. She regretted the quiet of her own apartments; she would have preferred, during this brilliant ball, to remain in her oratory to read, to pray, to think, perhaps. Persuaded that all who came there were as unhappy as herself, she received them with a kind, compassionate manner.

The Count de Lerma, with haughty pride, walked through the saloons, distributing smiles and nods.

The king, burning with expectation, could not remain still, but went hither and thither among the people, speaking to all. The ladies and gentlemen were in ecstacies, for he had never seemed so gracious and agreeable, so witty and conversable. Suddenly he stopped, for he had caught the words: "Madame the Countess Altamira and Senora Carmina d'Aguilar."

The Count de Lerma, who had striven to prevent this, was chagrined; the Duke d'Uzede, who had done all in his power to accomplish this, was secretly delighted; and the king, who had been longing for this hour, was filled with joy, and hastened to receive the countess and her lovely niece. The king did not raise his eyes to the face of the charmer till they were in front of him, and when he did so, he started, for Carmina d'Aguilar he had never seen; it was not she.

The Duke d'Uzede and the countess, who were narrowly watching his face, were disconcerted and astonished by the paleness which fell upon the king's face, and the air of surprise and disappointment he wore. They could neither account for it, for had he not seen her and been apparently delighted with her? had he not urged—nay, even commanded her presence at court! It was beyond their comprehension. The Duke d'Uzede was undone; the countess was angry and annoyed, and Carmina looked tranquilly around, admiring the dresses, and above all the dancing, which had recommenced.

The next day the king was dispirited and fretful, and the Duke d'Uzede trembling for fear he had lost the little influence he had gained over the weak, amorous monarch. In his utter despair, he went to his father, the Count de Lerma, and he it was who opened the way to his son for renewing his influence.

"I know all," he said. "There is in the house of the countess a young girl, companion of her niece, and named Alitea; a young orphan, daughter of an officer killed in Ireland, and brought up by Don Juan d'Aguilar. It is she that the king has seen, and mistaken for the niece."

Uzede was completely stunned at the news, as well as at the discovery that his father had learned his machinations and schemes, though he was a little re-assured by these words of his father:

"Both of you have been mistaken. The countess whom I detest, but whom you like, is very well; and if you have not paid your court to her, do so, if not on your account, at least on mine. It may be useful."

"Yes, my father; I will try—I will obey."

"Try and find out who this young girl is—this Alitea, her principles and her character; whether by vanity, by fortune, or by ambition, she could be led away."

"What would you do, my father?"

"Finish gloriously what the countess has planned but been unable to accomplish. If the king is really captivated, as I think he is, it will be much easier to yield to him than contend. It will soon be ended, and in a few more days, there will be no more doubt."

"You think so?"

"I am sure. Go, gather all the information you can, and come to me as soon as possible."

The Duke d'Uzede, bewildered, sought the countess, and the minister his sovereign.

Lerma found the king, pale and suffering, and incapable of any action. He explained to the king that it was only a short disappointment he suffered, for he had found the young girl he loved, and he should soon see her; and he related to the weak monarch all he knew of Alitea.

The king instantly recovered his spirits, and declared that he had full faith in his prime minister. Thus the influence of the Duke d'Uzede was weakened, the ambitious, wicked countess frustrated in her evil designs, and poor Alitea, an orphan, with no one to protect her, made the object of ambitious designs and vile plots.

The Duke d'Uzede hastened to apprize the countess that the king's favorite was no other than Alitea. The countess was perfectly furious in her anger, and swore to defeat the Count de Lerma. She went instantly to Alitea, and with an affectation of goodness and indignation, she related to her what plots were made against her, and warned her to be careful.

Alitea was astonished, and declared there must be some mistake, for she had never seen the king, nor he her. Where could he have seen her? She knew not, and told the countess that she had never seen any one without the countess's knowledge, save Don Augustin de Villa-Flor. Carmina had gone out, and she received him the evening madame was ill.

"What do you say?—the Senor Don Augustin de Villa Flor?"

"Yes."

"O heavens, that was the king!"

And the countess turned pale with rage, for she now knew there was no mistake, and all hope was gone; and Alitea turned pale with apprehension, for she felt as if from that moment all hope of peace was gone. Her eyes were opened in that moment, and she saw, as if by second sight, all the plans of the countess, and she knew that by thus innocently frustrating her schemes, she had made a bitter, unrelenting, implacable enemy. Boldly Alitea spoke, denouncing her plans, and received bitter insult in return. She had done all for her own good and aggrandizement. Alitea looked at her with scorn, as she answered, proudly:

"I am not the king's favorite, and never will be—never; sooner will I die."

At these words, in spite of her rage, the countess was filled with hope. She realized what she in her wickedness had not dreamed of, that the young girl before her regarded with scorn and hatred what many would deem an honor. She at least would not yield or further the plans of the Count de Lerma.

With a flow of haughty words, Alitea warned the countess about carrying out her schemes any more. She would watch over her sister, and denounce, if necessary, the false countess to the world and to the queen.

The countess left, rage in her heart and her head full of schemes of vengeance. She met on the stairs a page with a bunch of exquisite flowers. She questioned him as to their destination, and received in answer: "They are for Senora Alitea."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GIRL AND THE MINISTER.

One day the Count de Lerma presented himself at the hotel of the Countess Altamira.

"Pardon, senora. My presence here, without doubt, appears to you audacious."

"It will appear to us only agreeable, senor," replied the countess, less irritated by his visit than impatient to know the reason.

"His majesty's order will excuse me," said the count. "I come in the name of the king to bring a message, and in my name to repair an injustice."

He turned then to Alitea, and paused a moment. In looking at her beautiful, regular features and brilliant eyes, and seeing the proud forehead and charming air of her whole person, he understood the passion of the king, which seemed no longer so absurd and extravagant, and his sole fear now was, that such a being should obtain mastery of the king and weaken his power.

"Senora," said he, to the girl, "you are an orphan. Your father, Diego Lopez, was a brave soldier, sergeant in the Spanish infantry."

Alitea bowed in the affirmative, and the countess made a gesture of astonishment.

"Diego Lopez was killed under the walls of Baltimore, at the time of the expedition of Don Juan d'Aguilar in Ireland. His majesty, who knew not of these circumstances, learned them from me. The recompense that should have been given to a brave soldier belongs of right to his daughter, and I have proposed to the king for her an honorable establishment," and he glanced at the countess,—"a worthy marriage for her and her august protector."

"A marriage—to me!" said Alitea, astonished.

"Yes, senora. The Duke de Santarem, one of the richest and most noble lords of all Portugal, asks your hand."

"An old man," said the countess, with disdain; "I knew him formerly."

"The one you knew is no more," said the count. "His son, the Duke de Santarem, is young, is a handsome, brilliant cavalier, immensely wealthy, and owns a beautiful chateau in the environs of Toledo, a hotel at Madrid, and gives all, together with the title of duchess, to whom he chooses."

All this appeared so beautiful, so loyal, so wonderful, that the countess knew not what to think; a reason, beyond the happiness of Alitea, there must be. Accustomed to the intrigues of the court, she understood the motive of the count, but she could not comprehend how the Duke de Santarem could consent to it; for he belonged to one of the first families in the kingdom, and without taking into consideration the brilliant position, this marriage alone offered to Alitea the rank and advantages which the countess herself enjoyed.

Alitea, pale and immovable, expressed neither joy nor surprise, but seemed plunged in deep reflection, from which she aroused herself by saying:

"I thank you, senor count, as well as his majesty, for the honor which he does me in troubling himself with my future;" and a slight tone of sarcasm was discernible in her voice; "but in an affair so important and grave, one cannot decide immediately, and I ask of your excellency time to reflect upon it."

"That is just, senora. How much time do you ask?"

Alitea seemed to calculate, and answered:

"I ask ten days, senor."

"Impossible, senora. Think of the Duke de Santarem, and of the king even, who expects a prompt answer; and I implore you—"

Alitea, without taking any notice of the prayer of the count, replied coldly and in the same tone: "I ask ten days."

"But meanwhile, senora—"

"Not a day less," said Alitea.

The count bowed almost to the earth with respect; then saluting the two other ladies, he left the hotel of Altamira. An instant after, they heard his carriage roll away from the hotel, and the countess, seeing the *sang froid* of Alitea, said to herself, spitefully:

"In truth, if she had been a favorite sultana for six months, she could not have spoken to the minister with a dignity more insolent and royal."

Without saying a word to the countess, Alitea left the room, followed by Carmina, who said to her:

"What is your idea?"

"My idea for myself," replied Alitea, quickly, "would be to refuse."

"And how do that, without offending the king and his minister?"

"I don't know. I have ten days before me. God will help me to some good thought."

Alitea then went into her own room to reflect at leisure, but as soon as she was alone, she locked the door and seated herself at her secretary, and began to write.

While she writes, we will give the reason the Count de Lerma had for wishing this marriage. He sought for a way to fulfil his promise to his august master—that of bringing Alitea to court.

The Count de Lerma had received, some days previously, some very important despatches from Don Fernand d'Albayda, dated from Lisbon. There had been some light revolts which he had promptly quelled. He had not thought it right to take up arms against the poor peasants who were not guilty, but only against those who had been the prime movers and abettors of these troubles, the Count de Pombal, the Marquis de Atulaza, and the Duke de Santarem. He had proofs against the first two, and hoped to obtain them against the Duke de Santarem. The Count de Lerma, in answer, ordered Fernand to send the Duke de Santarem to Madrid, well escorted, and use every effort in the meantime to obtain proofs of his guilt.

The Duke de Santarem, young, handsome, wealthy and ennuied, had aided the Count de Pombal and the Marquis de Atulaza merely for the sake of having something to do, and had not thought of the evil consequences until he was sent to Madrid, before the prime minister.

The Count de Lerma accused him of conspiracy, and told him he need not deny it, for he had sent to Don Fernand for the proofs which he had in his possession. The young duke was frightened, for he had no good reason, nothing to plead in his favor. He bowed his head, and murmured words about clemency and royal pardon.

The Count de Lerma told him that he would pardon him upon his promising never to meddle again in affairs of state, to calm his wildness and to marry, Lerma to choose his wife. All this Santarem promised, happy to save his head at any cost.

The young prisoner was conducted back to his dungeon, a damp place, very little like the beautiful, luxurious apartments belonging to the count. "By Saint Iago!" cried he, "prison for prison, I would rather marry the infanta of Congo."

The young man was in this state of mind, when he was summoned anew before the minister.

"The king has thought of two things in your favor," coldly said the Count de Lerma. "He gives you Madrid for a prison, and chooses for your wife Alitea Lopez, a young, beautiful girl, without a fortune. Your full and entire pardon depends upon your conduct. If it is what it should be, you will, without doubt, be re-instated in his majesty's favor; but if there are any complaints of you, if you dare again to revolt against royal authority—"

"Heaven preserve me from it!"

"The proofs of your first rebellion will always be preserved, and will be produced, and the prison which you now leave will instantly re-open for you. You will never leave the prison walls."

"I promise to be faithful and true henceforward."

"Very well. I will go and give the king an account of our conversation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the first chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

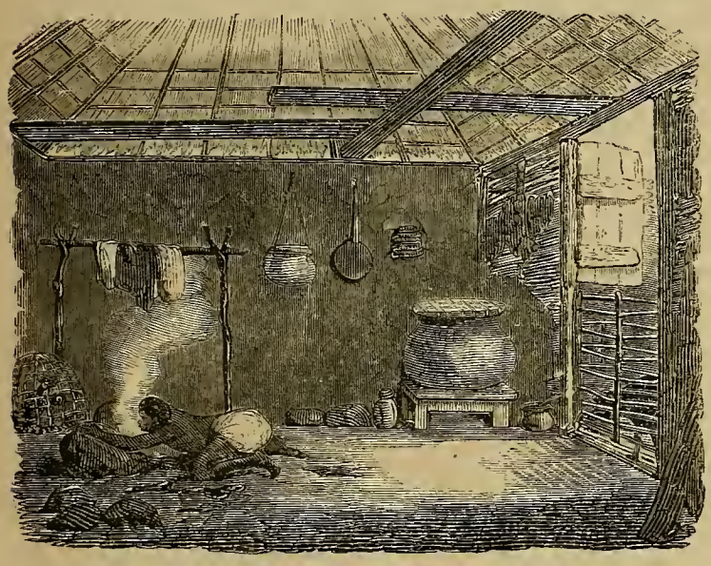
SKETCHES IN SIERRA LEONE, WESTERN AFRICA.

We present on the two pages following a series of sketches representing scenes in Sierra Leone, a country of Western Africa, on the Atlantic coast, where the British government have established a colony of free negroes, sending them, from time to time, such slaves as their cruisers had captured, and blacks from various sources. Though the establishment is almost three quarters of a century old, still the wild and improvident habits of the colonists have thrown many difficulties in the way of the British authorities. But a good deal has certainly been done. The first picture represents an "Egg-gu-gu," or itinerant magician, with a couple of musicians beating time to their dancing, on a sort of tamborine, before a group of spectators, some decently clad, others half-naked, like the women on the right, who are balancing loaded calabashes on their heads. Probably in no part of the world does superstition have more extensive and baleful influence than in Africa. The women of Sierra Leone particularly reverence these itinerant impostors, whose pretensions are prodigious, and who even claim to be familiar with departed spirits, and to procure their presence! The "Egg-gu-gu" in our picture wears a cloak with rows of cowrie-shells, forming a square before the face, and two eye-holes to look through. The second picture represents the interior of a colonist's kitchen, with its rude utensils, the fire-place being only a heap of stones, and the proprietor blowing the embers into a blaze. The next picture shows us the process of bamboo-ing a house. On the frame-work of the roof, a native workman is applying the broad palm-leaves, which form the thatching. This is termed "bambooing," though no bamboo is used in the construction. Our next picture represents Freetown, the principal place of the colony, from the Pademba road. The scenery is quite pretty. The house at the angle of the railed enclosure is a specimen of the better class of dwellings; the thatched houses are the ordinary habitations. The large building is Christ Church, built by the natives, of stone. Various characteristic figures are introduced. The British barracks are on the hill, indicated by a flag. On the right, a group of women are washing clothes in the stream, where a couple of sable picaninnies are disporting themselves.

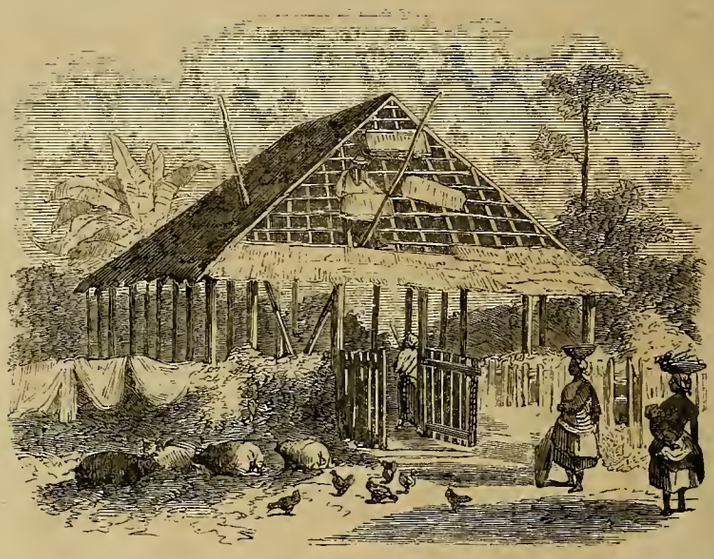
[*For continuation, see page* 69.



EGG-GU-GU, ITINERANT NECROMANCER AND MUSICIAN.



INTERIOR OF KITCHEN.



BAMBOOING A HOUSE.



FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE, PADEMBA ROAD.



WATERLOO MARKET.

Above is a view of Waterloo Market, with groups of natives, and pigs, sheep, etc., scattered about the foreground. The town of Waterloo is next in importance and size to Freetown. Our next engraving represents the interior of a piazza, with a hammock swung for that shady repose which is so grateful in warm climates. roofs. A group of idlers are collected about a couple of dancers, one of whom furnishes the music with a rude kind of drum. The Sherbros are quite remarkable for the beautiful texture and patterns of their mats, hammocks, and other articles of a similar manufacture. An extremely interesting spot on the western shores time eligible for their particular pursuits, could scarcely have been chosen; the little village occupying a small clearance completely surrounded by trees and shrubs of luxuriant growth, within the limits of a tongue of land which projects into the sea, and which affords them immediate access at the point to a natural wharf of



INTERIOR OF PIAZZA.



EXTERIOR OF KITCHEN.

We now come to an exterior view of an African kitchen, which is octagonal, and thatched. The proprietor is pounding maize in a large mortar, with his poultry grouped around him. The building reminds us of some of our corn-barns. In the last picture, "Sherbro Village," the houses are all circular, with conical palm-thatched of the colony, about seven miles from Freetown, has been selected by a few families of this nation, where they are chiefly engaged in fishing, and in a petty traffic with the canoes which pass along the coast. A more romantic locality, and one more in accordance with their predilections for shade and retirement, and at the same rocks; and on one side of it to a fine sandy beach of a long bay, abounding with fish. From the peculiar character of the scenery, combined with the national costume and mode of constructing their houses, so different from the prevalent practices in the colony, the casual visitor might imagine himself in the far interior.



SHERBRO VILLAGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LAKE.

BY JOHN CARTER.

Speak like a friend, thou placid lake,
I know thou hast a voice;
I hear it when the zephyrs gay,
Upon thy rippling bosom play,
As if thou didst rejoice.

Speak like a friend—my youthful song
Had caught thy joyous strain;
And I have come from far away,
And wandered many a night and day,
To hear it once again.

Fair lake, thine image dwelt with me
Along my desert way—
How sad the songs we used to sing,
How sad to hear thine echoes ring,
Mid ravage and decay!

Speak like a friend, and tell me all—
Where are my playmates gone?
Say, where are all those faces dear,
That used to smile around me here,
Where now I stand alone?

Tell me how many rest in peace
Beneath the willow's shade—
How many battle with the world,
Upon its stormy bosom hurled,
Till love and memory fade.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUNT ALICE'S FIRST OFFER.

BY EMMA CARNA.

"Come, Aunt Alice," said Mary Tracy, "don't you remember that you once promised to tell us something about your first beau?"

"O, yes, so you did," said Elvira Congdon, with a joyous smile; "and this is just the evening for telling stories. Only hear how the wind whistles around the corner and makes the old well-sweep creak and groan as though they were having a mighty conflict."

"I hear it, dear, and it makes me creep all over, for it always reminds me of poor sailors, and what a dreadful hard time they must have on the water such bitter nights as this. But put down the curtains, girls, and pile on a little wood, and then you can sit down here by the stand, and I guess I will try to redeem my promise, for I see you don't intend to forget it."

"I guess we don't, aunty," answered Mary, bounding from the narrow-backed chair in which she sat, and skipping gaily towards the green rush curtains that shaded the window-panes.

The task of shutting out the storm and the darkness was an easy one in the little sitting-room at the farm-house, for there were but two windows in it to let in the air and sunlight; and yet they were enough, for the light of love that ever beamed within made everything about the old homestead look cheerful. The two youthful cousins, Mary and Elvira, had come from the city to spend Christmas with their aunt, and well did they enjoy the contrast between a fashionable home amid the whirl of excitement and the quiet old farm-house with Aunt Alice to entertain them.

"Now for the story, aunty," said Mary, returning and seating herself on a low stool so close to the old lady's elbow that the end of her slender knitting-needle became entangled in the puffs of the city beauty's dark brown hair.

Aunt Alice gave a look around the room to see if all was right, then making room on one end of a long cricket where her feet were placed, she beckoned for the other niece to come nearer and take a seat there, and when Elvira complied, she commenced:

"Well, girls, I always loved a sailor, and I do to this day. I know that there are some bad ones among them, but that makes no difference with me, I love sailors still, and I have often thought it was strange that there wasn't a great deal more done for their happiness, when on shore, than there is. Now, in your great cities, while they do everything to make the great deeds of a landsman live forever, poor Jack, as they call him, who has worked and done so much, at the risk of his life, for his home and his country, is left to be buried without even a tombstone. But about my first beau.

"I was about sixteen, then, and father always went over to Newport just before Christmas, to take a load of poultry, and this time, about a month before he started, I was busy as usual clearing up the supper table and putting things to rights, when he looked up to me, and said:

"'Alice, hurry and get your work done up and go to bed, child; you sit up too late nights.'

"I dropped everything, and looked up into father's face, and in a moment I thought something was in the wind, but I couldn't tell what; so I flew round, and in a very short time I had left my shoes by the fire to be warm for morning, and was lying in the little canopy-topped bedstead, in the bed room off from the great room, by the side of sister Betsey; but I couldn't sleep—I kept thinking father wanted to say something to mother about me, and I had left the bed room and the great room door ajar. After a while, I heard father say to mother:

"'Ruth, I guess you had better fix Alice up a little, and I will take her over to town with me to spend a week or so with cousin Angeline. She has asked me a great many times to bring her over, and I suppose that you can spare her now about as well as any time.'

"'Well,' answered mother, 'I guess I can. What do you think of having her stay over there the rest of the winter, and go to school?'

"'Just as you have a mind to, Ruth,' replied father, and then added: 'Don't go to fixing her up with finery to make her proud—one or two calico gowns are enough.'

"I didn't hear mother's answer, but I knew well enough that if I went to spend the winter in Newport she wouldn't let me go looking worse than other folks—she had too much pride for that. I don't know what more they said, for I was so overjoyed at the prospect of going over to town that I forgot everything else in a minute, in the calculations I began to make of what I should wear and how I should look and how very lady-like I would try to be, and all that. I declare, I was so delighted that I could hardly keep from going right out and telling them that I had heard everything and wanted to begin to make preparations right away; but then I knew it wouldn't do, for father, though a kind man, was one that didn't allow us children to have a great deal to say about how things should be done in the house. I saw they intended to keep my going a secret from me until the time of starting, so I thought I would be even with them and make strange of all I saw in regard to preparing me for the journey. The next morning, mother said to me:

"'Alice, I want you to hurry knitting those white, lamb's-wool stockings, because—'

"'Because what, mother?' inquired I.

"Mother looked just as if it was hard work to keep a secret, but she went on with her weaving, and I continued with my spinning, and there was no more said then; but the next week, Miss Reeves, the dressmaker of the neighborhood, was hired, and I had two or three new dresses made; and then mother went up to the village and bought me a new bonnet and a new pair of morocco shoes and a pair of gloves, and I don't know what all."

"Can't you hurry a little, aunty, and get to where the beau comes in?" said Elvira, growing rather impatient at the old lady's manner of detailing so minutely.

"O, certainly, dear, but then you shouldn't hurry a body. Bless me, how it does storm! It is just the right kind of a night to tell you about the doings of that winter. Well, the morning I left home Miss Reeves whispered in my ear that she never see me look so handsome before, and told me that all the way I must ever dress my hair was to keep my curls back with a fillet, and then added:

"'Alice, if you are going to stay over there all winter, I'll bet you'll catch a beau.'

"Lor! such a thing had never entered my head, for father wouldn't even let sister Betsey and me talk about them at home.

"'Well, cousin Angeline, I have come again," said father, two days before Christmas, laying a large, fat turkey on the oak table, 'and this time I have brought Alice with me, and if you have got a spare bed for her, I guess I'll leave her here to go to school this winter.'

"Aunt Angeline looked pleased (I always called her aunt, although she was father's cousin), and said she could board me, and she might just as well have added she could board a dozen more, for it was a large, old-fashioned house, with spacious rooms and a great front door-yard. It stood near the water, so near that I could hear almost every word said by those on board the vessels as they passed in to the shore and made fast to the wharf. Aunt Angeline, from the first day of my arrival, gave me a large, square chamber, overlooking the water, and there by the window, after school hours, I used to sit with my feet on a little tin foot-stove and my mantle wrapped about me when it was cold, looking out to see the vessels rock on the waves as they lay at anchor over by Coasters' Harbor and near the old fort; and sometimes when the mornings were pleasant, I used to open the window and let the warm sun and the frosty air mix together in my chamber, while I studied and listened to the heave yo! of the sailors as they hoisted and lowered the cargoes. One day I brushed every curl separately over a wheel-pin I found in the garret of aunty's house, and dressed myself with more than common care, for there was going to be company at the school that day, and then I seated myself at the open window of my room. It was a very mild day for the season, so the sailors were very busy on the wharf, and the captains and mates were stepping hurriedly about hither and thither, and then I heard hoarse voices sounding as if they were on the water; but I couldn't see the speakers, for a large ship, with her sails spread out a drying, shut out a seaward view from my window, but in a few minutes the peak of a bowsprit rounded in, and then a large stranger ship came sweeping up to the wharf. I closed my book, and scarcely knowing what I did, while I gazed on the different ones that left her deck and came up the street, I sang, in a low voice, the Sailor's Welcome Home. Presently a young man stopped beneath my window, and looking up with a sad face, he said, half aloud:

"'Alas! that song is not for those who have no home.'

"I stopped singing, and I suspect I must have looked very much confused, but he didn't seem to notice it, and after a moment's pause he said, respectfully:

"'I am a stranger here—will you please to tell me where I can get a boarding-house?'

"At first, I thought I would shut the window and leave him without an answer, but a second look into his handsome sunburnt face made me less bashful, and I answered:

"'I heard Aunt Angeline, in this house, say the other day that she would take some *good* boarders if she could get them.'

"'Captain Gilmore, I think, will vouch for my good conduct, miss, if she wishes further proof than my words,' answered the sailor.

"I only smiled, for somehow I didn't feel just like talking to him any more, nor did he speak to me again; but looking around he spied the brass knocker, and walking up to it, I soon heard it ring through the entry, and then I heard aunty trip through the entry with her high-heeled shoes on, and open the door. The young sailor or mate of the large ship told his errand, and I heard Aunt Angeline question him pretty closely about what kind of a ship he sailed in, and who was captain, and so on; and then I heard her say:

"'Well, if you sailed with Captain Gilmore come right in; he never would allow anybody on board of his ship that was not of the right sort.'

"And then the young sailor was shown to a chamber over the further part of the sitting-room. In a few moments I saw him go back to the vessel and take out, with the aid of another, his sea-chest, and bring it towards the house, and then I closed the window and went to school.

"At noon when I entered the sitting-room, there sat the sailor. His name was Edwin ——. Well, no matter about remembering his last name, for they didn't call everybody *Mr.* then as they do now. There was also another young man, who appeared to be four or five years older than Edwin, and rather handsomer; but I should have thought Edwin was handsome enough if I hadn't seen him. O, such eyes as that other one had! His name was Maurice, and he was the second mate of the same ship with Edwin, the Albatross. I never shall forget how I rushed into the house the first day they took dinner at aunty's. I had been snowballing with Lucy Cutter, and aunt said my cheeks were as red as a peony; and Lucy had snatched off my hood, and then left my hair all powdered with snow. Just as I had reached the outer door, that opened into the sitting-room, Lucy was coming towards me with a fresh supply, so I rushed in with a triumphant laugh, for the moment forgetting everything else but my escape, when I slipped on the polished floor and fell headlong, partly into Maurice's lap and partly into the fire, I believe, for I felt so ashamed I thought my face was going to blaze."

"Why, how red your face is now, Aunt Alice," said Mary.

"Well, I suppose it is, for la! what a figure I must have cut. But Maurice seemed as cool as the snow that was clinging to me, and lifted me up so gracefully, and placed me in a chair and apologized for being in the way, that I could hardly eat any dinner for thinking of it. Well, several days went by, and I didn't say much to aunty's boarders nor they to me, especially Edwin, and yet I would almost always catch him looking at me, and so I would Maurice, too, and thus things went on; but pretty soon we all began to get better acquainted, for aunty was a very sociable woman, and she asked the young men a great many questions about foreign parts, and got them to tell a good many stories in the evenings, for they seemed to like to stay at their boarding-house better than anywhere else. A number of weeks went by, and the truth is, girls, and I might as well own it at once, I lost my heart."

"Was it Edwin you loved, Aunt Alice?" inquired Elvira.

"Well, I liked him very well, and should have loved him a great deal better, if Maurice had not been there. But, as I have said, he was so handsome and so polite, and seemed always so attentive to me, that I couldn't help loving him. Edwin was good, but I thought he was too bashful. One evening Aunt Angeline went to meeting and left me to clear up and keep house. Uncle Anson, her husband, promised to stay and keep me company, but la! you know what men are—he filled his pipe and went over across the way to speak with one of the neighbors, and I didn't see any more of him till after aunty got back, which was late, for ministers in those days didn't say all they had to in twenty minutes. Well, I had just got cleared up and drawn the stand near the fire and taken my books to study, when Maurice came in alone, for both young men went out after supper, and aunty expected they would go to meeting. Edwin did go, but Maurice said he had a head-ache, and so he thought he would come home. I never believed his head ached. Well, I was sitting there alone when he came in, and he drew his chair near mine, and then he began to tell me all about the beautiful countries where he had been, saying I might put away my book that evening, for he could give me more information by talking than I could gain by study; so I closed the book and listened. He told me all about Scotland, and described the barren battle-fields of Culloden, and many famous places of which I had never heard; and then, with all ease, he seemed to step across to England, and afterwards told me of feats he had witnessed in Asia, and that he had once been on board of an African slave ship, and—in fact he told me so much, all of which was new to me, that I got so bewildered that I thought he must have been everywhere and read all the books in the world; but it puzzled me to think how he could have known and seen so much and he so young, for he did not appear to be more than twenty-six or seven. When my wonder was at its height, he took my hand, and said:

"'My dear, wouldn't you like to see all those beautiful places, and visit castles, and look on the lords and ladies that live in them, and be dressed as beautiful as they, and be loved by one who is brave and wouldn't be afraid to stab anybody that ever spoke an unkind word to you?' And he drew from beneath his fine blue roundabout a small poniard, with the handle all glittering with jewels.

"At first, I thought I would spring from my chair and run into the street, but he quickly pushed it into its sheath, and said, coaxingly:

"'Don't be frightened, my girl; nothing shall harm you where I am. That is a neat little thing I bought in Havana, and I thought perhaps you would like to look at it. Why, they are as common among the Spanish ladies as their fans or scented pocket-handkerchiefs. Would you not like to go to Spain?' he went on; and I told him yes, for I always had a great desire to travel. 'Well,'

said he, 'if you will consent to be my bride you shall see all those places and have plenty of gold to dress yourself like a lady;' and he placed his face close to mine, and with his coal black eyes looking full at me, repeated: 'Say, my dear, will you consent? Say but yes, and we will keep all a secret up to the very hour we are married, and then I will surprise your aunt and all the rest by the wealth I will show them.'

"I don't know what I said, or whether I made any answer, for this was a strange situation for me to be placed in. Now I remembered the words of Miss Reeve about my catching a beau, and I was so confused I don't know what I should have said or done if he had not read my thoughts, and said, carelessly:

"'Well, never mind about an answer now, Alice; to-morrow evening will be time enough; only don't repeat that I have said anything to you about becoming my little wife.'

"I promised that I would not, and at this instant the door was opened and Edwin entered. He glanced first at me and then at Maurice, and I could see that he was not only surprised but displeased, to see Maurice sitting so near me. I didn't speak, but as Edwin came near the fire Maurice did, and with a look I shall never forget, said to Edwin:

"'Do you not know, young man, that sometimes a person's room is better than his company?'

"'I was thinking of the same thing,' answered Edwin, drily, and then added: 'Strangers ought not to make too free with the inexperienced. That girl is scarcely more than a child.'

"'And what is that to you?' said Maurice. 'If she were not here, I vow I would make you bite the dust.'

"'Perhaps not,' answered Edwin, coolly.

"A few more excited words were spoken by Maurice, and then I saw that jewelled dagger drawn from its sheath and the owner spring towards Edwin; but he did not reach where he stood, for quicker than I can tell you, Edwin drew from beneath his jacket a pistol, and said, in the same calm tone:

"'Advance another step and you have seen your last hour of life. I have seen enough since we picked you up from that raft, alone in the sea, to convince me that you are not what you pretend to be—an honest man.'

"O, I thought I should have fainted! I couldn't speak. Edwin, seeing my distress, came to my side, and said:

"'Don't be frightened Alice; you shall not be harmed, neither shall he if he will put up his weapon. I would never shed blood unless actually compelled to do so in self-defence.'

"Maurice slowly sheathed his weapon, and muttered through his teeth, looking at Edwin:

"'You shall pay dearly for this. I'll settle with you some other time.'

"'As you like,' answered the other; then replacing his pistol, he took a seat near the fire, while Maurice for a few minutes strode the floor, and then Aunt Angeline came in.

"Nothing was said of the past, for I was still too much frightened to talk, and, besides, I didn't want aunty to know about it. In a little while Uncle Anson came in, looking rather excited.

"'Have you heard the news, boys?' said uncle, addressing the boarders.

"'Nothing in particular, sir,' answered Edwin.

"'Well,' continued uncle, 'there is a rumor that that little low craft that has laid off in the harbor for a few days is a pirate.'

"'I have never liked the looks of her,' said Edwin, 'and I told Captain Gilmore so to-day. She is too rakish a looking craft to be an honest one.'

"No one seemed to notice Maurice but me, and it seemed to me that he had suddenly turned into a demon, for his face changed from white to red and red to white so quick that you could hardly see how the change came; and his eyes, that I had thought so handsome, seemed to me now like great red coals of fire; but I said nothing, while uncle went on talking about the strange vessel that had made its appearance within the harbor. When Maurice saw that I observed him, he tried to smile, and then remarked:

"'O, nonsense, about that ship being a pirate; it is only some old woman's gossip;' then rising, he went out, and in a few moments I heard him go to his room.

"In a little while uncle went to bed, and then, when aunty went out in the kitchen to make preparations for morning, Edwin said to me, in a low tone:

"'I wouldn't have much to say to Maurice, Alice, for he is a stranger to us all. I have always been sorry that I did not oppose his coming here to board.'

"'You are a stranger too,' said I.

"'True,' answered he, sadly; 'I am a stranger, with none very near of kin living, but yet there are those living on the Narragansett side who knew my parents and grandparents well, and besides, I have sailed with Captain Gilmore for a good many years, and he has often told me he will testify to my good behaviour. But Maurice we picked up a few months ago on a raft in a very destitute condition. He said the vessel in which he sailed as chief mate, had been cast away, and he, with five others, made them a raft on which he had floated for several days, but the rest had perished. Our second mate was sick at the time and died a few days afterwards, and as we were rather short of hands, and Captain Gilmore was satisfied that Maurice was capable, he offered him the berth, which he accepted; but there was always a something about him that I did not like, and I have tried to avoid a quarrel with him, but to-night,—well, Alice, he must let you alone, at least, till you know more about him.'

"At this moment aunty came in, and then Edwin bade us good night with such a pleasant voice and smile, that I began to wonder how I could have thought Maurice the handsomest. I said nothing to aunty about the occurrence of the evening, and half an hour later every light in the house was put out and all in bed.

But I could not sleep, so I got up, and wrapping my mantle around me, took a seat by the window. Presently I heard some one go gently down the front stairs, and on looking out from behind the curtain in the darkness, I saw, from the side window, a man standing in the garden near the old back porch. It was a rough place, but the doors were fastened; and with no shoes on, I went softly down the back way and into the porch, and through the cracks I could hear every word that was spoken on the outside. Presently Maurice and his companion came around very near to where my ear was at the crevice, and the first words I could catch were:

"'I knew the craft as soon as I put my eye on her, although she has been painted since that morning I got adrift from her when we lowered the boat to pick up the cook. I suppose he went to the bottom.'

"'Yes,' said the other, 'and we all expected you had. But how did you escape?'

"Maurice here confirmed all that Edwin had said respecting his being picked up by them, and then he added:

"'I was coming on board again to-night if you had not come after me, to let you know that you had better lay off outside of Point Judith to-morrow, as the cursed gossips here have got a story afloat that you are a pirate.'

"'Well, they can't prove anything if they come aboard, for all is as nice as a merchantman,' said the other, scarcely above a whisper, but still close enough to the crevice for me to hear.

"'Where is Nell?' inquired Maurice.

"'O, she met with an accident just out of sight of land—guess she is a few fathoms below the surface. But say, aint you going to join us again?'

"'Yes, but I have a little job I want to do here first.'

"'What is that?'

"'Put a knife into the first mate of the Albatross and get a trim little rustic there is here on board of our craft, and then I don't care how soon we are off for other climes. But mind, you all sign a contract that this little girl is mine and mine alone; for you see we are going to be married before she comes on board, and then if any of you dare to make free with her, why, you know I had as lief throw a brand into the magazine as overboard. Too bad about Nell—you might as well let her live; she would never have brought out anything. She was half crazy, so she could have passed with some of you for a deranged daughter taking a voyage for her health. But come, you had better go back now, for as I have seen you I wont go aboard to-night; if any one comes to inspect, mind how you behave, and show the right kind of papers.'

"'No danger but we will. But hark! I thought I heard some one breathe.'

"'Pshaw, Ben, everybody in this house is asleep long before this or I should not be here; besides, as near as I can find out, this old porch is not very often visited at this season of the year—that is why I told you to come round here and wait till I come out.'

"I did not stay to hear any more, for I felt sick and faint, and scarcely knowing how I got there, I once more reached my chamber, but I did not go to bed. I hastily finished dressing myself, and then I stood thinking what it was best to do. At first I thought I would step down to my aunt's bed room and arouse her and my uncle, but then I knew she would be frightened, and perhaps in the confusion that would follow, Edwin would rush out to see what was the matter and be murdered by the pirate before he could be made to know his danger. So I resolved not to stand for ceremony, but to seek the chamber of Edwin and warn him to be on his guard, and then I would step down to uncle's room and tell him that I had overheard a conversation between one of the men from the suspicious ship and Maurice. So going through the long upper entry, I stopped at Edwin's door and listened to see if I could hear him breathe; but I could not, and directly I saw some one approaching. I was so frightened by all that I had seen and heard, that I could not help giving a slight scream, but Edwin whispered, for it was he:

"'Don't be afraid, Alice, for it is I.'

"I then in a whisper told him what I had heard, and he quickly answered that he had seen the meeting between the pirates; for as he could not sleep he had arisen and looked from the window, and when he saw a man loitering about the house he had left his room to see what he would do, but he was not near enough to hear what they said. At this moment there was a flash, as if from a pistol, at the further end of the entry, and then a ball went whizzing past our ears, but in the darkness, the bullet that was intended to send death, harmed nothing but the wall beyond.

"In an instant uncle and aunt rushed to where we were, but Maurice's room was empty, and a window being open, we concluded that he had been aroused by my low shriek, after returning to his room, and when he found that his deeds were known, he fired the pistol and then leaped from the window to the ground. There was no more sleep in the house that night, and the next morning the suspicious looking vessel was gone, and I suppose Maurice went with it, as there was a small boat taken from the wharf that night, and it was found floating near where she anchored, and we never heard from him afterwards. It was a good many years before I ever told Aunt Angeline or anybody else about my first offer,—what Maurice had said to me about being married and going with him, for the very thought of it frightened me so."

"But what became of the young sailor, Edwin?" said Mary and Elvira.

"O, he got married."

"Why didn't you have him, Aunt Alice?"

"I did."

There were a few moments' silence, and then Mary said.

"Why, I didn't know that Uncle Charles was ever a sailor, and besides, his name isn't Edwin."

"Yes it is, Mary,—Charles Edwin. Well, I suppose no one would hardly think now that your uncle was ever a sailor, but you must know that was a great many years ago, and when he married me he left off going to sea. But there is his step. Go hold the light, Mary—it is slippery outside."

In a moment more a handsome old gentleman entered, and Aunt Alice received him with the same kind of smile she did before his hair was silvered.

So good-by, reader. I hope you have been as well entertained with Aunt Alice's story as were the city cousins.

CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

First came a body of generals and other officers, their cocked-hats and plumes, their drawn swords and golden medals glittering in the sunlight; then followed the band, with the drum major and his imposing baton. How the clear notes of the trumpets, the long roll of the drums, echo through the vast streets as the multitude passes on! The heavy steady tramp of the usands of men makes the solid earth shake beneath our feet; as they descend the hillside we see regiment after regiment filing aroond, and the cold sharp points of the bayonets glitter like the dragons' teeth from which their prototypes sprang forth. The little vivandiere too! Look at her; in her tight military jacket and trowsers, and her incredibly little boots; slight and agile, but upright as the stiffest of the soldiers, she marches behind the band, her tiny feet keeping a mocking time with the heavy tread behind. With one hand in her breast, the other on the dagger at her side, her black, bright eye and sun burot complexion, beautifully regular features, and her careless, fearless look, she seems the very genius of war; as graceful as a young panther and as dangerous. But let us not wrong the vivandiere. Many a dying and wounded soldier has thanked God for the glass of eau-de-vie from that little keg at her back. On the long march and the bloody battle-field she is often the only one who thinks or cares for their wants. No wonder the poor fellows love and even respect her—the only thing near to remind them that there are in the world such things as wives, and mothers, and sisters.—*Notes in Marseilles.*

PERFUMES AS PREVENTIVES OF MOULDINESS.

Mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather and seeds, most frequently suffer by it. A clove will preserve ink; any essential oil answers equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy; indeed, it prevents it from occurring in other bodies. A few drops of any essential oil will keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended. Alum and resin are used to preserve bookbinders' paste, but ineffectually; oil of turpentine succeeds better; but, by small quantities of oil of peppermint, anise or cassia, paste has been preserved for several years. Dr. Macculloch recommends the addition to the flour and water of some brown sugar and a little corrosive sublimate; the sugar keeping it flexible when dry, and the sublimate preventing it from fermenting, and from being attacked by insects. A few drops of any of the essential oils may be added to the paste when it is made. It dries when exposed to the air, and may be used merely by wetting it. Seeds may also be preserved by the essential oils; and this is of great consequence, when they are sent to a distance. Of course, moisture must be excluded as much as possible, as the oils of ottos prevent only the bad effects of moulds.—*Family Friend.*

WIT OF FRENCH RASCALS.

A trick was played off a few days ago, at the Fair of Breaute. A well-dressed gentleman sauntering about with a valuable gold-headed cane in his hand, was stopped by a wretched looking man, who had dragged himself painfully along on crutches, and piteously implored charity. The gentleman, moved to compassion, generously gave the beggar a piece of silver. "How can you be so foolish," cried a man standing by; "that fellow is an impostor, and no more lame than you are. Just lend me your cane for a minute, and by means of a sound thrashing I will convince you of the truth of what I say." The gentleman mechanically let the man take the cane, and the beggar, throwing down his crutches, ran off as fast as he could. The other, amidst roars of laughter from the by-standers, ran after him menacing him with the cane, and so they ran a considerable distance, when they turned aside into the town, and were seen no more. The gentleman waited for some time, expecting to see the man return with his cane, but the expectation was in vain. It was then clear that the whole scene had been an affair concerted between a pair of adroit rogues. The gentleman had nothing for it but to walk home, feeling very foolish at having been so victimized.—*Saturday Gazette.*

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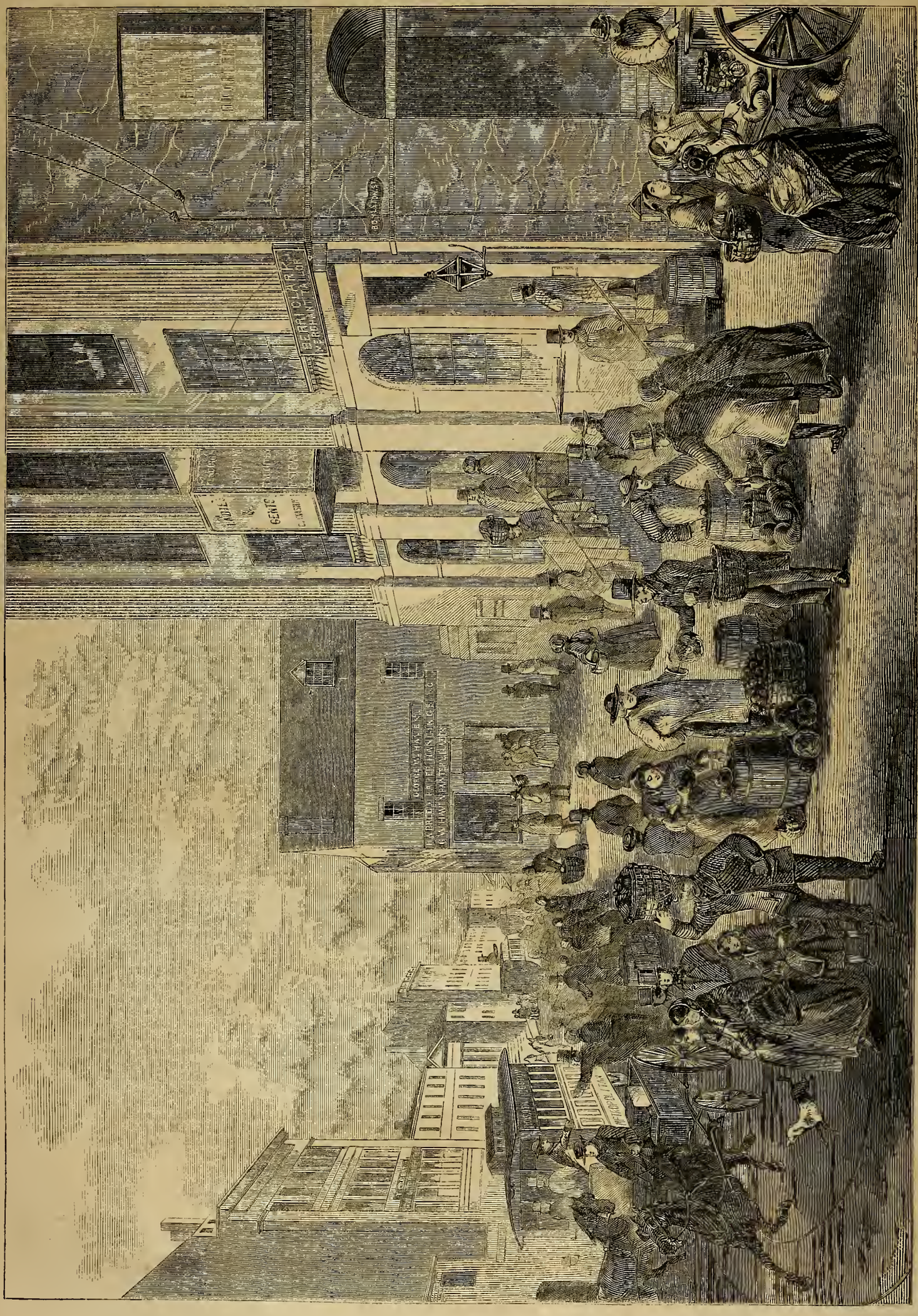
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CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND BOYLSTON STREETS, BOSTON.—THE OLD BOYLSTON MARKET.

BOYLSTON MARKET, BOSTON.

We present on the preceding page a very spirited representation of a very busy part of our city, a view taken at the corner of Boylston and Washington Streets, and drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney. We are taking great pains to obtain local sketches, which are not only of present interest, but hereafter will be of the greatest value. Our numbers should be carefully preserved and bound for future reference, and will be found to repay the trouble amply. How much would we not give to have a glimpse of this very locality as it appeared forty-six years ago, the date when Boylston Market was first opened to the public! The Market House remains unchanged, but all else is altered. The fashions, too, have changed altogether. Boylston Hall, seen on the right of our picture, was so named in honor of Nicholas Ward Boylston, Esq., an opulent and eminent citizen. It was first opened in 1810. The proprietors were incorporated February 27, 1809, and the foundation of the building was laid in the following April. The land belonging to the corporation was formerly owned by Samuel Welles, Esq., of whose heirs it was purchased by Mr. Joseph C. Dyer, and by him sold for $20,560. Such has been the rise in the value of land, that it is now worth probably a quarter of a million. The building cost $39,000, exclusive of the cupola, which was built by private subscription. The clock was a donation from Mr. Boylston. The large hall over the market was quite a marvel in its day, and is still considered, in spite of some of the mammoth halls, a spacious place. It has been used for various purposes. Concerts have been given here—thousands of light fantastic toes have tripped over its boards. While the present Trinity Church, in Summer Street, was in process of erection, the society used it as a place of worship. Mr. Wyzeman Marshall, for a time, gave a series of dramatic representations here. The market has always been well supplied, and many of the old householders of the South End have purchased their provisions here from the date of its erection. Though presenting no image of the bustle which surrounds Quincy Market, the exterior is still an animated place, and Mr. Champney has by no means exaggerated the crowd of buyers and sellers on the sidewalk. To the left is seen the track of the horse railroad, which curves into Washington Street at this place. The cars are seen further on, and the omnibuses, which are still running. The building with pillars, on the left, now occupied as a furniture store, was formerly used for the Boylston Bank. The whole picture is spirited and effective.



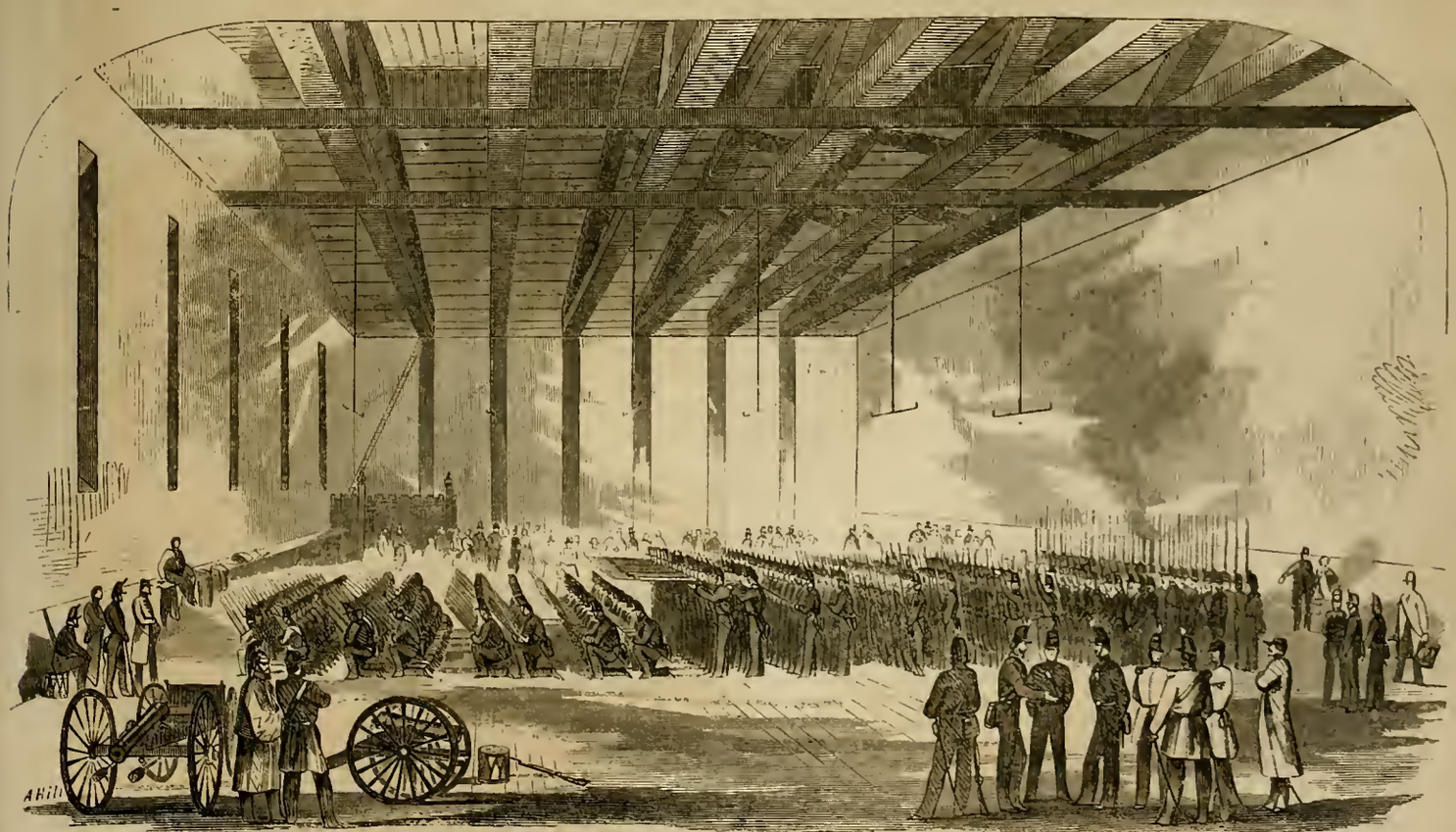
EXTERIOR OF THE ARMORY, WHITE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE NEW ARMORY AND ARSENAL, NEW YORK CITY.

We present on this page two pictures from the pencil of Hill, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, representing the exterior of the new Armory and Arsenal at the corner of White and Elm Streets, New York city, and the interior of the large drill-room, with a regiment going through their exercises. The area of this building is 131 feet on White Street, and 84 on Elm. The material is a blue stone. The building is two stories high, the first 13, and the second 30 feet. The windows are very narrow, being only 18 inches wide; so that, in case of assault by a mob outside, the building could be defended successfully by fifty men, always supposing the attacking force to be without artillery. Its style is Gothic, and on the three corners of the building towers are placed; there will be five doors on White Street, and one on Elm, which are made of boiler iron. It is built on piles driven into the ground. It is a very handsome edifice, and is constructed on the very best plans for defence. On the centre of the roof is erected a large flag-staff, by which communication from this building to the arsenal up town may be carried on by signal telegraph. It is used as a receptacle for the artillery of the First Division of the New York State Militia. The lower story is the gun-room; and the upper a drill-room, and rendezvous, in case of riot. It is the largest drill-room in the country, affording ample space for a whole regiment to manœuvre; and here the crack regiments of New York learn a great deal of that efficiency for which they are so celebrated. The corps represented in our picture is the 12th regiment, one of the first in the division, and containing some of the best companies. Among them are the Baxter Blues, Independent Guards, Lafayette Fusileers, City Blues, City Musketeers, Tompkins Blues, Baxter Guard, and others equally celebrated, not forgetting the famous Black Rifles. It is an acknowledged fact, that in no city of the United States is there a better military spirit than in New York. Very many of the officers devote as much time to their military duties as if they were in the regular service, and the drills are frequent and efficient. The parade of a New York regiment is a sight well worth witnessing. No regular troops surpass them in steadiness and precision. They execute the manual in a style that cannot be surpassed, and their marching and manœuvering challenge the most critical. The New York troops embrace every arm of the service. Some of the New York companies have visited this city, so that all our citizens have had an opportunity of judging to what extent our eulogiums are just. We trust in future to chronicle many more of these visits; for nothing is better calculated to keep up a generous spirit of emulation, and break down absurd sectional prejudices. New York and Boston should be fast friends and neighbors. The interchange of military visits and courtesies has already been productive of excellent results, in increased good fellowship and fraternal feeling.

PERFECTION OF POLICE.

In the last century, a merchant of high respectability, in Bordeaux, had occasion to visit the metropolis upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of Paris, a genteel-looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addressed him to this effect:—"Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour, and your person, carriage and portmanteau exactly answer the description I hold in my hand. You will permit me to conduct you to the minister of police, Monsieur de Sartines." The gentleman, astonished at the interruption, and at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what Monsieur de Sartines wanted with him; adding that he never had committed any offence against the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt him. The messenger declared himself ignorant of the cause of detention; stating that when he had conducted him to M. de Sartines, he should have executed his orders. After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him accordingly. M. de Sartines received him with great politeness; and, after requesting him to be seated, to his great astonishment, he described his portmanteau; and told him the exact sum in bills and specie he had brought with him to Paris, where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed, and a number of circumstances which the gentleman had conceived could only be known to himself. Monsieur de Sartines having thus excited attention, put this extraordinary question to him:—"Sir, are you a man of courage?" The gentleman, still astonished at the singularity of such an interrogatory, demanded the reason why he put such a question, adding, that no man ever doubted his courage. M. de Sartines replied: "Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night! If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel and retire at the usual hour; but do not fall asleep. Neither will it be proper for you to look under the bed, or into any of the closets. You must place your portmanteau in its usual situation near your bed, and discover no suspicion. Leave what remains to me. If, however, you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will find a person who shall personate you, and go to bed in your stead. After further explanation, which convinced the gentleman that M. de Sartines's intelligence was accurate, he refused to be personated, and formed a resolution literally to follow the directions. He went to bed at his usual hour; at half past twelve (the time mentioned by M. de Sartines), the door burst open, and three men entered with a dark lantern, daggers and pistols. The gentleman perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau, and settled the plan of putting him to death. The gentleman hearing all this, was under great perturbation of mind. At the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police officers, acting under M. de Sartines's orders, concealed under the bed and in the closet, rushed out and seized the offenders with the property in their possession, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder. Thus the perpetration of the atrocious deed was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. M. de Sartines's intelligence enabled him to prevent this robbery and murder; which, but for the accuracy of the system, would probably have been carried into execution.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW YORK ARMORY, WHITE STREET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I AM LONELY.

BY G. M. BUNN.

I am lonely—I am lonely,
With thousands round my way;
And my weary heart is sinking
'Neath its burden day by day.
My feelings and my sorrows,
My cares are all my own;
And thus though crowds are round my path,
Still I am all alone.

I am weary—I am weary
Of the heavy load I bear:
This load of bitter sorrow—
This heavy weight of care.
O, must I ever struggle thus
Along life's dreary road,
Till death with gentle hand shall take
From me this galling load?

I am mourning—sadly mourning
That my cherished hopes ere o'er,
Which o'er my life a radiance shed
That it may know no more;
They have perished like the flowers,
Which beneath a summer sky
Expand their silken leaves, but fade
When winter draweth nigh.

I am longing—I am longing
For the hour when death shall come
To bear me to that better world—
That fairer, brighter home,
Where grief and sorrow come not,
And tears are known no more:
But joys like fadeless flowers bloom
Upon that radiant shore.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY PATIENT.

A PHYSICIAN'S REMINISCENCE.

BY WALTER DANFORTH.

It was late in the evening of the 25th of April, 182–, that a letter was put into my hands bearing in large characters on the envelope the words "private and confidential," and franked by Sir Graham Welburne, M. P. It ran thus:

"Dear Doctor,—My travelling carriage will be at your door at ten o'clock to-morrow for the purpose of conveying you down to my house, about ten miles from town, where your services will be required. Let me implore you not to permit any engagement short of life or death, to prevent you from coming at the time and in the manner I have indicated. Your presence is required on matters of special importance, and I may add of *special confidence*. I shall, if possible, meet you on the road, that you may be to some extent prepared for the duties that will await you.

"I am, etc., etc. Graham Welburne."

This communication, as the reader will imagine, threw me into a maze of conjectures. I anticipated being introduced to some scene of distress, and from the special confidence intimated in the baronet's note I could conceive of nothing but family discord as the occasion of it.

I made every arrangement, and without intimating to my wife my destination, jumped into the pea-green chariot and four the moment it arrived, the next morning, and was presently whirled out of town at the rate of twelve miles the hour. I did not meet Sir Graham as his letter had led me to suspect. On reaching the park gates, the reeking horses were drawn up, the groom behind leaped down, opened the carriage door, and with a bow told me that the baronet wished me to alight at the gates and walk up the avenue to the house. Of course I acquiesced, full of amazement at the apparent mystery which attended my movements. I walked up the long avenue, ascended the steps which led to the hall door, and even pushed it open without encountering a soul. On ringing, however, an elderly servant appeared, and inquired respectfully "if I was the doctor." I answered in the affirmative, and she said Sir Graham was waiting for me in an adjoining room. I thought I perceived something unusual in the countenance and manner of this woman, as also in the appearance of the groom who attended me from town. I was soon, however, in the presence of the baronet. The room was lofty and furnished in a style of elegance. Busts, statues and valuable paintings graced the sides, together with a noble library, containing, I should judge, several thousand volumes. I had merely time to cast a hasty glance around me, when Sir Graham issued from a door at the further end of the library, and advancing towards me hastily, shook my hand with cordiality. He wore a flowered, green velvet dressing-gown, and his shirt wristbands were turned down so as to cover the sleeves. I had never seen a finer figure or a more expressive countenance, the latter, however, was clouded with a mixed expression of sternness and anxiety.

"Doctor," said he, in a low tone and with considerable agitation, "I have sent for you on a most melancholy errand. I have infinite confidence in your experience and secrecy, of both of which I am unfortunately compelled to avail myself."

He paused, and looked full at me. I bowed, and he continued:

"You may have heard surmises about Lady Mary and myself. We have occasioned considerable speculation recently, I believe. I now find that the time has arrived when I must explain all. You have met her ladyship occasionally, I believe?"

I replied that I had.

"Did you ever observe any peculiarity in her deportment?"

I looked, at a loss to understand him.

"I—I mean, did you ever observe anything peculiar in the expression of her features?"

"Certainly not."

"Doctor," said he, in a voice of great agitation, and grasping my arm with nervous energy, "there is no time to lose. One word will explain all. It is horrible torture to me, but I can conceal it no longer. You must be told the truth at once. My wife is *insane!*"

He gasped rather than spoke the last word, and instantly covered his face with both his hands, his whole frame shaking with agitation. We were both silent for a moment,—I with amazement, and he from the intensity of his emotion.

"Do you use the word in its literal, its medical sense?" said I, finally.

"Yes, I do. I mean that I am wedded to a mad woman!"

I implored him to restrain his feelings, which he finally succeeded in doing to a certain extent. Arrangements were immediately made for me to see the unhappy Lady Mary. I visited her in the drawing-room, alone, Sir Graham refused to accompany me. I conversed with her nearly half an hour. As far as I could judge from appearances, the lady was as perfectly sane as I considered myself. I could detect no wildness of the eye, no incoherence of speech, no peculiarity of deportment, nothing but an air of anxiety. At the expiration of the half hour I returned to the library and to the baronet.

"Well, doctor, am I right or wrong in my awful suspicions?" inquired Sir Graham, trembling from head to foot, as we stood in the bow window of his library.

I shook my head and informed him of the substance of the conversation which had passed between us. He sighed deeply, and covered his eyes for a moment with his hands.

"Is she ever violent?" I asked.

"No. Would to Heaven she were. Anything but this dreadful monotony of melancholy madness. The dreadful conviction *forces* itself upon me that I must separate from her. I can scarcely control my feelings at the thought, the maddening thought that my sweet wife must be banished from my bosom, from her home, and become the inmate of a—of a—" He ceased abruptly, apparently overcome by the dreadful suggestion.

"Doctor," he continued, after a few moments' pause, while a wild smile shot across his features, "I know I am acting imprudently in disclosing a secret to you unnecessarily; but I know it will be safe with *you!*"

I bowed and listened in breathless wonder. My flesh crept all over as he continued. I had been from the first the dupe of a *madman*. His eye was fixed upon me with a fiendish expression. I was almost deprived of utterance, and was startled back to consciousness by a loud laugh from the baronet. He was pointing at me, with his hand and finger raised so that they almost touched my face, with a derisive air.

The *secret* of Sir Graham was a pretended discovery of a new method of converting useless substances into *tallow* for the purpose of *making candles*, which when carried into effect would yield him a revenue of forty thousand pounds a year. That the king had employed every means to compel him to disclose it, and because he could not, he had sent spies to watch his movements, and if possible discover cause sufficient to arrest him for high treason! All this shocking nonsense he told me in a serious, energetic tone of voice.

"But," he continued, "I have not disclosed this great secret to you for nothing. It became necessary that I should develope a new source of independence; and thank Heaven it is found at last! Both you and the world will ere long hear much of the causes which have induced me to apply myself to the development of this new source of wealth!"

I allowed him to ramble on as he pleased, devising, meanwhile, in my mind the best measures to pursue under these unfortunate circumstances. I thought it on the whole, best not to alarm his suspicions by any overt act, but to take my departure as quickly and as quietly as possible, and on reaching London to communicate with his brother-in-law, Mr. Cavendish, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and take measures to secure the safety, not only of the baronet, but also of his unfortunate lady.

"Well, Sir Graham," said I, "I must leave you, for I have many engagements in town."

"Mind me, doctor," said he, abruptly, his features assuming a strange expression; "with reference to Lady Mary, I will have no violence used!"

I assured him not, with unaffected amazement. We walked together, arm-in-arm, down to the park gates, and as I stepped into the carriage, the baronet said, with strenuous emphasis:

"Of course, doctor, I hold you *personally* responsible for whatever measures are adopted, and shall await your return with anxiety."

I jumped in rather hastily and the chariot drove off.

"Hallo! hark ye, fellow! Stop! stop!" shouted the baronet. "Stop or *I'll fire!*"

The postilion, on hearing these last alarming words, instantaneously drew up. I looked through the window and beheld Sir Graham hurrying towards us, fury in his features, and a pocket-pistol in his right hand.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what can be the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, Sir Graham?"

"I suspect you intend violence against me, doctor."

"Against *you*; against anybody! You are dreaming, sir!"

"Ah, I see further into your designs than you imagine. You wish to extract from me my secret for your own exclusive advantage. So mark me, if you come again to the hall you shall not return alive!"

He strode haughtily away, waved his hand to the postilion, and we soon lost sight of the unhappy lunatic.

During the next few weeks, I visited, together with the most eminent physician in London, the family of Sir Graham almost daily. His malady broke out into violent paroxysms, rendering restraints of a very severe character often necessary. His bodily health continued to improve, but in his eye was the expression of settled insanity. His case assumed a different aspect almost daily, and I confess, that with the experienced physician to whom I have alluded, I began to think that there was little reasonable hope of his recovery. But he did recover, and in a most singular manner; and in order to explain the cause of his recovery, I must detail briefly the reasons of his aberration, as I subsequently ascertained them through the public prints.

It seems that very soon after his marriage his solicitor suddenly travelled to the continent after him, to communicate to him the startling, but to the baronet, ridiculous intelligence that a stranger was laying claim to all he held in the world, of title and of fortune. He treated the information with contemptuous indifference, and the solicitor left him, entirely re-assured by the baronet's confidence. Nothing more was heard for some months, until one evening, as Sir Graham was dining at his club, a letter, purporting to come from the solicitor of the person preferring the claim, was placed in his hands, stating the stranger's whole claim, and finally roused the baronet from his lethargy. Several passages of it tallied strangely with some passages of Sir Graham's family history. He instantly consulted his solicitor, by whom his worst suspicions were aggravated. Not that the lawyer considered his client's case desperate, but he assured him that a harassing and ruinous litigation and public exposure were inevitable. This sense of danger pressed upon Sir Graham's feelings to a fearful extent. He anxiously concealed from his lady the terrible jeopardy in which everything he possessed on earth was placed, and the constant effort and constraint, the withering anxiety, the long continued apprehensions of ruin, at length disordered and finally overthrew his intellect, leaving him as I have already described him—the ruin of a once accomplished and gifted man. To support his claim, every quarter was ransacked for evidence by the zealous attorney of the new man, and often in a highly indelicate and offensive manner. This was the condition of things when I was sent for by the baronet. The contest respecting the title and estates went on as rapidly as possible. The stranger's pretensions consisted of an alleged earlier right under the entail.

On Monday, just two months after I was first called to see Sir Graham, the trial of the important cause which was to decide the proprietorship of his title and possessions came on. The baronet was in court, notwithstanding his malady. He could not have been kept away without employing violence. Great interest was excited, and the court was crowded at an early hour. I occupied a seat by the side of Sir Graham. The counsel took their seats—six in the interest of the baronet and three in that of his opponent. A special jury was sworn. The judge took his seat on the bench, the case was called, and the witnesses summoned. The junior counsel for the plaintiff rose to open the pleadings. He was proceeding in his statement of the case when his client's attorney was conducted through the immense crowd with the assistance of an officer, and made his appearance within the bar, pale and agitated. The plaintiff had been found dead in his bed, on that morning, having died from excesses committed at a tavern dinner on the evening previous. He died single, leaving no heirs, and there was of course an end to the whole matter, which had been attended with so much misery to us all. As I observed before, I was sitting beside the baronet. He watched all the proceedings with the intensest interest. On hearing the announcement of his adverse claimant's death, he rose up, and with a shriek which re-echoed through the court-room, fell again, senseless, into my arms. He was borne out into the air, and on recovering, was no longer a lunatic. His prostration was, however, complete. The relaxation from the constant tension of muscle and excitement of nerve to which he had been for weeks subject, left him as weak as a child. But he gave unequivocal evidence of his restoration to reason, and in six weeks afterwards I had the satisfaction of beholding one of the most brilliant and accomplished gentlemen I ever knew enjoying complete health, and restored once more to society and the companionship of his beautiful wife.

A HEROIC WOMAN.

In the year 1786, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta sent as a present, a costly bracelet of rubies to Madame Frenoy, a French lady of great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct when an Algerine corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacre, bound to Genoa, and the Algerine, coming alongside, poured in a broadside, and grapling with her, a number of the Algerines boarded her, sword in hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madame du Frenoy snatched a sabre from a wounded sailor, and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an unexpected example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killed several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their own vessel. When this lady reached the shore, she was everywhere greeted with acclamations by the populace. The Marquis de St. Christeaux waited upon her, and with his own hands placed a crown of laurel on her head, and a portrait of her was taken for the queen of France.—*Sat. Gazette.*

HOW TO GET RICH.

It is amusing to read the advertisements in the papers, which hold out great inducements for an immediate fortune. But few persons will be found simple enough to enclose even a "three cent stamp," which, in some cases, is all that is required to gain the desired information. The more grasping sages, however, are content with nothing short of a "dollar," to allow them to unfold the "secret" which, once possessed, opens the way to riches. Beware, young men, of these delusive baits, and remember that success is but the result of well-directed industry. This truth lies at the foundation of every fortune, which yields the highest satisfaction to its owner.—*Life Illustrated.*

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ANIMATED PICTURES.

BY ANNE T. WILDER.

Among my college friends, there is one who has become rich,—a common event, you will say. Perhaps so; but what is more, this friend is neither a rogue nor a simpleton; and what is better still, he continues to visit me, though I have no other equipage than the omnibus of the quarter. In fact, Arthur Lebel is not an ordinary man. He has never received prizes for themes; he reads Dante, and not Paul de Kock. So, at the Bourse, he passes for a poet or an idealist, designations evidently identical, and which are applied indifferently to all those who do not believe that everybody has dined when they emerge from Vefour's restaurant. However, Arthur Lebel gives balls and earns a hundred thousand francs per year, and he is therefore at heart an estimable man, who wants only a little selfishness to be a man of the world.

I went to see him a few days since; he gave me to read a letter received the night before, in which a young painter was recommended to him, who desired a place in his office; the demand would have appeared extravagant to any one else.

"Have you given him the place!" asked I.

"Of course; he needed it."

"And do you know him?"

"I saw him this morning."

"A copy of the portrait of Van Dyck, I suppose. Long hair, a red beard, and his coat buttoned up to the throat!"

"Not at all; a young man, blushing like a school-boy, scraping the floor with the tips of his toes, and looking for courage in his hat; sad, and a little pale, for he is just recovering from a severe illness."

"I understand you; one of those sublime simpletons of twenty years, who look upon life as an epic poem, pass in the world for stupid because they cannot make up their minds to be only witty, and who dare not eat at the table of the fortunate, for fear of appearing poor or badly brought up."

"We will verify this, for he dines with us to-day."

"Then I will remain."

The young artist arrived exactly at the appointed hour; there is nothing like the punctuality of people who have no watch. Arthur Lebel had the good sense not to introduce us to each other, so that we had no commonplaces or falsehoods to say; dinner was announced, and we seated ourselves at the table. The young man seemed at first unwilling to look, or hear, or speak; nevertheless, after the first course, he began to see, at the second he listened, at the dessert he recovered his speech. We interrogated him then, and he told us his story in a few words.

When very young, he dreamed of those artists of olden time, who, after having labored sixty years neglected or despised, died leaving a name which became a religion, and had wished to take up the cross like them, that he also might be worshipped after death. But his courage had failed at the very outset.

"Who knows whether labor would not have given it to you?" said Lebel.

"O, no, sir, for it was not weakness but ardor which ruined me. *I* could not regulate the study of art at will; as soon as I touched it, it carried me away. It was like the passion of a gambler. Art was for me the tunic of Nessus; hardly had I clasped it around me than it clung to me, and I could take it off only with my flesh and blood. My reason nearly gave way in the struggle."

"How! this illness from which you have just recovered!"

"Was the effect of the fascinations of painting."

We both rested our elbows on the table, as if to signify that we were awaiting the story, and the young man resumed, slightly blushing:

"The hallucinations of music are often spoken of, but the ecstacies into which we may be thrown by painting are not so well known. More than one traveller remembers that, when in Italy, after having long admired the composition, design and coloring of some great master, the canvass suddenly seemed to become animated, and the personages detached themselves from it like phantoms. I had myself several times experienced this fascination, but it had always been brief, and, so to speak, voluntary. I had given myself up to it as to a dream which we know to be a dream, and by which we allow ourselves to be enthralled; a species of scenic representations which the imagination sometimes gives within us, and at which we are present as spectators.

"One evening, after having long studied a skeleton and drawn it in every posture, I had surrounded myself with works on physiognomy, and was seeking to penetrate the secret of this science which gauges the heart by the countenance. I was absorbed in the comparison of the observations made and the results obtained by different authors; my application was as entire as human application can be. No remembrance came to disturb me; for, a stranger to the world, occupied for several months with my studies alone, my mind had become like those shaded and motionless waters which reflect all objects in their lowest depths. Two o'clock in the morning suddenly sounded from the distant clock; this sound seemed to break the charm which separated me from the exterior world, and I aroused myself from my long reverie and looked around me.

"My lamp, without my noticing it, had insensibly grown dim, and was almost extinct. Surrounded by a brown halo, it cast a reddish light which illuminated my attic with singular hues, like those of the setting sun. My skeleton, with a Greek cap over its ear and a Turkish pipe in its mouth, grinned in a corner that horrible smile which the painters of the middle ages have expressed with so much energy; limbs of plaster, suspended from the ceiling, waved in the night winds, and in the distance, a faint hum, a few dying murmurs, were heard, the last sounds of the great city about to fall asleep.

"While my attention had been sustained, I had not perceived my fatigue; but once aroused from my meditations, I felt something like the swimmer who, on quitting deep water where he has long been sporting without growing weary, suddenly feels his limbs relax and the languor of exhaustion seize his whole being. It seemed as if my attic was vacillating around me; my head swam, my hair seemed cold, and my feet lost sensation. Almost immediately I was seized with a dizziness which surrounded me with a thousand fiery circles. I saw the books on my table dance, the skeleton extend his hand to a bust of Niobe and begin to waltz with it; my little tubes of colors sprang upon my palette, forming grotesque quadrilles, and my pencils, arrayed in symmetrical rays, began to revolve like artificial suns around my easel.

"Bewildered, I closed my eyes and gave myself up to a sort of half swoon, during which everything was in confusion before me. I cannot tell how long this singular situation lasted, but after a long crisis, like that which a sick man experiences before he comes out of the delirium of a fever, everything cleared up, and I found myself standing in the middle of my room.

"It was broad day. The sun was throwing long rays on the paintings that encumbered my narrow apartment, and it seemed to me that each had assumed an expression of life which I had never before remarked. The canvass moved—the outlines became more decided. I found myself standing opposite the portrait of my great aunt, who, with her eyes cast down and her fan half raised, seemed to be playing modesty; her mouth suddenly trembled, and I heard these words fall from her lips:

"'Speak to my parents, sir!'

"I stood with my head forward, motionless, bewildered, not knowing whether I was dreaming or not, when a voice behind me said:

"'What do you think of me?'

"I turned; it was the portrait of my cousin, the sub-lieutenant, who, with his head and shoulders projecting, his glossy moustaches and eye as blue as porcelain, had addressed to me this question. I had not yet recovered from my surprise, when a thousand other questions, a thousand other exclamations resounded in my ears; all the portraits suspended to the walls of my attic were speaking.

"I sat down in terror, and cast around me a bewildered glance. I was nevertheless wide awake, I distinctly recognized my attic, I inhaled the morning breeze and the fragrance of my heliotrope; all this was not a dream. I continued, however, to hear the voices of my portraits, to see the canvass agitated and alive. The prodigy was so clear, so indisputable, that by degrees I became accustomed to it. The most singular fact ceases to surprise you when once established, for the evidence compels you to accept it. I rose again and walked a few steps around my room, listening to the fifty voices which mingled, were confounded, and incessantly recommenced the same phrase or word. One would have thought it a reunion of tame parrots or a circle of the fashionable world.

"'Accursed painters,' exclaimed I at last, 'who have given their pictures but a single idea!'

"And turning towards two indistinct portraits which time had nearly effaced:

"'O my father, and my beloved mother, why did not the pencil reproduce your whole souls in your smiles, instead of nailing to your lips some merely civil phrase? And you, my pretty Theresa, could not that German dauber have given your mouth some expression besides that eternal *ah!* of polite astonishment!'

"At this moment my eyes fell on a little miniature, the masterpiece of a great artist; it was the portrait of my dearest friend and all which remained to me of him. An animated hue passed over his lips, they opened and spoke vaguely of the profound melancholy of earth, of a better world where life does not deceive; then recalling affecting remembrances, he recited to me in a low tone some verses written upon a woman whom he had loved and lost. Already his tremulous voice softened, and I felt two tears glisten beneath my eyelashes, when the exclamations of my family portraits redoubled and aroused me, in spite of myself, from my emotion. I shook my fist at my great aunt, my uncle and all my cousins, crying out to them to be silent, but uselessly; the sweet voice of my friend was lost amid their noisy sentences.

"'O, who will deliver me,' exclaimed I, 'from these organ-pipes which emit but one sound and deafen me! Why have I not here, instead of these coarse imitations, the poetic conceptions of our divine masters!'

"Suddenly a thought seized me.

"'The museum! the museum!' I could pronounce only these two words, and was overcome with joy. O, to hear the voices of the Virgins of Raphael, the Christs of Titian and Correggio, the Holy Martyrs of Dominichino. Thy shepherds, O Poussin! the gay refrains of thy shepherds, chanting beneath the groves of Arcadia, beside a tomb overgrown with ivy! Silence, miserable portraits—silence, stupid echoes! 'The museum! the museum!' And I rushed into the street to hasten to the Louvre.

"On going out I ran against a porter who was carrying a large picture with its head down. It was the beautiful marchioness whom I had seen a few months before, asking alms for prisoners and orphans. Her mouth was half open; I thought she was about to pronounce some holy word. I stopped, already edified, when she uttered a name which made me start. It was that of her dressmaker.

"I re-commenced my race, still under the dominion of the same hallucination. On passing by the stall of a picture-dealer, I heard lamentable cries from old, smoky pictures, which filled the narrow shop. A Naiad, by Boucher, stationed at the door, was weeping over her powdered coiffure, exposed to the dripping from an eaves-trough, and a shepherd in rose-colored satin, by Watteau, demanded to re-enter, exclaiming that he was afraid of the horses.

"'I hope the museum is not closed,' said I, redoubling my pace; 'I hope they are not already preparing its halls for the exhibition, and rolling up a Salvator Rosa to give place to an M. Cabassol. Especially do I hope they are not repairing the irreparable galleries. For there are two things in Paris on which one can never rely—the streets, which are constantly being repaved, and the public edifices, which are always closed. But no, everybody is entering freely to-day; it is a day of public admission.'

"I followed one of my neighbors who had just introduced himself with the passport of a foreigner and a piece of thirty sous. I showed my card, I pressed both hands of the door keeper; but for the delay I should have entranced him. I mounted the stairs, and the whirlwinds of sound began to reach me; I approached and the door opened. No, human tongue can never express what I experienced. There was a tempest of voices enough to craze me. Discordant songs, foreign languages, forgotten axioms, the accents of all ages, threats, prayers, loves, contests, sounds of heaven, sounds of the sea, all these rolled confusedly through these vast saloons like a hurricane! I stopped, pale, haggard and trembling in every limb; I was like a traveller led by night to a forsaken spot, who finds himself suddenly at a dance of witches.

"Meanwhile the desire to penetrate these galleries prevailed over everything else; as on a battle-field, the firing, the clashing of arms, the neighing of the horses and the smell of blood influence you, so this tumult, these murmurs, these songs which intermingled and resounded through the halls, attracted me in spite of myself.

"'O, if I can only reach the Italian gallery!' thought I.

"And at last resolving upon an effort, I closed my ears with both hands and began to run. No misfortune happened to me in traversing the French gallery. I heard only a dull and monotonous buzzing, like that of a dozen water-mills; these were the Romans of David reciting tirades from the tragedy of the empire; but on arriving at the Dutch school, I slipped; one of my hands left my ear, and a hundred clamorous voices penetrated my brain. On the right, on the left, it was only abusive language and the songs of drunkards; I was in the midst of the paintings of Teniers. I turned, but the Naiads of Rubens beckoned to me with rude laughter. Everywhere around me I perceived only handsome soldiers proudly resting on their left sides with caps over their ears; great noblemen with full faces. It seemed as if I had been transported to one of those cabarets of Amsterdam, where the exiled princes and ruined gentlemen of the age of Louis XIV. learned practical philosophy between a pot of beer and a bar-maid. But what especially struck me in the midst of this tumult, was to see the young artists tranquilly seated and painting, while the attendant, with his hands behind him, was slowly pacing the gallery and recommending me not to run so fast.

"At the first instant I heard only a lively and mocking murmur. The Cupids of Albano were pointing to the Angels of Raphael, who were concealing themselves, ashamed, beneath their wings. But as I advanced, the murmurs increased. In vain I turned on every side, I perceived only women! on the right, on the left, above, below, there were only rosy mouths talking or singing, coquettish heads nodding, velvet cheeks blushing to be seen, soft looks which summoned one to approach. Only it seemed to me that, at intervals, a ravishing melody rose from all the pictures, and a harmonious echo resounded through the long gallery; but that lasted only a moment. Almost insensibly the noisy confusion returned, and then there was an inexplicable mingling of religious thoughts and profane exclamations, a grotesque conflict between heaven and earth, an eternal debate between God and Satan.

"This tumult, less noisy than that of the Flemish school, was even more painful. The ear was not wounded, but one experienced a sort of inward headache; it was like a sound within the soul. All emotions, all interest, awoke and struggled for the mastery; one felt himself at once a pagan and a Christian. The conflict between mind and matter was transferred from the pictures to myself. I was then uncertain, palpitating, not knowing which to listen to of these opposing voices which called me with equal sweetness; I would have paid with the rest of my life for a little order and peace; I cried with fury:

"'Silence, Cupids! silence, miserable Olympians! Let me hear thee, O Christ! Speak to me, Mary, mother of angels, star of Paradise!'

"And I went from one picture to another in despair; I threw myself at the feet of the beautiful gardener's wife; I extended supplicating hands to the archangel Michael; I conjured Raphael himself, who contemplated me with head inclined. He was perhaps about to reply, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder. I turned; I was surrounded by soldiers to whom the attendant was pointing me out. I attempted to escape them, but the same instant a dizziness made everything disappear, and I fainted. When I recovered consciousness, I was in an insane hospital, and was told that I had been deranged for three months. All was then explained to me, and I comprehended that I must renounce painting."

"And this was doubtless a great sorrow," said Arthur Lebel; "you passed six weeks at least in cursing the fate which compelled you to quit your sun to descend to prosaic life!"

"I passed six weeks in learning arithmetic, and at the end of that time procured a letter of recommendation to you."

I took the hand of the young artist and pressed it in mine.

"Sir," cried I, "we shall be friends. You have not mistaken enthusiasm for genius and have preferred possessing common sense to being a great man! God protect you! you are a rare soul. As for happiness, be not anxious, you will find it; for you have sought it as Christ has told us to seek the truth, *with a simple heart!*"



JAMES R. ANDERSON.

MR. JAMES R. ANDERSON.

The accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Charles Barry, is from a photograph taken for us by Messrs. Meade Brothers of New York, and is presented as an excellent likeness of Mr. Anderson, one of the first actors of the age. During his recent engagement at the National Theatre in this city, he won new laurels, and added to that popularity which he already enjoyed in our critical community. Mr. Anderson is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland. He is in the prime of life, and has a fine and expressive face and a commanding figure. Liberally educated at the high school in Edinburgh, and afterwards studying under Dr. Fergusou, he chose the stage as a profession in early life, resolved to qualify himself, by hard study, for the commanding position he long since attained. In the process of developing his powers and familiarizing himself with the requirements of the drama, he confined himself for a long time to the provincial boards of England, Ireland and Scotland. After figuring as a leading actor, he became manager of a theatrical circuit, and conducted it with great spirit and success for several years. In 1837, while supporting Mr. Macready in a star engagement, he made such an impression on that eminent tragedian, that he offered him a prominent position at Covent Garden Theatre, London. Mr. Anderson immediately accepted the proposal, and, after a brilliant debut, became a permanent favorite with the metropolitan audience. In the plays of Shakspeare, which Mr. Macready produced with the original text, and at a great expense, Mr. Anderson shared with him the applause of the public. Although the part of Claude Melnotte was written expressly for Macready, yet when Mr. Anderson assumed it, the critics admitted that he was superior to the original representative. We first saw him in this part, and although we have seen many performers in the same role, we are still of the opinion we then held, that Mr. Anderson is the best Claude Melnotte on the stage. The fire, fervor and vigor he throws into it, realize the author's idea, and sweep away the spectator in a flood of sympathy, fairly drowning those moral objections to the dramatist's creation which intrude themselves on the mind when the part is entrusted to a less exalted interpreter. A critic said of his unexampled success in this character: "It was not that Mr. Anderson's conception was superior to Macready's, but that he has what that finished gentleman cannot claim—youth, fire and spirit! qualities essential to the character. Macready, who, as a polished artist, has no superior living, *acted* the character, Mr. Anderson not only acts but *looks* it." Under the late Madame Vestris's management of Covent Garden, Mr. Anderson was for three years a leading attaché of the house, and when Mr. Macready left for the United States, he took the parts which he vacated, both in the old drama and in the new pieces written for Macready, with complete success. With the memory of Kean yet fresh, and with that of Macready undisturbed, for a young actor, following so closely in their footsteps, to create enthusiasm by his conceptions of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, etc., was indeed a triumph; nor can we wonder that, years ago, Mr. Macready predicted that he would one day be the greatest actor in England. On the eve of his first visit to the United States, a few years since, he played Hamlet, the most difficult character in the range of drama, before the queen and such an audience as a royal visit to the theatre always assembles, in a style of excellence that electrified the house and drew forth the warmest eulogies of the press. His first tour in this country was a series of triumphs. He visited all our principal cities on the Atlantic seaboard, at the west and the southwest, and everywhere proved attractive. The critics were all but unanimous in his favor. His subsequent engagements have been even more successful. Mr. Anderson's versatility is very great, his *repertoire* embracing some of the strongest contrasts of character on the stage. He possesses, in an unrivalled degree, the power of identifying himself with the character he assumes, and of completely fascinating, magnetizing, as it were, the attention of an audience, no matter how diversified in taste and character. This is because his impersonations bear the stamp of truth—and truth, in the dramatic art at least, never fails to produce an impression. The most unthinking observer recognizes the image of feelings, passions and emotions, which are a part of his own heritage. Mr. Anderson never forgets himself for a single instant on the stage, or rather, to speak more correctly, he forgets himself entirely throughout the character he assumes. There are no moments when Anderson the actor is before us—it is always Hamlet, or Othello, or Melnotte, or Benedict, as the case may be. And when an actor succeeds in producing this impression of reality on his auditors, he generally influences those engaged with him in the business of the stage. Mr. Anderson is supported during his present tour in the States, by Miss Agnes Ellsworthy, a lady, who, though she has not long been in the profession, we believe, yet possesses great histrionic power, enhanced by the effects of an attractive person. During their New York engagement she was eminently successful. During his present visit, Mr. Anderson has appeared before us in the character of a dramatist, a "sensation" play, entitled "Clouds and Sunshine," being his first offering in this line. It has been somewhat severely handled by some of the New York critics, but it produces the effect for which it was evidently written—being pre-eminently an acting play.

JAFFIER ALEE MOHAMMED,

THE REIS OF KEYERPOOR, UPPER SCINDE.

This gentleman on this page, not remarkable for his beauty, but got up in a style of gorgeous oriental magnificence as to costume, is quite a noted character, and has lately produced an immense sensation in England by his presence and by his disputes with the East India Company. The question at issue between this prince and the company is of a simple character, though it appears likely to cause protracted disputes. The prince, e[illegible]ying no longer an independent sovere[illegible] authority, has a claim to a pension from the British Indian Government. But this claim is not of an indisputable char[illegible]cter. It was promised by the East India Company, in 1800, to the heir apparent of the state, which had been absorbed into the British dominions, and was regularly paid to him and to his son and successor until 1849, when the recipient died without male issue, leaving no will. His two daughters, however, had married the sons of an Indian noble, with the understanding that they should inherit the property of their father-in-law, and that one of them should succeed to his title. The question is, whether the deceased prince had the right to make such an agreement. However, only one of his sons-in-law, the subject of our present notice, survived him, and he put forth a claim to his late father-in-law's pension. For several years the matter was litigated between the prince and the authorities in India and in England, and in 1844 he visited London to plead personally his own cause. It does not appear that the company has acted, in this case, with generosity or candor, as the representative of the dethroned family. The prince, like Ali Morrad, of Khyrpore, appears once more to urge his case upon the justice and the good feeling of the English public. He is a noble looking, fine man, right royal in his mien, but evidently something the worse for suffering from mal-treatment at the hands of the East India Company, who lopped off about $450,000 a year of his income, and left him about $600,000 a year, which he now possesses, and which enables him to seek justice for the wrong that has been done him, to visit England and Ireland, and behold what is to be seen in these countries. His hair has become gray—not from age, but from troubles. His age is not more than forty-five years. We understand it changed its color in one night, in consequence of the fright and annoyance caused to him by the East India Company. He wears an emerald ring on his finger, "the Mountain of Fire," which is valued at £40,000; and his sword-bearer, a Polochee, of the name of Poloo—a smart, wiry Eastern—carries the famous sword of Tamerlane, the conqueror of India, which the Reis values at $100,000, and which is an innocent looking scimitar, in a shagreen scabbard, elaborately enamelled in grand style, and the temper and power of which are said to be unparalleled in the entire armory of the East. Its blade is as sharp as that of a razor, and cuts its way through every obstacle without much effort on the part of him who uses it. He is a Mohammedan in religion, and strict in the observance of the Prophet's rules; and, at night, his faithful sword-bearer, the Polochee, sleeps across the door of his bed-chamber, whilst he guards his highness, and safely protects the inestimable sword of Tamerlane. With regard to the sword, we should state that the blade throughout is curiously watered in a most admirable manner, and that figures and names engraven on it are nearly worn from age—but the weapon, though innocent looking, is, at the same time, true and trusty. And what affections must his highness centre in it, when he values it at the price of a large Irish estate! and the emerald ring at the cost of two Irish estates! The sword fully bears out the character given by writers on India, of the great value, and beauty, and temper, of steel blades made in ancient times in the East. His highness is most anxious to convey as many inventions as possible into his kingdom, and for that purpose he has ordered an electric telegraph from London, with which he intends to connect his fort with his capital. He is particularly anxious on the subject of flax manufacturing and lace—but the former chiefly, as Scinde, in which Keyerpoor is situate, is a great flax growing country, sufficient to afford sufficient flax to England and Ireland for the purpose of linen. The Reis is resolved to prosecute his suit against the East India Company for the loss sustained by the spoliation he has suffered. He speaks the Persian tongue, and but few of his suite speak a word of English. His revenue arises chiefly from coal tax, fishery tax, and tax on land, and, as we have above stated, he now possesses about $600,000 a year. The action of the Reis and of the queen of Oude in coming all the way from India to seek redress at the hands of the British government, shows that they are not altogether behind the age in smartness.

THE BEGGARS OF PARIS.

A singular race of beings are the apparently miserable wretches who implore your charity in the streets of Paris, with an authorization from the police prominently displayed to all beholders. Often the mutilated creatures, who have just excited your pity and benevolence, return to their homes, throw their crutches and bandages aside, and many miracles are accomplished in an instant. The lame walk easily, the blind see, the one-armed have both limbs sound again, the hunchbacked lose their deformity, and wooden legs are kicked into a corner! A blind man was long stationed against a wall on the Boulevards. A young woman, in going to her daily occupation, passed the spot every day, and regularly gave the beggar a sou in passing; but one day, through pre-occupation or forgetfulness, she gave him nothing. No sooner had she passed, than the "blind man" called out: "Ha! you have forgotten me to-day, kiod lady!" Another beggar, "afflicted" in like manner, receiving a copper from a gentleman, said: "My good sir, couldn't you give me another in place of this? It's a Belgian sou, and don't pass here!" On the quay Malaquais an old fellow was for some months in the habit of seating himself, with a dog attached to a bit of string. The man exclaimed at every moment: "Pity the blind, if you please—pity the blind!" At length a policeman observed that the beggar had as good sight as anybody, and took the cheat before the commissionary of the quarter. "Why do you beg?" demanded that functionary. "You can see as well as any man." "But sir," replied the fellow, "I never said I was blind. I only cried—'pity the blind!'—and I meant my dog, which is as blind as a bat. Examine him." The rascal's wit saved him from punishment. You see that the beggars of Paris are as much given to knavery as those of any other part of the world.—*N. Y. Picayune.*



THE REIS OF KEYERPOOR, UPPER SCINDE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M.—An academy situated near the temple of Apollo Lyceus was termed from that reason the Lyceum. It has since become a generic appellation

MATCHING.—The lucifer matches are dipped in a mixture of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony.

P. T.—The meaning of *ignis fatuus* is "vain" or "foolish fire." These meteors are supposed to be produced by the decomposition of animal or vegetable matter, and are found in marshy places, or in churchyards. They are popularly called "Jack-with-the-lantern" and "Will-o'-the-wisp."

D. R. H.—The practice of carving gems is of remote antiquity, though it is doubtful whether the ancients were able to cut the diamond, or use the emerald and topaz for sculptural purposes.

B. S., Chicago.—It is not known at what period the diving-bell was invented. In the 16th century, two Greeks let themselves down under water in a large inverted kettle, with a light, in the presence of the Emperor Charles V., and rose again without being wet.

MYSTIC.—The dividing-rod is a branch of hazel forked at the end, which, held by an adept, by bending towards the earth of itself, is said to indicate the presence of a hidden spring of water, or treasure. There are even yet some believers in it.

R. R.—Lord George Jeffreys, executed for his infamous decisions when Chief Justice of the King's Bench, England, died in the Tower of London, April 19, 1689.

MCHENRY.—Commodore Hull died in Philadelphia, February 13, 1843.

N. P. J.—The British fitted up Faneuil Hall during their occupancy of Boston, in 1775, for a series of private theatricals. Among other pieces, they performed an original farce called "Boston Blockade," written by General Burgoyne, who was a successful dramatist and elegant scholar.

M. M.—Yes. Washington Street formerly bore several names indicating different portions of its length—as Cornhill, Marlborough, Newbury and Orange Streets. See first page of this number.

COSMOPOLITAN.—The late Bishop Walsh wright, of New York, was actually born in Liverpool during a visit of his parents, who were citizens of the United States, to Liverpool.

W. L., Carlisle, Pa.—While Torquemada was inquisitor-general of Spain, 8000 victims were committed to the flames, 90,000 condemned to imprisonment, and 800,000 Jews banished from Spain.

MIDDY.—Capt. Lawrence died four days after the capture of his ship, the Chesapeake, by the Shannon, June 6, 1813. He was buried by the British at Halifax, but his remains now lie in Trinity churchyard, New York.

M. D.—The lines,

"Our daughters turn from gentle Juliet's woe
To count the twirls of Almaviva's toe,"

occur in Charles Sprague's Phi Beta Kappa poem, entitled "Curiosity."

JERSEY.—John Liston, the great English comic actor, died of apoplexy, in London, March 22, 1846, after retiring from the stage. He was never in this country.

R. B.—Goethe died in 1832, the same year Sir Walter Scott died.

CHRISTIAN C.—The Duke de Reichstadt, only son of Napoleon the Great, was 21 when he died. He had his father's beauty, and, it was said, his father's talent

ARCHITECT.—The Coliseum at Rome was erected by the Emperor Vespasian.

CHESTER.—An introduction of that sort to a lady at a ball does not warrant your speaking to her in the street. The recognition must come from the lady.

TO GETTERS-UP OF CLUBS!—Let all who are sending us lists of subscribers, be careful to send with their last remittances up to February 1st, *a recapitulation of the number of names sent up to that time*, and the amount of money forwarded also, that we may be enabled to make up our award of prizes promptly. In the immense press of new subscribers at this time of the year, we shall have too many names to examine otherwise, which will cause delay in closing up the prizes.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—Our thanks are due to Hon. Mr. Burlingame for important congressional documents.

SPLINTERS.

.... There can be but little doubt that the wreck of the steamer Arctic lies off the Grand Bank.

.... A young lady at Tonawanda, New York, lately committed suicide from grief at separation from her relatives.

.... A temperance editress, Miss *Ramsey*, married a Mr. Cooper, of *Water*ford, Maine.

.... Serious disturbances have broken out in Italy. Perhaps they are "the beginning of the end," politically.

.... Mr. Forrest, the tragedian, has sold Fonthill to the Sisters of Charity for $100,000.

.... One Jack Bunee, a descendant of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main, was hanged in Texas, lately, for murder.

.... A fault of the times is the sacrifice of all great men who refuse to worship the popular idol of the hour.

.... The productions of the ladies of the New England School of Design reflect credit on them and their teachers.

.... We see some of the papers are sarcastic on the practice of calling a ball a "hop."

.... A hanky horse, it is said, may be made to go forward by the simple process of blindfolding his eyes.

.... A lady was lately blown away in Pittsburg. It is not mentioned whether crinoline conspired with the gale.

.... One of the best springs of generous and worthy actions, is having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves.

.... The total amount of official salaries in Chicago paid yearly, is 325,500 dollars.

.... Young Hengler, of the Ravel troupe, is, without exception, the most extraordinary rope-dancer we ever saw.

.... During the past year, 141,423 immigrants arrived at New York, and the "cry is still they come."

.... In Russia, a man is considered vulgar who refuses to breakfast on a dish of fried candle-ends.

.... Ice-cutting has been commenced in this vicinity, and is being pursued with the customary vigor.

.... Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, has been speaking very warmly in favor of operatic performances.

.... Mrs. John Wood has been very successful in New York. She is certain to shine anywhere.

.... Young Seguin, son of the late Edward Seguin so well known in Boston, is studying vocal music in Italy.

.... To crown an emperor of Russia, it costs as much money as we pay our presidents in 440 years.

.... In Philadelphia, where snow is rare, they charge five dollars an hour for a single horse and sleigh.

THE LADIES' LEAGUE.

We notice in one of our foreign exchanges that some of the ladies of Belgium have formed an association, the object of which is to reform habits of social extravagance. They have frequent meetings at which they report progress, and they vie with each other in their efforts at discarding superfluities. The motive for this movement was the startling fact that the profuse expenditure of fashionable circles rendered marriages infrequent, and threatened to render them impossible, thereby menacing the very foundation of society, and reducing it to a congregation of dissipated Shaking Quakers—a curious anomaly. These circumstances should induce us to look at home, and see whether the evil and the call for a remedy does not exist with us. And we find that even here, in the Puritanic city of Boston, is a state of things which should fill us with serious alarm. Marriages with us are decreasing in a fearful ratio, more than the price of provisions, which has much to do with the statistics of matrimony, warrants. Here, as elsewhere, if not to the same extent, vulgar extravagance is the order of the day.

We have sadly lapsed away from the republican simplicity of our fathers. The style of living which suited an opulent merchant fifty years ago, would now be thought mean in a hard-working mechanic. Great as our progress in wealth has been, our progress in extravagance has been yet greater. The dread of being thought menu, the low ambition to "astonish the Browns," leads us to forget that it is not what a family has, but what it is, that entitles it to social consideration. We build palaces, and fill them full of costly furniture and knick-knackery, forgetting those evidences of true refinement which are created by taste and not money.

The bachelor, possessed of a modest competence, stands aghast at the gorgeous necessities that guard the very threshold of Hymen's temple. There are no simple bridals now-a-days. We must have costly music and costly wines, costly dresses and costly wedding-presents, as a beginning, and an expensive foreign tour must immediately follow the joining of hands. A decently dressed belle, according to the fashionable canons, must walk abroad with about three thousand dollars' worth of dry goods and jewelry upon her person. What a warning—what a despair to marriageable men!

This gaudy attire adds nothing to beauty, and homeliness appears never so homely as in a regal setting. Yet we see many a "fright," as the ladies say,

"Who, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in her head."

What wonder that it is no rarity to hear of a business man failing for two hundred thousand dollars, or of breaches of trust (we must not say swindling) involving millions! These things need reform, and any reform movement, to be effective, must come from the fairer and better portion of humanity. And we believe, moreover, that ambitions and extravagant men, and not women, were the original authors of the ruinous style against which we have felt bound to utter our protest.

FAST AND SLOW.

Turning over a file of the "Boston Centinel" for 1810, the other day, we came on an advertisement of the Middlesex Canal, now numbered among the things that were. The programme stated that the packet-boat for Chelmsford (Lowell) would leave the wharf at eight A. M., and arrived at Chelmsford in eight hours! Now we go to New York in eight hours; in other words, we travel more than eight times as fast as we did forty-six years ago, or even much later. It is the locomotive against the "Raging Canawl!" Yet that same canal, travelling through a pleasant country, was an easy, agreeable mode of going from one place to another.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—This American pictorial sheet is now so firmly established by the enterprise of its proprietor, and the acknowledged excellence of his work, that it seems hardly necessary to say anything at this late day in its favor, as it now has an immense circulation, and notwithstanding the low price at which it is furnished, is undoubtedly making a fortune for its owner and conductor. We feel a sort of local pride in the first American paper of this kind, that now sustains itself so nobly in the face of the strong prejudice in favor of foreign pictorials, as well as everything else of foreign manufacture. There has been a steady improvement made in this journal, both in regard to its engravings and its literary matter. Those who know how cheap they can purchase a copy of this paper, are very seldom aware of the immense cost of producing that single copy. They have but to look over Mr. Ballou's establishment in Winter Street, to be convinced of the immense business done by him, of the vast amount of capital employed, and the number of busy hands and brains that are engaged in producing a copy of the paper which gives them so much pleasure and instruction.—*Boston Daily Ledger.*

COINCIDENCE.—The "James Baines" and the "Lightning," both ships built by Donald McKay, of East Boston, lately arrived at Melbourne, from Liverpool, on the same day. We learn with pleasure that Mr. McKay is likely to recover from his late pecuniary embarrassments, his creditors, having the fullest confidence in his integrity and ability, having generously granted him every facility for resuming his business.

MAKING MONEY.—Two German girls with a hurdy-gurdy and tamborine made ten thousand dollars in ten months in Australia. We're afraid when our street musicians hear this they will all forsake us.

"THE MYSTERIOUS MINER: *or, The Gold Diggers of California.*"—This vivid story, by Mrs. L. S. Goodwin, now publishing in The Flag of our Union, is to be dramatized for the stage.

LAMAS.—An experiment is being made to naturalize the Peruvian lama in the island of Cuba. The lama is valuable both for its wool and as a beast of burden.

ABOUT OYSTERS.

Until recently, we had very vague ideas about the extent of the oyster business in some localities. We had eaten them roast, stewed, broiled and fried, as Prince Murat said he had the turkey-buzzard, without a notion of the amount of wealth these delicious bivalves produce to the country. It seems that the oysters of Maryland are equal in value to its grain crop, and sometimes more than equal. The entire shores of Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries are devoted to the oyster culture, and as only one year is necessary for this mollusk to attain its full growth, the profit of those engaged in this business is immense, ranging from 300 to 600 per cent. Two hundred and fifty vessels are employed in carrying oysters, their average cargo being 900 bushels, and each voyage requiring only from nine to ten days. During the eight months of the oyster season, the 250 vessels make altogether about 600 trips, and furnish annually a total of 4,800,000 bushels of oysters sold in the Baltimore market. The average price of oysters being 50 cents a bushel, gives a total of $24,000,000 paid by the principal houses of Baltimore. These houses despatch to Ohio and elsewhere, by railroad, about ten tons a day. The shells alone are worth $120,000, being sold for manure in Virginia and North Carolina.

Oysters are delicious and nutritive, and, perhaps, for the amount of nourishment they afford, are about the cheapest food in the market, even at present prices. They are also a safe article of food, being, like eggs, incapable of adulteration. In New York, which is largely addicted to oyster-eating, you find every variety of this popular bivalve in the greatest perfection, and it is almost worth a trip to the Empire city to enjoy them.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL, FOR 1857.—This paper, published and edited by Charles O. Rogers, 12 State Street, opens the new year with the most brilliant auspices, and with a circulation nearly double that of last year. The proprietor has every facility for obtaining and disseminating news, and, as a family newspaper, his journal is unsurpassed in this country. Morning and evening editions are published, weekly and semi-weekly editions issued, and a paper made up expressly for California in season for the steamship mails. The Boston Journal is an institution, and does honor to the city from which it emanates.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We received in one day, the past week, *seventeen hundred subscribers, with the money for the same*, upon the subscription books of Ballou's Pictorial and The Flag of our Union. Is there another publishing house in the United States that can assert and prove this?

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Benjamin F. Wheeler to Miss Sarah E. Leeds; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. Samuel C. Ware to Miss Harriet M. Swett; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Joseph G. Wilkins, of Watertown, to Miss Rosa B. Richardson; by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Thomas C. Kennedy, of Iowa, to Miss Mary J. Woodbridge; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. George F. Clark to Miss Margaret S. L. Price; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Isaiah T. Ellis to Mrs. Elmira R. M. Low; by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. Alfred G. Slade, of Philadelphia, to Miss Fannie E. Gwinn.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. William H. Flint to Miss Helen M. Morrill.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Cady, Mr. Alexander Anderson to Miss Sabrina E. Thorpe.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Thomas W. Tucker to Miss Lizzie P. Robinson.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, Senor Torello Guadagni, of Florence, Italy, to Miss Josephine Fleck.—At South Malden, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Columbus Corey to Miss Ellen E. Gerrish.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. William A. Eaton to Miss Philean W. Hoyt.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Lorenzo Papanti, Esq., to Miss Harriet Morse.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. John B. Mason to Miss Ellen M. Dealing.—At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Reuben Patterson to Miss Julia T. Beal.—At Richmond, Va., by Rev. Mr. Comings, Andrew J. Simpson to Clarissa A. Mason, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Searle, 63; Mrs Lydia A. Rogers, 66; Mr. Dexter Blackman, 25; Mr. Patrick Gargan, 49; Mrs Nancy Goldsbury, 54; Mr Matilda, wife of Mr. Otis Williams; Hannah C. Young; Mrs. Ann Louisa T., wife of Mr. C. W. Smith; Deacon Daniel E. Powers, 81.—At Somerville, Mr. Isaac Tufts, 85; Mrs. Harriet L., wife of Henry A. Hill's, 37.—At Dorchester, Mr. Stephen H. Cleveland, 45.—At Brookline, Franklin O., only son of Aaron Kimball, Esq., 18.—At South Malden, Mrs Lydia Nelson, 91.—At Brighton, Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Rev. Samuel Gooch, 66.—At Holden, David, son of Jonathan Chaffin, 20.—At Oakham, Lorenia Davis, 33.—At Worcester, Alvin Waite, 55.—At Stockbridge, Mrs. Sarah W., wife of Hon. John Z. Goodrich.—At Amherst, Mr. Seth Smith, 81.—At Northampton, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of the late Moses Bartlett, 86.—At Haydenville, Mr. Nathan Eames, the oldest man, and the last Revolutionary soldier in Williamsburg, 91.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Applin, widow of the late Abner Shepherd, 87.—At South Dartmouth, Rebecca Howland, 83.—At Wendell, Mrs Nancy, relict of the late Hon. Joshua Green, 77.—At Wellfleet, Mr. John Y. Newcomb, 94.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Susan, wife of Peter H. Chase, 33.—At Hanover, N. H., Mrs. Abigail, wife of Dr. Asa Crosby, 80.—At Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Jason Messinger, formerly of Dedham, Mass., 83.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAST.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

From up the distant corridor
Of memory's crowded halls,
Upon my more than yielding heart
A thrilling echo falls.

Aslant my weary vision,
In twilight's hallowed rays,
Flit shadows soft, recalling
The joys of childhood's days.

A mother's dear voice blending
In accents sweet and mild,
Sounds up time's lengthened vista,
As when I was a child.

But, ah! the stern reality
Since then this heart has known,
Hath given to these memories
A joy that's all their own.

THE SUPREME.

Is there a God? All nature shows
There is—and yet no mortal knows;
The mind that could this truth conceive,
Which brute sensation never taught,
No longer to the dust would cleave,
But grow immortal with the thought.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FINE SIMILE.

As rooted to the rock the yearning sea-weed grows,
And sways unto the tide, and feels its ebbs and flows—
So unto reason fixed, yet floating ever free,
In feeling's ebb and flow the artist's life should be.—W. W. STORY.

AN OLD THOUGHT.

Not by appointment do we meet delight
And joy; they heed not our expectancy:
But round some corner in the streets of life,
They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile.—GERALD MASSEY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The other day we had a call from Lieut. Derby, United States Topographical Engineers, on his way to Detroit, where his command is stationed. This gentleman is better known to the reading public as "John Phœnix," the *nom de plume* affixed to those original humorous sketches which have convulsed the million from the Atlantic to the Pacific.....An intelligent whaling-captain tells us, that the bomb-lance, a conical weapon loaded and fired from a gun, must prove very effective in killing whales. Soon after the lance enters the monster, a slow-match affixed to the charge explodes it, and certain death ensues.....Dr. Kane's book has had a prodigious success. A few days ago not a copy was to be had in Boston for love or money. Childs & Peterson cannot print them as fast as they are called for.....What a vast amount of merriment and jollity the sleighing season produces! There is joy and exhilaration in the very "tintinnabulation of the bells—bells—bells," as poor Poe sang.....It is said that the Duke of St. Thora, one of the Emperor Faustin's favorite nobles, is visiting the United States on matrimonial thoughts intent. Will any girl play Desdemona to this West Indian Othello?.....Barnum, the great showman, though he failed for half a million, is not discouraged; he is now acting his old part in Europe, exhibiting Tom Thumb, and also a juvenile wonder, Miss Howard.....Bouquet-throwing is an art. We have seen a prima donna nearly prostrated by a ponderous pile of flowers. And, by the way, why is a lady who lodges up one pair of stairs like another goddess of flowers? Because she's a second floorer (Flora).....Gibraltar must be a great place for lovers of fruit You can buy there two pounds of delicious grapes, two pounds of apples, two of peaches, two of lemons, and a basket to carry them in, for twenty-five cents.....Are persons who thoughtlessly endorse bank notes aware that, in case of the bank failing, they are liable for the amount?.....A shop in Hartford has the following monumental inscription:—"Whiskers *died* here." Who the unfortunate Whiskers was nobody knows. Probably some dandy, who, from his magnificent hirsute appendages, was thus entitled by his admiring friends.....Rev. James N. Cusick, an Indian Baptist minister, settled over his countrymen of the "Six Nations," at Grand River, Canada West, preaches to over 12,000 red men of the forest.....The desire for official notoriety is an absurd mania. There were 6000 applicants for the post of messenger to carry the electoral vote of Indiana to Washington. We have known men ready to relinquish a business worth 3000 dollars a year to obtain a $1000 berth under the government. Strange!.....Dartmouth College nobly refused to receive a large donation of Western lands, because their acceptance would impoverish a poor widow. Some corporations grasp all they can, no matter whether it comes to them by genuine or by "rascally" philanthropy.....The Friends were originally called "Seekers," from their seeking for the truth. One of their prominent members gave them the name of Quakers, because Fox, their founder, admonished them to tremble at the name of the Most High.....A section of the cable for the proposed telegraph across the Atlantic, was on exhibition in the Merchants' Exchange News Room, of this city, recently. The specimen exhibited is a beautiful piece of workmanship. The cable is now being manufactured in England, and will probably be completed by the middle of next summer.....Mr. James Anderson, who lately performed an engagement at the National, in this city, is the best Claude Melnotte on the stage.....Our city is getting to be quite romantic. A highwaywoman lately stopped a lady in the street, and demanded her money or her life. If the lady was properly hooped, the female robber could not get near enough to her to take her life.....The Boston Athenæum library has been re-arranged and classified throughout. Mr. William F. Poole, the present librarian, is just the man for the place he occupies.....Max Maretzek, the wags say, took Madame Anna Lagrange to Cuba because he was bound to Have-anna.....St. Paul's Episcopal church, Dedham, lately destroyed by fire, is to be rebuilt of stone, so as to defy the devouring element.....An unsuccessful attempt was lately made to assassinate that crowned despot, the king of Naples. Regicide is not only deeply criminal, but it is an art which always injures the cause of liberty. Walter Savage Landor has lately degraded himself by applauding this crime.....The Boston Journal says, that a merchant, in one of our large cities, who stops payment and does not owe from $200,000 to two millions, is considered a mean fellow.....We don't know who it was, but it was a shrewd man who said, "Gravity is the very essence of imposture; it makes us not only mistake other things, but is apt perpetually almost to mistake itself."....A mournfully interesting piece of intelligence brought by a recent steamer, was the death of Rev. Theobald Mathew, the great Irish temperance reformer, at Cork. We had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman a few years since in private, and were as much charmed by his manners, as impressed by his apostolic mission.....There are two papers on our exchange list which we consider indispensable to all who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil—the "New England Farmer," published in this city, and the "Country Gentleman," issued at Albany, New York.....The legend of a Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to this day, has spread over many European countries. This thrilling legend has furnished the theme for pictures, poems, novels and dramas innumerable.....Glorious are the uncertainties of the law. It appeared, the other day, that a certain culprit would be surely convicted of stealing mackerel. But it appeared that he was charged with stealing sundry barrels of mackerel; whereas the purloined fish were in half-barrels, and so he went on his way rejoicing.....Miss Sedgwick, the authoress, lately reported dead, is still living, with a fair prospect of many years of health and usefulness before her.....The first snow of a season is always welcome. It seems as grateful a tribute to the bare trees and earth, as rain and dew to the flowers and grass of midsummer.....Shakspeare, the Rev. Mr. Giles tells us, left off authorship at the age of 48, having written 37 dramas, 2 poems, and upwards of 150 sonnets. Many authors have surpassed him in fertility, but one of his great tragedies alone would have rendered him immortal. His later days were cheered by the sun of prosperity, his income being $10,000 a year.....A bill has been introduced into the North Carolina legislature to "promote matrimony." The introduction of economy in place of extravagance in our social habits, would render all legislation on the subject entirely unnecessary everywhere.....James M. Beebe, Esq., one of our largest, most enterprising, and most liberal merchants, lately invited a large company to his hospitable mansion in Ashburton Place, to meet Mr. George Peabody, the great American banker.....An eminent medical authority states, that scarcely a person in fifty is sensible at the point of death; and some physicians aver that they never attended a death-bed where the patient was sensible.....The School of Design for Women, in this city, is in a flourishing condition. Women are admirably fitted for the art of designing. They are found in England to make superior wood engravers.....E. H. Derby, Esq. is preparing a memoir of the Derby family of Salem, including a full sketch of the East India trade in Salem, where it originated.....The fair weather visitants of our seaside resorts learn little of the sublimity of the ocean. Nahant in a winter storm presents a fine field for persons in search of strong sensations. It is rather cool in us, however, to advise trying it.....We have in this city a young artist of talent and promise, a relative of the great Sir David Wilkie, the Scottish Hogarth. His studio is at No. 15 Montgomery Place.....Col. Benton was very much pleased with Lowell, Mass., and with the intelligence and condition of the young ladies employed as operatives in the mills.....There is quite a rage for theatricals in New York this season. Nine regular theatres are in full blast. A distinguished lady of Gotham, smitten with a love for the footlights, lately went to Buffalo and played a week, to the consternation of her friends She has since returned to the usual routine of fashionable life, satisfied with her single plunge into the mysteries of the drama.....It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, that all the books in the Arabic language are so corrupt and immoral, that there is not one that does not need expurgation before it is fit to be presented to the public eye.....We have seen some ladies in the street, lately, who were certainly painted. We hope this fashion is not about to rage as it did in the last century. Lady Mary Wortley Montague used to put on paint as thick as plaster on the wall.....As an illustration of the effects of the credit system in newspaper publishing, we note that a certain paper of fifty years standing had on its books bad debts to the amount of $300,000. It must be neither amusing nor profitable to do business in this way.....We are afraid Mrs. Partington is getting noisy. We lately heard of her lecturing "on the street."....It is found that the improved drainage in only twenty streets in Manchester, England, diminished the annual mortality of the town twenty per cent. Only think of that! Rheumatism, typhoid, and many other acute and dangerous disorders, may be traced almost directly to humidity.....Very many of the articles in "Household Words" have been attributed to Dickens, on the presumptive evidence of style; but it seems they were written by a young man named Sala, the son of Madame Sala, a theatrical performer, who possesses the wonderful faculty of imitating the style of thought and expression of any writer, so as to deceive the most critical.....What a wonderful structure the Suspension Bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis will be when completed! It will be a mile long, eighty-four feet high, and will cost at least two million dollars.....Dr. Colton, writing to the Boston Transcript about Chicago, says: "There are no old people here—they can't wait to become old."....It is an attractive feature of the New York hotels, that they give balls during the winter season, with fine music. A New York hotel is a world of itself.....Albert Pike, soldier, politician, poet and lawyer, intends to relinquish the legal profession, because he has made a large fortune by gaining a great lawsuit. He is a brilliant man.....How much truth there is sometimes in a single proverbial expression! The Scotch say: "They are never canny (that is, amiable or good) that dogs and bairns dinna like." Children and dogs certainly discover the true character of a stranger at a glance.. ...We have been told that a curious Western genius has discovered a method of manufacturing from one dandy, a monkey, an ape and three baboons, with enough of the material left for a small yellow dog.....There used to be an association in New Orleans, called the "Baked Bean Rangers and Pandowdy Dragoons," from the favorite New England dishes served up in their club-rooms.... .Somebody says, that it is to rainy days we owe the conception of most good thinkings, sayings and doings.....When a run for specie was made on a certain Irish bank, the panic-stricken billholders were driven from their purpose by being served with red-hot guineas and sovereigns The president kept up a roaring fire in a grate, and shelled out the specie piping hot. We commend this to some of our own monetary institutions when driven into a corner.....Dickens told a friend lately, that his most strongly marked characters, such as Squeers, Quilp, the Cheeryble brothers and Little Nell, were portraits from life.....The Romans, though we are apt to overlook the fact, had registers of politics and intelligence, which were really not unlike our own newspapers in their contents. Many of the ancient gazettes were quite gossippy.....We believe it was Edward Everett who illustrated the importance of trifles, by saying:—"The nerve of a tooth not as large as a cambric needle will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction!" A musquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which sometimes causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms.....How few people in this world know how to use money. Petrarch said of this necessary evil:—"He who expends it properly is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; and he who adores it, an idolater.....One of the Ravel troupe, we are informed, has turned so many summersets, that he never feels the cold in winter.....The tragedy of "Lear" was once brought out at the Tremont Theatre during a "star" engagement at very short notice. The gentleman who played Gloster managed to say something like the author, until he came to the scene where his *eyes are put out*, and *then* he was obliged to ask permission to read the rest of his part.

No language is very weak in its natural course, until it runs too far; and then the poorest and the richest are ineffectual equally. The habitude of pleasing by flattery makes a language soft; the fear of offending by truth makes it circuitous and conventional.—*Landor.*

There is hardly anything that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings.—*Hazlitt.*

Choice Miscellany.

SUBSCRIBING FOR PAPERS.

We wish to express it as a mature conviction of our own mind, that one of the best protections for our children against the temptations of city and village life, is the habitual reading of a well-conducted family newspaper or periodical. If you want a child to take an interest in a paper, let it be *his* paper, sent to his address. In a reasonable time he will get to look for its coming, and feel the want of it, if it does not arrive at the usual time. Soon it will be a kind of necessity, and rather than be without it, he becomes willing to make sacrifices and self-denials for the sake of saving any stray dime or half-dime which may happen to come into his possession. Peanuts and gingerbread, monkey-shows and fire-crackers, are vetoed, and the increment of a quarter of a dollar to a half, and so on, to the subscription price, is watched with an interest and a pleasure which few would imagine; and lo! the germs of an economy and self-denial are planted before we are aware of it, which will grow to health, and wealth, and position.—*Journal of Health.*

SLEEP.

The unwisest of all economies is time saved from necessary sleep; for it begets a nervous irritability, which masters the body and destroys the mind. When a man becomes sleepless, the intellect is in danger. A restored lunatic, of superior mental endowments, said: "The first symptom of insanity, in my own case, was a want of sleep; and from the time I began to sleep soundly, my recovery was sure." This is a fact that is worth remembering. Let this be a warning to all who are acquiring an education. Every young person at school should have eight hours for sleep out of every twenty-four; for, as the brain is highly stimulated all the time in the prosecution of study, it will break down, just as any other part of the frame, unless it have time for full recuperation. Better, a thousand times, to give another year to the completion of specified studies, than by curtailing sleep, to endeavor to get through that much sooner, at the risk of madness.—*Dr. Hall.*

THE PAVEMENT OF LONDON.

The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our times. It covers nearly three thousand acres, two-thirds whereof consist of what may be called mosaic work, done in plain style, and the other third of smooth flagging. Such a series of works far transcends in quantity, as it excels in quality, the Appian Way, which was the wonder of ancient Rome, and which would cut but a poor figure as contrasted with one of our commonest streets. The ancient consul's way was but fifteen feet wide in the main, and was filled in with blocks of all shapes and sizes, jointed together and planned only on the surface; the length of its devious course, from north to south of Italy, was under 300 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5000, and exceed 2000 miles in length!—*Building News.*

THE BRETON WOMEN.

Among the many strange customs which mark the Breton peasantry, there is none more remarkable than that of wearing the hair. For while the men cultivate long tresses hanging down to their waists, and of which they are very proud, the women do not show a single lock; and the girl who might be tempted by the beauty of her *chevelure* to allow a ringlet to escape from beneath her closely-fitting cap, would not only lose all chance of obtaining a lover, but would be regarded by the young men as a *fille perdue*—that is, a coquettish girl unworthy of their affections. To this strange custom many London and Paris ladies are indebted for the magnificent hair which adorns their heads, but which was grown in the wilds of Brittany.—*London Sun.*

New Publications.

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES: or, *The Rich Poor and the Poor Rich.* By Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 190.

An interesting story, written with a high moral aim, and liberally illustrated with engravings. The author is very favorably known already by her "Courtesies of Wedded Life."

THE AGE OF FABLE: or, *Stories of the Gods and Goddesses.* By THOMAS BULFINCH. Boston: Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

A new edition of this admirable work, which has already become a classic, is before the public. It has received universal commendation from the press, and is certainly the most agreeable compendium of mythological fictions ever published.

THE PLAY-DAY BOOK. By FANNY FERN. Illustrated by F. M. Coffin. New York: Mason Brothers. 1857. pp. 286.

This is a beautifully got up publication, to which the authoress's name will give currency. There is an occasional flash of genius in her writings. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

THE MIND AND HEART: or, *Social and Fireside Reading for Children.* By WM. B. FOWLE. Boston: Morris Cotton. 1856. 18mo.

Many of the articles composing this excellent reading book are original, and the remainder have been written and adapted It embraces a great variety of subjects and styles, and must certainly prove a great favorite.

PARLOR DRAMAS: or, *Dramatic Scenes for Home Amusement.* By WM. B. FOWLE. Boston: Morris Cotton. 1857. 12mo. pp. 312.

The reputation of the "Hundred Original Dialogues for Schools" will ensure this volume a warm reception, while its intrinsic merits will complete its success. These "Parlor Dramas" contain many effective scenes and characters. There are only one or two pieces which might have been omitted to the advantage of the collection.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By PAUL CREYTON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 414.

To say this story is well-written and interesting would be faint praise, for all Creyton's books are so. It is a work that will take rank among the best of American novels—a work of true art, which, while it will live, contains enough of the elements of popularity to give it immediate success.

NOW OR NEVER: or, *The Adventures of Bobby Bright.* By OLIVER OPTIC. 1857. 18mo. Boston: Brown. Bazin & Co.

A very clever story by a very clever writer, who is a prime favorite with young readers.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOSTON BOARD OF TRADE.—This valuable statistical document is published in good style, and hails from the press of Moore & Crosby, Water Street.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN MELICE. A Historical Romance. By the author of "The Lost Hunter." New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 478.

We have been deeply interested in the perusal of this story. The scene is laid in America, the date so far back as to be well suited to the purpose of fiction, while the canvass is crowded with characters, historical and imaginary, drawn with much power and success.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, the "Wheelbarrow Polka," composed and dedicated to Major Ben: Perley Poore, with a vignette representing the major wheeling his apples; the "Skylark Quadrilles," for the piano, by Edgardo Linter. "Dance of the Fairies," for the piano. "The First Kiss," a song, and the "Choralist," No. 4, a fine collection of standard choruses, anthems, etc., for the piano forte or organ. —From Henry Tolman we have received "I cannot help but smile," a humorous song. "Invisible Prince Polka." "La Fille du Regiment," waltz, and "Student's Polka."

Editorial Melange.

The book trade is very lively just now, and the publishers find it difficult to supply the demand for many standard works. —A note for $100,000 given Anson G. Phelps, Jr., by his father, before his death, has been declared invalid by the supreme court of New York, for the want of a valuable consideration. —They talk of a bank in Philadelphia with ten millions capital. That will do to commence with.—On her way across the isthmus from California, Lola Montes saved a boy belonging to Walker's army, who was sick with fever, and placed him on her own mule, while she undertook to walk to Virgin Bay. —It is said that a bottle was dug up at Taylorsville, Ky., a few days ago, containing $40,000 in old United States Bank notes, said to be genuine. —A young lady at the Female Seminary, Elmira, found a bottle of chloroform, a few days since, smelled of it from curiosity, came near dying, and was only saved by great exertion. —Paul says, "I use great plainness of speech." Archbishop Usher says, "It requires all our learning to make truth simple."—The lighthouse board at Washington has ordered one of the lighthouses in the neighborhood of New York to be lighted with the Breckenridge coal oil, in order to test its quality. The company has offered to supply it at one dollar per gallon. —It is a remarkable thing how much sooner the weather sets in "bitter cold" to those furnished with handsome furs, than to those not so fortunate. —A sale of Durham cattle on the estate of Benjamin Warfield, Fayette, Kentucky, a few days since, realized for the herd of fourteen, $3265—an average of $233 21 each. It was said to be the finest herd in the State. —Six shoots of the Charter Oak are now growing in the yard of a citizen of Washington, D. C., grown from acorns of the venerable tree, sent to the grower by Judge Williams, of Connecticut. —The Baltimoreans are waking up upon the subject of steam navigation, and of a direct line between that city and Europe. —Forgery is not confined to the cities. At Warsaw, Wyoming county, it has just been discovered that Mr. N. N. Olive, of Pike, has failed, after forging notes to the amount of $60,000. —Mrs. J. Stockwell, wife of John Stockwell, an Englishman, residing at Chappequa, on the Harlem Railroad, lay or fell down—it is not known which—immediately before the Albany mail train on its passage, a few days ago, and was crushed to atoms. —William Smith, a mail guard, has been arrested at Augusta, Ga., charged with robbing the mail. A thousand dollars of supposed stolen money were found in his possession. —They have a haunted house at Syracuse, N. Y., in which a large white dog is continually performing strange antics, and the doors and windows slam without hands all night, no matter how securely fastened. Two or three families have been scared away from the house, and the ghostship is apparently well established. —At present, says the South Side, Va., Democrat, there are one hundred and fifty newspapers published in the State of Virginia, the working expenses of which amount to $400,000 per annum. —A railroad from the shore of Lake Superior to the valley of the Assiniboine, is among the projects about to be laid before the Canadian Parliament this winter; the ultimate view being to extend it to the shores of the Pacific. —Messrs. Tuttle & Bailey, Brooklyn, N. Y., assessed for only $1500, instead of $15,000, as they should have been, communicated to the authorities their wish to pay the whole amount, who decided that they had no power to rectify such errors.

Lighting Cars by Gas.—The Chicago Press says the experiment of illuminating cars by gas has been tried on the Chicago and Galena Railroad with perfect success. Under the floor of each car is placed a gas holder, consisting of two tubes, divided into compartments by India-rubber diaphragms. Connecting with the holder is a dry metre, which pumps the air into the holder, and forces the gas through the pipes which connect the holder, up into the car. The holder is filled with gas by attaching the pipe to a main at any station where there is gas.

Satisfaction.—Sir James Graham once sentenced a poor fellow to transportation, when he should have doomed him to the gallows. Informed of his mistake, he recalled the criminal, put on his black cap, and prefaced the death-sentence by saying, "I beg your pardon, sir." Sheriff S——, of this ilk, when he dropped a man from the gallows, used to take off his hat and say, "Good-morning, sir," and this not ironically, but in good faith!

Blanchard's Turning Machine.—The Secretary of War has issued an order to General Whitney, superintendent of the Springfield Armory, to set up Mr. Thomas Blanchard's original machine for turning gun-stocks, the first ever used in this country, without changing a screw or a particle, in a room by itself, there to remain as a perpetual memorial of this great American invention.

Premier and President.—The salary of the prime minister of England is equal to that of our President—$25,000. The salaries of other English officials are much larger than ours. The governmental machinery of England is enormously expensive, and yet its territory is insignificant when compared to our own.

The Ashes of the Great.—A country manager lately got up the tragedy of Virginius, and introduced the ashes of poor Virginia, not in an urn, but in a large coffee-pot with a long spout! His audience burst into a roar of laughter, and the tragedy became a farce.

Singular.—A man the other day saved his wife from drowning, when they were upset in a boat. The danger destroyed his presence of mind!

Wayside Gatherings.

Laura Keene is coining money at her new theatre.

The Manchester Mirror says the weather in that city has been conducted on the "let 'er rip" principle.

The Sacramento Valley Railroad, the pioneer of its kind in California, was, at the last accounts, doing an immense freight business.

With the exception of swimming, skating is perhaps the most delightful and at the same the most healthful of all out-door exercises for either sex.

In 1842, 1,460,081 squirrel skins were exported from Russia to China in exchange for tea. Most of these skins came from Siberia, and were the quarry of the exiles' traps.

Mr. Thomas Norsworthy, who lately died at the age of nearly ninety-nine years, in Salem, had been married six times, and had thirty-three children.

Ten out of eleven applicants for admission to the bar in New York have been rejected by the examiners. This severity of examination is something quite new.

It is said that England draws from us annually some $500,000 for steel pens. This is strange, when we remember that one of the earliest lessons taught by all Yankee schoolmasters was how to make our own pens.

Theatres in New Orleans are taxed by the State $200, by the city $315, and for the charity hospital $500—total, $1015 per annum. A petition is about to be presented to the legislature to reduce the amount.

The bachelors of Waterbury gave a supper entertainment to themselves and their lady friends, a few evenings since, at the Scoville House. Nearly one hundred unmated gentlemen and ladies were present.

Mole hills are curiously formed by an outer arch impervious to rain, and an internal platform with drains, and covered ways on which the pair and young reside. The moles live on worms and roots and bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.

Sir George Gore's hunting party are now on their way to St. Louis. They have made sad havoc amongst the game of the plains, having killed over two thousand buffalo, deer and elk, and one hundred and five grizzly bears.

It is said that 100 large ships were built in Maine the last season, whose average measurement was about 1000 tons. Underwriters object to such large vessels, as they are not considered so strong nor so well fitted to contend with the elements as smaller ones.

A resident of Andover, Mass., has invented and patented a table, by the use of which mariners can ascertain their latitude and longitude without going through with the long process hitherto required. This invention, if practicable, will be invaluable to navigators.

A young man in Georgetown, D. C., who last week took four grains of strychnine for the purpose of committing suicide, was saved by the inhalation of an ounce and a half of chloroform. Either of the doses would have killed him, separately—between them both he lived.

A man and his wife are now living in Pawtucket (says the Pawtucket Gazette), who have been the parents of twenty children, nineteen of whom were born in that town, and seventeen of whom are now living. The father is forty-five years of age, and the mother forty.

A new kind of candle has been made at St. Louis, from "paraffine," a tasteless, inodorous, fatty substance, distilled from Breckenridge coal. It is also obtained from the tar of beech-wood. It is said to be harder than spermaceti, gives a bright, clear light, and can be manufactured cheaper than stearine.

The grandfather of William H. Prescott, the historian, commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill, while the grandfather of his wife commanded a British ship-of-war, which bombarded the American works in the same action. The historian has the swords of each at his residence in Boston.

A very pretty girl has been doing a large business at Baltimore, by claiming one person after another for her husband, and extorting $10, $20 and $50 from each to keep the matter silent. When last seen she was going on to Philadelphia, for proof that she was wife to the oldest and richest citizen of Baltimore.

Bellona Arsenal, with 27 1-2 acres of land in Chesterfield county, on James river, fourteen miles above Richmond, Va., was sold recently for $2650. The arsenal was established in 1816, but of late years it has been abandoned on account of the unhealthiness of the location. The various buildings cost the government $175,000.

An important improvement in insuring tension in the strings of the pianoforte, has recently been made in England. The invention consists in the employment of curved or arched bars for the support of the sounding-board and central bridge, whereby the bridge is maintained at such a height as to insure a curve in the strings when at their greatest tension.

A plan for removing scale from the interior of steam boilers by heated air, or highly heated steam, has been patented in London. When the boiler is empty and cold, highly heated air or steam is introduced by a pipe, when, after a suitable time, the scale cracks off and leaves the plates clean. The debris is then blown out with water and steam through the blow-off cock.

A printing-press—the principle of which consists in the employment of a rotating and reciprocating printing cylinder, to which is added a peculiar inking machine and fly which catches the sheets as they issue from the press—has recently been invented. The machine is represented to be simple in its construction. It can be afforded at a low price, and is not liable to get out of repair.

The congregation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, in Louisville, were considerably startled a few evenings ago, by the Rev. Mr. Newman, the pastor of the church, descending from the pulpit, after closing his discourse, and selecting a young lady, who had consented to become his help-meet, to whom he was immediately joined in the holy bonds of wedlock.

About one thousand dollars, in old Spanish and American gold coin and French silver, was found by a servant girl in the smoke-house of Peter Texter, South Mountain, Bucks Co., Pa. The house has been used every day for many years, without any suspicion of the treasure. It is supposed to have been hidden away by some of Mr. Texter's ancestors, who died without revealing its existence.

From $10,000 to $15,000 worth of furs are annually produced in Chautauque county, N. Y. The mink, which not long since was rated at less value than the muskrat, has now, through the effect of fashion, become a very valuable fur, ranking next to the sable, which is mostly obtained from foreign countries. The mink is still plentifully found in Chautauque, while the martin, some varieties of which are very valuable, is nearly, or quite, extinct in the country.

Foreign Items.

Richard Cobden has published another letter on maritime law.

The Parisian doctors have passed a vote of thanks to the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, for his ukase against quacks.

The prices of provisions in Poland are so high that the Emperor Alexander has directed the salaries of the public functionaries to be increased one-third.

A lady residing at Edinburg, Miss Mary Barclay, has agreed to bear the whole cost attending the erection of mission premises at Nagpore, India, for the Free Church of Scotland.

Sir William Don, Bart., the eccentric, or rather, as a Scotch contemporary designates him, the gigantic comedian, is performing with great success at the Theatre Royal, Edinburg.

A short time since there was seen, in the large coining-room at the Paris Mint, ingots of gold and silver to the value of one hundred millions of francs, piled up like firewood in a yard.

At Rhodes, lightning struck a building where an immense store of gunpowder was placed in the vaults belonging to the Ancient Knights, and the whole Turkish quarter was destroyed so completely that only three children were saved.

An interesting discovery has been made in a garden near the Piazza del Popolo, Rome. The owner, in digging a well, struck against a solid mass of stone, which, on investigation, turned out to be a colossal bust of Minerva, with the inscription, "Populus Romanus Augusto Imperator" carved on it.

Staffordshire, in England, is the great seat of the porcelain and pottery manufactories. No less than sixty thousand persons are employed in the works, and the annual value of the porcelain manufactured amounts to the large sum of ten millions of dollars. Three-fourths of the whole amount manufactured is exported.

Sands of Gold.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.—*Talleyrand.*

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—*Cecil.*

As charity requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so patience requires forgetfulness of evil accidents.—*Bishop Hall.*

To commit a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.—*Sadi.*

Things are sullen and will be as they are, whatever we think them or wish them to be.—*Cudworth.*

There is small chance of truth at the goal, where there is not childlike humility at the starting-post.—*Coleridge.*

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to a garment.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Many judge rashly, only for the pleasure they take to discourse, and make conjectures of other men's manners and humors by way of exercising their wits.—*De Sales.*

Every fancy that we would substitute for a reality, is, if we saw aright, and saw the whole, not only false, but every way less beautiful and excellent than that which we sacrifice to it.—*Sterling.*

Death levels the whole human race; for it is only when he has stripped men of everything external that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained.—*Landor.*

There is no elevation of mind in a contempt of little things; it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views, that we consider those things of little importance, which have in fact such extensive consequences.—*Fenelon.*

Joker's Budget.

Beautiful Extract.—Helping a handsome young lady out of a mud-hole.

Why is a baulky horse like an organ? Because his leading features are his "stops."

To make a workman drop his tools quick, nothing has been discovered equal to twelve strokes of the clock.

The art of keeping still and saying nothing is the true secret of the success of scores of medical blockheads.

A son of the Emerald Isle being asked what brought him to London, said that he came to see "the Invisible Girl."

If the speculator misses his aim, everybody cries out, "He's a fool," and sometimes, "He's a rogue." If he succeeds, they besiege his door and demand his daughter in marriage.

"Henry, my love, I wish you would drop that book and talk with me, I feel so dull." A long silence, and no reply. "O, Henry, my foot's asleep." "Is it? Well, don't talk, dear, you might wake it."

A jailor had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. Once, when he had but two in charge, one escaped, and he was obliged, in consequence, to kick the other out of doors to comply with the regulations.

"I see that you are out under arms to-day, captain," exclaimed Jeemes, yesterday, to that jolly old tile, Captain Buzzleton, who was attending to the out-door affairs about his premises, in an old coat somewhat torn in the armpits.—*Post.*

"If I were worth a million of dollars," said one friend to another, one day, "I'd throw that inkstand at your head." "If you were worth a million," was the reply, "you might, with my consent, throw inkstands at my head all day."

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COL. SAMUEL COLT.

SKETCHES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

Col. Colt.—The first portrait on this page is a correct likeness of our distinguished countryman, Col. Colt. Although there is scarcely a person in the United States unfamiliar with his name and his inventions in fire-arms, still we have presumed that a portrait of him would not be unacceptable. Although his fame rests on the manufacture of the most destructive of weapons of war, still it is none the less honorable, for the more deadly the arms used in warfare, the briefer will be the strife and the more infrequent will be the collision of nations. Col. Colt, the inventor, is in the prime of life, and has lately been visiting Europe with his newly-wedded lady, and was received everywhere with the greatest distinction. Every one knows how extensively his famous revolvers were used during the Crimean war. He had and has a large manufactory in England, employing a vast body of workmen. His establishment at Hartford, Ct., is on a most extensive scale. Yet it is only about eight years ago that Mr. Colt commenced the manufacture of pistols with a small capital, not exceeding $5000, and a few men, hazarding the little he possessed in what might have been naturally regarded as a doubtful experiment. Now, the estimated value of buildings and machinery forming his establishment is about $1,000,000; nearly 500 men are employed; the pay-roll ranges from $15,000 to $20,000 per month; and from 150 to 200 pistols, widely celebrated for their superior qualities, are completed every day. The buildings are in the form of an H, wholly of Portland stone, the main structure being 500 feet in length by 60 in breadth, and four stories high. Parallel to this is another, 500 feet by 40, and one story high, and the building which connects them is 300 feet by 60. These compose the offices, machine-shop, engine-rooms, blacksmith, iron and brass foundries, store-rooms, shooting gallery, etc. The whole are enclosed by a high wall, with houses for watchmen at either end of the enclosure thus made. There are about 50 dwellings, mostly occupied by workmen. The whole are erected on a tract of land embracing 150 acres, formerly inundated by the Connecticut River, but now enclosed by two miles of strong dyke. The motive power is furnished by an enormous engine, equal to 350 horses. The boilers are two in number, each 30 feet long. The driving-wheel is remarkable for its size, being 30 feet in diameter, and of such accurate dimensions that there is no perceptible variation from a perfect circle in its entire circumference. No gearing is used in running the machinery, belts alone being employed, so that the movement of all is noiseless. For this reason a strange sensation is experienced on entering the immense apartment used for the armory, which presents an unbroken area of 500 feet in length by 60 in breadth, completely filled by machinery, and not less than 200 men engaged in operating it, all in rapid motion; yet comparative quiet prevails. The eye of the spectator can scarcely penetrate the labyrinth of belts and bars and moving forms, or distinctly define an object in the hazy distance. All the machinery in each story is driven by a single continuous drum, extending from one extremity to the other. The larger portion of the machinery is the invention of E. K. Root, the superintendent. The machine-shop is another very extensive apartment, 250 by 60 feet, and containing something like fifty workmen.

Horace Vernet.—The next portrait on this page, is a correct likeness of the celebrated Horace Vernet, one of the most famous of the modern French school of painters. He is depicted in his working costume. His long face, lengthened by his pointed beard and prominent features, together with the gravity of his expression, reminds us of the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." But there is nothing Quixotic in the character of Horace. He belongs to a family of painters; his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather having all been distinguished artists. Horace was born at Paris, in the galleries of the Louvre (fit birthplace for an artist), June 30, 1789, and is now old in years, though still youthful in spirit and energy. He attained early distinction, and, disgusted with the coldness of the classical school of David, determined to found one of his own. His taste led him to depict military scenes, and, taking nature for his guide, he depicted the French soldier as he is, not idealizing and denationalizing him as some of predecessors had done. His pictures, the "Dog of the Regiment," "Trumpeter's Horse," "Death of Poniatowski," and similar compositions, gave him universal popularity. In 1819, he began to paint large battle-pieces, and has since painted them by the acre. But though he works on an immense scale and with the utmost rapidity, still all his figures and groupings are thoroughly artistic. Before him, artists have only represented episodes in warfare, but Vernet brings whole battle-fields before us, as in his famous "Battle of Isly," and "Capture of Rome." His Algerian battle-pieces were admirable, and he made his studies for them among the soldiers and in the scenes depicted. His only daughter was married to Paul Delaroche, recently deceased, so that the celebrated line of painters who have borne his family name, is destined to end with him.

Isabella II., Queen of Spain.—The lady whose portrait we present below, is still young, though she has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune. She is the daughter of Ferdinand III. and Maria, and was born October 30, 1830. The Salic law which excludes females from the throne, was abolished by Ferdinand III., at the intercession of Christina, who expected the regency, and the crown settled upon the feeble Baby Isabella. Three years afterwards, he died, and it was immediately proclaimed to Spain that a baby of three years was their sovereign. The Spaniards, perfectly well aware that this succession had been managed by the crafty and insatiable Christina, were not slow in expressing their discontent. A rebellion broke out in favor of Don Carlos, the younger brother of the late king, whose claims had been set aside by the abrogation of the Salic law. The war waged violently for a long period, and the country was desolated. In England it was thought that Isabella represented liberality and constitutionalism, and it was mainly owing to the diplomatic interference of Lord Palmerston that her pretensions triumphed, while she, unconscious of the conflict that burned around her name, carolled in her nursery-room, and played with the model of the Escurial in sugar. A legion was enlisted in England, with the permission of the government, and these volunteers, under the command of General Sir De Lacy Evans, displayed great valor under the royal banners and contributed largely to the overthrow of Don Carlos. A decree of perpetual banishment was pronounced by the Cortes against Don Carlos, and Isabella II. was declared legitimate sovereign of Spain, under the regency of her mother Christina; the latter, however, was from the first unpopular. In this brief sketch we cannot review the political agitations of the realm from that day to this. The Cortes, disgusted with Christina, put an end to the regency, and a child-queen took her place among the sovereigns of Europe. However, the mother, by her influence with her daughter, still managed to exert an unhappy power in the government. When Isabella was only sixteen she was married to her cousin, Don Francisco D'Assis, the eldest son of her maternal uncle, Don Francisco da Paula. The marriage was an unhappy one, the prince being a miserable creature in all respects. Her domestic life was a succession of quarrels, jealousies, estrangements, recriminations and disgraces. Her two infant children perished in the cradle. She was at times cast down into an abyss of perfect misery, at times attracted to every kind of frivolity by her self-seeking mother and ministers. It has always been one of her chief characteristics to be fond of sweetmeats. She would take a packet of sugar-plums to a cabinet council, and distribute them to the councillors of state. She would run down stairs after Espartero and horrify the master of ceremonies by presenting her favorite with a box of candied almonds. She would consult with a famous confectioner upon new species of bonbons, and she even furnished a room with sweetmeats. Tables, chairs, ornaments—all were of frosted or painted sugar. So unpopular did the queen render herself by blindly following the baneful political counsels, and the profligate example of her mother, that she was at one time actually hissed out of her opera box by her indignant subjects. Isabella, in spite of her many radical defects, has some good traits. She is not without talent, is pleasant and charitable, and is the mistress of many accomplishments. If she were not a queen, she would be a blue-stocking and a wit. Although surrounded by the etiquette of the most formal court in the world—a court in which a nobleman was once exiled because he had dared to touch the queen's dress to save her life—she is bold in behaviour—not inelegantly so—and in courage, is a perfect lioness. "If the queen ever should lose her crown," writes a well known writer, "she will certainly have defended it sword in hand, for she fences like Grisier—that famous master of fence—and it is her favorite amusement." The manner in which she employs her time is usually this. She scarcely ever rises early, and, when risen, never occupies herself in the morning except in gossip, and conferences, for the sake of form, with the ministers for the time being, and, at three o'clock, begins to dress, though that is one of the least important of her occupations. Then, ordering a very beautiful and light little equipage, the gift of Queen Victoria, she goes out, generally alone. Sometimes, however, since her recent reconciliation with her husband, she is accompanied by him, who lives in constant fear of her, and always imagines himself protected by a miracle when he re-enters the palace in safety. The unhappy creature is afraid of being assassinated at the instigation of his own wife. But the queen, perhaps unconscious of the contemptible terrors that haunt her husband's fancy, takes the reins and the whip, and dashes along at the utmost speed until five o'clock, when, returning to the palace, she dines, eats very little and very fast, and, as soon as the meal is finished, adjourns to a sort of fencing saloon. There she practises with her sword, and next, being of a restless and indefatigable disposition, mounts her horse, and rides into the suburbs of Madrid. These healthful exercises ended, Queen Isabella assumes a new character, and becomes the pretty leader of the national fashions. Her palace is filled with company; she sings, dances, and carouses, until one o'clock, when the great council meets, and Isabella II. takes her seat at the head of her ministers. She imagines herself in this position, to be governing Spain, whereas it is Espartero, or O'Donnell, who really rules the cabinet. The character and conduct of Queen Victoria of England contrasts strongly and favorably with that of her contemporary sovereign of Spain. The former is universally beloved and respected, the latter neither receives nor is entitled to respect, as a woman or a queen.



HORACE VERNET.



ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

The picture on this page depicts a scene in the celebrated pass of the Great St. Bernard, in the Alps, and delineates two of the noble dogs belonging to the monks of St. Bernard, rescuing an exhausted traveller who has sunk in the snow. One of the dogs is licking his hand. He has attached to his body a warm cloak, and around his neck a little keg of wine. His companion is barking to attract attention to the spot. High up among the rocks is seen the Hospice. A monastery existed on the Great St. Bernard as early as the eighth century, but the present hospice was founded in 962, by Bernard, a member of a noble family in Savoy, who devoted himself to a religious life, and became archdeacon of Aosta. He was canonized for his piety and virtues. The hospice was formerly richly endowed, but now possesses a very limited revenue. The weather at the height of the hospice is cold all the year round. "In the summer of 1816," says Mr. Williams, "not a week passed without the falling of snow, and the ice of the lake never melted. Even in the height of summer, it always freezes early in the morning. The hospice is rarely four months c[illegible] of snow; [illegible] age depth around [illegible] seven or eight [illegible] times there are drifts arising to the height of forty feet. Not a bush is to be found near the edifice, and the wood for its fires is obtained from the forest of Ferret, a distance of four leagues. Below, are the stables, store-rooms, and other offices, and the traveller enters the corridor by a flight of steps. The dogs, of which so much has been said, will not fail to be observed loitering at the door, and frequently passing up and down the corridors of the hospice. They came originally from Spain. One of them, named Barry, saved a great number of lives. His remains are preserved in the museum at Berne, and are often regarded with great interest. Another, called Jupiter, was also very successful. In the year 1827, it appears he knew some persons had passed the hospice, and he set out alone immediately to follow them. After some time, his absence was remarked, and one of the inmates, by pursuing his track, found him posted over a drift of snow, where a poor woman and her child were about to perish, both of whom he was thus the instrument of rescuing from death. The traveller will meet with a cordial greeting from the monks, none of whom are aged men. It is said they devote themselves to service at the hospice at eighteen years of age, and that its term is fifteen years. Not a few, however, find the rigors of so great an elevation too severe for their frames, and are compelled to limit it to a proportionately short period. They are aided by several attendants." The saloon generally presents a varied assemblage of visitants. The monks are attired in a long, black tunic, with close-fitting sleeves, and each one wears a pointed cap, surmounted by a tuft, with the simple badge of their order—that of St. Augustine. The fare they provide is plain but abundant. They are unostentatious in their hospitality, and endeavor to make all their guests feel at home. They are required to board and lodge all travellers, and to furnish them with guides in traversing the mountains. In winter, they are obliged by their rules to send every day, no matter how severe the weather, two able men, called Maroniers, trained to mountain life, one towards the Italian side and one towards the Vallois. These persons traverse the route the entire day, keeping the path open, and attended by their faithful dogs. If the maronier meet with any person bewildered or exhausted, or if his sagacious companion indicates by his motions that any person is under the snow, he immediately affords help, or hastens to the hospice to obtain assistance. Cold water, with ice immersed in it, is prepared there as the most efficacious remedy, and the body is placed in it; if this fails in restoring animation, all hope is at an end. The chambers allotted to the guests by the hospitable monks contain each two or more beds, and are always scrupulously clean and neat. The view of the adjoining lonely lake and the hospice, by moonlight, is spoken of by travellers as a deeply impressive scene. Religious services, to which guests are invited to attend, are celebrated at five o'clock in the morning, at which time the convent bell peals through the mountain solitude. About seven o'clock, breakfast is prepared—a simple meal of dry toast, honey and coffee. A parlor, adjoining the dining-hall, contains numerous paintings and engravings, as well as natural curiosities. Many of these have been presented by travellers, and a piano, which is found there, is the gift of a lady. In the chapel of the monastery, which is quite spacious, is a box in which travellers place the sum which they consider a just acknowledgment of the hospitalities they receive, as no charge is made. Whatever surplus remains over the necessary expenses of the establishment, is devoted to the relief of indigent travellers. Bonaparte, it will be remembered, crossed the Great St. Bernard with the main body of his army, in 1800,—a gigantic task, accomplished with remarkable success. The most difficult part was the transport of the artillery and ammunition, and this was personally superintended by the First Consul. The cannon were dismounted and placed in the trunks of trees, hollowed to receive them, that half a battalion might drag them up the steep and perilous ascents, while the other half carried their own and their comrades' arms and accoutrements for five days. The powder and shot, packed into boxes of fir-wood, formed the lading of all the mules that could be collected from a wide range of the Alpine country. Napoleon himself reached the hospice of St. Bernard on the 20th of May, and was received by the monks. As they had furnished every soldier who passed with a luncheon of bread and cheese, and a glass of wine, they received the warm acknowledgments of the great commander. At the entrance of the church of the hospice of St. Bernard, there is a tomb to the memory of Napoleon's favorite, General Desaix, who was killed on the field of Marengo. In the cemetery of the hospice, the bodies are all more or less in a good state of preservation, from their being hardened by the excessive cold to which they have been exposed. The hospice of St. Bernard is one of the most interesting places which the traveller in Europe can visit. The lives of the monks are lives of active benevolence. Excluded from all the pleasures of the world, and yet hearing of its joys and sorrows, its prizes for the ambitious, its excitements and its interests, from the lips of travellers, they pursue the stern path of duty, influenced only by a high sense of responsibility.



[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

Santarem was led into an elegant apartment, better lighted and more agreeable than the one he left, and this time he awaited, not in fear and trembling, but with impatience for his definite liberty.

The Count de Lerma, during this time, went to Alitea, and we have seen the result of his visit.

The ten days had expired, and the same hour brought the carriage of the count to the hotel of the Countess Altamira. The three ladies were present, as on his former visit.

"I come, senora," graciously said the count, "to hear your answer."

"I am sorry to have made your excellency wait so long."

"Little consequence, senora, if I receive good news."

"In the sense you speak, senor, it is not, for after having consulted well with myself, it is impossible—"

"To accept?" cried the countess.

"Yes, madame," coldly replied Alitea.

It was said that the countess could not explain the conduct of the young girl; but she saw in that moment the count disconcerted in his projects; it was a triumph for her, and she accepted it as such. The count looked at Alitea with a calm, smiling air.

"I do not doubt," said he, slowly, "that during these ten days, the senora has thought of the reasons for and against this marriage; but I believe she has forgotten some which would not permit her to hesitate."

"I do not think so," said Alitea.

"And for myself, I am sure, and if Senora Alitea will permit me, not to advise her, but merely to recall them to her mind, I am persuaded she will instantly change her mind."

"Senora Alitea is very firm, and in spite of all your talents, senor count, I fear your negociations will be useless," said the countess, with an air of raillery.

"I will not partake of your fears, senora countess," replied the minister, gravely, "and if Senora Alitea would honor me with a private conversation—"

"How, senor," said she, with an air of pique,—"a tete-a-tete?"

"My age does not render that dangerous. It will last but a few minutes. I am persuaded beforehand of the consent of the senora."

Alitea looked at him with an air of doubt, and making a sign for the countess and Carmina to leave her, she said to the minister: "I await your orders, senor."

As he had promised, he remained hardly a quarter of an hour with the young girl, and when he left, the most scrutinizing eye could not detect in his face either the shame of a defeat or the joy of a triumph. He disappeared, after having saluted respectfully the two ladies. The latter hastened to enter the saloon.

Alitea, pale and sad, was so plunged in a frightful stupor that she did not hear them enter, and did not raise her head until Carmina spoke to her:

"Alitea, my sister, what is the matter?"

"Leave me—leave me, I pray thee!"

"Tell me what he has said to you."

"I cannot, my sister,—I cannot."

And seeking to banish the agonizing thoughts which occupied her, she rose, pressed one hand across her forehead, pressed the other on her heart, and as if she gained there strength and courage, she said, in a firm voice:

"Let us go; it is necessary—it is my duty. I will marry the Duke de Santarem."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WORK OF THE REDEMPTION.

We left Juan following in the suite of the archbishop, a close prisoner. Very sad were his reflections, for he would not renounce his faith; he had promised Alitea that, and he saw before him only the gloomy dungeons of the Inquisition, perhaps even the funeral pile. Sometimes hope filled his breast; Pedralvi was free and would inform his friends, and they might aid him. He did not wholly despond, neither did he hope, but endeavored to keep calm and indifferent. He had already calculated by the direction taken by the carriage that the archbishop was not going to Toledo. He was probably returning to Valencia.

The day began to break, and looking from the carriage, Juan perceived that they had quitted the main road, and had entered a side path or road. The carriage went a few steps, and then stopped. They were nearly at the extremity of the mountains of Toledo, that chain of mountains which commences at the frontiers of Portugal, and traverses Estramadura and a part of New Castile.

The archbishop descended, and supported upon the arm of his grand vicar, climbed a little foot-path, which was cut out among the rocks, with a rapid step. Juan was made to alight, and three men escorted him, following the footsteps of the bishop. All three were armed with escopettes, ready to fire upon the prisoner, should he attempt to escape, and that idea could not enter his head, for on either side were seen only steep precipices. They walked on in this way for nearly an hour.

At last they perceived a little church crowning the mountain. It had been formerly a fortified chatean, built by the Moors. Its walls had fallen to decay, but a large part of it had been renovated, showing still many high towers, very solid, and ornamented with bars of iron. This retreat was called Aigador, from the name of a little river which rose in these mountains. This church was without a parish, and even without a village, for the few wooden houses scattered over the rocks did not deserve that name. The curate hastened to open the gates and welcome the archbishop.

When the bishop was comfortably seated before the fire that blazed in the chimney, he questioned Romiro, the curé, as to the progress of the Work of Redemption. The accounts given were good; eight converts, two more than the last months. The bishop gave the curé sixty pistoles to aid in the work. Five Jews the curé had who remained obstinate. For thirty days they had been exhorted in vain; but that was only the first month; in the second he would be more successful.

"I have in attendance," said the prelate, with satisfaction, "a new work for the Redemption, which claims thy cares; I bring another heretic—a Moor."

"So much the better. That will be a change for me."

"It is necessary to have all over for the approaching Easter day."

"God aiding, it shall be, senor."

"Well. I must now rejoin my men and carriage, which I left at the foot of the mountain. I return to Valencia, but in two months I shall come here again. I shall send a good guard from the Inquisition to conduct all safely to Valencia."

To explain the foregoing conversation, it is necessary to say that the archbishop of Valencia, Ribeira, enjoyed throughout all Spain a reputation of great piety. When he passed through the streets of Valencia, people kneeled to ask his blessing, and the papal bulls were less respected than the least mandate from the sacred archbishop. The great reputation for holiness was gained by the large number of converts he had made. On all Easter days, the cathedral of Valencia offered a spectacle which people from all the provinces came to see.

A long file of new converts—Jews, Arabs, Protestants, Calvinists, and heretics of all colors and faiths,—formed, in white dresses, carrying candles, an immense procession which traversed the city, and took the sacrament from the hands of the prelate. Each cried "Hosanna!" and each year the ceremony ended with a *Te Deum*, which celebrated the pious victories of the prelate.

But, in want of other qualities, pride glided into the heart of the sacred archbishop, and finding it vacant, occupied it wholly. The archbishop then took leave of the curé, and the latter, pointing his finger to Juan, made a sign to Acalpuco to take him away.

Acalpuco was an Indian of mixed race, having a Mexican father and Spanish mother. His athletic form and great muscular power made him very valuable in the important place he occupied in the Work of the Redemption.

Juan, conducted by his guardians, passed through the first opening; it was a postern gate closed by a grating; above were written these words:

"Work of the Redemption, founded by Ribeira, archbishop of Valencia, A. D. 1602."

He found himself in a court, surrounded by six towers, which were built of granite. Joining the gates was a double chain of iron, three bars at all the windows and openings, and seemed rather like dungeons for criminals than retreats wherein men were to be converted and led to paradise. Each tower two stories, each story a prisoner. Acalpuco opened the third tower to the right, then vacant, and said to Juan:

"Brother, see your cell; it will open for you when your eyes will open to the light."

And he closed the gate with a loud, harsh noise, leaving poor Sevilla to his reflections. A fatality pursued him. After having been for a long time so poor, unfortunate and abandoned by all, fortune smiled on him; he had found a paternal roof, a family opened their arms to him, a brilliant future was offered him. His personal talents and the riches of d'Alberique would take him into the first ranks; then nothing remained to prevent his marriage with Alitea. Alitea had told him: "Patience and courage, and all is gained."

But patience fled and his courage nearly left him when he saw all his dreams destroyed, all his plans overturned by a fatal chance—his meeting with Captain Josef Baptista. The first thought which presented itself to his mind was this: How leave his prison? By force? Impossible. By ruse or address? He saw no way. One hope he had, but it was almost gone. After having taken Juan and met with the archbishop, Captain Josef Baptista, in ordering Juan to dismount from his horse, had laid the purse given Juan by Yezid upon the saddle, and Juan had seized it, thinking that in his prison it might be useful. When left to himself, he opened the purse, but it contained not enough money to open his prison doors. Sixty to a hundred reals—about twelve dollars—was not enough to seduce his goalers, or buy the conscience of the curé. He was in the midst of these reflections, when he heard a small door, leading to the interior of the tower, open, and saw the head of Romero appear. The curé said to him, in a parental tone of voice:

"My son, I am charged by Heaven which blesses me, and by the archbishop who pays me, to convert you to the true faith. Are you disposed to be an apostle?"

"No, my father, not while I remain in these walls. Set me at liberty, and we shall see."

"That is not the question. Are you disposed to open your eyes to the light and your ears to the truth?"

"When the gates of this prison are opened."

Again the curé exhorted him to open his eyes upon the true path to heaven; but Juan remained deaf to his words, telling him to leave him, he needed not his cares. And the curé retired.

The next day he returned; the same proposition, the same response. The curé Romero, without being disconcerted, without fatigue, without showing the least impatience, spoke for half an hour by his watch, not a minute more or less. When he had finished, he said to his penitent: "After spiritual nourishment, bodily nourishment."

He sounded a bell, and a good repast was set before Juan.

For many days, everything passed exactly the same. The captive remained alone from morning until evening, seeing only the cure, who unclosed the little door at half-past eleven, spoke without stopping till twelve, when he re-closed the gate and went to dinner. Juan was at a loss how to occupy his days, so long and solitary. The interior of his prison offered him no great distractions. He had already many times made an inventory of his furniture: a bed, a table, a wooden couch and a kind of praying desk, of a singular form. This praying desk was of iron, and seemed to hide some resort which he sought vainly to discover. He gave it up. Raising his eyes, he perceived, fifteen or eighteen feet above his head, a little dormer-window, closed by iron bars. This window was on the opposite side of the room to the door of entrance, and of course did not open upon the court. The poor prisoner was seized with a desire to look out. To reach fifteen or twenty feet was not an easy thing. Juan placed the table upon the bed, upon the table the couch, and upon the couch the praying desk, and at the risk of breaking his neck, he mounted the pile of furniture bravely. He could now look from the window. In the distance he perceived the mountains; but his tower was built upon a kind of platform, opposite to the church, and in the space between, the grass grew only in little spots, and was much trampled by feet, showing that it was the most frequented place, perhaps even the great place of that miserable village. When he raised his head to the window, a bird, perched upon one of the bars, flew away, affrighted. Gazing round, Juan saw that he had his nest beside the window, and he knew he would return. Hereafter he would feed him. Juan was no longer alone; he had company—a friend. Yet many days must pass in their dreary monotony before he could get used to this life.

Each morning the curé appeared at the same hour, and made the same exhortation—an exhortation which Juan was obliged to listen to and knew by heart. At last, the thirtieth day after having for thirty times repeated his sermon, the curé said to him:

"Brother, are you converted now?"

"No, my father."

"Do you wish to receive the baptism?"

"No, my father."

"You are not, then, more enlightened?"

"Not any more than before."

The curé smiled good-naturedly, declaring it was not the fault of the laborer, but of the soil, and he would leave him till the next day, when further means should be taken for his conversion.

The following day, at the usual hour for the appearance of Father Romero, the little door remained closed, but the principal door opened, and a monk, dressed in brown, entered. It was the ferocious Acalpuco, armed with a sort of whip composed of long leather thongs, furnished at the end with little pieces of iron. The cure had used gentle means, and as he had failed, severer means must be tried. If he would pronounce only one word, swear that he was converted, he would be spared the lash.

"You will have my death to reproach yourself with; for, although you kill me, you will hear nothing from me."

"That we shall see," said the monk; and he stepped towards Juan, to seize him and strip him of his clothes. He was so strong and vigorous, and his adversary appeared so weak, that there was little doubt which would triumph.

Juan felt a cold sweat cover his forehead. That moment recalled all the sufferings of his younger years—the horrible treatment of Captain Josef Baptista and his lieutenant, Caralo. To-day, as then, he could expect aid from no one; but to-day he had feelings of honor and dignity.

CHAPTER XIX.

JUAN AND THE MONK.

Juan had fully decided to die rather than to submit to the indignity of the lash, and he had chosen a place on the wall against which he would throw himself and break his head, when an idea came to him, a last means of safety, and he risked nothing by employing it. He drew from his pocket a small pistol which Yezid had given him, and which luckily had not been taken away, but was unfortunately unloaded.

"If you take one step towards me," said he, to the monk, "I stretch you at my feet!"

The monk stopped and turned pale. Juan, looking at him proudly and firmly, and still pointing the pistol at him, made him tremble in every joint. He understood that in spite of his herculean strength, the brother redeemer was a coward, who, though caring little for the flesh of others, cared much for his own. Juan called to him in a menacing tone: "Give up your arms, or I fire!"

The monk threw at his feet the discipline with iron points, with which he was armed. From that moment, Juan was master and Acalpuco slave. But he had not frightened him enough; it was probable that, in leaving the dungeon, the monk would give the alarm, and a force would be collected, and himself overpowered. The prisoner lowered his pistol. The brother redeemer breathed more freely; color returned to his pale cheeks.

"You have a bad trade, my brother."

"It is necessary to live."

"You are paid very well, then?"

"Very little. All the benefices are for the curé Romero; all the trouble for us."

"And for your prisoners."

"I did not say that," eagerly cried the monk. "But they can leave here when they wish; they have only one word to pronounce, and they are sent to Valencia, to the palace of the archbishop. There they are well treated, well fed until Easter time, when they have nothing to do but take the sacrament; while we, obliged to remain in this place, from which we cannot go without incurring the anger of the archbishop, and of course that of the Inquisition; we have only a moderate salary."

"How much?"

"A real per day, and food like that of hermits and anchorites—bread and onions."

"Truly," said Juan, "you ought to complain."

"More than you, my brother. You have at least good wine, and we drink only water. Sometimes on Sunday, when the prisoners are docile and the work given not too hard, we can descend to the hotel or inn at the foot of the mountain to refresh ourselves, after the fatigues of the week; and even then we must be economical."

"Listen," said Juan; "I wish you to work for me."

"How?" replied the monk, astonished.

"I will give you three reals per day."

"That is not possible!"

"We will commence to-day. Behold them."

He drew them from his pocket, and placed them in his hand. The brother, still more astonished, took the three pieces of money and made the sign of the cross.

"Every day," pursued Juan, "when you come here, I will give you the same; also the bottle of wine, which is brought me, and which I have not touched. The one of to-day is yet uncorked; you can assure yourself of it."

The monk thought he was dreaming. He opened the bottle, which was real, and his stomach, for a long time frozen with the cold water of the rocks, was re-animated by the good wine, and he became gay and good-natured.

"What must I do for that?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied Juan. "You come here every day as a brother laborer, to work the earth, but you must leave the earth untilled and the place idle. At the end of a month, you must declare that in spite of your zeal, the stripes of the discipline have produced no more effect than the exhortations of Father Romero."

"I understand; and afterwards?"

"We shall see; that is a gain for me."

"And for me," added the monk, hiding the three pieces of money under his frock. "But yet," said he, with a movement of fear and hesitation, "if it should become known?"

"That is your look out, my brother; they can discover that I have given you money, but not that you have not given me the punishment."

"That is true," replied the monk, re-assured by this reasoning.

Faithful to this new covenant, he came each day at the same hour with the exactitude of the cure. He received the three reals, drank his bottle of wine, and left, well pleased with his duty. Juan was equally so.

Now that his executioner had become his friend, Juan spoke many times of an escape, promising him if he would second him, to give him not only three reals but three ducats per day. The monk asked nothing better, but it was impossible. The doors of the tower and principal entrance were closed with bars of iron, and secured by three locks, the keys of which the curé kept. The other brother redeemers—three besides himself—were devoted to the archbishop, and Acalpuco had not the audacity to brave the dangers; and at the least noise, at the least cry of alarm, the twenty or thirty peasants who composed the village would run to aid the curé, and die for the archbishop. As to escape by address or cunning, that was equally impossible, for the porter who kept the outward gate would permit none to pass, except bearing a written order from the curé.

Juan was desperate. Days passed, and his situation did not change. His modest treasure diminished each day, and with the end of that, would come the end of Acalpuco's devotion. He was astonished that he never heard any noise of groanings from those who underwent the scourge. Acalpuco explained to him that the praying desk contained a gag and cords, wherewith the poor penitents were fastened to the desk in the attitude of devotion, and in that posture received the stripes. He now knew the secret of the praying desk, and from that moment, could not repress a shudder when he looked at it.

That day, when left to himself, he piled the couch, table and fatal praying desk upon the bed, and mounted to the window to look upon the beautiful country he seemed destined never more to see. While looking upward at the beautiful expanse of blue sky, across which white clouds slowly drifted, his thoughts were called to earth by the sound of a guitar played with great skill. He saw the cure Romero and about thirty men, women and children forming the parish of Aigador, ranged in a circle round five or six Bohemians, who were either dancing or playing the guitar. He stayed listening to the music. But what was his surprise when, in the Bohemian who played the guitar in the centre, he thought he recognized his friend Pedralvi! Soon it was impossible for him to doubt, for he listened to the song with which he accompanied the guitar:

"Tra, la, la, la, la, la, ye who listen from the high battlements, recognize a friend!"

These words were spoken, or rather chanted in Arabic, and the unknown jargon amused the curé and his assistants very much.

"Tra, la, la, la, la," continued Pedralvi, chanting, "listen to me well. Consent this evening to be baptized, tra, la, la, la, la, then to-morrow, at early morning, thou wilt be conducted to the church, and I shall see you there, tra, la, la, la, la, and I will deliver thee, tra, la, la, la, la; and if you do not oppose us, tra, la, la, la, la, we will thrash them all, beginning with the curé, who is before me and who listens to me this moment like an idiot, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!"

Pedralvi terminated his song by an original variation on the guitar, so fine that all applauded. Several times Pedralvi repeated his song, as if to make sure; and in the midst of his song, Juan repeated the cry a little louder than the song, which he hoped reached the watchful ears of his friend. A little pebble thrown at the window made him believe that his voice had been heard and understood.

Pedralvi, with a happy heart, descended to the inn at the foot of the mountain, and there passed a peaceful night, persuaded that in the morning he would deliver his friend. Alas! the latter had recognized his faithful friend Pedralvi, had listened with all his ears, had not lost one word of the song, but understood not one syllable, for the simple reason that he did not understand a word of Arabic.

The next morning, Pedralvi went to the church, but no new convert was to be baptized; all was silent. All that day he hung round the tower, expecting to see the doors open and his friend led out. Vain hope!

The archbishop, faithful to his promise, came again to look after his convert. Arrived at the tower, he was angry, and astonished to hear from Romero that Juan yet remained unconverted in spite of the dreadful scourge. Juan was asleep on his bed, dreaming of his friend Pedralvi and freedom, when the door opened, and the archbishop, Romero and four brothers entered the room, and before he could collect his thoughts or make any resistance, he was stripped, gagged and bound before the fatal praying desk. Sending the men into an adjoining room, the archbishop remained alone with the obstinate Moor, and exhorted him with a gentle voice. Juan could not speak for the gag which closed his mouth, but he made a gesture of anger with his head. The bishop proceeded calmly:

"If you suffer now, just think of the torments you must endure hereafter, if you remain obstinate."

Juan, trembling with rage, made another gesture of fury.

"I feel for you," cried the prelate, in a tearful voice; "I pity you. My brother, I feel ready to join hands, and kneel at your side and pray for you, for the safety of your soul. Consent to be converted, and receive the baptism. Do not answer; I see you cannot; but make me some sign of your head, that you desire it, and the bonds shall fall from your body, like the bonds of heresy from your soul."

Juan remained motionless.

"A single gesture and you are free, and shall go with me to my palace at Valencia, where unspeakable delights await you. You wish it, my son, do you not?"

Juan made no gesture.

"But if you persist in impenitence," continued the prelate, with anger, "I shall not forget that God permits me both to pardon and chastise, and the second I shall do. I go to call the brother redeemers; it is you who desire it. A gesture, a sign of consent, can still stop me. Once more I implore you to listen to me. I desire only your safety, the welfare of your soul. If you have been made to suffer, it is only to save your soul. Make the gesture, the sign, and you are free."

Juan still remained motionless, and the archbishop rose to call in his men.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ALGUAZILS OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

After having passed all the day walking round the church, Pedralvi became convinced that the exit of his friend had been prevented, and fearing to excite suspicion, he retired, with his men, to the hotel of Aigador, a little further off. This hotel was one of the most miserable in Spain, hardly affording a decent shelter for himself and men, but he had sworn to deliver Juan, and must be ready to profit by any event.

Towards evening, a large troop of men passed not far from the hotel, and went towards the mountain. Two hours afterwards they returned, and came to the inn for lodgings. The innkeeper declared that he had but one chamber, which was occupied by some Bohemians, who paid well and could not be turned out. The alguazils were enraged to think that they, the escort to the archbishop, were so received. The hotel keeper, with hat in hand, became more humble as they became insolent. Pedralvi, who had listened to the dispute from the window, here interposed, and invited the alguazils to share his room, which was large, and could easily accommodate the six alguazils and his five men, and they would cheerfully give up their beds to the tired soldiers of the prelate.

All was amicably arranged, and the alguazils also accepted the offer of the young Bohemian to sup with him. The repast was plenty, and wine circulated freely. Being warmed with the sparkling wine, these men became communicative, and Pedralvi learned that their object was to convey to Valencia the converts made by the brother redeemers. Pedralvi listened eagerly, and he made the wine, which he contrived to drug, circulate more freely still. After supper, the alguazils took the beds offered them, and quickly undressing, were soon in a sound sleep.

Pedralvi explained to his men his plan. They had promised Don Delascar and his son Yezid to free their young master, and by this ruse they would be well armed and almost protected. Day had hardly begun to break, when Pedralvi and his men followed out their intentions. The Moors rose quickly, and without any noise, they speedily clothed themselves in the dresses of the alguazils, forgetting neither plumed hat nor poignard. They left without noise, closing the chamber door and double locking it. No one was awake in the house, not even the host, and they were on their way perfectly unknown.

In spite of their rapid march, it was broad daylight when they reached the towers. Pedralvi knocked at the gate and demanded admission for the men of the archbishop. The gate was instantly opened, and Pedralvi and his men found themselves in the court.

"We come, my father," said Pedralvi, to Romero, and his voice was wholly unlike that of the Bohemian who sung the day before in the yard, "to ask you for the prisoners we are to conduct to Valencia."

"Enter—enter, senor archers."

And they entered the inner court.

"I have five neophytes disposed to follow you—five Jews, who are good Christians. There is one other, but he cannot follow you; it is a Moor."

"A Moor!" eagerly said Pedralvi.

"Yes—an obstinate heretic, who will not be converted. He minds neither exhortation nor scourge."

Pedralvi wanted to choke the pious curé.

"Finally, will you believe it," pursued the curé, with great admiration; "this very moment the archbishop himself is exhorting him in there;" and he pointed to a door on the right. "I will go and find the others, blessed ones, who have opened their eyes to the light, and will now take their place among the blest."

He had hardly disappeared, when Pedralvi, unable to curb his impatience, walked towards the door which conducted to the tower. His companions followed him. The sight he saw made his blood curdle; it was of poor Sevilla, gagged and kneeling before the archbishop, who was exhorting him. The prelate, irritated at finding all his eloquence in vain, was about to open the door. Seeing the black dresses of the archers, he cried:

"Let justice be done, and Heaven be avenged!"

"You shall be obeyed, senor," replied Pedralvi; and running to Juan, he removed the gag.

"What do you say?" cried the prelate, with surprise.

But without giving him time to recover his astonishment, or call for aid, Pedralvi closed his mouth with the gag he took from Juan, and forced him upon his knees before the praying desk; for the archbishop was far from inspiring the Moors with the same respect as the Spaniards; on the contrary, they hated him as their executioner and chief persecutor. Unable to utter a cry, or help himself, he was bound, kneeling before the praying desk, with his proud forehead touching the earth. Pedralvi, always thoughtful, brought with him the dress of the sixth alguazil, and in that Juan was clothed, and placed in the middle of their ranks. They entered the court and were waiting impatiently, when the curé appeared, leading the five converted Jews, converted in spite of themselves to Christians.

"See them," said the curé, with a triumphant air. "I give them up to you."

"Very well," said Pedralvi, who made haste to go.

"Where are you going?" said the curé.

"To rejoin the bishop, who awaits us."

"Is he not in the tower?"

"No," said Pedralvi. "He descended to the church, leaving you to execute prompt justice upon the prisoner, who remains as obstinate as ever, in spite of his kind exhortations."

"Well," replied the curé; "I will go with you, and receive the orders from the bishop."

"His orders are that you go first to the prisoner, and afterwards come to him and give him an account of all that has passed."

"I obey." And he called to one of the brothers, who was crossing the court, and asked to have Acalpuco sent to him.

The gate was opened. Pedralvi, his companions and converts filed through it, and pretended to take the road towards the church. Pedralvi had taken a very different road, more difficult but more sure, in the middle of the rocks. At the end of an hour's march, they came to a place where three roads met. Pedralvi said to the Jews whom they had escorted in silence:

"You are free, my friends."

"Free!" cried they,—"free!"

"Need not be Christians, unless you wish. That road conducts to Valencia; the two others somewhere else."

The Jews took the two other roads, and disappeared.

When the Moors were alone, Juan, overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, threw himself into Pedralvi's arms. They walked on for two hours longer, when they found some friends of Pedralvi's waiting. Juan's mantle of black was exchanged for a cavalier's dress; the alguazils' dresses were thrown from the rocks into a raging torrent. A handsome, powerful horse was furnished Juan, and with the best wishes of his friends, he was sent on his way to Madrid, while Pedralvi and his friends returned to Don Delascar, with the joyful news of Juan Sevilla's release.

Juan travelled on happily. He had just entered a piece of wood, when he saw a man on horseback going the same way as himself. Juan, enveloped in his robe, his forehead shaded by a broad chapeau, said nothing, nor raised his head, but passed his fellow-traveller in silence. The other, as he passed, cried out:

"Friend, am I on the right road to Toledo?"

At this voice, too well known, and which always made him tremble, Juan raised his eyes, and beheld in a fine uniform Captain Josef Baptista. He nodded in the affirmative.

"Are you sure it is the right road to Toledo?"

"Yes," briefly answered Juan.

That single word seemed to arouse some feeling in his companion's breast, for from that moment he endeavored to gain sight of Juan's face by all the means in his power. Juan, impatient, thought that at any risk he must get rid of his spying companion.

Raising his hat and drawing his pistol, he exclaimed: "Captain Josef Baptista!"

The latter trembled in his turn.

"Gain the opening, or I fire on you. There will be one bandit less in Spain."

The firm air of the young man, his menacing voice, and above all, the pistol with which he was armed, dispersed all Josef Baptista's doubts.

"*Au revoir!*" cried he, looking at Juan in a mocking way.

He put spurs to his horse, and an instant after disappeared in the dense wood. Sevilla was rid of him; but the sight of him alone left a painful feeling in his heart, and his mind was filled with presentiments. Never had he met the captain without the meeting bringing him some great misfortune, and this time it was not a vain presentiment—a chimerical fear. The captain was the man to denounce him at the nearest village. Prudence warned Juan not to follow the road he had taken. He left the grand road and struck into a by-way. He travelled three-quarters of an hour in the midst of a rich, well-cultivated country, and arrived at a fine forest through which the road passed. He followed it without hesitation, persuaded that it would conduct him to some habitation. Finally, after about half an hour, he found himself in front of a chateau built in Gothic style. On one side was a large garden, then filled with people, who seemed to have assembled to celebrate some great fete.

A young peasant, seeing the handsomely-dressed stranger, came forward and offered him a glass of wine. Juan accepted it, and asked the peasant, after drinking:

"Whom does this chateau belong to?"

"To a Portuguese senor, who lives here, but rarely visits his chateau. This is the first time I have seen him—I, who am the gardener of the chateau, which proves how seldom he comes here."

"And why does he come to-day?"

"To be married."

"That is different," said Juan. "And who is this Portuguese lord?"

"The Duke de Santarem."

"I understand now the rejoicings," said Juan, "since the proprietor of this rich domain is to marry. Whom does he marry?"

"A lady of Madrid," answered the gardener; "the daughter of an old soldier, who is not rich but handsome—the handsomest woman in Spain."

"Truly?" said Juan, interested in spite of himself; "and when is this marriage to be celebrated?"

"This very moment. Do you not hear the bells? The marriage ought not to take place till to-morrow, but it was by an order from the court that it takes place to-day. Hold!" continued the gardener; "the ringing of the bells redoubles, and I heard the organ; it is doubtless the moment of the benediction. Come, senor, let us approach, and we may, perhaps, see them at a distance."

Juan followed mechanically, and awaited for a few moments before the church door. But he saw nothing, for a crowd was before him. Suddenly a movement was made by the people, and Juan was carried by the pressure into the church, and found himself beside a pillar quite near to the entrance, and the bridegroom who, having given his arm to his bride, was leading her out. In the features of the groom, he recognized a strong likeness to Captain Josef Baptista, so strong a likeness, that Juan, who had lived in such intimate connection with the captain, believed it was he for a moment. He drew his hand across his eyes, as if to clear his sight, and looked again. He saw this time, not ten steps from him, leaning upon the arm of the Duke de Santarem, his only love, his only dream, the happiness of his life, his adored Alitea, beautiful and pale, dressed in bridal costume. With haggard eye and tightly-closed lips, she advanced, seeing nothing, hearing nothing.

He wished to call, "Alitea—Alitea, it is I!" His tongue refused to articulate. He wished to advance; the crowd would not admit of it, and his knees trembled and bent under him. At last, uttering a deep, despairing sound, half sigh, half cry, he fainted.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GIRL AND THE STRANGER.

Juan remained for a long time insensible. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself lying in the deserted old church. He little by little recovered his strength. He heard the clock of the chateau strike ten. He rose with anger; he ran to the great door, but it was closed. A slight noise at the end of the chapel caused him to look round, and Juan saw a little light advancing slowly. He stepped to one side. A woman entered and approached the altar; then she knelt and prayed fervently. He heard the name of Alitea pronounced. That name had an irresistible charm for him. He drew near and listened, hardly daring to breathe. He heard her murmur the name of Fernand, and finally his own. He fell on his knees, weeping, as he exclaimed:

"Blessed be you who have not forgotten me,—you who pray for me!"

The young girl raised herself in affright, but at the well-known voice, she stopped, and trembling with joy, she said:

"Who is it? Who speaks?"

"O what happiness for us—for poor Alitea! who this very hour said to me: 'If I could at least see him once before I die!"

"She said that?" cried Juan, trembling with joy.

"Silence!" replied Carmina, for she it was, putting her hand upon Juan's lips; "not a word, and follow me. Come, come!"

She took his hand, opened the little door by which she had entered, and which communicated with the chateau.

They walked through a long corridor, hearing at a distance the merry-making of the villagers, who danced in a large saloon below. Juan followed his conductress in silence. They at last reached a little ante-chamber, brilliantly lighted.

"Wait," said Carmina, "till I forewarn Alitea, for surprise and joy will do her harm."

And she entered the apartments of the bride. Juan felt his heart beat violently, and he hardly dared breathe. He was obliged to seat himself, and each minute that he waited seemed an age. Carmina returned, having been gone but an instant. She held the door open, and said but one word: "Enter!"

Juan sprang into the chamber, and the door closed behind him. He saw Alitea, pale, with her hair hanging in disorder over her shoulders. She was seated at an open secretary, and held in her hand some papers, which she let fall upon seeing Juan. She uttered a cry and threw herself into his arms.

"I see thee—I see thee at last! Thou hast returned to us!"

"Yes; but the most unhappy of men, since I arrived too late—since I could not save you."

"I see thee at last—I could hope for no more happiness!"

And speaking so, she held him closely to her heart and kissed him; and Juan, beside himself with joy and grief, felt ready to drop. He had never hoped for such great happiness, but he felt cold and despairing when Alitea embraced him again and cried:

"My brother—my best beloved brother!"

The blow was struck; he felt a dreadful pain. He pushed Alitea aside, while he looked at her with an angry, wild eye.

"Son of Alberique, my brother, what have I done to you?" said Alitea, with her sweet voice. "Why do you fly from me, when I have only you to console me?"

The sweet voice had its effect. He made a violent effort to command himself—to smile, as he said:

"Pardon my weakness. I, who have so many times conquered sadness, was conquered by joy. Since two days how many emotions, how many sufferings! I was already ill. I have the fever, and fever brings delirium."

He spoke truly. Alitea seized his burning hand, and seating him beside her, loaded him with kind attentions, not knowing that she only increased what she wished to allay.

"You, my sister?" murmured Juan, in a trembling voice,—"my sister!" and he repeated the words, now his safety, his talisman, his only defence: "My sister!" Then turning towards her his sad eyes, where a smile broke in the midst of tears: "That name brings nothing to my heart; for a long time I have cherished for you the tenderness of a brother. But what my heart divined, my mind cannot comprehend."

"I will explain it," cried Alitea. And seeing him look round uneasily, she added: "Fear nothing. The duke cannot enter here without my permission. If I was not able to escape this fatal marriage, I have at least reserved my liberties and rights, and no one, not even he, can take them from me."

Then she told him that under Philip II. an edict went forth that every Moorish child must be baptized as soon as born. Don Delascar d'Alberique and his wife Amina had one son, Yezid, who was seven years old, and did not come under that law; but shortly afterwards, Amina gave birth to a girl, Alitea, and rather than have her baptized, and become a Christian, she gave her to a faithful slave, who took her out of the kingdom. When she was five or six years old, the old Don Delascar, who had always cared for the child, her mother having died soon after her birth, seeing her seldom, but supplying every want or wish, came to her and told her the secret, which she must guard as her life, for her father and Yezid would be executed if the truth came to light. He placed her under the care of Don Juan d'Aguilar, his noble friend, who brought her up exactly like his own daughter.

"My noble father has always loaded me with gold and jewels, diamonds and precious stones, which explains to you the source of the riches which have astonished you and others. All went happily, until the death of the good Don Juan," continued Alitea. "When he died, it was decided that I should follow Carmina and live with her aunt, the Countess Altamira, an infamous woman!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Juan, astonished.

"Yes; you will know that by-and-by. During your absence, a man came to me—the Count de Lerma. Carmina had a protector—her lover Fernand; but I had none—not even you, for you were away. The minister came to propose to me the marriage with the Duke de Santarem. The king wished it. He believed me to be the daughter of a soldier killed in Ireland. I could say nothing to him, save to ask time to deliberate, to consult with myself, or rather my father and brother. I wrote to them, it being the only means of hearing from them, and the writing which I believed sacred betrayed me—yes, the minister of the king, the Count de Lerma, respects nothing."

"What do I hear!" exclaimed Juan, indignantly.

"The next morning," pursued Alitea, "he entered my chamber. I refused, and he requested to speak with me alone. I granted him the interview.

"'I proposed to you the marriage with the Duke de Santarem,' said the minister, 'and I feel sure that you are too devoted a daughter, too tender a sister to refuse; for by refusing, you condemn your father and brother to the prison and to the funeral pile.'

"'How so?' cried I.

"'Daughter of the Moor Alberique, sister of Yezid Delascar, behold the letter that you addressed to them! No other proofs are necessary to condemn them, and the proofs you yourself have furnished. If I give this letter to Sandoval the inquisitor, both are lost; whilst if you consent to marry the Duke de Santarem, I return you the letter.'

"'Give it to me, then,' cried I. 'I consent!'

"'That shall be my wedding present; I swear it to you! After the benediction of the priest, I will give it to you.'

"Now, brother, you know all. Why they should wish to marry me, to bind me to the Duke de Santarem, I do not know. You who could help me stayed away. Why did you not come, and where were you all the time?"

"I was hastening to you," said Juan, with despair,—"you who make part of my joy, of my happiness; but was arrested by our enemies, and imprisoned by them."

And he related in a few words all that had happened to him, the dangers which he had escaped, but which still menaced him,—dangers which he had forgotten while with Alitea, when a great noise filled the chateau; cries and quick steps were heard in the middle of the night. Alitea implored Juan to go, but outside the door he entered the noise seemed to be loudest. Opening a richly-carved panel of wood, Alitea called Juan softly:

"Go now, my brother, if you love me. You descend a little staircase now, at the foot of which is a door opening upon the park; here is the key. The park joins the forest, and then flight is easy. Adieu then, and we will soon meet at Madrid," she said, embracing him.

"Adieu, adieu!" cried Juan, almost beside himself. And disengaging her from his arms, he descended hastily the secret staircase, while he heard above some one knocking loudly at the door of Alitea's chamber.

The day when the Count de Lerma returned to the hotel of the countess to learn Alitea's answer, the day when, in spite of herself, Alitea consented to marry the Duke de Santarem, Carmina, rendered wretched by the unhappiness of her dearly-loved friend, wrote to Fernand a whole account of the affair, begging him to prevent the marriage if he could.

Fernand turned pale when he read the letter, and regretted that he had sent the Duke de Santarem to Madrid. The proofs of his guilt were correct, and upon sending them to the Count de Lerma, he had recompensed the traitor instead of punishing him. The Count de Lerma, who was always without pity for imprudent or guilty men, had become the protector of the conspirator, and given him an amiable wife, the handsomest woman in Spain. It was a piece of intolerable injustice and tyranny, the reason of which Fernand could not understand.

The Count de Lerma had commanded the marriage to be celebrated at the duke's chateau, in the environs of Toledo, that it might make no noise in Madrid. The Duke de Santarem asked no questions, but obeyed. All the preparations were made secretly, and in the most profound silence.

A few days after this, Don Delascar and Yezid were walking in the garden, consulting upon the means of delivering their adopted son and brother, Juan Sevilla, then prisoner of the archbishop, when a note was brought to Don Delascar, containing these words:

"They wish to marry Alitea to the Duke de Santarem. If it is without your wish or knowledge, hasten; you've no time to lose."

"Whence comes this advice?" cried Alberique, startled, and giving the letter to his son.

Yezid read it over. It bore no signature. He looked at the envelope, and saw upon the seal the word *always* in Arabic characters, the word engraven upon the torquoise that Margaret had accepted from him. He trembled with emotion and fear, and said to the old man, in a low voice:

"We must believe this letter; it is true."

"Why?"

"It comes from the queen, my father."

"We must set out instantly, then," replied the old man.

The Duke de Santarem arrived at his chateau on Saturday, to be ready to receive his bride on Monday. The night before he left, he received a note from Alitea, who wished to speak to him, and who begged him to release her from this marriage which she had been obliged to consent to.

"I thank you many times, senora," replied the duke; "my frankness shall equal yours. I will tell you that it is in spite of myself and against my will that I marry you. I have no desire to marry at all; if I had," he added, gallantly, "I could not wish for or find a more amiable or beautiful bride."

"Truly!" cried Alitea, while her eyes flashed with joy; "then why not renounce this marriage? Why consent to it?"

"Because I am forced to do so by the prime minister; because, if I refuse, there awaits me the prison, and perhaps, in fact, without doubt, *death*."

"Ah!" said Alitea, scornfully, "that is the motive."

"A sufficiently powerful one, it seems to me," said the duke, smilingly; "and you, senora, shall remain your own mistress and I my own master."

Alitea remained silent for a few moments, then spoke in a low, firm voice:

"There is in all this a mystery I cannot understand."

"Nor I either, senora; I swear it."

"I will believe it," replied Alitea; "but deign, senor duke, to listen to me a moment, then you can retire. I believe that in marrying you I save my father's life; that I do still more, that I save yours also. You ought to be content with that sacrifice, and demand nothing more. I reserve for myself my liberty of feelings and actions, and I will defend them at the price of my life."

"Fear nothing, senora," said the duke, bowing; "I will respect them; I swear it to you."

"I accept the oath, senor duke; and now, whenever you wish, I am ready to obey the orders of the minister."

With the majesty of a queen, she made a sign with her hand for him to withdraw, and the duke, ashamed, humiliated, furious, left, muttering between his teeth:

"Why the deuce did I have anything to do with the cursed conspiracy!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

THE BASHI-BAZOUK.

Our picture represents, in the foreground, one of those famous irregular horsemen, who, during the Crimean war, did such good service in the field, though guilty of some outbreaks, and, in general, difficult to manage, from their wild spirit of independence and insubordination. The specimen we present is highly striking from his cavalier air, and his picturesque ornamental dress, to say nothing of the perfect armory of weapons he carries about him—gun, sabre, carbine, pistol, poignard and knife. In the distance is a horse, with the curious Turkish saddle and shovel-stirrups, so peculiar to horse-furniture in the East. What with those stirrups—the leathers of which are kept short, and from which the foot is not readily disengaged—and the high pummel and croupe of the saddle, every facility is afforded to the rider to maintain his seat, which is the more important, as in action the irregular cavalry are accustomed to raise their horses nearly bolt upright on their hind legs, in order to give a ponderous weight to the blow of their sharp sabres as they descend. It has been remarked of the Russians killed and mutilated in battle with the Bashi-Bazouks, that no slight wounds were observed upon their persons. Limbs are cut off as cleanly as by surgical operation, and sometimes heads are completely severed from the trunk. The Bashi-Bazouks perform the same service in the Turkish, as the Cossacks do in that of the Russian ranks. These wild horsemen of the East manage their animals with wonderful skill; men and horses seem to thrive on air and exercise, with little else to boot. They live in the saddle, and are wary and watchful; and as an irregular cavalry for outpost duty, they are invaluable, freeing the regular troops from the most harassing duties. In the Crimean war they proved more than a match for their Cossack antagonists.



THE BASHI-BAZOUK.

VILLA REALE, PROMENADE OF NAPLES.

The accompanying picture crowded with figures, bright with falling water, and umbrageous with foliage, beyond which piles of palatial architecture close the view, affords us a good idea of this favorite promenade of the Italians—as great a resort as the garden of the Tuileries at Paris, or Unter den Linden at Berlin. It is a public walk on the border of the sea, and about 4500 palms in length. Perhaps here in ancient times was the Plaga Olimpica, where Naples celebrated the games and the Fete of Jove. This long tract of ground, lying between the sea and the hill called the Vomero, was first ornamented with trees and fountains by the viceroy, the Duke di Medina, in 1692, under Charles II. But it did not assume the form of a public garden until the reign of Ferdinand I., who enclosed it with iron railings about 1780. The portion of the villa which our sketch presents is the first of three divisions; the second portion, which was added in 1807, is a kind of thick grove, and is adorned by two temples erected to Tasso and Virgil, respectively, in 1819; the third part, which was added in 1834, extends 1500 palms along the sea, and, less ornamental than the other portions, is occupied by the lazzaroni, who draw up their boats and dry their nets upon it. The width of the really cultivated parts is about 200 palms. Five long avenues run through the villa, separated by rows of acacias, willow and ilex. It is embellished by many fountains and more than fifty statues in marble, which, though they are not of very highest art, are still respectable copies of *chef-d'œuvres* of Greek and Roman sculpture. The great vase, which adorns the fountain represented in our sketch, is formed of one single piece of Egyptian granite, the diameter of which is not less than twelve palms. It formerly adorned the Temple of Neptune, at Paestum, and replaces in the villa the celebrated group of the Toro Farnesi, which has been removed to the Museum. Around this fountain throng continually innumerable idlers—pretty *bonnes*, with their adopted children; children, too, of an older growth, who either look at the *bonnes* or the Muscovy ducks, as their tastes may direct them. Look down the great central walk at certain hours of the day, and you will find fine dresses and artificial manners in abundance; whilst modesty, in a scanty garment, shrinks away in some one of those shadier and narrower paths by the side. Not unlikely is it either that, in the very obscurest avenue of all, you may sometimes see two persons discussing subjects which they dare not enter upon in the streets, and looking right and left, as if thought itself were a sin. That lofty building at the extremity is Pizzo Falcone. There was a villa of Lucullus formerly where now are barracks, and it looks down upon the Castel d'Uovo, once the island of Megari. Does any point in the world command a finer view than Pizzo Falcone? The Rev. Mr. Prime, in his interesting book of travels, says:—"The garden of the Villa Reale is open to the public only one day in the year; but it is always more or less frequented by travellers. Of so much importance was a visit to this park once regarded by the common people, that the young women were in the habit of stipulating in their marriage contracts, that their husbands should take them there at least once a year." This, however, is only one of the manifold attractions of Naples—attractions which compensate for filth, beggars, lazzaroni, and extortions practised by a poverty-stricken people on all strangers who are unfortunately provided with money. "See Naples and die!" is a proverbial expression with the Italians, as if, after seeing Naples, all the pleasures and attractions of life were exhausted. Art and nature here have combined to produce a most seductive mingling of beauties. The climate is paradisiacal—the beauties of the bay of Naples have not been exaggerated. Then there are Vesuvius and Pompeii, and a thousand scenes haunted by glorious or pleasing memories. No wonder, then, that travellers from all parts of the world are constantly pouring into this enchanted city, though, to an American, the pleasure arising from contemplating such matchless scenery is marred by evidences of the destitution of the masses of the people.



VILLA REALE, THE FAMOUS PROMENADE OF NAPLES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

The tempest is wildly roaring
Through the lonely streets to-night,
And the flashes of the sun come pouring
Through the air with a ghastly light.
But I rush from my dreamy chamber,
And its fire-light clear and warm,
The fever within me defying
The wrath of the wintry storm.

Not a single star is gleaming
To-night in the dismal skies,
But yonder a lamp is beaming,
More fair to my eager eyes.
It streams from thy chamber-window
Far forth on the darkened air,
And the snow-flakes, madly whirling,
It illumes with a roseate glare.

I come to be near thee, dearest!
For the longing within my breast,
That glows with love sincerest,
It will not let me rest.
And I brave the angry tempest,
And my eyes I upward strain,
As I muse on thy glorious beauty,
Thy beauty and thy disdain.

My song—canst thou not hear it,
(When the wind is breathing low),
Like the wailing of a spirit
In the realms of pain and woe?
Give me but one love-token!
O, let thy beauty bright
But shine from thy window on me,
Like a star through the clouds of night!

And my soul shall be filled with gladness,
And my heart with hope beat high,
And this fever, and pain, and madness,
Like spirits unblest shall fly.
For I love—I love thee only,
With a passion beyond compare:
The hope of thy love is rapture,
Thy disdain is dark despair.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WILLIAM THE RED.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

The great conqueror had gone to his rest, but not in the land which he had won with his sword; nor did his bones lie among the people which he created. A Norseman by descent, a Frenchman by nature, he was buried in the land of his birth, yet not even there, buried in peace.

He died, as he had lived, a warrior, and fearless, but not, as he had lived, in the performance of great achievements. It was a trivial quarrel and a scurvy jest, which spurred the great soldier to his last and unworthiest enterprise.

He was residing in the capital of his Norman province, at Rouen, after enmity had arisen between himself and Philip of France; and, in consequence of his increasing corpulence, was taking medicine to reduce the protuberance of his abdomen, which not only detracted from the majesty of his person, but impaired his agility and power.

"The king of England," said Philip, "is lying-in at Rouen, and keeps his bed, like a woman after her delivery."

The jest was retailed to William, who was furiously incensed, far beyond what one would conceive to have been the effect of so poor a sarcasm on so wise a man.

"When I go to my churching, after my confinement," said he, grimly, "I will make him an offering of a hundred thousand candles."

He swore this "by the resurrection and glory of God," says William of Malmesbury; "for he was wont purposely to swear such oaths as by the very form of his mouth would strike terror into the minds of his hearers." Be this as it may, such oaths as he swore, he was exceeding apt to fulfil, especially when they were of this nature. Therefore, as soon as he was in condition to take horse, when the harvest fields were white, the vintages purple, and the orchards in full bearing, through the fair land of France he rode forth in vengeful jest to light his churching candles. Havoc and devastation followed everywhere his footsteps. Nothing could assuage his irritated mind, so determined was he to revenge this injurious taunt at the expense of multitudes.

At last, he caused to be set on fire the flourishing city of Nantes, which was totally consumed, together with the church of St. Mary's; and, as is affirmed, a recluse, who had a cell within the sacred pile, and did not choose to leave it, even in that emergency, perished in the flames. That the death of William immediately followed, and was in some way connected with this vindictive retribution of church-burning in lieu of candle-lighting, appears to be well established; but what precisely the accident was, or how produced, which led to his death, is not so apparent. There is ever a tendency on the part of the monkish historians of this date to ascribe all fatal accidents befalling great men, to direct retributory judgments from on high. So, in this case, we find that the offending member of the conqueror, namely, his protuberant abdomen, from an innocent joke on whose fair round proportions the desecration of St. Mary's church arose, as we have seen, must also he made the means of his punishment.

Some say that, in superintending the progress of the sacrilegious incendiarism, he approached so nearly to the conflagration that the heat of the flames added to that of the weather—for it was in August—operated on his gross habit of body and produced an incurable disorder. By others it is asserted that, in leaping a dangerous ditch, that unwieldy prominence of his person, impinging violently on his saddle-bow, was fatally ruptured. At all events, it is conceded that he made a good ending of his stirring and troublesome life. He caused all his political prisoners to be released; distributed treasures to the various churches of his own dominions, of which he had always been a munificent patron; repaired, out of his own private purse, all the depredations he had committed in his late fit of ferocious vengeance, especially those committed on the holy St. Mary; performed his Christian duties by confession; received the communion; and died, it seems, in peace with all men, the priests especially, whom he had benefited most in his latter days.

His knights and barons, it appears, he had not fully gratified, nor was he in over and above good odor with them. He had somewhat interfered in behalf of the conquered Saxons, whom, as soon as they had become his people, he had the absurdity to consider as in some remote degree entitled to his justice and protection; while the great barons, who had helped him to conquer them, regarded them only as flocks to be fleeced, or money-bags to be squeezed to the utmost.

Perhaps the cause which gave him the ill-will of his military nobles may have stood him in as good stead, in the place to which he took his darkling way on the sixth day of September, 1087, as the masses and requiems of his priests which he had bought at such a price of gold. In the first instance, however, it had nearly cost him a place in which to slumber out the sleep of ages. For, being royally embalmed, he was carried down the Seine to Caen, for interment, amid a great concourse of ecclesiastics, few of the laity attending; but when his mortal remains were about to be consigned to earth, a certain knight, to whose patrimony the place belonged, loudly exclaimed that it was a robbery, and forbade his burial. Nor, it appears, could he, who had "taken seizen" of two great and powerful principalities, and held them as long as he lived, as of his own right, by his sword, command, when he was dead, so small a space of his vast dominions as the six feet of earth which would suffice for his long home.

The only one of his sons who was present, Henry, afterwards king of England, and the first of his name, known by his honorable attribute of *Beauclerc*, from his learning and accomplishments in an unlearned age, caused the sum of sixty shillings to be paid on the spot, and the same sum afterwards, to the obstreperous landholder, and so purchased the right of repose in the grave to the great conqueror, who had caused honorably to be entombed the corpse of his perjured rival and enemy, when he had the power to refuse it; since Harold died under ban of excommunication.

Of his other sons, the older, Robert, surnamed Curthose, from his diminutive stature, was in France, actually waging war against his father and his native land, at the time of William's death. On his father's conquest of England he had aspired to the possession of Normandy, in his own right, during the life time of that prince, and on being prevented from his ambitious designs, immediately fled into France and broke into open rebellion. Nevertheless, his father bequeathed to him his patrimonial duchy, while to his second, William the Red, he left his conquered kingdom. Henry, the best and wisest of his sons, had needs rest content with the appanage of his mother, Matilda, daughter of the great Earl of Flanders.

It is said that William foretold that this, the disinherited Henry, would be in the end the greatest and richest of his offspring. He doubtless did not lack the sagacity to foresee that he was best and wisest, but how he could predict what was contingent on his more direct heirs leaving no successors, cannot be so well divined. This may be set down, with small fear of error, as of the true prophecies easily delivered after the occurrence of the events foretold.

"William, the son of William, was born," says William of Malmesbury, "in Normandy, many years before his father came to England, and being educated with extreme care by his parents, as he had naturally an ambitious mind, he at length reached the summit of dignity. He would, no doubt, have been a prince incomparable in our time, had not his father's greatness eclipsed him, and had not the fates cut short his years too early for his maturer age to correct errors contracted by the licentiousness of power and the impetuosity of youth. When childhood was passed, he spent the period of youth in military occupations, in riding, throwing the dart, contending with his elders in obedience, with those of his own age in action; and he esteemed it injurious to his reputation, if he was not the foremost to take arms in military commotions—unless he was the first to challenge the adversary, or were challenged to overcome him. To his father he was ever dutiful, always exerting himself in his right in battle, ever at his side in peace. His hopes gradually expanding, he already aspired after the succession, especially on the rejection of his elder brother, while the tender age of the younger gave him no uneasiness. Thus adopted by his father, during his last illness, he set out to take possession of the kingdom ere the king had breathed his last; when being gladly received by the people, and obtaining the keys of the treasury, he by these means subjected all England to his will. Archbishop Larfranc, the grand mover in everything, had educated him and made him a knight, and now he favored his pretensions to the throne. By his authority and assistance William was crowned on the day of the Saints Cornas and Damian, and passed the rest of the winter quietly and with general favor."

Notwithstanding this favorable narrative of the candid historian of Malmesbury, whose often severe strictures on the Norman kings of this epoch render his testimony, when given in their favor, unimpeachable, it appears that William had considerable difficulty in assuming his title. Larfranc, it is true, crowned him on the authority of a rescript from his father, recommending him to do so, in the presence of a few nobles, clerical and military, suddenly convened, in the hope that so prompt a measure would disarm faction and set to rest all opposition. And so it did, for the moment; but the whole proceeding lacked the sanction of precedent and ceremonials, and the great barons of the realm were uneasy and discontented. Robert of Normandy, who had succeeded peacefully to the patrimonial dukedom, claimed the English throne, likewise, as his by birthright and indefeasible inheritance; and the barons, both of England and Normandy, espoused the cause of Robert, who was the more popular, as the more jovial in manners, and, above all, the more liberal in his dealings.

Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux, the paternal uncle of the two princes, also espoused the cause of his elder nephew, as did prince Henry take arms on the same side. Many of the high English barons had recourse to expatriation, emigrating to the fiefs which they held in Normandy, and it was evident that the sword was once more to decide,

> Which had the better cause; in that success
> Concludes the victor innocent, the vanquished
> Most miserably guilty.

In this dilemma, William the Red casts himself into the hands of his English subjects, and by granting them certain remissions from the severe and cruel forest laws, and the right of hunting on their own lands, he succeeded in raising them effectually into a party, and so obtained his ends by their means.

It would seem that he either well understood himself, the habits and peculiarities of these his semi-civilized and oppressed subjects, or that he had those about him who both knew their national peculiarities and knew how to profit by them. For, it is related, that once when, either from active disaffection to his cause, or from indifference whether cause should gain, as in neither case they could profit by the victory, the Saxons refused to assemble in arms, he compelled the presence and service of a large army, with which in the end he conquered the opposite factions by the simple threat of proclaiming every one who should not appear in arms at the appointed place and time, "Hidering!"

The true sense of this term of opprobrium is not now discoverable, but it is known to have implied infamy of the meanest and most sordid kind, so that there was no extremity a Saxon would not risk rather than incur that appellation.

The Norman must have had both sagacity and resource, who, in so early a period of the Saxon conquest, could take advantage of a peculiarity of his reluctant subjects, and turn them by it victoriously to his own purposes. Audacity he must have had enough, to venture on arming the Helots—for the Saxons of that day were little better—against the class of military nobles, whose authority, since they were but a handful in number, rested more on the opinion of their invincibility than on their actual prowess. Confidence he must have had, in the highest, in his own resources, or he could never have believed himself able, after putting down the Norman faction by Saxon arms, to resume his own place at the head of his feudal nobility, and replace the nobility in their predominating height of pride above the requiescent natives. Yet all this he did.

In one brief campaign he made England his own; in a second, he carried his arms into Normandy; came to terms with Robert, who not only resigned all pretensions to the crown of England, but yielded to him some castles, and the monastery of Feschamp, with its appanages beyond the sea; and then, in conjunction with Robert, reduced Henry, who had set himself up against both parties, as unjustly deprived of his natural rights, to obedience. Decidedly, there was in this man, had it been called out by circumstances, the wisdom and energy of his father, as there was much of a noble and fitful generosity, deformed at times by a sort of buffoonish pantagruelism, and obscured at others by licentiousness and gluttony.

One of these instances of his magnanimity is thus related by the historian I have already quoted, as are one or two circumstances, less creditable to him as a prince, to which I shall have occasion to refer hereafter, as well as to a graphic and striking portrait of his person when in his prime. The following incident occurred while the two elder brothers were besieging Henry, in his singular hill-fortress of Mont St. Michel, on the coast of Normandy.

"The king, going out of his tent and observing the enemy at a distance, proudly passing, rushed unattended against a large party, spurred on by the impetuosity of his courage, and at the same time confident that none would dare resist him. Presently his horse, which he had that day purchased for fifteen marks of silver, being killed under him, he was thrown down, and for a long time dragged by his foot; the strength of his mail, however, prevented his being hurt. The soldier who had unhorsed him was at this instant drawing his sword to strike him, when terrified at the extremity of his danger, he cried: 'Hold, rascal; I am the king of England!' The whole troop trembled at the well-known voice of the prostrate monarch, and immediately raised him respectfully from the ground, and brought him another horse. Leaping into the saddle without assistance, and darting a keen look on the bystanders—

"'Who unhorsed me?' said he.

"While the rest were silent through fear, the bold perpetrator of the deed readily defended himself, saying:

"'It was I—who took you, not for a king, but for a soldier."

"The king, soothed, and regaining the serenity of his countenance, exclaimed:

"'By the crucifix at Lucca,' for that was his oath, 'henceforth you shall be mine, and, placed on my roll, shall receive the recompense of this gallant service.'"

After his return to England, he waged war with the Scots and with the Welch, both unsuccessfully, though without sustaining any notable defeat. His martial enterprises, however, led him into

difficulties, for he was by nature liberal to excess, careless and ignorant of the value of money, and, being pressed to pay largely his necessary soldiery, being fond of splendor, and being inordinately cheated on all sides by his servants, he was, one may say, in some sort compelled to acts of extortion towards his subjects, in order to support his state.

Two absurd anecdotes show the means by which he was oftentimes reduced to straits for money, and the methods by which he strove to raise the wind, when short of funds for the supplies of his palace.

One morning when he was putting on his war boots, he asked his chamberlain what they cost, and when he replied "Three shillings," indignantly, and in a rage, he cried out:

"How, villain! how long has the king worn boots of so paltry a price? Go bring me a pair worth a mark of silver."

He went, and bringing him a pair much cheaper, told him falsely they had cost as he had ordered.

"Ay!" said the king, "these are suitable to royal majesty."

Shortly after, being poor and pressed for money, a Jew, whose son had apostatized to Christianity, offered the king sixty marks if he would compel the youth to recant. William the Red set himself to work to earn his sixty marks; but, the young apostate proving obdurate, and saying something which provoked the king's anger, he lost his temper and kicked the circumcised Christian out of the room. He claimed, however, the reward of the father, and, on his remonstrating that his son was not reconverted, after all, replied that, whether or no, the king could not lose his time for nothing, but to make it square, he would be content with thirty marks, which the Jew incontinently was compelled to fork over.

Had he never done worse than this, he certainly did not deserve the name and character which he bears in history. But I fear we must admit that he was sensual, avaricious, and given to rapine and extortion. It is clear, however, that he had offended his clergy, who would have winked hard at his luxuriousness, licentiousness and soft vices, had he indulged their greed—that he had offended his nobles by employing Saxon churls against the gentle blood of Normandy, then by relaxing the forest laws towards the subject race, and afterwards enforcing them stringently against the nobles. He had none, therefore, of the dominant race to defend his memory after they had destroyed him; for there is every reason for believing that the legend of his being accidentally shot in the new forest by Sir Walter Lynch, is a mere fabrication to conceal his murder, by his own Norman nobles, in revenge for his severities against infringement of the forest law.

"He began," says William of Malmesbury, once more, "and completed one very noble edifice (Westminster Hall) in London, sparing no expense to manifest the greatness of his liberality. Should any one be desirous to know the make of his person, he is to understand that he was well set, his complexion florid, his hair yellow; of open countenance; different colored eyes, varying with certain glittering specks; of astonishing strength, though not very tall, and his belly rather projecting; of no eloquence, but remarkable for a hesitation of speech, especially when angry."

In a word, he was the son of his father and of circumstances. Not a good king nor a good man, surely; but in his position he might have done worse. Many, both kings and men, stand fairer in history, who were in truth, far worse than William Rufus.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affects nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over its frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generation gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and that of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A THREAD OF QUEEN CITY LIFE.

BY HETTY DENWOOD.

"Will you go to Sumner's to-night?" inquired Paul Fenton of Cecil Stanley. "They give splendid suppers, sparkling Catawba, Longworth's best, and his daughter, Alice, has the finest blue eyes in the galaxy of beauty that meets this evening."

"No! I'm sick and tired of parties. Files of young ladies placed against the wall, with their drapery of just such length, the same bare arms and low necks; their smiles and graces put on for the occasion. Bah! just as the cakes and oysters, to look their very best!"

"Come, come!" said Paul, "you are growing cynical. What will the ladies say, if the accomplished Cecil Stanley, the Western Count D'Orsay, should deprive the dear creatures of his fascinating presence? Besides, there is to be the new star, Ianthe."

The compliment, or the prospect of a new conquest, had the desired effect, and Cecil jokingly replied:

"Well, be it so; it would be cruel enough to withdraw *this* evening. I'll be there at ten, precisely."

The young men parted—Cecil to lounge off the day at the Burnet House, while Paul was obliged to hop the counter in a wholesale house on Pearl Street.

Night came, and at the Sumners all was brilliancy and gaiety. White kids and blue ribbons flourished on the perfumed air. "Music arose with its voluptuous swell," and Mrs. Sumner walked a queen through her luxurious apartments, receiving her guests with the bland smiles and compliments usual on such festive occasions.

Paul was standing by a table, admiring some costly engravings, with the blue eyes of Alice Sumner floating in liquid beauty upon him, as he made sundry remarks upon their respective merits. Mrs. Sumner called to Alice, and while she was pretending to arrange her collar, warned her of encouraging the addresses of "that forward, conceited Fenton, for he was nothing but a clerk, and to save her witty sayings for the coming of Cecil Stanley." Alice was one of those clay-faced pretty girls, a perfect inanity, and was made to turn and move like a puppet in the hands of her ambitious mother. Of course she returned a colder answer to Paul's questions, and soon left the room on some frivolous errand.

Soon the servant announced "Cecil Stanley," and the cynosure of all eyes appeared. He was certainly a tall, fine-looking young man, dressed in faultless taste; yet he gave, as he entered the room, a quizzical, haughty look, on all present, as though royal blood flowed in his veins, hearts his playthings, and the smiles of beauty his rightful possession. The reputation of his great wealth, and his handsome person had, by designing mamas, made him the best match of the season.

But his heartlessness was a mere crust, like the sparkling wine that floats in rosiest beauty beneath the white froth and bubbles of the surface. The hook and line, with fashionable bait, had been thrown out by the Queen City belles, but Cecil, too wary, had remained as unapproachable as ever. Taking the arm of Paul, he was about to promenade into the music room, when he reminded him of his promise to be introduced to Ianthe.

"Is that she, surrounded by that knot of danglers? She is vain and conceited, I'll warrant; only writes for the admiration that follows—not for anything nobler, or because she can't help it, as some do. Humph! a pretty woman like her with genius; all nonsense, I know!"

"Never mind," whispered Paul, "you can see for yourself."

As Cecil approached the lady, he saw she was dressed in simple taste, yet the material was of the finest fabric. The dark hair was swept back with its wealth of beauty from a high, spiritual brow, while beneath, a pair of dark lustrous eyes beamed in splendor fall upon him. Just such a pair he had dreamed of in his college days; there they were now, mirroring beauty and intelligence in real life. That glance was enough, the invincible Count D'Orsay was vanquished. The introduction was passed, and Cecil exhibited his best politeness. The lady evidently waited for him to make some remark besides the usual compliments of the evening. At length Cecil asked:

"Isn't it strange that human beings pass so much of this short life in meeting together just to be pleased and amused? and yet it is a source of annoyance and ennui to all (at least to myself), except the *debutants* in their first season. Many go for fear of otherwise offending their hostess, others for supper, and again some because they don't like to be out of date and forgotten."

"Yes," she answered, "there are many motives for attending any gathering. Could the heart of each guest be laid open to our gaze we should find a curious medley. What did you come for?"

"I must be gallant enough to say that the desire of seeing you had something to do with it."

"And you were disappointed in finding me vain and conceited, were you?" she archly inquired.

"Ah! you overheard my foolish remark, did you?" said Cecil. "Forgive me, for no one in looking *fully* in your noble face would ever accuse you of vanity. You were turned partly from me when I said what I did," continued Cecil, deprecatingly.

"Thank you for the implied compliment," said Ianthe. "But what better *can* ladies do? We are expected to be pert and witty, or else we are voted dull and old-maidish. Most gentlemen are ennuied with idleness or business, and wish to be entertained with some lively woman's prattle, and then, forsooth, half of you will call her 'vain and conceited.' On the other hand, if we read history and logic, talk fluently on law and philosophy, or even politics, then comes the hue and cry of a strong-minded woman; such if they had the power would be the disorganizers of society, we will let them alone, and so they are spared toil, of course."

"But we should avoid these extremes. Now I admire a sensible yet lively conversation, and I contend it is out of your argument, that woman never, in the history of the world, ruled with so much influence, or her empire was never so firm, as at the present time. Her white hand can unlock any storehouse of knowledge, and sensible persons will sustain her in the effort."

Supper was announced, and offering his arm to Ianthe, Cecil had never been more graceful in those little attentions which show the gentleman and the man of the world, than on this eventful night.

"Cecil is at last in danger of falling in love," whispered Paul to Alice, who stood by him pouting at Stanley's neglect.

She considered Paul "next best," however, and listened with more attention to his conversation than she had done an hour or so before. Alas! for the elaborate blanc manges, the cakes and the fruits, their destruction is at hand! Soon Cecil and Ianthe turned from the omnivorous crowd, and entered the deserted drawing-room.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" asked Cecil. "We read of it in novels and plays. Why did it ever creep into their authors' brains, if it is impossible."

"I think it depends something on the temperament. In persons of warm, quick impulses, confidence is not a plant of slow growth, and they find their *beau ideal* embodied according to their fancy, and like the bird, they recognize their life's mate at once. Some carry their certificates," she continued, "of all that is high and noble, in their countenances, and is it necessary that there should be a companionship of months or years before they can be appreciated?"

"No, indeed," said Cecil, in a lower tone. "I have always been an opponent to your doctrine until to-night."

Whether it was the lady's argument, or the soul-beaming eyes resting on his musing face, he did not say.

The company was dispersing; carriages and hacks rolled away with the tired seekers of pleasure, their gloves soiled, a little cross, and glad to reach their pillows, to meet in dream-land their loves in purer, holier communion.

"So soon," said Cecil, as Ianthe arose to pay her retiring compliments to her hostess. "I hope you will do me the favor of allowing me to call upon you on the morrow."

"Yes," said Ianthe, "if you will never call me vain and conceited," as she seated herself in the carriage with her mother, who, like all women past thirty, has not been considered of enough consequence to introduce to our reader.

"Eh! my fine fellow," said Paul to Cecil, soon after, "they say (that little bird which tells all the news) you are caught at last in the meshes of that little mischievous rascal, Cupid. Who would have thought on the day of Sumner's party that the misanthropic, ennuied Stanley would have fallen head and ears in love with a blue-stocking, the most detestable of all the feminine gender to your lordship, when there are so many of our Queen City belles dying with envy? Ah, fortunate Ianthe! Wonders will never cease! I am prepared for telegraphic despatches to the moon, balloon travelling, or anything else surprising!"

"Hold your peace, you coxcomb. Is there not a beam in your own eye? Your engagement with Alice Sumner, I'm sure, is the talk of our whole set. Let me congratulate you upon your success in winning so fair a flower. But *my Ianthe;* I say, Paul, she is a treasure, a jewel more brilliant than dwells in India's secret mines; and she has a heart that loves as fondly and truly as the heroines of her song. We are to be married in St. John's Church next week. I shall ever thank you for urging me to that hateful party, as it seemed to me then. Destiny seems to turn upon an unimportant circumstance in the history of an individual, at least so, Paul, in my case. Now, for a long and happy life with Ianthe, and if wealth can minister to the slightest wish, it shall be freely given. I have something to love and live for. I only hope that you will be as happy as I am."

Cecil disappeared down the street, and Paul went into the store, soliloquizing: "I wonder if these blue-stockings do make good wives! I'll bet a hat that Cecil will be at the club within a year, complaining of shirts buttonless, yawning rents in his stockings, and dickeys ironed with the griddle. *Nous verrons.*"

We roll our dramatic curtain again, and enter the home of Ianthe. Everything that heart or taste could desire evidently adorns the magnificent dwelling; and what is better, on looking around, order and neatness reign here. No dust mars the rich, costly velvets; servants are orderly, and from basement to attic we find everything "tip top." Underneath her genius, Ianthe had a stratum of common sense. All the talent in the world could never make a happy home for a husband unless it is accompanied with neatness and industry. It is a great mistake for a wife to suppose because he is wealthy and able to hire servants, that there is no need of care and responsibility. This she knew well, and acted as a sensible woman would. Let fame sing ever so syren a strain, she heard it not, when it interfered with the happiness of him she loved. Love makes a good wife, and nothing else will; all the initiation into the mysteries of housekeeping, and "the right bringing up" by the best of managers, will not do it. Nothing but the home chords of love and feeling will bind the Samson to make him weak as other men, and the way to a man's heart is through his "stumic," as a piquant writer says.

Time is defined by the author of the "Tin Trumpet" to be the vehicle that carries everything into nothing. "We talk," he says, "of *spending* our time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity; whereas we are all living upon our capital, and he who wastes a single day throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered."

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

It affords us particular pleasure to call the attention of our readers to the large engraving herewith presented, of one of the most celebrated pictures of the modern school of art, from the pencil of the great Scottish painter, the lamented Sir David Wilkie. This picture was drawn expressly for the Pictorial. For the use of the original, a large-sized steel engraving, executed in London, we are indebted to George G. Clapp, 24 Winter Street, it being one of the many choice works of art in his valuable repository. Messrs. Masury, Silsbee and Case of this city, reduced the picture to its present size by the photographic process, in which they are so eminently skilled, producing a perfect fac-simile, mathematically correct in all its proportions. The copy was then placed in the hands of Mr. Barry and drawn on wood, and was engraved by Mr. Damoreau, in a style of careful execution, and exhibiting much artistic feeling. It is one of those interiors that Wilkie delighted to paint, and the light and shade are managed with his accustomed taste. The first impression is excellent. The pedagogue on his awful throne and the mass of pupils first attract attention. Then, while the parts are all kept subordinate, you perceive, on examination, a wonderful variety of physiognomy. In the class engaged in recitation, one boy is prompting another: shielded by them, a mischievous urchin is distorting his face to frighten a young child; while some are diligently writing in their copy books, others are "sky-larking," and one poor boy whose seat has been overturned, is pointing in despair to his blotted writing-book. At the right, an idle boy and girl are playing at "cat's cradle," while a poor incorrigible dunce or hopeless idler is backed up against the wall, behind the master's chair, mourning over his disgrace. This is one of those admirable works which can be referred to again and again, and each time with increased pleasure. It is considered by connoisseurs one of the most meritorious of Wilkie's numerous productions. Some account of the artist, a man whose works have become classical, and whose fame is coextensive with civilization, will not prove unacceptable to our readers.

David Wilkie was the third son of the Rev. David Wilkie, minister of Cults, in Fifeshire, Scotland, by his third wife, Isabella Lister, daughter of Mr. James Lister, of Pitlessie mill, in the same parish. Young Wilkie, from his earliest years, evinced a strong character, a subdued fervor, a quick perception of the picturesque, and great imitative power. His drawings were made on his slate at school, and when about twelve years old he began to delineate on paper the scenes and groups of figures which struck his fancy. Though his predilection for art caused his father much uneasiness at first, he finally yielded to the wishes of his son, and the future artist departed for Edinburgh, where he commenced studying at the Trustees' Academy, an institution founded, it would seem, principally for the purpose of improving the taste of mechanics, by the study of the models of art. Here he applied himself diligently to study anatomy and drawing the human figure, and Allan Cunningham thinks it fortunate that there were at the time no pictures at hand to seduce the young pupil from the study of the dry but necessary elements of art. Shortly afterwards he made some drawings in oil. "When his fellow students," says Cunningham, "followed him into his two-pair-of-stairs study in Nicholson Street, they found all in keeping, they said, with his demeanor in the academy. The Bible, the 'Gentle Shepherd,' a sketch or two on the wall, a table and a few chairs, with a fiddle, whose strings, when he grew tired with drawing, he touched to a favorite air, were the chief articles. Neither lay-figures covered with silk, nor easels of polished mahogany were there; a few brushes, and a few colors, and a palette made by his own hands, may be added. The fiddle was to him then, and long after, a useful instrument. Its music, he said, not only soothed himself, but put his live models, who sat for his shepherds and husbandmen, into the sort of humor which he desired; nay, he often pleased so much that one of them, an old rough mendicant, 'whose wallets before and behind did hang,' to whom he played a welcome air, refused the pence when offered, and strode down the stairs, saying: 'Hout! put up your pennies, man! I was e'en as glad of the spring as ye were!' He sometimes, too, in a land where living models of any other part save the head or hand are difficult to be obtained for love or money, made himself into his own model, and with a bared foot, a bared ankle, or a bared knee, would sit at the looking-glass till he confessed that he was almost benumbed by exposure. Nor did he desist when a friend knocked; he would say, 'come in;' nor move from his posture, but deliberately explain his object, and continue to draw till he had made his sketch." While yet at the academy, and before he had reached his eighteenth year, Wilkie had begun to paint portraits, and dashed out the first bold idea of the "Village Politicians," afterwards elaborated into one of his most popular and celebrated pictures. A picture, the materials of which were collected in the neighborhood of his home, "Pitlessie Fair," created quite a sensation at Edinburgh, and gave earnest of his future greatness. After painting portraits for bread, for a short time, he finally made up his mind to try his fortune in London, and with a few pictures and letters of introduction, arrived at that city in 1802. Notwithstanding his anxiety for the future, he was stimulated by the society of artists and the congregated works of art he beheld. He entered himself at once as a student of the Royal Academy, which he diligently attended. For a time he struggled along, economizing his small means, but doubting whether he should succeed in obtaining a permanent foothold in the metropolis. At last, the Earl of Mansfield, delighted with his "Pitlessie Fair," gave him a commission, and his picture of the "Village Politicians" was the result. At the exhibition of the Royal Academy it was completely successful—for it was happily of that class which appeals as powerfully to the sense and feeling of the common observer, as to the judgment of the educated artist or amateur,—the dramatic vigor with which the story is told, and the inimitable character came home to the former as much as the fine grouping, masterly arrangement of light and shade, and breadth of style satisfied the critical requirements of the latter. Wilkie was placed at once first in the public estimation as the painter of life, and every new picture from his hand was looked for as a public feast. The "Blind Fiddler," and "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," were next produced. But at this time, notwithstanding his sudden fame, his pencil did not command high prices. For his "Blind Fiddler" he received only fifty guineas, though Sir George Beaumont afterwards doubled that sum. He occupied at this period his life a very anomalous position; he was crowned with laurels, yet obliged to practise the utmost economy to meet his expenses. Nevertheless he continued to study hard and to paint diligently, he went a good deal into society—being courted by the most eminent men and women of the age, such as Sidney Smith, Wolcot, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, and the most distinguished of his brother artists. The "Village Festival," the "Cut Finger," and several other domestic pictures added to his reputation. Wilkie did not disdain the use of mechanical contrivances in helping him to his effects. When painting interior groups he is said to have resorted to the following method: When he had got the first general impression of it in his brain, he provided a little box, furnished the inside with chairs, tables, cupboards, a clock, doors, windows, stools, and all the other *et ceteras* necessary to the idea of apartment he wished to express on his canvass; placed candles on the tables; plates, dishes, cups, and spoons, in the cupboard; papered the walls, carpeted the floor, and hung the window-curtains, and in every respect made his Lilliputian parlor or kitchen snug and comfortable for the reception of his Lilliputian company. This being done, he then



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.—FROM A CELEBRATED PAINTING BY SIR DAVID WILKIE.

arranged the pigmy inhabitants themselves, clothed, as nearly as possible, in the costume he was anxious to preserve, and put them sitting down or standing up, or turned this way or that, and otherwise grouped and disposed as he deemed fit for his purpose. The light he wished streamed on from a particular point of his box: and room, furniture and figures all caught at once, and together, the whole effect of *chiaroscuro*, which the artist may have previously designed, or which was thus suggested to him. Through a hole in the box, which we may technically call his point of sight, Wilkie then peered inquisitively upon the private family affairs of those harmless little people; and, having set them into action to his fancy, proceeded to paint and exhibit them to the world. That his invention assisted Wilkie is obvious. It materially served his arrangements of light and shade, and his grouping. His ideas of general color were also regulated by it; and if his Lilliputian upholsterer had but half an hour's converse with his Lilliputian architect and carpenter, perhaps one would never have met any counteracting disadvantages in the occasional want of proportion between his still-life objects. In 1813, his father having recently died, he gave up his lodgings and took possession of a house in London with his mother and sister. This year he produced his famous picture, "Blindman's Buff," painted for the prince regent; the first fruits of that royal patronage Wilkie afterwards largely turned to London in July, 1814, little influenced by his insight into French life and art." But he was particularly pleased with a trip he made to Holland and Belgium, where he revelled in the pictures of Ostade and Teniers. In 1817 he went down to Scotland to obtain sketches for pictures of Scottish life—his peculiar forte. The nobles of the land delighted to show him honor, but it was with his visit to Sir Walter Scott—then in the height of his prosperity, keeping open house at Abbotsford, hunting, shooting and planting all day, and yet pouring forth, as if by magic, romance after romance with astonishing rapidity—that he was most impressed. During his stay, William Laidlaw, immortalized in the life of Scott, took Wilkie a ramble up the Yarrow, showing him all the scenery by the way, and brought him to Altrive, to introduce him to Hogg. Here they found the shepherd in his cottage, and while he was preparing for them a cheerful breakfast, Laidlaw pointed out to Wilkie some objects that he thought might interest him. The poet on this began to look and listen. "I had not," says Laidlaw, "introduced Wilkie as an artist, and it is probable he had taken him, as he did a great poet, for a horse-couper. He, however, turned round to me, exclaiming: 'Laidlaw! this is not the great Mr. Wilkie?' 'It is just the great Mr. Wilkie, Hogg,' I replied. 'Mr. Wilkie,' exclaimed the shepherd, seizing him by the hand, 'I cannot tell how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you are so young a mo.' When I told Scott of Hogg's reception of Wilkie, 'The fellow,' said he; 'it was the finest compliment ever paid to man!'" While at Abbotsford, Wilkie painted a fanciful picture of Scott and his family, in the garb of Scottish peasants, and a fine portrait of Sir Walter himself. On his return to London, he commenced the famous picture of the "Chelsea Pensioners," and executed a masterly design, "Reading the Will," for the King of Bavaria. In July, 1825, his health having been impaired by application to his profession, by sorrow for the deaths of his mother, his eldest brother, and his sister's husband, and by heavy pecuniary losses, he went abroad, and, during a long absence, visited France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. In the latter country, he met at Madrid with our countryman, Washington Irving, who showed him every attention. "Together they visited the vast conventual palace of the Escurial, where for the first time he revelled to the full in the pictures that he had come to see—an unrivalled collection of the national masters, as well as of Titian and other great Italian painters. At Madrid he set up his easel, and from the novel materials he had collected, and with the inspiration derived from Velasquez and Murillo, rapidly dashed off a series of pictures illustrative of the recent patriotic struggle of all ranks against their French invaders. Of these, the most conspicuous and best known is the 'Defence of Saragossa,' an heroic resistance, which deserved to be immortalized by Wilkie, as it has been by the author of 'Childe Harold.' Augustina, the maid of Saragossa, stepping over the body of her lover, takes his place at the gun, and Don Palafox (whose portrait he was enabled to obtain) and other personages figure in this striking and animated composition." After having visited Seville, and other parts of Spain, after having studied in the Italian, German and Spanish galleries, and adopted a new style of painting, the effect of which he was anxious to try on the public mind, he returned home. In May, 1829, he exhibited six pictures, all but one on Italian and Spanish subjects, and displaying in place of his former somewhat metallic and cool, gray tones and careful touch, the broad, vigorous handling and rich color he had learned by studying Correggio, Rembrandt, Velasquez and Murillo. For George IV. he painted by command, a picture representing that monarch's entrance into Edinburgh, which, however, did not add much to his reputation. On the death of George IV. he was continued by his successor, William IV., in the office of principal painter in ordinary to the crown, and enjoyed a large amount of incidental patronage. He produced at this time his picture of "John Knox preaching before the Congregation," ordered by Sir Robert Peel, who became his warm friend and patronizer. Much of his time was taken up with court portraiture. Among his distinguished sitters were Queen Adelaide and the Duke of Wellington. On the 15th day of June, 1836, Wilkie received the honor of knighthood. On the death of William IV., Queen Victoria continued him in his office of painter in ordinary, and showed him many marks of favor. In 1840 he made a visit to the Holy Land for the purpose of seeking among the very scenes of the Bible for local hints and characteristics to impress an air of truth upon pictures on sacred themes. He travelled through Germany, re-visiting the various galleries of art, and by way of the Danube, proceeded to Constantinople. Here he made many striking sketches and valuable notes. He painted a portrait of the sultan, at the latter's request, for the Queen of England, and gave the artist a splendid gold snuff-box, in token of his satisfaction. From Constantinople he went to Smyrna and thence to the Holy Land, and was deeply impressed by the sacred scenes he visited. The excitement of travel and the heat of the climate proved too much for Wilkie's enfeebled constitution, and he died on board the Oriental steamer, on his way home, not far from Gibraltar, on the 1st of June, 1840, at the age of 66. His death produced a profound sensation in England, not only among lovers of art, but among all who enjoyed his friendship and acquaintance. His fame, as an artist, rests on his faithful pictures of humble life, like that we have selected as an illustration. He has been termed the Scottish Hogarth, but there is in none of his works the bitter satire of the English painter; but there is in none of his works the bitter satire of the English painter; his rebukes are gentle, and his humor genial. The high moral tone of all his pictures is a prominent characteristic, and cannot be too highly commended. Many of them are master-pieces of genius.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AMBITION AND PLEASURE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Oft comes Ambition in my musing hours,
And whispers, "Strive to climb the lofty hill
Of fame—its summit reached, most brilliant flowers
Invite thy grasp. Strive with an earnest will,
And thou shalt pass from height to height, until
Thy feet upon its topmost point are placed;
Thy spirit then shall drink its utmost fill
Of new delights—thy brow with wreaths be graced,
And glory's draughts thou'lt drink, most pleasant to the taste."

But Pleasure, syren nymph, doth intervene.
And tries to charm me with her lute-like voice:
"Why strive with toil laborious to glean
The flowers of fame? nay, let thy soul rejoice—
In halls of Pleasure there await thy choice
Allurements which thou ne'er hast dreamed upon;
Secluded from all worldly strife and noise,
Thou'lt learn ambition's rugged paths to shun,
And leave to others fame—how empty when 'tis won!"

My heart accepts them both—my aim shall be
A true ambition, but no race for fame
Shall draw my mind entirely from thee,
O syren Pleasure! Thou a partial claim
Upon my heart shalt have, and if my name
Shall ever be among the great enrolled,
To thee, at least, shall be no conscious shame:
Nor thirst for fame, for pleasure or for gold,
O blest content can lure me from thy peaceful fold.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MR. JONES.

BY RALPH TRYON.

"Indeed, mama, I could not think of it for a moment; besides, who knows anything about him?" And Miss Annette Spangle, with a very decided toss of her head, resumed her task of inditing a number of little gilt-edged notes, which were to inform numerous persons the unlimited amount of pleasure which she anticipated from their company upon a certain evening. "Drafts at ten days sight without grace," her matter-of-fact uncle Sampson termed them, "and payable at the bank of fashion." He was a retired merchant, passed fifty, and moreover a bachelor—and the Spangles were not without their expectations concerning him; hence his words had considerable weight in their family transactions. Rich uncles who can leave their property to whom they please, rarely lack attentions; while their sayings, however plain and commonplace, are always items for profound consideration.

"I dare say, my dear, that you know best," said the pliant mother. "I only spoke of inviting Mr. Jones on account of your uncle, who is very partial to him, you know."

"Why is he, I wonder?"

"I am sure, Annette, I do not know. Your uncle is unaccountable in his likes and dislikes; but this young man has a strange influence over him, and I do not think it would be prudent in us to slight him."

"But, mama, he is nobody."

"How do you know that?"

"Because, if he was fashionably connected, as a stranger, he would have letters of introduction to some one at least."

"He appears well-bred, and his looks are certainly prepossessing."

"So might a good-looking footman. Depend upon it, mama, a young man who belongs to a good family, would not seek to force his way into strange society, without at least mentioning who he was, or from whence he came."

"He may be a little eccentric."

"Eccentricity is only allowable in old bachelors and rich uncles, and barely tolerable in them. If this Mr. Jones refrains from speaking of his family, it is only for the reason that he is ashamed of them."

"That does not follow as a matter of course; but you have decided, then, not to invite him?"

"I would like to humor uncle in any reasonable matter; but as for thinking we are obliged to open our house to every stray sporting acquaintance of his, it is indulging his whims altogether too far."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the voice of a fair girl which just entered.

"Why, Kate, how did you get in?"

"Through the doorway, to be sure; but, Netty, who is the gentleman who is so unfortunate as to be excluded from your party?"

"That Mr. Jones—one of uncle John's acquaintances—whom you have met here several times."

"Poor fellow! What has he done, pray?"

"Nothing very flagrant, I believe; but then, you know, that we do not feel authorized in thrusting a mere chance acquaintance, of whom we know nothing, into the society of our friends."

"And what do you say, Mrs. Spangle?"

"Why, Miss Dexter, upon brother Sampson's account, I am in favor of sending him a card; but I do not insist. It is Netty's party, and she may do as she pleases."

"And I incline to your opinion."

"You do not mean it, Kate Dexter?"

"But I do, Miss Netty Spangle; for of all the young men whom it has been my fortune to meet, I think him to be the most sensible; and I like to see a man, and not a dose of walking insipidity."

"I believe I was mistaken, Kate. I have just remembered that he has a friend, and a very fashionable one, too. After all, I think we must invite him."

"I am glad to hear you say that, my dear."

"Why, mama, we shall certainly be justified in introducing him as the friend of the gay Kate Dexter."

"Certainly, Annette."

"I protest against that!" exclaimed Kate, laughing. "But if the young man cannot pass without my endorsement, he shall certainly have it."

"Well, he cannot; but you should be careful how you endorse young gentlemen until you have seen cousin Frank."

"Indeed! Now it strikes me I have heard you say, that you have never seen this Mr. Frank Weston."

"Never since we were mere children."

"Well, I will wager that your nice cousin will not prove himself the superior of this quiet Mr. Jones, either in breeding or personal appearance."

"We shall see, Kate; but I will not dispute with you. Make a conquest of this Mr. Jones, by all means, if he suits you; but as for myself, I shall not waste my time upon any unknown personage."

"When will this famous cousin arrive?"

"Before the party comes off, I hope. In fact, he has written to papa, that he may be expected some time next week."

While the ladies are pursuing a conversation, which was doubtless more interesting to themselves than the reader, we will explain a little. The Spangles were not wealthy, although they moved in what they termed "the best society." Mr. Spangle was a man of fair abilities, who rejoiced in the title of judge—a dignity which he fancied he wore with a becoming grace. His income was liberal, but barely sufficient to cover his yearly expenses; and his daughter at an early age was shown the necessity of providing herself with a wealthy husband, if she wished to maintain her position in society.

Kate Dexter was differently situated. Her father was a practical merchant—a particular friend of Mr. Sampson's—and still a hard worker, although he enjoyed an ample fortune. He had chosen his wife from a humble family, whose beauty and goodness he considered an ample dower. Their daughter inherited her mother's beauty, and much of her father's sterling common sense. She was a general favorite, and spoke her mind with a fearlessness that particularly delighted the blunt bachelor friend of her father's.

As for Mr. Jones, no one seemed to know who he was, or where he belonged. He suddenly appeared in the place in the company of Mr. Sampson, who introduced him to the Spangles as his friend; but further he could not or would not say concerning him.

The young ladies had taken leave of each other, and Kate had just issued from the gateway, when the merry jingle of sleigh-bells was heard approaching, and her name was pronounced by a hearty, bluff voice.

"Ah, Mr. Sampson, you have a fine morning for a ride," she said.

The sleigh had also another occupant, who gracefully raised his fur cap to the fair girl, exposing a fine set of features, and a mass of jetty curls.

"Whither are you bound, Kate?" asked Mr. Sampson.

"Homeward, sir."

"And I dare say would not object to riding."

"It will give me great pleasure to relinquish my seat to Miss Dexter," said the other, leaping from the sleigh.

"O, I could not think of disturbing Mr. Jones. I can easily walk."

"Hey day! How quickly young blood flows!" exclaimed Mr. Sampson. "Jones, come back! I want you to understand, sir, that I claim the honor of assisting that madcap girl into the sleigh. It will be enough for you to have the pleasure of riding with her, of which I shall be deprived."

"But, sir—"

"Not a word! I mean to have my own way in this matter! I am here for the purpose of calling upon my sister, and would rather have the horse moving than standing still in the cold. In with you, Kate, and a merry ride to you!"

An expressive smile lighted his features as the young people rode swiftly away. He stood for a few moments watching their retreating forms, and then hastily entered the house.

"Brother, I am glad to see you," said Mrs. Spangle; "your friend Kate has just left us."

"Yes, she and Jones are off in my sleigh for a ride."

"I wonder at her, uncle," said Annette.

"You do! On what account, I should like to know?"

"What can she know of this Jones?"

"Sounds, girl! Has she not eyes to see for herself?"

"I would not ride with a man of whom I knew nothing."

"But Kate has sense enough to know that her father's friend would not encourage an acquaintance with an unworthy object; while my niece does not give me credit for so much propriety."

"But, uncle, what do you know of him?"

"I know that he is the best fellow that I have seen for many a day, and am satisfied to place him among my best friends."

"I sometimes think, brother," said Mrs. Spangle, "that you know more of him than you choose to tell."

"And so do I, uncle."

"The deuce you do! Well, perhaps, when you find out, you will inform me! Whoever, or whatever he is, he will certainly cause no mischief in this family; for the studied coldness with which you have ever treated him has sufficiently repelled any further advance that he might otherwise have made. And let me tell Miss Annette, that disdain is no beautifier of the features, and young men are not apt to be attracted by it."

Days passed on, and the mysterious Jones was often seen at the Dexters, while the sturdy head of that family seemed wonderfully pleased with him. As the sleighing was fine, Kate was so well satisfied with her first ride, that she often repeated it. Annette shook her young scheming head, and hoped that her friend would not be a sufferer from her imprudence. Uncle Sampson snapped his fingers, and indulged in a quiet laugh whenever the name of Jones was mentioned.

The day of the party at length arrived, and the Spangles of course were all bustle and confusion. To their great regret, not one word had been heard from "Cousin Frank." And Annette felt mortified that she had said so much to her young friends about him; for, to tell the truth, the party had been planned solely on his account. Kate laughed and bantered her friend, who retorted by ridiculing the unknown Jones.

At a fashionable hour the guests began to assemble. Annette looked weary and disappointed, for no intelligence had been received from her expected cousin, and she feared that the affair would prove a failure on this account. At a late hour, Uncle Sampson and his friend, Mr. Jones, was announced. Kate's bright eyes seemed to increase their brilliancy at that moment, and a faint glow was observable stealing over her fair features.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Sampson, with a preparatory "ahem," "allow me to introduce my nephew."

The young man, perfectly self-possessed, bowed gracefully to the company, and a slight smile rested upon his features as he met the bewildered gaze of Annette.

"There has been a little masking here, I will allow, to please a whim of an old bachelor uncle," said Mr. Sampson, with a mirthful twinkle of his usually cold gray eye; "but those of us who have known my nephew by the romantic name of Mr. Jones, will doubtless like him none the less as Mr. Frank Weston."

"What, cousin Frank!" exclaimed Annette. "Ah, uncle, what a plot you have sprung upon us!"

Kate Dexter had darted from the room upon the announcement; but she soon returned leaning upon the arm of the *cidevant* Jones, looking particularly pleased and happy. All in good time—as the reader would doubtless have it—she became Mrs. Frank Weston, and never regretted the moment when she became the endorser of the unknown Jones. Annette is still angling for a rich husband; and when she finds one, we shall be happy to inform all who may be interested in the matter.

THORWALDSEN.

In a review of Thorwaldsen's Leben, by Thiele, second volume, Leipsig, 1856, we find an interesting *artistic* anecdote, well illustrative of artists' idiosyncrasies:

"One summer evening, in 1820, the secretary of the Hanoverian embassy at Rome, while riding through Albano, was struck with the beauty of a girl about thirteen years old, who sat knitting at the door of a very humble house. Subsequently he introduced the girl, Vittoria by name, and her mother at the German embassy, where every one was fascinated by her marvellous beauty, being pleased by her noble carriage and picturesque dress—and through their means she was brought to Rome, and introduced to the artists. Sculptor after sculptor modelled her bust; and the painters, with Horace Vernet at their head, strove to do justice to her in portraits, of which there are no fewer than twenty-four in existence. But all confessed themselves vanquished in the contest, and unanimously declared that not one of them had seized the entire beauty of their model. The most curious fact, however, in this little history is, that when the various busts and portraits were compared, there were scarcely two that bore any semblance to each other; an additional proof that each man sees things, not as they really are, but as they appear to him through his peculiar mental media. Thorwaldsen tried his hand with the rest, but was not more successful. He subsequently used his bust of Vittoria for the head of the young mother and her children, in the group of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, which he executed for the Church of the Virgin, at Copenhagen."

BROKEN HEARTS.

Some time ago we attended to two cases of sudden death, which had recently occurred, and which could not properly be classed under any ordinary title of disease. We have just come across an anecdote related by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, while lecturing to his pupils, in Jefferson College, upon diseases of the heart, and which furnishes an additional proof that the expression "broken-hearted" is not merely figurative. On one occasion, in the early period of his life, he accompanied, as a surgeon, a packet that sailed from Liverpool to one of the American ports. The captain frequently conversed with him respecting a lady who had promised to become his bride on his return from that voyage. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling, and showed Dr. Mitchell some costly jewels, ornaments, etc., which he intended to present as bridal presents. On reaching his destination, he was abruptly informed that the lady had married some one else. Instantly the captain was observed to clap his hands to his breast, and fall heavily to the ground; he was taken up and conveyed to his cabin on board the vessel. Dr. Mitchell was immediately summoned, but before he reached the poor captain he was dead. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate disease—his heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of blood consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

POETIC PICTURE OF LONDON.

Do you know a city, reader, with miles—thousands of miles of streets?—with houses—huge blocks of brute matter pierced with holes, no more, as regards any hidden laws of beauty, yet at twilight toning down into grandeur, and at midnight massing into mountains of black marble, with a monotonous splendor of repetition worthy of Hades, and not to be matched this side of Purgatory? For buttresses of shadow, and rank and file of colossal darkness veiling life, is there anything to equal London by night? It may be ruin, it may be dead empire; but there it is, eluding the eye, mocking the sense, and filling the brain with a repetition which is incontestably sublime. Talk of Paris, with its glittering whiteness, its fountain-squares, its columns and arches, its monster domes, its swift, narrow river, chained and subjugated with bridges, its stainless sapphire air, and light, laughing, restless clouds—what is that to London, on a bright March blustering day with its million chimneys, each one with its own banner of white smoke, its torrent rush of endless crowds, rough and tumultuous, and its great canopy of vapor, fire-veined, now sun-smitten, now driven up in tempest-heaps, now thinning and growing glorified with light?—*G. W. Thornbury.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WAR.

BY RESSORN

O ye who read of the warlike steed,
Whose rider doth goodly seem;
Of the "musket's flash and cannon's crash,"
And the sabre's "lightning gleam."

Do you never think
On the fond hearts broke,
Through the charge of that steed,
And that sabre's stroke?

Their bayonets bright reflect the light,
And martial strains are heard,
As the drum and fife inspire new life,
And the bugles peal "the word."

Beneath this shell
Of pomp and show,
Lie, concealed, the seeds
Of death and woe.

To the charge they spring, while their sabres ring,
And the burnished cannon roar;
Their standards gay, in the breezes play,
As their columns to battle pour.

Widows, how many
Will be to-night!
Orphans, how many
Ere morning light!

They've mingled in fight: O God! what a sight
The smoke shuts out from day!
While the drum's deep roll seems loudly to call
The angel of death to his prey!

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The time is night: by the pale moonlight
Fond mothers weep over the slain:
And with looks of despair, young orphans fair
Find their father's cold corse on the plain.

A maiden, as pure
As the angels above her,
Dies, weeping, embracing
The form of her lover.

To the arch-fiend alone does war owe its birth;
How long, O how long, shall it ravage the earth?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

YES OR NO.

BY ELLA HARTWELL.

It was a lovely evening in August, and the gay throng, at one of our fashionable watering-places, were nearly all enjoying the evening sea-breezes. In the vacated parlor of the principal hotel, and half-reclining upon a lounge near the open window, was a young girl, watching with much interest the different groups scattered around, though apparently with no desire to join them. There was an utter listlessness in her attitude and in the drooping eye-lash, that contrasted strangely with the gay laugh and the music of merry voices that came floating in on the evening air. She was evidently about seventeen years of age, a beautiful creature, but exceedingly small and fragile; heavy masses of jet-black hair fell in ringlets around a head of exquisite contour, while the high, intellectual forehead and languid look of the dark, brilliant eye impressed one at once with the idea that her physical strength was not equal to her mental.

Lizzie Gay had experienced both the sunshine and shadow of life. She was born in England; her father was a highly respected merchant, and though not wealthy, was able to gratify his wife and daughter with every needed desire. He had met her mother at a large party; and captivated by her grace and beauty, had, after a slight acquaintance, made proposals of marriage to her, which were accepted. There was, however, little sympathy between them. She was too purely selfish to appreciate a mind like Horace Gay's, and the wealth of his love centered on his only child Lizzie.

He was her only teacher, and took great delight in the ardor and enthusiasm which she manifested in her studies. He died when Lizzie was only nine, and though for a time she was quite inconsolable at the loss of her best friend, her grief gradually wore away, and in her books she found constant pleasure. It was little to Mrs. Gay's taste to direct the education of her daughter; and at the age of eleven, she was sent to a private school in Paris, where her mother had friends, and where she remained until her mother's second marriage, two years afterward.

Lizzie was much pleased with her new father. Mrs. Gay, in her second choice, had secured a fortune. Mr. Jackson was a wealthy gentleman from New York, a man of many peculiar traits of character, and not many sound moral principles. He, however, possessed a kind heart, with the pleasant faculty of making all around him happy. He had met Mrs. Gay while travelling in France, and they having been mutually pleased with each other, her second marriage, like the first, had been a hasty one.

Lizzie and her new father were fast friends from the first; and during a long and lingering illness with which she was afflicted, after their arrival at their new home in New York, she received from him every kind attention.

At the time we first introduced Lizzie to the reader, she was making her first acquaintance with the fashionable world; for though a gay woman herself, and mingling much in society, Mrs. Jackson had been careful to treat Lizzie as a young girl, knowing that she would no longer be considered young after the introduction of her daughter. This summer, Mr. Jackson's entreaties had prevailed, and Lizzie had been allowed to accompany them to their chosen resort.

"What! all alone, Lizzie, this pleasant evening!" said a pleasant voice at the parlor door. "You must have been lonesome here."

"O, no—not lonesome, uncle," said Lizzie, turning her eyes on the speaker; "you know I am well used to keeping myself company, and this evening I have really enjoyed watching the gay throng. I was just conjecturing whether this large company of people were as happy as they really seemed,"

"You had better decide that question at some other time," said her companion. "For the present, I came for you to walk with me."

"I had much rather sit here and talk, uncle," replied Lizzie.

"But I wish to walk. I have something in particular to say to you this evening. Remember, in one week, I leave for California. You will not refuse?" This was said half-pleadingly, half-commandingly.

"No," said Lizzie. "I see I must overcome my excessive laziness." And rising, she left the room to equip herself for the walk.

Her companion watched her as she left, and a half-triumphant smile lit up his features. He was a younger brother of Mr. Jackson's, a strikingly handsome man, but with a haughty, conceited air quite repulsive. He had been married, but his wife having died about a year before, he had since made his home in his brother's family. He had even made a pet of Lizzie; and she returned his kindness with sincere love, and even considered him the kindest of uncles.

Lizzie soon made her appearance, and taking his arm, they wended their way towards the beach. They walked along some time in silence.

"Why is it, uncle," said Lizzie, at length, "that you are obliged to leave for California, just in the gayest of the season? I am sure there will be little pleasure in staying here after you are gone."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Lizzie," said he, turning to her abruptly. "I can better ask you a question I was wishing to ask. Lizzie, do you—can you love me?"

Astonished at the question, no less than the impassionate manner of the speaker, she answered, after a moment's pause:

"Certainly—as my uncle. Have I not always appeared to?"

"I do not mean that, Lizzie," he replied, quickly. "I never knew until since I thought of leaving home how necessary you had become to my happiness—how very dear you were to me. Only tell me, Lizzie, that this love is returned—that you will become my wife."

"Uncle, you have always been very kind to me, and I assure you I appreciate it, and shall always wish you well, but I must answer truly. I cannot love you as you wish. I never thought of you as other than a kind uncle. I do not—cannot understand this."

It was in vain that Mr. Jackson pleaded,—he who had flattered himself that the most gifted ladies would feel flattered by his attentions, was decidedly refused. Was it this that made him plead so earnestly, as they returned to the hotel, or to urge her as they parted for the night, to think more favorably of him, and give him a satisfactory answer on the morrow.

Any one seeing Lizzie Gay, as she entered her room that night and threw herself sobbing on her bed, would have hardly imagined it had been the same Lizzie they had seen sitting so listlessly at the window, the early part of the evening. The words spoken by her uncle had highly excited her, and the greater part of the night she spent in tears, to think that he of all others should have offered himself to her.

What would her father think? She could not go to him or her mother for advice in this matter; and so silently and alone, she thought it over, at one moment, so unwilling was she to grieve her uncle, half flattering herself that she loved him well enough to become his wife, and the next, banishing the idea as absurd. After a short sleep, she was able to look upon the subject more calmly. She excused herself from breakfast on the plea of a bad headache. But when, in the course of the morning, she received a note from her uncle, inviting her to join him in a short ride, she immediately accepted.

Her uncle met her with his usual kind inquiries for her health. They had ridden but a short distance, when they overtook Lizzie's father, and much to her surprise and consternation, her uncle stopped and invited him to ride. Sitting between the two, Lizzie's situation was by no means a pleasant one, and she felt much provoked with her uncle for his comparative want of consideration. A few common-place remarks passed between them, when Lizzie's uncle, turning to her, said:

"Lizzie, have you thought more favorably of the proposals I made you last evening? Remember how much my happiness depends on your answer."

Half-provoked (and she would have been still more so had she seen the mischievous twinkle in the eyes of both father and uncle), she answered him haughtily:

"I *have* considered, and if you needed a witness, then father will hear that I answer you—no."

Had the earth opened beneath her, she could not have been more surprised than at the appearance of her father, who, falling back in the carriage, clapped his hands in perfect glee.

"What *does* this mean?" she asked.

"Mean? My little pet, Lizzie," said her father, as soon as he could speak, "why simply that your conceited uncle here imagined you were in love with him, and made a bet of five hundred dollars with me that you would accept if he offered himself. I knew better, and now, brother, after a fair trial, what do you think of it?"

"I think it is evident she does not appreciate me," replied her uncle, after a short pause, "honestly, though, I have learned a good lesson, though at I must own a expense. I think the five hundred dollars should belong to her."

"And so it shall, with another five hundred, when I will add to it," said her father.

But the thousand dollars was little compensation to Lizzie Gay for what she had suffered; and though she forgave both her father and uncle, she could never forget that she had been tried with, or cease to be thankful that she had answered "no" instead of "yes."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SUMMER RESIDENCE OF LAMARTINE.

BY W. S. C.

Without stopping to justify the natural curiosity inspired by the homes of living men of genius, let me invite you to the summer residence of Lamartine, and afterwards to his present abode in Paris.

On the right of the route from Macon to Moulins, a short distance from the former town, at the bottom of a little valley planted with vines and walnut trees, rises the chateau of Monceaux, the favorite summer residence of Lamartine, during several years past. This chateau dates from the commencement of the eighteenth century. Its principal front is turned towards the south. A double exterior staircase, separated by an enormous mass of box-wood, ends on the first story in a wide stair-head, forming a terrace. From this terrace, you discover the valley just mentioned. On the opposite side, high and uncultivated hills shelter the chateau from the north wind, and permit no other horizon than their own gray and naked outlines.

The ordinary entrance is towards the north. In the centre of the court, a grass-plot; on one side, the offices; on the other, the chapel; in face, a perron of several steps conducting to the vestibule. This hall is adorned with a group of angels bearing a cross of the holy-water basin at the church of St. Germain l'Auxxerrois, executed by Gauffroy after the designs of Mme. de Lamartine.

On this vestibule opens the principal parlor, a vast gallery extending almost the entire length of the front. On the panels of wood-work, tropical birds stretch their brilliant and variegated wings. On one side, a chimney surmounted by a Venice glass basil-cut; here, a stand covered with books and albums, with its accompanying arm-chairs, their cushions well-pressed; there, bronzes and statuettes, with two splendid busts of Lamartine, this by d'Orsay, that by Brion. On the other side, a billiard-table, with its white and red balls slumbering lazily on the green cloth, and, suspended to the wood-work on the wall, oriental pipes, the gift of Sultan Mahmoud.

This gallery has been crowded with illustrious and numerous visitors. Balzac has there dreamed aloud some of his dreams of fortune and glory. George Sand has met there with Pousard; Eugene Pelletan with Jules Sandeau. Alexandre Dumas has made the parlor ring with his sparkling chit-chat. The late Mme. de Girardin used to indulge there in the charms of witty and fine conversation, with Lamartine's niece, Mme. de Pierreclos, who joins to the erudition of a benedictine the grace and wit of a woman of distinction. And Listz, whenever he visited France, returned there a constant and welcome guest.

There is another parlor at Monceaux, called the summer-parlor. It is on the basement story, and opens to the south on the gardens. Besides remarkable pictures, the work of Mme. de Lamartine, you admire one of Gudin's sea-views, offered to the mistress of the house by Eugene Sue, in remembrance of her gracious hospitality, and several paintings of Italian masters, given by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to M. de Lamartine when he was *charge d'affaires* at Florence in 1828.

In the dining-hall, coffers and sideboards in oak, sculptured and inwrought by a marvellous chisel, attest the patience and the genius of some unknown artist.

The bed-chamber is of great simplicity: two twin beds with canopies, separated by a Christ in ivory, pious souvenir of the mother of Lamartine.

A private staircase leads from the chamber to the working-closet, or study, which communicates also by a narrow passage with the large parlors on the first story. On one side of the study, a couch, at the head of which is the portrait of Julia, the poet's only daughter, who died in the East. Behind this bed, a trophy of Turkish arms given by the Sultan. In the middle of the room, an arm-chair, and a table strewed with papers, pens and little Spanish cigarettes, short and perfumed.

It is on this table that were written more than one magnificent episode of *Jocelyn*, and many eloquent pages of the *Girondins*. There, at a later period, Lamartine created the *Civilizateur*, and, still more recently, conceived the plan of his *Cours Familier de Littérature*, which, in spite of the critics and of heartless detractors, has awakened, by its appeal to the public, universal sympathy on both sides of the Atlantic. Lamartine has himself expressed to me his sense of the cordial welcome of M. Desplaces, as his friend, by the citizens of the United States. I fear, however, that the latter have been outdone by the Emperor of Brazil and his subjects in manifestations of sympathy. If this be so, there are indeed more ways than one to account for it, but this is not the place to indicate them.

We must be contented to be judged by that which people can discern and handle; that which they can have among them most at leisure, is most likely to be well examined and duly estimated. —*Landor.*

JOHN VAN BUREN, ESQ.

In pursuance of our plan of publishing authentic portraits of the prominent men of the time, we present our readers, on this page, with a likeness of John Van Buren, Esq., of New York, drawn expressly for us by Barry, after a beautiful ambrotype by Meade Brothers, of New York. The head is an intellectual one, and will be readily recognized by all who have ever seen the original. Notwithstanding the eminence to which Mr. Van Buren has risen, his career offers but few salient points to the biographer, and those chiefly of a political character, which, of course, prevents their discussion in these columns. John Van Buren is the eldest son of President Van Buren, who has filled so large a space in our history, and occupied so much of the attention of the world. Although abroad it may aid an ambitious young man to be possessed of a historic name, it is of no assistance on this side of the water. We Americans are no believers in hereditary ability. On the contrary, we are so jealous of all hereditary distinction that we rather err in the opposite direction, and are apt to scan almost too critically the claims of blood relatives of distinguished Americans. Some of Mr. Irving's relatives are gifted writers, but we think their family name is a positive disadvantage to them—for as the public recognized only one Washington, so they acknowledge only one Irving. Therefore, when we see the bearer of an eminent name rise to distinction in any walk of life, we may safely say of him that he has risen in spite of his birth. We reverence the architect of his own fortunes; we receive with doubt the man who comes before us with transmitted honor. We long ago abrogated the law of primogeniture, and we virtually protest against the transmission of valuable qualities as well as valuable property. The practical result of this feeling is that the son of a prominent man has to work a little harder than the son of a nobody. The subject of our sketch has worked hard and achieved a position for himself. To his father's political fortune he was never indebted in the least. He early marked out his own pathway and followed whither it led. Liberally educated, he was always an industrious student. Having selected the law for a profession, after the usual preliminary course he was admitted to the bar and produced an immediate impression. Gifted with a fine face and person, with great oratorical and logical ability, sharp, witty, humorous, self-possessed and well-read, he combined all the elements of legal success. His profession is a fortune to him, and, though he has mingled largely in politics, he will probably always rely on the law for a support. He is pronounced by good judges one of the best political stump-speakers we have, and in the large audiences he attracts whenever his name is announced, there are always many who, while dissenting radically from his doctrines, are amused and pleased by his manner. No interruption ever disconcerts him, and he receives the sharpest sally from an opponent with good humor, because he is always ready with a repartee. During the presidency of his father, Mr. Van Buren visited Europe and was everywhere well received, particularly in England, where he was especially honored—even in highest circles. If, for his reception, he was indebted to his father's position, his own manners and accomplishments maintained him in his true rank, as a fitting representative of his countrymen. Mr. Van Buren has been engaged in many important suits, and has conducted them with singular adroitness and success. He is now in the prime of life, with an established public reputation, and in private, the confirmed favorite of a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, to whom he is endeared by his talents, his information, his amenity of manner and his generous warm-heartedness. His success as a lawyer at the New York bar, remarkable as it is for the talent of its members, is a proof of uncommon capacity and of severe application to legal study.



JOHN VAN BUREN.

VIEW OF COMMUNIPAW, NEW JERSEY.

The accompanying view is from the pencil of Hill, and brings distinctly before us the quiet, unpretending village that stretches along the water, with its clumps of trees, its modest houses, some of them antique and moss-grown, its projecting wharves, its lines of boats upon the stream, and its various small craft dotting the placid mirror in front. Communipaw is at present a small village, celebrated neither for its wealth, influence nor fashion; but it has greater claims to respect and attention. According to tradition, it is the spot on which the first Dutch colony landed, the nest-egg from which New York was hatched, the first expedition to the opposite shores of Manhattan being undertaken by "Oloffe, the dreamer," in the ship "Goede Vrow," from this very point. Washington Irving has immortalized it in his "History of New York," and sundry articles and legends written for the Knickerbocker Magazine. He writes: "It is pleasantly situated among rural scenery, in that beauteous part of the Jersey shore, known in ancient legends as Pavonia, and commands a grand prospect of the bay of New York. It is within half an hour's sail of the latter place, provided you have a fair wind, and may be distinctly seen from that city. Nay it is a well known fact which I can testify from my own experience, that on a clear, still summer evening, one may hear from the Battery of New York the obstreperous peals of broad-mouthed laughter of the Dutch negroes of Communipaw, who, like most other negroes, are famous for their risible powers." The inhabitants are almost without exception, oystermen or market-gardeners, and although the tourist might be disappointed at not finding them dressed in wide boots and wider breeches, laced jackets and high-crowned hats, they still retain the original love of tobacco for which their ancestors were so famous. Still they are a quiet and temperate race, and it is worthy of remark, that no hotel, boarding-house or groggery has found place amongst them, notwithstanding its close propinquity to the city. The author of the Knickerbocker History of New York states that, after founding the place, "a brisk trade in furs soon opened. The Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing as an invariable rule of avoirdupois, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is true the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight, for, let them place a bundle of fur never so large in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam. Never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw." In the drawing, the third and sixth houses, counting from the right, are of stone, and are all that remain of the old Dutch mansions. There are many places in New York State, however, where the inhabitants preserve distinctly the traces of their Dutch original, and where are many relics of olden time.

PUTNAM AS A SPY.

Among the officers of the Revolutionary army, none, probably, possessed more originality than General Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lisping, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery which he might have in view. At that time, a stronghold called Horseneck, some miles from New York, was in the hands of the British. Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in the vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lurking in ambush, the men began to be impatient, and importuned the general with the question as to when they were to have a bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind: "Fellows, you have been idle too long, and so has the ox-team and the bag of corn. If I come back, I will let you know the particulars; if I should not, let them have it, by hookey." He soon afterwards mounted his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was soon at Back's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton as they thought, they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn and fodder. "How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they. "For mercy's sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clodhopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing, and if that don't dew, I'll give my word I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension." "Well," said they, "we'll take your word. Leave the team and provender with us, and we wont require any bad bail for your appearance." Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished. He then returned to his men and told them of the foe, and the plan of attack. The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clodhopper, he sarcastically remarked: "Gentlemen, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."—*Revolutionary Reminiscences.*



COMMUNIPAW, NEW JERSEY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORA.—The poet Longfellow lives in a fine old mansion on the Mount Auburn road, Cambridge, occupied during the siege of Boston by Gen. Washington. His last poem was "Hiawatha."

R. L. T.—You can obtain the information you desire by addressing a line to M. J. Whipple (M. J. Whipple & Co.), No. 35 Cornhill, Boston.

D. W. M.—If bronze was a mere varnish or wash, you would be correct; but it is a solid metal, two thirds of brass and one of copper. The Greeks also added a portion of silver and lead.

A. W.—Germany receives its name from *Germani*, which signifies warlike men. Very appropriate for the early Germans, who were a brave and fearless people.

L. F. C.—Either the Tremont House, or the Revere House. These are the two best hotels in Boston.

A. S. W.—The word "mile" comes from the Latin word *mille*, a thousand—a thousand steps making a Roman mile. The English statute mile contains eight furlongs, or fourscore chains, or 1760 yards. But the mile varies in different countries.

D. T.—We are obliged to decline your poem solely on account of its length. The most acceptable should be but five or six stanzas.

LYDIA.—You are correct as to the fact of butter being known to the early Greeks, but not as food; they and the Romans used it for medicine. The Christians of Egypt burnt butter in their lamps, in place of oil, in the third century.

QUERIST.—The present population of Alabama is about one million of souls—exact number not recorded.

D. L. M.—The surface of the island of Cuba covers a space of about thirty-two thousand square miles.

A. C. S.—Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta, queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 3, 1632. Rhode Island was so named, in 1644, after the island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

H. T.—The question you ask shows that you cannot have what every family in the land should be possessed of—a Life of Washington. He died December 14, 1799.

CHARLEY W.—The first balloon ascension on record was made in the year 1782. It is thought, however, that the ancients were not ignorant of the principle.

L. S. C.—The first periodical ever issued in America was the "Boston News-Letter," some time in 1704.

M. H.—The "Great Republic" was of 4000 tons burthen. She was launched at East Boston, October 4, 1853.

STUDENT.—A constable of France was the first dignitary under the crown, commander-in-chief, and supreme military judge. The office was abolished in 1627, as conferring powers too dangerous in the hands of a subject.

MARTHA S.—A beautiful diamond edition of Tennyson's poems complete in one volume was published by Messrs. Ticknor, Fields & Co., of this city.

H. V.—"Flotsam," "Jetsam" and "Lagan" are law terms. The first, according to Blackstone, designates goods cast from a ship and swimming in the waves; Jetsam, goods cast and sunk; lagan, sunk, but tied to a buoy by the owners.

EXPLORER.—The residence of Sir John Ross, in the Arctic regions, continued through five successive years—1829, '30, '31, '32 and '33.

M. M.—The councils of Valentia and Trent excommunicated duellists.

THE BANK RESOLUTE.—The noble reception given by our trans-atlantic friends to this free-will offering, is a gratifying fact to contemplate. Let us add, however, that it was no more than we anticipated. The Albion says warmly, "This gift of the old ship Resolute, and the manner of its acceptance, have far higher import than all the pomp and glitter of the imperial coronation at Moscow."

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—The laurels fairly earned by this gifted young prima donna in Havana, are exceedingly gratifying to us because she grew up in our midst from child to woman, from the little girl-actress, "Addie," of the Museum, to the mature vocalist who enchanted our most fastidious connoisseurs. She owed her triumph at the Tacon to her own undoubted merit.

SPLINTERS.

.... The whole capital invested in sheep in the State of Ohio is 60,000,000 dollars.

.... A female lunatic in New York fancies herself the successive wife of all the presidents.

.... A New York paper styles Huntington, the Wall street forger, a "money-maniac."

.... Sugar succeeds so well in Liberia there is a chance of its being exported to the United States.

.... Hon. Marshal P. Wilder talks of resigning the presidency of the U. S. Agricultural Society.

.... Prof. J. R. Hind announces the approaching re-appearance of the comet of 1556.

.... There are now 116 counties in the State of Texas, and territory for as many more.

.... A Brooklyn (L. I.) uncle gave his nephews and nieces 25,000 dollars on Christmas.

.... Lord Granville spent $200,000 at the Moscow coronation; Count de Morny $300,000.

.... The entire population of Hindostan does not average six pence a day for clothing.

.... A good plough is a pleasure in the field, and a good paper a profit at the fireside.

.... The President has brought into market 1,500,000 acres of land in the north part of Iowa.

.... Mrs. Sarah B. Scott, last surviving daughter of Patrick Henry, died lately in Virginia.

.... Many children, many Lord's prayers; many Lord's prayers, many blessings—says the German.

.... Buy what you do not need and you will soon have to sell what you do need.

.... During the last year thirty revolutionary patriots have passed from earth.

.... Louis Napoleon will visit Algeria in the spring, if he happens to reign till then.

.... The amount of poultry sent from the St. Albans (Vt.) station, in 1856, was 76,735 pounds.

.... Twenty-two men have died during the past year over 100 years old, and the same number of women.

.... The steel edge of a purse may be kept from rusting by active charity.

.... The police court of Brooklyn, N. Y., finds no law for the arrest of persons charged with drunkenness.

.... The insurgents in China are holding their own and carrying on the war with great vigor.

PAST EVILS.

Though Shakspeare's assertion that the "evil that men do lives after them," may be true of individuals, it is certainly not true of the masses. Every age is noted for its veneration of the past, and there are no laments so fervently expressed as those for the "good old times." The feeling which impels a man to sigh for the vanished days of his youth, when every emotion was vivid and every scene attractive, induces masses of men to attribute to the periods of time we never can recall a glory and a purity not their own. There is a charm about antiquity that hallows everything it touches. The sight of an old ruin awakens sensations that no modern structure can produce—and yet a wholesome dread of thorough-draughts and rheumatism united induce the most incorrigible sentimentalist to prefer living in a modern house than in the proudest feudal castle that crumbles by piecemeal on the banks of the legendary Rhine.

And so it is with the "good old times." Forgetting their evils and their defects, we go into ecstasies over the picturesque features that stand forth in the records of the past, though, when we come to sift the matter, we shall find that we are much better off as we are than if we had lived in any preceding age. Our ancestors were very fine people, undoubtedly, but some of them were most uncomfortable characters to live with. Then if you happened to differ from the dominant party, instead of having a pungent paragraph levelled against you in a newspaper, you stood a fair chance of becoming acquainted with the constable's whip. If you were a little given to dabblings in spiritualism or experiments in chemistry, you might have your choice between drowning or burning at the stake. The gallows and the fagot were ready resorts for dominant bigotry, and such gentle chastisements as whippings at the cart's tail, slitting of noses and branding on the forehead and cheek, were as plenty as blackberries.

In England, down to a very late date in the past century, women were burned to death for killing their husbands—and men and women were hanged for the pettiest of petty larcenies. Then, if you showed the slightest indication of mental hallucination, you were shut up like a wild beast in Bridewell, made a spectacle of to fashionable visitors, and flogged roundly as a punishment for your misfortune. We know no more mournful comment on the character of the past age than the Bedlam scene in Hogarth. We rather think, all things considered, that it is about as well to make up our minds to endure the comforts of the present age rather than dwell with mournful regret on that which has passed away. We are very well off as we are.

DECAY OF AN EMPIRE.

The present aspect of affairs in the East is deplorable indeed, and it requires no prophetic eye to discover the rapid decadence of the Turkish empire. Terrible to relate, the sultan, with the fearful responsibility resting upon his shoulders of governing and protecting a whole nation, is so given up to the wine-cup and the influence of intoxication as to be borne daily from his *kiosks*, or pleasure-houses, to his palace, in a state of helpless inebriety. What must become of the interests of a people and government entrusted to such keeping? After receiving the liberal aid of England and France, the sultan promised to introduce a long list of reforms in his government, and particularly as it regarded such Christians as dwelt in Turkey. Not one of these promises has been fulfilled, except that which allows the Porte to compel its Christian subjects to pay it an enormous sum in lieu of performing military duty. Wouldn't England and France be quite as profitably engaged in looking after the Turkish government, as in interfering with the affairs of Italy?

TO GETTERS-UP OF CLUBS!—Let all who are sending us lists of subscribers, be careful to send with their last remittances up to February 1st, *a recapitulation of the number of names sent up to that time*, and the amount of money forwarded also, that we may be enabled to make up our award of prizes promptly. In the immense press of new subscribers at this time of the year, we shall have too many names to examine otherwise, which will cause delay in closing up the prizes.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This favorite and long-established weekly journal is out for the new year in elegant style. It appears upon new type and with several important and attractive improvements. There is commenced in the first number for the new year, a brilliant novelette from the pen of Mrs. L. S. Goodwin, entitled "THE MYSTERIOUS MINER: or, *The Gold-Diggers of California*." No one who has friends on the Pacific shore will fail to read the vivid chapters of this interesting story. For a period of *eleven* years "The Flag of our Union" has steadily progressed in circulation and popularity, until it is a household word from one extreme of our vast country to the other. Entirely *original* from the beginning to the end, it numbers among its regular contributors over *sixty* of our most popular writers. For sale everywhere, at *four cents* per copy.—*Boston Daily Herald.*

THE BOSTON DAILY LEDGER.—This is one of the most sprightly and readable of our Boston dailies, published now morning and evening, evincing much talent and great industry in its regular issues. It is supplied at six cents a week, being a penny sheet, but worth more than half the blanket issues of the day.

ICE ON SIDEWALKS.—It is not always possible to remove the ice from our sidewalks—but every householder and storekeeper can strew ashes thereon. Dr. Franklin judged a man's character by the condition of his sidewalk.

THE FLAG FOR FOUR CENTS!—Cheapness being the order of the day, we have reduced the retail price of "The Flag of our Union" to FOUR CENTS per copy.

FUNNY-GRAPHIC.—A letter lately reached its destination directed "memfiss, stait off 1USE."

WINTER.

On our last page we have placed a very bold and spirited allegorical representation of Winter. The artist has chosen to personify the sterner spirit of the season, and it must be confessed that he has succeeded admirably in his design. The fierce and the terrible are the grand elements of effect which he has developed. Down a precipitous descent, through a rocky mountain gorge, with the pathway and the overhanging rocks and trees piled with granite ice and treacherous snow, through the drifting flakes of the gathering tempest, the Storm-Spirit, with glaring demoniac eye, and uplifted dart, is driving, at a headlong pace, his team of wild wolves, harnessed to the sledge in which Old Winter sits as a passenger, wrapped up in woolen garments, and muffled from the elemental strife. A flock of birds, shivering and huddled together in alarm, serves to complete the picture of discomfort and dismay.

Such is the image of winter conceived by the despairing outcast, the houseless wanderer, the shivering widow at her fireless hearth. To these the pressure of necessity presents only the most dreary aspect of the season. The gay city belle has a different idea of it, associated as it is, in her mind, with a thousand images of comfort and pleasure,—with rich furs, with merry sleigh-rides, with brilliant balls and parties, with music and the odor of exotic flowers. The farmer looks out from the windows of his comfortable sitting-room, warmed by a roaring fire of walnut, and with a thought of his well-filled barns, and grateful for a respite from severe toil, sees no terror in the thickening snow-storm. He knows that it is spreading a warm mantle for his broad acres, and he looks forward with hopefulness to the coming spring, when the grass shall be the greener and the trees fuller of blossoms for this plumy visitation. If he guided the pencil of an artist, he would give us a smiling allegory for the season of ice, snow, frost and storm.

BINDING.—Our bindery has been busy, day and night, for the last few weeks, binding up "Ballou's Pictorial," brought in by subscribers for preservation. We bind in full gilt, with an illumined title page and index, and illumined covers, for *one dollar* a volume. Returned in one week.

SNOW STORMS.—We have ceased to be favored with what people term "good old-fashioned snow storms." In the year 1802, during one of these pleasant occurrences, in New England, the sun was not visible for nine days.

THE FASHIONS.—Bonnets are still worn very small, and skirts very large. When will fashion and good taste be united?

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Obed A. Gifford to Miss Henrietta Clark; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Levi R. French, of California, to Miss Charlotte P. Chandler; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. William C. Oliver to Miss Frances Louise Freeman; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Stephen H. Wight to Miss Mary A. Mears; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Archibald J. Nelly to Miss Jane M. Abbott; by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. Joh Buffum to Miss Sarah W Cummings; by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Alexander H. Greene, Esq., of Washington, D. C., to Miss Cordelia Fletcher.—At East Boston, by Rev Mr. Clark, Mr. Alfred F. Sawyer to Miss Elizabeth Oakman.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Jeremiah Mack, of Stockbridge, N. Y., to Miss Mary E. Dudley.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Kirby, Mr. Joel G. Moses to Miss Julia Parsons.—At Rockport, by Rev. Mr. Hooper, Mr. John P. Tarr to Miss Martha W. Thurston.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Daniel H. Richardson to Miss Irene Ellen Haynes.—At Amesbury, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr Job Wells, of Middleton, to Miss Hannah A. Whitcomb.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Pollard, Mr. Thomas D. Babbitt, of Fall River, to Miss Abigail A. Evans.—At Ashland, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Albert A. Whittemore to Miss Sarah E. Brewster.—At Hollston, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Levi P. Bradish to Miss Eliza W. Littlefield.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Samuel B. Ridley to Miss Martha A. Macullar.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Mr John Dodd; Mrs Melinda W. Allison, 31; Miss Lydia Symmes, 66; Mrs. Hopestill Norton, widow of the late Capt. Alexander P. Weeks, of Edgartown; Mr. Joseph Pierce, 36; Mrs. Sarah A. Ryam, 37; Mrs. Mary Ray, 95; Mr. William F Macclintock, 36; Mrs. Mary Ann Comerford; Frances Jane, eldest daughter of Thomas and Frances D. Wallace, 12.—At South Boston, Mr. Joseph Brainard, formerly of Newburyport, 72.—At East Boston, Mr Levi L. Whitcomb, 67.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Mary D. Donovon, 50.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Jane M. Wilder, 31.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, 56.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Abigail Benson, 60.—At Natick, Mr. Ebenezer Dyer, formerly of Boston, 74.—At Stowe, Mr. Uriah Carr, 55.—At Clinton, Mr. Silas A. Sibley, 23.—At Shrewsbury, Deacon Josiah F. Holden, 73.—At Leominster, Mr. John Townsend, 48.—At Northampton, Widow Hannah Thayer, 75.—At Franklin, Mrs. Hannah Nason, 80.—At Hawley, Mr. Silas Dodge, 86.—At Burkland, Mr. Jabez Brooks, 83.—At Shelburne, Mr. William Hauson, 82.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mrs. Mary J. G. W., wife of Mr. S. K. Whiting, of Boston, 40.—At Portland, Me., Capt. Josiah Kinsman, 75. He was a native of Gloucester, Mass., and formerly a shipmaster out of this port.—At Rochester, N. Y., Mrs Elizabeth A. wife of Dr. H. H. Langworthy, and daughter of Isaac Waters, Esq, late of this city, 34

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BY THE SEASHORE.

BY ROSE MERTON.

The autumn day is dying,
Twilight's shades descending fast:
The autumn winds are sighing
For the summer that is past.

As the flowers of summer perished
In all their golden prime.
So the hopes I fondly cherished
Have gone with the summer-time!

The summer days will come again
With blooming flower and tree;
But, O, the summer of the heart
Will come no more to me!

The waves break on the barren shore,
With a low and mournful sound;
The yellow leaves all withered lie
Upon the chill, cold ground.

The moaning sound of the "sad sea waves"
Tells my heart of pleasures past—
The withered leaves of dead, cold love,
Too warm—too fond to last!

THE NEED OF LOVE.

The love of all
(To risk, in turn, a woman's paradox.)
Is but a small thing to the love of one.
You bid a hungry child be satisfied
With a heritage of many cornfields: nay,
He says he's hungry—he would rather have
That little barley-cake you keep from him
While reckoning up his harvests.—MRS. BROWNING.

SUNSET.

The sun sets, and the blushing water turns
To a blue, star-spread, foam-tipped, wavy sea
Of beauty. Yonder sweeps a brave white sail,
Bending as gracefully in evening's breeze
As a keen skater on the glassy ice.—BRAINARD.

HOME.

Fashion can charm, and feeling bless
With sweeter hours than fashion knows;
There is no calmer quietness
Than home around the bosom throws.—PERCIVAL.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Pliny Miles, the Iceland traveller, looked in upon us to-day, with his loud, hearty laugh, and cordial grip. Mr. Miles is the well-known "Communipaw," European correspondent of the Boston Post and other American journals, and the fast friend of postal reforms.....We thank W. R. G., who writes us from Logansport, Indiana, for his kind expressions of good will. He says:—"A *vast* improvement has taken place since I first saw the Pictorial. A bound volume of the Pictorial is more acceptable to a lady for a holiday present than a volume of any magazine on the continent."....How can a physician expect to understand such an order as the following when written on his slate?—"Please caul at Thomson's and nockerlate his habby?".....Some of the severest labors in life are the poorest paid. The parish clerk of Winkleigh, England, has a salary of a guinea a year for winding up the church clock daily. To earn this sum he has to travel 102 miles, ascend and descend 29,000 steps, and haul up 18 tons weight 3600 yards.....Our friends in Bangor are getting rather extravagant; they have lately completed the erection of a church edifice of a very magnificent character, costing sixty thousand dollars. It is known as St. John's Church, and will seat about two thousand persons.....The editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin is perfectly welcome to copy column after column from our paper—but wouldn't it appear a little more honorable in him to give the customary credit?.....An Indiana paper relates, as a singular circumstance, that a defeated candidate out there has become insane. That is nothing new; there are very few *sane* politicians anywhere.....To-day's mail brings us a note from our old friend, John G. Saxe, the poet. We referred, in a late number of the gossip department, to his long and serious illness; but feel rejoiced to know that he is now fast recovering.....It is a singular fact, that duels and suicides are unknown among the Turks. They believe in predestination, and are rigidly opposed to the idea of hastening death by arsenic.... .Our contemporaries are perfectly welcome to copy our biographical notice of Peter Nassau, the oldest man in America, whose portrait we published lately; but we beg leave to observe that the sketch of his life originated with "Ballou's Pictorial," and not with the "Pennsylvanian.".....We heard an old gentleman remark, the other day, that the "backbone of the winter was broken," but we beg leave to differ from him. The spine of "Old Hiems" will last some weeks to come.....Mrs. General Gaines has commenced another suit for her father's estate; she is a lady of infinite courage and perseverance. We remember seeing her a few years since—a fine-looking woman, who, if personal attractions had weight, could never lose a suit.....A new sort of cannon ball has been invented, which, it is said, will penetrate even granite bulwarks. If "hunger will break through stone walls," we don't see why artillery shouldn't.....Americans are immense favorites with the Russian government. It is stated that the English employees of the czar are to be dismissed, and Yankees substituted in their places.....The screw of the steam frigate Niagara, made in New York, weighs 30,000 pounds—powerful enough, one would think, to screw money out of a miser.....We are indebted to the "Lynn Bay State" for a complimentary notice of "Ballou's Pictorial." Glad you liked the Lynn series of illustrations, neighbor Josselyn.....One of the pioneers of Western Virginia died the other day—John Lowery—100 years of age.....The increase of gold from California the past year over the preceding, was about forty millions of dollars.....A very pleasant lounge in these dull days is Balch's picture store, in Tremont Row, next the Temple. It is refreshing to look on green meadows, and grazing cattle, and purling streams, in midwinter.....We are afraid the New Yorkers will not be able to win Mrs. Wood away from Manager Barry, and that she will continue to waste her sweetness in "the provinces," as they call it—meaning the Boston Theatre. Complimentary fellows, those New York editors!.....What typographical gems those books of poetry are that Ticknor & Fields are constantly getting up. Poetry-publishing is their speciality, and they never place their gems in a poor setting.....Mr. Brackett has cast his statue of the Rev. Hosea Ballou in plaster. Now comes the laborious work of blocking out, chiselling and finishing the marble after the model.....We saw some splendid pears in Palmer's window, in School Street, the other day—a glass plate intervening. They were worth at least sixpence a look.....So the charming Laura Keene has yielded to the power of love, and is nearly through her honeymoon. A Mr. Lentze is the happy man.....We can't help grumbling at the weather now and then; but after all, winter is a glorious season. It braces mind and muscle, and enables us to work, work, work. It is all very fine to talk about lolling in a hammock under a palm-tree under the tropics—but laziness and musquitoes are not very desirable things, after all.....On a pleasant hill in the country, not far from where "one of us" "hangs out his banner on the outward wall," the ladies and gentlemen—grown-up folks—enjoy coasting as much as the boys and girls. Often, of a moonlight evening, as we dash by in the train, we hear their merry voices, and see them whiz down the icy slope at a rate of speed that is reproachful even to the locomotive.....Laughed consumedly the other day at a street incident. A painter's apprentice, quite poorly clad, was lettering a door-post, when he dropped his brush. A most magnificently-got-up colored gentleman—a real diamond blazing on his shirt front—paused, stooped, and, with infinite grace, handed the fallen implement to the sign-painter. The latter would have thanked him, but his courteous friend checked him with a wave of his jewelled hand, and said:—"Nebber mind—de Emperor Charles V. picked up de pencil of Massa Titian!".....January seems to be a fatal month to greatness. Among those who have died in this month, we recall Charlemagne, Charles I., Fenelon, Peter the Great, Congreve, Halley, Fontenelle, Linnæus, Howard, Louis XVI., Gibbon, Lavater, William Pitt, George III., Dr. Jenner, Niebuhr, Dr. Follen and sweet Mary Mitford.....That was a beautiful idea of Horace Mann, comparing the death of an infant to a bird struck down by a fowler in the midst of his morning song....."Give me back my youth!" were the last words of Walcott (Peter Pindar). Richter says:—"Remember, that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry hitherly, but cry in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!".....Some biographers are no more reliable than "John Phœnix," when he states that "George Washington was born of poor but honest parents, in the city of Genoa, in the year 1694.".....The engravings belonging to the late Francis C. Gray, of this city, were valued at $30,000, and he bequeathed them to the Boston Athenæum—and with previous donations and purchases, make that department of the institution the richest in the country.....During the year 1856, 195 persons have lost their lives by railroad accidents, and 355 by steamboat disasters—an increase, in both cases, over the preceding year.....If Russia and Switzerland go to war, we predict the triumph of the sons of Tell. A mountainous country, defended by freemen, is invincible.....An excellent idea has just been started in this State—the formation of farmers' circulating libraries (the libraries to be composed of agricultural books only) in our large farming towns.....Capt. Ericsson has been awarded $13,000 by the Court of Claims for his application of a ship propeller and steam machinery, and for superintending the building of the steamer Princeton. Capt. Ericsson is a most worthy man, has met with heavy losses in his attempts to improve steam navigation, and we rejoice to learn that his merits have been so promptly recognized.....It is said that the Klamath (California) county jail consists of a live oak tree, with a chain and staple attached. Criminals, of course, have plenty of air when confined to such quarters.....Dr. James Copeland censures the practice of making children sleep with aged persons. In such cases, the children almost invariably become sick.....Curious coincidences in the style of partnership firms are sometimes observable. A tailoring establishment was managed by "Cumb & Settle;" and there is an oyster-house in Nashville, Tennessee, kept by Adams & Eves. We have two first rate French landscapists established here in Boston—Rondel and Morviller. It is worth while to drop into Balch's, Tremont Row, and notice some of their productions.....We suppose Leigh Hunt only spoke of poetical translations, when he said, "Translations are no more like the original, than a walking-stick is like a flowering bough." The prose of one language may be rendered into acceptable prose in another tongue, but the fine aroma of poetry is lost in the process. Well may the Germans call translation "upsetting." Poor Goethe has been frequently capsized in this manner.....Those persons are much mistaken who picture the sages of antiquity as solemn, long-faced individuals who never "smiled" (we don't allude to their habits of temperance). Pascal says:—"We commonly picture Plato and Aristotle in stately robes, and as personages always grave and solemn. They were good fellows, who laughed like others with their friends.....We plead guilty to a liking for fine dresses for ladies, but not in men. "He was so well dressed," said somebody to Beau Brummel, speaking of a third person, "that people would turn and look at him."—"Then he was *not* well dressed," said that great master of the art of costume.....Madame Rachel, certainly the greatest living actress, has no thought of dying just yet, we are happy to learn. Her trip to Egypt has improved her health, and she will yet delight admiring audiences with her splendid impersonations.....There is no time of the day like the morning for literary labor. Webster and John Quincy Adams were both early risers. Sir Walter Scott wrote most of his romances when his guests at Abbotsford thought him abed and asleep. Lamartine gets to work at six in the morning and finishes by noon, when he breakfasts; and this is the practice of the most brilliant French writers of the day. They give the morning to work—the afternoon to recreation, exercise and society.....The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas says:—"Ben's wheelbarrow has been a 'Chariot of Fame,' and the name of Ben: Perley Poore is circling the earth with the martial airs of England. The West Newbury road is likely to prove to him, what the St. Denis road was to the first bishop of Paris—you remember he was canonized for walking with his head in his hand from Paris to St. Denis.".....Gen. Persifer F. Smith has been confirmed in the new brigadier-generalship by the United States Senate. He was a gallant officer of the Mexican war, and his brave rifles circulated a good report of themselves....."Kissing customs" vary according to localities. When an enterprising young gentleman steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, "I reckon it's my time now," and gives him a box on the ear that he is likely to remember for a week afterwards. Mankind, turtle-doves and pigeons are the only animals that we know of that practise kissing.....The sayings of children are often strikingly original. On one of our fine frosty evenings, a child, pointing to the stars, asked, with great earnestness and simplicity, "Mother, what are those? Are they little gimlet-holes to let the glory through?" That child will be a poet, if he lives to manhood.....Women are the severest satirists of women. It was Lady Blessington who said:—"I do believe there is no creature under heaven more wholly heartless, or more disposed to be mischievous, than a fine lady."?.....Our city has changed somewhat in manners from the good old days when "Capt. Stone was sentenced to pay a hundred pounds, and prohibited coming within the patent on pain of death, for calling Mr. Ludlow (one of the justices) a just-*ass*." That was a pretty severe penalty for an execrable pun.....There is a passage in Nahum, chap. 2: 4, which might be thought prophetic of railroads. The sacred writer, speaking of chariots, says:—"They shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings." There cannot be a better description of an illuminated night express train.

CRUELTY OF GREEK BRIGANDS.

The process resorted to by the robbers for discovering the whereabouts of hidden repositories, was a cruel, but effective one. A kettle full of oil was set on the fire. If the unfortunate woman, who protested that she was ignorant where her husband had hid his treasure, relented in view of the coming torture, she was not molested. But if she persisted in her obstinacy, or really did not know where it was, the scalding fluid was poured upon her neck, breast and body. Five or six were subjected to this inhuman treatment; others were merely beaten; and one whom we saw boasted that, though the ruffians stabbed her in several places, she had not betrayed her husband's trust.—*Baird's Modern Greece.*

Choice Miscellany.

THE ROPE-DANCER.

It is in the humbler classes of society that the most beautiful sparks of virtue often shine. A fire broke out at Alencon, which produced dreadful ravages. An entire family was saved by an unknown man, who scaled the walls with a wonderful agility, treading the burning beams, and who extricated victim after victim, in the midst of acclamations. This man was Joseph Plege, who exercised the profession of a rope-dancer; and it was the dexterity and agility developed by his occupation that enabled him to save a whole family, by venturing on narrow and moving surfaces to snatch them from the flames. The company to which the worthy Plege belonged were preparing to quit Alencon, but their departure was delayed to give him a benefit. The theatre was crowded in every part, and thunders of applause greeted the courageous rope-dancer, who, covered with burns and bruises, endeavored to merit the enthusiasm by which he was overwhelmed. When the receipts, which were considerable, were handed to him, Plege presented the whole amount to the family he had saved. "These poor people," said he, "are ruined; what good shall I have done to have saved them from the flames, if I leave them to the horrors of starvation?" The authorities gave a medal of honor to the brave man who had displayed so much devotion and virtue. *Home Journal.*

THE HUMAN FACE.

The expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of humanity. We are little aware of the influence which it constantly exerts. If the dumb animal, on whom man exercises his cruelty—if the horse or dog, when suffering by a blow from the violence of man, could turn upon him with a look of indignation or appeal, could any one resist the power of the mute expostulation? How extraordinary, too, the difference of expression in the human face, by which the recognition of personal identity is secured! On this small surface, nine inches by six, are depicted such various traits, that, among the millions of inhabitants on the earth, no two have the same lineaments. What dire confusion would ensue if all countenances were alike—if fathers did not know their own children by sight, nor husbands their wives! But now we can pick out friends from among the multitudes of the assembled universe. —*Dr. Dewey.*

BOOTS IN RUSSIA.

The Russians are essentially a booted people. The commonalty do not understand shoes at all; and when they have no boots, either go barefooted, or else thrust their extremities into atrocious canoes of plaited birch-bark. Next to a handsome kakoschnik or tiara head-dress, the article of costume most coveted by a peasant woman is a pair of full-sized men's boots. One of the prettiest young English ladies I ever knew used to wear Wellington boots, and had a way of tapping their polished sides with her parasol handle that well nigh drove me distracted; but let that pass—a booted Russian female is quite another sort of personage. In the streets of St. Petersburg, the "sign of the leg," or a huge jack-boot with a tremendous spur, all painted the brightest scarlet, is to be found on legions of houses. The common soldiers wear mighty boots, as our native brigade, after Alma, knew full well; and if you make a morning call on a Russian gentleman, you will very probably find him giving audience to his bootmaker.—*Russia and the Russians.*

THE STAGE IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIME.

It was strown with green rushes, just as private rooms were in the richest houses; for carpets were, as yet, seldom used. Sometimes it was matted over, as it was for the play of "Henry the Eighth," the night the Globe was burned down. The curtains of silk or worsted did not draw up as they do now, or let down, as in the Roman theatres, but opened in the middle, and sliding with rings, attached to an iron rod, drew back like window or bed-curtains of the present day. The boys of the theatre let out stools at sixpence each to those gallants who wished to dazzle the groundlings who stood in the yard or pit. Some lay on the rushes and played at cards and smoked; others drank wine or beer. The apprentices in the cheap second gallery cracked nuts and nibbled apples just as they do now.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

New Publications.

FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY. By HANNAH M. BOUVIER Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1857. 8vo. pp. 399.

This admirable work is modestly put forth by its accomplished author simply as an "Introduction to the Study of the Heavens," though it contains about as much information as the general reader would care to acquire. It is beautifully and liberally illustrated by maps and engravings, and has a comprehensive astronomical dictionary, and a valuable treatise on the use of the globe. Its arrangement is admirable, and for its accuracy the leading astronomers of the age have vouched. The book is got up in the beautiful style which has gained so high a reputation for Messrs. Childs & Peterson. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES AND AUNT KATE'S FIRESIDE MEMORIES. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857.

A pretty illustrated juvenile work, that cannot fail to interest and improve the very young readers to whose tastes it is specially adapted.

RELIGIOUS TRUTH ILLUSTRATED FROM SCIENCE. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 442.

This volume consists of a collection of sermons mostly devoted to the illustration and proof of religious truth by scientific facts and principles. The argumentative portion is forcible and ingenious, and couched in language at once elegant and nervous. Dr. Hitchcock's book cannot fail to make a profound impression.

POEMS BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 2 vols. 1857.

Though we have here Longfellow's complete works compressed into two diamond volumes that a lady may carry in her reticule, yet the type is large and distinct—and we know of no more acceptable present to a lady than this elegant edition. It is embellished by a fine head of the poet.

SONGS OF SUMMER. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857. 18mo. pp. 229.

Another volume of poems from "Parnassus Corner." Mr. Stoddard's volume is replete with genuine inspiration. In his fullness of imagery and passionate tenderness, he reminds us of the poetry of the East; and we feel sure that he will be generously appreciated.

WORDS FOR THE HOUR. By the author of "Passion-Flowers." Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 12mo. pp. 165.

There is a sterling ring in Mrs. Howe's productions, which are all characterized by vigor and originality of thought. She is sometimes careless as to the setting of her gems, but they flash with diamond lustre notwithstanding.

ESSAYS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 475.

The value of biography depends almost entirely upon the manner in which it is written. A mere agglomeration of facts and dates is but little worth. Mr. Tuckerman's biographies—embracing the lights of literature, science, art and politics, representative of almost every walk of life—are written with grace, with discrimination, and with thorough appreciation. They are truly "studies of character," and form a glorious intellectual portrait gallery.

Editorial Melange.

The State of Maine has now 515 miles of railway in operation, costing $17,450,000. —— We learn from the La Grange (Ga.) Reporter that the magnificent college buildings, fixtures, etc., of the La Grange Female College were purchased at the recent session of the conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Americus, by that denomination, for the sum of $40,000. —— Several of the railroads in Wisconsin have been blockaded with snow to the depth of from six to ten feet. —— A German paper asserts that prussic acid only causes the suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by pouring the acetate of potash and salt dissolved in water on the head and spine. This treatment has been successfully tried. —— A company has been formed in Hartford, with a capital of $150,000, for the purpose of manufacturing and plating Britannia ware. —— It is rare that a public officer in England is removed, yet the postmaster-general has ordered the removal of a postmaster in the county of Kent, on no other ground than that of being discourteous to those who had business with his office. —— The Detroit Free Press says, the last rail upon the Detroit, Monroe and Toledo Railroad, between that city and Monroe, was laid on Christmas day. —— Some idea of the extent of the trade in skates may be formed from the fact that one house in Market Street, Philadelphia, has sold thus far, this season, upwards of $7000 worth. The greater portion of the cheap skates is imported from Germany. —— The violin was invented about A. D. 1200, and the piano forte about one hundred and twenty years ago. —— Walpole says, "The beautiful lady Coventry killed herself with painting; she bedaubed herself with white so as to stop the perspiration." —— In 1861, the transit of Venus takes place. By the transit of Venus is meant what is generally understood by an eclipse. The planet Venus will pass directly between the earth and the sun, during the day, and the darkness caused by it will make lights necessary in the houses. The transit happens only once in a century! —— Henry Danforth, of Danville, Vt., shot a bear, lately, which "stood him in" $10 State bounty for the head, $5 for the skin, and ten cents a pound for the meat, to say nothing of the bear's grease. —— The Gloucester Telegraph says that the total amount of the tonnage of the new vessels enrolled, during the year 1856, in the district of Gloucester, is 1743 tons, 60-95ths, comprised in twenty schooners and four boats. —— At the late examination of the freshman class of Dartmouth College, there were only ten from Vermont; yet of the seven honors conferred, four were given to the Green Mountain boys. —— The ladies of St. Paul's Church, New Haven, made their rector, the Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, a Christmas present of a life insurance policy for $5000. —— Most of the distillery hogs have died this season from some unknown cause. An acquaintance of ours attributes this extensive mortality among still fed hogs to the use of strychnine in the manufacture of whiskey, now so general. —— The annual statement of railways in the Union makes the total number of miles of railway 24,192, being an increase of 3434 over the preceding year. —— George Rouse, a boy six years old, was recently killed in Bennington, Vt. He had caught hold of a wagon to jump on, but finding it impossible to keep pace with it, let go his hold, and was thrown with great force backwards, his head striking upon a stone, breaking his neck.

SHORT SPEECHES.

We like short speeches when they are pointed. Captain Hartstene, in receiving Queen Victoria on board the Arctic bark "Resolute," at Cowes, said simply but eloquently:—"Allow me to welcome your majesty on board the 'Resolute,' and, in obedience to the will of my countrymen and of the President of the United States, to restore her to you, not only as an evidence of a friendly feeling to your sovereignty, but as a token of love, admiration and respect to your majesty personally." Her majesty's reply was certainly a model of brevity. She merely smiled graciously and said:—"I thank you, sir." What a glorious thing it would be if our members of Congress practised this style of oratory!

Insanity.—This dreadful calamity now-a-days is made to cover a multitude of sins. If a man satisfies a grudge by killing another, he is insane; if he poisons his wife, he is insane; if he swindles to the extent of half a million, he is most certainly out of his head. "A mad world, my masters!"

Queer Promise.—A woman in New York signed a document, lately, in which she agreed not to make any legal complaint of her husband, "even if he cut her head off." It appears to us that such a stipulation was entirely unnecessary.

Coolness.—When a railroad train was blown to pieces, the other day, one of the passengers, an Englishman, who was unhurt, coolly asked a brakeman to bring him the piece that had the key of his trunk. He'll do.

A good Idea.—The New York Evening Post suggests that the coal dealers should issue tickets for a peck of coal each, to be purchased by the wealthy, and distributed to poor sufferers in this inclement season.

His Ancestor.—The great-grandfather of Lieut. Derby ("John Phœnix") despatched the first American ship that ever doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and, at one time, was a millionaire.

Enduring Love.—Thackeray says that a woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone—what is once written on it, can never be rubbed out.

Wayside Gatherings.

American turkeys were introduced into Europe by Sebastian Cabot, about 1494.

In Wood tock, N. H., the thermometer has stood as low as thirty degrees below zero this season.

During the past year thirty revolutionary soldiers have died. The number on the pension list in July last was 514.

Washington D. Belchertown has been sentenced to the State prison for fifteen years, for attempting to kill the drover, Albert G. Hull, of Berlin, N. Y.

It is said that the losses by Marine Insurance Companies the present year amount to $26,000,000, two thirds of which falls on the city of New York.

The South Carolina Legislature has passed a law prohibiting the circulation of engraved paper resembling bank notes; also a law to confer upon alien widows the right to take and hold real estate.

Camelia Japonicas form prettier ornaments for the head of a bride or bridesmaid than any artificial flower which the ingenuity of man, or of woman, who is more ingenious, can furnish.

A shanty in Lockport, New York, was recently destroyed by fire. Two young children, who were locked in it, perished in the flames. The parents were intemperate.

The brokers of New York must be a hard set. Three different members of the fraternity are now under arrest for forgery, for issuing counterfeit money, and for receiving stolen goods. All this aside from failures and embezzlements.

Light moves at the rate of about 192,500 miles per second. A ray of light moves generally in a straight, single line, from some luminous point; a beam of light is an assemblage of rays. The nature or essence of light is unknown.

In the court of Oyer and Terminer, Pittsburg, lately, an application for divorce, made principally on the ground that the wife was an inveterate scold, and therefore a most undesirable life companion, was rejected.

Mr. Harris, United States Consul-General for Japan, who was landed at Simoda on the third of September, was located by the Japanese in a small fishing village, where he hung out his flag the next day.

Leschi, a noted chief of the Nisqually, and leader of the hostile Indians in the late war in Washington territory, was recently captured by some friendly Indians, who got him drunk, tied him and delivered him to the whites.

At three o'clock in Boston it is nearly eight o'clock in London. When, therefore, the Atlantic Telegraph is completed, the afternoon papers here will contain the evening news from Parliament and court. Who says this isn't a fast age?

Persons having boilers attached to their ranges should be careful to examine their condition before putting much heat under them. A boiler exploded in a kitchen in Philadelphia, lately, owing to freezing of the supply pipe, doing much damage and burning and wounding the colored cook.

Mrs Bently, a sickly lady, weighing less than eighty pounds, walked thirty consecutive hours, at Lafayette, Indiana. The last five minutes of her walking was in quick step, to the tune of Yankee Doodle. A cotillon party, Mrs. Bently leading in the first set, ended the affair.

An officer of the Randall Island school has lately received letters from former pupils of that charitable institution; among others were letters from a lawyer in Utica, from the president of a western railroad, from an officer in New Mexico, and from a member of Congress.

The New Orleans chief of police has adopted the plan of affixing placards upon the breasts and backs of notorious thieves, burglars and pickpockets, on which is printed in large letters, the nature of the offence for which they have been convicted. They are then marched through the streets, and make a public exhibition.

Miss Lydia Bacon, who startled magazinedom about a year ago with the astonishing theory that Shakspeare was a myth, has found a companion in literary heterodoxy. One William Henry Smith in England has written a pamphlet and is delivering lectures, in which he claims that Bacon was Shakspeare, or, at least, a great part of him.

It is estimated that a man who eats three meals a day, a half hour each for breakfast and supper, an hour for dinner, and lives to the age of threescore, spends as much time during his life eating and drinking, as would be required in Cincinnati to slaughter, dress and pack, seven millions nine hundred and ninety-nine billions of hogs, each weighing 420 lbs.

A reckless desperado in Baltimore, named William Lynch, inflicted nine stabs with a dirk knife—six in the breast, two in the neck and one in the hand—upon his wife, to whom he had been married but three months. The cause is supposed to be jealousy, as he would quarrel with his wife in a moment if he saw a man talking to her. The woman survived the attack, and may recover.

It was a saying of Cardinal De Retz, who, in his day, now and then made use of the mob of Paris to accomplish his factious purposes, that mobs would be of more use if they could be kept together long enough; but that, unfortunately, the stoutest mob was not proof against hunger, and was apt to disperse when supper-time came.

Some miscreant cut the cords of the tent of an English circus company at Bruges, letting the tarpaulin, which was heavily covered with snow, down upon 2500 spectators, who would all have been smothered had not the soldiers present slashed away at the canvass with their swords, and others with their knives, so that the poor people were released with some injuries, but none fatal.

An ingenious contrivance for aiding persons to escape from burning buildings has recently been tried in London. The escape is on the telescope principle, and can be raised and lowered with great rapidity in almost any direction, and at any distance from the burning premises. The operation of reaching a window forty-five feet high can be performed ten times in less than two minutes.

The Montreal Gazette announces the death of Mr. Warren, for eighteen years organist of Christ Church Cathedral, the conflagration of which took place a short time since. He was considered one of the most accomplished members of his profession on the continent, and it is supposed the destruction of the cathedral, and of the magnificent instrument, to which he was much attached, hastened his dissolution.

A poor woman named Sullivan, in Milwaukie, whose husband was temporarily absent, recently applied to a city constable for wood to keep her from freezing. He replied by telling her to go to the poor house. She was expecting her husband soon, and thought she could bear up until he returned, but the following night was a bitter cold one, and in the morning she was found dead, with her children crying around her.

Foreign Items.

An ordinance, which has just been published at Worms, prohibits dancing at the wedding of a Jew and will serve

The persons employed by the French government to see how many people enter the Bourse in a day, counted in one day 16,270.

M. Schwilgue, the inventor of the marvellous astronomical clock, which all visitors to Strasburg go to see in the cathedral, died recently at the age of 80.

An imperial Russian ukase fixes the opening of the Industrial Exhibition at Warsaw on the 1st of June next, and invites all manufacturers, and persons interested, in Russia, Finland and Poland to contribute. The exhibition is limited to national productions.

M. Alexandre Dumas, some months since, commenced law proceedings against the "Siecle;" and from the report of the proceedings we learn that during the space of five years this paper and the publishers—MM. Michel Levy & Co.—have brought out 265 volumes (*plus ou moins*) by M. Alexandre Dumas.

At the recent Schiller Festival, at Leipsic, so ardent an oration was delivered by Dr. Prutz, a professor of Halle, that it seemed to recall the sentiments of 1848. The people of Saxony were alarmed, and an intimation has been given that the Schiller Society will be dissolved, if any more such speeches are made.

Excavations have been carried on for five years past at a cairn, 250 feet in height, situated near Alexandropol, Russia, and numerous articles of gold, silver, bronze and clay, as also of iron shafts and rods, nails, skeletons of horses, and ornaments of gold, have been brought to light. The cairn is supposed to be the catacomb of some of the Scythian kings.

Sands of Gold.

.... Benefactions ill bestowed, I deem malefactions.—*Ennius.*

.... I would never think of death as an embarrassment, but as a blessing.—*Epicurus.*

.... Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much.—*Landor.*

.... To me avarice seems not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

.... Political power is rightly possessed only when it is possessed by the consent of the community.—*Dymond.*

.... Things near us are seen of the size of life; things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding.—*Hazlitt.*

.... They who dispute for the management of a state, resemble mariners wrangling about who should direct the helm.—*Plato.*

.... Virtue is not to be pursued as one of the means to fame; but fame to be accepted as the only recompense which mortals can bestow on virtue.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... There are some recollections of such overpowering vastness, that their objects seem ever near; their size reduces all intermediate events to nothing.—*Campbell.*

.... There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else; but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting.—*Hazlitt.*

.... Be not a Hercules *furens* abroad, and a poltroon within thyself. To chase our enemies out of the field, and be led captive by our vices; to beat down our foes, and fall down to our concupiscences, are solecisms in moral schools, and no laurel attends them.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Joker's Budget.

Stealing from a cellar is called a "low burglary," by one of our contemporaries.

The man who will steal an umbrella, will do—what half the world has done a score or more of times.

There is a tailor in Oregon so small that he can throw a summerset through the eye of a darning-needle.

A strange genius, in describing a lake in Minnesota, says it is so clear, that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

Poetry is said to be the flour of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper.

The fellow who took a mantilla from the boudoir of a pretty girl in Fifth Avenue, justifies himself on the ground that "it is no harm to steal from a thief;" and the owner of the mantilla has stolen the hearts of some forty or fifty old bachelors.

The man who cheats the printer left town last week in company with the woman who flogs her husband. They were joined a short distance from town by the fellow who stole a stick of liquorice from a sick negro baby.

A party of epicures dined together at a hotel. After they had drank an enormous quantity of wine, they called for their reckoning. "It is absolutely impossible that we four men have drunk so much," stammered one. "You are quite right," replied the butler, "but you forget the three under the table."

Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, once met a lady in the streets of Boston, who said to him, "Ah, Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it because it was so much like you."—"And did it kiss you in return?"—"Why, no."—"Then," said Stuart, "it was not like me."

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ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF WINTER.

[For description, see page 93.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF TENNESSEE.

The fine emblematic picture on this page was designed expressly for the Pictorial by Billings, and has been engraved in the highest style of art by Andrew. In the circle are the State arms, with the plough and olive branch, typical of peace and agriculture, in the shield, and a boat laden with cotton gliding over the surface of the river. In the foreground is a spirited group of horses and mules. To the left are a sugar-house and farm hands; to the right a group of cattle. The State of Tennessee is bounded north by Kentucky and Virginia, east by North Carolina, from which it is separated by the Alleghany Mountains; south by Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and west by Arkansas and Missouri, from which it is divided by the Mississippi River. It includes an area of about 45,000 square miles. The first settlers were from North Carolina, who built Fort London, in East Tennessee, in 1757. Constant forays of the Indians impeded the progress of colonization, until after the Revolution. It originally formed a part of the possessions of North Carolina, but was finally ceded to the United States, and was admitted a sovereign State in 1796. Among the distinguished leaders this gallant State furnished to the war of 1812, was General Andrew Jackson, who won immortality by his conduct in that war. Tennessee has sent two presidents to Washington—Jackson and Polk. The population of the State, in 1850, was 1,002,717. Of the entire population, 103 were engaged in mining, 227,739 in agriculture, 2217 in commerce, 17,185 in manufactures, 55 in ocean navigation, 302 in internal navigation, and 2042 in the learned professions. The surface of the State is agreeably diversified, and its area embraces mountain, hill and valley, much of the soil being of extraordinary fertility. Gold has been found in this State, and iron, salt, coal and copper exist in abundance. The rivers afford abundant means of transportation, and all of them ultimately reach the Mississippi. According to the census of 1850, there were 72,735 farms, occupying 5,175,173 acres of improved land. Among the forest trees are pine, sugar-maple, juniper, red cedar, savin, poplar, hickory, walnut, oak, beech, sycamore and cherry. Among the wild animals are deer, raccoons, foxes and squirrels. The natural water power, with its abundance of coal and other fuel, when its railroad system is completed, must make it a great manufacturing State. In 1850, there were 2861 manufacturing establishments. On January 1, 1855, there were 517 miles of completed railroad in the State. Tennessee has but little foreign commerce, but a large domestic trade. Her educational establishments are numerous and noted. According to the census of 1850, there were eight colleges, one theological school, one medical school, 2680 public schools, with 104,117 pupils, and $198,511 income; 264 academies and other schools, with $155,000 income; and attending schools, as returned by families, 146,200. In the same year, there were 2027 churches. There were also eight daily, two tri-weekly and thirty-six weekly newspapers, circulating 2,139,644 copies. The literary resources of the State are well developed.



[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

RETURNING to his chateau, the Duke de Santarem soon had a visit from his confessor, who brought a letter from the Count de Lerma, appointing that very day for his marriage. The good monk had scarcely left, when a valet announced a cavalier arrived from Madrid. It was Don Fernand d'Albayda. The duke remembered him to have been the one who caused his arrest at Lisbon; and trembling with rage and fear, he desired him to be shown in. Don Fernand entered, and as he bowed, the duke cried with impatience:

"I know what brings you here; it is useless, for I consent to all. I will marry her; all the world wishes it, to commence with you." He spoke, thinking that Don Fernand had come on the part of the duke, and was surprised when he answered:

"I wish the contrary, and I came to oppose it."

"You?"

"Yes. The person you pretend you are to marry is the friend, the sister of my betrothed; she belongs to my family, and I will defend her. Or, as I think the marriage is against her will—"

"I know more than you, for she has declared to me she does not wish it."

"Knowing that, you will still persist?"

"Yes. I have my reasons. I will say to you, senor, that I will marry or not, as suits me," coldly answered the duke.

"Then you are a coward—a villain! What place and how will you meet me?" answered Fernand, bowing.

"A challenge—a challenge! that is the first happiness that has come to me to-day. Choose yourself, Senor Fernand; all will please me."

"To-morrow is fixed for your marriage, I believe?"

"To-day or to-morrow—little matter."

"This evening, then, in the park, I will meet you, when the clock strikes eight. I will kill you, and thus at least prevent the marriage."

So saying, the two separated,—the duke smiling to think that his adversary knew nothing of his hasty marriage.

The marriage had taken place, as we have seen, in presence of the confessor Cordova, Carmina, Juan, and all the vassals of the duke. As the party left the church, the corregidor Josue Calzado, who figured in the first pages of our story, arrived with a despatch from the minister for the bride.

When Alitea had closed the door to the secret stairway after Juan, she walked calmly to the door at which she heard the knocking, and opened it. She started with surprise when she saw before her Don Fernand d'Albayda, for she believed him still in Lisbon, and scarcely paid any attention to the corregidor, who was overwhelming her with condolences. The bride of but a few hours was now a widow! These were the first words she caught. Her heart beat fast with joy. Who could blame her? Hastily she learned that Don Fernand had come to the corregidor's house at nine o'clock, with the news that the Duke de Santarem had been found dead in his park.

Gravely Alitea replied to the corregidor:

"Our duty is to institute a severe, active search after the guilty. He ought to be punished; I wish—I demand it. It is my duty to pursue him, and I will do so rigorously."

"Like the noble woman that you are," said Fernand; "and I am ready to second you with my name and power."

At this moment, Pacheco, the corregidor's nephew, entered, wholly out of breath.

"I believe I have found the murderous wretch, and we will cross-question him, if you wish it, my uncle," he stammered out, as soon as he could speak.

At this moment, all eyes were directed towards a young man who walked painfully between four alguazils. His shirt, covered with blood, showed that he was wounded in the breast and shoulder. He raised proudly his pale, calm face, as he entered, and Fernand and Alitea were frightened as they recognized, the one his friend, the other her brother. It was Yezid!

An alguazil gave the chief the papers, seized upon the prisoner, and the corregidor said, bluntly:

"Approach and answer."

"He cannot answer," exclaimed Alitea, tremblingly; "he is not in a state for it, it is evident. He is badly wounded." And she brought forward a large cushioned chair, placed him in it, and hastened to hand him some wine and dress his wounds, saying, as she did so, to the corregidor: "He must be revived, for if he loses consciousness, nothing will be gained from him."

"Very just," he replied, and made a sign for Pacheco, his nephew, to go and execute some orders he gave him. Then the corregidor began to overlook the papers. "I see by the superscriptions to these letters that his name is Yezid d'Alherique, and that he lives in Valencia."

Alitea trembled with affright, and Fernand exclaimed impatiently:

"In a moment, senor corregidor, and we will examine them together."

"As you wish; and while awaiting you, I can commence the report, as my nephew proposed. Will you show me a place where I shall not disturb the duchess by it?"

"Here, senor, here," said Alitea, and opened the door of a little ante-chamber adjoining, whose windows looked out on the park. "You will find there all that you need in writing."

The corregidor and two or three of his men entered the room, and at last Yezid found himself alone with Fernand and Alitea, who said to him, despairingly:

"Thou, Yezid! thou, my brother!"

Fernand, at this name, made a gesture of surprise.

"Yes, my friend," replied Yezid, looking at him and holding Alitea's hand; "my well beloved sister, whom I did not wish to be sacrificed, and I came to defend her."

"You also?" cried Fernand.

"Ah! is that why you left Lisbon, Senor Fernand?" said Alitea.

"Yes, yes, senora. I did not know that you had a brother, and thought that the affianced husband of Carmina perhaps could save you."

"I understand," said Yezid, speaking painfully,—"I understand now. I arrived at Madrid, but did not find the Duke de Santarem; then I came here; it was about seven o'clock. I wished to speak with him. A young girl told me he received no one, but he was probably walking in the park. Then I retraced my steps, and met the duke. We met in a solitary alley. I spoke:

"'To marry a young girl, senor, it is necessary to have the consent of her parents and relations, and you have not asked mine.'

"'Who are you?'

"'The brother of Alitea.'

"'What does that matter?'

"'It matters that you cannot marry her.'

"'The marriage is consummated before God and men.'

"'Ah—well! what God and men have left undone, I will do;' and I drew my sword.

"'You come too late,' he answered me; 'another awaits me for the same reason, and I owe him the preference; you afterwards.'

"I placed myself before him, and barred his passage.

"'Me first.'

"'Impossible. They await me.'

"'I will prevent you from making another step;' and I struck his face. Furious, he drew his sword; he attacked me with great vigor, and the combat lasted a long time. I felt that I was wounded, and my strength was leaving me; but I thought of you, my sister,—of my father, who had said to me, 'Deliver your sister.' Then I threw myself upon him; I struck him and killed him. I have fulfilled my promise. Thou art free, my sister."

"And thou art lost!" cried the young girl, weeping. "Thou hast fought a duel, and the corregidor knows thy name—Yezid, son of the Moor d'Alherique."

"And the Moors," said Fernand, "cannot either carry arms or fight a duel; the laws of Philip II. forbid it."

"I know that well," replied Yezid; "I know that I have defied them. Death is the portion of those of us who kill a Christian."

"But we will protect you," cried Fernand.

"Perhaps," replied Yezid, shaking his head doubtfully.

"I am sure," said Alitea. "We will obtain thy pardon. If we could prevent the first searches, and hide you in some retreat!"

"I know of one," replied Yezid, "in the house of my father; once there, I defy the inquisitors to find me."

"It would be necessary to reach Valencia, and, in your state, that would be almost impossible. If we had only twenty-four hours advance, then we might—"

"But we have not one, my dear sister," continued Yezid, half-smiling. "It is necessary to be resigned. When the corregidor comes back, I will avow all to him."

"No, no; I conjure you, my brother; avow nothing yet."

"What good is it to hide the truth? I cannot do it always."

"Be silent!" cried Fernand. "They return."

It was Pacheco, pale and trembling. His teeth chattered and his knees knocked together, and yet his face expressed satisfaction.

"My uncle—my uncle!" said he, entering.

"What is the matter?" asked Fernand. "What do you wish to say to the corregidor?"

"That he is right. Senor, the Duke de Santarem is not dead!"

At this news, Alitea turned pale; Fernand placed his hand upon his sword, and Yezid half raised himself.

"You found him in the park, and he had returned to life?" said Fernand, seeking to hide his anxiety.

"No. I saw him ascending the grand staircase. He walked so quickly that I could scarcely overtake him; but I did, and it was he. To prove it, I seized hold of his mantle, and he impatiently asked the reason. I told him my uncle wished to see and speak with him,—that it was necessary, and gave him my reasons; and in spite of his resistance—for he resisted me strongly and impatiently,—I called two of my men, and have brought him before the duchess. Where is my uncle?"

Alitea, unable to speak, showed him the little room. Pacheco left, and at the door he entered, appeared a man led by two alguazils. He was enveloped in a black mantle, and his face was hidden by a gray hat, surmounted by a red feather.

"It is the man I saw in the park!" exclaimed Fernand.

At these words, the unknown, by a sudden movement, escaped from his guards. At the same moment his hat fell off, and Alitea, Yezid and Fernand simultaneously uttered a cry of astonishment and terror.

It was the Duke de Santarem! It was at least the height, figure and face of the Duke de Santarem. For any one less pre-occupied, or less interested, it was easy to see that the present duke was older, stronger, squarer built than the other; that in his face was something gross and common, instead of the exceedingly refined air of the other.

All these things Fernand and Alitea remarked. Fernand made a sign to the alguazils to retire, and approached the unknown quickly, and putting into his hand a purse filled with gold, said:

"This evening, until to-morrow, obstinately maintain that you are the Duke de Santarem, and your fortune is made."

Before the unknown could answer, the door of the little saloon opened. The corregidor, radiant with joy, appeared, followed by his nephew and three aids.

"Pacheco was not mistaken," cried he. "Is it possible that senor the Duke de Santarem has returned to us?"

"Yes, senor corregidor," replied the unknown, without being disconcerted, and he extended his hand with a certain dignity to the magistrate which completed the illusion. The worthy corregidor seized it, and pressed it between his own to testify his joy at seeing him safe.

"I was right, and I pray senor duke will pardon my error, nearly fatal, for it came near causing the illness of the senora."

"I have not recovered yet," replied Alitea, pale and trembling.

"And," continued the magistrate, "it needs only the presence of her husband to completely cure her. And now that the duke is alive and well, I wish to have explained how the mistake was made,—how Yezid d'Alherique came to be wounded?"

At the name of Yezid, the unknown raised his head, and looked at the young man attentively. The corregidor remarked the gesture, and said, laughing:

"Yes, senor; they accused this young man with having killed the duke, and we find him on the contrary alive and unharmed, while the young man is wounded. How can that be explained?"

"Very easily," said Fernand, with a coolness and readiness which frightened Yezid and Alitea, and puzzled the unknown. "This evening I arrived from Madrid, to speak to the Duke de Santarem, on the part of the Count de Lerma. I came too late. Senor duke was walking in the park, I was told, and I was hastening to join him, when I came upon a man stretched in one of the paths. I believed naturally that it was the duke whom I sought. I tried to bring him to life, but in vain; and then believing him dead, I sought aid, and after walking two hours, I came to the hotel where you slept. During that time, there had been a duel; I must confess it to you. Of the two adversaries, one, the Duke de Santarem, conquered; the other, Senor Yezid, although dangerously wounded, was led by your men here. That is the whole truth."

"The entire truth," repeated the unknown, with dignity. "I ought," continued the false Santarem, "to add a word to the recital of my friend, Fernand d'Albayda: it is that I returned to my house, to send aid to my noble and generous adversary, and in order not to expose him, I decided to go to him myself. It was a duty I owed him, and I was going to fulfil it, when one of your men saw me, and brought me hither. Upon the subject of our quarrel, I can say," added he, "nothing more. It is one of the secrets which I cannot betray."

"I ask nothing more," said the corregidor, with respect.

"The most important thing to be done is to care for this young gentleman, whom my husband frees from all blame."

"I hope," replied the unknown, "he will do me the honor to accept an apartment in my chateau. I shall be offended if he lodges elsewhere."

Yezid bowed with an assenting motion, and Fernand gave him his arm.

"And I, senors," said Alitea, "if senor duke will permit it, will show him to his apartments."

The unknown bowed, and receiving graciously the salute of Fernand and Yezid, threw himself upon a couch near the fire, and looked with a pleased, patronizing air upon the corregidor, Josue Calzado.

During the time, with hearts oppressed with joy, and hardly daring to breathe, the three friends, instead of ascending the grand staircase, now went towards the court. The carriage which brought Fernand from Madrid was still standing at the door, and Yezid and his friend got in.

"Now, sister dear, I have the twenty-four hours you asked."

With a throbbing heart, Alitea rushed up the staircase, and turning, was just descending, when Pacheco appeared, and said to her: "Senor the Duke de Santarem wishes to see the duchess."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

TREMBLINGLY Alitea entered the apartment, and the duke exclaimed:

"Madame, the poor corregidor dies of hunger, and myself also. Cannot we have a supper here at the fireside?"

"Yes, certainly; remain, and it shall be served to you." And Alitea hastened to get a tray, which she brought herself, fearing that any of the domestics who brought it would not be as easily deceived by the false duke as the poor corregidor. Over their wine, the time passed very quickly to the unknown and the corregidor; but to Alitea, who thought of her brother, the time passed slowly.

After having supped, the duke invited the worthy corregidor to lodge with him, which invitation Josue Calzado accepted. The duke led the corregidor out, and called aloud to his servants:

"Conduct senor corregidor to his apartments."

"What is that?" said Alitea, rousing herself from the revery in which she was plunged.

"Nothing; senora pays no attention," said the duke, closing the door, locking it and drawing out the key. "It was the corregidor, who remains with us."

Alitea looked around her with alarm. She was alone, in the night, with an unknown man. She had not any reason to fear him, it is true; on the contrary, he had served her with zeal, devotion and intelligence. Nevertheless, Alitea trembled. She felt re-assured by seeing him remain near the fireplace. Outside they heard the domestics retiring to their rooms. After the house had been quiet for more than an hour, Alitea ventured to address a word to the stranger.

"You came to our aid generously, senor. It was difficult, and you acted well your part. I will not ask how you came to be in the chateau, for you have done such a good service that it conceals everything. You must now need rest. I will show you to a room."

"Do not trouble yourself about me. I will rest for a while here." And he threw himself upon the couch, and seemed in a few minutes to be sound asleep.

Seeing that, the young girl wished to retire herself to the chamber she had shown the false duke, but could not do so without passing by him, and perhaps disturbing him; so she remained seated, watching the unknown, who, she found to her horror, did not really sleep, for he from time to time unclosed his eyes.

An hour passed so. All noises in the chateau had entirely ceased. It was probable that the unknown had waited for that, for he now raised his head, and seeing Alitea awake and watching him he said:

"Is it possible, senora, that you do not sleep?"

"No, senor. I awaited your awakening, to pray you to go into the next room and leave me mine."

"Aha!" said the unknown, with a mocking smile; "you forget that this evening, when I wished to leave, you would not permit me to do so. You begged me to remain, and I promise to remain, and I keep my word. See now the gratitude of fine ladies!"

"I am not ungrateful," said Alitea. "The noble knight, Fernand d'Albayda, promised to make your fortune. I agreed to fulfil his promise. What do you wish?"

"What do I wish? I wish the money which belongs to me, which is my due."

"Nothing belongs to you."

"Am I not the Duke de Santarem, your husband? I am here in my own house, and all is mine."

Alitea glanced towards the bell. He interpreted her look.

"What would you do?—call your people? Your cries will not free you. I am your husband; you yourself have acknowledged it; they know it, and they will go away at my voice; for you are my wife. Give me your diamonds."

"Sooner die!" replied Alitea, looking around her in agony. She saw no arms, no means of defence or death.

"Help me! To my aid, Senor Josue Calzado! senor corregidor!" cried she, with all her might.

"And if the corregidor should come, you will lose those you love—that Yezid, that Moor, who is your lover, and whom I have saved. They will go and seize him in his chamber, where he lies wounded and bleeding."

"Would to Heaven he were there, to defend me and chastise thee, thou who art only a villain!"

"A villain—a villain who loves thy gold! who will brave death and the executioners for it!"

He tried to clasp her in his arms. She escaped him, and as quick as lightning, she rushed to the other side of the room, opened a window, and threw herself out. The unknown uttered a cry of horror. He had followed her; was near her, and with a vigorous hand, seized her and drew her back from the abyss, clasping his pale, almost fainting victim to his heart.

"God of my fathers, aid me!"

"God is not here," said the bandit, laughing; "he lives too high to hear you."

That moment, as if to answer his blasphemy, a terrible explosion was heard. The brigand uttered a cry of rage and pain. His left arm was broken. He turned, and by the light of the lamps burning in the apartment, he saw Juan, pale and with disordered hair, who presented to his breast a second pistol. He recoiled, frightened for the first time by the apparition and arms before him.

"God, whom you defy, sends me to thee, Captain Josef Baptista; for I have old debts to pay!"

Alitea, meanwhile, had pulled the bell-cord violently. At the pistol-shot which resounded through the still house, at the noise of the bell, the servants, the corregidor and his men were awakened, and descended the staircase. Alitea, taking the key, opened the door, and the corregidor was the first to enter, and seeing Josef Baptista bleeding, he cried with despair:

"Senor Duke de Santarem wounded? And I who ought to protect him!"

"Spare yourself the trouble. It is not the Duke de Santarem," coldly said Alitea.

"Another, senora? Where, then, is the true duke?"

"In the park," said Juan. "Send your men by the third large tree in the principal alley; you will find him dead there—dead since last evening."

"It is not possible! Run, Pacheco, and find him, if he is there. Who, then, is this one—this one whom my nephew, the duchess and all the world thought the duke?"

"That one," pursued Juan, "is a robber, an impostor—Captain Josef Baptista."

"Josef Baptista!" cried the corregidor, looking at him with astonishment; "he whom the archbishop of Valencia ordered me to arrest!"

"Himself," continued Juan; "he, who coming here on the wedding evening, entered the house only to rob or assassinate."

Josef Baptista saw that all was lost, that the last crime above all others would be unpardonable. But he was not the man to leave, without having a revenge.

"Ah, well—yes," cried he, "since I cannot strangle you all, the cursed corregidor and his men, it is I—Baptista! who am still generous enough to render you a service. He who is dead is the Duke de Santarem; his murderer, who sleeps tranquilly overhead, is Yezid d'Alberique, and this one (pointing to Juan), I will tell you who he is. Learn, stupid corregidor, that it is the Moor Juan Sevilla."

"Ha!" said Calzado, whose astonishment redoubled each instant.

"He who has just escaped being converted," replied the captain, laughing; "he whom your incomprehensible archbishop wishes to make a *Christian, dead or alive*."

"It is not true," said Alitea, frightened by the danger which menaced Juan, who had exposed himself for her,—"it is not true, senor corregidor; that man deceives you still; he is an impostor, who wishes to compromise you by false words."

"That we shall see," said the corregidor, who knew not what he ought to believe. His trouble increased when his nephew entered, pale and trembling.

"This time it is only too true. I testify to the fact myself. There are two—two Dukes de Santarem,—one dead—"

"That is what I told you, incredulous corregidor. You will believe me at last."

"I will believe now nothing but my own eyes and ears. I will question the young man Yezid. But, before all, I must not leave these two men together. Conduct Captain Josef Baptista into the next room; well. Close and double lock the door, and give me the key. And you, senora,—will you deign to conduct me to the apartment occupied by Senor Yezid d'Alberique."

"I am at your service, senor," said Alitea, seeking to hide her fears—not for Yezid, for he was in no danger, but for Juan; "I am ready to conduct you, but I hope before you all go you will give this young man his liberty, who is a friend, a protegé of Don Fernand d'Albayda."

"Senora," said the corregidor, "we must first speak with Don Fernand; then I will write to the Count de Lerma, and send to him the young prisoner."

Alitea trembled; Juan was lost.

"Here," continued the magistrate, "I pray the young man, whom I wish well, to remain. With your permission, we will leave him in your chamber, and by precaution close the door upon him."

Alitea breathed; Juan was saved.

"I have nothing to answer," said the young girl. "Let us go, senor."

Before leaving, she turned her eyes towards Juan; then towards the oaken pannel on the right, where was the secret door; then she looked again at her brother, with love and eternal friendship beaming from her bright eyes. It was the only thanks she could give him. The door closed.

Juan was alone. He looked around the room where he had felt so much happiness and sorrow. The happiness lasted one hour—the sorrow all his life. He did not complain of his fate; he blessed Heaven, which had permitted him to save from shame and dishonor his sister—O perhaps dearer still! But he drove the wild idea away, and recalling the last look of Alitea, he glided to the wall, opened the door softly, descended the staircase, and found himself in the park, and with hasty strides had reached the country before the break of day.

We will now return to Alitea and the corregidor. He ascended with Alitea to the guest chambers on the second story, and entered the chamber where slept Senor Yezid. He found him not; the room of Don Fernand was equally deserted, and to the great astonishment of the corregidor, no trace of them could be found anywhere in the chateau. Disappointed, he returned to Alitea's chamber, to at least be sure of one; but that, too, he found deserted. Then in the last degree of rage and perplexity, the magistrate commanded his nephew and men to bring forward Captain Josef Baptista, upon whom fell the whole weight of his fury and justice. At the end of a few minutes the officer returned, and with a face expressive of utter bewilderment and fear, he cried out:

"My uncle, no one!"

The corregidor could not believe his ears, and ran to see for himself. Too true—the room was empty. In spite of his wounded and bleeding arm, the captain had torn the damask curtaining, decorating the room into strips, with his right hand and teeth; he attached them to the iron balcony, and aided by his single arm, had slid to the earth, but before doing so, had stolen every small thing of value he could find—jewels, mantel ornaments, and every article possible for him to carry in his flight. Of the three prisoners he felt so sure of, Senor Josue Calzado had none; and really, the young duke, the new husband over whom he was to watch, was decidedly dead. It was thus that the corregidor-major of Toledo had executed the important mission for which the minister had sent him expressly to the chateau of Santarem.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FLIGHT AND THE ASYLUM.

We must pause awhile and go back, that our readers may thoroughly understand all that has transpired. When Juan, on the wedding-day of Alitea, had fled, hearing the loud knocking at the door of her room, which was caused by Don Fernand and the corregidor, who came to announce the death of the duke, he was making his way across the park, when he saw lying in the path before him, his pale face turned to the rays of the moon, a man, bathed in blood.

In the morning, in the church, he had been struck by the likeness of the duke to his hated enemy, the captain, and he knew that before him laid the duke dead. Without seeking the cause of his death, he comprehended the importance of informing Alitea. In spite of the dangers which menaced him, he retraced his steps. One of the windows of the apartment of the new duchess opened upon the park; he saw the room brilliantly lighted, and the forms of many persons moving about. He did not dare them to make use of the key given him by Alitea. He waited, hiding behind the trees, and from time to time stepping out to look up to the window, and intending as soon as the lights were still and Alitea alone, to go to her.

Suddenly, he saw the window open, and a woman, pale, dishevelled, spring forward to throw herself out. It was Alitea; and behind her he saw Josef Baptista. Juan ascended the staircase, opened the pannel, and was just in time to save his sister. The rest is known.

Occupied with sad and despairing thoughts, he continued a good part of the way. He had no fear of meeting any more Captain Baptista, whom he knew was a close prisoner. He, however, prudently threw away his cloak, that none of the corregidor's men might see him and recognize him by it; and, for this reason, he did not go direct to Madrid, but made a circuit. He followed that road all the next day, and late in the afternoon stopped at a little hotel at Peroles, a little wayside town. He was gazing from the window of his room, when he saw three men, whom by their black dress he knew to be alguazils. The window was so low that he heard the conversation which passed between the men. To his dismay, he learned that they were after him, had seen him, and would arrest him. Juan did not stop for his supper, but descending softly the stairs, entered the garden and disappeared behind a clump of trees, gained the country, and after walking steadily for some time, he saw the clock-tower of a large village. It was Alcala de Henares.

He was still five or six leagues from Madrid, but night had set in, he was worn out with fatigue and very hungry. He stopped at the hotel of Saint Pacome, ate a good supper, and ordering a chamber, he was soon asleep. Before falling asleep, he recollected that it was here, in that village, that Gongarello had settled himself. The barber was his devoted friend; he was saved.

The next morning, he rose and went to the window, but quickly retired, for opposite the hotel was a coffee house, and before it stood a group of men, citizens, and he had seen two eyes fixed upon him. The eyes were those of a soldier, who had his left arm in a sling, and supported himself with his right hand by a cane. Always occupied with thoughts of Captain Josef Baptista, his evil spirit, he thought he saw him. But it seemed to him impossible that Josef Baptista, whom he left a prisoner of the corregidor's, could have escaped, and two days after, be tranquilly established, smoking his pipe, at Alcala de Henares. To re-assure himself, he went again to the window. The group had disappeared. He called his host and asked if he knew Gongarello the barber.

"All the world knows him," replied the landlord.

"I wish to go to him. Will you please point out his shop?"

"I will send one of my little servants with you."

"Very well."

Juan paid his host, finished dressing himself, and followed the little boy who waited at the door. Juan gave the child a small sum of money, who walked, or rather danced before, while playing upon a pair of castanets. They had walked through several crooked streets, when Juan said:

"They said it was not far. How is it that we have not reached there?"

"Patience," said the boy, with a wicked smile; "it is not much further."

At last they stopped before a dreary-looking house.

"It is here. Mount."

"I see no barber's sign, pole nor shop, which is always painted blue."

"The color is no consequence. Ascend still."

"Gongarello is not, then, in his shop—he is in his chamber?"

"Now you are right. Go up, then."

At the head of a little staircase, the child stopped, and as if out of respect, made Juan pass in before him. He entered a chamber wholly unfurnished; but he had hardly got in, when he heard the door close and the key turn.

"He is taken," cried the boy, outside, "and he does not suspect that I have led a body of alguazils! Give me, senor soldier, the real you promised me."

"There are two for you, little rascal!" joyously exclaimed a voice which Juan recognized as that of Captain Josef Baptista; and the same voice cried at the head of the staircase: "Senor Garambo della Spada, you who command the post, take four of your bravest men, mount and seize the prisoner, and do not forget to share with me the hundred ducats that the archbishop promised to him who should capture the Moor Juan."

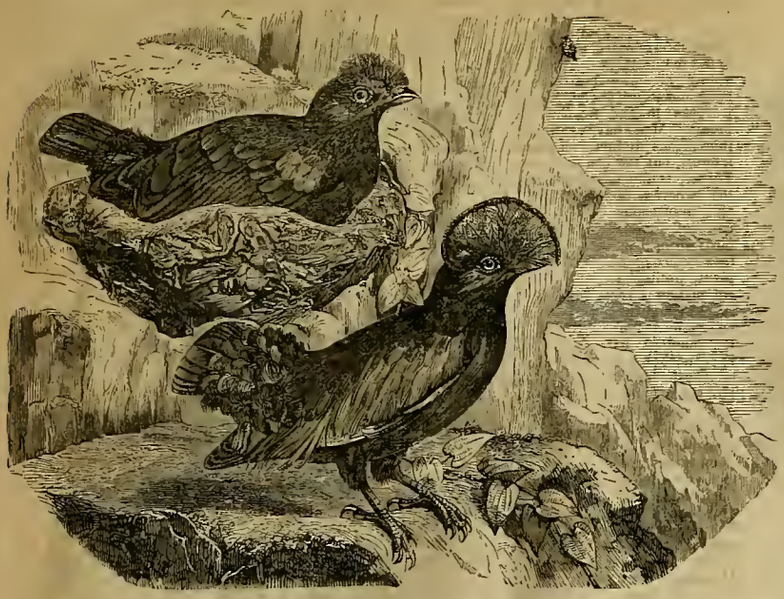
"Here am I," cried Garambo della Spada; "instead of four men, I have eight."

"Very well," said Josef Baptista. "I would join you, if this wound which I received in the lower country were healed. But hasten; I guard the door."

Hearing these words, and the footsteps of the alguazils on the staircase, Juan looked around in despair. The place was destitute of any article of furniture. There was only one door, by which he had entered, and one window opened on a populous market street. All sides were equally guarded, and yet by a sudden impulse, hearing the key turn in the door, he sprang from the window, fifteen feet from the ground, and landed on his feet safely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE RUPICOLA AURANTIA.

RARE AND CURIOUS BIRDS.

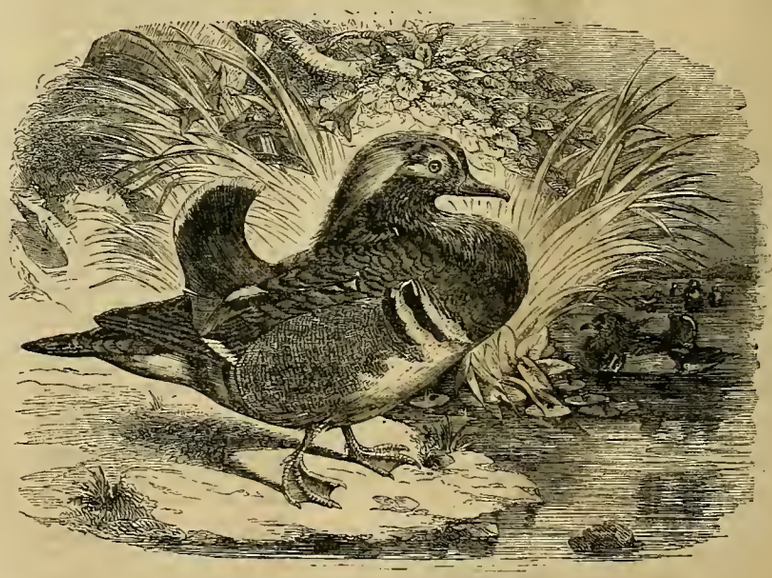
We have placed on this and the next page a series of fine engravings, delineating birds curious and interesting in their formation and habits. The first picture represents a pair of Rock Manakins (Rupicola Aurantia). The Manakins form an extensive family; Latham enumerates some forty of them. They appear to be a restless and inquisitive class of birds, very mobile and alert. The Rock Manakin is one of the most elegant birds of the family. It is a native of South America, inhabiting the rocky and mountainous districts along the rivers of Surinam, Cayenne and Guiana; and probably it may be found along the whole range of the river Amazon, with its tributary branches. According to Latham, it is nowhere so frequent as in the mountain Luca, near the river Aprouack, where it builds in the cavernous hollows and dark recesses. The nest is composed of a few dry sticks, and the eggs are two in number, of the size of those of a pigeon and equally white. The Rock Manakin is a shy and solitary bird, preferring silent and secluded glens and rocky ravines to all other spots; and there it seems to pass an undisturbed existence. Waterton states that it is a native of the woody mountains of Macoushia, a tract on the Apoura-poura, a tributary river falling into the Essequibo from the south, inhabited by the Macoushi Indians, so celebrated for their skill in preparing the deadly vegetable poison, wourali, with which they smear the points of their arrows. In the day-time it retires among the darkest rocks, and only comes out to feed a little before sunrise and at sunset. So gloomy is its disposition, that it never associates with the other birds of the forest. The Fantail Warbler (Silvia Cisticola), next delineated, is a peculiarly interesting species of the genus Sylvia, to which the wrens belong, and is found in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sardinia and Sicily. The plumage of this bird is quite plain and sober; it is of a dead leaf color, or reddish yellow above, each feather being dashed in the middle with blackish brown, so as to present the appearance of a multitude of longitudinal spots, except on the lower portion of the back, which is plain, as is also the whole of the under surface, which is of reddish white. The tail is short, graduated, and of a blackish brown, each feather having a deep black spot near the end. The total length of this species is scarcely four inches. The nest of this bird presents a most beautiful example of instinctive skill. It is placed in a tuft of tall grass, and elevated from the ground, as shown in the engraving. With singular neatness a number of the blades of grass are drawn together and interlaced, and sewed with a kind of cotton thread, which the bird manufactures for itself. The blades of grass thus secured, form an exterior case, and support a long, barrel-shaped nest, open at the top, consisting of a cotton-like material, and secured by threads to the blades and stalks which surround it so closely as to afford perfect concealment. The Umbrella Bird (Cephalopterus), depicted in our third engraving, is certainly an ornithological curiosity. It is found in the region bordering on the river Amazon, South America. Its name is derived from the full, outspreading plumes which tower above its head, resembling the horsetail crests of the Grecian helmets. It is about the size of a jay. From the upper part of the chest depends a sort of apron or screen of square-edged feathers, and very graceful. The tail is graduated. The whole of the plumage is black, with rich violet reflections, especially on the chest and crest-plumes. The Chinese Teal (Anas Gabericulata), or Mandarin Duck, a somewhat singularly-shaped bird, is remarkable for the vivid brilliancy of its plumage. It is also peculiar in the circumstance of its never mating a second time. Of this, Mr. Davis gives the following proof:—"From a pair of these birds, in Mr. Beale's aviary at Macao," he says, "the drake happened one night to be stolen. The duck was perfectly inconsolable—like Calypso after the departure of Ulysses, retiring into a corner, neglecting herself and her food, refusing all society, and rejecting with disdain the proffer of a second love. In a short time the purloined drake was recovered. The mutual demonstrations of joy were excessive; and what is more singular, the true husband, as if informed by his partner of what had happened in his absence, pounced upon the would-be lover, tore out his eyes, and injured him so much that he soon after died of his wounds." The subject of our next engraving, the Emeu (Casuarius Emeu), seems not to have been known in Europe until the sixteenth century, when the Dutch, on their return from their first voyage to India, brought one from the island of Java. This bird was given them by the reigning prince. For a considerable time it was exhibited at Amsterdam for money. It was then sold to the Count de Solms, who gave it to the elector of Cologne, and by him it was presented to the emperor of Germany. In the course of the ensuing six years, the Dutch merchants shipped two others from the same place, but they both died on the voyage. In the year 1671, an emeu was sent by the governor of Madagascar to the king of France, which was kept alive four years in the royal menagerie of Versailles. Since that period these birds have frequently been brought to Europe, and have been found to bear the change of climate well. The head of the emeu is surmounted by a bony prominence, covered with a horny substance; the skin of the head and of the upper part of the neck is naked, and tinged with cerulean blue and flame-color. The bird has pendant wattles, like those of the turkey-cock, the wings are furnished with some stiff, featherless quills, and the nail of the internal toe is much the strongest. "It is," says Cuvier, "the largest of birds after the ostrich, from which it differs sufficiently in its anatomy. Its full height, when erect, is about five feet. This species is characterized by Lesson as stupid and massive;" and he says it feeds on seeds and herbage. Bontius considers it ought not to be classed among birds, because the wings it has are calculated to aid in running, not in flight. He states that, when irritated, the bird does not rush forward to the attack, but turns itself obliquely, kicking backwards at the enemy. Cuvier observes that the featherless quills serve the emeu for offensive weapons. Bontius remarks that the eggs are very different from those of the ostrich, by reason of their thinness and color; for their shell is greenish, ornamented with numerous tubercles of a deeper green. The emeu is found in the peninsula of Malacca, and the great chain of islands to the south and east. Bontius notes it from Ceram and the other neighboring Molucca islands. And, according to Lesson, it is very common in the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago, and especially at New Guinea. Cuvier relates that the bird lays a certain number of green eggs, which, like the ostrich, it abandons to the heat of the climate. Our next engraving represents the Tailor Bird (Silvia Sutoria), and its most ingeni-



THE UMBRELLA BIRD.



THE FANTAIL WARBLER.



THE CHINESE TEAL.



THE EMEU.

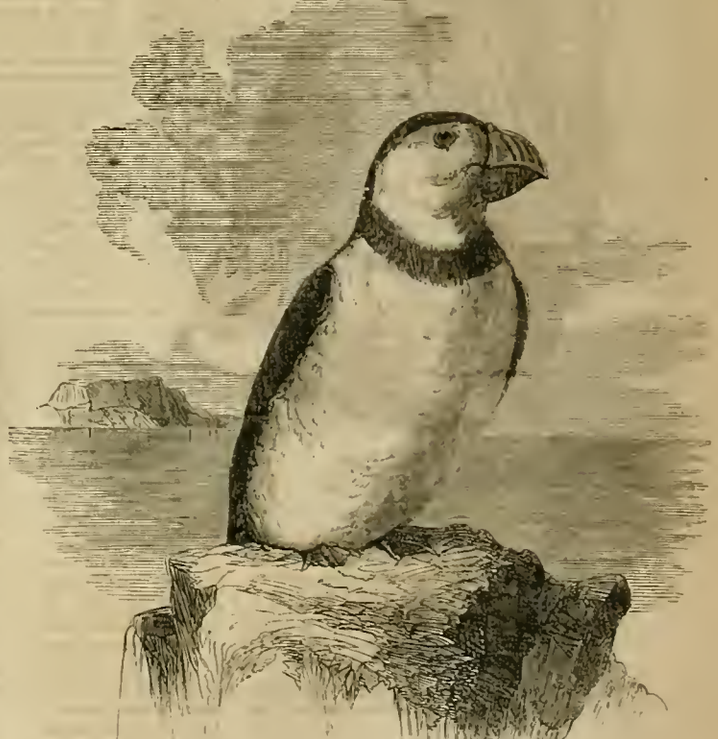
ously constructed nest. This minute species of wren, measuring only three inches and a half long, is a native of Hindostan, Ceylon, and other parts of the East. Its general plumage is pale olive; the chin and throat yellow; the under parts dusky white; its weight only about ninety grains. Living in countries where snakes and monkeys are formidable enemies to the feathered tribe, this little bird selects a leaf at the extremity of a pendant twig for its cradle. If this leaf be large enough, it draws the edges together so as to form a pouch, the end of which is so arranged as to assist in supporting the nest within. But if the leaf be too small, the bird adds to it another growing by, and sometimes a dead one, sewing this to the other, that it may form a convenient receptacle for its nest. This is composed of down, intermingled with fibres and a few feathers. Thus the young are provided with a snug and secure abode, though it rocks to and fro in the breeze. Many have examined this curious product with lively interest, but few can say with Forbes, "Often have I watched the progress of an industrious pair of tailor birds, from their first choice of a plant, until the completion of the nest and the enlargement of the young." It appears, however, that the tailor bird is not the only one that fabricates this kind of nest. Latham states that in Lady Clive's fine collection of drawings, there is a somewhat similar bird called the "Merops Minimus," that adopts the same method. This bird, like the one with which it is naturally associated, is also small; and it is an interesting fact that such inconsiderable members of the feathered race should be gifted with so remarkable an instinct. Not only is the nest so curiously fabricated, all that the young require, but its position is so chosen, that they are secure from the enemies to which they are so peculiarly exposed. Yet, be it observed, this is only one example of the adaptation of the abode to the tenant, which may be observed throughout the region of animated nature. In no part of it do we discover a creature whose instinct leads to the preparation of an uncongenial or insecure abode. The law under which it acts is a perfect law. That which reason would do, were it possessed, is done; and the completeness of the product in every respect may well excite our wonder, and call forth our high admiration. The next engraving delineates the Loxia Bengalenses, a bird of India, and its very curious nest. The bird constructs it of vegetable fibres, which it interlaces in such a manner as to form a sort of purse, of which our engraving gives an exact representation. It suspends its nest on the highest branches of trees overhanging rivers, and the entrance is observable at the lower end. The first year the nest is a simple purse; but in the following one the bird attaches a second to it, and proceeds annually with a similar addition to the singular and ingenious structure. The Puffin, the last bird in our series, is well known in England, where it attracts attention by the oddity of its appearance, the contour of its figure, which is round, thick and ball-like, and its peculiar physiognomy. It makes its appearance at its customary breeding-places about the middle of April, and departs in August, to pass the winter on the southern coasts of Spain, Italy, and other parts of Southern Europe. The length of the bird is thirteen inches. The bill is deeply furrowed, and bluish gray at the base, the middle part orange red, which deepens into bright red at the tip; the legs are orange red. Perched on some bald cliff, the puffin looks down with eager gaze at the sea beneath, and skilfully throws itself into the abyss. Here it dives and swims expertly. Its food consists of small fishes.—The study of ornithology is deeply interesting, and may be easily rendered a favorite one with the young, leading them on to other and all branches of natural history. The birds, attired in all their beauty, or in their humblest guise, unobtrusive in their humility, or assuming the proud bearing of conscious power, are plentifully scattered over the surface of the earth. The friendly swallow delights us with his notes at the very threshold; the partridge flies from the intruder in the forest-path; the coo of the pigeon salutes in the wood, and many a delightful song is heard in the grove. We meet with the feathered tribes among the busy haunts of men; and even on the dismal strand, where the fragments of wrecked ships are bleaching, and over which flow the waters that engulphed their crews, the sight of a penguin, or the scream of a curlew, may recall the mind to animated nature, and supply it with subjects of pleasure or animation. Favorites of man, as many of the feathered tribes have been, from the symmetry of their form, the exquisite softness, beauty, or splendor of their plumage, the thrilling melody of their songs, and the various economical purposes to which they are adapted, there is but little known by people generally respecting them. And yet there is not one among the myriads of birds, whether finding a domicil immediately around our dwellings, covering the branches of forest-trees, wading the morass—so treacherous and even fatal to man—scouring the sandy and arid desert, sporting on the billows of the ocean, or gaining their subsistence by diving in its water, but is worthy of careful attention in the light of all the intelligence that can now be obtained as the result of extensive and long continued observation. Among the characteristics of birds, the speed of their flight excites our special wonder. An eagle can go six hundred miles a day, continuing on the wing only ten hours. The story of the falcon of Henry II. is well known—which, pursuing a bustard at Fontainebleau, was taken the following day at Malta, and identified by the ring he bore. A falcon from the Canary Islands sent to the Duke of Lerma, returned from Andalusia to the isle of Teneriffe, in seventeen hours, which is a passage of 750 miles. It was stated by Sir Hans Sloane that, at Barbadoes, the sea-gulls proceed in flocks to a distance of more than two hundred miles, and return again in the same day. The knowledge which birds possess of all the meteoric changes which take place in the atmosphere, of winds, of seasons, and of bad weather, is also remarkable. "The kite," says the prophet Jeremiah, "knows his time in the sky." In short, the deeper we penetrate into the study of ornithology, the more surprising are the facts which it reveals. The opportunities for this study are also universal. Even to this city the winged visitants come in summer, and build in the few trees which are left here and there to remind us of nature in the midst of art. Many varieties of birds are visitors to Boston Common, and we have seen some rare specimens displaying their plumage and their notes among the elm-trees of that beautiful promenade, often made lively with their carollings. They are welcome callers.



THE TAILOR BIRD.



THE LOXIA BENGALENSES.



THE PUFFIN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROSA MYSTICA.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

When the waves of life are bitter,
And the billows rolling high—
When no stars above us glitter,
Sacre Marie—hear our cry.
By thy Son who reigns in glory—
By the saints who now adore thee—
By the bleeding hearts before thee,
Rosa Mystica—we cry!

When the things of time prove anguish,
And we'd lay us down to die—
When for spirit-food we languish,
Sacre Marie—hear our cry.
By thy Son who reigns in glory—
By the saints who now adore thee—
By the bleeding hearts before thee,
Rosa Mystica—we cry!

When the sands of life are failing,
And death's film o'erspreads the eye—
When our latest prayer is wailing,
Sacre Marie—hear our cry.
By thy Son who reigns in glory—
By the saints who now adore thee—
By the bleeding hearts before thee—
Rosa Mystica—we cry.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAWNBROKER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

Salem Street, Boston. It is usually associated in the minds of most persons with a certain class of the general community whose existences are principally occupied in disbursing from inexhaustible receptacles, large and small amounts of money to the special needs of humanity. Everybody laboring under pecuniary disadvantages holds its precincts in consideration and esteem. Everybody, when fortune once more smiles benignantly, turns up its nose at it in scorning and contempt; and Salem Street cares not for the esteem, nor heeds the scorn to the extent of a button.

Could its pavements speak, what unknown histories of sorrows, heart-aches and tears would issue forth from its long silent voice! What notings of the varied footsteps which have echoed and re-echoed over its surface; of the trembling, weary pace of toil's sad daughter; of the pattering step of poverty's barefoot offspring; what times the artizan has hopelessly trudged its pathway, and how its stones are worn with the frequent passing of the friendless widow over its inanimate surface. But Salem Street is silent as to all these.

Darker woes has Salem Street beheld. It has seen the miserable wretch who drags hither one by one his few last home-comforts to obtain the liquid fire that is to consume him, body and soul. His furtive, shambling gait is well known to it. It might point to where shabby gentility—the poverty that eats deep into the soul—had left its footstep's impress; or, perchance, to the self-same spot where the unnoticed tear of fallen virtue had chilled upon its granite face. But Salem Street speaks no word of these.

The decrepid foot of age—the springing step of youth, are alike familiar to it. Sin and sorrow, hand in hand, have wended their pathway over it. God pity those who are led often into the midst of its hard precincts!

Many years ago, within this street stood a low frame building, which, to an observer of an imaginative turn, would bear a close resemblance to a very dirty, little old man, scowling darkly upon inoffensive passers-by, and, in the depths of his malignity, wishing misery, and wretchedness, and discomfort to humanity in general. Or, as you looked again at the row of old-time attire which garnished its exterior, and swayed back and forth as the passing wind bent its breath upon it, you could conceive it a time-worn tree, whose shrivelled limbs, tossing feebly to and fro, lamented the remembrance of its departed pride and glory. Or, perchance, still once again, it became a deserted, fire-blackened vessel, the charred tatters of whose sails fluttered up and down, signals of distress for the sinking hulk beneath. Here dwelt old Martin Grant the money-lender.

Through the small windows, which seemed to have been smeared with the muddy deposit of the receding deluge, and to have been receiving additions of dust and grease and dirt ever since, the figure of the pawnbroker was dimly visible. He was there apparently at all times and seasons, engaged in attending to his unfortunate customers, or striving to peer forth into the street, or else painfully inscribing in a huge book, unknown characters—records, it was whispered, of transactions of immense extent, kept by the old man after a method of bookkeeping entirely original, and in his own opinion vastly superior to that known as the Italian.

To form an idea of his appearance, it was only necessary to glance at the building itself, from the outside, and the association between tenement and tenant was plainly perceptible. Even as the ancient garments hung flabby and loose upon the pegs without, so did his greasy, ill-fitting clothes hang suspended upon his pegs of limbs. As from the midst of its gloomy wares the weather-stained building frowned black and forbidding, so, also, did Martin Grant's ill-favored visage scowl heavily on the whole of animate creation. Take him altogether, the assertion that Martin Grant bore the aspect of a benevolent, placid and cheery old gentleman would be received as an intentional libel on his appearance by the most indifferent observer.

It was late in the afternoon of a rough winter's day. The wind and the sleet, and the rain and fog having entered the town after the fashion of other belligerent armies—by storm—now sent out scouting parties to give chase and overcome any who might yet remain shelterless. Within the abode of the pawnbroker the gathering darkness had entered, and to all appearance made itself at home for the night. Perched on his high stool he sat, with his lean arms folded, and his grisled chin resting thoughtfully upon his breast, while now and then he muttered indistinctly to himself:

"Twelve ones are twelve, and three—fifteen. A clear profit, therefore, of one hundred and fifty dollars. Not much, not much; but still not so bad—no, no."

He was interrupted in his calculations by a little clear voice proceeding from the room opening into the store, at the end of the long counter. Strange words to be chanted by so sweet a childish voice and in such a place as this.

"Peace on earth, good will towards men!" and though the one soft spot in Martin Grant's heart inclined tenderly towards that little voice, it was evident he was very much disturbed and put out in his mental arithmetic.

The voice was only heard at intervals, as though some occupation absorbed its owner's attention; and it came out musically in very lightness of a happy heart. It slowly warbled, "peace on earth," was silent for a second, then, "good will towards men!" lifted it up, up, in a burst of song half way to the sky, there to be carried by listening angels an offering of purity to the Great Purity himself who gave it utterance.

Martin Grant found it impossible to make any progress with his calculations. Addition twisted itself into subtraction, so that four and four became nothing; and when he would have multiplied, he began to divide in a manner that confounded him. And the darkness gathered round him heavier than ever. The door of the room, through the chinks of which a light was visible, now opened just enough to admit of a small head being thrust through the aperture, and the same voice he had heard before called out:

"I say, gran'pa, where are you? O, I see you, out there in the dark. I can just make you out. O, if you could only look in here and see how we've fixed up the room"—turning her curly head to some one within—"Mrs. Whirtle and I—eh, Mrs. Whirtle, if he *only* could!"

"If he *only* could," assented a fat voice.

"But you mustn't, you know," to the silent old man, "must he, Mrs. Whirtle?" to which that hidden personage responded, promptly:

"Certainly not."

"Because you know this is Christmas eve, and your birthday, too, gran'pa. Aint it funny that it should be Christmas eve and gran'pa's birthday too, Mrs. Whirtle?"

From the wheezing, difficult manner in which it replied, the fat voice had caught the infection of glee, and found it impossible for some moments to give utterance in answer to the child's question.

The opening of the outer door of the dark warehouse was the signal for the retreat of the flaxen head, and the mysterious preparations went on once more within.

Martin Grant descended and lit a dim, oil lamp, and placing it upon the counter, directed his attention to the person who had just entered—a wretched looking old man. The little energies still left him in his old days, were evidently weakened from battling with the wind and sleet without; and to judge from the lustre of his eyes beneath their white brows, weakened still more from the famine gnawing deep within. For a moment the two old men stood silently regarding one another.

"Well, you're here again?" said the money-lender, at length.

"I am—here again," faltered out the other.

"Did I not tell you to keep away from me—to pester me not with your importunities?"

"You did, Martin, you did," said the old man, with a trembling sob. "I could not help it—as Heaven judges me, I could not. Martin, it is Christmas eve; will not your heart soften to me on this night, of all others in the year?"

The pawnbroker began poring over his ledger on the desk, as though determined to be unaware of the other's presence. He added up a column of figures, one by one, and as he made up the total, murmured, "seven, and nine to carry," then began another column. The other watched him in silence, and with his tattered cuff wiped a tear from his furrowed cheek.

"Martin—*brother*—listen one moment. Do you remember that we are both of us sixty-five to-night?"

"Are we, really?" said the other, in a tone of placid surprise; "put down one and carry ten," inscribing again in the huge ledger.

"On this night, five and sixty years ago," continued the stranger, "we were ushered into this breathing world. Are you listening to me, Martin?"

"I am all attention," said Mr. Grant, politely, concluding with, "twenty-four—ought-seven."

"The remembrance affects you not. Is your heart adamant to *every* recollection, then?"

Hark! what was that? Once more from that interior room that little childish voice. Once more, in its sweet, pure accents, those golden words:

"Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

Even Martin Grant halted with his finger half way down a column of figures, to listen. The old man on the outside of the counter bent his head to drink in the sounds. His voice was very solemn as he again spoke:

"On this night, eighteen hundred years ago, voices like even unto that, proclaimed those self-same tidings." He reverently uncovered his white head. "'Peace on earth, good will towards men!' Martin, Martin, he not deaf to that solemn charge to humanity. You, as well as myself, have a grandchild; but you, unlike me, have bread and to spare to feed its hunger. I have two little ones dependent on me, and here, on this Christmas eve, I come to ask for them what I could not demand for myself alone. *Will* you send me empty-handed away?"

The pawnbroker looked up angrily from his book, and fixed his eyes upon his brother's face with a glance almost of fierceness.

"Why should you look to me for it? Why do you come here? You chose your path in life—I mine. You preferred to put confidence in knaves and fools, and thus to squander what would have kept you in your old age out of the reach of want. I, on the contrary, was careful—careful. When I lent money, I had more than ample security for it, and for the use of it I demanded good and sufficient interest. Why should I take from my own hard earnings to support you in your ease and idleness? And now you have had your answer once for all. Begone."

With a choking groan the old man obeyed, and as he reached the door he turned once more and regarded his brother. The dim light of the lamp fell upon the figure of the pawnbroker as he pointed in stern silence to the door. One more imploring look, and he went forth, out into the fierce wind and the driving sleet, out into the fog and hail and rain, out into the mud and darkness, the cold and the slimy streets, out from that unnatural brother's threshold!

"Now, gran'pa, *isn't* it magnificent?" And the little maiden, never relaxing her grasp upon his arm, though he had surrendered without a struggle and been dragged captive into the little back room, stood beside him and waved her little hand triumphantly round.

The walls were decorated with evergreen and holly. Flowers made from various colored papers, by her own ingenious little fingers, bloomed in every direction. Little candles of green, yellow, blue and red wax, twinkled on the window frames, and shed their tiny light from the elevation of the mantel-piece. A merry fire glowed in the grate, and the savor of various tempting viands arose from the white-covered table on which was spread the offering to be sacrificed to the deity of appetite.

Mrs. Whirtle, the proprietor of the fat voice aforementioned, and the possessor of a goodly person to match, stood in the act of uncovering a pair of delicate chickens. Mrs. Whirtle, be it known, was the tenant of the chambers unoccupied by Martin Grant, and it was to her valuable aid that Miriam Grant had been forced to have recourse in the preparations for the surprise of her grandfather on his birthnight.

"No, but isn't it, though? Isn't it more like a fairy's bower than anything else? And you're the fairy, gran'pa, that the bower has been decked out for." And the child laughed and clapped her hands and danced about the room in the extremity of her glee.

To Mrs. Whirtle her laughter was always attended with infection; and immediate symptoms of an alarming nature invariably followed. The allusion to the fairy business was the signal for decided apoplectic appearances on that lady's part. If Martin Grant, she thought, bore any resemblance to such mythological personages, it must have been to those of a most malignant and evil-minded disposition. Mrs. Whirtle finally coughed it off with difficulty, and they sat down to the table, the old man as before being dragged thither as it might have been to the stake, and immolated on a chair in the twinkling of an eye.

"And now what do you think of all this?" asked his grandchild, as soon as she had seen him secured to the board and had taken her own seat opposite him.

"It must have cost—"

"O, never mind the cost."

She jumped from her seat and took from the mantel a tin money-box, fashioned into the semblance of a small but convenient country habitation, down the chimney of which she was in the habit of pouring any small moneys that her grandfather, at rare intervals, might bestow upon her. She shook the miniature dwelling-place to its very foundations, and expressed by the gesture that it was wholly tenantless.

"That's the way part of the treat was got. Mrs. Whirtle's son sent the other goodies home to her, and so she thought she would have her supper here with us, as he wont be home in time from the store."

The pawnbroker shook his head as though he had still some qualms of conscience as to this unheard-of extravagance, but said no more. And so they all fell to with an appetite.

"When Mrs. Whirtle's son comes home he's promised to bring *something* with him—we wont tell him what it is though, will we, Mrs. Whirtle?—and then maybe you'll find another treat in store for you. Mrs. Whirtle's son promised this morning, didn't he, Mrs. Whirtle?"

That lady paused, with her good-natured mouth full, and replied in the affirmative, adding:

"Lord bless you, sir, she's been a havin' of this here upon her mind for this week past;" and something very like a good round tear dropped into her upraised tea-cup, and was immediately swallowed with the refreshing draught. "She's the sweetest critter."

This was said in evident confidence to the empty china as she replaced it in her saucer.

"And now, gran'pa, while you're shutting up the store," said Miriam, after they had finished, "we'll clear away and get ready for you to sit down to your pipe."

Martin Grant, with the load half remaining still on his mind as to the guilty excess to which he had been partner, went into the warehouse to follow out the child's bidding. As he stepped forth into the gloom, a faint rattling at the outer door met his ear. He went to it, and opening it, at first could see nothing. Looking down, a little shivering figure met his view. Conceiving it at once to be the messenger of some wretched parent's wants, all things pertaining to the little back room became forgotten, and

after closing the street door, he went behind the counter and became adamant once more, with a shrewd eye as usual to business. He leaned over, holding out his hand to receive the article he supposed she had brought for his examination. The wretched little object stood wistfully regarding him, but gave no indication of having anything she wished to pawn. In surprise, he asked:

"Well, what is it, child?"

A timid, low voice, replied:

"If you please, sir, I did not bring anything to pawn. We have got nothing left, now."

"You did not bring anything in my way—what do you want of me, then?"

"O, sir!" and she now burst into a passion of tears, "I have been sent by poor old grandfather to tell you—to tell you—that I am Nelly Grant!"

"What, *his* daughter's child—John Grant's daughter?"

"O, yes, sir," sobbing.

Martin Grant's countenance became suddenly clouded.

"I am not come to beg, sir. He did not bid me speak a word about our poverty, nor in his name to ask assistance from you. But when he got home, he called me to him, and said: 'Nelly, my only hope is now in you;' and he parted my hair softly, and looked earnestly in my face. 'Go *you* to him, and let your childhood plead. Tell him who you are; and if his heart be untouched by those soft eyes and by that gentle lisping—if innocence, childish innocence, do not speak home to him in his inmost soul, if all *this* be useless to touch his stern and unrelenting nature, then—then God help him and forgive him in his hour of fearful need!'"

And the little creature sobbed as she finished. In the gloom that reigned at the back of the warehouse, the sob seemed echoed by another. Martin Grant started, and looked in its direction. But the door was closed, and the clatter of clearing away was going on within, so that of course it was his fancy. Martin Grant turned towards the trembling child:

"Does he then mean to besiege me in my own house? Am I always to submit to this annoyance? He would do well to cease it, for I may at length be driven to demand assistance of those whose duty it is to rid the community of all such beggars and impostors!"

A demon at the moment certainly held Martin Grant within his thrall, or he could not thus have spoken in the hearing of that appealing child. It possessed him so powerfully and completely that he walked hastily round from behind the counter, as if he would—O, human nature!—have thrust that tearful, pale and shivering form forth into the street. But lo! an angel stood between, and face to face confronted the foul spirit of ill.

"Gran'pa!"

The demon recoiled.

"Miriam, *you* here?"

"Gran'pa!"

Only the one word, but O! the terrible significance of that one word!

"Unloose your arms from that creature, and retire at once into the room!"

"Gran'pa!"

Only the *one* word.

"Will you do my bidding?"

The demon once again held rampant sway.

"Then begone from my threshold! Begone from beneath the roof which has too long sheltered an ingrate. Before my face to side with such as these, and bite the hand that cherishes! Monstrous ingratitude! But I'll not submit to it another moment. Either unloose that child, and retire as I have bidden you, or else forever quit my house."

With a flashing eye and a quivering lip; with a heart swelling nigh to bursting; with one arm twined closely around the little outcast's neck; with a steady and unfaltering footstep; with but one word uttered, the child was gone.

"Gran'pa!"

O, Martin Grant, God in mercy help you in your hour of fearful need!

The pawnbroker sat alone in the back room. The store was closed and locked. Save the embers of the dying fire, there remained no light in the room; and save the howling of the wind in its passage over the chimney-tops and the loud ticking of the old clock in the corner, no sound to break the dead stillness that reigned around. A stillness that might be *felt*. A quiet that lay on him as he sat bending over the fire, with a heavy, smothering, choking weight, and one which could not be shaken off by the volition of his will. Loud and sonorous was heard the ticking in the corner, and as it beat back and forth, the pendulum became a living tongue, and shouted mockingly in his ear. And the never-ceasing burthen rang clear and sharp in the solemn silence: "Peace on earth, good will towards men!" Never stopping for a moment, never halting to take breath: "Peace on earth, good will towards men!" Louder still, seeming almost to be shrieking it in his terrified ear: "Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

He arose and stopped the clock. Then again seated himself, and bent once more over the decaying fire. And the wind came howling mournfully down the chimney. And this, also was gifted with speech, and whispered forth for him alone of all the dwellers in the great city around him: "Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

The bells without chimed the hour of midnight. Again the same old words were uttered slowly by the bells. They said them over and over again, as their echoes died away in the distance. Then all the chimes of all the churches, far and near, awoke and gleefully proclaimed the birth of Christmas day. And they, too, said those self-same words over and over again. He put his hands over his ears that these sounds might be shut out from him, and as he did so he felt a chill pass through his body, as though a breath of air from the depths of a death-vault had suddenly swept past him. He looked up with a shiver. Close to his elbow a nameless, shapeless *something* stood silently regarding him; and as he looked spell-bound upon it, it gradually took the semblance of a form that he full well had known.

"I am thy first remembrance," said the phantom. "I am the recollection of thy nearest earthly tie. I am the shadow of thy mother! I can but stay upon this Christmas morning, ere yet the echoes of the midnight bells are lingering in the air, to whisper forth a warning. Obey the words heard in the ticking of the clock, in the mourning of the wind, and in the voice of the bells!"

And the phantom, with its finger lifted upwards, dissolved and disappeared. Another took its place. He knew this face, too. The form had been present with him on his life-pilgrimage for many, many years.

"I am thy second remembrance. I was the partner of thy sorrows and thy joys, and thou didst greet me with the title of thy wife. Heed well my warning: Obey the words heard in the ticking of the clock, in the mourning of the wind, and in the voice of the bells!" And the phantom was gone.

Another; O, did he not know this one! He stretched out his trembling arms towards the phantom of his daughter! The shadow drew back from his touch.

"Thy third remembrance! Thy last warning! Obey the words heard in the ticking of the clock, in the mourning of the wind, and in the voice of the bells!" And the phantom grew misty and indistinct before him as he held out his hands imploringly towards it.

"My child, thou wilt not leave me yet? Only remembrance of my better nature, tarry yet awhile!"

"The echoes of the midnight bells are silent and dead. I may not stay. Remember!" and the phantom grew still more indistinct.

"Remember!" The voice came seemingly from the far-off distance. The figure was a mere airy wreath. "Remember!" The sound came lingeringly towards him, and darkness fell upon him and upon the fireless room wherein he sat.

There was a terrible bustle, and running up and down stairs, and opening and shutting of doors, and shouts of gleeful, childish laughter in the old house of Martin Grant, the pawnbroker of Salem Street. There was a little witch skipping backward and forward in every direction. Her flaxen head peered in upon stout Mrs. Whirtle, who, with her face in a full glow, superintended the basting of a huge turkey in the kitchen. Before the small apparition could be challenged, it was off in a twinkling, and had dashed pell-mell into the little back room behind the warehouse, embraced two old men, a little girl of about her own age, a lame boy and an old dog with a shaggy coat, and was gone again before any of them could recover from their surprise. Mrs. Whirtle's son Joe, carrying a bucket of water in from the pump, was within an ace of being overset, bucket and all, by the spirit, and was embarrassed still more by its springing suddenly into his stalwart arms, and insisting upon being borne along with the bucket all the way down the kitchen stairs. And Mrs. Whirtle's son Joe carried her as if she had been a feather. And the witch at last becoming more composed, drew up a stool to the feet of one of the old men in the little back room, and looking archly up into his face, said:

"Gran'pa, you'll never turn me out of the house again?"

Whereupon this old man, without giving the least indication of such behaviour, began to sob and to grasp the hand of the other old man seated at his side, and to shake it warmly, and this made the other old man begin to sob; and the little girl seated so quietly at the fireside sobbed too, and so did the little lame boy, and even the shaggy old dog seemed to be struggling with a determination of not giving way to his feelings, when the door was thrown wide open, and Mrs. Whirtle bore down upon them under a full press of canvass, and heavily laden with the turkey. Mrs. Whirtle's son Joe followed with a huge sirloin of beef. Both being relieved of their burthens, disappeared again, only to re-appear with an endless array of other dishes, bearing an endless variety of everything eatable under the sun. Last of all came a Christmas plum-pudding, rivalling the largest-sized school atlas in its gigantic circumference.

And perhaps they didn't eat! Perhaps anybody was forgotten! Perhaps even the shaggy old dog, who had his meal served up on the hearthstone at one and the same moment with the rest of the family, didn't feel a somewhat uncomfortable sensation after dinner in the vicinity of his shaggy waistcoat. Perhaps Joe didn't almost stifle them with laughter by telling them at the third helping to plum-pudding, that he really felt his appetite going—was afraid he was going to be ill—with other like pleasantries. Perhaps they didn't all laugh and eat and drink till they were all as red in the face as so many turkey-cocks—especially Mrs. Whirtle.

And when the cloth was cleared away, and two bottles, with glasses for everybody, were placed upon the table, didn't the glee become more overpowering than ever? Didn't they all laugh till the tears rolled down their cheeks—especially Mrs. Whirtle's? And wasn't everybody's health drunk over and over again, and everybody toasted until they might have been expected to gradually become of the consistency of a cinder from continued toasting—especially Mrs. Whirtle? And didn't grandfather Martin Grant make a speech, and speak in the most eulogistic terms of everything and everybody in general—especially Mrs. Whirtle? And finally didn't grandfather John Grant rise, and with a trembling voice and a tear in his eye, in the face of all present, relate how a certain person had followed two other certain persons into a miserable place, where on the bare floor an old man and a lame boy, together with a shaggy dog, lay extended almost perishing of want. And how, when she brought them every one of them back to her own home with the intention of taking them up into her own part of the house, how they were met by another person, who, with the tears streaming down his cheeks would then upon his knees before them and asked them for forgiveness. And then grandfather John Grant seized Mrs. Whirtle's fat hand and shook it hard in his own, and the inference to be drawn from all this was that he could be speaking of none others than himself, his brother, their grandchildren, and Mrs. Whirtle—especially Mrs. Whirtle.

The disappearance of the witch Miriam and Mrs. Whirtle's son Joe gave rise to some speculation. They speedily re-appeared, bearing between them—of course Joe let her carry the heaviest share—something covered with a green cloth and shaped like a picture. The cloth was removed, and it stood revealed a beautifully worked legend in colored silks, and surmounted by a handsome gilt frame; and as his eye read on, something for a moment blurred the sight of old Martin Grant

"'Peace on Earth, Good-Will towards Men!'

Miriam's offering to her grandfather on the anniversary of his birth, and on the eve of Christmas Day."

Not to make any further mystery of it, this had been worked by Miriam Grant's own fingers at school; the frame had been purchased with her own little savings, collected for a long time past in the convenient country habitation which stood upon the mantelpiece, and the whole thing arranged with the joint contrivance of Mrs. Whirtle and Mrs. Whirtle's son Joe, for the special intent of giving an overwhelming surprise to that unconscious victim, Martin Grant, in the handiwork of his grandchild. And as the pawnbroker lay his head upon the pillow that night, he made a resolution from thenceforth to try his best to follow out those words which would be ever present to him till his dying day. And they shaped themselves into the form of holy prayer, and went up from his softened heart in solemn accents: "Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

HOW MURAT DIED.

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced, of his own accord, toward the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit him to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive his death of a part of its horror. Murat, in stepping over the threshold of the chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and, looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile, said, "My friends, do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble; do not strike me in the face; aim at my heart—here it is." As he spoke thus, he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained, in one focus of love, the image of his wife and four children, as if he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last look. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death-blow in the contemplation of all he loved on earth. His body, pierced at so short a distance with twelve balls, fell, with his arms open and his face towards the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom he once possessed, and which he had come to re-conquer for his tomb. They threw his cloak upon his body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pizzi. —*De Berrien.*

THE OSTRICH.

The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times, also, at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic foot (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill, many beasts of prey, such as the hyena, the panther, the wild dog, the jackall, and others. The ostrich is exceeding swift of foot, under ordinary circumstances outrunning a fleet horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous—perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that, even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and buds of various shrubs and other plants; but it is difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all; for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.—*Anderson's Africa.*

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FALLS NEAR OTTAWA CITY, CANADA WEST.

CANADIAN SCENES.

We present, on this and the following page, a series of landscape views in Canada, drawn expressly for us, by Mr. Kummer, a German artist, and admirably engraved by John Andrew. We invite particular attention to this set, as they were got up at great cost, and unite in a felicitous manner fidelity, effect and exquisite finish. Of the first quality our Canadian friends will be the best judges; the second commends itself to every eye, and of the third cultivated connoisseurs will pronounce a favorable judgment. The landscapes themselves are very striking, that of the first being little inferior to Niagara. The falls here represented are but a short distance from Ottawa City, late Bytown, Canada West—a place fast rising in importance. The Ottawa River here pours over huge rocks, as delineated in the first engraving, into a basin, forming a cascade more than 80 feet in height. The rocks over which the vast volume of water roars and tumbles, are massive and peculiar in form, presenting such outlines as the eye of the artist loves to dwell upon. The surrounding scenery is of a nature to enhance the effects of the falls—jagged rocks, points clothed with verdure, and a thousand undulations and inequalities of surface. The Ottawa is a river of great importance. It divides Upper from Lower Canada, and enters the Lake of the Monntains, formed by the St. Lawrence, about forty miles west of Montreal, after a total course of at least eight hundred miles. It traverses Lake Temiscaminy, Grand Lake, several other small lakes, and is connected with Lake Ontario by the Rideau canal. In its course through the table land, the banks are generally high, but below the Chandiere, they are much less elevated and often inundated. An immense qnantity of timber is cut on its banks, and on those of its tributaries. The Falls of the Chandiere, delineated in the next engraving of the scenes, are yet wilder in character and perhaps more picturesque. They are abont four miles westward from Quebec. The river Chandiere rushes over lofty rocks and plunges headlong with a terrific roar into a deep and narrow basin. The rocks that shoulder and compress this river on either side and form the bases on which it dashes itself in fury, are singularly bold. Our artist has enlivened the romantic scene by introdncing a group of Canadians, camping under a ledge, with a cheerful fire, while an adventurons fisherman is purveying for the little party. This cataract is one of the most picturesque to be found in Canada, as well as the highest, the latest measurement making its total altitude 272 feet. We hope the next season will find many of our tourists and artists wending their way to this spot. The pencil of Champney or Casilear would find glorions material in this locality. The Chandiere is a river of Canada East, and joins the St. Lawrence about seven miles above Quebec, after a N. N. W. course of ninety miles. The river is not navigable.—The next engraving delineates Murray Bay, on the St. Lawrence River, a very picturesque spot. The town in the distance is inhabited by fishermen, and a number of their peculiar fishing-boats are shown in the foreground. The bay itself is chiefly noted for its liveliness—bnt the adjacent mountains give the whole picture a character of grandeur. Cape Trinity, on the Saguenay River, depicted in our last engraving, is a striking scene from the bold and romantic character of its rocky formation. There are no settlements in this part of the country, owing to the sterility of the soil. In the foregrounnd, our artist has sketched a picnic party who have landed to have a good time. The Saguenay River is one of the principal tributaries of the St. Lawrence, the estuary of which it enters 120 miles from Quebec, and into which it brings the surplus waters of Lake St. John. Its whole course is 100 miles in length. It is noted, even among American rivers, for its wild and picturesque scenery. It flows between precipitous heights, and its course is varied by nnmerous falls and cascades. In its wider part it varies from two to three miles across, but in the lower part it becomes quite narrow and deep. Vessels ascend it for more than sixty miles. Canada affords an infinity of views for the artist and lover of nature. The physical features of Canada East are particularly varied and striking—vast forests, bold mountains, broad lakes, rushing rivers and cataracts, fertile plains and smiling villages attract the eye in every direction. It is a region of romance.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY.

The banks of Newfoundland may be regarded as one of the wonders of the world; in fact, they are *carses*, or vast allnvial tracts on the breast of the ocean, which allow man to reap without the trouble of sowing; and most amazing are the finny harvests they yield. The fish canght on these banks finds its way to the most distant parts of the earth—thanks to the valuable condiment salt, and the humane policy that rendered it almost as cheap as water, and applicable even as seasoning in the food of cattle. In the year 1830, nearly a million qnintals of dried codfish were exported from Newfoundland, and in 1833, about half the number of casks were filled with seal skins. In addition to these articles, there were considerable exports of cod and seal oil, staves, salted salmon, herrings, mackerel, tongues, sounds and caplins, the last a fish so multitudinous that it actually colors the waters when it arrives on the coast. The annual valne of the Newfoundland trade may be estimated in round numbers at £2,000,000 sterling. Bnt this is merely the British portion of the traffic, for the French and Americans also cure to an immense extent, and have not been backward in profiting by the advantages so impolitically granted to them in 1814. During the night, the former fish inshore, contrary to the rules of honor and good faith, while the latter do much injury by throwing the offal of all the fish they take back into the sea from whence it came. The Newfonndland cod is the finest in the world. The head is smaller and the fish firmer than the species that frequent our own shores, not excepting the rock-kind, and when eaten in the fresh state nothing can be more delicate—*Dumfries Courier*.



FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE, NEAR QUEBEC, CANADA EAST.



MURRAY BAY, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE VALLEYS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

Imbosomed amid this mighty range are thousands of valleys, some already partially occupied by settlers, but most of them still vacant; while many, no doubt, have never yet been discovered by the white man; yet year by year they are becoming more known, and it will be but a short time till the prospecting miner, in his searching after gold, will have explored every dark ravine that ploughs these mountainous regions, and ascertained its value for agricultural, grazing, and mining purposes. Already have great numbers been discovered in localities where there was not even a suspicion of their existence. They vary in extent from a few acres up to many hundred, and are mostly covered with a luxurious growth of indigenous grasses and clover. During the drouth of summer, it is becoming the practice of the herdsmen on the plains to drive their cattle to the mountain retreats, where the climate is cool, the water and grass abundant, and to remain there until the snows begin to fall, when they return to the country of the great valleys below. In this manner the stock are kept on green feed for a good portion of the year. These upper valleys have nearly all either streams or lakes of pure water, with plenty of fine timber, which, with their variety of game and advantages of climate, are drawing many fond of adventure and hunter life to locate in their bosoms. Fruit trees have been planted, and invariably do well. All kinds of vegetables thrive with but little care. Owing to the rank growth of grass, great facilities for making hay are afforded, a commodity for which there is always a good market at the mines, further down among the hills. An ice trade is also growing, which promises to be lucrative. Such are some of the products of this new, and until recently, unknown portion of our State. Here we have a wild and romantic country, like a Switzerland of mountains and valleys, which will anon for quiet homes and sheepfolds, with orchards and vineyards, one of the most bountoous realms in the world.—*Placerville (Cal.) American.*

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.

The engineer, he who guides the train by guiding the iron horse, and almost holds the lives of passengers in his hands—his is a life of danger and pleasure. In a little seven-by-nine apartment, with square holes on each side for windows, open behind, and with machinery to look through ahead, you find him; he is the "Pathfinder"—he leads the way in all times of danger, checks the iron horse, or causes it to speed ahead with the velocity of the wind, at will. Have you ever stood by the track, of a dark night, and watched the coming and passing of a train? Away off in the darkness you discover a light, and you hear a noise, and the earth trembles beneath your feet. The light comes nearer—you can compare it to nothing but the demon himself, with its terrible whistle—the sparks you imagine come from Beelzebub's nostrils, the fire underneath, that shines close to the ground, causing you to believe the demon walks on live coals. It comes to you—you back away and shudder—you look up, and almost on the demon's back rides the engineer—perhaps the "machine" shrieks, and you imagine the engineer is applying spurs to the demon's sides. A daring fellow, that engineer—you can't help saying so, and you wonder wherein lies the pleasure of being an engineer. But so he does, day after day, night after night. Moonlight evenings he sweeps over the country—through cities and villages—through fairy scenes in forest and clearings—he looks through the square holes at his side, and enjoys the moonlight, but he cannot stop to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Cold, rainy, muddy, dark nights, it is the same; perhaps the tracks are undermined, or overflown with water; perhaps scoundrels have placed obstruction in the way, or trees been overturned across the track, and in either case it is almost instant death to him, at least—but he stops not. Right on, is the word with him, and on he goes regardless of danger, weather and everything, save the well-doing of his duty in an intrepid and fearless manner.—*Schenectady Star.*

ADVENTURES OF AN ALCHEMIST.

Bragadino, whose real name was Mamogna, was born in the island of Cyprus. He pretended that he was the son of Marco Bragadino, governor of Venice, killed by the Turks in 1551. After a voyage to the East, where he became initiated into the secrets of the alchemists, he went to Italy in 1578, under the title of Count Mamugnaro, and there became very famous, making public exhibitions of his power of transmuting metals, which power he gave out as the origin his own wealth,—the fact being that he derived his money from dupes, to whom he sold his secret at a high price. For no one seems to have been surprised at the fact that all these gold-makers demanded large sums of money for their secret, when it would have been so easy for them to keep their secret, and make all the gold they desired; and the Emperor Ferdinand promised many thousand thalers to one whom he employed to discover the philosopher's stone, never reflecting that, if found, the stone would render such a promise needless. So Bragadino sold his secret. If the purchasers did not succeed, it was because they had not properly followed his instructions. He succeeded—as witness his public exhibitions. Did he not, in the palace of Caterena, astonish the assembly by changing mercury into gold? His secret was simply to employ an amalgam of mercury and gold. Nevertheless, the Doge of Venice purchased his secret at an enormous sum, and Bragadino quitted Venice after his cheat was discovered. In 1588 he travelled over Germany, under the name of Count de Bragadino. He declared that he had Satan himself as his slave—an assertion well calculated to inspire respect in Germany, where the presence of two large black dogs, ferocious and satanic in aspect, always by his side when he was performing his mysteries, was undeniable evidence of his having demons for slaves. After astonishing Vienna, he went to Munich, and in 1590 was summoned to exhibit his skill before the court. Unhappily for him, his cheat was detected, and he was hanged.—*Records of the Past.*



CAPE TRINITY, ON THE SAGUENAY RIVER, CANADA EAST.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

YOUNG NORA.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

Young Nora sat gazing alone on the sea,
Far over the waves from her cot on the shore;
Her thoughts winged away to the "land of the free,"
And she wept as she sighed, "O, my Dermot asthore!
Think you now of poor Nora in sorrow and pain,
As she waits for thy coming, but watches in vain,
Though the winds are homeward blowing!"

"This hapless day three years, my heart nearly broke,
I stood here and saw you sail off to the west;
Your blessings at parting, the fond words you spoke,
Were light to my soul and a balm to my breast.
For your coming I pray, love, through all the long day,
When my labor is over each eve watch and pray,
While the winds are freshly blowing."

A voice softly answered, "My darling, I'm here
To cheer thee, to bless thee, to guard and to love."
He clasped to his true heart his Nora so dear—
The moon sweetly glanced from the cloud-land above.
"Heaven smiles on our meeting!" she said, with a sigh;
As his lips pressed the maiden's none heard his reply,
For the young night winds were blowing.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE AND THE BOTTLE:

—OR,—

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Do not think, because a bottle figures in one of the titles of my story, that I am going to relate a temperance tale, or panegyrize a pump. I shall attempt nothing of the sort. It is of the spirit of *women*, rather than of *wine*, that I am about to speak—and I can assure you that the former is many more degrees "above proof," than the latter.

"Years and years ago, when I was in my teens, it so happened that I lost my heart to a youth who afterwards became your father. I was then, as my looking-glass very often informed me, a pretty young creature—with no knowledge of the world—and a firm believer in the pleasant fiction that love, a cottage and a crust, were amply sufficient for happiness in this life. As to that same love's flying out of the window when poverty came in at the door, and such like unpleasant proverbs, I ignored them entirely; nor would I for one moment suppose that after marriage, I should not still have my own way, just as I had in the delicious days of courtship, when, if I half breathed a wish for even an impossible thing, poor Fred would attempt to procure it, though, like the famous chevalier we read of, who gave a name to the flower now called the forget-me-not—he perished in the undertaking.

"But I soon found out, my dear," (it was my mother who thus spoke to me, just before my marriage), "that fine mornings do not always turn out glorious days. Fred and I got along very smoothly at first, and I really believe that for a whole month, I was the most despotical little wife that ever ruled her husband! Ah, how charmingly our first weeks of matrimonial life passed away! To me, courtship, on looking back to it, seemed only the chrysalis state, out of which I emerged, one happy evening about eight o'clock, in my mother's parlor, a brilliant butterfly, henceforward only to roam from flower to flower—meaning from room to room of my charming new dwelling—and kissing all things that were pretty and sweet; and what could be prettier or sweeter than Fred, the dear fellow himself? At least so *I* thought—but found rather too soon that my husband was of the same opinion; for before a year had passed, I discovered that in Fred's eyes I was no longer a deity, and that instead of having a will of my own, as I once had, five words which may be found in the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis, especially, and by no means agreeably, applied to myself—"He shall rule over thee"—and rule he did, without any regulations whatever, except the impulses of his own, as *he* used to call it, manly will.

"I could not, in those days of young wifehood, but acknowledge his sovereignty; nevertheless, I must confess I did not half like the sudden change from ruling to *being* ruled; but I bore on, and wept on, too, sometimes, when alone—for I always kept my sorrows to myself—and in time it came to be a strange luxury—the only enjoyment my poor, fond, fluttering little heart ever indulged in. But the worst of it was, that Fred, though he could not share in it, became jealous of my sweet sorrow—a grief that I had kept from him, who had no other trouble unparticipated in. I thought it strange that *he* had cares, too, which he did not like I should even suspect. At first I tried when he came home late of evenings to soothe him into confidence, but repeated failures at length discouraged me, and in course of time, my dear Chylena, when you were all in all to me in my loneliness, I ceased to receive the domestic kiss of delight as he bounded into the room, though alas, alas! my poor yearning heart never ceased to miss it.

"And yet, Fred was not what the world would call an unkind husband. He was careless, impulsive, too easily persuaded; had, in short, no will of his own. With fatal facility he said 'yes,'—an easy amiability of disposition too often prevented him from the decisive 'no.' That was where *he* split; and my dear child, as you are yourself about to take, for better or for worse, one who I know you love dearly, I think it is my duty to warn you against the rock on which *I* split. Heaven is not only my witness that I would not have you think unkindly of your dear, dead, vacillating father (and want of purpose was almost his only failing), but it is my justification also, in giving you a word in season. Had I influenced him, as I now see I might, and should have done, you would not have been, perhaps, a portionless bride."

"Never mind, dear mother," I said, soothingly, "Harry *has* a will of his own, or I am much mistaken, for I refused him twenty times, but—"

"You also must be *decided*," she observed, with a quiet smile; "I by no means wish that you should foolishly try to rule your own spirit and that of your husband also. What I desire is that you may, by foresight, gentleness and tact, acquire that influence over him which any good and true man would be only too happy to recognize. But as an example is worth a great deal in this matter of foresight in a wife, suppose I tell you a story."

So I pricked up my ears for the tale, for I was then (and indeed am now) just as fond of fanciful histories as I used to be in the days when "Jack the Giant Killer," "Little Red Riding Hood," and the "Children of the Wood," were more reliable histories than many a more ambitious account of the sayings and doings of "kings and queens unstable" are to me now.

"The story! the story!" and I clapped my hands with glee.

"Once upon a time," continued my mother—

"That's the dear old way," I cried out, interruptingly. "*All* the old child-stories began so! Dear—*dear* 'Once upon a time!'"

The very phrase made me a child again, for almost unconsciously I drew a cushion close to my mother's feet, and sat upon it, with my hands on her lap and my eyes upturned to that dear, loving face of hers, which at the moment appeared more beautiful than ever to me. She checked my eagerness with a tap of the knitting-needle upon my knuckles, and proceeded:

"Once upon a time, there was, in the neighborhood of an old German city, a famous well, to which belonged a curious legend. The way to it led through the deep, tangled woods which then skirted all the banks of the lower Rhine. This well was so picturesque and beautiful that the fairies might have—and it is said *did*—use it at once for a looking-glass and a bath; a very convenient arrangement, when it is remembered that diamonds, already strung in the shape of dew-drops threaded on blades of emerald grass—pearls arranged lily-of-the-valley fashion, and sapphires, and rubies, in the guise of blue-bells and wild roses—besides countless other floral gems, were always at hand, to twine into garlands and arrange in airy tresses. Many and many a love-troth used to be plighted beside this crystal well, which seemed to young, fond hearts emblematic of affection in its purity and perpetual flow—but alas! though few young couples suspected as much—resembling its delicate sensitiveness, also, in the surface, which a thing so light as a falling rose-leaf would disturb."

"But the legend—the legend, dearest mama."

"I am not forgetting it, child—" (how impressively that word "child" sounded to me then, just as I was about to become a wife!) "you shall hear it in a moment—" and here my mother took from the drawer of her work-table a miniature which I knew to be that of my father in his early days, kissed it, and, with a sigh, returned it to its accustomed place.

"The story attached to the well was this:—Saint Keyne, from whom it derived its name, was a lady of rare virtues, who had early retired from the world in consequence of having married unhappily. The nunnery in which she half-buried herself, was in the vicinity of this spring, and often as she sat by its brink, watching the water bubbling from unseen depths, her thoughts wandered from them to scenes which had been the very paradise of her young heart. She, it seems, had been a victim to wifely submission—for the bold baron, her husband, knowing that she feared to assert her own dignity, had so perseveringly ridden the high horse, as, in the long run, to crush her spirit, break her heart, and drive her into a cloister.

"Well, the poor unfortunate lady used, as I said, to repair to the well, where she bewailed her sorrow, and at length became convinced that had she, in the beginning of her wedded life, declared her own rights, the bold baron would never have dared to deprive her of them. But it was too late now to find a remedy for the misfortune in her own case, so that she took to considering how she might prevent a similar affliction befalling other poor trusting maidens in future.

"One evening while pondering the matter, she observed an unusually large bubble on the surface of the water. Bigger and bigger it grew, its sphere gleaming like a huge opal. Presently it burst, and from it emerged a fairy of exquisite form, and a face on which was a smile that would have fascinated the extremest anchorite, if he had been there to see it.

"'O,' quoth the fairy, 'I have heard your complainings so often, that I feel constrained, if possible, to alleviate your woes; now I will grant you any boon you request, if made before I can count seven.'

"'One,' said the fairy. St. Keyne was so surprised that she could not utter a word.

"'Two!' St. Keyne rubbed her eyes as if doubting whether she had not fallen asleep and was dreaming.

"'Three—four—five—six—' and there was a pause.

"St. Keyne, as if by a sudden impulse, screamed out, in tones rather too shrill for such a holy woman:

"'I desire that either the man or wife who drinks first of the water of this well immediately after being joined in wedlock, shall have his or her own way ever after.'

"'Seven!' said the fairy; 'your wish is granted,' and St. Keyne saw an opaline bubble once more receive the fairy, and sink slowly into the depths of the translucent well. * * * *

"You may be sure that as soon the wonderful virtues of a first post-nuptial draught from the well of St. Keyne came to be sounded abroad, it became a place of great resort for both husband and wife, as soon as possible after the marriage vows had been pronounced. In some cases the husband would forget to pay the priest his fee, in his haste to reach the miraculous fountain; and as of course, the man had a much better chance of first receiving the despotism-bestowing-draught, in but very few instances was a bride benefited thereby. In fact, a more domineering set of Benedicts had never before been known in that neighborhood than existed for many scores of years after poor St. Keyne had been laid in that place where husbands ceased from troubling, and their poor unfortunate wives rested for the first time since they plunged into the perilous sea of matrimony.

"But all tyrannies sooner or later have their downfall. Martin Luther humbled the Pope, and Oliver Cromwell beheaded Charles the First. Poor St. Keyne, when she uttered the wish so hastily, thought perhaps in her simplicity, dear good soul! that the wife would manage by hook or by crook to get to the well and take the first draught; but she did not reckon on the fact that in such a case, as well as in many others, might of muscle would make right of rule! She was, however, not altogether wrong, for a conjugal Charlotte Corday arose, and when, almost as in the case of Marat, her victim the least suspected it, she smote him, not with a dagger, but with a bottle, and inflicted a blow from which during his whole married life he never recovered. She did it in the way and manner following.

"Merrily rang the bells of the little chapel of St. Medard, one fine morning in May, in the year of grace 173—, as a gay procession wound its way through olive grove and vineyard, towards its altar. Peter Swolbach was leading thereto his lovely bride, Pipette, who, surrounded by gay and laughing girls, looked as though she had not a wish in the world ungratified. Flags streamed, flutes sounded, drums beat, and merry peals of laughter gladdened the air, and all the old folks of the village predicted for Peter and Pipette a blithe wedding and a merry honeymoon.

"But although Master Peter appeared so gay and unconcerned, he was in truth extremely anxious—for he was, as too many of his sex are, fond of being in authority—and as he drew near the chapel, he bethought him of the best mode of slinking away to the well of St. Keyne without being observed, and take the draught there which would make him the perpetual master of the charming little creature who tripped beside him, looking as sweetly submissive as though St. Keyne had never lived, or her well possessed the least power in the world over the fortune of married folk, as had been foolishly asserted.

"The priest soon made the young couple one—and while the elder wedding guests were kissing Pipette, and wishing her all sorts of happiness, and inviting themselves to the first christening, and the young ones were envying her her happy lot—Peter, her husband, was missed.

"'Where *could* he be?' was the question from a dozen lips; but a sly smile on Pipette's rosy face betokened anything but anxiety.

"'Perhaps he has retired with the holy Father Anselmo, to implore a blessing on our union,' she remarked, after she had herself retreated to the sacristy for a few moments. Sly little Pipette!

"All at once, while they were still wondering, in rushed Peter, a cunning smile playing on his countenance.

"'Where *have* you been, my dear husband?' exclaimed Pipette, throwing herself into his arms.

"'To the well of St. Keyne, my love,' answered Peter.

"'Ah, Peter, Peter! don't you think it was *rather* ungenerous to take such an advantage of my simple little self, who could not run quite so fast as my loving lord?'

"'All's fair in love, as well as war,' said Peter.

"'I agree with you,' smilingly retorted Pipette; 'and,' she added, 'are you quite sure, Peter dear, that whoever drinks that first draught of water from St. Keyne's well, after marriage, has his or her own way, ever after.'

"'I'm sure of it—and I'll swear to it—and I appeal to all present whether such is the case or not?'

"'No one ever doubted it,' murmured the crowd.

"'Nor do I,' said Pipette, quietly.

"'And as *I* drank it first,' cried Peter, delightedly, 'why it follows that you must ever after the present time, do as *I* please, and not as you choose!'

"'Wait a bit, love,' remarked Pipette; 'you see, my dear, woman's wit has been too much for you this time. You did *not* drink the first goblet from St. Keyne's fountain!'

"Peter stared in utter wonderment. His wife continued:

"'My dear husband, I by no means intend to abuse the privilege I have obtained—for I indeed was the first after the marriage vows were exchanged, to moisten my lips with the mystic element.'

"'But I was first at the well,' replied Peter, in amazement, 'and there I drank a full goblet!'

"'But after all,' said Pipette, 'I beat you, for *I brought a bottle filled with the water to church!*'

* * * * * * *

"There, my dear," simply remarked my mother, "you see how by a little discretion and foresight a great deal of inconvenience in married life may be prevented. I don't recommend you to be your husband's master, by always having your own will; you will rule best by yielding. What I desire you to do, is, always to avoid provoking domination on his part, by prudent foresight on yours."

LOVE THE NEAREST.

To embrace the whole creation with love sounds beautiful; but we must begin with the individual—with the nearest. And he who cannot love that deeply, intensely, entirely, how should he be able to love that which is remote, and which throws but feeble rays upon him from a foreign star? How should he be able to love it with any feeling which deserves the name of love? The greatest cosmopolites are generally the neediest beggars; and they who embrace the entire universe with love, for the most part, love nothing but their narrow self.—*Herder.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

O, I WILL HIDE THE TEAR-DROP.

BY BERTHA BURDOCK.

O, I will hide the tear-drop
That glistens in my eye—
Though pass there fleeting cloudlets,
There beams the azure sky:
But the sun loves not the banners
That flout the ether high—
And man brooks not the tear-drop
That gleams in woman's eye.

Although I hide the tear-drop,
Emotion's pulse bounds high;
But clouds are not all tempests,
That flout the azure sky!
Apollo is egotistical—
Like man—he brooks no sigh;
(And—like man—is sore confounded
By a tear in azure eye!)

O, beauty gathers dew-drops
Of thines within the eye;
Affection forces tear-drops—
For very joy, we sigh:
And, Mignon—you're kind to me,
My woman's heart beats high,
And when I strive to thank you,
The tear-drop dims my eye.

But I will hide the tear-drop
That glistens in my eye:
How strange that woman's love should speak
Both in a smile and sigh?
But man loves not as woman!
His nature—proud and high,
Brooks not the trembling tear-drop
That gleams in woman's eye!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ELECTION RUSE.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF POLITICAL MORALITY.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

The adaptation of bad means to good ends is a course which is both commended and condemned by moralists. Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," is asked "to do a great right, do a little wrong," and many reputedly high-minded politicians of the present day are more than suspected of improving upon the hint, or rather enlarging upon it so far as, to attain an imagined right, to do a great deal of wrong,—their plea, that the end justifies the means. Without discussing the question, let us recur to what was done in a little town in New Hampshire, lately,—we will call it Grassford, in order to carry the vote of that public-spirited community.

Three days before the presidential election took place, among the arrivals by cars from distant parts of the country, were no less than fifteen legal voters of the democratic persuasion. They had come home to Grassford for the express purpose of voting on the all-absorbing question of the day. Some had come upwards of a thousand miles, some four or five hundred, and others at very respectably longer or shorter distances; and they did not hesitate, on their way, to declare their opinions freely upon the subject paramount in their minds.

New Hampshire, their old Granite State, so long good for the democracy, was to be redeemed, they had heard it threatened, by the partisans of Fremont, and they had felt it their duty, as old members of the democratic party, to put in their mite to the box to prevent such a catastrophe. They felt that their side was destined to triumph, and yet they admitted they felt queerish, too.

The opposition had made so much noise, and they had heard so much about "free men, free speech, free press, free soil, Free-mont and victory!" that they thought, in spite of the tried staunchness of the Granite democracy, for once there was a bare chance for the shadow of a ghost of a possibility that they *might* fail, and therefore they were determined to be up and doing.

With great hilarity, stepped from the cars this Spartan fifteen upon the beloved soil of Grassford once more.

"Hurrah!" shouted Mr. Kniggs (that wasn't his name); "here's one more vote for Buchanan, come home on two legs!"

"And here's another," bellowed Mr. Biggs (that wasn't his name), "come seven hundred and fifty miles to save the country from destruction!"

"Hoorah for me!" roared Mr. Dabble (that wasn't his name, either; we don't mean to be personal, gentlemen); "I've come a thousand miles to vote in Grassford once more; fur ef I couldn't a got my vote in, I shouldn't a hed a wink of sleep fur the next four year!"

"Confusion to our enemies!" bawled Gabble, another of the fifteen.

"Three cheers for our side, and Buchanan in the chair!" vociferated another to the assembled crowd at the depot.

"Good!" chimed in another; "set down *two* and carry *one*. Hooray!"

"Nine cheers for Grassford!" proposed still another, "and may she ever be true to her principles—*one!*"

And the excited travellers rent the peaceful air with their cheers, and shook the cinders from their clothes; after which, they shouldered their baggage, and marched up to the tavern to reward themselves with a drink of something.

Mr. John de Cantor (descended from the French) was the popular host of the Grassford Hotel, and he was ready behind the bar to wait upon the new-comers with cheerfulness and grace. They were all good fellows, well known, and some of them well-to do.

"Glad to get home agin, I s'pose?" said he, attending to their thirsty calls.

"We are that, De Cantor. Come home to vote for Old Buck. Haven't we, boys?"

"So say you, Mr. Foreman,—so say we all!" was the general response; and loud laughter and the clattering of glasses made them seem a much larger party than they were.

"How's the town going, old hoss?"

"Hard to tell—very," replied the landlord, a shade coming over his jolly countenance for the first time that evening. "Everybody appears to be pooty sure of winning; but I keep still and say nothing."

"Still sow sucks all the milk—you're right, old demijohn," said one. "This here 'citement makes har bizness good, nat'rally."

"Don't dew fur yew tew hev any politics," said another. "What in thunder's the constitewshun tew yew? Yew hev tew tend bar."

"In course," said De Cantor. "Much as ever I kin do to mind my own bizness, and let the country take care of itself."

"Get more custom by it?"

"Sartin!" exclaimed several, warming up. "The free silers and no-nothings must take an ekkashunel drink as well as we dimmicrats, and they must drink likker that's got no politics in it—"

"Ef it aint on their side," suggested somebody. "That's so. New Hamshur will of course go for old Buck—yes, of course she will. Why, I'd no idee, considerin' the great fuss the Free-monters hev made, there was so many Buchananites about. I ormost wish I hedn't come hum to vote, I cum so far. Wasting powder, by jingo!"

At this remark, the host suddenly scratched his ear as if a bee had bit him, and then brightened up and suffered a sly smile to rest for an instant in one corner of his mouth. The truth was, he was a full-blown Fremonter, and anxious after an office at the hands of that party in Grassford, and had in secret given them much material aid, and devoted much of his time to the cause. The town had been thoroughly canvassed, and it had been ascertained to a surety that the Fremonters had just *three* votes ahead of all others, not making allowance for new arrivals. The presence of the fifteen democrats put them in the minority.

"Catch a weasel asleep!" thought De Cantor. "If we kin only put these fellows on the wrong track, somehow, we may do something arter all. No doubt," said he, loudly, that all might hear, "there will be a *large democratic majority* in Grassford, gentlemen. Glad to see you hum, but your votes wa'n't needed so orful bad;" and he winked significantly to his Fremont friends who were listening around, and who had begun to think he was two-faced.

They took the hint and followed it up briskly.

"Democrats are *three to one* here," insisted they. "Fremonters and Fillmore men hardly dare to show their heads."

"Grassford will vindicate her integrity and put Maine to the blush."

"Grassford stands where she always did, old boys. The whole country may depend upon her. Hope you haven't all come from great distances, and put yourselves to great trouble and expense for nothing. Try another round? What do you take?"

The democrats now began to look a little sheepish, most of them feeling as if they had done a very foolish thing, in the ardor of political excitement. The proffered libations were the more readily accepted, as they now wished to drown the thought that they had "brought coals to Newcastle."

"Confound my luck!" exclaimed one. "There was no more need, then, of my vote than of two handles to a hammer."

"Bah!" grumbled another, "I feel jest like selling out at half price."

"Cuss politics!" muttered another. "My vote will cost me nigh onto five hundred dollars."

This growing feeling of dissatisfaction became general among them, and they drank the more, much to the pleasure and profit of the disinterested De Cantor, who had not the slightest objection to supplying them freely.

"Fill up!" cried he; "that's right, fill up! I know you're glad to see Grassford once more."

They all said yes, with wry faces—whether at the liquor or from inward regret, De Cantor could not exactly determine. But as soon as they were gone, a political council was held among the chief wire-pullers of the Fremont party in De Cantor's back room.

"If these men vote they will carry the town," said De Cantor, in dismay. "They're full enough to upset our kettle of fish."

"What's to be done, then? We can't scare up any more votes."

"I said *if* they voted," said De Cantor.

"There's no *if* about it. If they're legal voters, of course they will vote."

"No danger of their missing it, as they've come so far, on purpose."

"We might think of some plan to prevent it," said De Cantor, anxiously. "We might *intrigger* a little, as they call it. Hasn't anybody got headpiece enough to think of sumthin'?"

The question was one of importance, and the council thought, and thought, and thought. Finally they agreed upon a plan, and worked persistently at it; and meanwhile election day arrived.

During the interim, the fifteen democrats were marked men, and the free soilers, who were initiated, concealed their own political faith, and lost no opportunity of rallying them upon their useless journey home, and told them, in pretended confidence, that they had better conceal their political opinions, and the real reason why they had come home, if they didn't wish to be made the laughing-stock of the whole town.

"The idea," said they, "of coming so far to add a drop to the ocean—of attaching so much importance to a vote, where the votes will of course be nearly all one way! It is too ridiculous."

"The Dutch will be said to take Holland, this time."

"'Spose you wouldn't miss your great *one* vote to save your life, would you?"

Continued bantering of this sort made them particularly sensitive; and to escape it they avoided all political discussion, or declared they were to vote for Fremont—an evasion which none but the Fremonters understood; so that other democrats, believing them of an opposite stripe, held little political conversation with them, and they remained undeceived as to the relative strength of parties in Grassford, and though deciding to wait till election was over, were eager to get back to their business and make up for lost time. Their uneasy leisure was accordingly spent in what they called "making the best of it," and never before had they indulged in drink so freely as they did during the three days at the hotel of the insidious De Cantor. None were such inveterate applicants for strong potations as the disconcerted fifteen, and never before, they declared, had they been so hospitably treated as by him.

On the night preceding the election, his liberality went so far as to treat them to a great supper, at which it was contrived that convivility should reach such a height that most of them were put to bed at an early hour—about four in the morning. The natural consequence was, that they rose with swelled heads on election day, long after the voting had commenced.

"Come, gentlemen," cried De Cantor, as each one sauntered into the bar-room, with lagging gait, "the hair of the dog that bit you will cure you, you know. Come up and take an eye-opener. You wont want to vote these three hours yet; we're carrying it all our own way. There, that will make you feel better, after last night's set-down. Nothing like an eye-opener!"

Instead of being eye-*openers*, they were much more like eye-*closers*, for the blue rum which the crafty landlord offered them that day was a *special* mixture—so prepared as to be palatable, but of a very besotting quality.

Within an hour after they had partaken of De Cantor's morning draught—his "presidential bitters" he called it—fifteen more intoxicated individuals could hardly have been found in all New England. Swaggering or staggering about, and again inflamed with a thirst for more of the pernicious stuff, they remained with De Cantor during the entire day, and when the last moment arrived, some were too far gone to move, some to tell what vote to put in, while others were sufficiently recovered to be ashamed to go to the polls in that condition of mind, body and attire. They had all labored under the idea that they were to go to the polls with De Cantor, trusting to him to give the word, and to vote in a body; *but the polls closed without them*, and they did not find out their mistake till next day. "Mortification immediately set in," when they inquired how much was the democratic majority in the State, and how much particularly in Grassford.

"Fremont *four* ahead," said De Cantor, chuckingly. We were *three* ahead before you came, but a cripple, that we didn't count, bobbled up and voted, and that made us just *four*. It was very kind of him; but it was much kinder of you fifteen, not to vote at all, after having come so far!"

The "kindness" of the parties was just then evinced by their hurling several decanters after De Cantor, as he escaped into his back room. But the lost fifteen votes will prove equal to fifteen temperance lectures.

THE WORTH OF A VALET.

Lord Nelson's well-known valet, Tom Allen, lived some time close to me, he being then retained in the service of Sir William Bolton. I met Tom almost every day in my walks, and often got into chat with him about his brave and noble master, Lord Nelson. Among other things, I spoke of his wearing his decorations at Trafalgar. Now Tom, who had been with him in so many other engagements, was by mere accident prevented from arriving in time on that last memorable occasion, having left London after his lordship, and not arriving till the battle was over, and his master's career of glory brought to a brilliant close. But it may be amusing to record Tom's opinion and observations. He said, "I never told anybody that if I had been there Lord Nelson would not have been killed; but this I have said, and say again, that if I had been there he should not have put on that coat. He would mind me like a child; and when I found him bent on wearing his finery before a battle, I always prevented him. 'Tom,' he would say, 'I'll fight the battle in my best coat!' 'No, my lord, you shan't.' 'Why not, Tom?' 'Why, my lord, you fight the battle first, and then I'll dress you up in all your stars and garters, and you'll look something like.'" Thus poor old faithful Tom Allen gave himself credit for having saved his master's life by his rigid discipline in attire on former occasions; and it was evident that he was of opinion that he should have saved it once more at Trafalgar. Tom's accounts of other memorable events of Nelson's life were given with equal *naïveté*. His old age was rendered comfortable in Greenwich Hospital, where he held the office of pewterer till his death.—*F. C. H., in Notes and Queries.*

THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE.

We may not be called upon to hunt white foxes in the snow; or, like William Tell, to save our own life and our child's by splitting with an arrow an apple on its head, or to identify a stolen sheep by looking in its face and swearing to its portrait; but we must do many things essential to our welfare, which we would do a great deal better if we had an eye as trained as we readily might have. For example, it is not every man that can hit a nail upon the head, or drive it straight in with a hammer. Few persons can draw a straight line, or cut a piece of cloth or paper even; still fewer can use a pencil as draughtsmen; and fewer still can paint with colors. Yet there is not a calling in which an educated eye, nice in distinguishing form, color, size, distance, and the like, will not be of great service. For, though it is not to be denied that some eyes can be educated to a greater extent than others, that can be no excuse for any one neglecting to educate his eye. The worse it is, the more it needs education; the better it is, the more it will repay it.—*The Five Gateways of Knowledge, by Professor G. Wilson.*

SIGISMUND THALBERG, THE PIANIST.

The portrait on this page is from the pencil of Hill, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, and a most faithful likeness of the amiable and accomplished original. Sigismund Thalberg was born in the city of Genoa, Italy, January 7, 1812, and is therefore at present forty-five years of age, though no one, judging from his appearance alone, would pronounce him more than thirty-five. He is a mild and gentlemanly looking person, whose refinement is evidenced by the utter absence of pretension in dress and bearing. He belongs to one of the noblest families of Germany, and one of his nearest relatives is a grand duke. He himself, however, acknowledges no nobility but that of character and talent, and no career worthier than that of art. When he first resolved to make music his profession, some of his noble connections were disposed to drop his acquaintance, but they have since been glad to claim a share of the lustre he has shed on the family name. His early musical education was commenced at Vienna, where, following diligently the course marked out for him, and devoting indefatigable labor to surmounting the difficulties of his favorite instrument, as a mere youth his proficiency became the theme of eulogy in the capital of Germany. At the age of sixteen, he published his first works, "*Melange sur les themes d'Euryanthe*," a fantasia on a Scotch air, and an "impromptu on 'Motives from the Siege of Corinth.'" At the age of eighteen, he made his first visit to England. By the introduction of a new method for bringing the whole key-board into action, accomplished by making the thumb a prominent member, he acquired a great reputation in England, and the journals were full of the musical wonder. In 1830, he made a musical tour through Germany, and was everywhere received with honor. In Munich, he was absolutely feted by the principal nobility. At Berlin, he was summoned to Potsdam, where he played before the king and queen of Prussia at a private *soiree* in the palace. A similar warmth marked his reception at Dresden in the court of Saxony. After this tour, M. Thalberg returned to Vienna, where he was made pianist to the imperial chamber. In 1834, he accompanied the emperor to Toplitz, on the occasion of the meeting of Ferdinand with the king of Prussia and the czar of Russia. He afterwards achieved triumphs in Paris, and visited England again in 1836, where he was received with signal honor, and the queen honored him by arranging a private *soiree*. While Thalberg played, the queen was so moved that she accompanied him with her voice. He has now nearly completed thirty years of public life. During the past twenty years, he has divided his time between England and the continent, everywhere successful, everywhere popular. Our engraving is very like him. He has a fine, muscular, well-developed figure, with a fresh, ruddy, Saxon complexion, a clear blue eye, a pleasant smile, a good front at development. He is married to the daughter of Lablache, the great basso. His visit to this country has thus far proved a series of triumphs. In New York and this city, he won the applause of the critics and the people. His manner took every one here by surprise. Nothing more unlike that of Leopold de Meyer, the lion pianist, can possibly be conceived. There is no clap-trap about him, no fierce theatrical glances at the audience, no diabolical grins, no rending of kid gloves to pieces, no fierce assaults on the piano. He wins music from the instrument as he wins applause from the audience. He does all that can be done with the piano, without effort, without grimace, without spasmodic action. Nothing can be truer than what the accomplished musical critic of the Atlas says of him:—"This same simplicity of manner is the most marked feature in his playing. He does not thunder through the octaves, like a smart salesman wishing to show the capacity of the instrument. He rarely attempts *tours de force*. He gives, generally, simple harmonies, in place of the stunning combinations we have often heard. The modulations are gracefully managed; the door swings on golden hinges, and discovers new pleasures, not 'with impetuous recoil and jarring sound.' The melodies he chooses to illustrate are of a simple character; '*Deh vieni alla fenestra*,' and the serenade from 'Don Pasquale,' are examples in point. The music comes to the ear like the rippling of waves on the beach, of a summer evening, when the moonbeams sleep on a placid sea. Conscious strength gives repose to the possessor; it is a lower order of ability that is manifest in uneasy effort." In his variations on a given theme, the air is kept pure and distinct throughout all the masses of brilliant embroidery his subtle fingers weave about it. We are satisfied, after listening to him, that under his hand the piano forte is made to do all that the instrument can. If it does not produce the perfection of music, the fault is in the instrument and not the artist. All its power, sweetness and harmony are brought out. The ear is fully satisfied; we can conceive of no better playing. In most efforts of art, this feeling of complete satisfaction is wanting. The imagination will suggest something beyond what the most skilful has accomplished. We do not mean to say by this that because M. Thalberg has reached the perfection of piano forte playing, he has produced the perfection of music, for the instrument is incapable of supplying the material. For a perfect blending of notes, like the blending of colors in a fine painting, we must seek some other instrument. M. Thalberg is said to be as amiable as he is gifted. His free concert to the public school scholars was a graceful and generous act of kindness, displaying unostentatiously the goodness of his heart. He has left a most agreeable impression behind him.



S. THALBERG, THE GREAT PIANIST.

SKATING ON JAMAICA POND, NEAR BOSTON.

Our artist, Mr. Champney, has here given us a very spirited sketch of the scene which every fine winter afternoon, when the snow is absent, presented on that favorite resort of the amateurs of out-door sports, Jamaica Pond, beautiful in its summer aspect, and attractive when made the arena of the skaters. The wooded point which occupies a conspicuous position in the picture is Pine Bank, and serves to mark the locality. In the foreground, the ice is covered by skaters of both sexes, while there are lookers-on who admire the dexterity they dare not imitate. The proficiency of the ladies in this exhilarating sport is a pleasant thing to chronicle; we rejoice at anything which leads them to take out-door exercise. If such amusements were followed up sedulously, we should no longer hear the complaint that American beauty is a fragile and evanescent flower. Skating is a most graceful exercise. The Dutch women, whose rotundity and stolidity even the pencil of Rembrandt could not idealize, still appear graceful when gliding on their skates over the frozen canals of Holland. How great is the added grace of this exercise to the winning carriage of our peerless belles! Beauty never appears so attractive as when clad in a fur-trimmed polka jacket and mounted on flashing steel. The skating on Jamaica Pond has become quite as noted as the racing on the Neck in the winter season, and is worthier of commendation.

ABBOTSFORD.

As what constitutes the great man is more commonly some extraordinary combination and balance of qualities, than the highest development of any one, so you cannot but here be struck anew by the singular combination in Scott's mind of love for the picturesque and romantic, with the plainest common sense—a delight in heroic excess with the prudential habit of order. Here the most pleasing order pervades, emblems of what men commonly esteem disorder and excess.—*Madame Ossoli.*



SKATERS ON JAMAICA POND, NEAR BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M.—In France, a man is not allowed to exercise the elective franchise till he is twenty-five years of age.

E. F. R.—Robert Fulton was born in America, of Irish parentage. His first experiment with a steamboat was not on the river Hudson, but on the Seine, in France.

R. B.—Thomas Hooker was the first minister of Cambridge, Mass. He was one of the founders of the Connecticut colony.

STUDENT.—The Spanish "Alcayde" is derived from the Arabic word "Cadi," signifying a judge.

M. V.—The Valkyriur were the Scandinavian Parcæ—the "choosers of the slain," who conducted heroes killed in battle to Valhalla, the Northman's palace of immortality.

R. G., Jr.—Utopia was a term invented by Sir Thomas More, from a Greek word signifying "no place," and applied to an imaginary island, whose condition and perfection he describes.

MOURNER.—The form of the funeral urn was derived by the Romans from the Greeks; but the latter never used them for containing the ashes of the dead—that was a Roman custom.

ETHAN.—The large tendon which passes from the muscles of the calf of the leg to the heel, is called the *Tendon Achillis*, in reference to the fable of the dipping of Achilles in the Styx—his mother, Thetis, having, it is said, held him by that part.

CIPHER.—The quotient will be 7,889,624 without any fraction, according to Arago's calculation.

MORANT.—The Te Deum (We praise thee, O God!) has been ascribed to Ambrose and Augustine, to Ambrose alone, to Hilary, and other distinguished persons.

INVENTOR.—The steam gun is an invention of Mr. James Perkins, an American mechanician. We do not think it has ever been tried in war, though working models of it are common.

Q. R.—The order of Knights of St. John, or Knights Hospitallers, was instituted as a military brotherhood, by Raymond de Puy, its principal, early in the 12th century.

W. W.—Washington Irving resides on his estate at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, on the Hudson River, New York; William C. Bryant at Roslyn, Long Island, New York; and William H. Prescott in this city.

CLERICUS.—We would not advise you to commence the study of the Chinese language, unless you expect to live a century. It is probably the most difficult of all the living languages.

J. S.—Suicide is ranked by the English law as a peculiar species of felony; and, like other felonies, cannot be committed by persons under the age of discretion, or insane.

HISTORY.—Soulouque, the negro chief magistrate of Hayti, took the title of Faustin I., when he assumed the imperial purple.

CHARLES H.—Those to whom wedding cards have not been sent, should not call on a newly married pair.

A. C.—Yes.

W. W.—Thank you, but it is too long for our paper, and would interfere with the variety which we aim to give.

THE "VOYAGEUR DE LA MER."—We have received many compliments for our representation of this magnificent vessel built for the Pacha of Egypt, and throughout a triumph of American naval architecture and workmanship. The propeller wheel is a wonder in itself; it is 15 feet and 4 inches in diameter, and weighs 19,533 pounds! It was cast by Messrs. Reaney, Neafie & Co., at their famous "Penn Steam Engine and Boiler Works," located at the foot of Palmer Street, Kensington, Philadelphia, and is one of their patents.

MISS LAURA KEENE.—It is said that Miss Laura Keene is still Miss Laura Keene, and not Mrs. Laura Lutze, or Leets, or Leutze, and is wedded to her art only. We thought it was an "affair of the 'eart," as a cockney would say.

SPLINTERS.

.... Among the excellent hotels near town, is the "Sagamore House," at Lynn, kept by mine host Rand.

.... A Mr. Hall proposes to keep the Hudson River and Erie Canal open in winter by hot water pipes.

.... During the year 1856, 362 persons died of scarlet fever in this city—187 males, and 175 females.

.... A gentleman lately paid his bill at the St. Nicholas, New York, by a forged check. He is probably "morally insane."

.... An exchange thinks, that in selecting men for public stations, we should choose fat men—men of weight.

.... Col. Benton, who objects to the use of the word "lady," speaks of Mrs. Madison as the "ex-presidentess."

.... Thirty-five persons only have been imprisoned for debt in the Suffolk county jail during the past year.

.... "L'Avenir (The Future)," a Montreal paper, places the American arms at the head of its columns.

.... At a large party in New York, the novel feature of two policemen in the supper room was introduced.

.... Mdlle. Robert, of the Ravel troupe, is one of the most accomplished dancers we ever saw.

.... Mr. Arthur Gilman has been very successful with his new lecture on New England humor.

.... Mr. Wm. B. Wood, a Philadelphia actor, lately received $985 as a present from his friends.

.... Rev. Henry Giles's lectures on Shakspeare evinced a thorough appreciation of the great poet.

.... The British brig Maryn, Capt. Thompson, arrived at Savannah, is 53 years old, and sound throughout.

.... There are fifteen hundred students in the medical colleges and schools of the city of Philadelphia.

.... In Wisconsin, the papers are rejoicing over extensive beds of peat, and the prospect of cheap fires.

.... The almshouse establishment of New Haven has more than supported itself—a proof of extraordinary management.

.... The New Haven Railroad passenger depot, in New York city, is to be located on the corner of 4th Avenue and 27th Street.

.... Wm. N. Haldeman, of the Louisville Courier, had a New Year's gift of a service of silver plate.

.... The New York Hospital, a noble charity, is loaded with debt. It should be immediately extinguished.

.... Davidge, the comedian, lately drew a large prize in the Maryland lottery—he took the joke, of course.

.... The Don Quixotte of Cervantes sprang perfect from his mind, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB.

The greatest results have sprung from small beginnings, and the progress of the above-named association is an illustration of the fact. The Boston Art Club was formed about two years since, for the purpose of bringing the artists of our city into more social relations with each other, and with the lovers of art in this community. Its effective operation suggested higher views and a wider sphere of action, promotive of æsthetic culture and the true interests of art. The purposes of the gentlemen composing the association have been liberally encouraged by the Boston Athenæum, and the management of the last exhibition of that institution was committed principally to its charge. The experiment proved highly successful. By the exertion of the Art Club, a large number of the works of living American artists was added to the fine specimens of different schools and ages belonging to the Athenæum, and the receipts of the exhibition were large, a fair portion of which was paid over to the club, and has enabled them to continue their movement. The association was therefore enabled to open a free exhibition of pictures, the work of Boston artists, in Bedford Street, and we trust that this may prove a permanent gallery. The rooms are sufficiently central, and must prove attractive to residents and to strangers visiting our city. In addition to this, a series of lectures has been delivered before the association, the highest talent in the country having been enlisted for the purpose. When all exerted themselves successfully, it is almost invidious to single out individuals; but we were particularly struck with the addresses of the Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D., of Brookline, and the Rev. Henry Giles. The former particularly was a most brilliant production.

We regard this movement as an all-important one. We have ample material for the highest culture of art among us,—young and enthusiastic artists, ardent amateurs, wealth to foster and taste to appreciate; and all that is necessary is to combine and to give practical effect to these various elements. If we would retain for our city the proud appellation of the "Athens of America," we must look well to our laurels. Of late, New York and Philadelphia have been great art centres, and the Queen City of the West has distinguished itself in the liberal patronage of art. We must not permit the spirit of old fogyism to drive artists to other cities, nor have it go abroad that, with all its refinement, wealth and intellectual culture, only music can find a congenial home among us.

EFFECTS OF HABIT.

"Practice makes perfect" is an old maxim, but one that is not so often acted upon with good habits as with bad. There are some striking examples on record of the effects of perseverance. One of the best artists we know gave no promise of his present excellence, but he was resolved to succeed, and by dint of patience, practice accomplished his end. Lord Chesterfield, with no "native graces," and with an unprepossessing appearance, came to be regarded as the most polished man of his day. "I had a strong desire," he says, "to please, and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means, too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, though *de tres mauvaise grace*, to all the most fashionable fine ladies; confessed and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them to try their skill in forming."

SETS OF OUR PICTORIAL.—We have now only a few complete sets left of our illustrated work, from the commencement to the present time, uniformly bound in full gilt, strong and serviceable. Probably in one year from this time a set cannot be had for any sum, as they are getting so rare, and cannot ever be republished, on account of the great expense of reprinting. We sell the *eleven* volumes complete for $22, containing over *ten thousand* elegant engravings, and forming an invaluable addition to any private or public library.

FRENCH'S STANDARD MINOR DRAMA.—The last issues of these fine series are the Opera of Cinderella, 'I dine with my mother," a pretty comedietta, now playing by Laura Keene, and Walcot's burlesque, "Hi-a-wa-tha," in which Mrs. John Wood made such a hit in New York as Minnehaha.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS.—Sir Isaac Newton, Goldsmith, Swift, Chaucer and Dryden were regarded as stupid in their early days. Trees that bear the choicest fruits are always longest in coming to maturity.

PLAGIARISM.—The Boston Journal says truly that the utmost care cannot always guard the columns of a newspaper against the impositions of those who are ambitious to shine in borrowed plumes.

HOUSEWIFERY.—No merchant, politician or president has a longer list of daily duties than a good housewife, yet her services are rarely appreciated.

There has been added to "Ballou's Pictorial" a gossip column, which is alone worth the price of the paper, saying nothing of the brilliant illustrations.—*Boston Daily Post.*

A COSTLY SET.—General Washington wore a set of artificial teeth which cost five hundred dollars, and were poor at that.

THE ISLAND OF RHODES.

Who has not heard of the island of Rhodes, the gem of the Grecian archipelago—sacred to the sun in ancient times, celebrated for its serene sky, its soft climate, its great fertility, and its luscious fruits! Its ancient maritime power was prodigious, and it sent forth its adventurous colonists to Sicily, Italy and Spain. Its works of art attracted visitors from all parts of the civilized world. Here the brazen Colossus, the prodigious statue of Apollo, a world wonder, bestrode the entrance of the harbor. The island bowed beneath the eagles of Vespasian, received the cross with the Knights of St. John, and again yielded to the crescent when the horse-tails of Soliman II. waved beneath its citadel. For ages it has been a marvel, and now it is utterly ruined. A terrible earthquake occurring in October toppled down its finest buildings, as the great brass Colossus was overthrown centuries ago, after standing only sixty years. But this was not all. Two days afterwards a more serious calamity occurred. A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, speaking of these occurrences, says:—"The first came from beneath, the second was from above, and both equally beyond the control of human power. A large powder magazine was situated near the church of St. John's, which was also the Turkish quarter. A thunder storm burst forth; the lightning flashed; a stream penetrated the magazine; an explosion followed, which demolished many of the remaining houses and St. John's to its foundation stones; while, worse than all, it is reported that *seven hundred* Turks perished! Travellers inform me who stopped a few days in the harbor as they came down in the last steamer, that little is now to be seen of this famous and beautiful city but frightful heaps of ruins. *Rhodes fuit!*"

EXPLODED MACHINE.—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers, stating that somebody somewhere had invented a machine that would destroy armies, navies and cities in a twinkling. It was said to resemble a grindstone, and one man at a crank would discharge three hundred balls a minute. It turns out a complete hoax.

THE LAST AND WORST.—When the seven wise men of Greece met the sage of Hindostan what did they do? They all ate sausages. (They all eight saw sages).

A SERIOUS QUESTION.—Why is a man never hungry on the border of a lake? Because there is a banquet at his feet. (A bank, wet, at his feet).

NEW CAB.—They have got one of those queer concerns, a "Hansom" Cab, in New York. That's nothing; we have had one running for months in Boston.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Martin Johnson to Miss Delia B. Carroll; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Henry F. Nowell to Miss Sarah E. Clark; by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. George B. Hadley to Miss Hattie E. Pingree, of Denmark, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. James Burnsides to Miss Georgiana Durno; by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Erastus M. Briggs to Miss Sarah P. Loring; by Rev. Mr. Damon, Mr. Otis H. Pierce to Miss Angelina Smith.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. William S. Moore to Miss Eliza A. Stone; by Rev. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Charles C. Southard to Miss Josephine W. Easte.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Harrington, Mr. William H. Morse, of Boston, to Miss Josephine Sweetser.—At Auburndale, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. William E. Plummer, of Newburyport, to Miss Ann B. Johnson.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Henry E. Flint, of Boston, to Miss Anna M. Hardwick.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. John L. Hutchinson to Miss Mary E. Bruce.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Mr. James A. Lefavour to Miss Lucy Cressy.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Alden Clifford to Miss Algaiden Leslie.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Marshall S. Ballard to Miss Elvira C. Hubbard.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Diman, Mr. Stillman O. Keith, of Boston, to Miss Clara W. Eaton, of Middleboro'.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Tiffany, Mr. William L. Smith to Miss Caroline L. Edwards.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Stephen Tilton, 66; Mr. Freeman Dyer, 21; Mrs. Betsey O. Tenney, of Ashby, 52; Mr. Antonio Veazie, 68; William B., only son of William W. Kendrick, 11.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Susie S. Etheridge, 19.—At Roxbury, Miss Hannah Meriam, 73.—At Cambridgeport, Miss Melvenah W. Palmer, 22.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Susan H. Hersey, 34.—At Cambridge, Mr. Jacob Wyeth, 94.—At Newtonville, Miss Abigail Perkins, daughter of Mr. Isaac Cary, 25.—At Canton, Mrs. Emeline M. Everett, 48.—At Watertown, Mrs. Abigail Richardson, 73.—At South Natick, Mr. Henry F. Bartlett, 51.—At Lynn, Mrs. Mary Jeffry, 74.—At Salem, Mrs. Marcia L. Abbott, 22.—At Gloucester, Mr. Joseph Herrick, 88.—At Newburyport, Mr. Andrew Raymond, 56.—At Worcester, Mr. Eben Small, 84.—At West Brookfield, Oliver S. Cooke, Esq., 88.—At Springfield, Mrs. Anna, widow of Deacon Jerre Brockett, 68.—At New Salem, Mr. Bradley Smith, 92.—At Cohasset, Mrs. Hepsibeth Whittington, 86.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Charles G. Wrightington, 50.—At New Bedford, Captain Thomas D. Lucas, 50.—At Sandwich, Mr. John Vaughn, 33.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Thomas Moses, 93.—At Dover, N. H., Mr. Wm. B. Douglass, of Neponset, Mass., 27.—At Francestown, N. H., Mr. George Newman, son of the late Henry Newman, of Boston, 51.—At Waukegan, Lake county, Ill., Mrs. Susan Goss, 97.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

YOUTH'S CALL TO WORSHIP.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Come when the heart in bosom bounds the lightest:
Come when the pearls are wreathing on thy brow;
Come when the roses on thy cheek bloom brightest:
Come when thy heart is pure as love's young vow.

Come when thy tresses on the breeze are dancing—
Come when thy dewy lip is wreathed in smiles;
Come when thine eye its sapphire lustre glancing,
Enchains the heart by beauty's potent wiles.

Come when the matin mist is round thee wreathing:
Come when the vesper dew upfloats at even;
Come when the words of truth thy lips are breathing—
The young in heart are worthiest guests of heaven.

THE SAVIOUR.

The tidings which that Infant brings
Are not for conquerors or for kings:
Not for the sceptre or the brand,
For crowned head, or red right hand.
But to the contrite and the meek,
The sinful, sorrowful and weak:
Or those who, with a hope sublime,
Are waiting for the Lord's good time.
Only for those the angels sing.
"All glory to our new-born King,
And peace and good-will unto men,
Hosanna to our God! Amen!"—MISS LANDON.

BEAUTY.

Beauty! thou art a fair but fading flower,
The tender prey of every coming hour:
In youth, thou, comet-like, art gazed upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone:
Unpunished thou to few wert ever given,
Nor art a blessing, but a mark from heaven.—SHELLEY.

A PLEASANT NIGHT.

All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!—BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We met "Father Streeter," of this city, to-day. The old gentleman enjoys a good degree of health, and informs us that he has performed the marriage ceremony for *one hundred and ninety couples* during the past year! How fast people do get married at the "North End".....How pithy are some of the sayings of the French writers! Take this one as a sample:—"Indigestion is the remorse of a guilty stomach." It is a Hygienic treatise in a line.....Swift held the doctrine that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction, viz., "the bench, the pulpit, and the gallows.".....Gen. Washington gave the following toast when the American Revolutionary army was disbanded at the close of the war:—"The American soldier of freedom—may he at all times secure a good and plentiful ration; and when he has finished his tour of duty on earth, may he pitch his tent in the Elysian Fields, and there receive his reward from the right hand of the God of battles!".....A south-western editor curiously announced his plans and purposes for New Year's Day as follows:—"We shall luxuriate over our dinner until about four o'clock, when we shall go out and slide on a smooth plank for half an hour, 'teter' for another half hour, and then pitch cents till dark. In the evening we shall go a-courting." We hope that, after such a miscellaneous programme, our contemporary had a good time.....Good humor and sprightliness are attractive to the end of life. Lively, good-humored old women are what raisins are to fresh grapes. They are withered, but they are also preserved, and appear to advantage in the freshest company.....As we were passing Franklin's statue, in Court Square, the other day, we were reminded of one of his sayings—"I never knew a man in the country who was too poor to take a newspaper.".....We sometimes read English bulls that are quite as amusing as any attributed to the Hibernians. An English clergyman having lately stated that the services would be morning and evening, and morning and afternoon, *alternately*, the parish clerk gave out that the services would be to "all eternity.".....One of our exchanges thus refines a well known proverbial saying:—"Elevate a mendicant to equestrian dignity, and he will travel to the presence of the parent of evil.".....A few years ago the ladies wore a very handy sort of hood, which were called "Kiss-me-if-you-dare" hoods. The present style of bonnet has a "Kiss-me-if-you-want-to" look.....A culprit named Bliss, lately escaped from the custody of an Illinois sheriff. As his whereabout is not known, we presume he may be styled "unheard-of Bliss.".....A sub-editor lately announced the illness of his principal, and piously added. "All good paying subscribers are requested to make mention of him in their prayers; the other class need not do so, as 'the prayer of the wicked availeth nothing,' according to good authority.".....The wit of poor Finn the actor (lost in the Lexington) was inexhaustible. One tempestuous night he happened to say, in a coffee-room, "I never did see such a wind and such a storm."—"And pray, sir," inquired a bystander, "since you *saw* the wind and storm, what might their *color* be?"—"The wind *blew*, and the storm *rose*," replied the happy punster.....In a quaint old book we glanced into the other day, in Williams's bookstore, we found the following recipe for "Hardening iron. Take a miser's hearte, dry it well in ye sunne, and pounde fyne in a mortarr; sprinkle a few graynes on any quantitie of iron, and yt will render yt harder than adamant.".....There is an affected class of persons who imagine they show their refinement by using the word "lady" instead of "woman." Take Scott's world-wide tribute to the sex, and see what namby-pamby this substitute would make of the apostrophe, "O, *ladies!* in our hours of ease, etc." Take the church burial service, and for "man that is born of woman," read "gentleman that is born of lady" Pshaw! Like Mercutio, we have no patience with these mincing phrasers!.....Hazlitt tells a good story of a painter of the name of Astley, who, when walking with some English students near Rome, was compelled by the heat like them to take off his coat. On this occasion he displayed a waistcoat with a huge waterfall running down the back of it—a piece of one of his own canvasses he had converted to that purpose.....Sheridan was once so "hard up," as we say, that it was only by great exertions that he provided for his household. One day, to cut short a debate with the butcher's apprentice about leaving a leg of mutton without the money, the cook clapped it into the pot; the butcher's boy, probably used to such encounters, with equal coolness took it out again, and marched out with it in his tray in triumph.....The anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans was celebrated with great spirit in many localities. The news of that great battle did not reach Boston till about a month after it occurred, and then created the wildest excitement.....Merriam, the great weather-seer of Brooklyn, N. Y., confesses, we believe, there are no reliable prognostics of the weather.....The burning of the State Capitol at Montpelier, Vt., was a sad loss. It had been standing about 20 years, and the architect was Ammi B. Young, of this city, who also built the Boston Custom-House.....Mr. Joshua Howard, of Maryland, denies the fact that the rings in the sections of trees indicate their age, each ring being supposed to show a year's growth. He has known trees to make five rings in a year.....The grape-vines of Europe are recovering from the strange disorder which for several years blighted the hopes of the vintagers. The poet Lamartine made an immense quantity of wine this year.....Congelation as an anæsthetic and curative agent is fast coming into favor with the faculty.....Rachel's house and furniture in Paris were not sold at the time advertised. They were not worth the puffing they received, and the sale was indefinitely postponed.....Why did a charming young girl of sixteen jump from a chamber window at Waterbury, Vermont, on Christmas Day, to marry a divorced man? Because it was *leap* year.....Dr. Rufini, author of "Dr. Antonio," "Lorenzo Benoni," and the "Paragreens in Paris," is a singular example of a foreigner—an exiled Italian, writing English with perfect purity and ease.....Willis never wrote anything better, in prose, than his "Letters from under a Bridge." We often read a few pages in those letters with the fresh feeling of delight they first inspired us with.....A subscriber writes us:—"Highly as I always thought of your illustrated journal, I never fully realized its great value till I carefully went through the last two bound volumes, and saw what an amount of illustration, of reading matter, of valuable intelligence, you had brought together in a year. If the same matters interested me in the detail, they surprised me in the aggregate.".....A writer in Putnam's Magazine says:—"A Cape Cod man has to fight his way through existence, as a gladiator his way out of the ring.".....Samuel Warren, author of "Diary of a Physician," and "Ten Thousand a Year," an eminent lawyer and member of parliament, looks up at us from the surface of a fine photograph, an intellectual, but rather severe-looking man. He was a successful contributor to periodical literature in his sixteenth, and a political pamphleteer in his 19th year. He looks as if he had worked hard.....It is expected and hoped that the Pope will grant an amnesty to political offenders. It would be for his interest to do so.....Very comfortable is it to be waked up at half past six on one of these bitter mornings, and told that your shower-bath is ready—iced, of course.....In Mr. Holmes's dry goods store, in New Orleans, is the largest mirror that could be bought in Paris—eleven feet five inches, by seven feet nine. It cost $2000.....Among the events of the season are calico balls. The ladies dress in calico for one evening only, and then give the dresses to the poor.....We notice that a late traveller in the East says the natives of Egypt carry hives of bees up and down the Nile in boats, stopping wherever flowers abound to give the insects a chance to feed.....A Dutch prince has fallen in love with Queen Victoria's daughter Alice. They will do so, even royal girls and boys.....There is a work advertised, called "Every Man a Lawyer." What a state of society!.....It appears that the coal extracted from the mines of Pennsylvania the last year has been equal to the sum of forty millions of dollars, which is well up to the yield of the gold mines of California. There's a fine moral herein, that our readers may deduce for themselves.....It requires undoubted courage to march up to an enemy's battery in search of the "bubble, reputation;" but a still greater amount of courage to get out of bed when the thermometer is four or five degrees below zero.....There undoubtedly will be another expedition sent out from England to the place where the relics of Sir John Franklin were found; then will come an expedition for the relief of that expedition, and so on, till scores more of valuable lives are sacrificed in the frozen regions of the north. For our part, we think that enough has been done in that direction.....The United States storeship Supply encountered very heavy weather in bringing over the last lot of camels. The animals, however, created no confusion during the gale, and for an excellent reason—straps were buckled round their knees so that they could not rise.....Daniel N. Haskell, Esq., of the Boston Transcript, has made a deep impression by his valuable and fascinating lecture on the "Curiosities of Book-Making.".....While the ladies of Belgium have formed a society for reducing the extravagances of fashion, the leaders of the ton in Paris, aiming at the same end, have voted to adopt hooped petticoats fifteen feet in circumference, so that their very absurdity will compel their abandonment.....An old gentleman in Newburyport, eighty years old, but in excellent health, ordered his coffin made the other day, after agreeing on terms, so as to be all ready when he required it. He may live to be a hundred yet.....The Rev. Mr. Giles says:—"The manner in which the comic mingles with the tragic is an impressive peculiarity in Shakspeare's pathos. The comic is with the tragic in Shakspeare's drama in obedience to the truth of life—inherently and functionally; not for contrast, but for completeness. The comic is everywhere near the tragic, because everywhere ease is near to agony, mirth is near to grief, laughter sounding in the same air with weeping—laughter which will itself in turn be changed to tears.....One gentleman recently asked another to define the word "nothing" for him. "You can do that best yourself," was the razor-like response. "Sound the ninth letter in the alphabet and you have it; and mind, capitalize.".....That was an inimitable unconscious bull of the famous Mr. Amner, who, going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a one pair of stairs window, and cried, "There goes Mr. Amner, that makes so many bulls." He hearing them, looked up, saying:—"You rascals, I know you well enough; but if I had you here, I'd kick you down stairs!".....The English have certainly brought the art of water-color painting to an extraordinary degree of perfection. There are some fine specimens at Clapp & Co.'s, next door to us. We see, by the way, that one of Turner's water-color sketches lately brought 255 guineas in London.....The Chinese are sharp satirists. Of a great blusterer pretending to bravery, they say, "He is cutting off a hen's head with a battle-axe," and call him also a "paper tiger.".....Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on the formation and action of the brain, warns students against excesses in the use of tobacco and smoking as leading to organic disease of the brain.....Mr. Quetelet, a famous French physician, gives it as his opinion, that communities seem to be under the influence of unchangeable laws as much as individuals:—"In communities, man commits the same number of murders each year, and does it with the same weapons. We might enumerate, beforehand, how many individuals will imbrue their hands in the blood of their kind, how many will forge, how many poison; very nearly as we enumerate, beforehand, how many births and deaths will take place."

ADVANTAGES OF POLITENESS.

An elderly lady passing down a busy street in New Haven, was overtaken by a sudden shower. She was some distance from any acquaintance, and had no umbrella. She was deliberating what to do, when a pleasant voice beside her said:

"Will you take my umbrella, madam?" The speaker was a boy perhaps ten years old.

"Thank you," said the lady, "I'm afraid you will get wet."

"Never mind me, ma'am; I am but a boy, and you are a lady."

"But perhaps you will accompany me to a friend's, and then I shall not find it necessary to roh you."

The boy did so, and received the thanks of the lady, and departed. Two years rolled away. The lady often related the circumstance, and often wondered what had become of her friend, but little thinking ever to see him again. In the dull season of the year this boy was thrown out of employment, and the circumstance coming to the knowledge of this lady, she gave him a good home till March, when she introduced him to a good situation. Verily, kindness seldom goes unrequited, even in this world.—*New Haven Palladium.*

Choice Miscellany.

A FATHER SAVED.

An intelligent, wealthy man, who did not drink in society, nor habitually at home, had a room in his mansion, in which, as often as three or four times a year, he would gorge himself with liquor. When he found his craving for rum coming on, he would lock himself in that room until "the scale" was finished. The appearance of this room at the close of one of these sprees was disgustingly filthy. A friend, who knew his habits, remonstrated with him, but was told reform was impossible, so irresistible was his craving for rum at certain times. His friend begged him to try. His two sons (fifteen and seventeen years of age) earnestly pressed the appeal. At last the man consented to try, and drawing from his pocket a key, said to his elder son: "Here is the key to the liquor-closet; will you take it, and promise me, on no condition, and for no violence with which I may threaten you, to give it up when I demand it?" The boy, knowing how furious his father was on these occasions, declined the trust. The father then asked the younger son (a boy of uncommon nerve) the same question, and he promptly replied, "I will."

For a few weeks things went on smoothly; but one day the father came home at an unusual hour. His manner betokened that his appetite was gnawing and craving. He called his younger son, and demanded the key to the liquor-closet, but was firmly refused. The refusal maddened him, and, seizing some weapon, he sprang at his son. For a moment he stood over him with glaring eyes, and insane with rage, but the young hero never quailed. Fixing his firm but tearful eyes on his father, he said;—"Father, I promised you that I would not give you that key, no matter what violence you might threaten; and now you may kill me, but I will never give you that key!" Instantly the weapon dropped from the man's hand, and as he himself expressed it, "The appetite for liquor seemed to abandon me, before the noble firmness of my son." He was reclaimed, and never fell; his cure was radical and thorough.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

ZOUAVE BRAVERY.

The following incident occurred in an Algerian campaign. In the attack on a village, the enemy held a small redoubt, to take which became of vital importance to the French. The enclosure was a loop-holed wall about seven feet high, from inside of which some forty or fifty Arabs shot down the French as fast as they could load and fire. A hundred men of the Zouaves were ordered to assault the place. They attempted three times to do so, but faded each time. Their captain was killed, and both their officers wounded, while nearly a third of their number were placed *hors du combat*. Every man who attempted to get over the wall was killed on the spot, and the remainder of the party began to show symptoms of hesitation. Perceiving this, a young sergeant turned round to his comrades and said, "Take me on your shoulders and throw me over the wall. I shall be killed, but the rest of the men will scramble after me somehow, in spite of the bullets." This, after some remonstrance, was done. The man was thrown over; and, in less time than it takes to write these lines, his companions followed him in, and held possession of the place. Strange to say, the sergeant, though severely wounded, was not killed. Some six months after this event, I hear he has been promoted, and has also had the cross of the legion of honor conferred upon him. I wonder what would have become of such a sergeant in England! —*Household Words.*

THE BIG AND LITTLE QUEUES.

A very keen observer, then and long afterwards a Senator of the United States, once told me that at this period all the barbers in Washington were Federalists, and he imputed it to the fact that the leaders of that party in Congress wore powder and long queues, and of course had them dressed every day by the barber. The Democrats, on the contrary, wore short hair, or at least small queues, tied up carelessly with a ribbon, and therefore gave little encouragement to the tonsorial art. One day the narrator told me, while he was being shaved by the leading barber of the city—who was, of course, a Federalist—the latter suddenly and vehemently burst out against the nomination of Madison for the presidency by the Democratic party, which had that morning been announced:

"Dear me!" said the barber, "surely this country is doomed to disgrace and shame! What presidents we might have, sir! Just look at Daggett, of Connecticut, and Stockton, of New Jersey! What queues they have got, sir!—as big as your wrist, and powdered every day, sir, like real gentlemen as they are! Such men, sir, would confer dignity upon the chief magistracy; but this little Jim Madison, with a queue no bigger than a pipe-stem—sir, it is enough to make a man forswear his country!"—*Goodrich's Recollections.*

A PRISON INCIDENT.

The recent tragedy in the Massachusetts State Prison brings to mind an anecdote we have heard related of Col. Austin, when he was warden of the prison. One of the convicts who was employed in the barber's shop, had threatened he would murder the warden on the first opportunity. The threat came to the ears of Mr. Austin, who immediately proceeded to the barber's shop, placed himself in the chair, and ordered the convict to shave him. The fellow immediately proceeded to his work, and shaved the colonel very handsomely. After the process was over, the warden addressed the convict, told him he had heard of the threat made by him that he would take the warden's life on the first opportunity that offered, and he had given him a chance to do it, but he was afraid to. "Now," said the colonel, "don't let me hear any more threats from you about taking the life of any one; for you know you dare not do it, and you know also that I am not to be frightened at any threat you may make." The convict was completely cowed, and never afterwards was a threat heard from him.—*Portland Advertiser.*

A GOOD SHOT.

Among the most active and daring of Marion's men were Robert Simons and William Withers. They had been sent together on some confidential expedition, and while resting at noon for refreshment, Withers, a practised shot, was examining his pistols to see if they were in good order, while Simons sat near him, either reading or in a reverie. "Bob," said Withers, "if you had not that bump on the bridge of your nose, you would be a likely young fellow."—"Do you think so?" said Simons, listlessly. "Yes," said Withers, "I think I can shoot off that ugly bump on your nose. Shall I shoot?"—"Shoot!" said Simons; and crack went the pistol. The ball could not have been better aimed; it struck the projecting bridge, demolished it forever, and henceforth Simons was the ugliest man in the army.—*Mobile Herald.*

Editorial Melange.

Mrs. C. T. Smith (formerly Miss Maria Barton) took a benefit at the Troy Adelphi, lately, when somebody threw upon the stage a sealed envelope containing $200. —— It is amusing to hear a man who made his first ten thousand by a mere accident in speculation, now whine over the want of *business tact* in the young men of the present day. —— The New York Mirror says it is estimated that one of the rich men of that city has now a regular income of $3000 a day, or about $1,100,000 per year. —— Washington Irving relates that Abdallah, the father of Mahomet, the prophet, was so beautiful that no less than two hundred Arab maidens died of broken hearts the night he was married to Amina. How fortunate for young ladies that we have no such beauties at the present day! —— The editor of the Athens (Ga.) Banner, Mr. James A. Sledge, had the good luck to get married, a short time since, whereupon his democratic friends about Athens presented to him a beautiful tea service. —— Oak is stronger than iron—both pieces being equal in weight! —— The Springfield (Illinois) Register records that there are but twelve marriageable females now in that city, eleven of whom are engaged, and advertises for "more female help." —— The attention of a beautiful little girl being called to a rose bush, on whose topmost stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened to kiss their mother before she dies!" —— A law in Kentucky allows any widow who has a child between six and eighteen years of age to vote in school district meetings. —— At Rochester, N. Y., lately, a harmless crazy woman seized the contribution box as it was passed in church, and emptied the contents into her bosom. The collector was nonplussed, but several ladies came to his aid, and the specie was mostly recovered. —— With a trade between the United States, the West Indies and South America, amounting to about ninety millions of dollars annually, we have not a single steamer employed in that direction. An effort is now making to supply this deficiency. —— In a capital article on *stammering*, we find that one *man* out of every two thousand five hundred stammers, while only one *woman* in twenty thousand has the same fault. —— Ex-Sheriff Crocker, of Utica, N. Y., had his pocket picked of $50 in the cars, a few days ago. The next week he received a letter enclosing the money and the papers stolen, with the following note:—"Mr. Crocker, they say you are a clever fellow, and if so, I wish to return you your package that you lost last week; but keep your eye skinned."—— A theatre was established in Charleston, S. C., 1736, the location Queen Street, then known as Dock Street. —— A mercantile house at St. Louis lately received a letter enclosing $1000, without date or signature, with the simple remark, "This belongs to you." Conscience. —— A company with $500,000 capital is organizing at Vienna, for the purpose of promoting mutual commerce between Austria and the United States. —— The ship Columbia arrived from Liverpool at New York, a few days since, with 221 Mormon emigrants, about one-half of whom are women and children. Most of them are from Bristol. Twenty-three are from Wales, and some from London, Yorkshire, and other parts of Great Britain. —— At the present day, American cutlery is extensively imitated in Germany, even to the marks and names of our manufacturers. —— Sir George Gore, an English amateur hunter, was supposed to have fallen into the hands of the Blackfeet Indians, and been murdered. His friends both here and in England will be glad to hear of his safety, of which assurances are given by an officer of the United States army, writing from Sioux City. —— The Richmond (Va.) papers state that the flour dealers of that vicinity are paying from fifty to sixty cents each for flour barrels, and even at that price the demand exceeds the supply. —— The English Registrar-General for 1851 says that one hundred and forty-six thousand three hundred and thirteen widowers married spinsters, whereas only six thousand six hundred and twenty-five widows married bachelors. —— Accounts from the Sandwich Islands give favorable reports of the whaling fleet. Many whalers had arrived there, having been, generally, successful. —— Gold and silver are the only perfect metals known; they are called perfect, because they lose nothing from the heat of fire. Imperfect metals are those which decrease by the heat of fire, and are easily corroded by acids, as quicksilver, lead, copper, etc.

Dying by Deputy.—From time immemorial, kings and princes have been married by proxy, but it remained for the king of Siam to discover a method of dying by deputy. He heard that a certain ruffian had determined to kill him, and disguised a poor fellow in his royal robes, who was blown up with gunpowder in a jiffy. We wonder if he has patented his process.

A Prophet departed.—John Sayres Orr, better known as the "Angel Gabriel," died lately at Demarara, while serving out his sentence of imprisonment for exciting the blacks to insurrection. Who does not remember him with his wild look, glazed hat, and horn, tooting from the tops of omnibuses or anywhere he could secure a perch?

Life at the Mines.—"The Mysterious Miner: or, the Gold Diggers of California," now publishing in the *Flag of our Union*, is creating quite a sensation. Mrs. L. S. Goodwin has established herself, by this remarkable story, as a brilliant and vivid writer.

Military Display.—Several fine military companies from different cities, intend to be present at the capital on the occasion of the inauguration of the new president.

As it should be.—The plea of insanity in cases of murder and swindling has ceased to be reliable.

Wayside Gatherings.

Not a single death has occurred in the village of Paris, Maine, during the last fifteen months.

Near Chatham and at Farmville, N. C., excellent bituminous coal has been found in large quantities.

"Civilization of Indians, $10,000." This is one of the items in the Congressional appropriations.

At a recent book sale in New York city, a copy of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard" sold for $62,50.

A European savant has invented a machine by which he can measure accurately the size or extent of an earthquake.

"Kriss Kringle" is a late and more corrupt change of "Krist Kinkel," the latter being a corruption of "Christ Kindlein," the infant Christ.

Colonel William Emmons, the renowned Boston orator, was lately married in Washington, to Mrs. Mary A. Weems of Virginia, recently of Baltimore.

Dr. Read, the clairvoyant, who recovered a man's watch and chain for him, at Hartford, by the exercise of clairvoyancy, has been convicted of stealing them, and punished by fine.

Epitaph on a gravestone over a boy one year old, in Plymouth burying ground—"God knows what a man he would have made, but we know he was a rare boy."

During the year 1856, as we learn from the Portland Advertiser, the quantity of molasses arrived at that port, was 5,610,465 gallons. Of sugar, 9,384,406 pounds.

A mad dog belonging to Mr. James McCoy in Illinois, bit a large number of horses, cows, hogs and dogs, but no men. Many of the bitten animals have already gone mad.

The Irasburg (Vt.) Standard chronicles the third trial in a case of trespass; verdict, $10 and costs. The case has been in court more than three years, and the *costs* of the suit will be not less than $1200!

President Pierce, with Mrs. Pierce and Mr. Webster, his secretary, will visit the West Indies immediately upon the expiration of his official term of office, for the benefit of Mrs. Pierce's health, which is very feeble.

A correspondent of the Bridgeport Standard complains that the Gas Company, by pouring their refuse coal tar in the harbor, have killed or driven away all the eels, oysters and scollops, by the catching of which many poor families were supported.

Four young men who recently went to Kansas, have commenced making shingles for their winter's work. They have a simple machine, costing perhaps $50. With this they turn out 3000 good shingles per day. Nothing like enterprise.

There is a class of thieves who frequent railway stations, and, while passengers are seeking for refreshments, these fellows enter and carry off any shawls or other articles which their owners may have left to secure their seats while they were absent.

Eight years ago Charles C. Van located 500 acres of land south of Fort Des Moines, Iowa. It cost, at $1,25 an acre, $625. He has recently been offered $220 an acre, or $110,000 for the tract. The census of Fort Des Moines is 3561, an increase of over 1500 in nine months last past.

Com. Stewart, whose term of command of the navy yard in Philadelphia was about to expire, wrote to the Secretary of the Navy to name his successor. The latter, in reply, said the commodore should hold his present command as long as it was acceptable to him.

Sweet potatoes have been successfully cultivated in Massachusetts. Caleb Bates of Kingston, Mass., raised several thousand bushels last season. He generally procures seed from the South, because it keeps better there, and plants it in hot beds and draws the slips.

A Philadelphia painter has introduced a new and unique style of sign painting, which is described as a valuable improvement upon that art. The lettering and figures are done with pearl upon glass, and they are as richly ornamented as the fancy of the operator and the combination of colors can make them.

In Memphis, the young ladies take public spirit into their own hands. A petition was lately presented to the authorities there for the cleaning out and paving of a certain street, signed by ninety-six marriageable females. It was granted instantly, without a murmur.

Several gentlemen have recently acquainted the patent office with the fact of the success of the liquorice plant, which is hardy as far north as Connecticut. It is employed not only for medicinal purposes, but, they say, is an important element in preparing some of the best ale and porter in Great Britain.

The king of Prussia made a brilliant present to the queen on her late birthday, namely, a necklace of six large topazes, which the late Prince Waldemar of Prussia, who fought with the English against Runjeet Singh, brought from the East Indies. Each topaz is surrounded with twelve small diamonds. The value of the necklace is about 20,000 thalers.

John Bickel, postmaster of Jamestown, Lebanon county, Penn., has held the trust of postmaster of that town for fifty years. He was appointed by Gideon Granger, postmaster-general under Thomas Jefferson, on the 22d of September, 1802. Mr. Bickel has advanced far into his 82d year, but continues personally to superintend his office and perform all its duties himself.

Ætna and Vesuvius are not the most dangerous volcanoes in Italy. The whole country is a latent volcano, and will one day find vent in an eruption, which will send the hierarchies, the dynasties, the remaining lumber and trammels of the dark ages, further, higher and wider than the crater of the burning mountain ever scattered its hot ashes and melted lava.

A clerk in New York has got himself in a nice fix by having too many strings to his bow. On the evening of his marriage to a charming heiress of that city he was arrested and taken to the tombs, on a suit for breach of promise to a lady at Newark, N. J., and his bridal tour is indefinitely postponed. The injured lady lays her damages at $10,000.

A German girl has been arrested at Enfield, Conn., for stealing dresses, etc., in and about that part of Hartford county. She says she was in love with a young man, and thought he would marry her if she appeared to him in a handsome dress, but, unfortunately, the sheriff had a stronger attachment for her than the "other fellow."

Blessings on Capt. Davids of Janesville, Wisconsin. During the severe winter of 1842–43 he bought of those who trapped them, and kept them alive in his barn, about one hundred quails, and let them loose in the spring. That region has abounded with them ever since, and the kind hearted old captain has been repaid a thousand times for his thoughtful generosity, in the sport he has enjoyed, the delicious suppers he has relished and digested, and in the remembrance of a good deed.

Foreign Items.

The tax on dogs in England, yielded about one million dollars

A monument is to be erected to the ex-king Louis of Bavaria in Munich, and to be placed in the square of the Odeon.

A clergyman of the English Established Church, over sixty years of age, has been tried, convicted, and sentenced to three months in the house of correction, for immoral conduct in the streets of London at night.

The Russian "Czar" says that "While England, with much noise and ostentation, prepares an expedition against Persia, Russia, in silence and noiselessly, is getting ready to come to the succor of the Shah."

Pauperism in Ireland is greatly on the decline. There can be no doubt of it, for you may see the workhouses in many parts almost tenantless. It is one of the best signs in the history of that fine but unfortunate country.

In Sweden they have so far improved the cumbrous knapsacks of soldiers, as to make of them gutta percha. They are water-proof, and much lighter than those hitherto in use. This improvement in the knapsack should be introduced into the Federal army.

At a recent sale in London, of the late Mr. Yarrel's specimens of natural history, the most remarkable purchase was that of an egg for £21—the egg of the Great Auk, a bird of the diver tribe included in the British Fauna, but long since extinct.

The wife of a respectable tradesman in Glasgow, who had been married about a year, being anxious to present her husband with a pledge of affection, purchased, during his absence from town, a child from a gipsy woman, and passed it off upon him as her own when he returned. The deception was discovered by the woman calling back for payment of the balance of the price.

Sands of Gold.

.... Life is an outward occupation, an actual work, in all ranks, and all situations.—*Humboldt.*

.... It is common to men to err; but it is only a fool that perseveres in his error; a wise man, therefore, alters his opinion, a fool never.—*Latin Proverb.*

.... There is a vigilance and judgment about trifles which men only get by living in a crowd; and those are the trifles of detail, on which the success of execution depends.—*Horner.*

.... As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst for a military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.—*Gibbon.*

.... I will believe in the right of one man to govern a nation despotically, when I find a man born into the world with boots and spurs, and a nation born with saddles on their backs.—*Algernon Sidney.*

.... Place signifies nothing; virtue and philosophy will thrive everywhere, provided you mind your business. Never run into a hole and shun company. Let the world have the benefit of a good example, and look upon an honest man.—*Antoninus.*

.... There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves; but it were much better to make such provisions, by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so to be preserved from the necessity of stealing and dying for it.— *Sir T. Moore.*

.... Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives a man a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health; fortitude, a quiet mind not to be moved by any adversity.—*Walsingham.*

Joker's Budget.

A man having published another as a scoundrel, a liar, and a poltroun, the latter complains that he does not spell "poltroon" correctly.

There is one advantage in being a blockhead—you are never attacked with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can "worry," he ceases to be a fool.

"I say, John, where did you get that loafer's hat?" "Please yer honor," said John, "it's an old one of yours that Missis gave me yesterday, when you were to town."

"You look rather flat," said the tea-kettle to the pancake. "I would take that as an insult," said the pancake, "but I am aware that you have been steaming it."

If Poverty, that policeman of fortune, who is always arresting the wrong person, grasps you by the collar, throw him off with a joke, and our word for it, you'll be out on bail, a regular Cræsus, before you die.

A gentleman bragging of having killed a young panther whose tail was 'three feet long," Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as the *tail* was long enough not "to be continued." Brown is a sly joker.—*Post.*

There is a man out West so forgetful of faces that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies, but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

"Ah," said an Englishman the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."

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STATUE OF NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

The accompanying engraving is an accurate representation of the statue of Nicholas Poussin, from the chisel of Brian, recently erected in the square of Andelys, his birthplace, in Normandy, France. It has been much admired for its severe simplicity, and the bold and masterly style of its execution. Nicholas Poussin was born in 1594, and was descended of a noble but poor family. Although his early masters, both in his native place and in Paris, were men of little merit, still his own genius and industry enabled him to make rapid progress as an historical and landscape painter. In 1624 he went to Italy, and had the good fortune at Rome to receive the friendship of the poet Marini, who inspired him with a taste for the Italian poets, from whose works he derived inspiration and subjects. The death of Marini left him without a patron, and he was forced to sell his pictures for inconsiderable prices. Without giving way to discouragement, however, he pursued, with indefatigable industry, the study of geometry, perspective, architecture, anatomy, and other sciences necessary to success in the highest walks of art. His conversation, his walks and his reading were all biased by the grand object of his life. In his figures he copied the antique, and he modelled statues and reliefs with such skill that, had he chosen, he might certainly have risen to eminence as a sculptor. In his landscapes he copied nature. All his works show much study, and every object introduced has a purpose. After severe struggles with poverty, he finally found liberal patrons in Cardinal Barberini and the cavalier Cassiano del Pozzo, for whom he painted the celebrated "Seven Sacraments." These works gave him a reputation in France, and procured from Cardinal Richelieu an invitation to paint the great gallery of the Louvre. Louis XIII. appointed him his first painter, with a pension of 3000 livres. Poussin reached Paris in 1640, and executed numerous works, particularly Scripture pieces, but he was much harassed by his enemies. The painter Jacques Fouquiers had been employed to decorate the Louvre gallery with views of the principal cities of France, and the architect, Mercier, had heaped it with meretricious ornaments. Poussin found himself under the necessity of beginning his labors by the removal of theirs. He also had to contend against the whole school of Simon Vouet, who was protected by the queen, and against the false taste of his countrymen, who preferred a theatrical and showy style to the classical beauties which Poussin had learned in Italy to admire and imitate. Weary with the struggle against bad taste and unrelenting enmity, Poussin returned to Rome in 1642, and died there in 1665, at the age of seventy-one, after a life conscientiously devoted to his art. Although Louis XIV. allowed him to retain his post and pension, yet he never became rich; his disinterestedness made him neglect the opportunity of becoming wealthy, and he labored more for fame than money. Full of veneration for the ancients, he aspired to the lofty ideal which he observed in them. His drawing is remarkably correct, his composition judicious, dignified and noble. His invention was rich; his style grand and heroic. His expression approaches that of Raphael, and he has been styled, not inaptly, the French Raphael. His merits were due to his own efforts. Poussin had studied the works of Titian, but his later productions are inferior to his earlier in color, because in the later part of his career, he gave his principal attention to the design. He has been censured for a too studied arrangement and a too great propensity to episodes; too much uniformity in the air, attitudes and expression of his figures; an excessive fullness in his drapery, and too small proportions in his figures, faults which may have been owing to his close imitations of his favorite antiques. But notwithstanding these faults, Poussin ranks as high as many of the celebrated Italian masters. Among his most celebrated works are the Seven Sacraments, the Deluge, Germanicus, the Captive of Jerusalem, the Plague of the Philistines, Rebecca, the Adulteress, the Infant Moses, Moses bringing Water from the Rock, the Worship of the Golden Calf, John Baptizing in the Wilderness, and many beautiful landscapes. Poussin not only studied every vestige of antiquity at Rome and its environs, with the greatest assiduity while young, but he followed the practice through life. It was his delight to spend every hour he could spare at the different villas in the neighborhood of Rome, where he enjoyed the unrivalled landscape surrounding that city—so much dignified by the noble works of ancient days that every hill is classical and the very trees have a poetic air, which those who have not felt can scarcely understand.



STATUE OF NICHOLAS POUSSIN, THE FRENCH ARTIST.

EASTERN DOMESTIC SERVICE.

The accompanying picture will serve to show both the style of costume worn by the princes of the East and the manner in which they are approached by their vassals. The potentate herein sketched is a Rajah of Benares, and the young lady is his daughter. The old potentate blazes with gems, and the princess also wears a magnificent head-gear, glittering with diamonds. An attendant, reverently kneeling, is proffering a basket of flowers—"sweets to the sweet!"—while another is seated on the floor beside her, with clasped hands, like the worshipper in the presence of his idol. The servility of the lower classes in the East to their rulers is a striking characteristic. "To bear is to obey." It is almost inconceivable to us with whom the chief magistrate is only the servant of the people, accessible to all, and treated to severer criticism and to harsher judgment than if he had never risen from the ranks to eminence and station.



MODE OF DOMESTIC SERVICE TO AN EASTERN RAJAH AND PRINCESS.

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ANTIQUE BUILDING

CORNER OF SCHOOL AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

The fine engraving below is from an original drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Hill, and records, together with its surroundings and a spirited winter scene, one of the old landmarks of the city, a classic locality happily termed "Parnassus Corner" by N. P. Willis. All our citizens will recognize it at once as the bookstore of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the well-known Athenian publishers. There are not many of these old buildings left, though fortunately Washington Street possesses some. Hard by is the Old South Church, that venerable edifice whose clock is supposed to register the flight of time as accurately as the piety of its founders pointed out the pathway to eternity. Some of these sturdy old buildings will keep their ground among their modern compeers, the miracles of granite and iron, just as you find a gentleman of the old school now and then in fashionable society. They cannot hold their own for many years, however. The old State House has been looked upon with evil eyes as a stumbling-block in the path of Modern Improvement, that inexorable demon of the day; and we should not be surprised if, some fine morning, that same demoniac spirit should discover that the Old South was vastly ungenteel, and doomed its demolition, to give place to a Gothic structure with a myriad of pinnacles, or else another model of the Parthenon, improved, of course, by the addition of a steeple, green blinds and glass door-handles. How many changes we, who do not reckon many Olympiads, can recall in the city of our birth! how many fine old mansions razed! how many glorious old gardens grubbed up! how many home sanctuaries profaned! It is very consoling, however, to reflect that this is all right, and that we are accomplishing our "manifest destiny," etc.; and it is really refreshing to know that if Washington Street, from Cornhill to School Street, has undergone many changes, it has not fallen into the hands of Goths and Vandals. On the contrary, it has become a Paternoster Row; it numbers its busy presses by hundreds, and sends forth its books by millions, to gladden hands and hearts throughout our wide continent. But to return to the prominent feature in our picture. The old store is a very ancient edifice—its erection not being chronicled by the memory of that mysterious personage, the "oldest inhabitant." We will not venture to say that it was built by the Rev. Mr. Blackstone, when he used to farm it in Boston; and as for the story that Roman coins and arms once belonging to the Vikings having been dug up in the cellar, we utterly repudiate the tale as fiction. Probably it always stood there. But to be serious, there are those living who remember the old store as a hospitable mansion, where plenty crowned the board, where merry meetings were held, where stately dames and stately cavaliers trod the mazes of the minuet de la cour, and scattered smiles and hair-powder all around them. Years afterwards, when stately dame and cavalier were resting in the old King's Chapel burying-ground, it was occupied as a bookstore by several well-known firms, among them, Messrs. Benjamin Perkins & Co., and Carter Hendee & Co. Then came Allen H. Ticknor, and subsequently, the present occupants, whose publications are so widely disseminated. The works of De Quincey, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Kingsley, Reade, Browning, and many other celebrities, are published at this corner. Here congregate, especially on Saturdays, a score of authors worth peeping at any time. A friend of ours, strolling about the premises, one winter day, saw, in the space of a couple of hours, the authors of "Pendennis," "Hyperion," the "Biglow Papers," "Six Months in Italy," "Views on Foot," "Ferdinand and Isabella," and "Pencillings by the Way." Among the large sales of Ticknor & Fields's publications, we may instance 40,000 of "Hiawatha," 20,000 of Mrs. Mowatt's "Autobiography," and perhaps 60,000 volumes of De Quincey's writings. Among the new projects now on the tapis at the old corner, we notice a splendid "Household Edition" of the Waverly novels. Among what we may call the gem-books recently issued from this establishment, we may mention the beautiful pocket editions of Longfellow's and Tennyson's Poems complete, the former in two volumes and the latter in a single volume. We learn from inquiry that it is the intention of the publishers to follow up these editions with similar ones of the most popular poets. The success of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields is a gratifying fact, for all their books are of a sterling character. They never descend to clap-trap, and never sacrifice their own judgment to pander to a false taste. Those who have doubted that a correct literary taste existed in this country, will be silenced by the success of this house, with its prodigious sales.



ANTIQUE BUILDING, CORNER OF SCHOOL AND WASHINGTON STREETS, BOSTON.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

Juan was already flying away from the dreary place, when Senor Garambo della Spada cried from the window: "Stop him! stop him!"

At this cry, all the merchants left their shops, and those who stood at their doors pointed their fingers at Juan, who sped along, hearing the cry: "Stop him! stop him!"

But Juan turned suddenly down a little street on the right, then into another on the left, and had already a long start of the citizens and alguazils who pursued him. Young, active, and urged on by fear, which gives wings, he would have perhaps escaped them, but he unfortunately did not know the city, and after a few minutes' rapid run, he turned towards a wide street, the finest in the city of Alcala, pursued then only by the citizens, and was thinking himself saved, when, at the foot of the street, he met a body of alguazils, who, better acquainted with the localities, had headed him off. Then, like a stag at bay when the pitiless hunters and dogs surround him, poor Juan looked despairingly around him. No side street by which he could escape; only face to face with him a vast court, whose iron gate was open; at the end of the court a magnificent building, resembling a palace. On the front was written in letters of gold on black marble, these words: "Convent of the reverend fathers of the faith."

Without reflecting, without asking if he was not escaping his enemies to fall into the power of Charybdis or Scylla, Juan ran into the court of the convent, closed the grating behind him, and cried to some monks who were going from the refectory:

"An asylum—an asylum! Save me!"

"Fear nothing," said one of them, who, under an air of good nature, hid a cunning eye and wicked smile; "this convent is an asylum, and the brother Escobar will not permit its privileges to be violated."

At that moment, the citizens and alguazils arrived, out of breath, and stopped on the outside of the grating.

"Deliver to us the prisoner!"

"What has he done, my brothers?" said Escobar to the citizens.

They looked at each other and answered:

"We know nothing, but he is either a thief or a murderer."

"No—he is more than that, my brothers," said the chief of the alguazils; "he is a heretic—he is a Moor!"

"Who demands the right of an asylum," said Escobar.

"But he is reclaimed by the archbishop Ribeira, patriarch of Valencia, who has promised a hundred ducats to any one who will capture him, dead or alive."

"What does the archbishop wish to do with him?"

"Convert him to the Catholic faith."

"And we also," answered Escobar, with proud humility; "we can, thanks to Heaven, we can boast of some conversions, and this last is not above our powers."

"No," quickly replied the alguazil, like a man who feared he was losing some of his property; "the latter beloogs to my lord; he must be converted by him. He commenced it."

"In that case, my brother, the commencement is nothing, the finishing is all, and senor has not come to that."

"But he is a heretic, a miscreant, who fled from him."

"To escape the tortures and bad treatment they made me suffer," cried Juan.

"You hear him, my brothers," said Escobar, in a paternal tone of voice. "I am no longer astonished at the number of conversions they register at Valencia, if to obtain them they use such means. It is not by violence that we force the sheep to enter the fold. The youth came to us himself, and we open our arms and gates to him, but we do not pretend to keep him in spite of himself. We leave him free to return to Valencia, or stay with us. Brother," said Escobar to a brother monk, "open the gates and let the captive choose."

Juan, during this discussion, had been a prey to mortal anguish, for he had heard the story circulated that the archbishop of Valencia had fallen from the rocks at Aigador and cut himself badly, but he alone knew that Pedralvi had bound the prelate, and that Acalpuco, faithful to orders, had beaten with the iron-pointed leather scourge the archbishop himself, and too well Juan knew that once in the hands of the haughty prelate, he could expect no mercy. So when Escobar told him to choose, he cried:

"I remain, my fathers,—I remain!"

A murmur of astonishment ran through the crowd.

"You hear him," cried the triumphant monk. "We did not force him; we never force any one to come to us. Lead him in, my brothers," said he to the other monks, and pointing to Juan.

"One moment," said Garambo della Spada; "you will give me the writing of possession for my prisoner, for whom you are responsible, and who must not leave the convent unless delivered up to the archbishop of Valencia, or the Inquisition."

"That is right," answered Escobar; and the alguazils entered the parlor of the convent, and the merchants retired to their shops; and Juan was conducted to a cell, henceforth to be his own.

The cell was pleasant and well furnished, almost luxuriously so; but Juan felt that he was a prisoner. Here he was to remain forever, or till he was converted and baptized, for that he knew to be the sole object of the good fathers who gave him an asylum. And in his secret heart he felt that the mere fact of his having resisted the eloquence of Ribeira and the bitter torments of Aigador, would make the good fathers of Alcala de Henares more zealous and eager to convert him.

The account was written, and the alguazils departed. Escobar had retailed all to Father Jerome, the superior of the convent. From the few words Escobar had spoken with Juan, whom he supposed a young, ignorant, inexperienced Moor, he was astonished by the depth and variety of his knowledge, and felt that he was not a common man. If he could convert him, what a defeat for the haughty Ribeira, what an honor for the good fathers and glory for the convent! Juan, placed under his watchful eyes, occupied a cell which communicated with his own.

CHAPTER XXV.

JUAN AND GONGARELLO THE BARBER.

JUAN could not remain in the convent with his citizen's dress, and he was told he must adopt, while he staid there, the habit of a novice, and have his hair cut. Juan acceded to the first proposition, but refused the second. It was not insisted upon; they did not contradict him. On the contrary, all attention, all care was profusely lavished upon him. The books of the convent were at his disposal; he passed whole hours in the library of the good fathers, a rich and curious library. It was the calmest and most agreeable of prisons for the young man, but it was a prison. That word alone rendered him insensible to all the cares of Escobar, and deaf to his entreaties. When the monk ventured to speak to him, Juan smiled and remained perfectly silent. They told him he was not forced to believe, but simply to listen to them and to discuss them.

"I wish you to examine for yourself, and accept the precepts if it seems best. To judge without seeing is idiotic, to condemn after having seen is wise. I ask nothing more," said Escobar to him, one day.

Juan was obliged to yield to what was so reasonable. That was the first step.

The works of Escobar showed a profound knowledge, and immense erudition, and above all, prodigious mental resources. These resources were displayed only to enlighten Juan; but the young Moor, who joined to a sense of right a rare and quick intelligence, struggled vainly with the subtle theologian, and above all, against the cause he advocated. Then Escobar, finding that all was useless, tried to frighten him by telling him that unless he joined them and was baptized, the archbishop could at any moment summon him forth and deliver him up to the Inquisition.

"Never—never!" cried Juan.

And Escobar, seeing him saddened by the idea, sought by flattery and raising his ambition, to make him consent. But Juan had no vanity, and remained perfectly unmoved. Love, hate, jealousy, ambition, pride, were all in turn used by the wily Escobar, but Juan remained unmoved. Escobar was astonished; so young and not a single passion—not a single bad fault!

Conquered, but not persuaded, Juan returned to the good father his writings. As he had no duties to fulfil, he had leisure enough to dream and study in. He dreamed of liberty and Alitea, and built castles in the air. One day, after walking in the court, he returned to his room. A book lent him by Escobar laid before him. Mechanically he opened it, when a piece of paper fell in his lap, upon which was written, in a trembling hand, these words, nearly illegible:

"Mistrust the good fathers, and, above all, Escobar."

Who could have conveyed to him this mysterious and salutary counsel? Who could have entered the cell during his absence? But no one could enter it without going through Escobar's cell also. It must be some one connected with the convent. He thought all day of the incident, and his suspicions rested upon one Father Ambrosio, a kind of servant who attended to the cell. It was not impossible that Pedralvi, warned by Alitea or by Juniata, had followed his track and discovered his retreat. Juan knew the courage, perseverance and activity of the young Moor. Perhaps he had bribed Escobar. Juan thought to himself that whoever placed the paper there, would perhaps come again; so he wrote on a piece of paper, placing the book in the same spot, these words:

"Whoever you are, give me news of Yezid and Alitea."

He went out into the library and remained some time. At the end of an hour, he glided back to his cell, his heart filled with hope and fear. Nothing in his cell had been disarranged but the book, which had been moved. He opened it and read these words:

"Yezid is arrested and condemned; Alitea is in the prisons of the Inquisition. Think only of yourself; be silent and wait."

This note was written in a firmer hand than the other. He saw that the one who wrote it had either less fear or more time.

"Await!" said Juan, with rage,—"await! remain between the walls of the prison, when those I love are in danger! It is not possible. I will escape at any price."

He then descended into the court, where many monks were walking, and among them Father Ambrosio, to whom he spoke and walked by his side.

"Tell Pedralvi that the wall is the only practicable way. Bid him remember the walls of the Golden Sun," said Juan to Father Ambrosio, who raised his head and looked at him with a face of blank astonishment. Juan felt that he was mistaken, and the thought filled him with sadness and dread.

At that moment a man entered the court and walked across it. A little vest of green velvet, ornamented with a profusion of silver buttons, covered his shoulders, and out of each pocket stuck the corner of a white handkerchief; his pants, of the same stuff as his vest, were also ornamented with silver buttons, down to the knees. His hair was enveloped with a colored handkerchief; he carried in his hand a barber's tray, in which were razors, brushes, combs and some soap.

"It is Gongarello!" exclaimed Juan to himself; and scarcely knowing what he was doing, he ran towards him.

The barber, just opening the gate, looked up and made him a gesture which seemed to say, "Silence, or you are lost!" He inquired in a careless manner, pointing to Gongarello, who he was and what he had to do there. And he learned that Gongarello, formerly so persecuted by the Dominicans and by the Inquisition, had now the practice of the convent; for the Dominicans, to be distinguished from other religious orders, had the head closely shaved, and each brother conformed to this rule, except the superior and priest. Thus every two days Gongarello presented himself either before or after vespers at the cell of Escobar or Father Jerome, there to shave all who needed it. All was explained to Juan. He had never seen Gongarello, for that was the hour he spent in the library; but the barber had seen him, or heard of his adventure in the city of Alcala de Henares. The barber had made use of the time, when left alone, to write the few hasty words.

The next day, Juan did not go to the library, but saw the barber enter the cell of Escobar, who, almost as if in defiance, got up and closed the door leading into his cell. He did not hear Escobar tell the barber that the young brother staid to work. The next day he dared not absent himself from the library, for fear of exciting suspicions. He made up his mind.

"My father," said he, to Escobar, "I have refused for many days to allow my beard to be cut. I think I was wrong, and have altered my mind."

"A marvel!" cried Escobar, with joy. "The good grain commences to sprout. You have some good thought for us. To-morrow your wish shall be executed."

Juan did not sleep all that night. At last the hour arrived, and Escobar left his cell, and Juan found himself alone in his own. He waited impatiently there for the entrance of the barber. Steps sounded in the corridor. He heard Escobar's chamber door open; and in his impatience, he ran to open his own, and his joyous face grew sad when he saw Escobar, who said:

"The reverend father Jerome expects you at half past two in his oratory. He desires to speak with you."

"Upon what subject, my father?"

"We have got half an hour, and for your interest I will forestall the confidence."

Juan trembled with impatience and rage. The father quietly seated himself upon a couch, and was preparing to talk to him, when Gongarello entered. At the sight of the priest, Gongarello seemed as disconcerted as Juan.

"Ah!" exclaimed Escobar; "I had forgotten him. But I will not disturb you; do just as if I was not here."

He seated himself with his back to Juan, and took up a book, in which he was soon deeply interested, looking up only from time to time to see how the barber progressed.

Gongarello had soon enveloped Juan in the cloth, and turning his back to the priest, looked at Juan with eyes that expressed his despair at finding the priest there; and Juan shook his head sadly, as if to say, "He will not go."

The barber, sad and disappointed, still with his back to the monk, showed Juan a little letter he carried, and Juan, enveloped in the handkerchief, could not take it, for his hands were not free. Escobar began to grow uneasy.

"Let us hasten. The reverend father Jerome awaits us."

"The work is not finished," replied the barber.

The curls fell under the scissors of the barber; they rolled upon Juan's shoulders and on to the floor; but the letter still remained in the hands of Gongarello, who, placed behind Juan, was face to face with Escobar. He grew desperate. He left Juan, and ran to a little table placed in the corner of the room to get his brush which he had left there. On this table was a writing-desk, some papers and a large dial. Pretending to upset the papers to find what he wanted, with one hand he raised the dial, and with the other pushed the note under it.

Juan, who followed him with his eyes, lost not a single movement. Escobar, leaning back in the couch, read diligently. The barber, delighted, returned to his work. He had found his brush, and holding it in his hand, began to work busily. At the end of a few minutes of silence, the barber cried: "It is finished!"

"I am glad, for Father Jerome expects us. The half hour is ended; you can see by this dial;" and he extended his hand towards the marble plate.

"You are right," cried Juan, with affright, in seeing the priest about to place his hand upon the dial which hid the note, and rising quickly, he said: "I am ready to follow you."

The priest and novice left first; the barber followed behind him. All three traversed the court—Juan and his guide to meet the superior, Gongarello to return to his shop; but before he left the gate, he turned upon his young friend one more look counselling him to prudence.

Father Jerome, shut up in his oratory, made Juan wait so long that his impatience was almost beyond bounds, when at last he gave him permission to enter. Father Jerome was a small, grave man. He looked for some seconds with great satisfaction at the dress of Juan, and, above all, his newly-cut hair.

"You have done well, my brother," said he, slowly; "but I must to that praise add some reproach. Yesterday you tried to turn from his duty one of our brothers, who, thanks be to God, is incorruptible. I have thought that on your part it was some project for escape; I hope that I am mistaken. But if such is your idea, I must tell you some of the dangers to which you expose yourself."

"I hear you, my father," said Juan, almost wild at the tone of unction and the slowness with which he spoke.

The latter continued:

"We have given our promise to keep you, but the Dominicans and Inquisitors are so afraid that you may escape, that this convent is constantly surrounded with their spies. Behold!" And he opened a window and pointed to troops of alguazils. "These men constantly march round the walls during the day, and their place is supplied by double the number during the night."

Juan shuddered, for he knew the father spoke true.

"I hope the brother Escobar has followed my directions," continued the reverend man; "and I say to you, do not try to bribe any of your brothers. If the regular studious ways of our convent seem worse to you than the tortures of the Inquisition, you are free; you have only to say one word, and the gates shall be open to you."

"My father," said Juan, who hastened to terminate the conversation, "I do not, nor ever have hesitated between you and my persecutors, between those who would give me death and those who would give me an asylum. I should perhaps have thought it more worthy of you, if this hospitality were not purchased with the price of my liberty and faith."

"That is not so," quickly answered the father. "We have sought to attach you to us. Two months of torture the archbishop of Valencia used; we only ask as much time to use gentle means. You can remain here as our guest, our friend, as long as your safety makes this asylum necessary."

Saying these words, he extended his hand to the young man, and dismissed him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TWO LETTERS.

After leaving Father Jerome, Juan returned to his cell, and to his joy, Escobar was not there. Closing the door, he raised the dial and took from thence the letter Gongarello had hid there. With a trembling hand, and hardly breathing, he read as follows:

"My Son,—This is the first time I have written to you, and it is to acquaint you with my griefs. Everything comes at once. I learned from Gongarello, who will give you this letter, of your captivity in the convent of Alcala. For having killed in a duel, for having defended his sister, Yezid, your brother, is condemned; and Alitea, plunged in the dungeons of the prison of the Inquisition for being an accomplice in the death of the Duke de Santarem, will soon follow her brother to the funeral pile. I do not speak of myself, for the fate of my children will be that of mine; but while I wept over them, a Christian priest came to me, who is called the archbishop of Valencia, whom you have mortally offended. 'I am a member of the Inquisition,' said he to me; 'I will save your two children, if in expiation you will deliver me the third; he can redeem all. And listen to the conditions: not only must he receive the baptism which he has refused, but consecrate himself to the Lord by eternal vows.' That is what he dared say to me, my son; and I thought I would not dare tell you at first, but I have thought that perhaps you would hear it later, and perhaps curse me for having hid it from you. They ask more than your days; they ask for your faith; they wish you to be guilty and perjured. Faithful to the laws of his ancestors, your father says nothing. He weeps and waits. But in his despair, he asks the God of his fathers, if that he whose crime is to save all his loved ones, cannot be blessed on earth and pardoned in heaven.

"Delascar d'Alberique."

Pale and almost fainting, Juan, after reading the letter, fell upon his chair, without power to reflect, seeing nothing. For a long time he remained in this almost insensible state; then he revived, and with aching heart re-read the letter. He, who was willing to die for Yezid and Alitea, had their safety in his hands. He had only one word to say, but that word which saved them lost him forever. He was willing to give his life for them, but his soul and his conscience—to become a minister of the God of the Christians! But it was to save Yezid his brother and Alitea his sister.

Covering his face with his hands, he wept. Growing calmer, he thought of all the shame, misery and wickedness that would have been his lot but for his brother, his father and sister. He trembled. A fatality seemed to pursue him, and he cried out in his agony: "I am mocked—mocked and abandoned by God!"

Hardly had he pronounced these words, when he seemed to hear a voice which murmured, "Ingrate!"

He thought he saw his cell fill with light. He heard the crackling of wood, the hissing of flames; he felt his breast oppressed by smoke; he saw the fire encircling and burning an immense oak, and upon the oak, upon that funeral pile a child, raising his arms and eyes to heaven, prayed, and these words resounded in his ears:

"O my God, if you will permit me to escape the danger which threatens me, if you will stop the flames which have almost reached me, I will believe in you, my God, and serve you! I will become an honest man. I will employ my days for all men; my arms shall be ready to serve and save them. I swear it, O my God,—I swear it! Receive my oath."

"Yes—yes!" cried Juan; "these words, I said them; that oath, I made it, and God, who heard me then, will show me my duty to-day. My life is nothing; it does not belong to me; it belongs to those who need it. Yezid and Alitea, you shall live!"

His violent agitation was succeeded by a calm, and Juan could look more coolly upon the fate that awaited him and the sacrifice that was demanded of him. Through his means Alitea would live; through him Yezid would be the glory and consolation of his father, the old man who opened his arms and heart to him, who had adopted him. Calmed and quieted by the idea that he was doing his duty, Juan slept, and in his dreams he saw the old man blessing him, with tears, and heard Alitea and Yezid say: "You have purchased our lives and happiness at the price of your happiness; that happiness our care and affection shall return to you."

The next day, pale and weak, but with his heart filled with courage, and firm for the sacrifice, he went to see Father Jerome, where he found Escobar, and with a firm voice he said to them:

"I wish to be a Christian."

The two priests trembled with joy.

"I wish more," he continued; "I wish to consecrate myself to the service at the altar."

Escobar uttered a cry of joy, and came beside him, saying:

"My son—my son, you do well, and God, who inspires you, will recompense you! The way which opens before you is a brilliant one. Your intelligence and wit will make you revered and respected. Kings will bow before you and consult you. I predict it, and you will see that Escobar is not mistaken."

Juan hardly heard him, and continued, very coldly;

"I wish to pronounce the vows on one condition, and that is, that this very day, before me, you send an announcement of my resolution to Ribeira, archbishop of Valencia."

"This instant it shall be done," cried Father Jerome, who saw in this a realization of his most ardent dreams, the elevation of his order, and the humiliation of the proud and overbearing archbishop.

At that moment, the Duke d'Uzede was announced, and entered. He looked at Juan with an indignant glance, and murmured: "Still him!" Juan returned the look with one of indifference and forgetfulness, and re-entered his cell. The Duke d'Uzede, seeing him go, turned to the two priests with an air of importance and disdain.

"Ah, well, my fathers, have we finished yet?"

"All is finished, senor," said the superior to him, clapping his hands with a triumphant air. "We promised it to you. It is done. The pretended son will never trouble you again, nor cause you any scandal. He shall never leave the convent when he pronounces his vows."

"It is wonderful, incredulous!" cried the duke. "He who resisted the tortures and eloquence of the famous archbishop of Valencia, has here in this convent yielded up his faith! Who has been able to produce this conversion?"

Father Jerome pointed to Escobar.

"You, my father?" cried the duke, with astonishment and respect.

Escobar bowed with humility, though his dark, subtle eyes flushed with pride.

At the time when Escobar was almost despairing of success, chance, the father of success, came to his aid. One day, Gongarello, passing through the court, saw a young novice whom he believed to be Juan. He carried the news to Juninta, who instantly told Pedralvi, who, in his turn, informed Don Delascar d'Alberique. Knowing what they thought, Gongarello sought to warn Juan.

One morning he came to shave Escobar. The latter absented himself, and returned; but upon re-entering, he thought the hand of the barber trembled, and he also remarked that the door of Juan's cell, open when he left, was closed upon his return. The barber had entered then the cell of the novice.

Gongarello, finding himself alone, could not resist going into the cell of his young friend. He hoped to find him there, but the room was empty. But he thought at least he could warn him against the wily Father Escobar. The latter, after Gongarello left, entered himself the cell of the novice, and examined every article in hopes of finding something, and he was almost despairing, when he saw the hook, and opening it, discovered the little scrap of paper on which Gongarello had traced in a trembling hand:

"Mistrust the good fathers, and, above all, Escobar."

The first movement of the good father had been to tear up this scrap. Then he thought rightly that Juan would answer this message, and he would perhaps learn something important. He reasoned rightly. Juan, full of confidence, had answered these words, to be taken by the same messenger:

"Whoever you are, give me news of Yezid and Alitea."

Escobar received the message. Who were Yezid and Alitea, in whom Juan was so much interested, of whom he thought more than his liberty? He had questioned the Duke d'Uzede on the subject. The latter, instructed by his father, had told what our readers already know—that Yezid was condemned for having killed the Duke de Santarem, and Alitea in the prisons of the Inquisition for being his accomplice. From the Countess Altamira, whose confessor he was, Escobar learned of Juan's devotion to Alitea. That was all he knew, but what matter? he would frighten his poor captive, and make him tremble for those he loved. Thus it was that he had given Gongarello a chance to betray himself, if he was a messenger.

The day when the worthy barber came to cut the hair of the young novice, Escobar obstinately remained to witness the ceremony. His eyes, apparently fixed upon his book, followed every motion of the barber; he had seen him show the letter quickly, then a little while afterwards place it under the dial. When he led Juan to Father Jerome, he returned quickly, raised the dial, and this was the letter he found there:

My Son,—This is the first time I have ever written to you, and it is, thanks to Heaven, to give you good news, to give you hope and consolation. Gongarello, who will give you this letter, told us of your captivity in the convent of Alcala, and the trials that surround you. Resist and fear nothing. Your brother Yezid is pursued and sought after, it is true, but he is in a secure place of concealment, and they cannot discover him, and I dare hope that through powerful protectors he will be pardoned. Alitea, your sister, widowed and free, has returned to Madrid. She is no longer the daughter of a Moor, nor adopted child of Don Juan d'Aguilar; it is the Duchess de Santarem who employs her friends and her credit for your deliverance. You have, she has told me, very formidable adversaries: the archbishop of Valencia, whom you have mortally offended. But she does not despair of success; and and gold shall not be wanting. Keep up your courage, your new family will never abandon you. Resist the snares with which they will surround you, remain faithful to your faith, to the God of your ancestors, and think of your father, who bless and love you.

Delascar d'Alberique.

This letter, which would have upset everything, rendered Juan more courageous and firm than ever, had he read it. It showed him how perfectly useless all his efforts would have been had Juan received the letter; but it also showed the monk a way to gain his ends. He learned that poor Juan, disowned and persecuted by his real father, the Duke d'Uzede, had formed in stranger hearts a warm love and a happy home. This letter was the first his adopted father had ever written to him. He did not know the hand-writing, then, of d'Alberique; that was a great point. Placing all the circumstances together, and, above all, the hatred Ribeira bore for the young novice, Escobar hastened to write another letter, the one Juan read. For one who knew, like Escobar, the heart of the young man, his ardent and generous soul, his self-abnegation and his devotion to duty, this letter was a master-piece; it was the most cunning, the most infernal of combinations, a combination doubtful elsewhere, which here was sure. The plot was based upon honor and virtue. Juan became the dupe.

All was ready for the ceremony, but for reasons we well know, instead of giving great eclat and pomp to the ceremony to display their triumph to the world, to publish the defeat of the archbishop of Valencia, the good fathers, with an affectation of humility and modesty, wished to celebrate this grand triumph without noise among themselves, in the interior of the convent.

Juan saw no one. He wept and prayed. On Saint Louis's day he pronounced his vows, he consummated the sacrifice, believing in his faithful heart that he saved his family from misery and death.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DON FERNAND AND HIS MISSION.

The grand inquisitor and the archbishop of Valencia were before the king. They came at just the right moment, for the king had heard of the death of the Duke de Santarem, and he knew Alitea was free, and what was more, she was now not a nameless girl, the adopted daughter of Don Juan d'Aguilar, but a peeress of the realm; she was the Duchess de Santarem. The two men came with an act of the Inquisition, which they wished signed.

"Give me, my fathers," said the king, interrupting them in their long developments,—"give me a pen, and let me sign them forthwith; that is all I require of you, senor archbishop."

He sought for a pen on his desk.

"It is always the same, the holy Catholic king," said Ribeira.

"The shield and sword of the church," added the Inquisitor Sandoval.

These words they said aloud, while their eyes expressed to one another this: "Always the same weak and feeble-minded king, who decides without seeing, signs without reading, and who always does what we wish without knowing what he does."

The king, who signed rarely and wrote never, had to search for a long time for the pen, and while doing so, his eye ran over the paper before him, and he saw that the name of this fugitive whom he was dooming to the dungeons and tortures of the Inquisition was Juan Sevilla.

"Juan—Sevilla!" he repeated to himself, and that name, which was not unknown to him, recalled to him sweet remembrances. Ah, yes! it was as the Senor Don Augustin de Villa-Flor that he had promised Alitea to discover and aid.

"We have discovered that he is in the convent of Alcala," said Ribeira.

"He is there, whom we wish to seize," said Sandoval.

"Whom we wish to chastize," added the archbishop, with intense rage, for he recollected the praying desk at Aigador.

"And I—I do not wish it!" cried the king, warmly.

"My God! Sire," cried the two prelates, astonished, "what does that signify!"

"That I do not wish it," replied the king, with determination.

"But your majesty does not reflect."

"I reflect so well that he shall not enter the prisons of the Inquisition; I have promised it. And wherever he may be, he shall be freed instantly; I have promised it."

"To whom, then, sire?"

The king hesitated, then said:

"To myself, and it seems to me that a promise made to a king is as sacred as any other."

"Without doubt, sire. But your majesty knows, then, this Juan Sevilla?"

"Not at all. I have never even seen him."

"Then why protect him against us?"

"Because I wish it!"

These words were pronounced in a firm, determined voice, which resounded in the cabinet. The two prelates, frightened, looked at each other this time with expressions which seemed to say: "I don't understand. What is to be done? We thought him without energy and strength of will; we find he has too much."

The king, during this conversation with eyes, wrote an order himself, and without showing it to the two prelates, without consulting them, he said:

"Not only shall he not go to prison, but he shall leave, this instant, the convent of Alcala de Henares, where, I am told, he is a prisoner."

He rang the bell and summoned Don Fernand d'Alhayda, and sent him to the convent of Alcala to bring from thence Juan Sevilla, in virtue of an act signed by himself.

"Juan!" said Fernand, astonished.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Yes, sire. He is a young man of courage, merit and splendid talents, and worthy of the protection of your majesty," answered the young man, warmly.

"You hear that, my fathers. Go, senor. Ah—stay," said he, writing, and he handed a note to Fernand to deliver. "The king is determined to fulfil the promise Don Augustin de Villa-Flor made to the beautiful Alitea. This evening, Juan Sevilla shall be free."

Then turning his eyes upon Sandoval and Ribeira, who had remained motionless before him, he said:

"I will keep you no longer in waiting, my fathers."

The two great dignitaries of the kingdom, humiliated and enraged, descended side by side the palace staircase; they descended and the Count de Lerma mounted.

Fernand, faithful to the orders of the king, galloped upon the road to Alcala, delighted with the mission of delivering Juan. He arrived in the middle of the day at Alcala, and without stopping, without resting, he went to the convent. He gave his horse in charge of his valet, and demanded to see the reverend father Jerome.

"Impossible to see him this moment."

"Tell him, or the priest, that I wish to speak to him on the part of the king, I, Don Fernand d'Alhayda."

The porter returned an instant afterwards, and gave him an unsealed note. It was from Escobar.

"Father Jerome charges me to present his respects and excuses to Senor Don Fernand d'Alhayda, and prays him to wait a few minutes. An important ceremony demands the presence of the superior and his brother in this chapel.

"The priest, Brother Escobar."

"Is there, then, a great feast, a grand ceremony?" said Fernand.

"An ordination. Listen!"

And at that moment, the bells of the convent sent forth a great peal; the organs filled the building with glorious music, as well as the chanting of the monks. Fernand entered the parlor and waited. After the first burst of the bells and organ, all was silent—all was quiet, but the quiet of a tomb. You would have thought the courts abandoned, if from time to time a distant chant did not come to the ears.

Fernand was dreaming of the joy of Alitea at beholding Juan free, when he saw through the grating long files of monks, their heads lowered and hands crossed upon their breasts, enter from the chapel and go to their cells. Fernand was then conducted to the apartment of the superior.

Father Jerome was there, with Escobar and a young monk, who, kneeling in a corner, seemed absorbed in either holy ecstacy or profound grief, for he heard nothing that was passing around him.

"My reverend father," said the young soldier to the superior, "I come to you on the part of the king—"

At this voice of a friend, at this voice which he had heard for the first time at the hotel of d'Aguilar beside Alitea and Carmina, the monk quickly raised his head.

"Juan!" cried Fernand.

The monk threw himself into his arms, and the tears, repressed so bravely for a long time, burst forth, and he wept, while in broken words he asked for news of Alitea and Yezid.

"Calm yourself," said Fernand, smiling. "You will see them yourself soon; I will lead you to them. My father," he said, to the superior, "deign to read that order from the king, which orders the release of your prisoner, Juan Sevilla."

"Juan exists no more," coldly answered the superior; "this is Brother Louis Sevilla."

"What do you say?" cried Fernand, recoiling a step.

"To-day, the day of Saint Louis, that young brother pronounced his vows."

"It is not possible! There is some treason here, and I protest against it, in the name of the king, who sent me. Is this true, Juan?" asked Fernand, turning to his friend Juan.

"Yes, yes; it was necessary," replied the latter, turning deadly pale and lowering his eyes. "Tell me at least—it is my only consolation—that my sacrifice is not in vain, that Yezid is saved from the executioner."

"Yezid has never been in danger," said Fernand, with astonishment. "Saved by me, and placed beyond all search, he seeks to obtain his pardon."

"Alitea then alone was menaced," cried Sevilla. "Tell me that she has left her dungeon,—that she is at liberty."

"The Duchess de Santarem has always been free and respected. She is maid of honor to the queen—"

The young monk turned paler still, and with a convulsive movement, drew a paper from his bosom and handed it to him, saying:

"That letter—still that letter—take it! it is from Don Delascar d'Alberique, an old man—from my father! He has not deceived me; that—read—read!"

Fernand, brought up with Yezid, knew too well the writing of the old man to be mistaken, and at the first glance, cried out:

"That is not the handwriting of d'Alberique!"

"Are you very sure!" said Juan, while the palor of death spread over his face.

"Very sure," continued Fernand, comparing with it a little note he had received. "It is not impossible to know the other, either. Hold! see yourself if it is not the handwriting of Escobar; both notes were written by him."

At the sight of the two notes both exactly alike, one known to be the writing of Escobar, the other said to be written by Don Delascar, the young monk uttered a terrible cry—a cry of malediction and vengeance, and fell upon the floor senseless. Fernand thought he was dead, and ran to him. Escobar wished to help him.

"Leave him—leave him!" said Fernand, pushing him aside. "It is you who have killed him, and I knew well, my fathers, that there was some treason, for which you shall answer before God and men. But Juan is free, and by the king's orders. I will lead him away as soon as he is able to be moved."

"He shall not go from here!" cried Father Jerome, placing himself between Fernand and his friend. "The king had power over Juan, but he has none over Brother Louis Sevilla, monk of this convent, and who depends only on me, his superior." Then, addressing several monks who had run to the spot upon hearing the noise: "Raise him and carry him to his cell."

"I will not allow it!" cried Fernand.

"Violence will be useless," replied the superior, "and will only harm yourself, senor cavalier."

Fernand understood only too well that the monk was right, and he said:

"I protest, at least, against the deception and treason, of which he is the victim; I protest against the vows, which are null and void."

"Which are regular," said Escobar, while they bore away Sevilla; "these vows were not forced upon him; they were solicited by him. He was here a month and a half."

"He was here as a prisoner; he was here hardly two months, and a year is required for a noviciate."

"A year at the most; three months at the least."

"Well," cried Fernand, with rage, "you contradict yourself; you yourself have acknowledged that he was here only a month and a half—"

"And two months in the 'Work of the Redemption,' as is attested by the archbishop of Valencia. That makes, if I am not mistaken, three months and a half of noviciate; that is, then, fifteen days too much."

Fernand, beside himself, seized the monk to strangle him.

"Do so, my brother," cried Escobar, with angelic resignation; "for I see that it will be more easy for you to strangle me than to answer me."

Fernand, suffocated with rage, rushed to the gate, sprang on his horse, and sped on wildly to Madrid.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SUPPER.

Juan Sevilla remained for a long time without any consciousness. When he recovered his senses,—when he saw the walls of his cell, the cross, the praying desk, and, above all, Father Jerome beside his bed, he cried out with terror:

"Fernand—Fernand! where are you? Fernand, do not abandon me!"

"He is not here," said the monk.

"It is not possible! He would not leave me in the midst of my enemies."

"Of your brothers," said the superior, piously.

"You my brothers?—you whom I renounce and whom I detest! Vows?—you, more cunning and more cruel than Ribeira himself; for he only employed violence, and you have used treason. I could by courage resist my executioners, but how could I defend myself against deceptions and snares with which you and Escobar have surrounded me?"

"My son, calm yourself and listen to me; it is necessary to make known to you the eternal truth."

"And you have commenced by falsehood!"

"The end sanctifies all, and we have wished to make you reach heaven."

"By the road to hell!"

"The brim of the cup is bitter, but it contains a salutary drink."

"A poison which kills!"

"Even if that were true, we give you eternal life in exchange. But this anger will cease."

"Never!"

"And when you have been some time among us—"

"But I will not remain. I am free; I wish my liberty."

"You have engaged yourself before God."

"Before God, who reads our hearts and who knows upon what condition I engaged; and if, as you pretend, your God is a just God—"

"Without doubt."

"He knows that I am not with him; he knows that my vows are null; he orders me to break them, and if you keep me here by force and in spite of myself, you will outrage that God of whom you speak."

"Permit me, my brother," said the Jesuit, with *sang froid*. "There are laws of God, but there are laws of the convent also, which are the laws of God upon earth. We are on earth now. It is the laws of the convent which it is necessary to obey. No monk goes without permission of the superior, then—"

"If you use force to keep me, I shall employ force to escape from your hands. I will proclaim in all places how you fill your convents. I will tell Ribeira what means you use to conquer souls—"

"And I, my brother," said the superior, with impatience,—"I have but one other word to say to you. You affect to exalt the archbishop above us—to humiliate us, without doubt; but we, also, —we have means of conviction not to be disdained, and for certain occasions we have a system which we have perfected. And I declare to you here that we have certain model dungeons where we place those with care who remain obstinately deaf to the voice of Heaven, and who seek to calumniate our order."

"Calumniate it!" cried Sevilla, furiously,—"calumniate it! is that possible! Does not your falsehood and cunning exceed everything that any one can invent? And you have hoped to keep me among your ranks—to call me brother! Listen to me, for I do not resemble you; I do not wish to deceive any one—not even an enemy. To you and to Escobar, and to all your order, I declare this day an eternal hatred. That oath which I make for myself I will keep. And now that you know me, call your jailors and order them to open your dungeons—"

"Slower," coldly said Father Jerome; "I do not say no—it is possible; but this moment you have a fever. I will send the physician to you and pray him to do his best to hasten your recovery."

He left, and a few minutes afterward, arrived Father Pacome, the convent physician. He found truly that Juan had a burning fever, which nothing could calm, and would last many days, and which was greatly aggravated by the appearance of any of the monks.

One evening, a prey to burning, wild delirium, to mingled rage and grief, preserving reason enough to recollect all the treachery of which he had been the victim, he raised himself. He was completely dressed in cassock and cowl. Enveloped in his robe, his face hid by his hood, he entered the cell of Escobar. The latter was absent, happily for him, for no doubt, in his rage and delirium, Sevilla, whose strength was doubled by the fever, would with his own hands have strangled the good father. He descended the staircase with a firm step, and traversed the court. Night had set in. The *angelus* and evening prayers were chanted; but, instead of following the other monks to the chapel, he continued his walk to the cell of the superior. A monk closed the door quickly. It was Paolo, the brother or rather the valet de chamber of Father Jerome. He made a gesture of surprise at seeing a monk advance so resolutely to the apartment, a monk whose face he could not see. He wished to speak. Sevilla seized him firmly by the hand, and said to him in a low voice:

"Silence!"

"Ah, you are one of those he expects."

"Yes—whom God sends."

He saw the closed door, and looking at Paolo, who held the key, he added:

"Open!"

Juan entered the cell, and the door closed behind him. He found himself in obscurity; and after having made the tour of the apartment, he said:

"He gone, also? Yes—I heard the *angelus* sound. He is there; I will wait for him. He hopes to disarm my vengeance; but he will not escape me. God will lead me. I wait—I wait!"

He threw himself upon a couch. Looking around him, he saw a feeble light under a pannel in the wall. He approached what he thought must be a door, and found it was a tablet on which was painted a portrait of Saint Jerome, which ornamented the cell of the superior. This portrait concealed a secret door, and which generally was so nicely closed that no one could suppose an opening there. Paolo had not wholly closed it, so that it showed a little light streaming through, and feeble as this light was, it served to guide Sevilla. He opened the door very easily, and the poor young man was blinded by the light which strayed in.

He saw before him a small saloon, beautifully ornamented, in the middle of which stood a table covered with snowy linen, and loaded with rich fruits, meats, and wine sparkling in crystal glasses. There were plates laid for four. The room was furnished with luxurious couches and chairs, and at the end of the apartment stood a large heavily-curtained bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

SCENES IN THE GREAT SNOW STORM.

The terrific snow storm of the 19th and 20th of last month will long be remembered and looked back to as a memorable event, comparing in magnitude with the great snow storms of the past century. On this occasion, the storm covered a vast space, sweeping along the Atlantic seaboard and far into the interior of the continent. It surpassed in severity any within our recollection. In the country, enormous drifts, ten, twelve and fourteen feet high, extended across the roads and fields like huge billows suddenly arrested while in motion, and packed by the sledge-hammer force of the hurricane into a solidity capable of supporting man and horse. Our Atlantic cities presented an extraordinary spectacle after the storm had cleared away. Many of the narrow streets were rendered impassable for days, while the great thoroughfares were heaped up. On the next page we present a couple of engravings illustrating the effects of the "great snow storm." The first view shows us the city prison—the "Tombs," in Centre Street, New York. The rail-track in front is partially cleared, and a long string of horses, only a part of which are visible, is just able to start the railroad passenger-car. The depth of the snow through which the pedestrians are floundering, is by no means exaggerated. The next engraving represents the Place d'Armes in Quebec, where, to be sure, snow is no novelty, and where, during the late fall, there was for a wonder a much less quantity than might have been anticipated from the latitude of the city. The large building in the background is the court house. The quantity of sleighs introduced will surprise no one who has visited Quebec during the sleighing carnival. Every variety of costume is displayed, our Canadian neighbors wisely preferring comfort in preference to show. They have many splendid turnouts and fast horses, and the city in the winter is one of the gayest places on the continent. The severity of the past winter has completely disconcerted those weather-wise persons who, at the commencement, enlarged upon the prospect of a moderate season. The usual signs were enumerated: geese flying north instead of south, thin husks to the Indian corn, etc.,—the opinions of the oldest inhabitants, and of several highly respectable Indian chiefs; but notwithstanding the opinions of the weatherwise, the winter has proved otherwise.



SCENE IN CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK CITY, DURING THE LATE SNOW STORM.



SLEIGHING IN QUEBEC.—SCENE IN THE PLACE D'ARMES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DARK HOURS.

BY EDWARD HENRY.

Ah, who can know the yearning
Of the sorrow-stricken heart,
As it finds at every turning
Fresh cause for deeper smart.
The hopes long years have cherished,
And nurtured many a day,
By one fell stroke have perished,
Though seeming bright and gay.

When prompted by ambition
To gain some promised end,
Just at the full fruition
Some ruder blast may rend
The idol of our being
From out our tightened grasp,
And in the distance seeing,
Have compassed seas to clasp:

Like one in silent slumbers,
Who finds a mansion bright,
Where music's flowing numbers,
And heaven's purest light,
And flowers of beauty rarest,
In spring's eternal green—
From this, of visions fairest,
He wakes to know the dream.

But hope in winning measures
Would point to realms above,
Where ever-during pleasures
And God's abiding love
For him of life so weary
Are kept in precious store:
And though this life is dreary,
There's rest forever more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KATE THORNTON.

BY MARY MORRISON.

"Love gives itself, and if not given,
No pride, no beauty, state nor wit,
Nor gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Can ever hope to purchase it."

"Pray, miss, what are your objections to him?" inquired Mrs. Graham of her niece, Kate Thornton, as they sat together in the little parlor one warm afternoon, engaged in no very amicable conversation.

"My objections are these, aunt," was the reply: "first, he is old enough to be my grandfather; second, he is cross and disagreeable; and last and best of all, is that I hate him, and will never marry him."

Mrs. Graham's dark eyes flashed, and her brows bent together in an ominous scowl at these words. Kate sat very unconsciously, rocking backwards and forwards, nothing daunted at the signs of anger, while her aunt proceeded:

"You speak like a foolish girl, as you are; you have not sense enough to appreciate Mr. Coverdale, and the offer which he makes you. He has talent, a high position in society, and great wealth, and what more could a sensible woman desire with a husband?"

"Love," replied Kate, rather shortly.

"But you would soon learn to love him, child. A woman easily learns to love a man who is kind to her, and anticipates all her wishes, as Mr. Coverdale would do, were you to become his wife."

Kate looked at her aunt rather incredulously.

"Do you suppose that I should love a man just because he fed me well, and clothed me in purple, and fine linen? Besides," added she, a little maliciously, "I am not sure even of that. I have heard that he neglected his first wife, and that she died of a broken heart."

"Nonsense, Kate! I should think you would know better than to give credence to an idle village rumor."

"Very likely it is not true," replied Kate, nonchalantly. "I should not think there was a woman on earth who would break her heart for such a man as Mr. Coverdale."

"Kate," retorted Mrs. Graham, "you provoke me beyond all bounds. Here you are, a portionless girl, with hardly a shilling to call her own, refusing a man like Mr. Coverdale. What is left for you, but teaching or some other drudgery, or marriage? What have you to give Mr. Coverdale, in comparison to that which he offers you?"

"Youth, some little beauty, and a heart," said Kate, rising as she spoke. "There he comes, now, aunt; and mind what you tell him, for when he asks me I shall say—'No, never!'" And Kate Thornton left the room as Mr. Coverdale stepped upon the piazza.

The fire died away from Mrs. Graham's eyes, the frown disappeared from her brow, as she rose with the sweetest of smiles to welcome Mr. Coverdale. The conversation between the two was long. Far from acquainting him with the true state of Kate's feelings towards him, she insinuated, though she did not really say, that her niece would in time accede to his wishes—that her seeming coldness and reluctance proceeded from the aversion which some young girls have to marriage, particularly with one a little older than themselves (Kate was seventeen, Mr. Coverdale sixty), and with that faculty which some women possess, she talked till she deceived herself and Mr. Coverdale into believing, what both wished to be true. Mr. Coverdale left her, feeling convinced that only time and a little attention on his part were necessary to win the hand of Kate Thornton.

When Kate left her aunt at Mr. Coverdale's approach, she sauntered down the garden walk till she came to a grassy bank, where she seated herself at the foot of an apple-tree. The air was sweet with the perfume of the lilac and the flowering currant. The warm south wind just stirred the curls on her neck, and showered the falling apple blossoms like snow, upon her. It was spring with the world and the young girl. Kate leaned her head against the tree and looked at the long shadows which the afternoon sun cast upon the emerald grass. She thought of her aunt and Mr. Coverdale. She remembered in all her battles with her aunt (and they had not been few), that however bold and brave she had been at first, she had been finally conquered—that her generous, outspoken indignation had been no match for her aunt's wily craft and perseverance; and as a shadow creeps over a sunny lake, a look of careful thought stole over her bright face. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that she heard not the steps on the soft grass behind her, and was first aware of the approach of a tall, manly figure by a kiss upon her upturned cheek. The new comer was rewarded for his pains (or his pleasure) by a smart box on his ear.

"Not quite so hard next time, Kate," said he, rubbing his face, as he seated himself beside her.

"You richly deserve it, Ralph," was the reply. "A thief, caught in the very act, must expect a blow."

"The blame is wholly yours, Kate; your cheek must not look so like a damask rose. I could not help it."

The rose on the girl's cheek deepened, and for an instant a light gleamed in her eyes, which showed that she had a fourth reason for not marrying Mr. Coverdale, a little stronger, possibly, than any which she had given.

"Pshaw!" said she, pettishly, as she felt the rising color.

"I saw Mr. Coverdale and your aunt in the parlor, as I came by the window," said Ralph. "I would not venture in, lest I should disturb a tete-a-tete—they looked so like a pair of lovers."

"Mr. Coverdale is not my aunt's lover—he is mine."

"Your lover!" said Ralph, with an incredulous laugh. "What does Mr. Coverdale want of such a girl as you are?"

"To be his wife," replied Kate.

Ralph's merriment forsook him at once.

"But you will not, Kate?" inquired he, a little anxiously.

"I do not know," replied she, for she was in a most provoking humor; "Mr. Coverdale has many desirable things—money, talent, position—"

"Everything that I lack," interrupted Ralph, in a tone of bitterness.

Kate looked at him; an expression of pain on his face made her repent her teasing words.

"But nothing that I wish," continued she, with a voice and look which set Ralph's mind completely at rest.

Peace being restored, the two lovers (for such they were) sat together beneath the old apple-tree, while the sun went slowly down. The flood of golden glory which he poured over hill and dale, was not brighter or more beautiful than the light which warm and passionate love shed over their young hearts. Their words were few. Their very happiness made them silent. At last Kate rose.

"It is time to go in, Ralph."

"Stay a moment," said he taking her hand. "Kate," continued he, gravely, "if a man has committed a great wrong, and is conscious of it, what ought he to do?"

Kate looked at him in surprise, but answered, without hesitation:

"He should repent, and if possible make restitution."

"That is my own thought, fair confessor," said he. "Allow me to return what I have unjustly stolen," and he bent down his head to kiss her; but when his lips had almost touched her cheek, both parties were startled by a loud laugh near them. Kate drew back, and Ralph looked around in confusion.

"Don't let me interrupt the proceeding," said a tall stripling, stepping forward into sight. "I should think it might be a most agreeable occupation."

Kate blushed, and Ralph bit his lip with vexation, but both knew the intruder too well to show any anger at his unwelcome appearance.

"Why, Will," said Kate, recovering herself, "how came you home so soon? We did not expect you till to-morrow."

"No, I suppose not; but I did not wish to waste another day at Cambridge, and besides, I did wish to surprise you—surprises are always so agreeable," added he, with a slight twinkle in his eyes. "But don't let us stand here; supper is waiting, and I am more than ready for it. Aunt was wondering where you were, Kate, and I volunteered to look for you, and considering all the circumstances, you and Ralph ought to congratulate yourselves on having a discreet person like me for a messenger."

And to prove his discreetness, Will Thornton strode down the garden walks, leaving the lovers to follow slowly, and before Ralph had parted from Kate at the hedge, he had managed to ease his conscience, and perform the penance prescribed, by restoring four-fold that which he had unjustly taken.

Perhaps it would now be well to acquaint the reader with the personages in our story. Kate Thornton and her brother Will, left orphans at an early age, were entrusted to the care of their aunt, Mrs. Graham. She was their guardian, and had the sole charge of their education. Their fortune was small, barely sufficient to clothe and educate them. Mrs. Graham was a shrewd, worldly woman. She early determined on her course. Will was to receive a good education, and then make his own way in the world. He was accordingly sent to the best schools, and now had just entered college, with the understanding that when he left it his little fortune would be expended, and that he must for the future depend upon himself.

With Kate her course was different. She was to make her fortune by marriage. With this view, she was sent to fashionable boarding schools, and taught nothing but showy accomplishments, and those outside graces of manner which are supposed to be the most attractive to the other sex, and most conducive to the one great and desirable object of a woman's life—a good marriage. A good marriage, in Mrs. Graham's point of view, meant a marriage which had money and respectability as a solid basis. If any love could be had with these desirable things, why, well; if not, it was no great matter, one could get along very well without it. To give Kate a good useful education, to make her as independent as her brother, by opening a way for her to support herself by her own industry, would have seemed a very despisable thing to Mrs. Graham. If she proceeded in that way, it was very probable Kate might be an old maid—girls brought up in that way often are—and Mrs. Graham hated old maids.

So Kate Thornton's naturally fine mind and talents were left uncultivated; she had no real education excepting that which none of us can escape, and which comes from our daily life. The soil was rich, but it brought forth great weeds as well as lovely flowers.

At sixteen, Kate's pretended education was finished—she knew no useful thing, but she was pretty, graceful, and had a warm and affectionate heart. She dearly loved her brother Will, between whom and herself there was a striking resemblance, such as is sometimes seen between twins of one sex, but rarely between brother and sister. She loved still better Ralph Howard, a young man in the village, and it was the deep passionate love which she felt for him which had hitherto kept her heart pure and unstained by the worldly and contaminating maxims of her aunt.

Mr. Coverdale, an elderly gentleman in the neighborhood, had lately appeared as a suitor for Kate's hand. Mrs. Graham had described him well in her conversation with her niece. He had all that she claimed for him, but nothing more. He was mean, hard-hearted and unscrupulous. His old age was disagreeable and unlovely, and youth shuddered at the thought of being united to it.

Mrs. Graham was well aware of the love existing between Kate and Ralph Howard, but she knew that the young man was soon to leave the village, and she trusted to time and absence, to her own craft, and Mr. Coverdale's perseverance, to accomplish her desired purpose. Was she, a woman of fifty, to be foiled by a girl of seventeen?

Ralph Howard went away, and Kate sadly missed the sunshine with which a beloved face gilds the commonest daily life. She felt, too, as if, in despite of all her efforts, an invisible web was being woven around her. She could not take a quiet stroll in the fields or woods but Mr. Coverdale was sure to join her. At the church door, at the post-office, at the store, she saw ever his unwelcome face. No matter how cross or ungracious she was, how fast or slow she walked, he would not be shaken off. She might as well have thought of escaping from her own shadow. Then, too, the reports in the village. People congratulated her on her approaching marriage, and talked of the whole affair as a settled thing. When she indignantly denied it, they would only shake their heads and smile, as if they knew better about it than she did. Kate's patience was sorely tried, and at last she listened to their remarks in sullen silence.

Will Thornton passed his vacation like most young college students, idly lounging about, tormenting the servants, teasing his aunt and sister when no better amusement offered. One morning he came into Kate's room with a letter in his hand, which he tossed carelessly into her lap, saying:

"Just read that, Kate, and see what you think of it."

The letter was from one of Will's fellow-students; the latter part of it, however, particularly interested Kate.

"Is it possible," so the letter ran, "that your pretty sister is going to marry that old Coverdale? I heard the report some time ago, but did not believe it. Yesterday I saw him in the street, and taxed him with it—just for fun, you know, to see what the old fellow would say. To my surprise he did not deny it, but grinned and looked as sheepish as a young bean. What a pity, Will! Is it too late to help it? I know he is as rich as a Jew, but ought money to buy everything?"

Kate's eyes flashed. She crumpled the letter in her hand, and muttered:

"What a confounded old fool!"

"Then you don't mean to marry him?" inquired Will, with mock gravity.

He would have proceeded further, but a glance at Kate's face showed him that she was not to be teased now. He changed his tone, and spoke to her with so much sympathy and love, that Kate found herself doing what she would never dreamed of, making him her confidant, and pouring out to him all her troubles and perplexities. The counsels of a youth of fifteen are not likely to be very wise or prudent, but in this case whatever they were, they smoothed Kate's angry brow, and she was soon laughing merrily at some conceit of the boy.

When Will left his sister he went to his own room, and in despite of his often expressed opinion that letter-writing was a horrid bore, he wrote a long epistle to Ralph Howard. When he had finished, he looked at it with some satisfaction. "It is the first step that costs," muttered he. "Kate would never do it herself; and part of the proposition must come from him."

A few weeks passed away. A strange change had come over Kate Thornton. Whether some unaccountable whim or caprice, so often attributed to women, had taken possession of her, whether her aunt's wiles, or Mr. Coverdale's perseverance were gradually accomplishing their ends, was not known, but Kate no longer showed any aversion to his society. She never left the room when he entered, or shunned him in the street. When he presumed upon her indifference, and sought to stand upon a more

friendly footing with her, she did not repulse him, and only when he offered her costly presents did she refuse them.

As hunters encircle a large tract of country and drive their game towards the centre, and to its own destruction, so did Mrs. Graham surround Kate with her toils and snares; but no hunter ever approached his victim with more caution and circumspection than she did the subject of marriage. When she received no flat refusal to her insinuations, and innendoes, she grew bolder, and presuming upon the marriage as a fixed affair, wished to know how soon it was to take place. To her astonishment, Kate answered, "If she was going to marry Mr. Coverdale she did not care when."

Construing this answer in accordance with her own wishes, Mrs. Graham set about preparing for the bridal trousseau in good earnest. She met with no opposition from Kate, who seemed at last to have given herself up to her destiny. But her temper, never any of the best, was fitful and capricious, and Coverdale felt the full force of it. She treated him like a slave, but the slave consoled himself in his servitude, by the thought of the rights he should soon enjoy as a master.

The wedding drew near. The dressmaker stood before Kate, scissors and satin in hand.

"But, Miss Thornton, I should not like to make it in that way," said she, in an expostulating tone. "I never saw one made so, and I do not think it would look well."

"Make it as I tell you," said Kate.

The dressmaker hesitated. Mrs. Graham entered the room; she appealed to her.

"Miss Kate wishes her wedding dress cut in a very queer way. I do not like to do it. It will be spoiled—such beautiful satin, too."

"How does she wish it made?"

"Why, marm, very large and long, trailing four inches, open in front, high in the throat, and sleeves long enough to hide her hands. It will look more like a night-gown than a wedding dress."

"Why Kate, my love," said her aunt.

Kate turned towards Mrs. Graham with no very pleasant expression on her face.

"As long as you have made the marriage to please you," said she, bitterly, "I will have the dress made to please me. If I marry a grandfather, I will dress like a grandmother."

Mrs. Graham was a little afraid of her niece sometimes; though she thought she had her under her control, she was never quite sure of it.

"O, have the dress made after your own fashion," said she. "I have nothing to say about it," and the dress was cut according to Kate's orders, much to the dressmaker's chagrin and mortification, which was not at all diminished when she saw the bridal veil, which Kate had purchased, and which she declared was thick enough for a pocket handkerchief, and she wondered how any girl, as pretty as Kate Thornton, could wish to make herself look so like a fright on her wedding night.

To-morrow was the bridal day. Kate's restlessness increased, but now her chief anxiety seemed to be lest her brother should not arrive in season for the wedding. Late in the afternoon she stood on the piazza watching for him, and the fading autumn leaves fell silently at her feet. At last she saw him walking slowly down the hill with Ralph Howard by his side. A faint color came on Kate's pale cheek as Ralph approached and took her by the hand.

"You see, Kate," said he, in a tone in which no emotion was perceptible, "though not an invited guest, I have come to your wedding."

"You are right, Ralph," was the reply. "I could not be married without you."

There was nothing in the words or tone which could have alarmed the most jealous lover, much less one so obtuse and self-satisfied as Mr. Coverdale. What had become of the passionate love which had flowered in their hearts in the glad spring time? Had it faded away and been forgotten, like the falling apple blossoms?

The morning was bright and beautiful. A light haze shrouded the distant hills, and every tree and shrub was beautiful with the melancholy beauty of autumn. Kate had desired to be left alone for the day. She wished to see no one, and especially refused to be visible to Mr. Coverdale. She wished no assistance at her toilet, and when urged by her aunt, she peremptorily declined, saying that she could arrange her own dress, and should not leave her room till the minister arrived.

Mrs. Graham passed a most uneasy day. This freak of Kate's filled her with anxiety. Kate would have no bridesmaids, but allowed her aunt to invite what guests she pleased. Mrs. Graham would have delighted in crowding her rooms with people, but she had a lurking fear that Kate might do or say something contrary to all established rules of propriety or decorum; she therefore contented herself with only asking forty or fifty dear friends who must come. Several times during the day she passed by Kate's room and listened at the door. All was quiet within. Once she ventured to knock and inquire if she wished anything. But she received so quick and ungracious a reply that she did not venture to repeat the experiment. Towards evening, as she was sitting in the parlor, heartily wishing the ceremony was over, Will Thornton passed by the door, but seeing her, turned back and said:

"Aunt, I do not like this wedding. It should not go on, if Kate had not assured me with her own lips that she loves the man she is about to marry. I can't and wont see her married though." And in spite of Mrs. Graham's expostulations, he strode out of the garden, and took his way toward the wood.

Mr. Coverdale came at last, in no very good humor, which disposition was not materially improved by being obliged to wait outside of Kate's door till the guests had assembled and the minister had arrived. Then Mrs. Graham knocked again:

"Kate, the minister has come," said she. "We are waiting for you."

The bolt of the door was withdrawn; the door opened quickly, and Kate appeared clothed in her bridal attire, with the veil hanging about, and almost concealing her face. Without a word, she took Mr. Coverdale's proffered arm, and the ill-assorted pair walked slowly down the stairs, and through the assembled guests.

Mrs. Graham breathed a little more freely, as she saw them standing together. The victory was almost won. The bride, too, looked better than she feared; the dress was not so unbecoming and hideous after all. It fell in long, graceful folds to the floor, concealing her feet, but had the effect of making her look much taller than usual, and probably impeded her movements, for she thought she had never seen Kate look so awkward. The tips of her white gloved fingers alone were visible through the long sleeves of her dress. The bride appeared greatly moved. The folds of her veil trembled with her agitation, which visibly increased—an agitation which showed itself not in tears, but in low, half-smothered laughter. The minister hesitated, and Mrs. Graham stepped forward towards her niece.

"My dear Kate," said she, "pray control—"

She drew back in astonishment and indignation, for on a nearer inspection, she discovered beneath the folds of the veil, not the features of her niece, but those of her nephew, Will Thornton!

Words cannot express the rage of Mrs. Graham and Mr. Coverdale at finding themselves such dupes—a rage which seemed to afford fresh delight to the ungracious Will. The wedding guests soon dispersed, some sharing the feelings of the enraged bridegroom and aunt, others more disposed to join in the merriment of the boy bride.

When Will Thornton had pretended to leave the house to avoid the wedding, he had only walked a few paces toward the wood, then turned back and cautiously approached the house, climbed up the elm tree by Kate's window, and by the aid of its friendly branches swung himself lightly into her chamber.

"I am so glad you have come," said Kate. "I don't half like it, however. I wish you had let me manage my own way, and have gone off quietly."

"O, nonsense," rejoined Will. "They want a wedding—do let them have one. Besides, they both deserve to have some trick played off upon them for persecuting you."

He went to the glass and began to shave very slowly from his upper lip the soft down, which he called a mustache. He evidently considered it a great sacrifice, for turning to his sister, he said:

"Kate, there is not another woman on earth that I would do it for but you."

"I am much obliged, truly," said she, laughing; "but make haste, Will. It is almost time for Ralph to come, and I must dress you first."

"Well, then, begin to deck the lamb for the sacrifice," said Will. "I hope I shall not be obliged to sit here long, it will be most confounded stupid work."

The toilet was no easy matter. Will objected to so much flummery, but Kate assured him not a single article could be dispensed with, if he wished to make his disguise perfect. Most of all, he rebelled against the wig, the veil and the flowers; he was sure the whole concern would tumble off his head before he reached the bottom of the stairs, and he walked across the room twice, wagging his head to prove his assertion.

"Do pray be still, Will," said Kate; "somebody will hear you. And mind how you hold your fan."

"I wont hold it at all," said he. "I should let it drop, and then with my usual gallantry, try to pick it up, and some of these confounded stitches would give way—just hear them now." And he maliciously brought his arms forward to the imminent danger of the back of the satin dress.

"Don't bother me, Will. Don't you see in what a hurry I am. There, I hear Ralph's whistle;" and Kate put the last touches to her own dress, which was an exact imitation of Betsey's, a servant girl who lived in the village, and was the intimate friend of Mrs. Graham's cook.

A bright pink calico dress, black shoes and white stockings, a gay, green shawl, and a dark blue bonnet effectually disguised Kate. She listened a moment to be sure no one was near, then stealing softly down stairs met Ralph at the garden gate, where he was standing in a blue woolen frock, with a large basket on his arm. Mrs. Graham saw them both as they walked slowly down the road, and wondered why Betsey had not staid to the wedding. The pair went to Mrs. Howard's where they changed their attire for more suitable travelling clothes. They then proceeded to New York, where in a few hours the real wedding took place.

Will Thornton found it rather tedious waiting in full dress. He dared not move after Kate had left him, lest he should disarrange his attire. And it was only the thought of his aunt's discomfiture and Mr. Coverdale's anger that reconciled him to his situation. His aunt's rage, after her guests had departed, exceeded even his expectations. She gave loose to her indignation in words of bitter reproach, and forbade her graceless nephew ever to show his face in her house again. Will told her very coolly, "that he had no intention of doing so—that in future he should probably spend his vacations with Ralph and Kate on the banks of the Hudson."

When Mrs. Graham retired to her room she found there a note from Kate. It ran thus:

"I have no excuses to make to you, aunt, for the step which I have taken. You, knowing that I loved another, endeavored to force me into a marriage with a man whom I neither loved nor respected. Such a fate, thank Heaven, I have escaped! And Mr. Coverdale, too, a man who would knowingly marry a woman who does not love him, and against her will, deserves a greater punishment than the mortification he has experienced to-day. I have no pity for him. I have reason for myself and when you are reading this I am no longer Kate Thornton but Kate Howard."

It was many years before Mrs. Graham forgave her niece. By one of fortune's strange freaks, she afterwards became the wife of Mr. Coverdale, and possibly her own experience in that once enviable situation may have made her look upon Kate's conduct in a different light. She led a wretched life with him, and found that neither his talents nor his money brought either honor, happiness, or even outward respect.

Kate and Ralph were as happy together as two people who truly love each other can be. Their life was not altogether sunshine. They had their griefs and cares, as well as their joys and pleasures, but they had the satisfaction of sharing them with each other. A true and pure love elevated and refined Kate's character, and made her a good and noble woman.

Will Thornton always looked back upon the trick which he played upon his aunt with roguish satisfaction, and when Kate, in after years, expressed regret for her part in it, he declared it was all out of pure envy at the extraordinary sensation which he created as a bride.

MUSICAL ANIMALS.

The fabled feats of Orpheus are not, perhaps, so wonderous as they at first appear. Certain notes, for example, sounded on a flute or other wind instrument, will cause a dog to set up a lamentable howl, evidently from the pain it produces, either in the ear itself, or the nerves connected with it. The war-horse seems to derive new life and vigor from the sound of the drum and trumpet; and at the circus, two horses will not pace regularly without music. Outrageous bulls have likewise, in several instances, been calmed into gentleness by music. Of this musical feeling in oxen, Mr. Southey gives a singular instance in his letters from Spain. The carts of Coronna make so loud and disagreeable a creaking with their wheels, from the want of oil, that the governor once issued an order to have them greased; but it was speedily revoked, on the petition of the carters, who stated that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without its music. Even fish, upon good authority, independent of the amphion and the dolphin, and of the old harper, who, as the ballad has it, "harped a fish out of the salt water," are said to have shown signs of being affected by music; and seals crowded to hear a violin, as we are told by Mr. Laing, in his voyage to Spitzbergen. Scoresby, junior, also tells us that music, particularly a person whistling, draws them to the surface, and induces them to stretch their necks to the utmost extent so as to prove a snare, by bringing them within reach of the shooter. "Gaudebant carmine phocæ," says Valerius Flaccus; which Sir Walter Scott translates:

"Rude Helskar's seals through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark."

N. Y. Atlas.

GOLD IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Whatever may have been the source whence the ancients obtained their gold, there is abundant evidence that this metal was admired and valued by them much as it is at the present day. Many of the accounts given in early writers dazzle us into the supposition that the stores of gold in those days were much larger than can be commanded at present. Thus Semiramis is said to have erected statues of Jupiter, Juno and Rhea, forty feet in height, and made of beaten gold. Drinking-vessels made of gold, and weighing twelve hundred talents, are also spoken of. The sumptuous displays of precious metals in the palaces of the great were frequently alluded to; but it has been aptly observed that the quantity diffused among the bulk of the English population at the present day would make a sum total far outbidding the golden wealth of those earlier days; though less obvious and glittering from being so much more diffused.—*Art Gallery.*

EASTERN SWORDS.

There have been some curious features connected with the sword manufacture in early times. The Damascus blades, and the Toledo blades, have each in its own particular sphere acquired great fame for their excellence; the keenness of the edge and the extensive and perfect elasticity having been carried in them to the utmost point. We have all read of Orientals wearing their swords twisted round their waists, or even coiled up in their turbans, so great was their elasticity; and swords have been made so keen as to cut a silk shawl in two, while resting lightly on the edge. Such, at least, have been the reported wonders; but the Easterns may probably in this, as in many other matters, embellish their stories a little.—*Gallery of Art.*

Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence; and great designs, which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them. We are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.—*Martyn.*

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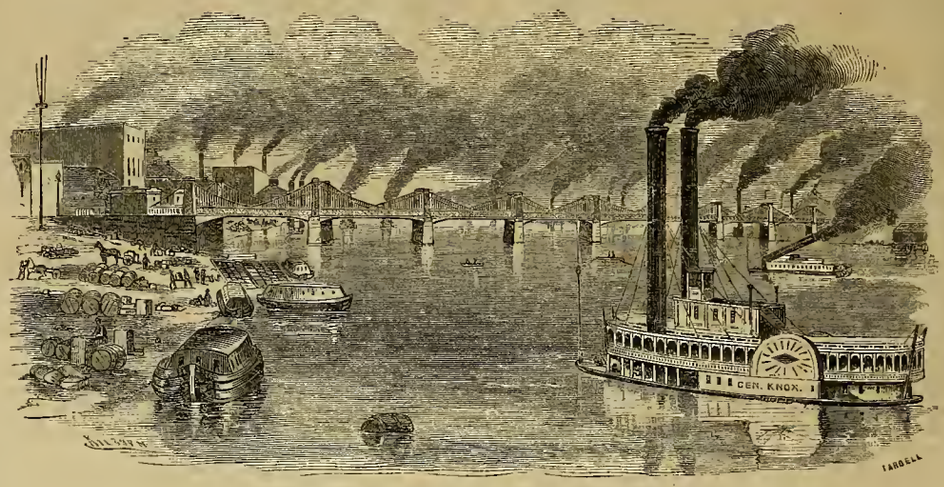
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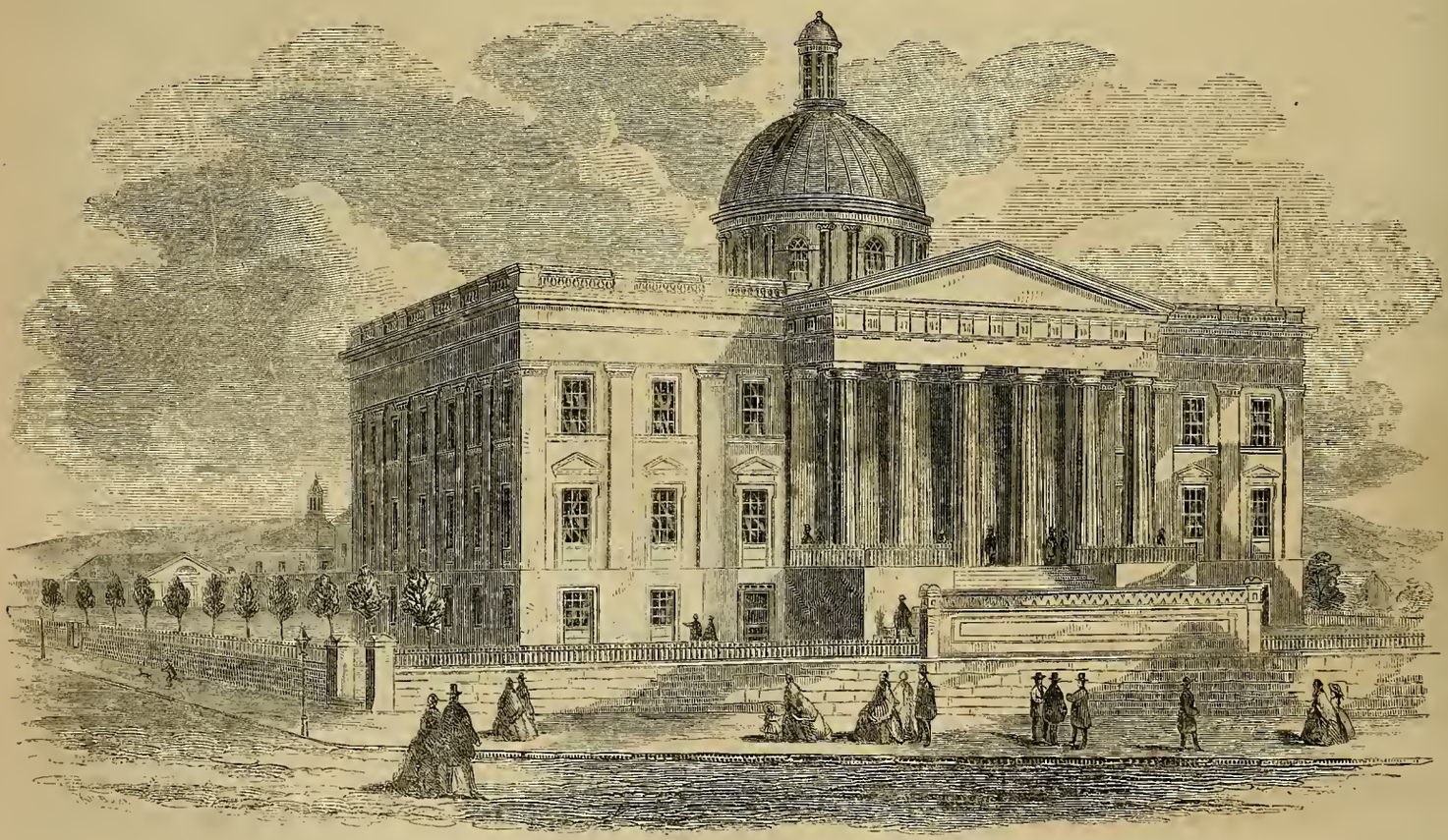
WESTERN PENITENTIARY, ALLEGHANY CITY, NEAR PITTSBURG, PENN.

VIEWS IN PITTSBURG, PA.

We present on this and the next page a fine series of views, taken on the spot expressly for our Pictorial, by Mr. Kilburn, illustrating several points of interest in and near the flourishing city of Pittsburg. The first view delineates the famous Western Penitentiary of the State of Pennsylvania, a strong castellated building, situated in Alleghany City, which communicates with Pittsburg by means of three substantial bridges, built on piers. It is an immense structure, in the Roman style of architecture, and is located on the western border of the city. It was completed in 1827, at a cost of $183,000. In the rear of our view, on the left, is seen the building of the 2d ward public school. The second view delineates the noble bridge which crosses the Monongahela River, connecting Birmingham with Pittsburg. It is 1500 feet long, is a noble structure, and highly creditable to the city. One of the famous river steamboats is accurately delineated in the foreground. The spectator will not fail to notice the long columns of smoke which are so characteristic of this busy place. The total consumption of coal for the city in 1854, was 22,305,000 bushels—enough to account for a cloudy canopy. The next engraving represents the Pittsburg Court House, on Grant's Hill. It is a splendid edifice, and stands in a commanding situation, and is one of the many beautiful buildings for which the city is celebrated. It is a massive stone structure, of the Grecian Ionic order, 165 feet long and 100 feet deep, with a very handsome portico in front. The dome is 37 feet in diameter at the base, and elevated 148 feet from the ground, so that from the top a magnificent view of the city and its environs is obtained. Its architectural proportions are particularly fine, and its elevated position adds much to its general effect. A portion of the jail appears, directly in the rear of this building. Our next view depicts the custom house and post-office, another fine, substantial building, in the design of which utility has very properly been kept in view. It is located at the corner of Smithfield and Fifth Streets, is built of freestone, and cost some $115,000. There are many beautiful church edifices in the city. We have selected for illustration a very fine specimen—the First Presbyterian church, a beautiful structure, with two graceful towers. Another church of which we present a view, is the German Catholic on Liberty Street, Allegheny City, which presents a very unique appearance, and forms a pleasing contrast with the usual style of church building. The towers remind us of some of the Greek churches in Moscow, Russia. Pittsburg, as our readers are aware, is situated at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, which here unite to form the Ohio, 357 miles west of Philadelphia. Besides the interest which attaches to it as one of the most flourishing cities of the United States, there are historical associations attached to it. Here stood in the last century, Fort Du Quesne, a French trading-post, erected in 1754. In 1758, an English expedition marched against this fort, which was regarded by George Washington, then a young man, as the key to the West. Captain Grant, encamped on what has since been called Grant's Hill, where the court house now stands, was attacked and defeated by a combined force of French and Indians from Fort Du Quesne. The approach of Gen. Forbes, however, at the head of 2600 men, dismayed the victors, who set fire to the fort and retreated. The victorious English and colonial troops entered the place on the 25th of November, and named it Pittsburg, in honor of William Pitt, then prime minister of England. The town began to be settled in 1765, became a country town in 1791, was incorporated as a borough in 1804, and chartered as a city in 1816. On the 10th of April, 1845, $9,000,000 worth of property was destroyed by a great fire, which, however, did not crush the resources or energies of the inhabitants. The population in 1810 was only 4768, but in the beginning of 1853 the city and its suburbs reckoned 110,241 inhabitants. Pittsburg stands upon a triangular plain, enclosed by the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers and by several hills. In its outline and general features it has been thought to resemble the city of New York. Along the Monongahela River, the streets were laid out at right angles to each other. The same plan was also adopted on the Alleghany side—the streets extending either parallel or perpendicular to the river. The space included within these limits was found inadequate to the accommodation of the population, and hence Alleghany City and Winchester, situated directly opposite the junction of the Alleghany River with the Ohio, and Birmingham, on the left bank of the Monongahela, have sprung into existence. The business and interests of these places are identical. The surrounding hills are filled with iron, coal and limestone, the working of which constitutes the chief employment of the inhabitants. These hills are generally graceful in form and present a variety of pleasing combinations. In fact, all the environs of Pittsburg are remarkable for their beauty and fertility. The city is principally built of brick, and the only drawback to a residence here arises from the fumes of the bituminous coal, of which, as we have seen, vast quantities are consumed. Our engravings have given the reader some idea of the architectural beauty of the public edifices, but a delineation of all of them would occupy an entire number



BRIDGE OVER THE MONONGAHELA RIVER, PITTSBURG, PENN.



COURT HOUSE, ON GRANT'S HILL, PITTSBURG, PENN.



CUSTOM HOUSE, PITTSBURG, PENN.

of our publication. The principal benevolent institutions of the city are the Mercy Hospital, the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, the United States Marine Hospital, the House of Refuge, and the poor houses of Alleghany and Pittsburg. Among the literary and educational institutions may be mentioned the theological seminary of the Associate Reformed Church, in Pittsburg, and the Western Theological Seminary in Alleghany City. The Mercantile Library, and other literary associations of Pittsburg are quite noted. There are upwards of fifty schools in the city, with 12,000 pupils. There are some twenty five newspaper and periodical publishing offices in Pittsburg, and the city supports, we believe, twelve dailies. There are two or three newspapers in Alleghany City. A Chamber of Commerce was established in Pittsburg in 1850. It is dangerous, however, to attempt the statistics of a place that grows so rapidly, and has such elements of prosperity within it. There is no limit to the manufacturing capability of Pittsburg. Wood, coal, and ores abound in the vicinity, and may be obtained with little expenditure of labor and capital. In this respect there is no place in the world so favored. According to the latest published statistical account to which we have access, the manufactures of the city and vicinity employ 400 steam engines. One of the largest establishments is the Fort Pitt works, which, in 1853, consumed 3225 tons of pig and wrought iron, producing, among other things, 10 blast cylinders, 10 first class steam engines, and 150 freight cars. Several iron steamers have been built at these works; and from 1842 to 1847 there were cast, bored and mounted here 633 cannon, weighing in all, 1787 tons, and 22,189 shot and shell. The total amount of pig iron, blooms and scraps, consumed in Pittsburg, in 1853, was estimated as follows: For steam engine foundries, 9250 tons; other foundries, 19,275 tons; and rolling mills, 93,850 tons; total, 127,375 tons. The people of Pittsburg are largely interested in the copper mines of Lake Superior. One copper-smelting establishment, consuming 1000 tons of Lake Superior ore annually, is in operation here. There are forty salt wells in the vicinity of Pittsburg, producing from 6000 to 30,000 bushels of salt annually. We have not space to enumerate the various manufactures, such as glass, cotton, cloth, chairs, oil cloths, surveying instruments, Venetian blinds, etc., carried on here. According to the census of 1850, there were 819 manufacturing establishments in Pittsburg, and 120 in Alleghany City, employing 10,253 hands, and producing goods to the value of $11,883,427. In 1854 the manufactures amounted to $20,990,338. The commerce of the port is very extensive. By means of navigable waters, railways and canals, it stretches its arms to the east, west, north and south. When the various railways now in progress are completed, Pittsburg will be the terminus of nine distinct and independent routes, of which five will be trunk lines. In steam tonnage it is the third city in the Union, being surpassed only by New York and New Orleans. January 1st, 1854, the steam tonnage of the port was put down at 75,505 tons. The limits of our article have only permitted us to take a passing glance at the immense business of this thriving city. Volumes might be occupied with its statistics and details. No traveller, American or foreign, should fail to visit it, and personally examine it. It affords a most interesting field of study, and unites a great variety of attractions, in the city proper, its suburbs, the adjoining landscape, the mines, etc.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PITTSBURGH, PENN.



GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, ALLEGHANY CITY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE POET'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN CARTER.

Lay him beside the murmuring rill,
While the bright waters as they play
Make sweetest harmony, and fill
The air with music night and day.

But raise no stone above his grave
To tell his fortune or his woe;
There let the vine in silence wave,
The summer breezes gently blow.

But up the harp, whose song of love
No more shall ease his aching breast:
He's joined the angel-band above—
And passed to his eternal rest.

And when the summer wind shall blow
Among the vines that round him wave,
O, may it whisper soft and low,
A requiem o'er the songster's grave.

[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FORTUNES OF THE GREAT.

BY E. S. SMITH.

The bells of Ghent were ringing a merry peal, flags and banners hung from steeple and tower, and the streets were overflowing with citizens dressed in their holiday attire. It was the birthday of the mighty emperor who had first seen the light within its walls, and though to-day was not even the hundredth time of its celebration, yet it could not pass without extraordinary festivity.

Our attention, however, is not to be called to a scene of mirth or rejoicing, nor have we to chronicle the fate of one whose name threw a lustre over the place of her birth. But whatever were her failings, and they were not few nor light, who will say that they were not atoned for by the severity of her destiny? Whilst, then, the sounds of rejoicing were at their height, we must notice a heavy travelling carriage drawn by four horses, which came slowly lumbering along as it entered the gates of Ghent. It was an equipage that evidently belonged to some one of rank, for the mouldings were richly gilded, and the windows were of Venetian glass—in those days a great luxury. But it had seen its best days. The coat-of-arms, which nearly covered its panels, were scarcely any longer legible; the gildings were tarnished, and the horses, by their want of condition, showed that they were not fed by a pampering hand. Two ladies occupied the inside, one of whom, despite of her fifty years, might still have been called handsome. Her face and complexion betrayed her southerly extraction, and though her features were clouded with grief, there flashed forth every now and then from her eyes a glance of pride and self-consciousness. Her companion was a younger person, and altogether more feminine in appearance, but still the expression of her face was of high spirit struggling with dreadful exhaustion. Eight days only before the time we write of, her fair head had fallen in effigy by the hand of the headsman. Outside the carriage sat two female attendants, with a young page, and one who seemed to show to the full the wretchedness which was depicted upon the faces of his mistresses. It was an old man, whose hair was already white, whilst the velvet-laced coat which he wore accorded well by its threadbare look with the faded splendor of the equipage. The time had been when the travellers might have expected similar sounds of rejoicings to greet their ears, a concourse of people and the ringing of bells, and all in honor of themselves. Alas! those days were past. Just once the elder lady had allowed the noise to attract her attention to the street, but her look was speedily withdrawn. The carriage at length stopped, and the page descended to the window to ask the direction the carriage was to take.

"To a hotel, Paulo—it matters not which."

Soon after, however, as the carriage was again rumbling on, a sign caught the eye of the elder lady, and the checkstring was hastily pulled. It was of a second-rate inn, and her companion asked, with surprise:

"What, here?"

"And why not?" said the lady, slowly. "It is the sign of the Helpful Mother of God. We are deserted by all; perchance the blessed virgin will shield me from the eyes of the world, and offer me a retreat where I may close my eyes in peace."

We resume the history after the lapse of seven months. In the window of a small house in the street de la Cruse, a light might have been noticed burning deep into the night; within the small, scantily-furnished apartment whence it issued, were four people standing mournfully around a bed, on which lay some one sick unto death. The elderly lady whom we have seen before, and an old attendant whom we recognize by his faded velvet coat and white hair, were two of these; the others were a sister of a religious order and a celebrated physician of Ghent. The patient we have also seen before. She was a lady whose features still showed signs of beauty, though worn down low with bodily and mental suffering.

"Doctor," said the elder lady, her eyes swollen with weeping, "you say then that there is really no hope?"

"It is a light about to be quenched," he answered. "Human skill is of no avail here."

"There is then no hope?"

"A miracle alone could save her, and," he added in a low tone, "this is not the age of miracles."

"And I do not hope," the lady answered, after a pause. "You told me she would die. These eighteen years you have told me truly all that was to come to pass—all my misfortunes. Just Heaven, when will my cup of sorrow be full! How soon will thy wrath change to compassion!"

There was a long silence. The doctor was the first to speak.

"Heavy indeed must have been the blow which brought one so young as she is into this situation."

"You are right. 'Tis no light matter to have to leave country, children, friends, to escape the scaffold; yet so it has been; she had spoken against the king and parliament. The tiger in human shape, not satisfied with having driven me forth into exile, must also kill my dearest, my only friend. Poor, unfortunate Isabella! death is the penalty you must pay for your devotion to one deserted by all beside."

The invalid opened her eyes; her half-glazed look dwelt for a moment upon the speaker; a placid smile played along her pallid lips; she sighed; it was a gentle sigh, but with it her spirit departed. All was hushed; no sob or expression of grief broke the silence. The mourner had sunk upon her knees, and her face was buried in her hands. It was a spasm of woe. At length she rose: and after gazing a moment on the face of the departed, her hands firmly clasped together, she stooped and imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the corpse. Then turning round, and drawing her figure to its full height, whilst her eyes sparkled, and her whole form seemed dilated:

"Triumph, vile priest!" she half screamed; "add another to your list of victims. Treacherous villain! cowardly assassin! take a woman's bitter curse—a curse," she articulated slowly, "heard by those blessed spirits who are even now wafting the soul of his victim to the courts of heaven. With her it is well," she added, after a pause, "but I remain here deserted by all."

The old domestic threw himself at her feet.

"By all; but no, not by me."

"My faithful Mascali," she said, motioning him to rise; and her grief at length found vent in tears.

The day was breaking, and with a low obeisance, the doctor and the servant had left the room. The old lady had sank into an arm-chair, whilst the Beguine, kneeling at the side of the bed, was offering up prayers for the soul of the departed.

It was high noon, when a gentle knock came to the door, and Mascali silently entered.

"Your grace," he said, "his majesty, the king, is below, and would wait upon you."

"Is his accursed favorite with him?"

"She is in attendance."

"I will see the king; but understand, alone."

A moment afterwards, Mascali opened the door for a young man, richly dressed, who sank upon his knee, as he became aware of the lady's presence.

"Mascali, a seat for his majesty, and leave us."

Mascali retired.

"Veramente, I was not prepared for this visit," said the lady, bitterly. "I thought you had yet delicacy enough remaining to have spared me this."

"I have been calumniated."

"With words! It were idle when deeds speak for themselves. Your latest deed has proved sufficient; comfort yourself with the thought that you need do no more."

"Did you but know—"

"I know enough, quite enough, too much. I know that whilst your friends were shedding their blood for you, you were a base coward, and ran away. I know that you have entered into a treaty with your most implacable enemy, the principal stipulation in which is that I am to be given up. I know, too, that I am your mother, or naught could make me even suppose that you were the son of the bravest of monarchs, whose blood is already tainted by your infamous cowardice."

"This is too much," cried the king, springing up.

"You can get into a passion then yet! Is there, then, a single spark of courage still left?"

"O, I know the countess hates me, and never ceases to calumniate me; but, by ——, she shall answer it."

"Yes, I know you have courage to face a woman."

"As I hope for salvation, I will be revenged upon her."

The lady rose, drew back the curtains of the bed, and, with a contemptuous smile, she said, slowly:

"There, then, revenge yourself upon her corpse."

The color left the king's face; he staggered a pace or two backward, and laid a hand upon the speaker as if for support. She drew back, as if from the touch of pollution.

"What, I serve as a prop for you! Away with you instantly. Rid me of your presence."

The monarch reeled towards the door, and the lady's glance followed him till he was gone.

"The miserable creature!" she exclaimed. "And yet he can call me mother!"

The next morning a chapel in the church of St. Baron was hung with black. In the middle stood a catafalque ornamented with a count's coronet; beside it stood the lady in prayer, and behind her Mascali, a page, and two female attendants in deep mourning. On it was written: "Pray for the soul of the most noble Isabella, Countess of Fargio, ambassadress to the court of the king of Spain and emperor of all the Indies."

Twenty years ago an old house was still standing in Cologne which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D., 1577. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her up some broth at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of the year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet, I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything, it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything."

There came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell upon the same tarnished velvet coat which we have seen before. The hostess wanted sadly to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding them a short "good-night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I have been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here, a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through town; they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is very cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two, and he succeeded in getting her out as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken, it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he now approached them.

"*Parbleu!*" said he, "why that is Mascali. What, are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting your—"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady, hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels. Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features as she answered, with a gently commanding tone:

"Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and, taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverentially to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one to whom he pointed out the lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small basket for him, and also a billet. Inside this was written:

"Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use.—Guise."

And the packet contained a hundred louis d'ors.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair for two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to obtain a small legacy. It was the thirteenth of February, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later, an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. Only one word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the failing staircase—"Nothing! Nothing!" He drew near the bed, listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse, which lay before him, with an almost convulsive motion, and, letting it as suddenly fall, he cried:

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary Medicis, wife of Henry IV., queen regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, queen of Spain, of Henrietta, queen of England, of Christiana, duchess of Savoy, of Gaston, duke of Orleans, dead of hunger, cold and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the just."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WENONA.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

On the life of young Wenona
Eighteen summer suns had smiled,
Fairest of all maidens was she,
Dwelling in the forest wild;
Well the hearts of all her people
Loved and blessed Wanisso's child.

Very fair was young Wenona,
In her dark and dreamy eyes
Lay the melting glance of loving,
Lay the flash of quick surprise,
Better loved the braves their lustre
Than the glory of the skies.

Care will enter dusky bosoms,
Care the lot of human kind,
In the heart of young Wenona
Strange it dwelling-place should find—
Strange wherever love finds entrance,
That that shadow walks behind.

Once the gentle maiden wandered,
In the evening's crimson light,
In the skies and in the river
Saw the twin stars floating bright,
Heard the spirit of the water
Welcoming the coming night.

Still without the maiden lingered,
Heedless that the hours sped on,
Heedless that the pale moon's glory
Down behind the hills was gone,
Mindful only of the fancies
Maidens love to think upon.

Hark! was that the night wind sighing
Through the leafy solitude!
Stealthily a form was gliding
In the shadow of the wood,
And before the startled maiden
Proud a stranger warrior stood.

"Daughter of Wanisso," spake he,
"Comes a lover from afar,
Tales have reached him of thy beauty,
Vain to speak its power they are,
To the heart of Mangarraro
Be a never-setting star.

"Moons have seen him dwelling near thee,
To thy people all unknown,
Gazing on thy face, O maiden,
Till its spell was o'er him thrown—
Daughter of Wanisso, give him
Love for love that's all thy own.

"He would of thy father ask thee,
But the deadly scalping-knife
Lies unburied with our people,
And the troubled stream of strife
Flows forevermore between them,
Never to be crossed in life."

Like a startled fawn she fled him,
Yet the chief did not pursue,
Never pausing till the wigwam
Of Wanisso stood in view,
While within her fluttering bosom
Beat a feeling sweet and new.

Never told she to her people
The event that marked that night,
Yet her memory oft recalled it,
And in dreams before her sight
Stood the stately Mangarraro,
And she saw him with delight.

Manto came to woo Wenona,
Often told his love before.
Kindly did her father greet him,
Bade him welcome evermore,
Smoked their pipes of peace together,
Sitting at Waidsso's door.

Did Wenona love the chieftain,
Manto, bravest in the fight,
By whose door the scalps of fifty
Withered in admiring sight?
No—between her and her suitor
Rose the memory of that night.

Through the wood one night she wandered,
Wishing Mangarraro near;
"Ah," she sighed, "my heart would greet him,
If the stranger should appear!"
When a rustling in the bushes
Fell like music on her ear.

Lo! a sudden splendor flashes
In Wenona's dreamy eyes,
On her cheeks the speaking blushes
In a bright succession rise,
In her heart a sweet emotion
Flutters with a glad surprise.

Morning came unto her people,
But Wenona came no more,
Bowing low their heads, they murmured,
"She has only gone before
To the land of the Great Spirit,
With the beauteous life she wore."

But in Mangarraro's wigwam
Bloomed a lovely southern flower,
Never o'er her gentle spirit
Stormy care again might lower—
Love, true love, where'er thou reignest,
Thine is everlasting power!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAINTER'S APPRENTICE.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

In the goodly town of Bologna, noted as the birthplace of Guido, Domenechino, Guercino, Carravaggio, Albani, and a host of others, only less eminent, dwelt a painter, by the name of Bondi. That he by no means ranked among the foremost in his profession, the fact that the name of Pierre Bondi is only twice alluded to, where the great masters are named, sufficiently proves. Nevertheless, at the time our story begins, he kept two apprentices, and drove a brisk trade in manufacturing oil paintings.

Our worthy artist, moreover, in addition to a snug fortune, possessed one fair daughter, Bianca, who had grown up fresh and blooming, by his side, like a tender sapling from a gnarled and knotty trunk. And for her, it was the painter's highest ambition, as she was to inherit his gains, to procure a wealthy, and if possible, a noble husband.

Born to love, as well as create the sentiment, she stood late one evening by her window, gazing vacantly on the spires of the old cathedral—as the chimes of the vesper bell came in their sweet melody to her ear—but her thoughts were away, wondering what had detained the elder of her father's apprentices—for Salvador usually passed her window at that hour.

Long had the painter Bondi marvelled at the resemblance young Salvador's Magdalens, Cecilias, and Madonnas bore to his daughter—for love-blinded as the youth was, still he contrived that the colors on his pallette, when transferred to the canvass, should arrange themselves into a striking counterfeit of the bright star of his boyish idolatry.

It was the eve of her birthday, and Salvador stood before his easel, spreading his colors with a skill and rapidity almost magical, as, like a flower unfolding its petals to the sun, the embodiment of his genius grew into life and being under his marvellous touch. A youth, habited in the blouse of a painter drew by the hand a young girl of a wildering beauty, who seemed willing, yet afraid to go with him.

"Ha! and you mean *that* for my daughter, and that dull resemblance for your own silly self!" thundered the old painter, approaching the easel. "Nay, not a word. Silence, mad fool, and quit my studio forever."

On a dark, tempestuous day, just one month later than the scene that occurred in Bondi's studio, beneath a tall tree whose tempest-tost branches gave him flickering glimpses of the lightning-flashing sky, and foam-capped waves of the "storied river," now swollen and terrible, sat a handsome, though melancholy youth, with knapsack strapped, and portfolio spread, sketching the darkening scene, as the storm-king swept by in his might.

While intent upon his sketch, the sound of loud and angry tones arrested his ear, followed by the clash of swords. Starting to his feet, he sprung to the high, bluff mountain-bank of the river, where sloping downward, it was skirted by a narrow road, bordered on the opposite side by a dense, sombre forest. Hastening down to the path, he saw a tall, muscular man defending himself against the attack of two ruffians, whom rightly conjecturing to be bandits, our hero of the storm sketch assaulted.

"I thank thee, friend, for thy timely assistance," continued the travel-soiled pedestrian, as one of the robbers fell beneath the young artist's weapon, while the other decamped with all speed into the forest; "but excuse me." And he drew forth materials from his portfolio, and began to sketch in the most masterly manner the contorted features of the dying robber. "One must not lose a chance like this! what agony! what terrible expression! that rolling eye, and stiffening jaw! that rigid brow, paling with the death dews, to which the damp locks are clinging! O, it is superb!"

"What are you doing?" asked our hero, in amazement.

"Now I have done! Look at it, my friend. One don't get a chance at a dying brigand every day." Then handing the drawing to Salvador, he pointed with his ready pencil to the ferocious face of the robber, scowling savagely, terrible even in death, transferred to his tablets.

Just as our apprentice was about to question the great unknown, the clattering of hoofs startled them, and the next moment a beautiful woman superbly mounted, emerged from the thicket, and clearing the intervening underwood at a bound, plunged at headlong speed into the path, followed by a score of bandits, all armed to the teeth. On they rushed, and before our sketchers had time to fire a shot or turn to flee, were upon them.

"Yield, or expect no mercy!" was her order, and the next moment they were firmly bound, and under a strong guard conducted through the forest to the portals of an ancient tower.

On searching our worthies for plunder, nothing was found on either save their tablets. No sooner, however, did the robber-wife see the sketch of the expiring brigand, so long her hated tyrant, than she exclaimed:

"Beautiful! exceedingly well executed! persevere, friend, and some day thou wilt be a great painter. Trust me, there's no nobler ambition."

Brilliantly beautiful was that bandit chieftainess. A jacket of crimson, slashed with gold, fitting her superb form to admiration; her slender waist, defined in its symmetrical perfection by a leathern girdle, into which were stuck a couple of pistols, and a silver-sheathed yataghan, the handle of exquisite workmanship, set with jewels; and gems of purest ray, too, looped up the golden tassels of her cap, from beneath which masses of dark curls escaped in tangled confusion down her sloping shoulders.

"But what is this?" she asked, looking approvingly on our apprentice's misfortune-conferring sketch; "this youth—yes, it is thyself—and the maiden, she too, I suppose, is a portrait? Commend me to an artist for the selection of a subject! Harkee, sir painter, can you paint *me*?"

Joyfully did our hero transfer to his tablets the beautiful form and features of the fierce beauty.

"There is skill, fire, imagination, poetry in this sketch, my friend. Courage! you will one day be a great painter, but still not of faces—the grand and the terrible is your forte. This storm scene, so wild, so fearful, is a very master-piece. Stick to the sublime in nature, in her angry moods, and you will yet reach the very summit height of art."

"Would that I had never seen easel, pallette, or pencil!" exclaimed our apprentice, bitterly, as he thought on Bianca, old Bondi, and Bologna.

A year from that time, all Italy flocked to see two superb paintings, then on exhibition at the ducal palace in Florence. "A Dying Bandit" attracted all eyes to its great painter, *Hans Holbein*, who generously disclaimed the prize, awarding it to an unknown artist, whose mighty pencil, dipped in darkness "that equalled light," had transferred a mountain storm to canvass with a might and truth never before approached.

"Ah, had that idle, dreamy fellow, Salvador, but painted like this, I had not turned him away, nor seen my poor Bianca pining to death ever since. The man who painted this, is indeed one whose name will live when the nobles of the land will be forgotten."

"Ha! sayest thou so? art willing to give thy daughter, old man, to the young painter who achieved *this?*" asked Holbein, remembering the night in the robbers' cave, when the young artist who had so opportunely come to his assistance (overcome by his own generous, sympathizing manner), confided to him the account of the scornful rejection of his suit by old Pierre Bondi. On the eve of departure for the field of his future glory, in England, Holbein joyously embraced the opportunity afforded of serving his preserver. "What was the name of the idle apprentice of whom you spake, friend Bondi?"

"O, a poor dullard, by name Hans Salvador."

A bright gleam of intelligence lit up the great painter's face; he remembered the name, traced under the pencil sketch of the bandit chieftainess.

"Here be is!" said he, beckoning to the storm painter, who approached, when the respectful greeting of the crowd told how true genius is ever honored. The old man bent forward to read the name pencilled there—SALVATOR ROSA. The next day he gave his daughter Bianca to the late disowned painter apprentice.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

The cedars, which still bear their ancient name, stand mostly upon four small contiguous knolls, within a compass of less than forty rods in diameter. They form a thick forest, without underbush. The older trees have several trunks, and thus spread themselves widely around; but most of the others are cone-like in form, and do not throw out their boughs laterally to any great extent. Some few trees stand alone on the outskirts of the grove; and one especially, on the south, is large and very beautiful. With this exception, none of the trees came up to my ideal of the graceful beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, such as I had formerly seen it in the Jardin des Plantes. Some of the older trees are already much broken; and will soon be wholly destroyed. The fashion is now coming into vogue to have articles made of this wood for sale to travellers; and it is also burned as fuel by the few people that here pass the summer. These causes of destruction, though gradual in their operation, are nevertheless sure. Add to this the circumstance that travellers in former years (to say nothing of the present time have been shameless enough to cause large spots to be hewn smooth on the trunks of some of the noblest trees, in order to inscribe their names. The two earliest which I saw were Frenchmen; one was dated in 1791. The wood of the Lebanon cedar is white, with a pleasant but not strong odor; and bears no comparison, in beauty or fragrance, with the common red cedar of America.—*Robinson.*

SIMPLICITY OF ENGLISH DRESS.

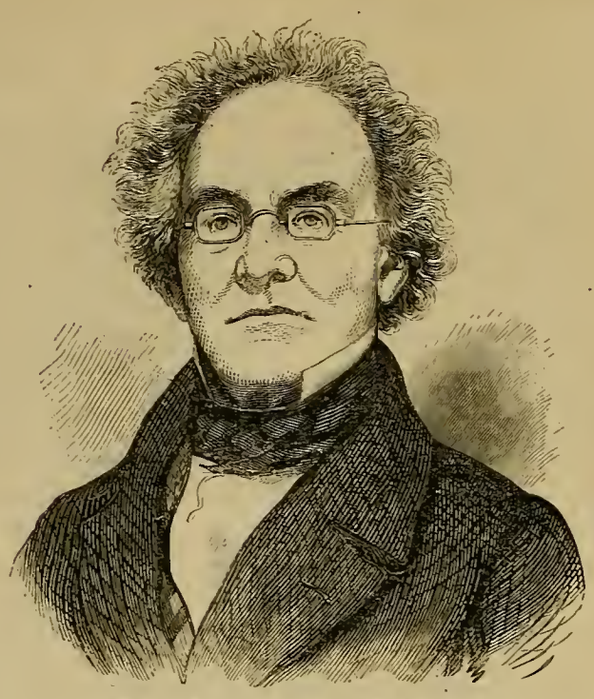
In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, there is greater economy of dress and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling, than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the daily wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, was surprised at the simplicity of manner practised. Servants were more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed, substantial, plain, and without any pretension to elegance. Even the carpets on many suites of parlors had been on the floors for fifty years. With us how different is the state of things: we are wasting an amount of wealth in this country on show and fashion, which rigidly applied would christianize, civilize and educate all mankind.—*Boston Transcript.*

A HEROIC WOMAN.

It is related that in the year 1786, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta sent as a present, a costly bracelet of rubies to Madame du Frenoy, a French lady of great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct, when an Algerine corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacre, bound to Genoa, and the Algerine coming alongside poured in a broadside, and then grappling with her, a number of the Algerines boarded her, sword in hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madame du Frenoy snatched a sabre from a wounded sailor, and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an unexpected example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killed several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their own vessel. When this lady reached the shore, she was everywhere greeted with acclamations by the populace. The Marquis de Christeaux waited upon her, and with his own hands placed a crown of laurel on her head—and a portrait of her was taken for the queen of France.—*Christian Freeman.*

MARSH'S JUVENILE COMEDIANS.

The group on this page, drawn and engraved expressly for our Pictorial, represents the extraordinary company of youthful histrionic prodigies, now performing with brilliant success at the Howard Athenæum, in this city, as they appear at home. Those who are familiar with their intelligent countenances, will readily recognize the likenesses. Next week we shall present a full page picture of the famous little George Marsh in a series of his most prominent characters. Juvenile companies of comedians have long been a principal attraction in the city of Paris; but nothing of the kind, on this extensive scale, was ever attempted in this country until the present troupe was organized by Mr. R. G. Marsh, the father of little George Washington Marsh and Mary Marsh, who, together with Miss Louise and little Carrie, are the stars of the company. They were organized some twenty months since, a few miles from the city of Rochester, in the State of New York, and, until that time, but three of the troupe had ever seen the interior of a theatre or museum. The principal performers are, Miss Louise, aged 12 years and 8 months, for leading male and female characters; Mary Marsh, 8 years and 10 months, leading lady and comedienne; Master Waldo, 11 years and 9 months, leading old man; Miss Carrie, 9 years, walking gentleman and light comedian; Miss Helen, 10 years, old women and soubrettes; Master George W. Marsh, 7 years and 2 months, comedian; Little Sallie, 8 years, second comedian; Little Julia, danseuse, and Miss Melville, heavy business. The size and ability of this troupe, which numbers some thirty or forty performers, enable them to run through the whole range of the drama. They have astonished and delighted the most refined audiences, having been for months an attraction in the theatrical city of New York, and meeting with no less brilliant success here in Boston. Master George W. Marsh reached his seventh birthday last Christmas, while his sister Mary will be nine on the fourth of March next; and it is a curious coincidence that the birthday of father and daughter occur on the fourth of March, and that of mother and son on Christmas Day. George W. Marsh is one of the most extraordinary juvenile performers it was ever our good fortune to witness. He has the true *vis comica*, and impersonates a wide range of characters with unvarying spirit and success. He has all the self-possession and adroitness of a veteran actor, seizes upon striking points with rare intelligence, and makes them tell upon the audience with the happiest effect. Miss Mary, his little sister, surprises you by her womanly airs. It is a perfect marvel to us how a child like Miss Louise can personate characters like William, in "Black-Eyed Susan," and Maguire, in "The Serious Family." In the performances of these children, you would look for something automatic; and might fancy beforehand, if you saw them once, you would exhaust their capabilities. Such, however, is by no means the case. Though they certainly evince careful training, still there is a great deal of spontaneity in their performances. If they possessed a purely imitative faculty, without any creative genius, they could not by any possibility be taught to play the many pieces which make up their repertory. It is because they have intelligent minds, and intuitively grasp the lights and shades of character, that they are enabled to present as great a variety of pieces as are usually brought forth by elder comedians in the same space of time. They have been generously applauded by the press, but their merits have not been exaggerated. One of the happy hits of George W. Marsh occurred when he was called before the curtain at a time when Edwin Forrest was playing at the Boston Theatre. The little fellow advanced confidently to the footlights, gracefully acknowledged the applause after the manner of the veterans of the stage, and then delivered himself of the following brief and pithy address, to the infinite amusement of the audience:—"Ladies and gentlemen—there has been a rumor currently circulated through this city, that I have come here to *crush* Mr. Forrest; but this is not the case. I'm one of his strongest supporters (assuming a fighting attitude). I consider Mr. Forrest as good an actor in his line as I am in mine. Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you a good night." The idea of such a David championing such a Goliath was excessively ludicrous. We are pleased to learn that all the children belonging to this troupe are healthy and happy. Their acting is like other children's play; they think it excellent good fun, and regard it as an amusement—not a task. They have been brilliantly successful at the Howard, notwithstanding the great counter attractions of the Boston Theatre and Boston Museum.



JOHN A. KING, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

HON. JOHN A. KING,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The accompanying portrait of the present governor of New York was drawn expressly for us by Barry, from an ambrotype by Brady, of New York, and is pronounced an accurate likeness. John A. King is the eldest son of Hon. Rufus King, so extensively known from a long political career, and was born in the city of New York, in the year 1788. He received a classical education at Harrow, England, in consequence of his father's residing abroad as minister to that country. At an early age he entered into public life, and was for a series of years a member of the New York Assembly and of the Senate. He was secretary of the English legation in 1825. Subsequently, as a member of the national House of Representatives, he distinguished himself by his oratorical ability and steadiness of purpose. He was also said to be an excellent party tactician. Mr. King, having acquired the confidence of the Republican party, was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia. At the New York State Republican Convention held at Syracuse, he was selected as the gubernatorial candidate of the party. Mr. King's residence is at Albany, in the old Van Rensellaer mansion, which he has fitted up in suitable style. He is a very hospitable man, and has ample means, we believe, at the disposal of his generosity. Like many other eminent men, whose example he has followed, Mr. King is an ardent devotee to agricultural pursuits. He has brought to it zeal and learning, and the results he has accomplished show what may be done by the union of science, capital and common sense. He has always been ready to give his brother farmers the result of his experience, and his various agricultural addresses are all sound and able. Although quite an old man, Gov. King is hale and hearty—the consequence of his agricultural pursuits. The governorship of such a State as New York is a position of immense responsibility. That State is an empire in itself—fertile, wealthy, of vast territorial extent, and embracing within its limits a complication of interests, demanding the supervision of a head, vigorous and sagacious, and experienced in public affairs.



THE MARSH CHILDREN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W.—By no means impossible, for an extraordinary rate of speed is occasionally attained by English skaters. In 1859, instances occurred of a mile being accomplished in very little more than two minutes. One celebrated skater could skate a mile in a minute and four seconds, another skated two miles in three minutes and eight seconds. In the winter of 1858, two skaters went from Ely to Cambridge and back, in all forty miles, in two hours and thirty-six minutes.

A. H. C.—Russia is the great country for bells. The "Tsar-Kolokol" and the "Bolshoi" are the largest bells in the world. The "Tsar-Kolokol," or king of bells, contains metal enough to make thirty-six bells as large as the great bell of St. Paul's, of which you speak—the weight being 443,000 pounds. The bell has long been lying in a cavity beneath the tower of the cathedral at Moscow.

J. C. C., Roxbury.—The Edinburg Review was established in 1802, and the Quarterly in 1809.

MARINE.—The motion of a shot in ricochet firing, where the guns are slightly loaded and elevated at a small angle, is the same as that of a stone skipped on the surface of the water. Ricochet shots do terrible execution.

O. P., Jr.—Count Platoff was a famous hetman of Cossacks, and distinguished himself greatly against the French during Napoleon's invasion of Russia, in 1812.

B. C.—James Bruce, the celebrated African traveller, was a Scotchman, and died April 27, 1794. His most startling statements—which caused his veracity to be called in question at the time—have been fully confirmed by recent travellers.

F. G., Belmont, P. O.—Lamartine's "History of the French Revolution of 1848" was translated by Messrs. F. A. Durivage and William S. Chase, of this city, and was published by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

PICTOR.—Rembrandt, the painter, acquired great wealth, but his habits were low, and his avarice insatiable. His coloring and chiaro-scuro have rendered him immortal.

READER.—The Redan is a kind of rampart placed in advance of the principal works to defend the least protected parts. It is usually made of earth, and is the simplest kind of field fortification.

W. W.—We do not know of any original picture by Vandyke in this country. There is certainly none in the Athenæum collection.

M. M.—The motto of Suwarrow, the famous Russian marshal, Catherine's favorite, was "Forward and Strike!" He said, "Nothing is to be thought of but the offensive—quick marches—energy in attack—the naked steel."

MIDDLESEX.—The steppes of Asia are, in some respects, similar to the prairies of the West. They are partly susceptible of cultivation, and afford pasturage to numerous herds of nomadic tribes.

HISTORICUS.—The union of the crowns of England and Scotland took place on the accession of James I. to the former.

SELFRIDGE, Toronto.—The beast called unicorn in our version of Scripture, is now commonly understood to be the rhinoceros.

SURVEYOR.—Alvan Clark, a miniature painter, of this city, whose rooms are in Tremont Row, manufactures lenses and telescopes. Some of the latter have been ordered in England, and have been highly commended there.

ANTIQUARY.—The "Kit-Cat Club" was instituted in London about 1688, by some young men of wit and pleasure. It afterwards became a political club—whig, in principle. Addison, Steele, Marlborough and Walpole were distinguished members of it.

SLEIGH-RIDES.—We have all heard of the wolf in sheep's clothing, who "went about like a raging lion, seeking whom he might devour somebody;" but a pleasanter spectacle is a smiling damsel, as innocent as a lamb, blushing forth from the folds of a wolfskin sleigh-robe.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—It is now established beyond controversy that, as a work of the fine arts, in the fine finish and naturalness of its engravings, and elevated and pure tone of its literature, "Ballou's Pictorial" has no equal in this or the old country—and on this account we are glad to learn of its immense circulation.—*Musical Harp, Cleveland, Ohio.*

SPLINTERS.

.... A yam weighing 178 English pounds was lately exhibited in Paris. Three such would dine a regiment.

.... Spiders' bites have proved fatal in several cases. Wm. Haughton, of Cincinnati, died of this cause.

.... The Hardware Board of Trade of New York lately had their first official dinner. There are five hundred dealers.

.... There was a fall of snow at Havana this winter. The people thought it salt, and were surprised at its melting.

.... New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore harbors have suffered from ice this season—Boston harbor has remained open.

.... In one day five tons of eels were shipped from one town in Massachusetts to the city of New York.

.... The New York Day Book says there were 2705 failures in the United States during the year 1856.

.... There are a thousand medical students at Paris. Long may it be before they graduate!

.... The late Samuel Gurney, brother of Elizabeth Fry, who died in London, lately, gave away $100,000 a year.

.... Captain John F. Bowers, of the barque Mary Broughton, has followed the sea thirty years without a single disaster.

.... Josiah Bradlee, of this city, has given ten thousand dollars in all to the Home for Indigent Females.

.... The cholera in India appears everywhere to have spared the women—from their temperance, it is thought.

.... The Chinese in San Francisco, California, have a hospital and a theatre of their own.

.... Mr. Albert G. Tenney, a most excellent and accomplished editor, has retired from the Bath Tribune.

.... The Board of Councilmen of New York has appropriated $2000 for the celebration of Washington's birthday.

.... Dr. G. W. F. Mellen is about resuming business in this city as a chemist, and should meet with kindness and aid.

.... The queen of Spain has abandoned all self-respect; and the king, who hates her, is plotting treason to the throne.

.... It has been decided, in the Kentucky Court of Appeals, that a man may marry his mother-in-law.

.... Mr. Barnum is in London once more with Tom Thumb, and little Cordelia Howard, the child-actress.

.... Col. Benton remarked that the greatest trouble he met with in Boston was from the pressure of hospitalities.

.... The Liverpool Times says that murder increased in the United Kingdom in spite of capital punishment.

.... In India everything has languished for means of transit—railroads will now supply the great want.

.... Tupper coined a fine simile when he spoke of Niagara as "the ocean-bride of time."

SNOW DRIFTS.

We make no apology for talking about the snow, or acknowledging it is the *drift* of our present article. Though we are on the eve of what the almanacs facetiously term spring, we haven't got rid of sleigh-bells and runners yet, and may have more to do with snow flakes than is quite agreeable. Well, some three weeks ago we did flatter ourselves that we had a specimen of an old-fashioned snow storm. Banked up in a country-house for a day, looking out on great white ridges ten and twelve feet deep, marvelling on the disappearance of wall and pump and shrub, and the general transmogrification of all things about us, the air still filled with dazzling particles driven before a perfect hurricane, we made up our mind that we were enjoying a picture of the good old times. As such we predicated our experience, when, the next day, we were whizzing over the rails behind a trio of powerful locomotives. But it seems we reckoned without our host.

There sat beside us a well-preserved old gentleman, with a blooming cheek, whose birthday dated back into the past century, and whose locks, white as the snow our sharp plough was furrowing, entitled him to be regarded as the "oldest inhabitant."

"Bless your souls, gentlemen," said he, "this aint nothing—this aint—compared to what we used to have. Why, I remember in the year '90 (we think he said) a snow storm that lasted nine days. I lived down east then. The snow was up to the eaves of two-story houses. Nothing but the steeple could be seen of the village meeting-house. We had to go up the chimney when we wanted to get out of doors. That snow lasted a month. Well, we all got used to it, and went a visiting just the same as usual. Every man was a Santa Claus then, and as they were a hospitable set of folks, all of them kept open chimneys. Recollect dropping in on a neighbor to take pot-luck," added the old gentleman; "slipt down the kitchen flue, and, as luck would have it, stepped into the soup-pot. Walked out of that mighty quick, I tell you, gentlemen; shin soup, and hot at that. Well, we set down to dinner, and had a right good jolly time. I kep' my own counsel—as I ullers do in similiar circumstances. Only one of the boys sniffed at his soup, like that 'ere Brooker in Nickleas Nickleby, and said it had a unpleasant flavor of leather, for which he was rapped over the knuckles with the carving-knife, deprived of dumplin's, and sent out to finish his dinner in the kitchen. That 'ere snow lasted, as I said, a month—way inter spring; and when it went off, you'd better believe, gentlemen, there *was* a fresh."

The old gentleman was silent, and not a word of comment was made by any of the passengers—the impression being too profound. No one knew the name of the narrator. He got out at Hill's crossing, and we haven't seen him from that day to this.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

Many a man has prospered in life, simply from knowing when to keep his mouth shut. Many a home has been rendered happy, from an exercise of this faculty on the part of husband or wife. Many a legislator has won the favor of his constituents, by attending to business instead of making long speeches. It appears that health is also dependent in some degree upon keeping the mouth shut. Dr. Hall advises persons who go from a warm apartment into the open air, in cold weather, to close the lips resolutely for a space of at least ten minutes, walking rapidly meanwhile; thus the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, causing no derangement. By "not so doing," says the doctor, "many a heart once happy and young now lies in the churchyard, that might have been young and happy still." It is almost appalling to think on how many apparently trifling circumstances the health of man depends. We are told that multitudes die yearly from a failure to follow such simple advice as the preceding.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—This art is really working wonders. At a late meeting of the English Photographic Society, some pictures were exhibited as minute as the head of a pin, which, on being subjected to the medium of a powerful microscope, disclosed well-executed groups of half a dozen personages.

AFRICA.—Before long, Africa in its whole expanse will be an open volume to science, and commerce will create in its interior invaluable markets. The recent researches of Dr. Livingstone have given a new impulse to the spirit of engineering and enterprise in that direction.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.—It is said that somebody somewhere has in his possession a manuscript unravelling the web of mystery woven about this French state prisoner, supposed by so many to have been an elder brother of Louis XIV.

PATENT SAFE.—After a fire in Cincinnati, lately, which lasted thirty-six hours, a patent safe was taken out, and a Shanghai rooster, which one of the clerks had put in there for safe keeping, was found frozen to death. What a puff for the inventor!

TO MARRIED LADIES.—A newspaper poetess, in an "advice to a young wife," says:

"Be sure you ne'er for power contend,
Nor try by tears to gain your end."

U. S. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Our friend Major Ben: Perley Poore, who has been elected to the office of secretary of this national society, will make a most excellent officer.

AN AMERICAN MATRON.—A lady of sixty lately put up at the Madison House, with her husband and thirty-two children. A child for every star in the Union and one to spare!

HORACE VERNET.

We little thought when we published lately a portrait of this great battle-painter, that he would ever visit this country but it seems he is actually coming hither in the spring, being invited to fill one of the vacant pannels at the Capitol with one of his stirring representations of a "heady fight." This selection of a foreign artist to paint a picture for our national capital has, of course, produced a great deal of dissatisfaction—but we do not propose to discuss its policy just now. Two things, however, must be noted in this connection, that Horace Vernet's reputation is not French, but universal—that he is the greatest living battle-painter, perhaps the greatest painter of warlike scenes that ever lived. There is not a nation in Europe that has not been eager to secure one of his master-pieces, regardless of his birth-place. Then, again, he is well known for his ardent sympathies with freedom, his adopted motto being, "where liberty is, there is my country." As a proof of his independence, it is on record that when Louis Napoleon desired him to alter a picture of a military review, leaving out a certain general who was obnoxious to the French emperor, Vernet refused to do it. "I am a painter of history, sire," was his noble reply, "and I will not violate the truth." Moreover, there is no living American artist who has made battle his study and ruling passion as Vernet has. Since Trumbull, we have had no American painter of battle-pieces. We think, however, that it is questionable whether, if Vernet attempts an American subject, as he must, he will be able to hit off the Anglo-Saxon type of character and countenance. It is very difficult for an artist to avoid being national in his faces and figures. Gavarni's Londoners are not genuine John Bulls, but Frenchmen masquerading as cockneys. The genius of Vernet, however, is universal, and he may rise above every difficulty in the execution of his task. He is now advanced in life, but paints with all the vigor of his youthful days.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!—A good deal more than most people imagine. A poor title often prevents the sale of a good book or the reading of a good story. A dramatist lately wrote a spirited comedy called, "Closed on account of Death," which was rejected, because if people read it on the theatre bills they would think the house was shut up.

OLD AGE OF ACTORS.—Talma, in the latter part of his life, was asked his age, and avoided the question by saying, with a smile, "Actors and women should never be dated. We are old or young, according to the characters we represent."

WHAT NEXT.—An American actress has lately been presented with a carriage. The lady will now enjoy the luxury of purchasing horses and harness, paying for horse feed and hiring a coachman.

SPINDLEDOM.—The Lowell factory operatives have more than a million of dollars deposited in the Saving Banks of that city, the fruits of their honorable labor.

CLERGYMEN AND SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Ballou's Pictorial is sent to clergymen and school teachers for $2 a year.

BINDING.—All styles of binding done at this office, at the *lowest rates*, and in the best manner.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Elbridge G. Keith to Miss Anne C. Dyer; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles R. McCulley to Miss Annie M. Randall; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Lewis A. Smith to Miss Rebecca M. Turner; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. William Carline to Miss Mary R. Sullivan, of Chelsea; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Zachariah F. Cutor to Miss Leonora A. Davis; by Rev. Dr. Randall, Mr. Daniel Long to Miss Jane C. Symons, formerly of Halifax, N. S.; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William H. Thomes to Miss Frances M. Allen.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Field, Mr. Joseph C. Brown, of Boston, to Miss Sarah A. Ryder.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. Jacob A. R. Brooks, of Chelsea, to Miss Elizabeth Barrett.—At Winchester, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. William H. Colburn, of Boston, to Miss Mary Fiske.—At Middleton, by Rev. Mr. Braman, of Danvers, Mr. Benjamin Howe to Miss Anna J. Richardson.—At Natick, by Rev. Mr. Bowles, Mr. Charles P. Cox to Mrs. Marietta E. Leavitt.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Edward B. Arnold to Mrs. Charlotta E. Lander.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Livermore, Mr. John C. Knight, of California, to Miss Elizabeth S. Sawyer.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. William Andrews, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., to Miss Henrietta Clapp.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Chapman, Mr. Jonathan Barnet to Miss Mary J. Reynolds.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Catherine Adams, 20; Mr. J. A. Adams, 32. Mrs. Susan J. Sylvester, 41; Mrs. Mary Waitt, 63; Mr. Benjamin Baker, of Dorchester, 71; Mr. John S. H. Irving, 17; Mrs. Susan A. Rogers, 37; Miss Mary E. Wyman, 23; Mrs. Sarah A. Foye, 40; Miss Martha Ann Philbrick, 29.—At Chelsea, Mr. John Lillie, 53.—At Medford, Mrs. Roxanna F. Burbank, 32.—At Cliftondale (Saugus), Mrs. Isabel S. Herrick, 26.—At Malden, Mrs. Hannah Holden, 32.—At Milton, Mrs. Sarah Bent, 89.—At Oxford, Mrs. Hannah Collier, 91.—At Danversport, Mrs. Sarah E. Pitman, 42.—At Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth Upton, 93.—At Groton, Mr. Josiah Bigelow, 60.—At Windsor, Mrs. Naomi Demarauville, 74.—At Beverly, Mr. Josiah B. Elliot, 64.—At Gloucester, Miss Adeline Fears, 22.—At Newburyport, Mr. Enoch Huse, 61.—At Taunton, Mrs. Martha Bilson, in her 73d year, a native of England.—At Ballardvale (Andover), Mrs. Beulah F. Poor, 35.—At Auburn, Mr. Jonas Bancroft, 86.—At Worcester, Mr. John Stacy, 92.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Eliza A. Piper, 25.—At Ware, Mr. Benjamin Mitchell, 88.—At Deerfield, Mr. Samuel Hastings, 84.—At Westfield, Widow Electa Norton, 82.—At Templeton, Col. Leonard Stone, 72.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Magdelener Buerkl, 37.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Agne Preirs, 23.—At Long Plain (Fairhaven), Mrs. Hannah White, 69.—At Providence, R. I., Miss Catherine Wyer, formerly of Boston, 65.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TRANSIENT IS OUR STAY.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

We are only travellers here:
Fleeting is our life;
Hastening to another sphere,
Every moment rife—
Rife with hopes of endless bliss
In a glorious region:
In a fairer world than this,
Far from cares a legion.

Transient is our stay on earth,
Fleeting is our day;
Heaven hath joys of endless worth
O'er life's thorny way.
May we seek to gain that shore
Decked with gems immortal,
When this journeying is o'er,
And we've crossed death's portal.

THE WORLD'S TIME.

Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unoiled and swift, and of silken sound;
But the world's Time is Time in masquerade!
Their's, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged
With motley plumes; and where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves.—COWPER.

POWER OF SONG.

Wherewith bestirs he human spirits?
Wherewith makes he the elements obey?
Is 't not the stream of song that out his bosom springs,
And to his heart the world back coiling brings?—GOETHE.

A KISS.

I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart:
The kiss went tingling to my very heart.
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay—
The sweetness clinged upon my lips all day,
Like drops of honey loth to fall away.—DRYDEN.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

More constant than the evening star,
Which mildly beams above—
That diadem—O, dearer far
A sister's gentle love.—ANON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

How vividly does the psalmist describe a thunder storm—"The clouds poured out water; the skies sent out a sound; thine arrows went also abroad." Ps. 77: 17.....The English editors were never noted for a knowledge of the geography of this country. The London Illustrated News presents its readers with a view of "Baton Rouge, Nebraska!".....Those of our readers who love flowers, should not forget to refer to the Florist's Department of "The Flag of our Union.".....The Aurora Borealis must, it is thought, be composed of a vast mass of electric matter resembling in every respect that generated by the electro-galvanic battery. The currents from it charge the wires, and then disappear as the mass of the aurora rolls from the horizon to the zenith.....The people of Sacramento, California, are roofing their houses and laying their streets with asphaltum. Asphaltum has been used on the streets of Paris for many years.....Timber soaked in corrosive sublimate will keep sound under ground for many years.....The house given to Mayor Hall, of Brooklyn, Long Island, New York, for his services during the yellow fever season, is situated on Livingston Street, and valued at the sum of $11,000.....The St. Louis Herald is complaining that Illinois criminals, after serving out their time in the prisons of that State, are furnished with money and aided to emigrate to St. Louis. How is this?.....Think of splendid land in Kansas selling at $2 25 an acre!.....The "Royal Hawaiian Theatre," Sandwich Islands, has been doing a brilliant business, inaugurating a new era of social life in the Pacific.....Madam McAllister, the widow of the celebrated "magician," intends to pursue her late husband's profession, and having the public sympathy, will, we predict, be everywhere very successful.....We read a heart-rending sketch in that very clever paper, the New Yorker, the other day, in which the hardships of a poor woman were described, who had herself and child to support, and who had received only a dollar and a half a week for needlework, making six coats for that wretched pittance. No wonder that vice exists where industry is so illy remunerated.....The Upas Tree in Java, which carried death to all who breathed the air wafted through its branches, was a fable. But there is really a valley of poison in Java, the atmosphere being rendered deadly by carbonic acid gas exhaled from crevices in the ground.....Among its many offices, the fan is used as a death-signal in Japan. It is presented on a peculiar kind of salver to a high born criminal—and the moment he stretches out his hand to receive it, his head is struck off. Rather a *fanciful* way of announcing his doom, we should say.....Mrs. Partington talks about "a rupture of Mount Vociferous, with the burning lather running all over the coutagious territory." What can the old lady mean?.....Something may be learned even of an exhibition of tight-rope dancers. The performer keeps his eye fixed on one point. So in life—if your eye is fixed on some great guiding principle, you can tread the narrow and dangerous path without fear of falling.....It is computed that two millions of dollars are spent annually for flowers in the city of Paris. As bouquets are very cheap there, the production of these "alphabets of angels" must be prodigious.....The Italians have a pithy saying—"The man who lives by hope will die of hunger.".....Be kind to your horses while the snow lasts. What is *sleighing* to you, may be *killing* to them.....The "Central Presbyterian" thinks the felt hat is the only sensible one worn. We think so, too—it is so easy to the head, that the pressure is not *felt*.....From 1821 to 1851, the increase of real property in France was more than one hundred per cent.; and that of personal property about forty per cent.....The prevalent fashions in New York among gentlemen, are the wearing of high glazed top-boots outside the pantaloons, and drinking lager bier out of silver mugs.....A notorious ruffian, sentenced for ten years at Sing Sing for a heinous crime, and pardoned by the governor of New York after two years' service, killed a man with a slung shot within a week after his liberation—a sad commentary on the effect of official leniency.....Whatever you do, do with all your might. If we wanted to make *sure* of killing a mosquito, we would use a Paixhan gun.....The city of Philadelphia possesses real estate assessed at $150,000,000 Quakerdom is wealthy.....Scientific men think some kinds of seaweed will form nutritious food. "One plate of kelp!" may yet be the cry in our eating-houses.....A friend of Col. Greene, of the Post, says that his most painful fear in respect to death is, the apprehension that his tombstone will be inscribed with a pompous eulogy, in "badly spelled, ill-rhymed and ill-punctuated verses.".....The child of the emperor of France is regularly enrolled in the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard. He is seen "in arms" every day.....The courage shown by the king of Naples at the recent attempt to assassinate him, has helped him amazingly. To say nothing of the morality of the thing, it is the worst possible policy to try to kill a despot.....One thing is very certain—Prussia can never conquer Switzerland. The cantons swarm with rifles, and the mountaineers are dead shots.....The French papers are advocating a government transatlantic line of steamers It will never do. All the attempts of the French at transatlantic steam navigation have been failures. England and the United States have a passenger monopoly.....Theatricals, at the last advices, were quite dull in San Francisco.....The new play of "Fascination." written by Messrs. S. L. Ward and Dick Tinto Goodrich (S. O. G.'s son), and produced at Burton's, New York, in splendid style, was a complete success. But the heroine is a female Giovanni, and the catastrophe sanguinary and Frenchy.....Two girls in New York, the other day, had a charcoal fire in their room, and then went to sleep—never to wake again. Too much care cannot be used when charcoal is the fuel.....A Dr. Jackson has promulgated a novel idea, viz., that the intellectual disparity between the sexes is chiefly owing to the difference between their costume. So that, if a lady only had the courage to don the historical "brass coat and blue buttons" of Charles James Fox, she would be fitted to shine in the Senate—or if Rufus Choate should don the crinoline, his intellectual gifts would cease to astonish the world. This is truly an age of discovery.....A delegation of Kaw Indians has lately visited Washington. Are these Kaws connected with the Crow tribe?.....They are very gay at New Orleans this winter, with parties, dinners, suppers, dances, serenades and theatres. Their pleasure season is so brief, that they pile it up while it lasts.....Charles Cook, of Havana, New York, has given $25,000 to the contemplated People's College, in that State. Would there were more such men in the world, in spite of the old proverb, "too many cooks spoil the broth.".....Gen. Concha lately reviewed a thousand horse in Cuba. But the parade made little show, on account of the diminutive size of the animals. A squadron of Uncle Sam's cavalry would trample all the Cuban ponies under foot.....An Edinburgh stone-cutter depicted a figure of an angel wearing a wig on a tomb. "Who ever saw an angel with a wig?" asked a critic. "Did ye ever see one without a wig?" was the triumphant retort of the artist.....Two young ladies, the other day, were discussing the important question whether a certain gentleman wore any beard. One of them exclaimed, "I know he has, for it pricked my cheek!" What an indiscreet admission!.....Daniel Webster knew beans. In 1848, we find him sending an order from Washington for half a bushel of his favorite vegetable.....The editor of the Buffalo Express, after hearing the Calliope, promised never to say anything against barrel organs again.....A physician told a lady patient, that if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory. Her retort was admirable. "If some physicians were allowed to practise there, they would make it a desert.".....A party of real Simon Pure gipsies lately visited St. Louis. We hope our friends there kept a sharp lookout on their clothes-lines, poultry yards and silver spoons. Gipsies are very agreeable in operas and pictures; but in private life, they "don't pay," as Mr. Unit says.....A gentleman in New Orleans lately attended a masquerade ball, and made violent love to a charming mask in a polka jacket. It turned out to be his own wife! Of course he "knew it all along.".....Downing, the colored oysterman of New York, who retired from business with at least a hundred thousand dollars, intimates that after the 4th of March he shall go to Washington—an appointment having been tendered him by the president elect. We guess so. Hi-yah! He would make a good secretary of the treasury, because he is used to *shelling out!*.....Punch says, speaking of the stealing and swindling manias of the day, that if he was Saturn, he should count his rings every night to see that none of them were missing!.....The winter in Italy has been very cold, and some of the American boys at Florence have been astonishing the natives by skating on the Arno.....One of our greatest theatre-goers has not yet recovered from the exertion of seeing Rachel at the Boston last year. He had to hold his opera-glass in his right hand, and a book of the play in his left; to keep one eye on the French text, and the other on the translation; his ears on the actress, and his feet stamping applause—to say nothing of the care of his hat, gloves and bouquet, and delicate attentions to his fair companion. Poor man!.....All Longfellow's readers will recall with pleasure his specimens of Jasmin, the provincial poet of France. We see that Jasmin has received a testimonial from his native town, consisting of a crown formed by two laurel branches in gold, intermixed with silver fruit.....Little Master Marsh, one of the boy-actors at the Howard, lately publicly disavowed his intention of "crushing" Forrest.....Ludwig Tieck, in one of his graceful novelettes, remarks on the great amount of character there often is in a laugh. "You know no man," he says, "till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh. Some men laugh like a hyena.".....There are some 80,000 men in the Russian guards, and full 40,000 of them have turned-up noses. Snub noses are the rule in Russia.....Ben. D'Israeli, the statesman and novelist, has lately made a great sensation in Paris.....British North America is about one quarter larger than all Europe.....There are continued rumors about the removal of General Concha from the governor-generalship of Cuba. The principal business of a governor-general is to take care of number one—and Concha is not the man to neglect that respectable unit.....The Lancet states, on the authority of Dr. Livingstone, that there is a singular immunity in the native African tribes from such diseases as consumption, cancer, hydrophobia and cholera.....The Newfoundland codfishery has been below an average this season; but enhanced prices of the commodity have more than compensated the fishermen for any falling off in the catch.....A correspondent of the London Times gives an account of the efficient and economical working of the steam-plough, in Gloucestershire, and elsewhere. Our Yankee inventors must hurry up their steam-ploughs.....Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, is said to be in pecuniary difficulties. He is said to have had too many strings to his bow.....Gibson, the great English sculptor, has resided so many years at Rome, that he is said to have almost forgotten his native language. He still defends his practice of coloring his statues. He has a Venus Victrix of marble of a delicate flesh-color, with pale golden hair....."The French grin," says Lady Mary Wortley Moutague, "is equally remote from the cheerful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an English horse-laugh.".....Hayda, the great musician, had a fancy that he could not compose successfully, unless he wore a certain diamond ring given him by the emperor of Russia. Poets, as well as musicians, have had these erratic fancies.....In speaking of the universality of the gift of music, the New York Musical World says:—"Every boy in the street can whistle a tune, but every boy cannot paint a picture." Whistling seems to be spontaneous, or, as the school-boy said, when he was called up by the master for the performance of Yankee Doodle, "I didn't whistle, sir; it whistled itself.".....It has been suggested, that every railroad corporation should employ a surgeon. Considering the frequency of railroad accidents, we should think such an *attache* indispensable. Perhaps there had better be one to every train.

A DAUGHTER TO HER FATHER.—Julia Webster Appleton, the daughter of Daniel Webster, in a letter addressed to her father sixteen years ago, thus appealed to him on an occasion of his sickness to return to private life:—"What is the whole country to your family when weighed in the balance with one hour of sickness or anxiety which it causes you? I am no great patriot. I do not love Rome better than Cæsar; the advancement of party better than my own dear father."

Choice Miscellany.

RUBIES IN CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco Herald says that a young man by the name of Haverhill, while prospecting a few days since for gold among the hills of the coast range, near the San Antonio mines, washed out four good sized beautiful rubies from one pan of earth. He obtained from the same pan a very respectable prospect of gold. Rubies have been found in Gold Run, near Nevada. Garnets of a very superior quality have also been found in the vicinity of the Sugar-Loaf Hill, near Nevada. Both the rubies and garnets, however, that have been found in this vicinity, are not of sufficient size or fitness to give them much value. We presume that such is the case with the rubies recently found near San Antonio. Apropos of rubies, we append the following paragraph, taken from the Calcutta Citizen, which, in speaking of a late reception of the English embassy by the Burmese king, says:—"The only thing remarkable at the interview was an inanimate object, and that was a ruby in the centre of the pagoda crown of his majesty. It was as large, if not larger, than a hen's egg, and far more valuable than the great Koh-i-noor. It was beautifully cut, and almost as round as marble. It was torn off the ear of the Karen queen, by Alompra. It was a pendant, being suspended by a wire casing through her right ear. It is of the purest water, and more than two thousand years old, if the traditions concerning it are to be believed. It came originally from Assam, and belonged to the Great-Garrow king, Moung Sa, who ruled the whole of China India. This ruby will, I prophesy, in ten years be worn by Queen Victoria."—*Life on the Wing.*

SKETCH IN MOSCOW.

In Moscow, with its glorious undulating site, its long, irregular streets of handsome villas, interspersed with greenery, its handsome *magazins*, and its constant rattle of equipages, you feel as if surrounded by human interest, and cease to wonder why neither despotic power, nor long neglect, nor systematic preference for a rival, can wean the true Russian from his love for the ancient cradle of his race. And now it looks brighter and gayer than ever. Paint, and lime, and varnish have done wonders, making even the old Chinese town look sprightly and modern; while the gilder has given to the thousand domes, minarets and spires of Moscow a splendor and refulgence which can only be appreciated by being seen. Stand on the esplanade of the Kremlin, and having first curiously examined its battlemented walls, its ancient treasury, its grotesque church—the Assumption; watch for a moment the people, high and low, military and civil, as they reverentially doff their hats while passing under the sacred gate; and then turn suddenly towards the vast city that spreads itself out beneath your feet, count its innumerable church spires of delicate green, bright golden, or royal red; look down its long streets, alive with human ants; learn to distinguish its fortress-like convents, its regal palaces, its great public institutes, and you must admit that you are gazing on a panorama to which the civilized world offers but few parallels.—*The London Journal.*

OUR TEETH.

It is often asserted that the teeth of the present generation are much inferior to those of the generations who have passed us. We wish that some of our many dentists would prove literary enough to give us a dental history. We should be astonished, probably, at the dental evils of other days. Evidences of the use of false teeth by the Romans two thousand years ago, were found among the ruins of Pompeii. Three hundred years ago, Martin Luther complained of the toothache; and a German ambassador at the court of Queen Elizabeth spoke of the weakness and imperfection of the English people's teeth, which he attributed to their custom of eating a great deal of sugar. Shakspeare makes one of his characters speak of being kept away by a "raging fang." Roger Williams was struck by the imperfect teeth of the Narragansett Indians, whom toothache and decayed teeth troubled exceedingly. George Washington had a set of artificial teeth, for which he paid five hundred dollars. Such are a very few facts which come up in our poor memory concerning a somewhat interesting matter. We would like to have many more of them.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

ALPINE FLOWERS.

The Alpine flowers have a remarkably deep and vivid coloring. The most brilliant blues and reds, with a rich brown shading to black, are observable amidst the white and yellow flowers of the low countries, and these tints likewise seem to assume a purer and more dazzling hue in these high regions. A similar richness of coloring is met with in the vegetation of polar districts, where the hues not only become more fiery, but undergo a complete alteration under the influence of the constant summer light and rays of the midnight sun, white and violet being often deepened into a glowing purple. The Alpine plants often grow in dense masses, and their extraordinary splendor of coloring lends that magic charm to the fresh green turf which renders the pasture lands of the High Alps so famous.—*Sketches of Nature in the Alps.*

New Publications.

IVORS. By the author of "Amy Herbert." In 2 vols., 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857.

The authoress of "Amy Herbert" is sure to secure readers by the talismanic property of her name alone. The story before us is a dramatic one, wrought out with great skill, and producing effect by the legitimacy of its portraiture of real men and women. For sale by Redding & Co.

MEMOIRS OF WASHINGTON. By MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 516.

The life of Washington cannot be too often written and read. Mrs Kirkland has told his story in her own happy way, and produced a most acceptable volume, particularly to the young. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Russell & Richardson, 13 Tremont Row, and 282 Washington Street, Thalberg's Andante, for the piano, opera 32, "Silver Bells," an idyll, and "Rosalie," for the piano forte. From Oliver Ditson we have received "Shakspeare's Loadstars," by Shields, a vocal quartette; "Brooklyn Schottisch," and "La Chasou des Lagunes," a variation on a Venetian air for the piano.

MEMOIRS, JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE. Edited by Lord JOHN RUSSELL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 2 vols., 8vo. pp. 1079.

There are few books which, like Boswell's Johnson, satisfy all tastes—but this is one of the very few. Covering a wide period of time, the life of Moore embraces an intimacy with all the literary illustrations of the 19th century, and with its most brilliant social representatives. His familiar letters, anecdotes and diary bring these distinguished people before us. The book is gay, gossipy and readable, and must become an immense favorite. It is embellished by a fine portrait of the author, and a beautiful view of his charming residence, Sloperton Cottage. For sale by Redding & Co.

Editorial Melange.

There are nearly six million acres of unsold lands in Michigan. —— The ice bridge over the Susquehanna, at Sudbury, Pa., is said to be not less than ten inches thick. Horses and vehicles of all kinds have been passing over it for three weeks past. —— Preparations are being made for deepening the mouths of the Mississippi River. —— One day a gentleman asked Mr. Ricardo, "What is the secret by which you have accumulated so much wealth?" "I will tell you," said Mr. Ricardo; "I was always contented with small profits. I sold whenever I could make a gain, and never held on to goods in hope of a raise in price, a practice by which more lose than gain in the long run."—— Baltimore oysters are now sent to all parts of the world, and travellers feast on them in the mountains of Switzerland. —— Twenty-five Dakota families, living at Hazlewood, some forty miles above Fort Ridgeley, Minnesota, have renounced their tribal character, donned civilized dress, and formed themselves into a sort of republic, with a written constitution, president, etc. They are intelligent and industrious, and have wheat and corn to sell. —— Hams are preserved from the attacks of the fly, and their quality uninjured, by throwing red pepper on the fire in the smoke-house, at the close of the operation. —— The new invention, the "Calliope," has been introduced upon the Mississippi. A favorite boat, the "Natchez," has come out with this instrument, whistling "Pop goes the Weasel," "Susannah," "Villikens and his Dinah," and other familiar tunes. —— Senor Pelemine, city treasurer of Havana, has lately absconded, being a defaulter in a large amount. —— An exchange says that Governor Clark, the pardoning governor of New York, was being shaved, the other day, when the barber accidentally tweaked his nose a little too hard. "Pardon me," said he, very naturally. "Put your hand in my coat pocket and pull one out," said the kind-hearted governor. "I'll fill it up for you when you've done."—— Mrs. Ruth Pennington lately died from the effects of a severe fit of sneezing, in Baltimore. —— The Bank of Venice was established about the year 1157, the Bank of Genoa in 1305, the Bank of Amsterdam in 1609, the Bank of England in 1694, the Bank of Scotland in 1695, and the Bank of France in 1716. The Bank of England was established by one Scotchman, and the Bank of France by another; the first surnamed Patterson, the other Law. —— The imports of foreign goods and merchandise at the port of New York, for 1856, amounted to $213,556,649, being $55,696,411 in excess of the total for 1855. —— Feargus Tracy, recently crossing Colt's meadow at Hartford, fell into a snow-covered well forty feet deep, and with five feet of water in the bottom, but, after cutting off his boots with his jack-knife, he managed, with the aid of a piece of plank, to get out, having been immersed an hour and a half. —— The word petticoat is henceforth a misnomer, as long as the article of apparel so called retains an amplitude to which only the bitterest irony can ascribe the character of pettiness. —— Dr. Reese recommends, as a means of deterring men from self-destruction, that the bodies of suicides be "given over to the surgeons for dissection." Considering that in nearly every case of this sort there is some degree of mental derangement, and that the best citizen is liable to this terrible mode of death, the doctor's suggestion is worthy of the palmy days of Salem witchcraft. —— The amount of wood brought to Portland in 1856 by the Grand Trunk Railway, was 9886 cords; lumber, 23,936,300 feet; flour, 97,347 barrels, besides 75,524 barrels brought by water. —— It is a good sign to see a woman dress with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband shed for her feathers and foolery, gems and jewelry. —— At the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the presiding bishop decided long sermons, except on very special occasions, to be improper, contrary to the discipline, to the practice of "the fathers," and, to some extent, subversive of the ends of the Christian ministry. —— The number of enrolled militia in New York State is 335,000, of whom 18,500 are uniformed, armed and equipped—a number greater than that of the United States army. —— Snedeker's extensive hotel stables at Cypress Hill, Long Island, were lately utterly destroyed by fire.

Politeness.—"I was never on intimate terms with the prisoner," said a burglar who was used as state's evidence against a "pal." "He was no gentleman. I've known him, when he was robbing a house, to drink a gentleman's champagne, and go off with his silver, without leaving a card of thanks on the dining-table. He brought discredit on the profession."

Revenge.—Revenge has been called the "attribute of gods," but it means a noble revenge that which returns good for evil. To send a man who has picked your pocket of an eagle a hundred dollar bill, is the sublime of retaliation.

The Forty Thieves.—A large number of burglars and other dangerous characters were lately exhibited gratis in the City Hall, New York. The group was not handsome enough for Meade Brothers to daguerreotype, or for us to engrave.

Warm Compliment.—A gentleman who was asked what he intended to do with his girls, said he meant to "apprentice them to their mother." It is not every woman who can be safely entrusted with her own daughters.

Home.—We should never forget that home is the residence not merely of the body, but the mind; and that the object of all ambition should be to be happy at home and to render home happy.

Naval.—The U. S. navy, in November last, consisted of 75 vessels, carrying an armament of 2243 guns.

Wayside Gatherings.

A railroad is projected from Keokuk to Kansas.

The swamp lands of Michigan amount to 5,000,000 acres.

The highest salary of the governor of any State is that paid in California, amounting to $10,000.

A society has been formed in Dubuque, composed entirely of New Yorkers. It is called the Excelsior.

In Mechanic Falls, Maine, there has been a continuous revival of religion for the last fifteen months.

Three dozen eggs were selected and weighed recently and their weight was 18 1-2, 25 3-4 and 27 ounces.

A dog went mad in Augusta, N. Y., recently, and bit a large number of animals, the value of which was $1,500.

Hon. John Greig, of Canandaigua, N. Y., has sent a check of $1000 as a contribution to the Dudley Observatory fund at Albany.

Frogs, the New York Mirror says, are becoming the prevalent luxury among the distinguished *bon vivants* of Boston. The "game" sells at $2 50 per hundred in the market.

Ann Browne recently died at Whitehaven, Eng., at the age of 101. For 70 years she was an inveterate smoker, and three days before her death was seen drawing consolation from a short pipe.

Oregon now sends to California considerable quantities of butter, bacon, eggs, and smoked meats, which latter are much fresher than those cured in the Atlantic States—they command the highest prices.

Two children, the daughters of a minister in California, died recently within five days of each other. Their names were Bertha and Amy. Bertha, a few moments before her departure, said: "Amy, come!" Amy died saying, "To-morrow I shall see Bertha."

In England, lately, a railroad collision occurred in consequence of a station-master having telegraphed that the road was clear, when in fact a train was due. The accident was fatal, and the station-master was indicted for murder, but he absconded before he could be arrested.

At the last meeting of the American Pomological Society, Col. Wilder, the president, stated that Catawba brandy (made exclusively, we think, at Cincinnati) has been purchased at five dollars per gallon for exportation to France, for the purpose of flavoring foreign liquors.

The experiment of domesticating camels for the use of the United States army on the great plains of the southwest is likely to prove successful. More can be done in the way of transportation, by six camels in five days, than by two six mule teams in ten days.

Copies of an extremely beautiful photograph of the lunar mountain "Copernicus," with its remarkable crater, made at the observatory in Rome, have been obtained, at the expense of the Royal Society, for the use of astronomers in England engaged in observing lunar phenomena.

A sound and successful wrought iron gun of thirteen inches bore has been produced in England, at a cost of about $17,000. It is represented to be made of puddled iron, and the forging occupied seven weeks, the middle having been forged first, and then the outside built up by successive additions.

Mr. Gowan has deposited in the State Department the necessary bonds and authentic documents that he has discovered a guano island, called Somburo, containing over 6,000,000 tons, within eight days' sail of New York. The Secretary informed him that government would protect him in its occupation.

The Springfield Armory in the past year has manufactured 3000 of the new rifle pistol carbine, half of which are already in service; 2500 percussion muskets of the model of '42 have been rifled and sighted, according to the plan adopted by the Secretary of War; 500 artillery and the same of sappers' musketoons have been made.

The Rochester Times says: "We could never understand the reason why the man who sells a yard of cloth, or a hoe, or an axe, or a pair of shoes, is regarded by the community as a better or a more respectable man than he who made it—nor he who sells a barrel of flour, or ships it off to another country, than he who raised the wheat from which it was manufactured."

The Emperor Napoleon is endeavoring to gain the good graces of the Paris working-classes, who had began to grumble most ominously, by ordering the erection of a quantity of model lodging-houses, to be built for their accommodation, on the plan of that erected in Hyde Park, London, as a sample during the World's Fair of 1851.

Downing, the colored man, celebrated for his oyster cellar in New York, and his hotel at Newport, a New York letter-writer says, is about retiring from business. About seventeen years ago he took the lease of a building in Broad Street, where he has resided and done business ever since, and now admits to being worth over one hundred thousand dollars!

John Thurber, of Montpelier, while returning home one dark evening recently, saw what he supposed to be a ghost drop from heaven right before his face and eyes, and in his fright tumbled into the snow; the spirit then took to its heels in flesh and blood fashion, and proved to be a crazy woman who had jumped from a chamber window, dressed in her night clothes.

Mr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells of an idiot that, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, was always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day, whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to count and strike the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire.

Chicago spent for municipal improvements last year $550,534. This was laid out in city buildings, water and gas improvements, and other city works. Private enterprise is estimated to have laid out $4,746,300 in private dwellings, stores, railroad buildings, churches, etc. Total value of improvements, $5,297,134, an increase of $1,561,880 on 1855. There are eight new churches and five large hotels.

An important improvement in car seats has recently been patented by a resident of Rochester, N. Y. The seat is capable of assuming several forms, the most important is that which gives it a reclining position, adapting it to night travel. The back can be made to change its position without disturbing that of the seat proper. The new seat will, doubtless, become a favorite with travellers, as, during the hours of the night, while on the rail, they can repose upon them with ease to the person.

Farmers at the South are turning their attention to the cultivation of the sun-flower, it proving a most profitable investment. At Edith, S. C., the past season, a crop of four acres of sun-flowers was gathered. The seed will be used for oil and to feed the cattle and poultry, and the stocks being of fine fibre, will be used for the manufacture of paper. If the cultivation succeeds, as it unquestionably will, it is expected that an abundant supply of materials for fine writing and printing paper, etc., will be obtained.

Foreign Items.

Charles Theodore of Bavaria, brother of the Empress of Austria, is about to enter the Austrian navy with the rank of captain.

The Imaum of Muskat has refused a present to Persia, declaring that the Sultan is his sole Sovereign, and to him he owes loyalty and allegiance.

Austria is going to submit a commercial code of her own to the commission about to assemble on the part of entire Germany, in opposition to the Prussian.

The ruins of a Roman theatre have been discovered at Trigueres, near Montargis, in France. It is seventy yards long from the back of the pit to the stage, and sixty yards wide. It could have easily held 10,000 spectators.

The Emperor of Austria, during his recent stay at Laibach, on his way to Venice, gave orders that the draining of the marshes near the town—which was commenced in 1820, but abandoned—should be resumed and carried on with great activity.

Algiers seems decidedly likely to become a favorite winter residence. Of English alone, more than sixty families have arrived there since the beginning of this winter, and lodgings have become scarce. Numerous mineral springs have been discovered.

M. Lamartine has sent a circular to each of the many thousand subscribers to his monthly work, the Cours Familier de Litterature, asking for a renewal of their subscriptions for the second year. M. de Lamartine has recovered from his late illness, and intends staying in Paris for the winter.

Experiments have been made at Woolwich with shells filled with melted iron. The result was proved to be considerably more certain and effectual than that produced by hot shot, and the supply furnished with much more readiness and facility from a melting crucible than from a heating furnace.

Sands of Gold.

.... If thou wouldst bear thy neighbor's faults, cast thine eyes upon thine own.—*Molinos.*

.... Solitude shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are.—*Cecil.*

.... It is a noble sight to see an honest man "cleave his own heart in twain, and fling away the baser part."—*Charles Reade.*

.... Wouldst with thyself be acquainted, then see what the others are doing. But wouldst thou understand others, look into thine own heart.—*Schiller.*

.... Thou art in the end what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls, set thy foot upon ell-high rocks. Thou abidest ever—what thou art.—*Goethe.*

.... In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be of godlike in this world: the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men.—*Carlyle.*

.... When two loving hearts are torn asunder, it is a shade better to be the one that is driven away into action, than the bereaved twin that petrifies at home.—*Charles Reade.*

.... There is something like enchantment in the very sound of the word *youth*, and the calmest heart, at every season of life, beats in double time to it.—*Landor.*

.... The action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt and left unsaid, than in that which is said in any conversation. It broods over every society, and men unconsciously seek for it in each other.—*Emerson.*

.... Abu-Horairah was making a daily visit to the prophet Mustafa-Mohammed, on whom be God's blessing and peace. He said, "O Abu-Horairah, let me alone every other day, so that affection may increase; that is, come not every day, that we may get more loving."—*Sadi.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is a church like a skull with an imperfect chronological arrangement? Because it has only one organ.

"What is the singular of men?" "They is singular too they pay their debts without being axed to do it a dozen times."

An indolent boy being asked by his teacher who came latest to school, replied: "Indeed, sir, I cannot say; I do not get there early enough to see."

A question has been raised in one of our courts, whether a blind man can be made liable for a bill payable at sight. The lawyers are puzzled.

A young lady (of the age of six-and-thirty) declared the other day in the strictest confidence to her maid-servant, that she would sooner dye than let a single gray hair show itself.

A country contemporary puffs Ross, the soap man, and his soap, concluding as follows: "The manufacturer of the best soap ever used for cleansing a *dirty man's face*. We have tried it, therefore we know."

"Young women are beautiful. What is it that comes after young women?" "It's the fellers, to be sure. They are always arter the young women." "That will do; you may all go and hunt for cigar stumps."

A party had climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the other side of Skiddaw, when a gentleman, a stranger, who had given frequent broad hints of his superior knowledge, said to the guide: "Pray, what is the highest part of the mountain?" "The top, sir," replied the guide.

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FORT PLAIN, N. Y.

We present below a finely executed view of the picturesque and thriving village of Fort Plain, N. Y., drawn expressly for our Pictorial by Mr. W. B. Lindsay of that place, and we are assured that the representation is reliable and accurate. Fort Plain is a post-village of Minden township, Montgomery county, N. Y., situated on the right bank of the Mohawk River, about 60 miles W. N. W. of Albany. The ground upon which it is built is agreeably undulating, as will be seen by our engraving, which embraces many pretty landscape features, a flowing river, a well-built bridge, neat houses, smooth lawns and clumps of foliage crowning the eminences and dotting their sides. The village is on the line of the Central Railroad and Erie Canal, a train of the former being depicted in the right hand corner. It is a place of considerable importance and increasing business. It is said by the directors of the Central road that more business is done at this point than at any other on the line between Albany and Utica. It is the market for all the southern counties of Otsego, Schoharie, Delaware and parts of Herkimer. They have a freight depot at this place 300 feet long. The large building on the left is the new passenger depot, and the Mohawk River is seen immediately back of it, crossed by a covered bridge 400 feet long. The large building in the background is the Fort Plain Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, a large brick building, 150 feet long and four stories high, capable of accommodating 500 students. The village contains four churches, viz., one Presbyterian, one Methodist, one Universalist, and one German Lutheran. There are also several steam mills, a printing office, and about 2000 inhabitants.

MEETING OF GATES AND BURGOYNE.

In Irving's Life of Washington we find this interesting chapter: Wilkinson, in his memoirs, describes the first meeting of Gates and Burgoyne, which took place at the American camp. They were attended by their staffs, and other general officers. Burgoyne was in rich royal uniform; Gates in a plain blue frock. When they approached nearly within sword's length, they reined up and halted. "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner," said Burgoyne; to which the other, returning his salute, replied: "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." "We passed through the American camp," writes the already cited Hessian officer, "in which all the regiments were drawn out beside the artillery, and stood under arms. Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes which he wore in the field, the church and the tavern. They stood, however, like soldiers, well arranged and with a military air, in which there was but little to find fault with. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharp shooters had rifles. The men all stood so still that we were all filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak to his neighbor. Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were surprised at such a handsome, well formed race. In all earnestness," he adds, "English America surpasses the most of Europe in the growth and looks of its male population. The whole nation has a natural turn for war and a soldier's life. He made himself somewhat merry, however, with the equipments of the officers, a few more regimentals, and those fashioned to their own notion as to cut and color, being provided by themselves. Brown coats with pea green facings, white linings, with silver trimming, and gray coats in abundance, with buff facings and cuffs, and gilt buttons, in short, every variety of pattern. The brigadiers and generals wore uniforms and belts which designated their rank; but most of the colonels and other officers were in their ordinary clothes, a musket with a bayonet in hand, and a cartridge box and powder horn over his shoulder. But what more especially amused him was the variety of uncouth wigs worn by the officers, lingerings of ancient fashion. Most of the troops thus noticed were hastily raised militia—the yeomanry of the country. "There were regular regiments, also," he said "which for want of time and cloth were not yet equipped in uniforms. They had standards with various emblems and mottoes, some of which had for us a very satirical signification. But I must say to the credit of the enemy's regiments," continues he, "that no man was to be found therein who, as we marched by, made even a sign of taunting, insulting, exultation, hatred, or any other evil feeling; on the contrary, they seemed as though they would rather honor us. As we marched by the great tent of General Gates, he invited in the brigadiers and commanders of regiments, and various refreshments were set before us. General Gates is between fifty and sixty years of age, wears his own thin gray hair, is active and friendly, and, on account of the weakness of his eyes, constantly wears spectacles. At headquarters we met many officers, who treated us with all possible politeness." Such is the manner in which these two generals met after Burgoyne's surrender.

A LEAF IN THE LIFE OF GEN. MORGAN.

Morgan bore a prominent part in the assault on Quebec, and narrowly escaped with his life. In the midst of the battle, an important error was committed by the storming party under Arnold, and while he was attempting to restore order, he received a ball in the leg, which brought him to the ground. The momentary confusion caused by these events brought Morgan to the front just as Arnold was struck down. It was at this crisis in the conflict that Morgan, at the instance and in compliance with the express wishes of all the field officers of the division who were present, assumed the direction of the assault. "They would not take the command," he observes, in a short sketch, written by himself, of his early military career, "alleging that I had seen service and they had not, which reflected credit on their judgment." Morgan now raised his voice, always terrible in the hour of battle, and which was heard over the din of arms, ordering his riflemen to the front. They obeyed the summons with a cheer, and without a moment's hesitation or delay, rushed over the barrier, driving before them like chaff the enemy posted there. A short distance beyond the barrier, was a battery extending across the road, and flanked by the houses on either side, on which was mounted two twelve-pounders. As the riflemen advanced against this battery, the guns, charged with grape and cannister, opened on them. The first gun was elevated too high and did no injury; the other flashed without discharging, when the riflemen reached the walls and planted their ladders. Morgan ordered a man standing near him to ascend one of the ladders. Perceiving that the soldier reluctantly obeyed, Morgan pulled him down, and stepping on the ladder himself, shouted: "Now, boys, follow me!". The ladders were instantly manned. As soon as Morgan's head appeared above the wall, a platoon of musketry was fired at him from within. So close was the discharge, that the fire scorched his hair, and grains of powder were imbedded in his face. But this was the only injury he sustained, although one ball passed through the top of his cap, and another grazed the left side of his face, cutting off a lock of his hair. The concussion was so great, however, as to knock him from the top of the ladder. He was instantly on his feet again, and commenced ascending the ladder. Another cheer rose from his men as they followed. Keeping his head down until he reached near the top of the ladder, he made a spring and bounded over the wall among the enemy. He was instantly followed by his men. In his descent, he alighted on one of the cannon, under the muzzle of which he fell, severely hurt by a contusion on the knee. A dozen bayonets were instantly levelled at him; but the situation in which he fell created a delay sufficiently long to enable his men, who now came pouring over the wall, to rescue him and attack his assailants. They made a feeble resistance, and at length fled into a building flanking the battery, from the windows of which they renewed the conflict. They were speedily dislodged by the riflemen. The enemy were driven through the building, and out at the rear into a neighboring street. Morgan ran through a sallyport at one end of the battery and thence round the corner of a building, and meeting the retreating British, as he anticipated, ordered them, in a menacing tone, to surrender, if they expected quarter. Capt. McCloud and about thirty of his men were thus made prisoners.—*Revolutionary Incidents.*



FORT PLAIN, NEW YORK STATE.

THE FERRET.

The ferret is a native of Africa; whence it was imported into Spain for the purpose of destroying the rabbit, with which at one period that country was injuriously overrun. From Spain it has spread over the rest of Europe as a domesticated animal. From the earliest times it was used in the capture of rabbits, by being turned, muzzled, into their burrows. It is now used, not only by the warrener, but also extensively by the rat catchers. Some ten years since there was living near Huron, Ohio, a professed rat catcher, an Englishman, who with a cage of ten or fifteen ferrets, and accompanied by several Scotch terriers, visited the farms and villages through Huron county, ready, for a fee of five dollars, to carry death and dismay into the colony of rats and mice inhabiting the premises. I was witness to one of these professional operations. The terriers, keen for the sport, were posted about the buildings; then the ferrets, lean, lank, and hungry, were let slip into the holes and runaways of the rats. Now commenced such scampering, squeaking, racing, hustle and confusion, as was truly exciting. If the rats remained in their holes, death was certain, for the ferrets could with ease follow through any opening a rat could pass; and if they attempted to escape by flight, their fate was equally sure, for the little active dogs, willing allies of the ferrets, were ready to seize them the moment they made their appearance. Thus a war of extermination was carried on with bloody success. Ferrets are very sensitive of cold, and require to be kept snug and warm, especially during the winter, as they perish if they are particularly exposed to the severity of the season.—*Prairie Farmer.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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WINTER SCENE.—BOSTON HARBOR.

If, last summer, a young gentleman had made an appointment with a young lady of his acquaintance for a sleigh-ride this winter in Boston harbor, he would have stood a fair chance of becoming an inmate of that excellent institution whose substantial brick buildings crown the heights of Somerville. Yet we have seen within a few weeks the practicability of crossing the bay in a cutter on runners thoroughly demonstrated. Our artist, Mr. Hill, during the existence of this strange state of things, took a walk on the bay, and brought us back, as a trophy of the excursion, the spirited drawing which ornaments this page. The sketch represents the Royal mail steamship America coming in through the channel-way. In the distance is seen the steamer Enoch Train, which did yeoman's service in keeping the channel open until Jack Frost redoubled his energies, and for a brief space put a stop to navigation. In the background are seen the gray bastions of the fort. Beyond the channel-way, a crowd of persons are descried upon the granite ice; while in the foreground are seen pedestrians unconcernedly strolling about, and fishermen at holes cut through the surface, busily pursuing their pleasure or avocation. Our citizens certainly had, during the cold term, a very fair representation of the polar regions, "got up," as the theatrical managers say, "with a total disregard of expense." It was a curious thing to stand above the tide perfectly secure, and look around upon a vast field of ice, forming a solid plain, where our eyes are accustomed to see dashing waves, steamers cutting their way through the water, sail-boats and ferry boats plying in all directions, and stately ships, with piles of snowy canvass, returning from distant lands, or departing on adventurous voyages. Frost and snow wrought a most magical transformation; the most familiar objects figured in a strange masquerade. Even the city looked wierd and phantom-like, for the heavy masses of snow had completely changed the style of architecture. Scarcely did we recognize the graceful spire of Christ Church, with its musical bells; Bunker Hill Monument looked out of place—only the dome of the State-House appeared natural. Many ladies were tempted to make excursions on the ice, and boldly ventured forth for a stroll among the islands. The old tug-boat, "East Boston," changed for the nonce into a hotel, attracted many visitors among the men. Booths were improvised here and there, where cigars and potables were dispensed. Governor's Island was easily reached by pedestrians. From Governor's Island, you strolled over to Spectacle Island—it was a spectacle!—paid a visit to the light-house keeper on Long Island, and passed over to Apple Island before coming home. As the cold increased, and the ice thickened, horses and sleighs made their appearance. But the ice-embargo did not last long. The city government, and the Board of Trade, and the merchants, all pulled together in their noble efforts to raise the siege. The cutting out of a ship-channel eight miles in length by its windings, was a great achievement, successfully accomplished, and reflected the highest credit on all concerned—the heads that planned, the hands that contributed the means, and the sturdy arms that set in motion. There is nothing that Boston capital and Boston energy cannot accomplish, when they choose.



BRITISH MAIL STEAMER COMING UP BOSTON HARBOR THROUGH THE ICE.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Juan stood stupefied by the sight which met his eyes. He placed his hand to his forehead. He had left his cell with the determination to kill Escobar and Father Jerome, but fortunately he was saved from crime by their absence. The fever left him, and he turned to seek his cell unseen, but the door of Father Jerome's cell was closed and locked on the outside. He feared to be found there, and seeing no way of escape, he sprang into a cabinet on one side of the hall. He had scarcely ensconced himself in his hiding-place, when two persons entered, talking. One voice was Escobar's, and the other, to his great surprise, was that of a woman,—that of the Countess Altamira. Fearing to be deceived, the young monk pushed aside the curtain, closing a small round window of the cabinet, and distinctly saw the faces of both Escobar and the countess.

Escobar and the countess conversed gaily, and soon Father Jerome entered. He smiled at seeing the countess, but frowned as he said:

"The Duke d'Uzede is not here?"

"No; he was unable to accompany me. He was obliged to attend a reception at court."

"I thought he had arrived, for Paolo said some one awaited me."

"It was me," said Escobar.

"Then," said Father Jerome, "we will begin our supper, if senora the countess is willing."

"In security, at least?" the latter answered, laughing.

"Yes," replied the superior; "all sleep in the convent, and all the gates are closed."

"I hope they will open for me this night; I cannot pass a night in this holy place without danger."

"Fear nothing," said Escobar. "I will re-conduct you by the way you came—by the little subterranean passage which conducts to the little door of the cloister."

Juan listened attentively, and lost not one word.

They wished to accomplish the fall of the Count de Lerma, and disclosed that the king was in love with Alitea, and the countess wished him to be so with Carmina, and was doing all she could to bring it about. She had determined upon one thing, and that was to entirely break off the marriage of Carmina and Fernand; and the attentive listener in the cabinet raised his eyes to God, vowing to frustrate her schemes if possible.

Of many things they talked. Fernand had told at court the scandalous proceedings against Juan. Alitea had sworn to avenge him, and the two worthy fathers trembled when they heard that Juan was the brother of Alitea, who was so loved and had so much influence over the king. The only way to gain power and defeat Alitea was to throw her into a dungeon and execute her. It could be easily done, for she was a heretic—a Moor.

Juan trembled with rage.

The countess stood ready to help in all cases, for Alitea was the rival of her niece and her own. Escobar had a deadly poison which he would give the countess. The victim would show no signs of violence, merely droop and die. If the countess was not afraid to use it, it should be hers. Eagerly the countess demanded the phial. Escobar rose to get it, and went towards the cabinet where Juan was concealed.

The latter trembled, and a cold sweat stood on his face.

"No, no!" cried Father Jerome. "Where are you going? Not in that; in the other."

Escobar bowed, and entered the opposite cabinet. He soon returned with a crystal flask, containing a rose-colored liquid.

"Hold!" said the superior, taking it in his hands. "Listen, senora. Put a few drops of this liquid in a glass of water, in any drink whatever; no taste will be perceived, for it has none. Weeks and months perhaps will pass; but little by little, day by day, hour by hour, a sure, slow decomposition will take place, will be felt in every organ. Without pain, at the end of three or four months, perhaps less, following the dose, they will die, without the most anxious eye detecting or suspecting the cause."

"Are you sure?" cried the countess, seizing with delight the flagon.

"Philip II. knew the secret. Don Juan of Austria, too ambitious, died of consumption, in the midst of his projects of glory. The cause I know; it is in your hands."

"I understand, and thank you, my father. And now I must go, that none may suspect my visit to the convent."

"I will lead you back, and then seek my couch," said Escobar.

An instant after and the orgies were finished. The apartment was veiled in obscurity. Juan heard the picture of Saint Jerome glide into its place, and the opening in the cell of the superior was tightly closed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ESCAPE.

FINDING himself alone, Juan ventured to leave his hiding-place, and fearing to knock against some piece of furniture, he waited patiently till he heard the good father snoring loudly, which testified to the soundness of his sleep. All his fears for the safety of his loved ones had returned. Alitea was surrounded by enemies, and he better than any one knew the deadly cunning and hatred of the countess and her confidants.

He knew not how to leave this chamber where he was shut up. He had thanked Heaven for disclosing to him the infernal designs of his persecutors; but now he trembled with the fear that he could not help them; for should he be discovered—and there was every prospect that he would be,—he would be thrown into a dungeon of the convent and could do nothing—not even warn those he loved. He resigned himself to his fate, to wait till morning, when Father Jerome should go to prayers and vacate his cell; he could, perhaps, then make his way out. He had just come to that decision, when he heard a great noise in the adjoining cell. Juan placed his ear against the picture of Saint Jerome, and listened.

"Who is it?" cried the superior.

"Me, my father," replied Escobar, "who came to announce to you an extraordinary and terrible event. Returning from conducting the countess, I thought I would see how our sick brother Sevilla was. I opened the door softly and found him gone."

"Misericordia!" cried the superior, rising from his sleep. "Can it be that the vengeance of the sister and persecutors is commencing? Can it be that, by the order of the king, they have dared to violate the rights of the convent and penetrate by force in our walls?"

"That is what I fear. I fear scandal will fall upon us. Let us take comfort. The porter says no one has entered, but some one went out."

"But perhaps we are mistaken. Our walls are too high, our gates and grating too well closed. Perhaps he is hid in some corner of the cloister."

At this moment the clock in the cloister sounded the hour for prayers, and the two fathers left.

The anxieties of Juan became greater still. If he remained here, he would be discovered and thrown into prison; if he attempted to escape, and was discovered, the same fate awaited him. But there was a possibility of success. He tried to move the picture of Saint Jerome, but it resisted, for it was bolted on the other side. Thus, then, every chance of safety or escape was gone. He was almost famished and very sleepy. Seeing the debris of the feast still remained, he ate a little, and then, in spite of the dangers which menaced him, he threw himself upon the curtained bed, and, worn out with illness and anxiety, he fell sound asleep.

When he awoke, some hours had elapsed. The fever had quitted him, and all his faculties had returned. He did not know, unfortunately, how long he had slept, or what time of the day it was. The room he occupied was still in obscurity. There was one window, but it was closed by a thick curtain of Persian silk, and he dared not open it, neither did he know which side of the convent it was on. He could just distinguish the articles in the room, and ran now no risk of stumbling against anything. He saw shining on the table a sharp knife; this he seized; it was an arm. One moment he thought of using it against himself; it was to escape an eternal prison, and, perhaps, greater suffering still. But who would save Alitea? who would watch over her? No—he would not shorten the life God had given him.

He saw before him the ceremonial dress of the superior. What did he risk? He clothed himself in the dress of the Jesuit, passing around his neck the large blue ribbons of the abbeys of Alcala de Henares, at the end of which dangled a cross of wood. The feeble light which brightened the room wholly disappeared; it was night, and the *angelus*, which Sevilla heard sound, warned him that Brother Paolo would soon come.

He heard the door of the cell open, and placing himself by the side of the picture, he awaited, hardly daring to breathe. The pannel glided without noise, and Brother Paolo appeared, carrying in one hand an empty basket, and in the other a lantern, which allowed him to see those things before him, but not on either side.

Hardly had he gone a few steps, when Juan stepped behind him and entered the cell, closing the pannel and drawing the bolt. The monk, in the midst of moving dishes, heard not the slight noise. Juan stopped for nothing now. He descended the staircase and traversed the court, hoping that the *angelus*, which was still chanted, would keep all the brothers in the chapel.

Juan went to the porter's cell, hearing himself outwardly with pride, though his heart beat violently. The porter was reading by a small lamp. At the sight of the superior, he raised himself quickly, and murmured between his teeth:

"It is singular! I have not seen him retu—"

An imperious gesture prevented him from finishing his sentence. Without looking at him, without speaking one word, Sevilla made him a sign to open the gate, which the other obeyed.

When Juan saw open before him this gate—the last barrier which held him captive,—his bosom heaved, and he felt like falling on his knees and thanking God. He was still within the convent walls, when he saw before him a monk bearing the blue ribbon of the order of Alcala de Henares. It was Father Jerome.

At the sight of a second abbot so like himself, Father Jerome remained stupefied with open mouth. Juan at once understood the danger of his position. The gate of the convent was not closed; the real abbot could call; they would come at his voice. Already he cried:

"Who are you?"

"Silence!" said Juan, pulling his hood over his face.

"From whence come you?"

"On the part of the Countess Altamira," he whispered in the ear of the superior.

"Speak," said the superior, trembling with fear. And he tried to make him enter the convent.

"Not here!" cried the false abbot, with a terror which was not feigned, and which redoubled that of Father Jerome.

Without giving him time to reply, he seized the arm of the reverend man, and led him rapidly some steps from the convent. The superior followed him for some time in silence, persuaded that the message he bore was of great importance. But when he was fifty steps or more from the convent, and almost entering the city, he cried out:

"Speak now!"

Juan made a sign with his hand, to imply that there was still danger. Some minutes afterwards, the superior cried:

"But speak then! Why come at this hour? Why leave the convent clothed in my costume?"

Juan renewed the gesture which seemed to say: "Not yet. Await."

At last, at the end of a few more minutes, the superior stopped. The two monks were on a square where many streets met; the city of Alcala was not lighted at this time, and the superior cried:

"Here, senor, no one can see or hear us. Tell me now the message with which the countess has charged you."

Sevilla, finding himself so far from the convent that it was impossible for the superior to call his brothers, seized with great force the hand of the monk, and placing his lips near his ear, exclaimed:

"The countess told me to tell you, my father, that you are an infamous man!"

And leaving the superior stupefied, bewildered and thunderstruck, Sevilla entered the first street he came to, knowing that even if the superior pursued him, the legs of a man sixty years old could not keep pace with those of a young man. Sevilla ran to the end of the street, then took another on his right, and then only dared to pause to listen. No cry, no step could he hear; he was not pursued. He reflected upon what he would do; go to Madrid as quickly as possible to warn and protect Alitea. But he could not reach there this night, and on foot: he was ill, and the emotions he had experienced, now that the greatest danger was passed, made him feel weak. He felt he must rest, but where? He thought of Gongarello, but whereabouts in Alcala his shop was, he knew not. The streets were nearly deserted, but traversing them, he came across a man in a black mantle.

"Can you tell me where is the shop of Gongarello the barber?"

"Nothing more easy. The second street on the left; the last house on the right."

Juan thanked him and set off. He found the shop easily. The door was closed. He knocked; no one answered. He knocked louder; a little window opened.

"Who is there?"

"A friend."

Gongarello hesitated, for he saw the dress of a monk.

"Gongarello!" cried the young man again, as he saw the barber leave the window, "Gongarello, I am a friend who wishes an asylum."

"For yourself?"

"For myself. Do you not recognize me—me—Juan?"

At these words, the barber closed the window, but only to open the door quickly.

"Enter! enter!"

The moment Juan entered the shop, he thought he heard distinctly the tramp of feet in the street. He cared little now; he was in a place of safety. Gongarello overwhelmed him with caresses and questions. Juan told him all. The poor faithful barber was in despair, for he laid all Juan's misfortunes upon his clumsiness in placing the letter under the dial. He wept, for he believed he always brought misfortune upon the young man, whom he loved like a child.

Juan told him he must rest, and then set forth for Madrid. Gongarello gave him his own bed, and watched over his slumbers. When Juan awoke, feeling refreshed by his rest, a nice supper was prepared for him, and Gongarello's mule ready harnessed at the door. Before leaving, Gongarello raised a glass to his lips.

"To your health, to your happiness and success. Monk in dress, but not in heart. You are always a Moor—one of our brothers."

"You have said truly!" cried Juan.

They got into the carriage, and Gongarello took the reins.

"Will you conduct me safely to Madrid?"

"I swear it to you!" cried the barber.

But, by misfortune, he could not keep his oath. The unpretending carriage had hardly gone through one street, before three or four men on horseback surrounded it and stopped it. The barber was ordered to alight, and one of the men sprang into the carriage by the side of Juan, and made the mule set off at a round trot, while the others followed behind, leaving poor Gongarello stunned with the mishap. He said only to himself, as he saw his friend carried off: "Ah, the poor young man! it is certainly I who bring him misfortune!"

"I am lost!" said Juan, to himself. "I should have thought that Father Jerome and Escobar, knowing my friendship with Gongarello, would surround his shop with spies and guards. The house of a friend was the last place where I should have gone. It is no longer a dungeon—a prison in the Inquisition that awaits me; it is death. I would not care, if I could save Alitea."

The carriage, meanwhile, was moving on, and Sevilla began to be astonished that they did not reach the convent of Alcala. His companion said not a word, but holding the reins, made the poor mule go faster than he had ever been made to go in his life before. Day began to break, and Juan perceived that they were on the outskirts of Madrid. Six o'clock sounded, and the carriage stopped before a dark, sombre-looking building. It was the palace of the Inquisition.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HALLS OF THE INQUISITION, AND PALACE GARDENS.

JUAN was led into the judgment hall. The grand judge Escovelo began a preliminary questioning.

"You are Juan Sevilla?"

"Yes, my father."

"And I am to imprison you for having refused the baptism."

"I have been baptized."

"Ah!" said the judge, astonished; "that is singular. Then I am to imprison you—you only a layman—for having worn the dress of a monk, in which you were taken."

"But I have pronounced my vows; I am a monk," said Sevilla.

"Ah! that is still more singular," said the judge. "Then I am to imprison you for having escaped from the convent of Jesuits, to which you belonged."

"But I am not a Jesuit, and do not wish to belong to their order."

"By Saint Iago!" said the judge, impatiently, "it is necessary to imprison you for something, and I will. I imprison you for not being one of our order."

"On the contrary," cried Juan, "I, too, ask to be one. I will, if you wish, belong to the order of Dominicans."

"Is it possible!"

"The one or the other, little matter, provided I am set at liberty the same moment."

"I will inscribe your demand," said Escovedo, "and you shall be a Dominican; but free—I cannot tell that. You were brought here to be imprisoned; more than that, I must write to say that you are. I must refer it to the authority of the superior."

"And for me—it is necessary for me to be free!" cried Juan, in despair.

"The affair must be placed before the superior court of the Inquisition, who will submit it to the grand inquisitor. A month at the most you will have to wait."

"A month!" cried Juan,—"a month! And during that time," he said to himself, "the countess—and Alitea! It will be too late. I cannot then save them. My brother," he added, aloud, "it is necessary that I go this moment; it is an affair of the greatest importance—the life of some one."

"The Inquisition does not meddle in that."

"Ah, well," replied Sevilla, struck with a sudden thought, "tell the grand inquisitor that I ask to see the Count de Lerma. I have a revelation to make to him—to him—to himself, a disclosure which interests the safety of the state and the fate of the minister."

"Ah, bah!" said the judge; "tell it to me, then."

"I have told you I will confide it only to himself. You know now how necessary it is for me to leave, or, at least, to be conducted to him in the palace; and if you will not do it, it is you, senor judge, who will be responsible for all the misfortunes which will arise."

"That is different!" exclaimed Manuelo Escovedo. "You announce a thing which demands consideration. Lead the prisoner," said he, to the familiars of the Inquisition, "to prison, merely for form's sake. I go to lay the subject before the good fathers. Adieu, my brother, for a little while."

But a whole week passed before the judge spoke to his companions, and Juan waited despairingly within the walls of the Inquisition, and the life of Alitea was menaced.

Alitea, a widow, free, and as Duchess de Santarem, offered Carmina a home with herself, where she might be free from the machinations of the countess. Carmina remained with her sister and friend until her marriage, which Alitea did all in her power to bring about, and the countess used all her efforts to break off. Alitea, placed between the king, who loved her, and the queen, who was her benefactress, now stood a good chance of having all her wishes granted. Already she had gained the release and pardon of Yezid her brother, and thinking nothing of herself, she used her power solely for the benefit of her friends. The heart of Alitea was sad, and filled with great anxiety for Juan. She knew there was no power so high or great in Spain as to be able to break religious vows, no matter by what means the vows had been obtained. The bright hopes with which her heart had been filled upon becoming a widow, and free, were now dashed to the ground. Juan was a monk; no power on earth could free him from the bonds, and she wept bitterly when she thought that through devotion and love for herself and brother he had been led to pronounce these vows. Dearer than ever he grew to her heart, and knowing that she had nothing more to hope on earth, she applied all her energies to making others happy. With anger and fear, the Countess Altamira beheld the great influence Alitea was gaining over all. The king refused her nothing; the queen loved her like a child.

One day, after having passed a restless night, Alitea entered a little pavilion communicating with the apartments of the queen, but opening also upon the garden. The day was warm, and a soft lulling wind came through the open garden door, and Alitea, overcome with fatigue, threw herself upon a couch, and was soon sound asleep. Juniata, who was with her, placed by her side a little table, on which she left a glass of iced lemonade, that her young mistress might partake of it upon her awakening. Then she softly left her. Alitea slept; a dream showed her Juan, holding out to her his arms to protect and defend her.

Light steps were heard upon the gravel walk; a dress fluttered among the trees. Alitea did not awake. A woman appeared at the door which opened upon the garden. It was the Countess Altamira. She stopped when she saw Alitea, and looked fixedly at her for some minutes. Then she grew pale and trembled. No one had seen the countess enter the garden. Alitea slept; she was alone,—and that glass so near her!

The countess looked around her attentively, no one. She listened; no noise, not a step; all was silent, except her heart, whose beatings she could almost hear. She hastened; she seized a crystal flask she always carried about her, opened it, and her hand trembled. But she looked at Alitea; she was so exquisitely lovely in her sleep, that the sight brought back all the rage of the countess, all her courage. She put into the glass a drop, and then more, more still. She then ran to the other side of the park, walked for a few minutes, meeting and conversing with some ladies of honor.

Alitea slept on calmly, and the full glass remained near her, untouched.

"She will not wake!" said the countess, with anger. And she was tempted to make some noise to disturb her, but prudence held her silent; and fearing to be seen looking at her enemy, she left her again, and ascended to the apartments of the palace, sustained with the Count de Lerma a conversation which seemed eternal, and was astonished on looking at the clock to find that five minutes had scarcely passed. She summoned all her resolution to keep up this punishment fifteen minutes; but being able to stand it no longer, she descended again to the park, and her heart beat with great violence as she approached the pavilion and cast into it a hasty glance. Alitea was no longer there, and the glass was empty!

Some days after this scene, the judge Manuelo Escovedo received an order from the grand inquisitor to bring Juan Sevilla to the palace of the Count de Lerma. Sevilla, upon the arrival of this letter, saw at last the doors open before him. All the torments he had suffered in his life, and they had not been few, were nothing to be compared to the agonies of the last eight days.

He was near Alitea, and could not aid her. Death was hanging over her, and he could not avert it. But at last he was free; he would watch over her. He signed all that was presented to him, and the new brother of the Dominicans was led to the palace of the king, for it was there that the Count de Lerma dwelt, not from pride, but from prudence, to keep under his hand always his royal slave. Juan waited a long time, for the count gave an audience to-day.

At last the gates opened. Juan saw a man richly dressed, of a noble form and bearing. Juan was astonished at his youth, and made a remark to that effect to his companion.

"You do not know the count, then? Ah, well; that is not he, but another, who transacts much of his business,—his political major-domo. It is his private secretary, Don Rodrigo de Calderon, count of Alivarez. When the minister cannot give audience, it is Don Rodrigo who is charged with it."

The under favorite advanced slowly. Many awaited him, and Juan saw with affright the large number who could only apply in order. The Count de Bivar was the tenth on the list, and next to him stood Juan. Wholly occupied with his thoughts, Sevilla had left without perceiving it the audience hall. In his agitation, he had walked on, and found himself, without intending it, in the palace gardens. He suddenly came upon a tall man of distinguished air, who was culling a bouquet of flowers. Seeing Juan, he exclaimed:

"Who are you? What do you wish?"

And noticing the dress of a monk of Saint Dominica, he stopped and bowed profoundly.

"Pardon, senor cavalier," said Sevilla; "I have lost myself in this park, and if you are, as I think, from the palace—"

"Yes, yes—I am," said the unknown, smiling.

"Deign, then, to point out to me the way to the audience hall."

"You have an audience, then, to-day?"

"That is to say, I would obtain one at the price of my blood, but I cannot. It is the most difficult thing in the world."

"Perhaps I might aid you," replied the unknown.

"Thanks—a thousand thanks! Ah, well; can you aid me to speak a few moments to the Count de Lerma—to the count himself?"

"At this moment it is difficult; but I can, if you wish, let you speak to the king."

"That is not the same thing," said Juan.

The unknown blushed and said:

"Pardon, my father; it is all I can do for you."

"It is the same," quickly cried Juan. "I accept; and even now I think it is better. I have something to tell which the king ought to know."

"Come, then," said the unknown; "follow me."

As they walked side by side through the shaded alley, the unknown asked his name.

"Juan Sevilla, or rather now, Brother Louis Sevilla."

"You?"

And the unknown stopped and looked so attentively at Juan that the young man was disconcerted. He never knew that his name, so obscure, could produce such an effect.

"Is it you whom the reverend fathers of Jesus made a monk in spite of himself, as I was told by Don Fernand d'Albayda?"

"Yes, senor; but I do not remember having seen you before."

"Never; this is the first time; but Fernand d'Albayda is your friend, and then you know the Duchess de Santarem?"

"It is of her I wish to speak to the king."

"Is it possible! Speak—speak!" quickly said the unknown. "What do you wish for her?"

"To protect her—to defend her. Her life is threatened."

"By whom?" cried the unknown, while his face grew purple with rage.

Juan was about to tell him, when his companion bade him be silent. He saw before him in one of the by-paths a group of young officers and young lords, who bowed respectfully.

"Fernand d'Albayda," said the unknown to one of them, and making a sign with his hand, "come here."

At this name, Sevilla trembled with joyful surprise, and Fernand was equally moved at seeing the friend he believed lost in the palace grounds.

"Juan!" cried he; "Juan near your majesty!"

"The king!" said Sevilla, stupefied.

"Himself," replied Philip, re-entering a shaded path, where none could hear them. "I have promised you should speak to the king, and I will keep my word. Speak, then, but do not repeat them to any one, not even the Count de Lerma. It is you and Fernand d'Albayda who alone shall execute my orders. Wherever may be the enemies of the Duchess de Santarem, in whatever rank, name them, and I will give an instant order for their arrest."

"And I will execute your orders, sire," said Fernand, with great warmth and eagerness.

Juan was dumb. Hearing Fernand speak so, a crowd of ideas which he had not thought of before rushed to his mind. The guilty ones he was about to name were not only Father Jerome and Escobar, but the Countess Altamira and the Duke d'Uzede. The countess was the aunt of Fernand d'Albayda and of Carmina; she was the sister of Don Juan. To accuse her was to bring shame and dishonor on the family.

"Sire," said he, "and you, Fernand, listen to me. I hope you will not doubt the truth of my words. I swear to them, as a man—as a priest; I swear to them before God and before you, that I know all who are engaged in the vile plot, and that I cannot name them."

"Why conceal their names?" cried Fernand, in wrath.

Sevilla looked at his friend with his dark, mournful eyes, in which there was the shadow of an unutterable sorrow and sadness, and replied to him:

"My duty—for sacred reasons."

"You heard it in the confessional, my father," said the King; "but if you do not tell us, how can we protect the duchess?"

"I alone can do that, sire," said Juan, "and I swear to save her, or to die. The place of queen's confessor is vacant; nominate me to the place. I can then be near the duchess, to watch over her always and warn her."

"You shall have it," said the king, joyfully. Then he added, with a discouraged air: "But I have promised that the Count de Lerma shall dispose of it,—appoint whom he sees fit."

"That is nothing," replied Juan, modestly; "if your majesty is willing, and wishes it, I think that I shall be able to gain the consent of the Count de Lerma."

"You have my permission and good wishes. The count approaches; we leave you to him to plead your own cause, but we will help you if you need aid."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COUNT AND MONK.

THE count approached slowly, seeking to divine who was the second person with the king. He had from afar recognized Don Fernand, but the face of the young monk he had never seen.

"My dear count," said the king, advancing towards him, "here is a young monk who has a demand to make of you, a demand which we approve of."

He saluted the count, bowed graciously to Juan, and continued his walk with Fernand. The count, left alone with Juan, looked at him with a stern eye, which would have disconcerted any other solicitor. Juan was occupied with other thoughts.

"Well," said the count, seeing Juan did not speak.

"Well, senor, as his majesty has told you, I have something to ask of your excellency."

"Can't have it," grumbled the count, who had not listened.

"You do not know what I ask yet, senor."

"Is it a situation?"

"Yes, senor."

"All are given away."

"Then, senor, I will ask permission to do you a service."

"A service to me?"

"Yes, senor."

"Who are you?"

"Brother Louis Sevilla."

"Juan Sevilla!" exclaimed the count, looking at him from head to foot.

"Again that name produces an effect," thought Juan.

"It was you, then, who asked to have an audience with me, to make an important revelation?"

"On which depends your safety, senor."

"Ah, well; you saw Calderon. That was sufficient."

"No; I can tell only your excellency yourself. I waited two hours in the ante-chamber, then left, and unconsciously found my way here."

"And what you wish to reveal to me," said the count, with scorn, "you told to the king."

"To no one, senor; it interests only you."

The count slackened his pace. A benevolent smile spread over his face. He made Juan a sign to walk by his side.

"Speak, my brother; I will listen to you."

In a low voice, Juan recounted his knowledge of a plot against him, and the name of the leader made it more astonishing, more inexplicable.

"What is his name? Who is the leader?" asked the count.

Juan's voice grew almost inaudible, and he said:

"Your son, the Duke d'Uzede!"

The unhappy father uttered a cry, and covered his face with his hands.

"I have told you, senor, what must appear to you impossible."

"All is possible—*here!*" murmured the count, in a deep voice.

Juan had uttered the first cry—a cry of grief; but it was the minister who turned to him an eye filled with rage, and seizing his hand firmly, said:

"I am doubtful. Finish, my father."

In as few words as possible, Juan related all of the plot he had learned while in the supper-room of the convent of Alcala de Henares, and the conciseness and straightforwardness of the recital carried conviction with it. The count felt that every word was true.

"I thank you always. Adieu. Ah! what place did you wish?"

"None now; you have said there was none vacant," said Juan quietly.

"Perhaps some may become vacant."

"No matter now to me. I wished but one; no other."

"Which?"

"That of confessor to the queen."

The count, seeking to hide his embarrassment, replied with hesitation:

"That does not depend upon me; it depends upon the grant inquisitor. You belong to his order; the order of Saint Dominic. But for such a little time—since but a few days, I think—"

"This morning only."

"And you ask for one of the first places at court. It is necessary for that to have rendered services—"

"I have not done any, senor."

"How? That which you aprised me of—"

"Was of little importance," coldly said Juan, "and was nothing extraordinary. It was only a minister to be overthrown by an ungrateful son. That which remains to be made known to you is just as important, for it has to do with the safety of Spain."

"What do you say?"

"That Spain is lost if you do not hasten, and perhaps it is already too late."

Juan then detailed to the count the designs of Henry IV.,—designs which the count did not suspect. Not a vessel was ready, not an army on foot, not even a body of troops to protect the frontier; and Henry IV. commenced already to execute his designs.

The minister, pale and hardly breathing, tried vainly to hide his anxiety from Juan. Never had greater improvidence and incapacity been revealed. The minister understood well that he had led Spain to the edge of an abyss, and saw no means of drawing back. Eagerly he demanded where Juan had obtained his knowledge. But that the latter firmly but respectfully refused to tell. Had he spoken to the king?

"Not a word, senor; I have told you so. His majesty troubles himself little with affairs of state."

"Preserve the same silence with all; you promise me?"

"I swear it!"

"You shall be queen's confessor, whatever to the contrary. This morning I will sign the brevet; I have it here."

He was about drawing it from his pocket, when he turned pale and trembled.

"What is it?" inquired Juan, quickly.

"Nothing," replied the count. "Do you not see? It is he who advances."

Juan saw coming towards him the Duke d'Uzede. Juan trembled, for he supposed a terrible scene was about to take place. To his great surprise, the count received his faithless son with a smile upon his lips.

"You come, my dear duke, for that brevet of confessor to the queen, and I am filled with grief; I cannot grant it."

"You promised it to me, my father," said d'Uzede, changing color.

"That is true, but one cannot always keep his promises," coldly answered the count.

"Break your word, senor, to me—your son?"

"Yes, truly. I have good cause. You wish to give the place to Escobar?"

"A man of talent—my confessor."

"I know that well; he who directs your conscience," said the Count de Lerma, with an accent which Juan could alone understand. "But the king prefers a young monk, and obliges me to name the Brother Louis Sevilla."

Juan, who till then had kept his head lowered, raised it, and looked at the Duke d'Uzede with a proud, menacing eye, who, in his turn, remained dumb with surprise and rage. The minister bowed, and proceeded to his apartments.

Seeing the king and Fernand walking in the grounds, the Duke d'Uzede, who knew he was in favor with his royal master, ran to him, complaining bitterly of his father's injustice and the insult he had received.

"What!—your father has broken his word, and gives the place he promised you the disposal of to some one himself?" said the king, gaily. "Ah, that will never do! We will see who it is."

Thus talking, they had reached the spot where Juan stood. In a low voice, d'Uzede had told the king it was the monk who stood before them to whom the situation had been given.

"Ah!" Then placing his hand upon the young monk's shoulder, the king said: "We wish all to know that we approve of the choice made by my prime minister; that we hold in high esteem Brother Louis Sevilla, and that we name him to-day first chaplain to the queen, if approved of by my wife," he added, gravely. The king, leaning upon Fernand's arm, entered his room.

The Duke d'Uzede, confounded by all he heard, remained alone with Juan, who stepped towards him, and stood face to face with him.

"You wished me to be made a monk, senor; accuse only yourself of my nomination, and remember all the wrong you have done me. Remember my first visit to your hotel. You have need of a little more than care."

Meanwhile, the Count de Lerma, pale and affrighted by what he learned, went to his brother Sandoval. He found him idly dreaming. For many months he had been planning, together with Ribeira, a favorite scheme, a project so useful, so glorious for Spain and the Inquisition,—the expulsion of the Moors. Forced for a time to lay aside this idea, he had never abandoned it. The firm will of the queen, the evident protection she accorded to the Moors, the fear to be at open war with her, had kept him from making any stir in the affair. But the torrents long bound break all barriers at last, and rush forth.



PERSIAN INFANTRY.

The two prelates had not renounced their prey. They awaited some occasion to seize it, and Sandoval thought the time had come. According to him, the love of the queen for Alitea had made the influence of the queen real. To these fine plans the Count de Lerma put a stop. A persecution against the Moors was impossible, for the love of the king, the Duchess de Santarem, was a Moor, the daughter of Don Delascar d'Alberique. That did not deter the inquisitor, for he thought he could frighten the king into signing the edict by threatening him with the thunders of the pope, the cardinals and excommunication.

The prime minister listened to him impatiently, then interrupted him by disclosing the facts that Juan had revealed to him. The grand inquisitor was confounded. Long they conversed together, and in that moment the count would agree to everything, and swore if the war with Henry IV. did not take place, to accomplish the expulsion of the Moors.

Juan now was left free, powerful and protected in the palace where he had entered a prisoner. Confessor to the queen, protected by the king, he would be near Alitea to protect her. Again he had power over the all-powerful Count de Lerma,—he, the adventurer, the Bohemian, the obscure Juan, had arrived, and without his will, as you might say, at one of the highest places in the kingdom, next to the king. His thoughts were not occupied with any ambitious designs; he thought only of Alitea, and how to save her; even now it might be too late. So, before going to the hotel of Santarem to see Alitea, he left the palace, and directed his steps to the abode of the Countess Altamira. The countess was ill, and did not receive any one.

"She must receive me," replied the monk, in a menacing voice. "Tell her that I am Louis Sevilla."

That name produced the accustomed effect. The countess, frightened and astonished by such a visit, ordered the young man to enter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSIAN IRREGULAR TROOPS.

The engraving on this page delineates a group of Persian infantry, and serves to give us an idea of the Eastern warriors who are called upon to play a conspicuous part in the struggle now waging in the East. Their costume is peculiar. The tall cap is a distinguishing feature. The tunics, so different from the close-fitting coats worn by European troops, allow the limbs free and easy play. The principal weapon of these troops is a musket with an exceedingly long and slender barrel, like those in use among the Arabs. The Orientals generally affect these long barrels, though the experience of Europeans has long ago decided that there is no advantage in this great length. The Persian infantry are very fair soldiers, but their cavalry is particularly renowned, especially the horsemen of the tribes of Bakhtiari and Mamacein. The men of these two tribes, who inhabit the west of Farsistan and the limits of the ancient Susiana, bear, in their bronzed faces, the unquestionable proof of their ancient origin. Tall, slender and vigorous, they have high foreheads, straight noses, and black and sparkling eyes. Their jet black shining hair falls on their shoulders in two carefully curled tresses. A cap of yellow felt, a tunic girt about the waist, gaiters, and often a long cloak called *aba*, form their costume. A formidable belt, ornamented with silver, holds a pair of enormous pistols, a *gama* or poignard, a knife, a whole arsenal, in fact, of murderous weapons. All their care is lavished on the number and luxury of their arms. As horsemen, they merit the praises which Xenophon lavished on their ancestors. Though their style of riding is very different from that of English or American horsemen, they are quite as graceful and firm in the saddle. Nothing is more curious than a tournament by a party of these semi-barbarian troops. They push their small and nervous horses to the top of their speed, and in the midst of a furious *melée*, let fly a cloud of arrows, which they pick up under the bellies of their horses without being dismounted, and which they discharge, Parthian-like in full career. In this respect, they remind us of the equestrian feats of our Camanches. From the skill of the horsemen and the vigor of the horses, accidents rarely occur in these warlike sports, which give us an image of the Scythian and Parthian combats ages ago. These wild horsemen often sleep and smoke in the saddle, even when climbing the perilous passes of their native mountains. In his irregular infantry and cavalry, the shah will find a formidable resource for his military operations.

AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS.

It is a fashionable, but false remark, that in America we have neither singing birds nor fragrant flowers. We have already shown, as we believe, that we are well supplied with singing birds; and it is equally true that we have an abundance of fragrant flowers. What can be more delightful than the Mayflower, or trailing Arbutus,—an exclusive American, that refuses to be transplanted? The Bulbus Arethusa, which comes a few weeks later, is exceedingly rich and aromatic in its capricious fits of odor. The Pagonia, a few weeks later, has a more constant and sweeter scent, though not so spicy. As June wears away, our white pond lily comes into blossom. Who was ever satiated with smelling it? What flower could be more popular and more thoroughly enjoyed than this by American people? There is not one flower in Europe, not even the violet, whose scent gives, in the course of the season, so much pleasure to so many people. On the 4th of July, we may gather, in the rich swamp, the Magnolia Glauca, one single flower of which will fill the house with delicious perfume. By this time, also, our native grapes are in blossom, and a rich through the woods, where these are growing, will make violet and mignonette seem poor forever. The white Azalea also load the air of July with its riches. In August, the Clethra throws out its long white spikes, which fill the air with sweet perfume; and the Apios, while concealing its purple clusters under the green leaves, reveals their presence to every passing traveller, by the fragrance that floats to him in the wind: almost precisely like the grape blossom six weeks before. Need we enumerate further? We have in our land a thousand treasures which have been too much neglected,—treasures of fragrance, melody and beauty which are worth as much to us, if we would enjoy them, as our mines of gold, or granaries loaded with corn.—*Waltham Sentinel*

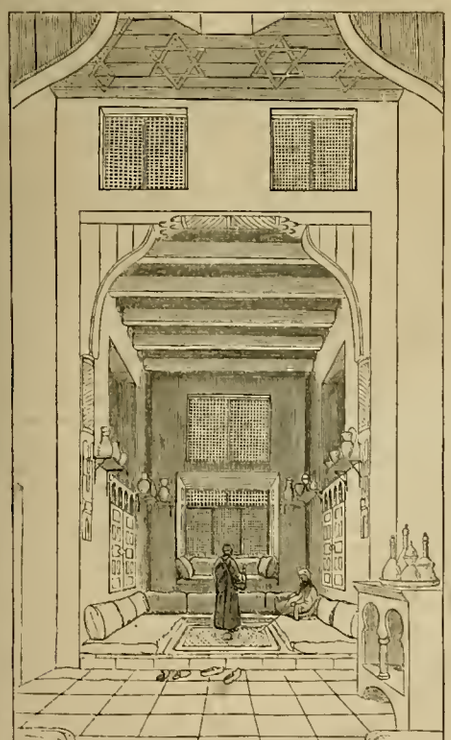
Proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.



A SHOP AT CAIRO.

EASTERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

We present on this page a series of neatly executed engravings illustrating the style of domestic architecture in the East, the specimens being taken principally from the city of Cairo. In the private houses of Cairo the foundation walls, to the height of the first floor, are cased with a yellowish kind of stone, the alternate courses of the front being sometimes colored red and white, particularly on large houses. The superstructure, the front of which generally projects about two feet, and is supported by corbels and piers, is of brick, and often plastered. The bricks so employed are burned, and of a dull red color; the mortar is a mixture of mud, lime and ashes. The roof is flat and is covered with plaster. Terraces are often made on the house-tops, and there the inmates spend many hours in the cool of the day, and frequently sleep there at night. The entrance door is frequently ornamented in some such a way as the one sketched in our second engraving, being fancifully colored with red, white and blue paint, and inscribed with some Mohammedan verse or moral maxim in the Arabic character. The poorer classes of houses, however, have unpainted doors, much less elegant in their appearance. An iron knocker, a wooden lock, and a stone doorstep, generally constitute part of the arrangements. The windows of these houses are very differently placed from those to which we are accustomed. The windows of the ground floor are a kind of small wooden grating, placed far above the heads of persons walking through the streets; those of the upper apartments project a good deal, and are formed of wooden lattice-work, so close as to render it impossible for persons on the outside to see what is going on within; they are generally unpainted, but are sometimes enlivened by a variety of colors. Some projecting windows are wholly constructed of boards, but a few have frames of glass; as a general rule, however, the windows are unprovided with this material. Most of the houses are either two or three stories in height; and almost every house of moderate size has an open central court, called a *kho'sh*, which is entered by a winding passage from the street, the windings being intended to prevent overlooking from the street. In the passage, within the door, is a long stone seat. In the open court is a well of water, which filters through the soil from the Nile; and on its shaded side are water-jars for containing fresh water. The principal apartments look into this court, the walls of which are plastered and whitewashed; and there are also many doors opening from it into the various apartments of the house. In our last engraving we see the general appearance which the courtyard of such a house presents. On the ground floor there is generally an apartment appropriated to the reception of male visitors; this has a wide, wooden, grated window next the court. The general floor of this apartment is called the *leew'an*, while a smaller portion, having often a fountain in the centre, is called the *doorcka' 'ah*. The leew'an, or general floor, is usually paved with common stone, covered with a mat in summer, and a carpet over the mat in winter; the walls are plastered and whitewashed; and there are, generally, in the walls two or three shallow cupboards or recesses. Such an apartment, accurately delineated in our third engraving, is usually provided with cushioned seats. In those streets of Cairo where shops occupy the lower floor of the building, the upper floors are let out in distinct apartments. One of these shops with its curious cushioned recess for the proprietor, where he is seen smoking his pipe, is shown in our first engraving. These lodgings are separate from each other, as well as from the shop below. Each lodging comprises one or two sitting or sleeping rooms, and generally a kitchen; it seldom has a separate entrance from the street, one entrance and one staircase usually admitting to a range of several lodgings. The humbler classes of dwellings in Cairo are of rather a mean description, being usually built of unbaked bricks cemented together with mud. They mostly comprise two or three apartments, but have seldom two stories in height. In Lower Egypt the peasants' houses have generally, in one of the rooms, an oven, at the end farthest from the entrance, and occupying the whole width of the room; it resembles a wide bench or seat, and is about breast high; it is constructed of brick and sand, the roof arched within and flat on the top. The inhabitants, who seldom have any night covering, sleep during the winter on the top of the oven, having previously lighted a fire within it. The chambers have small apertures, high upon the walls, for the admission of light and air, sometimes furnished with a grating of wood. Cairo, where our sketches were taken, is a highly interesting city. It is called by the Arabs El Kahireh (the victorious). It is the capital city of Egypt, the vice-royal residence, and is situated near the right bank of the Nile, and five miles from the commencement of the Delta. The architecture of the city is, as our engravings show, peculiar. The city covers a space about three miles broad and three miles long. It is surrounded by antique battlements and stone walls, with several gateways and lofty towers. Cairo is divided into several distinct quarters, according to the religion and race of its inhabitants, as the Coptic quarter, the Jews' quarter and the Frank quarter, which are separated by gates. The streets are narrow and ill-conditioned, but many of the houses are lofty and elegant. The most remarkable edifices are splendid remains of the Arabs and the ancient sultans of Egypt. Among these are from 300 to 400 mosques, many of which, like those of the Sultan Hassan, have very graceful minarets. Several of the ancient gates are curious and rich. The palace and well of Joseph, and an extensive aqueduct are quite remarkable. At Old Cairo are the seven towers, still called the "Granary of Joseph," and serving their ancient purpose. The site of Cairo is said to be that of the Babylon of Cambyses, built on the ruined site of the pre-existing Latopolis of the Egyptians. The present city was founded by the Arabs about A. D. 970; its citadel was built by Saladin in 1176; it was the capital of the sultan of Egypt till the time of the Turkish conquest in 1507. Since that time it has been the residence of the pashas, governors of the province. The French captured it during Bonaparte's famous Egyptian campaign in 1798. The population, including the suburbs, is about a quarter of a million. A painter and architect of eminence who passed six months in Cairo, informed us that he thought no city of the East better repaid a residence for the purpose of artistic study.



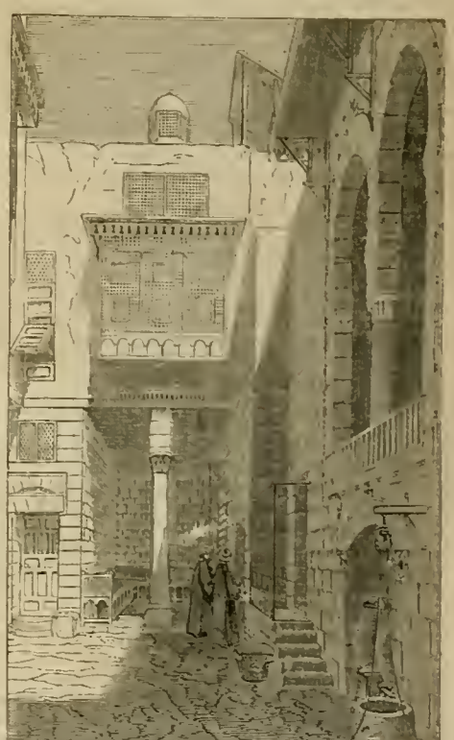
OPEN APARTMENT, CAIRO.



ENTRANCE TO A PRIVATE HOUSE, CAIRO.

DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone in Africa are considered of great commercial value. He lived with a tribe of Bechuanas for eight years, and, in co-operation with Mr. Oswald, discovered Lake Ngami. He traced by himself the course of the great river Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, and extending two thousand miles. This immense stream, whose discovery is the great fruit of the journey, is in itself an enigma without parallel. But a small portion of its waters reach the seacoast. Like the Abyssinian Nile, it falls through a basaltic cleft, near the middle of its course, which reduces its breadth from 1000 to 20 yards. Above these falls it spreads out periodically in a great sea, filling hundreds of lateral channels; below it is a tranquil stream of a totally different character. Its mouths seem to be closing. The southernmost was navigable when the Portuguese first arrived in the country, 300 years ago, but it has long since ceased to be practicable. The Quillimane mouth has of late years been impassable, even for a canoe, from July to February, and for 200 or 300 miles up the river navigation is never attempted in the dry season. And in this very month of July, when the lower portion of the river, after its April freshets, has sunk to a mere driblet, above the falls the river spreads out like a sea over hundreds of square miles. This, with frequent cataracts, and the hostility of the natives, would seem to be an effectual bar to the high hopes of fat trade and filibustering in which English merchants and journals are now indulging. During this unprecedented march, alone and among savages, to whom a white face was a miracle, Dr. Livingstone was compelled to struggle through indescribable hardships. The hostility of the natives he conquered by his intimate knowledge of their character and the Bechuana tongue, to which theirs is related. He waded rivers, and slept in the sponge and ooze of marshes, being often so drenched as to be compelled to turn his armpit into a watch-pocket. His cattle were destroyed by the terrible tse-tse fly, and he was too poor to purchase a canoe. Lions were numerous, being worshipped by many of the tribes as the receptacles of the departed souls of their chiefs; dangerous, too, as his crushed arm testifies. However, he thinks the fear of African wild beasts greater in England than in Africa. Many of his documents were lost while crossing a river, in which he came near losing his life also, but he has memoranda of the latitudes and longitudes of a multitude of cities, towns, rivers and mountains, which will go far to fill up the "unknown region" in our atlases. Toward the interior he found the country more fertile and more populous. The natives worshipped idols, believed in transmigrated existence after death, and performed religious ceremonies in groves and woods. They were less ferocious and suspicious than the sea-board tribes, and had a tradition of the deluge and more settled governments. Some of them practised inoculation, and used quinine, and all were eager for trade, being entirely dependent on English calico for clothing, a small piece of which would purchase a slave. Their language was sweet and expressive. Although their women, on the whole, were not well treated, a man having as many wives as he chose, they were complete mistresses of their own houses and gardens, which the husband dared not enter in his wife's absence. They were fond of show and glitter, and as much as $150 had been given for an English rifle. On the arid plateau of the interior, water-melons supplied the place of water for some months of the year, as they do on the plains of Hungary in summer. A quaker tribe, on the river Zanga, never fight, never have consumption, scrofula, hydrophobia, cholera, small pox, or measles. These advantages, however, are counterbalanced by the necessity of assiduous devotion to trade and raising children to make good their loss from the frequent inroads of their fighting neighbors. The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone will doubtless prepare the way for still further researches in this before almost unknown quarter of the world, and thus open the interior of a continent hitherto regarded as excluded from human occupancy.—*Bee.*



COURT OF A PRIVATE HOUSE, CAIRO.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"KEEP THY HEART YOUNG."

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

There are moments that cause the young heart to wax old—
Moments that turn the locks gray;
There are shadows that float o'er the stern and the bold,
Chasing life's sunlight away.
Then keep thy heart young while ye may, ye may;
Keep thy heart young while ye may;
Youth is a gala-boat—life is a stream:
The pinnace glides fair to-day!

There are moments that make the old heart again young—
Moments that make us smile gay;
But the visions, like light on a crumbling tomb,
Glint wildly, fitfully gay.
We'll keep our hearts young while we may, we may;
Keep our hearts young while we may;
Love is a phantom—hope but a gleam,
Deceiving on our way!

There are moments that make us grow happy, and feel
That happy we'll be alway;
And these visions celestial around us that steal,
Though floating so swiftly away,
Say, "Keep thy heart young while ye may, ye may;
Keep thy heart young while ye may;
Visions of heaven are renewing your youth—
In heaven are they young alway."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG CARPENTER'S FIRST CRIME.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"I AM very hungry, mother," said a flaxen-haired boy, with a pale, sunken cheek. "O, I am so hungry," he continued, "that if you will only give me a piece of bread I will get right into my trundle-bed and say nothing more to you to-night!"

The young mother unclasped his thin arms from her neck, and looking into his face with an expression of woe, whispered:

"I'll look again, darling; perhaps I may have overlooked a piece." And rising, she stepped quickly across the uncarpeted floor, and opened a closet door.

In a moment she returned, with her cheek a trifle paler, for her search was unsuccessful. Embracing her child, she said, gently:

"Go to bed now, Freddy, and don't tell father you are hungry, and then I will go over to Mrs. Potter's and ask her to lend me some change to buy you some bread."

"O, I can't, mother," replied the boy, returning her kiss; "I can't go to bed. I will sit here and wait till you come back, but I wont tell father I am hungry!"

The mother again embraced her child, and then taking from a table her shawl and bonnet, she was about going into the street. Near the half-warm stove sat a dark-complexioned, muscular man; his garments were coarse but neat, and they fitted well on his finely-developed form. A half hour had passed since he first took that seat, and yet he had not spoken to his wife or child; but now, as she was wrapping her shawl about her, he sprang from his seat like one awakening from a dream.

"Stop, Lucy!" he said; "you must not go out in such a storm as this. If you want anything from without I will get it for you."

"I wont be gone but a minute, Frederick," replied the wife.

"No, no, Lucy, you must not go," he continued, gently taking the shawl from her and leading her back.

"But sonny is hungry, Frederick," remonstrated the wife, scarcely knowing what remark she made in her anxiety to procure food for her child.

"Then I am the one to supply him. Or it were better for us all to die here by starvation than for you to perish alone without." And snatching his warm overcoat and cap from a nail in the corner of the room, he hastily opened the outer door and went into the street.

"O, don't cry, mother," said Freddy, again encircling her neck, as he saw her lift the white curtain and peer through the frosty window into the street and then turn away and burst into tears. "I will go to bed, and maybe when I am asleep I shall dream about having nice cakes and pies, and then I shan't feel hungry."

"That's a good boy, darling," replied the mother; and reaching him his night dress, she bade him not touch the light while she was gone out, and then hastily seizing her shawl and bonnet she too went into the street.

There was a large brick mansion opposite the low wooden house where Frederick Baldwin's family lived, and on the evening with which our tale commences the wide blinds to the windows were thrown back, and through the richly embroidered muslin curtains streamed forth dazzling rays of gas-light, causing the cold surface of the pure snow in the streets to sparkle and glitter like many of the tiaras worn by the wealthy throng within. This was a festive night at Mr. Holloman's mansion, for it was the bridal evening of the wealthy tradesman's daughter, and a large number of invited guests had assembled. Light hearts sent forth merry echoes that grated harshly on the ear of the penniless husband as he passed beneath the window, and with a blanched cheek he muttered a deep curse that fortune had distributed her gifts so unequally.

"My poor wife and child," he said, "must try to seek repose with hunger gnawing at their vitals, while within hearing of their voices even the dogs are better fed. If I had refused to labor I might bear it better; but when for days and days I have been from place to place and asked, ay, almost begged for work and been refused, it maddens me. Curse the sordid wretches who riot in wealth, while I and those I love must starve! No, no; I will not bear it. Mr. Holloman has plenty—he must divide." And with a bitter laugh he passed on.

He did not notice the light footfall of his wife behind him as he went on, so busy was he with his strange thoughts. On and on he went till he came to a large block, and then he darted down a narrow court, and was lost to the view of the watcher who had thus far followed him, keeping but a few rods behind. A loud sigh escaped Mrs. Baldwin as she saw her husband disappear in the direction of the rear of Mr. Holloman's large store, but she dared not follow him further for fear that something might happen to her child, whom she had left alone; and besides, she wanted to call at Mrs. Potter's, and if she were absent too long she thought her husband might return ere she had time to do her errand; so turning in an opposite direction from that her husband had taken, the wife and mother hurried on, and in a few moments she stood within her friend's neatly furnished parlor.

"Mary," she said to the pleasant hostess, "I have often needed friends, and sometimes I have been obliged to ask favors of you; but never were my necessities so great as they are to-night, for my child has sought his pillow hungry."

"And has your husband no work yet, Lucy?"

"None, Mary, none—although he has sought for it almost every hour of each day since the shop where he was employed was burnt. You know at this season of the year there are usually so many out of employ who are willing to work for the smallest pittance that I am afraid poor Frederick's efforts will be vain for months to come. Yesterday, unknown to him, I called at various shops and tried to find work for my needle, but O dear, I learned on application for employment that I was not the only one who was destitute in this great city."

"Well, never mind, Lucy," said the friend, cheerfully, "winter will not last always, and when spring comes you know your husband can secure some good place of employment, and when once a person begins to be prosperous favors usually follow on every side."

Mrs. Baldwin tried to smile, but it ended only in contortions of her face, as she answered, faintly:

"Alas! I begin to fear that misfortune will be our lot, for everything has gone so strangely since Frederick first called me wife, although at that time all looked fair and prosperous. First came sickness, when my husband's purse was well nigh drained by the expenses incurred; and then misfortunes ensued, each event small in itself, but all combined weighing heavily; and now, finally, a fire of short duration has consumed his valuable chest of tools and deprived him of labor, the wages of which would have made us comfortable at least."

"O, 'there is a good time coming,' you know, Lucy," said Mrs. Potter, with a cheering smile, rising and going closer to her side. "And," she continued, "I do think it is too bad for you to have so little to do, while I am so hurried in trying to make the children's clothes, that half the time the winter disappears before I can get them fully prepared for the cold season." And going to a closet she took from the shelves various bundles, and rolling all together, gave them into the hands of her visitor, saying: "There are a few aprons and a couple of shirts that I would like to have you make as soon as you can, and when those are done I will have some more work ready for you; not that we are so rich that I wish to hire my sewing done, but you know that I prefer to do all my housework, and when that is done I have but little time to sew; and besides, Erastus often scolds at me for working so hard, saying that I ought to give up either the one or the other of my employments, seamstress or cook;" and then sinking her hand in her pocket she drew forth her porte-monnaie, and extracting a bill handed it to her caller.

"Heaven bless you, Mary!" exclaimed the destitute wife as she received the welcome money; "and may you never know by experience the gratitude I now feel. Your cheerful manner has inspired me with hope that all will yet be well; so I shall return far happier than when I came;" and again thanking her kind friend, Mrs. Baldwin turned to leave, but Mrs. Potter bade her wait a moment, and taking a basket from an outer room she filled it with various articles of provisions from her closet, not forgetting a few luxuries for Freddy.

As the young wife accepted the gift, saying that she was too poor to refuse it, the mute language of her face expressed more than words could do, and after a little more conversation the two friends separated, both far happier for the benevolence of Mrs. Potter.

"Now I will hurry home," soliloquized Mrs. Baldwin, as she regained the street and drew the veil over her face to keep out the piercing cold; "and I will not be quite so saving of our scant store of fuel, but make a good fire and have the room warm and a good supper prepared for Frederick when he returns. But where can he have gone?" she muttered, half aloud; and stopping suddenly, she turned as if she would go back in the direction she saw him take when she came out, and then once more turning her face homeward, she mused as she quickened her pace: "No, no; I will not suspect him of doing wrong. Surely the deepest poverty will not cause him to forget his honor, or stoop to anything that will tarnish his good name."

In a few moments Mrs. Baldwin stood within her humble home. The lamp was dimly burning where she left it, and she saw by the raised folds of the comforter on the trundle-bed that her darling boy had obeyed her; but he was not sleeping, and as he heard her light footsteps he raised his head from his pillow, saying:

"I have been so lonesome, mother, since you went away, that I almost forgot that I was so hungry, so don't go again."

"I will not, child," replied the mother, taking several cakes from the basket, and kneeling over the low bed she placed them in his hand.

Never did a miser grasp his cherished gold with any more energy than did that half-famished child seize the proffered food; nor did the first gift appease his appetite, for it had been many days since Freddy had eaten aught but stale fragments of bread from a neighboring bakery. It may seem strange to the owner of a full larder that one so athletic as Frederick Baldwin should with his small family suffer for want of food; but let him visit our great city when the snow lies deep on the frozen surface of the earth, and he will find many idle who with their strong hands would gladly work, if it were only to procure bread for the famishing ones at home, but their efforts to find it are vain. The worthy poor seldom beg—they shrink from charity, fearing the taunts of the envious in the future, should they ever break the icy fetters of poverty and soar on the wings of prosperity. But let us return to our story.

When the hunger of the child was appeased he received a good-night kiss from his mother, and then burying his face in the pillow he was soon asleep; while Mrs. Baldwin stepped over the floor with noiseless tread, and soon had a glowing fire in the stove in the adjoining kitchen and the tea-kettle singing its ancient tune preparatory to moistening the tea that had been presented by Mrs. Potter. In a short time an almost luxurious meal was spread neatly on the round table awaiting the coming of the husband. The wife once more looked through the frosty window-panes into the street, and then taking a seat by the table she began sewing on the work given her by her friend.

"'Tis strange that Frederick should stay away so long," she murmured when a half hour or more had passed, and laying by her sewing she turned her ear in the direction of the street. At length, hearing a familiar step on the crisp snow, she sprang from her chair and threw open the outer door.

"You are welcome, dear Frederick," she said, extending her hand, and then continued, "I have been long waiting for you to come and share my present. See," and still holding his hand she led the way to the kitchen.

For several moments the husband did not speak, and Lucy, on looking into his face, perceived that it was very pale, but she pretended that she saw it not, and when he inquired where she obtained those luxuries, she answered, pleasantly:

"O, they are a present from that friend we both love so well, Mrs. Potter; and look here, dear," she continued, holding up the bundle of work she had received, "she has given me all this work to do, and when this is done she says she will give me more;" then taking the bill from her pocket she reached it to him, saying that he could spend it to better advantage than she could.

"God bless you, darling!" exclaimed the husband, as he reluctantly received the money; and then he added: "Would to Heaven that I were worthy of you! but I am not;" and he passed his hand across his brow as if he would fain brush away unpleasant thoughts.

"You are worthy, Frederick," replied the wife, encircling his neck with her white arms, and looking into his face with an expression of love, she added: "Poverty and misfortune, husband, never yet made one unworthy. The manner in which we bear up under these afflictions either adds lustre to our characters or detracts therefrom."

Mr. Baldwin did not reply, but a deep crimson suffused his face, and springing from the chair in which he had seated himself, he paced the room rapidly for a few moments, then returned to his seat. "Away with such thoughts!" he said, mentally; "for they will not give me bread, and I will not sit here idle and see those I love starve." Then divesting himself of his overcoat, he sank his hand into its deep pocket and drawing out several small parcels, he said:

"See here, Lucy, I have brought you some provisions, and I have got a bag of flour, too, outside, but I didn't like to bring it in till I had entered first, to see that you had no company. But I will go out and get it now," and without further remark he left the room, and in a few moments returned with an eighth bag of flour.

A smile was on his features, but it was such a smile as the young wife never saw there before, and a cold shudder ran through her veins as she looked into his face, but she made no inquiries as to where he obtained those articles, but merely remarked:

"I guess you have met with some kind friends in your walk," and then added: "But come, dear, we will talk about those things some other time; now we will partake of this nice supper Mrs. Potter presented us."

"Did she send or bring these things?" inquired the husband, as he now seated himself at the table.

Mrs. Baldwin either was or pretended to be very busy raising various articles from the stove; and she did not answer her husband's question as he did not repeat it. During the meal, Lucy talked cheerfully, and encouraged him by speaking of many other persons whom she thought much more unhappily situated than they were.

"For," said she, "they have not only poverty to encounter but sickness, and many have suffered bereavements, while our little circle remains unbroken and all of us have health."

Mr. Baldwin looked into his wife's face, and once or twice he seemed about to speak, but glancing at the groceries he had brought, his words escaped only in whispers, and in a little while he arose, complaining that he was tired, and pressed his lips to the fair forehead of his wife and then remarked that he would seek his pillow.

"I would," returned the wife, "for you have nothing to detain you; but I think I will remain and sew a little while, for I am not sleepy—so I will enjoy this warm fire."

Then in another moment the wife and mother was alone with her thoughts and her cares. For a long time did Mrs. Baldwin

sit by her little stove and sew till the fire began to die out. Faint echoes of music came across the street from the mansion of wealth opposite, and entered the humble dwelling. The little clock on the mantel pointed to midnight; the sounds of revelry had ceased, and the patient wife listened and thought till the heavy breathing of her husband in the adjoining room convinced her that he was sleeping, then cautiously rising, she laid by her work and took into her lap the various packages of groceries that he had brought home.

"He had not a farthing when he went out," she thought, "neither will any one trust him now that he has no prospect of making immediate payment. How could he obtain these things without money and without credit? And besides, his strange manner convinces me that his mind is ill at ease." And in this way did the thoughts of the unhappy wife rove as she turned the bundles in her lap and looked at the various marks on the wrappers. At length a new thought seemed to be gradually revealed to her brain, so with a nervous movement she once more scanned the marks, and as she did so a deeper paleness spread over her features, and she threw the bundles from her into a chair near by as if their touch had been contagion.

"O, God of mercy!" she groaned; "it is all plain now. The direction he took, the narrow alley he passed down to the rear of Mr. Holloman's large grocery and provision store, makes it all plain to me now. When he helped to repair a part of the interior of the building he must have observed some spot in the rear that he knew would be easy of ingress, and to-night, in his despair, he has taken advantage of this knowledge and the absence of all from the store, to—to—. O, Heaven have mercy on us! Poverty I could have borne, but to be disgraced by crime—my idolized husband branded as a felon, I cannot bear. He must and shall be saved. I will forget self in trying to save him from the penalty of this dreadful affair, for if exposed before the world, his self-respect would be gone and utter ruin must follow."

A moment later Lucy leaned over the form of her sleeping husband to ascertain that his slumber was real, and it seemed that his crime only made her cling to him more closely, for well she knew that it was committed to save her and their child from want. Retracing her steps to the kitchen and closing the bedroom door after her, she gathered the bundles of groceries in her apron, and hastily throwing a shawl about her went out, locking the outer door after her. The air was very chilly, and the deep drift at the door might at another time have deterred her; but now the young wife heeded them not, for she was too intent on her thoughts and the errand that brought her out. Passing directly across the street, Mrs. Baldwin gave a light rap at the side door of the mansion. Several of the guests she had heard depart within the last hour, their noble steeds driven by lackeys whose situations she almost envied in her destitution.

"Is Mr. Holloman in?" inquired Lucy, drawing her hood in such a manner as to conceal her face.

"He is," replied the servant, "but is very much engaged. If you want to see him you had better call again in the morning, for the guests are now taking their leave."

"I will wait till they are gone," said Lucy, with firmness, and stepping within the door, "for I must see him to-night. Please show me to some room where I can be alone till I can speak with him."

At this moment the servant girl caught a glimpse of the caller's face.

"O!" she exclaimed, "is it you, Mrs. Baldwin? If I had known that, I would not have spoken so. I will tell him you are here."

Mrs. Baldwin was a favorite with the kind-hearted Bridget, for in times past she had done her many favors with her needle, which the unskilful girl knew how to appreciate. A few moments later and the sorrow-stricken wife was in a small library leading off from one of the less public rooms of the mansion. Lucy tried to think what she should say when the wealthy business man should enter, but the more she tried to compose her thoughts the more her mind became confused, till the library door was quietly opened and Mr. Holloman entered.

"Did these groceries come from your store, Mr. Holloman?" inquired the wife in a tremulous voice, after the first salutations were over.

The wholesale and retail grocer looked a little confused, and seemed puzzled to think why she should call on such a strange errand at that hour of the night, but he was too gentlemanly to urge her to disclose her business or her motive in calling. Taking a paper of tea and another of sugar in his hands he turned them from side to side and then reached them back, saying:

"Yes, Mrs. Baldwin, these came from my store. They have our private mark on them. When my clerks are at leisure I sometimes have them put up such articles in small parcels to accommodate the poor, who are usually in a hurry when they call." And now curiosity getting the better of him he inquired why she asked.

"Because—be—" faltered the wife, but her tongue refused to speak further, and placing the contents of her apron on a small table near, she burst into tears, and wept as only the truly wretched can weep.

Mr. Holloman was a kind-hearted man; he had spent his youth in poverty, and the lessons he then learned he had never forgotten; so taking the hand of the weeping one in his, he said, soothingly:

"My poor child, something very serious must have taken place to make you grieve so. If I am in any way concerned, pray speak plainly, for it is my nature to sympathize with the unfortunate."

O, what a relief to the unhappy wife were these kind words! and crushing back her sobs she told her wealthy neighbor her fears, saying that when her husband left the house she followed but a few rods behind him on her way to seek relief from their present suffering by applying to a friend.

"Why did you not apply to me, Mrs. Baldwin?" inquired the benevolent man.

"Alas!" answered the wife, "it is not every one who has wealth that sympathizes with the poor, and that is why the sensitive so seldom go to them for aid."

Mr. Holloman looked thoughtful, while the wife continued her narrative.

"I should have followed him," continued Mrs. Baldwin, "for I felt anxious about what he might do, but I had left my child alone, and I hurried back, and now I am convinced that he obtained the things dishonestly from your store, but it was our great necessity that made him; and now for the sake of his suffering wife and child, pray forgive him, for all shall be returned immediately. I would rather perish with want, and leave behind me an honest name, than to live in luxury with dishonor attached."

"Noble woman!" exclaimed Mr. Holloman, as he rose from his chair and paced the small apartment, and then after a pause he continued: "For your sake and your child's I would gladly overlook this matter, but if he succeeds well in this, will he not attempt the like again?"

Mrs. Baldwin's face grew deathly pale, and for a few moments the strong man feared her emotion would overcome her, but she soon rallied, and in a hoarse whisper answered:

"No, no; he will not—I know he will not. But O! in mercy to his family is there no chance for him to get employment?"

"I believe he is a carpenter," said Mr. Holloman, looking into the face of his visitor.

"He is," replied the wife; "and had not his tools been destroyed by the fire that consumed the shop where he used to work, he has often said that he might possibly have found employment elsewhere."

Here was another pause of a few moments, and then the trader was the first to speak.

"Go back to your home, child," he said, "you have nothing to fear from me, for I know by experience that grim want will drive a man to do deeds that he would shudder to think of if he possessed the comforts of life. Yes, you can go back now, and to-morrow I will see what I can do to relieve you."

Lucy tried to thank the kind-hearted man, but her words died away in whispers, and wrapping her shawl about her she stepped to the door to leave, but Mr. Holloman called her back and bade her keep the bundles she brought him and also the flour. At first she refused, but when the wealthy grocer urged her, saying the value was but a trifle to him—it was not the worth of what was taken that he minded but the act itself, she accepted the gift, and once more stood in the door with the parcels in her apron. Mr. Holloman wondered why she lingered, but dropping her eyes to the carpet, she said:

"I wish that Frederick might not know of this visit—he is so sensitive. May I—dare I ask you not to let him know that you are acquainted with his dishonesty? This was his first crime. I know it will be his last."

"We will let it all pass," replied Mr. Holloman; "and to-morrow when I call nothing shall be said but what I think will be satisfactory."

Lucy looked her gratitude, but there was a choking sensation in her throat that prevented her utterance, and in a few moments she again crossed the street and stood within her own home. Mr. Baldwin's sleep was often broken during the night by incoherent expressions, and when he awoke his first inquiries were if she had put away the things he had brought in the night previous.

"Yes, dear," replied the wife, who had risen first, "and I have made you some beautiful biscuit from the flour, too."

The husband made no answer, but there was a troubled look on his face, and when she passed them at the table he refused to partake of them, saying that he did not feel as well as usual.

"Mother," said Freddy, who had finished his breakfast and was now looking from the window into the street, "I see Mr. Holloman, the rich man that lives opposite, coming right across the street to our house."

Mr. Baldwin sprang from his chair, and the pallor of death swept over his countenance, and rushing to the outer door he clutched the key as if he fain would lock it.

"I will see what he wants, Frederick," said the wife, turning the knob.

"Do, dear; but don't tell him that I am—"

Mr. Baldwin did not finish the sentence, for the door was quickly opened by his wife, and the neighbor invited to enter.

"Good morning, Mr. Baldwin," said Mr. Holloman, extending his hand.

"Good morning, sir," was repeated by the host, while his face changed alternately from red to an ashy white.

But his agitation passed away as Mr. Holloman went on explaining that he thought of putting up a new building in the spring, dividing it into several tenements, and that he had now called to see if Mr. Baldwin was particularly engaged, for if he were not he would like to have him make the doors, window frames, etc., during the cold season, and then when spring came, if all were satisfactory, he would contract with him to take the entire job.

Mr. Baldwin could not immediately reply, but when he did answer, he said that he should be very happy to do the work, but that he had had the misfortune to lose his entire set of tools.

"That was a misfortune indeed," returned the neighbor; "but if you feel disposed to do the work it shall not hinder you, for I will purchase or hire another chest of tools, and let you have the use of them till such time as you can pay for them; and besides, I have a little shop in the rear of my store where you can work."

Need we say that this kind offer was gladly accepted by the destitute husband, who nobly strove to make amends to some measure for the past, while the faithful and loving wife was almost overpowered with joy that he had again found lucrative employment; but to the events of that night of poverty she never referred.

When the first payment was made by Mr. Holloman to the carpenter, the latter extracted a five dollar bill from the amount and laid it on his bench, saying

"You do not owe me that, sir; allow me to return it."

"O, no, no; you are mistaken," replied the grocer. "I cast up our accounts correctly, and find I am debtor to that amount."

Mr. Baldwin said no more, but with a sad, perplexed expression took the money and left the shop. And so week after week went by, and want was no more known at the carpenter's home. Spring came, and the echo of the mechanic's hammer was heard more frequently now, when Mr. Holloman came into the little back shop, and laying down the draft of a plan for a building, said:

"Well, Mr. Baldwin, I suppose it is about time that you and I talked something more about those buildings we were speaking of in the winter."

"Yes," was the reply.

And now with the conversation of the next hour we have nothing to do, for it was all on business, but at the end of that time Mr. Holloman remarked:

"And now our bargain is all settled in regard to your doing the building and my finding the stock. I suppose you will want some advance pay, as of course now you are a boss workman you will hire hands to help you."

Mr. Baldwin smiled, and said he could work to much better advantage if he could be thus favored; and without further remark Mr. Holloman laid a roll of bills on the bench for the carpenter's use. Mr. Baldwin gave a glance at the money and throwing down his chisel he grasped the hand of his benefactor, saying:

"God bless you, my more than friend! I can keep silent no longer. I must confess all; for your kindness has so overcome me that I can no longer endure a guilty conscience." And then in a few words he related to his employer what is already known to the reader concerning his entering Mr. Holloman's store and taking packages from the shelves. "But it was necessity that compelled me," continued the carpenter; "for my poor wife and child were famishing, while all my attempts to get work were vain. But as God is my witness, I did not—I could not taste a morsel of that food. No, I did not become a thief to prolong my own life, but the lives of those I loved."

Great was the astonishment of the carpenter when he learned from Mr. Holloman that both he and Mrs. Baldwin knew all from the first, and that his present prosperity was brought about by her entreaties in his behalf.

"Let it all pass now," said Mr. Holloman. "I am satisfied that nothing but necessity drove you to an act of dishonesty."

"God bless you, my darling wife!" said the husband after returning to his home and relating to her all the conversation that had passed between himself and Mr. Holloman.

Lucy's look of love assured him that to her he was ever the same, in prosperity or adversity; and from this time there was no more want in the carpenter's home.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT OF A TOMBSTONE.

The eccentric Orientalist, M. Hammer-Purgstall, who has died recently in Germany, was exceedingly attached to his wife, and the whole effort of his leisure seemed to be the inventing of agreeable surprises for her, in the way of gifts, etc., etc. On one of her birthdays, a few years ago, she chanced to have been confined to her bed for some time with a serious illness, and the fond husband was evidently puzzled to contrive a birthday present suited to her rather doubtful state of health. A week before the anniversary came round, however, a bright thought had dawned upon him, and, keeping it a profound secret, he zealously went about its accomplishment. The day dawned, and madam was raised in bed, and, with great difficulty some toilet was made which should significantly receive the husband's expected visit. The appointed hour sounded, and the door opened. In came four men, bearing a heavy burthen carefully enveloped. It was stood on end, and the bearers were requested to uncover it, while the eager husband looked on with evident expectation of pleasure. The cloths fell away—and lo! a tombstone, beautifully sculptured, his wife's name upon it, and only the date of her death left in blank! And, with this "shadow cast before" of the next coming event which would probably demand the proof of his assiduous tenderness—the sweet evidence that he would not fail in providing the expected tombstone—Monsieur Hammer-Purgstall stood waiting for the kiss of gratitude!—*Home Journal.*

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.





COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA.

(For description, see page 141.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SNOW-WREATHS.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

Drifting through the garden,
Driving o'er the lea;
Weaving spotless garlands
For each shrub and tree:
Wreathing o'er the casement,
Drooping from the eaves;
Clasping round each paling
Chains of starry leaves:
Spangling o'er the hillside
With a glory rare,
Strewing feathery blossoms
On the wintry air;
Till familiar landscape,
Robed in witching light,
Seems a fairy vision
Of enchantment bright!
Beauteous, snowy flowers,
Scattered far and nigh,
On the lowly cottage,
Or the mountain high;
Broidering fair the mantle
Of our new-year's queen,
Till her royal ermine
Peerless shines, I ween!
Stainless snow-wreath, welcome!
Flowers of heaven are ye,
Sent to glad earth's bosom
With your purity!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPECTRE.

A LEGEND OF GRANITE ISLAND.

BY J. GRAFTON ALLEN.

In one of our northern bays there is a lonely island which rises abruptly from the water. It is formed of solid granite, and its summit, which stands full two hundred feet above the sea level, is covered over by scanty soil, which careful cultivation has caused to bring forth a little vegetation. Fir, spruce and hemlock are the only kinds of trees which grow here, and the fields give birth only to the coarser kinds of grain. On one side alone is the island approachable; here the precipitous cliff is divided by a deep gully, which forms a gentle descent to the water, and a small cove for boats. On the other sides of the island, however, all is stern, rugged and forbidding; the sailor avoids it, the fisherman shuns it, and its white cliffs shining from afar, only tell of danger.

Granite Island is the appropriate name of this lonely rock. Though lonely, it is not however altogether uninhabited. An old fisherman dwells there; and if you, gentle reader, are ever landed there by any strange chance, you will probably hear from his lips the story which I am going to tell you.

About twenty years ago, two families were living here. They were related to each other, and bore the name of Berton. One family consisted of a father and two sons, Henry and Edward; the other of an old man and his daughter, Emma. They subsisted almost entirely by fishing, although the land produced a few vegetables for their support.

The two brothers and Emma had all grown up together, and had been constantly in one another's society. The limits of their home did not allow any change to take place in their habits, so that when they had grown up they still associated as much, if not more, than ever. It was at this period that their feelings seemed to undergo a change. Instead of the frolicsome intercourse of childhood, a more serious character marked their conduct towards one another. The two brothers were rivals for the love of Emma.

And in truth, to look at the fair Emma Berton, one would have said it was no wonder that they loved her. Imagine the fairest, freshest and most innocent face in the world, with large, dark, tender eyes, curls of rich brown hair, and laughing, rosy lips which pouted for a kiss; imagine a figure graceful and light as that of a fay, yet full of health and strength; a manner full of grace and witchery—imagine all this, and a thousand indescribable charms of word, look and gesture, and then you will have but a faint idea of Emma Berton.

The two brothers differed much in appearance, though both were eminently handsome. Henry, the older of the two, was tall and muscular in frame, with raven hair, thick beard, curling moustache, dark skin, and manly features. Edward, the younger, was quite different. He had a light complexion, and a slighter figure. His hair was flaxen and curling; his eyes were laughing blue. His cheeks round and beardless. In form, feature, character, everything in short, he was a contrast to his brother. Yet in one thing they were but too similar. They both loved Emma with equal passion, and their love showed itself in many ways.

Henry would climb the tallest cliffs to get gulls' eggs for her to admire, or would lower himself down the most frightful precipices in search of cider down, or glittering minerals. The most precious treasures of the deep, the most exquisitely flavored of the fish which came to his net, and the most beautifully plumaged of the birds which fell at his shot, would be laid at her feet—humble offerings truly, in our estimation, but rare and valuable at Granite Island. Edward was different. While his brother was out searching the rocks for rare gifts, he would sit at Emma's feet and play to her on his guitar, or sing to her, in a rich voice, all manner of ballads and love songs. And Emma seemed fond of having him there. She thanked Henry for his gifts, but her glance never shone on him so softly as on Edward, and her voice never spoke to him so tenderly.

So marked was the difference in her treatment of both, that they noticed it too plainly. It gave Edward food for joy and exultation, but to Henry it caused only the fiercest rage and most cruel jealousy. The sight of his brother sitting at Emma's feet, playing or singing, served only to madden him, and gradually, as his feelings grew more and more uncontrollable, the flashing eye, the heaving bosom, and the clenched hand, showed the intensity of his passion. Had not the lovers been blinded by their own love and happiness, they would constantly have seen the sinister look which Henry now so frequently cast on them.

It was a dark and gloomy evening. The clouded sky, the frequent gusts of wind, the thunder of the rolling surges as they beat against the base of the island, and the foaming crests of the innumerable waves, all betokened an approaching storm. On such a time Cain may perhaps have set upon Abel. On this evening Edward went forth from his father's cottage and directed his steps towards the highest cliff on the island. Here Henry had often swung himself down in search of the rarities which he gave to Emma. The evening was dark, and night came rapidly on. As Edward neared the summit he began to untwist a coil of rope which he carried, and let it fall on the ground. So loud was the wind and so intently was he engaged in this work, that he did not notice a man near him, until he had approached closely to him; then he suddenly looked up. It was Henry.

"Where are you going?" asked Henry, in a stern, harsh voice.

"Where? Why, down the cliff."

"Down the cliff! Now?" asked Henry, in surprise. "In this storm? You have changed of late. You have thus far been fonder of sitting at Emma's feet than of going over cliffs."

"Any way, I am going over here now," said Edward.

"What are you going down here for?" asked Henry.

"After some gulls' eggs for Emma."

"Perdition!" muttered Henry, under his teeth.

"What's that you say?" asked Edward, busy with his rope.

"I say it's very risky business."

"O no—it's nothing. Of late you've been doing all the climbing. I remember five or six years ago I could beat you at it. Don't you remember, Hen.? I'm going to try my skill now."

"But why on such a night as this?"

"Why? It's the best time. The birds are all in, you know. I can get the best of eggs, and of birds too, if I like. I'm bound to get the finest bird and the most beautiful egg that's been found yet on the island. Wont you try?"

"I know every stone by heart," said Henry, gruffly. "You can't get any more good eggs or stones. Don't go."

"I'll bet you anything that I will bring her a present that she will give the choice to. I'll bet you she will say it is the best one she has had yet. Isn't this reason enough for going? Wont you come down too, and try?"

"She—yes—she will call anything beautiful that comes from her *pretty boy*. For my part, I don't stay at home, fiddling and playing the baby for any one, and you may go down here after your gulls' eggs as often as you like."

"Henry!" cried Edward, amazed at his tone and manner; "what is the matter with you? Are you angry?"

"Angry? I have every reason to be angry!" cried Henry. "Why do you come to meddle with me here—and tempt me? I was alone, innocent thus far—Who sent you here?"

"I don't understand what you're talking about," said Edward, lightly, twisting his rope around a tree very firmly. "You seem ill-humored about something. You'd better cheer up. I'm going after birds for Emma."

"Emma! Still prating about her!" cried Henry, with a dreadful oath. "Don't bring her name up, if you don't want me to—to—" he hesitated.

Edward stood still for a moment, startled by his brother's manner. Of late, however, he had been accustomed to those words.

"Henry," said he, "I don't understand you. You're always angry at me for something. God knows I never injured you. I always treated you like a brother. I'd lay down my life for you at this moment. Emma and I wonder at the change in you."

Henry seemed softened at Edward's remark, but the last few words again maddened him. He gnashed his teeth, and moved off a little distance, regarding his brother in silence. Edward had fastened the rope and made a basket around him. Then lighting a torch, he took the rope in his hand and stepped over the cliff, singing a pleasant song. Suddenly Henry leaped forward.

"Edward! Edward! don't go!" he cried, fiercely.

"Nonsense. These sides are rough—there is a good foothold. My nerves are strong; I'm cool; are *you* afraid of me? Why even Emma—"

"Silence!" cried Henry in a rage, interrupting him with a savage gesture, and turning away.

Edward delayed a moment and looked at his brother's retreating figure. Then he muttered a few words and went down. The glare of his torch flashed out amid the gloom, his voice was heard as he sang amid the howling wind, and the rope was stretched tightly as it bore his weight.

A dark figure came stealing towards the edge of the cliff. He approached nearer and nearer—he lay down and looked over. He saw the light down the precipitous side, he heard the sound of Edward's voice, he heard too the roar of the hoarse waves two hundred feet below.

"O God!" he groaned, starting away from the edge and striking his brow with frightful passion; "I'm in the hands of the tempter! I'll fly!"

And he started away. But still a terrible fascination drew him back. He stood on the edge and leaned over; his hand grasped for support the rope which suspended Edward. He looked again. Again he saw his brother, who hung not more than fifty feet below. And as he looked, one hand held the rope and the other played with a keen dirk knife at his side. O! the temptation!—the struggle!—the early remembrances!—the hate!—the jealousy, cruel as the grave! There wrestled the tempted with his tempter!

Again he turned away, impelled by a mighty effort of his will. He clutched the rope to keep him away; his hand fell from the knife which it touched. Was he freed?—could he leave?—would he go? He moved one step backwards.

But at this moment the voice of Edward sounded out more loudly; he was singing a pleasanter, a livelier song. It was a song of his own; it was one made by himself to sing to Emma. It was one which Henry was maddened at, whose sound had vexed him to frenzy so often before. Now as its first notes came up, he started as though he had been shot. He sprang to the cliff's edge. He shook his hand savagely at his brother, and cursed him in his jealous frenzy. There came a flash of light from a thunder-cloud—a knife gleamed in the air—the rope sprang back, severed at the cliff's edge! and the murderer saw the torch-light disappear, and heard a heavy fall into the waves, which far beneath howled to receive their prey!

There was much wonder on the following day at Edward's absence. His father sought for him in vain. Emma looked for his coming early in the morning, but he came not. Then they met together and talked anxiously about the missing one. No one knew where he had gone. Henry seemed more sad, more troubled than any of the others. Through the day they searched the island. It was not very large, and a search even through every part of it was not a very arduous task. At about mid-day, Emma, who seemed more active than the others, announced her discovery of something by a piercing shriek, which brought the others to the spot. They found her at the edge of the cliff, speechless, mutely pointing to a rope, severed at the corner of a stone. The family assembled around in unutterable grief.

"See!" cried Henry, mournfully. "O see! Here poor Edward has attempted a descent of the cliff; the rope has ground against the stone. See—ah!" and Henry held up the end of the rope, which seemed all ground away.

The others looked at it in horror and in grief.

"What could have made him try this?" cried Henry. "Could he have been mad?"

They wondered at his attempt.

"Edward was once a famous climber," said his father.

"This is it. Henry has spoken right," said Emma's father. "Edward has gone down after eggs or rocks, and his rope has ground away. I have heard of such things before!"

Silently they all looked over the edge of the cliff, but they could see nothing whatever except the foaming surges. They shook their heads and looked at one another long and despairingly. Then they moved away, and carried the almost lifeless Emma home with them. They moved away, to talk long and mournfully over Edward's dreadful fate. They tried to comfort Emma. She more than any other felt the cruel and unlooked-for blow. Senseless for a time, she only revived to know the full extent of her misery and to bewail her most bitter misfortune.

It was evening again. The storm which had begun on the previous night went on increasing rapidly in fury, and approaching the grand climax of its wrath. They were altogether in the same house. The old men were mournfully seated in one room, and in the other Emma sat with Henry near her. She was pale and languid. The light had left her eye, and the bloom her cheek. She scarcely looked, moved or spoke. She took no notice whatever of Henry, who sat at her feet, trying to cheer her, to console her who was inconsolable. At length the poor girl burst into a flood of tears—the first which she had shed since the dreadful discovery.

"O, Emma! dear, dearest Emma! weep on. You will find relief," said Henry, bending towards her. And the storm went on increasing in fury, and the lightning flashed more vividly, while the thunder rolled more terribly. "He has gone, Emma, he has gone, but do not think that every friend has gone with him."

Emma only wept.

"You have others who love you, and as well as Edward."

"No, no, no! Never—no never!" murmured the weeping girl.

"Ah, Emma," pleaded Henry, "let me take his place. Let me console you. Can I not be another brother—or more than brother—another Edward—"

"O, Henry!" cried Emma, "do not talk so. You can be Henry, but never Edward—"

"Never—never?" cried Henry, passionately, and the strong man's frame was shaken by contending emotions.

"No—never!" cried a deep and hollow voice from a distant corner of the room.

Emma screamed. Henry jumped to his feet and staggered back. They looked towards the door whence the sound seemed to come. There was a crash of thunder all around, and the door burst open, a gust of wind rushed in and extinguished all the lights, and a glare of blinding lightning flashed into the room, revealing a terrible sight.

There, on the threshold, stood a figure like that of Edward. The face was pallid, the once curling hair all dank and dripping, the clothes wet, the hands trembling. There was a terrible scar across his forehead, and drops of blood trickled down his face.

Ere Emma could shriek, or the shivering Henry stir a limb, the figure moved forward towards the fire. With chattering lips, trembling hands and sepulchral tones, it gasped forth:

"I'm—very—co-o-o-l-d!"

At once there rang through the house a wild, agonizing scream of one in deadly fear and suffering combined. From the fearful, advancing figure, Emma turned her fainting eyes to Henry. His strong and muscular frame convulsed, his eyes starting from their

sockets, his hands clasped, he stood, staring,—and uttering screams of terror. It was but for a moment. With a wilder scream and a more convulsed effort than before, he leaped past the figure and darted through the door. Away,—away,—and the figure turned to follow it. Voices rang out on the winds of night:

"Henry! Henry! Stop!" But there came no answer.

Emma lay senseless on the floor. Long had the two old men, startled by the shrieks which announced the presence of the dreadful visitant, endeavored to bring her back. Hour after hour passed, and then she began slowly to revive.

The old men were so engaged in their work that they did not heed a knock which came at the door, until it had sounded more loudly a second time. Then Emma started and hid her face on her father's breast.

"Save me—O, save me!" she moaned. "He's coming again!"

"Don't be frightened!" cried a voice. "Let me come in! Don't keep me out! One death is enough! Henry is gone!"

The voice was weak and tremulous.

"It's Edward—it's himself!" cried his father, springing to the door. "O, my son! my dear, dear boy!"

And as a wet, weary, blood-stained figure entered, the father clasped him in his arms.

"O Heaven!" Emma sobbed out, with awe-struck face.

"Emma, do not turn away! I was not killed. Look at me! If you turn away from me, then I shall indeed wish I had perished!"

"Edward!" sobbed out Emma, in half doubtful joy. She rose, staggered towards him, and fell fainting in his arms.

They laid her gently on the settee and watched over her till sense was restored. Then she implored Edward to change his clothes and dress his wounds. The young man was trembling violently. Cold, hunger and wounds had greatly weakened him. Retiring for a while, he put on other clothes and re-entered the room, where Emma took her seat by his side. Yet in spite of the general joy at his salvation, there was a dark cloud on their souls, and only one thought was present to each. Where was Henry?

Where, indeed. The wind was wild and furious without. Still the thunder burst around, and its long reverberations re-echoed among the innumerable recesses of the island; still the lightning flashed vividly, showing up with added terrors the already terrific scene. Where, amid the strife of elements, was Henry? Edward's head was bowed down, and even the soft hand of Emma could not raise it, and shudders shook his frame. At last their grief found voice, and Emma's father asked:

"Edward, where is Henry?"

Edward looked up. Grief was on his brow, but sternness was in his eye. He spoke in low tones, every word fearfully distinct.

"Listen, and I will tell you all. I'll tell you what will make your blood run cold. Last night I went to the cliff to get some young birds and some rare eggs and stones for Emma. I took my rope and torch and basket. On the top of the cliff I was met by Henry. He was excited, and urged me not to go, and then swore at me for tempting him. I went down, and when I had reached a jutting point, about fifty feet below, I fastened my basket and began my work. I suddenly was startled by violent stamping. I heard Henry's voice faintly, for the wind was loud. All at once, just as I was putting some stones in the basket, it fell from where it was hanging, and I heard it plunge into the water far below. Then—do not start—there is worse yet—then I knew it all. Henry had cut the rope!—"

"Edward!" cried his father, starting to his feet, "Villain—you lie! Henry never did—Villain, I curse—"

"Curse on, father!" Edward bowed his head humbly; but his father, overcome by emotion, fell back into his seat, trembling and moaning.

"How do you dare to think that Henry did this? You dare to sit there, just from the tomb, and say this?" cried Emma's father.

"He loved Emma—but Emma loved me!"

Then the old men looked fearfully at one another, and Emma fell sobbing in Edward's arms.

"I knew it all," said Edward, in a hoarse voice, "down on the face of the cliff. There I crouched all night, beaten by the storm. At daybreak I crawled along the cliff to a place of shelter. Here a ledge of rocks overhead prevented me from coming up, and I should have died had not Providence sent a tree to help me. The wind blew it over, and I seized its long branches and struggled to the top of the cliff. Then through darkness, I made my way to the house. I stumbled many times, for I was weak and cold. I entered the house. Henry's guilty conscience made him think me a spectre. He rushed out, and I followed him to save him. I knew he would do something desperate. I was swift, but fear lent him wings. I called after him—I told him I was alive. He rushed to the cliff—I saw him as a blinding flash of lightning lit up all the island. He stood for a second, wildly tossing his arms, and then, with a fearful scream, he went—"

"Where—where?" screamed his father, clutching his arm.

"Where he tried to send me!" said Edward, in a low voice, and with fearful emphasis.

"O Heaven!" cried his father, after an awful silence, "it is thy justice—retribution! I bow to fate!"

He buried his head in his hands, and his whole frame shook with emotion. Emma's father put his trembling arm around his neck, and held him in silent sympathy. Then Edward raised the weeping Emma in his arms, and they all sat in silence through ing remaining hours of that memorable night.

y mourned over Henry, but they could not live any longer in the scene of their sorrow, and embarked for another land. And by and-by the old men were gathered to their fathers. Then Edward and Emma were married; and time, the consoler of all, came to alleviate their grief and soften the harsh memory of the ast. But they never returned to Granite Island.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

WHAT IS IT?

BY MISS CAROLINE T. HENTZ.

I am a little child, and having strayed off from my playmates, the echo of their merry voices does not jar on the strange, baby-reveries stealing over me. 'Tis spring-time, and the air is heavy with the fragrance of locust-blossoms, and ringing with the songs of birds hopping about the locust boughs and scattering the stray white blooms over me, as I lie on the grass beneath. My head is pillowed on my arm, and my eyes are peering through the leaves and intervening objects, to the heavens. Radiant sunset clouds are spreading far up in the ether, and, like a gorgeous curtain, reflecting their crimson on all objects below. The sun is sinking—sinking, and its slanting beams stream across me where I am.

O, the beautiful clouds! How they press upon me, so that I cannot breathe, changing and wreathing themselves into so many queer shapes! What is this filling my little bosom, fluttering like a caged bird, and making me long to float away on one of those clouds, off I don't know where, but away from earth? What is it I feel, and does any other little girl ever have such strange thoughts, and can they tell of them? I am still looking, and longing, and almost panting for breath, for the oppressive weight grows stronger on my heart. I *cannot* be still!

"Ah, I know who can tell me, and I'll go and ask her."

Away I bound, little feet dancing over the grass and damp curls floating in the air, as I spring up the steps and fly to the quiet corner, where *one* is seated with eyes of pensive thought fixed on a book in her lap. I kneel before her and look eagerly into her face, with one hand pressing my bosom, whilst I ask:

"O tell me what it is here that feels so strange when I hear the birds sing, and watch the clouds through the green leaves? It pains me, and I thought—I *knew* you could tell me."

What thought is it that causes a shadow to come over her dear face, as she lays her hand upon my hair and looks earnestly into mine? She is silent, and though I am eager to hear, I do not speak again. Now she speaks:

"Why my little golden-haired sunbeam, what are you doing with such strange fancies? It is only angels that are whispering to you. Listen if you cannot help it, and always, my little one, come to me as you did just now, with your perplexities; by-and-by I can tell you more."

And I sit and listen to her voice until the stars come peeping out. I am stretched at her feet on the carpet, and she thinks I have fallen asleep, when she steals out into her closet close by. I know that she is praying, and *this* once I dare to creep nearer and try to listen. I catch some words, and they are hard for me to understand. I hear her pray that God, the tender Shepherd, may take me into his fold; that he will watch over me, the child of her love and fears. I hear her whisper that she trembles for her youngest, her strange, wild child, and even *now* she implores His guardian care for me when she shall be no more. I hear it all, wondering, and smother the violent sobs that are convulsing my bosom, for I dare not let her know I am not asleep. * * * *

A few more years of childish experience are passed away, and I am sitting in a parlor on a stool near her who had called me "sunbeam." A gentleman is near us, repeating a poem, stanza by stanza, pausing now and then to interchange thought with her. He does not think of turning to me, but I am listening and dreaming. His deep, melodious accents ring over my senses and vibrate that mysterious inner chord, which awakened once, thrills on through life. I cannot understand all, but there is far more than they can dream of, which sinks deep into my heart. He is a poet, and it is his own production he is reading. I think of this, and I look and listen, whilst again comes the eager self-questioning. O, what is this struggling, captive spirit, striving for utterance? What is it? I long to ask him.

He catches my wistful glance as his eyes wander from the page, and he becomes suddenly silent. My gaze falls, and I feel my cheek redden, for I know he is reading my thoughts. Can he tell that I am asking, What is it? I do not look up, but I hear him say, in a subdued voice:

"What large, startling eyes, so full of unwritten poetry, and I fear foretelling a stormy future!"

Is it indeed so, that this is poetic fire burning within and creating in my bosom a silent world, unapproachable, inexpressible and full of aching loneliness? Am I answered? * * *

'Tis a bright, smiling Sabbath morning. My heart is swelling with gratitude to my Maker for the joy of existence, for the sweet emotions sweeping over me, and causing me to trip silently along beside my companion, a school-girl friend, with hazel eyes, coral lips and a fair, oval face. As we near the church steps, a youth joins us, and my heart beats quicker as he hands me a blushing rosebud, wet with dew. Its exquisite fragrance steals over my senses and thrills anew the chord of Nature worship. Radiant, glorious Nature!

"O, how sweet!" I exclaim, and steal a bashful glance of thanks to the handsome young donor. I am floating along the tide of youthful happiness, careless and light-hearted. Have I forgotten the weird, haunting spirit of my childhood?

As our feet touch the stone steps, suddenly I start as if waking from a dream. The deep tones of the organ burst forth in a rich, rejoicing anthem. Louder, clearer, more holy, it swells forth as if the melody pierces the confining walls, and rises higher and higher in heaven's canopy, up to the throne of God. I feel myself no longer a child, my aspirations are no dream; they are reaching far upwards and filling my soul with strange melancholy. What is it? Am I different from all else, and does no one feel as I do?

My friend Lina walks placidly to her seat as calm and unmoved as if she had not [illegible] and [illegible]. I dare not question her. And my boy spirit, when I am low to tell it, whispers in my ear

"You are fond of music indeed, for it makes you quite theatrical."

I hurry up the carpeted aisle and sink into my place with a new grief, for *he* does not understand me, and ah! who ever will? Again I start and hearken to the sound: "We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord." It has died away, and I am asking myself, "Is it indeed *music* that thrills me thus? Am I answered?

"And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the music-wind over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but reverses it too."

It is night, and moonlight. Hazy with the mists of a southern summer day, is the air, where I am wandering with a youth of flashing eye. Slowly we pass through the avenue of myrtles, and I listen to his voice, as in passionate strains he is telling me *I* am dearer than *all* to him. Ah, he vows, and I listen as I have never before, to "love's young dream!" I trust and believe, whilst a flood of delicious happiness sweeps over my soul. Surely, surely this cannot pass away. Life's joyous moments cannot *all* "be fleeting!"

We pass on, out into the snowy light, and he pauses beside a clustering jasmine, whose pure white blooms gleam like stars in the dark green leaves. He places one amidst my ringlets, and as I raise my eyes they meet his, so full of intense feeling. Again comes the well known looging, the thrilling voice within, and I am forced to exclaim:

"Surely you can tell me of this strange, unutterable spirit struggling in my bosom; waked in my childhood, and growing deeper and stronger with each passing year? Do I not read my answer in your eyes?"

I *think* he is looking into my soul, and I feel the fulfilment of my long fruitless questioning when he exclaims:

"I read your dear heart through and through. I know what you feel, have felt it with you; 'tis our kindred spirits mingling now, and *never* to be parted more. It is love's magic that has made your eyes so radiant and your face so beautiful this moment."

And is this my answer? Can this love be the Promethean fire that has been glowing so long within my bosom? * *

Once more, I am wandering on the sea-beach, alone and sad, watching my foot-prints as one by one they are left behind me—transient tracings to tell that I am here. Thus are our earthly joys as fleeting and as quickly swept away by the dews of sorrow, as these foot-marks by the rising tide. And is life ever to be thus so full of disappointment and sorrow? The sweet bud that you pluck in the dewy morn, is withered ere the sun is set, and she whose heart opens most trustingly and joyously to the early blossoms of love and happiness, will the soonest find its glowing freshness withered and blighted; memory with its aching regrets, ever the companion of her solitude, and lingering cruelly on the thorns.

"O, Memory! thou lingering murmurer in joy's broken shell!
Why have I not, in losing all I loved, lost thee as well!"

I walk slowly along, and wonder if I am the same "sunbeam" who sought her mother's side and asked, What is it? It all comes back at the beck of memory, that prayer—I hear it now! Great God, didst thou hear, and is not thy mercy sounding through the walls of heaven? O, thou Father of the fatherless! great and adorable, hearken now to my sin-sick, pleading cry! Thou canst hear and soothe the desolated heart! I am lonely, mourning and crying to thee!

I kneel close by the water's edge, and the waves are dashing nearer and nearer as the southern breeze sweeps with increasing might across the gulf. Gray clouds are drifting through the twilight sky, and here and there cold stars are glittering through and leaving a track of silver upon the waters; now and then the beacon-light of some fisher's wife flashes out and gleams cheerily through the deepening shadows. I hear the surf with its low, melancholy booming; I list to the murmur of the waves, and then as my eyes are lifted upwards through the mists gathering over them, I see, think, and feel that strange, old, struggling, restless spirit, still unanswered, craving and unutterable! O, what is it?

The surf's grand thunder moans in reply, and I start to my feet as if a *voice* had spoken from the clouds; a light breaks in upon my weary heart. 'Tis the Creator's voice speaking to the spirit; it calls, it has been calling from my childhood; in the murmur of the summer breeze, in the flutter of a leaf, in the rustle of a flying bird, and in the language of Nature everywhere! This imprisoned thing is the Soul struggling for immortality, wrestling within its walls, our poor earthly frame, and breathing of a home "eternal in the heavens," where there is no more sorrow or disappointment, no more unsatisfied longings, but full fruition, glorious immortality, and communion with God!

I am answered—and no longer mourning and lone. There is *one* unwithering garland of happiness that *may* surround us even here on earth. It is not the spirit of poetry, 'tis not the thrilling power of melody, nor the fierce magic of love, but it is the Soul that speaks within—

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!"

HOW WIND PRODUCES COLD.

Winds produce cold in several ways. The act of blowing implies the descent upon and over the earth, of colder air, to occupy the room of that which it displaces. It also increases the evaporation of moisture from the earth, and thus conveys away considerable heat. This increased evaporation and the mixture of warm and cold air, usually produces a condensation of vapors in the atmosphere; hence the formation of clouds, and the consequent detention of heat brought by the rays of the sun. And whenever the air in motion is colder than the earth, or any bodies with which it comes in contact, a portion of their heat is imparted to the air.—*Scientific American.*

ADAM WALLACE THAXTER, JR., ESQ.

The accompanying portrait of one of our most energetic and popular business men, was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Barry, from a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Salsbee & Case, of this city. Mr. Thaxter's countenance is an index of his character, expressing alertness, intelligence, energy and good humor. Mr. Thaxter is a son of Samuel Thaxter, a mathematical instrument-maker, established for so many years at the corner of State and Broad Streets, where the statuette of the old admiral, with his gold-laced hat and quadrant, is an unmistakable landmark. The subject of our sketch received his education at our public schools, than which no institutions in the world better fit their graduates for the active walks of life or a literary career. Mr. Thaxter received his first mercantile education in the counting-room of Hon. Jesse Putnam, and when that gentleman retired from business to assume the presidency of the Manufacturers' Fire Insurance Company, was successively employed by Benjamin T. Reed and by Nathan Bridge & Co. While an employee of the latter, at the age of twenty, and in the capacity of supercargo, young Thaxter visited the principal countries of Europe, and Cuba, thus gratifying his love of adventure, and acquiring that knowledge of sea-life which almost every active young man born in a maritime town is anxious to obtain. In 1830, he commenced business in conjunction with John D. Bates, Esq., the style of the firm being Bates & Co. He is still engaged in business, the copartnership remaining the same. Since his outset in life, Mr. Thaxter has taken a deep interest in politics, and is known as a prominent and active member of the democratic party, by which his disinterested services have been warmly appreciated. He has frequently been honored by nominations for offices of trust, such as mayor of the city and member of Congress, and probably felt no disappointment at his non-election, as he is so entirely devoted to business that he must feel office as a burden. No one, however, doubts that he would worthily have filled any of the positions to which the confidence of his friends has, from time to time, assigned him as a candidate. It is precisely such men as Mr. Thaxter whom we would see graced by official position—intelligent, cultivated, practical and industrious. But the very men who are best fitted to represent great interests, are those rarely chosen, or willing to be chosen, to representative offices. Merchants often complain of blundering legislation on mercantile affairs, arising from the ignorance of legislators of the wants of the business community, and of the practical working of mercantile statutes—and yet what active merchant of this city could afford to be absent from his counting-room, for months, at the capitol? The subject of our sketch is emphatically a business man—a representative man of his class—a class which has conferred such high honors on his native city, and which has made the name of Boston merchant respected wherever the flag of our mercantile marine is carried, and that is on every water that will float a keel. Mr. Thaxter will never probably relinquish business until incapacitated by age and infirmity, and he possesses one of those nervous organizations which sustain so well the wear and tear of employment and time, and which, like a good blade, are the brighter for constant use. We have been told by his friends, that there is nothing which he abhors so much as inaction, and that when a slight illness confines him to his house, he is by no means grateful for the temporary respite, but begrudges every moment of time lost to honorable activity. Mr. Thaxter is a married man, and the father of two sons and two daughters. His eldest son, named for him, has distinguished himself in the career of letters, and is one of the assistant editors of that excellent journal, the Saturday Evening Gazette. Mr. Thaxter was for many years, Russian consul for this port.



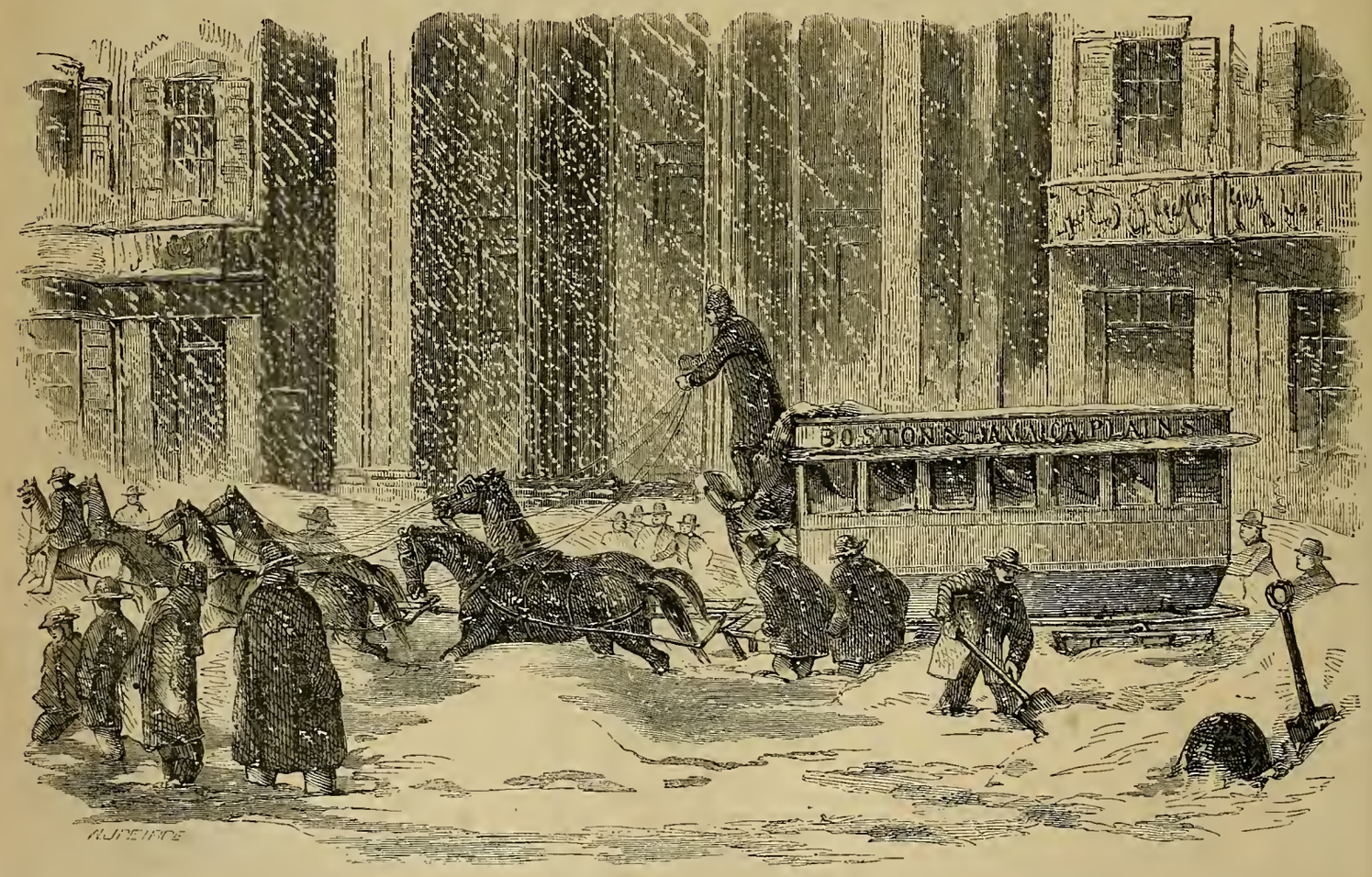
ADAM W. THAXTER, JR., ESQ.

SCENE IN WINTER STREET.

The street scene on this page was sketched for us by Mr. Champney, as it actually appeared from our office window during the late snow. The name of the street never seemed more appropriate. The snow is weaving a transparent veil over the granite church, and a team of horses are doing their best to pull a ponderous vehicle through the accumulated drifts. At one time the snow was heaped up before our office to the depth of eight or ten feet, but thanks to the vigilant efforts of the city authorities, the street was not long impassable, men and teams clearing it out in an incredibly short space of time. The experiences of this winter remind us of the great snow-storm in New England, of February, 1717, when the snow was so deep that people stepped out of their chamber windows on snow shoes. With this fall of snow was a terrible tempest; eleven hundred sheep, the property of one man, were found dead; one flock of a hundred, on Fisher's Island, were found buried sixteen feet in the snow, two of them only were alive, they having subsisted on the wool of their companions twenty-eight days after the storm. Well might Cotton Mather term this "An Horrid Snow." In the account of it, preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society, he says: "On the twentieth of the last February there came on a *snow*, which being added unto what had covered ye ground a few days before, made a thicker mantel for Mother than what was usual: And ye storm with it was, for ye following day, so violent as to make all communication between ye Neighbours everywhere to cease. People, for some hours, could not pass from one side of a street unto another. * * * But on ye *Twenty-Fourth* day of ye month, comes *Pelion upon Ossa:* Another Snow came on which almost buried ye Memory of ye former, with a Storm so famous that Heaven laid an Interdict on ye Religious Assemblies throughout ye Country, on this Lord's day, ye like whereunto had never been seen before. Ye Indians near an hundred years old, affirm that their *Fathers* never told them of anything that Equalled it. Vast numbers of Cattel were destroyed in this calamity. Whereof some there were of ye Stronger sort, were found standing dead on their legs, as if they had been alive, many weeks after, when ye Snow melted away. And others had their eyes glazed over with Ice at such a rate, that being not far from ye Sea, their mistake of their way drowned them there. * * * Ye Swine had a share with ye Sheep in strange survivals. A man had a couple of young Hoggs which he gave over for dead; But on ye twenty-seventh day after their *Burial*, they made their way out of a *Snowbank*, at ye bottom of which they had found a little Tansy to feed upon. Ye Poultry as unaccountably survived as these. Hens were found alive after seven days; Turkeys were found alive after five-and-twenty days buried in ye Snow, and at a distance from ye ground, and altogether destitute of anything to feed them. Ye number of creatures that kept a *Rigid Fast*, shutt up in Snow for divers weeks together, and were found alive and well after all, have yielded surprizing stories us. * * * It is incredible how much damage is done to ye *Orchards*, For ye Snow freezing to a Crust, as high as ye boughs of ye trees, anon split them to pieces. Ye Cattel also, walking on ye crusted Snow a dozen foot from the ground, so fed upon ye Trees, as very much to damnify them. Ye Ocean was in a prodigious Ferment, and after it was all over, vast heaps of little shells were driven ashore where they were never seen before. Mighty shoals of Porpoises also kept a play-day in ye disturbed waves of our Harbours. Ye odd Accidents befalling many poor people, whose cottages were totally covered with ye Snow, and not ye very tops of their chimneys to be seen, would afford a Story. But there not being any relation to philosophy in them, I forbear them." That was a good old-fasbioned snow-storm. After reading Cotton Mather's recital, we may thank our stars that the fashions have changed, though we are a little afraid that the snowy cycle has returned, and that two consecutive winters of snow may but inaugurate a long series of them. We shall hasten to consult Mr. Merriam, the American weather-clerk, to learn his opinion.

THE RED HAND ON FRENCH RAILROAD CLOCKS.

Time is telegraphed along the railway lines of France to each station, from the Paris Observatory, as it is telegraphed along the New York Central line from observations taken in Albany by Professor Ten Eyck. A plan has lately been adopted of having two minute hands on each station clock—one red, one black. The black one shows the railroad time, the red the local time, differing from a minute to half an hour. Thus at Paris, the two hands are identical. A hundred and fifty miles east, the red hand is ten minutes in advance of the black one. A hundred and fifty miles west, the red hand is ten minutes behind the black one. By this simple plan, common mistakes and confusion are prevented. As the two hands are fixed on one shaft, it is as easy to regulate both as one.—*Scientific American.*



SCENE IN WINTER STREET, BOSTON, DURING THE LATE SNOW STORM.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIATOR.—The ruins of Thebes, in Egypt, extend about eight miles along the banks of the Nile

G. R., Wenthham.—The sweet potato has been cultivated in this State, but it is not worth much grown in so high latitude. Those raised in New Jersey, even, are inferior to the Carolina potato.

F. M.—The poisonous dogwood is not uncommon in the Northern and Middle States. Some persons are so susceptible, that they are poisoned only by the wind blowing over dogwood. To them it is an actual upas

MECHANIC, Auburn, Mass.—The stocking-frame was invented by William Lee, of Nottinghamshire, England, in 1589.

S. E.—The great stock exchanges of Europe are those of Amsterdam, London, Paris and Frankfort on the Main, which decide the price of stocks in all parts of the world.

TORMAY.—Stephen Decatur was a lieutenant when he executed the dangerous duty of burning the Philadelphia frigate in the harbor of Tripoli, in the year 1804.

M. D.—It was in 1793 that the yellow fever carried off two thousand persons in Philadelphia.

EDITOR.—The first newspaper published in England, was issued July 28, 1588, and was called the "English Mercury."

M. C.—The date of the phenomenon of the "Falling Stars," seen nearly all over America and far out to sea, occurred Nov. 13, 1833.

F. S. S.—Iron was discovered by the burning of Mount Ida, 1406 years B. C.

H. L. C., Concord, Mass.—Julius Cæsar remodelled the calendar. He fixed the length of the year at 365 days and 6 hours.

L. L.—*Prima facia* means "on the first face"—on the first view of an affair; or, in parliamentary phraseology, on the first blush of the business.

INQUIRER.—The gases evolved from the human body in the course of decomposition, produce those changes of position which are sometimes noticed on disinterment. We are inclined to think that fewer persons are buried alive than you imagine.

F. M. C.—If you reside in the city, you should attend a gymnasium, of course. If in the country, rural sports and employments would afford you the kind of exercise you require. We cannot undertake to answer questions of a pure medical character.

DRUNNER.—*Delenda est Carthago* (Carthage must be destroyed) was the often repeated phrase of a Roman senator, tending to provoke the destruction of that city—the rival of Rome in greatness

VOLANS.—Your ballad pleased us much, but it was entirely too long. We cannot positively publish long poetical contributions Remember that we have a variety of tastes to cater for, and must give a variety of matter. Some people, when mounted on Pegasus, never know when to stop.

JULIA J.—You can only acquire conversational facility by taking lessons of a Frenchman—and you must be sure that he is a Parisian, and not a provincial.

H. H., Freeport.—Thank you for your kind expression of interest We always aim to make the "Pictorial" truly valuable to the *home circle*, and are pleased to have succeeded.

WESLEY.—The date of the establishment of Sunday Schools in England, was 1784.

THESPIS.—The theatre of Marcellus, at Rome, was capable of seating 20,000 persons.

BRITISH MINISTER.—Lord Napier, the very last-named British minister to the United States, is unmarried, and the Washington belles may be setting their caps for him. The Russian minister married an American lady.

CURIOUS DERIVATION.—The popular phrase, "He's gone to pot," is unquestionably derived from the ancient Greek custom of burying the dead in jars.

SPANISH COINS.—Five hundred dollars in Spanish coins, when melted at the mint, will yield $479 in silver—the loss thus being only 2 1-8 per cent.

SPLINTERS.

.... When a man dies, men ask what property he leaves—angels, what good deed he has sent before him.

.... Seneca Lake, in New York, never froze up until the present winter, which was too hard for it.

.... A gentleman's cigar lately destroyed a Polish lady's lace dress at Baden, valued at $6500.

.... The New York Evening Post tells of a little boy who "wanted to know, you know" if a fortress was a she fort.

.... Men in great places are thrice servants—servants of the state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

.... A hairdresser in London has invented a new pomade, which will "prevent the bonnet falling off the head."

.... Locomotives must be stabled as carefully as horses, in winter, to keep the wheels from cracking.

.... Dr. Kane has nearly recovered the use of his leg and arm, which were both partially paralyzed.

.... Captain Thuolt, an exile from Europe, keeps a very excellent riding-school in Hanover Street, and is well supported.

.. . The exhibition of the "Boston Art Club," in Bedford Street, free, attracts large numbers of visitors.

.... In the State of Rhode Island there are 80,749 children between the ages of six and fifteen.

.... In 1856, the United States imported seven million dollars worth of sugar more than in 1855.

.... There are now living in Marblehead, Mass., upwards of fifty of the Dartmoor prisoners, mostly well off.

.... The legislature of New Jersey have appropriated $50,000 to build a guhernatorial mansion.

.... The New York Mirror says that no street in New York is safe after dark, and advises citizens to arm.

.... The office of United States attorney for the New York district is stated to be worth the sum of $30,000 a year.

.... Mrs. Francis, of Teconsha, Michigan, followed up a deer chased by her dog, and killed it with a knife.

.... In Illinois, a rabid dog bit $3000 worth of cattle in one night, which all died of hydrophobia.

.... Five Scottish noblemen are said to be the owners of one fourth of all the territory in the "land o' cakes."

.... Congress has granted forty-six thousand acres of land to the university of Minnesota—a noble aid.

.... It is said more property is destroyed in the United States annually by fire, than in all the rest of the world.

.... The whole number of persons relieved or supported by Massachusetts, in 1856, was 21,102.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA.

The magnificent picture on pages 136, 137 of the present number, was designed expressly for us by Mr. Billings, and is in many respects the finest of the historical series with which his graphic pencil has enriched our Pictorial. The grouping is admirable; the light and shade managed with artistic skill, and the expression wonderfully emphatic and characteristic. The story of Columbus, familiar to every school-boy, is here illustrated by the happiest inspiration. Many a historical painting of world-wide reputation is less meritorious in design than this spirited effort of our artist. On the deck of his caravel, stands the grand dominant figure of the group, the heroic Genoese, pointing to the low and verdurous shores of San Salvador, the mute but eloquent witnesses of his triumph. Stretching forth his hand, he is wedding the old world to the new. No excitement is manifested in the calm triumph of his brow and the commanding dignity of his attitude. His faith, his self reliance, his heroism, are of that high order which does not betray itself in unmeasured exultation. But his greatness and his triumph are reflected in those around. Some of his followers are reverently kneeling at his feet. The crew are crowding forward and crouching to do him homage, overwhelmed with awe and reverence; in their attitudes and expression, we read contrition for past doubts, for rebellious thoughts, for mutiny that well nigh frustrated the purpose of the daring navigator. Near the central figure of this thrilling group, a cowled priest raises his eyes and his chaped hands in an ecstacy of religious fervor. Among the figures on the quarter-deck, we see a fierce soldier, with helm and battle-axe, gazing on the fertile shore,—a type of Spanish ferocity and cupidity, a representative of the fierce natures, whose avarice and blood-thirstiness, blended with fanaticism, stained with many a dark passage the early history of the colonization of America. The moment seized by Mr. Billings for illustration is one of the most interesting in the records of the past. Columbus has reached the goal of his life-struggle. It matters not what fate may have in store for him. The future may be dark, envy may assail, injustice overwhelm him, but the unkindness of fortune, the ingratitude of man cannot rob him of a deathless fame. The woes and toils of a lifetime are repaid by a moment such as this—a moment that gave birth to a new world!

MASTER GEORGE W. MARSH, THE JUVENILE COMEDIAN.

According to the promise made last week, we present on our last page a series of authentic sketches representing Master George Washington Marsh, of R. G. Marsh's juvenile troupe, in eight of his principal characters, viz: Toodles—Jem Bags—Schnapps—Sam—Jemmy Twitcher—Irish Broom Maker—Polydor, and Corporal O'Slash. The drawing was made for us by Champney, from excellent photographs taken at Messrs. Cutting & Turner's noted establishment, Tremont Row, and the attitudes, expressions and costumes of the original are remarkably well preserved. It is a truly wonderful fact, that a boy who has just completed his seventh year should be able to impersonate such a wide range of characters, and in all of them to sink his personality, and to give a striking individuality to each part. But he seems to assume a character with facility, as a child gifted with a musical ear catches up a tune, and goes through it without violating its harmony and unity. He is equally at home in "Toodles" and the old soldier, and is as fluent in the cockney dialect as he is *pat* in the Irish. We have a distinct recollection of Master Burke, at the time of that young gentleman's celebrity, and we have no hesitation in affirming that his mantle has descended on Master Marsh. He has now received the stamp of two great Atlantic cities, and wherever he goes, is sure to win favor and applause.

STEWART'S GYMNASIUM.—This popular establishment, at the corner of Washington and Boylston Streets, is liberally patronized, as it deserves to be—the professor doing everything in his power to merit the favor of our citizens. It is open day and evening, and furnished with every appliance for muscular exercise, including good teachers. An able instructress attends to the ladies at the hours set apart for them.

"WHAT IS IT?"—On another page will be found a beautiful sketch thus entitled, simply and sweetly written. It is from the pen of Miss Hentz, daughter of the late Caroline Lee Hentz, whose fame as an authoress is unrivalled in this country. Our readers will be pleased to welcome the young and gifted lady as a contributor to our columns.

MEADE BROTHERS, NEW YORK.—In the studio of these accomplished daguerreotype and photographic artists, the Hon. Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, lately threw off some very pretty verses, inspired by their pictures, which are now going the rounds of the newspaper press.

BE CAREFUL.—Never, in your hurry to quench your thirst, mistake prussic acid for water. The former, "taken in large quantities for a succession of days, produces instantaneous death."

THE WEATHER.—We have good reasons for believing that the "backbone of the winter is broken." No other paper has this intelligence.

CLERGYMEN AND SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Ballou's Pictorial is sent to clergymen and school teachers for $2 a year.

WISCONSIN.—The papers in the northern part of this State are agitating the subject of dividing the State.

SWISS PATRIOTISM.

At a recent meeting of the Swiss, of New York—occasioned by the news from Neufchatel—which was noticeable for its numbers and enthusiasm, the president, M. Guillaume Merle, made a spirited address, closing with this eloquent passage:—"May the standard of the cross float forever on our free mountains, and always guide the brave sons of Helvetia in the path of glory and honor, as it did of old in the days of Morgarten, Sempach and Morat!" A hymn, of which we present a free version, was sung at the close of the meeting.

"God, thy all-seeing eye,
Down gazing from on high,
Beholds our marshalled band!
Great God, protect us now,
Let not thine anger bow
Our startled fatherland!

"We fear no tyrant's wrath,
While Thou dost guide our path—
While in thy arm we trust;
For smitten by thy might,
The powerful sink in night,
In ruin and in dust.

"Pour freedom's blessed ray,
Like the broad light of day,
Long as our mountains stand!
If we in death must sleep,
Still let thy mercy keep
And guard our cherished land"

THE TIGER HUNTER:

—OR,—

The Warrior Priest of Mexico.

BY LAWRENCE G. SPENCER.

We commence in this week's number of The Flag of our Union a brilliant novelette thus entitled, by a *new contributor*. In many respects it is the most intensely interesting story we have ever issued from this establishment, evincing a remarkable knowledge of Mexican life and character, great power of plot and vivid tableaux, and thorough familiarity with life in the prairies. Mr. Spencer has himself carried the rifle and hunter's knife through the intricate paths he describes, and bears upon his own person the ragged scars he has received from the Jaguar, or Mexican tiger. This story will be eagerly sought for.

SAXE REDIVIVUS.—Those gentlemen of the press who have been preparing obituary notices for our friend, J. G. Saxe, the poet and humorist, will be pleased to learn that their labor is lost—that he was long since completely restored to health, and has been lecturing as brilliantly as ever.

OLD CHURCH.—The oldest church in America is said to be in Virginia, and built of timber imported from England during the reign of Charles I. Why the builders imported timber, we can't conceive—but the Dutch at New Amsterdam used to import bricks from Holland.

GOOD NEWS.—Bonnets of liberal dimensions are beginning to appear in Paris. No more neuralgia-producing shreds miraculously fastened to the back of the head.

A FEW OF THEM.—It appears that the Protestants in the world number 88,250,000.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Father Taylor, Mr. Lewis Moore to Miss Mary Lizzie Loring, of Pepperell; by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Thomas J. Smith to Miss Charlotte H. Kendall, of Charlestown; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Burleigh Morse, of Marlboro', to Miss Mary A. Wise; by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. John F. Walker to Miss Julia E. Goodale; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. John F. Currier to Miss Ada A. Worcester; by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Albion S. Bean to Miss Phebe W. Jones, both of Maine; by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Abijah R. Gookin to Miss Louisa M. Loring.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Maxham, Mr. Elijah S. Waitt, of Charlestown, to Miss Eliza A. Hadley.—At Lawrence, by Rev. Frank Remington, Mr. Norman Robbins to Miss Susan P. Doloff.—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Tilson, Mr. Lewis French to Miss Susan M. Easterbrook.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Wm. H. M'Kenzie to Miss Catherine Dunbar.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Josiah Page to Miss Josephine M. L. Parlin.—At Lancaster, by Rev. Mr. Dee, Mr. Albion W. Gibbs to Miss Annie L. Woods.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Rev Seth T. Thatcher, of West Amesbury, to Miss Sarah M. Perry.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. William L. Wilde to Miss Cordelia S. Tripp, of Westport.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Cyrus W. Atwood to Miss Anna E. Myers.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Weiss, William W. Crapo, Esq., to Miss Sarah A. Tappan.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Surrilla A. Tisdale, 23; Mrs. Fanny Steinman, 36; Mr. Gilbert Brownell, 53; Mr. Charles L. Fullam, 40; Mrs. Z. A. Chereux, 42; Mrs. Elizabeth F. Gurney, 77; Mrs. Adeline O. Keyes, 33; Mr. Henry R. Sampson, 28.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Martha P. Seaver, 40.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Samuel Hastings, 74.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Susan B. Guptill, 41.—At Milton, Mr. George Thompson, 53.—At Newtonville, Mrs. Catherine H. Bowers, 51.—At South Hingham, Miss Tamar Jacobs, 19.—At Lynn, Mrs. Huklah Batchelder, 72.—At Salem, Mrs. Catherine Castles, 29.—At Middleton, Mr. Franklin Osgood Stiles, 32.—At Groton, Mr. William Kilbourn, 83.—At Concord, Mr. James R. Gerrish, 30.—At Stoughton, Mr. Elijah Beleher, 81.—At Lowell, Mrs. Mercy H. Read, 27.—At Raynham, Mr. Alpheus Pratt, 82.—At Palmer, Mr. Edwin P. Tucker, 46.—At Springfield, Mrs. Permelia Jones, 82.—At Winchendon, Mrs. Mary Fletcher, 93.—At Plymouth, Mr. Foster Perkins, 54.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Nancy Bismore, 60.—At Portland, Me., Dr. Nathaniel Montgomery, 77.—At East Jeffrey, N. H., Mrs. Paulina C. Upton, 28.—At New Ipswich, N. H., Mrs. Mary Fanuie Whitney, 28.—At Brooklyn, L. I., Mr. Henry Robins, formerly of Boston, 47.—At Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, widow of the late Daniel Rogers, of Ipswich, Mass., 75.—At La Crosse, Wisconsin, Mrs. Ann Whitney, formerly of Boston, 24.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SERENADE.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Good night, good night, love! While you sleep
May angels have you in their care;
Above your couch their pinions sweep,
And stir the hushed and charmed air
Softly, as when at evening's close
June's breezes rock the sleeping rose!

Good night, good night, love! If you dream,
Let all your dreams of beauty be—
A lily o'er a phantom stream
Beholding its own purity!
So sleep, or dream, till morning's bluo
Sees in your eyes its own sweet hue!

THE SEA.

But to the shore. O, what a depth of wave,
And what a length of foam! That solemn voice!
'Tis louder and yet sweeter—they mistake
Who call it hoarse. They never on the white
And pebbly beach, in peace and quietness,
Have heard it roar: or watched the spray
That, venting farthest on the smooth, white sand,
Kisses, retires, and comes to kiss again.—BRAINARD.

THE SEASONS.

To-day, in snow arrayed, stern winter rules
The ravaged plain—anon the teeming earth
Unlocks her stores, and spring adorns the year.
And shall not we, while fate like winter frowns,
Expect revolving bliss?—SMOLLETT.

WINTER.

O, Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!—COWPER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Major Norton, the American consul at Picton, N. S., looked in upon us to-day, hale and hearty, on a flying visit to the States. The major has won an enviable reputation for ability in the discharge of his official duty, and for his open-handed hospitality.....The literary entertainments given in this city, by Mr. Vandenhoff, have been a rare and choice treat to the discriminating portion of our citizens. We are also gratified to know that they have met with abundant pecuniary success, as well.....General Santa Anna, of Mexico, has sent agents to Madrid, to propose to re-establish monarchy in Mexico, with a Spanish prince as sovereign, provided the Spanish government will grant him certain assistance. What a restless spirit he is!.....An unbitious juvenile, seeing the streets of Boston heaped up with snow, exclaimed, "By George, I wish all that 'ere was powder! Wouldn't it be fun to touch it off?" Perhaps the young gentleman will try the experiment on a smaller scale—a couple of pounds would astonish him.....The London Illustrated Lady's Newspaper attempts a delineation of the Franklin statue. The figure is well enough, but the surrounding localities are sadly mixed up. Parker's Hotel and the King's Chapel have been made to change places in the picture.....We were startled at seeing it stated that not a single death had occurred in Paris during the past fifteen months. But it turned out to be Paris, Maine—a place of somewhat smaller population than Louis Napoleon's monstrous capital.....The old English nobility used to live rather coarsely. In a record of the Percy family, we find the following:—"My lord has on his table for breakfast, at seven in the morning, a quart of beer and wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings and four white ones; and, on flesh days, half a chine of beef, or mutton boiled." We set better breakfast-tables now-a-days.....Dr. Franklin observed wisely, "The eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither house nor furniture."....The efforts of English, Russians and Americans to open a trade with Japan are of no avail. The Japanese are willing to supply our ships with necessaries in exchange for gold and silver, but there our intercourse ends.....If Mr. Watson, of New York, has really invented a portable sewing-machine which can be afforded for ten dollars, as stated, he will soon be the richest man in the United States.....Hon. C. P. Villiers has declined the American mission.....We did fancy that we Bostonians were mad enough on the subject of sleighing, but a fall of snow in New York turns the head of every man, woman and child in that great metropolis.....The winter in Europe has been cold and snowy.....Don't confound "coca" with "cocoa." Coca is a shrub that bears an exhilarating leaf, something like tobacco, and much used by the South Americans. Everybody knows what cocoa is.....Of the three colors of men, the cold country suits the red; the hot, the black; the temperate, the white.....This is the season for farmers to review their agricultural reading previous to reducing theory to practice. Says the Country Gentleman—"When the business of farming is pursued with interest, intelligence, and a fixed purpose of improvement, there are demands made upon the mind at all seasons of the year."....The Sardinian government has resolved, at its own cost, to make a cutting through Mount Cenis, in order to unite the Victor Emmanuel Railway with the French lines.....A MS. by the philosopher Kant has lately been discovered in Germany. Of course it is profoundly wise—and foggy.....In a recent Christmas tale, edited by Charles Dickens, the crew of a vessel driving before the wind suddenly see a sail "astern to leeward of them!" We leave comment to our blue-jacket friends.....A caricature—or, more properly speaking, a little sketch—in the Charivari, has for its subject the intended payment of a few sous at the Bourse, the Parisian Exchange. Two persons meet just in front of the building, one of whom remarks, "Is it on entering that the fee is to be paid?"—"Why, of course it is," replied the other; "and for the very simple reason, that on coming out no one has a sou left."....The final transfer of the exploring bark Resolute to the British government must have been a fine sight—the British flagship Victory hoisting the stars and stripes with a salute of 21 guns, while the American colors came down on the Resolute, and the union jack floated alone. Captain Hartstein said to the British commander, "With a pride totally at variance with our professional ideas, I strike my flag, and to you, sir, give up the ship." Long may it be before the stars and stripes and the British jack shall float over ships arrayed in deadly combat with each other!.....Dr. Livingstone found a curious race of "culled gemmen" in the interior of Africa, who never fight, but submit to every conquering tribe. Their reason for this docility is more curious than logical. They say they never fight, because their forefathers once tried to do so with bows of palma christi; and as they broke, they gave up the practice entirely.....N. P. Cotton, in his new store, 272 Washington Street, has quite a gallery of art. It is one of the most attractive places in the city—filled with engravings, oil paintings, and almost everything in the art line.....At the Massachusetts legislative agricultural meetings, in this city, they have been discussing the Chinese sugar cane question. One sturdy old farmer said he should not raise sugar cane for molasses, while he could buy two gallons with a bushel of potatoes.....In the recent row at Canton with the long-tailed Chinese, Yankee guns and Yankee tars did good service. A Chinese fort, which had the audacity to fire on the stars and stripes, was drilled as full of holes as the top of a pepper-box, and knocked into the semblance of that old-fashioned article of wear—a cocked hat.....Col. Benton likes the climate of New England. He had a specimen of tall snowing while he was on his lecturing tour.....Gen. Jackson's Hermitage, in Tennessee, is talked of as the site of a branch military hospital.....They have had fine shooting in Minnesota this year—plenty of deer, which have increased in the absence of the Indians.....A man has invented a process for rendering dead bodies incorruptible, and changing them, as it were, to stone. He proposes to place the dead thus preserved on their own monuments. The idea is utterly repulsive to our tastes, though there is something ludicrous, too, in the thought of every man being his own statue.....The Chinese shopkeepers are the most diligent mammon-worshippers in the world. They open their places of business at sunrise, and keep on selling, or counting cash, till 10 P. M.... .The whole number of militia in the United States is about two and a half millions. The emperor Alexander I., of Russia, once asked one of our ambassadors how large an army we kept up. The Yankee, who reckoned the volunteer bayonets, promptly answered two millions—of course astounding the czar, as he intended.....The president elect has accepted an invitation to attend the national inauguration ball at Washington.....L. A. Elliot & Co., 322 Washington Street, are successors to Mr. Parker, of Cornhill, so well known to lovers of art. The magnitude of their establishment is a proof of the increasing taste for art in this city.....The Zouaves, who distinguished themselves as actors in a little improvised theatre in the Crimea, have been giving their countrymen a taste of their histrionic quality at home.....They have been trying public masquerade balls at London this season; but they led to so many disgraceful scenes, that that species of entertainment will probably be abandoned forever in the British capital. People who will not show their faces, are capable of any act of rowdyism.....The latest Parisian crochet is to envelop a bouquet in several yards of the most costly lace before throwing it on the stage to a favorite actress. Pooh! in this country we bind the flowers with gold bracelets and diamond necklaces!.....An overdressed man or woman is offensive to good taste, no matter how costly the material of the costume.....It is supposed that when Byron wrote about the "*banks* and *braes* of bonnie Doon," he was probably thinking about discounts and donkeys.....The editor of the New York Sunday Times has been bewildered and bewitched by "an ocean of voluminous flounces and gaiter boots.".....We exercise our horses every day when not actually in use; but many of us neglect to exercise ourselves unless compelled.....Why is a printer like a postman? Because he picks up letters and distributes them.....'I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How can you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?'—'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'" It is fortunate that the early education of children is committed to woman—men never have the patience to instil into them the all-important rudiments of learning.....We are sorry that we know not the author of the following sentence:—"The triumph of woman lies not in the admiration of the lover, but the respect of the husband, and that can only be gained by a cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.".....We heard, the other day, that young Heugler, the tight-rope dancer, was also an excellent actor. What a card for him to play Hamlet, and then introduce his summersets on the cord as a proof of the prince's insanity!.....William B. Astor is the richest man in New York; but then there is Peter Cooper, a gluemaker, who is worth a million.....A manufacturer of wire-work invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fences.....The fine art exhibition in Paris has been postponed to give place to an exhibition of animals. Cows before canvasses!.....Mr. Dempster, the vocalist, so well known and appreciated in this country, lately sang Tennyson's May Queen to the poet, and, of course, astonished the author, as he has thousands of others.....The Home Journal, that *arbiter elegantiarum*, says "Young New York is getting to be almost as elaborate and extravagant in the article of shirt-bosoms as court ladies in their laces.".....We have had such cold weather this winter, at times, that we could almost believe the statement of one of the Arctic explorers, that in latitude 75 north, they had to cut their brandy and water into slices, and toast them at a spirit lamp.....Ole Bull is going back to Norway. He says he has lost his health, his money, and his good name in this country. He certainly made a good deal of his money here.....A French chemist makes excellent bread of acorns.....The monument of the Russians who fell at Schastopol is to consist of a vast funeral chapel.....Mrs. McMahon's debut at the Academy of Music, New York, as Juliet, is said, by the critic of the New York Tribune, to have been a complete failure.....Mrs. Ochill, of New York city, has made a quarter of a million of dollars by keeping school—an unexampled success. Teaching the young idea how to shoot is generally a profitless employment.....There is a hill in Muse, New Granada, which yields abundance of emeralds, which rank next in value to the diamond and sapphire. Does not the idea of a mountain of emeralds, reader, call up to your mind the enchanting stories of the Arabian Nights? The mine in question is worked by a company of German and English capitalists, who pay sixteen thousand dollars a year for the privilege.....A lady of Newark, disappointed of marriage by a "promising" lover, required $10,000 to heal her wounded heart. "Hearts has riz.".....Mr. Place, the French consul at Mosul, thinks he has discovered the ruins of the Tower of Babel. He probably lies—under a mistake.....Somebody says that leeches are the only backbiters that ever did any good in the world.....What is fame? An exchange paper tells us that Horace *Burnet* has been commissioned to paint a battle-piece for the Capitol. Can this man be any relation of the great Horace Vernet?.....The shipping of the whole world is valued at 775 millions of dollars.....Jefferson said he had rather have newspapers without government, than a government without newspapers. Jefferson was a wise man. Louis Napoleon is afraid of newspapers. He allows them to be published, however, but prosecutes them if they publish any news of importance.....There is not so much difference, after all, between the *ups* and *downs* of life! "Pay up" and "cash down" are pretty much the same thing.....A libeller of law says that, in most cases, the poor man is accused, and the rich man excused.....Alexandre Dumas has had a cerebral attack, lately. If he had not liberally used the brains of other men, his own would have given way long ago.....One of our writers undertakes to defend expensive habits. He says:—"The true enemy of his race is the hoarder and miser—the man who is not luxurious up to the limit of his means." We do not endorse the sentiment.....The Japanese government are about to organize a small steam navy.

What a blessed possession is that lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit which enables a man to ride above the billows of this "sea of troubles," and turn their enmity aside with a good joke. An Irish sailor, who had seen long service in the East Indies, without touching terra firma, was in a vessel which was unfortunately run ashore in a violent gale of wind. Pat, being an active fellow, was sent forward on the bowsprit, to clear away. As soon as he had reached the end of it, he called out to a fellow-countryman, "Arrah, honey, come here and smell the primroses. By St. Patrick, I have not been so far up the country these seven years!"

Choice Miscellany.

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

The coffin was a plain one. No flowers on its top—no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow—no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy! Why don't somebody take the brat away?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box. And as he gazed into that rough face, tears streamed down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. O, it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once!—let me see my mother only once!"

Brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes extended, his lips sprang apart; a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "When I am a man, I'll kill you for that!"

A coffin and a heap of earth was between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed. * * *

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange recognition, blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man—a stranger—stepped forward to plead for the erring and the friendless. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted. * * *

"May God bless you, sir!—I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man, I will refresh your memory! Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his poor mother's coffin! I was that poor miserable boy."

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a *sweeter revenge!* I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years! Go!—and remember the tears of a friendless child, and the heart that can wrong him."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible; and the noble lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.—*New York Sunday Courier.*

DRINKING AT DINNER.

Not seldom do we hear the opinion advanced, that drinking during a meal is an obnoxious habit—but quite wrongfully; for the gastric juice may be diluted with a considerable quantity of water without losing its dissolving power in the slightest degree. Only a superabundance of water would diminish or arrest the peculiar action of the matters contained in the digestive fluids. Large draughts of water, therefore, will be the most injurious with aliments difficult of digestion, like the fats; and hence the drinking of too much water after fat pork, for instance, is properly avoided. But in countries where soup does not constitute a regular part of the meal, drinking water is positively to be recommended. Beer and wine at dinner are also hurtful only if taken in excess; for in the latter case the alcohol coagulates the albuminous substances, not only of the food, but also of the digestive fluids, and thus disturbs digestion. If taken in a moderate quantity, these beverages are calculated to make the meal hold out longer; for the fact that we are not so soon hungry again after a meal with wine, than if we have taken only water with it, is to be accounted for by the slower combustion of the constituents of our body, inasmuch as the alcohol we have imbibed takes possession of the inhaled oxygen. Hence, wine with a meal is extremely useful when a long journey or work in hand renders it impossible to take food again at the usual time; so much the more so, as such detention from food itself causes an acceleration of the metamorphosis of the tissue, which beer and wine efficiently obviate.—*Orr's Chemistry of Food and Diet.*

THE MANIAC.

Once, on a dimly-lighted bridge, a traveller met a man whose fantastic costume astonished and somewhat alarmed him. The wind blew high, and the waves rolled turbulently under the solemn timbers of the old arches; black and sullen were the waters—black and sullen was the sky. The man wore a red shirt; a handkerchief was tied with fantastic exactness about his head, and under it stood out his wild elf-locks, black as the night, the sky, and the waters. Startled by this apparition at an unseemly hour, the traveller stood appalled, and each surveyed the other on the long, dismal thoroughfare. At last a peal of sharp laughter filled the air; he of the red shirt sprang forward, laying both hands heavily upon the unprepared stranger, and cried out, in uncarthly tones, "Man, man! Did you ever thank God for your reason?"

"I—I never did!" stammered the traveller, striving to regain his self-possession.

"Then, thank Him now!"—shouted the maniac; and standing back to make a leap, his last cry rang on the night, as he yelled—"for I have lost mine!" And he sprang over the bridge with the heaving waters, whose moaning surge smothered his dying struggles.

Reader, did you ever thank God for your reason? If not, "thank him now."—*Olive Branch.*

DR. CUMMING, OF LONDON.

A gentleman gives the following incident in the early history of Dr. Cumming soon after he was licensed to preach by the Church of Scotland:—He came to London in search of a place to settle, as destitute and insignificant as could be imagined. He had a letter of introduction to a countryman of his own—a baker—who lived in a plain way, and of small means. After presenting his credentials, he asked him to do what he could for him. "We have a small church," said his friend, "but not a 'baubee' to pay a minister; but as you are anxious to be employed, stay a month with us, and I will board you." The young preacher consented, and at the end of the time found himself well liked, but without a salary at the present, or in prospect. He was then, no doubt—as he has since proved himself to be—somewhat of a "seer," discovering the "signs of the times." "Give me," said he, "the pew rents, and I will always be satisfied with them."—"The pew rents!" exclaimed his new friend—"why, they will not find salt for thy porridge, man!"—"I take them," said he. The bargain remains till this day, and the doctor's stipend is £6000 ($30,000).—*American Presbyterian.*

Editorial Melange.

The population of Montreal increased 5000 during the last year. —— A Frenchman has invented a portable boat. It is made of cloth impervious to water, and can be rolled up with the same ease that a tent is struck. It has been tried. It will be so convenient to carry your boat with you while travelling. —— The expenses of Girard College during last year, were $20000 less than the appropriations. —— A Methodist preacher was arrested at Sandoval, Illinois, recently, charged with tearing up the track of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. One of his cows was accidentally killed on the road, and he adopted this measure to get satisfaction. —— Wounds in cattle are quickly cured by washing several times a day with a mixture of the yolks of eggs and spirits of turpentine. —— When a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa-tree, which, adding a circle every year to its bark, indicates the age of the child. The child, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of its life. —— The receipts of flour at Portland, during the year 1856, were 173,871 barrels, of which 75,524 were by water, and 97,347 by the Grand Trunk Railroad. —— The secretary of the Ontario Insurance Company, at Rochester, N. Y., acknowledges the receipt of $184 in an anonymous letter, from some unknown person, who owed the company that amount, and whose conscience had in some way been quickened lately. —— No one who has not tried them knows the value of husk beds. Certainly mattresses would not be used if husk beds were tried. They are not only more pliable than mattresses, but more durable. —— The Illinois and Michigan Canal is one hundred miles long. It connects Chicago with the Illinois River, intersecting the latter at Peru. It is now proposed to enlarge this canal, so that boats of the largest class may pass from Lake Michigan to the Illinois River. —— The legislators of Missouri are in a bad way. Board at the capital is $30 per week, and their pay only amounts to $21 per week! —— The mother of the Rothschilds lived at Frankfort, and was taken sick at 98 years of age. She said she was sure to live to 100, as nothing belonging to the house of Rothschild must go *below par*. She did, however, for she died at 99 1-2. —— Those who have tried say that no crop can be more advantageously raised, for feeding to stock, than cabbage. Eighteen thousand heads have been raised from two and a half acres in Massachusetts. —— The recent burning of the Vermont State House, at Montpelier, will revive the contention between that place and Burlington, as to which shall be the "capital city." In the original strife, Montpelier won the battle, after a sharp contest, by a small majority. —— The Welsh have a saying that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning. —— We learn from the Catholic Almanac for 1857 that there are in the United States 2053 Roman Catholic churches, 829 stations, 35 ecclesiastical institutions, 29 colleges, and 134 female academies. There are also 41 dioceses, 39 bishops, together with 1872 priests. —— Nearly ten thousand patents have been issued in Washington since the first of January, 1856, a greater number than ever before issued in the same period. —— By the operation of a general law of the State of Maine, the charters of all the banks in that State will expire during the year 1857, and all will have to wind up their affairs, unless re-chartered by the legislature now in session. —— Of the three hundred and fifty-eight members of the present House of Representatives, only thirty-two have been members of the legislature in previous years. —— Paint will harden better and last twice as long, by being applied late in the autumn, than during the hot season. —— The following advice was left by a miser to his nephew: "Buy your coals in summer; your furniture at auctions, about a fortnight after quarter-day; and your books at the *fall of the leaf!*" —— Windsor Castle owes its origin to William the Conqueror. Edward IV., Queen Elizabeth, and Charles I., each added something to its extent and improvement. —— A young lady in Yonkers, N. Y., recently swallowed a pint of camphene because her lover invited her to take a sleigh-ride, and then went off on the trip with another damsel. She did not die.

MARYLAND PENITENTIARY.—The Friends lately assembled at Baltimore have set themselves to work to make up a library for the convicts in the Maryland penitentiary. Amongst the five hundred prisoners, the warden states there are men varying in their capacities from mediocrity to a high degree of intellect, and many of them manifest a strong desire for reading after their appointed task is done.

FASHIONABLE EXTRAVAGANCE.—The New York Times thinks that diamond necklaces, brocades, satin slippers, lace curtains, gold teapots, and other costly trumpery, are innocent things in themselves, and if only those indulge in them whose incomes are sufficient to pay for them, they will never do any harm to society.

FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.—Farmers' daughters, cherry-cheeked, ruddy, hale and intelligent, will soon be the life and pride of the country. Our city ladies will ruin their health by madly following fashion to destruction, and our hope for the future lies in the country girls.

DR. JOHNSON.—In allusion to a passage in Johnson's dictionary, which says that H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable, Wilkes observed that the doctor must be a man of quick apprehension and of a most comprehensive genius.

NOVEL PUNISHMENT.—The emperor Claudius was so fond of backgammon that Seneca said his punishment in the next world would be to play forever with a bottomless dice-box!

Wayside Gatherings.

Large shipments of flour and grain have been made from New York to Spain.

Thirty years ago the annual expenses of the general government were about thirteen millions of dollars. Now they are seventy-two millions.

By latest accounts from Australia, we learn that Mrs. Catherine N. Sinclair (late Mrs. Edwin Forest) has been playing successfully at the Royal Victoria Theatre at Sidney.

An engineer in the employ of a ferry boat company in New York, was instantly killed by having his head caught in the gallows frame and crushed, causing instant death. He had been in the employ of the company many years.

The New Hampshire Statesman says that the word "honorable" is not henceforth to be used in that paper, to articles from the editorial pen, as a title to men. It is run so deeply into the ground that it had better go entirely into disuse.

The Boston Herald says that among the incidents attending the late snow storm was that of a milkman, who being blinded by the snow, could not find the pump handle, and consequently brought several cans of pure milk into the city.

A cargo of coal from the Island of Borneo has been recently taken to San Francisco. Samples have been tried with satisfactory results. It is said that this coal can be landed in San Francisco far cheaper than that shipped either from the Atlantic side or from Fayal.

With the exception of a few miles in Virginia, there is now a connected line of railroad all the way from Bangor, on the Penobscot, to Montgomery, on the Alabama; ere long the chain will be extended to New Orleans, thence to be carried westward until it reaches the Pacific.

The Worcester Transcript mentions an instance occurring in a neighboring town, wherein a child came near being suffocated while asleep in a room adjoining one in which some green wood was being dried in the oven of a hot stove. Two canary birds were killed by the gas arising from the wood.

They are making paper at the South, exclusively of southern cane or reed, the kind universally used for fishing rods; the article is manufactured in Baltimore county, Maryland. The material is much cheaper than rags, and it is expected that first quality paper will be made from it.

In a town in Orange county, New York, are living a man and his wife who have not spoken together for eight years. They sleep in one bed, take meals at the same table, and show not the slightest anger towards each other. The only reason for their obstinate silence is that each is too proud to speak first.

A base attempt to soil the purity of the judicial ermine was made by a pedler of oranges in Louisville, who offered the judge of the Police Court a basket of oranges, as a bribe for his acquiescence in the violation of the ordinance against peddling without license!

The country between Monterey and Durango—the finest country in Northern Mexico—is now entirely deserted. The Indians have driven all the inhabitants from their ranches and small towns into the cities, where they are living in a destitute condition, being actually afraid to defend themselves.

We see it stated in the Oregon papers that salt springs exist throughout the whole of that territory. Some salt springs in Umpqua and in Polk county are about to be worked. There are springs some twenty miles below Portland which make fine salt. There is also rock salt in abundance in the Cascade Mountains.

The West of Scotland Magazine says that all we know of Cervantes is that he lost his hand at the battle of Lepanto; of Calderon, that he was a member of the inquisitorial tribunal; of Shakspeare, that he possessed a share in the Globe Theatre. The rest about them is but a kind of inductive reasoning.

Maine abounds with bodies of fresh water. It is stated that one-tenth of the State is covered with water. Some say that the proportion is one-sixth. Lakes and ponds are numerous—some hundreds in the State. Of these, Moosehead Lake is the largest, it being the largest body of fresh water in New England.

The descendants of the "Mutineers of the Bounty," to the number of 194, including 78 children, have been conveyed from Pitcairn's Island to Norfolk Island, which has been handed over to them. Three days after their arrival, on the 10th of June, George Adams, the grandson of John Adams, one of the leading mutineers, died, and was buried with much ceremony.

Great are the mysteries of ocean postage. It costs more to send an ounce of paper to Europe than it does to send a barrel of flour. A man may have a state-room, eat, drink, sleep, and lounge all over the ship, and yet a quiet mail-bag, that has stood all the time in a dark corner, is charged seven times as much passage money as he is!

John C. Baker, Esq., retired from his post as jailor for Cumberland County, Maine, recently. The day he left, the prisoners under his charge partook, at his expense, of a good oyster dinner, pudding, etc., which "for the nonce" made them forget that they were the inmates of a prison. They will not, probably, soon forget the kindness of Jailor Baker, says the Portland Argus.

It is proposed to sell eggs by weight, as a fairer method for the buyers, as well as a means of forcing poultry raisers to breed finer breeds of fowls. There seems to be a great difference in weight. Of three dozen, taken promiscuously from a lot for sale in a store, one dozen weighed 18 1-2 ounces; one 25 3-4; and the last, 27 ounces. Good, fair-sized eggs should weigh at least two ounces each.

The Liverpool (England) Mail says that a quantity of cotton imported sixty years ago, when cotton was worth from one to two shillings per pound, was sold there lately by order of the Court of Chancery, for 4 5-8 pence per pound. The cotton when landed originally, was warehoused, but owing to some dispute between the importer and warehouse owners, the whole affair got into chancery, and was only recently decided.

A genuine Arab, Mohammed Babat, is now in Washington, seeking redress and compensation for services rendered this country by his father, Hamet Caramalli, during the war between the United States and Tripoli in 1804. Caramalli was the rightful bashaw of Tripoli, but his brother had usurped the throne. In this crisis Caramalli joined his forces with the Americans, and aided them with large supplies, both of camels and money.

Alfred H. P. Edwards, son of ex-Governor Edwards of Connecticut, and a descendant of old Jonathan Edwards, died suddenly in New York a few days ago, of disease of the heart, leaving a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars. He married last June a daughter of George N. Griswold, and leaves his estate to her and their child, if any, if not, to her and his brothers and sisters, Mrs. Worthington Hooker of New Haven being among the latter.

Foreign Items.

It is said that there are about seventeen thousand criminal depredators at large in London, who are known to the police.

Engineers are now in Spain making surveys in order to ascertain the possibility of making a tunnel through the Pyrenees.

M. Ziegler, historical painter, lately died in Paris. Amongst other works, the deceased painted the altar-piece of the Madeleine.

The Russian government has empowered the authorities of Odessa to raise a monument to the memory of the late Prince Woronzow, on a site opposite to that of the Duke of Richelieu.

A monument to the memory of the wounded Crimean soldiers who died in Liverpool has been erected, by subscription, on an eminence at the north end of St. James's Cemetery. It consists of an obelisk, or shaft, of polished Scotch granite.

The French emperor has ordered the restoration of the house of the Bonaparte family at Ajaccio; and has promised M. Mortons, the prefect of Corsica, to inscribe 200,000 francs on the civil list of 1857, for the purpose of building a mausoleum to receive the ashes of the mother of Napoleon I. and of Cardinal Fesch.

Some experiments were recently made at the grand camp at Lyons, with a new gun, recently invented by a French officer in the Belgian army, named Ben. Although the gun has only one barrel, two shots may be fired with it as with a double-barrelled one, without the necessity of re-loading. It will carry as far as the Minie carbine.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who learns not from events, rejects the lessons of experience; he who judges from the event, makes fortune an assessor in his judgments.—*Hare.*

.... Most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually.—*Emerson.*

.... There is a vigilance and judgment about trifles, which men only get by living in a crowd; and those are the trifles of detail, on which the success of execution depends.—*Horner.*

.... Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?—*Jean Paul.*

.... He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.—*Lucian.*

.... When I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.—*Addison.*

.... Flowing water is at once a picture and a music, which causes to flow at the same time from my brain, like a limpid and murmuring rivulet, sweet thoughts, charming reveries, and melancholy remembrances.—*Alphonse Karr.*

Joker's Budget.

A member of the Irish parliament met the reproach of selling his country, by "thanking God that he had a country to sell."

A grocer advertises in the Burlington Sentinel in the following manner:—"*Hams* and *cigars, smoked* and unsmoked, by A. S. Dewey."

A friend says he lost all respect for John Frost, Esq., while crossing Cambridge bridge the other night, when the thermometer indicated "2 below."

"A penny for your thoughts, madam," said a gentleman to a pert beauty. "They are not worth a farthing, sir," she replied; "I was thinking of you."

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm-clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "O," said he, "it's the most convenient thing in the world; for I have nothing to do but to pull the string and wake myself."

A wag, the other day, asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose live in this street besides yourself?"—"Besides myself?" replied the other. "Do you mean to insult me?"—"Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

Mr. R., soliciting a situation, always wished to impress his extreme vigilance on the mind of his interrogator. "During the whole of the time I was deputy-commissioner," said he, "I did not sleep a single night." Nothing could be more true, he having held the office for one day only.

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SCHNAPPS.

PEIRCE. 36

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1857. | $2 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XII., No. 10.—WHOLE No. 298.

SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

The design for the beautiful engraving below was drawn expressly for our Pictorial by Mr. Hill, whose accurate and artistic delinations of local scenes have been so much admired and complimented. It represents one of the busiest localities in our sister city, one side being occupied by stores, the opposite by vessels of all descriptions, with their forest of masts, their projecting bowsprits, and their sails lowered to dry in the sun and air. The figures which crowd the street and sidewalks, the porters, sailors, stevedores, merchants, and street pedlers, are characteristic of the place. New York has a most distinctive character of its own in the external sense; it is entirely unlike anything in Europe, neither is there any other city of the American continent which has the same marked features. It is an unexplored mine of wealth to the artist; such quaint character of picturesque grouping as you continually find in this great centre of attraction to all nations, would make the fortune of a whole academy of European painters. That our native artists have hitherto neglected this available source is a subject of regret. This arises from a common feeling that leads us to slight what is near at hand and attainable, in pursuit of the remote and inaccessible. How much Gavarni or Leech would make out of New York characters and scenes, with their endless variety, strongly marked characteristics and curious combinations! We have endeavored to direct the attention of our artists to this field, and the result has been some of our most felicitous and popular illustrations. We intend to follow up this vein, from time to time, and work it out. Nor is New York without intense attraction to every lover of the beautiful and picturesque; to such it is an everchanging and exciting panorama, far exceeding in interest the combined effects of all the exhibitions of the past ten years; and we can recommend no pleasanter or more instructive occupation for a spare forenoon or evening, than a stroll through this city, with its manifold suggestions to thought and material for observation. Our picture shows one of those lucky points of situation by which the fortune of the city is made. The largest ships float readily to the head of the longest docks, thus affording every convenience for loading and unloading. South Street is devoted to the wants of ships and their accommodation. Here may be seen the Canton and California clippers, side-by-side with Liverpool packets and river steamboats, the fast sailing fore-and-after, and fishing vessels. Crowds of these latter craft lay off Fulton Market, which, with the Ferry House, is represented in our engraving. The buildings are devoted to sail-lofts, shipping offices, warehouses of every description, cheap eating-houses, markets, and those indescribable stores, where old cables, junk, anchors, and all sorts of cast-off worldly things, that none but a seaman has a name for, find a refuge. The street is nearly always crowded till sunset with vehicles of all kinds, most confusing to the newly-arrived and uneducated immigrant, whose mind has constantly associated the idea of America with thoughts of primeval forests and Indians. In fact, we are afraid these crude notions pervade the upper as well as the lower crust of European society. A friend of ours told us that when he was giving M. de Lamartine a brief but unexaggerated description of the grandeur of New York, the great author listened politely, to be sure, but the expression of his face, and an almost imperceptible shrug of his shoulders, conveyed to our friend the decided impression that the illustrious poet believed the narrator was adopting a poetical license, and that his picture "was but fancy's sketch." Be this as it may, at night South Street presents as great a solitude as the most reckless foreigner could desire, but by no means a safe one, except in the neighborhood of the Brooklyn ferries, which are all on this thoroughfare. But this is only one phase of New York city life. Like a cut diamond, it has a multitude of faces. Go to one part of the city, you would think yourself in a Swiss town, to another, that you had stumbled into the heart of Germany. New York has many cosmopolitan features, but they are all blended, with the local exception we have noticed. It is a world of itself, but a world very different from any other on the face of the globe.



VIEW OF SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CRYSTAL FLASK.

The Countess Altamira said she was ill, and this time spoke the truth. Her heavy eyes, pale face, announced restlessness. A nervous and convulsive movement agitated her features, and her short, cold words showed spite and impatience.

"You here?" said she, to Juan. "What brings you?"

"We have no time to lose, and I will tell you the object of my visit. First, send that chamber-maid away."

"For you, my young brother?" replied the countess, trying to laugh.

"No, senora; for you."

The waiting-maid left the room. When they were alone, and the doors were closed, Juan spoke:

"Senora countess, you have sworn to destroy a young girl whom I have sworn to defend. It is Alitea, my sister."

"What an idea!" replied the countess, smiling ironically. "Me destroy the Duchess de Santarem! She does not need that from me; and the favorite of the king—"

"Will defend her honor and reputation; you can ascribe that to her, senora, and you say truly she needs no one for that. But it is not so easy to defend her life against hidden plots."

"What do you mean by that?" cried the countess, trembling; and she looked at Juan with an uneasy, menacing eye.

"What I wish to say," calmly replied Juan, "your anxiety would be a sufficient explanation, if I had needed one. But we are not among the reverend fathers, your friends."

"That is true," said the countess, striving to recover her self-possession; "you are there no longer. They pretend that you escaped from them."

"Yes, senora; each to his taste. I was not pleased with the convent; there were fine ladies there who did not please me. But let us leave riddles, and speak plainly. You have sworn to harm Alitea, who annoys you."

"Me, senor!" said the countess, with haughtiness and indignation.

"You wish to kill her—"

"An unheard-of calumny—"

"By poison."

"Your new dress does not give you impunity, and I will punish such outrages."

She rose to ring the bell, but Juan seized her hand and forced her to be re-seated.

"You shall not call, and you shall listen to me. If it is necessary for you to destroy yourself, it shall not be here. I will carry my complaint to the tribunal of the Inquisition, of which I am a member to-day; and you and your accomplices would already be in its power, but you are the aunt of Fernand d'Albayda, you are the sister of Don Juan d'Aguilar, my protector, and my father. It is that remembrance which saves you. I will be silent, upon one condition: it is that you renounce your designs, if it is not already too late,—if already," continued he, seeing the anxiety of the countess, "they are not executed—"

"Me!" said the countess, trembling in all her limbs. "What designs?"

"You know them better than I, but God knows them also." And in a grave, solemn voice, like a judge who pronounces a sentence, Juan added: "You received from Father Jerome a crystal flask."

The countess uttered a cry of fright.

"Closed by a gold cover set with emeralds."

The countess hid her head in her hands, and Juan continued:

"That flask encloses a poison—poison slow and deadly."

The countess fell on her knees, and extended her arms.

"Good; you know your place. But you have no need to pray to me; it is not to me, I tell you; it is your noble brother, Don Juan d'Aguilar, who would pardon your deed. He sees us both this moment, and in his name, senora, I demand that flask, this very instant. I cannot leave in your hands such a weapon, which you intended to use against my sister, and, perhaps, against me. Go, then, and give it to me."

"But, my father—"

"I wish it," said Juan, in a menacing voice.

The countess raised herself, and tottered to a little marble cabinet, and unlocking the door, took out the flask.

"At least, you will tell me, senor, how you learned the secret."

"That you shall never know!" cried Juan, seeing the false look of the countess. And he added purposely: "I reserve for myself that means of discovering instantly all the schemes you attempt hereafter."

The countess could not wholly conceal the spite and rage which filled her heart, and she handed the flask to Juan. He looked at it and uttered a cry of terror. The flask had been used! that was evident, for it was not full by a fourth. Juan paled; a cold sweat covered his brows, and he would have fallen had he not supported himself by the chair from which he had risen. The countess stepped towards him. Juan repressed his anger, and cried:

"The crime is consummated! I owe you now nothing more, neither pardon nor pity."

He was leaving the room, when she threw herself at his feet.

"I swear to you," said she, to him, "that I have not used the flask. It is just as it was given to me by Father Jerome. I swear it. Senor, I swear it to you!" And seeing Juan, who eagerly seized upon this hope, stop and appear to hesitate, she cried with a tone of frankness which seemed to come from the heart: "You know it well, senor, since you know the flask,—since you have seen it and held it in your hands."

"So the days of Alitea are respected?"

"She has nothing to fear," replied the countess, with an anxious face.

"You swear it?"

"What need of an oath? You will see yourself that I have told the truth," and looking at him with a curious air, she added, "since you know the effects of this liquor."

"Yes," said Juan; "it is in a month, a month only, that it begins to carry death, and for ten days the flask has been in your hands. Well, if you have deceived me,—if the least danger menaces her I protect, you are lost."

"I know it. You will have the same power then as now."

"And nothing will stop my vengeance," said Juan; "you may be sure of that. As to Father Jerome and Escobar, I can strike them without touching you. Tell them upon what condition I will pardon them: that they are careful, like you, to respect Alitea. At this price, a treaty is between us; otherwise, war. Adieu, senora!"

That very evening, terror reigned in the convent of Alcala de Henares, and among the reverend fathers of the Society of Jesus. How had Juan discovered their secret? It was inexplicable, magical, diabolical! Neither the countess nor the monks could divine it. But when Escobar learned later that he must renounce the idea of being queen's confessor,—that Juan had supplanted him, he was furious. Both the fathers were so exasperated with their young disciple that they swore a war to the death against him. In consequence of which, they would first make him offers of peaceful alliance and friendship.

"He will not agree," said Escobar; "he is our pupil."

"He was here but a short time," replied the superior.

"That is nothing. What one learns is not forgotten. The first lessons remain always."

There was one event, recent and terrible, a secret which Sevilla did not know, and it was upon that that Father Jerome and his friends based their hopes of success for new plots.

From morning until evening, Alitea occupied herself with plans for the happiness of her brother, wherewith to embellish the life of trials and sacrifices which he had chosen for her sake. To him she confided all her joys, pains and most secret thoughts; not all, perhaps; but those which she hid, she wished to hide from herself even. Between Alitea and Carmina, Juan found this the happiest time of his life. In fifteen days, Carmina was to marry Fernand. The schemes of the countess were frustrated; for, through the influence of Alitea, the queen had herself appointed the wedding-day.

The day at last arrived, and more beautiful than ever in her bridal dress, which sparkled with diamonds, appeared Carmina. In presence of the king and queen, Juan blessed the young couple. The Countess Altamira was there, perfectly pale with rage, and in her inmost heart she vowed to ruin Fernand and the priest Juan, who seemed to her like an ever-present avenger.

One day, Juan, who ever watched each passing change on the face of Alitea with an intense agony, saw her pale and discomposed. Eagerly he demanded the cause, and she, blushing, then paling, declared she had a secret pain, and even while she spoke, the palor of death spread over her beautiful face.

"I see it well!" cried Juan. "Thou seekest vainly to hide it from me. Confess to me what it is thou feelest; tell me all."

"Be silent; ask nothing. I cannot tell *you* of the pain," said Alitea, almost kneeling.

"I know the danger that menaces you."

"There is none."

"Greater than you think; and I will save you, if there is yet time. You must know the truth."

"Whatever it may be, I can bear it. Speak, then, brother,—speak!" And gathering all her courage, Alitea listened calmly and immovably to the recital.

Juan then recounted to her the horrible designs of the countess, the way in which he had discovered them, and the last visit he had paid to the hotel of Altamira. Even while he spoke, the color returned to Alitea's face, serenity to her forehead, to her heart its calm.

"Is it only that?" exclaimed Alitea.

"Only that!" said Juan, astonished at her tranquillity. "Have you heard what I told you, about the crystal flask—the deadly poison it contains?"

"Yes," said Alitea.

"You are the victim."

"Would to Heaven I was, brother!" cried she, eagerly.

"What do you say?"

"Only that instead of stopping the countess, let her go on."

"And why? Answer me."

"Why?" said she, recovering herself. "I am foolish. I have here," and she placed her hand on her heart and head, "a great anguish which never leaves me; it is a suffering so acute that I think sometimes I would better die. But that will pass; I swear it. Re-assure thyself, brother."

"I cannot be calm. Recall when you have seen the countess."

"Once or twice at court; but I have not spoken to her."

"Received nothing from her hand?"

"No, brother; I remember well; no. No aliment, no beverage. I swear it!"

"Nevertheless, this flask has been used."

"That flask!" said Alitea. "Show it to me."

He showed her the flask, and she seized it, and was about to break it, when he stopped her. It must be preserved, in order to frighten the countess, as a proof of her crime. Alitea then asked to keep it. She would keep it safely. He yielded to her.

In spite of what she had said, the sufferings of Alitea continued. The young girl strove to hide her anguish before all, but she could not wholly conceal it from the watchful, anxious eyes of Juan. She bore calmly without murmuring, for to him, in whom she confided every grief, this one must be closely hid.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE QUEEN'S ORATORY.

In the midst of all the plotting, scheming and intriguing, there was one thing which occupied all thoughts. It was not the danger that menaced the Spanish monarch; it was not the formidable preparations of the king of France: each one partook of the happy ignorance of the minister, and the latter, as we have seen, only learned it by chance. That which troubled all the world, and which no one could explain, was the state of the queen.

For two months she grew more depressed each day. The most skilful physicians could discover no real illness. The queen faded, without suffering. When her best friends, when Alitea questioned her, she answered:

"Nothing is the matter with me; I was never better, nor more happy. I love you; but I die. I cling to life, but I feel that it escapes me. I must hasten. Tell me if I can do anything to make you rich, powerful or happy; for soon I shall be able to do nothing for you,—soon I shall be no more!"

The queen, used to the sternness and severity of the priests who had preceded Juan, was delighted and surprised to find a friend, where she expected only an intolerant judge. The latter never wearied her with the dogmas and superstitious practices of his religion. Sevilla showed her only the moral and celestial virtues. The others frightened her; he re-assured her. The first spoke only of hell; Sevilla spoke only of heaven.

Thus when the queen was not with her young friends, she passed her time in her oratory with Juan. He had her whole confidence, and yet there was a secret which she dared not reveal to the friend or minister of Heaven. That secret was the only one that weighed upon her heart, the only crime she reproached herself with, and that had been involuntary. And more—she felt life was going from her; she understood that it was necessary to confess that crime, and she had not the courage.

"Yes," said she, to Juan, who divined well that some secret grief oppressed her, "yes—it is true; I have a pardon to seek of Heaven,—a fault to confess to you, my father; but not to-day,—to-morrow—to-morrow. Give me one day more."

Thus she pleaded; the days rolled on, and soon would come her last.

While the days of the queen fleeted away, strange rumors filled the city. The archbishop Ribeira and the grand inquisitor, and all the members of the Inquisition, save one—Juan, said that it was the vengeance of Heaven falling upon the queen, that an illness so sudden, which none could understand, showed the finger of God. God wished to punish Margaret for the protection she had given to heretics, to the Moors of Spain.

Another report, none the less odious, was circulated among the people. Each one was sure that the Count de Lerma, the prime minister himself, with his own hand had poisoned the queen, because she had opposed his favorite scheme—the expulsion of the Moors. These calumnies had already taken such a form that the Count de Lerma, returning from the council, had been insulted; mud and stones had been thrown at his carriage. Although he was completely innocent of the imputed crime, the minister was deeply wounded. Troubles seemed to accumulate; dangers menaced the kingdom, and treachery was in his own family, and now himself losing his popularity.

Don Delascar heard all these stories, and instantly saw that it was all-important to suspend the signature of the king to the edict of expulsion. For that reason, Juan must be warned to see the queen, prevent it if he could, and without raising the suspicions of Sandoval or the minister.

Yezid left by night. He was to see Juan and the queen, and return immediately to Valencia, that his enemies might not suspect his visit. Yezid arrived early in the morning at Madrid. He knew from Alitea the means of entering the palace; it was by a secret staircase which led to Juniata's room, and to the queen's oratory. Juniata was perfectly astounded to see him enter the oratory, where she was busily engaged arranging and dusting the furniture.

"You, Senor Yezid! you at Madrid! When did you come?"

"Silence, Juniata! All the world must remain ignorant of my visit, except Juan and yourself. I came this instant on horseback with Pedralvi, who is at the hotel of the Duchess de Santarem."

"Pedralvi here!" cried she, joyfully. "And will he stay long?"

"Time enough to embrace you. Go quickly."

Juniata was running off. He stopped her.

"But first, I must speak to Juan."

"That is easy," said she, pointing to a door on the right; "he stays there at present."

"Really?"

"Yes; the queen is very ill, and wished him to be there."

"Very ill!" exclaimed Yezid, turning pale.

"On the other side," continued Juniata, pointing to a door on the left, "is the apartment of the queen, and here," pointing to a

little grating ornamented with gold and covered with violet-colored velvet hangings, "is the confessional of her majesty, and Juan remains here to be ready upon the instant when the queen calls him."

"I will see Juan," said Yezid, going to the door of his room.

But it was closed and locked. Juniata knocked softly; no answer. She knocked louder; the same silence.

"Sometimes he walks in the park. You will undoubtedly find him there. Come."

"You forget, Juniata, that I must not be seen. I came to speak to the queen and Juan, but no one must know it."

"Ah, well; remain here. In a few minutes, a quarter of an hour at the most, he will return. To be more sure, I will find him, and tell him to come. I am not afraid of being seen."

"Well, go quickly. I will wait for him here."

Juniata was just leaving, when Yezid heard distinctly the voice of the Countess Altamira. She was coming towards the oratory. Yezid thought all lost. The chamber of Juan was closed; the door opposite was the one by which the countess was about to enter.

"There is only one way," said Juniata, quickly, and opened the little gilded grating; "there—in the confessional."

"If they should see me!"

"But they will not. I will draw the curtain, which none have a right to raise without the consent of the priest. Enter, then; quick! they approach."

"But," said Yezid, recoiling a step, "it is the place of a Christian priest."

"No matter; only for a minute."

Yezid hesitated still; it seemed to him that it was a sacrilege to commit, he, a Moor, to enter the tribunal of penitence.

At that moment, the countess opened the door of the oratory. Juniata pushed Yezid into the confessional, and closed the grating upon him. Quickly as Juniata had pushed the young man in, it was not so quick but that the countess had seen, not Yezid, but the confessional door close. The countess had found the queen very weak, and gave her her arm to lead her into the oratory. The moment she entered, the countess cried out:

"Who is there!"

Juniata, although surprised by the question, did not show any signs of anxiety, or lose her self-possession for one moment, but replied with admirable coolness:

"The brother Louis Sevilla, who has entered to pray."

"Silence!" replied the queen; "do not disturb him. I saw him walking in the park, and sent a page to tell him I awaited him here, and he has come."

The queen then made a sign to Juniata and the countess to leave her. Both silently entered the apartments of the queen. Margaret was alone, but Yezid did not know it, and did not dare speak or make a gesture. He waited breathlessly to hear when the companions of the queen left. Suddenly on his right, and near the little interior grating, he heard some one fall on their knees and say to him in a low voice: "My father."

It was the voice of the queen, but so weak and stifled that he could scarcely hear it, which confirmed Yezid in the idea that the countess still was present. Pale and trembling, he kept silence, ready to faint at the sound of that voice so dear to him, and which filled him with terror and love.

"My father," said she, "I wish—I can no longer hide the secret which weighs upon me. To-morrow I shall be no more! I am guilty. I love—yes, I love in secret, in silence, for a long time. But this love was involuntary. I have struggled against it; I have resisted. No one knows it—not even he, and I pray God will perhaps pardon me. What makes me fear that he will not pardon me," murmured she, lowering her head, "what makes me tremble, is that he I love, whom I love always, is a Moor, an enemy of our faith—Yezid!"

At that moment a door opened, and interrupted her. She raised her head, and uttered a cry of terror upon seeing Juan enter. Seized with an indefinable terror, she threw herself into the arms of Juan. The latter did not know what to think of her fright.

"You, Sevilla! Who, then, is in the confessional? who has heard—"

As she spoke, she looked at the gilded grating, and saw a withered pomegranate flower fall to the floor. A ray of hope filled her soul, but not daring to believe her eyes, she cried:

"No, no—it is not possible!"

Juan held the queen in his arms, and laid her gently on her couch, and ran to call assistance. Hardly had he disappeared, than Margaret, ready to die with shame at having betrayed her secret, with the energy of despair, ran to the door of the confessional, and opening it, uttered a cry of joy. It was Yezid, who fell on his knees as once before in the underground hall of Valladolid.

"God alone—God and I! It shall be the secret of my life."

"It will be that of the tomb," said Margaret.

They heard Sevilla returning with her ladies of honor, and with despairing energy, she pushed Yezid into Juan's chamber. Too weak to bear so much emotion, Margaret sunk fainting into their arms. She never rose! That same evening, the funeral bells filled all Madrid. All the people, kneeling in the churches, prayed for their sovereign.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE UNKNOWN.

Extended upon her bed of death, the queen of Spain made a sign with her hand for all her ladies to leave her. Beckoning to her a young priest, whose face was covered with tears, and who could not speak, so great was his grief; but he pointed his hand to heaven.

"You believe that God will pardon me!" said she.

And the priest responded.

"Moors and Christians are all children of the same God, and God scorns none of his children. The former were worthy of you, for they revered you; they adored you as they revere virtue, as they adore angels. Your love for them was not a crime, but a long suffering, a struggle, a fight in which you did not fail. God pardons those who suffer!" cried he, in a tone of conviction and hope. "God rewards those who struggle and who conquer."

The queen thanked him with a look, and showing him a turquoise ring which she always wore, said, in a low voice:

"I cannot keep it; take it and return it—to him!"

She signed her women to approach her. Alitea, Juniata and Carmina threw themselves upon their knees beside her bed. Summoning all her strength, she whispered in the ear of Alitea:

"Take care for thyself and thy relations. I am dying. You will have no one to defend you; and persecution and exile menace you; I know it."

Then raising her voice, she demanded to see and speak with the king. Before he came, she said:

"I wish on my bed of death to do all I can for you. I wish to make him swear before God and before you never to consent—never to sign the edict of banishment."

The effort was too much for her; the voice died on her lips; a cold sweat covered her forehead, and she fell back upon her pillow dead!

The grand inquisitor Sandoval, in pontifical dress, the principal members of the Inquisition and the clergy of Madrid, carried the remains in great pomp. The king, the young prince of Austria and his young sister, Anne of Austria, walked behind the clergy. Long files of monks carried torches, chanting. Alitea and her companions retired to the rear; but Juan, to the last, kept his post beside the bed of Margaret.

The funeral ceremony commenced. The grand inquisitor Sandoval approached the queen, who could now take no note of his hated presence. He recited the accustomed prayers, and anointed her forehead with the sacred oil. At that moment, Margaret for a moment opened her eyes, and seeing round her only those cold, icy figures, she turned with terror; but her look encountered that of Juan, and thanking him, her peaceful soul quitted the earth and soared to heaven.

A great cry filled the palace, and was prolonged outside. The priests inclined themselves; the crowd fell on their knees, and Juan Sevilla, extending his hand towards the queen, cried in a loud, firm voice: "Angel descended from heaven, return to thy home!"

The death of the queen was soon known throughout all Spain. Alitea and Juan told their father, for Yezid, given up to despair, was capable of nothing, not even of being consoled. All the Moors in Madrid wept for the death of Margaret, who was the death of all their hopes. The bells tolled for the death of the queen and their total destruction.

The Countess Altamira, paying frequent visits of condolence to the king, contrived to fill his ear with the stories of poisoning. She breathed not one word as to whom the public pointed as the author of the crime.

His first grief passed, the king thought only of Alitea. It was the thought which filled his mind night and day. All that interrupted that dream appeared odious and hateful. He would not look at anything. But his royal tranquillity was suddenly disturbed by finding on his table this little note:

"If the king wishes to have the real details of the poisoning of the queen, and the true author of the crime,—if he wishes to know the dangers which menace him, his glory and his kingdom, let him be silent about this advice, and order the first gentleman of the chamber to introduce this evening into the cabinet of his majesty the unknown, who will present himself at nine o'clock at the door of the palace, and pronounce these words: *Philip and Spain.*"

After reading this note, the king remained pale and sad. Unable to decide what to do, the weak monarch went to walk and think in the park. There he met Alitea, Duchess de Santarem. To her as a friend, he confided the contents of the note. Alitea turned pale at the mere mention of the suspicion of poisoning, but strongly advised the king to give the audience requested of him. The king saw the justice of the counsel given by Alitea. Accordingly, he gave the orders to the Duke d'Uzede.

He was punctual. At nine o'clock precisely, the Duke d'Uzede ushered into the cabinet a man enveloped in a mantle. The king motioned to the Duke d'Uzede, who left.

"Speak, senor," said the king, when they were alone.

The unknown threw off his mantle.

"Father Jerome!" cried the king, astonished.

"Himself, sire, who has exposed himself to the greatest dangers to tell the truth to your majesty."

"Protected by me, what have you to fear?"

"Enemies, numerous, powerful, cunning, who will not forgive me for having disclosed the truth."

"You think, then, the queen was poisoned?" said the king, with emotion.

"I am sure of it; I swear it before God! I can tell the name of the poison—a poison which leaves no traces, it is true, but the symptoms of which are known to all scientific persons. These symptoms the queen had—"

"Who could have committed such a crime?" said the king.

The reverend father kept silent.

"The queen was loved by all."

"There were those who feared her."

"Who, my father?"

"Public rumor accuses a man placed high in the confidence of your majesty."

"Of whom do you speak?" said the king, trembling.

"It is a common thing that your majesty has not heard. Throughout all Spain a cry of vengeance is raised against him."

"His name!" exclaimed the king, whose anxiety increased every moment.

"Sire, it is the Count de Lerma!"

"The count!" cried the king, falling upon a chair, overwhelmed with surprise and terror.

"He it is, sire, whom all the world accuses; it is easy to tell you that; but I alone can give you the proofs."

"Speak—speak!"

"Three months ago, the queen went to your chapel to say mass; she was accompanied by her lords and ladies in waiting, the Countess de Grambia, Marquise de Evalen, Duchess de Zarza, and the Duchess de Santarem, also the dukes of Medina, Gandia and Uzede, and the Count de Lerma. The day was very warm. The queen, who was leaning upon the arm of the minister, seated herself under a tree before her pavilion, and before all her train of honor, said to him, haughtily, 'I do will that.' Instead of calling one of her servants, as was natural and ordered by etiquette, the Count de Lerma went himself, you hear well, sire,—himself."

"I hear," said the king, who was burning with deep attention.

"He entered one of the little side rooms, and was gone some minutes. I pray your majesty to note that circumstance. He disappeared and returned, bringing the queen, upon a silver salver, a glass of iced lemonade, which the queen took and drank eagerly. After having drank, she said, gaily. 'That lemonade had a singular taste.'"

The king uttered a cry of surprise.

"These words," continued the reverend father, "all heard distinctly. A month after, the suffering of the queen commenced, and two months after, she existed no more. All who know the effects of that poison, know that all that time is needed for its development. Recall the queen's symptoms. As for me, I cannot make your majesty share in my convictions; but I will say to you, sire, to you alone, I know beyond a doubt that that glass contained a poison."

"How do you know it?" cried the king, eagerly.

"The way in which this mystery was revealed to me, I cannot disclose before men. I can only say to your majesty, that glass contained poison; I know it."

The king, pale and trembling, looked at the monk with a mixture of terror and indecision; he hesitated still, trembling to believe and trembling still more at doubting the truth. Suddenly he uttered a cry; an idea came into his head. He ran and got a book which lay upon his praying desk, and opened it before Father Jerome.

"Swear it upon the Bible, my father,—and I will believe all."

The monk turned pale, and remained silent an instant. But he recalled the words of Escobar: "The end is all, the means nothing," and the mental restrictions for a long time admitted into their order; he laid aside his anxiety, and raising his head, he said, slowly and gravely:

"I swear upon the Bible that the Count de Lerma presented that glass to the queen. I swear that the glass contained poison!"

The king laid his face in his hands, and remained silent for a few minutes; he was stunned.

"He," said he, sadly,—"he, in whom I have placed all my confidence! he, whose zeal I admired!"

"If that was all, sire," said the father, "your majesty could lay aside your regrets. I have not only heard, but have proofs to give your majesty, that this zealous minister has always betrayed you; that this minister has led you and the monarchy to the brink of a precipice; that this capable minister has ruined your finances, destroyed your fleet and armies, and left Spain without defence to the enemy who are going to invade it."

"What do you say!" said the king, in fear.

"At this very hour, nearly all Europe is raised against us, and you know nothing of it, sire; your minister knows it all."

And this time, without any Jesuitical turns, the reverend father proved the truth of what he advanced, showing private letters and foreign gazettes; in a word, he made the first part of his accusation still more forcible, by showing that not one word of the last part was false. A stronger will, a more energetic nature than that of the king, would have shrunk before the same situation; but the weak monarch hardly realized what a fierce storm was ready to burst over his head.

"Thanks, my father, thanks!" said he. "Soon—we shall see—to-morrow I will examine—I will reflect."

Father Jerome, leaving the king, ran to the Countess Altamira, who expected him, and exclaimed:

"This time, I swear it, our enemy will be overthrown!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE COUNCIL OF CASTILE.

The next day a council was called. Present were the peers of the realm, and the Duke d'Uzede, the son of the prime minister, willing and ready to make the downfall of his father a means for his own aggrandizement. A great noise, and the king entered, carrying in his hand letters and papers; his face was sad and troubled, and he walked quickly. All rose respectfully.

"Be seated," he said, in a blunt voice. "We have to-day to deal with important affairs."

All reseated themselves. The king glanced furtively round the room: but the places usually occupied by the Count de Lerma and his brother Sandoval were vacant, which fact seemed to give the king courage, for he said:

"I thank you, senors, for your exactitude. You belong not to those who fear to show themselves in time of danger."

At these significant words, and astonishing as they were, pronounced by the king, who rarely spoke, a low murmur circulated through the assembly, and each one looked at the other as if to say: "It is done; the minister is overthrown!"

The door of the hall opened, and the Count de Lerma, followed by the grand inquisitor Sandoval, entered. The ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard, so profound was the silence that filled the council hall. Sandoval had a stern, impassible face. The Count de Lerma was strongly agitated.

"I ask pardon of the king, and you, senors," said he, bowing with respect, "for having made you wait—an involuntary detention."

A murmur of disapprobation was heard in the assembly, usually so patient and docile.

"An involuntary detention," continued the count, "and one that I have been unable to foresee; yes, senors,—a detention impossible to foresee. They stopped my carriage; the people surrounded it and threw stones at us, uttering cries that I desire to explain before you and before his majesty the king. I wish to tell the source of the noises."

"It is sufficient," said the king; "we know what to think of it."

"How, sire?" cried the count, indignantly, looking at the king.

"I hear," said the king, a little anxious. "I desire also that the subject be not treated of here—by you, who attach an undue importance to a chimerical accusation, in order to turn our attention from the other griefs and reproaches which are only too real."

The king seemed affected, and his voice was lower at the end than at the commencement of the sentence. It was in all eyes a manifestation of the royal displeasure, and indicated the fall of the minister.

"I hear with respect," said the Count de Lerma, "the reproaches which it pleases your majesty the king, my lord and master, to address me."

The king, bending his eyes upon a paper which he had in his hand, said in a voice which he sought to render firm:

"All Europe is in arms against us; a league of all the Protestant princes is formed against Spain. Is that true?"

"Yes, sire," said the minister.

"The king of France is said to have assembled a formidable army, more than sixty thousand men, a numerous cavalry, and is ready to make war. I wish to believe it to be a false report."

"No, sire; it is the truth."

A general murmur filled the assembly. Again Philip III. proceeded with his accusations, or rather statements, ending his account by saying:

"Are these statistics false or correct?"

The count seemed to hesitate; and the king, gaining his courage as his minister hesitated, repeated in a loud voice:

"I ask, are these statements exact?"

"Of the greatest exactness," replied the count.

Hurriedly the king went on to question de Lerma concerning the arms and strength of the kingdom, of the fortifications. All his questions the count answered faithfully.

"Sire," said the minister, "and you, senors, I have never ceased watching over the glory and independence of Spain. It would be very easy to give an account of all the measures I have taken to defend our territory, what negotiations I have entered into to dissolve this league, what alliances I have formed to resist it."

"Speak, then!" cried the king, impatiently.

Murmurs broke on all sides.

"Yes—I repeat it would be perfectly useless," said the minister, in a voice which quelled the assembly.

"Useless!" cried the Duke de Medina; "and why?"

"Because we have nothing to fear from our enemies outside," replied the count, looking at his adversaries; "because the army of the king of France will not pass our frontiers; because the league of Protestant princes depended wholly upon one man; that league is already destroyed, in the person of the chief: king Henry IV. is no more!"

Every one remained motionless at this news, struck with astonishment.

"The king of France no more!" repeated the Duke de Uzede, pale and terrified.

"Dead!" said the grand inquisitor,—"dead by an assassin's sword. Letters I received this morning from France tell me that at the coronation of the queen, he was assassinated. We deplore his loss, while we adore the just decrees of God, who chastized so promptly the chief of heretics, for he died at the moment when he menaced a faithful Catholic people."

"God protects Spain!" said the king, raising his eyes to heaven.

"Maria de Medicis saw with regret the preparations of Henry IV., but to-day becoming regent, in place of war she offers us peace. See the letters signed by her, addressed to us by Epernon and Concini. In the place of a rival, we find in France a friendly nation, ready to aid us with arms and treasure, a faithful ally, who asks to mingle its blood with ours, for the queen Maria proposes to us a double marriage, that of her daughter to the prince of Asturias, and that of our young infanta Anne of Austria with the young king Louis XIII. Think you now, sire, and you, senors, that I have betrayed the interests or glory of Spain?"

"Long live the Count de Lerma!" cried the Marquis de Miranda.

"Long live our glorious count!" repeated a part of the assembly, whom the wind of success had already turned to the minister.

As to the king, he knew not what to think—whether to weep or rejoice; and the Duke d'Uzede, enraged in his heart, hastened to the house of the countess, where Father Jerome and Escobar sat in triumph awaiting him, to tell them that never had the Count de Lerma been more powerful, more glorious or more king of Spain than in that moment.

After the death of the queen, Carmina and Fernand, so happy in their love, refused to stay at Madrid. Alitea, though urged, could not follow her friend, for she thought it was her duty to stay near her father and brother. Juniata had already left; she went to Valencia to announce to him the arrival of Alitea.

The day when Juan presented himself before his brother and said, "The queen is dead!" Yezid had uttered a cry and fallen insensible, struck down with despair. For entire weeks he neither slept nor spoke, either to Juan or his sister. From time to time he repeated in a low voice, "Margaret! Margaret!"

One day, Juan presented him with a token; it was a turquoise ring, upon which was engraven the Arabic word *always*. At sight of that, reason seemed to return to him, and to their great astonishment, that magical talisman recalled him to life, and Alitea's surprise was redoubled when she recognized the ring the queen always wore.

"Who gave it to you, brother?" cried Yezid.

"She who is no more, but who watches over us still."

Yezid fell on his knees.

"She told me to return it and order thee to live, and devote, like me, to all thy people, the life that God has given you. Thou wilt obey her?"

"Always!" replied Yezid, carrying the ring to his lips.

From that day Yezid recovered, and was ready to return with his sister to Valencia, always to seek for the good of others, for their happiness, though no more happiness would come to him, or brighten his eyes. The departure of Alitea was fixed upon, but she could not go without seeing the king, without obtaining his permission. She wished an interview with the king.

The Count de Lerma contemplated with joy but affright still the deep precipice from which by a miracle he had drawn back. He had thought all lost, but found all saved. He triumphed over his enemies, and over the king, even. Never, during all the time of his administration, had he had a moment more brilliant or glorious.

The morning after the success, the grand inquisitor hastened to recall the promise that his brother had made in time of danger. The count had promised, if he escaped the dangers which menaced him, he would no longer oppose the designs of Heaven and of his brother, and he would aid the latter with his power, and at last obtain the total expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

The prime minister would have more gladly aided in the expulsion of the Jesuits, his mortal enemies. The coldness of the king, his unusual firmness—all was the work of Father Jerome, who, he knew, still continued to meet the king secretly. The count began to understand from whence came the calumnies which were circulated against him. It was the priest, together with his own faithless son, who were working to obtain his ruin.

The minister, henceforth defiant, examined everything with care. The statements which Juan had given him were correct. Neither he nor Sandoval could conceal from themselves that this unknown monk had done them more service than their most devoted friends. It was he who had saved them, and what redoobled their astonishment was, that this monk, humble and modest, without scheming or ambition, had, since he had gained the place of confessor to the queen, sought to forget and efface from their memory the affair. Ignorant of all the bonds which attached him to Alitea, the minister and grand inquisitor looked upon him as an auxiliary whom they could not serve, but who could serve them. An occasion was not slow in presenting itself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]



WILLIAM TELL, IN THE MARKET PLACE OF ALTORF.

WILLIAM TELL.

The beautiful accompanying picture, representing William Tell in the market-place of Altorf, delineates a stirring scene in the history of Switzerland. Every incident portraying the history of this intrepid man possesses an engrossing charm, and is eagerly sought after by those who prize the name and blessings of liberty. The event takes us back to the early part of the 14th century. The scene lies in the market-place of Altorf, whose bell-tower is a conspicuous feature in the landscape. The insolent Austrian governor has set up a pillar in the square, to which he has affixed the Austrian banner and shield, surmounted by his cap, compelling the Swiss to uncover their heads before it, in token of acknowledgement of Austrian sovereignty. The poor peasants, old and young, overawed by the presence of the governor, who, clad in steel, and seated on his war-horse, surrounded by his men-at-arms, is watching them, tamely submit to the imperious mandate. William Tell, a free-hearted peasant of the neighborhood, with his bow and quiver under his arm, and accompanied by a friend, stands in the foreground, watching with indignant eye the abasement of his countrymen, and suppressing with difficulty his just anger. He will soon be espied by the watchful tyrant, and commanded to perform the same disgraceful homage. He will refuse, and then the governor will condemn him to shoot an apple from his son's head. The result is well known. Victorious in the cruel ordeal, a second arrow was detected on his person. When asked the object of secreting the shaft, he boldly answered Gessler: "To kill you, tyrant, had I slain my boy." He was seized and loaded with chains, but when crossing the lake of Lucerne with the governor and his suite, was freed that he might act as helmsman in a terrific storm that overtook the party. He conducted the boat safely to shore, but on the moment of touching, he sprang on a rock, spurning the vessel with his foot. He had his bow and arrows with him, and when the governor escaped the storm and effected a landing, Tell shot him dead on the road to Kussnacht. The death of Gessler was the signal for a general rising of the Swiss against their oppressors, the prelude of a war which lasted till the close of a century. Tell is supposed to have lost his life in an inundation in 1350. His memory is honored, not only in his native land, but the wide world over. His spirit survives among his countrymen, and we have seen, lately, how, when threatened by Prussia, they flew to arms, and like their heroic forefathers, prepared to defend their liberties with their lives.

SCENES AT CANTON.

We give on the next page two graphic sketches of great present interest, the first representing a few of the suburbs of Canton. The water is covered with clumsy junks, and other Chinese craft, while at the distance, on the right, are seen the suburbs of the city blazing from the fire of the British guns. The second picture represents what is termed the Dutch Folly Fort, on the Canton River. It is a very picturesque place, being overgrown with trees; and the landscape is rendered yet stranger to an American eye by the curious Chinese-covered boats floating on the surface of the river, and propelled by oar and sail. The localities, particularly the first, now possess an historical interest, and, as we think that a radical change will take place before long in the condition of Canton, such representations are well worthy of preservation. When European civilization and European architecture have gained a foothold on the shores of the Canton River, it will be pleasant to refer to these memorials of the present time by way of contrast. The



BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON—SUBURBS ON FIRE.

British public are divided in opinion as to the justice of the acts of their officials in China. The quarrel arose from an apparently insignificant cause. Instead of appealing to the British consul, certain Chinese officers violently removed some Chinese criminals from a lorcha lying in Canton River, and hauled down the British flag which was flying from its mast. The British consul accuses the Chinese governor-general of seizing the crew, of hauling down the British flag, of declining to offer any apology, and of retaining the men seized in his custody. The Chinese governor, in a letter addressed to Admiral Seymour, affirms that, having ascertained that nine of the captives were innocent, he directed, on October 10, an officer to put them on board of their vessel again, but that Consul Parkes refused to receive them. As to the lorcha itself, he states that when the Chinese on board were seized, she was supposed to be a Chinese vessel, and belonged to a Chinese, who had fraudulently obtained possession of a British ensign, by entering his vessel on the colonial British register—a method, it seems, habitual with Chinese smugglers. As to the question of the insult to the flag, the governor remarks: "It has been the invariable rule with lorchas of your excellency's nation, to haul down the flag when they drop anchor, and to hoist it again when they get under way. When the lorcha was boarded, in order that the prisoners might be seized, it has been satisfactorily proved that no flag was flying. How then, could a flag have been hauled down? Yet Consul Parkes, in one despatch after another, pretends that satisfaction is required for the insult offered to the flag." From these premises the Chinese governor concludes that no breach of any treaty has been committed. On October 12, nevertheless, the British plenipotentiary demanded, not only the surrender of the whole of the arrested crew, but also an apology. The governor thus replies: "Early on the morning of October 22, I wrote to Consul Parkes, and at the same time forwarded to him three men, namely, Leong, Mingtai and Leong Kee-foo, convicted on the inquiry I had instituted, and the witness, Woo Ayu, together with nine previously tendered. But Consul Parkes would neither receive the twelve prisoners nor my letter." In the evening of the same day, governor Yeh again made inquiry why the prisoners tendered by him were not received, and why he received no answer to his letter. No notice was taken of this step, but on the 24th fire was opened on the forts, and several of them were taken; and it was not until November 1, that Admiral Seymour explained the apparently incomprehensible conduct of Consul Parkes in a message to the governor. The men, he says, had been restored to the consul, but "not *publicly* restored to their vessel, nor had the required apology been made for the violation of the consular jurisdiction." To this objection, then, of not restoring in state a set of men numbering three convicted criminals, the whole case is reduced. Some of the London papers are very strong in their condemnation of the bombardment of Canton on such a pretext; while others defend it. The American force at Canton was not concerned in the quarrel, but a fort which had fired on our flag was demolished by the guns of an American naval vessel. What the issue of this affair will be, no one at present can tell, but we think that one result to grow out of it will be that European powers and the United States will require the right of having their ambassadors reside at the imperial city, Pekin. Recent accounts, moreover, convey the impression that the reigning dynasty, the Mantchou, is tottering to its downfall, and that the rebels who have been winning victories and steadily advancing for three years past, will succeed in restoring the Ming dynasty, with liberal laws, regulations, and policy.



THE DUTCH FOLLY FORT, CANTON RIVER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

YOUTH.

BY C. D. HAMMOND.

"Stay, passing moment, stay!"
Give me a glimpse of thy golden hair,
Thou art so beautiful and fair,
O, do not flee away!

"Stay, passing moment, stay!"
Joy lingers in thy sunlit glance,
And beauty on thy countenance
Doth sparkle in its ray.

"Stay, passing moment, stay!"
My hopes are trembling on thy wings,
And innocence, beseeching, brings
Her voice for thy delay.

"Stay, passing moment, stay!"
The flower of youth is blooming now,
The dew of love is on my brow,
O, do not flee away!

"Stay, passing moment, stay!"
Thy warm, delicious breath I feel
Upon my cheek, as thou dost steal
So silently away.

Gone, and by eternity's decree!
Gone, with the generous joys reposed in thee!

Yes, thou hast gone away
Into the wept-for past—the clime
Of youth's lost hopes, where forms like thine
A requiem chant o'er dying time,
And whisper of a life divine
In heaven's celestial ray.

The spell hath fled of tender youth,
But not all manliness and truth
Do I resign
The soul's high aims and moral might,
A heart that beats for human right,
May still be mine.

The melodies of brook and bird,
Of waving trees and bleating herd,
No more I hear;
Yet memory may their charm repeat,
When labor's surges cease to beat
O'er life's career.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF SUSSEX.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

One scarcely would have thought that a small, low-browed room, dimly lighted, and almost unfurnished, was an apartment of the royal palace of Scotland; yet so it was, and here, in important deliberation, stood King Robert and his privy counsellor, Lord Angus Murray, while attentive at their feet, with fingers that had ceased their play with a shaggy dog, sat the lovely boy-prince, James, joining now and then in the conversation with an intelligence beyond his years.

"I have no proof, Angus, of my brother's designs," said King Robert, sadly; "and loath am I to believe what all tell me, yet I cannot but acknowledge that he hates the child who stands between him and a crown."

"Let him have it, father," said the boy. "It brings nothing but vexation. I am well content as I am."

"But *I* am not," said the king, bending towards him and speaking very distinctly. "Boy! it is thine inheritance. Back into the dimness of heathendom and the mists of the flood, it hath sat on no brows but thine ancestors'. Give up thy right? Die first! When a wicked, foreign king strives to usurp, do we yield? do we not rather struggle through fire and ice, burrow in caverns, live like wolves, and *never* own his sway? How much more, then, when one of ourselves plays the traitor? What glory wreathes the brows of a prince who descends from his throne, abjures his oaths, annihilates his birth? Shame, little pale-face! I, too, have struggled and fought, and well earned the right that my son should sit where my sires did. It is my right as well as thine. Thou hast no right to give up my interests!"

Kindled by his father's words, the boy stood erect, with glowing cheeks and brilliant eyes, and looked every inch of the king within him; none beholding him could have questioned the divine right, and grown men might have knelt, as Earl Angus Murray did then, and kiss the little princely hand. Tears sprung to the father's eyes at this unsought act of homage, and in the silent hand-grasp that followed, more was expressed than an hour could have uttered.

"Father," said Prince James, "something says to me that years, unlawful years, will pass ere I hold my own; but I promise, father, never to see your crown desecrated by one not born to it!"

"Not for the crown's sake, darling—gilded toy and bauble—but for the glory with which our ancestors have impregnated it, to every jewel on the rim."

"Not for the crown's sake, but for thine and mine; and you can trust your son's word, father."

"That I can!" heartily answered the king. And the child resumed his play with the dog, while the king and Murray conversed in low undertones.

"So faithful a servant will be pardoned," said the latter, "for suggesting that if the wee one stay longer in Scotland your majesty will soon be childless. He must be concealed, or he will be destroyed!"

"Hush! Hush, Angus! Do not breathe it. He shall go. I will write to our cousins of France, and send him thither in the first skiff that crosses the water."

"But the English cruisers! Should they take—"

"Nonsense, Murray! Thou art a death's head at any feast!"

"Sire, danger being here, you must look it in the face, and I must speak. *Should* the English cruisers obtain your child, his case were better than if in his uncle's hands; since sparing his life and keeping him tenderly, not for your, their bitter enemy's, sake, but from their own reverence for royalty, we should ransom him; and even should your majesty leave us before that time, were he but anointed, his right would be safe."

"You speak well, Angus. And the ship?"

"Lies now ready for sailing, at the port's mouth."

"Make ready, Angus. He shall go."

"Father," said the boy, rising, "let me be anointed now."

At this unusual proceeding, the earl and king glanced at each other.

"And why not, sire?" asked Murray.

"It was never done before," said King Robert, quite amazed at the temerity of the idea.

"Establish the precedent then."

"But the archbishop?"

"He will have finished high mass in the chapel by the time I can assemble the nobles."

"Hasten then, Murray, and we await you here."

Saying which, the king drew the child into his arms, and the privy counsellor departed. While they were still sitting there, father and son, locked in the embrace and silent happiness which they were never to know again, their candle-wick blazed up, flickered and expired, leaving them in an unnoticed darkness. But the silence was soon broken by a childish footfall along the corridor, and a sweet voice, ringing changes with an English accent on a sad, old Scotch ballad, and the gloom disturbed by the light of a taper stealing in the cracks of the door ere it was gently opened, and a dark-eyed, elf-like face, strangely unlike the "braw-bluid" of the Highlands, peered into the room, from under an uneven fringe of dark, waveless hair.

"Who is that?" asked the king.

"It's me. It's Ellie," answered the voice. "Shall I go away? I want my kitten."

A sudden thought seemed to strike the king:

"No, come in," he said; and accordingly the whole figure, that of a diminutive child of six or seven, obtruded itself into the room and closed the door.

By degrees she drew nearer, and planting her light on the table, stood as unabashed before the king as she would have done before a beggar, her head partially turned towards a little yellow bird perched on her shoulder.

"It's in the corner, Ellie," said the prince; and with a magnetic understanding, the little girl immediately found and took possession of her kitten, while rousing with a toss of his shaggy mane, the dog fawned round her feet.

It was hardly singular that a child, who seemed by some inner quality thus to control and reconcile animal natures, should move the quick heart of King Robert, and with the pain which parting from his own child evolved, he felt sharp twinges of remorse at sight of the little dark captive; for Ellie was her father's hostage, a powerful English noble, who, having been made a prisoner, was released that he might procure a ransom, and his little daughter retained in his stead. She had now been a year in the palace, kindly tended, and a playmate of the prince, both bound in a childish friendship by one tie, they had neither of them any mother.

"Come here, Ellie," he said.

Ellie came, but with something of the defiant in her manner and posture, as she stood fronting them, her kitten folded in her arms up under her chin, and the bird securing a loftier perch. The king drew her towards him.

"Little Ellie seldom sees Jamie and his father together," he said.

"O, I wish I was with *my* father!" returned the child, while large tears darkened the wierd searching eyes, and the suddenly released kitten scampered off to its nest. "He would like to see his little Ellie. O, I am afraid he has forgotten, or he would certainly have come!"

"Father?" said the prince, starting up and trying to read his father's face, while his own asked a great question.

"Yes," answered the king, turning to his son and folding him closer, "yes, boy."

Little Ellie had separated herself from the loving pair, and as Murray, with attendants and torches, entered, she stole away, sobbing, to the corner and her comforter there. In a moment, everything was marshalled, and they moved on in a procession to the chapel, the king first stopping to indue himself with his crown and ermine, which the counsellor had brought. The large chapel was filled with different personages of the court, and many merchants and gentlefolk summoned from the city, when the king took his seat beside the great altar, with the young prince standing, the centre of a blaze of light, at his left hand. A few words of explanation were given, the prayers intoned, the audience with joyous shouts proclaimed the boy the rightful heir, and the vial of unction was in the archbishop's hand, when a loud clanging of spurs on the stone vestibule resounded through the utter stillness, and with an echoing step, the haughty brother of the king entered and strode up the broad aisle. The flames of the myriad wax-lights quivered and shone again in the burnished sconces, fetworks and altar of frosty silver, like the unrest in this proud man's face. The rich carving on the massive columns and arches staid unmoved, the gorgeous paintings looked down on him with unregarding eyes, and the long tapestry floated sombrely to and fro in the long wave that their length imparted, unrustled by his presence; but neither the vast proportions of the solemn place, the breath of living hundreds, nor the ashes of dead kings below, had any spell upon him. His angry eyes took in the scene at a glance, but fear of discovery alone kept him silent. The prince stood by himself in front of the altar, while the gray archbishop touched him with the sacred oil; when his uncle reached the altar and drawing his short sword quickly presented the point to the bare, snowy bosom of the royal child. The child raised his head, and gently moved the sword aside, saying, in a clear, grave tone:

"Touch not the Lord's anointed!"

With a bitter exclamation and a taunting laugh, his uncle sheathed his weapon.

"By'r lady, brother! A boy of spirit!" said he, and stood with folded arms while the child took the oath upon himself with a clearer understanding of its duties than his uncle could ever experience, and the whole silent procession stole out of the church, leaving only two figures within, one, that of this resolute, bold noble, the other, the child Ellie, with her kitten crouched in her arms and eyeing him keenly from across the transept.

"Come here!" commanded he, at last perceiving her.

Ellie obeyed leisurely.

"So you too are fond of this baby brat?" he said, taking her little shoulder in his rude, hard grasp.

"O, you wicked, bad man!" cried Ellie, vainly striving to free herself, and in deadly fear for her precious burden. "He is far better than you, and he is your king!"

The grasp grew tighter.

"Little prisoner," he began.

"If I am, you are a traitor! I heard the king say so!" retorted she.

A ringing blow on her head that sent her staggering into the arms of the Earl of Murray, who had come to seek her, and the king's brother strode away. Two hours afterwards, the same ship that bore Prince James and the counsellor out into the broad frith, bore also little Ellie. Night and day for a week, passed in quick reversion, and the children, in their happy play, took no note of time or danger, while Earl Murray restlessly paced the deck, alert for the first signal of trouble. It came soon enough; and ere another nightfall, the dreaded English cruiser had three new prisoners on board, and was making a southern port of England.

The little prince, not half aware of the peril, stood by Ellie's side, looking out on the green banks, while changed from the wierd strangeness of her demeanor, joy sparkled in the English child's face, and gay as a tropical bird, she laughed and sung till the ship swung round on its anchor and a detachment of Henry the Fourth's army came on board.

"My Lord Suffolk," said Murray, "if you grant any favors to enemies, allow me to leave his little daughter with the lord of the castle, whose turrets I see yonder, not three miles distant."

The request was readily complied with, and still ignorant of her destination, soon Ellie stood in her father's hall. A bewildered glance she cast around, went timidly up to the armors hanging on the wall, and examined them, looked askance at the warders and grooms, and then as her father appeared, half up the great, stone staircase, fled with a frightened cry and found shelter in his arms.

Nineteen years spent in sunshine and the sweet light of home are the lifetime of some, but nineteen years in a dreary prison, lonely, however splendid, had been the lot of Prince James. Every advantage of education had been his, and now at the age of twenty-eight, in the immature science of the day he was an adept. A musician whose melodies drew the griefs from many a melancholy prisoner in the tower, and a poet whose verses enchanted all the aesthetic minds of the realm. But an oppressive sadness appeared in every tone and gesture, sat in the soft blue eye and curved the pensive mouth. Still memories of Highland heather stole in among the primroses of his window, and the soiled city air was not such as had nursed his boyhood. Day after day, bunches of flowers were sent him, pots of exotics edged his balcony, conveyed by some unknown hand during their flowering season, and perfect pictures of countries far away, which he had long ago given up any hope of ever seeing, save only in his dreams, served to beguile the tedium of his life. Nevertheless, all these acts of kindness were of the last year's growth, and it gave him a new interest in existence to feel that any one had an interest in him. Murray had shared his imprisonment but a year, and though since constantly engaged in efforts to procure his liberty, he had never yet gained access to him, not did the prince know aught that had transpired at home, save that his father was dead, and the Scots resolutely refusing his brother the regent's rule, awaited their liege monarch, and though still uncrowned, he was in all intents himself a king. But close prisoner as he was, one form already haunted his royal eyes; from his balcony he saw it, in his reveries pictured it, now and then heard the silvery tones of a sweet voice proceeding from his neighbor's apartment, Earl Rivers whom frequently his cousin, Lady Eleanor Rivers, came to visit.

There was a garden in London attached to the city residence of the Duke of Sussex, and down its fragrant parterre slowly pace a lady and gentleman. One was the earl, Angus Murray, secretly in England, and the other, the duke's daughter, Lady Eleanor Rivers. The dark hair no longer hung unevenly about her face but was trimmed up round the head in a massive coronary braid thickly twisted with brilliants, that same head thrown back as a queen might carry it; the eyes were still as dark and wierd, the skin soft and dark, the mouth as crimson and finer chiselled, than when a child they had fixed many a gaze; the strangeness of the child's guise had grown into the woman's chief beauty, and the unformed figure into the south-of-England perfection of height bust and statuesque shoulders.

"I should have hardly recognized the little Ellie in your ladyship," said Murray.

A troubled glance came into her face at the words; it was plain she wondered if *another* would. Had would it be to say if as Ellie grew, the memory of the boy-prince grew with her, shutting out other forms, so that having observed his northern comeliness on his only and brief appearance one evening at court, or frequently as he hung over his balcony above the courtyard of the tower, she had become accustomed to image him in her maiden dreams and think of him in her waking hours, and thus remain unwon though not unwooed beneath her twenty-fifth summer for his sake; yet it is but fair to conjecture that some such thing were true. She had heard through her imprisoned relative of noble acts of self-sacrifice on his part towards others more unfortunate even than he; and though yet to her knowledge he had never seen her, she wondered would he remember the childish friendship he had felt for one now changed. Not Eleanor, but her grateful father, had added allevintinn to the royal prisoner's restraint, yet nevertheless, many an illuminated manuscript and many a tome of music had found its way into the tower from her.

"Then," said Lady Eleanor, after a pause of thought, "it is scarcely likely that your king will recognize me, which may defeat your purposes."

"But you can make yourself known," he said, bluntly.

"And when must this plan be begun?"

"At once. Your cousin being confined in that quarter of the building, you can obtain admittance as usual under the plea of visiting him, at the outer gates. When once within, after ascending two flights of the main, exterior passage ways, demand the prince's apartment boldly, and enter unannounced, then proceed as may be best. I shall await your ladyship's return in this arbor."

And while he seated himself, Lady Eleanor left him, and donning wimple and stole, shortly presented herself at the tower gates. A short parley with the captain of the guards, whom she well knew, and she had crossed the courtyard and passed the motionless sentinels there, and on the exterior passage, and met the next guards.

"Lord Rivers's apartment!" demanded she, authoritatively, with her arms folded across the small package she bore, and quite as if there were nothing more to be said.

It is a fact that sudden and well-timed boldness will frequently accomplish more than any dint of entreaty, and without questioning her right, the soldier led her to the foot of the first grand flight, where there was another guard, who seeing her thus attended, lowered his weapon and suffered her to pass on. Almost breathless, she at last stood in the hall into which opened the several ante-chambers of important prisoners, and at the door of each of which sat two sentinels. She held a crumpled scrap of parchment in her hand which looked like an order from the lord lieutenant.

"The apartment of the King of Scotland!" said her low, imperative voice.

Two of the watch rose and bowed, and unlocking the frowning, spiked door, accompanied her to the room, the door of which they closed behind her and retired. The King of Scotland sat at a low table, his head leaning on his hand, quite unaware of any one's approach. Gently unfolding the package, she advanced noiselessly, and slid the picture it had contained under his eye. A moment he started, and then gazed eagerly. It was a rude, miniature likeness of herself, years ago, with her bird and kitten.

"O, happy days!" said he, unconsciously. "O, lost childhood! Little Ellie—happy Ellie!" and then remembering himself, glanced upward at the strange lady.

She threw back the hood, smilingly, and looked down upon him.

"Ellie, Ellie!" he cried. "I should have known her through a thousand eternities! O, while watching thee, distant and apart, why did I never know thee for my baby comforter and darling?" And springing up, he grasped her hand, and would perhaps have been even more cordial in his greeting, but for a half imperceptible coldness in her stateliness, which remembering the old proverb of "light won, light lost," both prudence and love taught her to assume.

But in a moment she had drawn him to a lounge by the open balcony, and taking her seat upon it beside him, was recurring to old scenes and half-forgotten days which Murray's words had renewed, and explaining the boldness of her call.

"It needs no explanation, Ellie; the lonely prisoner cannot but thank the kindness that prompts your ladyship to break through rules of nicety for his happiness."

"Sire, not only for thy happiness, but freedom."

A flush spread on the cheek, and a glow into the eyes that fell.

"No, no, Lady Eleanor, do not lead me to the syrens. Gray hairs will usurp Scotch curls, and still the four walls, whose every grain I know, will close in and stifle my aspirations. Ah, little Ellie, they cannot poison the soul, nor will any chain or bar confine the volatile essence of life that rises at last to heaven, free! Do not torture me with hope of liberty. I have tried already."

"Sire, try again. Even should your majesty fail, all walls and restraints will drop before thee at one word signifying resignation of thy crown."

"Thou rememberest that night in the chapel, my blessed father by me, when I swore never, never to resign. I know what I swore then. I cannot break my word, Ellie."

Thinking but to divert his mind, she returned:

"Sire, I am no longer the little Ellie whom you knew."

He looked up with large, surprised eyes, and the look of calm vanishing therefrom.

"Truly, I think not," said he. "I had forgotten. Pardon such unfolding of my thought to a stranger, and allow me to end this interview by wishing the Lady Eleanor Rivers a good morning." And rising, he bowed and offered his hand to conduct her to the door.

Eleanor took the proffered hand without rising, but lifting her dark eyes to the bending face

"My friend," she said, "I did not hazard so much, gaining access here, to leave now. Sit again, King James. Do not be angry; little Ellie begs, not I."

But instead of resuming his seat, he stood leaning against the sill of the casement. Eleanor rose and went towards him, laying both her hands on his arm with a sweet petitionary grace. To her surprise, he took the arm away, threw it round her waist, bent his head and kissed her on the lips. Angry tears sprung at first to her eyes, but changed to those of joy as she met the passionate gaze of his.

"Ellie, Ellie! tell me," he said, "have I remembered, desired, loved, in vain all these years? Have I heard thy step on these stone stairs, and thy voice in other rooms, and turned away sick with longing, never to experience fulfilment? Have I seen thy beauty at the court, watched thee in thy barge upon the river, known thee in the thousand pleasures thrown around me here, never to fold thee in my arms? Have I heard tireless tongues dilate on thy perfection of virtue and knowledge, never to prove it for myself? Have I loved so long in vain? O, fool! hard and selfish that I am, fruits of long loneliness, to desire love when it would bring only sorrow. Leave me, Ellie, ere I hear one dissenting word, that I may at least nourish delicious, impossible dreams."

But putting her arms up round his neck, she still clung to him.

"Leave me!" he said, hoarsely.

"I cannot. I, too, love!"

"*Another?*"

"No, no! Canst ask me? Thee, only thee."

"My wife then?" with a glad, sudden trembling in his voice.

"Thine."

Silence ensued.

"Canst thou, then, resign thy wife?" at last asked Eleanor. O, love, leave crown and rank. Come with me. I'rove happiness."

"False, false!" he cried. "Temptest thou me to oath breaking?"

"Cruel words. Never, never!"

"Cruel words indeed. Forgive them, sweet delight."

"Always, always will I be faithful to thee. Nor prison, nor death itself part us!" And with hearts full of bliss they remained again long wordless.

When Ellie left the tower, the king had consented again to try escape. The regent of Scotland, the brother of the late King Robert, had but just arrived, the bearer of peaceful terms of freedom for King James, greatly against his will, and was now the guest of the Duke of Sussex. Thus when happy Lady Eleanor reached her father's palace, she found him duly installed therein; and having greeted him courteously, but with much mistrust, she glided into the garden and the arbor, there to relate their plan to the Earl of Murray.

"It is well, my lady," said Angus, "and this night I will row to the tower's foot and receive him."

And with a few more words they parted in different directions. But as Lady Eleanor entered the hall, another form boldly followed her, muttering: "I, too, will be there, my lady!" It was King James's uncle.

It was not singular that a large pot of exotics should be sent from the palace of the Duke of Sussex that afternoon to the royal prisoner, as many a time already similar gifts had passed in; nor was it to be wondered at, that at dusk King James unearthed therefrom a ladder of cords and a long, hempen rope, the first of which, after one or two attempts, he succeeded in attaching firmly to the side of the embrasure far above; and securely mounting it, while it swayed slightly with his weight at that dizzy height, he at last landed on the roof, and with a light step crossed and leaped upon that of a turret somewhat lower. Spanning another distance with long, agile limbs, he stood on the lowest point of the great mass of masonry, where, safely securing the rope which he had carried in his hand, he wound the other end round his waist and peered over for the signal. Three torches sprung into life directly beneath, and as instantly were quenched in the Thames; when grasping the rope, he sprung over the ledge and slid down its length, till his feet touched the thwarts of a boat, and flinging the rope away, Murray's arms enfolded him, while the loyal counsellor whispered:

"Welcome! welcome braw Heelandman! Wha lets but we gang free now?"

At the same moment, an oar sounded in the water beside them, and a heavy stroke from some uplifted club struck Murray far into the river and the king lifeless across the boat.

"In no such dishonorable way, Lord Suffolk," said the regent's coarse voice, "shall any Scotchman find freedom while Englishmen treat with his countrymen for his release. His uncle, I; my brother's child, he. But though I be sore wounded, I send him back to his tower till your king unbars his door!"

And at the tower gates the treacherous uncle left the man whose bane throughout life he had been, seeking, with a smiling face, the palace of Sussex.

Much dispute took place in the privy council of England, whether close dungeons or his former apartments should be vouchsafed King James; but as they were already on the point of war with France and constantly harassed by Scotland now in foray, and now in broad battle on account of the king whom they would not suffer to be ransomed, they concluded best to allow him the old privileges, with a closer guard; and it was only because the regent who had betrayed him was her father's guest, that Lady Eleanor could ever again obtain access to him.

"O, for a breath of the mountain air!" he sighed.

"Do not despair," was her answer. "Remember Bruce."

The thought of his ancestor revived fresh courage to the weary breast, and with reanimated hope he imparted to her a plan which years ago he had fondly cherished. Long residence in these rooms of no extended dimensions, had familiarized him with every seam in the drapery, every stain in the stone, and many a time had he measured the distance, if any spare might be unaccounted for between the walls, and sounded the solid partitions if anywhere they should ring hollow beneath the stroke. The walls were of stone, carved like panels, and when his suspicions had become fully awakened, accident had disclosed to him a panel that moved aside and opened a narrow space, which in turn opened behind the arras of the ante-room. Here, when Eleanor brought a suit like that of the tower guard, with helmet and halberd, he bestowed it with whatever trifles had grown precious during his confinement, hope fevered his face and excited his heart, every moment wound the chord up to greater tension, and bidding her farewell, he shortly sent for the keeper of the tower, and demanded an interview with his uncle, the regent. A short and stormy one it was, and when the guest left, King James opened his balcony window, stepped behind the tapestry, and entered the secret nook, carefully restoring the panel, and having indued himself in the guard's attire, lighted his candle and disposed himself to read. Thus when the servants brought the evening meal the prisoner was not to be found, and the hue and cry raised thereupon brought not only the lord lieutenant of the tower, but half the dignitaries of the palace and privy council. It seemed evident that he had escaped by the open window, how, could not be devised, and the chiefs of the departments were too trustworthy to be suspected. His uncle was last with him, he had probably assisted his flight, they were fools to trust to the honor of this Scotch regent, and a detachment being despatched, shortly returned with that individual in custody. As this company filled both ante-room and study, holding the new prisoner among them, King James extinguished his candle, noiselessly slipped the panel aside, closed it, and stepped down behind the drapery of the ante-room, emerging, unperceived, near the door, where one curtain folded over another, with drawn visor and elevated halbred. As he stalked majestically through the crowd, he passed near the regent.

"Thus," whispered he, "let all traitors be rewarded," and passed out with one or two others to take the customary night station outside the tower walls.

"That was he!" cried the regent. "That was his voice! The tall guard. King James of Scotland is even now disguised among you!"

"Up visors, guards!" shouted the lord lieutenant, and every face being disclosed, none but the familiar soldiery appeared.

"Lying dog! Have a care!" was the retort on this last betrayal, and the walls which had so long encompassed the nephew, now closed upon the uncle.

But in a barge rowing swiftly down the river was the flown bird, and before midnight, the snowy wings of a Scotch brig were stretched up the North Sea for Edinburgh, bearing not only King James, but the daughter of the House of Sussex as well.

He had escaped, and since reward and search were useless, the privy council thought best to conceal the affair from public knowledge. Forty thousand pounds was not to be refused by a nation entering, in those days, on a campaign, and since that sum was willingly offered and given by King James that his father-in-law's suspected share in the transaction might be overlooked, it passed to the ears of the people as the Scotch king's ransom, though on highland or sea shore no clan beyond Pentland hills but knew better. But long misfortune, far from ruining the young king, now crowned with his wife, at Scone, had only developed his sterling qualities, and long and blessed was the rule and reign of noble James and his bonny Queen Ellie.

WEDDED PRIVACY.

Preserve the privacies of your house, married state, heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding-day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas! they are.—*Home Journal.*

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

SCENE ON THE ICE IN BOSTON HARBOR.

We herewith present another of our local views, delineating a striking scene of the memorable winter we have just passed through—one without a parallel for many years, and which will not be matched, we hope, for some time to come. The value of our publication is greatly enhanced by its being an illustrated record of the times, furnishing matter for reference in future days as well as subjects of present interest. How pleasant it will be, in years to come, when the hard winter of '56–'57 is spoken of, to turn back and study these lifelike delineations of its trying times! What would we not give for a picture of the scenes that transpired during the memorable winter that Cotton Mather described in the extract we published in our last number! The view before us was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill. At the time of his sketching it, the harbor was frozen across to East Boston, and thousands trod the ice as securely as if they were on terra firma. Pedestrians are seen moving about in our picture, ladies and gentlemen promenading, and fishermen pursuing their sport in the air holes. In the narrow channel-way in the middle of the picture, is seen the ferry-boat, no longer proudly driven by her paddles, but painfully dragged along by a volunteer force of citizens, and transformed, for the nonce, into a Dutch *treck-schuyt*—certainly a novelty in our navigation. Navigation here certainly suffered severely during the past winter, though our citizens had the poor consolation of feeling that other seaboard cities were as badly, if not worse off. Let us hope that the past winter was an exceptional case, and that in future, if not exempt from cold, we may at least not be temporarily embargoed and isolated by the ice.

NEW LOWELL R. R. DEPOT, CAUSEWAY STREET.

The second view on the next page is from the pencil of Mr. Hill, and represents the substantial brick building fronting on Causeway Street, recently erected by the Lowell Railroad Corporation, to take the place of the station so many years occupied at the foot of Lowell Street, a long distance from this. The building is a well-arranged one, and fully adapted to the purposes for which it was designed; yet no attempt has been made at architectural elegance or costly display. Further on are seen the embattled towers of the Fitchburg Railroad Depot, a grand and imposing structure of granite, which looks like a huge castle of the olden time. Years ago, before the practical operation of these great iron roads was demonstrated, when their prospects seemed all rose-colored, everything connected with them was conducted on the most magnificent scale. Shrewder calculations, and the lessons of experience, have not been without their results. If railroads are no longer regarded as mines of wealth, or as lotteries offering splendid prizes to the adventurous, they present, under good management, safe investments.



SCENE ON THE ICE, BOSTON HARBOR—CITIZENS HAULING THE FERRY-BOAT.

NEW OPERA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

On the next page we present our readers with a fine view, drawn expressly for us by J. R. Chapin, of the new palatial academy of music of which the Philadelphians are so justly proud. This splendid structure reflects the highest credit on the liberality which provided the means, and on the talent of the architects, Messrs. Le Brun and G. Runge. The corner stone of this building was laid July 26, 1853. It stands on the corner of Locust and Broad Streets, having 140 feet on the former and 238 feet on the latter. The outer vestibule is a hall seventy-three feet in length and ten in width, with a very high ceiling, handsomely grained. At either end are ticket offices, at which the necessary documents can be procured for admission to the parquette and dress circle. The inner vestibule is three times the width of the former hall. The ceiling is beautifully panelled, and Roman Doric pilasters decorate the walls. Three chandeliers furnish adequate illumination. From the northern and southern ends of this apartment rise stairways, leading to the dress circle. They are thirteen feet in width, and ascend beneath arched openings. The balustrades upon each side are of black walnut, and upon the four principal posts are placed candelabras of a very neat, but not at all gaudy, design. Five other doors lead from this hall into the parquette lobby, which, in common with the other lobbies running around the auditorium, is thirteen feet in width at the centre, but tapers at either side as it approaches the proscenium ends, until it is but two-thirds that size. Ten doors of entrance open at equidistant points in this semi-circle into the boxes and seats of the parquette. Opposite to them, are other small doors, opening into several retiring rooms. The lessee's room is upon the corner of Locust and Broad Streets, with windows opening upon the two thoroughfares, and has an extent of eighty by fifty feet. It is furnished with a fire-proof safe and the modern conveniences of gas and water. Besides this, the ticket office for the family circle, whose entrance is on Locust Street, is at one end, and the admissions to the first three circles of the building will therefore be under the immediate eye of the lessee. At the south-eastern corner of the academy, leaving an entrance through the other ticket office at the south end of the first vestibule, is found the director's room. In nearly every respect this is similar to the apartment we have just described, having also fire-proof safe, etc. The novel arrangement by which the coil of heating steampipes has been covered with a marble slab, and made to appear in every respect as a marble table, will here probably attract the notice of the visitor. From the boiler room six miles of pipe carry the heat over the entire structure. In this subterranean apartment there is a wooden wheel fourteen feet in diameter, furnished with paddles similar to those of a water-wheel, but projecting from the side, which is used for forcing cold air into the house, the air being drawn from the outer world and passing through vaults beneath the building until reaching gratings. By this means the atmosphere of the house can be changed as often during a performance as may be desired, and always preserved pure. The fan is turned by means of a neat ten horse power steam engine. In another vault, close at hand, is a Worthington steam pump, of the largest size, to force water to fill a tank in the attic of the house, whose height prevents it from being supplied by the Fairmount works. This apparatus is always in readiness for service, and in case of fire, outlets have been provided, both on and through the stage, through which it will send streams of water to almost any required part of the structure. On the ground floor of the Broad Street front of the academy, is the restaurant, a large room seventy-two feet in length by fifty in width. It is furnished with every possible requirement, including adjoining rooms to serve as kitchens, vaults, etc. Ranges have been placed in suitable positions. The sale of spirituous liquors is expressly forbidden. This portion of the premises will be, together with the refreshment rooms adjoining the Foyer, under the supervision and entire control of Mr. Louis Tessant, a well-known public caterer. Entering the auditorium, the dress and family circle and gallery rise in tiers in three successions, while at our feet spreads the parquette. The line of curvature of the tiers is one of extreme beauty, and their fronts are very neatly ornamented. They are supported by fourteen iron pillars, each with gilding on a white ground, and the effect of the whole is very light and graceful. The paper covering the walls of all the circles is deep crimson. Running around the front of the two upper tiers is a slight iron railing, serving for both a useful and ornamental purpose, being a safeguard for those in whom the elevation might induce dizziness. In the parquette and the parquette circle the seats are supplied with arms, and each spectator allowed a space of twenty-one by thirty-three inches. They are constructed of black walnut, with spring cushions and backs of crimson plush, and an enamelled white plate is upon each, bearing its given number. The inclination of the parquette is such as to enable every one, even to the most distant point from the stage, to obtain a fair view over the head of the person in front. The dress circle contains five rows of seats, back of which, running around the semi-circle, are twelve enclosed boxes for family parties or otherwise. The same arrangement is observed also in the family circle above. Along the wall, beneath the gilt cornice near the frescoed ceiling, are ventilators, placed in a proper position. The air conveyed through these ventilators is carried by flues in the walls to a point directly above the centre chandelier, where it is suffered to escape. Gas burners of three lights each, are arranged around this in common with the other semi-circles, and the floor is carpeted. The entrance to the family circle, as has been before stated, is on Locust Street, and entirely distinct from that of the other parts of the house. As the gallery steps are steep, the backs of the benches have been made high, but not so as to obstruct the view in the least. From the rear seat next to the proscenium, at either end of the gallery, two-thirds of the entire number of footlights on the stage can be seen by a visitor. Adjoining the third tier is an attic, containing a huge tank, always filled with water, and to be used in case of fire. At the top of the fourteen columns supporting the roof of this circle are fourteen lights of six burners each. The dimensions of the auditorium are 102 feet 6 inches from curtain to back wall, 90 feet wide from wall to wall, and 70 feet in height. The number of seats is as follows: Parquette, 480 seats; parquette circle, 580; first tier balcony, 408; first tier boxes, 128; six first class proscenium boxes, 96; total first class seats, 1692. Second tier balcony, 424 seats; second tier boxes, 134; second class proscenium boxes, 32,—590 second class seats. The amphitheatre has 618 third class seats, which makes a total of 2900 seats, and standing room for 500 in addition. The size of the stage is 72 feet 6 inches deep, 90 feet wide, and 70 feet high. The ceiling of the auditorium is made of ribs of wrought iron, the space between them being filled with wire gauze, on which the plastering is laid. The artistical designs, filling the eight compartments into which it is divided, are Music, Dancing, Tragedy, Comedy, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The design and fresco work of the ceiling owes its beautiful execution to Mr. C. Kaiser, and the oil paintings are from the hand of Mr. C. Schmolze. The inner dome of the ceiling is azure, diversified with stars. The proscenium boxes are eight in number, four on each side of the stage. They are richly carpeted, and have the walls covered with a paper of damask and gold. The hangings are of extra rich satin, with gold borders, and fringe of the same material, with crimson. The fitting up of the proscenium boxes reflects great credit on the artist, Mr. John Graham. Lyon J. Levy, Esq., one of the committee, is highly spoken of for the part he took in the supervision and arrangement of the house. On either side of the proscenium, supporting the architect of the stage opening, are columns thirty-three feet in height, three feet thick at the base, and richly gilt and ornamented. Over the stage, in the centre of the arch, is a medallion, on which is painted the head of Mozart. Two recumbent figures are at its sides, representing Music and Poetry. Over the boxes, at the apex of the two outer pillars on either side of the stage, are two colossal caryatides. The act drop is a view of Lake Como, and painted by that unrivalled scenic artist, Mr. Russell Smith. The first drop curtain consists of rich drapery, with golden fringes, ropes, tassels, etc., and is the work of Mr. Martin. The stage is fitted with every modern appliance, and the machinery and general arrangement was designed by Mr. Johnson, the well-known machinist of the Boston Theatre. At the rear of the stage, and over it, is the painter's gallery. At the left hand side of this gallery is the carpenter's shop, where the frames for the flats and wings are prepared. The southern part of the house, fronting on Westmoreland Street, is devoted to the female performers, the north side to the males. The dressing rooms are furnished with every appliance. There are bath-rooms and washing apparatus on every floor of the academy. There are five hundred gas burners in the auditorium and four hundred on the stage. The splendid chandelier in the former is of cut glass, 48 feet in circumference, and containing 200 jets. It was manufactured by Messrs. Cornelius and Baker, who also furnished all the candelabras of the building. Messrs. Archer and Warner supplied the gas pipes. The labors of the original contractor, John D. Jones, Esq., have given the committee universal satisfaction. The upholstering department



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

was under the charge of Mr. Edward Burke, the paper hanging that of Mr. E. Hazzard, the ornamental carving of the auditorium by Messrs. Buscher and Bailey, and the heating apparatus by Mr. Walworth. Charles Conrad, Esq. was the general supervisor of the whole. The scenery is from the pencil of Mr. Riviere, an artist from Brussels, renowned in his profession. A remarkable fact in connection with this house, and worthy of the highest commendation, is that it can be cleared of an audience of three thousand persons, without confusion, in the short space of eight minutes. The lessee is Edward A. Marshall, Esq., and the stage manager Mr. Peter Richings, gentlemen in every way fitted for their positions. The house was inaugurated by a magnificent ball on the 20th of January last. Our Philadelphia friends have now an establishment of which they may well be proud.

MRS. RUSH OF PHILADELPHIA.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Sunday Dispatch thus notices the appearance of this distinguished lady at the Opera House ball: Prominent among the ladies in attendance was the majestic and queenly Madame Rush, a lady whose influence and wealth are only equalled by her benevolence and multiplicity of intellectual graces. The centre of attraction, surrounded by a host of respectful admirers, no one could observe her without pronouncing her the beau ideal of an American lady. As she entered the splendidly illuminated ball room, leaning upon the arm of Prof. Leidy of the Pennsylvania Medical University, there was a rush on the part of many of the company to obtain a view of her, it being understood that she was to appear in a robe of novel texture, recently purchased for her in Paris at a cost of three thousand dollars. The vulgar eye, however, was disappointed. The lady appeared in a costume of extreme simplicity, relieved only by the flashing gems which were profusely spread over her person. Than Madame Rush, no one better understands the art of dress. She is the recognized leader of the *beau monde* in our city—a position to which her claims are unquestionably paramount. Her parties are the most luxurious and expensive ever given in this country, and by far transcend in sumptuousness anything I have ever witnessed in Fifth Avenue or Fourteenth Street. In physique, Madame Rush is finely developed, inclining slightly to embonpoint. Her eyes are soft and dove-like, while her hair flows back like a rivulet of sherry. Petite hands and feet, lips of scarlet and a smile of inexpressible sweetness, and you have a somewhat tangible idea of our queen of fashion.



THE NEW LOWELL RAILROAD DEPOT, CAUSEWAY STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PICKPOCKET.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"YES, I consider him a tip-top fellow in almost every respect; he has but one fault," I said, in reply to a question from Bob Smith.

"Nonsense!" returned Bob. "How can you make such a foolish statement as that? The man is not alive who has but one fault; we all have scores of faults. It is only when a man practises one particular vice that we put all other follies out of sight, and say 'he has but one fault.' I myself used to be one of these first rate fellows who had but one fault, and a most unlovely course of sprouts did I have to go through to effect a cure. The rock upon which I split was a darling sin that did most easily beset me. From boyhood I was afflicted with an almost irresistible propensity for indulging in practical jokes; many a troublesome scrape did I get myself into, and many a friend did I lose by the means. But nothing, however serious might be the result, could deter me, when an opportunity offered, for practising my absurd sport. If the victims were angry and indignant, I only laughed the louder, and wondered that they could not see the fun of the thing. But at length, one of my most exquisite jokes recoiled on myself with so much force that I can never even think of a practical joke without a squirm at the disagreeable recollections the thought suggests.

"As I was ascending the steps of the Exchange reading-room, one day, about two years ago, I saw, a little in advance of me, my intimate friend, Dick Jones. Accelerating my pace to overtake him, I observed the corner of a large pocket-book protruding from his coat pocket.

"'What a careless fellow that Dick Jones is!' I said to myself. 'I'll give him a lesson that will make him more careful in future.' And coming close behind him, I adroitly transferred the well-filled wallet from his coat to my breeches' pocket; then falling back among the crowd that is always coming and going at 'change hour, I entered the room by another door, waiting the moment when he should discover his loss, to step forward and give him his wallet, and a long lecture at the same time.

"I had some little difficulty keeping him in sight, as he rushed hastily hither and thither, bowing to this man, shaking hands with that, and having a few words with another. I managed to follow him, however, taking care that he should not recognize me, and chuckling at the consternation it would occasion him to find his pocket-book missing. Presently he put his hand behind him, started, and turned round, for the first time giving me a view of his face. Great Jupiter! it was not Dick Jones at all, but a gentleman I had never seen before in my life. Here was a predicament. As the enormity of the act of which I had been guilty presented itself before me, I was completely overwhelmed; the blood rushed to my head as though I was about to have an attack of apoplexy, and for a moment everything swam before my eyes. Recovering myself with an effort, I started forward, but only to see the gentleman I had robbed vanish through the door at a high rate of speed, and almost instantly become lost in the hurrying crowd.

"What was to be done? why, return the gentleman his pocket-book at once, of course. But how? I didn't know who he was. True, the contents of the wallet might reveal that, but with what face could I seek out the injured man and say: 'My dear sir, here is your pocket-book which I stole from you a short time since. I am sorry for the theft, and now return the property. The only apology I can offer is, that I mistook you for another gentleman, whom I supposed I might rob with impunity?' What would the deeply injured and badly frightened gentleman say? and, above all, what would he do? Would he not, with righteous and just indignation say: 'You confounded, contemptible thief and pickpocket, you have been the cause of my having a note protested to-day; you have occasioned me a shocking loss of valuable time; you have prevented a splendid bargain; in short, there is no end to the evils that have resulted from your atrocious crime. Your story of the mistake is a palpable humbug, and you only return the property because you feel certain of being detected before you leave the city. This sort of crime is becoming too common, and I feel it my duty to give you in charge of the police?' Yes—undoubtedly that is what he would say; he would then open the door, beckon to an officer and have me arrested; I should be dragged to prison, examined and committed without bail. At my trial, the plea of insanity would be set up, of course; the intelligent jury would consider the defence lame, and shake their heads gravely at the story of the mistake; the judge would say that every other pickpocket might plead a mistake if this was admitted, and I should be found guilty, and everybody would exclaim: 'How easy the fellow got off! only three years in the state prison!'

"With these and similar thoughts running through my head, I paced back and forth across the hall with agitated steps, endeavoring to think of some method of extricating myself from my unpleasant predicament.

"'What the deuce am I to do?' I kept repeating to myself, as I fingered the confounded wallet which felt like lead in my pocket, and weighed much heavier than lead upon my mind. 'How can I get the infamous calfskin back to its lawful owner? Such things have been done; we often read of similar restitution in the papers. Let me see; how is it we thieves and pickpockets manage such things without being discovered? Ah, I have it!' I exclaimed, almost aloud, in my intense satisfaction at the idea. 'I'll just do the thing up in a neat package, and send it by mail. What a goose I was not to think of that before!'

"With a heart much lightened, I eagerly started to quit the hall. Horror of horrors! at the entrance I beheld the gentleman I had robbed engaged in conversation with a couple of policemen, who stationed themselves at each door, narrowly watching every person who left or entered the hall. Words cannot express the utter, hopeless despair into which I was thrown at this terrifying sight. Any attempt at restoring the property under these circumstances would be sure to be considered the effect of fear and not of honesty. Here I was, as it were, imprisoned with the most convincing and damning proof of guilt about my person, and with a couple of lynx-eyed detectives barring the entrance, from which I kept as far as possible, pretending to be absorbed in the perusal of a paper, for I was conscious my flushed and agitated countenance would betray me at the first glance. What would I not give to have been as free from guilt and as much at liberty to go and come where I chose, like other honest men, as I was an hour before! But no; there I was, a trembling, skulking thief, watched by the police, and liable at any moment to be arrested, with the evidence of my crime upon me. O that accursed pocket-book! how I searched the hall with my eyes for some place where, unobserved, I might hide it! But an instant's thought convinced me that such a proceeding would only render matters worse; doubtless I was already closely watched, and would be seized upon the first suspicious movement.

"'And suppose they do arrest me?' I said to myself, making a desperate effort to reason myself into a calmer and bolder frame of mind,—'suppose they do arrest me? I am well known in the city; no one would suspect *me* of being a pickpocket. I can produce any quantity of evidence as to my character; I can prove that I am a gentleman and an honest man; *only* it so happens that I have got another gentleman's wallet in my breeches pocket, and cannot deny that I stole it from him an hour or two ago. Mighty honest and gentlemanly that is certainly! No; I'm a thief beyond all remedy. No one would believe my story; it is so improbable that I scarcely credit it myself.'

"At this moment, a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder. I felt the blood leave my face and rush back upon my heart; my knees trembled and smote together, and involuntarily I stretched out my wrists for the expected handcuffs.

"'Why, what in the world is the matter with you, Smith?' asked a familiar voice; and with an inexpressible sense of relief, I perceived that it was not a policeman, but an old acquaintance.

"'Good heavens, Spencer!' I exclaimed, frantically clutching his hand; 'I have got myself into the most deplorable scrape. *Will* you give me your advice, and assist me to get out of it?'

"'What kind of a scrape?—going to have a note protested, or anything of that kind? I'm a little short myself to-day; but I suppose I might make a raise, if it isn't too heavy.'

"'No; it's worse than that, a thousand times worse.'

"'Worse than that! Why, what in the name of wonder can be worse than a protest?'

"'Spencer,' I said, blushing clear to the tips of my ears with shame and confusion, 'I have got another man's wallet in my pocket. I thought to play a good joke upon Dick Jones, but found, when too late, that I had picked the pocket of an entire stranger. Now what shall I do?'

"'Why, return it, of course' replied Spencer, coldly, bestowing upon me a glance of contempt.

"'It is too late to do that,' I groaned. 'There are a couple of policemen watching the door, and I cannot pass them without being detected.'

"'It's a very awkward affair certainly,—very awkward,' he returned, glancing uneasily toward the door. 'For my part, I don't see how you are to get out of it. I don't know as there is anything I can do; and as matters will probably take a serious turn, you must be aware that I am rendering myself liable to suspicion by stopping here talking with you. So good-morning, Mr. Smith. I wish you well, and out of your trouble.'

"'For heaven's sake, Spencer!' I exclaimed, observing his look of contempt and suspicion, 'you don't suppose that I am guilty of this thing,—that I did it intentionally and for the purpose of robbing the man?'

"'Why, really, Smith, I do not wish to be either judge or jury; but it does look somewhat singular that you should pick any man's pocket of a large sum of money, whether you happened to know him or not. You say it was done for a joke; perhaps it was, though I must confess I cannot see the point.'

"'At all events, you'll not betray me?' I asked, in an imploring tone.

"'No,' he replied,—'I'll not betray you.' Then with a severe look, he added: 'That is, not if you follow up your *present* intention of restoring the property.' And he turned away and left the room.

"'Good heavens, I'm lost!' I muttered, while the perspiration poured down my face. 'He believes me guilty, and so will everybody else. What can I do? I shall never be able to face these confounded policemen. Without doubt I shall pass this very night within the walls of a jail, in company with other felons. What will the world think of me? what will my friends, and, above all, what will Marie think when she learns that I am a common pickpocket and thief?'

"Almost fainting from excess of emotion, I leaned against a pillar and gazed vacantly about me. 'Change hour was nearly over, and the crowd that had thronged the hall was rapidly thinning out. In a few minutes there would be scarcely a dozen persons present, when the officers would have no difficulty in ferreting me out. I strove to nerve myself for the event that was impending by walking rapidly back and forth across the hall. Presently some one entered the door; it was Dick Jones.

"'Dick!' I almost screamed, beckoning him toward me.

"'Why, Bob!' he exclaimed, as he came toward me and grasped my hand; 'what is the matter? You look as if you had got the yellow fever. Are you sick?'

"'Yes—very sick,' I replied; and with a sense of the deepest humiliation, I recounted the circumstances. Dick heard me to the end in silence, looking very grave.

"'Surely you do not think I intended any evil?' I ejaculated, in an agony of spirit, as he continued to gaze upon the floor, silent and thoughtful.

"'No, Bob,' he returned, very gravely; 'knowing, as I do, your unfortunate propensity, I cannot but believe your statement, though the case certainly looks bad, and I fear it would be difficult to convince strangers of your innocence.'

"'But you will do something for me, wont you, Dick?' I said.

"'Why, yes; I'll do all I can,' he replied. 'What is the name of the gentleman you plundered? I will go to him and see what sort of an arrangement I can make; we shall have to do it quick, too, for I see the officers are watching us. What's the name?'

"'I have not the slightest idea who he was. I shall have to examine the wallet to discover that. Do you suppose I can do so without being observed?'

"'Well, you will have to take that risk anyway. Go into that corner and examine. I will stand before you to prevent notice as much as possible. Be spry now, for there's no time to lose.'

"With trembling fingers, I drew the accursed wallet from my pocket, and read the name upon the clasp.

"'It belongs to Jenkins, of South Street,' I whispered to Dick.

"'The deuce it does!' he replied; 'then I'm afraid we shall have some difficulty in arranging the business, for he has the reputation of being a stern, hard man to deal with. However, wait where you are, and I will go and see what can be done. And I say, Bob,' he continued, lowering his voice, 'if anything should happen before I get back, I will come up to the Tombs and see you this evening or in the morning;' and hastened out of the hall.

"People may talk of shipwrecks and disasters at sea,—of the solemn hour before a battle, or of the breathless interval before the word to fire is given in a duel; but I'll be hanged if I believe I should suffer one hundredth part so much in any one of those situations as I did for half an hour after Dick left me. Dinner hour was approaching, and the crowd rapidly dispersed, until there were scarcely twenty people in the hall. That I might not render myself unnecessarily conspicuous by wandering about with an evident want of purpose, I bent over a desk and pretended to be reading, while I kept my eyes upon the door, watching and dreading the entrance of the formidable detectives. O how long seemed the minutes that I stood there waiting and trembling, hoping every minute to see Dick returning, and yet conscious that he had not been gone half long enough to accomplish anything!

"At length, as I turned my eyes for the hundredth time toward the door, I saw the officers come in and walk up the room; they passed and repassed me several times, and though I did not raise my eyes from the paper, I was conscious that they were examining me attentively. Presently one of them came, and leaning over the desk by my side, began carelessly turning the papers, while his searching gaze was bent fixedly upon me. My heart was in my mouth, and my breath came and went with difficulty.

"'Can you give me small bills for a twenty?' he asked, abruptly, laying his hand upon my arm.

"'No—no, sir, I cannot; I haven't it about me,' I stammered, without raising my eyes from the paper.

"'Haven't it about you! Why, what's that?' and he rapped his knuckles against my pocket, which the fat wallet caused to bulge as only a rich man's pocket should bulge.

"'That—that is only a bundle of papers.'

"'Papers, eh? well, let's have a look at them.'

"'What do you mean, sir!' I exclaimed, making a frantic effort to appear indignant, though not daring to raise my eyes to his face.

"'You'll soon find out what I mean,' he replied, seizing me firmly by the arm and beckoning to his brother officer, who appeared to be expecting the summons.

"I cast a despairing glance toward the door. Could it be that fate had at last relented? Yes. There was Dick and the gentleman I had robbed coming up the steps; they called the officers aside, and a long conversation ensued, Jenkins and Dick appearing to be urging something upon the officers, with which they seemed reluctant to comply, for they occasionally looked at me and shook their heads. But at length the arguments of my friends seemed to prevail, for the officers walked away toward the door, and the former approached the spot where I was standing.

"'Give the gentleman his property,' said Dick, very gravely.

"Sheepish and blushing, I produced the diabolical pocket-book, and returned it to its owner.

"'Young man,' said the gentleman, severely, 'I am doing wrong—very wrong, in allowing you to go at large. It is my duty to deliver you up to justice. Your story of the mistake and the intended joke is absurd; people have but one object in picking pockets. But in consideration of this being your first offence, and more in consequence of the entreaties of your friend, I have consented to allow you to depart, and I sincerely hope my mistaken kindness may not be the means of bringing you to the gallows.' And with a bow to Dick, he left the place.

"'There, Bob,' said Dick, in a grave and serious tone, 'let this be a warning to you. No one but myself knows what a narrow escape you have had; another time you may not be so fortunate.' And he, too, left the place.

"With the deepest sense of humiliation, I slunk out of the room, and sneaked home, a much wiser man than I was in the morning."

Providence does not grant force and faculties at random, but everything is made for some end. The sun, as high as 'tis, has its business assigned, and so have the celestial deities. And where's the wonder of all this? But pray what were you made for? For your pleasure? Common sense wont bear so scandalous an answer.—*Antoninus.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NAY, PROFFER NOT THY HAND TO ME

BY M. P——, JR.

Nay, proffer not thy hand to me!
I cannot take it now;
I cannot feign a feeling which
My heart dare not avow.
Though memory may often thrill
My breast with thoughts of thee,
'Tis of the past—the present hour
Brings but regret to me.

'Tis bitterness for me to dwell
On those dear times of old,
When trustingly I deemed thy love
Could ne'er grow changed and cold
My young heart had not learned to know,
That woman's sweetest smile
Is but assumed by her to hide
Her callousness and guile.

I do not wish thee harm or wrong,
Nor mean I to upbraid
For ruin which thy falsehood wrought—
The sorrow thou hast made.
I could not injure one who once
My every thought controlled;
The manly heart that truly loves,
Can never malice hold.

We never more may meet as friends,
Though thou art now forgiven;
'Tween thee and me affection's tie
Remains forever riven.
In after years, should fleeting time
My sorrowing spirit heal,
I may forget, as I forgive,
All *thou* hast made me feel.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FROST PAINTING.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"You are preparing trouble for yourself as well as me, Margaret. Depend upon it, the time will come when you will look back to this day, and think of the true heart you are now wronging so deeply. I have heard of the heartlessness and capriciousness of woman; but I thought you, at least, were exempt from weakness and indecision."

"You are unjust, Walter."

"I am not. You are throwing away a heart that has loved you truly and fondly for years. You were the star of my boyhood's dreams, from the time when we played together on the beach at Clifton; and since then, Margaret, haughty and cold as you seemed to others, I have dared to think that I, at least, was not indifferent to you."

"You were right. I have been truly attached to you always, but not as you believed. Friendship is all that I have for any one, and to you the greatest measure was meted out. Take it, and keep it still, Walter. I will be a friend, a sister to you, but a wife I cannot be. I shall never marry. I will never leave my father and my poor little, motherless brother. But you—it would give me true joy to know that you were wedded to some being who would appreciate your worth, and more than fill the place which you imagine is devoted to me."

"And is this all you have to say to me, Margaret, after my years of patient hope?"

"Be content. I am not worthy of the high love you give me. Nothing in life could ever make me forget you—but it is with such memory as a sister remembers a brother, that I shall think of you."

"Farewell then, Margaret! My dream is broken, destroyed forever. When you next hear of me, it will be in other lands; and if you think of me at all, it must be as a stranger to you, and an alien from my country."

Proud and stately Margaret! She quailed for a moment under the accusing look which he gave her, but recovering her usual composure, she gave him her hand in token of farewell.

"It is useless to prolong this painful scene, Walter. You will think better and more justly of me when the emotions of this hour have passed away. Let me be to you as if I too had already passed away."

Without a word or a look even, Walter Ashton went out of her presence. For an hour, Margaret sat where he had left her, absorbed in deep and painful thought. She said to herself, "What if, after all, I have thrown away my only chance of happiness in life—if I have cast off the only heart that will ever love me truly and devotedly? And yet, I am glad that I told him what I did, since it would be mockery to pretend that I love him, when I do not. No. I shall cherish his remembrance, but never as a lover."

Margaret Leland had dreamed of an ideal of which she could never hope to find the real. Walter Ashton did not come up to it, noble and true man as he was; he was not the being whom she had seen afar off, as one sees a spirit, bright and unapproachable, but *having seen*, can never come down to the ordinary state of mortality again, to find companionship and happiness.

If there was regret or remorse knocking at her heart, when she read in the next day's papers that Walter Ashton had sailed for Australia, the thought of this unknown idol which she had so long dreamed of, soothed the regret and banished the remorse. Perhaps she gave a sisterly sigh for his absence from the home to which her father had ever welcomed him as a son, and to which he had been received by her as a dear friend and brother, and latterly, he had hoped, more like a lover.

Even little Arthur Leland knew that something was wrong about his sister Margaret that week. And Mr Leland missed her music, and her usually cheery voice, for Margaret, though proud and stately to others, was cheerfulness itself to the beloved ones at home.

She went into the little room which she had fitted up for her father's morning hours, when the rest of the household rooms were in the process of cleaning and "setting to right," on the day in which she learned Walter's absence. He slept tranquilly in the large arm-chair which she had ordered for him for that purpose—a luxurious, "Sleepy Hollow" of a chair, and for which he could never thank her kind thoughtfulness sufficiently.

She laid her arm caressingly around his neck, and smoothed and twined about her fingers the soft curls of silver which adorned the handsome head of Mr. Leland. He did not move, and she thought the fresh summer breeze that came in at the open window had lulled him too soundly to sleep. His book lay on his knee, with one finger inside the leaves, and the pencil, with which he loved to mark favorite passages, was in the other hand. She glanced upon the one which he seemed to have pencilled last. It was a broken sentence like this—"the love of parent and child, which is a part of the life of the heart, acting by secret unisons and spiritual accordances, which cannot be put to silence, save by breaking the strings on which they vibrate."

"Thinking of me, when he marked this," said Margaret softly to herself.

She pressed her lips to his forehead as she thought this, and its icy coldness struck to her heart.

"Father, dear father—wake!" she cried, still thinking that he slept, and was chilled by the breeze, summer though it was.

All at once a dim perception of the truth stole into her heart like a dream of death. She sprinkled water upon the pale, beautifully serene face, bathed it with some perfumed essence that stood near, and rubbed the cold hands within her own. It was all in vain. She was fatherless!

No tear could Margaret shed at this time of the hardest and severest trial which her life had ever known. Arthur's wild grief, and the deep sobs of the two old servants, could not bring moisture to the eyes which were hot and burning. She sat motionless, waiting for the physician who had been summoned.

"There is no hope, my dear young lady," said he, as soon as he saw him.

He took her weak, unresisting hand and led her away. As they passed through the hall, her eyes accidentally encountered a portrait of Walter Ashton, which he had presented to her father, and which hung on the wall. "Ah, if he were only here," was her first connected thought. "And it was I that banished him—my father's true friend and mine!" and with that thought came tears, drenching, raining tears, most grateful to the physician to see, although he knew not how they were so suddenly brought forth from those hot eye-balls. * * * * *

Mr. Leland had not been rich. He believed, up to the morning of his death, that he had a competence for himself and children. On looking up his affairs, it was found that his investments, made in perfect faith by him, had proved to be utterly insecure, and that scarcely anything remained except the house and furniture.

"Thank God, Miss Leland, that you still have a home," said Doctor Warland, as he announced the tidings in her almost unconscious ear. "Do not give it up, come what may; and if you need help, come to me."

This was on the morning after the burial, and before Margaret had scarcely waked to her desolate condition. She had no thought for herself as yet—only for Arthur—and for him alone, she cared for the details of the painful matter on which the doctor spoke.

"I can maintain Arthur," was her response, when he urged her to think what could be done. "I will teach or work, to maintain him. Do not be troubled for me, my kind friend. He who carried my father so gently through the valley of shadows, will not leave his children desolate."

"But not now, my dear young lady. You shall not be hurried or intruded on by any one at present. I will take it upon me, if you wish, to receive and settle with all claimants, and try to save something from the wreck of your father's property."

She gladly assented; but she did not know nor mistrust that many of her father's creditors were satisfied from the doctor's own resources.

Another month saw her quietly seated in what had been successively her own and Arthur's school-room, teaching a dozen bright, rosy little girls, who all looked upon her, in her black dress, and with her pale face, with a secret but admiring awe. Soon this gave way to the perfect love which casteth out fear; and she became the beloved of their little hearts.

Arthur was too dear to Margaret to be sent away; so it was arranged that he should commence a course of study with the minister, who was greatly attached to Mr. Leland's family.

Among Margaret's most cherished pupils, was little Eva Hope, a child of nine or ten summers, bright, affectionate, and beautiful as a poet's dream of angels. She had been confided to Margaret's care by an aunt, who said that when the child's father returned from Europe, she would probably be sent away to some foreign school. She knew nothing of the family excepting this. They were new people, and had made few or no acquaintances in town.

Little Eva came to her one morning with the news of her father's return. She was greatly excited and very happy, until the thought suddenly struck her that now she would be separated from her beloved Miss Leland, and she began to weep bitterly. At noon, not all Margaret's persuasions could induce her to leave her and go home. The child cried until she was actually too ill, and at last she fell asleep, weeping. Margaret laid her on her own couch, and sat down beside her. She felt very sad, for it was the anniversary of her father's death and Eva's quiet sleep—"the gentle sleep that only the loved know"—reminded her of that hour in which she found him at that last [illegible]

A shadow passed the window of the low room in which she sat watching the child who lay with one hand on her radiant cheek, where the tears were scarcely dried, and a voice softened almost to womanly softness, inquired for the teacher. She stepped forward, and a gentleman of about [illegible] met her eye.

"Pardon me, madam," said he, "but my child is long in coming home, and I walked out to meet her."

She motioned lightly towards the apartment she had left, and pointed him to the sleeping child on the couch. A half hour's conversation took place, and when the child awoke, they parted, equally pleased with each other.

For the rest of the summer, Mr Hope remained at Clifton, and no sound of his leaving it met Margaret's ear. The child continued to come to her every morning, although the school had been closed for vacation, and Arthur was spending a few weeks at home.

Margaret's school had done much. It had kept her home untouched—paid Arthur's expenses at the clergyman's house where he studied, and had allowed her to retain old Brazier and his wife in their respective stations of gardener and woman servant. She was pleased, encouraged and hopeful, as far as the outward went—but there was an inward sadness, hard to bear.

When Margaret woke up one day to the fact that Mr Hope wished her to become the mother of his child, she could not believe her senses. The little girl had established this on his part, and he only waited for her to influence Miss Leland too. He was a cold, placid man, whose very nature, still, subdued and unambitious, would have tortured Margaret into madness.

Then again, there was a memory of one who, in her pride she had owned to herself, was an injured being—injured, because she was too proud to own that he was lofty enough in thought or life for her. And with that memory fresh in her mind and heart, she refused Mr. Hope. Mortified and disappointed, he sailed almost immediately for Europe. Margaret wept at parting with Eva, for the child was indeed very dear to her heart. And Arthur, too, was leaving her again; and now Margaret was alone with all her bitter fancies.

And this year was like the type of many, many years to come; for long before she had learned to subdue her spirit to its depth of humiliation, Margaret's hair was sprinkled with gray. Old Brazier still lived, and with his wife, performed all the domestic service which she required. The house itself was quiet enough, for Margaret's school was given up. The school had done more than she expected, and a portion of her father's missing property had been rescued from the wreck by the repentance of one of the officers of the institution where it was invested,—so, to all outward appearance, Margaret might be called happy and comfortable. Peaceful she certainly was—less proud and haughty—more forgiving and charitable towards others; but she could not help owning to herself that she was lonely and dull, in her echoing, silent house.

Looking out upon the ocean, sewing for herself or for the poor, reading, when she could find something to interest her highest feelings, or writing to Arthur, now settled at the head of a flourishing congregation, some thirty miles off,—was Margaret's monotonous life. But the old house, now growing gray with age, was very dear to her, and not all Arthur's entreaties could prevail upon her to remove from it.

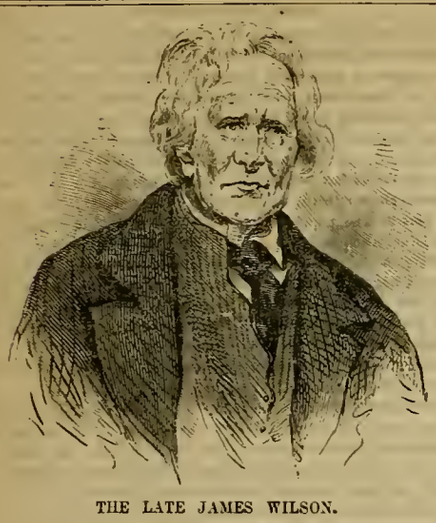
Thus she sat one afternoon until near twilight. It was midwinter, and the frost wrought delicate tracery on her windows. Musingly she looked on these fantastic shapes of castles and battlements and lofty gateways. The bright coal fire burned up cheerily, and lighted the ceiling with a dusky red. It became too dark to see the frost work, and Margaret's eyes fixed steadily upon the burning coal. Even there, too, were shapes, burning cities and volcanic craters, and ships on fire.

Suddenly she remembered her waning youth. It did not come to her before—this thought of decay and age; and the idea seemed to startle her. With it came also dim visions of death and the spirit-land. Her senses were sharpened into acuteness by their influence, and she heard a footstep crushing the thin crust of snow that had hardened on the garden path. It was a footstep that was all familiar to her ear, and one which she repented having banished. She sat in dreamy stillness, her breath coming and going softly, until Brazier opened the door, forgetting that he had not brought in lights. He did not see her as she sat in shadow, so he asked the stranger to sit down until he could light the room. He did not sit, but continued to walk the room, until he suddenly stopped before her. A jet of flame from the coal fire lighted up her still pale face like a gleam of sunlight upon snow.

There were tears and reconciliation there; and Margaret, though earnestly pleading that she was old and gray, and unfit to become a wife to him who stood there, bronzed and travel-worn, but looking still young—was persuaded to lay by all her scruples, and promise that henceforth one home should shelter both. In foreign lands, Walter Ashton had gathered both riches and fame; and he had come to lay them at the feet of her who through all his wanderings had been his guardian angel, though hardly daring to hope that she would ever be his wife.

Arthur Leland, who had mourned over his sister's voluntary seclusion from the world, and had thought her life so desolate and forlorn, now came from his home to join the two in bands never to be broken; and the happiness which seemed crushed out of Margaret's heart, has sprung up into new life and new beauty. The *dreams* are in youth—Heaven be thanked, that sometimes gives *realities* in after life.

Brooding on self is always corrupting; but to brood on self and wrongs is to ripen for madness and murder, and all crime.—*Reade.*



THE LATE JAMES WILSON.

JAMES WILSON,

THE FIRST MAKER OF GLOBES IN AMERICA.

James Wilson, an accurate likeness of whom, drawn by Mr. Barry, from an original sketch made by John Ross Dix, Esq., we this week present to our readers, had the honor of being the maker of the first pair of terrestrial and celestial globes ever constructed in this country. His grandfather, James Wilson, emigrated to America from Londonderry, in Ireland. The subject of this notice was born in 1763, in the South Range, Londonderry, N. H. He early felt a strong love of knowledge, but was constrained by circumstances to devote himself to farming. Up to the age of thirty-three he pursued that employment in his native place, not however without cultivating his mind. His inclination and genius turned his thoughts and studies especially to geography and astronomy, with the means of their illustration. In the year 1796, he removed to Bradford, Vt., taking up his permanent abode on a farm which he purchased there. When about thirty-six years of age, Mr. Wilson first saw a pair of English globes, and resolved to imitate them. He commenced with balls turned from blocks of wood, which he nicely covered with paper and scientifically finished off, with all the lines and representations drawn upon them. This rude beginning was followed by a much better method. The solid balls were thickly covered with layers of paper, firmly pasted together. The shell was then divided into hemispheres, which being removed, were again united and finished with due regard to lightness and smoothness. But how were the spheres to be covered with maps equal to those of the European artists? Mr. Wilson procured copper plates of sufficient size for his 13-inch globes, projected his maps on them in sections, tapering as the degrees of longitude do from the equator to the poles, and engraved them with such admirable accuracy of design, that when cut apart and duly pasted on his spheres, the edges, with their lines, and even the different parts of the finest letters would perfectly coincide and make one surface, truly representing the earth, or celestial constellations. Though in the use of the graver he was self-taught, and this species of designing and engraving was much more difficult than plain work, he proceeded in producing globes equal in all respects to any imported from foreign countries. He published the first edition of his globes in 1814, and personally presented to the people of Boston the first American globes which were seen there. Quite a sensation among scientific persons was caused by such a novelty; and when earnest inquiry was made, "Who is this James Wilson?—where is he?"—he has been heard to say that he felt exceedingly disinclined, in consideration of his rustic garb and manners, to make his appearance. But the Boston gentlemen knew how to prize his talents, and were proud of the honor he had done his country. They encouraged him to prosecute his undertaking, by the assurance that he should find a ready market for all the globes he could furnish. For a time he pursued his vocation on a small scale at Bradford, Vt., and Londonderry, N. H., but finally, in company with his sons, who inherited much of their father's taste and ingenuity, he established about the year 1815, a large manufactory in Albany, N. Y., and in 1826, brought out from fresh engravings, a still more splendid edition. These globes, consisting of three different sizes, elegantly and scientifically constructed, are an honor, not only to their makers, but to the American people. After Mr. Wilson had attained his eighty-third year, he constructed an excellent planetarium, and with his own hands engraved the large copper-plate, with the signs of the zodiac, their degrees, etc. Mr. Wilson died at Bradford, Vt., in March, 1855, in the ninety-second year of his age. A monument with a suitable inscription is to be placed over his grave.

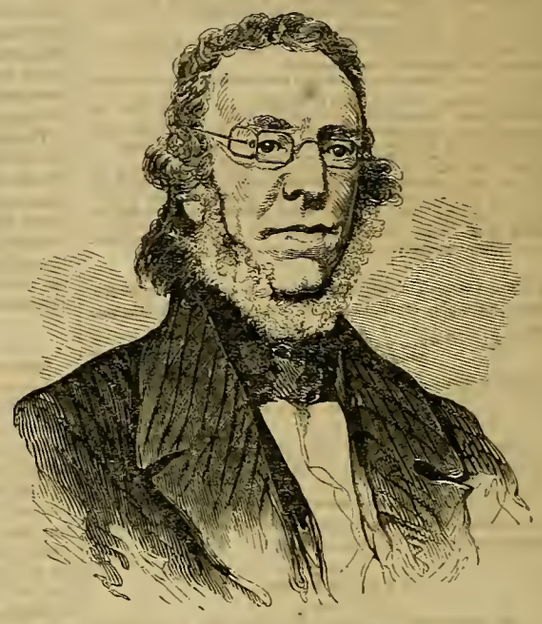
PETER COOPER, ESQ.

FOUNDER OF THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a fine photograph by Brady, of New York city. Mr. Cooper is ranked among the wealthiest citizens of the empire city, and his large fortune is the result of honorable industry. He commenced life without a dollar to start with, but by perseverance in his business, the manufacturing of glue, he has from small beginnings seen his fortune swell to its present colossal dimensions. He has now a very large business establishment, and is we believe engaged in another branch of manufacture also. Had Mr. Cooper, like many other rich men, chosen to employ his means in a splendid style of living, and made himself renowned by the sumptuousness of his equipages, the splendor of his banquets, the costliness of his private concerts, no one would have disputed his right to spend his own money; he would have furnished matter for report and comment in the newspapers, and enjoyed all the eclat that money can command. But he preferred to invest a large capital in an institution of permanent and unquestionable utility, an institution, which, whether it bears his name or not in its legal title, will cause it to be gratefully remembered and cherished through future generations. New York was not without a similar example of unselfish generosity. John Jacob Astor bequeathed nearly half a million for the establishment of a library, of an extent and value hitherto unknown in this country, and which will be forever free to the citizens of New York. Mr. Cooper's idea is to found an educational institution which will be of equal importance. To this purpose he has set apart $300,000 of his fortune, and if that does not prove amply adequate to carry out his views, he will no doubt increase it. We think he has acted wisely in not leaving his scheme to be accomplished after his death; it is proceeding under his personal superintendence. The title originally given to the Institute was "The Union for the Moral, Mental and Physical Improvement of the Youth of this City, of the State, the Country and the World." We are not aware that he has made any change in the title. The building, now nearly completed, stands at the corner of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue, and is a handsome structure of freestone. Our readers will remember we presented a view of it in the last volume of the Pictorial. The Institute will embrace a library, scientific apparatus, cabinet of natural history, engravings, casts, etc., all the appliances, in a word, for mental cultivation. The best teachers will be provided, and the most approved methods of instruction adopted. Courses of lectures form a part of the programme. We believe that it is contemplated to add a department wherein women will be instructed and fitted for lucrative employment. If we understand rightly the views of Mr. Cooper, the Institute will be a complete educational Institution, and that it will be eminently practical in its character. As the work of one individual, accomplishing for his native city what hitherto municipalities and governments have been obliged to undertake, it will be a noble monument to the founder, and an honor to the great city in which it is established. And it is not only in itself that this act of munificence is to be considered; the example is of almost inestimable value. Such acts demonstrate the true use of wealth; they point out the pathway by which the fortunate may achieve the greatest amount of moral happiness in this world, that is, by doing the greatest amount of good to others. Earthly splendors beginning and ending in self, dazzling the world and exciting envy and wonder, bring no peace of mind; only great and good works yield a harvest of content. New York city is full of these good works, and it is evident that it contains energy and philanthropy and well-directed wealth enough to counterbalance the vice and retrograde action, which are incidental evils to all great and expanding communities, wherever they may be.

IRON MOUNTAIN, ST. FRANCIS COUNTY, MISSOURI.

The landscape on this page was drawn expressly for our Pictorial by Mr. Kilburn, during a visit to the spot. The State of Missouri abounds in iron; in fact no country in the world of the same extent contains so much of this useful ore as this State. The metalliferous region of Missouri covers an area of at least 20,000 square miles, or about 12,800,000 acres, and the same formation extends southward into Arkansas and westward into the territories. In this great region is a uniformity of mineral character as unusual as the great extent of the deposits. The whole country is composed of lower magnesian limestone, and bears lead throughout its entire extent, and in numerous localities, iron mines of great value exist. The ore is massive, generally found on or near the surface, and of remarkable purity. Among the most remarkable of these iron formations is the celebrated Iron Mountain, situated in St. Francis county, about eighty miles south from St. Louis. This wonderful metallic formation, with other vast bodies of similar character in the immediate vicinity, is worthy the attention of all students of nature. The area of the Iron Mountain covers an extent of some five hundred acres. It rises to the height of two hundred and sixty feet above the general level of the surrounding country, and is estimated to contain over two hundred million tons of ore. The ore is found in lumps, from the size of pebbles of a few ounces to those of two or three hundred tons in weight. The ore of this mountain is known as the specular oxide, and usually yields some sixty-eight or seventy per cent. of pure iron, and so free from injurious substances as to present no obstacle to working it directly into blooms. The metal is so excellent that much of it is now used by the manufacturers on the Ohio River, for mixing with the ore found there. There are in operation at the mountain three blast furnaces, producing from seven thousand to seven thousand five hundred tons of metal annually. Besides this immense deposit of ore above the surface, a shaft sunk at the base of the mountain gives fifteen feet of clay and ore, thirty feet of white sandstone, thirty-three feet of blue porphyry, and fifty-three feet of pure iron ore. This bed of mineral would be immensely valuable if there was none above the surface. The landscape embracing these mines is very striking and picturesque, and our engraving accurately delineates its features. The bold outline of hill increases the effect of the foreground completes the picture.



PETER COOPER, ESQ.



THE IRON MOUNTAIN, ST. FRANCIS COUNTY, MISSOURI.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. T.—The Turkish sultan's turban contains three heron's feathers, with many diamonds and other precious stones, and the Turks honor it so much that they touch it reverentially. A special officer called the *tulbend aga* has charge of it.

G. G., Brunswick, Me.—Punctuation was introduced into literature in 1520; the colon 1580, the semi-colon in 1569.

J. N. F.—There are exceptions to all rules. Nothing can be more legible than your 318.

T. M.—It was Voltaire who said that the French were a mixture of the monkey and the tiger.

BEAUPORT.—It is useless for you to attempt painting in oils until you have entirely mastered drawing. The best painters have been self-educated men.

FRIEND.—The statute of 1656 inflicted a fine of £100 on any one who should bring a Quaker into any harbor, creek or cove of Massachusetts, and compelled him to carry such Quaker away—the Quaker to be put in the house of correction and severely whipped.

S. S.—Egyptian mummies, ground up fine, were formerly extensively used in England as medicine.

R. M.—Yes. There are many female barbers who ply the razor dexterously in Paris. There were also female barbers among the Romans.

W. H.—The tube of Lord Rosse's gigantic telescope is fifty-six feet long and one inch thick, made of deal and hooped with iron.

O. A.—*Rectus in curia* signifies "upright in court"—a man coming into court with clean hands.

WHIP.—The rate of speed on the old established stagecoach routes was ten miles an hour, including stoppages.

J. P., Charlestown.—Some of the mountains in the moon are supposed to be nineteen miles high.

C. S., Jr.—*Sic passim*—You see this frequently appended to quotations in books. It means "so everywhere," and denotes that the same sentiment occurs in several passages of the same work.

B. M.—According to Herschel there are stars so far off that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second, would require 13,000 years to travel from those stars to the earth.

JULIAN.—Address a respectful letter to the father of the young lady, stating your views and prospects, and referring to persons who can vouch for your character and the truth of your statements.

T. P.—It is beyond dispute that cannibalism was practised among the ancient Mexicans.

H. C.—Major-General Charles Lee died in Philadelphia in the year 1782. His last words were: "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers."

EXPLORER.—Lieut. Parry discovered Barrow's Strait August 3, 1819. The lowest state of the thermometer was 55 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit).

S. S.—The Bible Society of Philadelphia was formed May 7, 1808.

FINANCIER.—The charter of the "United States Bank" expired March 11, 1811, and was not renewed, but the necessities of the second war with Great Britain superinduced the creation of a similar institution. Files of newspapers published during General Jackson's administration are the best sources of information for all the particulars of the U. S. bank question.

SKETCHER, Medford, Mass.—Albrecht Durer was painter, engraver and sculptor—Michael Angelo, painter, sculptor, architect and poet.

A GOOD ONE.—The Evening Gazette is authority for the following: In the play of William Tell, Sarnem threatens Michael, saying:

"I see you love a jest—
But jest not, now," etc.

An actor playing Sarnem, read the passage thus:

"I see you love a jest, but not *jest* now."

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, N. Y.—The site of this venerable institution has been sold. The college has occupied the place for the past century.

CLERGYMEN AND SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Ballou's Pictorial is sent to clergymen and school teachers for $2 a year.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Macready, the English tragedian, has established a free classical school for boys in Dorsetshire.

.... A New York gentleman, storm bound at Boston, writes home a letter speaking very highly of our Revere House.

.... Mrs. de Wilhorst has not mistaken her vocation. She will take high rank as an opera prima donna.

.... Le Blanc, shot lately in a duel in New Orleans, was a noted fighter, and had figured in thirty affairs.

.... Miss Adelaide Phillips has added to her laurels the enthusiastic approbation of the creoles of Havana.

.... The Paris Moniteur sets down the total population of France at over thirty-six millions.

.... Col. Benton is said to "enjoy the cold as well as a young man." Singular kind of enjoyment!

.... It is estimated in the American Medical Monthly that one fourth of our females are afflicted with curved spine.

.... Mr. Troye, the animal painter, has brought home, for a Kentucky society, a fine Arab mare worth $10,000.

.... A carriage conveying portable gas to customers, through Paris, lately exploded with the noise of an earthquake.

.... The Quebec Gazette says that copper mining will soon be commenced within fifty miles of that city.

.... A carpenter, in Saco, Me., gave up a good job in a powder mill, from the danger, and was killed by falling the next day.

.... A telegraphic message from St. Johns, Newfoundland, sent at 11 A. M., reaches Washington, D. C., at 11 A. M.

.... The French papers generally approve of the hostile measures taken by the British authorities against Canton.

.... Thackeray's lectures on the "Four Georges," have been received in London without demonstrations of disapprobation.

.... The New York critics continue to be enthusiastic in their approval of Miss Matilda Heron's acting.

.... The last news from Paris says the hoop will certainly be abolished. It is time it was given up.

.... A tailor of Toledo said his business was sitting on the smooth side of poverty and jerking out the cords of affliction.

.... The man who has only himself to please, finds his task one of the greatest difficulty.

.... On the pension list, Queen Victoria's dancing master ranks with Adams, who discovered the planet Neptune.

.... That's but an empty purse that's full of other people's money—a fact worth remembering.

.... Many old topers in New York have abandoned spirits and taken to drinking quantities of lager beer.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Never has the power of music been more vividly portrayed than by D'Israeli in "Vivian Gray"—"A blast from thy trumpet, and thousands rush forth to die; one peal from thy organ, and tens of thousands kneel to pray." We quote the passage from memory. Every one knows the effect produced on the Swiss regiments in the French service by the performance of their national air, the "Ranz des Vaches," that hundreds deserted, braving death, in their desire to return to their mountain-homes, so vividly called up by the simple melody. On the Highlanders in colonial service, the air of "Lochaber no more" produced similar effects. The stern Scotch warriors gathered before the frowning batteries of Sebastopol were often melted to tears by the air of "Annie Laurie" played by their regimental bands. The editor of the New York "Musical World" says: "A German gentleman told us a short time since, that on the previous Sunday he had chanced to attend services at Trinity Church; when, as it happened, a solid old German chorale was performed. He said that he was transported literally as well as metaphorically, to hear it sung by a large choir and congregation, accompanied by a powerful organ; that he was carried instantly to his old home far away across the mighty ocean, and that he was fairly enraptured. We believed him, for his eyes glistened with recalled emotion as he narrated the circumstance."

Music is undeniably a power of first-rate importance, and may be used with vast effect in the spiritual elevation of mankind. It prompts to deeds of daring, it stimulates the most ardent devotion. We would not, therefore, banish from our streets even the organ-grinders or the hurdy-gurdy men, and if they could be dissociated from tamborines and monkeys, we could regard them as a beneficial institution. Who shall say how many evil thoughts and dangerous passions have been banished or hushed by the influence of some well-known melody—some secular or sacred strain casually striking the ear in the crowded thoroughfare!

The importance of music is now pretty generally recognized in this country. It is being largely introduced as a study in public schools, while it is an important branch in every private educational institution. Not only are professors of music liberally supported, but the tone of musical criticism is very elevated. Among the leading periodicals devoted to music, R. S. Willis's "N. Y. Musical World" and Dwight's "Journal of Music," published in this city, take high rank, and are regarded abroad as standard authorities.

MURDERS IN CHURCH.

Some writers, in commenting on the late assassination of the archbishop of Paris, have asserted that the event was without an historical precedent. This is a mistake. Pretextatus, archbishop of Rouen, was killed at the foot of the altar, April 14, 586, while celebrating divine service. In his last moments he accused Fredegonde, archdeacon of Rouen, of his death. The assassin was arrested, subjected to the torture, and confessed that he had been instigated to commit the crime by Fredegonde and by Bishop Melantius, from whom he had received 200 gold crowns. A nephew of Pretextatus, on hearing this confession, drew his sword and cut the assassin to pieces. St. Charles Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, in 1569, having desired to reform the monastic order of "Humiliates," excited the hatred of those monks, and while making his evening prayer in the chapel of the episcopal palace, was fired at, the harquebuss ball only touching his robe. "It is nothing," said the prelate, and calmly continued the service. Two of the conspirators were beheaded, two others hung, and a fifth sent to the galleys by Pope Pius V.

MAKING MONEY.—A house in Warren Street, New York, ordered a lot of velvet ribbons from a manufactory at Lyons, France, for a certain sum, since which the market value has advanced 100 per cent., and the fortunate speculators sold their contract and realized by the operation $30,000. This is one of the lucky strokes in the lottery of business. Now we hope everybody wont go and order velvet ribbons.

WOMAN'S TEARS.—Dr. Johnson says: "Despise not a woman's tears—they are what make her an angel." We have known a woman's tears valued to the extent of a new silk dress, a cashmere shawl and a pair of diamond earrings—and then she looked perfectly angelic. Tears are easily changed into ear-drops, as many a good husband knows from experience.

A PRETTY GOOD ONE.—When the British steamship Britannia was ice-bound at this port in 1844, her condition suggested the following conundrum: "Why should the *Britannia* have her name changed? Because she's *blocked in* (block tin)." The laugh is supposed to come in here.

APPALLING.—A report recently submitted to the board of education in New York city estimates that there are between *thirty and forty thousand children* in that city, between the ages of five and sixteen, growing up in idleness and vagabondage, and thus fitting themselves to prey upon the community.

BETTER GREEN THAN WITHERED.—This was the reply of a buxom country lass to her city cousin, who wished her to "fix up" because she "looked so green."

A SCANDALOUS LIBEL.—Douglas Jerrold says "woman's arms are the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolutions."

OLD TIMES.—In the year 1691, the cold was so intense that the wolves entered Vienna and attacked men and women in the streets.

VIEW OF HONG-KONG.

As the attention of every one is now directed to China, and particularly to the movements of the British in that country, we present on the last page a fine engraving of Hong-Kong (Red Harbor), or Hiang-Kiang (the Fragrant, or Flowing Streams), an island belonging to the British, off the southeast coast. Hong-Kong was ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Canton, in 1841, and again by the treaty of Nankin, in 1842. Many wealthy Chinese merchants have established branch houses there, and have begun to charter British ships to carry British goods to the northern ports. The population, in 1852, was 37,058, of whom 526 were Europeans and Americans. Our view shows a magnificent building in the oriental style in the foreground, situated in a spacious garden in the officers' quarters, the harbor and town of Victoria, the shipping, and the main land, which is only a mile distant from the island. The island of Hong-Kong is composed mostly of barren rocks, which rise to a great height.

Hong-Kong is governed by a governor and council. The governor is also superintendent of trade, and the council make laws for the island, subject to revision by the colonial secretary and the queen in council. Hong-Kong is the seat of all her majesty's courts in the Chinese Sea, and all her military power and authority. On the south side of the island is the chief town, Victoria; and on the north side is the town of Stanley, named after the present Earl of Derby when he was Lord Stanley, and held the seals of the colonial office. There is a good road connecting them. Though Hong-Kong is chiefly to be regarded as a military or governing station, it is a free port, and carries on a considerable transfer trade. The export from it to England is nothing; at least, it is not distinguished from the general exports from China—the ships which stop there homeward bound having obtained their cargoes in Canton, Amoy, or Shanghai. The imports of British produce and manufacture consist of slops, copper, cottons, cotton-yarn, woolens, etc. Hong-Kong costs Great Britain a handsome sum. In 1851-52, £113,782; in 1853-54—the last return we have seen—£72,466; or not much less, one year with another, than £100,000 annually. Moreover, a yearly revenue is levied on the people by taxation of about £23,000. In Hong-Kong the government gazette is published; and there is at least one newspaper, the "China Mail," which serves to diffuse valuable information concerning China in Europe, and probably, also, helps to diffuse information concerning Europe, in a limited degree, amongst the Chinese. Hong-Kong has sometimes been a place of refuge for the persecuted on the main land; and with its toleration and justice is always before the eyes of the Chinese, presenting an example of the newest European civilization. Hong Kong is in constant communication with England, and the mails are now transmitted backwards and forwards in about forty days.

SINGULAR.—Mayor Wood, of New York, has refused to have his salary raised from $3000 to $5000, and yet no doubts are entertained of his sanity. It wouldn't be safe to try every one with this bait.

MISSION TO JAPAN.—The Baptists of this country propose a mission to Japan; and a young Japanese, now in this country, is studying to qualify himself for preaching the gospel there.

CHELSEA.—Some visionaries have suggested the tunneling of Powder-Horn Hill for a horse railroad for Prattville. This is about the wildest project ever suggested.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Miner, Mr Samuel S Bryant to Miss Sarah E. Mansfield; by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, of Charlestown, Mr. Silas Warren to Miss Anna M. Richardson; by Rev. Mr. Hanson, Mr. George Smith, of Cambridgeport, to Mrs. Anne J. Powell; by Rev. Mr Dexter, Dr. James Morison, of Baltimore, Md., to Miss Mary L. Sanford; by Rev Mr. Eddy, Mr William H. L. Smith to Miss Esther Willard; by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. John Power to Miss Ellen Sullivan; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Alpheus B. Ellis to Miss Elizabeth Paddock; by Rev. Mr Studley, Mr. Cornelius Hamblen to Mrs. Sophronia Hodsdon.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr Dean, Mr. Charles Cummings to Miss Elizabeth B. Reynolds.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, Mr. Jefferson Pratt to Miss Milley A. Tileston.—At Newton Centre, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. George K. Ward to Miss Elvira Morse.—At Braintree, by Rev. Mr. Houghton, Mr. Francis Veazie, of Quincy, to Miss Lucy M French.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Jewell, Mr James W. Sweetser to Miss Adeline Augusta Shaw.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Dana, Mr. James E. Brown to Miss Sarah A. Bray.—At Manchester, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Benjamin L. Hoyt to Miss Charlotte E. Crafts.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr Pike, Mr. Jabez M Eaton to Miss Ann D. Pierce.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr Hathaway, Mr. John Harrison to Miss Sarah A. Snell.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Adeline G. Keyes, 31: Mrs. Lucy Mary K. Bigelow, wife of Dr. George V. Bigelow; Miss Sarah C. Moore, for more than thirty years a primary school teacher in this city; Mrs. Nancy M. Kelley, 67; Miss Louisa Elizabeth Barnes, 21; Mrs. Lucy Wade, 82; at Deer Island, Mr. Ebenezer Sawyer, 23.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Elmira E. Babcock, 35.—At Somerville, Mr. Jacob Atkinson, of Boston, 40.—At Malden, Mrs. Mary E Sullivan, 27.—At Hingham, Mr. Henry J. Gardner, 46.—At Randolph, Mr. J. W. Belcher, 65.—At Lynn, Miss Betsy Wheeler, of Salem, 75.—At Salem, Mrs. Martha Manning, 84.—At Manchester, Mrs. Nabby Symonds, 92.—At Newburyport, Mr. David Woodwell, 63.—At Amesbury, Miss Betsy B. Drew, 31.—At Taunton, Mr. Zaccheus Richardson, 84.—At Worcester, Mr. Amos Wheeler, 65.—At Sutton, Mrs. Elizabeth King 76.—At Clinton, Mr. Nathaniel L. Rowe, 35.—At Long Plain (Fairhaven), Mr. Guilford H. Weston, 23.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Patience Bennett, 79.—At Templeton, Mr Hiram E. Page, 22.—At Brewster, Mr. Zobeth Berry, 87.—At Provincetown, Mr. Reuben Goodspeed, 77.—At Dartmouth, David S., son of Mr. David G. Wilson, 17.—At George town, Me., Mr. Jotham Trafton, 98.—At Brewer, Me., Col Joshua Chamberlain, 87.—At Meredith Village, N. H., Mrs. Mary Ann Wentworth, of Boston, 48.—At New York, Mr. James G. Dale, formerly of Gloucester, 31.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"EVEN SO, FATHER!"

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

O, heart, be still! these yearnings vain and wild
For gifts which wisdom still withholds from thee!
Ask rather for a spirit undefiled,
That seeks in all love's guiding hand to see.

O, sinful heart, that knows no rest nor peace,
While for the unattainable it seeks!
Bid the wild strivings of ambition cease,
And listen meekly while the Saviour speaks:

"Come unto me, ye weary, burdened soul.
Sinking beneath life's heavy weight of ill!
Come, when despair's black waves tempestuous roll,
And thou shalt hear my voice say, 'Peace, be still!'

I come, my Saviour—at thy feet bent low,
In deep contrition for the sinful past,
My spirit pleads for strength and grace, that so
It may be reconciled to thee at last.

My prayer is heard!—a new-born light and peace
Fill all my spirit's life with sweetest joy;
From long unrest I find now blest release,
And patient hope, which nothing can destroy.

And so I wait, with still increasing faith,
The unfolding of my Father's holy will:
For now I know that his own promise saith,
"My justice shall be blent with mercy still."

"Even so, my Father!" I will trust in thee,
Whate'er for me the future may disclose;
For in thy sight it seemeth good to be,
And I, undoubting, on thy love repose.

SUFFERING.

And that high suffering which we dread
A higher joy discloses;
Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses.—FROM "PASSION FLOWERS."

THE OCEAN.

The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel,
But rushes joyously the ravage to conceal.—W. W. STOAT.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

A newspaper poet, speaking of a juvenile lady, states that she has "pounds of auburn curls." We presume he is an apprentice to a wig-maker.....A man lately died in London of the bite of a cat—a warning to owners of vicious tabbies.....We are pleased to learn that W. M. Fleming has been very successful in his theatrical engagements in California. But we thought he had abandoned the stage for the pulpit.....It was Edmund Burke who beautifully said, "Taxes for education are like vapors, which rise only to descend again, to beautify and to fertilize the earth."....Careful estimates place the cost of the annual consumption of ardent spirits in this country at $100,000,000; that of tobacco at $40,000,000; from all of which no benefit accrues!.....A noble colossal statue in marble of the late Hosea Ballou is now being executed by Bracket. Two years were allotted for the completion of the work.....Mr. Donald McKay, the great shipbuilder, who has done so much for the commerce of Boston, is hard at work at his ship-yard at East Boston.....The Spanish government seems determined to have a downright quarrel with Mexico, and is preparing to invade the country. Poor Spain!—poor Mexico!—we don't care which whips.....We rejoice at the cheering news from Havana touching the health of Dr. Kane. Confident hopes are entertained of his restoration to health.....Peter Falcon, of Cohassett, by gallant daring saved the lives of eleven wrecked seamen on the coast during the late storm. Here is one of nature's noblemen.....Our neighbor Clapp, of the Gazette, has been lecturing on "Gumption." We don't like the title he gives it, but can vouch for its being a good lecture.....We will give three dollars a volume for volume nine of "Ballou's Pictorial." Can't some of our subscribers accommodate us with their copies?.....It is an interesting fact, stated on good authority, that in the entire Prussian army of 122,897 men, on examination only *two* were found who could not both read and write!.....Freezing to death is said to be the most easy and painless mode of shuffling off this mortal coil. We are willing to admit the fact upon others' testimony.....Willis advises invalids to buy bauged-up horses. This will do very well for rich people, but it is rather an extravagant practice for men of small means. However, anybody anxious for the article, can find plenty of it at Brighton, where matched pairs range all the way from three to twelve dollars.....The restoration of Mrs. Barrow and Mrs. John Wood to the Boston Theatre, after their triumphal tour to New York city, was an event.....About this time Washington is full of visitors, and the president is surrounded by thousands of very *disinterested* friends.....It is predicted that the performances of the Collins steamship Adriatic will eclipse everything heretofore accomplished on the ocean. She has been a long time building, and no pains or expense have been spared to make her a model steamer. Long may she float the wave in triumph!.....That was quite an awkward accident that happened to a gay young man in Pittsburg, lately. While attending divine service, feeling rather warm, he took off his overcoat—when a perfect avalanche of bullets and caps rolled out upon the floor, followed by a pistol. He was as much mortified as a staid old gentleman, whose musical watch during prayer time began playing "drops of braudy," to the horror of himself and his neighbors.....We hope our agricultural friends will set out plenty of choice winter pear-trees the coming season. Fine pears, well ripened, sell readily in Boston and New York markets, during the winter season, for at least three dollars a dozen.....Most of the quails on Long Island were destroyed last year by the severe cold—and so the supervisors of Queen's county have forbidden the destruction of this bird for two years from the first of January, 1857, under a penalty of $25. This is a noble move. All birds do more good than harm; and the idea of having our woods and copses depopulated of feathered warblers is sad.....Leaping—a very manly exercise—is almost out of vogue, like a great many other athletic sports, there seeming to be an ambition among our rising men to be as "slab-sided" as possible. Professor Wilson said that a first rate jumper could clear six feet in height. How many of our young Shanghais could do that?.....A certain sensible old lady used to express her astonishment at three things:—"I am surprised," she said, "that little boys *will* knock the apples off trees, when, if let alone, they would soon fall off themselves. I am surprised that men should kill each other so much, when in time they would all die of themselves. I am surprised that the girls will go after the young men so far, when otherwise they would much quicker come for them of their own accord."....Forty American ladies were lately presented to the French empress at Paris. They made a dazzling display of beauty. American ladies against the world for loveliness! If the dear creatures would only use a little more out-door exercise, their charms would be as permanent as they are peerless.....How rarely you read in the papers an account of a fire in Paris. In fact, there a large fire is impossible. The houses are built of stone, and the partition walls, also of stone, are of extraordinary thickness—so that if a fire does occur, it is confined to the locality where it happens. Then the firemen, or *pompiers*, as they are called, are as active as cats, Zouaves or Ravels—and, in consequence of their exertions, little personal property is sacrificed in case of fire. In some of these things it might be well to imitate our Gallic friends.....The Boston Post lately had a long article on the tortures inflicted by boots. Why can't our people learn to make and to wear boots that will fit the foot easily the first day they are worn?.....An incident lately occurred at the death-bed of M. de Salvandy, a distinguished Frenchman. When no longer able to speak, he asked his wife to hand him a slate, on which he wrote "Sixty years of existence—thirty-two years of happiness." Envious bachelors wish to know whether the thirty-two years of happiness referred to the single or the married portion of his existence.....Mr. Huc, in his travels in China, tells us that the long-tailed people of flower-land have a singular sort of dial to tell them the time of day. They catch a tomcat and watch his eyes. At the hour of noon, the pupil of the animal's eye is nothing but a bee-line. There is some trouble with this kind of chronometer. In the first place, it is very difficult to catch a tomcat; and in the next, there is ten chances to one that he will fly in your face, and perform an operation on *your* eyes which will prevent your repeating the experiment.....A witness was called in a New York court, lately, to define the business or calling of a defendant in a certain case. "Why, bless your soul, judge," said the witness, "he aint got no calliu'!—he runs wid der masheen!".....At the sale of B. V. French's stock at Braintree, the "natives" seemed to be greater favorites than the foreigners. All the stock sold low; but while a yoke of native oxen, eight years old, weighing 3520 pounds, sold for $225, one yoke of full-blooded Devons, weighing 3060 pounds, sold for $162 50 only. Practical farmers have not yet been brought to recognize the superiority of foreign bred neat stock.....The Bank of England does not absolutely prohibit the wearing of mustachios to its clerks, but only insists that they shall not wear them "during business hours," which is certainly very kind, considerate and liberal.....It seems that city fathers in Canada are no more paternal in their behaviour than city fathers anywhere else. A city father of Toronto lately informed another city father of Toronto, that it was his intention to "pitch into" the latter—for which benevolent design he was put under bonds to keep the peace, much to his mortification and regret.....Placards, menacing death to the emperor Napoleon, continue to be posted in Paris. Now, "threatened men live long," and "barking dogs wont bite." So long as the Red Republicans menace the life of their ruler in placards, he is perfectly safe to ride his pet mare Fanny along the Boulevards, or in the Bois du Bologne, or anywhere else. Whereas, if he saw no threats, he might expect any fine morning to hear the crack of a Minie or a Colt too near to sound agreeable.....The sheep of the British isles are believed to number 55,000,000. Nobody has thought of enumerating the donkeys. Thus it is, in this world, that modest merit is ever overlooked.....The introduction of horse railroads has had an effect on the passenger receipts of the Fitchburg and Worcester steam railroads. Considering the weather the past winter, the horse railroads have done remarkably well. But they must carefully look to it that they do not attempt to monopolize the country roads over which they run, but have a due regard to the rights of country teamsters and others, else an injurious reaction may take place in the popular feeling with regard to them.....Alfred Bunn has been lecturing on America and John Bull in Edinburgh. Bunn was in this country three months; half that time he was in bed an invalid, consequently he knows all about America. If he says anything savage against this country, we shall call him a "hot cross bun.".....The New York Journal of Commerce learns that the estate of the late Anson G. Phelps will prove to be worth from $1,700,000 to $2,000,000, whereas it was estimated by the deceased at only about $1,200,000. It is rare that a rich man doesn't know the value of his property to a fraction of a cent.... .The author of "Dore" (a very clever book, by the way), speaking about pedestrians, says that a man cannot claim that title unless he is able to do his thirty miles a day, and rise the next morning without being footsore, or stiff, or otherwise out of sorts. Of course this can only be done by constant training. Begin with four or five miles, and so keep on increasing the "stent." There are some countries of the world where a man *must* walk, if he would enjoy the scenery—for instance, Switzerland and the Tyrol.....An excellent institution of New York city, suggested by a similar one in Paris, is a "Nursery," where children can be taken care of while their mothers are sick or at work.....The New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes:—"There is a curious principle of estimation in the social scale of Gotham. Fifth Avenue palaces enjoy a *prestige* according to the commodity in trade which has paid for them. Thus, one bought with cash made in foreign commerce, is unimpeachable; while the residences erected by the profits of patent safes, beaver hats, note shaving or candy, rank lower." How unworthy of a republican country!.....Franconia, N. H., is a very nice place to live in. The spirit thermometer there, one day last winter, indicated 49 degrees below zero! Who would go to Havana, where the living is exceedingly expensive, when he could so easily and cheaply sojourn at Franconia, where the thermometer is *only* 49 degrees below?.....The Massachusetts State Industrial School for Girls is working admirably. The poor girls are readily managed—and some almost hopeless cases, apparently, are numbered among the most prominent subjects. One important fact has already been discovered, and which the trustees would impress upon the minds of all, viz., that in nearly every case, the parents, or those who previously had them in charge, were more in fault than the girls; and that in nearly one half the number, their unfortunate condition was attributable to the *neglect or abuse of a stepfather or stepmother*.....We are glad to learn that politics have not entirely absorbed the minds of Bulwer Lytton and Benjamin D'Israeli. We are told to expect new romances from both these novelists. O, for another "Pelham," or "Vivian Gray!".....The prairie girls out West, in winter, dance in blankets in the open air, warm their noses at the camp-fire after every cotillon, and break a hole in the ice to wash their faces. Those are the girls for wives and mothers!....."About these days look out for spring," as the almanacs say. Never will spring be more welcome. Already the gales have what we may fancy a vernal odor, if we are *very* imaginative.....Green is the fashionable color just now in Paris; but those who do not wear it are regarded as exceedingly *verdant*, notwithstanding.....Emerson says that Walter Savage Landor is without a library—as he gives away his books, and has never more than a dozen in the house.

The worst ingratitude lies not in the ossified heart of him who commits it; but we find it in the effect it produces on him against whom it was committed. As water containing stony particles incrusts with the feros and mosses it drops on, so the human breast hardens under ingratitude, in proportion to its openness, its softness, and its aptitude to receive impressions.—*Landor.*

Good men are human suns! They brighten and warm wherever they pass. Fools count them mad till death wrenches open foolish eyes. They are not often sung by poets when they die; but the hearts they heal, and their own, are their rich reward on earth, and their place is high in heaven.—*Charles Reade.*

Choice Miscellany.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive. Fontenelle thus daintily complimeots the sex, when he compares women and clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them. The standards of beauty in woman vary with those of taste. Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranoy; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world. With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, corpulency is the perfection of form in women; and those very attributes, which disgust the Western European, form the attractions of an oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of his countrywomen, that Rubens, in his pictures, delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness; when this master was desirous to represent the "beautiful," he had no idea of beauty under two hundred weight. His very graces are all fat. But it should be remembered that all his models were Dutch women. The hair is a beautiful ornament of women, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

After all that may be said or sung about it, beauty is an undeniable fact, and its endowment not to be disparaged. Sidney Smith gives some good advice on the subject. "Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may depend upon a new gown, or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."—*Salad for the Social.*

DEPARTING INFLUENCE OF CALICO.

When we look into the thoroughfares, alas, we see no calico! Silk, and all its half sister fabrics, glide along—some dazzling, some queer, some splendid, some fantastic; but none have the sweet, clean, fascinating, elegant appearance of the calico which used to skip by, with pretty skippers in it. There are those who mourn over little things—the drooping violet, the stricken bird, the broken rattle-box, the fading rose, the dying kitten, the rain-spoiled bonnet; but we mourn for exalted, animated, small-figured calico! Silks, trailing through the dust, have lost favor in our eyes; fancy dry goods are as unattractive as tattered awnings, and every costly thing of feminine apparel no longer surpasses the Lindsey home spun gowns of old. Nations spring from the wilderness, then moulder in decay; cities are built in barren places, expand a while and waste away; men from obscurity rise to fame and power, then gather disgrace and neglect; the rich grow poor, and the poor grow rich; the high sink to ignoble graves, and in the multitudinous variety of things there are mighty movements and mighty changes. We are, therefore, of the opinion that the article of calico has had its days of glory, also, and is not as much in use as it once was. Where is the man who will not promptly say that the handsomest object he ever beheld was a being clad in a handsome piece of calico? He can't be found. Masculine eyes are the eyes for feminine grace to please. Jewels and toys, and the richness of silks captivate no man of sense, or taste, and add not a charm to nature; but calico heightens, and brightens, and softens, and makes a fellow feel good when he sees it—and, besides, it costs a wonderful sight less!—*Sacramento Age.*

MORNING.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in those of the East, where the sun is so often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself "the wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The "wings of the morning" are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings"—a rising sun, which shall scatter light, and health, and joy throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful images, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled. I never thought that Adam had much advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning," and "fresh every evening." We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day—and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be! I know the morning. I am acquainted with it, and love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.—*Letter of Daniel Webster.*

MRS. WASHINGTON.

In her "Life of George Washington," just published, Mrs. Kirkland gives us a little closer view of that stately lady, Mrs. Martha Washington, than other writers have done:—"If we were to give our private opinion," says Mrs. Kirkland, "we should say that Mrs. Martha Custis Washington, with her large fortune, her strong domestic tastes and affections, and her dutiful common sense character, exercised her full share of influence over the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States of America. She had a very decided way of speaking; and as she never meddled in public affairs, we can easily imagine the general letting her have her own way in pretty much everything else. A guest of Mount Vernon happened to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by the president and his lady. Late in the evening, when people had retired to their various chambers, he heard the lady delivering a very animated lecture to her lord and master upon something which he had done, that she thought ought to be done differently. To all this he listened in the profoundest silence; and when she, too, was silent, he opened his lips and spoke, 'Now, good sleep to you, my dear.' This anecdote of the great man in his night-cap is quite characteristic of him; but it is equally so of most lords and masters, who, we imagine, all receive curtain lectures—as Mr. Caudle and Washington did—in profound silence. Experience, probably, teaches them that it is the better way."

Editorial Melange.

The Delaware Indians have sold lands in Kansas to the amount of $1,000,000. —— An old contractor in Brooklyn engaged to fill certain lots in the 8th ward not long ago, which were covered with water to the depth of several feet. He waited until the water was frozen and then filled up with earth, and received his pay from the city before the trick was discovered. —— When a man takes his morning bath, nine million mouths are open to thank him for disencumbering their orifices. —— King Oscar of Sweden lately surprised his subjects in Diet assembled, with a bill for the restriction of the freedom of the press; but the representatives of the peasants unanimously rejected the bill, declaring they would not allow their tongues to be torn out of their mouths. —— The word "bull," signifying a ludicrous blunder, became proverbial from the repeated blunders of one Dediah Bull, a London lawyer, in the reign of Henry VII —— An extensive maccaroni establishment is in process of erection in San Francisco. The proprietors, two Italians, say that they can manufacture fifty boxes, twenty-five pounds each, per day. These substances are made from California wheat, and colored by saffron, according to the Italian mode. —— The receipts for liquors sold in the retail shops at La Crosse, Wis., are estimated at $110,070 per annum. —— If snow be the poor man's manure, there is enough of it now on the ground to make great crops the next season. But it is rather a costly article. The town taxes of Massachusetts will, at a moderate calculation, be increased $50,000 by the expense of breaking out the roads blocked up by the late snow storm. —— The domestic produce exported from Connecticut in the year ending June 30, 1856, was valued at $797,062; of this $793,427 in value was exported in American vessels, and $4035 in foreign vessels. The imports into Connecticut for the same period were valued at $737,401; of this $719,208 in value came in American vessels, and $18,193 in foreign vessels. —— The town of Washington, Vt., has less than 300 voters, and takes 449 newspapers. —— A mother and four daughters, all of whom reside in Northampton, have, collectively, approached the altar of hymen seventeen times! The mother has had four husbands, one of her daughters four, and the others three each. —— William Holland, a young English weaver in Newburyport, has fallen heir to $12,000. —— Capt. Aaron C. Cushing, late master of a whaler at New Bedford, left $15,000, about one-third of his property, for the aid of the industrious poor of that city. —— The Hollanders take so much care of their cattle that they put leathern shoes on their feet when they are taken out to pasture, lest the dampness of the soil should induce rheumatism. —— The whole area of the State of Ohio is set down at 25,576,960 acres. —— A writer in the last North American Review, with much felicity, speaks of "the forging of that *short-anchor of our language*, King James's version of the Scriptures"—for so, indeed, it is. —— A French paper, entitled Le Journal de L'Illinois, is soon to be published in Kankakee, Illinois. —— The Natick Observer says: "A child of Mr. L. P. Spooner of this village, aged one year and six months, died lately from eating red 'popped-corn ball.' Its death was attended by all the symptoms of poison soon after eating it, it being seized with vomiting. This sad calamity should be a timely warning to parents to guard themselves from a like affliction." —— The Philadelphians are projecting a new park. Two gentlemen have already given $10,000 each; and various sums, varying from $5000 to $500, have been pledged to the movement. —— The manufacturing of tobacco is principally done by negro labor, and at a heavy cost to the manufacturers. In some factories servants, after performing their regular tasks, earn from $8 to $12 per week overwork, without any extraordinary labor. —— The transparent wings of certain insects are so attenuated in their structure, that 50,000 of them placed over each other would not form a pile a quarter of an inch in thickness. —— A beggar woman at Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been an object of charity for a long time, accidentally dropped her bank book where she was waiting for cold victuals, on which over $500 was placed to her credit. —— Kah-ge-ga gah bow, alias George Copway, the Ojibaway chief, sailed in the Tennessee to join Walker's forces in Nicaragua. —— There are 100,000 Germans in the city of New York. —— There is, says the Alexandria, Va., Gazette, a colored child in Prince George county, a few miles below this city, aged three months, that has already six perfect teeth, and can talk quite plainly. The child was born with two teeth.

An Ostrich's Digestion.—Everybody has heard of the old Joe Miller joke about the ostrich, which, the showman said, "fed on gravel-stones and ten-penny nails, and never was sick but once and then the darned fool eat some plagny cowcumbers." The popular belief is that the ostrich can digest anything. A quaint old rhyme says:

"The estridge will eat
An horreshowe so greate
In the steade of meate,
Such fervent heate
His stomach doth freat."

Munificence.—Said Pacha, Sultan of Egypt, has presented the King of Greece with four beautiful horses in return for some earthen ware wash-pitchers. If the *said* pacha would send us four horses we would send him four broken-nosed pitchers, and say, generously, "they are *even's!*"

One Word.—The Greeks had but one word for an ally, a mercenary or an enemy. We wonder whether this fact suggested the beautiful maxim:—"Treat your friends as if they would one day become your enemies."

Ladies voting.—Women really vote in Kentucky, but it is only for school trustees.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are five hundred and fifty nine newspapers in the State of New York.

American watches and American telescopes are now made fully equal to those imported from Europe.

The number of blind persons in Japan is said to be enormous. In Jeddo, alone, 30,000 is the computation.

The value of the imports of coffee is $16,000,000 annually, or one-seventh of all the imports of the country.

The New Haven postmaster has established a one cent city mailing and distributing system, with sixteen places of deposit about town.

Loaves of bread of short weight are confiscated in Montreal. Lately over one hundred loaves were seized and given to the poor. A good law.

One thousand and twenty eight marriages were celebrated in the Cincinnati Catholic churches last year; and the baptisms in the same were four thousand two hundred and twelve.

At a raffle in St. Louis, Dr. Stickney, by investing $10 for a chance, won a pair of Morgan horses worth $2500. Two hundred and forty-nine other fellows were not quite so lucky.

Partridges being very scarce this season in every section of Virginia, the sportsmen of that State pledged themselves not to shoot the few birds that are about. Cold and starvation made sad ravages among them last winter.

The Voice of Israel is the title of a weekly advocate of the Hebrews in San Francisco. It has attained, within a few months, a circulation of two thousand copies. There are thirty thousand Hebrews and ten synagogues in the State of California.

It is a curious fact, says an Irish paper, that lunacy in Ireland is on the increase. Since the opening of the Sligo Asylum, by which a large number of patients were drafted from Ballinasloe, the latter institution has been filled up close on its former numbers.

Henry V. Shroeder, a tailor, was murdered in his shop at St. Paul, Minnesota, no doubt for his money—as he had been heard to say he never would deposit his gains again, because the banker with whom he once entrusted $1700, failed and cheated him out of it.

At the works of the Columbia Coal and Iron Company, in Beaver township, Pennsylvania, five men were buried alive by large masses of earth falling upon them, four of whom were dead before they could be extricated, the fifth dying in great agony soon after.

According to the Anzeiger des Westons, a German paper of St. Louis, the population of that city may be estimated, as to nationality, as follows:—Americans, 28,000; Germans, 50,000; Irish, 36,000; French, 4000; English and Scotch, 5000; Italians and Spanish, 6000; Bohemians, 5000.

The remarkable longevity of a Jewish family at Dijon, is noticed by a French paper. One of them, a widow named Brunswick, died in December, 1855, above 100 years old; another, M. Liman Levy, died three months ago, at the age of 101 years; and a third, M. Leopold Levy, died lately, aged 102.

There were 110 divorce suits instituted in San Francisco during the year 1856. In 39 of these cases, decrees of divorce have already been granted. In 1855, there were 72 divorce suits commenced in San Francisco, and it is presumed that decrees dissolving marriage have been rendered in all of them.

A committee appointed last winter by the legislature of Ohio, to investigate the management of various public concerns, has just made a report, showing a total of frauds and useless expenditures on the Newburg Asylum building of $56,843; on the Dayton Asylum building, $60,760; and on the State capitol building, $149,139.

The New Yorkers are determined to make their new park a magnificent affair. It will have hills, and valleys, and streams, and forests. It will contain spacious and pleasant walks and drives, together with a large cricket ground, and a level space allotted to military exercises of sufficient extent to admit of field manœuvre.

An order has been issued by Mayor Wood, of New York, to the bell-ringers at the different fire-alarms, to strike the hour of nine every evening upon receiving a signal from Professor Bull, of the New York University, who will announce the hour from transit observations taken at the private observatory in Eleventh Street. This will be a great convenience to all citizens, furnishing them at once, and without cost, with the means for regulating their time.

Mr. William Reddon, of Minto, Canada, was frozen to death at his own door. He attended the election at Harriston on that day, and on returning home, found the door locked, his wife having gone over to a neighbor's house, and it is supposed he sat down to await her return. Mrs. Reddon, however, not expecting him to return that evening, remained at her son's house over night, and on proceeding home in the morning, found her husband lying at the door a corpse.

Half a dozen uneasy husbands have been holding meetings in New York, to influence public opinion in favor of more easy methods of divorce. At a late meeting, they appointed a committee to correspond with the governors of Connecticut, Ohio, and other States where liberal provisions are in force on the subject, asking how it works. The answers are to be transmitted to the New York legislature as an inducement to the passage of free and easy laws in that State.

An American gentleman in Leipsic had occasion to visit one of the large bookstores there. He inquired if any of the clerks spoke English? He was answered in the affirmative, and shown back about a quarter of a mile through the immense establishment, to the desk of the "English clerk." Do you speak English?" asked our friend. The answer was clear and to the point—"Yaw; a few!" And "a few" English was all that he could speak; and even that little with most ludicrous imperfectness.

The Scientific American describes a carpet-sweeping machine, exhibited at the fair of the American Institute, in New York. It consists of a small box, in which there is a revolving fan, that sucks up all the dust and dirt, and carries it into a small compartment containing water. The woolen fibres and larger particles are deposited in a drawer. The sweeping is done by pushing the box along over the surface of the carpet by handles. The whole apparatus is light and simple, and will outlast a thousand brooms.

An ingenious attempt at swindling was lately thwarted in Albany. Mr. E. C. Delavan received a letter purporting to come from a responsible source, containing a check with a request to draw the money and forward it to the writer at Baltimore. Mr. Delavan suspecting nothing, did so. Soon after the letter was registered at the post-office, a boy appeared with a note purporting to come from Mr. Delavan, requesting the postmaster to return the letter to him. The postmaster's suspicions were aroused, inquiry was made, and the whole affair proved to be an adroit swindle.

Foreign Items.

Miss Nightingale has arrived at her father's residence near Romsey, in Hampshire.

The news of the defeat of the Russians by the Circassians, in a terrible battle, is fully confirmed.

Every one will rejoice that the Swiss difficulty has been settled. Neufchatel gives up the prisoners, and Prussia acknowledges the complete independence of Neufchatel.

It is said that M. Ledru Rollin, the old revolutionist, was lately elected a member of the council-general of the Department of the Allier, France, and that the government has prohibited the publication of the fact.

The durability of the palm fibre has been put to sundry tests; and has been pronounced by the examining officers of Woolwich, England, to be infinitely superior to anything yet discovered for sail-cloth, rope yarn and ships' cables.

The nomination of Prince Galitzin to the post of Russian ambassador at Madrid, is announced in the official journal of St. Petersburg. M. de Galitzin possesses a very considerable fortune, which will allow him to nobly represent Russia at the Spanish court.

A letter from Milan states that many political arrests have lately been made there, and that a member of one of the learned bodies had been arrested in his house. The state of feeling is such, that the coming carnival is expected to be one of the saddest ever known in Milan.

Sands of Gold.

.... All lives have their prose translation as well as their ideal meaning.—*Charles Auchester.*

.... Statesmen work in the dark, until the idea of right towers above expediency or wealth.—*Channing.*

.... A man can at last only say, "Here I am!" that his friends sparing him may rejoice in him.—*Goethe.*

.... It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—*Lord Peterborough.*

.... I wonder not so much that women paint themselves, as that, when they are painted, men can love them.—*King James I.*

.... Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which none but Omniscience can fathom.—*Charles Reade.*

.... Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may be as well broken at once—it never can be trusted after.—*Landor.*

.... Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men; in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess.—*Middleton.*

.... To some characters, fame is like an intoxicating cup placed to the lips—they do well to turn away from it, who fear it will turn their heads. But to others, fame is "love disguised"—the love that answers to love, in its widest sense.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is dancing like new milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

"I'm not fond of catnip," as the little girl said, when pussy bit a piece off her nose.

A man who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

Epigram on a lady of short stature named Long:

"Though Long, yet short—
Though short, yet *pretty* Long"

A French paper informs us that "his imperial majesty *deigned* to cover himself with an umbrella during a shower of rain at Cambo." Remarkable condescension!

Among the numerous casualties recently detailed, the following is very melancholy:—"The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in book muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops."

An eminent legal authority, speaking of contracts, says:—"If I contract to deliver forty yards of cloth, and cut it in pieces, and then deliver it, it is a breach." This is in consequence of the cloth being then unfit to make a pair of breeches.

Dr. Pitcairn having been out a shooting one whole morning without killing anything, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there were some birds there—"and," added he, "if there are, I'll doctor them."—"Doctor them!" said the master. "What do you mean by that?"—"Why, kill them, sir."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

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☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

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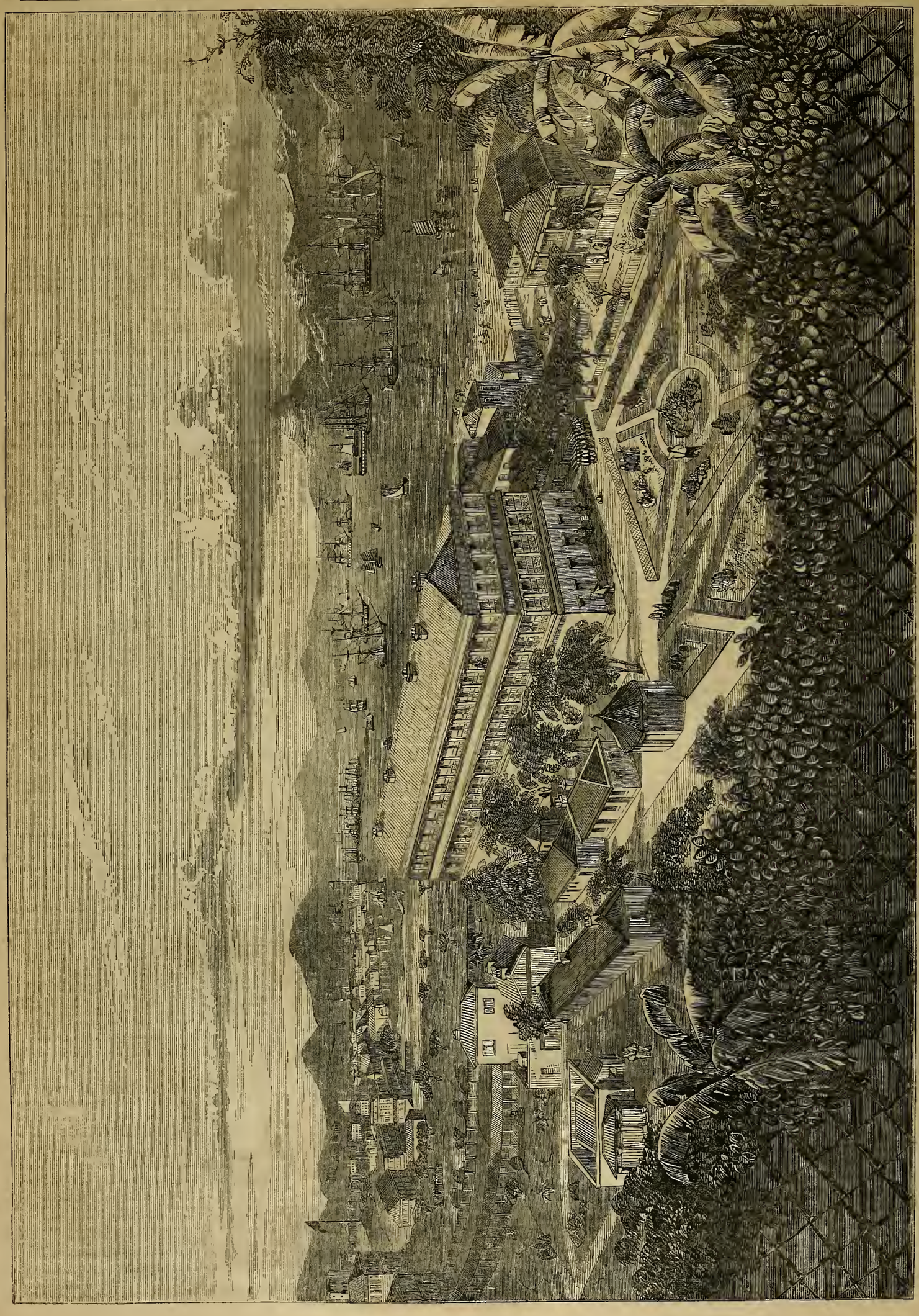
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[For description, see page 157.]

VIEW OF HONG KONG, CHINA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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WINTER SCENE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

The picture on this page is from the pencil of Hill, and drawn expressly for our paper. It represents a steam-tug bringing up an emigrant ship through the snow storm and ice in New York harbor. The good ship, freighted with hundreds of lives, bends before the gale, but she is staunch and strong, and the little steamer is making a good headway, and will bring her safe to anchor. But what a dismal introduction to the promised land is such a day of cold, storm and ice as that depicted in our engraving! The poor immigrant, as he stands shuddering in the chill atmosphere, and gazes over the icy bulwarks on the fields of ice, as he hears the hard cakes grinding against the copper sheathing, as he vainly seeks to penetrate the cold veil woven by the storm around him, might fancy that he was embarked on an Arctic expedition, and just entering the dread regions of eternal ice and winter. The bright visions of the New World that grew up in the light of a distant fireside, prompted by a returning traveller's tale, or a letter from America, are rudely dispelled. Friendless and a stranger here, with loving hearts forsaken but beating for him three thousand miles away, the sense of loneliness and of uncertainty as to the future, will bear with a double weight upon his heart from the utter desolation of nature in her most forbidding aspect. Far as his limited vision extends he sees only repellant images—the cold white wing of the storm fanning his brow with freezing airs, grinding ice-cakes eddying in the blue-black current, jarring and crushing as they quiver on the tide. Even the paddle-wheels of the friendly steamer have a fierce, impatient dash, and her iron lungs snort defiantly. As he draws nearer, the strange features of the shore look stranger from the atmosphere that envelopes them. Castle Garden seems a fortress framed for defence—the tall spires of the city, ghostly giants in white robes, indignantly frowning intruders from the shore. When he lands, the bustle and confusion, the icy docks, the hurrying crowds, the selfish pre-occupation of every man he meets, will strike a chill to his heart, consonant with the weather, but jarring to the feelings of the lonely adventurer. We have placed ourself in the position of a lonely man, poor and friendless, ill in body and mind, who has expended his last shilling in making this last struggle for existence, but whose heart fails as the adventure is about being accomplished. Cheerless enough is the aspect of things to the stout-hearted Tenton who stands beside him, calm and philosophic in external bearing, warmly clad, with plenty of guilders stowed away in the locker, and ample resources both physical and pecuniary, to give him a fair start in a new field. He is fitted for the rough and tumble of adventure. He looks beyond the chilly prospect of the present to the brightness of the future. He is bound for the far West to join comrades who have gone before him to till the soil, to shoot the deer, or perhaps pursue the buffalo in company with the wild Indian far beyond the Mississippi. There are groups of families on board the emigrant ship, of course; but over all the steerage passengers the winter weather hangs a sort of funeral pall. Far different is it with the rich cabin passenger who comes hither, merely as a temporary sojourner, to see new phases of nature and of character, and who welcomes a little hardship as affording a variety in the monotony of a luxurious existence. Wrapped in costly furs, he comes on the quarter deck, a little before the time of landing, and looks about him with a curious and unconcerned eye. As soon as the vessel touches the pier, he will spring into a carriage, and, being well posted up beforehand, be whirled to one of the palatial hotels. But certainly, strangers, whatever their position, arriving at New York during the past winter, formed a very erroneous impression of its climate and if among them there are any bookmakers of the sort that jump at conclusions from first ideas, we shall expect to see published accounts stating that the Empire City is the coldest and dreariest spot on the face of the earth, a sort of Spitzbergen, and we anticipate being told that the readiness with which Americans volunteered on the Arctic expeditions was only from a desire to get into a warmer and more comfortable climate than ours.



TOWING UP AN EMIGRANT SHIP THROUGH THE ICE, NEW YORK HARBOR.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE KING'S RESOLVE.

Gaspard Cordova, the king's confessor, died. To gain the place for Escobar, had been the aim of Father Jerome, but he was doomed to the same disappointment as Escobar when hoping to be confessor to the queen. The same person supplanted him. The Count de Lerma thought Juan wholly devoted to him, and knew him to be the mortal enemy of Jerome and Escobar. The inquisitor accepted him; and the king, frightened at having shown so much courage on the day of the meeting of the council, dared not refuse him, and Juan Sevilla was appointed king's confessor, without even having asked the situation.

Escobar, seeing himself defeated a second time by Juan, in spite of the good intentions of the king and the protection of the Duke d'Uzede, began to believe that the latter was not sincere, and playing a double game. From that moment commenced a misunderstanding between them, which de Lerma took every occasion to augment. Juan, on his part, began to believe that it was his destiny to rise by his enemy's downfall.

The grand inquisitor promised, in his turn, to favor the Count de Lerma in his project of expelling the fathers of the Society of Jesus from the kingdom. He promised that after the expulsion of the Moors. One argument he used which decided the prime minister at once. The Count de Lerma had long wished a cardinal's hat, thinking it would protect him, and that hat the pope had promised to give when the Moors were expelled from Spain. All obstacles seemed to disappear upon the death of the queen, who left them without a protector. The peace with France allowed them now to turn all their forces upon Valencia and Grenada, in case of a resistance.

The young king loved Alitea more than ever, and since he had been unable to see her, his love had increased. Indifferent to the affairs of state, the reins of which he had wholly abandoned, he dreamed only of means of approaching the only person who was dear to him. When he was racking his brain for ways to see her, Alitea requested an audience. At the moment when the Duchess de Santarem entered, the king turned pale, and his anxiety was so great that Alitea was disconcerted.

"What have you to ask of me, senora? Speak. What do you wish?"

"To thank your majesty for all the kindness with which he has loaded me, and to give him my adieux."

"You leave—you?" said the king, and he stopped and murmured with an air of great sadness, "I am very unhappy."

"You, sire?"

"Yes. For many days my misfortunes have been accumulating. This is the last stroke."

"In truth, I can scarcely believe what you say. My departure is an event of little importance."

"Hear me, duchess: I love you! Yes, yes; it is the first time the words have passed my lips; but you have known it."

Alitea, too frank and truthful, only remained silent, and the king went on:

"Yes, you know well that I love you, and you understand then how much your departure afflicts me. I have no other pleasure but that of seeing you."

"And since the death of the queen, I have not come to court."

"What need is there of telling me that? Do you not think I have perceived it? I have so few friends that the absence of one is remarked. You have not been at court, but then I knew you were at Madrid, near at hand. I could meet you like to-day, for instance. That was something; it was the hope of my life."

At this declaration of love, so sudden, so frank, Alitea knew not what to answer. She stammered a few words about respect and devotion for the king.

"Yes!" cried he, bitterly; "the king—always the king! that is to say no one loves me; he who is condemned to respect and isolation is the king. Duchess, I have had but one happy moment in my life, or rather evening; it was when I was Augustin de Villa-Flor, your cousin—at least, you treated me as such; and I bless that evening, I know not why, for it is since then that I have loved you."

"Your majesty will permit me to tell him—"

"Speak to me as then; speak to me frankly; turn to derision my weakness."

"Never, sire. To-day, as then, I thank you for your friendship. To-day, as then, I will say: Why does the king give to others the power Heaven has confided to him? Why does he not seek in his duties, in the work imposed upon him, a distraction from the griefs which weary him? Henceforth let him watch alone."

"Yes; you are the only one who has spoken so. But this courage, this strength of will—it is not sufficient to talk to me of them; it is necessary to give them to me, and I have them when I listen to you, when you are present. Do not leave me, then, duchess. I am not my own; I am wholly yours."

And in the eyes of the king appeared a tear which, better than words, seemed to say, "Remain."

"Sire, it is impossible."

Then, in inexpressible trouble, he fell on his knees and seizing her hand, bathed it with tears, and cried earnestly:

"It is me—it is your king! no—it is your friend who supplicates you. Remain, that the people who scorn me may honor and esteem me; remain, that my reign may be glorious, or rather because I love you; for that I throw at your feet the sceptre and crown, to which I owe not a day of happiness, except those you have given me."

"Sire—sire, rise!" said Alitea; "return to reason, and deign to listen to me. I cannot remain in the palace without failing in my memory of the queen, your wife and my benefactress,—without failing in my own duties; and can you think for one moment, when I recall yours, I shall forget my own? My sole fortune, my kingdom, is my honor, and that kingdom I will preserve and defend, as I counsel you to defend yours. Do not mistake my words, sire; your friendship alone is valued more than the kingdom. I have no ambition, save that of remaining an honest woman; and if I consent to your wishes, you who pretend to love me, you will always be unhappy; for the day when I should become your favorite, would be the last of my life; I would kill myself!"

These words were pronounced in a voice so firm, so energetic, that the king felt and knew she spoke the truth. He looked at her for some moments in silence and respect; then, as if struck with a new idea, his face brightened.

"You are right, duchess, and I will prove to you that I am worthy of understanding you; I will prove that my love is not a common love. Do not leave yet; grant me eight days more. You will not refuse that to your king, to your friend?"

Alitea bowed assentingly.

"I thank you, duchess, for that promise. I demand another: it is that you will not leave without bidding me farewell."

"I thank your majesty for the honor which he does me, and I await his orders," coldly replied Alitea.

The duchess made the king a profound bow, and retired. The king followed her retreating form with eager eyes. He admired the majestic height, the proud, noble carriage, and queenly head and step.

The king had made a resolve. Understanding well that the Duchess de Santarem was not the woman to yield to the wishes of the king, persuaded that she would rather die than become his favorite, he could not and would not renounce her, and so he resolved to make her his wife and prime minister. His character needed directing, and it pleased him better to be directed by Alitea than the Count de Lerma, and decided that, in the defeat of the latter, he could not find a better successor than the Duchess de Santarem.

The king had not concealed from himself the difficulties attending his project—the pride of Spanish nobility, the rigor of the court, the inflexible severity of etiquette. But if the Duchess de Santarem could not become queen of Spain, nothing could prevent her from becoming the wife of the king. He was a widower; he was free. Marriages of the left hand were then very frequent among personages of the highest distinction. Spain even had seen Maria Padilla seated by degrees upon the throne of Don Pedro.

The king saw on his table a note bearing these words: "Important and secret; for the king alone." This note was addressed to him by the archbishop of Valencia, and demonstrated by victorious argument the necessity of the expulsion of the Moors. The king had not read this letter; he had contented himself with looking at the signature.

Now a new idea had come into his head. He wished to confide to some one his wishes for marriage. The Count de Lerma did not please him, or Sandoval the inquisitor. Father Jerome he knew to be an enemy of both. The Duke d'Uzede was not influential enough. The archbishop was the one. The king seated himself and wrote a summons for the archbishop to leave Valencia, and come secretly to Madrid.

The archbishop, confident that this summons was caused by the effect of his statement, lost no time in hastening to obey the royal summons. The archbishop arrived without either the Count de Lerma or Sandoval being cognizant of the fact. He was introduced immediately into the king's cabinet.

"Be seated, my father," said the monarch, affectionately, and made him take a chair near his desk, and the prelate saw his note under the eyes, almost under the hands of the king, and flattered himself that the king read it unceasingly. "My father," continued the king, "I have called you upon an important affair—the affair which holds the firmest place in my heart; an affair which occupies me day and night."

"I see that well," said the prelate, pointing with his finger to the manuscript.

"How is that, my father?" inquired the king.

"Your majesty," replied the prelate, with satisfaction, "wishes to speak to me of my memorandum."

"No, my father."

"Your majesty has read it nevertheless?"

"Not yet."

If the king had not been so intently occupied with the sole idea in his mind, would have been struck with the angry, bewildered look of the haughty prelate at hearing his master's answer.

"He acts, nevertheless," cried the archbishop, with warmth, "for the triumph of the faith!"

"We will speak of that later. Listen to me at first."

The king, then, with more address, warmth and wit than his auditor believed him possessed of, disclosed his wishes and plans.

The archbishop, unfavorably disposed towards it, and with his eyes fixed upon his elaborate account, shook his head with an air of doubt and disapprobation, and finished by saying the affair seemed to him impracticable and impossible.

The king turned pale; he bit his lips, and answered, coldly:

"Perhaps, senor archbishop; we counted on you to help us; we will turn to others."

"Sire, I have answered your majesty upon my soul and conscience, and it is with the same frankness I will speak of the project which brings me. It concerns the Moors, your subjects."

The king did not listen.

"The statement I had the honor to place before your majesty—"

"I will read," said the king, with icy coldness; and taking the prelate's memoir in his hand, he threw it upon the farthest pile of papers.

"In that memoir," said the archbishop, anxiously, "I have the honor to expose to your majesty—"

The king rose and paced up and down the room with an agitated air, and forgetting wholly the archbishop, dreamed of Alitea. The prelate began to understand his fault, and felt he had vexed the king. He hastened to recover his lost ground.

"I do not approve, I have said it, of the marriage your majesty desires."

The king stopped and listened.

"It will excite the censure of the people and nobility, and I do not even know if it would be agreeable to God."

The king began to show signs of impatience. The prelate hastened to add in a higher voice:

"But—"

The king grew calm.

"But if the approbation of the people and of God is obtained by a grand work, pious and desired by all, by a work as useful to religion as to the state, O then, sire, permit me to say to you with the same frankness, it will be very different."

"I hear," said the king.

"All minds will be disposed to welcome any idea of your majesty, and will think that, having insured the happiness of his people, he should obtain his own; and I go further: if some blame still, if some rigorous casuists dare to find fault, they will be told, and by me among the first, no—it is no fault, for it is expiated; where there is expiation, there is no fault; or if we have the expiation first, the fault is effaced before it is committed."

"I hear," replied the king, with joy, "although I do not comprehend perfectly."

"So," continued the prelate, with warmth, "if your majesty approves of the projects contained in my manuscript—"

"I approve of them!" cried the monarch.

"If your majesty will sign as soon as possible this decree, so ardently and impatiently awaited by all, I will promise, I dare promise that your marriage, approved of by the grand-master and familiars of the Inquisition, will obtain the general approbation of his subjects and the benediction of Heaven."

"I consent! I consent!" cried the monarch, at the completion of his wishes, "on condition that you charge yourself with all, next to Heaven, Sandoval, and even the Count de Lerma, with whom I do not wish at this moment to entrust the subject."

"I take care of all," replied the radiant prelate.

"And as soon as possible."

"I promise it to your majesty, and ask of him only one thing more."

"What?"

"To read my memorandum."

"This very instant."

And the king, recalling the unfortunate manuscript from the exile he had imposed upon it, opened it the moment the archbishop left. But at the first page he abandoned the reading of it, and thought of the Duchess de Santarem, and the surprise which awaited her when she came to take leave of him, according to her promise.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DISCLOSURE.

When the archbishop left the king's presence, he went direct to the palace of the Inquisition, where he found Sandoval and the Count de Lerma.

"Ah, well," cried he, with a proud smile, "the cause of Heaven is gained. While you deliberate, I fight; while you seek for means of conquering, I triumph. The king has received my document, and the expulsion of the Moors is agreed upon. The king will sign the decree when we wish, or, rather, as soon as possible, for that was his own expression."

The inquisitor and minister were stupefied and delighted. One saw the Moors at his feet, and the other a cardinal's hat upon his head. Ribeira recounted to them his conversation with the king, word for word; and while he spoke, the faces of Sandoval and his brother lost their smiling aspect and became clouded.

"Thus, then," continued Ribeira, terminating his recital in a triumphant manner, "the king can be allowed to make this secret marriage—this marriage of the left hand, after all; it is of little consequence, for he consents, he signs. I have obtained all."

"You have obtained nothing," said Sandoval, with a stern air. "She whom he wishes to marry is the Duchess de Santarem, whom he adores."

"Well."

"The duchess is the daughter of Don Delascar d'Alherique. She is a Moor," said the Count de Lerma.

"And has never been baptized," added Sandoval.

The archbishop remained overwhelmed by his pretended triumph. The king, it was evident, could not ally himself, even in secret, to Moorish blood; it was a scandal too great for the grand inquisitor to approve of, a political measure too absurd for the minister to

consent to; for if the king of Spain married a Moor, he could not sign the banishment of her brothers; the new wife of the king would oppose any such measure, and her authority would be more powerful than that of the last queen. That was an invincible obstacle.

"How is it that the king did not speak of that difficulty, which is the greatest of all!" cried the archbishop.

"The king knows nothing of it," replied Sandoval.

"Ah, well; let us, like him, appear ignorant of the fact. Let him sign the decree; once his signature given and the edict published, it will be irrevocable, and for the rest, let us see about that afterwards. The Moors once banished from Spain, the duchess will have to follow them and quit the kingdom. The king cannot think that the archbishop of Valencia would engage to make him marry any one but a Christian."

This idea stopped them, and the next day the minister and two prelates went to the king. He expected them with impatience, for it was the eighth day, the day when Alitea, as she had promised, would come to the palace to take leave of her sovereign. The king received the archbishop with affection, the inquisitor with reserve, and scarcely looked at the Count de Lerma.

"Thus, as I promised your majesty," said Ribeira, "we have come to obtain his signature to an edict which will make his reign illustrious. That which Charles V. did not dare to do, that which Philip II. only dreamed of, your majesty will accomplish, and insure forever the security of the state and religious unity of Spain."

He presented respectfully to the king the parchment, who ran his eye over it.

"I see well," said he; "I see that you propose to me to send from the kingdom, back to Africa, the Moors, our faithful subjects; and this project, my fathers, is approved of and signed by you?"

"Yes, sire."

"And by you, also, senor count!"

"As the most useful measure the friends of your majesty can counsel to you."

"Your advice," said the king, "is of great weight in the affair. I hope to find in you the same unanimity for the project which the archbishop of Valencia has spoken to you."

"Your majesty wishes to marry some one secretly?"

"Yes."

"A person of rank and birth."

"The Duchess de Santarem."

"A person brought up in the Catholic religion."

"Undoubtedly."

"If that is so," said the inquisitor, looking at his two colleagues, "I see no reason for opposition."

"Nor I," said the count.

"Nor I, either," added the archbishop of Valencia.

The king shook the hands of the two prelates, and even looked graciously at the count, seeing his wishes so easily accomplished.

"You bring me this decision signed by you?"

"No, sire; but we will write it while your majesty signs the edict."

"I desire," replied the king, "that this marriage be celebrated first."

"And why, sire?" cried the archbishop, anxiously. "That will make it much later."

"No matter," said the king. "On the day of my marriage, upon leaving the chapel, I will sign the edict, which will, you tell me, conciliate all the hearts and bring me all the benedictions of my subjects."

The three counsellors looked at each other in embarrassment, and this embarrassment redoubled when the king, deaf to all their entreaties and representations, declared, against his habit, firmly and decidedly that he would not sign the edict, would have nothing to do with affairs of state before his marriage. The three counsellors began to think that the king had suspected their designs; but he had not; he was simply amorous.

"Well, my fathers," said he, seeing their anxiety, "what is the matter now?"

"There is a great difficulty, sire," said the inquisitor, decided to end the matter. "It is, of course, the intention of your majesty to marry a Christian?"

"Well, is not the Duchess de Santarem a Catholic?"

"No, sire."

"O mercy!" cried the king, affrighted. "Perhaps by chance she is of Lutheran or Calvinistic faith."

"Worse than that."

"O heavens! Jewish?"

"Worse still. She is a Moor."

"Moor!" cried the king, overwhelmed with grief and affright.

"She is the daughter of Don Belasear d'Alberique, of Valencia, who had her brought up far from the paternal mansion to preserve the secret of her faith, and, above all, to escape the baptism."

"Yes, sire," said Ribeira; "she, whom a Roman Catholic king wishes to marry, has never been baptized."

"Our zeal for your majesty," continued the Count de Lerma, "made us ascertain these facts, and it was to save our sovereign—"

"That you wished to make me first sign the edict for the banishment and, perhaps, death of her I love?"

"I thought only of my sovereign!" cried the count.

"Yes, yes—I know it!" said the king, bitterly; "you do not love the queens of Spain. There is a fatality that pursues me. We will examine together if God decidedly orders me to renounce my hopes, or if, perhaps, the conversion of so high a person will not be agreeable to Heaven, and bring about this union."

The three ministers trembled.

"But that which I know," continued the king, whom love rendered generous and noble as well as clear-sighted, "that which I know is that I will not persecute those I deemed worthy of my hand and heart. I will respect her, defend her, herself and her brothers, and, above all," he added, with passion, "I will never consent to send her from Spain."

"Well, I," cried the furious bishop, "I will never permit your majesty to expose himself to the excommunication."

"Compromise his safety," said the inquisitor.

"And that of his kingdom," added the Count de Lerma.

But the two prelates and count could obtain no other answer than:

"I will never sign that edict—I will never sign it!"

In vain they menaced him with the thunders of the church, the anger of Rome, the rising of the whole nation. The king, with long obstinacy, repeated always: "I will never sign!"

Suddenly his face, which had been animated by the fire of discussion, became pale, and the words died upon his lips, and his eyes, brilliant with hope and love, became sad and dull, and remained fixed upon a little paper laying upon his desk, which he had not seen. Without thinking of the three counsellors, who, seated before him, were watching every movement or change in his face, he read it, and suddenly cried with fury:

"I will sign the edict you proposed to me!"

The three ministers made a sign of joy and surprise, and the king continued:

"Yes, I will sign that edict, but I wish to do it this instant—this very instant! Give it to me."

"We have had the honor to present it to you," said the Count de Lerma; "it is before you—under your hand."

But instead of reading the document, he took the little billet and read a second time these words, which had already produced such a terrible effect on him:

"Sire, Alitea deceives you; she loves another. His name I do not know. The two will marry when she returns to Valencia."

This friend, whom the monarch was far from doubting, was the Countess Altamira. She it was who had written the fatal note. The king remained absorbed in contemplation of the billet, and the three ministers, without knowing from whence came the new resolution, awaited in great anxiety the event which they dared not hasten. At last, the king, shaking off his stupor, said quickly and loudly:

"A pen—a pen! give it to me that I may sign!"

The grand inquisitor offered him one, the Count de Lerma unrolled the parchment, and the archbishop of Toledo, with a beating heart, held the inkstand for him. The king's hand trembled, and he could scarcely hold the pen. After a few minutes his intense agitation passed off, and though his hand still trembled somewhat, he was placing his signature to the fatal edict, when the gentlemen of the chamber announced at that moment senora the Duchess de Santarem.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE KING AND THE DUCHESS DE SANTAREM.

The king, ready to sign, stopped, threw quickly from him the pen, and cried out with rage:

"The Duchess de Santarem! We are delighted to see her. Let her enter—let her enter! Pardon, my fathers, and you, senor count. We will attend to this affair another time."

There was in his gestures and voice an expression so imperative that they had no cause to stay. They left them. The count, in leaving, looked indignantly at the unfortunate valet who had announced the duchess, and consequently, without knowing it, overturned all their projects. The poor valet did not perceive the menacing look of the count, for at that moment he was bowing to the earth to salute him. But the next day he lost his situation, without knowing the cause of his disgrace.

The king felt now not love at seeing the duchess, but fear. His blood receded from his heart; he was pale; his trembling lips stammered in articulate words, and his anxiety was greater from the efforts he made to hide it. He signed Alitea to be seated, and smiled as he did so, but the smile was so ghastly and convulsive that she was frightened, and asked the reason.

"What is the matter with me? Ingrate!"

Then the king, forgetting his rank, furious like the lowest of his subjects, overwhelmed Alitea with reproaches and menaces, with scorn and hate, and finished by falling on his knees at her feet, distracted with rage and love.

Alitea tried in vain to calm this excess of fever and delirium, of which she understood nothing. At last she exclaimed:

"How have I merited these reproaches? I have not acceded to your wishes."

"No, no; but you have acceded to the wishes of others."

"Have I promised to your majesty my heart and hand?"

"No; but you have given them to another, an unknown. Do you dare deny it? If you quit me—if you go to Valencia," he continued, with an impetuosity which nothing could stay, "is it not to marry him? Answer—answer me! Who keeps you from answering?"

"Yourself only, sire."

"I!" said the king, angrily, "I, who on my knees supplicate you to speak, to tell me the truth!"

"You know all of it, sire. I know not who could have told your majesty."

"Then it is not true?" cried the king, with an accent of joy, extending his hands to her.

Alitea recoiled a step, lowered her eyes, and answered:

"It is true, sire!"

"And you dare avow it to me?"

"Yes, sire. But then, I swear it, stop my enemies, and the rest that you accuse me of never entered my head or his. Mistress of my hand, I have not disposed, have not promised it to any one—not even to him. I learn to-day, not to marry any one, but to embrace my father, Belasear d'Alberique, who is a Moor."

"I know it."

"And who brought me up in his faith, sire."

"I know it—I know it!" repeated the king impatiently. "And also to be near your lover whom you will never marry!"

"I did not say that, sire."

"How!" cried the king, furiously. "You will not accord me even that consolation. What did you say then?"

"That I could not marry him, even if I wished it, for he has not asked me, never will, nor ever can."

"But if he could, if he did!"

"Then I would pray your majesty permission to accept him," cried she, falling on her knees before him. "But that," she added, with despair, "can never be, never on earth!"

"Me!" said the king. "You would ask me to consent to it. But you do not know, then," continued he, with a cry of grief and anger, "that I wish to marry you!"

"You! O mercy, it is not possible!"

"Ask the Count de Lerma, who left as you came; ask these ministers of heaven; they will tell you; they will testify that I wished to place you upon the throne of Spain, that I wished to make you queen!"

"And I—I do not wish it!" cried the young girl, eagerly. "I respect your majesty too much, I am too much attached to his glory, to permit him to descend from his station. Spain would blame you, and the Inquisition scorn you. I am a Moor."

"Well, what matter!" said the king, looking at her with love.

"I am of the race and faith they detest."

"But I—I love you!" cried he; "and hold—hold! one moment more, I would have signed an edict which banished from Spain thy father and all his race."

"Is it possible!" cried Alitea, trembling.

"An edict which proscribed them, which confiscated their property, which condemned them to wander and die in a foreign land; and that edict—"

"You will not sign!" cried Alitea.

"Never, if thou lovest me, if thou wilt have me—"

"I cannot, sire; but do not sign."

"Heaven wishes it, and my God commands it; that is what all say. Well, I will brave the will of Heaven, and even the anger of God, if thou lovest me, if thou consent."

"My duty prevents me."

"And my duty," cried the king, almost beside himself,—"my duty orders me to be unpitying!"

"Mercy, sire, mercy!" cried she, falling on her knees; "I supplicate you!"

"I supplicated in vain, and you repulsed me; thou lovest another."

"I love him no more; I will renounce him; I swear it to you!"

"That is not sufficient. I have not the courage or strength to resist the supplications and threats of those who wish it, unless you accede to my wishes."

"My duty, sire, my duty!" cried Alitea, pale with fright. And she added, almost frantically: "My honor and my duty, sire!"

"Thy honor," cried Philip, "thy honor and thy life belong to thy king; and thy duty—thy duty is to save thy father and all thy race! And since love can obtain nothing," continued he, his anger increasing always, "since I can obtain nothing by tenderness, I will try other means. I will see if thy hatred for thy king is stronger than the love of daughter or sister."

"Mercy, sire, mercy!"

"No, no—no mercy!" cried the king, delirious. And seizing her hand firmly, he said: "Listen to me well; thou shalt be here to-morrow evening—to-morrow; hearest thou well? and then I will destroy that edict, will insure the safety and happiness of thy brothers, of all thy race. But thou wilt come; I will wait for you here to-morrow. Thou promisest me—thou swearest it to me!"

"Never—never!" cried she, rising.

"Be silent—be silent!" said the king, placing his hand on her lips; "for if you do not come, then it will be thou who signalizest the ruin, exile, death of thy father!"

"My father!" repeated Alitea, bewildered; "I cause his death!" Then with a movement of despair and affright, an involuntary, movement, she cried, almost beside herself: "Mercy—mercy! I will come!"

The king uttered a cry of joy, and his eyes grew brilliant with hope and happiness.

"No, no—it is a blasphemy!" said Alitea, recovering her reason, which intense mental agony had for a moment clouded. "No, no—never, never!"

But the king, as if he feared to hear this disavowal, had already left Alitea, and entered an adjoining room and closed the door tightly behind him.

When the poor girl saw herself alone, she staggered for a moment; driven to despair, and almost wild, she fell on her knees, and raising her pale face, and trembling, to heaven, cried: "Come to my aid, O my God, the God of my fathers, and counsel me!"

Meanwhile, Bernard de Sandoval and the archbishop Ribeira had been taking the necessary measures for the execution of their plans. At Valencia, at Grenada, and in all Andalusia, in Arragon and the two Castiles, their emissaries spread the most alarming news, and raised all the population of Spain against the Moors. The statement prepared by Ribeira, and which the king had not read, was circulated throughout the kingdom, and made a great impression not only upon the members of the clergy, but upon the most powerful and influential personages.

The holy prelate demonstrated that Spain had in its midst a million of conquered enemies, but not subjugated, who formed a

separate nation, and who had never entered freely into the manners and interests of Spain. He attested that the Moors revolted continually, and that, above all, in the dangers from which Spain had escaped by the watchfulness and foresight of the Count de Lerma, the Moors, learning the preparations of King Henry IV., had offered him gold and soldiers; and if, by a miracle, King Henry had not died, Spain would have been attacked from within and without, and that if at the first foreign war all the Moors of the kingdom took arms, the Spaniards would be, like their ancestors, forced to submit to the yoke of the conqueror, or find an asylum in the rocks and mountains of Asturias.

These reasonings produced a great effect upon the higher classes; and for the people, Ribeira had recourse to other means. He spoke of a conspiracy which tended to nothing else, but to make the sultan of Morocco embark for Spain. The Moors, it was said, had promised to rise on his approach and furnish him with fifty thousand combatants, to aid him in pillaging the churches, profaning the monastaries and driving all the monks from the kingdom; which conspiracy, it was added, was discovered by the tribunal of the Inquisition. The panic was great; the priests invented strange recitals, wonderful signs, which passed from mouth to mouth, and added greatly to the general fear.

They said that at Daroca the noise of trumpets and drums had filled the air, at the moment the procession left the monastery; that at Valencia there had been seen a cloud of dazzling whiteness, streaked with blood, hanging for many days over the city; that an image of the Virgin had appeared, covered with sweat, and at last that the bell of Villila had rung for many days. All were expecting some great event, and awaited with almost breathless attention for the signal. Signs of strife were read in every passing cloud, warning bells were believed to sound from every tower, and all the Spaniards laid their hands upon their swords whenever they saw a Moor approach. The latter, peaceful and industrious, grew fearful, and scarcely dared to move from their houses.

Yezid received at Valencia all the news, and the day after Alitea's last interview with the king, he came to Madrid. He found her pale and tearless. She had not retired that night, but passed it in agonizing prayers—prayers to her brother and God for counsel.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE LAST RESOLVE.

"Sister!" exclaimed the young Moor, "you must go to Valencia to day."

"And why?"

"Our father and our brothers are in great danger; our place is near them." And in hurried words he recounted what our readers are already acquainted with. The populace, furious and excited by secret agents, had wished to set fire to Don Delascar's house.

Alitea trembled.

"That is not all," continued Yezid. "All the vessels Spain can dispose of are ready on the coasts; all the troops are ordered to march upon Valencia and Grenada. What odious plot has been formed against us I know not. My father writes that to save our brothers and religion, everything is permitted."

"He said that?" cried Alitea.

"Here is his letter. He asks our pardon for what he does, but knows that we think like him,—that we will not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice all that we have, the most precious and dear."

"He said that?" cried Alitea, with terror.

"See for thyself; see his last words. Save our brothers, and then die!"

Alitea took the letter, and a deadly palor spread over her face, which made Yezid very much frightened.

"Let me keep this letter, brother. Thou art right: we cannot remain here; it is necessary to go. Make all thy preparations; have a carriage ready. It is a daughter's duty to go to her father. Thou wilt lead me to him, Yezid," she murmured, in an imploring tone.

Yezid was going, when he turned and saw Alitea stagger. He returned quickly and sought to calm her.

"I have frightened you, dear sister, by telling you this news too abruptly, and speaking of the misfortunes which I hope will not be realized. My father will be able to prevent them."

"Only at the cost of his own life," said Alitea. Then casting aside her anguish, she added, calmly: "I hope, as you, that our enemies will draw back before the exile or massacre of our brothers. Juan has been called to the palace of the Inquisition; he will tell us all that has been decided upon, and, perhaps, this evening you will be able to carry to Valencia the news that the king and his minister have renounced their sinister designs forever."

She pronounced these words so slowly, and with such an evident effort, that Yezid said:

"You are striving to hide your suffering from me."

"No; nothing is the matter with me. At what hour do you set out?"

"This evening, that we may not be seen; this evening at eleven o'clock."

"That is well. I will be ready. Let the carriage wait for me, but not here; let it await me at the little palace gate which leads to the queen's apartments. Thou knowest it well?"

Yezid trembled.

"Yes, I know it; but why at that gate?"

"Because it is solitary, and because I have a duty to perform. Ask no more, I pray you; brother, trust me, and ask me nothing more. Now, go—go!"

Yezid looked at her with surprise. But he respected her secret, remembering the time when she had respected his own. He embraced his sister and left.

Alitea remained alone for a long time perfectly motionless. She re-read the letter of her father, and with a bewildered air, repeated many times these words:

"You will think as I do, my children; you will not hesitate to sacrifice all you hold dearest and most precious for the defence of our religion and the safety of our brothers. Save them, then die. It is our duty."

"I will follow your orders, my father," murmured she. "You shall be saved by me, and this evening Yezid shall lead your daughter to you; but he will bring her dead!"

She fell on her knees and prayed. Then gaining more strength, she rose and drew from her bosom the tiny crystal flask which Juan had taken from the countess, and gazed for a long time upon the only friend, the only hope that remained to her. Only a few drops and death would come.

Fearing no longer to survive her wo, and certain of death, she breathed more freely and took courage. Going to her desk, she wrote a long time and very rapidly. Having finished her writing, she sealed and directed it; then upon another sheet she wrote:

"When I am gone, give the enclosed to the person to whom it is addressed. Farewell! ALITEA."

In this she enclosed her first letter, and sealing it, directed it to Don Fernand d'Albayda.

At last night set in, and as the moment approached, Alitea felt her terror redouble. With her eyes fixed on the clock, whose hand seemed to fly, she heard seven, eight, then nine, strike. Her heart beat violently; her head felt on fire, and she felt consumed by a living fever which produced a strange hallucination. She thought she saw her old white-haired father followed by several murderers, and he cried to her, "Save me, my daughter! save me!" She sprang forward to save him, but too late. The old man was struck and his blood spouted over her; she saw him at her feet, his noble head in the dust.

At this moment the clock struck ten. Alitea uttered a horrible cry. Without hesitating, without reflecting, she covered her shoulders with a mantle and her face with a thick veil, and quickly left the hotel and walked along the street. The night was dark. The cool night air scattered the delirium which had possessed her, and she became her own fearful self. She looked around her, but no one was near, and she sped onward. Soon she heard stealthy steps follow her. A wild hope filled her breast. She thought it was a murderer, and she turned, welcoming the assassin's knife; but the pursuer fled. Again she went on, and again the steps followed her. Fearing now not a murderer, but a spy, she hurried on and gained the little gate. A door opened, and she was shown up to the king's chamber. The chamber was empty, and the wild resolution she had taken left her.

"No, no—I will not remain here!" cried she, rising from the chair into which she had fallen. "I will fly; I have yet time, thank God!"

There was no time. She heard quick steps. She uttered a cry, and in her anxiety and fright, she fell on her knees. A door opened before her.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Alitea, in a stifled voice, extending her hands in supplication.

"What do I see? A woman *here*—at my feet!" said a low voice.

Alitea raised her eyes. The door which had opened led not from the king's cabinet, but from the corridor by which she had come. She saw before her, not her royal master, but the being she most loved in the world, he whom she wished to think her most worthy. What would he think finding her at that hour in the king's apartments?

"Juan!" she cried, and fainted.

Sevilla, as pale as death, seized her in his arms, and without questioning, without giving a thought to the vile suspicion which entered his head, he raised her up and bore her from that fatal room. As he entered the corridor, and paused for a moment to recover his strength, he heard the king enter his room and speak with the servant who had led Alitea up.

"Why did you not tell me instantly that the lady I expected was waiting for me?"

No doubt remained; Alitea came of her own accord to the king. To say what Juan felt were impossible. One moment he felt like throwing her down the stairs on the marble pavement beneath; the next he held her to his wildly throbbing heart, and with unequalled speed flew down stairs with her to the little palace gate. He found two men waiting there, one was undoubtedly the one who followed Alitea. The two men approached Juan, who thought all lost. The foremost one looked intently at the young girl and monk, then said in a low voice:

"God be praised, brother! It is you whom we serve."

Sevilla dared ask nothing. The former continued rapidly:

"What shall we do? Dispose of us as you please."

"Aid me to carry this young woman."

The unknown whistled, and many men, clothed in black mantles, approached from places where they had hidden.

"Where shall we conduct her?" inquired the unknown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]



CHAMOIS HUNTERS IN THE ALPS.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

Perhaps there is nothing that can well be conceived more exciting than the hunting scenes often engaged in by the Swiss mountaineers. The very spirited picture on this page represents a pair of Swiss chamois hunters following their perilous avocation. In their picturesque, brigandish costume, armed with their short deadly rifles, they have gained a foothold on the face of an almost perpendicular cliff; and while one is looking out for a shot, the other is just raising his weapon to his shoulder to bring down his quarry. In the distance are seen a pair of chamois, one in a listening attitude, and the other bounding across a ravine with the agility which these nimble animals are so celebrated for. The chamois hunter's calling is one that calls for desperate energies. Provided with a gun, a bag of provisions, an iron shod staff to assist him in climbing and leaping, and an axe to cut steps in the ice, his shoes studded with iron points, he traverses the mountain by night as well as by day, tracking his swift and shy game along narrow ledges of rock, or up the rugged sides of precipices, where a false step, or a spring not vigorous enough, would be followed by instant destruction. The chamois inhabits the elevated portions of the Alps and Pyrenees. It is about the size of a large goat, of a dark chestnut brown color, with the exception of the forehead, the sides of the lower jaw and the muzzle, which are white. The horns, rising just above the eyes, are black, smooth and straight for two-thirds of their length, then suddenly curve backward. Its hoofs are so constructed as to enable it to cling securely to the smallest roughness or projection of rock and soil. The hair is thick, long and coarse, and serves to protect it from the bruises to which it is constantly liable. The skin of the chamois makes a fine leather, which is a valuable article of commerce. These animals are sometimes seen feeding carelessly at morning or evening, with their young ones gambolling about them; but there is always a sentinel on the lookout, to give warning of the approach of danger. If a hunter or a beast of prey draws near, the sentinel makes a loud hissing noise, the herd prick up their ears, and as soon as they are satisfied that it is no false alarm, away they bound with the speed of arrows, springing from point to point, sweeping over the ice-fields, hurling themselves down precipices, and finding safety in flight, though apparently rushing on destruction. In speaking of these animals, the Rev. Mr. Williams, a traveller there, relates a very interesting anecdote:—"A hunter," he says, "had been for some days endeavoring to discover the haunt of one of these animals, and at length he saw



THE OPERA.

two little ones sporting around the mother, in a niche at the top of a high rock, while she was glancing warily down the valley to watch for any hostile approach. To avoid being seen, he made a great circuit, and so reached a path which led to the spot. Exactly in front of the niche the rocks descend perpendicularly to an immense depth. At the back was another steep descent; some fragments of rocks formed a kind of bridge between the large masses; but these were placed too high to be accessible to the little ones, and could only be available to the mother. Escape, therefore, seemed to be impossible. No sooner did the mother, however, catch sight of the hunter than she sprang upon him with all the fury that maternal love will breathe into the most timid creatures. As the hunter now found both hands necessary to sustain him on the narrow path, he warded off the blows of the chamois as well as he could with his feet, and kept advancing. The anguish of the mother increased; she dashed back to her young, coursed round them with loud cries, as if to warn them of their danger, and then leaped up before the fragments of rocks, already mentioned, from which the second but most difficult egress from the niche was to be won. Again and again did she descend and make the leap, as if to show her young ones the way, but they were not equal to the task, and the hunter had advanced some steps nearer. He was just preparing to make his last effort, when the mother, fixing her hind legs firmly on the rock behind, stretched her body to the utmost length, and planted her forefeet on the rock above, thus forming of her back a temporary bridge. In a moment the young passed over it; the hunter sprang into the niche, thinking himself sure of his game, but all three were off with the speed of the wind, and the bullets he discharged after the fugitives were expended in vain."

BUSHIRE, ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

The bright and sparkling landscape on this page is the city of Bushire on the Persian Gulf, which presents to the artist many points of attraction. Its quaint towers, its ancient fortifications, the bold sweep of the neighboring hills, and the bright waters that reflect its features combine the most striking elements of the picturesque. In another point of view it is an important place. We have given it its popular designation, but the true title is Abou-Shehr, a word signifying the "Father of Cities," for the Orientals do not give unmeaning names to their settlements. It is built on the extremity of a sandy peninsula which jets out into the Persian Gulf.

It is inhabited principally by Persians, Arabs and Armenians, whose numbers have been variously estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. As a reference to our engraving shows, it is protected on the land side by a wall with round towers, and on the other side by the waters of the gulf, which form a harbor on the north. It is built of white stone, and furnished with hollow towers for ventilation, which make a distant view of it very attractive. But like many other showy cities of the East, it does not improve upon acquaintance. Its streets prove to be narrow, dirty, and unpaved; it is ill supplied with water, and its houses, with a very few exceptions, are shabby, dirty and inconvenient. Among the public buildings are several mosques, but they are by no means creditable specimens of architecture. The sheik's palace is a structure of some pretensions; and so is a depot of the East India Company. The coffee houses are poor affairs, and, what is strange for an oriental city, there is but a single bath in the whole place. Ships of three hundred tons are compelled to lie in a roadstead, six miles from the city. Bushire had, previous to the recent war, a large trade with British Indies, importing thence rice, indigo, sugar, English cotton goods with other manufactures, with steel, spices, porcelain, etc., from China and the Malay archipelago. Coffee is imported from Mocha; bullion and European manufactures of various kinds come from Bassorah. The principal exports are raw silk and shawls, horses, carpets, silk goods, dried fruits, grain, sheeraz wine, turquoises, pearls, assafœtida and gallnuts. The anchorage is indifferent, but the best on the coast. It consists of an outer roadstead, exposed to the northwest winds, and a safe inner harbor, with four and a half fathoms of water, two and a half miles from the town. In 1831, the plague, that scourge of Eastern cities, committed great ravages here, carrying off more than one third of the inhabitants. The events of the present war may seriously affect the welfare of this city and give it an additional interest in the eyes of the world. Late advices state that the fort of Bushire has been seized by the British East India Company's troops. This is a most important capture, and if it can be held out will prove a valuable depot in the hands of the enemies of Persia. In that event the war will undoubtedly soon come to a close.

HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

We have placed on this page two engravings which form a historical antithesis and illustrate the extremes of social condition in New York. In one is seen a lady in full dress in her box at the Academy of Music. Brilliantly beautiful, and arranged in the height of fashion, the exposure of many eyes, the voluptuous Italian music she is listening to, accords with her feelings, and poetises her sensations. With one sweep of the pencil we pass to the other extreme of society as the fingers of Thalberg glide from the highest to the lowest notes of the chromatic scale. We have presented a type of the Upper Ten—let us look at a type of the Lower Twenty. The transition from Fifth Avenue to Five Points is not so very great, after all. Here is a wretched creature, whom we shall recognize as feminine, the picture of indigence and despair, seeking excitement or oblivion in strong drink. She has scarcely



THE TAP-ROOM.

attained her end. Her haggard look, the writhing of her clasped hands, show that misery grapples her heart closely and will not be shaken off even by the desperate means to which she resorts. What an appalling picture! How low humanity sinks when it voluntarily takes the downward path, or when inexorable circumstances press it down into the mire! It is to remedy such terrible evils, to raise such fallen natures, that the best efforts of the good and true-hearted are directed. The condition of the poor and vicious in New York has enlisted the warmest sympathy and the most active benevolence. Foremost in the work are the noble ladies of our sister city. They have feared not to enter the polluted purlieus of sin and shame, and with their white garments unsoiled, have proved ministering angels to the fallen and the wretched sons and daughters of humanity.



BUSHIRE, ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO C—— G——.

BY J. P. HOWE.

Friend of mine! how dear I prize thee!
What have I of greater worth,
Than the love thou bearest for me—
Love of pure, celestial birth?

Thou art more than all else to me—
More than honor, wealth, or fame;
Toil and hardship suffered for thee,
I count gladly "more than gain."

O, when I am sad and lonely,
When the world seems dark and drear,
Oft there comes a vision holy,
Sent my sorrowing heart to cheer.

It is thy sweet face appearing
Through the gloom around my heart;
And thy voice, so sweetly cheering,
Bids all grief and care depart.

And I gaze enraptured on thee,
Filled with love, and hope, and light;
Gaining courage for the future—
Courage for the darkest night.

Thus I'm cheered upon life's journey,
Joyfully I wend my way;
When thy lovely form is near me,
Darkest hour is turned to day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOLD LOCKET:

—OR,—

JESSIE WALDO'S REVENGE.

BY EMMA CARRA.

It was a little low room, and scant of furniture, where Jessie sat, and yet there was an air of comfort about it. The white curtains at the windows were as pure as the wintry drifts without, and the soft cushion in the large rocking-chair in the corner looked inviting. A small, round stand was drawn up near a shining stove, and beside it sat Jessie. Her foot was on the rocker of a neat willow cradle in which reposed an infant. One had only to look into the face of the sleeper to know that mother and child were before them. The same kind of soft curls shaded the face of each, and the high broad forehead was similar; but there was an air of melancholy on the countenance of the youthful mother that the child had not, and there was a look of unrest about her that infancy can never wear; and let us thank the Creator that it is so, for if it were otherwise, few like he of whom we write would ever come to maturity. Jessie sat rocking the cradle to and fro, and by her side lay a piece of embroidery unfinished. The girl—for we must call her so, although she was a mother—looked first at the muslin and then at an open book on the table before her as if she were undecided which to take. At length, grasping the work nervously, she whispered to herself: "I must finish this, or Alvah and I may have no home to-morrow;" then trimming anew the wick of the lamp she drew it closer and began to stitch. A half hour or so passed away, and yet it was scarcely dark in the narrow street where Jessie lived, and she drew a low sigh as she heard the pedestrians go tramping by, to think that she too could not go out into the fresh air and feel its grateful coolness on her brow; but the infant stirred now, and she rocked the cradle with more energy, and hurried with her work, rocking, thinking and sewing; but it was plain that her meditations were painful, for dark shadows of thought flitted across her face. The babe continued restless, so leaning over and looking into the face of the drowsy little occupant of the cradle, she sang:

"Sleep on, sweet innocent, sleep;
Thy mother alone must weep!"

Two or three times the youthful mother repeated the lines in a low, sweet voice like the carolling of some bird, and then as if to carry out the spirit of her song, a tear glistened on her lashes for a moment and then moistened the muslin in her lap; another might have followed, but at this instant a low tap on the outer door made her press her handkerchief to her eyes and rise to her feet.

"Good evening, Mrs. Waldo," said she who tapped, as the young mother opened the door.

"Good evening, Miss Dinsmore," returned the hostess; and then continued: "Will you walk in?"

The visitor bowed assent, and in a moment she was seated in the little square room occupied by Jessie. Miss Dinsmore was richly dressed, and there was an air of gentility and refinement about her that could but be interpreted as indicating that she moved in the higher walks of life; and yet she was easy and approachable in her manner, rendering the way to her heart accessible. Stepping quietly in, she seated herself by the cradle, and looking in, she exclaimed:

"What a beautiful child you have, Mrs. Waldo!"

"Call me Jessie," said the hostess, her cheeks changing to a deeper crimson.

"Well, I don't know that I can blame you for not wanting to be called Mrs." said Miss Dinsmore, "for you look nothing but a child now. You must have been married very young."

"Ye—yes," returned Jessie, her color not receding, and turning her face in another direction to hide her blushes.

"How long did you say your husband had been gone to California?" continued the visitor.

The young mother was or pretended to be busy in putting fuel into her little stove, and the rattling of the coal so drowned her voice that Miss Dinsmore did not rightly understand her answer; but she did not inquire again, for her mind was too pure to surmise that any unhappy circumstance could be connected with the marriage of the beautiful being before her; so she dropped the subject and made inquiries concerning the business that brought her there.

"Is the embroidery finished, Mrs.—Jessie?"

"Nearly," said the hostess, with some hesitation, "and it would have been quite, but Alvah has not been very well to-day. I am very sorry it is not done; but I will sit up to-night and finish it."

"O, no, Jessie, you must not do that. I should not enjoy wearing it if I knew that you were broken of your rest to finish it. I will wear the last skirt you embroidered for me, for I shall wear a thicker dress than when I attended Madam Gleadon's party; so give yourself no uneasiness because it is not done—finish it at your leisure, and when it is done you may bring it to me. If I am not at home to settle with you, you have only to mention it to mama and she will pay you." Then looking into the cradle again she exclaimed: "O, he is a beautiful babe! I declare he looks very much like an acquaintance of mine. If I did not know that he is your child, I should think he must be a relative of Ormond's."

"Of whom?" said Jessie, her voice a little tremulous.

"Of Ormond Delamere, a young gentleman of fortune, who is very popular in all our assemblies of fashion. But O dear, Jessie, how pale you look! Do lay by your work to-night. Why, you really look ill."

"O, it is only a little faintness that I am subject to—I shall be better in a moment." And she staggered from her chair to the fresh air, and after a few moments returned, her face still pale but without trace of emotion.

In the mother's absence, the babe was so restless that Miss Dinsmore lifted him to her lap, and when Jessie took him, the child held in his hand a tiny locket of gold, attached to the chain around the visitor's neck which she had given him to look at and which he was now very loth to relinquish, every effort to induce him but bringing forth fresh cries.

"Well, never mind now," said the visitor; "let him retain it a little while; you can take care of it afterwards and return it when you bring the skirt."

"But I am afraid he will injure it," said Jessie.

"No, I think not; it has a strong close case, and very likely he will soon relinquish it when I am gone. But I must go now, as I have to dress in season to leave home at nine." And then gathering her warm furs closer and bidding the young and lovely mother good-by, she went out.

When Miss Dinsmore was gone, Jessie did not weep, but after various attempts she coaxed the locket from the babe and placed him back in the cradle where he soon fell asleep. With a trembling hand the unhappy girl touched the spring that held close the covers of the locket, and as the picture within met her view, she recoiled with a smothered shriek, while the cold perspiration started from her temples. "'Tis plain," she whispered, hoarsely. "Yes, I can read it all now; this is the likeness of Ormond Delamere; and he flirts and dances with the favorites of wealth and fashion while his—yes, *I am his wife* in the sight of Heaven—his wife and babe are here almost suffering for the necessaries of life. I have suffered wrong, but my patience will not hold out forever, and should there come a reverse in my love, I feel that reason would be dethroned and my revenge would be terrible. For myself, I can endure, but to see my darling babe suffer and be scorned by the world as a child of shame, makes my heart recoil. It shall not be so. If he has wealth, a part at least is mine—is Alvah's, and shall be given to him that he may not know want from his cradle."

"Jessie!" said a pleasant voice outside of the outer door, for the young mother had fastened it when her first visitor departed. "Jessie," it repeated, "are you there?"

"Yes," answered the girl, dropping the locket in her bosom and trying to crush back all signs of emotion from her fair face.

In a moment she opened the door, and a young man stepped within the little square room. His figure was tall and commanding, and there was a varying expression in his face. His dress was fashionable in the extreme and made of the finest fabrics. A heavy gold chain glittered on his breast and attached to it was a watch of great value. Such was the appearance of Ormond Delamere when he entered the little low room occupied by Jessie, the once happy little rustic of the New Hampshire hills.

"All alone to-night, Jessie?" he said, looking around cautiously as he entered.

"Yes, Ormond," replied the girl, with a half sad expression.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" continued the young man, gaily, as he caught her hand in passing, and then added: "Is anything the matter with Alvah that I find you so sad? Is he sick?"

"No," answered Jessie, "he is not sick;" and withdrawing her hand: "Would to Heaven that he—"

She did not finish the sentence, for a cold chill crept over her as she looked towards the cradle, and thought that, though perhaps he might never be able to acknowledge any parent but her, he was all that she had to depend upon for love.

"Do you want anything, Jessie?" continued the young man, pleasantly, as he saw her wild look and heard her unfinished sentence.

"Yes," answered she, with emphasis. "I want those marriage vows once spoken by a stranger repeated again now before witnesses, and I want my marriage certificate that you took as you said for safe keeping."

"Jessie," replied the young man, again attempting to take her hand, "I thought you had done with all these childish outbursts long ago—they can do you no good. I have told you in what relation we stood, and you do but make your situation worse to dwell on the past."

"*Worse!*" repeated the girl, hoarsely; "it cannot be."

"Yes it could, for I could leave you in this great city without means of support, and then you would perish with want."

"Better to die," continued the girl, "than to live dishonored."

Ormond was silent a moment, and looked around uneasily, and then said:

"What has produced this outburst? I thought our future plans were all settled long ago."

"Settled!" repeated Jessie, ironically.

"Yes, Jessie; don't you remember when one day while under the influence of wine I told you he who married us was not a clergyman, you said from that time forth we should be as strangers? I acquiesced, but promised that I would contribute to the maintenance of our child; and have I not done so? You know that I have kept my word, and paid liberally for his board."

Jessie was ghastly pale, but she did not break the silence that followed, so in a moment the young man continued, in soothing tones:

"If I could recall the past, Jessie, I would, and restore you to your native hills as happy as you were ere I knew you; but still, because I erred in the past, I must not bring a father's curse on me now by acknowledging one as my wife that he would not recognize as a daughter, but would disinherit me if I attempted it. So think no more of these things. I will see that you never want, and by-and-by you can pass for a young widow and marry some one with whom you can be happy."

"Wretch!" muttered Jessie in a suppressed voice; and with her large dark eyes riveted on the face before her: "I am no longer the confiding Jessie Waldo that you wooed and deceived, but Mrs. Delamere, your injured wife. But it is not because I love you that I wish now to be publicly acknowledged as your wife, but it is that my babe may not be called a child of shame. Since that fatal moment that made known to me your villany, I have dissembled and smothered my resentment, hoping thereby you might be induced to relent, and for the sake of your child recall those dreadful words, and own your wife and boy before the world; but the delusion is past—from you I expect no wrongs to be redressed, so now beware! for I know more of your false heart than you would have me know. You say you provide for the babe liberally,—ha, ha! *liberally*,—and that you will leave us to starve. That we should have done long ago had I not from house to house sought employment for my needle. And Ormond, in my wanderings I have learned something of you, and of the falsity of the tale you told me, that all your time was engrossed in business, which made such heavy demands on your purse that you were not able to provide a better home for the babe. For my child's sake I have misrepresented and deceived, assuming my maiden name and making it appear that I was the wife of an absent one; but I will do it no longer; and now I repeat what I have said before—Give me the certificate you took from me almost ere the conclusion of the ceremony, that I may have some clue by which to find one who by word bound me to you so that I thought death only could sever us."

"I have destroyed it," said the young man, firmly.

Jessie's whole frame grew convulsed; her hands dropped motionless in her lap, and for several moments she did not speak, but when she did there was a hollowness in her tone that caused the color in his cheeks to come and go in quick succession.

"Ormond Delamere," she said, "one summer when you spent the summer months in the country near my home, I thought you worthy, and I loved you. I was very young then, and against the advice of my aged aunt, and with whom I, an orphan, lived, I consented to become your bride, though you were a stranger. I was poor, it is true, but to that you made no objection, saying you had plenty for us both. You said you wished to be married by one whose church you frequented in your childhood; to this I agreed, and by your request we were privately married. I had never seen much of the great world, and knew not that such a wretch lived till it was too late to retract. So now I repeat, beware! for if I am fallen I will not submit without an effort to bring you to my level."

The young man gave a defiant laugh, and all his mildness departed as he said, with scorn:

"*I* make you my lawful wife! an ignorant country rustic, without character, friends or wealth. No, you should have looked before you leaped—you should not have wedded with a stranger; so trouble me no more, as from this time forth I shall not know you."

Cold perspiration stood on the face of the youthful mother, but there was a look of firmness that almost made the young man tremble.

"Did you ever see that before?" she said, drawing from her bosom the small locket that Miss Dinsmore left with the babe, and reaching it to him.

Several times Ormond essayed to speak, but the words died away in whispers. He knew the locket well—it was a present he made to the daughter of the wealthy Mrs. Dinsmore, a few months back. It contained the pictures of himself and the heiress.

"How came you by this?" he said at length, the tremor of his voice betraying the emotion within.

"Honestly," was the only answer deigned.

"Do you know the original of this picture?" continued Ormond, holding the miniature of Miss Dinsmore towards her.

"I shall answer no more questions," was Jessie's reply; and then she remarked, while a wild fire flashed from her eyes: "I know your intentions there, but never attempt to wed with th

heiress of the Dinsmore estates, or you may be thwarted by means you do not think of now."

Ormond broke out into a loud, defiant laugh, saying, derisively:

"Be silent, child, or you may repent your words when it is too late."

Jessie returned his scornful look, saying, with emphasis:

"Is my ruin the *only* crime you ever committed? How obtained you the wealth that enables you to linger at the gaming table, in spite of the prayers of an aged father? Ha! you tremble, do you? You have cause for it. I could a tale unfold, and yet it is but of late I learned it."

Ormond arose and paced the floor rapidly, for a few moments, and then putting on his former pleasant manner, he approached the side of Jessie, saying:

"Forgive me, dear, and let us be friends again. I meant not half I said."

But the girl waved her hand for him to be gone, saying:

"I know you now, Ormond, and flattery will not again overcome me. Think not to wed with Gertrude Dinsmore, or she shall know all full soon. Believe me, she has a heart, and should she learn your true character, she would sooner die than become your wife."

"I defy you," was Ormond's reply, and without further remark he went out.

After the young man had closed the door, the injured girl turned the key in the lock and paced the worn carpet hurriedly. In spite of the absence of all luxury, as we have said there was an air of comfort in the young mother's apartment, and she would have been happy with no more of this world's wealth had Ormond proved to be all she once thought him; but now there was a spirit aroused within that nothing but retribution for past wrongs could calm. Going to the cradle she made sure that her babe was sleeping quietly, then stepping to a chamber on the first floor above her, which was occupied by a widow and her two children, "Mrs. May," she said, "I have come to ask a favor. Would you be willing to take care of Alvah till I return? I am going out to see a friend, and I may not be back till it is late."

"O, certainly," replied Mrs. May. "We will bring the cradle up here, and then you may stay as long as you wish."

With a look of satisfaction Jessie thanked the woman, and a few minutes later she started out, warmly clad in coarse outer garments. Emerging from the narrow street in which she lived, she walked rapidly down another that wore a much more business-like aspect. Her step was quick, nor did she slacken it till she came to an alley that led to the rear of a large brick store. For a moment Jessie stood in the well-shaded yard as if undecided. At length, murmuring in a whisper, "It must be so—my injuries must be avenged," she stepped cautiously to one of the closed shutters to the building and giving a gentle tap, whispered loudly with her lips at the aperture:

"Luther!"

In an instant a light step was heard inside, and then a back door opened and the girl was invited to enter.

"Why, Jessie," said the young man who had bidden her to enter, taking her hand in his, respectfully, "how came you here at this late hour of the evening?"

"To know the worst; and if all be true that I surmise, to seek revenge."

The store was closed and the two were alone, so without further comment, Luther still retaining her hand, led her to a small counting-room adjoining. Jessie was the first to break the silence.

"Luther," she said, "I need not tell you my history now, for from early childhood you have known me, and had I never met with Ormond Delamere I should have yielded to your request long ago, and become your wife."

The color came and went alternately in the young man's handsome face, and then his features settled into a look of melancholy, but he did not answer, so Jessie continued:

"You know that I was married to him clandestinely, and that he brought me here where I was a stranger, and under one pretence and another, which he said he could not now fully explain, he has provided me with only a miserable home."

"True," remarked Luther; "and this I never could account for, while he seems to have so much at his command."

"I know the reason," whispered the girl. "It—it is—he says I am not his wife. Our marriage was but a mockery."

"Impossible!" said Luther, springing to his feet.

"For his child's sake would that it were, but for mine, death were preferable now to a life with him. So I have come to you for aid." And then the girl told the young man the occurrences of the evening, of the call of the heiress, and the locket, and that from the manner of each she was convinced that it was the intention of Ormond to obtain the hand of Miss Dinsmore, and that Gertrude thought him all he appeared to be. "Luther," said Jessie, in continuation of her remarks, "if it were in some degree from a selfish motive that I wrote to you when I knew that you were in want of a situation, asking you to come to this city and apply for one to Ormond, but to keep it a secret that you knew me,—for I began then to suspect that all was not right between him and me,—I hope, now that necessity requires it, you will prove my friend."

"God forbid that I should be otherwise, Jessie," replied the young man, with enthusiasm. "And now in what manner can I serve you?"

"By obtaining from him my certificate of marriage; for although he says he has destroyed it, I do not believe him, and I think you can in some of his unguarded moments come in possession of it. It may be about his person, and perhaps when he is sleeping you may be able to procure it. I think I heard you say that he has a room fitted up for a sleeping apartment in the store."

"Yes, Jessie, he has a room here, but he seldom visits it till very late at night, and often after deep potations from the intoxicating cup; but I shall do as you desire, and if he has such a document, in a few days or weeks at least it shall be yours, and if I can be of further service to you, you have but to command me."

The girl hesitated a moment, and then said:

"There is one thing more, Luther: you will remember at a former time you told me that you did not think he came honestly by the wealth he spends; have you any further proof?"

The young clerk looked cautiously around, as if he almost feared to trust the air with what he was about to utter, and then he whispered in the girl's ear:

"Jessie, he is a forger. I know it to be true, for I have watched him closely, and now I hold the proof beyond a doubt." And the young man took from his pocket a small key and went into an adjoining apartment, and in a few moments he returned and placed in her hand a small roll of papers.

Jessie read them hastily, and then said:

"Why did you not make these known?"

"I was but waiting for an opportunity," was the reply.

"Leave it all to me, now," returned the girl, "and if you meet with no recompense now, the God of the injured will reward you in the future."

"I ask for no reward," said Luther, gallantly, "save your hand should it ever be free; for come what may, I will never believe that Jessie Waldo ever did anything to sully her fair name."

No answer, but a grateful look was returned, and in another moment Jessie, by her desire, left her childhood's friend unattended and walked through the gas-lit streets to her lonely room.

About a month has passed, and now, reader, we must again visit that little low room where dwelt the youthful mother and her babe. It is scrupulously neat, with no one present but the tenants we first introduced, but a low rap soon caused the elder inmate to open the door, when two men entered, and Jessie, with a slight bow, requested them to pass into an inner room. They obeyed, remarking that they believed they were a little late, but the girl answered no, and they had but just disappeared when another rap was heard, and Jessie again opened the door.

"I believe I am come precisely at the time your billet appointed, Mrs. Waldo," said Miss Dinsmore.

"Yes," said Jessie, "and I am much obliged to you for complying with it." Then desiring her to enter a small room that led off from the right, she added: "You may think my request strange, but pardon me, and all shall soon be explained."

In a few moments another rap was heard, and Ormond Delamere entered.

"What do you desire?" he asked, sternly. "Speak quickly, for I have little time to spare on such as you."

"I sent for you to again ask from you the certificate of our marriage."

"Fool!" shouted Ormond; "have I not told you that I destroyed it, and that you need trouble me no more?"

"Then I shall acquaint Miss Dinsmore with the past; she will not wed a man who has a wife living."

"How do you know that I intend to make her my wife?"

"Why does she wear your picture if she does not expect to become your wife?"

In an instant the whole manner of Ormond changed, and stepping to her side, he said, pleasantly:

"I do indeed intend if possible to marry the rich heiress; not that I love her half as much as I do you, though I have been unkind, but the cause of my unkindness is not my lack of love for you, but I must have money; and now if you will say no more to thwart me, when I am married to Gertrude I will provide you with every luxury, and maintain you in any style you choose."

There was a pause of a moment, and Ormond was confronted by the presence of those that of all others he would the least have liked to see now; for within a few feet of him stood Miss Dinsmore, his clerk, Luther Russell, and an officer of the law. Ormond attempted to rush from the room, but soon found his egress was impossible until attended to a place for safe keeping till the law should acquit or condemn him; for now the papers that proved him a forger were produced, and in a package of old receipts and cancelled bills in a drawer in the secretary in Ormond's room, Luther had found the desired certificate, which on investigation was found to be genuine, the man who married them having been a justice of the peace, though Ormond was ignorant of the fact. Thus Alvah became the lawful heir to his grandfather's property, by whom he was acknowledged as his grandchild when all was made known.

We have but little more to add: ere the day of trial came Ormond died in prison—whether by his own hand, or remorse and disease, the world never knew; and in after years Jessie rewarded the young clerk by the gift of herself and the guardianship of her beautiful boy.

THE LOVE OF THE DEAD.

It is written in the Moralist that to have laid a strong affection down among the dead may be a great sorrow, but it is not a real misfortune. Whatever one's altergoings may be, there is a deposit for the future, a stake in the better country, a part of the heart which the grave keeps holy in spite of the "evil that is in the world." The living may change to us, or we to them; sin may divide, strife may come between us, but through all times and fortunes the dead remain the same to our memories and our love. The child taken away from us long ago is still the innocent lamb that was not for our folding. The early lost friend or lover is still the blessed of our youth, a hope not to be withered, a promise not to be broken, a possession wherein there is no disappointment.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE FRENCH IMPERIAL FAMILY.

A Paris correspondent [illegible]. The [illegible] was yesterday in a state of the [illegible] out for air and exercise in the garden and court of the Tuileries. In the afternoon the imperial [illegible] was carried in the carriage, with a military escort, to the park of Meudon, where he remained an hour and a half. What he may grow up to it is impossible to say; but though a strong, healthy looking child he is as yet, at present far from prepossessing in appearance, the mouth is gross and altogether unseemly; the cheek bones are long and prominent, the complexion unhealthy. But he is lusty as a young eagle. Scarcely does he touch the old, he rolls himself over and over after any object which attracts him with surprising agility, and shows all the germs of future despotism in his determined manner of exercising his free will on all matters which he desires. The fondness of the imperial parents is absolutely intense, and the genuine amiability of both is never more apparent than when the child is in their presence. As to the empress, it seems to be the only thing that was wanting to draw out the great depths of her character; and in the duties of maternity she displays a grave solidity and womanly earnestness of which she was not always supposed capable. The health of the emperor, if it were affected to the degree so generally reported, is surprisingly recovered. He now rises at seven o'clock; is frequently at work in his cabinet by candle light, at ten receives his ministers, marshals and high functionaries, as heretofore. The only difference discovered in him by those most intimately associated with him—and I am speaking on the best information—is that he is often seized with long fits of abstraction, and will sit for hours sometime doing nothing; and yet it is evident that this is not a state of inaction, for there are unmistakable indications of his mind being in constant operation. He has an affection of the instep—a sort of tic douloureux, as he calls it—which often prevents him drawing on his boot, and indisposes him to move about. His general health appears excellent, and thus secures him from the imputation of gout.

GROWTH OF NEW ZEALAND.

Fifteen years ago this colony was an uncultivated, unexplored group of islands, inhabited by native cannibals. The New Zealand Company undertook it, sent out emigrants, turned to account its abundant agricultural and mineral resources, discovered the superior intelligence and aptitude for civilization of the indigenous race, and with the aid of indefatigable missionaries, converted the heathen to Christianity. In a short time the British government erected New Zealand into a separate colony. The population was not then over 5000; it has increased to nearly 180,000, of whom 50,000 at least are whites, mostly all emigrants from the mother country. Sir Robert Peel once emphatically called it the Great Britain of the Southern Seas. Its revenue from the customs exceeds £100,000 a year; the exports amount to more than a quarter of a million. It has a free constitution, "almost equal to universal suffrage." The next clip of the wool of the province of Wellington alone will not be less than a million of pounds, and, including the other southern provinces, may be estimated at three millions. Education is extending among the natives by means of industrial schools, in which their children are provided with everything. The missionary establishments are numerous. A Mr. Smith, of Wellington, "came home after a residence of seventeen months in New Zealand," and communicated much interesting information. He deems it probable that the population will be doubled every three years. Within two months two thousand persons left Victoria for New Zealand. It will certainly be among the most prosperous and wealthy of the British possessions. —*Journal of Commerce.*

LORD NAPIER, THE NEW MINISTER.

The new British minister at Washington appears to come up to all the requirements for his particular mission. Objections have been taken to Lord Napier because he has served his diplomatic apprenticeship at the courts of Naples, Teheran, Madrid and St. Petersburg; a bad school, it is said, for a minister to the republican United States. We are not sure of that. It is affirmed that Lord Napier's liberal opinions have only been strengthened by what he has seen at absolutist courts. It is by no means impossible at the present day: despotic governments may thus instructively play the political helot. Lord Napier has served in no post without gaining credit. Personally he is able, frank and conciliatory in his manners,—a true specimen of the English gentleman. The Americans have sometimes remarked that they select their best men to send to us—those who have been distinguished in the public service, in literature, or in some other way; while we have not always returned the compliment. The selection of a popular nobleman will unquestionably be taken by the republicans to prove that we have the desire to pay them the compliment of appointing to the post at Washington a man of high estimation among ourselves. There is much good to be done at the American capital, and by all accounts there is a probability Lord Napier is the man to do it.—*London Spectator.*

PLEASANT INCIDENT.

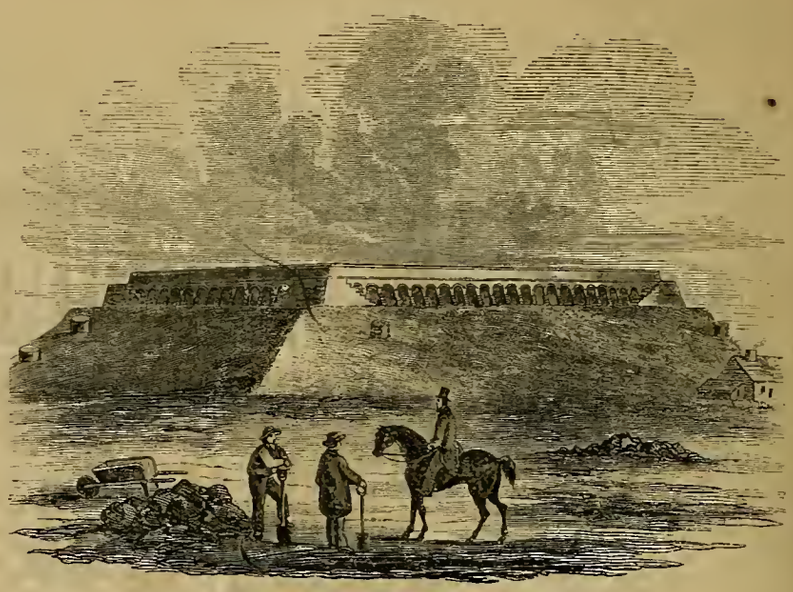
A loud shout from the boys in the street drew me to the window. An old man, with a market basket on his arm, was staggering along under the influence of ardent spirits, sometimes plunging against the fence on one side, and barely saving himself from the ditch on the other. The boys seemed to regard it as fine sport, but the old man was of a different opinion, and would, evidently, have taken a summary vengeance had it been in his power. As it was, he could only look daggers, shake his fist, swear at them, and threaten a terrible retribution at some future time. At length he attempted to cross the street and would have fallen headlong had not a young lad, some twelve or fourteen years of age, who was passing at the time, sprung forward, caught his arm, and restored his equilibrium. Then, with a gentle "this way, sir," and a rebuking gesture to the boys, which kept them at a proper distance, he kindly led the old man forward, nor did he leave him till he reached the door of the market to which he was bound. I know not that boy's name, but I venture to predict that he will yet make his mark upon the age in which he lived.—*Peter Parley.*

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.

The man who has seven acres of fertile land may always retire within the circle of his own productions; he may laugh at the monopolist, and receive his bread from the God of heaven. No matter how much the seller asks for his niceties, no man is obliged to buy them. Let him store his fine flour if he please, until it is devoured by the rats. I thank Heaven that I have two hands and an humble stomach; I can bear coarse food and woolen; I can retire from flour to Indian meal, and from Indian meal to potatoes, or some humbler root.—*Withington.*

VIEWS IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

In the last volume of our Pictorial (Vol. 11, No. 10) we published a series of views in this flourishing and growing city, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, which were very highly spoken of for their interest and accuracy. The same artist, from sketches made upon the spot, in fulfilment of our direction, has furnished us a set of elegant drawings, from which the accompanying engravings were made. The first of these represents the new reservoir in the upper part of the city, a solid and costly structure. St. Louis is supplied from the Mississippi River, the water being pumped up by steam and forced into the reservoir shown in our engraving, whence it is distributed to all parts of the city. It is taken out from a point above all the sewers, and where the current is the swiftest, so that the supply is the purest that can be obtained. The water-works are city property and the expense of them is defrayed by the water tax, as in most other cities. The well-water of St. Louis is peculiarly clear and limpid in appearance, and a stranger would be apt to contrast it favorably with the dark, muddy river water, but it is impregnated with limestone, and on that account unwholesome, while the Mississippi is said to be very healthy.—The next engraving delineates the Jewish synagogue at the corner of Cerre and Sixth Streets. It is very peculiar in its



RESERVOIR, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

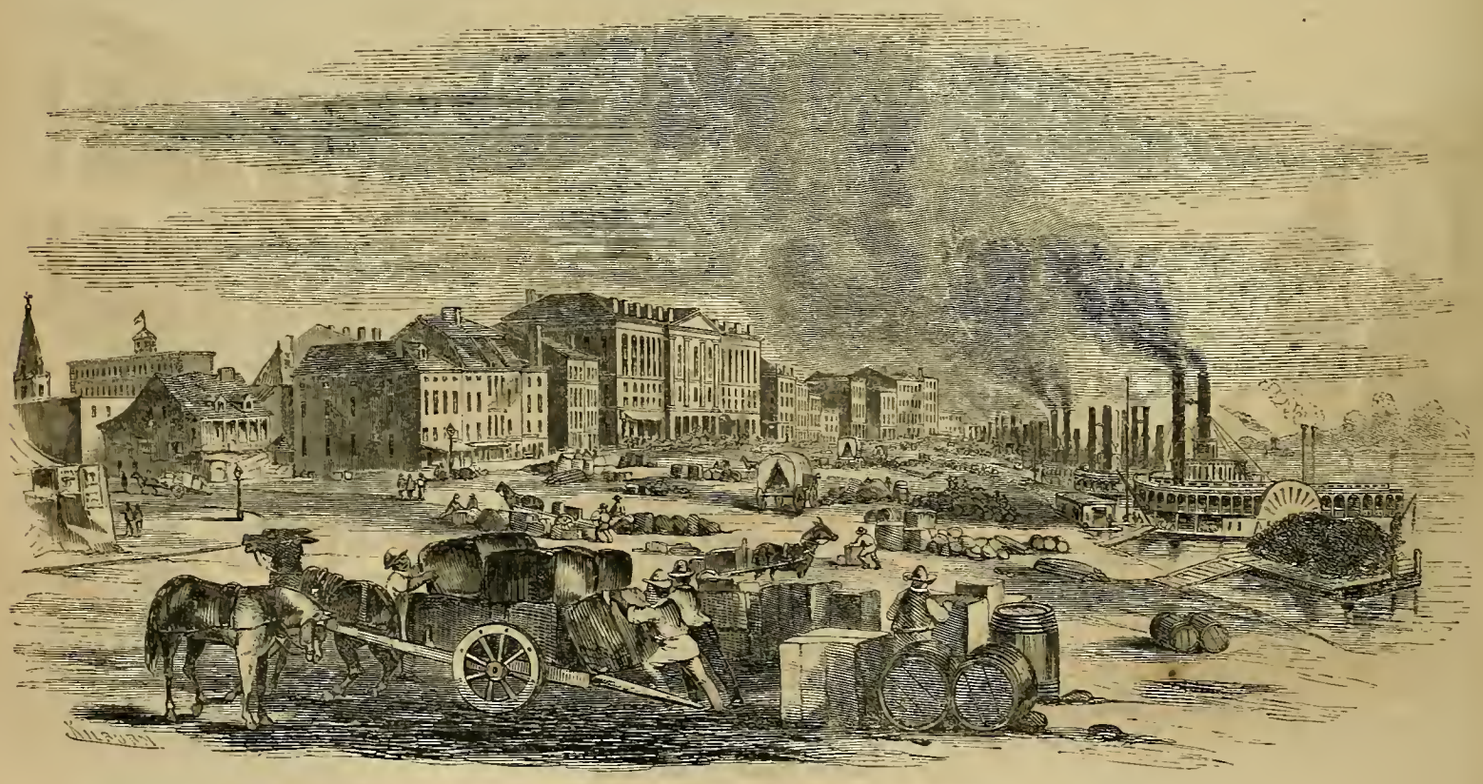


JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

architecture, but certainly presents a picturesque appearance. It is very oriental in its character, and this peculiarity is rendered the more striking by the aspect of the buildings in its immediate vicinity, which are decidedly American in style.—Our third picture delineates the Levee or landing, with the fine buildings on the left, the forest of smoke-pipes on the right, bales, boxes and barrels of goods and produce piled up as far as the eye can reach, representing a prodigious value; and the busy draymen employed in loading up their trucks and wagons. The amount of business transacted here, and the consequent noise and confusion, would bewilder and surprise any one not conversant with the landings of our western river cities. The constant arrival and departure of the steamers, and the shipping and landing of the immense amount of freight, render the scene on the Levee the most interesting to a stranger that can possibly be conceived. The visitor from the eastern seaboard sees the hustle of an Atlantic port surpassed, and scans with a curious eye the novel features presented to his observation. The principal objects of interest are the boats, which embrace all varieties of the eastern steamers, from the clumsy, slow-moving tow and freight boats to the gorgeous river-palace, whose commodiousness, splendor and comfort cannot be exceeded. We think no one can fully realize the importance of steam, or the vast strides that American enterprise and capital have effected in river navigation, who has not sojourned in some such locality as that we have delineated. And it requires long use to get over the feeling of wonder and admiration excited by the spectacles which the "Father of waters" presents. The wonder is enhanced when we reflect within how brief a space of time all these industrial and mechanical marvels have been accomplished—how lately the great river was traversed only by the Indian canoe—how cities have sprung up, and fleets been built, and civilization improvised, as it were, in the heart of our western wilderness. On the left of our view, the first object which strikes the beholder is the spire of the Catholic cathedral. Next, in the background, is Barnum's St. Louis Hotel, kept by Messrs. Barnum & Fogg, and one of the very best hotels in the United States. Immediately in front, is seen an antiquated structure, the "Old French House," a very picturesque stone building which escaped the destructive conflagration that occurred in 1849. Near the centre of the engraving is seen a magnificent structure called the "City Building," which, we regret to say, has been destroyed by fire since our sketch was taken. This was a truly noble building, and an ornament and credit to St. Louis. Beyond, in the perspective, is seen the smoke of the numerous manufactories mingling with that of the steamboats. At the right is seen a part of Bloody Island and Illinois town. The opposite shore of the river is in Illinois, and the bank of the stream, unlike the bluff on which St. Louis is situated, stretches back several miles in a low bottom called the "American bottom." Our view is taken from the lower ferry landing, and embraces the principal part of the Levee, the whole of which, from its extreme length, cannot well be drawn.—As an illustration of the many fine business structures which embellish the city, we present, on the next page, an accurate sketch of "Verandah Row," the light and agreeable architecture of which cannot fail to make a favorable impression on the spectator. This range of buildings fronts on Washington Avenue, Fourth and St. Charles Streets. It is not only picturesque, but admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was erected. St. Louis abounds in fine mercantile edifices, and more are being constantly erected to meet the wants of the rapidly-increasing population.—We close our series of sketches with a pleasing and animated street scene. This is emphatically a "street of churches." On the left, is a portion of the Mercantile Library building; a short distance beyond is the Third Baptist Church, corner of Sixth Street. On the right, beginning at the distant point, rises the spire of the First Presbyterian Church. The next, with the chimney-like tower, is the New-School Presbyterian; that partly hidden by trees is the Central Presbyterian, and the structure nearest the spectator is the St. George's Episcopal Church. The figures on the sidewalk and the carriages in the street seem to give an idea of the appearance of the place. There is an air of elegance, ease and refinement about it which reminds the traveller of some old European city, or of one of the gay thoroughfares of New York. We have thus endeavored to place on record some of the most interesting features of St. Louis as it is. It is constantly progressing, and constantly putting forth new claims to admiration. The astonishing growth of our western cities, if a marvel to ourselves, is yet greater to visitors from abroad. They are astonished at the old world look of our Atlantic cities, but when, in penetrating into what they had thought to be a wilderness, they find wealth and civilization, their surprise is boundless.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Fifth Avenue has not a solitary store or workshop in its entire length of nearly two miles, except *one* which has most pertinaciously maintained its position there for years. That has at last disappeared, not because business is unwelcome, but because this edifice was old and unsightly, and a nuisance to the "Ascension Church." The building was used as a paint-shop. For many years it has been left in the worst condition, with the hope that the church and property owners there would yield to extortion and purchase it. Years since, efforts were unavailingly made to buy it. The owner has yielded at last, and a handsome structure will supply the place of the demolished old "paint-shop."—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*



THE LEVEE OR LANDING, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

A LEGAL INCIDENT.

The question of the innocent convicted having been lately brought under public attention, Mr. Brady, of Warwick-place, Belgravia, sends to the London Times the following statement of a most painful case that came under his observation within the last four years. For obvious reasons he withholds the name of the unfortunate victim of "legal accident." Mr. T——, a young man of high character, with respectable family connexions, was employed for twelve years in one of the largest firms in the "Manchester line" in London, the last three of which as buyer for the establishment; in that capacity he laid out on an average from £10,000 to £50,000 a year. In the early part of the year 1853, he left town for Manchester by the night mail; on arriving at —— station, he changed his mind, and determined not to proceed to Manchester that night. On leaving the station for the hotel, he was stopped by a police officer, who accused him of stealing the carpet-bag which he had in his hand; on examination, it was found to be the property of another gentleman. He endeavored to explain that he took it by mistake; but to no purpose. He was searched; his ticket for Manchester was found on him. This fact was considered conclusive evidence that his leaving the train at this intermediate station was done for felonious purposes. Another policeman coming up at that moment, at once recognized in the person of Mr. ——, a notorious swell-mobsman from London, and, jocosely taking the gold watch and chain from my friend's neck, said, "I suppose this is part of the proceeds of your calling." Expostulation on the part of the accused was vain. He declared his innocence and asked for his own bag, but the idea of his possessing such an article was utterly ridiculed, and his request was looked upon as part of the sharper's dodge. After a little further ceremony, he was consigned to a cell for the night, to wait his examination. He implored permission to write to his wife, but so great a favor could not be granted. The accusation, even at this early stage, had done its work. Excitement set in, and in the agony of his distress he conceived the futile design of attempting to escape from the horrors of the place he was in and the foulness of the charge. Unfortunately the attempt was made, and from that moment his fate was sealed. Without being permitted to communicate with his friends, he was examined before the magistrates and committed to the county jail. Eight days from this time, his wife, who was in perfect ignorance of what had happened to her husband, went in great distress of mind to the city to make inquiries as to his absence, when to her consternation she was told that there was an account in a country newspaper of his having been committed to prison on a charge of robbery. At once she set off to his prison, and, after an interview, proceeded to the magistrate who had committed him, with a view of having him bailed out, but in vain. Now, without going into minute detail of what took place from the time of his wife seeing him in prison to the day of his trial, I shall state that the day for his trial was appointed; the solicitor for the defence had instructions to telegraph to his brother, a gentleman of high character in the city, who, with my unhappy friend's employer, intended to be present at the trial, to speak as to his character. But the fatality which in the first instance befell him, pursued him with unrelenting perseverance. The business of the court, which was calculated to occupy a certain time, was got over much sooner than was at first expected. Poor T—— was called upon to plead to the charge. His counsel, in defence, pointed out to the judge and jury the improbability of a man committing such an act who held a position of great trust in society, and whose character for honesty was beyond all question, as he should prove by evidence of the highest respectability. After his address, the names of the witnesses for character were called, but, as the trial unfortunately took place twenty-four hours earlier than in the ordinary course was expected, they were not present. The jury, without leaving the box, found him guilty; the judge approved the verdict, and the poor man was sentenced to some years' imprisonment. It may be asked, where was the wife all this time? Why was she not present? Wonder not. The day before the trial, she gave birth to her sixth child, and from distress of mind, was not expected to survive the day through. Fever came on, insensibility followed, and for ten days she was unconscious of everything about her. At the first gleam of returning sense, she inquired of her nurse if John had returned home, evidently alluding to his usual return from business; but memory, like a flash of lightning, recalled to her his sad position, and she sank back into the state of insensibility from which she appeared to be recovering. I am not indulging in sentiment; I narrate what I saw. Three weeks later her two eldest children were carried off by an attack of scarlet fever; ten days more her infant died. Within three months from that time she received information from the governor of the jail that her husband was dying, and that she must proceed immediately to him if she wished to see him alive. She entered the wretched cell. There, before her, lay her husband—a helpless, paralyzed old man—an idiot. His hair, which three months before had not a gray hair in it, was now perfectly white. His age, thirty-five. Fortunately for him, he knew her not. Her passionate and heart-rending grief, which wrung the hearts of those around, fell dead on his ear; all human sympathies were gone. Reason was rudely jostled from her seat. He cared not for judge, jury or policeman, and he gazed unconsciously on the wife of his early and affectionate love, and the mother of his helpless children. I need not dwell upon this scene. After some formalities at the Home-office, he was removed to a private asylum, near London. He was once more a free man, but to what purpose! In a short time he sank and died. This was just one of those cases in which it is easy to fix suspicion, and next to impossible to remove it. If no two carpet-bags were alike; if there were no confusion at a railway-station on the arrival of a train; no rush for luggage: but, on the contrary, such order that it would be difficult—instead of easy as it is—to make a mistake; if the railway authorities had on their part done their duty, and made proper search and inquiry for T——'s carpet-bag, which they would not believe he possessed, but which they afterwards found; if they had allowed him to communicate with his friends, so as to give him an opportunity before he was consigned to prison, of proving that he was not one of the swell-mob, as they rashly and fatally suspected, and if he had failed to verify the account he gave of himself—then it might have been said that there was a case for a jury. But there was no such case. The man was falsely accused, imprisoned, convicted and driven mad. Two years passed, and the little all the wife had was consumed in the support of her helpless children. She sought for employment at one of the houses of business in the city as a blond-runner, and she is now to be found, with a shattered constitution and skeleton form, stitching from daylight till twelve o'clock at night, for a scanty support for her three surviving children.



VERANDAH ROW, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



VIEW IN LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY L. B. NORTON.

Six years ago—six years ago—when youth its mantle o'er us spread,
And cheek and lip their color caught of healthful, glowing, rosy red,
We little thought that coming years would find us to each other bound
By every tie affection weaves; our joys by love and marriage crowned.

Life then to us a garden seemed, where thornless roses bloomed and smiled
Upon us, as we journeyed on with all the gladness of a child.
Our sky was clear; no cloudlet dimmed the brightness of our morning sun,
Or warned us that a coming storm might blast our joys ere half were won.

But one by one life's roses fell, and where they blossomed thorns uprose,
Yet not bereft of beauty, seemed the path which led through joys and woes;
For though the flowers had lost their hue, and shadows stole where sunlight played,
The sweetest perfume lingered still, and golden fruit hung 'neath the shade.

Our early friends—where are they now? where, too, the hearts we deemed our own?
Alas, the grave hath gathered some, and others old and strange have grown;
But those there are, fond, warm and true, whose hearts round youthful loves still cling,
As ivy clasps the sturdy oak, and greener grows from spring to spring.

And we, as years have o'er us rolled, bringing us neare to that shore
Where angels wait with outspread wings to waft us hence forevermore,
Have still loved on, with hearts unchilled, though oft by worldly cares oppressed,
Owning no joys we have not shared—no griefs not suffered in each breast.

Still hand-in-hand we'll walk life's way; still will we seek for flowers that bloom,
E'en though they pale and paler grow as nearer we approach the tomb;—
Our hopes on these shall not be fixed—we'll gaze not long on leaf or sod,
Onward and upward will we look, as we press on to meet our God.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

In the year of grace 1028, there was born to Robert, the fifth duke of Normandy, in lineal descent from Rollo, its first pagan conqueror, a son, who was named William, after his great-great-grandfather, son of the wild Norse sea-king, who won the fair land of Neustria from the nowarlike Charles the Bald, the Capetian king of France.

His mother was the beautiful Harlotta, the daughter of a tanner of Falaise, of whose charms, seeing her by chance dancing with her playmates, the Duke Robert became so enamored, that, being forbidden by the obligations of his nobility to marry one so far below his station, he prevailed on her to become his concubine, and took great delight in her conversation.

William was, of course, illegitimate—what we should now term *base born*—but it does not appear that in those days, although it unquestionably disqualified its bearer from rights of primogeniture as relating to sons born in wedlock, the repute of bastardy was held the blot and stigma on an escutcheon, which it is now everywhere regarded. Indeed it would seem that persons of note, about that period, of whom the subject of this memoir was one among the most notable, rather prided themselves, than the reverse, on this peculiarity of their birth.

Many indeed believed, as Byron has splendidly embodied the thought in his fiery lines in Parisina, that from the very violence and uncontrolled action of love in the erring progenitors, who would suffer no law to prevent or retard their passions, there arose, in the children of such loves, a like energy of will, a like intolerance of restraint; that as they were the offspring of strong physical and mental feelings, so they were, by nature and of necessity, born strongly organized in mind and body, impetuous in undertaking, persistent in action, quick, penetrating, fiery, resolute—of that mettle, in a word, which makes men or women great, whether for good or evil. Certainly William of Normandy was so born; and so far was he from being ashamed of his birth, that he was wont to write himself "the bastard."—*Ego Gulielmus, cognomento Bastardus.*—Old Norman Charter.

Previous to his birth—for the founder of the great race and nation, wheresoever they exist, which speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue, could not be born unheralded by omens—"his mother dreamed that her intestines were stretched out and extended over the whole of Normandy and England."

Had Columbus then given a new world to Castile and Leon; had Balboa then descried the broad Pacific from the summit of that "Peak of Darien;" had Tasman and Dampier then found the island continent and archipelago far in the southern waters, far greater would have been the tension which should adumbrate the almost illimitable spread of the domain, which one day should belong to the race, soon to originate with him who yet slept unconscious in her vitals.

"At the very moment, also, when the infant burst into life and touched the ground, he filled both hands with the rushes strewed upon the floor, firmly grasping what he had taken up." In the old phrase, he had "taken seizin of the soil," an inaugural form of assuming possession of the sovereignty; and, accordingly, we read that "this prodigy was joyfully witnessed by the women, gossiping on the occasion; and the midwife hailed the propitious omen, declaring that the boy would be a king."—*William of Malmesbury.* 259.

Perhaps it was the recollection of this involuntary act of "taking seizin of the soil of Normandy," that led him in a famous afterday, to convert what was regarded as an evil omen into an auspice of success; when he likewise "took seizin of the soil" of an independent royalty. However this might be, and however improbable it may have seemed that the *love-child* of the tanner's daughter of Falaise should ever be so much as duke of the duchy of which he had prematurely "taken seizin," it was not long before this first step was achieved to future royalty.

When William was seven years of age, his father resolved, as was a frequent usage of the times, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and aware of the uncertainty of life, before his departure, assembled all the lieges of the land in council at Fescamp, where he declared Harlotta's *love-child* his successor, the barons swearing fidelity to the boy, who was committed to the guardianship of the Earl Gilbert, and his guardianship assigned to the protection of Henry, king of France.

Robert, as he seemed to have anticipated, died before he could return to his dominions. As usual, the oaths of fidelity were forgotten; the barons provisioned and armed their castles, and sought opportunities to revolt from the child; but, as was not usual in that, if any other age, the guardian, Earl Gilbert, was faithful, and almost alone defended by arms what was just and right, so that the destined heir of great sovereignty grew up uninjured, giving promise of vigorous and audacious manhood, if he should attain it.

At length, "Gilbert was killed by his cousin, Rodolph, and fire and slaughter raged on all sides. The country, formerly most flourishing, was torn with intestine broils, and divided at the pleasure of the plunderers; so that it was justly entitled to proclaim, 'Wo to the land whose sovereign is a child!'"—Eccl. 10: 16.

But then there fell out another fortunate chance for the young duke. King Henry of France, instead of arming to appropriate to himself the dukedom of which his ward had been already dispossessed by others, loyally raised the feudal forces of his realm, and rushed on the revolters at Walesdun, where many thousands were slain with the sword, many more driven into the river Orne, the rebels totally defeated, and William reinstated in his ducal authority.

Shortly after this, we learn that William was enabled to repay the king's good service by the like service in the field, assisting him against Geoffrey Martel at Herle-Mill, a fortress of Anjou, which province the said Hammerer had disloyally invaded. So great at this time was his repute for headlong and indomitable rashness, made good only by his wonderful prowess, that the king, his suzerain, would often admonish him not to hold in contempt a life which was the ornament of the French, the safeguard of the Normans, and an example to both.

But he soon learned to temper his valor with discretion, and thereafter largely to season both with craft. In the meantime he brought his barons back to their allegiance, ruled moderately and wisely, and maintained excellent relations with the church of Rome, already governed by Hildebrand, soon to be Gregory the Fourth.

It was during William's minority that the sons of a poor, private gentleman, Tancred de Hauteville, of the Cotentin, setting out penniless and winning their way by selling their adventurous swords, had made their way to Italy, rendered themselves masters of Apulia, Calabria, and the island of Sicily, which they held really as independent monarchs, but nominally as a fief from the pope. This wonderful success re-awakened all the predatory appetite which they had inherited from their Viking ancestors, in the fiery French Normans; but it was now a nearer, wealthier, easier conquest than Sicily, on which their leader cast his eye to see how he might possess it.

He was, at the least, as subtle as he was brave; and it was not long ere he devised how he should lay a claim to the crown of England, by which at a future day to justify its seizure. This arranged, he proceeded to establish himself so firmly at home, that there should be no fear of losing one game in Normandy while playing for another beyond the stormy channel.

He feared no evil from Britnany or Anjou, both of which were convulsed by civil war; and he contrived to put an end to his long-enduring feud with Flanders, by marrying his beautiful cousin Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, the earl of that province, "a woman," says William of Malmesbury, "who was a singular mirror of prudence in our time and the perfection of virtue."

At about this period, difficulties had occurred between William and his early friend and patron, the king of France, and actual hostilities had commenced; but Henry dying, opportunely left his son, Philip, to the guardianship of Baldwin, who easily mediated between his ward and his son-in-law, so as to leave the latter to pursue his plans of conquest at his pleasure.

Anglo-Saxon England had by this time become wholly powerless and effete. The fierce and stubborn Angles, who, invited to protect the effeminate, half-latinized Britons from the incursions of their piratical neighbors, the Picts and Scots, had made it their own and held it by the sword, during six centuries of stormy sovereignty—had fallen into a yet worse condition than the Britons, whom they had supplanted; and suffered, from the roving and predacious Danes, the same extremities which their predecessors had undergone from their northern neighbors.

The picture drawn by the same accurate historian above quoted, of the manners of the Saxon people, shows that it was indeed time that by some means the race should be regenerated, not only by a change of rulers, but by a change of blood.

"The clergy," he says, "contented with a very small degree of learning, could scarcely stammer out the words of the sacrament; and a person who understood grammar was an object of wonder and astonishment. The monks mocked the rules of their order by fine vestments and the use of every kind of food. The nobility, given up to luxury and carelessness, went not to church in the mornings after the manner of Christians, but merely, in a careless manner, heard matins and masses from a hurrying priest in their chambers, amid the blandishments of their wives. The commonality, left unprotected, became a prey to the most powerful, who amassed fortunes by either seizing their property or by selling their persons into foreign countries, although it is an innate quality of this people to be more inclined to revolt, than to the accumulation of wealth. Drinking, in particular, was a universal practice, in which occupation they passed entire nights as well as days. They consumed their whole substance in mean and despicable houses—unlike the Normans and French, who, in noble and splendid mansions, live with frugality. The vices attendant on drunkenness which enervate the human mind followed. In fine, the English at that time wore short garments reaching to the midknee; they had their hair cropped, their beards shaven, their arms laden with golden bracelets, their skins adorned with punctured designs. They were accustomed to eat till they became surfeited and to drink till they were sick."

At this period, when the vigorous and indomitable Normans began to cast longing eyes on the ocean-island, this effete and vicious people was governed, if one call it being governed, when he was himself but a tool and slave to others, by an effeminate, weak monk-king, who lacked alike the vices and virtues of a man. In his own estimation, the greatest merit he possessed was this, that he lived with his wife, a beautiful Saxon lady, as if she had been his sister; and that he had so effectually mortified his flesh, that there was no hope, *or fear*, of there being left an heir to the Saxon throne of England. Earl Godwin and his sons, Harold in chief, had long ruled both the kingdom and the king; and the latter aspired to the succession, when the monk-king should depart in the odor of sanctity.

Edward, however, a distant relative of William—his mother was sister of Richard, that prince's grandfather—had himself resided many years in Normandy, was attached to the Normans, and would have had his ministers, and all the high officers of his court, men of that nation, but for the influence of Godwin, who had forcibly expelled them from the kingdom, and of his sons after his decease.

Once, while Godwin was in temporary exile, William had visited his cousin, had been received as befitted his high reputation, his kindred blood, the gratitude which Edward owed to his family, and not, perhaps, least, that monarch's predilection for the Normans.

William asserted that at this time Edward promised to appoint his successor to the throne; nor does it appear unlikely that he did so, as his detestation of Godwin and his whole family is well known. Shortly afterwards, however, Godwin returned, expelled the Normans by a counter revolution, and so long as he lived, was virtually governor both of the king and people. At his death, Harold, who was a man equal in dissimulation and not far inferior in ability to William, though unequal in fine astuteness and decisive energy, obtained all his father's influence over the monk-king, though perhaps as hateful to him in his secret heart.

William, foreseeing that Harold would probably induce or compel Edward, on his death-bed, to nominate himself his heir, and that he would assuredly prevail with the Saxon council, astutely took advantage of an unguarded visit which the Saxon earl paid him in his own dominions, to obtain from him a promise, ratified by an oath made by him unconsciously under the sanction of the most awful relics, that, on Edward's decease, he would to his utmost aid him in securing the English crown; in return for which service he should have to wife the daughter of the Norman.

Shortly after the return of Harold to England, Edward died; and, it being uncertain what disposition he made, if any, of the realm, the kingdom itself being in doubt whom it should elect as its ruler, Harold, by a concurrence of circumstances and his connection with the leading nobles, secured to himself the prize.

He palliated, it is said, his perjury to his own eyes, certainly to those of others, by maintaining that the death of William's daughter, before he had espoused her, absolved him from his oath. In truth, he supposed that prince to be involved too deeply in homefends, to have time for foreign conquest; and himself more dreaded the treasons of his brother, Tosti, who had engaged Harold Hardrada, king of Norway, to support his counter-claims to the throne, and who actually invaded England some weeks before the fatal field of Hastings.

But William of Normandy was not one so to be put off. He had taken so much pains to place himself in the position of the right, not that he cared so much to be, as to seem in the right. For he well knew what had an effect on the minds of men. So he affected moderation, summoned Harold to submit to the arbitration of Rome, and on his failure to appear, procured the pontiff's judgment in his own favor, and the excommunication of his rival. Then, with a great force of cavalry, clad in old Norse scale-armor, with conical steel caps, having nose-pieces only, in lieu of vizors, and a powerful archery—for the long-bow was at that time the Norman, as it afterwards became the Saxon, weapon—he landed in the Downs, and at the single fight at Hastings, won for his posterity and his people three great kingdoms.

It is said that, as he landed from his boat, he missed his footing and fell on the strand, some of his men crying out that it was an evil omen; but, recovering his feet on the instant, he showed his mailed hand full of the sea-sand, and exclaimed:

"I have taken seizin of the soil of England, which is my right, and by God's aid, with my sword, I will hold it!"

That night, the hosts encamped within sound of each other—each spent it after their own fashion. The Saxons, in revelry and brutal drunkenness—the Normans, in hearing mass, a light supper and refreshing sleep.

On the next morning, all was decided. The Saxons fought like men, even after their king was killed, or mortally wounded, by an arrow shot in the eye. If they had held to their entrenchments, they might have won the day; but they were tempted to sally by a feigned flight, and, having no horse, were ridden down,

trampled under foot, and hopelessly defeated, by a single charge of barbed cavalry.

After that, they had no fortified towns—no castles; and forty thousand cavalry easily conquered a nation, numbering, even then, its hardy millions. The remainder of the conquest, which was not in fact completed for above a century, was but a series of dogged insurrections and bloody executions, until the two races were amalgamated into one people, the two tongues into one language—the Saxon and the Norman-French into the English.

William the Conqueror would, it seems, have done his work moderately and mildly, had the rapacity of the victorious Normans and the doggedness of the vanquished Saxons permitted him to do so. Had it been so, instead of a united English people, the world over, we might have had, to this day, a crouching commonality of Saxon slavish helots, and a tyrannous nobility of Norman despots. Such seems to be the case, wherever countries are subdued and held subject, without amalgamation of the races. Such, however, was not the work of William the Norman, nor so did he perform it.

This is his portrait by one who was nearly his contemporary, and must have known those who had seen him.

"He was of just stature, extraordinary corpulence, fierce countenance; his forehead bare of hair; of such great strength of arm, that it was often matter of surprise that no one was able to draw his bow, which himself could bend when his horse was on full gallop. He was majestic, whether sitting or standing, although the protuberance of his belly deformed his royal person; so that he never was confined with any dangerous disorder, except at the last; so given to the pleasures of the chase, that, as I have before said, ejecting the inhabitants, he let a space of many miles go desolate, that, when at liberty from other vocations, he might there pursue his pleasures."

He was not, as it appears, even in the judgment of the Saxons, who could not of course love him as their conqueror, ruling them against their wills, perforce a naturally bad or unnecessarily cruel man. His greed of gold seems to have been his worst point. He erected a wonderful kingdom, which his descendants govern to this day; and from him originated a wonderful people, which may one day rule the earth. He was a great man, but a far greater instrument of God; which may be said, also, of far worse men than he.

EVERY SITUATION HAS ITS IDEAL.

Let him learn a prudence of a higher strain. Let him learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, go by law, and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps. By diligence and self-command, let him put the bread he eats at his own disposal, and not at that of others, that he may not stand in bitter and false relations to other men; for the best good of wealth is freedom. Let him practise the minor virtues. How much of human life is lost in waiting! Let him not make his fellow-creatures wait. How many words and promises are promises of conversation! Let his be words of fate. When he sees a folded and sealed scrap of paper float round the globe in a pine ship, and come safe to the eye for which it was written, amidst a swarming population, let him likewise feel the admonition to integrate his being across all those distracting forces, and keep a slender human word among the storms, distances and accidents that drive us hither and thither, and by persistency make the paltry force of one man re-appear to redeem its pledge, after months and years, in the most distant climates.—*Emerson.*

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

The Coliseum is one of the grandest ruins in the world. It is one of those rare buildings whose reality surpasses any engraving. Everybody knows the form of it, but few can rightly estimate its magnificent proportions without seeing it. The seats rose in terraces four stories high; each story was about forty feet high. In fact, the height of the outer wall was one hundred and fifty-seven feet. The arena was two hundred and eighty-seven feet long by one hundred and eighty wide. Including the walls, the building measured six hundred and twenty feet by five hundred and thirteen, being as usual, elliptical. The material was the travertine stone, in large blocks, with which brick masonry is intermingled. The blocks of stone were not cemented together, but were kept in their places by iron pins between each two blocks. The walls have all been defaced by holes made to get out these iron pins or bolts. The work of destruction on this, as on all the other ruins, is arrested, and the present pope is doing all he can to preserve them.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God in his wisdom has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.—*Hare.*

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLOATING AWAY.

BY SYLLIE WILD.

Floating, floating away
The moon is high overhead
But she hides her face in a cloud,
And the little stars burn far away.
And a wierd-like brightness she!

The wind comes over the sea
The sweet south wind from the bay,
And it fans the curls of her raven hair,
All tangled like midnight thought,
And her face is fair, with a shadow there,
Like the moon at the close of day.

The chiming of village bells
Is stealing, she thinks, to her ear;
And murmurous music swells
From her lips, as he whispers, 'Hear, O hear
The chiming of evening bells!'

O, beautiful, silent land,
A soul is floating away;
O, send thy messengers hand in hand,
Sweet guides to the silent land!
The fairest guides will this soul convey
Away to the silent land.

The moon looks out from her veil,
She silvers the sleeper's brow;
She turns into shadows the midnight hair
That was never so still as now.
The signet of peace is there,
An angel has touched the lip;
For there rests a smile like the summer stream
The king-fisher loves to sip.

The room is filled with the night,
How beautiful is her sleep;
Her spirit away in the silent land,
And her mantle for earth to keep:
To keep so safely till time is done,
O, who for the dead would weep?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LAST DAYS OF HAYDN.

BY RALPH TRYON.

An old man had fallen back in his arm-chair, exhausted by the labor that his pen, which he still held in trembling hand, had just completed. It was the oratorio of the *Four Seasons*, the last great work which Haydn gave to the world. But who would recognize in this wreck of manhood, the mighty genius of bygone years!

"Joseph, I have done," he said, in a weak, thin voice.

"I am thankful for that, master," was the reply of his faithful servant.

"The *Seasons* are completed; spring, summer, autumn and winter. Joseph, spring can never return to me."

"O, say not so, sir; you are still hale and vigorous, although you have of late greatly overtasked yourself; but be guided by me, and lay aside your pen for a few days, and we shall soon have our beloved master moving about us in renewed strength."

"It is idle, my good Joseph, to talk thus. You remember my beloved friend and pupil, Mozart?"

"One of his country can never forget him."

"You know the fatal presentiment which lingered over his last work?—even so in regard to mine. I do not think that I shall be called from these scenes immediately, but I know my end is drawing near."

"My master must not let these gloomy fancies possess him."

"Cimarosa and Mozart both have gone, and why should I remain, when I can be of no further use to the world? Joseph, formerly my ideas outstripped my pen, but now it lingers while I am obliged to seek them by a painful effort."

The old man placed his withered hands upon his wrinkled brow, and at that moment a vertigo seized him, and he would have fallen from his chair, had not his faithful servant caught him in his arms. After this, these attacks were more frequent, although he persisted in writing a few short quartettes, and arranging some ancient Scotch airs, in spite of the remonstrance of his friends.

But day after day his feebleness increased. His mind also became unsettled, and, though comparatively rich, he was continually oppressed with the fear that he should lack the necessaries of life. Occasionally the visits of his friends would arouse him, and then the old spirit would shine forth with something of its former brilliancy. At one time, the papers of Paris actually announced his death, and his friends in the French capital caused a mass to be celebrated in his honor. The news reached Haydn in one of his lucid moments, and he affected to be greatly amused with the idea.

"If these French gentlemen," said he, chuckling with a show of his former humor, "did not act so hastily, they might have sent for me, and I would have conducted the mass with the greatest pleasure. But after all, I am not much gratified with their kind intentions."

During this period of his decay—it could hardly be defined illness—he had remained secluded at his snug retreat at Gumpendorff, but the public of Vienna, aware of the loss they were about to experience, made efforts to bring about a grand ceremonial concert, where they could bid adieu to this wonderful man.

The Austrian prince, Lobkowitz, took upon himself the management of this affair, and arranged to have the oratorio of *The Creation* performed at his palace; and for this purpose, engaged one hundred and sixty musicians, under the direction of Salieri, an old friend of Haydn's. The old man, notwithstanding his weakness, was delighted with this new mark of honor, and desirous of seeing once more the kind public which had so well appreciated his labors.

Under the excitement of this idea, he rallied immediately. His ride to the palace was more like a triumphal procession than a simple escort to a poor, decrepit, well-worn German musician. The apartment at an early hour was filled with invited guests to the number of fifteen hundred. A grand flourish of orchestral trumpets announced his arrival, and the prince, Lobkowitz and the then celebrated Madame de Kurzbeck went to meet him. He was then brought into the presence of the prince in an easy chair and placed on a platform, which was richly decorated for the occasion.

Salieri, as the director, came to Haydn to receive his orders concerning the performance, but the old man was too affected to speak, and could only embrace his friend in silence. The latter with streaming eyes rushed back to his place, and amid a general emotion, the orchestra opened the concert.

The music of this oratorio is so well known to the reader that a review is unnecessary, but it may be easily imagined that a composition of so sublime a character, with all the resources to ensure a perfect performance, in the presence of its author and an audience comprising nobility, beauty, and the most renowned professors and artists of the day, in connection with its sad purpose, should produce a most solemn and thrilling effect.

At the close of the first part of the oratorio, an incident occurred, which is worth more than a passing notice. The physician of the prince perceived that Haydn was apparently suffering with cold, and communicated this fact to his highness. Before the latter had time to give an order, the ladies of the court gathered around him, and the old man was literally enveloped in a dense mass of shawls of the most costly fabrics that that gay city could boast.

At the close of the concert, he bowed his thanks to his kind audience, and then turning to the orchestra, which numbered many of his old companions, with upraised hands he pronounced a solemn benediction on them all. Thus he took his sad but glorious leave of the public.

The excitement incident to his public appearance proved too much for him, and his few remaining powers were greatly shattered. Still he lingered until he entered the seventy eighth year of his life. He frequently desired to be brought to his piano, but his tremulous fingers could only snatch a few chords before the vertigo seized him, and he was compelled to desist.

"Joseph," he said one morning, "they tell me that my pupil is becoming great. Where is he, and why does he not visit his old master and friend?"

"Of whom is my good master speaking?" asked the servant.

"Of Mozart, to be sure."

"Alas, sir, you forget that he died long since."

"Dead? Mozart dead? Why he was but a boy!"

"My master cannot have forgotten his splendid requiem and the occasion on which it was performed?"

"True, Joseph, I remember now I have directed that great work myself. Yes, Mozart is dead; Boselli, the only woman I ever loved, is dead; Cimarosa, too—all are gone—gone!" Then starting, with a look of anxiety, he said, "Joseph, have we any money in the house?"

"Certainly, sir, an abundance."

"You are sure of that?"

"Why, master, we are absolutely rich."

"Be prudent, my good fellow, for it would break my heart to be dependent upon charity."

The war between France and Austria had now commenced in earnest, and the French, in their rapid advance, had already reached Schonbrunn, scarcely a half league's distance from Haydn's retreat. The next morning, at a stone's throw from his house, they fired fifteen hundred cannon shot upon Vienna, the city which he so dearly loved. The old man's enthusiasm on this occasion could not be controlled. Madame de Kurzbeck had used every entreaty to prevail upon him to remove to her house, which was situated in the city, but without effect, for he stoutly persisted in remaining where he was.

"Joseph," he asked, "is the city entirely given up to the sword?"

"By no means, master."

"Then Heaven be praised!"

At that moment a terrific explosion was heard. A house near by had been destroyed by a bomb. The servant fell on his knees and cried:

"The saints preserve us, master, or we are utterly lost!"

Haydn, with a majestic air, rose unaided from his chair, and, approaching the trembling Joseph, said:

"Foolish fellow, of what are you afraid?"

"Can it be that my master is unconscious of danger?" exclaimed the servant, startled still more to see the old man standing alone, when, for many weeks, he had been unable to leave his chair without assistance.

"Danger!" he exclaimed; "know you not that no danger can come where Haydn is?"

He then rushed to the piano and sung, three times as loud as the weak tones of his voice would permit, "God preserve the emperor!"

The effort was more than his weak frame could bear, and he fell to the floor in a stupor from which he never recovered. The servants bore him to his bed, but in a short time this great man was no more. He died on the 31st day of May, in the year 1810, aged seventy-eight years and two months, and was buried at Gumpendorff, as he had desired in life. Such were the last days of this celebrated man.

HON. CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM,

PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE.

The accompanying portrait of the President of our Senate was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a fine photograph by Messrs. Whipple & Black, of this city. Charles W. Upham was born in Boston, May 4, 1802. He was fitted for college by Deacon Samuel Greele, then an eminent classical teacher in this city, and was graduated at Harvard University, in 1821. He then studied divinity for three years, and on December 8, 1824, was settled as pastor of the First Church in Salem. In this charge he remained for several years, but was finally compelled by ill health to resign his ministry in 1844. He subsequently edited the "Christian Register" for one year, his brief editorial career being marked by distinguished ability. Another year was spent by him as agent of the Board of Education, and during this term of service, he visited all parts of the State, and addressed the people in a hundred towns, producing a marked effect by his untiring exertions. At a later period, Mr. Upham was chosen mayor of Salem. In November, 1848, he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives from Salem. He was chairman of the Committee on Education in that house, a position which his antecedents admirably qualified him to fill. In November, 1849, he was elected to the Senate from Essex County, and was chairman of the Joint Committee on Education. He introduced the important measure which resulted in organizing the Department of Education as a branch of the government by placing the secretary of the Board of Education in the State House as a chief officer of the Commonwealth. Mr. Upham represented the sixth district of Massachusetts in the 33d Congress of the United States. He particularly interested himself while a member of the national house in promoting the reciprocity treaty, in preserving the fishing bounties, and in securing justice to private claimants. In this brief sketch we have confined ourselves to a succinct record of the public career of Mr. Upham, without noticing his various and honorable literary efforts. The position he now holds shows the estimation in which he is held by his political friends. But it will be seen that he has accomplished enough in the course of his laborious career to merit the respect of men of all parties. His untiring services in the cause of education have won him an enviable name in the old Commonwealth, where he will always be remembered.



HON. CHARLES W. UPHAM.

SPIDERS AND THE WEATHER.

Quatremer Disjonval, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant-general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots, when they revolted against the stadtholder. On the arrival of the Prussian army under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, tried, and having been condemned to twenty-five years' imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years.

Spiders, which are the constant, and frequently the sole companions of the unhappy inmates of such places, were almost the only living objects which Disjonval saw in the prison of Utrecht. Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed for natural history, he began to seek employment, and eventually found amusement in watching the habits and movements of his tiny fellow-prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of the spiders were intimately connected with approaching changes in the weather. A violent pain on one side of his head, to which he was subject at such times, had first drawn his attention to the connexion between such changes and corresponding movements among the spiders. For instance, he remarked that those spiders which spun a large web in a wheel-like form, invariably withdrew from his cell when he had his bad headache; and that these two signs, namely, the pain in his head and the disappearance of the spiders, were as invariably followed by very severe weather. So often as his headache attacked him, so regularly did the spiders disappear, and then rain and northeast winds prevailed for several days. As the spiders began to show themselves again in their webs, and display their usual activity, so did his pains gradually leave him until he got well, and the fine weather returned.

Farther observations confirmed him in believing these spiders to be in the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the atmosphere, and that their retirement and re-appearance, their weaving, and general habits were so intimately connected with changes in the weather, that he concluded they were of all things best fitted to give accurate intimation when severe weather might be expected. In short, Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather, from ten to fourteen days before it set in, which is proved by the following interesting fact, which led to his release: When the troops of the French republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw in the early part of the month of December threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of accepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval, who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general, in January, 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was now enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would commence a most severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the rivers, and afford them sufficient time to complete and make sure of the conquest they had commenced before it should be followed by a thaw.

The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication, and persevered. The cold weather, which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 28th January, 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph; and Quatremer Disjonval, who had watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.—*Boston Portfolio.*

A character endued with a large, vivacious, active intellect, and a limited range of sympathies, generally remains immature. We can grow wise only through the experience which reaches us through our sympathies and becomes part of our life.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

CRESCENT CITY, CALIFORNIA.

The pleasing landscape on this page was drawn for us by Mr. Hill, from an accurate sketch made on the spot by John R. McComb, Jr., Esq., of Crescent City, and kindly placed at our disposal. The city occupies the curving shore of a bay, whence it derives its name, and is in latitude 41° 44′ north, and 124° 10′ west longitude. It is on the northern coast of California, about twenty miles south of the Oregon boundary. The town is built on a sandy level beach, and is over half a mile long and directly facing the ocean. It contains a population of over 700 resident inhabitants, besides a large number of transient packers and traders, who make this their rendezvous, for obtaining their supplies of goods for the interior mining towns. From here may daily be seen large numbers of pack mules leaving with their loads for Sailor Diggins, Alt House, Orleans Bar, Happy Camp, Indian and Deer Creek, Jacksonville, and Yreka. The town is about three years old, and is situated in the heart of the mining districts, some of which are but a mile distant. It is admirably situated, and is the only safe harbor for vessels north of San Francisco and south of the Columbia, easy of access and dangerous only for a few months in winter. Propositions are now being made to build a break-water for a few hundred yards on the south, and when the work is finished, it will be commodious and safe at all weathers. The United States government have lately erected a fine light-house on an island in the bay. The town contains a large number of brick buildings, stores, etc., also a Presbyterian church, a masonic and odd fellows' hall, hotels, saloons, express and a newspaper office. The steamships Columbia and Goliah run to and from this port to Oregon and San Francisco, making five trips a month. Back of the town is a dense forest of spruce and fir trees, only passable by the trails, and here abound deer, elk, bear, and other noble game; while at a distance of four miles further back, is a large lake or lagoon, where the sportsman can at all times find ample amusement with water fowl, and of endless variety.

THE HAIR SNAKE.

This singular species of "animated nature," so readily explained by every country child, as the simple metamorphosis of a horse-hair that chanced to fall into water, is an unsolved enigma with naturalists. Science has not satisfactorily determined either the origin or the modes of existence of these animals. In reply to inquiries by a correspondent of the "Michigan Farmer," who found hair snakes in a pan of milk, Mr. Justus Gage, of that State, furnishes a very interesting account of his experiments and observations. He is satisfied of the fact that both the large and small crickets deposit these snakes in water, during the month of August; but whether the cricket resorts to the water to rid itself of a parasite or to deposit a natural product of its body, he is unable to determine. Mr. Gage says that one morning after he had been experimenting in his room, by throwing crickets into water to obtain snakes, and had succeeded in procuring two, of about four inches in length, he noticed a black cricket crawling up the side of his water-pail. "It jumped into the water, lay quiet for a moment, produced a snake nearly seven inches in length, and then nimbly made its escape over the edge of the pail." He also found a live hair snake, nearly seven inches in length, coiled up in the abdomen of a dead cricket that lay on its back under a flat stone. The hair snake, he says, will live a long time in moist earth, where he has found them of a grayish or white color, sometimes of great length, and much resembling the fibrous root of some vegetable. When seen through a magnifying glass, the hair snake presents an almost exact resemblance to the lamprey eel.—*N. E. Farmer.*



CRESCENT CITY, CALIFORNIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IS THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. P. H.—Daguerre was born in France, 1789 died, 1851. By consulting files of French papers for the latter year, at the Mercantile Library, or Boston Athenæum, you would probably find an extended notice of him.

T. D. K.—Your handwriting is very clear and legible, but a little more freedom is wanted. Practice will perfect.

W. W.—It costs £1000 to get one's name changed in England, and involves a special act of parliament. Here it costs nothing.

Fannie.—We frankly acknowledge that a young lady polking with a young gentleman, is a sight not of the most refined character. But custom sanctions it among all classes of the community.

C. L. S.—Hard pomatum is made by melting slowly together one pound of prepared suet and three ounces of white wax, perfuming it with any favorite essential oil.

J. E. P., Quebec.—We know nothing of the concern you speak o..

M. P.—There is a duty or tax paid in London on private carriages; the same principle is adopted in our cities upon hackney-coaches. It amounted to nearly £300,000 last year in the great English metropolis.

J. J.—The term "hydra" is sometimes used in a metaphorical sense for any manifold number. The Hydra of mythology was a fabulous many-headed monster, which infested Lake Lerna, in the Peloponnesus, and was destroyed by Hercules.

P. T. P.—The English Star Chamber Court was so called from the stellar ornaments of the ceiling of the room in which it once held its sessions.

Merlin.—In the centigrade thermometer, the space between the freezing and boiling points of water is divided into 100 parts.

Sergeant S.—The soldiers of the ancient Russian militia were called Strelitzes; they were very turbulent and troublesome. Their last revolt was in 1698, in consequence of which the Czar Peter enshlaved the entire corps.

Triangle.—It is not at all improbable that steam-carriages may be adapted for travelling on common roads. Several eminent mechanics have furnished plans for them. The full applicability of steam has not yet been developed.

Publisher.—Hoe's ten-cylinder press will throw off 24,000 sheets an hour We believe the cost of one of these machines is about $32,000.

M. B.—There are well authenticated instances of somnambulists expressing themselves correctly in languages with which they were imperfectly acquainted. Somnambulism is one of those inexplicable phenomena which have puzzled the wisest heads.

History.—The title of *sans culottes* was first given to the French Jacobins in derision, and afterwards adopted by them as an honorable appellation—not an unusual fate for political nicknames.

Merchant.—The taxes on salt in France were formerly very heavy. From 4000 to 5000 persons were annually sent to prison and the galleys for infractions of the salt laws—the severity of which was one of the moving causes of the revolution of 1792.

G. W. W.—F. S. Frost is one of our most promising landscape painters. At the free exhibition of the "Art Club," in Bedford Street, you will find some fine productions of his pencil.

Thespis.—It is not many months since Miss Matilda Heron played in New York without attracting much attention. But she has made giant strides in her profession since.

S. S.—It is believed that many of the insurgents in China, including their principal leaders, have been converted to Christianity.

Rail Roads.—The year 1856 has largely increased the value of stock in all the solvent railroad companies of the country. The time is near when most of them will pay large cash dividends; and when they do the stock will all fly up as bank stocks have from the same cause.

Good old Times.—Humboldt says that in the 13th century the habit of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society. These and a few other equally startling facts should be kept before those persons who are constantly prating about "good old times."

SPLINTERS.

.... The story that the circumference of ladies' dresses in Paris was reduced was false; they are larger and costlier than ever.

.... Mr. Benjamin Champney, the landscape painter, passed nearly all last winter in the White Mountains, sketching.

.... The crime of "garotting" seems to be spreading with fearful rapidity. Armed resistance is the only way to meet it.

.... There is French preaching by Rev. Mr. Loriaux, in the Old South Chapel every Sunday afternoon and evening.

.... Good men, it has been well remarked, are human suns; they brighten and warm whenever they pass by.

.... Miss Jane Stuart, daughter of the famous Gilbert Stuart, the portrait painter, has a studio in this city.

.... The Empress Eugenie offered to settle a handsome sum annually on the poet Beranger. He kindly declined the offer.

.... The united ages of a venerable couple lately married in New Bedford amounted to one hundred and thirty-eight years.

.... Gov. King of New York lately said the prettiest sowing-machine in the world was a pretty girl's hand. Gallant governor!

.... We believe the fierce war waged between the East Boston and Chelsea boys has been settled by treaty.

.... A tall man has lately been exhibiting himself in Manchester, N. H. He is over six feet high and weighs but 88 pounds.

.... Judy Williams, a colored slave woman, lately died in Pittsburg, Pa., at the age of one hundred and five years.

.... Madame Cora de Wilhorst, the New York prima donna, has lately been suffering from an attack of brain fever.

.... There are 150 "Ragged Schools" in the worst part of London, which provide 20,000 boys with some education.

.... Dr. Ure, the famous chemist, author of the "Dictionary of Arts, Science and Mining," died lately in London, aged 89.

.... A boy was fined lately here for stealing an umbrella. Hitherto umbrellas have belonged to nobody in particular.

.... Magee and Cater, the Charlestown State Prison murderers, will be tried before the Supreme Court, this month.

.... Mr. Gerry, the landscape painter, now settled in Boston, has lately finished some very beautiful pictures.

.... Mademoiselle Gabrielle de la Motte, the distinguished young pianiste, has now more than sixty pupils.

.... The "Star," a successful penny paper in London, frequently sells forty thousand copies a day.

.... M. de Stoeckl, long Russian Chargé d' Affaires at Washington, D. C., has been made a full minister.

.... There are 107 sawmills on the Wisconsin River above the Falls, manufacturing 107,000,000 feet of lumber annually.

THIN-SKINNED PEOPLE.

We constantly encounter in our daily walks men who are afflicted with such a morbid sensitiveness that the slightest breath of undeserved censure or of slander deprives them, for the time being, of all peace of mind. A newspaper squib affects one of these poor fellows as much as a blow from a bludgeon would a robuster nature. Place one of them in a gossiping village, and purgatory would be preferable to his position. Sometimes one of these unfortunates struggles into political life, and then his career is one long martyrdom; for the man who, in this country, essays a public life, must have the triple brass of the poet on his breast, and be cased in the hide of a rhinoceros from head to foot. To measure the excess of abuse which every public man encounters the moment he rises into eminence, we have only to run over a file of partizan prints from the date of the adoption of our constitution, and see what they have said of our leading political characters. If *exparte* statements were taken as historical proof, then we have been governed and led by the greatest set of unhung reprobates that ever preyed upon society. Every president of the United States, according to his opponents, has been guided by one fixed purpose—that of ruining the country. More than that: it has been asserted that the country has been ruined time and again. Considering these awful and repeated catastrophes, it must be confessed that we bear up against it wonderfully well.

But seriously, how many noble men have suffered themselves to be stung to death by insects! The more they writhe and flutter under the punctures of their assailants, the more venomous are the attacks. There was poor Keats, "done to death" by a venomous article. Many a gentle spirit has gone to a nameless grave simply for want of a little fortitude. This extreme sensibility is like many of the foibles of human nature, an exaggerated virtue. It is the burlesque of a decent respect for public opinion. Burke's advice should be written on every man's heart—"Live down slander." The true man will come out brighter and purer for the assaults to which he is subjected by the envious and unprincipled. History is full of glowing tributes to the memory of self-reliant men who have bravely followed out their convictions in spite of the storm that howled around their path, raised by contemporary enemies. Even Washington had his traducers; but where are they now? who remembers a word uttered in defamation of his pure and brilliant character! The voice of posterity reverses every unjust verdict; but, in most cases, contemporaneous applause follows contemporaneous detraction. "Truth is great and will prevail." Purity of conduct and greatness of purpose always win their way to ultimate triumph. A fair fame is imperishable; like a thing of beauty, "it is a joy forever." But to shrink and cower before attack is to confess its justice, and to invite its repetition. Such weakness is pitiable and deplorable.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A correspondent of the Boston Post asks: "Would you rather see your child at the age of twenty-one with the learning of a Mezzofanti, or the accomplishments of a Sevigné, and a broken-down constitution, or with the stalwort form and sound system of a Daniel Boone, and unable to tell one letter from another?" We fancy no parent would hesitate to go in for Boone and the constitution, against Mezzofanti and miraculous acquirements. Yet in practice the hot-bed, forcing system of education is almost universally adopted. "Acquire learning—healthily if you can, but at all events acquire learning," seems to be the motto adopted. Now health and ignorance do not of necessity go together; physical and mental training are compatible. Look at the Germans; there is not a longer-lived set of men on earth than their literary celebrities, in spite of the enormous mental tasks they accomplish. But in Germany, gymnastics are as much a part of education as Greek and Latin, and a foundation is laid in early life for a healthy old age of study.

An honest Penny.—Some of the sharp little boys who have to provide for themselves in New York, get planks by which they bridge slushy street-crossings, asking a penny toll from each passenger. If the tribute is refused, they simply turn the plank edgewise, and the lady or gentleman has the gratification of wading through the mud, which is one of the "institutions" of our sister city.

A grave Joke.—Somebody was describing to young Dumas, lately, the death of a distinguished man, in the following terms: "He seated himself, he turned his head, removed his spectacles, and—was gone!" "Ah!" said the young scape-grace, "he took off his spectacles first. Then he was at least spared the pains of seeing himself die."

Generous.—Mr. John H. Eastburn, of this city, has become the owner of a bed in the Massachusetts General Hospital, which he intends to keep for the use of any member of the Franklin Typographical Society, or any other printer who is sick and needs the care afforded in that institution.

The Waverly Novels.—Carlyle said, that for the purposes of harmless amusement, these creations of genius were the "perfection of literature." Ticknor & Fields are publishing a splendid yet cheap illustrated "household edition" of them.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble.—This distinguished lady has lately been paying our city a visit. She has lost none of her matchless power as a Shaksperian reader, and none of her attractiveness.

Clergymen and School Teachers.—Ballou's Pictorial is sent to clergymen and school teachers for $2 a year.

FAVORITE HOBBIES.

There are very few men and women who do not have some favorite hobby, which they are ready to trot out and mount on every occasion. One man's speciality is horses, another's is dress One lady's *penchant* is for old china; another's for autographs; a very troublesome whim. Antiquarian hobbies are often sufficiently amusing. Book collectors furnish a good deal of mirth to the million. Some of these respectable gentlemen will give a sum that would furnish the shelves of a library with standard authors, for a single specimen of a rare old copy of some worthless book, valuable only because noted for some famous typographical error. We were reading the other day a laughable story of a man whose pet mania was the collection of rare shells. He had purchased, at a fabulous price, a rare specimen, and invited all his fellow-maniacs to come and look at it. He had it enshrined in a glass case with a costly frame, and it was the envy of all his friends and the pride of his own heart. To be sure, it was a little, ugly, discolored affair, but then it was a rarity. He was offered enormous prices for his treasure; but to no purpose, he positively refused to part with it. The day after his grand exhibition, he was taking a walk, when at the window of an old curiosity shop, where all sorts of lumber were exposed for sale, he saw an object which filled his soul with dismay and rage. It was nothing but a basket heaped up with shells exactly like that which he had so dearly bought. He went in and inquired the price. The dealer told him that he sold the shells for a cent a piece, but that if he took the lot he might have them for half a dollar. Were there any more to be had? No—the dealer had never seen any. A bargain was soon struck. "Shall I send them home, sir?" An indignant no! The purchaser took the basket from the window, laid it on the floor of the shop, and then jumping on the shells with monomaniacal fury ground them into powder. "Now," said he, as he walked home, with the proud heart of a Roman conqueror, "I am a happy man again. How fortunate I happened to see them. I am now the possessor of a unique treasure worth a million of dollars!"

Verily, the poet was right when he described man as "pleased with a rattle—tickled with a straw." It is absurd to suppose that we forsake toys when we graduate from the nursery. Our favorite hobbies are the most trifling toys:—An old ribbon that has been worn by some decapitated queen—a worthless weed, valued for its rarity—an old book or an old skull—an insect—a daub of a painting with an old master's initials forged in the corner. The world is a toyshop. Two-thirds of the population are engaged in making and selling knick-knacks, and the other third in buying them. "It's a queer world, my masters!"

Fine Arts.—We are confident that we shall see painting and sculpture attain in this country an eminence greater than that ever reached in Europe. What we have seen already is an ample guarantee for the future.

Equivocal Compliment.—A wife wrote to her husband absent in California, that the longer he stayed away, the better she liked him. Distance often "lends enchantment to the view."

Binding.—All styles of binding done at this office, at the *lowest rates*, and in the best manner.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Francis Smith to Miss Mary Lewis; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Carlton F. Ridout to Miss Nancy Manning, by Rev. Mr. Steele, Mr. Lemuel P. Mayo to Miss Martha J. Cass, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Henry J. Newman to Miss Katie E. Lawler; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. David Alchorn to Miss Elizabeth Leighl; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Henry Mansfield to Mrs. Margaret Lee.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Michael Keefe to Miss Ellen Cunningham.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Eaton, Mr. Caleb B. Bradbury to Miss Eliza Fletcher.—At North Reading, by Rev. Mr. Tolman, Mr. Otis Buck, of Wilmington, to Miss Caroline R. Howard.—At West Boxford, by Rev. Mr. Park, Mr. Charles Pearl to Miss Charlotte A. Tyler.—At West Newbury, by Rev. Mr. Edgell, Mr. Moses H. Poor to Miss Susan C. Thurlow.—At East Bridgewater, by Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Shepard Whittier to Miss Betsy A. Gravely.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Alvan H. Morton to Miss Kate Holmes.—At Leominster, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Francis H. Colburn to Mrs. Frances A. Smith.—At West Boylston, by Rev. Mr. Cross, Mr. Charles A. Kidder, of Sterling, to Mrs. Martha A. Thomas.—At South Gardner, by Rev. Mr. Stowell, Mr. Lorenzo Chesley to Miss Sarah Greenwood.—At Uxbridge, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Robert H. Lee, of Milford, Conn., to Miss Mary E. Clough.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Rebecca Austin, 80; Mr. Jacob F. Stedder, 55; Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Johnson, 25; Mrs. Mary French, 75; Mrs. Maria Victoria Clark, 28; Mrs. Nancy Bell, 55; Mrs. Harriet E. Sparrow, 20; Mr. Joshua Sears, 65.—At South Boston, Mrs. Maria W. Henderson, 17.—At Somerville, Mrs. Mary Ann Keith, 60.—At Dorchester, Mr. Isaac Bird, 68.—At Cambridge, Miss Abigail R. Sargent, 36.—At Brookline, Samuel Jackson Prescott, Esq., 84.—At West Medford, Mr. James R. Turner, 49.—At Brighton, Mrs. Nancy E. Smith, 34.—At Lynn, Mr. Benjamin Richardson, 75.—At Salem, Mr. Sarah Poor, 81.—At Beverly, Mrs. Harriet A. Cleaves, 43.—At Wilmington, Mrs. Abigail W. Brown, 73.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Polly Prescott, 78.—At Dracut, Mr. Nathan Thissell, 60.—At Plymouth, Capt. John Russell, 70.—At Worcester, Mr. Adolphus Taft, 72.—At Oxford, Miss Laura Ebly, 30.—At Townsend, Mr. Warren Brooks, 24, a graduate of Harvard College, July, 1856.—At Nantucket, Mr. Samuel Dow, 80.—At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Lydia Briggs, widow of the late Mr. Enos Briggs, 80.—At Saco, Me., Hon. John Shepley, formerly of Fitchburg, Mass., about 70.—At Washington, D. C., Dr. Josiah D. Weston, of Dalton, Mass., 47.—At Fort Wayne, Allen county, Ia., Mr. Cornelius O'Brien, 41.—At Mobile, Ala., Capt. S. C. Burrill, a native of Boston, 68.—At London, Capt. David Allen, of ship Forest City, of Portland.

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M. M. BALLOU,
Published every Saturday, by
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OWED TO WINTER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Go—get thee gone, Old Winter! I make bold
(While others praise thee) to declare the truth:
Thou art a tyrant, without Christian ruth,
Capricious, crusty, and "confounded cold!"

Thou art a blustering, blistering, hullying wight:
A burglar entering every cottage door,
Borne by the rich and hated by the poor—
A very rascal in a cloak of white!

Thou fill'st the farmer with foreboding fears;
Thou bitest sharply at the school-boy's toes;
Thou reddenest e'en the daintiest lady's nose,
And pinchest rudely everybody's ears!

Thou makest *rime* without the slightest reason:
Unless it be to raise the price of coal;
And, bluster as thou wilt, upon my soul,
Thou art a most unseasonable season!

HUSH OF NATURE.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep:
But breathless as we grow when feeling most,
And silent as we stand in thoughts too deep.
All heaven and earth are still—from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast:
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all creator and defence.—BYRON.

WINTER.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost—and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did glow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.—MAYNE.

TRUTH.

Truth needs no color, with his color fixed;
Beauty no pencil, Beauty's Truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermixed.—SHAKSPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

When the warm weather comes (if ever, alas!) we hope some of our musical and literary friends will try what inspiration there is in composing in the open air. Mozart wrote much in this way. The greater part of "Don Giovanni" was composed in the bowling green of his dear friend, Dussek, at Prague, and "The Requiem" at Frattner's garden at Vienna.....The mayor of an English city lately issued a proclamation headed "Victoria *rex*" (Victoria, King). So it seems the race of Dogberrys is not utterly extinct.....Everybody, we suppose, to tell the truth, likes flattery; but it must not be laid on with a trowel. Tickling is more agreeable than plastering. A loyal courtier of James I. once expressed a wish that his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. "Then," said the king, "if I do reign so long, my son must govern by *candlelight*."....What a fund of wit Curran had! He was dining once with a certain judge, who, for the severity of his sentences, was known as the "hanging judge," and who never shed a tear but once, and that was at the "Beggar's Opera," when Macheath was reprieved. Well, the judge asked Curran if the dish next to him was hung beef, because, if it was, he would try it. Curran instantly replied, "If *you* try it, my lord, it is sure to be hung."?.....People should be very cautious how they give money to street-beggars; they may be encouraging very dishonest persons. The other day, a widow woman, who begged from house to house in Brooklyn, Long Island, dropped a bank-book, which showed $500 to her credit—and a mendicant in London was lately searched at a station-house, and found to have $400 on his person.....The passion for music—the true musical *furore*—sometimes becomes uncontrollable. Thalberg related the other day a story of Brenda, a famous German composer. His wife had just expired in his arms, and Brenda was in an agony of grief. He rushed to the piano, and drew from it a series of most mournful modulations; but soon interested, in spite of himself, in the succession of chords he played, and carried away by his imagination into the realms of fancy, he forgot so completely the subject of his inspiration, that a servant having come to ask him if he would send the customary funeral invitations, Brenda answered, "Ask my wife about it," without leaving his piano.....Types commit strange mistakes sometimes. A passage in a letter describing the famous charge of Captain May, he "behaved like a hero," read in print "like a hare," an animal not very famous for its intrepidity.....The story of the "man who drew an elephant in a raffle" was founded on the following fact. An Indian prince presented a poor man with an elephant; and as the custom of the country forbade him to part with the gift, he was ruined in providing the means for keeping it. Improper or unreasonable generosity inflicts the greatest injury upon the receiver.....We heard a sharp old lady, the other day, criticising the rambling sermons of her minister. "If," said she, "his text had the small pox, his sermons would never catch it—never!".....It is said, but falsely, that any man who has cunning can become as rich and honored as he pleases. Then all the people who would have kicked him if he had spoken to them in a humble station, will be glad to come to his balls, eat his ice, drink his champagne, and laugh at his jokes. Is not this a libel on "poor human nature?".....The French have certainly done a great deal for Algiers. Formerly, culprits there had their heads cut off with a sabre; now they are decapitated by the guillotine. How happy the Algerines must be to live under a civilized government!.....Nineteen times out of twenty duels end without bloodshed, because the seconds, we suppose, charitably load the pistols with powder only. We hope no man of honor will take umbrage at this *charge*, which cannot be deemed serious where there is nothing but powder.....We strayed into a pleasant green-house the other day, and tasted the joys of summer by anticipation in its warm atmosphere. What wonders there are in the world of flowers! Take the sensitive plant, for instance, which shrinks from the hand of man; the ice-plant, which almost cools one by looking at it; the pitcher-plant, with its welcome draught; and the carnivorous "Venus's fly-trap." Only think of a plant being carnivorous! It is said this plant baits its prickles with something which attracts the flies, upon which it then closes, and whose decay is supposed to afford food for the plant.....Literary men sometimes do and say queer things. Morland, the author of the "Capricious Woman," was in a box at the theatre during the first representation of that comedy. The pit loudly expressed disapprobation at the improbability of the heroine's character. The author put his head out of his box, and called out, "I assure you, gentlemen, this is a perfect picture of my mother-in-law. What do you say now?".....Dean Swift said:—"Men of great parts are unfortunate in business, because they go out of the common road by the quickness of their imaginations. This I once said to Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in the office used a sort of ivory knife, with a blunt edge, to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, requiring only a strong hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.".....We have always stood up for the healthfulness of hearty mirth. There is no lack of authority to support the position. Lord Bacon said:—"A person who sees a good farce, or comedy, or pantomime, and does not laugh at the same, must be a solemn ass." Such persons had better abstain from Warren and the Ravels.....At the president's *levee* at Washington, the other day, an officer of the army was hunting everywhere for his chapeau. "You might have expected to lose it," said Ben: Perley Poore, "because a hat when it's cocked is sure to go off.".....Isn't smoking on the increase among us? We think it is. But married ladies should not repine at their lords' addiction to the cigar. Men who smoke seldom get in a passion; it causes the most irritable to "draw it mild," and renders them as smooth as a flat-iron does a muslin 'kerchief.....Birds sing less in August than in other months. Ladies chatter less in February. The former of these curious facts in natural history has some mystery about it; but the why and wherefore of the latter may be found in the fact that February is the shortest month in the year.....In old times, ladies were not such mermaids as they are now. In 1633, the Duchess de Chevreux, who was then for the first time in England, won the title of the "Female Leander," by swimming the Thames, near Windsor, in a frolic.....Sugar is pretty well up now. We are afraid it will become as dear as it was in the days of Henry IV., of France, when it was sold by the ounce, by apothecaries, nearly as Peruvian bark is now sold.....Paying a note that you merely endorsed through kindness and good nature is said to be concentrated misery.....Gambling, we see from one of Flaneur's letters in the Boston Post, is fearfully rife in Paris. We look on every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in his hand; and all that follows in his fatal career is merely sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.....Some wag insists upon it that life is a railroad, with the doctor at one end, who forwards expresses to his brother Death at the other.....Notwithstanding the variety of perfumes in the market, Eau de Cologne holds its own as a favorite for the toilet. And this reminds us of an amusing anecdote. When the French army entered Germany, two conscripts, fresh from the plough, stopped on the bridge of boats at Cologne, and gazed intensely on the Rhine as it swept majestically by. "O, that's it, then!" exclaimed one of the greenies. "Yes, Farina's famous Cologne water." They must have thought the article rather plenty.....This is certainly the golden age of authorship. Long before he reached his thirtieth year, Dickens's pen was bringing him in $18,000 a year.....Probably there are no two words that more distinctly point out *cause* and *effect*, than these—gin and bitters!.....None are so fond of secrets as those who do not intend to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.....How much truth there is in this saying—Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she has never a large congregation....."I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John."—"Make yourself quite easy, my love," said the expectant widow, "I am engaged to his brother Bill.".....Cotton says, "Hurry and Cunning are the two apprentices of Despatch and Skill; but they neither of them ever learn their masters' trade.".....Swift called dancing "voluntary madness." The Chinese seem to think it useless fatigue. At a ball on board one of our frigates, a Chinese said softly and pityingly to the commodore, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?".....A Yankee, who had just lost his wife, was found by a neighbor emptying a bowl of soup as large as a hand-basin. "Why, my goodness, Elnathan!" said the gossip. "Is that all you care for your wife?"—"Wal," said the Yankee, "I've been cryin' all the mornin'; and arter I've finished my soup, I'll cry another spell. I reckon that's fair—any how.".....They have been transplanting ornamental trees in Philadelphia, lately, from thirty to forty feet in height, having balls of frozen earth about the roots weighing from five to six tons each. With care, such trees may be set out without their feeling the removal; but, of course, the process is an expensive one.....We wonder mules are not more extensively used at the North by farmers. Mules are longer lived and much hardier than a horse. A farmer residing near Ballinglass, Ireland, has one in his possession which has been used for purposes of transportation since 1798, and which is about seventy years old. Col. Middleton, of South Carolina, had one which attained the age of eighty.....Queen Victoria has received from Mr. John Tickner, of Mobile, Alabama, a present of a pair of horned owls.....The Welby's Place, in Hartford, famous for comprising the old Charter Oak, is up for sale.....The public spirited citizens of Salem are moving in the matter of having a new music hall erected there.....Long Wharf, Boston, in 1810, was the only place of embarkation for passengers to go on shipboard.....The Secretary of War recommends Congress to supply all the militia with the rifle musket.....At Honolulu, they have free "dance houses," or "hulahulas," for the benefit of mariners and citizens.....A school of design, under the direction of Miss Imogene Robinson, has been established in Worcester, Mass.....It is stated that a bank of fine porcelain clay has been discovered on the estate of Mr. Throckmorton, of Virginia. If this be the case, the owner will realize a fortune.....The recipe for resuscitating an Englishman is to hold a beefsteak under his nose. A Spaniard, or a Frenchman, may be revived by garlic.....An advertisement, the other day, called for "a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character.".....In Siam, the penalty for telling a falsehood is to have the mouth sewed up. Every community has gossips who richly deserve this punishment.....The Olive Branch says: "Preaching without notes, it has recently been discovered, is more common than it was supposed to be—that is, preaching without *bank*-notes." We suppose such preachers would like to have a *cheque* put to their proceedings.....No glasses are so bad for the eyesight as glasses of brandy.....Do the net profits of Mrs. Barrow's benefit at the Boston Theatre constitute a *Barrow-net?*.....If Gen. Walker triumphs over the "concatenation of circumstances that surround him," we shall believe that he is indeed a man of destiny.....J. Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home of his own, and died and was buried in a foreign land. This idea is embodied in the correspondence of the Watchman and Reflector.

MAHOMET'S BIBLE.

The Koran was written about A. D., 610. Its general aim was to unite the professors of idolatry and the Jews and Christians in the worship of one God—whose unity was the chief point inculcated under certain laws and ceremonies, exacting obedience to Mahomet the prophet. It was written in the Koreish Arabic, and this language, which certainly possessed very fine quality, was said to be that of paradise. Mahomet asserted that the Koran was revealed to him, during a period of twenty-three years, by the angel Gabriel. The style of the volume is beautiful, fluent and concise, and where the majesty and attributes of God are described, it is sublime and magnificent. Mahomet admitted the divine mission both of Moses and Jesus Christ. According to Gibbon, the leading article of faith which Mahomet preached is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction, namely, that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God. The Koran was translated into Latin in 1143, and into English and other European languages about 1763. It is a rhapsody of 3000 verses divided into 114 sections.—*New York Sunday Dispatch.*

Choice Miscellany.

GAIT AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.

Observing people move slow—their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn round. Careful persons lift their feet high, and place them down flat and firm. Sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction, and place it quietly by the side of the way. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets, and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed. Timid persons often step off from the sidewalk on meeting another, and always go round a stone instead of stepping over it. Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing with their arms, while their hands shake about miscellaneously. Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other. Very strong-minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns. Venturous persons try all roads, frequently climb fences, instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar. One-idea persons are very selfish, and "too in." Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together. Good-natured persons snap their thumb and finger every few steps. Fun-loving persons have a kind of jig movement. Absent-minded persons often take the wrong road, and sometimes find themselves up to their knees in a mud puddle, although the sidewalks are excellent. Dignified men move slow and erect. Fast persons cut across the corner, kick every dog they meet, knock down little children, run against the ladies, and hit every twelfth man's ribs with their elbows. Very neat men occasionally stop to wipe the dust from their boots—their hands hang by their sides. Very polite persons are sometimes seen bowing in their course to black servant girls and black stumps.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING PHOSPHORUS.

It is now just two hundred years since phosphorus was first obtained by Brand, of Hamburg. So wonderful was the discovery then considered, that Kraft, an eminent philosopher of the day, gave Brand three hundred dollars for the secret of its preparation. Kraft then travelled, and visited nearly all the courts of Europe, exhibiting phosphorus to kings and nobles. In appearance, phosphorus resembles bees'-wax; but it is more transparent, approaching to the color of amber. Its name, which is derived from the Greek, signifies "light-bearer," and is indicative of its most distinguishing quality, being self-luminous. Phosphorus, when exposed to the air, shines like a star, giving out a beautiful lambent, greenish light. Phosphorus dissolves in warm sweet oil. If this phosphorized oil be rubbed over the face in the dark, the features assume a ghastly appearance, and the experimentalist looks like a veritable living Will-o'-the-Wisp. The origin of phosphorus is the most singular fact concerning it. Every other substance with which we are acquainted, can be traced to either earth or air; but phosphorus seems to be of animal origin. Of all animals, man contains the most; and of the various parts of the body, the brain yields, by analysis, more phosphorus than any other. This fact is of no little moment. Every thought has, perhaps, a phosphoric source. It is certain that the most intellectual beings contain the most phosphorus. It generally happens that when a singular discovery is made, many years elapse before any application of it is made to the welfare and happiness of man. This remark applies to phosphorus.—*Johnson's Chemistry.*

THE WATERS OF THE NILE.

The Nile water is particularly soft. It fills the mouth with a rich creamy taste; and in drinking it, in order to enjoy it, it is well to spread it over every part of the palate. It should be drunk, not to quench thirst, but to create high pleasure. It should not, therefore, be swallowed in large draughts at a time, but taken at short intervals, every other hour or so. In the house the water-jar—the admirable Egyptian water-jar, which is so much more porous than the Indian jar—should be at hand by day and by night continually. The passion for Nile water, like the love of everything that is intensely exquisite in its way, increases with its enjoyment. No one who has once or twice tasted Nile water, and has a capacity for pleasure, will ever after consent to drink of it poisoned with the infusion of any other liquid. Jealous of its own honor, it appears to be the most averse of all waters to join in harmony with wine. Indeed, mixed with wine, it is a most nauseous compound. In the hotels, the water undergoes filtration. In the cottages through the country, it is kept in large vessels, which allow the sediment to fall to the bottom. The small clay jars, in which it is placed before you in the hotels, are very graceful in form, and finely adapted to keep the liquid cool.—*Bruce's Scenes and Sights in the East.*

ESQUIMAUX WEEPING MATCHES.

They weep according to system. When one begins, all are expected to join; and it is the office of courtesy for the most distinguished of the company to wipe the eyes of the chief mourner. They often assemble by concert for a general weeping match; but it happens sometimes that one will break out into tears, and others courteously follow, without knowing at first what is the particular subject of grief. It is not, however, the dead alone who are sorrowed for by such a ceremony. Any other calamity may call for it as well; the failure of a hunt, the snapping of a walrus line, or the death of a dog. Mrs. Eider-Duck, *nee* Small Belly (Eguk), once looked up at me from her kolupsut, and burst into a gentle gush of woe. I was not informed of her immediate topic of thought, but with remarkable presence of mind, I took out my handkerchief—made by Morton out of the body of an unused shirt—and, after wiping her eyes politely, wept a few tears myself. This little passage was soon over; Mrs. Eider-Duck returned to her kolupsut, and Nalegak to his note-book.—*Dr. Kane.*

PARISIAN FLOWER MARKET.

Few persons have any idea of the vast number of flowers which are daily exposed for sale in the markets of Paris. Almost the whole of the florists in or near the city are engaged in this branch of the trade. The principal market is held under a double avenue of trees, on the Quai aux Fleurs; and here are assembled in the open air, both in summer and winter, more than four hundred florists, who find a ready sale for their produce at about the average price of eight sous. The extent of this trade may seem strange to those unaccustomed to the manners of the French. It is the custom with all classes to make presents to their friends on their birthday, or the fete of their patron saint; and among other things, plants and flowers are always given. This necessarily causes a large demand.—*Galignani.*

Editorial Melange.

The potato, in its native wild of tropical America, is a rank, running vine, with scarcely the appearance of a tuber on its roots. —— To ascertain the length of the day and night any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day. —— The Montreal Gazette says that a young bride and bridegroom were riding in that neighborhood, when the lady was found to have become speechless from the effect of the frost on her brain, and she died soon after reaching home. The sad event is attributed to the scanty style of bonnet she wore. —— Smoking is recommended to young gentlemen who wish to look sallow and unhealthy. —— In the town records of Boston, England, under the date of 1578, the following resolution is found: "That a dictionarye shall be bought for the scollers of the free scoole; and the same booke to be tyed in a cheyne, and set upon a deske in the scoole, whereupon any scoller may have recesse, as occasion shall serve." —— But very few shad have been caught at Savannah this season, and an experienced fisherman attributes the scarcity last year and this to the quantity of coal tar which flows into the river from the gas works. —— Gobelins, the place where the most beautiful tapestry in Europe is produced, derived its name from Gilles Gobelin, who, in the reign of Francis I., discovered the fine scarlet dye which is known as the Gobelins' scarlet. In the same district in which Gilles Gobelin lived, Louis XVI., in the year 1667, founded the establishment which bears his name. —— Every liquor shop in Monroe, Georgia, has been closed. The citizens raised one thousand dollars, bought them out and shut up their doors. —— A very black little rascal stepped into a stable at Tonawanda, lately, stole a horse and cutter, and "put." He went to Williamsville and got a meal of victuals, and tried to pay for it with a whip. This was refused. He then stepped into the stable where the first stolen horse was, saw another horse there, swapped his horse for horse No. 2, harnessed him up and "put" back for Tonawanda, and from there disappeared. —— The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; the greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; elevation, 687 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. —— Dr. Kane, on his Arctic expedition, outward bound, used the following daily prayer: "Lord, accept our gratitude, and bless our undertaking." After all hope of further explorations ceased, and the only effort was to get his party back home, the prayer was changed, and read thus: "Lord, accept our gratitude, and restore us to our homes." —— The first marriage of a Hindoo widow that ever occurred in Calcutta, took place on the 7th of December last. The parties in this transaction are of the highest respectability, and this will prove a marked event in the history of Hindostan. —— Bishop Reynolds, an arduous minister of the gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, and highly respected by all who knew him, died from disease of the heart, at Hamilton, Canada West, on the 17th of January, aged 71 years. —— Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent letters, mentions a contrivance which he noticed at Hamburgh for warming railroad cars: "Long, flat boxes of tin or zinc, covered with carpetiug and filled with hot sand, are placed upon the floor between the seats, so that the passengers on both sides can make use of them. These boxes were mildly warm when we started, and not quite cold when we arrived at Hamburg, eight hours afterward." —— The electro-magnetic telegraph has been introduced into the island of Java, and a line of wires has been completed between the port of Batavia and the capital of the island Benecidorf, a distance of about seventy miles. —— The Emperor Charles V. paid Titian the sum of eight hundred crowns for each portrait he painted of him. One is a full-length, representing the emperor in a complete suit of mail. Charles was painted many times by the Venetian artist, for it was by his pencil that he wished his likeness should be transmitted to posterity. He had his wish. —— Cardinal Rauscher has published a circular, in which he proposes the establishment of a Catholic University for the whole of Germany. —— The French emperor has pardoned M. Lehon, who was sentenced to transportation six years ago by the High Court of Justice at Versailles. At that time, nineteen persons were sentenced to transportation; of these, twelve have been set at liberty at various periods, two have died, and five still remain in captivity.

Cure for Diseases.—The French Academy of Medicine has decreed a grant of 8000 francs to found an annual prize for any discovery or means of cure in diseases hitherto deemed incurable, such as hydrophobia, cancer, epilepsy, typhus, cholera, etc. Incurable! why, the advertising columns of the newspapers teem with infallible, warrauted cures for all these afflicting maladies.

Death of an Architect.—George Carstensen, architect of the Crystal Palace, New York, died at Copenhagen on the 4th of January. He commenced the publication of a Sunday newspaper at Copenhagen, and died the same day that the first number was issued. A portrait of him was published in Ballou's Pictorial some month's since.

A splendid Offer.—A Western boatman had fallen into the Mississippi, and was sinking for the last time; a comrade who was trying to save him, was about to relinquish his hold, when the dying man exclaimed: "Hang on, Sam! hang on! I'll treat —I say I will!" It is needless to add that he was saved.

Snow in Mexico.—In the city of Mexico, snow is the greatest rarity; yet last winter they had a heavy storm there, and the effect of the pure flakes piled on the rich foliage of the trees and gardens is described as magical.

Wayside Gatherings.

The price of tin has risen steadily the past year. The ores composing it are becoming scarce.

A couple were married in the cars of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad lately. The bride was a "widow" aged 16 years.

Self-defence clubs are being formed in New York, for mutual protection against garroters. 4000 are already enrolled.

The towns on the Cape have thus far spent from ten to twelve thousand dollars for clearing roads of snow.

The secretary of war has determined to send a new regiment to California early in the spring, a port to go across the plains for the protection of emigrants.

An inhabitant of Corfu, who recently returned from Spitzbergen, after an absence of twenty-eight years, found his wife in very good health but the widow of three husbands.

The Cambridge Chronicle states that pumpkin hoods have appeared in the streets of that city, and proposes "three times three" for the ladies who have had the courage as well as the good sense to wear them.

A matrimonial alliance of an uncommon character has lately been effected in Fluvanna county, Virginia. Mr. Robert Gray, the gallant groom, is ninety-five years of age, and the late Mrs. Catherine Reilly (now Mrs. Gray), ninety two years of age.

Jailor Bartlett remarking lately to a wealthy Boston merchant that the desire for books among the prisoners should be encouraged, the latter gave the jailor $100 to be spent for books, directing that his name should be kept a secret.

At the annual town meeting in Gloucester, Mass., ten thousand dollars were voted for the public schools. This is $500 more than last year, and is a most liberal and creditable appropriation for a town of 9000 people, and less than $4,000,000 valuation.

The French are as quick as Yankees at turning a penny when circumstances permit. The day following the murder of the archbishop of Paris, a medal commemorative of that event was selling in the streets.

Lettuce was introduced into England from Flanders in 1520. A salad was a rare treat in Henry the Eighth's reign; in the earlier part of which, when Queen Catherine, this king's first consort, wished for a salad, she despatched a messenger for lettuce to Holland or Flanders.

Fred. S. Cozzens—"Mr. Sparrowgrass,"—in his recent lecture in New York on "Wit and Humor," said of Dr. Samuel Johnson as follows: "Johnson, when quite a boy, was brought to London to be touched by the king, for scrofula, with which he was affected; but never completely recovered from either the disease or the touch!"

In St. Petersburg the czar is engaged in the erection of one of the largest forges, iron ship building yards, and engine factories in the world, on one of the principal quays, in the government part of the city. The operations are being conducted with the greatest secrecy and despatch. The works are being built chiefly by English mechanics.

The Milan censorship is very severe just now; the last number of Cantu's "History of the Italians" has been stopped, on account of a passage relating to the history of Piedmont, of the last century. M. Schivardi, of Brescia, having in his "Scientific Facts" used some expressions hostile to the existing state of things, he has been arrested for high treason.

White was anciently used as a term of fondling or endearment. In the "Return from Parnassus," 1606, Amoretto's page says: "When he returns, I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawk; and then I shall be his little rogue, his white villain, for a whole week after." (Act. ii., sc. vi.) Doctor Bushby used to call his favorite scholars his white boys. Various other authorities might be cited.

A letter from Palermo announces numerous executions throughout Sicily for political causes. At Catanea, Louis Pellegrino, a young man, but a distinguished chemist, was shot a few days previously. Several students had been arrested. The troops mount guard during the day with loaded muskets. The streets are deserted, and many of the shops closed. At Messina the arrests are not less numerous than at Catanea.

In Lawrence, lately, a small girl who said she could not read, requested a lady at the post-office to look upon the list for a given name. While the lady was examining the list, the girl pressed close to her side, and upon being told there was no such name recorded, hastily left the office. The lady subsequently discovered that her porte-monnaie had disappeared, and the inference was that the girl was an expert pickpocket.

M. Dumont, in his "Recollections of Mirabeau," the leading orator of the French revolution, thus describes the persevering industry of Sir Samuel Romilly: "Romilly, always tranquil and orderly, has an incessant activity. He never loses a minute; he applies all his mind to what he is about. Like the hand of a watch, he never stops, although his equal movements in the same way almost escape observation."

An important improvement has been made in the construction of bakers' ovens in Paris. The oven is paved with slabs of terracotta, laid on a bed of sand, which rests on bricks that form the roof of a low vault supported by small columns of fire brick. Into this vault the heat and smoke of the fire are admitted by eight radiating passages, any one of which may be opened or closed at pleasure, so that one eighth, one-half, or the whole of the oven may be heated or cooled as occasion requires. The vault communicates with the chimney by an opening kept under perfect control.

A thermostal for regulating temperature and ventilation, is described in the English journals. It consists of a series of circular flat hollow cases about one foot in diameter and one inch deep, attached together in the centre. Each case contains a small quantity of sulphuric ether, which is readily affected by change of temperature. The cases, comprising about six, are suspended one under the other, and to the lowest one is attached a weight by a cord that passes over an eccentric pulley. On an increase of temperature the ether expands, and the weight falls down, and when the air is cooled, it is drawn up by the pressure of the atmosphere on the external discs.

The following process for making wood incombustible is simple, and should be adopted by those who are necessitated to put up buildings wholly of timber: Take a quantity of water proportionate to the surface or the wood to cover, and add to it as much potash as will dissolve therein. When the water will dissolve no more potash, stir into it a quantity of flour paste and a sufficiency of pure clay to render it of the consistency of cream. Immerse the wood in the preparation, and it will ever be secured from the action of fire and water. This preparation may be applied to the surface of wooden roofs or other places particularly exposed to the action of fire. In the most violent conflagration, wood saturated thus may be carbonated but it will not blaze.

Foreign Items.

An account of Sir Charles Napier's Baltic campaign, from the pen of the admiral himself, is about to be published.

A letter from Vienna announces the sudden death of Marshal Radetzky, commander-in-chief and governor-general in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The marshal died of apoplexy.

A speculator at Berlin has bethought himself of establishing a "skating academy" in a garden near the canal. This is lighted up in the evening, and, being supplied with a toboggan-hand and abundant refreshments, attracts numerous customers.

The Paris papers announce the arrival of Feruk Khan, the Persian ambassador. His suite is said to be composed of 100 followers, among whom are some of the nobility of Teheran, who solicited as a great favor to be permitted to accompany him.

The British fleet in commission on the 1st of January, 1857, numbered 261 ships, 5078 guns, and 48,798 men, as compared with the last year of the war, January 1, 1856, when the strength was 325 ships, 6231 guns, and 63,435 men.

A letter from Sebastopol states that the city is gradually becoming repeopled. It now contains about 7000 inhabitants; Kamiesch, 2000. Three hundred houses partly destroyed during the siege have been rebuilt, and eighty new ones constructed.

Among the lower orders of Paris, it is said that their patron saint, Saint Genevieve, must have abandoned the city, since she allowed her *neuvaine* to be interrupted by the murder of the archbishop. The superstitious augur ill for the year 1857 from that circumstance.

Sands of Gold.

.... Those sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

.... A beautiful woman is the hell of the soul, the purgatory of the purse, and the paradise of the eyes.—*Montesquieu.*

.... Growth is the nature of habit, not of one sort or another, but of all, even of an unnatural habit.—*Charles Reade.*

.... If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.—*Hannah More.*

.... Love is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bud and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe.—*Dr. South.*

.... What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient out of action, or vehement in it.—*Butler.*

.... Youth and age have too little sympathy with each other. If the young would remember that they may be old, and the old remember that they have been young, the world would be happier.—*Barton.*

.... Self-deception will probably cease at the first blast of the archangel's trumpet; but what human heart will part with it till then? The circumstances under which a human being cannot excuse, or delude, or justify himself, have never yet occurred in the huge annals of crime.—*Charles Reade.*

Joker's Budget.

Among the "lost arts," is the art of making large loaves, which was formerly well understood by bakers.

Tom says the other day he saw a walking match, and Bill says that's nothing, for he saw a candle run.

A witty fellow slipped down on the icy pavement, when he muttered, "I have no desire to see the town burned down, but I sincerely wish it was laid in ashes."

To make hens lay perpetually, hit them on the head with a big club. Other modes have been recommended, but this is the only one we have found to be effectual.

An exchange asks "why so many mothers go on journeys with their infants in their arms?" Does our cotemporary expect that mothers will carry their babies in carpet-bags?

"Great men," says Aristotle, "are always of a melancholy nature." If this be true, the tax on greatness is more than the property is worth. For our own part, we would rather be merry with Sam Weller than dismal with Plato.

Ignorant people are to be addressed through the eye. If you want to pass for a great man with a blockhead, sport a hundred dollar cloak and a fifty dollar watch-key. An ignoramus thinks that he alone has "sterling" parts, who exhibits shirt-buttons made of bullion. Make a note.

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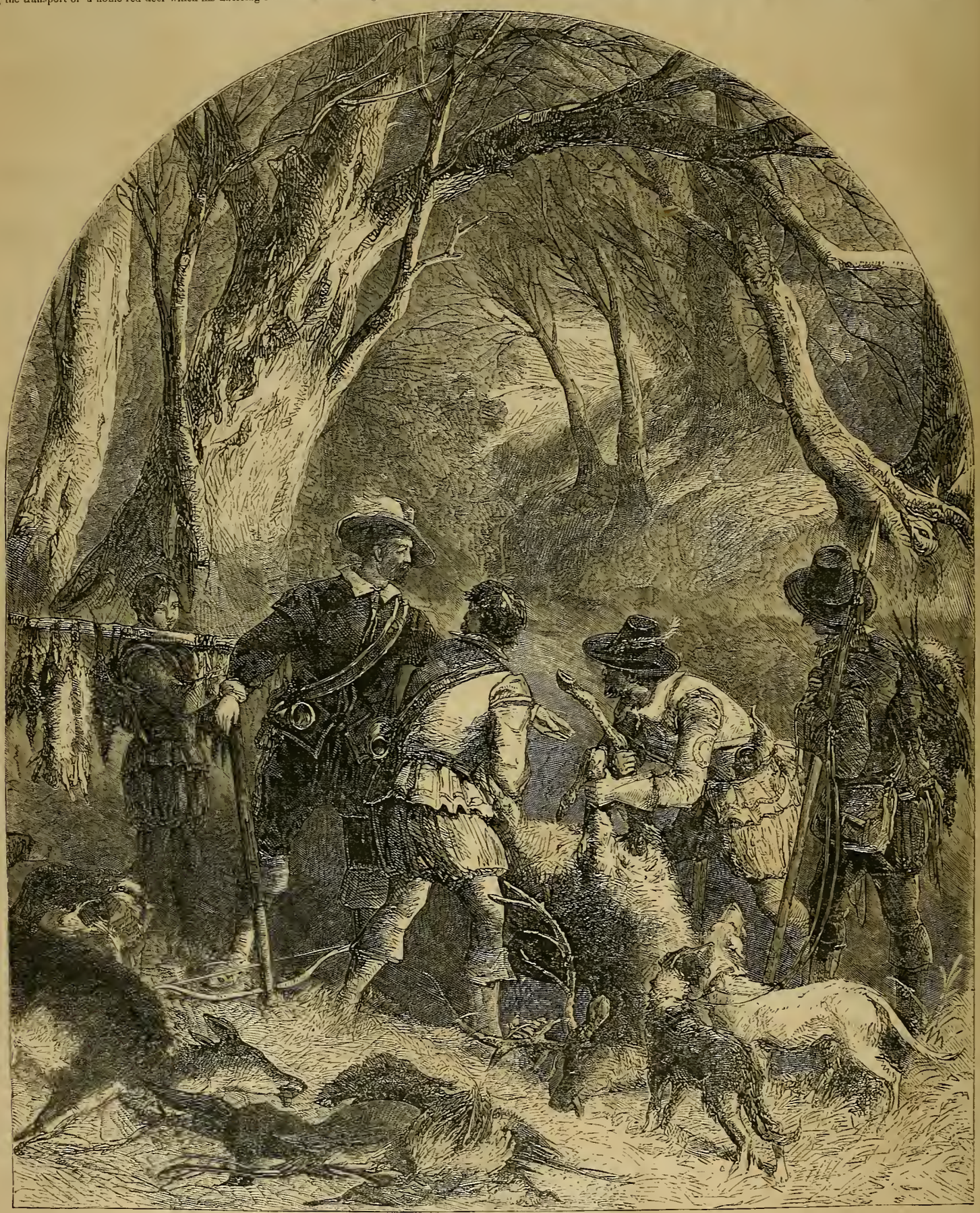
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SHERWOOD FOREST IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The beautiful woodland scene on this page, carries us back to the days of bold Robin Hood and his followers, the outlaws of merry Sherwood. The gallant robber, "the English ballad-singer's joy," is the most conspicuous figure in the group, designated by his plume and bugle-horn, and cross-bow. He is superintending the transport of a noble red deer which his unerring shaft has stricken down in the "king's green wood." Other trophies of successful sport are scattered about, and the outlaws will have a gay feast of it in their sylvan retreat, where Friar Tuck, and Scarlet, and Little John, and Maid Marian, and the rest of the goodly company will be assembled. Chronicles and tradition has handed down a singularly fair reputation for the bold archer of Sherwood, considering that he lived in open violation of the laws of the land. But it must be remembered that the laws of those days were shockingly severe and oppressive—the forest laws particularly, and Robin Hood was a sort of popular revolutionist, as far as his influence went. The punishment for an infringement of the game laws in the days of the Norman kings of England, was the loss of eyes and mutilation, and the very severity of these statutes caused their violation. Bold yeomen, trained to the use of the long and cross-bow, and enticed by the abundance of game, took to the green wood and defied the power of the royal troops and rangers. The most noted of these outlaws was Robin Hood, who made his headquarters in Sherwood forest, in Nottinghamshire. He flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Stow says: "In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.) were many robbers and outlawes, amoog which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in the woods, despoyling and robbing the goodes of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence. The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers, with suche spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom five hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed; poore men's goodes he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich old earles, whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft; but of all the theeves, he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe." He was a man of unquestionable courage, of matchless skill in archery, humane, the friend of the poor, if the enemy of the rich and the oppressor, and his memory has been accordingly cherished, and handed down in song and story. His death is reputed to have occurred at the nunnery of Kirklees, in Yorkshire. This event is said to have occurred in 1247.



SHERWOOD FOREST, ENGLAND, IN THE OLDEN TIME.

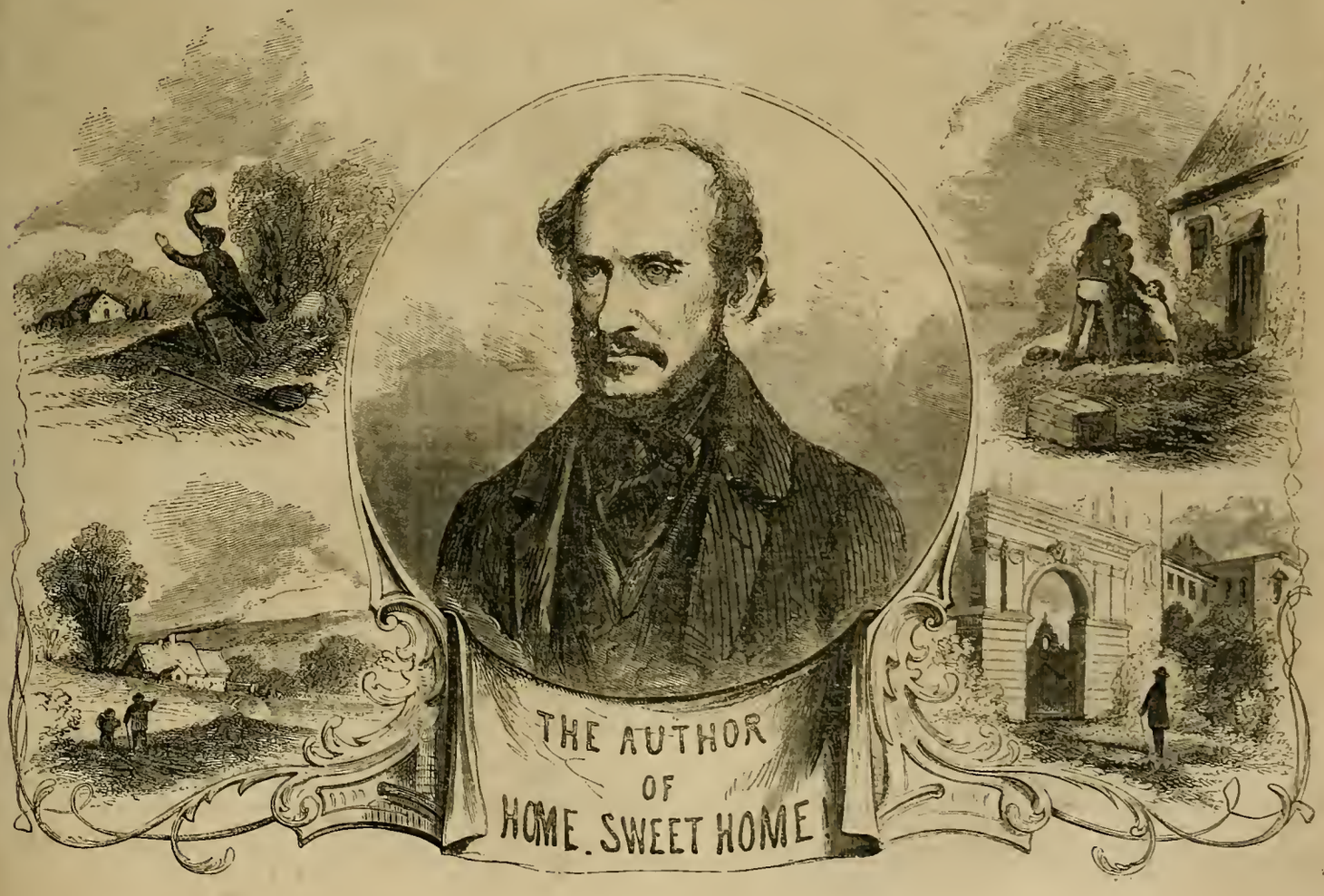
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THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

The portrait below, of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," a sweet and touching song, which will live as long as the tongue in which it was written, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Harry. The artist has surrounded the portrait with graceful vignettes suggested by the sentiment of the song which has immortalized its author: a returned wanderer catching a glimpse of his cottage home; his welcome by his wife and children; the laborer in his native fields; the exile gazing on a triumphal arch, with his mind reverting to the scenes of his childhood. John Howard Payne was born in New York city, June 9, 1792. His father was educated as a physician under General Warren, of revolutionary fame, but afterwards attained high eminence as a teacher of youth. The family was a distinguished one, Judge Payne, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, being a member of it. John Howard Payne was one of the eldest of a family of nine children—seven sons and two daughters. While an infant, his father removed to this city, and opened a school here, which attained great celebrity. John Howard proved a bright and precocious boy. While a mere lad, he commanded a company of youthful soldiers, well remembered by some of our older citizens. Under his father's tuition, he distinguished himself as an elocutionist, and an actor, fresh from London, where Master Betty, who was creating a *furore* as a juvenile tragedian, urged his appearance on the stage, and offered to bring him out. His father, however, declined. Subsequently, young Payne was placed in a counting-house in New York, and when only thirteen, commenced the publication of a theatrical paper, called the "Thespian Mirror." His passion for the stage led to his making his appearance on the boards of the Park Theatre, New York, Feb. 24, 1809, when in his sixteenth year. He was completely successful, and starred it throughout the country. In 1813, both his parents being then dead, he visited England, appeared with success at Drury Lane Theatre, and played a brilliant provincial engagement. He next turned his attention to writing for the stage. Among his many successful pieces, we may mention the "Magpie and Maid," "Accusation," the tragedy of "Brutus," written for Edmund Kean, "Charles II.," and "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," in which last he introduced the song of "Home, Sweet Home," first sung by Miss M. Tree, sister of Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean). Upwards of 100,000 copies of this song were estimated to have been sold in 1832, yielding the publishers a profit of two thousand guineas. Most of Payne's pieces still keep the stage as standard dramas. But Payne, compelled to sell his pieces for low prices, and failing in several speculations, returned home in 1832. Soon after his return, he issued a prospectus for the publication of a periodical with the fanciful title of *Jan-Jehan Nima*, an Eastern title, signifying "The Goblet wherein you may behold the Universe." The publication, however, never saw the light. He was next appointed consul to Tunis, at which post he remained a few years, and then returned home. Failing in his attempts to obtain a more lucrative diplomatic mission, he accepted a re-appointment to Tunis, and died there in 1852. Payne was unfortunate in his career. He won fame, but not money. A sort of fatality seemed to attend every speculation he engaged in, but then, it is true, he confined himself principally to the most precarious branch of literature, dramatic composition. Managers are hard people to deal with, and theatre-goers are proverbially capricious in their tastes. For the most part of his life he was a straggling wanderer in foreign lands, and he who sung so sweetly of "home" in strains that will forever live, may be said never to have had a home of his own, where he might realize his own glowing emotions.



[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XL.

THE COUNT AND CONFESSOR.

Juan hesitated a moment. Of all the places the hotel of Santarem seemed the most dangerous.

"We must leave Madrid this instant, but how?"

"While we were waiting, I saw by the walls a carriage drawn by two good mules, whose conductor seemed to wait for his masters. Go!" said the unknown, to one of his men. "At the name you pronounce, all ought to obey."

The astonishment of Sevilla redoubled when the unknown said: "All the gates of Madrid are closed. By which do you wish to leave?"

"By the Alcala," answered Juan.

The unknown made a rapid gesture to one of his men. In a moment they heard the rolling of carriage wheels, and it appeared surrounded by the men, who cried:

"Silence! silence!"

"I will not be silent!" cried in a high tone the young man who led the mules.

Juan, astonished, recognized the voice of Yezid. He stepped to his side, and pressing his hand, said:

"No—you will not refuse; will obey in silence; you will aid me this instant to take this young woman out of Madrid, and you will be, I promise you, richly rewarded."

Yezid recognized Juan and Alitea. He bowed and answered roughly:

"Ah! that is another thing; these are good words. I will not be forced to do anything. You speak of a good reward, and that alters all. I await your orders, my father."

An instant after, Alitea, carried to the carriage, was in safety between her two brothers. The carriage rolled to the Alcala gate, and the porters, already forewarned, bowed with respect and opened the gate, and the carriage in a few minutes more was beyond the city in the open country.

The freshness of the night air, the motion of the carriage and the cares of her brother awoke Alitea from out of her deep swoon.

"Where am I?" cried she, raising herself and looking around.

"Near us—near thy brothers," said Yezid, holding her in his arms.

"You—with you?" said she, uttering a cry of joy. Then remembering all that had happened, she cried: "You and Heaven have saved me, but you are lost!"

Then, while the carriage rolled rapidly onwards, she related all that had taken place since she went first to bid the king adieu. She told them of the condition which would prevent the signature of the edict—the condition the king had made, and Yezid uttered an indignant cry when he thought on what price depended their safety.

"Yes," cried the young girl, telling them of her torments, her despair, of her struggles,—"yes; to save my father and you all, I would have stooped to woo. But rest easy," said she, to them, showing the crystal flask, "I would not have survived it, I swear it! You are silent; speak, then, Juan."

Instead of answering, the latter bowed his head upon his hands and wept, while he murmured brokenly:

"Pardon—pardon, my sister!"

"For what?"

"For infamous suspicions, for horrible ideas which filled my heart, and for which I can never forgive myself. Knowest thou that when I saw you in the king's chamber an idea filled me which I had to fight against?"

"What was it?"

"To kill thee."

"Thanks, my brother!" said she, seizing his hand. "If Heaven ever reduces me to the same extremity, do not forget thy promise, Juan. Willingly would I die by thy hand, brother," she added; and God alone knew that no greater joy did she hope for.

They stopped at break of day at Alcala, and refreshed their mules. At the door of the hotel they perceived Pedralvi. They exclaimed at seeing him. He had come with Don Delascar, who was on his way to Madrid. The old man embraced his children joyfully. The two brothers spoke to him of the dangers Alitea had escaped.

"Is it possible!" cried he, indignantly. "You would have sacrificed yourself for us! Who gave you the right?"

"You, my father,—you!" said Alitea, showing him the letter.

"Yes," replied the old man; "I said it was necessary to sacrifice for your brothers, your most precious goods, fortune and life, and I am ready to do it. But what, my daughter, is not our own property, we cannot dispose of. Yes—our existence and property belong to our king, but our duty to God."

The old man was going to Madrid to intercede for his countrymen. Juan, although worn out with fatigue, declared it to be his intention to return with the old man, for he knew that unless some influential person introduced him, he might wait hours, even days, for an audience with the minister.

Some hours afterwards, Delascar and Juan descended at the door of the hotel of Santarem, which Alitea had placed at their disposal. Snatching but a few minutes of rest, they proceeded to the palace of the Count de Lerma. Never had a larger number of solicitors filled the ante-chambers. The king, disappointed in his hopes of Alitea, rendered more furious by a note from the countess informing him of Alitea's flight from Madrid, gave up all the affairs of state, and retired to Valladolid. The minister was king; titles, honors, favor or disgrace, all depended upon him. Had Don Delascar been alone, there would have been little chance of his meeting the count till too late. But at the sight of Louis Sevilla, the king's confessor, the crowd opened, the ushers bowed and opened the door for them. Don Delascar wished to speak with the count alone; he would, on his return to the hotel of Santarem, tell his son all. Turning to an usher, Juan said:

"Announce to his excellency the senor Don Delascar d'Alberique."

At this name, which recalled the old protection of the queen, the minister rose in surprise, surprise at such an unforeseen visit, and one which, owing to circumstances, embarrassed him very much.

"You at Madrid, Senor d'Alberique?"

"I have just arrived to speak to you upon—"

"The interests of the Moors of Spain? I know—"

"No, sir; upon your own interests."

The count looked astonished, and could not help admiring the high bearing, white hair and noble, calm face of the old man. The latter continued by unrolling a parchment and laying before the count a true statement of the riches and industry of the Moors. All this wealth would go to enrich France, England, and other foreign soils, if the edict were published. If the edict were not signed and made public, the Moors would pay larger taxes, have always ready twelve regiments, ready at the battle-call to lay down their lives for Spain, and place in the coffers of the state fifteen hundred thousand dollars. The count, who was as avaricious as ambitious, sat in bewilderment before the old man, who added:

"That will the Moors do, and I will add to that revenue two hundred thousand dollars, for which I demand nothing in return but the renunciation of the edict, which, if fatal to the Moors, will be more fatal still to Spain, to the kingdom you are sworn to protect, whose welfare you are sworn to advance. Whoever are your adversaries, your excellency is powerful enough to overthrow."

"Who knows of this?"

"No one, save Brother Louis Sevilla, confessor of the king, and by whom only I can enter into relation with you."

"Very well," replied the count, while he added, to himself: "Sevilla is mixed up in this affair; that is astonishing! All the happy chances which have befallen me have come for a long time through him."

There was in the old man's manners and words a dignity and truth which compelled belief, and the count hastened to say:

"I believe you—I believe you, Senor d'Alberique. I accept!"

The old man trembled with joy.

"You swear it?"

"I swear it to you," answered the count.

The old man seized the minister's hand, as he said:

"God hears you, and soon Spain will bless you. To-morrow Brother Sevilla will come from me to your excellency, and I this evening leave."

Alberique went to the hotel of Santarem, where his son waited for him impatiently. He related to him all that had passed. Juan, who was ignorant of the immense resources of which his father was master, was frightened at first by the engagements the generous old man had entered into. The latter, however, soon proved to him how easy it was for him to fulfil them, by disposing of only a part of his treasures.

Thus certain of success, d'Alberique left that evening for Madrid, and Pedralvi ran by his orders to the two Castiles, Arragon and Catalonia, with the joyful news. Before his departure, d'Alberique gave Juan the two hundred thousand dollars for the Count de Lerma.

The next day, Sevilla appeared before the count; all the doors opened before him, and he was led, not into the cabinet, but into Lerma's chamber. The count was holding a conference with his brother Sandoval, and Juan waited for him.

"I have been," said the count, entering, "with my brother Sandoval, who agrees with me in thinking you deserve a high recompense for your services. You not only warned me of the treason of my son and the plots of the Countess Altamira with the fathers of the Society of Jesus, but you were the first to apprise me of the league of King Henry against Spain; and now you save me from another danger."

"You exaggerate my services, senor."

"No; we know still more for which we are indebted to you. It was evident that Alitea only influenced the king. He left us without making any answer to the entreaties of Sandoval and myself, for he expected to find in his chamber the Duchess de Santarem. I knew it, for I placed spies upon her movements. At the gate of the palace were placed our emissaries, who were to seize the duchess when she appeared; but she was too quick, and gained the palace before our men, and all would have been lost but for your timely intervention."

"I have my projects and my ideas, senor," said Juan, with embarrassment, "which I did not think you knew."

"We do not reproach you," said the count, quickly. "In that affair, as in all others, you say nothing, I know, but you act, which is much better. It is for that that you came to-day."

"I came to bring you the two hundred thousand dollars promised you by Don Delascar."

"I know it," replied the count, in an undertone, "and you are too much our friend, too devoted to us for us to hide anything from you, to hide any part of this affair, which you ought to share with us."

"I wish nothing—I ask nothing!" cried Sevilla, earnestly. "To you alone belong the glory and reward of such a noble enterprise.'

"We will not hear of it! for each day, each moment, and from your position near the king, we have need of you. We can do nothing without your concurrence."

"It is granted you."

"I know it."

"I am ready to serve you, ready to second you to the extent of my power in the task you have undertaken, and which now, I hope, offers you no more difficulties."

"On the contrary, very great ones. It becomes more complicated than ever."

"How is that?"

"I will tell you, because you are not only a man of prompt action, but can give good advice. I have promised Delascar d'Alberique—"

"You have *sworn* it, senor."

"I know it."

"He believes you."

"Ah! that is what troubles me."

"And why? The treaty he proposes is less advantageous for him than for you, and for the country."

"Certainly. I ask nothing better than to exercise it. I wish it; but I spoke to my brother Sandoval, this hour, at the palace of the Inquisition."

"Well, what conclusion did he come to?"

"What he concluded," said the count, lowering his voice, "was a cardinal's hat for me."

"For you, senor?"

"Yes; beyond a doubt, the court of Rome, who promised it to me, sent it; and when the Vatican keeps its promises, how can I fail in mine?"

"And those you made Don Delascar d'Alberique, the Moor?"

"That is true; but you understand, my brother, that between a Moor and the pope, one cannot hesitate. That is what Sandoval says; that is what the supreme council of the Inquisition unceasingly repeats to me. To deceive the pope is to fail in the oath I made him; is to extort the cardinal's hat; it is to place a ban upon Christianity. That is an end of my fortune and safety."

"And the fortune and safety of Spain, which the expulsion of the Moors will ruin forever! and the prosperity which they carry with them, and the riches which we promised!"

"That is the point of the question. It is necessary to conciliate both, and Sandoval has found a way to do it."

"What?"

"It is upon that that I consult you, my brother. First, you advise them—make the king act upon it."

"What does that mean?" said Juan.

"The Moor makes almost fabulous promises; they offer us enormous sums."

"And you refuse them?"

"No; we can never consent to have such vast riches leave the kingdom; so the edict reads thus: 'The Moors are expelled from the kingdom, and their property confiscated to the state. They cannot defend themselves; under pain of death they carry nothing with them. That is the reduction proposed by Sandoval, and which conciliates all. The Moors are exiled, but their treasures remain to us. What do you say?"

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CHALLENGE.

Raising himself to his full height, Juan launched forth with fierce, fiery words:

"I say, senor, that it is infamous! and that the author of such a proposition ought to be given to the execration of Europe, and all his posterity!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, the count would have been less astonished.

"How!" stammered he, in a trembling voice. "Is it you, Brother Sevilla, who speak so?—you, whom we have placed near his majesty? you, on whom we counted?"

"You can count still, senor, if you wish it; that depends upon you. Repulse the infamous suggestions of your brother, renounce the cardinal's hat-sooner than your honor, execute your promises, declare in an edict which we will make the king sign, that the Moors shall be treated henceforth as the other subjects of Spain, and I will become instantly faithful to your excellency, devoted to your designs, and ready to second them."

"I cannot—I cannot! I have accepted—I have promised. The legate of the pope has received my oaths."

"The pope himself," replied Sevilla, with unsparing frankness, "cannot order the perjury, and you promised that yesterday to d'Alberique. The pope himself cannot approve of that which defies all human and divine laws."

"What do you say?"

"The exile which they propose to you is an injustice; the confiscation a theft—"

"My brother, my brother!" cried the alarmed count, "I recognize no longer your upright judgment, or your usual reason; that which is a crime for a private individual is not for a minister. Policy permits many things, and when you have reflected—"

"My reflections are made. I go direct to the king."

"What is your project?"

"To tell him the truth; to enlighten him upon his true interests—those of Spain."

"That is not your mission. I placed you near his majesty as a director of his soul and conscience."

"And you think that between the misfortune of the people and the conscience of the king there is no relation? I hope, senor, that you does not reproach you; that concerns you; I am not charged with it. But if you prepare remorse for the king, my duty is to spare him from it, and I go now to do so."

"You shall not go!" said the minister, placing himself before him. "He is this moment engaged with the pope's legate."

"I shall go! I can enter at any hour. I know my rights, and I will use them."

"Well," cried the minister, "if you speak against us, if you place any obstacles in our way, recollect that the hand which raised you will overthrow you."

"Senor," replied Juan, "I did not ask for the situation where you placed me; but in accepting it, I promised to do my duty, and I do it. Your excellency can say that. Have I not done it?"

"To question thus," cried the count, haughtily, "is to forget that you owe me everything."

"I have paid my debts," replied Juan. "Yes," pursued he, warmly; "I have taken part with you against the stranger; it was the duty of a Spaniard. I have taken your part against a son who betrayed his father; it was the duty of an honest man. But here, senor, ceases our alliance. I will have nothing more to do with a man who betrays his king and his country."

"That speech shall cost you dear!" cried the count.

"I know that your anger is formidable, senor. All yield to you; all obey you. You have the right to try everything, dare everything, even tyranny and injustice. In a word, you are at the highest power; but do not forget that the highest places are the first struck with lightning."

"Is that your hope?"

"You have said it. You have often reproached me with want of ambition. Ah, well! since you force me to it, I will become ambitious, not to raise myself, but to overthrow you."

He left. The count followed his retreating form with anxiety, for in his firm and even haughty tread there seemed to be a foreshadowing of power to come. The count murmured to himself:

"He is king's confessor, appointed by me; that is a fault." Then a smile of satisfaction and security spread over his face, as he added: "Yes—he is confessor, but I am cardinal. He could overthrow the Count de Lerma, but cannot overthrow a cardinal, cannot contend with the court of Rome, with the Inquisition, with the man who holds in his hand the destinies of the kingdom. Even if the king wished, he would not dare now; and as to Brother Louis Sevilla, what can he do? Join himself with my enemies, Father Jerome, Escobar, and even my son? So much the better. Let them unite; I will annihilate all together, and with the same blow."

Sevilla, meanwhile, went to find the king. He found only a note, desiring him to follow him to Valladolid. While Juan had been conveying Alitea away and waiting for Don Delascar, Sandoval had obeyed the summons of the king, who, disappointed and furious at not finding Alitea where he had expected her, had sent for the grand inquisitor and archbishop, and with a heart filled with rage, had signed the fatal edict, both articles, one commanding the expulsion of the Moors, the other the confiscation of their property. He had signed, and quitted Madrid. When Sevilla arrived, all was finished; the act of iniquity had been consummated.

Finding the note, and still ignorant of the signing of the edict, Juan, although worn with fatigue and hunger, did not hesitate, but set out with all speed for Valladolid. All the gates opened before him. He hardly recognized the king, so much had twenty-four hours of anxiety and disappointment changed him. His first feeling of rage subsided, and grief alone remained. Eagerly Juan unfolded to the king the true state of the case, the true effects of the expulsion of the Moors, the disastrous result it would have upon the prosperity of Spain.

Each word added to the king's fright, and at last, unable to bear it any longer, he cried out:

"Enough—enough! there is no longer any time. All is ended. I have signed!"

Juan uttered a cry of grief.

"Signed—signed?" repeated he, like a person in a dream. "Your majesty has signed?"

"Yes—yes. I was beside myself; I was furious, and you were not near me."

He then related to his despairing confessor all that had passed within the last few days. Seeing the grief and despair of Juan, he was filled with remorse at the guilty deed he had done, and weakness for having left all to his ambitious minister.

"Is there no means of revoking the fatal edict?" asked Sevilla.

"None—none!" replied the regretful king. "It was done in the presence of the pope's legate, who has already carried it to the court of Rome. Already it is published in Spain, and perhaps, even," said he, in a low voice, "they have begun to execute it."

"The evil is irremediable, sire, but there may be means found of softening it and rendering it less cruel."

A deputation of barons from Valencia waited upon the king, and with Juan for his minister, Philip III. received them. In their presence, Juan defended his majesty from all blame. It was proposed that a part of the proscribed population should remain to finish and carry on works which they only were capable of; that ten families out of every hundred should remain. Juan was too much interested in one family at least not to think even that small amendment of vast importance. The king himself, thinking only of Alitea, believed that he had done a great deed and repaired all the evil he had committed.

While [illegible] by the power [illegible] he had [illegible] in public [illegible] to him.

[illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] Before the [illegible] could return and [illegible] ment the [illegible] crowd of poor Moors, who had been born upon the soil and had hoped to die there, had embarked in vessels illy calculated for such use, to go to a foreign land and die there.

It was a sad sight. Long files of women, old men and children abandoning their properties and hearth-stone, all their eyes filled with tears and despair in their hearts, looked for the last time upon the heavens and beautiful fields of Valencia. An immense crowd stood upon the banks of the river. More than fifteen hundred thousand Moors were assembled upon the banks of the rivers. Nothing was heard by agonizing sobs and mournings.

Alitea, meanwhile, guided the steps of her father, who leaned upon her, and her kind looks and consoling voice reanimated the courage of her young companions and servants. Arrived at the river side, where Captain Giampietri and his vessel awaited them, they looked around for Yezid.

"My son—my son!" said the old man; "where is he!"

Pedralvi stepped forward and said in a low voice:

"Do not ask, my master. These Christians can hear you." Then, when a few steps further on he found himself alone with the old man and Alitea, he said: "Last night Yezid received a message from the Sierra of Albarracui. All the Moors of the mountain are assembled there. They did not wish to fly; they remain. They say that, intrenched in the defiles and rocks, they can defy their persecutors and revenge their brothers. They have written to Yezid: 'We are twenty thousand, but we need a chief. We expect you.'"

"He has gone!" said the old man, trembling.

"He has done well, my father!" exclaimed Alitea, bravely. "God protects and guides him."

"I wished to accompany him," said Pedralvi; "but I promised him I would conduct you even to the shores of Africa, you, my master, and Senora Alitea and Juniata; then I will return."

"Thou!"

"Yes. When you are in safety, I will return to Yezid, to fight by his side, and who knows but to save him, perhaps!"

D'Alberique and Alitea seized the hands of their faithful servitor; then the old man, brushing away a tear—the last which he shed upon the soil of Spain,—he raised his eyes to heaven, and cried: "Let the will of Allah be done!"

At the mouth of the river a white-sailed ship floated slowly away. A long time the vessel remained in sight, then, little by little, it decreased in size, became a speck, and vanished. All the squadron began to move. The bank of the river, a moment before so crowded with people, was now left deserted and arid. Sad night—sinister emblem—image of the future of Spain!

The king, after having received the visit of the barons of Valencia, returned to Madrid with Juan, whom he could no longer do without. Each day his confidence in his young confessor increased, augmented by two reasons: the first, he never spoke to the king of affairs of state; and second, the king could speak to him of Alitea.

A great change had taken place in Juan; until then without ambition, he had it now; it was to repair the disasters of the fatal edict which he could not prevent. He felt that the return of his brothers depended upon his credit and power; it was for them, and not for himself, that he wished to acquire it.

The next day, the Count de Lerma, troubled by the sudden return of the king, hastened to meet him. The king was shut up in his cabinet, and saw no one. In the saloon adjoining the king's cabinet, where no one was allowed to enter, the minister perceived a man seated and plunged in a profound revery. It was Juan. The latter raised his head upon hearing the door open, and found himself face to face with the cardinal-count—it was so the count wished to be called.

"Ah, well! Senor Sevilla," he said to him, with a disdainful smile, "do you comprehend now that it would have been better to have remained in our ranks, and faithful to us! You wished to prevent the edict, and it has been obtained, signed and published. You wished to get it revoked, and it has been executed, without noise, without revolt, without the least resistance. The archbishop of Valencia and the viceroy of Cazaura, my nephew, send me the details, which I bring to the king."

"Senor," coldly answered Sevilla, "your eminence brings it, but if such a triumph remains unpunished, there is no longer any justice upon earth, and, thanks to Heaven, there is still—"

"What do you say?" said the count, haughtily.

"That I have confidence in its decrees, and await them. Happy if I can be the organ or instrument."

"You!" exclaimed the count, looking at him scornfully,—"you overthrow me, Brother Sevilla! Know, then, that even in my fall I will drag you down with me."

"And I, senor, even on that condition, accept it."

CHAPTER XLII.

JUAN'S JOURNEY.

The king entered from his cabinet just then. At the sight of Sevilla, he ran to him with an open, joyous air; but perceiving the cardinal-count, he stopped, and his face became sad and severe. He seated himself; Juan remained standing, and the count, without waiting for an invitation, seated himself and remained covered in presence of his king; his new dignity gave him that privilege. The king made a gesture of surprise; then recovering himself, he said, coldly:

"[illegible]

[illegible] to Juan, [illegible] a very [illegible] many [illegible] of [illegible] country [illegible]

[illegible] III [illegible]

"You [illegible] from Valencia [illegible] of the baron of Valencia, [illegible] that [illegible]

"These [illegible] are [illegible] order and [illegible]

"I have learned," coldly said Juan, "that all the [illegible] of Albarracin and the adjoining [illegible] have already risen, and that thirty thousand Moors have taken arms."

"That is true," said the king, "and you were ignorant of it, senor cardinal?"

"I knew it, sire. I did not mention it, for fear of making your majesty anxious. Augustin de Mexia, the former governor of Anvers, present governor of Valencia, marched against them with all the forces he could collect. My brother Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, left Madrid yesterday, for the two Castiles, Estremadura, Murcia and Granada, and [illegible] be a Moor in Spain. All those of Valencia have embarked."

"All!" asked the king.

"Yes, sire."

"Except the families to whom we gave permission to remain in Spain."

"Pardon, sire," said the minister, looking at Juan, "I don't know who could have given your majesty such advice. He could only be an enemy of your glory. That was to detract from the pious work, and expose your majesty to the scorn of the infidels."

"That is to say?"

"That they have all disdained and repulsed your clemency. No one wished his fate to be separated from his brothers."

Juan uttered a cry of surprise and admiration.

"Don Delascar and his family!" asked the king.

"All have departed, sire," replied the count.

The king remained stunned; then throwing upon his minister a look of rage, he said:

"Send this instant a courier, who shall travel night and day, to Valencia, with the order to the viceroy, your nephew, for him to fit out the best vessel in my fleet, to overtake Don Delascar and the Duchess de Santarem, and bring them back. If in eight days they do not return to Spain, the marquis, your nephew, is no longer viceroy of Valencia."

"But, sire—"

"You will arrest him and conduct him here to Madrid, where he will render an account of his conduct."

"It is necessary, nevertheless," cried the count, with anger, and looking at the young confessor,—"it is necessary that I learn here from the servitors of your majesty—"

"To obey the king" answered Sevilla, respectfully, "is what I will always do, and it is what your eminence must do!"

"Brother Louis is right," exclaimed the king, delighted with seeing his minister humiliated. "You hear, senor cardinal!"

The king rose and together with Juan went out of the room leaving the count stupefied by this unaccountable energy.

"Was Louis Sevilla right?" he asked himself, with a slight feeling of fear.

Full of doubt, he hastened to obey. A courier set out instantly for Valencia, and in the evening returned to the palace of the king, to say that his orders were executed. The king did not receive him. The next day, Juan Sevilla left on a secret mission, which the king did not deem necessary to confide to his minister. In the evening, Father Jerome, Escobar and the Duke d'Uzede were cloistered with the king, without the cardinal-count having been called. From that moment the minister began to feel uneasy.

Since the banishment of the Moors from the kingdom, the calumnies against the count had redoubled. It was now proved, said the people, that it was to gain that end that the cardinal-count and Sandoval had destroyed the queen; she alone was opposed to their designs; her death was necessary, and they had not recoiled before the crime. A thousand details, exaggerated by public rumor, came to support these calumnies. At Toledo, even, where Sandoval was archbishop, the cares of the governor, of the alguazils and familiars of the Inquisition could not prevent the circulation of infamous libels and pictures. One, the most widely circulated, was a picture representing the Count de Lerma with a black hat, kneeling in the road, where was the queen with a poignard in her breast. The drops of blood flowing from her wound fell upon the hat of the minister, which it colored red, and turned it into a cardinal's hat. It was evident to the count that these calumnies were spread by the cunning and malice of Father Jerome Escobar. These rumors reached even the court of Rome and the pope.

The king would permit no one but Juan Sevilla to bring the Duchess de Santarem to Madrid, and it was upon that mission that he had set forth so secretly. Juan journeyed alone in a carriage, bearing the arms of the king; he was alone, but two postilions drove four stout mules, richly harnessed. Armed cavaliers preceded or followed the carriage, and others kept constantly beside the vehicle. Juan could scarcely realize it all as he passed through villages and countries which he had travelled through, alone, on foot and poor. His heart was sad as he rode along, passing through fertile districts, formerly full of life and happiness, now deserted and waste.

Suddenly he came upon a body of fifty men, alguazils, familiars of the Inquisition, and some poor, pale men chained together, two by two.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]



AN ALGERINE FAMILY.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

We have placed on this and the next page a series or very fine engravings, illustrating manners and scenery in the old world, and affording a pleasant and instructive contrast to our American sketches.—AN ALGERINE FAMILY first engages our attention. This group was taken from a photograph, and bears every evidence of authenticity in the naturalness of the attitudes and expression. It is not often we have an opportunity of studying such a family picture, the ladies of the East being so strictly and jealously secluded from observation. The slight air of constraint visible in this group, something beyond the stiffness incidental to sitting for a mechanical picture, betrays a consciousness of departing from the routine of domestic habit. The father is a fine, dashing fellow, with a richly-embroidered dress, and would doubtless appear to advantage on a blooded horse. His wife, seated on his right, is a plain, matronly-looking character. A grown-up daughter, seated on the left, has some pretensions to personal beauty, and is rather richly and gracefully attired. The youngest child presents nothing very striking, but the girl who is represented in a standing posture, is evidently the belle of the family circle. Her dress is peculiar, from the crescent in her hair and the pearl ornaments, to the sash and loose, short trousers. We commend her costume to the consideration of the female dress reform societies.—— APPLICATION OF THE EGYPTIAN BASTINADO. This fine picture illustrates the severity with which offenders are treated in the East. This cruel scene is being enacted in an apartment opening by graceful Moorish arcades on a garden. The culprit lies on his face, and is held down by a kneeling Nubian, while his feet are secured by a loop of cord to a horizontal stick maintained in position by two stout fellows while two others are applying the bastinado with ruthless severity. Culprits subjected to this torturing punishment frequently have the soles of their feet so lacerated as to be incapable of locomotion for many days. Several persons grouped about in the room are stolid witnesses of this degrading and revolting spectacle. An Arab seated in the corner under the trophy of arms suspended to the wall, enjoys his pipe, totally indifferent to the sufferings of a fellow-creature. The man on the right, seated on a divan, with his richly ornamented pipe standing on the floor, appears to be the official who has decreed the punishment. The old man kneeling at his feet may be the father of the sufferer pleading in vain for mercy. We are reminded by this painfully interesting picture, of a scene in one of Morier's Eastern romances, the "Adventures of Hajji Baba," a book of very great value for its interesting details of Oriental manners. Shir Ali, the shah's chief executioner, tells under what circumstances he was sometimes lenient in the administration of the bastinado, and it is probable that well-to-do culprits all through the East are similarly favored. "Before I was a naib," says he, "and when I was called upon to lay the bastinado on some wretched culprit, many is the time that my compassion has been moved by a direct appeal to my purse; and then, instead of beating the sufferer's feet, I struck the *felek* on which they rested. It was but last year that the principal secretary of state incurred the wrath of the shah. He was ordered to receive the bastinado, and, by way of distinction, a small carpet was spread for him to lie upon. I and another were the operators, whilst two more held the felek. When we were taking the shawl and cap from his head, his girdle and outer coat (which became our lawful perquisites), he whispered to us, low enough not to be heard by the shah (for this was all done in his presence), 'By the mothers that bore you, do not beat me much! I'll give you ten tomauns if you will not strike me.' His heels were tripped up, his feet placed in the noose, whilst his back reposed on the carpet; and then we set to work. For our own sakes, we were obliged to start fair, and we laid on till he roared sufficiently, and then, having ably made him increase his offer until he had bid up to any price we wished, we gradually ceased beating his feet, and only broke our sticks over the felek. Much ingenuity was displayed on both sides, in order that the shah might not discover that there was any understanding between us. His bidding was interwoven with his groans, something after this manner: "*Ahi, aman, aman!* For pity's sake, by the soul of the prophet! twelve tomauns. By the love of your fathers and mothers! fifteen tomauns. By the king's beard! twenty tomauns. By all the Imans! by all the prophets! thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, hundred, thousand—anything you want!' When it was over, we soon found that his generosity had diminished quite as rapidly as it had before increased, and we were satisfied to receive what he first offered to us, which he was obliged to give, fearing if a similar misfortune again overtook him we should then show him no mercy."—— EGYPTIAN INFANTRY SOLDIER. The equipments of this queer figure are an incongruous mixture of European fashions. The striped cloth wound around his tasselled "fez" gives his head the appearance of those we see in Egyptian sculptures of centuries past. The body of his jacket is as closely-fitting as those of the stupid shell-jackets of the British service. But the sleeves and trousers are loose and flowing, in the Eastern style, affording free play to the limbs, a style which the French have wisely adopted in the equipment of their troops. The arms of this soldier are the European musket and bayonet, and the formidable curved sabre of the East. In the distance a group of Egyptian drummers, in their hybrid costume, are beating the roll-call.—— THE CASTLE OF CHILLON. The light of genius has hallowed the scene which our next engraving depicts, the castle of Chillon, on Lake Leman, in Switzerland, immortalized by a sonnet and a narrative poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Lord Byron. The castle of Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at the extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances to the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie, and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake; within are a series of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and, subsequently, prisoners of state were incarcerated. Across one of the vaults is a beam, black with age, on which the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being a pilaster. In some of these are rings for securing fettered prisoners. The steps of Bonnivard have left their traces on the pavement. He was confined here several years. Mr. Tennant, who examined the place in 1821, says: "The early history of this castle is involved in doubt. By some historians it is said to have been built in the year 1120, and, according to others, in the year 1236; but by whom it was built seems not to be known. It is said, however, in history, that Charles V., Duke of Savoy, stormed and took it in 1536; that he there found great hidden treasures, and many wretched beings pining away their lives in these frightful dungeons, amongst whom was the good Bonnivard. On the pillar to which this unfortunate man is said to have been chained, I observed, cut out of the stone, the name of one whose beautiful poem has done much to heighten the interest of this dreary spot, and will perhaps do much more towards rescuing from ruin and oblivion the names of 'Chillon' and 'Bonnivard' than all the cruel sufferings which that injured man endured within its damp and gloomy walls." In gazing on these picturesque white towers, we recall the lines of Byron



APPLICATION OF THE EGYPTIAN BASTINADO.



EGYPTIAN INFANTRY SOLDIER.

placed in the lips of the illustrious Bonnivard, and vividly descriptive of this remarkable and picturesque locality :—

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made;—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free."

The following particulars are derived from a statement furnished Lord Byron by a citizen of Geneva, and appended, in French, to the poem, in the various editions of his works. Francis de Bonnivard, son of Louis de Bonnivard, was born in 1496, and was educated at Turin. In 1510, Jean Aimé de Bonnivard, his uncle, resigned to him the priory of St. Victor, abutting the walls of Geneva, and which was richly endowed. This great man (Bonnivard deserves this title by his strength of soul, the rectitude of his heart, the nobility of his plans, the wisdom of his counsels, the courage of his movements, the extent of his knowledge, and the vivacity of his mind), is remembered with warm gratitude by the Genevese. Bonnivard was one of their warmest supporters. To assure the liberty of their republic he did not hesitate to jeopardize his own; he neglected rest, despised wealth, omitted nothing to secure the happiness of his adopted country, cherished it as one of her own citizens, served it with the intrepidity of a hero, and wrote its history with the simplicity of a philosopher and the zeal of a patriot. He says, in the commencement of his history of Geneva, that as soon as he had begun to read the history of nations, he felt himself attracted by his taste for republics, whose interests he always espoused. It was doubtless his love of liberty that made him adopt Geneva as his country. While yet a young man Bonnivard proclaimed himself the defender of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy and the bishop. In 1519 he became the martyr of his country. The Duke of Savoy having entered Geneva with five hundred men, Bonnivard feared the duke's resentment; he wished to retire to Friburg to avoid the consequences; but he was betrayed by two men who accompanied him, and was called by order of the prince to Grolée, where he remained prisoner two years. As his misfortunes did not abate his zeal for Geneva, he was always a formidable enemy to those who menaced her, and was consequently exposed to their attacks. He was encountered on the Jura in 1530 by robbers, who plundered him and once more placed him in the hands of the Duke of Savoy. This prince placed him in the castle of Chillon, where he remained without being examined till 1536. He was then delivered by the Bernese when they seized on the Pays du Vaud. Bonnivard, on regaining his freedom, found Geneva free and reformed, and was gratefully received by the inhabitants. He was made a burgess of the city in the month of June 1536, was assigned the house formerly occupied by the vicar general, and a pension of 200 crowns of gold as long as he remained in Geneva. He was made a member of the council of Two Hundred in 1537. After having struggled to render Geneva free, he succeeded in making her tolerant. He induced the council to grant ecclesiastics and peasants time to examine the propositions submitted to them, and succeeded by his gentleness. Christianity is always preached triumphantly when it is preached charitably. Bonnivard was learned: his manuscripts in the public library prove that he was well read in the Latin classics, and that he was deeply versed in theology and history. His great attachment to the sciences made him desirous of establishing them in Geneva, and in 1551 he gave his library to the public. This was the foundation of the library of Geneva, and their books are partly rare and beautiful editions of the fifteenth century, now seen in that institution. During the same year he constituted the republic his heir, on condition that his property should be employed in supporting a college, the foundation of which he projected. Bonnivard is supposed to have died in 1570.—The Neapolitan "Calesso" or "Corricolo." The engraving with which we close this series is a representation of a curious vehicle, which attracts the attention of every stranger in Naples. It is a singular carriage, and may be said to hold any number of passengers. Our picture shows how many may be stowed in and about it. The seat is a tripod resting on a pole with very high wheels, which, in their rapid revolutions, create a constant cloud of dust. After the front and back of the carriage are full, more people clamber on to it, as they will persist in piling up one of our omnibuses or horse rail-road cars on a stormy day. Even the net which hangs beneath receives its contributions of children and dogs. The driver cracks the whip, and away goes the "calesso," at a very good pace



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.



THE NEAPOLITAN CALESSO, OR CORRICOLO.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHILDISH FANCIES.

BY NELLIE WILD.

Whither have the fairies gone—
Fairies robed in green and gold:
Dwelling in the hills so green,
Dell and wood, in days of old?
Dancing on a moonlit ledge,
Hiding in the hills by day;
Wearing forms like ladies bright,
Sitting where the fountains play?

Where are all the fairy gifts?
Where the brownie's lucky penny,
Thrown upon the children's path,
Buying for them toys so many?
Do they never haunt the woods,
And the dell, and rock, and river?
Is the wild-wood silent now?
Are the fairies gone forever?

Ah, our childish faith has fled!
All those fancies, now so wild—
Then, so beautiful and true—
Vanished with the little child;
And the dreams youth loves so well,
Like that fanciful belief,
Melt away like summer clouds:
Gray old Father Time's a thief.

He is stealing dreams away:
Thoughts and fancies that seemed true;
Pulling airy castles down,
Ever building up anew.
But he brings no faith as pure,
For all true and bitter things;
No, with years comes unbelief:
But the heart to childhood clings.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ZILARA.

A STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

THERE was revelry and mirth reigning throughout the gorgeous palace of the last of the Montezumas. The great steel mirrors, set in marble, and decorated with burnished gold, reflected the forms and faces of Mexico's noblest sons and daughters. The lamps of perfumed oil shed abroad their radiance over the polished pavements, and lent a lustrous beauty to the priceless gems which sparkled on the foreheads and breasts of the assembled throng. Beyond the illuminated hall the moon threw its calm rays down among the quiet trees and flowers and fountains without, and formed a pleasant, holy contrast to the gay scene within.

It was the bridal night of Quarroneka, the youngest son of the renowned Montezuma, and Zilara, of the race and lineage of Mononcz, princes of the empire. The city walls were even then besieged by the determined army under Cortez; but the reflection of a foe's proximity dwelt not now upon the minds of the light-hearted assembly, and they danced and sang, forgetful of everything but the joyousness of the passing hour.

Wearied of the noise and glare of the illuminated hall, the young bride laid her small hand on the arm of her princely spouse, and pointed to the outer portico, between the huge pillars of which the dark-blue heaven, the dim foliage, and the playing fountains were indistinctly visible.

"Come," she whispered, "let us exchange the glare and heat of the crowded hall for the soft air and the bright moonbeams."

Quarroneka drew the little hand through his arm, and replied only with a gentle pressure of it within his own, as he turned and led her away, followed at a respectful distance by a couple of noble attendants. And as they reached the portico, he passed his arm around his young wife's slender waist, while nestling close to his breast she gazed up into the clear sky above their heads, that twinkled with its myriads of gems celestial.

"How beautiful!" she softly murmured.

"Fitly so," he answered, looking tenderly down into her eyes, "for the happiness of this sweet hour. Our wedding night, Zilara, hath even nature's smiles to bless it, and the bright stars twinkle in very joyousness of our propitious bridal."

She said nothing, but continued to gaze upward into heaven's vault, as though utterance would break the spell of holy peace that reigned around about her. But as she continued to look above her head, suddenly the aspect of the sky underwent a menacing change. Heavy clouds began to float up from the horizon, and thunder muttered sullenly in the far-off distance. The wind, which previously had with playful gentleness lifted the leaves of the trees, now grew motionless and silent; and the whole air became thick and dense around them. The princess tremblingly drew closer to her husband's side.

"See! the omens of hopefulness are becoming shadowed and overcast. Now may our gods forefend that those lowering clouds foreshadow not clouds and darkness on our late united fates!"

Quarroneka endeavored to laugh away her terrors; but his country's superstitions held him also partly a believer in such signs; and though he tried to drive off her fears, he had no arguments with which to meet his own. To a tangible foe he could present an undaunted front, but against the ministrations of destiny he felt no courage might avail.

"Quarroneka, the enemies and invaders of our country are even now without the city's walls. May not the danger threaten in that quarter?"

"The enemies of our country," he replied, "are few and weak; wearied with hardship and oppressed by famine. The loyal hearts that guard the throne of Montezuma are as the uncounted grains sparkling on the sea-shore."

"But the invaders are invested with the valor of desperation, and combat with the aid of the dread spirits of fire and thunder. Our people are brave, but they cannot stand against their fearful engines of destruction."

He forced a smile as he answered:

"The valorous blood of great Menoncz, thine ancestor, I fear, descended not to the women of his line. It runs in their veins a pure stream of gentleness and love. Is it not even so, my own Zilara?"

The harmless banter had yet the effect of sending her ancestral blood with something of a flush to her brow and cheek, as she drew her graceful form to its full height.

"Let the hour of trial come, and even the daughters of her house may prove to possess some share of the courage of Zilara's kindred! Let deadly and imminent danger fill her path, and it may be seen that Zilara has not derogated from the name from whence she sprung."

"Well, well," said he, drawing her once more fondly towards him, "may the hour be far, far distant when such heroism is called on for display. To banish these gloomy fancies let us return to the joyous scene going merrily on within."

But as they turned to re-enter the palace, a dreadful and well-known sound broke thunderingly on their ears. A loud report was followed by a crashing volley, which echoed through the lofty halls, and shook their firm foundations to the very centre. Peal upon peal of musketry mingled with the shrieks of affrighted women, the groans of wounded men, and the war shouts of the invaders: "*Dios y Espaniola!*" and "*Cortez y Sancta Maria!*" (God and Spain. Our Lady and Cortez!)

Quarroneka comprehended all in a moment. The Spaniards had entered the city unawares, and stealing silently towards the palace, attacked it on all sides; trusting, from the very boldness of their plan, and the suddenness of their descent, to strike terror to the defenders, and ensure themselves possession ere any plan to repel them could be formed. He drew his sword as a party of yelling and furious soldiers sprang up the marble steps leading from the garden, and rushed towards him. His two attendants followed his example.

"Murva—Tunesco—away with the princess through the passage you know of, that leads beneath the palace walls. I will remain and keep the blood-hounds off. Away, away!"

Zilara would have refused to leave her husband, choosing rather to perish with him—a fate which to all appearance was his doom—but the two nobles obeyed his commands, and even used some gentle force for their mistress's salvation. She struggled wildly for a moment or two, and then fell fainting into their arms, and was quickly borne away between them.

Quarroneka seemed gifted with the sinews of a giant, and his sweeping blows descended with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, bearing down all before him. The mailed bodies of his antagonists were not proof against the keen temper of his sword, and the terrific force of his arm, and one by one they fell back into their comrades' arms or swelled the heap of slain at the feet of the undaunted Mexican.

"Dog of a heathen!" exclaimed a voice from between the set teeth of an old Castilian, "I'll send thee to the shades in as many pieces as thou canst number dead enemies at thy feet!" And so speaking, he placed his petronel at rest, and blew his match preparatory to taking deadly aim at the obstinate foeman. But before his intentions could be carried into effect, the hand of an officer was laid on his arm, and he was commanded to forbear.

"Do you not see, from the royal headdress of scarlet plumes, that he is of the Montezuma blood? Fool! would you miss the chance of handling the hidden riches of which he can name the hiding-place! Rush on him and secure his arms, but do not injure him." And as the Spaniards became masters of the palace, they swarmed upon him back and front, and he was quickly overpowered by the numbers of the foe.

They led him into the main body of the palace, and as he entered the hall where so lately had been mirth and joyfulness, a scene of fearful contrast was presented to his gaze. Arms which had been twined about the forms of partners in the dance were still folded in the same embrace, but they were now locked in the stern rigidity of death. Brows lately smiling and open, were now knit in the defiance of despair—their marble pallor looking more deadly white from the crimson streams which flowed from their ghastly and gaping wounds.

But the sight that froze the blood in his heart as he gazed on it, was the spectacle around the throne. A hecatomb of bodies lay piled there, and the well-known form of his father—the great Montezuma—lay extended on the ghastly heap.

With a cry of horror, Quarroneka sprang from his captor's grasp, and rushing to the royal figure, lifted, with the tenderness of a loving son, the head that never more would throb with worldly cares or woes. The bodies of his faithful subjects formed a monument of affection, well fitted to commemorate the overthrow of the last of the Montezumas.

The capital was in the invaders' hands. They had entered by the means of a small stream that passed through the city and ejected its waters beyond the walls. The storm and darkness of the night were taken advantage of by two of the most expert swimmers in the camp, and having succeeded in surprising the sentinels before the alarm could be given, one of the great gates was thrown open, and the silent entrance of the wary foe was thus made good.

The attack and capture of the palace, together with the death of Montezuma, sent a panic to the hearts of the defenders, and the subjugation of the entire city was a comparatively easy task to the determined Spaniards. Many of the inhabitants were slain; some succeeded in escaping from the captured city; while those of highest consequence were carefully confined, in hopes of eliciting from them by treacherous promises or cruel tortures, the supposed hiding-places of the immense wealth known to be contained within the capital of the western El Dorado. Among the latter the young prince Quarroneka remained a prisoner in the self same halls that had been the abode of his childhood and the heritage of his prime.

Night again had set upon the great city. On the walls, the iron clang of Spanish warders jarred the pavement in the place of the light feet of its late defenders. The streets echoed with voices, whose unknown tongues had never before been heard by their silent stones; and the loud bursts of the trumpet's voice startled gay-plumed birds as they essayed to rest a moment on the luxuriant boughs of the gardens that spread around on every hand.

Within the palace a scene far different from that of the preceding night was now being enacted. The great chamber was filled with armed men, in the midst of whom, extended upon a rude semblance of that horrible instrument, the rack, was the form of the brave young prince Quarroneka. By his side, and holding his wrist within his palm, stood a gray-headed chirurgeon, who appeared to gaze upon his subject with the same pleasant concern that a philosopher might display regarding an impaled butterfly of an exceedingly curious species. At the sufferer's head appeared the tall figure and gaunt features of that western conqueror, who might have been entitled the *great* Cortez, but for the inhumanity which marked his subduing progress. He turned from the face of the tortured man toward the absorbed physician, and demanded:

"Senor Chirurgeon, will he bear another turn of the rack, think ye?"

The old man was silent for a moment, while he felt the patient's wrist, tenderly, and counted its pulsations with minute exactness. He then looked up, but still abstractedly, and replied:

"As near as my professional experience will permit me to compute, the vital energy in the possession of our very interesting case has become wound up by force of surrounding circumstances, to such an extreme pitch, that the probabilities are greatly in favor of his still adhering tenaciously to existence, even *after* an additional turn of the instrument. But," added he, seeing that Cortez was about to give the signal to the men who held the levers to proceed, "but it may be as well to add," and here he carefully knocked a fly off the prince's forehead, "that the same will most likely result in the entire separation of the members of his body. He will, in short, be torn asunder."

"Ha!" exclaimed the conqueror, "Mannel," addressing one of those present who had served in the capacity of interpreter, "tell this to the barbarian, and let him note it well."

His eyes gleamed with ferocious fire as he glanced around him for an instant. He looked out and saw the dim light of the rising moon just visible in the distance. He pointed towards it:

"The instant the silver rim of yonder messenger of light is perceptible above the wall which yet hides it from our view, that moment, if he have not yet confessed the whereabouts of the vast hoards of hidden treasure of which he owns he knows the situation, that moment I give the signal that shall see his body reot into quivering, gory particles. I swear it, by my soul!"

The tortured man made no reply directly to the interpretation, but looked out toward the illuminated sky, and in a firm and triumphant voice spoke:

"Spirit of the night! arise and cast thy rays upon the last of a kingly race, as he ascends to the abodes of his undaunted forefathers. Let thy bright beams be the funeral torch to light the soul of Quarroneka as it wings its everlasting flight. Quarroneka dies, and with his last breath curses, now and forever, the souls of his country's foes!"

Cortez sprang fiercely forward, and yelled out:

"Tear the impious heathen limb from limb! Let not such blasphemy be breathed another moment!"

The hands of the executioners were laid upon the levers, and their firm sinews braced to fulfil upon the instant the horrible command; when the great door at the upper end of the hall was, with a loud crash, burst open, and with the fury of rage and revenge burning at their hearts, a host of Mexicans dashed wildly into the apartment. At their head appeared a female figure who, as soon as she entered, flew towards the rack whereon the exhausted prince was laid. With the fury of an enraged tigress she swept down all who opposed her passage. In both her delicate hands she wielded a heavy blade, and with this she hewed down all before her until Quarroneka's side was reached. To sever the bonds that held him was the work of a moment, and she then fell upon his breast and murmured forth: "Thou art saved at length, my husband!"

Not a moment was to be lost to make their victory sure. It was too frail a band to dream of winning the city back again from the invader's hands, and therefore they waited but to lift the form of the prince tenderly upon their shoulders and return as they had come, first driving the Spaniards forth from the palace, or leaving their bodies on the marble floor, through the same secret passage they issued by which the night previous Zilara had found an escape beneath the city even beyond the walls. On finding herself in safety, she had instantly collected a few brave hearts and returned silently to the palace, determined to rescue her husband, or find death by his side. And thus did Zilara prove that the bravery of her ancestors was not alone confined to the men of her proud race, nor that the women of her line were only fit to be carefully nurtured in tenderness and love.

The throne of the Montezumas was levelled with the dust, never to be upraised again in its pride and glory. But amid the groves of South America, Quarroneka and his sweet bride found a home, and as much happiness as exiles from their country and the graves of their kindred could ever look to obtain.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHANT OF WORSHIP.

THE FANE "NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

BY BLANCHE DARVOIS.

Not for me in the lordly pile
In a temple made with hands,
I'll bow me down where I feel the smile
Of God on his glorious lands
The wreath of nature entwines my brow:
Its trailing vines are around me now;
And low on the turf I lit humbly bow
In a fane not made with hands.

Chant we not in the lordly fane—
In a temple made with hands:
When birds are warbling in glorious strain
Their songs o'er the goodly lands.
They're chanting now their Sabbath strain:
We ne'er may listen their song again;
So let us join in their wild refrain,
In a fane not made with hands.

Not to-day in the lordly aisle,
In a temple made with hands;
We'll bow us down where we own the smile
Of God on his glorious lands.
The smile of God may not remain,
We may not feel it for sin and shame;
But our hearts now join in a wild refrain,
In a fane not made with hands.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COUSIN SARA'S FIRST BALL.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

Our quiet village was plunged into excitement last spring, by the arrival of the Mannings from the city. They were reported to be unusually rich, and various were the surmises afloat, as to their object in coming to such an out-of-the-way place as our village was. The head of the family, Mr. Manning, was said to be, by those who had had the good fortune to see him, an agreeable man, with a certain air of gentility about him,—a gentility which seemed to be a part of his nature. Then there were Mrs. Manning and two daughters, who were excessively genteel and affected. Of course, the family furnished the one topic of conversation in all the village circles. Never was there a tea-party convened, or did one neighbor drop in to have a social chat with another, but that the first subject discussed was the movements of the Mannings.

"I declare," said Miss Ray at a tea-party held at the house of the Widow Sly, "I should like to know for certain why the Mannings came here to live."

"I heard the other day," said Widow Sly, "that Mr. Manning was going to build factories all along our river. I shouldn't wonder if he was a millionaire, after all."

"I, for one, don't believe any such thing," said Miss Deborah Dale, who was the only doubter in the village. "I dare say they have come here to live fashionably with the least expense."

Such were a few of the surmises as to the Mannings. Yet days and weeks passed on, and nothing was known precisely concerning them. In the meantime their reported wealth made them the objects of admiration to a certain class of people in the village. Mr. Manning had hired a large, handsome house, where they were to live, so it was reported, until a suitable site could be chosen for the erection of a splendid mansion. As to their furniture, everybody said it was magnificent, and perfectly in accordance with the taste and refinement of the owners.

As to the Misses Manning, they were the leaders of fashion in the place. Every article of their dress was studied by the village belles, who endeavored to imitate it as far as their humble means would allow.

My Cousin Sara, who was one of these belles, if she was not a beauty, was at least one of the prettiest girls in the village. So thought nearly everybody, and so thought especially William Lee, the young blacksmith, who had known Sara from childhood.

Soon after the Mannings made their appearance in our village, there arrived one day, a tall, genteel, handsome man, whose name everybody soon discovered to be Mr. Graham. He seemed to be known to the Mannings, and soon he became very intimate at their house. As he dressed well, talked well, and was never seen employed, he soon obtained the name of the young gentleman.

It so happened that Cousin Sara had met this young gentleman several times, and as he always paid her great attention, and had selected her as a partner in all kinds of amusement, people began to say that Sara had made a conquest. Sara, in reality, cared not a straw for Mr. Graham, but she was a little inclined to be coquettish, and moreover she enjoyed immensely the frowns which William Lee bestowed upon the young gentleman. If frowns could annihilate any one, Mr. Graham would have been disposed of in a very short time.

Matters stood thus, when one morning there was an immense excitement. It was rumored that the Mannings, assisted by Mr. Graham, were making preparations to have a ball in our quiet village,—an affair which should surpass anything of the kind which had ever been seen in the place before. The next morning brought more news,—the Mannings had hired the town hall for the occasion, and had issued invitations to nearly all the people in the place.

Of course the young ladies were in a state of anxiety and suspense as to whether they would be invited to the ball, and many a one waited with some curiosity to hear whom the handsome Mr. Graham would select as a partner. As it happened, Sara was the one to whom that great honor was decreed. Consequently she was so delighted that she could talk of nothing else but the ball and her expected partner. Her vanity was increased doubly by knowing that she was the envy of half the girls in the village, and by the thought that perhaps she was making William Lee horribly jealous.

"I wouldn't let her go," said Sara's grandmother, as we all sat round the tea-table a day or two before the great event; "the girl is growing so vain."

The father laughed at this remark, and merely said:

"I think Sara better do as she pleases about it."

Sara's mother, who was a very sensible woman and a great partizan of William Lee's, said nothing, deeming it best to let affairs take their course. Sara's sister, the pet Lizzie, was in raptures with the ball, and had begged that on the important night she might sit up to see Sara dressed, which request had been acceded to.

After mature deliberation, Sara had resolved to wear a simple white muslin, with some natural flowers in her hair. As for the rich silk dresses which some of the girls were having, Sara's father could not afford one, and he declared Sara looked ten times better in her simple muslin, than she would in the richest silk ever made.

During the week preceding the ball, Sara had repeatedly passed by the shop of William Lee. Instead of the smile and the nod she had ever bestowed upon him at such times, she now held her head a little higher, and did not deign to notice him at all. But William took no notice of such conduct beyond mentally vowing that Sara should be punished in some way or another; he was confident that her pride would fall before long. As for the ball, he had secured a ticket, resolving to go and watch the progress of affairs.

The eventful night of the ball did at length arrive. The moon shone brightly, and Sara could hear the sleighs rushing past, as she sat, already dressed, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Graham. Never had Sara looked lovelier than on this particular night, and Lizzie actually fell asleep while contemplating her.

It was rather late when Mr. Graham arrived, and consequently when they came into the ball-room, the dancing had been commenced for an hour or two. But Sara felt that it was quite fashionable to enter late, or else Mr. Graham would have come earlier; and besides that, the Mannings, who formed a criterion of gentility, had not yet arrived.

Sara, who was a dancer of grace and spirit, supposed she had really fascinated Mr. Graham, for he whispered to her as he led her to a seat, that she must dance with him many times that evening. But just as he was about to write his name upon her card, there was a great hustle at the door, and presently the Mannings made their appearance,—the carriage they had come in was heard driving away at a furious rate. Mr. Graham dropped Sara's card, and hastened away, muttering something about "coming back immediately." The next moment she saw him handing the Misses Manning to a seat with his most obsequious bow.

In the meantime, everybody was securing partners for the next dance, and William Lee, who saw that Sara was sitting alone, solicited the pleasure of dancing with her. Of course, Sara refused this request in a very decided way, as she did also several others; she was waiting for Mr. Graham, who, she was confident, meant to engage himself to her for that dance.

But Mr. Graham had other thoughts. Whilst wondering what could become of him, she caught sight of a couple, who seemed to be the admiration of all round them, whom she recognized as Mr. Graham and Miss Manning. The dress of the latter was a very rich silk, and Sara felt half ashamed of her simple muslin; and besides that, she overheard some remarks concerning it by some girls, who were very gaudily dressed. But Sara felt somewhat comforted when she thought of the praises her dear old father had lavished upon her; it was rather a pleasing reflection also that he had not been obliged to deprive himself of any comfort to buy her a rich silk.

But the dance was over, and again she waited the appearance of Mr. Graham; but he studiously avoided her, and the Mannings also passed her without bestowing the least notice upon her. It was very reluctantly that she rose to dance with one of the young men of the village. At the close of the cotillon, she gladly withdrew to a quiet corner to watch the dances.

As the evening wore on, Sara still sat in her corner, nobody offering to ask her to dance. Those who had had one refusal did not like to risk another, and there were others who rejoiced in her evident humiliation.

Mr. Graham still kept himself aloof, and Sara would not have danced with him now, even if he had begged the pleasure on his knees. She watched William Lee as he danced with a pretty creature in blue; he was seemingly the happiest of the happy, while she was so miserable that she wished the earth would open and she could sink into it. She dared not think of the honest heart she had thrown away from her,—it only added to her misery. And this was the evening, the pleasure of which she had anticipated so much. She longed to cry, but pride prevented her,—she must wait until she was at home.

The Mannings departed at an early hour, and Sara saw Mr. Graham follow them, probably to assist them into the carriage. She wished he would make haste and go home with her, and once clear of him, she would have nothing more to do with him. But Mr. Graham did not make his appearance, and Sara heard some one say that he had gone away in the carriage with the Mannings.

Here was a dilemma,—how was she to get home? But fortunately she recollected that some neighbors of their's were at the ball, and perhaps they would permit her to accompany them. It was consequently in a very humbled frame of mind that Sara arrived home,—the ball had proved nothing but a source of regret.

"I told you so," said grandmother, the next day; "the girl is as conceited as she can be, so much for going to a ball."

"Perhaps she is tired," suggested Lizzie, who always took Sara's part against her grandmother.

Sara, who was washing dishes in another room, heard these words. They brought back such a bitter recollection of what she had endured the night before, that she could not keep back her tears.

Just at this moment, she caught sight of William Lee, who was entering the garden to speak to her father, as was often his custom. He was near enough to the window to know that she was crying, and yes—she actually detected a smile upon his face as he looked up to her. To be mocked was more than Sara could bear, so acting upon the impulse of the moment, she opened the window and threw the saucer she held in her hand at William.

William actually laughed aloud as the saucer flew past him and broke into a dozen pieces, and with a good-natured nod he passed on. Sara, in endeavoring to shut the window, dislodged a pile of plates, which fell crashing to the floor. Attracted by the noise in came mother, grandmother and the children, to ascertain what the matter was. There was no help for the catastrophe but to pick up the pieces; Sara, as she did so, inwardly determined to preserve her temper next time, come what might.

"Quite a piece of news stirring," said Sara's father, as he came in to tea that same evening, "and what do you think it is?"

Everybody was in an agony of expectation to hear this piece of news,—not even Lizzie vouchsafed a guess. Accordingly, the old gentleman having enjoyed their curiosity for some time, at last said

"The Mannings departed, bag and baggage, from the village last night."

"Last night?" repeated Sara, in an incredulous tone

"Yes, last night, my dear. The ball was contrived purposely so that they might get off unmolested. They owe for nearly everything they ever obtained in the village, and must have been miserably poor."

"Dear me," said grandmother, "I knew how it would be."

"How did they manage it?" asked Sara.

"Nearly all of their neighbors were at the ball," said her father, "so that the moving of the furniture attracted but little attention. Mr. and Mrs. Manning followed that, and later in the evening, the two girls went, attended by Mr. Graham."

"Mr. Graham!—has he gone too?" asked Sara, looking down.

"Yes, he turns out to be quite a scamp,—owing everybody in town. I think the place is well rid of them all."

By the next morning, everybody in the village had heard the news, and everybody was indignant to have been so imposed upon. Every effort to obtain a clue to the retreat of the Mannings proved in each case unsuccessful; the flight had been admirably managed, so that all people could do, was to talk about it. * * *

"O dear! I don't believe William will ever care for me again! Ah, how could I have been so foolish?" said Sara, half aloud.

She was alone at home, every one else having gone to church. There was a sigh behind her, and Sara, a little frightened, looked round and saw William Lee standing by the door. It was a mystery to her how he came in unperceived, but nevertheless she turned away without saying a word.

"Well, Sara."

"Well, William," said Sara, "do you always steal into places like a thief?"

"I made as much noise as usual coming in," said William, "but you were deep in thought."

"Well," said Sara, frankly, "I know you heard what I said just now, though it was not meant for your ears,—and really William, I am very much ashamed of myself, and—"

"That will do, Sara,—no more confessions, or else I shall have to make some too. But are you not sorry you so nearly broke my head with that saucer?" said he, laughing.

"Very sorry indeed," said Sara, blushing.

What more was said was not exactly for our ears. But it was rather curious that not long afterwards there was a wedding at the home of my Cousin Sara, and the bride, in her simple white muslin dress, leaned very confidingly on the arm of the handsome, sturdy blacksmith.

"I told you so," said grandmother; "there is some good in the girl after all, since she has chosen wisely."

A week or two ago, we heard through Miss Ray's sister, that Mr. Graham had married the younger Miss Manning, and that the whole party were staying at one of the best hotels in the country.

"I am sure she is welcome to Mr. Graham for all me," said Sara; "I don't at all envy her," and Sara threw a look across the table at William, a look which spoke a world of contentment.

"You will never forget that first ball, Sara," was William's malicious answer.

OLD TIMES.

The heavy snows of the past winter forcibly recall the old-fashioned seasons of my youth—for I well remember the incidents connected with village life in New England, when the present century came in. How would our dainty ladies of this luxurious day shrink from the cold, square pews, in the unpainted *meeting-house*, where my young ears heard the gospel preached! I can see it now—and the rigid deacons sitting in front of the roomy pulpit, with its bell-shaped sounding-board, threatening, in our young imagination, to fall upon the venerable white wig underneath, especially when the respected individual who wore it threatened to *bring down the house* with a tremendous slap on the cushion, while illustrating the breaking of a "potter's vessel." Had not the good matrons brought foot-stoves under their ample red cloaks, which they generously loaned to their freezing neighbors, no semblance of fire would have been there. Woe betide the young girl who should attire herself in anything so gay as one of these same crimson red cloaks! I have known a village belle soundly rated for tying about her white throat a crimson tippet, which, in connection with feathers, placed jointly in a coquettish little black hat, was thought by the watchful matrons to impart a military air.—*Correspondent of Home Journal.*

HARRISBURG, PENN.

The views of Harrisburg herewith presented were drawn on the spot expressly for us, by Mr. Kilburn, and exhibit his praiseworthy fidelity of delineation and picturesque effects. The first picture represents the United States Arsenal, an unpretending structure, located on 3d Street. It is built for use, and not for show, and makes no pretensions to architectural elegance. The large engraving which follows, embraces an accurate view of the State House, which stands upon a commanding elevation fronting the river Susquehanna, at the head of State Street. It is a fine, well-proportioned building, as our picture shows; the circular cupola and the dome, together with the semi-circular portico with its lofty pillars, giving it an imposing and elegant aspect. The building is 180 feet wide, 80 feet deep, and 108 feet from the ground to the summit of the cupola. The adjoining buildings are occupied by the State departments. The area in which the State House is situated, is laid out in walks, bordered with fine shade trees, which much enhances the effect which it produces. The reservoir, shown in our third engraving, is immediately west of the State House. It is an elevated, terraced structure, supplied with water from the Susquehanna River, which is thence distributed by means of iron pipes all over the city. The building depicted in our last engraving, surrounded by trees, is the Court House, the style being that of our public buildings some fifty years ago. Its architecture, however, is not unpleasing. The jail is situated in the rear of the Court House. Harrisburg is situated on the east bank of the river Susquehanna, in the midst of some of the finest scenery in the United States. The river here spreads out to a considerable width, and forms a most beautiful feature in the landscape. The location of the place is unsurpassed for beauty, and it enjoys great facilities of communication with the interior and seaboard. Harrisburg was founded by John Harris, in 1785, and was incorporated in 1808. It became the capital of Pennsylvania in 1812. In 1855, the population was estimated at about 10,000. It is about 100 miles west by north from Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania Railroad connects at this point with the Lancaster and Harrisburg Railroad. The Lebanon Valley Railroad leads from Harrisburg to Reading, and the Cumberland Valley Railroad extends in an opposite direction. The visitor who desires a fine view of this pleasant city, should ascend to the top of the State House, whence he will look down on the broad river studded with green islands and crossed by handsome bridges, while the Kittatiny Mountains form a bold and picturesque background to the landscape. There are about twelve churches in Harrisburg, some of them handsome structures. A number of papers are published here, well edited, and well supported. Among the manufactories of the place are three large iron furnaces, a rolling-mill, several breweries and potteries, and an extensive railroad car manufactory. The Susquehanna, to the beauty of which we alluded above, is formed by the junction of two principal branches, which unite at Northumberland, about sixty miles above Harrisburg. From this point, the river flows nearly south to the mouth of the Juniata, and turning towards the southeast, it passes Harrisburg, Columbia and Port Deposit, and falls into the northern extremity of Chesapeake Bay, at Havre de Grace, in Maryland. The main stream is about 150 miles long, but very unequal in breadth, sometimes expanding to a mile, and at others narrowing to a quarter of that width. Its surface is gemmed by many verdant and picturesque islets, and its channel is frequently interrupted by rocky rapids, which put a stop to navigation during low stages of the water. A canal has been constructed along the river from its mouth to Columbia, 45 miles, and another from Columbia to Northumberland, about 80 miles. The Susquehanna is the largest stream in Pennsylvania, and flows through a fertile and populous country, which is diversified by limestone valleys, and mountain-ridges abounding in iron. The East Branch, called also the North Branch, rises in Otsego Lake, New York, and in its winding course, estimated at 250 miles in length, intersects the beautiful and romantic valley of Wyoming, and the valuable coal region of Luzerne county. A canal has been opened beside this stream, about 124 miles above Northumberland. The West Branch rises in Cambria county, Pennsylvania, on the western declivity of the Alleghany Mountains, and follows a winding course of 200 miles in length, through a region abounding in pine timber and hard coal. The Susquehanna and its branches are invaluable to the development of the wealth of Pennsylvania.



UNITED STATES ARSENAL, HARRISBURG, PENN.

OLD FASHIONS.

At the period of my earliest recollections, men of all classes were dressed in long, broad-tailed coats, with huge pockets, long waistcoats and breeches. Hats had low crowns, with broad brims—some so wide as to be supported at the sides with cords. The stockings of the parson, and a few others, were of silk in summer, and worsted in winter; those of the people were generally of wool, and blue and gray mixed. Women dressed in wide bonnets, sometimes of straw, and sometimes of silk; the gowns were of silk, muslin, gingham, etc., generally close and short-waisted, the breast and shoulders being covered by a full muslin kerchief. Girls ornamented themselves with a large white vandyke. On the whole, the dress of both men and women has greatly changed. —*S. G. Goodrich.*

HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE DUTCH.

In all parts of the continent of Europe, with the exception of Holland, there is so much in common in the modes of living, that in going from Paris to Naples, the traveller recognizes but little difference in all the ordinary modes of living. But the moment the precincts of Holland are entered, the difference is quite marked. The combination of dykes and canals, straight rows of trees, gardens which overspread the landscape, laid out with mathematical precision, and the wings of the windmills, which are swinging in every breeze, gives to everything a different aspect from that which is met with anywhere else. Extreme cleanliness in all that appertains to the dwellings, barns and stables, is a very striking characteristic; it gives a degree of freshness to everything, which is very pleasant to the stranger who has just arrived from Italy. Saturday morning is the time when a universal cleaning takes place. The doors and windows of the houses are thrown wide open on this day, and the bustle that is going on within is a caution to all intruders to keep their distance, or run the risk of being saluted with the mop or the brush, or the spouting water which issues from a small engine, which is almost universally used to clean the sidewalks, the walls, and the windows. As soon as this is all over, the doors and windows are closed again, and the house is shut up for another week. The drawing-rooms of the dwellings are seldom entered, except upon great occasions, such as a wedding, or an annual party. In some parts of Holland, the visitor is expected to take off his shoes previous to entering a house; and, in all cases, he is expected to clean them thoroughly—a requirement which should be regarded in all countries. But notwithstanding all this carefulness about everything that pertains to their residences, the persons of some of the lower classes give evidence that their personal habits are not more tidy than is observed among the same classes in England, France or Germany. One of the things essential to the comforts of a Dutch lady is a foot-stove filled with hot embers of turf or charcoal, which she not only constantly uses at home, but has it carried about with her wherever she goes—whether to a concert, to church, or a social visit. Hundreds of these stoves are to be seen piled up in the aisles of churches When sickness occurs in a family, a paper is stuck up daily upon the front door, on which is written the state of the invalid's health, drawn up by the doctor, which gives information to friends coming to make inquiries, without disturbing the family. In some parts of Holland, families in which a birth occurs, enjoy peculiar privileges. For a certain number of days, nothing which is calculated to disturb the mother is allowed to approach the house. It is protected from legal executions, no bailiff being allowed to approach it; no soldiers can be billetted on the family, and when a company of troops pass by the house, the music ceases, and they pass with the silence of a funeral train. The servants are extremely neat and tidy in their appearance, and are faithful and attentive to their employers. They enjoy many privileges peculiar to their class; the family arrangements are so conducted as to allow them to attend church on the Sabbath, which is a privilege they esteem highly, and avail themselves of as a matter of principle, and often with much conscientious regard. When a servant girl is hired, she always stipulates for a certain number of holidays, to attend a sort of Dutch Carnival, which is called *Kermis* (meaning *wake*, or *fair*), which are of frequent occurrence. They swarm at these festivals with their sweethearts; and if a damsel is so unfortunate as not to have one, she *hires* one for the occasion—which is not at all uncommon—substantiating the saying, that "everything has its price."—*Correspondence Christian Witness.*



STATE HOUSE, HARRISBURG, PENN.



RESERVOIR, HARRISBURG, PENN.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WATER WORKS AND TUNNELS.

We are liable to forget the great works of the past, in our admiration of those of the present age; hence it is a good thing sometimes to recall what the old engineers have accomplished, as a healthful stimulant to excite our modern engineers to greater efforts. The old Roman aqueducts for supplying that city with water, in the days of its glory, when compared with the greatest of modern works of this kind, dwarf them into insignificance. Rome had one aqueduct, Aqua Apia, ten miles long, all underground; another, Anio Vetus, forty-three miles, and nearly all underground, also; another, Aqua Marcia, fifty miles long, and the Anio Novus, fifty miles long, with arches 109 feet in height. There were also four other aqueducts, amounting to nine altogether, for supplying Rome with water by gravitation, for there were no steam engines in those days to pump it up from the adjacent river Tiber for city use, as is now done at Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, and others of our cities. The noblest work of modern engineering for supplying any city with water is, undoubtedly, the Croton Water Works of New York. Its artificial tunnel is carried over valleys, through hills, and over rivers, a distance of forty miles. The work is stupendous, to be sure, for it carries a condensed river from the mountains into the city; but compared to the old Roman water-tunnels, it is not so much to boast of. The city of Montreal has recently finished some great works of engineering for supplying itself with water, in the same manner as the city of Philadelphia, by employing the water power of the river to pump itself up to an elevated reservoir. The water from the St. Lawrence, immediately above the rapids, is conducted by a canal five miles long to a basin, where two large wheels, thirty-six feet in diameter, work force pumps, which drive the water through iron pipes for about three miles, to a double reservoir situated on the mountains behind the city, at a height of 200 feet above the river level. These reservoirs contain 20,000,000 gallons, and were cut out of the solid rock. Thus, from the elevation of 200 feet, the water is conducted through the whole city. Next to the Croton Water Works, the Water Works of Montreal, we understand, are the greatest of the kind on our continent. From present indications, there are a number of cities in the United States which will yet surpass old Rome in extent and population, and which must be supplied with water from distant sources. As no city can be kept clean and healthy without a good supply of water, we tell them to look to old Rome for encouragement and an example. Some great works of tunnelling, or boring through mountains, have, within a few years, been executed in Europe and in our own country, for carrying railroads through them; and the tunnel now boring through the Green Mountains, three miles long, is considered to be the most expensive work of the kind ever attempted by our engineers. But we have only begun to execute works of this kind, and we require to be stimulated. The Alleghanies, the Rocky Mountains, and other mountains, have yet to be tunnelled to make pathways through them for the "iron steed." Look at what the old Romans did. They cut a tunnel as part of a drain for Lake Fucinus, and it was bored one mile through a mountain of hard cornelian. It was in the form of an arch, nine feet wide, and nineteen feet high. There was no gunpowder then to assist in blasting; all the work of cutting was executed inch by inch by steady labor with the pick, wedge and chisel. Considering the amount of labor required for this work, our engineers have much to incite them.—*Scientific American.*

AUCTION AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Constantinople correspondent of the Liverpool Albion, writes:—"An exceedingly curious illustration of the life and doings of a wealthy pacha has lately been exhibited in the case of Halil Pacha, brother-in-law to the Sultan, who died at a good old age, leaving an immense fortune, and a sale of his effects is now in progress. The deceased pacha was originally a slave, but rose to the highest honors and emoluments, and seems to have been more fortunate than many of his cotemporaries, in escaping the bowstring. The sale takes place in a comparatively modern residence on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, built close to the edge of the water, like most of the Turkish palaces, and it attracts a large number of pachas and others anxious to possess themselves of a portion of the valuable diamonds, jewelry, curiosities, etc. The quantity of diamonds exhibited is something marvellous, and they are of great intrinsic value; while the luxury of the apartments, gilded and furnished in the modern French style, with a large central billiard-room and billiard-table in it, evinces more European tastes than one would expect to see here. Hundreds of Turks, Armenians and Jews are squatted on the floor of the billiard-room, smoking their pipes, and bidding against each other. In the drawing-room, which opens with folding-doors off the billiard-room, are seated many pachas and dignitaries of high rank, also with their favorite chebouks, the things for sale being handed round to them. The presiding genius seems to be the family priest, squatted on a dais at one end of the billiard-room; and the auctioneer, a venerable, though active Turk, with a long beard, capers about, making occasional jokes, which have an evident effect even on the solemn faces around him. The sale has lasted many weeks, and will continue some time longer. The proceeds, I believe, are to be divided among the late Halil Pacha's acknowledged children, with subsidies to his numerous other progeny and establishment of ladies, who occupy another house he possessed on the adjoining heights; but of course none of them were visible at the sale. If one may judge from the luxurious habits of many pachas, the state they keep up, their retinue of horses, servants, etc., together with the anxiety evinced at this sale to possess themselves of valuable diamonds, jewelry, etc., there must be a great deal of wealth and spare money among them."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

SWINGING FESTIVALS IN INDIA.

As a ceremony was to take place on the 11th of April, in the Circular Road, which is distant from Calcutta about two miles, some other gentlemen and I, who were desirous to see it, drove in that direction, and the whole line of road leading to the place was crowded with natives of every caste and shade of color, wending their way thither to see the degrading spectacle, and dressed up in the most gaudy and fantastic manner possible. Great numbers of the women and children had large brass rings about four inches in diameter through their noses, also rings round their ankles by way of ornament. The spot where the tragic scene was enacted was a large square, surrounded with houses, on the tops of which were seated crowds of Indians of every age, and all more or less excited with an intoxicating compound called "bhang." In the centre of this square was erected a long pole sixty feet high, at the top of which was another about forty feet long, placed at right angles to the former, working in a socket in the centre, and capable of being whirled round, and to the end was attached a rope. Having waited for ten minutes or so, the infatuated native who was to be swung came in, amid the beating of Indian drums and the shouts of the people. The man had a wild expression of countenance, with his eyes glaring, being under the influence of bhang, of which he had consumed great quantities during the three previous days to deaden the pain. This unfortunate native had two large iron hooks (not unlike those used by butchers at home for hanging up meat) thrust through his back, three inches apart, and making a wound four inches in length, from which the blood streamed down. This being done, the men tied the rope which was fixed to one of the ends of the horizontal pole to the two hooks in his back, and likewise passed it through a cloth, which was tied slackly round his breast to prevent him falling to the ground should the flesh give way, which it sometimes does. They then pulled down the other end of the pole, which of course raised the one with the man along with it, and then ran round at a great speed for a quarter of an hour. All this time the poor man was suspended in the air by the hooks in his back, and whirling round fifty feet from the ground; and from the manner in which he kicked about his legs, he appeared to be suffering great agony. When he was let down, and the hooks taken out of his back, he was more dead than alive, and the laceration caused by them was frightful. Men who undergo the swinging seldom survive it.—*Correspondent London Despatch.*

MISERIES OF A LECTURER.

Rev. Dr. Bethune, in the course of a lecture at Newark, New Jersey, gave an amusing sketch of the miseries of a public lecturer, in which he is reported to have said:—"Then, again, the reporters (whose irate quills he would no sooner provoke than the quills of a hundred fretful porcupines) often made him say very queer things. Once, when he stated that he was not by birth, but only ecclesiastically a Dutchman, the reporter made him an *ecclesiastical deduction.* Another time he spoke of the devil as sowing tares, and he was astonished the next morning to read that he had mentioned the devil *sawing trees.* Another occasion he was made to say that the patriarch Abraham taught Cecrops arithmetic! Nevertheless, his experience of life had taught him three important practical rules—1st, Never contradict a woman; 2d, Never challenge the bill of a hotel-keeper; 3d, Never quarrel with an editor. Then again, it was often annoying to see one's name posted on placards in ludicrous proximity with those of negro minstrels, and all sorts of other connexions, and especially so when the bills have become torn and partially overlaid by newer ones, so as to read something like this:—"Jullien's grand operatic troup will this evening give a magnificent performance—by Horace Greeley, Esq. Highest cash paid for rags—by Hon. Rufus Choate."



COURT HOUSE, HARRISBURG, PENN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

POETS' DREAMS.

BY BELL BRAMBLE.*

Poets' dreams, like dews from heaven,
Shed they o'er the soul their spell;
Making thoughts of love and beauty,
Whispering ever, "All is well!"
Poets' dreams are wreathing ever
Round their brows undying flowers:
Flowers whose bloom and fragrance never
Lose their charm in darksome hours.

Poets' dreams come fresh from heaven,
Shedding light and love divine;
Chasing shadows, flinging incense
O'er the heart's sad inmost shrine.
Ever come they music-laden,
Soothing sweetness in their tone,
And their heart-becalming measure
Finds an echo in our own.

Poets' dreams, with blithesome gladness,
Gild with rays of heaven-caught light;
On their wings no tinge of sadness
Dims their hues as rainbow bright.
Hovering round the poet's pathway,
Luring with their antic wiles,
From each sorrow chasing alway
Gloom and care, and bringing smiles.

Poets' dreams like these come swelling
O'er my soul like wavelets bright:
Every dark distrust dispelling,
Ever beaming, hopeful, bright.
Like some fountain gushing ever
From its source—no grief's alloy
Ever mars the poet's visions,
Hope and love their fount of joy.

* Mrs. J. D. Baldwin.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE AVALANCHE.

A TALE OF THE CARBONARI.

BY J. GRAFTON ALLEN.

"Away, away! Fly for your lives. The gens-d'armes are already after you."

So the fugitives mounted their horses hurriedly, and fled like the wind. A few friends stood looking after them from the piazza of a country villa. About a mile away lay Milan, the rising sun just coloring the spires of its churches, and the innumerable curved pinnacles of its Duomo. All round, far away on every side, extended the wide plains of Lombardy. To the north they were bounded by lofty, inaccessible, frozen heights—the snow-crowned, the everlasting Alps! The road went north, and towards those lofty mountains the fugitives fled. There were three. There was an aged man, in whose veins the blood had not yet been chilled by the cold hand of time. His form was erect and his face noble. There was a young man of strong frame and fine, resolute countenance, and between the two rode a fair young girl, of extreme beauty.

It is not necessary to tell the story of the old Count Alonzo Di Velletri and his daughter Laura. Sufficient it is to say that they belonged to the ill-fated Carbonari, whose plot had just been discovered. The old man and his daughter were denounced, together with many more, among whom was young Henri, Count de Santana. But Milan was not far from the mountains—the road was open—Switzerland was the land of the free!

Behind them no pursuers were visible to them, but they well knew that they were followed. Two hours after they had left the villa, a company of gens-d'armes fled from Milan in pursuit of them. The villagers stared at the gentlemen and the fair young girl who rode so furiously; but there were none who interfered. "They ride for a sick friend," said some. "They fly from death," said others.

The gens-d'armes followed closely behind, and at every village asked after the fugitives. At every station they changed their horses for fresh ones, who kept up an undiminished speed. True, their horses were but of the common breed, and the steeds of the count were noble Arabians, but the constant freshness of the pursuers would prove more than a match for the over-ridden horses of the count, even though they were of the purest blood.

They had ridden for hours in silence and without rest. The last look which they took behind them showed at a glance many miles of the road but no pursuers.

"Laura," said the young Count de Santana, "are you not almost wearied to death?"

"O, no. I can ride for many hours more," said the young girl, courageously.

"I wish we could turn into these fields on either side," said the old count, "for Laura's sake. She must be very weary."

"But we cannot," said Santana.

"We cannot. These wide, level plains would discover us at once to our pursuers. There is no chance for us but straight forward."

"Yes, yes. The Alps," said Santana.

"Yes, the Alps," said all.

On and on fled the noble steeds, still bearing bravely up although destitute of rest for many hours.

"Our horses are not tired yet," said the old count. "They are good for many a mile."

But still he looked anxiously behind him.

"Alas!" said Laura, "our pursuers, who cannot be far away, will have fresh horses constantly. Ours must fail at last."

"But if we only can be carried to the Alps, all will be well."

"God grant that we may get there!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes, dear Laura," said her father, "once among the mountains, and we are safe; for we can turn aside in a thousand ways, and elude discovery as well as pursuit."

"Ah!" cried Santana, at the lapse of another hour, "see—far ahead—see, something sparkles and glitters!"

"Lago Maggiore!" cried the old count, in delight.

"Is it the lake? O, joy; we are near it then!"

There before them, but yet many miles away, lay the lake, its waters sparkling and glistening in the rays of the warm mid-day sun. Beyond lay the mountains, much nearer than at morning, for very many of the miles that lay between Milan and the lofty Alps had been passed over by the noble steeds. But they now began to show signs of weariness. They had gone far—they had ridden fast. Foam covered their mouths, and their skins were reeking with sweat. Their pace was much less light and active than at first. They labored more heavily; yet still they went at a rapid rate, and there were no pursuers visible. Two hours more and the wearied travellers were riding along the shores of Lake Maggiore. Already the level plains were far behind them, and hills arose on the borders of the lake. They galloped wildly through the streets of Aruzzo; they rushed past the shore where the Isola Madre and Isola Bella rise from the transparent wave; they reached a rising ground.

Santana was the first to look around. One glance drove the blood to his heart. He turned pale as death. The others glanced immediately afterwards. They saw all. Their pursuers were visible. They were but four miles behind. In the first moment of discovery not a word was spoken. They looked at one another in silent consternation. Yes, there behind them, their pursuers followed swiftly and closely; armed, numerous, unwearied, they were close upon the tracks of their feeble, unarmed and tired victims. With a simultaneous impulse they urged their wearied horses onward at a faster pace. The Alps were now not far away. There they rose, their snowy crests ascending higher and higher the farther back they ran, until they seemed to mingle with the white clouds of the overhanging sky.

"Alas!" cried the old man, "if we could but get there!"

On they went, hopefully, though half despairing. The aged Velletri looked at his daughter with an aching heart. Santana, too, casting many a fevered glance behind him, seemed forever counting the chances of escape.

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was near the end of his course when they went on among the mountains. The road went more steeply than before—the horses grew more slow and uncertain in their pace. Hark! at a turn in the road, apparently but a short distance behind them, what a thunder tramp of rushing horsemen! It is the sound of their pursuers.

"The frontier is yet four miles away!" cried Santana, with a look of agonizing suspense. "They will be up to us before three. We are unarmed. O, if I had but a gun—but one pistol—I should at least have a struggle for my life!"

"We have no chance whatever of resisting!" cried Velletri, whipping up his horse.

"No use—no use!" said Santana. "My horse cannot do it."

His horse staggered. He lashed the poor beast furiously. Useless; the horse had nobly done his duty; still true to his master, he struggled to obey and go forward, but only to fail. He fell headlong to the earth and lay motionless. Santana leaped from him. Velletri groaned.

"We are lost!" cried Santana. "Fly, fly, Velletri! Fly Laura! I will keep them back for a time. Use well what time is left. You may yet escape."

"No, no; let me stay—me. They will not, cannot harm me! I am innocent. Take my horse and fly. I will wait," cried Laura.

"No, children!" cried Velletri, interrupting them; "you speak thoughtlessly. We can fly no further. We must leave our horses. Let us climb the mountains. See—look up yonder; we can find refuge there."

He pointed to a steep declivity, on the summit of which there was a projecting crag. It lay five hundred feet above them. Instantly he leaped from his horse, and Laura, too, dismounted. Then, as though the time was too precious for words, he led the way, leaving Santana to assist his daughter. Then the fugitives began their toilsome ascent.

The way lay through deep and thawing snow. It was the month of March, and all the snow was rapidly melting. All around, amid the solemn silence, they heard the sound of falling avalanches. Trembling at the fearful noises which boded no good to them, they hurried onward. They ascended two hundred feet, and then reached the foot of the declivity which they had noticed. There was a wall of rock rising precipitously for nearly a hundred feet, and then the steep declivity went back at an angle of forty-five degrees for three hundred feet more. Here the snow lay, a tremendous, accumulated mass full forty feet in depth. Its white face shone terribly upon them as they walked underneath and saw the water trickling in innumerable torrents, and the vast mass about to fall upon them. It seemed as though the touch of a child's hand might send the whole downward in resistless fury.

"Haste—haste! O, what a fearful journey. Here lies our only pathway though!" cried Velletri.

There was no answer as they all pressed forward more quickly. It took not long to pass beyond the shelving rock. Then they turned upwards to reach the top of the declivity. The snow was very deep where they walked. In some places rocks projected, affording a foothold, in others there were deep interstices. On the right lay the smooth expanse of snow which covered the declivity. They ascended quickly, and soon Laura's limbs failed her. The long ride had weakened her; she trembled and sank, after a vain attempt to go forward.

Not a word was spoken. Their excitement was too strong—their feeling too deep. Velletri turned with an agonizing look as his daughter fell, but Santana raised her in his arms and rushed up with fitful exertions the remainder of their way. They reached the summit. Panting, and almost fainting with the dreadful toil of the ascent, they turned with a common impulse to look down.

"Lost, lost!"

A choking sensation came to each. They had not seen nor heard their pursuers, in the excitement of the ascent, *but their pursuers had seen them!* They had quietly dismounted and had reached the foot of the mountain. They were following their tracks. They saw how little hope was left.

"Almighty God!" cried Velletri, raising his eyes to heaven, "Protector of the innocent, help us, for we can no longer help ourselves!"

And lo! even as though in answer to the solemn prayer, they saw the vast mass of snow slowly tremble. A lightning thought darted to the mind of each. The thunder of falling avalanches sounded all around. The vibrations of their fall had loosened this. It seemed suspended but by a thread. Even as the children of Israel looked back upon the pursuing Egyptians, so now did the three fugitives look back upon their foes. And they again cried unto the Lord. Even as they cried again, their foes were visible. They came on quickly. They were at the path which went under the declivity. They looked up and saw their prey.

"Ha, ha! Ecco la!" cried all.

They rushed on. Aiming their guns at their cowering victims, they fired a thundering volley. The echoes spread far and wide. The soldiers rushed under the declivity; and the three fugitives held their breath in awe—in horror. For the echoes of that discharge or its strong vibrations had shaken the treacherous snow. It trembled—it moved all in a mass! O, Heavens! all in a mass! Millions upon millions of tons, it moved onward—downward!

Hark! a hollow sound, then a deeper report, then a rush as of an army; and then, with a long, loud, deafening roar, a roar like loudest thunder, the whole mass descended with irresistible fury downward, sheer downward, upon the heads of the doomed wretches beneath. And as the echoes rolled around amid the Alpine caves, there was mingled with the thunder the roar of the avalanche, the smothered shrieks of the overwhelmed pursuers!

All was over. The rescued ones sang a song of triumph and of gratitude. Their pursuers' horses were on the road and these soon carried them over the frontiers to liberty and happiness.

DESOLATION OF PALESTINE.

In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as in Arabia; as to inhabitants, they are precisely the things which do not exist, for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride on day after day, and you rise over each hill, and sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveller with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish officer with his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are on the land, and no passengers on the highways. The loneliness strikes you more like that of the desert, for it seems unnatural, because here there should be life, and there is none. Sometimes you may make out at a distance on the hillside a single figure, a man on a donkey. It is the only moving thing you can detect all around. From Jerusalem to Beyrout you scarcely light on one single scene of rural industry—not one single scene of life that can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel el Sufar to the wells of el Mileh. There in places, the country was full of people and children, and flocks and herds—a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its wealth; while here, in the country of village, and towns, and villages, the whole land seemed to lie under a spell.—*Leuth's Wanderer in Arabia.*

VENTILATION.

Sitting-rooms, school-rooms, sleeping-rooms—every place occupied by human beings, should be well ventilated. In a school-room, for example, thirty feet square and eight feet high, there are 7200 cubic feet of air. Such a room will seat sixty pupils, and allowing seven cubic feet of air per minute to each person—the least allowed by any physiologist—all will be vitiated in less than eighteen minutes. And as all the blood in the human system traverses the whole breathing surface of the lungs in about two and a half minutes, every one who breathes such an impure atmosphere for two and a half minutes, has every particle of his blood acted on by the vitiated air, making it less vital, less capable of repairing waste, and of carrying on the functions of life. And the longer such air is breathed the more impure does it become, and the more corrupt the blood, and the more surely does it lay the foundation for disease and death.—*Medical Examiner.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DEATH.

BY SEAH.

Only an angel,
Whose straits, low and deep,
Gently peacefully
Waft me to sleep.

Only a flowret,
With thorns, it is true,
Grasp it—'tis stingless,
And beautiful, too.

Only a messenger
Sent from His throne,
Calling his children,
Like prodigals, home.

Only a slumber,
Dreamless and sweet,
Ere the awaking
To bliss most complete.

Only the portal
That leadeth to life:
Only cessation
Of earth's angry strife.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOLIDAY OF POVERTY.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

"MOTHER, how many years is it since last Christmas?" inquired Bobby Gray, a youth of about six years, of his widowed mother, who was busy "footing" a pair of stockings for his little pedals.

"Only one," said she, with a sigh.

The morrow was to be that festive day, and the poor woman reflected upon the times when it never came round without witnessing comfort and plenty in her abode.

"I don't remember it," said Bobby. "Do you, Thomas?"

"I guess I do," said his brother, proud of his memory and his superior knowledge,—he being about nine. "I remember the turkey Mr. Bates sent us, and the things for the plum pudding Mrs. Johnson gave me, and the pies Deacon Snow sent over. Aint it most time for them to be here this year, mother?"

"Perhaps they'll forget us this year, child," said the widow. "But we must not be selfish. We must think how thankful we ought to be to God, who never forgets us, and who has given us this home to keep warm in, and keeps us from starving, as so many do."

"But it wont be anything like Christmas if they don't send any good things," said Thomas, with a disappointed look. "O how I wish we were rich. I wish I had a sled or a pair of skates, like the Readman boys; they have such fun on the ice—and all I can do is to slide!"

"It would be better to wish for a pair of boots," said Mrs. Gray, looking at the worn-out shoes upon the boy's feet. "Your toes are out, now."

"I wouldn't mind that, if I had a pair of skates," said Thomas, trying to conceal his great toes, which were looking out of the shoes to see if there was likely to be any change in the condition of the family. "Do you suppose, mother, you'll ever be rich enough to buy me a pair of skates?"

"And me, too?" exclaimed Bobby, eagerly.

"Me, too, want skates!" cried out Nannie, a little girl of four years, the youngest of the family, engaged in pulling to pieces a rag doll.

"Perhaps you will all go skating, one of these days," said the widow, smiling; and the idea set the two boys laughing, and little Nannie, too, and then their mother; and they sat down to their meagre breakfast with as cheerful faces as if they had everything heart could wish.

A dry loaf, a few herrings, a little milk and some weak tea constituted the family feast, which they devoured with good appetites, notwithstanding the tattered table-cloth, the broken crockery, the rusty knives and pewter spoons. Hunger and humility made them minor affairs to the widow, and what cared youth for better?

"Shall we have butter, to-morrow?" asked Thomas, his thoughts absorbed in the excitements of Christmas Day.

"Yes, do have butter, and molasses!" added Bobby, suddenly forgetting his breakfast in the thought of such luxuries.

"And canny, too, ma!" insisted Nannie, shaking her head very wisely, while her dirty face and torn frock made her look like a little gipsey.

"Hush, children!" replied their mother, scarcely able to suppress her tears, as she thought how little they vainly asked for and how happy that little would make them. "I will do the best I can, but we must not expect too much."

Too much! She had known far better days than these, with a kind companion and protector, now gone forever; had lived in a larger and more comfortable tenement than this mere hovel, with but two rooms, many of the windows of which were stuffed with rags to keep out the biting wind, and whose walls and floors were rickety with age. Too much!

"How little," thought she, as she surveyed the innocent and anxious faces of her ill-clad children, unable to satisfy their simple wishes, "how little from the abundance of our neighbors would be amazing delight to them. But I must divert their thoughts from what they cannot have."

"Mother," said Thomas, "Mr. Sleeveboard, I forgot to tell you, says he thinks he can't pay you so much for making the green jacket as he did. He says he can't pay two cents less on each jacket."

"Did he find any fault with the making?"

"No, ma'am; but he said it was getting cold weather now, and it cut him more to live, and fuel was so expensive, too, that he couldn't afford to give so much as he had given."

"He ought to have thought it was more expensive for *me* to live, too," said Mrs. Gray, sadly.

"That's what a man said, in the store, and told him that if he wished to make up for extra expense he should take it out of his customers, who could afford it, but Mr. Sleeveboard said it did not cost us much of anything to live, and we could get our fuel for nothing. And then I told him that wasn't much, for I had to go nearly a mile to Squire Jenkins's woods and get what brush we burnt, and that it was very hard work; but he made believe he didn't hear me, and I came away, but he called me back and told me not to forget about the two cents! I wish you could have seen the turkeys and chickens and ducks he'd been buying for to-morrow! I had almost a good mind to ask him for one for you, but I thought of the two cents, and it kind of choked me up."

"I am glad you did not ask him—you mustn't beg, Thomas, of anybody," said the widow, her heart chilled by the boy's narrative, "if you can avoid it," she added, suddenly pondering upon the long and dreary winter before them. "We will try to keep from it as hard as we can."

"Mrs. Prawl had to go to the almshouse yesterday," said Thomas. "They said she had been expecting her son home from sea, with money; but a week ago she heard he was drowned, and so she fell sick and couldn't work."

"Poor woman!" sighed Mrs. Gray.

She knew well how to sympathize with Mrs. Prawl, for she had herself lost a son, her eldest, at sea, many years before. The death of her husband and of other children had added to the darkness of her lot, until now, though relying upon God, she felt fearful apprehensions of the future, if sickness should also come upon her.

A sudden gust of wind rattling the panes, and the ticking of snow-flakes against them, caused the poor family to look out upon the frozen road and the leafless fields with various emotions.

"We are going to have a snow-storm!"

"Are we?" exclaimed Thomas; and the children rushed joyously to the windows, to watch the first flakes of the season driving through the air. "Then there will be good coasting. O, how I wish we had a sled, so that I and Bobby could coast all day to-morrow! Wouldn't there be fun?"

"Couldn't you buy one, mother?" asked the thoughtless Bobby, accustomed to the idea that she could accomplish almost anything. "One would be enough for both of us, and I could ride behind. O, do!"

"And me ride, too!" cried little Nannie, running to her mother's knee and pleading with her tiny hands and earnest eyes, joined by Bobby.

Thomas stayed at the window. He felt it was impossible to be so blest.

"Couldn't you borrow one, Thomas?"

"The boys would all be wanting theirs themselves. I might try to make one, but we haven't any boards nor nails."

Anxious to do something to make the morrow pass happily with them, their kind mother bethought herself of an old worn-out copper tea-kettle covered with dust in a corner of the room.

"Has any boy got an old sled that you could get cheap?"

"Jimmy Hartshorn has got a new one and an old one. But he's so stingy he wouldn't let me have the old one without I paid for it."

"Well, take the kettle and sell it, and see if you can get the old sled for the money; and then, if it snows enough, you and Bobby can have a good time on Christmas day."

"And me, too!" said the jealous Nannie, tugging at her mother's knees.

"Well, we will see. There, Nannie—look at Thomas!"

Thomas was already out of doors with the old tea-kettle, running up the frozen road as fast as his legs could carry him, that he might complete the coveted bargain before school-time; while the widow, not the least interested of them all, sat down to her work, eager to learn the result.

Bobby and Nannie busied themselves in drawing uncouth figures on the frosted panes—youthful hope making joy in the midst of destitution. Those frosted figures! How often does hope draw cheering images like to them upon the frosted heart of sorrow—too soon, like them, to be dispelled by the light of truth which melts them into tears!

"Thomas is coming back!" exclaimed Bobby, after a while.

"Tommy tummin back!" repeated Nannie.

"Has he got the sled?" asked their mother.

"I don't see it," said Bobby, vainly trying to see what could not be seen.

The experiment had proved a failure. Thomas soon entered, crying, with the tea-kettle.

"Jimmy Hartshorn has split his old sled up, and when I tried to sell the tea-kettle, they told me I had stolen it!"

"I wouldn't mind, Thomas. I'll try some other plan to make you enjoy Christmas."

"I wouldn't have cared so much about the sled," said Thomas, the tears still standing in his eyes, "if it hadn't been for the boys at the shop."

"What did they say to you!"

"When they saw I couldn't sell the tea-kettle, and knew what I brought it for, they set up a shout and called me 'thief,' and 'pedler,' and took my tea-kettle and kicked it about, and pelted me with snow-balls and asked me what I asked for *toys*—because [illegible] was for——and I felt so [illegible] I turned her [illegible] was so bad, that I [illegible] a fit as ever I could!" And the [illegible]

The widow [illegible] her boy to her [illegible] heart, without a word, and Bobby, as from [illegible] Nannie, who had overwhelmed them all, was silent too, but little Nannie ran up to offer comfort by hugging Thomas, and said,

"Don't ky, Tommy—ma give you a apple!"

"You must not mind those unfortunate circumstances, Thomas," said Mrs. Gray; "they will never be happy, nor loved, who envy their neighbors. I will make you a new suit out of your poor father's clothes, and then you will look as well as any of them, and better, too, my dear boy. I have kept them a great while because they were the last he ever wore, but it will be better to put them to some good use—"

"No, mother," interrupted the boy, observing how she trembled as she spoke; "I'd rather you would keep them safe, and mend these clothes as well as you can. It will be too bad to cut up father's nice clothes. I don't care for the boys. I wont be ashamed any more!"

"That's like your father—my dear, dear boy!" sobbed Mrs. Gray, as she bent over him. "You are a noble child, and you will be rewarded for it. But you shall have the clothes."

It was now time for school, and the two brothers took their books and went off, watching wistfully such people as they passed, bearing home substantial signs of the approach of Christmas day.

While Nannie was busy with such broken toys as were in her possession, the widow knelt and prayed that the many trials and privations of her humble household might be lessened or converted to their ultimate good; and she prayed, too, for those whose callousness and selfish natures were careless or mindless of the poor and destitute, and entreated Heaven that she might be spared long enough to see her children well provided for the future, and to strengthen her heart and limbs for the hard and tedious toils it was hers to undergo. The incidents of the morning caused her to pray longer than she was wont, so much so that little Nannie, noticing that she did not answer when she called attention to her playthings, left them and ceased prattling, and went and knelt by her side, bowing her little head upon a chair, in imitation of her mother.

The distance to the school-house was so great that the boys never returned till school was over for the day; and as they went home this day, they heard the other children boasting gleefully of the great preparations *their* parents had made for to-morrow, the great Christmas day! of heavy turkeys, plump geese and wild fowl, of well-filled store-rooms and dairies, countless pies of all kinds, and dainty "turn-overs" made especially for themselves—till the mouths of Thomas and Bobby watered at the recital, and they hastened their trudging homeward through the snow, wondering if their mother had received any presents during the day, and if so, what they were!

But they, poor things! were doomed to utter disappointment once more. Nothing had come. The neighbors had forgotten or cared not for the poor family this year, and with sorrowful eyes they warmed themselves at the barren hearth, and thought of the next day, and the rich feasts and joyful sports of their schoolmates.

"I wish Christmas would never come again, mother!" murmured Thomas, as they retired for the night. "Everybody else will be enjoying themselves, and we can't. It's too aggravating!"

"Fie! Thomas; you mustn't be selfish. We must be glad and thankful that we have a home, poor as it is, and are not obliged to be in the almshouse, like Mrs. Prawl."

The widow had worked hard during the day, and the sleep of honest labor and a peaceful conscience was sweet and sound and dreamless to her that night. She awoke with the first faint glimpse of morning, the children still slumbering, and as she looked towards the window, she saw the figure of a man, apparently asleep in a chair, between her and the light! Astonished, alarmed, she uttered an exclamation of fear, as she half arose in bed to assure herself she was not dreaming. The sound startled the strange figure, who sprang to his feet, looking towards her, but not advancing.

"Who's there? Who is it?" exclaimed the widow, fearfully, and, her terror increased, she was about giving vent in a scream, when such an outcry was prevented by the magic word of—

"*Mother!*" issuing from the stranger's lips. "It is I—it is Edward! I came after midnight, but I would not wake you."

He sprang forward as he spoke, and with a wild cry of joy, his mother clasped him in her arms. It was a long embrace—"long as his exile, sweet as his" return! And the children, awakened by the noise, united in a cry of fear, till pacified and re-assured by their mother.

The sun was up two hours ere Edward Gray had explained the various causes of his long absence. On his return, through the blunders of his mother's neighbors in another town, he had found it impossible to obtain any trace of her. All efforts to that effect, on succeeding returns, had been as fruitless, until accident disclosed what he so long had sought.

"I am captain now, mother. I have been provident, thanks to your early teachings, and thanks be to God, I have enough means to enable me to assure you that you shall want no more."

And the assurance was a truthful one, so happily made on that holy day of rejoicing, more delightful to that family than it had ever been before. And to them its every return now teaches that they shall never fail of their reward who persevere and trust in God.

It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and wofully often do, fail of producing just deeds; but just deeds are sure to beget just thoughts.—*Guesses at Truth.*

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

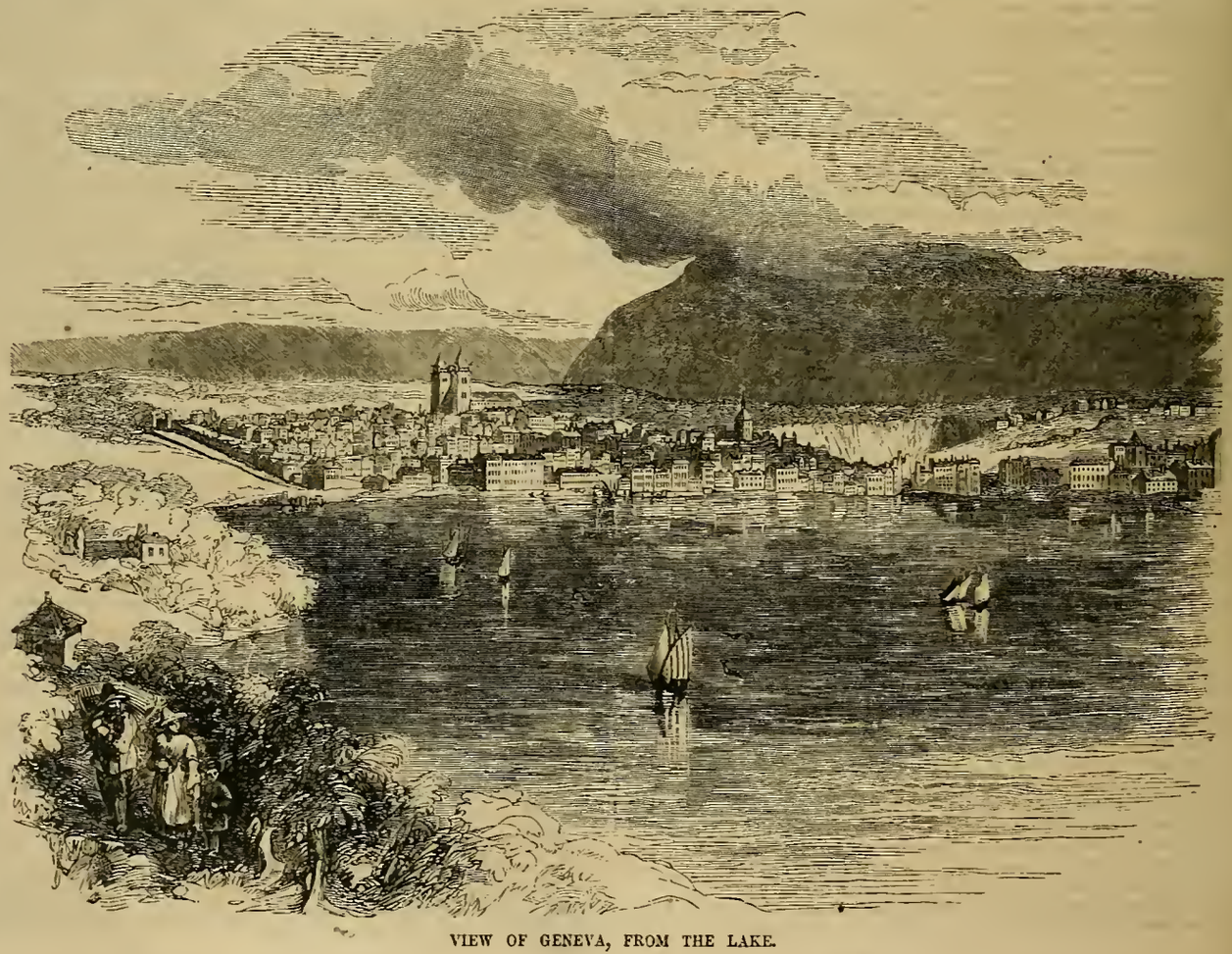
In compliance with the request of many of our friends, we present on this page a fine likeness of Francis A. Durivage, Esq., our associate editor of the Pictorial. It was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case, and engraved by Mr. Pierce. Mr. Durivage, as well and agreeably known to our readers, is the eldest son of the late Francis S. Durivage, formerly a merchant of this city, but for many years known as a teacher of painting and modern languages in Boston. His mother, a sister of the Hon. Edward Everett, is still living. The subject of our sketch was born in Boston, April 7, 1814, and gave evidence of literary and artistic ability at a very early age. When he entered the Boston Latin School, he was already familiar with the best English authors, and had a grammatical acquaintance with the French language. During his school career, he maintained high rank in his class, and carried off several prizes, among others the gold medal awarded for the best English poem. Long before leaving school, he commenced writing for the Boston press, and his poems were frequently delivered by his schoolmates at public exhibitions without their author's name being known. After leaving the Latin School, he was fitted by private tuition to enter college in an advance class; but though circumstances prevented the realization of this plan, he continued, as even at the present day, to be a laborious student. When but sixteen years of age, he had charge of a literary magazine entitled the "Amateur," established by the late Frederick S. Hill, to which O. W. Holmes, Park Benjamin and others were contributors, both in prose and poetry. At the same time, Mr. Durivage was writing much for the Boston and New York papers; sensitively shrinking from notoriety, however, he did not affix his name to his articles for years, though their popularity and success were remarkable. He has been the anonymous author of several dramatic pieces, one of which, written in connection with a New York *litterateur*, was played many nights in succession at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre. Two or three of his pieces, also unacknowledged, were played at the Boston Museum, when first established. He was for years a regular contributor to the "New York Mirror," when published in quarto form, and edited by his friend Epes Sargent, Esq., also contributing to the "Knickerbocker," and other literary journals. In 1837 and '38, he established a school in this city, which was quite successful; but he soon abandoned the laborious profession of a teacher, to accept a profitable situation at the State House, under the late Simon Borden, then engaged on the State survey of Massachusetts. To Mr. Durivage was assigned the task of preparing for the engravers the draught of the State map, a laborious piece of penmanship, covering a sheet six feet by four in area, crowded with delicate lettering and topographical details. This work was executed in a most masterly manner, the drawing being a facsimile of the finest engraving. At this time, Mr. Durivage hesitated between literature and art, being strongly biased to the latter, and being a fine amateur draughtsman and colorist; indeed some of the earliest architectural drawings of our first volumes of the Pictorial are from his pencil. At this period, he accepted a tempting offer in his favorite field of journalism, and was for many years connected with a daily paper, writing its leading articles, and the dramatic and literary criticisms, paragraphs, etc. Mr. Durivage stands very high as a lyrical poet, his pieces evincing in a remarkable degree grace and melody, and his poems, if collected, would form a volume which would place him in an eminent position among American poets. His literary ventures have proved very successful. In connection with Mr. Burnham, he published a volume entitled "Stray Subjects," a few years since, in which were embraced his humorous contributions to the "New York Spirit of the Times," which had a prodigious sale, forming one of Carey & Hart's series of "Humorous American Writers." In 1849, in association with Mr. William S. Chase, he translated "Lamartine's History of the Revolution of 1848," published by Phillips & Sampson, which had a large sale. This version is remarkable for its fidelity and the elegance of its diction, and is a standard work with scholars: it also elicited the warm thanks of M. de Lamartine. In 1853, Mr. Durivage published a collection of his romantic and humorous tales and sketches, chiefly contributed to our own papers, "The Flag of our Union" and "Ballou's Pictorial," under the title of "Life Scenes," which was also highly successful. Mr. Durivage has been for some years connected with the Boston Custom House, where he still holds a responsible position, honorably maintained by his attention to his duties, and by courtesy to the merchants with whom he is brought in contact, giving a striking proof that the culture of letters and art does not necessarily unfit a man for the active duties of life. His editorial association with ourself is of several years' standing, and for a long period he has written only for the "Flag" and "Pictorial." We doubt if there is another man in the country of his age who has produced and printed so much matter. The great secret of his universal success is the fact that he gives his whole soul to whatever he undertakes, and always does his *best*. We have ever found him a choice companion, a firm and consistent friend, frank, true and unselfish, and are glad of this opportunity to speak of him as we feel. Mr. Durivage is married, and has a very interesting family, presenting the most agreeable phase of domestic happiness.



FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ESQ.

CITY OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

The beautiful engraving below, with its fine effects of light and shade, is an accurate representation of the renowned old city of Geneva, as seen from the lovely lake on the shores of which it stands. It is quite a picturesque place, with its massive blocks of houses, its towers and church spires, while the mingled beauty and boldness of the scenery that surrounds it, the rare combination of mountain and water, invests it with a peculiar charm. It is the most populous city of Switzerland, although the capital of one of the smallest cantons. It is built upon two hills divided by the river Rhone as it issues from the lake. The river forms an island within the city, which is built over and connected with the other parts by bridges. The buildings are not elegant, as if the inhabitants thought it were a waste of time and money to attempt imposing architecture surrounded by scenery of such matchless grandeur and beauty. One portion of the town stands much lower than the other, and this lower part is the theatre of the greatest commercial activity. The streets are narrow and the houses high, many of them with projecting eaves supported by wooden pillars. The church of St. Peters, the most prominent object in our view, is not very striking externally, but its interior is a fine and well-preserved specimen of the Gothic architecture of the 11th century. The Museum, founded by General Rath, contains many works by native artists. The geological collections of Saussure, the first man who ascended Mount Blanc, "the monarch of mountains," the fossil plants of Brogniart and De Candolle, and M. Necker's valuable collections, are deposited in the Museum of Natural History. The Promenade de la Treille, a broad walk planted with trees, just above the cathedral, is a favorite resort. The Botanical Gardens are valuable and well kept. From some points of the ramparts, the buildings on the west, rising in amphitheatrical form, and crowned by the cathedral towers, have a fine effect, and the views in other directions are enchanting or imposing. On the west are the stern Jura mountains, to the south and east appear numerous lofty elevations, while Mount Blanc towers in the distance, seeming from its huge bulk to be near at hand, though fifty miles away. Geneva was one of the scenes of Calvin's arduous labors, and here he founded a seminary for the education of young men in the Protestant faith. He founded the library attached to the college which stands behind the cathedral, and contains about 40,000 volumes. There are many valuable autograph letters in this collection. Geneva has given birth to many eminent persons. Jean Jacques Rousseau was born here. M. Necker, the father of Madame de Stael, was a Genevese, and in Switzerland that lady passed a portion of her life when exiled from France by the first Napoleon. Geneva is noted, among other things, as being the chief seat of the watch manufacture of Switzerland. As early as the 17th century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, taking for their model the parish clock which was placed in the church of Locle, in the year 1630. The idea of using springs had not at that time been entertained. Towards the close of that century, a Swiss mountaineer, returning from a long voyage, brought with him the first watch his countrymen had ever seen, and confided it to a skilful workman, named Richard, to be repaired. Richard did his work well, and after a thorough examination of the works, undertook the task of making a watch himself. In so doing, he had to surmount great difficulties, for he was obliged to contrive and manufacture tools to accomplish his purpose. He succeeded, however, and his example was followed by several others of his countrymen. In this manner, watchmaking, which has proved such a lucrative branch of business, was established. It is only about eighty years since a few merchants began to collect small parcels of watches to sell again in foreign countries. The success which attended this venture led to the increase of the manufacture. Musical boxes and jewelry also contribute to the commercial prosperity of Geneva; for the production of which, in prosperous years, 75,000 ounces of gold, 5000 marks of silver and precious stones to the value of 1,000,000 francs are said to be used. The articles manufactured all receive government inspection, so important is it to maintain the mechanical reputation of the city. Geneva always attracts a large number of travellers, particularly Americans, during the fine season; and artists of all countries are always to be found in the vicinity sketching the varied and unrivalled scenery of the environs, attractions in themselves.



VIEW OF GENEVA, FROM THE LAKE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C., New York.—We have not yet been able to discover the gentleman, or the book you refer to, though we have made several inquiries

Wm. R. S., Logansport, In.—The form of the ancient classic drama differs essentially from that of the modern, though the principal rules laid down for the government of dramatists by the ancients were held to be authority until a late date. Schiller, in "Die Braut Von Messina," attempted to introduce the classic chorus—a peculiar feature of the ancient drama.—Shakspeare became an actor in London, but, according to Rowe, never rose higher than the personation of the ghost, in his own "Hamlet."

O. J.—"Sphragistics" (from the Greek *sphragis*, a seal), is a branch of diplomatics, which teaches the history of seals, and the means they afford of determining the genuineness of documents to which they are attached.

CANTERBURY.—The Moors, when saluting a stranger, ride full speed towards him, then halt their horses suddenly, and fire their pistols over his head.

C. C., Medford.—We know of no full-blooded Arab horse kept in this vicinity.

R. R.—The Russian language, originally a dialect of the Sclavi, has undergone many changes with the development of the people. It has borrowed much from the Scandinavian, Mongolian, Tartar, German, Polish and French languages.

M. O.—To obtain a passport, you must make application to the Secretary of State, at Washington, describing your age, height, etc., and destination. This is verified before a notary public, who attaches his seal and forwards the document to Washington. By return of mail you will get the passport, for which no fee is charged

VOYAGEUR.—The French have never succeeded with their transatlantic steam-packet vessels.

PICTOR.—There are some curious old portraits of New England worthies in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

O. O. Cambridge.—The first gymnasium was established in a large garden at the corner of West and Tremont Streets, reaching, on the latter street, as far as St. Paul's Church. Dr. Follen was the principal teacher. It was in operation about thirty years ago.

SOUGARET.—Marching with reversed arms at military funerals is never practised now. The manual is shoulder arms. The theory is, that a soldier should always have his weapon ready for use.

R. C.—The coloring of Rubens was excessively brilliant, and he never deviated from this style.

LECTOR.—*Rione* means "broken." It was first applied to Philip, Duke of Orleans, and his licentious companions, during the minority of Louis XV., of France, and signified that they deserved to be "broken on the wheel"—a barbarous punishment of those days.

JUROR.—A false oath, taken before a court incompetent to try the issue in question, does not constitute the crime of perjury.

M. C., Charlestown.—The best iron for the formation of gun-barrels, is that which has been much worn and toughened by the loss of its fiery particles. Old horse-shoe nails are used by gunmakers for this reason.

S. S.—Napoleon's Imperial Guard, old and young, at the close of 1812, consisted of 56,000 men.

M. M. D.—Segur's narrative of the French invasion of Russia is held to be a reliable book. It is vivid and interesting.

O. V. R.—The principal fine art galleries of Europe are those of the Louvre (Paris), Florence, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and the Vatican of Rome

G. L.—By the old forest law of England, all game was the property of the king.

MARRYING MEN.—A fearful question comes home to men on the eve of committing matrimony, now-a-days, viz., "Can you clothe a wife!" It is rather an expensive task in these days of diamonds, cashmeres and Honiton.

THE HEIGHT OF ART.—Miss Matilda Herron plays the consumptive heroine of "La Dame aux Camellias" so well, that sympathizing ladies have sent her recipes to cure "that dreadful cough."

SPLINTERS.

.... A New Hampshire machinist manufactures blocks of sand and lime, which will take the place of bricks, it is thought.

.... A California water company to supply the mines is advertised in London! Capital, $1,550,000.

.... The Resolute Arctic exploring expedition has been refitted, and will again try her fortune in the Arctic seas.

.. . The present British parliament will not die a natural death until the month of August, in the year 1859.

.... Bulwer tells students that the genius which will realize Aladdin's palace, must still be the genius of the lamp.

.... A correspondent asks if the Powder Magazine is published monthly, and whether it is a safe magazine for families.

.... Madam Grisi has organized a travelling Italian opera company in England. Her day has passed.

.... The physicians in London rely principally upon the use of lemon juice to effect a cure for the rheumatism.

.... If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than contradict him.

.... Mr. W. H. Webb, a New York shipbuilder, has received an order to build a steam frigate for the Russian navy.

.... There are in Minnesota, ninety-one million acres of public land—enough to make three States as large as Iowa.

.... Pastry cooks, it is said, seldom advertise, because a large proportion of their goods are puffs in themselves.

.... Mr. Bland, of New Orleans, we see it stated, has discovered a way of making hemp from the common cotton stalk.

.... If you are entrusted with a secret, keep it more religiously even than if it were a deposit of gold.

.... It is said to be a ground for divorce among the Arabs, for a woman not to know how to make good bread.

.... A French physician says there are two kinds of diseases—of one of which you die, of the other you don't.

.... In England, they are only just beginning to talk of having a bath-room in every house.

.... The salaries paid to the English royal household, and tradesmen's bills, last year amounted to $1,559,000.

.... The German emigrants who have settled in Texas, are now estimated to number 35,000.

.... Spanish quarters are worth 22 cents, and Spanish ninepences, 11 cents, to sell to the jewellers.

.... The difference between fair ladies and ladies' fair is—the former besiege men's hearts, the latter, their pockets.

.... The man who sows dissensions between man and wife, is sure to reap broomsticks and mop-handles—a poor crop.

.... Why is a gunsmith's shop like a chicken-pie? Because it contains fowling-pieces (fowl-in-pieces).

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

The importance of habit cannot be well over estimated. By it we acquire a fondness for such things which at first, however necessary to us, are absolutely distasteful. Among the myriads of learned men that have illustrated the history of the world, the cases of those who have found the rudiments of learning palatable are few and far between, justifying the remark of Aristotle, that though the fruits of science are pleasant, its roots are bitter. No patient digger after Greek roots will deny this. We believe it was Dr. Johnson who said, but with a certain degree of humorous exaggeration, that every boy hated the man who taught him Latin. Most of the tastes which afford us comfort or pleasure are acquired. Olives are unpleasant at first, and most children turn with distaste from roast pig.

Habit makes hardships not only endurable but agreeable. A friend of ours used to tell a story of a certain holy man in Italy who did penance for a number of years by sleeping on a couch studded with iron spikes. At the expiration of his term of trial it had become a luxury, and for the remainder of his life preferred an inverted harrow to a feather bed. Though this may be a "traveller's tale," yet we are inclined to believe it; for Highlanders, accustomed to sleep in the open air, have found themselves almost suffocated in tents, and it is long before returned Arctic explorers can accustom themselves to sleep like Christians.

A clever writer observes:—"The influence of use in subduing painful sensations is conspicuous in the medical profession. The horror of dissections, the sickening faintness produced by the sight of wounds and operations, would incapacitate men from lending to nature the resources of art, unless the feelings were blunted by the repetition of the spectacle. But here the gain seems upon a superficial view to be attended with a loss. If the offener we witness suffering the less we are moved by it, there appears a risk that our desire to alleviate it will be proportionably diminished. Bishop Butler, the profoundest and most practical of metaphysicians, who applied his intimate knowledge of the subtle laws of the mind to show the wisdom which contrived it, and to correct the evils which beset it, has cleared away the difficulty in one of the most luminous and important passages of his incomparable work. What he calls the passive impression, the mere involuntary sentiment of pity, is weakened by familiarity with distress; but as the original compassion is an incentive to render relief, those who obey the call have their habits of benevolence strengthened in the same degree that their mental uneasiness is decreased. Every time the exhibition of misery hardens our feelings, the effort to remove it invigorates our charity. Pity begets beneficence, and the practice of beneficence dispenses with the necessity for the painful instigation of heart-rending pity. No one can contemplate these effects of custom—the deadening of a sensation which, if it was continuous, would render philanthropy torture, and the contemporaneous impulse given to the active exertions which are to carry relief—and not admire the wonderful work of the Creator in the moral constitution of man."

STEADY PURPOSES.

Often as we laugh over the quaint epitaph found on an old gravestone, "I was well, I wanted to be better, I took medicine, and I am here," we overlook its general applicability to the affairs of life. As with health, so with business; nine persons out of ten ignore the golden secret of content. They are constantly striving after something different from that they enjoy. We do not deprecate enterprise, but it is the habit of change that we protest against—the habit of shifting from one pursuit to another. There are thousands of almost penniless and disappointed old men, picking up a precarious living at the extremity of life, because they have, in the course of their existence, tried a hundred different things, and abandoned all in turn simply because success was not instantaneous. To few men is it given to do more than one or two things well. The Will Honeycombs, and Master Simons and Admirable Crichtons are apt to be sad charlatans, deceiving themselves as well as others. There is scarcely any pursuit that if followed out with singleness of purpose will not yield a rich return.

A MAN OF WEIGHT.—It is generally known that the world-renowned operatic singer, Lablache, is a giant in size. Whenever he travels on board a steamer, and walks the deck, his extraordinary weight has an effect on the trim of the vessel. Once upon a time, when he was crossing from Dover to Calais in a small steamer, the captain very politely requested Lablache to inform one of the officers when he intended to walk from one side of the steamer to the other, that the sailors might change the ballast box.

THE DRESS REFORMERS.—The ladies who met in council in New York, lately, to take measures to reform female attire, wore dresses that reached to the knee, tight white and flesh-colored silk stockings, while many of the skirts were of rich velvet—a sort of ballet-girl costume, rather airy for walking the streets, and hardly suited to muddy weather.

BUILDING IN OLD TIMES.—In the "Book of Jasher," published by the late Major Noah, it is said that when the tower of Babel had reached a certain height, it took a year to carry the bricks and mortar to the top.

MONUMENT TO HARRISON.—An effort is being made in Cincinnati to raise money for a monument to the lamented hero of Tippecanoe.

MIND AND MATTER.—Brilliant ideas are like shirt-buttons—they are always off when we are in a hurry.

OUR PAPER.

While many of our *contemporaries* do not hesitate to fill their columns with the *repulsive detail* of murders and other heinous crimes, we cannot bring our minds to sully these *fair* pages with such records. We pass by such matters with the briefest mention, and are determined not to pander to the vitiated taste that craves such demoralizing food. Our aim is to make home happy, not to cast a cloud over the domestic circle by depicting the baser phases of life. Judicious parents will hesitate to place such reading matter before their sons and daughters as shall familiarize them with vice in its worst form, and which is regularly given in many papers, even to the indelicate and disgusting minutiæ which legal evidence must inevitably disclose. Newspapers contribute far more than people are generally aware of, to the education of the family circle, and in directing and stimulating the individual taste of each member. Be ours the part to purify, never to sully the native delicacy of our young readers, for in this matter we realize a heavy degree of responsibility to that All-seeing Eye which penetrates every human heart! We have been asked why we do not illustrate certain scenes which have so occupied the public mind, and present the portraits of the notorious parties connected with murder trials and the like. The reason is obvious to those who have marked the course of "Ballou's Pictorial" from the commencement. We wish to make a refined and agreeable companion for the *home circle*, a paper worth preserving and binding each six months, forming a rich and valued ornament for the centre table, not a mere weekly ephemeral issue that parents would wish destroyed as quickly as possible, fearing its demoralizing influence upon refinement and good taste. Our Pictorial is regularly taken, filed and bound by all the large libraries, institutes and colleges generally on this side the Atlantic, and it shall be kept worthy of its patronage, embracing only such reading matter and carefully prepared illustrations as are valuable, not alone for the present moment, but for preservation and future reference.

BINDING.—Those of our readers who have valuable pamphlets, magazines, music, or newspapers, which they desire to preserve, have only to do them up in a package, hand them to the express, addressed, with directions inside, to this office, and they will be elegantly bound and returned in *one week*. Binding of every description done at this office in the neatest manner and at the *lowest* rates. Books which have become soiled, binding injured, or torn off, we can repair and make as good as new.

CHURCH HOSPITALITY.—That was a severe rub which Job Sass gave the proprietors of a showy church, when he "thanked them for the privilege of parading up and down the broad aisle during divine service." He was a stranger, but he was not "taken in."

CURIOUS.—A man and his wife are now living in Pawtucket, R. I., who have been the parents of 20 children—10 of whom were born in that town, and 17 are now living. The father is 45 years of age, and the mother 40.

CABINET-MAKERS.—The occupation of these gentlemen is gone, now that Mr. Buchanan has selected the chief officers of his administration.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. A. A. Miner, Mr. Henry B. Greene to Miss Laura L. Hastings, both of Boston; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Galen Edson to Miss Harriet T. Walsh; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. William H. Getchell to Miss Sarah Hartwell, formerly of Hartford, by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Charles E. Huse, of Santa Barbara, Cal., to Miss Susan G. Hannum; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Richard Dolton, of New York, to Miss Mary A. Moore; by Rev. Mr. Southgate, Mr. Brownell Granger, of Preston, Minnesota, to Miss Lizzie Louisa Williamson.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Francis B. Austin to Miss Ellen L. Whiting.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Thomas Russell, of Boston, to Miss Julia M. Webber.—At Brookline, by Rev. Dr. Hedge, Mr. John C. Abbott to Mrs. Elizabeth Doane, daughter of Mr. Gorham Lincoln, of Hingham.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Richard K. Cunningham, of Grafton, to Miss Anna B. Smith.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Winchester, Mr. G. H. Mills, of Charlestown, to Miss M. J. Prescott.—At South Reading, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. George H. Green to Miss Louise J. Ray.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Francis M. Curtis to Miss Sarah L. Graves.—At Grafton, by Rev. Mr. Biscoe, Mr. Charles L. Eliot, of Boston, to Miss Ellen E. Leland.—At Orsipee, N. H., by W. H. Hobbs, Esq., Mr. Daniel T. Clark, of East Boston, to Miss Melissa A. Durrell, of Tamworth, N. H.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Anne, wife of Mr. Thomas Quirk, aged 37; Mrs. Sarah W. Baker, 93; Miss Isabella Augusta Clapp, 23; Mrs. Susannah Sayers, 82; Mrs. Laura A. Dunbar, 28; Mrs. Dolly P. Vitty, 70; Mr. Daniel Clark, 80; Mrs. Caroline M. Ward, 23.—At East Boston, Mr. Charles F. Rice, 46; Mrs. Joan W. Ingols, 24; Mr. Mark Goggins, 21.—At Charlestown, Mr. Nathan Merrill, Superintendent of Female Seminary, 59.—At Somerville, Mr. Henry G. Thorp, 28.—At West Roxbury, Mrs. Emeline Lothbridge, 43.—At Malden, Mr. Ezra S. Brintnall, 38.—At Quincy, Capt. Ebenezer S. Shaw, 68.—At South Reading, Mr. William Stimpson, 64.—At West Newton, Mr. Ephraim Jackson, 77.—At Randolph, Mrs. Margery A. Thayer, 40.—At Lynn, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Dixon, 81.—At Salem, John Punchard, Esq., a Revolutionary soldier, 93.—At Danvers, Mrs. Margaret Goodhue, 73.—At Lowell, Mrs. Harriet Lovejoy, 39.—At Beverly, Mr. Thomas Reynolds, 37.—At Gloucester, Mr. William Hill, 68.—At Marlboro', Mr. Solomon Rice, 57.—At Stoughton, Mr. William Packard, 77.—At Littleton, Mr. Thaddeus Grimes, 75.—At Taunton, Mrs. Polly Grant, 87.—At Northampton, Mrs. Sarah A. Wright, 67.—At Holyoke, Mr. Jacob Luddington, 82.—At Eastampton, Mrs. Naomi Wright, 85.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Ruth T. Croucher, 56.—At Fairhaven, Mrs. Phebe Coleman, 85.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Lydia Coffin, 50.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HEAVEN.

BY C. G. WILKES.

There is a land of pure and holy rest,
Where reigns eternal day:
A chosen land for those whom God has blest,
And called from earth away;
For those who have fulfilled their mission here,
When earth's last tie is riven,
And life departs, bright angels hover near,
And waft the soul to heaven.

It is a land unknown to grief and care,
Unknown to death and sin:
Sorrow nor grief can ever enter there,
Where all is joy within.
When the dark journey of this life is o'er,
And twilight fades at even,
The weary pilgrim, wanderer now no more,
Finds love and home in heaven.

Jesus has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive,
And never thirst again:"
That they who in his holy name believe,
Shall never seek in vain.
When this poor dust turns to its mother earth,
And yields the spirit given,
The soul shall find in that immortal birth,
Eternal rest in heaven

DETERMINATION

A quiet smile played round his lips.
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee.
He answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea."—LONGFELLOW

A RETROSPECT.

—— I have lost forever
The paradise of young and happy thoughts,
And now stand, in the middle of my life,
Looking back through my tears—be'er to return.—ALEX. SMITH.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We passed a very pleasant half hour, the other day, in the gallery of the "Boston Art Club," in Bedford Street, and we advise our city friends to go and do likewise. And we trust the example will be followed, not by mere "flaneurs," but by some of our solid men, who have elegant establishments, and the means of gracing them with works of art. They will find pictures there by Wight, Champney, Griggs, Frost and Gay, that would grace any drawing-room or private gallery. We were particularly struck with the landscapes of Frost. They are true to nature, rich and deep in color, with most felicitous atmospherical effects. Our young landscapists are working in the right direction. The influence of the pre-Raphaelite school is visible in their careful studies of nature. Painting in the field is much more common than heretofore. Artists are not satisfied with crude pencil sketches, to be afterwards worked up with conventional color—many of them now finish in the field. We have abundance of artistic talent among us, which only requires the genial sun of patronage to produce abundant fruit.....Before dismissing Art from this week's "gossip," we must briefly notice John Faed's fine painting, "Shakspeare and his Contemporaries," lately exhibited at Wiggins's, 19 Tremont Street. It is a finely drawn, well characterized, and rich-colored picture. Excluding the frame and the surroundings, we were carried back into the Elizabethan era, and actually "assisted," as the French say, at the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" at the old Mermaid Club. We stand before Shakspeare and his friends face to face, forgetting for a while business, stocks, politics, murder, mishaps, the weather, and all the trials and tribulations—all the movement and irritation of the 19th century. The central figure of the group is painted with great grace and effect. The rich costumes of the day afford every desirable accuracy, and are admirably handled. The engraving from this masterpiece is worthy of the original.....From pictures to railroads is an abrupt transition; but we must relate a "story of the rail," which happened the other day. There is a stopping-place on the Fitchburg road between Porter's and Wellington Hill, known as "Hill's Crossing." Well, the other day, just before reaching it, the conductor called out, as usual, "Hill's Crossing!"—"What did you say?" asked a tall Western man, in a bearskin cap, jumping to his feet. "Hill's Crossing!"—"Well. let him cross," said the Wolverine. "It's his own lookout, if he gets run over!".....'Squire Jakes, of Montpeller, was a hard case. He was inordinately fond of money—in fact, he worshipped it. A few days before his death, he was sitting up in his arm-chair, looking very poorly, when a neighbor happened in to see him. "How do you find yourself, 'squire?" asked the sympathizing friend. "Very poorly. I'm as weak as a baby—haint got no strength left. My folks prop me up in this here arm-cheer, but it don't make me feel no better The doctors tell me I can't never get over it, and I believe them. Why, Mister Jones, if you was to lay a silver dollar now between my feet, I really don't think I'd have strength to pick it up."—"By George!" said neighbor Jones, "I wouldn't risk a half dollar—no, nor a sixpence, either; you'd be sure to have it!" Rather an unfeeling remark, perhaps, under the circumstances—but it was true.....A very clever and valuable paper is the "Waltham Sentinel." It is conducted on the true principle which ought to govern suburban journals—that is, it confines itself to the interests of the town—to researches into its antiquities, its statistics, etc.; and the articles on these subjects are written with great care and spirit. We hope our Waltham friends will sustain it. It has now entered on its second volume. It is very handsomely printed, and not of too great a size for preservation.....A great many of our farmers are turning their attention to the cultivation of cranberries. From five-eighths of an acre of upland, in West Danvers, Mr. Elias Needham sold, last year, 97 bushels of cranberries, which, with 14 bushels of apples raised on the same land, brought him in $440. Who will say that fruit-raisers have not as good a chance to make money as merchants and traders?..... The New York Picayune publishes a receipt for opening oysters with a razor. When travelling, we have been favored with the use of razors which seemed to have been employed for the above purpose.....The best cosmetic in the world is temperance; and the best recipe for whitening the hands—honesty.....People remember whatever they take an interest in. A miser never forgets his debtors, but cannot possibly "remember the poor.".....It is understood that Mr. Wise, the aeronaut, at his next ascension proposes to let down a Broadway belle, instead of the ordinary parachute. We predict a total failure. In the present inflated condition of skirts, a lady would go up instead of going down..... We publish the following at the request of a friend, who is a monomaniac on the subject of puns:—A lunatic punster was lately discovered with his foot in a mill-wheel out West. When extricated from his perilous position, and asked how he had come there, he answered, with an insane smile, that he was trying how it felt to travel *in cog!*.....The Boston Transcript lately announced a "Lecture by Winter." Now the winter referred to, was not the "winter of our discontent," which will be made "glorious summer" one of these days, but Mr. William Winter—no relation of Jack Frost, but one of our most promising young literateurs.....The member of our legislature who proposed raising peat from seed, was probably an amateur agriculturist, and had heard of raising tenpenny nails out West, by planting crowbars.....A wasp's nest usually contains 12,000 or 16,000 cells. Isn't the story a "sell" itself? It seems rather "fishy."..... The emperor of France has a revenue of thirty-two millions of francs, and the poor fellow finds it hard to make both ends meet with that income; so that the "pinching shoe" is felt in high, as well as low stations—at least, so his minister, Mr. Fould, tells the Parisians. A Yankee would not be so apt to be *fooled*.....Once in a while we see in an English paper a hearty admission of superiority on the part of Americans. The London Times lately said, that the principal hotel in Chicago was a grander establishment than any in the great British metropolis. The author of "Dore" tells us that the English hotels do not keep up with the times—they are managed the same way they were a century ago.....The spread of the Bible is an encouraging feature of the age. The Rev. Dr. Dowling, of New York, in his address at the anniversary of the Philadelphia Bible Society, stated that more than ten times as many Bibles have been printed and issued in the last fifty years, than had ever been issued in the whole world previous to that time Emerson does not speak very flatteringly of the religion of England. He says:—"The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither Transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer—much less any saintly prayer for the queen's mind. They ask neither for light nor right, but say bluntly, 'grant her in health and wealth long to live.'".....The implication of women in some of the recent murder cases is a sad social feature. If a virtuous woman is but little lower than an angel, the woman who falls is a fit associate for fiends.....Some cases of garotting in New York are not followed by fatal consequences. Friend Fuller, of the Mirror, is responsible for the following case:—"As a gentleman was about leaving a house in the fashionable quarter of the city, where he had been spending the evening, a pair of white arms were thrown around his neck, and his lips were stifled. The suddenness of the attack deprived him of all power of resistance. As usual, no policeman was to be seen." Against such an attack, what weapons are available? Retaliation seems justifiable in such a case.....The Keokuk (Iowa) Post gives the instance of a young man who located in that city some time since without a shilling, and in ninety days was worth $8000. Such cases, it states, are quite common. Such *rapid* accumulation of wealth is, of course, exceptional. But almost all our rich men commenced life with little or nothing.....A celebrated D. D was assaulted by a street robber, lately, in New York, and politely requested to "stand and deliver." The clergyman, quite after the manner of the world, drew from the folds of his shawl a pistol, at sight of which the thief incontinently dispersed. Parsons, as well as publicans and sinners, must show pluck under such circumstances. The non-resistant principle is suicide in case of a highway attack.....It is not improbable that New York city will overtake London in population in about fifty years.....It is said Miss Hutton, an American lady, residing in Paris, might have married Count de Moray, with his fifty-three years and twenty-three millions, had she chosen. But the young belle probably thought, with Cardinal Richelieu, "Bah! the mate for beauty is a man, and not a money-chest."..... The great French dramatist, Moliere, was the unsparing enemy of physicians. Sganarelle, in the "Festin de Pierre," when disguised as a doctor, undertakes to prove the virtues of "emetic wine" in the following manner:—A poor fellow had been lying at the point of death for several days, given up by his physicians, but unable to give up the ghost. An emetic was administered, and he died instantly!.....Drawing is now, as it should be, an indispensable branch of education. Winckelman says:—Aristotle tells us that the Greeks taught their children the art of drawing, with a view to enable them to judge, with discernment and taste, of those bodily proportions that constitute true beauty.....The legislature of Maine have passed resolves in opposition to the repeal of the fishing bounties by Congress. It will be remembered that a Washington orator styled the recipients of those bounties, the "codfish aristocracy." This same "codfish aristocracy" is a very hard-working class, and gets along by *hook* and *crook*.....Holders of Spanish coins now pay their charity dues in that depreciated currency, thus saving twenty per cent.....Crows are great destroyers of corn—*caws* and effect.....We know not whom to credit with the following affecting narrative:—A printer, who was recently "flung" by his sweetheart, went to the office and tried to commit suicide with the "shooting-stick," but the thing wouldn't go off. The "devil" wished to pacify him, and told him to peep into the sanctum, where the editor was writing *duns* to delinquent subscribers. He says that picture of despair "reconciled him to his fate.".....Four millions of dollars have been expended in searching for Sir John Franklin, yet his faithful wife does not yet give him up. Such a woman is worthy of so heroic an adventurer. How bravely she has borne up against that "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick!".....A waggish newspaper publishes the marriage of F. Plummer Hobson, Esq., to a daughter of Governor Wise, of Virginia, under the caption of "Hobson's Choice." Another waggish newspaper says: "Well, Hobson's choice was a Wise one." When Governor Wise himself was married, a waggish friend pointed out his example to a confirmed old bachelor, and, quoting Scripture, bade him "Go and do like-Wise.".....The reason why Madame Rachel's house in Paris was not sold lately is a curious one. The staircase was built before crinolines; and as the ladies could not get in to look at it, there were no bidders. Perhaps Rachel is anxious to sell for the same reason.....The estimated value of the property of the late Joshua Sears, of this city, is $1,600,000. He gave away large sums in charity during his life.....We pity the poor Dutchman, who took his bag of Spanish quarters to the Niagara County Bank, and was told by the teller that they were only received for twenty cents each. The poor man exclaimed, with a pitiful expression of countenance, "I save 'em because de bills preak; and now, by gracious, de silver preak, too!".....The captain-general of Cuba has given permission to "all persons" to land coolies in Cuba; so that henceforth the trade in those wretched individuals will be unrestricted.....It is estimated that the number of persons afflicted by insanity in the United States, at this time, reaches the large figure of 25,000. In this estimate, the "morally insane" are not included.

A bell warbles the more mellifluously in the air when the sound of the stroke is over, and when another swims out from underneath it, and pants upon the element that gave it birth. In like manner the recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality; what is harsh is dropped in the space between.—*Landor.*

The righteous man has a strong tower that the sinner lacks. He is fit to battle with solitude and fearful darkness; an unseen light shines in upon his soul—an unseen hand sustains him. The darkness is no darkness to him, for the Sun of righteousness is nigh.—*Charles Reade.*

Choice Miscellany.

VAGABONDISM IN THE OLDEN TIME.

For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging, was held a crime deserving of death, and the sentence was intended on fit occasions to be executed. The poor man's advantages, which I have estimated at so high a rate, were not purchased without drawbacks. He might not change his master at his will, nor wander from place to place; he might not keep his children at home unless he could answer for their time. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged, and compelled to work whether he would or no. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear was slit, or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, and thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it only to his own hurt, and that of others, he suffered death as a felon. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First drawn by Henry, it continued unrepealed all through the reigns of Edward and Mary—subsisting, therefore, with the deliberate approval of both of the great parties between whom the country was divided. Reconsidered under Elizabeth, the same law was again formally passed; and it was, therefore, the expressed conviction of the English nation, that it was better for a man not to live at all, than to live a profitless and worthless life. The vagabond was a sore spot upon the commonwealth, to be healed by wholesome discipline, if the gangrene was not incurable; to be cut with the knife, if the milder treatment of the cart-whip failed to be of profit.—*Froude's History of England.*

LAMARTINE'S OPINION OF WOMEN.

The following, from one of his late works, will give our readers a pleasant introduction to the writings of this distinguished Frenchman:—"Woman, with weaker passions than man, is superior to him by the soul. The Gauls attributed to her an additional sense—the divine sense. They were right. Nature has given to women painful but heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion, they devote themselves; by enthusiasm, they exalt themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more heart, and more imagination than man. Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart. Women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism, of which woman is the instrument in the hands of God. When all is desperate in a national cause, we need not despair while there remains a spark of resistance in a woman's heart, whether she is called Judith, Clelia, Joan of Arc, Vittoria Colona, in Italia, or Charlotte Corday in our own day. God forbid that I compare those I cite! Judith and Charlotte Corday sacrificed themselves, but their sacrifices did not recoil at crime. Their inspiration was heroic, but their heroism mistook its aim; it took the poignard of the assassin, instead of the sword of the hero. Joan of Arc used only the sword of defence; she was not merely inspired by heroism, she was inspired by God."

FREEZING TO DEATH.

To be frozen to death, many would consider a frightful torture, from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. A most curious example of the seductive power of cold is found in the adventures of the botanical party, who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down, will sleep; and whoever sleeps, will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down and die. The same warning was repeated a thousand times in the retreat from Moscow. Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero; and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence.—*London Quarterly.*

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

The old and weather-beaten tree, upon whose branches the winds and storms of many winters have fallen, changing its verdant green and freshness to an almost perpetual sere and yellow leaf, and hanging the limbs with festoons of moss, like the gray hairs of some venerable man, may, like the aged veteran, fall and pass away; and it is but the lot of mortals—they were "born to die." But the young and thrifty tree, with its upright waving branches covered with bright flowers, promising a golden harvest—when we see the tornado sweep it away in an instant, or when the forked lightnings curl around it, and it is blackened and dead, we are startled, and we cry, "It was too young—too beautiful to die!" And thus, when the old man dies, full of years and honors, our sorrow is not so startling, because age has prepared us for it. But the young, for whom we anticipate many years of happiness; on whom the parent leans, looking forward through a long vista of hopeful, happy years—when death comes and tears these away, the heart is pierced. It feels an agony unutterable, and the parent will mourn, and will *not* be comforted, because *they* are not.—*California Farmer.*

WHITE TEETH.

The famous Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, although entirely blind, being one day in company, remarked of a lady who had just left the room, and who was wholly unknown to him, that she had very white teeth. The company were anxious to learn how he had made the discovery; for it happened to be true. "I can think of no motive," said the professor, "for her laughing incessantly, but that of showing her teeth." Dr. Saunderson was blind from infancy, but became eminent as a classical scholar and mathematician, and occupied for many years the chair of mathematics in Cambridge University, England. He judged philosophically, and from his observation of human nature, in the case of the lady's teeth; but he possessed in a high degree the sense of feeling and hearing. He could distinguish true from counterfeit Roman medals by the touch. He could tell, by some effect of the air upon his person, when light clouds were passing over the disc of the sun. When he entered a room, he could judge of the size of it, by the sound of his footsteps.—*Spectator.*

Editorial Melange.

The town of Westfield, Mass., has voted $5000 as a permanent fund, to comply with the terms of the bequest of the late Stephen Harrison, for the establishment of an agricultural branch to Westfield Academy. —— The capital stock of the manufacturing companies in Lowell, is $13,900,000. —— At the Isle of Shoals it has been colder this past winter than ever known before, and the weather acted disastrously upon the small fishes that seek the shallow waters. Cunners and the like have been washed upon the shore dead, in cart-loads. —— Accounts from Salt Lake state that Brigham Young is fast declining towards the grave. —— If the cost of railways were distributed equally among the people, those of the United States would amount to a tax of *thirty dollars* for each man, woman and child. —— In Louisville, Ky., lately, a divorce was granted a gentleman named Collier, who is *eighty years* of age. —— Not long since, Mrs. Polly Noyes, engaged in nursing a sick man in Salisbury, Vt., inhaled, by accident, the odor arising from an uncorked bottle of strychnine, and in a few hours after died —— Twenty-five casks of porter froze and exploded on the Grand Trunk Railway during the cold season lately. —— It is stated in the Richmond Enquirer that the Hon. Edward Everett has already placed in the hands of trustees $12,000 at 7 per cent. interest, and $500 at 6 per cent. interest—the proceeds of his oration—for the benefit of the Mount Vernon fund. —— The Vermont State Fair is to be held at Montpelier, on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of September next. The Society have raised the premiums on all neat stock. —— The artesian well now being bored at Augusta, Ga., has reached a depth of nearly one hundred feet. For the last forty-five feet, the boring has been effected through gold-bearing quartz. —— The damage to steamboats by the recent freshet in Ohio is estimated at $160,000. About thirty boats were more or less injured. —— The Typographical Society of Philadelphia has taken preliminary measures for the establishment of an asylum for superannuated printers and the widows and orphans of deceased printers. —— There are 459 harbors on the Atlantic coast of the United States. —— The military committee of both houses have agreed that it is proper to add ten dollars a month to the cadets at West Point—now twenty-four dollars. —— Our small-feet American belles need only go to Russia to add a rose-leaf to their full cup of conquest. The Russian nobility are as sensitive as Lord Byron to the aristocracy of small feet. No person can be well-born (they say with the Arab), unless water will flow beneath the arch of the instep, with the foot standing bare on the ground. —— The expenditures of the city schools of Detroit last year were $25,354. —— A dog was caught at Pawtucket, the other night, in the act of stealing hens. He had evidently been trained for the business, and pursued it with great skill, seizing the fowls by the neck, and carrying them to his employer, who waited a short distance off. —— Sir Henry Halford, in his account of the deaths of eminent persons, says he saw a prescription once, in which a portion of the human skull was ordered, in a powder, to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. —— A workman in a brewery in St. Louis, named Brown, fell head foremost into a kettle of boiling liquor, not long since, and died in great agony. —— The British returns of silver and gold sent to the East, principally to China, in six years, from 1850 to 1856, inclusive, is $176,000,000, of which $153,585,000 was in silver. Let no one ask, hereafter, what becomes of the silver. —— No less than ten bridges are already built, projected, or in process of construction across the Mississippi River, at various points above St. Louis. —— An eminent ship-builder in New York has contracted with a company of land-holders in California, for the construction of two mammoth steamships, each of 7000 tons, designed for the conveyance of 3000 passengers, to accomplish the trip via. the Isthmus, in fifteen days. —— It is said that of the entire trade of Africa, which is believed to amount to the annual sum of one hundred millions of dollars, Great Britain enjoys from the west coast alone full twenty-five millions, while the trade of the United States with the entire continent is only a little more than three millions of dollars.

GREAT SHOOTING.—A correspondent, "Spy-glass," tells us of some tall duck-shooting in our bay during the last winter, by Mr. Belcher, of Winthrop, a renowned sportsman of these parts. He had a gunning-float, dressed up and disguised with ice cakes, in which, perfectly concealed, he approached the air-holes where the ducks fed, making awful carnage among them with his unerring gun. He killed at one shot sixteen black ducks (the wildest of the wild), recovering thirteen of them. We should like to know if any correspondent of "Porter's Spirit" can match this?

BIRDS OF PREY.—Since the fact was published that the Lowell factory girls have nearly a million and a quarter of dollars in the Savings' Banks, thousands of nice young men have started for Spindledom, all ready to make disinterested proposals for hearts and hands.

CLEANLINESS.—Count Rumford thought that no person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness could ever be a consummate villain. So that all we have to do for the morals of New York or Boston, is to establish gratuitous baths in those great cities.

A SOUR REMEDY.—Three table-spoonsful of lemon juice per diem, it is said, will effect a cure for rheumatism, in, we don't know what time.

SPIRITUALISM.—Isn't it strange that none of the "spirits" have proclaimed the authors of some of the late secret murders?

Wayside Gatherings.

Liquid manuring having been very successful in 1856, in the practice of some farmers in England, they will be greatly extended during the next season.

The Erie Gazette says a petition is in circulation, asking Congress to appropriate $20,000 towards the erection of a monument to the memory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, in the Erie Cemetery.

In the case of Taylor vs Taylor, at Fredericksburg, Va., Judge John Robertson, the counsel for the plaintiff, made a speech which occupied five days! What must have been the feelings of the judge?

A man in Weymouth had his store blown up the other day by the explosion of a stock of wood stolen from the woodpile of a tenant of his, a poor widow. He then turned the woman out of doors!

The Newbern, N. C., Transcript says that within ten or twelve miles of that city, on the north side of the Neuse, bears, catamounts and wild-cats exist in such numbers that it is impossible to raise hogs or sheep.

The New York Evangelist heads one of its columns "Sunny Side." This column contains eighteen items, all relating to presents to pastors, during the recent holidays, amounting in the aggregate to ten thousand dollars.

The Postmaster General has authorized one of his assistants to say that it is not the duty of a postmaster to place postage-stamps upon circulars and other transient printed matter deposited for mailing in his office. This must be done by the sender.

The Boston Corn Exchange have voted to discontinue the practice of using eighths and sixteenths of a dollar in their reckoning when making sales of flour, etc., and will hereafter employ only the decimal currency.

The Dayton, Ohio, Gazette, relating the freezing to death of 125 hogs at a railroad depot in that city, describes their features as "being stiffened in the last expression of suffering in which the frosty king of terrors had seized them."

William E. Thompson, formerly commercial editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, and lately an absconder with moneys fraudently obtained from various friends, has been overtaken in England, and compelled to fork over $2489 of his stolen funds.

A little son of Horace Stiles, of Waterford, N. Y., who was recently bitten by a dog (which was not mad, and is now living), has died of hydrophobia, which was caused by the bite. Thus it is seen that madness in the animal is not necessary to make the bite fatal.

By a course of brutal treatment, one Olisleager, in Buckingham county, Iowa, has caused the death of a "little bound boy," an orphan and a Dane by birth. After his death, the inhuman master crowded the body into an old boot box, and was about to bury it in a field near by, when he was arrested for man-slaughter.

Most of the canals in the country are losing their business and depreciating in value. In 1853, the aggregate amount of receipts on the five canals in Ohio was $633,203.20; in 1856, it was $427,813.99; decrease $204,390.41. This decrease has proceeded gradually from year to year, and is likely to go on still further.

There is a farmer in Bethany, Conn., who has not worn a hat, or any other covering on his head, for twenty years, summer or winter, and who says his head is never cold. During the severe weather in the latter part of January, he might have been seen working roads through the snow in that, with thick, warm mittens on his *hands*, but no covering on his head.

Mr. McKay, son of the district attorney of Wyoming county, N. Y., is in jail at Buffalo, for making and issuing counterfeit coin. The dies used by him, came into his father's possession as a prosecuting officer, on the trial of a man, some time before, for the same offence. His son found them and used them. He is twenty-two years of age.

Mr. Caleb Upham, of Weathersfield, Vt., an old man in his eighty-third year, having had some trouble with a couple of men in the management of his farm, and getting into a dispute with them, said that he would die first, but that he would have his own way a part of the time, and saying these words, dropped dead. He was a highly respectable old man.

A man passing himself off as Dr. Stephenson has been cutting a figure at Petersburg, Va., and was about to marry a member of a respectable and wealthy family, when it was established that he was a penitentiary convict from York, Pa., and had served a full three years term at the weaving business in the East Pennsylvania institution.

An Irish family at Lowell, Mass., applied lately at the mayor's office for relief, and on visiting their dwelling, every indication of squalid poverty appeared, but further examination disclosed nearly a barrel of flour, a barrel of crackers, three-fourths of a ton of coal and half a cord of split wood. The woman of the house would not allow the examination to proceed further, and it was not necessary.

A Mrs. Ross, at Niagara, lately died very suddenly in the night, nobody being in the house at the time but a little grand-daughter, aged three years. The child was unable to open the door, and remained until the next afternoon in solitary companionship with the corpse, which lay stretched upon the floor. She was then discovered by the neighbors who were attracted to the house by her cries.

Curdot, a French engineer, has invented a railroad car brake, consists of a series of brakes acting upon the rails, instead of upon the wheels, in the usual manner. It is stated that he is enabled to check the motion of a train running at the rate of sixty kilometres, or thirty-seven and a half miles per hour, in the distance of four hundred and forty feet, without producing a sensible shock to the passengers in the train.

The self-acting car coupling, by which cars may be connected by merely pushing their buffers together, is a valuable improvement on the old method of connecting. The connection is effected by means of a peculiar hook-shaped bar, weighted at one end, and so made that when the buffers come together, the bar turns slightly upon its side, which allows the hook to enter the buffer, and then resume its first position, thus hooking the cars together—no springs being used.

An affecting incident is related by a Donegal (Ireland) paper. A young boy and his sister, returning homeward, had to cross a mountain. The night was dark and stormy, and they lost their way. Next morning both were found dead from exposure. The boy and girl lay side by side—the latter with her arms around her brother's neck, and her flannel petticoat, removed from her own body, was wrapped round his feet. Thus did the affectionate creature perhaps sacrifice her own life in a vain effort to sustain that of her young brother.

Foreign Items.

Artificial milk is now a favorite article to extensively in France, from beet.

There is a glut of Circassian girls in the Constantinople market, and the price of handsome ones has come down from $500 to $25.

The texture of the yashmak, or Turkish veil, is now so exquisitely fine, that the two square yards of muslin which compose it, do not weigh more than a single drachm!

Political arrests in Sicily increase in the most deplorable and odious manner, without any discrimination, and even against the opinion of the local authorities.

The China Mail says, that the piracies in and around Canton, and especially in the rivers, or entrance to the harbor have latterly become more numerous and daring than ever before experienced.

Advices from Catania, dated January 22, state "that commerce is entirely at a stand, the theatres are all closed, the clubs are closed, the streets are silent and almost deserted, for nobody is met but agents of the police escorted by military.

The illustrious family of the Foscaris, at Venice, has become extinct. A few years ago, two old ladies of the name inhabited a room in the family palace, and the last male son of the Foscaris not long since died as an inferior member of a traveling burlesque company.

Sands of Gold.

.... Who would not be honest, if they knew its sweets?—*Charles Reade.*

.... A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the stream of the world.—*Goethe.*

.... As wit is too hard for power in council, so power is too hard for wit in action.—*Wycherly.*

.... However small society may be, if it is a human one, jealousy will creep in.—*Charles Reade.*

.... A man can do without his own approbation in much society, but must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone.—*Sydney Smith.*

.... Our hopes, though they never happen, yet are some kind of happiness; as trees, whilst they are growing, please in the prospect.—*Wycherly.*

.... He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.—*Bacon.*

.... Experience teaches us indulgence; the wisest man is he who doubts his own judgment with regard to the motives which actuate his fellow-men.—*Talleyrand.*

.... O, there is nothing holier in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy.—*Hyperion.*

Joker's Budget.

What country in Central America does an African who bores you, resemble? Nicaragua. (Nigger-auger!)

If a man's worth depends on his acres, a person with eight decayed teeth should be considered a man of property. Assessors will please notice.

Hear what a cynic says of women. "When they are maids, they are as mild as milk; once make them wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificate and defy you."

There are trees so tall in Wisconsin, that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

"Any sleighing out your way, Bob?"—"Heaps of it, and plenty more lying against the fence."—"Fond of it?"—"Nothing shorter. Killed five horses last week. If that don't show I'm fond of 'slaying,' I don't know what would!"

"John, how does the thermometer stand?"—"Against the wall, dad."—"I mean, how is the mercury?"—"Guess it's pretty well; it hasn't complained, lately."—"You little rascal, is it colder than yesterday?"—"I really don't know, dad; but I'll go out and feel."

Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, was once giving his class some instruction about preaching in such a manner as to gain attraction and applause. "Young gentlemen," said he, "it's all contained in a nut-shell. When you go to preach in the city, take your best coat; when you go to preach in the country, take your best sermon."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

The fine portrait on this page, is an authentic likeness of Clara Novello, a celebrated soprano singer, appreciated throughout Europe. She was born in England on the 15th of June, 1818, and is the daughter of Mr. Vincent Novello, an organist and musician of no inconsiderable repute, chiefly esteemed, however, on account of his arrangement of Mozart's masses. Before she was six years old she began her studies; and, by the advice of the celebrated Fetis, she was presented, some time later, as a candidate for admission among the pupils of the Academy of Sacred Music, in Paris. The brilliant Choron was then at the head of the establishment. He asked the little girl to sing; she obeyed, and sang, "The Soldier Tired." That was enough for Choron. He waived all the ceremonies of the institution, and received her at once. Clara Novello, still very young, returned to England, and commenced her brilliant career as a concert-singer. This she continued for a considerable time, in England and Ireland, appearing twice in Norwich, at the opening of a Catholic chapel, and at the theatre, during the performance of "Acis and Galatea." At length the great master of German music, Mendelssohn, hearing of her talents, invited her to make her appearance in Germany; she accepted the proposal; she sang before a critical audience at one of the most fastidious of continental capitals, and her triumph was complete. She was then invited to Russia, and the Russian connoisseurs appreciated her no less highly than the Germans. Returning a second time to England, Malibran and Rubini, the stars of the operatic stage, were interested in her reputation, and counselled her parents, with the most sincere friendliness, to secure for her voice the advantages of an Italian discipline, that she might come forward and grace the Italian stage. To Italy, therefore, she went, and, under the best teachers, made such progress that she soon appeared in the principal theatres in Italy—at Fermo, at Bologna, at Padua and at Rome. Her success was remarkable; her reputation increased every day. As an illustration of this, we may mention that when Rossini produced at Bologna, under the directorship of the celebrated Donizetti, his wondrous work, the "Stabat Mater," he offered to Clara Novello, the homage of asking her to sing it. Many a prima donna in Italy would have felt a glow of pride at receiving from such a master such an invitation.—Two years passed. All Europe had now heard of Clara Novello's performances. She then married, in Italy, the Count Giglineci, and retired for awhile into private life. But the tempest of 1848 swept over the continent, and after the events of 1849, the Countess Giglineci was determined, by a concatenation of circumstances, to resume the toils and triumphs of her favorite profession. Once more the London season was graced by her presence; once more the theatres of Rome, Florence, Lisbon, and Madrid, resounded with her praise, which even swelled aloft under the unrivalled roof of the Scala, at Milan. The quality of her voice is admitted to be of the finest character. The utmost art, conjoined with the utmost ease, pervades her intonation. She is devoted to a pure, natural and healthy style, introducing no capricious, showy or eccentric variations, but always sweet and equal, whether when warbling a ballad, or singing some of the difficult pieces of Spohr or Cimarosa. She is well patronized.



MADAME CLARA NOVELLO, THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH SINGER.

THE ISLAND OF NISIDA, ITALY.

This striking island, situated near Naples, is well delineated in our engraving. It is very bold and picturesque, and arrests the eye of the traveller as he is voyaging past it. It is invested with the high charm of historical associations. It was once the property of Lucullus, who connected it by a bridge thrown over arches and piles, with the adjoining rock of the Lazaretto, which is close to his villa at Posilippo, now called the School of Virgil. Here Cicero had an interview with Brutus, who was then on a visit to the son of Lucullus, or, at all events, sojourning in his house. Here, too, the Queen Johanna resided for some time, and from the towers then standing on the heights repulsed the Duke of Guise. On this site, in more modern times, has been erected an "Ergastolo"—a building which, by law, must be upon an island, and to which are confined those who are condemned to imprisonment for life. This place is reserved in an especial manner for priests, who, according to a convention concluded between Gregory XVI. and the government of the Two Sicilies in 1834, must be confined in separate prisons. Between Nisida and the Point of Posilippo is a peculiar rock. The Duke of Alba, under Philip IV. of Spain, built a Lazaretto upon it in 1624, and, moreover, founded a little port, by erecting a mole, which defended it from the west. The most recent public work of consequence here was effected by the counsel and under the superintendence of the engineer Giuliano de Fazio. In 1834, upon the ancient Roman piles, he constructed a mole, with approaches; thus enlarging the port, and connecting the Lazaretto with the island. At the extremity is a revolving light. Spite of its vines, and its olives, its figs, its mushrooms, and its asparagus, all so celebrated and so dear to the gourmand, it is a melancholy place to look upon. That large whitewashed building on the top strikes even the stranger as a suspicious-looking spot, a place of unknown suffering and woe; whilst the Neapolitan casts a hurried glance at it, and exclaims: "Ecco l'Ergastolo!" The very name has something harsh and menacing, how much more so is the reality? The Lazaretto is noted as one of the worst in the Mediterranean.

WIRE ROPE.

Wire rope is coming into extensive use for the standing rigging of vessels. It is asserted to be only one quarter as bulky as hemp rigging of the same strength, consequently offering much less resistance in sailing by the wind, or in steaming against a gale. It is also but two-thirds as heavy as hemp, and therefore adds materially to the stability of a vessel. It is capable of being set up by turnbuckles, which are far superior to the deadeyes and lanyards now employed; and it employed for back-stays, and the chains are extended down to meet the copper, a complete lightning-conductor is established on every side of the ship. Hemp is brittle when the tar contained is very old, and extremely juicy in a very hot climate—neither of which evils exist to the same extent in the wire-rope rigging.—*Scientific American.*



THE ISLAND OF NISIDA, ITALY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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CANSO LIGHT, NOVA SCOTIA.

The fine picture on this page was drawn expressly for us on the spot by Mr. Barry, and is remarkable for its striking pictorial and atmospheric effect. The full moon, partially obscured by clouds, irradiates a portion of the heavens, while the broad rays of light from the lofty tower render the objects in its vicinity as distinct almost as by day. On the horizon, a schooner under easy sail is bearing down over the rippling water, while the boatmen on the nearer plane of delineation are hauling in driftwood, the fragments of some nameless wreck. Canso Light is situated on Cranberry Island, the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia. Cape Canso, or St. Andrew's Island, is one of the three composing Nova Scotia. It is low, and covered with stunted fir-trees. The light house is 88 feet high, and contains two fixed lights. The coast scenery of Nova Scotia is quite remarkable. The province forms a narrow peninsula, lying nearly parallel to the main land of New Brunswick, with which it is connected by an isthmus only fifteen miles wide, separating the Bay of Fundy from Northumberland Straits. It is bounded north by the Northumberland Straits, which separate it from Prince Edward Island, northeast by the Gut of Canso, flowing between it and the island of Cape Breton, south and southeast by the Atlantic Ocean, west by the Bay of Fundy, and northwest by New Brunswick. Including Cape Breton, it has an area of 18,746 square miles. The southeast coast is remarkable for its capacious harbors, there being twelve ports capable of receiving ships of the line, and fourteen deep enough for merchantmen, between Halifax and Cape Canso, a distance of a little over one hundred miles. A broad belt of high and unbroken land extends along the Atlantic shores from Cape Canso to Cape Sable. From Briar's Island, at the extremity of Digby Neck, to Capes Slipt and Blomidon, a distance of 130 miles along the Bay of Fundy, extends a ridge of mural precipices, in many places presenting overhanging masses of trap rocks from 100 to 600 feet in height. These frowning crags, and the dense fir forests, are the first objects that meet the mariner's eye as he crosses the Bay of Fundy; and their height serves to protect the interior from the driving fogs of the bay. The most remarkable body of water in Nova Scotia is Mines Bay, the eastern arm of the Bay of Fundy, penetrating sixty miles inland, and terminating in Cobequid Bay. The tides here rush in with great impetuosity, and form what is called the *bore*. At the equinoxes, they have been known to rise from sixty to seventy feet. Nova Scotia was first visited by the Cabots, in 1497, but was not colonized by Europeans till 1604, when De Monts, a Frenchman, with his followers, and some Jesuits, attempted for eight years to form settlements in Port Royal, St. Croix, and other places. They were finally expelled from the country by the English governor and colonists of Virginia, who claimed the country by virtue of Sebastian Cabot's discovery. In 1621, Sir William Alexander received from James I. a grant of the whole country, and prepared to colonize on a grand scale, but his projects were never carried out. In 1654, Cromwell seized upon the country by an armed force, and it remained in possession of the English till 1667, when it was ceded to France by the treaty of Breda. The English, however, from time to time, attacked and harassed the French colonists, until the country was finally ceded to England in 1713. There are many points of interest to the tourist and artist in Nova Scotia, the scene we have illustrated being only one of a number of striking localities. A few weeks back we should have shivered at the contemplation of a seaside sketch; but now, as the spring opens, and the terrors of storms and icebergs have passed away, we can bear to turn to the Atlantic shore, and gaze once more upon old ocean. But a few weeks more, and we shall all be sighing for the seaside, and talking of nothing but watering-places, all our views of enjoyment being ultra-marine. The whole Atlantic coast of North America abounds with striking localities, particularly the northeastern part of it; and those who are blessed with means and leisure, generally divide the warm season between the interior mountain region and the shore, enhancing their pleasures by contrast.



CANSO LIGHT HOUSE, EXTREME POINT OF NOVA SCOTIA.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XLII.—[CONTINUED.]

The alguazils and familiars ranged themselves respectfully upon seeing the king's coach approach. Juan asked who it was, and why those men were chained.

"Some Moors whom we are leading to Valencia,—Moors from Arragon and the two Castiles. But what do you wish, my father? It will be some months before the ordinance of his majesty can be wholly executed."

"But the ordinance of the king did not say they must be chained together two by two, like animals, stripped of their clothes."

"That is true, but it is easier for us to have them chained, and we took away their garments that they might not conceal any weapons or gold."

"That is silly, for does not the edict forbid them upon pain of death to carry anything with them?"

"Yes, senor; but the miscreants are so obstinate—so cunning that they have hid or destroyed all their treasures; we can find nothing of them, and they will be lost to all the world."

"Ah!" exclaimed Juan to himself, "the Count de Lerma did not think of that;" and he smiled.

He had his carriage door opened, and stepped out. The first prisoner he saw was a fine young man whom he remembered to have seen at Don Delascar's. The king's confessor advanced towards the poor men who were seated under a large tree. Among them he recognized the poor barber Gongarello. Juan turned to the chief and ordered him to set him free. The man hesitated.

"But, senor, I have express orders from the cardinal count and grand inquisitor."

"And I have orders from the king—from the king himself. Read."

Juan drew from his pocket a parchment, sealed by the royal seal, and signed by the hand of Philip III.; it bore these words:

"You must conform to the orders of the worthy brother Louis Sevilla, our reverend confessor; for such is our good pleasure.

"I, THE KING."

"That is different," said the alguazil, respectfully. "What are your orders?"

"That these poor men be unbound and allowed to walk freely."

Then giving an order to a cavalier to bring him from the carriage a bag of doubloons, he distributed the gold among the poor prisoners, not forgetting the servant of Don Delascar d'Alherique, to whom he gave a double share.

"But, my father," remonstrated the alguazil, "the edict forbids the Moors to carry gold."

"That which belongs to them. This is not theirs; it belongs to the king. Forced by his religion to sanction the decree of banishment, he wishes to soften the severity of it, and it is for that that he sends me. What is your name, sir alguazil?"

"Cardenio de la Tromba."

"Senor Cardenio de la Tromba, I confide to you these brave men. You will conduct them by short stages and with all possible care to Valencia, where I will precede you. If—and something may prevent—I do not get there before you, lodge them in the palace of Delascar d'Alherique, where they will wait my return. Such is the king's order. If, after this, they are maltreated or robbed, it is you who will lose by it."

The alguazil bowed with respect, and the Moors stretched out their hands towards Juan, breaking into joyful cries, while Alhamar-Abouhadjad, Don Delascar's servant, repeated with emotion:

"Yes, brother—brother always. Adieu, senor! You will find us."

As to Gongarello, he had not yet recovered from his stupor. Hearing Juan's voice, he thought some new misfortune had happened to him, and that his friend was a prisoner like himself; but when he heard the young monk speak like a master, and command in the name of the king, when he saw all obey him with respect, he believed him to be his good angel, and threw himself at Juan's feet. Juan raised him, and led him to his carriage and placed him by his side. Juan saluted the Moors with an affectionate smile and gesture, and the carriage rolled away.

During the ride, Gongarello learned all that had befallen his friend since they parted. Towards evening, they stopped at a large hotel, and masters and servants bowed before the confessor to his majesty. As soon as Juan reached his room, he wrote an account of what he had done, and requested to be allowed to retain Gongarello in his service. He stated all he had learned concerning the Moors, and that the measure adopted by the Count de Lerma and Sandoval became more and more disastrous, for the Moors sent into exile, forbidden to take their property, either hid or destroyed it, so that, instead of becoming richer, the kingdom would be almost ruined by the edict. Juan enjoined upon his majesty to abolish the decree of confiscation, and permit the Moors to carry with them all their treasure, and even convert their landed property into money, upon condition of giving a third to the state. This measure, Juan assured the king, would keep the poor exiles from dying of want and misery, bring blessings instead of curses upon his majesty's head, and fill the coffers of the state with sums that would otherwise be wholly irrevocably lost. He further told Philip that the beautiful countries formerly so rich and fruitful were deserted and barren. The Moors alone excelled in agriculture; the Spaniards had no taste for it, and the rich fields only were laying waste, and implored the king to grant letters of nobility to those of his subjects who excelled in agriculture.

Some days afterwards, to the great astonishment of Spain, and, above all, of the Count de Lerma, two edicts appeared which the king had drawn up himself, without consulting his minister. He had only summoned the council of Castile, which had hastened to register them. By one, the Moors were permitted to carry with them all their treasures and even convert their property into gold, and carry it off with them, on condition of giving up half to the state. The other gave letters of nobility to all who would distinguish themselves in the profession of a farmer.

Happy with having been able in secret to do so much for the alleviation of his brothers, Sevilla continued his way, protecting by his presence, consoling by his words, the poor exiles whom he met in all parts of the kingdom, sadly directing their steps to the shores of Andalusia. Each injustice, each abuse which he discovered was instantly reported to the king; very often the latter could do nothing. He began to understand how a king, good, but weak, could cause as much evil as a wicked one. He was frightened by the maledictions and hatred which the Count de Lerma had brought down upon his head. He saw clearly the abyss to which he had been led; but undecided, his good nature struggled against his weakness; he had not the courage to draw back. All his courage consisted in stopping; and going no further, he waited the return of Juan.

The latter continued his way, and arrived at Carrascosa, near the extremity of the Sierra Albarracui, which he intended to cross the next day, in order to reach Cuenca and Valencia. The village had been the halting place for a body of troops, and the innkeeper was obliged to levy a contribution upon all his neighbors. At last, a modest repast was set before Juan and the barber, and they were about seating themselves, when they heard a fierce discussion in the next room between the host and a monk. The poor monk was fatigued, and insisted upon having his supper, with energy and ill temper. This the humble innkeeper told Juan.

"Let him enter—let him enter!" cried Juan. "Tell him that I pray him to do me the honor to dine with us."

The monk, obeying the summons of the host, entered and bowed lowly; then raising his head, he threw back his capuchin and exclaimed: "Sevilla!"

"Brother Escobar!" cried Juan.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ESCOBAR AND JUAN SEVILLA.

Escobar—for it was he—contemplated with an astonished and envious eye all the pomp which surrounded Juan: the men of the hotel almost prostrated before him; all the luxuries of the inn at his service. Juan raised himself as he saw Escobar, and said:

"The invitation I extended to an unknown traveller would not, perhaps, be agreeable to Brother Escobar, and I will order half the repast to be placed in my chamber."

"I shall be much grieved to cause you, senor, any trouble." And he added in a low voice: "They who detest each other can sup together; that binds to nothing."

"I detest no one," coldly said Sevilla. "A cover for Brother Escobar!" he added, in a louder voice, while the two enemies seated themselves face to face.

With an uneasy eye, each looked at the other: Escobar because he did not know the intentions of Sevilla, and the latter because he knew his companion only too well. When the dessert was brought in, and they were left alone, the Jesuit priest commenced the attack:

"Ah, well, my brother," said he, in an undertone, and after having contemplated Juan for some time in silence, "what did I predict for you once upon a time? Was I not right when I said to you that only under the dress of a monk could you gain any dignity, riches or honor? By what other road could you have gone so high in so short a time? You refused to believe me; you scorned my advice; more—you have covered me with outrage and hatred,—I, who was the cause of your first good fortune; for without me, senor, permit me to say frankly, you would have been nothing."

Juan, who had kept his eyes lowered, raised them for a moment to the monk's face, and the latter saw in them so much despair and regret that he stopped astounded. All the grief of Juan returned; his breast was oppressed, his cheeks pale, his lips trembled with rage, and in his eyes flashed indignation in the midst of tears; all showed Escobar that he had made a false step in speaking. He stopped, for he was accustomed to read faces, but not hearts.

"Yes," replied Juan, after a bitter pause,—"yes, I owe all my suffering, all my grief to you; it is you who have brought me, perhaps, eternal unhappiness. Do not recall it, or in spite of myself you will increase that hatred of which you spoke a few minutes ago."

He spoke and made an effort to recover himself, though a deep groan escaped his pale lips. He remained a few seconds with his head hid in his hands; then, ashamed of having allowed his deep grief to show itself before an enemy, he conquered his feelings, and with a calmness which astonished even Escobar, he said, coldly:

"Speak of other things, my brother. You come from Madrid?"

"Yes."

"What news? How comes it that you have quitted the convent of Alcala, where your presence is so necessary, and come here to this miserable village at the foot of the mountains?"

"I come to reveal a secret to Sandoval y Royas, who is now in Andalusia. I would much rather render you the service than him."

Juan bowed silently.

"Your fortune depends upon that of the cardinal-count."

Sevilla remained silent.

"If he rises, you rise; if he falls, you fall with him. Then, knowing that, you ought to be wholly devoted to him. I can, if you wish, give you the means of wholly confounding his enemies, of silencing all the calumnies. This great service, for which he will pay with all his treasures, I can render him with a single word."

"You?"

"Yes—I."

"It is probably not only for the interest of the minister, but your own."

"That is true, also. The cardinal-count, not content with having obtained the expulsion of the Moors, wishes to drive from the kingdom all the members of the Society of Jesus,—which would be a second fault."

"Or, rather, an expiation of the first fault,—at least, that is my opinion."

"It is not mine; and if the minister consents to renounce that project—if he permits and authorizes our establishment in Spain, I will make you a possessor of a secret which saves him and increases his power. What do you say?"

In pronouncing these words, Escobar looked fixedly at Juan, as if to read his soul, for to him words were nothing.

"To what you propose, there is one great difficulty," coldly replied Juan.

"What?"

"It is that I do not wish to maintain the count in power. On the contrary, I wish to depose him."

"Do you speak truly?" asked Escobar, unable to conceal his surprise.

"I have told him so. It is my sole end and desire." And after a moment of silence, he added, energetically: "Yes—I will overthrow him."

"Perhaps," replied Escobar, "I can aid you. It is all one to me whether I aid you or him."

"You!" cried Juan Sevilla.

"Yes. I come to save him; I am equally ready to destroy him. The two means are equally for my interests; but the second is more agreeable to my taste; I prefer it."

"It is impossible!" cried Sevilla. "The past forbids it. Now as then, as always, there will be hatred between us."

"What matter? I do not speak of friendship, but of alliance. Unite to overturn the Count de Lerma."

"And I wish to overturn him myself alone!" exclaimed Juan.

"Truly?" replied Escobar.

"Yes—I have sworn it, and to execute it I wish neither aid nor ally. I will be alone in the attempt. I cannot accept your offers Senor Escobar, and I leave you free to choose whether to save or destroy the Count of Lerma."

"So, Senor Sevilla, your last word is then—"

"That all is wholly indifferent to me, provided I do not meet you in the same camp or under the same banner as myself."

He bowed to the reverend father, called Gongarello and retired to his own apartment, leaving Escobar stupefied by the result of the conversation. He was persuaded now that the confessor of the king was more adroit, more impenetrable than himself. "Cursed man," said he, to himself, "whom no one can disarm, deceive or understand!"

Angry with having lost an evening in fighting with an enemy whom he had not been able to conquer, Brother Escobar rose early the next day and left the hotel, without making his adieu to the king's confessor, decided more firmly than ever upon following his first project. He had some hope of Sandoval, who had not studied in the Jesuit convent.

Don Augustin de Mexia was one of the commanders of the troops sent to rout out and slay the Moors who had sought refuge among the mountains. On his way, a young muleteer, hid behind a rock, fired and killed one of the lieutenants. The companions of the murdered man followed the murderer and captured him. He was led before the commander, who asked his name.

"I am called Aben Habaki. I was a workman in the house of the noble Don Delascar d'Alherique; having no work, no country, I went to the mountains to find our chief, Yezid, Don Delascar's son, and I became a soldier. I placed my wife in Barrepo. I went there this morning to see her, and found the village burned, my wife murdered. He who lies dead before you was her murderer. He has paid well for it. I have only one regret."

"What is that?"

"Having been able to kill only him. I should have done better."

"Would you show us whereabout in the mountains your companions are hid?" asked Don Augustin de Mexia, while the soldiers were building a large fire into which the poor young Moor was to be thrown.

"What would you give me to do that?" eagerly asked the Moor, raising his head.

"What would I give you?—thy life."

The Moor made a movement of joy.

"Listen to me. On condition that you will conduct us to the retreat where your brothers are hid, I will give you your life—only on condition that you will deliver all up to us."

"I consent—I consent!" cried Habaki, quickly. "This very instant we will go. I will lead you there;" and he looked at the fire, which was now burning briskly, with a perceptible shudder.

"Soldiers, to your ranks! forward—march!" cried the captain.

And twelve hundred men, with gun carriages and powder wagons, commenced to ascend the mountain slowly and in good order.

Juan, whom we left at Carascosa, wished, the day Escobar left, himself to leave and pursue his onward way, but he received despatches from the king which it was necessary for him to answer. While he wrote, Gongarello came to him with a frightened air. He related with white and trembling lips the fire and manœuvre of Barrepo, and the appearance of Don Augustin de Mexia with a body of troops. While he was speaking, a new cry filled the city—a cry which made the hearts of Juan and Gongarello thrill, for it was: "Allah—Allah! death to the Christians!" This cry overpowered all others. Sevilla rushed down stairs to see what had happened. The good news for him was true. The Moors had routed and cut to pieces the army of Don Augustin de Mexia in the mountains, and followed the retreating men down into the village, to deliver the prisoners taken at Barrepo. At sight of the monk on the hotel steps, a dozen muskets were levelled at his head, and that hour would have been his last had not a Moor stepped forward and exclaimed in a thundering voice:

"Stop! let no one touch that man! let him be respected like Yezid!"

"Yes—yes!" cried many voices in the crowd; "it is he—it is our saviour—it is Juan Sevilla!"

Again Juan was astonished at the effect produced by his name but a short time ago so unknown and obscure. In the first speaker, Juan recognized Alhamar-Abouhadjad, the faithful servant of Don Delascar, whom he had delivered from the power of the alguazil Cardenio de la Tronilla. The young Moor came forward, seized Juan's hand, while his lips murmured a blessing. Juan advised him, although victorious, not to remain in the village, for fresh troops were expected every hour. Alhamar told Juan that they came only to get provisions, and would return at nightfall. Juan eagerly declared it to be his intention to go with them, and it was agreed that, early the next morning, Gongarello, who was familiar with all the mountain paths, should conduct Juan to a certain point where stood three white rocks, and where Alhamar would meet and conduct them to his chief, Yezid.

The next morning, at daybreak, Brother Sevilla left the hotel with Gongarello, and took his way to the mountains. The air was cool and bracing, and the wind sighed mournfully through the trees. At last they arrived at a little plateau crowned by three white, pointed rocks which shone bright in the early starlight. There Juan and his companions found a large body of men awaiting them. The men rose on their approach and saluted brother Sevilla with respect, and he, following Alhamar, began to descend the other side of the mountain. The road which led to the camp would have been impossible to be followed or discovered by any one, save those accustomed to it.

During the route, Alhamar gave Juan a minute account of their combat and success. One thing made Juan anxious. Don Augustin de Mexia, with fresh troops, had appeared upon the field; the Moors had challenged him, but he accepted not their challenge, but drew off. Juan, who knew him well, knew that by drawing back he did not give up, but had some other more deadly plan on foot. De Mexia was not a man to beat a retreat without a motive, and Juan Sevilla was right.

Talking together, they approached the camp of the Moors, where active watch was kept. The password was given, and a few minutes afterwards, the two brothers were in each other's arms. Juan was moved almost to tears at the sight of his brother, so pale and suffering. Seated side by side they talked, and Juan could scarcely repress a shudder as he heard of the privations and sufferings that the gallant Yezid and his men had gone through with. What a contrast to the place where he had last seen him at Valladolid, in a home almost a palace, surrounded by every luxury, and now hardly having the meanest comforts of life!

Yezid understood his looks, and smiled sadly at the contrast, though his pale face flushed, and his handsome eye flashed with indignation as he told his brother the news he had learned the day previous. Sandoval, feeling sure that all Don Delascar's immense riches must be in his mansion at Valladolid, had gone there to receive them. To his surprise and dismay, he found nothing—no trace of golden treasures, though the house was filled with treasures of art, pictures and statuary. Don d'Alherique and his son alone knew of the subterranean treasure chamber of the Moors, and the queen—the blessed Margaret, faithful to her oath, had carried the secret to the tomb. So the treasures were lost.

Sandoval, after searching every part of the mansion, found out his mistake, and in his rage and disappointment, had razed the house to the ground. Yezid groaned as he thought of the home of his childhood in ashes. Juan disclosed to him his hopes of overturning the haughty Count de Lerma and gaining a revocation of the fatal edict. Yezid listened with joy and surprise.

The next day Juan was to return home. Yezid had agreed to accompany him, and was preparing to leave his tent, when a man, pale and emaciated, came before them, and endeavoring to seize the hands of Yezid and Juan, fell fainting at their feet. That man was Pedralvi.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PEDRALVI'S STORY.

Carefully they carried Pedralvi into the tent, and laid him on Yezid's bed. With sad eyes they looked at the face formerly so handsome and merry, now furrowed by deep lines of care and suffering. When Pedralvi recovered his consciousness, Yezid asked for tidings of his father and sister, whom he placed under his care. Pedralvi covered his face with his hands and wept, then raising his head, he said:

"I can tell you nothing of them; but do not condemn me, my dear young master, until you hear my story. I obeyed you and went on board the San Lucar with my master and Senora Alitea. When a little way from the shore I saw the first mate, and at sight of him I was filled with dread, for I believed I saw a hated man whom I had seen twice before, and who always brought misfortune with him. The first time I saw him was when I was with Juan on the wall of the Golden Sun; the next, I was again with Juan, and he made us prisoners on the road to Toledo."

Juan shuddered, and laid his hand upon his young friend's shoulder, who went on:

"I tried to get rid of the feeling, and had almost succeeded in making myself believe I was mistaken, when Senora Alitea came upon deck to get some air. She leaned on my arm and was conversing cheerfully, when her eyes fell upon the mate. I felt her shudder and falter, and looking at her, saw her face deadly pale and nearly fainting. Making me a sign, I led her back to the cabin. I inquired of her the cause for her uneasiness, and she explained that she thought she recognized in the first mate a mortal enemy—an enemy to herself and to Juan, last seen on the night of the death of the Duke de Santarem, the bandit captain, Josef Baptista Balsiero. Her uneasiness confirmed me in my own fears, which I refrained from telling her; but my part was taken. When senora had become quiet, I, arming myself with a pair of pistols, went on deck. I found there only the captain; of him I inquired where the mate was. He told me he was in the cabin, cleaning it. I went below and found only the third mate, a mere creature of the first. My manner was undoubtedly menacing, for when Marco saw me he turned pale, and I drew a pistol from my belt, and pointing it at his head, I exclaimed:

"'Tell me the truth: the first mate is no other than Josef Baptista Balsiero, the robber who has escaped justice so long!'

"'It is true,' replied the Maltese, who was a coward.

"'What are his designs? Answer immediately, or I fire!'

"'He and his companions wish to rob this vessel, which they think contains all the treasures of the d'Alberique family.'

"'Where is he?'

"The Maltese did not answer, but pointed to an inner cabin where the captain of the vessel, a worthy, honest man, kept his papers. I was going to enter it, when the door opened quickly and a man appeared. I drew the trigger; he fell. It was not Captain Josef Baptista, but one of his men. There were two of them. Profiting by the moment when I was disarmed, the Maltese seized me from behind, while Josef Baptista sprang at my throat. Although only one against two, I had resisted, called for help, and Captain Giampietri came to my aid, when Baptista ran to the foot of the stairs and called to some men who came to help him. In a moment they had seized us, myself and poor Giampietri, and threw us into the sea."

Yezid and Juan uttered a cry of horror.

"For myself I cared little, but I thought of my poor master and young mistress left in their power. When I rose to the surface, the San Lucar was almost out of sight, the poor captain drowned, and myself floating upon the open sea. In my despair, in my delirium, I blasphemed. I wept and shouted in rage. I looked around and saw neither plank, rock, nor any floating thing. I was twenty miles from shore, on the sea, alone with God. In my despair, I vowed to make no effort to save myself, and was slowly sinking, when the sun broke through the clouds. That beautiful light filled my heart with a desire to live, if not for happiness, for revenge. Re-animated by that idea, I began to swim vigorously. For six hours I struggled against the death staring me in the face. At last my strength gave way, my breath came painfully, and I knew nothing more. When I returned to myself I was upon the deck of a vessel. Some countrymen, Moors, surrounded me; women bent tenderly over me, I called Juniata, Alitea, but no one answered; I was far from them. I had been picked up by a Spanish vessel on its way to Africa with my poor brothers. And now, though you will scarcely believe me, the death I had escaped was nothing to be compared to the terrors and sufferings I was witness to. Yes—I saw my companions, deprived of air and food, shut up in small, stifled places; I saw the child who dared to weep, the woman who dared to groan, struck with the sword; I saw the husband or father who tried to defend them slain without pity, and his blood spouting over them; I saw young, beautiful girls spared the sword of the murderer for a worse fate. I dare think no longer of the brutal outrages, or my brain will be on fire. I saw all these things, and could not prevent or punish them.

"At last we arrived at Oran. We found there six thousand men, women and children, who had been thrown upon the arid and deserted shore, without food, without arms, and nearly destitute of clothes. The vessels immediately returned. Overcome with fatigue, cold and hunger, we vainly sought for some shelter. We implored Heaven; it was deaf to our cries, and the Arabs of the desert alone answered. Descending from the mountains, the Bedouins pillaged us, as their brothers, the sons of Ishmael, who asked their protection, and we found them in hearts Spaniards. Ah, that was a frightful night! hearing their cries of joy and blood, seeing the murder of women and children, and having no arms to defend them with but the stones of the shore!

"The next day, half of our number were dead. Our only hope was to see the sultan of Algiers. How can I tell you the miseries of the march! Every day, every hour almost, some one fell dead. Each night the Bedouins attacked us; we tried to escape them, but it was too easy to track us by the dead. At last we perceived the gates of Algiers; it was towards nightfall, and we could just descry them in the distance. That night the ynfagan of the Bedouins slew more than half of the [illegible] band. The next day I entered the gates—I entered them alone!"

Pedralvi hid his face in his hands. Yezid and Juan exchanged glances of horror, having [illegible] interrupting. The Moor continued, after a silence of a few minutes:

"At Algiers it was different, there reigned the true God, and among my brothers, I found help and protection. All the people with whom you had no control spoke of you, my master, and of your father. They wished to keep me with them; they offered me a brilliant fate. I refused, for you were here fighting against Spain; I wished to return to you, my dear master. I inquired of all the captains, but nothing had been seen or heard of the San Lucar. No one could give me any tidings of your father, his daughter, or of Juniata.

"But to return. Each day brought us the account of new crimes, new sufferings. Captains with overloaded vessels had thrown over part of their baggage; that baggage was our brothers'. I have sworn to God, to the God of our fathers and of the Christians, to slay the prime movers in our misfortune—the grand inquisitor Sandoval, the archbishop of Valencia, Rivera and the Count de Lerma. That is my mission; I have no other, and I will fulfil it. After that I shall be content. Allah may then call me to himself!"

"Friend, friend," cried Yezid, seeking to calm him, "thou whom I have always known so good, so generous, this is a delirium—a fever!"

"It is a fever that will never leave me. Captain Guiseppe Campanella came to our shores, he who threw our brothers into the sea, who insulted Zarha-Hakkam, one of the most beautiful women of our race, who killed her father for trying to defend her,—he came and I shipped for a return passage at the risk of being discovered and murdered. We reached these shores in safety, and Captain Guiseppe was on his way to Madrid to give an account of his doings to Lerma and Sandoval, and gain his reward. I rewarded him—I killed him!"

"You killed him!" exclaimed Sevilla.

"Without pity, without remorse, like a dog, or rather like a tiger."

Pedralvi had hardly finished his story, when Alhamar-Abouhadjad presented himself before his general. They had arrested a person of great importance, he believed, from the rich coach and train of mules which accompanied him; but that was all he knew, for the person refused to give his name. This grand personage came from Valencia, and seemed to be going to Madrid. Ignorant of the road, believing himself guarded by the troops of Don Augustin de Mexia, he had pushed boldly forward and fallen into the hands of the Moors. They had seized his papers, and Alhamar handed to Yezid and Juan an immense portfolio. The unknown traveller was led before the general. As he appeared before the opening of the tent, Juan was almost motionless with surprise.

"The grand inquisitor Sandoval!" cried he.

At this name, Pedralvi bounded from the bed like a tiger. The grand inquisitor was deadly pale, and walked with a faltering step, and his eyes bent on the ground.

"See him!" cried Pedralvi. "The God of our fathers approves and blesses my oath, since he leads my victim to me."

And before Yezid could stop him, he sprang upon Sandoval and seized him by his dress.

"Executioner of our brothers, thy arrest is made, and I will execute you!"

With the other hand, and quick as thought, he drew his poignard and struck. But Sevilla, who was behind the inquisitor, threw himself before him and parried the blow with his arm. His blood spouted forth, and Yezid uttered a cry of terror.

"It is nothing," said he, calmly, to his two friends. "I pray you, Pedralvi, to hear me. Do you wish to commit the very crimes for which he should be punished? His death would be a crime—a useless crime; whilst living, he can serve us, first as a hostage. His life shall buy the lives of our brothers, and cause the persecutions of the Inquisition to be suspended. You will consent, dear Pedralvi, to renounce your vengeance?"

"Yes, yes—I will, since you say it is best; but my oath holds good with the others. I do not sign peace, only a treaty; my vengeance will come sooner or later."

Sevilla and Yezid then seated themselves and overlooked the portfolio; the contents of which they read aloud. It contained principally vivid accounts of the horrible crimes committed by the fanatical soldiers and sailors who hastened to send to Sandoval accounts of their zeal. One paper was very important, and that contained a statement signed by Father Jerome and Escobar, freeing the Count de Lerma from the charge of poisoning the queen, and implicating and proving that the Countess Altamira and the Duke d'Uzede were guilty. Another counselled Sandoval not to attempt to struggle against Sevilla, but make a bold stroke, and on his arrival at Madrid, to order his immediate arrest, who, in spite of the title of confessor to the king, was only a Dominican, and subject as such to the orders of the Inquisition. Once in the dungeons of the Inquisition he would never be heard of, and the king would soon forget him.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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The worst ingratitude lies not in the ossified heart of him who commits it; but we find it in the effect it produces on him against whom it was committed. As water containing stony particles incrusts with them the ferns and mosses it drops on, so the human breast hardens under ingratitude, in proportion to its openness, its softness, and its aptitude to receive impressions.—*Landor.*

THE RUSSIAN ISCHVOSTCHIK OR CABMAN.

The Petersburg Ischvostchik wears a peculiar low-crowned hat, with the brim turned up liberally at the sides; whereas the Moscow cabby more particularly, a Tom and Jerry hat, with a brim pared closely off, and encircled by a ribbon and three or four buckles—a hat that has some remote resemblance to the genuine Connaught bogtrotter's head covering. Both styles of hat are common, and indifferently worn by the monjiks all over Russia, only the low-crowned hat being covered with a silk nap, and in some cases with beaver, is the more expensive, and is therefore in more general use in St. Petersburg, the luxurious. Don't believe those, therefore, who endeavor to persuade you of the non-Russianism of St. Petersburg. There is a great deal of eau de cologne consumed there; the commerce in white kid gloves is enormous, and there is a thriving trade in wax candles, pine-apple ices, patent leather boots, Cliquot's champagne, crinoline petticoats, artificial flowers, and other adjuncts to civilization. Grisi and Labiache sing at the Grand Opera; Mademoiselle Cerito dances there: French is habitually spoken in society, and invitations to balls and dinners are sent to you on enamelled cards and in pink billets smelling of musk and millefleurs; but your distinguished Origen may come away from the Affghan ambassador's ball, or the Grand Opera, or the Princess Liagouschkoff's tableaux vivans, your head full of Casta Diva, the Valse a Deux Temps, and the delightful forwardness of Russian civilization; and your Origen will hail an Ischvostchik to convey you to your domicile; and right before you, almost touching you, astride on the splashboard, will sit a genuine right down child of holy Russia, who is (it is of no use mincing the matter) an ignorant, beastly, drunken, idolatrous savage, who is able to drive a horse and to rob, and no more. Woe to those who wear the white kid gloves, and serenely allow the savage to go on in his dirt, in his drunkenness, in his most pitiable joss worship; it is no religion; in his swinish ignorance, not only (it were vain to dwell upon that) of letters, but of things that the very dumb dogs and necessary cats in Christian households seem to know instinctively! Woe to the drinkers of champagne when the day shall come for these wretched creatures to go raving mad instead of sillily maudlin on the vitriol brandy whose monopoly brings a yearly revenue of fifty millions of roubles (eight millions sterling) to the paternal government, and when the paternal stick shall avail no more as a panacea. I know nothing more striking in my Russian experience than the sudden plunge from a hot-house of refinement to a cold bath of sheer barbarism. It is as if you left a presidential levee in the White House at Washington, and fell suddenly into an ambuscade of red Indians. Your civilization, your evening dress, and carefully selected stock of pure Parisian French, avail you nothing with the Ischvostchik. He speaks nothing but Russ; he cannot read; he has nothing in common with you—closely shaven (as regards the cheeks and chin) and swathed in the tight sables of European etiquette, as he in his flowing oriental caftan and oriental beard, and more than oriental dirt. —*Household Words.*

AMERICAN LADIES.

Mrs. Murray, an Englishwoman, who visited the United States in 1848, pays the following tribute to the pre-eminence of three distinguished American ladies. She says: "I have seen three anointed kings and three inaugurated presidents. I admire the presidents the most. I have seen three queens, and three ladies who have shared the honors of the presidency; and truly among the queens not one could compare with the regal grace of Mrs. Madison, the feminine, distinguished personnel of Mrs. Polk, and the intelligent, lady-like demeanor of Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Polk, were it not for the same defect in the teeth which characterizes Queen Victoria, would be a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black, and her dark eye and complexion give her a touch of the Spanish dames. These American ladies are highly cultivated and perfectly accomplished, and practised in the most delicate and refined usages of distinguished society. Mrs. Polk is very well read, and has much talent for conversation; she is highly popular; her reception of all parties is that of a kind hostess and accomplished gentlewoman. She has excellent taste in dress, and both in the morning and evening, preserves the subdued though elegant costume which characterizes the lady. She is ready at reply, and preserves her position admirably. At a levee, a gentleman remarked, 'Madam, you have a very genteel assemblage to-night.' 'Sir,' replied Mrs. Polk, with perfect good humor, but very significantly, 'I never have seen it otherwise.' One morning I found her reading. 'I have many books presented to me by the authors,' said she, 'and I try to read them all; at present that is impossible; but this evening the author of this book dines with the President, and I would not be so unkind as to appear wholly ignorant and unmindful of his gift.'"—*Home Journal.*

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness.

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK."

The beautiful picture on this page was suggested by one of the sweetest songs that Shakspeare ever penned. The design represents a beautiful girl

> "Now for the bird up-looking
> With hand o'ershaded eye."

watching the flight of the skylark as he pierces the deep blue of heaven and pours his matin notes when almost lost to view. The song we have referred to occurs in Cymbeline, and the "admirable rich words" are sung by Cloten's musicians under Imogen's window. The words of this little lyric are as follows:

> "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
> And Phœbus 'gins arise,
> His steeds to water at those springs
> On chaliced flowers that lies:
> And winking Mary-buds begin
> To ope their golden eyes.
> With everything that pretty bin;
> My lady sweet, arise,
> Arise, arise!"

The skylark, one of the sweetest of songsters, is not found in this country, but attempts have been made to introduce it.



"HARK! HARK! THE LARK!"

RALEIGH'S HISTORY.

Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World was composed during his imprisonment in the Tower. Only a small portion of the work was published, owing to the following singular circumstance: One afternoon, looking through his window into one of the courts of the Tower, Sir Walter saw two men quarrel, when the one actually murdered the other; and shortly after, two gentlemen, friends to Sir Walter, coming into his room, after expressing what had happened, they disagreed in their manner of relating the story; and Sir Walter, who had seen it himself, concurred that neither was accurate, but related it with another variation. The three eye-witnesses disagreeing about an act so recently committed, put Sir Walter in a rage, when he took up the volumes of manuscript which lay by containing his History of the World, and threw them on a large fire that was in the room, exclaiming that "it was not for him to write the history of the world, if he could not relate what he saw a quarter of an hour before." One of his friends saved two of the volumes from the flames, but the rest were consumed. The world laments that so strange an accident should have mutilated the work of so extraordinary a man.—*Granger's Wonderful Magazine.*

RAT-CATCHERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It has been truly said that one-half of the inhabitants of all large cities know not how the other half live. This fact will apply to San Francisco as forcibly as to any other. Our population is a heterogeneous one, composed of the representatives of every nation on the habitable globe—men of every trade, profession, among us known to the civilized world—and all striving with unabated energy and enterprise to forereach his neighbor in the search after wealth. But of all resorts to which human ingenuity is applied whereby to make an honest livelihood, that of the rat-catchers seems to be the most singular. There exists among us a numerous class of persons whose only vocation consists in catching rats and preparing their skins for exportation. This business is mostly confined to a few Frenchmen, who have in their employ a number of Chinamen well skilled in the art. Night after night they spread death and destruction among the innumerable swarms of these pests that infest our thoroughfares. While the greater portion of our population are asleep, "John Chinaman," like the *chiffoniers* or rag-pickers (another distinct class of persons we have in our midst), is wide awake and pursues his calling. He is what might be called a professional "ratter," and is as well versed as a Scotch terrier in the most approved method of discovering and of taking them. The wharfs along the water front of the city are nightly frequented by them, but in most cases they seek the isolated places in the outskirts of the city, where the rats fatten on the garbage thrown from the slaughter-houses, to set their traps. These traps are square boxes about two feet long and of the same width, and some eighteen inches deep, and top and bottom constructed of wood and the sides wire net. Each one has several openings on the sides, with the wire inverted, so that when a rat enters, it is almost impossible for him to make his escape by the way he came in. Each Chinaman is provided with two of these traps. When about starting out, he baits them, and then selects a suitable place to set them. After having done this, he retires a short distance to watch his game. If the bait takes well, he does not wait long before the traps are full. If game is not so plenty, he moves on to some other locality, and repeats the same operation. In this manner he proceeds till he has made a good "haul," when he retraces his steps homewards, and deposits his traps in a receptacle provided for the purpose. This place usually consists of a large dry-goods box, with apertures here and there covered with wire. The rats are placed in it, and in the day-time are suffocated by means of charcoal. Each Chinaman, with any kind of good luck, very often succeeds in taking from one to two hundred rats a night. These are sold to the parties who employ them at so much per dozen, who derive considerable profit from the returns of this business. The skins are dried and tied up in small packages of fifty each, ready for exportation. They are sent to Paris, and there manufactured into what are called kid gloves, and returned to us as "Alexandre's best," which may be seen displayed in the windows of our fancy dry-goods stores. Our Chinese residents readily adapt themselves to any kind of industry, however disagreeable, that promises a reward for their labor. The catching of rats cannot be so revolting to them as might be expected, as it is said that the animal, when cooked and served up in Celestial style, forms an important item in their *cuisine.*—*San Francisco Herald.*

DUELLING.

A member of the New York Assembly, if we remember rightly, from St. Lawrence county, was challenged by some valiant hotspur for personalities in debate. The challenge was at once accepted; but being the challenged party, he selected broad-swords, and they were to stand opposite to each other, on different sides of the St. Lawrence, where it was about a mile wide! "Surely you cannot be serious!—this is *subterfuge*, sir!" was the indignant response of the second. "Why," asked the intended victim of the code, whose origin was in Yankee-land, "ain't I the challenged party? Haint I a right to choose my weapons and the place?" "Yes, but not *such* weapons, with such a *position*. Why not take the *gentleman's* arm?" "What's that!—pistils?" "Certainly." "Very good; pistils be it. We'll meet on 'Sugar-loaf Hill' (it's all clear on top), at six o'clock to-morrow morning." This was "satisfactory," and in the morning they went as appointed. The terms were, that they were to stand back to back, march forward ten paces, and then turn and fire. The word was given, and they stepped off; but by the time they had taken the last pace they were out of sight of each other, on opposite sides of the conical hill! The challenger's second was furious, and his "principal" rampant. "You are a coward, sir,—a *coward!*" "Wal, I know that, and so *did you*, or you wouldn't have challenged me!" was the only answer vouchsafed to the discomfited duellist. In company with his second, he marched down the steep hill which they had toiled up at so unseasonable an hour, not a little chagrined at such an unlooked-for termination, and muttering curses not loud but uncommonly deep. This was the last "duel" that was (or rather wasn't) fought in St. Lawrence county.—*Knickerbocker.*

PERSIAN SOLDIERS.

The accompanying picture presents a curious feature in the military organization of the Persians, showing one of the many uses to which that valuable animal, the camel, may be put. We have here a couple of artillerists, they and their howitzers being mounted on the back of camels. These camels are richly caparisoned, with embroidered saddle-cloths and housings and an infinity of bells. Their heads are surmounted by plumes. A camel-battery on the march or in action must present a singular spectacle. By this means only, however, light artillery could be made efficient in such a rough country as Persia. The recent quarrel with England has caused the Persian government to strain every nerve to increase the efficiency of its troops. For over fifty years the relations of Persia and Great Britain were amicable, and during this period European discipline was introduced among the Persian troops, English officers having been employed to train them. Little did any one then anticipate a rupture in which the military proficiency the English had promoted should be turned against themselves. In modern times the Persians have not been very fortunate in their wars. In the war waged by Feth Ali Shah against Russia, ending in 1813, he lost vast territories on the Caspian Sea, while that of 1828 cost him Erivan and all the country north of the Aras. Few nations have continued so long to play a prominent part in the affairs of the world as Persia. At almost the earliest period of authentic history we find it occupying a conspicuous position. Cyrus the Great came into possession of the united crowns of Persia and Media and extended his sway over the whole of Western Asia. The army of Xerxes marched into Greece was the greatest the world ever beheld, and its disastrous defeat was the beginning of the declination of the Persian power. Its downfall was accomplished by Alexander the Great 333 years B. C. In the third century of our era it again became famous under Chosroes. A century afterwards it was overrun by the armies of Mohammed. Among the modern rulers of Persia, Ismael Shah and Nadir Shah are the most noted. The latter invaded India, and took Delhi in 1739, obtaining a booty estimated at 15,000,000 dollars. The present, or Kajar dynasty, was founded by Aga Mohammed Khan Kajar in 1795, who was murdered in 1797 by his attendants. It remains to be seen whether the modern Persians will prove a match for the disciplined soldiers of Great Britain.



PERSIAN MOUNTED CANNONIERS.

CASTLE OF ISCHIA.

This imposing fortress stands upon a rocky island in the Mediterranean Sea, near Naples. Our picture gives an accurate idea of its bold features, together with the surrounding scenery. The ruins and the foliage in the foreground on the right enhance the effect of the distant view. The island of Ischia, eight miles from Cape Miseno, is seven miles long and four miles broad. Near its centre is San Nicolo, or Epomeo, an extinct volcano, rising about two thousand six hundred feet. The island of Ischia produces grapes, olives, and some other kinds of fruit, the soil being fertile.



ISLAND OF ISCHIA, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOTOS LAND.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I've tasted lotos leaf and flower,
And honey never was more sweet
Upon the lip, or made each hour
Seem lapped in roses at my feet.

I've tasted of the lotos leaf,
And pleasure is my portion now,
And I remember not the grief
That once wrote furrows on my brow.

My heart grew sick with toil and care;
For sorrow, I could scarcely stand;
And to get rid of grim despair
I journeyed into lotos land.

And after tasting lotos flowers,
My load of grief aside was laid,
And underneath the smiling hours
I watched the flowers that never fade.

The sun shines fair in lotus land,
And shadow there is never seen;
Pearls glitter in the snow-white sand,
And lilies dot the vales of green.

O, would you thither with me go?
If so, come take me by the hand,
Shut out the world of work, and lo!
In fancy, we're in lotus land.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRAPPER'S DAUGHTER.

A LEGEND OF OUR PRAIRIE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Heigh-ho! what now?"

A light, feathery, but ice-cold particle had gently touched the cheek of the speaker, and roused him from the reverie into which the monotony of the scenery had thrown him. He wiped it off, but as he did so, another settled upon his brow, and looking hastily around, he perceived the air filled with circling snow-flakes. And even as he gazed, they gathered themselves into fleece-like clouds, shrouding the dim sunlight and whitening the brown prairie.

Here was a dilemma, and Hugh Latimer, brave man as he was, quailed at the prospect before him. He was travelling on what is now known as "the military road," between Fort des Moines and Fort Dodge, but which in those days, when Iowa was yet the home of the red man, was but little better than the wild trail of the savage. Easy to lose in broad daylight, how fearful was the chance of galloping far away from it in a snow-storm, with night coming rapidly on! And once lost on that ten mile prairie, how difficult, how almost impossible indeed, to recover the path.

What he should do was a puzzling question for the young soldier, and every moment rather grew worse. To go back was madness, for he had not seen a cabin since early morn; to go forward was equally as bad, for he had no means of judging as to the distance between him and the next camping-ground, while to stay where he was, was certain death, for even then he was white with snow, the cold, shrieking winds freezing his limbs, while they drifted the flakes in low, circling ridges all about his path.

Suddenly he seemed to have decided, for putting spurs to his horse, he turned to the westward.

"It is a desperate effort," said he, half to himself and half to his noble steed, "but it is the only one that gives me any promise of seeing to-morrow; and death on the prairie, with a winding-sheet of snow, and the howling of wolves for a dirge!—Good God, it is too terrible! Let me see; the Des Moines cannot be over five miles off, and the timber must be at least a mile and a half broad there. Cheer up, cheer up, then, Charlie;" and he hallooed merrily to the horse. "There is half a mile beyond us now; three more and we shall be safe." And then he pleased himself with visions of the camp he would make in those dense old forests.

Faster and thicker came the snow-flakes. The last streak of daylight vanished. Darkness settled over everything. The cold grew intense. The blasts swept over the broad prairie with terrific fierceness, and whole drifts of snow were hurled before them. All sorts of hideous sounds were borne on their wings, too, from the hellish shrieks of the tempest to the yet more fearful voices of the blood-thirsty wolves. Yet still onward, with fanatic speed, dashed the young man. The three miles lengthened it seemed into ten, and yet no sheltering woods broke the wild winds.

"Now, God have mercy on me!" exclaimed he, with passionate emphasis, as the lagging of his horse warned him he had come far from the prairie and was yet far from the river. "My hours are numbered; I've lost my way; all this long while I do believe that I have been riding in a circle; one more trial for my life ere I yield to the palsy which is benumbing my very heart."

He again spurred the jaded steed, and then suddenly halted. "It was a northeast wind, I remember, when I left the trail; it is a wild, fickle guide, but all I can trust to." And he wheeled about till the blast blew fiercely into his very eyes, and then carefully turned till he judged he was inclining to the southwest. "And now, Charlie," said he, "I resign myself to you. Go on, and quickly, or a corpse will be your burden."

The faithful creature seemed conscious of the trust, and galloped off with renewed fleetness. A torpor swept over the limbs, ay, over the very heart and mind of the young soldier, and he was fast falling into a fearful sleep, when a cheerful and prolonged neigh from his horse roused within him the love of life, and even as he gathered up his failing strength, Charlie came to a dead pause. Hugh felt rather than saw, that the darkness was thicker immediately before him than elsewhere, and summoning every energy he put forth his hands.

"Blessed Heaven!" exclaimed he, "they are logs; it must be, it is some trapper's cabin." And with new life infused into every vein, he leaped from his horse and went groping around the black object in the deep joy of his half-frozen heart, when he suddenly came upon smooth planks. He knocked with frantic eagerness, and even as he did so, he heard from within the fierce growling of a couple of sentinel dogs. Hushing them with difficulty, the inmate unclosed a small loophole in the rough door and cried, with wild eagerness:

"Father, is it you?"

Never did human voice sound so sweetly to Hugh, and though his lips were so frosted as to be almost stiff, the fresh, beautiful hope that had dawned on his heart warmed them as with the elixir of life, and he answered, in his own rich, mellow tones:

"Not father, but a traveller who has lost his way, and must die ere long in the storm unless he find shelter."

The heavy bars were withdrawn at once, and in an instant the door was swung wide open. But the change from the blackness and cold without to the light and heat within was too sudden for the exhausted limbs and benumbed senses of the young man. The brilliancy of the fire-flash as it sparkled upon his snow-white garments, dazzled his eyes with a painful glare, while the excessive warmth made him faint and sick. He reeled, and but for the sustaining arm of the young girl who had admitted him, he would have fallen to the floor. She led him across the room to a corner, wherein was piled a number of dressed buffalo robes, and having first unbelted the heavy Mackinaw blanket which he had girded about him when the storm commenced, she bade him lie down. He obeyed passively, and when she returned from closing the door, she found him unconscious. Very tenderly did she remove the large fur cap and collar, and withdraw the mittens from his hands and the moccasins and boots from his feet. She then gently bathed his white brow and cheeks, chafed his chilled fingers, and moistened his pallid lips. But it was long ere he recovered, and when at last he opened his eyes, the effort to remember what had happened to him seemed so fatiguing that he closed them at once, and turning wearily over, sunk into sleep.

"This will never do," whispered the girl. "He is yet so cold and tired that if he sleeps now he will never awake. I must rouse him. Sir," and she gently lifted his head. The eyelids again unclosed. "Sir, if you love life, rouse yourself from this torpor."

"It grows darker—colder," murmured he. "I've lost my way. The snow shall be my winding-sheet." And again he slept.

Fear lent the girl strength, and taking his hands she forcibly drew him from the couch and towards the blazing hearthstone. The action fully awakened him, and as memory returned, he blessed his young hostess.

"Sit here," said she, and she drew a chair, curiously inwrought with tender saplings and massive grape vines, close to the fire, "and I will make some broth, and when you have eaten of that, you may sleep awhile."

And having seen him seated, she drew out some coals, set a skillet over them, and had soon the breast of a prairie chicken dissolving into a savory soup. Very hard did Hugh strive to keep awake, but in vain; the girlish figure which at first it seemed such bliss to watch, soon blended with the fire-light; then a soft mist seemed to hover over his eyes, and then they closed, and he again slept. The withdrawal of the bars aroused him, and when on turning, he saw the young girl draw a buffalo robe about her and take up a lantern as if about to go out into the storm alone, all his manhood returned, and forgetting that he was shoeless, he started to accompany her.

"Go back," said she, with a gentle firmness. "You are not strong enough yet to withstand these blasts. I only go to stable your horse, and I have two gallant friends for an escort." And she pointed to the dogs. "Go back, you are yet too weak."

And indeed he was, for even as she spoke, he reeled and would have fallen, but that she caught his arm and again seated him. His head drooped at once, and she saw that he had fainted.

"I must go now," said she, "while he is lost to himself, for he is so rash he will insist on braving the storm when he comes to;" and hastily unclosing the door, she hurried out.

A loud, cheerful neigh from the stranger's horse greeted her at once, for the faithful steed stood close to the threshold. Fearlessly she grasped him by the bridle and led him to a small, low shed, thatched with hay, and surrounded on three sides by massive stacks. A little Indian pony and a gentle milch cow were already there, and both greeted her in their own strange tongue, as though she were a welcome visitant. For an instant, she stood with her arm thrown gracefully about the neck of the one, as he bent his head, then gently patted the other, and then fastening the stranger's horse in an empty stall, and throwing down an abundant supply of food for all, she carefully locked the rough door and re-entered the cabin.

Hugh was just recovering from his fainting-fit. A glass of water quickly brought by the untiring hands of his hostess, revived him sufficiently to partake of the delicious broth she had prepared.

"And now," said she, "you may sleep awhile;" and she pointed to the couch of robes. "Presently, I will prepare a heartier supper and then arouse you. After that, you will, I trust, be recruited enough to sleep without danger."

No sooner was Hugh's head pillowed upon the yielding furs, than a delicious slumber stole over him. Eleanor, for such was the young girl's name, watched him till satisfied his sleep was calm and sound, and then seating herself in the chair he had vacated, gave herself up to what seemed painful thoughts. Very pale grew her cheeks, wrinkles furrowed her fair brow, and tears often dimmed the light of her eyes. But when an hour or so had passed, she arose, and piling fresh fuel on to the waning fire, set about preparing her promised supper. An iron tea-kettle was mounted upon a bed of fiery coals, while a bake-kettle took its station beside it. Then with a wooden bowl in one hand and an iron spoon in the other, she went from the meal bag to the milk pan, and was soon stirring up the batter for a golden corn pone. Fairly frothing with lightness, she turned it at length into the pioneer's stove, the ungainly bake-kettle, and putting on the heavy lid, enveloped it in lively cinders and left it to go brown and crisp and deliciously sweet. Then the cheerful sound of the coffee-mill was heard, and ere long the grateful aroma of the distilling draught gently diffused itself through the cabin. A venison ham was taken down from a niche in the corner, and some generous slices were soon broiling over a clear bed of hard wood coals. Then a rude table was drawn out, but the cloth that covered it, which was carefully taken from the bottom of an old chest, was a fine, snowy damask one, from the looms of the old world. The "Queen's Ware" was of the most unhandsome pattern and cheapest style, but the knives were ivory handled and the forks and spoons of solid silver. There was a pitcher of golden cream, a bowl of purest white sugar, a lump of delicately stamped butter, a glass of amber-hued honey, a saucer of preserved strawberries, and another of the delicious yellow plum of the woodland. A cold, roast prairie hen and a venison pastry were added when the smoking viands from the hearth were dished. Then lifting the lid from a rude packing-box, she took thence a china bowl, and filling it with warm water and throwing over her arm a towel, fine and snowy as the linen on the table, she bore it to the couch of the stranger and gently awoke him.

Completely restored to his consciousness by his sound, sweet sleep, Hugh arose, no longer a reeling sick man, but a noble young soldier, whose mission it seemed might be to protect with his stout arm and gallant heart the fair girl who thus far had been his saving angel. And when he had partaken of the delicious repast she had prepared, his strength seemed entirely restored, and he marvelled that he could ever have been so worn and weak as when he tremblingly knocked at that cabin door. And then, too, he leisurely surveyed his young hostess, and a wondering, admiring, almost adoring, glance he cast towards her as she, with quiet gracefulness, gathered up the dishes, rinsed and returned them to their places on a rude shelf and then put away the remnants of the meal. There was the same strange blending of refinement and rudeness in the dress that was seen in the adornings of the table, and yet it was picturesque in the extreme. Her feet were encased in beautifully embroidered moccasins; her dress was a close-fitting habit of rich broadcloth, bordered at the hem and cuffs with the skin of the silver-grey fox, a collar of the same rare fur, surrounding her snow-white neck. But that was fastened at the throat by a delicate spray of gold, while over it hung a chain of the same precious metal, and pendant from that a jewelled cross. A diamond ring and others of plain gold flashed from her fingers, which though somewhat brown and calloused, were yet tapering as a queen's.

But the strange wonderings which the sight of those rich jewels on a maiden in that lonely cabin awakened in the mind of Hugh, were forgotten as often as his glance rested on the exquisite beauty of her countenance. Such dark, eloquent, yet mournfully tender eyes it seemed to him had never before met his; nor ever had he seen a brow so regal, a cheek so "fair, not pale," lips with such delicious curves and such coral hues, nor such a wealth of tresses, dark as midnight, yet soft and rich as untwisted silk.

"What a glorious picture she would make," said fancy to him, while at the same moment his heart spake up and whispered in thrilling tones "what a glorious wife." And then came a fearful spasm; perhaps she was even then the beloved companion of some brave pioneer, and had forsaken all the endearments of civilization for the love of her own fond husband. But no; she had called "father," when first he heard her voice, and there was a certain girlish grace about her which assured him that she yet sustained no dearer relation in life than that of the affectionate child. But how came she there, away out in that prairie cabin, miles from a white man's home? He forbore for a time to question her, but his curiosity at length mastered his politeness, and in gentle, brotherly tones he expressed his surprise at meeting a pale-faced maiden there.

"I wonder not," she said, in reply, "that it seems strange to you. It will seem stranger still when I tell you that I have lived here already four long years, and in all that time seen none but Indian females, and beside yourself only two white men." And she breathed a deep, long sigh.

"But what could have induced you to penetrate thus far into the wilds of the territory?" asked he, involuntarily.

She hesitated a moment, then answered, in a low, sad tone:

"The love I cherish towards an unfortunate father;" and there was an instinctive shrinking in of her soul that made Hugh feel, plainer than words would have told him, that the subject was a painful one.

He adroitly changed the conversation, but listened eagerly while she told him of the wild adventures that had characterized their lonely life, and the many strange and beautiful things that had bordered their pathway. She pictured to him that vast stretch of prairie that surrounded them, and discoursed most eloquently of its green and flowery charms through the spring and summer time, of its golden hues in autumn, when the first light frosts had crisped its waving grass, of its fearful magnificence when the crimson billows of flame surged over it, and of its sullen sea-like grandeur when the white snow was heaped in its hollows and crested in its ridges. Then she told him of the glory of the wood-

land which lay only a little way to the west of their cabin, and the beauty of the softly flowing De Moines, whose waters were of a crystal clearness, and whose banks so rich in agates and pearl like shells. Then she sketched the Indian warrior, whose hunting-grounds were as yet all around them, and whose dusky bride had often carried beside their hearth, teaching her wild-wood arts, and weaving sometimes for her hair a graceful wreath from the silver plumes of the rainbow-colored birds that were ever fluttering in the old tree-tops.

"And do you fancy such companionship? Have you no fears of Indian stratagems and Indian cruelties?" asked Hugh.

A shudder ran over the young girl, and her face grew suddenly very pale, and she looked timidly around ere she replied.

"Until a month ago, I had never known one, for the Indian, if met with kindness, is as much, nay, more, to be depended on than are our brothers. But now, I live in constant terror. My father has offended one of the young chiefs, and the consequence, I feel, will be fatal to him or me, and perhaps to both. My father has realized it too, and since then, until to day, has not ventured out of sight of home. But though he has carefully sought traces of Indian steps, he has in all that time seen none, and so this morning, noting by his keen eye the approach of a fearful storm, he went to his old hunting-hut in the timber. The deer, you know, always rush to the woodland for shelter, and he expected to be able to kill enough to-day to last us through the season. But I feel that he has run a fearful risk."

"And you dared, knowing your red friends were incensed against you, you dared to stay here all alone," exclaimed her listener. "I wonder that you consented to let me in. Did you not fear it might be some Indian in disguise!"

"An Indian could not speak as did you, sir; and if my own senses had misled me, these trusty friends would have proved true;" and she pointed to the dogs. "They can scent an Indian as far as he can one of the pale faces. They are well trained, too. My father received them as a dying gift from the old trapper who lived in this cabin when we came; and he had trained them well, for the country was wilder then than now by much. Would you believe it, though they will bark in their very loudest tones when a white man comes near, they will never breathe a sound if it be an Indian; but if you are awake they will come and stand before you, and look at you with a glance which once seen can never be forgotten; while if you are asleep, they will awaken you in the most cautious way, and warn you of the danger with mute eloquence. O, they are two precious, noble friends." And she patted them fondly. They crouched by her feet afterwards, and burying her little moccasins in their shaggy sides, she bowed her head on her hands and seemed to dream.

Hugh mused for a long time on his strange adventure, and then feeling very weary again, he noiselessly heaped fresh fuel on to the fire and stole off to his couch of buffalo robes. His dreams were at first wild and fearful, then strangely fantastic, and then sadly beautiful; for in every variation of the shifting scene the face of Eleanor, paler, yet lovely and loving, looked up to him with an entreating fondness. Then a dense black cloud covered her kneeling form, and then as it parted, he seemed to be lying on a bed of roses with the cheek of the maiden pressed close to his lips. As he reached out his arms to enshrine her in a fond embrace, he awoke; and lo, with her face close to his own was she of whom he had dreamed. He uttered a cry half of surprise and half of joy. In an instant a warning finger was pressed to his lips and in almost inaudible tones she murmured:

"For your life, breathe not a loud word! Listen! There are Indians about. They surround us, but I cannot guess their mode of attack. Rise and arm yourself, and then creep into the darkest corner. Be careful and make not the least noise, for they are a wary foe. They think me alone. O,"—and she pressed her heart convulsively—"they have doubtless slain my kind father, and would now bear off his daughter to the wigwam of their chief."

Hugh was a gallant fellow. He had won brilliant laurels on the battle-field, and felt the old war-spirit strong within him again as he leaped up and prepared himself to encounter a new foe. He carried a brace of pistols and a double-barrelled fowling-piece; and with a soldier's thoughtfulness, he had immediately after supper withdrawn the damp charges and dried the three before the fire. It was short work for him to reload them now, and beside them a pair which the trapper's daughter handed him. He then unsheathed his hunting-knife and felt its blade to make sure it was keen and polished. And then he looked for a spot where he could ambuscade himself and arms. A little tent bed occupied one of the recesses which the huge fireplace formed on both its sides, and this was draped with deer skins dressed to a beautiful whiteness. In that he ensconced himself, while Eleanor threw herself on the couch which he had left, feigning sleep, but clutching nervously her pistols.

Hugh's ear was keen, but although the tempest had lulled, and only an occasional wild sob ran around the cabin, he could detect no sounds that told of human foes. After awhile the howl of a wolf was heard. As it died away, he saw the two dogs leave the door, beside which they had stood like petrifactions, and advance cautiously to the hearth, and then it seemed to the listener that a dull noise was heard on the roof. It instantly occurred to him that the foe would strive to make their ingress down the chimney, thinking doubtless to find their fair captive alone and asleep and to fetter her with but little trouble. Through his loophole, which was a slit in the hangings, he watched, O, how intently, the huge fireplace, whose brands had all burned down to embers. After awhile his heart leaped up with a strange, wild thrill as he saw a moccasined foot appear. The dogs saw it quite as soon as he, and withdrew at once to the side of their mistress. Very cautiously did the Indian descend, but at length he landed softly and noiselessly, too. But no sooner had he taken and straightened himself out to his usual dimensions, ridding himself of the cramps with which his descent had tortured him, than the largest of the dogs, without a single warning growl, darted at his throat, and clenched it with such a convulsive hold that the savage fell with a dull, dead sound. The other dog fastened himself to his knee, and although he struggled violently, yet the surprise was too sudden and the attack too strange and powerful for the victim to make at once a successful resistance.

Hugh felt that his time for action was come, but not wishing to alarm the enemy who might be outside, he left his retreat with only his knife; but that was soon buried deep in the heart of the red man. There was a quiver of the muscles, a stifled groan, and he lay dead before him. Eleanor sprung from her couch and gazed earnestly at him, and then turning to Hugh, said, quickly

"It is as I supposed. This is Wa-wa-tu-sa, the friend of Hi-was-see, the young chief who sought me for a bride. He has thought to enter this way and open the door for him and his other braves. Get back, for they will soon suspect some foul play."

It was as she said. The door was cautiously handled, and then the notes of a bird went whistling around the cabin, and then all was still. But the soldier's ear, made keener by distrust, soon noted the same dull noise on the roof, and as it continued longer than before, he judged correctly that the remaining savages, guessing that something had befallen their spy, were coming in their whole strength upon them. With one of his pistols cocked and pointed through his loophole, he watched intently. It was not long ere a second foe had descended and bent with an amazed look over his prostrate friend. As he lifted up his head, he gave a tremendous whoop; but it was the last sound that ever burst from his lips—a shot from the soldier's pistol entering his heart. Then rushing from his concealment, Hugh stationed himself before the couch of Eleanor, and handing her his pistol, bade her reload it at once.

He had scarcely reached her side ere a third Indian sprung rather than crept down the orifice; but as he straightened himself after the leap, a full charge from the fowling-piece threw him upon the other two, a bloody and soon cold burden. The fourth warrior that descended was not so easily overcome though. It was Hi-was-see himself, and burning with love for the white girl and rage towards her defender who had slain his best braves, he sprung so suddenly on Hugh that his gun was knocked from his hand, and in an instant he was wrestling with the brawny Indian. The dogs fastened themselves on the legs of the intruder, but their bite, fierce and tense as it was, seemed not to annoy him in the least, and Hugh was fast yielding to the superior physical form of his foe when a pistol shot echoed through the cabin, and he felt his enemy's grasp relax and the warm blood oozing from his breast and dripping over his own hands.

"You have played a brave part," said Hugh, as releasing himself he beheld the Indian reel and finally fall to the floor. "Your Indian lover will never again throw his tomahawk or swing to his belt the gory scalp. Good Heavens, but it is a fearful sight!"

There came a faint whisper from Hi-was-see. Eleanor went and knelt beside him and wiped away the death-dews which her own hand had started.

"Proud white father," breathed he, "think Indian no good—no fit to have his pale child live in wigwam of chief's son. Hi-was-see say she shall. He make one of skin, white as her face—soft as her cheek—white buffalo robe to sleep on. He love her—he carry her all the days he here on his big heart—like white squaw carry little pappoose. Proud white father say no—he call Indian dog, and say bad things. Hi-was-see remember—he wait till good time—he kill old white father—then come for white girl—she kill him—but he love her—hate her white brave though—hate him—love her."

The words were breathed in such broken English that only one used to the Indian could have understood him, and as the last word fell from his lips, he gasped, and the fearful death spasm finished all.

"My father, my unhappy father!" cried the orphaned girl, "to this—an untimely death in the forest—did thy proud passions bring thee. Alas! I feared thee while living more than I loved thee, yet now that thou art gone, what will become of me—motherless, fatherless, friendless!"

"Nay," said Hugh, earnestly, leading her to a seat, for she was almost fainting, "not friendless. In the far and beautiful East, I have a father, mother and sister, and in memory of your saving kindness to me, they will cherish you as one of their own dear household." And he sat down beside her, and after he had learned her story, he planned their work for the morrow.

There was no time to lose, for Hi-was-see was son to a powerful Dacotah chief, and a fearful revenge would be taken on them should they be discovered. As soon as it was light enough to see, the horses were saddled and brought by Hugh to the door. A large flat stone, which served as a hearth, was lifted after many efforts, and from a deep hole underneath Eleanor took a couple of money-belts, heavy with gold, and a small casket. Concealing them as well as she could, she took from a packing-box a robe of fur, and enveloping herself in it, told him, with a quivering voice, that she was ready.

"I leave much behind that is of value. There are many solid silver articles in those two boxes, and fine linen and rich clothing; but if I save life, let them go. Alas, they were of but little comfort to me while I owned them!"

Wildly did they gallop away from the bloody cabin, the maiden leading the way through the timber to the Des Moines, for although the prairie track was familiar to her in summer time, she dared not attempt to find it after so fierce a storm. The ice on the river was thick and strong, and the horses [illegible] they crossed it without [illegible]

"There [illegible] cabin, and the smoke, as the breath of morning was [illegible] a column of gold [illegible] "He [illegible] of the two old trappers whose [illegible] father's strange life introduced to me. He will be grateful, I know."

"I was frail—I *know* it must," said he when they had related the tragedy of the night, "but your father was a far greater one; he brought it all on him. With fair words he might have let the red-skins off and got out of their way. But it's no use crying—what's done can't be undone." And the old man buried himself with preparations for a wood-fire for the coming day as he did so. "Reckon you had no appetite this morning. Them red-skins is tarnal bad company."

Then guiding them to the road he went with them to a cabin ten miles below, and having engaged the trapper who owned it to go with them to the garrison at Fort Des Moines, he hastened back to save, as he said, "all the *furs*" that were owned by Eleanor, assuring her that "the tarnal redskins should never have the fingering of them."

By hard riding they reached the fort that night, and Hugh had little difficulty in obtaining from his commander both leave of absence and an escort of soldiers to the Mississippi.

There was much surprise in the old homestead when the son so suddenly returned, and brought, too, such a beauteous stranger. But when their tale was told, the trapper's daughter was taken at once to the hearts of father, mother and sister, and the love Hugh said should be given to her, flowed forth so freely that her young life, so long blighted and sad, became again fresh, joyous and gay. And that its summer was as golden and rich as its spring had been cheerless and poor, you may guess from the fact that the first robe she put on, when she laid aside the black she wore for the dead, was one of the purest white satin, and the first festive gathering she met with, the bright, joyous one that assembled in the old family home to greet her as bride—the bride of her own dear Hugh.

THE UNITY OF THE BIBLE.

As in Beethoven's matchless music there runs one idea, worked out through all the changes of measure and of key, now almost hidden, now breaking out in rich natural melody, whispered in the treble, murmured in the base, dimly suggested in the preludes, but growing clearer and clearer as the work proceeds, winding gradually back until it ends in the key in which it began, and closes in triumphant harmony; so throughout the whole Bible, there runs one great idea—man's ruin by sin, and his redemption by grace; in a word, Jesus Christ, the Saviour. This runs through the Old Testament, that prelude to the New, dimly promised at the fall, and more clearly to Abraham; typified in the ceremonies of the law; all the events of sacred history paving the way for his coming; his descent proved in the genealogies of Ruth and Chronicles; spoken of as Shiloh by Jacob, as the Star by Balaam, as the Prophet by Moses; the David of the Psalms; the Redeemer looked for by Job; the Beloved of the Song of Songs. We find him in the sublime strains of the lofty Isaiah; in the writings of the tender Jeremiah; in the mysteries of the contemplative Ezekiel; in the visions of the beloved Daniel; the great idea growing clearer and clearer as the time drew on. Then the full harmony broke out in the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will towards men." And Evangelists and Apostles taking up the theme, the strain closes in the same key in which it began; the devil, who troubles the first paradise, forever excluded from the second; man restored to the favor of God; and Jesus Christ the key-note of the whole.—*American Messenger.*

WHY THERE IS NO RAIN IN PERU.

In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual south-east trade winds, and though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great South Sea boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The south-east trade winds in the Atlantic Ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Travelling to the northwest they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are heavily laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes, and here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that a very low temperature can extract. Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slopes beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain tops, they reach the ocean before they become charged with fresh vapor, and before, therefore, they have any which the Peruvian climate can extract. Thus we see how the top of the Andes becomes the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.—*Brunswick Telegraph.*

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

LEWISTON, MAINE.

The views on this page, drawn for us by Mr. Champney, represent the new County Buildings, Auburn, Maine, and the Maine State Seminary, Lewiston, designed by G. J. F. Bryant, of this city. Lewiston is situated on the left bank of the Androscoggin River, which is here crossed by a bridge 1700 feet long, and on the line of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, 33 miles north of Portland. The Androscoggin and Kenebec Railroad communicates with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad at Leeds, eleven miles above. Lewiston has recently become one of the most important manufacturing towns in the State of Maine, having admirable water power in the Androscoggin, which here has a fall of sixty feet in fifteen rods. The river scenery is here remarkably wild and picturesque, and well worthy the study of artists. About seven hundred acres of land adjoining the falls have been purchased by a company of capitalists, who intend building up a manufacturing city. A dam has been constructed across the river, and a canal sixty feet wide has been dug, extending from above the falls to the mills; and such is the formation of the ground, that the water can be used several times. Four principal corporations are now running about 70,000 spindles, manufacturing coarse cottons, prints, tweeds, satinets, flannels, etc. Here, also, we find a machine shop 400 feet by 70, and four stories high, with a capacity for one thousand hands. There is another machine shop owned by a private individual for manufacturing steam engines. The manufacturing capital of Lewiston is about $2,000,000. Lewiston has five churches, a bank, a savings institution, a valuable public library, a first class hotel, and a newspaper. The schools are among the best in the State. Below, we present a view of the Maine State Seminary, drawn expressly for the "Pictorial" by Champney. This institution was chartered by the legislature of Maine on the 16th of March, 1855, and is located at Lewiston, Maine. It has received $5000 in money from the State; and whenever "buildings are erected suitable for the accommodation and the purposes of the seminary," and the same shall be "ready to use as a place for the education of youth," it is to receive the scrip of the State in the sum of $10,000. The ten thousand dollars must be kept as a permanent fund, the State paying the interest (six per cent.) semi-annually. Besides the $15,000 donated by the State, the town of Lewiston has given an equal sum, five thousand of which is from the Lewiston Water Power Company. Some ten thousand dollars, also, have been raised by private contributions from various parts of the State. The site embraces twenty acres, costing over $5000. The corner-stone of the centre building, as seen in the engraving, was laid with appropriate exercises on the 26th of June, 1856, and the building is completed outside. It takes the name of "Hathorn Hall," in memory of Deacon Seth Hathorn, of Woolwich, a venerable member of the Free-Will Baptist church, and who has largely contributed for its erection. It is 86 by 50, three stories high. The first story contains a chemical room, philosophical room, laboratory and library room; the second story contains the chapel and two recitation rooms; the third story contains six recitation rooms, and two rooms for literary societies. The two wing buildings are each 147 feet by 44, three stories high above the basement, one for males, the other for females. The dining-room will be in the basement of the ladies' hall. The foundation of the right wing is already laid. The whole is to be built of brick, and is under the direction of a distinguished Boston architect, Mr. G. J. F. Bryant. The Maine State Seminary is designed to be open, like a common academy, for boys and girls of all ages and ranks of scholarship; but, in addition, it will have a regular course of study (probably three years), and will give diplomas to such students as may complete this course. It is hoped by many of its friends that the school will be opened as soon as the fall of 1857. The Maine State Seminary is under the care of the Free-Will Baptist denomination, though it is not a "sectarian school" in any improper sense of the term. Like a large number of the schools of the State, a *majority* of the trustees are members of a particular Christian denomination. But while a majority of the board of the trustees are Free-Will Baptists, men of other religious faiths are among its warmest and most active friends. By its charter, the institution is purely "literary;" and while moral and Christian principles will be taught, all students will be left free in their religious creeds, holding sacred their *right* to worship God where, and how they please. The board of trustees consists of Rev. Ebenezer Knowlton, *President;* Rev. Oren B. Cheney, *Secretary;* Francis Lyford, Esq., *Treasurer;* Samuel Swanton, Esq., Rev. Nahum Brooks, *Auditors.* Rev. Oren B. Cheney, *General Agent;* William R. Frye, Francis Lyford, Abel Chadwick, W. H. Littlefield, E. Knowlton, Alonzo Garcelon, O. B. Cheney, *Building Committee.* FACULTY.—Rev. Oren B. Cheney, A. M., *Principal:* George H. Ricker, A. M., John A. Lowell, A. M.—one vacancy. Miss Rachel J. Symonds, *Preceptress;* Miss Jennie W. Hoyt, Miss Mary R. Cushman. An institution established on so liberal a basis as that we have noticed, cannot fail to attain high eminence, and to exercise a beneficial influence far and wide. The exertions everywhere making to multiply and elevate the character of our schools and academies, show that the descendants of the founders of our republic fully recognize the great truth, that the education of the masses is the palladium of our liberty. But for the early care bestowed on popular education by the wise colonists who peopled this continent, we never should have attained our present political strength and independence. The condition of countries in which the education of the people is neglected, shows the ruinous result of an opposite policy from that which the wisdom of our forefathers established.



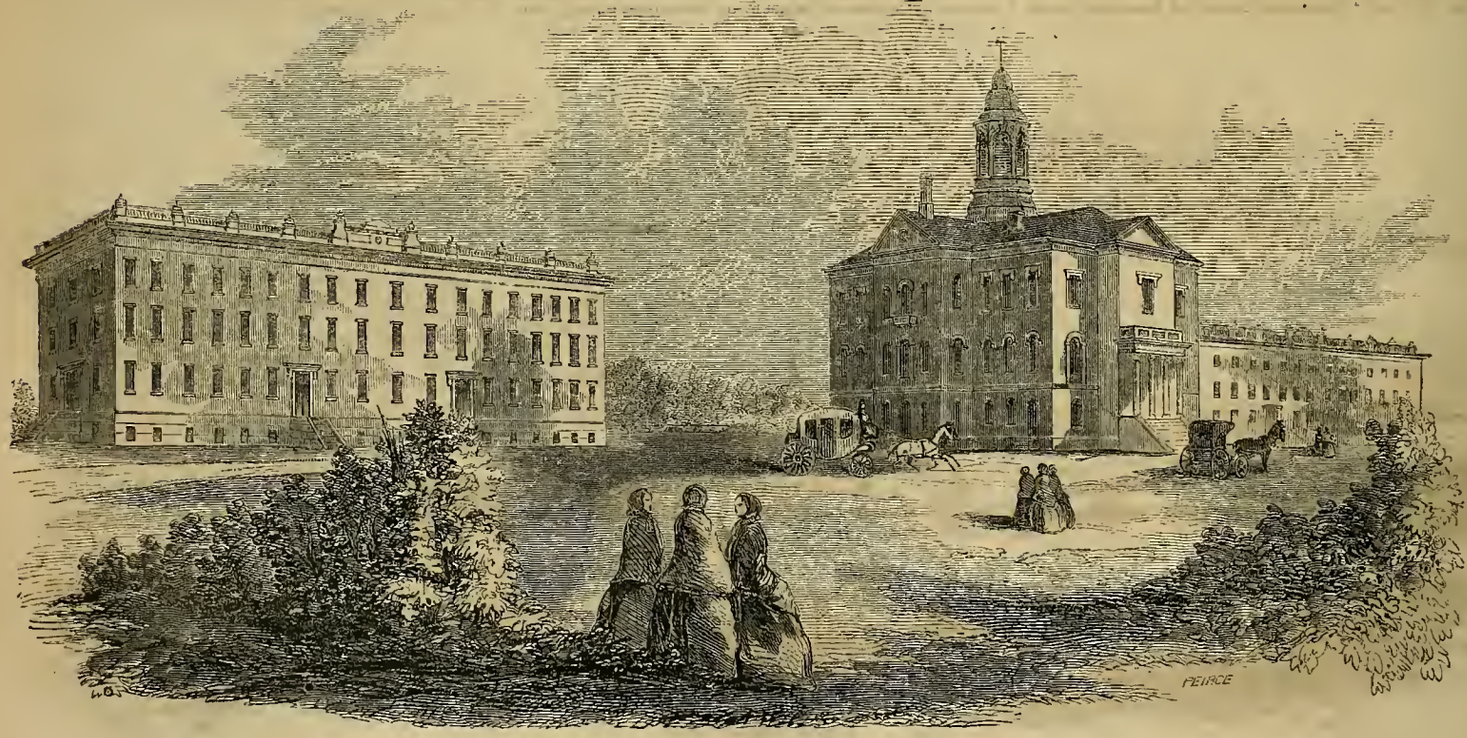
NEW COUNTY BUILDINGS, AUBURN, MAINE.

A FLEMISH NUNNERY.

The nuns never lie down, but sleep upright. I went up a narrow, corkscrew, stone staircase into their cells, and saw these extraordinary beds; they consist of a hard and almost cylindrical mattress, stuffed with straw, about three feet long, at right angles to which is fixed an equally hard upright palliase, to support the back. There is no pillow, neither are there sheets, and only one small thin blanket. A basin and ewer of water stood on the ground, and the sleeping habit hung on a peg behind the door. There was no other furniture. A small window opened on to the garden, and the honeysuckle which embowered it, gave something of a cheerful aspect to the denuded little dormitory. They rise at half past four, are only allowed five minutes to wash and dress, and go down to chapel, where they pray and meditate till half past five, when their first mass is said; this is always at a fixed hour, and is followed by one, and sometimes two more. After these they remain in chapel till half past eleven. Their first meal, which they call dinner, is at half past twelve, and consists entirely of herbs, vegetables, rice, eggs, etc. Butter, cheese, milk, and what they call *lait battu*, they also eat, but not at *maigre* seasons. Their second and last meal is at seven, and consists of dry bread and the *biere du pays*. The sisters do everything for themselves—washing, mending, sweeping, scouring, etc. The rule of the lay sisters is slightly less severe in every particular, but even this is ascetic enough to startle most secular persons. The sister who showed us the mysteries of the house was a very pleasant, amiable-looking woman of about thirty-five. She had a peculiarly calm, holy expression of countenance, and expressed herself perfectly happy in the life of which she had made choice, now about fifteen years since. The discipline they observe, she said, was *bon pour l'ame et bon pour le corps aussi*. It seems they are removed from house to house, to prevent too great an attachment to one locality. She and another lay sister were sent, a short time ago, on a mission to England—and this was another considerable grievance to her; but she said she kept her trouble to herself, and accepted it as one of the acts of submission to the will of her superior, to which her rule bound her. The first night they arrived in London, when they put up at the hotel, they were shown into the room where the beds were, of course, horizontal. This was a difficulty which had not occurred to them, and they made up their minds to adopt the same position as the rest of the world; but no sooner had they tried it, than they found it impossible to sleep. Accordingly they relinquished the attempt, and taking the mattress off the bedstead, placed it half upright against the wall, and had reason to be perfectly satisfied with the ingenious expedient.—*Flemish Interiors.*

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

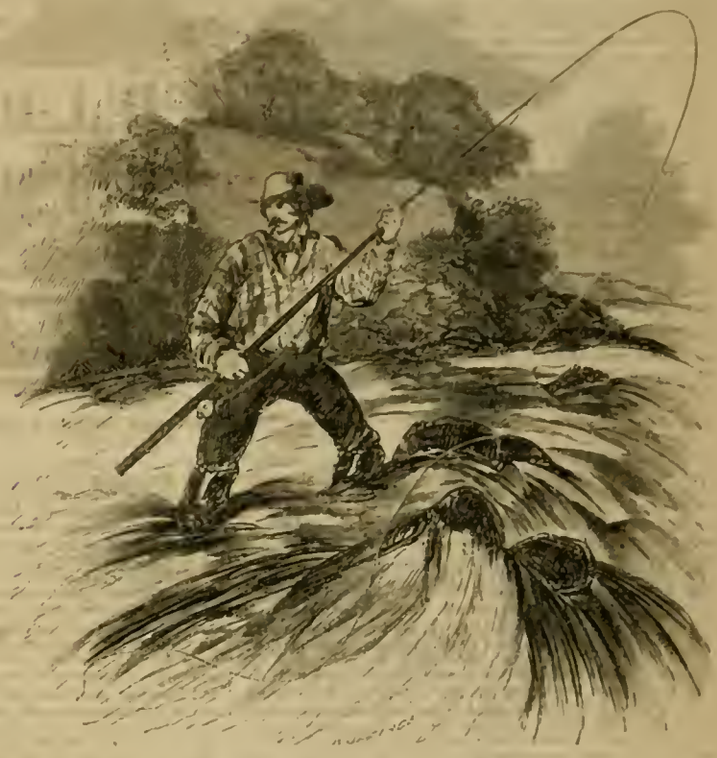
It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents' or friends' consent; therefore, if one bear affection to a young maid, upon breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is, that a day is appointed for their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part in the race, so that it is impossible, except she will of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the offer of marriage. But if the virgin has affection for him, though at first running hard to try the truth of her love, she will pretend some casualty, and a voluntary halt, before the end of the race.—*Travels in Lapland.*



MAINE STATE SEMINARY, LEWISTON, MAINE.



GRAND FALLS ON THE NEPISIGUIT RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.



CASTING THE FLY FOR SALMON.

SCENES IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

We have placed on this page some fine engravings from beautiful drawings made in the localities represented by Mr. Barry, taken expressly for the Pictorial. They delineate fresh and unhackneyed scenes, for New Brunswick has rather been neglected by tourists and artists. The second picture represents salmon-fishing in the "Nepisiguit." A sportsman, properly accoutred with high water-proof boots and furnished with rod, line and reel, has made his cast and is engaged in playing the delicious and exhilarating game for this fish which abounds in the New Brunswick waters. How old "Christopher North" of Blackwood, would have enjoyed such a scene! And how, emerging from the waters, after having landed a royal specimen of the monarchs of the river, he would have celebrated his triumph in undying words! The river "Nepesiguit," emptying itself in Bathurst Harbor, is widely known as one of the three most celebrated salmon runs of North America, and well deserves its Indian name of "Noisy Water." From a mountain rivulet it gradually widens into a rapid stream, rushing through the wilderness for many miles to the "Grand Falls," delineated in one of our engravings, where, in his season, the delicious "salmon, king of fishes," may be always found. The river at this point descends between high walls of solid rock, over one hundred feet in height, and sweeps with fearful velocity down a rocky bed of millstone for many a league, making the place remarkable for its marvellous beauty, its romance and sublimity. Here the poet and the artist may dwell for weeks, undisturbed in study, from the "least little weedy wild blossom," to the mountain pines, delight in the continuous sound of the noisy water, and obtain unbounded joy from ever changing skies. The place is easily reached, by steamer from Boston to St. John, thence by stage to Chatham, and again by the same conveyance to Bathurst, where there is a good tavern, kept by Mr. James Weatherall, a genuine Yankee, whose willingness to render comfort is plainly seen upon his face. Sportsmen from the States, the Canadas and even Europe with pleasure will join with us in wishing a "long life and a merry one" to the jolly landlord of the Jenny Lind Hotel. Our third illustration is an accurate delineation of the town of Bathurst, which is situated on the Bay de Chaleur in the British provinces, fifty miles from the Gulf of St Lawrence. It contains about four thousand inhabitants, and is noted for its exports of lumber, and for its fine millstones. Like most of the towns in the provinces, it is lacking in business excitement. The seven days of the week seem all alike. The houses are small and poorly built, without the slightest regard to architectural taste. The large building on the right of the picture is the steam sawmill of Ferguson and Co., a branch of a noted Glasgow house. The Roman Catholic Church upon the hilltop, was built for the French residents. A little to the left of this may be seen the old windmill and dwelling-house of the first settler, Mr. Charles Doucett. The time-worn edifice crowning the eminence on the left of the picture, is the Presbyterian Church, while under it is shown a portion of the bridge connecting the two sides of the town. The whole picture is an exact delineation of the town as it appears. In our sketches of various localities we aim, in the first place, at accuracy of representation, and afterwards at such pictorial effect as the nature of the scenes will admit. A common fault with drawings of places is, that artists, in aiming at effect are apt to sacrifice truth; we have always carefully avoided this, as we wish to record only faithful transcripts of all localities in our pages, daguerreotypes, as it were, of actual scenes.



BATHURST, ON THE BAY DE CHALEUR, NEWFOUNDLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONNET UPON AN ANONYMOUS POEM.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Earth, dost thou hide with mould the hand that wrote
This poem, teeming with the muse's fire?
Oblivion, is he thine whose fingers smote
With timid movement such a thrilling lyre?
What was his highest hope—his first desire?
A noble mind, perchance, a soul endued
With heaven-born impulse: elevated higher
Than this cold world with sympathies so rude;
In vain I ask: what boots it to inquire,
Since from the past no echoes e'er return?
The past! Behold the mighty funeral pyre
Of many a noble deed; the fatal urn,
To which our weeping eyes with backward glances turn!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. WATTS'S DREAM.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

It is now many years since I was travelling in the great valley of the Mississippi, towards the north; but at the time I am speaking of, railroads were unknown, and so bad were the thoroughfares that wheeled vehicles in many places were quite out of the question. So I, like many others, who peddled various kinds of wares, was compelled to make my rounds on a pack-horse, and put up with such accommodations for myself and beast as chance and circumstances furnished.

I can assure you that these were, for the most part, none of the best, as taverns were, like "angels' visits, few and far between," in those days. There were no smart hotels in the backwoods, with bowing landlords, and ready hostlers, and fine waiters, and a comfortable bed, in a room all to yourself. Nothing of the kind. You had to rough it, or go further, and fare worse, perhaps. But spite of such inconveniences, there was a wild charm in that kind of journeying—a sense of independence about it, which one has not the least idea of, in these days of lightning trains, when he is whirled along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, like a mouse in a trap that is tied to the tail of a mad dog. You stopped or started when you pleased, and if you did not go quite so fast as now, you had a better chance of getting safely to your journey's end.

There was another great charm for me in those old travelling times. What could be pleasanter at the end of a long day's travel than to fall in with a set of jolly fellows who made a half-circle round a great wood fire, whose back-log was part of the trunk of a tree felled in the forest by which we were surrounded and shut in, as it were, from all the world, and passed the time in stories that were often varied by personal experiences, which proved that the travelling merchants then were to the full as cute as the smartest Yankee pedler who now practises with his soft sawder on rural simplicity. Some time I will record a few of these revelations, for I am quite sure they would be as interesting as the thunderous literature of Mr. Triptolemus Muff, or the silken sentimentalities of that sweet authoress, "Carrie Cabbage."

Well, on the evening I have specially referred to, I arrived, hungry and tired enough, at old Hans Dohlar's shanty—for it was little better though dignified by the name of tavern. Having attended to my horse, I entered the common room, and joined the ring of guests who were smoking, drinking and talking all at once, in every kind of known language, it seemed; and their appearances were as different as their dialects. There was the meagre, chattering, grimacing Frenchman, the heavy, phlegmatic Dutchman, the German, with great, gray, watery eyes and large meerschaum, the stolid, grave Englishman, the rough, huge-fisted backwoodsman, the keen-eyed, hatchet-faced Yankee, the nondescript wanderer, no one knew from where, or to whither, or for what purpose, as well as others who require no particular mention. A heavy storm had driven these guests to the shelter of Hans Dohlar's roof, and as it was impossible to accommodate all of them with beds, or even "shake-downs," it seemed tacitly to be agreed that the night should be passed away as pleasantly as might be, around the fire. So one story after another story was told, songs sung, and rough and ready wit awakened peals of laughter which drowned the howlings of the storm still raging wildly without.

The flow of whiskey at length began to abate, and with it the stream of talk. In fact, most of us were dozing in arm-chairs, when a thundering knock at the door startled us from the enjoyment of our first dreams. Old Hans lifted his great shock-head from the table, and muttering, "Who ter dayfil ish dis?" staggered to the door and unbarred it, when a stalwart young fellow, with a gun in his hand and a wild turkey slung over his shoulder, made his appearance.

"Ach! mein Gott, ish dis you, Mister Schmidt? Vy vat upon earth prings you our vay at dis time o' night?" asked Hans, in astonishment, as the young fellow flung down the bird, placed his gun upon a rack, and then deposited his own person on a vacant seat.

"Fact is," said the youth thus addressed, "I lost myself in the woods, and only found out your place by accident. I had been shooting all day, but without luck, till just before dark, when I managed to kill that turkey, which, however, I should have failed to hit, hadn't Seth Sprowl, down at Barker's hollow, given me a charge or two of the new-fangled patent shot that he's got a little of from over the water."

"New-fangled shot!" exclaimed several voices; "why, what sort of shot is that? Never *heered* on it, nohow."

"Well, all I know of it is, that it goes straighter to the mark than any other. As to the reason, I can't see that. All I *do* know is, that I had been shooting all day with this sort," and he exhibited a few shot which lay loose in one of his pockets, "and hit nothing, scarce; but one charge of Seth Sprowl's brought down that fine fellow there, which will make a breakfast for the company, if you'll have it cooked."

"Let me look at the two kinds of shot; I think I can explain the difference between them," said a little weazen-faced, shabbily-dressed, oldish man, who, during the evening, had sat close to the fire, wrapped up, as it were, in his own thoughts—for he seldom spoke or smiled.

He held out his hand as he said this, and the young man dropped into his skinny palm specimens of both kinds of shot.

"Well now, gentlemen," remarked the old fellow, "I have been listening to all your stories for the last few hours, and as I don't want to partake of that turkey without earning my share, if you've no objection, I'll tell you a short story which these little spheres of lead remind me of; and the best of it is, that my story will be a true one, though some of you, I dare say, will doubt it."

So a fresh pitcher of whiskey was provided, and the old fellow, having moistened his lips, commenced:

"You don't believe in dreams, very likely; well, I do, and am going to tell you the story of a very remarkable dream, but for which I should not have been here to-night, and that turkey there which Dame Dohlar is plucking would have been quietly roosting on his perch."

"Guess yer shootin' with the long bow, now," said the Yankee pedler, with a sneer playing on his saffron-faced countenance.

"My name is Watts," went on the little man, heedless of the interruption, and twirling about the little leaden globes in the palm of one hand with the forefinger of the other, pausing now and then in the course of his narrative, as though the perfectly spherical and patent shot were tangible periods and colons, and the common shot, which looked less regular in their shape, were semicolons and commas, to say nothing of the improved article now and then eliciting notes of admiration,—"my name is Watts, and so was my father's, and my grandfather's before him, and, of course, my grandmother's name was Watts, also." Here two of the patent shot formed themselves into a colon, and a brief pause ensued. The young sportsman interrupted it by exclaiming:

"Watts—Watts! why, that name was on the bag in which Seth Sprowl got me the shot, some of which you have in your hands. If I do not mistake, William Watts was the stamped patentee."

"Quite right, sir; you have a quick eye, I see. Well, then, it was William Watts's wife, my grandmother, who dreamed how perfectly round gun-shot were to be made, and by so doing made her husband's fortune."

"I wish to mercy *my* old woman would take to dreaming in that way!" observed one of the listeners.

"But," continued the old man, "it ruined him in the end, for all that."

"How so?" asked half a dozen voices, and the half dozen heads to which those voices belonged were stretched eagerly in the direction of the story-teller's corner.

"You shall hear," he said. "As I have intimated, Mr. William Watts was my father's father. I never saw him, for he died long before I was born; but I can form a pretty clear idea of him from descriptions and a portrait which used to hang in our parlor at home. He was a short, plump personage, with cunning gray eyes, and like all the other keen Bristol merchants, it used to be said of him that he always slept with one of them open. But the wisest of us sometimes make mistakes in the long run, and so it happened in his case.

"My grandfather was a plumber and shot maker, and it was the latter branch of his business which was the most profitable. At that time, however, shot-making was but a very partially developed art, and consisted in merely letting drops of melted lead fall into a large vessel of water from a height of two or three feet, which caused them suddenly to cool, and retain a rounded shape. But as the metal did not thoroughly solidify before it reached the water, the sudden contact with the latter caused a little indentation on the surface of every shot, exactly at the point where it first touched the liquid. Now, gentlemen, if you will examine the contents of your pouches, you will observe the depression upon every shot; but in these patent ones, the sphere is perfect and unblemished."

Here another shot rolled itself into a period, and during its continuance in this form, Mr. Watts paid his respects to the pitcher.

"But what has all this to do with the dream?"

"Wait a little, and you will see that it has everything to do with it, for if there had been no dream in the case you might have had unreliable shot until this day. Now my grandfather was himself sportsman enough to know that with the shot he manufactured no certainty of aim could be secured; but for the life of him he could not ascertain the reason. He racked his brain day and night for some means of improving the article he made; but to no purpose; and at length repeated disappointments caused him to become so discontented and morose, that his wife had but a poor time of it with him, and sometimes almost wished herself shot—if even with the very inferior article her husband made.

"Now it fortunately happened that my grandmother, who was a remarkably quiet woman, had more philosophy in her little finger than her husband had in his whole composition, and she took it into her head that, as for almost every ill there was a cure, so there might be a remedy for bad shot. This idea having taken possession of her mind, there it remained; and you all know, gentlemen, that if a woman once sets her will upon accomplishing anything, Old Nick himself cannot prevent her. So it was with my ancestress. Like a sensible woman, she determined to use her wits as well as her eyes; and to that end, day after day, she watched the process of shot-making, as she sat by the water-tank, knitting busily away as if for dear life. Her husband noticed, too, that she never knitted with such wonderful rapidity as when she was watching the shining globules of lead as they dropped from the strainer-like square iron pan into the water. But she seldom spoke a word, though her eyes, her brain and her fingers were not a moment unemployed. So matters went on for many months, and as Mr. Watts's business began to fall off, poverty stared him in the face. It was of no use for his wife to encourage him. Rather than make imperfect shot he cared not to make any, and he must soon have gone to ruin had it not been for his wife's dream."

"Now, then, for it," sneered the company.

"One night my grandfather was suddenly roused from comfortable slumber by a vigorous shake of his shoulder, and the twitching off of his nightcap. Rubbing his eyes and God-blessing himself, he sat bolt upright in bed, and perceived with great surprise, for the moon was shining brightly into the chamber, that his usually quiet wife was frantically dancing about the room with a tinder-box in one hand and his working-day breeches in the other, and exclaiming, vehemently, not 'Eureka,' as did Archimedes of old, but 'I've hit it! I've struck the nail on the head! Get up, man alive, before I forget it, and I'll make your fortune!"

"'Hit what? *What* nail have you struck on the head?' questioned the bewildered Mr. Watts, who sat with his chin on his knees, and his eyes staring out of their sockets with amazement.

"'I've dreamed how to make shot without any mark on 'em,' shouted Mrs. Watts, as she converted Mr. Watts's breeches into a nightcap, greatly to the indignation of that gentleman, who swore wildly, and fancying his wife's freak would soon be over, laid down and prepared for another snooze.

"But Mrs. Watts had no idea of that sort of thing, and the clothes were dragged off the bed in no time, a light was struck, and half an hour afterwards, the astonished husband being more thoroughly awakened, was told the particulars of his wife's wonderful dream.

"'Well, it seems reasonable enough,' remarked that gentleman, when his wife had finished her story, 'but the proof of the pudding, Mrs. Watts, lies, you know, in the eating. I don't put much faith in dreams. Besides, I don't see how yours could come true more than other people's.'

"'But I do,' responded his lady—"*I* do, and what is more, I'll try it, and you shall help me; so let's go about it at once.'

"Mrs. Watts had dreamed that if the drops of melted lead were allowed to fall through the air from a considerable height, so as to get thoroughly hardened before they reached the water, their perfectly spherical form would not be damaged by contact therewith. Now whether the good lady had so unconsciously arrived at this conclusion in the course of her meditations on the subject as to cause her mind to be impressed with it in a dream, it is of no importance to inquire; most probably, however, such was the case; but she was a truthful woman, and to her dying day declared that the idea came to her in a dream, and in no other way.

"The day broke, and my grandmother, all impatience to test the truth of her vision, determined at once to try the experiment. Opposite her house was a church with a lofty tower, which she selected as the most suitable place of operation. The sexton was a neighbor. From him she borrowed the key, and by six o'clock in the morning my grandfather had got his apparatus ready, and with a charcoal-burner, some lead, a bucket of water, and the shot-card, as the implement was called through which the melted lead was poured to form drops, both husband and wife, with great secrecy, repaired to the old church, and locked themselves in. The staircase of the tower was circular, so that a wall of great distance from its summit, formed a most convenient shot-factory, and at the top of it Mr. Watts placed his 'card,' while at its bottom my grandmother stood beside the bucket of water, on the contents of which, before long, so much might depend.

"All was at last ready, and down came the molten shower of glistening metallic drops. Hissing and spluttering, they fell into the water, until all the lead was used, and then, with eager haste, my grandmother plunged her hand into the now warm fluid and drew a quantity of the shot therefrom. Selecting one, she examined it with a microscopic eye, and then another and another were subjected to the same scrutiny. Each and all were ascertained to be faultless in form and sphericity. The great triumph had been achieved; the night vision was a sober reality, and when Mr. Watts came down from his extemporized workshop above, she flung her arms around his neck and exclaimed:

"'There, my dear, what do you say to my dream now?'

"What he said in reply, gentlemen, I don't know, but I know what he *did*. He went off, after breakfast, and applied for a patent, which in due time he secured. He then built a shot-tower in his native city, Bristol, the first in the world, and soon acquiring a large fortune, retired from trade. But his prudent wife died, and with her went his good luck. He commenced building at Clifton a proposed magnificent terrace, on which were to be reared a row of splendid houses. But having sold his patent, he could not get enough ready cash to carry out his intentions, and on the foundations only of his great work he expended every shilling he had in the world. The luckless place is called *Watts's folly* to this day.

"The end of my poor grandfather was tragical. Having begged a bag of shot from the person to whom he had disposed of his right in the patent, he put a heavy charge into a gun and shot himself through the head. His son, my father, struggled through the world in poverty and neglect, till he died, leaving me penniless, and that, gentlemen, is how it came to pass that I ventured to this country, in hope of bettering my fortune. Now you will understand why it is that I am here, and also how it comes that that wild turkey is browning so nicely before the fire."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO G. M. RUNN.

BY H. C. BACKUS.

Thou bereaved one, look to Heaven,
Pour thy spirit forth in prayer,
God will give thee, in his wisdom,
Strength thy lonely lot to bear

Those he loveth he will chasten,
Dost believe it, stricken one?
Trusting wholly canst thou murmur,
Lord, thy will, not mine, be done?

Then thy station will be blessed
'Mong the lonely ones of earth;
And beneath this worldly grossness
Thou wilt find the diamond's worth.

Though no more the light of Pleasure
On thy pathway casts her beams,
Thou shalt meet her 'mong the wanderers,
In the shadow-land of dreams.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOUND AT LAST!

BY HERBERT LINTON.

THERE was a quiet bridal party at the little church of Ellenthorpe, in England. There was less of the usual congregation than is ordinary on such occasions—and perhaps the few witnesses were aware that there would be less than the usual amount of happiness, where two such opposite natures were binding themselves into one. Into one! Ah, that could never be!

The curate, Mr. Birdstone, lacked his usual energy in repeating the service; and altogether, there seemed to hang a sort of dreamy and ominous significance over the portal of that state, which, humanly speaking, lasts until severed by the hand of Death!

The bridegroom was very young—only twenty-one; the bride looked a year or two older. The former was a fine specimen of English youth; strong and well-formed, and with a look of high determination about the lips that spoke of a firm, perhaps a wilful character. Alas for their future happiness! There was too little contrast between the two; the bride having the same traits unmistakably impressed on her countenance, also. She was even haughty in her perfect composure, and showed none of the beautiful timidity, or the leaning dependence, of a bride.

There were whispers in the church from those who were initiated, that Elinor Latham had accepted Marcus Churchill in a moment of disappointment and pique, because another lover had deserted her. For once, there was more truth than poetry in the gossip of a country town; and unhappily, the prophecy of future misery, which some did not scruple to make, was soon to be fulfilled. The young schoolmaster and his pretty but haughty wife soon verified the assertion.

Certain it is, that before the crescent moon which had lighted the bridal pair to their home had waxed and waned, there were angry words spoken; and ere a year had elapsed, the pretty bridal establishment was broken up, the bride had returned to her father's house, and Marcus Churchill was on his way to America.

If there was a struggle in the heart of Elinor, love had no part in it—and she scorned to affect the semblance. She had loved another with all the strength of which her hard and proud nature was capable; and, failing that, she had coldly sacrificed Marcus to a life of disappointment and regret for having loved one so heartless. She exacted the sacrifice, but found too late that it had neither healed the wound in her own heart, nor planted the thorn, as she had wished, in that of another. She did not love Marcus, and had immolated her own happiness upon the broken altar of her ambition. She came back from that sacrifice with only the smoke and ashes clinging to her garments.

But not even for her haughty pride would Marcus have deserted her, had he known that, when he was far away on the shores of a distant land, there was blooming into being a child who would have called him father!—a child whom the mother, in the bitterness of her heart, almost wished had never seen the light, and whose soft smiles and winning caresses brought no delight. In time, Elinor softened towards the child—towards the father—ah, that was not in her nature.

On that distant shore, where the young English schoolmaster had taken up his abode, he heard of this child with a thrill of inexpressible emotion, and ever this thought was present with him. And as he walked the streets of the populous city, his eyes dwelt ever on the groups of little children, loving to fancy which of them might resemble the one whose lip he might never press with a father's kiss.

Years passed, and the cold, hard barrier never grew less. Stately, and withdrawn into herself, Elinor sat in her father's home, with no light upon her heart except that which beamed from Marcus Churchill's child. And even for that there was no rapturous thrill like a mother's passionate love for her child—no agony of apprehension, like a mother's, when she thought of its death. Even to the little Ethel she would wrap herself in a garment of cold reserve, chilling and repulsing the little creature from its birth, and darkening its innocent childhood. Not Marcus himself, afar off, was more oblivious to the caresses of his child than was Elinor; and Ethel was as truly an orphan from her birth, as though both parents were in their graves. The word *parent* was as meaningless to her as any other of which she did not know the import; and her little heart, yearning as it did in its passionate love for a parent's tenderness, was thrown back upon itself in utter loneliness, and the sadness of desolation.

Elinor's care of her child was only cold duty—never breathing into smiles nor praises, but entrenching itself behind a dark, high wall of pride. She had built up this wall, and never suffered a flower to climb over its smooth and polished surface. Perhaps her first fierce battle with life had crushed out all feeling from her heart.

Her parents were both taken sick at once, and they were not long separated. Ethel could only run from one sick bed to another in an agony of grief, which her mother, although scrupulous in care and attention, could neither share nor comprehend. Even when they died, Elinor did not depart from her still and serene repose of manner. She let Ethel shed her tears unreproved, put away the things which could remind her of the past, and setting herself down in the dull, lonely house, she was again wrapped in the same impenetrable reserve as before.

Not from her did Ethel ever learn the fact that she had a father living. She learned it from her grandfather's pale lips in dying, while, at the same time, he told her not to talk to her mother about it. So Ethel kept the thought of her distant parent in her own heart, ever with a wild imagining of his looks, his words, and all that he might some day be to her. And then she would weep at the thought that her ideal might never grow into a living, breathing reality.

Still, it was an incentive to every good deed—the thought of deserving her father's praise, even if she were debarred from receiving it; and from this thought there grew fruits an hundred fold. Marcus Churchill, therefore, in his mournful isolation from his child, became a better monitor, perhaps, than he might have been in his actual presence. So she grew up, wearing that image in her heart, wondering, without daring to ask, if her mother ever thought of him; and dreaming that a time might come—a time of reconciliation and joy—when her mother's face would wear a more hopeful, more serene aspect.

Time—"that wears out the trace of deepest trouble;"—time—"the awakener, the drier of tears and healer of wounds"—had passed over Elinor's heart in vain. If she was ice in her younger years, she was frozen into marble now—hard, cold and impenetrable. The daily routine of her life was so frigid in its chilling ceremony, and there was such a heartlessness in the mere forms of their household doings—so little of the true life and warmth of home, as it is made by the gushing out of warm, affectionate hearts—that when Ethel, at seventeen, was emancipated from school, where she had endured almost Egyptian bondage, she began to think she was falling into one more odious still—bondage to duty, where love had been all crushed out.

How weary were those years, none but herself could know. Her mother wished no company—*permitted* none; and Ethel, obedient in practice, but rebelling in her heart, had no chance of diffusing her own affections, any more than Mrs. Churchill herself. For ten years longer the two weary women lived on in solitude and loneliness—Elinor seldom looking beyond the door of her voluntary prison, and Ethel beating the bars of her cage in vain attempts to be free, or to grow content with her captivity.

And where, during all these weary years, was Marcus—the wifeless husband and childless father! When he left England, upon the final separation from his wife, he almost vowed never to see its white cliffs again. There was no malice in his heart towards her, but there *was* bitterness. He could not deny that. She had clouded his young life, and he felt that, to get away from that living death—that utter and hopeless misery of two beings bound together without love—he would fly to the world's farthest bounds. It was like a chain about his neck—this marriage without union—and he resolved to go away forever.

From the deep thinking, worldly teacher, he became, in the course of years, and through much study and application, a deep spiritual teacher. Religion was a part of his nature, and was only developed in a finer and more diffusive sense, when he took upon himself the sacred office of a preacher of the gospel. His doctrinal views were held in check by his intensely practical ones—and the more he learned to worship in the beauty of holiness himself, the more his spiritual nature expanded into pity and sympathy for those who went astray.

If we could but sometimes stand outside of the falseness and superficialness of our daily lives, and come truly into communion with the beauty and freedom of our religion! Breaking away, not from the propensities of life, but from its heartless conventionalities, if we could but stand by the actual truth—the severe and solemn, yet simple and beautiful truths which lie around us, to what complexion of gladness might we come at last! So much of the artificial comes between us and God, that we almost lose sight of the pure and true, which nature and religion are ever unfolding.

So thought Marcus Churchill—and his only aim now was to come into the light of this purity and truth—to lead a pure and simple life, and to die a holy and Christian death.

Sometimes the desire to see his child would overpower almost every other emotion. From the moment when he had received Mr. Latham's letter, stating Ethel's birth, he had not ceased to long and pray for her presence—but this he hardly dared to hope for, because he knew that it could never be, until another life should pass away, and in that passing away only, could she be in freedom to come to him.

All things spoke to him of his child. He heard her voice in every hymn that rose in the vast church where he ministered; he felt her influence upon him everywhere like a good angel, imparting a depth of consolation unknown to hearts not so severely tried as his own.

He wrote to Ethel, enclosing a munificent sum of money and a miniature resemblance of himself. He begged her to write to him *out of her own heart*, without any reference to others. He wanted to know the truth of her [illegible] that if she were *happy*, he could know it at once. [illegible] answer came, fraught with a tenderness almost too deep for expression. She implored him to come to England—to let her look upon his face—to hear his voice—to feel for once that she had a father. She was very lonely she said—in fact, alone in the world!—no father near, no brother—"not so much as a lover, dear father, and almost thirty years old! So come at once, pray do—and I will meet you at Liverpool."

It was an appeal that could not be resisted, and he went in the next steamer, without waiting to apprise her of his coming, but his heart whispered that, as Ellenthorpe was so near, she would haunt every steamer that arrived. No one was at the landing, however, who answered the description he had made of her in his letter. He proceeded to the station of the railway between Liverpool and Ellenthorpe, and scanned the passengers carefully. He waited until they were nearly all gone, and gave up seeing Ethel for that day.

He turned sick with disappointment, but at that moment he saw a lady cross the floor of the station and seat herself at the window, apparently waiting for a carriage. He saw her start and half rise from her seat, at sight of him. His miniature, then, had been faithful to his look. His heart beat thick and low, and approaching her, he said softly, "Are you my daughter?" The cry which she uttered answered him. It was Ethel herself! Behold the look he had so often imagined. Ethel with her subdued but lovely face, mature in its beauty, yet childlike in its expression, like one whom the world hath not spoiled. Ethel, looking, for the first time in her life, upon a father's face, and receiving, for the first time, a father's blessing.

"And your mother, Ethel?"

Ethel burst into tears. "Father," she said, softly, "my mother is dying! She has been wasting away for the last three years, and now she is so near death, that nothing but to see you would have taken me from her side. Will you come to Ellenthorpe, dear father? I do not know as she will see you, now that age and sickness have so altered her—but while you remain in England, you must be near me."

Dying! As a man and a Christian, Marcus Churchill felt deeply the import of that word, but the ties which her own hand had rent asunder, rose up before him as a husband, and pity was the deepest sentiment he could feel for one so heartless in her youth—so relentless in her age. He bowed his head and wept.

Not because Elinor was dying, but because of his clouded life, his vanished hopes, his long, solitary years, round which no genial blossom of gladness had ever bloomed—because of his daughter's youth, wasted and crushed beneath an unloving influence—and, perhaps, of the change that was awaiting them all, when they should meet in another world.

It was late when they reached Ellenthorpe; and the unusual flashing of lights across the windows of that well-remembered house, where Marcus had won the haughty bride of his youth, alarmed Ethel. Her father had not the heart to leave her in her agitated state, and he almost carried her into the house which he had resolved not to enter.

Elinor Churchill was dead! It was Ethel's consolation to know that she had not missed her from her side, but passed peacefully from a gentle slumber to the sleep of death.

When the house was still, and they who had bustled in it, all day, had gone, and only the quiet moonlight lay in the rooms, Marcus took Ethel's hand, and persuaded her to retire to her rest. Then he went into the chamber where lay his early bride—now the bride of death. The moonbeams showed the pallid face, without revealing the harsh lines that sickness, and death, and earthly passion leave upon the countenance. Gleaming up in its white stillness, as she lay, insensible alike to his reproaches or forgiveness, Marcus bent over it for a moment, and knelt to pray. In that prayer, deep, humble and heartfelt, all human animosity seemed passing away, and a serene peace, such as passeth speech, to come into the heart of the living, kneeling by the dead.

Once more Marcus entered the little church of Ellenthorpe, passing with the funeral train, under the branches of the same trees that swayed above the bridal entrance thirty years ago. Thirty years leave their mark upon the strongest and fairest, and the boy, scarcely above twenty then, could not be recognized in the grave, sad man of fifty. The heart itself may not grow old, but it loses its first perfect trust in humanity, and the billows of time *must* leave fragments on the shores of our being.

The same curate performed the funeral service, that bestowed the bridal benediction. Marcus sighed to think how little the element of peace had flourished under that benediction! He was looking back into the years that had flown since he last entered this sanctuary. He saw Elinor, decked as a bride, yet wearing almost a scornful look on a brow which might have reflected only sunshine. He remembered her regal dignity of manners, her beauty and her talents—but O, could he forget how she had outraged his loving heart? * * * *

Ten days later, they were on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, hastening towards that shore, where, henceforth, that grave maiden should grow almost young and beautiful, under the influence of this new revelation of a father's love, unknown before. And for him—the father—life, which seemed so broken and fragmentary before, has resolved itself into a serenity which sheds itself over their home, and looks calmly and hopefully to the future.

No man has ever stood lower in my estimation for having a patch in his clothes; yet I am sure there is greater anxiety to have fashionable, or at least clean and unpatched clothes, than to have a sound conscience. I sometimes try my acquaintances by some such test as this; who could wear a patch, or two extra seams only, over the knee.—*Thoreau.*

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORER.

The fine head which accompanies this article was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry, his authority being the steel portrait which forms the preface to Dr. Kane's book, published in such splendid style by Childs and Peterson, and heretofore fully noticed in these pages. This narrative of his Arctic adventures has already met with a prodigious sale, and now that the hand which penned and illustrated it is cold in death, it will be yet more eagerly sought as the final monument of his genius and heroism. Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was born in Philadelphia, on the third day of February, 1822. He very early distinguished himself for a love of adventure and science, and while a collegiate student at the university of Virginia, explored the Blue Mountains of that State with a view to the acquisition of geological facts. In 1843 he graduated from the Pennsylvania Medical University, and soon afterwards entered the United States navy as assistant surgeon. He was attached to the first embassy to China as physician, and before returning home travelled extensively in China, the Philippines, Ceylon and the interior of India, and other countries, meeting with many perilous adventures. While in India he descended the crater of the Taal of Luzon, suspended by a bamboo, from a rock above the interior scoria and debris, over two hundred feet. He re-ascended safely, though he immediately encountered another danger, the superstitious fury of the natives, who regarded his exploration as a sacrilegious act only to be expiated by death. Escaping from this peril, he was afterwards attacked by the Ladrones, and again attacked and wounded in Egypt. From Egypt he went to Greece, and then visited Italy, France and England before returning home, in 1846. He was next ordered to the coast of Africa. He here renewed some acquaintances formed in Brazil, and facilities were afforded him for inspecting the whole machinery of the slave trade. Furnished with a pass from Desouza, the great intermediary between the chiefs of the slave districts and the Brazilian slavers, he penetrated the interior, and witnessed scenes which few persons have an opportunity of seeing. He contracted the coast fever, however, and came near dying from it, and was sent home by Commodore Read on the sick list. During the Mexican war, having partially recovered his health, he volunteered his services, and was entrusted with despatches from the president to General Scott, after the latter had marched for the capital. The pathway was beset with dangers, and he was escorted by Col. Dominguez with his famous Spy company. When near Nopaluca, in the vicinity of Puebla they received information that a large body of Mexican troops had been despatched to intercept them, and were but a short distance off, whereupon Dominguez announced his determination to retreat. Dr. Kane, however, by threats of the vengeance of his government, induced Dominguez to advance, and led the charge upon them in person. In the severe skirmish that followed, Dr. Kane was engaged with a Spanish officer, and ran him through the body with his sword, but saved his life after the action by tying up a severed artery. When an attempt was made by Dominguez's company to murder some of the prisoners, Dr. Kane protected them at the risk of his life, receiving a severe lance wound in his thigh, and



DR. ELISHA K. KANE.

managed to deliver them safely into the hands of Col. Childs, the American governor at Puebla. Here he passed several days, most kindly cared for by the family of Major Gaona, one of the Mexican party he had been engaged with, and the father of the young man he had wounded in the action. Major Gaona from that time was one of his warmest friends. He was an officer of distinction and had been entrusted with the defence of the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa against the French. After partially recovering from the effects of his wound, Dr. Kane gallantly pushed forward to the capital and delivered his despatches to the commander-in-chief. While in Mexico he ascertained the height of Popocatapetl by barometrical observations. We next find him attached to the United States coast survey. He was in the Gulf of Mexico when, on May 12, 1850, he received orders to join the Grinnell Arctic expedition, then fitting out at New York, under the command of Lieut. De Haven. He was absent about fifteen months on this expedition, serving as surgeon, naturalist and historian. He scarcely allowed himself time to rest, when he again embarked on that expedition to the Arctic regions which resulted in an extended knowledge of the northern coast of Greenland and America, and the verification of the existence of an open polar sea. His narrative of this adventorous voyage will be read as long as the English language endures. The hardships to which he was exposed in this second expedition completed the ruin of his constitution, never very robust, and weakened by wounds and the severe fever contracted in the East. He visited England, where he was received with great distinction, and thence, by the advice of physicians, went successively to St. Thomas and to Cuba. He died in Havana on the 16th of last February, a young man, but crowned with the highest honors. The news of his death was received every where with such demonstrations of sorrow as greet only the departure of the true heroes of the world.

COASTING ON BOSTON COMMON.

The spirited picture on this page, drawn expressly for us, represents a locality and a pastime dear to every Boston boy, and will be regarded as an agreeable souvenir of the winter we have just passed through. It was precisely on this spot during the Revolution, that a committee of the boys waited on the British general with a bold complaint of the interference of his troops, then encamped upon the Common, with their winter sports. General Gage admired their Anglo Saxon pluck and promised that they should not be disturbed, remarking afterwards to one of his officers, "What are we to expect of the fathers, when the sons of rebels exhibit such a spirit?" There may be men living who coasted on the Common during the occupation of Boston by the British troops. At any rate, Young America has not degenerated from the spirit of 1776.

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.

A short time ago a hunter, who was sporting on the banks of the lake of Wallensted, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of one of those destructive birds, the "lammergayer," a species of vulture; he shot the male, and made his way along a projection of the rock with a view of taking the young birds. He raised his arm, and felt her beak in his side. The sportsman, whom the slightest movement must have precipitated to the bottom of the rock, with that coolness and self-possession so peculiar to the mountain huntsman of that country, notwithstanding the pain he experienced, remained unmoved. Having his fowling-piece in his left hand, he placed it against the face of the rock, pointed to the breast of the bird, and with his toe, as they always go barefooted the better to enable them to hold and climb the rocks, he touched the trigger and the piece went off and killed the enemy on the nest. Had the bird been anywhere else, it must have dragged him down along with it. He procured assistance from the neighboring auberge or inn, hard by, and brought the two birds as trophies of his valor away with him. Some of these birds have been known to measure seventeen feet from tip to tip of the wings, and are only equalled in size by the condor of South America.—*French Journal.*



BOYS COASTING ON BOSTON COMMON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERSEVERANCE, Philadelphia.—We have given, at different times, two complete sets of views of West Point in the "Pictorial" of May 1, and Aug 7 1852

COVENTRY.—The government of Russia is an unlimited despotism The emperor is the law, and life and liberty are in his hands; still, he must be governed by a decent respect for public opinion.

WM. S. K., North Mount, Va.—Townsend's stenography is an excellent system. Messrs. Brown, Carter & Badlt, of this city, would send it to you. Price about $1 25

F. B., Roxbury.—The vexillarii in the Roman army were veterans who had fulfilled their term of military service, but were retained in the field. They fought separately from the other troops under a banner of their own (vexillum).

W. O.—William Wordsworth, the poet, was married, in 1803, to Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith.

MANUFACTURER.—Rosewood is said to have been introduced from the island of Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, though the great supply now comes from Brazil.

HOUSEKEEPER, Medford, Mass.—In Russia, salt, applied with a sponge, is used to clean windows from frost.

T. P.—We learn from Eliot's Indian grammar, printed in 1666, that the wigwam is a corruption of "*wetuomomenit*," signifying "in his house."

M. D.—Von Weber, the German composer, died in London, in 1826, on the very day when his magnificent opera, "Der Freyschutz," was to be performed for his benefit.

L. J.—After the restoration of Charles II., of England, that king had the meanness to order the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton to be dragged out of their tombs, and hanged upon the gallows at Tyburn.

BADGER.—The famous Exchange at Antwerp was built in 1531.

STUDENT.—The Punjaub, in the northwest part of Hindustan, was the scene of Alexander the Great's oriental conquests.

DECORATOR.—The French and Germans make a very good imitation ultramarine blue, which answers most purposes of art. The genuine ultra-marine blue is made from the dazzling blue veins of the lapis lazuli, and is almost as dear as gold dust.

M. P.—Benjamin Stevens, sergeant-at-arms of the Massachusetts legislature, has held that office for many years.

CARBINE II.—Rifle-guns were formerly used merely as skirmishers, to bring on an engagement. The improvement of rifles, however, renders them a very important arm of the military service.

J. C.—It was Potemkin, who, when Catherine the Great, of Russia, was making a tour through her empire, had pasteboard cities erected at a distance from the route, to give his royal mistress a false idea of the progress of her subjects.

CAROLINE C., New Bedford.—The suppleness exhibited by stage dancers is the result of painful gymnastic exercises commenced in mere childhood, and continued daily.

J. F.—The Black Hawk horses are spirited, showy, swift and enduring. They have a high temper, and should be very carefully broken and handled.

ELECTOR.—We do not remember when the voting by wards in this city commenced. Formerly, all the citizens voted in the same place—Faneuil Hall. But that was when Boston was a village.

MARINER.—There are 459 harbors on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

ANTIQUARY.—The old "Green Dragon" tavern used to stand about where Biddle's horse bazaar is now.

ARCTIC DISCOVERY.—Let our lyceums hasten to procure the services of Dr. Hayes, who is now lecturing upon this interesting theme. His story is a truthful and marvellous one, conveying a vast amount of valuable information. Those who have read Dr. Kane's admirable book will require but a mere mention to excite their interest to listen to Dr. Hayes, who was his companion and friend.

NICARAGUA.—Whatever may be thought of Walker, it cannot be denied that he has exhibited both courage and perseverance in holding out as long as he has done, under the combination of circumstances brought to bear against him.

SPLINTERS.

.... A description of slate called "utira," found plentifully from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron, it is said, makes good gas.

.... The increasing severity of the winter climate of Canada has attracted much notice, and caused much discussion, lately.

.... The Illinois legislature allows each of its members only five minutes to speak on any proposition before it.

.... During the year 1856, there were fifty-seven deaths by delirium tremens at the Charity Hospital, New Orleans.

.... While one man in every twenty-five stammers, only one woman in every twenty thousand is thus afflicted.

.... True modesty is a flower whose perfume endures for ages, while false modesty is a weed poisonous as stramonium.

.... The few farmers who have any apples to sell realize enormous prices, say from four to five dollars a barrel.

.... Arrangements are making to form a new State out of the northeast corner of Michigan, to be called Superior.

.... "What right have you to be sick?" said a schoolmaster to his pupil. "A constitutional right," was the reply.

.... It is stated that the Danish Sound dues, which have caused so much heartburning, will be abolished in April.

.... It is estimated that the loss on Spanish coin, in this country, will be about $1,000,000.

.... Advertising is the oil wise tradesmen put in their lamps, and which foolish ones neglect to use.

.... It is said that many a clergyman in the city of New York gets no more pay than an uneducated laborer.

.... Rev. George G. Channing has been appointed Home Missionary of the American Unitarian Association.

.... In composition remember you are to write what you think, and not think what you write.

.. . One of the greatest mistakes in persons who scribble for the press is, the supposition that "printers can read anything."

.... "Sunny Italy" has anything but justified its name of late. During the past winter the sun was a rarity to them.

.... Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody.

.... It is proposed to establish a nursery of American forest trees, or arboretum, in Mount Auburn cemetery.

.... That conduct seems ridiculous, the secret reasons of which are wise and solid.

.... The Americans, as a people, have too little considered the importance of healthy, generous recreation.

.... A sure sign of a little soul is the striving to gain attention and respect by finery of dress and ornament.

THE VERNAL SEASON.

By the time this sheet is in the hands of our readers, we shall have passed through one month of spring, that stormy month of March, that month which maketh hares mad, according to the old superstition, and have passed the threshold of April, the most capricious of the band of twelve. April is like a passionate boy, weeping and smiling by turns,—now charming with a spell of sunshine, now muttering in thunder and dissolving in tears. In the city, in the few nooks where grass is still allowed to grow, you see timid, peeping blades of emerald brightening in the sunshine and the rain, and something very like a carpet of verdure is spread beneath the elms on the Common. Now and then a bird twitters in the branches of the great tree by the pond. Gay and glittering toilets make Washington Street look like a parterre of flowers. The faces of the poor smile. They have no longer to glean dismally in ship-yards and wood-wharves and under the falling fragments of ricketty buildings for bits of fuel, wherewithal to light their deadliest enemy—the bitter, unrelenting cold. The savings of their winter gatherings will carry them into the blessed summer. The children of the poor feel now that barefootedness is becoming a sort of luxury, and cease to envy the patent leathers that gleam along the sidewalk.

In the country, all is bustle and hurry. The bars are down on the driveways into the fields; patient oxen and noble horses roll up the greensward cloven by the deep plough; blackbirds and robins run fearlessly into the furrows to pick up the worms; the buds begin to swell; the brimming rivulets sing aloud in their glee, and ere long you shall be rewarded for your long waiting and patient quest, by glimpses of the blue violet, the first offering of nature to her lovers.

All this is cheerful and cheering enough; so we will not waste our sympathy on the battered beau, who is compelled to lay aside the magnificent Raglan in which he has counterfeited the Hidalgo, swaggering bravely along the street, and thereby to reveal the seediness of his under-garments. His credit with his tailor sufficed to give him a decent exterior during the "cold term;" but he will now be obliged to retire from the eye of fashion, to vegetate in his garret, and only emerge when the chill spring evenings permit him to don his imposing winter garb for a brief time.

Who does not rejoice in the coming of spring! Its joyousness is infectious. To the aged it brings a renewal, if not of youth, yet of those youthful feelings which are the charm of life. As we gaze upon the clear fields and running brooks, and lift our eyes to the genial sky, we almost forget that there is such a thing as winter. The ice-fields and the snow-banks, if thought of at all, seem to belong to some far period of time, or are called up like a dream, and looking into Dr. Kane's book, we seem to be reading a bundle of myths. A short memory is sometimes a blessing.

MESSRS. MASURY, SILSBEE & CASE.

We have often called the attention of our readers to the beautiful photographs and daguerreotypes of this firm, who have supplied us with the originals of many of our finest portraits. Having occasion to visit their establishment lately, we were shown every part of it by one of the firm, and were initiated into all the mysteries and *modus operandi* of photography, which is a delicate and complicated process. Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case keep thoroughly posted on all the improvements with which art and science from time to time enrich their profession. They have on exhibition hundreds of fine portraits in various styles of finish and execution, colored in partel, oil, crayon or water colors. Their gallery is not only interesting in an artistic point of view, but as embracing authentic portraits of some of the most distinguished persons in this country. This attractive gallery, as well as the operating rooms of the artists, is at 299 1-2 Washington Street, up one flight of stairs, a very central and accessible position; and we advise those of our friends who desire a good likeness, either life-size or fitted to the smallest locket, and colored or finished in any style of art, to call on these gentlemen, who never fail to afford satisfaction to sitters.

AFFLICTING INTELLIGENCE.—The editor of the Scalpel says that a frightful practice prevails among young ladies of eating chalk and slate pencils and drinking vinegar to avoid corpulence. If there be a fault in youthful American beauty, it is that of being too sylph-like, and we are inclined to think the dear creatures are aware of it, and that they are more partial to chicken and oysters than to chalk and vinegar cruets.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE.—Dexter & Brother, 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York, have got up a Portfolio, cheap and convenient for our Pictorial, which they sell at 40 cents each, designed as a temporary cover for the weekly issues of our paper, to hold it conveniently for reading, and at the same time to preserve it neat and clean for binding.

THE FROZEN NORTH.—Dr. Hae, the Arctic traveller, is to command an expedition to search for Sir John Franklin and his men. He is to sail in a schooner, now building in Canada. We hope this expedition will be the very last.

THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.—Massachusetts is the only State in the Union which has made Washington's birthday a legal holiday; but we think her example will be imitated throughout the confederacy.

THE REVERSE.—There is an old adage about "robbing Peter to pay Paul." But the territorial legislature of Minnesota talk of removing the capital from St. Paul to St. Peter.

GOING TO COURT.

In all the old-fashioned English novels of the last century, that used to be read so eagerly on this side of the water, before we manufactured the article ourselves and supplied our own market, one of the staple incidents in the heroine's career was sure to be her presentation at court. Nobody of any distinction thought of visiting the great English metropolis without trying at least to secure an introduction to royalty. Even the "pussycat," in a delightful volume of poems, the solace of our tender years, when asked where she had been, replies that she has "been to London to see the queen." Even we stern republicans, when on our travels, have an inkling to see the royalty of Britain or the imperial highness of France face to face. To those brought up in a slavish reverence of kings and queens and emperors and empresses, this presentation at court is a formidable ordeal. A lady who lately went through the scene at the Tuileries, writes. "The ladies received passed before their majesties one after the other. And it was a very amusing sight even for those who regarded it in the most serious light. There are few women who can pass gracefully and easily before the formidable court group with all eyes bent upon her. I have heard a most courageous officer say that he had rather march alone upon a battery than perform the 'gentleman forward' in a cotillion. It was a terrible *cavalier seul* for these poor ladies. It was necessary to move gravely and slowly, to stop before the emperor and empress, throw your train back with your foot, courtesy and resume your walk. Almost all the ladies became entangled in the folds of their trains, and came near falling. For my part, I became confused; I stopped, I moved too slowly, I saluted ungracefully, and it seemed as if I was an hour in crossing the saloon. The ladies who had gone through it surveyed me with a supercilious air, and finally I waited on the others in the same way, my own awkwardness and emotion. A hundred and twenty-four ladies passed in this way before their majesties." Instead of all this ceremony, how much better it was in the old, old times, to drop in "promiscuously" on their majesties, in a free-and-easy manner, when

> "The king was in the parlor
> Counting out his money,
> And the queen was in the kitchen
> Eating bread and honey"

in the good old days of that "worthy peer," King Stephen, who expended but half a crown on the garments that clothed his lower limbs.

HISTORICAL.—A correspondent of the London Post states as an indisputable fact, that George Washington was born in Berkshire, England, nineteen miles from Windsor! We sometimes obtain very important facts from our neighbors on the other side of the Atlantic. Washington Irving will have to begin his biography over again.

COFFEE.—In 1657 a man was prosecuted in London for selling coffee, just then introduced, as "a nuisance and prejudice to the neighborhood." We know some coffee that *is* a nuisance—but of course it isn't "old government Java."

ANOTHER CRIME.—Child-stealing has been introduced into New York to vary the list of atrocities furnished by the villains who congregate in that vast city.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. William R. Frost, to Miss Sarah W. Pratt; by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Charles G. Pearce to Miss Mary A. A Plant; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Rev Moses Whick, of Needham, to Miss Elizabeth D. Morse, of Natick; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Edwin B. Smith to Miss Mary S. Williams; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Winslow Rollins to Miss Mary E. Willard; by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Joseph L. Holton to Miss Susan M. Bassett; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Robert McCool to Mrs. Margaret Little.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. E. A. W. Restieaux, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca A. Wyeth.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchings, Mr. Henry A Loud, of Salem, to Miss Susan E. Jones, of East Boston.—At Cambridge, Benjamin S. Cutter, Esq. to Miss Ellen L. Andrews.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Steele, Mr. John Currier to Miss Sarah J. Fiss.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. E. C. Batchelder to Miss Harriet E. Chase, of Lynn.—At Beverly, by Rev Mr. Foster, Mr. Joseph L. Foster to Miss Sarah W Haskell.—At Duxbury, by Rev. Mr. Moore, Rev. George Bradford, of Watertown, to Miss Ruth A Ford.—At Edgartown, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, William T. S. Blanchard, M. D., to Miss Nancie Mayhew.—At Biddeford, Me., Mr George Moore, of Boston, to Miss Sarah S. Baker.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., by Rev. R. S Storrs, Jr., Mr. Samuel R. Smith, of Boston, to Mrs. Eliza A. Langley.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Sophronia S. Ingersoll, 33; Mrs Frances Richards, 36; Widow Deborah D. Oakes, 82; Mrs. Lydia Plant, of Southington, Conn.; Mr. Charles H. Stuart, printer, 23; Mrs. Eliza A Swan, 49; Mrs. Edward Reardon, 23; Mrs. Eliza Kingsbury Stone, 55; Mr. N. F. Dalrymple, 22.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Samuel Hazlett, 80.—At Charlestown, Robert Knox, Esq., U.S.N., 86; Mr. Joseph Underwood, 73; Miss Margaret J Clary, 34.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. George P. Cooper, 38.—At Wluthrop, Mrs Nancy Tewksbury, 67.—At Chelsea, Mr. Elijah Hewes, 42.—At Somerville, Widow Hannah Barnes.—At Newton Corner, Mr. John E. Billings, 46.—At Malden, Mrs. Harriet, wife of John Augustus, Esq., 64.—At Waltham, Col. John Wilson, 55.—At Lynn, Mr. William Henry Abbott, 36.—At Salem, Mrs. Ann Legue, 33.—At Danvers, Mrs. Margery T. Raymond, 21.—At Quincy, Miss Louisa Deborah Bigelow, 16.—At West Wrentham, Mrs. Lois Grant, 87.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Clara R. Elwell, 41.—At Newburyport, Mr. William C Pike, 82; Miss Abby Ann Leonard, 27; Mrs. Hannah E. Woore, 23; Mrs. Eliza D. Ransom, 24.—At New Bedford, Widow Nancy Allen, 93; Mr. George W. Hathaway, 22.—At Shrewsbury, Mrs. Damaris Knowlton, 59.—At Northampton, Mr. Clark Searl, 82; Mr. Jabez French, 62; Mr. James L. Clark, 57.—At Nantucket, Mr Matthew Myrick, 88; Mrs. Harriet N. Thompson, 39.—At Providence, R. I., Capt. Samuel Thurber, 68.

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPRING.

BY E. H GOULD.

Spring comes in sweet and soft array,
And throws her mantle o'er the hills:
Breathes on the air a sweet perfume,
And with new life the woodland fills.

The tender blade waves in the sun,
The trembling leaves dance on the tree:
The birds are glad with songs of joy,
And streams go rippling glad and free.

So gladness, come, and o'er our hearts
Thy radiant charms a halo fling;
Bid hope and joy eternal shine,
And love its wealth of pleasure bring.

Let vain regret for pleasures past,
And timid fear of future woe,
(Which rob the present of its joys)
Forever melt like Winter's snow.

BEAUTY.

Even then her presence had the power
To soothe, to warn—nay, even to bless—
If ever bliss could graft its flower
On stem so full of bitterness—
Even then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.—MOORE.

A SOFT BREEZE.

Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.—KEATS.

CHEER UP.

Never so gloomily, man with a mind;
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what we ask with a tear.—LONGFELLOW.

THE FLOWERS AND THE STARS.

Flowers of the sky, ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!—DARWIN.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The Rev. E. M. P. Wells, of "St. Stephen's Mission to the Poor," says, that during the past winter he has seen a large number of American young men, of temperate and correct habits, compelled, for want of work, to ask for a few days' meals, and a few nights' lodgings. A hard winter, like the past, occasioning temporary suspensions of many kinds of business, causes great suffering.....Erskine, having successfully managed a case for a large coal company, they gave him a dinner, at which, when called upon for a sentiment, he gave the following:—"Sink your pits, blast your mines, dam your rivers!" The language sounded strangely, but the advice was genuine.....The Holyoke Mirror tells of a man who grumbled at buying school-books for his children, and the next minute spent a dollar in treating "the crowd."....Recently, in the Court of Sessions, in New York city, Madame Leon, alias Felice Dupres, a lady of wealth and position, was sentenced to six months imprisonment in the penitentiary for shoplifting, a failing for which she has been notorious—another afflicting case of "moral insanity."....Keachings, the chief of the Kaw Indians, was buried lately with his horse, that he might be well mounted when he rose from his last sleep.....The Transcript says, that Gen. Andrews is "one of the best soldiers enrolled in the Massachusetts militia."....Isn't it delightful to dream of the coming of summer? "Shadows, clouds and darkness" may rest upon her path, but still she is coming. We hear her whispers mingled with the bleak and raging winds of the chilling spring-time, and we know she will surely be with us soon. Ah! how does the pale invalid, who longs for her genial kiss, yearn for the first day of June!.....The other day, we were agreeably surprised by a pleasant call from Banvard, the artist and traveller, and the time passed rapidly as he was chatting about his adventures. His panoramas of the Mississippi and Palestine have yielded him a fortune—and never did the mantle of success descend on worthier shoulders.....It has been calculated that 60,106 tons of fertilizing matter are annually wasted in the waters of the Thames, London. How many tons of food that might be made to produce, instead of polluting the stream that washes the great city!.....Several of the New York omnibus lines have adopted the plan of receiving fares from the passengers when they enter, instead of when they leave. But the fun of the thing is, that when the travelling is in the wretched condition that sometimes exists in the streets of New York, the omnibuses are unable to complete their journeys—but the prepaid fare is not returned.....Lucy Eastcott, who has created such a furor by her singing in Great Britain, is an American prima donna, and hails from Springfield, Mass.....It is proposed to lay down an electric telegraph between Havana and Key West. Electric telegraphs will soon interweave the whole world in their mesh-work.....A white oak log sawed at Wayne, Michigan, lately, made 2423 feet of sound lumber without a knot. This is *not* a common log.....An Albany taxidermist, Mr. Hurst, has sent Mr. Buchanan a buck's head surmounted by an American eagle, both finely preserved.....The squirrels on the Common, and in the Granary Burying-Ground, have stood the winter remarkably well. We have seen them sporting high among the elm-trees, many degrees above zero.....The heavy shower, lately, reminded an incorrigible punster of the French Rain of Terror. The wretched man is still at large.....The fabrics of whalebone, steel and India rubber, in which our fashionable ladies encase themselves, have been facetiously termed "Belle-towers!".....Our late religious exchanges are filled with interesting accounts of numerous awakenings to grace. The past three months have been very prolific in revivals.....When Dr. Johnson was assailed with a torrent of invectives by a Billingsgate fisherwoman, he retorted by calling her an "individual." It almost broke her heart. That word was not in her vocabulary; and considering it as a most withering invective, she collapsed. The unknown is always terrible to the ignorant.....Death by the garrote is said to be the most merciful of all modes of capital punishment. We wonder if the garroters of New York adopted this practice for that reason.....Mr. Clay once asked a charming belle what her definition of true politeness was. She replied, "Perfect ease." Perfect ease is certainly the acme of elegant manners, but it does not follow that the perfectly easy man is perfectly polite.....A majority of our papers appear to be in favor of having our police uniformed. One advantage would be, that when a citizen needed the intervention of the police, he could select his man at once.....The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco desire, it is said, to have their acts legalized by a retrospective act of the legislature. It was a terrible social state that necessitated the organization of that body; but there have been times on our Atlantic seaboard, when it appeared as if such an association were needed. The question was agitated during the garroting mania in New York.....How many monitors we meet with to enforce a realization of the awful fact that in the midst of life we are in death! Recently, Rev. Wm. H. Lovering died in Texas—and while Rev. Stephen Wright was about to perform the funeral service on the following day, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and instantly expired.....During the Revolutionary war, Benj. Smith, now living at Walpole, in this State, paid one hundred dollars of continental currency for a mug of flip! The continental currency was as much depreciated as the assignats during the French revolution.....The prodigious sale of Irving's "Life of Washington" is an encouraging proof of the literary taste of the times. Good books are always sure to find purchasers.....There is a story extant, that the Dutch were expelled from an East Indian settlement, because their consul, in enumerating the wonders of Europe, said that in his own country water became a solid body once a year for some time, when men, or even horses, might pass over it without sinking. On hearing this tale, his tropical highness flew into a violent passion, and expelled the official, declaring that after so palpable a falsehood, he could never have anything to do with Europeans.....A. M. Pierrepont, of Jefferson county, New York, sent $2000 to the Episcopal Church Book Society, and by mistake it was published as $3000. As the best way of remedying the mistake, he sent the society an additional $1000—a novel way, certainly, of correcting a typographical error.....Mexico is still, like Turkey, a "sick man," whose dissolution seems inevitable. The wrongs of the Aztecs are avenged by the political sufferings of the descendants of their persecutors.....During the past six years, the shipments of silver from England to the East have exceeded one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.....Speaking of silver, reminds us of a consolatory remark addressed by a Dutch grocer, in New York, to a little girl, whom he forced to take a Spanish quarter. "Only yust take dat to Cuba, and dey'll give you twenty-five cents for it."....The Boston Herald has discovered a new curiosity for our friend Kimball's museum—a man twenty-five years old who never lost an umbrella.....We shall have a very early summer, if the fact of our having mosquitoes and butterflies in February be any prognostic.....A coarse-looking German woman, named Anna Meister, pretending to be a heavenly goddess, lately succeeded in forming a congregation of some two hundred members, in Philadelphia, whom she fleeced of money, jewelry, dresses, and whatever she wanted, saying that she exacted them by divine command. The husband of one of her deluded victims had her arrested for fraud. It seems almost incredible that in a city like Philadelphia, two hundred idiots could be found to countenance such an impious, brazen impostor. But the race of fools is never extinct.....Chief Justice Shaw, who has been very ill during the greater part of the winter, is now out, enjoying his usual health.....The Boston Traveller says of atheism:—"We very much doubt the real honest and total disbelief of anybody in a Providence above us, and a future before us, governed in a greater or less degree by actions here. Atheists, generally, are persons who would distrust anything but oracular or mathematical demonstration; and they mean to say, by their skeptical creed, that the future has not been mathematically demonstrated to them as administered by a Divine Being."....George Wilkins Kendall occupies a large plantation in Texas. There he appears to enjoy himself after all his wanderings and adventures. By the way, a new edition of his Santa Fe expedition has just been issued—one of the cleverest and most popular books written on this side of the Atlantic.....The casting at Munich of the bronze horse for the colossal Washington Monument, is described as a most interesting event. Fifteen hundred tons of metal had to be melted for the purpose. The success of the casting was announced by the master, and received with deafening cheers.....The way to be as happy as the nature of things sublunary permits, is to be constantly employed. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them all going."....The Common is beginning to look pleasant, now that the huge granite blocks of ice that disfigured its surface have disappeared. But it is the decomposition of the ice which gives the grass its early emerald green, and keeps it fresh and verdant until late in the fall. So that we mustn't quarrel with the wisdom of our city fathers—who are very respectable fathers, after all—nor with the management of the city forester The work of building up the dock in the rear of the Boston Custom House, goes bravely on; and before many months, huge granite stores will cover the space where lately the Hingham stationary packet rode out the northeasters brilliantly and proudly. The whole aspect of that part of the city will be changed.....Speculators have a "fatal facility" for manufacturing cities on paper. There are towns in the great territories of the West, which, says the New York Times, "have no existence except on paper. Yet the lots are sold at prices as high as good vacant lots in the upper part of the city of New York."....A remarkable shower of earth lately caused a great excitement at Quito, South America. Quite a Quito "muss"—not musquito.....A man was lately arraigned for intoxication before our police court, but discharged because he was "how come you so?" on ether—and it seems that ether is not legally an intoxicating liquor. The defendant went away singing the air from the "Beggar's Opera," "How happy could I be with *ether*?".....A young lady, worth a quarter of a million, lately eloped from a fashionable seminary, in New York, and married the man of her heart. The bride is not quite fifteen, and the bridegroom just double her age—so that when she is sixty, he will be one hundred and twenty.....We hate the affected phraseology of some of our poets, with their "wavelets," "beamlets," "cloudlets," "lakelets," etc., and are ready to cry, with Ham-let, "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me!" Such phrases are best "*let* alone."....The Transcript says, that Dickens has met with his extraordinary success, because "He is true to nature—kindly and lovingly true. He hates pretension; he laughs at the shams of society; he individualizes character in the true Shaksperian style. And as long as Hamlet, Falstaff and Dogberry are known and quoted, just so long will Little Nell, Sam Weller, Captain Cuttle and Toots be as familiar in our mouths as household words.....Rufus Choate lately spoke of Daniel Webster, as "his more than friend," the unfathomable ocean of whose powers never was sounded during his lifetime, and who only needed occasion to have proved himself the world's unsurpassed orator.....We enjoyed a pleasant call from Dr Hayes, the Arctic discoverer, the other day—the tried friend and companion of the lamented Kane. Dr. Hayes is lecturing upon the interesting subject of the expedition.

WAYS OF THE RICH AND GREAT.

Let amusements be as innocent as they may, and let society be as free as it may, from ambition and envy, still, if the life of society were a life of amusement, instead of a life of serious avocations diversified by amusement and society, it will hardly either attain to happiness or inspire respect. And the more it is attempted to make society a pure concentration of charms and delights, the more that will be the failure. Let us resolve that our society shall consist of none but the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful—that is, we will exclude from it all attentions towards the aged, all forbearance towards the dull, all kindness towards the ungraceful and unattractive—and we shall find that when our social duties and social enjoyments have thus sedulously been set apart, we have let down a sieve into the well instead of a bucket.—*Henry Taylor.*

Choice Miscellany.

HOW TO SPEAK TO CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered, as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. A few notes, however unskilfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think you that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control those tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone—instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.—*New Yorker.*

DETERIORATION OF BONE AND MUSCLE.

It is a fact already well known, that we, Americans, especially the sons of New England soil, are deteriorating as a race. Much, of course, is owing to the unnatural habits of life, which our so-called civilization has entailed upon us. But the real reason why the New England race has so rapidly dwindled in animal fibre, is owing to the want of material in the soil to produce muscle and bone. The hard granite soil does not furnish the proper ingredients, mainly limestone, to form the bones; or the richness of materials to form muscle and the softer parts of the body. In Kentucky, Ohio, and Western Vermont, men grow to large size, because of the limestone formation beneath the soil. Parts of families have emigrated from Massachusetts to limestone regions, and the result in the next generation has been a larger bone development in those who left Massachusetts, than in those who remained. Kentucky, Ohio and Iowa will grow great men. The finest figures in the world will be found in the valley of the Mississippi, in a few generations. In-door labor, so unnatural for men, will weaken the vital powers, and stop the growth in large cities; but the great and glorious West, with its broad prairies, will compensate for the growing feebleness of the Eastern States.—*Dr. O. W. Holmes.*

POWER OF SEA BREAKERS.

From experiments which were made some time since at the Bell Rock and Skerryvore lighthouses, on the coasts of Scotland, it was found that, while the force of the breakers on the side of the German Ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half upon every square foot of surface exposed to them, the Atlantic breakers fall with double that weight, or three tons to the square foot; and thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to about 54 tons. In November, 1824, a heavy gale blew, and blocks of limestone and granite, from two to five tons in weight, were washed about like pebbles at the Plymouth breakwater. About 300 tons of such blocks were borne a distance of 200 feet, and up the inclined plane of the breakwater, carried over it, and scattered in various directions. A block of limestone, seven tons in weight, was in one place washed a distance of 120 feet. Blocks of three tons weight were torn away by a single blow of a breaker, and hurled over into the harbor; and one of two tons, strongly trenailed down upon a jetty, was torn away by an overpowering breaker.—*Scientific American.*

New Publications.

KATHIE BRANDE. A Fireside History of a Quiet Life. By HOLME LEE, author of "Thorneley Hall," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 399.

We are much mistaken if this unpretending story does not find its way to thousands of firesides, and thousands of hearts. An admirable novel. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE TRAGEDIES OF EURIPIDES. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Literal prose translation is the only way to deal with classic poetry. This version is by Theodore Alois Buckley, who has added a mass of valuable critical and explanatory notes. The learned and unlearned will alike welcome the appearance of these choice volumes. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

EL GRINGO: or, *New Mexico and her People.* By W. W. H. DAVIS, late United States Attorney. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

A very clever sketch of Mexico and the Mexicans, by one who has had ample opportunity of observation, and the capacity to profit by it. The volume is very neatly printed and illustrated. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

DORE. By a Stroller in Europe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 386.

Dore means "gilded;" and the title implies that the author has penetrated beneath the glittering surface of Europe, and shown us the reality beneath the mask. The book is clever, pungent, dashing, and, above all, readable from beginning to end. A large portion of it is occupied with Paris, and since the "Purple Tints," we have seen nothing more truthfully descriptive of the gay capital of the French nation. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL TEXT-BOOK. By FURMAN SHEPPARD. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1857. 1 vol., 12mo.

This familiar and practical exposition of the Constitution of the United States, the foundation stone of our liberties, should find its way to every school, academy and family. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE, AND OTHER STORIES OF THE HEART. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B Peterson & Co.

This elegant volume embraces some of Mrs. Hentz's most charming stories. We learn that the book is meeting with a very extensive sale. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

OLIVER TWIST. By CHARLES DICKENS. 2 vols., 12mo.. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Who does not remember the profound sensation created by the first appearance of this work—an impression which time has only served to render more profound? In this work, Dickens entered a new field, and masterly portraits of Oliver, Bumble, the Beadle, Fagin and Nancy, form a gallery of originals. Our Philadelphia publisher has issued this work in splendid style, liberally illustrated, uniform with the other productions of the same author. This is the favorite edition of Dickens's works. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

FRANK FORRESTER'S SPORTING SCENES AND CHARACTERS. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

These sparkling volumes embrace Herbert's best contributions to sporting literature—"The Warwick Woodlands," "My Shooting Box," etc. There is an endless variety of adventure by "flood and field," the whole written in the elegant, graphic and singing style for which the author is celebrated. The illustrations from his pencil are well drawn. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Editorial Melange.

The State Agricultural School of Michigan will go into operation about the middle of April. —— Butter was first manufactured by the Scythians and Thracians, and was at first used as an ointment for baths, and as a medicine. —— The town of Gardner, Illinois, situated upon the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis railroads, about sixty-eight miles southwest of Chicago, about a year and a half ago consisted of only one building. It is now quite a thriving village, with three stores and a flouring mill, and this spring the inhabitants intend building a good church and schoolhouse, as they are "bound to go ahead." —— A child of ten years, calling herself Mary McShea, and who says she has a mother in New Haven, who whips her so that she cannot live at home, has been taken up in Hartford for stealing, and sent to jail for twenty days. —— The citizens of Middlebury, Vt., held a meeting a few days since, and offered to raise $100,000 in case the capital should be removed to that place. —— It is stated that the Sub-Marine Telegraph Company contemplate extending their line to San Francisco, should they be successful in the first undertaking. —— A Bank of Savings in the city of New York, which was organized in 1819, has received in deposits since it commenced business the sum of forty-seven and a half million dollars. —— Sir Humphrey Davy said that the greatest discovery he had ever made was when he discovered Michael Farraday—who became his successor at the Royal Institution, and the first chemical philosopher on the globe. —— A woman cowhided a schoolmaster, named William Martin, at Greensburgh, Pa., lately, for brutally beating her son with a knotted club. —— Rev. J. D. Williams complains that a sermon recently published in a Spiritual paper as received through a medium, from the spirit of "the late brother Turner," was written by him (Williams) several years ago. —— Such signs of spring as parasols and full-blown violets are chronicled by the Rochester papers. —— It must be a great vexation to liberal, open-handed men who are rich, to find their generous designs forestalled by greedy hints from presumptuous advisers. —— Two cows have died in Greenwich, R. I., lately, in consequence of licking the paint from newly-painted buildings. —— According to the author of "Harry Lorrequer," Sir Walter Scott was not always correct in putting the style of language in the mouths of his characters. Thus, in Guy Mannering he makes a *Dutchman* sing a *German* song; and in Quentin Durward, the liege people speak in German, a language of which they are ignorant. —— It is said that the Episcopal Society at Great Barrington have voted to erect a new church, at a cost of $14,000. —— The lieutenant of the Levant, who led an attack upon Chinese troops at Canton, deserves, at least, to have his name printed correctly. It is George Colvocoressis. He is a Greek by birth, and entered the U. S. navy in 1832, from Vermont. —— The Boston Post says that as the credit is given clergymen in notices of *marriages*, notices of *deaths* should be equally civil with physicians. —— The Camille cough is getting to be a fashionable complaint among the New York ladies; and Camille eye-water is as abundant as April showers. —— Accurate observations, during the recent floods in Illinois, are said to have established the fact that the new grade (six feet or so above low water mark) on Lake Street, Chicago, is the highest ground in the State. It was the Mount Ararat of Illinois during the late deluge. —— The new metal aluminum is now being used in the casting of bells. No other metal yields a tone so musically sweet. —— A man named Chester, who was detected setting fire to a German hotel in Detroit, a few days since, was fired at and so badly wounded that he has since died. —— A North American eagle, caught in Lexington district, S. C., has been purchased by a party of young Virginians, designed as a present for Governor Wise, of Virginia. It is a very beautiful bird, and measured nearly eight feet across the wings. —— There are five cases of insanity in the Indiana asylum—two males and three females—put down to the credit of spiritualism. —— A Mr. Powers, who had been committed to the jail at Ogdensburg, on a charge of setting fire to a building, discovered a fire in the jail the next night, and saved it; it is presumed thus balancing the account. —— Anais Toussaint, convicted of poisoning her husband at Quebec, Canada, has been sentenced to be hanged on the 3d of next April. —— In Illinois, during the last two years, one hundred and forty-seven convicts have been pardoned, of whom sixteen had been sentenced for murder, and nine for assault with intent to kill. —— George Stacey, who was acquitted on the charge of murdering the sisters of Abner Kneeland, in Gardner, two years ago, is now in a New York prison for burglary.

A good Move.—A bill has been introduced into the New York legislature which provides that from and after July 4, 1857, the books in the library of a physician, clergyman, lawyer and author, and the books in the library of a family or student, or in the possession of any one who is a professional man, and who obtains his living by writing, shall be exempt from levy on execution to an amount not exceeding $500 in value.

Gratitude.—The other day, a German at St. Louis lifted a lady across a deep mud puddle. She, however, did not thank him for the gallantry, but complained of him for insulting her, and he was fined one hundred dollars. Probably he will remember her, and if he should see her drowning, would not be likely to "take the liberty" of saving her.

True enough.—In speaking of horses "balling up" upon the snow in winter, Willis quaintly remarks: "A horse is never so uncomfortable and dangerous as when shod with four cannon balls."

Wayside Gatherings.

The "big black bear," killed in Pittsfield, Mass., proves on a closer inspection to be a big black dog.

The crop of the Philadelphia ice companies this season amounted to 120,500 tons.

The New York military companies are making preparations to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

A lad in Trenton, N. J., threw a stone at another lad, hitting him on the head, and he died in a few hours in consequence.

The spinal marrow of an ox or cow, applied every four hours for two days to felons on the fingers, has been attended with the most satisfactory results.

John Boynton, Esq., of Templeton, Mass., has donated to his native town, Marlow, N. H., the munificent sum of $10,000, the income of which is to be applied to the support of common schools.

Hon. A. J. Donelson, who was a candidate for the Vice Presidency, was robbed on the steamboat Daniel Boone, from Nashville, of a draft on New Orleans of four thousand dollars, and a gold watch.

The citizens of Mobile are making efforts to procure funds to erect a monument over the remains of Maj. Gen. Gaines, which now lie in the old graveyard in that city, without inscription or stone to mark their resting-place.

A man took his son to an inquest. "Look at the body," he said; "that wretched creature came to his death through drinking. Remember that, my son." Then he added, with scarcely a pause: "Waiter, bring me a glass of brandy and water—hot."

The new Odd Fellows' Hall at Dubuque, Iowa, fell in last month, in consequence of the accumulation of ice and snow upon the top of it. S. S. Foss and wife, who were in the building, were instantly killed. Loss $40,000.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has just decided that James Simmons, who murdered two members of his father's family, shall be hanged. Simmons was tried and convicted for the offence ten years ago, but owing to some informality was never sentenced.

Some of the farmers in Oregon appear to give much attention to tobacco. The San Francisco, Cal., Globe says that some very fine specimens of the plant from the farm of James Magill, near Oregon City, were recently exhibited in the office of that paper.

The frigate for the emperor of Russia, which the war between that country and England stopped from progressing in this country, is to be now built at New York, by Webb, the shipbuilder. The ship will be a three-decker of the largest class, and be supplied with engines of great power.

There appears to have been quite a mania for divorce in Pennsylvania last winter. An application was made to the Legislature, by a man who wanted to be divorced from his wife because she was an intolerable shrew, after having endured her persecutions for thirty years.

The starvation of a child is a strange and revolting sort of capital to trade upon; yet a woman in New York was detected in having famished her child, so that it exhibited a sufficient degree of voracity to excite the commiseration of street passengers. What a wretch, and what a commentary on street begging!

Surprise parties to poor people are coming into vogue. A short time since, the kind people of Newburyport surprised a poor woman with their generous company, a barrel of flour and other substantial comforts. In Dover, a widow was visited and forty dollars left with her. What could be more beautiful!

A man announces in New York that he has discovered a process of liquifying quartz, by which the least particle of gold can be abstracted, and then of hardening it, so as to afford a new material for building, and for the various purposes to which stone and marble can be applied. This is a very tough story.

The Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, have memorialized Congress to give to the world a report upon the animal and vegetable life of Japan, Kamtschatka and Behring's Straits, materials for which have been collected by the recent expeditions to those countries, but which have not yet been given to the scientific world.

A Prussian physician has lately invented and applied a new method of introducing constant galvanic currents into the nerves and muscles of patients, whereby cases of palsy of every kind, apoplexy, atrophy of the muscles, and of the spinal marrow—some of them from ten to twenty years' standing—have been, it is said, entirely cured in a few minutes.

In Philadelphia, a man entered one of the grammar schools and carried off a set of furs belonging to one of the female teachers, notwithstanding she was sitting in the room at the time. A child attempted to give an alarm, but the thief threatened to kill her. The lady was paralyzed with fear, and the thief carried off the booty unmolested.

A grocer in Newark, N. J., gave a customer seven Spanish shillings in change for a dollar, she having traded a shilling. The next day she traded six shilling's worth, but the grocer refused to accept the Spanish money in payment. The customer's husband came, a quarrel ensued, followed by a lawsuit, and the grocer will be fined for assault and battery, besides losing his 75 cents.

Mr. Hendley, the State Librarian of Connecticut, is getting out a copy of the New Haven Colony Records. Great pains have been taken to make the copy accurate in every letter, a perfect fac-simile, in abbreviations, spelling and grammar, of the original records. New type has been cast expressly for some of the fac-similes of this work. The proofs undergo repeated readings and comparisons.

A boy named Denny recently awaited, on horseback, at a crossing of the Vermont Central Railroad, for a train to pass, in order to accustom the horse to the sight of the cars; but as the engine approached, the frightened animal sprang forward, was struck by the car and knocked down the embankment, while the boy safely alighted on a platform car and immediately demanded to be "put ashore, as he had not paid his fare."

The lady of one of the Chicago railroad kings recently gave, at the Tremont House, in that city, a donation party for the poor. The charity-box was at the end of the hall, amid the festivities of one of the gayest of dancing parties. It told its own story. People were passing to and fro near it, and no one knew who gave and who did not give. There were no solicitations from any one in the room. Upon opening the box, it contained $875, all given in secret.

A man named Finney, in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., a short time since, while vomiting, forced one of his eyes completely out of its socket, so that it hung down upon his cheek. The ball was allowed to remain in that position several days, until it finally swelled to an enormous size, and the humors of the eye being intercepted, it actually began to mortify. A physician was called in, who succeeded in forcing the eye to its place, but the sight had gone forever.

Foreign Items.

Dr Jahn, a distinguished astronomer and mathematician, has just died at Leipsic.

A curious phenomenon has recently been observed in Greece. The lake of Copais has been drained. An immense tract of fertile land is thus rendered available.

The emperor of Austria has decided on granting a general amnesty to all political offenders in the empire. It is said that the emperor of Russia will do the same with regard to his exiled Polish subjects.

The professorship of Old German, at the University of Berlin, left vacant by the death of Prof. Von der Hagen, has been filled, we are told by the German journals, by the eminent Old German scholar, Prof Wilhelm Wackernagel, of Bale.

A big blast recently took place at the Holyhead (England) Harbor Quarry, by which about 120,000 tons of stone were brought down and broken into pieces. The charge, which was in four chambers, consisted of 10,000 pounds of powder, and was fired by means of a voltaic battery.

A meeting of between five and ten thousand of the laboring classes of London was lately held to consider their present distressed condition. It was stated that twenty-five thousand of the building trade alone, in that city, are out of work; and that the total number of unemployed persons in that great metropolis would probably reach a quarter of a million.

Sands of Gold.

.... Light seems the natural enemy of evil deeds.—*Charles Reade.*

.... The pitying tears and fond smiles of woman are like the showers and sunshine of spring.—*Jean Paul.*

.... There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time, and the injustice of our fellow-men.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Believe your friend honest to make him so, if he be not so; since, if you distrust him, you make his falsehood a piece of justice.—*Wycherly.*

.... A contemplative life has more the *appearance* of a life of piety than any other; but it is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.—*Cecil.*

.... A loving friend's rebuke sinks into the heart, and convinces the judgment; an enemy's, or stranger's rebuke is invective, and irritates, not converts.—*Charles Reade.*

.... We require four things for woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands.—*Chinese Maxim.*

.... We increase our losses ourselves, and club with fortune to undo us, when with them we lose our patience, too; as infants, that being robbed of some of their baubles, throw away the rest in childish anger.—*Wycherly.*

Joker's Budget.

Snow-flakes fall so large in Oregon, that the ladies put handles to them and use them for parasols.

What particular facilities had the ancient Egyptians for the manufacture of Kossuth hats? Darkness that was *felt*.

A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancy himself a centipede.

"Wake up and pay for your lodgings," said the deacon, as he nudged a sleepy gentleman, with the contribution box, one Sunday not long since.

A young lady scolding her beau for not sending her the pair of new shoes he promised her, writes in a postscript as follows:—"P. S. Them shuz ort to be on hand."

"Figures wont lie, will they?" muttered a seedy gentleman, holding on to a lamp-post. "Well, perhaps they wont lie, but I see a figure that wont stand any how."

Rowland Hill rode a good deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. When asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, to be always so well, replied:—"My physician has always been a *horse*, and my apothecary an *ass*!"

The Count de Grasse being wounded in the knee by a musket-ball, the surgeons made many incisions. Losing patience at last, he asked them why they cut and carved so cruelly. "We seek for the ball," said they. "Why did you not speak before," said the count, "I have it in my pocket."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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CHINESE OPIUM-EATING.

One of the streets of Canton is wholly occupied by shops for the sale of opium. One of the objects at this place that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a fearful sight, although not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and deathlike stupor of the opium debauchee, however, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places to rest the head upon, and generally the side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each man's couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and, from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain degree under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages. Some entering half distracted to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; and others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenance, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished-for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead-house, where lie stretched those who have passed into a state of bliss the opium-eater so madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.—*Clive.*

BRAZIL.

The physical resources of Brazil are very great. Her forests abound in the richest cabinet woods. Rose-wood is so common that some planters make pig-pens of it! The floors of the houses would take a polish, being made of a kind of mahogany. The rose-wood is a mimosa, of the tribe of sensitive plants, and there are whole forests in Brazil which go to sleep at sundown and awake with the birds in the morning! Many varieties of the palm are found; the magnificent Victoria Regia spreads its enormous petals; the mountain sides are covered with trees bearing the most brilliant blossoms, and overgrown with parasites and air-plants. The vanilla and other aromatic plants scent the air; valuable drugs and dye-woods abound; bright plumaged birds flit from tree to tree; gold, silver, copper, rubies, sapphires and diamonds exist in large quantities. Yet agriculture is so profitable that the value of a year's crop of coffee was greater than 80 years' yield of diamonds. In 1852, the value of the coffee crop was five million pounds sterling. Brazil is mostly intertropical, yet differs from most tropical countries. Its climate is delicious and salubrious—no sweeping monsoon, no scorching sirocco, no burning deserts, no earthquakes, as in Spanish South America. Copious showers refresh the air, and the land is full of rivers, cataracts and sparkling streams. The Amazon waters a district as large as two-thirds of Europe. No epidemics occurred here until 1850, when the cholera broke out, and then out of a population of 7,000,000, only a few thousand died. The reason for this fertility of soil and salubrity of climate, is found in the trade winds, which impel the clouds against the tops of the high mountains which form the western boundary of Brazil, and cause them to distill rain. The general elevation of the country contributes to its coolness. The warmest month is February, which corresponds to August with us.—*Rev. J. C. Fletcher.*

THE CHOLERA.

Dr. Balfour, an able surgeon at Madras, has just published a curious volume of reports on cholera. He started some years ago, a theory that there were many places absolutely exempt from the scourge, and investigation has confirmed his opinion. In Madras alone there are very many villages which have never felt the visitation, though surrounded by infected districts. Minute lists are supplied, and each place separately examined. Places well-drained are comparatively free from the ravages of the cholera.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH BY A LION.

On Friday morning, the 13th of June, several wagons, forming part of the second division of the command, left Mooi River Dorp for the lager at Mariko. They rode the first evening as far as Riet Spruit, a noted place for lions. Mr. Philip Van Coller and his brother wishing to proceed, inspanned their wagons about midnight, although they were strongly advised by their companions not to ride before morning. They had scarcely ridden an hour when the oxen were suddenly frightened. Philip Van Coller jumped off his wagon and endeavored to turn them, but not succeeding in doing so, sprang upon the wagon trap, from which he must have been immediately dragged by a large lion with such force as to break one of the trap rims. He was heard to cry out for help twice, but in the confusion of the moment was not missed, his brother Adolphe being busy at the time on horseback, endeavoring to stop the oxen, which were going at a fearful rate through the field. With much difficulty he succeeded in doing so, and then returned to look for his missing brother, whose body he found about daybreak, and the lion crouching about twelve yards from it. With a feeling of desperation he levelled his gun and fired at the animal. The aim was good, and as the ball passed right through its head, it fell down on the spot. On coming nearer to his brother's body, the poor man was sadly shocked at its mutilated condition, the lion having carried it a long distance, and then devoured the greater portion of it. The remains were hastily conveyed to town, and upwards of eighty persons attended the funeral. Poor Philip Van Coller left a widow and several children to deplore their loss and his melancholy end.—We have since learned that previous to the oxen being frightened, the lion first attacked, without any provocation, Adolphe Van Coller and three other men who were riding on horseback in front of the wagon. Having, unfortunately, no guns with them, they jumped off their horses and stood between them and the lion. The lion, however, appeared more anxious to attack them than the horses, on which they shouted and threw their hats at him, and afterwards fired the grass, when he left them and went to the wagon. The surrounding country being all occupied, the lions appear to have concentrated themselves at this spot, where they are extremely bold, and often attack the natives whenever they are found off their guard. A constant vigilance is necessary against these savage beasts.—*Cape of Good Hope paper.*

THE DIAMOND ROOM OF THE GREEN VAULT.

The last room exhibited in the royal treasure-house in Dresden is the most magnificent of the eight. This contains the most valuable gems and works of art in the collection of the Saxon kings. The other rooms, with their bronzes and curiously-wrought ivory, with their vast silver gilt wine receivers for the banquets of the electors, and plates and engraved globes of rock crystal, and vases and cups of lapis lazuli, agate, etc.; their cameos, mosaics, and ornaments of amber and pearl, do not equal the last room exhibited. True, all the rooms in this ancient Saxon treasure palace are filled with highly wrought ornaments, and the mirrored walls reflect gems cut into a thousand points; but in the "Diamond" Hall are the crown jewels, the Saxon regalia, the arms and ornaments of the princes, and the *chefs d'œuvre* of Dinglinger, and other celebrated artists. Here is the electoral sword—an historic relic—and sabres and poniards, and other deadly weapons, whose hilts are sown with diamonds and pearls, and rubies, emeralds and sapphires. Here are collars, chains and orders worn by the Saxon princes, as the Garter, Golden Fleece, etc., and many rich and massive chains, in which some story is told in diamond letters. These decorations were presented at royal marriages, or at treaties of peace, or were gifts for chivalric deeds, or prizes won at the tournament. The chain made on the occasion of the marriage of Augustus and Anna has simply a double A in diamonds. The crown jewels are enclosed in a glass case, with six divisions, and in purity and beauty are said to be unrivalled. The effect produced by this vast array of diamonds, sparkling with every rainbow tint, was wonderful. These ornaments are worn on gala days and on state occasions. Among the crown jewels we saw a part of the queen's diamonds. An aigrette, composed of six hundred and sixty diamonds, was most beautiful. It is above price, but at the time of the last war was valued at $500,000. Among the most remarkable of the works of Dinglinger, is the "Court of the Grand Mogul," representing the Emperor Aurengzebe, surrounded by his nobles, who bring him tributary gifts. Within a small space, one hundred and thirty-eight figures are represented. The platform is of silver, and the throne of pure gold, enamelled. Diamonds, pearls, emeralds and rubies glitter there. Elephants, camels and horses are richly caparisoned, dogs are prepared for the chase, and the spreading plumage of the pea-fowl is formed of precious stones. The artist got his information of this Eastern presentation-scene from travellers, from history, and from a drawing made in India, and he has spared no labor to make every figure expressive, and to represent in the court pageant the nobles, officers, and ambassadors in truthful costumes and with oriental etiquette. This work is much admired by artists and amateurs. "Thorwaldsen greatly rejoiced when even he came to see it," said the director. This celebrated work employed Dinglinger and his family, and fourteen workmen, eight years, and he received for it fifty-eight thousand dollars. The Green Vault, or in German parlance, *Das Grune Gewolbe*, is considered the richest treasure-house possessed by an European monarch. It has been the pride of Saxon princes, and Augustus the Strong employed his leisure time in curious works to adorn it. In visiting this suite of rooms and examining its wonders, we were impressed with the skill and perseverance of the Germans. So elaborate and intricate were many of these productions—such rare and rich toys. But in viewing this array of costly treasure, one is tempted to ask, *Cui bono?*—*Correspondent Boston Traveller.*



THE POST-OFFICE AT ALBANO, ITALY.

POST-OFFICE AT ALBANO.

The well-drawn picture on this page is essentially Italian in all its features. The crumbling archway speaks of the hoary past. The post-office window is amply protected by strong iron bars, so that no brigand or highway robber could by any possibility make an irruption on the treasures of the "man of letters," who, spectacles on nose, is waiting on the shaven monk at the grating. A second priest of more advanced age, is watching the domestic group at the left, a mother with her baby and half grown up daughter, in the picturesque costume of the Italian peasants. The post-office window is surmounted with the papal arms, the triple tiara and keys of St. Peter, Albano being one of the pontifical states. It is situated on the Via Appiana, about fourteen miles southeast of Rome. Its site is that of Pompey's Villa, and it is world-renowned for the beauty of its scenery and the salubrity of its air. It comprises the ruins of Domitian's Palace and a Pretorium, with a Villa Prince Barberina, and other modern edifices. It has a valuable museum of antiquities. In the summer season it is a favorite resort of the Roman nobility, and few strangers visit the Eternal City without passing at least a day at Albano. Formerly, a visit to Rome gave a man special distinction as a traveller, and a lady who had visited it was quite a lioness. But with the increased facilities for travel, the number of American visitors in Rome and its environs may always be reckoned by thousands, and the city is always crowded during the great church festivals.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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MISS MATILDA HERON,

THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIENNE, AS "CAMILLE."

The fine full length portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Barry, from an ambrotype by Brady, of New York, and engraved by Turbell, in his best style. It represents Miss Heron in the character of "Camille," in her own version of young Dumas's play, in which she fairly took the New York public, and the New York critics, by storm, and raised herself at once to the very highest professional rank. Miss Heron passed her childhood in Philadelphia, where her parents reside, and where she received a strictly domestic and religious education. Her first manifestation of genius was a fondness for music; but this was soon overpowered by an uncontrollable inclination for the drama. We are told that her early recitations surprised her acquaintances, they exhibited so extraordinary an aptitude for the stage. To her friend, Mr. Richings, an actor of great merit and great experience, she confided her intense desire and determination to become an actress. Mr. Richings did his best to dissuade her from this step—he pointed out the perils and difficulties which beset the path of the aspirant for histrionic fame, the severity of the requirements of the profession, the cruelty of the ordeal through which the debutante must surely pass, and the certainty of the disapprobation of the lady's family. Miss Heron listened to these remonstrances with respect, but without wavering in her resolution. She felt such a vocation to the stage, that she disregarded all the obstacles that lay in the way of a realization of her hopes. Her enthusiasm finally overcame the reluctance of her friend, and he consented to become her instructor in elocution, and in the technicalities of the stage, by way of preparing her for her *debut*. She was at this time a member of Mr. Richings's household. Her father and brothers, learning her purpose, strongly remonstrated against the proposed step, but without avail; and in the month of September, 1850, she made her first appearance on the Walnut Street stage as Bianca, in Milman's tragedy of "Fazio." The applause of a large and brilliant house ratified her choice of a profession. She played for five nights more, each night assuming a different character, with continued success. It was so evident nature had designed her for an actress, that the opposition of her family was now withdrawn, and she had their sanction for pursuing a career thus auspiciously commenced. At the Washington (D. C.) Theatre, where she played with Charlotte Cushman, she won new laurels. Her first regular engagement, we believe, was at the Bowery Theatre, where she played for a season, and became acquainted with the minutiæ of the stage by playing a wide range of characters in tragedy, melo-drama and spectacle. She next went to the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where she made a great hit as Rose Fielding, in the "Willow Copse." We find her afterwards playing in this city, both at the Boston and National; but here she did not make a very great impression, though we understand that Mr. Murdoch, of the National, an excellent judge, predicted a brilliant future for her. Her adventurous spirit now led her to California, and she played six months on the Pacific coast with the most unequivocal success, as was proved by the golden harvest that she reaped. Returning to the Atlantic States, she played for a few nights, and then sailed for Europe in company with her sister, her object being to study acting as presented by the great artists of England and the continent. Miss Heron remained abroad a year, passing the greater part of her time in Paris, where she had an opportunity of studying the style of Rachel, and her rival, Ristori, the acknowledged queens of the tragic stage. She also made herself acquainted with the minutiæ of stage costume and business as carried by the French to the greatest degree of perfection. It was during her residence in the great Parisian capital, that Alexander Dumas, Jr. produced such a profound impression by "La Dame aux Camellias." Miss Heron attended many representations of this piece, made a translation of it herself, and studied the principal character. She returned to this country, and, after playing in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, appeared in Pittsburg, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis. In the latter city, she was eminently successful, and her play of "Camille" was repeated fifteen times to overflowing houses. On the 22d of January, 1856, she appeared at Wallack's Theatre. "The play selected for the occasion, 'Camille,'" says the New York Times, "was a trying one. It has been done to death by able and indifferent artists. All its emotions have been canvassed, its sentiments abused, its morals condemned. There was nothing to hope for from the play; the majority of the audience merely went to see the new actress in a scene or two, and then leave. The result was magical. The most *blasé* remained to the end, and the calmest became enthusiastic. To account for this satisfactorily, we can make use of none but the most uncritical language. We can only say that Miss Heron is a superb *artiste*, who holds the traditions of the stage in the palm of her hand, and strangles them when they strive to impede the free exercise of her genius. To speak deliberately of her character of the unfortunate heroine, requires more head and less heart than can be readily summoned to the task. Imagine a dear friend in *Camille's* situation; picture to yourself the saddest, tenderest, pitifullest woe; abandon yourself to the subdued agonies of a broken heart; open all the generous fountains of sympathy in your nature—and you will understand some of the chords which are swept by the potent hand of Miss Matilda Heron. Most unhesitatingly we assert that a finer performance has never been seen in New York. If any one dares to contradict us, we will say that a finer performance has never been seen in the world." The New York Tribune, famous for the impartiality and excellence of its theatrical criticisms, told the same story. "From the moment she entered as Camille," says the Tribune, "from the play of that name translated afresh from the French, she, in theatrical parlance, 'filled the stage.' She exuded the electricity of genius. All the teaching, all the preaching—and all the swearing—cannot elevate the commonplace gift into that ineffable something called genius, which, too, is farthest from description when words are plentiest to portray it. Miss Heron had nothing to do at first but to enter superfinely and well dressed, cough and eat a lozenge, say a few saucy words to a bore of a nobleman present. But there was about her a halo of individuality, a brilliancy of vitality, which convinced every one present able to distinguish gauds from glories, that the palpitating actuality of perceptive genius was before them. And so Miss Heron claimed the stage for the first act; and, the curtain down, was shouted for until she appeared before it. And so with the second; and so with the last. She is prodigal of touches of nature. There is the marvellous electrical link between thought; the appreciation of the infinite, and its symbolism of action. She is finely dowered as to figure. Bust full, capable of holding the tragic palpitation of a big heart; for here is no common, no starved, no mean nature. A finely-formed arm, an exquisite hand, and a good tread on the stage. Her face expressive; so much so, that you forget the architecture of her nose, or the cut of her mouth. Her eye is vastly sympathetic. Her voice is good, and capable of some emendation in its pitch. Miss Heron may be pronounced a great artiste. Her depth of expression sometimes surpasses Rachel in female intensity of love. There is no use of blinking comparisons when they will rise up. The last—the phthisical scene of measureless desolations and short-lived ecstacies—was as noble a piece of acting as we desire to see. The house rose in tumultuous applause." We may add that the New York Herald, the New York Albion, and the accomplished critic of the "Courrier des Etats-Unis," Baron Regis de Trobriand, were equal-laudatory in their remarks; and in this they echoed the sentiment of the public, which ranks Miss Heron as the first of living artistes. "The ideal veneration with which Miss Heron regards the histrionic art," says the Home Journal, "leads some to suppose her visionary. * * * She considers herself one of the instruments, in this money-getting age, of inducing some to turn aside an hour, and quietly, with retrospective glance, to cast an eye to the East, and see the ancients before the telegraph, gunpowder, or charitable institutions were invented. Those actors in the grand drama of life passed off the stage thousands of years ago; but a truthful pictorial and histrionic view of their passions and emotions—their life and sayings—may be so portrayed, as to evolve great moral truths, and moral lessons may be deduced from both their virtues and their vices." A remarkable element of Miss Heron's success is her literary ability. It is rare that an actress possesses the qualities of a dramatist. Even Fanny Kemble failed as such. But Miss Heron's adaptation of "La Dame aux Camellias," and "Medea," shows that she can write as well as act. We hope soon to record this lady's success in Boston, where we are anxious to see her



MATILDA HERON, THE TRAGEDIENNE.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH MOOR:

—OR,—

THE CONVENT OF ALCALA.

A STORY OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR AND THE FOREST.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RETURN TO MADRID.

After finishing these readings, Juan rose and expressed it to be his duty to return immediately to Madrid, to endeavor to stop, if possible, the persecutions going on. He enjoined upon Yezid to avoid a combat, and keep hid in a place of safety; for he surely would be rescued. Then turning to Pedralvi, he said:

"Brother, I leave this man," pointing to Sandoval, "in your care, and I charge you to defend him. By thy brother, by Juniata, by the blood of thy masters, I wish you to promise to watch and guard him; guard him from harm, and from escape, also. I go to gain tidings of Don Delascar, his daughter and your betrothed Juniata; but I will not go one step, Pedralvi, till you have promised me to protect this man, your enemy and mine."

The Moor hesitated a few seconds. He was a prey to a violent conflict. Finally triumphing over himself, he cried:

"Go! I swear—I swear—to protect him who massacred our brothers,—he whom I have sworn to slay! And you," said he, turning to Sandoval, "cease trembling, cowardly monster. You are now in greater safety here than in the midst of the palace of the Inquisition."

"Good!" said Sevilla. "I go without fear, for I know a Moor never broke his oath."

Sevilla, accompanied by his faithful friend and servant, Gongarello, travelled night and day till he reached Madrid. He stopped only at Valencia, to gain tidings of the Duchess de Santarem. The Vera Cruz, a royal vessel, had seen the San Lucar, dismasted and deserted, and returned. Juan ordered the vessel to be sent again, and if the duchess was not found, to search till they captured Captain Josef Baptista. Another vessel was fitted out, though much against the will of the viceroy. The San Fernando was got in readiness, and before Juan left Valencia, it had gone on its mission.

On his way, Juan heard of no news concerning Yezid, and feeling sure that he was safe for a time, he pushed on in all haste to Madrid. He arrived there in the middle of the night, and knowing he could not disturb the king, he retired to the hotel of Santarem, there to gain a few hours of repose. It was scarcely daybreak, when Gongarello aroused him with the startling news that the hall was full of men, alguazils and familiars of the Inquisition. Juan rose in haste and went to the door. Spinello, a creature of Sandoval's, and declared enemy of Sevilla, presented himself before him, showing him in a neighboring room a group of alguazils, and cried joyfully and triumphantly:

"Senor Brother Louis Sevilla, monk of the order of Saint Dominica, in the name of his excellency the grand inquisitor Bernard y Roys de Sandoval, I arrest you!"

"I am ready to follow you," replied Sevilla; and he stepped into the ante-chamber.

Spinello made an imperative sign, and the brigade advanced a step.

"One moment," said Sevilla. "I demand to see the order for my arrest."

Spinello showed a parchment which Sandoval had sent eight days before.

"The orders of the Inquisition and of the grand inquisitor should be executed in twenty-four hours," said Juan.

Spinello showed the date; it was the afternoon before. The date had been left in blank, and in a private letter, Sandoval had ordered his agent to fill it out upon the arrival of Sevilla. Juan looked at it carefully, and declared to Spinello that it could not have been signed by Sandoval, for he had been for eight days in the hands of the Moors in the mountains of Albarracui. The men looked astounded.

"This order," he went on to say, "is, therefore, valueless. I have with me an act which is signed by the hand of the king." Showing it to the chief of the alguazils, he added: "That order commands you to obey my commands as those of his majesty himself, and I order you in the name of the king to arrest instantly Senor Spinello and his two attendants, as guilty towards the grand inquisitor and Inquisition of fraud."

The brave alguazil did not hesitate to obey. Spinello stammered an excuse, but with a wave of his hand, Juan ordered the men to lead him away.

Juan immediately went to the palace, but was refused admittance. The Count de Avila showed him a letter signed by the king, forbidding any one to be admitted but the Count de Lerma. Mortified at being repulsed before all, Juan quickly left the palace. He did not stop to deliberate; he only knew that if the king had only dared, he would have given him permission to enter; but he understood fully that in his absence the Count de Lerma had resumed his power.

Juan went to the queen's apartments, by the secret door by which none could prevent his entrance. He passed through the oratory and into the secret passage where he had found Alitea, and arrived without any obstacle at the ante-chamber of the king. There he found Latorre, the king's valet, always in his place, always devoted to the interests of the Duke d'Uzede and Countess Altamira. Latorre refused to allow him to enter. Juan had no hope. The confessor of the king could not struggle with the valet, who was very large and strong. No matter; he had no time to lose in reflection, and with a rapid movement he sprang towards the king's cabinet. Latorre seized him by one arm, but with the other Sevilla knocked loudly at the door. In vain the zealous valet wished to hold him. The intrepid monk cried out:

"Sire—sire, it is one of your faithful servitors who returns to you!"

No answer.

"It is I—it is Sevilla!"

He heard steps in the cabinet.

"I wish to speak to you on the most important affairs, upon the safety of your kingdom; I wish to speak to you of the Duchess de Santarem."

The door flew open and the king appeared.

"I am saved!" cried Juan, and sprang into the apartment of the king, and closed the door on Latorre, who felt that he was lost.

The king welcomed Sevilla with joy, and disclosed to him how frightened he had been, how he hated and feared the duke, who, since Juan's absence, had been more insolent than ever. The king trembled and shuddered when Sevilla told him of all the misery which had been caused by the edict, and the curses heaped upon his own and upon Lerma's head. Juan proposed to overthrow him; but the weak monarch dared not do it. Finally he wrote, under the dictation of Sevilla, these words:

"Senor the cardinal-duke will leave Madrid to-day, and retire to any place which it will please him to choose. I, THE KING."

Philip was astounded to find it so easily finished. Again he wrote, under Juan's dictation:

"Senor the Duke d'Uzede will take this day the title of prime minister, and exercise its functions. I, THE KING."

Happy at having it done, the king charged Juan to give the two decrees to the count and duke, and with a joyful face went to hunt. He had scarcely gone, when the Count de Lerma was announced. He entered with great haughtiness, and a shade of anxiety passed over his face when he saw Sevilla, whom he saluted proudly. He asked for the king, and Juan coldly told him he had gone to the chase. In calm, measured tones, Sevilla recalled to him the day when Don Delascar d'Alberique came to him to endeavor to save his brothers,—recalled to him his broken word; he reminded him, also, of what he had declared, which this day was accomplished, and he handed the Count de Lerma, the proud cardinal-count, his dismissal.

While Lerma sat stupefied, the Duke d'Uzede craved admittance, but was refused. This proved to the cardinal-count who was his successor. The Count de Lerma, forgetting his rank, his dignity, threw himself at the feet of the confessor and begged to be retained. Sevilla, blushing for him, raised him, and the count recovered himself. One thing more before he left: he swore he was innocent of any participation in the death of the queen, and begged Sevilla to at least clear his character from that stain. That Juan promised faithfully, and comforted the cardinal-count by telling him he had proofs of his innocence, which should be laid before the king.

"Well," exclaimed the count, rising, "for that I forgive everything—every one, even my son!"

He left by the door leading into the council-chamber, and the Duke d'Uzede entered by the opposite door. The latter saluted respectfully the confessor, who remained seated. Juan recalled to the duke the first time he had presented himself to him, a stranger, but bringing proofs of his birth. The duke grew deadly pale, and in a hesitating voice exclaimed:

"Alas! every day I have repeated that step. The voice of nature was strong, but I would not obey it then in my pride; but now I can resist its claims no longer. I must cry: my son—my son!"

Saying this, the duke extended his arms towards Sevilla, who, with a pale face, stepped back.

"The first cry of nature should have been listened to. You did not wish to be father to the poor Juan, but you wish to be to the Brother Louis Sevilla, confessor to the king. Whatever blood flows in my veins, he only is my father who opened his arms to me in adversity, who received an unknown youth into his heart, and saved him from misery; who, when I was without an asylum, said: 'My son!' My father is Don Delascar d'Alberique, the exile!"

The duke turned pale as he listened. Juan, controlling the emotion which the thought of his father called up, in a low voice disclosed to the Duke d'Uzede what Father Jerome and Escobar had written—a writing which freed the Count de Lerma from all blame, but condemned Uzede and the Countess Altamira as being the cause of the death of the queen. The duke looked at Sevilla with fear mingled with awe. Who was this man, who from a wanderer had risen so high in power, and who held the lives of so many in his hands?

"The countess is alone guilty, I know; but the crime has been committed. You knew of it; you are an accomplice, and if I show this writing to the king, you are lost; you will be obliged to give up rank, honors and even your life. Now I will sustain you in the king's favor if you rise higher, if you will counsel him to revoke the edict for the expulsion of the Moors, which edict will be the ruin of Spain. I wish to efface it; I wish to make every trace of it disappear. If you second me freely in this project, I will cause you to be appointed prime minister—if not, you shall fall!"

The duke trembled with surprise and joy.

"I promise you—I promise it!" cried Uzede, with transport. "I will listen to you; I will be advised by you. I will be the arm, but you shall be the head."

"It is well," coldly said Sevilla. "You are prime minister." And he gave him the ordinance signed by the king.

The duke could scarcely believe his eyes. He left the palace, radiant, joyful, and without any remorse.

Some hours afterwards, the king returned. Sevilla recounted to him all that had passed,—the last prayer of the Count de Lerma. Then, without speaking to him of the Duke d'Uzede, he disclosed to him the deeds of the Countess Altamira. The king listened with horror. He remembered how he had been influenced by the countess; but with his customary weakness, he feared to do anything, because she was of noble family. Juan advised him to simply send her from the kingdom. This he did, and in the afternoon the haughty Countess Altamira received a note similar to that of the Count de Lerma, and she, too, took the road from Madrid. This note was not only signed by the king, but by the Duke d'Uzede, also. It was the first act of his authority as prime minister.

The Count de Lerma set out for his residence; and on his second day's journey, received a message and present from the king. The present was the stag killed by his majesty; the letter he opened with a trembling hand; then having read it, he pressed it to his lips, while with eyes full of tears, he cried:

"I thank thee, Sevilla; thou hast kept thy word!"

This missive contained only a few words:

"Sevilla has given me proofs of your innocence, which I no longer doubt. You carry with you into your retreat the esteem and friendship of your sovereign."

While these things were taking place at Madrid, other events of equal importance were happening elsewhere. Yezid d'Alberique, among the mountains, had kept out of sight and tried to avoid any conflict with his enemies, but that at last became impossible. Hunger, cruel hunger began to reduce the troops; hemmed in on all sides, they could get no food. He knew not whether to make a sortie and fall before the enemy's guns, or remain to die of starvation.

One night, feeling very anxious, he remained watching before the tent, and he saw, wending their way among the rocks, long lines of soldiers. Fearing a nocturnal attack, he summoned his men; but soon the soldiers appeared, and their leader bore a flag of truce. What was their astonishment, when the soldiers approached, to see that they bore provisions! The leader was a Moor who had, many years ago, received baptism, but who was a Moor, at heart. Filing before Yezid, the men laid down beef and sacks of corn. Eagerly Yezid demanded who sent him; but the old man only replied:

"I can say nothing; my master forbade me; he only commanded me to ascend the mountains to meet you, and before my departure to request you to break this marshal's baton which I carry. When I am gone, you are to break and burn it;" and bowing respectfully, the old man turned, and the troops departed as silently as they came.

Yezid broke the baton, which was hollow, and contained a paper:

"My good and old vassals:—Receive a present sent by an old friend. However strong you may seem in your present position, hasten to leave it; in twenty-four hours you will be attacked and hemmed in on all sides."

Yezid recognized the writing, and he hesitated not to follow the advice, for it was given by a Spaniard; Don Fernand d'Albayda. Yezid called one of his aids, a Moor brought up on the mountains, and who knew every crag. On the right was Don Augustin de Mexia and his troops; on the left, Don Fernand d'Albayda and his men; and behind and before him the mountain was impossible to ascend or ascend. His aid, Cogia Hassan, declared that there was only an impracticable precipice in front, but behind was a very difficult path by which they might descend, but not with their wives and children or baggage. But he told of a large grotto which would accommodate a million men, where the women and children and ammunition carriages could be placed in safety. Before day dawned, they were placed there, with all the provisions and ammunition, and Yezid and his men had left their old camping ground.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE GROTTO DEL TORRENTO.

The next day, the fierce Don Augustin de Mexia, with his men, arrived at the deserted camp. No trace of the Moors could be found. Like wild animals they sought for any trace of their enemies, but discovered none. While they were debating what to do, a savory smell assailed their nostrils and a smoke curled up from their very feet. Curbing every cry of joy, de Mexia knelt upon the ground and listened. Beneath them they heard, under ground, the noise made by many people speaking and moving. Here, then, was where the Moors were hid! Parties set out to search for an opening; none could be found, so skilfully had Yezid and his companions concealed the entrance. Again baffled, their fury knew no bounds. The torrent raged by with a sullen, defiant roar.

Suddenly, de Mexia gave an order. All was activity. The Moors in the grotto believed themselves safe, and were striving to become calm and hopeful, when suddenly they heard the roar of the torrent; a minute more and they felt the water rush into the cave. Their enemies had dug a hole in the grotto and forced the water upon them. Their fate was sealed. Vainly they strove to

escape; no outlet offered them; they could only die. With fearful velocity the water filled the cave. Every crag was lined with wretched human beings.

Sandoval, in his despair, knelt and prayed to be separated from the cursed heretics, not to be destroyed with them. Pedralvi, with burning eyes, looked at him, but remained faithful to his oath. The water still rose. Pedralvi looked around him; not a sigh or groan, and the water covered with dead bodies. This vast cavern, called since the Grotto del Torrento (grotto of the torrent), was more appalling to Pedralvi than the vast ocean. Looking up, he saw the light of day. Climbing painfully, Pedralvi reached the opening and was once more in the open air. Below him he saw the white tents of the Spanish army. This sight filled him with rage. He looked at the grotto with one last horrified glance. The water had risen to the opening. Many bodies floated in sight, and among others was the grand inquisitor. Half crazy with despair, Pedralvi seized the body of the hated Sandoval, and approaching the edge of the rocks, hurled him down into the camp beneath, then turned and ran down the side of the mountain.

We will now return to Juan. He was in the palace, gazing from the windows, thinking deeply. He had just heard of the death of Sandoval. Pedralvi had failed in his oath, for he had vowed to protect him from his enemies. Juan was thinking of this, when he heard in the street the sounds of a guitar, and looking, saw several Bohemians dancing in the street. The song and actions of one, the foremost, reminded him of the scene when he was imprisoned among the mountains of Toledo. He felt sure the singer was Pedralvi. He hastened into the street, and making an almost imperceptible sign, he walked on. He soon found that the Bohemian followed him. When they reached a solitary place, Pedralvi approached Juan, who, remembering the broken oath, received him with a severe air.

Pedralvi in a few words related the scene in the fatal grotto. Juan could scarcely repress a cry of rage and horror. Pedralvi went on to say that, weakened by fatigue and hunger, Yezid and his troops had given themselves up to Don Fernand d'Albayda, who had sent them away in vessels. This act Ribeira, who, since the death of Sandoval, had become grand inquisitor, had censured and had taken Yezid prisoner. Alitea had been found by the San Fernando, but under pain of death the viceroy of Valencia had been compelled to keep silence and give her up to Ribeira. Both Yezid and Alitea were now in the prison of the Inquisition; Yezid was condemned for heading the insurrection, and Alitea for instigating the burning of the convent of the Annunciades, which had been reduced to ashes the previous night, though the news had not yet reached Madrid. The Duke d'Uzede, breaking his word to Juan, now that he was really prime minister, had aided in this. Juan stood almost speechless. Pedralvi had told all this in a rapid, low voice, and as he finished he handed Juan a letter, saying:

"Don Fernand has kept this, and endeavored vainly to send it to you, and he prays that it may not be too late."

Promising to watch for any sign, or bring him any news he might hear, Pedralvi left.

With a swift step, Juan returned to his chamber. On the way he deliberated upon what course to take. He knew full well that Yezid was guilty and that all his hopes were gone, for the king had, since all hopes of Alitea were gone, relapsed into his former state of weakness and indecision, and that he could not and would not fight against ecclesiastical authority. He saw clearly that if Yezid and Alitea were rescued, it must be by stealth, by stratagem, and he set about devising some means. Reaching his chamber, he opened the note. The first was from Don Fernand, with these words:

"A few days before Alitea left these shores, she sent me the enclosed note, with injunctions to give it to you when she was gone. I have been unable to do so, but I hope it is not too late.

"FERNAND D'ALBAYDA."

The next note which Juan opened with trembling hands, contained an account of her resolve to give herself up to the king and death. To her confessor she explained all, begging him to think of her as guiltless. She gave herself up to serve her brothers. There were traces of tears on the paper, and the note ended with these words:

"In one hour I shall be no more—shall be gone from this dreary, sad world; but I cannot go without disclosing to you the secret of my life—a secret which can harm none, and may make you pity Alitea. Listen to me: I love you—yes, I love you! I do not blush to say this, for when you receive this avowal, I shall be no more. You are a minister of heaven, forbidden to marry, but you became one to save me, and I owe it to myself and to you to tell you that dearer than any one in this world are you to me. I have struggled with the weakness, the wickedness, but I have failed to conquer. I go now. Forgive me. I am going to my death.

YOUR ALITEA."

Who can paint the despair, joy and rage of Juan! His love surged over him like a wave. He must save her or perish. His resolve was taken. As a member of the Inquisition, with a bleeding, aching heart, he attended the trial of the two beings held dearest on earth. Their doom was sealed. In two days they were to be burned as heretics in the market-place of Madrid.

One prisoner of the Inquisition would aid him, and that one was Captain Josef Baptista Balseiro. On the evening of the day when the sentence of death was passed, Juan descended to the dungeon and entered the captain's cell. At sight of him, the captain uttered a despairing cry. Sevilla placed before him paper, pen and ink, while in a menacing tone he commanded him to write. Sevilla dictated:

"My dear and worthy companions:—To-morrow I am to be conducted to the funeral pile, and my only hope is in you. You who fear neither God nor Satan can alone aid and deliver me. It is only necessary to enter the city disguised as monks, and to-morrow attack the procession which will be composed only of monks, alguazils and familiars of the Inquisition. As, in spite of the friendship which binds us together, you are not used to work for nothing, the bearer, who has my confidence, will give you beforehand a piaster (about two dollars) apiece, and as much more the evening after the expedition."

"Are you serious?" cried the captain.

"Sign," coldly said Juan.

And the bandit signed boldly—"Jo ef Baptista Balseiro, captain of the San Lucar." Juan then sealed the letter and placed it before the bandit to direct. He firmly directed it: "To Senor Barbasto, lieutenant, in the gorges of Savora, in the environs of Pampeluna."

Without listening to the captain, Juan went out. That note Pedralvi carried to Barbasto. A note to the same effect Gongarello carried to Don Fernand d'Albayda. The day before the auto-de-fe, the Countess Altamira was privately summoned to appear before the sacred tribunal.

The day for the procession arrived, gloomy and dull. Not a ray of sunlight; the sky was hid by heavy clouds, and the rain fell in torrents. This was a circumstance favorable to Sevilla and his friends. During the night, the funeral piles had been erected in the public square. The fire was already lighted. All the bells in Pampeluna pealed forth. Sevilla, though filled with agony, was sustained and animated by the dangers around him. He was determined to save Yezid and Alitea, or die with them.

The procession began to move. The archbishop and grand inquisitor headed the band, dressed in full pontifical pomp. Behind him came monks bearing crosses and candles. Behind them came the two prisoners, whose faces and figures it was impossible to recognize, for they were hid by cloaks and the san-benito or cap. The procession was terminated by a body of alguazils and familiars of the office, armed with muskets and spears. Suddenly a band of citizens placed themselves in the way. Ribeira furiously ordered them to move, but they valiantly stood their ground. The familiars struck with their wooden halberds the foremost peasant and threw him down, and another was ready to fire. He instantly sprang up and shouted: "To arms, my friends! They fire upon the citizens of Pampeluna!" This cry was repeated on all sides. It was Pedralvi who shouted: "Let us defend our rights! let us defend our charters!"

Repeating the cry loudly, the citizens on all sides fell upon the procession, and the market-place was soon a scene of great confusion. The alguazils and familiars of the Inquisition were frightened and fled in all directions. The haughty prelate shouted: "Strike—strike! Death to the heretics!"

But there were none to obey him. In the confusion, Pedralvi, followed by a band of devoted followers, ran to Yezid and Alitea, threw over them colored mantles, and bore them beyond the city gates, where Don Fernand awaited them with fleet horses. The archbishop at last fled to some place of safety. No sooner were Pedralvi and his friends gone, than the cries lessened, or rather changed into a cry for vengeance. The people, ever changeable, now clamored for the auto-da-fe, which a moment before they had wished to be given up. The people grew absolutely furious for some excitement. The burning of the convent of Annunciades had awakened in them a thirst for blood and fire.

Ribeira, who returned at nightfall to the palace of the Inquisition, was frightened by the multitude assembled at the gates, demanding the prisoners. In great consternation he learned that the prisoners had escaped. In his anxiety, he gave up the power of the grand inquisitor to Juan Sevilla, who instantly called together the tribunal. There in that dark hall, with the people clamorous for blood outside, Captain Josef Baptista Balseiro and the Countess Altamira were tried and condemned, and the next day expiated their crimes in the market-place of Pampeluna.

Juan waited for nothing but their conviction. With a beating heart he hastened to the city gates, where Pedralvi awaited him, and conducted him to a vessel which lay by the shore. On board he found Yezid and Alitea safe. Don Fernand and his beautiful wife Carmina were then resolved to leave with their loved friends the land of their birth, but which, alas! had brought them only pain and suffering. Alitea, worn out with the fatigue and danger she had undergone, was in the cabin. As soon as Juan came on board, the vessel weighed anchor, and flew onward before a firm breeze.

Juan, with a beating heart, descended into the cabin. Alitea raised her head as he entered, and a beautiful blush spread over her face as she exclaimed:

"Thank God, Juan, you are saved!"

With a faltering step he approached and knelt before her.

"Alitea, listen to me: I vowed myself to God for your sake, and through all suffering I have kept them faithfully, using my power for the good of my brothers. But I have found the God of the Christians betrayed by those who profess to believe his righteous mandates. This vessel contains all I love or care for in this world. If I leave Spain and abjure my vows, is there no reward to be hoped for, O my God?" he exclaimed, earnestly, almost despairingly. "For the suffering of a whole life, is there no relief—not even for a few years?"

"Juan—Juan!" cried Alitea, "say again that you will abjure thy vows. Let me hear you swear it—not by the God of the Christians," and she shuddered, "but by the God of our fathers."

"Allah, hear me! I abjure my vows, but faithful to thee always!"

He had scarcely finished speaking, when Alitea fell upon his neck. These two faithful, suffering hearts were rewarded at last. In leaving Don Delascar's house, the subterranean passage had not been touched, and before embarking, Pedralvi and a few trusty followers had in the night explored the cavern, and thus led them to the [illegible] of Leonard here, yet [illegible] there, too.

Once on the [illegible], two [illegible] were [illegible]—Juan and Alitea, Juanita and Pedralvi. Overjoyed with riches, they lived happily together. No regret for their country, the [illegible] of so many dangers and sufferings, ever came to cloud their peace.

Ribeira and the Duke d'Uzede never could forget the unknown monk who foiled them in all their designs. Every endeavor to find him was made, but their search was in vain, and one at least of the two men, the ungrateful son and traitor, carried his fear of the upright, truthful monk to his grave.

THE END.

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

PHILANTHROPY OF COMMON LIFE.

There are those who, with a kind of noble but mistaken aspiration, are asking for a life which shall, in its form and outward course, be more spiritual and devout than that which they are obliged to live. They think that if they could devote themselves entirely to what are called the labors of philanthropy, to visiting the poor and sick, that would be well and worthy—and so it would be. They think that if it could be inscribed on their tombstones that they had visited a million cottages of disease, and carried balm and soothing to them, that would be a glorious record—and so it would be. But let me tell you that the million occasions will come—ay, in the ordinary paths of life, in your houses and by your firesides—wherein you may act as nobly as if all your life long you visited beds of sickness and pain. Yes, I say, the million occasions will come, varying every hour, in which you may restrain your passions, subdue your hearts to gentleness and patience, resign your own interest to another's advantage, speak words of kindness and wisdom, raise the fallen, and cheer the fainting and sick in spirit, and soften and assuage the weariness and bitterness of the mortal lot. These cannot indeed be written on your tombs, for they are not one series of specific actions, like those of what is technically denominated philanthropy. But in them, I say, you may discharge offices not less glorious for yourselves than the self-denials of the far-famed Sisters of Charity, or than the labors of Howard or Oberlin. They shall not be written on your tombs; but they are written deep in the hearts of men—of friends, of children, of kindred all around you.—*Orville Dewey.*

CANINE SAGACITY.

We have read many dog stories illustrative of an instinct that well nigh deserves the name of reason. We give another: A large Newfoundland dog belonged to the captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion, the captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals, of such different natures, were almost inseparable during the passage. On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained for several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend and fellow-passenger, Rover, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation which had taken place between them. On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the usual bustle on board gave Rover a hint of what was going on, and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to puss, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was about hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well-conditioned, in and upon the good ship Nancy, of Greenock, and then ran to his master, wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might remain on board.—*New York Sunday Dispatch.*

SEBASTOPOL.

Mr. Gowen, who was at Sebastopol in November last, gives us some interesting particulars from that now famous city. The Russian government are engaged in rebuilding it. Before the siege, it was quite a populous place, containing, it is supposed, about sixty thousand persons. When Mr. Gowen was there, there were about six thousand people in the place. Several thousand laborers were then engaged upon the works, and the number was to be largely increased. The old city was famous for its narrow streets, like Boston; the new city will be built in squares, like Philadelphia. It is also said that there are restrictions against the erection of wooden buildings. The forts about the city, according to the examinations of Mr. Gowen, are only about half destroyed. Of the immensity of the warlike material scattered with so much profuseness about this celebrated spot, some idea may be formed from the fact that the Russians have already gathered over sixteen thousand tons of shot and shell, and yet they are still so thickly scattered around, that it is impossible to tread without touching them. There are, however, no dead bodies to be seen, they having been all carefully buried.—*Tourelle.*

FIRST EFFECTS OF HEARING RESTORED.

It is amusing to watch the movements and to note the expressions of astonishment of some of those patients who are suddenly restored to acute hearing. This is most remarkable when the deafness has existed for years. The patients look around for an explanation of the unusual sounds they hear, and then the very movement of looking round rustles the dress; hearing the noise of which, they become quite bewildered. They cannot be brought to believe that the sounds they hear are natural. The noises in the streets are at first terrific. A diverting case occurred in a short and remarkable corpulent old gentleman, residing somewhere at Pimlico. He related that on leaving the house in which his hearing had been restored, he bore it pretty well, until he got into Piccadilly, when the noise of the omnibuses (every one of which he thought would be upon him) so frightened him that he started off in a run, and never stopped until he got into Green Park.—*London paper.*

SLANG PHRASES.

The Philadelphia North American has found a slang phrase in the pure and dignified pages of Prescott. It says:—"In describing the effect of a forced march, he uses the expression 'the horses' feet were *used up*,' which is pure slang, but which conveys his meaning better, probably, than any other form of words he could have chosen. In fact, it fitted so naturally in its place, and seemed so apropos, that our attention was only called to it by an 'O, Prescott!' pencilled in the margin by some hypercritical gentleman who had taken umbrage at it."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MESMERISM.

A young woman in Galashiels, eighteen years old, was seized twenty-three weeks ago with a severe bilious fever, which left her very weak and prostrate. Dr. Tweedie resolved to try the effects of mesmerism. (Chloroform had been used previously with only partial success.) Accordingly, after some trials, he succeeded in throwing her into the magnetic slumber. The poor girl had previously to this completely lost the power of speaking and hearing, and could only make herself understood by writing. She then fell into a kind of trance, in which she remained perfectly unconscious for several weeks, except at the will of the mesmeric operator, who gradually began to acquire an extraordinary influence over the state both of her mind and body. We shall briefly describe what we were witnesses to the other day. On entering with the doctor, the patient, who had been left in the magnetic sleep, immediately woke up, and was aware of his presence. The eyes were open and looked natural enough, while the color of the face was quite fresh and rather healthy looking. She saw the mesmerist, but no one else in the room, and no object which did not belong to or was under the influence of the operator. At this moment she was both deaf and dumb. The power of speech was first restored by passes and points on the larynx, and afterwards the deafness was removed in about five minutes, by the same process, the patient manifesting intense pain, and slightly convulsed as the senses were being restored. She now spoke freely and heard the voice of the mesmerist. He proceeded to excite various parts of the body, commencing with the under joint of the little finger. Upon this she declared she heard air vocal music. The next finger was touched, when she heard counter, and so on until the whole four fingers were excited, when she said she heard a full orchestra of male and female voices performing the several parts of air, counter, tenor and base. On being asked, she even repeated the words she thought she heard sung, although she did so with some reluctance. The upper joints were next irritated, when the same effects were produced, only the music was instrumental. Various other experiments were shown us. The elbow being irritated produced a fit of laughing. The heel gave a disposition to dance, and corresponding visions. The shoulder joint produced the idea of flowers of great variety, but none of which the patient could name. This inability to name or distinguish external or natural objects was most remarkable, both with regard to external and visionary objects. She did not know her own name, could not see a watch, unless it was the operator's, or had been magnetized by him, and even then did not know its name or use. Further experiments were tried; to the knee joint, which produced frightful images of dogs; cheek-bone, of a hen and eggs; ankles, rabbits; bridge of nose, of birds, also evidently of a frightful kind, as the vision ended in screaming and terror. The moment the excitation was withdrawn from a particular part, the object fled, and not the slightest recollection of it remained on the mind of the patient. Of these extraordinary phenomena, we can pretend to give no explanation. They are evidently seated in the depths of human nature and constitution, which mesmerists are only now investigating. We merely publish what we have seen, and we think it is our duty as a journalist to make such a remarkable case known, in order that Dr. Gregory, or some experienced mesmerist, may make the above the subject of investigation.—*Border (Scotland) Advertiser.*

THE TYROLEAN MINSTREL.

The engraving on this page is from a picture drawn from the life, and represents one of those itinerant Tyrolean minstrels who roam over the whole continent of Europe, and sometimes find their way to this country, making melody and money wherever they go. The instrument on which he is playing is not very unlike a guitar in principle, but yields a greater volume of sound. He is solacing himself, while playing, with the inevitable pipe. The Tyrolese are remarkable for their musical aptitude. They possess a quick ear, and many of them have very fine voices. Vocal music is a favorite exercise with them, and the singing of whole families in the open air, in the mountains, produces a wonderfully fine effect. The Tyroleans are a brave, free-hearted race, and, like most mountaineers, ardently attached to their native country. If the Tyrolean sometimes wanders thousands of miles from his birthplace, it is only that he may obtain the means of making his home more comfortable, and of passing the remainder of his days in quiet amidst his dearly-loved hills and valleys. With this attachment to their home, there is also the will to defend it from encroachment and invasion. If Switzerland has her Tell, the Tyrol can point with pride to her Andreas Hofer, a true patriot of modern days, who roused his countrymen to arms, and amidst their stern native passes, compelled the French invaders to respect the prowess of a people nerved to desperation by the outrages of foreign foes. History has enshrined the name of Andreas Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, and his fame is preserved in many a mountain song. A favorite theme with these itinerant Tyrolean minstrels is the "Death of Hofer."

REMARKABLE FOUNTAIN IN FLORIDA.

Taking a narrow path, I crossed through some dense underwood, and all at once I stood on the banks of Wakulla Spring. There was a basin of water one hundred yards in diameter, almost circular. The thick bushes were growing almost to the water's edge, and bowing their heads under its unrippled surface. I stepped into a skiff and pushed off. Some immense fishes attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed, and asked me how far below the surface I supposed they were? I answered about four feet. He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so. The water is of the most marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in the water, forty feet deep, and saw its head with perfect distinctness as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre, I noticed a jagged, grayish limestone rock beneath us, pierced with holes; through these holes one seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moved slowly on, and now we hung trembling over the edge of the sunken cliff, and far below it lies a dark, yawning, unfathomable abyss. From its gorge comes pouring forth, with immense velocity, a living river. Pushing on just



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beyond its mouth, I dropped a ten-cent piece into the water, which is there one hundred and ninety feet in depth, and I clearly saw it shining on the bottom. This seems incredible. I think the water possesses a magnifying power. I am confident that the piece could not be so plainly seen from the top of the tower one hundred and ninety feet high. We rowed on towards the north side, and suddenly we perceived the water, the fish which were darting hither and thither, the long flexible roots, and the wide, luxuriant grasses on the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the boat gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death-like stillness reigned around, and a more fairy-like scene I never before beheld. So great is the quantity of water here poured forth, that it forms a river of itself large enough to float flatboats laden with cotton. The planter who lives here has thus transported his cotton to Saint Mark's. Near the fountain we saw some of the remains of a mastodon which had been taken from it. The triangular bone below the knee measured six inches on each side. The Indian name of the fountain, Wakulla, means "The Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers sprang into it with almost frantic joy, supposing they had discovered the long-sought "*Fons Juventutis*," or Fountain of Youth, which should rejuvenate them again.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

THE SOCIETY OF POISONERS.

A writer in the London Medical Times discloses a state of society in the empire of Brazil that is startling, and which, if his statements are reliable, betray a knowledge of the subtletics of chemical science among a semi-savage people unprecedented in the annals of the Borgias. He says:—"Every practitioner in Brazil knows that under the name of *feitico* (a Portuguese-African word, embracing the idea of charms, philters, poison, when administered in certain forms), poisoning is frequently practised, and so expert are its administrators that diseases of many varieties are simulated, and every possible gradation of time may be occupied by the poison to produce its effect, so that the victim of feitico may apparently succumb to a lingering marasmus or a violent colic. Such art, and the dexterity with which it is practised, imply an appropriate education, and the possession of much and exact traditional knowledge, by the negroes; and it will be more easily accredited that it is so, when it is known that in some parts of Brazil (and I speak with special reference to the interior of the province of San Paulo, where I now reside), there exists among the slave population a secret fraternity, analogous to the society of Thugs of India, who also consider it a discharge of a religious obligation to murder annually a certain number of persons—chosen, however, always from among the blacks themselves, and rarely or never from the families of their masters. In this society there are several grades; and the fitness of the aspirants to become acquainted with the more esoteric doctrines is supposed to be tested by the ability with which they cause one or more deaths—often their own nearest relatives being selected, the better to prove their firmness. Here, however, poison has replaced the cord of the Thug. A not unfrequent mode of administering it is by a pinch of snuff; and there is one most authentic case of death in this way produced on the intended assassin himself, which occurred in the centre of this province. Mesmerism, which is practised by the adepts, also, it is supposed by some well qualified to judge, enters much into their means of exhausting vitality. It is a singular fact that many, dying lingeringly, will often pertinaciously assert that such a one of their fellow-slaves is murdering them, alleging as a reason that nightly they dreamed of him, and the subsequent confession of the accused not unfrequently justifies the accusation. May we not explain this by the supposition that a partial reminiscence is left of the mesmeric processes to which, during sleep, they are subjected?"—*New York Dispatch.*

GEORGE IV.

But what of London in 1824? King George IV. was then on the throne, and though he was shy of showing himself in public, I chanced to see him several times, and once to advantage—at Ascot races. This was a royal course, and brought together an immense crowd of the nobility and gentry, as well as an abundant gathering of gamblers and blacklegs. For more than an hour his majesty stood in the pavilion, surrounded by the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of York, the Marquis of Anglesea, and other persons of note. He was a large over-fat man, of a rather sour and discontented countenance. All the arts of the toilet could not conceal the wrinkles of age, and the marks of dissipation and dilapidation. His lips were sharp, his eyes grayish blue, his wig chestnut brown. His cheeks hung down pendulously, and his whole face seemed pallid, bloated and flabby. His coat was a blue surtout, buttoned tight over his breast; his cravat, a huge black stock, scarcely sufficient to conceal his enormous, nodulatiog jewel. On his left breast was a glittering star. He wore a common hat, the brim a little broader than the fashion. But for the star, and the respect paid to him, he might have passed only as an over-dressed and rather sour old rake. I noticed that his coat sat very close and smooth, and was told that he was trussed and braced by stays to keep his flesh in place and shape. He was a dandy to the last. The wrinkles of his coat, after it was on, were cut out by the tailor, and drawn up with a needle. He had the gout and walked badly. I imagine there were few among the thousands gathered to the spectacle who were really less happy than his majesty—the monarch of the three kingdoms.—*S. G. Goodrich's Reminiscences.*

STRONG BELIEVERS.

Luther was a tower of strength, because his whole trust was in the Lord. Baxter was a burning flame, because he lived hard by the mercy seat, whereon the glory dwelt between the cherubim. Whitfield was "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," because like John, his cry was, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Chalmers foamed like a cataract, because the deep rapids came rushing down upon him from the everlasting mountains. Hall's words were molten in the furnace where his faith was tried with fire. These were great preachers, because they were strong believers, because they loved the truth, kept their heart with diligence, and walked in the light of heaven. There is no age in which such preachers would not have power.—*Eclectic Review.*



FLOATING ICEBERGS.

SARGENT'S "ARCTIC ADVENTURE."

The extensive perusal of Dr. Kane's fascinating volumes has excited a general desire in the public mind to know more of the history of Arctic adventure and exploration. Curiosity is awakened as to the previous parts of a history, of which Dr. Kane's book is the sequel. The want has been met, and the demand well supplied in the appearance of an elegant duodecimo volume, of some five hundred pages, published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, and bearing the following title: "Arctic Adventure by sea and land, from the earliest date to the last expeditions, English and American, in search of Sir John Franklin; with maps and engravings. Edited by Epes Sargent." After giving a full and clear account of the adventures and discoveries of the earliest Arctic navigators—of Cabot, Frobisher, Davis, Barentz, Hudson, Baffin, and others,—the editor enters upon the track of the voyagers of the present century—of Buchan, Ross, Parry, Beechey, Lyon, Back, Franklin—in search of a northwest passage, and gives, not mere abstracts, but glowing, interesting narratives of the bold and remarkable explorations of these contemporaneous explorers. The land explorations of Franklin, Richardson, Back, Rae, Simpson, Dease, and others, are also narrated, succinctly but comprehensively, in their chronological order; and in this a void is supplied which exists in every other work on Arctic exploration. But without these, it will be found that the great Arctic drama is incomplete. We are glad to see that Mr. Sargent has given to these difficult land expeditions their proper prominence. Franklin's voyage in the Erebus and Terror, the mystery of which is as yet unrevealed, closes the list of voyages in search of a northwest passage; and we now enter upon the expeditions by sea and land in search of Franklin himself, and to this portion of the volume there is a remarkable dramatic unity and interest. The adventures of Ross, Kellett, McClure, Inglefield, Collinson, Austin, Richardson, Rae, De Haven, Kane,—the private explorations of Kennedy, Penny, and others,—the romantic story of Bellot, the young Frenchman, afford material which Mr. Sargent has amply availed himself of in giving animation and interest to his book. How extraordinary is it, that in the course of these searches for Sir John Franklin, the great geographical problem of the last three centuries, the existence of a northwest passage, should have been solved, and the event have excited little or no interest either in Europe or the United States! But Captain McClure, though he did not find Franklin, found what Franklin had been sent out to find—a northwest passage. Taking the Pacific route, and sailing through Behring's Strait, McClure sailed to within thirty miles of where Parry wintered when he entered Barrow's Strait from Baffin's Bay on the opposite side of the continent! Although prevented by the ice from pushing his way through, McClure satisfied himself of the practicability of the passage in favorable seasons. One of the most extraordinary incidents in the whole course of Arctic adventure is the unexpected meeting of McClure with Lieutenant Pym. Imagine a man who had made his way from Behring's Strait, and, after penetrating almost to the point reached by Parry, had there been frozen hopelessly in, suddenly encountering, while walking on the ice, a friend from home, who had come from vessels that had entered Barrow's Strait by way of Baffin's Bay! Had an angel of light suddenly descended, the spectacle could hardly have been more startling. The scene is described in a graphic manner in Mr. Sargent's pages. As McClure's book is just out of the press in England, and is not likely to be republished in this country, we are glad to see that Mr. Sargent has given the very pith and marrow of it in his copious narrative. Every detail of interest is preserved. McClure's voyage is incomparably the most important in its results, and one of the most interesting in its character, of any of the present century in this direction; and the value of the present work is much enhanced by the judicious use of the materials it presents. The American expeditions come in for their fair proportion of attention. An excellent account of the first Grinnell expedition is given; and, in the narrative of Dr. Kane's expedition, the editor has been able to avail himself, through the liberality of the Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of several of the admirable wood-cuts in their publication, to illustrate the text. This adds largely to the interest of the book. But there are many fine wood-cuts illustrative of other portions of the book, and of these we present some spirited specimens, for which we are indebted to Phillips, Sampson & Co., the Boston publishers of Sargent's "Arctic Adventure." These illustrations may be briefly explained. The first engraving represents a ship among floating icebergs in Baffin's Bay. An interesting description of the formation of these bergs and their detachment from stupendous glaciers is given in Mr. Sargent's work. The second engraving represents Parry's men cutting a way for the ship through a large "floe." To effect this arduous operation, "the seamen marked with boarding pikes two parallel lines, at the distance of somewhat more than the breadth of the larger ship. They sawed, in the first place, along the path tracked out, and then by cross-sawings detached large pieces, which were separated diagonally in order to be floated out; and sometimes boat sails were fastened to them to take advantage of a favorable breeze." The third illustration represents the sledging parties over the ice under Captain Austin in search of Franklin. To facilitate movement, sails and kites were attached, and when the wind was favorable, these did good service. The fourth engraving represents the situation of the Terror in Back's remarkable voyage, one of the most interesting and memorable in the whole collection. The Terror is, in technical phrase, "nipped" by the ice, and her prospects of getting out do not seem to be particularly encouraging; but by the occurrence of one of those sudden and inexplicable "breakings-up," familiar to Arctic voyagers, she is all at once set free, and, after many perils, enabled to make her way home, subsequently to take part in Franklin's last ill-fated expedition. We cannot dismiss Mr. Sargent's timely and interesting book without commending it warmly to adoption into every "family library" and public library in the land. It contains the pith of some thirty expensive volumes, many of them never re-published in this country. It conveys much geographical and scientific information of universal interest. It presents a record of Christian fortitude, heroic endurance, and courage, which renders it, in a moral respect, a most useful and salutary work, and it is a deeply interesting and suggestive history, that both young and old will read with profit. The wood engravings, of which we give specimens, are neat and appropriate; and two good maps make the illustrative portion of the volume as perfect as could be wished. A feature in this work that renders it more valuable than any similar history published in this country is the clear and succinct account of the land explorations and discoveries, as well as of those by sea. It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that before he sailed on his last fatal expedition, Sir John Franklin had twice penetrated through those desolate portions of North America extending from the Hudson's Bay Company's posts to the Arctic shores. On the first of these expeditions, he and his men passed through the most remarkable sufferings, and narrowly escaped death by starvation. The second expedition was better managed and more successful. The adventures of Captain Back in his celebrated land journey, of Richardson and Rae, Simpson and Dease, and several others, give, in connection with the explorations by sea, a variety and interest to this volume, which we have rarely found in similar narratives. While we write, we hear of new expeditions to be fitted out the present spring by the British government. It is proposed to send one by the way of Behring's Strait, one by Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Strait, and one overland. Of course, there is little hope that Sir John Franklin yet survives. He would now be, if still alive, upwards of seventy years of age. But it is conjectured that some of the crew may be found living among the Esquimaux, or that cairns may be discovered, containing records of the movements of the ill-fated navigator or his officers and men. In view of these anticipated explorations, as well as of the American Grinnell expeditions, and of the interest connected with the name of the lamented Dr. Kane, this timely work by Mr. Sargent will be eagerly sought for. It is such a work as will find a permanent place in many a select library, as one of those volumes which are entertaining and instructive.



SLEDGING WITH SAILS.



SAWING A CHANNEL.



THE TERROR NIPPED.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALONE....TO ——.

BY MRS FANNY E. BARBOUR.

Apart from thee, dear one, my soul
Is filled with strange unrest;
I find no peace—a haunting voice,
My constant spirit guest,
Whispers with mournful tone,
"Thou art alone!—alone!"

Night draws her veil of radiant stars
Above her lustrous brow,
And voices born of night alone
Are murmuring soft and low,
"O, weary sleepers, rest!
The night for you is blest."

Day dawns in beauty rare, and earth
Flings off the night's embrace;
While from her altars perfumes rise
To meet the sun's glad face.
He brings no joy to me,
Beloved, afar from thee.

O, rich and rare the treasured gems
The past enshrines for me;
Not all the wealth of Ind could buy
My loving thoughts of thee.
Thou hast been *true*, beloved,
Thy faith long years have proved.

Memory, true artist, o'er the years
Her magic colors spreads;
And though those days are gone forever
Old Past to Present weds.
With quickening pulse I see
What was—and what must be.

What must be! yet the future hides
The coming woe or weal:
This only know—I, that for thee,
I only *love* can feel
So love I thee alone;
So lov'st thou me, dear one!

Beloved! dearest! All fond names
My heart applies to thee;
Yet not one name of all I know,
Tells what thou art to me.
My trust, my faith, my own
For aye!—I'm not alone!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LAWYER.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I BELIEVE that I started in life under the auspices of my father's aunt Deborah—a maiden lady of sixty-four, who, in place of the father and mother whom I never saw, alternately petted and scolded me as long as she was able. I escaped from both when I was eleven years old by running away; and although she sent me innumerable messages, when she discovered my whereabouts, to return to her, and he sent to school and fitted for college, I undutifully refused ever to go near her again.

I had "hired out" with a small farmer to do his "chores" for my board and clothes, and I staid there three years; at the end of which time my roving propensities moved me to run off from him. I had made all my arrangements, and was even mounted on the top of the Reading stage, when who should come into the tavern-yard but the farmer.

"Where are you going, boy?" he called out, in a hard and severe tone.

"To Boston, sir."

"To Boston!"

I cannot describe the manner in which he said this; but it woke up all the memories of floggings which left scars "got, I have not time to tell you now," any more than the immortal Fusbos had. He was a coarse, profane man, and he launched out into a strain of abuse which would have made my blood chill if I had been afraid of him, and bade me get down instantly and go home.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "I am engaged to somebody else."

At this moment the stage started. He ordered the driver to stop and let me down; but he drove on, and I am almost ashamed to record that I made a significant gesture, with my thumb and finger upon my very decent Roman nose, and calling out "Good-by, sir—you shall hear of me some day," I went off in the exaltant triumph of freedom.

I was delighted with the fine prospect which I enjoyed in my elevated seat. The driver was very kind to me, refusing to take my money for the whole journey, and offering to find me a stopping-place in the city.

At that time there was a very old house in Howard Street, now demolished, in which a Mr. Jones kept boarders for a number of years. Here he stopped the stage for me to get down.

"What shall I do, driver?" said I.

"Just ring that bell, my lad," he answered, "and somebody will come and let you in."

I looked up to the top of the door.

"I don't see any bell, sir," I said, timidly.

The man burst into a broad laugh.

"Pull that knob, greeny!" he said, at last; and straightway I pulled it again and again, until Mr. Jones, a queer looking old fellow, with one leg, and a dilapidated eye, came to the door, and looked daggers out of the remaining orb of vision, upon the luckless wight who had broken his bell wire.

"Let that youngster stay with you and Ma'am Jones till I come up to supper," said the still laughing driver—and I staid.

Ma'am Jones was a lady that would have made a fine companion for Daniel Lambert. Sheltered beneath her capacious wing, I could bid defiance to little Mr. Jones, who dared not attack anything which his wife might take a fancy for petting. The old lady liked me very much; and this knowledge, together with the daily sight of my friend, the driver, kept me contented and happy through the winter. I scoured knives, and performed quite a series of similar dignified labors every morning; but when boys of my own age were round, I sometimes thought, while looking at their good and respectable clothing, that it would not have been a very bad plan for me to have accepted Aunt Deborah's offer of sending me to college.

An opportunity offering to go to sea, I prepared to go, despite the entreaties, and even tears, of the fat landlady. When she found me determined, she provided me with everything needful for the voyage, hugged me to her capacious heart, and bade me godspeed. Jones, who was so angry because I staid there, was still more so when I went away; and in his wife's absence, taunted me with my new clothes, which he more than half suspected came from her, although they passed as the stage-driver's gift.

The servants all assembled to see me go away, and their hearty "Good-by, Sam!" "A safe return to you, old fellow!" was probably more sincere than nine-tenths of the good wishes that have been spoken to me since that time.

I shall say very little about my sea-life. It did not answer my expectations at all. I never passed a day without intolerable seasickness, and being a slight, delicate boy, the captain advised me as a friend to stay in future upon the land. Going on shore, the mate stepped forward and shook my hand, saying:

"Well, Sam, you have killed a sailor, after all."

I did not then know the meaning of this phrase; but when I got back to the old house in Howard Street, my friend, the driver, repeated it, and from him I got the explanation of the term.

I could not go back to the kitchen work again after my voyage, so I looked out diligently for some employment. An advertisement in the paper for a printer's boy caught my eye, and I applied and was received. Here I was quite happy. I made myself a favorite in the office, and fortunately succeeded in learning the business so that my services would always command a fair remuneration.

At twenty-one I married Susan Russell, the daughter of my employer. I am thus brief in recording this, because by no alchemy whatever could I convert our old-fashioned and matter-of-fact liking for each other, and subsequent union, into anything like romance. The whole might be compressed in a single sentence. I liked her, and married her when I found that she also liked me.

My description of our new home would be quite as brief. We took two rooms, furnished them comfortably, and Susan kept them shining like silver the whole year round. If ever I enjoyed true, real, unremitted happiness, without care or anxiety or fear for the future, it was in those days. What peace we enjoyed! Our two eldest children were born here, and then our limits seemed too small; but it was real pain to both of us to move from the snug abode which had been the scene of so many calm and peaceful hours.

We removed to a cottage in the suburbs of Boston; not those miniature cities which now rise up beside the venerable Tri-mountain, but a small and obscure village, since risen to the size and importance it deserves. About the time that we removed, and were quietly settled, a very important law case was on the docket, and when it came on we were very busy printing the reports of the trial as it progressed. I became intensely absorbed in it; not so much from sympathy with the parties concerned as from a feeling that, were I acquainted with the technicalities of the law, I could seize upon very many points of importance which I believed the prisoner's counsel had overlooked altogether. This idea grew stronger and stronger upon my mind. I had access to law books which were in my employer's sanctum, and I pored over them sometimes all night long.

Mr. Russell had been bred to the law, but had relinquished his profession for that of an editor, some years before the birth of my wife. I frankly stated to him my wishes in regard to fitting myself for the bar. He first laughed at, then seriously tried to dissuade me from attempting it. Opposition only strengthened my purpose, and I entered the office of an eminent lawyer, who overlooked my deficiences in some respects, in consideration, as he was pleased to term it, of the talent and acumen which my replies to his questions displayed.

I now wrote for the journal I had been accustomed to print, and with such secrecy that Mr. Russell did not find out who his new contributor was. He would often wonder, in my presence, who it could be, and ascribed to him a degree of talent and brilliancy of expression such as I had hardly hoped to deserve. He often, too, imputed my articles to —— and ——, then the two leading writers of the day, and expressed his opinion that they would not remain incog. a great while. This flattery pleased me, but I did not allow my vanity to lead me into betraying myself. Through a third party, I received a larger compensation for my labors, certainly, than I should have done had my wise father-in-law mistrusted who was his correspondent.

I studied hard, and had at length the inexpressible satisfaction of being admitted to the Suffolk bar. I took an office with another young lawyer, in order to reduce our expenses, and waited anxiously for the first brief that should be offered.

Poor Susan! My heart aches at the remembrance of certain privations to which, with angel sweetness, she submitted at this period, in order that I might appear respectable. My contributions to various literary journals barely gave us the means of sustenance; and I had so nearly offended Mr. Russell by slighting his advice that I dared not apply to him for assistance.

One day, in passing from our suburban residence to the city, I met my old landlady, fat Mrs. Jones. She looked at me hard, and I returned it. There was no mistaking that good honest countenance and expressive form, even when draped as it was in the deepest mourning. A widow's ample veil hung over the back of her head and nearly swept the street. The recognition was mutual, and the old lady's raptures at finding me were almost too strong for outdoor exhibition. She told me of poor Jones's death, and of their removing to the country when the old house in Howard Street was torn down.

"And now," she said, plaintively, "I am alone in the world."

"Come and live with me," were my first words. "You gave me a home when I was a lone child."

I stopped, for the thought pressed back upon me that I was poor and unable even to maintain my own family. A strange smile flitted over the face of my friend, while she inquired my situation. I told her, and described my wife and children. She said:

"I will go to you. I can help your wife enough to pay for my board."

I was almost dismayed at what I had done, when I considered the immense appetite which I had inconsiderately offered to supply, and which I well remembered of old. But I clung to my bargain, and begged her to come immediately.

"You will find us in rather close quarters," I said, "but you shall come and be welcome."

We agreed that she should be there the following Monday, and I went home to Susan, whom I met with rather an embarrassed air. She looked at the matter more philosophically than I had expected, and prepared her best chamber for Mrs. Jones's reception, heroically carrying in many little conveniences of which we had no duplicates. My relation of Mrs. Jones's former kindness to me, and my description of her present lonely and widowed state, made Susan shed tears. She promised to do everything in her power for the forlorn woman whom she thought would now be thrown upon me for maintenance and upon herself for companionship.

Mrs. Jones arrived on Monday morning, carpet-bag in hand, and followed by a handcart, bearing her old-fashioned and somewhat dilapidated hair trunk. We received her kindly, and she seemed pleased and happy when she sat down to Susan's simple but excellent dinner. The children were attentive, and kept passing the food near to the new guest.

A fortnight passed away, and we began to feel that we could scarcely do without Mrs. Jones. She was invaluable as an assistant to Susan, and in marketing for us her services were beyond all praise. We gave her our slender purse every morning, as she thought she could do better with it than we could; and it was perfectly amazing to see the loads of provision and the superior quality of the same which she obtained. Susan and I began to think that we had been grievously cheated in our former purchases. So, when our wardrobe imperatively called for additions, Mrs. Jones would go out with the money for a sixpenny print, and return with something really handsome and valuable for my wife, and a nice remnant for the little Kitty, and then would sit down and make them both up with all the skill of an experienced mantua maker.

Susan handed me some bills, one day, that she said were left there by a collector, including one for our rent, and one for the last suit of clothes which I had been unwillingly forced to buy in order to keep up a respectable appearance. My countenance fell some degrees, I fancy, for I had no money to pay them. Mrs. Jones was bustling round the dinner table, and she said, rather sadly, that she felt that she ought not to be living upon us, and perhaps she had better go away.

"Never, my good friend!" said I, and "Never!" echoed Susy.

I assured her that I would not listen to her leaving us—that I trusted very soon to get business, and that come what would she should share our last loaf. The good old soul hugged us both at once, and then settling her cap and wiping her eyes, she went quietly back to her work. After dinner she went out, but we reiterated our injunctions that she should not seek another home as long as she could put up with ours.

I called round in the evening at the various places from whence I had received the bills. To my utter surprise, the answer was that they had all been settled. I inquired by whom, but no one could recollect. They were all cancelled on the various books. I was thoroughly amazed, for I knew no one but Mr. Russell who could do it for me, and hardly believed it of him. Susy was as surprised as myself, but she rather inclined to the belief that it was her father, so I quietly let her indulge in her pleasant belief.

We got through the summer, but the winter was coming on, and I actually trembled at its approach. Industrious as I was—prudent as Susy had ever been—we could not hope to win through the cold season without both suffering and toil, and with debt superadded.

I had been at the office all day, on one gloomy time in November, anxiously debating whether I should not go back to printing again. I considered all the whys and wherefores, counted the costs again and again, and by the most careful arithmetic I could not find that the change would benefit me a single son. I was toiling unremittingly now, and I should have to do so if I returned to printing, and with scarcely so much success as now. I became heartily discouraged at the prospect before me. Had I been alone in the world I could patiently have borne it. Suffering and privation brought no terrors to me individually, but the thought of those who were dear to me at home unmanned me. And darker

the prospect, the more I shrunk from allowing Mrs. Jones to feel that she was a burden upon us. No—come what might, the good old soul should not be removed from the circle in which she seemed to have placed all her happiness. She should live with us as long as she lived at all, and if we were reduced to beggary, why, we would beg for her too.

I started up and paced the office with an impatient step. It may seem strange that a strong, healthy man should be so powerless as I was to procure a living for my family; but so it was. It was growing dusk, and I felt it was near my time to go home. I had intended sending some fuel to my house, but I was disappointed in some money that a certain publisher of a daily paper was owing me, and I now dreaded that there was darkness on the hearth at home. I was just locking up, when a boy came up to me with a folded paper. I read it under the lamp post. It ran thus:

"Come to No. — Tremont Road, at six o'clock."

I saw no alternative but to do as I was asked. The boy was gone, so I could make no excuse; and I walked over the damp leaves that lay crushed upon the sidewalk, which the November blast had shaken that very hour from the trees. I went over the ground rapidly, for I wanted to learn the errand and be away.

I rang at the number designated. It was a good brick house, with substantial granite steps, a well-lighted vestibule with glass doors, and I could see that the whole front was well supplied with gas. I heard little feet scampering through the hall, but as the doors were of grooved glass I could see nothing.

A servant came to the door, and waited on me to a handsome drawing-room, with plain but new and good furniture. I waited in curious speculation for some minutes. There had been no plate upon the door, so I could not even tell the name of the person wishing to see me. I was standing before the chimney-piece examining a picture, when a little child ran into the room. It was so like little Kitty that I would have called her so had not the pretty embroidered robe and silk apron looked so different from our children's plain clothes. But another little head was peeping in at the open door, and that was like little Charley, only for the scarlet frock and neat gaiters; and then the two made a long rush across the floor and ran into my arms, while slowly and majestically, sweeping along in her ample crapes and bombazines, came portly Mrs. Jones, and behind her, Susy, smiling and blushing like the dawn. I think I had a womanly feeling come upon me just then. I felt a sort of faintness, and I passed my hand across my eyes to be sure that I was awake. Susy laid her hand on my shoulder.

"You owe it to our kind friend here," she whispered. "She has been trying you deeply."

"Trying me?" I said, aloud.

"Yes, my good friend," said Mrs. Jones, herself, "I was rich, and had no one about me but selfish and interested people who all wanted my money. I have long owned this house, and lived in it when I met you first; but a thought, suggested by your invitation to go to you, induced me to try whether you would keep me if I had happened to be poor, and I am abundantly satisfied with the result. We made money at that old house in Howard Street, which no one but ourselves ever knew of, and I always intended to find you out and make you my heir. I had, however, rather that you would enjoy my property while I can have the pleasure of seeing you; so I invite you to *return my visit*. You will find a handsome office, well fitted up for you in Court Street, when you go down town to-morrow morning. The boy who will wait on you has the key of the door, but here are the keys of your desk and library."

I declare to you, reader, the generosity of this woman unmanned me more than the disconsolate thoughts which had haunted me the whole afternoon. It seemed too good to believe, and when we walked out to the dining-room, and sat down to a supper at which no expense was spared, I could only look from one to the other and wonder if I was in a dream.

I took possession of my grand office the next day. Briefs ponred in upon me, for who will not require the services of a rich lawyer, and who wants those of a poor one? I rose rapidly, and am still standing in high places. I speak it with reverence, I owe it all to a *woman*.

We bought the cottage with its little garden, and we go there in summer and play poverty there again for a few of the hottest weeks. We have four children now, and Mrs. Jones pets them all. She is now trying to have me seek out my old Aunt Deborah, and perhaps I will. The old farmer, too, I intend now that he shall "hear from me."

LITTLE ANGEL'S FEAST IN CHILI.

When a child dies not exceeding three or four years of age, its parents do not lament or grieve for it, which they would consider heresy. As soon as the child commences to suffer the agonies of death, its parents make preparations for feasting it. The day of its death they kill the fatted calf, and all the turkeys and fowls there are in the house. They also buy a barrel of Mosto wine, hire singers and dancers, and spread the report that Don So-and-so will celebrate the Little Angel. When the child is dead, it is decked with flowers of all kinds, its face is smeared with crimson, and it is then seated on a table to preside and authorize the feast. The Little Angel I saw was adorned just as I have described it: moreover, that the child may appear alive, they place two small sticks between the eyelids, the eyes remaining thus forcibly open. At the arrival of the singers, revellers, and dancers, the feast commences, and very soon it is converted into the most furious, licentious, and unbounded carousal. The parents encourage and stimulate the revels; and the more the father drinks and encourages the company, so much more glory will the Little Angel enjoy in heaven. The parents do not give this feast with the sole object of celebrating and increasing the glory of their Little Angel. The carousal helps them to sell their beef, cazuela, chanchito, arrollando, cider, and the Mosto; and after twenty-four hours find that they have made a clear profit of twenty or thirty dollars.—*Tour in Chili.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SAILOR BOY'S HOME.

BY THOMAS PATTON, JR.

Hail, home of my boyhood! my beautiful home!
Thou wilt rise up before me wherever I roam
The heavens' stormy tempest the waves' angry roar,
Cannot veil the bright vision I see evermore.

Our noble ship glides o'er the rolling blue tide,
Where the navies of earth in their majesty ride,
Their mightiest grandeur my eye cannot see,
For aught else save my vision is nothing to me.

The clouds of the sunset, with purple and gold,
Will change their thin vapors to fancy's bright mould,
And fantasy, heated, will fill up the scene
With images strange as the brain's wildest dream

I see in the drama the home of my youth,
Resplendently lovely, as gem-drops of truth
O, could some kind fairy invest me with wings,
I'd fly to that region where such pleasure springs

When the battling elements rise in their wrath,
And through the dark canopy thunderings crash,
When the night-howling tempest envelopes the shrouds,
And drives the mad vessel through gathering clouds—

Then vivid as lightning the picture will rise,
Proportioned in beauty to greet my glad eyes—
The home of my boyhood, my beautiful home,
It will rise up before me wherever I roam.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A FRONTIER REMINISCENCE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Most Americans, if the characteristic can be confined to any particular nation, have a fondness for old battle-fields and relics of ancient wars. It is certainly a commendable spirit which leads us to fields where our ancestors have fought for privileges which are bequeathed to us, and since we have no unjust wars recorded in our history, I see not why this spirit of affection for scenes of wars long past should not be encouraged. The following incident, although well known to the inhabitants of the section of country where it occurred, is unknown to many who take an interest in everything pertaining to our wars; no excuse, therefore, is needed for its relation.

Probably no river of its length, or of thrice its length, has witnessed more warlike scenes than the Niagara. Upon its banks were fought the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie, in the war of 1812; and its waters reflected at that time the conflagration of numerous villages. Many dark and mysterious tales of savage ferocity are told by survivors of that period, but more terrible are those which are buried forever with the dead. Tradition has given us many of them, among which is the one I am about to relate, which might well be called the frontier tragedy.

The banks of the river above the cataract are almost entirely level with the water, but below it they are tall, steep and craggy. About three miles below the falls is a locality which has received the appropriate name of the Devil's Hole. It is an immense chasm, yawning from the river to the highway, and forming a frightful looking pit, well suited to its name. Upon the sides the bank takes the form of an enormous perpendicular wall, probably two hundred feet in height. The whole aspect of the place is one of horror, and the waters of the river rush wildly past as if anxious to escape quickly from a place fraught with the associations of this remarkable Devil's Hole.

It was upon a pleasant morning during the old French war that a company of British and colonial troops were on the march just below this locality. They were several hundred in number, and were accompanied by heavy army wagons. They presented a fine martial appearance: their polished gun-barrels and bayonets reflected the rays of the sun, and their regimentals shone with brilliant light. So, at least, thought an Indian as he cautiously peered out from behind the trunk of a huge oak and admired the warlike array. He once half raised a long musket which he carried, as his eye fell upon the officer on horseback at the front, but he dropped his hand, and having hastily glanced at the cumbrous provision wagons in the rear, he disappeared as noiselessly as he had come. But all unconscious of the proximity of any foe, the troops marched on, inspirited by the music of fife and drum. Several horsemen rode in the rear, one of whom was mounted on a powerful mare, which showed restiveness at the slow pace which her rider compelled her to take. The individual mounted upon her was named Stedman, and was in charge of the wagons. But one other claims our especial attention—the drummer boy, who plied his sticks with a will and stepped as quickly as his comrades to the lively tune which the captain had ordered to be played. And still they marched on, the drum and fife playing, unknown to them, their funeral march.

They had now reached the spot described before, and the light of the sun was shut out from their view by the tall trees which lined the path. Their shadows fell into the dismal pit and rendered it still more darksome. The woods formed a complete semi-circle round the gulf, and just beyond ran a little creek. The men pressed hastily forward to obtain a draught of its waters, little thinking that they would never reach it. Suddenly a tremendous roar was heard, fires flashed from the woods and half of the troop fell in their tracks. Stunned, bewildered and confused, the remainder huddled together, or sought safety behind the wagons. From behind the trees issued scores of hideously painted savages, howling their dreadful war whoop and brandishing their tomahawks. Frightful indeed was the massacre which followed. The Indians flew from one victim to another, and the deadly hatchet blow was hardly given before the scalping knife performed its work. Amid the general rout the captain of the troops endeavored to rally and lead on his men, but he soon fell and each man looked only for his own preservation. So sudden, indeed, had been the onset, and with the usual savage cunning the ambush had been laid in a place where the victims were exposed to a murderous cross-fire before they came to close work, that not few shots were fired by the troops.

And now commenced a horrible scene. The Indians, but one or two of whom had fallen under the scattering volley of the troop, closed round the few that remained alive, and drove them right towards the cliff. Not a blow was given by them except to urge their victims on. Steadily they pursued them, allowing not one to escape, till they reached the cliff, then the cries of their enemies were lost in the depths of the Devil's Hole. Here might be seen a poor wretch endeavoring to delay his doom by grasping the edge of the rock; soon a blow from the remorseless hatchet loosened his hold, and his mangled corpse lay at the bottom of the pit. Mercilessly they persevered till every foe was still in death.

But not yet every one. Two escaped from the general slaughter. The one, Stedman, was mounted, as we observed, upon a powerful mare. After the deadly volley was given by the savages, an Indian rushed upon him and seized the reins. Not losing his presence of mind for an instant, he cut the reins and giving the savage a severe blow with his sword he drove spurs into his horse and was borne swiftly away, unharmed by the shower of bullets which whistled past him. A curious story in relation to his escape is that the Indians believed him to be proof against their bullets, and that his horse was enchanted; and being impressed with the strangeness of his escape, made him a grant of all the land for a considerable width which he traversed in his flight.

The other escape is the most marvellous ever recorded. It was made by the drummer before mentioned. He escaped the bullets of the Indians and their tomahawks, and was forced with the rest to the edge of the cliff. Here he was seized by a muscular savage and thrown bodily over. He fell almost to the bottom, and was almost miraculously caught by the straps of his drum in a large tree. Safe and uninjured, he could hear the yells and groans far above him, and see the bodies falling past him. He descended the tree, and with much danger and difficulty made his way to Fort Niagara, and announced the news of the ambush and the destruction of the troops.

The bodies of those slain by the rifle and tomahawk were thrown into the creek; its waters were dyed blood red, and it has since received the name of Bloody Run. The great pit of the Devil's Hole still yawns as if expecting more victims, and the place retains so much of its primeval wildness that the visitor almost expects to hear the war-whoop sounded by ambushed savages as of yore. But no other sounds wake the stillness than the rattling of passing wheels and the hoarse murmur of the river, which

——"hears no sound
Save his own dashings."

AN OLD FORT.

In Florida, the old fort formerly called St. Marks, but since the purchase from Spain, Fort Marion, is constructed of coquina stone. The following is an interesting description of it: This fort is just a century old, having been built in 1756. It cost immense sums of money, and is strong enough to have withstood, in its time, several formidable sieges. It is, probably, the most stupendous, and, certainly, the most interesting piece of masonry in the United States. It contains dungeons which are said to have witnessed scenes of inquisitorial atrocity, and whose floors have been stained by the bloody tyrannies of a dark and cruel age. There are, also, a chapel and numerous guard-rooms for the accommodation of soldiers within its massive walls. The whole is surrounded by a moat, which was formerly crossed by two ancient drawbridges. Modelled after the old feudal forms of defence, each bastion is crowned by a turret for sentinels, and has an air of antiquity, bordering on the romantic, as well as being exceedingly picturesque. Over the main entrance is engraved, in solid rock, the arms of Spain, and an inscription in Spanish, which informs the stranger that the fortress was finished in 1756, when Ferdinand VI. ruled the dominions of the mother country. Don Alonzo Fernandos de Herida was governor and commander-in-chief, and the engineer of construction was Don Pedro de Brazas y Garay. It is said that, in 1819, when Florida was purchased by the United States, many of the old Spanish records, that alone could shed light upon the obscurity of the early history of this region, were conveyed in secrecy away to Cuba.—*New York Despatch.*

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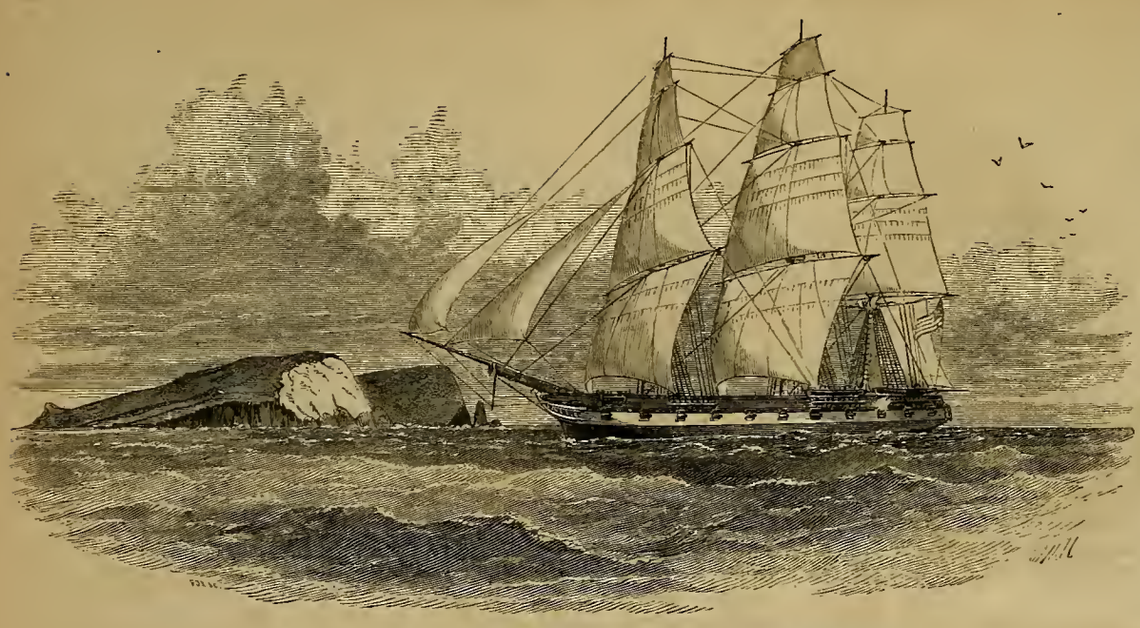
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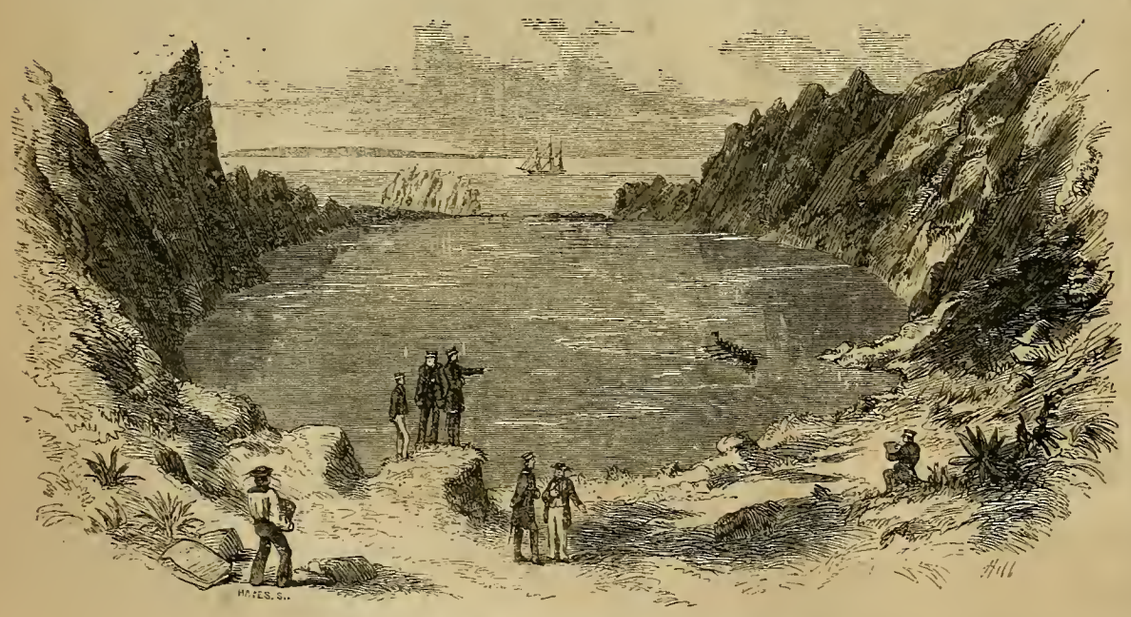
U. S. MAN-OF-WAR MAKING THE ISLE OF ST. PAULS, INDIAN OCEAN.

THE ISLAND OF ST. PAULS, INDIAN OCEAN.

The views and map on this page, illustrating a very singular island in the Indian Ocean, were drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Hill, from original drawings made on the spot by Lieut. George H. Preble, U. S. N., and kindly placed at our disposal. The first of the engravings represents a United States man-of-war under full sail, making the island, and the last a remarkable basin within the island, a spot truly extraordinary in its character. The following description, furnished us by Lieut. Preble, taken in connection with the elegant map and drawings, will give our readers a perfect idea of this curious place: Saint Pauls is the southernmost of two islets in the Indian Ocean, distant from each other, north and south, about fifty-five miles, but situated on the same meridian. They were named by Vlaming, the Dutch navigator, in 1697, who called the northern island Amsterdam. Saint Pauls may be seen in clear weather twenty leagues (forty miles). It extends eight or ten miles northwest and southeast, and is about five miles in breadth, having a level aspect and sloping down at each extremity when bearing to the northeast. On the east side there is an inlet to a circular basin through which the sea ebbs and flows over a causeway at its entrance. A headland stands at each side of this entrance, and a rock ninety feet high, called "Nine-pin Rock" from its shape, stands at a small distance from the shore on the north side. There is not a shrub on the island, coarse grass and reeds being the only verdure seen, and a sort of turf composed by the decayed fibres of the grass and reeds and burnt very much. The basin is undoubtedly the crater of an extinct volcano. Its circumference at the water's edge is 2980 yards, or nearly one and three quarter miles. Taking the perpendicular height of the surrounding sides at 700 feet, and the angle of their inclination at 65° the circumference of the crater will be two miles and 160 yards. The depth of water, 20 fathoms or 180 feet, added to the average height, 700 feet, will make the whole depth of the crater 880 feet, and it is a pretty regular ellipsis. The entrance to this basin is only twenty-four yards wide, and is formed between two narrow causeways or ridges of rock that runs out from two peaks, which terminate the sides of the crater, one on each side. That on the right is 743 feet high, and at its foot on the causeway there is a hot spring, where the thermometer in the winter rises to 212° Fareneheit—a heat sufficient to boil the fish caught within the basin. Sealers who have resided on the island state the weather to be fine in summer but stormy in winter. Whirlwinds sometimes tear the water from the surface of the crater, and the torrents of rain which burst over the hills, pour down them, forming deep ravines. Strong westerly gales prevail near these islands in the winter months, with thick hazy weather. In 1793, fire was seen to issue from various crevices during the night, showing that the volcanic furnaces were only slumbering, but not then extinct. In their geographical position these islands are almost uniquely isolated. The nearest land to them—the small island of "Romeiros dor Castilhano"—being full 600 miles to the northward, while Kerguelan's land, their nearest southern neighbor, is 800 miles distant, and the Cape of Good Hope over fifty degrees of longitude to the westward and Cape Leeuwuc, the southwestern cape of Australia, as much as thirty-seven degrees of longitude to the eastward of them. With the exception, perhaps, of the Bermudas and St. Helena, those twin sisters of the Indian Ocean, St. Pauls and Amsterdam are believed to be the most isolated spots on the face of the globe. I have been informed that St. Pauls has been recently colonized by a few French fishermen from the Isle of Bourbon. All ships from the United States, England or Europe, after passing the Cape of Storms, now called the Cape of Good Hope, if bound to China, steer to make either St. Pauls or Amsterdam, and having passed their position, haul up for Achein head, or the Straits of Sunda. They also lie upon the regular track to Australia. Important as an accurate knowledge of their position must be, it is rather singular that until quite recently they should have been put down on most charts in longitude 77° 54' east of Greenwich—a position near thirty miles to the eastward of their true place, as appears from the latest French survey, and the observations of other navigators, which place them in 77° 24' east. Captain Blackwood, in his survey, states the longitude of Nine-pin Rock (which is in point of fact the easternmost extremity of the harbor of St. Pauls) 77° 37' east of Greenwich, and its latitude 38° 45' south. To complete this description I send you the narrative of a person who landed on St. Pauls in 1842, and who communicated his impressions to the Boston Daily Advertiser. "Made the island of St. Pauls Saturday, Dec. 24, 1842, 5 o'clock, A. M. Came up with it at 9 o'clock. Left the ship with four men and pulled in for the shore, provided with lines, a carbine, compass and thermometer. When within three-quarters of a mile of the land, saw an immense number of fish near the surface of the water. But being very anxious to examine some boiling springs said to be on the island, we pulled in without catching any, presuming they would wait till we came out. On the right hand, previous to our entering the basin, we saw a rock, the most perfect resemblance to a sugar loaf, standing at a short distance to the eastward. The entrance is about thirty yards wide. As we went over the bar, being apprehensive the boat might ground, I kept one man sounding with the boat-hook; the least depth of water was a fathom; the bottom was rocky and covered with kelp weed. On the rocks were some small sea-gulls, something like those we have, but smaller, and with red beaks. This basin is a perfect inverted cone, about one mile in diameter, with banks from 500 to 600 feet high, rising from the water at an angle of 45°. There is no doubt of its volcanic origin, and that the basin now filled with water was the crater of an extinct volcano. The east part of the island appears to have sunk, taking with it about one-eighth of the crater; this convulsion admitted the water, and now enables us to enter. On the breakwater at the entrance, we saw steam or smoke; on landing, discovered that it proceeded from some boiling springs issuing from crevices of the rocks, about two yards from the water of the basin, and from six inches to a foot above its level at high tide. The thermometer stood at 65 degrees in the air; on immersion in one of the springs, it went up to 160 degrees, which was the extent of the scale of the instrument. I was not able, therefore, to get the temperature in this way. Seeing the fish in the water of the basin close to the spring, I attempted to kill one with my fowling-piece, on discharging which, an immense quantity of steam issued from the springs. From this circumstance I became satisfied that there was a connection between the spring and the basin. Scattered around the spring is a mineral resembling iron ore. I sent two of the men with the boat to catch a fish that we might boil it in the spring. While they were thus engaged, I climbed up the crater, taking one of the men with me; I had not gone far when my attention was called to something jumping in the grass, which proved to be a penguin; it was very tame and easily secured. One of the men now came and informed me that the fish was cooked, having been in the water ten minutes. On tasting it, I found it was perfectly cooked, and of very fine flavor. We found no fresh water on the island. Judging from the appearance of the island before landing, I should say it was 500 feet high throughout. Some idea of the quantity of fish may be formed from the fact that one of the men speared one in two feet of water. In the centre of the basin the temperature of the basin was 69 degrees, of the water 91 degrees, showing that the spring has little effect in heating the water of the basin. It being now half past eleven o'clock, I concluded to go outside and catch some fish. In eleven fathoms water four men caught in a short time, about seventy fish, averaging ten pounds each."



ISLE OF ST. PAULS, INDIAN OCEAN.



REMARKABLE BASIN IN THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL'S.

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made for us by Mr. Kilburn, and represents the new and elegant building of the Female Collegiate Institute at Worcester, Mass. It stands on a high hill, and may be seen for many miles. When the trees planted around it shall have grown up, the situation will be very pleasant. This Institute was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1854. The location in Worcester was determined in July, 1855. Central in its position, communicating by railroad with every section, with a prospect of a large increase in its endowment, this institution draws to itself the interest of a large circle. It is a public institution. There will be a regular course of study, embracing a period of four years, as in our older universities. There will be, for the present, a preparatory department, specially designed to qualify young ladies to pursue the studies of the regular course. The requisites for pursuing the regular course will be a thorough acquaintance with English, Latin and Greek Grammar, Cæsar's Commentaries, Sallust, and the Æneid of Virgil, Latin Prosody, Latin composition, Jacob's Greek Reader, or an equivalent, and Algebra, so far as to be able to solve equations of the second degree. Young ladies who have arrived at the age of fourteen years, may pursue a preparatory course of study, subject to all the general regulations and enjoy all the privileges of the institution. Persons of suitable age and acquisitions will be permitted to select such English studies of the regular course as they may desire to pursue, not less than one year. They will be required to recite with the regular classes at least twice a day, and will be entitled, on leaving the institution, to a certificate of their respective attainments. From a pamphlet now before us, we find the following list of members of the corporation:—T. F. Caldicott, D. D., *President;* J. E. Taylor, D. M. Crane, Jones Rudd, A. Gale, Wm. Heath, J. M. Rockwood, J. C. Foster, Wm. H. Jameson, Levi Boutwell, Hon. Henry Chapin, Wm. H. Harris, Esq.; E. A. Cummings, *Secretary;* Francis Wayland, Jr., Esq., *Treasurer.* A religious but not sectarian element enters largely into the plan of the institution. As an educational establishment, it will furnish young ladies with the same amount and character of learning that is supplied to the other sex in our colleges. One element entering into the plan of this institution, we learn from a circular of the board, is its accessibility to persons possessed of but moderate pecuniary means. It is obvious to thoughtful observers, that no one class of society has ever embraced all the native talent in the community; that there is material in society hitherto in a great measure neglected, which, if cultivated, would leave its beneficent traces upon the age; and that, for enterprises demanding hardship and endurance, none have done more hitherto than those who were inured to the bread of toil. The problem proposed is, to furnish advantages for female education such as the rich cannot afford to dispense with, and yet make them accessible to the comparatively poor. The only solution to such a problem, as yet, has been found in the creation of endowments for education. By this means many of our colleges, in past years, have been able to bring their necessary expenses within the sum of one-half or of one-third of the expense incurred at unendowed female schools. This is the method now proposed for solving the problem of a greatly improved education for females, at a greatly reduced price. It is by no means assumed that we are destitute of excellent seminaries for ladies, where an advanced course of study may be pursued and a ripe scholarship acquired. But it is felt to be a serious evil, that these facilities are afforded at so costly a rate as to remove them from the great mass of those who would gladly enjoy them. It is certain that an increased number of females are, every year, turning their attention to the advantages of what may be termed a liberal education. But with existing provisions to meet this great demand of the times, the worthy aspirations of multitudes must be checked and crushed. The highest standard of education attainable by females, is altogether too expensive to be reached under present arrangements, by more than a mere fraction of the large number whose laudable ambition can hardly be restrained from pursuing the inviting paths of knowledge open to a few, and but a few, comparatively, of the more favored ones. Hitherto, with only here and there an exception, the way has not been opened, in the liberal culture of the female mind, for "the rich and poor to meet together." Much has been done to this effect in the education of young men. Colleges and institutions in connection with the several professions, have been amply endowed, so that the poorest may share with the richest, in the advantages of the highest schools. In this manner the sons of the church have been cared for, while the daughters of the church have been forgotten. Christian benevolence has often flowed freely, in providing for the education of young men for the ministry, and for other useful callings, but how seldom have the claims of the other sex been acknowledged in the benefactions of the Christian public, for the endowment of schools of an equally high character in respect to scholarship, to be acquired at an equally low rate. And then, how few are the endowed scholarships for females, as compared with those which have been established for the benefit of a class o persons who by no means aspire to be regarded as the "weaker sex." Such injustice might be looked for in any land, rather than our own, where the doctrine of social and civil equality is so loudly proclaimed, and the highest distinctions in society may be reached from the humblest circumstances in life.



THE FEMALE COLLEGE, AT WORCESTER, MASS.

VIEW OF UNION DEPOT, TROY, NEW YORK.

We present a view of one of the finest railroad station buildings in the United States. It is the grand connecting termini of several roads leading to every part of the country. The New York Central, the Rensselaer and Saratoga, the Troy and Greenbush, the Troy and Boston, the Troy and Albany, the Hudson River, the New York, Harlem, Albany and Troy, connect beneath its stupendous roof. The west side of the building consists of four suites of rooms, each suite consisting of a baggage-room, which is sub-divided, a gentlemen's room, ticket office, wash room, ladies' reception room, ladies' drawing and toilet room, and a passage to carriages. The suites of rooms are under the separate control of the Hudson River Railroad, the New York Central, the Troy and Boston, and the Rensselaer and Saratoga roads. Trains leave the station daily, the arrivals the same. There are ten tracks through the building. Connected with the east side is a turn-table, and wood and water apartments. The length of the building is four hundred and four feet, its width two hundred and forty feet, and it is seventy feet in height. In the principal tower are ample refreshment rooms. The end towers have offices for railroad business. A telegraph office and a news depot is connected with the building. The building is owned by the Union Railroad Company, whose road extends from end to end of the city, each of the other roads paying for use of track and depot. The whole is under the charge of Mr. A. McCoy, superintendent, who is ever on hand to direct affairs in a manner which has rendered this station popular with the travelling community. The engraving is by Mr. Goodrich, an artist of Troy, and is a fine specimen of workmanship. Troy is favorably situated for commerce. It was incorporated as a village in 1801, and received a city charter in 1816. The population in 1855 was about 50,000.



UNION RAILROAD DEPOT, TROY, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JOY HATH ITS BURDEN.

BY BLANCHE D'ARBOIS.

The autumn sky is bright and fair,
Of sapphire blaze and golden light;
Dim, pearly clouds are floating there,
Like angels' dreamy robes of white.
The lofty tree-tops, crowned with gold,
Emit beneath translucent light;
While ruby garlands, climbing bold,
Suspend their gems at arrowy height.

Th' aspiring vines are nodding proud,
Their serpent coils the forest bind;
And grapes in purple clusters crowd,
Th' aroma scattered on the wind.
The forest birds—a gleesome throng—
All joyous fly from spray to spray;
Descending with a silvery song,
The limpid wave pursues its way.

And scattered o'er the gorgeous wood,
Are autumn's glorious fairy bowers—
With Jewelled Cup, and Cardinal's Hood,
And Asters' white and purple showers:
The Solidago's golden smile,
The deadly Nightshade's gorgeous dye;
While ever round them float the while,
The humming-bird and butterfly.

Th' elixir breath of ambient air
Inspires and thrills my feelings so,
I scarce can beauty's burden bear—
Pleasure 's akin to woe!
My heart is all with joy o'erpressed.
The load weighs down my spirit so:
I own 'tis not in darkest hours
We feel a load like woe.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEMON OF THE STEEPLE.

BY CHARLES W. MORGAN.

I was seated on a little bench, shaded from the sun, gazing in admiration at the grand cathedral. I looked in wonder at its massive columns and heavy arches, and running my eye upward contemplated in silent amazement its mighty, far-reaching spire, which, losing itself almost in the clouds, is an object of astonishment to all who look upon it. The burning sun was casting its brightest rays upon the golden symbol upon its far distant top, until it glowed like a cross of flame, pointing the way to a happier, better land.

As I bent my eyes upon it, towering so many, many feet above me, I remembered how, long years before, when as a child I had gazed on it as it blazed in the noonday sun, I had often wished that I might stand upon it, and as I, in my childish innocence imagined, overlook the world, for to me it had seemed that an object so high, as I thought among the stars, must command a view of the whole universe. Although since then years of travel had placed me on points hundreds of times as lofty, still as I kept my eyes fixed on it, and recalled the wish of my youth, the desire again came back to me to place myself there and overlook, if not all creation, at least the city and surrounding country. But I was not aware that there existed any means of reaching its apex, or if there were such facilities that travellers were ever allowed to use them, and so I supposed that I must content myself with imagining the view, instead of realizing it.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, a movement near me attracted my attention, and looking in the direction of the sound, I saw that a lady had seated herself upon the beach quite near me and was likewise contemplating the golden cross. As I looked at her, she withdrew her attention from it and fixed her eyes on me. Large, liquid, melting eyes were they, whose effect was heightened by as beautiful a countenance as ever my sight beheld. She appeared young—not above twenty—clad in black, with curls like the raven's wing falling over her shoulders. For perhaps a quarter of a minute she looked at me in silence, then she said, in that soft, mild, indescribable voice which is so beautiful a thing in a woman:

"You would like to stand upon the cross—is it not so?"

How she had divined my wish I could not imagine, but I answered:

"Such was indeed my desire."

"I should be happy to show you the way," she said, with a sweet smile.

"And I should be but too happy to visit it under your guidance, were it not for the trouble that I should occasion you."

"The trouble is nothing, for it is my business, and I shall claim a reward for my services."

"What might it be?" I asked.

"I will tell you when we have arrived at the top," was the reply. "But come, let us hasten, for in two hours the cathedral will be closed, and the way is long and tiresome."

She arose and I followed her, wondering that I had never before seen or heard of her, and thanking my good stars that I had so angelic a guide.

We entered the cathedral, and commenced ascending a broad oaken staircase. This we followed for some time, my guide talking pleasantly all the while. Finally we halted, and she drew from her pocket a little lantern which she lighted, and we began to ascend what would otherwise have been a dark spiral, which wound up through the smaller portion of the spire. For a long, long time we went on—the stairs growing narrower and narrower—until, after reaching a part which presented but room for the passage of one at a time, and proceeding so for a dozen steps, she suddenly threw open a little door; a stream of light poured in upon us, and we found ourselves walking out on one of the arms of the cross. Although from below it had appeared not much larger than a good sized cross which a lady would hang upon her necklace, yet we found upon reaching it that the narrowest part of the platform—that is to say the thickness of the cross—was some six or eight feet, thus affording us a very secure resting-place.

When I stood upon it, I did not regret the labor which it had cost me to reach it. Away down beneath us stretched the mighty city, like a map, its loftiest buildings appearing like patches upon a cloth and its moving men and women as mere specks. Beyond the city limits, stretched far away the green plains and valleys, sprinkled over with ponds and rivers, which gleamed in the sun like spots and ribbons of silver, while afar off a dusky line of mountains framed in the picture. For a long while I feasted my eyes upon it, while my beautiful chaperon pointed out to me spots of interest and renown.

Finally I concluded to descend, and then remembering what my guide had said to me in regard to a recompense, I asked her what it should be. Raising herself to her full height, throwing back from her shoulders her jetty hair, and fixing full upon me her beautiful eyes, she said, in tones as melodious as a flute:

"*A kiss!*"

In the course of my life I have passed through many strange scenes and listened to many strange requests, but never before had I heard a more curious one than this. A young and lovely woman to put herself to all the trouble which she had done, and then to demand as payment—*a kiss!*

What could it mean? Were kisses then so scarce as to be thus arduously bought, or was there some hidden meaning in her reply, or did my ears deceive me? It must be the latter, thought I, and to be certain I repeated my request. The answer was the same:

"*A kiss!*"

Here was something which I could not solve; but if I was not able to understand it, I could at least make the required payment. What man in my situation, with all the incentives which I have before spoken of, would have hesitated a moment? I at least did not. Stepping towards her, I placed my arms about her neck and bent my head to bestow the wished-for boon. The moment I had done so I repented, for passing her arms around me just above my hips, with the strength of a Hercules she raised me from the platform, and with two steps had reached the edge. I struggled, but in vain. In another instant, grasping me still in her arms, she had thrown herself from the dizzy height. Down, down we sped. My senses reeled, my breath forsook me, and then with a force like a thunderbolt we struck the pavement, and were crushed to a bleeding, shapeless, quivering mass.

"Such," said my friend Gustave, "was the dream which last night sweetened my sleep. I am tired now, but to-morrow evening I will tell you the story which caused it, and which I had been reading in an old German book before retiring to rest. Good-night."

DESERT OF SINAI.

It is a just remark of Chevalier Bunsen, that Egypt has, properly speaking, no history. History was born on that night when Moses led forth his people from Goshen. Most fully is this felt as the traveller emerges from the valley of the Nile, the study of the Egyptian monuments, and finds himself on the broad track of the desert. In those monuments, magnificent and instructive as they are, he sees great things, and mighty deeds—the father, the son, and the children—the sacrifices, the conquests, the coronations. But there is no beginning, middle, and end of a moral progress, or even of a mournful decline. In the desert, on the contrary, the moment the green fields of Egypt recede from our view, still more when we reach the Red Sea, the farther and further we advance into the desert and the mountains, we feel that everything henceforward is continuous; that there is a sustained and protracted interest, increasing more and more till it reaches its highest point in Palestine, in Jerusalem, in Calvary, and in Olivet. And in the desert of Sinai this interest is enhanced by the fact that there it stands alone. Over all the other great scenes of human history—Palestine itself, Egypt, Greece, and Italy—successive tides of great recollections have rolled, each to a certain extent obliterating the traces of the former. But in the peninsula of Sinai there is nothing to interfere from the effect of that single event. The Exodus is the one only stream of history that has passed through this wonderful region—a history which has for its background the whole magnificence of Egypt, and for its distant horizon the forms, as yet unborn, of Judaism, of Mohamedanism, of Christianity.—*Portfolio.*

THE MODEL STATE.

Maine being the "daughter of Massachusetts," and inheriting much of her institutions and habits, we may well take pride in the enviable position of our mother State. And certainly, if there be one State in the Union in advance of the rest in the cultivation of those great elements which tend at once to material prosperity, individual efficiency and moral and social elevation, that State is Massachusetts. Much of the credit is due to inherited advantages of situation and sagacious ancestry—but much more is owing to the persistent and energetic efforts of her citizens to elevate their community. Not an instrument of improvement is suffered to rust in idleness, but all—schools, literature, associations, lectures, presses, pulpits, everything—are kept in ceaseless activity, if not constant improvement. But her schools are, perhaps, her most cherished blessings. The twentieth report of the Board of Education, and the report of its secretary, George S. Boutwell, recently published, show that the impulse given to common school education by Horace Mann, is even now on the increase. Four normal schools—a greater number than in any other State—have been established, containing 322 scholars. The appropriations for the last year amounted to $13,000. The teachers educated in them are in constant and increasing demand, and they are gradually but surely elevating the standard of teaching in the State. Is it not time that Maine also took this step for the benefit of our teachers and schools?—*Portland Advertiser.*

THE VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

To many, the scientific men of a nation seem but drones, without practical utility, trying all sorts of impracticable experiments in their laboratories, mixing acids and alkalies, and talking learnedly on subjects far removed from practical life, but *doing* nothing for mankind. Solomon tells us, too, of a poor wise man who delivered a city, yet no man remembered him. If there is one sign of these times more hopeful than another, it is that scientific men are, as a class, more honored than at any former period of the world's history. James Watt, who discovered the steam engine, has enabled England, with a population of twenty-five millions, to do the work that as many hundred millions of men could not have done without. It is thus that science has created the fabulous wealth of that monarchy. She is doing the same at this moment for our own country. Who can tell the value to this nation of the life of such a man? Fulton, with his steamboats, or even above him, our own glorious old Franklin, who wrested the lightning from heaven, and the sword from the hands of tyrants? Doubtless many a man, who boasted of his own great practical business powers, smiled, if in passing he marked him, with kite and key demonstrating, in this our own city, the identity of lightning and electricity, and laying the foundation thus for those electrical telegraphs now ready to convey tidings from continent to continent round the globe in an instant. Who can calculate the value of such a man as Professor Morse to the country and to the world? The scientific man, then, is of value to the community just in proportion to the amount of labor he saves to other men while producing similar results. Liebig has increased the production of all the farms in England, by applying the principles of analytic chemistry to soils, manures, and agricultural results generally—he has been worth millions of bushels of wheat already to Europe. The scientific medical men of the country have lengthened the average of life several years. The same is true of mental science. He who has a better knowledge of those laws which enable a man at once to distinguish truth from error, can write a book which will save thousands from some popular mistake, or from years of laborious thought, enabling men to form just conclusions without delay. His empire is over the mind of man. Nor is science less valuable even in matters of religion. Moral science is but a branch of this. M. Guizot, in Paris, is at this moment urging the establishment of scientific theology in that city. Natural religion is, of all sciences, the most delightful, the most practical, and the most useful. It corrects a thousand political blunders, and is, in effect, the basis of all true legislation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

MUSICAL TALENT AND MUSICAL GENIUS.

These are, of course, very different things, though it would be futile pedantry to pretend to draw the line between the two in all cases. The higher developments of talent and the lower developments of genius melt into each other imperceptibly. But there is an *affluence* about the musical faculty in Italy and Germany which forever distinguishes their musical developments from ours. Marie Antoinette one day asked Sacchini if Garat, a famous singer, was a good musician? "No, madam," replied the maestro, "he is music itself." These are unfamiliar names to the general reader of to-day, but Rubini is familiar enough. It is said of this truly great singer—who seized the most delicate shade of a composer's thought, and executed the most complicated passages without hesitancy; who gave orchestras and conductors less trouble than any man that ever sang in public, because his power of adaptation was so great, and the movement of his genius so swift and intuitive—that he could scarcely read a note of music. And this, in Italy, has not been a rare phenomenon. Ansani, who was Labiache's tutor at Naples, absolutely did not know a single note by book, and his pupils, when they wanted his instructions concerning a particular passage, had to sing it over to him till he had learnt it by heart! Davide the younger, Pasta, and others of smaller gift and fame, were in nearly the same predicament. Take the facts for what they point to, an amazing affluence of musical genius; it yet does not follow, necessarily, that these artists would not have been better for a due proportion of science. And it is the reproach of the English drawing-room that the majority of young ladies, who strum the piano and harp, do not know anything of a piece of music till they have played it. Mysterious contentment of ignorance! Pardonable to the splendid self-consciousness of Italian genius; disgraceful to the lazy mediocrity of British facility. A musical performer, professional or not, should read notes like letters, and find them quite as intelligible in their combinations.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE OSTRICH.

The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic feet (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill many beasts of prey, such as the hyena, the wild hog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot, under ordinary circumstances outrunning the fleetest horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous, perhaps not less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is long-winded, if I may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and various shrubs and other plants; but it is often difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all, for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.—*Anderson's Africa.*

THE HUMAN RACE.

Dr. Hitchcock, the eminent geologist, said in a discourse delivered by him in Albany, that geological science places man among the most recent of created things. We find the surface of the earth (says Dr. H.) composed, to the depth of some eight or ten miles, of rocks. These rocks are full of the remains of animals and plants. Thirty thousand species of them, which differ from any living species, have been disinterred, yet no human remains are found among them, until the loose soil—alluvium—is reached, which soil is universally acknowledged to be of recent origin. The remains of other animals are found several thousand feet below the surface, while the fossil remains of man have never been found so low as one hundred feet below the surface. But, if man had been in existence when these other animals lived, his remains would also have been found there; for his bones are of the same structure as theirs, consequently no less likely to resist destruction.—*Christian Advocate.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SCOTTISH TALE OF THE BORDER.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

On the memorable 24th of July, 1745, Charles Edward, with but seven followers, landed at Loch Lacoart, where he was speedily joined by the brave and powerful chiefs, Lochiel, Murray, Gordon, Keppoch, Elcho, and the Glen Berrier house of Douglas, with their retainers. Apprised of his landing, the Lowland general, Sir John Cope, at the head of a considerable army, marched against them; but just as the hostile armies met, the Lowlanders, who had shown great determination to hew down every Highlander who would presume to venture near Stirling fortress, fled ignominiously at sight of a small detachment of Lochiel's Highlanders, levelling their cross-bows at them. As they knew that the forces of Gordon and Murray were too near Edinburgh for them to dream of refuge there, Cope's gallant army galloped furiously through the city, nor slackened rein till they had prudently placed twenty miles between them and Stirling. This cowardly flight of the organized troops served but to set the example to the city guards, who, inexperienced in military duties, showed, as did a straggling body of militia, by their irresolute looks, that, should the Gordon banner heave in sight, they would not hesitate to follow Cope's example,—fling their muskets down and betake them to flight.

The confusion and horror reigning through the militia ranks were not likely, it may well be imagined, to allay the fears of the inhabitants, who with consternation in their countenances, fled for safety to the town hall, where the city magistrates and public functionaries were consulting as to the feasibility of at once opening the city gates to the Highlanders, or endeavoring to protect them to the utmost of their ability. Soon the assembled worthies were thrown into consternation by a score of burghers, who, hearing the clatter of hoofs on the pavement of the High Street, fled, shouting:

"They hae come! The Pretender an' a' the Kilties! an' wo'll a' be kilt, an' Embro sacked! Och, gude sirs—surrender!"

At this piece of startling intelligence, the council, as may be supposed, were all thrown into the most lively dismay—especially as on looking from a window they descried one of their so dreaded foes urging a mettlesome charger to his utmost speed. Their panic, however, was dispelled by considering, first, that he came alone, and next, that he carried a white flag of truce in his hand. Of fine proportions, the young adjutant of Charles Edward appeared to be about twenty-four years of age. Towering in his stature above the bystanders who gathered round, as much as his noble cast of features and erect military mien were distinguishable above their less intellectual countenances, the young Colin Campbell arrived at the town hall. Springing from his panting steed, he proceeded at once to the senate chamber, but was stopped at the door by one of the town police, who laconically observed:

"Ye canna just go in the noo," offering at the same time to be the bearer of his despatches to the magistrates.

Without further parley the young adjutant handed him a letter directed to the council, and while it was being read, occupied himself with leisurely walking up and down the hall. Huddled closely together as if for mutual protection, our worthy burghers eyed the young chief suspiciously, ever and anon making some whispered remark, as certain points in his equipment apprised them of his rank and Highland clan. His dress, rich and simple, consisted of the national tartan plaid carefully folded across the breast, displaying the green uniform of the Jacobite house of Glen Berrier, while the Campbell's crest was cut on its massive silver buttons. A richly-wrought dirk was suspended from one side of his belt, while in the other were stuck a pair of costly mounted pistols. A dusky heron's plume was looped in his blue bonnet, while the haughty crest of Glen Berrier's lordly line was blazoned on the light targe or shield that hung suspended from his shoulder.

Doubtless the requirements set forth in the letter by the Stuart, gave high offence to our council fathers, for soon murmurs of defiance against the Pretender assailed our young hero from within, while profiting by the fact of his being alone, two valorous dragoons, eager for fame, rushed upon him, hopeful to secure the noble prisoner. Well aware, however, from the stealthy looks cast at him from time to time by the two worthies, of what he might expect if taken, he made a bound, fleet as the wild deer of his native Ben Berrier, and forcing his way through the gaping throng on the steps, vaulted lightly into the saddle before any one there ventured to oppose. Drawing its glittering scimetar from its sheath, he flung it gleaming in the sun's rays in a circle round his plumed head, and shouting the Campbell's war-cry of defiance, put spurs to his horse, retraced his way through High Street with the swiftness of the lance-fly, and was out of the reach of pursuit before any one thought of it as practicable.

Difficult would it be to portray the consternation of the city fathers during the remainder of that day, or how tumultuously many a Jacobite heart throbbed during the night that followed,—suffice it that while the worthy council still deliberated with closed doors on the line of conduct advisable to adopt towards the Bruce, the gallant Lochiel put a sudden terminus to their indecision by entering Edinburgh at the head of his clan. Dire was the alarm depicted on each countenance as the burghers ran hither and thither through the streets, when the rampant lion of Scotland on her royal standard was once more unfurled to the breeze by the gallant Marquis of Tullybardine, and Charles Edward, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, halted beneath its weltering folds, as thousands on their bended knees took the oath of allegiance.

A month had passed, and the prince, now Lord of Edinburgh, gave a sumptuous banquet in the ancestral home of the Stuart's kingly race—the palace of his fathers, Holyrood. Amid the grace and loveliness gathered there, none shone fairer than the young Isabel Seaton, who, though the daughter of a Lowland baronet, yet graced the palace as the niece of Lady Ogilby, one of the Stuart's staunchest adherents. Our young adjutant became enamored of this, the last and loveliest of the so long hated house of Seaton. The young people once introduced, met frequently after at Lady Ogilby's. But alas for their dream of hope and happiness! the shrill pipe was with its pibroch clang already summoning the clans to arms.

On a moonlit October evening, the now plighted lovers met in an adjacent park, at that time a fashionable drive and promenade, adjoining the grounds of Holyrood; but now the crowds had dispersed, and Isabel Seaton and Colin Campbell had come there to swear fidelity and part—she for her father's baronial mansion in the city—he for the rude camp at Duddingston.

"Alas, dear Colin, this must I fear be long kept a secret from my father, opposed as he is to the Jacobite cause."

"And why, Isabel? You will accompany your aunt to London, and once the bride of Colin Campbell, you will be among the foremost, as well as the loveliest of the bright throng who will grace St. James's when the Stuart's banner floats once more above its palace and from the keep of London's Tower, where for ages it floated before. Trust me, Isabel, the fair countess of Glen Berrier's earl will be readily forgiven by her Seaton relatives."

Thus reasoned our young adjutant,—or rather, when did ever youthful lover reason? Alas for his bright dreams! the scion of the Stuart's royal race was doomed to exile—never more to ascend the throne of his fathers.

The pibroch's shrill note had summoned each its own clan,—the wearied troops who had slept over night on the ground, disturbed by the clamor, each soldier placed himself under his chief's banner, preparatory to setting forth to the gathering. At the word of command, the living mass was set in motion—plaids fluttered and pennons streamed on the morning breeze, each bearing its chief's cognizance, making, with the waving plumes and rich habiliments of the officers, one of the most soul-stirring spectacles imaginable.

The march of a feudal army must have been an imposing sight, since, though devoid of the splendor of embroidery that a later period has given to the uniforms of the officers, still their cognizances were emblazoned on their banners and shields, while the richest dyes that the looms of France and Italy could produce, supplied the gorgeous trappings of the horses, whose housings outvied the knights' scarfs fluttering in every variety of tint on the breeze.

A beautiful sight was that battle array, as the prince's army passed proudly on towards Duddingston, for right brilliantly had war decked his rugged front with these accessories, hiding beneath crest and tinsel the murderous purpose that would else have affrighted the hearts of men. At the first encounter of the opposing forces, the Highlanders, albeit unused to the science of war, yet backed by their hardy training and independent habits, as well as sustained by their individual bravery, fell with such fury on the English that they again took refuge in flight. Again at Preston Moor and Falkirk, the prince's army were triumphantly victorious. And now a fear almost equal to that felt for his safety arose in the thoughts of Isabel Seaton, whenever the name of Colin Campbell was mentioned.

"When Charles Edward mounts the English throne, the young hero of every battle will be assuredly made a duke or a marquis, and then who may say if Campbell of Glen Berrier would care to wed with Lord Seaton's daughter?" she would say to Lady Ogilby, who less sanguine in the cause of the prince, would counsel her to wait the issue of events, ere giving way to despondency.

And well that she thus counselled. *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.* Shortly after, the Highlanders, although opposed by a force greatly exceeding their own, beleaguered and took Carlisle, and penetrating on further into England, each breast beating high with hope soon to make good their entry into London, and place the royal standard of Scotland on its palaces and towers. But alas for their aspirations!—all laid low on Culloden's fatal field!

Gallantly they fought and fell—the Highland "riders of Fitz-James, stout old Glengarry, gallant Gordon, brave Lochiel,—but through the drizzling mist and rain they could not see their foe. Cumberland's cannon poured an incessant volley on the devoted, defenceless Camerons. Of Charles Edward himself, different accounts have been given. One (Scott) says that seeing his brave Highlanders cut to pieces, he gave the order to retreat, when Lord Elcho, grasping his rein, prayed him to remain, urging that it was better to perish in the melee than be shot like flying deer; but finding remonstrance useless, he said he "hoped to never see his face again;" returning to join the wreck, the remnant of the glorious army that had ranged themselves under his standard in Glenfinmart's valley, swearing to conquer for the Bruce or die.

The other account, as given by Charles Edward himself, at Versailles, on the anniversary of Culloden, was, that noting the gloom on the old earl's brow, he took the muster roll from Lord Lewis, whom he despatched to the gallant Marquis of Tullybardine, and riding up to the Highland chief, said:

"Elcho, never look so gloomy; what avails a saddened brow? Heart, man, *heart!* We need it badly,—never as much as now!"

But alas for his hopes of England's crown!—when the black volume sundered, there, beneath the deadly battery of Cumberland, lay lord and vassal, chieftain and yeoman, all mangled together, heaped rank upon rank, on the gore-sprinkled heather,—and his tried and trusty Camerons, for the first time appalled at the sight of the superior strength of their assailants, yet with a devotion the Southrons never knew, refusing to yield, the whole Highland army was cut to pieces.

On Culloden's gory field, wounded on the battle's marge, where he had borne him as the youthful enkindled spirit of the fight, Colin Campbell had the good fortune to escape falling into the hands of the Lowlanders. Tracked by Cumberland's bloodhounds, a price set upon his head, he still, though through dangers and difficulties, conducted his prince to his father's Highland castle, not one among the sturdy peasantry of Scotland so base as to betray Charles Edward or the young chief of Glen Berrier's clan to the hated Southrons.

Many a time during the six months intervening between the disastrous battle of Culloden and Charles Edward's escape to Versailles, when tracked by Cumberland's emissaries the two took shelter in a cavern, where the blinding hail and sleet beat in their faces for hours, the only hope that re-animated the Campbell's drooping courage was that of his Isabel's truth. At last Charles Edward, aided by the old earl of Glen Berrier, escaped to France, and then the hardy iron frame of the young Highlander, that had seemed before wound up for the performance of some sacred duty, gave way, and he lay down on a sick couch, tossed by fever and anxiety, to be roused again to energy and action by the intelligence which reached him in his far off Highland home, of her approaching marriage with the Lowland commander of the English forces in Scotland, Sir Salisbury Norfolk; and though his father represented the danger to which he would be exposed in a city where he was well known, and implored him to quit Scotland for France, the old earl failed to dissuade, the more, because a report had reached them that the English government was about to proclaim an act of oblivion over all the past; and now our young adjutant resolved to revisit Edinburgh at all hazards.

Arrived at the Scottish capital, he proceeded at once to the residence of his cousin, the Earl of Bredalbane, and from him learned that Isabel Seaton was to be married that very night to Sir Salisbury Norfolk. His kinsman, the Earl of Bredalbane, was among the invited guests to the bridal, and though he, too, earnestly endeavored to dissuade him from his resolve to be present, fearing lest his recognition by any of the anti-Jacobite relatives of the bride might produce fatal results, he nevertheless seemed so determined, that the earl consented to permit him to accompany his family to the residence of Lord Seaton. Arrived there, the brilliant spectacle that our hero met, so long debarred from such splendors, was, together with his own tumultuous feelings, overpowering. Still, with his accustomed gallantry he offered his escort to his fair cousins, who noted with some surprise that he exchanged a hurried word or two with his trusty retainer, Allan Blane, who, to their mystification, was habited in the Moira livery and mounted on a splendid charger, holding a fleet and spirited jennet, caparisoned for a lady, by the bridle.

Passing through the crowd at once to the decorated saloons above, no time or opportunity was given to speak of the occurrence, and once in the great reception-room where the guests awaited the coming of the bridal party, the young adjutant seemed so preoccupied, restless and disturbed, that they forebore to question him. Soon the object of his search appeared, but no longer the sparkling, radiant Isabel Seaton of former days. Pale, very pale, was she, appearing to take no interest in what was passing around,—the sweet playfulness of her once artless, captivating graces was all gone. Watching an opportunity, young Campbell was soon by her side. A light, unseen pressure of her hand—a word in her ear, unheard by any there, and the pale cheek glowed bright and rosy as she bade her wondering bridemaids follow, while she went to meet a dear and long-separated friend.

With much of her old captivating liveliness she led them on towards the grand entrance, none dreaming in the pale-faced officer who walked by her side, of recognizing the youthful chief who a few months before, in his national costume, had swept into a hostile city alone, and shouting his wild cry of defiance, had passed like a meteor from their sight.

For Isabel, it required all her presence of mind, all the resolution of her nature summoned to her aid, to bear her through. Pale and red by turns, her heart beat fluttering and faint as she reached the door. But a strong arm was thrown round her, and before a kinsman could stay or prevent, she was borne with arrowy speed down the broad steps and placed in the saddle; Allan Blane flung a tartan plaid over her white gown, while Colin Campbell vaulted on his own superb charger. Her mettlesome jennet had borne her far away ere her affrighted bridemaids, returning from the hall, told that their cousin Isabel had gone off with a young officer whom none of them remembered to have ever seen before. Some there were who remembered an erect military figure passing out by her side; they all had noted his noble bearing and haughty cast of countenance, while none save Lady Ogilby thought of the eagle-eyed young warrior, whom the Seatons all supposed had perished at Culloden.

Passing through Carlisle gate, above which were set the heads of many valiant chiefs, men of mighty names, distinguished by rank, birth and fortune, who had espoused the Jacobite cause and had met the death of traitors, Isabel shuddered and pleaded—

"O, faster—slacken not, dear Colin—faster yet, for my sake!"

But he calmed her fears, as bidding her banish all further anxiety, he added:

"They will have fleet steeds who overtake us now, Isabel!"

A month later, and Glen Berrier's earl announced to his retainers, while bonfires blazed on every crag and shouts ascended from every glen and wild defile for many miles around, that their young chief and his Lowland bride had arrived safely in France, joining the prince at Versailles.

The love of dress which springs from pure, grateful and *impersonal* delight in beautiful things, is very different from that which nourishes the mildew of vanity, or in any way interferes with earnest performance in life.

DERASTUS CLAPP, ESQ.

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for our Pictorial, by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Haywood, and is an excellent likeness of one of our most respectable fellow-citizens, whose services as a member of the police department for many years have earned him an honorable reputation in the community in which he lives, and rendered his name a terror to evil-doers. Mr. Clapp was born in Claremont, N. H., in the year 1792, but has resided in Boston since 1810. He was married in 1818, and is the father of an interesting family. He has been connected with the police for twenty-nine years, and an idea of the value of his services may be formed from the fact that he has sent a hundred and thirty-eight offenders, of his own arresting, to the State prison, and several hundreds to the house of correction, not one of whom has been unjustly dealt with. During the period referred to, Mr. Clapp has recovered many thousands of dollars of stolen money, and goods of great value. Many of those sentenced were for the offences of making and uttering counterfeit money, a most dangerous crime in a mercantile community. Mr. Clapp is now in the employ of the city as a constable, in a special and responsible department, and probably feels relieved, after so many years' hard and trying service as a detective officer, to leave the business in younger hands, though he is still ready to serve, with his experience and tact, in cases of emergency. We do not think that such services as Mr. Clapp has rendered are apt to be properly appreciated, though in his case, as we before remarked, he has succeeded in winning the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens. Strictly honorable in all his dealings, governed by a high sense of duty and moral and religious responsibility, he is withal a kind-hearted and modest man, and while the rigid enemy of crime, full of pity and commiseration for the erring. His life, if fully written out, would prove an interesting and instructive one. It would abound with proofs of extraordinary sagacity and judgment, of great reasoning and great executive power. The limited space at our disposal only permits us to record one or two instances illustrative of Mr. Clapp's mode of doing business, which occur to us as we write. About the year 1842 several hotels in this city were robbed in the night-time. On learning the fact, Mr. Clapp called at the hotels where these offences had been committed, and on examining the registers, found on each two names written in the same hand writing. Though the names were changed at different hotels, the penmanship was the same, and on each night when these names were recorded, a robbery had been committed. Our detective then gave notice to all the hotels, if two young men should apply for lodgings to accommodate them and send for him. The next night, about midnight, he was sent for to the New England House, and on his arrival recognized the same handwriting on the register as at the other hotels. The two lodgers occupied a room on the upper story, which has a long hall on each side of the bedrooms. He then procured a large clothes' horse, and hung sheets and other articles on it, forming a screen at one side of the room, behind which he and the porter of the house ensconced themselves in ambush, and waited until daylight, when a lodger went down stairs, and the two young men came out of a bedroom and entered that vacated. Mr. Clapp suffered them to return to their own room, come out and enter two other rooms successively in the same manner. While in the last room, Mr. Clapp entered and arrested them. They had taken small sums of money from the rooms entered, and were found supplied with various tools to carry on their nefarious trade. Both men were sentenced to the State prison. The year previous Mr. Clapp had arrested two other culprits at Commercial Coffee House in the same way, and subsequently a man who carried on the same business in genteel boarding-houses, where he engaged lodgings for the purpose of preying on the inmates. In December, 1845, two forged bank checks to the amount of $1250, were presented at the Shawmut Bank in this city and paid. Mr. Clapp obtained information that two young men had suddenly left respectable boarding-houses in Somerset Street, and that one of them had paid an old debt of $25 with a $100 bill on the Shawmut Bank. Mr. Clapp, with an assistant, traced them to the Providence Depot, and thence to New York, and to Congress Hall, Philadelphia. Here he discovered that the two young men had left twenty minutes previous with their baggage. The hackman who had driven them away, at first refused to divulge their whereabouts, but finally revealed the place. Mr. Clapp went to the house, but not finding them in, took possession of their baggage, while his assistant was left in a livery stable near by to watch their return. In a short time two young men drove up to the stable in a buggy, answering to the description of the forgers, and were arrested on their alighting. They were taken on to Boston, and were identified. One of them was a mere lad of seventeen. The elder of the two was sentenced to the State prison for five years and the lad for two years. The former was arrested at the Winthrop House last summer and carried to Philadelphia on a charge of forgery, but escaped conviction. The lad reformed. About $300 was recovered for the bank. Subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that the counting-rooms of the merchants whose names had been forged had been broken open and a leaf of blank checks and also cancelled checks stolen. Implements were also found in the forger's room in Somerset Street for tracing and copying the names on the cancelled checks. We remember some time since conversing with Mr. Clapp on matters relating to his business, when he made the following striking remark "Thieves are generally superstitious, and believe in lucky and unlucky days, but I have found by experience that an all-wise Providence has more to do with overreaching them in their career of crime than they are willing to admit."



DERASTUS CLAPP, ESQ.

THE HALT IN THE DESERT.

The characteristic landscape on this page represents a halt of travelling Arabs at one of those green oases which here and there gem the sea of sand, as green islets here and there gem the expanse of ocean. To some of these the Orientals give fanciful names, as the "Diamond of the Desert," the "Coronet of the Waste," etc. Hard by a little village rears its walls and domes beneath the grateful shade of the plumy palm trees. The patient camels in the foreground are sipping with luxurious deliberation, the bright and cooling waters of the pool. The Arab with his long lance, is motioning an attendant to fill him a cup from the same source, while the latter is about removing the curiously shaped water-skin from his "Jerusalem pony," to lay in a supply of the delicious element against the long journey that yet lies before them. A group of Arabs, in their long flowing costume, are taking a little relaxation after a hard ride, in a grave stroll in the environs of the fountain. The approach to an oasis on a desert journey is hailed with as much rapture as the sight of land after a long sea voyage. The camels scent the moisture; the horses prick up their ears and snort joyously; the fatigue of the march is forgotten, and the whole party moves forward with renewed activity. Sometimes they are doomed to disappointment, for the treacherous *mirage* occasionally puts on the semblance of a fountain in the dreariest and driest part of the ocean of sand.

HISTORY OF CHINA IN BRIEF.

China is the most populous and ancient empire in the world. It is 1390 miles long and 1030 wide. Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Pekin, with 1,000,000 inhabitants; next, Nankin, 1,000,000; and Canton, 1,000,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life, are found in China. The arts and manufactures, in many branches, are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are now prohibited. The government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue, $200,000,000; army, 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Bhuddism, the chief god being Foh. The Chinese inculcate the morality of Confucius, their great philosopher, who was born 550 B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to some $40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents, called "Hong merchants." Foreigners are allowed to live at certain stations, or "factories," below Canton. The chief trade is with England. The first American ship reached China in 1784; now the annual average of the United States' ships visiting China is 32. The revenue derived from foreign commerce by the emperor varies from $4,000,000 to $6,000,000. According to Mr. Dunn, the opium smuggled into China, amounted to $20,000,000 annually for several years past, much of which was paid in specie, which found its way to London.—*N. Y. Sunday Dispatch.*



THE HALT IN THE DESERT.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. D.—James Shirley, the English dramatist, lost all his property by the fire of London, in 1666; and both he and his wife were so affected by the calamitous event, that they died of grief and terror within twenty-four hours of each other, on the 29th of October, and were buried in the same grave.

J. H. W., Utica.—We are now fully supplied with volume nine. Thank you.

J. H. H., Lowell.—Same answer as above.

T. W. M.—Flora Temple "trotted" a mile in 2 24 1-2; Lexington "ran" four miles in 7.19 3-4. No one believes the story that "Flying Childers" ran a mile in a minute. We do not know the quickest time made by a man in running; nor do we profess to be authority in sporting matters. A line to "Porter's Spirit," New York, would be satisfactorily answered.

R. S.—We are too fully supplied to make room for any new contributors.

J. J. ROSSEAU.—The department of business you refer to is already overstocked in this city.

W. M., Jr., Eaton, Preble county, Ohio.—If you will write to the publisher, Alex. Moore, Court Square, he will give you the desired information.

W. S.—The story of Rip Van Winkle was founded on a German legend, but Irving's treatment of the theme made it entirely original.

J. U. V.—Charles Edward, the Pretender, so beautifully depicted in Scott's "Waverly," died at Rome, in 1788. The close of his life was disgraced by habitual intemperance.

ARACHNE.—Spiders usually have eight eyes placed on the top of the head.

TRAVELLER.—In the reign of Charles II., of England, the stage-coach which went from London to Oxford, required two days, though the distance is only fifty-eight miles.

SEXTON.—In Greece, generally, young persons were buried at break of day, or early morning twilight. The corpse was placed on a bier—or, if the deceased had been a warrior, on a large shield—and the bearers carried it on their shoulders. The procession was commonly on horseback, or in chariots; it was a token of higher respect when all went on foot.

J. V., Medford.—One of the great peculiarities of Socrates was, that he confined the attention of his pupils chiefly to moral science.

M. C. S.—Gilbert Stuart, the great American portrait painter, was born in Newport, R. I., in 1755. A daughter, Miss Jane Stuart, is now painting portraits in this city.

A. A.—The tun of Heidelberg, Germany, preserved in the vaults of the castle, is the largest wine cask in the world—its capacity being 800 hogsheads.

INVALID.—Those who are much exposed to bright fires, as blacksmiths, glass-blowers, etc., are considered by the authorities as not subject to loss of sight from cataract.

ENGINEER.—An atmospheric railway is in operation near Paris, from Nanterre to St. Germain—a distance of five miles.

ANTIQUARY.—Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, was the first man who carried an umbrella in England.

P. P.—The reason assigned for the prevalence of a blue color in the sky is, that the blue rays are reflected more copiously than any of the others.

C. C.—Lewis Cass emigrated to Ohio, in 1799. He was educated at Exeter Academy, and was a classmate of Daniel Webster.

ARCHITECT, Concord, N. H.—The Fitchburg Railroad depot, in this city, is 306 feet in length, and 96 feet in width.

STUDENT.—No continuous subject can be said to run through the Koran, each chapter being in the form of a separate revelation, or treating of a peculiar matter in faith, morals or law.

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

We shall commence in the next number of our "Pictorial" a choice and beautifully written story, especially contributed by Mrs. ORNE for our columns. It is a deeply entertaining and elegantly written production, and will delight our army of readers.

ISRAELITES.—The number of Jews in the United States exceeds a quarter of a million.

SPLINTERS.

.... An unknown disease, called for the sake of a name the brain fever, has committed great ravages near Syracuse, N. Y.

.... The postage on letters to France will be fifteen cents per quarter ounce, and doubled every additional quarter ounce.

.... An eminent merchant of this city lately presented his check for a thousand dollars to the Mercantile Library.

.... The N. Y. Churchman censures ladies for fanning themselves in warm weather during the period of divine service.

.... They are about establishing two new professorships in the Divinity School of Harvard University.

.... Henry Clay's comprehensive idea of education was this, "Learn your boy to shoot, to swim, and to tell the truth."

.... The young Prince of Wales has taken to hunting. He exhibits good English pluck and rides like a centaur.

.... "Model farming" does not appear to pay in Ireland, the model farmers being heavily out of pocket.

.... Look out for great times in Paris next May, when the emperor of Russia will pay a visit to his dear French friends.

.... The Vienna post-office authorities exclude rigorously some of the best papers in Europe, including the London Daily News.

.... Not to love Béranger is to disdain France; not to be touched by his verse is to be neither man nor woman.

.... Seven is the number of perfection, because it contains three and four, the triangle and the square by which all things are guaged.

.... David Hill has presented the skeleton of his famous horse Black Hawk to the Boston Veterinary College.

.... The splendid theatre in Santiago, Chili, is nearly completed. It will be one of the finest in the world.

.... A party of hunters claim to have discovered another wild woman in the mountains six miles south of Linden, Alabama.

.... Seventy years ago was a very hard winter, and the people of Nantucket had to pay fifty dollars a cord for wood.

.... Street-sweeping machines are now in operation in Cincinnati; we don't allude to ladies' dresses.

.... Mollie Jennings lately died in Pittsylvania county, Va., at the age of one hundred and seven years.

.... Old Thomas Decker, a contemporary with Shakspeare, writes "we ne'er are angels till our passions die."

.... What did the allied nations of Europe exile Napoleon the First for? In order to give him *Elba* room.

.... Thackeray is so busily and profitably employed with lecturing that he has postponed the publication of his novel.

ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

We were reading the other day the story of a very sharp rogue who left France, his native country, for his country's good, and, somewhere in the East, found another rogue who had stolen a priceless diamond from his master, who dreaded detection, and was ready to get rid of his ill-gotten booty for a comparatively trifling sum. Of course, the first rogue eagerly snapped at the bargain, parted with all his money and with everything he could sell, to satisfy the thief, and returned to Paris, satisfied that he had made his fortune. He was in despair when the first jeweller he applied to assured him that he could hardly afford to give him twenty-five cents for his *bit of glass*, although it was a very fine specimen.

Now we laugh at the idea of a sharper being so cleverly taken in, but the rogue was not much worse than the rest of the world. With daily recurring proofs that "all that glitters is not gold," ninety-nine hundredths of men and women still persist in trusting to appearances. A man is taken up for stealing, and even hardened and experienced police reporters record with marvelling comment that "he was fashionably dressed." They are actually astounded that there are rogues in broadcloth. "The dress makes not the monk," says an old French proverb; and every nation has its store of proverbial warnings against deceptive appearances, but still the world is no wiser for all that. And still biographers will write of their lowly-sprung heroes, "born of poor but honest parents."

"Poor *but* honest!" Ay, we are still the dupes of the external; we still suffer our eyes to cheat us. We believe almost any story that comes from the lips of a man who has a fashionable tailor for his patron or victim. We still believe that virtue is necessarily resident in superfine broadcloth, in velvet, in satin or in moire antique. If a cup is trebly gilt, we are ready to swear it is made of the purest virgin gold, though the material may be the basest copper. For aught we can see, people are just as fond of being cheated now-a-days as in the times of Butler, and just as ready to run after "wild women," and "no-haired horses," and "Fejee mermaids," or any other monstrosity, as in the days of Shakspeare. Only the other day, a vulgar woman, who made a profession of divinity, attracted quite a respectable congregation in Philadelphia, and it was only a few years since that Matthias, the false prophet, flourished. And has not Mormonism founded an empire in the West? We must humble ourselves in view of the rampant success of every glittering, gilded humbug.

STEREOTYPED SAYINGS.

A good thing never dies—is never worn out. Scraps of eloquence are handed down from generation to generation, and are attributed successively to a series of great men, being fresh and good as new whenever they turn up. Cambronne, who headed the imperial guard at Waterloo, is *reported* to have said, when summoned to lay down his arms, "The guard dies—it does not surrender,"—a very pretty and pithy speech. The next time it turned up in history it was attributed to General Taylor in reply to an invitation on the part of Santa Anna to capitulate. So also on the bloody field of Buena Vista, according to the reporters, Old Zack, when asked by Santa Anna to give up his arms, replied, "Come and take them!"—a remark made under similar circumstances by a Spartan gentleman centuries before. Taylor was as brave as any Spartan, and it was a libel on the straightforward old soldier to accuse him of cribbing all the smart sayings made by or invented for all his predecessors in arms. But there is a vitality in such speeches that will always "keep them before the public."

THE END OF THE WORLD.—We believe the world will last several years to come, but a couple of European astronomers are at loggerheads about the effect of a comet which is to come into collision with the earth on the 13th of June next. One says it will burn us up, and the other that we shall go through it without scorching a feather. However, in a few weeks we shall see, as Father Ritchie used to say in French.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—There are many of our distant readers and subscribers who have never seen a copy of our popular weekly journal, as above. If any one desires a sample, full of choice original reading, they have only to drop us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, free of charge.

NEW YORK QUARANTINE.—The removal of the Quarantine from Staten Island meets with many opponents, chiefly on the ground of the expense of a change. We should think no one would reckon the cost after the sad experience of last summer.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A young lady, whose father is quite well off, lately visited Louisville with a load of wood, sold it, pocketed the cash, and drove her team home, singing, "Pop goes the weasel!"

ANOTHER.—Two ladies of Louisville, who have had a difficulty with each other, talk of settling it with "pistols and coffee for two."

A HOLLOW FOUNDATION.—Abingdon, Va., is built over a huge cave, a new entrance to which, thirty feet deep, was opened by a late thaw.

LEAP YEAR.—Leap year was quite successful in England, showing a large increase in the number of marriages.

CHINA COAL.—Coal is so cheap in China that they ship it to San Francisco.

DOCTORS AND DOCTORING.

How we abuse the medical fraternity when we are well! How superciliously we glance at the red and blue and yellow jars in the apothecary's windows, and sneer at the leeches that cling to the sides of the great glass bottles! How sportively we allude to the partnership between the M. D. and the funeral undertaker! And yet how instantly do our choice anecdotes from Le Sage and Moliere, our allusions to Dr. Sangrado and Sganarelle vanish from our memory the moment that a bodily ailment lays us at the mercy of allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy, or whatever genteel mode of assassination we select! With what veneration do we then regard the gold spectacles of the silver-haired practitioner, or the flourishing whiskers and moustaches of the young disciple of the healing art fresh from the schools of Paris, where perhaps he has been pursuing his studies at the Chateau des Fleurs or the Mobille! We believe in doctors and doctoring when we cannot do without them. Restored health reproduces our incredulity.

But save us from falling sick in the East. According to Mr. Oscanyan, and he is confirmed by others conversant with the subject, the Oriental physicians are the greatest quacks in the world. Take the following specimen of their profundity:—An emir, supposed to have the hereditary gift of healing, prescribed for a patient, an upholsterer, lying at death's door with the typhus fever. The next day he called to see his patient and found, to his astonishment, for he had given him up, that he was much better. On inquiring into the particulars, the convalescent told the emir that, being consumed with thirst, he had drank a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage! "Allah is great!" cried the emir, and down went the fact on his tablets. The doctor was soon after called upon to attend another patient, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, who was ill of the same disease—typhus fever. Of course he prescribed a pailful of pickled cabbage juice. The next day he learned that the sufferer was dead. Whereupon he made the following entry in his books: "Although, in cases of typhus fever, pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it must in no case be used, unless the patient is an upholsterer." It was evident to the Eastern sage, that his second patient died because it was his misfortune to deal in handkerchiefs instead of sofa coverings.

LARGE GIFT.—It is reported that the emperor of France has bestowed ninety-four thousand dollars on the widow of Mr. Charles Morey, the American who was shot by a sentinel at the debtor's prison in Paris.

NEW ARTICLE OF FOOD.—It is said that a process has been discovered in Germany for removing the bitter taste from horse-chestnuts and rendering them palatable and nutritive.

VESTVALI.—"Vestvali, the magnificent," has been winning laurels and gold in Havana. She received many splendid presents from her admirers there.

MORMONISM.—Jedediah M. Grant, a leading man among the Mormons, died lately, leaving seven disconsolate widows.

HEAVY IMPORT.—In one month, over eleven millions dollars' worth of dry goods was imported into New York.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr Stow, Mr. Joseph Webb to Miss Margaret Flyon; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. John W. Bartlett to Miss Susan C. Buttrick; by Rev. Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wilmot Wilson to Mrs Nancy Curby; by Rev Mr. Chapin, Mr. William W. McField to Miss Mary J. Morris; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Hans Jonson to Miss Margaret Govens.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Mr. Frank E. Crane to Miss Sarah F. Whitney.—At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. William H. Pattee, of West Cambridge, to Miss Frances H. Grant.—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Crafts, Mr. Addison S. Bass, of Boston, to Miss Hannah R. Hopple, of East Lexington.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Jewell, Mr. Augustus A. Oliver to Miss Abba J. Lewis.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. William Harrison to Miss Mary Ann McMullen.—At Lowell, by Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Mr. Henry P. Carter to Miss Mary Abbie Denols.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Melleo, Mr. David Mackay to Miss Mary White.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Benjamin A. Thurlow to Miss Mary J. Lattime.—At Salisbury, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. Robert Davidson to Miss Julia Thompson.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Bayles, Mr. Philander D. Chase to Miss Hannah J. Lee.—At Washington, D. C., by Rev. Dr. De Witt, Mr. John Dwight, of Boston, to Miss Julia L. Hasbrouck.—At Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Simon Murphy, of Boston, to Miss Rosanah Farrell.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr Charles E. Goddard, 31, formerly of Rindge, N. H.; Mrs. Sarah A. Stevens, 32; Mrs. Sarah Gray, 91; Mrs Eliza Smith, 56; Mr Leonard Dunham, Jr., a member of the senior class of Harvard University, 16; Mr. James C. Rogers, 46; Mrs Rebecca Denton, 69; at Deer Island, Mr. William E. Bird, 63, formerly of Gloucester.—At South Boston, Mr. Thomas C. Simond, 24.—At Dorchester, Mr. Jonathan Wheeler, 66.—At Newton Centre, Miss Catherine H. Roffe, 24.—At Quincy, Mr Charles Hardwick, 86.—At Lynn, Mrs. Sally Rowell, 74.—At Salem, Mr. Isaac Walden, 57.—At North Abington, Mr. David Orcutt, 83.—At Haverhill, Miss Susan R. Duncan, 20.—At North Billerica, Mr Cyrus Rogers, 57.—At Beverly, Mrs. Louisa Kilham 77.—At Middleboro', Mr Charles Swift, 66.—At Gloucester, Mr. James H. Bride, of Lancaster, 24.—At Taunton, Mr. Leonard Elms, 79.—At Worcester, Mr. Luther M. Hunt, 47.—At Springfield, Mr. Joseph Stephens, 62.—At North Dartmouth, Mr. Durfee Tripp, 75.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Mary A Cook, 44.—At Hanniker, N. H., Deacon Oliver Pillsbury, 73.—At Portland, Maine, Mr. Edward Motley, 74, formerly of Boston.—At Freeport, Maine, Dr. John A Hyde, a native of Rehoboth, Mass., 85.—At Portsmouth, Ohio, Col. Henry F. Baker, of Cincinnati, late of Boston, 59.—At St. Louis, Mo., Mr William H. Quino, a native of Boston, 19.

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M. M. BALLOU,
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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WITHERED LEAVES.

BY E. H. GOULD.

One breath from Autumn's chilly lips,
One touch from his cold, icy hand,
And Spring's sweet beauty, Summer flowers,
Lie faded, withering, o'er the land.

But, in these faded, withered leaves,
We may a twofold lesson read;
The end of all our hopes and aims,
In this poor life of pain and need.

Still more, these have behind them left
The choicest sweets of their best days,
The essence of their noonday pride,
To live and shine with richer rays.

Ay, well for us, when death's cold hand
Has laid us low within the dust,
If generous acts and noble deeds
Still live in hearts we've learned to trust.

MORNING.

Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.—WORDSWORTH.

KINDNESS.

There is a golden chord of sympathy
Fixed in the harp of every human soul,
Which by the breath of kindness when 'tis swept,
Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts;
Inflicts sore chastisements for treasured wrong,
And melts the ice of hate to streams of love;
Nor aught but kindness that fine chord can touch.—D. K. LEE.

MODESTY.

Modesty's the charm
That coldest hearts can quickest warm;
Which all our best affection gains,
And gaining ever still retains.—J. K. PAULDING.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The streets will soon resound again with the tones of drum and fife, and be enlivened with the parades of our fine military companies. During the past season, while "tired of war's alarms," our citizen soldiers have indulged in social pleasures, and, among other fetes, the Tigers' Ball, in Music Hall, has left many agreeable memories.....The utmost respect was paid in Havana to the memory of the lamented Dr. Kane. The captain-general, Concha, and a brilliant staff, were present at the translation of the remains on shipboard.....Dr. Karl Muchler, of Berlin, who began authorship at sixteen, lately died at ninety-four—a proof that a life devoted to the muses may be spun out in a thread of great length.....Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. regularly import one thousand copies of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, the total money value of which, at the completion of the work, will be $111,500, as they are $115 50....."Two perspective painters," says an ingenious writer, "lead us poor, bewitched mortals through the whole theatre of life, and they are Memory and Hope.....The New York Picayune says, that the essence of the correspondence between Secretary Davis and Gen. Scott is, "you're another."".....A dead dog reminds an inveterate joker of a shipwreck—"a *bark* lost forever."".....In New York, they call daggers and revolvers "street ewelry."".....There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God and in his overruling providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation.....Ruffians steal children in New York city for the sake of obtaining the rewards offered. Some of these kidnappers frequently get a hundred dollars for the restoration of a child. We used to think such atrocities were only committed by playwrights and novelists.....Benjamin Hardridge is the man who professes to have discovered the means of liquifying quartz rock, so that he extracts every particle of gold at the rate of fifteen tons a day. Truly this is an age of wonders.....The stories that the wheat crop has been ruined by the late winter are all moonshine.....In France, suffrage is free; but the government agents are the only voto distributors, and you have to take whatever ballot is handed you by these myrmidons of imperial tyranny.....The Watchman and Reflector has lately contained some very brilliant letters from a Parisian correspondent. Who is he! He is too fine a writer to remain any longer under the mask and domino of an anonymous writer.....We wonder if it is true, as the Post asserts, that a Cape Cod captain has set up as a rival of Agassiz, is lecturing on ichthyology, and illustrates by a dried codfish.....The newest foreign prima donna imported to this country is Madame Marietta Gazziniga, who made her first appearance at the fine new opera house in Philadelphia. She is not handsome, but has a powerful and sweet soprano voice.....Our opinion of Mrs. MacMahon, the Fifth Avenue actress, is, that if she had appeared as a novice, without extraordinary pretensions, her performances would have been regarded as tolerably good. She has great defects of voice, pronunciation and gesture; but the two latter are remediable—and who can possibly have a worse voice than Macready? It is a gratuitous insult to say positively that she can *never* make a distinguished actress. We have seen many deplorable "sticks" grow up to eminence and popularity.....The first settlement of Abingtou commenced about the year 1668. Its Indian name was Manamcoskeagin, which signifies "many beavers.".....For any man to pretend to write nothing but what is absolutely original in thought and expression, the Philadelphia Ledger thinks, would be absurd. An idea is scarcely ever perfected by the man who first conceived it. So it is with mechanical inventions.....David C Broderick, the new senator from California, is a New Yorker by birth, and formerly a very popular member of the New York fire department.....Cater, who murdered Warden Tenny, of the Charlestown State Prison, has exhibited no sign of remorse or repentance. He is a thoroughly hardened criminal.....It is stated that there are six hundred superseded or interdicted priests now in or near Paris, and many of them in a state of destitution.....Naples is still in a very uneasy state. If King Bomba is not very careful, before a great while the people will take away his pretty playthings—the crown and sceptre.....Isn't it rather singular that mineral waters are only beneficial to the wealthy classes? In all our experience, we never knew a physician to advise a poor man to go to Saratoga, or any other watering-place.....The police of the city of Baltimore are now all uniformed. This practice will soon be generally adopted.....The fishing business along our coast has commenced briskly.....A generous dry goods dealer in New Haven offers to take Spanish quarters at twenty-six cents each, so that benevolence has not entirely deserted this sublunary sphere.....The lands occupied by the old Marine Hospital at Chelsea, will be on sale about the 18th of May. It is expected they will yield more than enough to pay for the new hospital.....The quantity of maple sugar manufactured this year has been enormous, the season having been particularly favorable.....A sloop of about thirty tons, designed and built by convicts, has lately been launched at the penitentiary, Wetumpka, Alabama.....Sir David Beard's mother, hearing her son was taken prisoner in India, and chained to another prisoner, replied that she "pitied the man David was chained to.".....Capital punishment has been restored in Rhode Island.....Gas costs but 33 cents per thousand cubic feet in London and Liverpool; here it averages $2 50 per thousand. Can't it be afforded a little cheaper?.....Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action at law to two men ducking their heads in buckets, and daring each other to remain longest under water.....A man in Michigan has invented a machine for shearing sheep. He is said to be a retired lawyer's clerk.....The Catholics are about to erect a new church on Walnut Street, Salem, at a cost of $25,000 or $30,000. The latter sum will build a very handsome edifice.....A bill is before the Louisiana legislature allowing a man to take a $3 newspaper at the expense of the State. If it passes, we shall have to increase the edition of our Pictorial.....One of the ancient historians, in describing the martyrdom of Michael Servetus, says:—"He was upwards of two hours in the fire, the wood being green, little in quantity, and the wind unfavorable." The small quantity of wood was an added atrocity—bigots who burn, should at least be unsparing of fuel.....Mr. Buchanan's niece, Miss Lane, will do the honors of the Whits House.....The English word *wig*, is derived from the Latin—*pilus* (a hair). Latin, *pilus;* Spanish, *pelo*—thence *peluca;* French, *perruque;* Dutch, *peruik;* English, *perwick, perwig, periwig;* and, by contraction, *wig*.....Lavater says, "Never make that man your friend who hates music or the laugh of a child.....Rossini, the composer, made a vow never to enter a railroad car, and he has kept it. He travels by horse power entirely.....Lord Byron observing one day to Rogers that punning was the lowest kind of wit—"Indeed," said Rogers, "it is the foundation.".....Hood gives this graphic picture of an irritable man:—"He lies like a bedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.".....What we commonly call a falling star, is believed by the Arabs to be a dart launched by the Almighty at an evil genius; and on beholding one, they exclaim, "May God transfix the enemy of the faith!".....Miss Adelaide Phillips is a great pet with Boston folks. Well, she certainly should be, for this is her home.....Have you seen the new paper, "The Weekly Novelette?" It's a sprightly little craft. Step into the nearest periodical depot and get a copy for four cents.....Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble created a perfect furore by her dramatic readings in Boston. She is unequalled in this line on either side of the Atlantic.....Mr. Bland, of New Orleans, has discovered a mode of making hemp from the common cotton stalk, that it is said will enable us to dispense with importations of foreign hemp. If this is true, it is an important matter.....Somebody says that there is a decided difference between perseverance and obstinacy. One is a strong will, and the other is a strong wont.....An advertisement announces "For sale, an excellent young horse—would suit any timid lady or gentleman, with a *long silver tail.*".....The Frenchman eats roast horse, the Chinaman eats roast rat, and the New Zealander eats roast missionary....."Live virtuously, my lord," said Lady Russell, "and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long.".....There is about twenty-one and a half million dollars in the United States treasury. We forget how many times the country has been "ruined.".....What is the difference between a cashier and a schoolmaster? One tills the mind, and the other minds the till.....The Chinese word for eyelid is eminently beautiful, signifying the cradle of tears.....George Peabody, Esq. has given $300,000 to the city of Baltimore, to establish an institute in that city, with the general objects of moral and intellectual culture.....You know as well as we do, that owls look wiser than eagles, and many a sheep skin passes for chamois?....."If Thalberg makes such music when he is only *playing*," said a lady, the other day, "what must he do when he sets himself at work?".....A house in St. Louis lately received $1000 through the post-office, with the remark that "the sum belonged to them." Ah, "conscience makes cowards of us all!".....The experiment of raising tea in South Carolina proves to be a failure. The tea grows well enough; but to pick it, roll it up, and dry it—all of which must be done by hand—can only be done in China, where wages are one dollar a month and board yourself!.....Mr. Neafie, the favorite American actor, is now playing with distinguished success in New Orleans, where he is a great favorite.....The man who "shot at random" did not hit it. He has since lent his rifle to the youth who aimed at immortality.....It is a curious fact that Girard College turned out, last year, more lads to follow the business of printing than any other class. Nineteen pupils have taken to the types, and twelve have prepared themselves to become farmers.....An exchange says, that restless and crying infants may frequently be relieved and quieted by a draught of cold water. Who knows but this simple agent might profitably supersede both spanking and paregoric?.....In turning over the pages of one of our exchanges, the Commercial Advertiser, Hawaiian Islands, we see one of our American circus companies announced as playing there, and read the name of William Franklin, the daring rider.....The medical attendant of Miss Harriet Martineau, the authoress, writes that she has been unable, in consequence of very severe illness, to go beyond the porch of her house during the last fifteen months.....A doctor advertises, in a country paper, that "Whoever uses the Vegetable Compound Universal Anti-Purging Aromatic Pills once, will not have cause to use them again." We rather think they wont.....A foolish young chap, only nineteen, threw himself into the East River, New York, and was drowned, because a worthless girl jilted him. She was not even respectable.....Charles Lamb quaintly remarked, that he was naturally shy of novelties—new books—new faces—new years. He ascribed this feeling to a mental twist, which made it difficult in him to face the perspective.....Gambling is a vice that consumes the gambler It is the first vice of boys at school who gamble for marbles—it is the vice of men who gamble for thousands of dollars. The passion commences with marbles, and ends with bank notes!.....Cypress Hills cemetery, seven miles from Williamsburg, L. I., equals Greenwood in beauty of natural scenery.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

All who have read the life of this great man will remember the great importance he attached to correct pronunciation. His biographer, Mr. Garland, records the fact of his correcting Dr. Parish twice in his manner of pronouncing words, while the doctor was reading him a short article the day before his death; and that when the doctor hesitated about adopting Mr. Randolph's mode of pronunciation, the dying man exclaimed, in his usual impatient and absolute manner:—"Pass on, sir—pass on; there can be no doubt of it!" This had seemed to me to be slightly colored by the biographer; but the accompanying incident convinced me that it was but "the ruling passion strong in death." When Tazewell was at the zenith of his fame, on one occasion he made a speech at the bar, far surpassing even himself in eloquence. On finishing, Randolph approached him, and complained bitterly, with an oath, that it was fated that nothing human should be perfect. Tazewell, who was receiving impassioned congratulations from his friends, asked Randolph what he meant. His questioner, with all his usual acerbity, indignantly demanded, "Why did you not say 'hor-*i*-zon,' instead of '*hor*-izon?' Were it not for that barbarism, there would have been one perfect production."—*Life Illustrated.*

Choice Miscellany.

THE LOST CHILD.

After the taking of the Malakoff, a sergeant of Zouaves conducted, in the absence of officers (they had all fallen from the shot from the ramparts), that which remained of his company through the half ruined streets of Sebastopol. As the Russians, in retreating towards the bridge which joins the two parts of the city, rained bullets from their ranks, the detachment sheltered itself behind a house, which its inhabitants, full of confidence in the defensive Russian forces, had just quitted. A terrible cry was heard on the first story. The sergeant entered, and saw a woman covered with blood, dead, and an infant in her arms. To take the innocent creature—to carry it where the firing came not, this was for our brave sergeant the affair of some seconds. The orphan was confided to the Vivandiers, who took the best of care of him; afterwards he was brought from Sebastopol to Marseilles, then from Marseilles to Paris.

Shortly since, an unknown lady, clothed in mourning, and accompanied by an old man, descended from her carriage at the Barracks Pepiniere. She asked for Sergeant B——; they told her that he was now first lieutenant, and gave her his address. On entering the modest apartment of the officer, the young lady fell fainting on a chair—she saw, playing about the room, the child whom she had lost at Sebastopol. Lieutenant B—— related simply his conduct, returned with emotion the child to his mother, asking, as his sole recompense, permission to see and embrace him from time to time. To-day the hotel of the Countess C—— is as full of joy as it was sombre with melancholy. The brave lieutenant is received, not as a visitor, but as a benefactor, by the young widow. Perhaps other ties will consecrate that paternity of courage and of disinterestedness.—*Evening Gazette.*

BOSTON BEFORE AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

Long previous to the Revolution in America, I had repeatedly visited Boston. What a strange contrast after an absence of more than thirty years. In 1763, '64 and '65, from sunrise to sunset, on Sundays, no person was permitted to go from house to house, or walk the street, except going to or from a place of worship, without being liable to a fine or exposure in the public stocks. When the old and young people walked out on Long Wharf, to enjoy the cool air on summer evenings, so prim and demure were the young women, that it was jocularly said, before they walked out they were obliged to stand before a looking-glass, to fold their arms properly, and put their mouths in serious plaits, from out of which they were not to be disturbed until their return; and truly, they moved more like automatons than animated beings. In 1794, I found a Roman Catholic chapel freely tolerated, and was entertained in a handsome, crowded theatre; two circumstances which if I had ventured to predict when I first knew the place, I should have run some risk of being tarred and feathered. Not a Jew was able to live there some time previous to the Revolution. Now there is an abundance, with every species of accommodation, bad as well as good, equal to any that can be found in the seaports and cities of Europe. In the market, the difference was this—pigeons, that sold at twopence half-penny a dozen, and often given away at the close of the market, sold in 1794 from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings a dozen. Beef and mutton, that I have known sold at three half pence and twopence, were sold from seven pence to ten pence a pound, with every other article of provision in proportion.—*Lieut. Harriot's Struggles through Life.*

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

The London Lancet says, that there are a quarter million of persons living in Great Britain constantly under ground in the darkness of mines. The average age of Sheffield workmen is thirty-five years; the average of the dry grinders of needles very much under this figure. The chief disease among tailors is fistula; among bakers, scrofula and skin diseases. The latter may prevent the flour insects and weevils from irritating the skin of their hands by rubbing them with oil. The most dangerous part of the painter's trade is "flatting;" white lead, turpentine and closely-heated rooms generate colic. The remedy is sulphuric acid, cleanliness, tubs of fresh water, and fresh air; and, as an antidote, the more frequent use of white zinc or zinc lead. In the manufacture of lucifer matches, heated or allotropic phosphorus is said to be not so dangerous to the jawbones as ordinary phosphorus.

New Publications.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857.

This work is designed as a companion to the "Physiology of Marriage," by the same author and publishers, and its views are generally sound and valuable.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS AND DISCOVERIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Compiled by S. M. SMUCKER. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 517.

This work gives a succinct account of the various English and American Arctic expeditions to the present time, and embodies many interesting and important facts. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

SCAMPAVIAS, FROM GIBEL TUREK TO STAMBOUL. By HARRY GRINGO (Lieut. Wise, U. S. N.). New York: Chas. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 302.

"Los Gringos," and "Tales for the Marines," by the same author, gave him an enviable literary reputation, which will be much increased by the present work. The style of these sketches is racy and brilliant, permeated by a vein of pleasant humor. We have some fine scenery-painting, some vivid historical sketches, and a little dash of antiquarianism. We predict for this pleasant book a success on both sides of the Atlantic. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS AND FASHION. By HENRY LUNETTES. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 479.

This is a very peculiar book, and interesting to all who believe that "manners make the man." Its rules for etiquette are illustrated by sketches and anecdotes of distinguished persons. Some of its dicta will excite discussion. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD: or, *A Daughter's Love.* By A. S. ROE. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 410.

A pretty title predisposes the reader in favor of this work, and an acquaintance with its contents amply rewards perusal. It is really a charming story. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson we have received the "Song of the Brook," from Tennyson's "Maud," "The Blue Bird Schottische," "The Mother," and the "Rose Redowa."

EXAMPLES FROM THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES. By Mrs. SIGOURNEY. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 16mo. pp. 349.

These "examples" embrace sixteen well written biographical sketches of the gifted and good of this and the preceding century. It is an admirable book to place in the hands of the young, being both agreeable and instructive. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Editorial Melange.

The product of maple sugar this year bids fair to be large, as well from the favorable weather as from the high price to which southern sugar has brought it. The farmers are even now making ready for the flow of sap, and it is altogether probable that a greater quantity of sugar will be made than during many years past. —— The Pennsylvania Legislature have granted a divorce in a case where the contracting parties, after a mutual banter, went from a party to a clergyman and got married, thinking it an excellent joke. ——John B. Gough, at the close of a lecture delivered by him in Chicago, lately, was presented with a beautiful casket filled with gold coin, and a rich elaborate vase, the whole cost of the testimonial being $500. The presentation was made by Rev. Mr. Curtis, in behalf of "two hundred ladies" of that city.——The Broadway Tabernacle property in New York has been sold at private sale for $122,000 cash. The Society intend to build a new church edifice up town. —— By the new coinage bill, as passed, for two years Spanish coins are to be received at the mint at their nominal value, to be paid in the new one cent pieces, made of nickel and copper. The Spanish coins, accordingly, will be worth their full value in cents, and we hope that people will no longer submit to be fleeced out of five cents on every Spanish quarter they have occasion to pay out. —— Five men sentenced to the Michigan state prison for life, for the crime of murder, recently made their escape from that institution. —— A *blind* man, led by a dog, while wandering in the streets of Paris, had his dog seized by some one passing; instantly opening his eyes, he gave chase, and overtaking the thief, cudgelled him severely, after which he closed his eyes, and fell to begging again. —— It has been decided by a Western court that a clergyman may marry himself. This is a fee-saving process, at all events. —— In a late English paper, it is stated that "many prayer-books are now sold in London with a looking-glass inserted in the inner side of the cover, in order that ladies may arrange their hair or admire themselves while using the book at church."—— Thirty members of the Massachusetts Legislature were born in New Hampshire. —— A reporter of the New York Tribune, who recently visited the witches of that city, found a distinguished chairvoyant who was quite dependent upon leading questions. He accordingly drew out of her by skilful induction this important information:—"Minnesota Territory is a small town situated 911 miles southeast of the Mississippi River; its officers are a chief cook and twenty-three high privates, besides the younger brother of our reporter, who is the mayor of the territory, and whose principal business it is to keep the American flag at half mast, upside down."—— It is stated that nine out of ten of losses by mail, so far, have been registered letters, and in no instance has one of them been traced up. —— A few days ago, some thief broke into the stable of the Bedford Springs Hotel, and stole the celebrated horse Dick Turpin, belonging to Dr. W. R. Hayden, of Boston. The thief mounted Dick, and rode about a mile, when the horse, thinking the thief had rode far enough, landed him gently on the roadside and returned home. —— Ex-Governor Clark, of New York, during his two years' term of office, granted 530 pardons to convicted criminals. —— Charles W. Harriger, a handsome, romantic and foolish young man of eighteen, who recently lived at Columbus, Ohio, took a dose of strychnine, because a flirting buck-eye girl wouldn't dance with him at a ball, and died in two hours. He had previously consulted a fortune-teller, who predicted that he would live but a short time. —— The assessed value of taxable property in Pennsylvania is $566,810,278, of which $493,862,765 is real estate, and $28,835,945 personal property. —— The loss occasioned by the burning of the missionary buildings of the American Presbyterian Board in Canton, during the recent bombardment of that city by the British fleet, is estimated at over $3000, including the individual losses of the missionaries.

LOCKS AT A PREMIUM.—A gentleman at a Ladies' Fair, lately, being solicited to buy something, by a fair creature who kept a table, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of her hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl and received the sum asked for it—a hundred dollars. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend. "She rather had you," said the friend; "to my certain knowledge, she only paid eight dollars for the whole wig."

GAME BY WHOLESALE.—Mr. John B. Stanley, a wealthy planter, residing near Newmansville, East Florida, is said to be the most successful hunter in the State. Besides his almost daily presence on his plantation during the last twenty-five years, he has killed at least ten thousand deer, one hundred wolves, sixty panthers and twelve bears.

LIEUT. WISE.—This clever gentleman, author of "Los Gringos," "Scampavias," etc., is winning a harvest of laurels. The Home Journal recently remarked with much truth, that "for the genial and irresistible humor which makes the 'merriest fellow in the world,' we hardly know the equal of the author of 'Scampavias.'"

THE BEST OF REASONS.—A New York paper says that an unfortunate man in that city, who had resolved upon suicide, was deterred from the rash attempt by the fear that Coroner Connery would hold an inquest over his body.

A GOOD TURN.—The great Rothschild once made the fortune of a young man by taking his arm and promenading the street with him. It established his credit, and he became one of the richest bankers in Europe.

Wayside Gatherings.

A boy named Walter Thompson had his nose nearly bitten off in Woburn, by a savage dog belonging to one Dean, a butcher

Three million of letters remain uncalled for in the dead letter office at Washington, in spite of the system of pre-payment

A Pacific railroad across South America is talked of in Chili. The proposed line runs from the La Plata River to Valparaiso.

In all the various hospitals in the city of New York, there are said to be now 6080 beds occupied by patients.

The Galveston Civilian thinks it still a question whether the camel is equal to native horses, mules and oxen.

The citizens of Jacksonville, Florida, are taking measures to deepen the entrance to St. John's River.

Col. Fremont is in New York, busily engaged in the preparation of the reports of his three last expeditions, for publication, in a popular form.

Joseph R. Stewart, of Gordon county, Ga., recently drew a lottery prize of $15,000, went on a spree, got drunk, lost the money, and died in a fit.

In Bulloch county, Ga., a lady has six sons, each of whom is six feet four and three fourths inches tall. Some says the way she drew them out so was by feeding them on the legs of Shanghai chickens.

The legislature of the State of Mississippi refuse to restore the right of citizenship to the absconding defaulter in Canada, Richard Graves. The governor transmitted the application of Graves to the legislature with favorable allusions, but it was rejected.

It is said that the New York Central Railroad Company now pays $40,000 per annum, for the privilege of crossing the Niagara suspension bridge, and this bridge, costing over $500,000, pays an annual dividend of 20 per cent.

Mrs. Purnell has recovered from the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad $6566 for injuries sustained on the road by herself and son; and $900 more for the loss of a slave, killed at the same time.

The president has issued a proclamation ordering the sale of the Indian Trust lands in Kansas, in May and June. 650,000 acres will be sold to the highest bidder, but at less than the appraised value.

The income derived in Great Britain from the consumption of tobacco was, last year upwards of £32,192,943, the duty on which was more than £5,220,000. The return is independent of cigars, which was about £150,000.

A lady, accompanied by a friend from Cincinnati, met her divorced husband in Louisville, Kentucky, and after forcing him to retract alleged slanders, relative to her character, cowhided him publicly. The affair created considerable excitement.

A proposition is being agitated in Washington, which has for its end the policy of removing all the Indian tribes except those located immediately on the Arkansas and Texas borders, to Western Minnesota, and there providing for them permanent homes.

Mr. Palmer, the American sculptor, has had an order from London for a duplicate of his "Indian Girl"—the masterpiece of his genius, owned by Senator Fish of New York. The gentleman from whom the order was received is an Englishman, lately in this country.

A master mariner who went to sea four years ago, leaving his wife in Springfield, returned recently to find her married to another man. He had been shipwrecked on a distant coast, and she believed him to be dead. In presence of the two husbands the wife decided to cling to the second.

A bill has been offered in the New York Assembly to incorporate a company, the object of which shall be to erect a bridge over the East River between New York and Brooklyn, in such a manner as not to impede navigation. The toll to be collected shall not exceed that charged by the ferries.

A destitute woman called on a certain family for something to eat. A few dinner remnants were put in her basket, and having a small bag or pillow-slip in her hand, she was offered as much corn-meal as would fill it. "No, ma'am!" was her offended reply, "I am poor enough, God knows, but I can't go corn meal; when I come to that, *I mean to starve!*"

Dr. Samuel Champney of New York city, who held a post mortem examination upon the body of John Elders, lately, cut his fore finger with a scalpel while performing the operation. The poison extended through the arm to his body, and notwithstanding the efforts of the medical fraternity, he died a few days after. He was but thirty years of age.

Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, London auctioneers, have recently obtained high prices for some rare and curious articles. The bronze handle of a Greek vase of fine quality brought £30; a Greek gold earring, £27; a Greek necklace, £30 15s. A Shakspeare cup, said to be the one used by Garrick at the Shaksperian jubilee, has been sold for £50.

The captain of a ship lying at one of the Charlestown wharves, was so severely bitten by a large rat, lately, that he was obliged to call for the assistance of Dr. Whiting, the younger, to stop the blood. The teeth of the loathsome creature penetrated deeply the largest artery of the human body, inflicting a most painful wound.

A Nicaragua correspondent of the New York Times says that since Gen. Walker has been in that country, he has received not far from 5000 men. Of these about 1400 are now living, which makes the whole loss 3600. All concur in saying that the graveyards and pits of Granada contain 1500 of the filibusters; and many place it as high as 2000.

The grave of Patrick Henry is in Milton, N. C. Until recently no stone has marked his resting place, Virginia having promised to erect a monument over it. A plain white slab has recently been erected over it with the following inscription: "To the memory of Patrick Henry, born May 29th, 1736; died June 7th, 1779. His fame is his best epitaph."

The hundred and ten shoeblacks who stud the broadways of London in their cheerful Jerseys, yellow, red and blue, have shown the possibility of turning out well. Though six years have not elapsed since this branch of labor was introduced, these boys have, it is said, earned above £7000. Their united earnings for the last financial year amounted to £2270, representing the blacking and polishing of no less than 544,800 pairs of boots.

Four brothers, sons of Mr. Lawson McCloud of Barrington, Ill., were returning from school, when the eldest, aged thirteen, broke through the ice of a slough; the next oldest, aged eleven, went for assistance and also broke through; then the next, aged nine, followed and likewise broke through. The youngest boy then ran for his father, but when he returned all three of the boys were drowned.

Foreign Items.

The emperor of Austria has decided on granting a general and unconditional amnesty to all political offenders in the empire.

Governor Darling, of Newfoundland, has been appointed governor of Jamaica, and Sir Alexander Bannerman governor of Newfoundland.

At last accounts from Naples the king remained shut up at Caserta, the people were gloomy and silent. The press formed the only visible executive government.

A madman attacked the Empress Eugenie, lately, but was instantly arrested. No arms were found upon him; he declared that his intention was merely to frighten her

Troubles are reported between the Shah of Persia and the priesthood; parties are accused of wishing to depose the Shah in favor of Murad, the conqueror of Herat. The powerful tribe of Bauees are reported on the eve of an insurrection

The labors of the royal arsenal at Woolwich, England, have again assumed a warlike appearance. The pyramids of shot and shell are being removed and rolled towards the wharves, which are again covered with guns, wagons, cases of shot, etc.

A correspondent of the Times, writing on the probable dearth of cotton, asserts that this article can be grown in great abundance, and of the finest quality, in the Seychelles Islands, a dependency of Mauritius, but that the cultivation of cotton has been abandoned, owing to the want of labor.

Sands of Gold.

.... Indolence leaves the door of the soul unlocked, and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.—*Lucchay.*

.... Lies, artifice and tricks are as sure a mark of a low and poor spirit, as the passing of false money is of a poor, low purse. —*Wycherly.*

.... Good is stronger than evil. A single really good man in an ill place, is like a little yeast in a gallon of dough; it can leaven the mass.—*Charles Reade.*

.... Truth is a sure pledge not impaired, a shield never pierced, a flower that never dieth, a state that feareth no fortune, and a port that yields no danger.—*Cicero.*

.... We reprove our friends' faults more out of pride than love or charity; not so much to correct them, as to make them believe we ourselves are without them.—*Hy keely.*

.... Most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually.—*Emerson.*

.... That which we call wit consists much in quickness and tricks, and is so full of lightness that it seldom goes with judgment and solidity; but when they do meet, 'tis commonly in an honest man.—*King James I.*

.... A warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise one. A man who gets into the habit of inquiring about proprieties, and expediencies, and occasions, often spends his life without doing anything to the purpose.—*Cecil.*

Joker's Budget.

Life is full of contradictions—but woman takes very good care that we shall never hear the last of it.

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out "a Lucifer."

It rained so in Boston, the other day, that all the fishes in the harbor crowded under the bridges to get out of the wet.

"The women of the Revolution—Mothers of statesmen, patriots, warriors!" "The women of the present day—Hoop, hoop, hurrah!"

A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and a very black, bushy beard, asked him "how it happened that his beard was not so gray as the hair on his head?"—"Because," said the old gentleman, "it's twenty years younger."

It is the height of folly for a half dozen brothers, four uncles, and a gray-headed father, trying to stop a young girl getting married to the man she loves, and who loves her—just as if rope ladders were out of date, and all the horses in the world were spavined!

"No use in my trying to collect that bill, sir," said a collector to his employer, handing the dishonored document to the latter. "Why?"—"The man who should pay it is 'non est,'" replied the collector. "Then take it and collect it, sir. A 'non est' man will not fail to meet his obligations."

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VIEW OF THE FORTRESS AND TOWN OF ALESSANDRIA, IN SARDINIA, ITALY.

FORTRESS OF ALESSANDRIA, ITALY.

We present on this page an accurate view of the fortress of Alessandria, in Sardinia, Italy, to the defences of which the King Victor Emanuel is now making important additions, so as to strengthen and secure Sardinia, now the head-quarters of liberalism in Italy. It will be remembered that the friends of Italian freedom all over the world have been contributing means to purchase cannon for their fortifications, and that subscriptions for this purpose have been opened in Boston, New York, and other American cities. Our picture, rendered doubly valuable from this circumstance, embraces a view of the town as well as the fortress, with the handsome bridge that occupies the middle distance. The spot where Alessandria now stands was occupied in 1168 by a small town called Rovereto, situated near the two rivers Tanaro and Bormida. During the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines its strong position attracted the attention of the latter, who surrounded it in 1169 with a mud wall, and called it Alessandria. From the circumstance that straw was mixed with mud to give it sufficient firmness, the people gave it the name of Alessandria della Paglia, which it retains to this day. In 1174, Frederic Barbarossa besieged it with a formidable army, but was obliged to raise the siege after it had lasted seven months. It was subsequently besieged, and changed hands several times. In 1238, the Emperor Frederic II. took and sacked it. In 1278 the Marquis of Montferrat, governor of the Milanese, took possession of it, and surrounded it with brick walls and towers. In 1644 the Spanish commandant, Conde de Sirvella, turned the waters of the Bormida into the moat to increase its strength, and in the following year the fortress received eight ravelins, also surrounded with wet ditches. The present citadel was commenced in 1736, and completed in 1745. On the 12th of October of the same year Alessandria capitulated, and was occupied by the Spanish troops under the orders of the Marquis of Caravacal; this was the last time it was taken after a siege. In 1795 the citadel was given up to the French. It was blockaded by the Russians in 1799, and capitulated on the 1st of Thermidor of that year. It was again taken possession of by the French in 1800, after the memorable battle of Marengo. Generals Marescat and Chasseloup refortified it at a cost of 30,000,000 francs, and rendered it one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; but after the fall of the first empire the Austrians destroyed the whole of the works. The plan which is now to be carried out consists of a bastioned body and four detached forts, one situated on the Bormida, a second on the Tanaro, and the other two to the east and southeast of the place. This fortress, with the aid of Casale on one side and Genoa on the other, will enable a body of from 20,000 to 25,000 men to keep a much larger army in check for many months, until the arrival of succor from other quarters shall relieve it.

THE ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT.

A correspondent in the National Intelligencer notices the efforts that were made some years ago by O. M. Coleman, the inventor of the Æolian Attachment, to direct attention to it among the musical circles of London, and concludes with the following anecdote: "After Coleman had obtained his European patents, and his invention had attained the highest point in the estimation of the public, he still found a 'lion in the way.' The celebrated Thalberg, then and yet justly regarded as the first pianist in the world, who was then on the continent, had not yet seen or heard the instrument. Many eminent musicians, and especially the piano manufacturers, stood aloof until Thalberg should give his opinion. Coleman felt that the fate of his invention hung upon the fiat of the dreaded Thalberg. It was, 'Wait till Thalberg comes,' and until the very name of Thalberg became hateful. The great master arrived in London at last, and a day was appointed for his examination of the instrument. A large room was selected, into which were admitted a number of the first musical artists. Benedict, a great performer, sat down and played in his best style. Thalberg stood at a distance, with his arms folded and back turned. He listened for a time in that position, and then turned his face towards the instrument. He moved softly across the floor until he stood by the side of Benedict, where he again stopped and listened. An occasional nod of the head was all the emotion he betrayed. Suddenly, while Benedict was in the very midst of a splendid sonata, he laid his hand upon his arm, and, with a not very gentle push, said: 'Get off that stool!' Seating himself, he dashed out in his inimitable style, and continued to play for some time without interruption, electrifying Coleman and the other auditors by an entirely new application of the invention. Suddenly he stopped, and turning to Benedict requested him to get a certain piece of Beethoven's from the library. This was done, and Thalberg played it through. Then, striking his instrument with his hand and pointing to the music, he said: 'This is the very instrument Beethoven had in his mind when he wrote that piece. *It has never been played before!*' The next day Coleman sold his patent right for a sum that enabled him to take his place among millionaires."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

We present on this page a very fine and delicately engraved likeness of Francis Joseph, the "boy-emperor of Austria," as Kossuth calls him, and his handsome bride. Francis Joseph Charles, eldest son of the Archduke Francis Charles, ascended the throne, December 2, 1849, on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I. He was born August 18, 1830. On ascending the throne, he made professions of liberal principles, the following passage occurring in his first proclamation:—"We are convinced of the necessity and value of free institutions, and enter with confidence on the path of a prosperous reformation of the monarchy. On the basis of true liberty, on the basis of the equality of the rights of all our people, and the equality of all citizens before the law, and on the basis of their equal participation in the representation and legislation, the country will rise to its ancient grandeur, and will become a wall to shelter many tongues united under the sceptre of our fathers." Those versed in the history of the Austrian sovereigns, took the words at exactly what they were worth—nothing. One of the first acts of the boy-monarch was to close the national representative assembly met at Kremsier; the second, to cancel the ancient constitution of Hungary, and promulgate a charter never realized, and actually withdrawn. Aided by the emperor of Russia, he succeeded in crushing Hungary, while the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was reduced to submission by the bayonets of Radetsky. In September, 1851, he promulgated the notorious edict, in which he declared his ministers responsible to the throne only. He added, "The cabinet must swear unconditional fidelity, as also the engagement to fulfil all my ordinances and resolutions. It will be its duty to carry out my will concerning all laws and administrative acts, whether considered necessary by the ministers, or authorized by me." The Austrian government is, in fact, a despotism, and the boy-monarch an unmitigated despot. There is no such thing as freedom of opinion within the confines of the empire; the press is subjected to a rigid censorship, and even the books of travellers are strictly examined, for fear the breath of liberty might mingle with the stifling atmosphere of Austria. The whole legislative authority, as we have seen, is vested in the hands of this young man, who exercises supreme control in all the provinces, excepting Hungary and Transylvania. Yet public opinion has, as in Russia, some influence, however its expression may be checked; and a constant tendency on the part of the various states to resume their independence and maintain their respective national distinctions, has the effect of tempering the exercise of this control, and thereby preventing, what has lately been threatened, the dismemberment of the empire. The provincial states, whose business it is to receive and register the laws framed by the emperor on financial matters, and to allocate or apportion the amount of supplies to be distributed to the different districts, meet once a year, or oftener, if necessary. The executive government acts through councils or boards, each having a chancellor, who communicates with the provincial councils and with the cabinet. Hungary and Transylvania have each a separate chancery, and are governed by their own laws; as the Italian states are also. The nobles form a separate order in the state, and are so disproportionally numerous as to make the distinction appear ridiculous—the total number of nobility in the empire being no less than 400,000, or one to every 90 inhabitants. Of these there are 259,648 in Hungary alone, or one for every 20 burghers. The privileges and prerogatives of these last are seriously detrimental to the national interests in various respects. The administration of justice is under the superintendence of the superior ministry of justice, at the head of which are two presidents. It is divided into two senates, one at Vienna, and the other at Verona. All trials are conducted with a great degree of secrecy, and those of criminals are scandalously protracted, years often elapsing before their trials are brought on, and years more before they are concluded. Sentence of death can be passed only after confession, which must have a tendency to defeat the ends of justice. The military force of the empire is composed of a standing army, and an army of reserve. The permanent force in time of peace is 414,000 men, and during war, 639,659. The emperor possesses a great many strong fortifications maintained at a great cost. He also keeps garrisons in Mentz, Piacenza, Ferrara and Comacchio. The naval armament at Venice consists of 6 frigates, 5 corvettes, 7 brigs, 66 smaller vessels, 11 steamers and 9 gun-boats—in all, 104 vessels, mounting 742 guns. The public revenues arise from direct taxes on property, industry and incomes, with personal and Jews' taxes, indirect imposts on tobacco and provisions, a salt monopoly, legacy and stamp duties, post-office and customs dues, and the revenues from the crown domains and mines. These various sources yielded, in 1853, about $125,000,000. The greater proportion were contributed by Bohemia, Gallicia, Illyria, and the German and Italian provinces. Hungary contributes a certain sum voted by the diet, and supports a fixed number of troops; and in Dalmatia, a tithe of the land produce is taken in lieu of taxes. The expenditures of 1853 exceeded the revenues by about thirty millions, the army alone costing fifty-five millions of dollars. The entire population of the empire, in 1850, was set down at 36,514,466. It is one of the most populous of the European monarchies, and comprises 258,000 square miles, or 45,000 more than France. Its greatest length from east to west is about 680 miles, and its greatest breadth from north to south is about 400 miles. And this vast empire, with a population greater than that of the United States, is swayed by a sceptre held in the hands of the boyish young man, whose portrait occupies this page. Austria has passed through more than one important crisis during the present century, and has more than once tottered on the verge of ruin. Her safety at these eventful periods was, perhaps, owing as much to the skilful diplomacy of Prince Metternich as to any other cause. As ambassador to Paris, in 1807, he secured the treaty of Fontainebleau, so favorable to Austria. In 1809, after the battle of Wagram, he became minister of foreign affairs; and when Napoleon had it in his power to crush Austria, it was Metternich who conducted the negociation which purchased a respite for the empire at the price of an archduchess, completing his work by conducting the second empress of the French to Paris. Though he did this, perhaps his strongest feeling was hatred to France and Napoleon; and when the opportunity occurred, he displayed it. The decided impulse given by Metternich to the policy of Austria in the parley of Dresden and the conferences of Prague, was the signal of Napoleon's downfall. During the stormy times of 1830, when constitutional liberty seemed about to assert its rights all over Europe, Metternich stood firm in opposition to liberal ideas. In 1848, he was forced to resign, but he lived to come back to the capital in state, and to witness the final triumph of his favorite despotic principles. It may be said that Austria owes less to her arms than to her diplomacy, which is most adroitly managed.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE RESCUE. PLOTTING.

A BOAT, propelled by its only occupant, was fast nearing the shore of a small bay of the Atlantic, indenting the New England coast. The air was fresh, just breaking the surface of the water into ripples, which, catching the brilliance of the slant sunbeams, shone like burnished silver.

On a broad, smooth rock, round which was thrown many a wreath of tangled seaweed—for at the flow of the tide it was buried beneath the waves,—stood Mildred Dacres, who appeared to be waiting for the boat to reach the shore. Though twenty-eight years old, her beauty, instead of fading, had only ripened into fuller splendor. She was above the middling height, and might have appeared too tall, had not her form been of the most perfect symmetry. As she stood with her small French hood shoved back from her brow, from beneath which fell a profusion of golden curls, forming a rich contrast with a crimson mantle thrown carelessly over her shoulders, there was something so graceful and picturesque in her attitude and whole appearance, as to force an involuntary exclamation of surprise from the rough though honest-looking man in the boat.

"If she is handsome, I don't like her," said he, in half-uttered accents. "Talk of black eyes sparklin' and flashin'. If I ever had the fortune to see real lightnin' in a woman's eyes, 'twas in Mildred Dacres', and they are blue as a summer sky. Beshrew me, if I could ever like the girl, and if I could have my wish, she would be on her way back to Old England in the first ship that sails. I had thoughts of runnin' my boat ashore, close to the rock where she's standin', but now I'll keep on a little further."

At this moment, Mildred Dacres waved her handkerchief.

"I'll make believe I don't see her," said he; and carefully averting his face, he pulled still harder for the place where he intended to land.

"Silas—Silas Watkins!" said she, without raising her voice, though in those clear and resonant tones which make themselves heard, while at the same time they carried with them a certain authority which requires some nerve to disobey.

Silas neither looked round nor slackened his speed.

"Silas Watkins," she repeated, still without elevating her voice, "turn your boat this way. I wish you to take me across to Mr. Walworth's."

"Did you speak?" said he, suspending his oars and looking round.

"I did, and as you very well knew what I said, I shall not repeat it."

"How should I know, when the wind carried your voice right from me?" said he, at the same time slowly heading the boat towards the rock on which she stood.

"Ply your oars a little more briskly, worthy Silas. The sun is getting low, and the wind begins to be chill."

"It will be for my own convenience as much as for hers," said Silas, in a suppressed voice, as a kind of apology to himself for complying with the request, or rather command.

In a few minutes, the keel of the boat grated on the smooth, hard beach. Mildred sprang lightly into it, and then drew her mantle more closely around her.

"Did you say you wanted to be landed up there?" said Silas, throwing out his hand in the direction of a rocky headland about half a mile distant, which stood out boldly into the bay.

"Yes," she replied, "and the sooner we reach there the better I shall like it." As she spoke, she tossed towards him a piece of silver, which came near falling into the water instead of the boat.

At first he spurned it with his foot, but the next moment he picked it up.

"After all," he thought, putting it into the pocket of his freize doublet, "it may as well go to buy me a new jacket which I need, as finery which she has more of than she knows what to do with."

The moment Mildred had seated herself, Silas pushed his boat into deep water, and pulled vigorously towards the headland. It had originally been covered with a heavy growth of forest trees, and at the part connected with the main land, a grove of oaks and maples were still standing, having been spared as a shelter to a dwelling-house and the out buildings. The house, which could partly be seen through the trees, its high, peaked gables presenting angles so numerous as to cut the wind in its eye from whatever point of compass it should chance to blow, though only two stories, covered so large a space as to render it sufficiently commodious for the proprietor and his family, and for the entertainment of many a traveller, at a time when there were few wayside inns. The absence of all architectural embellishment evinced the severe taste, or rather, as it might be said, the principles of the owner; for Mr. Walworth, in common with other Puritans of his time, looked upon the adornment of his habitation, no less than of his person, as one of those vanities in which it would be sinful to indulge.

"Do you expect me to wait for you and take you back?" said Silas, after a silence of a few minutes.

"No; I shall spend the night with Alice Dale."

"She would have me think, I suppose," thought Silas, indulging in one of those mental soliloquies which often served to make time pass more lightly, "that it is Alice Dale she is going to see. She can't deceive me. Clarence Harleigh is the lodestone that draws her up to Mr. Walworth's so often. I wish he could see her with my eyes. I do declare, I would about as leive put my hand into a nest of serpents as among those curls of hers that fall over her shoulders and glisten so like gold on her red mantle. They do look beautiful, though, as true as my name is Silas Watkins."

Meanwhile, Mildred sat looking listlessly towards the shore, till having accomplished about two-thirds of the distance to the promontory, they arrived opposite a break of the western hills that formed the bed of a stream which, rushing impetuously forward, emptied into the bay. Suddenly, her gaze became fixed and eager. Unconsciously she bent forward, while her fingers were strained with so nervous a grasp over the edge of the boat that the blood grew purple under the nails. She had caught sight of a young man, she felt certain was Clarence Harleigh, with some one standing near him, who, she was no less sure, was Alice Dale. Without knowing it, the cold, keen light which Silas had spoken to himself about glittered in her eyes, and her lips were drawn in, and so firmly compressed that they looked no thicker than a scarlet line.

"Silas," said she, "turn the boat into the stream. I see Alice Dale yonder, not far from the shore, and will join her and walk with her up to the house."

"The current is so strong and swift it wouldn't be safe," was his answer, "even if there were a possibility of passing the rocky shoal which stretches entirely across it, a little beyond where it enters the bay."

"Even if there were a possibility," she repeated, slowly and mockingly. "If you refuse to do it, it is because you are a coward."

"I am a good swimmer, and— Do you hear that?" said he, breaking off suddenly from what he was going to say.

"I hear the wind," she replied, "which confirms me in my resolution to enter the river, as we can, by so doing, reach land much sooner than if we kept on towards the promontory."

"But the river isn't navigable for the smallest craft. If the wind *is* high, there will be little or no danger if we keep on. The water is deep, with neither shoals nor swift currents."

"Do you understand, Silas Watkins, that it is my wish to enter the river?"

"Yes, I do," he replied, setting his teeth firmly together, and turning the boat so sharply that it came nigh being upset.

Then, with the full strength of his strong, sinewy arms, he bent to the oars. The boat flew like a sea-gull to the mouth of the river, though there was a head wind. During only the few seconds which had passed since Silas called Mildred's attention to the rising wind, it had increased almost to a hurricane, while a dark, wild-looking cloud, which, when it first appeared above the distant hills, was scarce bigger than a man's hand, had spread itself over the whole of the western heavens.

They were soon so near the mouth of the river as to feel the force of the swift, opposing current. Silas, without speaking, continued to pull steadily at the oars.

"Stop, Silas,—stop!" exclaimed Mildred, for she could now see that the entrance of the river was covered with a sheet of foam, while the vexed waves dashed wildly against a large sharp-crested rock which, standing out boldly from the shore, projected far into the stream.

"It is too late now," said he, in answer to this earnestly-uttered command; and as he spoke, the keel of the boat grated harshly against the point of a sunken rock.

There was no perceptible damage done, and Mildred now, whose fears were excited to the utmost, condescended to entreat Silas to turn back.

"It will be even more dangerous than to go on," said he.

Even as the words left his lips, a gust of wind, stronger and fiercer than any which had preceded it, lifted the boat from the waves and hurled it against the huge projecting rock, as Silas was making an effort to sweep round its base at a safe distance, as if it had been no heavier than the foam bubbles that were dancing around them.

A wild, piercing shriek mingled with the hollow voice of the wind, and then a face, white as the foam which the next moment was drifting over it, was seen amid the floating fragments of the boat. Silas, by the aid of one of the oars, succeeded in obtaining a precarious footing on the partially submerged rocks, round which the tide, lashed into fury, was foaming and raging. A corner of the mantle worn by Mildred was all that now could be seen above the eddying waves. This, with much difficulty, he succeeded in reaching, and commenced cautiously drawing it towards him. To his great joy—for Silas Watkins, though he disliked Mildred, was not a man to bear malice against even his enemies,—he found that it still remained wrapped around her. A single handbreadth nearer, and those golden tresses which, as she sat in the boat, had inspired him with feelings so nearly akin to what he would have experienced had they been the shining coils of a serpent, would be within his reach. His hand was ready to grasp them, when the fastenings of the mantle gave way, causing so sudden a recoil as to precipitate him into the boiling waves. The cold white hand of the drowning woman which touched his face as he sunk beneath the water, caused a shiver to run through his frame, as if it had been the hand of death. The next moment, the icy fingers had clutched a portion of his garments, dragging him down and impeding his movements. He made an effort to throw off his saturated doublet, but the hand holding to it with so rigid and convulsive a grasp must, as he saw, be crushed, ere it could be removed by his unaided exertion.

"No, no," said he, shuddering, as the thought crossed his mind, "I can't do that. If I could only get free of this eddy which is whirling us round, I think I could save myself and her, too."

With a strength which desperation can only give, he *did* get free of it, and then—for he was a good swimmer—he succeeded in stemming the swift current till beyond the rocky shoal. He then struck out for the shore.

"It is of no use; I can never reach land with this weight dragging me down. We must both go, if I try to save her," were the thoughts which passed through his mind, finding after he had gone a short distance that his strength was failing him. He faltered and finally stopped.

"Bear up a little longer; I am coming to your assistance," said a voice from the shore.

The words were instantly succeeded by a plunge, and looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, he saw Clarence Harleigh. It was astonishing what new life and vigor were diffused through his frame by the prospect of assistance. It enabled him not only to sustain himself, but to support his companion in peril in such a manner that her face was raised above the water. A minute more, and Harleigh had reached them.

"Give her into my care now," said he.

"You will never reach the shore, without I assist you," said Silas.

"Yes, I can. The distance is short. Take care of yourself."

If less athletic, he had even more nervous energy than Silas; and besides, he knew that after attaining a short distance he would be able to touch the bottom, and still a little further he could plant his feet firmly. With Harleigh's assistance, the locked hand was speedily unclosed, and the next minute, though burthened with his helpless charge—for he was an adroit swimmer,—he was vigorously breasting the waves. Silas, who could now divest himself of his heavy, saturated jacket, overtook them by the time they were beyond deep water. Harleigh now willingly accepted his proffered assistance, for he found that his strength had been tasked beyond what he had anticipated.

"She must be carried to my house," said Silas, when they reached dry land.

By this time the wind had spent its fury, and nothing remained of the black cloud which so suddenly spread itself over the heavens like a funeral pall, save here and there a few floating fragments which had detached themselves from its edges.

The house of Silas Watkins could be seen through the trees, and was only at a short distance. Mrs. Watkins, accompanied by Alice Dale, who had sought shelter there from the violence of the wind, came out to meet them.

"You were too late, and she is dead," said Alice, as she saw the upturned face of Mildred, which, as her head rested against Harleigh's shoulder, was pale and ghastly, those purple shadows that steal so silently over the features of the dead having already gathered round her mouth and under the closed eyes.

Both Silas and his wife had had some experience in such cases, and knew how to proceed according to the most approved methods at that time known. For some time there was no sign of life. They, however, did not grow remiss in their exertions, which were finally rewarded with the promise of success. Two hours afterward, when Harleigh and Alice took leave, though weak, she was in good, even high spirits, and assured them that they might expect to see her soon at Mr. Walworth's.

The next day, a young man by the name of Gilbert Falkland, who for some time had been a member of Mr. Walworth's family, received the subjoined note from Mildred Dacres:

"Early this morning, I sent word to Alice Dale that she might expect to see me half an hour after sunset. Previously to meeting her, I wish to see you, and have some conversation with you. By sunset, or a little before, you will find me at the place where several times we have already met."

Mildred was punctual to the hour she had named. It lacked several minutes of sunset when she reached a small, nearly circular spot, carpeted with smooth, green turf, and walled in on every side by majestic oaks, from whose boughs the wild grape-vine hung in broad festoons, or borne down by their heavy though still unripe clusters of fruit, trailed on the ground. Thus the house, though distant little more than a stone's throw, was completely screened from view.

"Not here yet?" said she, seating herself on a block of granite half imbedded in the soil, and close to one of those living springs so abundant in New England.

The words had only time to leave her lips, when the branches of an oak were thrust aside, and a young man in a hunting-dress entered the enclosure.

"You allowed me to arrive here before you, Gilbert Falkland," said she, with a slight accent of displeasure perceptible in her voice.

"For which I would humbly sue for pardon," he replied, "if I had not already twice sought you here in vain. I had ceased to expect you, when I caught a glimpse of you, just as you entered the glade."

"I hope Clarence Harleigh didn't see me, too."

"No fear of that. He was too deeply engaged in chatting with the fair Alice to have eyes or ears for any one else."

"Gilbert Falkland, haven't you the will and the means of putting an end to this?"

"I certainly have the will."

"And where there's a will, there's a way—so says the old saw."

"With your aid, I shall not despair of finding the means, but

"'Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft.
And wit depends on dilatory time.'"

"If my aid is wanting, you shall have it. Yet it appears to me that one so deeply enamored as you are with pretty Alice Dale, would have a spur to his ingenuity in casting about for the means, which would scarcely make him wish for my poor help."

"And is there no spur to the ingenuity of Mildred Dacres? If I am enamored of the pretty Alice Dale, has not the handsome Clarence Harleigh excited your admiration?"

"I admit that I think him a fine specimen of humanity, physically and intellectually, yet after all—"

"You hesitate. Shall I finish the sentence for you?"

"If you will."

"Yet after all, you would say, then, that with all his endowments, moral, mental and personal, his fine estate over the water possesses in your estimation the greater attraction. Am I wrong?"

"I may as well own that you are not, for if we are to assist each other, there should be a fair understanding between us."

"Certainly; it is nothing more than right."

"And now, as you have undertaken to interpret my thoughts and wishes, I will volunteer a similar piece of service in behalf of yourself. If it be my wish to make the Wiltshire estate minister to my comfort and my somewhat expensive tastes, so your desire to win Alice Dale for a wife would be much less ardent, if she had not recently fallen heiress to those broad acres in England, to say nothing of the large tract of land in this country, of which her uncle Walworth gave her a deed her last birthday."

"I confess that you are a good interpreter. The truth is, my father was such a flaming royalist, that, in looking after the fortunes of the king, he forgot to look after his own; the upshot of which is, that his only son and heir—partly owing, as I confess, to certain expensive habits he has contracted,—will soon be very little better than a beggar, unless these same broken fortunes can be repaired by the estate in question, or by some one of equal value. No such narrow acreage, such as goes to dower an earl's daughter, will suffice to cover the rents."

"And a rich heiress isn't found every turn."

"Not in these days—at least not in England, nor among those of English descent; for, zealous and reckless of any injury to himself, as my father was in the cause of Charles II., there were enough to keep him company."

"All we have to do, then, is to assist each other."

"And the first step?"

"It must be one that will cause jealousy and distrust between Harleigh and Alice."

"True, but how to take this first step—that's the question," said Falkland.

"I will help you. You have noticed that she often wears a blue ribbon round her neck?"

"Yes."

"But you may never have seen the jewel which is appended to it."

"No, I never have."

"It would not be likely to happen, for she keeps it scrupulously concealed beneath the folds of her neckerchief, as her uncle, you know, doesn't approve of outward adorning, and should he obtain sight of it, she would, in addition to being severely reproved, not only be prohibited from wearing it, but obliged to deliver it up to him, that it might no longer be to her a temptation and a stumbling-block."

"Which she would not willingly do, if, as I suspect, it is a love token from Harleigh."

"It is, and this first step we've been speaking of is to obtain possession of it."

"Which will be no easy matter."

"Perhaps not, but leave that to me. And now, if you know, tell me when Harleigh is going to embark for England?"

"In the first vessel that sails from the port of Boston."

"That will be in a week or ten days."

"Yes, somewhere thereabouts."

"And you?"

"I shall remain here several weeks longer, it may be months."

"I thought of trying to obtain possession of this love-token we have been speaking about, to-night. On reflection, however, I think it will be better to do nothing about it till after Harleigh is gone. If Alice should miss it while he is here, an explanation will be sure to take place between them, which may thwart my cunningly devised plan."

"Yes, it will be better for him to be gone, for Alice has a certain way with her which makes it impossible to disbelieve what she says."

"Before long, we will speak together again on the subject. I sent word to Alice that she might expect me a little after sunset, and by this time she is looking for me."

CHAPTER II.

DOUBT AND JEALOUSY.

When Mildred Dacres had arrived within a short distance of the house, Alice saw her and went out to meet her, for she was eager to inquire how she found herself after the frightful accident which came so near proving fatal.

"I have entirely recovered from its effects," was Mildred's answer.

"You don't know how frightened I was," said Alice.

"Were you? Well, you look happy now," and she looked down into the dark eyes, full of the heart's sunshine, which were raised to hers. "You are happy," Mildred went on to say, "and I think I know the cause. Come, Alice, let us walk a little while in this calm twilight, so that you can tell me all about it."

"I have little to tell you, dear Mildred," said Alice, with a smile.

"I know you haven't. All that you can say will not reveal to me more than your looks have done already. You have promised Clarence Harleigh that you will be his wife."

"No, not exactly that. Uncle Walworth says he isn't yet quite prepared to give his consent."

"Why need the stiff old Puritan know anything about it?"

"Mildred!"

"What a world of reproof you sometimes contrive to throw into a single inflection of that sweet voice of yours! Well, I was wrong, and will never again call him a stiff old Puritan as long as I live, since you dislike to hear me."

"Uncle Walworth does what he thinks is just and right, and as he is my guardian, I am bound to respect his wishes."

"If you and Clarence are not betrothed, he has told you that he prefers you above all others. This much I am certain of; it is no use for you to deny it."

"I shall not attempt it, then."

"And in return for the precious boon, you are, doubtless, required to refuse all offers during his absence. If one of England's proudest nobles should sue for your hand, you will consider yourself bound not to listen to his suit?"

"I should have no wish to listen to it."

"And you imagine that Harleigh will prove to be insensible to the charms of the lovely and fascinating ladies that give grace and brilliancy to the court of the merry monarch? My sweet Alice, believe no such thing. I know Clarence Harleigh better than you do."

A troubled look stole over the face of Alice, clouding the happy light which had given it that almost magic beauty which springs from the emotions of love and trust when fully awakened into life for the first time. As Mildred stealthily watched the effect of what she had said, her eyes kindled with a cold, yet keen light, such as has had inspired Silas Watkins with a feeling of so much distrust and repugnance. At the same time, with a strange contrariety, a soft, seductive smile hovered on her lips. After a few moments' silence, as Alice raised her eyes to Mildred's, she caught a gleam of their cold, glittering light, in such singular contrast with her winning smile.

"I think," said she, "that I know Clarence Harleigh well enough to trust him."

"Time will prove which of us is right," replied Mildred. "Is he absent this evening?"

"No; he is with my uncle, who called to him just as I came out to meet you. Come, Mildred, shall we go in, now?"

"Yes, as well now as any time. I must speak to Harleigh, and request the favor of his taking letters to my English friends. I regret that he is with your uncle, whom I willingly would have avoided, as I am not, as you know, one of his favorites."

"It is your manner of dress, rather than yourself, that he disapproves."

"He may think that his fair niece may wish to imitate me in that respect, and it would be no great matter of wonder if she did. Seriously, Alice, if you would just suffer your bright brown hair to fall in those clustering curls which nature intended, you would look ten times more charming than you do now, especially in Harleigh's eyes. I must say, dear Alice, that when your uncle goes so far as to require your garments to be of the same fashion and sober hue of his wife's, I think you are not bound to yield implicit obedience."

"Gay and brilliant colors would be less becoming to me than to you; and as for Clarence, I think he is bound to tolerate my drab-colored gown, out of deference to my uncle's opinion."

"Prejudice, Alice,—prejudice! Best to call things by their right names."

As Mildred said this, they entered the house. Through the open door they could see that Harleigh still remained in the apartment with Mr. Walworth, though whatever the conversation which had engaged their attention, it had now come to an end. Harleigh stood at a window, with his back turned partly towards them, and was not aware of their proximity; while Mr. Walworth, who sat in a remote part of the room, was too much engaged with his own thoughts to notice that they stood just beyond the threshold.

"He might be mistaken for a statue rather than for one of the living," said Mildred, in a suppressed voice, and looking towards Mr. Walworth. "He moves neither limb nor muscle, and I half suspect, doesn't even wink. As he sits there so silent and motionless, he is a true impersonation of what, in outward semblance, I used to imagine the stern old covenanters to be when assembled at a conventicle. Look and mark the contrast between his appearance and Harleigh's."

"It certainly could not well be more striking," Alice thought, as her eyes first rested on one and then the other.

Mr. Walworth, though tall and lean, showed marks of no inconsiderable muscular vigor, while certain lines, deeply traced on his countenance, were expressive of mental energy and great firmness of purpose. Being seldom relaxed or brightened with a smile, a stern, almost harsh look had gradually settled upon his features, particularly his brow and round his mouth, which, in reality, were foreign to his character.

Harleigh, on the other hand, whose form was peculiarly fine, and whose whole appearance carried with it an air of true nobility, was a genuine representative of the cavalier, according to its true acceptation, as applied to the noble, brave and accomplished gentleman in the time of Charles I., and not merely the distinctive appellation which it afterwards came to be of the party which favored the cause of royalty, many of whom, by their unsettled mode of life, had contracted habits as little creditable to themselves as the sovereign they professed to serve.

As Alice and Mildred were about to enter the room where Mr. Walworth and Harleigh were, Gilbert Falkland, as if that moment returned from his business expedition, made his appearance at the outer door. Mildred, unperceived by Alice, fell back behind her a little, and said to him quickly

"I am going to have a little conversation with Harleigh. Remember that, meanwhile, you are to entertain Alice."

This was said in a manner which carried more significance with it than the mere words. Falkland nodded in return, in a way that said, "I understand your meaning."

"Come, Alice," said Mildred, "why should we linger here any longer? Candles will be brought in soon, and it will be best for me to pay my respects to your austere uncle, in case he should condescend to notice me in the twilight. It will sober down these brilliant hues," she added, glancing at her dress.

"As you are naturally timid," said Falkland, with a light laugh, "the veil of twilight will serve to hide your embarrassment."

At the moment she placed her foot on the threshold, Mildred quickly and adroitly removed the fillet worn by Alice, causing the bright tresses which it held in bondage to fall over her shoulders. Alice would have remonstrated, but was prevented by Mildred, who in a playful manner placed her hand over her mouth.

"I am determined," said she, "that Harleigh, before he leaves, shall, for once, have some faint idea of what you would be if permitted to make the best of those advantages which nature has bestowed on you with so lavish a hand."

"Is it, all things considered, exactly polite?" Falkland whispered, so closely to Mildred's ear that she alone could hear him.

"You will see," was her answer, "and you must n't forget to do as I told you."

Alice, except that she dreaded rebuke from her uncle, was not sorry for what Mildred had done, for, of course, she could not fail to be aware, that well as her pure, transparent complexion and perfect features bore the ordeal of the plain, almost stiff style of dress she was required to adopt, they would be seen to better advantage partly shaded by her rich brown hair.

After listening to the insinuations of Mildred, respecting Harleigh, Alice felt distrustful of her power over him, and shrank from the idea, on his arrival at England, of his comparing her with the celebrated court beauties, which made her the more anxious to appear to the best advantage.

Harleigh, at their entrance, turned from the window, and was coming forward to meet them, when Mildred, hastening towards him, placed her hand on his arm.

"Permit me," said she, to command your exclusive attention for a few moments. I hear that you are soon going to leave us, and I have a few verbal messages to send to acquaintances, and some letters to my friends."

"Both of which I will undertake with pleasure," he replied.

"With respect to the messages, they will not burthen your memory, for being merely complimentary, I will leave it to your own judgment and good taste to phrase them. As for their names, here is a list of them—a somewhat long one, as the candles which have made their appearance very opportunely will enable you to see. But you don't hear what I say."

"Not a word has escaped me."

"I ask pardon, but I thought that your attention appeared to be attracted towards my friend Alice. Doesn't she look charmingly?"

"She always does."

"True, but according to my taste, she looks uncommonly so this evening. I long ago gave up trying to persuade her to give a little more freedom to those magnificent tresses of hers, as I found that all I could say failed to move her."

"And now that you have ceased to persuade, she has done it voluntarily."

"Say, rather, that I was not as eloquent as your friend Falkland."

"You would have me believe that he has been trying his eloquence on the same subject!"

"A simple wish, or even preference, however carelessly expressed, is sometimes eloquent."

"Has Gilbert Falkland presumed to express a wish relative to a subject on which, as I knew her uncle's peculiar opinions and feelings, delicacy constrained me to be silent?"

"Softly, Harleigh,—softly. I see an angry spark in your eye, for which there is not the least occasion. Falkland has, to the best of my knowledge, never expressed any such wish. He said nothing more than that he considered it a much more becoming way of wearing the hair, than to confine it by caps and fillets."

"And so Miss Dale acted upon this hint?"

"I will not say that she did."

"Yet think so?"

"Our thoughts are our own. There is one thing, however, that you and I both know."

"What is it?"

"That Alice Dale is scarcely more than a child, just old enough to be fascinated with a face almost femininely pretty, like Gilbert Falkland's. That true manly beauty, which is in reality more the expression of fine and noble traits of character than any particular complexion or set of features, has little attraction for her, because she is unable to comprehend wherein lies its charm. I don't speak of this as being any disparagement to her, for I love Alice as dearly as I should an own sister. It is the same with all girls of her age. The mind must be formed and the taste cultivated before one is capable of appreciating the kind of beauty to which I allude."

"I have been deceived in her, then."

"Say, rather, that you have been a little bewildered; nor is it in the least strange if you have. Such beauty as hers might cause

one less susceptible than yourself, while under the influence of its spells, to overlook such defects as those I have named. But with you it couldn't have lasted long; soon—very soon there must have been an awakening. Look, Harleigh! Falkland is winding one of those soft brown curls of hers round his finger. I should imagine by his looks that he was begging it of her, as a memento of friendship, or, perhaps, love."

"And if she should give it to him, why then—"

"Why do you break off so abruptly?"

"What I was about to say was of no consequence."

"Harleigh, you mustn't take this too seriously. Don't forget to bear in mind what I have already mentioned, that in years Alice is scarcely more than a child, and that as such she has a claim on your indulgence. This may be only a passing fancy. A week hence she may care nothing for Gilbert Falkland, and my advice is, that you watch her, without appearing to do so."

"I've no great respect for spies, either domestic or political. Their office is as little manly as it is honorable."

"Yet something is due to expediency. Take my advice, Harleigh; be silent, discreet and watchful."

"If it were best."

"Can there be a doubt of it? And let me advise that your treatment of Alice be the same as it always has been."

"Would you have me act the hypocrite as well as the spy?"

"If you can't bring your mind to treat her thus—you may call it by what name you please—all the rest will be of no avail."

"If I undertake to act a part, I will make thorough work of it."

"Otherwise you may as well not undertake it."

Alice, meanwhile, could with difficulty conceal her impatience at being obliged for so long a time to give her attention to Falkland, whom she had always disliked. She, therefore, experienced a sense of relief when the door opened and Mrs. Walworth (Aunt Esther, Alice always called her) entered the room, leading her youngest child by the hand, as it seemed to be the signal for a general movement. Even Mr. Walworth was roused from his thoughtful mood, and changed his attitude, though he had failed to notice the entrance of Mildred Dacres; while, with something approaching a smile, he held out his hand for little Ella to come to him.

The child cast an inquiring, and at the same time, a wistful glance at his face, and she saw that there was light there breaking through the gloom and austerity by which it was so often clouded. She sprang towards him with a light, bounding step, and the next moment she was seated on his knee, with her arms encircling his neck, and her red lips held up for a kiss. The stern Puritan for a few moments lost sight of the self-denying rules which he had prescribed for himself, and gave himself up to the indulgence of receiving and returning the caresses of this dear and cherished child.

Mrs. Walworth, though near her husband's age, looked many years younger. Naturally she was of a cheerful temperament, and she retained much of the youthful bloom which, like the dawn of a bright morning, spread a light and joy around her, which would, at times, guard each avenue as he would, steal into the heart of her stern, ascetic husband. In all this, Alice Dale resembled her, which was but natural, as the father of Alice, who had for a number of years been dead, was Mrs. Walworth's own brother.

She now, before seating herself, placed the candles on a small table which she had drawn forward into the centre of the apartment, and as if by some magnetic attraction, all drew their chairs nearer, leaving the remote corners to the gathering shadows.

By some means, Alice found herself seated next to Harleigh. When she perceived this, her cheeks flushed a little, and she turned partly away, abashed by the consciousness of the half-uttered though well-understood vows which only a half hour since had been interchanged between them. Yet as she did so, her eyes for a moment sought his, for already there was a craving in her heart for the loving glance such as had late rested upon her. She sought for it in vain. His face, so it appeared to her, was studiously averted, which caused what Mildred had said to flash into her mind. Tears started in her eyes, which she with difficulty forced back.

"Harleigh!"

The name was whispered close to his ear. He turned and saw Mildred bending over him.

"Is this the way to make thorough work of the part you are to act?" said she. She then added in a voice loud enough for all present to hear: "I hope you wont forget, for this message, which so strangely escaped my memory, is of more importance than all the rest."

"I shall certainly remember," was his reply. "Who could have suspected," he thought to himself when Mildred had left him, "that Alice Dale was a coquette?—that *she* could so well act a part?" And, word for word, he recalled to mind all that had been said during their recent interview.

Harleigh had told Mildred that he would remember, but there must be a little time for him to acquire the necessary composure to appear towards Alice the same as if he had not listened to the insidious representations which had been poured into his ear. Now, his mind was in a state of tumultuous excitement, and to put on a calm exterior, was all that he could well do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Before the fifth year how many seeds are sown which future years, and distant ones, mature successively! How much fondness, how much generosity, what hosts of other virtues, courage, constancy, puriotism, spring into the father's heart from the cradle of his child! And does never the fear come over a man that what is most precious to him upon earth is left in careless or perfidious, in unsafe or unworthy hands? Does it never occur to him that he loses a son in each of these five years?—*Landor.*

A NOVEL INVENTION.

The "Nautilus" is the name of a new machine, calculated to take the place of the diving bell, with its cumbrous appliances, in all work that has to be transacted under water. A trial was had of it recently at Glen Cove, N. Y., which was apparently very successful. Unlike the antiquated diving bell, it may be held in suspension in mid-water by its own specific gravity, and moved to and fro, from right to left, forward or backward, according to the requirements of the work in progress. Expensive hoisting tackle, and the labor of lifting the bell out of the water, are entirely dispensed with; it quietly does its own work, lifting and lowering under water, with no other assistance from the outward world than a plentiful supply of compressed air, to keep its lungs in play. This is furnished by a small engine on a vessel in attendance, through a tube of India-rubber, lined with coiled wire, and cased in Russian duck. At the will of the operator within, it performs every desired evolution, without exterior assistance. The machine is made of stout boiler iron, and much resembles a vast tea-kettle, without spout or handle, its interior illuminated through little glass plates in the roof. It is about twelve feet in diameter and eight feet deep, and its interior is divided into one large centre apartment for the operators and others, and several smaller chambers for air or water.—*Inventor, New York.*



PASS OF PIR-I-ZUN, IN THE PERSIAN MOUNTAINS.

GERMAN LEGIONITE MARRIAGES.

The whole of the German Legion has now disappeared from Colchester Camp, and scarcely a servant girl, farm or domestic, remains behind, much to the inconvenience of the inhabitants, who find great difficulty in procuring assistance in their houses, upwards of 300 girls and women "of a certain age" having found husbands in the legion, whom they have accompanied to the Cape. During the rage at Colchester for wiving, some very ludicrous scenes occurred. Three comrades of the legion, in their search for wives, happened to fall in with, and become acquainted with, three young women, sisters; and after a few days of friendly intercourse, the girls were induced to promise to marry each her man, and accompany him to the African wilds, in pursuance of which the whole party, three men and their intendeds, appeared before the chaplain of the corps, a German, with some dozens of other aspirants for matrimonial bonds. The ceremony having been duly performed, the three couples left, but the males returned within a few minutes, and complained that the parson had married each to the wrong girl, not the one he had selected before appearing at the altar. This was a terrible dilemma, which an English clergyman would have found insurmountable; however, the German chaplain got over the obstacle by desiring the men to go away and settle the business among themselves. They accordingly retired, but returned in half an hour, happy, saying they had arranged the matter amicably. Each had the lass originally intended for his wife.—*Bee.*

PASS OF PIR-I-ZUN, PERSIA.

The continued interest felt in the affairs of Persia warrants us in the belief that the accompanying delineation of the terrific Pir-i-zun Pass, which is a kind of roadway from the sea to the chief city of Fars, formerly the capital of the whole empire, will prove acceptable to all the readers of the Pictorial. A scene so terrific and sublime is one of those rare combinations of romantic elements with which nature sometimes delights to astonish her children. Here we behold mighty precipices beetling over deep abysses, and light bridges spanning most fearful depths. We may yet hear of British marching, under the fire of the mountaineers, along that road over which we see a few native horsemen and footmen passing, over those rocky arches that bridge tumbling torrents, and along that steep path scooped on the flank of the sharp cone of rock that pierces the sky like a needle. The very idea is appalling. Persia, once called Elam, and now only known to the natives under the name of Ivan, contains twenty great provinces, the surface of which is extensively varied, some being comparatively level, while others are broken up into a wilderness of ridges and valleys. Upon the whole, it is mountainous, lines upon lines of ranges stretching from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea, and from the banks of the river Tigris to the borders of the great Salt Desert,—ranges which are linked, geographically, with the stupendous Taurus and the Caucasus. In the south, they are covered with forests; but in the north, are dreary, bleak and barren. The pass represented in our illustration is one of the gateways opening from the maritime provinces of Persia to the interior. It is upwards of seven miles in length, and winds through the most dismal and shadowy precipices; a perpendicular wall rising in some parts upwards of a thousand feet from the ground—black, craggy, and hung at intervals with masses of dark vegetation. The road winds along the face of the mountain, crossing from side to side, over bridges that seem ready to be blown away by the blasts that sometimes rush through these mountains. It is, at intervals, so narrow that a camel loaded in the ordinary manner could scarcely go by, while in others it appears as if suspended over bottomless chasms and rifts which terrify the traveller. In one of the precipitous rocks beyond the second bridge from the foreground, is a huge cavern, sometimes used by benighted wayfarers as a place of shelter, and sometimes infested by brigands. Still further, beyond the pass, are situated some beautiful valleys, where scarcely a human habitation is now to be seen. They were once inhabited by a very ancient tribe, which has been almost extirpated for its crimes. The few survivors have taken refuge in the almost inapproachable solitudes about the Pir-i-zun, where they subsist on a wretched kind of bread made from acorns, and thence, sallying forth, haunt the narrow, tortuous, and almost aerial road, thus enhancing its natural terrors, and rendering the traveller's progress extremely uncertain. Supposing a British force were to proceed from Bushire, on the coast, to Shiraz, in the interior of Fars, it would first march about twenty-four miles upon a moderately good highway, and then enter upon a stony tract, traversed by very difficult roads, winding up the sloping valleys to the mountain. About ninety-five or a hundred miles inland, it would enter upon a causeway having a lake of salt water on one side, and dangerous precipices on the other. It would then plunge amid the depths of the great pass of Cotul Dochtur, which is, however, scarcely more than an introduction to the mightier pass of Pir-i-zun; but even here it would travel along a lofty road, with only a frail parapet wall as a protection against the abysses beneath, while, after an interval of three miles, Pir-i-zun itself opens its gloomy and stupendous portals, its towering rocks, its wondrously black defiles, its shades of oak forests, and its giddy bridges. Such are the difficulties which constitute the natural defence of Persia against an invasion from the sea. If the inhabitants were as brave and as skilful in the use of matchlocks as their foes, the Affghans, they might hold the region against myriads of assailants. They have built fortresses upon their mountain heights, but their artillery is by no means efficient; and though their cavalry is superb, their infantry is contemptible. Ten thousand regular troops and three thousand royal slaves constitute their standing army, the military strength of the empire consisting mainly in the numerical force and proved valor of the wandering tribes, which always contribute men and arms, in a certain proportion, during a period of war. Two hundred thousand soldiers might, in an extreme case, be collected for the service of the Shah. They receive little pay, but subsist to a great extent on plunder.

PUNJAUB BATTERY.

The employment of elephants in oriental warfare adds a strange feature of romance to the movements, the sieges and battles in India. The enormous strength of these docile and intelligent animals, and their peculiar formation and habits, render them invaluable in transporting arms and ammunition from point to point. The fine engraving on the next page, representing a Punjaub battery preparing to enter the Durwanzai pass into the Koorum valley, will give our readers an exact idea of the way in which these valuable animals are rendered available. The picture is well worth a close examination. In transporting field batteries, the gun, a nine-pounder, or twenty-four pound howitzer, is placed on the first elephant, the carriage on a second, while a third is loaded with the ammunition. One of the elephants in the picture is being loaded with a gun-carriage; his companion already has a howitzer on his back. The kneeling elephant is receiving his load. While his *mahout* keeps him in position, the gun is hoisted horizontally up an inclined plane, four soldiers aiding its ascent with levers, while half a dozen are pulling on the ropes. Two men on the elephant's back steady and guide it by means of ropes. Another elephant bears a heavy caisson. In the distance, at the base of the precipitous hills, another portion of this formidable battery is seen.

HUGH MILLER, THE GEOLOGIST.

The portrait on this page is an excellent likeness of one of the remarkable men of this century—a genius in the truest sense of the word, whose recent tragical death by his own hand has caused the profoundest grief on both sides of the Atlantic. Hugh Miller was the son of a sea faring man of Cromarty, a seaport village of Scotland, and was but five years old when his father's vessel was lost in a terrible storm, in company with many others. Being deeply imbued with those superstitious feelings which are still common in Scotland, he always believed that he had a premonition of his father's death, in the appearance of a white arm and hand seen waving through the mist at the moment when the storm was uttering its fiercest breath, and the hapless coasters were going down beneath its fury. Of course, some natural appearance was converted by the heated imagination of the youthful seer into the phantom hand that terrified his vision; but to the day of his death, that livid hand haunted his dreams. The boyhood of Miller passed without any striking premonitions of his future greatness. That he was fond of romances, and fairy tales, and legendary poetry, was by no means remarkable; for such is the taste of early youth, and such reading is common to all the peasantry of Scotland. Indeed the blending of imagination and of sound common sense and shrewdness, the mingled love of poetry and thrift, was ever a striking characteristic of Miller's country. The boy was fond of rambles—what boy is not?—and would pass hours by the shores of the great sea, gathering weeds and shells, and insensibly imbibing the inspiration of nature. He was sent to school, of course, but appears to have made little progress under his teachers. The Latin grammar revolted him, as it has done many a boy before him, and will many a one after him, until some genius invents a method of sugaring this bitter pill. Out of school, his lonely wanderings took him over valley, and plain, and sea-beach; and once, when he penetrated a deep cave by the seaside, the tide came roaring in, closing up the outlet, and he came near perishing. It was while thus an involuntary prisoner that he made one of his most striking scientific discoveries. The energy of his character took a turn which might easily have conducted him to an ignoble end. He had more than one pugilistic encounter, and one memorable battle with a mulatto boy, in which, when his antagonist was getting the worst, the latter drew his knife on his victor; but before he could use it, young Miller had his own knife in his hand, and sheathed it in the mulatto's thigh, giving him a lesson which he ever afterwards remembered, and showing that he was not a boy to be trifled with. On another occasion, he was detected, with some comrades of his own age, in robbing an orchard, and the menace of legal punishment being held out to him, he fled, and hid himself in an inaccessible cave by the seaside, armed with an old bayonet and the rusty barrel of a horse pistol. He finally quitted school in disgust at the discipline, and, for a time, seriously entertained thoughts of leading a vagabond existence by himself, after the fashion of Robinson Crusoe. His uncle, however, who acted as his guardian, induced him to commence life as a mason. In this capacity he exhibited more steadiness than his friends had hoped for, working industriously all day, and devoting his evenings to prose and poetical compositions. His roving disposition, however, kept him moving from one spot to another, partly in the hope of bettering his condition, and partly from a love of change. He met with many petty vicissitudes of fortune in his laborious career, sometimes obtaining high wages, and sometimes laboring for a bare pittance. In 1828, he set up as a stone-cutter at Inverness, with indifferent success, and also published a volume or poems which was severely handled by the critics, and met with no success. But here a fortunate incident happened to him. He met a beautiful and intelligent young lady, to whom he soon became warmly attached, and whom he married as soon as he obtained a vacant situation in the Cromarty bank. His salary was very small, and with the addition of his wife's earnings as a school-teacher, their income only amounted to about $300 a year. He, however, was able to increase this amount somewhat by writing for magazines, and, while working thus hard, pursued his geological investigations with characteristic ardor. It was while in the Cromarty bank that he identified the famous Pterichthys, or "winged fish," as a fossil of the old red sandstone, a discovery of the highest importance as bearing on the theory of development or transmutation of species. But he earned fame in another sphere, as the advocate of the cause of the adversaries of government, on the question of the great schism in the Kirk of Scotland. A letter on this subject, written by Miller and addressed to Lord Brougham, circulated all over the kingdom, and gave the author such a reputation that the Free Churchmen invited him to take charge of a paper established in their interest, the "Witness," of which he remained the chief editor until the time of his death. In Edinburgh, he published, in succession, his great works, "The Old Red Sandstone," and "Footprints of the Creator." The first work gave him a universal reputation—which each of his subsequent works enhanced. The grandeur of his themes, the force with which they are treated, and the purity of their style, will cause them to be read as long as the language in which they are written endures. His "Autobiography" is one of his most agreeable and popular minor productions. His health and mind finally broke down under the pressure of intellectual labor. Book writing, editing, lecturing and scientific study were all pursued together. No human power could endure such a strain. His keen imagination now became morbidly active. His slumbers were brief and peopled with gloomy phantoms. His excessive labor on his last work, "The Testimony of the Rocks," completed his prostration. He, always a courageous man, cowered at the thought of robbers. He kept a perfect armory of weapons at his bed-side—revolver, dagger and broadsword. Terrible pains in his head were followed by agonizing spasms and indescribable visions. He felt at times as if a sharp dagger had been driven through his brain. The evening before his death was spent with his family in pleasant social intercourse. After supper, to gratify his children, he read them several humorous pieces, and retired to his room apparently in a tranquil frame of mind. His physician had prescribed some medicine for him, to be taken before retiring to rest; but this he did not touch, as he had an invincible repugnance to drugs. In the morning he was found lying lifeless on the hearth-rug, having shot himself with his revolver, in a paroxysm of insanity. Thus died one of the most distinguished scientific men of this century. His life is an instructive instance of what may be accomplished by energy and perseverance; his death a warning example of the fatal consequences of an overstrain of the mental powers. Had he economized his strength, instead of expending it in gigantic efforts to produce a vast amount of work in a short space of time, he might still be living.



HUGH MILLER, THE SCOTCH GEOLOGIST.



A PUNJAUB BATTERY ENTERING THE DURWANZAL PASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIDOW'S LIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH POTEN.

He doeth much who loveth much; he doeth much who doeth well.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

He doeth much who loveth much:
He doeth much who doeth well;
But childlike hearts, and only such,
In love and wisdom shall excel.
Upon a rock beside the sea,
There dwelt a widow poor and old:
No kith or kin on earth had she,
And all her wealth might soon be told.

The sea-gulls on their snowy wings
Swept past her cottage to and fro;
While stately ships, like living things,
All richly freighted passed below.
Full often in the midnight dark,
Amid the wind and water's roar,
Had many a brave and gallant bark
Gone down upon that dangerous shore

And many an agonizing cry,
When none were near to help or save,
Rose wildly up to God on high,
Above the roar of wind or wave.
There often on that stormy shore
Had many a lifeless form found place,
With anguish far too great for speech
Still pictured on the pallid face.

And often had the widow wept
Such tears as pitying spirits shed,
When down the slippery rocks she crept,
And gazed upon the silent dead.
Then, with the gleanings of her toil,
She trimmed her humble lamp at night,
And rose to keep with midnight oil
The beacon's waning lustre bright.

The widow's light had naught to boast:
Yet there from year to year it shone;
And all along that dangerous coast
To every mariner was known.
And many a grateful heart was stirred
To bless the widow's humble name.
When, ere the breaker's roar was heard,
He saw on high that feeble flame.

And there it shone with steady ray,
Until one night, with quivering breath,
It lit the widow's lonely way
Across the troubled sea of death.
The peace of God abides with such—
For be the talent ne'er so small,
He doeth much who loveth much,
And lives not for himself, but all.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HEIR'S TRAGEDY:

—OR,—

THE TOWER OF DOOM.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

CHAPTER I.

THE TOWER.

"NEVER been there before, sir? Bless my heart, then mayhap you have not heard the story about that tower, sir,—and a curious sort of one it is."

No, I had heard no story whatever of the half-ruin which I had visited that morning; and so I informed Mr. Solomon Spiggott, landlord of the "Ring of Bells," which tintinabulary title belonged to one of those quaint, old-fashioned little roadside taverns that flourished when railways were not, and are now known but to the few who like myself are fond of pedestrianizing.

I had, during the last twelve months, been accomplishing the usual European tour, and was now settling down for a fortnight's quiet enjoyment in one of the loveliest portions of the west of England, previous to returning to my native city of Boston. On the morning of the day of which I am speaking, I had been rambling along the sides of that river, down which floated the first steam-vessel that was built for the special purpose of crossing the Atlantic—the Great Western. Plunging into the roads on my right hand, I ascended through tangled and winding paths to a considerable distance, and at length emerged on a grassy upland, some three hundred feet above the surface of the river. From this spot the scene was magnificent, and it embraced almost every requisite which the artist could desire. It was, indeed, a very paradise for painters; but as I have no great liking for prose descriptions of the picturesque, which in nine cases out of ten are prosy enough, I shall leave word-painting to other pens, and only notice one feature in the landscape. This was a singular-looking edifice perched on the very edge of a crag which rose near four hundred feet from the bottom of the gorge through which the Avon flowed to the British Channel. It seemed half dwelling-house, half castle, the latter appearance being given to it by an octagonal tower, which had one window pierced in the stonework near its summit. The house portion seemed to have been erected long after the tower; indeed, it appeared to have been rather stuck on than built to it, without any reference whatever to architectural consistency or suitability to the charming scenery around.

I found on inquiring at the house that on payment of a small fee I could ascend the tower and view the prospect therefrom. Mounting a circular flight of stone stairs, I reached an octagonal apartment, forming what might be called the attic of the structure. There was no appearance, however, of any other room ever having existed in it. In this chamber was a fire-place, the grate of which had long ago fallen out. Nothing else seemed to indicate that the room had ever been inhabited. A short ladder led to a trapdoor which opened on the roof, where I lingered for some time admiring the surrounding scenery, and then, descending, made the best of my way to "The Ring of Bells."

"Mr. Spiggott," said I, after I had done ample justice to the bacon and eggs which formed my dinner, "you said something a little while ago respecting a story connected with the tower that I visited this morning; now suppose you relate it to me over a bowl of egg flip, of which your good wife is such an excellent brewer."

"With all my heart, sir."

And the landlord called to his "Missus" to prepare the beverage, which she proudly did from a "receipt," as she said, which had been in the possession of the "Ring of Bells" from time immemorial.

"'Deed, sir," she remarked, as she placed the steaming concoction on the table, "that's the reason why the ringers are painted on one side of our sign and the flip jug on the other."

There was such an evident dignity in her manners as she made that assertion, that I felt as though the said signboard commanded my respect, and regarded it with attention accordingly. It was one of those old, swinging, square-shaped signs so familiar to highway and by-way travellers in the rural districts of England. This particular one was attached to the bough of a noble elm tree which grew in front of the house, and pleasantly protected it from summer's heat and winter's blast. Sign painting in the strict sense of the phrase, is not "high art," and certainly the artist who produced the pictures on Mr. Spiggott's panels was more ambitious in his designs than fortunate in their execution. The "Ring of Bells" was represented by six gentlemen in shirt-sleeves, red, green and yellow waistcoats, many-colored knee-breeches, and hob-nailed shoes, in the act of frantically pulling at ropes connected with the wheels of six bells, which performed somersaults in a transparent belfry. It was a happy thought of the artist to let the bells be visible, for had he not made a section of the tower for that purpose, what with the ropes dangling and twisting over the heads of the ringers and the amazing attitudes of those joy-producing gentlemen, they might easily have been mistaken for hardened culprits in the agonies of strangulation. On the reverse of this great effort of genius was painted a blue jug of foaming flip, beneath which were two tobacco-pipes displayed cross-bones fashion; the name, in gold letters, of Solomon Spiggott, the landlord, and the following verse, which some, "mute, inglorious Milton" had presented to the house in lieu of his score, and which Mrs. Spiggott declared was a "mirrykle," which undoubtedly it was if a miracle means anything very unnatural indeed:

"i sol spiggot do Live here
i Sells Good brandy. Gin. And beer
i Maid My sine A Little Wider
to Let you Know i Sells Good cider."

"Now for the story, Mr. Spiggott," I said, as that gentleman smacked his lips after tossing off a glass of the flip.

"You must know, sir, to begin with, that the tower up yonder is called *Cook's Folly*."

"An odd name enough," I remarked. "Pray, why did it receive such a one?"

"Ah! that's just it, sir," he went on. "It is an odd name, but the reason of it is odder still. The story might be true, or some cunning chap might have made it up, but leastways, here it is.

"A good many years ago, I'm sure I can't tell exactly how many, but that's neither here nor there, there lived in this neighborhood a rich gentleman named Cook—Squire Maurice Cook, as he was generally called in these parts. Although not over fifty years old, he had been married several times, but each of his wives had died leaving him childless. You may be sure that was a great trouble to him, for he had no end of money, and who to leave it to when he died he didn't know, for he had no near relations, and was of such retired habits that he neither received nor paid visits. Now, sir, I can understand somehow how he felt, for I've scraped up a few pounds myself, and certainly I should like some of my own flesh and blood to leave it to, and bless God—"

Here Mr. Spiggott abruptly broke off in his narrative, and looked archly at Mrs. Spiggott, who was leaning over the little half-door that separated the back parlor from our sitting-room. No sooner, however, did that lady hear the delicate allusion of her husband than she colored like a peony—told Mr. Spiggott that he "ought to be ashamed of himself," and then hurriedly retired into private life. Two or three minutes afterwards, as I glanced casually through an uncurtained window, sure enough, I saw her busy as a bee working on a remarkably small cap, which I fancied threw some light on Mr. Spiggott's passing allusion to the individual to whom he should like to bequeath his property.

"Well, sir," he went on, "after Squire Cook had been for years a widower, and for the third time, a very beautiful young lady came down to the Hartwells, close by, for the benefit of the waters, and so the Squire, who met her frequently walking in Nightingale Valley, fell desperately in love with her. She was more than twenty years younger than himself—but he was very rich, and had a fine estate, and she was very poor, and her face was her only fortune, as the milkmaid in the story says. After a time they married, and greatly to the joy of her husband, before twelve months had elapsed there was every prospect of Mrs. Cook's presenting her husband with that for which he had so long and so ardently wished—one who should inherit his name and wealth.

"Squire Cook had always been of a superstitious turn of mind, and now he became more engaged with mysterious investigations than ever. He had a room fitted up in his house to which he allowed no one whatever to have access. This place he furnished and filled with all sorts of outlandish apparatus, such as globes, telescopes, crucibles, furnaces, and I know not what besides. There would he sit, moping over books with strange characters in them, from dawn until dark, and half the night he stared through telescopes at the moon and stars. As the time approached when his child was expected to be born, he became more and more anxious, and to the old nurse's amazement he promised her a handsome present if she would note exactly the instant of the little stranger's appearance in the world, as it was a matter of utmost importance that he should know it, in order to cast its nativity; and, moreover, he declared that if the child should be a boy he would have a fat ox roasted whole in his park, and present every man in the parish with a guinea and a gallon of strong beer. You may be sure that every one prayed for a boy; and as providence would have it, a boy it was, and all I can say is, I hope, sir, that I may have the same luck."

"There, Sol, do hold your tongue, do," called out Mrs. Spiggott from her private retirement.

At this, Mr. Spiggott archly winked at me, and significantly pointed his right fore-finger in the direction of the parlor, as though he had said, "You see, sir, women *will* have their say; but she's as pleased as I am for all that."

"As I was saying, sir, it was a boy; and of all the boys that ever were born, there never had been heard tell of such a one as that. Now, poor folks's babies are nothing but common little lumps of original sin, but this was a ready-made angel—none of your common crockery, but real porcelain, at least everybody said so, and of course what every one says must be true. All the women in the neighborhood went wild about it, and from morning till night there was nothing but candle-drinking, for there was not a lady of quality in the neighborhood who did not visit Mrs. Cook when she got well enough to sit up. They poked their fore-fingers into the infant's chubby cheeks, admired its odd little legs, that kept jerking about as though it had swallowed quicksilver, praised its eyes, discovered impossible likenesses, rubbed its unfortunate head with gin to keep it from catching cold, and tortured its intestines with every sort of physic, to which, like all sensible babies, it exhibited the greatest repugnance. In short, the baby was a sovereign for the time being, Mrs. Coosypegs, the nurse, being its prime minister, and everybody else, father and mother included, its abject subjects and adorers. It was remarked as a somewhat strange thing that in the midst of this general joy, he, who it might have been imagined would have shared the most in it, became, soon after the birth of his child, moody, irritable, and more than ever inclined to seek the solitude of his study. Occasionally, indeed, he took his child in his arms, but after playing with it for a little time, he would look with unutterable sadness into its face, hastily place it in its nurse's lap, and with a deep frown quit the room. And now, sir," added Mr. Spiggott, "with your permission I'll fill the jug again."

That important operation having been performed, he imbibed a brimming glassfull, took three or four whiffs at his pipe, then gravely laid it beside him in the chimney corner, and proceeded with his story.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROPHECY.

"A GIRL, you know, sir," said Mr. Spiggott, "is never so happy as when she is dressing and undressing her doll, or acting the part of a little mother to it. It seems to be a practice designed for them by Providence against the time when they come to have babies in reality. Well, Mrs. Cook completely made an idol of little Ernest, for so he was named, after a deceased brother of his father, and though her husband was perpetually warning her not to set her heart too much upon the child, every day but seemed to increase her devotion to him. And little wonder that it was so, for he grew and throve wonderfully, passing through all the usual diseases incident to infancy with scarcely any inconvenience.

"As Mr. Cook became more and more engaged with his astronomical or astrological studies, it naturally followed that his mother was almost his sole companion. In her walks and rides through the beautiful scenery of Clifton he was never absent, and it was during one of the former that an adventure occurred destined to exert a remarkable influence on Ernest's future fortunes.

"In Leigh Woods, a beautiful and extensive belt of forest land which almost encircled the domain of Squire Cook, were very many charming walks, which afforded every variety of sylvan scenery. In one of the numerous glens and dells, named Nightingale Valley, from the number of those birds who frequented it, Mrs. Cook especially delighted to stroll with her little boy, now just seven years of age. That part of the country was then so quiet and peaceable that she never dreamed of needing protection, only the wild deer sprang occasionally across the green-sward, or the hare rustled among the dead leaves of the last autumn. In these walks and talks it was her delight to watch the dawning intelligence of the lad, and to afford him that culture which mothers know so well how to bestow. As yet, though his father was tenderly attached to Ernest, he had not commenced his part of the work of education,—but in all possible ways Mr. Cook was preparing to act as a tutor, for he had secretly made up his mind never to allow his son and heir to receive instruction away from home. It was in vain that Mrs. Cook urged the beneficial influences of a public school. For some reason, which he was either unable or declined to state, the father rigidly adhered to his plan of home tuition.

"One sunny evening in June, as mother and son were loitering in the Nightingale Valley, which I have alluded to, Mrs. Cook was startled by the sudden appearance of a gipsey woman, who, bursting through a light growth of underwood, confronted her in her path and boldly stood before her. Mrs. Cook instinctively

grasped her child's hand more firmly, and for a few seconds the lady and gipsey eyed each other keenly, while the little boy clung to his mother's robe, and trembled with fear.

"The gipsey was a splendid specimen of her singular race. In stature she was over the middle height, as erect as a palm tree, and in her motions as graceful also. Over her long, jet black hair, which fell in waves over her neck and shoulders, was fastened a scarlet hood, forming a rich contrast to their glossy luxuriance. Eyes, dark as jet, flashed and glowed beneath superbly arched brows, and her nose had that slightly aquiline formation which give a characteristic of command to the whole face. Proudly curled the short upper lip, just disclosing teeth as white as the purest of pearls. The chin was finely chiselled, and the whole head set upon a neck as flexible and graceful as that of the giraffe. A rich, olive complexion bespoke the Moorish origin of the stranger, and a brilliantly colored shawl encircling the waist added to her somewhat oriental appearance. For a few minutes neither spoke. The lady was the first to break silence.

"'Let me pass,' she said, softly but decisively, as she attempted to proceed, drawing her frightened child after her.

"'Will not the lovely lady first cross the palm of the poor gipsey?' asked the other, at the same time stretching out her hand.

"'Away, woman!' exclaimed Mrs. Cook, scornfully; 'if you dare further obstruct my path, on my return to my home these woods shall be scoured and every one of your vagrant tribe be scattered with blood-hound and gun.'

"'Alas! for poor Zingaree!' said the gipsey, mournfully; and then suddenly snatching the hand of the child, she regarded his soft white palm with flashing eyes. But for a few moments she detained it, then letting it fall, she looked scornfully into the mother's eyes, and exclaimed: 'Yes, with hounds and arms you may drive away the Zingarees, but you cannot avoid coming dangers, lady. I have read the book of fate—would you know aught of the secrets which are written on its pages?'

"'Legible only to your eyes, you would have me believe,' remarked the lady, disdainfully.

"'Even so,' replied the gipsey, as she lifted her hand and pointed to the stars. 'Nor am I the only one who consults yonder eternal oracles. Your husband, he, too would fain read their records of the future; but poor is his skill when compared with that of the poor wandering Zingaree.'

"Mrs. Cook knew well that her husband occupied much of his time in astrological speculations, but was not a little surprised that the gipsey also should be acquainted with the circumstance. The fact that she was so, somewhat staggered her, and she hastily asked to what coming dangers she had just now referred, at the same time slipping a gold piece into her hand.

"'Is it to me or to my child?' asked she, anxiously, after an interval of silence.

"The gipsey glanced from one to the other, and in a low, thrilling voice, answered:

"'To *both*!'

"'And the nature of it?' almost gasped Mrs. Cook, whose anxiety respecting her child had overcome all her scruples respecting the fortune-teller.

"'That I can only foreshadow—not foretell. I warn, though I cannot prevent.'

"'Warn—prevent! For the sake of Heaven, give me but some hint of aught dangerous to my child, and gold without stint shall be yours, of which this is but an earnest.' And she now placed a broad piece in the brown hand of the singular being before her.

"'Your hand, lady,' and Mrs. Cook resigned her delicate palm to the sorceress.

"Muttering some unintelligible words, she gazed at it long and anxiously, ever and anon indicating on it with her own forefinger various imaginary lines, circles and angles. At length, after a long pause, she thus spoke:

"'For thy son, lady, the perilous seven years of childhood are passed.'

"'There needs no sorceress to tell me *that*,' almost sneered the lady.

"'But,' continued the woodland sybil, scarcely heeding her, 'before seven years more shall have elapsed, a terrible and a heavy calamity shall befall him; and between his twentieth and twenty-first year his life will hang tremblingly for the balance of fate. Should he pass over his twenty-first birthday his life will be long, prosperous and happy.'

"The sorceress was turning away, when the lady caught her arm, and eagerly besought a reply to one other question.

"'Name it,' said the gipsey.

"'From what quarter is this last peril to be expected? In mercy, speak, if in your bosom are any womanly sympathies—if you know aught of the earnestness and depth of a mother's love.'

"'From a quarter whence it is least expected your son may receive a secret and a sadder blow, which it given will assuredly prove his destruction.'

"'From an enemy?' was the next eager question.

"'That I may not reveal. Farewell!' And the gipsey plunging into the copse was seen no more."

CHAPTER III.

THE FULFILMENT.

"But the tower, Mr. Spiggott, the tower," I just hinted to my landlord. "I want you to come to that, for you must know I am fond of legends connected with these particular structures. For instance, I was vastly interested in the mysterious round towers of Ireland; and then there was a tower on the Rhine in which the wicked Bishop Hatto was eaten up alive by rats, and—."

"I'm just coming to *our* tower, sir," quietly remarked my host, "and you will see presently that all this time I have been, as it were, laying the foundation of it."

"Good," said I. "And Mrs. Spiggott, shall I trouble you to replenish the flip jug?"

And Mr. Spiggott, having, after his draught, taken a few more whiffs apparently for the purpose of arranging his pleas, proceeded as follows:

"You may be certain that as soon as Mrs. Cook got home she made her husband acquainted with all that had transpired in Nightingale Valley. Instead of pooh, poohing it, as she expected, he lent a most attentive ear to her story, and at its conclusion remarked that it was very strange—very strange indeed.

"'I, too,' he said, 'had arrived at the conviction that great dangers threatened our dear son, but my astrological studies failed to indicate the precise period when they were to be expected. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and we must not fling aside the gipsey's prophecy as valueless.'

"And Mr. Cook repaired to his study where for many a day afterwards he made all sorts of wonderful calculations—covered innumerable sheets of paper with crabbed diagrams—committed astrological burglaries in the "houses" of almost all the planets, and attended to scarcely any other than zodiacal business. But with all his drawings, he found himself at the end of several years as much in the dark as ever. But he was an enthusiast, and when once on his hobby it was next to impossible to get him off it.

"And so time passed on. Ernest Cook grew in stature and in knowledge, for his father had secured him the best of tutors at home. Six years had elapsed and the gipsey's prophecy was almost forgotten, when a terrible and unlooked-for calamity indeed befell him. This was the sudden and totally unexpected death of his mother—and a greater trouble he could scarcely have known. Thus was the first part of the gipsey's prediction fulfilled, both as it regarded mother and son. Maurice Cook, as soon as he recovered from the profound grief into which the catastrophe had plunged him, with renewed energy resumed his astrological studies in the wild hope of discovering and warding off the peril which threatened his son's existence when his manhood should dawn. Besides this, he adopted the most stringent regulations with respect to young Ernest's pursuits and companions—indeed, the poor youth was under as strict *surveillance* as though he had been a Spanish lady, who was never allowed to be out of the sight of her duenna, instead of the handsome, dashing, mettlesome young fellow that in reality he was. He was forbidden sailing in a boat or swimming lest he should be drowned; he was not permitted to mount a horse lest he should be thrown. Shooting was especially forbidden, and in fact only one danger was overlooked,—he fell, neither into the water nor over a precipice, but what was much pleasanter, though almost as perilous, he fell desperately in love with the daughter of his tutor, who "broke the fall" so adroitly that only his heart was affected thereby. That species of heart disease does not, however, often prove fatal, and so old Maurice Cook rather encouraged the evident fondness of the young people for each other than checked it, because,—short-sighted old gentleman,—he thought the society of the charming little maiden would effectually prevent his son seeking other associations which might be dangerous or even fatal. 'Ah!' he would say to himself, 'let Ernest but safely get over his twenty-first year and then, bidding farewell to his boyish attachment, he will, from the great lottery of society, infallibly draw a prize better suited to his means and position than the daughter of a poor tutor.'

"Four years passed by in this way, and at the end of that period Mr. Cook's friends and neighbors were surprised greatly to find that he was building a tower on a high crag overlooking the Avon, the waters of the British Channel, and the distant mountains of North Wales. Although numberless questions were put to him, he failed to satisfy any one as to his object in building the tower in such an out of the way situation. Day by day it slowly rose, until at last it reached an elevation of nearly one hundred feet. It was completely isolated. There was one door at its base, and but one window near its summit. It was asserted that furniture was conveyed to the tower by night, and that the one chamber it contained was fitted up most luxuriously, but for whom and for what purpose nobody could with any approach to certainty conjecture, though many shrewd guesses were made on the subject.

"Like every one else, young Ernest Cook was utterly ignorant of his father's plans and purposes—in truth, he paid but little attention to the tower at all, so engaged was he in the pursuit of his darling Emily. In a little more than one year more, he thought, his forced constraint would be at an end, and then, careless of gipsey predictions, or indeed of anything else, the world which he panted to see would be no longer a sealed book, and Emily would be entirely his own. One evening, it was that immediately preceding his twentieth birthday, Ernest received a summons from his father to accompany him on a walk to the tower.

"'And Emily—may she not go with us this lovely evening? She is all anxiety to see what mysteries you have shut up there.'

"'Not so, my son. I have that to say which you alone must hear. Go and bid her adieu; but on no account let her leave the house to-night.'

"Maurice Cook and his son went forth and speedily reached the foot of the tower. Taking from his pocket a key, the old gentleman unlocked the massive door and entered, his son following. Slowly he led the way up the winding stairs, and when they entered the apartment above, young Cook burst into a paroxysm of delight at the scene which met his glance.

"'And for whom may this charming little apartment be intended?' he asked, after he had minutely examined the books, pictures, statues, and the other curious articles of luxury and convenience which were everywhere to be seen.

"'For you, my dear son,' was the reply.

"'My dear, dear father, how kind, how good of you to prepare such a surprise against my birthday. But see; in this alcove is a bed. Why, I declare, one could pass the night here, and fancy on looking from the window that the waking was to paradise!'

"'And now, Ernest, be seated, and listen attentively to what I have to say. You have ever been a good and obedient child, and I doubt not that you will never give me cause to say others so.'

"Ernest assured his father that he should never find him fail in the fulfilment of any filial duty. The old man then tenderly laid his hands on his head, and to the utter consternation of the youth, said

"'Ernest, for you I have built this tower—for you furnished this chamber—and I am now going to leave you in the sole possession of it. Here you will remain until you shall have passed over your twenty first birthday. Already you know the prediction of the sorceress—a prediction which my astrological researches have amply corroborated. To guard against the possibility of your being destroyed by any secret or open foe, and to prevent any mischance befalling you, I have determined to make this tower your home for the next twelve months.'

"'O, say not so, father!' almost groaned the agitated young man. 'I never, never shall be able to survive such a long captivity;' and he burst into a flood of passionate tears.

"'But you will not be altogether lonely. Every morning and every evening will I repair to the foot of the tower; and Emily, too, I imagine, will be no infrequent visitor there also. See, in this basket you will daily draw up such provisions and other matters as may be needful for you. So cautious shall I be that nothing hurtful may approach you, that the door below will be built up to-night. I know you will at first feel your confinement irksome, but with books and study the season of danger will speedily pass away, and you yourself will not hail with more delight than your father the morning after you attain your twenty-first year. And now my son, farewell. Since this thing must happen for your good, bear it patiently, as it is the only means I can adopt in order to preserve you to be a solace in my declining years.'

"The young man bowed his head in silence; but not for one moment did he rebel against an arrangement which he felt was made from pure love to himself. Soon the old man's step was heard descending the stone staircase. After a time, Ernest knew from peculiar sounds that masons were building up the doorway, and then resigning himself to what he could not avoid, he fell asleep, and woke not until the early sunbeams penetrated the one window of his lofty chamber.

"Day after day dragged slowly along with both father and son, who never failed, however, to see each other twice at least during the twenty-four hours. Every night and morning the basket descended and rose again, filled with food and wine, and at certain times, also, fagots of wood for firing were hoisted up the tower by means of the little windlass. Spite of the want of exercise, the young man's health remained good; indeed, he suffered far less than his parent, who, as the day of his son's liberation grew nearer and nearer, became anxious and irritable to a painful degree. At last, the evening before the twenty-first birthday arrived, and Maurice Cook and Emily stood at the bottom of the tower.

"'To-morrow at daybreak, dear Ernest, all fear will be at an end. As soon as the sun rises, I will be here with workmen to break down the stony barrier which keeps you from my arms, and we will return to our home together. Thank God! there is nothing now to cause anxiety. But be careful, Ernest, be careful; and as the night is chilly, I bethink me you had better draw up this last fagot which remains. Let down the rope and I will fasten it thereto.'

"'Nay, indeed, my father,' replied Ernest, 'the thought of soon rejoining you will afford me sufficient warmth. I pray you go home, and I will be up with the dawn to escape from my cage.'

"But the old man was urgent, so after he had fastened the remaining bundle of fagots to the cord, Ernest drew it up, and the window was closed for the last time.

"Scarcely had the sun risen next morning over the fair woods of Leigh, when Maurice Cook, accompanied by workmen, repaired to the tower in order to liberate his son. The dreaded year of peril had passed away, and his heart beat lightly as he anticipated once more clasping his beloved child in his now aged arms. To his great surprise, however, he observed on drawing near the spot that the casement of Ernest's room was still barred. He shouted aloud but received no reply, and at length, exhausted by his efforts, directed the masonry of the doorway to be broken down, which task was soon accomplished. But still the window remained closed, and an undefined tremor thrilled through the father's heart as he commenced mounting the staircase. All was still as death, and when he arrived at the chamber door not a sound indicated wakefulness or watchfulness within. He paused for a moment, a strange fear creeping over him. Then with one desperate effort he pushed the door open, and with a wild shriek sank on the ground insensible. For on the floor of his chamber lay, stark and cold, the body of his son, who but a few brief hours before he had left full of health and hope. Hearing his shriek, the workmen rushed up from below, and it was then discovered that both Ernest Cook and his father were numbered no longer among the living, for the latter had died of a broken heart.

"In that very last bundle of fagots which the old man had assisted on his son's drawing up, a viper had sought concealment. Warmed by the heat of the room, it had recovered from its torpidity and stung the unfortunate youth in the very last hour of his precautionary imprisonment, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the Gipsey of Nightingale Valley."

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Though we have previously given some views of this flourishing and interesting city, yet as there remained several striking points for illustration, we have continued the series in the present number. The drawings were all made expressly for us, on the spot, by Mr. Kilburn, and are as reliable for their accuracy as they are pleasing in pictorial effect. Our first view is of Clark Street Bridge, a very peculiar structure. This bridge swings on a pivot in the centre, and like the Lake Street Bridge, seems to be constantly in motion from the immense amount of passing on the street and the river. Indeed if our artist had introduced all the craft that at times crowd this point, he would have produced a confused mass of shipping. This bridge is a highly ornamental structure.—The second view is taken on Lake Street, one of the principal thoroughfares and business streets of the city. It presents a splendid array of fine, substantial and elegant structures.



CLARK STREET BRIDGE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The principal feature in our view is the Marine Bank building, an imposing pile, very finely proportioned and producing an impressive architectural effect. The bustle and vitality of this street is well characterized and delineated.—The railroad station of the Illinois Central and Michigan Central Railroads is a spacious structure and a noble specimen of architecture. The north part, of which we present a view, is somewhat irregular in detail, but not the less striking in appearance from that very circumstance. This immense building is situated on Water Street, and is the largest building of the kind in the United States. It is five hundred and four feet long, and one hundred and sixty-six and a half feet in width. The principal building is eighty-four feet high, and the roof is a self-supporting arch of thirty-six feet rise. The ticket-office occupies a conspicuous place near the main entrance, and near the spacious and convenient ladies' and gentlemen's waiting-rooms. There are eight tracks laid within the building. As a whole it is a model railway station, being in every respect superior to any in the country.—Our last view presents one among the many grain houses of the city, belonging to the Chicago and Galena Railroad. Its architectural appearance is quite unique, but well adapted to the purpose for which it was built. In the foreground is a primitive ferry-boat which was in use at the time our artist made his sketch.—Chicago has become the greatest grain-market in the world; the receipts for 1854 being 2,946,924 bushels of wheat, 6,745,588 of Indian corn, and 4,024,216 of oats, rye and barley; total, 13,726,728 bushels. Chicago is undoubtedly destined to be the chief commercial emporium of the northwest, a distinction it will owe to its commanding position. It is is difficult to believe that less than thirty years ago it was a mere trading-post amidst the wigwams of the red men. But in the history of our country, the marvels of fable are eclipsed by the marvels of reality. The wilderness literally disappears before the coming multitudes; cities spring up as if by magic; forests are obliterated as rapidly as if a whirlwind swept them from the face of the earth. The ingenuity and enterprise of man, aiding the bounties of Providence, will raise this country to a height of splendor and prosperity, the like of which the world never beheld before.

CIRCASSIAN SLAVES.

Although the slave trade has been nominally abolished in Turkey, and the public mart formally closed to this traffic, yet the practice of buying and selling has not been, nor will it ever be altogether abandoned, because the slave constitutes an essential element in the composition of their domestic institutions. There are two kinds of servitude in every house; one, the ordinary labor of domestic service; the other that of personal attendance; neither of which the free Mussulman women are willing to perform, because they will thereby be more or less brought in contact with men, which is proscribed by the Koran. The slave service, therefore, becomes necessarily indispensable with the Mussulmans, whose houses have hitherto been supplied with Circassian and Nubian slaves, the former being a species of ladies in waiting, and the latter performing the menial services of the household. The average price of the slaves is, according to the tariff at the custom-house, $500 for the white, and $100 for the black. They bring these prices when they arrive fresh from their native lands. Those of the Circassian who are, however, brought into the country in childhood, and carefully educated and trained in accomplishments, attain so rare a style of beauty and delicacy of appearance that they are frequently sold for $6000 or $8000. Though the restrictions upon the trade have forced Turkish families to employ Greek and Armenian women in their houses, yet there is always a demand for slaves. The Armenians having the same institution as the Mussulmans, viz., the harem, their maidens are prevented from entering any family as servants; it is only the old women, whose beauty has faded and gone, who are willing to expose themselves in this way. The Greeks, although not so scrupulous, are generally ignorant of the Turkish language, and altogether uncongenial in habits and ideas, so that they are unpopular. Slaves are still more indispensable in the palace, for the Mussulman prejudice is opposed to the introduction of any of the subjects who would thus come in contact with royalty. Besides, is his majesty to form an alliance with his subjects? The Circassian parents so long accustomed to the benefits derived by the advancement of their daughters to positions of comparative ease, will always be ready and anxious to supply the metropolis; and the traffic, notwithstanding the formal prohibition, is still continued at private houses in Top-hane. Circassian slavery in Turkey is not a condition of servitude. All the children who are born from odaluks are free, and they also render their mothers free; an odaluk may be sold alone, but never after she has become a mother. Besides the maids of honor or ladies in waiting, at the palace, are often bestowed in marriage upon pashas and other dignitaries, who thus consider themselves in some sense allied to royalty. One of their number was a slave to Valide Sultan. She was married to Mehmed Bey, the brother of the sultan's brother-in-law, with the idea of ameliorating her condition; but being very ill-treated by her husband, she had a petition written and presented it to her royal patroness, whereupon the valide summoned the husband, and reprimanded him in such a manner that he became exasperated, and having intoxicated himself with *racky*, or Turkish brandy, rushed into the harem, and plunged his dagger into the breast of the unfortunate wife. Sultan Mahmoud lost his favorite wife, and was so much grieved by her death, that he ordered her apartments to be locked up, and that no one should enter them; he only, spent some time there every day in solitary meditation upon his lost favorite. There was a slave girl, fourteen or fifteen years old, whose duty was to clean the bath belonging to these apartments. She was so curious to know why these rooms were always locked up, that she one day found herself on an exploring expedition by means of the private staircase. Finding the door open, she ventured to enter the apartment, when, lo! and behold! there was the awful Mahmoud himself. He said—"How dare you venture here—do you not know my express commands?" The terrified girl fell at his majesty's feet and craved pardon. She was so bewitching in this posture, that the sultan not only pardoned her, but invited her to meet him every day in the same place, till at last he ordered that the apartments should be appropriated to her, and she became the Fifth Kadun, and the mother of the present sultan! It is the idea of such honors which induces the Circassians to sell their daughters to Mussulmans.—*Oscanyan.*



LAKE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

HAVE A PURPOSE.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his recent address on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, endeavored to impress upon the minds of the students the value of a definite purpose in life in the following admirable language: "Having once chosen that calling which then becomes your main object in life, cling to it firmly—bring to bear upon it all your energies, all the information you are elsewhere variously collecting. All men are not born with genius, but every man can acquire purpose, and purpose is the backbone and marrow of genius; nay, I can scarcely distinguish one from the other. For what is genius? Is it not an impassioned predilection for some definite art or study, to which the mind converges all its energies, each thought or image that is suggested by nature or learning, solitude or converse, being habitually and involuntarily added to those ideas which are ever returning to the same central point, so that the mind is not less busily applying when it seems to be the most released from application. That is genius and that is purpose, the one makes the great artist or poet, the other the great man of action. And with purpose comes the grand secret of worldly success, which some men call will, but what I would rather call earnestness. If I were asked, from my experience of life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others or most commanded fortune, I should say earnestness. * * The earnest man wins way for himself, and earnestness and truth go together. Never affect to be other than you are—either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, 'I do not know.' Men will then believe you when you say, 'I do know.' Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, 'I cannot afford it,' 'I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me—I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away.' Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another—learn to say 'No' with decision; 'Yes' with caution—'No' with decision whenever it resists temptation; 'Yes' with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. I have frequently seen in life a person preferred to a long list of applicants, for some important charge which lifts him at once into station and fortune, merely because he has this reputation, that when he says he knows a thing he knows it, and when he says he will do a thing he will do it. Muse, gentlemen, over these maxims; you will find it easy enough to practise them, for when you have added them together the sum total looks very much like—a Scotchman."



DEPOT OF THE ILLINOIS AND THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROADS.

A DECLINING BRANCH OF COMMERCE.

In one branch of industry foreign competition is unmistakably distancing the makers of this country. We allude to the manufacture of watches. The demand for these useful articles has enormously increased during the last ten years. That increased demand has been mainly met by foreign makers, and not by the trade of our country. It is calculated that during the year 1825, not more than 200,000 watches were made in this country, while we find that the yearly production in the district of Neufchatel alone is upwards of 1,500,000. Why is it that in this department we are not equal to foreign competition? Mr. John Bennett, of Cheapside, who has been delivering some interesting lectures on "Women and Watchwork," tells us the reason, or rather the reasons, why. The success of the Swiss he attributes in the first place to the superiority of their art education, and in the second place to the employment of women in some descriptions of watch manufacture. The prompter of the reform is anxious that our artizans should be imbued with a higher taste, and that the labor of women should be taken advantage of in those branches in which the females of Switzerland are found to succeed so well. Of course any attempt to introduce female labor will meet with the opposition of the workmen, who would imagine that such a proceeding would be taking the bread out of their mouths. As experience, however, has proved, in the introduction of machinery, that the apprehended evil is a positive blessing to the working man, so would it be found in this case that the employment of females, far from injuring the male operatives, would ultimately tend to their advantage. By cheapening the production, the demand for watches would increase. The work would be classified as it is in Switzerland, and those portions of it requiring the greater manual strength would be given to the males, while those in which delicacy of manipulation is desiderated could be given to females. He is of opinion that the amount of work required of the men would be more than it is now. We think he is right, for the more we bring any article of necessity down in price, the greater is the consumption. Watches are now a necessity, and there cannot be a doubt that the cheapening of them would largely increase the demand, not only for home consumption, but for exportation.—*Clerkenwell News.*



CHICAGO AND GALENA GRAIN HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IMPROMPTU

Of Thanks to my Husband for his bountiful supply of Writing Material.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

When Borean winds around our dwelling roar,
And the sere leaf is fallen thick and fast,
Th' o'erwearied baskets pile their golden store,
And thicker garments ward the searching blast,
Ofttimes the game, the sprightly dance and song,
Convivial meetings, or reunions planned—
Disgust Old Winter, till he stays not long:
And hearts twine summer in their golden band.
But thou, my rural god, dost more than bring
Thy share of blessings to our household tree;
While I, thine empress, can but tamely sing
Poor sonnets for thy watchful care of me:
'Mongst various accessories of pleasure,
Thanks for those reams of paper—priceless treasure.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HENRY THE FIRST, BEAUCLERCK.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

"Henry, the youngest son of William the Great, was born in England the third year after his father's arrival; a child, even at that time fondly cherished by the joint good wishes of all, as being the only one of William's sons born in royalty, and to whom the kingdom seemed to pertain. The early years of instruction he passed in the liberal arts, and so thoroughly imbibed the sweets of learning, that no warlike commotions, no pressure of business, could ever erase them from his noble mind; although he never read much openly, nor displayed his learning, except sparingly. His learning, however, to speak the truth, though obtained by snatches, assisted him much in the science of governing; according to the saying of Plato, 'Happy would he the commonwealth, if philosophers governed, or kings would he philosophers.'"

Not slenderly tinctured by philosophy, then, by degrees, in process of time, he learned how to restrain his people with lenity; nor did he ever suffer his soldiers to engage but where he saw a pressing emergency. In this manner, by learning, he trained his early years to the hope of a kingdom; and often in his father's hearing made use of the proverb, that "an illiterate king is a crowned ass." They relate, too, that his father, observing his disposition, never omitted any means of cherishing his lively prudence; and that once, when he had been ill-used by one of his brothers, and was in tears, he spirited him up by saying, "Weep not, my boy, you too will be a king."

It appears that he was knighted by his father's own hand, at Westminster, during Pentecost, and then accompanied him to Normandy; where, as has been related, he alone of the brethren was present at the funeral of the great statesman and warrior, who, but for him, of all his conquests, would scarcely have had a grave.

Concerning this strange race of Normans, the brilliant and fanciful Michelet, who would he, perhaps, the best historian of early France, were he not too intensely a Frenchman of the old school, an English and German hater, to he trustworthy, has some remarks worthy all consideration; not the less so that they throw much light on the character of the clerk-king—by no means, however, monk-king—who is now under our consideration. "I have spoken elsewhere," he says, "of the origin of the Normans. They were a mixed race, in whom the Neustrian predominated by far over the Scandinavian descent."

This opinion, by the way, is questionable and undoubtedly exaggerated; as is also the stress laid, a few paragraphs below, on the French titles of the Norman followers of the conqueror. Undoubtedly the race was mixed; since the invading Norsemen brought few of their women with them, but took to themselves wives of the daughters of the land which they subdued. Still, the paternal element, the animus, the vigor, the education and the customs—as he subsequently admits, in regard to the fashion of their arms—were all Norse. Even to this day, Normandy betrays a large element, which is *not* French, and which has always displayed an inclination to mingle with the Cymric element of the adjacent province of Brittany, the population of which was almost identical with that of Wales, the Brittany beyond the channel. In regard to their names, the first Norse invaders had each but one name, as Rou, translated into French, Rollo, Odo, and other such, often qualified by some by-name, derived from a personal peculiarity, an accident of dress, or a trait of character—a Norman peculiarity which continued long after they had become Christianized, and taken to themselves territories and territorial denominations!

The French names to which he points so complacently as showing the Neustrian element in the Norman race, shows only that, having torn the lands and cities from the Neustrian owners, the Norse victors added to their own rude names, the title of the demesnes they had seized, with an intervening "*of*," proving the title to be distinctive only, as Odo *of* Bayeux, William *of* Normandy. The very Norman kings of England had, until the second century of the conquest, no surname; and the first they assumed, Plantagenet, was but a by-name, from the flower worn in their caps, the *Planta genista*, or broom plant, assumed as a token of humility by the proudest and most fiery race in Christendom.

"Undoubtedly," proceeds our author, "as seen on the Bayeux tapestry, with their scale-armor, peaked casques and nose-pieces, one would he tempted to believe these iron fish the pure and lawful descendants of the old pirates of the north. However, they spoke French from the third generation, at which period not one among them understood Danish. They were obliged to send their children to learn it of the Saxons of Bayeux. The names of William the Bastard's followers are purely French. 'The conquerors of England,' says Ingulphus, 'abhorred the Anglo-Saxon tongue.' Their predilections lay towards Roman and ecclesiastical civilization. We discern in them, as early as the tenth and eleventh century, the character, composed of scribe and legist, which has rendered their name proverbial in Europe. The famous Lanfranc, who raised the school of Bec to such celebrity, before he passed the strait with William and became in some sort the pope of England, was an Italian legist. A compound of audacity and stratagem, conquerors and chicaners, like the ancient Romans, scribes and knights, shaven like the priests, and good friends of the priests, at the beginning at least, they made their fortune by the church, and despite the church. They made it by the lance, and by *the lance of Judas*, too, as Dante says. The hero of their race is Robert l'Avise—Guiscard—the Wise."

This is in the main a true picture of the race—and of the royal race, more especially, all of whom, with one or two rare exceptions, such as John, Henry III., Edward II., and Richard III., who were accidental anomalies, naturally defective, were both brave and wise—wise, I mean, with the wisdom of the children of darkness; a wisdom, which in the Norman kings was a mixture of keen sagacity and deep craft, not untinctured with a dark hue of treachery.

In some the warrior, in some the scribe, in not one did the monk prevail. So long as they could use the monks, they were friends of them; but they never suffered the monks to use them, nor ever to interfere much with their vicious pleasures. Becket learned, when it was too late, that the edge of the knight's sword was too keen for the bishop's crozier. Priestcraft and popery never had much hold on the island soil; nor did interdiction or excommunication ever produce there the terror or the terrific results which it did on the adjoining continent.

Of the scribe-kings of England, Henry the First may be considered the first example; as of the monk-king, Edward, the last Saxon monarch, was the last dreary instance; for William the Conqueror, though largely imbued with the spirit of chicane, and as crafty as the craftiest, had far more in him of the warrior, and preferred ever to win by the hawberk and the lance, rather than by the ink-horn and quill; although doomsday book and sixty thousand knight fees made out of Saxon freeholds by one dash of his pen, showed what he could do when he turned his mind that way.

Rufus, also, although of the soldier, the hunter, and the reveller type, in the main, was not altogether impotent in the clerk department; as he showed when he raised an army of twenty thousand men, made them buy their discharges at the then enormous sum of ten shillings each man, and suppressed the rebellion, to meet which he had levied the men, at half the cost of a campaign; and again, when he took Normandy in pawn from his brother Robert for the sum of ten thousand marks, about the one-hundredth part of its value, raising the money with which to make the loan, by the easy device of stripping the shrines and altars of their gold and chalices.

Robert was the true type of the soldier-king, and the being so, though it kept him ever the favorite and chosen candidate of both the military and the priestly nobles, effectually prevented him from ever being a king at all. He sold his dukedom for ten thousand marks, in order to fit out a crusade against the Saracens in the Holy Land, performed feats of soldiership and courage never excelled and equalled only by those of Cœur de Lion; and, when he was offered, as his guerdon fairly won, the crown of Jerusalem, refused it because he could not be at the trouble of being king. Having received as his wife's dowry from her father, William of Conversano, a vast sum whereby to reclaim his duchy, he spent it in a few days in largesses to parasites and buffoons, and returned home powerless and penniless.

In the meantime, Henry, the clerk-king, had succeeded easily and quietly to the crown on the decease of William the Red. He had at once suppressed all the riot and debauchery of the court; put an end to all pillage and extortion; relaxed the extreme cruelty of the forest laws; annulled the illegal ordinances of his brother and his tool, Ranulf; remitted the taxes; released the prisoners; banished the flagitious from the vicinity of his palace; re-established the revenues of the land; and set himself to govern in earnest for the good of his people at large.

Therefore the nobles and knights, almost to a man, deserted him, when Robert returned and claimed the kingdom as his right; and all the Norman priesthood. For in England, the Normans had already fallen away much from the temperance and sobriety of their original habits, and subsided into the debauchery of the Saxons, mixed with a cruel licentiousness of their own, indulged at the expense of the conquered race.

Henry had married Matilda, the grand-niece of Edward the Confessor, a woman of character and virtue, and enforced the strictest decency and sobriety in his realm—whereupon they christened him Godric and her Godiva, in contempt for an order of things which they regarded as *God-government*, for such is the interpretation of Godric, and deserted in a body to his brother Robert.

Anselm, however, the primate, the Saxon bishops, and all the English, on whose fidelity he threw himself, stood staunchly to him. He raised a competent force, drilled his Saxon infantry with pike and shield, until he believed them capable of withstanding the thundering charge of the barbed Norman horse, and took the field to resist his brother, in defence of his crown.

But he had no thought of risking the chances of a field; so, calling to his aid his clerk-craft, he bought off Robert's claim by a promise of a pension of three thousand marks, on which the luxurious and careless soldier thought to pass years of idle enjoyment. Not a mark of it was ever paid. The very next year, he cheerfully surrendered it, at the request of his brother's queen, because she asked him for it.

This settled the question as regarded England; although, for a few years, turbulence and disaffection among many of his nobles, and the continued rebellions and risings of the Welch, kept him constantly at work with both head and hand, acting now the part of a knight, now that of a clerk; and it were difficult to say which with the most effect. With rare policy he bridled the rebellious Welch by the establishment of Flemish colonies, half military, half manufacturing, in Cheshire and Lancashire—the germs of the vast manufacturing and commercial wealth and enterprise of these regions at the present time. With equal courage and talent he put down the traitors, enforced the laws, established firm and constant order throughout England, which he thus made for the first time to wear the aspect of a regular and homogeneous government.

At first, he was severe in the infliction of punishment—but punishments *were* severe and cruel in those days, and, it may be, necessarily so. In the early years of his reign, mutilations were common, and the cutting off of hands and feet not an unusual penalty for the higher crimes.

It is to his credit, and goes to establish the necessity of the early rigor, as well as to prove the lenient and progressive character of his government, that in latter years, as his power became settled, as the realm gained tranquillity and order, and as crime decreased, he diminished the severity of his enactments, and substituted fine and imprisonment for mutilation and death.

Soon afterwards, loud cries and complaints from Normandy, which was still in pawn to the English crown, reached Henry's ears. Frightfully misgoverned by Robert, who, become utterly careless, imbecile and impotent to govern, gave himself up entirely to luxury, and was alternately the slave of his favorites, his monks, his enemies, any one, in a word, who chose to govern him, resigning his subjects to every species of extortion, cruelty and oppression,—the province cried aloud to the kingdom for aid.

The aid was given, some say, reluctantly by Henry, who was unwilling to deprive his brother of his patrimony. Others say, eagerly, as by one who but watched and seized the occasion which he had long coveted. The struggle was bloody but brief. Henry lost some of his bravest barons and best adherents; but he conquered all his opponents, and exacted bloody retribution.

It is the darkest spot on his character, that he held his conquered brother a lifelong prisoner in a fortress donjon, with none but sensual gratifications; for of mental pleasure he was incapable. He was not in chains, nor really in prison—in the loathsome and abject sense of the term—but he was detained a whole, long lifetime, in a building which he was not suffered to leave, though provided with means of amusement consistent with his safekeeping.

It was a hard and cruel fate for the bold, dashing, riotous crusader; a cruel doom to have been inflicted by a brother on a brother—but in that hard age, when men in similar positions were blinded and emasculated, it seems to have been regarded as a mild one. Certainly Robert was unfit to govern, possibly he was not fit to be trusted at large, with a due regard to the safety and peace of the kingdom. If it were not a crime and a stain on Henry's character so to confine him, at least the necessity was a misfortune.

A greater misfortune yet awaited him. He had two children by his wife, Matilda, besides many others illegitimate; a son William, a youth of rare promise, whom he idolized—a daughter Matilda, married to the greatest potentate of the day, the emperor of Germany.

Father and son were at Barfleur in Normandy, where they had been celebrating the young man's betrothal to the daughter of Foulke, Earl of Anjou. The day had been all festivity and joy; at nightfall they set sail for England; the king an hour or two in advance, in the royal galley; the boy to follow in a splendidly equipped vessel, *la blanche navire*, fitted on purpose for that gay occasion, and manned with the flower of England's and Normandy's young nobility.

Almost in sight of the father's galley, she ran upon a rock, off the *raz de gat*, and went down in deep water. The prince was got into the pinnace, and might have been saved; but he ordered the crew to put back, in order to save his natural sister, the Countess de la Perche, when the frail boat was submerged by the drowning wretches, and all were lost. William Fitz-Adhelm, the captain, who might have been saved on a floating spar which he had gained, drowned himself, rather than survive his trust and face his bereaved monarch. Only a butcher of Boulogne and Bertrand Count de l'Aigle survived to tell the tale.

Henry lived years, he prospered, he throve in policy, in consideration, in wealth, in greatness. He was the mightiest and the most highly reputed, as he was the wisest king in Europe. But he had no more sons. His heart was in the deep, deep sea, with him that he had lost. It is an authenticated fact, that he never smiled again.

When the emperor died, he recalled his daughter to her native land, and declared her his heiress. Dying, the first English-born Norman king of England, out of his realm, he was entombed at Rouen; and scarcely was he in his grave, before his daughter was robbed of her inheritance by Stephen, Count of Blois. She struggled for her birthright with a courage worthy of her race, and if she might not recover it for herself, she regained it for her son.

Henry was not a great man, but, for his time, he was a *good* man. He was a great king, because he was a *good* king, which is the greatest. England, which has had as few bad kings as any other kingdom, perhaps the world itself, has had few greater.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STORM-SPIRIT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Thou with the glaring eye,
Unseen, terrific form,
Spirit of wintry storm,
Say, whither dost thou fly?
Dweller of mountain caves, with winter's breath
Dost thou not come, and with him die his death?

Thou hast despair's deep tone,
Sweeping the leaden sky:
Ho! come to me not nigh!
Thou fright'st me with thy moan
Call off thy winds—seek now thy mountain home;
My casement's shut: to me thou shalt not come.

Dire enemy to man,
Æneas felt thy power,
When, in a dismal hour,
Thou overwhelm'dst his clan.
Notus and Eurus, servitors of thine,
Enraged old Neptune, moved by power divine.

A demon thou must be:
Good deeds are all unknown
To thee; thou mak'st earth groan,
And mov'st the mighty sea.
Man's works to thee are naught—thou com'st in gloom,
And fabrics fall as at the voice of doom.

Yet, in His mighty hand
Whose footstool is the earth,
Who gave to thee thy birth,
Thou and thy ruffian band
Are powerless. He speaks the potent word,
And lo! thy dismal notes are all unheard.

Then exercise thy rage!
Show thy destructive hand,
Sweep over every land,
Warfare with nature wage!
We know thy mighty power, thy purpose fell;
Storm demon! evil spirit, fare thee well!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EMPEROR'S DREAM.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Every one has heard the story of the "Children in the Wood"—how the father of the now immortal "Babes" died, leaving them to the care of a wicked uncle; how that treacherous guardian committed them to the care of two robbers; how the heart of one of these robbers became softened by their innocent prattle; how they fought, one killing the other; how the children, when deserted by the survivor, "wandered up and down," picking blackberries, and longing for the return of the robber; and how they died clasped in each other's arm, and were covered with leaves by little Robin Redbreast, who ever since has been an almost revered bird.

Some years ago, when travelling in Germany, I was forcibly reminded of this good old story, by one of the incidents in a legend connected with the beautiful cathedral in the old town of Speyer—I mean that part of the English tale in which the hesitation of the robber to shed the children's blood, is set forth. I will relate the German story as it was told to me by the chapel-master of the cathedral, and one in which the possible and improbable are equally blended in a manner we do not often meet with. It is, in fact, a veritable romance of history.

Conrad, the second emperor of Germany, was one of those terrible tyrants on a small scale, who, at the head of their bands of bold barons, rode roughshod over the rights and liberties of their subjects. Such sovereigns were common enough in that country some hundreds of years ago, and were as much objects of awe and dread then, as the paltry princes of the same land are of ridicule and contempt now. In the matter of rapacity, however much the manner of displaying it may be altered, much the same state of things exists in modern, as in ancient days; for the grim baron robbed his retainers without scruple then, and the grand duke derives his revenues from the gaming-tables now.

The Emperor Conrad had among the officers of his court, a nobleman named Count Coln, who on some occasion or other—no matter what—had the misfortune to fall under his high and mighty displeasure. As it was quite certain that if he remained at court, his head would take leave of his shoulders, or that he would be precipitated entire into one of those terrible *aubliettes* which are to this day to be seen among the ruins of almost every old German castle, Count Coln fled from the capital, and, with his young wife, concealed himself in a wretched hut in the recesses of the Black Forest, where they dragged out a miserable existence, their sole consolation being the real love which they felt for each other, and which adversity had not power to destroy.

Now it happened that the emperor, who was remarkably fond of hunting, in one of his excursions, got detached from the main body of his party, and with only a few attendants, sought to find a shelter for the night. By the merest accident, in the world, he chanced to discover the hut of Count Coln, who happened to be away at the time. As the emperor fortunately did not know the countess personally, he was of course ignorant of the former position of his poor-looking hostess, when he demanded her hospitality.

That very night, as the emperor lay on his rude pillow, there appeared to him as in a dream, an old man of venerable appearance, who uttered these words:

"This night thy hostess will give birth to a son who shall become thy son-in-law and successor."

Conrad, however, again fell asleep, and forgot all about his dream and the prophecy, until the following morning, when one of his attendants entered his chamber and told him that during the night the inhabitants of the house had been increased by the advent of a little son. The emperor was exceedingly superstitious, and fearful that his dynasty might be obliterated, he determined, unlikely as it seemed that a poor peasant's child should succeed to his throne and dignities, to make assurance doubly sure by destroying the infant at once.

Accordingly he summoned two of his retinue, and having enjoined them to the strictest secrecy, revealed to them his diabolical plot. This was, to steal the child from the countess's chamber, carry it away into the forest and murder it. Stimulated by the promise of immense rewards, these wretches, after some hesitation, consented to perform the atrocious deed.

Conrad was as crafty as he was cruel, and that no imposition might be practised upon him, he stipulated that before the promised rewards were paid, the assassins should produce the child's heart, as proof of the accomplishment of the deed. This they agreed to do, and departed on their wicked mission.

Having managed to pour a strong narcotic secretly into the broth of the countess, they succeeded, during the deep sleep which followed, in stealing the child from her side. Wrapping the little fellow in a cloak, they left the hut, but before going into the forest, sat down at the foot of a tree close by, to refresh themselves with a flask of the red wine of Hungary.

While they were so employed, the cloak became disarranged by the struggles of the awakening infant. Its remarkable beauty immediately attracted the attention of one of them, and when the babe opened its little blue eyes, the man was so touched that his heart failed him, and he vowed that he could not perform the sanguinary orders of Conrad. His more savage companion vainly strove to reason him out of his qualms of conscience, and at length they both agreed to deceive the emperor and spare the child.

Unwittingly, Conrad had himself furnished the means of deception. At the door of the hut had been thrown, the previous morning, a quantity of game, among which was a very young fawn, which had been slain by one of his own imperial arrows. The attendants took from the body of this animal its heart, and exhibited it to the emperor as that of the child, which, in fact, they had left sleeping under the tree. The monarch, being more of a monster than anatomist, did not discover the cheat, and duly rewarded the supposed murderers.

The child had not long been exposed to the mercy of the elements, and the rapacity of wolves and wild boars, which abounded in that region, when Herman, Duke of Suabia, chanced, with a long train of attendants, to pass by and discover it. Attracted by the singular beauty of the infant son of Count Coln, he directed it to be taken care of, and at once adopted it as his own. It was carried to his castle, treated with the utmost tenderness, and every day the boy became dearer to his preserver and protector. In course of a few years, he grew up a handsome, frank-hearted, intelligent lad, the favorite of all who knew him, and the pet of the duke, who denied him nothing.

When the young count was eighteen years of age, the Emperor Conrad, in the course of a tour through his kingdom, paid a visit to Duke Herman at Suabia, and was so greatly struck with the appearance of the youth, that he took the first opportunity of questioning Herman concerning him, and of ascertaining how he came in possession of him. The duke candidly related the story, and the emperor at once suspected, on comparing dates, that this was no other than the child alluded to in the prophecy while he slept in the hut in the Black Forest. Concealing his surmises, however, he pretended to take uncommon interest in the fortunes of the lad, and after much persuasion, induced the duke to transfer him to his service as page—a position which was at that day very often the stepping-stone to future greatness.

Away went the young count with the emperor, at the termination of the visit. As soon as Conrad arrived at his palace, he sent for the two attendants to whom he had committed the child, eighteen years before, and at once charged them with having practised a fraud upon him. Terrified by threats of being put to the torture, they confessed; but on condition of their keeping the matter secret, they were dismissed from his presence with a mere rebuke.

Determined to avoid the threatened calamity, Conrad now employed all his time in devising the best means of ridding himself of the lad without attracting suspicion of foul play on his own part. In the meantime he treated the young count with great apparent kindness, so as to throw him completely off his guard; and, to publicly show his regard, he one day informed him that he should have the honor of being the bearer of a special and very important despatch to his empress at Aix la Chapelle.

The despatch was prepared, sealed with the imperial arms, and committed to the charge of the young page, who was directed to spare neither whip nor spur, and to deliver it into the empress's own hands. Poor youth! little dreamed he that he was the bearer of his own death-warrant,—for the sole contents of the despatch were the following words:

"To the Empress,—As you set a value on your own life, see that the bearer of this be secretly and speedily destroyed.

Conrad."

For several days the messenger travelled with all speed, until he arrived at the city of Speyer, where, in order to rest himself and horse, he lodged for a night at the dean's house. This reverend official was greatly delighted with the young gentleman, who, on his part, was not a little annoyed by the inquisitiveness of his host. The dean, for some reason or other, was excessively desirous to know what the contents of the despatch were; but as the young man, not being himself acquainted with them, could not divulge them, he was compelled to resort to artifice to satisfy his desire.

That night, when the tired messenger was fast asleep, the dean stole softly into his chamber and took the packet from the pocket of his travelling dress. Carefully opening it so as not to break the seal, he read the contents. The good man was aghast with terror, and at once determined if possible to secure his guest from so terrible a fate. To accomplish this, he took another piece of parchment, and in a hand-writing as much like the emperor's as he could make it, wrote the following:

"To the Empress,—As you value your life, see that the bearer of this is secretly and speedily married to our daughter.

Conrad."

The dean then re-sealed the letter, placed it in the messenger's pocket, and the next morning the youth proceeded to Aix la Chapelle, and delivered it in person to the empress. Her majesty did not dare disobey the commands of her lord—and the daughter, when she saw the handsome young page, did not feel inclined to; so the archbishop was at once sent for, and young Count Coln was metamorphosed, much to his own astonishment, into a married man.

As soon as the emperor learned that his menial had wedded his daughter, he was greatly irritated and dismayed, but when it was told him that the young man was no peasant, but the first son of Count Coln, he forgave and restored the latter, and raised his son-in-law to be co-regent of the government—thus fulfilling the prophecy.

Out of gratitude to the dean, who had prevented him from spilling innocent blood, he made him chancellor, and founded the imperial vault in the minster of the magnificent cathedral of Speyer, over the door of which, to this day, is a tablet recording the fact of its being designed as the burial place of himself and all of his family who might die on the western side of the Alps.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Serpents are said to obey the voice of their master. The trumpeter-bird of America, follows its owner like a spaniel, and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, protecting them in the field all day from birds of prey, and escorting them home at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as the privileged bird. The chamois, bounding over the mountain, are indebted to their safety in no small degree, to a species of pheasants. The bird acts as the sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man, it whistles, upon hearing which, the chamois, knowing the hunters to be near, sets off at full speed. The artifices which patridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young, may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivance of the hind, for the preservation of her young; for when she hears the sound of dogs, she puts herself in the way of the hunter, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns. Instances of the effect of grief upon animals, are no less remarkable. The writer already cited says—"I knew a dog that died of sorrow at the loss of his master; and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months, on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediately resumed its song." Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary, which, while singing to a mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female left the nest, and finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side—*Notes and Queries.*

LIVING WITHIN ONE'S MEANS.

We are beginning to hear again the cry of "hard times," "awful hard times." There is more truth than fiction in the cry, all will admit. How can the "times" be made easier? How can the intense "hardness" be taken out of them? There is one sovereign remedy,—as a general thing it is a cure-all. Let every one live within his or her means. Cut off your luxuries. If your income is four or five hundred dollars, conform yourself to your circumstances. Don't let your manner of living be as expensive as if your income was one thousand dollars. Let your rents, your dress, your food, your pleasures, be curtailed. There is no honesty in living beyond your means. If it costs you one thousand dollars to live, when your means are only five hundred, the excess is sponged out of those who give you credit. There is no policy in thus living beyond your means. For your credit will soon be exhausted, and you will then have "a hard road to travel." But extravagance in living is not the only cause of "hard times." The abuse of the *credit system* is another cause. Too many are allured by it to desert the farm for the store, and employments and business that are already over-crowded. There are too many consumers and not enough producers,—too many go-betweens in business. There is too great a rush from the country to the large city,—too great a desire to gain a livelihood by any other process than that entailed upon us by the primeval curse,—"the sweat of the brow."—*Nashua Gazette.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

LIEUT. GEORGE H. PREBLE, U. S. N.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee and Case of this city, and is pronounced a good likeness. George H. Preble, a son of Captain Enoch Preble (who was a brother of Commodore Edward Preble), and a grandson of Brigadier-General Preble, was born in Portland, Maine. Educated at the public schools of that city, he entered a bookstore at the age of fourteen, but obtained a midshipman's warrant in 1835, and sailed from New York on his first cruise, in the frigate United States, in the spring of the following year. After visiting Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Alexandria, Tyre, Sidon, and other noted places, he came back in the ship, in November, 1838. He served on board the Warren on the West India Station. Returning, he joined the naval school at Annapolis, subsequently passed his examination, and was sent on the Florida expedition under Lieut. McLaughlin, and did good service. After a year's arduous service as an acting lieutenant along the Florida shores and keys, and in the everglades, hunting Indians, he returned to Norfolk with the squadron, crippled and an invalid from the exposure he had been subjected to. He arrived home just in time to watch his father's death-bed, and after a few weeks' rest, still lame, was ordered to the receiving ship Ohio at Boston, where he continued through the winter and until the May following, when he was appointed acting master to the U. S. sloop St. Louis, now equipped and ready for sea at Norfolk. He sailed in her for the East Indies—was appointed an acting lieutenant on board soon after she left the United States, and remained in her through 1843 and 1844, and until her return to Norfolk in Sept., 1845. Lieut. Preble was in China during the negotiation of Mr. Cushing's treaty with China, and at that interesting time was sent to Canton in charge of a party of marines for the protection of the American Consulate and residents, during some local disturbances. This was the first American armed force ever landed in China, and for the promptness with which it was despatched at such a delicate time, Capt. Tilton received a handsome service of plate from the merchants of Canton. At New Zealand, the St. Louis in 1845 performed good service. On the return of the St. Louis to the United States, Lieut. Preble was married, in November, 1845; but in the following spring, when war with Mexico was declared, he was ordered to join the schooner Petrel as acting master, at New York. The Petrel was a small gun boat purchased for the war. In her he proceeded to the seat of war in the Gulf of Mexico, where he was actively employed in the squadron under Commodores Conner and Perry. He was present at the surrender of Alvarado, Laguna, Tampico, and at the bombardment and capitulation of Vera Cruz and the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. After the fall of Vera Cruz, his health being impaired by the climate and harassing nature of the service of blockading in so small and contracted a vessel as the Petrel, he returned home in the Ohio ship-of-the-line, an invalid. He was soon after his return promoted "a master in the line of promotion," and in February, 1848, received a commission as a lieutenant, and at the same time orders to the United States ship Saratoga; and returned in her to the gulf before the final declaration of peace, and witnessed the re-embarkation of our troops on their return from Mexico. After a year's service, with his health again impaired, he was compelled to leave the station. Greatly benefited by the journey from Pensacola by New Orleans up the Mississippi River to Ohio, and having partially recovered, he was ordered to the United States Coast Survey. He remained on that duty until February, 1851, when he received orders to join the frigate St. Lawrence, the ship that took to England the American contributions to the World's Fair. On her return to New York he was at once, without the usual leave of absence, re-ordered to the coast survey, and continued on that duty until ordered first to the Vermont and afterwards to the Macedonian, and sailed in the latter ship for China and Japan. While on that station he assisted in the various surveys of bays and harbors, and improved the navigation of the Yang-tse-King, by placing a lighthouse, buoys and marks, and furnishing full and complete sailing directions for the navigation to Shanghai—a work of immense importance to the commercial world of England and America. He commanded for eight months the chartered steamer Queen, a little vessel of 137 tons, and armed with four four-pounders and a brass howitzer or field carriage, employed for the protection of Americans at Canton during the disturbed state of the country consequent upon the rebellion. On relinquishing the command, he went to Shanghai in the Macedonian, and on board steamer Confucius, with thirty men from the Macedonian, assisted in the safe convoy of 270 Chinese timber junks from Chowfoo to Ningpo, incidentally destroying five pirate boats on the route. He returned in the Macedonian in August, and has recently been appointed Lighthouse Inspector of the First District, extending from Eastport, Me. to Portsmouth, N. H. Lieut. Preble has been a little more than twenty-one years in the navy, sixteen of which were on sea service, two on other duty and only three years unemployed. He enjoys a well-earned reputation as a gallant and accomplished officer, reflecting honor on the name he bears.



LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. PREBLE, U. S. N.

THE PIFFERARI AT ROME.

The picture below is a striking characteristic street scene in Rome. A group of "Pifferari" or itinerant musicians are playing before a niche enshrining a statue of the Madonna and infant Saviour. One, dressed in his sheepskin coat, performs on a sort of clarionet, the instrument of another is the bagpipe, while the boy who makes up the group is simply furnished with a triangle. A Roman peasant woman and her boy glance at the trio as they pass along. In the distance we have a sketch of the architecture of the "Eternal City,"—the marvellous dome of St. Peter, the structures of the middle ages that surround it, with the bridge of St. Angelo spanning the tawny Tiber. Few artists have passed any time at Rome without sketching the "Pifferari," with their peculiar type of physiognomy and dress.



THE PIFFERARI AT ROME.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. P. S., Boston.—The Spanish Armada assembled for the conquest of England, by Philip II., of Spain, consisted of 130 ships, carrying 2650 guns, and having on board 20,000 soldiers, besides volunteers and 8000 seamen. You will find a very interesting account of this formidable expedition in Robert Southey's "Naval History of Great Britain."

SUBSCRIBER.—We have no data on which to base replies to your questions.

R. H. W., Bethlehem, N. H.—No such paper is now published.

ANTIQUARY.—The best collection of books relating to genealogy, heraldry, armor, etc., in this neighborhood, is a private library owned by Mr. B. Homer Dixon.

C. C.—The total population of Paris within the walls, in 1851, including the troops and foreigners, was 1,053,262.

S. M. C.—A decree of the council of Trent provided that an abbess or superior of a nunnery must be forty years of age, and must have been a professor of religion for eight years.

B. T.—The ancient poets of the Celtic tribes were termed bards by the Roman writers. The etymology of the word is uncertain.

SOLDIER.—The arquebuse, or harquebuse, was a sort of hand gun used by infantry before the invention of muskets. Gunsmiths are still called arquebusiers in France. The barbarous English words hackbut, hackbutteer, which we find in military language in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are derived from arquebuse, arquebusier.

X. L.—Venus, being an inferior planet, is never seen in opposition to the sun.

M. M.—There are 29,000 dealers in food and drink within the walls of the city of Paris.

SCHOLAR.—The application of the term regicide to the members of the commission that passed judgment on Charles I., of England, is a violation of the moral sense which judges unerringly of the actions of men. It is a perversion of truth to class Vane with such assassins as Ravaillac and Fieschi.

M. D.—The two largest obelisks in Egypt were erected by Sesostris, in Heliopolis. They were formed of a single block of granite, 180 feet in height.

HART II., Concord, N. H.—The "P. P. C." on a visiting card signifies "to take leave," the letters being the initials of the French phrase, *pour prendre congé*.

FOWL, Charlestown, Mass.—We should advise you by all means to take lessons of a riding-master, who will teach you how to sit on a horse, and handle your reins—the mechanical part of equestrianism. After gaining some confidence in the ring, you must take the road—but we object decidedly to ladies scouring the country alone, like Lady Guy Spankers.

PAUL PRY.—We decline answering the question about Mrs. Fanny Kemble's age. Women and music should never be dated. The lady is in the full plenitude of her charms.

CRITIC.—Dramatic music was introduced into France about the year 1645.

V. H.—In the rural districts of Scotland, a house with its appurtenances is still styled "the town."

T. C.—The ancient Saxons adored the female deity of the Elbe, and the belief in undines, or water spirits, still exists in that region. The Saxon peasants report that an undine is often met in the market-place of Magdeburg, dressed as a girl of their own class, but always to be known by having one corner of her apron wet.

S. S.—In the account of Parry's third Polar expedition, it is stated that two persons could hold a conversation across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6696 feet, or about a mile and a quarter.

"RENDITION."—This is a new phrase introduced into theatrical criticism. We read that Mr. So-and-so greatly distinguished himself by his "rendition" of such a character. It means "giving up." So that a "rendition" of Hamlet's father would be literally "giving up the ghost."

A CURIOUS BOOK.—An Englishman, who has been in the habit of collecting the "answers to correspondents" from the various newspapers, for a series of years, has published them in a well-arranged volume that proves highly interesting and instructive.

SPLINTERS.

.... The recurrence of hard times is mainly attributable to improvidence on the part of our people in fast living.

.... The reactionary movement against crinoline has not been successful in Paris, the Empress Eugenie receding.

.... Only think of it! William Keenan, a respectable man, died lately in New York city from actual starvation.

.... A fatal distemper among the horses has recently carried off some very valuable animals in New Bedford, Mass.

.... A swindler has been obtaining money in Salem for an "Old Ladies' Home" by a forged list of names.

.... Wesley thought thirty minutes long enough for a good sermon, and too long for a poor one.

.... Adam Clarke said the reason the Irish made so many bulls, was because they thought faster than they spoke.

.... The largest national church in the world is the Greek Church of Russia, with some forty-five millions of people.

.... A bear was lately killed near Amisville, Va., in a running fight of ten hours. He weighed 417 pounds.

.... Chris. Lilly, who killed McCoy in a prize fight on the North River, a few years since, is a prisoner of the Costa Ricans.

.... The White House is an unfit residence for the President of the United States; the place is unhealthy three months in the year.

.... Dr. Rae is building a schooner for Arctic exploration, but has no idea of Franklin's being alive.

.... Congress has appropriated $100,000 for the erection of a United States court house in this city.

.... Mr. Pierce's cabinet was the only one that ever remained unchanged during a whole presidential term.

.... Apuleius said the "art of living is necessary to all men," which is not the case with any other art.

.... The emperor and empress of France both set the example of smoking, in the interest of the tobacco trade.

.... Grant Thorburn has completed his 85th year, still enjoys life, and has command of all his faculties.

.... Another vessel is loading at Chicago for Europe; her voyage will comprise internal and ocean navigation.

.... There are twenty-four hospitals and asylums in New York city, whose charities are equal to its wealth.

.... Near the western limit of Jefferson County, Texas, is a fountain of natural lemonade. Queer but true.

.... The amount of banking capital in New York city is $59,263,000. The number of banks is forty-six.

.... Lord Bacon says, among his other wise apothegms, that "children cause one to lose the fear of death."

THE PRESS.

The mightiest engine of civilization in the present day is the press. It has tended, more than any other power, to produce those eventful changes in modern society and government which have taken place within a century. But a century and a half only has elapsed since the introduction of newspapers. At first their progress was slow, and their character but little elevated; but they have gradually come to be the instructors of the world in all that is important in public and private affairs, and even in art, literature and science. In England, the London Times wields a power not inferior to that of the throne itself. So intimately interwoven are the fortunes of a free press and the liberties of a nation, that the very first precautionary measure of an aspiring despot is the muzzling of editors and printers.

In Russia, in Austria and in France, there is no such thing as a free press. The czar of the first and the emperor of the last agree in their efforts to emasculate and chain the press. The first Napoleon was afraid of its power and crushed it, and the second has so hedged it with restrictions and measures that it is anything but free-spoken, a mere echo of the chief of government, a shadow without a substance. Periodical publications and newspapers have been established in the most remote parts of the world,—in India, Iceland and the Cape of Good Hope. At Honolulu, a very handsome and well-filled paper is published, and we are constantly receiving some admirable specimen of typographical art and editorial ability from the most out-of-the-way places.

The United States is the country *par excellence* for newspapers. Their number is legion. Almost every considerable village has its local press. In the youngest settlements, they start a newspaper when they build their first church and school-house, and plant their first cornfield. A peculiarity of the war with Mexico was the establishment of newspapers wherever our arms were carried. There were plenty of men in our armies who could handle the rifle and composing-stick with equal dexterity. "Does there happen to be a printer here?" asked poor dear old General Scott, on one occasion, when he wished to have a proclamation "set up." A printer! Fancy his simplicity. More than two hundred sturdy typos stepped two paces to the front at the summons.

It is a matter of regret that papers were not established many centuries ago. What precious legacies to modern times would have been illustrated papers contemporary with the great events of the old world's history—an illustrated "gazette of Sparta, when Xerxes was on the Hellespont, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ!"

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

Elopements are not very common now-a-days, when women have become such very *dear* creatures, that matrimony is getting too expensive. But we heard of a couple the other day who ran off to New York to get married, and came back to the bride's house, where she humbly sued for the forgiveness of her father, the cruel "parient," kneeling at his feet, all Honiton, crinoline and tears. "Forgive—forgive me, dearest father!" sobbed the lovely suppliant. "Forgive you!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Why, I'm only too glad to get rid of you; and I should have favored your wishes, if I had not known that you were so contrary, that if I'd encouraged you in the least, you'd have refused the man of your heart. Your ill temper, extravagance and idleness have been the plague of my life, and make your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. So take her," added the old gentleman, generously, addressing the happy man, "and may you be happy!" "Plunsy the feelinks" of the interesting young gentleman, on being thus assured from the lips of the most competent judge in the world, that he had "caught a Tartar," and "married in haste to repent at leisure."

FRUIT TREES.—One of the largest nurseries in this vicinity is that of Mr. George W. Wilson, at Malden, Mass. It is particularly rich in pear trees, which Mr. Wilson has made a speciality, having originally commenced raising them from a love of horticulture. He has every desirable variety, and the thrifty condition of his trees shows that he thoroughly understands growing them. All orders by mail and express are punctually attended to. Mr. Wilson does an immense business in the tree line.

LADIES' BONNETS.—An old poet, speaking of the extremes to which a lady is compelled by following the fashions, says:

> "To-day right jauntily a hat she wears,
> That scarce affords a covering to her ears;
> To-morrow, haply searching long in vain,
> You spy her features down a Legborn lane."

TARTAR HOSPITALITY.—The Tartars pull a man by the ear when they want him to drink, and keep pulling until he opens his mouth, when they pour down the liquor. We know some Christians who do not require so much pulling and hauling to make them admit the enemy.

REMOVAL.—Mr. Samuel French, our agent for New York city, has removed from No. 121 to No. 122 Nassau Street, up stairs, where all the back and current numbers of our publications may be found.

CHINESE SUGAR-CANE.—George Wilkins Kendall, writing from his farm at New Braunfels, Texas, to the New Orleans Picayune, speaks enthusiastically of this plant from his own experience.

LOVERS.—A noted coquette once said, "with regard to a lover, one and one do not make two, but fifty, more or less. It is not true that arithmetic is a positive science."

PARTINGTONISM.

Our venerable friend, Mrs. Partington, has made all the world merry with her amusing murders of the King's English. Before her, Mrs. Lavinia Ramsbottom, in Theodore Hook's famous "John Bull" newspaper, accomplished the same thing, and yet further back, Mrs. Malaprop, in Sheridan's Rivals, the lady who said "caparisons are odorous," achieved the same success. We know an actual character who was constantly making as many and as rich verbal balls as either of these illustrious personages. He was, once upon a time, we remember, warned to appear on the training field, "armed and equipped as the law directs," but being sick about that time, procured a surgeon's certificate to the fact, in order to avoid the payment of his fine. He had, however, neglected to secure the certificate of the commanding officer, and legal measures were resorted to in order to obtain the forfeit. Our hero resisted the claim, and undertaking his own defence, made the following brilliant argument, taken down by a reporter at the time, *verbatim et literatim*:

"Perhaps I know about as much of millingtary business as anybody hereabeouts. I tell you I acted proper and correct in all I done. I was sick, and I goes to a surjint, obscures his pacificate to the defect; and I tell you its immaticular whether the demanding officer does or does not put his signiticant to the pacificate, and you can't neglect the fine out of me for non-existence."

The same brilliant gentleman, speaking about some differences between a clergyman and a part of his parishioners, said: "For my part, I think a minister ought to preach so as to satisfy all his confectioners." Our friend always persisted in calling a dedication a "resurrection," and nothing could convince him that the Cuchituate water was not dispensed in the streets by means of "hydras," although Hercules is generally supposed to have extinguished those unpleasant animals.

THE PLOUGH.—It is not known where the man who invented the plough was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

VERY CONSIDERATE.—A proposition is on foot in Belgium to appoint a surgeon for every railroad station, to take care of the dead and wounded as they are brought in. They must look for plenty of customers.

QUEER EXPRESSION.—A critic, speaking of a large house attracted by an operatic performance, says that the audience "saturated" the building.

A GREAT CITY.—The consolidation of New York with Brooklyn, L. I., and the towns in King's county, which must eventually take place, will make it one of the largest cities in the world.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—This part of the continent must be a rare place for farmers, as four crops of Indian corn are produced annually.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Joseph Dow, of Roxbury, to Mrs. Caroline A. Riley; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr Samuel Fell to Miss Catherine Smith; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John Morris, late of California, to Miss Rosanna Coyle; by Rev. Dr Blagden, Mr. C. W. Taylor to Miss M. A. Shaw, of York, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Sykes, Mr. George H. Sables, of East Boston, to Miss Caroline Briggs, of Scituate.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Goodhue, Capt. David H. Loring, of Middleboro', to Miss Susan Downes.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Bagnell, Mr. Milan W. Atwood to Miss Amanda M. Lincoln.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Bradley, Mr. Henry M. Sawyer, of Boston, to Miss Carrie E. Bartlett.—At Lawrence, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Schuyler Smith to Miss Maria J. Allen.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Augustus Buxton to Miss Isabella I. Creamer.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. William Thompson, of Swampscot, to Miss Mary Glass.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. George Foster, of Boston, to Miss Dollie P. Whitebee.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Bowers, Mr. Archibald Cameron, of Boston, to Miss Helen E. Carswell.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. George Watts to Miss Emma Drake.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Sylvanus A. Macomber, of Fall River, to Miss Eunice M. Bray.—At New Orleans, Capt. T. Henry Lefavour, of Salem, Mass., to Miss Margaret Rezeau.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Martha Y. Langley, of Halifax, N. S., 26; Mr. Lemuel Palmer, 29; Mr. Stephen B. Stratton, 26; Mrs. Abby T. Torry, 21; Miss Mary Phillips, 66; Miss Catherine F., only child of Hon. Edward Kent, of Bangor, Me., 13; Mrs. Sukey Daniels, 90; Mrs Lefy B. Brooks, 34; Mr. John Stewart, 82; Mrs. Elizabeth Billings, 74.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Emeline P. Wallis, 35.—At Charlestown, Miss Mary D. Edmands, 17.—At Somerville, Mr. Clark Bacon, 48.—At Chelsea, Miss Joanna A. Haven, 30.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Hope T. Dickinson, 43.—At Dorchester, Mr. William Worthington, 73.—At Malden, Mr. John Kempton, 60.—At Milton, Mrs. Abigail Adams, 84.—At Longwood, Hon. Warren Dutton, 82.—At Waltham, Mrs. Catherine A. Peck, 28.—At Lynn, Miss Ellen Dorrety, 19.—At Salem, Mr. William Coombs, 84.—At Beverly, Mrs. Sally P. Prince, 71.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Sarah Salman, 77.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Rebecca Lesby, 82.—At East Salisbury, Capt. Moses French, 67.—At Amesbury, Mr. Eliphalet Merrick, 68.—At Worcester, Mrs. Zubah Bartlett, 97.—At Long Plain, Mr. Edward Wing, 85.—At New Bedford, Mr. Leonard Southworth, 62.—At Shelburne, Mr. Stephen Wight, 92.—At Winchendon, Mrs. Huldah Brown, 83.—At Hatfield, Mr. Elijah Bardwell, 81.—At West Springfield, Mrs. Delight Phelps, 84.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Susan, widow of the late Charles Pitman, 83.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GUITAR PICNIC SONG.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Morn upon the waters!
Our hearts are very gay;
With nature's sons and daughters
We'll dance a roundelay.
Greet them with a friendly smile,
And set their bosoms bounding;
Forsake convention for awhile,
And all the arts surrounding.
Hi, for the glen! Ho, for the plain!
Hey, for the mountain hoary!
Summer may not long remain
In masquerade of glory.

Sip thee of the fountain
Up-gushing from the plain,
Beside the shady mountain,
As morn beams o'er the main.
Paint thee with the dewy drops
Empearling from the roses;
Adorn thy wavy, golden locks
With wreath of woodland posies.
Hi, for the glen! Ho, for the plain!
Hey, for the mountain hoary!
Summer may not long remain
In masquerade of glory.

NIGHT.

Where grisly Night, with visage deadly sad,
She finds forthcoming....
Before the door her iron chariot stood
Already harnessed for journey new,
And coal-black steeds....
Her twofold team....
Did softly swim away....
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her betray.—SPENSER.

PINE SIMILE.

The weeping sea, like one
Whose milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up
The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek,
Goes back again and forces up the sand
To bury him.—CYRIL TOURNEUR.

SINGING.

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.—KEATS.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The effect of pictorial illustration is strikingly exemplified in the mental history of Alfred the Great, king of England. We are told that he was twelve years old before he could read; and that, admiring a beautifully illuminated book of Saxon poetry in the hands of his mother, she allowed him to learn by promising him the splendid book as a guerdon of success. Parents and guardians might take a hint from this.....Addison said that indolence was a stream which flowed slowly on, yet undermined the foundation of every virtue. Dr. Johnson used to pray fervently for strength to overcome his indolent habits.....Miss Benger tells a good story of a chemical professor in a northern university, who, in making an experiment, held a phial which flew into a hundred pieces. "Gentlemen," said the doctor, "I have made this experiment often with *this* very same phial, and it never broke in this manner before.".....The French have it among their old sayings, that "a good lawyer is a bad neighbor.".....Formerly, rings were given away at weddings. In Queen Elizabeth's time, one Kelly, at the marriage of one of his maid servants, gave away gold rings to the value of $20,000. Rather an expensive custom that!.....Melton, in his Astrologaster, says that it is a sign of ill-luck to find money; yet few people would pass by a quarter-eagle on the sidewalk for fear of the consequences.....We think twenty miles an hour slow travelling on a railroad train; but a writer of the reign of William III., of England, speaking eulogistically of the coaches, says:—"Here one may be transported without over-violent emotion, and sheltered from the injuries of the air, to the most noted places in England with so much speed, that some of these coaches will reach above *fifty miles* in a summer's day.".....Charron has a golden sentence—"Wisdom is not only to be gotten by us, but to be enjoyed." Many persons amass learning, as misers do gold, without ever employing it.....Sailors still cling to many curious superstitions. To throw a cat overboard, or drown one at sea, is still considered ill luck. Children are considered lucky to a ship. Whistling at sea is only permitted in a dead calm, because it is supposed to increase the wind. It is strange what vitality such absurdities have.....Dr. Thomas Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, was sitting at dinner with the Duke of Buckingham, whose chaplain he was, when the duke, noticing a goose opposite the divine, said he wondered why it generally happened that geese were placed near the clergy. "I cannot tell the reason," said Sprat, "but I shall never see a goose again without thinking of your grace.".....Horse-racing was established in the reign of James I., of England, and the usual prize was the silver bell. Hence the popular phrase, "to bear away the bell," as descriptive of success.....Coffee drinking is of quite recent introduction, comparatively. Evelyn, in his Diary, under date of 1637, says:—"There came in my time to the college, Oxford, one Nathaniel Canopius, out of Greece; he was the first I ever saw drink coffee, which custom came not into England till about thirty years after.".....Quin, the English actor, was very bitter sometimes. He was once delegated by the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, to make an apology for a dancer who was incapacitated from appearing. He addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am desired by the manager to inform you that the dance intended for this night is necessarily postponed, on account of Mademoiselle Rollao having dislocated her ankle—I wish it had been her neck.".....De Foe makes a remark in one of his works not inapplicable to Young America. "If any whimsical or ridiculous story is told, 'tis of an old woman: Those were brave days for young people, when they could swear the old ones out of their lives, and get a woman hanged or burned only for being a little too old—and as a warning to all ancient persons who should dare to live longer than the young ones think convenient.".....Soon after Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" was published, a young lady was asked if she did not greatly admire the style? Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style?—the style? O, sir, I am not come to that yet.".....We attended a country theatre once, where the pronunciation was exceedingly rich. We remember that "fatigued" was pronounced "fattygewed," "pageantry" styled "paggyantry," and "similar," "similiar.".....When we survey a well furnished library, the first thought that suggests itself is the immortality of intellect.....Sancho, prince of Castile, being present at a papal consistory at Rome, wherein the proceedings were conducted in Latin, which he did not understand, and hearing loud applause, inquired of the interpreter what caused it. "My lord," replied the interpreter, "the pope has caused you to be proclaimed king of Egypt."—"It does not become us," said the grave Spaniard, "to be wanting in gratitude. Rise up and proclaim his holiness caliph of Bagdad.".....Advice is the most dangerous commodity a man can deal in. We always dread to be asked for it; for if a person wishes to be universally hated, avoided and despised, he has only to give advice.....There is a good story told illustrative of excessive politeness. A French gentleman entered a chapel to perform his devotions, but found it was undergoing repairs; whereupon, to show that he had not been remiss in his duty and attentions, he pulled out a richly decorated pocket-book, and walking with great gravity and many genuflexions up the aisle, very carefully placed a visiting card upon the principal altar.....All our words of necessity are derived from the German; our words of luxury, and those used at table, from the French. Ox, calf and sheep, when alive, are called the same in English as in German; but when cooked, they become beef, veal and mutton, after the French.....A Scotch pastor recognized one of his female parishioners, sitting by the roadside, a little the worse for liquor. "Fie, fie, Janet!" said he. "Do you know where all druokards go?"—"Ay, sure," said Janet; "they just go whar a drap o' gude drink is to be got.".....Mr. Burton, the manager, received the other day a comedy from a Fifth Avenue gentleman, who politely informed him that he might have it for nothing. After reading it, Burton remarked drily, that the author seemed to know its exact value.....Maturin, speaking of the severity of literary labor, said:—"Moore is often a month working out the fag-end of an epigram. 'Pon my honor, I would not be such a victim to literature for the reputation of Pope, the greatest of them all.".....Charles II., of England, was spending a convivial evening with some friends, when one of the company stupidly enough thought it a proper time to press for a favor he had solicited. Charles instantly and very acutely replied, "Sir, you must ask your *king* for that.".....When Lord Muskerry went to Newfoundland, one George Rooke went with him as a volunteer. "George," said Lord Muskerry, one day, "I wonder you will not leave off your abominable custom of lying."—"I can't help it," replied Rooke. "Pooh, pooh!" said his lordship, "you can do it by degrees. Suppose you were to begin by telling one truth a day.".....It is a common observation, that unless a man takes a delight in a thing, he will never pursue it with pleasure or assiduity. *Diligentia*, diligence, is from *diligo*, to love.....Pope's line, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," is often quoted approvingly without reflection. Campbell, the poet, said:—"It appears to me as absurd to consider a little learning valueless, or even dangerous, as some will have it, as to talk of a little virtue, a little health, or wealth, or cheerfulness, or a little of any other blessing under heaven, being worthless or dangerous.".....We came across this passage in Perron, the other day:—"Lime applied to trees makes them put forth leaves and flourish, and produce fruit early, but then it kills them. Wine cheers and stimulates men, and makes them thrust forth flowers of wit; but then, there is no doubt, it shortens life.".....Zeno detected his slave in a theft, and ordered him to be flogged. The slave thought to escape by quoting his master's stoical doctrine against him, saying, "It was *fated* that I should commit this theft."—"And also that you should be flogged for it," was the ready reply of the philosopher.....Dr. Borney relates of some parish officers, that they applied to Snetzler, a famous organ-builder, to examine their organ and make some improvements on it. "Shentlemens," said the honest Swiss, "your organ be wort von hundred pound just now—vell, I vill spend voo hundred pound upon him, and zen he shall be vort fifty." Of course they didn't have it repaired.....The worth of everything is determined by the demand for it. In the deserts of Arabia, a pitcher of cold water is of more value than a mountain of gold.....A kind and thoughtful subscriber in Springfield, Vermont ("may his tribe increase!"), sends us a jar of maple syrup, some of his own manufacture—and a very pure and agreeable article it proved. Vermont is a great State, but not half so big as the hearts of its inhabitants.....The Rev. Mr. Alger lately delivered a lecture before the Art Club, of this city, the subject of which was "Life as a Fine Art." It was a production glowing with eloquence, and stamped with the purest originality. We suggest the publication of this series of art-lectures in a volume.....Somebody writes there is not a solitary beautiful woman in San Francisco. We suppose the wag meant to say they were all married.....The governor of Canton, China, must be a very nice sort of person, we think. During his brief period of office, he has beheaded over 70,000 persons. It doesn't appear to cost him much of an effort to go *a-head*.....When Booth was playing Richard III. at the old Tremont, and shooting for "a horse!" a Vermont jockey in the pit sang out, "Old fellow, I reckon I have got a first rate parade horse that will suit you down to the city stables.".....When reminded of their want of progress in agriculture and manufactures, the Spaniards relate a legend, that Adam, once upon a time, requested leave to revisit this world. Leave was granted, and an angel commissioned to conduct him. On wings of love the patriarch hastened to his native land; but so changed, so strange all seemed to him, that he felt at home nowhere till he came to Portugal. "Ah, here," exclaimed he, "sit me down here; everything here is just as I left it.".....The Hindoos are promised a thousand years in paradise for every hair of the head or beard they part with.....The sons of Chief Justice Marshall are now the largest landholders in Fauquier county, Virginia.....A master mariner, who went to sea four years ago, leaving his wife in Springfield, returned recently to find her married to another man. He had been shipwrecked on a distant coast, and she believed him to be dead. In the presence of the two husbands, the wife decided to cling to the second.....An oak tree, which was planted at Chattillon sur Seine (Cote d'Or), in 1070, by a count of Champagne, France, was struck by lightning last summer. It measured 7 1-2 metres in circumference, and up to 1830 bore acorns.....The heart sickens when it sees how many and how powerful are the causes in operation to pervert, crush and waste man's intellect, and to keep those powers grovelling in the dust which should be soaring among the stars.....Lady Bulwer's vulgar novel, "Very Successful," in which she satirizes her husband in the coarsest style, has had no other effect but to excite the indignation of his friends and contempt for the woman. Bulwer's speech at his inauguration as Lord Rector of the Glasgow University, was a splendid production.....Mr. Alger tells us that to insure prosperity, we should be prepared, by being well furnished, to reap advantages from every recurring emergency.....A man in this city, who has just reached his twenty-eighth year, recently married his third wife. He will certainly pass for a "marrying man" among the ladies.....Only a month ago, the northern part of Wisconsin was covered with snow forty feet deep. No wonder people are afraid that the Arctic circle is increasing in circumference.

Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh, and blood, and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.—*Thoreau.*

Health is the ground which great persons cultivate, whereby they exchange the light flying hours into golden usage. To them it is industry represented in its power; the human riches of time. The minute-glass runs willingly sand of centuries when great ideas are in the healthful moments.—*Wilkinson.*

Choice Miscellany.

WOMAN.

There is beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching. Timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man may not once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek. And, alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers, to the last—until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest. The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on, amid the heat and the hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.—*Bethmont.*

SNOW-BIRDS.

The snow-birds' habits are regular. As the sun gets fairly up, and their breakfast is over, they perch themselves on the warm southern side of the thick hemlock close to the window, and commence their sun-bath and their toilet. I have often called my children from their studies, to look through the muslin curtain at these bird-laden branches. The backs of the little tilters are of peacock-brown; but, with their white breasts relieved upon the dark foliage of the hemlock, as we look up at them, the gleam, at first sight, is like the confectioner's Christmas tree, with a gay gift on every spray. And their enjoyment of the sheltered warmth, while they stroke down their wind-tumbled feathers, is curious to watch so closely! We could look under the lifted wing, while the busy head plied its combing beak, and see every fold of down that was so daintily smoothed into its place. And, when the combing and sun-bath were over (a full hour, by their testimony, being nature's allowance for toilet-time), they gave themselves, apparently, a waking dream! With their little heads almost sunk out of sight between their feathery and fat shoulders, they sat motionless in the sun for a half hour or more—an after-breakfast reverie, apparently, while the cup of existence was at the full. Happy birds, to have the privilege of this hush-nerve idleness of morning—the instinct for which, so unforgotten even when long unlearned by habits of industry, is so prophetic of a life perfect without toil!—*N. P. Willis.*

HABITS OF MACKEREL.

The habits of these fish are very peculiar. And although they have been taken in immense numbers for three quarters of a century, their habits are not well understood. They often move in immense numbers, apparently filling the ocean for miles in extent. They are found near the surface. Sometimes they will take the hook with the greatest eagerness; at other times, not a mackerel will bite for days, although millions of them are visible in the water. They usually bite more freely soon after sunrise in the morning, and towards sunset in the evening. They all cease to bite about the same time, as if they were actuated by a common impulse. They are easily frightened, and will descend into deep water. It has often happened that a fleet of vessels lying off the cape, say a mile or two from shore, in the midst of a shoal of mackerel, and taking them rapidly on their decks, when the firing of a gun, or the blast of a rock, would send every mackerel fathoms deep into the water, as suddenly as though they had been converted into as many pigs of lead, and perhaps it would be some hours before they would return. They are caught more abundantly near the shore, and very nearly out of sight of land.—*Literary Repository.*

New Publications.

THE SULTAN AND HIS PEOPLE. By C. OSCANYAN, of Constantinople. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 456.

A very clever and vivid picture of Turkey and the Turks, by one who is singularly fitted to describe them—a native Constantinopolitan, liberally educated in New York. It is a perfectly reliable, very interesting, and very valuable book. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

HISTORY OF RICHARD I., (CŒUR DE LION) OF ENGLAND. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 336.

The life of the lion-hearted king of England affords ample material for a most interesting story—and Abbott has related it with his accustomed accuracy and felicity of diction. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

ABOUT RIGHT, AND ABOUT WRONG. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A collection of capital stories for very young children, beautifully illustrated. One of Harper's favorite picture-book series. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

VILLAS AND COTTAGES. A series of Designs prepared for execution in the United States. By CALVERT VAUX, architect (late Downing & Vaux, of Newburg, on the Hudson), with 300 engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

This work supplies every variety of plan for house building that an amateur of rural architecture, about to make a home for himself and family, could desire. There are elaborate details, estimates of cost, everything, in short, to be taken into consideration. The book is beautifully printed, bound and illustrated. Among the views is one of N. P. Willis's pleasant villa, "Idlewild." For sale by A. Williams & Co.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE BY SEA AND LAND. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 480.

This book is admirably compiled and got up, and embraces the whole history of Arctic adventure. We fully noticed it, with specimens of its fine engravings, in the last number of the Pictorial.

ELEMENTS OF PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY, ETC. By GERARDUS BEEKMAN BOCHASTY, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 189.

This work is by the professor of mathematics in the New York Free Academy, the author of scientific works that have given him a reputation. Besides plane and solid geometry, it treats of plane and spherical trigonometry, and embraces an article on inverse trigonometrical functions. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., we have received "O, Time is like a River," a canzonet; "One by one have passed away," a ballad; "The Memory of other Days," a ballad; "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," comic song; "Melange a la Valse," from the "Night Dancers;" Spanish Fandango, for the guitar; "Trab Song," for the piano, by Himmel. Novello's Cathedral Voluntaries, No. 4, and "O, Happy Home," from the opera of Haydee.

Editorial Melange.

The number of pupils now in Girard College is 302. During the last year, 27 were admitted and 37 apprenticed. —— George Sumner says in a recent lecture:—"The excessive use of saleratus is a cardinal cause of the American ill health. It is a deadly poison, the use of which should be shunned as the slaughterer of the infant and the destroyer of the strong man. —— It is estimated that upwards of fifty thousand persons were present at the Capitol, to witness the ceremonies of the inauguration. —— The ice crop for the use of New York city will be enormously large this year, beyond all former years. It is to be hoped the companies will find it in their hearts to keep the prices low, that the poor, as well as the rich, may have a bit of cool ice during the *melting* summer weather. —— The statement going the rounds of the papers that, in Kentucky, it is lawful for a man to marry his step-mother, is incorrect. —— The diamond may very easily be recognized by putting it in water, where it retains all its brilliancy, having the appearance of a bubble of air, while all other precious stones lose this singular appearance. This will answer for diamonds of the first water only. —— By a provision of the late Congress, there will be an overland mail once, twice and four times a month, from the Mississippi to San Francisco. —— A physiologist of Cincinnati has discovered that wearing moustaches strengthens the eyesight, and that the removal of these hairy appendages has the effect of causing general diseases of the eye. —— The entire cost of the new court house in Cincinnati will be $750,000. —— The elastic tissue packed within each hoof of a horse is so folded, backward and forward, that it would present a surface of four feet square were it spread out. Thus his limbs and the entire weight of his body rest on spring cushions packed in boxes. —— Mr. Buchanan's inaugural coat was made by an honest Dutch tailor at Lancaster, who patriotically stitched it with stars, representing the thirty-one States of the Union. —— There are 140,000 animals known to man, yet we have domesticated but 43,000. In France, the giraffe has produced young that flourishes. A new species of horse, found in the wilds of Hindostan, has been domesticated in Paris. —— It is stated that there are about $300,000 invested in the manufacture of beer in Newark, of which the Messrs. Scholk have $75,000 invested. —— Pea-pods yield alcohol as abundantly, it is said, as the beet root or as pumpkins. In England, we believe a sort of mild beer has been obtained from them with the mixture of sage and hops. —— A California paper says that a tree has been discovered in Oregon which measures forty-two feet and eight inches in circumference at a height of four feet from the ground. —— More than seven hundred churches, or more than one-fifth of the organized churches of the Old School Presbyterians, are without a house of worship. This is one of the most astounding facts that we have yet heard in connection with the church extension movement. —— By covering with fine charcoal the earth of a pot in which there are flowers growing, they will assume far deeper tints of coloring. —— On the 12th of July, 1809, Thomas Wheeler, Daniel Parker and Charles Black, of Boston, were indicted by the Grand Jury of the Municipal Court for building a circus at the West End, in which bull fights were exhibited. —— There are twenty-six orphan asylums in the State of New York, in which nearly nine thousand little ones are fed, clothed and educated. —— The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded the contract for constructing the new custom house at Plattsburg, N. Y., to Messrs. Blaisdell & Emerson, of Boston, Mass., they being the lowest bidders, for the sum of $48,755 43.

PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY.—It always gives us pleasure to record the progress of young ideas, and the following strikes us as very emphatic. At a country school examination not a thousand miles from this city, one of the "slack men" asked, "What is grammar?" A bright-eyed little pupil answered, "Grammar is a little book about the size of Webster's spellin' book; it has been reduced to the diminutive dimensions of a New England primer. Sometimes it is bound in calf, and sometimes it is bound in boards; but most generally it is bound in calf." That boy is *bound* to be the thirty-second president of the United States.

DEAR BARGAINS.—There never was a wiser maxim than that of Franklin—"Nothing is cheap that you do not want." Yet many people are perfectly insane on the subject of buying things cheap. "Do tell me why you have bought that cast-off door-plate?" asked the husband of one of these notable bargainers. "Dear me," replied the wife, "you know it is always my plan to lay up things against a time of need. Who knows but you may die, and I may marry a man with the same name as that on the door plate?"

AMBITION.—It is recorded of Admiral Hawke that when he was first going to sea, his father exhorted him to behave well, so that he might rise to be a captain. "A captain!" replied the boy. "Sir, if I didn't think I should be an admiral, I would not go at all." There is nothing like aiming high; if you aim low, you may miss everything.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.—A young gentleman on the eve of marriage said he was certain that two persons could live more economically than one. An acquaintance asked him if two persons could live more cheaply than one, how much might twelve live for?

FRENCH WIT.—George III.'s brewer was a rich man and a fop. Louis XV. once saw him riding a beautiful hunter, and asked one of his courtiers who he was. "O," replied the wag, "he's a Knight of Malt-a."

Wayside Gatherings.

The mayor of Pittsburg has stopped milkmen from serving milk on the Sabbath during church time.

Toledo, Ohio, is the great mart of the West for green hides, the payments for which by the dealers, it is said, average $2000 per day.

Miss Phœba Crosson committed suicide near Middleboro, Ohio, by taking laudanum, a short time since. Disappointed love was the cause.

There are living in Provincetown eight persons over eighty years of age—four males and four females. The oldest is about ninety.

The appropriation for the manufacture of arms by the late Congress, was $300,000, which is more than $100,000 over the usual annual appropriation.

The Missouri legislature has granted charters for the organization of eight banks in St. Louis. Their aggregate capital will amount to $50,000,000.

The German emigrants who have settled in Texas are now estimated to number 35,000, of whom 25 000 are settled in the German and half German counties of western Texas.

An unsuccessful attempt was made at the close of the last Congress to induce the United States to accept the Hermitage from the State of Tennessee, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the West Point Academy for cavalry tactics.

The Congregational Journal publishes a column of notices of revivals, and at the close says: "The whole number of hopeful conversions reported in the above named revivals, is three thousand and two hundred, in addition to many not specified."

The new British iron screw steamship, Nubia, of 2250 tons burthen, has recently run 4500 miles at an average rate of 11 9-10 knots an hour, and returned at the same speed—the greatest average ever made by a screw vessel on a long cruise.

The Ohio Farmer estimates the profit on sheep in that State, the last year, at $6,000,000, and the whole capital invested at about $60,000,000. The number of sheep is estimated at 5,000,000, and the wool clip last year reached 10,196,000 pounds; one-fifth of the entire crop of the Union.

A new material for the reception of photographic images has been invented in England. It has all the appearance of ivory, without the granite surface. Sulphate of baryte is ground together with albumen, and then rolled out into slabs of the proper size and thickness for photographic pictures.

A new rifle, known as "White's breech-loading and repeating rifle," has been announced, which has a magazine holding sixty-eight cone shaped balls, all capable of being discharged in rapid and uninterrupted succession. It is claimed to be by far the deadliest weapon ever yet invented in the world.

A "gentleman of refinement and education," advertises in the Auburn American for "board in the bosom of a small but respectable family," the members of which he thinks will be greatly benefited by enjoying the society of one versed in "oil painting, wood-engraving and Latin."

Mr. Breckinridge, the new vice president, while in Philadelphia, visited the opera, and during the performance remarked to a gentleman "that his taste for music must have been sadly uncultivated. Our national air, Yankee Doodle, he could understand and appreciate, but the opera to him was all Greek."

Charles F. Hamilton, with numerous aliases, has been checked in his swindling career, at Milwaukee. He professed to be the agent of the Philadelphia Kansas Relief Committee, and had levied heavy contributions in Pennsylvania and Ohio. On one of his subscription papers as high as $1000 was paid.

A short time ago, Mr. George Howlett, residing at Rockaway, was awakened at night by a pricking sensation in one of his legs. After a little trouble he extracted a pin from this point, erysipelatous inflammation commenced, and has spread nearly all over his body. He is not expected to recover.

A German named Andrew Henneman has been arrested in Lewiston, Pa., for swindling a number of Germans of that place out of money, by representing himself to be an inspired prophet sent from heaven, with power over the future of men. Some of his dupes seem to have been perfectly infatuated with him.

Grape culture in California is large and increasing. In ten counties 12,857,225 pounds of grapes were produced last year, and this year the total will be 14,000,000. From this crop the city of Los Angelos makes 150,000 gallons of wine and 6000 gallons of brandy.

The Fall River News says Mr. Andrew Slocum killed four looms at a single shot, lately, on the Horseneck, Westport. The weight of the largest bird was sixteen pounds and a half, and that of the smallest eleven pounds; total weight fifty-three pounds. The loon is a remarkable hard bird to kill, and the above is considered an extraordinary shot.

A burglar forced his way into a dwelling-house in Fourth Street, lately, and commenced securing all the overcoats hanging in the hall. A servant girl seeing him, raised an alarm and seized the burglar. He tried to escape, but the courageous girl held fast to his coat, and continued her outcries until assistance came, and he was secured and handed over to the police.

Burns's poem, "The Auld Farmer's New Year Salutation to his old Mare Maggie," has been printed and circulated, in the form of a tract, amongst the Glasgow cabmen and carters, in the hope that the kindly feeling, so beautifully described, which actuates the former towards his beast, may be communicated to others who have horses in their charge.

A Paris paper says that a duel lately took place between a barrister and a merchant in the Bois de Vincennes. On the day appointed, the rain fell in torrents. Nevertheless, being men of spirit, the two combatants took off their coats and fired twice at each other without hitting, when the matter was settled. In a fortnight afterward they both died of inflammation of the chest.

The Galt (C. W.) Reporter tells this story: "Recently, a little girl about seven years old, the daughter of Mr. James Gay, was standing in the middle of the road opposite his residence, when a person came driving along at a rapid rate in a sleigh. A dog seeing the child just in the track, jumped forward, and in an instant dragged the child out of the way, allowing the team to pass it without injury.

A story is told of a magnificent party given at Paris, at which the dresses of the ladies were unusually costly, sparkling with gems, and glittering with gold and silver embroidery. After the departure of the guests, a great quantity of these precious stones were found on the floor. They were carefully collected, and as a matter of curiosity, a jeweller was sent for to determine their value. After a careful examination, he put them all together at *sixty francs*.

Foreign Items.

A partial amnesty to political offenders has been granted at Parma.

The Russians are concentrating troops on the banks of the Caspian.

A company is now forming in Paris, shares $100 each, for the erection of a hotel on the American principle.

It is said there are over *ten thousand* emigrants in Liverpool, waiting for a passage to this country.

The Brussels Nord publishes the details of the concessions granted by the Russian government for the great network of railways to be constructed within ten years at an outlay of £45,000,000.

Extraordinary activity prevails in the czar's shipyards at Cronstadt. Sailing war-ships are converted into screw-steamers, machinery is constructed with all haste, schools are established to produce engineers and stokers.

A report from the Russian minister of war declares that the truce concluded with Schamyl during the Turkish war expired in May of last year, and that operations against the Circassians have been resumed along the whole line of the Caucasus.

An explosion took place on the 19th of February, at the Land Hill Colliery, near Wombwell, on the South Yorkshire Railway, in England. One hundred and sixty six persons were in the pit at the time. Sixteen were drawn up alive, and the others remained for certain death, the interior of the pit having taken fire.

Sands of Gold.

.... The larger the school fund, the less the prison allowance.—*Home Journal.*

.... The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech.—*Wycherly.*

.... As the heart is, so is love to the heart. It partakes of its strength or weakness, its health or disease.—*Longfellow.*

.... Women are like a kind of chameleons, who take a tincture from the objects which surround them.—*Locke.*

.... It is a very common feeling in us never to be satisfied with our fortune, and never dissatisfied with our own sense and conduct.—*Wycherly.*

.... If, on the one hand, women, generally speaking, are much more tender than men, it is true, on the other, that those who are cruel and ambitious, exceed men in these two vices.—*Bayle.*

.... Charity and good nature give a sanction to the most common actions; and pride and ill nature make our best virtues despicable.—*Wycherly.*

.... As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst for military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.—*Gibbon.*

.... Time is but a stream I go a fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom, and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper, fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars.—*Thoreau.*

Joker's Budget.

The man who carried out his moral resolutions, did not bring them back again.

An English writer classified old maids and old bachelors as "solitary mature men and women who have nothing happening to them."

Professor Agassiz states that man existed on the earth one hundred and fifty thousand years ago! The Boston Post wonders if he took the papers.

The girls of Northampton have been sending a bachelor editor a bouquet of tansy and wormwood. He says he didn't care, he'd rather smell that than matrimony.

A younger brother had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, but extremely rich. He used to say—"Whenever I find my wife cross, and my own temper giving way, I retire to my library, and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

The editor of a French paper, in alluding to the cause of its discontinuance, says—"Our journal has had but one solitary subscriber, a dealer in groceries, who paid in articles out of the store. For two weeks the two editors of the paper have lived exclusively on salt fish and champagne."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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FEROUK KHAN, PERSIAN MINISTER TO THE COURT OF FRANCE.

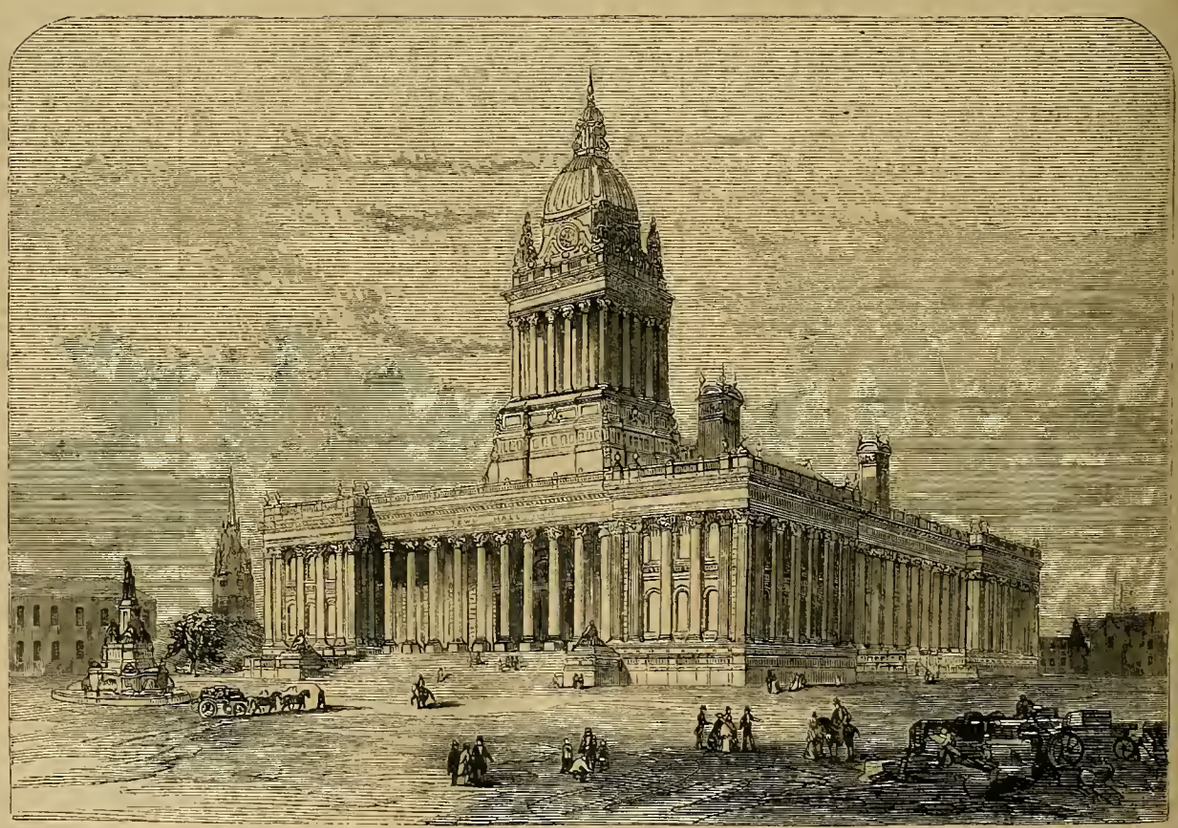
successful musical entertainments. In these artistic and economica l efforts, Leeds, the opulent capital of the woolen manufactures, has just afforded a fine specimen of what a liberal and enlightened corporation can accomplish in the way of improvement and embellishment, in the splendid hall we have delineated—the finest in England. As regards utility in the arrangements, it is pronounced superior to any other; for it combines, in one vast block of building, assize courts, a police court, offices for the corporation and its officers, and a large hall for public meetings, lectures and musical performances. Its estimated cost, exclusive of land, internal fittings and the organ, is $250,000. The walls externally are of stone, and the form is a rectangle of 250 feet by 200 feet. The structure stands on an elevated platform, and is surrounded by Corinthian columns and pilastres, supporting an entablature and attic. The height altogether is about 65 feet. In the centre of the building rises the great hall to an altitude of 92 feet from the ground. This is one of the largest rooms in England, the dimensions being 161 feet in length, 72 feet in width, and, internally, 75 feet in height. The ceiling is arched, and divided into panels. The sides of the hall are indented by five bays, with coupled Corinthian column and pilasters, 30 feet in height. In each bay there is a window. At the north end of the hall there is a circular space for the orchestra and the organ; the latter cost $25,000. The southern or principal façade differs from the rest, by having a deeply recessed portico of ten columns, and a flight of twenty-five steps leading up to the same, 105 feet in length, with large pedestals at the corners. The intercolumniations, at the sides of the building, are divided into two ranges of semicircular-headed windows. The principal entrance is at the southern end, and the large central hall is approached from the portico, through a marble vestibule seventy feet in height, and surmounted by an imposing dome. At each side of the central hall there are refreshment, retiring and dressing-rooms. The kitchen establishment, connected with this portion of the building, is on the basement floor. There are also on the ground floor, at each corner of the building, three large courts, and a spacious council room for the use of the corporation. The borough court and the council room are at the south end of the building, and the two assize courts at the north end. There are separate entrances to the different departments, and the whole building is connected by a corridor ten feet wide on each floor, which surrounds the large hall. The dome and ventilating shafts, which appear above the roof, are additions to the original design. The former is 225 feet in height, and about 50 feet square at the base. It is intended to contain a peal of bells and an illuminated clock. The architect was Mr. Cuthbert Brodrick. Such is the new Town Hall, Leeds, which, it must be admitted, reflects credit on all concerned in its construction. To Leeds it is a valuable acquisition, both ornamental and commercial.

FEROUK KHAN, PERSIAN ENVOY TO FRANCE.

The portrait on this page, a likeness of his excellency, Feronk Khan, ambassador from the Shah of Persia to Louis Napoleon, emperor of France, is authentic. It is an accurate copy of an elaborate miniature painted by a Persian artist. His costume consists of a green tunic crossed by a blue ribbon; a cashmere pelisse lined with fur, and having on each side a diamond aigrette; his sword and belt are also studded with magnificent diamonds of almost inestimable value, and he wears suspended from his neck a portrait of the Shah of Persia set in diamonds. Such is the highly ornamental gentleman, who, with his suite, is now the observed of all observers in that gay capital, always avid of novelty, and ready to lionize a distinguished stranger, whether he comes from the snows of Moscow or the minarets of Ispahan. Moreover, apart from personal claims to distinction as representing a nation rarely holding communication with the west of Europe, the present political position of Persia invests his excellency with peculiar interest. He is watched by French diplomats and Russian spies—stolid John Bulls gaze after him in public, and hover near his interpreter when he is conversing in salons and antechambers. Some of the French papers state that Feronk Khan is the first Persian ambassador who has made his appearance in Paris for nearly a century and a half. But this is a mistake; envoys from the Shah of Persia have been received at the French court at various times during the present century. Be this as it may, Feronk Khan is lionized to his heart's content by the Parisians. He appeared in full costume at a magnificent ball at the Tuileries, recently, and divided the honors of the evening with a Russian prince of an unpronounceable name, who was habited with equal splendor. Each of them were diamonds by the pint, and none who scrutinized these lions could decide which wore the greater amount of jewelry.

TOWN HALL, LEEDS, ENGLAND.

We have placed on this page an accurate representation of the splendid Town Hall, recently erected in Leeds, England. Not only is it an elegant object in itself, but may possibly serve as a model for some of our own structures; for the time has passed by when, in our public buildings, it was necessary to consult the most rigid economy. With the increase of our prosperity, we are able to embellish our cities with the beautiful as well as the useful. A beautiful building will always be considered as a great acquisition to civilization, for its influences on the mind are healthful and instructive. In England, great activity and liberality are manifested in the improvement of architecture. Scarcely a week passes but some new edifice of mark is completed. While old London does not appear to undergo much change, the towns and cities of the provinces are subjected to rapid modifications. This is particularly the case, we are informed, with the large commercial and manufacturing towns of Lancaster and York; Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, and other industrial places, have undergone a complete transformation. Were James Watt to rise from the grave, he would hardly, it is thought, be able to recognize the places he had benefited by his inventive genius. Squalor and ugliness are rapidly giving place to decency, convenience and beauty. In respect to public buildings, especially those required for municipal institutions, and for the administration of justice, it is gratifying to learn that the intellectual and recreative wants of the people have not been neglected. Following the example of Liverpool, with her magnificent St. George's Hall, the great towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, while endeavoring to concentrate their public offices under one roof, have devoted a large portion of the new building to the use of the public, and gone to the expense of building organs, and providing all the architectural accessories essential to giving



TOWN HALL, LEEDS, ENGLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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RETURN OF THE CHARLESTOWN (MASS.) CITY GUARD.

The picture on this page was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Hill, and represents the Charlestown City Guard, Capt. Wm. W. Pierce, as they appeared on their return from their visit to Washington, D. C., marching into the Square, Charlestown, preceded by the honorary escort, commanded by T. T. Sawyer, mayor of the city, on Tuesday, March 10. The reception of the Guard made quite a gala-day in Charlestown, and the city, as seen by our engraving, was splendidly decorated for the occasion. The City Hall was beautifully dressed with flags, while at the principal window was a large gilded eagle, surmounted by the flags of England and America, and holding in its beak a scroll inscribed with the word "Welcome," in large letters. The escort consisted of one hundred and sixteen "fine" members of the Guard, who marched to the Lowell depot to receive their friends. As the train containing the Guard entered the depot, the Brigade Band (including Ned Kendall) played the beautiful melody, "Home, Sweet Home," with fine effect. As the two companies were passing over the old Charlestown Bridge, a salute of thirteen guns was fired by the Artillery from the Maine Railroad bridge. After marching through Bow, Washington, Union, Franklin, High and Winter Streets, they proceeded to their armory and deposited their muskets. The whole body then proceeded to Harvard Hall, where they partook of a bountiful collation served up by Mr. True W. Seaver, of the Mansion House. Mayor Sawyer then made an eloquent and complimentary speech to the Guard, to which Capt. Pierce responded in a handsome manner. Other speeches were made by Dr. A. R. Thompson, Hon. G. Washington Warren, Col. Charles B. Rogers, W. W. Wheildon, R. Frothingham, Jr., of the "Boston Post," Gen. James Dana and others. In the evening a "Citizen's Reception Ball" was got up at City Hall, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion by Col. Beals, of Boston, with flags, mottoes, pictures and various devices. Among the decorations was a fine portrait of Gen. Warren, by Copley, kindly loaned by the owner, D. W. Wells, Esq. The music was furnished by the Germania Band. Many military guests of distinction were present, as well as members of other companies, in uniform. Officers of the navy, and civilians of note, were among those present. The beauty of Charlestown and its vicinity found many fascinating representatives, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." We believe this corps is the first from this quarter that ever visited the capital on the occasion of a presidential inauguration. At Washington they were honored with marked attention; and on the great day, the 4th of March, they occupied a conspicuous position in the splendid column that escorted President Buchanan to the capitol. We are happy to add that not a man was sick during the whole tour, and the company returned, as it went, with its full complement, delighted with their visit.



RETURN OF THE CHARLESTOWN CITY GUARD FROM WASHINGTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

After Mildred Dacres had resumed her seat, an awkward silence had ensued for several minutes, when, without the ceremony of first knocking, the door was thrown open, and a man in drab-colored garments and a steeple crowned hat was seen standing at the threshold. Judging from his appearance, he could have been only a few years younger than Mr. Walworth. His face was a coarse one, and so extremely pale as to appear almost cadaverous. His eyes, which were in color very light, and looking out from beneath shaggy brows, were ordinarily dull and heavy, though, at times, as was at present the case, as they happened to fall on Harleigh, they dilated with a fierce, angry glare, which was absolutely startling.

"Peace be with him and his who dwell beneath this roof," said he, "but shame and confusion to those who have sought its hospitality for a season, and who have not refused to bow the knee to Charles Stuart, who, like themselves, is a feeble worm of the dust."

"Meaning you and me, Clarence," said Falkland, pinching Harleigh's arm, and speaking in an undertone.

"Gabriel Guthry, you are welcome," said Mr. Walworth. "Come in and take a seat with us."

Gabriel hesitated, looked first at Harleigh, then at Mildred, and finally fastened his gaze on Falkland.

"It is hardly meet that I should sit with idolaters and scorners," said he; "nevertheless, for the sake of others who may listen to wholesome reproof, I will not refuse your invitation."

"I have been thinking," said Mr. Walworth, "why the king of England has been permitted to harden his heart against us, and to take away the governors chosen by the people, and in their stead, set over our New England provinces one whose administration already begins to be arbitrary and oppressive."

"Need you ask," said Gabriel Guthry, "when there are such provoking sins in our midst? Even those from whom we might expect better things, have they not been enticed into following the example of the ungodly in other lands, who sit in high places and receive their food from the lordly dish, as Sisera of old took the butter offered by the hand of Jael, which was meant as a snare? Even now there is one present who, tempted by pride and the delectation they afford to the eyes of those who behold them, wears ear-rings of gold and precious stones, such as were worn by the Ishmaelites, who fell before the sword of Israel, and which were given as a gift to Gideon. Those of the stronger sex, too, who should disdain the vanities of dress, array themselves in costly velvets, adorned with gold and silver, and with ruffles of fine lace. The number of such is increasing, and though now, Nathan Walworth, you have rich and goodly lands, which were lately overrun by the heathen, you and I may live to see the day when they will so mightily prevail and multiply, that it will be no marvel if we are put to the same straits as were the children of Israel, who, when the hand of Midian prevailed against them, were compelled to dwell in the dens which are in the mountains, and in caves and strongholds."

"It will be no more than our brethren of Scotland have been forced to do," replied Mr. Walworth; "but I have faith to believe, that in the hour of need, there will be those raised up who will break asunder the cords of oppression as if they were burnt flax, and free the people from the power of the king, and his nobles, and his governors."

As Mr. Walworth finished speaking, the clock commenced striking eight. It was the hour for family worship, and as the last stroke died away, Joseph Walworth, a boy of thirteen, with the dark complexion and sedate countenance of his father, and his brother Benjamin, two years younger, with bright curling hair, and eyes full of the same cheerful light which beamed from his mother's, entered the room, and quietly took their seats on a low bench a little apart from the others. They were followed by the subordinate members of the household, all of them demeaning themselves not only in an orderly, quiet manner, but in a way which showed that any inclination to lightness of spirits was carefully subdued.

When all were seated, Mr. Walworth, removing little Ella from his knee, and telling her to go to her mother, drew his chair to the table, on which lay a large Bible. It had been brought to this country in the May Flower, by a dear friend of Mr. Walworth's, and at his friend's decease, accepted as a most precious legacy. A chapter was selected, which he read with a countenance expressive of earnest devotion, and a voice deep-toned and full of solemn fervor. The reading of the chapter was followed by a prayer, and during the performance of each, the different demeanor and aspect of the auditors might have formed an interesting study to a spectator.

Mildred Dacres now and then winked at Falkland, who in return smiled derisively. But it was in vain that either of them attempted to catch the eye of Harleigh. There was to him, whose emotional nature was more earnest and profound than theirs, something touching, even sublime, in the simplicity with which all was conducted, which could not fail to inspire a feeling of reverence.

To him, the greatest drawback to the solemnity of the scene, was Gabriel Guthry, who, by attempting to mould his features into what he considered a look of peculiar sanctity, twisted them, instead, into a kind of starched grimace, which was supremely ludicrous.

"Tarry the night with us, Gabriel," said Mr. Walworth, when, as the clock struck nine, he rose to go.

"I came for that purpose," he replied, "but now I don't feel fully satisfied in my own mind. It might have been a temptation."

As he said this, his eyes suddenly dilated, and for a moment were fastened upon Clarence Harleigh, burning with the same fierce glare as when they rested on him in the earlier part of the evening, as he stood at the threshold.

"You are too scrupulous," said Mr. Walworth. "It surely can't be amiss for you to sleep beneath the same roof with those who differ from us?"

"It isn't that—it isn't that," he said, hurriedly; and then walking up to Alice, he seized her hand. "Alice," said he, "you stand on the brink of perdition. If your feet slip, remember that I didn't neglect to warn you."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice, attempting to withdraw her hand from his vice-like grasp.

"None are so dull as those that wont understand. This very evening, you gave a pleased ear to the honeyed words of one who, being not with us, is against us. I was near at hand, and heard all."

"Then you've been acting the part of the eaves-dropper."

"If I have, it was in the way of duty. Once more I warn you—warn you to avoid the ungodly Harleigh, and woe to you and him if you neglect to pay heed to what I say!"

"Gabriel Guthry," said Mrs. Walworth, who stood near, "I don't know what is in your mind, but as you have taken it upon you to warn Alice, I take it upon myself to warn you, and not mistake fanaticism for religion, for in more than one instance, I have had opportunity to observe that the fanatic is very apt to mistake his own will for that of the Most High."

"Can it be so?" said he.

"It *is* so," was her answer.

Gabriel stood in a musing attitude a few moments, and then abruptly left the room.

"How strange he seems, Aunt Esther!" said Alice. "He makes me afraid."

"I don't think that he means any harm," replied her aunt, "but he needs checking. I will speak to your uncle about it."

All present had by this time risen, in order to separate for the night, nine o'clock, in those primitive days, being the customary hour for retiring.

"Harleigh," said Mildred, as she passed him, "I shall leave here to-morrow morning, early."

"Not before breakfast?"

"Yes; soon after sunrise."

"Shall you walk home?"

"No; I shall cross the bay in the little canoe in which I am accustomed to cross it."

"And do you not fear the water, after what took place yesterday?"

"Why should I? I have crossed the bay in the canoe a hundred times, and if some one—the Indian girl, I suppose, I have heard called Bird-Voice—hadn't made free with it yesterday, I shouldn't have been obliged to employ Silas Watkins, and then the accident might not have happened. You must hunt it up, and have it ready for me at the foot of the stone steps."

"Your command shall be obeyed," was Harleigh's reply, though it did not escape Mildred's quick eye or ear that the promise was reluctantly given.

The time which he would be obliged to devote to the required service would have enabled him to speak a few words to Alice, who was an early riser, and the more he thought of it, the more he felt determined to have what Mildred had insinuated respecting Falkland either confirmed or denied by her own lips. Though, as has been said, Mildred saw that Harleigh's promise was given with reluctance, she felt no disposition to release him. The few moments it would give her alone with him—for she intended to be in season to meet him at the foot of the steps,—she could, as she believed, turn to good account.

"My sweet Alice," said Mildred, encircling her waist with her arm, as they left the room, "don't put me into the spare chamber; let me share yours."

"But the spare chamber will accommodate you so much better."

"No matter; your company will more than make up for any lack of accommodation; so remember that to-night, and all future nights I may spend here, I am determined to share your room."

CHAPTER IV.

DANGER AVERTED.

Morning had scarcely began to kindle its fires in the east when Harleigh rose. Soon afterward he left the house, and directed his steps towards that part of the bay, opposite a lodge, where dwelt the Indian maiden alluded to by Mildred. He did not notice Gabriel Guthry, who was approaching the house by a different path from the one he had taken.

Gabriel, when he saw Harleigh, stopped short for a few moments, and then, instead of continuing to proceed towards the house, turned aside into a piece of woods which, a little further on, skirted the path selected by Harleigh.

Alice had risen, and was at her chamber window. Though she soon lost sight of Harleigh, she could see Gabriel Guthry, as he glided in and out among the trees. A feeling of dread fell upon her as she recalled what he said to her the previous evening, for the thought occurred to her that he was following Harleigh with some evil design, as she saw him stealing cautiously along in a direction nearly parallel to the path taken by her lover.

She had already thrown a short cloak over her shoulders, with the half-formed intention of following him, and by her presence defeat any sinister purpose which he might have formed against Harleigh, when Mildred, whom she imagined to be still sleeping, suddenly roused herself.

"You are preparing for an early walk, this morning, my dear Alice," said she. "I half suspect that there's a lovers' appointment to fulfil."

"I can assure you there is nothing of the kind," she replied.

"You are merely tempted by the beauty of the morning, I suppose, then?"

Alice, who still stood close to the window, instead of answering her—for though she heard her voice, she did not hear what she said,—bent eagerly forward, having, through an opening among the trees, again caught a glimpse of Guthry, whom, for a few moments, she had lost sight of. Mildred was at her side in an instant, and in time to see a man holding aside the branch of a tree, as if to prevent its intercepting the view of some object.

"Ah, Alice," said she, "I thought when you told *me* you had no appointment, that you were guilty of one of those evasions which are always considered allowable in such cases."

"I made use of no evasion," said Alice, "but I saw—"

She was about to tell Mildred of her alarm, and what had caused it; but she thought that as, after all, her suspicion might be unjust, she had no right to mention it.

"Why not proceed with what you were going to say, my dear Alice?" said Mildred. "You can certainly tell *me*, and save your blushes into the bargain."

"I had better not tell even you."

"Well, I wont quarrel with you, because you practise a little of the puritanical reserve in which you were educated, though with me, I think you might cast it aside. But your enamored swain will be sure to wait, at least, half an hour beyond the time appointed for meeting, and as in making these little neighborly visits I can't well take my waiting-maid with me, I must beg that you will perform for me the office of tire-woman. You know it wont do for me to confine my hair with a ribbon, or even attempt to cover it with one of those little coquettish caps, such as I have seen you wear. My style of beauty wont bear it."

"Excuse me, Mildred, for five minutes—even one might make me too late. When I return, if I feel at liberty so to do, I will explain whatever may now admit of a false construction."

"When you return, I shall be gone."

"At any rate, I shall see you soon;" and Alice hurried from the room.

Mildred watched her from the window, and saw her hasten to the woods, which she entered, and soon disappeared.

"I should begin to think," said she, to herself, "that what I told Harleigh concerning her and Falkland has some truth in it, if I hadn't seen that steeple-crowned hat looming up in the morning mist. It cannot be that she has taken a fancy to the grim Gabriel. Compared with him, Mr. Walworth is a pattern of refinement and affability. But never mind. Falkland or Guthry, I can make equally to subserve my purpose. She might have staid long enough to arrange my hair." And she went to the looking-glass, which was about the bigness of a common-sized window pane.

Before commencing the unwonted task, she opened a small pearl box which sat on the table.

"I thought this was where she kept Harleigh's gift when she didn't wear it," said she, as one of those rare opals, whose lively play of colors makes it one of the most precious of gems, met her view. As she removed it from the box, the sun darted his first beams in at the window, and kindled it into a dazzling brilliancy. "I am half a mind to make sure of it *now*," she added. For a moment she stood irresolute, and then returned it. "No; it will be premature. The broad Atlantic must roll between him and Alice when she misses it, or an explanation will make all right between them," were the thoughts which passed through her mind.

Fearing to miss Harleigh, Mildred now used all possible despatch in making her toilet, and was soon on her way to the place where she had directed him to bring the canoe.

Alice, meanwhile, after fairly entering the woods, stopped and looked in the direction where she had last seen Gabriel. He was nowhere in sight, but just as she was about to again move forward, she heard a slight crash, like the breaking of a dead limb, at some distance in advance of her. The woods, which on the side next the house were open and free from underbrush, were now dense and tangled, so that she could make but slow progress, though the bent and broken boughs served to guide her towards him she sought. It was not long before she came in sight of him. The sun had now risen, and she could see distinctly.

Gabriel's usually pale face was now pale to ghastliness. He stood as if rooted to the ground, with his eyes glaring still more fiercely than when, the preceding evening, they fell on Harleigh. Alice was near enough to see that they were fastened on some object at no great distance. All at once she heard voices. One of them was Harleigh's, the other a sweet girlish voice, which she knew was the Indian maiden's, who dwelt in the lodge hard by.

At that moment, Gabriel Guthry changed his attitude, and then she saw that he held a rifle in his hand, which, previously to his entering the woods, the imperfect light prevented her from seeing. He partly raised it, and Alice, springing forward, was about to

utter a cry of warning, when he suffered it to fall back again to its former position.

"A curse on the ungodly cavalier, and on the little copper-colored heathen by his side. I should have had him if it hadn't been for her," said Gabriel, in a voice quivering with rage.

The next moment he turned and plunged deeper into the woods, while Alice, with an unuttered prayer of thanksgiving in her heart, pressed close to the further edge of the woods, that with her own eyes she might see that Harleigh was safe. At a little distance, the waters of the bay broke on a beach of hard, silvery sand, and Harleigh, in a tiny canoe which would hardly have afforded space for the accommodation of a second person, and which Alice knew belonged to Mildred Dacres, was just pushing off from the shore.

Bird-Voice, with the golden arrows of the sun glancing in and out among her ebon hair, which was ornamented with a wreath of delicate and many-colored shells, and with lips parted with a smile, stood in front of a rude though picturesque lodge, watching him. Harleigh waved his hand to her, and then applied himself diligently to paddling his canoe.

A minute after he turned away, the clear, liquid whistle of a blackbird, so he imagined, was poured from a tree near the lodge. Nothing could have sounded more delightful, as it came to his ear, floating on the balmy breeze of morning. He turned and looked into the tree for the author of the exquisite music. A gush of laughter almost as sweet as the song broke from the girl's lips, and then the clear, liquid strain was repeated. Harleigh knew then why had been given her the name of Bird-Voice.

Once more his light canoe was gliding swiftly along, while the bay, ruffled by the fresh air, broke into thousands of bright sparkles beneath the light of the morning sunbeams. In a few minutes he rounded the headland, and could see that Mildred was standing on the upper step, awaiting his arrival.

She was skilful in the science of attitudes, and the haughty grace of her magnificent, almost Amazonian beauty, which, the evening previous, had won the reluctant admiration of Silas Watkins, was now artfully softened and toned down, in a way which she knew would be more fascinating to Harleigh. Her pensive air, in striking contrast with the sparkling and breezy freshness of morning, as she had imagined, produced a favorable impression.

"A lovely morning," said she, in a soft and sad tone of voice, as he stopped close to the foot of the lower stair.

"Exhilarating, too, is it not?" said Harleigh, while at the same time he remarked that her countenance wore an expression of melancholy, equal to the sadness of her voice.

"It should be, I suppose," was her reply; "but the truth is, my spirits are too much depressed for me to be alive to the cheering influences of nature."

"What causes the depression? Has anything happened?"

"I believe I should answer you in the negative; for why should it affect me thus, even if Alice *is* guilty of an indiscretion?"

"What second indiscretion has she been guilty of? I thought her eagerness last evening to act upon Falkland's hint was enough for the present."

"Nothing so very serious. I am foolish for letting it affect me thus. But then, you know she is the same to me as a dear sister."

"Tell me what she has done."

"That for which I, at least, should hardly blame her. She took an early walk, and so have I. I expected to meet you, and she, no doubt, knew very well who the one was that was waiting in the woods, though the distance and the morning mist, still hanging round, prevented me from having a distinct view of him."

"It was Falkland."

"I don't say that it was."

"I have no doubt of it."

"I wish there was room for more."

"More? There isn't a particle. Do you think I can forget last evening?"

"Don't allow yourself to be thus excited. Wait and watch."

"Calmly?"

"Yes, or not at all."

"You advise an impossibility."

"Remember your promise last evening."

"I am unequal to its performance."

"By no means. I know you better than you do yourself. You have the strength; all that is lacking is the will."

"Say no more. I *will* wait and watch, and that calmly, too, during the short time I have to remain here."

"That will be doing as you should do. It will be acting worthy of yourself. I will seek an early opportunity to question Alice, and warn her against Falkland. He is artful and unprincipled; she is unsuspecting and innocent."

"Fickle, you should say."

"We should be lenient in judging others, severe only in judging ourselves. While the task of speaking to Alice is left to me, it may not be amiss for you to question Falkland in such a way as will not excite his suspicion. He will undoubtedly let fall something, unawares, which will serve to show what his intentions are."

"It may be well to question him."

"You may be certain it will. I will detain you no longer. For the sake of relieving your anxiety, I will see Alice soon—in a day or two at the furthest."

Harleigh, without making any reply, sprang from the canoe, where he had remained during the foregoing colloquy, and Mildred, descending the steps, took his place.

"You are not afraid to cross alone?" said he.

"Not on such a smooth sea as this. Once when crossing, I was overtaken by a sudden thunder-shower. The wind rose, changing the ripples into foaming waves, and my little canoe was tossed about as if it had been an egg-shell."

"And you escaped unharmed!"

"Yes; for which my thanks are due to Silas Watkins. And yet, though he imperiled his own life to save mine, he disliked me, and does still, though yesterday he, or rather you, again saved me."

"For what reason does he dislike you?"

"I never knew; probably he doesn't know himself."

With a graceful inclination of the head, Mildred now turned away, and the next moment was darting lightly over the blue waters.

Harleigh did not move from the spot where she had left him. During the conversation which had passed between them, there was something in her manner which had inspired confidence. Now, however, when freed from the spell of her presence, confidence gave place to distrust—why, he could not tell, for he had not the most distant suspicion of her designs respecting himself, nor of the plot which she and Falkland were so sedulously endeavoring to weave.

"Were Alice here now," was the thought which passed through his mind, "I believe that I should be tempted to break the promise I made Mildred Dacres; for, after all, a straight-forward course is the best."

His eyes continued to follow Mildred, as she swiftly propelled her tiny bark, till in the distance she might have been mistaken for some bird of brilliant plumage skimming lightly over the waves. Even when Mildred had reached the opposite shore at a point half a mile distant from where she stood when she hailed Silas Watkins, Harleigh continued to stand on the promontory. He was endeavoring to decide in his own mind if it would not be right to disclose to Alice his suspicion relative to Falkland.

"Harleigh."

His name was spoken in a low, sweet voice, and a hand, at the same moment, was laid timidly on his arm. He turned at the sound of his name.

"You are abroad early," said he.

"Yes. I have sought you to tell you that you are in danger, and *may* be still."

"If danger threatens any one, I should think it was you rather than me."

"O no; *I* have nothing to fear from him."

"You think he likes you too well for that?"

"It may be that he does."

"You own it, then?"

"Should I conceal it, what reason could I give you for his attempting your life?"

"Attempting my life?"

"Yes."

"How? When?"

"This morning; not an hour since. Had not Bird-Voice been close by your side, he would have shot you with his rifle."

"I had little opinion of Gilbert Falkland's morality, but I didn't think him bad enough to attempt a person's life."

"It isn't Falkland that I mean."

"Who can it be, then?"

"Gabriel Guthry."

"He who came to your uncle's last evening?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't meet Falkland in the woods this morning?"

"Neither in the woods nor elsewhere."

"It was Guthry you went to meet?"

"No—not to meet, but to watch him."

And Alice related to Harleigh those incidents of the morning already known, and how her fears for his safety had taken alarm, in consequence of what Guthry had said to her the preceding evening.

"I have wronged you, Alice. I have suspected you without sufficient cause," said Harleigh, when she had finished her recital.

"Of what have you suspected me?" she inquired.

"Of preferring Falkland to me."

"It was indeed without cause."

"Not entirely."

"You wrong me still to think so."

"I am willing to believe that you meant no harm by it, yet was it not indiscreet when, last evening, at the risk of displeasing your uncle, you showed yourself so ready to please Falkland?"

"In what respect?"

"Have you forgotten, that at his request, carelessly made, you released this beautiful hair from its bondage? It was a request I shouldn't have ventured to make, even though a half hour before, you had permitted me to believe that you preferred me above all others."

"He never made any such request, and if I was not sorry that Mildred refused to restore the ribbon which, at the moment we were about to enter the room, she playfully snatched from my hair, it was because I hoped what I believed to be my improved appearance would please, not Falkland, but you."

"Can what you say be possible?"

"It is true."

"I believe you, my sweet Alice. I have been basely deceived."

He was about to tell her the way and manner, when Gabriel Guthry, whose approach had been concealed by some bushes, suddenly stood before them.

"I thought your time had come, and that it was I who was to deal with you," said Gabriel, addressing Harleigh, "and so, unseen by you, I raised my hand against you. But it was a lying spirit that whispered in my ear. You need not fear me now."

"I fear no one—not even an enemy, who is not mean enough to steal upon me unawares," was Harleigh's reply.

"My spirit is still exceedingly bitter against you, and I may again be tempted. Yet I shall wrestle hard against the temptation, though you have, as it were, touched the apple of my eye."

"I am not aware that there is any reason for your accusation," said Harleigh.

"Is it not known to you that Alice Dale is mine?"

"No, nor to her, either."

"Why do you say so, Gabriel?" asked Alice.

"When you were no higher than my knee, I said to Nathan Walworth, 'I will serve you seven years, and then seven more added to them, for your niece Alice, even as Jacob of old served Laban for his daughter Rachel.'"

"And did he accept your services on the condition you named?" inquired Harleigh.

"He said if I labored for him, he should recompense me with silver and gold, but when twice seven years were accomplished, if I remained in the same mind, I was free to win the maiden if I could, and he smiled graciously on me, as he said these words."

"And the twice seven years are now gone?" said Harleigh.

"They are. Last evening, half an hour after sunset, they were finished; but there was one standing in my path, whose apparel was ornamented with gold and silver, such as dazzles the eyes of a thoughtless maiden, and I knew she would not listen to me. Sorely was I tempted to cause my own garments to be adorned with shining gauds, in order to please her eye, and thus obtain favor in her sight. I even listened to the tempter so far as to fasten ruffles of fine lace about my wrists, and mightily did it please my vanity to see them fall over these hands." And by way of giving force to his words, he held up and spread out to their full capacity his large, ill shaped and ill-kept hands.

"But, after all, you concluded not to wear them," said Harleigh.

"I did. Strength was given me to tear them from my wrists, and cast them down into the dust, where I trampled on them with my feet, till they bore no likeness to what had so tickled my fancy. But as it did not seem good unto me that they should be lost, I told the girl Rebecca what I had done, and she rescued them from the dust and dirt, and cleansed them with water and with soap."

"A very praiseworthy piece of economy," said Harleigh, "in you as well as in the girl."

"And that I might not again be tempted to adorn myself with them, I sold them to her for the price demanded for such merchandise, thereby making fourpence-ha'penny by my bargain, the dealer having been prevailed upon to abate thus much from the price he at first demanded."

"A sum worth looking after," said Harleigh, with a smile.

"Verily it is to those who would thrive. Silas Watkins told me, on my way hither, that you intended soon to go beyond the sea. Is it true?"

"It is."

"How soon?"

"In a week or ten days."

"Then I shan't have to strive long with the temptation which urges me to adorn my person with worthless gauds; for when you are gone, I shall no longer have a rival. Come, Alice, leave this ungodly cavalier, and return to your home with me. You belong to me, and it isn't my pleasure for you to remain with him."

"It must be time for breakfast," said Alice, turning to Harleigh. And then drawing nearer to him, she added, in a low voice: "I am alike afraid to go with him or to refuse."

"I should be afraid to trust you," was Harleigh's reply. "Look! If that isn't the glare of frenzy burning in his pale, almost colorless eyes, I know not what to term it."

"And so you can't go without him," said Gabriel "It is well that he has only a short time to tarry among us, or the temptation to deliver you from the snare which he has laid for you might grow too strong and mighty to resist. But I will shield her from you, if the power is given me."

Saying this, he took Alice by the arm, though she involuntarily recoiled as he did so, and with rapid strides, which showed little regard for her comfort or accommodation, urged her forward in the direction of the house, while Harleigh, though an excellent walker, was barely able to keep so near as to assist Alice whenever the width of the path permitted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. KANE'S DOG.

The Arctic dog brought home by Dr. Kane has strayed away off in Alleghany. He has become the property of James McArthur, timber dealer, in Dramel. The recent cold weather has kept this large, black, shaggy animal in high spirits. When they take him into the forest among the timber-hewers, where he can do no harm, and remove his muzzle, he cuts all sorts of pranks, seeking the deepest drifts, and actually burying himself for delight; you can see the dry snow move, but no semblance of a dog, till on a sudden out he pops, giving his hairy fleece a tremendous shake, and away he runs for another dive. Mr. McArthur calls him "Es-ki-mo" (Esquimaux), not a very smooth name, but characteristic. To look "Esk" fair in the face, you see almost a likeness of a black bear, though his eyes are rather langaid. His long, soft, shaggy covering is nearly equal in bulk to his body. When left to run at large in the village, he wears a muzzle to prevent his destroying the pigs and chickens.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

WASHINGTON IDOLIZED.

Did you know that Washington had been placed in the calendar of saints? There is a church at Itivas, over the principal portal of which is a very well-executed bust of the leader of the American Revolution, and, on inquiry of a native of the town, I was informed that it was a bust of the "good saint George Washington." I confess that as I passed this church, I felt like taking off my hat, and did it—not because of custom, but because I couldn't help it.—*Nicaragua Correspondent.*

CHINESE SKETCHES.

We present on this page some curious descriptive engravings of the queer people in the "Central Flowerland," illustrating "John Chinaman" at home. The first represents a Chinese girl gathering tea, a process we have heretofore described. The second picture delineates a Chinese drummer, or rather he unites two duties, for he is also a standard bearer. He beats with a single stick, his left hand being occupied with a sabre. The next figure is a swordsman of the rebel army. Some account of the military system of China in this connection may not be uninteresting. It would be difficult to estimate the military forces of the celestial empire. Different authors who have examined this question differ in their figures. Van-ta-Zhin, the military mandarin who accompanied Lord Macartney during his sojourn in China, affirmed that the Chinese army, comprising the Tartar troops, amounted to 1,000,000 infantry and 800,000 cavalry. The embassy could admit, from its own observations, the exactness of the first figures, but saw few cavalry. Timkowski, in the narrative of his journeys to Pekin, gives the following valuations, which agree pretty nearly with those of Father Dahalde, but are probably below the truth: Manchoos, 67,000 men; Mangols, 21,000; Chinese united to the Moogols after the conquest, 27,000; ordinary Chinese troops, 500,000; militia and irregular troops, 125,000: making a total of 740,000 men. Finally, Thomas, an English writer, gives the figures which he obtained from a sort of Chinese calendar, and which amount, for infantry, 822,000 men; cavalry, 410,000; sailors, 31,000: total, 1,263,000. We see how these estimates differ; still, the fact remains that, even admitting the largest statement, the Chinese army, in proportion to the general population of the empire (300,000,000), is about three times less than that of France. The military, like the civil grades, are obtained by competition. Every year there are examinations for the different promotions; so that a soldier skilled in drawing the bow, managing the lance, or riding, may rise to the highest dignities in the army. Muscular strength is also taken into consideration. Europeans who have had occasion to see the Chinese generals must have remarked their good condition and robust appearance. These are qualities highly esteemed in China, and which inspire great respect in the soldiers and the populace. The soldiers also receive promotion when they have distinguished themselves in battle. If they fall, a pension is granted to their families, and their names are inscribed in the sacred books, to be comprised in the promotions which will take place in the other world. The dress of the soldiers is very simple: it is a red vest with blue trimmings, or a blue vest with red trimmings; the blue cotton trowsers, like all Chinese garments, are very ample, and reach to the lower part of the leg. Each soldier wears on his back and breast the number of his regiment and the character *young*, which signifies *bravery*. The hat is of rattan, and ends in a point. When he has served his time, the Chinese soldier has only to take off his hat and vest, and is then clothed like a plain citizen. Thus, at Ningpo and Amoy, when the English found themselves masters of the city, after the defeat of their enemies, it was impossible to recognize the soldiers and pursue them; they had mixed with the rest of the population, leaving their uniforms upon the field of battle. The arms employed by the Chinese in the north are not exactly the same as those used in the southern part of the empire. In the north, the cavalry is more numerous. They are armed with bows and arrows, and generally poorly mounted on small horses of degenerate Tartar race. A few cuirasses of polished steel have been noted, like those worn in Europe by the knights of the middle ages. In the south, few cavalry are met with. The mandarins have sabres with short, straight blades, the scabbards covered with fantastic ornaments. They wear them on the right side, to prevent their interfering with the quiver which hangs from the left shoulder. This quiver is of leather, more or less ornamented, according to the grade. The arrows are of different lengths; some end in a ball pierced with several holes, which produce a sharp whistling in the air, designed to strike terror into the enemy's ranks; the feathers are selected of the most brilliant colors, particularly those of the pheasant, which are used only for the mandarins. The private soldiers have bucklers, guns, lances, bows and arrows, and sabres with two blades. The buckler forms a circle of plaited rattan, representing on the exterior the figure of a warrior, or rather a demon; the eyes are enormous, the mouth disproportioned, the face formidable; sometimes they have a tiger or a dragon, whose aspect alone ought to put an enemy to flight. These shields are easily pierced by a bullet, but are proof against a sabre or lance stroke. The Chinese only use match-locks of the clumsiest model. If it be true that they were the first to make use of gunpowder, it must be acknowledged that in their employment of it, they are far behind us. The match-lock is at least as dangerous to the Chinese soldier as to the enemy. The cartridges are contained in a cotton or leather box, which contains fourteen or sixteen wooden tubes, each holding a charge. The guns are of different lengths; the wood is usually painted red, and the barrel is fixed by rings of copper. The rest is placed almost at the end, and it must be fired without bringing the arm to the shoulder. There are lances of all kinds; some are ordinary pikes, others resemble European halberds. The steel is commonly very broad, and sharp only on one side. These lances are capable of inflicting terrible wounds, but are difficult to manage, on account of their length and weight. The bow is the favorite arm of the Chinese soldier; it is made of a very hard and elastic wood, bent by a cord of silk and twine, extremely strong. It is employed in hunting as well as war, and a fine bow is as much prized as a handsome fowling piece is with us. An agate ring serves as a thumb-piece. It is not unusual in the houses of the lettered mandarins to see a species of panoply in which figure a costly bow, and arrows feathered with the plumes of the golden pheasant, together with horns of the animals that have been slain by the huntsman. The double sabre is a singular but not very formidable weapon. There are two blades in the same scabbard, which is divided into two compartments. The soldier holds a sabre in each hand, and thus advances on the enemy. The Chinese did not fight the English at close quarters enough to show the utility of this double blade. In the sing-songs, or theatrical representations, you often see performers who handle the sabre very dexterously, and defend themselves, by rapid movements, against numerous assailants; but these are only jugglers, and warriors of the stage. What can sabres, even double bladed sabres, do against the bayonets and balls of Anglo-Saxons?. The general administration of the army and navy is centralized at Pekin, in one of the six grand councils which preside over the government of the empire. Each one of these councils forms a species of ministry, whose jurisdiction extends over all the provinces, and descends, by a long suite of degrees, to the mandarins of the inferior order. If we examine the mechanism of the Chinese government, and its theoretical organization, we are struck with the order and regular classification which it seems must reign in all its wheel-works and ranks. Dignities and grades are open to competition; the principle of centralization has existed in China from time immemorial. But when we observe the practice and the details of this administration, apparently so severe, we perceive a crowd of abuses, bribery and corruption substituted for fair competition, and this long thread, every moment broken, either through the remoteness of subordinates, or the impotence of those who govern. Thus the council of war at Pekin would be unable, in a given time, to set on foot and organize a Chinese army. It is now an acknowledged fact that the Chinese invented gunpowder, but Europe has long since outstripped them in the use of this terrible means of war. It is curious to compare the Chinese with the English powder, and to remark that in the composition of the two powders, the same elements enter in nearly the same proportions. Thus the English powder is composed of 75 parts of saltpetre, 15 of charcoal and 10 of sulphur, and the Chinese powder contains 75 parts seven-tenths of saltpetre, 14.4 of charcoal and 9.9 of sulphur. Saltpetre is found abundantly in the celestial empire, and the manufacture of gunpowder is of great importance. The consumption is enormous. On all occasions of festival and rejoicing, the Chinese burn crackers and fireworks, the pieces of which vary infinitely and produce the most singular effects. On the Canton River, at sunrise and sunset, you hear from all the boats which cover the river and form an immense city, peopled by 300,000 souls, noisy detonations mingling with the sounds of the gong and announcing the hour of prayer. When a junk leaves port or arrives, her guns announce the arrival or departure. The numerous flotillas of fishing-boats which go to sea every day, see which can make the most noise and fire the most crackers to render the divinities favorable. There are, in all the towns, vast store-houses, wholly filled with cases of fireworks, whose sale is considerable in China, furnishing an important article of export to foreign countries. Unfortunately, gunpowder is only of use to the Chinese in noisy celebrations and religious ceremonies; they cannot employ it as a means of defence. We have already noticed their match-locks as more dangerous to those who serve them than the enemy. Their cannon are not worth more. When the Jesuit missionaries had access to the court of the emperor Kang-hi, they attempted to naturalize the arts and sciences of Europe in China. They introduced astronomical and mathematical science, and some principles of general physics, into the schools of the celestial empire; they perfected the manufacture of fire-arms and cannon foundries; but the old routine soon got the upperhand, and the Chinese, given up to themselves, found themselves incapable of continuing the progress which the strangers had commenced among them. As to their fortifications, they exhibit the same inexperience and neglect of all rule. The masonry is fine, and from a distance they present a tolerably imposing aspect. The walls are thick, but the embrasures are disposed in such a manner that the guns can only carry straight forward. Moreover, the majority of the forts are only defended on one side; the walls which form the three others are not provided with batteries. It is enough, therefore, to land a few paces from the fort, to turn it and obtain possession of it with the least trouble in the world. The English often performed this very simple manœuvre to the great astonishment of the Chinese, who had never thought of it. The walls which surround the cities are, in general, too low to oppose the least defence; they are built of brick and stone. Besides, cities of any importance are surrounded by suburbs, which extend at the foot of the ramparts, and would not give free play to the artillery.



CHINESE GIRL GATHERING TEA.



CHINESE DRUMMER, REGULAR ARMY.



A CHINESE INSURGENT OFFICER.



IRISH PEASANTS GOING TO MARKET.

IRISH PEASANTRY.

The two pictures on this page illustrate life in Ireland in a very happy manner. The first represents some of the Irish peasantry going to market with their produce. Here we have pedestrians trudging along, a man with a one-horse cart astride of the shafts, and accommodating a couple besides his marketing in the vehicle, a peasant on horseback with his wife behind, a girl on foot with her basket on her head, and a little barefooted gossoon beside her—all, in spite of their evident poverty, looking cheerful and contented. The next picture presents us with an Irish schoolmaster. Perhaps there is not a more distinguished individual than the "Hedge Schoolmaster" in the Emerald Isle. He is greatly respected by the peasantry, whose children he has undertaken to educate, is ever a welcome guest at their homes, and gets the best bit and sup, and the warmest corner at their firesides. Here he seems as much at home, and more at his ease, than the hospitable owner of the domicil he has condescended to visit, repaying his hospitality from the stores of his knowledge. He is generally a proficient in music, and in the summer time often plays on his violin, while the boys dance on the green. Sometimes two rival schoolmasters have a very amusing trial of professional skill.



THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THY PORTRAIT.

BY M. P., JR.

Daguerre! I reverence thee—thy genius bless!
How but for thee would I to-day
Be basking 'neath affection's ray
Heartfull of happiness?
How but for thee could I portray
Each beauteous feature, and each charm convey
To my fond heart, whose love is measureless?

Though memory paints with faithful hand,
Still love confused might fail to trace
Each gentle charm, each lovely grace,
Each smile so sweet and bland.
But through thy art *her* own sweet face
Comes vividly to me, and in my heart finds place,
Filling love's strong demand.

That brow, which in the picture wears
A self-reliant calm, hath ever worn
To every prayer a queenly scorn,
Crushing the heart that dares.
Those deep gray eyes—as opening morn
Lights nature's face—e'en thus those eyes adorn
Thy countenance, so free from worldly cares.

Thy tresses dark, sweep backward from thy cheek;
Luxuriant they retrace their graceful flow,
And fall caressingly towards thy heart below,
As if they would a sanctum seek.
Art thou unconscious of the glow
Thy beauty lends to hearts else slow?—
Art thou so truly meek?

Though I may never hope thy hand to press
As the acknowledged of thy heart,
And feel thy whispered love impart
A joy enhanced by womanly caress:
Still I possess thy self in part—
Thy semblance from the painter's art,
And it will soothe my wretchedness.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ARTIST'S PRIZE.

BY MISS OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

THE last rays of the setting sun penetrated the heavily draped windows of a large and spacious apartment and fell aslant the half exposed canvass upon which was pictured in fresh and glowing colors a newly finished Madonna and child. Before the easel sat the painter Rubens—an old man of some fifty-five summers—with his eyes fixed intently upon the warmly-tinted picture, his arms folded complacently across his breast, and his whole soul, as it were, revelling in the flood of golden light which seemed to invest the heads of both mother and son with a soft and heavenly lustre. The shadows of evening were already deepening into twilight, when a faint tap at the door aroused the artist from the long and abstracted reverie into which he had fallen. Rubens started, and in a low voice said:

"Come in."

The door opened, and a tall and graceful youth, who had numbered some twenty years, entered, bearing in his hand a portfolio and sketch book. With a modest mien and faltering step the young man advanced towards the artist, who had risen from his seat and now stood quietly surveying the intruder.. For a moment silence was preserved by both parties, at last the former ventured to speak:

"I have come in to request the great favor of becoming a pupil of the illustrious and world-renowned Rubens."

"May I ask by what means you have become so well acquainted with my labors in the field of painting, that thus you eulogize and extol me?" said the old man, calmly.

"Sir," replied the youth with enthusiasm, "are not the galleries of Brussels freighted with the rich productions of your skilful pencil?"

"You have been in Brussels then?" said Rubens, with an inquiring glance.

"Yes, I have sojourned there for the past ten years of my life. My history is a short one, and if I am not encroaching upon your patience, I will give it you at once," said the young man, with a sorrowful glance.

"I pray you do relate it. My ears are most attentive listeners," said the old man, becoming momentarily more and more interested in the strange youth before him.

The two being seated, the younger one commenced the recital of his tale.

"My earliest recollections of home were in Rome, that glorious city of the past. My father, Alexandre del Sarto, was an artist, professing ever a strong love and attachment for his favorite and chosen profession. But in Rome his efforts were but slightly appreciated, and the trivial sum received by him for the sale of his pictures was quite insufficient for the daily support of his family. Discouraged and vexed at his want of success, my father conceived the somewhat rash idea of visiting Brussels to try once again his luck in painting. Accompanied by his wife and two children, he embarked for Brussels, with many hopes and bright visions of future success. Arriving there safely, our little family had hardly established themselves, before my little and only sister was seized with a terrible fever. The day which dawned upon her burial witnessed, also, the complete prostration of my father; and ere two weeks had flown, the inanimate body of my loved father was laid beside that of my sister."

At this point of his life's sad history the young man paused, while tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

"And your father's property?" said Rubens, his heart's deep sympathies fairly aroused.

"Alas! the only inheritance left to his orphan child was a natural taste and inclination for that same profession in the pursuance of which fortune had only tempted but to frown upon him."

I will not further detail the particulars of that long and protracted meeting between the great master and the poor stranger youth in whom he had become so suddenly yet deeply interested. Suffice it to say, that the next morning after their interview found Andrea del Sarto an inmate of the studio of the painter Rubens, notwithstanding the latter had long since openly avowed his determination to receive no more pupils in his profession as an artist.

Months passed by, and the young student had made rapid progress in his studies. Rubens himself was fairly delighted with the fertile genius and wondrous talents of his protege. Already had he entrusted Andrea del Sarto with the execution of many family portraits, for which he had received orders; and although such pictures were supposed by the public to be the genuine productions of Rubens's skilful pencil, it was sufficient compensation in the eyes of Andrea to know that his style was so near the counterpart of his master's as scarcely to be distinguishable from that artist's works except by the most fastidious and critical eye.

On entering his studio one morning, Rubens found his pupil apparently so much absorbed in the contemplation of a miniature which he held in his hand as to be entirely unconscious of the existence of all outward circumstances. Perceiving that his entrance had been unnoticed by the youth, the old master advanced noiselessly behind the chair of the young man and glanced at the miniature before him, which was one of great female loveliness. It was executed upon ivory, and was a work of rare merit. But as the old man's gaze rested a second time upon it, he started back and uttered an exclamation of surprise, which caused Andrea to turn quickly around to ascertain the cause of such a sudden and unlooked-for intrusion. For a moment, Andrea stood dismayed and overwhelmed with confusion, as his eyes encountered the stern gaze of his master. The latter, however, instantly recovered himself, and said:

"You will doubtless wonder at the emotion betrayed by me when my eye fell upon the miniature with whose great beauty you seemed lost and rapt in admiration. It was the striking resemblance which the picture bore to the face of my only daughter, which arrested my attention and surprise; for never before have these eyes, so accustomed to look upon the human face in its greatest variety, beheld a face so ethereal in its perfect loveliness as is that of Clara Rubens." A smile passed over the face of the old man, as turning to his companion he quickly added: I trust you will pardon an old father's vanity in having thus frankly spoken of the beauty of his child."

"Most assuredly, sir," said Andrea, respectfully, "it would give me much pleasure to know the daughter of my honored and beloved master. In regard to the original of the miniature which you found me examining," said the youth, slightly coloring, "I must tell you that I know almost as little concerning her as yourself, the miniature having come into my possession under peculiar circumstances."

"Indeed! Perchance it is some ideal creation of the painter's fancy," said Rubens, good naturedly.

"O, no! You are mistaken," said Andrea, quickly; "for it was from the hands of the original that I received it, some three years since."

"Some lost friend, perhaps?" queried Rubens.

"Listen, and I will tell you the circumstances which made me its happy possessor," replied the young artist.

"It was early one summer evening, some three years since, that, heated and fatigued by the extreme sultriness of the day, I strolled into the country for the purpose of recruiting my enfeebled and weakened energies preparatory to the labors of the following day. Indifferent to both time and distance, I wandered on, scarce knowing where I went, until I found myself in the midst of a large tract of woods, some three or four miles distant from the city. I was just upon the point of retracing my steps homewards when a loud shriek rang through the woods. At first, I supposed it to be the scream of some night bird, making still more desolate the usual solitude of the place. I paused. Again that cry of distress fell upon my ear. Half breathless, I hastened forward toward the spot which the sound proceeded from. But all around me was darkness and gloom, while a gentle breeze sighed through the thick and overspreading foliage. The ground beneath my feet was cold and damp, and a chilling sensation began to creep through my veins. But still I hastened on, while the sounds, which I now supposed to proceed from some human voice, seemed growing fainter and fainter. Suddenly a dim light, as from a lantern, attracted my attention. That feeble light served as a beacon to guide me onward in the path of duty. With increased velocity I sprang forward, and ere many moments elapsed I had reached the spot of action. As I neared the thicket I heard the pawing of hoofs upon the ground, as of a steed impatient to be gone. At this moment, a stream of light issuing from the lantern revealed to my sight the slight form of a female figure, apparently a girl of some fifteen summers, struggling in the embraces of a large and swarthy-looking man. I could bear no more. Seizing a broken bough which lay near by, I cautiously advanced from behind a tree and aimed a blow at the head of the monster before me. With a muttered curse upon the unseen author of his injury, the villain fell senseless to the ground. It was but the work of an instant for me to spring forward and release the horse which had been tied to a neighboring tree; then lifting the fainting form of the girl from the ground, I sprung into the saddle, and we were soon out of reach of all human harm. I had not rode far before my companion began slowly to revive, the heavy night dew acting as a restorative to her senses; and from her trembling lips I learned the particulars of that fearful adventure from which, stripling as I was, I had rescued her.

"A stranger in Brussels, she had rode forth, towards sunset, into the country; but being suddenly overtaken by night, she had lost her way. Passing through the woods, her passage was arrested by the strong and powerful arm of a man, who seized the reins of her horse and in a loud voice demanded her purse. The young girl, terrified with fear, obeyed; but even that did not satisfy the heart of the ruffian, and tearing the weak and powerless girl from the saddle, he began to strip her person of the few jewels which she wore. Having succeeded in gaining all but a small diamond cross, it was in her struggle for the keeping of that precious relic that Providence appointed me her deliverer. The next day I received a note from the fair unknown, expressive of her heart's deep gratitude, and urging my acceptance of this little miniature likeness of herself until time could better reward me for the service rendered her."

"And have you never seen the lady since that eventful night?" said Rubens, as Andrea concluded his narrative.

"No; as she steadily refused disclosing her name, and was not a resident of Brussels, it was in vain that I sought to find her out; and though three years have passed, thus far success has baffled all my efforts to obtain a clue to her whereabouts."

"A strange bit of romance, truly," said Rubens, rubbing his hands smartly together, and taking his hat to leave.

It was not many weeks after the above conversation before the youthful artist was called away from the scene of his labors to attend the bedside of his dying mother. With mingled feelings of sorrow and regret, Andrea del Sarto bade adieu to one who, out of the boundless charities of his heart, had done so much towards shaping the future career of the young artist. Rubens, with tears in his eyes and a prayer upon his lips for the success and prosperity of the untiring student, witnessed the departure of Andrea for Brussels.

One month from the time of his return home the old master received a letter from his protege announcing the death of his only surviving relative. Impressed by the bitter loneliness of his situation, now that all who were dear to his heart had been taken from him, he was determined to seek his fortune in some distant quarter of the globe, when, God granting him success, he would return to Antwerp, there to lay his hard-earned laurels at the feet of his respected patron and master, and in his charming society spend the remaining years of his life. Such was the bright picture of the future which the young enthusiast beheld in his day-dreams. Would to God that the reality were always as beautiful and truthful as the ideal!

In a luxurious apartment of one of the most beautiful hotels situated upon the Rue de la Francie, behold the lovely and accomplished daughter of the artist Rubens. The somewhat slight, yet fully developed form, the rose-tinted complexion, the pale and lofty brow, over which a shower of golden ringlets cluster in rich profusion, the deep and azure blue of her eyes, together with the sweet and radiant smile which ever illumines her countenance, combine to make Clara Rubens a vision of almost angelic loveliness.

Four years have past since the opening of our story, and as the youthful bud of promise has gradually developed into the full-blown rose, the old father has watched with tender solicitude the daily expansion of the charms of both soul and body of his idolized child. Yes, Clara Rubens was fair to look upon. All Antwerp rendered her homage. Sonnets were indited to her, musical ballads were dedicated to her, while her fairy-like portrait graced not only the walls of the gallery of fine arts but was found embodied in many a sculptor's group in the various and numerous studios of Antwerp.

The daughter of Rubens was in the twenty-second year of her age; and though she had never failed for lack of admirers and suitors for her hand in marriage, yet up to that time the fair girl had courteously declined all proposals. Her father, conscious of the decay of nature and his declining years, was anxious to see his only child the established wife and partner of some person worthy her position in life. Having communicated this desire to his child one morning, to his great surprise he found that Clara, who had ever been set and immovable on that point, now yielded a ready assent to his wishes. The following plan, by which to make choice of a husband, was conceived and proposed to his daughter, which having met with her acceptance, ran as follows.

As Clara Rubens, besides possessing wondrous beauty, was also a reputed heiress, she would doubtless receive numberless offers from both the wealthy and matrimonial speculators. To prevent any ambitious and unworthy motives on the part of the lovers of his daughter, it was publicly announced in the journals of the day that to him who should be artist enough to cut from a solid piece of iron an elaborate and beautiful wreath of roses only by the aid of the hammer and chisel, in an allotted space of time, should be given the hand of the daughter of Rubens in marriage.

As the list for competitors to the prize was open to both old and young, poor and rich, of the opposite sex, you may readily believe its columns were not long in filling. Three days only was the above list to be kept open, at the end of which time it was to be closed and sealed, and they who had enrolled their names thereon were to be granted a week's time only for the success or failure of their work. Sculptors who had gained many laurels in their profession embarked with new zeal upon this expedition of skill, while many hands that had never been accustomed to the use of the chisel were none the less anxious to compete for the rare prize offered them.

It was near the close of the last day for which the list for candidates to the hand of Clara Rubens in marriage was to be kept open, that a stranger sauntered along through the principal thoroughfare of the splendid city of Antwerp. A close observer would at once recognize in the tall yet finely moulded man before us the once poor student of the artist Rubens. There was the same degree of enthusiasm which manifested itself in the early part of his studies still gleaming from the depths of his large and expressive eyes; but the few lines of care visible upon the broad and expansive forehead, showed plainly that Andrea del Sarto had been unremitting in the toils and labors of his profession. It is true, he had gained riches; but what did that avail him, since they with whom he would gladly have shared his last franc were one by one snatched from his grasp! For years he had wandered the earth, like an Orpheus, in search of his loved yet lost Eurydice; and although he had long since despaired of ever seeing again, on the face of the globe, the original of the miniature which he still held sacred, he looked forward with all the faith of his spiritual nature to the time when he should meet in heaven at last the ideal of his soul.

As the young man glanced about him on either side, as his eye recognized from time to time some familiar object, his attention was suddenly attracted to a notice placed in the window of one of the large warehouses. Surprised beyond measure at its words of import, Andrea del Sarto entered the store and requested permission to place his name upon the list of competitors. He was told that the list was already full, and in a few moments would be withdrawn, but that if he was particularly anxious to enlist in such a cause, and could find a place whereon to write his name, he was welcome to do so. The artist, perceiving that the names of some of the first sculptors and artists in Antwerp and Brussels were down, resolved to try his chance in the game, for a mere lottery it seemed to be in his eyes. So filling up the only remaining space at the bottom of the list with his name, written in a very fine and disguised hand, Andrea del Sarto left the store.

His first thought was to call at once upon his former teacher and reveal his intention of contending for the prize, but when he recollected that the effort he was about to make was an entirely new feature in his profession, his small chance of success dwindled into entire nothingness; and with a degree of pride peculiarly his own, he resolved to conceal himself from his friend's sight until the day appointed for the awarding of the prize. So taking lodgings in an obscure part of the city, Andrea procured a large piece of iron, although it was at an exorbitant price that he purchased it, the price of iron having been raised at that time on account of the unusual demand for it, and steadfastly set about his new work.

A week was but a short time for the execution of so elaborate a piece of workmanship, and with only such rough tools as were allowed; but still the young man toiled from daybreak till near midnight, allowing himself but little or no time for sleep and refreshment. One would have thought, to have seen him bending so constantly over his task, that his very life's blood depended upon his success or failure. At the end of five days Andrea had the pleasure of seeing his work completed; and it was with no slight degree of satisfaction that he beheld the triumph of genius over so many obstacles. Attaching no name to his work of art, Andrea had the chiselled wreath boxed up and sent to the hotel of Rubens.

The first day of the ensuing month was the one appointed for making known the name of the successful candidate. At an early hour in the morning the hall in the hotel of the artist Rubens was densely filled with people, many of whom were led thither by curiosity, for such an important matter afforded to those not interested, at least, no slight degree of food for gossip in the circle of society. Andrea, too, was there; but it seemed as though he shrank from public gaze and contact, for he had chosen a seat in the extreme corner of the hall. Few, if any, recognized him, for during his brief stay in Antwerp, Andrea had devoted himself so exclusively to his studies that he made but a slight acquaintance in that well-filled city. He had not even seen the daughter of his master, although he now remembered that the latter had spoken of the striking resemblance between his daughter and that of the miniature he possessed; but that was years ago, and now that Clara had grown to be a woman, even that faint resemblance must have faded away.

Busy with such thoughts as these, Andrea remained silent and motionless for some moments, until the whisper of "she comes" ran through the crowd, and falling upon the youthful artist, recalled him to a consciousness of things about him. Looking in the direction of the door, it swung slowly open, and Clara Rubens entered, attired in a robe of snowy white, and leaning upon the arm of her father. Andrea cast one look upon the almost angelic being before him, and murmuring a few incoherent words, sank back into his seat, and drawing the miniature from his breast, sat wildly gazing upon it.

Rubens stated that out of the many hundred who had enrolled their names as competitors for the prize, but some six or eight had succeeded in accomplishing the designed work of art. Each of the wreaths was then submitted in turn to the view of the assembly. All eyes rested upon Rubens as he said:

"The single wreath upon which my choice has fallen, as being the great master-piece, has, unfortunately, no name affixed to it."

The eyes of the crowd were now diverted from Rubens to one another; each one seeking, if possible, to discover the successful victor. But the deep scrutiny reached not the little obscured corner in which our hero sat, although his trembling frame and heaving breast were guilty tokens of his impending fate. At last, Rubens said, in a loud voice:

"If the author of this elaborate piece of workmanship be present, I conjure him at once to make himself known, for upon him has my choice fallen."

For a moment all was breathless silence in that vast throng. With an unsteady step and swimming brain, Andrea del Sarto emerged from his obscurity and advanced towards the stand occupied by Rubens. As he approached, with his eyes bent towards the floor, Clara uttered an exclamation of joy, and sprang forward and fell upon the neck of the artist-sculptor.

"Clara," said Rubens, addressing his daughter for the first time in his life somewhat sternly, "what does this burst of emotion mean? Explain the mystery, my child."

"This is the preserver of my life, father," said Clara, seizing the hand of the young artist, and presenting him to her father. Then with a sigh, the fair girl turned aside and murmured: "Alas, how poor the reward of such a noble act!"

Andrea raised for the first time his eyes to the faces of both father and daughter. Rubens started. The words "Andrea, my pupil, my child!" escaped from the lips of the old man, who would have fallen powerless to the ground but for the strong and manly arm of Andrea, which supported and led him to a seat. The excitement which such a scene produced throughout the crowd was great; and though all seemed to joy in the happiness of the re-united trio, but few knew the circumstances of the case.

In a short time the old master recovered himself, and having proclaimed Andrea del Sarto the successful aspirant for the hand of his daughter in marriage, the crowd quickly dispersed, lost in idle conjecture, as to who the stranger was and what particular claim he could have on the affections of Rubens and his daughter.

When once left to themselves, Clara explained to her father how the noble youth had rescued her from the arms of a ruffian when she was benighted in the woods near Brussels, many years ago, while visiting an aunt in the city. She told him, also, that but for the timely aid of Andrea she would have lost the diamond cross, so valuable to her as being the dying gift of her mother.

"No wonder, then," said Rubens, as Andrea drew forth the miniature from his pocket and stood gazing first upon the real and then the ideal, "that even *my* dim eyes discovered a resemblance between the original of that picture and my own Clara."

"Yes, father, that likeness was designed as a gift to yourself, but impressed with a deep sense of gratitude towards my deliverer, I sent it to him the next morning after my escape from peril, begging him to accept it as a slight token of my never-failing regard and respect towards one who had proved himself so worthy my remembrance and esteem."

"Since you are now the rightful, and soon will be the lawful, possessor of the real Clara, you will probably surrender the imaginary one to my safe keeping," said Rubens, smiling; "for you know I cannot be left wholly childless in my old age."

A few days after witnessed the marriage nuptials of the happy pair; and though time has long since obliterated the lives of that once joyous and devoted household band, still are the names of Rubens and Andrea del Sarto familiar to posterity by the mighty efforts of their genius, which ages can never efface. And to this day may be seen the bronze statue of Rubens, near the site of the Hotel St. Antoine; while at a short distance from the cathedral where repose the remains of that illustrious master, is the identical wreath of chiselled iron, raised on a pedestal at a slight height from the ground, the sight of which has led to the recital of the story of The Artist's Prize.

THE SICK-ROOM.

The progress of science has taught us that air and cleanliness are quite as necessary to abate illness as to maintain health. Frequent changes of linen and thorough ablution will mitigate the severity of any feverish attack, and contribute greatly to recovery. Vinegar in tepid water, or a little eau-de-cologne thrown into it, is most refreshing, besides lessening the danger of cold. The same linen should never be worn during a consecutive day and night, unless in cases of extreme illness. Everything in the way of linen should be thoroughly aired and well warmed, so that no chill may be felt on coming in contact with it. Medicine should be given with the greatest exactness; and as the capacities of spoons are as various as those of people, those to be used in measuring physic should be shown to the medical man that he may decide on the suitability. Never give medicine without looking at the label to see if it is right. Beware of disturbing a patient from sleep, even to take medicine, unless especially desired to do so. For any other reason it is most improper. Do not urge food or drink when nature does not seem to require it, and beware of irritating by an appearance of over-officiousness. How many nurses, with the kindest intentions, cause so much irritation to a patient that they become almost odious! They stand at the foot of the bed, and perhaps lean on it while talking, and shake at once the bed and nerves of the sufferer. They drop the tongs and poker, or throw the coals on the fire with an energy which is excruciating; they bring up a little tea or gruel, and it is slopped over the cloth, and the sickly appetite is too much disgusted to remain. They enter into some long story without noting the weary eye, the contracted brow, the languor which denotes fatigue, and then they wonder at the impatience with which they are told not to talk.—*Maternal Counsel to a Daughter.*

ARABIC HORSE PROVERBS.

All horse science is summed up with the Arabs in a vast number of proverbs. We give a few of the most important ones:

Make the colt eat at one year; mount him at two or three years, as soon as he can be broken; feed him well the third and fourth; then re-mount him; if he does not suit you sell him without hesitation.

When you have bought a horse study him with care, and give him barley in progressive quantities till you have arrived at the precise amount requisite for his appetite.

A good horseman ought to know the measure of barley which suits his horse, as well as the measure of powder which suits his gun.

To prepare a horse that is too fat for the fatigues of war, make him poor by exercise, but never by deprivation of nourishment.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LEGEND OF THE "LONE TREE."

BY F. H. COX.

No person who has ever traversed the vales of the Saginaw but remembers the "lone tree" which stood upon the east side of the river above Portsmouth, about a mile and a half from its flows. It looked like some bold mountaineer, who, having become disgusted with the follies of human nature, had taken up his abode in the desert where far from the busy haunts of his fellow-men, he might pour out his heart's outpourings to the wild winds, and waste his spleen and discontent upon the "common air." Alone it stood, majestic in its loneliness, like the last rose, whose companions are gone. A spirit of romance certainly seemed to linger about it. A whisper of the past gently breathed through its desolate branches, and the question naturally arose, Why is it that this tree thus stood alone? A greater interest to it was imparted by the fact of its having been for years the abode of a white owl, whose nightly dismal whoop fell mournfully upon the ear of night.

The Indians had a great reverence for this tree, and also for its occupant, which they said was a spirit bird. There is a beautiful belief existing among the aborigines of our country in regard to a guardian spirit, which they say is often seen, and which appears in the form of a bird—sometimes the dove, sometimes the eagle, but more frequently assuming the form of a night bird, though the disposition of the deceased while living has much to do with the species. For instance, a great warrior dies whose disposition had been fearless, ambitious and untamed; his spirit bird presences an eagle. A blood-thirsty chieftain's spirit bird is a hawk. A gentle maiden passes away to the spirit land, and her friends know that she is hovering near them when they hear the mournful notes of a mourning dove.

A legend or tradition concerning the "lone tree" exists among the Indians of the Saginaw Valley. Many, many long years ago, before the white man's foot had left its impress in this valley, Ke-wah-ke-won ruled his people with kindness. He was a patriarch among them, and beloved for the gentleness of his manners and the mildness of his government. He had been a great warrior in his day; but his youth had departed, and the languid pulse and feeble foot-step told, alas, too plainly, that he would soon be treading the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. The good old man felt that he was indeed passing away—dying—and he was desirous to see once more his tribes in council and bestow upon them his last blessing, and impart his dying advice. The old chief lay upon his death-bed, and around him were gathered in mournful silence his beloved people, eager to catch the first and last words that would drop from the lips of the dying chieftain. It was a mournful and a melancholy picture that death-bed scene in the wilderness. At length the chief spoke, while the fire of youth seemed to kindle again in his dim eye, and his voice, though weak, was calm and clear.

"My children," said he, "the Great Spirit has called me, and I must obey the summons. Already is the tomahawk raised to sever the last cord that binds me to my children; already my guide stands at the door to convey me to the hunting-grounds of my fathers in the spirit land. You weep, my children, but dry your tears, for though I leave you now, yet will my spirit bird ever watch over you and protect you. I will whisper to you in the evening breeze, and when morning comes you will know that I have been with you through the night. The good spirit beckons for me, and I must hasten. Let my body be laid in a quiet spot in the prairie, with my tomahawk and pipe by my side. You need not fear that the wolf will disturb my rest, for the Great Spirit will place a watch over me. Meet me in the spirit land, my children. Farewell." And the old chief slept the sleep that knows no waking till the end of time.

They buried him in a lone spot in the prairie, near the beautiful river, with his face towards the rising sun. His remains were never disturbed by beast or bird; for it would indeed seem that so the Great Spirit had ordered it. Time passed on, and a tree arose from his grave and spread its branches over it, as if to protect it, and a beautiful white owl took possession of it. The Indians tell us that the "lone tree" marked the last resting-place of Ke-wah-ke-won, and that the white owl was the spirit bird sent to watch over it.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

MADISON, THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

The fine large engraving on this page was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill, and exhibits an accurate and striking representation of Madison, the point of view selected being the water-cure establishment, the roof and grounds of which are seen in front. Those who have had the good fortune to visit Madison will readily recognize the various prominent buildings in our panoramic view. The city of Madison, Dane county seat, and capital of the State of Wisconsin, perhaps, combines and overlooks more charming and diversified scenery calculated to please the eyes of fancy and promote health and pleasure, than any other State capital, or even any other city in the Union. Bright lakes, fresh groves, rippling rivulets, sloping hills, shady vales, and flowery meadows and lawns are here commingled in the greatest profusion and disposed in the most picturesque order. The city is situated upon a ridge, of land about one mile in width, between Lake Mendota—a crystal body of cool spring water, eight miles in length, six in breadth, and from fifty to two hundred feet in depth, which always preserves its pure clearness and sealike appearance, washes a fine gravelly beach, surrounded by high, romantic bluffs that are clothed with nature's richest verdure, and mirrors the broad canopy of heaven and the overhanging forests—and Lake Menona, which is smaller than Lake Mendota but not inferior to it in beauty. The first settler of Madison erected his log hut there in 1837. In 1846 the place contained a population of only 283. In 1850, immediately after the improvement of the water power between Lakes Mendota and Menona, by the erection of flouring and sawmills, the population increased to 1672. The population at the present time, January 7, 1857, is over 10,000, showing a very large increase during the last five years, caused by the opening of railroads and the settlement of the rich agricultural country which surrounds the city of Madison. Situated about midway between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River, it lies on the direct route of western travel. Nine chartered railroad lines intersect here, some finished and in profitable operation, and others under energetic progress. The capitol was built in 1838, and stands in the centre of a park containing fourteen acres and occupying the most elevated part of the city. The university of Wisconsin is located a mile west of the capitol, on a beautiful and commanding site. This institution received a large endowment of lands from Congress, a part of which have been sold, and the property of the university is estimated to be now $250,000. Two large edifices have been erected for the accommodation of students who, under the instruction of learned professors, may obtain here a complete education. About two miles from the capital, on a charming point of land projecting into Lake Menona, stands the "Lake Side Water Cure." It is a large and beautiful structure, built on a gentle eminence, and surrounded by trees. This establishment is the resort, during many months of the year, not only of those from the neighboring country and cities who desire the advice and care of the medical superintendent of the establishment, but also of many who come from a distance to enjoy themselves in this lovely spot and inhale its pure and delightful atmosphere, and be fanned by the cool and refreshing breezes of the lake. In this brief sketch we have given the reader only a very imperfect idea of Madison, whose beauty of location, healthy climate, business facilities and superior educational advantages are so combined as to render it one of the most favored cities in our broad land. Every one who has visited Madison has been charmed by its attractions. Daniel S. Curtis, in his graphic work entitled "Western Portraiture," has given us his impressions of Madison, in 1851, as follows: "At some time in our travels or observations, all of us have met with some location that was at once and indelibly impressed upon the fancy as the paragon of all out-door loveliness and beauty—the place with which all others were contrasted, and to which they must bear some respectable degree of resemblance to be esteemed delightful locations. With many persons, Madison is this paragon of landscape scenery. As the brilliant diamond, chased around with changing borders, which sparkle on the swelling vestment of some queenly woman, so this picturesque village, with its varied scenery, sits the coronal gem on the broad and rolling bosom of this rich and blooming State. Nor is it less noteworthy for its business advantages and healthful position. Situated on elevated ground, amid delightful groves and productive lands, it must be healthy; while the abundance and convenience of fine streams and water-power must facilitate a sound and rapid advancement here in agricultural pursuits and the mechanic arts. There are, also, several liberal charters for railroads, connecting Madison with Milwaukee, Chicago, and the Mississippi River, some of which are already being pushed ahead with energy." In 1853, Professor Noble Butler wrote the following enthusiastic account of this young city in the Knickerbocker Magazine: "The next evening we arrived at this place. I feel convinced that this place was once called Eden; but in the language of mortals it is now called Madison. I have been looking about to find Eve's bower, but there are so many places that seem to answer the description that I am unable to decide between the rival claimants. Madison is situated on rising ground, between two lakes, as lovely as a fairy dream. Indeed, I consider fairy land a very prosaic sort of place in comparison with this. On one side is Lake Mendota, nine miles long and six wide; on the other is Menona, about three miles by five. The space between the lakes, on which the town is built, is from three-fourths of a mile to a mile in width. Around the town, stretching away in every direction, is a beautiful undulating country, consisting of prairies and 'oak-openings.' These 'oak-openings' are said to bear a great resemblance to the English park scenery. The town is situated on undulating ground. The university buildings are on the highest ground, and when completed will present a most imposing appearance. The capitol is admirably situated on a lovely square of fourteen acres, covered with forest trees. From the top of the 'Capital House,' which, by the way, *is a capital* house in more senses than one, the visitor has a splendid view. The enterprise and energy of the Madisonians are absolutely astonishing. The hills and valleys look at them with suspicion. If a man sees a Madisonian take a 'railroad look' at it, it begins to sink at once. In the language of the coon to Captain Scott, it says: 'I might as well come down.' When a mere visitor has been to Madison for a few days, if he looks rather intensely at a valley, it begins to 'swell up.' Madison contains about nine thousand *souls*, and I believe this includes the whole population; for, judging from appearances, I should say every individual has a soul. Well, among these nine thousand there was a gas company formed last January. On the evening of our arrival the town was lighted with gas! They have determined to have water-works, and you should come this way in a few weeks, do not be surprised if you should see Neptune and all his Tritons spouting here. Madison is destined to be a resort for those who wish to retire from the turmoil of business. Around these beautiful lakes there will be seen many a home reflected in the clear waters. Those to whom the bustle of Newport and Saratoga gives no recreation, will enjoy such a place as this.



VIEW OF MADISON, THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

LIFE AS IT IS.

Let us make an excursion down the street and see what we can learn. Yonder is the wreck of a man's son. He was permitted to grow up without employment, went and came as he pleased, and spent his time in the gratification of his spontaneous passions, desires and inclinations, for there was no one to check him when his course was evil, or encourage him in the ways of wisdom. His father was rich, and for that reason the son thought he had nothing to do; no part in honest labor to perform. By and by the father died, and his son inherited a portion of his abundant wealth, and having never earned money by honest toil, he knew not the value of it, and having no knowledge of business, he knew not how to use it, so he gave loose reins to his appetites and passions, and ran at a rapid rate down the broad road to dissipation. Now behold him—a broken-down man, bowed with infirmity, a mere wreck of what he was, both physically and mentally. His money is gone, and he lives on the charity of those whose hearts are open with pity. Such is the fate of multitudes that are born to fortunes, and who spend their all as they go. And there, on the opposite side, in that comfortable mansion, lives the



THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

of a poor cobbler. Fifteen years ago he left the humble room of his sons and went forth in the broad world to seek his fortune. All his ...es consisted of his chest of tools, a good knowledge of his trade, ... principles, industrious habits, and twenty-five coppers. Now he ... owner of that elegant mansion, is doing a thriving business, pos... an unbroken constitution, and bids fair to live to a good old age. ... is the lot of hundreds of thousands who never boasted of wealthy ...estage. Go into the city and you will almost invariably find that the ...enterprising men are of poor parentage—men who have had to ...against wind and tide; while on the other hand, a majority of the ...dants of wealthy men possess only a mediocrity of talents, live a ...time like drones on the labor of others, and then go down to ...dy graves. What a lesson should this be to those who are by ...eans, either by fair or foul, accumulating treasures for their chil... If the rich would train their children to regular habits of indus... very many of them would be saved from intemperance, misery, and ...ously end, and the descendants of wealthy men would not be, as ...ders are, but drones, as to all the best interests of social well... —*York Republican.*

FEMALE SHARP PRACTICE.

Some years ago a young gentleman living in Crawford county "went west," settled in a western city, and soon became independently rich. He married a lady residing in the city where he located. After he had been married about six months, he prepared to visit Crawford county in company with his bride. But a few days before he was to start he was accidentally killed by a crate of crockery falling upon him from the second story of his warehouse. The event was duly communicated to his family in Ohio. That was about eighteen months ago. About three months since the father of the deceased was startled to see a carriage driving up to his door. A very interesting lady, dressed in mourning, stepped out and introduced herself as the widow of the dead son. Great was the joy of the household at the visit of their beloved son and brother's relic. She said she was going to Rhode Island, and could not resist the opportunity of seeing the parents and relatives of her "beloved Harry." This was accompanied by a flood of tears and "furnace sighs." Three weeks passed by, and she had worked her way into the affections of the family. She was regarded as a daughter—as a sister. The hour came for her departure—they exchanged miniatures—the farewells were said—the blubbering was at its very height, when she called the old gentleman to one side, and with great embarrassment told that she had lost her pocket book on the cars, containing all but a trifle of her funds. She felt a diffidence in making the request, but if she could not apply to her "beloved Harry's" father, to whom could she go? The old man's heart melted, and in a moment his wallet was produced, ten X's of the Seneca County Bank were tendered and accepted. She departed—alas, that dear friends must part. Time flew, and a month passed, but nothing was heard from "beloved Harry's relic." The old gentleman became alarmed, and addressed a letter to the father of his son's wife, detailing the circumstances of her visit. An answer came. It stated that the widow of his late son was at home—had not been away—and that from the description given, the woman who personated her was a servant girl who had lived with them, and had gleaned enough of the history of Harry's family in Ohio to enable her to play his wife. Fancy the feelings of the old gentleman when he found out how he had been victimized by the artful dodger, who had thus palmed upon his credulity.—*Tiffin Advertiser.*

HISTORY OF ONE OF OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

Judge Hopkinson gives the history of his famous song—"Hail Columbia"—in the following interesting manner: "The song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable—Congress being then in session at Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people were divided into parties for the one side or the other—some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with Republican France, as she was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violations of our rights by both belligerents were forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher—I think not so high—as it did at that time on that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance he called on me in the afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following day. He said he had no boxes taken, and the prospect was that he should suffer a loss, instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; but that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no verses could be composed to suit the music of the march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it was, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued night after night for the rest of the season; the song being encored and repeated many times during each night, the whole audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHADOWS O'ER ME ROLL.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

I cannot weep—I cannot pray!
Dull misery overpowers my soul,
Like fate impending e'er the way:
I dream to fly life's tedious goal!
My heart is seared—my breath is pain.
Faint hope scarce lives within my soul;
Despair comes on with dismal train,
While dusky shadows o'er me roll.

I own 'tis weak—I feel 'tis vain:
But can the will o'erawe the soul?
Maddened by life, despair and pain,
I long—I long to fly the goal!
To fly the earthly goal, and find
Bright morning dawning on the soul:
That day-dawn of th' eternal mind,
When no more shadows o'er us roll.

Suicide? Ha! 't were darkest night
T' escape unbidden life's long goal!
Eclipse of that most perfect light
That brightens up the darkest soul.
Courage, awhile! though life be dark,
And doubt envelope like a scroll,
High faith shall guide thy shattered bark
Where no more shadows oe'r thee roll

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOLBECK'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

By the blind and aged painter's bedside, watching his sunken and withered features, stood a young, fair girl of sixteen. A profusion of glossy ringlets floated over her sloping shoulders, like a mist wreath seen at sunset, while her violet blue eyes had in their depths the elements of love and gentleness, ill suited to the squalid wretchedness that pervaded the place. The exquisite beauty of that delicate girl, watching there by the debilitated, dying painter, was a study worthy an artist. And so thought the young Englishman, Frank Howard, who, travelling for pleasure, had stopped at Harlem, two years before, to take lessons in his great creative art from its now blind painter, Holbeck.

If to the aged artist Pauline was the sole being shrouded in his affections, since so fondly cleaving to him in the desolate and darkened winter of age, and to whom was given the all of enthusiasm and love that had once centred in his bright and beautiful creations, she was more worshipped than saint, or art, than country, home, or aught beside in life, by the young English student, who had quitted Harlem some months previous, summoned to England by the sudden death of his father, promising, with throbbing heart and quivering lip, to return with all speed, to claim her for his bride.

Since then, the Low Countries had revolted against the tyrant and bigot, Philip II. of Spain, and the persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands had commenced, and the stern rule of Philip's favorite general, Alva, had driven many of the chief Spanish towns to open rebellion. Many of these were sacked, and every species of cruelty perpetrated upon the defenceless inhabitants, while others held out for a time, defying the utmost power of Spain to subdue them.

Chiefest of these ranked Harlem. At the period when our story begins, it had been invested some months. The sufferings of its resolute burghers, driven to despair by sickness and famine, were equalled only by their unyielding patriotism; but now, famine, gaunt and hollow-eyed, stalked in their midst. The siege was drawing to a close; Harlem could hold out no longer, and the blind painter, Holbeck, its glory and its pride, lay stretched upon his pallet, to die. In truth, he was starving. Everything available was sold, to procure wherewith to eke out a few days' subsistence. That devoured, he had but to fold his hands and die. Never for a moment quitting his side, his beautiful Pauline was the last link that bound him to earth, the sole bow of heavenly love left to span the dark gathering clouds of despair and death.

As the famishing painter lay flickering between life and death, the shouts of the Spanish soldiery roused him from his torpor.

"Pauline, go and bar the door. That is surely the enemy. Has the governor capitulated?"

"Yes, my father; the soldiers have entered the city. Men, women and children are fleeing before them, vainly trying to escape death by hiding in their houses." And she drew mechanically nearer the bed on which the old blind painter lay.

"Open your smoky hatch, mynheer!" was shouted without. "Open, or we'll soon find a way to unearth you!"

The latter threat was immediately followed by a blow, as from a bludgeon. A crash followed; the lower panels were forced in, and crawling through, their iron pikes in their hands, the fierce Spanish soldiery, with glaring eyes and huge moustaches, gazed on the dying man and shrinking girl, who instinctively drew nearer her life-long, enfeebled protector.

"Men, I am miserably poor, blind and dying. If the bolts on my door led you to suppose I had money, you have but to look around you, at the destitution, to see your error," said the venerable painter, when they demanded his money bags.

"No trifling! Where do you keep your gold florins, mynheer?"

Pauline, clinging to her destitute, blind father, besought them to believe him, while the dying painter held her in his feeble arms with the tenacity of despair, with the anguish of a last embrace.

"Take not my innocent child from me. O, men! are ye fathers? Slay *me*; wreak your vengeance on me; but spare *her*."

A fierce-looking trooper caught her by the arm roughly, to drag her away; the old man whispered a parting word, and the young girl, first taking something from under his pillow, said:

"Have no fear now, my father; in life or in death, I am safe."

"Thank Heaven! My heart grows cold. God protect and nerve thee! *Farewell!*"

He had ceased to breathe; but no tear told of Pauline's sorrow. The fire in her heart and brain burned too determined to permit such signs of weakness. The desperate exigence of the moment had turned the gentleness of that young bosom to frenzy; grandly towering in her proud resolve, she flung back the golden ringlets from her calm brow, as if awaiting and defying their approach.

The soldiers looked upon her in silent wonder; they had seen her draw a dagger from beneath the dying painter's pillow, and they smiled at each other in derision, wondering if that slight girl thought to defy his majesty's guard with her poignard.

"Dead or alive, my pretty one, I take on myself your taming."

The speaker approached; yet ere his hand touched her shoulder, a blow caused him to turn, scowling and muttering from beneath the cold glance of his superior, Captain Lopez, who that moment entered the house. Yet ere the latter could prevent, the painter's daughter had plunged the poignard deep, deep, in her own breast; looking the while in his face with the stern resolve and calm majesty of a heroic woman; the gentleness of the girl merged in the frenzied resolve of braving death—triumphing over its fear. Ere Lopez could reach her, she had fallen on her dead father's breast, her crimson blood deluging the wretched bed, her cheek growing gradually pale as marble, while the waxen lids veiled the dimming eyes.

"*Freed!*" the only word that passed the pale lips, whereon the breath scarce fluttered; then her arms fell powerless, and all was still.

As soon as the siege was raised, the young Englishman, true to his promise, sought the painter's residence in Harlem, but sought in vain. To his distracted inquiries he received but vague replies. The old man was dead, the house burned, the daughter for a time supposed dead, but carefully guarded by Captain Lopez, borne to the convent of Santander, and placed with the abbess, she had recovered, and this was all they knew. Passing over the coast and region of La Mancha, young Howard learned that the convent had been demolished, and Pauline carried off by order of Captain Lopez, none knew whither.

Travelling toward the north of Spain, where, at Rio-Seco the enemy had rallied, Howard learned that Captain Lopez, bound by no other ties than those of a volunteer, had quit the army in disgust, which, retreating from Rio-Seco in all directions, were concentrating their forces again on the frontier. To return to England, while yet ignorant of the fate or whereabouts of old Holbeck's daughter, seemed impossible. Restless and dispirited, he was journeying through the village El Retiro, when rumors of a haunted castle on its marge had taken such a foothold of his imagination, that all arguments proved ineffectual to check the adventurous spirit of the artist, determined upon sketching it.

Accompanied by a villager who reluctantly consented to indulge his fancy for ghosts and ruins, Frank Howard set out down a wooded descent that became less obstructed on gaining the foot of the mountain, where a tolerable path lay continuously along the side of a stream, till on getting near the castle it abruptly turned to the left, quitting the rivulet, and winding up the eminence on which the castle stood. The walls in many places had given way, and the gloomy pile bore sad evidences of time's ravages, as its stately turrets rose gloomily above the once spacious entrance, now narrowed by the growth of brushwood. The window frames that had once opened upon a terrace running the whole length of the castle, had long mouldered away. Still, having scrambled up over huge heaps of stones, the scene that presented itself to our artist was one of indescribable beauty. The view, looking northward through a sombre valley so canopied by the giant branches of oaks, the growth of centuries, that the sun's rays could never penetrate their interlacing foliage, was terminated by the mountain they had descended, whose peak, covered with snow, was then glittering in the morning's sunbeams.

Entering the castle, Howard found it in a most dilapidated state; all the staircases, save one, having fallen in, while the greater portion of the apartments were unroofed, and cumbered by the fallen ruins. Passing out into the courtyard, he entered what had once been a spacious garden, now an almost impenetrable weedery. Still skirting the castle wall, he noted a pathway leading from the wood, which, rounding one of the turrets, stopped at a low porch, where a modern door, with strong bolts and hinges, had been hung upon the opening, recently cut in the solid masonry. Pushing it open, he entered a well-lighted passage, and seeing a massive oaken door on the right, found it opened into a spacious hall. Our sketcher was much struck with the appearance of this apartment. Its large and lofty windows were boarded up to within a few inches of their peaked arches, admitting but scanty light to show the round table in its centre, on which knives and plates were spread, while a fire still smouldered on the hearth, bestrewn with culinary utensils, while fragments of a late repast bore evidence that it had been lately occupied.

Pondering on this, Howard remembered having noted in several parts of the road that it bore marks of recent travel, and came to the conclusion, notwithstanding all his host had told him about its having been built four hundred years before by the baron Gonzalez of Sarragossa—who, becoming jealous of his lovely wife, had murdered her, and afterward committed suicide by throwing himself from its battlements into the foamy cataract that rushed thundering by—the castle remaining ever since uninhabited, haunted at night by the spirits of the vindictive baron and his murdered wife. Despite his love of the wild and legendary, our artist could not but think the castle inhabited by living spirits. The guide offered to show the chamber where the baroness had been murdered. But they found it fastened by a newly-constructed oaken door, securely barred. The peasant proposed that they should return to the village, and procure men and implements to break open the strongly-bolted door, although he said they would likely find only an empty room for their trouble.

Turning away, they were about to retrace their steps, when they were arrested by seeing a tall, soldierly-looking man in the way, armed to the teeth.

"What do you want here?" he asked.

"I am an Englishman, travelling for amusement, and hearing of the haunted castle, came here to sketch it."

Two other armed men now approached; but Frank Howard noticed that the first comer was their commander, as they addressed him as "*Tenieste.*" He bade the Englishman follow, who, keeping near, noted a slight female figure as the door opened of the mysterious dining-room, who, stopping suddenly, cast an anxious look of warning upon him, that turned to a wild, burning gaze, as his name, spoken in tones never forgotten, passed her lips, just as the chief, turning round, laid his hand roughly on his collar.

"Who is he? Do you know him?" he asked.

"He was—a student of my father's," was her low-voiced, trembling reply. No further word was spoken, and she left the room. And was it thus they met—met and parted?—they who had been lovers—were so even yet, how and when to meet again in a world rife with change and disappointment, who might tell?

Courteously inviting the man, so wholly in his power, to be seated, the robber chief, for such he was, asked him what had brought him to that part of the country, divided, as it was, by internal commotions. In return, Howard repeated his previous account, in corroboration of which, he produced a passport granted him by the secretary of state for foreign affairs in London, wherein he was described as "Francis Howard, an English gentleman, travelling for pleasure." This, like all passports, being in the French language, the chief showed his scholarship by immediately reading.

"I will countersign it, so as to facilitate your progress," he said.

Drawing from the rough table-drawer pen and ink, he appended his name, saying:

"This signature will have greater weight in protecting you, and facilitating your progress through Santona and the rural districts, than the other."

Gratefully acknowledging the consideration evinced for his safety by the unknown, our artist remarked on the lateness of the hour, and his wish to return to El Retiro before dark.

"Believing implicitly what you have told me, also that you have been known to Holbeck's daughter, I would protect you, and were you to leave the castle now, and fall in with any stragglers of our party, they might think it but obeying their chief to put a bullet through you. I will myself accompany you at night, when you may depart in security."

And he kept his word, detaining Gasparo, the peasant guide, until the party should remove their quarters, which they intended to do in a few days. This could be easily done, without exciting inquiry, since Gasparo, though belonging to El Retiro, was journeying to Terrace, not intending to return with our Englishman, having only diverged from his way to show him the haunted castle.

As Howard and the bandit chief stood on the brow of the hill, ere separating that night, the former, holding out his hand, said:

"Your generous and noble conduct has created in my mind a lively interest, so much that I feel impelled to inquire how a man, possessing your acquirements, one whose superior education would have fitted him to hold with honor situations of high trust, could have ever—"

"I can fill out the hiatus your modesty refers to," he said, with a light laugh. The next moment, however, a shade of troubled anxiety darkened his expressive countenance. "You are surprised, Mr. Howard, at finding such a man the chief of a band like mine. Circumstances led to it. Injuries have made me what I am. Entitled by my birth to rank and fortune, I have been wronged, and that I, in a light measure, avenge myself on society for the plundering of all I held dear, arises from the ever-present memory of wrong. Mine is the sad history of an elder brother's villany, and but the adjunct of a system I am pursuing to raise a powerful force, to make apparent in return the prophetic meaning of the motto on our family crest, "the might makes the right." And now I have placed you out of danger. Farewell."

Howard returned the frank pressure of the chieftain's hand. He longed to ask for Pauline, so long, so wholly loved, but a fear that it might militate against her peace, perhaps, sealed his lips; and casting a last look on the blackened turrets of the haunted castle, he returned to El Retiro with a heavy heart, to his lone room, to dream of Pauline, and the days when in Harlem he wooed and won old Holbeck's daughter.

Two years later, when accompanied by a fair English bride, our young tourist was journeying toward Madrid, a splendid carriage with liveried outriders rolled up to the door of the principal inn at Miranda de Ebro. Something in the erect stature, and sharp, decisive military tread of the gentleman struck Howard as familiar. Going up to the faultless equipage, he noted the crest of the armorial shield, a mailed hand clutching a dagger, with the motto of one of Spain's highest dignitaries, "*Crains qui me nuis*"—"Let those who harm me, fear me."

Presently the tall cavalier returned with a lady attired in a travelling costume. Her veil was thrown back, and with a start of astonishment, Frank Howard's eyes met those of the bright star of his youth's idolatry—*Pauline!* It was but a single glance. The carriage rolled on toward Madrid. Howard asked at the inn for their names. "General Lopez, and his wife, Holbeck's daughter, of Harlem."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY ORVILLE PEARCE.

The spotless page invites my tagging pen.
'Tis Ellen's book, and kind request she makes,
That 'mong her favored friends I write my name,
And leave my tribute, that in after years,
Should earlier friends be for a time forgot,
The Album, like a true remembrancer,
May point the wayward memory to the past
Would that I might wield the inspired poet's pen'
Nor faultless elegance, nor beauty then,
Should this my offering lack. With fearless hand
I'd sweep th' melodious chords of poesy,—
I'd render here the choicest gems of song,—
And in the list of those I prize most high,
I'd write fair Ellen's friendship.
But to me
Comes no poetic fire. No ready muse,
Attentive, waits upon my slightest wish,
T' inspire my thoughts, or guide my feeble pen.
So, gazing wistfully at Pegasus,
As he unbridled roves, nor heeds my call,
I write my longing aspirations here,
And turn away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MURMUR OF THE SEA.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

From Calcutta, bound for an American port, proudly bounded the good ship Antoinette with her precious freight, over the wide and sparkling seas. Joy was in the hearts, joy in the eyes of many a sunburnt mariner as he trimmed the sails which were drawing him with mighty hands towards his native land. The homeward waves always look brightest; the homeward breeze has always a breath of balm and kiss of love; and the thoughts of many a dear one on the distant shore of liberty made their manly pulses thrill with delight. How clearly the images of the loved at home became now defined in their fond and yearning memories, and how they blessed the kindly waters which, though still they separated them, were lessening the yielding space.

There was on board a family by the name of Strafford—father, mother, and their two only children, Marcius and Ellena, who had just arrived at the years of manhood and womanhood—and as they stood together upon the deck, conversing with the captain, the latter remarked a troubled look upon the face of the elder Strafford, though the visages of his family were full of hope and cheerfulness. Captain Thurston inquired the cause.

"What's the matter, friend Strafford? Here you have been reaping a fortune for years in the East, surrounded by the blessings of a happy family and the smiles of good luck, and disease has never crossed your threshold, and reverse in business has not once befallen you. Returning, with every prospect of a fair voyage to the native land for which so long you have yearned, and while your wife and children are overjoyed at the thought, you alone seem sad. I have noticed it ever since we left port; and now tell me, if the inquiry is not intrusive, what is the reason."

"You will laugh at me when I tell you, even as my family did when I first thought superstitiously of a strange circumstance which has happened to us all, at least a month before we sailed.

"And pray what could that be, that leaves them buoyant and yourself mournful?"

"First, let me ask you, are you at all superstitious?"

"All sailors are, more or less," replied the captain, in a grave tone, "and I believe all men are, however much some may try to persuade themselves to the contrary. I confess that I am in some things—notions trivial and absurd, peculiar and perhaps insane—but still they sometimes rule me, though I might be ridiculed should I mention what they are."

"Then I can speak to you without reserve on the cause of my anxiety, though I did not think it was observable. Not less than six months ago we had determined to leave Calcutta forever, though our life there had been so pleasant; for you know that even if a man has been unfortunate in his own land, and however agreeable may be to him the blandishments of foreign society, his 'heart, untravelled,' always has one faithful corner which, almost as powerful as conscience, urges him back to the soil of his country. We have long, so feeling, yearned for America; and old scenes and old friends have been continually in our thoughts and conversation. With these thoughts, of course, was connected the immense world of waters we must travel before we reached those scenes and friends; and often we have reflected upon the chance of death awaiting us, to strip us of all our possessions, all our hopes, and give us a bed in the ocean.

"On me, as the time drew near, I feel almost ashamed to admit it, this melancholy thought weighed heavier and heavier, till finally, in my dreams of returning home, I could hear a moaning *murmur of the sea*, which filled me with more horror than anything I have experienced when awake. No words—I believe no sound of the kind which ever really happened—can describe it, or could produce such a nameless dread in my bosom; and frequently, overwhelmed by the anguish it caused, I have started from sleep, and though fully awake, as much so as I am now—hark! there it is; don't you hear it?"—and Strafford's face turned of an ashy paleness as he paused in his narrative.

"Not I," answered the captain, with wonder. "There is no sound of the kind—nothing but the cheerful rush of the waves."

"Don't you hear it, wife? Don't you, Marcius—Ellena?" hurriedly asked Strafford.

"I certainly do hear it, but not so plainly as before we left the land," was their reply.

"It was as distinct to me, but now it fades away again. Strange that you, too, cannot hear it," said Strafford to the captain.

"It is imagination, surely," replied Captain Thurston; "your minds have been so much occupied with apprehensions of danger."

"It is unaccountable!" sighed Strafford, unconvinced. "But where was I? I was telling you that even when awake as I am now, after starting from my dreams, I have heard it just as plainly; and this, mark you, was on land. More than this, at other times, and in broad day, and when variously engaged, at meals, in social chat, or at play, we have occasionally heard the same mysterious murmur, as if the great ocean had commissioned some warning minister to dissuade us from our voyage."

"But you do not all seem to be equally affected by it."

"No; they attribute the phenomenon as you do, to our dwelling too much on the worst chance which could happen. In truth, *I* was never superstitious before."

"Rely on it," said the captain, "your fear, if fear it is, of shipwreck, will prove illusive. We shall have a safe voyage, and I shall sit with you at home, and ask if you hear the murmur still!"

"So we hope," said Mrs. Strafford, smiling; "and Richard, you must think so, too."

"You may be right, and God grant that the dismal sigh we heard echoes only in imagination!"

The captain walked away to his duties, and the conversation of the family reverted to the recollections of their native home.

For some weeks before they left Calcutta a pestilence had swept off many thousands of the Asiatics, though at the time of their embarkation it had mainly disappeared on its westward tour. None of those on board had been affected by it, and it was presumed that the clear air of the ocean would lessen all chance of its presence among them. But the idea was a vain one. Two weeks had not elapsed before the destroyer made himself manifest, and by twos and threes the hardy crew became his victims.

So speedily the invisible malady did its appalling work, that within a week after the first death on board but a dozen of the men were left, save the family of Richard Strafford. The captain still survived, but the fearful havoc among his brother tars had brought him, by sheer anxiety, to the door of death, while the wan remnant of his late full complement of men went haggardly about their increased labors as if the skeleton death stood bodily before them, grinning, with bony hand, to clutch them every instant. All remedies brought with them had failed, and now they put no faith in them; each looked to see his comrade sink beneath the next attack, and shuddered for himself.

And yet the sky was fair, and the gale propitious, and the bright sun showered his beams on the laughing sea as gaily as if never a thing had bounded there, as if never a mortal had been borne upon its breast, but had been strong with life and free from sorrow. Yet woe was in the ship. The very beauty of the scene made desolation more terrible, and as one after another went feet foremost over the flying vessel's side, link after link was torn away from that chain of hope which bound the sad survivors to the thoughts of lengthened life. The great, glassy main closed over them with his voluminous mantle, and the forms of faithful seamen sank to eternal rest. It was at this time that, standing with the family one day, Captain Thurston remarked:

"Strafford, though I am not yet a believer in anything like a premonition, such as your murmur of the waves, still I fear I shall not live to see the port to which we are bound. The dead who have left us tell the story. Their fate almost convinces me. Even should the plague assail us no more, we are so short-handed that a storm would prove too much for us. I will make for the nearest port, at any rate, and—."

His jaw became convulsed as he spoke, and Strafford and his son bore him below. The plague pain was upon him, and while he lay in agony, he cried:

"I, too, now hear it—distinctly hear it as ever I heard the moaning of a coming hurricane. It is horrible, and yet it cannot be real. The day is fair. And now I hear it louder—it grows dark—and now the roar of breakers. Strafford, Strafford, you were right—I die—but Heaven spare you and my poor men!"

Within a few hours he, too, was a corpse, and when the survivors committed his manly figure to the sea, unmitigated despair settled upon every soul. One of the men, his protege, who had sailed with him on many a voyage, would have plunged into the waves after him, but was restrained; yet they might have spared their kindness, for within an hour the pestilence had placed its virulent finger upon his heart, and grief and life went out together.

Day waned, and flushed with a glorious smile the broad blue lawn of ocean, where now but a few scarce perceptible swells denoted the subsided breeze. Night mounted with her stars, and their calm gaze watched the sleep of the watery world with the same immutable lustre, as if affliction formed no part of God's great plan, and all beneath their light were as happy as all beyond it. How their changeless loveliness and eternal round of duty mock the pride of crumbling man! They shone, and our world moved round, and morning streaked the placid waste, and the bereaved ship stood almost still, as if pausing to mourn over those she had left behind. But more were to follow them. Some slumberers of that peaceful night awoke—but there were only four! The family of Straffords emerged from their berths, to find that theirs alone had been the sleep of life. Of the crew who, when they went to rest—if rest it could be called—were warm and breathing men, some they saw lying upon the deck with wild, distorted features, dead, as they had fallen in the still watches of the night, none but brother sufferers to hear their dying groans, or breathe a brief word of sympathetic prayer; while others were found on the cabin floor, where they had rolled in their agony, as if greater space than a berth could afford had been sought by them to give them a better chance to wrestle with death.

"They are all gone. Mona, Marcius, Ellena, before we perform, as well as we can, their burial rites, let us talk with God. Kneel, kneel, my lost ones."

The morning light, in all his coming, never fell upon a holier or more touching spectacle than that family of four presented, as they knelt together in a circle on the deck of the death ship, feeling each moment that the unseen monster stood ready to strike them, while with folded hands the father lifted up his soul and theirs to the hearing of their Maker.

He had just passed the meridian of life, and the gray streaks mingling with the darkness of his hair, made more impressive the manly look which beamed from every lineament. He was a man of time and care; his face seemed to symbolize the nobility of that nature which had fought the war of life with honor, and which, now summoned to resign it, on the very edge of eternity, sent up its last appeal. His wife, Mona, the bride of his youth, knelt beside him, even as she had knelt at the altar, and her frailer figure, still comely, and her purely feminine grace of countenance, which had captivated him of old, contrasted strongly yet appropriately with those of her husband, with whom and with her children she now momentarily expected to go before the throne which he addressed. Marcius and Ellena, facing them, side by side, blending their looks, the looks of both in each, knelt there, the mournful representatives of man's and woman's estate. Her mother's shining curls were hers, hers more luxuriant; and in her prayerful attitude they dropped upon her brother's folded hands, almost as if they were conscious of the kindred touch, and rested there to listen. And there, death's work around them, the husband and father prayed for the souls of those who had started from port with them, and had reached their final port before them; and then for the living, so strangely spared to die, one family, together. How could death tear so fair a group from life! How could fate doom such a group to death, thus cruelly robbing them of their long-cherished hope? They rose from their knees and performed the burial of their unfortunate companions, and now awaited each other's passage, *not* to a home on earth.

"There is little breeze and no hope," said Strafford, "but Marcius, let her keep her course before the wind, while we commune well with our own souls. Are there no ties, my children, which make you unresigned, which make you reluctant to yield your lives to Him who bestowed them? If so, take heed, and be well prepared for the nearing hour. The murmur of the sea forewarned us of it; our utter loneliness here in the midst of the ocean, in this late bustling ship, as plainly tells of its coming; and whether by plague or tempest, it will be upon us soon."

His son first answered him.

"Father, I believe I never feared death, but to tell the truth, I do shun it, for Ellena and I are young, and both have long looked forward to a union with hearts that love us. The girl I love is at home, and even now I know she is waiting for the tidings of our arrival. I cannot be reconciled to a death like this, which tears me forever from my long-nourished hopes. And Ellena—think of her, and of him who so eagerly awaits her coming."

"Dear father, dear mother," said the daughter, bowing her golden head upon her mother's cherishing heart, while her tears fell fast, "don't let us think we are to die so. Some vessel may approach and take us off. We may not die. God will not be so hard with us. It may not have been so bad for these to die, for they were poor and working men, and perhaps life was not so pleasant to them. But we should be happy should we live. We have means for comfort. We have health and friends and riches. Let us not dwell upon death. Let us think of those we would all see at home; yes of him—yes *him*, that *I* would see—Marcius, too."

A storm was darkening in the horizon. While the parents and brother in vain attempted to allay the wild anguish of Ellena, the great crown of a black and rising tempest flung its scowl of wrath upon all before it and beneath it, and scaled the heavens as if to hide from their rebuke the mischief that it meditated. Swift as the wings of Æolus, and driving ahead the infernal *avant courriers* of the wind and hissing waves, on came the spreading monster toward the ship, and ocean moaned at his unwilling co-operation.

"The murmur of the sea! The murmur of the sea! This is the murmur of the sea we so long have heard,—the very sound, the very aspect of the heavens and the waters in my dreams. There is no phantasy about this. Cling closer to me, wife, my children! The hour is come! This is the death song of the sea!"

They clung together, convinced of their fate. The ship flew, bounded, rushed along. Her every sail was set as it had been left by the sailors in the calm of the evening before; and straight before the hurling storm she fled, dashing the flying waves aside in the giant madness of despair. And still the family clung together. Love was in their hearts and defied the elements to sunder them. That was human love. But the love of God was with them, too. He led the ship. He stayed the following floods from washing them away. He raised, He guided, burst the tempest, and He quelled it. For the stately ship rode out the baffled horrors. As sudden as its birth the hurricane expired. The heaving billows in its track still bore the gallant vessel, still held the family alive, secure, and seemed to fawn upon the bulwarks as they kissed them.

When this was seen, hope lit upon the vessel, and chased each lingering doubt away. The half paralyzed family arose, wondering at their safety, and went in confidence below. Night came, and morning. With morning came a ship. They were rescued, and now the murmur of the sea was recognized as but a premonition of calamity, to others, not to themselves. Heaven saw them home in safety, and the land of liberty, when it welcomed them back to her happy shores, gave Marcius Strafford the girl whom he adored, and made Ellena a bride.

REV. SAMUEL M. WORCESTER, D. D.

PASTOR OE THE TABERNACLE CHURCH, SALEM.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Barry from an excellent photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case. Samuel M. Worcester, son of the late Samuel Worcester, D. D., of this city, who was pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass., and first corresponding secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was born in Fitchburg, Mass., September 4, 1801. In 1803 he removed with his father to Salem, and was there fitted for Harvard College, which he entered, graduating in 1822. He afterwards studied theology at Andover, Mass. After being employed for a brief period as teacher in Phillips Academy, Exeter, he was successively tutor, and teacher of the Latin and Greek languages, and professor of rhetoric and oratory at Amherst, Mass., from the autumn of 1823 until December, 1834, at which time he was settled pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Salem, Mass., an office which he still retains. In 1847 he received the degree of D. D. from Amherst College. Besides occasional sermons, he is the author of various controversial and other essays, of a work entitled the "Life and Labors of Rev. Samuel Worcester, D. D.," and of a "Memorial of the Old and New Tabernacle," a history of the church over which he presides as pastor. He was the editor of Watts's and Select Hymns, published by Messrs. Crocker and Brewster of this city, of which work very large editions have been sold. It is more than thirty years since Mr. Worcester commenced writing for leading papers and periodicals. Many of his essays on topics of vital importance, have been collected and re-published, meeting with a very extensive circulation, a tribute to their vigor, originality and impressive style. Among his most widely circulated addresses is one on California, delivered before the Naumkeag Trading and Mining Company, January 14, 1849. This discourse is full of practical wisdom and of lofty spiritual views. His discourse at Plymouth, Mass., on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, December 22, 1848, is a production of a very high order. Mr. Worcester, in the course of his active and useful life, has filled various offices, has been a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, and for ten years recording secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He is greatly interested in the great work of evangelization, and has been pre-eminently active in forwarding the foreign missionary enterprise. In doctrine, he is a firm and decided Trinitarian Calvinist, but though earnest in defence of his tenets, is certainly not amenable to the charge of bigotry. In his pastoral relations, he is beloved for his affectionate and sympathizing nature; having been subjected himself to the ordeal of suffering, his heart melts at the distresses of others, and in the house of affliction he is always a willing and a welcome visitor. To use the language of a contemporary, "His consistent, firm, independent and true bearing, as a pastor and as a man, and his unassuming fidelity to his principles are known and honored of all men. Few churches have enjoyed a happier experience, and shed a brighter and more constant light around them, within their proper sphere, and even beyond its borders, than the 'Tabernacle' during the period embraced by, and within the pastorates of the Worcesters, father and son." It is not a usual thing for a son to succeed a father in the pastoral care of a society, but it is a very pleasing circumstance, and such a succession must link together many agreeable associations and memories in old and young. In these days of pastoral changes, it is rarely that a clergyman serves the same congregation even for the period of his ministry.



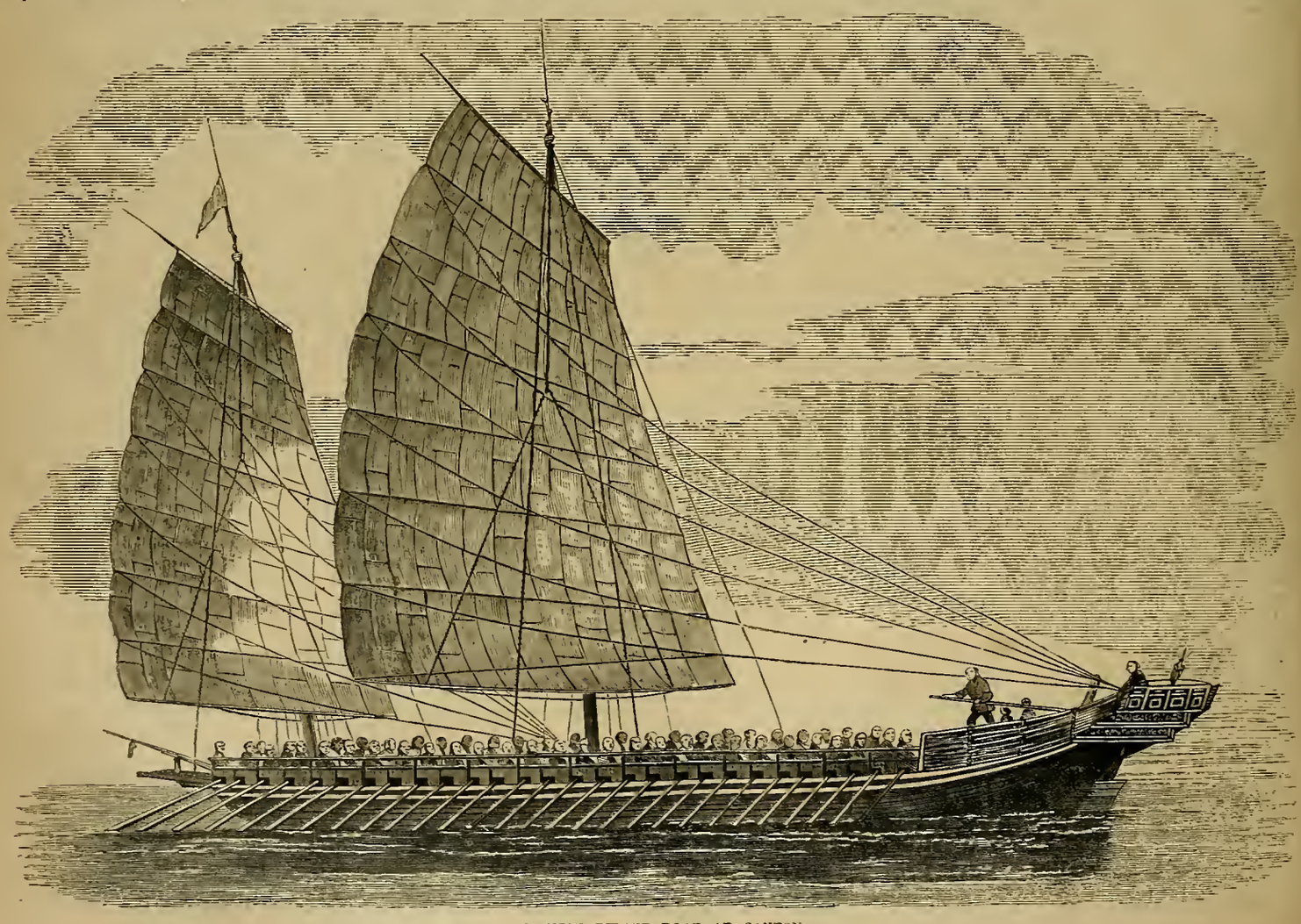
REV. SAMUEL M. WORCESTER, D. D.

CANTON PIRATE-BOAT.

We present below a representation of one of those piratical craft which are the terror of traders in the Chinese seas. These boats lurk about the Canton River, and woe to the unarmed merchant man who falls into their clutches. In appearance, as our engraving shows, they are not unlike the single-banked war-galleys of the ancient Greeks and Romans, though, in addition to their oars, they take advantage of a favorable wind, having large bamboo sails which they spread to catch the breeze. The crews are cunning and adroit, and sometimes, though largely tinctured with that cowardice which is the usual accompaniment of cruelty, exhibit a bravery worthy of a better cause. They carry quite a formidable armament, swivels, matchlocks, sabres, boarding-pikes, hand-grenades, and heavy rockets. The authorities are powerless in suppressing these maritime scourges, and the vessels even of different civilized nations trading with China, are often called upon to protect their commerce by inflicting summary punishment to these villains when they can catch them. The American naval forces, on various occasions, have destroyed large numbers of these pirate-boats, without producing a sensible diminution in the aggregate.

THE LAWYER AND THE BURGLAR.

There is a young man—or boy, rather—in the City Prison, under commitment for burglary, whose case presents some points of interest, especially to those who think good faith should be observed by policemen as well as others. This young man, who, we believe, came from the country as a clerk, got into bad company, "fell among thieves," became reckless, and finally committed a burglary. Having been arrested for the offence, he was taken before a justice, and, in default of bail, was committed for examination. He made the acquaintance of a lawyer—or rather the lawyer made his acquaintance—whose services, it was represented, if compensated liberally, would procure his discharge. He accordingly wrote to his parents, stating the circumstances of the case, and requesting them to send him $125. The money was forthcoming, though they were poor, and it was not procured without great trouble and anxiety. Of this money the lawyer received $100, and almost immediately the prisoner was brought up on a writ of *certiorari*, and discharged on some technical informality. Not long after this, he met the officer who arrested him, who asked him in relation to his discharge, etc. He won his confidence by his manner, and, we think from the representations in the case, by promises that whatever he said should remain a secret; and succeeded in persuading him to confess that he had committed the crime. "But," said he, "it is the last wrong act I shall commit." After the officer had succeeded in getting this confidential confession from the young man, he arrested him, and took him before the same justice that had at first committed and afterwards discharged him, who re-committed him. He now awaits his trial.—*New York Sunday Courier.*



A CHINESE PIRATE BOAT AT CANTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C., Medford, Mass.—Gold as found in America, Asia and Africa, contains nearly the right proportion for making the best coin.

M. V. C.—There is traditional evidence that at a very early period the Mediterranean cities were supplied with tin from the mines of Cornwall, Britain, by the Phœnician merchants.

REGISTER.—The first attempt at preserving meats without the use of salt was made by Mr. Appert, a French gentleman, in 1810.

R. S. G.—The most beautiful kind of tlenoese marble comes from Porto-Venere, and has bright yellow veins in a deep black ground. The columns of the Merchants' Exchange reading-room in this city are not marble, but are excellent imitation by an Italian workman, whose name we cannot recall at this moment.

J. C., Fall River.—There are about 250,000 power looms at work in Great Britain, turning out 3551 miles of cloth a day—the distance between Liverpool and New York. The cloth produced in a year would extend in a direct line over a surface of pure than 1,000,000 miles.

C. C.—Logwood was first introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but as the dyers of that time only produced a fugitive color from it, its use was forbidden by law, and it was ordered to be burned wherever found. This prohibition lasted for a century.

G. M. M.—Lead shot has been manufactured in this country in low towers, provided with an ascending stream of air, drawn up by a fan worked by water power, by which means the same cooling effect is produced as by letting the melted lead fall from a great altitude.

Mrs. F. G., Illinois.—The sapphire, ruby, oriental amethyst, oriental emerald, and oriental topaz, are gems next in value and hardness to the diamond; and they nearly all consist of pure alumina or clay, with a very small portion of iron as the coloring matter.

L. L. D.—It is a popular error that the art of staining glass was ever lost to the moderns; it was merely disused for a certain period of time. Stained glass in the windows of the church of Notre Dame, at Paris, is spoken of as early as the sixth century.

C. D.—It was the Roman consul Mummius who, when sending home to Rome the splendid paintings captured at Corinth, told the soldiers that if they injured them, he should make them furnish new ones.

M. L.—Andreas Hofer, the "Tell of the Tyrol," who headed his countrymen in their gallant resistance to the French, was taken prisoner and shot, February 20, 1810.

MARINER.—The sextant was invented by Tycho Brahe, in 1550. There were not more than four merchant ships of 120 tons burthen before 1551.

A. P., Medford, Mass.—Stereotype printing was invented by William Ged, a goldsmith of Edinburgh, in 1725.

M. M.—The revocation of the edict of Nantz, which tolerated protestant worship in France, drove 50,000 French protestants out of the kingdom. They emigrated to England and other parts of Europe.

LEGAL.—Juries were first instituted by Ethelred in 979; the plaintiff and defendant in those times used to feed them; whence the common law of denying sustenance to a jury after hearing evidence.

B. C.—*Cacoethes* is a Latin word signifying a mania, always used in combination with some other word, as *cacoethes scribendi*, an itch for writing—spoken of an arrant scribbler.

D. V. C.—*Vetustas pro lege semper habetur*, is a common law maxim—"ancient custom is always held as a law." When there is no positive law, the custom, if from time immemorial, may be pleaded.

TOO CHEAP!—TOO CHEAP!!—That is what the old fogy publishers say of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, with its hundred pages of reading matter in each number, and fully illustrated. Don't make yourselves unhappy, gentlemen; we know it has been the fashion heretofore to charge three dollars for such a work, but if you will step into our establishment, you will see that with such an edition as we now print (nearly 80,000), the smallest fractional profit upon each subscription, forms a handsomely remunerative business. Enclose *one dollar*, and it will be sent by return of mail, and for a whole year.

SPLINTERS.

.... One of the greatest successes in the literary line, is Messrs. Ticknor & Field's "Household Edition" of the Waverly novels.

.... Dr. Rice, an old English divine, says that merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and draw lustre even from reproach.

.... Dr. Max Langenschwarz says that good coffee is a powerful antidote to poison—good news for lovers of Mocha.

.... Miss Heron silenced a noisy party in a New York theatre the other day, by looking steadily at them for a minute.

.... Saxe, the poet, lately lectured for the first time to a Baltimore audience, and with complete success as a matter of course.

.... A play has lately been published in London, written by Robson, the great forger. It is a powerful production.

.... The Evening Gazette announces for sale "a Rhyming Machine, patent crank," and a "Lecturing Machine" also.

.... Mr. Trowbridge (Paul Creyton) has dramatized his popular novel, "Neighbor Jackwood," for the Museum.

.... If you want to be disagreeable in company, introduce a subject unsuitable to their capacities or their humor.

.... Dr. Piper, of Woburn, makes an excellent suggestion to railroad companies, that is, to plant trees along all their lines.

.... It is the property of wit to make clear things doubtful, but that of prudence to make doubtful things clear.

.... The general shape of the territory of the United States is a parallelogram, 2400 miles long by 1400 broad.

.... Some people love to nurse a pet sorrow—it is so interesting to mope at home, and imagine yourself a "victim."

.... The difference between men and women is this—you may convince a man, but you must persuade a woman.

.... Gov. Matteson, of Illinois, has pardoned 147 prisoners since January 1, 1853. We hope they all deserved his clemency.

.... "El Siglo," a Mexican paper, is bothered by the word "mischevious," in one of our articles. Thinks it's Choctaw.

.... It will probably cost $30,000 to repair the recent damages by freshets to the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

.... The Savannah Georgian is out in favor of an American military republic from the Isthmus of Panama to the Rio Grande.

.... A handsome young man of Columbus, Ohio, lately took strychnine because a buckeye girl refused to dance with him.

.... The winter at Newfoundland was very mild—the bay of St. Johns freezing only twice during the season.

.... Mr. Henry A. Farrell, late of Baltimore has bequeathed $20,000 to St. Charles Borromeo Theological Seminary of that city.

.... We converse with those we love through flowers, and with those we worship through the stars—both glorious mediums.

THE THIRTEENTH OF JUNE.

The reader may ask what there is about the thirteenth of June to entitle it to particular notice? Why should we distinguish it from any other day of that leafy month, when the "green and bowery" summer comes to us in the freshness of its charms, with its days of "glory in the grass and splendor in the flower," with its meadows of vivid emerald, its blossomed roses, its fragrant hedgerows and its plenitude of rural beauty? It is precisely because the day designated, when the very heart of June is expanding like a dewy rose, is that fixed upon by certain wise men of the east for the destruction of this beautiful world, when

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself
> And all that it inhabits shall dissolve,
> And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a rack behind."

It will be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Cumming, now one of the most popular evangelical preachers of London, predicted some time ago that the world would be destroyed in this year of our Lord, 1857. The startling prophecy excited no little dismay at the time of its utterance, but from the minds of all, except the immediate followers of the divine, the prediction had passed away. Recently, however, science has stepped in to aid the preacher.

> "O, star eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
> To bring us back the tidings of despair?"

In other words, most opportunely for the support of the theory of destruction, came in some calculations of the advent of a comet, such a one as in days of old "from its horrid hair shook pestilence." The astronomers, those magi, announce the coming of a comet at a dizzying rate of speed, which will come into collision with our globe, head or tail first—they have not exactly settled which, and reduce it to dust in the twinkling of an eye. A German savant, who heads the alarmists, says the comet is so large and is projected with such force that it will sweep away our world with it and jerk it into immensity, like a balloon tumbling from the moon.

On the other hand, M. Babinet, a member of the French Institute, begs us not to be alarmed. He is well posted up in astral matters, being on familiar terms with all the bodies that navigate space in orbits more or less remarkable for their eccentricity. He does not ignore the existence of this wonderful comet, or deny its vagabond course, and even concedes that it may come into collision with the globe, but he treats it with great contempt, and places a very low estimate upon its power. He thinks that if it runs foul of the earth, it will produce no more effect than a slight tap on the back of a rhinoceros. We advise our readers to cling to this comfortable theory; the more so because all the prophecies of the destruction of the world at various times past have come to naught. Perhaps it would be well to revive the Berkleian theory of the non-existence of matter, because if there is no matter, then it is no matter what the comet does,—it is a mere optical delusion, an *ignis fatuus*, a jack-o'-lantern, a will-o'-the-wisp. The idea of our being beaten by a comet! It is too ridiculous. We rather fancy that we shall be eating green peas on the thirteenth of June, comet or no comet, and that on the fourteenth of June the sun will rise as bright and fair as ever.

BOSTON DAILY BEE.

This spirited and valuable paper, which has reached its thirty-fourth volume, now comes to us in a handsome quarto form, being the first of the Boston dailies which has assumed this form of publication. Messrs. Bradbury & Co. have evinced the most meritorious enterprise in their management of this popular paper. Simultaneously with the change of form, additional editorial strength was incorporated with the establishment, Mr. Pangborn, of Worcester, a gentleman of reputation and ability, taking charge of the political department, and Mr. George M. Pettes, who has won an enviable name as a poet, being engaged as literary editor. The large sheet is well filled, and exhibits a variety of matter that commends it to every taste. It exhibits great editorial energy; as a record of news and passing events, it is reliable and satisfactory, while its literary, local and critical departments exhibit labor, research and taste. From the same establishment is issued on each Saturday a handsome publication in 4to form, styled the "Boston American," containing forty columns of choice reading. We are pleased to record these evidences of enterprise and prosperity, for we have watched the Bee from its commencement, and from the first sympathized with its worthy and industrious founders.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—We have carefully preserved and bound up this elegant illustrated weekly journal, considering it a most valuable addition to our library. There has been a steady and uniform improvement in its pages from the first up to the present time, but particularly has this been the case in the last two years, until we have now as finished and beautiful an illustrated paper as can be produced in Europe. We observe that the engravings are not hacked up, and rushed out unfinished, with ill-disguised haste, but there is an artistic finish to the whole, not only as it regards the numerous illustrations, but also in the typographical department. Ballou's Pictorial is highly creditable to American skill and enterprise.—*Mercantile Magazine.*

CRAVATS.—A correspondent informs us that these articles of dress were invented by a man of rank, who was resuscitated after hanging, and on whose neck the rope made such a permanent impression that he was compelled to devise this mode of concealing it.

WHO SHALL DECIDE?—Gen. Jackson bequeathed a gold snuff-box to the most valiant patriot of New York city or State. Where all are brave and patriotic, it is difficult to discover *the* man. They ought to put the box up at a ruffle.

GLORY AND OYSTERS.—An Austrian general, who commanded the troops at Bologna, lately killed himself by eating one hundred large oysters.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ITALY.

The unsettled state of Italy, where momentous political events may at any moment be anticipated, has drawn public attention to that unhappy country, and we feel sure that the portraits of the Italians which occupy the whole of our last page, will prove acceptable to our readers. They are finely engraved, and are reliable likenesses. At the head of the page is Francis Joseph, the youthful emperor of Austria, whose biography we have already published. No. 2. is Ferdinand II. king of the Two Sicilies, who was born January 12, 1810, and succeeded his father, Francis Januarius Joseph, on the 8th of November, 1830. His first wife was Christiana, daughter of the late Victor Emmanuel, king of Sardinia; his second, Theresa, grand duchess of Austria, by whom he has eight children, three sons and five daughters. No. 3 is the pope of Rome, Pius IX., who was raised to the papal chair June 18, 1846, and received the triple crown on the twenty-first of the same month. He is a descendant of the noble house of Mastei Ferretti, and was born at Sinegaglia, December, 17, 1792. He commenced his political career as temporal sovereign with promising reforms, but, terrified at the flame of revolution kindled in 1848, receded and relied on the anti-revolutionary party for support. At one time there seemed to be a chance of the extinction of the temporal power of the pope, but protected by the arms of France, Pius IX. regained his sovereignty. No. 4 is a fine head of Victor Emmanuel, king of Sardinia, born March 14, 1820. He succeeded his father, Charles Albert, on his abdication. He married Adelaide, daughter of Archduke Rainer of Austria, who died January 20, 1855, by whom he has five children, three sons and two daughters. No. 5, Leopold II. grand duke of Tuscany, was born October 3, 1797, and succeeded his father Grand Duke Ferdinand III., June 18, 1824. He has been twice married, firstly to Maria, daughter of Prince Maximilian of Saxony, and secondly to Antonia, daughter of the late king of the Two Sicilies. He has four sons and three daughters. No. 6, Louise Maria Theresa of Bourbon, duchess regent of Parma, daughter of the Duke of Berry, was born September 21, 1819, and is the widow of Duke Ferdinand Charles of Bourbon, duke of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla. No. 7, Francis V., duke of Modena, was born June 1, 1819, succeeded his father, Duke Francis V., January 21, 1846, and married Adelgonda, daughter of the king of Bavaria, March 30, 1842.

THE PRIZES.

The recipients of our prizes awarded for the largest clubs, whether in money, or the lower prizes which were paid in bound volumes of our Pictorial (the eight first bound volumes being given to each one who sent us fifty subscribers), have all expressed a similar satisfaction to that evinced by Mr. Smith of Geneva, Wisconsin.

"Geneva, Wisconsin.

"MR. BALLOU:—The eight bound volumes of the Pictorial are received. Accept my thanks. They are the *admiration* of all that have seen them, and I assure you are highly prized by myself. Yours truly,

R. D. SMITH."

AT WAR WITH HIGH PRICES!—Mr. Ballou, the extensive Boston publisher, offers the public a *three* dollar magazine for *one* dollar, and a charming work he gives us in *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*. One hundred pages in each number and numerous illustrations;—*twelve hundred* pages a year for *one dollar!*—*Trenton Eagle.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. President Walker, of Cambridge, Samuel C. Shepherd, Esq., of New York, to Miss Katherine Waldo Walker; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. Enoch Jacobs, of Sacramento, Cal., to Miss Abby S. Rich; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. William James to Miss Jane Cleary; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. George Williams to Miss Hannah Lucy; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. George B. C. Beaty to Miss Elizabeth Kelly; by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. William Mason, of New York, to Miss Mary Isabella Webb.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. Benjamin P. Knight, of Florence, Nebraska, to Miss Amelia F. Mason.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. David Donovan, of Scotland, to Miss Mary Louisa Dennie.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Daniel W. Hyde to Miss Amelia Ann Livermore.—At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Load, Thomas N. Hooper, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., to Miss Lucretia A. Boynton, of Sullivan, N. H.—At Milford, by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Samuel D. Nye to Miss Susan W. Brigham.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Mr. Edwin Foster to Miss Louisa Elliot.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Pierce, Mr. George Barber to Mrs. Hannah Ann Brown.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. William P. Saunders to Mrs. Ann Sarah Sanborn.—At Lowell, by Rev. Dr. Cleaveland, Mr. Calvin S. Sykes to Miss Margaret R. Pollard.—At Plymouth, by Elder Faunce, Mr. James Kendrick to Miss Ellen Coyle.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. James Haynes, of Haverhill, to Miss Hannah Elizabeth Kilborn, of Groveland.

DEATHS.

In this city, Widow Mary Dench, 84; Mrs. Sally Hall, 83; Mrs. Susan Evans, 52; Mrs. Frances A. Tribble, 30; Mr. Richard H. Tombs, 57; Miss Cornelia W. How, 16.—At Charlestown, Mr. Andrew B. Peters, 46.—At Roxbury, Mr. Thomas W. Rea, 42.—At East Cambridge, Mrs. Ellen Badger, 62; Mr. Ira Wadsworth, 67; Mrs. Bethia Wheeler, 70.—At Watertown, Mr. John H. Clarke, 69.—At Medford, Mr. Andrew Blanchard, 93.—At Milford, Mrs. Lydia Caswell, 62; Mr. Gardner Haynes, 31; Mrs. Hannah Needham.—At Lynn, Mr. John C. Webster, 51.—At Beverly, Mr. Ezra Dodge, 77.—At South Danvers, Mr. Orlando Southwick, 38. Mr. Timothy Coverny, 28.—At Danvers, Widow Lydia Holt, 88.—At South Braintree, Mr. Anson H. Thayer, 28.—At Southboro', Mrs. Rebekah K. Wheeler, 61.—At Fitchburg, Dea. William Marshall, 85.—At Salisbury Point, Mrs. Betsey Osgood, 70.—At Westhampton, Mrs. Cynthia Elwell, 80.—At Sutton, Mrs. Phebe Putnam, 86.—At Swansey, Mr. Artemas P. Stebbins, 27.—At Paxton, Mr. Sylvester Brown, 56.—At Belchertown, Mr. Daniel Jacket, 97.—At Sandwich, Mr. Robert T. Faunce, 21.—At Marston's Mills, Miss Zilphia Thomas, 88.—At Tarmouth, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Dr. James Hedge.—At Springfield, Mrs. Lovisa Daggett, 57; Mrs. Olive Lombard, 61.—At Pittsfield, Miss Esther M. Dunn, 22.—At Manchester, Widow Sally Carter, 84.—At Nantucket, Mr. George H. Chase, 64.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

There is no album, howsoever cherished,
But one dull page is there;
There is no book of names, however valued,
But has its stupid share!

Mine here must be the name to dullness sacred,
Since fate has willed it so:
And mine the page pre-eminently stupid
Among a goodlier show!

Yet not the less, believe me, my good wishes
Go down the reach of years,
Asking for thee a long and pleasant future
Undimmed by grief or tears:

Asking for thee at last a tender guidance
Over that shadowy sea,
Across whose wide and solemn waters
Lieth eternity!

NATIVE GREATNESS.

Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand.—GOLDSMITH.

ELOQUENT BLOOD.

———Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.—DONNE.

THE SUN.

———We do not see the sun himself,
It is but the light about him, like a rieg
Of glory round the forehead of a saint.—FESTUS.

CHIVALRY.

The world's male chivalry has perished out,
But women are knight-errants to the last.—MRS. BROWNING.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Most animals are like many men in their selfishness—they neglect their fellows when overtaken by sickness and misfortune. But did you ever know, dear reader, that the elephant was an exception? Yet it is true. If elephants meet with a sick or wounded animal of their own species, they afford him all the assistance in their power. Should he die, they bury him, and carefully cover his body with branches of trees.....Pilate's question to our Lord, "What is truth?" in the Latin Vulgate stands thus—*Quid est veritas?* These words transposed make *Est vir qui adest*, "It is the man before thee." One of the most striking anagrams ever discovered.....It is astonishing with what complacency men will sit and listen to a sermon and apportion it off to their neighbors. Nobody thinks of his own sins when they are denounced, but of those of Mr. A. or B.....A gang of London forgers, we see, have been detected in counterfeiting old coins by the electrotype process. Many shrewd antiquaries have been bitten by these impositions.....Did you ever reflect, dear reader, how beautifully pious and tender is that word of sad import, "Adieu" (*A Dieu*)? That is, "May God guard you!" or, "To God I commend you!".....Matter-of-fact people are very hard to deal with. A reverend divine, in 1690, was preaching in Portsmouth on the depravity of the times, and said, "You have forsaken the pious habits of our forefathers, who came to this howling wilderness to enjoy their pure principles of religion." One of the congregation immediately arose, and interrupted him thus: "Sir, you entirely mistake the matter; our ancestors did not come here on account of their religion, but to fish and trade.".....Curlyle says, that every battle is a bloody conjugation—"I kill, thou killest, he kills; we kill, you kill, they kill." What a killing idea!.....Dr. Franklin once found a company of savans, in Paris, discussing with great heat this problem—"If you put a fish in a tub of water, why will the tub weigh no more than before?" He solved the question very much to their confusion, by requesting them to weigh the tub first, and settle the *fact*. Always be sure of your premises.....Previous to the Mexican revolution, there were some rather rich men in the land of the Aztecs. Many families had incomes of $200,000 a year. The Count de Regla was so wealthy, that when his son was christened, the whole party walked from his house to the church on ingots of silver. The countess, having quarrelled with the vice-queen, sent her, in reconciliation, a white slipper entirely covered with large diamonds. The count invited the king of Spain to visit Mexico, assuring him that the hoofs of his majesty's horse should touch nothing but solid silver from Vera Cruz to the capital. Matters have changed since then.....Pope the poet was as remarkable for his penuriousness, as for his poetical abilities. He was made rich by the subscriptions of the nobility for his Homer; yet, it is said, he would not expend a penny to buy paper to write his translations upon, but used the backs and blank parts of his letters for the purpose, thus saving, as Bolingbroke said, about five shillings in five years.....We see queer things in our exchanges sometimes. We read an obituary notice of a gentleman, the other day, which stated that "he was killed by the upsetting of a coach aged forty-five years.".....Over a door of a vender of varieties, in a country village, is "*Licentious* dealer in backy and snuff." The tradesman must be a relation of Mrs. Partington.....A few days previous to a recent election in one of our Western States, a candidate for the office of sheriff was thus accosted by a neighbor, "Well, sir, I hope you will be elected, for I would rather be hung by you than anybody else."—"And I," replied the candidate, "would rather hang you than anybody else.".....Some of young Sir Robert Peel's friends call him a man of sound sense. After reading his late lecture on Russia, we came to the conclusion that the only *sense* to be found in the baronet's speeches must be *sound*.....An old author gives the following excellent advice, "Let thy thoughts and observations be committed to writing every night—and so, in a short time, thou wilt have a book of prudence and experience of thy own making. How many fine thoughts have the best of us forgotten.".....A bachelor in Salem, the other day, who had been taunted for his single blessedness, called on a maiden lady of his acquaintance, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Do you wish to change your condition?" asked the bachelor. "No."—"Neither do I." And turning about, our bachelor exclaimed, "Thank heaven, I've got that off my mind!".....A very clever toast was given at a public dinner, the other day: "Our sweethearts and wives—may the first be the last, and the last continue to be the first!".....The preacher tells us that "all is vanity;" but it is better that the soap-bubble should glitter with gold, or wear an azure tint, than be overcast with cloud, or what painters of landscapes call a dim obscurity.....Two fools were quarrelling about the world's age in the presence of Voltaire, when he terminated the dispute by saying, "I believe that the world is like an old coquette, and conceals its age.".....How true a saying it is, that love, which lives in storms, and often increases in the midst of treachery, cannot always resist the calm of fidelity.....Here is a good maxim to con and preserve. "Spend your time in establishing a good name—and if you desire fortune, learn contentment.".....How appalling it is to reflect that, in London, 40,000 people rise in the morning without knowing how they shall live through the day, or where they shall sleep through the next night!.....We like a gentle hint—a mild insinuation when called for. Now, the other day, a certain coxcomb, who had often intruded in a library where he did not subscribe, had his dog turned out by a crusty old fellow, who gave him a kick, saying, "You are no subscriber, at any rate." The master took the hint, and has not since annoyed the establishment by his presence.....The real lamp of Aladdin, reader, is that on the merchant's desk. It builds palaces in the wilderness, and cities in the forest, and collects every splendor, and every refinement of luxury, from the fingers of subservient toil.....An English friend, who happened into our sanctum the other day, told us the following capital story, which we had never heard before. It seems that at a late dinner at the Mansion House, London, three foreign consuls were present—among them Hawthorne, by the way—to whom the lord mayor wished to do honor by drinking their healths. He accordingly directed the toastmaster to announce the healths of the "three present consuls." He, however, mistaking the words, gave out the following: "The lord mayor drinks the health of the *three per cent. consols!*".....Did it ever occur to you why it would be ridiculous for a doctor of divinity to play the violin? No? Why, he would thus become a Fiddle D. D.....Dr. Hales used to say, "Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. I have experienced that the more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time. That is a talent committed to every one of you, and for the use of which you must account.".....The following fine reflection occurs in the Life of Lord Herbert: "Everybody loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarce love each other." Upon the same subject an Arabian happily observed, that he learned virtue from the bad, for their wickedness inspired him with a distaste to vice.....The Rev. Robert Hall was once rebuked by a fellow-clergyman for jesting and laughing in the family circle just after he had been preaching a very solemn discourse. "Brother," was the sharp reply, "I keep my nonsense for the fireside, while you publish yours from the pulpit.".....One of the greatest arts, Johnson tells us, of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.....Macklin, the actor, was very ready in some of his sayings. Going to insure some property, he was asked by the clerk how he would have his name entered. "Entered!" replied Macklin. "Why, I am only plain Charles Macklin—a vagabond by act of parliament; but in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, Esquire, as they are now synonymous terms.".....Some of the old world despots had very brilliant ideas about literature and education, certainly. Alexius Comnenus, emperor of Constantinople, hated a book; and when his tutor endeavored to wile him into scholarship by presenting pleasant authors to him, he replied, that learning was beneath the greatness of a prince, who, if wanting it, might borrow it of his subjects, being better stored: for (said he), if they will not lend me their brains, I'll take away their heads. A nice, pleasant gentleman—for a small party!.....There is nothing like a handsome apology. A case in point—a certain miller had his neighbor arrested on a charge of stealing wheat from his mill. Being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make acknowledgment to the accused. "Well," said he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it.".....What a touching reply was that of a tribe of Indians when asked to emigrate! "What!" said they, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, 'Arise, and go to a strange land?'" Every man has ties which bind him to some spot of earth.....Cosmo, of Medicis, took most pleasure in his Appenine villa, because all he commanded from its windows was exclusively his own. He was unlike the wise Athenian, who, when he had a farm to sell, directed the crier to proclaim, as its best recommendation, that it had a good neighborhood.....An unmitigated ruffian remarked to us, the other day, that the sea presented in its waves a remarkable paradox; for when in a state of the greatest agitation, it was most *tide*-y.....We should endeavor to poetize our existence; to keep it, at least, partially clear of the material and grosser world. Music, flowers, verse, beauty, natural scenery, the abstractions of philosophy, the spiritual refinements of religion, are all important to the true art of life.....It was said of one of the first writers of Queen Anne's time, "He kept the best company of the age in which he lived—a thing not less necessary to make a polite writer, than a well-bred gentleman.".....There is a great deal of shrewdness in the remark of a philosopher, who was asked what he thought of a person who had been sitting a considerable time in company without uttering a word. "If," said he, "he is a fool, he acts the part of a wise man; if he is a wise man, he acts the part of a fool.".....Very pleasant compliments are sometimes exchanged at the bar. "I believe the jury have been inoculated for stupidity," said a lawyer, the other day. "That may be," retorted his opponent, "but the bar are of opinion that you had it in the natural way.".....There are some human tongues which have two sides, like those of certain quadrupeds—one smooth, the other very rough.....There is a volume of appreciation of true feminine qualities in a remark which we came across to-day, in the course of our reading:—"Whoever possesses the heart of a woman who has common powers of intellect, may improve her understanding, in twelve months, more than could all the masters, and lecturers, and carvers of philosophy, and abridgments and documents in the universe." Nothing can be truer. Love is the great teacher, and what is instilled with unkindness is as evanescent as the breath upon a mirror.....Dr. William Symmes, of Andover, who died in 1807, wrote over four thousand five hundred sermons. He burned the whole pile near the close of his life, remarking, "that if he had not been obliged to write two sermons a week, he might have produced some worth saving." Undoubtedly a parson's sermons may be too many to be much. *Non multa sed multum* is a good motto for all sorts of writers.

RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Accounts from Tunis announce that Mr. Davis—a gentleman who, a few months ago, obtained from the Bey permission to explore the ruins of Carthage under certain conditions, and who has been engaged excavating in that locality under the auspices of the British government and the Museum—has made some valuable discoveries. An Arab having found a piece of elegant mosaic, Mr. Davis was induced to push his excavations in that spot—and his labors were rewarded by the discovery of the remains of an ancient temple, which is believed to be that of Dido. After cutting through two layers of flooring—which must have been laid down at lengthened intervals—he came on a most splendid piece of mosaic of many square yards in area, and in which were delineated two heads, each three feet high, supposed to be those of Dido and Juno, besides several graceful Eastern figures, and a number of highly elegant devices and ornaments, equal, it is alleged, to the most beautiful specimens of the art yet brought to light. It is supposed the British government will despatch a vessel to convey it to England, as well as other objects of interest which he has discovered.—*London Globe.*

Choice Miscellany.

PROPAGATION OF OYSTERS.

Long as the world have been acquainted with the flavor of oysters, the savans have not as yet discovered the secret of their amours. There is a scientific crown still awaiting the man who shall tell us the story of the loves of the oysters. In spring time and summer, when, as the people say, there is not an *r* in the month, the oysters spawn their gelatinous splashes, which the fishermen call "spat." The spawn looks like drops of tallow or whitish soup. The spat adheres to loose oyster shells and stones. When examined under a magnifying-glass, there are seen in the spat innumerable little eggs, like ill-made pills, of a brilliant whiteness. As they change, they become compressed, and approach more and more towards the shape of the oyster. Little hairs appear as the egg cluster breaks up, and the thousands of the brother and sister ostrea swim off to seek their fortunes. When the steady age comes—I ought rather to say the steady honr—the settling-down epoch, the hairs give place to layers of rough shell, and an oyster of experience establishes himself where he can feed with least risk of serving as food. Microscopists estimate the eggs in a spat by hundreds of thousands. Lewenhock counted several hundred of thousands of eggs in the fecundating folds of the mantle of an oyster spawner. This marvellous fecundity is necessary to enable the species to survive the ravages which the spawn sustain from their numerous enemies. The spat is a titbit for fish, crustaceant, worms and shell fish. The feelers, or tentacles of serpules, balances and polypes, are cast forth continually, and ply unceasingly to devour young and innocent oysters. When their shells are sufficiently grown to protect them from the nets of these enemies, star-fishes and crabs watch continually for occasions to practise surprisals, and whip the soft and succulent bodies of the ostrea from their valves. Many a five-fingered star-fish loses a finger in the attempt when the oyster is wide awake and closes his valves upon it with a sudden and powerful snap.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

HOW TO AVOID A QUARREL.

Quarrels arise, in an immense majority of instances, from letting things go too far. Do not say this is obvious, and turn away. Try and cultivate your faculty of foresight. How often may a man, who will give himself the trouble to think, stave off a miserable outburst of uncharitableness, by watching the turns of conversation, and handling suggestions of the moment dexterously, so as to make redeeming diversions in the talk! Say I am talking to you. You are not precisely angry with me. No; but I foresee that if we push matters very much further you may be; that the discussion—if there be a discussion—will come to a pass in which the "honor" of either combatant will be engaged, and retraction will be impossible. Surely, if I am wise and kind, I shall put forth all my strength of brain to save you and myself this possible pain, by shooting my next arrow into the air. I once saw a fight impending between two boys, who, I perceived, were very unequally matched. The stronger and bigger of the two had on a gorgeous new cap, magnificently tasseled, and proudly worn. Just before the first blow was struck, I took upon myself to remove the warrior's helmet, and flung it far away down the street. The mob of boys assisting at the spectacle relished this sudden turn in the entertainment, and gave chase. The big boy released his prey to save his darling cap. Something similar I have often done in conversation. I can assure you that the recollection of such things is agreeable to me, and I wish others to taste the pleasure. Do not say it is a common thing; it is not common, because not one person in ten thousand will take the necessary trouble to make it common. People are sadly afraid of thinking too much about each other, and scatter pain right and left by little neglects and thoughtlessness which the smallest amount of reflection would prevent.—*Tait's Magazine.*

AN ANECDOTE WITH A MORAL.

A young lady in France, placed under the tuition of (we think) Madame Clairon, with an eye to the stage, was constantly offending her teacher by excessive action with her arms. She was in the habit of flinging them about in a supererogatory way, which tore passion to tatters, "in the Erckes vein." After many admonitions, the lady resolved to tie her pupil's hands to her sides with a piece of string.

"Now," said the girl, "I can't move them at all!"

"Go on with your part," kindly replied the other, smiling.

And go on she did, with elocution all the better for action all the less. At last, on reaching the climax of her part, her excitement nerved her little wrists, she burst the strings, and, as your charwoman would phrase it, she "gestulated" with great vehemence. When it was over, she apologized, with tears in her eyes, saying she really "could not help it." To her surprise, her instructress *praised* her action this time.

"That, *mon enfant*, is what we want. Reserve your vehement displays of feeling till you cannot help making them, and they will be both appropriate and successful."

Surely the lesson is a large one. Quiet energy without splash, but with readiness to strike the iron *when* (but not before) it is hot, is the secret of success in most undertakings. And in style, what a hint have we here for poets and "fine" writers. Ladies and gentlemen, do not fling your tropes about till you cannot help it; then they will tell. Then cast your spasmodics on the waters, for you shall find them after many days.—*Olive Branch.*

STAGE-COACH TRAVELLING IN THE LAST CENTURY.

January 3d, 1725, King George I. landed at Rye, in Sussex, on his way to London, from one of his Hanoverian domains. He was impatient to return to St. James's, but six days had to pass before he was enabled to reach London. There had been a heavy fall of snow. The road from Rye being mostly raised between ditches was barely visible; and it was not till the 7th, that the snow had been sufficiently cleared to make his majesty's passage safe. King George I. was two days on the road from Rye to London. From London to Rye is now an easy stage, in three hours, winter and summer. We also read that, in 1722, when throughout the kingdom only six stage-coaches were constantly going, a pamphlet was written by one John Cresset, of the Charter House, for their suppression—and among several grave reasons given against their continuance are the following:

"Stage-coaches make gentlemen come to London upon every small occasion, which otherwise they could not do but upon urgent necessity. Nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives come up, too, who, rather than come such a long journey on horseback, would stay at home. Here, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode—get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, that they are uneasy ever after."—*London Chronicle.*

Editorial Melange.

For the first twenty two days after beginning to purchase the old Spanish coin, the Philadelphia mint took in $68,000 worth, chiefly in small sums. —The sword presented by the British government to Lieut. Hartstein, U. S. N., is a very splendid one. It cost six thousand dollars. —Moses S. Beach, of the New York Sun, has invented an apparatus, to be attached to Hoe's press, for turning the sheet and printing on the second side before it leaves the press. —Sea birds, resembling gulls, are numerous in the Arctic regions. The young of these cover the rocks in Iceland, packed so close together that fifty are killed at a shot. —William Simpson, a young and promising native artist of St. Louis, died a few days ago in that city. —An attache of the Cincinnati Enquirer was attacked by garroters, lately, who threw a net over his face, and robbed him of $78 and a miniature set in diamonds. He succeeded in stabbing one of the ruffians. —The appropriation of Congress for fortifications at the entrance of New Bedford harbor is stated to be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—A New York paper says of the Camille-Heron mania, that the ladies of that city consider it as one of the greatest "luxuries of the season" to go to Wallack's and indulge in a *private cry* behind their fans. —A writer in Blackwood says that every man who is not a monster, a mathematician or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or other. —Mr. Boker, the dramatist, was garroted, or nearly so, in Philadelphia, the other night, but gave his assailant so stunning a blow with his fist, that he left in disgust and was seen no more. —The several architects of Montreal have publicly remonstrated against the building committee of Christ Church Cathedral, in employing an architect from New York to supervise the erection of a cathedral church in place of the one recently destroyed by fire. —Toledo, Ohio, is the great mart of the West for green hides, the payments for which by the dealers, it is said, average $2000 per day. —The Icarian community at Nauvoo, Illinois, is not broken up, but is still flourishing. The ninety-four members who withdrew and petitioned the legislature for repeal of the act of incorporation, wished to substitute the patriarchial for the democratic principle, but failed. —The St. Anthony Falls (Minnesota) Express says a delicious wine, called spikenard wine, is manufactured in that vicinity from the berry of the spikenard plant. It has a peculiarly agreeable flavor, slightly astringent, and apparently without intoxicating qualities. —The ship Samuel Russell, recently arrived, was delayed a hundred days on her passage from China to this country. In the meantime, the English and Chinese commenced fighting, and the Samuel Russell's cargo increased in value from $40,000 to $50,000. —The master-workmen of the Philadelphia Navy Yard have presented to Ex-Secretary Dobbin a cane made from the timber of the old frigate Constitution, and ferruled with a bolt from the same famous craft. —The horse "Young Morrill," one of the best of the Morgan horses, has recently been sold for $4500, and has been taken from Barre, Vt., to Manchester, N. H. —The original wampum-belt presented by the Indian chiefs to William Penn, has been presented to the Pennsylvania Historical Society by Mr. Granville J. Penn. —Two gipsies have been arrested at Savannah for swindling a man named Mitchell out of $1500. —Mr. Randolph, an American spiritualist, has been experimenting before the Marylebone (London) Literary Institute. —The Maryland Sportsman's Club have one thousand live partridges in Baltimore, to be turned out this spring, in order to supply the waste of that game by the severe winter. —John E. Vedder, of Chicago, who mysteriously disappeared from the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, a few days ago, saying he was going to Brooklyn to collect about $10,000, makes the fourth person who has recently left that hotel and not been heard of since. —Amongst the eleventh-hour appropriations of Congress were, a million of dollars for five steam sloops-of-war; a million for the Washington water-works; half a million for completing the dome of the Capitol. —The Maine Charitable Mechanic Association have taken measures to erect a suitable building for their use at the head of Casco Street, in Portland. The building, according to the Argus, is to contain a spacious hall, library, ante-rooms, etc., and will cost from $20,000 to $25,000.

A Heroine gone.—Among the recent deaths in France, we notice that of the Marchioness Dowager de la Rochejaquelein, in the eighty fourth year of her age. This lady, like all her family, was an ardent champion of the Bourbon family, and during the Vendean wars of the old French revolution, took the field by her husband's side, armed and on horseback, and exhibited the greatest gallantry under, and the utmost fortitude during the trials of severe campaigns.

Inoculation in Old Times.—When inoculation was first practised in Boston, in 1721, the House of Representatives passed a bill prohibiting it, and a sermon was printed in Boston upon this text:—"So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown;" from which the doctrine was deduced that Job had the small-pox and Satan was the first inoculator!

Keep busy.—There is nothing like keeping busy, if you would avoid that most terrible of all fiends, Ennui. The Count de Caylus, a rich French nobleman, who might have been as idle as the day is long, took to engraving gems, and when asked his reason, answered, "I engrave, that I may not hang myself."

Thackeray.—This distinguished writer has been long and seriously ill; both his lectures and his projected story have been suspended in consequence of his malady.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are now over six hundred miles of railroad in Tennessee, upon which daily trains are running.

Vulcanized India rubber is now used, in place of sand bags, for excluding dust and cold from windows.

Thirty-two prisoners have made their escape from the Michigan State prison during the present State administration.

Five members of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet are possessed of property, to the value of four millions and a half of dollars; we argue thence their conservative tendencies.

Bishop Andrew, of Georgia, in returning from the Florida conference, had his pocket book stolen in the cars, with about three hundred dollars.

Rev. Dr. Murdoch, of the Presbyterian church in Elmira, N. Y., was assaulted by a man who knocked him over the head with a club, inflicting a gash, and left him senseless.

It is estimated that at least 4000 men will leave New Hampshire the present season for the West—among them an unusually large proportion of mechanics.

President Buchanan is reported to have been worth $100,000 for thirty years past. He has always managed somehow to live within his income.

Among the appropriations passed at the close of the session of Congress, was $34,158 for the support of life-saving stations on the coasts of Long Island, New Jersey and Massachusetts.

A lawyer of Louisville, Ky., has been paid a fee of $90,000 in Washington, in a mail case. That will buy him a respectable suit of clothes, and sort of give him a start in the world.

A census of Cairo, Illinois, has just been taken, and shows a total of 1756 bona fide residents, and some 700 of a floating population, making an aggregate of about 2400.

A few days ago, a hunter called Rumination, the property of Mr. J. M. Browne, of Bromyard, cleared 35 feet 10 inches, over a five barred gate, in a stiff clay soil, with dirt up to his fetlocks.

The forty-one camels last imported by the United States government, have arrived at Indianola, attended by two Turks and five or six Greeks.

Two deaf and dumb mutes had a disagreement at the North Carolina asylum, when one named Keck, caught the other, Harrell, and struck him a blow on the neck, killing him instantly.

The Ohio laws allow divorces for "gross neglect of duty," which, being liberally construed, allows the parties to separate almost at pleasure. The laws are nearly the same, we understand, in Illinois and Wisconsin.

By the official return of the vital statistics of London for the past year, it appears that small pox has greatly declined in the metropolis. Scarlatina and whooping cough are less fatal than they have been, but measles exhibit an increase; in 1855 it was fatal in 854 cases, in 1856 in 1445.

One of the editors of the Middletown (Ct.) Republican has, by the death of a relative in this State, come into the possession of property valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He was formerly a missionary in Asia Minor, and afterwards an editor in Hartford.

The Jews are always scrupulously careful about the solemnization of marriages. Two witnesses, men of character, and unconnected with the parties by relationship, have to sign the marriage document, and ten adult males must be present to participate in the solemnities.

Some of the New York city builders have adopted an excellent "notion." They insert a fire-safe in the walls of the houses they build, for the preservation of plate, jewelry, and money. This adds very little to the cost of a house, but is a very great advantage to its inmates.

The Saskatchewan River, from its source in the Rocky Mountains to its mouth in the Winnepeg Lake, is navigable the whole distance, it is said, about 1400 miles, with the exception of an inconsiderable rapid. The English press is recommending that it be used for commercial purposes, without delay.

The "Great Eastern" steamship is expected to be launched in August next, but several months must elapse after that before she can be made ready for sea. The amount expended on her up to the present time is about $2,000,000; an additional sum of $75,000 will probably be required to complete her.

The Cincinnati Price Current gives the returns of the number of hogs slaughtered in the Western States the past season. They show a deficiency compared with last year of about 25 per cent., and the yield of lard this season is about two pounds to the hog less than last year.

A young man who had been paying his addresses to a young lady in York county, Pa., recently committed suicide because he could not gain his mother's consent to their marriage. The corpse of the young man was discovered by his brother, who had just arrived from the West, lying in the woods. His mother has lost her reason in consequence of the sad termination of the affair.

W. E. Wormold, of Meadville, Pa., has a watch which was once carried by Cromwell. It is a huge concern. Four of our common watches could easily be put inside the case. Beneath the face is marked "O. C., 1621." Mr. W. has been offered five hundred dollars for the watch. He intends placing it in the archives of some historical society for preservation.

A letter directed to a firm in Bridge Street, New York, and its duplicate mailed and forwarded from Melbourne, Australia, one via England, the other via San Francisco, after circumnavigating the globe, were received at New York post-office the same day, were distributed and delivered to the persons addressed to at the same time.

Miss Hollingsworth, of Knox county, Indiana, went to the woods to cut some bark, when she stumbled and fell on the edge of an axe, cutting a horrid gash in her abdomen. She managed to bind up the wound with her apron, but in attempting to climb a fence on her way home she fell exhausted, was found almost lifeless and died during the day.

A bold young thief recently entered the house of Amos Smith, of Philadelphia, by climbing in at a balcony window, and was discovered by a daughter of Mr. S, when he immediately began making love to her. The young lady being quite romantic, repelled him, and screamed "thief!" But the fellow escaped with his booty (a gold watch and a large amount of jewelry), and no traces are found of him.

Four men who stated that they were each without an actual place of residence, and could not obtain employment, applied to a Philadelphia alderman, a few days since, for the privilege of a committment to the State prison, they preferring incarceration to the perpetration of dishonest acts. One declared that he wished to remain until "shad time," when he would be in his element, and have plenty of employment. Such is life in large cities.

Foreign Items.

Russia, in concert with Persia, proposes to establish a railway between Tiflis and Teheran.

The Duke de Malakhoff (Marshal Pelissier) is endowed with a pension of one hundred thousand francs. The title and pension are to descend in perpetuity to his direct male heir.

Two sons of Guezo, king of Dahomey, one of the most powerful chiefs of the western coast of Africa, have arrived in France to be educated. These boys have been placed at the Lycee of Marseilles.

Duprez, the finest operatic tenor vocalist that the modern stage has seen, and who retired a few years ago from loss of voice, has made his re appearance as a baryt one, and with his daughter and Ma lame Viardot, has been singing at a grand concert in Paris.

The income of the Marquis of Westminster is £400,000 per annum; equal to $5000 per day, or over $3 for every minute of time, day and night, through the year. Every tick of the clock throws a half dime into his purse.

The king of Bavaria, who is a Roman Catholic, has authorized the Protestant pastors in his kingdom to raise subscriptions for a monument which is about to be erected to the memory of Martin Luther, at Worms.

At the last court ball, the jewels of the Empress Eugenie were estimated at four millions of francs, and the flounces of Alencons lace which covered the lilac satin robe of her majesty cost six hundred thousand—the dress and jewels thus amounting to almost a million of dollars.

Sands of Gold.

.... A woman's heart is a bauble, which, when obtained, is speedily cast away.—*Ainsworth.*

.... It is in vain for a man to be born fortunate, if he be unfortunate in his marriage.—*Bacon.*

... When workmen strive to do better than well they do confound their skill in covetousness.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.—*Lucan.*

.... Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the purpose.—*Stirling.*

.... By annihilating the desires, you annihilate the mind. Every man without passions, has within him no principle of action, no motive to act.—*La Bruyere.*

.... It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved—is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.—*Count Zuda.*

.... The strongest love will feel, and then forgive, the *greatest* faults against itself; while the repetition of many *little* offences against friendship wounds and frets deeply.—*Richter.*

.... My principal method of defeating error and heresy is by establishing the truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares, but if I can till it first with wheat, I may defy his attempts.—*John Newton.*

Joker's Budget.

Old maids are fond of pairs—but cannot endure any reference to dates.

"Honesty is the best policy," as the criminal said when he found the proof too strong against him, and confessed his guilt.

Voltaire's definition of a physician is: "An unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle; namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

It is said to be so dry at times on the Ohio, that the people along the shore have to sprinkle the river to keep the boats from kicking up a dust.

A person with one leg a trifle shorter than the other, will find it very comfortable walking in the ruts in the road. We've seen it tried.

"Voices of the night,"—those belonging to male grimalkins, and such young gentlemen as tease attic bedrooms with serenading about Araby's daughter, and other oriental females.

The following is a startling evidence of the progress of the photographic art: "A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographist, and he executed it so well, that her husband prefers it to the original."

One of the worst puns our friend Allen ever made, was on the night of the great storm. "Hark!" said funny Mac, "as worthy Bottom says, the wind roars like a nightingale." "No," replied Allen, half asleep, "it roars like a gale in the night."

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☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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PORTRAITS OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ITALY.

[For description, see page 253.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

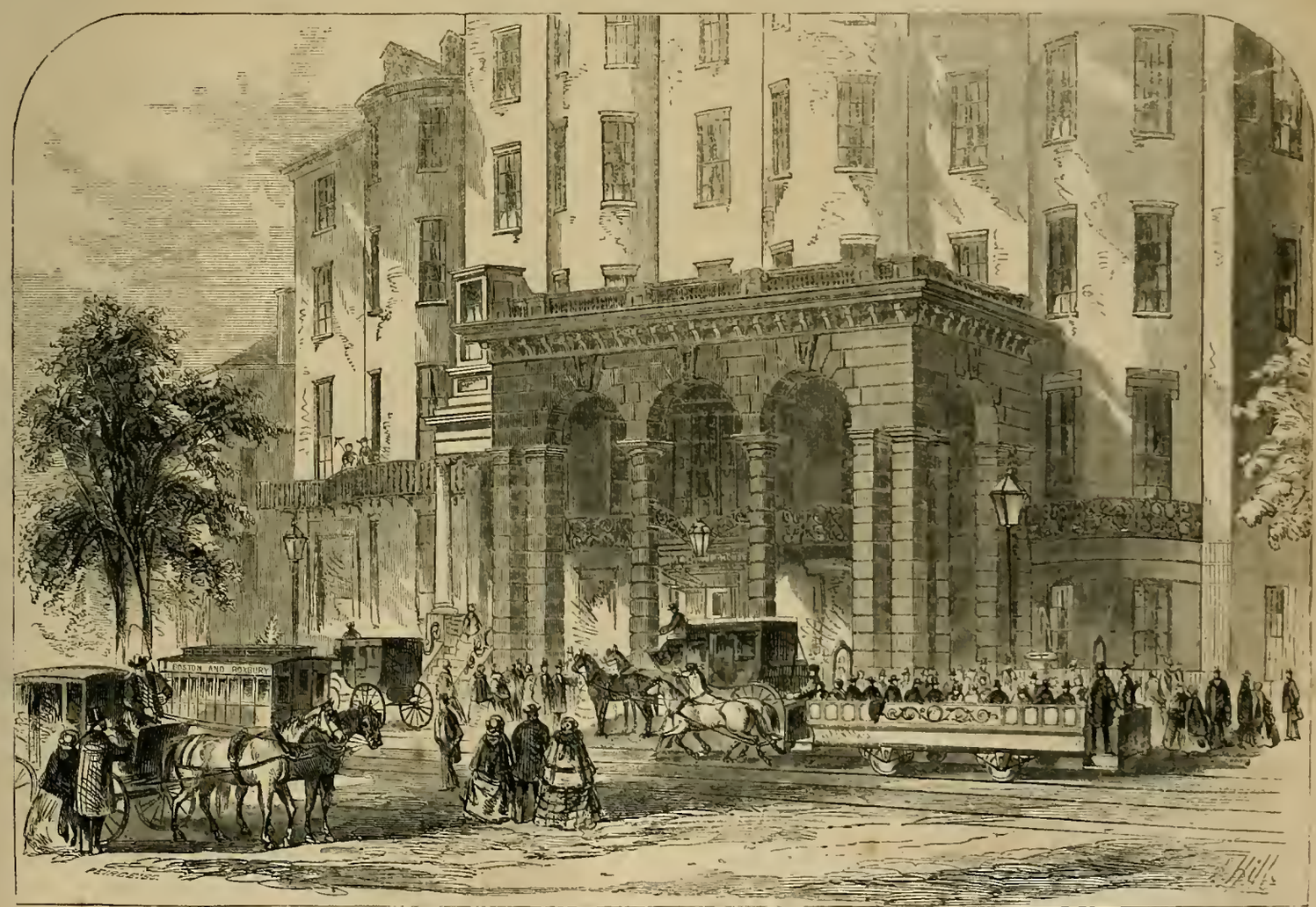


M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857. | $3 00 PER ANNUM 6 CENTS SINGLE. | VOL. XII., No. 17.—WHOLE No. 305.

OPEN CAR, METROPOLITAN HORSE RAILROAD,

PASSING THE WINTHROP HOUSE.

The engraving on this page, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, represents the new open car lately added to the equipment of the Metropolitan Horse Railroad, passing the Winthrop House, at the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets, the view being taken from the Common. The car itself and the locality are both accurately delineated. This car is intended to accommodate those who prefer riding in the open air to confinement in a close vehicle; it is one of a series, to be used in fine weather, and the idea originated with this company. It offers a very novel appearance as it moves through our streets filled with ladies and gentlemen, presenting a variety of costumes, black coats alternately meet gaily colored silks and satins, collapsed frocks contrasting with expanded crinolines. The car is of very pretty design, and ornamented with elaborate paintings, one of the principal being a reproduction of Billings's famous sleighing scene, with the Norfolk House and Cleopatra's barge taken from this page. The horse railroad cars, though they have been running now some months, are still a novelty in our streets, and attract great attention as they pass and repass. They are indicators of the change that is constantly taking place in our midst, and particularly in our modes of locomotion, and of intercommunication with the suburbs. Not many years ago there was no public conveyance between this city and Roxbury, people who had no vehicles of their own, performing the journey—for journey it is, on foot. Then came, in due course of time, the Roxbury "hourly," so called from the interval between its trips. The old "hourly" was an institution, and its inauguration an event. After a time another novelty appeared upon the road, in the shape of a Vanderwerken cab, imported and instituted by an enterprising friend of ours. The cabs made a sensation, flourished, had their day, and died out. Very rapid was the rise of the omnibus system, and great the business they transacted. Some of these omnibuses were and are splendid affairs, and they performed a vast amount of work, transporting passengers at all hours, and in all weathers, and performing their trips with remarkable punctuality and regularity. The time has not yet come for us to write the epitaph of the last of the omnibuses. It was a pleasant thing in winter to behold the huge omnibus sleighs filled with gay passengers of both sexes, and drawn by four horses, dashing over the Neck among the flying cutters of the fast ones, to the music of the merry bells. Last but not least, came the project for laying down iron rails between Roxbury and Boston, and trying the experiment of a horse railroad so successful in New York and its suburbs. New York had long enjoyed these roads. All the streets through which the cars pass in New York are broad and spacious, and it remained to be seen how the system would work in Boston. It is contended by the friends of the horse railroad that the cars present less obstruction to travel than the omnibuses, but this is one of those questions to be decided by experience and not by theory. The track through Tremont Street has been laid down conditionally, to be removed if the system does not work satisfactorily to the public. On the part of the company it will be conceded that every effort has been made for the accommodation of the public, and they have received a very liberal patronage. To persons habitually using a public conveyance no mode is so satisfactory as the horse railroad.



OPEN CAR OF THE METROPOLITAN HORSE RAILROAD, PASSING THE WINTHROP HOUSE, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

MR. WALWORTH REMINDED OF AN OLD PROMISE.

Gabriel, when they had reached the doorstep, relinquished his hold on Alice's arm and turned abruptly away.

"I don't know but that I have been guilty of violating the laws of hospitality," said Alice, as she and Harleigh stood looking after him, as he took his way down a narrow path, which led to a deep and narrow glen.

"You think that you ought to have invited him to share with us the morning meal?"

"Yes; but I so dread to have him present. He has always inspired me with fear, ever since I can remember—a feeling which of late has increased tenfold, and has now become absolutely unendurable."

"His fanaticism has undoubtedly reached that point which approaches alienation of mind."

"At that point, as Aunt Esther remarked to me last evening, when a person's own will is mistaken for the will of Providence. It is dangerous for him to be at large, as has been proved this morning. What if the temptation to take your life should again assail him?"

"Now that he knows I am to leave this country so soon, I think there's no danger. He appears to imagine that whatever attraction I may possess superior to him, lies chiefly in my laced doublet. When your eyes are no longer dazzled by such glittering tinsel, he seems to be confident that you will be able to discern and to estimate at their full value certain qualities which he gives himself credit for, and in which I confess I am most wofully deficient."

"Breakfast is ready," said little Ella, whose bright, sweet face suddenly shone upon them from the doorway.

"I wish to speak to you concerning Mildred Dacres," said Harleigh, as they turned to obey the summons of Ella.

"What of her?" said Alice.

"I hardly know, but I begin to think that she isn't so much your friend as she pretends to be."

"O, don't tell me to distrust Mildred. She is the only one I have to speak to about you, and when you are gone, it will be such a privilege."

She did not realize how much there was in this confession till the words had left her lips. The sudden lighting up of Harleigh's countenance caused her to perceive the force of the words she had made use of, and dyed her own face with crimson.

"Don't regret having given me so much satisfaction," said he, observing her confusion. "But let me advise you to make your Aunt Esther your confidant. She is your best friend. From her, there is nothing to fear. She is of so gentle and of so generous and noble a nature that it cannot be embittered or narrowed down, even by the influences of the strict, uncompromising sect to which she belongs."

"I *will* take your advice, for she is worthy of my fullest confidence. Still, in certain cases, it is natural to seek the sympathy of those near our own age."

"Come, Alice," said Ella, pulling a little impatiently at the hand which she had been holding in both of hers since she came to announce breakfast.

'Yes—we must go," said Alice. "I am afraid that we have delayed too long already."

When they entered, they found that every other member of the household had assembled, and were standing in their places at the table, waiting for Mr. Walworth "to ask the blessing." Mr. Walworth himself looked uncommonly grave, his lips being slightly compressed, as if endeavoring to stifle an emotion of anger at their want of punctuality.

Alice keenly felt the reproof which she read in her uncle's countenance, and with nerves still quivering from the excitement of the strangely mingled incidents crowded into the single hour which had passed since she rose, it was with difficulty that she pressed back the tears which started to her eyes.

That evening, when all had retired to rest except themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Walworth heard the outer door open.

"It is Gabriel Gnthry," said Mrs. Walworth, as heavy steps approached the door which opened into the room where they were.

"You have chosen a late hour for your call," said Mr. Walworth, as Gabriel entered.

"For a full hour I have been watching for the others to withdraw," replied Gabriel. "I have something to say to you."

"Well, I am ready to listen"

Gabriel seated himself in a chair, which he had first drawn close to Mr. Walworth's. He remained silent so long that Mr. Walworth began to be impatient.

"I have already told you," he at last said, "that I am ready to listen to whatever you have to communicate."

Gabriel coughed and cleared his throat.

"Have you," he then said, "forgotten what you told me just fourteen years ago last evening?"

"I don't remember now. Fourteen years is a long time."

"I haven't forgotten, if you have. I have treasured your words in my mind ever since."

"I am unable to recall the conversation which passed between us the evening you mention," said Mr. Walworth.

"It was touching your niece Alice, who has grown to be a damsel fair to look upon."

"No one will attempt to gainsay that," was Mr. Walworth's reply.

"And she has goodly lands for a heritage, besides silver and gold."

"Neither can that be denied," said Mr. Walworth, still at a loss as to what might be Gabriel's drift, for he found it impossible to recall a word which had passed between them on the evening referred to.

"She is, moreover, apt and skilful in matters appertaining to the household."

"She is, for which thanks are due to my excellent wife."

"I am now," said Gabriel, again clearing his throat," arrived at years of discretion."

"Or ought to be," replied Mr. Walworth, with the least possible approach to a smile.

"Am old enough to take unto myself a wife."

"Yes; lack of years cannot be urged as an objection."

"And you gave me your promise that at the end of twice seven years, I should have your free consent to win Alice for a wife."

"Yes, I remember now, and you have it, freely as it was promised; but she may not be willing to listen to you."

"I shall not disdain to make use of such pleasant wiles as may be harmless, in order to tempt her to incline her ear to my suit." And by way of illustration, he contrived to mould his grim-looking features into what he considered a most fascinating smile, thereby disclosing two rows of irregular, scraggy teeth, the peculiar tint of which proved beyond cavil that he was addicted to the Virginia weed, and that in no stinted degree. At the same time, he succeeded in throwing his gaunt and uncouth figure into a position which strongly caricatured one of the peculiarly graceful attitudes habitual to Clarence Harleigh.

Mrs. Walworth was obliged to turn away to hide a smile, and it was with difficulty that even Mr. Walworth so far overcame his naturally keen sense of the ludicrous—the harboring of which for a moment caused him to feel condemned—as to preserve the appearance of his wonted gravity.

"Gabriel," said he, "I should advise you, as a friend, to leave smiles and wiles to those they better become."

"They will be harmless, and cost me nothing," said the obtuse Gabriel. "Why then should I let them alone?"

"Because they will hinder rather than prosper your suit."

"I shall use them only as a harmless help. I mean not to depend on them. I shall not hesitate to bestow on the damsel as a gift the fleeces of the choicest lambs of my flock, that she may convert them into warm and goodly garments; for, thanks to Dame Walworth, besides the common household affairs, she has taught her to be cunning in the arts of spinning and weaving, and in fashioning the coat and the doublet. Even the fleece of the patriarch of the flock I will not withhold from her, should she consent to be my wife, inasmuch as my garments have grown thin and threadbare, so that the bleak winds of the coming winter will pierce through them."

Mr. Walworth's sense of the ludicrous again got the better of him, and a merry light, for a moment danced in his keen, gray eyes.

"You have an eye to comfort as well as thrift," Mrs. Walworth remarked.

"Ay—as far as may be allowable."

"Gabriel," said Mr. Walworth, "I feel it to be my duty to speak to you seriously in this matter."

"I am far from desiring to treat it lightly. It weighs heavily on my mind."

"What I wish," said Mr. Walworth, "is to caution you against being too sanguine."

"Alice may like some one better than she does you," Mrs. Walworth ventured to remark.

"You are thinking of Clarence Harleigh, but I shall prevail against him."

"The chances are not on your side," said Mr. Walworth.

"You think that her heart has gone out to the ungodly cavalier—that she prefers Clarence Harleigh to me?"

"There can be little doubt of it."

"And do you think it meet that one of the daughters of our little band in the wilderness should be given as a wife to this man? In his hands, her goodly heritage will be naught. It will be consumed in vain adornments for the person and in idle amusements, such as are practised in the court of Charles Stuart. Ay, it will vanish like the dew of the morning. Nathan Walworth, do you dare give your niece to this man for a wife?"

"She is now of an age to know her own mind. I shall not attempt to control her. She is free to choose between you and him."

"Mind what you do, Nathan Walworth."

"As far as Clarence Harleigh is concerned, I have more than once considered the subject well."

"In your secret heart, you've been conspiring against me."

As Gabriel said this, he sprung from his seat, and in his eyes, which were fixed upon Mr. Walworth, was burning the old fierce and glaring light.

"Gabriel, sit down, and listen to me calmly," said Mr. Walworth.

"You are my enemy."

"I am not your enemy, neither have I in thought or in action conspired against you. Clarence Harleigh's father was one of the dearest friends I ever had. He was more than a brother to me. For many years he has slept with his fathers, but in the son, he is almost restored to me. In personal appearance he is nearly the same, and is as richly endowed with all good and noble qualities of mind."

"Which were but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal; for was he not to our people what a son of the Hittites or Canaanites of old was to the children of Israel?"

"His creed was different from mine, but his conduct was above reproach. His influence tempered my zeal, which otherwise I sometimes should have been in danger of carrying too far. Even now it is my besetting sin."

"You are blinded, Nathan Walworth, or you wouldn't thus rise up against me. But I shall have strength to carry this matter through. I shall triumph over my enemies; I shall see them humbled in the dust."

"You are angry now, Gabriel. In the morning, your mind will be calmer."

"It would be better for Alice Dale to be in her grave than to be married to that man."

"We will say no more on that subject now," said Mr. Walworth. "It is late; time for you to be at home."

"Last night you invited me to tarry with you."

"And would now, only you are excited, and the walk will do you good."

Gabriel had reached the door, and was about to lift the latch, when he turned round.

"You little think what danger your Dagon was in this morning," said he. "It is well for him that he means soon to leave the place."

"Don't ask him what he means," said Mrs. Walworth, in a low voice. "When he is gone, I will tell you."

Mr. Walworth was greatly shocked when, as soon as Gabriel was gone, his wife informed him of what Alice had told her concerning his attempting Harleigh's life; yet, on reflection, so strong was his faith in Gabriel's desire to do right, that he thought Alice must have been deceived.

"I will, however," said he, "give the subject serious and careful consideration."

"But don't you remember the remark he made just as he went away?"

"I didn't observe particularly. What was it?"

"That you little thought what danger your Dagon had been in this morning."

"Meaning Clarence Harleigh?"

"Without doubt."

"Alice was not deceived. I must take counsel with those in whose judgment I can confide, as to what course it will be best to pursue. Nor will I neglect to speak to Gabriel."

CHAPTER VI.

HARLEIGH RECEIVES A LETTER, HASTENING HIS DEPARTURE.

Falkland, in consequence of a hint to that effect from Mildred, had, after her departure, been in hourly expectation of being sought by Harleigh, and questioned by him. He soon found, however, that whatever estrangement Mildred had succeeded in creating between Harleigh and Alice, it no longer existed. By what means a reconciliation had been brought about, he was at a loss to conjecture. As usual, he rose only in time for breakfast, the morning Harleigh and Alice met on the cliff. This incident, therefore, as well as the more startling event which had called Alice abroad, was unknown to him.

At any rate, it being plain to see that confidence had been restored between Alice and Harleigh, he lost no time in communicating to Mildred what threatened to retard, if not defeat their base machinations. The intelligence was contained in the subjoined note:

"The charming little Puritan and Harleigh are on as good terms as ever. How to account for this, I am unable to tell, though I am afraid that some of the conversation which passed between us while you were here was overheard by some one more friendly to them than to us. I presume not to offer any advice in this emergency, knowing that your skill and ingenuity in bringing about such things as we have in hand are more to be depended on than mine. By the way, while I was out to-day with my gun in pursuit of game, I suddenly came upon a rare and beautiful bird, or as I heard the grim Gabriel call her, 'a little copper-colored heathen.' But Pagan or Christian, surely so bewitching a little red-skin never wore moccassin. She was as shy as an antelope, and Camilla herself never skimmed over the ground more lightly and swiftly than she did, that she might gain shelter in her lodge, when she caught sight of me. One might have thought by the anxiety she showed to get out of my way, that I was some hideous satyr, rather than the handsome fellow that I am. Instead of writing, I would have come to you, only I thought that, like a faithful sentinel, it might be better to keep at my post. Pleas let me see or hear from you immediately. GILBERT FALKLAND."

In reply to the foregoing, Falkland, by the same hand that conveyed it, received this single line:

"Let me see you this evening, at ten o'clock."

Almost at the same moment that Mildred's brief note was handed to Falkland, Harleigh received a letter from a friend in Boston, who was to be his fellow-passenger to England. He wrote for the purpose of informing him that the vessel in which they were to go would be ready for sea a week earlier than was anticipated, and that consequently, if he would not lose his passage, he must make no delay. It was already near sunset, and he at once set about making such few preparations as were indispensable.

An hour afterward, he and Alice stood together near a window, which looked towards the west, still gorgeous with the glowing tints reflected from the setting sun.

"Once more, Alice," said Harleigh,—"once more before I am a wanderer on the stormy deep, say that whatever may befall, even if you should fail to receive a single line of the many I shall surely write you,—even if busy and malignant tongues slander me and accuse me of inconstancy, you will for two years—the probationary time required by your uncle—refuse any offer of marriage which may be made you, though it might make you a duchess."

"I will say it again, Harleigh, though a thousand promises could not be more binding than the one I have already given you."

"I know they wouldn't, and yet words that sound so sweet we love to hear repeated. My own promise you already have. My word was never yet broken, and that must be the guarantee for my future good faith."

"I believe you. I will not even harbor a doubt, though I have had that hinted to me, which might shake my confidence in one less worthy of it than I know you to be."

"What was I accused of?"

"That to which I give no credence."

"Then you should be the less reluctant to tell it me."

"It was only that you would no longer remember me when surrounded by the ladies of the court, so renowned for their beauty."

"I will not ask you who said this. I have no need to be told that it was one who knew that I had already passed through that ordeal unscathed. Be certain, Alice, that they never have or can have any power over me. I should as soon be enthralled by the fascinations of Mildred Dacres, or you by those of Gilbert Falkland."

"I can well trust you, then. Whenever I think of him at all, it is with a feeling of dislike. I should hate him, I think, if he were less an object of indifference to me."

Ere Harleigh had time to say anything in answer to this, Mr. Walworth's voice was heard inquiring for him.

"This is the last time, Alice, that we shall meet without witnesses," said he, hurriedly.

"Do you go so soon? I thought that you might stay one day longer."

"At daybreak, I must be miles from here. Farewell, dearest and best, and may Heaven guard you, and all good angels watch over, till we meet again."

"And over you. Farewell, Clarence, and may God speed you."

Tears were in her eyes, and her voice was unsteady as she said this, for there was a sad foreboding in her heart that evil would, ere long, befall them both. As Mr. Walworth entered the room by one door, Alice left it by another.

"This is sudden, Clarence,—your leaving us so soon," said Mr. Walworth. "I thought that we should, at least, have you with us a week longer."

"It is as unexpected to me as to you. I regret being obliged to leave here just now, but my correspondent informs me that I must make no delay."

"Did I not know how necessary your presence is in England, for the purpose of looking after your estate, I should be tempted to try and persuade you to remain with us, for the best loved friend of my youthful days, in you, seems to be restored to me."

"As I have already intimated, I would willingly remain, but my affairs need looking after, and two years' absence from here, spent in a manner which even you will approve, is the condition you have imposed which is to entitle me to the reward of your niece's hand."

"It is, and I dare not shorten the time. I wish I could feel justified in so doing. But you are yet young and inexperienced. You don't yet know yourself, and I promised to watch over Alice as over an own child."

"I don't ask to be released from the condition you have named. I am ambitious to show that I am equal to fulfilling it. If I fail, I shall prove myself unworthy of her, and shall seek to see her no more."

"Leave me now, Clarence. I have letters to write to friends in England, which would have been written before now, if I had known you were going so soon. But, first, receive my blessing."

Tears rushed to the eyes of Mr. Walworth, in spite of his efforts to repress them, and his voice was tremulous and broken as he uttered his solemn and heartfelt benediction.

Falkland knew nothing of the information which Harleigh had received, which obliged him to hasten his departure, for finding that there was no time to spare, if he would meet Mildred Dacres at the hour mentioned in her note, he had set out at once for the residence of Mr. Wyndham, the gentleman in whose family, when a sojourner in New England, she made it her home. Like Falkland, being afraid that some of the conversation between them had been overheard, Mildred concluded that it would be best for her not to make her appearance at Mr. Walworth's till after the departure of Harleigh, which she, of course, supposed would not be till more than a week.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DARK GLEN.

Several days had elapsed since Harleigh left, during which time, Alice had succeeded in evading an interview with Gabriel Guthry, which, on several occasions, he had sought.

Falkland, who had been laying plans, hitherto frustrated, of meeting the Indian girl, had neglected to apprise Mildred of Harleigh's sudden and unexpected departure, and as Alice was wondering within herself at her protracted absence, a boy, whom her uncle occasionally employed, approached the window at which she was sitting with her sewing, and told her that Mildred Dacres was at "The Glen," and wished her to come to her.

"Why didn't she come here, if she wishes to see me?" inquired Alice.

"I don't know," he replied.

"It is getting late, and the glen is nearly a mile distant. Go and tell Miss Dacres that I have much to say to her, and that she must come and spend the night with me."

"If you wish to see her, you must go there."

"This is very strange in Mildred," said Alice, as she looked out to see how high the sun was.

It proved not to be so late as she had imagined. She stood, a few moments, irresolute.

"Will you go?" said the boy; "'cause if you couldn't, I was to carry back word."

"I will," was her answer; and she threw on a light silk cloak with a hood to it, which she drew over her head.

"Tell your mother," said she, to Benjamin Walworth, whom she met soon after leaving the house, "that I have gone to the Glen, to meet Mildred Dacres, who has sent for me."

"You mean the Dark Glen, almost a mile from here?"

"Yes."

"I should be afraid to go there alone."

"Why?"

"Because Bird-Voice told me that her father says 'tis haunted."

"The Indians are superstitious. We mustn't mind what they say."

"If you *will* go, let me go with you."

"No, Benjamin, I am not afraid to go alone, and Mildred wont care to have a third person present. Run and tell Aunt Esther where I've gone, so that my absence needn't alarm her."

"When shall you be back?"

"I will be sure to leave the Glen in season to be at home before dark."

Benjamin hastened home to tell his mother where Alice was gone, while she, after proceeding a few rods, struck into the same path which Gabriel Guthry took the morning he left her and Harleigh standing on the doorstep. The path, which at first wound along a plain more or less thickly wooded, after fifteen minutes' walk, entered upon ground free from trees, though excessively rough and broken, while a high boulder was lying here and there, as if hurled from a rocky steep, at no great distance, by the hand of a Titan. A little further on, a hoarse and sullen sound, like the rush of waters, could be distinctly heard.

It was not long before the path dropped so abruptly down into a deep glen, that had it not been for some bushes which grew by its side, near enough to be within reach of the hand, to have attempted to descend would have been dangerous as well as difficult. Here a scanty stream could be seen tumbling down its rocky bed, which, after crossing the glen, was lost in a narrow chasm, so deep and dark that the eye could not penetrate its depths. Alice had often, when a child, with a feeling of awe, not unmingled with terror, attempted to gaze down into its hidden and unfathomed recesses.

While descending the path, a thick clump of evergreens had partly intercepted her view of the glen; but when she had accomplished the descent, so that every part of it was visible, she became alarmed at finding that Mildred was not present. She might, she thought, having become tired of waiting, left for a few minutes, and she called her loudly by name. There was no answer. The dismal moaning of the waters hastening on to be swallowed up in the dark, mysterious abyss, and the whispers of the wind among the thick pines, which looked gloomily down from the verge of the rocky cliff that overhung the glen, alone broke the silence.

With a feeling of terror, combined with that singular and horrible species of fascination by which the serpent is supposed to enthral its victim, she slowly approached the brink of the abyss. A single ray of sunshine, struggling through an opening among the trees above, cast a faint glimmer on its bleak waters. She started back aghast, for they mirrored a human face, though so distorted were its lineaments caused by the wavering light, that she could trace in it no resemblance to any one which she had ever before seen. As for a few moments she gazed upon it, while she recalled to mind what Benjamin Walworth had told her, she began to think that the father of Bird-Voice had some reason for saying that the glen was haunted.

At this moment, there was a rustling of the trees immediately above her, too loud to be occasioned by the slight breeze, then in motion.

"Mildred has come," she murmured to herself, with a sigh of relief, at the same time looking up to the place where she had heard the noise.

No one was to be seen.

"Mildred—Mildred!" she exclaimed, in earnest and excited accents.

There was no answer, and moving further back, so that she could have a better opportunity to see, she again looked up to the place where she had hoped to see Mildred. All at once, a shadow came stealing over her, blotting out the faint and glimmering light which fell around. The next moment, a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder. Already wildly excited, a piercing shriek attested the terror which seized her, nor when Gabriel Guthry bent down over her, so that his breath drifted across her blanched face, did her alarm subside.

With a quick, nervous movement, she shook herself free of the hand pressing so heavily on her shoulder, and turning, attempted to flee from the glen. But ere she had gone half a dozen paces, her arm was held in Gabriel's strong grasp, and her footsteps were stayed.

"Release me—let me go!" she exclaimed, wildly, and struggling to free herself. At the same time, she cast a hurried glance upwards to the verge of the cliff, with the faint hope that Mildred had at last arrived.

"You will have to look many times, if it is her you seek, who may be likened to Jezebel of old, who bowed the knee to Baal, and who decked herself with jewels and ornaments of gold."

"How should you know who it is I am looking for?" said Alice.

Gabriel's only answer was a grim smile.

"Mildred Dacres has been here and has gone?" said she, when she saw his smile.

"When you see her you can ask her," was Gabriel's discourteous reply.

"Let me leave this place, Gabriel Guthry," said she. "It grows darker and gloomier every moment."

"Why should you leave it?"

"I'm afraid."

"I have made a covenant with myself—and evil betide me if I break it—that you shall not go hence till you have promised me never to be the wife of Clarence Harleigh. Yea, more than that you will never leave here till I have your solemn oath to be mine."

"I will neither promise the one nor the other."

"You will change your mind before I suffer you to go, for it has been revealed to me that you will be my bride, or the bride—not of Clarence Harleigh, but of a grim and ghastly bridegroom, from whom you would be glad to find refuge, even with me."

"I know what you mean," said she, and with a look full of wild terror, she raised her eyes to his.

The same frenzied glare was in them she had often seen before, while his face was frightfully pale and haggard.

"Gabriel, have pity on me!" said she, falteringly, and sobbing back with all her strength, for he was slowly impelling her towards the brink of the fearful chasm.

"Why should you struggle against fate? Look me in the eyes, and take the oath I require."

"Never!"

"Which is the same as to say you will not be mine."

"It is."

"You know the alternative?"

"I know what you have said."

"It is well."

Saying thus, with a sudden impulsion, he urged her forward, till they stood on the very brink of the abyss.

"Search with your eyes its dark and fathomless depths. Strain them to the utmost," said he, "for in them, the other bridegroom I named is ready to receive you."

"O spare me! Life is sweet."

"Choose between us—me and the bridegroom, death."

"There is one whose arm is stronger than yours. On Him I call."

The words had scarcely left her lips, when a deep, stern voice said:

"Gabriel Guthry, what do you there?"

He knew that the voice was Mr. Walworth's, and startled and overawed by his unexpected appearance, he unconsciously relaxed his hold on the arm of Alice. With a cry of joy, and almost at a single bound, she reached the foot of the precipitous ascent which led from the glen. The hand of Mr. Walworth was held down to help her, and the next moment she was clasped in his arms, and with her head leaning on his bosom, sobbing convulsively. This burst of emotion saved her from fainting. Tears, which had been dried up by terror, flowed freely, and the blood rushed back to lip and cheek, whence all color had flown.

Gabriel, meanwhile, did not stir from the spot where he stood when Alice made her escape from him. It was well that she had the support of her uncle's strong arm, for without his assistance, now that the ecstacy of fear which had strained and thrilled every nerve to the utmost, had given place to a sense of security, her physical powers were so exhausted that she would have found it difficult to reach home.

That evening, without exactly knowing the nature of the danger which had threatened Alice, the children hovered near her, as if they apprehended it menaced her still, and might be averted by their proximity; and when the choral strains of a hymn—on the present occasion one of thanksgiving—stole out through the open windows, and floating away on the air, was borne into the midst of some neighbor's dwelling, the inmates joined heart and voice, for they knew it was the incense of praise offered for the safety of one who was dear to them all.

The hymn, so full of rich and inspiring harmony, as stealing forth it broke the solemn silence of the evening, had been preceded by a prayer, breathed forth by Mr. Walworth in a low voice and with trembling lips, for he felt humbled and condemned at finding that what he had encouraged in Gabriel Guthry, as deep and exalted religious fervor, had at length manifested itself in that most dangerous species of fanaticism which gives to crime the name of duty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

YEARLY FOOD OF ONE MAN.

From the army and navy diet scales of France and England, based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and one-fourth pounds avoirdupois of dry food, per day, are required for each individual; of this, about three-fourths are vegetable, and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year, the amount is upwards of eight hundred pounds. Enumerating under the title of water all the various drinks, its estimated quantity is about fifteen hundred pounds per annum. The air received by breathing may be taken at eight hundred pounds. With these figures before us, we are able to see how the case stands. The food, water and air which a man receives, amount, in the aggregate, to more than three thousand pounds a year—about a ton and a half, or twenty times his weight. This enormous quantity shows the expenditure of material required for life. A living being is the result of change on a great scale.



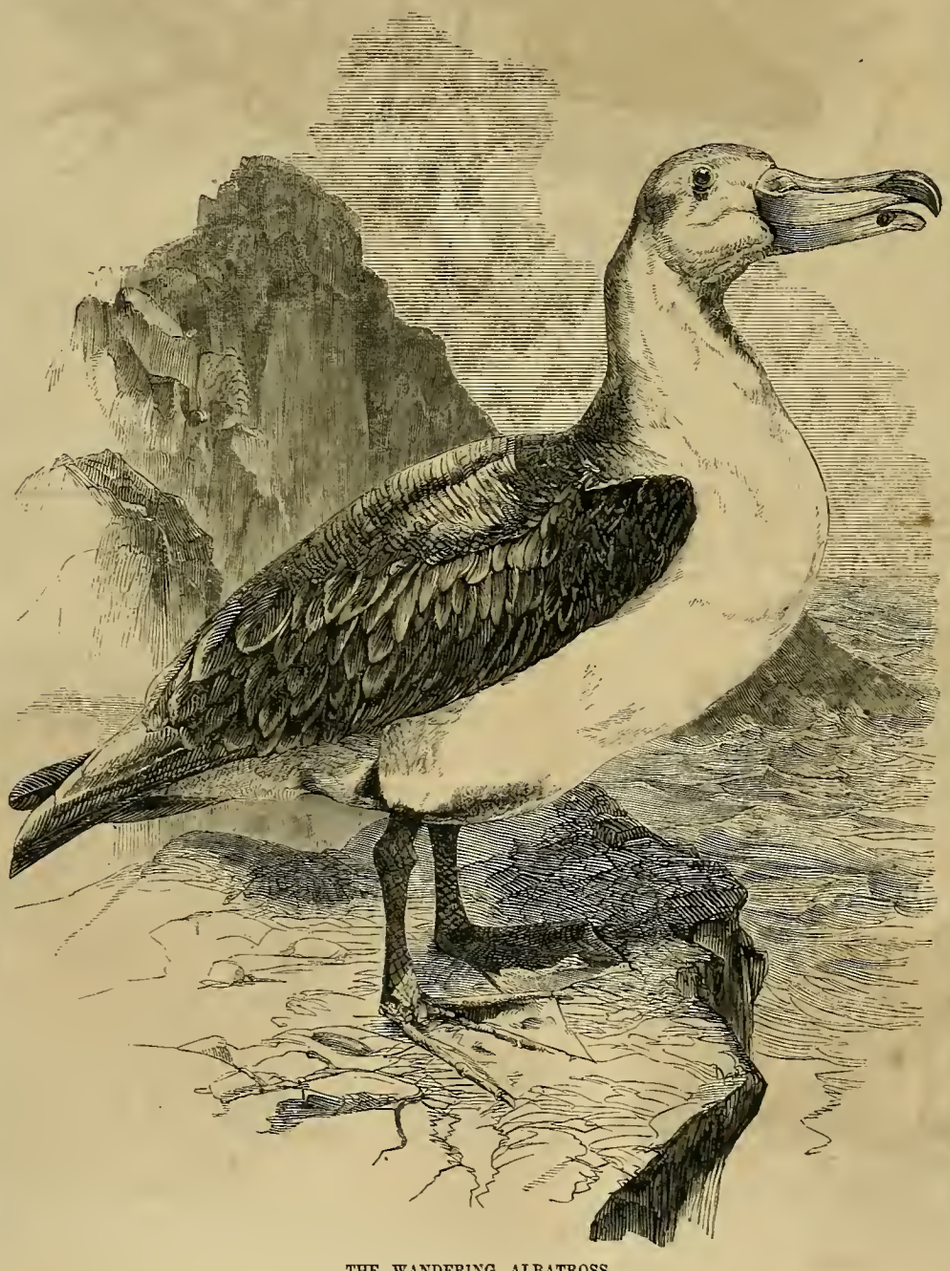
THE HOOPOE.



THE SNOWY OWL.

CURIOUS BIRDS.

We have placed on this and the following page some finely engraved representations of enrions specimens of the feathered tribes, the first of which, the hoopoe (upupa epops) is a bird of very remarkable appearance. The true hoopoes (genus upupa) are all distinguished by a crest upon the head, composed of a double row of lengthened plumes, and capable of being raised at pleasure. The only European species is a summer bird of passage on the continent, where it travels northward as far as Sweden. It never breeds in Great Britain, though it sometimes accidentally occurs there. One was sent to London a few years ago from the county of Fife. The bird is called *bubola* by the Italians, most likely from its peculiar cry. It keeps itself concealed among the trees; but it is constantly heard repeating the syllable *bu, bu, bu, bu*, with such a strong sonorous voice that it may be heard to a great distance. Its song, properly so called, is only uttered during the honeymoon. Although the hoopoe lives and builds in woods, it may frequently be seen in fine weather in the fields and orchards in search of food. It builds in the natural hollow of a tree, or in the deserted excavation of a woodpecker. The nest is composed outwardly of feathers, and is lined with the hair of cows and horses. The eggs are grayish white, finely spotted with brown. The bird is very common in Egypt. A nearly-allied species is found at the Cape and also in the East Indies. In this bird the frontal plumes are developed very remarkably. White remarks, in his Natural History of Selborne: "The most unusual birds I ever remarked in these parts are a pair of hoopoes, which came several years ago in the summer, and frequented an ornamented piece of ground which joins my garden for several weeks. They used to march about in a stately manner, feeding on the walks, and seemed disposed to build, but the boys frightened them away." Our second engraving is a fine sketch of a snowy owl (Noctua Nyctea), which has just struck its talons into a captured rabbit. The name of this bird is derived from the whiteness of its plumage, which is only interrupted on the head and neck by a few minute dots of dull brown, and the rest of its body by regular streaks of the same color, but narrowed and lighter on the under than the upper surface. These streaks do not extend to the legs, which are covered down to the claws by very thick, shaggy, hair-like feathers. The whole of the plumage is extremely soft, close and thick, affording a most effectual defence from the severities of the weather, to which this bird is constantly exposed in the Arctic regions which it inhabits. Even the beak is almost entirely buried in the discs of the eyes, which advance internally to a much greater extent than on the outer side. The iris is of a bright, golden yellow; the tail short, scarcely extending beyond the wings; and the bill and claws strongly curved and of a deep black. The full-grown female, which is rather larger than the male, measures two feet in length and more than five in the expanse of its wings; and is consequently far the largest, but without the tuft of feathers on its head, with which we are acquainted. The snowy owl is an occasional visitant of Great Britain, and not very infrequent in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. It migrates from the Arctic regions of both the old and the New World, on the approach of winter, but without passing to the southward of the colder portions of the temperate zone. If we remember right, one of these birds was shot a few winters since on one of the islands in our harbor. It frequently hunts by day, and indeed if it did not do so, what would become of it in those far northern countries where "a sleepless summer of long light," knows not for months the refreshing influence of nocturnal darkness? It preys not only on quadrupeds and birds, but frequently strikes its talons into fish, and bears them, astonished, from their moist abode into the leafy recesses of the forest. Its own flesh is said to be white and well flavored, and when in good condition, is eaten both by the native Indians and the residents in fur-countries. The greater proportion of the owl family hunt by night or during the sweet but sombre hours of twilight. Their flight is light, buoyant, noiseless, and performed by slow but regular flapping of the wings. Their food, like that of most birds of prey, is various, but they seem to prefer mice and similar small quadrupeds, probably because the habits of these minute creatures are, like their own, nocturnal. Owls are solitary, seldom more than one pair being found together, although the woodcock owl *(otus brachystus)* is seen, during autumn, in small conjoined families, flocks of ten and twelve together; and the Arkansas owl of America may be described as gregarious. "There is something," says Wilson, "in the character of the owl so recluse, solitary and mysterious, something so discordant in the tones of its voice, heard only amid the silence and gloom of night, and in the most lonely and secnestered situations, as to have strongly impressed the minds of mankind in general with sensations of awe and abhorrence of the whole tribe. The poets have indulged freely in this general prejudice, and in their descriptions and delineations of midnight storms, and gloomy scenes of nature, the owl is generally introduced to heighten the horror of the picture." Look at the owl, however, and it will be seen that its structure accords with the circumstances in which it is placed. The beak, though concealed by the margin of the disc, or circle of feathers on each side, radiating from the eyes, is powerful and strongly curved. The talons are singularly hooked, acute, and also highly retractile; while the outer toe is capable of being directed either forward or backward, that it may strengthen the grasp, claw being opposed to claw. Should the reader ever have an owl settle on his arm or his hand, he will have an adequate remembrance of the hold which this bird can take, so precisely adapted to its mode of life. And then, who is not struck by the huge head of the owl? That is the seat of organs specially challenging our admiration. There is an ear of wondrous mechanism; the auditory cavities within the skull are prodigiously enlarged, and the external orifice is proportionate, concealed between two extensive and membraneous valves, from the edges of which proceed the feathers which form the outer view of the disc which encircles the face. The leaves of the double valve are capable of being thrown apart, so as to give the freest entrance to every slight vibration of the air, and then to circulate it; and the effect is increased by cavities connected with the internal mechanism so widely diffused, that the owl hears with the greatest distinctness the faintest noise, as the cry of a mouse, or even its rustle among the straw where it hides. No less remarkable is the organ of sight than that of hearing. The eyes of the owl are expressly adapted to the subdued light of evening and night, the pupils being capable of great dilatation. At that season, the eyes of a cat may be seen to glare with unwonted brightness, and in this there is a resemblance to those of the owl. But the latter are inferior in power to the former. During the day, the



THE WANDERING ALBATROSS.

nocturnal hunter remains in his retreat, with half-closed eyes, the membraneous curtain being drawn over them; but when the shades of evening are gathering, the membranes are folded up at the corner angles with the socket, and the eyes, fully opened, are perfectly ready for the chase. The head of the owl, enlarged for this remarkable provision, has a globular contour from the peculiar arrangement of the plumage which covers it. The top of it is garnished, in many species, with two elongated tufts, commonly called ears, from their appearance, and capable of being erected and depressed. And then, how full, soft and downy is the whole plumage! Other birds produce sound by their movement. Who has not heard the whistling rush of the fleet-winged pigeon, or the whirring of the partridge rising in the air! But those who have observed the owl skimming round the farm-yard, or along the hedge-row, are aware that it is peculiarly buoyant and noiseless; and this is owing to the plumage, so loose and soft, and yielding to every breath, that it moves like a snow-flake. The large picture on the opposite page represents the wandering albatross, the largest of all the birds that frequent the sea-coast. The albatross has been often noticed between six and seven hundred leagues from land, in the middle of the Southern Ocean; it is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that it habitually reposes like the gulls, which it otherwise very much resembles, in its habits and characteristics, while floating upon the surface of the water, though it neither dives nor can it be said truly to swim. It measures three feet in length, while the extent of its wings is variously stated. Forster says it is about ten feet; Parkins, eleven feet seven inches; Cook, eleven feet; another authority says twelve feet—a specimen in the Leverian Museum measured thirteen feet—and Ives describes one, shot off the Cape of Good Hope, which measured seventeen feet and a half from wing to wing. "How powerful," says Dr. Arnott, "must be the wing muscles of birds which sustain themselves in the air for hours together! The great albatross, with wings extending fourteen feet or more, is seen in the stormy solitude of the Southern Ocean, accompanying ships for whole days, without even resting on the waves." The albatross has been called by the Dutch, the Cape sheep, on account of its extreme corpulence. The beak of the bird is very powerful, but it seldom acts except on the defensive. It gets rid of the sea-gulls, who are constantly teasing it, in a singular manner, by descending rapidly through the air, and plunging the assailant into the water. The general color is a dull white, clouded with pale brown, the wings being black; the bill is yellow; the legs flesh-color. Its weight has been variously stated at from twelve to twenty-eight pounds. Small marine animals and the spawn of fishes form the chief food of this bird; but it also greedily devours all kinds of fishes when they can be obtained. So voracious is it that it may be taken with a hook and line, baited merely with a piece of sheep's skin. To the flying fish, these birds are peculiarly obnoxious; driven by the dolphin out of the water, to vibrate their finny wings in a short flight through the air, they sweep upon them, and seize them with their powerful beak, the edges of which, in both mandibles, are sharp as a knife. Fish of many pounds in weight are securely grasped by this formidable instrument, and borne away with the utmost ease. Their voracity is equal to their powers, and they are capable of swallowing a very large fish at a single bolt. A poor fellow who fell overboard from a man-of-war, off the island of St. Paul's, in the Southern Indian Ocean, was immediately perceived by two or three albatrosses; the boat was lowered with all speed, but nothing was found excepting his hat, pierced through with the violent stroke of their beaks, the first of which had, most probably, penetrated the skull and caused instant death. From the great weight of the birds, they have much difficulty in raising themselves into the air, which they do by striking the surface of the water with their feet, but when once on the wing, their flight is rapid. It is apparently performed with great ease, as they appear to do little more than sway themselves in the air, sometimes inclining to the left and at other times to the right, gliding with great rapidity over the surface of the sea. It is only in bad weather that their flight is at any great elevation. Their voice resembles the braying of an ass.



THE CURASSOW.

The large picture on this page delineates the curassow of South America. These birds are mild and tranquil in their character, fearless of danger, and often losing their lives in consequence. They have a bill of moderate length and considerable thickness, deeper than broad, with the upper mandible curved and rounded from base to point. The crest is close and tufty; the tail is formed of twelve broad pens. It is found plentifully in French Guiana, where its flesh is much prized. The king vulture, delineated in the second picture on this page, is a South American bird, and is found in Peru, Brazil, Guiana, Paraguay, and Mexico. At the mature age of four years, it has been minutely described by D'Azara. The beak is straight for about one-third of its length, then very much curved, and surrounded at its base by a membrane which forms on each side as far as the eyes, a considerable sinking in, in which are situated the ample apertures of the nostrils. Between these is a sort of crest, which is neither elongated nor retreating, and which falls indifferently on either side; it is of a soft substance, and its extremity is formed by a remarkable group of warts. On the head is a crown of naked blood-red skin. A bandelette of very short and black hair extends from one eye to the other; below the marked portion of the neck is a very handsome sort of frill; some of the plumes of which are directed forwards, and some backwards, while it is so ample that the bird, in drawing itself in, can conceal in it its neck, and a large part of its head. The remiges, and the large upper coverts of the wings, the tail, a trace on the back, the beak as far as the membrane, and the tarsi, are black. The membrane and the fleshy crest of the beak are orange; the naked skin of the base of the beak is purple, and the edges of the eye-lids are of a lively red. The naked portion of the neck is agreeably covered: it is carnation on the sides, purple below the head, yellow in front, and a blackish violet near the bands and the wrinkles of the occiput. The iris of the eye, and all the rest of the plumage, are white. The total length of the bird is twenty-nine inches and a half; that of the fleshy crest is eighteen lines. The bird delineated in the last engraving on this page is the apterix, a native of Australia, chiefly remarkable for its having no wings, a curious peculiarity for a bird. It inhabits low, marshy places. The bill is very long, and is curiously enough furnished with long hairs. It is one of the oddest-looking individuals to be found among the feathered tribes. The study of ornithology is one of the most interesting within the range of natural science, and every one has an opportunity of pursuing it practically, for there is scarcely a locality on the face of the globe in which some of the feathered tribes are not found, and some of them are with us all the year round.



THE KING VULTURE.



THE AUSTRALIAN APTERIX.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CARRIE'S SERENADE.

BY ORVILLE PEARSSE.

Sing lightly, lightly, lightly our midnight song of love,
While brightly, brightly, brightly the stars shine out above.
The zephyr's light float softly round.
To catch from us sweet music's sound;
And soft we touch each silver string,
As gaily to the fair we sing.
Then lightly—sing lightly beneath the lilac's shade,
In tones of sweetest melody our midnight serenade.

Sing lightly, lightly, lightly our midnight song of love,
While brightly, brightly, brightly the moon sails on above.
On Carrie's brow her bright rays gleam:
But lightly play, nor break her dream,
Lest her bright orbs shall ope and shine,
And shame the moon with beams divine.
Then lightly—sing lightly beneath the lilac's shade,
In tones of sweetest melody our midnight serenade.

Sing lightly, lightly, lightly our midnight song of love,
While brightly, brightly, brightly shine moon and stars above.
Let our soft tones night's stillness break,
To charm her dreams, but not to wake:
Nor rouse her with our harmony,
Lest her sweet voice our notes outvie.
Then lightly—sing lightly beneath the lilac's shade,
In tones of sweetest melody our midnight serenade.

Sing lightly, lightly, lightly our midnight song of love,
While brightly, brightly, brightly beam heaven's bright orbs above.
Our song we'll raise in their clear gleam,
Sweet Carrie is our lovely theme;
May they for her shine ever bright:
Heaven bless the fair—Good night! good night!
Then lightly—sing lightly beneath the lilac's shade,
In tones of sweetest melody our midnight serenade.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL VERNON:

—OR,—

"THE OLD SCOT'S PLAID."

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

In one of the sparsely populated districts of Cheshire, at the foot of a little hill known to the peasantry as Wimbramoor, dwelt, some twenty ago, the widow and only daughter of Robert Vernon, a poor peasant. He had been poor all his life, as his father had been before him, and dying, he had left only poverty, the unavoidable legacy of the poor, to his wife and offspring. The little cottage which they leased was a poor affair enough, although there was an acre of ground attached to it, from which old Anna, as she was called, managed to eke out a straitened subsistence for herself and child,—her *wee* singing bird, as she designated the little Mabel.

There was no house within a mile of their's, and the child would sit by her old mother's side, as she spun her flax, and sing to her in such beautiful and bird-like tones as none but the purely gifted can know. Many was the time, with the pleasant notes ringing in her ears, that old Anna would fall asleep and dream of nightingales in the house, and when she awoke, the recollection of it would never fail to console her, even in the darkest hour; for to dream of singing birds was one of the good omens, so considered among the peasantry.

Two miles from Wimbramoor there stands an old Gothic church, perched on the summit of a huge rock, and famous alike for its great antiquity and the quaint inscriptions to be met with upon the tombstones within the enclosure which surrounds it. The church, though still kept in good repair, is purported to have been built some time preceding the Crusades. It stands alone, with no other human dwelling near it save the flat-roofed cottage of old Jacob Mirables, the sexton.

Old Jacob was a distant connection of the Vernons, and Mabel, two or three times in the course of her life, had been there with her mother, and on one occasion had been prevailed upon to warble one of her beautiful, untutored airs within the old man's hearing. He was taken so completely by surprise that he insisted with much earnestness that the little Mabel should come to the next great anniversary meeting and sing in the choir. The great anniversary sermon was usually read by some celebrated divine, on which occasion the nobility and gentry were expected to be present to participate in the exercises, and the proceeds of the meeting were to be annually devoted to the repairing and adornment of the church. The choir was usually composed of a large number of young people of both sexes, who sung by rote, and who were trained for the occasion by Mr. Isaac Treacles, the organist, a weazen-faced, penurious-looking young man of twenty-eight. Accordingly, at the instigation of Sexton Mirables, Mabel was introduced into the choir, which had just commenced rehearsing, in order to be in readiness for the great anniversary.

"Remember," said Mr. Isaac Treacles, on the occasion of the last rehearsal, "that every one of ye, girls, who are selected for the choir, must come, symbolmatic of tha lily of the valley, arrayed in white!"

Old Anna was too poor to procure a white frock for Mabel, and so when the great anniversary day arrived, with many a misgiving at heart, the poor child hurried to the church to meet the choir, and the irascible teacher, Mr. Treacles.

"You little fright," said the piously dignified Mr. Treacles, with a frown, "why did ye come to church on anniversary day in that old Scot's plaid? When I tould ye better ye maun know better. Didn't ye know that all the gentry would be here from far and wide? And didn't I tell ye beforehand ye must all wear white dresses, symbolmatic of the lily of the valley? And all but ye, stupid heathen (ye maun see them in the gallery even now), are arrayed in pure white. I 'ave as good a mind as I ever 'ad to send ye back to Wimbramoor. But ye can't expect to sit with the singers, anyways; so if ye stay to sing ye must sit alone on the steps at the left of the organ, and not show your face to the people that come in!"

For a good round pound Mr. Treacles at that moment would not have suffered little Mabel to quit the church; so he forced her without ceremony into the little niche at the left of the organ, and bade her dry up her foolish eyes and sing when the choir sang.

Mabel was not yet thirteen, though she was rather tall for her years, and on the whole somewhat shy and timid in consequence of the isolated manner in which she had been brought up. Her hair was of a glossy texture, dark brown, and fell about her shoulders in natural ringlets. There was a depth of expression in her thoughtful, earnest eyes, such as is rarely to be met with in one so young, and one so perfectly untutored. Even the coarse-natured and worldly-minded Mr. Treacles might have had some vague idea of a something which he did not feel sure of fully understanding, in that poor little tremulous thing in the humble Scot's plaid. He knew that the little voice sounded high and clear above the rest, and he rather admired the effect which it produced. He even mentioned it to Mr. Squeagles, the parish clerk, pompously asserting that if he, Treacles, could but have the training of old Anna's daughter for one year, and be sure of pay for his valuable services, he could make her sing like a goldfinch; although, contrary to Mr. Treacles's assertion, and with all respect to Mr. Treacles's knowledge, we had never supposed the goldfinch to have been a remarkably musical bird.

Old Anna, although she had a strong desire to see little Mabel singing with the choir on the great anniversary day, did not come to church, for it was indispensable that some one should stay at home and tend the pigs and poultry; and the child felt grateful to think that the only one who cared for her should thus be spared from sharing in her humility.

It was a lovely autumnal Sabbath, and the old church was filled to overflowing with the gentry and peasantry of Mottram, and the surrounding parishes. A celebrated divine had already come up from London, and the last empty pew, the property of Sir Arthur Clinman, was rapidly being filled with the silks and satins of Lady Clinman and her daughters. The great Mr. Treacles stood erect in the gallery, in front of the organ, awaiting the silent signal from the curate to begin the exercises. At length the signal was given, and with many a wry grimace and distortion of the body, the organist began the prelude. At the rise and fall of the hand the choir struck in, and simultaneously from the little niche on the left arose the clear and bird-like tones of Mabel Vernon. Louder and clearer rose the voice, far above the swell of the organ and the discordant notes of the choir. All alone in the little niche the poor child sang as though she was inspired. Every eye in the church was directed inquiringly in the direction of the organ and the little niche to the left. At the close of the exercises many an exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst in whispered accents from the lips of the audience.

One gentleman who, to judge from the earnestness of his expression and attitude, had taken more than a common interest in the unknown voice, arose from a pew which he had been occupying in the body of the church, and ascended into the gallery. When the singing re-commenced, he found that the marvellous tones, instead of proceeding from any part of the choir, came from the other side of the organ and entirely separate from the main body of the singers. Passing round, he discovered the child seated on the step where the great Mr. Treacles, in the magnanimity of his soul, had proposed she might sit, as a very great favor to herself, her head thrown back, her deep blue eyes dilated, though upon her cheeks the traces of those simple, heartfelt tears, which the assumptive arrogance of the organist had called forth, were still visible. He saw in the little child something more than the plain Scot's plaid which had so aroused the indignation and disgust of that exemplary man, Mr. Treacles. When her part was concluded, the stranger advanced softly to where she sat, and laying his hand gently on her head, said to her in sweet accents:

"My child, you seem to take unusual interest in the exercises, I should judge, by your singing alone in the manner I have found you. You love music, I think, do you not, my little friend?"

"O, yes," said Mabel, glancing up furtively into the stranger's face, "I love some kinds of music. But I don't love to hear Mr. Treacles play the organ."

"O, you don't," said the stranger with a good-natured smile. "Perhaps we may be able to find some one who will play it more to your taste. What is your name, my child?"

"Mabel,—Mabel Vernon, sir."

"A pretty name. And you love to sing, do you not, Mabel?"

"O, yes, sir, I love to sing, and mother and Mr. Mirables love to hear me."

"And who is this Mr. Mirables, my child, who takes so great an interest in your singing?"

"O, sir, he is the sexton, and he got the seat for me, sir, in the choir. I shouldn't sing at all, sir, if he had not asked permission for me of Mr. Treacles, the organist."

"And why, then, are you not now seated in the choir?"

Here Mabel, with a blush of sensitive shame mantling on her cheek, made a full disclosure of all that Mr. Treacles had said to her in the morning; and with a degree of modest reluctance, also admitted the inability of her mother to procure the white dress which the exacting Mr. Treacles had required of her for the occasion, if she wished to retain her seat in the choir.

"The conceited churl!" said the stranger, with a frown; "we will teach him a lesson, my child, before we leave this place, that the weak-brained simpleton will not easily forget. Does your mother live far away from the church, Mabel?"

"O no, sir; my mother and I live all alone in the little cottage at the foot of Wimbramoor. It is only two short miles from the church, sir."

"Then I think I must pay a visit to your mother," said the stranger, "and see if I cannot prevail upon her to allow you to go up to London with me, and have a teacher there who will teach you, I am sure, more than Mr. Treacles can. How would the arrangement suit you, Mabel? Would you like to go?"

"O yes, I think I should," said Mabel, earnestly, "if mother was only willing. I have heard Mr. Mirables speak of London as a very fine, nice place. He says there are a great many fine houses there, and fine people, and fine horses and carriages."

"True, my child; and other features that are of even greater value than these. There are philosophers and poets, painters, sculptors, historians and musical composers, besides the orators, the philanthropists and reformers. There are a great many good and wicked people there, and a great many who are sumptuously fed, and many more who are starving. London, my child, may be likened to a great panorama, or picture, made up of every conceivable shade and tint and character."

Mabel was excited beyond measure by the stranger's glowing description of London life, and longed with all the newly awakened ardor of childhood to go up there and witness for herself the mighty wonders of which he had spoken. A new and strange life seemed suddenly outstretched before her, of which, at present, she could form but an imperfect conception.

During the whole time occupied by the learned divine in the delivery of his homily, the stranger in whispered accents continued to converse with the little girl in the Scot's plaid on the left of the organ. Mr. Treacles might have heard the buzzing of their voices where he sat, had he not been so intensely absorbed in witnessing the effect of the white dresses of his pupils upon the aristocratic portion of his people in the body of the church. When the homily was concluded, and the singing about to commence, the stranger took Mabel by the hand and led her round to one of the unoccupied seats in the rear of the singers.

"You shall soon see what a surprise I will give Mr. Treacles," he said, smiling pleasantly, as he took a seat by her side. "But to please me, Mabel, you must refrain from singing with the choir this time. You shall soon have an opportunity to sing to those who will understand you better."

Once more the prelude commenced, and once more the choir struck in, but no more was heard the bird-like tones on the left of the organ. The audience missed the voice. Mr. Treacles looked surprised, and stretched his long neck inquiringly to the left of the organ. The choir looked perplexed, and gazed wonderingly at Mr. Treacles. Mr. Treacles frowned and gesticulated fiercely at the choir, as though he would have them to proceed at all hazards; but the choir were confused, lost confidence and faltered, till nothing was finally heard but the harsh notes and harsher accompaniment of Mr. Treacles. At this critical point, and just as the audience were about leaving their seats in disgust, the stranger came forward, leading Mabel by the hand, and whispered a few words in Mr. Treacles's ear. Mr. Treacles sprang from the stool, and bowing almost to the floor, motioned the stranger to his seat. The change was electrical. The audience were instantly chained to their seats in breathless attention, for peasant and knight alike recognized the hand of a master at the keys. He had drawn the little Mabel to his side, and had opened with one of Beethoven's celebrated pieces. The little girl in the old Scot's plaid stood like one entranced, while the rest of the choir, with Mr. Treacles at their head, gazed at the performer, and listened to his wonderful transitions in mute astonishment. In a few minutes the news was circulated through every part of the church that the distinguished Mr. B——, the celebrated composer from London, was presiding at the organ. When he had ceased playing, the gentry crowded into the gallery to invite the illustrious stranger home with them; but Mr. B——, with that ease and civility which is an inherent quality in the man of genius, readily disengaged himself from their importunities by reiterating what he had previously said to Mabel concerning the visit to her mother, and taking her by the hand, while Mr. Treacles looked on in bewildered amazement, led her down the gallery stairs, and from thence out of the church.

It is needless to enter into details concerning the interview, and the subsequent arrangements which Mr. B—— entered into with old Anna respecting the education and probable advancement of Mabel as a professional singer; suffice it to say, that that gentleman generously volunteered to take the child for a term of years and educate her at his own expense; and accordingly on his return to London, Mabel accompanied him home, and immediately commenced her studies.

At this time Mr. B—— was about thirty years of age, and in the very zenith of his fame. His sister was his housekeeper, and they resided in a quiet street in the suburbs of London. Miss B—— was older than her brother, and like him was possessed of generous and kindly impulses. From the moment that Mabel became a member of the household, each vied with the other to render the child's life a happy one. Whenever the name of a great singer was announced on the play-bills, Mabel was sure of the pleasure of attending the opera with Mr. B——, and listening with entranced soul to the divine melody. In this way time passed pleasantly away, for the little child in the old church at Mottram had conceived a passionate regard for her teacher, which promised no abatement in after years. In the meantime her education rapidly progressed, and she gave the fullest satisfaction to her teacher

of fulfilling the promise of her early years. At fifteen Mabel was an accomplished girl, tall, handsome, and queenly in her deportment, the pride of Mr. B—— and the admiration of his sister. She had lost none of the bird-like qualities of voice which had characterized her marvellous efforts in the old church at Mottram, although it had become strengthened and perfected by constant practice and a close application to study. At this time she had never been brought out in public, although the noble hearted Mr. B—— had cherished the confident hope that the success of his protege would be complete and triumphant whenever that happy moment should arrive. The coveted opportunity, like all other things for which we conceive an inordinate thirst, seemed very long in coming; and Mr. B—— was much perplexed as to the most advisable method of bringing out his much admired pupil.

At length, one day, the great composer received an invitation to preside at the organ in one of the churches in the town of Oldham, on some great jubilant occasion, and bring with him a single solo singer of merit. This was an occasion not to be slighted, as he rather desired that her first attempt should be made in the rural districts, rather than in the full glare of a fashionable London audience. Oldham is a large manufacturing town in Lancashire, seven miles north of Manchester, and about ten miles from Wimbramoor, where our talented heroine was born.

When the great day arrived, the large church was crowded nearly to suffocation. There were several of the Mottram gentry present, besides some wealthy representatives of the manufacturing interests of Manchester. Mabel, trembling with excitement, and pale as marble, stood at the left of Mr. B——, who had just commenced the overture. She was robed in white satin, and held in her tremulous fingers a bouquet of modest flowers, which the master of the choir had presented her on first entering. For an instant the eye of the fair singer wandered nervously over the sea of heads below, and prominent among them, in a suit of black, with white kids, she beheld her old tyrant, Mr. Treacles. His long neck was stretched inquiringly forward, and his keen, basilisk eye was peering malignantly into her own. It was evident she was the sole object in the gallery which could thus steadfastly chain the organist's attention. In an instant her heart rose in her throat, and the recollection of her first great humility, associated with the sight of Mr. Treacles, came rushing irresistibly to her brain. She trembled violently, and as she withdrew her eyes from the impertinent gaze which had fastened them, she clung insensibly to the railing for support. No sooner did Mr. Treacles perceive the diabolical effect which he had produced upon his old pupil, than he drew in his head, winked two or three times at Mrs. Treacles, and rubbed his palms.

When the poor girl's part opened, her eyes were swimming, and there was a painful hesitancy, and a tremulous wavering of tone, and then a sudden sinking and almost total failure of voice. Mr. B—— saw that she was breaking, and with a sudden stop of the organ he produced a deathlike silence throughout the house. He then arose, seemingly with perfect composure, and taking the cold hand of his pupil, said to her in the kindest and most persuasive tones, which had the effect in an instant to recall her scattered powers:

"Mabel, my child, I will not chide you; but I will reason with you. There is not one in all the multitude before you, who would be liable to detect a fault in you, artistically speaking, so quick as I. Let this, then, nerve you to the duty which you owe to me, your oldest and truest friend, and to the perfect fulfilment of the grand mission before you."

He then took up his violin and struck boldly into the prelude to Hayda's Creation. Mabel caught the inspiration in an instant, and when the critical moment arrived, joined in with the familiar accompaniment, singing the solo with such astonishing and overpowering effect as to cause even her arch enemy, Mr. Treacles, to forget his old hatred for the moment, and join fiercely in with the audience in stamping out its unqualified applause.

From this time forward the career of Mabel Vernon became one life-long series of brilliant triumphs. She drew crowded houses wherever she appeared; for, as with all great celebrities, the trumpet tongue of fame preceded her, heralding to the wondering multitude the approach of a star of the proudest magnitude. The strange, bird-like voice went up to heaven from half the cities of the old world. Applause, applause, wherever she went. Even in the land of the sleepy burgher, that marvellous voice floated through the smoke-beclouded brain of the ponderous burgomaster, till he became lost in a trance of pleasure such as he had never dreamed of before.

Ah! Mabel, it was the greatest wonder in the world that thy little head was not completely turned, and thy heart deflowered of the germ of gratitude, by the pomp and circumstance, the devotion and flattery which surrounded thee at every step! But no; through fame, and fortune, and flattery, the heart of Mabel Vernon remained unchanged. She did not forget her early friends. That old mother in the cottage at Wimbramoor and Sexton Mirables were among the first objects of her care. And when, some twelve years later, in the full maturity of her powers, a magnificent and queenly woman—rich, honored, and caressed—on her final return to England from her professional transatlantic tour, she did not forget to become the earnest, loving, and devoted wife of her early instructor (he was but fifteen years her senior), upon whom, years before, in the old church of Mottram—the abashed and degraded pupil of Mr. Treacles—she had lavished the entire wealth of her childish affections, it is no marvel, perhaps, that those who knew her best should wonder the least at the strange and seemingly unequal union.

To quell the pride, even of the greatest, we should reflect how much we owe to others and how little to ourselves.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

THE SILENT CITY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS

Soft twilight plays upon the western sky,
Bright day has fled before the pall of night;
Slow, gentle winds among the branches sigh,
And silence comes as flies the cheerful light

Peace rules the hour—in each abode of life
Sleep, like an angel, sits with folded wings;
With day have fled discordant notes of strife,
And sweet forgetfulness the evening brings

The risen moon with softened light reveals
A silent city, motionless in sleep;
But here no midnight bell sends forth its peals,
No watchmen guard and nightly vigils keep.

Life's wild, tempestuous waves may surge and roll,
The cannon's roar may tell of fearful woe,
But here each marble tomb and grassy knoll
Announce the peace of those who rest below.

What though the sun shall wake the sleeping earth,
And bid the mingled sounds of toil arise?
What though the blaze again illumes the hearth,
And Time once more his daily circuit flies?

They slumber still—though centuries may flee,
And earth be peopled o'er and o'er again,
The silent city's inmates yet shall be
At rest, and free from every woe and pain.

Softly the tombstones glisten in the light,
While o'er them weeping willows sadly droop;
And flitting shadows of the marble bright
Seem like a ghostly band, a spectre troop.

Peace to thee, silent city! may thy stones
Yet for a season glisten o'en as now;
May mournful music linger in the tones
Of the light zephyr on the willow's bough.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

BALLOU'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.

THOUSANDS of our readers, in passing along Winter Street, have doubtless paused to gaze upon the lofty and imposing block on the right hand coming from Tremont; yet few, perhaps, of the many who have admired the exterior of the structure have ever even dreamed of the scene of industry and activity which is constantly going on under that roof. The readers of Ballou's publications have doubtless paused and scrutinized the building with great interest, and wondered by what magic power so many millions of papers, so many millions of books and magazines, are manufactured therein and furnished as acceptable offerings to the public, in the course of a year. There are no very marked features of architectural composition apparent in the structure, and without a knowledge of the purpose to which it is devoted, this temple of literature and art would be regarded only as the tasteful and magnificent store of some enterprising up-town merchant. But a glance at the interior will soon solve the problem as to the possibility of such apparent herculean labors, and convince the most skeptical of the wonders which may be wrought by enterprise, indomitable perseverance, ample capital and skill. A few days since we visited this spacious and magnificent publishing house, and we have no doubt our readers will be interested in a brief sketch.

The building was erected a few months ago by the owner of the same, M. M. Ballou, Esq., publisher, with especial reference to the purposes to which it is devoted. Its cost was between forty and fifty thousand dollars, and as a whole it reflects great credit upon the architect as well as on the taste of the proprietor. Every apartment, office and operating room is admirably arranged, well lighted and ventilated, and warmed by steam; in a word, there is nothing wanting to render the entire building just what it is intended to be—a model publishing house. It is not often, in any city in this country, that every department of labor requisite for the production of a first class literary publication is carried on under the same roof; but here, in their respective commodious and pleasant offices, studios and work-rooms, we may find editors, designers, engravers, printers, pressmen, binders, mail-clerks, etc., and the whole army of those artists whose peculiar and we had almost said exclusive province, was to enrich, beautify and improve the "Pictorial," the "Flag of our Union," and the "Dollar Magazine." It may appear almost incredible, but the fact, nevertheless, is apparent, that twelve Adams's presses are constantly employed in printing "Ballou's Pictorial," "Flag of our Union" and "Dollar Monthly." The reader will not, however, be astonished by the special activity in this department of labor, when we state that the circulation of the "Pictorial" is *one hundred and three thousand* copies; that of the "Flag of our Union" seventy-eight thousand, and the "Dollar Monthly" seventy-three thousand two hundred.

Those who are quick at figures will readily see what an immense number of copies of these publications are issued in the course of a year, and possibly approximate in a calculation the number of families whose homes are rendered attractive by the weekly visits of these beautiful specimens of art and pleasing and pure caskets of literature. The presses are run by a beautiful twenty-horse power steam engine. The presses were all in operation, and the attendants—male and female—at their places, and although so much was accomplished with the greatest facility and despatch, there was no confusion, no loud talk or inattention, but everything was conducted with clock-work regularity and precision. This same evidence of discipline, if so we may call that which was voluntary, was apparent throughout the entire establishment. The operatives in the press-room receive a higher rate of compensation than current prices for the same labor, the object being to secure the *best* employees, in every sense of the word. Leaving the press-room, which we found so convenient and well arranged, we made a visit to the various offices in the building. Many of these were finely fitted up, and all were spacious, well lighted and admirably adapted for the purposes for which they were occupied.

Mr. Ballou employs seven designers and thirty-eight engravers, all of whom are employed upon the Pictorial. In the several departments in this publishing house, no less than ninety persons are employed. The weekly pay roll of the paper is $1100 per week. The engravings for the Pictorial cost from *four* hundred to five hundred dollars per week. We visited *thirteen* rooms, observing the work of all kinds in progress—engraving, book-binding, embossing, printing, etc. In all the rooms we noticed the same attention to business, the same degree of activity, and the most convenient arrangements for performing the work in the best possible manner. Every improvement in the way of facilities and mechanism has been introduced, and the same degree of system and order, which is at once apparent to the visitor as he first enters the Publishing Hall, is preserved throughout; indeed, it is indispensable for the successful accomplishment of the vast amount of business which is there transacted daily. In one room we noticed thousands of engravings of all kinds, which, having been used in the Pictorial, are now properly labelled and filed away. There is another room in which the boxwood for engravings is kept; and whatever apartment we entered, there we found much to admire and to interest.

Mr. Ballou is editor of both the "Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," and to his graceful and versatile pen the papers owe their chief attraction. He is assisted by F. A. Durivage, Esq., an accomplished and gifted writer, whose literary gems have long since given him a reputation as one of the best magazine writers in this country.

The "Dollar Monthly" will hereafter be beautifully illustrated, commencing with the April number. By the way, the great amount of reading matter, all of the very best quality, which this periodical contains, renders it exceedingly attractive at the fireside. By a comparison of the engravings which beautify the Pictorial, with those of other publications, the observer cannot fail to appreciate the merit of the former. They are all finished and beautiful pictures, and cannot be otherwise, as only the best artists are employed, and these have special departments to which they devote their attention: one gives us fine portraits, another nautical views, while a third furnishes a flowery landscape, etc. One of the most distinguished writers and orators in this country recently said to the proprietor that he could not afford to miss a copy of the Pictorial, as it supplied a place in his library otherwise vacant—it afforded contemporary biography. Such is the fact, and the popularity of the paper is the best evidence that the intelligent understand it. Mr. Ballou never admits an indelicate allusion, an innuendo of doubtful tendency, or aught else that can corrupt, to find its way into the columns of his paper. With such extraordinary care, exquisite taste, and the best talent the country affords, Mr. Ballou is exerting and must exert a most salutary influence; his publications cultivate refined taste, a love of the fine arts, and improve the hearts of the readers. There is no better evidence of a growing taste in the popular mind, than a comparison of the publications demanded a dozen years ago with those which emanate from Ballou's publishing house to-day.

It is not our purpose, and it would certainly be out of place in a descriptive sketch like this, to speak particularly and at length of a class of "literary" papers and journals which for several years constituted the greater part of the light reading in almost every family circle in New England and throughout the country, and which has, happily for society, for good morals, for education, for pleasure, been superseded by such works as those now furnished for the million by Mr. Ballou. No course of lectures, no ably compiled volumes of argument, no masterly production, appealing to the reason of the reading public, could have wrought the change which has been effected by the few publishers of popular literature of which Mr. Ballou stands at the head. With a firm determination to speak and improve the taste of the public, with the ability to successfully accomplish what commended itself so forcibly to the understanding, Mr. Ballou entered upon the field of labor in which he is engaged, and all well-wishers of society, all who admire the fine arts and take pleasure in beholding evidences of refined taste rapidly superseding that which appealed only to the passions of society—all, in fine, who love to witness the triumph of virtue over vice will appreciate the work in which Mr. Ballou is engaged. "Ballou's Pictorial," "The Flag of our Union," and the "Dollar Magazine," if examined with the severest scrutiny, will be found pure in tone and free from anything which can corrupt or contaminate. Either of these publications may be placed in the hands of the wife, the daughter, the son, or any within the sacred circle of home, in perfect confidence that their effect will only prove salutary. Of how few publications we can thus speak, and yet, after a careful examination of Mr. Ballou's, we take pleasure in the frank and free expression of our approval. While such high and honorable motives are maintained by the publisher, he has our best wishes for a more extended circulation of "Ballou's Pictorial," "The Flag of our Union," and "The Dollar Monthly."

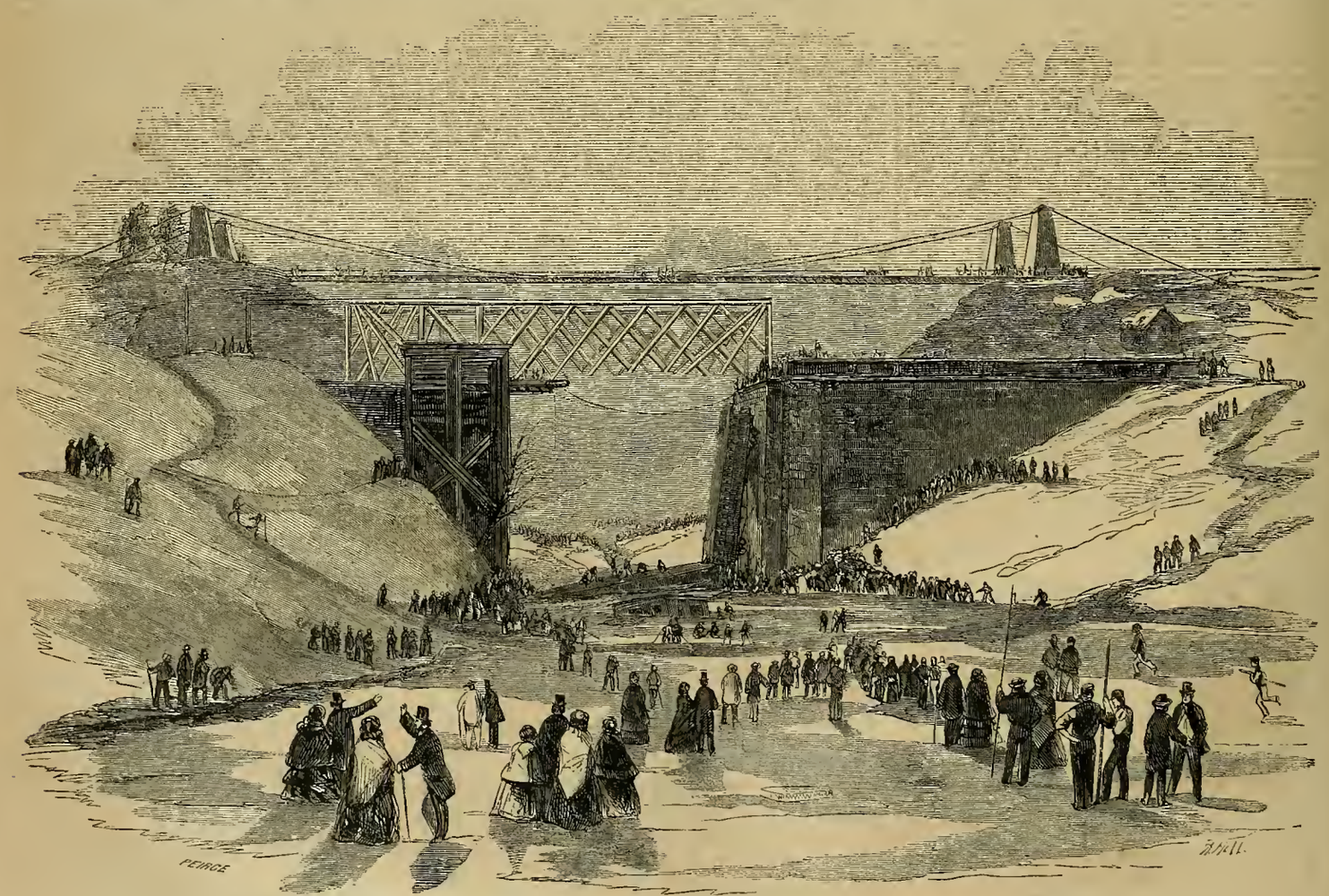
In our moral system, the spleen hangs about the heart, and renders it sad and sorrowful, unless we continually keep it in exercise by kind offices, or in its proper place by serious investigation and solitary questionings. Otherwise, it is apt to adhere and to accumulate, until it deadens the principles of sound action, and obscures the sight.—*Epicurus.*



PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF LAKE ONTARIO, AND THE SPOT OF THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT NEAR HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.

THE LATE RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN CANADA.

Although some weeks have elapsed since the terrible railroad accident which happened near Hamilton, C. W., the catastrophe is still the theme of mournful comment, while the magnitude of the disester gives it the importance of an historical event. We have therefore placed upon this page two scenes delineating the locality where it happened. We have refused to illustrate the *details* of such mournful tragedies, and it will be observed that we do not in the present instance, but the general character of these sketches has nothing to wound the feelings or unduly excite the sensibilities of the spectator. Of the engravings, the first is from a sketch made on the spot last summer, the second from a photograph taken shortly after the accident, and both expressly for our Pictorial. The first is a general view. The drawing was made from a high hill in Dundas, about seven miles from Hamilton. The suspension bridge over the Desjardins Canal is depicted, and the railroad bridge beneath it. On the right is seen the city of Hamilton, and stretching in the distance, the broad waters of Lake Ontario. The second view is the immediate scene of the accident. The railroad is shown exactly as it appears—one car partially submerged, another standing as it fell, on end, while crowds of persons are present as spectators, or are engaged in searching for the bodies of the unfortunate passengers. This terrible accident occurred on the 12th of March, and on the next day the following minute account of it appeared in an extra of the Hamilton Spectator:—"A national calamity may fairly be said to have befallen us Men who have ever stood in the foremost rank—capitalists the most shrewd, speculators the most keen, merchants the most far-sighted, clergymen the most earnest—have at one fell swoop been taken from among us. The train from Toronto, due in this city at a quarter before 6 P. M., yesterday evening, had come from Toronto as was usual, and was proceeding at a moderate rate of speed to pass the swing bridge across



SCENE OF THE FEARFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT THE BRIDGE OVER THE DESJARDIN CANAL, CANADA.

the Desjardins Canal. Those residing at a distance may not know that a cutting has been made as an outlet to this canal through the Burlington Heights, and that the railway crosses it by a swing bridge, sixty feet at least above the level of the canal. At this time, of course, the water is covered with ice about two feet thick. Just before the train reached the bridge, the engine ran off the track, owing, it is supposed, to some defect in the axle. This, however, is a mere surmise, founded only on the observation of some marks on the road for some distance on the other side of the spot where the accident occurred. The immense weight of the engine, cutting through the timber of the bridge, produced the effect naturally to be expected. The whole structure gave way, and with one frightful crash, the engine, tender, baggage car, and two first class passenger cars broke through the severed framework, and leaped headlong into the yawning abyss below. The engine and tender crashed at once through the ice. The baggage car, striking the corner of the tender in the act of falling, was thrown to one side, and fell some ten yards from the engine. The first passenger car rushed after, and turning as it descended, fell on its roof, breaking partly through the ice, and was crushed to atoms; while the last car fell endways on the ice, and, strange to say, remained in that position. The loss of life was of course frightful. There were ninety passengers on the train, and the list of those who have escaped numbers only about twenty. As far as we can yet learn, every one in the first car was killed; those who were not crushed being drowned by the water, which nearly filled the car. About thirty were in the last car, of whom ten were taken out dead, and most of the others were fearfully mutilated. The conductor, Mr. Harrett, the deputy superintendent of the line, Mr. Moir, and Mr. Jessop, one of the auditors, who were on the hind platform, jumped off and escaped. The express messenger, Mr. Richardson, a conductor on the road, and the mail conductor, were with the baggage master. The latter jumped over the baggage he had piled up, ready for delivery, and escaped with but slight injury, while the three others went down, but, miraculously enough, were not much hurt. The engineer and fireman went under the ice with the locomotive, and their bodies have not yet been recovered. The excitement in the city, as the news spread, was intense. Hundreds swarmed towards the Great Western depot, and streamed along the line to the fatal spot, where the scene presented was such as to baffle all description. Large locomotive lamps were speedily brought. Fires were kindled and a lurid glare was thrown over the shattered remnants. Special trains were despatched to the bridge to bring home the wounded. It was no easy task to descend the steep slope to the canal. Ropes were lowered and ladders attached to them, on which the dead and wounded from the car which stood endways were first drawn up. Then the bottom of the car which had partly sunk in the ice, was hewn away with axes, and the unfortunate passengers, some badly mutilated and even cut to pieces, and all saturated with water, were taken out. Many worked with energy and vigor; but who was that noble fellow that every one must have seen, stripped to his shirt sleeves, standing up to his middle in the freezing water, who, himself a host, did more than all the rest? We watched him long from the height above, as he hewed away the fragments, and extricated the bodies. If ever man deserved a reward, it was he. As soon as the dead were drawn up the slope they were either put in the cars for conveyance to Hamilton, or were laid in a small house near the bridge. It is said that one family were in the cars, consisting of a father, mother and four children. Only one of the children escaped. One of these little ones, a girl about four years of age, was brought to the house alluded to when we were there. The poor little creature was smiling prettily, as if she had been sleeping and dreaming of sweet things when the accident occurred, and had been launched into the long sleep of death before the dream had vanished from her mind. At the railway depot, when the sufferers were brought in, crowds were assembled anxious to hear who were dead, and to know if any of their friends were there. The corpses were taken into one of the large baggage rooms, where Coroners Bull and Roseburgh proceeded to have them examined, and when possible, identified. As soon as the intelligence of the catastrophe reached the city, Major Booker and Captain Macdonald's companies of volunteers marched to the scene, and every credit is due to them for their conduct. The pressure of the crowd had all but forced the doors of the depot when the artillery company arrived. They formed a cordon around the room, which was respected. The rifles marched on to the bridge. But a few at a time were admitted to view the bodies. On entering, the first we remarked was that of poor Donald Stuart. Several of those who have sat in the city council with this estimable man, were around him, and in tears. This is stronger evidence of his worth than anything we could say. Next lay the Brantford contractor, Mr. Russell, on whose person was money to the amount of several thousand dollars; in the row opposite was Samuel Zimmerman, to whom railroads have at length proved fatal, and near him two children, aged one and three years respectively, and she who seemed to be their mother.—The duty of examining the letters and papers of the deceased was quite as painful as the recognition of the bodies. A correspondent says:—In the pocket of one would be found letters from his wife and children, wishing him home, and sorrowing for his absence. Another died with the daguerreotypes of those he most loved on his breast. A mother's letter was found in this one's pocket, asking relief and saying she was ill. The money for relief was found side by side with the letter. Another's name was found by the letters of those who loved him. And yet another was hurrying home to console the sick and the dying."—Among the many noted persons who perished were Samuel Zimmerman, of Niagara Falls, Isaac Buchanan, of Hamilton, vice president of the road, and Captain Twokey, a popular commander on Lake Ontario. Only one of the lady passengers was saved, and she was considerably cut and bruised. Mr. Zimmerman was a man of great wealth and enterprise, and universally beloved and respected. His funeral was very largely attended. This is the most fearful railroad accident which has occurred since the Norwalk tragedy on the New Haven road, a disaster which thrilled with fear the whole community, and desolated many families.



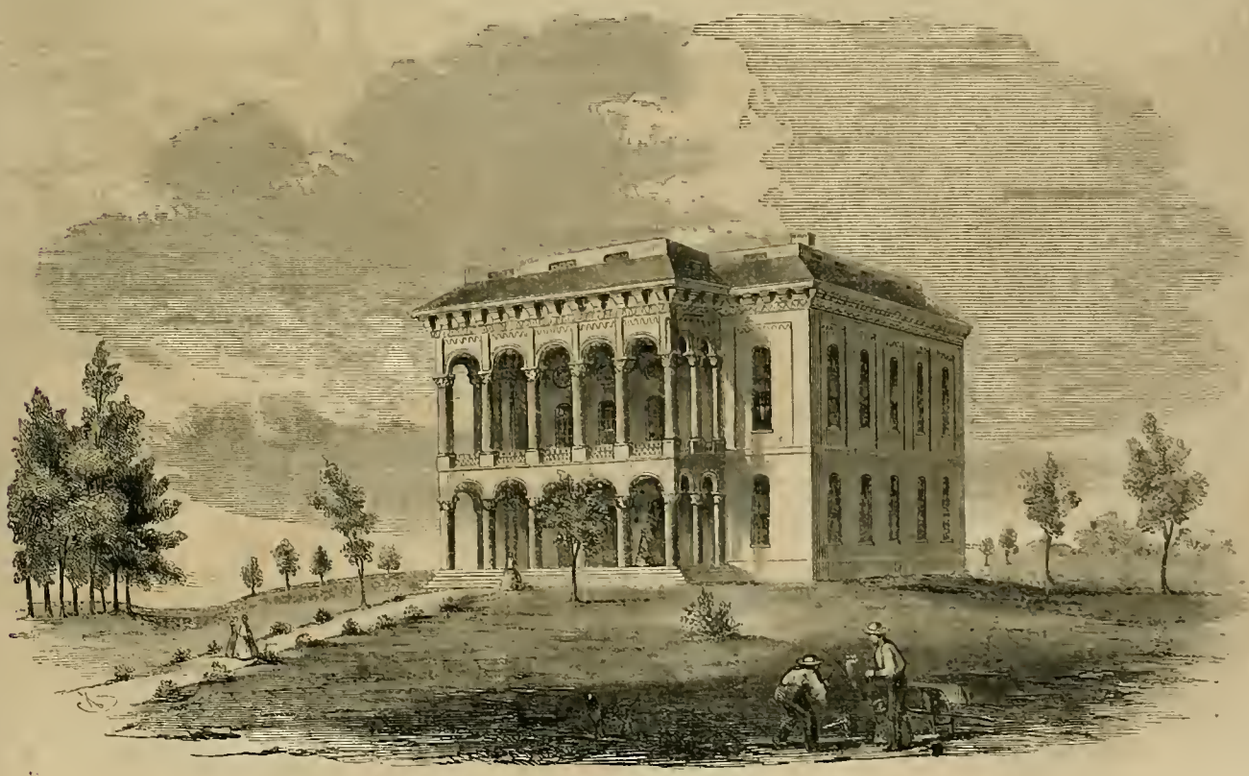
BAKER'S ISLAND, SALEM HARBOR, MASS.

BAKER'S ISLAND, SALEM HARBOR.

The pretty view of Baker's Island, with its twin lighthouse towers reflected in the water, and various craft enlivening the bay, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and is a perfectly faithful representation of this pleasing locality. Baker's Island is situated off the Massachusetts coast, five miles east-north-east from Salem. The lighthouses are located at the northerly end. Our view was taken from Lowell Island, the rocks in the foreground of our picture belonging to the latter island. Lowell Island is another romantic little spot, of which we gave a view in a previous number. The coast of Massachusetts abounds in islands, charming retreats during the "heated term," making most excellent landing-places for fishing parties to engage in the manufacture of the all important "chowder;" but however interesting and romantic to the amateur fisherman, they have a great value as locations for lighthouses to warn the mariner of dangerous shoals and rocks, and guide him to the haven of safety. The land seen in the background of our picture is Beverly Farms. The whole scene is a remarkably picturesque one, and is a specimen of the beautiful romantic coast scenery of our New England shores. The whole of our seashore, from Boston north, abounds in subjects for the draughtman's pencil, and marine painters need never be at loss for subjects for illustration. Salem harbor is particularly rich in points for delineation, and scenes of interesting study for the eye of the student of nature.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

The fine accompanying engraving is from a sketch made on the spot expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Kilburn, and makes a graceful and interesting picture. This school, which was formerly located at West Newton, was the first of the kind established on this continent. It graduated five hundred and ninety-eight in fourteen years, or forty-three per year on an average. It has a course of study and training in connection with the under-graduate course, extending through a term of three years, designed expressly to prepare teachers for the highest grade of schools. There are four normal schools in the State. The school building shown in our view, is beautifully situated on a commanding eminence. This school was first commenced in 1839, in Lexington, Mass., and removed to West Newton in 1844, where it remained until the dedication of the building at Framingham in 1853. The State appropriated six thousand dollars, and contributions were also made by the citizens of the town of Framingham, and the Boston and Worcester Railroad Corporation. The location is a little north of the central village, on the south-western slope of a hill, protected on the north by a fine grove of forest trees, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. The building, which is of wood, is of the Norman style of architecture, and will accommodate from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pupils. Mr. Alex R. Esty is the architect. The system of normal school instruction is one which meets with much public favor, and is extending into many parts of our land with marked influence.



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, AT FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LEWIE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

He came to me in a dream last night—
'Twas a beautiful dream: the sky was bright,
And he looked beautiful too.
"Will stay with me, sweet darling?" I said,
As I lay my hand on his fair young head;
"I'm lonely, love, without you."

Two sunbeams played on his bright brown hair,
And his fair young face grew still more fair,
Whilst the sunbeams kissed his cheek.
My child! my child! my beautiful boy!
I envied the sunbeams in my joy,
But I could not, dared not speak.

He was not pillowed upon my breast,
Where his fair, bright head was wont to rest,
When he wearied of his play;
My beautiful child! my angel one!
"Father, thy will, not mine be done,"
'Twas all that I could say.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FOUNDLING.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

Ned Rivers, as gallant a fellow as you will find in a whole town meeting, had been wedded to the girl of his heart just a twelvemonth. Things had gone on with the young couple very much as they do with other people in like circumstances. Although he was not quite so badly off as the man who said, "When I married, I loved my wife to such an extent that I could have eat her up, and now that I have been married a year, I wish to heaven I had so!" still he had discovered that the idolatry of young lovers was a very insipid sort of bosh that wore thread-bare in a year of wedlock. Not that he lived unhappily with his wife, far from it, but they had their little spats now and again, just as you and I would if we were married, which, thank the fates, we are not, nor like to be.

It chanced one evening that Ned, having completed all business for the day, sat in slippers and dressing-gown cooking his feet particularly, and his legs generally, by the parlor fire. He was smoking, too,—smoking as unconcernedly as though Mary, his spouse, had not repeatedly and volubly expressed her abhorrence of all such practices, especially in the parlor. Mary, for her part, sat on the opposite side of the fire-place, sewing with a very determined air indeed, and all was as snug and silent as anything.

Ned had stayed out quite late several evenings during the month immediately preceding the night in question, and Mary, I grieve to say, took it into her pretty head to be jealous, demanding somewhat peremptorily of her lord where he had been and why he had been there at all; which questions Ned very properly refused to answer, not that he was afraid or ashamed to do so, but it seemed to him that she had no right to make him toe the mark quite so rigidly. He had somehow got the idea that if a man provided his wife with the necessaries and luxuries of life, loved her moderately well, and for her sake resigned, for the major part of the time, the bachelor privilege of drifting round loose o' nights, she ought in all conscience to be content; and so, also, would you and I think, if we were married, which, thank heaven, we are not, nor like to be.

I am aware that many writers, particularly females, in giving their "views" to an eye-protruding world, have complained bitterly that a woman's heart was too often knocked and stove all to pieces by a scarcity of love after marriage; that too often the fond young wife looked sorrowfully and earnestly into the eyes of her cold, indifferent husband, so changed from what he once was to her; while her despairing heart silently yet mournfully and anxiously besought him, saying: "O give me back the love of my youth! give me back my love—the loving heart I gave you ere my feet stumbled upon the dark mountain of a year's wedlock; let once again your returning love, like dew-eyed morn, stand jocund on the rosy mountain top, and my soul will be content;" and much similar stuff. But goodness, fellows, what can they expect? Do they think a sensible, everyday sort of chap can keep billing and cooing, kissing and hugging, courting and sozzling round during his entire married existence? It's just you and I, bub, that entertain a contrary opinion; though as people think differently of this matter, we may as well drop it and go on with our story.

Well, then, Mary sat upon one side of the fire, sewing vehemently, and Ned sat upon the other side, smoking vigorously, and both silent; and as they so sat, it fell out that Bridget, the cook, appeared unto them.

"Please, mem, may I go out a minnit, to buy a bit of ribbin?" she respectfully growled.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Rivers, sulkily.

Bridget rolled away like a scroll, and the silence of a family quarrel brooded over the scene. Presently another transatlantic visage disfigured the doorway. It was Nora, the chamber girl.

"Please, mem, may I go out this evening?" she pathetically inquired.

"Why, you were out last evening," replied the mistress, snappishly.

"Yes, mem, I know it, mem; but me sisther's child is down with the scarlet faver, an' it's bad she is entirely, so I must go, mem," she returned, stoutly, and vanished.

"No one seems to wish to stay in *this* house evenings," muttered Mrs. Rivers, quite spitefully, and she recommenced her sewing with such determined industry that her thread broke off snap about every third stitch. Ned continued to puff his cigar and cook his toes, and silence reigned in the parlor for about the space of one hour, for neither of the happy pair felt inclined to speak first, and there was no one else in the house to interrupt the stillness. By-and-by there came in a smart ring at the front door bell, which startled them both. Ned dropped his hoofs from the mantel-piece, preparatory to answering the summons; but Mary, with a praiseworthy desire to show her spouse that the weight of the world rested upon her shoulders,—that everything depended upon her, and that nothing whatever could go on without her, darted through the door and down the stairs; while Ned, thinking it would be too great a concussion to call her back and go himself, recommenced the culinary process upon his feet and legs.

Arrived at the foot of the stairs, Mary opened the front door with one of her sweetest smiles to welcome the caller, whoever he might be. But there was no one there. Surprised, she opened the door wider, and gave another look. This time her eye rested upon a large basket suspended from the door knob. Hastily detaching it, she closed the door and carried it into the entry. Mechanically placing her hand within the basket, she felt something warm, alive and squirming, but so enveloped in diminutive garments that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. While her heart bounced within her, she flew to the hall burner, and turning up the gas, instituted a more minute examination. By the side of the animated bundle, lay a sealed envelope directed to Edward Rivers, Esq. With flushed and angry countenance, and with trembling fingers, she tore off the cover and read as follows:

"Dear, deceitful Ned,—I send you the poor little thing, hoping you will do more for it than I possibly can. It is yours, Ned; you may swear to that. Look at it; it is Ned Rivers all over. O, Ned, how could you have deceived me so—telling me you were a bachelor! But there is no use regretting what is past. Bring the poor thing up well, and I'll forgive you, Ned. May it be less wicked than its father. Your unfortunate and heart-broken

"Fannie.

P. S.—Don't let that little pert, conceited, doll-faced wife of yours see this letter. Deceive her with some humbug story about the little dear. She hasn't got so much wit or sense but what any numbskull might deceive her, much less you, for you, alas! are used to it. F."

Byron has said, "hell has no fury like a woman scorned," though how he happened to be so taring-down sure of that, is not so clear, considering that at the time he made the statement he had not visited the sultry locality mentioned, neither had he, if all accounts are true, ever "scorned" any woman hard enough to hurt her much; consequently, he could know but very little either about furies or scorned folks. Now if he had known as much as myself, and said, "like a woman jealous," he would have hit it exactly, and all such boys as you and I would have comprehended him in a minute; and I think the propriety of my amendment would have struck him directly, could he have seen Mrs. Rivers as she stood with that letter in her clenched little fist, after having perused its contents. First she turned very red in the face, then she turned very white in the face, stamping her feet furiously, and lastly she screamed at the top of a pretty loud voice, considerably sharpened by rage.

"Rivers, come down here, you villain! Here's a pretty mess for you!"

Ned, who still sat quietly smoking, and little imagining the horrible and tremulous pickle that awaited him below, tossed the stump of his cigar into the grate, and somewhat startled at the unwonted tone of her voice, descended the stairs forthwith.

"Don't you want to see Fannie—your unfortunate and heart-broken Fannie?" sneered Mary, while her form quivered with indignation.

"Fannie?—what Fannie?" asked the guilty husband, innocently.

"What Fannie, indeed! Mr. Rivers, how dare you look me in the face and ask *what Fannie?* when you see what has been hung up at your door, and know very well who caused it to be hung there? O, you look mighty innocent! but just read that letter, and then look in that basket."

"Why, I don't understand you, Mary," returned the astonished Rivers, with a well-feigned air of perplexity.

"Well, I understand *you*, sir, and have understood you for some time, if I haven't got either wit or sense, and what's more, I intend that everybody else shall understand you. I'll expose you to the whole world, sir!" and in her fury, she rushed out of the door to arouse her neighbors, leaving Ned to peruse the letter which she thrust into his hand.

In an incredibly short space of time, she returned, closely followed by a fleet of wives, young and old, and a squadron of old maids, to whom such an affair as this possessed greater charms than even a first class murder. Ned still stood where she had left him, with the letter in one hand, while with the other he dubiously scratched his head. Perhaps he was considering and reckoning up the chances whether he was really guilty or not. Who shall say what thoughts are likely to come into the head of a good-looking young fellow at such a time?

"Now, Mr. Rivers," exclaimed Mary, in an excited tone, as her delegation filed into the hall, "I presume you thought I would not expose your villany, but I have, and I'll make the whole city ring it! O, I've suspected this all along. I knew it could be no good that kept you out evenings."

"Why, Mary," responded poor Ned, deprecatingly, and with rather a bewildered air, "you know that, since our marriage, I have not been out a single evening until the past month, and it seems to me—I can take my oath I never knew or saw any—"

"Don't talk to me, Mr. Rivers!" interrupted Mary, passionately. "Don't talk to me about when or how long ago you became the wretch you are. I care not for the time. There—there, in that basket is the result; look at it!"

Obedient to the command, Ned approached the basket, but the living bundle was stoutly enveloped in swaddling clothes, and he hesitated, being, like all bachelors, more afraid of a baby than of a lion.

"Don't be afraid!" shrieked Mary, hysterically. "It wont bite; it's got no teeth, poor thing! You'll know it, for, as your hussy says, it's just like you all over. But, thank goodness, there are plenty here to bear witness to my wrongs and your rascality!"

Thus admonished, Ned unpinned and unwound blanket after blanket, while his wife and the throng of experienced ladies showered such a storm of reproaches and maledictions upon his head that the poor fellow curled like a burnt boot, as one may say. At length, the last napkin was stripped off, displaying to the anxious and astonished eyes of all who surrounded him, not a baby, but a full-grown tom cat!

You have seen a stately tree, sorely beat and yielding to the angry winter's blast, proudly and defiantly rear itself erect when the storm had passed. So did Ned recover and nerve himself, no longer the shrinking culprit who feared and trembled that circumstances would condemn him, but the deeply injured and justly indignant husband. Slatting the obnoxious quadruped to the furthest end of the hall, he gazed reproachfully about him; then, with an unprecedented display of eloquence, he proceeded to lecture the assembled party—his neighbors for their anxiety to have a part in such a matter, and his wife for her unwarrantable jealousy.

Poor Mary, wholly overcome by the revulsion of feeling and her husband's reproaches, sank upon the hall sofa and sobbed convulsively, evidently as sick as a pout. The neighbors, by twos and threes, sneaked out of the house, until none but the husband and wife remained. Mary, from her recumbent position on the sofa, gazed through her tear-wet fingers toward her husband, as he stood gazing sorrowfully into the basket full of blankets. She sobbed aloud. Ned took no notice. She waited a minute; but he raised not his head. She began to get frightened, and in a broken voice murmured: "Could I be forgiven?"

Ned stretched forth his hands as an intimation that she could. Springing from the sofa, Mary rushed toward him, and nicely calculating the distance so as not to hurt herself by the fall, she pitched herself headforemost into a pair of arms which were instantly folded about her, in which position they remained for a good spell, and so "the wise and virtuous prince and the beauteous princess lived happy ever after."

ONE IDEA MEN.

We have too many men in all occupations who have but one set of ideas. Many a machinist will insist on believing that to do a day's work well is the measure of all requisite mechanical knowledge. His steadiness and patient skill are admirable, but he will turn up, a dozen years hence, gray and worn, toiling at the vice or drooping over the lathe. He will be supporting a large family on one dollar and three-quarters or two dollars a day,—but that two dollars is the limit of all his possible daily income. Mark us, that is the man who once said, "O, bother! what do I want of a knowledge of general principles, mechanical calculations, drawing, business information, and all that? Why should I fill my head with all this stuff about the iron manufacture, estimation of machinery, mechanical engineering?" Of course, you should not disturb the priceless comfort of your easy soul. Of course, my dear sir, you should stick close with a fire engine company, and devour cock-and-bull stories with the rapacity of a bookseller's apprentice, or spend your time in a still more free and easy manner; but at all events you should not "bother" your head where you are so wilfully opposed to any good which might come from it. Meanwhile, you will find some of your companions, vice hands or lathe hands like yourself, brakemen or firemen even, pushing their way upward, gaining every year in skill and character, and ultimately stepping into the management of the locomotive shop, the repair shop, the railroad, or some other equally desirable position. You will still remain at the bottom, wondering *where* were the rounds on which your mates ascended to fortune; and fretfully repining at the imagined unlucky fate which ever interposed barriers to your advancement in life; forgetting that an aspiring energy must underlie all successful effort to arrive at influence and distinction in the world.—*Journal of Progress.*

EFFECT OF INTER-MARRIAGE.

Speaking of the effect of inter-marriage among blood relations, the Fredericksburg News says:—"In this county in which we are raised, for twenty generations back, certain families of wealth and respectability have inter-married, until there cannot be found in three or four of them a sound man or woman! One has sore eyes, another scrofula, a third is an idiot, a fourth blind, a fifth bandy-legged, a sixth with a head about the size of a turnip, with not one out of the number exempt from physical defects of some kind or other."

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LU.

BY OSTON H. HESS.

Have you seen a pretty stranger,
With brown hair and eyes of blue?—
Heaven's blue, but dimmed with weeping—
Have they ever gazed on you?
For I'd fain know where she's straying;
And I'm searching and I'm praying
For my poor, forsaken Lu.

'Twas a year ago I met her—
Less than woman—more than child—
Just unfolding into beauty,
Like a bud on which has smiled
Warmest suns and gentlest flowers:
She the brightest, mid the flowers
That adorned her native wild.

And I loved the little maiden:
She, so pure, in thought and word;
And the little maiden loved me—
That I loved her:—trusting bird!—
For no other love had sought her,
And my honeyed lips first taught her
Sweet tales she had never heard.

But at length a dark-eyed stranger—
Grandly beautiful was she—
Came, and, with enchanting graces,
Won my heart from Lu—and me.
So, I left her, nigh heart-broken—
Heedless of the vows I'd spoken—
Robbed of all her purity.

But my heart's now yearning for her;
And my soul can never rest,
Till I feel her arms around me,
And her head upon my breast:
But she roams—I know not whither;
And her gentle heart will wither
'Neath the scorn upon her cast.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A GARRISON ADVENTURE.

BY ESTELLE GREY.

Verneuil and Juvigny had formed from their infancy a compact of friendship; nothing is more common. At twenty-five years of age they still kept it with scrupulous fidelity; this circumstance was more uncommon. At college, where the same studies united them both, and in the sixth regiment of huzzars, where they served under the rank of lieutenant, they had been surnamed, and it was still retained, Castor and Pollux, Oreste and Pylade, Damon and Pythias.

One day—they were fifteen and sixteen years old; it is at that age when the thoughts come most ingenuously exaggerated; for later, alas! they become positive and true, and one ceases to be happy—Verneuil and Juvigny said to each other:

"Friendship until death!"

"And let us vow, that everything shall be shared between us; pleasure and pain, fortune and misery."

"But if we should desire at the same time something which might be impossible for us to share?"

"Ah, well! we will both relinquish it."

"Why deprive one of happiness which would be for the other a cause of joy?"

"Thou art right. Let us agree that fate shall decide."

"Be it so; but not let it be left blindly to fate. We will play if thou wishest it, and decide by lot."

"That is it; a game of cards, and all will be decided."

"I accept. In this way we never shall dispute."

"Coldness shall never enter our treaty. And if one object suits thee, and me also, we will have a game of cards, and he who wins shall possess the conquest; this is charming."

A solemn oath sealed this strange treaty.

Strange. Thus many persons would find it; but after ten years experience one would be likely to regard it conscientiously, as the result of a higher inspiration. At twenty-five years of age Verneuil and Juvigny, thanks to many games of cards, had avoided as many quarrels capable of breaking the most closely cemented friendship. All had then gone on charmingly, until, but!——

There is no treaty so skilfully drawn up in which one cannot discover, sooner or later, some impossibility which had not been foreseen. This proves that it has not been given to the human mind to attain to perfection in anything, and this will explain why there does not exist a single contract where one has not consecrated a more or less number of articles to a possibility of rupture.

It was after the glorious and rapid campaign of Italy, a squadron of the sixth hussars, recalled to France, were garrisoned in the little city of St. Germain, and the officers, feted and received like so many heroes, rushed into pleasure with as much ardor as they had formerly braved the grapeshot or carried away a redoubt. The castle, the terrace, the forest, made St. Germain a delightful place of residence. But our two friends found there still another attraction. In this city lived the father of Delbois, their captain, with whom they had formed an intimate connection. M. Delbois, happy to have his son with him for some time, spared nothing to make for him, as well as for his companions in arms, a joyous and affectionate reception.

A bountiful table, at which presided freedom and cordiality; a drawing-room, where were assembled all the most elegant dancers and available ladies that St. Germain could offer; here were more than was necessary to justify the constant presence of Verneuil and Juvigny in the house of their friend Delbois. But they were drawn there by a charm still more powerful than that of pleasure. It was reported throughout the city that a young Italian had arrived about six months since. M. Delbois had presented her in the world as the daughter of an ancient correspondent of his house, saying to the curious that he had entrusted her to him in order to escape from the horrors of war which desolated her country.

Without stopping to draw the portrait of Bianca Marielli, this was the name of the Italian, we will only say that her first appearance in the circles of St. Germain was signalized by the open admiration manifested by all the gentlemen and the hatred of the ladies, who disguised it as ordinarily under the exterior of a lively and ardent friendship. Many adorers placed themselves in the ranks to obtain the hand of Bianca; but the demands had been received with as many refusals, and it was thought, with some probability, that this hand was a treasure carefully preserved for the happy Delbois. Meanwhile, when the captain did return, he was flattering around all these renowned beauties, without appearing to interest himself at all in Bianca, who, upon her side, returned indifference for indifference, they commenced to attribute the past refusals to the awkwardness of those who had made the demands. Her suitors took courage, and the beautiful Italian found herself again the aim of all love and all ambition.

There is not a heart more susceptible than that of an officer of hussars. She became a kind of emulation among all the comrades of Delbois, and we shall signalize as the most enamored, but alas, the most timid, Verneuil and Juvigny. But the hour of love had not come for Bianca. Whether her heart enclosed a mystery which it was important for her to conceal, she was amiable to all, and gave to no one the right of thinking himself the preferred one. She knew admirably how to stop a declaration at the exact point, and coquette or not, she had arrived at the art of giving a higher charm even to coquetry. Meanwhile, her crowd of admirers were not diminished. Notwithstanding the maledictions which have been fulminated against coquettes, notwithstanding they have been so often devoted to scorn and hate, they always have the most slaves, and retain them the longest time.

One morning Captain Delbois invited all his friends to a grand ball. "This day," said he to them, "is appointed for me to seal my happiness. I wish you to come and learn the reason of my joy, and share it with me." And speaking thus, his manner was so expressive, and his invitations were so urgent, that yielding more to curiosity than the attraction of a ball, not one of the officers failed to be at the fete. Verneuil and Juvigny, as you may suppose, appeared among the first.

Bianca had never appeared so bewitching as this evening. An expression of gayety and happiness was diffused over her features, which added to the brilliancy of her beauty, and gave to her an irresistible power. There was also in her bearing a graceful ease, and in her manner which, according to the interpretation one chose to give, inspired the most timid with confidence and even with a certain boldness. This influence first affected Verneuil, who had not yet dared to exceed the limits of kind attention and compliments. Accepted by Bianca for her partner, he promised himself not to allow the opportunity to pass without making a decided move, and giving voice at last to his mute passion. During the first figure he spoke with his looks, in the second, profiting by the dance, he ventured to press her hand; the third was scarcely finished when he stammeringly expressed to his beautiful dancer the desire to confide in her. The face of Bianca became suddenly serious; she replied to him:

"Monsieur Verneuil, I have also a secret to tell you. You will know it at the close of the soiree; wait until then, I entreat you. I hope that then you will understand me and do me justice." Then resuming her gayety, she extended her hand to him, saying: "This is between us."

And the fourth figure commenced. Verneuil knew not at first what to think, but upon reflection, he found in the reply that Bianca had given him more grounds for hope than fear. Finally, his imagination so increased, that if he had not been in the midst of so many witnesses, he would have delivered himself up to all the wild transports of immoderate joy.

The quadrille was ended, and Juvigny approached Bianca to inform her of the promise made to waltz with him. Verneuil hastened to leave the drawing-room. He went into the garden where at least he should only find for witnesses of his frenzy the trees and flowers. Trees and flowers, as one knows, are the favorite confidants of lovers, who can indulge in their presence, without fear of either contradiction or raillery, the most absurd transports and the most ridiculous hyperboles.

Heaven knows to what degree of ridicule and absurdity the transports and hyperboles of Verneuil would have attained, when Juvigny found himself suddenly before him, in a state of fever not less violent, and from the same cause. Joy always gives volubility. Our two officers, who, from self-love perhaps, had until now kept secret a passion whose end was doubtful, were delighted to meet each other and to communicate their expectations.

"Verneuil, behold an evening which has fixed my destiny."

"That is precisely what I was going to tell thee, my dear Juvigny."

"My friend, imagine an angel; enough to make us lose reason."

"I am much afraid I have lost mine. I never dreamed of so many graces united to such beauty."

"Thou art in love."

"Who would not be so, after seeing her? Black eyes, with a head like a Madonna; the innocence of her simplicity joined to the most finished charms; a look to live in the heart, and a smile which burns in the soul like a hope!"

While Verneuil was speaking, Juvigny experienced a vague feeling of anxiety.

"O, it is done," continued the first, with enthusiasm. "My life with the beautiful Italian—my life with Bianca Marielli!"

"Bianca!" cried Juvigny. "But it is she that I love!"

There was for a moment a terrible silence between these two young people; then it was broken by Verneuil.

"Listen, Juvigny; our rivalship should not extinguish the friendship which unites us. It is Bianca alone to whom the right belongs of deciding."

"To Bianca to decide—be it so. Verneuil, it is painful for me to afflict thee, but I ought to forewarn thee that according to all appearances the contest can no longer exist between us. After the reception Bianca has given me this evening, I have the hope, I can even say the certainty, of being loved."

"Thou art strangely deceived, my dear Juvigny, and compellest me to declare the whole truth to thee. Yes, it is I, I, dost thou really hear, to whom Bianca has given the preference. I can give thee proof it this evening. Listen, and judge for thyself."

"Hear me, rather, and see thy error."

And when in the midst of this discussion, which became more and more warm, they mutually related, as proof of their assertions, what Bianca had said to each of them, they stopped, confounded, seeking a reasonable explanation for this strange adventure.

"There is no doubt," replied Verneuil, after having reflected some moments, "this confidence that Bianca will give us has no other purpose than to announce to one his triumph, to the other his defeat."

Then their ideas changed the course of their direction. After attributing to both the victory, they felt themselves suddenly discouraged, and regarded each other with envy, each thinking himself to be the slighted lover, and believing he saw a happy rival in his adversary. The transports of anger and despair succeeded this first movement.

"No, never," cried Juvigny, "will I give up Bianca to thee."

"And I swear, while I live, Bianca shall never belong to thee. It is as we shall see."

The eyes of Verneuil flashed, and he clung to one last hope.

"Wilt thou break our friendship, and forget our oath, Juvigny?"

"Our oath! Art thou keeping it, Verneuil?"

"Yes, yes, and I exact this instant the execution of our treaty."

"But if the chance in the play is favorable to me, wilt thou consent to retire freely, and without reservation, and not make the slightest attempt with Bianca?"

"I accept."

"Come, then, and let the game decide between us."

Behold them, seated at a gaming-table, five or six persons surrounding them, gazing on them with astonishment, for there was a singular expression upon their faces, and there was not a stake upon the table, which did not hinder the spectators from tranquilly settling their wagers.

A half hour had passed, and the betters found the game proceeded slowly. The players watched the looks of each other, not touching a card without trembling, nor throwing it till after a long hesitation. At length they each have four points. The decisive blow has commenced. Verneuil had made two odd tricks; two odd tricks are before Juvigny. Pale with anxiety, and with wild eyes, they let fall their last card—two tens of diamonds are upon the table. One of the betters said:

"This decides nothing; take another, and begin again."

"No," cried Verneuil, "such suspense as this one could not endure twice;" and rising, abruptly left the room.

Juvigny followed him, and, stepping out of the drawing-room, they stopped.

"It is still necessary for us to decide."

"And above all, that it be quickly done."

A look, and a gesture, ended the explanation.

"The judgment of God!" cried they.

They rushed towards the garden. A man placed himself before them and arrested them. It was Delbois, who had been watching the end of their game and had followed them.

"Your cruel project cannot be accomplished," said he to them. "You will not refuse to my prayer and the remembrance of the friendship which has until this moment united you, the sacrifice of a quarrel, the motive of which is perhaps imaginary. You shall not fight at present; early to-morrow, if your foolish animosity has not had time to calm itself; to-day you belong entirely to me." And taking them by the arm, he made them, not without some difficulty, return to the drawing-room.

Supper was served. The father of Delbois advanced, holding by the hand the prettiest of the dancers, and presenting her to the guests grouped around the table, he said:

"I present to you Bianca Marielli, the wife of my son, who married her in Italy, and we have been obliged, by family reasons, to keep the marriage secret until this day."

Verneuil and Juvigny were a little confused when they had to press the hand of Delbois to congratulate him. As for the duel it was no more mentioned.

Behold how this history came to my knowledge. I was walking one day with my wife and my little Eugene upon the shore of the Seine, when Eugene ran towards a group of washers, among whom was a broker displaying his wares and also three or four pictures. My wife followed, and found him looking at a portrait of a lady, the beauty of which so charmed her that she could not resist the desire of purchasing it. While she was debating the price, one of the washers eagerly related to me the history of this lady, who was no other than Bianca Marielli.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, ESQ.
("PAUL CREYTON.")

The accompanying portrait of this popular young author was drawn expressly for us by Hill, after an excellent photograph by Ormsbee. John Townsend Trowbridge was born September 17, 1827, in the town of Ogden, Monroe County, New York, a few miles from the city of Rochester. It was a log house in which the future author was cradled, and probably the light he first saw was from a tallow candle. Before the following winter, the family removed to a new and comfortable farm-house. He was the eighth of a family of nine children. His parents were among the pioneers in the settlement of the region then known in New England as "The West." They entered the primeval forest and cleared for themselves a tract of land, disputing the occupancy with bears and other wild animals. Their early trials and experiences doubtless furnished the materials for the story of "Ironthorpe, the Pioneer Preacher." As a boy, he was an eager reader of books, giving to them so much attention at the expense of his work that he was universally considered lazy. He carried his precious volumes in his pocket, read them at all odd minutes; sometimes dropping into fence corners, while the hoe or axe lay unused; sometimes poring over them on the sunny side of a hay-stack, or in the evening by the flickering light of a kitchen fire. The only systematic instruction he received was at the winter sessions of the district school. At fifteen years of age, he began the study of French, and learned to read fluently without knowing anything of pronunciation, or without the aid of tutors. He afterwards learned Latin and German in the same way. In 1847, he went to the city of New York, without letter of introduction, or any acquaintance whatever. He sent a poem to the Sunday Times, which interested the editor, the veteran M. M. Noah, who sent for the author, and encouraged him to persevere in the literary profession. Major Noah gave him some employment in the way of translation, and recommended him to publishers who purchased some of his manuscripts. The next year, he came to Boston, an entire stranger. What befell him, as a writer under the name of "Paul Creyton," here, may, perhaps, be guessed from the experience of "Martin Merrivale," one of his later works. "Martin" is represented as coming to town with high hopes for the success of his book, "The Beggar of Bagdad;" his interviews with the publishers and his subsequent slavery as a newspaper contributor are most feelingly yet comically portrayed. Any man who has been obliged to depend upon his pen in this city for a livelihood, will pronounce the pictures in this book unequalled. In 1853, his first book, "Father Brighthopes," was published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., which house has issued all his subsequent productions. This work attracted instant attention, on account of its genial spirit and fresh and natural pictures of rural life. This was succeeded by "Hearts and Faces," and afterwards by "Burrcliff," both similar in character to "Father Brighthopes," the latter, perhaps, superior to it. In 1854, was published "Martin Merrivale," of which some mention has been made. It was handsomely illustrated, and issued in numbers. His next work was "Ironthorpe, the Pioneer Preacher," in which "Rebecca," the heroine, is supposed (with some allowable embellishments) to represent the author's mother. In 1855, Mr. Trowbridge sailed for Europe, and after spending a few weeks in London, went to Paris, where he remained during the summer of the great Exposition. In the autumn, he travelled into Italy, passing the winter mostly in Florence, Rome and Naples. Soon after his return to the United States, he published his last and best work, "Neighbor Jackwood." It was written in Paris, but retouched during a visit to Wallingford, Vermont, the scene of the story. Whatever may be the opinions of readers as to the subject or plot of this novel, there can be no difference as to its power and truth to nature. The Yankee, as popularly represented upon the stage, is a very different person from the actual inhabitant of New England. The dialect, as generally given, is only a poor caricature. In "Neighbor Jackwood," the manners and phraseology of such of the rural districts as have remained unchanged by modern innovations, are given with photographic accuracy. The style is clear and flowing, and the interest is sustained to the close. A dramatic version of the novel was brought out at the Museum, in Boston, March 16, and with eminent success. Mr. Trowbridge is still a very young man; few authors have achieved so much at so early a period in life. But his industry is unflagging, and he may reasonably hope to accomplish much greater things in the future. One thing should be mentioned to his honor: No moral stain is to be found in anything he has written. An atmosphere of perfect purity hovers over every picture he has drawn. "He has not left a line which, dying, he would wish to blot."



JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE—"PAUL CREYTON."

INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

We present herewith an accurate engraving of the building and grounds of the "Private Institution for the Education of Idiots, Imbeciles, Backward and Eccentric Children," at Barre, Mass., under the superintendence of Dr. George Brown, aided by a corps of competent teachers and assistants. The buildings are spacious and elegant, and the grounds ample; the location is high and healthy. Pupils are received here from the age of about six and upwards. The institution is under a strictly family organization, the pupils taking their meals with the superintendent. Male and female teachers are employed, and the pupils are subject to constant surveillance, even during the period of recreation. All the appliances for the mental, moral and hygienic treatment of inmates are provided. The superintendent is a man of varied accomplishments, of strong will, of untiring benevolence, and his success with this institution is the legitimate result of constant well-directed effort. In the New Haven Register, we find a very interesting account of a visit to the school, from which we make an extract, as it will convey to the reader a better idea of the efficiency of the institution than any general statement:—"When we entered the school, the pupils were engaged in their morning exercises, accompanied by a teacher on the piano. They sang tunes in chorus, and in solo and chorus, with spirit and evident delight. Their performance in music would do credit to classes in our common schools. We next listened to the recitation of a daily lesson in Scripture history, by the second department, or second class. This recitation gave evidence of a thorough knowledge of the prominent incidents mentioned in the Old Testament, and a good understanding apparently, on the part of some of them, of the great fundamental doctrines of the gospel. Next came reading by the different classes. Some of the pupils read with ease, fluency and correctness—others with great difficulty. In arithmetic, the most difficult of acquirements for the imbecile, the classes had generally advanced no further than the simple rules, and in these there were various stages of progress. In grammar, some of them could parse simple sentences, giving their rules and reasons with accuracy. Besides the common exercises of the school, the boys are taught to work in the garden, saw wood, and perform various labors. The girls, under an instructress for the purpose, are taught to sew, knit and perform the common labors of girls of their age. Connected with the school is a gymnasium, fitted up with the means for pleasant exercise, usually found in such places; among which I noticed a ten pin alley, elevated horizontal ladders, swinging perpendicular ladders, an endless chain, dumbbells, wooden guns, etc. A teacher is employed in this department, who spends a portion of his time in practising the pupils, in small classes at a time, in this room. The object is to develop the physical powers—to teach the pupil how to use his muscles, his arms, his legs—to arrest and fix the attention, and teach him how to *respond by action to the action of the teacher*. Let me give your readers one case of improvement. A boy, aged sixteen years, idiotic from birth, knew nothing from books when admitted, was wilful and disobedient. He is now gentle and amiable. He performed sums in multiplication and division, read correctly and with great ease. He wrote a plain hand, in good style; recited well in his class in geography. In the elements of philosophy, he showed a knowledge which quite astonished me. His examination, replies and explanations, with regard to prisms, rain, snow, the rainbow, the dew, cold, etc., evidenced to my mind that he had acquired *ideas, positive knowledge*—that it was the result of no mere memorizing. He named the planets which move around the sun, their order, and the length of time it takes each to revolve around that body. In grammar, he could parse any simple sentence, and give the reasons for calling any particular word a noun or verb. Twelve or fifteen of the thirty-five pupils could not talk at all when admitted into the institution, and when I looked over that school, and noticed the growing capacity of those children for enjoyment, and thought of their sad condition without any such efforts for their improvement, my heart rose in thankfulness to God, that means had been devised to instruct and elevate these poor unfortunates. They evinced that they had minds, sluggish and sleeping, perhaps, but capable of being aroused, awakened and developed. The teachers at Barre seemed 'born for the work.' Enthusiasm and earnestness in their labors, and love for their work, were the marked characteristics of all connected with the establishment. I trust the day is not far distant when Connecticut shall have an asylum capable of receiving and educating a portion, at least, of the three hundred and thirty improvable idiotic children and youth within her borders." If idiocy be, as Dr. Wilbur defines it, in his excellent reports upon this subject, as "*a want of natural or harmonious* development of mental action and moral powers of a human being, and usually dependent upon some defect or infirmity of his nervous organization," every effort to restore this harmonious action, and assist nature in her work of development, should be regarded with the highest interest, and each success hailed with joy that thus bears upon the welfare of the unfortunate.



PRIVATE INSTITUTION FOR IDIOTS AND IMBECILES, AT BARRE, MASS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. M., New York.—He is living, and at last advices, was lecturing and preaching. We cannot tell you how many plays he has written.

ADOLPH.—"Handbook of Young Artists and Amateurs in Oil Painting," 1 vol. 12mo., published by Wiley & Putnam, New York, 1846. Write to G. P. Putnam, New York.

A. P. P., Westerly.—We will send the three for five dollars. Shall probably publish the illustrations you speak of.

AUTHOR.—The best thing you can do with your MSS. novel, is to forward it to Park Benjamin, Esq., at New York. He continues his literary agency as heretofore. He charges a proper preliminary fee for reading a work, giving his opinion and submitting it to publishers. Write to him, enclosing postage stamps, at 47, 7th Avenue, New York.

BOOKWORM.—The great library at Alexandria, Egypt, is supposed to have contained 700,000 volumes, and was totally destroyed by the Saracens, acting under the orders of their Caliph Omar. The MSS. furnished fuel for heating the water in the baths for the space of six months.

PUPIL.—*Below painters.*—"let it be given to the fairest." Let the prize be given to the most deserving. This was the inscription on the apple which fable tells us was adjudged by Paris to the goddess Venus, to the mortification of Juno and Minerva.

QUERIST.—No. The French people sullenly submitted to the restoration of Louis XVIII, to the throne of France by foreign arms. The Dauphin who died in the Temple was Louis XVII.

D U.—The Puritan parliament of England suppressed theatres and stage plays in 1647.

M. D., Hingham, Mass.—The earliest celebration of marriage in churches was ordained by Pope Innocent III., A. D. 1199. Marriage was forbidden in Lent, A. D. 394.

AUGUSTUS.—Hillson has been dead many years. He was a comic actor of very great ability, and was attached to the Park Theatre, New York. His wife was a fine actress.

PASTOR.—Mourning among the Chinese lasts for three years, during which time the afflicted abstain from flesh, wine, and all manner of amusements.

PASTOR.—In the middle ages the punishment of boiling to death in cauldrons was inflicted on thieves, false coiners, and some other offenders.

C. C.—Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell died in New York in 1831. He was a professor in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and indefatigable in his labors for the advancement of science.

G. F. F.—During the reign of "Bloody Mary" of England, three hundred persons suffered at the stake from heresy in the short space of three or four years.

Mrs. C. D., Roxbury.—Holbein's "Dance of Death" was suggested by an illustration of a poem by a German named Macabaer.

I. F., Lowell.—Luther's last words were: "Into thy hands I commit my spirit—God of truth, thou hast redeemed me."

P. P.—The famous Beau Nash, "king of Bath," the ruler of fashion in England for more than half a century, is supposed to have supported himself to his splendor by extraordinary luck at the gaming-table. His dress was covered with expensive lace, and he wore a large white cocked hat. The chariot in which he rode at Bath was drawn by six gray horses, attended by a long retinue of servants, some on horseback, others on foot, and preceded by a band playing on French horns and other instruments.

CHISEL.—The Rhodians were the most indefatigable sculptors of antiquity. How prolific they were may be inferred from the fact that the Romans carried off no fewer than 3000 statues from the little island of Rhodes.

AN ARTFUL DODGER.—When Dr. Bowring expressed his surprise to Mehemet Ali that the pilgrims going to Mecca should avail themselves of the steamboats of the infidels which navigate the Red Sea, the pacha said, with a laugh, "There is not one word against steamboats in the Koran." On the same principle the Turks in the Crimea excused their drinking N. E. rum.

THE COIN QUESTION.—The latest and best story extant is that of one of Walker's soldiers, who refused his life when it was offered him by a Costa Rican antagonist, "because it was against the laws of his country to take Spanish quarters." And so he died a martyr to the currency question.

MONTREAL.—At Montreal they are already making preparations for the reception of the American Scientific Association in August. The management of the affair is in good hands, and it cannot fail to be brilliant.

SPLINTERS.

.... Felicien David, the composer, announces the "End of the World" as nearly ready. That strikes us as rather ominous.

.... There are eighteen regular theatres advertised in one of our London exchanges, besides many other entertainments.

.... Lizst, the great and only rival of Thalberg, has been urged to visit this country, but is unwilling to come.

.... The last great dramatic success in Paris is young Damas's "*Question d'Argent.*" For a wonder, it is a moral piece.

.... The London Star, of February 7th, had news that the Mississippi River was frozen over as *far up as Pittsburgh!*

.... At a wedding in Gloucester, lately, sixty-two cousins were present. With Jemmy Twitcher, we ask, "vel, vot of it?"

.... Some dealers in New York were accused of smuggling jewels, but it turned out that they were only worthless stones.

.... Neal Dow has been appointed commissioner from Maine to the agricultural fair to be held in Paris next June.

.... The Bangor House, one of our best New England hotels, has been leased for ten years by G. W. Larrabee, of Lowell.

.... Some children in Ellicottville, N. Y., lately found a shot-bag under an old bridge holding five hundred dollars.

.... A little girl described a snake as a "thing that's a tail all up to the head." She'll be a lexicographer.

.... There is a great need in our city of dwellings to accommodate the laboring classes at low rents.

.... The Rev. William R Alger, a ripe and rare scholar, has been invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration in this city.

.... It is said that Mrs. Fanny Kemble has decided on making the classic city of Cambridge her residence.

.... The printers of Galveston, Texas, have organized a society, to be styled the "Galveston Typographical Union."

.... The less a man knows, the more apt he is to stand in awe of people whom the world pronounce great.

.... Opera glasses have fallen—one dropped from the balcony of the Boston Theatre, lately, and hurt a parquetter.

.... A fashionable dining-table called up to Addison's fancy gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies innumerable.

.... Dr. William Yates, who introduced vaccination into the United States, died lately at Morris, N. Y., aged 90 years.

GOING ALONE.

We really believe, from many indications, that the people of this great free and enlightened country have found out that they are able to walk—strong enough to "go alone," without the aid of leading-strings held by *quasi*-parents on the other side of the Atlantic. We have been a good while making this discovery. We allowed ourselves to be patted on the head as a promising infant for so many years, that we hardly realized our majority when we became of age. But the "good boy" has grown up to be a man. After using his little fists to drub everybody that tried to crowd him, he began to think that he could hold a pen and make something better than pot-hooks. He thought he could write a book. "Jonathan write a book!" cried old Johnny Bull—"impossible, the boy's demented. And if he writes books—who'll read them?"

But one day Johnny Bull got hold of a story-book written by one of his American cousins, Washington Irving, and he laughed immensely over it. It was "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Then he found out that others of his American cousins could write books, and he bought them. By-and-by, some other Jonathans painted some pictures—and Johnny found out they were wonderfully fine. Then came a Vermont boy who thought he could "sculp a little," and lo! the Greek slave, on whose shoulders the mantle of the Medicean Venus seemed to have descended, became the cynosure of a world's admiring gaze.

But this was not enough, so long as poet, prosewriter, painter and sculptor, tremblingly awaited a European verdict. In due time came the taste to appreciate and the courage to decide here upon our own works. Fame and fortune no longer halted for a transatlantic verdict:—the leading-strings were cut—the go-cart was abandoned—we went alone.

These thoughts were suggested by the last American success—Mrs. S. G. Howe's new play of "Leonore: or, the World's Own," in New York. Dramatic fame has been hitherto the coyest to American wooers. Painting, poetry, sculpture and music were won before her—but now the ice is broken, and a new field of mental culture is freely open. Of course we do not mean that Mrs. Howe has been the first to achieve laurels in this field—but she is one of the few writers, and all of a recent date, who have ventured and succeeded as playwrights. And we decidedly condemn the *story* she has woven, as the groundwork for the brilliant language she has embroidered on its surface. But we think she has demonstrated rare capabilities, and is destined to shine in a sphere illustrated by scarcely one female celebrity. Hitherto the dramatic art has been the appanage of man alone—for a woman to shine in tragic poetry will be a rare achievement.

A SOLDIER OF THE LORD.

No men fought better than Cromwell's "Independents," who smote the Philistines hip and thigh none the less stoutly, because they read the Bible and prayed to the Lord of hosts. Much of their spirit fell to the lot of their descendants on this side of the Atlantic, and the preachers of our revolutionary times often remind us of those of the Puritan commonwealth of England. Dr. Sprague, in his "Annals of the American Pulpit," relates the following anecdote: "Soon after the burning of Falmouth, now Portland, August, 1775, a recruiting officer went to Harpswell to raise volunteers. Unsuccessful in his efforts, one Sabbath morning he met Mr. Eaton, on his way to the meeting house, laid the case before him, and urged him to speak to the people on the subject. 'Sir,' said the pastor, 'it is my communion Sabbath, and I must not introduce secular subjects during the day. I will think of the matter, and see what I can do. Perhaps I will invite the people to assemble in front of the meeting-house at the going down of the sun.' This he did. After service he went home and to his study, and opened his Bible to see what he could find adapted to the case. His eyes fell on this passage—Jeremiah 48: 10—'Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.' At sundown the people gathered, and, with these words as a text, Mr. Eaton addressed them from the horse block (still standing). That night forty volunteered for the service required."

THE DESERT SHIPS.—The camels imported by our government for working on the plains perform admirably. They make a trip from Camp Verde to San Antonio, sixty miles, and back in six days, with more loading than two wagons could possibly carry; and the wagons usually require twelve days for the trip.

BROWN THE SEXTON.—N. P. Willis calls Mr. Brown, the gentlemanly sexton of Grace Church, New York, who undertakes both funerals and parties, the "Grand master of ceremonies of Much-ado-dom." Willis is great for coining words, and his writings almost necessitate a new dictionary of the English language.

LECTURES OF AMUSEMENT.—We are glad to hear that Park Benjamin, Esq., intends giving a short course of his diverting discourses in Boston this spring. His celebrated lecture on "Fashion," attended elsewhere by crowds, has never yet been given in this city.

IN PRESS.—James French & Co., of this city, are now about to issue a new work from the favorite pen of Miss Mary W. Janvrin. This lady has already won an enviable and extended reputation as a magazine writer, and her first novel will be looked for with interest.

THE SABBATH IN NEW ORLEANS.—The way they manage to get through Sunday evenings in the Crescent City is by attending circuses, operas, concerts and theatres, which are then in full blast.

GASLIGHT.—It costs the city of New York nearly half a million a year for its gas.

VOLUNTARY POISONING.

When we read, as we too often have occasion to do, of life suddenly extinguished by poison administered by the hand of the secret assassin, a chill shudder runs through all our veins. The memory involuntarily recalls the dark deeds of the middle ages, when poisoning was so common that it became fashionable, and a lady was as apt to have a flask of *Aqua Tofana* in the drawer of her toilet-table, as a box of rouge beside her mirror. The names of Lucrezia Borgia, of the Duchess de Brinvilliers, and other equally noted criminals of past centuries, are consigned to eternal infamy. But if this crime be so uncommon now that its rare occurrence awakens an universal horror, it is a sad truth that there are thousands of self-poisoners at this day, men and women, mostly in high station, who are dying by slow degrees from the effects of deadly poisons administered by themselves, for the purposes of stimulation and excitement. We need not go to Austria for arsenic-eaters, or to Turkey and China for opium-eaters—the partakers of the "insane root" are around us. Dr. Cornell tells us, in the "Medical World," that the use of opium is very common—that fashionable ladies resort to it for excitement—that many clergymen employ it, and that many books and many sermons are written and preached under its wild influences. Lawyers, too, the doctor tells us, resort to this pernicious stimulant. He paints a terrible picture of this sad crime—for crime it is, and the more heinous from the secrecy with which it is perpetrated.

Of the peculiar as well as terrible effects of this drug, there is no better record than that of the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," by De Quincey—one of the most powerful books ever written. Many of the visions of the practised opium-eater are surpassingly gorgeous and seductive; splendid pageants, glorious scenery, seraphic faces, pass before his enraptured eyes; but the reaction is more horrid, more full of appalling phantoms, than that which follows the use of spirituous liquors. From these alternatives of glory and gloom, the victim passes into a condition the most deplorable that the imagination can conceive. He becomes a living corpse; his face is pallid and cadaverous, his limbs are wasted away and cruelly distorted, his withered skin clings to his fleshless skeleton, and he sinks into the grave a shadow and a wreck. It is passing strange that men can voluntarily surrender themselves to the despotism of an enemy so subtle and so deadly, that they can poison their whole existence to purchase a few moments of brilliant hallucination and transitory mental power!

HUGE MASS OF COPPER.—"An eye witness" writes us respecting the large mass of copper lately taken from the Minnesota mine. He says the probable weight is about 550 tons, and it took fifty-eight kegs of blasting-powder to raise it to its present position, above seventeen inches from its native bed. It was in some places pure copper, eight feet thick.

IS IT POSSIBLE?—A French writer asserts that there are only ten or fifteen really handsome women in all Paris. We could show him five hundred times as many in our little provincial town, as the New Yorkers pleasantly style Boston.

IN THE DARK.—The London Lancet says there are a quarter of a million of persons in England constantly under ground in the darkness of mines. What a benighted army!

SPRING BONNETS.—Bonnets are but little larger; of course parasols are as indispensable as ever.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Hale, Rev. Greensbury W Offley to Miss Elizabeth Hartwell; by Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. Joseph N. Mansfield to Miss Anu Harrington; by Rev. Mr Stowe, Mr. James Harrow to Mrs. Mary Barry; by Rev. Mr. Clark, John P. Averill, Esq to Miss Abby A. Foss, of Dover, Me; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Ellis Lyons to Mrs. Elizabeth Cooley; by Rev. Dr Bigelow, Mr. Edward B. Morse to Miss Garafelia M. Bisbee; by Rev. Mr Streeter, Mr. John H. Clark to Mrs. Lydia Davis, both of Charlestown.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Mr. George Ambrose Clark to Miss Jane Elizabeth Phinpton.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr Robert B Morse to Miss Jane Plummer.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr Thompson, Mr. Amos R. Young to Miss Anna A. Webster.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Bacon, Mr. George W Story to Miss Mary E. Low.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Emery Hodgkins to Miss Betsy Hodgkins.—At Newburyport, by Rev Mr. Pike, Mr John Soulor to Miss Adelia Adams.—At Amesbury, by Rev. Mr. Childs, Mr J. Hiram Towne, of Salisbury, to Miss Mary P. Beardman.—At North Bridgewater, Mr John B. Orcutt, of Charlestown, to Miss Elizabeth V. Mason, of New Bedford.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Abigail H Ray, 90; Dea. Adam Bent, 81; Mrs Sophia S. Peakes, 52; Mr. Charles E Whitten, 24; Mr. Andrew Sheehan, 45, Mrs Sarah M. Mann, 50; Mrs Nancy Currier, 62; Mr. Sewall Kendall, 74.—At East Cambridge, Mrs. Lois Draper, 80.—At Roxbury, Dr Henry Sherwood Steele, 29.—At Somerville, Mr Charles Todd, 27.—At Melrose, Mrs Harriet L. Noyes, 59.—At Medford, Miss Adeline Bradbury, 45. At Quincy, Mr. John Spear, 86.—At Lynn, Mrs Abby W Chase, 49, Mrs. Anna H Osborn, 61.—At Salem Mrs. Sally Tibbets, 68; Mr. Edward Keating 22; Mr. Alonzo Sanborn, 35.—At Newburyport, Widow Lydia Coffin, 79; Miss Adeline Roberts, 46; Mrs Frances L. Brown, 63.—At Newbury, Miss Mary Martin, 86.—At Grafton, Pardon Aldrich, Esq., 83.—At Amherst, Mr. Samuel Vose, 57.—At Sharon, Moses Richards, Esq., 87.—At Worcester, Mrs. Hannah J. Walker, 31.—At Newton Upper Falls Me. John Houghton, 33.—At Dartmouth, Mr. Jacob C. Chase, 65.—At West Brookfield, Mrs Frances Louisa Smith, 22.—At Edgartown, Mr. Palfrey Collins, 69; Widow Anne Dexter 77.—At West Tisbury, Mrs. Vellua Luce, 75.—At Seekonk, Widow Fanny Low Viall, 88.—At Watertown, Me., Mr. Samuel F Carll (late of Boston), 40.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG OF THE STAR.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

Have faith in thy star, O, thou child of emotion!
Nor strive thou ignobly to fly from thy doom;
Have faith in thy star, for thy bosom's commotion
Bowreaths thee the bays that will wave o'er thy tomb.

Have faith in thy star—'tis a guerdon assigned thee,
To light thy dark path o'er life's high-rolling wave;
Have faith in thy star! I'm an angel resigned thee,
To guide thee to heaven through the path of the grave.

Have faith in thy star!—and no longer bewailing
The fate thou hast shunned from thy infancy up;
Receive ye the Lyra: henceforth unavailing
The plea—ye would dash down the Magical Cup.

Have faith in thy star, and then cast all beside thee!
The hopes and the fears that to nature belong.
Have faith in thy star, for naught else may abide thee;
Nor look thou to Fame for the wreath of thy song.

Have faith in thy star, for a work lies before thee;
Haste!—sound ye the Lyra!—press on to the goal!
The Ghost of Life wasted up-rises before thee!
Improve the wierd vision—'twill ransom thy soul.

THE LAND STORM.

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.—THOMSON.

WINTER EXPERIENCE.

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror to delight us.—SOUTHEY.

SYMPATHY.

Mutual wishes, mutual woes endear,
The social smile and sympathetic tear.—GRAY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Editorial rivalry is sometimes productive of queer results. But the hardest case is one related by the New York Times, of a country editor, who, finding the body of a man hanging to a lamp-post one night after his own paper had gone to press, cut it down and carried it home, to prevent his rival from publishing the news, and was himself indicted for murder.....We don't approve of flogging in schools as a general thing, but there are cases when corporeal punishment is absolutely necessary. We see that a verdict of not guilty was returned in the case of George B. Elden, keeper of a High School in Windham, Maine, charged with assault and battery on one of his pupils.....Mrs. S. G. Howe has won laurels by her new play of "Leonore," produced in New York. The plot is rather daring, and the piece, as an acting play, rather heavy—but the language redeems every fault. It may be set down as a great success.....Dean, the coachman, who married Miss Baker, the heiress, of New York, is a modest, brisk, bright-looking lad of twenty, with a slight suspicion of a brogue. The papers have made a good deal of the mesalliance, but such things have happened ever since "King Cophetua loved a beggar-maid.".... .General Wool, of Buena Vista fame, was lately received with distinguished honors at Troy, his native place. The general is a soldier and a gentleman.....The sword presented by the State of Vermont to Capt. H. B. Sawyer, U. S. N., for gallantry on board the U. S. frigate Constitution at the capture of the Cyane and Levant, in 1815, is a splendid affair, finished by the Adams Company, of Chicopee, Mass. It was rather late in the day to present such a testimonial—"but better late than never.".....One of our exchange papers thinks it is aggravating for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love letter from another woman in his pocket.....Madame de Wilhorst seems to be winning genuine applause as a prima donna. Her Marie, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," is described as a fascinating performance.....When Bishop Horne took possession of the Episcopal Palace at Norwich, in 1791, he turned round upon the steps and exclaimed, "Bless us! bless us! What a multitude of people!"—"O, my lord," said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last, to see a man hanged." The bishop must have been taken a little aback, we should think.....It is claimed that the great refracting telescope at Cambridge, Mass., is the most perfect instrument that the art of man ever produced, having but one rival in the world, that at the great central imperial observatory in Russia.....A "moving incident by flood" lately happened in the freshet of the Fox River, Illinois. A house was carried off from Aurora, with a woman and child inside. They were rescued after floating some twenty miles.....There are some remnants of barbarism in this brilliant 19th century, after all. What do you think of a woman in Canada having been confined for debt over seven years?.....Ever since Feruuk Khan, the Persian ambassador, has been in Paris, all the professors of Oriental languages have been confined to their rooms by severe colds. It is supposed they will not recover till his excellency takes French leave.....Some time since Messrs. Ticknor, Fields & Co. had orders for sets of their "Household Edition" of the Waverley Novels to the amount of 144,000 volumes.....There is a town in Pennsylvania called "Youngwomanstown." It must be an attractive locality.....The Boston Herald says, rather saucily, we think, "a lady's dress has come to be a sort of certificate of her husband's property. The more silk *she* can afford to drag through the mud, the better opinion people will have, he thinks, of *him*. We declare its just so.".....Office-seekers, in Washington, have to pay a pretty high figure for their accommodations. The bill for a man and his wife, who occupied a parlor and sleeping-room one day and two nights at a Washington hotel, was just $70.....The city volunteer companies of New York had a grand parade on the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, when more than 19,000 men were under arms. The New Yorkers are great in the military line.....A very pretty writer has called childhood "a rosy lawn between the cradle and the schoolhouse.".....A friendly suit has been brought by the Queen of England against the Prince of Wales, to settle a dispute as to the revenues of the Cornwall fisheries. Some idea of the difficulty of the case may be formed from the fact, that some of the documents extend back to three hundred years before the birth of Christ. A fine bone for the lawyers to pick!.....There is nothing like a steady horse for a gentleman of sensitive nerves. What a nice horse that must be that deserves the eulogy pronounced by the hostler in the Pickwick Papers—"Shy! Vy, bless you, he vouldn't shy, if he vos to meet a vaggin load of monkeys with their tails burned off." The "wagon load of monkeys" was a sufficiently terrifying image, but the additional touch, "with their tails *burnt* off," is sublime!.....Mr. Robert Taylor, of Totness, England, is a made man. An old stone, tossing about his house for many years, has turned out to be a blue diamond, worth £50,000. A made man! It may be the ruin of him. These sudden acquisitions rarely work good.....There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is the way of death, to wit, when a tipsy man takes to the railroad track.....The New York Mirror says that some omnibus proprietors have adopted the classic motto from Cæsar, "Jam forte in omnibus.".....It is estimated that St. Patrick built 365 churches, ordained nearly 3000 priests, and consecrated over 300 bishops.....Congress, before adjourning, provided for a mail, once, twice or four times a month, overland from the Mississippi to San Francisco.....Model farming don't seem to succeed very well at Glasnevin, Dublin. It cost, last year, about $150 an acre, and yielded $40 per acre, so that the students, if they practise afterwards what they learn, will be able to lose $110 an acre by farming.....J. E. Murdoch continues to win golden opinions of the London public and critics. How we used to enjoy his performances at the old Tremont!.....Cross Street, in Exeter, N. H., has been changed by vote of the town to Cass Street, in compliment to Gen. Lewis Cass, who was born in a house on that street; and it is probable that his mother, a daughter of Theophilus Gilman, was born in the same house. Gen. Cass's father learned the blacksmith's trade, and was afterwards a member of the United States army.....An aged Christian, ripe for heaven, was heard to remark, "I have three hundred and sixty-five thanksgiving days in the year.".....Eliot's Indian Bible was written with but one pen. It is sold for its weight in gold now, because it is the only printed book which no living man can read.....The Albany Register says that the women of that place have commenced to cut their hair short like men. O, scissors!.....An effort is being made for the construction of a bridge across the East River, connecting Queen's county with New York, at some point at or near Blackwell's Island, of sufficient strength and dimensions to admit the construction of two railroad tracks, and two ordinary carriage tracks and paths for foot passengers. The capital to be $1,500,000, with the privilege of increasing the same to $3,000,000. It is a magnificent undertaking, and we hope it will be carried through.....There are not far from twenty female physicians in this city, enjoying a good practice. We wonder if they can cure diseases of the heart.....We are glad to learn, by the last advices from Paris, that Crawford, the American sculptor, who is there for medical treatment, will not be likely to lose the sight of his eye, as he feared.....Miss Hosmer, the American sculptress, who has been studying at Rome under Gibson, will return home this summer. Though young, she has already won a high artistic reputation.....It is said, that the Rev. John Pierpont is a believer in Spiritualism.....What an inveterate wag Sam Foote was! "Right and left his arrows flew," sparing no person, no matter how exalted. Lord Kelly had a remarkably red face, and one day Foote begged him just to be kind enough to look over his garden fence so as ripen his melons!.....A disbeliever in the intellectual progress of the present century remarked, the other day, that the march of mind was not unlike what soldiers call "mark time," a prodigious noise and shuffling of feet, but no onward movement.....A queer genius in Danvers never allows his horses to be shod. He says it would make them proud, and that they would be so constantly looking at their feet, that he could get no work out of them.....A commission of lunacy was lately held in New York, to inquire into the sanity of a very wealthy old Knickerbocker. One of the facts alleged in proof of his lunacy was, that he would sometimes begin to read a newspaper, and presently throw it down, saying it was all nonsense. It would serve him right if he was sent to the asylum.....Pignotte locates the Temple of Fashion in the moon.....Some men commence life in a career of honesty, but meet with so many disappointments, that they disrobe themselves of their consciences, for fear they will grow as threadbare as their coats.....A very considerate medical writer informs the ladies that by too active a use of their fans, they check perspiration, produce cutaneous eruptions, and actually change their complexions. This may be important information, but we have not reached fan-time yet.....There is a deal of wisdom in one of Osborn's sayings:—"Huge volumes, like an ox roasted at a fair, may proclaim plenty of labor and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savory and well-concocted, than smaller pieces.".....A temperance physician, the other day, entertaining some guests, said, "Gentlemen, help yourselves. Here are wine, brandy and arsenic. All are poisons—some slower in their operations than others, but equally sure. You can take your choice.".....Everybody should have a firm will of his own. Louis XVI. had more than the average intellect of kings, and ten times the average heart; he perished, the victim of an utter incapacity for forming a decided volition.....Sterne says somewhere, "The grand error of life is, we look too far; we scale the heavens—we dig down to the centre of the earth for systems—and we forget ourselves. Truth lies before us; it is in the highway path, and the ploughman treads on it with his clouted shoes.".....Cardinal Richelieu one day said to M. de Lort, a celebrated physician, "I am gray-headed, yet my beard is black; your head is black, and your beard is gray. Can you account for these appearances, doctor?"—"Easily," replied de Lort. "They proceed from the exercise of the parts. Your eminence's *brains* have labored hard, and so have my *jaws*.".....Education begins a gentleman, conversation finishes him. We know some bores whose conversation would finish a gentleman at one sitting.....The famous John Wilkes, of England, must have been a very uncomfortable antagonist in a duel. In his affair with Lord Talbot, the latter asked how many times they were to fire. "Just as often as your lordship pleases. I have brought a bag of bullets and a flask of gunpowder.".....Man, at best, is but a composition of good and evil. Diamonds have flaws, roses have thorns, the sun has its shade, and the moon her spots. Nothing is perfect in this world.....Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, replied, "It is no matter. I will so live that no one will believe them." Philip, of Macedon, made a similar reply, and it is equivalent to Burke's advice, "live down slander.".....A woman makes a fatal mistake when she marries a fool in the expectation of finding a docile partner. Men of genius make the most docile husbands. A fool has too much opinion of his own dear self, and too little of woman's, to be easily governed.....Many eminent writers—in fact, all great writers—have been advocates of brevity. Hear what Feltham says:—"A sentence well concluded, takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man can fathom." Every editor knows that pithy paragraphs are more read than long-winded essays.....What curious causes produce suicides in France! A gunsmith, of Paris, lately shot himself with his own rifle, because he had long tried in vain to become a great marksman. The variety of ambition's freaks is endless.

A great poet represents a great portion of the human race. Nature delegated to Shakspeare the interests and direction of the whole; to Milton a smaller part, but with plenary power over it. And she bestowed on him such fervor and majesty of eloquence as on no other mortal in any age.—*Southey.*

What a blessing are metaphysics to our generation! A poet or other who can make nothing clear, can stir up enough sediment to render the bottom of a basin as invisible as the deepest gulf in the Atlantic. The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in.—*Landor.*

Choice Miscellany.

A CONTINENTAL STORY.

A woman employed as housekeeper at the Chateau of Ludon, near this city, recently inherited a sum of 800 francs. A peasant employed to take care of the grounds of the chateau, hearing of her good fortune, determined to possess himself of the money. Accordingly a few nights ago—the owner of the chateau and all the servants being absent—he got the woman on some pretext to visit him at a room which he occupied in one of the dependencies of the chateau. After a while he locked the door, and with the most dreadful threats, declared he would murder her, unless she would at once give him the 800 francs. The woman being seriously alarmed, took him to her chamber and gave him the money. The man then declared that he must murder her to prevent her from accusing him, and he summoned her to say what kind of death she would prefer. The poor woman prayed for mercy, but he peremptorily told her she must either die by the rope or the knife, and she at last selected hanging. The man then tied her hands behind her, and fastened her to the bedstead; he then mounted a chair to fix a rope to a beam, making a noose at the end. Having fastened the rope, he put his arm in the noose to see if the latter would slip; at that moment the woman kicked the chair, which fell, and the man remained suspended by the arm. They remained thus until morning, when their cries attracted the attention of some laborers, who, on hearing the woman's story, released her, but left the man suspended until they could summon a magistrate. This functionary had the man cut down, and, after receiving the woman's deposition, caused him to be sent to prison in this city to await his trial for the robbery.—*Bordeaux Paper.*

MERCANTILE HONOR.

It might tempt one to be proud of his species when he looks at the faith that is put in him by a distant correspondent, who, without one other hold of him than his honor, consigns to him the wealth of a flotilla, and sleeps in the confidence that it is safe. It is, indeed, an animating thought, amid the gloom of this world's depravity, when we behold the credit which one man puts in another, though separated by oceans and by continents; when he fixes the anchor of a sure and steady dependence on the reported honesty of one whom he never saw; when, with all his fears for the treachery of the varied elements through which his property has to pass, he knows, that should it only arrive at the door of its destined agent, all his fears and all his suspicion may be at an end. We know nothing finer than such an act of homage from one human being to another, when, perhaps, the diameter of the globe is between them; nor do we think that either the renown of her victories, nor the wisdom of her councils, so signalize the country in which we live, as does the honorable dealing of her merchants. All the glories of British policy and British valor are far eclipsed by the moral splendor which British faith has thrown over the name and character of our nation; nor has she gathered so proud a distinction from all the tributaries of her power, as she has done from the awarded confidence of those men of all tribes, and colors, and languages, who look to our agency for the most faithful of all management, and to our keeping for the most inviolable of all custody.—*Chalmers.*

PERSPIRATION.

Checked perspiration is the fruitful cause of sickness, disease and death to multitudes every year. Heat is constantly generated within the human body by the chemical disorganization—the combustion of the food we eat. There are seven millions of tubes or pores on the surface of the body, which in health are constantly open, conveying from the system, by what is called insensible perspiration, this internal heat, which, having answered its purpose, passes off like the jets of steam which are thrown from the escape pipes, in puffs, of any ordinary steam engine; but this insensible perspiration carries with it, in a dissolved form, very much of the waste matter of the system, to the extent of a pound or two, or more, every twenty-four hours. If, then, the pores of the skin are closed—if the multitude of valves which are placed over the whole surface of the human body are shut down, two things take place. First, the internal heat is prevented from passing off, it accumulates every moment, the person expresses himself as burning up, and then large draughts of water are swallowed to quench the internal fire—and this is *fever*. When the warm steam is constantly escaping from the body in health, it keeps the skin moist, and there is a soft, pleasant feeling and warmth about it; but when the pores are closed, the skin feels harsh, hot and dry.—*Boston Post.*

New Publications.

WAVERLEY NOVELS—HOUSEHOLD EDITION. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co.

The two initial volumes of this edition, containing "Waverley," more than answered the expectations formed by the published announcement. Nothing daintier ever came from the press of "Parnassus Corner." The form is 16mo., and though the volumes are compact and portable, yet the type is large and clear. They are stereotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co., Cambridge. Waverley is illustrated by fine steel engravings, executed in the highest style. This edition will embrace all the author's notes and emendations, and may be relied upon as letter-perfect. It meets, as it deserves, with a prodigious sale.

SYLVIA: or, *The Lost Shepherd*—with other Poems By T. BUCHANAN READ. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1857. 16mo. pp. 158.

Mr. Read has added to his reputation by this charming volume. Less wild and fanciful than his last production, Sylvia is more evenly written, and contains more genuine poetry. The lyrical pieces in this volume are graceful and polished, and some of them will achieve immediate popularity. For sale by Ticknor, Fields & Co.

OLD HACK, THE PAWNBROKER. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1857. 12mo. pp. 459.

A very vivid story, the scene of which lies in New York—a locality affording the amplest material to the novelist. Though there is much low-life portrait, still vice is not delineated in attractive features, and the moral of the story is excellent. The book is creating quite a sensation. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Russell & Richardson, 13 Tremont Street, we have received "Grand Waltz," from the Prophet, "Traviata Quadrille," "Dedication Gallop," "La Valse," "Le Quadrille," "Schottische," "Concordia Quadrille," "Kitty Clyde" and "Farewell the Joys."—From Henry Tolman, 219 Washington Street, we have received "Blue-Eyed Jeannie," a melody for the piano, "Invisible Prince Polka," "Fancy Schottische," "Les Huguenots Waltz," "Hesitation Polka," "L'Absence et le Retour," and "Grande Polka Brilliante," by Wm. V. Wallace.

THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORY, FROM A. D., 986, TO A. D., 1776. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1857. 2 vols., 8vo.

The author of this valuable work, a member of the New York, Ohio and Connecticut Historical Societies, while steering a middle course between the details of local and the chronological character of general histories, has aimed at a simple compact and picturesque delineation of the developement of man in New England. He writes fearlessly, praising or blaming the Puritans as he thinks they deserve either, and he has certainly produced a work that will be greatly sought after and valued. For sale by Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at TWO DOLLARS a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money.

Editorial Melange.

A Louisiana Senator was proffered a fee of $50 if he would exert his influence for a certain private bill. He immediately read the epistle to the Senate, when that body ordered the bill in question to be burnt by the clerk in front of the capitol, which was done forthwith. —— A grindstone split in Brooklyn, lately, while revolving swiftly, one half of it striking a man and killing him instantly. —— The Portland State of Maine states that one of the piers of the wharf for the mammoth steamship Great Eastern is nearly completed. It is a substantial, thoroughly-built structure, with about thirty feet of water at the end. —— A young man went to Worcester from Oxford, recently, became intoxicated, lost his money in gambling, and then started for home. Feeling dispirited in his drunken and penniless condition, he partook of a drug in the cars, in order to kill himself, and died during the night. He leaves a wife and three children. —— The first corn-mill in Nicaragua has been put in operation by Col. John H. Wheeler. —— Two lawyers had a dispute at St. Louis, recently, when one of them knocked the other down, and has since been sued for $5000 damages. The St. Louis Herald remarks that, "It must have been a tremendous blow that could knock $5000 worth of law out of the head of an attorney." —— A new Chinese paper has been started in Sacramento, California; Hang Tale is the editor. —— A horse distemper has extensively prevailed in Portland the past winter, and has not yet entirely abated. About seventy-five are sick of something akin to lung fever, and about twenty have died of it. —— The chaplain of the United States House of Representatives is 95 years old. —— The mammoth pig brought to Chillicothe, to be exhibited at the Ohio State Fair, was two years and three months old, and weighed, on foot, one thousand one hundred and thirty-five pounds. —— The San Francisco mint coined last year $28,524,934. —— The Lewisburg, Va., Era says, that along Greenbrier River, from the commencement of the Alderson bottoms, all the land-owners, with few exceptions, seem disposed to sell and move to the west. —— There are 4312 banks in the United States, with a capital of $350,702,437. New York State has 303, and Massachusetts 173. —— An unfinished house, worth perhaps $200, was burned in Concord a short time ago. Its owner got up in the night to replenish the fire which he had kindled for the purpose of drying the plastering, but was not able to find his house, it having subsided into the cellar. —— In the Bible of Mrs. Knight, murdered by her husband, at Auburn, Me., one leaf only was turned down, and that at the 55th Psalm, which contains David's prayer in distress. —— A few days since two little school-boys were missing from Winstead, Conn., and fears were entertained that they had been drowned. They were found, however, that same evening, seven miles from home, having started to go to California, because they had such "hard lessons to get," and were afraid of being flogged if they did not get them. —— Mr. J. Romeyn Broadhead, the historian in New York, has been elected a member of the Society of the Netherlands Literature, at Leyden. —— A singular accident occurred at Yonkers during a late storm. A schooner was driven from her moorings in Tappan Zee, and blown on the shore at Yonkers; the bowsprit struck the steamboat depot and knocked the chimney in, making a large hole in the house.

WILBOR'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—The friends of those persons who have been restored from confirmed consumption by the use of this original preparation, and the grateful parties themselves, have by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given to the article a vast popularity in New England. The cod liver oil is in this combination robbed of its unpleasant taste, and is rendered doubly effective in being coupled with the lime, which is in itself a restorative principle, supplying nature with just the agent and assistance required to heal and reform the diseased lungs. A. B. Wilbor, 166 Court Street, Boston, is the proprietor, but all respectable druggists sell it.

A CARNIVAL TRICK.—Under the reign of Louis Philippe, though all the Bonaparte family was in exile, Louis Napoleon contrived to enter France, spend two jolly days of the Carnival in Paris, and even pass one evening at the opera ball in company with two ladies of the citizen-king's own family. The police were on the alert for two days afterwards, but he made his escape triumphantly. It is said that to this very day this feat gives more pride to Louis Napoleon, than his *coup d'etat* or the kiss that he received from Queen Victoria.

STRICT JUSTICE.—Judge Russell, of New York, deserves the thanks of his fellow-citizens for the just severity in his sentences, and for upholding the terror and majesty of the law. He sentenced another garrotter the other day to twenty years, and his two female assistants to ten years each in the State prison.

NEW STEAMSHIP.—Commodore Vanderbilt's new steamship Vanderbilt will commence running to Southampton, Havre and Bremen, on the 5th of next month. She is said to be faster than the Persia; and we hope so for the honor of the flag.

CHINA.—One of the most curious features of the late Chinese difficulties is that the insurgent and imperial war-junks fraternized in their resistance to the British. The hatred to foreigners appears to be universal and deep-rooted among the Chinese.

Wayside Gatherings.

Seals were seen in large numbers in Vineyard Sound, near Duke's Island.

The salary of the mayor of Bangor has just been fixed at $500 per annum.

The receipts of the American Colonization Society for the year 1856 amounted to $81,398.

The railroad fare between Boston and Manchester N. H., is reduced to $1,25. The distance is 60 miles.

Mr. Benjamin Hodge, of Derby, has a bull calf that weighed 118 pounds when only 12 hours old.

An Opera Hall, 100 feet wide, 140 feet deep, and 55 feet high, is now in the course of erection in Cincinnati.

A fatal distemper among horses is prevailing in New Bedford. Several valuable animals have been attacked and died.

Bayard Taylor recently travelled in Lapland, with the thermometer 45 degrees below zero.

Three American steamboats are now navigating the rivers La Plata and Parana, in South America.

Col. Samuel Medray, the patriarch of Ohio journalism, has been appointed governor of Minnesota, vice Willis A. Gorman, superseded.

Q. B. Stewart, a lawyer of Louisville, Ky., who was employed in the celebrated case of Reeside against the United States got $90,000 for his services.

A shipment of thirty thousand pounds of feathers, valued at over $18,000, was made by a single house in Louisville, Ky., a few weeks since, for eastern markets.

Darley, the famous artist, has been designing some beautiful figures for some new bills to be issued by the Bunker Hill Bank, Charlestown.

William Wood, of Hartford, has invented a brick machine, which it is said will make 75 bricks a minute, or at a rate of forty thousand a day.

An ox, weighing 4000 pounds, is owned by Otis Doolittle, of Hinsdale, New Hampshire. He is seven feet high, and has not yet done growing.

Lieut. Watson Smith, who was the 1st lieutenant of the steamer Arctic, sent in search of Dr. Kane, has been ordered to the receiving ship at the Philadelphia navy yard.

From the time Verges, the assassin of the Archbishop of Paris, issued from the door of his prison, 100 feet from the guillotine, until his mutilated body left the ground in a carriage, but one minute elapsed.

The most active exertions are making in the legislature to reform our militia establishment, which now costs the State $80,000 per annum, while the military of Maine costs that State but $9000.

The bodies of two children, buried five years ago, were dug up last week in the German burying ground in Allentown, Pa., and found to be petrified as hard as stone—while bodies in adjacent graves were entirely decomposed.

The Irving Dramatic Association, of Charlestown, has lately been presented with a complete set of Washington Irving's works, consisting of fifteen volumes, as a mark of the author's appreciation of the compliment presented in the choice of their name.

The Manchester Mirror says that Mr. Abraham Melvin, of Weare, N. H., recently sold twenty-five thousand pounds of Spanish merino wool to parties in Boston for sixty cents a pound, amounting to $15,000. The wool was of his own raising, and part of a three years' stock.

Of 130 vessels which have been sent direct to Liberia, by the Colonization Society since 1820, all have arrived safe, without having to make any claim on the insurance offices for damage. This shows a generally smooth sea, and safe navigation between the United States and Liberia.

Rev. Calvin Colton, well known as the writer of the Junius Tracts—a series of political papers of great popularity in the campaign of 1840—also editor of the Speeches and Correspondence of Henry Clay, died a few days since at Savannah, Ga., whither he had gone in pursuit of health.

Peter the First, king of Portugal, to restrain luxury and prevent the ruin of families, forbade his subjects to buy or sell anything on credit. Cash payment was in all cases required; and for the second offence against the law the penalty was death. Peter was ahead of his times.

An instrument called "Shaw's Garrote Signalizer," is advertised in the London Times, which, when in action, gives a sharp, loud report, and will strike a powerful blow at the same time. They can be carried in the pocket, and, the advertisement says, "are a sure defence against garroters."

The Washington Star asserts that information has been received that Messrs. Morse and Borland, the special and resident ministers from this government in New Grenada, have been constrained to demand their passports, owing to the determination of that government to refuse to do justice to the matters now in issue with the United States.

A short time since a young man by the name of Tanner, in Memphis, Tenn., of most blameless life and reputation, was assassinated in the street at night. The case was a mystery, but a clue has now been obtained which renders it probable that he was killed by mistake for another man, who stood in the way of an enraged Lothario. A negro was the tool selected to commit the murder, and he mistook his man.

The Cincinnati Gazette tells us that a prison philanthropist named Strafer preaches to the chain gang every Sabbath, and that a short time ago, when he was preaching to them, "Blue Dick," a colored fellow and a "hard case," was guilty of a very insulting act. When Mr. Strafer retired, the gang held "an indignation meeting" upon the matter, and sentenced the offender to fifteen lashes, which were well administered.

The Charleston Courier publishes a highly interesting account, by the only surviving officer of the ill-fated American frigate Chesapeake, of the unfortunate encounter with the British frigate Leopard, which had so important an effect in rousing the heart of the nation in the war of 1812. Among other interesting facts, it appears that the Chesapeake had but one gun ready for action, and that she was only able to fire that one gun a single time.

A merchant with his friend was passing his store in the Bowery, New York, one day lately, when he stopped for the purpose of explaining the operation of a new lock, recently put on the store door. The merchant was surprised to find the lock would not work, and fancying he heard a noise in the store, he left his friend to keep watch, and went for the police, four of whom he procured. The store was then entered and three burglars secured, who were next day committed for trial.

Foreign Items.

It is said that General Tom Thumb received 567 valentines at London on the 14th of February.

"Gin and Water" is the name of the last popular farce, now presented at some half a dozen of the London theatres.

While performing Phædra, at Naples, Madame Ristori in the fourth act, fell upon the stage-lamps and cut and burnt her arms.

Mr. C. Kean, it is said, intends to quit the stage in 1859. His last season at the Prince's Theatre is expected to realize a profit of ten thousand pounds. This is an *on dit*.

Gen. Baron de Rottembourg, one of the four adjutant-generals of the Old Guard, has just died at Montgeron, near Paris, at the age of eighty-seven.

There recently died, in the Russian province of Vilna, a peasant named Michael Kinaelkis, who had attained the age of one hundred and thirty-seven years, six months and eleven days.

The king of Dahomey—the black gentleman having 2000 women as disciplined troops—has sent his two black sons to the college at Marseilles, where they are not excluded by color from receiving an education.

The British government refuses to fit out any more Arctic expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, and Lady Franklin is about to send out a ship at her own expense. Since the place where the party perished is now pretty well ascertained, it would not appear difficult to learn all that can be known of them.

Sands of Gold.

.... No woman is capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false.—*Steele.*

.... One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.—*Chinese Proverb.*

.... Truth is far more intensely interesting than fiction, when the heart and affections are enlisted in the subject.—*Morrow.*

.... Though once in his life he may grate thee with harshness, excuse him who on every occasion else has soothed thee with kindness.—*Sadi.*

.... There is no man's mind of such discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tunable disposition may not strike a harmony.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

.... What is the situation in which woman and woman's love may not be the jewel of our fate? What is the state or condition which she may not beautify, or soften, or inspirit?—*James.*

.... In counteracting the defects, we should be cautious not to blunder by imitation of others. We should search till we find where our character fails, and then amend it—not attempt to become another man.—*Cecil.*

.... When you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, content and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he has been just, generous and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past, nor dread the future. He is like the evening of a fine day.—*Arabic Proverb.*

Joker's Budget.

What is the difference between the labors of a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.

The Dutchman who stabbed himself with a pound of soap, because his krout would not "schmell" has been sent back to Germany.

"What's the use," asked a ragged fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?" And we respond to the inquiry, "What's the use?"

Ye who are eating the apple dumplings and molasses of wealth, should not forget those who are sucking the herring bones of poverty.

There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows: "John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A little girl in school gave as a definition of "bearing false witness against your neighbor," that "it was when nobody did nothing and somebody went and told of it."

We hear constantly of absconding railroad contractors. It is not a matter of much surprise, when it is remembered that it is a regular business with those fellows to "make tracks."

The gentleman who attempted to cut his throat with a sharp joke, a few days since, has again made a rash attack upon his "vietunlling department," by stabbing himself with a point of honor.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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JAPANESE DIGNITARIES.

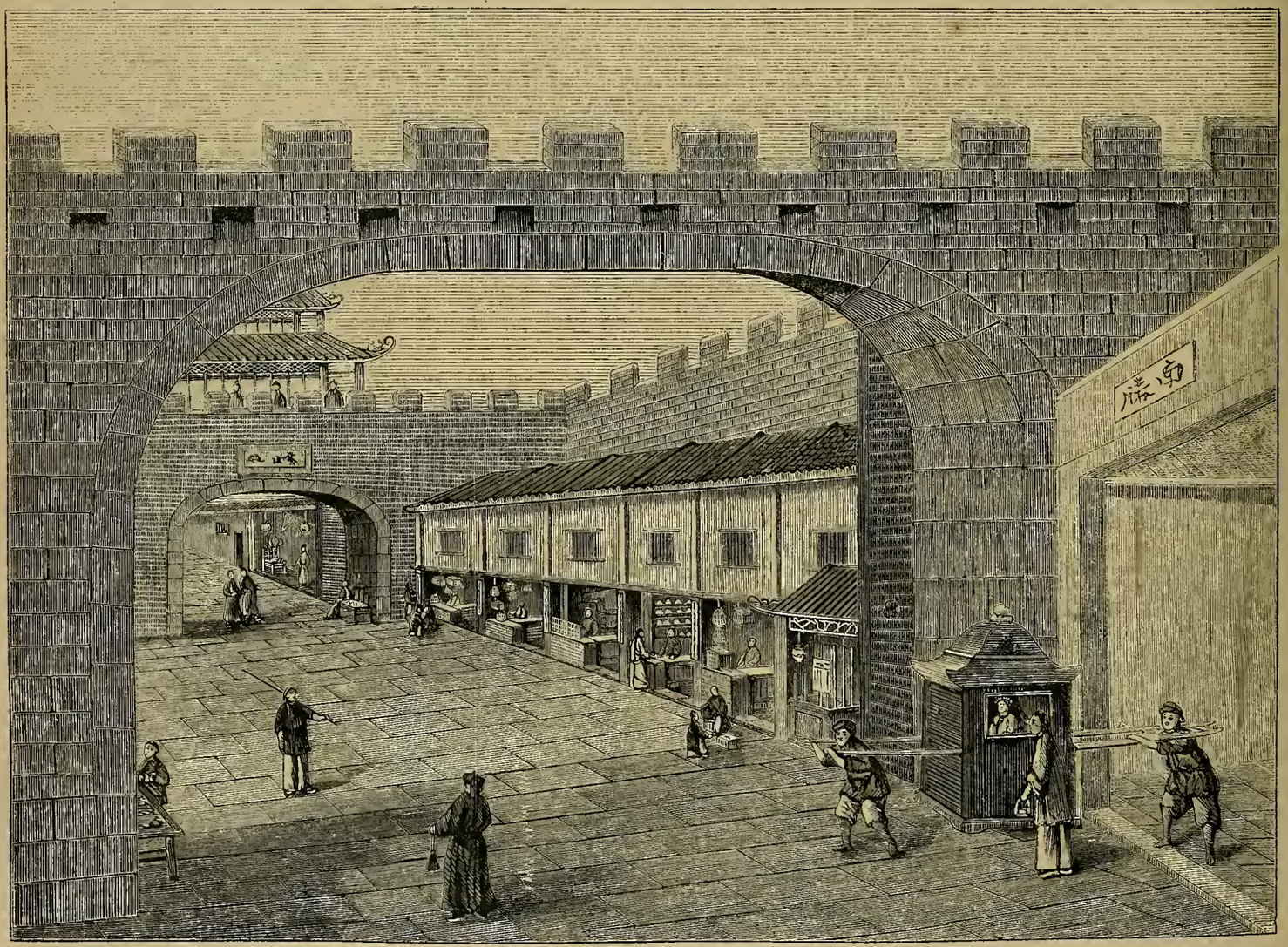
The figures on this page represent the vice-emperor and vice-empress of Japan in their court costumes, which, though absurd in our eyes, doubtless appear as rich and imposing to those of their subjects as the most splendid uniforms and the most magnificent ball-dresses that ever dazzled an American company. And of course our richest costumes must appear absurd to them. The vice-emperor, in our engraving, seems sadly encumbered with his official robes, and has a very wobegone and lackadaisical look; while the vice-empress sweeps along with an imperial air, flourishing her fan with the grace of a Spanish donna. We commend her remarkable *coiffure* to the attention of our ladies. The vice-emperor Ziogoon, or Koebo, is the mikado or emperor's vicegerent. It has been supposed by many that he is the virtual sovereign, but he is as nearly as destitute of real power, and as carefully secluded from the public eye, and as much immeshed in the inextricable web of law and custom, as his nominal master. He rarely ever stirs beyond the precincts of his spacious palace enclosure, even his religious pilgrimages and his journeys to Mikayo to do homage to the mikado being now performed by deputy. The business of government is represented as wholly unworthy of engaging his thoughts, and his time is so skilfully occupied as scarcely to leave him leisure, even if he had the wish, to attend to the affairs of the empire. The mere official duties of ceremony imposed on the Ziogoon, the observances of etiquette, the receiving the homage, or compliment, and the presence of those permitted and bound to offer both, upon frequently recurring festival days, and the like, are represented as sufficient fully to occupy these individuals. But lest any notion of degradation in this actual nullity, any perception of being, like the mikado, but the shadow of a sovereign, should germinate in the imperial breast, or be planted there by some ambitious favorite, both the Ziogoon and his court are constantly surrounded and watched by the innumerable spies of the council of state which constitutes the real executive power. The wives of those men, though kept in subjection, sometimes display energy and will, as the following story shows: Early in the eighteenth century, the Ziogoon Tsouna-yosi, a profligate prince, who by his vices had destroyed his constitution, accidentally lost his only son, and the dignity of Ziogoon never having been inherited by a daughter, resolved to adopt an heir. This is a constant practice in Japan with the childless, whether sovereign or subject; but the established rule is, to select for adoption the son of a brother, or some other near relation, in direct contravention of which, Tsouna-yosi, disregarding the claims of his nephew, fixed his choice upon an alien to his blood, the son of a mere favorite of inferior birth. His wife informed of this, resolved on a decisive step. Though she had been wholly neglected by him, she invited him to a sumptuous entertainment, and while he was drinking, despatched a note containing her instructions to Ino-Kamon-no-Kami, the prime minister. When they were alone together, the lady implored the Ziogoon to forego his impious design. He refused to listen to her respectful remonstrances, and in desperation, she first killed him and then herself. The self-slain princess had not, it seems, thought it sufficient thus to prevent the Ziogoon from executing his illegal design; she had given Ino-Kamon, in her note, precise instructions as to the course he was to pursue. By obeying them, the minister secured the accession of the lawful heir, and alleviated the disappointment of the youth whom Tsouna-yosi had intended to adopt, by obtaining a principality for him from Yeye-nohou, the monarch intended to be supplanted. Ino Kamon's own services were recompensed by the new Ziogoon, who rendered the office of governor of the empire hereditary in his family; and this *midia* is said to divide the admiration of Japan with the wife of Tchouya—the "Japanese Lucretia."



THE VICE-EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

SCENE WITHIN THE WALLS OF CANTON.

The very striking and peculiar scene in Canton, on this page, is from a picture by a Chinese artist. The archway and battlements and showy perspective remind us of a scene in Aladdin on the Museum stage. In the right-hand foreground is the sedan, which is a general conveyance used by persons of quality in China. Of the physiognomy of the street, the following is a picture "The shops, being principally open in front, and the whole of the merchandise being thus exposed to view, present a most showy, alluring appearance to the spectator. The interiors of these shops are neatly fitted up, and the goods tastefully disposed for inspection; whilst the intermixture of various-colored paper inscriptions hanging on the walls, and variegated lanterns pendant from the roof, have an extraordinary and pleasing effect. The inscriptions and notices are generally to the following effect: 'Much talk injures business.' 'Having once been cheated, we are made cautious.' (Cheat a Chinaman in money matters! what European could accomplish a feat of that description?) 'No credit can here be given.' 'All here is sold at its true value, and being good, praise is needless,' etc."



STREET WITHIN THE CITY WALLS, CANTON, CHINA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1857. $3 00 PER ANNUM 6 CENTS SINGLE } VOL. XII., No. 18.—WHOLE No. 306.

DIGGER INDIANS BURNING THEIR DEAD.

The striking scene depicted on this page was drawn and engraved expressly for the "Pictorial," from a sketch made by Mrs. L. Taylor, on the spot, in Placerville, El Dorado county, California, about 200 miles from San Francisco, and kindly furnished us by Mr. J. L. Roberts, a Bostonian, who spent five years in the land of gold. The Digger Indians, so called because they dig roots for their principal food, burn with the deceased everything belonging to him—bows, arrows, ornaments, cooking utensils, etc. They are a peaceable tribe, but very filthy in their habits. In the scene before us an interested group of Americans and Chinese are watching the curious ceremony. We gather some interesting particulars respecting the Indians of California, from E. S. Capron's "History of California," published by John P. Jewett & Co., of this city. Travellers who have passed from the Atlantic States across the plains, through California, and down to the city of Mexico, state that a marked difference of natural characteristics exists between the Indians residing on the eastern and those inhabiting the western side of the Rocky Mountains. While the former are generally tall, powerful and bold, the latter are short, comparatively feeble and cowardly; while the former are active, the latter are uniformly lazy. The natives who live west of the Sierra Nevadas are, with some exceptions, remarkably filthy, are of a much darker color than the surrounding Indians, and are divided into almost numberless small tribes—the task of collecting and enumerating the names of which would be as difficult as it would be useless. On an equal area, the Indians are not so numerous within that territory as they are in the more southern and eastern regions. This fact is attributed to the intercourse of the former with Europeans, and to their physical inferiority. They are less warlike than their more stalwart neighbors; but the moral proclivities of the natives of this beautiful region are not so variant. All of them are thievish, brutal and deceitful. Marriage is recognized among them, but the degrees of consanguinity are not respected. Polygamy prevails, and the husband can put away his wife, or exchange her for another, at any time. Formerly, the males—especially in the southern section of the territory—wore no clothing, except a partial covering in the rainy seasons, while the women appeared in a very scanty petticoat made of *tule* grass. The Alchones of the south are among the most intelligent and athletic of the tribes, and the Diggers of the north and east are probably the most filthy, stupid and depraved. The Catholic missionary priests easily reduced large numbers of these people to submission, but they do not appear to have benefited much, spiritually, by the instructions of the fathers. In the more southern missions, these priests planted extensive vineyards and orchards, cultivated luxuriant gardens, raised large crops, and, by the help of the aborigines, made the wilderness "blossom like the rose."



DIGGER INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA BURNING THEIR DEAD

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT ALICE OVERHEARD.

At nine o'clock, the family, as usual, separated for the night. Alice retired to her chamber, which was shared by Ella, who was buried in rosy slumber. Though the day had closed in splendor, the sky was now overcast, and the air was close and sultry. She was still too nervous and excited to feel any disposition to sleep, and having extinguished her candle, she raised the sash of one of the windows and seated herself near it. A large maple, which grew so close to the window as to be within reach of her hand, while it intercepted her own view, prevented her from being seen by any person who might chance to be near the house.

She had not been at the window many minutes, before she thought she heard footsteps approaching. This did not surprise her, for Falkland, who went away soon after dinner, had not returned when she came to her chamber. Her uncle, whose custom it was to sit an hour or two by himself after the rest of the household had retired, had alluded to his absence, and said that he would admit him when he came.

On listening more attentively, Alice soon found that there were two persons, instead of one. They continued to draw nearer and nearer, and, at last, as well as she could judge, seated themselves on a rustic bench, beneath the maple close to her window.

"Hez," said a voice, which she knew to be Falkland's, "I tell you that the paper I have described to you of right belongs to me. The old man has no business with it."

"If you are sartain that my gettin' it for you wont be any damage to Ally Dale, you shall have it before another week. If it would be, I wouldn't touch it if you would give me as much Guinea goold as I could clink in my pockets for the rest of my lifetime, for if ever there was an angel that walked the airth in human shape, 'tis Ally Dale."

"Rest satisfied that 'twill be no damage to her whatever, for it will be precisely the same to her, a few years hence, whether I have it or not. The only person who will be the worse for it is Mr. Walworth, and that wont trouble you, for if I mistake not, you owe him a grudge."

"Ay, that do I."

"And doing me this piece of service, may give you a better opportunity to pay it, than you will ever have again."

"He shall be paid anyhow. To be put in the stocks to be laughed at, and p'inted at by them that's no better than I am, is what I sha'n't forget this year nor next."

"You'd be no better than a milksop if you did. What crime was you guilty of which the old Puritan in his wisdom thought demanded so disgraceful a punishment?"

"Marry, no crime at all, accordin' to my way of thinkin'."

"Felly, then, if that name suits you better."

"If you must know, I snatched a kiss from the house-maid, Sunday morning, in the passage that led from the kitchen to the parlor, as we were goin' to attend family prayers."

"And the foolish minx told of it?"

"No; as ill luck would have it, Mr. Walworth saw me, and being a justice of the peace, thought it his duty to make an example of me, for the benefit of my fellow-sarvants."

"In my opinion, the heinousness of the offence should have been reckoned according to the good or ill-looks of her on whose account you incurred the penalty. If she was the blowzy, squint-eyed slattern that now performs the duties of house-maid, you richly deserved the punishment."

"So say I, but Hitty Chessman was a trim, tidy little body, as one you'll see in a thousand, with saucy black eyes, cheeks like a red rose, and lips like ripe cherries."

"'Twas a pardonable offence, then, to say the least of it. I'll be bound to say, that the old Roundhead's mouth watered for that very kiss, the same as I've seen a great lubberly boy's, as he stood watching his invalid brother while eating the tit-bits of a broiled partridge. Depend upon it, he would have been more lenient if it had not been so."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"As I've said, you'd be a mere milksop to pass it over without notice. Get that paper for me, and you will be richly revenged, and at the same time get a rich lining to your purse."

"You are willing to give me your word on the honor of a gentleman that it wont injure Ally Dale?"

"Haven't I already told you so? How can it, indeed, when, as soon as she is her own mistress, we are to be married?"

"I thought she was to be married to Clarence Harleigh."

"And others have thought so, too. But I know, and so does she, that, owing to her uncle's opposition to our marriage, it is necessary to throw dust into people's eyes."

"If this is so, you shall have it."

They now rose and walked slowly away, still talking together, though Alice could no longer hear what they said. She could think of only one paper in Mr. Walworth's possession which, it appeared to her, that Falkland would be desirous to obtain, and that was the will of her late uncle, Mr. Gilbert Burlington, by which, when she arrived at the age of twenty-one, she would come into possession of the valuable estate to which allusion has already been made.

Falkland was a distant connection of Mr. Burlington, who, after the loss of his only child, a son of great promise, intended to make him his heir, on condition that he should take his surname, as well as that of Gilbert, which, by his desire, had been given him at the font. He even went so far as to make a will to this effect,—a circumstance, however, which was known only to a few of his confidential friends.

But it was not long before Gilbert's habits of extravagance, together with others quite as exceptionable, became known to Mr. Burlington, who, finding that no dependence could be placed on the promises of reformation, which he made from time to time, made another will, which was now in possession of Mr. Walworth, in favor of Alice Dale.

At an earlier period, before Falkland's unworthiness had become known to him, Mr. Burlington had hoped to bring about a match between Alice and his young kinsman. This favorite project was not entirely given up at the time he made an alteration in the disposition of his property, as was seen by the letter he sent to Mr. Walworth, enclosed with the will made in favor of Alice. "It is my earnest desire," he wrote, "that in case Gilbert Falkland should reform, that a marriage should take place between him and your ward."

This, by some means, became known to Falkland after Mr. Burlington's decease. Being unable to think of any other way by which he could repair the broken fortune inherited from his father, he was induced to exile himself a certain period from those scenes of gaiety in his native land so well suited to his taste, imagining that while his personal attractions would prove irresistible to the little piece of rusticity—to use his own expression,—who had deprived him of a fine estate, there would be no difficulty in securing the favor of her guardian by a little assumed gravity, and by falling in with his peculiar and favorite tenets.

But he soon found that he had reckoned without his host. Alice, whom he had pictured to himself as a little awkward rustic, he found possessed charms both of mind and person, which, were there opportunity, would throw the most dazzling of the court beauties into the shade.

Still, had not Clarence Harleigh preceded him in his visit to her guardian, he imagined that his handsome face (which would have been really so, had the features been less effeminate), with his other advantages, personal and acquired, could not fail to make a favorable impression on a young girl who lived so secluded.

Yet, high as was his self-appreciation, he could not be so blind as not to see that Harleigh was infinitely his superior, even in those qualities on which he most prided himself, and which recommended themselves to the eye, rather than to the heart or the understanding. As respected these last, he was conscious that the disparity between himself and Harleigh was too great to admit of comparison.

At first, he flattered himself that neither Mr. Walworth nor Alice would be keen-sighted enough to distinguish the real from the false,—that the difference between Harleigh's virtues and his assumed ones would not be detected. This was a delusion in which he was not permitted long to indulge, though, as has been seen, he by no means abandoned the idea of gaining possession of the property, either with or without the incumbrance of a wife, which, by his prodigality, and the vices it involved, he had forfeited.

The conversation between Falkland and the man with him, in a measure revealed this to Alice, and she at once determined to seek her uncle, and communicate to him the substance of what she had overheard. She had risen in order to execute her purpose, when she heard some one knock at the outer door. In a minute afterward, Mr. Walworth opened it, and admitted Falkland. Finding that her uncle did not return to the room he had recently left, she supposed he had retired to rest, and concluded to defer the communication she wished to make until morning. Her decision would have been different had she known that, long before sunrise, he was going to set out on a journey, from which he did not expect to return for more than a week.

CHAPTER IX.

ARTIFICE.

"WHERE is Uncle Walworth?" were Alice's first words in the the morning, to her Aunt Esther.

"A dozen miles from here, by this time," was the reply.

"I didn't hear him mention that he was going away."

"It was a sudden decision. After Gilbert Falkland returned, he felt so much troubled about Gabriel that he walked over to his house to talk with him. With a good deal of difficulty, he succeeded in persuading him to go to his brother's for the purpose of spending a few weeks. David Guthry is a firm, judicious man, and will, your uncle thinks, be able to control Gabriel without his being aware of it."

"I am very thankful he is gone. I was thinking, last night, that unless some one went with me, I shouldn't dare to go out of sight of the house."

"That is what I told your uncle, and as, in the course of a few days, he would be obliged to leave home on business, he thought he had better go now, and take Gabriel to his brother's."

Alice now mentioned to her aunt what she had overheard while sitting at her chamber window. Search was immediately made for the will, the paper they supposed to be referred to. Mrs. Walworth thought that she could at once lay her hand upon it, having often seen it in a certain compartment of the desk, where her husband kept such papers as he considered most valuable. It was not in the place where they expected to find it, but they imagined that Mr. Walworth, previous to his departure, had taken the precaution to remove it to a small drawer which they found locked, and the key gone. It could not, they were nearly certain, have been already abstracted, and when the lid of the desk was closed, carefully locked, and the key deposited in Mrs. Walworth's pocket, they thought there could be no cause for apprehension. It was decided, however, in order to make assurance doubly sure, to cause the desk to be removed, sometime in the course of the day, to Mrs. Walworth's bed-room.

The sun was something like three hours past the meridian, and Alice, with her eyes fixed on a page of a book she held in her hand, though her thoughts had wandered far away, was sitting in the shade of the old maple, on the same rustic bench where Falkland and Hez Looney had sat the evening previous. She did not hear the light footsteps stealing up behind her, and when an arm was suddenly thrown round her neck, she started to her feet with a cry of alarm.

"Why, Alice, how nervous you have grown! I thought you were one of those who were never startled at anything," said a well-known voice.

"Mildred," said Alice, "you did wrong to frighten me so."

"I was far from intending it, but I ought to have considered that you hadn't yet had time to recover from the terrible shock you received yesterday. I didn't hear of it till about an hour ago. The grim Gabriel has always realized my idea of an ogre, and I almost begin to think that he is one. But he isn't within ear-shot, I hope. If he is, in order to revenge himself for what I have said, I shouldn't wonder if he turned into a flying dragon, and carried me away on his back."

"There is no danger, as my uncle has taken him to his brother's, twenty or thirty miles distant. He believes that his mind isn't right, and don't think it safe for him to be in the neighborhood."

"I am exactly of his opinion, and now, to pay for your being enticed away in the expectation of meeting me, we may venture on a ramble, which, if he were here, it might not be safe for us to do."

Alice made no objection to this proposal, and they wandered away slowly in a direction where they could, for the most part, keep in the shade of the trees.

"Harleigh has left us since I was here last," said Mildred, as they both, by common consent, stopped under an oak of such ample proportions that Robin Hood and his merry men might have dined in its shade.

"Yes," replied Alice, in an absent manner, for Harleigh's name brought to mind what he had said to her respecting Mildred.

Mildred seated herself on the roots of the oak, which were covered with velvet moss, and drew Alice down by her side.

"And this," said she, taking hold of the ribbon encircling Alice's neck, and suddenly drawing the gem attached to it from its hiding-place, "is Harleigh's gift."

"I never said that it was."

"There was no need. I knew, though a gem of great price, that it wasn't for its intrinsic value that you treasured it so sacredly. How very beautiful, when a gleam of light touches it! Allow me to remove it from your neck a single minute, so that I can the better examine it."

Mildred did not wait for the permission to be given, but unclasping, held it so that it caught the flash of a sunbeam, which kindled into life its varied and intensely brilliant hues. The next moment, she removed it into the shade, when its vivid colors at once faded into cold, ashen gray.

"Mutable as man's affection," said Mildred. "It makes me sad to look at it. I believe, Alice, were I in your place, I should hesitate to wear it."

"If the warmth and beauty of its colors don't always show themselves, they still exist."

"Which, if the sun be absent, the light of a farthing candle may bring into play. Let not your confidence be too strong, lest it prove to be misplaced. You remember what I told you before Harleigh went away?"

"I do."

"Don't forget it. But I must restore his love-token. Even if it be an ill omen, you will persist in wearing it, I suppose."

"I don't see *why* it should be an ill omen," replied Alice, as she put the ribbon round her neck and clasped it.

Mildred took hold of the clasp for a moment, as if to examine it. When she removed her hand, it was touched together so slightly that the least motion would cause it to fall apart. Mildred rose at the same time that Alice did, and the next moment she had the satisfaction of seeing the gem so valued lying on the ground, half buried beneath the grass and herbage. Alice passed on, and Mildred, under pretence of gathering some violets which grew under the oak, lingered a little behind, which gave her an opportunity to put the opal in her pocket.

"Come, Alice, don't look so grave," said Mildred, at the same time offering her some of her violets. "I am, I own, sometimes a little superstitious, but I should not try to excite a similar feeling in others. Forget what I have said, and believe that the opal, when glowing in the sunshine, rather than when obscured by the shade, is a true type of the days which are in store for you and Clarence Harleigh. And yet—"

"And yet what?" said Alice, finding she hesitated.

"Nothing; no matter."

"It is matter; tell me."

"Well, then—but I wont repeat what I've heard; 'tis a vile slander."

"If against Harleigh, I can better bear to hear it, if it be false, than if it were true."

"That the imagination is apt to magnify what is of little moment into something of importance, must be my excuse for telling you. It is possible that you have heard Harleigh mention the Lady Hester Deighton."

"I have frequently."

"But not that she is ready to bestow her hand on him for the asking?"

"I never did."

"Nor that an earl's coronet will grace his brows, if he should ask her hand?"

"How can that be?"

"Simply because it is promised him at Lady Hester's suit. There is no time now to enter into an explanation of the affair. It is enough to know that there can be no doubt of its truth. But when people presume to go further, and say that, for the sake of the coronet, he will not hesitate to marry the lady, I can only say that if like me they had seen the sweet wild wood flower he is pledged to—that is, conditionally, they would not hesitate to pronounce it, as I have already done, a vile slander. And yet I don't like his concealing the matter from you."

"He might not know it."

"I am sorry to say that I am certain that he did know it. The letter containing the information, which I received from England yesterday, more than hints that he would not have been in such a hurry to return, but for the prospect of the earldom."

"Did you ever see the Lady Hester?"

"Yes, hundreds of times."

"Is she handsome?"

"Handsome isn't a word expressive enough to apply to a person of Lady Hester's style."

"Are her eyes and hair the color of yours?"

"Both are as black as midnight."

At this moment, for she thought of Harleigh's words when he gave her the opal, Alice involuntarily raised her hand to her neck and found it was not there.

"It is gone, Mildred!" she exclaimed. "What shall I do?"

"What is gone?"

"The opal."

"Well, you needn't look so frightened, and turn so white. We will return the same way we came, and search for it."

The search was, of course, a vain one. Mildred, who, at first, made a great show of assisting her, soon grew impatient, and left Alice to prosecute it alone. She went over the ground many times, and, at last, returned to the house, weary and disheartened. Mildred met her at the door.

"Have you found it?" she inquired.

Alice shook her head, but did not speak.

"Fie upon you, for so laying it to heart!" said Mildred. "After hearing the matter explained, it will be all the same with Harleigh, unless he wishes for some excuse to break his faith with you. If he does wish it, there will be no lack of a plausible plea, even should he imagine his gift to be still safe in your possession. On reflection, my advice is, that you say nothing about it, either to him or any other person."

"I shall tell Aunt Esther"

"I shouldn't, if I were in your place. You may do as you please, however."

Before Alice had time to reply, they were joined by Gilbert Falkland.

"You have made your appearance quite opportunely," said Mildred. "I was just thinking that my walk home would be rather lonely, but now I shall expect you to accompany me."

"I shall be most happy to be at your service," replied Falkland, "though, it appears to me, that the walk will be pleasanter some two or three hours hence."

"Perhaps so, but I am in haste."

"You certainly wont think of returning home till after partaking of some refreshment," said Mrs. Walworth, who happened, in passing near the door, to hear what was said, and whose feelings of hospitality rebelled at the idea that even the guest of an hour should go away fasting. "The children have been out in the fields gathering strawberries, and they will feel themselves slighted if you don't stay and eat some of them with Starface's gold cream, as they call it."

"The temptation you hold out is rather a strong one," said Mildred.

"Too strong to resist, I should think," said Falkland.

"Unfortunately," said Mrs. Walworth, "every temptation we are assailed with, and even yield to, is not so harmless as to eat strawberries and cream;" and her eyes, as she spoke, rested on Falkland.

His own, for a moment, fell beneath her glance, as his thoughts reverted to what had passed between him and Hez Looney, and he could not forbear asking himself if her remark contained any hidden meaning. Mildred, too, quailed a little, as she thought of the wrong which she had so recently been guilty of towards Alice.

The almost immediate entrance of Benjamin Walworth with a pitcher of cream and a large china dish piled high with delicious strawberries which filled the room with their delicate fragrance, served in a measure to dispel their embarrassment, though the remark of Mrs. Walworth continued to cause Falkland more or less uneasiness during the repast.

"I sha'n't return to-night," said Falkland, when Mildred intimated that she was ready to go.

Alice did not, as usual, invite Mildred to come again soon. Her mind was in a state to cause her to feel nearly indifferent as to whether she came or not, or if she had a preference, it was in favor of her absenting herself. It might be in consequence of Harleigh's caution, but, for the first time, she experienced towards her a vague feeling of distrust.

Mildred, accompanied by Falkland, proceeded in silence till they were out of sight of the house. She then stopped, and looked cautiously round in every direction.

"I believe," said she, "that we are neither within sight or hearing of anybody."

"I think not, unless it be some one who has the power of being invisible," was Falkland's reply.

"Here is something for you, then," said she, taking the opal from her pocket and handing it to him

"This is Harleigh's love-token you told me about?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't have even a cricket hear me say it, lest it should proclaim it in its song."

"How did you get it?"

"O, I set my wits to work, and now that I have given it into your keeping, you must set yours to work, so that it may serve the double purpose of promoting your interest and mine."

"Don't fear; nothing will be easier. A single glimpse of it in my hands will make Harleigh so rabid with jealousy that he will foam at the mouth."

"I have already succeeded in making Alice jealous of him."

"How?"

"You know that the eccentric Lady Hester Deighton, at one time, took such a fancy to him that she importuned the king to make an earl of him."

"Yes."

"Well, I mentioned the circumstance to Alice to-day, and represented it in such a way that she supposes her to be young and as beautiful as an angel, and there is little doubt but that Harleigh will be tempted to offer her his hand."

"Why, she is old enough to be his grandmother, and ugly as sin is represented to be by the blind Puritan, who, once on a time, wrote a poem called 'Paradise Lost.' She took it in her head to adopt Harleigh to supply the place of a son she lost—did she not?"

"Yes, and happening, one day, in hunting over some musty parchments, to find that in the time of William the Conqueror there was an earl in the family, she wished to have the title, which had been extinct for centuries, revived for Harleigh's benefit."

"But like many of her other whims, it lasted only a few weeks, I've been told."

"No; she has ridden a score of hobby-horses to death since then, and ruthlessly abandoned them without shedding a single tear to their memory."

"It is an old affair—her partiality to Harleigh. How came you to think of resuscitating it?"

"Why, in a letter, which I received yesterday from England, the old lady's name was mentioned, which recalled it to mind."

"I had letters by the same ship which brought yours, and one of them contains important information, which has decided me to return to England the first chance."

"Is the information you speak of a secret?"

"Yes, though I think I can trust you with it. But before entering upon the matter, I must be as cautious as you were, and be certain that there's no cricket, much more a bird, within hearing. Look at this."

"Well, I see a roll of parchment."

"A peep at the inside will reveal to you its importance."

"The late Mr. Burlington's will in favor of Alice Dale. How came you by it?"

"I was helped to it—no matter how, nor by whom."

"This is a dangerous business."

"Not so much so as it appears to be."

"I'm afraid that you'll find it is."

"By no means. After altering a single date, I shall cause it to be restored to the place it was taken from."

"What benefit to you can the alteration be? I can see none."

"I will tell you. One of the letters I received yesterday was from my Aunt Dermont, who, after the death of Mr. Burlington's wife, presided over his household up to the time of his decease. She mentioned, though in a way as if she attached no importance to it, that a will, by which Mr. Burlington left me the whole of his property, a few legacies excepted, and dated June 8th, 1656, had recently come to light. I at once recollected—for a circumstance of so much importance to myself could not be easily forgotten—that this one was written exactly three years later, to a day."

"Rather a singular coincidence, I should think, that both wills should be written the same month and the same day of the month."

"Both singular and fortunate. A slight erasure, and a single stroke of the pen will make the nine a six."

"True, but an alteration which must be so delicately made as to defy detection, will require a cunning as well as a careful hand."

"Two requisites which mine isn't deficient in. Judge for yourself."

As he finished speaking, he took another parchment from his pocket, unrolled it and handed it to Mildred.

"You didn't tell me that your Aunt Dermont not only mentioned the will, but sent it."

"I hadn't made up my mind then, whether to show it to you or not. Look at the date."

"I thought you said it was dated 1656."

"So it was, when I received it."

"Can it be possible that the figure nine which I see here so fairly inscribed was a six?"

"It can be."

"I couldn't have thought it, but it must be as you say."

"You think it would require sharper eyes than the girl's Roundhead guardian has to detect the alteration, vigilant as he is?"

"Unless his eyes are sharper than mine, it would. But you are not [illegible] well with the [illegible] to [illegible] under [illegible]"

"What I have [illegible] at in the place where he left [illegible] that all is right, so that it may be [illegible]"

"Then you don't count [illegible] for your trouble."

"Whether I do or do not, [illegible] At any rate I must put [illegible] that if I don't win the bride, I may secure the fortune. If we succeed in estranging Alice and Harleigh beyond the point of a possible reconciliation, I think that I am neither [illegible] in the art of persuasion, that patience and perseverance will not finally bring her to listen to my suit."

"In which case, neither of the wills will be of any value to you."

"No, but if, on the other hand, Harleigh should marry her, he will find that instead of the rich heiress he expected, that a hundred acres in the very heart of the wilderness is his bride's only dower."

"The time will never come when Alice Dale will be Clarence Harleigh's bride. Swift and sure agents must be made use of to prevent it, should others fail. You will return to England the first opportunity that offers?"

"Yes."

"I will go at the same time."

"That is right. To remain here among bears and savages, and worst of all, Puritans, if nothing is to be gained by it, is what I should have no fancy for."

CHAPTER X.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S SOUVENIR. A QUARREL.

Clarence Harleigh, during the first three or four weeks after his arrival in England, had, with one or two exceptions, absented himself from court. No doubt, he felt that the companionship of such men as Rochester, Buckhurst, Harry Jermyn, a mere butterfly, and Killigrew, who had a court jester, at that period been in fashion, would have made his office a sinecure, without saying a word of the graceful, insolent and showy Duke of Buckingham, with scores of others, whose vices, it was to be feared, outnumbered their virtues, would not encourage him, either by precept or example, to pass through the two years' probation, which had been prescribed him, in a manner to satisfy his severe and exacting judge.

He had, however, been included among a limited number invited to be present at an entertainment at Whitehall, where was to be served a collation, consisting in part of the choice and delicious fruits of Portugal, without any lack of old Spanish wines, or of the light and sparkling vintages of France. He might have refused this invitation like the rest, had he not hoped by accepting it to hear from his American friends, for he had heard that Gilbert Falkland would be present, who had arrived so recently as to barely give his tailor time to fit him with a dress which would make him presentable.

A dozen or more courtiers were grouped together in the banqueting-hall, through which, only a few years previously, Charles I. had passed to the scaffold, chatting on various subjects, some of them pretty liberally seasoned with court scandal, to pass away the interim which would elapse previously to the entrance of the king.

"Will Harleigh be here this evening?" said one of them, addressing Harry Jermyn.

"I believe he has graciously condescended to give his promise to that effect," was the reply. "I understand now why the bright glances of a certain lady's eyes might as well fall on an iceberg."

"How came you to be enlightened?" inquired the first speaker.

"Lord Arran tells me that his obduracy must be laid to the charge of a little rustic he found in the new world."

"And what is more unaccountable still," said Killigrew, "Dame Rumor says she is a Precisionist, and eschews all gayer apparel than a sad-colored gown, a kerchief of cambric, and pinners of the same."

"And so stiff with starch," said another, "I venture to say that, like the enormous ruffs worn by Queen Bess, they would stand alone."

"We all know," said Arran, "that Dame Rumor is the Queen of Scandal, yet I cannot find that she accuses the little rustic you speak of with any want of beauty, however much she may lack in taste."

"A deficiency easily supplied by a French milliner and a skilful tire-woman," said Jermyn.

"I sha'n't admit that," said the Duke of Buckingham, who stood by, listening to what was said. "Even the skill of the Parisian coiffeur, recently summoned thither, could not so disguise a gawky country girl, but that her rusticity would be apparent."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Killigrew, "if Harleigh should turn to be a Puritan himself."

"Nor I," said Jermyn. "I have suspected he had a leaning that way, ever since he returned from the provinces."

"I advise you," said Killigrew, "to be on your guard, so as not to manifest any surprise should he make his appearance here this evening with his hair cropped after the fashion of the Roundheads."

"And wearing a steeple-crowned hat and a sad-colored doublet to match his lady-love's gown," said Harry Jermyn, who probably being reminded of his own well-fitting pourpoint of rich, purple velvet, with a silk, embroidered handkerchief, which sent a faint odor of musk through the room as he drew it from his pocket, he brushed away a particle or two of the glistening powder, which

had been used to heighten the lustre of his long, wavy hair, from one of the sleeves.

At this moment, the entrance of Harleigh in a dress whose richness and elegance accorded well with his manly and somewhat haughty style of beauty, caused a smile to curl the lip of Buckingham, as he whispered to Rochester, who stood at his elbow, that Jermyn, compared with Harleigh, might be mistaken for the original of Etherege's "Sir Fopling," in the new play he had been writing.

Almost at the same moment that Harleigh was admitted, the king made his retree by a different door. He advanced towards the group in an easy, familiar manner, for many of those composing it had been his companions, not only in many a hair-breadth escape, but in numberless wild adventures and mad frolics, during his years of exile. While noticing those present with a grace and good humor natural to him, and which, in numerous instances, had, in the eyes of his subjects, served to gloss over his illiberal policy, a slight disturbance attracted attention towards the door by which Harleigh had found ingress, and, at last, rising high above suppressed words of remonstrance, were heard these words:

"I must go in, for I am the bearer of something for his majesty which my wife Margery has for many a year preserved as the apple of her eye, giving it a place in a box of polished maple, the whole time, by the side of her best head-gear."

"It must be something exceedingly precious, then," said Killigrew, in an undertone, "for we all know that a woman's heart is in her head gear."

"I will wager this silver goblet, against a cup of Barcelona chocolate," said Charles, taking a goblet from the table and turning to the Duke of Buckingham, "that the sturdy fellow at the door, whose lungs are so much better than his manners, has come a day's journey for the express purpose of bringing me some memorial of those days when I was a wanderer from place to place, like some errant knight of old."

"I accept the wager," replied Buckingham, "and wait your majesty's permission to order that the man be admitted."

"Neither the permission nor the order is necessary," said Charles, laughing, as the usher stepped hastily forward, a stout-built yeoman following close to his heels, with his broad, round face a good deal flushed from the excitement caused by the opposition made to his entrance.

A word from Buckingham caused the usher to fall back, while, with firmly-planted steps, the man made his way towards the spot where the king stood. When arrived within a short distance of him, happening to catch sight of the Duke of Buckingham, he stopped with a puzzled air, and scratching his head to assist his memory, alternately regarded the king and the duke.

"I should say that this was the king," said he, in a low tone to himself, fixing his eyes on Charles, "though the other one is dressed such a nation deal finer."

"Wiser heads than his have supposed that the divinity that doth hedge a king, as Will Shakspeare has it, is made of no better stuff than laces, ribbons and jewels, so don't be puffed up, George," said Charles, addressing Buckingham, who, like himself, was infinitely diverted at the man's mystification.

Another look, longer and more searching than the others had been, appeared to overcome any lingering doubt, and approaching Charles more nearly, he knelt at his feet, at the same time hugging a parcel, round which was wrapped a snowy napkin, closely to his breast.

"What is your wish, my good friend?" said Charles; "but before making it known, rise from a posture which you are evidently unused to."

"It is only that your majesty," and he busied himself with undoing the napkin, as he spoke, "would graciously please to accept this curry-comb."

"Oddsfish, man! better give it to my groom."

"It would be no more than fair for his majesty to explain whether he means the groom of the stole or the groom of the stables," said Killigrew, though his witticism was lost in the louder voice of the countryman.

"Not for a gold ducat," said the man, "would I again have it touch horseflesh."

"Why, there's nothing dangerous about it, I hope?" said Charles.

"No; an' please your majesty, but it would be puttin' a slight on my good Dame Margery, who has kept it in the maple box with her best head-gear ever since I carried the bay mare with it that carried your majesty beyond the reach of those who were seeking for you."

"It is only charitable to hope that the head-gear was well fumigated whenever the dame had occasion to wear it," whispered Killigrew.

"Let me see," said Charles, adjusting his periwig. "I think I have some recollection of a bay mare that served me, on a certain occasion, which might have claimed kindred with the wind, as far as speed was concerned, and it was well for me that it was so. A dozen blood-thirsty dragoons kept me in sight for ten minutes or more, then all but one began to lag, and it wasn't long before he followed his example."

"Her name was Speedyfoot, please your majesty."

"She was well named. Yours is Hendrick Dykes?"

"It is, please your majesty."

"It does please me, and that right well, to meet you in a place where, at the time you did me such good service, there appeared little chance of my ever being admitted, unless, indeed—"

The king did not finish the sentence, but a shadow passed over his countenance, and he involuntarily glanced at the window from which his father stepped upon the scaffold.

"I thought, at the moment of your entrance, I had seen that honest face before," said Charles, quickly rallying himself. Then, speaking to some one in attendance, he gave orders that Hendrick should be provided with refreshment and lodging, while, turning to Hendrick himself, he charged him not go away in the morning till he had either seen or heard from him.

"I suppose," said Charles, when the man had withdrawn, "that I am expected to have this wrapped up in lavender, and kept in my bed-chamber, that I may daily be reminded of the good service done me by a sight of it. But, jesting apart, the man must have one of the best horses in the stable, and his wife some suitable present that will suit her fancy. It is only justice, for, to them, it was a matter of no trifling import to part with an animal which, besides being a source of profit, carried them to church, fairs and merry-makings. But if I am likely to lose my best horse, George, you see that I have won my wager, and you may set it down to my forbearance, that instead of a cup of chocolate, it isn't a silver dish, an article in which the crown cupboard has been most wofully deficient ever since the plate found its way to the Hague, to be transformed into ducats."

"I thought," said Harleigh, who, with two or three others, was standing a little apart, and was beginning to be impatient at his protracted absence, "that Gilbert Falkland was to be here this evening."

"So he is," said he, whom he addressed. "I shouldn't wonder if, instead of being lined with gold, which would enable him to resume with fresh spirit his old habits of luxury, his pockets were found to contain nothing better than a few worthless grants of that wild portion of *terra firma*, signed with the mark of some Indian chief, wilder than his lands."

He had hardly finished speaking, when Falkland made his appearance.

"Ah, here is my patentee, fresh from the new world," said Charles, cordially giving him his hand. "I heartily welcome you back to merry England, even if you are the owner of as many acres as are contained in my United Kingdoms."

"I can assure your majesty," said Falkland, "that there would be ample space for my domain between the Thames and the Tweed, the whole of which is not worth the space shaded by the Royal Oak. When the grim old Puritans called that part of the world a howling wilderness, they couldn't have hit on a more appropriate appellation, it being inhabited chiefly by bears and wolves."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.



PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN, AND THE PRINCESS SOPHIA OF NASSAU.

OSCAR, PRINCE OF SWEDEN, AND HIS BETROTHED.

The portraits on this page are from authenticated sources, and are faithful likenesses of Prince Oscar, of Sweden, and his bride elect, who were betrothed in the September of last year, and whose nuptials are to be celebrated in the course of the present year. The prince is the second son of King Oscar, was born on the 21st of January, 1829, and holds the rank of colonel in the Second Guards and in the First Grenadier Body Guards, commander in the Swedish and Norwegian Marine, and colonel in the First Brigade of the Akerhus Infantry Regiment. The lovely bride, the Princess Sophia Wilhelmina Marianna Henrietta, is daughter of the late Duke of Nassau and the Duchess Pauline Frederica Maria, daughter of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg. She was born on the 9th of July, 1839, and is the youngest half-sister of the present reigning Duke of Nassau. Oscar I., the father of the young prince, and king of Sweden and Norway, was born July 4, 1799, and is the only issue of the famous Marshal Bernadotte and his wife Desirée Clary, daughter of a merchant of Marseilles, whose elder sister married Joseph Bonaparte. Oscar Bernadotte was placed, at the age of nine years, in the imperial lyceum, and there received his preliminary education. Marshal Bernadotte was elected crown-prince of Sweden, accepted the reversion of the crown, and borrowing 2,000,000 francs, that he might not appear in Stockholm with only his sword, proceeded at once to that capital with his son, after both had renounced Catholicism on the road, and embraced Lutheranism, the dominant religion of Sweden. The young Oscar now received the title of Duke of Sudermania, which Charles XIII. had formerly borne, and his father (Bernadotte) resolved to educate him in a manner to satisfy the wishes of the nation. Bernadotte had the satisfaction of seeing his son forget his French in the course of a year, and soon acquire a complete mastery over the Swedish language. In 1818, on the death of Charles XIII., Bernadotte ascended the throne, and transmitted to Oscar the title of chancellor of the university of Upsal, of which he became a student next year. His military studies kept pace with his literary pursuits, and he was appointed colonel of the Guards. Oscar married Josephine, daughter of Eugene Beauharnois, Duke of Leuchtenberg. In 1834, he was named viceroy of Norway, and in 1838, assumed the regency on account of the continued illness of his father. In 1844, he succeeded his father on the throne. He has three sons, besides the subject of our sketch, and two daughters. We know little of the young prince whose portrait we have given, but think his chances of making a figure in the world are enhanced by the popular origin of his family. The descendants of a long line of royal ancestry are not so apt to make good rulers as those who come of sturdy plebeian stock.

THE PAWNBROKER.

The sketch on the next page represents a scene that may be witnessed any day by those who take the trouble to penetrate into any of the little shops whose doorways open under the sign of the three golden balls in Chatham Street. Newspaper itemizers, according to Charles Lamb, are in the habit of informing their readers once a month that the three golden balls of a pawnbroker were originally the arms of the Lombards, who first introduced the science of collateral security into England, while better-informed antiquaries derive them from the gilded pills which shine in the shield of the Medici. The pawnbroker in our picture is an actual sketch from life, and his Hebraic features mark his nationality most unmistakably. In slang phrase, the pawnbroker is affectionately termed "my uncle,"—everybody's uncle he is, who is in want of money and has personal property to deposit for security, and his establishment is, in the language of the fancy—the "spout." The poor woman in the picture is trying to negociate a loan on a flat-iron and a cream-pot, and watches with intense anxiety the supercilious expression in the money-lender's face. Behind is a poor woman, on the same errand, perhaps to raise a trifle by stripping herself of some necessary article of clothing. The other customers appeal less to our sympathies. The one with the weed on his hat, looking askance at the others, is an unmistakable rowdy; and another face is stamped with the sure impress of intemperance. In the middle compartment, "one of the b'hoys" exhibits a watch, and further on is a shy, skulking individual, who is probably making his first visit to the Jew. The articles exposed for sale at a pawnbroker's tell a sad story of human distress, and show how the want of money sometimes presses on all classes. There you will see jewels, necklaces, ear-rings of value that have been worn by fashionable beauties, gold chronometers that have been carried by men about town, silks and satins that have flaunted in many a gay ball-room. Here a violin, the solace or the support of some poor musician; there a comforter, ill-spared from the bed of some shivering wretch who had to choose between starvation and cold. And we have seen little children's dresses and shoes and stockings either pawned by an intemperate parent or by a desperate one, or else parted with by some weeping mother, though the last memorials of the loved and lost who lie buried in some unmarked grave. A visit to a pawnbroker's shop is one of the saddest a man can make, and we rarely pause at the window of one without shedding tears over the misery that it suggested. Could the keepsakes treasured in these purlieus assume a tongue, how sad a tale of woe and suffering would many of them utter that would almost palsy the heart with commiseration for the unfortunate.



THE PAWNBROKER.

AN INDIAN ATTACK.

The spirited sketch on this page represents one of these incidents which have not unfrequently occurred to American vessels on the northwest coast of America. A trim-built Yankee schooner, lying at anchor, is being attacked by a perfect fleet of canoes, manned by ferocious savages. Four or five boats are alongside, and others are pulling to their support, and notwithstanding the crew are defending themselves, as we see by the smoke of musketry rising amidships, the boarders are throwing themselves over the nettings with perfect recklessness. That the artist has been justified in imagining such a scene, we have authentic accounts of similar adventures to prove. A few years ago, an American schooner, the "Susan Sturges," was actually captured in precisely the same way by the tribe of Indians known as the Massetts, residing in the northern part of Queen Charlotte's Island, off the coast of British America, not far from Oregon. We happen to have at hand a spirited narrative of this event, written by Capt. Matthew Rooney, the commander of the schooner. He says:—"On Thursday, Sept. 23, 1852, sailed from Skidegate's harbor, east side of Queen Charlotte's Island, bound to Edensaw's harbor, at North Island. We had on board the chief, Edensaw, and his wife and child, with two of the Skidegate Indians, one of whom had been to California in the above-named vessel. His name is Winnett. Nothing extraordinary happened until we rounded Point Rose, on Saturday, Sept. 25, when a canoe came alongside the vessel. They told Edensaw they were from Fort Simpson, and were bound to Massett Harbor. He asked me to allow some of them to come on board; but I refused. They then traded some fish for tobacco, and went away. On the following morning, some canoes came off from Massett Harbor, we being about four miles off, to the northwest. I commenced trading with them for fish, believing that to be their object, as nearly all the canoes had more or less fish in them. I now counted twenty-five canoes around the ship, but never suspected an attack, having had a similar number around her before. I therefore continued trading on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. The chief, Edensaw, was passing the tobacco into the canoes, one of the seamen lowering the fish into the hold, and another on the main deck, at the port gangway. While in this scattered position, a large canoe came along on the port side, and one of the Indians jumped over the nettings on the deck. I ran from the quarter-deck to stop him and make him leave the ship, but at this signal the vessel was boarded simultaneously on all sides by at least one hundred and fifty men. I was in a moment completely surrounded and overpowered. I rushed at the first Indian who boarded, and was about to fire at him, but was seized by two others from behind, thrown on my back, and dragged towards the stern of the vessel. Here I managed to break away from them, but was immediately covered by five or six muskets pointed at my breast, and was only saved by the the chief's wife forcing herself between the Indians and myself. The chief then came up to me, and by dint of force dragged me away from them towards the cabin. A sudden rush was made, by which the cabin was immediately broken open, and a fight ensued between the chief and one of the other race, in which the former had his nose nearly cut off. During this time, I managed to make my escape to the after cabin, where I found four of my men secreted, all being stripped naked, and one slightly wounded in the side by a musket ball. However anxious the chief, Edensaw, and his party may have been to preserve our lives, they appeared equally anxious to share the plunder with the Massett tribe, for, on our departure from the cabin, they began to ransack the whole vessel, cut down all the sails, and let go the anchors. They removed all the spare sails from the hold, as well as the fish and stores. They also took the safe out of the lazarette (which was placed there for safety), containing $1500—$1000 in gold and $500 in silver, besides several amounts of private cash, amounting to about $200. During the whole of this time, they were shooting most vigorously for my life. I was therefore obliged to keep myself secreted, as it was their intention to shoot both me and my men, if we made our appearance. In the meantime, Edensaw made a treaty with them to spare our lives for a quantity of cotton and tobacco, whereupon they began cutting the upper deck of the after cabin and the bulkhead at the same time. By this manœuvre, and their numbers, they overpowered Edensaw and his men, and forced us to quit the after cabin. While I was making a rush for the outer cabin, one of the fellows made a thrust at me with his knife, which I avoided by falling down among their feet, and thus scrambled out on deck. Here I was taken prisoner by a chief named Scowell, who told me in pretty good English that his wife's father was a Boston man, and that he would protect me. It being impossible for me to return to Edensaw, I went with him to his canoe, where I was covered with a blanket for protection, when we immediately made for the shore. After many privations and difficulties encountered on the land, both by the mate and myself, we at length reached Fort Simpson, where we received every attention and kindness in the power of man to bestow, and the remainder of our men were soon sent for and recovered."



INDIANS ATTACKING A YANKEE SCHOONER ON THE NORTHWEST COAST.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CONSOLATION.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Weep not for buried years,
For seasons passed away:
Nor prayers of age, nor childhood's tears
Perpetuate to-day.
Time like a phantom flies,
Forever on the wing;
New morning suns for us shall rise,
New days their pleasures bring.

Weep not for buried hopes,
For idols overthrown;
Whene'er the mind in darkness gropes,
And halcyon dreams are flown.
The rainbow in the skies
In joy shall yet appear,
And o'er our broken idols rise,
Unshadowed then by fear.

Weep not for buried friends,
Companions gone before:
Not on this earth our friendship ends,
Time's sterile, rocky shore.
Lift up the eye of faith,
Still now the heaving breast:
For unto us the Saviour saith,
"E'en I will give you rest."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RIVAL OF THE EMPRESS.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF CATHERINE II.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

It is in the reign of that extraordinary woman, Catherine II. of Russia, the year rendered memorable by the commencement of the American Revolution, that the date of the events in this story begins.

In a rich residence on the banks of the Neva, in St. Petersburg, resided Feodora Radzin, sole daughter and heiress of one of the wealthiest of Russian merchants. At the time of which we speak, she was but twenty years of age, and distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments, her charities, the lavish splendor in which she lived, and the serene goodness of her disposition. As a natural consequence of these facts, many were the native and foreign suitors who sought her hand; which was as steadily refused as it was eagerly coveted; and, as among those who did such homage there were not a few of exalted rank, large possessions, political distinction, and personal attraction, the Lady Feodora Radzin became an enigma as well as a cynosure.

Two of that celebrated family of noble Russian brothers, the Orlofs, whose powerful arms contributed so greatly to establish Catherine upon the throne she usurped, had been refused by the wealthy and charming Feodora; and had she been, like many of the wealthier ladies of St. Petersburg, whose beauty gave them power, ambitious of political influence, she might have wielded no insignificant influence in the court of her sovereign. But she abstained from even mingling in the crowds at that splendid court, and though no suspicion of her loyalty was entertained, she evinced a repugnance towards the intrigues of an artful, dangerous and gossiping throng, which, had her character in other respects rendered her in any way an obstacle to their ambition, might have resulted in her banishment to Siberia. Even as it was, the great Catherine, mortified at the seemingly contemptuous self-exile of Feodora from the society of the aspiring fawners of the imperial palace, regarded her with no favorable eye; and remembering her independence for a subject, was often irritated at the floating reports of her beauty, and of her indifference to even such suitors as had not failed to charm her imperial eye, and win ample proofs of her regard.

"It may be that her life is blameless," she would say, bitterly, to her minister, Potempkin, "but it gives me some chagrin to think that the contrast in this respect is so unflattering to myself—to me, her sovereign—me, who have experienced the ingratitude and infidelities of some whom I have deigned to load with love and favor, and yet who have sought her smiles and been haughtily refused."

"The bounties of your majesty," Potempkin would reply, "have indeed been too often unworthily received; but your greatness has been made the more palpable, since you have never stooped to be unworthily revenged. When you have discovered unfaithful favorites, you have loaded them with wealth, permitting them to live in luxury, though you dismissed them. It was a vengeance worthy of a Christian, and comporting with the magnanimity of a soul like that of Catherine."

The day of Potempkin's reign in the heart of his sovereign had passed; but he was, or seemed, contented to rule at the head of her councils, while younger and handsomer candidates presented themselves for the love which he had for a period shared. As capricious, perhaps, as herself, he had formed other attachments, and became only jealous of such favorites as had genius enough to threaten the stability of his influence as minister.

Before the favorite Zavadosky (a handsome Circassian) had been installed in the good graces of Catherine, her roving eye had dwelt with pleasure upon the physical beauty of a young Russian aid-de-camp, named Korsa Kagal, who had served with credit under Gregory Orlof, formerly the favorite of the empress. The quick eye of Potempkin soon perceived this, and he lost no time in acquainting Korsa with the distinction which seemed to await him.

"And what say you, young man, to your good fortune?" asked the minister, regarding him with a stern and curious eye; for as yet, Korsa had evinced no sign of joy at what Potempkin had told him.

"I will take time to consider of it, your highness," replied the young soldier, with a low bow.

"St. Nicholas! What, *time!*" exclaimed Potempkin, in amazement. "The greatest sovereign in the world offers you the post of favorite; and you, a poor and humble officer, her subject, receive the tidings coldly, and will *take time* to decide?"

"Even so, your highness," replied Korsa.

"Are you mad, or in love, which means the same thing? In love with some one else?"

"That might not follow," said Korsa, gravely. "I appreciate the height to which her gracious majesty would condescend to raise me. But pardon me if I ask, for how long? I may soon be dismissed, even as you, as Orlof, as Poniatosky, Vissensky, and Vassiltchikof have been,—with broken hopes,—to mourn for the remainder of my life that I put my trust in princes."

"But you forget that our great empress always enriches her favorites, even when she discards them," said Potempkin.

"I am not mercenary," proudly said Korsa, "and what enrichment would compensate me for the loss of the love of the empress, if I were once taught to prize it before all other loves? I will cheerfully offer her my life, as her loyal subject; but my love is another and a dearer treasure, not lightly to be ventured. As I have said, though with all reverence for her majesty's wishes, I will take time to consider."

"Then see that you keep this interview a secret, or it might cost you an exile to Siberia," said Potempkin.

"I shall do so," said Korsa, and withdrew.

Affairs of state for some time after so occupied the empress, that Korsa was forgotten. When, however, she heard of his answer, she was the more incited to overcome his reluctance, and so demeaned herself towards him as to attract the notice of all the court, many of whom believed and reported him to be already installed as favorite. This rumor struck no ear so painfully as that of the rich and lovely Feodora. Though in rank but a lieutenant of the guards, and in humble circumstances, his beauty and his gallant bearing had long attracted the admiration of the Russian heiress, and as far as consistent with propriety, she had endeavored to give him some sign of the fact, and to win him to reciprocal attachment. Korsa, however, either did not or would not recognize anything specially friendly in her regard, when thrown into her society; though his sister, Circasse, an intimate of Feodora, had often told him she believed the wayward heiress, so cold to others, really loved him.

"You are mistaken, sister," was his reply. "And even were it so, what has a soldier to do with love? My ambition is in the camp."

"And mine is in the camp and court, too," answered the ambitious Circasse. "We both need wealth as a stepping-stone to greatness. For me, I will lose no means which lead to preferment; and do you know that already I believe Prince Potempkin has cast his thoughts on me? Other ladies in the court, among them a maid of honor, have intimated as much, and my own ears and eyes, if they are not wholly deceitful, confirm the idea. I may yet be made a princess, Korsa; think of that! And I am studying the way to rise."

Korsa Kagul smiled incredulously at his lovely and aspiring sister, and bade her not trust too much in the flattering dreams of ambition.

"The nature of our climbing empress seems to inspire all about her. Take care, my dear Circasse, that you do not ruin your peace by idle visions."

"You are not hopeful enough, brother," replied Circasse. "Had I been in your place, I should have been made at least a general before now. My advice to you is to marry Feodora. Aim high, brother; fortune favors the brave."

Soon after, when the rumor of the empress's supposed attachment for her brother reached the ears of Circasse, her transport was as excessive as was her subsequent vexation to see how coldly he regarded the matter.

"You will never amount to anything—you are too tame!" exclaimed she. "Or perhaps you are too proud," she added, with sarcasm. "If not Feodora, the handsomest of women, and not Catherine, who is the greatest, whom *do* you deem good enough for you?"

"Her whom I shall love, and who really shall love me in return," replied Korsa, seriously.

"That will be no one, then; for I believe you are too cold to love, as I believe you are too indolent, or too weak, to aspire," returned his sister. "Though perhaps you are deceiving me, after all. But I shall unmask you, by-and-by."

The courtiers' eyes were bent with envy now on Korsa, and his promotion to offices of rank and emolument speedily followed,—the empress, great in her generosity as in her love, hoping to win the handsome lieutenant by such foretastes of a promised future. Each new mark of favor gave additional anguish to Feodora, who now found her love for Korsa to be far greater than she had imagined.

"Circasse, do you love me?" asked she, one day, of that aspiring sister of the man she worshipped.

"You cannot doubt it," was the reply.

"Then know that I love your brother; and will you not ascertain from him if he loves the empress?"

"You know the report," replied Circasse.

"That she would make him the court favorite," said Feodora, her voice trembling, "or has made him so already. But is it so? Or do you think he loves her?"

"I cannot say what his feelings are," replied Circasse, coldly, "but his favors from her are numerous, and when her great blue eyes fall upon him, they seem to look with greater tenderness than upon any other. All the court mark it."

"But I am your friend, Circasse, and love him with a purer love than she can have. Think how many I have refused, and how gladly I would accept him; and would you not be as glad to have me for a sister?"

"I should be proud of it—but then, the empress!"

"A year or two and she would cast him off, like others, forging some subtle excuse; and, after having gained his affections and betrayed them, think to make amends, as with them, by giving him a fortune and a palace! Would you wish such a lot for your brother?"

"He would be foolish to disregard the preference of his empress," said Circasse, decisively. "What beautiful flowers you have in your hair."

Feodora stared at her. How odious, in her despair, looked ambition at that moment. She felt that the last of power had alienated one whom she had deemed a friend.

"Do you believe me when I say I truly, passionately love him?" she asked, in a tone of deep grief.

"I do, indeed," replied Circasse.

"And do you think it is possible he might love me?"

"Very possible, were he to know of your love, and were I to mediate. But I could not do so foolish a thing. The empress, of course, is paramount. Think of the elevation in store for him."

"Infamy!" almost shrieked Feodora, turning away. "Circasse, Circasse, I depended upon you, but now I have no hope."

"Real love is not fashionable at court," said Circasse, calmly. "Fame, fortune and power are reigning gods. All who hope for happiness in the realm of Catherine II. must worship them."

"May misery be her portion, and of all those who prostitute their souls before her example!" exclaimed the unhappy Feodora, scorn mingling with her anguish. "It is fitting that she who concealed the murder of her husband, and became the paramour of his slayers, should teach such base examples. May her pernicious reign come to a brief end! And may those who seek her favor live to curse it!"

In a paroxysm of fury, Feodora left Circasse, who hastened away in wonder that one whom she had hitherto deemed so devoid of violence of nature, should harbor in her gentle breast such fierce and dangerous sentiments. "I have lost a friend," she reflected, "but I will preserve a patron!"

It was not long ere Feodora began to eclipse all her former levees in splendor, and to astonish the court of St. Petersburg by seeming to invite, quite as much as she had repelled, the society and attentions of the frequenters of the imperial palace. Her magnificent dwelling became the resort of numbers of the most distinguished officers of the realm, and the jealousy of Catherine began now to be aroused in a new respect; for several of those who were known to be disaffected towards her, were among the most constant and favored guests at the house of her brilliant subject.

The rebellion of Pugatschef, a Cossack adventurer, whose resemblance to Peter III., Catherine's murdered husband, had given success for a while to his revolt, had been crushed; but the empress still lived in suspicious fears that new conspiracies were being formed against her; and the new policy of Feodora induced Potempkin to watch her movements with a vigilant eye.

"What," said he to Circasse, one day, having met her with her favored brother in the imperial apartments, "what think you of the loyalty of your friend, Feodora Radzin? The empress, I fear, does not altogether like her movements."

"She is no longer a friend of mine," said Circasse.

"How, sister?" asked Korsa. "What quarrel, pray?"

"She spoke in bitter disrespect of the empress," replied Circasse; "reviling those who are ambitious to please her majesty, as if that would induce me the sooner to do her the favor she entreated of me."

"Indeed," said the minister, with a frown, "and what favor was that?"

"To commend her love to Korsa!" answered Circasse, with affected contempt, forgetting that the match was one which she herself had once advised. "She became furious when I discountenanced her presumption, and—"

"Tut, tut, sister!" said Korsa, with severity, "no betraying secrets. Feodora's love might well be the boast of the proudest noble in the realm. It would be presumption, too, in any one like me to claim it."

"What, brother, when the empress smiles upon you?"

"How know you that?" asked Potempkin, with an angry glance at Korsa, whose face grew red at the mention.

"Ay!" at this moment said another voice; and turning, they beheld the empress. "How know you that? Mademoiselle, be more guarded in your speech. Prince, command Feodora's presence instantly before me. I would learn more of her from her own lips."

So saying, with a threatening look, Catherine swept proudly from the apartment, followed by the minister, who cast a reproachful glance at Circasse.

"You have done wrong, sister," said Korsa, "and mischief will follow this."

"I but hinted at what all the court perceive, even though the empress should deny it. I wish but for your advancement and my own; else I should not have affronted Feodora."

"What said she against our sovereign?" asked Korsa, with anxiety.

"What I shall not reveal, though sent to Siberia for my silence, since the empress was so haughty with me. She must discover

what she can, herself, and perhaps that will be sufficient; for Feodora is, in truth, in an ecstacy of despair about you, and will not mince her language."

"Is it possible?" said Korsa, musing. "I but thought her a mere friend, nor did I dare to hope for more from one who has put to the blush two of the proud house of Orlof, by refusing their suit. And now it is my unhappy lot to have caused for her the displeasure of the empress. Circasse, I am wretched!"

"You do love her, then?" asked his sister.

"I never knew how much before, though I hoped for no return; and now that I hear of her love, it seems quite as hopeless."

Irritated at her own imprudence, the ambitious Circasso was now undecided what to do, having displeased her through whose absolute power she hoped for distinction. Finally, she determined to confer with the minister. On the other hand, her brother only awaited the issue of the interview between the angry empress and Feodora, to disclose to the latter the story of his long attachment.

The peremptory summons from Potempkin was received with surprise and alarm by Feodora, who trembled when she remembered the hasty words she had spoken to Circasso. But the rage of jealous love somewhat emboldened her, as she repaired in her carriage to the imperial abode. She was received by her sovereign alone.

"So, M'lle. Radzin, I hear that not content with keeping aloof from our court, despite our invitations, you have been indulging in words of spleen against ourself."

Feodora made no answer.

"To what, then, are we to attribute this conduct? Not to misanthropy, surely, for your house is, I hear, one constant scene of gayety. Not to disloyalty, we hope."

"Your majesty is too firmly seated to fear even the disloyalty, if it existed, of so weak a creature as I," replied Feodora, with a tremulous voice; "and too well acquainted with the human heart not to know that in moments of deep grief it prompts the tongue to idle expressions of which it soon repents."

"And what deep grief is it which should urge Mlle. Radzin to censure her sovereign?" asked Catherine, in tones much more softened, as if the remembrance of her own predominant passion commanded her heart to pity. "Have I presumed to love in opposition to your wishes?"

"Your majesty's questions prove to me that you have been told by the sister of Lieutenant Kagul the story of my unfortunate attachment. I could have borne with his indifference, had it been shown to all alike; but to hear that so great a rival had snatched him away, and to hear his sister, whom I had thought my friend, calmly exult in the promotion which she knew made misery for me—this made me more vehement than is my wont."

"Have you reason to suppose he loves you?"

"Alas! I have no reason to believe so."

"And to gratify a hopeless love, you would selfishly keep him from promotion, and be hostile to his patron?"

"Your majesty's own experience in affairs of the heart must tell you that love is seldom unselfish, and that jealousy is deaf to pity or to argument."

"M'lle. Radzin speaks true," answered the empress, glad to hear that Korsa had given no proof of his attachment to Feodora. "Love is selfish and jealousy is deep, in the sovereign as well as the subject. You must bear this in mind, and also that time cures all wounds of the heart. You must see Kagul no more, on pain of our displeasure. I pardon what is past. Seek other lovers and be happy. You may retire."

With a bowed and aching heart, Feodora, pale and weeping, rode home rapidly. As rapidly followed another carriage from the courtyard of the palace. It contained Korsa and Circasso. The latter had sought Potempkin, whose crafty mind well knew her ambition, and had resolved to avail himself of it. He now represented the empress's displeasure with her to be great, and that her only means to reinstate herself would be to play the spy in the house of her late friend; to pretend that the empress had discarded her, and that in turn she felt incensed, and repented of her conduct towards Feodora.

"That done, dearest Circasso, and I and all I have are yours forever," said the wily minister.

"But the empress?" said M'lle Kagul, half fearing that she was playing too high a game.

"I am no longer her favorite. Your brother will soon have the post, and her consent to our marriage will be cheerfully granted."

"But on whom am I to play the spy? Feodora is hasty, but not disloyal, and—"

"Tush, child, not her; but on Gregory Orlof, who is the arch enemy of Catherine and of me; on the Count Ambrosky, the mouthpiece of other disaffected nobles, who still lament the failure of the dead rebel Pugatschef, who would rejoice in my overthrow, perhaps in the death of Catherine and the grand duke, to place the disappointed Orlof on the throne. Feodora may not suspect or favor their designs as yet. But Catherine's conduct will arouse her vindictiveness enough to induce her to wink at their designs, which we hear are being completed at her house, where all seems harmless revelry. See to it. Keep your counsel. Be faithful, and be fortunate!"

Circasse promised. Passing from the apartment of Potempkin, she met her brother, and without mentioning other plea than the false one, for her return to Feodora, they followed together, the brother to confess his love, the sister to proceed in perfidy. When Catherine heard of their departure together she sought her minister.

"He served under Orlof once," she said, gloomily. "If Orlof be treacherous, Korsa may be."

"True, your majesty," said Potempkin. "But we shall see. The sister is more than a match for the brother."

"But Korsa shall not visit there," said Catherine.

"No harm can come of it" answered the minister. "He does not love her, and it will aid his sister's movements."

"I prefer the open to the secret blow, Potempkin," said the empress; "but craft subserves our purpose for the present. Do you love Circasso?" she added, with a half smile in her penetrating glance.

"Your majesty," said the minister, affecting to be greatly shocked, "Heaven has given you the right and the will to love many; but," he added, with a sigh, "Potempkin can never love again."

Whether she believed or not, Catherine seemed to believe. It was the better for her interests.

On her arrival home, the unhappy Feodora flung herself upon a sofa and gave way to audible grief, her attendants in vain essaying to console her. But a few moments elapsed, ere, to her astonishment, Korsa and Circasso were announced and entered.

"You have come to increase my anguish?" asked she.

"No, lady," said Korsa, kneeling and taking her hand, "if to confess that I long have loved you, and love more now than ever, can cause you any happiness."

"The empress has forbidden me to see you."

"She is the mistress only of my sword," said Korsa; "but here I pay greater homage to the mistress of my heart."

"Forgive me, my friend," exclaimed Circasso, falling upon her knees and embracing Feodora, "if I have done you wrong. I was too ambitious, rash, indiscreet, and I have paid the penalty. Alluding to the empress's partiality for Korsa, I have offended her, and am dismissed from court. Henceforth let our interests and desires be mutual, and be you my sister indeed."

The reconciliation seemed real, and brought a double and unexpected joy to the agitated breast of Feodora; and seated there together they discoursed freely of the way in which they might evade the injunction of the jealous Catherine.

"Her tyranny is unbearable!" said the artful Circasso. "I wonder that men will consent to be her slaves."

"Ambition, sister," said Korsa, with a smile at the sudden change in her policy, "ambition, which has had such sway over you, although a woman, and one whose disappointment seems to have brought you to your senses, fills the hearts of men, and too often makes them servile. It makes slaves of some, and traitors of others."

"And isn't it honorable to rebel against insufferable despotism?" asked Circasso.

"No doubt you think so, sister, when all hope of preferment is gone," said Korsa.

"And there are others of my mind," responded she, "or I am much mistaken. Look at the gallant and majestic Orlof, under whom you have yourself served in her battles—cast aside, like a worthless weed, to make room for his inferior, Potempkin. Do you think that he bears the disgrace with patience? Has he, within his manly and once loyal breast, no desire for revenge, for justice?"

"I admit that despotism often justly enrages a noble soul," replied Korsa, "but Orlof—"

At this instant that prince was announced, and entered without ceremony.

Gregory Orlof was at that time the most remarkable man in the whole empire. The eldest of the five brothers who had chiefly been instrumental in the death of Peter III., and making Catherine sole sovereign, afterwards her main bulwark and cherished lover, and more subsequently deposed for a more graceful and youthful lover, he had made the tour of Europe and indulged in the most extraordinary excesses of expenditure and dissipation, "to assuage the fierce fires of his soul." Gigantic in figure and strength, his lofty head white with the snows of age, he stood before that group the most daring and dangerous subject of the great Catherine, whose caprices had made havoc of his mind and heart, and embittered his happiness forever. Proud amid ruin he stood, disdaining to humble his haughty spirit, seeming like Coriolanus at Antium, deserted by those he had done the most for, and not unwilling to be avenged. His wishes and those of his present confreres were suspected, though not yet detected, by the genius of Catherine and his foe, Potempkin, and Circasso faltered as he approached, at the thought of her errand there,—to deceive and betray the lion, if possible. But Orlof had long been charmed by the graceful beauty of Circasse, and the knowledge gave her confidence, the more so because her brother was one of the prince's favorites.

"You look happier than usual to day," said Orlof to Feodora, with a glance at Korsa, who still retained her hand. "Has her majesty been kind?"

The state of affairs was soon explained to him by Circasse, who relieved the lovers of their embarrassment by taking Orlof aside, and the information he received, artfully worded by the designing woman, did not fail to create the impression she intended. He regarded them all as enemies to the empress, and was free in his communications to Circasso that evening, when wine had overheated his impatient, impetuous and fearless blood.

"We are to meet again here to-morrow evening," said Orlof, "and I will find a way to relieve you of your present predicament. The throne of our ungrateful sovereign is shaking. You are ambitious, my beauty—I know it. What say you to being the bride of the rising Orlof?"

"I know that Korsa would not object," said Circasse, evasively; and Orlof took it for granted that the brother would become a confederate when the plan of revolt should be disclosed on the ensuing night.

"Nor would Circasse object," she said, as Orlof withdrew, "were I sure that the rebellion would be successful. But Catherine is too powerful, and Potempkin offers a surer ladder for me to ascend. Now, for the empress with what I have learned, and she can do as she wills with it. But my brother must not remain in this house of conspiracy and peril. Temptation may prove too strong."

Circasse, however, tried in vain to persuade him away. Korsa and Feodora, wrapt in each other's love, were not so soon to be separated. Unsuspicious of any danger, he remained during the following day. Meanwhile, the spy repaired to the palace, revealed all, and entreated the minister that an imperative order should be sent for Korsa to attend the empress.

"Not so fast," replied Potempkin. "You will remain here till the will of Catherine is known. She may devise a better plan."

Circasse now became greatly alarmed; nor was her apprehension for the safety of her brother at all decreased by the discussion of Catherine, when Potempkin informed her of all which had passed. Circasse had already related the mode by which entrance might be secretly had to an ante chamber, where Catherine might listen if she chose to the remarks of the conspirators, and the unfolding of their plan of operations, and the dauntless empress resolved to attend in disguise, with her minister and Circasse. The anxiety of the latter was apparent.

"And will you not send for Korsa?"

"We will put his loyalty to the test," replied the empress, with severity. "I will let him remain. I would have loaded him with the greatest favors in my power to bestow. And all these he refused, or hesitated to accept—from me, his empress, for her, my subject! Is this nothing? Does it mean nothing? He has also served with Orlof—is no enemy of his—and now, if after all these proofs of my regard, he proves disloyal, what punishment is most meet for him?"

"Death or banishment!" answered Potempkin.

Circasse shuddered.

"Just," said Catherine, resolutely. "He will have had no excuse, not even so much as the others. He may remain, and choose as he will, and it is for me to determine the rest."

The eventful hour arrived, and Circasse, sick at heart at the peril which environed her brother, stood trembling and faint in the apartment in the house of Feodora, by the side of the empress and the minister, whom she had guided thither.

It was a brilliant assembly for so dark a purpose. Within three days Catherine was to be dethroned by a revolt, the plan of which had been matured by Orlof, and it had not yet been decided, so Orlof said in addressing Korsa, with full confidence in his joining the league, whether the usurper should be put to death, immured in a dungeon, or sent to cool her boundless ambition in the snowy wilds of Siberia.

"The traitor! It has *not* been decided! Impotent!" muttered Catherine to Potempkin.

"My lords," said Korsa, "you have freely spoken, and I will do the same. That Catherine, our imperial sovereign, is often too imperious, some of you may have had good cause to say, though I have never had. You have doubtless imagined, though why I know not, that I have been inimical to her interests, or reposing too much confidence in your own strength, care not for the aid or opposition of one so feeble in influence as myself. Be that as it may, I do not join with you; and I warn you that your swords will be levelled in vain against the invulnerable breast of our glorious sovereign."

"Seize him, then!" exclaimed Ambrosky, one of the leading conspirators.

"No, hold!" said Orlof, advancing, as Korsa drew his sword, while Feodora rushed forward and implored them to spare his life.

"The signal—quick!" whispered Catherine to Potempkin, and the minister, pushing up a window, threw a small bell into the street, which, to the surprise of Circasse, was filled with troops.

"I applaud his frankness, and his faith! He shall not die!" continued Orlof; "some other way must be found—what noise is that?"

The sound of many footsteps at this moment appalled the ears of the conspirators; in another instant the doors were flung rudely open, and the apartment was crowded with armed men, while the Empress Catherine entered boldly, followed by Potempkin and Circasse.

"Treachery!" growled the furious Orlof, drawing his sword, still undismayed.

"Ay, prince, treachery, but foiled by the guardian genius of Russia," replied Catherine, with a calm smile, confronting the stalwart soldier. "Stay, guard!" she added, to one who was about to take the sword of Orlof, the others having surrendered theirs. "To me alone shall Gregory Orlof yield the weapon which I gave him when his heart was true and loyal."

Overpowered by that majestic aspect, which alone of all the world could awe the spirit of Orlof, he bowed his head, and presented his sword submissively, and the hopes of the conspirators were over. Nor even then would the nobility of Catherine's nature suffer her to receive it.

"No; keep it prince!" she said, in a lower tone, "and when next you sheath it, draw it in defence of the throne you have hitherto supported. Catherine pardons the wrong you would have done her, in the memory of the love of other days!"

Orlof's mighty frame shook with the weight of his grief, as he sheathed the weapon, and recollection showered his heaving breast with tears.

Death or banishment was the doom of all but Orlof, engaged in that conspiracy. Pardon was for him, as Catherine well knew his rugged nature, and felt that she could conquer it best by magnanimity. For Korsa and Feodora, a life of splendor and happiness, protected and illustrated by the love of their sovereign, was received; and the shame and anguish which Circasse had endured atoned for her treachery and eradicated her ambition.



BATTLE OF ORISKANY, STATE OF NEW YORK.

[For description, see page 282.]



BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

[See description, page 283.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSET.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

When the sun sets in one place, he is but rising in new glory in another. Life is a constant dying; and the glimpses of heaven we have are reports from the sorties the spirit makes when it leaves for awhile its clay tabernacle, to reconnoitre its celestial abode; but when the soul leaves the body entirely, like the dazzling sun it bursts with rays of glory on new worlds.

See, the firmament's on fire!
Lo, a glare is on the ground!
How it bids the soul aspire,
Light so wierd was never found;
Beaming forth transparent tone
In its amber deluge tide,
Like a ray from God's own throne.
Bathing all creation wide:
Splendidly, yet mournfully;
Gorgeously, yet awfully.
It minds one of the day of doom,
And saints out-bursting from the tomb;
It minds one of the glorious morn
When out of chaos earth was born—
Of dawn upon the wave;
And of the resurrection morn,
And Him who comes to save.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

BY "NEUTRAL TINT."

[See Engraving on page 280.]

TRYON county, New York, was the "dark and bloody ground" of the Revolutionary struggle. The Six Nations of Indians, whose hunting grounds had been encroached upon by the settlers west of the Hudson River, had leagued themselves with the British, and when the war for independence began, they hurled themselves upon the thriving villages and hamlets which dotted the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, with the tomahawk in one hand, and in the other the flaming torch. Murder, rapine and violence attended their footsteps, and desolation marked their pathway through the land. At the head of this confederacy was Thayendenagea or Brant, a man who, if we are to believe his biographer, was the red-man's Washington. Tradition had connected his name with every atrocity of which the bitter and implacable vengeance of the Indian could be capable, and it was not until the late Colonel Stone, searching with indefatigable zeal among the musty and long-forgotten records of the past, brought forth his character in its true light, that he was looked upon other than as "the *monster* Brant." Regarding his bravery, skill, indomitable energy and powerful influence over the tribes whom he commanded, however, there has been no doubt, and as our present concern is with an affair in which the part he bore has been unquestioned, we make no hesitation in drawing largely from his biography for the facts of our narrative.

The plan of the campaign of 1777 was the severing the connection between the New England colonies and those to the southward, by means of an expedition from Canada, down the Hudson River, of a large army which should capture and hold the defences of that noble stream, thus interposing a bar to the intercommunication of the rebels and destroying their union. Burgoyne, in furtherance of this plan, moved down Lake Champlain, and at the same time, Colonel St. Leger, with a motley command of Hessians, regulars, tories and Indians, the latter under command of Thayendenagea, marched through the wilderness, to reduce Fort Schuyler, which was situated on the Mohawk River, where the town of Rome now stands. This was an important post, as it was the key of the Mohawk valley, and its capture was deemed necessary to the complete success of the expedition. At the period of its investment, it was in command of Colonel Gansvoort, a brave and intrepid officer, whose gallant defence of his trust won the plaudits of his compatriots and the warmest commendations of the Continental Congress. The works were too strong to be taken by assault, and Colonel St. Leger sat down before them and commenced a regular siege. Batteries were erected, guns mounted, trenches dug, and all the usual means were brought to bear to compass the reduction of the fort and the surrender of its garrison, which, with unflinching courage, continued to hold out, long after the period when, according to the plan of the campaign, they ought to have been subdued, and their conquerors on the way to assist Burgoyne in his advance toward Albany.

The inhabitants of the Mohawk valley did not look with complaisance upon this invasion of their territory, as it may well be supposed, and, notwithstanding the drain upon their numbers from Gates's camp, they made a determined effort to raise the siege of the fort and drive their invaders back into the wilderness. General Herkimer, one of those sturdy patriots whose "lives, fortunes and sacred honors" were freely given to the support of the glorious cause of independence, called upon the militia of Tryon county to march to the succor of their countrymen, who were fighting in defence of their homes. The call was nobly responded to, and he soon found himself at the head of between eight hundred and a thousand men, who made up in point of courage and patriotism what they lacked in discipline and martial appearance. Among the volunteers were many of the most influential men of the county, and almost all of the Committee of Public Safety entered the ranks, or assumed command of companies or regiments. All were eager to meet the foe, and this eagerness, untempered with caution, was the cause of the disaster which followed.

The forces rendezvoused at Fort Dayton (German Flats), from whence they marched on the 4th of August, and on the 5th reached Oriskany, about eight miles from the fort, at which place they halted, and a messenger was despatched by General Herkimer to Colonel Gansevoort, informing him of his approach, and requesting him, on the arrival of the messenger, to fire three guns in rapid succession, upon which signal he would march forward and attack the enemy in his intrenchments. He also requested Gansevoort to make a sortie at the same time, to draw off the attention and assist in the defeat of the foe. Unfortunately, the messenger did not reach the fort until near noon the next day, and meantime the militia-men exhibited the utmost impatience at the delay, and demanded eagerly to be led forward to the attack. This impatience was shared by their officers, who urged the general to push forward at once. Herkimer, more cautious, however, urged the propriety of waiting for reinforcements, or at least for the signal from the fort. A council was held, at which the arguments pro and con were advanced with more force than politeness, and high words ensuing, Colonels Cox and Paris did not hesitate to stigmatize their commander as a tory and coward. The general was pacing the apartment in state of much excitement when the bitter taunt reached his ears. Dashing the pipe which he had been smoking to the floor, and turning upon his subordinates a look of scorn, he told them that he considered himself placed over them as a father, and that it was not his wish to lead them into any difficulty from which he could not extricate them, and, anxious as they now were to meet the foe, they would flee at the first sound of battle. His remonstrances were in vain, and stung with the imputation of cowardice, he gave the order to "march on!" With a shout, the troops fell into their ranks and commenced the onward march. The dissensions of the morning, however, having caused a delay of some hours, it was not until ten o'clock that they moved forward, and such was the impetuosity of their march that the usual precautions against surprise were not observed.

In the meantime, St. Leger had been informed of their advance, and had determined to anticipate the attack on his intrenchments by an ambuscade. For this purpose, a part of Colonel Johnson's regiment, called "Johnson's Greens," under Major Watts, Colonel Butler with his Rangers, and Thayendenagea with a large force of Indians, were detached. The spot selected by Brant for the ambuscade was a ravine about two miles west of Oriskany, which crossed the road over which the American troops were marching. The bottom of the ravine was marshy, and the road crossed the marsh by means of a causeway. West of the causeway was a rising ground thickly covered with trees and underbrush, and here the ambuscade was formed, the forces being placed in the shape of a crescent, or segment of a circle, with the points towards the advancing troops of Herkimer. These were allowed to cross the causeway, and as soon as they had entered the circle, the opening was closed and they were thus completely surrounded. The first intimation which the Provincials had of the proximity of an enemy, was the shrill war-whoop, and a shower of balls which cut down the advanced guards, and killed and wounded many of the main body. Colonel Visscher's regiment, which had not crossed the causeway when the gap was closed, was left on the eastern side of the ravine, and as predicted by their general, ingloriously fled at the first fire. They suffered more, however, than they would, perhaps, had they remained by their companions in arms, being pursued by a body of Indians, and most severely cut up.

The suddenness of the surprise caused the most irremediable confusion in the ranks of the militia-men, which threatened them with utter annihilation. At every opportunity the savages would dart forward, tomahawk in hand, to ensure the death of those who fell, and many and fierce were the conflicts which ensued hand to hand. General Herkimer was wounded, and Colonel Cox and Captain Van Slyk were killed at the first fire. A ball passed through the general's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee. Nothing daunted at the storm of balls which whistled around his ears, he ordered his saddle to be taken from his charger and placed against a beech tree which stood near, and seating himself upon it, he gave his orders with a calm, serene countenance, while his men were falling around him like leaves before the autumn blast. For a time, the battle was a mere slaughter, the Indians and tories firing into the ranks of the patriots, who were crowded together like a flock of frightened sheep, and were mowed down by scores. At length, however, they formed themselves into circles, the better to resist the bayonet charges of the Greens, and from this period the defence assumed more regularity and was much more effective. Their fire became so severe by this arrangement that the enemy attempted a decisive charge with the bayonet, but were met by such an undaunted front that they were forced to recoil. Again the Indians poured in their deadly volleys, and again the battle assumed the aspect of a massacre. Just at this period, a terrific storm-cloud which had been gathering in the heavens discharged itself upon the combatants, who were fain to seek shelter beneath the trees, and for an hour there was a lull in the contest. Both parties took advantage of this to form anew their plan of attack and defence. The Americans, by command of their general, took advantage of a more elevated position, and having observed in the earlier part of the action that as soon as one of their number fired from behind a tree, an Indian would run up and tomahawk him, they placed themselves in pairs behind each tree, one to fire and the other to reserve his fire until the Indian ran up as before. By the new arrangement, the Indians were made to suffer so severely that they began to give way, when Major Watts, coming up with a reinforcement, reanimated their drooping courage, and the fight began anew. The fresh troops had many of them been recognized by the patriots as refugees from their own neighborhood, and as the parties faced each other, all the mutual rescotment and personal hate which civil strife engenders nerved their arms and flashed from their eyes. They leaped upon each other like wild beasts, and foot to foot and hand to hand, they fought with muskets, clubbed, or stabbed each other with their knives, sometimes literally dying in each other's embrace.

A firing was now heard in the direction of the fort. It was the sortie, which had been planned and arranged during the storm, and as soon as it had broke away, had been executed with signal effect by a detachment under Colonel Willett. Gansevoort had noticed, in the morning, bodies of troops moving down the river, but was not apprised of their destination until the arrival of General Herkimer's messenger. The firing in the direction of Oriskany warned him of the latter's danger, and as soon as possible the sortie was made. It was gallantly executed, and Willett succeeded in defeating the troops opposed to him and in returning to the fort with twenty-one wagon loads of spoils, without the loss of a man.

The sound of musketry in the direction of the fort was a welcome sound to the Provincials, and a source of wonder to their opponents. The latter took advantage of it, however, to attempt a *ruse de guerre*, which had nearly proved successful. A portion of Butler's Rangers were disguised to resemble American troops, and were made to approach from the direction of the fort. Lieut. Jacob Sammons, perceiving that their hats were American, shouted to Captain Gardinier that reinforcements were coming up from the fort. The captain was not so easily deceived, and immediately replied, "Not so; they are enemies: don't you see their green coats?" They continued to advance, and one of Gardinier's men, seeing an acquaintance in their ranks, rushed forward and offered his hand in token of friendship. It was immediately seized with no friendly gripe, and the too credulous patriot was informed that he was a prisoner. He did not yield without a struggle; and Captain Gardinier, who had watched the action and its result, sprang forward, and with one blow of his spear, levelled the captor and liberated his man. The gallant captain was immediately set upon by three of the disguised Greens, and one of his spurs becoming entangled in their clothes, he was thrown to the ground. Still contending, however, with almost superhuman strength, both his thighs were transfixed to the earth by the bayonets of two of his assailants, while the third made a thrust to run him through the body. Seizing this bayonet with both hands, he drew its owner down upon himself, and held him there as a shield against the stabs of the others, until one of his own men, perceiving the struggle, rushed to his rescue. As the assailants turned upon their new adversary, Gardinier seized his spear, which lay at his side, and buried it deep in the side of his assailant, who immediately expired. He proved to be Lieut. McDonald, one of the loyalist officers from Tryon county. During this struggle, some of Gardinier's men called to him, "For God's sake, captain, you are killing your own men!" "They are not our men," he replied; "they are the enemy. Fire away!" A deadly fire from the Provincials ensued, from the effects of which more than thirty of the Greens fell, and many of the Indian warriors. Perceiving that their numbers were rapidly becoming thinned by the determined and desperate defence of the patriots, the Indians at length raised the retreating cry, "*Oonah! oonah!*" and fled in every direction, followed by the shouts and huzzas of the Americans, and a shower of bullets. The Greens and Rangers, finding their allies deserting them, and discovering from the firing at the fort that their presence was needed elsewhere, retreated precipitately, leaving the field in possession of the brave Tryon county militia.

Thus terminated the most severe and, for the numbers engaged, the bloodiest battle of the revolutionary struggle. Though victorious, the Provincials had lost nearly one-third of their number in killed and wounded. The field presented a sight shocking to behold. The Indians and white men were mingled in confused groups; in many instances with their left hand clenched in each other's hair, while in their right they still grasped the knife or tomahawk which had inflicted the death wound, and "thus they lay frowning." The Indians had taken many prisoners, upon whom they afterwards wreaked their vengeance in the usual mode of torture at the stake. Colonel Paris, who had impugned his commander's courage in the morning, was among the number. Major John Frey was also wounded and taken, and as an evidence of the more than savage fury that burned in the bosoms of the contending parties on this occasion, it is stated that his brother, who was an officer in the British service, when he saw him brought in, attempted to take his life, and he was only saved by the interposition of others.

Retaining possession of the field, the survivors immediately commenced the work of collecting and removing the wounded. Among these was the commanding general, who, notwithstanding the painful nature of his wound, had remained seated upon his saddle during the six hours which the battle lasted, calmly smoking his pipe and delivering his orders. He was placed upon a rude litter, made by slinging a blanket between two poles, and in this manner, was removed to his residence at Little Falls, on the Mohawk, where he died ten days after from an extraordinary flow of blood, caused by the unskilful amputation of his wounded limb. Congress voted him a monument, but like many similar votes, it was never carried into execution. Eighty years have since rolled away, and the journal of Congress is the only monument and the resolution the only inscription which testify the gratitude of the republic to General Nicholas Herkimer.

Napoleon once said, rather irreverently, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, "Francis is an old granny." Some friend repeated the remark to Maria Louisa. The empress sought an explanation from Talleyrand. "Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean—an old granny?" The cunning diplomatist, more polite than conscientious, answered, with his most serious air, "It means, madame,—it means a *venerable sage*."—*Life of Talleyrand.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

BY "NEUTRAL TINT."

[See Engraving on page 281.]

SELDOM had the settlements on the Watauga witnessed such a vast assemblage of fighting men as was seen at Sycamore Shoals on the morning of the 25th of September, 1780. Every station, fort and cabin had sent its gunner to the meeting, and from the mountains on the east to the far distant settlements on the Columbia, not a solitary rifleman remained at his own home on that day. The scene presented to the eye was one of bustling activity and intense interest. Gathered in groups around several prominent individuals who seemed to possess authority, or actively engaged in various duties which betokened a distant expedition, a thousand men, of various ages, from the sturdy youth of sixteen to the gray-headed but still athletic man of seventy, were preparing to risk their lives in battle for their country, their families, and their hearthstones. The cause of their assembling and the results thereof are matters of history. Let us turn to the chronicles.

The defeat of Gates at Camden, and the subsequent surprise of Sumter at Fishing Creek, seemed to crush out the last hope of successful resistance at the South toward the close of the year 1780. The fall of Savannah, the capitulation of Charleston, and the capture of the entire southern army under General Lincoln; the massacre of Buford's corps by Tarleton, the utter dispersion of Sumter's men, added to the complete rout of Gates at the head of a second southern army, left no prospect but that of subjugation and submission. No ray of light pierced the dark and portentous cloud which lowered over the devoted State of South Carolina, and threatened her sister States of North Carolina and Virginia. The conqueror sat quietly in Camden, counting his spoils and arranging his plans for following up his successes, while his partizan officers were scouring the country in every direction, encouraging the tories and reducing the whigs to submission. British power seemed firmly established at the South, and detachments from the many posts scattered throughout the country were ranging far and wide, laying waste the property of the whigs, and rioting in the proceeds of their unresisted forays.

Having despatched his prisoners to Charleston, inquired into and improved the condition of his various posts, and established civil government in South Carolina, Cornwallis prepared to take up his march through North Carolina and Virginia. Previous to doing so, he despatched Major Ferguson, at the head of a detachment of regulars and tories, to embody the loyalists beyond the Watetee and Broad Rivers; intercept the mountain men who were retreating from Camden, and after scouring the upper part of the State near the mountains, to rejoin his command at Charlotte. Rebellion was becoming rife in that section of country, and taking cue from his commander, Ferguson adopted the most stringent measures to subvert it, and reduce the inhabitants to a proper sense of their allegiance to the king. The tories, who made up much the larger portion of his command, now that they had little to fear from the rebels, gave vent to their rancorous feelings of hate, and his march was one constant succession of outrage, riot, rapine and murder. Without meeting with opposition, he had advanced as far as Gilbert town, on the borders of the present State of Tennessee. He had approached the lion's lair, and a sullen growl, rolling in startling echoes down the sides of the Blue Ridge, warned him of danger, for westward of those mountains, in what was then called the Watauga settlement, most of the families of the whigs who were fighting the battles of their country, or had been driven from their homes in other sections, were deposited. This had been considered a place of safety and *dernier resort*, for the mountains were supposed to interpose an insurmountable barrier to incursions from the east, and it was the outpost of civilization westward. Surrounded and hemmed in by warlike tribes of Indians, the hardy inhabitants had been forced to contend inch by inch for the soil they cultivated, every foot of which had been watered with their blood and witnessed their bravery. Their lives were a continued scene of battle and adventure, to which they had become so accustomed and inured as to make it second nature; they were the true "hunting shirts," men *sans peur et sans reproche*; whose hearts were as open to the cry of suffering humanity as they were free from taint of cowardice. Notwithstanding they had taken frequent part in battling with the British legions, the war for independence had been as yet afar off; but now it was brought to their own doors, and the safety of their homes, their wives and children, everything which man holds dear, roused them to a sense of danger, and they prepared to beat back the invader. Ferguson had heard of their rising, and paroling two mountain men whom he had captured, he bade them go home and tell their officers that if they did not cease opposition to the king and take protection under his flag, he would march over the mountains, hang their leaders, burn their homes, and lay waste their country.

Ferguson was at the head of an army of over one thousand men, to which he was receiving constant additions, and he began to feel strong, but he had little knowledge of the men to whom he had sent this threatening message. Shelby, Sevier, McDowell and Campbell were not likely to be dismayed at the bombast of the British leader, but on the contrary it added fuel to the flame of their vengeful hatred towards him on account of the many acts of cruelty which had been committed by the forces under his command. Shelby and Sevier were the leaders of the mountain men. McDowell had battled with the British forces until defeat and disaster had driven him across the Blue Ridge, together with many of his adherents, to seek safety with the hardy mountaineers. Campbell commanded a regiment of Virginians, and was a brave and active partisan. The movement against Ferguson had its origin with the two first named officers, and a correspondence with other leaders had resulted in the assembling of the Sycamore Shoals, where were to be mustered the entire adult male population of what is now the State of Tennessee, except the district east of the Columbia on the Mississippi. Only a small portion of that assembly could expect to take part in the proposed enterprise, yet all had come up to the rendezvous. The young and athletic came to offer their services in defence of their homes, while the older and weaker ones came to counsel their younger friends, receive instructions from the leaders for cases of emergency during their absence, and to bring the products of their clearings for the outfit of the expedition. Everything they had, whether the horse from the plow, the corn from the bin, or the rifle from the hooks on the wall, it was cheerfully and freely offered for the common cause. Seldom has an army whose *personnel* was so perfect, been gathered together. They were all volunteer riflemen, acknowledging no authority except that of their self-elected leaders, and yet as ductile and obedient as the more servile mercenaries of Europe, because it was the obedience of perfect confidence in those under whom they had fought in many a well contested battle. They were all, from the youth of sixteen to the veteran of fifty battles, strong, athletic, bold, enterprising, courageous and enthusiastic. Every man was picked, and when the little army took up its line of march on the morning after its assembling at Sycamore Shoals, it presented a sight calculated to excite admiration in the breast of the patriot, and strike dread consternation in the bosom of its enemies. There were no costly trappings, or equipments, but all were clad in the homespun hunting-shirt, made by the hands of wife, mother or sister, which, together with the leggings, were trimmed with fringe, or, as was more often the case with the older ones, with long straight hair, which had once graced the head of some Cherokee or Choctaw warrior. This was a badge of service, and indicated the older and more experienced hunter, who was looked upon by his younger comrades almost with an envious eye, as the new recruit may be supposed to look upon the gaudy shoulder-knot of his superior officer. Each was armed with a tomahawk, scalping-knife, and rifle. They were all mounted and equipped with a blanket, knapsack, shot-pouch and powder-horn.

After a solemn and appropriate prayer by a clergyman present, in which the cause and the army were commended to divine protection and guidance, they bade farewell to their relatives, neighbors and friends, and commenced their march in pursuit of the enemy who had threatened to "burn their homes, lay waste their country and hang their leaders." No extensive commissariat impeded the rapidity of their movements, but as in all their Indian campaigns, each man depended upon his trusty rifle to supply him with the necessary provisions, and at night the starry-decked heavens formed the only tent they knew. After getting into the settlements on the other side of the mountains, they forayed upon the tories, who had long revelled in the spoils which they had wrung from their whig neighbors.

Ferguson, having become alarmed by the avalanche which was preparing to launch itself upon him from the mountains, despatched couriers to Lord Cornwallis, informing him of his critical danger, and, after calling upon and beseeching the tories to join his ranks and assist him in driving back this "horde of miscreants, and set of mongrels," he beat a hasty retreat, endeavoring to elude the mountain men until he could gather a larger force or receive reinforcements. The tories, however, knew too well the character of the force which was gathering like a cloud in the heavens, to risk their persons in the conflict which was approaching, and they preferred to shelter themselves from view rather than contend with the invincible mountaineers with their trusty rifles, death-dealing tomahawks and scalping knives. Every step which he took betokened the fear which had seized upon the British officer as he contemplated the gathering of the storm-cloud which was muttering its sullen thunders from the adjacent hilltops.

After leaving Gilbert town, Ferguson marched to the Cowpens, thence to Dear's Ferry, and on the sixth of October he moved forward some fourteen miles, and encamped upon an eminence where he considered himself safe from attack, and here he awaited the gathering of the loyalist militia and the reinforcements for which he had sent. Meantime, the first sign of retreat on his part had aroused the whigs, and when the mountain men came down into the valleys they found various parties waiting to join their ranks. Officers with men, officers without men, and men without officers were continually coming in, some on foot, some mounted, some armed, some unarmed, but all eager to find and fight the common enemy.

There being no one of the superior officers who could claim the right to command, it was thought advisable to send to head quarters for a general officer, and Colonel McDowell started for the purpose. On his way he fell in with Colonel James Williams from South Carolina, with upwards of four hundred men. These were at once sent to the camp and an express forwarded to inform the chiefs of their coming.

Colonel Shelby opposed the sending for a general officer on account of the delay which would be caused thereby, arguing, that now that they were within striking distance of the enemy, it would be folly to afford him any respite, whereby he could concentrate his forces or receive reinforcements. He urged the necessity of pushing forward with the best men, in pursuit of the retreating foe, and striking him while he was yet unprepared for the contest. This counsel was happily adopted, and the next morning at break of day, nine hundred and ten of the most expert marksmen were selected and pushed forward on the trail. They had but one object in view—the destruction of Ferguson and his army. Such was the eagerness of the pursuit that for the last thirty-six hours they halted but an hour for rest and refreshment. The tired horses were left, and they pressed on with the utmost speed. At [illegible] they were joined by Colonel Cleveland with the [illegible] men, and at [illegible] they were joined by the [illegible] men under Colonel Winston, making a total force of [illegible] men. They were now within a mile of the camp, an express rider was captured, the bearer of which despatch was instantly shot. They then sent an urgent appeal to Cornwallis for aid, and a detachment of the force under his command. A council of war was held, and it was decided to march forward and decide the issue without further rest or refreshment. One half of the troops were to march around the base of the mountain until they met the rest of the troops ascending it on the other side, when all were to give the Indian war-whoop and rush forward against the foe. After dismounting and securing their horses, with whom they left a small guard, the troops moved forward to their respective positions. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell, McDowell and Winston, with the men under their command, marched to surround the camp, while the forces of Williams, Chronicle, Hambright and Cleveland prepared at the given signal to attack in front and on the left. The first mentioned column, in marching off, discovered a gap in the mountain through which they concluded to pass, and in doing so they drew the fire of the enemy, which wounded some of the men, and McDowell and Shelby returned it. Campbell, Shelby and McDowell now ascended the hill and poured in a destructive fire upon the left of the enemy's line. This attracted the attention of Ferguson, who despatched Dupoister, his second in command, with the regulars to that point, and a brisk charge of the bayonet drove the Americans to the foot of the hill. The left, under Hambright, Chronicle, Cleveland and Williams, hearing the firing, drove in the enemy's pickets and ascended the mountain, where they were met by a portion of the regulars, protected in a measure by their wagons and some slight breastworks, and commanded by Ferguson in person. The contest here became severe, and Dupoister was recalled from the left and ordered to charge the Americans with the bayonet, which he did with effect, driving them nearly to the foot of the hill. As he did so, however, he received a galling fire from those riflemen who were ascending in front, which thinned his ranks considerably. A rush was made, and the tory riflemen who were stationed here suffered severely at the hands of their embittered and determined foe. The Americans had now completely surrounded the camp, and poured in a deadly fire on all sides. Sevier and Winston, taking advantage of ravines which penetrated the rear of the mountain, were enabled to bring their men up nearly to the crest before they were observed. As the head of the column reached a level space in the rear of the British troops they received a severe fire, but the riflemen allowed their foe no opportunity to reload, but delivering a well directed and deadly fire from their unerring rifles, rushed to close quarters with their knives and tomahawks. The regulars were entirely unused to this mode of attack; the line began to waver, and was only prevented from breaking by constant reinforcements, with which Ferguson endeavored to keep his column intact. But by thus drawing off his forces from other points, Shelby, Campbell and the other officers were enabled to reach and hold their position upon the crest of the mountain.

Although completely surrounded and in the midst of a fire from all directions, the enemy fought bravely and with a determination to conquer. Ferguson was ever in the hottest of the engagement. A shrill-sounding whistle he carried in his wounded hand was a signal recognized by his men, and was of immense service in inspiring them with confidence in his presence and desperate courage. The Americans kept gaining ground, and thinning the ranks of the regulars with their death-dealing rifles. Ferguson ordered his cavalry to mount, intending to make a desperate charge at their head, but as fast as they mounted their horses they were brought down by the sharp-shooters, and this was abandoned. The tories were ordered to fit the handles of their knives to their rifles, and with the number of his bayonets thus increased he hoped to drive back his antagonists. But this advantage was but temporary, and it soon became evident to all but Ferguson that the day was lost. The tories raised a white flag in token of surrender, but he rode up and cut it down. Another was raised in another part of the camp, and this he also pulled down. His indomitable energy and determination was a theme of praise to the mountain men, but his death was a necessary prelude to victory, and a shot from the rifle of one of Shelby's men brought him to the ground in the agonies of death. Dupoister, on whom the command now devolved, finding further resistance worse than useless, raised a white flag, and the firing of the Americans ceased in a great measure. The cessation, however, was not complete. Some of the younger men did not know the meaning of a white flag; similar flags had been raised and again lowered. Shelby called to the enemy to throw down their arms, as all would understand that as a token of surrender. This was done and the work of carnage ceased.

The battle of King's Mountain lasted about an hour. The loss of the enemy was two hundred and twenty-five killed, one hundred and eighty wounded, seven hundred prisoners, besides fifteen hundred stand of arms, a great many horses and wagons, loaded with supplies and booty of every kind, taken by the tories in their plundering forays. The loss of the Americans was, on the contrary, only thirty-five killed and about seventy wounded. Not one of the enemy escaped from the field. At morning dawn, the victors with their prisoners began their return march, which, being in the vicinity of large parties of tories, they pressed rapidly. At Bickerstaff's field, in Rutherford county, they halted. A court-martial was held, and some for desertion, and others for greater crimes, were sentenced to be hung, though only nine suffered the penalty; the others were respited. The victorious troops then separated all to their respective homes.



HON. JOHN W. FORNEY.

HON. JOHN W. FORNEY.

Herewith we present our readers with an uncommonly correct and spirited likeness of Col. J. W. Forney of Pennsylvania, the master-spirit in the late momentous national contest which resulted in the election of James Buchanan to the presidency. He is emphatically the representative of Young America in the large and generous sense of the term, being bold, prompt and decisive in action, upright, true and manly in character, with a pervading sentiment of assimilating and absorbing nationality. The subject of our sketch is of medium height, with good breadth and depth of chest, of athletic, muscular development, with a fine, free head, well set upon the bust. Of fair complexion, light-brown hair, clear, steady blue eyes, his whole appearance is prepossessing and invites confidence. A practical observer would readily select this man among a crowd of strangers as one well fitted for prompt, vigorous and effective intellectual action, and upon hearing the voice would find confirmation of his first impressions. Col. Forney's voice is full, deep, and of a pleasing tone; his enunciation clear and ready; his command and choice of language admirable; and hence his oratory, enforced by the easy play of his expressive features, and his natural and graceful gesticulation, is quite effective. Col. Forney is still young, not having as yet completed his fortieth year. He was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, September 30, 1817, and was quite early in life thrown upon his own resources to obtain a livelihood. His father died when John was but eight years of age, and not long after he was taken from school and placed as an apprentice to learn the printing trade in the office of the Lancaster Journal, at that time under the charge of Mr. Hugh Maxwell. Thus, like many another smart man, he was indebted to the printing-office for his early education, for he never attended school for a day after the age of eleven. And yet for vigor and purity of style, power of expression and facility of composition, there are few public writers who surpass the subject of this notice. While working in Mr. Maxwell's office, and at the early age of sixteen, young Forney tried his hand at editorial articles, and with such good success that many of them were accepted by his employer and were published in the Journal. In 1837, when only nineteen years of age, he became joint proprietor and editor of another paper, published at Lancaster, called the Intelligencer, and in this establishment performed at the same time the three-fold duty of editor, compositor and pressman. Instances of this triple service are not rare among the professors of the "art preservative of arts," but seldom do we find one in a person so young; and it may be taken as a sure sign of a native energy of character and indomitable will. After conducting the Intelligencer for five years, Mr. Forney obtained possession of the Journal also, and united the two papers in one, which he published under the title of the Intelligencer and Journal, for a period of five years, when he removed to the city of Philadelphia, and became editor and proprietor of the Pennsylvanian, which paper he edited with signal ability and power for a period of seven years, fully meeting the most sanguine expectations of his political friends who had witnessed the development of his talents while engaged in the Lancaster papers. The labors of Col. Forney in these several political journals were employed during some of the most exciting and sharply defined contests in Pennsylvania politics, and while he ever did gallant service in the foreground of the battle, his candor and fairness towards his opponents won for him the respect of those who quailed beneath his blows. In the year 1851, Mr. Forney was honored with the distinguished and responsible position of clerk of the national house of representatives. Upon this he removed to Washington city, and while discharging the duties of this office, contrived to edit the Pennsylvanian, for a period of two years. In 1853 he was again chosen to the clerkship of the House, and during both terms of office he discharged the arduous and important duties so promptly and faithfully as to win high commendations from men of all parties. At the commencement of the last Coogress, Col. Forney, as clerk, presided over the House during the protracted struggle which resulted in the election of Banks as speaker, and he won the esteem and respect of all parties by the dignity and impartiality of his course, so much so that a resolution of thanks was moved by Mr. Stanton, an abolition member from Ohio, and passed unanimously by the House. During the time that he was clerk of the House, he assumed the editorial charge of the Washington Union, then owned by Gen. Armstrong, and conducted that national organ of the democracy with eminent talent for a period of about four years, embracing the greater part Gen. Pierce's administration. His early and constant attachment to Mr. Buchanan led him to abandon the Union upon the nomination of that gentleman as the democratic candidate for the presidency, and to devote himself with all the energy of his nature and all the powers of his well-trained and disciplined mind, to the work of ensuring the election of his favorite candidate. The nomination of Mr. Buchanan had long been a cherished object with Col. Forney, and in all the positions in which he was placed, and amid all the influences which he controlled, he never lost sight of this leading idea. As a Pennsylvanian he cherished it as a matter of State pride; as a friend to the early patron of his career, he sought it from motives of gratitude; as a patriot, he was eager to place at the helm of the ship of state one whom he sincerely believed, from his statesmanship and experience, to be eminently fitted to control it. Probably no man rejoiced more sincerely in the result of the arduous battle than John W. Forney of Pennsylvania. He had thrown his whole soul into the contest, and he enjoyed the triumph. As lookers on, pledged to strict neutrality, we have observed with satisfaction that even this virulent struggle, the result of which was a cruel disappointment to two antagonistic parties, was followed by that quiet acquiescence which marks the operation of our political system.

SPECIE VAULT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

In the accompanying engraving we give our readers a glimpse of the famous vault of the Bank of England, a treasury which, if it does not contain "untold gold,"—for every fraction of an ounce is weighed and accounted for,—is yet nearly as rich as the cave of Aladdin. Here we see piles of strong boxes full of the precious metal, and fat bags bursting with a plethora of guineas—clerks weighing the golden ore, and laborers piling up the costly bullion. It is a scene fit to craze a miser's heart. Money, according to the old proverb, "is the root of all evil;" but, if we take the trouble to endeavor to arrive at a reasonable estimate of the value of money, we shall speedily find the very reverse to be the fact. Money is merely an agent in the business transactions of life, and upon its judicious use depend the benefits or injuries that result from its management. In times not very remote, every man was his own banker, and the consequence was, that those who had a surplus capital strove to increase it, not through the ordinary channels of industry, but at the expense of the necessities or ambition of others; hence usury arose, and mammon worship was greeted as an established institution. As money—the representative of accumulations—increased, hoarding commenced, and then was originated that system of borrowing and lending, which, we doubt not, gave currency to the popular saying that the possession of money created more mischief than good. As mankind, however, progressed in knowledge, money came to be recognized as an element of progress and civilization, and its disposition was elevated to the rank of an economical science. In a short time the association of persons who were in the possession of capital led to banking, that is, the creation of a large fund to accommodate the necessities of commerce, and provide a commercial guarantee for contingencies; and thus, from small beginnings, there was gradually developed that splendid institution whose machinery works alike for empires, monarchs, aristocrats, merchants, and every member of the industrial commonwealth. Banking, as understood in the modern sense, was first established in Lombardy, hence the arms of that country, the three golden balls over pawnbrokers' doors; and in its primitive state, was a system of deposit and loan; but as governments and corporations began to recognize its adaptability to great undertakings, it, in process of time, expanded to the dimensions of a centralized organization for the facilitation of all transactions of which money was the token or the symbol. States, to whom credit is an essential requisite, instinctively appreciated its utility, and thus there arose throughout Europe those wealthy houses and corporations, the history of which was almost the history of the respective countries to which they belong. England, upon starting upon her career of commerce, clearly saw the advantages to be derived from combined monetary operation; and when her colonial policy had begun to be pursued with enterprise and vigor, she gladly adopted, on an extended scale, the co-operative principle which had been found to work so prosperously in Italy and Germany. The Bank of England, originally started in 1694, has stood many severe trials. In times of peril, when the chancellor of the exchequer has not had a single penny to draw upon, the Bank of England has come forward with abundance of *materiel*, and enabled successive governments to convince the enemies of England that both men and money were in sufficient abundance to overcome any designs upon the liberties of the country. Successive wars added to national indebtedness, and, as the head of all other institutions, the Bank of England became the responsible agent to manage that huge encumbrance called "The National Debt." Some sixteen years prior to the establishment of the Bank of England—namely, in 1678—it was proposed to start what was termed a "large model" of a bank; other similar banks were in embryo. After much trouble and difficulty, a "bank of credit" was opened at Devonshire House, in Bishopsgate Street, and the directors advanced money freely to tradesmen and manufacturers. In 1720 commenced the South Sea and other schemes, which threatened to destroy public confidence and general prosperity. These schemes were exceedingly perplexing to the government of the times—money could only be obtained through corporate bodies—and William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, said that "its erection not only relieved the ministerial managers from their frequent processions into the city, for the borrowing of money on the best and newest public securities, at ten or twelve per cent. per annum, but it likewise gave life and currency to double or treble the value of its capital in other branches of public credit." Strong, however, was the opposition to a plan which threatened to destroy the profits of the usurer; but the public nobly supported the projectors, and eventually a law was passed authorizing the raising of £1,200,000 by subscription, as the capital of the bank. The act stated that no one person was to subscribe more than £20,000, and that the whole capital was to be lent to the government, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, together with £4000 for management. Thus it would appear that the formation of the Bank of England arose chiefly out of the necessities of the state. The bank first commenced its operations in Mercer's Hall, with about fifty clerks, and the effect of its formation was speedily felt by a reduction of interest out of doors. In 1709, the bank was placed in a position of considerable danger, arising from circumstances which, in the present time, would be considered of trifling importance. In his "History of the Bank of England," Mr. Francis thus describes them: "One Dr. Henry Sacheverell, an apostate whig, was appointed to preach the annual sermon at St. Paul's before the lord mayor and the court of aldermen. The sermon was used as an engine of attack upon some of the members of her majesty's government. Among others, the lord treasurer was characterized as *volpone*. The measureless impudence of the preacher attracted attention, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a director of the Bank of England, and a wise man in his generation, protested against it, nor did the city authorities make the ordinary request to have it published. But as publicity was the doctor's object, and the truth of no importance, he pretended that Garrard, the lord mayor, had desired him to print it; and to him he dedicated it, with an inflammatory epistle. He was arrested and impeached, in revenge for the liberties he had taken with government. The populace chose to support the divine, and London became a scene of confusion, and a bodyguard of London butchers accompanied him to his trial, at Westminster Hall. The directors of the bank took active measures of defence, and by their firmness, together with a strong military support, were enabled to save the bank from pillage."



THE SPECIE VAULT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vilette.—The French general. Moreau, resided some time in this country on an estate he purchased near Trenton, on the Delaware. He went to Europe on the invitation of the Allied Powers, in 1813, and was killed before Dresden, in September of the same year.

J. H., Andover, Mass.—July 13, 1854.

F. C., Orrsville, Pa.—You will have to address your question to the editor of a sporting paper.—"Porter's Spirit of the Times," New York.

Edibles.—The edible birds' nests are built by swallows peculiar to the East Indian islands, and much esteemed by the Chinese. In consistency, they are not much unlike isinglass.

Scholar.—Nepenthe was a magic potion spoken of by the Greeks and Romans, and supposed to have the power of obliterating all painful and sorrowful impressions from the memory.

R. D. C.—Oil painting is supposed to have been invented by John Van Eyck, an artist of the Low Countries, in 1410—thirty years before the invention of printing.

Type.—The works of the Marquis de Vilette, published in London, in 1786, are printed on paper made of marshmallow; and at the end are specimens, in single leaves, of paper made of the nettle, hops, moss, reed, couch grass, elm, lime-tree, poplar, oak, burdock, thistle, etc.

G. M. R.—The government of the Ottoman empire is styled the "Sublime Porte." This title is said to be derived from a gate of the palace of Brousa, the original metropolis of that empire, called Bab Humayoor, the sublime gate.

Lex.—The title of Protector has been used three times by English statesmen, viz., by Richard, Duke of York, in 1453; by the Duke of Somerset, in 1548; and by Oliver Cromwell, in 1653, when the "Barebones Parliament" resigned its authority into his hands.

Surveyor.—The height of the Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, is 480 feet—consequently it is 43 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 136 feet higher than St. Paul's in London.

S. T. L., Concord, N. H.—Passengers and goods were first transported by locomotives between Liverpool and Manchester, in the year 1830.

G. D.—Fraser's Magazine was founded by William Maginn, in 1830. He wrote for it for several years.

F. M., Stockbridge.—Thomas Parr died in England, in 1635, when nearly one hundred and fifty-three years of age. Dr Harvey, who opened his body, found no internal signs of decay.

G. C.—Walter Bayne, the painter of the beautiful panorama of the Rhine, is a native of Scotland. He was for several years attached to the company of the Tremont Theatre as an actor. We do not know where he is at present. He made a handsome fortune by his panorama.

A. L. F.—Dr. Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of that exquisite poem, the "Culprit Fay," died in 1820, aged 25.

M. D.—The imperial canal of China is stated by Malte-Brun, to be 1000 miles long, but others make it 920.

H. H.—No carriages are used in the city of Canton. All the inhabitants of distinction make use of litters.

Sexton.—The emperor Constantine, who died in 537, was the first person we know of who ordered his sepulchre to be erected in a church.

Amateur.—The expressions "brilliant burin" and "soft burin" are used to characterize the style of an engraving—the burin, or graver, being an instrument of tempered steel used for engraving on copper and steel.

Professional.—Some men carry their business thoughts and expressions into all the relations of life—they never "sink the shop." A dry goods dealer of this stamp lately wrote his sister, "our dear father died yesterday of an assortment of disorders."

Schoolmaster wanted.—The village doctor who inscribed on his sign "I cures a goose, my wife cures the ganders," is supposed to have meant, "I cure egues, my wife cures the jaundice."

Complimentary.—The officers of the Boston Custom House presented a splendid silver tea service to Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, the retiring collector.

SPLINTERS.

.... Speaking of Miss Heron, the New Yorker says: "Death and horror have become in her hands the fashionable amusement."

.... The long-skirted ladies who sweep the streets with costly silk dresses, have been humorously designated as "Broomers."

.... In Bristol, Eng., there is such a handsome walking gentleman that prudent mamas close their shutters when he passes.

.... A Yankee has been making money in Cienfuegos Cuba, with singing and a banjo, calling himself "young Snodgrass."

.... A Miss Handewerke in Tennessee has obtained a heavy damage for a breach of promise. Very neat handiwork!

.... A boy nine years of age was lately convicted of liquor-selling in this State and sent to the State Reform School.

.... In Ireland they fine dealers for selling milk "with a *fraudulent* amount of water in it." How much is allowed?

.... There is only one bad wife in the world, and every crusty husband thinks that she has fallen to his lot.

.... At Turin, Italy, a reward of a thousand dollars is offered for the invention of the best musket. A chance for Blanchard.

.... Religion is like the firmament on high—the more it is examined the more stars become visible.

.... The proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, pay the sum of $3600 a year for the Croton water they use.

.... In the matter of the toilet, Beauty, like Truth, is never so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

.... Brady's photographic and daguerreotype gallery in Broadway, is one of the most attractive places in New York.

.... If it were not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would overflow even the happiest heart!

.... Mr. Hume, a spiritualist, lately exhibited his marvels in private to the Emperor Napoleon, and astonished him.

.... Atheism never holds sway over the human mind except as a bold and legitimate usurper.

.... The Countess de Castiglione, the court beauty of Paris, lately appeared in a rich dress with bracelets on her ankles.

.... There is one powerful emotion of the mind that never proved fatal—hope, the sheet anchor of the soul.

.... John Bull is still very troublesome to the poor Chinese. A Ball in a china shop was never an agreeable customer.

.... The nephew of President Buchanan, who lately died at Wheatland, had caught cold while setting out trees.

.... The vulgar rich man hates those who flatter him too much, and also those who do not flatter him at all.

.... A regatta is talked of between one of the Harvard College boats and the Volante of Boston.

MAY-DAY.

We have reached the third month of spring, the most welcome, perhaps, in the whole year. Most nations, we believe,

"——rise up early to observe
The rite of May."

In England, the in-coming of May has long been a time of merry-making, and so it is in "La Belle France." In the journal of Charles VI., who commenced his reign in 1380, it is mentioned that the "May" planted each year at the palace gate was cut from the Bois de Boulogne, where the sovereigns of the first race, when they dwelt in the palace of Clichy, used to hunt. In 1449, the fraternity of master goldsmiths of Paris agreed to present annually a "May" or May-bough to the Virgin before the principal door of the church of Notre Dame. They elected a prince for one year only, who was to settle the expenses of the "May."

Olaus Magnus, who wrote in the 16th century, relates a curious May-day custom of the southern Swedes and Goths. He states that they appointed two horse-troops, composed of vigorous and active young men. "One of these is led on by a captain, chosen by lot, who has the name and habit of Winter. He is clothed with divers skins, and armed with fire-forks; and casting about snow-balls and pieces of ice, that he may prolong the cold, he rides up and down in triumph, and he shows and makes himself the harder, the more the icicles seem to hang from their stoves(?). The chief captain of the other troop is for Summer, and is called Captain Florio, and is clothed with green boughs and leaves, and summer garments that are not very strong. Both these ride from the fields into the city, from divers places, one after another, and with their fire spears they fight, and make a public show, that summer hath conquered winter. Both sides striving to get the victory, that side more forcibly assaults the other which on that day seems to borrow more force from the air, whether temperate or sharp. If the winter yet breathes frost, they lay aside their spears, and, riding up and down, cast about upon the spectators ashes mingled with live sparks of fire taken from the graves, or from the altar; and they who are in the same dress and habit as auxiliary troops, cast fire-balls from their horses. Summer, with his band of horse, shows openly his boughs of birch, or tiel-tree, which are made green long before by art, as by the heat of their stoves or watering them, and privately brought in as if they newly came from the wood. But, because nature is thus defrauded, those that fight for winter press on the more, that the victory may not be got by fraud; yet the sentence is given for summer by the favorable judgment of the people, who are unwilling to endure the sharp rigor of winter any longer; and so summer gets the victory with the general applause of them all, and he makes a gallant feast for his company, and confirms it by drinking cups, which he could scarcely win with spears."

Olaus Magnus calls this quaint sport "the custom of driving away the winter and receiving of summer." A volume might be filled with the quaint May-day observances of different people and localities.

THE PHANTOM OF THE SEA:

—OR, THE—

RED CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

A Story of Boston Bay and the Mediterranean.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

In "The Flag of our Union," for this week, we commence a brilliant novelette, written expressly for us, thus entitled, from the pen of this experienced and favorite author. The story combines in itself the best land and sea tale we have yet published, with a charmingly original plot, the denouement of which it will be impossible for the reader to anticipate. In the same number, we shall complete the admirable story of the "Tiger Hunter." The new story will be illustrated with original drawings each week, thus adding largely to its interest.

THE REASON WHY.

The reason why "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" has at once attained to such a large circulation (nearly 80,000 copies), is, first, because it is the cheapest magazine in the world; secondly, because it is so elegantly illustrated; thirdly, because, though running over with wit, humor and original tales, sketches and miscellaneous gems, it never contains one vulgar line or word; fourthly, because so much delightful home reading is given for the money, containing *one hundred pages* in each number; and fifthly, because it is adapted exactly to the popular taste. Our mail and cash books show a voluntary subscription, each day, of from one to two hundred new names,—an unmistakable evidence of the vast popularity this charming work is gaining. Enclose *one dollar* to us, and it will be sent for a whole year.

Editorial Comforts.—The task of an editor is difficult enough. What is food for the politician is poison to the philanthropist, and what is calculated to please the gay or amuse the frivolous, will offend the sober sense and mature judgment of the man of thought and reflection. It is hard for an editor to keep out of hot water.

Something New.—Have you seen that "bright particular" star, "The Weekly Novelette?" It was an original idea to publish such a paper, and it "takes" with the public amazingly. For sale everywhere for four cents per copy.

Beauty.—No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife was worth as much as one who could make a good pudding. Handsome is that handsome does.

"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

This popular axiom is pretty generally acted on; and so universal is the belief that splendid attire confers dignity, that men and women will dress fine in season and out of season. Calico associations, we are afraid, are not destined to take root in this country. In the last century, the eccentric duchess of Queensberry used to show her contempt of fine dressing in a very peculiar manner. When in Scotland, she always appeared in the garb of a peasant girl. One evening some country ladies paid her a visit, tricked out in their best brocades. Her grace proposed a walk, and they were under the necessity of trooping off in all their finery. At last the duchess, pretending to be tired, sat down upon a heap of dirt at the end of a farm-house, saying, "Pray, ladies, be seated." They stood so much in awe of her, that they dared not refuse an invitation which might be construed into a command, and she had the exquisite satisfaction of spoiling all their silks and satins. Of course, the way their tongues rattled at her grace's expense, when they were freed from the restraint of her presence, must have been terrific.

Her grace must have been a "nice woman for a small party," for, when she went out to an evening entertainment, and found a tea-equipage paraded which she thought too fine for the rank of the owner, she contrived to overset the table and break the china. The forced entreaties of her hosts, "to think nothing of it," in reply to her hypocritical apologies, gave her the most exquisite delight. She carried her plain dealing and plain dressing to court. An order was issued forbidding the ladies to appear at the royal dressing-room in aprons. This was disregarded by the duchess, whose rustic costume would have been by no means complete without that article of dress. On approaching the entrance door, the lord in waiting stopped the duchess, and told her that he could not possibly give her admittance in that attire. Without a moment's hesitation, she stripped off the apron, threw it into his lordship's face, and walked into the brilliant circle in her brown gown and petticoat, which probably made as much sensation as Professor Maban's black stock and yellow waistcoat at the court of Queen Victoria. But the Duchess of Queensberry was undoubtedly insane.

The Battle-Pieces in this Number.—We desire the particular attention of our readers to the fine original pictures of the Battles of Oriskany and of King's Mountain, drawn expressly for us by our favorite artist, "Neutral Tint," and occupying pages 280 and 281. On pages 282 and 283, will be also found his minute descriptions of these events, for he has nearly as great a mastery over the pen as the pencil. We feel amply rewarded for the great cost of these pictures, by the pleasure we experience in presenting to the world such specimens of American art, exercised on national subjects. In spirit and grouping, these noble designs would do no discredit even to Vernet, the greatest battle-painter in the world.

Chess-Playing.—Good chess-players have always been held in high repute. Boi, of Syracuse, was an excellent chess-player, and on that account was patronized by Philip II. Pope Urban VIII. so admired his skill, that he offered him a bishopric. He was taken by corsairs and reduced to slavery; but he fascinated the Turks with his ability at chess, and ransomed himself by giving them lessons in the "noble game."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Martin L. Hall to Miss Josephine S. Goodwin; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. George Smith to Miss Mary Ann James; by Rev. Mr Blakie, Mr. Malcolm McDonald to Miss Marion McKenzie, of Lowell; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. John H. Peak to Miss Sarah A. Bean; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. John Nickerson to Miss Lydia Ann Dow; by Rev. Mr. Scandlin, Mr. George H. Barker to Miss Georgianna Perkins; by Rev Dr. Randall, Mr. William Endicott, Jr., to Mrs. Annie T. Nourse.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. E. M. Fowles to Miss Mary H. Worthington.—At North Reading, by Rev. Mr Guilford, Mr David G. Eaton to Miss Mary E. Butters.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr Aaron D. Neal to Miss Martha Abby Alley.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Andrew S. Waters, Jr, to Miss Louisa C. Goldsmith, of Ossipee, N. H.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr Foster, Mr. Thomas Kimball, of Ipswich, to Miss Mary A. Patch.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Pierce, Mr. Elias Burnham to Mrs Eliza A. Tarr.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Mr. Moses B. Jackman to Miss Almira N. Lunt.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr Dutton, Mr. Eldridge Pettes to Miss Sarah M. Withington.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. James H. Marvin to Miss Clara A. Thompson.—At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. James M. Jacobs, of Boston, to Miss Harriet C. Johnson.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Shepherd Simonds, 76; Mr. Levi Beal, 76; Miss Sarah Berry, 74; Mrs. A. M. Barnes, 31; Mr. Charles Scott, 36; Mr. Matthias F. Sawyer, 68; Mrs. Martha Gray, 86; Mrs. Nancy Sylvester, 78; Mrs D. Jane Briggs, 29.—At East Boston, Mrs. Harriet Fowles, 77.—At Charlestown, Mr. Charles Barton, 87.—At Cambridge, Mr. William F. Stone, 73.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Mary M. Darling, 51.—At Dorchester, Mr. William C. Spalding, formerly of Newburyport, 41.—At Lynn, Mrs. Almira Lewis, 52.—At Salem, Mr. Nehemiah Andrews, 77.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Ruth Dennis, 42.—At Ipswich, Mr. Timothy Appleton, 78.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary Salter, 82.—At Norton, Mr. Benjamin Blanding, 75.—At Burlington, Mrs Mary Bennett, 99.—At Leicester, Mr. Josiah Earle, 43.—At North Rochester, Mrs Priscilla C. Cannon, 54.—At Springfield, Mr. James Guild, 75.—At North Dartmouth, Mr. Lemuel Reed, a soldier of the Revolution, 93.—At Whitinsville, Mrs. Elvira R. Cole, 23.—At Amherst, Mrs. E. O. T. Boyden, 36.—At Plymouth, Mr. Heman Cobb, 76.—At New Bedford, Mr. Lemuel Gammon, 57.—At North Fairhaven, Mrs Sarah Collins, 83.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Eunice Ellis, 75.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mrs. Martha N. Hall, 82.—At Gilmanton, N. H., Mrs. Joanna S. Cogswell, widow of the late Rev. Dr. William Cogswell.—At Augusta, Me., Capt. Asa Turner, 83.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPRING.

BY FREDERICK FENTON.

'Tis morning. In the fair and glowing sky
The smiling sun invites the coming Spring
More quickly on, and o'er the landscape pours
A flood of golden light. From out the wood—
Which late was draped with winter, now o'erhung
With a fine net of soft, unfolding green—
Sweet sounds of bird life on the liquid air
Come faintly forth. The hills rejoice, and on
The hazy summit of the mountain-top
Soft vapors lie, like spirits resting there,
To scatter flowers along its rocky breast,
And streams along its sides. In distant glades
The starry violet lifts its dewy head,
And lilies quiver in their own sweet breath,
And daisies blossom. Glittering rills break forth,
And over all—o'er lake, and glen, and wood—
Sweet Spring herself broods in the misty air,
And watches, though the gusty heavens be dark,
Or midnight deepens, still with loving eyes
Above her gentle mission thus begun,
To loose the earth from winter's icy thrall,
And spread a leafy path for queenly June.

MORNING.

See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.—FLETCHER.

CARE.

Care that in cloisters only seals her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age and wisdom owns;
Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the wise:
She visits cities, but she dwells on thrones.—DAVENANT.

TEARS AND SMILES.

Weep, as if you thought of laughter!
Smile, as tears were coming after!
Marry your pleasures to your woes,
And think life's green well worth its rose.—MRS. BROWNING.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Crebillon, the French dramatic poet, in his last illness, expressed great regret that he should not live to finish the play he had in hand, having gone through two acts of it only. The physician who attended him, begged he would bequeath him the two acts. Crebillon turned to him with a smile, and repeated a line from one of the acts, "Say, shall the assassin he the dead man's heir?".....How few of us ever realize that there are two sides to every question! James the First, soon after his accession to the English throne, was present at the trial of a cause of some importance. After hearing the counsel for the plaintiff, the king was so perfectly satisfied, that he exclaimed, "'Tis a plain case!" Then came the speech of the defendant's counsel, when the monarch rose and departed in a passion, saying, "They are all rogues alike.".....Dr. Johnson, when speaking of a person who maintained there is no difference between virtue and vice, said, "Why, sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying—and I see not what honor he can propose to himself from having the character of a villain. But if he do really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our house let us count our spoons.".....The Tartars have a queer notion about the origin of earthquakes. They attribute them to the awkward attempts made by the frog who supports the globe to scratch himself!.....When Miss Ellen Tree, now Mrs. Charles Kean, was visiting France some years ago, one of the custom-house officers was proceeding to search her trunk for contraband goods. "Contraband goods!" exclaimed a bystander. "Who ever heard of contraband goods in the trunk of a tree?" Of course the joke was lost on the French officials, but Miss Tree herself laughed till she cried.....Hogarth, the great artist-satirist of England, was inclined to merriment, even on the most trivial occasions. On one of his cards, requesting the company of a friend to dine with him, there was a circle, to which a knife and fork were the supporters; within the circle an invitation was written, and in the centre of it was drawn a pie. The invitation of the artist concluded with a play on three of the Greek letters—Eta, Beta, Pi (*eat a bit of pie*).....The eccentric Wm. Barrymore came late to the theatre one day, when he had to play one of the lazzaroni, in Massaniello, and missed the key of his drawer. "Hang it," said he, "I must have swallowed it!"—"Never mind," said poor Finn, coolly, "if you have, it will serve to open your chest." Barrymore never forgave him.....Dr. Barrett, who translated Cæsar's Commentaries, rendered the first sentence, "Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est (all Gaul is divided into three parts), by "All Gaul is quartered into three halves!" Of course the laugh was at the doctor's expense.....A carpenter in one of our country towns advertises that he will build houses as "cheap as any workman, and better than can be done." It strikes us that he is promising impossibilities.....In "Andrew's Anecdotes," we find a curious story about Cardinal Richelieu. He asserted one day among his courtiers, that out of any four different words he could extract matter enough to send any man to the dungeon. One of his attendants immediately wrote upon a card, "One and two make three."—"Three make only one!" exclaimed the cardinal. "It is blasphemy against the Holy Trinity. Away with him to the Bastile!".....The Old South Church, it is well-known, was turned into a riding-school by the British, in 1776. An article in the Military Journal says:—"I went to see it—the pulpit and pews were removed, and the floor covered with earth for the exercise of the horses. An old citizen states that, in the entry of a house which belonged to Mrs. Gray, at the west end of the town, on a rainy forenoon, while Mrs. Gray was up stairs, she heard a great clattering below, and on inquiring what it meant, was answered by a British hussar, that he and his horse had taken temporary shelter during the violent rain-storm!".....There are five requisites for a professed drunkard—and, alas! there are many who make it a business—a face of brass, nerves of steel, lungs of leather, heart of stone, and an incombustible liver. This is stock in trade.....Zerah Colburn, the famous American calculating boy, was once asked, in a bantering way, "If a pair of boots cost six dollars, what will a hat cost?" He answered readily, "Different prices," and immediately proposed a similar question. "If a bushel of coal cost six and a quarter cents, what will a cord of wood come to?"—"I don't know," said the gentleman. "It will come to ashes," said the boy. He rather had the joker.....Perhaps the very best definition of metaphysics was that given by a shrewd old Scotchman. "It is," said he, "twa men talkin' thegither. He that's listenin' does na ken what he that's talkin' means; and he that's talkin' does na ken what he means himsel'."".....Sydney Smith once observed, that the hop-grounds in Kent presented more extensive views than any other place in the world, for the prospect extended from pole to pole!.....He that would gather the roses of matrimony should wed in the May of life. If you wish only the withered leaves and thorns, why put it off till September?.....There is one part of the world where all the belles are diving-belles. The girls of the island of Himia, opposite Rhodes, are not permitted to marry by their relatives, till they have brought up from the sea a certain quantity of sponges, which abound on that part of the coast of Asia Minor, and before they can give proof of their agility by taking them from a certain depth. The young men must be even more expert. *Divers* couples are made happy every year.....There is no theory too absurd to find advocates. In 1799, Mr. Charles Palmer published a book entitled, "A Treatise on Heliography, satisfactorily demonstrating our great orb of light, the sun, to be absolutely no other than a body of ice.".....Sir Robert Walpole was asked how it was possible for him to despatch such a variety of affairs? He replied, "By doing one at a time.".....Never judge from manners," says Lord Byron. "I once had my pockets picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with; and one of the wildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha.".....The greatest relief that can be afforded to Ireland will be from draining," said a British orator. "Faith," retorted an Irish orator, "and hasn't poor ould Ireland been *drained* enough already? If you'd drain our pockets less, and our bogs more, it would have been all the bettther." Pat is always ready for a repartee.....The most curious specimen of envy we ever heard of, was that exhibited by a New York alderman, now dead and gone. He was on the way to a civic turtle-feast at Hoboken, when he was encountered by a half-starved, half-naked beggar, who solicited charity. He looked at the applicant intently for a moment, and then burst out—"Confound you! I'd give ten dollars for your appetite!".....Young says, "More hearts pine away in secret anguish from unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than from any other calamity in life.".....The Dogberrys are not all dead yet. In a provincial village of France, lately, a peasant brought a charge against his neighbor of having threatened to cut off his head on the first opportunity. The magistrate professed his disapprobation of the act, but declared that justice could not interfere with the party until the act had been committed.....When the governor of Rome delivered the sword into the hands of Trajan, and made him emperor, "Here," said the prince, "take it again. If I reign well, use it for me; if ill, use it against me." Thus making power subservient to virtue. How few princes of the present day would part with their swords on such terms!.....Godwin says, "We not unfrequently meet with persons endowed with the most exquisite and delicious sensibility, whose minds seem almost of too fine a texture to encounter the vicissitudes of human affairs, to whom pleasure is transport, and disappointment is agony indescribable.".....We begin to believe in spring. We have sat by an open window and heard the birds sing; we have detected a violet; have suspected the grass of being greenish, and so have come to the conclusion that there is such an institution as spring—even in New England. We retract all we have said to the contrary.....A chemist in Brussel, washing his hands, which were stained with walnuts, in water containing chloride of lime, was surprised to find the water become beautifully red. This may lead to important results.....Cicero speaks of a bronze statue of Hercules which had the features worn away by the frequent osculations of the devout. We have often wondered why this catastrophe didn't happen to the "first baby.".....A favorite expression of poor David Crockett was, "I wish I may be shot!" Poor fellow! It was his fate to be shot, after all, at the Alamo. But the Texan Rangers took a bloody revenge for it, in the war with Mexico.....A modern writer observes, "that he who speaks lightly of female society, is either a ninny or a knave." We endorse the sentiment. To female society we owe the best impulses and actions of our lives.....Different people have different ways of expressing wrath and resentment. When anything went wrong with Lord Byron, he used to use language for which he rendered himself liable to a fine; in similar circumstances the ponderous Dr. Johnson used to swallow oceans of tea, while Alfieri took the edge off his frantic passion by riding a wild colt. Few even of great men bear the little crosses of life with impunity.....It is mentioned as an illustration of the good nature and forbearance of the Philadelphians, that, at the opera-house, "a child squalled the whole evening, and nobody lost patience." The performance was "not in the bills.".....Somebody writes us, that there is a jewsharp in the Antiquarian Hall, at Worcester, presented by an association somewhere in Maine, which is two feet in length, and weighs more than a hundred pounds avoirdupois. Where is the man qualified to play it?.....One of our New York State exchanges says, that two *young ladies* were recently committed to jail for the crime of horse-stealing—a truly delicate and feminine offence.....We have sometimes wished that all books were published anonymously—for critics generally judge of the book by the author, instead of judging the author by the book.....What a deal of wisdom there is contained in the following little sentence—a sermon on order in two lines: "The mind is like a trunk. If well-packed, it holds almost everything; if ill-packed, next to nothing.".....That was a shrewd fellow who never saw a person do another a kindness with a view of ultimately benefiting himself, without thinking of the way people "fetch" a dry pump—they pour a little water down, in order to pump a large quantity up.....Macaulay has lately written a very appreciative biography of Oliver Goldsmith. He might have inserted the following anecdote:—Goldsmith once boasted to Dr. Johnson of seeing a splendid copy of his poems in a nobleman's cabinet, adding, "this is fame!" The doctor mildly replied, that for his part, he would have been more disposed to indulge in self-gratulation, had he discovered his mental progeny thumbed and tattered in the cottage of a peasant—and he was right.....We are gratified at the growing taste for fine arts manifested throughout our country. The arts have this especial advantage, that they are conversant only with the ideal, the perfect, the very loftiest portions of our being.....I'll make you *prove* that," said a man to another, who had accused him of theft. "Don't," said a witty bystander, "for you'll feel worse after it than you do now.".....Some people have as little idea of the variations of language, as the Chinese have of the proportions in perspective. "What a pity Miss A. has married such a very old man!" says one; "she is so young and so pretty, that the disparity seems all on one side."—"But then he is very witty," replied another; "he always *begins* conversation with a *repartee*."

BRAIN LABOR.

To many persons it seems a small thing to sit down and prepare matter for the periodical press; but let those inexperienced with the pen, and whose brains have never been trained to systematic labor, attempt to furnish intellectual food and recreation to their fellows, and they will soon realize that mental labor is the most destructive to health of all other toil. Were one to grub up the stumps out of the earth, or swing the sledge-hammer twelve hours a day, he would be able to stand the drudgery with less injury to the body and soul than half the number of hours devoted to mental employment, in the way of writing matter for the book or newspaper press. Those pithy articles which constantly appear in the periodicals of the day contain the very essence of mind or thought, and such literary gentlemen as are best at itemizing, are the first whose constitutions give way under their efforts and are broken down.—*New York Sun.*

Choice Miscellany.

DARING EQUESTRIAN FEAT.

One of the most venturous and successful equestrian performances ever perhaps witnessed, took place at the Club House, in this city, recently, says the Kilkenny Journal. A number of gentlemen connected with the Kilkenny Hunt were assembled in the club-room, when a wager of one hundred sovereigns was offered by Sir John Courtney, of Ballyedmund, county Cork—a veteran sportsman, who has hunted over this county for the last forty years—that he would ride his gray hunter, then in stable, from the yard of the hotel, up the stairs into the club-room, and jump a fire-screen and two chairs within the latter. The bet was accepted by Messrs. Barnard and White, who were present. Sir John immediately, and notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of his servant, who even wept in his dismay, proceeded to the yard, mounted, and rode up stairs. The beautiful training of the animal was the admiration of the large number of persons who witnessed the proceeding; he ascended the two flights of stairs without a single false step. Horse and rider then entered the club-room, in which a tolerably high fire-screen was placed upright between the backs of two chairs. The jump was to be taken across the breadth of the room, but it was accomplished in the most gallant style, notwithstanding the difficulty arising from the glare of the lamps and the want of sufficient vantage-room. Sir John Courtney then rode down stairs in the same way—a feat even more difficult than the ascent, inasmuch as the steps are sheeted with brass. Altogether, the boldness of the rider, and the docility and intelligence of the horse, have been rarely, if ever, equalled, and have formed the subject of unqualified praise amongst all who have been made acquainted with the facts.

CATCHING THE OSTRICH.

The most ingenious plan of beguiling the ostrich to its destruction, is that practised among the Bushmen, in Africa. A kind of flat double cushion is stuffed with straw, and formed something like a saddle. All except the under part of this is covered over with feathers attached to small pegs, and made so as to resemble the bird. The head and neck of an ostrich are stuffed, and a small rod introduced. The Bushman intending to attack game, whitens his legs with any substance he can procure. He places the feathered saddle on his shoulders, takes the bottom part of the neck in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. Such as the author has seen were most perfect mimics of the ostrich, and at a few hundred yards distance it is not possible for the eye to detect the fraud. This "human" bird appears to pick away at the verdure, turning the head as if keeping a sharp look-out, shakes his feathers, now walks, and then trots till he gets within bow-shot; and when the flock runs, from one receiving an arrow, he runs, too. The male ostriches will, on some occasions, give chase to the strange bird, when he tries to elude them, in a way to prevent them from catching his scent; for when once they do, the spell is broken. Should one happen to get too near them in pursuit, he has only to run to windward, or throw off his saddle, to avoid a stroke from a wing, which would lay him prostrate.—*African Sketches.*

WALL-PAPER POISONING.

Dr. Hinds, of Birmingham, has lately called attention to a method of accidental arsenical poison, which should be generally known, and from which he was himself the sufferer. He chanced to select for the adornment of his study, a particularly bright-tinted wall-paper, the pattern of which was confined to two shades of green. About two days after it had been applied, he used the room in the evening, sitting there reading by gas-light. While thus engaged, he was seized with depression, nausea, abdominal pain and prostration. The same chain of symptoms ensued on every subsequent evening when he occupied the room. This led to an inquiry into the cause. He scraped off a little of the bright coloring matter from his pretty green paper, and by sublimation produced abundant crystals of arsenious acid. The paper was colored with arsenite of copper (Scheele's green). The use of this pigment to color wall-papers has already proved injurious in previous cases. In one, a child sucked some strips of paper thus colored, and narrowly escaped with life. Dr. Hinds remarks that the presence of the arsenical pigment may be recognized by its brilliant and beautiful hue, and by a little running of the color at the edges of the patterns, as though it did not take freely to the paper.—*The Lancet.*

New Publications.

LONGFELLOW'S PROSE WORKS. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 2 vols. 18mo. 1857.

These delicious volumes are published in uniform style with the diamond edition of the author's poetical works. The type is large and clear, the paper excellent, and we can conceive of no more acceptable gift book.

MY LAST CRUISE: or, *Where we Went, and What we Saw.* By LIEUT. A. W. HABERSHAM, U. S. N. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co 8vo. pp. 597.

This splendidly illustrated volume contains a highly interesting account of visits to the Malay and Loo-Choo Islands, the coasts of China, Formosa, Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, and the mouth of the Amoor River. It is written in graphic style, abounds in strange adventures, and the illustrative engravings are admirable. For sale by Burnham Brothers, Cornhill.

TWO YEARS AGO. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 540

Charles Kingsley is one of the new lights of literature, and a pure and shining one. His "Amyas Leigh" gave him a name even with the mere novel reader. The present story is a powerful and deeply interesting one, worthy of his reputation.

NEW BIOGRAPHIES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1857. 12mo. pp. 408.

It was a bright idea of the publishers to collect from the pages of the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannia, which is a costly and voluminous work, these choice biographies of the world's most eminent men, by Macaulay, Henry Rogers, Theodore Martin and others. They have made an intensely interesting book, and published it in beautiful style.

THE INTERMEDIATE STANDARD SPEAKER. By EPES SARGENT. Philadelphia: Charles Desilver. 12mo. pp. 432. 1857

An admirable collection of pieces in prose and poetry for declamation, fresh and unhackneyed, and most systematically arranged. Sargent's name as editor and compiler will give it universal currency.

NEW PLAYS.—Among the recent publications of Samuel French, No. 122 Nassau Street, New York, we find the "Two Queens," "Esmeralda," "Love in '76," "Jonathan Bradford," "The Mineralı," "Cherry and Fair Star," "The Miller's Maid," "Crown Prince." "Middy Ashore," "Ben Bolt," and "The Love of a Prince." These are numbers of the minor and standard drama now published in French's letter-perfect style. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

WIELAND: or, *The Transformation.* By CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN. With a Memoir of the Author. Phila.: M. Polock. 1857. 12mo. pp. 251.

Charles Brockden Brown was a powerful writer of fiction, and a man of true genius. His novels have long been out of print, and some time since we urged the expediency of a re-publication of them. The present volume is the pioneer of the series. It is published in beautiful style. For sale by A. Williams & Co., the special agents.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at two dollars a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money.

Editorial Melange.

The receipts of the railroads in the United States last year are put down at $110,000,000. —— Within six months, 190 have been added to the First Baptist Church in Lawrence. —— Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York, has recovered his eyesight, and resumed preaching from his manuscript. —— Amendments to the criminal code of Mississippi made by the last Legislature, forbid the keeping of billiard tables, under penalties of fine and imprisonment, and impose a fine of $20 for each offence upon any person who shall labor on Sunday. —— A correspondent of the Richmond Whig, residing near Milton, North Carolina, writes that the tobacco plants in Halifax, Pittsylvania and Charlotte counties, Virginia, and Caswell, Parsons and Granville counties, North Carolina, are almost entirely killed. —— Mr. Everett has consented to deliver the oration at the annual commencement of Middlebury (Conn.) Wesleyan University, in August. —— Rev. Isaac P. Langworthy, pastor of the Winnissimet Church, Chelsea, has obtained leave of absence from his society until the first of January next, for the purpose of recruiting his health, which at present is seriously impaired. In the meantime he will act as general agent for the American Congregational Union, of New York. —— Brain fever is raging to a fearful extent in Madison and Onondaga counties, New York, and people are flying from it as if it were a pestilence. —— The most reliable accounts from every section of the country give very encouraging hopes for a bountiful harvest. The growing crops from one end of the country to the other are represented as looking remarkably fine. —— A rich deposit of coal has been found near Mormon Island, twenty-two miles east of Sacramento city. —— A letter from Livingston, Maine, states that a very extensive work of grace is in progress in that town, particularly among the young, of which class, it is stated, that there is left hardly a single careless soul. —— The carriage which has been built in Philadelphia, by Mr. Jacobs, for President Buchanan, has ornaments of solid silver, having a shield, with the initial B in the centre. —— The Columbus (Alabama) Enquirer learns that in the Coosa River, a few miles above Wetumpka, sardines, precisely like those imported from the Mediterranean, abound, and could be caught almost by the wagon-load. —— A couple were married, lately, in Baltimore, aged, jointly, 143—the bridegroom, 68, and the bride, 73. —— Maggie Myers, a sweet little girl of five years, was left with her younger sister in a house in Albany, lately, while her mother went shopping, and soon after was found burnt to death by some of the neighbors. It is supposed she set fire to her clothes while playing with matches. —— Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is to be dramatized, and produced at the Bowery Theatre, in New York, in a short time. —— Here is an item that illustrates the agricultural wealth of the West. That must be a productive country where corn is cheaper than coal as fuel! —— An elderly but robust Irishman, who was recently admitted to the Broome county poor-house, was found, lately, to have $62 in gold and silver sewed up in his shirt. He was summarily discharged, after having been obliged to pay for his board. —— A bevy of the principal fashionable ladies in Cincinnati appeared on promenade, lately, without hoops, and with robes descending "classically straight." —— The city committee of Brooklyn, New York, have reported in favor of running the cars in that city on Sunday.

INGENIOUS EXTEMPORE.—The following lines were addressed to the author of some wretchedly bad verses on the river Dee:

Had I been U,
And in the Q—
As it would have been easy to B:
I'd have let you C,
While slipping my T,
Far better lines on D.

EASTERN APOLOGUE.—There is a world of wisdom in some of the Eastern apologues. Take the following as an example:—The fates had decreed that a man should do one of three evil deeds—get drunk, commit robbery or murder. He, as he thought, chose the least evil, and got drunk; but when in that condition, committed both the other crimes.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The schoolmaster must have gone abroad on a long vacation, when the following notice was allowed to be posted up in a rural district:—"Wrighten and wreaden and *trew spellen* an' allso marchants ackounts with double entery Post-script Girlls and Bonoys bourdid and good yoozitch for childdera."

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.—Over the door of a house at Hurley, in Berkshire, England, is the following intelligence:—"T. B. draws all sorts of teeth, shaves on Saturday, likewise plays the violin, measures land and shoes and boots maker." All the Admirable Crichtons are not dead yet.

WATERLOO.—The Duke of Wellington used to give a very modest version of the greatest battle of modern times. "People ask me for an account of the action," he said. "I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest."

COMPLIMENTARY.—An Albany contemporary says of our little village—"Boston is a queer place, and believes only in three things—Bunker Hill, Plymouth Rock, and baked beans on Sundays." We consider ourselves extinguished.

Wayside Gatherings.

In Florida they put thieves in the stocks and pelt them with rotten eggs.

A silk manufactory has been started in Hoboken, N. J., and is said to be doing a flourishing business.

The Methodist society at Warrington, Va., is raising funds by the performance in the church of the scriptural drama of Joseph and his brethren.

The eating of the sugar cane in Louisiana, it is said, completely cures colored persons who go from the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., with consumptive symptoms.

The weather has been so cold on the plains, on the route to Salt Lake, that many Indians have been frozen to death, and others have eaten their own children.

According to the Portland State of Maine, there are 508 miles of railroad in operation in Maine, costing about $17,500,000, or $34,000 per mile, one-third more than the estimates.

The revival among the Methodists in Charlestown, we learn, is extending, so many attending that it is found necessary to hold the prayer meetings in the church, instead of in the vestry, and even this place is too small.

A revival is in progress in Williams College, and at Canaan Four Corners, and that which commenced at Yale College last term still continues. Record is made of revivals in many other places.

Lawlor, the United States soldier who confessed to having murdered Mary Dunn, at Rathdrum, Ireland, years ago, and was sent to the Lunatic Asylum, Blackwell's Island, made his escape lately, and is still at large. He was to have been sent to Ireland for trial.

All the Chinese have been ordered to quit the service of foreigners, and return to their homes; and, so powerful is the mandarin system, that disobedience entails much trouble, if not positive destruction upon the relatives of the offender. The consequence is, that nearly all of the Chinese servants have left or are leaving.

Poisoning wives has got to be so common a crime, all over the country, that prudent young ladies ought to be frightened away from matrimony. A man named Barlow, in Delaware county, New York, has been arrested on that charge, just as he was about to marry his wife's sister, and a man named Ware is on trial for a similar offence in Toledo.

Rev. S. C. Loveland, one of the fathers in the Universalist ministry, an able scholar and linguist, and a sound preacher, has been attacked with a severe paralytic shock and remains in a critical condition. He has resided and preached most of his life in Vermont, but is now settled over the Universalist society in South Hartford, Washington county, N. Y.

A company has been established in Paris to buy up the skins of rats. The soft nap of the fur, when dressed, is of the most beautiful texture, far exceeding in delicacy that of the beaver; and the hatters of Paris, it is said, prefer it to other furs. The hide is employed to make the thumbs of the best gloves, the elasticity and closeness of its texture rendering it preferable to kid.

Mr. Waddell, chemist, of Brooklyn, has found some pieces of charred bones, buttons, and fragments of clothing, supposed to be the remains of his son, who disappeared in January, and it is believed was murdered and burnt by Edward Quick, who was discharged from Mr. Waddell's employ by the son, and had sworn to have revenge.

The Scriptures have been translated into 148 languages and dialects, of which 121 had, prior to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, never appeared; and 25 of these languages existed without an alphabet, in an oral form. Upwards of forty-three millions of these copies of God's Word are circulated among not less than 600,000,000 of people.

A new railway spike made spirally, so that it revolves when driven into the sleeper, has been invented for fastening the chair to a seat of the railway iron with all the firmness of a screw. The round part under the head is tapered conically, so as to fit with accuracy the hole in the chair. By this means the vibration of the rails is effectually prevented.

An excellent powder for razor strops is composed of equal parts of sulphate of iron and common salt. These should be rubbed, and then heated to redness in a crucible. When the vapors have ceased to rise, let the mass cool, and wash it to remove the salt, and when diffused in water collect the brilliant scales which first subside. These, when spread upon leather, soften the edge of the razor, and cause it to cut smooth.

A curious characteristic is found to pertain to gutta-percha, of considerable interest to electricians. This substance, as is well known, acquires a bluish tinge after having been kept some months; and when in this state it can no longer be negatively electrified, as before, by almost any substance with which it may be rubbed. Its electricity is found to be positive; and the only substances which will electrify it negatively are mica, diamond, and fur.

A beautiful material, out of which a variety of articles, including lintels, statues, busts, mouldings, etc., can be manufactured, has recently been devised. The composition—which consists of sand, plaster of Paris, and blood reduced with water to such a consistency as will permit pouring into moulds of any required form—hardens in a very short time; and, it is said, increases in firmness and compact texture until it finally turns into solid stone.

In the preparation of paper pulp the entire substance of the bark of resinous woods is now used. The matter within the bark, which is resinous and gummy, acts as a size or stiffening for the paper. When placed in a boiler, and being covered with water, the bark is thoroughly digested at a low temperature. When the bark is digested, the fibres are so detached from each other that, by the usual machinery, it is easily reduced to a pulpy condition; and by the ordinary process a handsome paper is made from it.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Examiner says: One of the novelties in Iowa City, the capital of the future Empire State of the West, is a Sunday school in a railroad car. It is of recent origin, and numbers about fifty scholars. The railroad depot being three-fourths of a mile from town, and a new settlement having sprung up around it, the school accommodates children who are remote from any other school. Efforts are being made to interest all denominations in the enterprise. An additional car, it is thought, will be required in the spring.

According to the treasury estimates, there are in this country about $250,000,000 in gold, of which a little more than a fifth is in the banks, leaving little short of $200,000,000 to be found elsewhere. The treasury hoards very commonly from twenty to twenty-five millions—leaving, probably, $175,000,000 to be sought among the people. Allowing $50,000,000—a liberal estimate—to be in actual use, there remains $125,000,000 which is hoarded by the people, in imitation of the government, and to an extent six times exceeding the treasury hoards.

Foreign Items.

The Sultan has presented to France the Church of the Nativity; also, the Palace of the Knights of St. John, at Jerusalem.

Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimar, is a candidate for the throne of the United Principalities, and the British government favors his claim.

The Queen of Spain has conferred the order of the Golden Fleece on the eldest son of the Emperor of Russia, and the Cordon of Maria Louisa on the Empress of Russia.

Paris is said never to have been more gay than it is at the particular time. It may be, however, as Count Somebody said to Charles X., in 1830,—"Sire, we are dancing on a volcano!"

Home, the spirit rapper, who passes in Paris for an American, stupefied the emperor and empress with his performances, at the Tuileries. He has been called to the houses of many of the nobility, and has made quite an excitement in Paris.

A wealthy Greek ship owner at Marseilles has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, a fine of 3000 francs, and interdiction from civil rights for ten years, for having fraudulently insured a ship after he had received intelligence of her loss.

Mehemet Bey, who served in the war of insurrection in Hungary, has set out for Circassia, where he has been invited to act as generalissimo. Great agitation prevails in the Caucasus, and preparations are in progress against a Russian invasion, which is said to be imminent.

Sands of Gold.

.... Contentment, with loving hearts, makes home a little paradise.—*Arthur.*

.... Women's wits are quick in spying the surest means of avenging a real or supposed slight.—*Scott.*

.... After a long experience of the world, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—*Junius.*

.... Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die.—*Carlyle.*

.... A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides, when the tooon is at the full, and when there is no moon.—*Hare.*

.... Women, in their most exalted state, are not so difficult to win, as they are sometimes imagined to be; it unfortunately happens that the best men think them the most so.—*Mackenzie.*

.... My great rule should be never to aim at competition in things extrinsic and really trivial. I would seek the honey-cup, and let those who choose prefer the corolla.—*Mrs. Alliston.*

.... All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be effort, and the law of human judgment, mercy.—*Ruskin.*

.... The condition which friendship demands, is ability to do without it. To be capable of that high office, requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one.—*Emerson.*

Joker's Budget.

The man who planted himself on his good intentions, has not yet sprouted.

The stammering tongue is one that is simply "balky for want of regular driving."

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your corn-field." "Never mind, Billy; I'm sleepy. Corn wont hurt 'em."

Spatch, on hearing, the other day, that a lady in a paroxysm of grief had shed a torrent of tears, unfeelingly remarked that she must have had a cataract in either eye.

"Is molasses good for a cough?" inquired Jones, who had taken a slight cold, and was barking with considerable energy. "It ought to be," said Brown; "it is much sold for *consumption!*"

"And must I leave thee, dearest Angeline?" "Yeth, dear Guthy; you had better take a turn with Muth Thimpthon, juth to keep people from talking. You can come back, you know."

A certain barrister, who was remarkable for coming into court with unclean hands, observed "that he had been turning over Coke." "I should have thought it was coals you had been turning over," observed a wag.

A Western editor, whose subscribers complained very loudly that he did not give them news enough for their money, told them that if they did not find enough in the paper they had better read the Bible, which, he had no doubt, would be news to most of them.

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☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

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MAY-DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

The very pretty picture on this page represents a juvenile group enjoying the pleasures of "Maying" to their heart's content. The artist has, with great good judgment, laid his scene in one of the southern States, which accounts for a luxuriance of foliage not witnessed in our cold northern latitude till June. Under the spreading trees, a gay party is assembled, weaving May coronals to decorate their tresses. Beyond the rustic fence, a glimpse is afforded of a pleasant country landscape. The celebration of May-day is of great antiquity. It originated, probably, in the Roman celebration of the festival of Flora, which commenced on the 28th of April, and continued through several days in May. Spring flowers were offered to the goddess, and branches of trees in bloom, which, through the accommodation of the Romish church to classic usages, remain to us at the present day. In England and Scotland, a curious custom used to be observed, of getting May-dew on the first day of the month. The London Morning Post, of May 2, 1791, says, that the day previous, "being the first of May, according to annual and superstitious custom, a number of persons went into the fields and bathed their faces with the dew on the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful." Pepys makes the following entry in his curious "diary," written in the days of Charles II.:—"My wife away, down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre, and to lie there to-night, so as to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and," Pepys adds, "I am contented with it." His "reasons for contentment," seem to appear in the following passage, for he says:—"I went by water to Fox Hall, and there walked in Spring garden," and there he notices "a great deal of company, and the weather and garden very pleasant: and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing—all as one; but to hear the nightingale and other birds; and here a fiddler, and there a harp; and here a jew's trump and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty diverting," says Mr. Pepys, while his wife is gone to lie at Woolwich, "in order to a little ayre and to gather May-dew." The milkmaids of London used to deck themselves with garlands and dance in public on May-day, but the custom died away long ago, though we believe the chimney-sweeps, in fantastic attire, still celebrate the day. In some of the remoter parts of England, the May-day parties are still, we believe, kept up. The famous Dr. Parr, the first Greek scholar of his age, and one of the greatest and most influential men of his time, was, we are told, a patron of May-day sports. Opposite his parsonage house at Hatton, near Warwick, stood the village May-pole, which on the annual festival was dressed with garlands, and surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The doctor was "first of the throng," and danced with his parishioners, the gayest of the gay. He kept the large crown of the May-pole in a closet of his house, whence it was produced every May-day, with fresh flowers and streamers, preparatory to its elevation, and the doctor's own appearance in the ring. He always spoke of this festivity as one in which he joined with peculiar delight to himself and advantage to his neighbors. In Holland, May-day used to be celebrated with great gaiety. Aubrey writes—"In Holland they have their May-booms, which are straight young trees set up; and at Woodstock, in Oxon, (England), they every May-eve goe into the parke, and fetch away a number of hawthorne trees, which they set up before their dores; 'tis a pity they make such destruction of so fine a tree." We know not whether the celebration of May-day is relinquished in Ireland, but a writer of about fifteen years back says:—"About two or three miles from Dublin, on the great northern road, is a village called Finglass; it is prettily situated, and is the only place I know of in the neighborhood of Dublin, where May-day is kept up in the old style. A high pole is decorated with garlands, and visitors come in from different parts of the country, and dance around it to whatever music chance may have conducted there. The best male and female dancers are chosen king and queen, and placed in chairs." He says that after the dancing is over they adjourn to a public house, where a feast is provided at the expense of some of the party. Leigh Hunt, in lamenting over the decay of rural sports and customs, says:—"This time two hundred years ago, our ancestors were all anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in and frowned them away; then debauchery identified all pleasure with the town; then avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end. Fortunately, it does not follow that we shall continue to do so. * * * Knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours looking at daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes in the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could enact the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth, in the colloquial groves of Academus; and the wisest heart of Solomon, who found everything vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the spring and 'the voice of the turtle,' because he was a poet, a lover and a wise man." It is curious to note that while the May-day games and sports have died out in the old world, whence they all originated, they are revived in the new. Nowhere has May-day been celebrated with more zest of late years, than in New England, where our puritanical fathers denounced it as an abomination. They cut down the May-pole at Merrymount with ruthless severity, and we believe that was the only one attempted to be erected under their stern sway.



MAY-DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

AN INCIDENT OF FORMER TIMES.

Authentic accounts of olden times, touching the habits and doings of the people of earlier days, are always of interest. Long before the existence of railroad facilities for travelling, there was much of journeying in New England for business and for pleasure. There existed among the wealthy and distinguished classes quite a spirit of display; a disposition to move in fashionable styles; in short, to take the lead, and, if possible, to eclipse others. In those primitive times, the arrival of a splendid or handsome coach, with four, or even two horses, in any of the rural villages, was an attractive event, and elicited much admiration on the part of the denizens of the town who were so fortunate as to be visited by the rich and fashionable in superior style. The event of such an arrival as I have described furnished ground for gossip a long time after its occurrence. The eyes of villagers were always open to keen observation, and naught of note escaped their attention. More than forty-five years since some of the prominent citizens of the city of Hartford, Connecticut, then ranking among the "upper crust," determined on a jaunt up the river, through Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire. They fitted out a private carriage in good style, for the town. The party included the heads of two families with their wives and some daughters, bent not only upon having an agreeable jaunt, but fully disposed to make a display—in short, "to astonish the natives." They arranged to travel leisurely and genteelly. Accordingly, the first day they reached Northampton, a populous town in the valley of the Connecticut. The next morning, at a late hour, they resumed their journey, and started for the northward, and reached the old town of Deerfield, a distance of eighteen miles from Northampton, where they decided to rest their horses, and take some refreshment. Before leaving home, anticipating that they might fall into a region destitute of the ordinary comforts of living to which they had been accustomed, they had providentially placed in their carriage a basket containing cold ham, boiled tongues, etc., and when they reached the hotel in the centre of Deerfield, after providing for their horses, they directed their driver to bring in their basket of edibles; but on examination it turned out that they had neglected some of the necessary condiments, such as salt, mustard and pickles, suited to the meal they had arranged. They called upon the hostess of the house to supply the deficiency, which was promptly done. When the meal was finished they called for their bill; whereupon the landlady spiritedly replied, and it was done with a good grace, for she was a dignified and accomplished woman of the old school of female worthies: "No, gentlemen, I have no bill; I have been amply paid already." "What do you mean?" said the gentlemen. "Why," the lady responded, "I have always been a strong friend of economy, and am delighted with this extraordinary specimen of it, which I have never known surpassed, and I consider that I have been amply paid, and shall take nothing." The hotel was one of the most excellent in the whole country, and the hostess a "lady of the old school," in the highest sense of the term. How cheap must all the fashionable party have felt upon receiving so cutting a rebuke under such circumstances? A rebuke the more mortifying from the fact of its being given more by implication than directly.—*Correspondent of Boston Transcript.*

WHAT WE DRINK.

During the year ending June 30, 1856, 8,843,370 gallons of wine, spirits and malt liquor have been imported into this country. The total value is $6,176,939. Brandy forms the largest item in the bill; 1,715,717 gallons have been consumed at a cost of nearly $3,000,000. The grain spirits imported fall a little below brandy in quantity (1,582,132 gallons), but much below in value ($772,276). Nearly a million of "other spirits" besides are consumed at an expense of $288,000. Over a million and a half gallons of claret and nearly 700,000 gallons of other red wines were imported, at an aggregate cost of about $850,000. We have drank also 1,100,000 gallons of English and Scotch ale, besides a large quantity of Madeira and Sicily wines.—*N. Y. Sun.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE HONG FACTORIES, AT CANTON.

The picture on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney, from a most elegant and elaborate water-color painting by a Chinese artist, executed on the spot. The group of buildings to the left embraces the Danish Hong, New Hong, Sui Ke Hong, New French Hong and Minqua's Hong, at the foot of Old China Street. Here, too, are the Club House, Boat House, Masonic Lodge and Canton Library Rooms; and directly over it, indicated by the flag, his excellency, Dr. Parker's residence. Commencing with the smoke-pipe of the steamer, and numbering to the right, we have an American Hong occupied by King & Co.; in its rear is Dent & Co.'s magnificent and extensive hong. Then comes the Powshan Hong, occupied by English merchants; Imperial Hong, Wetmore & Co., (American); Swedish Hong; Russell & Co. (American), and Chow-Chow Hong, occupied by Parsees. The Episcopal Church forms what was called the boundary between the English and American gardens. All to the right of the picture was destroyed by fire some years since, and has been rebuilt by the English, and occupied by them, covering the site of the old East India Company's factories. The consulate is marked by a flag. The building, in front of which is the Danish flag, is occupied by the wealthy monopolists of the opium trade. In the foreground is represented the landing-place of a tea warehouse on the opposite side of the Canton River, at Hanam. The steamer is a chartered vessel, the "Queen," 137 tons, and mounting four 4-pounders. A portion of a Chinese craft is seen to the right. On landing at Canton, the stranger is forcibly struck by the singular effect which the building of the "hongs," or European factories, in the midst of Chinese houses, produce on the eye. The space allotted to the factories consists of a strip of land reclaimed from the river; and in front of each is displayed the national flag. There are thirteen hongs, including English, American, Dutch, French, Austrians, and other merchants. Each consists of four or five houses ranged round a closed court. The English hong far surpasses the others in elegance and extent. These buildings, which front the south, are built upon a flat raised on piles, and separated from the river by a quay called "Resplendentia Walk." They have stairs by which the merchandize is shipped. Immense numbers of boats are moored all along the shore hard by. About a mile from the European factories, on a small, rocky island in the centre of the river, which, from its situation, presents a formidable barrier to an enemy approaching from the sea, appears that fort which the Chinese call "The Dutch Folly." This is an oval enclosure, with embattled walls, above which are seen dragons and dolphins, which surmount the roofs of houses, standing under some fine trees. The fort owes its name to an attempt made by the Dutch to establish themselves on the Chinese territory. At a period when they carried on extensive trade with China, they requested and obtained possession of this little island. The suspicions of the natives were aroused by the landing of a number of boxes, and one being opened, was found to contain warlike stores. The Chinese immediately retracted the permission they had given, and the Dutch were compelled to abandon the island. The "Dutch Folly" was stormed and taken during Admiral Seymour's operations against Canton. All the localities alluded to have been mentioned in late accounts of the Chinese troubles—and our picture of the hongs will be valuable for future reference.



THE FOREIGN FACTORIES, CANTON.—FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

"Not a very desirable set of inhabitants, it is true, but then they wont crowd round you, as my loyal subjects do round me,—one with a pair of spurs that helped to speed my flight after the battle of Worcester—another, with an acorn from the oak which sheltered me from the view of my pursuers—another still, with the brown earthen pitcher from which I drank small beer, after walking half a day beneath a burning sun. By the way, I am in daily expectation of being edified with a sight of the cutty-stool on which the Presbyterians compelled me to do penance. But the most perplexing part of the business is, that each of the persons who have thus carefully preserved memorials of my days of adversity and romance, winds up his speech by modestly expressing a hope that I will graciously please to remember him, meaning thereby that I would order ten or a hundred pounds (according to the value of the service rendered) to be presented from my treasury, which is, if possible, more empty than their own empty pates."

"The man of the curry-comb must be excepted," said Buckingham.

"Yes, for he knows that he did me a real service, and, therefore, supposes I shall have the grace to reward him, now that he has jogged my memory."

"I half expected," said Killigrew, addressing Falkland, "that, during your absence, you would espouse the red-skinned daughter of some Indian chief, and bring her here to illume and enliven the court, with the jewels in her nose and the bells round her ankles."

"I have seen an Indian maiden," replied he, "whose brilliant eyes would shame the rarest diamonds ever dug from the mines of Golconda; I wouldn't except even this splendid jewel."

As he spoke, he tossed upon the table the opal filched by Mildred Dacres from Alice Dale, which, in its descent, seemed to flash with every hue of the rich and tempting fruits and sparkling wines ranged near. At sight of it, Harleigh's face flushed crimson. The next minute, the blood receded, leaving lip and cheek as pale as death.

"A love-token, I'll be bound; is it not, Falkland?" said Harry Jermyn.

Falkland smiled, but made no reply.

"I think I've seen this gem before to-day," said Buckingham, taking it up and examining it. "I thought I wasn't mistaken. It is the one, Harleigh, you purchased at Liogard's, previously to your going to America."

"I don't pretend to say when or where it was purchased," said Falkland. "The first and the last time I ever saw it, till I could call it my own, it adorned the neck of one more beautiful and bewitching than the most celebrated of the beauties of Windsor, portrayed by Sir Peter Lely's pencil."

"You had better mind how you let the little Castlemaine, and some others, hear you compare your forest beauties with those of the court, unless the comparison is to the advantage of the latter, or you may chance to encounter cold looks," said the Duke of Buckingham.

"Has this little wood nymph of yours a red skin?" inquired Killigrew, of Falkland.

"Yes, as red as the freshest rose in June, save where the empire of that queenly flower is disputed by its sister, the lily."

"Her name?" said Charles, beginning to be interested in Falkland's somewhat high-flown description.

"Alice Dale."

"What! the daughter of Reginald Dale, who, I've been told, a short time before his decease, caused that stiff old Puritan, Nathan Walworth, to be appointed her guardian?"

"The same, your majesty."

"And he soon afterward emigrated to America?"

"He did."

"I remember him well," said the Earl of Arran. "He served under Cromwell, as a captain of dragoons, that used to stable their horses in the stalls of the cathedrals."

"If I mistake not," said Buckingham, "one Burlington, who owned a princely estate in Wiltshire, was the fair damsel's uncle, that Falkland is in such raptures about."

"He was," said Arran.

"It is she, then, who stands in your light?" said Harry Jermyn.

"That is not quite clear," replied Falkland.

"True, if you marry her. It will then be much the same as if old Burlington had made you his heir, which, I've heard, he once contemplated."

Meanwhile, Harleigh had remained silent, though with compressed lips and flashing eyes. He now drew Falkland a little aside.

"Dare you say, on the word and honor of a gentleman, that Alice Dale gave you that opal?" he demanded.

"Till you make it appear by what right you ask the question, I will say nothing about it."

"By an Englishman's right."

"And by the same right I refuse to answer a question asked with so much arrogance."

"I am not in a mood, just now, to clothe my language in the garb of humility. I demand to know if Alice Dale gave you that opal of her own free will."

"It was freely given."

"It is false. She never gave it to you."

"What I have said is true."

"I shall not take your word."

"Let the sword decide it, then!"

Charles, who had caught enough of what was said to understand by this time what was going forward, now interposed.

"You seem to forget," said he, "that this is neither a place nor a presence for lover's broils. Both of you will please consider yourselves under arrest,—you, Gilbert Falkland, for proposing to decide the question by the sword, and you, Clarence Harleigh, for provoking him to it. Remember that you leave this place for ready furnished lodgings in the Tower. But come," and his features relaxed into their usual good-humored expression, "we have already let our feast of fruits stand waiting till one might well deem it a feast for fools."

Saying thus, he took his place at the table, and the others, including Harleigh and Falkland, who dared not refuse, followed his example.

"They should thank your majesty for your clemency," said Buckingham, noticing the downcast looks of the two belligerous guests. "In your grandad's day, this would have been made a star-chamber business, when the imprisonment might have been followed by the loss of a hand."

"I don't complain," said Harleigh. "I should have controlled my passion, and sought a more fitting opportunity, before requiring the explanation, which no one who has nothing to conceal would wish to evade."

CHAPTER XI.

ALICE IS INVITED TO GO TO ENGLAND.

With Alice, after the departure of Harleigh, Falkland and Mildred, time did not always trip along with the lightness and ease of a feathered Mercury. The austerity and asceticism of her Puritan guardian forbade the indulgence of all amusements, as involving a loss of time which might be appropriated to some useful employment. He seemed to forget that the mind is so constituted that it cannot be preserved in a healthful state without suitable relaxation.

Alice was fond of reading, but the Bible, a metrical version of the Psalms, and a few volumes of controversial theology, were the only books she could have recourse to, with two exceptions: these were Shakspeare's Plays and Spenser's Fairy Queen. She was obliged to keep them where they would not fall in her uncle's way, and to read them by stealth, which last she would not have ventured to do, had not her Aunt Esther, who was more liberal minded than her husband, assured her that she had read them many times herself, without, as she truly believed, having sustained either moral or mental injury.

It was at the close of a day which had appeared to Alice longer and more lonely than usual, that her uncle entered the apartment where she and her aunt were sitting, with an open letter in his hand.

"Is it from home?" said his wife, who still fondly gave that appellation to her native land.

"Yes," he replied; "it is from my widowed sister, Deborah Elliston."

"No bad news, I hope," said Mrs. Walworth, noticing that her husband looked graver even than usual.

"Yes; the angel of death has entered her dwelling, and taken one of her daughters."

"Which one?"

"Elizabeth, and she is alone now."

"But where is Rebecca?"

"Married, and many miles distant. She begs that we will give her Alice for a year, or at least a few months, whose presence, she thinks, will cheer her spirits, and help to restore her health, which is much impaired."

A shade, for a few moments, dimmed the brightness of Mrs. Walworth's countenance.

"How can we spare her?" said she.

"Do we need her presence as much as Deborah does?" Mr. Walworth inquired, in an accent which carried with it a degree of reproof.

"I think we don't, yet her going or remaining is not a question for us to decide. Would you like to go, Alice?"

"If it were not for leaving you, I should," replied Alice, slightly coloring, for she thought of Harleigh, and the long time which must elapse before she could hope to see him again, unless she complied with the request of Mrs. Elliston.

"There will be advantages there, it cannot be denied," said her aunt, "that you are deprived of here. I suppose we must make up our minds to part with you. We can trust her with Mrs. Elliston, without the least apprehension;" and as she spoke, she looked at Mr. Walworth, to see if he had aught to say against her assertion.

"We can, with entire confidence. She may need a few hints, which I will communicate to her in writing."

"I am to go, then?" said Alice.

"We wont say that to-night," replied her uncle. "We must have time for reflection—time to look at the matter in all its bearings. Your aunt and I will talk it over by ourselves, and you must ask yourself if you can be content to dwell in the midst of those amusements which are so tempting to the young and thoughtless, without being permitted to partake of them. A license my sister never gave her own daughters will not be granted you. Were I not persuaded of this, your feet should never pass her threshold."

The subject was now dropped, and Alice sat apparently calm, while her uncle and aunt kept up a desultory conversation. Little Ella, however, who, as usual, had crept to her side, asked her what made her cheeks look so bright a red, and why her hands trembled so, as she busied herself with her knitting. But when she was in her own room, with no one except Ella, whose eyelids were weighed gently down with the honey-dew of sleep almost as soon as her head pressed the pillow, she gave way to a burst of tears produced by a strange mingling of joy and sorrow.

"Miss Alice!"

Alice started a little, and looking round, saw Silas Watkins.

"Good-morning, Silas," said she, with a smile. "It is a long time since I saw you."

"I've been gone on a short fishing v'y'ge. I meant to see you before I went, but I had to go away so sudden that I had no convenient chance. I am sorry now that I didn't, at any rate, contrive some way to see you."

"Why?"

"I will tell you, though, in the first place, if you think it isn't takin' too much liberty, I should like to ask you a question."

"By no means. Ask as many as you think necessary for the promised explanation."

"Well, then, I should like to have you tell me if you ever gave a trinket, which was fastened to a blue ribbon you wore round your neck, to that proud Englishwoman, Mildred Dacres?"

"I never did. Why do you wish to know?"

"You know Hitty Chessman, the pretty housemaid that used to live at your uncle's, has, for a number of months past, been at Mr. Wyndham's, where Mildred Dacres made it her home, before she went to England?"

"Yes."

"Well, one day she had been to see her mother. Hitty's mother, as I suppose you know, lives two or three miles from Mr. Wyndham's."

"Yes, I do."

"She had been and made her visit, and when she was on her way back, she felt tired, and sat down on a rock close to a brook, behind a thick clump of willows. She hadn't been there long, before she heard voices, and peeping through the willows, she saw Mildred Dacres and Gilbert Falkland. When they had arrived right off against where she sat, she saw Miss Dacres take something from her pocket and give it to Falkland. They halted a little, while Falkland examined it, and that gave her a chance to see that it was a trinket fastened to a blue ribbon, which she was very certain she had seen you wear."

"What did Mildred say?"

"She couldn't make out all that she said, she spoke so low, but she heard enough to make her think that it wasn't by any fair means she came by it. And then, again, she said she knew pretty well that you set too great a store by it to give it away."

"O, why did Mildred do that?"

"That is what Hitty Chessman couldn't find out. It was for no good purpose, you may be certain of that. Mildred Dacres is a wicked woman."

"I am afraid she is."

"And was your enemy when she tried hardest to make you believe she was your friend."

"If I had only known this before she went away."

"I didn't know it myself only about an hour before I was to go, and then there were a great many things I was obliged to attend to; but if I had known that she was going away so soon, I would come on purpose to let you know, even if I had lost my v'y'ge."

"If you had lost your voyage, it shouldn't have been any loss to your pocket. I would have made it up to you."

"I hear that you are going to England soon."

"Yes; I start for Boston to-morrow, whence the vessel I am to go in is soon to sail."

"Before long, then, you may see her. I mean Mildred Dacres."

"Yes, I may."

"If you should, take the counsel of a sincere though humble friend, and don't trust her in anything."

"I sha'n't forget your advice."

"If you had only seen the icy glitter of her eyes, as I did once, you never would have trusted her. I have faced Indians and wild beasts, without my courage ever failing me; but that look of hers made me shudder, and somehow took all my courage away, just as if a serpent had looked me in the eye, that I knew was goin' to spring upon me and coil round my neck the very next minute, without my havin' any means to prevent it."

Alice had, on one or two occasions, caught a mere gleam of what Silas Watkins had designated as the icy glitter, and the emotions inspired by it were far from being pleasant, and in a slight degree even resembled those he had described.

"You will return to this country some day, Miss Alice?" said Silas.

"Yes; I expect to return in about a year from now, if I live."

"I sha'n't be likely to see you again before you go?"

"No, unless you and your good dame will call over this evening."

"There's nobody to leave with the children, you know. So farewell, and a happy and a prosperous v'y'ge to you."

"Farewell, Silas," said she, giving him her hand. "I thank you for your counsel, and shall remember it. For your kind wishes, accept mine in return. Aunt Esther, when I am gone, will send your wife and the children some little presents I have

prepared for them, which will show that I did not forget them."

As Alice turned into the path which led towards home, Silas drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"That girl," said he, as he stood watching her till a turn in the path hid her from view, "as my wife and I have often said, comes nearer to my idea of an angel than any pairson I ever saw walk the airth, and I've heard Hez Looney say the same."

CHAPTER XII.

A VISIT FROM GABRIEL GUTHRY.

It was a little after dusk, and Alice, assisted by her aunt, had just finished packing her simple wardrobe, when a boy by the name of Philip Clemmons rode up to the door in great haste.

"Abner," said he, "has fallen from a tree, and has hurt himself so bad that we are afraid 'twill kill him. Nobody is at home but mother and the children, and she wants your uncle and aunt to come right over to our house as quick as they can."

"Where is your father?" inquired Alice, to whom this message was addressed.

"Gone off, surveying land, and doesn't expect to be back under a week."

"Wait a minute, and I will speak to them," said Alice.

"We cannot deny going," said Mr. Walworth.

"No," replied his wife. "But I am sorry it happens so that we are obliged to be absent the last evening Alice is to be here."

The exigence was too imperative to admit of evasion or delay, and in a few minutes, Mr. Walworth mounted on his fleetest saddle-horse, with his wife, according to the fashion of the times, seated behind him on a pillion, was on his way to visit the afflicted family.

The two boys, Benjamin and Joseph Walworth, and even Ella, voluntarily promised to sit with Alice, at least, till ten o'clock, to prevent her from feeling lonely; but by nine, Ella was obliged to confess that she could not keep awake any longer, and gladly accepted Alice's offer to release her from her promise. The boys held out manfully half an hour longer, and then succumbed.

Alice being left by herself, opened the large family Bible which lay on the table, and commenced reading a chapter. Though no one was present, she did not feel lonely, for she supposed that the servants, as was their custom, were assembled in the kitchen. Had she known that, taking advantage of her uncle and aunt's absence, they had gone to a little social gathering nearly a mile distant, she might, at least, have taken the precaution to fasten the outer doors, so that a traveller, or, perhaps, an Indian, could not lift the latch and enter her presence unawares.

She had read only a few lines, when she imagined that she heard footsteps. The sound was dull and heavy, as of some one crossing a piece of green sward which sloped down from one side of the house, and extended to a considerable distance. She sat facing the windows which looked out on this verdant slope, and raising her eyes from the sacred page, she listened a few moments for a repetition of the sound which had aroused her attention, and, in some degree, awakened her fears. The silence was now unbroken, save by that low, fitful moaning of the wind which is sometimes a precursor of a storm.

She had scarcely resumed her reading, when the sound of dull and heavy footsteps was repeated. She soon became sensible that some one was approaching the house. It might be, she thought, one of the hired men who worked on the farm, yet, as the steps drew near, a kind of nameless horror crept over her. A few moments more, and some one had stopped at the window, directly opposite to where she sat. At first, such was her terror that she dared not raise her eyes, but so intense was the silence that she could hear the quick-drawn, panting breath of the person without. When she did look up, she saw, as her fears had told her, the face of Gabriel Guthry pressed against the window-pane, with his almost white and glaring eyes fixed upon her. She rose, and springing to the door which opened into the front entry, fastened it. He was just turning away from the window, when she again looked towards it. She took the candle and hurried through the passage which led to the kitchen, where she expected to find the servants. As she entered at one door, Gabriel came in by the one opposite.

"You thought to escape me," said he, "but what is to be, cannot be eluded. It is decreed by fate that you are to be the wife, not of the wicked cavalier who is called Clarence Harleigh, but of me—*me*, Gabriel Guthry."

"How should you know that it is thus decreed?" said she, trembling with terror.

"I have read the page where the decree is recorded. I sought to read it, even at the risk of eternal perdition, and now I have come thirty miles to tell you."

"It is dreadful to hear you talk so. It frightens me!"

"Does it? Well, it may frighten you still more to hear how it all came about. Do you remember last Wednesday night? Do you remember how the wind howled, and what wild moans and mutterings there were in the air?"

"I remember there was a thunder-shower."

"Yes, it thundered and lightened, but no one knew," said he, with a grim smile, "that it was I who raised the tempest. You know how sorely I've been troubled in spirit on account of that Clarence Harleigh. I could bear it no longer, and so I went to a weird woman, even as Saul of old sought her of Endor, and she taught me how to perform a certain incantation. It was Wednesday night, and when I went to my room, I locked myself in, though I knew, by that time, deep sleep had fallen on all who were beneath the roof. I then trimmed my lamp, and according to the woman's directions, read a portion of the holy Scriptures backwards."

"O, you didn't dare do that?"

"I did dare to," he answered, with another of his grim smiles, which made Alice shudder. "Soon I heard wild and unearthly laughter, and then there was a rushing as of mighty winds cleaving the air. But I was not to be deterred. Having finished reading the cabalistic number of lines necessary for weaving the charm, I closed the holy book, and rising, I turned my face towards the east, while I repeated the incantation taught me by the woman:

"When the bell, in the haunted tower, that swings,
The solemn hour of midnight rings,
And the lover seeks the churchyard dim,
That his spirit bride may smile on him;
Then, spirits of air, if you have the power,
To my bedside bring, at that solemn hour,
The form of her who my true love's to be—
The form of her who my bride is to be:
Who in life, who in death, mine is ever to be—
Ever to be, though I lie in my grave;
Ever to be, for I'll rise from my grave.
When the bell, in the haunted tower, that swings,
The solemn hour of midnight rings,
And silently forth from the churchyard I'll glide,
And watch by the side of my bonny bride,
Till life's warm pulses freeze in her breast,
Then, side by side, in the grave we will rest."

As Gabriel repeated these wild lines, in a deep, sepulchral voice, the candle, which, unnoticed by Alice, had begun to burn dim in its socket, flared up suddenly, and then went out. But the half-consumed brands in the yawning fire-place emitted a fitful flame, and as it alternately lit up his countenance with a red glare, or threw over it a flickering gloom, she seemed, as if by the influence of some baleful spell, to be incapable of withdrawing her eyes from his face.

"And what then?" said she, speaking almost involuntarily, when he had finished.

"Already afar off, I could hear the roar of the tempest mingling with the moanings of the sea. It came nearer and nearer, there were thunderings and lightnings. I knew that the moment was at hand when my adjuration was to be answered. A faint glimmering of light was admitted through the only window in my room; and, as I lay with my eyes directed towards it, all at once there was a noise like an earthquake, and my bed shook under me. At the same moment, my room became light, as if it had been mid-day."

"It was the lightning."

"It was not the lightning, for it was steady and unwavering. I continued to keep my eyes fastened on the window, which formed no obstruction to the entrance of a shadowy form, which, with a slow, gliding motion, moved towards me, gradually growing more and more distinct, so that by the time she had approached close to my bedside, her lineaments were clearly defined."

"How horrible!" murmured Alice.

"I did not speak, but I looked into her eyes, till she bent down, down, down, till there was scarce a hand's breadth between her face and mine. Then, with a mighty effort, I spoke, and in the name of all that is holy, demanded of her what she wanted."

"Did she answer you?"

"No; but slowly raising her head, without removing her eyes from my face, she commenced moving back in the same gliding way that she entered. I saw her pass out at the window, when suddenly it became perfectly dark."

"Did you think you knew who it was?"

"'Twas you."

"You say that to frighten me."

"It was you that came in answer to my adjuration."

"It was a dream."

"'Twas no dream. You are to be my bride,

"In life and in death, my true love you'll be—
In life and in death, my bride you will be.

When you are eighteen, I shall claim you."

"It will be in vain, for I will never marry you. I would sooner die!"

"What is decreed will be accomplished."

"I cannot be compelled to marry you against my will."

"When the hour comes, the will must bend to the decrees of fate. Mine you will be in life—mine in death."

Though those feelings of superstitious dread, which, under certain circumstances, more or less cleaves to all, had been much excited, she could not bring herself to believe that there could ever be any combination of circumstances which would require her to sacrifice all hope of earthly happiness, by uniting her destiny with that of Gabriel Guthry. With this thought she became calmer, though the scene at the glen caused her to feel in so much fear of him that she dared not any further dispute his assertion. She, therefore, merely remarked that it would be best to let things rest as they were, till the time which he mentioned arrived.

"I should be a fool to trouble myself about it," was his answer; "for what is to be will be, and when the set time shall be accomplished, who shall dare stand in my way?"

The glare of frenzy,-which had been quelled for the last few minutes, was again burning in his eyes, when, with a feeling of inexpressible relief, she heard a horse coming towards the house. The next minute it stopped, and she knew that her uncle and aunt had returned. She ran and unfastened the door, but Gabriel did not wait till Mr. and Mrs. Walworth came in. He stole out at the back door by which he had entered. Alice threw herself into her aunt's arms, and burst into tears.

"Why so agitated, dear child?" inquired her aunt.

"O, I've been so terribly frightened! I thought I could keep calm before you came."

"What has happened to frighten you?"

"Gabriel Guthry has been here."

"He came without his brother's knowledge, then," said Mr. Walworth.

"He told me such a horrible story, and his eyes glared so frightfully!"

"Compose yourself, dear, and tell us what he said."

"Sit here, close by my side," said Mrs. Walworth.

In a few minutes, Alice so far succeeded in stilling the emotion which had so suddenly assailed her as to briefly recapitulate what Gabriel had told her. She was greatly relieved by what her uncle said in return.

"Do not fear, my child," said he, "that it will ever be the will of Providence that you should be united to a madman. Before the termination of the time he mentioned, some hallucination, equally wild with that which has now possession of his imagination, will undoubtedly divert his thoughts into a different channel."

Her aunt, too, spoke soothingly and encouragingly to her, and though neither of them said anything more than what she was already convinced of, it served to allay the extreme agitation produced by Gabriel's visit, and to turn her thoughts to the moment of separation, so near at hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALICE IN LONDON. HARLEIGH AND FALKLAND PRISONERS.

Mrs. Elliston, Mr. Walworth's sister, resided in a respectable though not fashionable quarter of the great British metropolis. Leaden clouds had all day darkened the autumn sky, from which, for the last half hour, had been falling a cold, drizzly rain, so that though only a little after four o'clock, candles had been brought into the apartment where Mrs. Elliston was sitting in an uncomfortable-looking, high-back chair, with some plain sewing resting on her lap.

It was a large, oblong room, and the low ceiling, with its heavy cornice and the black oak wainscot, gave it an air of gloom which the two wax candles and small wood fire failed to dissipate. Its cheerless aspect, however, harmonized well with the appearance of its only occupant. Her age was a little rising fifty, though she looked ten years older. Her pale and sallow complexion was not relieved by the pinched, stiffly-starched border of her cambric cap, while her sad-colored gown and plain lawn kerchief were so arranged as to give her an air of great formality and precision.

She had been sitting thus, ten or fifteen minutes, when a little bustle was heard without; the door was opened by a staid serving-man, and a young, bright face, though a little clouded with anxiety, looked into the heavy, dull apartment. It almost seemed to Mrs. Elliston, who had risen from her chair, that a gush of sunshine had been let into the room.

"Alice, you remind me of Elizabeth," said she, taking the lovely girl by the hand and leading her forward into the room.

Alice, who saw in her pale, sedate countenance a resemblance to her uncle, whom she loved, notwithstanding his stern gravity, longed to throw herself in her arms, but the reserve of her manners awed and repelled her. She searched in vain for a single ray of the warm and genial light such as brightened and at the same time softened the countenance of her aunt Esther.

Mrs. Elliston assisted Alice to divest herself of her cloak and hood, and then pointing to a chair near the fire, requested her to be seated. As Alice answered her questions relative to her brother and sister-in-law, and her home in the new world, she could not forbear wondering, as she looked round the gloomy apartment, how the light of the young life which had so recently gone out beneath the same roof, could have been so bright and so golden as it was described to be in a letter written to her aunt by Edward Elliston, before his sister had been stricken by disease.

As this thought came into her mind, a servant entered and laid the table for three persons.

"It will be snugger and more comfortable to take our evening meal here than in the hall," remarked Mrs. Elliston.

Alice glanced at the table, and could not imagine whom the third plate could be for.

"My son came home yesterday," said Mrs. Elliston.

Alice looked surprised, for Mrs. Elliston had alluded to him in her letter, saying that he had been absent more than a year, and expected to remain where he was a year longer.

"He came unexpectedly," said she. "Some business required his presence. As soon as he has attended to it, he will return."

At this moment the door opened, and a young man, in the plain garb of the sect to which he belonged, entered the apartment. Yet though his dress was certainly not of a fashion or quality to show his person to advantage, Alice was struck with his graceful and noble bearing. He was tall, lacking, perhaps, an inch of six feet, and in every respect finely proportioned. His features were finely chiselled, and his rich, glossy hair was not so closely cut but that it showed its natural tendency to fall round his forehead, which was broad and very white, in free, wavy curls. His eyes, which were the changeful hazel, were bright, beaming and intellectual. At times they exhibited a singular sweetness of expression, rarely seen in connection with those traits of countenance full of character, which may be considered the perfection of manly beauty.

Alice thought that he evinced a little surprise at sight of her.

"My son," said Mrs. Elliston, turning to Alice, "and this, Edward, is Alice Dale, the orphan you have heard me mention, who, since she was three years old, has been my brother Nathan's ward."

Edward Elliston welcomed her in a manner so cordial and

respectful, and there was a heartiness in the tones of his voice which was deep and musical, rather than soft and silvery, which in a man sometimes awakens suspicion that he is a dissembler, which fell very pleasantly on the ear of Alice, and at once inspired confidence.

"If mother had told me that she was expecting you," said he, "I would have gone for you myself, instead of having a servant sent."

"You know, Edward, that you have a cold," his mother hastened to say, "and it would have been unwise for you to expose yourself to this damp air, when we knew that Cuthbert could be depended on."

Alice assured him that the man who came for her paid every attention to her convenience and comfort, and that she should have regretted to have him expose himself unnecessarily on her account.

When they had taken their places at the table, Edward Elliston, previously to seating themselves, said grace, which, without being extended to one of those long prayers which on similar occasions the Puritans often felt themselves called upon to make, and which, it is to be feared, instead of increasing the devotional aspirations of the auditors, only inspired a fear that the viands would grow cold and less savory, was reverent, comprehensive and appropriate.

At its close, Mrs. Elliston gave her son a look, as if she thought he had been too sparing of time and words.

"We are taught that we shall not be heard for our much speaking," said he, in answer to her look.

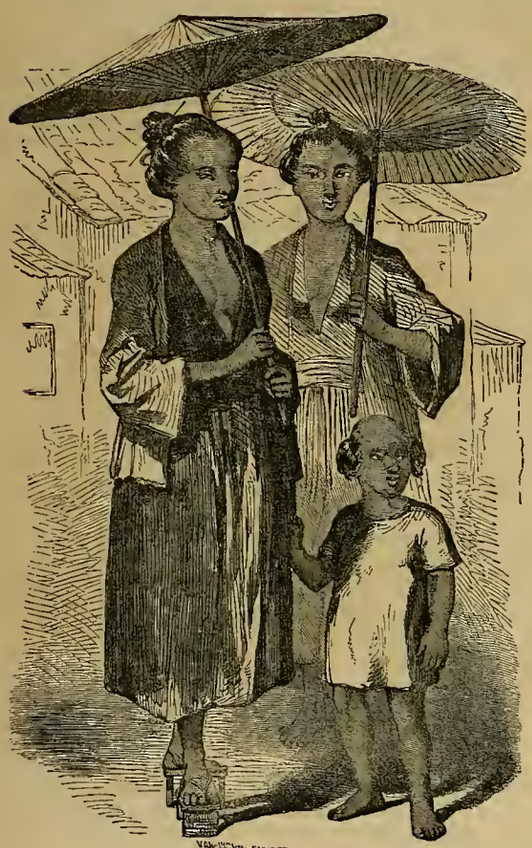
"True, my son, when the words are cold and formal, mere lip service. But when they are the fervent utterances of the heart, such as on similar occasions I have heard from the lips of your sainted father, we think not of the meat that perisheth, but of the hidden manna spoken of in the Apocalypse."

Though the food was abundant, it was plain, almost to coarseness, too great an indulgence in "creature comforts" being sinful, according to the views of Mrs. Elliston, who appeared to think that the fruits of a bounteous Providence were intended to test the power of those on whom they were bestowed to overcome temptation, rather than to be accepted by them and enjoyed as a blessing.

But Alice scarcely noticed the quality of the food that was before her.



ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.



JAPANESE WOMEN AND CHILD.

Even the remarks of Edward Elliston, which showed a rare delicacy of perception, joined to a liberal, well-stored mind as widely different from the narrow views of the more intolerant of the Puritans as the frivolity and unrestrained license which, in too many instances, characterized the degenerate cavaliers, could not prevent her thoughts from wandering to Clarence Harleigh.

At that very moment, she thought, he might be within fifteen minutes' walk of her, and yet she felt that, situated as she now was, amid the whirl and eddying tides of the great city, the broad Atlantic itself had scarcely formed a more insuperable obstacle to any chance meeting, while the promise exacted by her uncle, previously to her leaving home, precluded all thoughts of seeking to apprise him of her being in England. She, moreover, knew that in the letter from her guardian to his sister, of which she was the bearer (he having himself told her as much), Mrs. Elliston was requested to make use of such restrictions as would be likely to prevent her and Harleigh from being thrown together. * * *

Clarence Harleigh and Gilbert Falkland, the night they left the banqueting hall, were conducted by a pursuivant at arms to the shore of the Thames. A boat was in waiting, where were stationed several yeomen of the guard and the requisite complement of watermen to take them to the Tower. Though they had received a hint that their imprisonment would be short, not exceeding two or three days, or, at most, a week, it was in no enviable frame of mind that they took their places in the boat, which they were careful should be as remote from each other as the space would permit.

Swiftly propelled by the strong arms of the watermen, it was not long ere they were in the shadow of the gloomy structure, which loomed up dimly in the darkness and obscurity of night. Soon passing beneath the low and dismal arch that had so often cast its ominous shadow on the heads of the brave, the beautiful, and the innocent as well as of those who were stained with crime, the boat was brought close to the steps, against which the indolent waves broke with a sullen murmur. Here the lieutenant of the Tower stood ready to conduct them to the separate apartments which had been prepared for them.

"This is the chamber assigned to you," said he, addressing Falkland, his voice half lost in the harsh grating of the bolt as it was shoved back.

"I should like to have Redding, my valet, sent me early in the morning," said Falkland, to the lieutenant, as he entered the apartment, a limited space in the centre of which was faintly illumined with a rushlight burning on the table, leaving the remainder in impenetrable gloom.

"You will be kept under restraint for so short a time," was the reply; "other attendance than that of the warden will hardly be necessary."

"I don't fear any lack of attendance," said Falkland, "but I have a little business transaction that must be attended to, which, in the morning, I should have seen to myself had I been left at liberty so to do, and which I prefer to entrust to no one, except my valet."

"He shall be sent to you," was the answer; and turning away, he left the warden to close the door and replace the heavy bolt.

The room to which Harleigh was conducted differed little from Falkland's. It was, perhaps, a little larger and a little gloomier, while the walls, as he saw in the morning, were inscribed with the names of many an unhappy prisoner whose last and only egress from the dark prison-house was to the scaffold. * * * *

Falkland had just risen, when the warden admitted his valet.

"Ned Redding," said he, "step this way."

The valet obeyed, though without manifesting any great alacrity.

"You are surprised to see me here, I suppose?"

Judging by Redding's looks, he was not in the least surprised. His answer, however, was sufficiently courteous.

"It is," said he, "where many of the first gentlemen in the land have been before you."

"True, and with little or no expectation of ever regaining their liberty, while I shall be free again in a few days. Did you ever notice the little shop kept by Jeduthun, the Jew?"

"I have. I remember of going there for you once, before you went to America."

"Yes; you went to hire me a masquerade dress. He keeps them still, I believe, but I have something now more important for you to negotiate. Look at this."

"It appears to me to be a piece of green glass. Can it be worth anything?"

"Yes, more than a thousand times its weight in gold," and he held it in the sunshine that came into one of the windows, to bring into play its rich and vivid colors.

"It must be as you say. I never saw so magnificent a jewel."

"You must take it to the Jew, and with it, hand him this piece of paper, on which I have written the sum I expect him to give me for it?"

"What if he should refuse?"

"There will be little danger of that. A single glance at the gem will show him that what I demand is only two-thirds its real value."

"Do you wish him to keep it for a certain time, so as to give you a chance to redeem it?"

"He isn't a pawnbroker, but he would do it, I suppose."

"I am certain that he would."

"It will be of no use," Falkland replied, after a few moments' reflection. "There is no prospect that I shall be able to redeem it, at present."

"It seems a pity to let it go, without any prospect of ever getting it back again."

"It is a bauble I can do without. The *money* I must have, or send a private petition to the king to keep me incarcerated. I thought the ruffianly fellow who won from me twice as much as I had the means of paying him, was off to the continent, instead of which, his ugly visage was almost the first face I caught sight of after I came ashore."

"And did he see you?"

"Fortunately he did not, but when I leave this place, I may meet him at any moment, and then there will be no more peace for me. He will be on my track wherever I go, like a sleuth hound."

"Shall I go to the Jew's now?"

"No; wait till my breakfast is brought me, so that I may save being stunned by an extra crash of bars and bolts."

In a few minutes, the warden entered with the prisoner's morning meal, and the valet, having been instructed by Falkland to make what haste he could, withdrew, and bent his steps towards the shop of Jeduthun, the Jew. It was in a narrow, dirty street, occupying the front portion of a mean-looking building, somewhat dilapidated, and running back a considerable distance.

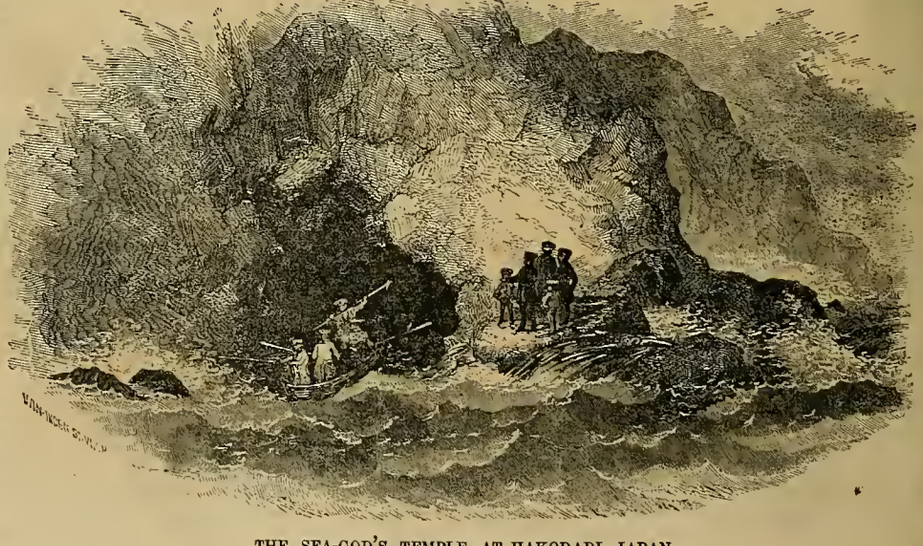
It has been said that though the Jewish women are eminently handsome, the men, with few exceptions, have little to recommend them, as respects good looks. Jeduthun was one of these exceptions, his aspect being mild and pleasing, and his manners conciliatory, without being either cringing or hypocritical.

His wares, judging by those displayed on the shelves of his shop, or arranged elsewhere, were not of a first-rate quality, and there were some who knew that though the profits arising from their sale were his ostensible means of a livelihood, he in reality needed no such resource. It was merely to blind the eyes of those who would not have wanted a pretext to fleece him of his possessions, the same as they had those of many of the oppressed people to whom he belonged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

Some critics are like chimney-sweepers; they put out the fire below, and frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.—*Longfellow.*



THE SEA-GOD'S TEMPLE, AT HAKODADI, JAPAN.



NATIVES OF LOO CHOO.

ADVENTURES IN THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

The engravings on this and the preceding page are from a splendidly illustrated 8vo volume recently published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, entitled "My Last Cruise: or, where we went and what we saw: being an account of visits to the Malay and Loo-Choo Islands, the coasts of China, Formosa, Japan, Khamschatka, Siberia, and the mouth of Amoor River. By A. W. Habersham, Lieut. U. S. Navy, and late of the North Pacific surveying and exploring expedition." The reader will see at a glance what a broad and unhackneyed field the author has before him, and how many incidents so extensive a voyage must have yielded. The whole cruise was indeed one series of adventures, and our gallant lieutenant has "logged" it in a style spirited and graphic, strongly dashed with genuine humor. It is a work of rare fascination, and it is difficult to leave it, after you have once commenced its perusal. Besides numerous wood engravings, executed in the highest style of art, there are several superb steel plates, including a most beautiful emblematic title-page, rendering the volume attractive in every way. In the course of his very modest preface, the author explains the object of the expedition of which he was an officer. "To test the accuracy of charts extant, to prepare others of unknown coasts, to lift the veil that hung between civilization and the customs and habits of isolated tribes and nations, and to collect data from unfrequented parts of our globe for the advancement of science, the government of the United States sent out the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition, and the following pages are simply intended to show where it was that we went, and what it was that we saw, while engaged in the attainment of these objects." Lieut. Habersham's narrative is thus a popular one, leaving the scientific record to other pens. We shall not attempt to follow his career, but give a brief description of the engravings we have selected. The first picture, an "adventure with a snake," occurred on the island of Banca, in the Indian Ocean, where the author and some men had landed for a hunting and exploring expedition. The lieutenant is startled by a piercing cry and rushes to the spot. "With bent frame and livid and distorted features, a strong man was gripping between his knees a bleeding hand. Terror had almost deprived him of speech, and seemed to have shaken his ordinarily stolid brain. He could only rock himself back and forth, and mutter in a hoarse whisper, 'a snake bit me! a snake bit me! a snake bit me!' It was a fearful sight. I looked around me for its author, and in my then excited state of mind quailed before the angry flash of its leaden eyes. The snake was coiled around the half-stripped twig from which I had requested the man to pull a leaf, and, as the branch swung back and forth after the violent jerking away of the hand, he moved his flattened head and outstretched neck in keeping with the motion. His whole appearance was indicative of anger and readiness for further combat. I looked upon its flat head, its leaden body, its hostile eye, and its projecting fangs, and then turned to the bleeding hand. I felt that it was one of the deadly sort, and that a few hours more would probably add another to the missing men." The sufferer, however, is saved by a large dose of spirit and by sucking the venom from the wound. The next engraving delineates two Japanese women and a child, a specimen of the natives who met our author at landing. "And now we were in Japan," he says, "among the mysterious people who, for the last three hundred years had amused themselves by tying and otherwise harshly treating all shipwrecked mariners of whatever nation, and with whom the world was now beginning to renew its acquaintance after an isolation of centuries. It was a thrilling thought, the very idea of landing among them; and, although it was raining, * * several of us armed ourselves with umbrellas and took a boat for the beach. We landed between Ka-ga-sa-ki and the sea, and followed the beach until we reached the outskirts of the former, when we began to be struck by the great number of children and pretty girls that came forward to welcome us. They seemed quite anxious to see strangers, coming out of their houses, and lining our path with their fancifully-painted umbrellas overhead and their awkward stilt-like sandals underfoot. There was considerable pertness, too, as well as curiosity, in their glances, but as a general rule their bearing was marked by anything but boldness. The people of this particular locality had seen so much of our countrymen, and apparently formed so favorable an idea of them during the two visits of Commodore Perry, that they now viewed us without fear; indeed, to have heard their questions and seen their pantomime, one would have imagined that the majority of them had been personally acquainted with the worthy commodore. They would pronounce his name quite plainly (Comdo Pelly), and asked us, by signs, if we had ever seen him, giving us to understand in return, that they regarded him as a very powerful personage. Even the little children had now become reconciled to us (through associating with members of his squadron, we inferred), and approached us with perfect confidence. They would collect from all directions, as we passed, hold out their hands, with the salutation, 'How do *you* do?' or 'Ohio!' and, if noticed by a good-natured shake, would retire among the less adventurous with the steps of young heroes. They also, in many cases, evinced the utmost eagerness to pick up a few words of our language. One little fellow I remember in particular, who learned to count as high as ten in as many minutes; and the next day I found him on the sandy beach with a sharp stick, with which he was tracing 1, 2, 3, etc., as readily and accurately as many thick-headed schoolboys after a month of daily drubbing. He held in his left hand a slip of paper on which I had written him the numbers on the preceding evening, and, recognizing me as soon as I approached, made signs that he had no longer any use for those, and wanted me to put down some more. I looked at his childish frame, and bright, sparkling eyes, and began to conceive a high idea of Japanese brains. It is needless to add that myself and friend seated ourselves on a piece of ship-timber, and wrote him down the numbers *ad infinitum*, which he had no sooner received (the lead-pencil being added, to his lively joy) than he commenced counting on his fingers as high as each number, when, as we bent our heads in assent, he put the Japanese character opposite to each, and the whole being translated in that way, he smoothed off a place on the beach, and went to work with his sharp stick with a will that caused me to look back on my own truant-playing days and blush." The subject of the next picture is a "Sea-god's Cave at Hakodadi," a very curious place, but difficult of entrance. After some attempts, a portion of the party gave up the idea of entering it, and stood on a rock without, the remainder pushing their boat in. "Leaving one of the boys in the boat to keep her clear of the rocks, we now lit our candles and commenced climbing over the boulders towards the centre of the dome, where we could see the dim and uncertain outlines of a truncated cone, upon the top of which was perched something like an ordinary dog kennel. This was by no means pleasant climbing, as one every now and then put his hand upon a king-crab, a young bat, or some object equally pleasant to the touch. Still, we climbed on, and finally reached the top. It proved to be a rugged mound, half rock, half earth, within whose closed portals we discovered a finely executed bronze casting of their sea-god. A number of copper cash were around about his sacred feet, and a gilded serpent twined about his head and secured its wide opened jaws over the stupid oriental eyes of the image. Altogether, it was a most singular looking 'josh.' Some of the party secretly determined to get possession of it before leaving port. But knowing that the Japanese spies kept their glasses on our every movement, and would visit the cave after night to see if we had carried off anything, we left empty handed." The fourth engraving exhibits the natives of Loo-Choo in their somewhat airy costume. The flying figure with the pig thrown over his shoulder indicates the terror which seized upon the natives at the sight of strange visitors. "Upon one occasion," says Lieut. Habersham, "we were following a winding street, which brought us suddenly out upon the plaza, or market-place of Nappa; and such a stampede as ensued I never before witnessed. The plaza probably covered a space of about two acres, and it was crowded with country people, with their pack-horses and truck-carts, and various articles which they had brought in for sale. The citizens, of all ages and sexes, were there also, making their purchases in their usual noiseless manner, and apparently wrapped up in their negotiations and bargains. Suddenly a confused feeling of alarm pervaded the whole square; strangers had appeared among them. Those who were near the opening of the street down which we came rushed pell-mell from us on either side, just as a crowd makes a passage for a mad bull. They left most of their things behind, though there was one fellow who took time to sling a pig over his shoulders, and one tall, finely-formed woman who gathered up her bundle of rice and walked off with majestic dignity. Those who were more distant from us mostly disappeared down neighboring streets or into friendly houses, though some had the courage to remain to pack their wares hurriedly before flight. I never before saw such a state of 'undecided alarm.'"



THE AINU, OR HAIRY KURILES.

The next picture exhibits a couple of Ainu, or Kuriles, who have been described by various voyagers as differing from the generality of the Asiatics in having unusually heavy beards. Lieut. Habersham doubts whether the hairy endowments of these people are as extensive as other writers have represented them. "As a general rule, they shave the front of the head *a la* Japanese, and, though the remaining hair is undoubtedly very thick and coarse, yet it is also very straight, and owes its bushy appearance to the simple fact of constant scratching and seldom combing. This remaining hair is parted in the middle, and allowed to grow within an inch of the shoulder. The prevailing hue is black, but it often possesses a brownish cast, and these exceptions cannot be owing to the sun, as it is but reasonable to suppose that they suffer a like exposure from infancy up. Like the hair, their beard is bushy, and from the same causes. It is generally black but often brownish, and seldom exceeds five or six inches in length." They dress with great simplicity, and are very uncleanly. Their dispositions are mild, and they possess intellects of a high order. The last picture is a very spirited representation of a party waylaying a Siberian bear, and clubbing their guns to assail him as he advances to the attack. The adventure with the bear affords an opportunity for a very spirited and humorous sketch, occupying several pages of the book before us, to which we can only allude. We can assure those of our readers who have not yet read Lieut. Habersham's volume that they have a treat in store, while the elegant style in which it is got up renders it an ornament to any drawing-room table. The book is selling largely.



WAYLAYING A SIBERIAN BEAR.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES.

BY CLARA RICHTER.

The sun shines fair in lotus land,
And shadow there is never seen;
Pearls glitter in the snow-white sand,
And lilies dot the vales of green.

O would you thither with me go?
If so, come take me by the hand,
Shut out the world of work, and lo!
In fancy, we're in lotus land.—WILLIS E. PABOR.

I'll place mine hand within thine own,
And fearless tread "the snow-white sand;"
If in *one* heart may be my throne,
And I sole queen in lotus land.

A wreath of lilies gold and blue,
Shall be my crown, and bind my braids;
And my heart-flowers bloom pure and true,
As lotus leaf "that never fades."

In dreamy hours of sweet repose,
Bright, rainbow fancs, serene and grand,
Shall glow and flash in light that flows,
From radiant skies of lotus land.

O I will "thither with thee go,"
Won by the light upon thy brow;
Forgetting, freed from grief and woe,
The toilsome past—the joyless now.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE YANKEE CRUISER.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

SOME years ago, while strolling about the grounds of the Greenwich Hospital, my attention was attracted toward a veteran sailor, with white hair, a wooden leg, and but one eye, who was seated upon a bench busily engaged in knitting a pair of mittens—a common occupation with the unseaworthy tars who are there laid up in ordinary, who by the sale of their easy manufactures are enabled to supply themselves with an extra allowance of tobacco and other groceries.

With a view to striking up a conversation with the old fellow, I seated myself by his side and opened negociations for the purchase of the mittens, one of which was wholly and the other about half completed, I to wait where I was till they were finished. To this arrangement he willingly consented, all the more readily, perhaps, that I offered him somewhat more for them than I knew he asked. Our conversation having for some time run upon a variety of subjects neither instructive nor amusing, at length turned upon the subject of short passages and fleet ships, when I ventured to remark that, in my opinion, American ships led the world in that respect.

"Why, yes, those Yankee chaps do rather take the wind out of our sails on that tack," he replied, as he clumsily wiggled his needles and fingered the yarn. "But the long and the short of the matter is just here, d'ye see; it comes nat'ral to 'em, like, to build clippers, and always has ever since they had a navy. I remember as long ago as when I was a little oakum boy, not much bigger than a plug of tobacco, how one of their frigates hurried up our time for us. It was war time, you know, and we were employed convoying the transport ships from port to port. Thirty or forty sail of all sorts had collected in the harbor of Cadiz, and our craft, together with a sloop of war, was sent over from the rock, where we were laying, to take them back to Portsmouth. Well, we laid at Cadiz a week or more waiting for a fair wind, and at last we got it, though rather light and puffy; but the commodore, not willing to wait any longer, hoisted the blue star at the fore, and all hands up anchors and sails, and stood out of harbor. All went nice and slick as a greased lanyard until we got to the north of Portugal and the coast of Spain, when one night, just after sundown, it was reported that there was a strange sail in the midst of the convoy. There had been a rumor currently reported among the officers on the station, that there was an American frigate cruising in those latitudes, and this was supposed to be the identical craft.

"You may be sure there was a jolly row when it became certain there was a stranger among us; for it was just coming on night, and there was no end to the mischief he might do among the convoy before morning; for I suppose you know, and then again perhaps you don't know, that, where thirty or forty craft are sailing together, they don't sail together at all; no, not by a heap. The longest legged among them will take the lead and keep it through the day, while the dull sailors lag behind, so that by night the fleet may spread over a surface of a dozen miles or so.

"Well, we signalized the commodore, and the commodore signalized us, back and forth, in a terrible hurry and flutter; then both of us signalized with all our might for the convoy to close. They took the alarm fast enough, and such a shortening of sail by those ahead, and making of sail by those astern, never was seen before or behind. Luck was on our side, and by the time it was dark the whole fleet, safe and sound, was clustered about us for protection, like a litter of chickens about a couple of old hens at the appearance of a hawk. As it was more than likely the stranger, if an enemy, which was pretty certain, would try to play a sort of Tom Cox's traverse among us in the dark, we beat to quarter aboard both ships, and cleared for action. The guns were cast adrift, loaded and double shotted; the lower and topsail yards were secured to the mast-heads, preventer braces rove at the yard-arms; shot racks were filled; powder monkeys formed lines to the magazine, and the men stood to the guns in momentary expectation of a brush with somebody.

"Well, we stayed at quarters all night, blowing our matches, chewing pig-tail, spinning fighting yarns, and peaking out of the ports for a sight of the enemy, till the morning watch. Soon as the gray dawn began to wink up a little in the east, we had a quarter-master on each topgallant yard to take a spy-glass view of matters and things; and it hadn't got to be good fair sunrise before they reported a strange sail, with quter, towering skysail poles, right ahead, three miles distant. As soon as we got this information the commodore signalized that he would stand away to port a bit, take a sweep round and head off this chap, whoever he might be, while we were to lay to where we was to protect the convoy and prevent the stranger escaping by working astern of us. Having thrown out all his flying kites to the light breeze, he bore up into the wind and got the weather gauge, and meantime, all hands aboard our craft were piped to grog and breakfast. Before we had got our grub fairly into us, we were beat to quarters, and tumbling up on deck, we saw, by the increasing light, the commodore and the stranger at broadside and broadside, not above a quarter of a mile from each other, but about two miles ahead of us, with their ports open, their guns run out, and all ready to fire. Both vessels now began to shorten sail for action. Studding sails were taken in, topgallant sails and royals furled, and coursea hauled up in the buntlines. Neither ship had yet displayed its national flag; but as the commodore drew within close carronade shot, he run up the good old gridiron at the peak, and fired a couple of shot across the stranger's bow. This brought him to the conclusion to hoist his colors, which he did, at the peak end; and there, sure enough, was the saucy stars and stripes. The bunting had hardly time to shake itself before the commodore let drive his whole broadside slap bang right into him, and then luffed, to come about to deliver his other broadside.

"Now perhaps you may know what is meant by a raking fire, and then again perhaps you may not," continued my timber-toed acquaintance, after a pause to count the rows of stitches in his mitten, in order to know whether he was "narrowing" properly. "It's like this; suppose there was a flock of birds a cable's length or so ahead of you, on the green there, and they all stood in a row, two or three fathoms apart; now if the row was broadside on, it's plain that you wouldn't be able to knock over but one of them; but if you were to creep away round by the gate there, so as to bring them in a line, you'd stand a good chance to take the whole bunch, d'ye mind. Well, it's the same way with a ship; if you fire into her beam, the shot goes in at one side and out at the other, and the most that gun can do is to capsize one gun and the men that work it, while if the ball went in at the bow or stern it would walk the whole length of the deck, taking its pick of any or all of twenty or thirty guns on a side, and the two or three hundred men that stood by them. The confounded Yankee knew this as well as anybody else, and so held his fire until the commodore, after letting strip at him, luffed to heave in stays so as to bring his other broadside to bear, when just as he had got his jib-boom end in the wind's eye, Mr. Stars and Stripes just yawed a little and poured his whole starboard battery right through the cabin windows, the balls dancing slip slap the whole length of the deck, capsizing guns, men and marines below, while chain and grape and canister cut up the rigging shockingly aloft. That broadside couldn't have come in a worse time, for the ship being just upon the point of coming about, with everything flat aback, the surprise and confusion—to say nothing of the braces being cut—prevented their swinging the main topsail yard at the proper moment, so, of course, they missed stays, and were in irons in no time. This was at once taken advantage of by the Yankee, who hauled sharp on the wind and stood across the commodore's bows, at the same time pitching in just shot enough to knock the bowsprit out of her, and then scooted away to windward, taking the weather gauge of the whole of us.

"No doubt you've seen plenty of people when they felt middling cross, before now, but I'll bet a mug of beer you never saw a madder man than the commodore was just about that time. The way the signals flew up and down from his masthead must have kept the signal mid's claws out of his breeches pockets, now I tell you. We were signalized to stand to windward, to head off and engage the enemy while the commodore made the necessary repairs and preparations to come to our assistance. In obedience to the order, we cracked on all sail, and on a taut bowline stood up to windward, steering full and by. We kept up the chase for an hour or so; but bless you it was no use. The thundering Yankee drawed ahead three knots to our two, and as we were getting too far away, the commodore signalized for us to come back; for being with convoy it was against the admiral's orders to quit the fleet on any account, no matter what prize offered. So, firing a couple of shots, out of spite, we squared away and run back to our place.

"All that day the enemy hovered on our weather beam; sometimes coming within long range, when we would have a crack at him, and then running hull down ahead of us. But when night came on he took up his position about two miles to windward, and shortening sail, jogged along at about the same speed that we made. While danger was so nigh it was of course no time to sleep; and having gathered the convoy into the smallest possible space, we stood at quarters all night, making an industrious use of our spare time by swearing lustily at the enemy for keeping us out of our regular snoozing spells. We made certain sure of having work on our hands that night. But no, the night passed away as peaceably as could be, and morning came, bringing with it about as thick a fog as ever was seen in this or any other world, without it be on the Grand Bank.

"This was a fine fix for us. In the night we could signalize each other with lanterns, but in such thick weather we could indicate our position only by fog horns and ship bells, which were blarting and jingling in all directions. After a sight of trouble and poking about, we managed to communicate with the commodore, and got orders to stand away to starboard, outside the fleet, while the commodore took a similar position on the larboard side, bringing the whole convoy between us. Guided by the sound of horns and bells, we dodged slowly along, and in about an hour got outside of everything, when we hove the main topsail to the mast and waited as patiently as we could. Well, the forenoon slipped away, eight bells was struck, and nothing had gone amiss—at all events, no guns had been fired within a dozen miles of us, and we were beginning to think the enemy had quit us altogether, when, happening to be aloft on the fore-topgallant yard, making up some stray gaskets, I felt a smart puff of wind in my face. 'Hillo,' thinks I to myself, 'we're going to get a breeze at last;' and looking in the direction from which it came, which was ahead of the fleet, I saw the fog-clouds twisting and curling as they lifted rapidly from the water; I fancied I saw, too, through a break in the fog, the tall mastheads of the Yankee; but as I got only a little mite of a glimpse and then lost it, I couldn't of course be sure, and so said nothing about it. The next minute a strong, whirling cat's paw from the coming breeze pitched right down upon the water where we lay, driving the fog, like a thick wall, away from us, and giving us a fair sight for some distance. There lay all our convoy, safe and sound, and away some two miles on the other side lay the commodore, with his main topsail to the mast, but nothing was to be seen of the Yankee. You know I told you that the puff of the rising breeze drove away the fog like a wall—pushing it back, like, so that we had a thick bank all around us.

"Well, just as we were getting ready to fill away and stand on our course, there came a great roar from two or three of the ships nearest to us, and looking to windward we saw, poking out of the fog-bank, first the jibboom, then the bowsprit, then the bows, and then the whole fore and aft of the confounded Yankee. With studding sails, royals and skysails set, the stars and stripes flying at her peak, and bringing a stiff breeze with her, she was rattling down right into the middle of the convoy. Now you recollect the fleet of convoy was in the middle and the commodore and ourselves were on each side, so that while the enemy was close on the fleet between us, we were something like a mile away from him. That wasn't bad range, however, to begin on, and soon as we got a fair sight at the critter's flag, the first luff sings out: 'Ready about. Stand by your braces. Pat the helm down!' While, as the ship began to round to, the captain rushed to the main hatch, roaring like a bull of Bashan: 'Stand by your guns below there, men. Extreme train to the right. Elevate. Wait for the word!' then after a minute, 'Fire!'

"All the matches fell upon the priming at once; the double-shotted broadside making our craft shake and tremble like a big nigger under oath. Almost at the same minute, the commodore hove in stays, on the other side, and let strip his battery. But in the hurry, and at such long range, the shot from both ships flew pretty wild, doing little damage; and the Yankee, right before the wind, with every sail drawing, tore right in among the helpless fleet of unarmed vessels, rattling away with his guns on both sides, rip to split, making the spars, sails, and splinters fly at an awful rate. By this time we had got the breeze that brought him down among us in such handsome style, so that we could now work ship and manœuvre as quick as we chose. But what could we do? We had a good hit to run to lay him aboard, and, as he was right in among the fleet, we couldn't fire a shot without doing a thousand times more damage to our own convoy than to him. There was nothing for it but to square away, make all sail, and run to leeward to head him off, which we did; while he was running through the thick of the fleet, playing the very old scratch, pouring in tons of iron, and knocking about spars and masts like tenpins. But, good lord! we might as well have tried to head off a jack-o'-lantern. By the time we had got to the rear of the fleet, he was two-thirds of a mile ahead of us, scooting away like a gull. And what d'ye think the impudent scamp did then? Why, I'm blowed if he didn't begin to shorten sail, just to show us what he could do in the way of sailing, and even then he could have sailed round and round us; and not content with that, he hoisted the English flag under the American, and while we, mad as blazes, and for good reason, too, threw shot and shell at long range, just out of spite, he added insult to injury by keeping just out of range, and firing blank charges at us. Having played with us that way for an hour or two, he hauled his wind for the nor'ard and west'ard, and that was the last we saw of him, although we were compelled to lay pretty near in the same position for a week, to repair, before we could budge an inch. We heard of him, though, when we got home, for he'd gone up the channel, knocking about the colliers and revenue cutters like fun, and even landing upon the coast and carrying off people and property just as if he owned them. Here's your mittins, sir," he continued, as he "slipped and bound" the last three stitches, and broke off the yarn, leaving a long string at the toe of the clumsy hand stocking.

"Well, here's your money."

"'Bliged to yer honor—thank yer honor."

"Do you recollect the name of the Yankee ship of which you have been speaking?"

"Well, no, yer honor, I've forgotten, if I ever did know what the ship's name was; but I think her captain's name was Joaes, or something like that—Peter Jones, I reckon."

"Wasn't it Paul Jones?"

"Ah, yes, 'twas Paul, yer honor's right. Ye see I knew it was one of the 'postles, but I'd forgot which. Good-day t'ye honor."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IMPROMPTU.

NO MORE SHALL YE BIND THESE WILD TRESSES OF MINE!

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

What! think ye to bind these wild tresses again,
Because they were wreathed once on Fashion's high shrine?
The torturing bridlets were plaioned in pain—
No more shall ye bind these wild tresses of mine!

There's a spirit of freedom afloat on the wind,
And a spirit of poesy rocks on the wave,
My tresses are *free* as a thought of my mind
Unfettered and free—I am nobody's slave!

Ye may wreathe them with flowers from the wildwood and glen,
Or bedeck them with leaves from the frost's painted shrine,
But away with your fetters—ye conjure in vain:
No more shall ye bind these wild tresses of mine!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILMENT.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

Destined from her birth to every vicissitude of fortune, Frances d'Aubigne was born in the prison of Niort, where her father, of an ancient but decayed family of Guyenne, was at the time confined for debt; his attached young wife persisting in remaining with him, the little Frances was conveyed by her aunt, Madame du Vilette, to her residence, and there treated with all care till her father's liberation, four years after, when he embarked from Bordeaux, with his wife and child, for the island of Martinique.

Entering into a mercantile house soon after his arrival in the colony, M. d'Aubigne amassed a considerable fortune, which enabled him to give his daughter a brilliant education, to which, since she was not at any period beautiful, must be attributed all her after prosperity. Fortune, that at first favored, again proved fickle, and M. d'Aubigne dying in indigence when Frances was in her fourteenth year, she returned with her widowed mother to France.

Shortly after their arrival at Bordeaux, Madame d'Aubigne married a farmer by the name of Gomart, with whom she retired to a small farm at Vanceuleurs. Fortunately for Mademoiselle d'Aubigne, she had a rich god-father named Dumonceau, who undertook, in consequence of her unwillingness to go to the country, to defray the expenses of her board and the completion of a finished musical education, at the convent of Saint Aure, where he placed her. While there she was earnestly solicited to take the veil, the abbess thinking her god-father would endow her richly, but Frances had other and more ambitious views, an old negress in Martinique having predicted that she would become a queen of France.

M. Dumonceau was a widower, and having no home to which to bring the young girl, whose head, full of ambitious dreams, soon tired of the monotony of a convent, he advised her to return to her aunt, Madame Vilette, then a dressmaker in Paris.

Being without asylum or resources, Mademoiselle d'Aubigne felt obliged, notwithstanding her distaste, to return to the roof that had sheltered her infancy, where the very nature of her occupation, the many brilliant women she assisted to unrobe while fitting on dresses of costly fabrics, their indiscreet remarks of her own fine figure and graceful manners, all served to disgust her with her surroundings, while contributing to the notion that she was fitted to move in a less humble sphere. With sentiments like hers, it was not long before she contrived to get introduced to the *petite soupers* of a lady of quality, where she attracted the attention of Paul Scarron, the most celebrated wit of the day. So indifferently was she always dressed, that Scarron, though himself poor, occupying two small chambers in the Rue de la Tissanderie, offered, on the supposition of her poverty, to either pay her board, if she wished to return to the convent, or to marry her.

But no idea had Mademoiselle d'Aubigne of going back to the convent. Accepting the offer of marriage with tearful gratitude, the accomplished and graceful girl of sixteen hastened with joyous alacrity to her aunt, to borrow a gown wherein to be married to the aged and deformed writer, who, overwhelmed with ailments, could scarce rise from his elbow-chair. The poet's poverty did not prevent the most intellectual people from visiting him in his humble apartments; while she, tired alike of the cloister and her aunt's work-rooms, gladly accepted the "*pauvre paralytique*," as she called him.

For ten years, she shone the bright particular star of the brilliant society that gathered at the poet's house, when his death leaving her very poor, in her twenty-sixth year, she was obliged to seek a home on the little farm at Vanceuleurs.

On arriving at the farm, she was welcomed by her mother and step-father; but the odor of the farmyard with which his smock frock and leathern gaiters were reeking, reminded her painfully that she must in future bear with patience much she had not been accustomed to.

"Why did you not listen to the proposal of the notary's nephew your aunt writes me of?" asked her mother, after they were seated at the supper table.

"What trade has he got?" asked the farmer.

"He is a clerk in a great banking-house in Paris, aunt says; it is an excellent situation."

"Then why not take him, if his salary is sufficient to live on?" put in her mother.

"Because I have hopes that the Duke of Villars will get me appointed into the suite of Mademoiselle de Nemours, when she goes to Portugal to be married to Alphonso VI."

Evening came, and while the young widow arranged her few things with a heavy heart, in the small attic room allotted to her use, all unheeding the perfume of flowers or the song of the Provencal thrush that stole to her ear, she yet caught the sound of merriment from below; they were laughing at her folly in presuming to suppose *she* could influence Marshal Harcourt, or Villars. She felt she was a stranger there, since they talked only of persons and things in which she felt no interest; and while she sat in the dingy room, silently thinking on her late brilliant society, she determined to escape from her present abode, which to her seemed stagnation.

Without acquainting any one of her intentions, she wrote two letters that night, one to her aunt, requesting an asylum till she could obtain some suitable situation; the other to her friend Ninon de l'Enclos, begging her to use her influence to obtain for her the place of lady's companion at the Hotel Richelieu.

Receiving permission to return to her aunt in Paris, Madame Scarron again betook her to the needle, which, however, she gladly resigned for the appointment procured by Ninon de l'Enclos, her duties being to attend to seeing the fires replenished and to order the carriages of visitors, bells not having at that time been introduced. While serving in this menial capacity, her grace and intelligence, together with her indigence, subjected her to many temptations. Fouquet, the minister of finances, sent her a superb casket of jewels, which the young widow indignantly returned, repulsing, too, the offer of a suite of apartments in the hotel of Marshal d'Albert.

Retiring to a retreat in the Hospitallers, she for a while tried to live content on the small pension granted to her as the poet's widow, by Anne of Austria; but the death of the queen-mother plunged her once more into utter indigence. The beautiful Marchioness Montespan, hearing that her name was inscribed on the charitable list of the parish of Saint Eustache, solicited the king, Louis XIV., to permit her to remove to her hotel in the Rue Vaugirard, Paris, to take charge of the young Duke de Maine. Joyously did the widow Scarron grasp at this offer, since it brought her near a court, while her office of governess of the Duke of Maine would insensibly bring her frequently there, leading her to the king's cabinet, in order to report of the health and progress of her royal pupil.

Aware that the queen, Maria Theresa, especially favored those who spoke the Spanish language, which from disuse she had nearly forgotten, Madame Scarron diligently applied herself to its reacquirement. Affecting the utmost austerity of morals, she so contrived to please the unsuspicious queen, that she invited her frequently to the palace, spending much of her time with the intelligent widow; as for Louis himself, he so disliked what he termed her "*pruderie*," that he begged Madame de Montespan not to reply to any observation or remark of the governess, in his presence, beyond a monosyllable; while Maria Theresa, delighted with having secured an ally from whose humble position and retiring manners no evil could accrue, thought of appointing her maid of honor to Madame Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans.

Henrietta, daughter of Charles I, of England, at that time but seventeen years of age, bore in her beautiful features and provoking langnor, that fatal impress of sadness that marked the Stuarts. When parliament, under Cromwell, had beheaded her father, she was brought to France by her mother—a daughter of Henry the Great—and wedded in her sixteenth year to the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans. Yet though calmly enduring the insipid society of her husband, Maria Theresa noted with extreme pain that the young and beautiful Henrietta of England was admired by Louis XIV., who was her cavalier at all court balls and fetes, and with a view towards breaking off the infatuation, she encouraged the presence of Madame Scarron, as being a woman of sufficient intelligence to interest, while too simple in her manners and of too humble origin to enthrall.

Meantime Louis, who detested the demure widow, indemnified himself for the surveillance kept over his attentions to Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, by amusing his lonely hours in the bewitching society of the brilliant and beautiful Francoise, Athenais, daughter of the Duke de Mortemar; descended from a family of high rank, remarkable for her intellectual acquirements and elegant facility in conversation, her accuracy of ideas and brilliant repartee, rendering her a most agreeable companion to the king, wearied with the dull stupidity of a court.

She contrived to win the good opinion of the queen by an assumed attachment to her husband, the Marquis of Montespan, rarely appearing in public, unless accompanied by him or her ducal father, the governor of Paris. The grandeur of the superb marchioness contrasted strongly with the simplicity of the youthful Henrietta of England, who scarce lived to feel or bewail the king's neglect, dying early, generally supposed by poison administered by a second aspirant to her regard, the Chevalier de Lorraine.

All this time our heroine was working her way, slowly but securely, at court. By an assumed austerity of dress and manner, she was so skilful as to give the queen a high opinion of her correct principles, by a strict observance of religious duties. And though Louis himself appreciated her care of the young Duke of Maine, he otherwise had so unconquerable a dislike to her affected prudery, that when she first came to acquaint him of her pupil's progress, he could barely support her presence.

Yet though he never replied to any observation of hers, save by a gruff monosyllable, still did our ambitious widow cling to the Martinique fortune-teller's prediction that she would be a queen; and placing implicit faith in the prophecy, she continued her haughty manners, entering boldly into discussions in his presence, with the marchioness, respecting the mode of training her young charge, endeavoring to annoy the beautiful mother of the boy-duke, who, however, always forgave her, loading her with favors—even pressing the king with courageous perseverance for presents for "*la belle Indienne*," as she called the graceful, haughty widow.

Having frequent access to his cabinet, her office of governess, despite his dislike, at last led to lengthened conversations, in which Madame Scarron discovered the king's superstitious devotion in religious observances, and she skilfully used the discovery to lead imperceptibly towards the realization of her ambitious dreams. Ever faithful to religious observance, while forgetting its precepts, Louis XIV, who ever alternated between error and repentance, was at last won by her placid manner and urgent remonstrance, to return to his allegiance to his truly royal and devoted queen. It was, however, but a short dream of happiness for Maria Theresa, who still testified her sense of the obligation, by many an act of friendship towards our heroine.

Solaced by the presence of her husband, who addressed her in Spanish, the language she loved, Maria Theresa appeared to reanimate for a while, but grief had made too sure inroads on her constitution, and Louis, declaring that she never caused him grief, but when she died, retained ever after the utmost veneration for her memory. Too politic to remain at court while the king's first paroxysm of remorse lasted, Madame Scarron requested permission to take her pupil to Barrages, for the benefit of sea-bathing. When she returned, after an absence of some weeks, the young duke's health was so much improved by the change, that the former dislike of the volatile king for his governess changed to a contrary sentiment.

In 1679, Louis gave the ambitious widow apartments in the palace, in order that he might enjoy the charm of her conversation without restraint. The beautiful marchioness was exiled through her arguments, under the cloak of religion, the queen was dead and forgotten, while she, ever using the two powerful arguments, religion and superstition, drew the weak monarch to herself, until her path to the throne was uninterrupted and sure.

When Louis offered her the post of *dame d'honneur* to the danphine, our ambitious widow refused it with contempt! There was but *one* place she thought worthy her acceptance; the king was a widower, her cavalier everywhere, wearing her colors, walking bareheaded by the side of her sedan-chair;—what cared he that the court was furious;—that the people rebelled at seeing the sons and daughters of France standing around her chair, uncovered in her presence? Working on his superstitious tendency, she had obtained his promise to make her queen, and though their marriage was obscure, it was none the less authentic.

In 1684, Frances d'Aubigne, born in a prison, reared in exile in Martinique, the destitute widow of a poor playwright, her name on a village charity list, was united in marriage at Versailles, to Louis XIV. of France, the archbishop, Harly, of Paris, pronouncing the benediction.

Though her marriage was not made public, nevertheless Madame de Maintenon (as she was styled from a marquisate conferred previous to her marriage) affected all the prerogatives of a queen, receiving the homage of ministers and ambassadors, as such. And yet, though almost seated on the throne, she wrote to Ninon d'Enclos, that she envied her peaceful independence, and to her brother, that it was a calamity to be obliged to amuse one "no longer *amusable*."

Her power absolute, she profited by it to marry her niece to the Duke of Noailles, with whom she passed much of her time, no longer dissembling the ennui she felt in the king's society, who in his last years found his once brilliant palace deserted, his faithful, devoted surgeon, Marechal, alone remaining with him; while his wife held her stern court at Saint Cyr, deriving much consolation from the reflection that, since the virtuous Fenelon had had the courage to exact an oath from his sovereign never to proclaim her queen, she had at least sent him into exile; since save in being proclaimed, the Martinique fortune-teller's prediction was verified, and she was queen of France.

LONGEVITY OF STUDENTS.

It is a popular error to suppose that scholars and literary men are shorter lived than other men. But the fact is "on the contrary quite the reverse." Consider for a moment that the *class*, compared with what are called the "professions," is but a small one, and compared with the "trades," is very small indeed—and then mark the result. Hardly an eminent author of modern times but affords an example of longevity. Byron and Keats, it is true, died young—the latter by consumption, the former by irregularities that would have killed anybody. But Wordsworth, Southey, Tom Moore and James Montgomery lived to an advanced age. Rogers, at his decease, was above ninety, and De Quincey, Walter Savage Landor and Humboldt are still alive and at work, at past threescore and ten. Our own country furnishes similar examples in Benton, Silliman, Irving, Halleck and Pierpont—all old men—but still strong in health and mental vigor. The truth is, men oftener rust out than wear out, and there is no doubt that habitual mental employment tends to keep the body young both in fact and appearance. Students very rarely suffer from study, but, in common with the rest of mankind, are not proof against physical laziness.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

FEMALE DELICACY.

Above all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women and in the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with a seriousness and kindness, of things of which it would be ashamed to smile or blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another—which can give alms without assumption, and pains not the most susceptible being in creation.—*Home Journal.*



PRINCIPAL STREET IN SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

SAULT SAINTE MARIE, MICHIGAN.

We present our readers on this and the next page with a series of very interesting views of Sault Sainte Marie, drawn in Mr. Hill's best style, from sketches made upon the spot expressly for the Pictorial by a gentleman familiar with the localities. The first picture represents the principal street in the village, with the rail track in the centre, and characteristic groups of figures, including some Indians, who are not unfrequent visitors to the settlement. Then come two representations of the canal, with the locks, weirs and adjacent buildings, and in one of them, that representing the lower entrance, we have a full-rigged and gaily-decorated steamer passing on her way. The series closes with a faithful delineation of Fort Brady.—Sault, or Sault Sainte Marie is a post-village, and capital of Chippewa county, Michigan, situated on St. Mary's River or strait, four hundred miles north-northwest of Detroit and about eighteen miles from the entrance of Lake Superior. The rapids at this place have a descent of twenty-two feet within the distance of a mile, and form the natural limit of steamboat navigation. Before the great canal was constructed, the copper from the Superior mines was taken round the falls by railway, the cars being drawn by horses. The carrying trade was then considerable, and the prosperity of the town was owing to that fact. The place contains about eight hundred inhabitants, many of them being descendants of the old French "voyageurs," intermixed with the Indian blood. The village is pleasantly situated, and contains, besides the county buildings, churches for the Baptists, Methodists and Catholics, and one newspaper office. Steamboats frequently visit this place in summer with parties of pleasure. Many of the inhabitants are engaged in the fur trade and fisheries. In 1851, the value of imports was estimated at $151,134; that of exports at $340,800. The building of the ship canal was a most important enterprise, and will be prodigiously felt in this portion of the country. Saint Mary's Strait, on which the town is situated, separates Canada West from the upper peninsula of Michigan, and connects Lake Superior and Lake Huron. It commences at the southeastern extremity of the former lake, and after a general southeasterly course of sixty-three miles, enters Lake Huron by three channels. At some places it spreads out into little lakes, at others rushes through narrow rapids, or winds about beautiful islands. Its entire length is navigable by vessels drawing about eight feet of water, up to within a mile of Lake Superior. At this point the navigation is interrupted by falls—the "sault" of the river. Congress offered the State of Michigan 750,000 acres of land to construct a ship-canal round these rapids; and the State of Michigan contracted to give these lands, free of taxation for five years, to Erastus Corning and others, on condition of building the canal by the 19th of May, 1855. The work now completed, forms the last link in the intercommunication of the great lakes, and adds seventeen thousand miles of coast to our trade. The work in style is superior to anything of the kind on this continent, and the locks are supposed to be the largest in the whole world. The combined length of the three locks together is nearly one-third of a mile, all of solid masonry, twenty-five feet high, ten feet thick at the base, with buttresses at every twelve feet, six feet in width, all faced with cut white limestone of the first quality. The gates are each forty feet wide. The canal is one hundred feet at the top of the water, and one hundred and fifteen feet wide at the top of its banks. It is twelve feet deep, and the main body of the canal is excavated through solid rock of red sandstone. The largest steamboats and vessels which navigate the great lakes can pass through this magnificent canal with the greatest ease. The whole work was finished in little more than a year, a short space of time, considering the intervals of inactivity occasioned by the inclemency of the weather and the difficulties necessarily encountered. A vast saving of time and labor is effected by this work, as boats from the copper region can now pass directly to the ports on Lake Erie without re-shipping their freight at the "sault." A line of steamers has already been established, running from Cleveland and Detroit to the various ports of Lake Superior, and they are always crowded with pleasure-seekers who wish to enjoy the pure air of the northern waters. Every one knows that Lake Superior is the largest expanse of fresh water on the face of the globe. It has Minnesota on the west and northwest, the northern peninsula of Michigan on the south, and British America in all other directions. Its estimated area is thirty-two thousand square miles. Height above the sea level, six hundred and thirty feet; depth varing from eighty to two hundred fathoms. It is of very irregular shape. The northern shore is generally bold and elevated, and extends about twelve miles, penetrating almost unbroken ranges of cliffs, which vary from three hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height. The south shore is generally low and sandy, though occasionally interrupted by limestone ridges, the most remarkable of which, situated towards the eastern extremity, presents a perpendicular wall, three hundred feet high, broken by numerous caverns and projections, and forming, under the name of the Picture Rocks, one of the greatest natural curiosities of the United States. The central portion of the lake is clear of islands, but they abound on the south and north sides. In the former direction they are generally small, but in the latter, several, more especially the Isle Royale, are of considerable dimensions, and along with the indentations of the coast, afford good shelter for vessels. The water of the lake is remarkable for its transparency, and derives its supplies from a basin which is estimated at one hundred thousand square miles, and is drained by more than two hundred streams. About thirty of these are of considerable size, but they are all impetuous torrents, interrupted by narrows and falls. The only obstruction to navigation of the lake arises from the violent gales to which it is subject. It is well supplied with fish, principally trout, white-fish and sturgeon. The two former are of excellent quality, and have led to the establishment of a great number of fishing stations. The other principal export by the lake is copper, of which veins of great richness and extent have been discovered. The copper mines of Michigan, in the northern peninsula, to which the ship canal we have delineated will prove so great a benefit, are the richest in the world. They occupy a belt one hundred and twenty miles long and from two to six miles broad. A block of almost pure copper, weighing several tons, taken from these mines, is embedded in the walls of the national museum at Washington. A mass weighing one hundred and forty tons was uncovered in the North American mine in 1854. The same mineral is abundant in Isle Royale. One house shipped from this district, in five and a half months in 1854, two million seven thousand six hundred and thirty-six pounds; and in the nine years ending with 1853, inclusive, four thousand eight hundred and twenty-four tons were shipped. Silver has been found in connexion with the copper, yielding in one instance twenty-five, and another fifty per cent. of the precious metal. Iron of a very superior quality exists in a bed of slates, from six to twenty-five miles wide, extending westward for one hundred and fifty miles into Wisconsin. Though the mineral resources of Michigan are very imperfectly developed, yet lead, gypsum, peat, limestone, marl and coal are known to exist, the last in abundance at Corunna, within one hundred miles of Detroit. The utmost activity exists in the mining region of the northern peninsula, which has been intensely stimulated by the completion of the ship canal.—The last engraving of our series represents Fort Brady. It was built in 1823, and was at that time the most northerly fort in the United States. Its whitewashed buildings present a neat and cleanly appearance, characteristic of such establishments. A company of infantry is stationed there, but it is rarely called upon to perform active service. The Hudson Bay Company have a post on the opposite side of the river. It is a quadrangular enclosure, which, in addition to a dwelling and storehouse, contains several warehouses for furs. The St. Mary's Falls, or more properly speaking, rapids, present a picturesque appearance from below, the foaming water floating angrily over the rocks and between the numerous islands that fill the stream. The descent in a canoe was formerly attended with great danger, but the water has been slowly rising for years past, and the shoot is now performed without difficulty or peril. This is a favorite resort of the Indians for taking fish. They catch large quantities of trout, white-fish and siskowit, with dip-nets, several barrels being captured in a day. Such are the principal features of a locality interesting in every point of view.



UPPER ENTRANCE, SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

EAST INDIAN THIEVES.

The East Indian thieves are the most expert in the world. The quartermaster-sergeant of a regiment at this station, was a very corpulent and heavy man. One night his house was entered by robbers, who not only cleared it of everything portable that was lying about, but absolutely stole the very bed-clothes from under the fat sergeant himself and his sleeping family, without disturbing one of them. When they awoke in the morning, they were lying on the bare mattresses. This is a common trick with East Indian thieves, and the way they manage it is this: The robber, before he enters a house or tent, first strips and anoints himself all over with oil—which is done in order that, in case any person should be awake and seize the intruder, he might be enabled to slip like an eel from his grasp. Thus prepared, he creeps into the dwelling as noiselessly as possible. The nights in India are generally very close and oppressive, and the sleep of most people, although heavy, is uneasy and disturbed. Of this the thief takes advantage. He quietly crouches down close under the bed, and with a feather gently tickles the nose of the sleeper, who, half-dozing, rubs it and turns on his couch. While he is doing this, the sheet on which he is lying is withdrawn a little from under him by the thief. When he is fast asleep again, a second application of the feather causes another turn, and again a little more of the sheet is pulled away. The thief then goes on the other side, and the tickling is continued until the sheet is completely withdrawn from under the unconscious sleeper. The operation takes some time, but is always so nicely managed that there is no case on record of the slumberer being awakened while the robbery was going forward.—*Freeman.*



LOWER ENTRANCE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife makes the poorest and most desolate home a paradise, and moulds the most negligent and indifferent husband into a tender and thoughtful companion. The influence of woman—quiet, imperceptible and all-persuasive—is irresistible when directed by woman's instinctive tact and affection. The clamorers for women's rights rarely attain their object; while the meek and yielding can bind manhood with chains of roses more potent than chains of steel. The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be, "How shall I continue the love I have inspired? How shall I preserve the heart I have won?"—Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary, to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares, a shelter from the world, a home, not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasure in other houses, but let him find pleasure in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent and thoughtful, do not heedlessly disturb him; should he be studious, favor him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature, and by your sweetness, gentleness and good humor, urge him continually to think, though he may not say it, "This woman is indeed a comfort to me; I cannot but love her, and require such gentleness and affection as they deserve."—Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. These, to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating; while their opposites never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and modesty of the bride be always, in a great degree, supported by the wife.—If it be possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation, he will take some pains to deserve it; but when he has once lost the name, he will be apt to abandon the reality.—Cultivate and exhibit with the greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness and good humor. They give beauty to the finest face, and impart charms where charms are not. On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is chilling and repulsive to his feelings; he will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.—In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. The opinions of others on this subject is of but very little consequence, if he approves.—Particularly shun what the world calls, in ridicule, "curtain lectures." When you shut your door at night, endeavor to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look upon your chamber as a sacred retreat from the vexations of the world—a shelter sacred to peace and affection.—How indecorous, offensive and sinful it is, for a woman to exercise authority over her husband, and to say, "I will not have it so; it shall be as I like!" But we trust the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small, as to render it unnecessary for us to enlarge on the subject.—Be careful never to join in a jest and laugh against your husband. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early, breakfast early, have a place for everything, and everything in its place.—Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a female; and a wife should always endeavor to support with applause the character of the lady and the housewife.—Let home be your empire—your world. Let it be the scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober, quiet scenes let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to your husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home, and let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God. That fame is ever the noblest which the true, loving and affectionate wife secures from among the inmates of the home circle.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE ITALIAN PULPIT.

The Italian preacher is as much an actor as the Italian comedian. His gestures, his postures, the play of his voice, the changes of expression in his face, the adjustments of his dress, are half, often wholly, theatrical. The prim monotone of the English pulpit, and the pious drawl of puritanism, are a long remove from even the most respectable style of Italy. The preacher is not afraid to shout, to start, and to sigh in the pulpit. Now his voice is a cry which echoes back from the lofty arches, or lingers ringing like the *Miserere*, and now it drops to a whisper, which is felt rather than heard. As he tells some thrilling tale, which works up to its climax, lifting himself as his story goes on, you can see in what anxious suspense he holds his hearers. It may be the scene of the judgment of Solomon between the rival mothers. How the congregation shudder, when the sword seems to fall, before their eyes, upon the living child! In what breathless silence they listen for the verdict! How speedily, too, the painful tension is removed by some quaint remark, which sends a smile running over the face of the crowd, like the sunshine after the passage of a summer cloud over a meadow. The Italian preacher does not disdain a laugh for himself or for his hearers, though he loves more to move them to tears. His style is adapted to its theme, and it has not the plaint of a dirge when it tells of heaven and holiness. The thorough knowledge of his discourse, before he enters the pulpit, enables the preacher to speak with more ease and freedom. He has not to decipher a manuscript by the "dim religious light," but it is all in his memory before it falls from his tongue. The imitations of Catholic architecture in some of our churches have proved to be severe trials to our reading preachers; but the gray dusk of a Roman November helps the preacher to produce his effect. There is nothing more impressive than an afternoon discourse in Advent in one of the old Roman churches. The preacher's voice and form, in the vast peopled space, contrast strangely with the silent marble forms around him.—*Christian Examiner.*

A CHARMING PET.

Mr. Kingsley, in his late interesting work, entitled "Glaucus: or, Wonders of the Shore," gives the following description of the "long sea worm," (*Nemertes Borlasii*) an animal possessing few personal attractions, and with whose appearance and attributes it is probable few of our readers are acquainted. "You see it? That black, shiny, knotted lump among the gravel, small enough to be taken up in a dessert spoon. Look now, as it is raised and its coils drawn out. Three feet—six—nine, at least; with a capability of seemingly endless expansion; a slimy tape of living caoutchouc, some eighth of an inch in diameter, a dark chocolate black, with paler longitudinal lines. Is it alive? It hangs helpless and motionless, a mere velvet string across the hand. Ask the neighboring Annelida and the fry of the rock fishes, or put it into a vase at home and see. It lies motionless, trailing itself among the gravel; you cannot tell where it begins or ends; it may be a dead strip of sea-weed, *Himanthalea lorea*, perhaps, or *Chorda filum*; or even a tarred string. So thinks the little fish, who plays over and over it, till he touches at last what is too surely a head. In an instant a bell-shaped sucker mouth has fastened to his side. In another instant, from one lip, a concave double proboscis, just like a tapir's (another instance of the repetition of forms), had clasped him like a finger; and now begins the struggle; but in vain. He is being 'played' with such a fishing-line as the skill of a Wilson or a Stoddart never could invent; a living line, with elasticity beyond that of the most delicate fly-rod, which follows every lunge, shortening and lengthening, slipping and twining round every piece of gravel and sea-weed, with a tiring drag such as no Highland wrist or step could ever bring to bear on salmon or on trout. The victim is tired now; and slowly and yet dexterously, his blind assailant is feeling and shifting along his side, till he reaches one end of him; and then the black lips expand, and slowly and surely the curved finger begins packing him end foremost down into the gullet, where he sinks inch by inch, till the swelling which marks his place is lost among the coils, and he is probably macerated to a pulp long before he has reached the opposite extremity of his cave of doom. Once safe down, the black murderer slowly contracts again into a knotted heap, and lies like a boa with a stag inside him, motionless and blest." Quite an ugly customer to deal with.

A MURRAIN APPROACHING.

Mr. Samuel Caswell, an extensive miller and corn merchant, in Limerick, writes to the Times as follows: "A most fatal epidemic has been for some time past ravaging the herds of central Europe, and has now reached Konigsberg, where one proprietor is said to have lost 300 head in a night. The time of its arrival in Hamburg—whence cattle are weekly imported to the English markets—must now, in all probability, be a question of days. In 1745 the same or a like epidemic was introduced into England by means of two calves from Holland (*vide* Youatt on cattle, art, Malignant Epidemic Murrain). In the second year after its introduction, 40,000 cattle died in Nottingham and Leicestershire, and almost as many more in Cheshire. During the third year, remuneration was given by the government—who had ordered the destruction of diseased cattle—for no fewer than 80,000 head, while twice as many more, according to the report of one of the commissioners, died of the malady. In the fourth year it was equally fatal, nor does it appear to have completely disappeared till nearly eight years after. On the continent, every exertion is being made to arrest the progress of infection by this exterminating disease; military detachments are charged to destroy all that become infected. In Prussia, if only one of a herd should be attacked, the authorities order the whole to be slaughtered; and *cordons sanitaries* are established along the frontiers, to prevent the ingress of cattle from districts in which the disease exists. Happily, from their insular position, there can be little difficulty, under Providence, in preventing its introduction into Britain. It is only to lay an embargo on live cattle and raw hides, the produce of countries where this disease has already appeared. This seems to be the only practical method to adopt."



FORT BRADY, SAULT STE. MARIE.

[Furnished for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

We publish the following piece of poetry as a literary curiosity. It is stated to us that it originated as follows:—A lady-medium in Burlington, Vt., by the the name of Keyser, was waited upon a short time since by another lady, who said she had a question to ask relative to Burns the poet. She, however, declined stating her question, saying that if the spirit of Burns was present her wish would be known to him without her speaking it. Nothing further transpired at the interview, but in about a week afterwards, the lady-medium, when alone, was inspired to write, and produced the following verses, which upon being presented to the inquirer, proved to be an answer to her mental request, which was to be informed whether Burns was wedded to his Highland Mary in the spirit land? These facts were well outhenticated by our informant, who also ascertained that Mrs. Keyser was not at all familiar with the works of Burns, and had no particular liking for his poetry. It must, we think, be admitted that the resemblance to Burns's style in the piece here given is great, and that some of the expressions are truly worthy of the Shepherd Poet.

Fair lady, that I come to you
A stranger-bard fu' well I ken,
For ye've known naught of me. save through
The lays I've poured through Scotia's glen;
But when I speak o' gliding Ayr,
O' hawthorn shades and fragrant ferns,
O' Doon and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap ye'll think o' Robert Burns.

I am the last, and why I'm here,
I heard the gude dame when she said
She'd know, in joyous spirit-sphere,
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.
I sought to tell her o' our joy—
Na muckle impress could I make:
And lady, I have flown to see
If ye'd my *message* to her take.

Tell her that when I passed from earth,
My angel-lassie, crowned wi' flowers,
Met me wi' glowing love-lit torch,
And led me to the nuptial bowers;—
That all we'd dreamed o' wedded bliss,
And more, was meted to us there:
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss
Than on the flowery banks o' Ayr.

Where love's celestial fountains played,
And rosebuds burst, and seraphs sang,
And myrtle twined our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I'd mourned sae lang:
And while by angel-harp were played
The bonnie "bridal serenade,"
Though nae gowned priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed!

There's nae destroying death-frost here
To nip the hope buds ere they bloom:
The "bridal tour" is through the spheres—
Eternity the "honeymoon."
And now, my lady, if ye'll hear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can ye so reward,
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REMBRANT VAN RYN.

BY RALPH TRYON.

On the banks of the Rhine, near the city of Leyden, a miller by the name of Herman Gerretz rented a small mill. He had been so long identified in connection with it, that from this circumstance he had acquired the surname of Van Ryn. So general was the appellation, that he finally adopted it in preference to his family name, and his son, the subject of our sketch, was known only as Rembrant Van Ryn.

This youth, born the 15th of June, in the year 1606, had reached his sixteenth year, and much to the mortification of his father, was known as the greatest dunce of the neighborhood. The miller, by his shrewdness and industrious habits had acquired a snug property, and liberally provided for the education of his son, but the amounts thus expended seemed literally thrown away, for the boy could scarcely read and write. The only approach to talent that he displayed was in his ability to caricature the "domine" and his schoolmates, for which he was rewarded by frequent applications of the rod.

But his propensity for sketching could not be controlled even by this harsh manner. Every blank leaf of his books, and even their margins, were crowded with these pencillings. One morning the miller was surprised to find him at the mill long before school-hours were finished. The usually dull features of the boy were lighted with a show of energy, and his eyes flashed with indignation.

"I go to school no more."

"What is the meaning of this?"

"Simply as I have said."

"Something has happened, Rem?"

"Happened, father, look for yourself!"

The youth divested himself of his jacket, and Van Ryn started to see that his shirt was stained with blood. He flourished his huge fist as he demanded to know who had inflicted such an outrage upon a Van Ryn.

"The domine, father."

"Then I will chastise him, for, by the blood of our ancestors, I would not brook such cruelty from a father of the church."

"Spare yourself the trouble, sir, for I am satisfied if I am not compelled to return to school again; besides, the domine has met with no light usage from my hands."

"But what was it all about?"

"I arrived at the school-room before master Zoeller had made his appearance, and at the suggestion of one of the boys, had nearly completed a full length sketch of him in chalk upon the closet door. I represented him in one of his sternest moods, and the boys were laughing heartily at the resemblance, when suddenly I received a buffet upon my ear which laid me sprawling upon the floor, and looking up I perceived the domine standing over me, his eyes glaring with rage. He then ordered me to take off my jacket and proceeded to beat me most unmercifully with his rod. I bore this as long as I was able, and until I felt the blood trickling down my back, then I resisted, and finally left him with one eye closed and his big nose swollen to a fearful size."

"And you served him right. Let me embrace you, my son, for this show of spirit convinces me that you will yet make your way in the world. But what will you do? Will you become a miller, as our family has done for three generations?"

"Nay, father, I have no taste for labor of this kind."

"What, then, would you desire to do?"

"I would become a painter."

"A painter! is the boy mad?"

"Not mad, father, but simply in earnest."

"But do you know that every one cannot become an artist at will? Genius is the gift of Heaven, and I fear, my son, that you have it not. There was my old schoolmate, Van Zwanenburg, now a great master at Amsterdam, he was an artist from childhood."

"Listen to me, sir. One day not long since, as I sat sketching on the banks of the river, I suddenly found a stranger at my side. He demanded to see my work. I attempted first to conceal it, but there was something in his voice and manners which I could not resist, and reluctantly I placed it in his hands. He examined it for some moments in silence, and then looking me full in the face, said: 'My lad, there is that in you which with proper study and training might one day make you a great artist. He then told me that when I was ready to make the experiment, to come to him at Amsterdam; and then handed me a card upon which was written Van Zwanenburg."

"And you have seriously determined to become a painter?"

"I did not think much about it at the time, but since then it has continually occupied my thoughts, and I really do not believe I can ever make anything else."

"Well, my son, I will not oppose you, for I believe that Providence ordered this meeting with my early friend. You shall at least make the trial, and if Zwanenburg is satisfied with you, I shall place you entirely under his care."

"And you really give me leave to start for Amsterdam?"

"As soon as you can get ready."

That evening upon the banks of the beautiful Rhine walked two young persons, earnestly conversing with each other. Several hours were thus passed ere they became aware of the necessity of parting. At length the youth, taking the hand of his fair companion in his own, said:

"Elise, I must leave you; already I have tarried too long, and my father will be impatient."

"Then may the saints bless you, Rembrant, and return you to us in their own good time."

"I shall never return to my native village, Elise, until I have mastered my profession."

"But if you fail?"

"I shall not fail. I feel there is that within me which those about me do not understand. I know our good neighbors think me idle and worthless, but they shall find that Rembrant is a name which one day they will mention with respect and pride. Elise, I must say adieu!"

"Adieu, dear Rembrant, and in the new life about to be opened to you, do not entirely forget your old friends."

"I have but few to remember or forget; but you are one, and the only one, perhaps, except my father, who understands me, and rest assured that it will be hard for me to forget either."

Thus they parted, Rembrant Van Ryn and Elise, his fair playmate since early childhood, the daughter of Eichler, the village smith. The preparation for the journey was completed that night, and with the rising sun of the next morning, after having received his father's blessing, he was on his way to Amsterdam. Zwanenburg had not forgotten the young sketcher, and upon his arrival, welcomed him most heartily, especially when he found him to be the son of the miller, his early friend.

Young Rembrant lost no time in commencing his studies, to which he applied himself with the strictest diligence. In a short time he astonished his master by his wonderful inventive genius and a facility of execution which completely outran the slow mathematical ideas of the worthy Zwanenburg. The pleasures of a city life could not allure him for a moment from his easel.

Two years had passed away, and he still continued day by day to linger over his canvass, scarcely allowing himself sufficient time for his meals. His friend at length felt it to be his duty to expostulate with him, fearing that his untiring labors would undermine his health, but Rembrant laughed at his fears and worked on harder than ever. Strange to say, his constitution did not appear to suffer in the least, and he wrought, according to Zwanenburg's words, "with an arm of adamant and fingers of steel."

At the end of the third year it was the master who sought advice from his pupil, rather than the latter instruction from the former. He had made new discoveries in the compounding of colors, and gained a character for originality for which years afterwards he was so eminently distinguished. He had just finished a painting, which was carefully screened by a gauze curtain, and sat awaiting the coming of Zwanenburg to pass his judgment upon it.

As the worthy old artist entered, the covering was removed and he gazed upon it for some moments with speechless admiration. It represented a fair girl in the dawn of womanhood, gathering flowers upon the banks of the Rhine. She was in the act of severing a lily from its stem, and her posture was so gracefully and naturally chosen that it seemed life itself. The spirit and strength of coloring was exquisitely blended with its delicacy, and the strong effects of light and warmth were subdued by the masterly touches of a cool, refreshing shade. The features were the exact counterpart of Elise Eichler, but this was a secret to all save the young man.

"This exceeds art!" exclaimed the master, when he found words to express his admiration; "it is rather breathing, animated life. Go, my pupil, go forth to the world, for no longer can you obtain instruction from such as me. In three short years you have mastered what it has cost me a lifetime to perform."

Rembrant afterwards studied with several other masters, and then returned to his father, who greeted him with a most affectionate welcome. His neighbors also sought to honor the rising reputation of the young artist, but he coldly repulsed them, and for some time shut himself up in the mill, where he prepared a painting-room and excluded all save his father and the fair Elise.

Here he remained, perfecting himself in his art, and occasionally sending a picture to Amsterdam, for which, even at that early period of his life, he obtained an extravagant sum. The celebrity of his works at length forced him from his quiet retreat, and he was compelled by the solicitations of his friends to remove to the city, where he had first commenced his studies; there he carried as his bride the playmate of his childhood. He was at this time only twenty-four years of age, but he no sooner found himself in that great city than he was at once overwhelmed with business, and so great was the number of pupils who offered themselves for his instruction, that he was compelled to lease a large warehouse which he fitted up into numerous apartments in order to accommodate them.

From this moment to the hour of his death, his prosperity and reputation kept pace with each other in their rapid strides, and enabled him to amass an immense property. Had he studied at Rome, and possessed the powerful accessory of an academical education, he would doubtless have reached the very highest pinnacle of fame. As it was, he owed to nature the talent which he possessed. His genius was unquestionable, and his pictures commanded an immense price. A century after his death, one of them was sold for the sum of five thousand pounds. He lived until he attained his sixty-eighth year, and expired in the year 1674.

THE HOLY LAND.

In reference to the presentation to the Emperor Louis Napoleon of the ancient palace at Jerusalem, the former residence of the Knights of St. John, some particulars relative to the Order may not be without interest. The military Order of the Knights Hospitallers was founded by Gerard Tour, who was born at Martiguez, in Provence. After the capture of Jerusalem, he established in that city, in the year 1099, a house of refuge, for the purpose of giving an asylum to the pilgrims who were in the habit of coming from all parts of the Christian world to visit the Holy Places. Raymond Dupuy succeeded Gerard as Grand Master of the Order. He decided that the Order should in future become military as well as hospitaller, and that it should defend by arms the Christians against the infidels. The Order thenceforth assumed the title of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. When Saladin obtained possession of Palestine, in the year 1188, the Knights quitted Jerusalem to establish themselves at Acre, subsequently at Rhodes, and in the year 1530 in the island of Malta, which was given them by Charles V. The French government have long coveted the ruins of the establishment at Jerusalem, as belonging to France by right, which, since the Crusades to the present day, has always assumed to represent in the east the military spirit of the west, and to be in that country the most pious and steadfast supporter of Catholic interests.—*London Times.*

CLIMATE NOT THE CAUSE OF COLOR.

It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all the diversities of complexion in the human race. A few facts may show that such cannot be the case. Thus the negroes of Van Diemen's Land, who are among the blackest people on earth, live in a climate as cold as that of Iceland; while the Indo-Chinese nations, who live in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. Humboldt says the American tribes of the equinoctial region have no darker skin than the mountaineers of the temperate zone. The Pulches of the Magellanic plains, beyond the fifty-fifth degree of south latitude, are absolutely darker than the Abipones, Tobas, and other tribes, who live nearer the equator. The Charruas, who live south of the Rio de la Plata, are almost black, while the Guaycas, under the line, are among the fairest of the American tribes. Finally, those nations of the Caucasian race which have become inhabitants of the torrid zone in both hemispheres, although their descendants have been for centuries exposed to the most active influences of climate, have never exhibited the transformation from a Caucasian to a negro complexion.—*Types of Mankind.*

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO THEE.

BY M. F., JR.

Near to possession of the bliss I craved,
Close to the joy ambition sought,
Only to see both vanish ere I saved
One ray of hope to beacon thought,
And I am sad.

More than a twelvemonth I've pursued—
In thought by day, in dream by night—
A happiness my spirit viewed:
Both thought and dream have taken flight,
And I am sad.

I could have patient borne the gloom,
Did I not feel myself to blame;
With this dark thought I cannot pride assume,
But bend beneath a weight of shame:
And I am sad.

He who through folly loses hope,
But suffers justly for misdeed,
With sorrow he can never cope,
But silent must receive his meed,
And I am sad.

If true resolve to humbly bear
The just load of his blameful deed;
If honest words and actions fair
Entitle him for *hope* to plead,
Then I am *glad*.

Not merely words shall prove my grief,
But actions show in manlier way
How I would earn thy true belief
That folly, not intent, led me astray,
And made me sad.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SCAR ON THE FOREHEAD.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Midnight had tolled its solemn chime, yet still the weary watcher sat beside the hearthstone, plying her busy needle. Her eyes were dim and sunken, her cheeks thin and pale, her lips pinched and purple, and her slender fingers so shrivelled with the icy chill that was fast palsying her, that the plain gold ring they wore and the silver thimble that they held were every few moments dropping into her lap with a slight musical tinkle. Her delicate form was shivering even in the heavy bed blankets that she had thrown about her shoulders, and she looked often with a wistful glance at the little basket of chips that stood beside the tongs.

An hour passed, and the clock struck one. "He must soon be here now," whispered she, in a half-frightened tone. "I will lay aside my work and make things as cheery as I can." And she brushed the ashes from the hearth, drew the coals together, threw on them a handful of the carefully-saved fuel, and fanned the faint flame till it flashed high in the chimney. Then she looked about the room to see if aught could be mended there; but the few articles it held were all in their wonted place, and everything as neat as the hands of love could make it. An arm-chair was drawn from a corner close to the crackling fire, the dressing-gown that hung upon it spread out anew, and a pair of slippers were hung upon the fender. The lamp was trimmed afresh, the stand dusted, and a carefully covered dish set upon it, and beside it was placed a knife almost as bright as though the blade had been silver instead of steel.

"I have done the best I can," said the pale watcher, as again she sunk into her little rocker. "O," and she wrung her hands convulsively, "if I were only sure of one kind word. Hark!" And she started up and listened. "It is he, and how he hangs the gate. I shall have a fearful time with him." And she hastened to the front door and gently opened it.

He staggered in, and reeling this way and that, reached finally the room his gentle wife had made so bright and cheerful. But what was her reward? A volley of oaths so foul that it seemed as if an army of fiends had spoken with one voice. He cursed the beggarly fire, though to make the scant blaze she and her children had half frozen all the day; he swore at the patched dressing-gown, though out of her own thin wardrobe she had planned it; he raved at the bread and meat, though her own lean fingers had earned them both. And when, angel-like and woman-like, too, she gave him a smile for every frown, an endearing epithet for every oath, and would have wound her arms about him to win him back to reason and himself, he raised his heavy hand and dealt her a powerful blow; ay, he struck her, till every nerve quivered with anguish, and she his wife and the mother of his beauteous children! And now, when she lay prostrate before him, he raised himself to kick her thence. A slight young hand pushed off the booted foot, even as it was falling on the trembling woman, and a voice, agonized in its tones, exclaimed:

"Forbear, my father; for though your wife, she is yet my mother, and I will save her from your rage!"

The eyes of the drunkard quailed a moment before the upturned gaze of his first-born, so mournfully holy was the look that beamed from his tearful face; then a fiendish glare burned in them, and exclaiming: "You, too. Must I level my whole household ere I can find peace," he seized the glistening knife and struck.

"Will he live?" moaned the poor mother to the surgeon, when he had bandaged the boy's head. "He is very pale and weak."

"It was a ghastly and dangerous wound—only an eighth of an inch between life and eternity—yet with care he may survive."

"Mother,"—there was a pathos in the tone that drew her eyes earnestly to the speaker, a stripling of but seventeen years,—"Mother, I am going away."

"Away!—and where, Earnest?"

"I cannot say,—God must direct my steps,—but go from here I must. The curse of the drunkard's son is on me. None will regard me—none even give me work. And more, mother, if I stay here I must forget my Bible, for how can I honor my father when he so dishonors himself!"

Very long did the boy talk and plead ere he won the tearful consent; but she gave it at length, and with a little knapsack on his back, his mother's Bible in one pocket and her slender purse in the other, Earnest went forth in the great world to seek, not so much fortune or fame as that peace and joy which a drunken father would not give him in his home."

Years passed away, and there came no tidings from him, save that after the first one, each quarter brought the mother an envelope with a bank note, and each successive one was of a higher figure. First it was a simple five, then a ten, a twenty, a fifty, and a hundred. Welcome, too, were they all; for, but for such generous aid the almshouse or charity had claimed her and her little daughters; for downward, still downward, went her husband, his absence no longer counted by hours, but weeks and months. In a bustling city, many miles from his native village, a stranger one night found him in a gutter, half frozen, starved, weary and sick. Like a good Samaritan, he picked him up, and as he was too weak to walk, placed him in a carriage and had him taken to his own home. A bath, clean garments, wholesome food, and a soft bed were freely offered him, and passive as a child when worn and languid, he suffered them to deal with him as they chose, and soon sunk into a deep, refreshing slumber.

It was hours ere he awoke, and then he seemed as in a dream. The filthy gutter in which he lost his consciousness, was now a downy bed, with pillows white and soft as snow, with silken counterpane and damask hangings. His rags were dropped, and in their stead he saw himself robed in fine linen. The slime was washed from his face and hands, his matted hair combed out, and his tangled beard neatly shorn. He put back the curtains. Glad, golden sunbeams were stealing through the crimson drapery of an alcoved window, and their brilliant light showed him a lofty chamber, with frescoed walls, a carpet from oriental loom, and a rosewood suite that a prince might covet. "It is a dream," breathed he, and he closed his eyes. Light footsteps aroused him soon, and unclosing them again he saw, bending over him a noble looking man in life's early prime, and beside him a lovely woman, and in the eyes of both great tears were standing.

"Tell me," said he, eagerly, "do I dream, or am I the poor drunkard so greatly cared for?"

"You were sick and we ministered to you," said the lady.

"Sick! ay, *sin sick*. But you do not know how vile I am, or you would cast me out at once. Listen. I have broken the heart of my wife; I have driven my only son from home; ay, and half killed him first; and I have scared my little girls till they fear me more than the evil one. Will you care for me now?"

He almost shrieked out the question, and it seemed as though life and death hung on the answer.

"We must forgive, even as we would be forgiven," said the master of the house. "While you can be happy, stay with us."

A week passed away, and still the old man tarried in that beautiful home, now toying gently with the little Lillie, the wee delicate babe, and then playing gay pranks with Harrie, the pride of the household, a noble boy of four summers; now dreaming in the pleasant chamber where he first awoke again to manhood, and then lolling in an arm-chair in the parlor, tears and smiles chasing each other over his wrinkled cheeks as the lovely lady of the mansion sung, now a gay ditty and then a saintly hymn. But he never offered to cross the threshold. "I dare not," he would say, when asked to ride or walk, "there is danger in the street, and this calm is so very sweet. If it could only last!" And then he would sigh, and sometimes weep and sob like a little child.

"There is to be a grand rally of the friends of temperance to-night—the new and splendid hall is to be inaugurated. Banners will wave, torches flame, music ring, ladies smile, and children crow! Shall I invite you, my wife, to accompany me?"

It was the master of the house that spoke.

"Of course, after such a programme," said she, gaily, "and you may depend upon my going, too. How soon must I be ready?"

"In an hour's time. I will send a carriage for you, and meet you myself at the door of the hall. Be sure that you are ready, for there will be a tremendous crowd."

"I will be in time, trust me for that," said she, and hastened to perform her evening duties to the little ones.

"But what was her astonishment when she returned to the parlor, all bonneted and cloaked, to find their stranger guest awaiting her.

"I cannot surely be tempted there," said he, in a low, sad voice, "and if you will suffer me to ride with you, I will gladly go. It may be that I shall complete there the salvation here commenced."

Gladly did the lady acquiesce in the request, and they were soon at the door of the thronged hall. Not her husband but an intimate friend of his joined them there, and led them to some reserved seats near to the speakers' stand.

There had been stirring music by the band, fervent prayers by the clergy, and thrilling speeches from orators from distant cities, and the hearts of that vast multitude were aroused as they had never been before to the dangers of the cup. Then, while yet they were all riveted to the subject, the president announced, "a voice from our home." There was a breathless silence for a moment, and then long and loud acclamations greeted the good Samaritan of our sketch as he bowed to the waiting throng. It had seemed to them, as the last speaker hushed his voice, that the theme, world-wide as it is, was quite exhausted; but so impassioned was the eloquence that now mastered it, that they hung upon every word as if he had spoken of something fresh from heaven. Where others had generalized, he individualized. He did not take the mass of drunkards, but only one out of them all, and he portrayed his course in such vivid colors that the audience seemed gazing upon dissolving views rather than listening to chosen words. And so wrought up were they, that when he pictured that horrible scene in the tragedy of rum, where the husband levels to the floor the wife who once slept so sweetly upon his bosom, the wife that is also the mother of his children, they seemed to hear the gentle and wronged one fall, and sobs, screams, and groans broke out from every voice. The speaker paused till they were quiet, wiping, meanwhile, the tears from his own cheeks.

"Do you ask," said he, when he again resumed his theme, "do you ask why I stand here to-night and speak these things? why I not only speak, but *feel* them? Look at this." And he lifted the glossy locks from his left temple. "Do you see that scar on my forehead?"

In the brilliant gas-light it was visible for a wide space, and to many a watchful eye, a ghastly, frightful-looking scar, marring the beauty of a brow that might otherwise have been a painter's model. Slowly and solemnly did the speaker utter each word, then, as he stood, pushing back the raven hair:

"After the drunkard had felled his wife to the floor, he would have kicked her prostrate form, but that her young son glided between the two. What did he do then?" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder. Another pause, and a breathless hush. More slowly, more solemnly did he speak. "He seized a knife; ay, and the one, too, his gentle wife had herself laid beside his plate for him to carve the dish her worn and weary fingers had earned to sustain his life; he seized it and—*did this*," and he pointed to his forehead. "To my grave will I carry this scar, and not till I rest in my grave will I cease to plead for the drunkard's wife and the drunkard's babes."

With these words fresh on his lips he withdrew. There was no applauding, but a silence as of death rested in the vast hall. Ere it was broken by prayer or hymn, an aged man, older though it seemed with grief than years, tottered upon the platform. Trembling in every nerve and muscle, he leaned against the desk, and finally grasped it for support. Many times did his lips move ere he could utter an audible sound, and when he did speak his words were rather felt than heard.

"The son has spoken—now let the father. With the scar on his forehead yet bleeding, my Earnest, my first-born, my noble boy went from his home, to seek among strangers the peace his father would not give him on his own hearthstone. Ten years from thence, one week ago to-night, that son picked up his father from a gutter, and instead of spurning him as a crimson sinner, he took him to his home as though he had been the angel instead of the demon of his youth. Deep is the scar on his forehead, but deeper are the scars on my heart. Ye have heard him—ye see me. Let the story and the sight be your salvation, as it is even now my own." And exhausted, he fell back into his son's arms.

ADVENTURE WITH A LEOPARD.

Two African farmers, returning from hunting the hartebeest, roused a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to him. The leopard at first endeavored to escape by clambering up a precipice; but being hotly pressed, and wounded by a musket ball, he turned upon his pursuers with that frantic ferocity peculiar to this animal on such emergencies, and springing on the man who had fired at him, tore him from his horse to the ground, biting him at the same time on the shoulder, and tearing one of his cheeks severely with his claws. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, sprang from his horse and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, or the fear of wounding his friend, or the quick motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed. The leopard, abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted with redoubled fury upon his second antagonist, and so fierce and sudden was his onset, that before the poor man could stab him with his hunting-knife, the savage beast struck him on the head with his claws, and actually tore the scalp over his eyes. In this frightful condition the hunter grappled with the leopard; and struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. Before the man who had been first attacked could start to his feet and seize his gun, they had fallen together down the bank. In a moment he had reloaded his gun, and rushed forward to save the life of his friend. But it was too late. The leopard had seized the unfortunate man by the throat, and his comrade had only the satisfaction of completing the destruction of the beast, already exhausted with the loss of blood from several deep wounds by the knife of the expiring huntsman.—*Penny Magazine.*

NECESSITY OF CHANGE OF AIR.

An occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the well-being of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, and the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking; no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs; no matter how open, and dry, and free from impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slightest cause of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even spending a few hours of detached days in some accessible rural districts at a few miles distance from the dwelling may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties; or in cases of somewhat more urgency or of somewhat more aggravated character, a few days once or twice a year, may suffice to adjust or restore the due economy of the system.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

EBENEZER W. STONE,

ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Charles A. Barry, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it an accurate likeness of the accomplished and popular officer it is intended to represent. Ebenezer W. Stone was born in this city, June 10, 1801, and is a son of Samuel Stone, who was born in Charlestown, in 1771, and was a descendant of the second generation of Elias Stone, who emigrated to Charlestown from England. On the maternal side, Gen. Stone is a grandson of Stephen Stodder, of Cohasset, who was a lieutenant of a company of infantry from Cohasset, and served in the army under Washington, when he was stationed at Cambridge, in 1775-76. Gen. Stone's father removed with his family to Westford, Middlesex county, in 1804. In the acquisition of his early education, the subject of our sketch labored under the usual disadvantages of living in the rural districts at that time, working during the summer, and attending school only during a portion of the winter season. In 1817, he was attached to the United States army, and remained in the family of Col. (afterwards General) John R. Fenwick, until the fall of 1821. To his early impressions and acquisitions, we may trace that fondness for the military subsequently developed to such advantage to the commonwealth. At the date last mentioned, he left the army, and engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston. Until 1843, he was engaged in the clothing business, and afterwards in that of drugs, paints and dye-stuffs up to the autumn of 1850. His first connection with the Massachusetts militia was in the spring of 1822, when he enlisted as a member of that fine corps, the Boston City Guard, and turned out with the company on its first parade in uniform. Rising from the ranks, he soon wore the chevron of orderly sergeant, and was (after eight years' duty with the musket) appointed adjutant of the fine regiment of infantry commanded by Col. Wm. H. Spooner, July 1, 1829. He held this office until March 31, 1834, when he was appointed brigade-major and inspector of the first brigade, Gen. E. W. Bradley, commander. He retained this office till May 21, 1836, when he was appointed division inspector of the first division. He held this office under the respective command of Major-Generals E. W. Bradley and Appleton Howe, until April 20, 1850. In the April of the next year, Governor Boutwell appointed him adjutant-general—a post for which he was in every way fitted, and which he still retains, to the satisfaction of the officers, and of all who take an interest in the military of the commonwealth. He appears to be wedded to his duties, and discharges them with unwearied zeal. His reports are monuments of his vigilance, industry and high military qualifications, and have won him a high reputation at home and in other States. We have frequently heard General Stone commended in the warmest terms by officers holding high rank in the regular service. In 1830, Gen. Stone was admitted as a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; in 1832, was elected adjutant of the corps; in 1837, was chosen lieutenant, and in 1841, captain; and for twelve years was present at every parade of the company. General Stone has served, either as private or officer, in the Massachusetts militia longer, with a single exception (Major-General Wm. Sutton), than any other gentleman now in commission. He has also served the commonwealth in a civil capacity. In 1840, he was elected a representative to the General Court from Roxbury, was appointed on the military committee on the part of the House, and, together with Col. George T. Bigelow (at present judge of the Supreme Court), and Major Charles Webster, of West Stockbridge, composed the sub-committee who reported the present organization of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, which was adopted by the legislature that year. In 1848 and 1849, he was elected a member of the common council of the city of Roxbury. Gen. Stone is the author of a "Digest of the Militia Laws of Massachusetts," prepared in conformity with an act of the legislature, which has been highly commended, and exhibits his great care and thorough acquaintance with the subjects treated of. The office of adjutant-general was certainly never more acceptably filled than by the gentleman whose career we have thus briefly sketched.



ADJUTANT-GENERAL EBENEZER W. STONE.

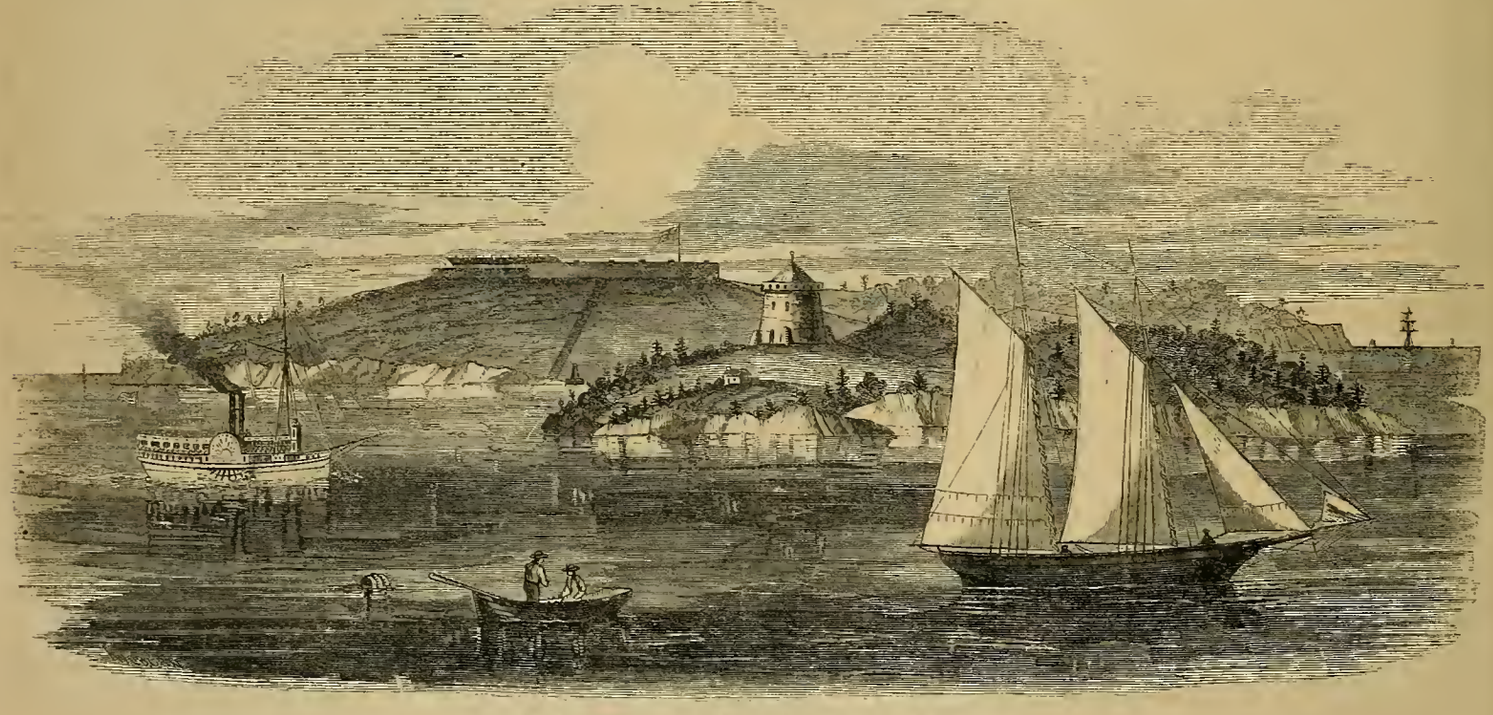
FORT HENRY AND CEDAR ISLAND, KINGSTON, U. C.

The pretty landscape on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn. We see on the left, the long, embattled lines of Fort Henry, on a point overlooking the town of Kingston, while on the island in front, Cedar, is a picturesque Martello tower. The harbor is defended by several other Martello towers. The name of this kind of tower is a corruption from Mortella, in Corsica, where a certain strong tower maintained a determined resistance to a superior English force, in 1794. In consequence of the great strength exhibited by this fort, the British government erected twenty-seven similar towers on the coast of Kent, at intervals of about a quarter of a mile, as a defence against the threatened invasion from France. They are circular, with walls of great thickness, and roofs bomb-proof. One traversing gun is mounted upon each, in working which, the men are secured by a high parapet. They are surrounded by a deep, dry ditch; the entrance is by a door several feet from the ground, approach to which is then cut off by drawing up the latter. The ordinary guard consists of from six to twelve men. The Indian name of Kingston is Cadaracqui. The French commenced building a fort here in 1672, under the orders of M. de Courcelles, then governor of Canada, and it was finished by his successor, Count Frontenac. In 1688, upon hearing of the capture of Montreal by the Indians, the garrison abandoned the fort, leaving slow-matches burning in connection with a train of powder leading to the magazine, in order to destroy the works. By some mismanagement, however, this purpose was defeated. The position was again garrisoned by the French, in 1689, and held by them till 1758, at which time an expedition under Col. Bradstreet embarked from Oswego, and after two days' hard fighting, obtained possession, and destroyed the fort and vessels. The peace of 1762 extinguished the French title, and the English named it Kingston. It is now one of the most important towns in Canada, and, next to Quebec, the most strongly fortified.

A WEDDING RACE.

Among the Anzarehs—people of Asia—the following is the way weddings are managed:—The suitors of the maiden, nine in number, appear in the field all unarmed, but mounted on the best horses they can procure; while the bride herself, on a beautiful Turkoman stallion, surrounded by her relations, anxiously surveys the group of lovers. The conditions of the bridal race are these:—The maiden has a certain start given, which she avails herself of to gain a sufficient distance from the crowd to enable her to manage her steed with freedom, so as to assist in his pursuit the suitor whom she prefers. On a signal from the father, all the horsemen gallop after the fair one, and whichever succeeds in encircling her waist with his arm, no matter whether disagreeable or to her choice, is entitled to claim her as his wife. After the usual delays incident upon such interesting occasions, the maiden quits the circle of her relations, and putting her steed into a hand gallop, darts into the open plain. When satisfied with her position, she turns round to the impatient youths, and holds out her arms towards them, as if to woo their approach. This is the moment for giving the signal to commence the chase; and each of the impatient youths, dashing his pointed heels into his courser's sides, darts like the unhooded hawk in pursuit of the fugitive dove. The savannah is generally extensive, say twelve miles long and three in width, and as the horsemen speed across the plain, the favored lover becomes soon apparent by the efforts of the maiden to avoid all others who might approach her. On a certain occasion, after two hours' racing, the number of pursuers were reduced to four, who were all together, and gradually gaining on the pursued. With them is the favorite; but, alas! his horse suddenly fails in his speed, and as she anxiously turns her head, she perceives with dismay the hapless position of her lover; each of the more fortunate leaders, eager with anticipated triumph, bending his head on his horse's mane, shouts at the top of his voice, "I come, my Peri; I'm your lover." But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that part of the chummon (plain), where her lover was vainly endeavoring to goad on his weary steed. The three others instantly check their career; but in the hurry to turn back, two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other, so that both steeds and riders roll over the plain. The maiden laughed, for she well knew she could easily elude the single horseman, and flew to the point where her lover was. But her only pursuer was rarely mounted, and not so easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashed alongside the maiden, and stretching out his arm, almost won the unwilling prize; but she, bending her head to her horse's neck, eluded his grasp, and wheeled off again. Ere the discomfited horseman could again approach her, her lover's arm was around her waist, and amidst the shouts of the spectators they turned towards the fort.—*Oriental Tourist.*

From youth upwards, Goethe had been prone to theorize on painting, led thereto, as he profoundly remarks, by the very absence of a talent for painting. It was not necessary for him to theorize on poetry; he had within him the creative power. It *was* necessary for him to theorize on painting, because he wanted "by reason and insight to fill up the deficiencies of nature."—*Lewes.*



FORT HENRY AND CEDAR ISLAND, KINGSTON, UPPER CANADA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D W D.—Write to the publisher of "Porter's Spirit of the Times," New York. It contains everything in the sporting line.

S. S.—Reading about anything that is not immoral, is better than entire stagnation of the mind. "When the divinity in mind slumbers, the animal riots." It is impossible for a man to avoid iniquity, if he never reads.

Miss Emma D.—Wood engraving is certainly a nice employment for young women. But it is an art which cannot be learned from books—you must go through a long course of instruction and practice under a professional engraver.

Inquirer.—Dr. Black's case is mentioned by Sir Humphrey Davy. Worn out by age and a disposition to pulmonary hemorrhage, he was obliged to diet himself on bread and milk; and it was while taking his meal that he expired in so tranquil a manner, that he did not even spill the contents of the spoon in his hand.

Cultivator.—Immense as the extent of the ocean is, it is no more than sufficient to fertilize the earth.

R. R.—The design on Queen Victoria's great seal represents her in royal robes, seated on a splendidly caparisoned charger, which is led by a page.

S. F., Manchester, Mass.—American gold coin in any amount, American silver to five dollars, three cent pieces to the amount of thirty cents, and one cent pieces to the amount of ten cents, are legal tender.

Antiquary.—The original Faneuil Hall was commenced in 1740, and finished in 1742. The inside wood work and roof was destroyed by fire, January 13, 1761.

Electrician.—Pliny states that Tullus Hostilius, practising Numa's art of bringing down fire from heaven, and performing it incorrectly, was struck by lightning—a fate which Prof. Richman, of St. Petersburg, experienced while performing incautiously Franklin's well-known kite experiment.

P. C.—There is one chance in 280,999,999, of a collision between a comet and the earth. Scientific men ridicule the idea of any danger from such a collision, should it ever take place.

M. T.—Capt. Marryatt, the English novelist, died at Langham, in England, August 9, 1848.

Voyager.—The only power the aeronaut possesses over his balloon is, to regulate its elevation within certain limits. The victory which Jourdan obtained over the Austrians at Fleurus, in 1794, was ascribed to the knowledge obtained of the enemy's movements by means of a balloon.

Student.—The saltness of the sea is probably no inherent property in the water itself.

R. S.—Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and the great surgeon, John Hunter, only slept five hours a day. Quin, the celebrated actor, sometimes slept twenty-four hours successively.

Pupil.—Hernando de Soto's body was placed in the trunk of an evergreen oak, and sunk in the Mississippi.

W. U.—The tree which produces the vegetable ivory is classed among the family of palms, and is common in the Mascarene Islands, where it is called the Tagua plant.

Jeweller, Brattleboro'.—Mons. Jacquelin, of Paris, succeeded in reducing diamond to coke by an electric process. Could he reverse the process, and transform the plebeian coke to the imperial diamond, his ingenuity might be regarded with greater satisfaction.

Emma G.—Consult your mother; she is the proper person to advise you with regard to the step you meditate. If you undertake it without her knowledge and consent, you will never forgive yourself.

New School.—A sister of the great Hungarian patriot, Madame Ruttkay Kossuth, has opened a school for young ladies in Cornwall, Orange county, N. Y. N. P. Willis speaks very highly of the lady.

A true Test.—Keep a man waiting fifteen minutes for his dinner, and you'll see whether he is an ill-natured or good-natured man.

The Wheat Crop.—There is likely to be a good wheat crop this year, in spite of all the croaking of all the croakers.

SPLINTERS.

.... Poor Anderson, the great African traveller and hunter, author of Lake N-gami, was lately trampled to death by an elephant.

.... During six months, the New Orleans police arrested 18,599 persons. We should call that rather lively business.

.... A writer in the Worcester Bay State thinks the women have all the good things in this world, and leave us all the bad.

.... There is now a direct railroad from the Atlantic to the Mississippi—that is from Charleston, S. C., to Memphis.

.... There are six thousand Italians living in the city of New York, most of them political refugees, and extremely poor.

.... The famous yacht "America" has again changed hands. Lord Templeton, the last purchaser, gave 3000 guineas for her.

.... Mr. Cobden fixes the population of China at 300,000,000—about people enough even for so vast an area.

.... Sir William Don, the Scotch baronet, well known as an actor in this country, is said to be worth $150,000.

.... A gentleman protects his house from burglars in England by "letting a wild Irishman loose at night."

.... The provincial government of Canada is again fitting up the old castle of Saint Louis, at Quebec.

.... Humboldt, the illustrious octogenarian, has been ill, lately, at Berlin. He cannot expect to live much longer.

.... Monsieur Guizot announces the publication of memoirs of his life. What a people the French are for writing their lives!

.... The Isthmus of Darien is again to be surveyed by U. S. engineers, with a view to the proposed ship canal.

.... Mr. Bayne, author of "Christmas Life," has succeeded the late Hugh Miller as editor of the "Witness."

.... The celebrated Mr. Howes, with a gigantic American circus company, has gone to seek fame and fortune in England.

.... The New Yorkers are waking up about streets, and men are really at work in earnest, cleaning them.

.... Artichokes, asparagus, and other delicacies of the table, are now imported into Paris from Algiers.

.... The New York National Academy of Design has been incorporated; also that agreeable institution, the Club.

.... Mr. J. G. Dodson, an English candidate for Parliament, has been publicly advocating the annexation of Cuba to the U. S.

... A Mr. Miller, an Englishman, has devised a plan for propelling vessels by propellers placed amidships.

.... Prince Frederick William of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England are to be married on the 21st day of November.

.... Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick") has been lecturing in Glasgow, Scotland, at the Glasgow Athenæum.

THE SUBURBS OF BOSTON.

We cockneys are beginning to envy a little our good friends of the suburban towns and villages, though we have a "country in town" in the shape of a beautiful Common, where the trees put on the earliest green, and the grass shows the first glory, and the birds utter the first carols of the vernal season. Poor fellows (we mean those good suburbans)! they have dearly earned the pleasures that are dawning upon them. They have buffetted the wildest storms of the dreariest winter we can well remember. They have shaved in cold water and eaten breakfast by lamplight in frosty rooms where the anthracite was just beginning to crack and kindle in the grate, in order to catch those inexorable cars, sliding down icy slopes, or wading through Arctic drifts, or plunging knee-deep in tenacious mud that had the most loving attachment to their India rubbers. And they have toiled home at night, in the dark, laden down with those packages and bundles of miscellaneous wares which turn every suburban who daily visits the city into an amateur expressman. Now the suburban ladies will be able to visit "our village" in person and do their own shopping, to them a luxury, to us an exquisite torture.

Those honest gentlemen who live in a state of betweenity—like Garrick between tragedy and comedy, or an animal between two bundles of hay, or the Colossus of Rhodes, with one foot here and the other there,—have some trials in the course of the year. Their halved hearts are cruelly afflicted. But it must be confessed that they enjoy glorious compensations. It is much after the toil of the day to change the scene entirely—to escape from the constant din of a great city to the constant calm of a rural neighborhood. It is much, after gazing on brick and granite walls all day, to look up at night on the boundless azure dome where the stars are wheeling on their appointed course, a panorama of effulgent splendor. It is much, even if the country be to them but a place of rest for the night, to know that their little ones are surrounded with healthful influences, and acquiring the strength of mind and body that will enable them to thread unharmed the mazes of city life hereafter.

The environs of Boston are particularly attractive. Nature has done much for them, and art much; the charms of both have been happily combined. Nowhere do we find more charming undulations of hill and dale, more beautiful villas and rustic retreats, trimmer plantations or more skillful landscape gardening. Their accessibility by steam and horse railroad, pours a vivifying stream of wealth into them, that causes them to blossom like the rose. It is well that we have such safety-valves for our population, for the rapidly-expanding business of the city must continue to force people out of town. Here and there this outgoing population condenses into new cities, and the suburban circles will expand wider and wider, but the facilities of intercourse will keep pace with this expansion, and men of business still be able to reside at a distance from the metropolis.

THE SEA-SERPENT.

It is about time for sea-serpent stories, and we really think the almanac-makers to blame for not inserting, columnar-fashion, against the days of this month, "about—this—time—look—out—for—the—sea-serpent!" We firmly believe in his snake-ship, for, besides the testimony of sundry American skippers, have we not that of Olaus Magnus, the archbishop of Upsal? His reverence says that the fishermen and traders of the coast of Norway all agree "that there is a serpent there of a vast magnitude, namely, two hundred feet long and twenty feet thick, which is wont to live in rocks and caves near the sea-coast, and will go in a clear night in summer, and devour calves, lambs and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed. He is black, hath hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, sharp scales, and flaming eyes. This snake disquiets the sailors; he puts up his head on high like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them. There is also another serpent, of an incredible magnitude, that lifts himself high above the waters, and rolls himself round like a sphere." The American sea-serpent generally makes his appearance a little while before the Nahant boat commences running, but he is a perfect gentleman compared to the archbishop's "wiper." We never heard of his "disquieting sailors," by eating them—never.

Good Story.—A good story is told of Berkely Craven and Lord Alvanley, when an accident happened to their carriage. The former, getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old man, and said, "Your age protects you;" while Alvanley, who had advanced towards the postilion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him, saying, in his waggish way, "Your *youth* protects you."

Leap Yearish.—In some parts of the world, the ladies assume the privilege of leap year at all seasons. Among the Tartars of the Ukraine, when a young woman falls in love with a man, she goes to his father's house, and proposes. Of course, whoever marries there, catches a Tartar.

Scientific.—Professor Henry denies that man is made of dust, but allows that ashes may have entered into his composition. He allows us to be ashmen, but not dustmen. It is hardly worth while to kick up a dust about the question.

Importance of Study.—The mind is but a barren soil,—a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.

Pride.—When a proud man hears another praised, he thinks himself injured.

A CARNIVAL FROLIC.

People in high life sometimes, though very rarely, contrive to enjoy themselves as well as those of humbler station. The Carnival once a year, in countries where it is kept up with spirit, affords them this opportunity. A few years ago, an incident occurred at Madrid, during the wild and merry season, which really almost rises to the dignity of an historical event. A lady of rank gave a masked ball, at which the most distinguished guests were present; among them a certain general, high in the favor of the queen, who, in a freak of caprice, was at that time in the palace of Aranjuez, refusing to participate in the gayeties of the Carnival. A certain pretty orange girl intrigued the general, danced with him, and learned that at midnight he was obliged to set forth alone in his carriage to attend a cabinet council at Aranjuez. Was he not afraid of brigands? O, no! He was not afraid of brigands, and never carried arms. The revel sped on, and midnight came too soon. The general parted from his pretty partner and prepared to start. It was some time before his carriage could be got and extricated from the press of vehicles, but at last he was on his road. Suddenly the carriage stopped, the door opened, and three brigands armed to the teeth entered and seated themselves. Resistance was useless, for the general had not even a knife, and pistols and carbines rattled all around him. The carriage moved on, and the brigand chief beside the general, compelled him to retail all the court gossip, to tell who was in favor with the queen, what appointments were to be made and what dismissals take place, and finally, to give up a cherished signet ring which he wore upon his finger. At last, and without robbing him of his watch, money or jewels, the robbers ordered the coach to stop and got out, bidding the general good night, or rather good morning. The author of this frolic, the beautiful orange girl of the masked ball, the dashing brigand who stopped the general's coach and seated herself beside him, and extorted a dozen secrets of court gossip, and stole the signet-ring, was no other than Eugenie, then Countess of Montijo, and now empress of France!

The use of Wine.—Mahommed's notions on the subject of drinking will probably satisfy many modern moralists. "Wine," said he, "is serviceable when used with moderation, but no man knows where the limits of moderation should be fixed. It is better, therefore, to forego the enjoyment altogether, than to indulge in it at the risk of running into excess. Abstinence can only weaken; intemperance both inflames and maddens."

Strange Phrase.—An odd expression occurs in the sermon of a French prelate. Speaking of the repentance of Mary Magdalen, he says: "Her *tears* had opened her a way to heaven; and she had travelled by water to a place where few others had gone by land." So much for French eloquence!

Suspension Bridge.—The towers of the suspension bridge over the Ohio at Cincinnati, will be two hundred and thirty feet high, and one thousand and six feet apart. The entire span of the bridge will be sixteen hundred and six feet.

Orthography.—The other day we saw the following notice posted up outside a house in this our literary city: "Too Bee Lett too kumfurtable rume aply Withhin."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John W. Grant to Miss Margaret S. Hill, of Salem; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Francis H. Leonard to Miss Nancy Jane Walker; by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, of Roxbury, Mr. Pearl Martin to Miss Mary A. Voemus, of Danville, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Jacob S. Langthorn to Miss Jane McGurk, of Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Patterson, of Dedham, Mr. Robert Campbell, of Glasgow, Scotland, to Miss Mary Ann Nicholson, of Wallace, N. S.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Mr. William H. Ladd to Miss Martha A. Gregory.—At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. William H. Clark to Miss Theresa A. Heath, both of Medford.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Charles W. Johnston, of Chelsea, Vt., to Miss Jane C. Scribner.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Mellen, Mr. Geo. Thurston to Miss Hannah Mess.—At Grafton, by Rev. Mr. Biscoe, Mr. Lewis Holbrook to Miss Sophia A. Holt.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Braman, Mr. Leander S. Burley to Mrs. Nancy H. Hewey.—At Northboro', by Rev. Mr. Ashley, Mr. George C. Lincoln, of Westboro', to Miss Anna M. Leach.—At Duxbury, by Rev. Mr. Dunham, Mr. Edward P. Wadsworth to Miss Sarah J. Mears.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Lewis A. Francis to Miss Sarah A. Godfrey.—At Wayland, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Richard F. Fuller to Miss Addie R. Reeves.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Wayland, Mr. Geo. Swan to Miss Mary A. Goodspeed.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Samuel B. Elwell, 59; Mrs. Sarah N. Wright, 37; Mr. Benjamin Brazer, 54; Mrs. Abi Cowdin, 78; Mrs. M. Kells, 74; Claudius C., daughter of Hiram T. and Margaret C. Foster, 10.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Mary Eagles, 78.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Nancie S. Pierce, 19.—At West Cambridge, Mrs. Rebecca Ann Setchell, 26.—At Dorchester, Mr. Charles B. Pierce, 50.—At West Newton, Mr. Leonard Jackson, 65.—At West Medway, Mrs. Hepsibeth Brooks, 87.—At Salem, Mr. John W. Treadwell, 72.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Angeline P. Lee, 25.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Martha Y. Courtis, 48.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Martha Kezer, 87.—At Newburyport, Capt. John Colby, 64.—At West Newbury, Mr. Mary D. Emery, 38.—At Worcester, Mrs. Mary Ann Leland, 69.—At Leominster, Mr. Sumner Phelps, 59.—At Dartmouth, Miss Sarah T. Potter, 22.—At Mattapoisett, Miss Sylvia P. Hammond, 61.—At Sterling, Mrs. Polly Wedge, 95.—At Great Barrington, Mrs. Louisa Hollenbeck, 84.—At Petersham, Mr. Charles K. Wetherell, of Worcester, 33.—At Springfield, Mr. Charles J. Hadley, late of Boston, 61.—At Baldwinville, Mr. Mr. Edward Lowell, 89.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Sarah S. Bliss, 69.—At Westport, Mrs. Content Brownell, 69.—At Cohasset, Mr. Cummings Lincoln, 88.—At Edgartown, Mr. Thomas Smith, 75.—At Falmouth, Me., Mrs. Abigail W. Titcomb, formerly of Methuen, Mass., 73.

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Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NEMESIS.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

Writhe on, writhe on, my heart, for this is fame:
Ay fame, to toil ignobly for neglect.
And yet thy dreamy life wouldst thou reject?
Wouldst thou relinquish e'en thy humble name?
Be still, be still, my heart, content with fame:
Think not to 'scape the chains Nemesis winds!
She ever clings most round fame's favorite shrines,
And may e'en now obliterate thy name.
What if thou lavish all thy wealth for naught?
Wouldst thou recall thy life of feverish pain,
And live it o'er for ease? Vain doubt, begone!
My inmost soul is agonized by the thought.
Should it be granted me to live again,
My former life would be my chosen one.

THE ANGELS.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How lovely and fair are the angels mild!
They have radiant faces more purely bright
Than the heavens and earth in soft spring light;
They have eyes so blue, and serenely fair,
And eternal flowers in their golden hair,
And their flashing wings, which to thee would seem
Of silvery moonshine, a dazzling beam,
The angels wave so stately and light,
From rosy morn till the dewy night.—FROM THE GERMAN.

A PICTURE.

At last she sank luxurious on her couch,
Purple and golden-fringed, like the sun's,
And stretched her white arms on the warmed air,
As if to take some object wherewithal
To ease the empty aching of her heart.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Will be a fool his life-time long.—LUTHER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Swift thought it was generally the fate of a double-dealer to lose his power, and keep his enemies.....The old age of a literary person is the evening of a fine day. Such is Washington Irving's, serene and tranquil.....Who but the author of "Anastasius" ever thought of deriving comfort from an empty pocket? He says:—"I have found pecuniary embarrassments an excellent remedy for a settled melancholy. When a man knows not how to support life, he has little leisure for feeding sorrow."....A London newspaper states that an "Indian belle" company has been formed, for the exportation of marriageable ladies to the East Indies, and that the shares are expected to go off at a high premium.....An honest farmer in one of our country towns, lately refused to subscribe for a newspaper, "because," said he, "my father, when he died—heaven rest his soul!—left me a raft of papers, and I haint had time to read 'em thru yet."....."Evil," says Saurin, "is in the world, and the permission of it is certainly consistent with the attributes of God. Our inability to account for it is another thing, and the fact is not affected by it."....The following story, which we heard the other day for the first time, is almost too good to be true. A young man living near the Potomac was very backward in making a matrimonial proposal to a young lady to whom he was paying attentions, and one day she grew impatient, and exclaimed, "Frank, if you intend to marry me, I wish to know it, so that I make my arrangements." A long pause ensued. At length Frank broke silence, and exclaimed, "No meat, no corn, and fishing time almost over. Good Lord, Nelly, I can't!".....The other day an aged gentleman, Mr. Turner, of Yorkville, S. C., died at the age of ninety-eight, and on the second day thereafter, his maiden daughter, Sarah, who had been his comfort and support throughout her life, followed him to the grave at the age of seventy-two. Her mission was accomplished, and she followed him whose life had been identified with hers, with a willing spirit. "In death they were not divided." To us there is something extremely touching in this life-long fidelity, and there is a whole heart-history in this simple record.....A splendid opera house is projected for Cincinnati. Soon every great city of our Union will have one of these magnificent temples. Who will say that the fine arts are not patronized in America?.....Miss Hosmer, the works of whose chisel have surprised the cognoscenti in Italy, will soon be among her American friends.....The question must soon be decided whether the will of Brigham Young or the laws of the United States are to rule over the vast territory of Utah, which would be a land of promise but for the abominations which have there been perpetrated.....A Yankee lately appeared in Louisville, whose wife had eloped, carrying off their feather bed. "I don't vally her a red cent," the poor fellow remarked, "but them are feathers is worth 48 cents a pound." Money, money!—it is the idol of the day.....A lady advertises for a husband in the New York Herald, and says he must be six feet high. This votaress of *hy-men* ought to marry a grenadier.....All women, we are told by a sparkling writer, love and love passionately. An unloving woman is an impossibility, unless we can imagine a pillar of ice to withstand the rays of a July sun. A woman must love something—man, parrot, or canary bird.....In what respects were the governments of Algiers and Malta as different as light from darkness? One was governed by *deys*, and the other by *knights*.....Very pleasant it must be to be mashing a mealy potato at dinner, and by the operation liberate a live snake; yet this actually happened at Chicago, lately.....Gen. La Vega, the Mexican general, was recently stopping at Willard's Hotel, at Washington, as was also Col. May, who took La Vega's guns, and made him prisoner at the battle of Palo Alto; and to complete the curious re-union, Col. Magruder, to whom May handed La Vega over for safe keeping, was also there at the same time.....Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, urges horticulturists to try the raising of seedlings from native grapes. In this way new varieties are obtained, and we may procure table grapes equal to those of Europe.....A gentleman at one of the New York churches lately put $12,646 in the contribution-box. It is rarely that so large a sum is contributed by an individual at once, though three times as much have sometimes been squandered at the gaming-table at a sitting.....The Duke of Wellington once deposited his umbrella at a lady's table at a fair. When he came back, the umbrella was gone, the fair lady having found it impossible to resist an offer of twenty-five guineas for it. The implied compliment amply repaid the "Iron Duke" for walking home in the rain.....An Irish gentleman by mistake led off the dance at a race-ball, and was challenged in consequence by the person he had supplanted. We think his reply was in excellent taste:—"My dear sir, I can't conceive why, because I opened a ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning." If his adversary had shot him, the homicide would have been "open to conviction."....A Jack-of-all-trades, in a Western paper, after advertising all sorts of things in the way of business, winds off with "auctioneering of the londest kind, interwoven with ventriloquism." We don't know what the ventriloquism has to do with it, except to make bogus bids.....The New Yorkers are complaining of the dust in their streets. Why do they allow the street commissioners to throw dust in their eyes? Those New Yorkers are never satisfied; they must have either mud or dust. Then why complain of a rigorous necessity?.....The New York Picayune sagely asks, "Must a man be mealy-mouthed before he can make a flowery oration?".....The Boston Post thinks that Patagonians live the longest of any people on the face of the globe, because they range from eight to ten feet in stature.....Two men attempting to rob a vessel in New York, the other night, were shot, and one of them killed. This is the way to serve scoundrels who prey upon the hard earnings of others. If persons in exposed situations were always prepared to protect their rights, robbery would soon cease to be a paying business. Revolvers and thieves are institutions that cannot flourish simultaneously.....Walker's army had a hard time in Nicaragua, lately. Mule meat, when eaten sixteen days in succession, rather palls on the appetite, and ceases to be regarded as a delicacy.....A large proportion of the papers of New York city are conducted by New England men. Like the Scotch, New Englanders are found everywhere, and turn their hands to anything that will pay.....It turns out that Mr. Dean didn't marry Mr. Boker's daughter, after all. It was Mr. Behan! Such is fame!—to have one's name misspelt in newspaper reports and bulletins of battles!.....Mr. Proudhon, the well-known French socialistic philosopher, has recanted, it seems: "He has found that Socialism, in all its ramifications, is but a gandy bubble; and having learned this in bitterness and disappointment, he confesses it with a manly sorrow that does honor to his heart and intellect."....In the biography of a Chinese genius, we find the following amusing paragraph:—"Having, it would seem, something like a presentiment of the future greatness of this child of his affections, Hung-Jang often said to his wife that the little Phuh would live to make their old age honorable; and fondly stroking the little fellow's queue, as he sat upon his knee, made his boast that it was a full inch longer than that of any boy of the same age in the village."....An Edinburgh clergyman has been preaching against the opera. He attacked La Traviata and Don Giovanni for the immorality of their plots—and he was quite right. But he did it so coarsely, as to drive many ladies out of his church. A common error with satirists and reformers is to overcharge their language.....When Forrest was a young man, before he came out on the public stage, he used to play at a place called the "Apollo," in Philadelphia. It was here he played Lady Anne, in the tragedy of Douglas. Fancy Edwin Forrest, as an interesting young lady! Think of the sensation it would cause if he attempted the same character now!.....Land can be purchased in Dinwiddie, Accomac, Southampton, and other counties of Southern Virginia, at from three to five dollars an acre.....An advertisement in the New York papers for four hundred horses and carts for the purpose of cleaning the streets, looks as if Gotham was waking up in an important particular.....They keep deer in Logan Square, Philadelphia; but the city finds it dear amusement, for they have to pay for damages frequently inflicted by the animals. Whenever the citizens are "treated to a horn" by one of these gay bucks, they make the corporation pay up.....John G. Genin, Esq., the wealthy and liberal proprietor of the world-renowned bazaar under the St. Nicholas Hotel, Broadway, New York, has purchased Powers's fine allegorical statue of America.....Ninety thousand dollars worth of ivory was lately brought in a vessel from Africa to Salem. What an array of noble elephants must have bit the dust to furnish that amount!.....We have often heard of ladies wearing quarts of diamonds—but diamonds of quartz are said to be extensively used by the fair instead of the real gems. It is only very rich people, however, who can afford to wear false jewels.....The second Duke of Richmond was married to a very young girl, whom he pronounced a "dowdy." Immediately after the ceremony he was hurried to the continent with his tutor, and remained three years. When he returned, he dreaded to see the "fright" to whom he was united for life; so he went to the theatre instead of his own house, and had his attention attracted to a beautiful woman, the reigning toast of that day. He inquired her name, and found that this admired of all admirers was his *own wife*. He died in 1750, and such was the happiness which had resulted from the inauspicious alliance, that his widow pined away through grief at his loss, and only survived him a twelvemonth.....A beautiful opera chorus singer lately died suddenly in the green-room of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, arrayed in the brilliant costume of the Swiss cantons, for she was to have appeared in the opera of Linda di Chamounix. There lay the body cold and frigid, while a few feet off, its late companions were simulating gayety, festal music flowing from their lips, and the house blazing with diamonds and ringing with rapturous applause! What a contrast! What an impressive illustration of the truth, "in the midst of life we are in death!".....Willis always writes interestingly, and sometimes naturally. Here is a picture of a storm dashed off in two brief sentences:—"The sky is wildly dark, and upon the clouds above, and the tall hemlocks below, the winds are charging like a cavalry of trumpeted hurricanes. The trees hiss and groan, the gale screams around the corners of the house, the waves of the Hudson dash sullenly on the shore, the echoes of the whirlwind come hoarsely from the hills."....Here are some of the celebrities grouped about Newburgh Bay, on the North River, New York:—N. P. Willis, Morton the artist, J. T. Headley, Drs. Forsyth and M'Carrell, Mrs. J. J. Monell, S. W. Eager, M. L. Domanski, Brownlee Brown, H. K. Brown, Lockwood, Withers, Tice, Clareuce Cook, Charles Downing, Charles Grent, Wall, Dr. Potts, Gulian C. Verplanck, Professor Davies, Judge Kent, H. W. Sargent, H. C. Wetmore, G. P. Morris, Weir, Henry Warner and his accomplished daughters.....The emperor and empress of France will be crowned at Rheims, in the month of August. More expense for the French people. We wonder they do not kick at their burdens.....We believe the Boston Traveller originated the following item, which "made us for to laugh," as Tony Lumpkin says:—A Chinese boy, who is learning English, came across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and you have not danced," and rendered it thus—"We have toot, toot to you, what's the matter you no jump?".....Bayard Taylor returned to Stockholm from his winter tour in Lapland about the middle of February. The most northern point reached by him and his companions was Kantokrino, in Finmark, 69° north latitude. They travelled in Lapland costume, on sleds drawn by reindeer, and were objects of great interest with the natives, as Taylor was the first American seen in those parts.....Tom Brown, a famous wag of the time of William III., of England, said, in speaking of long sermons, that, though a clergyman preach like an angel, yet he ought to consider that two hour-glasses of divinity are too much for the most patient constitution. The hour-glass, in old times, used to stand one side of the pulpit.....The total number of newspapers and periodicals published in Canada is two hundred and twenty-six.

When the mind acts up to nature, and is rightly disposed, she takes things as they come, stands loose in her fancy, and tacks about with her circumstances; as for fixing the condition of her fortune, she is not at all solicitous about that. 'Tis true, she is not perfectly indifferent, she moves forward with a preference in her choice; but then 'tis always with a reserve of acquiescence, and being easy in the event.—*Antoninus.*

The more a man disregards the consequences of his actions, the more repose he has in action. The fountain does not stop to calculate through what regions of the earth its stream shall flow, what foreign matter it shall take in, and where it shall finally lose itself. It flows from its own fullness, with an irrepressible motion.—*Herder.*

Choice Miscellany.

CONSUMPTION OF FOOD IN PARIS.

According to Mr. Hudson, the Parisian consumes 360 pounds of bread in the year, a pound a day for every soul; and the Londoner not 300 pounds, including the flour made up into puddings; so that we are far from being such bread-eaters as our neighbors. On the other hand, the same authority informs us, the Londoner consumes nearly ninety-six kilogrames (of two pounds each) of butcher's meat and pork in the year, whereas the Parisian disposes of but seventy-three kilogrames; and the Berliner of only fifty-four kilogrames of vegetables, and the Parisian one hundred and thirty-seven. Each Parisian soul consumes nearly a pound and a half of sweetmeats or syrups in the year, which accounts for the number of their *bon-bon* shops, so rare with us. There is not more wine consumed in Paris than beer with us; but admitting the quantities equal, what a difference in the nourishment. The consumption of sugar in France is increasing; from six and a half pounds a head per year it has reached nearly eight and a half pounds, notwithstanding the dearness of the article. Unfortunately, the consumption of spirits has increased in a much greater proportion. Previous to 1830, each Parisian consumed but nine litres, or quarts of *eau-de-vie* in the year; he now consumes fourteen litres. A great deal of this increase is no doubt owing to the bad vintage and the non-spirituous quality of wine; but this is not enough to account for the whole. The supply of fish has doubled in Paris since 1817, but it is not equal to the demand; and the price, except of very inferior kinds of fish, is enormous. Fish in that capital, and indeed throughout almost all France, is still a luxury; whereas in London and most parts of England, it takes rank for price and plenty with the other necessaries of life. A lucrative trade is carried on in Paris by the boiling and preparing of salmon and other costly fish, to be served up at the tables of great inland cities from Madrid to Warsaw.—*London Examiner.*

EXPENSIVE HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

The Christian Intelligencer, of New York, some little time ago, in alluding to the completion of St. George's Church, in New York, indulged in the following comments:—The open spires of this magnificent edifice have at last been completed, and the whole building is now a very great ornament to the city. It is a solid, substantial work of stone throughout, and destitute of all shams. Of course, so large a church (171 feet by 94) has cost considerable money—the spires alone involving an outlay, it is said, of about eighty thousand dollars, so that the whole structure, with its grounds, must have absorbed a sum above, rather than below a quarter of a million. Yet the church, as a public building, is no more splendid and costly than the private residences of its more wealthy attendants. Nor does it follow, as some folks seem to think, that the cold and stately stone of the imperial house implies an icy, barren, petrified religionism on the part of the worshippers. Dr. Tyng's church is famous for its godly activities. The gospel is preached as faithfully under those expensive open stone spires, as it is in any log hut in the interior; and the people who put so much upon the outward adornment of God's house, contribute yet more largely to all works of religion and charity. This is as it should be. Let every church be as fine a model of architectural taste and power as the purses of its builders will allow, and then let "the king's daughter show herself all glorious *within*," the entire splendor being only a type of the far greater beauty of holiness in the living temple.

SLAIN BY WAR.

It has been computed from the very best calculations that can be made, that about (14,000,000,000) fourteen thousand million of human beings have perished in war since the world began. This is a number of which we cannot form an adequate conception. Now, how long would it take a man, counting night and day, at this rate, to number the killed in war? He would count 180 in a minute, 18,800 in an hour, 259,200 in a day, 94,608,000 in a year; and consequently, to be exact, the time it would take him to count the 14,000,000,000, would be 147 years, 11 months, 22 days, 18 hours, 17 minutes, 46 2-3 seconds. Or it would take four men, counting twelve hours a day, a fraction less than 74 years. If all the corpses of those who have fallen victims to war were laid one after another across a road, allowing three feet to each body and the space between it and the next, that road would be nearly 8,000,000 miles long, *i. e.*, to be exact, 7,954,545 5-11. This road would run around the world more than 318 times. Only think, more than 318 belts of dead people encircling the globe! For a man to step over all these bodies, proceeding night and day at the rate of ten miles an hour, would occupy more than 454 years, or if he should travel 12 hours a day at the rate of three miles, it would take him 681 years.—*N. O. Crescent.*

THE LION'S FEAR OF MAN.

Lichtenstein says that the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching upon the ground, gathering himself for the effort. The hunters, he says, make it a rule never to fire upon a lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with most perfect certainty. He adds that if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his only hope of safety is to stand perfectly still, even though the animal crouches to make a spring; that spring will not be hazarded, if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statue, and look steadily at the lion. The animal hesitates, rises slowly, retreats some steps, looking earnestly about him, lies down, again, retreats, till having thus by degrees got quite out of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.

THE TOMB OF JULIET.

An Italian correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, in narrating his experience in Verona, says:—I went on a Shakspearian research, to see what is shown as the tomb of Juliet. It is not a mausoleum, but merely a coffin, or trough of stone, whose authenticity is perhaps as good as many other relics which have received high sanction. Even the house of the Capulets is pointed out, not omitting the very window where the impassioned Romeo beheld the star of his adoration:

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun."

Who wishes to be told that Romeo is only an invention, and the gentle Juliet but a poet's dream. How real, after all, are the beings of the imagination!—and how much deeper the impression which the scenes they moved in make upon the mind, than the dull, ordinary relations of history.

Editorial Melange.

A statue of Ænone, the work of Miss Hosmer, of Watertown, now of Rome, has been presented to the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, by Mr. Wagner Crow. —— John Carr, a steady, industrious young jeweller of Providence, shot himself dead in Greenville, R. I., in consequence of having been discarded by Miss Matthewson, of Greenville, to whom he had been paying attention for several months. —— A telegraph from the village of Catskill to the "Mountain House," a distance of thirteen miles, is among the arrangements for the coming season—the proprietor of the house being about to erect it for the accommodation of his summer sojourners. —— The Tower of Babel has turned up again (in a London letter in the New York Tribune), and this time, "jewels, diamonds and coins" have been discovered under the ruins. —— A wealthy patron of the fine arts, in New York, has commissioned the painters Rossiter, Huntington, Baker and Hicks, to paint each a picture fifteen feet by nine, grouping from twenty to thirty living women, scientific men, artists and merchants. —— Julia Dean Hayne and Miss Mary Provost have been playing engagements at the Sacramento theatres. —— The Huntsville, Texas, Recorder states that near Waverly, lately, a panther attacked a widow lady in her house. She succeeded in throwing him out and barring the door. Her screams finally brought assistance. The blood-thirsty monster was at last despatched, but not till he had seriously wounded six persons. —— At the Boylston Farm in Princeton, E. B. Lamson sold one pair of six year old heifers for $228, one pair of steers, one year and eighteen days old, for $104, and fourteen cows for $907, or $65 apiece. —— The question now seems to be, Shall we burn up when that scorcher of a comet flaps its great tail against us on the 13th of June, or shall we come off with nothing but a singeing? —— A levee was recently held in "Walcott's Building," Natick, which gave a profit of $467. The sum will be applied towards embellishing the Common in that town. —— It is a singular coincidence that while the fire in Louisville, that partially destroyed the Gem Coffee-House, was raging, the Gem Coffee-House in Cincinnati was also being burned. —— Judge Storrs, of the Connecticut Supreme Court, has given his opinion that any person, otherwise qualified, who can read in English, or *any other language*, can be admitted as a voter. This will admit a number of Germans, who were rejected last year because they could not read in English. —— At the gap in the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, the opposition lines of stages pay their passengers from fifty cents to one dollar to ride with them. —— Seven is said to be the number that expresses perfection, because it contains the triangle, which is *three*, and the square, which is *four*—measures by which all others are gunged. —— A debating society at Newton Corner, Mass., in order to diversify their proceedings, have lately resorted to "mock trials," as they are called, with a court, grand jury, trial jury, officers, and all the appliances of a "temple of justice," as in real life. —— It is estimated that the value of the maple sugar and molasses crop, this year, will be not less than $7,000,000. —— During the year 1856, one grain and produce firm in Chicago, Ill., have used in their business $12,500,000, their checks on a single bank amounting to $8,000,000. The amount of grain which passed through their hands was 5,256,000 bushels. —— An invention has been patented by Elisha B. Dodson, of Reading, Pa., for using mineral coal in the manufacture of gunpowder. —— Mdlle. Vestvali and her opera troupe have left Mexico for an engagement at Havana, after fulfilling which, she will return to New York. So says a recent letter from Mexico, which adds that she has purchased a large tract of land in Tehuantepec. —— A subscription is progressing in Charleston, S. C., for the erection of a monument to Hugh S. Legare, in Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Boston. —— Gen. Scott will still continue to reside at New York, where his headquarters are to be retained, as during the past four years; but he will visit Washington monthly for conference with the War Department.

Not Impossible.—One day, while Bruce, the great Scotch traveller, was at the house of a relation in East Lothian, a gentleman present bluntly observed that it was impossible that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat, as Bruce had asserted in his book. Bruce said not a word, but leaving the room, he shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beefsteak, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion. "You will eat that, sir, or fight me!" he said. When the gentleman had eaten up the raw flesh (most willingly would he have eaten his words instead), Bruce said, calmly, "Now, sir, you will never again say it is *impossible!*"

Early Rising.—There is no excuse for lying in bed now the sun rises so early. The difference between rising at five and seven, A. M., for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour of the night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

Royal Wit.—Some ladies once complained to George III., in the ball-room, of the heavy dancing of a cavalry officer. "If the war with America had not ended," said the king, "he might have been sent back to America as a re-publication of the *stamp* act."

Nature before Art.—An American traveller once asked an Albanian woman, why she did not use a fork in eating? She held up her hands in answer, and said, "You have only one fork; I have ten."

Clerical Pun.—When Dr. Byles was told that some "new lights" had appeared in the religious world, he drily remarked, "I wish we could hear of some new *livers*."

Wayside Gatherings.

David Hunt, of Rodney, Mississippi, has given $25,000 to the Colonization Society.

Five new towns have been founded on the north shore of Lake Superior, in the territory of Minnesota.

The Washington Art Union is an object of interest, especially as some of its finest paintings and statuary is furnished by Boston artists.

The duties on Indian corn imported into Cuba have been reduced to one-third of what they were for the term of six months from the first of April.

The government of Havana have fitted out an expedition to explore the guano islands recently discovered on the southwest coast of Cuba.

The Massachusetts Arms Company at Chicopee, now that the Colt patent has expired, are commencing the manufacture of revolvers.

All the bridges of the Grand Trunk Railway between Portland and Montreal, have just been inspected by the company's engineers in pursuance of the orders of the directors.

There is a nucleus of a zoological garden at the Naval Institute Asylum, Washington, and among the appropriations by the last Congress, was one to "feed the wild beasts."

A race of one hundred miles, between a horse from Albany and one from New York, was lately won by the latter in twelve hours and a half,—or eight miles an hour for the entire distance. Both horses are alive.

Of one hundred and thirty vessels which have been sent direct to Liberia by the Colonization Society since 1820, all have arrived safe, without having to make claim on the insurance office for damage.

A man in England, named Lack, had the bad luck to lose both his arms, which were afterwards replaced by artificial ones. The latter operate so well, that it is said he can readily shave himself, without the least danger.

Archbishop Hughes is reported to have purchased a residence in the Fifth Avenue, and it is said that the Roman Catholics are about to erect a splendid new cathedral in the Fifth Avenue, contiguous to the new residence of the archbishop.

Henry Calkins and John Teal, at work in a paper-mill in Stockport, Columbia county, N. Y., had a dispute a few days since, when Calkins struck his opponent on the head with a piece of steam pipe, and killed him.

The fifteen Philadelphia physicians and assistants, who died at Norfolk and Portsmouth, two years since, during the epidemic, in the discharge of their duties, are to be disinterred and removed to Philadelphia, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Webster, of the Philadelphia Relief Committee.

A cow in Vermont which was lost in October was found in February in a well sheltered place, where she had lived through the severe winter, having trodden a path to running water near by, and subsisting by browsing. The owner had suspected a neighboring family of stealing the romantic animal.

The White Sulphur Springs, of Greenbrier, Va., have been purchased by a company of Virginia capitalists, for $750,000; and are to have expended upon them as speedily as possible $250,000 for extending the accommodations and beautifying the grounds.

Willis says very truthfully in his own way—"Most thinkers change horses as it were,—travelling with renewed freshness as they apply different powers of the mind to the different phases of their one vehicle of a subject,—but to an *editor*, it is a frequent change of vehicle and forever the same old horse!"

January letters from Vancouver's Island state that the summer had been cold, the crops short, and the inhabitants sickly. Gold had been discovered on the Tete Plate River, about forty miles above Colville's Fort. The miners were earning from four to six dollars a day and all kinds of necessaries had grown excessively dear.

An Indian, in south-western Arkansas, having become offended at a white family a short time since, during the absence of the men, went into the house and choked to death the wife and three children. Being suspected and apprehended, he confessed the horrible details, whereupon the exasperated husband and neighbors hung him upon a tree.

A lady of eccentric habits was found dead in her house at Walworth lately. Her body was lying on three chairs. Under her head was found a little dirty bag, containing £4 or £5 in gold and six £5 notes. She was clothed in rags, held together by a countless multitude of pins, though plenty of good clothes were found in the house.

The London Art Journal states that objects may be manufactured from ornamental Britannia metal sheet, by the process of "spinning," a mode of production which entirely throws into the shade all others employed for securing, in the objects produced, elegance of outline. Elegantly formed tea-services, salvers, cruet-frames, etc., are made by this process.

A valuable instrument for measuring the depth of water near the shore and upon shoals, which is attached to the keel of the vessel, has been invented by a lieutenant in the United States Navy. It obviates the use of the lead whenever the depth does not exceed two fathoms. The invention has been applied to a government vessel.

In Paris, a man was noticed, with a candle in his hand, gesticulating at and invocating the stars. In a few minutes after, he began to throw his furniture out of the window into the street. It appeared evident that his brain had been turned by the idea that the world is about to be brought to an end in June next by the collision of the approaching comet with the earth.

A telegraph union has been constituted by France, Sardinia, Switzerland and Spain. A sweeping innovation has been made, a fresh zone system decided upon, and a large reduction achieved. Approximating to the system of America, henceforth messages of fifteen words will be allowed to be transmitted between England and France, Sardinia, Switzerland and Spain.

The Austin (Texas) Gazette contains account of the arrest of a desperate villain named Johnson, near Waco. He had previously killed no less than seven men. He was arrested after he had wounded several citizens, and not till he himself was supposed to be mortally wounded. He had fortified himself with six guns and several pistols.

One of the fashionable Parisian belles died recently at Marseilles, just as she was at the point of embarking for Italy. She had great fear that obesity would one day destroy the wasp-like shape she possessed; and to combat it, she drank daily large quantities of vinegar. After some months of horrible suffering she expired, despite of all the efforts of her physicians.

Foreign Items.

The very latest novelty in dress in Paris is crinoline *sleeves*. Now then, stand off entirely!

Berlin journals state that the services of Winterhalter, the German painter, are no longer retained by the English court.

A letter from Berlin says that M. de Meyerbeer is at present laid up with an ophthalmic attack, brought on by influenza, and which causes great uneasiness to his friends.

There are at present no less than 40,000 Chinese located in different parts of the colony of Victoria, chiefly employed in seeking for gold at the various gold fields.

The Chamber of Representatives of Belgium has rejected the proposition to grant a pension of 250 francs to the persons decorated with the Iron Cross (that is, those who combated in the revolution of 1830).

The population of the city of Brussels amounts to 155,200, occupying nearly seventeen thousand houses. The number of British residents and visitors is believed to be from eight to ten thousand.

The Empress Eugenie lately attended a masked ball with the emperor, and mingled freely with the revellers. A young fellow began and made love to her majesty in good earnest, causing a good deal of scandal.

Prince Metternich and Prince Windischgratz, with another Austrian nobleman, Count Lainel, have obtained from the emperor of Austria a concession of the privilege of immediately making a railway from Prague to Tilsit.

Sands of Gold.

.... Solitude cherishes great virtues, and destroys little ones.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... The heart of a generous woman, provoked and slighted, can do great things.—*Brantome.*

.... The love of glory can only create a great hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.—*Talleyrand.*

.... To have too much forethought is the part of a wretch; to have too little is the part of a fool.—*Cecil.*

.... Examine what undue passions reign most in thy soul, and take thy course of life clean contrary to them in thought, word and deed.—*De Sales.*

.... The scrutiny of human nature on a small scale is one of the most dangerous of employments; the study of it on a large scale is one of the safest and truest.—*Isaac Taylor.*

.... That sovereign has a little mind who seeks to go down to posterity by means of great public buildings. It is to confide to masons and bricklayers the task of writing history.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Providence does not grant force and faculties at random, but everything is made for some end. The sun, high as it is, has its business assigned, and so have the celestial orbs.—*Antoninus.*

.... Men in responsible situations cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations, or by such motives as can only affect themselves.—*Washington.*

.... Authors, in their prefaces, generally speak in a conciliatory, deprecating tone of the critics, whom they hate and fear; as of old the Greeks spake of the Furies as the Eumenides, the Benign Goddesses.—*Longfellow.*

Joker's Budget.

A certain writer says—"Life is a desert. Marriage and mirage are the same thing, only differently spelt."

Why are the stars the greatest astronomers? Because they have studded (studied) the heavens for thousands of years.

An Irish paper, describing a late duel, says that one of the combatants was shot through the "fleshy part of the thigh bone."

Punch insinuates that the Chinese, with their usual foresight, have long been poisoning the tea intended for the British market, in anticipation of the present war.

A minister who had received a number of calls, and could scarcely decide which was the best, asked the advice of a faithful old African servant, who replied: "Massa, go where dar is de most debble!"

An old lady in Vermont was asked by a young clergyman to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," said she, "nor do I care about your nominations; for my part I hold on to the old meeting-house, and what's more, I mean to belong there."

"Sedley," said Charles II., "look me out a man who can't be corrupted; I have sent three treasurers to the north, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your majesty, I will recommend Mivert." "Mivert, you dog," said Charles, "why, Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he cannot be corrupted," said Sedley.

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CHINESE MODE OF CARRYING THE WOUNDED.

CHINESE MILITARY SCENES.

Everything relating to the empire of China is now looked at with increased interest, since its government is engaged in a two-fold strife, with its own rebels and with the might of England. We, therefore, add to our previous sketches two pictures illustrating Chinese operations on the battle field. In No.16 of this volume, it will be remembered we gave pretty full details of the military organization of the imperial troops; our present sketches relate to the rebel forces. These men are far more valorous in action than the imperialists. They will be distinguished as rebels at a glance by the absence of the long queue which forms so marked a peculiarity of the loyal Chinese. As soon as a recruit joins the rebel standard, his queue is immediately cut off, which ensures his fidelity for a long period of time, no one of these shorn individuals daring to desert his standard, because the absence of the distinguished queue is regarded as proof positive of high treason, and the offender is immediately put to death when he falls into the hands of the government troops and officials. The first engraving on this page represents the mode adopted by the rebels of carrying their wounded off the field. The sufferer is provided with a seat and a rest for his feet suspended from two long bamboo poles carried on the shoulders of men, while he is supported by comrades on each side, rendering his conveyance as easy as possible. The attendants on the wounded man in our picture exhibit the style of arms used by the insurgents. They are remarkably handy with the sword and spear, and have not yet dispensed with the use of the ancient buckler. The second picture on this page exhibits a group of rebels in action. On their left is the standard bearer, with his colors firmly planted. Near him a "stout man of his hands," is drawing his good sword in anticipation of a hand to hand conflict. Another is loading his gun. Of the two kneeling sharpshooters, one is about to fire, and the other watching the opportunity for a shot. The officer is waving his sword and cheering on a small reinforcement marching on to take part in the engagement. As we have before remarked, the rebels have evinced their superiority over the imperialists by beating them nine times out of ten in the countless engagements that have taken place since the commencement of the Chinese revolution. They have displayed their gallantry in the open field, and their courage in the attacks of walled and fortified places. They appear to be better armed and more adroit in the use of the musket than their opponents. The Chinese officials are wedded to ancient usage, and employ the same weapons and the same mode of warfare that has been in vogue in the empire for ages. What will be the issue of the rebellion no one can tell, but as far as we can judge, it has already inflicted serious wounds on the strength of the imperial government, decimating the emperor's armies, exhausting his treasury, and destroying his former self-reliance.



A GROUP OF CHINESE REBELS SKIRMISHING.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857. $3 00 PER ANNUM 6 CENTS SINGLE } VOL. XII., No. 20.—WHOLE No. 308.

STATE OF ALABAMA.

The beautiful emblematical figure on this page closes the brilliant series of State scenes, designed expressly for us by Billings, which have been published in the Pictorial, eliciting the warmest commendation for their ingenuity and artistic skill. The State arms, which surmount the design, are simple—a map of the State, and a scroll of the constitution supported by fasces. The principal object in the picture is a heavy ox-team loaded with cotton, and driven by a black wagoner—other wagons are seen winding their way in the distance. To the left we have a railway train, characteristic groups of figures, a steamer loaded with cotton, and a sailing schooner. The State is bounded north by Tennessee, east by Georgia, south by Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and west by Mississippi, and has an area of 50,722 square miles. De Soto and his followers, in 1541, were the first whites who visited this portion of the continent. In 1702, Bienville, a Frenchman, built a fort on Mobile Bay; and in 1711, the present site of Mobile was occupied. At the peace of 1763, Alabama, with all the French possessions east of the Mississippi, excepting New Orleans, came into the hands of the English. Until 1802, this State formed a part of Georgia; from this date it was included in Mississippi Territory till 1817, and, in 1819, was admitted into the Union. It ranks fourth in population among the Southern States, numbering, by the census of 1850, 771,623. The Alleghany Mountains terminate in the north part of the State. The face of the country gradually declines from the north to the Gulf of Mexico. It is rich in mineral treasures, particularly in coal, iron, limestone and marble. The noble bays and rivers admirably fit the State for the prosecution of trade and commerce. Approaching within seven degrees of the tropics, it is allied in production with the torrid zone. The rivers seldom freeze in winter, and the heats of summer are mitigated by refreshing breezes from the gulf. A great portion of the soil is very rich, yielding more cotton—the great staple of the South—than any member of the confederacy. It also produces the usual cereals and other vegetables, tobacco, wine, silk. Indigo may be, and has been, cultivated here; but it has been abandoned because undersold by the foreign article. Comparatively little attention has been paid to manufactures, although, in 1850, 1022 manufacturing establishments were reported. Education is well provided for in this State. In 1850, there were five colleges. The free school system went into operation early in 1854. The State university, located at Tuscaloosa, is in a very flourishing condition, with an annual income of $15,000. In 1850, there were sixty periodicals in the State, and 1373 churches. There is a State penitentiary at Wetumpka, a State lunatic asylum at Tuscaloosa, an asylum for the blind at Mobile, and we believe an institution for the deaf and dumb has gone into operation. In 1850, there were four public libraries, with 3848 volumes; 32 school libraries, with 3500 volumes; 15 Sunday school libraries, with 5775 volumes, and five college libraries, with 7500 volumes. The governor of Alabama is elected for two years by the people. The senate consists of 33 member, elected for four years, and the house of representatives of 100 members. One half of the senate is elected every two years.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

As Redding entered the shop, he caught a glimpse of a young and beautiful woman, as she disappeared through an opposite door. He handed the Jew the opal, who started a little at sight of it, and eyed him rather keenly.

"Who sent this?" he asked.

"That will tell you," replied Redding, and he put the piece of paper into Jeduthun's hand, given him by Falkland.

"It is well," said he, when he had read it. "The gentleman spoke to me about a gem he wished to dispose of, but gave no description of it."

"My master told me he had written the price he demanded on the piece of paper I gave you."

"He has, and I will give it."

Without saying more, the Jew counted the money and handed it to Redding. Having secured it about his person, he lingered a minute as if he wished to say something more, but finally turning abruptly away, left the shop. He had no sooner gone, than the Jew took the opal from the drawer where he had deposited it, and carefully examined it once more.

"It is the same I gave to Abi, as a birthday gift, three years ago, which soon afterward she lost," said he, speaking to himself.

He then carefully enclosed it in a casket, which he put in his pocket.

Harleigh, while Falkland had been thus taking measures to procure by the means of the former's gift to Alice, surreptitiously obtained by Mildred Dacres, the means of liquidating a gambling debt, had been brooding over the scene of the preceding evening. Although he so boldly denied to Falkland that Alice gave him the opal, with spirits depressed by the gloom of the prison, he could not refrain from looking at the matter through a medium that reflected the gloom by which he was surrounded. All those doubts respecting Alice which Mildred Dacres had formerly succeeded in infusing into his mind, and which had continued in moments of despondency to rise before him in imagination, like dim and hideous spectres, were revived and rendered more vivid.

While indulging in thoughts and feelings so little to the advantage of Alice Dale, the door opened, and a lady closely veiled was admitted. Harleigh handed her a chair, which she accepted in silence.

"Half an hour I think you said was the time you wish to remain?" said the warden, as he turned to withdraw.

"Yes."

She did not move, nor again speak, till the grating of the bolt was heard on the outside of the door. She then threw aside the thick veil, which had entirely concealed her features.

"Can it be possible that I see Mildred Dacres?" said Harleigh.

His voice expressed surprise, but no pleasure, nor did he seek that friendly clasp of hands by which is expressed the pleasure of meeting even with a common acquaintance after some months' separation.

"Must I infer from the cold astonishment you evince, that you consider me intrusive, or it may be, even bold?" said she.

"I could not be otherwise than surprised, for I supposed that you were in America."

"I came in the same vessel that Falkland did, and I thought it likely that he might have mentioned it."

"I didn't see him till last evening, and then others were present."

"I should think that you might have found opportunity to inquire for one of the friends, at least, from whom you have been so long absent."

"I will not affect to misapprehend your meaning, but I inquired for no one."

"I rejoice to find that you are so indifferent; otherwise, it might give you pain to know that all, and more than all, I hinted to you respecting Alice Dale, has turned out to be true. But I came not here for the purpose of accusing her. I would learn from your own lips in what way I can serve you."

"You are entitled to my thanks," said Harleigh, somewhat gravely, "yet as I expect to be free again in two or three days, I think it will be unnecessary for you to put yourself to any trouble in my behalf."

"Then I have been misinformed. If, on the contrary, what I have heard be true, you will have reason to be thankful if the few days you speak of, before you are restored to liberty, do not instead prove to be as many months."

"I am wholly at a loss to imagine why. The offence for which I am under restraint may certainly be deemed a venial one."

"It is not on account of what passed between you and Falkland last evening," said she, looking him steadily in the eye as she spoke.

He met the look, as unflinchingly as it was given.

"If I must speak more to the point," said she, "you and the others have been betrayed by one of your associates."

"Betrayed!" said he, with an air of bewilderment.

"Yes. You should have been careful whom you trusted in a matter of so much moment."

"All that you have said is to me an enigma."

"In plain words, then, the plot to assassinate the king has come to light."

"You say *the* plot, as if I was knowing to it, but I assure you that its existence is now made known to me for the first time."

"Even if it can be proved that you are ignorant of it, it may not be easy to make it appear that you are not involved in another, brought to light by the detection of this."

"Respecting which, I am quite as much in the dark as I was relative to the assassination plot, previously to your enlightening me. What is it?"

"Nothing more than an innocent plan of insurrection, for a simultaneous rising of England and Scotland."

"By whom formed?"

"Some of the Whig leaders, of course. Among others, Lord Russell, Sidney, and your particular friend, John Hampden, with whom, unfortunately for yourself, you have of late often been seen in company."

"Not so often as I have with several other gentlemen, who certainly cannot be suspected of favoring any such enterprise."

"Still, as he is one of the chief of the conspirators, it has caused suspicion to fall on you."

"From which, as he never revealed to me any of the secrets of the confederacy, I think I shall find no difficulty in freeing myself."

"It may be difficult to prove that he never did. There is another thing, too, which will tell against you."

"What is it?"

"Your having, while in America, spent most of your time in Mr. Walworth's family, who was, as is well known, violently opposed to the restoration. There is no use in disguising it: your life, even, is in danger."

"You magnify the danger."

"Not so. But you shall be saved in spite of yourself. I will throw myself at the king's feet, and plead for you as never woman pleaded before."

"It may, at least, be well," said he, "to first let the danger approach so near as to be able to look it in the face."

"I understand the covert sarcasm your words convey; but if I wait till that time, it may be too late."

Harleigh was embarrassed. He hardly knew what to say. The emotion she expressed was too passionate, he thought, to be genuine. Still, though unable to free himself from this impression, he could not forbear feeling somewhat grateful for the interest she manifested in his welfare, though certainly she was not the person to whom he would have preferred to owe a debt of gratitude. It was, therefore, with a sense of relief that he heard the door open and the voice of the warden announce to her that the half hour had expired. Mildred, who had hastened to draw her veil over her face, stepped close to Harleigh ere she left the room, and in a suppressed voice, said:

"The mediation which I have offered to undertake in your behalf, though now rejected with scorn, may ere long be accepted, if not sought."

"You express yourself too strongly, Miss Dacres," he replied. "I do not scorn your offer, yet having never in thought, word, or deed, been guilty of what you say I am suspected of, it is only natural for me to suppose that my innocence will prove my best and most powerful pleader."

"We shall see."

"Yes, and meanwhile let me advise you as a friend not to go so far in anything on my account as to injure yourself without benefiting me."

Mildred made no answer to this, but she bit her lips till the blood came. Courtseying slightly with an air of dignity she well knew how to assume, she left the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ANONYMOUS MISSIVE.

"WHAT should you make of that, George?" said the king, speaking to the Duke of Buckingham, who had sought the royal presence at an earlier hour than usual, in consequence of the discovery of the two plots alluded to in the foregoing chapter.

As Charles spoke, he handed him a neatly-folded paper, which had been selected from rather a formidable pile lying near him.

"It looks like a billet-doux. At any rate, the writer, whether fair or brown, appears to have been impatient." And he read aloud: 'Will your majesty please give this immediate attention?'"

This was written on the outside.

"Am I to read the inside?"

"Certainly. The nut must be cracked before we can decide on the quality of the kernel."

"It is a delicate morsel of calligraphy, and, as I should say, written by dainty fingers," said he, glancing at the writing. "You have read it?"

"Yes; I own that I have, for I needed something by way of zest—a kind of sharpener of the appetite, to enable me to digest the graver and weightier contents of these ponderous documents lying at my elbow. I must say, however, that it fell short of the object I intended it for."

"A single perusal will not always give the pith of the matter contained in so delicate a missive as this, as I have reason to know. I will read it to your majesty."

"Do so. It is brief, and will not cost you a great deal of breath."

Buckingham read as follows:

"Among those near your majesty's person last evening, as you need not to be reminded, was Clarence Harleigh, who is the sworn friend of John Hampden, and others of his stamp. After what came to your majesty's knowledge, subsequent to the time that he and Gilbert Falkland left the banqueting-chamber, you may deem it prudent to prolong his imprisonment, as it is suspected that he has been a sharer in the councils of those who planned the insurrection, even if he was ignorant of the assassination plot. The writer of this humbly prays your most gracious majesty not to pass lightly by this hint, from one of the most loyal of your majesty's subjects."

"It was written by a woman—that is plain," said Buckingham, when he had finished reading it.

"There can be no doubt of that. What do you think of Harleigh's being a praticipator in one or both of the plots?"

"There's nothing in it. I know Harleigh well enough to be certain that he has no taste for such things."

"Exactly the opinion I had formed of him."

"And you may be equally certain that this most loyal of your majesty's subjects is practising some crooked piece of policy as regards Harleigh."

"Weaving a little plot of her own, you think. Let me see that hand-writing again. If she were in this country," said Charles, after carefully examining it, "I should say it was written by one who would almost risk dabbling the feathers of Cupid's shaft in blood, for the chance of bringing a lover to her feet. You know, George, that my studies have not been restricted to the science of government, which enabled me to find that out before either she or Harleigh went to America."

"It must be Mildred Dacres that you have in your mind."

"Even so. I have seen her hand-writing, and this resembles it."

"By my royal George, it is as you say. It was written by the fascinating Dacres. She has returned to England. I saw her yesterday morning."

"All now is as plain as day. Harleigh has given his allegiance to old Walworth's rustic ward, as is evident by what took place last evening,—an allegiance which this Mildred Dacres is anxious to have transferred to herself. But we must drop the discussion of so light a matter, for here are older, and as they doubtless imagine, wiser men coming, who would be scandalized at seeing a smile on my face almost at the very moment of such grave and important discoveries. The truth is, Villiers, Dame Nature, in the construction of my phiz, was so prodigal of those harsher lines with which she sometimes delights to mar the human countenance, that I am obliged to soften them with smiles, to save my loyal subjects from the sin of thinking I resemble a bandit chief more than a Christian king."

"Those who have the honor and happiness of meeting their king most frequently," said Buckingham, "know that he is the most affable and best bred man alive, and that he treats the humblest of his subjects like gentlemen, rather than like vassals and boors."

"After all, I believe my people love me, with all my faults, and, as I tell James, when he remonstrates with me for walking abroad unattended, I shall never be assassinated to make *him* king. If I am taken off in that way, it will not be by one of the populace, but by some one who has ambitious views of his own to gratify."

Buckingham, with all his assurance, looked a little abashed, for he himself had not escaped the imputation of having been engaged in a conspiracy to change the succession, even before the present occupant of the throne had "shuffled off this mortal coil."

The Duke of Ormond, and several others, who had entered the room, and who had remained in the background till Charles had finished speaking with Buckingham, now came forward, and were soon in grave and earnest consultation relative to the recent alarming disclosures.

CHAPTER XV.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

ALTHOUGH the vessel in which Alice Dale left America for England was nearly two weeks later than the one in which Falkland and Mildred Dacres took passage, yet owing to its being a better sailer, it arrived nearly as soon. It was more than a week after her arrival before either they or Harleigh had the least suspicion of her being in London.

Alice had never heard the name of Harleigh mentioned, for although Edward Elliston knew of his imprisonment, and had heard him alluded to in connection with those who had planned the insurrection, he decided to refrain from communicating to her the intelligence till something sufficiently definite should transpire to criminate him more fully, or to make manifest his innocence.

Mrs. Elliston neither went abroad nor entertained visitors, with one or two exceptions. These were ladies near her own age, and as gloomy and ascetic as herself. When she did go out, however, she invariably took Alice with her, for she felt that the home to which she had invited her was but one degree removed from a prison. This impression would have been correct, had it not been for her son; yet she did not see this, for with all her motherly devotion, she could not, like Alice, understand and appreciate his generous and noble qualities.

An old, lumbering carriage was, on those occasions alluded to above, usually brought into requisition, but one day, Mrs. Elliston being suddenly indisposed, a sedan, as being attended with less trouble, was engaged for Alice, who, she insisted, should visit her friend, Mrs. Wade, though she was obliged to remain at home herself. The chairmen who conveyed her were instructed to go for her early, so that she would reach home before nightfall. Edward Elliston told her he would call and attend her home, but being unexpectedly called away, a servant was sent in his stead. He had been in waiting nearly an hour, and was about going in pursuit of the tardy chairmen, when they arrived.

As the evening had already set in, dark and gloomy, Mrs. Wade sent one of her own servants, and provided torches for each. Alice had never before, since her arrival in London, been out after

dark, and as she was one moment borne swiftly along through the narrow street, the next impelled by the passing crowd, with the flaring torches borne before her, now lighting up a set of rough though good natured features beneath the flat cap of the apprentice, and anon throwing their red glare on the smoother or hand somer though not honester face shaded by the waving plume of the courtier, she experienced a degree of apprehension, amounting almost to alarm. This sensation was not diminished, when she heard what passed between Mrs. Elliston's servant and one of the chairmen.

"You mustn't turn into this street," said the servant.

"We shall turn into whatever street we please," was the gruff answer.

"But it will lead us a round-about way, besides taking us into more dangerous and lonely streets," remonstrated the servant.

"That's what it will," said the other torch-bearer.

"If we are a mind to take the longer road, it is our lookout, not yours, seeing we have the burden to carry. We can find the way without the aid of your torches, so we will part company whenever it suits you."

"And the sooner the better, I say," remarked his companion.

"What say you, Bill? If I take them at their word, and show them by the light of my torch that I have a light pair of heels, will you follow me?" said the servant of Mrs. Wade.

"Willingly, if it were not for the young lady; but I haven't the heart to desert her."

"All that I can do, then, is to leave you, for it may cut up half a year's wages to get a broken head mended, which I shall stand a good chance of being obliged to have done, if I stay here."

"A good riddance," said one of two ruffianly-looking fellows, who darted from beneath a low arch which formed the entrance of an alley.

At the same moment, the torch borne by Mrs. Elliston's servant was struck from his hand and trampled under foot.

"You had better profit by the example of your fellow-servant," said one of the villains.

Instead of replying, he addressed the chairmen, who had very coolly set down the sedan.

"When there are three of us," said he, "are we going to suffer ourselves to be stopped by only two?"

"There's no hurry—is there Dick?" said one of them, addressing his companion.

"No," was the reply; "and besides, how are we to find our way in the dark?"

"I pray you to proceed," Alice ventured to say. "My friends will suffer much anxiety on account of my protracted absence."

"We should be glad to oblige you," said one of them, "but we think of stopping here a while to rest," and his remark was chorused by a loud laugh from the three others. "Stop your noise," said he who had excited their merriment, "or you will bring the police down upon us, with a score of grave citizens at their heels."

It now appeared evident to Alice that the four were acting in concert, though she was lost in conjecture as to the motives by which they were actuated. The place where they had stopped did not appear to be the resort of those on whom a helpless girl would like to call for help, and except the wish she had expressed to proceed, she had remained perfectly silent. This had served to divert attention from her, and she determined to try and make her escape. At the very moment she was about to attempt it, one of the men stepped close to the side of the sedan.

"It is certainly time for him to be here," said he.

"Who knows but that we've made a mistake in the place where we were to stop?" said another.

"I know," said the first speaker, "that it is the exact spot where he told us to wait for him."

"It wont do for us to wait here much longer, anyhow, for that rascally knave of a torch-bearer has made off with himself, to procure help without doubt, and before we are aware, the quarter-staffs of half a dozen flat-caps will be about our ears."

"Hist!" said he who stood by the side of the sedan. "If there's any dependence to be placed in *my* ears, that is Falkland's voice;" and as he spoke, he moved a little forward.

Falkland, then, was the person they were waiting for, which, together with the attending circumstances, was to Alice a new cause of terror. Favored by the darkness, she succeeded in leaving the sedan without attracting the attention of those near, and with feet winged with fear, flew along the narrow street in the direction opposite to that in which Falkland, with some one with him, was approaching. She turned the first corner she came to, and had proceeded only a short distance, before she saw the door of a building open, a little further on, and a woman enter. She left the door slightly ajar, and almost breathless with terror and the haste she had made, the moment Alice reached it, she pushed it open, entered, and stood in the presence of an elderly man who had something in his appearance that inspired her with confidence.

"O, sir," said she, "give me shelter! hide me before they can get here!"

"I am sorry that it has so fallen out that you should be driven to seek safety here," said he; "for those who belong to the remnant of the despised people of Israel, have little power to protect themselves or others."

"'Twill be only till I can send to my friends, when— There! I hear their voices. In a minute more they will be here. Is there no closet—no corner where I can be concealed?" said she, looking wildly round the apartment, which she now found was a shop where were exhibited articles of old clothing, and others scarcely more attractive.

Jeduthun, the Jew, for he it was, in answer to her appeal, opened a door which led into an inner room, and handed her a rush-light.

"On the farther side of the room," said he, "there is a door which will admit you into a long and narrow passage, at the extremity of which is another door. Knock three times, and it will be opened by one as young and as fair as yourself. I will remain in the shop, lest my absence excite suspicion. Ascneth," and he turned towards a woman who sat near the fire, "strangers may be speedily here, who may ply you with questions concerning the maiden, who has just passed through the room. Mind and be discreet, lest you betray her."

"I will remember your words, my master," said the woman.

By this time, loud voices, some of them in angry contention, were almost at the threshold. Jeduthun hastened to remove the bar, which, when Alice had first entered, he had placed across the door which opened on the street. He had only time to assume the appearance of one who is ready to serve customers, when the door was thrown wide open, and the two ruffians who had waited under the shadow of the arch for the arrival of the sedan burst into the shop, followed closely by the two chairmen. Jeduthun stepped forward a little, and said:

"What is your will?"

"Dog of a Jew," said one of them, "you know well enough it isn't your vile merchandize we want!"

"What would you have, then?"

"We would have the bird that's escaped from the cage standing just outside the door."

"I know nothing of bird or cage," answered the Jew.

"Why don't you speak to the purpose, Dick?" said one of the others. "One would suppose you were a bird fancier. Come to the point, and tell him that a fair damsel in the guise of a Puritan, yet still more cunning than fair, while we were waiting for the arrival of the gentleman who was to give us directions as to where we should carry her, stole out of the sedan"

"For which, as I was not there, I am not to be blamed," said Jeduthun.

"She fled hither," said he who had been called Dick.

"Which I could not prevent."

"She was seen to enter your shop."

"It is easy to be mistaken so dark a night as this, but you have your eyes, and can look where you please."

It needed only a slight search to show that there was no place of concealment in the shop.

"Here's a door," said one.

"Yes, and we will see what is the other side of it," said Dick.

"It is a poor place," said the Jew, "and you will see no one there, save my maid-servant, who, having been abroad, returned some few minutes before your arrival, and was doubtless mistaken by you for the damsel you are in pursuit of."

On opening the door, they saw, as they had been told, only a poor place, as far as could be judged by the dim lamp and the light of a few half-burnt brands in the large, open fire-place. Near it sat the maid-servant, employed in repairing some coarse garment. As they entered, she for a moment raised her eyes, with a vacant, stolid look, and then again fixed them on her work.

"She looks like a fool," said Nym Skellum, "and ill-favored at that."

"So much the better," replied Dick; "for, as the proverb says, children and fools speak the truth, it will be better than if she were sharp-witted."

"That is true," said another; "but then there would be a pleasure in being foiled by one as comely as some of the Hebrew maidens I have seen. But this one, with her dull eyes, and a complexion the color of a tanned sheepskin, there promises to be so little entertainment that I for one shall leave the task to Skellum, who appears to think it no hardship."

"His tongue," said Dick, "being always well oiled, it will run of its own accord, if only set agoing."

Skellum, meanwhile, without hearing the slur cast on him for his loquacity, or regardless of it, if he did, went on questioning the stupid-looking servant-maid. He, however, could make nothing of her answers. At last one of them discovered the door which opened into the passage, and unclosed it.

"Is she hid away there?" said Skellum.

What seemed a sudden and transient gleam of intelligence, lighted up her countenance.

"Maybe my master hid her there while I was gone for the penny's worth of oil," she replied.

"Ah, we shall have her now!" said he, exultingly, and snatching the lamp from the table, he entered the passage, followed by the three others.

At the end of it, they found nothing but a closet with a few shelves, on which were some empty glass bottles and cracked China dishes.

"A mouse couldn't hide here," said Skellum. "It seems strange, though, that so long a passage was made to lead to so useless a place."

"There's something more here than there appears to be," said Dick, "as I would show you if I had an axe."

"Yes, an axe—we must have an axe!" exclaimed two or three voices at once.

"'Twas the stairs the passage was made for," said the maid-servant, who, without their knowing it, had closely followed them.

"Stairs? I see no stairs," said Skellum.

She closed the closet-door, and pointed to a flight of stairs that were concealed when it was swung back.

"She's put us on the right scent now, I'll be bound," said Skellum; and they rushed up stairs with as much eagerness as a few minutes before they had into the passage.

For five or ten minutes, the dingy and scantily-furnished rooms above re-echoed to the heavy tramp of their feet, as they ransacked every recess and corner.

"We have lost our labor and our time," said Skellum. "The closet must be the place, after all," and to the closet he returned, followed by the others.

With all the force of his strong and muscular arm, he drove a bar of iron, which he had chanced to find among some rubbish, against the back of the closet. But instead of giving way, it gave back a dull, echoless sound, as if the blow had been struck against a thick and heavy wall.

"Once more baffled," said Skellum.

"Falkland said she was a little angel, and I believe him now," said Dick, "for if she hadn't had a pair of wings hid under her russet cloak, she never could have made her escape"

"Little should I care," said Skellum, "for the escape of twenty such angels as she is, if the gold angel which I was to have for my share in this business were safe in my pocket."

"That's what I say," said Dick; "but as we've failed in our undertaking, we may think ourselves well off if we get a few copper farthings, so that we can quench our thirst with a tankard of ale."

"What if we should frighten the Jew into giving us what will make up the loss of what we expected" said Skellum; "for I'll never give up but that I saw the identical angel we had in the sedan fly in at the outer door."

This suggestion met the approbation of all concerned, and with the intention of acting upon it, they returned to the shop; but a glimpse of some one outside, seen by the light that shone from the door, which, since their entrance, had remained partly open, prevented.

"Are you satisfied with the search you have made?" inquired the Jew.

"No, as you will some day find to your sorrow," replied Skellum.

After they had withdrawn, a few words in suppressed tones passed between one of them and the person who had been loitering near the door. Shortly afterward, Gilbert Falkland entered. A quick, almost imperceptible knitting of the brows, accompanied by a compression of the lips, equally slight and transient, showed that either the Jew did not care to see him, or that some suspicion to his disadvantage had entered his mind.

"I have come to make you an offer," said Falkland.

"I am ready to listen to it."

"Either give me one hundred pounds, or deliver up to my protection the young lady who is somewhere concealed beneath this roof."

"If you have lost a wife or a sister, and it can be proved that she is beneath my roof, she shall not be withheld from her natural protector."

"And what if she be neither?"

"In that case, even if there were a damsel here, I wouldn't, against her will, deliver her up."

"Give me the gold, then."

"I already hold your bond for twice the sum you just now named, which, were I to tell you what I think, I should say was of little value."

"A minute since, I gave you your choice, either to deliver up the maiden you have concealed, or give me one hundred pounds. I give it to you no longer, for, on second thought, a day or two will place her where I can try the same game over I have tried to-night, which I shall take care she'n't be a losing one; and the better to insure success, those employed must be liberally rewarded, which can't be done with an empty purse. You see, therefore, that I must have the money."

"You must find it elsewhere, then."

"You deny me?"

"Yes, I deny you."

"Do you remember that opal I sent here a few days ago?"

"I do."

"It has a history which may cause you to alter your mind."

"What do you know about it?"

"That it was sold to Lingard the goldsmith by a Jew, who, as he has since had reason to believe, came by it dishonestly."

"And if one of my Hebrew brethren has been guilty of a dishonest deed, am I to be answerable for it?"

"You are answerable for your own misdeeds. It was you who sold it to him."

"I?"

"Yes, as can be proved."

"Nevertheless, I shall not let you have the hundred pounds to aid you in your iniquitous schemes against a helpless damsel."

"Not if, in return, I will undertake to procure the goldsmith's silence?"

"Not even then."

"If it can be proved that you stole that opal, not all the vile old clothes you have coined into gold for the last twelve years, with twice as much added to the amount, will save you from the punishment which is your due."

"What if I have the means of disproving it?"

"I'm not afraid of that. You will see me again, within twenty-four hours, when you may not be quite so resolute in your denial."

The Jew made no answer to this, though a smile of contempt, in which was mingled some bitterness, passed over his countenance, as Falkland withdrew.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARI, THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE JEW.

ALICE, according to the directions given her by Jeduthun, knocked at the door at the termination of the passage. After a little delay, it was pushed open, and she found herself in a closet, standing face to face with one who, as the Jew had told her, was

as young and as fair as herself. The young girl started a little, as if surprised at the sight of Alice.

"I thought it was either my grandfather or Asenath, the handmaiden," said she.

"I was told to knock at this door," replied Alice, "by an elderly man I saw in the shop."

"It was my grandfather who told you. You are welcome."

By means incomprehensible to Alice, what she had taken to be the back of a very plainly-constructed closet, was made to swing slowly back, till there was an opening sufficiently wide for ingress into an apartment fitted up in a style of so much splendor that it reminded Alice of a story she had once heard told of an enchanted palace; while her conductress more than realized her ideal of the beautiful princess inhabiting this regal abode, and who had nothing to do from morning till night, save to enjoy herself, or watch from the window the coming of the handsome and adventurous knight who, by his bravery and prowess, had won her for his bride.

It was not till the massive door was closed, and a drapery of Tyrian purple embroidered with gold, such as covered the rest of the walls of the room, was drawn back over it, that Alice had opportunity to do more than note her general appearance. When, at her request, she had seated herself on a pile of cushions at her side, she found that her eyes, though shaded by lashes intensely black, were gray, instead of their being, as she had at first thought, of the same hue. Yet it mattered not what color they were, so full even to overflowing were they of a soft and brilliant light. Her hair, of the same jet-black as her eyelashes, and restrained from falling over her forehead by a jewelled band, fell in free and flowing masses over her shoulders, and descended to the cushions where she sat.

Among the few ornaments she wore, there was one which drew the attention of Alice from all others. It was the opal she had lost, and when she recalled what Silas Watkins had told her, it at once occurred to her that it might have been given her by Falkland. The thought was a painful one, for now that she had learnt something of the dark traits of his character, she felt that he was not a person from whom a young and beautiful girl should receive so rare and costly a gift. She observed that the eye of Alice was fastened upon it.

"A birthday present," said she, "and one that I value very highly on account of the donor."

"Who must be a very dear friend, then."

"The dearest I have in the world," she replied.

Alice watched her as she said this, but there was no faltering of the voice, nor deepening of the faint rose-color which tinged the pure white of her fair and softly-rounded cheeks. Unsuspicious of what was passing in the mind of Alice, she said:

"Will you not tell me your name?"

"Alice Dale."

"And mine is Abi. How glad I am that you came here this evening! You cannot think how lonely I am."

"Have you no mother nor sister?"

"None."

"Neither have I."

"Yet you cannot be so lonely as I am, with no one but Asenath to speak to, except my grandfather, and he has little time which can be spared from his daily toil to devote to me."

"Can it be necessary for him in the evening of his days to attend so strictly to his daily task?" said Alice, involuntarily looking round the splendid apartment.

"We are, as you doubtless know, of an oppressed and despised people, and obliged to bury our luxuries, and even comforts, under a show of wretchedness, or the princes and nobles of the land would speedily find some pretext to wrest from us our wealth. I say we, for since my father died a year ago, I have had no one to look to for protection, except my grandfather."

The eyes of Alice were often directed to the opal, as they sat chatting together, for after what Abi had told her, she thought she must be mistaken as to its being the one which had been given her by Harleigh. But the more she examined it, the more convinced did she become that it was the same. Several times she was on the point of telling Abi what she knew of it, but finally concluded to suffer its history, as far as she herself was concerned, to remain undisclosed, lest she might think that she wished it to be restored to her. The fair Abi, however, could not help noticing with what interest she regarded it, though she mistook the cause. She imagined that it was its rare beauty which attracted her attention, and she unclasped the gold chain to which it was appended, and handed it to her.

"Take it," said she, "so that you can the better examine it. Those best skilled in precious stones pronounce it to be unique, no one of its kind they have ever seen or heard of being equal to it in size and purity, or comparing with it in fine and brilliant play of colors."

"A birthday present, you said?" remarked Alice, hoping that she would be led to say something more of it.

"Yes, and what renders it more sacred and doubly dear, it once belonged to my mother. My father being absent the day I was twelve years old, my grandfather gave it to me, with his blessing. Judge, then, of my distress, when the very first time I wore it from home, I lost it."

"Lost it?"

"Yes, and I had long given up all hope of ever recovering it, for we dared not noise abroad the loss of so precious a gem, when, a few evenings since, some one came to the shop and offered it for sale."

"Who offered it? Did your grandfather know?"

"I think he did, though he didn't tell me. He was glad to get it back again, for more than two-thirds of its full value, without asking any questions."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

CRINOLINE.

As this word is often used now-a-days, we subjoin the following definition:—"The term crinoline is derived from the Latin word *crinis*, which means the hair of the head. This word in the French language becomes *crin*, and is generally applied to horse hair. In colloquial Latin, or the Latin of the Lower Empire, *crinis* might actually pass into the diminutive *crinola*, and from this we easily form the term crinoline, to signify a fabric woven of hair—a finer and more dainty tissue than the common haircloth called by the French *cilice*."—*Home Journal*.

GROWTH OF MACHINERY.

'Tis a curious chapter in modern history, the growth of the machine-shop. Six hundred years ago, Roger Bacon explained the precession of the equinoxes, the consequent necessity of the reform of the calendar, measured the length of the year, invented gun-powder, and announced (as if looking from his lofty cell over five centuries into ours) "that machines can be constructed to drive ships more rapidly than a whole galley of rowers could do; nor would they need anything but a pilot to steer them. Carriages also might be constructed to move with an incredible speed, without the aid of any animal. Finally, it would not be impossible to make machines, which, by means of a suit of wings, should fly in the air in the manner of birds." But the secret slept with Bacon. The six hundred years have not fulfilled his words. Two centuries ago, the sawing of timber was done by hand; the carriage wheels ran on wooden axles; the land was tilled by wooden ploughs. And it was to little purpose that they had pit coal, or that looms were improved, unless Watt and Stephenson had taught them to work force-pumps and power-looms by steam. The great strides were all taken within the last hundred years. The "Life of Sir Robert Peel," who died the other day, the model Englishman, very properly has for a frontispiece a drawing of the spinning-jenny, which wove the web of his fortunes. Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny, and died in a workhouse. Arkwright improved the invention, and the machine dispensed with the work of ninety-nine men; that is, one spinner could do as much work as one hundred had done before. The loom improved further. But the men would sometimes strike for wages, and combine against the masters, and, about 1820–30, much fear was felt lest the trade would be drawn away by these interruptions, and the emigration of the spinners to Belgium and the United States. Iron and steel are very obedient. Whether it were not possible to make a spinner that would not rebel, nor mutter, nor scowl, nor strike for wages, nor emigrate? At the solicitation of the masters, after a mob and riot at Stalybridge, Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, undertook to create this peaceful fellow, instead of the quarrelsome fellow God had made. After a few trials he succeeded, and, in 1830, procured a patent for his self-acting mule; a creation, the delight of mill owners, and "destined," they said, "to restore order among the industrious classes;" a machine requiring only a child's hand to piece the broken yarns. As Arkwright had destroyed domestic spinning, so Roberts destroyed the factory spinner. The power of machinery in Great Britain in mills has been computed to be equal to 600,000,000 men, one man being able, by the aid of steam, to do the work which required 250 men to accomplish 50 years ago. The production has been commensurate. England already had this laborious race, rich soil, water, wood, coal, iron and favorable climate. Eight hundred years ago, commerce had made it rich, and it was recorded, "England is the richest of all the northern nations." The Norman historians recite, that "in 1067, William carried with him into Normandy from England more gold and silver than had ever before been seen in Gaul." But when to this labor, and trade, and these native resources, was added this goblin of steam, with his myriad arms, never tired, working night and day everlastingly, the amassing of property has run out of all figures. It makes the motor of the last 90 years. The steam pipe has added to her population and wealth the equivalent of four or five Englands. 40,000 ships are entered in Lloyd's lists. The yield of wheat has gone on from 2,000,000 quarters in the time of the Stuarts, to 13,000,000 in 1854. A thousand millions of pounds sterling are said to compose the floating money of commerce. In 1848, Lord John Russell stated that the people of this country had laid out £300,000,000 of capital in railways, in the last four years. But a better measure than these sounding figures, is the estimate that there is wealth enough in England to support the entire population in idleness for one year.—*Emerson's English Traits.*



MAIDENHOOD.

STATISTICAL FACTS.

The number of languages spoken in the world amount to 3064. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one half before reaching seventeen; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one half the human species. Of every 1000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; of every 100, only six reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the whole earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these, 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3700 every hour, and 70 every minute, or one in every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious character. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chance of life in their favor previous to being fifty years of age, than men, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 100 individuals. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

MAIDENHOOD.

The charming ideal picture on this page is lovely as a poet's dream of youth. A young girl of sweet sixteen, with her hands clasped, stands in "maiden meditation" on the banks of a woodland stream. The water lilies that gem the surface of the brook are emblematic of her own purity and beauty, and those bright pellucid waves, mirroring their wooded banks, the image of her own true heart. Like that river, fresh from its fountain, flows the current of her young life, through scenes of matchless beauty and tranquillity, now catching a gleam of sunshine, now wandering in solitude, and brightened with the reflected view of heaven itself. Further on, perhaps rocks may obstruct its course; further on, it will lose its tranquil character, and quiet music, and foam and dash in its narrow channel. So, too, may the maiden's heart be tossed in the wild storm of passion. Love itself—and she is a being formed to love and to be loved—may prove the agony instead of the glory and crown of her after life. But we will not anticipate an evil future for her. Let us rather believe that her life will be as sparkling and joyous as the bright waters, as calm as the woodland stream in its gentlest flow, as careless as that of the birds that build in the leafy bowers. "Such should, methinks, thy future be;" and such, could we control her destiny, we would make it.

KATE COOKE, THE EQUESTRIENNE.

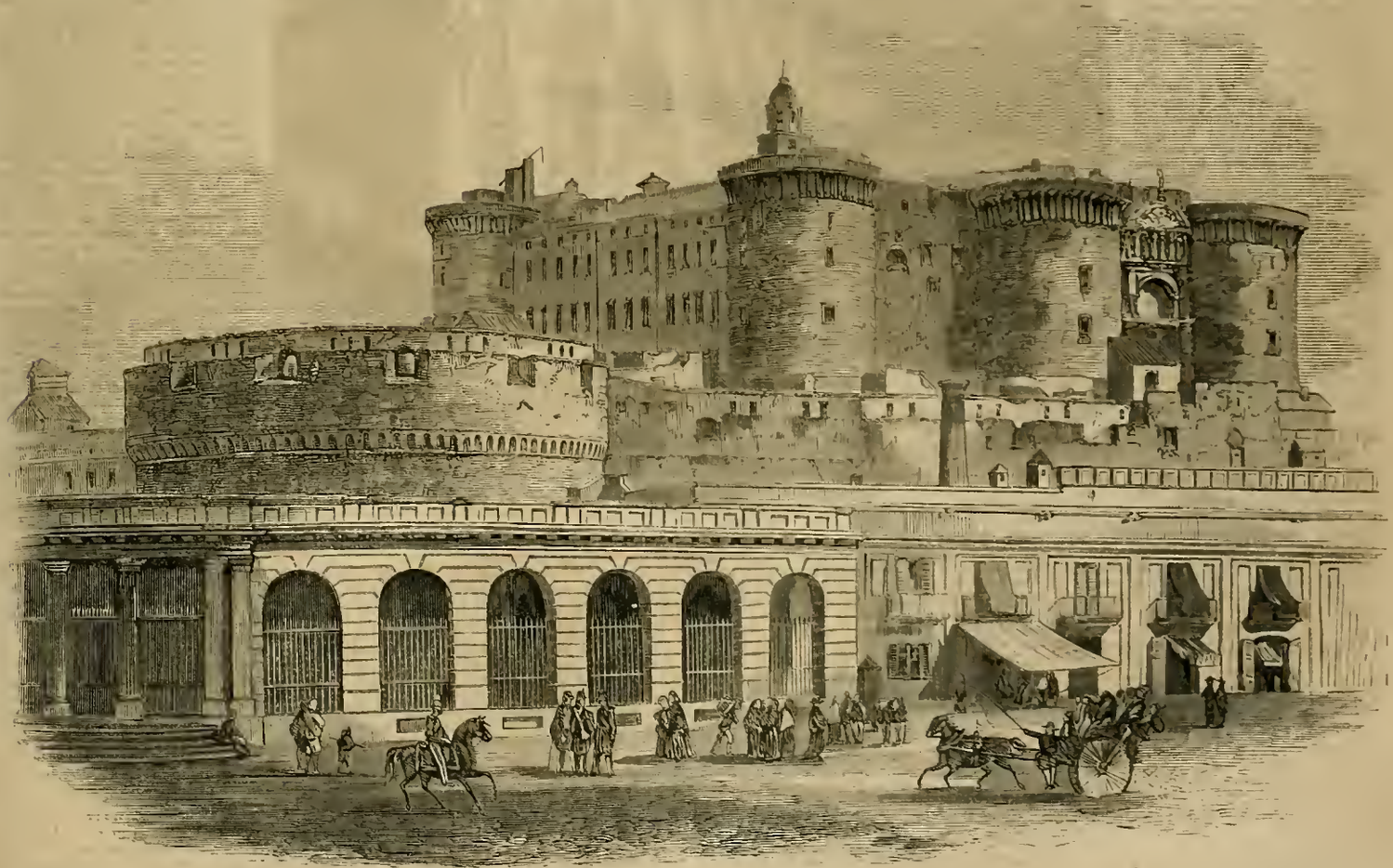
The picture on this page represents Miss Kate Cooke, now one of the most daring female riders of Europe, as she appears in the ring during her equestrian exercises, which are described as graceful, bold and attractive in the highest degree. As this performer will soon visit this country, her portrait will prove peculiarly acceptable. She is quite young, having been born at Hull, England, in 1840. She is a member of that family which some twenty years ago visited the United States, and travelled extensively throughout this country, giving equestrian entertainments in all our principal cities. They were particularly successful in Boston and New York. In the latter city, the whole troupe appeared at the Bowery Theatre, in the melodrama of Mazeppa, which was produced with wonderful effect. Nearly all the horses, and all the costly properties of the Cooke company, were destroyed by fire, creating a great sympathy for the sufferers. Miss Cooke commenced at the early age of three years to ride and manage her favorite pony with a grace and ability equal to the first equestrians of mature years. Her public appearance and performances were always hailed with rapturous enthusiasm. Her style of riding is one greatly in vogue of late, and consistent with perfect propriety. Instead of exhibiting in the old style, standing on the back of the horse, dancing, standing on one foot, etc., Miss Cooke, like some of the most favorite of the French equestriennes, enters the ring, seated and dressed like any lady for a ride. Then she puts her horse through all his paces—makes him rear erect, as in the picture, perform the volte, demi-volte, passage, and all those manœuvres of the old *manege*, which used to develop all the agility, power and good qualities of that noble animal, the horse. All these manœuvres are executed with the most perfect ladylike grace, the fair rider never moving in her saddle, but appearing "incorpsed and demi-natured with the brave beast himself;" thus almost realizing the fable of Centaur. To this kind of equestrian exhibition no kind of objection can be raised in any quarter. Miss Cooke is described to us by those who have seen her, as a perfect model of a horsewoman; and it is said that Queen Victoria has personally complimented her on her achievements. Her seat is graceful, her action natural, and her feats surprising. Her presence of mind and self-command in the circus receive universal admiration. It is doubtless a positive pleasure to see a handsome young girl mounted on a dumb animal, which she seems to inspire with her own intelligence. We look upon her performances as upon any of the fine arts. How obedient the horse is to her hand and voice! How he frolics, capers, prances and rears at her bidding! Talk of five-barred gates! We feel certain that such a girl as Kate Cooke would leap the gates of Babylon! We have certainly no desire to see our ladies indulge in any unfeminine occupation or exercise; but we should really be delighted, if they could get up a little more enthusiasm on the subject of riding—one of the most exhilarating and invigorating of all out-door exercises. We wish our American belles would imitate, in this respect, their English sisters. It would prolong their lives and beauty. Little Queen Victoria would never have been the robust and blooming woman that she is, had she not early learned to "back the flying steed;" and kept up her equestrian exercise in all weathers, riding in the school when it was too stormy to take the road. Quite a *furore* for equestrianism was created in our cities some twenty-four years ago, when Fanny Kemble was in the zenith of her histrionic fame, and set the example. Since then there have been periodical outbreaks of enthusiasm for this exercise.



MISS KATE COOKE, THE FAMOUS EQUESTRIENNE.

THE CASTEL NUOVO, AT NAPLES.

This ponderous and imposing pile of buildings is one of the most remarkable features in the city of Naples. Its towers and bastions rise like the pinnacles and walls of a mountain—and, indeed, it is mostly hewn out of solid rock. At its base we see all the bustle of an Italian street—groups of infantry officers, priests, ladies and beggars, and that queer vehicle, a "corricolo," drawn by a single horse, and carrying passengers enough to fill an omnibus. The castle is one of the most interesting relics of mediæval architecture in Naples. It was built, or begun, in the 13th century, by Charles I., on the site of a Franciscan monastery, dismantled in 1284. From that time it has borne the name of Castel Nuovo. It has five principal towers, which are now enclosed within the castle. The strong outer works were built under Alphonso II., about the middle of the 15th century. Within and about its precincts are included the military armory, the arsenal for artillery, the royal foundry and the marine arsenal. It communicates with the royal palace, and may serve as a place of refuge, should King Bomba's subjects rise against him. Of little use in modern warfare, the Castel Nuovo is formidable only against the inhabitants of the city; and of late years, great attention has been given to making it formidable in this way. Cannon threaten the surrounding neighborhood. They point downward through the populous street called Basso Porta, towards the Largo Castello; and as if that were not enough, a parapet has been erected on the Grand Guard and the houses in the foreground of the picture, behind which the soldiery can pour forth their volleys of musketry. These are interesting proofs of the success of the actual system of government, and of the contentment and happiness of the Neapolitans! We have heard of such a proverb as "killing with kindness," and we think it must have originated in Naples. On the opposite side to that which is represented in the sketch, the view is towards the sea. On the right of it is the royal palace, and on the left the façade faces the popular quarter of the Basso Porta, which swarms with lazzaroni. In the Darsena, or marine arsenal, there are now 205 prisoners. The city, of which this castle is a prominent feature, has gone through many vicissitudes of fortune, and may yet be the scene of emphatic events. It was founded by the Greeks, who called it Parthenope, from a siren of that name, who was fabled to have been cast upon the coast near this place. It afterwards took the name of Neapolis, and is said to have retained traces of its Grecian origin to a late period of the Roman empire. In more modern times, the French took it in 1779, and again in 1805. Joseph Bonaparte was made king of Naples, but was replaced by Murat, in 1808; and the latter was driven from it by the Austrians, in 1814. In 1848, it was plundered by the lazzaroni. Its environs abound in objects of interest, embracing Vesuvius, the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the isle of Capri, and the city always swarms with visitors.



THE CELEBRATED CASTLE NUOVO, AT NAPLES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

O, the world in which we live,
'Tis a world of beauty rare!
That spangles every blossom.
And breathes in balmful air.
O'er hill and plain, through earth's domain,
A thousand streams of beauty flow;
From infant seas to giant main,
From insect-light to stars that glow;
It shows throughout the realm of art,
It lingers in the poet's dreams;
In music rapture-thrills the heart,
On every page of science beams.

O, the world in which we live,
'Tis a world where sadness dwells;
Where oft joy's gushing fountains
Are turned to "Marah wells;"
Where life's bright years are dimmed with tears,
And seen through sorrow's misty veil,
Earth but a darksome way appears,
Where sighs are borne on every gale:
Whose hope-flowers bloom not save to fade,
Where greetings to farewells are changed,
Where love within the grave is laid,
And friends are from dear hearts estranged.

O, the world in which we live,
'Tis still a blessed spot
When harshness, and impurity,
And coldness, enter not.
When this we know, whate'er we sow,
The same we also here shall reap:
That only ill from wrong can flow,
That truth and justice never sleep;
That all the griefs that mark our lot,
But cover blessings kindly given.
To hearts thus lessoned, is it not
The gate and vestibule of heaven?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RUNNING DOWN A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY DUNCAN M'LEAN.

Jack Squirrel was a gay fellow of twenty-five, always on the move and inclined to be reckless, but on the whole, was honor bright to the core. He was five feet six inches high, rather slimly built, but tough as whalebone, and quite good looking. Thin lips, dark, piercing eyes, and an ample forehead, bespoke him a man of intellectual power and great firmness. His education, as he described it himself, was "like an old woman's rag-bag, made up of odds and ends, but nothing valuable." Yet he had seen much of the world, and knew mankind like a Jesuit.

Jack was fitting out, in Buenos Ayres, an old bark, which he had purchased on the beach, where it had been driven by a gale, and abandoned to the underwriters. The job of heaving her off and making her ship-shape, was to him amusement, for he had no more use for her than a cat has for a pair of specs. But, though well off, he could not remain idle, neither could he settle down into any permanent line of business. He had just crossed her top-gallant yards, and was giving her the finishing touch with the paint-brush, when a Spanish lady came on board, and requested a private conference. Jack was the soul of gallantry, and, like the general run of sailors, would have perilled his life in honor of the sex. The request, of course, was granted, and both descended into the cabin.

"Captain," said the lady, throwing aside her veil, displaying features of great beauty and sweetness, but deeply overcast with nervous melancholy,—"Captain, is there any one near who can hear our conversation?"

"Wait a few minutes, lady, and the men will go on shore to dinner; then you may speak freely. Be seated."

The captain left her, and rummaged the hold to see if any lazy darkey had sought shelter from the sun below; and by the time he returned, the men who had been employed aloft and about the decks had gone on shore.

"The coast is clear, lady; there is not another soul on board, but ourselves, so you may speak without fear of being overheard."

"A friend in whose judgment I place implicit confidence, has informed me that you are the man for my purpose; hear me, then, without interruption. I propose to buy your vessel, if I can at the same time engage your services for three months. From here you must proceed to the outer harbor of Rio Janeiro and there anchor, to await further orders. The enterprise will be dangerous, but not dishonorable. Do you accept?"

"Of course I do, lady. I'm always up and dressed for an adventure. When do you want the vessel?"

"As soon as she can be made ready."

"That means in six hours. All I have to do is to bend sails, ship a crew, get on board water and provisions, clear and be off."

"What, so soon? No, two days hence will do. You must not excite suspicion by being in a hurry. To-morrow I will visit you again, but I will be in man's attire. Adieu."

The next day at the same hour, a young man in the garb of a ship's steward, approached Capt. Squirrel respectfully, hat in hand, and inquired if he wanted a steward.

"I do," replied the captain; "and you may go to work at once. Your wages, eighteen dollars a month."

"But where is the ship bound, sir?"

"To the moon or Davy Jones's locker. I see you don't want to go. Be off; I'm busy."

"I do, sir; but—

"None of your buts. Go to work, or go to—"

"That will do, captain. Let us arrange for our departure. Here is a bag of doubloons, as the first installment; in the afternoon I will bring another. I am the brother of Maritana, who called upon you yesterday. She is unwell and could not come."

"Young man," said the captain, eyeing him sharply from head to heels, "you have made a mistake; perhaps the captain of that outward bound bark astern, is the person with whom your sister has business."

"Sir," replied the sham steward, evidently confounded, "did not a lady visit you yesterday, and promise to repeat the visit to-day or to-morrow?"

"Lady, my lad, twenty ladies visit me every day of my life. But what is that to you? I have given you an answer. I have told you that I am not the person you're in search of."

The sham steward lingered a minute or two, and seemed inclined to continue the conversation, but the captain left him and proceeded to the other side of the vessel, to answer a hail, alongside. The sham steward left, and while he was descending one side, the lady, dressed like a ship-boy, ascended the other. Hurrying her into the cabin, he threw open one of the windows, and putting a spyglass in her hand, asked her if she knew that fellow who was standing up in the boat.

"Heavens, captain!" she exclaimed, "he is the enemy of our house."

"I thought so."

"Can you go to sea to-night?"

"Yes."

"When will you be ready to receive my friends?"

"At sundown."

"I go, then. Nothing but death or Rosas can detain us."

Captain Squirrel proceeded ashore and sent a couple of casks of rum aboard. He then went the rounds of the rum-shops and invited about twenty noted beach-combers to come on board the Zenobia, as he was going to have a grand blow-out in honor of having finished her repairs. Everybody knew the captain, and were not astonished at any freak he might undertake. In his rounds he saw the sham steward, and another hang-dog looking fellow in his company, and slapping them familiarly on the backs, invited them also on board; but they declined.

Boats were continually passing from the Zenobia to the shore, and the harbor police having satisfied themselves of the proceedings on board, took no further notice. Songs, laughter, and other nautical frolics were the order of the day in the between decks of the bark. The captain of the port, an old friend of Squirrel's, came on board to see the sport, and before leaving, Squirrel gave the health of Governor Rosas and confusion to his enemies, which was drank with three times three. About this time a boy made his appearance in the between decks; but the moment Capt. Squirrels saw him, he sang out:

"Be off, you young scamp; we are all old sinners here. Now, my lads,"—turning to the sailors,—"by way of working off this blow-out, let us up anchor and have a cruise down the bay under bare poles."

The boy disappeared.

"Agreed," cried one and all. "Bundle up, bundle up, then, and man the windlass."

"Yo heave O; clank, clank, and hurrah," mingled with shouts and laughter, resounded far and near. Up came the anchor, and slowly the vessel drifted stern foremost before the land breeze.

"Hang it, boys," shouted the captain, "this must never be; we must have canvass on her, or we'll go ashore. Let us haul the sails up and bend them, and then we'll blow it out straight. Pass along that foresail and foretopsail, and you, Long-boy and Jack Ketch, bend the jib."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the ready response.

All on board was bustle and animation, and though the sun was down an hour, the old sea-dogs went to work like heroes.

"Hoist away the jib, my boys, and haul the sheet to port. Starboard the helm—she's got stern way on her. Good—belay, there, she falls off like a lady."

And slowly the good craft canted to starboard, her after-yards being square and her head yards abox. Soon she was dead before the wind, and the jib hung flapping idly from side to side.

"Square the head yards," cried the captain. "Let fall the foresail and haul both sheets aft. Belay. Is that foretopsail ready?"

"All ready, sir."

"Let fall—sheet home. Man the halliards. Hurrah, my boys, give us a song. Port your helm a little, there; very well done. Keep her as she goes."

And away she went spanking at the rate of six knots, for she was flying light, having only about fifty tons of ballast on board and three casks of water. All hands but the mate, who was at the wheel, descended to the between decks, where a glorious spread of cold ham, corned beef, and a variety of other meats, with abundance of good Jamaica was waiting for them. To work they went in gallant style, and were soon as happy as lords. By three o'clock next morning they were all keel up in the folds of an old sail. The wind continued fresh and fair, and soon the good craft passed Point Indio.

About noon, some of the tars awoke, and were not a little astonished at their whereabouts; but a good breakfast, and a little more rum soon put them to rights, so that they went to work and bent all the other sails, satisfied that the vessel could not work back under her jib, foresail and foretopsail. Still she was kept headed seaward, for the captain told them that he did not intend to return until all his grog was out. Such a resolution met the warm approbation of all hands, who again went to work with a will upon the good old Jamaica.

About noon of the second day out, the wind, which had been westerly, changed to due north, the very course Capt. Squirrel wanted to steer, so he had to brace up sharp, but still kept her headed to the eastward. Next morning at daylight, a sail was seen on the lee quarter, coming up with her hand over hand. As she neared, Capt. Squirrel made her out to be the "Argentine," a man-of-war brig belonging to Rosas, manned by a hundred men and mounting ten guns. He descended to the cabin, where were Don Gonzales, his two sons, and two daughters.

"Sir," said the captain, "has Rosas anything against you?"

"He has," replied the Spaniard, gravely, "if my unfaithful servant has betrayed me. But why do you ask?"

"Be seated, ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, for they had all started to their feet when he asked the dreadful question, "and let us talk this matter over without fear or excitement. Rosas's brig, the Argentine, commanded by bloody Dick the Dutchman, is not more than fourteen miles distant, and will be alongside of us in four or five hours, unless we give him the slip to leeward, for I know my old box can run three miles to his two before the wind. Now, seeing that Rosas has business with you,—the nature of which I will not ask,—I can tell you that he has business with me also. My vessel has no papers. I ran out of port without clearing; have nothing on board but an old Yankee flag to show my nationality, and am, therefore, to all intents and purposes, in the eye of the law, a pirate. Don't start, ladies; I'm no pirate; in fact, I only state this to give you confidence that all mortal man can do to get you and myself out of this scrape will be done. I may as well tell you that I can't run to leeward; the wind is now due north, but it ought to be southeast, and will probably blow from that quarter before sunset. In that case, we would be all right, for then Rio Janeiro would be under our lee, and bloody Dick might whistle for us. But how to keep him at arm's length till night I don't know. We can't fight, for I don't believe there is even a brace of pistols on board; and if we are captured, the Lord have mercy on our souls, for Dick will have none on our bodies. I know Rosas too well to doubt the nature of his orders. Now I'm going on deck, remain below, for the boys don't know you're on board, and trust me."

He was on deck in a twinkling, and shutting the companion, he turned to the mate, and said:

"That's bloody Dick, and he's after us for running out of port without clearing."

"Yes, sir," said the mate, "and for having those pretty Spanish girls on board. You see I know more than you think I do; but trust old Ned, he'll never say die. I wouldn't care an old quid, if we had a bulldog or two to show fight with; but we have nothing, except some old handspikes, and a parcel of drunken sailors to use them. Never mind, captain, let us go down together, rather than fall into the hands of bloody Dick. I know him—'dead men tell no tales' is his watchword as well as the pirate's."

"Give me your hand, old Dick—honest old Dick—and if we don't send that infernal pirate to Davy Jones before sunset then I'm willing to go there myself."

The Argentine was a fine Baltimore built clipper brig of two hundred tons, very long and very sharp, with raking masts and great spread of yards. The Zenobia was a down east bark of four hundred and fifty tons, almost square at both ends, and flat upon the floor as a mud-scow. The brig left a wake straight as an arrow, while the bark was making sometimes a point and a half leeway. Both vessels had their royals set, but while the bark was heeling over at an angle of thirty degrees, the brig was walking along almost upright. It was evident that unless the bark up helm and ran to leeward, the brig would cut her off in a couple of hours. All hands were mustered on deck, and Capt. Squirrel addressed them as follows:

"Boys, bloody Dick is after us. Now I'm going to play him a trick that will wind his time-piece up for a week at least; but mind, you must obey my orders to the letter, or you'll lose all the fun. In the first place, then, as the parsons say, let us liquor. Pass the grog along, my hearties."

Three cheers for Capt. Squirrel were tossed off in a bumper all round; then to work the men went with a will. The bobstays, bowsprit, shrouds, martingale stays, and guys, and all the other rigging outside, as well as the chainplates fore and aft, were greased, as a precaution against being boarded. The braces, tacks and sheets, and the gear of the gafftopsail, spanker and jib, were led into the between decks, and a house of rough boards, stuffed with old canvass, bullet-proof, was built around the wheel. A spare topsail was hauled on deck and roughly thrummed with oakum, the chains were taken from round the windlass and unshackled at fifteen fathoms, and the anchors made ready to let go in a second if required.

These arrangements clearly indicated that if Capt. Squirrel could not escape, he was determined, if possible, to disable the Argentine by a bold attempt to run her down. The wind had changed to northeast, which induced Capt. Squirrel to tack, but being very light, the bark was a long time in stays. She now headed north-northwest, but the breeze freshening, she made nearly two points leeway, and had to take in her royals and flying jib. The brig continued on the port tack until she was nearly abreast of the bark, about two miles to leeward, and then went in stays; but her yards being very square, became locked when abox, so that she lost headway and drifted half a mile to leeward before her head yards were braced round. This seemed to exasperate Bloody Dick, for shortly afterwards he hoisted a black flag at the main, the Buenos Ayrean colors at the peak, and put a board in the main rigging, upon which was written in large letters,—"Heave-to, or I'll sink you!" A minute or two elapsed; the breeze freshened and changed two points to the eastward, which brought the bark up to her course.

"Hurra, my boys!" shouted Capt. Squirrel,—"two points more, and we'll show Bloody Dick a clean pair of heels. Keep her clean full."

The brig was still two miles to leeward, about a point before the beam, in such a position that the bark could easily be cut off if she attempted to run before the wind. Boom went the report of a gun to leeward, as another admonition to heave-to; and the bark, as if regarding the signal, kept off a point. This induced the brig to keep off also; but perceiving that the bark did not intend to approach nearer, a shot was fired over her. Capt. Squirrel immediately put in his main rigging a board with the following inscription,—"Don't sink me; I've a million on board,"—and at the same time hoisted the Yanken ensign.

"Down in the between decks, every man of you, except two to stand by the anchors; and mind, for your lives, obey my orders promptly," cried Capt. Squirrel.

Hardly had they cleared the deck when a volley of musketry rattled against the wheel-house, backed by a loud hail to heave to; but no one was hurt. The brig was not more than three-quarters of a mile off, about two points on the bark's lee bow, lulling occasionally in the wind to deaden her way till the bark came up. Her crew, armed with pistols and cutlasses, were ranged along the weather bulwarks ready to board.

"Now, my boys," said Capt. Squirrel, "ready about."

"All ready, sir."

"Hard a lee—rise tacks and sheets—haul well taut for a good swing—mainsail haul (and round flew the after yards slap against the backstays). Down with the main tack and aft with the sheet, while the sail is becalmed—well. Belay; haul up the jib sheet; haul off all. Round with the headyards. Haul aboard the tack; aft with the sheet. So, well of all. Now stand by to round in the after yards in a twinkling. Stretch the weather braces along."

The bark was now on the port tack, heading southeast, and the brig having wore at the time she stayed, was ranging alongside of her, about half a mile distant, firing volley after volley of musketry, all aimed at the wheel-house of the bark. But Capt. Squirrel and the helmsman were too well protected to be either hurt or frightened. Unable to range alongside on the port tack, and evidently apprehensive that the trade wind, southeast, would soon set it, the brig kept away a point and darted ahead of the bark, with the intention of boarding her to leeward on the opposite tack. The very moment the brig came to the wind, Capt. Squirrel could not restrain his joy; he dashed his hat off and danced upon it.

"Now," said he, "I'll have him, in spite of all. Stand by your afterbraces, main tack and sheet," he sang out through the after-scuttle, to the men in the between decks, then turning to old Ned, who was at the wheel, he said: "Keep her off a little. Hurra, my boys, she's in irons (the brig's yards were locked). Down with the gaffiopsail and spanker. Up with the helm, old Ned, and take her between the masts. Square away the afteryards. Pull for dear life—pull, my hearties. Ease off the larboard main sheet, and haul in the starboard one—quick, with all your soul. Square the head yards—well."

She was now dead before the wind, flying at the rate of twelve miles an hour, bearing down upon the brig, hardly a stone's throw distant, and though the brig had cleared her yards and put her helm up, yet she had not gathered headway, but was drifting bodily to leeward. Dick was desperate. He roared and swore, and poured a raking broadside at the bark; but the excitement was so great that no aim was taken, and only one shot struck her, and that was abaft the fore rigging.

"On deck, my boys," cried Capt. Squirrel, "and stand by to repel boarders. Up, my hearties, and see the fun."

The men on board the brig were horror struck. Escape was impossible. The brig could not be expected to survive the shock of the inevitable collision. Foaming the water before her; now rising, now falling, borne onward by the waves and wind, the bark bounded down upon her victim. Crash went her flying jibboom against the brig's maintopmast stay, and down came her maintopmast and all above it on deck.

"Board her, board her!" roared Dick; but it could not be done; she was too high out of water, and all her ropes were greasy.

"Stand by the anchors," shouted Capt. Squirrel. And the next second the bark came bounce, like the report of a cannon, full upon the brig, tearing and crushing all before her; and at that instant Capt. Squirrel hallooed: "Let go the anchors;" and down they went, smash through the brig's deck, making the chains fly fore and aft, killing or wounding all in their way.

"She's sinking, she's sinking!" resounded from the brig's crew as the water rushed over the decks into the holes made by the anchors, and many desperate attempts were made to board the bark, but all were repulsed. Not a soul reached her deck.

Quick as lightning, Capt. Squirrel and six of the best men went forward and cut away the jibboom; and as the bark swung broadside on, he backed her afteryards, and canted her to leeward, across the brig's stern, carrying away her trysail, boom and gaffs.

"Save us, save us!" hailed the crew of the brig, "we're sinking;" but Capt. Squirrel replied:

"No you aint. Man your pumps, and heave your guns overboard. I've no boats. Good-by. Three cheers, boys." And three times three were given by the bark's crew.

The brig, owing to her solid bulwarks, was only cut down three strokes below the plankshear, but when in contact she heeled over so much that the water rushed over her deck. When clear of the bark, however, the wind filled her courses and brought her upon an even keel; and taking Capt. Squirrel's advice, her crew hove the weather guns overboard, which lightened her enough to bring the leak out of water.

Leaving the brig to take care of herself, the bark ran to leeward, and fortunately the wind kept changing in her favor until it settled into a steady trade. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and the bark having obtained a good offing from the brig, was hove to to repair damages, and not before time, for she had five feet of water in the hold. Her cutwater and stem were crushed flat against the planks, her hoodends were started, the head of her bowsprit twisted off, and both jibboom and foretopgallant mast gone. The sail which had been prepared for the contingency of collision, was now passed over the bow and bound to it with ropes, and the oakum with which it was roughly thrummed, was drawn into the leaks and soon stopped them. Pumping and bailing, however continued the order of exercise full fifteen hours before she was freed; but as there was plenty of rum served out, the tars worked without growling. Sail was then made, and away she went before a favoring trade in good style, notwithstanding the clumsy canvass over her bow. In a week she ran alongside of a British frigate at anchor in the outer harbor of Rio Janeiro, and hove to, when Capt. Squirrel hailed her to take some passengers and treasure on board, as the bark was leaky and would have to be beached. As Don Gonzales and his family took leave, Capt. Squirrel remarked:

"My object in putting you on board the frigate is to secure your protection; for Rosas has some private treaty with the Emperor of Brazil about delivering up gentlemen charged with certain crimes, which he would be sure to advance against you, to get you in his power; but under the British flag both you and your property will be safe, in spite of Rosas or the Emperor of Brazil. I shall visit you to-morrow. Adieu."

The bark was then run into the inner harbor, where she procured an anchorage, and was brought up. A grand blow out, and five doubloons each, tapered off with the tars for their twelve days' cruise. The next day Capt. Squirrel visited the frigate, and was received by her captain and officers with a warmth of welcome which he could not have anticipated. He was treated like a hero, and spontaneously cheered by the crew. Don Gonzales and his family had painted his conduct in the most glowing terms.

"You are thrice welcome, Capt. Squirrel," said the British captain, "and as I am the senior officer in command, I tender you the protection of the British flag against all comers."

Capt. Squirrel expressed his gratitude, and then by invitation proceeded to the cabin, where Don Gonzales briefly related the circumstances which caused his flight from Buenos Ayres.

"My private secretary," he said, "obtained possession of a correspondence between Gen. Urquiza and myself, and as the price of his fidelity, demanded the hand of my daughter Maritana. I was so enraged at his baseness that I could have slain him on the spot; but he coolly informed me that his death would only hasten my own destruction, for he had a confederate, who would reveal the whole to Rosas if he were absent only a single day. Finding myself completely in his power, I communicated his designs to my daughter, who, with a heroism worthy of her name, undertook to effect our escape. By feigned kindness and other stratagems, she threw the fellow off his guard, while she conveyed our moveable property—half a million—on board the bark, and finally our whole family. My children," he continued, "kneel to God, who has protected us, and kiss the hand of Capt. Squirrel in gratitude for his disinterested heroism."

The request had not to be repeated. Tears of gratitude filled their eyes, while they eagerly grasped the whole souled sailor's hand and blessed him with a fervor not to be described by words.

"This scene must not be prolonged," said Capt. Squirrel, "or I shall envy myself. If you're happy, so am I. So that will do, belay. I'm up and dressed for another adventure, just by way of keeping my hand in."

A few days afterwards Capt. Squirrel sold the bark, and at the request of Don Gonzales, accompanied him and his family to Spain, where, rumor says, he was spliced soon after to the beautiful Maritana.

The brig managed to reach Rio Janeiro, and reported having had twenty-five men killed by the bark's anchors and chains, which fell upon her decks; five of her beams were broken, her plankshear and rails smashed, her decks burst, her maintopmast and all above it carried away, the foreyard sprung in the slings, and all her guns overboard. The bark's anchors had lodged in the berth deck, and had to be taken out by shears. Bloody Dick denounced the bark as a pirate; but could obtain no satisfaction, as Capt. Squirrel was safely lodged on board the frigate. The story of the collision eventually found its way into the newspapers, and so completely exposed the lubberliness of Bloody Dick that he was ashamed to appear ashore in daylight. Afraid to encounter the wrath of Rosas, who had sent him to capture the bark, he deserted the brig and went to Europe, where it is hoped, he became a better man.

WE LIVE IN DEEDS, NOT YEARS.

A cheerful, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and those who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by time. They are made old by the ravages of passions, and feelings of an unsocial, ungenerous nature, which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits, and withered their souls. They are made old by envy, by jealousy, by hatred, by suspicions, by uncharitable feelings; by slandering, scandalizing, ill-bred habits, which, if they avoid, they preserve their youth to the very last, so that the child shall die, as the Scripture says, a hundred years old. There are many old women who pride themselves on being eighteen or twenty; they are dry, heartless, cold, indifferent; they want the wellspring of youthful affection, which is cheerful, active, and always engaged in some labor of love calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. There is an old age of the heart possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them; and there is a youth which never grows old, a lover who is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.—*Tribune.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

THE BRIDAL.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

The sunshine made pretty Margery's bridal robe look even more beautiful, as it went inquisitively over it, peeping beneath its rich folds and finding its way through the vanity like lace that fell from the short sleeves; and Margery was evidently pleased with it, laying carefully by its side on the table a wreath of white, bursting rose-buds, which told as plainly as could be, that only a few hours would elapse before the maiden robe, with its falling lace, would set off Margery's form, and her head bow gracefully with the fresh gift of early summer upon it. And so she sat down, with a half blush upon her pure face, and clasped her hands over her eyes to shut out the last fading ray of sunshine that went pressing through the little chamber. She sat there till the twilight came, with its great purple wings, and swept over the dewy roses that blossomed by the gate—swept over her bridal robe and wreath, and even down into her happy heart so that quiet tears fell through her fingers.

"Only two hours," she said, at last, musingly, to herself, "before I shall be Philip's wife—Mr. Philip Hughes's wife! How strange it will seem to be called 'Mrs.,' and to have people say Margery Hughes when they call my name. I don't feel sad and gloomy to-night, as they all told me I should, but instead, happy, O, so happy that nothing hereafter can have power to part us! Let me see: he told me all about the house this morning—about the sitting-room where the sunshine comes very early in the morning—I think so much of having a great deal of sonlight. And then the parlor windows are covered with vines; and he says he has bought a stuffed rocking-chair large enough for us both to sit in—I am so little. I don't know, but I suppose I shan't be bashful about sitting in his lap then. His mother has given him a great family Bible, which he says contains a register (here Margery blushed). Of course we shan't want it for a long, long while, though I didn't tell him so. I wonder if Philip knows how much I love him, and how I pray God every day to make me great and noble—so pure and true that his life will be a delicious hymn of joy that he has taken me! How I thank God for giving me somebody to love!"

Then, after she had said all this, Margery lit a lamp and wound her sunny brown hair about her head, till she looked like a young queen. A friend came in and told her how very soon she must be ready, for it wanted only an hour of the time appointed for the ceremony. The robe was put on, and the white leaves of the bridal wreath lay upon Margery's head. In a flutter of anxiety, she began to pace her chamber, looking down the brown path that led to the road every moment for Philip. "It was strange that he didn't come," she said. She wondered if he would like her hair, and if he wouldn't know at once that her wreath was made of the very buds that he had brought her in the morning.

Presently she heard voices in the road, and with a glad smile upon her face she peeped through the blinds, eagerly listening to catch the tones of Philip's voice. But no, there was only a confused murmur, then the outer door was hurriedly opened, and Margery thought she heard a suppressed scream. The clock struck eight, and no one came for her; and pale and trembling, she started, unbidden, for the parlor, a horrible fear knocking at her heart for admittance.

The parlor door was open, the sofa drawn to the middle of the room, and white and ghastly, some one was lying upon it. Margery did not speak, but went forward until her robe touched the hand that, even in death seemed stretched forth at her coming. There was no wild sob upon the lips—no burning tears upon the cheek of poor Margery; her fingers did not tremble as they lay caressingly upon the black, wavy hair of her betrothed, or her voice sound broken, as she said:

"Philip! O, Philip!"

"He was drowned by the overturning of a boat, while crossing the river," said the minister, wiping his eyes.

Death, silent and cold, sat at the bridal that night. Bridal, though one soul, free and unfettered, rejoiced in the presence of its Maker, and one, in its sweet, patient holiness, drew the angels from above to minister unto it. Two, yet one, bound by that tie which outreaches far the light of the stars on the breadth of the blue sky; and Margery's wedding, though it made black night in her heart, was a joy to all heaven.

HOME.

Home; it is a little word, it has its own interests, its own laws, its own difficulties and sorrows, its own blessings and joys. It is the sanctuary of the heart, where the affections are cherished in the tenderest relations—where heart is joined to heart, and love triumphs over all selfish calculations. It is the training school of the tender plants, which in after years are to yield flowers and fruits to parental care. It is the fountain whence come the streams which beautify and enliven social life. If any man should have a home, it is the man of business. He is the true working man of the community. The mechanic has his fixed hours, and when these have run their course, he may, ere the day closes, dismiss all anxiety as his labor ends, and seek the home circle. Comparatively little has been the tax on his mind, and not much more on his physical system, as he learns to take all easy. But the man of business is under a constant pressure. His is not a ten-hour system, with an interval of rest; but he is driven onward and onward, early and late, without the calculation of hours. He must be employed. In the earnestness of completion, in the complexity of modern modes of business, in the fluctuations which frequently occur, in the solicitous dependence on the fidelity and integrity of others, he has no leisure moments during the day. With a mind incessantly under exciting engagements, and a body without its appropriate nutriment, he may well pant for home, and joy in its quiet affection and confidence.—*Boston Herald.*

BANVARD, THE ARTIST, AND HIS RESIDENCE.

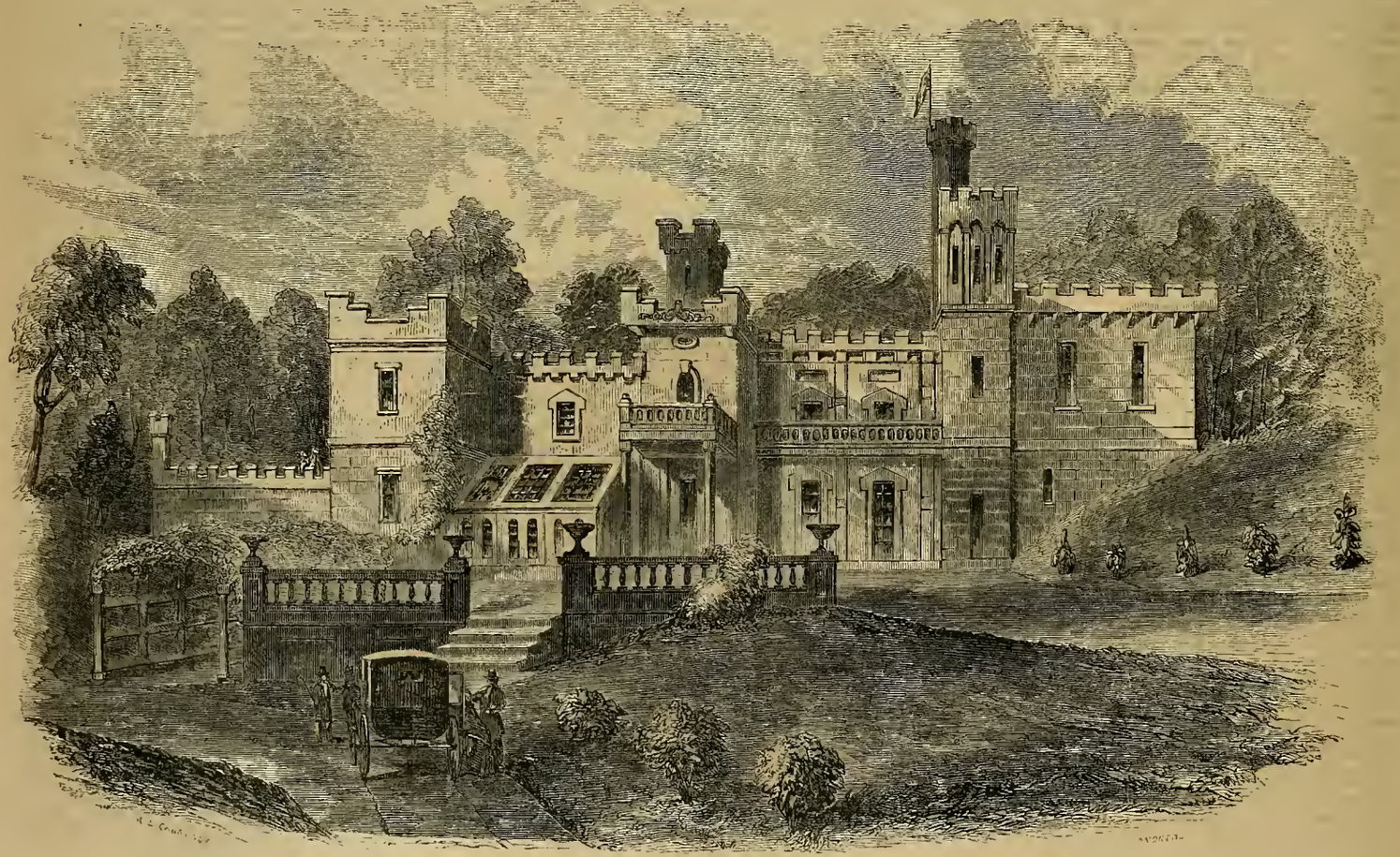
We present on this page two pictures, drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial, which will be found to possess no ordinary interest. The first represents Mr. Banvard, the panoramic artist, in his oriental travelling costume, with fez and caftan, and the luxuriance of beard necessary to harmonize with his eastern dress. Though a good likeness, the change of dress and style of hair afford a striking contrast to his appearance as we formerly represented him in the plain garb of an American citizen. Our second picture is a view of the beautiful and costly dwelling the artist has recently erected for his permanent residence. We are pleased at this latter evidence of his prosperity, for certainly no one has more honorably earned a fortune. He has attained it by the persevering culture and exercise of his natural talents, by untiring industry, and by that bold enterprise which so eminently distinguishes the American character. But a very few years since, Banvard, a poor young man, was floating down the Mississippi in his skiff, sketching the features of the father of waters to form the basis of a panorama, miles in extent—a gigantic undertaking. He made little noise about it, only, before coming to the eastern cities with his completed work, he obtained authentic testimonials to the accuracy of his representations. His painting he left to speak for itself. We well remember the opening of his exhibition at Amory Hall in this city—the audiences rapidly increasing, the long-continued attraction of his remarkable painting, and its complete success. It proved an immediate fortune. Wherever he exhibited it, it was received with the same enthusiasm, and attracted the same crowds. After having travelled with his panorama extensively in this country, he removed it to England, meeting with the same good fortune which had established his reputation in this country. He remained abroad a long time; and, after returning to the United States, projected a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which he carried into effect, gathering, with great exertion, difficulty, and expenditure, the data for a panorama no less successful than that of the Mississippi, and still a lucrative exhibition. And now, after wandering for a quarter of a century, without a fixed habitation or a home, Mr. Banvard has at last pitched his tent on the shores of his native State, at Cold Spring Harbor, one of the most beautiful of the many inlets which indent the shores of Long Island Sound. The architecture of "Glenada," so faithfully represented in our engraving, is in the Italian castellated style, and the house is located in a lovely and romantic glen, which declines gradually towards the water, the southern side ascending the slope of a gently swelling hill, from which a view is obtained of one of the most beautifully picturesque landscapes in this country. Mr. Banvard was the architect of his own house as well as of his own fortunes, and personally superintended the direction in all its details. The material is rubble stone, stuccoed, and the mansion, when viewed from the water, with the various towers rising above the locust trees, with which the lawn in front is bounded, has a magnificent appearance, reminding you forcibly of some of the quaint old castles nestled among the glens of old Scotland. The castellated style was selected for its picturesque effect and its peculiar adaptedness to the local scenery. We do not dislike it for its quaintness, for the monotony of American domestic architecture has hitherto been one of its crying sins. In travelling in the United States, it is most fatiguing to the eye to meet house after house and village after village erected on the same pattern; and again, to see beautiful sites disfigured by inappropriate buildings. In a wild glen, for instance, with all the striking peculiarities of northern scenery, we shall see a Grecian temple, only it will not be a purely Grecian temple, but have its iron balustrades, and Venetian blinds, and non-descript balconies, such as were never conceived of by Doric or Athenian imagination. Of late years, however, a vast improvement has taken place; some of the first minds in the country devote themselves to the improvement of domestic architecture, and valuable works upon the subject of building and landscape gardening have been disseminated broadcast through the country. Mr. Banvard has committed none of the sins to which we have alluded. With the large experience of extensive travel, and with a painter's eye for scenery, harmony and effect, he has produced a picture, while building a home, and his tact has enabled him to conciliate in-door comfort with external display. The building contains twenty-four apartments. There are nine rooms on the first floor, as you enter from the esplanade, viz., the drawing-room, parlors, conservatory, ante-room, servant's room, and several chambers. The second story contains the nursery, school-room, guest chambers, bath, library, study, etc., with the servants' rooms in the towers. The basement is occupied with the culinary offices, store-rooms, etc. Although the facade extends in front one hundred and fifteen feet, still Mr. Banvard says his castle is not completed, as he has his plans arranged for adding a large donjon or keep, to be occupied by his studio, painting-room, and a museum for the reception of the large collection of curiosities which he has gathered in all parts of the world. The grounds immediately surrounding the castle contain about six acres, the entrance to which is from the lawn in front. By the gateway is a cosy porter's lodge, occupied by Mr. Banvard's faithful man, Stringer, who has followed his fortunes about the world, and now sits down to enjoy life under the shadow of his master's "vine and fig-tree," and to superintend the farm, which consists of about sixty acres. The taste of the owner and the skill of his gardener are rapidly converting this territory from an ordinary farm into a picturesque *ferme ornée*. In the immediate vicinity of Glenada is the village of Cold Spring, but in view of the numerous towns and villages of this name—one being not far distant on the Hudson—it has been proposed to change the name of the place and call it BANVARD, from the circumstance of the distinguished owner of Glenada having appreciated the beauties of the neighborhood by selecting it as a place of residence, thus adding to its importance, and causing it to be as extensively known as the name itself.



JOHN BANVARD.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

He had no faith in his cause, nor confidence in himself, nor reliance on those around him; and his unceremonious ejection from power was a natural consequence where such premises existed. If they who ejected him had paid his father's debts as well as his own, they would have made him a richer, but not a happier man. They would have added some dignity to his retirement, but, as it was, he had enough for enjoyment,—such enjoyment as he could find in the pursuits he most cared for—of a country gentleman and boon companion. These pursuits, however, were not always practicable. From May, 1659, to the middle of 1660, he lived at Hursley, in some fear of creditors, whom even now he could not satisfy, and in some doubt as to what his fortune might be if Charles II. were recalled; he then retired to Paris, where he lived in obscurity, and under the fictitious name of Wallis. Twice he visited Geneva; and on one of these occasions he was told to his face, by the Prince de Conti, who received him under his assumed name, as coxcomb, rascal, coward, base fellow, and sot. About twenty years after "Mr. Wallis" first buried himself in obscure lodgings in Paris, a Mr. Richard Clark settled at Cheshunt. It was by this name that Richard Cromwell, no longer in fear of creditors, chose to be known. He was a hearty church and conventicle-going, hunting, joyous gentleman, loving good wine a little and fair ladies more. He was choice in the selection of his company, seldom referred to his past greatness, and was never sarcastic, save when he alluded to the addresses of the people of England, who, on his being proclaimed protector, laid their lives and fortunes at his feet. There was a touch of King Lear in the old man's destiny, after all. His daughters opposed his having life-possession of an estate left him by his son, on account of mental debility. Queen Anne was then reigning, and old Mr. Clark came up to town, appeared personally in court, where his suit was carried on, and was not only courteously treated by the judge, but was requested by him to remain covered during the proceedings. He won his suit, was reconciled to his daughters, and in 1712, being then in his eighty-sixth year, he died at Cheshunt. His enemies ridiculed him under the names of "Tumbledown Dick" and "Queen Richard:" but even they could not deny that he was an honester man than he for whom Richard was compelled to make room.—*Macaulay.*



GLENADA, BANVARD'S CASTLE, COLD SPRING HARBOR, LONG ISLAND SOUND.



BLUE FISHING AT SANDY HOOK, NEW YORK BAY.

BLUE FISHING AT SANDY HOOK, NEW YORK BAY.

The very spirited seaside scene on this page was drawn expressly for us on the spot, by Mr. Hill, and delineates a mode of fishing which, as far as we know, is peculiar to this country. The sport is carried on to a great extent, both from the shore, as represented in our engraving, and from boats. The *modus operandi*, in the former case, is as follows:—The fisherman fastens one end of his line round his waist, and swinging the squid—generally a piece of bright lead, or an imitation minnow on a hook—round his head, flings it outside the breakers to where the blue fish lie, and immediately, if he have a bite, begins to haul in and run back at the same time. Sometimes, when a fish is hooked, it breaks away just as it reaches the beach, when the fisherman will often recover it by following it up quickly. The shipping on the horizon line are not exaggerated in number, for all inward and outward bound vessels pass round Sandy Hook. In the summer season, it is a favorite bathing spot, and frequented by thousands of overheated New Yorkers. In our picture, one of the excursion steamers from the city is represented slowly paddling along, to give the passengers an opportunity of fishing. Astern of the steamer is a clipper from California or China, coming in with studding-sails set; and in the farther distance, a whole squadron of fishing vessels standing out to sea. In the foreground is a gentleman supplying his lady friends, who are picnicking on the shore, with refreshments. The whole scene is lively and picturesque, and strikingly faithful in every particular.

CAFE ON THE NILE.

The bright, sunny picture on this page presents us with a characteristic phase of oriental life. The sketch was made at the locality on the banks of the Nile, and represents a café in the open air, its patrons requiring no other shelter than that afforded by the vines and other plants trained over the rude and lofty trellis reared against a natural wall of rock. Here, protected from the sun, but catching every breeze that stirs, they abandon themselves to their dreamy and indolent enjoyment. By the parapet, and against the wall, recline the smokers of the "vile weed," its narcotic properties perhaps dashed with a little opium, to fill the brain with day-dreams, or steep the senses in a dangerous oblivion. An Arab, mounted on the universal donkey, is giving his orders to an attendant Egyptian. Grouped together, a knot of long-bearded and turbaned Moslems are discussing the latest news—the movements of the pacha, or the innovations which the infidel Franks are introducing into the land of darkness and bondage. Through the open vista a crumbling minaret and lines of broken arches show the antiquity of the place, and carry us back into the night of ages.

ORGAN BLOWING BY WATER POWER.

We find the following scientific fact in a late English paper:—An apparatus of great value and importance in connection with the performance of large organs, has been affixed to the organ in East Parade Chapel, Leeds. The invention—which has been patented in England and France by Dr. D. Joy, engineer, and Mr. W. Holt, organ builder, Leeds—is called the "Hydro-Pneumatic Engine," and can be affixed to any organ. Its object is to supersede manual labor and the more expensive steam power in blowing large organs in churches, chapels and public edifices; and its usefulness and economy are not more apparent than its compactness and simplicity. The apparatus in East Parade Chapel is affixed to an ordinary one inch pipe, conveying the town's water, brought into the vestry beneath the chapel. The whole apparatus does not occupy a space exceeding four feet; and it is found fully equal to blowing the bellows of the above organ, which is an instrument of forty-four stops, including pedal pipes of twenty-four feet to G G G. The apparatus is capable of being supplied to the largest organs; indeed, Mr. Holt's workmen are at present engaged in attaching it to one of the largest in London, manufactured by Hill. Three such cylinders as are used in Mr. Holt's workshop would blow the Liverpool organ, which at present costs £200 per annum; whereas, by the hydro-pneumatic engine, the cost would not exceed £20 a year.—*Leeds Mercury.*

SCENES ON THE OCEAN FLOOR.

Besides the countless varieties of the fucus, the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea-lettuce, with large porous lichens, and many-branched, hollow algæ, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever moving tiny arms. These plants form submarine forests, growing into one another, in apparently lawless order—here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly, till the thicket seems impenetrable, then again leaving large openings between wold and wold, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf. There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter in the changing light. In the indulgence of their luxurious growth, the fuci especially seem to gratify every whim and freak. Creeping close to the ground, or sending long-stretched arms, crowned with waving plumes, up to the blessed light of heaven, they form pale-green sea groves, where there is neither moon nor star, or rise up nearer to the surface, to be transcendently rich and gorgeous in brightest green, gold and purple. And, through this dream-like scene, playing in all the colors of the rainbow, and deep under the hollow, briny ocean, there sail and chase each other, merrily, gaily-painted mollusks and bright shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the stems, while huge, gray-haired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large, tall trees. There is a gigantic Dugong, the siren of the ancients, the sidelong shark with his leaden eyes, the thick haired sea leopard, and the sluggish turtle. Look how these strange, ill-shapen forms stir themselves from time to time! Perhaps they graze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed, when lo! a hungry shark comes slyly, silently around that grove; its glassy eyes shine ghost-like with a yellow sheen, and seek their prey. The sea dog first becomes aware of his dreaded enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the fungus forest. In an instant the whole scene changes. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself into the deep below; the turtle conceals head and feet under her impenetrable armor, and sinks slowly downward; the playful little fish disappear in the branches of the marocystis; lobsters hide under the thick, clumsily shapen roots, and the young walrus alone turns boldly round, and faces the intruder with his sharp-pointed teeth. The battle commences; both seek the forest; their fins become entangled in the closely interwoven branches; at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life, the bleeding walrus tries to conceal his last agony in the woods; but he soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.—*Putnam's Magazine.*



CAFE ON THE RIVER NILE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A MAY MORNING LYRIC.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Listen, maidens and youths, I pray,
To my song, this sweet May morning:
Cupid wandered one sun-bright day,
Blossoms his path adorning!
"'Twill *always* be fair," so Love did sing,
As from flower to flower on his radiant wing
He flitted, gilded by sunbeams gay,
And deemed that with *him* 'twould be always May!

With the songs he sang his pathway rang
The whole of that sweet May morning;
But a dark rain-cloud loomed up, and aloud
Pealed thunder; yet Cupid, scorning
The omen, sang on—soon the urchin's wings
Were folded and dripping. "Alas!" he sings,
"I find it is true what the wise ones say,
That even with Love 'tis not always May!"

Now, listen, maidens and youths, I pray,
All on this sweet May morning;
Laugh while you can, and dance while you may,
But heed my song for its warning!
Whatever Pleasure and Youth may say,
Don't think that life will be always May;
Nor like young Love, in his thoughtless play,
Fail to provide for a rainy day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GRAVE OF HERNANDO DE SOTO.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Never, perhaps, in the annals of the world was there a braver or more ambitious spirit than that which burned in the manly bosom of Hernando de Soto, the successor to Columbus and Vespucius, and the other distinguished discoverers of various parts of the New World. Born at Barcarola, according to the historians, in 1501, of poor but respectable parents, De Soto was obliged to depend on his own resources for subsistence; and to that end his natural courage and bravery led him into the army.

Accompanying Davila to America, the brave soldier displayed so much prudence and heroism, that the command of a troop of horse was given him. With this he followed Pizarro to Peru, and in the great battle between Pizarro and Almagro, he distinguished himself by deeds of bravery, such as the world has seldom known. Returning to Spain, he re-appeared at the court of the emperor, Charles V., where he was not less distinguished for the surpassing graces of his person and manners, than by the extraordinary soldierlike qualities which he had displayed at Peru.

Beyond the period of extreme youth, De Soto still retained many of its advantages. Handsome beyond the ordinary standard of manly beauty, with a countenance at once gracious and commanding, hair black, glossy and curling, eyes dark and lustrous, teeth that rivalled pearls in whiteness, and a voice in which music and softness were combined, Hernando De Soto was the embodiment of woman's wildest dreams of romance.

Won by his musical voice and graceful manners, even more than by his personal beauty and the heroic reputation which he bore, Isabella de Bobadilla gave her affections to the youthful and gallant soldier, even before they were solicited. Sole heiress to the wealth of her illustrious father, Don Alfonzo de Bobadilla, the young Isabella, ever since the death of her parents, had resided at court, under the joint protection of Charles V. and her aunt by the mother's side, Mariana de Estrella, now married to Don Josef de Mendoza.

Donna Marinna was more indulgent to her niece than she would have perhaps proved if she had been her own child; and the young lady, between her aunt and the emperor, had the disposal of her time and her affections pretty nearly in her own hands. Chance had thrown the daughter of a Spaniard of some rank into adverse circumstances, and she had been obliged to accept the offer of Donna Mariana to become a companion to her niece. The two young girls, being exactly of an age, equally educated, and with tempers and dispositions alike sprightly and cheerful, soon became inseparable, and all differences of condition were forgotten, and Leonora de Cervera was at once a friend and sister, but never a servant, to the young Isabella.

When, therefore, the gallant De Soto presented himself at the court of the emperor, Isabella and Leonora were alike captivated by his noble bearing, conspicuous among the bravest and handsomest of the Spanish cavaliers. Neither, however, suspected the other's state of heart; and it was some comfort to each of these fair damsels that her friend knew not that she had bestowed her affections without asking.

It had been a festal day at the court; and the regal magnificence which the courtiers loved to display, had shone conspicuously in their dress and decorations. Foremost in the crowd of beauties, were Isabella and her companion, and foremost too in the crowd of cavaliers was De Soto.

He was then thirty-six years old; in the full height of that remarkable beauty which everywhere earned for him the title of "Hernando the Handsome." The flush of gratified pride was on his cheek through the whole day, for the emperor had particularly distinguished him, and his ambition was fast reaching its climax. It was the first time that Isabella's eyes had proclaimed that she loved; but on this day, she unwittingly gave rise to hopes in the young soldier's heart which she alone could fulfil.

It had been a whim of Isabella's that Leonora should dress exactly like herself, and although Donna Mariana at first offered objections, she at last consented. Leonora's extreme love of simplicity baffled her friend, who wished to array her in all the magnificence of court splendor; and finding her resolved on a simple white robe, she took care that her own should be equally simple, with the exception of the diamonds which etiquette forced her to wear, and which in Leonora's dress, found a substitute in a few pearls, gracefully bestowed about her person. In all other respects they were alike, even to the fan and bouquet, and many were the speculations among the cavaliers of the court, as to which most deserved to bear away the palm of beauty.

Something in this evening's observation had awakened Leonora's suspicions that the gallant soldier was thinking too deeply of her friend, and for a moment her heart rose against her. She turned away into a little side room, used as a conservatory, which was lighted only by the light of the lamp in the grand saloon shining into it through a glass door, before which was a curtain of white silk. The perfume of the plants and flowers made her feel heavy and sleepy, and she closed her eyes while seated on one of the crimson benches which had been placed here from the hall, to make room for the throngs that were still pouring into it.

Half-waking, half-unconscious, she sat perfectly still, dreaming perhaps, of the loneliness which would settle upon her life when Isabella should marry. She started to feel a warm breath upon her cheek, and to hear a soft, musical voice pleading at her ear. Not with so confident a manner had others tried to woo Leonora, and yet she had repelled them all—but this intruder was none other than Hernando de Soto, the object of daily and nightly dreams for months; and she suffered him to take the unresisting hand and even to press his lips upon its snowy surface.

"Found at last, fair lady!" he said, with mingled respect and presumption; "and in a fitting place to hear and utter a love-tale. Nay, start not away. Believe me, the heart that bends to thine is an honest one—and for the love it bears to thee, lady, I beg thee not to reject the true and loyal offering which thy beauty and merit demand from me."

Silence, complete and perfect, was Leonora's only answer; but she did not throw off the arm that encircled her, and she even allowed her head to be drawn upon his shoulder. It was but for a moment, however, for the cry of "Fire," from a distant part of the palace was heard, and De Soto sprang to obey its summons. A moment afterwards Isabella entered in search of her friend, and drawing her to the lighted hall, she whispered:

"For heaven's sake, Leonora, tell me what you have done to your cheeks! They are a perfect crimson. Has Juan been breathing some tale of love into your ear?"

Bright grew the maiden's blushes, confirming her friend's suspicions. She rallied her unmercifully upon the extreme youthfulness of her lover, and had scarcely ceased when the throng of cavaliers, who had started at the sound of fire, entered.

With what wonder poor Leonora beheld the lover who was as impressive in his devotions to her in the conservatory, not half an hour since, now bestowing all his attentions upon Isabella! With what wonder and indignation, too! What could she think of one who had thus told her the idle tale of love, and then followed another as he was following her friend? Tears sprang to her beautiful eyes, as she beheld the two walking arm in arm together and stopping before the emperor, who seemed to be rejoicing in their apparantly mutual regard.

Heartsick and distressed, Leonora was about retiring that night, when Isabella called her to come into her chamber. Obeying her call, she found her still sitting up, with eyes as radiant as the diamonds which she wore, and cheeks whereon the crimson flush burned deeply.

"He is mine, Leonora!" whispered the agitated and excited girl. "Hernando has spoken words this night, which make me the happiest of women. Why do you not congratulate me, Leonora? Are you weeping, child?" she continued, as the tears gushed afresh from the girl's eyes. "You do not rejoice with me as I did with you this evening?"

Some dim perception of the truth dashed along Leonora's mind; but she only wept on.

"Silly child! Will you not tell me what you are thus fretting your little heart out for? But come, cheer up; we will be married on the same night, if Juan is but a mere boy. He will make you happy, doubt it not."

Leonora helped her friend to undress, and returned, without a word, to her own room, where, throwing herself on her couch, she wept herself to sleep.

Meanwhile the young beauty in the adjoining chamber slept not, or if she slept at all, it was but to dream as in waking, of her gallant and noble-looking lover. Her countenance, when Leonora met her the next morning, wore its brightest hue; but she herself was struck with the pallid cheeks of her favorite. In vain she questioned her of the cause of her secret sorrow. Leonora kept her own counsel; nor was it until a chance observation of De Soto's, respecting an interview in the conservatory, which she did not at first comprehend, threw some light on the affair, that Isabella recollected that her friend might well have passed for herself in that dim and subdued light. Delicacy prevented her from saying anything more to Leonora; but she was pained beyond measure, to see how her form became thinner and her step lighter, and to feel that the "poetry of life" had departed from one she had loved so well.

The marriage of De Soto and Isabella met with no hindrance. The emperor was delighted to bestow one of the fairest of his court upon one of the bravest; and Isabella's aunt, although a woman who worshipped wealth, was yet dazzled by the reputation of her niece's lover, and offered no obstacle whatever. The marriage was celebrated at court, with great pomp and magnificence, Leonora acting as one of the bridesmaids; for by this time she had acquitted De Soto of all intention to deceive her, and knew that he must have mistaken her for Isabella.

Scarcely however had the married pair began to realize their happiness, ere De Soto's imagination was roused by the narrative of the expedition to Florida by Pamphilo de Narvaez. He appealed to the emperor to undertake the conquest of Florida; and Charles, willing that his favorite should reap the reward of past bravery, created him captain-general for life, of Cuba and Florida.

One brief year of happiness with Isabella, and then the devoted wife accompanied him to the port of San Lucar de Barrameda, where nearly a thousand young men, the flower of the Spanish youth, gathered around him to embark for Cuba. This was on the 6th of April, 1538. On the 25th of May, the following year, he arrived at Espiritu Santo, and took possession of the country in the name of Charles V.

The result of this expedition, in all its details, is matter of history. Hardship, toil and danger were its distinguishing characteristics, and only such brave spirits as were gathered around Hernando de Soto would have borne all without murmuring. One bright morning in the summer of 1542, the remnants of this once large and powerful band were gathered beneath the gigantic oaks that overshadow the banks of the Mississippi. In the shattered frames and pallid faces that were assembled there on this glorious summer morning, no one would have recognized the bright and hopeful members of the gallant band that had embarked four years before, in the San Christoval and its attendant fleet.

Tears, such as the bravest may shed, were in every eye, and attested the strength of their affection for him who now was about to receive its last touching office. Through the leafy branches of the trees which skirted the broad bosom of the river, the morning sun shone with broken and subdued light, as if in accordance with the solemn scene about to be witnessed. The wild notes of the birds sung the requiem, and the deep sound of the waters gave back the response to the solemn ritual. Close to the banks of the mighty stream, an evergreen oak had been felled, and in the hollow of its ponderous trunk, the glorious form of Hernando de Soto lay, as in a coffin.

Meet casket for that gallant heart to rest in! Meet type of its strength and endurance! Meet, too, that they should thus fall together—the brave oak that had breasted the western winds so long, and the brave heart that had spent its last pulsation in these western wilds! Meet grave was that mighty river for the noble dead!

> "The forest is his everlasting fane,
> The palm his monument, the rock his tower;
> The eternal torrent—
> The green savannas and the mighty waves,
> And isles of flowers bright floating o'er the tide—"

All speak of the glorious form that has slept in the blue depths of the Mississippi for three hundred years.

Hernando—Isabella—Leonora—have they not met ere now?—the wife whose brief year of happiness thus closed in sorrow, and the gentle maiden whose short hour of joy was as the rose's fleeting perfume, and the dark-eyed hero whom they both had loved and lost?

COPENHAGEN.

Our sail for the last two hours was one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The impressions were so new and lively that none of us can forget the excitement of the scene. All were struck by beauties of which they had previously heard so little; and all acknowledged that the first appearance of Copenhagen is among the finest in the world. Only one or two of the capitals of Europe make so gallant a show on approaching them. The Danish capital, in fact, is a complete triumph of art and taste; it is beautiful in spite of its position, which is perhaps the worst imaginable; yet with such admirable skill are its buildings grouped, that it looks finer than some cities which enjoy the advantage of magnificent situations. Nature has here done little; man a great deal. In the city itself, towers, some light, some massive; in the basin, masts tapering and graceful; on the heights behind, trees of great size and beauty; and along the flat shore, dense masses of foliage already in summer splendor: such at first are the only objects standing out from the huge piles of buildings, till ere long these masses break down into palaces, churches and fortresses. By-and-by we distinguish, in front, ramparts and moles stretching far out into the sea, while new life is added to the scene, by the many ships from every country waiting in the roadside for a favorable breeze to get up to the Baltic, or swiftly shooting on for the Sound. Elsinore, too, with literary recollections endearing it to every Englishman, is in sight. The more distant coast of Sweden, with the houses of Malmo, are sparkling in the setting sun. While here before us, just as we enter the noble file of ships, lined out from the harbor as if to grace our arrival, the little landing-place and rampart-walk covered with thousands of holiday idlers come to witness the entrance of a steamer—and a fine display they make, all in their gayest attire.—*Dr. Bremner.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FUTURE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

The wand of Fate is thine! Within thy halls,
Unseen, unknown, the unborn ages wait
Thy fiat, and emerge at thy command.
The victor of the world, relentless Time,
Himself is governed by thy sway, and moulds
His purpose to thy fixed, unchanging law.
What is the past? A dream—a vanished wave
Upon the sea of life, which rolls away
Into oblivion's dark gulf. But thou,
The parent of the past, dost always live,
And anxious mortals still await thy beck—
Still say, "To-morrow!"

Empires of to-day
Are doomed in thee, earth's best and noblest sons
Live out their years and hold their fated lives
In fear of thee, while thou dost awe their souls
With fear of Death, who is thy messenger.
How wide the gulf!—how thick the pall that shuts
Thee and thy deep arcana from my view!
Mysterious Future! Canst thou not reveal
To me—before the season shall arrive
And haply find me unprepared—the time,
The manner of my end? Wilt thou require
Of me my life when youth's high pulses throb
With hope angelic?—or wilt thou defer
The action of thy fates, and dig my grave
When, like a stricken oak, I may resist
But feebly thy invidious approach?
No voice gives answer—wrapped in mystery,
Thou deignest no reply; and still we wait
Thy firm decrees of good or ill, which we
May only in the present time receive.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GRECIAN BRIDE.

BY WILLIAM THORNDIKE.

Smyrna, or Giaour Izmir, as it is styled by the Mussulmans, is the gate to Syria, and the means of commercial communication between Europe and Asia. From its position it is peculiarly cosmopolitan in its character. You are there surrounded by the people and customs of many nations; the fussy European adopts the East and calms his restlessness by the Turkish tchibouque of tranquillity; the Jew offers his services as intermediary and is beaten for his pains; the genuine Osmanlee smokes in the street with all the majesty of a sultan, until his Asiatic dignity is disturbed by an English midshipman, who, mounted on a Smyrna hack, unfeelingly rides him down. The incongruities of the "infidel city" are at ordinary times to a looker-on excessively amusing.

Not the least noticeable peculiarity of the "infidel city," is the vast number of saints' days that the Greek Church enjoins her followers to keep. The custom tends practically to shorten the lives of those people very considerably.

The Smyrnaites keep holy these saints' days in very much the manner in which well-behaved Protestant housemaids keep the Sabbath. They attire themselves in holiday costume and consume the day in the contemplation of street scenery; the men taking their posts at the doorways, and the women guarding the casements with their bright eyes. Greek custom has so decidedly appropriated the windows to the women as the suitable station of their sex, that it would be regarded as criminally effeminate for a man to choose such a situation for the proper observance of saints' day.

My attendant, Paulouins, or Pauloni, as habit had abbreviated the appellation, had procured lodgings for me in Smyrna, at the house of a Greek Christian of the wealthier class. Pauloni was a glorious-looking fellow, with a regular and handsome cast of countenance. His features displayed a good deal of serene pride, self-respect, and considerable sharpness of intellect. Being accustomed to the habits of the East and the peccadilloes of Eastern functionaries, his advice and experience were of invaluable assistance.

I had been several days in Smyrna before I discovered by what means the accomplished Pauloni had been able to secure me such unexceptionable quarters. I well knew the vastness of his resources, from having experienced repeatedly their benefit; but I knew, too, that a wealthy citizen of any country, and especially of Syria, must have urgent inducements to convert his mansion into a hotel for strangers.

It was one of the inexhaustible catalogue of saints' days. I was leaving the vestibule of my Greek host for the purpose of amusing myself with the scenes in the narrow streets of the city. As I stood in the doorway I observed the seductive Pauloni conversing by mute signals, with a beautiful descendant of the Ionian race, who was adorning one of the transom-shaped windows of mine host's house. After the fashion of all the fair denizens of Smyrna, who wear their wealth upon their persons, she was attired with studied magnificence. Her head was crowned with scarlet, and loaded with gems and coins of gold. The broad, calm brow, the large black eyes, deep-set and self-relying, which in ordinary mood pierce through you like the eyes of a conqueror, were now softened into an expression of mildness, perhaps tenderness, as with expressive looks they answered the equally expressive gestures of Pauloni. The thin and fiery nostrils, and the bold line of chin and throat which usually disclose all the passion and power which dwells in the character of the Smyrna maiden, were touched with a softer pencil, and a smile enhanced the rare womanly beauty of the sweetly-turned lips.

If I grudged Pauloni his good fortune, it was not my purpose to disturb him in it. I accordingly turned carelessly from the doorstep, taking such a direction as not to interfere with the noiseless tete-a-tete. But I was unfortunate enough to overhear them. The enchantment was vacant instantly, and Pauloni, with an anathema expressed in every feature of his face, though it was not uttered, entered the house. The rascal had secured such excellent lodgings not for my convenience then, but for the selfish purpose of furthering an amour of his own!

The consciousness that I knew his secret must have annoyed him, for immediately on my return from my walk he assailed me.

"Smyrna has many beautiful women, your excellency!"

"You have a good Grecian like judgment in matters of taste, Pauloni; I agree with you."

"Ah, your excellency, they are cold as ice-water and fickle as air!" (A crafty stroke on the part of the cautious dragoman, for which I gave his policy full credit.)

"Not all of them. Some I have seen sit at their windows and talk with their eyes by the hour to the passers by."

Pauloni's impudence was for an instant staggered, but he soon recovered.

"If one cannot talk with one's cousins on saints' day, he had better be a Bedouin roving the desert, or a Mahomedan, your excellency."

"But mine host, your uncle, seems a kindly disposed man, and would, doubtless, allow his nephew, if he knew his anxiety to converse with his fair cousin, to do so, without the inconvenient interposition of walls."

Pauloni was too skilful to bandy words uselessly, and as dissimulation was of no avail, he told the whole story. He had passed through Syria frequently in his present capacity, and had had the good fortune to be the recipient of the smiles of this proud Smyrna girl. He became madly enamored of her, and at once in the usual way, commenced his suit by presents of the costliest Cashmeres, and the most persuasive finery of every description. Whenever it was his good fortune to attend a traveller as interpreter, through Smyrna, he invariably established "his excellency" in the abode of his prospective father-in-law, but was careful to exercise the most jealous diligence to prevent "his excellency" from getting sight of *her*. He was fearful that it might interfere with his wooing.

There was another motive to seclusion at this time. He possessed a rival in one Nicoloso, a mariner on board a Greek brigantine. Like Pauloni, Nicoloso was imbued with the roving tendencies of his Ionian ancestors. He had now been blowing about the Ægean, under the influence of its ever-varying and whimsical winds, for several months, and as the average period of a cruiser had about expired, might at any time be blown upon the Syrian coast. In anticipation of this contingency, Mariani was sedulously guarded from street-contact.

Now, however, that I was privy to his passion, Pauloni did not deem it necessary to guard his love within the upper-chambers, and I had an opportunity of beholding that transcendently glorious shape. You smile at a pretty woman; you turn pale before beauty which is great enough to subdue you. Those dark, luminous eyes, shining in all the pomp and might of beauty, would have overpowered and humbled at once a man of a mind less well-balanced and of purpose less inexorable than Pauloni's. He knew nothing of fear, nor of abandonment of a well-laid design. It was this energy and determination dignifying his character, together with the attraction of a handsome person, which first charmed the beautiful Smyrnaite. The subsequent devotion and costly love-offerings completed the business.

Pauloni was delighted at this removal of the restraint upon his courtship. He would sit for hours upon a divan in one of the halls facing the garden, with the beautiful Greek crouched at his feet, soothing him with the witchery of the guitar, which she played exquisitely. I used to study this graceful picture from a distance. The apartment was open to the garden upon one side. The floor was tiled with marble, and the walls inlaid with decorations of the most fanciful designs and exquisite workmanship. Around the room ran a low divan, and the cold floor was covered at intervals with costly Persian carpets. It was the favorite resort of the lovers; Pauloni would recline upon a divan in an ecstacy of happiness, but at the same time with a gravity of demeanor which became the dignity of the great man's character, inhaling the fragrance of a tchibouque or quaffing the wine of the Lebanon; while the beautiful girl performed at his feet the most enchanting airs, and now and then overcame his tranquil gravity by one of those sweet smiles which I had seen beaming on him from the casement.

But the irrevocable law of true love could not be avoided nor provided against, even by the circumspection of Pauloni. An ill-wind blew Nicoloso upon the Syrian coast, and a complication of tacks and other manœuvres peculiar to Greek navigation, brought the brigantine to anchor in the harbor of Smyrna.

The day after her arrival was saints' day, and as usual, Mariana took her position at the casement, for its due observance. Scarcely had she done so when a slight scream brought the active Pauloni to her side. The sailor Nicoloso had passed, and exchanged signals of recognition with her. He had mingled with his recognition, gestures of displeasure and tokens of vengeance, which had startled the haughty and fearless beauty into a shriek.

The next day, Nicoloso presented himself at the door in person, and requested an interview with the beautiful Mariana, which Pauloni peremptorily and energetically declined to accord him. His authority for the refusal was the assurance of his betrothed that nothing in the world would be more disagreeable to her. The Greek mariner went away, crushing between his teeth the most emphatic maritime oaths and imprecating the favored dragoman with vehemence.

I was lingering in the garden next day, among the formal parterres in which Oriental taste so much delights, listening to the music of the fountain-spray as it trickled upon the bottom of the marble basin, and inhaling the breath of the damask roses with which the slow air was loaded. It was about noon. Pauloni and Mariana were in the apartment opening upon the garden, entirely absorbed in each other, and oblivious of all without. The air was cooled by the fountain, and impregnated with the perfume of flowers. There was no sound nor sight to mar this charming scene of unearing Eastern luxury.

Suddenly a thicket of rose trees, growing next to the house, and so hemmed in and choked up by interlacing boughs as to seem impenetrable, parted, and a light, spectre-like figure glided, serpent like and noiselessly, across the cold tiles, to the spot where the lovers reclined, unconscious of everything but each other's existence. In an instant the lithe form has reached the group—a stout arm clutching a poniard is raised in the air over Pauloni's heart,—then comes a wild shriek, the crimson blood stains—and Pauloni is assassinated!—no, he is struggling with the murderer valiantly, and has hurled him senseless upon the marble pavement. I saw it all, from the moment Nicoloso emerged from the rose-thicket, but so instantaneous was the act, that I reached the spot only just at the moment when the Greek mariner heavily struck the floor.

The beautiful Smyrnaite had saved Pauloni's life. Her white arm was drenched in blood. It had received the blow meant for *his* heart, and she lay faint and sick, the blood oozing from a frightful gash, and discolored her dress and the white marble pavement.

Pauloni was calm as a midsummer midnight. Servants were summoned, and Mariana was taken to her chamber. Nicoloso was restored to his senses and delivered up to the municipal authorities. The floor was cleansed, and a surgeon summoned, who dressed the wound in Mariana's arm, and administered an opiate which soothed her into calm slumber.

Ten days afterwards, I left Smyrna to visit the rest of Syria. The Greek maiden was convalescent, and Pauloni was again happy. Nicoloso was tried and condemned to imprisonment for life. I procured another dragoman to accompany me through Palestine. To have separated the lovers would have been an act too wicked for a moment's contemplation.

A FRIGHTENED AFRICAN.

Dr. Livingston, the African discoverer, relates the following incident, which occurred to one of the party of Makololo, whose faithful services had been of so much value to him through his perilous journey from the interior of the continent to the sea-coast:—Anxious to bring one of his companions with him to England, that he might convey back to his countrymen in the interior of Africa a good report of English civilization and Christianity, Dr. Livingston made his selection. But the issue was most affecting. When this Makololo stranger reached the seaport of Quillemane, he was sufficiently surprised at the marvellous novelties that there surrounded him. The sea, then tossed by a tempest, which prevented the ship-of-war awaiting Dr. Livingston's arrival from approaching the shore, filled him with amazement. And when at length the "Frolic" hove in sight, although the waves were still running high, they put off to her in a boat. The Makololo, of course, accompanied his friend. But as the boat rose and sank with each billow, he turned to Dr. Livingston, and with a look and tone indicative of no ordinary excitement, not unmixed with alarm, said—"Is *this* the way you go?" Though repeatedly assured they were approaching the ship, he often renewed the question. At length they were on board, and set sail for the Isle of Mauritius. But the strain put upon the mind of this untutored African by the many novelties, which, in rapid succession, filled him with wonder or fear, proved too much for his faculties; and when, on entering the harbor of St. Louis, he saw a steamer in motion, reason reeled, and in a fit of temporary insanity he flung himself into the sea and perished.

LONDON STREETS IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIME.

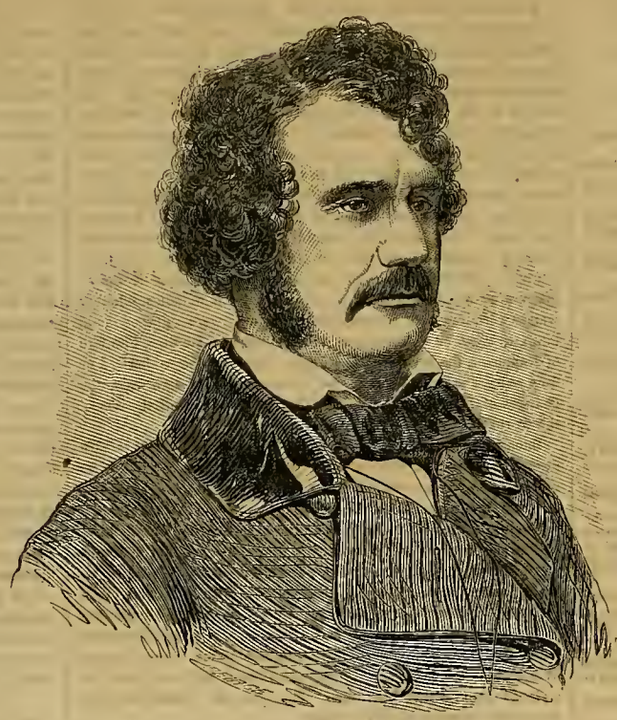
The Elizabethan streets were filled with itinerant salesmen, many of whose trades have long since passed away; charcoal-sellers from the country, buyers of old lace, sellers of "hot peas," and Irish applemongers. The open stalls were piled with rapiers and targets, Italian armor and poniards, silk points and ruffs, feathers, roses for shoes, scarfs, and a thousand other articles of finery now mouldering in quiet country vaults, and treasured here and there in the wardrobes of old show mansions. The paths were filled by jostling serving-men, French pages, watermen, wounded soldiers from the Dutch wars, Spanish gallants, Greek merchants, and here and there an astrologer or an alchemist come out for a moment to breathe a purer air than the poisonous atmosphere of his cellar or turret. There were actors and bear-wards, masters of fence, bullies and gentlemen pensioners, gay citizens' wives and falconers all bright, colored, shifting, motley and picturesque. There were beards of all classes and professions; the citizen with his trimmed gown and gold chain; the noble with his silk cloak and scented doublet, gold spurs and spangled feather; the scrivener with his rusty black coat and untailing bag; the divine with his cassock and bands; the yeoman with his unbarked staff; and the court lady rolling by in her gilded coach.—*London Globe.*

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM POISON.

We find the following statement in a late English paper:—A strange rumor is rife in the neighborhood of Watford, relative to an occurrence, which, if true, is quite remarkable. It appears, as near as we can gather from reliable sources, that a man (we omit names for obvious reasons), a short time since died bequeathing his property to his brother's wife, who has been suffering from continued ill health to such an extent as to render the services of a nurse indispensable. It also appears that a few mornings ago her husband took up to her room two cups of coffee, one for his wife, which he gave into her own hands, and the other he placed by the side of the fire for himself, after which he left the room for some purpose. In his absence, his wife complained of the coffee being cold, and the nurse exchanged her cup for the one on the hob, which the wife drank; soon after the husband returned and drank the coffee which had been substituted for his own, when he was immediately seized with the most racking pains in the stomach, and exhibited the usual effects of the most virulent poison. In five minutes the man expired, but from what cause at present can only be conjectured.

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK, JR.

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Waud, from a photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case, and is a fine likeness of the popular tragedian whose name heads this article. The fine, classical features, the fiery eye and lofty brow, are well delineated, and the individuality of the head will carry conviction of its likeness even to those who have not seen the original. James William Wallack, Jr., is the son of Henry Wallack, well known as a popular manager and performer, a nephew of James William Wallack, senior, a favorite veteran of the English and American stage, and was born in the city of Hull, Yorkshire, England, February 24, 1821. He made his first appearance on the stage at Wood and Warren's old Chestnut Street Theatre, as Rolla's child, J. W. Wallack, senior, playing Rolla, the father of the child being a member of the talented company. Mr. Henry Wallack removing to New York, his son received his preliminary education in that city, and afterwards pursued his studies in England at the celebrated "Baron House Academy," near London. It was his father's wish that young Wallack should enter one of the learned professions, but he yielded in view of the youth's invincible attachment to the stage. In 1838, we find him a member of the Bowery Theatre, New York, under the management of the late Thomas S. Hamblin, who became his warmly-attached friend, and continued so till his death. Mr. Wallack next went to the National Theatre, New York, then under his uncle's management, but at first gave no proofs of genius, his talents being overshadowed by diffidence in the presence of the public. At last, however, as the hero of Miss Charlotte Barnes's new tragedy, "Francesca Brigaldi," a part he assumed at a few hours' notice, on account of his father's illness, who was cast for the character, he made a resolute effort to do himself justice, and succeeded, electrifying the large and brilliant audience. From that date his position was established. After the destruction of the National Theatre by fire, Mr. Wallack made an extensive professional tour in the South and West, and, returning to Philadelphia, was engaged at the Walnut Street Theatre during the seasons of 1845 and 1846. Here he played "Werner" in Byron's tragedy of that name, on its first representation in this country. His "Melantius," in the "Bridal," and "King James," in the "King of the Commons," particularly the latter, were brilliant successes. He next accepted a very flattering engagement from Mr. Hamblin, to play the leading business at his theatre, with the privilege of contracting star engagements elsewhere, and became at once a reigning favorite. His next engagement was with Mr. Webster at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and the approbation of the first English critics ratified the verdict of our American public. At the Haymarket he sustained with success the most difficult characters in the whole range of the English drama, opening with Othello, and afterwards performing Hamlet with great success. Of his delineation of the latter character, a leading English journal remarked: "The melancholy prince was remarkably elaborated by his representative, who threw into it so much of picturesque effect, with such minuteness and variety in the distribution of the histrionic lights and shades, that the picture grew into unwonted life under the artist's hand, and the admiring audience were so strongly excited as to summon the performer before the curtain at the end of the second act. This is indeed an extraordinary honor, and through the entire piece his delineation of this most difficult part was performed with consummate skill, princely grace, and high tragic power." Of his performance of the almost equally difficult part of Macbeth, another accomplished critic wrote: "The entrance of Macbeth was greeted with prolonged applause, which quite accorded with the 'all hail' of the witches, and showed that he had established himself at first sight a favorite with the audience as well as with the 'world of spirits.' Mr. Wallack's commanding figure is well calculated to extort admiration, and there is a manly dignity in his personation of the brave general returning crowned with victory, which well accords with our idea of the character in the earlier scenes of the play. As the piece progressed, the actor rose with the occasion, and proved that his talents was not confined to mere elocutionary display; in the banquet-scene, his terror was *perfectly* natural, and in the subsequent scenes, when he feels himself tottering to his fall, and braves despair itself, loud and hearty plaudits crowned with entire success the efforts of our *debutant*." Those of our readers who have had the good fortune to witness Mr. Wallack's splendid delineation of Macbeth, will endorse the warm eulogies of the English critics. In 1851 Mr. Wallack returned to this country, of which he is now a citizen, and played a round of brilliant engagements. To those who have not witnessed his performances we cannot well convey an idea of his various excellencies. There are many points in acting which defy the subtlest analysis and baffle the descriptive powers of language. It is by comparing an unknown with a known actor that we impart a faint conception of his manner, but in the case of Mr. Wallack, this resort fails us, for he is one of the most strongly individualized performers on the stage. His style is emphatically his own. If he possess traits that remind you, at times, of other eminent tragedians, they are all fused in the original mould of his genius. Well educated, handsome in face and person, graceful in gesture, with a full, melodious, and highly cultivated voice, he ranges through a wide field of dramatic characters, displaying gifts that enable him to do full justice to each. A great flexibility of feature and a fine eye permit him to express with rapidity and intensity the various phases of intense passion and strong emotion. A remarkable analytical power developes traits of character that elude the grasp of less subtle students and delineators. In him the representative power of the actor rides to the height of the creative power of the dramatic poet. To him we may apply in all its force and scope the much abused name of artist. His impersonations are no crude sketches, but the elaborations of lofty genius combined with laborious and conscientious study. Mr. Wallack is now playing an engagement at the Boston Museum. Mr. Wallack is particularly a favorite in Boston, and always attracts large audiences; but then, as we have said, he is equally successful elsewhere. He possesses certain qualities which are universally admired, notwithstanding the great diversity of opinion which exists with regard to minute details of the histrionic art. Some actors of eminence succeed only in certain localities, and meet with comparative failures elsewhere, but Mr. Wallack, like Mr. Forrest, is everywhere acceptable, and for the same reasons, though they are not to be compared in style. Mr. Wallack has the fine expressive face, the melodious voice, the dash and spirit, and grace and picturesqueness of attitude which always secure attention from the outset. He has other and higher qualities, too, to secure the consideration his appearance commands, and confirm his success; he combines the physical and intellectual in a happy manner.



JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK, JR.

VIEW ON MILLER'S RIVER, MASS.

The pleasing and picturesque landscape on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and will give our readers an accurate idea of the scene it delineates, with its rocks, woods and winding turns. Miller's River is one of the most romantic streams in New England; it is quite shallow, winding among rocks, now turbid and now serenely tranquil. It takes its rise in ponds in Ashburnham and Winchendon, and follows a devious course through Royalston, Athol, Orange, and Wendell, till it reaches the Connecticut River at Irving. During the summer it is a quiet stream, but in the spring it becomes a river of mighty power, tearing its way along, rising suddenly many feet by the influence of the melting snow on the mountains between which it passes, and sweeping away mills, bridges, and whatever opposes its raging torrent. It often becomes choked by the logs which are floated down and by the ice, during the breaking up of winter, and when the dam thus formed breaks, the amount of damage to everything on its borders is immense. The county road between Orange and Greenfield passes for nearly eighteen miles on the banks of the river, and the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad follows its course, crossing it a number of times. Altogether, the route is one of much beauty, and exhibits favorably many of the peculiar features of the natural scenery in this part of the State.



VIEW ON MILLER'S RIVER, IRVING, MASS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DERIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. C. D., Mobile.—Four works in all—Ballou's Pictorial, The Weekly Novelette, The Flag of our Union, and Ballou's Dollar Monthly

MARINER.—Lieut. Maury says that the whales first pointed out the Gulf Stream, by avoiding its warm waters.

F. C.—The very last words that Nelson is said to have uttered were, "I thank God I have done my duty."

YORKTOWN.—Gen. Cass's father was Major Jonathan Cass, who enlisted in the Revolutionary army twenty-four hours after the Battle of Lexington was fought, and served in many campaigns

JEWELLER.—On the coast of California the pearl oysters do not lie in regular beds or heaps, but are most abundant in fissures and clefts of rocks in sheltered bays.

Miss H. C., Pelham, Mass.—During a part of the last century, the head-dress of a lady sometimes added three feet to her stature.

C. G. H.—The animals of Oregon and California are not the same as those of New England. The difference, in certain respects, is even greater than between the animals of New England and Europe.

S. T. G.—The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks.

M. F.—Kosciusko died at Soleure, Switzerland, Oct. 16, 1817.

ANTIQUARY.—A monument, commemorating Penn's treaty with the Indians, was erected by the Penn Society, in Kensington, where the elm-tree stood under which the treaty was made.

F. S. H.—The origin of the Mexicans is a question of great obscurity. According to Mr. Prescott, the plains of Anahuac were overrun, previous to the discovery of America, by several successive races from the northwest part of the continent where it approaches Asia

STYMIE.—Dr. Johnson stigmatized deeds and bonds as the greatest possible libels on the honesty of mankind.

MECHANIC.—In electrotyping, every ounce of copper deposited requires the solution of somewhat more than an ounce of zinc from the zinc plate of the battery. Five or six electrotypes may be made at once without increasing this expense, by arranging in succession several plates, each containing a mould and a copper plate connected by a wire with the mould in the next one.

INQUIRER.—The Hong merchants are a body of Chinese merchants residing at Canton, who have the exclusive privilege of trading with Europeans.

TEMPERANCE.—George Washington Raenhart, the temperance poet, of Kingston New York, is lecturing on temperance in California, and is meeting with success.

F. P.—There is some talk of a national subscription—individuals limited to a very small sum each—for the purpose of erecting a splendid monument to the memory of Dr. Kane.

S. S. M.—There are no tombs or monuments with escutcheons earlier than the 11th century.

Q. A. D., Barre, Vt.—The book you refer to is not to be obtained in this city.

T. G.—Augustus William Iffland was a celebrated German actor and dramatic writer. He died September 22, 1814.

P. H.—Science has discovered no certain remedy for that terrible disease, hydrophobia. You are right in supposing that it has sometimes broken out after lying dormant in the system for years.

R. B.—The monster English steamer, Eastern State, is expected at Portland some time in June, though her first voyage may be delayed beyond that.

POST-OFFICE STAMPS.—If post-masters throughout the country would be particular in stamping the envelopes of letters mailed at their respective offices, so that the same can be read, how much trouble would be avoided, and how many mistakes obviated! Correspondents should also be very careful to head their letters with the name of their post-office, the county and State *very plainly written*. What is simple enough to them, is an enigma to a stranger.

A GREAT MAN.—A young French conscript was lately sent home from the army, because he was of such colossal stature and so stout that he could not march in an infantry regiment, and so heavy that in the cavalry his weight would crush any horse he mounted.

SPLINTERS.

.... The permanent debt of the city of New York is about thirty millions—just about the amount of our national debt.

.... The pope has conferred on Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, the order o Pius IX.

.... Mrs. McMahon charges the press of this country with corruption. Her ill success has distorted her vision.

.... If men would follow the dictates of nature in their diet and habits, long life would be the rule.

.... The commerce of the United States has increased so rapidly every reduction of the tariff has produced increased importation.

.... The police force of Baltimore now numbers about four hundred men. They wear a neat and serviceable uniform.

.... Secret revolutionary societies are said to exist all over the continent of Europe. Trouble is ahead there.

.... Light is as necessary as air to life, and a brown complexion is preferable to the sickly pallor of ill health.

.... The post-office of London is the largest in the world, having a frontage of 400 feet, with a depth of 150 feet.

.... Tamouche, a war-chief of the Utahs, lately killed two of his physicians, because they failed to cure two of his wives.

.... It is feared that the cold weather of the last month seriously injured the cotton and sugar crops.

.... Tempting ripe strawberries were lately exhibited in a druggist's window at Springfield. Such medicine is easy to take.

.... It is reported that England has ceded to France Longwood House and Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena.

.... The U. S. Treasurer recently received a letter actually directed as follows:—"You might ED Stats Treser."

.... Young physicians find it hard to get into business; but they will succeed if they only have *patients*.

.... The Costa Ricans have offered $10,000 for Walker's head, or $20,000 for him alive.

.... There are 26 orphan asylums in the State of New York, in which 9000 little ones are fed, clothed and educated.

.... The copper mine in Warren, N. H., is now being worked with a good prospect of success. A very rich vein has been struck.

.... There are places in Europe where, though the landlord has two-thirds of the produce, farming yet pays well.

.... The publishers and booksellers at the New York Trade Sale adopted resolutions in honor of the late B. B. Mussey.

.... Mr. Zimmerman, killed in the Canada railroad accident, left real estate valued at $7,000,000.

THE EMPIRE OF FASHION.

A traveller who had roamed over the whole world, one day landed on an almost unknown island in the Pacific, where he found an Englishman established, like another Robinson Crusoe, who had not seen a European for many years, and who gave him a cordial reception. "Come and dine with me," said he, "and tell me all the news, and I'll introduce you to my wife, who has remained faithful to the customs of our dear Europe in the midst of this savage solitude." In the evening, the navigator met in the colonist's house, a woman clad in a lilac silk dress, with a scarlet ribbon round her waist, a gauze turban and feather on her head, kid gloves on her hands, and satin slippers on her feet. It was in the days of the Waterloo campaign, and the English colonist asked a thousand eager questions about the politics and history of Europe. His wife, on the contrary, had but one idea—it was to learn what was the favorite color of fashionable ladies, whether waists were longer or shorter, whether sleeves were tight or made large, *en gigot*, or whether bonnets were large or small. The fate of Napoleon, the destinies of Europe, were nothing to her. For four years, she said, she had not received a ray of light as to the changes of fashion, and she was afraid she was behind the rest of the world in the style of her dress.

Such is the empire of this absolute tyranny, of this sovereign despotism called Fashion, which extends its sceptre over the remotest realms, unites the most dissimilar minds in the same subordination, and alone of all the great powers of the earth, can truly say, with Charles V., "that the sun never sets on its dominions."

Thrones crumble—nations change; the most brilliant triumphs come to nothing—glories, reverses are forgotten; but Fashion remains, ruling and governing the world. With eyes wide open, and mind alert on everything that afflicts or dazzles humanity, Fashion makes a trophy of each celebrity, gives an illustrious name to a knot of ribbons, and commemorates a new bonnet. Wellington and Blucher will be remembered by many from the style of boots which bear their name, just as Talma, the great actor, was mnemonized by a cloak.

Sages and scribes toil in compiling biographies and narratives of great men and deeds, but the rulers of fashion do more than they to perpetuate a reputation. There are warriors and artists, and actors and statesmen, whose names are circulated by means of coats and ribbons, where books and newspapers never penetrate. Railroads and steamboats are the busy messengers of Fashion, one of the greatest powers that rule the world. There are many men and women, we are sorry to say, who would rather be unrighteous than unfashionable.

CHINA.

We have strong hopes that the difficulties between Great Britain and China may be settled without a long war, for, obstinate and infatuated as the Chinese government may be, the emperor cannot but see that longer resistance to the pressure of western civilization must be suicidal. For, it must be remembered, the Chinese have not a simple foreign enemy to deal with; the revolution within their own borders is gnawing at their very vitals. Little positive information as we have respecting the character, objects and actual extent of the rebellion, we know that the insurgents have maintained themselves for years, that they are very numerous and have gained important victories at many points of the empire. The result of the difficulty with England must be to throw open the ports of China to the commerce of England and America, to the benefit of both the Chinese and the merchants of the western world. It may be that the fruits of free intercourse will be the regeneration of China, but what will be her future aspect and government it is impossible to predict.

BINDING.—Those of our readers who have valuable pamphlets, magazines, music, or newspapers, which they desire to preserve, have only to do them up in a package, hand them to the express, addressed, with directions inside, to this office, and they will be elegantly bound and returned in *one week*. Binding of every description done at this office in the neatest manner and at the *lowest* rates. Books which have become soiled, binding injured, or torn off, we can repair and make as good as new.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—We have observed with pleasure the steady improvement in this favorite American illustrated journal, both in the reading matter and the finish and beauty of the engravings. Its editorial gossip is particularly terse and spicy, and its contributors are among the best writers of the day. It is highly creditable to Boston to send forth such a brilliant publication all over the land. Mr. Ballou richly deserves the remarkable success which has crowned his labors.—*Dayton Sentinel.*

SWINISH.—An Indiana paper descanting in raptures on the multitudes of swine *en route* (root?) for Cincinnati, says—"It seemed as if the vast arena of Nature's storehouse was filled with hogs."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—This admirable and useful weekly journal comes to us regularly with its columns crowded with interest and choice information. If there is another miscellaneous newspaper in the country of more true value to the home circle, it has not yet been our chance to see it.—*Westford (Ohio) Examiner.*

JAPAN FASHIONABLES.—The ladies of Japan beat ours entirely, for when they frequent the theatre, they make a point of changing their dresses two or three times during the performance.

A GALLANT OLD GENTLEMAN.—Major Noah used to say that his great-grandfather, at the age of ninety-six, had a constant disposition to make love to all the handsome market-women.

SNAGS.—The steamboats employed to take snags out of the great rivers of the west are called "tooth-pullers."

BOOK MAKING.

The wise man told us long ago that "to the making of many books there was no end," but could he walk the earth at the present day he would hold up his hands in amazement at the frantic activity of authors and publishers. Is it possible for a man to read all that is written and published? No—not for a *man* but for *men*—a distinction and a difference worth noting. Because books are poured forth in such quantities that it is next to impossible to remember only the titles, we are not rashly to suppose that they are all trash. By no means—they are many because they address themselves to a multiplicity of tastes—devote themselves to a thousand different specialities.

The young and ambitious student, in the outset of his career of toil, is dazzled and daunted at the number of dishes which make the "feast of reason." Let him beware of tasting of all, or he will spoil his appetite and digestion. Let him remember that a thorough familiarity with a few good books makes the really learned man now just as it did before the mechanical improvements which enable us to facilitate the manufacture of books on an enormous scale. A few good books contain the outlines of all history, science and art—the skeleton of knowledge with which every well-bred man *must* be acquainted. Then, when a passion for any particular science or particular part of history is engendered, the wealth of modern literature comes into play. Then the student realizes what a blessing the activity of the press is. If he wishes to sound to their depths the great heart and mind of Napoleon, he will find a library of Napoleonic books—histories, codes, memoirs, debates, reports, journals. So, would he unroll the history of Egypt, he will find long lines of volumes all bearing on the subject. The complaint that this is an age of money-getting and materialism is groundless; the account sales of the bookmakers tell a different story. Enormous production can only be the result of an enormous demand, and the literary activity of the age is its proudest characteristic.

"BLANCHE D'ARTOIS."—We are permitted to state that the poems which have appeared from time to time in our various publications under the above *nom de plume*, and which have elicited deserved commendation, were written for us by Mrs. Julie H. Layton, of Roslyn, N. Y.; also, that the same lady is the authoress of all the poetry we have published under the names of "Frank Freelove," "Lieut. Holm, U. S. N." and "Irene Montague." Though dashed off *currente calamo*, this lady's productions evince poetical merit of a high order.

NO ADVERTISEMENTS.—We are constantly importuned by persons knowing our large circulation to advertise for various parties in Ballou's Pictorial. We beg to say, once for all, that we devote the entire space of our mammoth sheet solely to reading matter and illustrations.

GOOD IDEA.—A school ship is fitting out at Baltimore for the instruction of maritime pupils. It is the first of the kind in the United States, and we dare say the pupils will go on swimmingly.

FRESCO PAINTING.—This is said to be the most durable style of the artist's work, lasting for centuries. We are glad it is become fashionable for the decoration of elegant apartments.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr Aaron G. Walker to Miss Lucretia R. Jones; by Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. Prince H. Saunders, of Hartford, Ct., to Miss Lucinda W. Mitchell; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Thomas Starbird, of Portland, to Miss Frances A Johnson; by Rev. Mr. Kellogg, Mr James F. Wiggin to Miss Lavinda Lucas; at East Boston, by Rev Mr Clark, Mr. Edward F Boswell to Miss Clara L. Cost, both of Candia, N. H.—At Chelsea, by Rev Mr. Caldicott, Mr. S. M. P. Hersey, of Charlestown, to Miss Georgie S. Williamson.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Harrington, Mr. Edward McIntyre to Miss Mary C. Bent, of Sudbury.—At Brookline, by Rev. Dr. Hedge, Mr. George Thomas, of Hopkinton, to Miss Abby A. Winch.—At East Weymouth, by Rev. Mr. Houghton, Mr. William O. Currier, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Varona A , only daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. George F. Emerson to Miss Amelia J. Parker.—At Lawrence, by Rev Mr Packard, Mr. John Johnstone to Miss Harriet Wiley, both of North Andover.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr Samuel Horner, of Danvers, to Miss Elizabeth A. Atchison.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. McKeown, Mr. Willard Blanding to Miss Mary E. Griger.—At Northampton, by Rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. Elisha A. Tenny to Miss Amelia A. Way.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr Childs, Mr. W. L. Dodge to Miss Hannah W Burdett.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Isabella D Perkins, 34; Miss Sarah F Dean, 25; Mrs. Alice Chandler, 61; Miss Sarah Jane Ferguson, of Bristol, Vt., 18; at East Boston, Mr. William C. Marden, 49.—At Charlestown, Miss Helen Titus, 26.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Jane N. Finley, 39.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Josiah Richardson, of the firm of George B. Richardson & Co., Boston, 46.—At Jamaica Plain, Mr. Nathaniel Curtis, 83.—At Dorchester, Mr. George D. Jordan, 23.—At Quincy, Mr. Adam Hardwick, 84.—At Waltham, Mrs. Ann Maxwell, 69.—At Clinton, Miss Louisa Faulkner, of Lowell, 54.—At Lowell, Miss Josephine A. Gordon, of Chesterville, Me., 27.—At Kingston, Deacon George Russell, formerly of Boston, 53.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Eleanor Hicken, 28.—At Newbury, Miss Sarah Ann Little, 34.—At West Newbury, Mr George Gordon, 70.—At Salisbury Point, Mrs. Polly Currier, 87.—At Norton, Capt. Earl Hodges, 47.—At Northampton, Mrs Electa B Lee, 69.—At Springfield, Mr Henry Brewer, 78.—At Coleraine, Mr. Joseph Thompson, 88.—At Ware, Mr. John De Witt, 82, father of Hon Francis De Witt.—At Bachertown, Mr Silas Walker, 92.—At Russell, Mr. Newman Bishop, 97.—At Lee, Mr. Stephen Bradley, 82.—At Agawam, Mrs. Sarah Werthington, 89.—At New Bedford, Mr. John A. Wood, 21.—At Provincetown, Mrs. Bethiah E. Grozier, 43.—At Portland, Me, Miss Frances Brewer, 62, formerly of this city.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ACROSTIC.

BY MACS MAURICE.

Bright child of Art, we welcome thee,
All sparkling from her lavish hand,
Like corals from an Eastern sea:
Like diamonds dug in foreign land!
O'er countless homes thy smiling face,
Unveiling beauties full of grace,
Sheds truth and light in every place.

Proud is thy name where'er 'tis known—
In foreign lands its accents trill:
Come back again in warbling tone,
Then echo clear o'er stream and hill.
O, may thy mission still proceed:
Record the beautiful in art;
Intwine with wreaths the honest deed,
And beautify each willing heart:
Live on, and ne'er thy fame depart!

PERFECTION.

Scorn not one verse because it might soar higher—
What's *perfect* on poor earth? Is not the bird,
At whose sweet song the forests ache with love,
Shorn of all beauty? Is the bittern's cry
As merry as the lark's?—the lark's as soft
As the lost cuckoo's? Nay, the lion hath
His fault; and the elephant, though sage as wisdom,
May grieve he lacks the velvet of the pard.—BARRY CORNWALL.

THE HEART.

My heart is like the sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky;
And only feels its surface break
When birds of passage wander by:
Who dip their wings and upward soar,
And leave it quiet as before.—WILLIS.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.—WORDSWORTH.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

In the old Plymouth colony laws for 1669, we find the following, to which we invite the attention of our bachelor friends:—"Whereas great inconvenience hath arisen by single psons in this Collonie being for themselves, and not betaking themselves to live in well gov'ned families, it is enacted by the Court, that henceforth no siogle pson be suffered to live of himselfe, or in any family but such as the Celectmen of the Towne may approve of; and if any pson or psons shall refuse or neglect to attend such order as shall be given then by the Celectmen, that pson or psons shall be summoned to the Court, to be proceeded with as the matter shall require."..... It is currently reported that Arrowsmith, the fabricator of the Georgia Railroad duel story published in the London Times, is an opium eater. He undoubtedly believes his impossible story himself, though it has been disproved by the affidavits of all the railroad employees..... We see a rumor that there is a likelihood of a reconciliation between the Hon. Mrs. Norton and her husband. It would be strange if they should be re-united after so many years' separation..... A curious item has come to light in the history of our secret service-money. It seems that the "$10,000 to a Mexican officer of rank," paid out by Gen Scott, in Mexico, was paid to no other than President Santa Anna, the man whose patriotism began and ended in his own pocket..... The organ-grinders of New York have lately abandoned their instruments for a time, and engaged in the good work of cleaning the streets. This was good policy—the better the condition of the streets, the better chance of obtaining out-door auditors..... It is mentioned in the course of an able article in the North British Review, that very rarely has a woman who has been employed as a domestic help, and has preserved her character, been an applicant for charity at the workhouses or other charitable institutions of England. Every other class of out-door employees has been admitted into the poorhouses, many of them having much higher wages than these domestics. In this country a great prejudice exists in the minds of girls against domestic service. It was not so formerly..... The great resort of the Germans of New York is a place called the Volks Garten..... An anti-garrote collar has been invented. It is made of iron, and a knife-blade is hidden, so that when a garroter seizes the neck of an unsuspecting wearer of the collar, his fingers are terribly lacerated. That gentry will need a good deal of tact in pursuing their occupation. We believe garroting is on the decline..... Laura Keene manages her new theatre in New York with infinite tact..... Goold Brown, the celebrated writer on English grammar, died lately at Lynn, in this State..... An urchin at one of our schools, the other day, failing to recite his lesson, quoted, in excuse, the old adage, "Little boys should be seen, not heard!" His ingenuity saved him from punishment..... This is surely an age of wonders. The other day we read of a mare who broke her leg in a race, in Australia, had it amputated, and now performs her work with a cork leg. This beats Mynheer Von Clam's cork leg all hollow..... Rev. Daniel Waldo, the venerable chaplain of the National House of Representatives, is ninety-four years of age. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and once fell into the hands of the infamous "Cow-Boys," of the "Neutral Ground."..... Happening into Cotton's, the other day, we saw a magnificent landscape fresh from the easel of Morviller, a French artist, now located in this vicinity. It is admirably done, and its color and atmospheric effect rich and truthful..... A monument is to be erected at Pittsfield, Mass., over the grave of Mrs. Denning, the first female pioneer in the settlement of that town. We are glad to see the efforts making in every direction to commemorate the good deeds of our ancestry..... The English admiralty are preparing for a long struggle with John Chinaman. John may serve yet to "point a moral," as well as "adorn a tail."..... A coal-burning locomotive, in Illinois, recently ran 254 miles, and saved $22 50 in cost of fuel, by burning coal instead of wood. Our forests are so fast disappearing, that it becomes imperative to substitute coal for wood—otherwise the cost of fuel will soon become ruinous..... There are very few good and brilliant talkers in this country, and very few persons who understand the art and mystery of silence. La Bruyere says, thoughtfully, "It is a great misfortune not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."..... We believe it was Butwer who first commented on the periodicity of certain crimes. Just now there seems to be a murder mania, and the community are discussing the best manner of dealing with homicidal criminals..... Lord Bacon, we think, was rather mistaken when he said, "You may observe that, among all the great and worthy persons, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."..... Sir Robert Peel has lately got into trouble by satirizing the Russians, and some of their coronation guests, in a public lecture. But he does not seem to care a straw about their censures. His lecture at Manchester made his audience laugh, and accomplished his object..... The emperor of Japan has received, in a style of royal magnificence, a scientific German, sent out to work his mines at his request..... The works of Pedro de Soto, a fine Spanish poet, frequently alluded to by Cervantes, in his Don Quixotte, have been recently brought to light in Andalusia..... Dr. Alcott, among the many valuable truths in his "Laws of Health," says:—"Woman, in fact, engaged as she is much of the time within doors, needs out-of-door employments, and even muscular ones, far more than man—especially the farmer, laborer, or mechanic." A reform in the habits of our young ladies is certainly much needed..... A memorable edifice, situated in Tottenham Court-yard, London, has recently been destroyed by fire. It was the first place of worship erected by George Whitefield, and was capable of seating 20,000 persons. The overheating of a flue, a common cause of fire in this country, produced the catastrophe..... Hiram Powers is hard at work on a Masonic statue of Washington, to which the various lodges in this country have subscribed the funds..... A new umbrella has been manufactured in Connecticut, it seems, called the "lending umbrella." It is made of brown paper and willow twigs. Tin-bladed jacknives, to accommodate borrowing friends, should also be thrown into the market..... The famous revolutionist, Danton, said the French were incapable of revolt when the sun was shining; and a fire-engine has often dispersed a mob that would have resisted a charge of infantry or cavalry. We are decidedly in favor of hydropathy for rioters..... General Scott's headquarters will remain at New York for the next four years. The old veteran looks finely still, erect, soldierly and vigorous..... In the religious world, we hear most cheering accounts of awakenings to grace all over the country, and in various denominations of Christians..... Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed whether it was a letter or not. "If it were not," he said, "it would make me *ill* all the days of my life."..... Eight and a half pounds of corn are required to produce one pound of pork..... Now that Mr. John Dean is receiving an education at a country school, and Mrs. John Dean is with her family, we do really hope the papers will give them a respite from their comments..... Now is the time to set ont grape-vines. Let every man who has a patch of ground in the country, or a little yard in the city, attend to this. There is no production of the earth that more liberally repays culture; and the only fault to be found with a grape-vine is, that it grows too luxuriantly. The best vine for out-door cultivation in this latitude is the Diana..... The constant unrest of a great city is like the perpetual motion of the sea. Even at midnight the waves are stirring. When is New York ever silent?..... A Latin epitaph was proposed by a French theologian for Voltaire, which may be translated as follows:—"In poetry, great; in history, little; in philosophy, least; in religion, nothing."..... The bass-wood paper experiment has failed, and the mill at Rome has been closed..... The first railroad in the United States was the granite railway at Quincy. The pioneer among the advocates of the railroad system in this country, was Hon. Nathan Hale, of this city. His articles on the question, in the Boston Daily Advertiser, would fill volumes..... A letter in a New Orleans paper says, that if the Indians in Florida are not subdued in the course of this month, it never can be done. It seems strange that a few hundred Indians are able to set at defiance the military power of the United States..... M'me de Jussieu, widow of Antoine Laurent de Jussieu (the creator of the *Methode Naturelle*), died at the Garden of Plants, Paris, recently, in her ninetieth year; and with her disappears from the Garden of Plants the name of de Jussieu, illustrated by five botanists, all of whom were members of the Academy of Sciences..... Various arts are taught and practised now-a-days, but to learn how to grow old gracefully is something that, important as it is, few have attempted..... The art of haranguing armies in actual service seems to have gone out of use, and we fancy there are few living generals capable of making a good speech. Yet what an effective use Napoleon made of the power of eloquence! His reference to the "sun of Austerlitz" will never be forgotten. And at a later period—his return from Elba—the few words, "Victory rushes forward at the charge," were sufficient to overthrow the resolution of so old a soldier as Ney, and were, in fact, the immediate cause of his death..... A friend of ours paid a visit to Mount Monadnock once, and was astonished that his hostess, in the immediate vicinity, had never ascended it. "Waal," said she, "most folks dooz think it kinder onrous."..... Our old friends, the flies, have begun to buzz round us about these days in quite sufficient numbers. A fly lays four times during the summer, each time 80 eggs, which make 320; and it is computed that the produce of a single fly in the course of a summer, amounts to 3,080,320—so that Uncle Toby's tenderness to the blue-bottle was rather mistaken sentimentality..... We do not believe the story that strawberries and green peas have made their appearance in Salem market. If so, it must be "six of one and half a dozen of the other."..... An editorial friend of ours, living not a thousand miles from our sanctum, has had a knife presented him with many blades, which, in addition to a corkscrew, gimlet and bodkin, contains a hair-brush, a bootjack, and a season ticket to the Boston Theatre..... Met with a pretty good anecdote in a French jest-book, the other day. A Franciscan friar, mounted on an ass, had to pass through a rivulet which crossed the road. The beast was unwilling to go on, and the friar dismounted to urge him on. The animal at length entered the water, but trembled as he stepped forward. A man, who was passing at the time, said, "Father, your ass trembles." "O, replied the friar, "if you were in his situation, you would tremble too. If you had a rope round your neck, irons on your feet, and a friar at your side, you would certainly think you were going to be executed."..... There is a man in New Jersey who once received a flogging from Louis Philippe, when he was teaching school at Haddonfield, in that State..... Foreign smugglers use the most ingenious devices to deceive the revenue officers. Among a bushel of French eggs lately seized at Dover, were a large number manufactured out of ivory, and filled with very rich and expensive lace.

RESUSCITATION—A LA CHINESE.

The Chinese have many queer customs, among which their method of restoring to life those persons who have been the victims of suffocation, is as curious and absurd as any. A short time since, several Chinese were poisoned with the fumes of charcoal, and two of them, a man and woman, underwent the process of resuscitation, the *modus operandi* of which was as follows:—They were laid on the sidewalk in the midst of a large crowd, which had been drawn to the spot through curiosity, when their "great medicine man" went to work. By his directions, little bits of wood and paper were lighted and strewn over the bodies, and one, if we remember right, was placed in the man's ear. Finding this did no good, the "medicine man" took from his pocket a mass of some compound, which formed, no doubt, a principal agent in his practice of medicine. This substance he lighted and placed on the man's forehead, and another of the same sort on the woman's. These drugs in burning emitted a heavy smoke, and a most sickening smell, sufficiently disgusting to turn a living man's stomach; it was probably expected that, if any signs of life remained in the subject, this would fetch him. The drugs having burnt down to, and blistered, the skin, without producing any effect, the "medicine man" called for a bucket of water, when, having filled his mouth, he ejected it over the bodies before him, accompanying each shower with a loud exclamation, very much like a man clearing his throat. Having repeated this several times without success, he gave it up as a bad job, and departed.—*South Californian.*

Choice Miscellany.

ORIGIN OF COAL.

Dr. David Dale Owen, in a recent lecture at Vincennes upon Agricultural Chemistry, incidentally alludes to the origin of coal. The doctor is not a believer in the theory of the vegetable origin of coal, but, in the language of the Gazette, is an advocate of the more modern and rational idea that coal is the condensation or solidification of the vast volumes of the carbonic gases that surrounded the world before the temperature of the earth and its atmosphere had been reduced to a condition to support animal life. It was the gradual reduction of temperature, and the absorption of the carbonic gases—so fatal to animal life—into vegetables and woods, and the condensation of them into those vast storehouses of fuel—or coal strata—for the future use of man, that prepared the earth first for the rougher animals, and finally for a habitation for man. This is undoubtedly the true theory, and most beautifully illustrates the beneficent providence of the Creator, who transformed the most fatal substance to man's existence in the early periods of the world, to be one of his chiefest blessings in the maturer ages of the earth, when man should be fitted for and need its use. And thus are all apparent evils upon earth made, in his infinite providence, the basis of great good to the subjects of the divine government. In reference to manuring, the doctor remarked:—"The idea of manuring land from the atmosphere was novel to some, who were surprised to learn that the ammonia deposited by the rain on each acre of land in a year was sufficient, with its accessories, to produce two tons of vegetable matter. This explained the difference between rain and irrigation to plants."

CHATSWORTH.

The Duke of Devonshire's palace, at Chatsworth, is said to exceed in magnificence any other in the kingdom. In the grounds about the house are kept four hundred head of cattle and fourteen hundred deer. The kitchen-garden contains twelve acres, and is filled with almost every species of fruit and vegetables. A vast *arboretrum*, connected with the establishment, is designed to contain a sample of every tree that grows. There is also a grass conservatory, three hundred and eighty seven feet in length, one hundred and twelve in breadth, sixty-seven in height, covered by seventy-six thousand square feet of glass, and warmed by seven miles of pipe conveying hot water. One plant was obtained from India by a special messenger, and is valued at ten thousand dollars. One of the fountains near the house plays two hundred and seventy-six feet high—said to be the highest jet in the world. Chatsworth contains thirty-five hundred acres; but the duke owns ninety-six thousand acres in Derbyshire. Within, Chatsworth is one vast scene of painting, sculpture, mosaic-work, carved wainscoting, and all the elegances and luxuries within the reach of almost boundless wealth and highly-refined taste. The duke's income is one million of dollars per annum, yet he manages to spend it all. It will be remembered that Paxton, the originator of the Crystal Palace, is the Duke of Devonshire's head gardener; and to him is the duke's palace at Chatsworth indebted for all its glories.—*New York Chronicle.*

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.

Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will not only indulge more in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them; and consequently will, in general, sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning; nothing but the practical habit of overcoming our own selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. Indulgence infallibly produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and nothing but severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

New Publications.

THE WORLD'S OWN. By JULIA WARD HOWE, author of "Passion Flowers." Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 141.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist with regard to the story of this play, no one who reads it can deny the splendor and vigor of its language. It contains very many passages of wonderful poetical beauty, and more than one scene of great dramatic power. As a first effort in a difficult branch of literature, it is a decided success.

HOFFMAN'S FAIRY TALES. Boston: Burnham Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 274.

A collection of deeply interesting and exciting stories, admirably translated. It is understood that one of the Messrs. Burnham is the author of this spirited version. "Ye Antique Bookstore," Cornhill, Boston, where this work is issued, is one of the most valuable literary repositories in the country. It is crowded from cellar to roof with works in all languages, modern and ancient, and the whole establishment is managed with energy, tact and success.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES. By MACAULAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 335.

Macaulay is one of the most vivid intellectual portrait-painters living. This volume groups together his most brilliant biographies, and is eminently readable. For sale by Redding & Co.

VIVIA: or, *The Secret of Power*. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 540.

Mrs. Southworth is an indefatigable writer, and keeps up the interest of her romances wonderfully, in spite of the immense amount of brain work she performs. "Vivia" is a highly exciting story. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

ENQUIRE WITHIN FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW: or, *Over Thirty-Seven Hundred Facts worth knowing, etc.* New York: Garret, Dick & Fitzgerald. 1857. 12mo.

Such is the quaint title of a work crowded with items of useful information, that would be really bewildering, but that it is systematically arranged, indexed and alphabetized, so that any topic can be found in a moment. As a work of reference, every family should possess one. For sale by Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co., 25 and 29 Cornhill.

STORIES OF THE ISLAND WORLD. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. New York: Harper & Brother. 1857. 15mo.

These stories of Madagascar, New Zealand, Ceylon, and other noted islands, are narrated in a pleasant style, addressed to juvenile readers, and are finely illustrated. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE DAYS OF MY LIFE. An Autobiography by the author of "Margaret Maitland." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 411.

A well written and deeply interesting domestic story. The incidents, though some of them are startling enough, are all within the scope of probability. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson we have received "La Blondina Polka," "Tacea la Notte Placida," from Il Trovatora, "Reverie du Nord (Nocturne Mazurka)," by Bergmuller, Spanish March, for the guitar, "They've Sunny Lands more Bright and Fair (song)," Beethoven's "Adelaide," "Song of Marion," and the "Home Quadrilles."

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at TWO DOLLARS a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money.

Editorial Melange.

The forty thousand Jews who form a part of the population of San Francisco, have started a paper. —— Wm. Wallace, a young man living in Londonderry, N. H., had his arm broken singularly, lately. He was standing in the doorway of the barn, and the wind blew the door to, breaking both bones of the right arm between the wrist and elbow. —— The president has appointed Christopher Carson—the "Kit Carson," of Fremont's expedition—Indian agent for New Mexico. —— While several negroes belonging to Dr. Selby were engaged in clearing up an old field situated in the upper portion of Liberty county, Missouri, they killed, on about four acres of field, twenty-one rattle-snakes and one moccasin snake. —— A steamboat is to be put on the Susquehanna River, at Harrisburg, where it was thought nothing could run but a raft in a freshet. —— Comet panics are no novelty. During one of these popular trepidations, the French Academy of Science offered a prize for the solution of the problem, "What are the chances of the earth being struck by the impending comet?" The answer, if we recollect right, was, "One chance for, two millions against!" The public agitation immediately subsided. —— The exports from New Orleans to Boston amount to some $9,000,000 a year. —— In London, the police are the most omnipresent and efficient of men—always ready to do you any proper service, to protect you from any unestablished and unauthorized impositions, and always doing either in a prompt and polite manner. They take a pride in their profession. —— Rev. George Daland, who has labored usefully and acceptably at South Braintree for the last eight years, has accepted a unanimous call to become pastor of the Baptist Church, Meredith Village, N. H., and has entered upon his labors. —— The manufacture of hoop skirts is shortly to be entered upon on a large scale at Sing Sing prison, under the State contract. Hoop skirts are becoming as much of a staple as hats and shoes. —— Rev H. Ballou, D. D., was very agreeably surprised, a few days since, to see, on entering his parlor, a valuable collection of books for his library and a splendid oil painting some three feet square, representing Chocorua Peak, a mountain of great majesty in the region of the White Mountains. These gifts were sent him by a coterie of his friends in Boston. —— Governor King, of New York, has returned to the president of the Hudson River Railroad a free pass that had been sent to him, and declines to receive this delicate attention from the corporation. —— The iron crown of Lombardy contains a thin inner rim of that metal, believed by some to be a nail of the cross beaten out into a circlet. Externally it is enriched with jewels set in gold. —— Upwards of one million and a quarter dollars have been subscribed for the six new banks to be started in St. Louis. —— A movement is said to be on foot in New York city, to establish an "Independent Religious Association," for public worship in one service on Sunday, eschewing all denominational name or sectarian peculiarity. It is said that the project has the support of several influential persons, who think of inviting a distinguished scholar to assume the pastoral care of the association. —— The fisheries in the Potomac River have been very unproductive this season, the mud banks which formed last winter interfering very much with the catch. —— The following extraordinary notice appears in the Nantucket Enquirer:—"I, the only lawful wife of John P. Gardner, hereby forbid all clergymen or justices of the peace from marrying him until he gets a divorce from me—Louisa T. Gardner." —— There are in operation, in Maine, 508 miles of railroad, costing about $17,500,000, showing a gross income of about $1,500,000 for the last year. —— Two little boys, seven and eight years of age, sons of Isaac Bunn, near Mazeppa, Minnesota, died recently from drinking freely of whiskey, to which they obtained access during the absence of their parents from home. —— The only daughter of Omar Pacha, who was married, in 1853, to Tefik Pacha, nephew of the Serdar, and after his death in the Crimea, to Omar Bey, another nephew, poisoned herself at Belgrade. She had been educated according to European habits, and was driven to the rash act by the bad treatment she experienced from her husband.

CONGRESSIONAL ELOQUENCE.—A few years ago a green orator in Congress delivered himself of the following burst of argumentative eloquence:—"Mr. Speaker, my opinion is, that the ginerality of mankind, in ginera, are disposed to take the disadvantige of the ginerality of mankind in ginera."—"Sit down, you fool," whispered Col. Crockett, who sat near him, "you're comin' out the same hole you went in!"

A MODEL ANSWER.—A highly respectable old gentleman, in a neighboring State, being tendered the nomination for governor by his friends, declined, saying, "I have enjoyed a good character all my life, and I have no notion of losing it now, in my old age, by being set up for governor!"

ADVANTAGE OF UGLINESS.—Mirabeau was both the ugliest man and most effective orator of France. "You know not," said he, "the power of my ugliness." It certainly aided the terror of his denunciations.

NEW DEFINITION.—A young lady at a boarding school being asked why the noun bachelor is singular, replied, "Because it's very singular they don't get married."

Wayside Gatherings.

Our affairs with China continue to occupy the attention of the administration.

The Mexican question continues to be discussed by the inhabitants of Cuba.

A Mrs. Brown of Providence poisoned her child by giving it Croton oil instead of Castor oil. The babe lived but a few hours.

Mrs. Davis Kepler, in a New York city court, has recovered a verdict of $1300 against Andrew Sonneman for breach of promise of marriage. She is a widow with three children.

Hon. James Gadsden, late minister to Mexico, has made a donation of $500 to the Ladies' Calhoun Monument Association. The fund at the disposal of this association now exceeds $20,000.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee of twelve shipowners, to inquire into the alleged cruelties to seamen on board merchant ships, and to adopt measures for the suppression of the abuse.

Peers of the realm are not allowed to vote for members of the English House of Commons. The same disqualification is extended to every class of officers concerned in the management or collection of the excise, customs, stamp duties, salt duties, window and house duties, or in any department of the post-office.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Bacon, of Portland, while engaged in preparing the altar in the Catholic church for the devotional services of Holy week, fell from a ladder and was precipitated against a settee, breaking his right arm, fracturing the elbow joint, and producing a severe contusion on the hip and right side.

The New York Mirror says in many of our fashionable families, a game of billiards, in which the ladies join, follows the dinner as regularly as "tea time." In this very way home is made pleasant, healthful, and full of amusement; and young men will not be driven abroad to low haunts for their excitement.

For the purpose of illuminating under water, a submarine lantern has been contrived. The flame in the lantern is surrounded with two glass cylinders—the outer being placed half an inch from the inner. This leaves a space for air, by which means the vapor from the lamp is prevented from dimming the light by condensation.

The well-known "Yankee Card-Writer" was subjected to a horse-whipping at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, recently, for having sent a couple of ladies a bouquet with a card attached, stating that he wished to make their acquaintance. An uncle of the young ladies took umbrage at the supposed insult, and castigated the gentleman accordingly.

The New York Express gives an account of a Quaker wedding in high life, which appears to have been a wide departure from the rigid simplicity with which the ceremonies of the Society of Friends are generally conducted. Six bridesmaids officiated, and not only white satin, but ermine, rose-colored trimmings, and hoops of the usual enormous size, made a part of the bridal attire.

The executors of the estate of the late Mrs. Emily C. Judson (Fanny Forrester), have released the Rev. Dr. R. W. Griswold from his engagement to prepare a history of her life for the press, on account of the critical condition of his health. An engagement has been made with the Rev. Dr. Kendrick of Rochester, New York, to perform the service.

The Persian Ambassador at Paris, Ferouk Khan, has just presented to Louis Napoleon four Arab horses of the purest blood, from his master the Shah. Their peculiarities are two—that they are larger than any blood-horses hitherto seen, and that they have no manes. Paris was very much delighted with the beauty of these animals.

A wealthy gentleman of New York offers to support, during a four years' course of study preparatory to the Christian ministry, fifty young men chosen for piety and intellectual promise. The estimated expense is $300 a year, making the sum of $15,000 a year for four years, or $60,000 in all, contributed to the cause of ministerial education.

The genuine bank note circulation of the United States, at the present time, is estimated to represent $190,000,000. In addition to these, there is in circulation a vast number of counterfeit bank notes, whose representative value cannot be computed, and which perform all the functions of money, the holders of each being, for various reasons, unable to distinguish the one from the other.

The Louisville Journal says that in that city, recently, an old Irishman, who is verging on the grave, was sent the workhouse in default of bail. He is a very fine scholar, and was once the professor of mathematics in an Eastern college. He has been living there for many years, leading a quiet life without family or friend, and devoting his time to trading in old iron, brass, and similar articles.

Mr. Samuel White, a young married man in Chatier's township, Washington county, Pa., was recently brutally murdered with an axe. His body was found in his bed, his head completely severed from his shoulders. He had a considerable sum of money in his possession to be used in payment for his farm, and it was doubtless to obtain this that the murder was committed. The murderers got about $700.

By the new postage treaty with France, letters can be sent by *any* of the steamers, prepaid or not, at the rate of *fifteen cents the quarter ounce*. Now as the letter scale in general use has no mark less than the half ounce, by placing an American quarter in the scale with a letter, it will at once indicate whether it exceeds a quarter of an ounce, as the quarter weighs that, according to the post-office rule.

Seven years ago there was but little madder sent from Marseilles to the United States; now, it is shipped by the cargo, and the demand for it steadily increases. Four years ago neither American flour nor American pork were to be found in the French market, but of late large quantities have been imported. This importation was not produced by the war, for it will continue to exist, and its fluctuations will depend upon the natural laws of trade.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, the peculiar disease of engineers and firemen of railroads was discussed. It was stated that the inhaling of the gases from the fire affects their nervous system, and frequently deprives them of the presence of mind so necessary for men who have the lives of thousands in their hands. The society recommended to directors of railroads to diminish the labors of these classes by doubling their number.

Some French gentlemen from Louisiana, largely engaged in sugar planting in that State, have purchased a tract of land in the neighborhood of Tacusa, on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad in Illinois, where they will organize a colony of French residents, who are now on their way from Canada. Arrangements are made for the erection of stores, hotels, mills, warehouses, and dwellings; and it is expected that a large and flourishing colony will be firmly located the present season.

Foreign Items.

The governor general of Algeria has placed the property of the tribe of Mezbras under sequestration, by way of punishment for the part taken by them in the last insurrection in Kabylia.

The French government is about to establish several new journals in the provinces, whose mission will be to stir up the constituency to vote for the government candidates at the coming general election.

Letters from St. Petersburg speak of Count de Morny having become more Russian than even the subjects of the autocrat himself; and of the increasing favors bestowed by the emperor upon the French ambassador.

Russia having demanded explanation of recent landing of three hundred Poles and Turks under Mehemet Bey, from English steamer Kangaroo, on the coast of Circassia, the porte has appointed a commission of inquiry.

Two British steamers forced Port Mangarattl, in Japan, because they were refused admission, contrary to treaty. Communication was, however, made to the emperor, who published an edict, giving orders that the three ports should be opened, but crews of any foreign vessels are forbidden to penetrate into the interior.

Since Balaclava was evacuated by the British, it has been invaded by an army of fierce rats, who consume every object within their reach, and at night attack people in the streets. The inhabitants who had returned to their dwellings were obliged to leave again, and trust to the severities of winter to diminish the forces of the four-footed enemy.

Sands of Gold.

.... Nothing is sure for him who offers no surety.—*Pindar.*

.... From the thorn springs a rose, and the rose a thorn.—*Greek Proverb.*

.... A court is an assemblage of noble and distinguished beggars.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others. For they are more important to you than any other.—*Rochefoucauld.*

.... Be sure that of two men, the best is always the least to be pitied, and let us try each day to be a little better than the night before.—*Ancillon.*

.... The endeavor to convince a *bel esprit* by the force of reason, is as mad an undertaking as the attempt to silence an echo by raising the voice.—*Talleyrand.*

.... A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work, and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace.—*Emerson.*

.... Man's works, even in their most perfect form, always have more or less excitement in them. God's works are calm and peaceful, both in nature and in his word.—*Hare.*

.... Love makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood; as the emperors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age, in purple.—*Longfellow.*

Joker's Budget.

In Africa, they punish naughty boys by rubbing red pepper in their eyes. It is said to make them very *smart!*

To make Rhine wine—to a pint of vinegar add a sixpence worth of chopped sole leather.

Sir John Germain was so ignorant that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

The White House—the place where the President gets lodged at the government's expense and bored at his own.

If you put two persons to sleep in the same bed-room, one of whom has the toothache, and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

Why is a prisoner on trial like a ship at the wharf? Because they are both in the *dock*. And there's another reason, too: because the ship can be *remanned*, and the prisoner *remanded*.

Chinese Ejectment.—John Chinaman, in poisoning bread for the purpose of serving an ejectment on the Europeans, may be regarded by lawyers as having highly entitled himself to be described by the *soubriquet* of John Dough.

Some one twitted John Randolph on the lack of early education. "The gentleman himself," retorted Randolph, "reminds me of the head waters of the Montgomery, which are poor by nature, and cultivation entirely ruined them."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

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☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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HIGHLAND SOLDIERS—BRITISH ARMY.

The picture on this page exhibits a characteristic group of Scottish Highlanders in the British service, with an accurate delineation of their martial costume, modernized from the "garb of old Gaul." Thus, in place of the single heron's or eagle's feather that used to designate a man of rank among the Highlanders, the modern soldier has his cap overshadowed by a towering crest of black plumes. The coat is similar to that worn in the other infantry regiments, the waist and cross belts being the same, but the kilt is preserved, and the goatskin purse, which serves the purpose of a sabretashe. Two of the figures in the engraving wear light foraging caps. The gaiters are another innovation on the ancient costume. In the past century, and when at war with the British government, the favorite arms of the Highlanders were the basket-hilted sword (claymore) and the round target for defence. They were not unskilled in the use of the fire-lock, but in battle, after discharging them, they would fling away gun and plaid, rush on the enemy with the cold steel. Since the subjection of the Highlands, and the firm establishment of the British government over all parts of ths United Kingdom, the Highlanders, enrolled in the British service, have proved themselves admirable and loyal soldiers. The mountains of Scotland send to the British army some of its very finest men, and their valor has been attested on every hard-fought field of this century, from east to west. In the bloody peninsular campaign, at Waterloo, at the Crimea, the sons of Albyn nobly did their duty, and the greenest laurels before Sebastopol were reaped by Sir Colin Campbell and his gallant Highlanders. The Scottish Highlanders preserved their ancient usages down to a very late date, and it was long before they yielded to the present dynasty of Great Britain. At the beginning of the present century, the people of London knew less about the population of the Highlands, than we do now about the Chinese. What is called the Scotch Highlands is that part of Great Britain divided from the Lowlands by the Grampian Hills. These mountains, which, at a distance, appear an undivided mass, are separated by many valleys and declivities, the largest of which are the beds of the rivers Leven, Carn, Tay and Dee. Besides these extensive valleys, there are others, the openings of which, from the Lowlands, were originally so wild and narrow that they appeared almost impassable, until widened and improved by art. Among these passes, the most extraordinary are Bealmacha, on Loch Lomond; Aberfoil and Leney, in the county of Monteith; the pass of Glenalmond over the Crieff, and the entrance into the county of Athol by Dunkeld, over Mount Birnam. This natural boundary assisted to preserve the Highlanders as a distinct race from the Lowlanders. Some hills of the Grampian chain, like Ben Lomond, Ben Lavers and Shehallien, are very lofty. The Highlands present a variety of grand and romantic scenes. Covered with clouds, or enveloped in fogs, their summits are often almost hidden; while their sterile appearance, and the deep, rocky defiles by which they are furrowed, are evidences of the violent convulsions of nature. Towards the summits of these mountains, the soil is barren; lower down, there is a thin covering of heath, where none but birds of prey, white hares and ptarmigans are found. Red deer and grouse are plentiful further down, and the valleys and plains afford pasturage to numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The boundary of the territory peopled by the Gaelic race forms a line, beginning at the entrance to the Pentland Frith, extending round St. Kilda, and encircling the whole group of the eastern and southern islands to Mull; then continues, proceeding from Ardmore, in the county of Dumbarton, on the mainland of Scotland, along the Grampian Hills to the county of Aberdeen, and ending at the northeast point of Caithness. The inhabitants are the descendants of the Celts, and their territory forms the land of the old Scots. They call their country Gaeldach (land of the Gaels), or Albanich. The names England and Scotland are unknown in the Gaelic dialect. The English are called by them "Saxons (Sassenach);" the Lowlanders "Guall (strangers)," and their country "Gualdach (strangerland)." While, after the union of the Picts and Scots, in the 9th century, the Scotch Lowlanders, by their intercourse with southern Britain, gradually became more and more civilized, the isolation of the Highlanders served to maintain their peculiarities. The division of the country of the Gaels into single valleys, glens and islands, separated either by mountains or inlets of the sea, necessarily led to the formation of small tribes; and men of considerable property, or distinguished talents, under whose command the others had fought, or under whose protection they had settled, became chiefs. As the inhabitants of these valleys had little intercourse with each other, on account of the natural condition of the country, each valley became the territory and property of a tribe, who had arms for defence, a sufficient number of artizans for their limited wants, pasture for their cattle, wood for building, moss and turf for burning, and a territory for hunting. These tribes were without inducement to change their habitation, to invite foreigners, or to promote a general intercourse among the varied settlements; so that each of them isolated itself. Thus was formed in each tribe or clan a patriarchal government, a sort of hereditary monarchy, founded rather on custom, and confirmed by general assent, than regulated by laws. The Highlander honored, in his chief, the descendant of a distant ancestor, from whom the whole clan was believed to have sprung. The clan showed him a filial devotedness; and even the name *clan* is derived from the Gaelic word *klann*, that is, *children*. The clansmen intermarried within their own "sept," and thus a general relationship grew up. Many of the members, therefore, had the same name with the chief, so that a feeling of kindred and mutual attachment grew up. Towards all, the chief stood in the light of a superior, commander and judge. He could call on the young men to accompany him to the hunting or the battle-field. The chief was generally the proprietor of the whole territory of the clan, yet did not have absolute right of possession, the land being parcelled out among the clansmen. The largest clans were frequently subdivided into branches, headed by subordinate chieftains. When the population in these narrow valleys increased, the means of subsistence became scarce, and predatory expeditions called *creaghs* were undertaken against the Lowlands or hostile clans, and cattle were seized, and some prisoners who were held to ransom. There existed, also, a class of bold adventurers called *cearnachs*, employed on expeditions of extraordinary peril. In later times, however, their profession was considered less honorable, and consisted in gathering tribute from the lower country, or payment for protection against depredation, called *black mail*. Many of the younger sons of the chieftains found employment in the military service of France and Spain, and after the banishment of the house of Stuart, to which the Highlanders were faithful, it became still more common to follow foreign colors. The tastes of the people were warlike, and they despised the toils of the field and the workshop. Weaving was a labor for women, but the men were tailors. The smith or armorer of the tribe was especially honored. The chieftain generally lived surrounded by his dependents, and expended all his income in rude hospitality. The laws of the clans were few and simple, and the chiefs, generally, never abused their power. The rebellion against the house of Hanover, in 1745, in favor of the Stuart dynasty, was soon suppressed by the British government, which seized the opportunity to abolish the patriarchal constitution of the Highlanders in 1747, to execute the law for disarming them, and even to prohibit their national dress, of Celtic origin, which distinguishes them from all other people. This beautiful dress, favorable for light and free motion, was peculiarly fitted for the warrior, the huntsman and the herdsman. The material of Highland clothing has remained the same for centuries—a woolen stuff, sometimes with cotton woof, and always checquered with various colors. Each clan has usually its peculiar mixture of colors. The chief part of the dress is a short petticoat descending to the knee, and called the *kilt*. Chieftains, aged men and horsemen sometimes wore a kind of tight pantaloons, called *trewes*. The waistcoat and kilt were embroidered and adorned with lace. The plaid was two yards wide and four long. It was a piece of tartan which surrounded the body in broad, gracefully-arranged folds, fastened by a girdle; the lower part fell down, and the upper part was drawn round the left shoulder, leaving the right arm free. If it were necessary for both arms to be free, it was fastened by a silver clasp upon the breast. In front hung a large pouch of goat or dogskin. There was a dagger, besides a knife and fork, hanging in a sheath on one side. The cap belongs to the Highland dress. Instead of the feathers, which distinguished persons of rank, the lower classes wore branches of heath, or leaves of the holly and oak. The shoe or sandal consisted of pieces of thick leather which were fastened with strips of leather over the foot. The strict prohibition of this dress was peculiarly galling to the Highlanders, and they often disregarded it. This prohibition was first formally removed in 1782. Since then, it has been abandoned, except in certain districts. The arms of the Highlander were, the sword upon the left side, and a short dagger upon the right, a musket, a pair of pistols, and a target. In the want of a musket, or when ammunition failed, a long lance was used with a hatchet near the top, called a Lochaber axe, and fitted for cutting or thrusting—a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong, agile man. Each clan formed, under the command of its chief, a regiment, whose companies consisted of separate families, each under the direction of its head. Courage and love of freedom, attachment to country and domestic ties, hospitality and a social disposition, honesty in private intercourse, and inviolable fidelity to trust reposed in them, were the distinguishing characteristics of the Highlanders, and are so still, notwithstanding all the changes which their manners have undergone in later times. A knowledge of books was but little diffused, and only among those of high rank, who were educated partly in France. But the history of their native land, poetry and music, were darling pursuits even among the lower classes. Each chief had his bard, who sung the deeds of his race, and of the individual members of the clans. These singers were held in high esteem, and were, like the *senachies*, or the elders of the tribes, the conservators of old stories, which they retained in memories strengthened by constant exercise, in the absence of a written literature. The favorite musical instrument was a bagpipe, and its lively sounds in battle supported the animation of the contest. A warm imagination, affected in a lively manner by the sublimity and the perfect solitude of the landscapes of their country, was the source of many of their peculiar superstitions. The Highlands form the only country in Europe that has never been disturbed by religious contests, nor suffered from religious persecutions. The Presbyterian and the Catholic are the prevailing forms of belief. The latter is limited to the county of Inverness, and some of the islands. Among the nobility, there are also some adherents to the Episcopal Church. Sir Walter Scott, who has reproduced all the poetry of the Highlands, has given many illustrations of the hardihood of these mountaineers. "Hardihood," he says, "was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped himself in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball and placed it beneath his head. The wrath of the chief was awakened by what he conceived degenerate luxury. 'Out upon thee!' said he, kicking the frozen bolster from his head; 'art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?'"



HIGHLANDERS OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The engraving below was executed expressly for the Pictorial from a photograph taken for us, and one of the finest specimens of the art we ever saw. Every line of the architecture was defined with the minuteness of a steel engraving, and the lettering on the smallest signs was distinctly visible. Our artist has very graphically produced the striking features of this splendid building, which, in some respects, has not its equal on the Atlantic seaboard, and which affords emphatic evidence of the progress of art in the great empire of gold so lately added to our domains. This building was erected in 1854, with the intention of establishing a Merchants' Exchange on the New York and Boston plan, but it proved a failure, from a miscalculation as to the eligibility of the site. It was discovered to be too remote from the places where "merchants most do congregate." Barry and Patton's, and Sweeny and Baughs, being too long established as places of meeting and exchange on Montgomery and Clay Streets, this splendid edifice was rented to the United States' courts. The building has 120 feet frontage on Battery Street, and 137 feet depth on Washington and Oregon Streets, and cost, exclusive of the land it occupies, $120,000. It is owned by Jardine, Mathison & Co., an English house in Canton. The whole recent history of San Francisco, and indeed of California, surpasses in romance the wildest fiction that ever the imagination of an oriental story-teller gave birth to. It is only because the startling events of which it is made up have occurred in our own days, that we do not recognize them as marvels. Coming generations will be infinitely more impressed than ourselves by the "plain, unvarnished tale." It was not till California had come under the flag of the United States, and a decade has not passed since then, that this splendid series of events began to be unrolled. In 1848, the gold discovery at Sutter's mill opened a new page in the history of the world, and gave to civilization an impetus which no point in the past story of the world can match for intensity and power. The tidings of the gold discovery sped all over the globe with almost electrical rapidity, followed by that remarkable exodus from all the old States of the confederacy, and all the old countries of the East, which could not have been accomplished at an earlier period for lack of means of transportation. Steam and canvass carried to the land of promise thousands of immigrants, monthly. Then we witnessed the enactment of a most splendid and surprising drama, lacking in none of the elements of the wild, the wonderful, the mirthful and the tragic; the almost instantaneous birth of an empire in a locality hitherto regarded as beyond the pale and beyond the reach of civilization. Towns and cities sprung up as if by magic, just as on the mimic stage, at the whistle of the prompter, the painted desert glides away, and in its place we behold temples and palaces, busy streets and mammoth warehouses, and battlements and spires.



THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A GUILTY COMPACT.

Falkland, as he slowly returned to his lodgings, felt at a loss what to do. Scarcely a day passed, but that he recklessly contracted some debt, without the means of paying for it, and now that Jedathun, the Jew, had refused to advance him the hundred pounds for which he had applied, his last expedient for satisfying the most clamorous of his creditors, who daily harassed him, was cut off, for he knew of no one to whom he could apply, with any chance of success. A thought struck him as he placed the key in the lock of the door which opened into his room. He stopped, reflected a minute, and then retraced his steps.

There was a tract of land still in his possession, belonging to the estate left by his father, which yielded him only a trifling income. He would offer the Jew a mortgage of this land, if, instead of the one hundred he had asked for, he would give him two hundred. He found the Jew preparing to close the shop. Assuming a more conciliatory air than when he parted with him, he made known the reason of his return. His proposal was accepted, and the following morning was appointed for the transaction of the business.

When, at last, he found himself in his own apartment, he saw a man sitting near the table, who, as there was no light, except what was afforded by a fire nearly burnt out, he supposed to be his valet, to whom, as he did not care to have him know anything relative to the affair he expected to be engaged in, he had, early in the afternoon, given leave to visit some relations who lived a little out of the city.

"Why are you back so soon, Redding?" said he. "I gave you leave to stay away till morning."

"You mistook me for that rascally valet of yours, eh?" said the man, rising and coming forward.

"Is it you, Jem Corkle? How did you get in?—through the key-hole?"

"As the door wasn't locked, such an expedient was unnecessary."

"Then I must have forgotten to lock the door when I returned an hour ago. As Redding has a master key, I supposed it was he."

"You have great confidence in that valet of yours, I suspect."

"No, I don't trust him at all in any affair of importance, and that is why I sent him away to-day."

"There is little need of your trusting him, for his curiosity is such that he finds things out without being trusted."

"What do you mean?"

"That he overheard the whole of what you told me, the other evening, about altering the date of the will old Burlington made in favor of his niece."

"How came you to know?"

"No matter how, as long as what I tell you is true."

"I am lost, then."

"Not so bad as that. As yet, he has told only one person."

"Who, of course, then, must be you."

"Well, to confess the truth, it was."

"I didn't suspect that you were on such confidential terms."

"He had little inclination to bestow his confidence on me, you may be certain. When, on the night in question I left you, I opened the door rather suddenly, when some one darted away from behind it in such haste, as to make me suspect it was some one who had been listening. I managed to overtake him, and by dint of persuasion and threats, succeeded in making him confess that he had heard all we had said. I didn't part company with him, however, till I had extorted a promise from him not to mention what he had heard to any person living."

"A promise which he will be sure to break, as he is as much given to talkativeness as curiosity."

"Yes, and I've been thinking it will need a sharp argument to keep his tongue from wagging."

"But where shall we find one who will be willing to make use of such an argument?"

"Leave that to me. But then there must be time and opportunity."

"To-morrow evening, I will find some pretext for sending him to the shop of Jedathun, the Jew."

"At what hour?"

"Nine."

"Ten would be the better time."

"Yes, but the shop will be closed before then."

"Nine let it be, then. I remember a nice, snug place close by the Jew's tumble-down domicile, where he who is to be employed can conceal himself."

"And let him be sure not to part company with him till he has lost all power of telling tales."

"You needn't caution me on that score."

"And tell him, if the affair occasion noise or outcry, he will be in no danger of being surprised, as the Jews, who are the sole inhabitants of that quarter, are much like the snail, which, at the intimation of danger, draws itself further into its shell. Tell him, furthermore, that he may count on a good round sum, if all is performed with skill and dexterity."

"That lies between him and me. I will take care of it, and shall look to you for the pay. A few lucky games at primero will furnish you with the means."

"Yes, but I'm always certain to be unlucky."

"Try some other game, then."

"Fortune is always against me, let me try what I will."

Just then, some one knocked at the door. Both started, as guilty people will.

"What if we've been overheard?" said Falkland, in a whisper.

"No danger of that," replied Corkle. "One who had overheard what we have said, would sooner go in search of a policeman than knock for admittance."

"There's something in that."

The knocking was now repeated louder than before.

"Go, Falkland, and open the door, or I will," said Corkle.

He obeyed, though not without some misgivings. A lad of fourteen or fifteen put a sealed note into his hand, and without speaking, withdrew. The two had been sitting by the dim firelight, as if they did not care to look each other in the face. To enable him to read his note, Falkland was obliged to light a lamp.

"From a lady or a courtier," said Corkle, "as one may know by the odor of musk. Which is it?"

"A lady."

"A billet-doux, then, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the kind," said Falkland, rather sharply.

"You think me too inquisitive, eh? Now I think it is hard if two such confidential friends as we are cannot share each other's love-secrets, as well as such dangerous ones as that we've been talking about."

"There's no love-secret in the case. The note is from Mildred Dacres, as I know by the handwriting, though it is without signature."

"I believe you now. Handsome as she is, I should sooner think of falling in love with a harpy."

The note contained only the following briefly worded request, or rather command:

"Come to me to-morrow morning, at ten, without fail."

"It is getting late," said Corkle. "It is time for me to go. Nine o'clock, to-morrow evening, is the hour?"

"Yes; but why need you go? You may as well stay all night, now you are here."

"And so you would rather have Jem Corkle for company than no one? I can't say that I should, were I in your place."

"Why? You wouldn't think of doing *me* any harm?"

"To be sure not. It wouldn't, I think, be much for my interest just now. I was only thinking that if my head should happen to get confused, by waking suddenly from some frightful dream, I might mistake you for your valet."

"And what then?"

"Nothing—nothing. Why, how frightened you look! The truth is, I have an important engagement, and couldn't stay if you should get down on your knees to me. Good-night, and when I am gone, remember to lock your door, and not leave it as you did an hour or two since, for anybody to walk in who pleases to lift latch. If I should call to-morrow night, shall I find you here?"

"That depends on what time you call."

"A little after nine, or thereabouts."

"You'll find me here then."

"I'll speak to you through the key-hole, so that you may be sure who it is."

"Well thought of."

"And as I've already charged you, mind that your door is fast."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ASENETH, THE JEWESS.

Soon after Falkland's departure the second time, the Jew, casting aside his coarse gaberdine, which concealed a rich and becoming dress, joined the fair Abi, and their equally fair and unexpected guest. Alice had already communicated to Abi all that she herself knew of what she supposed to be a plan for her abduction, which she now related to him.

"And have you any suspicion who was the employer of the ruffianly fellows?" he asked.

"I have," she replied. "His name, as I have reason to believe, is Falkland."

"You are right; there can be no doubt. I have had dealings with him, and have reason to believe that, though still young, he is familiar with vice. You have much reason to be thankful for your escape."

"I have been thinking of my friends," said Alice, after a few moments' silence. "They will suffer much anxiety on my account, and I must let them know, as early as possible, what kind hands I have fallen into."

"I would fain relieve their anxiety to-night," said the Jew, "but the lad in my service is unfortunately absent, and it would be hardly prudent for me to convey intelligence of your welfare myself. Some one might be lurking near who would recognize me, which would be likely to lead to a still stronger suspicion than has yet been excited as to your hiding-place. As there will be explanations to make and directions to give, the message better be a written one, which Aseneth shall carry to your friends early in the morning."

"And it must be written to-night," said Alice.

"Yes, if you would have your friends hear from you early in the day."

Abi having placed writing materials before her, the subjoined note, addressed to Mrs. Elliston, was soon completed:

"Dear and honored Madam,—The servant you sent to attend me home has, without doubt, fully informed you of what befell me up to the time when he left, for the purpose, as I think, of obtaining help. I, therefore, need only say, that soon after he was gone, I succeeded in making my escape from the sedan. I knew not whither to go, but providentially I sought refuge among those who have with great kindness sheltered and protected me. Your son will know where to find me, when I mention that it was the shop of Jedathun, the Jew, which I entered, in order to escape from the miscreants, who, as I could hear, were already pursuing me. I have passed the evening with his granddaughter, a very lovely girl, near my own age, in a secluded apartment. I shall be in readiness to return whenever and in whatever manner you may see fit to appoint. I am, dear and honored madam, with sentiments of dutiful regard, yours, Alice Dale."

Early in the morning, as the Jew had promised, he gave Aseneth the note, with the necessary directions where to carry it. But when she had left what was called the Jews' quarter, having seldom had occasion to go beyond it, she became bewildered, and lost her way. There were as yet few people stirring, but those of whom she inquired the way to the street she was in pursuit of, answered her only with gibes or a sneering laugh, for they knew by certain peculiarities of her speech and dress that she was a Jewess.

She was not aware that, during all this time, a man, who, when she left the house, was standing near by, in a little blind court, was following her. At last, when the street passengers began to multiply, and she, becoming still more perplexed, ventured once more to inquire the way, he who had been following her stepped quickly forward. He was in season to hear that the man of whom she had inquired answered her civilly, though being a stranger in the city, he was unable to direct her.

"What place do you wish to find, my good woman?" said he, addressing her.

"A house in Charles Street, where dwells the widow Elliston," she replied.

"Fortunately," said he, "I live in a house near hers, and can show you the way, or if, as I suspect, you are going for the purpose of delivering the letter I see in your hand, I will with pleasure carry it for you, and thus save you the trouble."

"I must go with it myself," she replied, "for so I was directed."

"Follow me, then, and you will soon be there."

He walked so rapidly that she had some difficulty in keeping up with him, the more as he frequently turned from one street into another. They had gone a much greater distance than she imagined it would be, from what he had said, when he stopped abruptly in front of a somewhat spacious building. It did not in the least resemble what she had pictured to herself as the dwelling of a Puritan lady, such as, from some remarks made in her presence, she supposed Mrs. Elliston to be, yet though she had some misgivings, she remained silent.

"This is the house," said her conductor; and ascending the steps, he rapped at the door.

It was speedily opened by a man whose dress accorded as little with the style of that worn by the Puritans, as the slovenly appearance of the building and the gaudily furnished apartment seen through an open door, were in unison with their daily habits.

"Is it you, Corkle?" said the man. "I didn't expect—"

Here his words were cut short by a significant look from him to whom they were addressed.

"I called," said Corkle, "to inquire if the widow Elliston is at home. Here is a woman who wishes to see her."

A sign accompanying this inquiry caused the man to answer in the affirmative.

"But it is so early in the day, she isn't visible yet, eh?"

"No."

"Well, go and tell some one to let her know that somebody is here, who wishes to see her very particularly."

The man vanished, and Corkle turned to Aseneth.

"Come in and rest yourself," said he, "till the lady is ready to see you."

She was glad to accept his invitation, being much fatigued from her long and rapid walk.

"Go in there," said he, indicating the room she had seen as she stood outside the building.

He entered an adjoining apartment, and she neither saw him nor any other person, though she could hear voices for a number of minutes. He then made his appearance.

"I've seen the lady's waiting-maid," said he, "and her mistress sends word that she shall not leave her room under an hour from now, and requests you to send her the letter you are the bearer of."

"Can I see the lady's handmaid?" she asked.

"Certainly;" and opening a door through which was seen a staircase, he called, "Cicily—Cicily!"

"What do you wish?" said a voice from above.

"You are wanted here a minute."

A girl came down stairs, and stood in the doorway.

"Hand the billet to her, and she will give it to her mistress."

The Jewess rose, advanced a few steps, and then stopped irresolute. Everything appeared so different from what she had supposed, that her mind misgave her.

"Perhaps," said Corkle, "you would prefer to wait an hour or two, till the lady leaves her room; although," added he, and winking at Cicily, "she is so unwell I shouldn't wonder if she didn't leave it for the day."

"I don't think she will be able to," said Cicily. "I will give her the letter, which, I suppose, will be the same as if you gave it to her yourself."

"You are not deceiving me?"

"Deceiving you!" said Corkle. "Who has thought of such a thing? And what good could it do, either the girl or me?"

"It is often sport to the Nazarene to afflict the despised sons and daughters of Israel. But I will trust you," said she, looking towards Cicily; "and woe be to you and this man, rather than to me, if evil befall the guiltless, by my so doing!"

Cicily, a little awed by the solemnity and pathos with which she said this, recoiled a little as the Jewess approached her. A threatening glance from Corkle, however, recalled her to herself, and with a smile she held out her hand for the letter.

"Take it," said Aseneth, handing it to her, "and may you find a serpent's sting in it, if you have possessed yourself of it wrongfully."

By the gingerly way in which the girl received it between her thumb and finger, it seemed as if she feared there was some tangible evil about the missive which might prove personally dangerous to herself. Aseneth stood a minute, looking at the turn of the stairs, where she caught sight of the last wave of her flowing skirts, as if half a mind to follow her, and demand the restoration of the note.

"I wish I knew what to do," said she, and as she spoke, she looked round, thinking she would speak to Corkle about it, and found herself alone.

It was already late in the morning, and with this thought, interwoven with a vague apprehension of impending evil, she left the house, with the arduous task before her of finding her way back, through what appeared to her the perfect maze of streets and dark alleys, where, guided by Corkle, she had recently passed.

CHAPTER XIX.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN FALKLAND AND MILDRED DACRES.

Falkland, who, after parting with Corkle, did not pass a very quiet night, in the morning paid more attention to his dress than he felt in a humor to, that he might be in fitting trim to call on Mildred Dacres. On the whole, he felt glad that she had sent for him, for he felt restless and uneasy, and the interview would serve to wear away the time.

Redding, his valet, would probably return before ten o'clock, the hour mentioned in Mildred's note, and to avoid meeting him, he left his lodgings sooner than he otherwise would have done, and took a circuitous route, that he might not arrive previously to the time named. After all, he was five minutes before the time, yet he found Mildred, who was pacing up and down the room in an agitated manner, impatient for his arrival.

"I should have said nine, instead of ten," said she. "I have spent a whole hour on the rack."

"What has happened?"

"Do you ask, when you must know that Harleigh is accused of being one of the plotters?"

"Very well; I, for my part, consider it one of the luckiest things which could have happened—that is, as far as I am concerned."

"I don't see why."

"His imprisonment will keep him out of the way, and prevent him from prying into and thwarting certain affairs of my own."

"I have heard that his life is in danger."

"No such thing."

"I had my information from good authority."

"There was an anonymous letter, or something of the kind, addressed to the king, which, by its appearance, he supposed to be a billet-doux, I believe, and consequently received his prompt attention. But on perusal, he found that it accused Harleigh of being engaged in the conspiracy. It was inadvertently cast aside among a mass of papers to be examined by the council, otherwise the king, after reading it, for certain reasons, would have taken no notice of it."

"And that is the only evidence against him?"

"So I understand; but the council look upon it in a graver light than the king does, who, as the note was written in a woman's hand, suspected the accusation was instigated by some freak of jealousy, and are determined that he shall stand his trial with the rest of the conspirators."

"The king has no power to prevent this?"

"No; one accused of a crime so flagrant must, as the phrase is, be adjudged by God and his country. The king can only use his influence to prevent his condemnation."

"Yesterday, I sought an audience of the king, and he told me the same himself, but I thought it was only to get rid of importunity."

"Sought an audience of the king to plead for the life of Clarence Harleigh?"

"Yes; why shouldn't I?"

"As he prefers another, I imagined you had too much pride to do it."

"If you knew all, you would think differently. I was his accuser."

"You?"

"Yes; 'twas I who wrote the accusation, and sent it to the king. I imagined, that without seriously endangering him, it would afford a pretext for me to interfere in his behalf, which, by awakening his gratitude, would serve to divert his thoughts from Alice Dale."

"In which there might have been a shadow of success, if she were the other side of the water, where we left her. Out of sight, out of mind, the old adage says."

"And isn't she the other side of the water?"

"Is it possible that you don't know that she arrived here in Old England almost as soon as we did?"

"How should I know it? You seem to have taken especial pains to avoid me, and there are none else among my acquaintances who would be likely to know anything about it, or if they did, would think it worth mentioning. Does Harleigh know that she's here?"

"I think not, which wouldn't have been likely to be the case, if he had had his liberty."

"Why did she come to England?"

"That is what I am unable to tell you, though I have a suspicion that the object in view by her friends is to bring about a match between her and a young puritanical, psalm-singing knave, by the name of Edward Elliston."

"I've heard of him. His mother is a widow, and the sister of Mr. Walworth."

"Yes, and if such a thing could be, ten times more straight-laced than he is."

"And the son, I suppose, may be included in the same category?"

"That comes, of course. Yet, to do him justice, he is a really handsome fellow, and wears his gray jerkin with as much grace as a courtier does his velvet pourpoint; so that while by prolonging Harleigh's imprisonment, you have done yourself a good turn, and one that promised equally well to me. I have only too good reason to suspect, that in the young Puritan, I have a rival quite as much to be feared as in the cavalier."

"Where is the danger? He isn't a resident of the city, as I have heard both Mr. and Mrs. Walworth say, so that there will be little chance of their meeting."

"They have already met. About the time Alice was expected to arrive, it was suddenly found that his presence was needed in London, so that ever since she came, they have been members of the same family. But I must leave you now."

"You have been here only fifteen minutes."

"I know it, but I have an appointment which must not be neglected."

"And so you don't intend to take a single step to procure Harleigh's release?"

"No. If he is brought to trial, he will, without doubt, be acquitted; if not, old Rowley, who being better learned in certain ways of the world than some of his grave council, and who from the first has had a shrewd suspicion of what, according to your own confession, I find to be the truth, will exercise the royal prerogative in his behalf."

"The king doesn't suspect *I* was the author of the accusation?"

"I am unable to say as to that. Even if he does, you may be certain that there are few he will share the secret with; so you may rest easy on that score. Good-morning. I've already been here too long. I will call again soon."

"Pray don't trouble yourself about one of so little consequence as I am."

In his eagerness to leave—for he was afraid that she might suggest something more to which common civility would oblige him to listen, and thus detain him still longer,—he had already left the room, and, therefore, did not hear her answer with sufficient distinctness to comprehend its import. If he had heard it, and seen the look with which it was accompanied, he would have felt, to say the least, that he had been guilty of an indiscretion.

Falkland had just turned the corner of a street, which introduced him into one of the most thronged of the great thoroughfares, when, through an opening of the crowd of foot-passengers, some proceeding in the same direction as himself, but more in the one opposite, he had a glimpse of some one who resembled Clarence Harleigh, coming towards him. He felt nearly certain it was not he, yet he advanced no further till he had succeeded in obtaining a second look. There could no longer be any doubt. It was Harleigh himself, and as Falkland at this time was particularly anxious to avoid meeting him, he lost no time in turning back into the street from which a minute before he had emerged. It lengthened his walk to Jeduthun the Jew's, and when he arrived, he found the papers, relative to the agreement made between them the preceding evening, ready for his signature.

Harleigh's release from prison, which had so surprised and disconcerted Falkland, had been effected by Edward Elliston. Without entering into the particulars, it will be enough to say, that information received from a reliable source convinced young Elliston that Harleigh was detained in prison on a false accusation. He at once sought the Duke of Ormond, who, if not a favorite of the king, he knew possessed his confidence, and made a plain statement of those incidents in reference to Harleigh which had come to his knowledge. They were so clear and so simple, and went so directly to prove the prisoner's innocence, that when repeated to the king, he did not for a moment hesitate to order his release, on the plea of false imprisonment.

CHAPTER XX.

HARLEIGH AT LIBERTY.

Aseneth, the Jewess, after leaving the house to which Corkle had guided her, proceeded for some time with a heavy heart, in what appeared to her the right direction. Now and then she looked wistfully round on every side for such landmarks as she had the foresight to set down in her mind while following her perfidious conductor, but she could see nothing which looked familiar. She had, thus far, avoided inquiring the way, for she shrank from again encountering the scoffs and jeers which by so doing, when in pursuit of Mrs. Elliston's dwelling, she had brought upon herself. Now, however, fearing that instead of approaching, she was wandering further from home, she concluded to closely observe those she met, and seek the desired information of the first person whose appearance pleased her.

Not long after she came to this conclusion, she saw a young man coming towards her, whose air and dress showed that his rank was that of a gentleman. As he drew near enough to enable her to have a full view of his countenance, the confidence inspired by his appearance, when she first saw him, increased. She felt certain that he was one of those whose goodness of heart and true nobility made him above treating with [illegible] even one of her despised race. He was walking slowly, which gave her a good opportunity to accost him.

"Can you," said she, "tell me the way to the shop of Jeduthun, the Jew?"

"You are so great a distance from it," he replied, "that it will be difficult to direct you. The way you were going, when I met you, was in a contrary direction."

Her heart sunk within her when he told her this, for she was faint and weary.

"What can I do?" said she.

"There are some chairmen at a little distance," said the young man. "Shall I speak to them, and order them to convey you to the place where you wish to go?"

The mere mention of this caused her to tremble with fear.

"O, sir," said she, "I dare not trust them. I am, as you see, a poor Jewess, and they would not hesitate to treat me with scorn and derision."

"What you say is only too true. You wont be afraid to trust me for a guide?"

She looked at him as if she doubted whether she heard him aright.

"Will you permit me to guide you?" said he, noticing her look of bewilderment.

"You surely cannot mean to show me the way yourself?"

"Why not?"

"It would be stooping too low."

"Not a whit. I had it in my mind, before I met you, to call at the Jew's shop you mentioned, and, perhaps, some of those belonging to others who live near by, between this and night. I may as well go now as later in the day. As I have already told you, you are now a long distance from there, but I shall be careful to take the most direct way. Keep near by, or you may lose sight of me."

After all her fatigue and perplexity, since she left home, this was an unnecessary caution. It did not enter her mind that he was deceiving her, as it did more than once when she was following Corkle. The gentleman walked rapidly, but soon coming to a stop, he looked back, and inquired if she did not find it difficult to keep up with him.

"No," she replied, "for I no longer carry a heavy heart."

At last, when they entered the street where she lived, though lined on either side with buildings that were old and unsightly, she could scarcely suppress a cry of joy. Her conductor almost wondered at the delight depicted in her countenance on reaching a place where all around wore an air of so much wretchedness and gloom. When they reached the door of the shop, Aseneth stood without, till her conductor had entered.

"I was afraid that some evil had befallen you," said the Jew, as, on raising his eyes, he saw her standing near the threshold.

"That there has not, thanks are due to this stranger," she replied. And passing through the shop, she opened a door, and entered an adjoining apartment.

"I have called," said the young man, as soon as she had closed the door behind her, "to request the favor of examining a gem which I have been told is in your possession."

"I am not a dealer in gems, as you will readily perceive if you look round you," said the Jew, evasively, and, in spite of himself, manifesting some alarm.

"Yet you purchased an opal the other evening."

The Jew remained silent.

"You needn't be afraid that I shall make use of my knowledge of this transaction to injure you. I merely wish to satisfy myself that it is the same which I once was the owner of."

"You, then, are the one who found it, when it was lost by Abi, my grand-daughter?"

"The one I refer to I first saw at Lingard's, the goldsmith. I subsequently purchased it of him at a high price. All I wish to ascertain is, if the opal sent here for sale by Gilbert Falkland be the same, or only one that resembles it. I wish you to understand, however, that in either case, it is not my intention to deprive you of it, the transaction having been, as I learn, a fair one on your part. If it shouldn't prove to be that I had of Lingard, I have no right to it, while if I find it to be the same, I would sooner grind it beneath my feet than retain what would ever be hateful to my sight."

"I would willingly grant your request, were it in my power; but only a few minutes before you came, it was discovered that the setting had sustained some injury, and it was sent to one of our people to be repaired. When it is returned, you can see it."

"When will that be?"

"Some time during the day. At what hour, I am unable to tell."

"Then I will defer coming till evening."

He turned to go, when the Jew again accosted him.

"Pardon me," said he, "but I would fain know the name of one who disdained not, if I rightly understood the meaning of her words, to screen her, my faithful servant, from the rudeness of those who seem to forget that our despised people are within the pale of humanity."

"My name is Clarence Harleigh."

"One that I shan't forget. Favors sink deep into the hearts of those who are little used to them."

"Showing your servant the way thither, as I wished to come

myself, scarcely deserves the name of a favor," replied Harleigh, as he turned to leave.

Had he known that Alice Dale was at that moment in the same building, forgetful of the promise he gave Mr. Walworth, he might have been tempted to seek an interview with her. Now, he did not even know that she had left the distant home where he last saw her. It was on Harleigh's way back that Falkland obtained sight of him, in season to avoid meeting him,—a meeting which must inevitably have taken place at the Jew's, if Falkland had not been detained against his will, some ten or fifteen minutes, by Mildred Daeres.

As the day wore away, Alice began to think it was somewhat singular that she heard nothing from Mrs. Elliston. She had, all the morning, been expecting that Edward Elliston would come for her, as, after what had taken place, it might not even by day be exactly safe to trust her to the protection of servants. Had it not been for the anxiety she experienced in this respect, the time would have passed away very pleasantly, with the beautiful and intelligent Abi, who, in the fullness of her delight, treated her with the same affectionate confidence and freedom from all disguise, as if she had been her sister.

Aseneth, meanwhile, was ill at ease. When the joy of finding herself safe at home had time to subside, the misgivings she had felt as to whether the note she had been entrusted with had fallen into the right hands, revived with redoubled force. If she heard voices in the shop, she listened at the door, to hear if any one inquired for Alice Dale.

Mizer, the lad who stood outside the shop-door, and whose duty it was to remind those who were passing that rejuvenated garments of various descriptions were for sale within, had, during her absence, returned, and more than once she nearly decided in her own mind to reveal her fears to her master, and request that the boy might be sent with another message. From time to time, however, she was diverted from her purpose by the hope that her fears were without foundation.

Thus the hours slipped away, till night set in, with a sky darkened by heavy clouds. Alice, by this time, began to be so seriously uneasy, that when Aseneth entered, bearing a silver salver, on which were bread and wine, with Barcelona chocolate, frothed after the most approved fashion, for their evening meal, Abi inquired if she gave the billet into Mrs. Elliston's own hand.

"I did not," she replied; and she then gave a true account of all that happened to her, and expressed her fears that she had been deceived by the man who with so much apparent kindness offered to conduct her to the place where she desired to go.

"There can be no doubt that he deceived you," said Alice, "as is shown by the description you give of the house, and the people you saw there."

Her anxiety was now excited on a different account. The contents of the note addressed to Mrs. Elliston showed where she had found refuge, and if, as she feared, it had fallen into the hands of one of the men who had been employed by Falkland, it would be likely to bring trouble and danger to those who had so kindly befriended her, as well as to herself.

The Jew, who had entered the apartment in season to hear what was said, evidently shared her fears, though he forbore to express them. Whether or not they had reason for them, will be seen by the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VISIONARY.

This striking picture would seem to be suggested, it certainly recalls, the lines of one of Moore's melodies:

"Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over.
Thus sighing, look through the waves of time.
For the long-faded glories they cover."



THE VISIONARY.—AN IDEAL PICTURE.

Or the visionary may be looking forward, and building castles in the air, though the sadness of her look rather favors our former hypothesis. The mournful look, the fixed gaze, the sad expression of the drawn down mouth, rather indicate a retrospective glance. This poor, barefooted girl may not always have lived beneath the humble thatch of a cottage; she may have seen better days; and the Italian poet tells us that there is no more exquisite misery than is caused by recalling vanished joys in hours of distress. The friendless, deserted and houseless wanderer, who has fallen from some high estate, feels his heart wrung with woe indescribable, when he brings to mind scenes of joyous festivity, when friends crowded round him, when luxury ministered to his taste, and pleasure gilded the "primrose path of dalliance." At such times, unless the star of faith pours down its pure and serene beams upon the widowed heart, the sense of loneliness and misery becomes too oppressive to be endured, and madness usurps the throne of reason. Such states of mind precede the act of suicide, and impel their victim to the dark river or the poisoned cup as a grateful resort. To persons pre-disposed to melancholy solitude is fraught with danger, and the lone dreamer, by a fearfully easy transition, passes into the hopeless maniac. Our engraving was taken from a painting, and though our copy wants the magical effect of color, still the forms and the play of light and shade which make its principal charm, have been faithfully preserved. The design is one of a very peculiar character, and has been well handled by the artist, poetically and graphically.

THE RAT CAN BE TAMED.

If he can be savage when self-protection requires, he also has his softer moments, in which he shows confidence in man almost as strong as that exhibited by the dog or cat. An old blind rat, on whose head the snows of many winters had gathered, was in the habit of sitting beside our own kitchen fire with all the comfortable look of his enemy, the cat; and such a favorite had he become with the servants, that he was never allowed to be disturbed. He unhappily fell a victim to the sudden spring of a strange cat. A close observation of these animals entirely conquers the antipathy which is entertained towards them. Their sharp and handsome heads, their bright eyes, their intelligent look, their sleek skins, are the very reverse of repulsive; and there is positive attraction in the beautiful manner in which they sit licking their paws and washing their faces—an occupation in which they pass a considerable portion of their time. A writer on rats in "Bentley's Miscellany" relates an anecdote of a tame rat, which shows that he is capable of serving his master, as well as of passing a passive existence under his protection. The animal belonged to the driver of a London omnibus, who caught him as he was removing some hay. He was spared because he had the good luck to be piebald, became remarkably tame, and grew attached to the children. At night, he exhibited a sense of the enjoyment of security and warmth by stretching himself out at full length on the rug before the fire, and on cold nights, after the fire was extinguished, he would creep into his master's bed. In the daytime, however, his owner utilized him. At the word of command, "Come along, Ikey," he would jump into the ample great coat pocket, from which he was transferred to the boot of the omnibus. Here his business was to guard the driver's dinner, and if any person attempted to make free with it, the rat would fly at them from out the straw. There was one dish alone of which he was an inefficient protector. He could never resist plum-pudding, and though he kept off all other intruders, he ate his fill of it himself. These are by no means extraordinary instances of the amiable side of rat nature, when kindly treated by man. In addition to his other merits, he possesses dramatic genius. We have heard of military fleas, we have seen Jacke perform his miserable imitation of humanity on the top of a barrel-organ, but who ever heard of a rat's turn for tragedy? Nevertheless, a Belgian newspaper not long since published an account of a theatrical performance by a troop of rats, which gives us a higher idea of their intellectual nature than anything else which is recorded of them. This novel company of players were dressed in the garb of men and women, walked on their hind legs, and mimicked with ludicrous exactness many of the ordinary stage effects. On one point only were they intractable. Like the young lady in the fable, who turned to a cat the moment a mouse appeared, they forgot their parts, their audience, and their manager, at the sight of the viands that were introduced in the course of the piece, and dropping on all fours, fell to with the native voracity of their race.—*London Quarterly.*

A MODEL WIFE.

A pleasant little Florentine story reached us the other day. One of our famous American sculptors, residing in that delightful city, whither all the genius of England and America seems to tend, was one day seated in his studio at work on an Apollo—for which, by-the-way, he might stand as a model himself—when his attention was attracted by a tremendous trampling of horses in his court-yard. He looked out the window and beheld a magnificent carriage, with outriders, drawn up before his door. Presently a gentleman claimed admission to his studio, and announced himself as the Prince di B——. He came to give the sculptor a large commission. His daughter, who had been struck by some statues of the American that she had seen, wished to sit to him for her bust. She was then below in the carriage. Was the sculptor at leisure? Price was no object; all that was necessary was to gratify his daughter, who was an invalid. The sculptor expressed his willingness to begin the work instantly; and the prince, making a sign to his lackeys from the window, they proceeded to lift a lovely girl, who seemed about eighteen, out of the carriage, and bore her in their arms carefully up the stairs to the artist's studio. The sculptor could not repress a look of surprise at this curious mode of locomotion, particularly as the lady did not bear the slightest trace of illness in her countenance. The prince interpreted his glance and replied to it. "My daughter has been paralyzed in all her limbs," he said, "for the last two months. It is a sad thing. She has had all the medical aid in Florence, but without avail." The sculptor looked again at the invalid. Nothing more beautiful in face or form could have been dreamed by Phidias. A face like Cenci's, before it was clouded with the memory of crime; masses of rich, lustrous auburn hair, framing a clear, pale face, with deep blue eyes swimming beneath a fringe of the silkiest black lashes. Through her delicate muslin robe, the contour of a divinely moulded form was indicated, and when the young signorina cast upon the sculptor a rapid glance, soft as starlight, piercing as electric fire, he felt his heart leap with a mysterious presage of some indefinable catastrophe. She sat. The sculptor worked at his model like one inspired, and a pang struck his heart as the hour for her retiring came. The prince and his lackeys bore her again down stairs in their arms. The carriage door closed on her; the horses swept through the gate. The sculptor did no more work that day. To-morrow she was to come again. He lay awake all night dreaming of her. Then he would shudder, and say to himself, "It is not love, but pity that I feel. She is a paralytic!" The next day, the same scene was repeated; with this difference, that the prince, having seen his daughter poised by the artist, excused himself, on the plea of a business engagement, saying that he would return in time to conduct his daughter home. Poor girl! although the sculptor was a model of manly beauty, her deplorable condition was, in her father's opinion, a safeguard against any of the dangers which he might otherwise have anticipated. He left the room, and drove away in his carriage. A silence ensued. The sculptor dared not look at his model, but worked away on his clay image without raising his eyes. Still a silence. Then it seemed as if a slight rustle had filled the room. A small white hand stole across his mouth, and a burning kiss was printed on his forehead. With almost a shriek he leaped to his feet, and there, with blushes crimsoning her pale cheeks and alabaster neck, knelt the paralytic girl, with her beautiful eyes imploring pardon. "I saw you a long time ago," she said (an Italian woman, when she loves, knows no half measures), "and I loved you. My father was very strict with me. I could not move without being watched. It was impossible for me to meet you or see you. I feigned paralysis. For two months I have scarcely moved. In his pity for my condition, my father relaxed his surveillance of my motions. He gratified every wish; and, as an invalid, I excited no suspicion by desiring to become your sitter. I have said that I love. If you do not return my love, I can only die!" What answer made the American? We need not inquire; only when the Prince di B—— returned, he found nothing in the studio but a clay model of his paralytic daughter. A few days afterward, in a small town of France, the Florentine princess sunk her nobility in the name of an American sculptor.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

AN INGENIOUS TEST.

A short time ago, a merchant, in prosecuting his morning tour in the suburbs, found, as he walked along, a purse containing a considerable sum of money. He observed a lady at some distance, who, he thought, would be the owner and loser. Determined to be correct in the party to whom he delivered it, he fell upon a strange yet ingenious plan to effect this. He resolved to act the part of a "*poor distressed man*," and boldly went forward, hat in hand, and asked alms. This was answered with a *polite* "Go away! I have nothing to give you." The *poor* man, however, persisting in his entreaties, would not go until he had got assistance for his "*famishing* wife and children." The lady at last condescended; but, to her dismay, found the wherewith was gone. The merchant with a polite bow returned the purse, with the advice in future to be more generous to the distressed.—*London Journal.*



TREBIZOND FEMALES.

WOMEN OF TREBIZOND.

The group of women at the fountain, represented in the accompanying picture, was sketched from life, and shows us specimens of the women of Trebizond, as they appear at different ages. Their costume is very simple, being only a loose linen garment and trowsers, with a small linen cap upon the head. The seated figure is a woman advanced in life, but still retaining traces of beauty, though time has destroyed the elegant contour of her person. The figure resting a water-pitcher on her knee, is in the prime of womanhood, and a model of statuesque grace. The two others are mere girls. The home of these women is quite famous. Trebizond, the ancient Trapezus of Xenophon, is one of the principal cities of that mountainous country which extends all along the borders of the Black Sea, from the eastern limits of Anatolia to the last slopes of the Caucasus on the side of Russia in Asia. The surrounding country is cut up into valleys, and bristles with hills, the summits of which, covered with snow a portion of the year, give birth to numerous water-courses, that descend into the bays with which the shores are indented. This configuration of soil explains the remarkable variety of weather experienced in that territory. Thus, while the temperature of the valleys is burning and almost insupportable in summer, the first approach of winter renders the colds on the high grounds almost insupportable. There the snow falls in abundance during many months, and it is only at an advanced period of spring, that these regions become accessible for pasturage and culture. Many cereals are cultivated, such as wheat, barley and maize; the vine succeeds well, hemp and tobacco are raised with success, and fruit trees bear abundantly. The pear-trees of Trebizond are particularly celebrated. The mountains are covered with superb forests, in the shade of which pasture numerous flock of goats and sheep. The melliferous flowers, which spring up in the woodlands—the plants which grow wild in the meadows, feed a multitude of bees, where honey and wax form an additional element of trade for the interior of the country. The principal wealth of the inhabitants of the coasts consists in fisheries, which are better here than at any other portion of the Black Sea, and the products of which amply supply the markets of the neighborhood, and even find their way to Constantinople. Trebizond was an important place, even at the remotest period of its history. The agreeable aspect of the hill, on the reverse of which it rises—the happy location of its port, and its situation as an opening of one of the most fertile countries of Asia, must have largely influenced the selection of its founders, who, according to the accounts of the Greek historians, were no other than colonists from Sinope. But its existence is effaced completely in the obscurity of ages, until the appearance of the kings of Pontus, whose dominion forever closed its independence. On the fall of Mithridates, the Romans seized it, and made it the capital of the province comprised under the name of Pontus Cappadocius. Its part, during all this period, and up to the 13th century of the Christian era, was confined to that of a commercial city. But in 1203, after the taking of Constantinople by the French, it emerged from its obscurity by the will of Alexis Comnenus. Alexis made it the capital of a new state, which, under the name of the Empire of Trebizond, extended from the mouths of the Phasis, now Rioni, to those of the Halys, at present, Kizel-Ermak. This glory lasted two centuries and a half; in 1461, Mahomet II. seized on the place, under the last emperor, David Comnenus, and all this part of Asia submitted to the yoke of the Mussulmen. The city contains many ruins commemorative of its history.

THE SUBAQUEOUS LAMP.

We present herewith an engraving of a very curious invention, showing its adaptation to the business of fishing, and adding one other to the manifold contrivances by which men are enabled to ensnare the finny tribes. We subjoin a description of this apparatus, and the manner of using it, which, taken in connection with the picture, will prove perfectly intelligible. Several attempts have been made from time to time to construct a lamp that would burn under water, without the desired object being attained till lately. In Paris, an electrical light machine was fitted up that answered the purpose, as far as light was concerned; but the expense was too great to allow of its general application. The object has now been attained by Herr Karl Kohn, and the engraving shows the simplicity of the apparatus. It is intended to make examinations of wrecks and impediments to navigation at the mouths of harbors. The inventor anticipates being able to sink it to the depth of from 60 to 100 feet, without the chance of its being extinguished. Like most useful inventions, this seems to have originated from a simple idea. It is well known that fish will come to a light at night; and this mode of poaching is extensively practised in Scotland for catching salmon, and is called "burning the water." In the lamp in question, the effect upon the finny inhabitants is greater than the torch at the bows of the boat. The lamp is sunk to a considerable depth, and fish of all sizes, with laudable curiosity, are attracted by the novelty of the affair. When a large company is collected, the lamp is gradually raised, the fish following; and then, when at a convenient depth, the best are taken with hand-nets. Description of the lamp:—*a a*, Two exhausting bellows, by which a current of air is produced; *b*, a double cranked tin tube fixed to the boat, on which the bellows work; *c*, the supply-pipe, for the fresh air to feed the flame; *d*, the lamp itself, with glass air-tight case; *e*, the small pipe, to which the tube *c* is fixed to the lamp; *f*, the tube by which the deoxidised air passes to the bellows (this tube springs from the cover, which is hermetically closed upon the glass case containing the light); *g g*, two small openings to supply a draught till the lamp is ready for use; *h*, weight to sink the lamp; *i*, a wire to raise or lower the lamp.

A REMARKABLE LINGUIST.

In the course of a lecture delivered not long since before a "Mutual Improvement Society" at Waltham-tow, Cardinal Wiseman observed that the power of acquiring and remembering a number of languages—that is, knowing them thoroughly grammatically and familiarly—was extremely rare. Of this power, his (Cardinal Wiseman's) late friend, Cardinal Mezzofante, was a striking example. His labors were in the prisons, in which he found confined natives of every habitable country—Greeks, Bulgarians, Wallachians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Poles, Lithuanians. Cardinal Mezzofante set himself to work, and in a few days was able to speak with them readily and fluently. Cases have been known of persons coming to this extraordinary man for confession, but speaking only some out of the way language which debarred them from intercommunication with all priests within their reach. On such occasions, Cardinal Mezzofante would request a delay of three weeks, during which time he would so completely master the language, however difficult, that he could apprehend the most minute particulars communicated to him. At the age of fifty, he he was thoroughly versed in fifty languages; and before his death, the number he knew must have amounted to seventy or eighty. Of these, it must be added, he was acquainted with all the varieties of dialect, provincialisms and patois. He would detect the particular county in England from which a person came, or the province in France, and was conversant, not only with the grammar, but with the literature of all these nations. He could write a note or an apology—perhaps, after all, the greatest test—without an error in form, language, style, or title of address of his correspondent, and would turn his sentences without ever losing sight of the little niceties, idioms, and peculiarities which form the distinctive characteristics of a language. His method of studying a language was to take the grammar and read it through, and at the end of that time he was perfect master of the whole thing. He used to say he had never forgotten a single thing he had ever read or heard. He also possessed an acuteness of ear, and a flexibility of the organs of speech, which enabled him to express himself with the most faultless accent. With all this he had never been out of Italy in his life, and only once out of Rome, when he visited Bologna.—*London Morning Star.*

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

The first animals brought to America from Europe were imported by Columbus on his second voyage, in 1493; he left Spain admiral of seventeen ships, bringing a collection of European trees, plants and seeds of various kinds, a number of horses, a bull, and several cows. The first horses brought into the territory at present embraced in the United States, were landed in Florida by Cabeca de Vaca, in 1537, forty-two in number, all of which perished, or were otherwise killed. The next importation was also brought to Florida by De Soto, in 1539, which consisted of a large number of horses and swine, among which were thirteen sows, whose progeny soon increased to several hundred. The Portuguese took cattle and came to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, in the year 1553; thirty years after, they had multiplied so abundantly, that Sir Richard Gilbert attempted to land there to obtain supplies of cattle and hogs for his crew, but was wrecked. In 1509, three ships from England landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, with many immigrants, and the following domestic animals, viz., six mares, one horse, six hundred swine, five hundred domestic fowls, with a few sheep and goats. Other animals had been previously introduced there. The first animals introduced into Massachusetts were by Edward Winslow, in 1624, consisting of three heifers and a bull. In 1629, twelve cows were sent to Cape Ann; and in the same year, one hundred and fifteen cattle were imported into the plantations on Massachusetts Bay, besides some horses and mares, several conies, and forty-one goats—they being mostly ordered by Francis Higginson, formerly of Leicestershire, whence several of the animals were brought. The first importation into New York was made from Holland, by the West India Company, in 1625, consisting of horses and cattle for breeding, besides sheep and hogs.—*Boston Journal.*



THE SUBAQUEOUS LAMP.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARION'S APPEAL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN BEFORE THE ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON BY THE BRITISH.

BY CAROLINE L. JAQUES.

Arouse ye sluggards! Shall it be,
To despots such as these,
That free-born citizens will e'er
Submissive bend the knees?

Shall England's myrmidons, unchecked,
Invade with lawless stride
The land where Freedom's altar stands,
Undaunted in its pride?

Awake! be men, and scornful hurl
Defiance to their teeth;
Nor dare, unconquered, e'er to thrust
Your swords within their sheath.

What though unarmed against the foe,
Shall tyranny prevail?
Protectors of your country's rights,
With God, ye cannot fail!

Your watchword, Liberty!—your shield,
Hearts unappalled by death:
Resolved for victory, or else,
Unvanquished, yield your breath.

Then up, to arms! With rapid steps
Britannia's blood-stained hosts
Advance—death to the traitor who
Can now desert his post!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"SNOWED UP" IN THE CARS.

BY KATE WARE.

The clock was striking eleven, and Kate Duncan was sitting in a low chair in front of the grate looking musingly at the bright coals. The room (Kate's room) was in a shocking state of disorder; bits of paper scattered all over the floor, little boxes and bundles lying on the table, bed, and chairs, and muslins, boots and brushes in unwonted neighborhood on the bureau, while an open trunk, already nearly full, told the cause of the confusion. Kate was going on a journey to-morrow. Mrs. Duncan had an old friend, now a widow, living in Boston, who had been pleading for a long time for a visit from Kate. Her own daughter was near Kate's age, and they would do everything to make her enjoy herself. So "mother" had at last consented, as Kate had just left school and needed relaxation. 'Twas a great event in her quiet, simple life, this first visit from home. So, tired with packing, and running up and down stairs after things that can never be found when wanted, she had settled herself comfortably before the fire, and was wasting her time in true girl-fashion, in dreaming dreams and building "castles in the air," instead of undressing and going soberly to bed, as a tired, well-behaved young lady should do.

Here let me make a little digression. As the age and appearance of the heroine are always of the first importance in a story, I consider it right to inform you at once as to Kate. She is, or rather was at this time, eighteen years old, and she was not what people generally call "a beauty," though she looked almost so now, with the ruddy fire-light dancing over her face and form. Kate, alas, was only "pretty." She had pretty hair, wavy and brown, clear, truthful, brown eyes, and her lips and cheeks were bright with the rich, healthy bloom of youth, while shining through all, and making their truest charm, was her frank, sunny, loving nature, that always won her friends.

Sitting there musing, all sorts of romantic notions and fancies were chasing through her brain at this visit—for Kate had read the usual number of novels that go to make up a part of every girl's reading, and had besides an imagination quite active enough before. After a while, becoming more prosaic, she wondered if the Hamiltons where she was going to visit would like her, she being sure to like them, hoping very much they would, that is, all but Robert. "It was such a pity that he wasn't somebody she should like, it would have been so nice, and they would have had such pleasant times." She had heard much about this Robert, Bella Hamilton's only brother. He was handsome she imagined, and he was talented, and his sister was never tired of praising or admiring him, so that Kate really had an uncomfortable awe of the paragon, and feeling sure that he wouldn't deign to notice *her*, had made up her mind to dislike *him*. Then there was another thing about him; he couldn't be called a "woman hater" certainly, for he was everything to his mother and sister, but she had heard that though it was the fashion in Boston to admire him, he kept all the belles at a distance by the polite indifference and reserve with which he treated them, and Kate didn't relish the idea of being so treated, though to be sure she wasn't a belle at all. Altogether, she viewed him as likely to be the one great drawback to the pleasure of her visit. Having pursued her "maiden meditations" thus far, her mother's foot was heard on the stairs, and she came in with a dress on her arm.

"Kate, why don't you go to bed? it's after eleven. Is your trunk packed?"

Kate started.

"Almost, mother, just a few things to put in."

"Well, I'll finish it. Please hand me those muslins on the bureau. I'll put your travelling dress here on the chair for you, so as to be handy in the morning. You'd better go right to bed."

The weather next morning was anything but pleasant; the sky was dull and leaden, and, as Mr. Duncan remarked at breakfast, "looked as though it would snow before noon." It made but little difference though to Kate, since it didn't prevent her going. She stood waiting for the carriage, and as she shook out the folds of her pretty brown travelling-dress, and threw back her veil over her becoming little bonnet as she tied it on before the glass, the reader must pardon her if it was with an agreeable consciousness that that face and form were unmistakably pretty; and yet she wasn't vain of it, but only glad. But she forgot all about it when she came to bid "the children" good-by, and was very near crying as her mother kissed her, and whispered: "Don't forget to pray night and morning, Kate, and write often, for we shall miss you very much." Her father's "come, Kate, the carriage is waiting," was just in time to prevent such a catastrophe, however, and when he claimed his kiss in the entry, "for fear of being cheated out of it at the cars," she laughed merrily, and put on a shocked expression and serio comic air, and asked him "if he supposed she was going to kiss there, *right before the hackman!*"

The cars started at last. Kate leaned back in her seat and made herself as comfortable as she could for the tedious five hours' ride before her. When she got tired of watching the trees and fences fly past, for all the world as though they were on a skating match over the hard smooth snow, she took to watching those around her. Unfortunately, there was nothing at all funny or out of the way in any of them, except, perhaps, a couple on the opposite side of the car, evidently just married, who were most undisguisedly affectionate and proud of each other. The bride was arrayed in the most bridish of bridal bonnets, and was in constant fear of getting it hurt and spotted, and Kate couldn't help laughing to hear her exclamations of "O, dear! there's a spark! Now there's another!"

In front of Kate sat a gentleman all intent on a newspaper. Before they got to the first way-station it began to snow thick and fast, and she noticed that the further they went the deeper the snow looked, as though it had been snowing all night, while here and there it was much drifted. The scenery was very monotonous, so having nothing else to do, she made her vis-a-vis a subject for her favorite study, physiognomy, and amused herself with guessing from his face what his character was.

It was a striking face, with a great deal of firmness and "character" in the expression of the mouth, a certain calm earnestness and clearness in the eyes, and in his whole person and manner an unmistakable air of the gentleman. "I'm glad he has got such a fine face, if he is going to sit opposite me," thought Kate. Just at this interesting point in her reflections, the gentleman in question looked up, and met her eyes fixed on him. Kate colored at being caught staring so, and looked quickly away to the other side of the car. The bridegroom was just then tenderly spreading his red silk handkerchief over the bonnet of his fair one, to protect it from a sudden shower of sparks, and Kate to keep from laughing had to turn away again, and met a second time the eyes of the gentleman, who was looking the same way, and evidently trying to conceal a smile. "Your mouth is handsome when you smile," thought Miss Kate, "and I've no doubt you may be aware of the fact yourself. I don't wish to be caught staring at you all the time though." So, as a last resort from ennui, she drew her veil over her face and tried to go to sleep.

About eleven o'clock the cars, which had been moving very slowly, stopped altogether. Everybody looked out of the windows, but could see nothing but great drifts of snow and a little red farmhouse way off in the distance. The gentlemen who went out to see what the trouble was, soon came back and stood round the stove, talking and stamping the snow off their feet. Kate listened to what they said, and found that they had got into a snow drift, and that it would take two or three hours at least to shovel the snow away so that they could go on. Some were grumbling and scolding because the conductor had taken no snow-plough.

"We had better take it easy," said a great cheery looking man in a red woolen comforter. "They say there is just such another drift a little way ahead, only worse if anything. It will be time enough to fret when we come to that."

Kate was of the same opinion, but did not feel quite easy till she had asked the gentleman in front of her if there was any danger of their being run into by another train.

"O, no; but we shall be delayed on the road a few hours, and not reach Boston till late in the afternoon."

Perhaps he noticed that she looked rather disconsolate at the thought, for after taking the last "Harper" from his overcoat pocket and looking it over a few minutes he offered it to her, politely saying perhaps it would help pass away the time.

Two, three, four hours passed, wearily "dragging their slow length along," and no progress, the red farmhouse still in view. At last they detached the hind car, and the passengers were turned into the next one, which was where Kate sat, and every seat was filled except the one beside her. Then the engine gave a great puff, as if taking a long breath and preparing for a great effort, and the cars started in earnest. Everybody brightened up, the bridegroom whispered in the white bonnet, "Martha Ann, dear, cheer up, we're going!" and there was a universal expression of satisfaction, and exclamations of "This is something like now!" "How delightful!" etc.

But they hadn't run more than half an hour when they came to a deeper drift than the one from which they had just been shovelled, and made a full stop. The snow was growing every moment deeper and deeper, they were in the midst of the woods, and the wind whistled through the bare branches, which swayed and rocked in the storm, making the scene more dreary, and seeming to Kate to clap their hands in exultation at their dark, gloomy situation. It was not light enough to read any longer, so she returned the "Harper." She first, however, had the curiosity to notice the name written on the cover, Joshua Carter, and thought what a homely name. Then she leaned back in her seat, and dwelt on the gloomy prospect before her, feeling faint and tired as well as lonely and forlorn. She heard those round her say there was now no prospect of even reaching D——, where they could get something to eat, till midnight. Some one else said that there was no wood, and the fire was almost out, and he didn't know but what they should freeze, and a little child began to cry bitterly for a drink of water. Poor Kate began to feel worse and worse. She dreaded the idea of being all night in the car *alone*, though surrounded on all sides by men, some of them with coarse, disagreeable faces, and breaths smelling strongly of liquor. There were but two other women in the car, and they both had some one to care for them. How she wished her father had come with her, or that she had somebody to speak to. The gentleman who had occupied the seat in front of her and had lent her the magazine, had left his seat and was walking thoughtfully up and down the car. Presently, to her surprise, he came and took the seat beside her, and said, abruptly:

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"This must be a very unpleasant situation for a young lady travelling alone. We may be here all night, and even if we reach a place where we can get refreshment by midnight, without a protector I am afraid you will fare but poorly among such a crowd of hungry men. If you will allow me, I shall be very happy to see that you are taken care of, and be of service to you in any way I can."

Kate felt that under his protection she could not but be safe, and his face inspired her with entire confidence in his honor and goodness of heart. So she thanked him, told him she did feel very lonely, and should be glad to have some one to protect her, for though it was very foolish, she felt afraid without any one to speak to, even. His face showed that he appreciated her frank trust in him. After awhile he drew her into conversation, and whether it was his quiet, deferential way of listening to what she said, or the singular ease and grace with which he himself talked, Kate soon forgot her timidity in talking with an entire stranger, and one so dignified, almost stern looking, and was chatting away with him almost as if he were an old friend, while her low, merry laugh really cheered those near her.

With so delightful a companion the time passed quickly. The little lamps were lighted, but their flicker only lighted those near them, while all the rest were in deep shadow. The fire having all gone out, the car was so cold that though Kate drew her cloak round her she could not help shivering. Her protector had relapsed into silence and was looking dreamily out of the window, but happening to look at Kate he saw that she was very cold. Quickly taking off the large, gray travelling-shawl he wore, he was going to wrap it round her. Kate remonstrated.

"You need it yourself, sir. I am not so very cold."

He smiled, and saying "I am sorry I didn't think of it before," put it over her shoulders with a quiet firmness that was not to be resisted, so she luxuriated in its warmth all the rest of the way.

Everybody in the car became very sleepy and quiet, and seemed resolved that they would make themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Kate was very tired, and laughingly telling her companion that the force of example was too much for her, and that he should see what a wonderful talent she had for sleeping, she had prepared for a nap. The pillow that he made for her out of the shawl, keeping it from falling back by supporting it with his hand, was so comfortable that she soon fell asleep. The light from the lamp above fell full on her face as she lay there, resting as quietly as if in her own little room at home, and she looked so pretty that I cannot resist the opportunity for telling you of it. Her bonnet had half slipped off, and the gentleman beside her, having placed his arm round the top of the seat to keep the shawl under her head, in moving her head in her sleep she had thrown it back till now it was unconsciously resting on his arm, her warm cheek almost touching his hand. Our faces are truer tell-tales of our characters in sleeping than when we are awake, and Kate's now was so unconsciously sweet and childlike, and the abandon of her posture so winning, that I hope the stranger may be pardoned for not taking his arm away, and for the admiration with which he sat looking at her.

She had slept two hours or so, when a sudden motion of the car awakened her. On opening her eyes and discovering her position, she blushed and immediately sat up very straight, to make up for it. But the gentleman was talking with some one opposite, and *seemed* so unconscious both of her misdemeanor and her expiation of it, that she flattered herself he hadn't noticed at all that she was resting on him. In a few minutes he turned his head.

"What, are you awake? I'm happy to inform you then, that we have started again, and have now the delightful prospect in view of supper in the course of an hour or so."

It was about twelve when they reached the village of D—— and stopped for refreshment. The hungry passengers immediately set off for the public house, fortunately but a little way off. A thundering knock at the door roused the landlord, who was at first quite frightened by the sight of so many people at that time of night. He let them in, however, and promised to do the best he could for them. When supper, such as it was, was fairly announced, there was such a rush and scrambling for places that Kate fully realized what it was to have some one to take care of her. Her protector also won her gratitude and admiration, not only by providing for her, but for a poor Irish woman, who, coming in late, would have been obliged to go without any supper at all if he had not given up his place to her, saying that he could wait as well as not; but the obsequious waiter found a place for *him* though he could not for *her*. Never, it seemed to Kate, had bread

and cold ham tasted half so nice, because, perhaps, she had never been half so hungry; and as they all left the table it was delightful to see how refreshed and good natured, not to say benignant, everybody looked.

As there was a prospect, now that they had got through the worst drifts, and it had stopped snowing, of reaching Boston by morning, the passengers took the cars again, and were soon on their way. The storm was over, the morning was bright and clear, and the sunrise casting its rosy glow on the pure snow, Kate watched it with her eyes kindling with enthusiasm, while her companion filled up the measure of her delight by repeating to her in his clear, low voice, Everett's exquisite description of a sunrise, seen as they saw it, from a car window. They were approaching Boston, and at last descried Bunker Hill Monument.

"Do you live in Boston?" asked the gentleman of Kate.

She told him in her frank way that she did not, but was going to visit some friends of hers, the Hamiltons, of B—— Street. An expression of surprise on his face made her ask if he knew them.

"Why, yes,—they are friends of mine."

"How delightful!" And she immediately began to speak in the warmest terms of Mrs. Hamilton and Bella, whom she had seen two years before. After a pause she said: "Robert Hamilton I don't know at all, but I don't think he can be like his sister. Shall I like him, I wonder?"

Her face said plainly, "I don't expect to."

"I can't tell," said he, gravely, "but I hope so."

"Why?"

"Because I am sure he will like *you*."

Kate colored a little.

"On the contrary, I don't expect he will deign to notice me at all; and I imagine him to be such a piece of perfection and propriety that for my part, I'll own I've taken a great prejudice to him. I can't bear that sort of people. I haven't seen him since he was a boy, and I suppose he has altered in his looks since then. Is he handsome?"

There was a very comical expression about the stranger's mouth as he answered:

"I thought that was always the first question young ladies asked about a gentleman. My opinion and yours, probably, would not agree, so I shall leave you to judge for yourself."

She was just going to say she had heard he was, when they approached the depot, and her attention was diverted, so she forgot it. He took out his watch; looking at it, he said that the train would leave in half an hour for New York, and owing to their being delayed so long he should be obliged to take it, instead of stopping a few hours in Boston as he had intended to do. He should be happy though to get her a carriage and see to her baggage for her, unless she expected her friends to meet her at the depot. Kate thought since she did not come yesterday they would not expect her till to-day at noon, and so should be very glad if he would do so. Her benefactor, as she mentally called him, not thinking the name Joshua Carter a very romantic one, arranged everything for her, and then when she was seated in a carriage, came to the door to bid her good-by, while the driver was fastening on her baggage behind. He had been so kind, rendering her every attention so delicately and politely, and making the time that would otherwise have been so tedious, not only tolerable but delightful by his conversation—of course I would not dare to intimate that his fair face and full, rich voice had any attraction for her—that she felt sincerely sorry to say good-by, and to think they might never meet again. She told him so, thanked him warmly for his kindness, and hoped that if he should ever come to P——, where her home was, she should see him. He bowed, assured her that she owed him no thanks, but that they were due from him alone, and he should never forget the pleasure he enjoyed by being "snowed up in the cars," and then with a warm pressure of the little gloved hand she extended to him, they parted, and the carriage drove away.

Mrs. Hamilton was one of those warm-hearted, motherly women that put you at your ease at once. Bella was a sprightly, entertaining girl, very pretty, with graceful, "taking" manners, and withal a good deal more heart than appeared on the surface. She was a year or two older than Kate, and having seen a good deal of society was more young-lady-ish; but they were soon on the most confidential terms with each other, after the manner of girls the world over. After the first surprise of the meeting was over, and Kate had delivered the thousand and one messages from home, with which she had been charged, she told them about her kind protector, prudently reserving, however, all her enthusiasm on the subject till she and Bella should be alone. I had forgotten to say that she found that the formidable Robert was from home and not expected for a week or more, and that secretly she was much rejoiced at the intelligence.

Mrs. Hamilton made the girls retire early, being sure that Kate must be very tired. Kate had a delightful room given her, with a nice little dressing-room opening into Bella's room, from which arrangement they promised themselves much pleasure. Bella was sitting in Kate's room by the fire, watching that young lady while she let down her hair.

"What beautiful hair you have, Kate—so glossy and wavy. I couldn't help noticing how smooth it looked this morning when you took your bonnet off, and you had been riding so long in the cars too. By the way, didn't your kind protector tell you his name, or give you his card, or something?"

"No, and I don't wonder, it's so homely! But I saw it on the 'Harper' he lent me—Joshua Carter. Did I tell you that he know your family?"

"Joshua Carter! Well that *is* funny! Why, he is a particular friend of Robert's! Short, isn't he? and rather stout!"

"O, no; tall, fine looking!"

"I always thought him short. Blue eyes, and light hair!"

"No, indeed! He has dark eyes, that look right into you some way, and his hair is dark, and he has one of those flexible, finely cut months, that are so rare you know, and so expressive. You ought to see him smile, Bella."

"I never minded Mr. Carter's mouth, I'm sure. But you needn't contradict your elders, Miss Duncan, for he certainly has light eyes, and he isn't a bit handsome. I've seen him twenty times at least."

"Then you haven't a particle of taste. He's what I call *splendid*. And then he talks so! He makes you forget yourself entirely; and such a deep voice he has! If there is anything I admire in a man it is a deep voice. But what I liked him best for, is that he is a thorough bred gentleman. You should have seen how kind he was to a poor Irish woman where we stopped at D——, and he has such a quiet way of doing everything."

Bella leaned back in her chair and laughed outright.

"The fact is, Kate, Mr. Joshua Carter has bewitched you, it's perfectly plain. You're in love with him, and 'love is blind' you know. He is only a rather common-place looking person, gentlemanly enough, and Robert says there is a great deal in him, but I have never found it out."

Kate had a mind to be provoked, but it wouldn't do, for Bella's merriment was too catching, so at last she joined in. She persisted, however, that it must be another Mr. Carter; for he was so far from common place that if she ever wrote a novel she should certainly have him for the hero.

"Be the heroine yourself then, and marry him in the last volume. Do put me in as a heartless flirt, and let me have the pleasure of refusing him first though. I don't doubt it would do him good to be jilted. Good-night." And Bella went to her room.

The first week flew by wonderfully quick, as it always does when we enjoy ourselves, and Kate did so thoroughly. One day, as she sat in her room writing home, she heard an unusual noise down stairs, and in a few minutes Bella came running into her room with the news that Robert had come, and she must put up her writing and come right down stairs. As they entered the parlor together, Robert Hamilton was standing by the fire, with his back to them, but as Bella said, "Robert, Miss Duncan," he turned, and Kate uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was her friend of the cars! He, however, for his part, seemed not surprised at all, and bowed with a quiet smile of recognition.

"It gives me great pleasure to see you again, Miss Duncan."

Bella stared in astonishment, first at one and then at the other. But as she heard Kate's "Why, it's Mr. Carter!" the truth flashed upon her, and she cried:

"I see now! So, Robert, *you* were Kate's protector in the cars! If that isn't delightful—capital—grand! And she never knew it,—told me his name was Joshua Carter—saw it on his 'Harper!' Didn't you know who she was?"

Mr. Hamilton glanced with an amused expression at Kate, she was dumb with amazement.

"Not till just a little while before we parted, and then from what she had just said, I was afraid she would not be pleased to know that *I* was her companion."

"Well, I never heard anything so charming!" said Bella, who had not minded the last part of his reply, which indeed had been meant for Kate. "I thought your friend Joshua Carter must have changed wonderfully from the glowing description she gave me. So fascinating, handsome, and such dark eyes! O, it's too funny!"

"I am willing to confess, Miss Duncan," said Robert, "that I cannot justify myself in not at once introducing myself to you, but I didn't want to revive your 'prejudices' then, against me."

"O, Robert, you ought to have heard her, what she said. I told her she had certainly fallen in love with Mr. Carter, she got so enthusiastic, and she—"

There is no knowing where she would have stopped, for her eyes were sparkling with amusement and mischief at Kate, whose face was crimson with vexation, if her brother, with a delicacy and tact which Kate appreciated, had not interrupted her by saying that he had a letter up stairs for her in his valise and would get it, and at once left the room, to the great relief of at least one.

Kate was in a highly uncomfortable state of mind; very indignant that Bella should have told what she had said, and very much vexed with herself, as she remembered how freely she had expressed her opinion of Robert Hamilton to himself. "At least," she said to herself, "it was very ungentlemanly in him not to tell me who he was before I had made such a fool of myself. And if he flatters himself that I have fallen in love with him after what Bella told him, I will just show him his mistake."

So summoning up her pride, she assumed towards him a degree of reserve and indifference, that was as unlike the frank, impulsive, girlish Kate she was, as possible. At dinner, Bella took a malicious pleasure in teasing her, and asked her brother how that delightful Mr. Carter's name—with a mischievous glance at Kate, who preserved a very dignified air—came on the "Harper."

"It was his book; he gave it to me to read in the cars, because there was a particular piece in it which he wanted me to see."

"It *is* rather amusing that Kate should have made the mistake," said Mrs. Hamilton, "but it was perfectly natural too, and Bella you shan't laugh at her any more."

So Bella forbore in future any allusion to it, to the relief of all concerned. Kate's reserve and hauteur, being so foreign to her disposition, gradually melted away; but Robert Hamilton, to whom they were more natural, thinking she still had the same opinion of him that she had expressed in the cars, and not wishing to presume on any services he had rendered her, or the slight acquaintance he had with her then, treated her with uniform politeness but with distance.

In the meantime, her merry, winning ways, and the charming frankness of her character, made her a great favorite not only at the Hamiltons, but with [illegible] acquaintance. There were many gentlemen whom Kate saw very frequently. Hardly an evening when they were at home but they had callers, and just because, without making the least effort to please them Kate felt, and could not help seeing that most of them admired her, and courted her society, she didn't care for them in the least. Robert Hamilton never complimented her, but treated her always with the most perfect politeness, seeming to be indifferent whether she liked him or not, and never obtruding his attentions on her, so also in her feminine perversity, was at first piqued, then attracted by it. So what with changing her mind on the subject half a dozen times a day, it came at length that Robert Hamilton was continually in her thoughts, which is plainly a very dangerous state for a young lady to be in. One thing, however, discovered an unexpected bond between them. There was a poor protegé of Mrs Hamilton's dying of consumption, whom she used to often go and see. She was so patient, and even joyful in her pain, and had such simple, earnest faith in her Saviour, that Kate, who too was a Christian, delighted to be with her. One evening Bella expressed her astonishment that Kate should like to go there so much; such a little stived-up room; and she didn't think the sick girl very interesting. Kate answered, in a low voice:

"O, Bella; I love her because she loves Christ! It makes me better to be with her."

Bella made no reply, but Robert looked up from his book, and as Kate met his earnest, kindling gaze at her, it told her that there was one tie of sympathy between them, the noblest and highest.

When two months had passed, there came the dreaded summons home from her father, saying they could spare her no longer, and should expect her the next week on Thursday. There was great lamentation when the Hamiltons knew that she must go. Kate was sad to leave them all, sadder on many accounts than she chose to show. There had been planned a grand moonlight sleighing-party for the next week, Wednesday, and Bella declared that Kate must go, even if she were to desert them all in such a heathenish manner the next day. They were to go in single sleighs about thirty miles out of the city to a friend's house. Bella had been invited by Mr. Hale, a gentleman friend of hers (Kate had her suspicions about this "friend," by the way), and Kate, to her indignation, had been invited as soon as the party was proposed, by a Mr. Brooks, a cousin of Bella's, whom she utterly despised for his foppish, dandified ways, and his self-assurance, at the very moment when she saw Robert approaching her for the very same purpose. She had no excuse to give, and was obliged to accept the invitation or else stay at home; but she consented with a bad grace.

Wednesday evening had come. Kate dressed herself in a most becoming blue silk, and tried to look pleased, but was in reality most disconsolate, both at the prospect of a tete-a-tete ride with Mr. Brooks and because she found that Robert was not going; but coming down into the parlor she found Bella in her merriest mood. It was a cold night, and Mrs. Hamilton insisted on their putting on such a number of cloaks and shawls that they could hardly move, and stood laughing at their own rotundity. In the midst of the mirth Robert came in, and said to Kate:

"Miss Duncan, I have just received a note from Mr. Brooks, saying that he has had a telegraphic despatch from S—— that his father is very sick, and he must start for home at once. He wished me to apologize to you for not coming, and regrets it exceedingly. Now will you go with me? My sleigh will be at the door in five minutes." Kate's face brightened.

"O, I'm so glad!—not that his father is sick of course, but because he can't go. I don't like him, and I had much rather go with you," she said, with sudden frankness, and then half blushed at herself for saying it.

"I thought you were not going, Robert!" said Bella, "didn't care about it."

"I have changed my mind," said he, quietly.

The sleighing was perfect—the night glorious. Kate was in the highest spirits, and fairly bewitched with excitement and pleasure. The wind blew her hair in curls from out of her little blue hood, her eyes sparkled and danced in the moonlight like two stars, and her cheeks were glowing with the red, rich color. Her companion entered as fully as she into the spirit of the ride, and Kate's laugh rang out merry and clear, in unison with his deep, manly one. His reserve, his coldness, disappeared. And as he talked with all the earnest and unconscious grace of manner that had so charmed her at first, or his whole face grew bright with a smile as he listened to her gay, quick sallies, she was entirely swayed by the power and fascination he had over her.

"We shall be there in half an hour. Our horses fly as though they were winged."

"O!" she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry. It seems as if I could ride forever!"

"Kate, would you ride forever with *me*?"

The sudden depth and passion in his tone made her turn her head quickly away, and sobered while it thrilled her. Her cheek was burning now, and she was quivering, but not with cold.

"Kate, answer me. I mean that I love you—with my whole soul I love you, and would have you for my wife!"

There was a moment's silence, then Kate turned her face to him, and meeting his eyes with a loving trust shining in hers, said:

"Yes, I do love you, and I will be your wife."

Kate went home next day, and was not "snowed up" or delayed on the way at all, yet for all that, the same gentleman sat by her side and took care of her that had done so before, and more than that, seemed as anxious to reach P——, and see her father and mother as she did. In about a year from this time, a delightful event took place, which made them one for life.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

JERSEY CITY, STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

M. M. Ballou, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—The subject of my present series of sketches, drawn expressly for your Pictorial, is a place of rapidly increasing importance as connected with the interests of the Empire City, it being the point of convergence for the great lines of travel to the west and south, and the *entrepot* of the English line of steam communication with the eastern continent. The stranger, visiting Jersey City for the first time, is forcibly struck with the transition appearance of the place, and this fact is not less forcibly impressed upon the mind of one who sees it after the lapse of but a few years. The advent of the Erie Railroad; the location of the depot of the Cunard steamers, together with the rapidly increasing amount of travel over the great, and, I might say, the only line of southern transit, have urged on the march of improvement in such an unprecedented manner, that the transient visitor scarcely recognizes the place as he passes through its streets. Under these circumstances, it will not appear surprising that I have found it difficult to select material for illustration. There are as yet no striking public edifices to arrest the eye and ornament the city, although she promises much for the future; and the scenes of to-day are so rapidly giving way to the improvements of the morrow, that my sketches will only serve to show your readers of a year hence, not what Jersey City *is*, but what it *was*. They will serve a valuable purpose, however, as a reminiscence of the past, with a glimpse at her future, which is represented by the magnificent depot and ferry houses, now in the course of erection, and which are illustrated upon the opposite page. I well remember when an old wind-mill standing upon a narrow point of land which jutted out into the Hudson River from a background of low, wet, marshy ground, with a collection of a dozen or less squalid, ruinous frame buildings, represented all of Jersey City, and I have often regretted since that I did not preserve a sketch of the scene, as a memento with which to compare its more modern appearance. The regret is vain, however, yet it will serve to show that the present sketches may, like good wine, improve by age. A glance at the history of the place, will convey a more vivid idea of its growth than any words of mine, and I hasten to give the best I have been able to obtain.—There is no doubt that the river once flowed completely around the three islands which now constitute the more elevated points of Jersey City and Hoboken. However that may be, at the time of the early settlement of the Dutch, two of these were connected with the main land by a narrow isthmus, and this peninsula, then called Paulus Hook (the Areseck Houck of the natives), was granted by letters patent to Abraham Isaacsen Plank, by Sir William Kieft, director-general of the Dutch West India Company, and his council of the Province of New Jersey, in 1638. In 1698, it was conveyed by Plank's heirs-at-law, to Ide Cornelisse Van Vorst, in whose family it remained until 1804, when Cornelius Van Vorst, one of his descendants, conveyed it to Anthony Dey. The amount of land sold by Mr. Van Vorst was the whole of the city east of a line drawn from Morgan Street, about the centre of the block between Washington and Warren Streets, to a point striking the Morris Canal at Van Vorst Street. The boundary was a ditch, but as this was rather indefinite and frequently involved disputes and misunderstanding, a surveyed line was established. The compensation was an annuity of $6000, the purchaser having exclusive control of the land, ferry privileges, etc. After a few years, however, the legal heir of Van Vorst sold his whole right and title to the property for the sum of $40,000, retaining the old homestead, and a large amount of real estate which was then in Harsimus, but which is now embraced within the city limits. The old manor-house, one of the oldest buildings in the State, is still standing, and is an interesting relic of past times. It stands upon the site of the residence of the first patroon.—In the year 1804, the property changed hands several times, and on the 10th of November of that year, "The Associates of the Jersey Company," were incorporated by the legislature of the State, and the whole of Paulus Hook was laid out into blocks and squares, and sub-divided into building lots. A map was made of the new city, and on all old deeds, the lines are located by "Mauguis Map." In 1838, an amended charter was obtained from the legislature, which incorporated all that part of the township of Bergen formerly called Paulus Hook, and all the inhabitants within its limits were declared a body corporate by the name of "The Mayor and Common Council of Jersey City." In 1839, a supplement was passed, extending the area of the city to embrace what was then called Harsimus, and in 1840, Hudson county was created, which embraces Jersey City. The new court-house was erected in the town (now city) of Hudson, about a mile from the ferry, and here are also situated the offices of county clerk, surrogate, etc., etc. In 1802, Major Hunt and family, John Murphy and wife, and Joseph Bryant, numbering *thirteen persons all told*, constituted the whole of the inhabitants of Paulus Hook. They occupied one house with its out-buildings, which was kept as a tavern for the accommodation of travellers crossing the ferry. In 1825, the number of taxable inhabitants was 118, of whom only 36 were freeholders. In 1829, there were 1025 inhabitants; in 1840, 4090, and in 1850, 11,437, while the census of 1855 shows that they had increased in five years nearly twofold, or numbering 21,000 souls. This rapid increase is unprecedented, except perhaps by the city of Brooklyn, and is owing entirely to the juxtaposition of the Empire City and the facility of access thereto. In fact the increase of the census of Jersey City has been in exact ratio with the increase and development of the ferry privileges. When Major Hunt kept the tavern in 1802, the means of crossing were confined to skiffs manned by rowers, with a pair of sculls each; the next advance was the employment of pirogues, or periaugas (a small craft, with two masts and a lee-board). These were followed by double steam ferry boats, built under the immediate superintendence of Fulton himself, and were called respectively the "York" and the "Jersey." These in time gave way to the "George Washington" and "Richard Varick," and they in turn to others, until at the present day we have a handsome fleet of first class boats, unexcelled for ferry purposes, comprising the "New Jersey," the "Hudson," the "Philadelphia," "Colden," "Arresseoh" and "Daniel S. Gregory." The latter is probably the finest boat of her kind in the world. She is 183 feet long, 32 feet beam, and 12 1-2 feet depth of hold. Her cylinders are 40 inches diameter, with a stroke of 11 feet. The average time in crossing is four and a half minutes; the distance, a little over one mile.—This ease of access to, and intimate connection with the city of New York has had the natural tendency to draw to Jersey City a host of manufacturers, who avail themselves of the limited taxation and other facilities of the place, to make here what finds a market in the Empire City. More than one-third of the inhabitants do business across the water, and morning and evening, a continuous stream of passengers throng the boats and pour through her streets, and this living stream so rapidly augments that increased accommodations have been found necessary from time to time, until the ferry and railroad companies have united in the erection of the immense depot and ferry house represented on the next page. The incipient step to this undertaking was the taking a space equal to about ten acres from the river, which was done by docking and filling in with the mud and dirt dredged from the river. This alone cost $140,000; the cost of the buildings is estimated at $60,000 more; making a sum total of $200,000. The main building or depot, will be of brick, except about 180 feet, which is built over the water, and is of wood. The entire length of the building will be 500 feet, by 103 feet wide; the height of the roof is 43 feet, exclusive of a cupola which runs the entire length and serves to admit light and ventilate the interior. The roof is formed of one entire arch, without any central support, and is made of corrugated galvanized iron, which forms a finish both outside and inside without painting. The front of the depot on Hudson Street (shown in the engraving) will be 125 feet in width, two stories high, with hand-



MONTGOMERY STREET, JERSEY CITY, LOOKING WEST.



VIEW OF JERSEY CITY, N. J, FROM THE RIVER.



NEW DEPOT OF NEW JERSEY RAILROAD AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, JERSEY CITY.

some towers at the corners. The second story will be devoted to the offices of the assistant superintendent, freight agent, conductor, and other officers and agents of the company. The cars will run into the building on five different tracks, and the boat will come a sufficient distance under the water front to shelter the passengers in passing from one to the other. On each side of the depot are two slips, with handsome and commodious ferry houses for the accommodation of ferry passengers, and they are so connected with the depot, that in case the "car boat" should not be in the slip, railroad passengers can take either boat without exposure to the weather. Altogether, the arrangement and plan of the building reflects great credit upon the architect, Mr. Job Male, to whom, together with Mr. James W. Woodruff, the gentlemanly assistant superintendent of the N. J. Railroad, I am under many obligations for information, etc.—The view of Jersey City given on the preceding page, was taken from on board of one of the ferry boats, and gives a very fair impression of the appearance of the place on approaching it from the New York side. One of the most prominent objects is the new depot and ferry houses above described, as they now appear, in process of erection. It will be seen that there are five slips, two on each side of the railroad slip, in the main building. The Cunard docks are seen to the right, together with two ocean steamers, while on the extreme right, the spire of the Presbyterian Church is a prominent landmark. This church, of which I have given a front view in one of my smaller sketches, is an object of considerable interest, it having originally stood in Wall Street, in the city of New York. When at the call of mammon the edifice was taken down to make room for more *profitable* buildings, the stones, timbers, etc., were marked and numbered, taken across the river, and erected on the present site, where it now stands, the perfect embodiment of its former self. Upon a tablet over the main door, is the following inscription:—"Presbyterian Church, erected Anno Domini MDCCCXLIV." In another of the small illustrations I have given a view of Montgomery Street from the ferry. This is the principal thoroughfare. Commencing at this point, and running westward the entire length of the city, it continues on over the marshy grounds to Bergen hill, crossing which, (passing through the city of Hudson), it at length merges into the turnpike road to Newark, over the "Jersey meadows."—Passing up this street and turning to the right at the first corner, you have before you the busy scene represented in another of the small cuts; a scene which many hundreds of your readers will recognize as the rear of the N. J. Railroad Depot, and the terminus of the Erie Railroad. The constant arrival and departure of trains; the coming and going of innumerable express wagons; the transfer of freight and passengers, and the hurrying to and fro of the numerous employees of the companies, make this point an attractive object to the most cursory observer, while the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and its hoarse *cough* as it starts upon its journey, or "backs and fills" in the making up of trains, mingled with the lowing of cattle and various noises emanating from the stock cars; the ringing of bells; the rattling of wheels; the shouts of the newsboys and noise of the busy hammers from the adjacent workshops, form a chaos of sounds which fill the ear with convincing proof of the activity of the scene. The New Jersey, the Erie, the Morris and Essex, and N. J. Central Railroads, all have their termini here, and nearly one hundred trains arrive and leave within twenty-four hours.—While the want of space prevents my speaking of the Morris Canal, with its constantly moving freights of coal from the mines of Pennsylvania; the manufactories of all kinds which contribute to the wealth, and add to the importance of the city; the introduction of gas to light her streets, and other kindred improvements, I cannot pass her last and most important undertaking without a brief notice. I refer to the introduction of water and sewerage.—In March, 1857, the legislature passed an act "for the appointment of commissioners in relation to supplying Hoboken, Van Vorst and the city of Jersey with pure and wholesome water." The first commissioners were Edwin A. Stephens, Edward Coles, Dudley S. Gregory, Abraham Van Boskerck and John D. Ward, and they were empowered to appoint engineers, cause surveys to be made, etc. On the 22d of July of that year they secured the services of Wm. S. Whitwell, who was one of the chief engineers on the Boston water-works, and he immediately commenced the work of examination, drawing plans, making estimates, etc., of various sources which had been spoken of. After the proper investigation, it was decided to bring the water from the Passaic, at Belleville, a distance of eight miles, and operations were at once commenced. The water is raised from the river into a reservoir, by means of a steam pump of great power, and after traversing the meadows in iron pipes, is received into a large reservoir on Bergen heights, from whence it is distributed through a multiplicity of mains to the several cities. A careful calculation has been made, and it is estimated that the reservoir is capable of supplying two millions of gallons every twenty-four hours. The introduction of water into manufactories, stores and dwellings, together with an efficient system of sewerage; the advantages of gas and many other valuable features of domestic economy, render Jersey City a desirable place of residence, while the facilities for manufacturing and ease of transit, make it attractive to the mere business man, and the course of the city must for many years to come, be onward and upward.—Paulus Hook was fortified with a small stockaded block-house during the Revolution, which was attacked by Major Lee, with a small force, and a large part of its garrison made prisoners of war. It was at this point that Sergeant Champe, in his pretended desertion from the American army for the purpose of capturing Arnold and thus saving the life of André, embarked on board of a barge and escaped to New York, though hotly pursued by a party of dragoons. Other than these, Jersey City has no important historical reminiscences to repay the time spent in their search.

I am very respectfully your artist,

NEUTRAL TINT.



COURT HOUSE AND JAIL OF HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

THE SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO FLORIDA.

During the latter part of February, an exploring expedition was sent from Williams College to Florida, under the charge of Professor Chadbourne. The Pittsfield Eagle gives a brief account of the operations of the expedition. On arriving at St. Mary's, the party separated, part taking the schooner for Key West and Cuba, and the other remaining at Fernandina to explore Northern Florida. Prof. C. was with the latter division. The Eagle says: "He reports it successful in collecting numerous and valuable specimens of birds, shells, serpents, crustacea, etc., only limited in quantity by time for packing and ability for transporting; also a store of knowledge that can no where else be obtained, and the acquaintance of several southern gentlemen, enthusiastic in pursuit of this science, which, of itself, will be no small benefit to the society. Sub expeditions were made to North Florida. A couple of adventurous fellows took a week's tramp to Okelinokee Swamp, and procured a 'gopher.' They visited a planter, who with his thousand slaves, was a devoted naturalist. On his plantation was a house containing five hundred birds—such as could be placed in proximity—and forty negroes were employed in tending them. Here also were some rattlesnakes of large size. A skeleton of one was 7 1-2 feet long, thus obtained: the hunter saw a smooth, round hole, near a log, and stopping to look in, the snake, already coiled, made a spring at his face, which he avoided by a quick movement. He killed and 'dissected and anatomized it.' He experimented on another to see how long it would live without food and drink; it died at the end of nineteen months and eight days."



VIEW IN REAR OF RAILROAD DEPOT, JERSEY CITY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

BY PEREGRINE.

At the Spencer House, where the traveller calls;
Where the *haut ton* local stays;
Where the summer tourist lingers months,
And the man of business, days;
Where the planters with wives and daughters come
To sell, and fill, their "crops;"
Where the vivantes indulge in wine or malt,
And the maidens in milder "hops;"

Where the Southern belles and beauties throng;
Where the pleasure-seeker revels:
Where the gourmand feasts, and the ennuyae finds
A cure for the bluest devils;
Where the tables would well compare—if tried
By a gastronomic jury—
With those that Parker and Taylor set,
Or Barnum, in Old Missouri;

There came a Hoosier, all the way
From the State of Indiana,
With a newly-wedded, flax-haired bride,
Whom he always addressed as Hannah.
He had said to his dad, on leaving home:
"If it costs me every cent, sir,
I'll live like a lord at the best hotel."
So he went, of course, to the Spencer.

And as they sat, and ate, and gazed
At the richly-furnished tables
With their massive plate, it almost seemed
Like a dream of the Eastern fables.
And they gourmandized as if possessed
Of the notion, common but funny,
That the boarders must nearly kill themselves,
To get the worth of their money.

Now the cook was a Frenchman, deeply skilled
In dressing fowl, flesh, or fishes,
Who *would* get on the bill his foreign names
For very domestic dishes.
At last said the bride, in tones of love
More warm than approved by Plato,
"Let's try some of this"—and she read the name
In French, of a baked potato.

They ate. "I vow that's nice!" said John;
"But ef that thar dog-goned waiter
Hadn't called it 'pum de tere,' I'd swear
'Twas only a roasted tater."
"Why, yes," said his rib, who ate as if
A dozen couldn't suffice her,
"'Tis a *little* like tater, to be sure,
But then, 'tis a *great deal nicer!*"

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GUILLOTINE IN FRANCE.

BY JAMES A. GIRARDIN.

SELDOM do we speak of the guillotine, without attributing this invention of punishment to Joseph Ignace Guillotin, doctor of medicine, born at Saintes, one of the departments, in the year 1738. It is an error; it is curious enough to know the circumstances which brought into France the adoption of this terrible machine.

The National Assembly was occupying itself to reform our penal system; it had just proclaimed upon this occasion as a principal basis of its labor, the equality of punishment for all classes of citizens, the abolishment of tortures and useless punishments. On the 10th of August, 1789, Dr. Guillotin, moved by the most laudable sentiment of philanthropy, proposed to substitute to the different modes of punishment then in vogue for the condemned to death, the decapitation reserved for the nobles—they used to burn, hang and quarter the villains. This proposition was, that hereafter, all persons condemned to death should be beheaded, and that the decapitation should take place by the effect of a *simple mécanisme*.

The debate which took place upon the subject commenced on the 1st of December following, which was signalized by an unhappy movement *oratoire* of the doctor himself. Answering to a few objections, he said, with a triumphant air, after having exposed the inconsistences attached to the ordinary mode of punishment (hanging):

"Well, with my machine I can make your heads jump in the twinkling of an eye, without your having the time to perceive it."

A loud laugh from the whole assembly put a stop to the debate. Among those laughing was more than one head destined some day to make the trial of this same instrument, just then unknown, which produced this explosion of mirth.

It does not appear that Dr. Guillotin, who was speaking with so much assurance of "his machine," had even prepared a model—but it is almost certain that he was a stranger to the construction of this instrument, which was adopted three years afterwards. But his surgical burlesque of enthusiasm had given to Peltier, chief editor of the journal called the "*Actes des Apatres*," the occasion for a few epigrammatic verses, inserted in his journal, upon the "inimitable machine of Dr. Guillotin, proper to cut heads off, and called after his name, *Guillotine*." It was thus that this terrible instrument received by anticipation and derision, the name of the doctor who had but given an idea.

The new penal code, adopted the 21st day of September, 1791, established the principle of beheading, but does not explain the mode of execution.

A man by the name of Pelltier having been condemned to death on the 24th day of January, 1792, it was necessary to determine how the execution should take place. The minister of justice, Duparte-Duterte, and the department of Paris, were each asking instructions from the Legislative Assembly, and communicating a note with the observations of the public executioner, upon the inconveniences of decapitation by the sword, and upon the accidents which might take place. There is no mention in this note, of the machine which had made so much noise three years before. But as the new law not having indicated the sword or the axe, or the block, it was natural to suppose that they had in view the adoption of some mode of execution analogous to the one proposed by Dr. Guillotin. The Legislative Assembly sent the examination of the question to a committee, which itself thought to consult M. Louis, secretary of the Academy of Surgery. On the 20th of March, the committee presented a report, and the same day the Assembly decreed that the mode of execution proposed by M. Louis should be adopted throughout the kingdom.

The consultation of M. Louis is annexed to the decree; it establishes the principle upon which reposed the construction of the guillotine, and traces the plan of the instrument just as it exists to this day. This consultation offers this peculiarity, and that is, it makes no mention of Dr. Guillotin, and no allusion to his pretended machine. At this epoch, the doctor does not even seem to have been consulted; his popularity, altogether accidental, had already vanished—the Constituent Assembly having adjourned the preceding fall, he, not having been re-elected, had returned to his primitive obscurity, and rumor had it that he too had become one of the first victims of his own invention. It is an error. Dr. Guillotin, it is true, was incarcerated during the reign of terror, for having, it was said, repelled with indignation, expressed in language too strong, the proposition which was made to him to direct the construction of a triple guillotine. Released at the end of 9th Thermidor, he continued to live in Paris, esteemed by a small circle of friends, but profoundly afflicted of the fatality which was withering him away and rendering his very existence an object of curiosity. He died on the 22d of May, 1814, aged seventy-six years.

The result of researches that have been made of ancient engravings which have been found, go to show that this instrument is not a modern invention, but that this mode of execution was common on the continent in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and a "Voyage in Italy," published in 1730, by Pere Labat, describes the guillotine perfectly under the name of *mannaia*, and represents this mode of execution as reserved to persons of a certain rank; but it had fallen into disuse and been forgotten so long, that when it was exhumed by Dr. Guillotin, it was a thing entirely new. But after all, and leaving aside the merits of the invention, which does not belong to them, it was neither Guillotin nor Louis who constructed the instrument which was definitively adopted.

The Legislative Assembly having adopted the proposition of M. Louis, he immediately commenced preparing a model, and with the authorization of the minister of finances, demanded of Sieur Guidon, who had the furniture of *bois de justice* (timber of justice), an estimate of its construction. Guidon estimated the labor at five hundred francs, and fault being found at the exorbitant price asked, he answered that he could not do otherwise, as his workmen exacted enormous wages because of the prejudice which existed against the object in question. Other contractors submitted lower bids, but with the express condition that their names should not be made public, and that they should not even be obliged to sign any contract whatever;—strange susceptibility, when we think that that canonized guillotine became at a later day the delight of the population of Paris, and that the delight was carried so far as to make this instrument of death an ornament for women and a plaything for children!

Meanwhile, a man by the name of Schmitt, of Strasbourg, having offered to construct the machine for nine hundred and sixty livres, corresponded with M. Louis. It was this Schmitt who became the inventor as well as the constructor of this instrument definitively adopted. In consequence of his bid having been estimated too high—"seeing the real value of the machine does not exceed three hundred and twenty-nine livres, the sack (or bag) included, destined to receive the head,"—it was judged that five hundred livres was a sufficient remuneration, as eighty-three would be required, one for each department; and it was decided at the same time that the preference should be given to Schmitt, "as the inventor." Schmitt refused to furnish the requisite furniture at this price, but was nevertheless recommended to the good will of the authorities, as the inventor of the decapitating machine; "and as the furniture of the departments were on the eve of being given to another contractor, he either took or threatened to take out a '*brevet d'invention*'" (patent). We do not know how the debate upon this question terminated, for the 10th of August came and momentarily overthrew the question of right and property; it is probable that the question of right and property and invention of the guillotine were retrenched by force of circumstances against Schmitt.

In the meantime the condemned were accumulating in the different prisons of the kingdom, and the authorities of the departments reclaimed "their machines to decapitate with such an impatience, that many among them would ere long repent." At last, on the 17th of April, 1792, after many delays, a trial of Schmitt's invention took place under the direction of Samson, at Bicetre, on several corpses. The result of this experiment was so satisfactory, that orders were immediately given to execute, on the following Monday, the unfortunate Pelltier, who had been, ever since the 24th of January preceding, under sentence of death.

This execution, which was in all probability the first one of the kind, but took place on the 25th of April, it seems, as far as we can judge by the journals of the day, to have excited in the public mind but little interest. In another execution which took place on the 27th of July of the same year, 1792, a swelling of the grooves in the wood, in which were to slide the cleaver, stopped its regular descent; this accident produced a certain sensation, and from this moment the grooves were trimmed with metal.

While the machine had been put in activity, the *mauvais plaisants* (or idle talkers) wanted to give it the name of "*la petite Louison*," after the name of M. Louis; but the pleasantry of the journalist Peltier had found more partizans, and the machine took officially, universally and ironically, the name of guillotine, from the name of Dr. Guillotin, who did not deserve such a disgrace.

Such was the creation of this terrible instrument, which caused such frightful abuse during the troubles of the Revolution. It is not advancing a ridiculous paradox in maintaining that the guillotine was one of the principal causes of the insensate fury which presided at its employment; the ferocity brought on the use, and the use brought on the abuse, and a large number of people were sent into the other world, because they had under their hands a procedure so handy to decapitate them.

Such was the invention of this terrible instrument, which, during the French Revolution, decapitated some of the most illustrious heads of France, from Louis XVI., down to the rabble of Paris. Perhaps no instrument was ever invented of the kind, that in so short a time after its introduction, did so much mischief. Robespierre, Danton, St. Just, Canthon, Santerre, Marat, and a host of other revolutionists, perished by the same instrument with which they had despatched their unfortunate king, nobility, and a large number of the clergy. May God spare France from another such revolution!

FLEETING CHARACTER OF THE VOCALIST'S FAME.

Both Braham, the greatest of all English singers, and Madame Vestris, accomplished as an actress, singer and dancer, have gone to their rest. The memory of those who have excelled in such arts as Braham and Vestris shone in, is like a dream. However great and justly won, the reputation of a great singer fades away every hour after his voice has ceased to ring in our ears; and the fame of a great dancer decays from the earth as soon as she can no longer feast our eyes with the fascinations of her movements. The present generation speaks of Jenny Lind as unrivalled in her art, but thus our fathers spoke of Catalini, and thus their fathers spoke of Madame Mara—and Catalini is to us now little more than a dream, while some of our readers will, perhaps, be asking us who Madame Mara was. She was, in the days of people with whom we have conversed, chief of all existing singers; and so indisputable was her supremacy that in her old age, after Catalini had been hailed as the queen of song from France to Italy, from England to Russia, Madame Mara, reflecting more on her past triumphs than on her advanced years, came from her retreat to drive from the field the presumptuous young woman who aspired to wear the wreath which she had determined to resign only with her life. Hers was a melancholy fate. She appeared on the stage. She sang the songs which used to thrill with rapture the hearts of all nations; but her failure was complete. Her voice was but the skeleton of that rich voice by which she had won her reputation, and her friends could only pity the infatuation which had blinded her to the fact that it is of the very nature of old age to impair the musical powers as well as all other powers. She retired forever, passing to the grave in complete obscurity.—*Lyceum.*

WEEDS GROW APACE.

There may be 130 flowers having seed-vessels on a single plant of groundsel, and in each seed-vessel there are 50 seeds. Thus one groundsel is father to 6500 sons, more than there are of visible stars in the firmament. Many of these settle where they cannot live; many exist only to be eaten by birds. It is not meant that all seeds should produce plants; very many are as much bread to the birds as seeds of corn are bread to us. If, however, by an accident, every son to which a thriving groundsel seed is parent, grew up, throve, and produced new seed in the same proportion—an impossible assumption—the descendants of a seed of groundsel in the second generation would exceed in number 40,000,000; the telescope itself has not enabled us to see so many stars. Chickweed is less prolific; though, indeed, even that may produce as many as 500 seeds upon each plant. But then look at the red poppy. It can yield 100 flowers from one root; and from each flower can develop no less than 500 seed; 50,000 may, therefore, by chance be the number of its offspring. Black mustard and wild carrot produce families of magnitude about equal one to another. One may, when in perfection, produce 200 flowers with six seeds in each, the other 600 flowers, with two seeds in each. One dandelion root may have 12 flowers, while each dandelion flower yields 170 seeds. The seeds of one sow-thistle may number 25,000. One plant of stinking-chamomile may yield 40,000, one plant of may-weed 45,000 seeds.—*Household Words.*

COUNT THEM.

Count what? Why count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come, every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father of lights, to tell you of your best friend in heaven. Have you lived these years, wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you! You have murmured under afflictions; but who has heard you rejoice over blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star, or the queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn-bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruit? Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of providence, and of revelation. Who avoids thorns, and thistles, and sloughs, until his Christian growth is such that if he cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of afflictions.—*Relig. Telegraph.*

HAPPINESS OF WORKING-MEN.

The situation or social position of the poor—and by that word we mean the laboring population—is by no means so deficient in the means of happiness and comfort as many are led to believe. "The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A popular author says:—"I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, it would be a healthy young man, going forth in a morning to work for his family, and bringing them home his wages at night."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER, OTSGARAGEE CAVE, NEW YORK.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Roll on, thou dark, mysterious tide, roll on!
Thy thunders only reach us from that shore
From whence thou pealest up thy endless song:
From whence thou'rt heard—but seen, ah, nevermore.

Thy wavelets gush—we hear their cooling plash:
Thy urn is emptied into depths profound;
Thy ripplets murmur, and we list the dash
Of thy mysterious cataract underground.

Roll on, thou tide of endless song, roll on!
Thou swell'st a paean in a lofty dome.
Thou fill'st old Nature's organ with thy song—
Thou peal'st an anthem through the darkened tomb.

But whence thou com'st and whither goest—in vain
For us to ask thy subterranean wall;
Earth's mighty dome reverberates back again,
And only echo answers when we call.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went the bell at the shop-door, and Uncle John hastened up to attend to the customer, leaving the parlor door ajar. We were plain people, and were very glad to have a parlor, even though it was back of a shop; and what a comfort it was to Uncle John to sit in that room during the long winter evenings, with those she loved about him, and only leave them when the tinkle, tinkle announced some one in the shop.

"Well," said Mrs. Uncle John, a quiet, respectable little body as you would meet anywhere, "who could venture out on an errand such a night as this? My, my! how the rain comes down the chimney!"

Patter, pish—crack! went the rain and the embers together, and the purses flew out of the fire into Cousin Millie's lap as she sat before it, with her faithful lover, Holme Brae, beside her.

"It is a wild night, truly," said Uncle John, in the shop, "and a hard one to be abroad in."

"Yes, indeed," was the answer, in a weak, tremulous voice, "hard to be abroad at any time and think that there is no place in the wide world with loving hearts to welcome me."

"Some poor wanderer," said Millie, rising and going up into the shop. By-and-by she returned, bringing down with her an old man, weary and wet, and placed him in her chair before the fire.

"A stranger, aunt," she softly said to Mrs. Uncle John. "They would not receive him at the inn, and we could not turn him away, you know."

The old man stroked the pretty hand that was busy removing his dripping coat.

"God bless you!" said he. "How happy must the father of such a good girl be."

Millie turned to put away the old man's coat, and I whispered to him:

"Please don't speak of her papa to my cousin Millie; she hasn't a father."

Millie came back with an old coat of Uncle John's, and my thoughtful little tongue was silenced. It was Millie who mixed a tumbler of hot punch for the wayfarer, and made him drink it, when he declared he could not eat; and Uncle John, Mrs. Uncle John and Holme Brae, watched her with shining eyes, as she moved around with her light, graceful step, and her sweet face expressive of pitying tenderness. When she sat down, after seeing his wants attended to, there was silence for a while. The presence of the stranger threw a restraint over all; and it must be that he noticed it, for he said, from the arm-chair in the warm corner where Millie had placed him:

"Please don't mind me. I am very grateful to be privileged to sit here among you all, good people, and in the presence of that good girl—God bless her!"

So after a while they resumed the conversation his entrance had interrupted, and I sat in my little chair beside the stranger, and was led by him to talk of those before us. With the ready communicativeness of a child who finds an attentive listener, I told him how the good man sitting opposite us, although every one called him Uncle John, was only uncle to Millie, and no relation at all to me; but he had always pitied my poor deformed body, and when my father and mother died, he brought me here, and said that he and Mrs. Uncle John would be parents to me. That the young man talking to Millie was Holme Brae, who loved her with that noble love we read about in stories; and he was rich and Millie poor; but his father, who was as proud as he was rich, would not let him marry Millie, and Millie would not marry Holme Brae without his father's consent.

"Alas! dear child!" exclaimed the old man, "must that sweet girl be unhappy? Ah, if I were rich!"

"But Millie might have married him once," I continued. "She would have been a rich woman if her grandmother hadn't died without making her will. For Millie's mother was a lady; and when she married Uncle John's brother, who was ever so far beneath her, her family wouldn't look at her. It was only when she was dying that her proud mother forgot her pride in her sorrow for her child, and she came to her and forgave her. When she died, her mother took the little Millie and gave her father money to go off to America, India, or some other country where persons become rich, and told him if he ever was wealthy he could come back and claim his child. He went away and was never heard of afterwards. Then Millie's grandmother brought her up like a lady; but she was determined, she used to say, that she never should disgrace herself, or them, by a mean connection. So when Millie was eighteen, she went on a visit with her to Mr. Brae's, Holme's father. The young people loved each other, and they would have been married, if one morning the old grandmother had not been found dead in her bed, and the will she was going to sign in Millie's favor, was of no benefit to her now. A cruel, haughty aunt of Millie's got the property; and when Mr. Brae learned that Millie was portionless, he broke off the intended marriage between her and his son. It was then, in her heavy trouble, Uncle John sought his niece and gave her a peaceful shelter under his roof. But Holme Brae was true to her, and he would marry her in defiance of his father's commands, but Millie would not bear to it; and this was the last time she would see him for three years, for he was going abroad to travel."

"Hush, my dear," said the old man, "let me hear what she says."

"Urge me no more, Holme," said Millie. "I believe no marriage happy that a parent's sanction does not bless. My dear mother, though she was rich in her husband's love—"

"Ay! she was rich in her husband's love!" exclaimed the old man, rising and sinking back into his chair again. "She was rich in her husband's love, Millie, and he in hers. Millie, my dear, dear child!"

He arose—he extended his arms and she was folded in them, clinging to him, murmuring often as she drew back her dear head from his bosom to look him in the face:

"My father—my father!"

"Yes, yes—your father, my own Millie! Your father, after fifteen long years, holds his child to his heart. Come here, John," to his brother, holding out his hand to him. "Do you not recognize me?"

Uncle John wiped his eyes.

"I do, Robert; but you are sadly changed."

He sat down again, his daughter occupying my seat, her head on his knee.

"How often have I dreamed of this!" he said, softly, as if speaking to himself; "dreamed of being at home in my own country, and my Millie beside me. Thank God! I am not dreaming now. I am blessed in a loving child. And is he worthy of you, my dear?" to Millie, and looking at Holme Brae. "But you must be, young man, if she loves you."

The dignity of his manner as he addressed Holme, presented a strange contrast to the almost childish display of poor Uncle John's ecstacy at the restoration of his brother, whose quiet little wife was vainly attempting to soothe him.

"Dear sir!" Holme exclaimed; "my Millie's father, persuade her to be my wife!"

"No, my lad," he gravely said. "The girl is right in refusing you. If you truly love her, you can wait until you are free to marry her. But leave us for to-night, if you please. I have much to say to her. Come to-morrow to bid her farewell."

Holme went away to the inn, attended by Uncle John and Mrs. Uncle John, and I sat in the shop, leaving Millie alone with her father. When Uncle John came back, he said Holme could do nothing but talk of the strange return of Millie's father, and what a lofty way he had with him; in fact, he felt an awe of him. Millie, hearing Uncle John's voice in the shop, called us down again, and said that she had been telling her father of her happy life at her grandmother's, and they had planned something since.

"You know, dear Uncle John," said Millie, smiling, but it was a sad smile, "how gratefully I have always felt my dependence on you; but now, with my father's protection, I can go to London and find employment there, and please God, we will be happy together. I will be with my dear father, and I trust he will be with me."

"Yes—we will be very happy, dearest," said her father.

Uncle John persisted, with tears in his eyes, against this determination; they never should leave him; he had enough for them all. But Uncle John's heart was larger than his means, and Millie knew it; so she said nothing could change their intention.

It was a beautiful sight to see Millie kneeling for her father's blessing, and receiving it before they parted for the night. We were up early on the next morning, but Millie's father had anticipated us. He was seated in the little parlor, reading, when we came down. He was a fine-looking old man, and Millie strikingly resembled him.

Millie's heart was heavy at the prospect of parting with Holme Brae, and when he came to bid her good-by, she could not repress her tears.

"Cruel Millie," said Holme, reproachfully; "what pain you inflict upon me, when it lies in your power to make me happy. Say but the word, Millie, and we never more will be parted."

"My resolution never can be altered, Holme," she answered, mournfully.

"But it may be, Millie," said her father. "If I told you to marry Holme Brae, would my command influence you?"

"No, sir," she said, firmly. "I love Holme too well to marry him under our present circumstances."

"But your objections, dear child?"

"Are too weighty to be removed," she answered.

"However weighty they may be, they would be light if put in the scale with twenty thousand pounds. Millie, my dear child," taking her hand and placing it in that of Holme Brae, "tell your lover if twenty thousand pounds will make you acceptable to his father, they are yours, my girl! For Robert Wilkes was not idle for fifteen years. Tell him so, Millie; tell him your father has come back a wealthy man, and claims his child as he promised to do!"

And while we were all looking at each other in joyful and half-incredulous surprise, the vision, the beautiful vision—alas! it was but a vision—faded away, and in place of the happy morning, with Millie's wealthy father returned to make her the happy wife of Holme Brae, it was still the wild March night, the weary stranger dropping asleep in the corner, and Millie, with a sorrowing heart, bidding her lover a last farewell. For, dear friend, my imagination, as I sat there, had woven the blissful scenes I have related. Poor Millie was still fatherless, and the old man was nobody's father that I knew of—only a wayworn wanderer, sheltered for the night under our roof.

Years have gone by since that night. When next Millie saw Holme Brae, he was bringing home a bride. She was very beautiful, even more lovely than Millie—and she was rich; would not that alone make her beautiful in the eyes of the money loving many? My hand was in Millie's as the bridal train dashed by, and she crushed it so violently in hers that I would have cried out in pain, were it not for the pale face that looked down at me. O, it was hard after that to see the pale presence of grief in that fair young face! But she bore up against her sorrows, and cheered the declining years of Uncle John and his wife.

They have now been dead some years. Millie and I keep the shop together, and we are happy in some degree. The night before last, we were sitting by the fire together, recalling bygones, and I told her for the first time, of the air-castle I had built so many years before, when the wanderer was sheltered at our fireside. Tears gushed from Millie's eyes as I concluded, and she murmured, regretfully:

"It might have been."

With a joyful heart I add—*Et Erat.*

Yesterday, the successful member was chaired. That member was Holme Brae. How every cheer for Holme Brae was caught up and shouted over the town! Proud ladies waved their handkerchiefs for him and wore his colors. Holme Brae was a widower now. It was a lovely evening. The lively strains of the band announced the procession coming down the street. What a lively sight it was! the banners, the music, the crowds of rejoicing people—for Holme Brae is the people's friend. Borne aloft on the shoulders of freeholders, seated in the chair decorated with flowers and his own colors, came Holme Brae.

Millie stood at the door with me, for her fond heart gloried in seeing him honored. His smiling eyes wandered over the crowd, and rested on Millie as she stood in the shadow of the doorway. Their glances met, the first time for many years; his hat was lifted from his head, and an obeisance, reverent as to a queen, made he to his early love. The gay procession moved on.

Last night Holme Brae was in our little parlor. This morning he and Millie were married. The joyful tears that blind my eyes prevent my writing more. And O, what bliss to feel that, in place of "it might have been," I can whisper in dear Millie's ear:

"*Et Erat.*"

POLYTECHNIC MUTINEERS IN PARIS.

The enormous number of one hundred and twenty-five students have been expelled from the Polytechnic School for a mutiny. They gave a beating to the adjutant, who had reported their conduct to the commanding officer, and when charged with their offences they boldly declared their intention to stand by one another. The emperor, it is said, was rather opposed to this sweeping measure of severity which has been taken, but yielded to the representations of Marshal Magnan, with whom the Polytechnic School is not a favorite. The Nord of Brussels gives the following details of the circumstances which led to the dismissal of the second division of the school:—"The pupils of the first year, last elected, being animated by a singular spirit of equality, and not wishing to oppose or exceed each other in the examinations, resolved among themselves some time ago, and even engaged in writing, to allow twenty-five of the cleverest pupils chosen among them to study for their promotions, while the others did merely what was strictly necessary. This compact of utter idleness fell into the hands of an adjutant of the school, who laid it before the heads of the establishment. It was at one moment in contemplation to punish some who were suspected of being the ringleaders, but this idea was not carried into effect; not the less, however, was a conspiracy got up against the adjutant, and carried into execution. During Saturday night, the pupils rose from their beds, and drawing down their nightcaps over their faces, cut holes for their eyes and mouths, so that it was impossible to distinguish them. Sure of not being recognized, they seized on the adjutant on whom they wished to be revenged, and inflicted on him such a beating that he was much injured, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he got out of their hands. As it was found impossible to discover the real delinquents, it was decided to expel the whole division."

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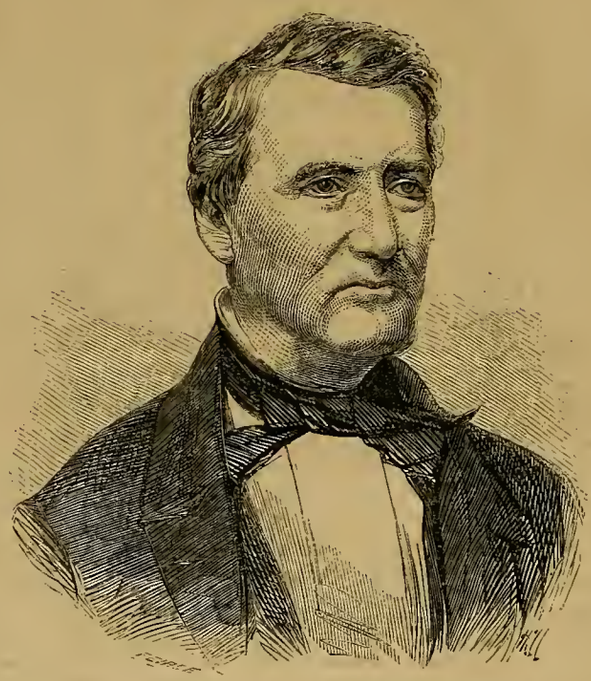
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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

HIGH CONSTABLE JOHN H. BULKLEY,
CHIEF OF POLICE, PHILADELPHIA.

We present on this page a finely engraved portrait of the gentleman whose name leads this article, and who has been for sixteen years connected with the police department of Philadelphia, drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial. For the period above named, Mr. Bulkley, with a brief interval, has had the entire control of all important detective matters connected with his department. Such duties were of course no sinecures in a city much changed from the influx of vicious characters from the moral purity and precision which distinguished it under the old Quaker supremacy. In the month of July, 1841, the subject of our sketch was first appointed by Mayor John Swift as captain of the northwestern division of the night watch of the city, and his first *entrée* into public life was thus to a position requiring the most active and energetic vigilance. Very shortly after, however, a thorough re-organization of the police department was determined upon by the incoming administration under Mayor John M. Scott. The scheme was carried into effect, and Mr. Bulkley arose to the post of second lieutenant, which he filled to universal satisfaction for three years, and was then re-appointed by the succeeding municipal official, Mayor Peter McCall. After still another re-appointment by Mayor Swift (who himself for the second time assumed office), he was in 1849 directed to assume the title of lieutenant. We say the title, because he had for years before actually fulfilled the duties of that position without credit. This last promotion was to the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of James Young. The Hon. Joel Jones was the next mayor of Philadelphia, and a complete change of officers was the order of the day, but no competent substitute could be found to supply the lieutenantcy, and by universal consent Mr. Bulkley was allowed and requested to act as the controlling head, but obliged, as a sort of compromise, to re-assume his title of second lieutenant. This continued until his re-installment by Mayor Charles Gilpin immediately after his election. Then came the passage of the act of consolidation, by which the various districts and suburbs of Philadelphia were united under the simple designation of the "city." The great reform movement took place, and Robert T. Conrad was elected as the first executive officer. High constable Bulkley now devoted himself to his peculiar duties as the chief directing agent of the police force of Philadelphia. In affairs requiring physical strength or bodily exertion, it was not his province to mingle, but in the fine details, the admirable classing, and the acute detective operations necessary to secure great ends, his talents shone forth conspicuously. With instruments to mould at will, and order at pleasure, be, the main spring, could accomplish by far the greatest amount of labor by mental exercise. To recite particular instances of achievements would be to extend our article beyond reasonable limits, but the criminal dockets will tell of many successes. Under Mayor Vaux, the present incumbent, High Constable Bulkley maintains his position with credit, and still exhibits the same unfailing vigilance. An instance will well illustrate this. During the recent investigation into the Burdell murder in New York, he considered it his duty, as the murdered man was once of Philadelphia, to pay some attention to the matter. He discovered that in times past the life of Dr. Burdell had been threatened by a man with whom he was at enmity, but whose whereabouts were unknown. Was not that man likely to have been the murderer? The inquiry was started, and the country scoured to ascertain the probability of such a fact. The suspected individual was found at last, but in prison, and his *alibi* was at once established. The result of course was of little importance, but the incident serves to exhibit the vigilance which is continually exercised by the subject of our sketch in his professional career. In private life High Constable Bulkley is modest and unassuming, but with the phrenological organs of firmness and secretiveness largely developed. These two characteristics are essential to his position. His friends are many, and his enemies none, save those who through his influence have suffered for their misdeeds. The responsibility attached to a position like that which the subject of our sketch has occupied for years is very great, and the man who fills it acceptably to his fellow-citizens must assuredly be possessed of abilities of a very high order. Nor are the reputation and the emoluments thus earned at all commensurate with the duties discharged. The incumbent of such an office must look to higher sources of reward—his own consciousness of having done his duty, and his whole duty, must be his recompense. Necessarily he makes enemies—the enemies of society of course his, and others even, for the administration of strict justice is always attended by some hardships.



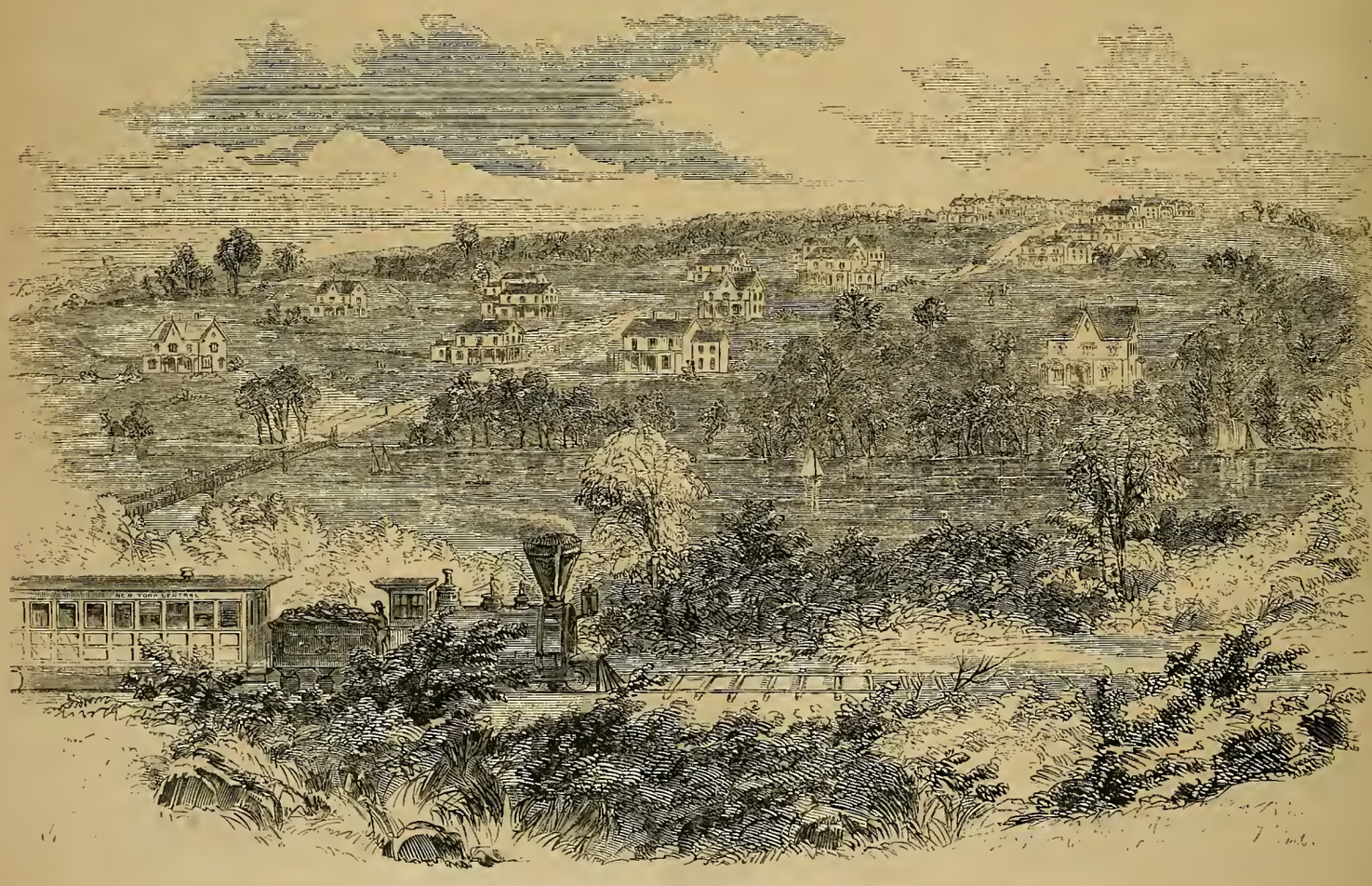
JOHN H. BULKLEY, CHIEF OF POLICE, PHILADELPHIA.

FAIRMOUNT, MILTON, MASS.

The annexed view of Fairmount, in Milton, from Mount Neponset, on the Dorchester side of the Neponset River, was drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Hill. We have seldom witnessed more energy, enterprise and taste than has been displayed in building up this place. Less than one year ago, where now we behold this truly beautiful village, was but an unimproved territory. This has been done mainly by associated effort, and is a most successful result of Yankee skill and modern enterprise. The name of Alpheus P. Blake has been given us as one who is entitled to much credit in devising and carrying forward this enterprise. Hon. Daniel Warren, D. B. Rich, John N. Brown, and S. S. Mooney are among the active members of this association. This village is fast becoming one of the most popular and delightful in the suburbs of Boston. The Real Estate and Building Company are about to commence extensive operations in this vicinity in the way of building, ornamenting and improving the property which is contiguous. The erection of a female college on the elevation in the distance is under consideration. From the site where it is proposed to locate this institution, a view of the surrounding country may be had from ten to twenty miles in every direction, presenting a variety of scenery that is very romantic and beautiful. At the base of the hill, as exhibited in the cut, is the Neponset River, which furnishes a favorable place for boating. The New York Central Railroad passes on the opposite side of the river from the village. The first house on the right in the foreground is owned by F. F. Muller the organist. The next to the left is occupied by C. F. Gerry and family. Mr. Gerry has long been known as an artist of rare merit, and one of the most successful teachers of drawing in New England; while his wife, formerly Martha A. Clough, stands in the front rank of the young writers of America, and will, doubtless, be recollected by many of our readers as the author of "Pauline," a $500 prize tale, published in the "Flag of our Union" several years ago. Still further to the left is the residence of George W. Currier, who has superintended the erection of most of the buildings comprised in this village. Those admiring the truthful, both in nature and art, will be well paid for a visit to Fairmount. The villages in the environs of Boston have always been noted for the romantic beauty of their sites, and the taste exhibited in the dwellings, and this becomes more and more apparent as persons of culture are forced out of the city by the enlarged space required by its commerce.

PICTURESQUE SINS.

Many are the personages once held to be picturesque who are now seen to be mere scarecrows; powdered gentlemen of fashion, who founded their own reputations on those they had ruined; who could first insult the wife, and then "pink" the resentful husband; highwaymen, who rode to Tyburn-tree decorated with the favors of the fair; duellists, who were knaves in disguise, and compelled men to stake lives that had the sterling ring of manhood against their own brazen counterfeits; fools, who affected Byron's faults, without a touch of his genius, and disdained the world that they neither comprehended nor improved. Touching these, the delusions of society have long ago ceased, and they are now either abhorred or despised. Their successors will share the same fate. May we not learn from experience that whatever runs counter to moral worth is ugly, and that in reality there is no such thing as a picturesque sin?—*Westland Marston.*



VIEW OF FAIRMOUNT, MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. A. H., New York.—The volume begins with January, but you can commence your year when you please.

W. R. H., Logansport, Indiana.—Sarah, or rather Sarai (Hebrew), signifies "multiplication of her children." Mary, from the Hebrew Miriam, "bitterness." We know not the signification of Eliza or Ellen—Dido, queen of Carthage, is styled Elisa in Virgil. William is from the Dutch "Guildhelm," i. e., furnished with a gilt helmet.

Carriage-Smith.—According to Stowe, "In the years 1553, Guyllam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queene's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England."

Literature.—We believe that the Longmans paid $16,000 for Lalah Rookh. Dickens's annual income we have seen stated at $100,000—but literature is a lottery with a thousand blanks to one prize.

Stenographer.—Mr. Woodfall, the great English parliamentary reporter, never took notes, but depended upon his memory for the basis of his abstracts.

Epicure.—The edible birds' nests are principally found in Java, in caverns usually situated on the seacoast.

Student.—The Hyades form the well-known constellation in the head of Taurus. According to the most probable account, these stars received their name from the Greek word *huein*, to rain, because rain usually follows their rising and setting.

E. R., Somerville.—You can learn to translate and write German passably without a master, and Ollendorff's Grammar is the best we can recommend to you; but the pronunciation *must* be learned orally.

Amateur.—Page is now in Italy. He was one of the best colorists living. His picture of "Venus rising from the Sea," lately exhibited in Tremont Row, is not worthy of him.

L. D. D.—John Howard the philanthropist died at Cherson on the Black Sea, January 20, 1790, of a fever which he caught in rendering assistance to a patient.

Medicus.—In Catholic countries the hospitals are usually attended by nuns, sisters of mercy and charity, etc.

Sergeant S.—Horsetails are used for standards among the Ottomans and Tartars; the sultan has seven horsetails in war, the grand vizier, five, and the pachas, three, two and one.

J. M. P., Rushville, Indiana.—There is no institution of the kind in this city. If you will address Dr David K. Hitchcock, Boston, he would doubtless answer your other questions to your satisfaction.

W. C. M., New York.—The newspaper is stated to have originated in Venice, in 1563, and to have been called Gazetta, whence our appellation, Gazette.

Inquirer.—Down from the year 1816, it is calculated that the number of volumes issued from the press of Europe was 3,277,040,000.

Student.—There are said to be still extant parts of the Bible in Saxon, translated by Bede, by Alfred the Great, and Elfric of Canterbury.

Artillerist.—The siege of Sebastopol showed that the popular impression that the wind of a cannon shot does injury was fallacious. The clothing and persons of hundreds of men were grazed by cannon shot without any serious injury.

M. G.—The difficulty of recalling a train of thought is one of the invariable accompaniments of lunacy.

Gardener.—Apples have been believed by some to have been introduced into Italy from Media.

NAVY MATTERS.

Mr. Secretary Toucey has issued a general order that the complement of officers and crew for vessels in the navy already established, shall be so modified that after rating the petty officers, the number of seamen allowed to each vessel will be reduced twenty-five per cent.; the number of ordinary seamen increased five per cent.; and that of landsmen and boys increased twenty per cent. It is believed that this organization will be a decided improvement upon the usual complement, and that the apprentice system has rendered the step necessary and proper. We are gratified to learn of the active ability and patient research which Secretary Toucey brings to aid him in the important position he sustains in the government. He is a man of large experience,—calm, deliberate and steadfast,—of the firmest integrity of purpose, and of unequalled industry. The right arm of our national defence will acquire fresh vigor from his controlling power and direction.

SPLINTERS.

.... Madame de Wilhorst, the New York prima donna, goes to Europe to complete her musical and operatic education.

.... It is now fashionable for ladies giving large parties to insert "without crinoline" in the cards of invitation.

.... The London Critic says the works of Dickens are better known in France than those of Shakspeare. No doubt of it.

.... William E. Burton, the comedian, is quite a literary character, and has a library of 16,000 volumes.

.... At one time, recently, fourteen men charged with the crime of murder were in the Louisville jail.

.... The navy of Spain seems to be in quite an efficient condition. It mounts 945 guns, some of very large calibre.

.... Marsh's troup of juvenile comedians have been fully as successful in New Orleans as they were in this city.

.... One hundred and nine persons died last year in the city of Worcester of consumption—that scourge of New England.

.... An American lady writes that the splendid complexion of the Paris women arises from never washing.

.... In France arrests are constantly being made for conspiracy to assassinate the emperor.

.... The masonic fraternity of Nashua, N. H., are making great preparations to celebrate St. John's Day, June 24.

.... The Turkish Porte has granted the Roman Catholic missionaries authority to build a new church.

.... The British fleet has left the Turkish waters, and the principalities are now entirely evacuated.

.... The Philadelphia Inquirer is printed on paper made at Athens, Ga., and shipped for the North at Savannah.

.... A man in the neighborhood of St. Louis drives a couple of mountain wolves, harnessed to a light cart.

.... "Ask Mamma; or, the Richest Commoner in England," is the queer title of a book just published in London.

.... The Newfoundland seal fishery has commenced very auspiciously. Large numbers of phocæ have been taken.

.... An enterprise is afoot for running a telegraphic wire all the way from New York to San Francisco.

.... Many women are loved without knowing it, but more think they are beloved when they are not.

.... What a world this would be without women and newspapers! How would news be circulated?

EXTRAVAGANCE ABROAD.

As we have frequently inveighed against some of the golden sins of the times in our country, the worship of Mammon, the progress of luxury, the folly of fashion, it is well to turn our eyes abroad, not for examples and excuses, for we are but too apt to adopt foreign models, but to show that we do not stand alone, and to see on what breakers extravagance is driving a European nation. When we read that the emperor of France lately gave 800,000 francs for a house to give away, that the Count de Morny offered a million dollars for a house which he cannot have for less than double that sum, that another man in Paris gives $17,000 *rent* for a residence, we are not dazzled, we are alarmed, for we see in it proof that the sovereign, court and people of France are plunging into extravagances that will end in ruin—a ruin that will extend from the summit to the base of the social edifice. The emperor is a stock gambler, and so are his satellites, and their example has infected all classes, and all stand on the brink of a terrible financial crisis. Louis Philippe was a prudent merchant; Louis Napoleon is a reckless speculator. Already many significant symptoms of a grand crash have manifested themselves, among the most important of which is the following:

The other evening, a grand meeting of the shareholders of the Universal Gas Company, of which Emile Pereire is founder and protector, took place amid the most furious uproar which has ever been witnessed in the bosom of the polite city of Paris. The meeting was attended by an immense number of shareholders; for certain suspicions have been afloat, and a conspiracy had been formed amongst the malcontents to demand an explanation of subjects which did not appear exactly clear to the commercial eye. After much angry and furious debating, silence was demanded by M. Féline, the advocate of the Court of Cassation. In the midst of a mute pause in the assembly, he rose, and in a loud, clear voice, inquired if a commissary of police were present to take down a deposition he had to make regarding the affairs of the company. The greatest awe reigned around, while a messenger was despatched for a commissary of police, none being present at the meeting. On his arrival, M. Féline arose, and, calling to the commissary, bade him be seated at the table while he took down a report of what was about to take place. Then raising his voice in the true imperial advocate style, he dictated an accusation of fraud and felony in due form against M. Emile Pereire and the directors of the Gas Company, including Murat, Morny, and other names of equal note; declaring his readiness to appear before the tribunals as a civil party, and to maintain the accusation which he now framed in the name of the despoiled and pillaged shareholders. The scene which followed this extraordinary step baffles all description. A regular row was the consequence, and M. Heekeren, one of the combatants on the Pereire side (the soul and mind of the Palais Royal, as he is called), came out of the *melee* much the worse for the wear and tear. Meanwhile, M. Féline maintains his accusation, resolved to have the law of the defrauders. "By what right do you arrogate to yourself the position of public accuser?" asked Heekeren, in breathless fury. "By the right of five hundred thousand francs I have sunk in this gigantic swindle," was the answer, and the report went on its progress, and by this time is safely registered at the Palais. The best of the joke is the reported challenge sent by Pereire to Féline, and the answer of the latter thereunto: "No, by heavens! the fellow has got my money, and wants my life; an ordinary highwayman gives you the choice, but never insists on taking both." The affair has created the greatest commotion throughout Paris, and the comments upon what has been and what is to be, are endless. It is a most important development.

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.

This journal makes a very handsome appearance in its new quarto form, a style of publication which is fast becoming popular in this country, and bids fair to be universal. The "Atlas," "Chronicle," and "Telegraph," have all three been merged in this concern, Mr. Bowles, well known as the former editor of the Springfield Republican, being the editor in chief, assisted by a numerous corps of writers and reporters. The fastest presses are employed in working off the sheet, so that the largest demand for the morning or evening or weekly editions can always be supplied. The Traveller was before established on a solid basis, and since the new arrangements has received an impetus which promises a most brilliant future. Capital, talent and business tact combined cannot fail to command success.

Matrimonial.—Sir Jonah Barrington used to say that the matrimonial ladder consisted of eight steps: 1, attention; 2, flirtation; 3, courtship; 4, breaking the ice; 5, popping the question; 6, the negociation; 7, the ceremony; and 8, the repentance. Benedicts will please notice this order.

Inviting.—The French shopkeepers adopt various devices to secure the custom of English and American visitors. A store on the Italian boulevard has this placard in the window:—"Englisch spiked here."

Let it be known.—We send Ballou's Pictorial to any clergyman for two dollars a year, and also to any school-teacher in regular standing, at the same price.

Chinese Politeness.—When John Chinaman wishes to be particularly civil to his friend, he says, "Prosperity is painted in your face."

Think of it.—The catalogue alone of the British Museum consists of twelve hundred volumes.

MORMON ATROCITIES.

There can be no longer any reasonable doubt that the Mormons at Salt Lake are and have been guilty of a series of systematic atrocities such as would disgrace the annals of a community of savages. The statements of W. W. Drummond of Chicago, late U. S. Chief Justice of Utah Territory, have a weight, from his position and character, which completely sweeps any doubts that might have attached to less influential witnesses, confirming them in every respect. We do not propose to allude now to the disgusting domestic practices, in which the grossest social abuses are committed under the veil of religion, and the most degraded vices sanctioned by sacred names, not of the relations of the Mormons to each other, but their violation of laws and of the rights of American citizens who stand without the pale of their church.

A leading characteristic of the followers of the modern Mahomet seems to be a settled and abiding hatred of all "Gentiles," as they are pleased to style all who do not subscribe to their dogmas and conform to their unique and revolting creed. Although they come mainly from the northern portion of the republic, they look upon the United States with no other feeling than hatred. Patriotic love of the country which gave them birth, and which they disgrace, has no place in their bosoms. They have been taught to look upon the United States government as an oppressive one, whose authority they have a right to resist. All who are without the pale of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, whether in or out of the territory which they have usurped, they regard as their enemies. They either set at open defiance the decrees of our courts, or dictate to grand and petit juries the indictments they shall report or the verdicts they shall render. In notable cases, where the guilt of criminals has been as apparent as the noonday sun, Young and his fellow-prophets have forbidden Mormon juries to render a verdict of conviction. In one instance, where a poor helpless dumb boy was tortured in many ways for months, barbarously beaten, and then, while in the agony of his mortal wounds, was fettered and drowned in a brook, when his brutal murderer was sentenced to the penitentiary, Brigham Young took him from the hands of the officers, led him into the tabernacle, proclaimed his absolute pardon, forbade any one to arrest him, and gave him a seat at his right hand! If Indians commit depredations upon Mormons, they are punished without delay or scruple, but if they rob or murder "Gentiles," the prophet extends his protection, and forbids juries to pronounce them guilty. No law, except what emanates from the supreme hierarchy, receives the slightest regard.

A most serious charge is made by Judge Drummond, viz., that the records, papers, etc., of the Supreme Court have been destroyed by order of the Church, with direct knowledge and approbation of Gov. B. Young, and the federal officers grossly insulted for presuming to raise a single question about the treasonable act. Wherever the Mormons have established themselves they have incurred the hatred of their neighbors, and they have been driven from spot to spot, not because of their religion, but because they have made a merit of robbing, plundering and injuring the "Gentiles" in obedience to the dictates of their spiritual and temporal head. It now remains for the United States government to put forth its utmost powers to enforce the laws of the land, and to put a prompt termination to the murderous sway of the "Latter-Day Saints."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William Gordon to Miss Margaret A. Moore; by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. George W. Safford to Miss Anna T. Marshall; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. William H. Rogers to Miss Jennie M. Reuton; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Edward A. Williston to Miss Mary A. Marsh; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Rufus H. Carley to Miss Caroline L. Tyler; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. H. F. Higginson to Miss Mary Jarves; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Edwin Boultbee to Miss Rachel Hull; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Charles D. McIntyre to Mrs. Mary M. Lambert.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, Mr. Charles F. Fay to Miss Susan H. Putnam.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Tebbetts, Mr. David O. Rauney, of Charlestown, to Miss Sarah R. Peck.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Briggs, Mr. J. C. Dodge, of Indiana, to Miss Mary Frances Dodge.—At Methuen, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. William H. Whittemore, of De Kalb Centre, Illinois, to Miss Mary C., daughter of Captain Joshua Webster, of Methuen.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Train, Mr. B. F. Gordon to Miss Angie E. Murray.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. John S. McLean, of New York, to Miss Ellen T. Ashton.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Joseph Hooper, of Manchester, to Mrs. Mehitable Bingham.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Bosworth, Mr. Andrew M. Blake, of Cambridgeport, to Miss Mary A. Huston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Michael Coughlin, 68; Mrs. Hannah Bailey, 23; Mrs. Ellen F. Bryant, 18; Mr. William S. Knan, 29; Mr. David Marsh, 67, Mrs. Betsey R. Davis, 31; Mr. Wellman Morrison, 42; Mr. Thomas J. Norton, 19.—At Chelsea, Mr. Theodore B. Bascom, 34.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Frances Nason, 74.—At Newton Centre, Mr. John F. Loring, 86.—At Milton, Mrs. Martha Kendall, 79.—At East Needham, Miss Hatty B. Willard, 20.—At East Abington, Mrs. Experience Estes, 68.—At Groton, Mrs. Hannah M. Fitch, 67.—At Southborough, Mrs. Caroline Clark, 35.—At Middleborough, Mr. George B. Washburn, 42.—At Salem, Mr. Eli Thomas, 45.—At Danvers, Miss Elizabeth P. Swan, 19.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Abigail Blatchford, 85.—At Lawrence, Mr. Joshua Yeaton, 82.—At Newburyport, Capt. David Haskell, 82.—At Newbury, Mr. Joseph Perkins, Jr., 62.—At Amesbury, Mrs. Mehitable Carter, 85.—At Worcester, Mrs. Mary Gifford, 90.—At Sutton, Mr. William Gilbert, 26.—At Grafton, Mr. William E. Stockwell, 42.—At Walpole, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Clarke, 23.—At Clinton, Miss Louisa Faulkner, 54.—At Northboro', Mrs. Hannah Babcock, 96.—At Montague, Widow Rebecca Graves, 88.—At New Bedford, Mr. Ruby A. Bill, 62.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Lydia Poole, 74.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Joel Sloan, 74.—At Sandwich, Mr. John Donovan, 45.—At Boscawen, N. H., Mrs. Lucy F. Price, 85.

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No 22 Winter Street Boston

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FIRST SPRING SHOWERS.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

Softly falls the early rain
Over russet hill and plain:
Waking from the silent earth,
Bloom and verdure into birth!
How like love, the gentle showers
Come to glad expectant hours:
Touching springs of life again,
Stirring every pulse and vein,
Till each blade and bursting flower
Tells the beauty of thy power!
Like warm tears of penitence,
Washing out each old offence:
Softening o'er the arid heart,
Till fair buds of promise start—
And above hopes withering,
Joyful reigns a second spring!

Type of Love's expanding power,
Seen in opening leaf and flower!
Type of mercies flowing free,
That forever blest shall be!
Type of trust in darkest days,
Ending in triumphant praise!
Type of God's perennial spring
Of Hope's heavenly blossoming:
Comes the warm, reviving rain
To our waiting earth again!

SORROW'S DISCIPLINE.

The quickened seed o'erpowered the thorn,
The weed, the worm, the blight:
While vigorous leaf and ripening corn,
Successive, cheered the sight.

What gave so soon the harvest pride
To life's unfolding years?
The heavenly husbandman replied,
"The seed was steeped in tears!"—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

BEAUTY.

An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request;
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue—
The kindest may be taken as a test.
The fair sex should be always fair; and no man,
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.—BYRON.

PASSION.

A night of fretful passion may consume
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom;
And one distempered hour of sordid fear
Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year.—SHERIDAN.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We again seat ourselves in our editorial arm-chair with the most innumerable kind of a bow to our legion of readers. How pleasant it is to address such an army, and to receive, as we constantly do, congratulations and kind words from those we may never meet in this world, but whose good wishes we treasure in our "heart of hearts."..... A Western correspondent asks us what novelty there is in the way of art here. Well, the Athenæum gallery has opened with a fine collection of Allston's paintings, and the magnificent water-color drawings gathered at great expense by the late Mr. Dowse, of Cambridgeport. The exhibition is the finest we remember. Page's "Venus rising from the Sea" has also been on exhibition—but the least said about it the better The attitude is fantastic, and the coloring, "orful." The idea of representing Venus as very homely and ill-shaped, is certainly original, bowever..... The spring toilets of the ladies are dazzling, and they set their hoops for beaux in the most expansive manner. One well-dressed lady will occupy the entire breadth of the sidewalk in Washington Street..... The Rabbins have a tradition that twelve bushels of chit-chat were rained down into Paradise for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with, of which Eve picked up twelve, and Adam only three. But to confess the honest truth, we must own that there are as many male gossips as female in this talkative world of ours..... A writer proposes to make sour apples sweet by fertilizing the trees with molasses. That reminds us of the theory about producing silk by boiling mulberry leaves—one of the latest *canards* of the day..... The Irishman's definition of nothing was most excellent. He said it was a "footless stocking without a leg."..... Women enjoy their "rights" very extensively in France; they are hostlers, barbers and ploughwomen..... "I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule, which, if universally adopted, would at one stroke banish flattery and defamation from the face of the earth..... In a garden at Flushing, Long Island, New York, there still remain two of the oak trees under which George Fox, the founder of the society of Friends, held a religious meeting, in 1672. We have stood in the shade of those trees, and mused upon the virtues of this departed sectarian..... There is an editor out West so handsome and fascinating, that he is obliged to dress in disguise, and carry a club to keep the ladies at a distance. If we can obtain a daguerreotype, we shall certainly publish his portrait..... We are afraid that after what has been written and said on the subject, the life of a farmer is not properly appreciated. Were one third of the population that are now engaged in other pursuits, to turn their attention to agriculture, it would be better for all concerned..... A gentleman in New York advertises for a wife, in one of the New York papers. He wants one "that understands housekeeping, and has not been in a boarding-school." We fear it will be difficult for him to find such a *rara avis*..... In one of the Cherokee settlements, a few years ago, a young Indian beau was convicted in a case of breach of promise, and sentenced to pay the disappointed young lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that dangled from his nose, and a dozen coon skins!" On hearing this, the Cherokee belle immediately sprang up and clapped her hands, exclaiming, "Now me be ready to court again!"..... We are certainly a fast people. A short time since, a young gentleman from these parts reached a Western settlement on Monday, surveyed his land on Tuesday, built a house on Wednesday, went a courting on Thursday, got married on Friday, moved home on Saturday, and, with his wife, went to church on Sunday..... The most striking case of absence of mind we remember reading of, was that of the first Lord Lyttleton, who was upset in a boat at Hagley, and it was recorded that he sank twice before he recollected that he could swim..... The richer the nature, the harder and slower its development. There is a capital illustration of this in Frazer: "Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School—John, ever trim, precise and leader; Walter, ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time, John became Baillie John, of Hunter Square; and Walter, Walter Scott, of the universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage."..... That was a cool reply of a tailor to a gentleman who complained of the fit of his new coat. "I beg pardon, sir, but the coat *must* fit, for the measure's right, and we always cut on a jometry principle." Very consoling to a man with a bag on his back, and fifty wrinkles under each arm!..... Dr. Dewey once said, in speaking of ladies' dresses, "The dress of women is undoubtedly the cause of bad health, consumption, etc.; but as they prefer death to wearing thick slippers and warm stockings, and leaving off tight corsets, there is no hope of reforming them."..... Swift beautifully exemplifies the distinction between pride and vanity—the vain man's being is in the opinion of others; the proud man cares not a button what others think of him. Swift thus makes the discrimination:—"I am too proud to be vain!"..... An ancient writer says, in reference to the custom of lending books, that "to lend a book is to lose it; and borrowing, but a hypocritical pretence for stealing, and should be punished with death."..... The vernal season is again strewing flowers in our path—and as we inhale their fragrance, we recall what has been said by gifted writers of their charms. "He who does not love flowers," says Ludwig Tieck, "has lost all fear and love of God;" and another German author defines woman as "something between a flower and an angel."..... Our friend, Captain Robert Josselyn, has been singing the praise of "the girl with the calico dress." Josselyn is a true poet, and, like the German Koerner, has wielded the sword as well as the pen."..... It is ill-luck with the Russians to tell a man he is looking remarkably well. If you don't wish to offend him, you must say, "My dear fellow, how very ill you are looking to-day!"..... Sir John Bowring tells us that to every decade of life the Chinese attach some special designation—the age of 10 is called the "opening degree;" 20, "youth expired;" 30, "strength and marriage;" 40, "officially apt;" 50, "error knowing;" 60, "cycle closing;" 70, "rare bird of age;" 80, "rusty-visaged;" 90, "delayed;" and 100, age's extremity."..... Some few weeks ago, on the occasion of the birth of a prince at Naples, forged proclamations of a political amnesty were posted all over the city by thousands. That shows at least how active and well-organized are the secret societies. Before a great while, King Bomba may be forced to take refuge in the Castel Nuovo, of which we lately gave a representation in the Pictorial..... Some people are "more nice than wise" about their eating; but we can't say we admire the extent to which the Chinese carry their indifference to the quality of their food. The long-tails eat and enjoy dogs, rats, mice, monkeys, snakes, and unhatched ducks and chickens..... A woman lately made a complaint against her husband for maltreating her before one of our police judges. "What pretext did he have for beating you?" asked his honor. "No pretixt at all, yer honor, and your honor's honorable honor, av it plaze the coort—it was a big club he bate me with, the blaggard!"..... Devisme, a celebrated gunsmith of Paris, is said to have invented an explosive bullet, which kills and rends to pieces, lions, tigers, elephants, whales, or any creature shot with it. It may be so, but we rather suspect Mr. Devisme has been drawing the long bow..... Baron Humboldt is busy with the fourth volume of his "Cosmos," though he has far passed the usual term of life..... The expedition in search of the sources of the Nile, which promised such great results, has been dissolved by the viceroy of Egypt. An officer of the garrison at Metz lately laid a wager of twenty-five louis with some of his idle comrades, that he would kiss a certain beautiful young lady of the city as she came out of church, in the open street. He set about executing his purpose, but shame and remorse seized him, and he addressed the innocent object of his bet, saying, "Twenty-five louis are staked on your cheek, miss. Will you authorize me to gather them, or will you condemn me to lose them?"—"Not at all," replied the young lady; "but you must add twenty-five more from your purse, making fifty, and bestow the amount on the poor."..... A curious affair happened at Naples, a few nights since. The queen dreamed that her august husband, King Bomba, has been assassinated by one of his servants, and awoke in great terror. His majesty, who has faith in dreams, instantly ordered a muster of all the domestics; and the queen, identifying one with the assassin of her sleep, the poor fellow was instantly dismissed. This act of justice (?) was followed by twelve prayers repeated three days in succession, and with other religious observances. "Uneasy lies the head beneath the crown."..... One of the latest squibs appears in the shape of an advertisement in a New York paper—"A good-looking young man of agreeable manners desires a situation as a coachman in a wealthy family with marriageable daughters." On the other hand, another advertisement appeared, saying, "Wanted, a coachman. None need apply who is not old, ugly and deformed, and badly pitted with the small pox. Address No. — Fifth Avenue."..... "Ollapod," in the Knickerbocker Magazine, once said, "Rosy lips are but the glowing gateways of pork, beans and cabbage." Why, we always thought ladies and birds of paradise never ate anything..... The Baltimore Sun recently advertised for "three steady men to *carry the Sun*." Rather scorching work, we should think..... We like fine writing when it is properly applied—so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence in one of our exchanges:—"As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear—as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when the thunderbolts are loosed—so does a little negro run when a big dog is after him."..... An officer, who was in the old Florida war, told us, the other day, that he found horse-meat excellent—that is, the flesh of young colts. Dog meat was far superior, and an officer who was engaged in the Withlacooche expedition, had a fine, fat dog, which he killed, and refused five dollars for a hind quarter. This may be worth remembering when dog-killing times come round..... One principle of the Mussulman creed, and an excellent one, is that every person should have one trade. It should be thus, the world over..... A Western editor offers the following original plan for populating a town:—"Let the roads be so bad up to the very outskirts, that if a stranger succeed in getting into it, he will abandon any notion of getting out." We know a good many new settlements which seem to be conducted on this principle..... A lady at a ball once asked Henry J. Finn what he thought of her daughter. "She is charming," he replied; "a very pearl."—"And what do you think of me, Mr. Finn?"—"Why, madam, you are mother of pearl."

MODERN ATHENS.

The rapid growth of Athens will give some idea of what the land and city of Minerva are capable. An inland town, with none of the advantages of seaport, with scarcely a road leading into the interior, and but a few years the seat of government, the population has already mounted up to more than 30,000 souls. The city is not only well laid out, but well built also, besides the royal palace of pure Pentelic marble, abounding in beautiful structures, among them the university, with a corps of forty professors, and from 700 to 800 students. Few people, indeed, take deeper interest in the cause of education. Besides the grand university, there is a prosperous military school at Athens, a naval academy at Syra, and an agricultural college in Argolis, to say nothing of the large female schools at Athens, under the superintendence of Dr. Hill, an American, numbering several hundred pupils. Nor is the education of the masses neglected. At the last report, more than 400 common schools were already fully organized, with 30,000 pupils, six years of age and upwards. There are also in the city of Athens alone, not less than thirty newspapers and periodicals, among them several dailies, all conducted with ability and prosperous. With such evidence of prosperity, such enterprise, an inheritance so rich, and a love of liberty so unconquerable, who can doubt, under the genial influence of full, perfect national independence, the future prosperity of Greece!—*N. O. Picayune.*

Choice Miscellany.

SWISS CLERGY.

If I were a clergyman, I should like to be a Swiss; and if I were a Swiss, I should like to be a clergyman—with his pretty house and garden, always close to the church, and generally in an elevated situation; conspicuous, like himself, above those whom it is his lot to enlighten and direct. In a country where there are so few avenues open to certain income, combined with certain consideration in society, it is very natural that the clerical profession should be eagerly sought; particularly by young men who may likewise have a desire for more mental cultivation than it might otherwise be in their power to attain. Nevertheless, there are difficulties in the way, which, unless in some degree modified, will, in all probability, gradually diminish the number of desirable candidates for ecclesiastical situations. The education requisite includes a term of fourteen years; and when admitted into orders, they often remain for as many more as *suffragans*, on an income of five hundred francs (£20) per annum. The removal, by death, or change, of the minister they may serve, brings them no nearer filling his place; which is subjected to the choice of other older ministers, all of whom, in rotation, have the privilege of changing three times, before they are irrevocably planted. And whilst they are thus endeavoring to better themselves, the poor *suffragan* has, for the prime of his life, no other prospect than perhaps changing his humble situation for a worse. The livings are from sixty to eighty, one hundred, and one hundred twenty pounds a year.—*Benson.*

LAMARTINE.

Standing on the steps of the Hotel de Ville, with the waves of an angry multitude surging up fiercely towards him, the orator waved them proudly back, and sending forth his sonorous and practised voice among them, excited their curiosity, rivetted their attention, and stilled their passions. In parliamentary warfare, however, mere impassioned speaking is not enough. They who undertake to make laws for a great people look more for breadth of thought, steadiness of views, and stability of personal character, than for an artificial rhetoric and poetical figures of speech. Louis Napoleon soon discovered Lamartine's weak side, and ceased to fear his opposition. By a few plain, strong words, implying in the speaker an iron will and indomitable courage, he totally neutralised the effect of Lamartine's rhetoric. When he rose in the National Assembly, he greatly remiaded all historical students of the first appearance of Cromwell in the British parliameat; not that there was an exact resemblance, but that both possessed that peculiar quality which, when a man speaks, rivets the attention of his listeners, partly through apprehension, partly through the desire to penetrate the dark problem of his character. From the day on which Louis Napoleon was elected president of the Republic, Lamartine's reputation began to wax pale and dim.—*Louis Napoleon, by J. A. St. John.*

THE FRENCH BARD.

Beranger, who is now in his seventy-seventh year, has just completed the continuation and revival of his autobiography. It is to be published within a year after his death, in one volume, each page being full and solid as to composition, so that the whole work, including a hundred songs never before printed, may be sold for five francs. If printed in the usual Paris fashion, with a rivulet of type meandering through a meadow of margin, it would probably extend to a dozen volumes. The old poet desires to be read by the million.—*New York Times.*

New Publications.

BOSTON SIGHTS AND STRANGES's GUIDE. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 18mo. pp. 225.

A very valuable little work, elegantly printed and illustrated. It describes all the remarkable places and buildings of our city and the environs, the monuments, institutions, cemeteries, places of amusements, in a word, everything about which a stranger is curious to obtain information.

BOSTON BOARD OF TRADE.—The third annual report of the Board of Trade, Isaac C. Bates, Secretary, forms a large and handsome 8vo volume of 670 pages, and contains a vast amount of valuable commercial information, embracing a digest of the revenue laws and the forms of custom-house business. The typographical execution is very creditable to Messrs. George C. Rand & Avery, the printers.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—GUY MANNERING. Household Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 2 vols. 16mo.

The appearance of this perfect and gem-like edition has revived all the enthusiasm for Scott's incomparable novels, while a new generation of readers are taking their first draughts of enchantment from this unfailing source. We learn with pleasure that the publishers are pressed to fill their orders.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND, VOL. VI. By AGNES STRICKLAND. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Miss Strickland's historical works have become standard. The volume before us continues the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, always interesting, however oft repeated. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

ISABEL, THE YOUNG WIFE AND OLD LOVE. By JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 1 vol. 12mo.

A deeply interesting domestic story, wrought up with great dramatic power. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURE. Three Parts in One. By WASHINGTON HOOKER, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 4to.

An admirable treatise on plants, animals, air, water, light, heat, etc., liberally illustrated with fine wood engravings. It is adapted to the capacity of children from six to nine years of age, and would be a capital school-book. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

READING WITHOUT TEARS. New York: Harper & Brothers. Small 4to.

A very pleasant mode of learning to read, prefaced by excellent hints to parents and teachers. The engravings are very attractive. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

ARTHUR MERVYN: or, *Memoirs of the Year* 1793. By CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN. Philadelphia: M. Polock. 1857. 2 vols. 12mo.

This novel is perhaps one of the most powerful and thrilling which the author ever wrote. The ravages of the yellow fever in '93 supplies him with a groundwork, on which he delineates lifelike portraitures with thrilling effect. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

DRAMATIC SCENES. With other Poems now first printed. By BARRY CORNWALL. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 388.

Barry Cornwall would never have succeeded as a writer for the stage, nor did he ever attempt it; yet the dramatic form adopted in these sketches gives effect to some of the finest poetry he has ever written. The purity and grace of his lines, their freedom from all effort and turgidity, commend them to the lovers of a school of writing which is fast passing away.

SCANDAL. By Mrs. J. T. BICKFORD. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. 1857. 12mo. pp. 394.

A very well-constructed story, with dramatic dialogue and fine portraiture of character. Its title indicates its purport—and that is, to expose the consequences of the atrocity of one of the most flagrant sins of society.

NEW MUSIC.—Russell & Richardson, 291 Washington Street, have published —Minuet, for the piano, by C. A. Adler; The New England Guards Polka, by P. S. Gilmore; La Violette Polka Mazurka, by Charles Faust; Album Lirico, by A. Beudelari; Rosalie, the Prairie Flower, by Wurzel, and Gondolini, by Mendelssohn.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at TWO DOLLARS a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

Some of the streets of Havana, Cuba, are paved with Boston granite. —— If all the money circulating in the United States were divided equally among the inhabitants, every one would rejoice, for about three minutes, in the possession of $12. —— Huntington, the New York forger, has gained fifteen pounds since his imprisonment. —— The following appeared in the Liverpool Daily Post, a short time since:—"A gentleman accustomed to sit with a recently deceased relative, who was many years an invalid, is desirous of a similar occupation. References most unexceptionable. Address," etc. —— The Philadelphia county prison, it is stated, receives within its walls upwards of fourteen thousand inmates annually, or an average of more than forty a day. —— A mountain of marble, as it is described, has been found near Paris. Several varieties have already been quarried from it, viz., St. Anne, rouge, royale, petit antique, black granite, Grisperlé, and Brechè. The property has recently changed hands for a trifle more than its mere agricultural value; its real value is almost past computation. ——"At eighteen," said a foreigner, "a young American woman is the prettiest in the world; but at thirty, *mon Dieu*, she is already old and ugly."—— There are at present sixty-three factories, situated in different parts of California, in which quartz grinding and extracting the gold by machinery is carried on. Thirty of these are driven by steam engines, and thirty-three by water-falls. —— The Archduke Charles Louis, the present stadtholder of the Tyrol, will soon be made governor of Gallicia. The youthful prince, who is one of the most devout Catholics in the empire, is said to have a strongly-pronounced dislike to the heterodox Russians. —— There are twenty regular female physicians in the city of New York. —— A method of preparing cement from common quicklime, which, when ground to powder and made up with water, gradually attains a very great degree of hardness, and differing essentially in its action from lime as it is ordinarily prepared, has been patented in England. —— After the first concert given at the Tuileries, at which Mdlle. Lauters obtained a decided success, M. Auber, on the part of their majesties, presented to the young cantatrice a magnificent bracelet in diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, as a mark of their satisfaction. —— The reported sale of the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, is contradicted. —— Dr. F. Ponchet, corresponding member of the Paris Institute, announces, in a letter addressed to the *Nouvelliste* of Rouen, that the expedition in search of the sources of the Nile, which promised such rich conquests to the scientific world, has just been dissolved by the viceroy of Egypt. —— President Urquiza, of the Argentine Republic, has a cattle herd that yields him half a million dollars a year. There are three hundred thousand cattle. —— Townsend, the man who committed so many robberies and murders in Canada West some two years since, has been arrested in Cleveland, Ohio. A reward of five thousand dollars had been offered for his apprehension by the Canadian authorities. —— In some townships in Iowa, land is now worth $300 an acre, which was bought five years ago at the government price, namely, $1 25 an acre. —— About two hundred groats and half groats, supposed to have been of the reign of Edward III., have been discovered in a sand-pit on the estate of Auchlishie, in Scotland. The question is, how did they arrive there?

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass., has just published a beautiful lithographic engraving, from the late poem of Longfellow; size of plate is 14 by 18 inches; price $1 50, post-paid. It makes a fine thing for framing, and is also well adapted for Grecian painting. One so painted in this style may be seen at M. J. Whipple's, 35 Cornhill. Full directions for painting, mixing colors, and how to use them, etc., will be sent by Mr. Tilton on receipt of one stamp to return postage.

SHARP PRACTICE.—A youngster in a town of New York, who had undertaken to subpœna witnesses to a trial, found the ronds in a shocking condition, and hit upon the expedient of writing each witness a letter, stating that a sum of money was deposited in his hands, which they could have by calling upon him. They called, and got a subpœna and 12 1-2 cents each.

A TURTLE ADVENTURE.—A man on the coast of Camberland, Italy, lately discovered an immense turtle near the shore, waded out to it and mounted its back. The turtle began to paddle seaward, but the rider finally managed to work him in shore, and secure him by means of a rope.

FUNNY.—"Pence and animosity to the militia of Rhode Island!" was a toast drank by a major-general on a "training-day," in that spirited little commonwealth. We regret that history has not handed down his name.

HOMELY WOMEN.—We have always found that homely women are the most intelligent. It is according to the rule of St. Paul, "to the pure all things are pure," even so to the plain all things are plain.

PRIZE OFFER.—A smart little country paper in New York State offers a "dish of sour crout for the best original tale, and a dozen red-hot pancakes with 'lasses on for the best original poem."

Wayside Gatherings.

The New York Daily News is printed on paper made in North Carolina, and very good paper it is.

The New York Times announces the lamentable fact that more Boswell letters have recently been discovered.

An expedition against the Kabyles has been arranged between the French emperor and the governor-general of Algeria.

John Dale, who died very suddenly in Oakham, was 82 years old, and had never employed a physician since he was born.

The Maine House of Representatives has appointed a committee to consider the expediency of removing the seat of government to Portland.

The New York Times says that a revival is progressing in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, and several persons have been hopefully converted.

The aggregate number of steamboats and barges built along the Ohio River, since 1849, is 662; there are now plying on the river 900 boats of all kinds.

The schooner Spray, of Nahant, in one trip, lately, brought 14,000 pounds of cod and haddock. The Spray has only seven hands, and the fish were captured in seven hours.

Mr. E. D. Lyman, of Lawrence, Kanzas, and a member of the Orend Guards, was burnt to death on the 11th of March, while asleep in a cabin about a mile and a half from Lawrence.

The Gloucester people, who are so successful in the fishery of cod and halibut, have re-commenced the experiment of catching whales, and are fitting out a schooner for the Western Islands.

An extra of the Gainsboro' (England) News announces the sudden death of Rev. H. J. Symons, in a railway carriage. It was Dr. Symons, who read the burial service of Sir John Moore, at Corruna.

A man selling electric oil in Macon, Georgia, was thrown from his cart, and stabbed by a man named Maulshy, for no other reason than that he detested quacks. The vender will get well, and Maulshy is holden in $2000 for trial.

Above one hundred persons, all connected with the German Turner Association, lately left Cincinnati for New Ulm, in Minnesota, where the Turners have been forming a settlement since the election difficulties two years ago.

Not only was the first railroad in this country laid from the Quarries, in Quincy, to the shipping dock of the company, but the first railroad accident likewise happened on this road, killing Mr. Backus, a merchant prince, and severely injuring three other gentlemen.

Mr. Jonathan Nickerson and Brothers, of Provincetown, have recently purchased a tract of land a mile long, comprising the south part of Shank Painter Pond, in that town, and intend to fill up and reclaim the swamp land, and then set out with cranberry plants.

A French priest, with his nose, ears and right hand cut off by the savage tribes in China, near the Tchon Kiang River, has been the lion at Marseilles, France, for some time. He was a missionary—and while his four colleagues were beheaded, he escaped with the mutilation described.

The Democrat, published at Danville, Pa., states that there were manufactured at the Montour Rolling Mill, in that borough, one day, lately, upwards of 116 tons of railroad iron—more than was ever before manufactured at any single establishment of the same kind in the United States.

A correspondence from Genoa, published in the Paris Constitutionnel, says that the Grand Duke Constantine and his officers there went to the theatre, where they heard, for the first time in their lives, the Marseillaise, introduced into a ballet representing the emancipation of slavery in the United States.

An old colored man, named Joshua Selby, was arrested in Baltimore, lately, at the instance of a sable brother, who charged him with being a conjurer, and dealing in charms and witchcraft. Selby smiled dismally at the charge, but did not deny the soft impeachment. He was committed for disorderly conduct.

An organized gang of about a dozen young thieves, from nine to twelve years of age, has just been discovered in New York. They were in the habit of seizing everything they could lay their hands on, selling their booty at a store in Baxter Street, where numbers of stolen goods of considerable value were found.

An artificial stone is now made by a combination of fifteen parts of clean sand, five parts of calcined plaster, and four parts animal blood. When first mixed, the composition is about the consistency of stiff mortar; and the most fragile plaster mould is sufficient for its retention during the few hours necessary to the perfection of its form.

That dreadful Crystal Palace, which New York cannot get rid of, is again the subject of anxious inquiry in that city. The question is, What is to be done with it? The city owns the lot on which it stands, and claims the right to have it removed. The palace cost three quarters of a million, and its stock is now worth absolutely nothing.

It is said that the water so long lying stagnant in that immense tract of country known as the Everglades, of Florida, has recently found an outlet, through which it is discharging itself into the Gulf of Mexico. This will leave many millions of acres of dry land capable of cultivation. It is said to be exactly the land best adapted to the growth of sugar-cane.

Pluck and perseverance effected a signal triumph, the other day, on the Niagara River. A man fell into the rapids near the Suspension Bridge, but was happily for him lodged on a small and inaccessible rock. With great skill and much labor, he was rescued by means of a ladder. The worthy fellows who saved him were W. B. Coburn, A. Shiley and N. Crane.

The fashionable world of Paris now resort to one establishment for pocket-handkerchiefs, where there are to be found the modest and necessary handkerchiefs of 25 sous, as well as the ornament of magnificent lace, which *les grande dames* hold in their hands at the balls and fetes. There is a peculiar style of handkerchief appropriate to the different descriptions of toilet and hours of the day.

A passenger, who was injured by an accident on the North-Eastern Railway, England, has recovered from the company eleven thousand dollars damages. His injuries were caused by a collision of the trains, and the most serious was a fracture of the ribs. The husband of a woman, who was killed by the same collision, recovered $5000, the company making no defence in either case.

A letter from St. Petersburgh says:—"The imperial government has just raised the town of Kiahtka, situated on the frontier of China, to the rank of a chief town of a district. This place is the most active for the land trade between Russia and China, and since the late events, its importance has considerably increased. Kiahtka will henceforth have a Russian military commandant and civil governor."

Foreign Items.

M. H. Vieuxtemps, the well known Belgian violinist, has received from the King of Sardinia the Cross of SS. Maurice and Lazarus.

A letter from Berlin says that Baron Humboldt has recovered from his indisposition, and is actively occupied to preparing the fourth volume of his "Cosmos."

A painting by Paul Veronese, for three centuries the property of the Pisani family of Venice, has been purchased by the British government for £14,000.

The American Engineer employed by the Russian government to raise the ships sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol, expects to get up forty of the number whole; the rest he will blow to pieces. By the terms of the contract, the engineer is to be paid half the value of the vessels raised.

The prospectus has been issued of the "London Unadulterated Food Company," with a capital of £100,000, in £20 shares. It is respectably constituted, and the object is to manufacture and sell some of the articles of food which are most exposed to deleterious admixture.

The first proof which the Emperor of Austria will give to the Hungarians of his desire to content them, will be to make them a present of the splendid suspension-bridge between Pesth and Buda. At present the interest of the £700,000 which the bridge cost is paid by means of a small tax imposed on the persons who cross it.

Sands of Gold.

.... A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.—*Longfellow.*

.... The Bible is a book worth more than all the other books that were ever printed.—*Patrick Henry.*

.... Black seals upon letters, like the black sails of the Greeks, are signs of bad tidings and ill success.—*Longfellow.*

.... The color of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it.—*Cowper.*

.... Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must necessarily be eternal.—*Cicero.*

.... Lay it down as a rule, never to smile, nor in any way show approval or merriment, at any trait in a child which you should not wish to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.—*Mrs. E. C. Allen.*

.... How can a man know himself? Through contemplation never, but rather through action. Endeavor to do thy duty, and thou wilt know thy capacity. But what is thy duty? The exigencies of the day.—*Goethe.*

.... Science, in the hands of infidelity, becomes mere materialism; poetry, in the power of infidelity, degenerates into sensualism; and nations without Christianity become poor and miserable, and blind and wretched indeed.—*Cumming.*

Joker's Budget.

What is a fist? The hand doubled. How then can one double up his fist?

In all quack advertisements for "a never failing remedy," read "an ever failing remedy."

An aged Quakeress, the other afternoon, was seen intently gazing upon a piece of brocade silk displayed in a window. A passer-by observed that it was *Satin* tempting Eve.

Marshal Turenne, speaking of a stupid and cowardly officer, observed that of the faculties of the human mind Captain Beaujour possessed but one, and that was *apprehension*.

A writer, in speaking of one of the musical professors, described him as "throwing his chest forward, and drawing back his head while singing, as if trying to dodge a well-aimed brick-bat." This may be said to be more forcible than classic.

The London Medical Times notices a case of poisoning at Tully, Ireland, from having eaten salt horse mackerel. A father, mother, and three daughters were the victims. The verdict of the coroner's jury was, "Died by the visitation of God after eating some horse mackerel which was not properly cured."

There is talk of passing laws by which suicide by poison will become much more difficult of execution than formerly. Mr. Algernon Jones, a young friend of ours, says nothing shall stop him from killing himself whenever he wants to. If he can find no other way, he will eat bits of sponge and drink water till he bursts.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FAVORITE WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after *eleven years* of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

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☞ It is printed on the finest satin-surfaced paper, with new type, and in a neat and beautiful style.

☞ It is of the mammoth size, yet contains no advertisements in its eight super royal pages.

☞ It is devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.

☞ It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has sixteen years editorial experience in Boston.

☞ It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.

☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.

☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.

☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.

☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.

☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.

☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston



MAN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

As the aboriginal inhabitants of South Australia are fast disappearing before the advance of civilization, it becomes deeply interesting to preserve some records of their peculiarities and appearance. The portraits on this page are from recent photographs, and have been engraved with the utmost nicety, thus preserving the actual traits of the originals. The lady has certainly the advantage in point of looks, the gentleman presenting too close a resemblance to an aged ape to rank as an Apollo. Naturally, the natives wear no clothing; but, if any article of dress be given them, they are proud to array themselves in it. The manner in which they wrap a blanket around them, fastening it over one shoulder, is very graceful. The women are exceedingly susceptible to gay colors—the nature of the sex is the same in all climes—and accept a bright pocket handkerchief, or a few beads, with as much delight as an English girl would receive a Parisian bonnet, or a souvenir from Howell and James's. The greatest passion of the aborigines is revenge; and, even if one of them dies a natural death, they fling spears at one of his friends until blood appears—hence their universal hostility to the white man. They can never forget nor forgive the atrocities perpetrated upon them by some of the early settlers, who at one time used to hunt them down like wild beasts, and fire at any they came upon, however inoffensive they might be. The features of the aborigines are not pleasing, being very coarse. Their lips are thick, with flat noses and low, receding foreheads. They are not, generally speaking, tall or well made, neither are they particularly strong. Their going about in such numbers alone makes them dangerous. The number of aborigines is not great, and it is steadily decreasing. Several tribes have already wholly disappeared. Many efforts have been made to protect them, and to induce them to adopt settled and industrious habits, but with various success. Schools have been established by the government, but the young people almost invariably, when passing out of childhood, throw off their clothes and return to their native haunts and habits. A few girls become house servants, but they are easily induced to leave for the woods. Of late there has, however, been a somewhat important change. The impossibility of obtaining a sufficient number of white shepherds and laborers caused many stockkeepers to offer good money wages to the natives, instead of merely giving them food and clothes, as was before the custom, and to adapt the service to their feelings. The result is said to have been very generally beneficial. They show little inclination, or rather considerable dislike, for manual labor; but they make very good hutkeepers, are careful and gentle as shepherds, and make excellent stockkeepers; and large numbers are now so employed, as well as in wool-washing, and other work connected with sheep and cattle farming.



WOMAN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

MODERN CHINESE WAR JUNK.

The picture of a war junk of the first class on this page will surprise those who have not studied the progress which the Chinese have made within a very few years. Good judges will pronounce the hull of this vessel a really fine model; there is only just enough nationality about it to identify it. The sails and rigging are Chinese enough, but otherwise it is not a craft that a European would disdain to sail or fight. Recent accounts inform us that the Chinese have learned to fight as well as build their ships well, and have shown extraordinary valor in their naval engagements with John Bull. Twenty years ago their ships of war were short, misshapen masses of timber, quaint and ungainly in appearance, almost unmanageable, and the wonder to seamen of other nations how a craft of the character of the junk was able to make headway, or combat the dangers and intricacies of the sea and coast. Since then the progress of naval architecture in China has advanced far beyond what the people of that country might have been given credit for; and, though still carrying out their eccentric tastes in the more prominent features of their vessels, the shipping of the present day is of excellent and seaworthy character. In the place of the deep-waisted craft of former times, with head and stem forming nearly a half-circle, they have now vessels in which this peculiarity is greatly modified and in some vessels entirely dispensed with. In the lorchas, snake-boats, smuggling craft, pirate junks, and other boats peculiar to the China Seas, the lines of the vessels are of the most beautiful character, and they exhibit the greatest speed in all their movements and performances. The armament of war-junks, twenty years ago, consisted principally of matchlocks, mounted on the rails of the bulwarks; at the present time, the junks of the first class carry guns between decks, like our frigates, and of a calibre that has astonished the officers of the British ships now in their waters, many of the guns taken being larger in bore and weight of metal than any we manufacture in this country. Great improvements have also taken place in the material of their sails, and in the general handling of their vessels. But one great peculiarity in the regular legitimate Chinese junk, outliving all other improvements and advances, is the large eye in the headboards of the vessel, without which the Chinese firmly believe that no vessel can see how to sail.



CHINESE MODERN FIRST CLASS WAR JUNK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1857. $3 00 PER ANNUM 6 CENTS SINGLE | VOL. XII., No. 22 —WHOLE No. 310

EDWIN BOOTH, AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."

We present on this page a full length portrait, drawn expressly for our illustrated journal, representing the popular young tragedian, Mr. Edwin Booth, the heir to his father's fame, in the character of Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's play, "A new Way to pay old Debts," a character which his father almost made his own, for seeing the elder Booth in this *role*, no man of taste could endure another's representation of Sir Giles, during his lifetime. Well do we remember the lurid glare which the genius of that great actor diffused over this whole part—how completely he identified himself with the poet's creation, how electric were his bursts of passion, how convulsive the dying agonies of his baffled ambition, greed and hate, how his form so completely filled the eye, his tones so monopolized the ear, that the entire audience forgot time and place and surroundings, and were the spell-bound thralls of the mighty enchanter. Time has not obliterated our memory of the elder Booth's acting. It is among those things which are daguerreotyped upon the mind, never to be effaced. We remember him at the culminating point of his powers, and afterwards when his star had nearly touched the horizon, and only shone at times with a fitful brilliancy. We confess it was with more surprise than pleasing anticipation that we saw the announcement that a son of this great man, and that son a mere youth, was about to attempt in this city, where his father was so well known, so well appreciated, and so well remembered, the *chef-d'œuvre* of that father's delineations, knowing full well that a comparison must infallibly be instituted. We were well aware that young Mr. Booth came hither heralded by a brilliant reputation earned elsewhere, but we were not sure that it rested on a firm basis. At any rate, the ordeal was severely trying. But it was undergone, and it was a triumph. The verdict of a Boston audience stamped with its signet a reputation proved to be sterling. The triumph was a legitimate one, for as we have more than once had occasion to remark, it is no advantage to an artist to bear a great name. It simply assures him a first hearing, but it taxes his powers to the utmost. We Americans are no believers in hereditary greatness, and we judge more severely the heir of a great man than one who comes before us with no such *prestige*. Edwin Booth was thus, we will not say harshly, but rigidly tried. He was expected to come up to a high standard, and he met the requirement. There was something in his appearance, much in his tone and style, which reminded us of his father, and showed that he had been a close student of that excellent model. But the resemblances were natural. A clever mimic would have given us a much closer imitation of the elder Booth. An actor of talents, but not genius, now no more, based his whole style on mimicry of the elder Booth, and was to a degree successful in his profession in consequence. Before seeing him, we had feared that herein lay the secret of Edwin Booth's success. But a single scene dissipated the error, and his splendid personation of Richelieu, a character that his father never performed, showed young Booth to be possessed of original genius of the highest order. He possesses, too, some physical qualifications in spite of which his father succeeded, as did the elder Kean. His figure is better, and he has an eye we never saw equalled for brilliancy and fire. His voice is rich, melodious, powerful, and held in perfect command. He has not the common fault of young actors, with powerful organs, he never "makes Rome howl" in furious outbursts. He never strains his lungs to their utmost capacity, but prudently keeps within the limits of his powers, knowing that the concentrated tones of passion are frequently far more effective than their highest fury. He is graceful in gesture, and has a facile play of features. Of his mental qualifications for the highest rank upon the stage we cannot speak too highly. He has evidently studied the characters he delineates profoundly, and exhibits a thorough appreciation of the authors whose interpreter he claims to be. A brief but faithful apprenticeship has given him a mastery of all the details of his profession, so that he has little of that crudity noticeable in the efforts of those who have assumed the highest range of delineation without passing over the intermediate steps. Only such deficiencies are apparent as belong to youth, and a brief period of professional service—a little longer familiarity with the stage will overcome these. That the youthful recipient of so much honor as has been bestowed on him is modest and unassuming is the surest guarantee of his future greatness. The reliable critic of the Saturday Evening Gazette has, we think, well summed up his qualities and characteristics in the following passage:—"To our mind he possesses every requisite granted by nature to his father, and in addition he has a better stature, and the finest eye we remember to have seen for many years. It is an eye which speaks, and a single flash in many of his characters seems to render words almost useless. He is of medium height, and has that awkwardness in his gait peculiar to early manhood, which will improve as he advances in years. His facial expression is easily moulded by his will, and his gestures are graceful and appropriate. His voice is rich, powerful and flexible, and he manages it with all the skill of a veteran, never gasping for breath, and never exerting himself to a degree when it would seem that he was upon the brink of exhaustion. In his most violent bursts of passion, he seems to keep something in reserve, and there is no perceptible evidence of fatigue in his acting, while the great charm of his style is its entire freedom from that rant, which actors at times adopt either to hide their deficiencies or to win the applause of the groundlings. Mr. Booth does not play for applause—he has studied his characters, and attempts to become the embodiment of the author's heroes, using his own good judgment in developing the varied phases of their emotions, and bringing out all the beauties of their language. The points he makes—many of them new—come naturally. He does not prepare his audience for an effect by the heaving of his bosom, or by muscular twitchings and turnings, like so many telegraphic messages to the gallery to prepare for a sensation, but his words and actions blend so closely that the point is made and his auditors are warmed to applause by the vigor with which he attains it." Mr. Booth's professional career may be related in a very few words. He made his first appearance in this city at the Boston Museum, in the insignificant character of Tressel, in Richard III., his father playing the hunch-backed tyrant. Afterwards as an *attaché* to various dramatic companies, he studied his profession carefully, gradually rising in grade from one part to another. It was in California that his genius was first recognized, and he began to take rank as one of the most promising actors on the stage. During a theatrical campaign in Australia he was equally successful. On his return to the United States he performed at the West and Southwest, everywhere warmly welcomed and heartily sustained. In New Orleans he closed a splendid engagement in a blaze of triumph, receiving an ovation such as is rarely granted to even the veteran favorites of the public. His performances at the Boston Theatre were a series of triumphs. Though a cold storm was raging on his opening night, a large audience assembled to greet him, and his reception was all that his warmest friends could desire. The impression produced on that first night was deepened at every subsequent appearance, and he left us an established favorite, with the best wishes and hopes of a Boston public for his future. Mr. Booth comes before the world at an auspicious hour for himself, just when the prejudices against the stage are being dissipated and the best classes rallying to its support, thus instituting a healthy body of critics and friends to give it tone.



MR. EDWIN BOOTH, AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXI.

VILLANY DEFEATED.

After supper, the Jew resumed the coarse garment which concealed his plain, though handsome dress of black velvet, and which he always laid aside when he entered the presence of Abi, and returned to the shop, where Mizar had remained during his absence. When he recalled to mind that Clarence Harleigh had promised to call in the course of the evening, to look at the opal, he remembered that it had not yet been returned. He, therefore, sent Mizar to procure it, that it might be in readiness for Harleigh's inspection whenever he came.

It was eight o'clock when the boy returned with it, yet Harleigh had not made his appearance. The Jew was impatient at his delay, for he had concluded in his own mind that he would make a confidant of him, relative to what had befallen Alice the preceding evening, and that there was reason to fear a note that she had sent early in the morning to her friends had fallen into unfriendly hands, and would prove the means of betraying to Falkland her place of refuge.

"Half past eight," he murmured to himself, "and still he does not come."

The minutes, one after the other, crept slowly away, without bringing him the Jew most desired to see. Another half hour had passed, and it was nine o'clock, the time he was accustomed to leave his shop and pass an hour with Abi, who, in the apartment, entirely cut off from all out-door communication by those rooms surrounding it, as well as by the massive walls on every side, ventured to play the harp and sing to him some of those stirring and sublime songs recorded in the Old Testament.

Now, after bolting and barring the door, he remained a few minutes, hoping that Harleigh might yet come. The wooden shutters outside of the windows had been previously closed, though through many a chink gleamed the light burning in the shop.

"Mizar," said the Jew, "remain here half an hour longer. If any one knock at the door, inquire who is there. If the answer should be Clarence Harleigh, admit him, and then call me."

"And if it shouldn't be the gentleman by that name?"

"Let the door remain fastened, and call me."

Only a few minutes after he was gone, some one knocked at the door. Mizar rose and went towards it, to inquire, as he had been directed, who was there. Before he had time to do so, the knocking was repeated louder than at first, and was immediately succeeded by a violent struggle. Soon came a wild and piercing cry, when, for a few moments, all was still. Then there was a sound of voices, low though earnest, and at the same time a dull noise, such as might be made by dragging a heavy weight. The boy stood almost stupefied with terror, till the sounds, which rapidly receded, were heard no more.

Nothing of all this had reached the secluded apartment, where the Jew and Alice sat listening to Abi, who, at the request of the latter, was playing on the harp a few low, sweet strains. When, therefore, the massive door was suddenly swung back, and Mizar burst into the room, pale and trembling, their first thought was, that Falkland had discovered the retreat of Alice, and expected that the ruffians in his employ were pressing closely on the boy's footsteps. Abi, hardly knowing what she did, made a sign to Alice to conceal herself behind the curtains which draped the walls.

"O, my master," exclaimed Mizar, "come quickly and see what has happened!"

"They haven't come for her, then?" said Abi, pointing to Alice.

"No, no," replied Mizar; "but I'm afraid that the gentleman is murdered."

"What gentleman?" inquired Abi. But Mizar did not hear her question, for, as she spoke, he closed the door, and followed his master to the shop.

Aseneth, too, who had been alarmed by the disturbance, came from her chamber and entered with them.

"There is too much reason to fear that he who knocked at the door was Clarence Harleigh," said the Jew, when Mizar had described to him what he had heard.

They now listened at the door, and finding that all without was silent, the Jew cautiously opened it. A thick, heavy mist was falling, and the eye could not penetrate the gloom.

"Bring a light, Mizar," said the Jew, "that we may see if any one dead or wounded is lying near."

Seeing that the boy hesitated, Aseneth took a lamp, and stepping out at the door, held it in such a manner as to render visible whatever object might chance to be near. The insinuating mist, which had now been falling several hours, had rendered the ground soft and yielding, and footprints of different sizes, grouped together in a confused, irregular manner, were the only vestige of what might have been, as it had appeared to Mizar and Aseneth, a mortal struggle.

"It might have been nothing more than some street rioters, such as are often abroad," said the Jew, "and who, if one of their comrades was wounded, without doubt, took him away. I am heartily glad that my fears respecting Clarence Harleigh are not realized. Come, Aseneth; it is useless to look any longer."

As she was about to enter, she thought she heard voices at no great distance. Listening a moment, she found that she was not mistaken, and that they were rapidly drawing nearer. In her haste to enter, her feet slipped, and she fell across the threshold. By the time she had risen, those she had heard coming were close at hand. She had entered and succeeded in closing the door, when it was forcibly thrust open, and three men rushed into the room. One of them Aseneth at once recognized as her treacherous guide.

"Ah, my delicate lily-face, you have found your way home!" said he, addressing her. "The young Puritan, I suspect, hasn't been here yet to let the bird out of the cage. If not, we will save him the trouble."

"If," said the Jew, "as I judge by your words, you are he who conducted my servant to a different place from where she wished to go, and then caused her to give the written message entrusted to her care to one who had no right to receive it, I advise you to be content with the mischief you have done, and not to seek further to annoy her or others."

"When your advice is wanted, I will ask for it," replied Corkle. "Don't you say so, Skellum?"

"Ay, ay," was the answer, "and if the old extortioner wouldn't have his crazy old house pulled down about his ears, he had better lose no time in showing us where he has hid the little Puritan of the russet cloak. Be quick, and take your choice," said he, turning to the Jew.

"I shall not aid you in compassing your iniquitous purpose."

"Then we'll press this youngster into our service," said Skellum, at the same time seizing Mizar by the arm with no gentle hand.

"What shall I do?" said the boy, casting a frightened look towards his master.

"Forbear to answer any questions," was the reply.

"We've ways of our own to make him speak," said Corkle.

"Come, we are wasting time," said Skellum, tightening his grasp on Mizar's arm, while, regardless of his cries and his struggles to free himself, he commenced dragging him towards the door communicating with the back part of the house.

"What do you there?" was suddenly demanded in loud tones.

Skellum desisted, looked round, and coolly surveyed him who had spoken, who stood in the door-way.

"That is our concern—not yours," he then said.

The next moment, an exclamation of joy burst from the lips of Aseneth, for close behind the stranger she beheld Clarence Harleigh.

"May the God of our fathers be praised!" said the Jew, fervently; "who has sent us deliverance when we were well nigh ready to despair."

"Don't be too certain of that," said Corkle. "The iron-handled broadsword may have as much virtue in it as the jewel-hilted rapier."

"If you will tell me the meaning of what I see," said the stranger, addressing Corkle, who had, in his appearance, less of the bravo than the two others, "perhaps the matter may be settled without having recourse to either of the weapons you have named."

"If you will make it appear by what right you catechise me," he answered, "I may possibly satisfy your curiosity."

"I cannot say that I have any right, except what belongs to common humanity."

"A virtue I shouldn't object to practising, if it were not almost always sure to empty the purse instead of filling it."

"If golden arguments are what are needed to persuade you, here are a handful of them;" and taking some broad gold pieces from his pocket, he held them in such a manner that their amount could be readily estimated.

"What say you, Skellum, and you, Mat?" said Corkle. "Are you in a humor to be won by such shining arguments as you see in the gentleman's hand?"

"Not I," answered Skellum, "that is, if they are to pass from his hand into yours; for past experience tells me that while on their passage, they will be changed into dull copper, or, at the best, a few bits of silver. Besides, there is more sport in earning the money than in having it."

Corkle approached him more nearly.

"Let the young one go," said he. "I have something for your private ear."

The boy lost no time in escaping to a distant part of the room, the moment he found himself at liberty.

"The truth is," said Corkle, in a voice too low to be heard, except by Skellum, "this is my own affair; Falkland has nothing to do with it."

"Nothing to do in the affair of Russet-Cloak?"

"I care nothing for Russet-Cloak. It's the beautiful Jewess I am after. I once saw her, and I don't believe there's another face so fair as hers in all Christendom. I thought the old Jew had sent her off, but this morning, in seeking to do Falkland a good turn, a note fell into my hands intended by Russet-Cloak, as you call her, for her Puritan friends, which showed me that I was mistaken."

"Well, it is all one to me. There'll be as much fun in carrying off the little Jewess as the little Puritan."

"But we mustn't attempt to carry off either of them now. We must wait till the coast is clear. Suffer yourself to be persuaded by the gold so freely offered by him with the steeple-crowned hat, and I will do the same. 'Twill be an easy way of earning it. But what has become of Mat? We must hear what he has to say about it."

During the foregoing colloquy, Clarence Harleigh and the Jew had been in earnest conversation; and when, at the moment Corkle ceased speaking to Skellum, a shriek was heard from the adjoining apartment, almost at a single bound he reached the door. He was in season to obtain a glimpse of a young girl, pursued by the ruffianly Mat at the moment she entered the passage leading to the closet, which has been mentioned in another chapter.

She reached the closet in time to enter and close the door, though, in her haste, she made no attempt to fasten it, nor did she observe that a Persian scarf thrown carelessly over her shoulders had fallen to the floor at the moment of her entrance. It was of a light though rich fabric, with a deep embroidery of gold, the sight of which was so tempting in the eyes of her pursuer, that he stopped and picked it up. This delay, trifling as it was, saved her.

"Hold, on your peril!" exclaimed Harleigh, springing forward, as the man was in the act of opening the door.

If he heard, he did not choose to obey, and with a cry of exultation, echoed by Skellum, who, spurning the attempt of Corkle to restrain him, was hastening to join him, he swung it open. The interior of the closet, however, presented precisely the same appearance as it had the preceding evening. The look of blank astonishment depicted on the countenance of each of the ruffians, might on a different occasion excite mirth; now, the predominating emotion in the mind of Harleigh, as well as of the Jew, who had described to him the retreat of Abi, now shared by Alice, though he had not mentioned the name of the latter, was one of devout thankfulness.

"I should almost believe that my eyes had played me false, if it weren't for this," said Mat, holding up the scarf.

Meanwhile, Skellum was eagerly examining the closet, to ascertain by what means she had made her escape.

"Let him satisfy himself," said the Jew, seeing that Harleigh and the stranger regarded him with looks of impatience. "There is no danger of his discovering the manner of her egress."

"If I hadn't tried the thickness of these walls last night," said Skellum, who soon gave up his search as hopeless, "I would try what a few well-aimed blows would do."

"As the trial seems to have been satisfactory," said Harleigh, "you may as well go now."

"And leave that scarf behind you," said the stranger, addressing Mat, who was about to tie it round his waist, after the fashion of a sash, such as we read in romances, is worn by the brigand chief, or the pirate captain, and above which is always seen protruding a formidable array of pistols, and knives of the most approved cutlery.

"We shall do neither the one nor the other, unless we please," said Skellum, answering both for himself and comrade.

"That's what we wont," said Mat.

The stranger's only answer to this was taking possession of the scarf, which he did with perfect ease, a feat that evidently raised him in the estimation of all three of the wretches, who had been inclined to believe that the conciliatory manner he had previously adopted towards them was the result of timidity.

"You prefer to remain here a while longer?" said Harleigh, again addressing Skellum.

"Yes," he replied, sullenly, "and you needn't trouble yourself about it, if we do."

"Very well," said Harleigh. "We will, in the meantime, see what can be done to procure an escort for you."

"He means the police," whispered Mat.

"Yes, and that little impish-looking Jew stands ready to go at a moment's warning," said Corkle.

"The little coward, he is afraid of his own shadow," said Skellum. "When I was holding him by the arm, he trembled as if he had an ague fit."

"That may be, but if left to himself, he will thread his way through every lane and alley of the city, when it is too dark for him to see his hand before him."

Corkle then turned to Harleigh and the stranger, and said, aloud:

"There's no use in trying to frighten us,—that is no easy matter; but if the gentleman will be so obliging as to let us try how we shall feel with a few of those gold pieces he showed us in our pockets, I will go away quietly myself, and use my influence to persuade the others to follow my example."

"It is too late now," said the stranger; "I'm no longer in the vein. When I offered you gold, I didn't take you for the miscreants you have proved yourselves to be. You have already annoyed these inoffensive people with your presence, much too long—longer than this gentleman and myself would have permitted, had it not been that we felt indisposed to engage in a brawl with such fellows as you, especially beneath a peaceable and respectable roof."

After having waited a minute or two, finding that they seemed disposed to maintain their ground, he made a sign to Mizar. The boy understood it, and at once prepared to obey. The ruffians, however, appeared to think it best to make good their retreat, which they did, with muttered threats, among which the words "We shall yet have our revenge; the old Jew doesn't know what there is in store for him!" could be distinguished.

After leaving the shop, as they passed a little dark court, of which the house and an out-building belonging to the Jew formed two of the sides, Corkle said in a whisper: "The dumb witness that lies there will make it go hard with the old Jew."

CHAPTER XXII.

HARLEIGH AND ALICE MEET.

The stranger stood in the doorway till the sound of their receding footsteps had died away. He then, having closed the door, turned to Harleigh.

"If I heard aright," said he, "your name is Clarence Harleigh."

"That is my name."

"And mine is Edward Elliston."

"One that I sha'n't be likely soon to forget," said Harleigh, cordially offering him his hand, "for it is to Edward Elliston that I owe my liberation from prison."

"I imagined," said young Elliston, with some embarrassment, "that after the precaution which had been taken to prevent it, the name of the person couldn't transpire."

"I couldn't suffer myself to be the recipient of so signal a favor without making an effort to discover the author of it," replied Harleigh, "though, after all, I must confess that it was revealed to me by what may be termed chance, rather than by any exertion of my own. But why should you wish to conceal what has made me so much your debtor?"

"I hardly know, were I to attempt it, as I could offer any very logical reason for so doing, and will, therefore, only say, that I was sincere in the wish that it should not be made known."

"You didn't care to make my acquaintance, is the only way I can interpret your reluctance," said Harleigh, smiling; "but if you had any graver reason for wishing to avoid me, chance, or Providence, if you will, seems to have overruled your intention by bringing us together at this time. Perhaps, however, you came here with the knowledge that a young girl under the protection of a lady by the name of Elliston, whom I suppose to be your mother, found refuge here last night from a crew of desperadoes?"

"Am I so fortunate? I had consumed the whole day in vain efforts to trace her, and was returning home, thoroughly discouraged, when, on hearing the cries of the lad, I entered."

"I am already so much a debtor to you both," said the Jew, who had thus far stood silently by, "that I can hardly venture to ask of you anything more; yet, if you could be persuaded to remain here till daybreak, we should feel comparatively safe. But I don't ask you to stay in this mean, uncomfortable place. Will you permit me to send word to Abi, my granddaughter, and the young damsel who is with her, that I will bring with me two gentlemen, who have shown themselves to be our friends in the hour of need, to spend an hour or two in their company?"

It was a proposition which neither of them felt in a humor to decline, and Harleigh, having no suspicion that the "young damsel," who had several times been alluded to by the Jew under that appellation, was Alice Dale, was not deterred from giving his consent on account of the promise exacted by Mr. Walworth.

"Don't mention the names of the gentlemen," said the Jew, to Aseneth, who, having listened to the message she was to deliver, turned to leave the room. "It will be a pleasant surprise to our fair guest when she finds that one of them is Edward Elliston."

"And still pleasanter," said Elliston, who was not aware that her name had not been mentioned, "to find that the other is Clarence Harleigh."

When the door was thrown open, which disclosed an apartment such as, in splendor, might have been supposed to compare with those of Aladdin's palace, they were both surprised, after witnessing so much apparent poverty, though they were not ignorant of the shifts which the Jews were obliged to have recourse to, in order to save their wealth from the rapacity of those who, in many instances, did not blush to call themselves Christians. Harleigh, who was in advance of Elliston, stepped back, that he might enter before him.

"The meeting of friends should precede that of strangers," said he.

Elliston, not knowing exactly how to construe this, hesitated a moment, but finding that Harleigh still held back, he entered the room, saying, as he did so, something about the greater pleasure being reserved for the last, the meaning of which was, of course, enigmatical to Harleigh.

Alice, the moment Edward Elliston stepped inside the door, rose and went forward to meet him.

"After all my fears, then, to the contrary," said she, "your mother received the billet I sent her this morning?"

"No; we hadn't received a single word of intelligence in any shape whatever. My finding you here was entirely unexpected."

Harleigh was so surprised at seeing her, whom he thought so far distant, and in the midst of a scene of so much magnificence, that he was almost inclined to doubt the evidence of his own senses, and to believe that he was under the influence of the magic spells of some enchanter. Even if it had been so, he would hardly have cared to be disenthralled, for all the doubts and misgivings which Mildred Dacres and Falkland had succeeded in inspiring him, as respected the constancy of Alice, were, for the time being, forgotten.

As he stood behind Edward Elliston, Alice did not at first see him, and when, as if suddenly roused from a dream, he stepped forward and pronounced her name, she too forgot that the machinations of Falkland and Mildred, as made known to her, previously to her leaving America, by Silas Watkins, must have given him cause to distrust her. Her heartfelt joy at seeing him, which she made no effort to disguise, went far to remove many of those doubts which, though reluctantly admitted, he had been unable to overcome.

When the surprise and excitement of the meeting between her and Harleigh had somewhat subsided, the thoughts of Alice reverted to the opal. Possibly, Harleigh might not know that she had lost it. At any rate, she felt determined, before he took leave, to seek an opportunity to tell him all she herself knew respecting its loss. While these thoughts were yet in her mind, the Jew, taking it from a small casket, handed it to Harleigh.

"Your motive in calling this evening," said he, "was to examine it. You may not find a better opportunity than the present."

As Harleigh took it, he could not forbear looking towards Alice, but though her color heightened, her eyes, which for a moment met his, did not droop. Having examined it, Harleigh returned it without speaking.

"You find it to be the same once in your possession?" said the Jew.

"Yes."

Alice, who had been attentively watching him, saw that a shadow was resting on Harleigh's brow. Rising precipitately from the divan, where she was sitting by the side of Abi, she approached him.

"You knew that I had lost that opal, before you came here this evening—did you not?" she inquired.

"I knew that you had parted with it," he replied, gravely.

"You couldn't think that I gave it to Falkland?"

"He has said so, and publicly, too."

"And you believed him?"

Her voice faltered, for in confirmation of her words, the expression of his countenance every moment grew graver and more stern. She paused a short time to recover herself, and then with an earnestness and directness that made every word tell, she related those incidents connected with the loss of the opal, as far as they were known to herself. Her voice, her countenance, her manner, all conspired to give what she said the stamp of truth.

"Are you satisfied?" said she, with a smile, when she had finished.

She hardly would have ventured to ask this question, had she not seen by the clearing away of the clouds that had darkened his brow, the import of what she might expect for an answer.

"I am not only satisfied," he replied, "but am heartily ashamed of having wronged you by paying the slightest heed to those who attempted to deceive me. I have only to ask your forgiveness."

"Which is quite unnecessary, as you know that I am not one of those who hold malice. And now I have a request to make."

"Before you name it, I promise that it shall be granted."

"It is only that you will not seek to deprive Abi, who has been very kind to me, of the rare and costly gem, which, when you gave it to me, I thought to retain as long as I lived; for her claim to it is stronger and still more sacred than mine."

"It was my intention," he replied, "to purchase it of the Jew, and restore it to you."

"You cannot doubt the pleasure its restoration would give me under different circumstances; but the opal belonged to Abi's mother. It was her last gift to her child."

"And for this reason she values it?"

"I cannot describe to you how much."

"It would be next to sacrilege, then, to take it from her."

"When, by a few inadvertent words on my part, she was led to suspect that it was once in my possession, she generously offered to waive her prior claim to it, though I could not but see that parting with it would cost her much pain."

In the meantime, the Jew and Edward Elliston, who were seated at too great a distance from Harleigh and Alice to hear what passed between them, were busily engaged in conversation. Elliston's attention, however, was not so entirely absorbed as to prevent him from seeing that Abi was not only very beautiful, but what, on account of the difference of sex, appeared to him somewhat singular, that she bore a striking resemblance to a gentleman he once saw at his mother's residence, some six or seven years previously. Had it been twice that time, the impression his looks and appearance made on his mind was so deep and vivid, that it still must have remained in all its original freshness.

Her eyes, he particularly noticed, had not the "dazzling sparkle of the Jewish, or Italian black," though by candle-light, and the distance he was seated from her, he was unable to discover their true color. When, however, she raised them suddenly, he saw that they were full of the same brilliant, or, as he thought to himself, glorious light of those of the gentleman in question, and made him seem to his youthful imagination as if belonging to a superior order of beings.

The reserve which his mother maintained respecting him heightened his curiosity, and served, on retrospection, to enhance the excellence of his personal and mental qualities. That his mother and the gentleman had been warm friends, and that he had forfeited her friendship by entering into what she considered an unsuitable, not to say disgraceful matrimonial connection, was the most he could ever learn concerning him, and this was told him by one of his sisters.

As, from time to time, Elliston ventured to examine the countenance of Abi more closely, he was convinced that the general resemblance was exact, differing in nothing, save that superior softness and delicacy which must ever distinguish the features of an eminently handsome woman, the same as a certain freedom and boldness of contour are the indispensable characteristics of true manly beauty.

Edward Elliston had never till now seen a young girl who appeared to him at all comparable with Alice. He even imagined—as the phrase is—that he fell in love with her at first sight. The truly noble and generous traits of his character were, hence, placed in a strong light, when, to save her from the pain and anxiety which a knowledge of Harleigh's imprisonment would have caused her, he secretly effected his release. He now began strongly to suspect that he had been deceived as to the nature of his sentiments towards Alice, and that, compared with those with which the beautiful and fascinating Abi had inspired him, they might with more propriety be placed in the category with those that bear a closer affinity to what may be termed a brotherly regard.

Before Alice had resumed her seat on the divan, Elliston found opportunity to inquire of her if she had heard Abi mention her father.

"Several times," was her answer. "He is now living."

"Did she tell you his name?"

"Yes, Charles Ruthton."

"And that was all she said about him?"

"No, she told me that he wasn't a Jew, and that, after her mother's decease, he lived many years on the continent."

"Charles Ruthton you say his name was?"

"Yes."

Elliston repeated the name to himself. He was certain that he had heard his mother mention it more than once, though she had always refused to tell him the name of the handsome stranger who had so strongly excited his curiosity and made so deep an impression on his mind.

Time passed away so pleasantly, that when, after an absence of a few minutes, the Jew returned to the room, and told them that the morning was breaking, all present heard the announcement with as much surprise as regret. Harleigh and Elliston rose. They must no longer delay their departure.

"Your uncle," said Harleigh, addressing Alice, "will forgive us this involuntary meeting."

"Which must not be made a pretext," said she, "to break the promise he exacted."

Before Harleigh had time to reply, they were joined by Edward Elliston.

"I will hasten home," said he, to Alice, "and will return in my mother's carriage, by the time it is light, as far as the next street, to which, as the Jew informs me, you can obtain ready access, by means of a gate back of the house."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ARREST.

It was two hours after midnight, when Falkland, thoroughly roused from a troubled sleep, rose, and having trimmed the lamp, stirred up the fire and sat down before it. He had, as agreed between him and Corkle, the evening previous, sent Redding his valet to the Jew's, and as he had not yet returned, he had reason to believe that there had been no remissness on the part of his confederate. He looked anxious, pale and haggard, and started at every noise. At last, light and cautious footsteps were heard in the passage. Then came three low knocks at his door, which, after an interval of half a minute, were followed by three more.

"It is Corkle's signal," said he, rising and unfastening the door.

Neither of them spoke till Corkle had entered and the door was again secured.

"I've been waiting for you, what has seemed to me an age," Falkland then said. "How does the business prosper?"

"Well."

"Redding—is he cured of his curiosity?"

"Yes, and his silence secured, if the cure and the security can be effected by cold steel. You look pale."

"Well I may. I've passed a wretched night."

"Haven't you slept?"

"Yes, such sleep as might sprinkle the frost of fourscore years on a man's head in a single night. My dreams were full of horrible sights and sounds. Even now they haunt me."

"The fresh morning air will take such foolish conceits out of your head."

"Will it soon be light?"

"Yes; the waning moon has risen. It was in its last quarter before this business was thought of."

"May I dare venture abroad?"

"Dare venture abroad!" repeated Corkle, in a sneering tone. "Yes, if you wouldn't draw suspicion on yourself."

"But it seems to me that everybody I meet will read the deed I've consented to in my eye."

"You think that sitting mewed up here all day will carry with it no air of innocence? You are mistaken. 'Twill be the reverse of that."

"I wish I hadn't meddled with the matter. The least sound startles me. Not long before you came, the noise made by a half-starved rat, as I afterward found it to be, nibbling at some bones Redding left by his plate when he ate his supper, made a cold sweat start to my forehead."

"You thought it was his ghost, I suppose; but as giving bones a second picking was a piece of economy he would have despised when living, you might have been certain he wouldn't have taken to it after he was dead, inasmuch, if all be true I've been able to gather on the subject, the same habits cleave to a man that walks after he is dead, as adhered to him when living."

"I wish I could carry as light a heart in my bosom as you do, Hark! Didn't you hear a noise?"

"Yes, the same that may always be heard at this hour. See, the morning light begins to shine in at this east window. The citizens are astir."

"It isn't the same as is always heard. There are footsteps on the stairs; they are bringing the body here."

"There you are mistaken. It hasn't been found yet."

"Not found!"

"Of course not. How could it be seen in the dark? Come, it is time that you were abroad, making loud and earnest inquiries for your valet."

"His name would stick in my throat like Macbeth's amen."

"Say that you sent him to the Jew to pay a hundred pounds, and haven't seen him since."

"Was the body left there?"

"Where do you mean?"

"In the little dark court you spoke of."

"Yes, and the bond you had the good luck to get hold of in the morning is lying close by. It cannot fail to be seen."

"And suspicion will fall on him—I mean the Jew?"

"There can be no doubt of it."

"I would that it might be otherwise. He never did me any harm."

"You should have thought of that before. There's no help for it now, unless you feel disposed to shift the burden of the crime on to your own shoulders, or it may be on to mine. But I've a way to manage *that*, and you wont dare do it."

"I shan't attempt it."

"It wont be well for you if you do. Come; if we stay chattering here much longer, you'll have the sun staring you in the face, before the fresh morning air has time to take that hangman's look out of it."

"Nothing will take that away. It will betray me. Go without me, Corkle. You can tell the story better than I can, and besides, you will know how to put a bold face on it."

"I shall do no such thing. The part you have to perform isn't one to be done by proxy."

"Well, I'll go."

"You show some sense now. But remember, we mus'n't be seen together. If we are, it may be the means of bringing suspicion on us both." * * * *

Before it was fairly light, the Jew was left alone with his household. Mizar opened the shop-door, and was about to arrange the booth outside, where he was accustomed to stand during the day to attract customers by praising his wares, when the ground, only a few steps distant, which was trampled by those engaged in the struggle that had caused him so much alarm, drew his attention.

On examination, the appearance of the muddy soil showed that, commencing at this spot, some heavy weight had been dragged along, near the front of the building, and thence to the entrance o the court to which Corkle had alluded as he passed it with his comrades. Further than this, the darkness prevented him from seeing; nor was his courage equal to groping his way through the gloom, in search of the ghastly object which he believed was there concealed; for, as is usual in such cases, imagination conjured up a thousand visionary horrors, still more appalling than could have been produced by the reality. He, therefore, returned quickly to the shop, and made known to his master what he had seen.

"May God forbid," said the Jew, much alarmed, "that the body of a murdered person should be found on my premises! It will bring ruin to me, and to all under my protection."

Aseneth had now risen, and as directed by the Jew, took a lamp that had not yet been extinguished, and followed him and Mizar into the court. By holding the light close to the ground, the marks were still traceable, though owing to the superior hardness of the soil, they were much fainter than where they commenced. They terminated at the forther side of the court, near a pile of rubbish, but contrary to their fears, they found no one, either murdered or wounded. There was a small pool of blood, however, near the edge of which lay a piece of folded paper, crumpled and defaced by many a sanguinary stain. This the Jew took up, intending to examine it when they returned to the house, thinking it might prove the means of discovering who the person was who had evidently been foully dealt by, or of detecting the perpetrators of the deed.

On closer inspection, they found that the pile of rubbish had been disturbed, and Mizar, in obedience to the command of his master, commenced removing a portion of it, to see if anything was concealed beneath it. He had made but little progress in his task, when, hearing voices, he and the others looked round, and beheld several men standing at the entrance of the court, one of whom, distinguished by the customary badge of his office, they knew to be a magistrate.

"I arrest all three of you, in the king's name," said he, advancing towards them.

"For what reason?" said the Jew.

"You, on a charge of murder, and these your servants as accomplices."

"Who accuses me and my innocent servants of so foul a crime?" demanded the Jew.

"I am not here to answer questions," said he, "but it will be no harm to tell you that your accuser is a gentleman by the name of Gilbert Falkland."

"And whom does he accuse me of murdering?"

"It is hardly necessary that you should be told that it is Redding his valet, whom he sent to you last night to discharge a debt of a hundred pounds, for which you held his bond."

"I didn't see Redding last night, nor has the debt been paid."

"What is that you have in your hand, old man?" said one of the constable's assistants.

"I cannot tell. I found it lying on the ground, and I have not yet had opportunity to examine it."

"I will save you the trouble," said the constable, taking it from him, and unfolding it, he held it to the light, and after some trouble, chirography of whatever description being something of a puzzle to him, he succeeded in deciphering it. "It is Gilbert Falkland's," he added, "which he gave you for the hundred pounds."

"That cannot be," replied the Jew.

"It can be, and of itself would be sufficient evidence of your guilt. It is plain, that to regain possession of it, after it had been paid, urged you to commit the crime."

"The debt hasn't been paid, and, of course, I never gave up the bond."

"See for yourself."

The Jew turned pale as he looked at it, for it was, or appeared to be, as the man had said, a bond for a hundred pounds, written by his own hand, and signed by Gilbert Falkland.

"It looks like the bond," said he, "but it must be a forgery. I saw the true one no longer ago than yesterday morning, which I will show you, if you will go with me into the house."

"All in good time, but first you may as well point out where you have concealed the body of the unfortunate valet."

"I am innocent of his death, and unable to do what you require."

"I see that you are too cunning for me," said the constable; "perhaps your accomplices will prove more manageable."

But he found that threats and promises were alike thrown away on both Aseneth and the boy. They could not by either be prevailed on to implicate their master, by admitting a false accusation to be true.



BOATS ATTACKED BY WALRUSSES, ARCTIC REGIONS.

The constable's assistants, therefore, by his direction, went busily to work; some of them overturning the pile of rubbish, to see if the missing man was buried beneath it, while the others undertook to search the old dilapidated out-house, which was soon found to afford no place of concealment. The only thing of consequence that rewarded their search, was a piece of velvet, to which was attached some tarnished gold lace, and which the keen eyes of Mizar at once detected to be of the same color and quality as a doublet he had seen worn by Falkland, and which, after it had become a little defaced, he had probably transferred to his valet.

"Now," said the constable, "all three of you have the privilege of refreshing yourselves with a morning walk towards Newgate."

"I beseech you," said the Jew, "to first suffer me to make search for the bond. Gilbert Falkland and I had dealings together, yesterday morning, when I saw it among other papers. It will detain you only a few minutes."

"Well, have your way, and search for it, but it will be labor lost, as you will find."

The hope entertained by the Jew of finding it was not very sanguine, for he was nearly satisfied in his own mind, though he dared not give utterance to what he thought, that Falkland had found means to surreptitiously obtain possession of it.

They had scarcely entered the shop, when Edward Elliston made his appearance. After returning home, he had discovered that the scarf belonging to Abi, which he had compelled the ruffian who was pursuing her to give up, and which, for present security, he had folded into a small compass and put into his pocket, was still in his possession. Seeing that the entrance of Elliston diverted attention from himself, the Jew spoke to Aseneth.

"Where is the key," said he, "of the back entrance that leads to the gate opening into the next street?"

She answered by placing her hand on her pocket.

"Watch an opportunity, and give it to Edward Elliston. Last night he learned the secret of the door, which will admit him to Abi's retreat."

What passed between them occupied so little time as to be unnoticed, and as the Jew went to a small drawer, which he unlocked, and then drew thence a bundle of papers, his captors gathered round him, and gave Aseneth opportunity to obey her master's request. Placing the key in Elliston's hand, she said, quickly:

"It opens the back door by which Harleigh and Alice Dale went out from here this morning. Abi is where you saw her last night. She knows nothing of what has happened, and my master has no one but you to look to for her protection."

"Tell him to fear nothing on her account. I will see that she is cared for, the same as if she were my sister. But what is the meaning of what I see?"

Aseneth briefly informed him of what had taken place, after he left them.

"But He, who is ever present," she added, "knows that our master and we his servants are guiltless of the great crime laid to our charge."

"Falkland is your accuser?"

"Yes. Redding his valet is missing, and there is reason to believe that he was murdered last night, even at our door."

As Elliston stood listening, happening to look down on the floor, he saw several bloody foot-prints, not fresh, as if made by either of those who had just entered, but so perfectly dry that hours must have elapsed since the imprinting of the ensanguined marks. Part of them were faintly and imperfectly traced, so much so that their true size could not well be made out. The imprint of two alone, near the door, presented a clear and unbroken outline. It needed only a glance, on the part of Elliston, to show him that they were made by a foot much larger than that of the Jew, or either of his servants. Without drawing the attention of those present, he measured the foot-prints, and made a memorandum of the result.

The Jew, having satisfied himself that the bond which Falkland gave him for the hundred pounds was not with the papers where he had always kept it, he turned to the officer who had arrested him.

"I am ready to go," said he; "but let him who has dug for me and my servants this pit, take heed lest he himself fall into it."

As, in going towards the door, he passed near Elliston, he looked at him, and emphatically pronounced the name of Abi. Elliston answered only by an expressive look, which the Jew rightly interpreted.

Alice and Abi had parted with many fond regrets, softened by a secret hope that they should, ere long, meet again. Abi, with the opal clasped in her hand, which Alice could not be persuaded to take from her, as soon as she was alone, threw herself on a pile of cushions. Her thoughts dwelt on Harleigh and on Alice, though most of all, she hardly knew why, on Edward Elliston. Sleep stole upon her, in the midst of these her pleasant musings, and the hours which to him, her only relative, and to those who had so faithfully served him and her, were so full of anguish and fear, were to her, for a time, like shadows, brightened now and then with the dawn of a golden dream, but soon lost in utter oblivion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WALRUS ATTACK.

The engraving on this page represents a boat's crew in the Arctic regions attacked by walrusses. These animals are not naturally ferocious, and rather fly from man than seek to assail him. When sporting in a floe, they post a faithful sentinel upon an iceberg, to warn them of the approach of danger. But when hard pressed, they become angry, and are then formidable antagonists. In our picture, only one of these marine monsters has received his *coup de grace* from a boarding pike in the hands of a stalwart mariner. The other sailors are defending themselves with tomahawks, while an officer amidships is preparing to discharge his carbine point-blank at the head of the most formidable of the group. The towering ice-peaks that rise in the background give an aspect of savage grandeur and sublimity to the exciting scene. The female walrusses exhibit a remarkable affection for their young, and often brave death in defending them. When they wish to avenge themselves on boats, or to defend themselves, they fling their young behind, and swim stoutly for the boat. The walrusses yield an ivory harder, more compact and whiter than that of the elephant, excellent oil, while their flesh is much esteemed. Although their numbers have suffered considerable diminution, they are more plenty on the western coast of Spitzbergen than in Baffin's Bay, Behring's Strait, or any other part of the Arctic seas, except, perhaps, the Isle of Bears. These marine monsters are larger than an ox, and sometimes make a formidable encounter.

JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

We present on this page two very vivid pictures, representing Japanese wrestlers. The first showing them in training, the second, wrestling within a tent erected expressly for this purpose. They are bulky, but not unwieldy individuals, for they are as famous for their activity as they are for their size. The nobles of the empire keep these men for their own amusement and that of the public, much as Roman gladiators were entertained of old. Their whole lives are spent in developing their muscle, their strength and their skill. The ring within which they encounter is formed by bundles of manilla, and a wrestler is vanquished if thrown within the ring, if forced out of it, or if made to disturb the circle by his antagonist. They are fierce fellows, and death not unfrequently happens in the arena. In the "Americans in Japan," an abridgement of the government account of Perry's expedition, we find a graphic account of the wrestlers at Yokuhama, in the Bay of Yedo. The attention of the commodore and his party was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows who came tramping down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the Japanese princes, who keep them for their private amusement and for public entertainments. They were twenty-five in all, and were men enormously tall in stature and immense in weight of flesh. Their scant costume—which was merely a colored cloth about the loins, adorned with fringes, and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the prince to whose service each belonged—revealed their gigantic proportions, in all the bloated fulness of fat and breadth of muscle. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before the astonished spectators. Some two or three of the huge monsters were the most famous wrestlers of Japan, and ranked as the champion Tom Cribs and Hyers of the land. Koynnagi, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of these, and paraded himself with conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was brought especially to the commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The commissioners insisted that the monstrous fellow should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch. The commodore accordingly attempted to grasp his arm, which he found as solid as it was huge, and then passed his hand over the enormous neck, which fell, in folds of massive flesh, like the dew-lap of a prize-ox. As some surprise was naturally expressed at this wondrous exhibition of animal development, the monster himself gave a grunt, expressive of his flattered vanity.



JAPANESE WRESTLERS IN TRAINING.

After this, the commissioners proposed that the commodore and his party should retire to the Treaty House, where they would have an opportunity of seeing the wrestlers exhibit their professional feats. The wrestlers themselves were most carefully provided for, having constantly about them a number of attendants, who were always at hand to supply them with fans, which they often required, and to assist them in dressing and undressing. While at rest, they were ordinarily clothed in richly adorned robes of the usual Japanese fashion; but when exercising, they were stripped naked, with the exception of the cloth about the loins. A circular space of some twelve feet in diameter had been inclosed within a ring, and the ground carefully broken up and smoothed in front of the building. As soon as the spectators had taken their seats, the naked wrestlers were brought out into the ring, and the whole number being divided into two opposing parties, tramped heavily backward and forward, looking defiance at each other, but not engaging in any contest, as their object was merely to parade their points, to give the beholders, as it were, an opportunity to form an estimate of their comparative powers, and to make up their betting-books. They soon retired behind some screens placed for the purpose, where all, with the exception of two, were again clothed in full dress, and took their position on seats in front of the spectators. The two who had been reserved out of the band, now, on the signal being given by the heralds, presented themselves. They came in from behind the screens, and walked slowly into the centre of the ring. Here they ranged themselves, one against the other, at a distance of a few yards. They stood for a while eyeing each other with a wary look, as if both were watching a chance to catch their antagonist off his guard. As the spectator looked on and beheld these overfed monsters, whose animal natures had been so carefully and successfully developed, and as he watched them, glaring with brutal ferocity at each other, ready to exhibit the cruel instincts of a savage nature, it was easy for him to lose all sense of their being human creatures, and to persuade himself he was beholding a couple of brute beasts thirsting for one another's blood. As they continued to eye each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing with impatience, and then stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of the earth, and flung it with an angry toss over their backs, or rubbed it impatiently between their palms or under their shoulders. They now crouched down low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon one another and watching each movement, and in a moment they had both simultaneously heaved their massive frames in opposing force, body to body, with a shock that might have stunned an ox. The equilibrium of their monstrous persons was hardly disturbed by the encounter, the effect of which was but barely visible in the quiver of the hanging flesh of their bodies. As they came together, they had flung their brawny arms about each other, and were now entwined in a desperate struggle, with all their strength, to throw their antagonist. Their great muscles rose with the distinct outline of the sculptured form of a colossal Hercules, their bloated faces swelled up with gushes of red blood, which seemed almost to burst through the skin, and their huge bodies palpitated with savage emotion as the struggle continued. At last one of the antagonists fell with his immense weight upon the ground, and being declared vanquished, he was assisted to his feet and conducted from the ring. These wrestlers are often so immense in flesh, that they appear to have lost their distinctive features, and seem enfolded in masses of fat. Their eyes are barely visible through a long perspective of socket, their heads are almost directly set upon their bodies, with only folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found, and from their herculean size are capable of great strength. Altogether they form a curious feature in Japanese life, and, as we have said before, are regarded with high favor.



THE WRESTLING TENT.—A JAPANESE NATIONAL SPORT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VERSES SUGGESTED BY A LIKENESS.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Words are weak the thoughts to utter
Born when scanning this fair face;
My poor heart can only flutter
Like a bird in airy space.
When the hunter's fatal dart
Pierces to its beating heart.

But the arrows from the quiver
Of these dear, enchanting eyes,
Flash like white pearls from the river:
And they give as sweet surprise
As on desert wanderers' eyes
Elim's wells and palm-trees rise.

And the thought that comes with hoping,
Though the fair face is withdrawn,
Lingers still—life's future sloping
To a green and sunny lawn;
And my heart, with joy elate,
Frames the sweet thought's final fate.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MENDICANT CHILD.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"WHAT an offensive looking little creature that child is!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnes, giving a contemptuous glance toward a little pale girl who stood near the glowing grate in her friend's, Mrs. Stevens's, large parlor, with her tiny red hands outstretched toward the fire and her eyes bent on the flowers of the rich rug at her feet. "I declare," she continued, "I don't see how you can bear to use such familiarity with such distressed-looking objects. Anything for me but soiled faces and tatterdemalion costames. Question such specimens of humanity till doomsday and they would always tell you the same story,—dead father, sick mother, and half a dozen juvenile brothers and sisters to feed."

Mrs. Stevens did not answer her morning caller, but lifting her eyes from the careworn face of the child, she bent on her heartless acquaintance a look so full of meaning that Mrs. Carnes made no further remark concerning the little beggar who had just given a gentle rap at the side door, and when it was opened by Mrs. Stevens, who was standing near, had timidly asked for a piece of bread. The kind-hearted Mrs. Stevens saw that the child's features looked benumbed, and that she had the appearance of having been long in the cold; so inviting her to come in and warm her, she threw open the parlor door for her to enter, as that fire was the nearest to where she stood. As the remarks of Mrs. Carnes fell on the child's ear, she raised the corner of her tattered shawl and passed it to her eyes, and then saying, in a whisper, that she was warm enough now, she turned to go, but Mrs. Stevens gently took her hand, saying:

"Stop, little girl, you have not told me your name yet, neither have you partaken of anything to eat."

"I don't feel hungry now, ma'am," answered the child, glancing at Mrs. Carnes and trying to smooth the muscles of her face; but her effort proved vain, for as the kind hostess took her hand, she burst into smothered sobs of grief, and it was several minutes ere she could restrain her tears.

"Why, la! what a silly little thing that is," remarked Mrs Carnes, rising and moving towards the door. "If she takes what I say so much to heart, why I think I will leave." And after a few complimentary remarks the morning caller passed out to her carriage, while the beggar child remained on the little low ottoman where Mrs. Stevens seated her when she waited on her visitor to the door.

"What is your name, my dear?" asked Mrs. Stevens when she returned to the grate, and had given a quick pull to a silken cord that dangled against the wall near by.

"Julia, ma'am," answered the girl, looking around to see if any one was present but themselves.

"That is a very pretty name," said Mrs. Stevens, "and I guess you are a pretty good little girl," she continued, as if to draw the child into conversation and cause her to forget the previous remarks of Mrs. Carnes. "Have you a father?"

Julia remembered the words of the morning visitor and she hesitated to answer, while her face flushed to a deep crimson, and then a moment later, when she saw the kind expression that beamed on the face of her interrogator, she answered, while her lips trembled:

"I had a father a little while ago, but we lived in a damp house and father took cold and was very sick, and then one day he kissed us all and went to heaven."

Julia tried to crush back her tears, but scarcely was the sentence finished when her voice became choked, and she burst into fresh grief as the recollection of former scenes came over her. Mrs. Stevens tried to soothe her, asking no more questions, but telling her that she had some nice little dresses that her little girl used to wear, which she should give her after she had eaten her breakfast. Ere the child had time to answer, the parlor door was gently opened by Jenny, the nursery girl. As she stepped near the grate to inquire the wishes of her mistress, she gave a pleasant glance at the child, who returned her look with an expression that showed they had met before. Mrs. Stevens noticed the glances exchanged, but made no remark concerning them; she only said:

"Jenny, you take this little girl into the dining-room and give her a good breakfast, and while she is eating it you return to me."

The nursery maid bowed respectfully, and then taking Julia by the hand she led her from the room. How the beggar child's eyes sparkled as she saw the glistening plate that had not been removed from the sumptuously furnished breakfast table in the well-warmed dining-room!

"The kind lady that lives here is very rich!" she exclaimed as she looked around. "O, how poor mother would cry if she should see all these nice things! She always cries when she goes into rich folks' houses."

Jenny's lip trembled, and she raised the corner of her white apron to her eyes; but she did not speak, and a few moments later Julia was drinking warm milk from a silver cup, while before her on the white breakfast plate was spread a variety that would be tempting to an epicure. And now the girl returned to the parlor in compliance with her mistress's request.

"Do you know that child, Jenny?" inquired Mrs. Stevens.

"Yes ma'am."

"Can you tell me anything concerning the history of the family?"

"Well, not much, ma'am. The first time I saw the poor child was at the beginning of winter. One night when it was growing quite dark, I was coming up the street from my sister's and I heard a child crying in a dark court that led off to some little dingy houses, and as I stopped and listened she came up to me and asked me to show her where her mother lived. After questioning her awhile I found out the name of the street, and then I turned and went back with her. She had got lost and had strayed a great way from home, but I was never sorry that I went with her, for I think I have been more contented with my lot ever since."

"Then you found her parents very poor, Jenny?" asked Mrs. Stevens, seeming to be very much interested.

"Yes, ma'am, poor indeed; and her father so sick that he has since died and left her mother with three little children dependent on her—Julia is the eldest. O, ma'am, it would 'a made your heart ache to see them as I did!" And here Jenny commenced to draw a verbal picture of the scene; but Mrs. Stevens interrupted her by saying:

"Why didn't you tell me of this before? Perhaps I might have been of service to them this cold winter."

"You have been of service to her, ma'am," replied the girl, modestly; "but knowing how kind-hearted you are, I did not like to trouble you with any more cases of sorrow, for it is a hard thing to be obliged to see suffering and know that you can't help everybody."

"But you say I helped Julia's parents. How did I help them?"

"You only helped the mother and the children, ma'am; for the father died a few days after I went there, and then one day when I called in to see if they still lived in the rickety little tenement, I found Mrs. Larson, Julia's mother, working a beautiful skirt, and there was some nice sewing on the table too; so I asked her if she would like to get sewing to do, and then I told her my mistress put out a great deal of sewing, and I thought I could get it for her to do. O, ma'am, you ought to have seen how thankful she was, and she pressed her thin white hands to her face as if she was afraid she would show too much joy at the prospect of getting work."

"Then the embroidery and fine sewing that I gave you to get done you carried to her to do?"

"Yes, ma'am, for Mrs. Martin, the one that used to do your nice work, has a fine, strong husband to bring everything she needs into the house to her, and all the money you ever pay her goes for finery, so I thought it was better to give the work to poor Mrs. Larson, and let her have the money to buy bread for her children."

"That was perfectly right, Jenny; but you should have told me that such a family needed help. But didn't the poor woman tell you anything of her history?"

"No, ma'am; she don't seem to like to talk much, so I have never asked her many questions."

At this moment the parlor door was gently opened, and Julia's meek blue eyes looked in on her benefactress.

"Thank you, ma'am," she said, timidly, and then added with a slight tremor in her manner, "Please, ma'am, I didn't eat all the cake. Would you be so kind as to let me take the rest of what is on the plate and give it to my mother? Perhaps it will make her feel a great deal better to have some nice cake: it made me feel a great deal better."

Mrs. Stevens drew her costly handkerchief from her pocket and pressed it to her eyes, and then answered:

"Yes, darling, you shall have some cake to carry to your mother. But tell me the name of the street where you live and the number of your house, Julia."

"The folks in the street call it Mud Lane, but mother says I must not call it so, for it is only low-minded persons that call it so; and since she told me that I call it the same name she does, Fowler's Court, and we live up two pair of stairs."

Mrs. Stevens drew a little memorandum-book from her pocket, and lifting a heavy gold pencil from a slender case on the table near, she traced a few lines in the book, then turning to Jenny, she said:

"Take Julia to your chamber now and dress her in a new suit of clothes; take them from among those that Lizzie wore last season, they will fit her better; and then give her that dark blue woolen plaid dress, and other little articles that you will know how to select, and when you have her curls brushed and she is all dressed, lead her into the parlor again. I shall want to see her."

"Yes, ma'am, I will do all as you desire," answered the girl, while her face was all of a glow with pleasure; and taking Julia by the hand she led her to a neatly furnished chamber adjoining the nursery.

Scarcely had the parlor door closed when another door on the opposite side of the room was opened, and Mr. Stevens stepped from the library to the parlor, and after greeting his wife with a kindly smile, he was about passing into the hall and from thence into the street.

"Alvia," spoke the wife, rising and going to his side, "I want to talk with you a moment."

"Well, be rather brief, dear, for I ought to have been at the office before this; but I was not aware it was so late."

Mr. Stevens seated himself by the glowing grate, and the wife drew a chair near him, and then laying her hand on his, she said:

"Husband, I am afraid our dear little Lizzie will never be any better. Every day I can see that she talks less and seems more feeble."

Mr. Stevens's face grew pale and a deep sigh welled up from his heart, then pressing his wife's hand, he said:

"We must summon another physician, Eliza."

"No, husband, Lizzie does not need medicine. I think a gentle, loving, little companion would do her more good than anything a doctor could give. She is very lonely, shut up as she must be from this frosty air with no one around her but those who cannot sympathize in a child's plays. I think she ought to have a companion—some little girl about her own age, that will be kind and willing to bear without retaliating any little nervous remark she may make."

"Well, wife, of course you are at liberty to do as you please, but this seems like a novel idea to me. Where can you get such a child as you want? for all children are more or less irritable; and you know that our little Lizzie has always been such a pet that it would almost kill her to be spoken to unkindly."

"I have thought of all the disadvantages as well as the advantages," returned the wife; "and the conclusion I have come to is that Lizzie's disease is ennui, and that we must obtain for her a companion of about her own age."

"Where can you get one, Eliza? Few parents would be willing to part with a child of Lizzie's tender years."

"I know it, husband; but one came to the door this morning that had such a sweet voice and pleasant manners that the first look she gave me seemed to penetrate to my heart. By inquiry I learned that her father died recently and left her mother with three little children to support; and now, husband, so interested have I become in this child, that if I could get the consent of the mother, I should like to adopt her little daughter. Her support would be but a small item to us; and O, how happy it would make our dear little girl to have such a playmate to love!"

"Why, Eliza," said the husband, smiling faintly, "you are getting enthusiastic. You say she is a strange child that came to the door to ask for bread; why, she may be the daughter of very vicious parents, and if you should adopt her she might cause you many hours of sorrow."

"Never, husband; never was a child of her angelic expression possessed of vicious parents. Such modesty and affection as she has shown bespeaks her teacher to be of a high order."

Mr. Stevens did not answer the last remark, for light footsteps were now heard in the adjoining room, and in another moment Julia stood before them, but so different did she look now from what she did a half hour previous that Mrs. Stevens, ere she was aware, exclaimed, "How beautiful!" But on this morning's scene it does not suit our purpose to dwell. We will pass to the next day about the same hour, when Mrs. Stevens's carriage drew up in a narrow court where were located some half dozen houses whose only purpose seemed to be to offer a partial protection to the shivering inmates and to enrich heartless landlords.

When Mrs. Stevens dismissed Julia the previous day, she told her to inform her mother that she should call on her the next morning, so the appearance in the narrow court of such an equipage as the one owned by 'Squire Stevens did not create that surprise it would have done had not Julia delivered her message correctly, and then added a description of the interior of the large mansion as far as it was seen by her while being led from room to room by Jenny. Mrs. Stevens alighted from the soft cushions of her coach and was met at the outer door of her comfortless home by the little mendicant of yesterday, whose face was wreathed into a broad smile of welcome as she guided her benefactor up the narrow winding-stairs to the dark room occupied by her mother. As the low door to the chamber was thrown back, Mrs. Stevens discovered in the further corner of the room a narrow bed, and on being led to it by the child she saw that a thin, pale cheek was pressed against the soiled pillow. A moment later the invalid raised her hand and gently grasping that of Mrs. Stevens, she said:

"Heaven bless you, madam! If the prayers of a widow and her orphans can save you from affliction you will never know sorrow. I feel that I can never feel grateful enough for the benefits you bestowed on me yesterday." And then clasping her thin hands together, she burst into a paroxysm of grief as she continued: "Had it not been that my children were suffering for bread I would not—I could not have bidden Julia go into the streets in quest of food. But O, I could not lie here and see them die of hunger, while I knew there were those in this great city who, did they know of our distress, would gladly relieve us!"

"You are under no obligation to me for any little favor that I may have done you," replied the kind-hearted Mrs. Stevens, "so we will not speak of these things now—we will wait till some other time when you get a little stronger. I will now tell you my errand here to-day, and then I think I can procure for you a more comfortable tenement, in a court leading off from the street where I live."

The invalid closed her eyes for a moment, and then opening them she pressed the little one that rested on her arm to her bosom, saying:

"Gladly would I leave this gloomy place; but alas! I cannot pay for a better home."

"O, don't let the payment of the rent of the little tenement of which I have spoken annoy you in the least, for I will become responsible to the owner," and then she added, with a pleasant smile: "He is my husband, and will rejoice as much as I to have some one living there who can do our family sewing, for Jenny Gray tells me you have been my seamstress all winter, though it was unknown to me at the time. But I must not make my stay too long, so I will just say that I have a little girl about the age of your little Julia, who is a very delicate child, and I should like to obtain your little daughter to spend a few weeks at least with us, to be company for Lizzie. When you get into the little cottage back of us you will be so near that she can run in and see you every day; and if she is a good girl—and I doubt not that she will be—neither you nor she shall lose by doing us the favor."

Reader, did you ever see a mother with the last ray of hope almost crushed from her soul, and then in a moment, as if by magic, see a gleam of prosperity arouse her dormant energies to activity? If you have, then you can in fancy picture to yourself the effect of the words that the benevolent Mrs. Stevens uttered to the invalid. So sudden was the transition from woe to joy, that although Mrs. Larson had strength to raise her form to an almost upright position, her emotion was too great for her to give utterance in speech. At length the overworn mother, leaning once more on her pillow, said:

"Excuse me, madam, if I appear weak and childish; for this sudden passing, mentally, from intense darkness as to the maintenance of my helpless children in the future, to broad rays of hope that they will be comfortable, has almost overpowered my reason."

But we will dwell no longer on the scene we have introduced, for in a few moments Mrs. Stevens placed in the hand of the destitute one a sufficient sum of money to make her and the little ones around her comfortable, and then promising to see that everything was speedily arranged for her removal, she took the little Julia by the hand and returned to her carriage. This interview but confirmed the previous opinion of Mrs. Stevens that Mrs. Larson had not always been in indigent circumstances; and yet she had too much delicacy of feeling to question her or her child for the present.

When Mrs. Stevens arrived home she gave Julia into the care of her faithful nursery-girl, telling her to take her to the bath-room, and after being bathed and her curls brushed, to dress her neatly in another suit that Lizzie had once worn, after which she would take her to the presence of her own child. Mrs. Stevens would not have had to order the bath had not the suffering mother been an invalid; but if those who would condemn the appearance of Julia after being dressed so nicely the previous day, could change situations with the destitute mother, perhaps they might realize that there are situations in life where even the necessaries for a bath are difficult to be obtained. When the little Julia was again led into the presence of Mrs. Stevens she could no longer repress her joy, but going timidly to the side of her benefactress, she said:

"I love you, ma'am, almost as well as I do my own dear mother, and I know that I shall love little Lizzie too, that Jenny has been telling me about." And the beautiful child raised her white arms as though she would fain wind them around the neck of her who had dealt so kindly with her.

"Come here, darling," exclaimed Mrs. Stevens; and taking the child by the waist she lifted her to her lap, and while her jewelled arms clasped the tiny figure of the former mendicant, she pressed her lips to her forehead, and the gladness with which that caress was received more than paid the kind-hearted mother of Lizzie for all she had bestowed.

A month passed away, and there was a marked improvement in the health of the rich man's child, for she now began to be interested in the fancied beauty of the misshapen dolls that the happy little Julia manufactured; and in company with her pet companion she began to perform various gymnastics that without the inventive genius of Julia she would never have known. Another month passed, and Lizzie was no longer confined to the nursery for the lack of sufficient strength or energy to roam from room to room, but now she could skip and dance with her healthy little companion; and together they enjoyed healthful walks even in the keen air of the first months of spring.

Late one afternoon in the beginning of the May following the above events, Mrs. Stevens threw a shawl carelessly over her shoulders, and passing a few steps down a narrow court leading to the rear of her house, she entered the neat little house of Mrs. Larson, and after a half hour's stay and a few introductory remarks, she said:

"Mrs. Larson, when you were in feeble health I said nothing to you concerning your past history, but now when you are well and comfortably situated, excuse me if I am inquisitive. That you were always in indigent circumstances every day convinces me more and more is not true. And now, if it is not asking too much of you, I should like to know something of your past history."

"It would be ungrateful in me not to gratify you," answered the one addressed; "and yet to make the past known can be of no benefit to me now, but I will tell it to you in a few words. I was married very young, and at the time of my marriage uniting my husband's property with mine made us wealthy; but still Edward was not contented, and before we had been married a year he sold all belonging to us, and with the proceeds of the sale we started for Australia, but before we reached there the vessel was wrecked and we lost everything but our lives. The ten years of suffering and poverty that I endured in a foreign land I will not detail now; but during this time I could not prevail on Edward to return to our native city. Each year he thought the next he should retrieve his fortune. But at length hope departed, and with but a trifle more than enough to pay our expenses we left Australia, hoping once more to join those we loved. During our absence we have often written to my mother and sister whom we left in my native city, but not a line have we ever received from them in return, nor do I know that they are living; for since I have been here I have written to other friends residing in the same place, and they tell me that mother left there some eight years ago in company with my sister, who was married and went away to dwell. We should have gone directly to my native inland city, but when we arrived here my husband's health failed rapidly, and—and—"

Mrs. Larson's emotion at this point of her narrative choked her utterance; and now, reader, we will not take up the conversation between the two friends, but will hasten on to a scene enacted a few days later. Mrs. Carnes was Mrs. Stevens's guest again, and in continuation of previous remarks, the visitor said:

"Well, Mrs. Stevens, I must say that was a novel idea taking a child from the midst of squalid poverty and raising her to the companionship of your only child. I guess the little mendicant was born under a lucky star."

"There is nothing like fancy in making choice of companions," returned Mrs. Stevens, pleasantly; and then added, as she stepped across the parlor and gave a sudden pull to a silken cord: "Although you have heard me speak of Julia often since she has been an inmate of our family, I think you have not seen her since the morning she made me the first call."

In another moment Julia entered the room, and for some time Mrs. Carnes did not speak, and then calling the child to her she took her on her knee and inquired her name.

"Julia Larson," returned the child.

"That was the name of my only sister, who perished on board the Leon on her way to Australia," returned Mrs. Carnes, with a look of sorrow on her face that seemed out of place on the features of one who was usually so light hearted, and then after another moment she added: "And I declare, she looks as sister did too."

"It is not strange that she should," remarked Mrs. Stevens, "for she is your sister's child."

A few words more of explanation and Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Carnes took their way to the cottage in the court. The meeting of the sisters we will not attempt to describe, nor the joy of the aged mother when she, whom she had mourned as being lost on board of that fatal ship, was once more restored to her arms. No letter from Mrs. Larson had ever reached the mother or sister from the time she left her home to the present hour. In Mrs. Larson's absence a wealthy aunt of her husband's had died, and her property now came into the possession of the widow and her children.

Mrs. Stevens had often heard the light-spoken but not unkind hearted Mrs. Carnes say that her only sister was lost while on a voyage to Australia, and when she heard the history of little Julia's mother, and mentally compared her features with those of Mrs. Carnes's she felt that the mendicant child was the wealthy lady's niece. From this time Mrs. Carnes was more guarded in her speech, while, although Mrs. Stevens did not adopt her little favorite, she felt repaid for what she had done by the restoration of her own child to health.

THE FLEA MARKET.

One would think it were easy enough to procure troops of fleas and to train them to perform; but it appears that neither is an easy matter. It is not easy to procure a lot of able bodied fleas, and it is not every sort of flea that will do. They must be human fleas; dog fleas, cat fleas, and bird fleas are of no use—they are not lively enough, nor strong enough, and soon break down in their training. Human fleas, therefore, must be obtained; and our friend has created a market for them. The dealers are principally elderly females, who supply the raw material. The trade price of fleas, moreover, like the trade price of everything else, varies, but the average price is three pence a dozen. In the winter time it is sixpence; and, on one occasion, the trainer was obliged to give the large sum of sixpence for one single flea. He had arranged to give a performance—the time arrived—he unpacked the fleas—one whose presence could not be dispensed with was gone. What was to be done? the vacancy must be filled. At last an ostler, pitying the manager's distress, supplied the necessary animal, but he required sixpence for it, and sixpence he got. Fleas are not always brought to market in phial bottles. A flea proprietor told us he got all his best fleas from Russia, and that they came over in pill boxes, packed in the finest cotton wool. These fleas were big, powerful, and good workers. When our friend in Marylebone makes his annual tour in the provinces, his wife sends him weekly a supply of fleas in the corner of an envelope, packed in tissue-paper. She is careful not to put them in the corner where the stamp goes, as the post-office clerk would, with his stamp marker, at one blow smash the whole of the stock.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

MUSIC.

Music has not the same charms for all ears. It is not an art which requires to be cultivated, for a correct appreciation of it. There is a spontaneous outburst of natural melody which touches the soul of every created being, but this is not the harmony in which the excellence and delight of opera consists. This harmony is the production of an artificial combination of sounds founded upon natural principles, but so intricate in their arrangement, and so scientifically accurate, that the individual who has not made the art his special study, or who has not acquired sufficient delicacy of taste by hearing repeatedly the best illustrations and examples, is very likely to be disappointed with operatic performances, though conscious himself of his subjection to the influence of sweet sounds. Even Dr. Johnson, whose moral organization was certainly not less perfect than his critical acumen and great mental grasp, had no ear for musical refinement. When asked to admire a concerted piece, very difficult of execution, his reply was characteristic of this defect in his æsthetic education. "I wish," said he, "it had been so difficult as to be impossible." There are others who have felt the same when listening to the difficult music of some of our orchestras.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

GLEN AUBRA.

BY [illegible]

Mysteries are rife Even now in this, the close
The glorious noonday of enlightenment,
Though all around conspires to ope our eyes,
And make the crooked plain though we contest,
May boast our modern love, and wonder oft
That there be any wonders now a-days
Yet simple men, with shallow pate and soft,
See many mysteries in life every phase
And oftentimes too men of deeper mind
Scratch their wise heads in wonderment resigned.

Glen Aubra thee I sing! Mysterious spot,
That ever puzzles each deep mental power,
We only know thou art—not where, nor what
Villa or village mansion, hall or bower
Ne'er longed he forte for his forest of youth,
Ne'er wielded brave knight in fight to wield his brand,
Ne'er sought the earnest student after truth,
Ne'er sighed the lover for his mistress hand,
More anxiously, more earnestly, than we,
Glen Aubra, long to know and learn of thee!

Thou hast, we know a master Yet e'en he,
Fancy will oft assure us, is a myth
To me he is like thee, a mystery,
'Tis true he bears the illustrious name of Smith,
And we are told his sponsors christened him
After the noble "father of his land"
But whether he be small and weak of limb,
Or large and stout, or six feet high doth stand—
A princely man, above the common lot,
Or one of humble carriage, we know not.

But this we do know It is understood
He is a widower past the prime of life,
And for a guardian meet of his small brood
Of children, looks around to find a wife.
Thus does the stranger our attention claim;
For if with truth speaks Madam Rumor's voice,
He invades our circle with hymeneal aim,
And our loved Nettie makes his darling choice.
Thus wakes our curiosity, and we,
Glen Aubra, seek in vain to learn of thee!

But if thou art a mystery so deep
That we in sooth thy charms may never see,
This charge do we, Glen Aubra, bid thee keep:
If lovely Nettie thy fair mistress be,
Her shelter be thou from life's tempests wild,
Thy skies for her shine ever pure and clear,
For her float sweet perfumes on zephyrs mild,
Brighter thy flowers bloom her heart to cheer:
Bid all thy beauties vie with friendly strife,
To grace her loveliness and bless her life.

And thou, mysterious man! Glen Aubra's lord—
For whom fate still demands from us a thought:
Heed, we beseech, our earnest, parting word,
And may thy life with happiness be fraught.
Let our dear Nettie ever have thy love,
And cherish hers, which thou shalt thus command:
Strong as the lion, gentle as the dove,
Stoutly protect, yet rule with loving hand—
And by affection crowned a sovereign,
Reign mildly thus, the Monarch of the Glen!

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of an angry and resentful spirit.—*Home Illustrated.*

OCCUPATION OF THE AGRICULTURIST.

No man is so high as to be independent of the success of this great interest; no man is so low as not to be affected by its prosperity or decline. Agriculture feeds us; to a great degree it clothes us; without it we could not have manufactures, and we should not have commerce. These all stand together, but they stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the centre, and that largest is agriculture. We live in a country of small farms and freehold tenements; a country in which men cultivate with their own fee-simple acres, drawing not only their subsistence, but also their spirit of independence and manly freedom from the ground they plow. They are at once its owners, cultivators and defenders. The cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of men. Man may be civilized, in some degree, without great progress in manufactures, and with little commerce with his distant neighbors; but without cultivation of the earth, he is, in all countries a savage. When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of human civilization.—*Daniel Webster.*



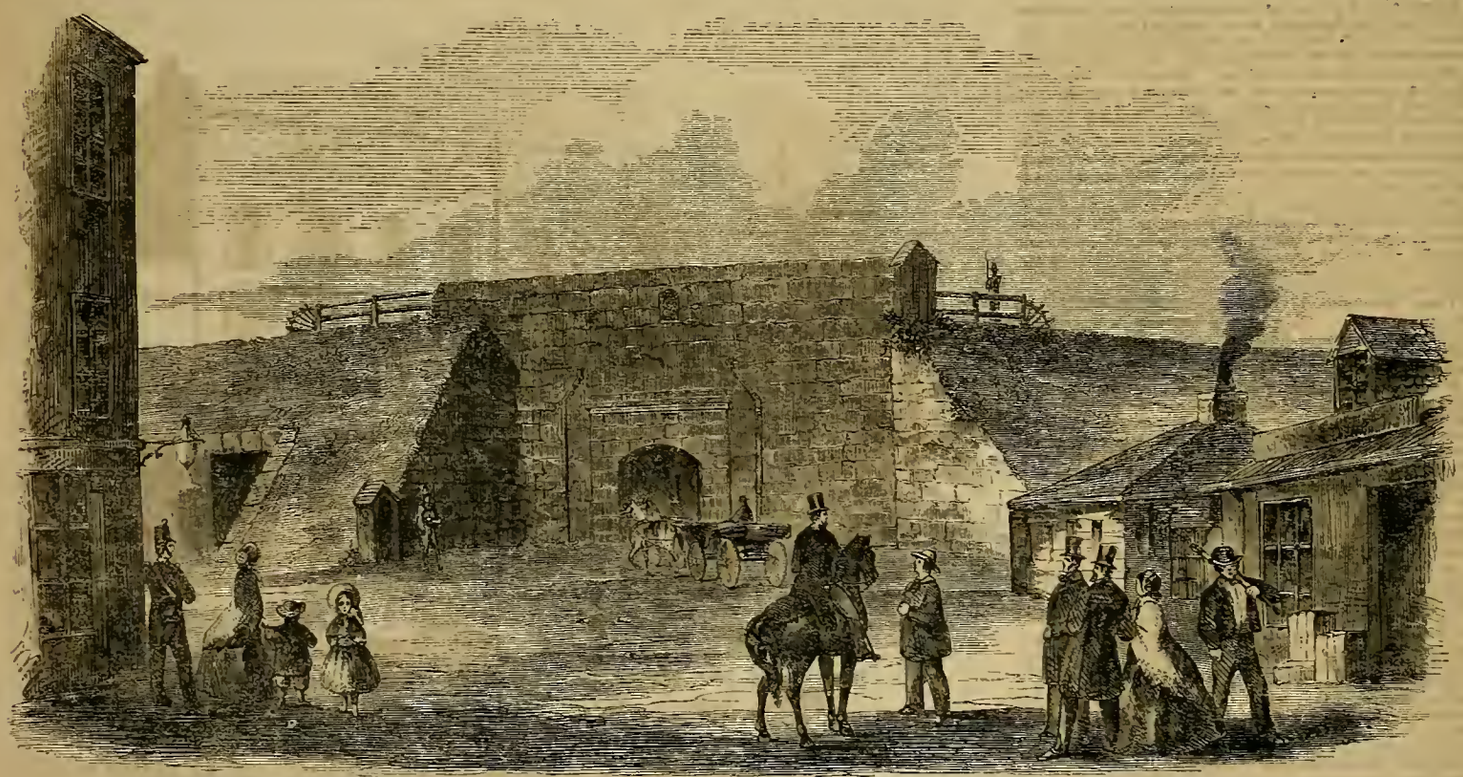
ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC, CANADA.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

In Vol. IX. of the Pictorial, we presented several spirited sketches of different locations of interest in both of the above cities, and from the pencil of the same artist, Mr. Kilburn, whose fidelity requires no voucher. We now continue the series, which will prove, doubtless, particularly acceptable at this season, when the attention of the travelling public is turned northward. The drawings from which our engravings are made, were all taken recently on the spot, and expressly for the Pictorial. As we have, on a former occasion, given a pretty full description of both cities, it is not necessary to recapitulate their principal features.—The first view is of St. Louis gate; its architecture is faithfully depicted, as well as the characteristic figures and vehicles of the locality.—The next picture depicts one of the Martello towers on the far-famed plains of Abraham. There are four of these towers of a similar structure, and they served as outworks for the defence of the city.—The St. Johns gate, that through which one passes to the plains of Abraham, is the subject of our third engraving. It is represented as seen from without.—Quebec is associated with both our colonial and revolutionary fame, and, at the hazard of repeating a "twice-told tale," we will venture to refresh the memories of our readers by a repetition of the military events to which we refer.—The capture of Quebec, in 1750, was the most brilliant and important event that took place during the French war; it gave the death blow to the French power in America. The command of the important expedition against Quebec was entrusted to Gen. James Wolfe, a young officer who had distinguished himself at the capture of Louisburg. The army, amounting to 8000 men, landed in June, on the island of Orleans, below Quebec. The city of Quebec stands on a rock, at the confluence of Charles and Iroquois Rivers; it is naturally a place of great strength, and was defended by a force of 10,000 men, under the command of Gen. Montcalm. Gen. Wolfe had to contend with immense difficulties, and after having failed in several attempts to reduce the city, he conceived the bold project of ascending, with his troops, a steep, craggy cliff, of from 150 to 200 feet, by which he would reach the plains of Abraham, south and west of the city. This almost incredible enterprise was effected in the night; and by daylight, September 13, the army was formed and ready to meet the enemy. The battle which took place, is thus described by Mr. Goodrich, in his History of the United States. "To Montcalm, the intelligence that the English were occupying the heights of Abraham, was most surprising. The impossibility of ascending the precipice he considered certain, and therefore had taken no measures to fortify its line. But no sooner was he informed of the position of the English army, than he perceived a battle no longer to be avoided, and prepared to fight. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, the two armies, about equal in numbers, met face to face. The battle now commenced. Inattentive to the fire of a body of Canadians and Indians, 1500 of whom Montcalm had stationed in the corn-fields and bushes, Wolfe directed his troops to reserve their fire for the main body of the French, now rapidly advancing. On their approach within forty yards, the English opened their fire, and the destruction was immense. The French fought bravely, but their ranks became disordered, and notwithstanding the repeated efforts of their officers to form them and renew the attack, they were so successfully pushed by the British bayonet, and hewn down by the Highland broadsword, that their discomfiture was complete. During the action, Montcalm was on the French left, and Wolfe on the English right, and here they both fell in the critical moment that decided the victory. Early in the battle, Wolfe received a ball in the wrist, but binding his handkerchief around it, he continued to encourage his men. Soon after, another ball penetrated his groin; but this wound, although much more severe, he concealed, and continued to urge on the contest, till a third bullet pierced his breast. He was now obliged, though reluctant, to be carried to the rear of the line. General Monckton succeeded to the command, but was immediately wounded, and conveyed away. In this critical state of the action, the command devolved on Gen. Townsend. Gen. Montcalm, fighting in front of his battalion, received a mortal wound about the same time, and Gen. Jennezergus, his second in command, fell by his side. Wolfe died in the field, before the battle was ended; but he lived long enough to know that the victory was his. While leaning on the shoulder of a lieutenant, who kneeled to support him, he was seized with the agonies of death; at this moment was heard the distant sound, 'They fly, they fly.' The hero raised his drooping head, and eagerly asked, 'Who fly?' Being told that it was the French, 'Then,' he replied, 'I die happy,' and expired. 'This death,' says Professor Silliman, 'has furnished a grand and pathetic subject for the painter, the poet, and the historian; and, (considered as a specimen of mere military glory), it undoubtedly is one of the most sublime that the annals of war afford.' Montcalm was every way worthy of being the competitor of Wolfe. In talents, in military skill, in personal courage, he was not his inferior. Nor was his death much less sublime. He lived to be carried to the city, where his last moments were employed in writing, with his own hand, a letter to the English general, recommending the French prisoners to his care and humanity. When informed that his wound was mortal, he replied, 'I shall not then live to see the surrender of Quebec.'" It was at Quebec, also, that the gallant Montgomery fell, during the war of our Revolution.



MARTELLO TOWER, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.



ST. JOHNS GATE, QUEBEC, CANADA.

Richard Montgomery, a major general in the army of the United States, was born in the north of Ireland, in the year 1737. He possessed an excellent genius, which was nurtured by a fine education. Entering the army of Great Britain, he successfully fought her battles with Wolfe, at Quebec, in 1759, on the very spot where he was doomed to fall, when fighting against her, under the banners of freedom. After his return to England, he quitted his regiment, in 1772, though in a fair way of preferment. He had imbibed an attachment for America, viewing it as the rising seat of arts and freedom. After his arrival in this country, he purchased an estate in New York, about a hundred miles from the city, and married a daughter of Judge Livingston. He now considered himself as an American. When the struggle with Great Britain commenced, as he was known to have an ardent attachment to liberty, and had expressed his readiness to draw his sword on the side of the colonies, the command of the continental forces, in the northern department, was entrusted to him and Gen. Schuyler, in the fall of 1775. By the indisposition of Schuyler, the chief command devolved upon him in October. He reduced Fort Chamblee, and on the 3d of November captured St. Johns. On the 12th he took Montreal. In December he joined Col. Arnold, and marched to Quebec. The city was besieged, and on the last day of the year it was determined to make an assault. The several divisions were accordingly put in motion, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, which concealed the enemy. Montgomery advanced at the head of the New York troops along the St. Lawrence, and having assisted with his own hands in pulling up the pickets, which obstructed his approach to one of the barriers he was determined to force, he was pushing forward, when one of the guns of a battery was discharged, and he was killed with his two aids. This was the only gun fired, for the enemy had been struck with consternation, and all but one or two had fled. But this event probably prevented the capture of Quebec. When he fell, Montgomery was in a narrow passage, and his body rolled upon the ice, which formed by the side of the river. After it was found the next morning among the slain, it was buried by a few soldiers, without any marks of distinction. He was thirty-eight years of age. He was a man of great military talents, whose measures were taken with judgment, and executed with vigor. With undisciplined troops, who were jealous of him in the extreme, he yet inspired them with his own enthusiasm. He shared with them in all their hardships, and thus prevented their complaints. His industry could not be wearied, his vigilance imposed upon, nor his courage intimidated. To express the high sense entertained by his country of his services, Congress directed that a monument of white marble, to his memory, should be placed in front of St. Paul's Church, New York. The remains of Gen. Montgomery, after resting forty-two years at Quebec, by a resolve of the State of New York, were brought to the city of New York on the 8th of July, 1817, and deposited, with ample form and grateful ceremonies, near the aforesaid monument in St. Paul's Church. The widow of the hero was living when his remains were translated to New York, and from the windows of her residence on the Hudson, she beheld the steamer, freighted with the precious dust, draped with American banners, float down the noble river to its final resting-place. In the long roll of revolutionary glory, Montgomery stands recorded as the bravest of the brave.—Our remaining views are in the city of Montreal. The Merchants' Exchange, on St. Sacrament Street, is a well-planned and commodious structure, with a pleasing but unobtrusive exterior. St. Andrew's Church, also delineated, is a fine building. The ecclesiastical edifices of Montreal are numerous and famous for their fine architectural appearance.—Our last view presents the Post-office, at the corner of Great St. James Street and Rue St. François Xavier. It is a fine stone building, and like all the public buildings in Montreal, an ornament and credit to the city. A portion of the Cathedral of Notre Dame is embraced within the compass of our view.—"Montreal," says Mr. Hunter, in his excellent guide-book, just published by J. P. Jewett & Co., of this city, "being at the head of tide navigation, her local advantages for the purposes of trade are numerous. The completion of the Grand Trunk Railroad and the ocean line of steamers recently established between Montreal and Liverpool, has added greatly to its commercial importance. From whatever side the city is approached, it is one of much interest. If from the St. Lawrence, the splendid towers of the cathedral, the tall spires of Christ Church, St. Patrick's Church, and several others, the elegant front of the Bonsecours Market, and the long ranges of cut stone buildings which front the river, form at once a *tout ensemble* which is perhaps unequalled in any other American city. And, although the prospects from the land side are not quite so imposing, they are all agreeable; and that from the Cote des Neiges road (which crosses the spur of the mountain that overlooks the city) is, taken altogether, one of the finest in this part of the world. The population of the city is about 65,000, and the number of inhabited houses about 8500. It is divided into nine wards, and is municipally governed by a mayor, aldermen and council, elected by householders who pay an annual rent of forty-five dollars or upwards, or persons who own real estate producing that amount of rent annually."



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, MONTREAL, CANADA.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, CANADA.

SPEED OF STEAM VESSELS.

"What will ultimately be the sustained and working speed of steam-ships?" asks an essayist. When railroads were first thought of, a speed of ten miles an hour was all that was anticipated; yet a sustained speed of sixty miles, and a working speed of forty miles an hour, have been attained. Steamers, of course, can never compete with railways in speed, because the resistance of the atmosphere and wheel friction is much less than that of water; but the speed of steam vessels has been gradually increasing. In the early government mail steam packet contracts, nine miles an hour was the stipulated speed. It was afterwards increased to ten miles an hour. The working and paying speed is usually five or six miles an hour less than the experimental one. A steamer, without any cargo on board, going over the measured mile in smooth water, is very different from the same steamer, deeply laden, crossing the Bay of Biscay or the Atlantic Ocean. The Persia, however, on her recent quick passage from New York to Liverpool, must have averaged thirteen miles an hour for two hundred and sixteen successive hours. This may be considered, then, as the standard at present of sustained profitable speed of ocean steamers. Take the fastest steamer now afloat, and she would, if unladen, and in smooth water, without any wind, tide or current, to overcome, run at the rate of upwards of eighteen miles an hour. Now, when it is considered what is the resistance which water must offer to a ship, and that the speed of a brisk wind is only fifteen miles an hour, the triumphs already achieved in ship-building are, indeed, something marvellous.—*London Journal*



POST-OFFICE, MONTREAL, CANADA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I SIGH FOR THE ABSENT.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

I sigh for the absent!
O, when wilt thou come?
My heart is a wanderer—
Thou art its home.

I'm waiting, love, waiting,
The tide's drifting by;
Thy footstep is wanting,
I linger and sigh:

I sigh for the absent!
O, when wilt thou come?
My heart is all lonely,
And thou art its home.

Home, thou art dearer
When tempests assail!
Love, thou art nearer
When bosoms bewail!

O, I am lonely,
My heart is with thee:
And with thee only
It ever may be.

Warm glows the fireside
To welcome thee home;
Love is the wanderer—
When will he come?

They whisper thou faded
When I was away:
Tarry, O, tarry
One brief, fleeting day!

Give me thy blessing:
No more will I rove;
Tarry, O, tarry—
Thee only I love.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE AS A PHYSICIAN.

BY ESTELLE GRAY.

In the environs of Paris, a short distance from Morefontaine and Ermenonville, stands a pretty country-house, carefully built and tastefully ornamented; the traveller in passing stops to gaze upon it with pleasure, as one would behold an abode where seem to dwell comfort, peace and happiness. This residence had neither the appearance of a chateau nor the luxury of a villa; it was not a farm, still less a cottage; it was a citizen's house, but had served as a retreat to an artist, and the inspirations of talent had passed by there; for persons who cultivate the arts have a secret of giving a charm to the most simple things. The house of the painter, the garden of the poet, the pavilion of the musician, all unpretending as they may appear, always have an aspect that the rich capitalist can never attain to in his sumptuous property. And what more beautiful residence could you choose, if you would fly from the noise of the city, than the country situated between Morfontaine and Ermenonville?

Morfontaine! delightful place, where so many sovereigns have come to lose the cares of royalty, and seek beneath its shade some hours of quiet, repose and happiness! Ermenonville! whose name recalls the great writer, the celebrated philosopher, and whose tomb is for the French, and for the stranger, a goal for pilgrimage.

Thus it was with joy that the poet retired to this charming dwelling all the attractions of which I shall not attempt to describe, because description gives but a faint image of the reality. I will only say that nothing was wanting which in the country could add to the happiness of life. There was a pretty drawing-room, with a piano; a large hall, with a billiard-table; a beautiful garden, with grottoes, and shady spots; a pond of water, and all that was necessary for fishing; for it is not wise for those living in the country to renounce all that can embellish or charm life. The true sage, it is said, is he who uses everything yet abuses nothing.

Delvigny left the city, after having lost a wife whom he almost worshipped; though still young, he could not be consoled for the loss of her whom he hoped to have had for a companion and friend until the end of his days. This will prove to you that there are still some husbands who regret their wives. True, he was a poet, and that exalts the imagination.

A son was the only pledge that Hymen had left to Delvigny, a son beautiful as his mother, and who promised to have also her gentleness. The little Adolphe was the idol of his father, who already resolved to make him a celebrated artist, and saw upon his forehead all the indications of science, genius and art. With a little willingness, there is nothing so easy as to find these indications in one's children and one's friends. But death, which so often deranges our projects, did not permit Delvigny to accomplish his plans for the education of his son; the poet died three years after his wife, leaving only to watch over the little Adolphe two good aunts, who had left their province to come and nurse him during his illness.

Behold, then, a little boy of five years of age, left to the care of two old women, one of whom has only a passion for sweetmeats, the other a very decided inclination for the "game of the goose."* Do not think by this that the child will be unhappy; on the contrary, his two aunts cherished, watched over and idolized him. For the sake of the little Adolphe, his Aunt Ursula sometimes forgot to eat sweetmeats, and his Aunt Babolette neglected her favorite game.

*A French game, with which Americans are not acquainted.

Delvigny had left to his son a yearly income of a thousand crowns; this was considerable for a poet; each aunt possessing the same, and all that would one day come back to Adolphe. He would then be sufficiently rich to live happily, and need only trouble himself to drive away from his heart all wicked inclinations, all ambition, and finally to be contented with the lot fortune had granted to him.

The two good aunts educated the little boy like a girl. They did not allow him to read Greek history, for fear he would have a taste for war; they kept from him Roman history, fearing that he might imbibe ferocious and savage fancies; they did not give him mythology, because the history of the gods and goddesses seemed to them too scandalous; and they would not allow him to take drawing-lessons, because it would be necessary that he should copy from models.

These gentlewomen still suppressed a crowd of things which they judged as useless or dangerous for little Adolphe; but in return, the pretty little boy learned to sing, and to read in some old books very well. He could do needlework, wind silk, and make netting. Finally they early inculcated the love of sweetmeats, and the game of the goose.

Meanwhile Adolphe grew larger. He was as beautiful as a Cupid, gentle as a girl—or rather as a lamb (for all girls are not gentle); he cast down his eyes when any one looked at him, and blushed when spoken to. He was neither very learned nor very industrious, but instead, he adored sweetmeats, and willingly passed an hour or two in playing the game of goose with his Aunt Babolette, and laughing like a little fool when she fell into the prison or the well. The two old aunts were enchanted with their pupil.

"He is a jewel, a true cherub," said they. "He knows how to be happy, for happiness is composed of ignorance rather than of knowledge."

Adolphe had attained the age of eighteen years without ever going abroad, except with his aunts to take a walk in the environs. These good aunts believed that their beautiful nephew would thus pass his life, without ever having other thoughts, other ideas or desires. They had never loved—only the game of the goose and sweetmeats; this they thought constituted happiness.

But one day there was a festival in the village of Ermenonville; a peasant had spoken a few words before Adolphe, and he prayed his aunts to take him to it; they consented. They could not foresee that at a village fête the mind of their pretty boy might be filled with new thoughts. The good La Fontaine says: "One cannot think of everything."

Adolphe opened his eyes with astonishment upon seeing the people, the shops and the dancing; but he was still more astonished as he saw so many pretty and lively young village maidens. He suddenly cast down his eyes, with emotion, trouble and pleasure before a little face so sweet, so interesting, and so beautiful, that it seemed to be rather the ideal creation of a painter than the work of nature.

This charming face was that of Clotilda, and Clotilda was only a little peasant girl, the daughter of a poor but honest laborer. She was the only support, the only hope of her old father; she worked diligently day and night, having the whole care of the house; and when upon the day of the fête, she put on her red calico dress, her only adornment, and took the arm of her old father in hers, then the young girl was as happy as a queen. It is probable she was more so.

Adolphe, after casting down his eyes before the pretty girl, raised them again, and ventured to gaze upon her pure and lively face, the sight of which had caused him such emotion. By a singular chance, Clotilda looked also at the same time at the beautiful young gentleman who was near her. Love has many such chances.

Clotilda blushed also and sighed, without knowing why; but the most innocent girl can sigh; the principal thing is that she does not know the reason why. Adolphe would not go away from her. He did not wish to dance, as the little peasant could not, on account of leaving her father. Some however urged her to take part in the pleasures of the day. Adolphe, upon hearing this, hastened to invite her to dance with him, saying that he would find some one to take care of her father. This was not managed badly for a young man brought up to wind silk.

Clotilda tremblingly accepted his hand. During the dance they exchanged a few words; but Adolphe learned only that her father was named Dumont, and was very poor. Clotilda ascertained that her partner was called Adolphe Delvigny, and that he was rich. The young girl sighed again more deeply than before. Perhaps this time she knew why.

The dance continued a long time; that is to say, Adolphe recommenced it several times with his pretty dancer, whom he had had the courage to secure. Meanwhile the festival drew to a close; the two aunts wishing to return home, led away the young man, who was accustomed to obey them. But as he left Clotilda, he turned his head frequently to look at her again, each time the little peasant girl did the same also; and it was no longer chance that made her thus act.

The next day Adolphe could eat but little breakfast, and still less dinner; he seemed sad and restless; he did not wish to do anything, even refusing to play with his aunt her favorite game, and to eat some sweetmeats newly made.

"This poor child is certainly sick," said his two aunts, and they overwhelmed him with questions: "Where dost thou suffer, my dear? What is the matter? What is it thou wishest?"

To all these questions Adolphe only replied:

"I do not suffer. Nothing is the matter with me. I am not sick."

"Then why art thou so sad?"

"I do not know."

"Why dost thou not wish to taste some of these sweetmeats?"

"Because I have no appetite."

"O, thou art certainly sick, my dear child!"

Several days passed away, and Adolphe had visibly altered; his eyes had no longer their former brilliancy, he had lost his color, and languor mingled with sadness had replaced his habitual gaiety and petulance. The two good aunts were much distressed, and consulted a physician, the most noted one in the environs. The physician examined the young man, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, struck him upon his back, and then shaking his head, murmured:

"It is astonishing! There is nothing the matter with him."

"And yet, sir, he will die, for he has evidently changed," said his Aunt Ursula, weeping.

"He can no longer eat, or sing, and does not wish to play anything!" said Babolette, carrying her handkerchief to her eyes.

"There must be then a secret cause," said the doctor.

"Why does he not tell it to us—to us, his aunts, who love him so dearly, and who will not refuse him anything?"

At the expiration of a few weeks Adolphe became so feeble that it was necessary for him to keep his bed. His aunts constantly asked him if he wished for anything; but no, he wanted nothing; only he often inquired when the festival of Ermenonville would return again.

"In a year," they told him.

Then the poor boy would sigh, and say to himself:

"In a year!—it is a long time! Shall I go there then?"

But the physician one day heard his patient ask the customary question, and quickly inquired of Adolphe what he had done at the festival, and he replied, in broken accents:

"I danced with Clotilda Dumont."

The physician immediately sought the two aunts, and said to them, as he rubbed his hands together:

"I believe I have discovered the secret which undermines the health of your nephew."

"O, good doctor, you will save him then?"

"No."

"Why no?"

"Because it is not I who can save him; it is a young girl in Ermenonville, named Clotilda Dumont."

"What do you say, doctor?"

"That your nephew is in love with this young peasant, and it is this passion that preys upon him, and will lead him to the tomb, if he does not marry the one he loves."

"Our nephew in love!—go away, doctor! it is impossible! He has seen only us—"

"I know very well that he is not in love with you, but bring Clotilda Dumont here and you can cure your nephew."

The two aunts silently regarded each other for a moment, but while Adolphe suffered they could not long hesitate. The next morning, as the doctor and the aunts were seated beside the bed of Adolphe, visitors were announced. It was Clotilda, who had come with her father, at the invitation she had received, yet without knowing why it had been given; but who stood silent and trembling upon finding herself in the chamber of the young invalid.

As Adolphe perceived the little peasant, he attempted to spring towards her—then fell back exhausted, but his heart beat violently, and his eyes sparkled once more with their former brilliancy.

"I was not deceived," said the doctor to the aunts; "your nephew was love-sick, and this passion as treated by homeopathy, could be cured by love alone."

The two aunts would make any sacrifice for their nephew's happiness; they asked of the old Dumont the hand of his daughter for Adolphe, and then presenting the pretty girl to the invalid, said to him:

"She will be thy wife as soon as thy health is restored."

He rapidly recovered; for love-sickness departs as speedily as it comes.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.

We regret to learn that Mr. Boker, through whose public spirit and love of art we have for many years enjoyed the pleasure of studying the Dusseldorf pictures, in consequence of his recent domestic infelicities, purposes to close the Dusseldorf gallery, and will probably send the pictures back to Europe. This collection, the finest in America, has cost Mr. Boker over two hundred thousand dollars, and we shall regard it as a public calamity, if the country is deprived of these great works. O, that we were an Astor, that we might purchase the entire collection to-day, and throw it open to public exhibition, without money and without price! As it is, we can only protest against the loss of the beautiful works of the "industrious Mr. Dusseldorf."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RADIMIR, THE PRIEST OF MOSCOW.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

THE hour of evening had extinguished the last reflection of the sun, upon the domes and spires of the holy city of Moscow, and shadows, the grave monitors of rest, usurped the infected air which her trembling citizens were breathing; but rest was not in their hearts, nor shut their eyelids. Each moment, all felt, might be the signal of their doom, by means of the dread contagion which swept off human life by hundreds every day, since the Russian soldiery had returned from the Turkish wars. Wakeful and weary and wan, they brooded over the curse which had fallen upon them.

Not the least solicitous of the inhabitants were the priesthood, who hourly were besought by the masses for some charm against the plague, as if their prayers alone could avert it. Pity for the unfortunate mingled with fear for their own safety, should the depopulation continue—the bloody fate of the unanviling physicians causing the clergy to shudder lest they too should die as unseasonably.

The priest Radimir Molka paced rapidly his apartment, now muttering prayers to the saints, now soliloquizing upon the pitiful ignorance and deplorable rashness of the distracted people, as ever and anon he saw them rushing through the streets in terror, grief, or wrath, on errands of new butchery and pillage.

"O thou St. Nicholas! genius of our land, vouchsafe some means of redemption to thy servant—even to me, Radimir Molka, though to obtain it for thy people my life be paid as a forfeit. My brain grows wild! Let me kneel for counsel from above."

He knelt before a crucifix awhile, then suddenly arose, crossing himself wildly, and exclaimed:

"Thanks, holy Maria, for thy vision! If they must die by my hand, this hand so often clasped by them in purest love and friendship—be it so!—though in their sacrifice I die a double death, and survive the agony but to die another."

His brain had turned with excess of anguish, and he now believed himself inspired by Heaven to slay the two beings he loved best on earth—Allena Stofel, a young lady of rank, who entertained a reciprocal attachment for him, though the vows of his order forbade their marriage,—and Alexius Menza, his dearest friend, a captain in the guards. Their forms had flitted through his bewildered fancy as he knelt before the crucifix, and the horrid conviction had fixed itself on his brain, that their death by his hand would rid Moscow of her pestilent visitation! Even now as he gazed, half stupefied, from the casement, loud knocks were heard at the door below, and men were clamorous for his appearance. He descended to them.

"Help, holy father!" they implored. "What may we do? Our wives and children, all we love, perish about us each moment! O give us some aid. Will not God stay this curse? Speak to us."

"Comfort *is* from above, my children," said Radimir. "He *will* relieve you. But now I have had a revelation from on high. Depart and rest in peace. Within two days the plague will cease. I am commissioned for the work. Home, now, and humble yourselves before the goodness of the Almighty. Be patient and you shall know more ere long."

They knelt and crossed themselves before him. He gave them a benediction, and they parted and obeyed him.

Through the long hours of the night he watched and prayed in madness, and the dim eye of early morn found him still upon his knees, moaning and in tears.

"Alas, Allena!—alas, Alexius! But Radimir will soon follow you. We shall die for men and become immortal, even as the son of Paradise himself! And then, beloved Moscow, the color of health shall glow on thy fair cheek, and the invisible gorgon that destroys thee shall be confounded."

Robing himself hastily, he passed forth to the house of his brother, Alorf Molka, an apothecary, in another quarter of the metropolis.

"How now, Radimir, so early here?" asked his brother. "This atmosphere is most infectious in the morning."

"Brother," said the priest, looking wildly upon Alorf, "the way has come at last."

"The way! What way? You speak strangely. You are not well. You are pale. You have worried too much about the people's calamity."

"Silence, brother," said Radimir, his finger upon his lip. "I am commissioned by the Holy Virgin to save our people. I had a vision last night. I did not come simply to tell you this, but to ask of you the subtlest drug that you have, the deadliest foe to human life. I have use for it. Refuse me and I will seek it elsewhere."

Alorf looked mournfully upon his brother and still hesitated.

"Is it for yourself?" he asked.

"No—not for me," said Radimir.

"Swear that you will not take it and I will give it to you."

"I swear it!" said the priest.

Alorf went to a medicine case and gave Radimir a small vial.

"There it is. But, brother, do nothing rash. You are fevered and ill."

"Tush, brother," said Radimir, at once going to the door. "Day after to-morrow and we shall meet again, and Moscow will clap her many hands with joy. Follow me not. Farewell."

"He will recover from this agitation when nature commands him to sleep," mused Alorf, when Radimir had gone. "At least he will do no harm, I think."

As the priest passed through the streets, hundreds paused and asked his blessing, which he gave but commanded them not to stay him, for he was on a holy errand.

Perhaps never before in the history of popular superstitions was so much ignorant fanaticism at work as at the time of the plague of 1771 in Russia. The frenzy appeared in various destructive forms, and menaced the life of even the empress herself, whom the frantic populace for a time believed to have the power to remove the plague if she would.

At the period of which we speak she had come to Moscow for the expressed purpose of staying the evil by wise measures, and the disaffected nobles of the realm fermented the false suspicions of the rabble for the furtherance of their own regicidal plans.

Unconscious of the danger which threatened her from the subjects whom she governed with wisdom and real affection, the fearless Catherine entered her palace with great pomp, and subsequently visited freely the princely houses of the nobility, as well as the poorest quarters of the ancient city, to see what might be done most effectually for its health. On one of these visits, she met the priest, Radimir, then on his way to the house of Allena, and marking his wild air and the attention he attracted from the people, bade him stop.

"Whither goest thou, holy father?" said the empress, in the midst of her splendid retinue.

"God before the empress!" replied Radimir, sternly, and was passing on, when soldiers seized and detained him.

"Art thou mad, priest?" asked Catherine, surprised, "not to tarry when we speak to thee?"

"I am commissioned by the King of kings," answered he, boldly, "and go to save your subjects."

"Distraught!" said Catherine to her nobles, in a tone of compassion, observing the frenzied gaze of Radimir, which glowed fiercely at restraint.

"Stay me not, imperial mistress," said he, "and in two days I will cause, by God's help, the pestilence to cease."

"Let him pass," commanded Catherine, sadly; and he went his way; and the imperial *cortege* swept on, the empress smitten sore at heart with the different phases of wretchedness which she saw. "Madness seems to affect them all!"

A calm demeanor was Radimir's when he reached the house and entered the presence of the Lady Allena.

"You are pale, dear Radimir," said she, tenderly. "Your labors are too great. Will you have some wine?"

Without reply the frenzied man gazed fixedly at her, and then placing his hand upon her snowy shoulder and pointing to the sky, he said:

"Beautiful and pure one, heaven is made for such as you!"

"I would I dared think so," replied Allena, with a timid glance at Radimir. "But my thoughts are too much of earth."

"It is well to have worldly affections, dearest," said the madman, toying with her hair, "if in loving those around us we do not forget our love to God."

"But you know I have dared to love you, Radimir—to you I have confessed,—and that my thoughts rebel against the barrier of the church which frowns upon the marriage of a priest. This, I know, is an offence to Heaven, and with such thoughts how can I ever go there?"

"Sweet Allena, I will tell you the way," said Radimir, kissing her beaming forehead. "We shall be yet united, for God has said it to me in a holy vision. Would you be willingly the means of saving Moscow from the plague?"

"Ay, would I," returned Allena, "most willingly, at any sacrifice of mine. But why do you ask? I am powerless to do it."

"Would you save your countrymen—is your love strong enough—and thus, by facing death, win a crown in heaven?"

"Gladly, gladly," said Allena, firmly. "But how can I be of use?"

The priest crossed himself and turned his eyes thankfully to heaven.

"Bring me the wine, Allena, that you may pledge your faith."

It was brought; and pouring out the libation, Radimir, unperceived by her, emptied the vial his brother had given him into the glass.

"Pledge, beloved Allena, to Moscow and to God!"

"Willingly would I die for Moscow and for God!" she murmured, and drank to the last drop.

"Within an hour, Allena, you will be in heaven."

"In heaven! How wild you speak and look to-day. In heaven! You cannot mean that."

"I was commanded to sacrifice thee, in a vision of the night, O angel of my soul!" exclaimed Radimir, "to save our city. Death is on thee, but immortal life will be given thee in an hour. Then, Allena, you will be beyond the stars, and there we will meet again and be united forever. O pulse of my heart, farewell! I cannot stay; I have other work to do, and speedily. Commune with God while you yet live. Bless me for this deed; for by it paradise is made surely thine."

He folded her in one long, last embrace, kissed her pale cheek and speechless lips passionately, and rushed from the house. Mute with grief, astonishment and horror, her brain reeled, and Allena Stofel sank lifeless to the floor. On the steps of a temple, soon after, the delirious priest was seen haranguing a multitude, holding on high a poniard. Its hilt forming a cross, he held it up and they bowed before the sign.

"The work of salvation is half done, O citizens!" he shouted, his hair streaming wildly in the wind, and his eyes glaring with bright, prophetic meaning; "have faith, and stay your rude hands from deeds of violence. I alone can save you. To-morrow the scourge will be powerless!"

Mighty shouts from the benighted rabble greeted him as he disappeared. A splendid *fete* in honor of the empress, at the house of Alexius Menza, who, though but a captain of guard, had by imminence worth and distinguished service become popular and intimate among the highest in the land. Appreciating the sign of loyalty, the empress seemed to be present, and the scene displayed a dazzling sight, with the crowds of the populace of Moscow

While Catherine was conversing with Alexius, surrounded by lords and ladies, sounds of a great tumult without reached their ears, and in the midst of the clamor, the form of Radimir suddenly appeared among them. The courtiers drew back with instinctive dread at his aspect, and the priest stood now by the side of the imperial Catherine, and of his friend, Alexius, unabashed

"Well, man," said she, with a smile, "have you saved my people yet?"

Radimir answered her not, but turning to the confounded Alexius, thus addressed him

"Alexius Menza! you know that the blood which pours through your heart is dearer to me than my own. But Heaven demands of me to make a twofold sacrifice for the good of Moscow. Who shall question the mysterious justice of the Most High! Dost thou!"

"Assuredly not!" said the astonished captain.

"Then die!" cried Radimir, suddenly plunging the poniard into his breast, where it remained quivering.

Alexius fell to the floor, and while all around were stupefied with amazement for the moment, the priest rushed to a window and called to the multitude below:

"Come in, come up, delivered men of Moscow, and see what sacrifice has saved you!"

In another moment the priest was seized; but the precaution was superfluous, for the fanatical masses now thronged in, overbearing all opposition, obedient to the call of Radimir. For a moment the self-possession of Catherine forsook her, but Radimir spoke words of re-assurance, though still held back by the guests.

"Fear not mighty mistress of Russia; these are your loyal vassals, who have come to see how Radimir was willing to slaughter his best friend for Moscow's good."

The awe and quiet of the rude throng told Catherine at a glance that the priest was sincere. But still she looked about her for explanation of the bloody mystery. The mob was so dense that it was impossible for any guest to escape.

"Silence!" commanded Catherine, stamping her foot. "The dying man would speak!"

"Not only for the good of Moscow, but for that of all Russia, has death thus come to me," said Alexius, supported upon his knees by others. "I die a merited death, great empress; for though the people were innocent of the knowledge, treason has been busy in my house to-night."

"Treason?" exclaimed Catherine. "Speak on."

"Fall and demand her pardon, all you who have plotted with me her death to-night, or a word from Radimir will set the rabble on you that I name, and they shall tear you to pieces like wolves!"

Some eight or ten conspirators here threw down their swords despairingly at the feet of Catherine, and knelt.

"They would have made the people sanction their course in the event of your death, which I only assented to, from pique at unrewarded services. But happily, my friend has saved you, and the blood now pouring from my bosom, pure, sinless as oft on the battle-field, from repentant Alexius!"

With a dying effort the unhappy man freed his arms from those about him, and fell forward, kissing the feet of the empress.

"Unfortunate," said she, in tones of deep commiseration; "accident alone withheld your just reward. Friends—those of you who *are* my friends and loyal subjects,—seize these would-be assassins and bear them securely to my palace.—But stay;—my patriot priest and prophet," she resumed, advancing to Radimir; "was this man your friend?"

The intense excitement of the hour had restored the reason of the priest, and realizing all that had passed, without word, he flung himself upon the body of Alexius.

"Answer me, priest," demanded the empress; "was he your friend? and if so, why did you slay him?"

"The frenzy of my grief, great Catherine, at the sufferings of my countrymen, inspired me with the belief that Heaven required some mighty sacrifice from me. In a vision I saw pass before me, Alexius, my friend, and a lady whom I loved. These, thought I, must die by my hand to avert the scourge. I bowed to the imagined will of Heaven—accomplished it, alas!—but knew of nothing more."

"But Heaven's hand was in it, my friend, or the greater scourge of civil war would have blasted our fair empire, at my death. But who was the other whom you slew?"

"The Lady Allena Stofel. She died willingly for Moscow."

"Not so," said Alorf, stepping from the throng to the side of his brother. "The potion I gave was harmless, for I feared you might do mischief. She lives."

"Surely this is a night of strange events!" exclaimed the empress, surveying all around her with a brave calmness which struck awe and admiration into the hearts of all. "But, good people, disperse, and take these traitors away. Their doom shall be thought upon hereafter. Let the priest and his brother attend us to the palace. A good night to all."

And the undaunted genius strode forth and passed in safety home.

It needs only to be said that the conspirators received their reward in gloomy Siberian exile. Alorf became the court physician, with a princely income. The plague soon ceased before the measures of the empress. The priest, Radimir, in time was made an archbishop, through the grateful influence of Catherine; and Allena passed a holy and happy life, the superior of a monastery, looking ever forward to that genuine church of God, where kindred souls, like hers and Radimir's, unite in bliss, and are never kept asunder by mere forms.

COL. JOHN T. HEARD.

Our artist, Mr. Barry, has produced, from a fine photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, a very correct and lifelike portrait of John T. Heard, Esq., of this city, a merchant of wealth and good position, a gentleman of high social and political standing, and present Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts. Mr. Heard is a native of Boston, was born May 4, 1809, educated at the common schools of Ipswich, Mass., from the age of four until fourteen; and subsequently at the Lexington (Mass.) Academy, then under the preceptorship of the well-known, genial-hearted, talented, upright, and somewhat eccentric Rev. Caleb Stetson. At the close of 1825, he entered the counting-room of his step-father, John W. Trull, Esq., and devoted himself earnestly and closely to business pursuits. During the period of his minority, his leisure hours were employed in scientific studies and polite literature—a wise and profitable appropriation of time, not unfrequently wasted by many young men in frivolous or hurtful pursuits, and one which exhibits its lasting good effects in the solid attainments and ornamental accomplishments which distinguish Mr. Heard among his brother merchants. Mr. Heard's early sympathies and associations were democratic in politics; and his business observation and experience led him quite naturally to take an interest in the prominent doctrines of political economy, which have been so largely discussed by political parties for the last twenty-five years. And hence he quietly and assiduously addressed himself to an investigation of the important subjects of banking, insurance and revenue. The results of his inquiry were, from time to time, communicated to the public, through the newspaper press, in well-considered, logical, effective and graceful articles, that always commanded respect, and sometimes exercised an important influence in the decision of the questions discussed. Strikingly was this the case, when, some few years ago, a wild clamor was raised against the mutual system of insurance and guarantee capital, as being unsound and dangerous. The leading and effective champion of the system was Mr. Heard; and in his able articles upon the subject, published in the Boston Post, he displayed a depth of research, and a power of argument, that compelled his opponents to succumb. In this way, we find him strongly identified with the support of public measures of democratic policy, and a democrat in principle and practice, though never a political partizan. His first vote for president was cast for General Jackson, in 1832, and since that time he has always voted for the presidential candidates of that party. He has served from time to time upon important committees in that organization, and freely contributed his means to help defray the necessary outlays of his political associates. In grateful recognition of his able and consistent support, the party have, from time to time, presented his name as a candidate for city, county, State and national offices, and have in return availed themselves of the strength which his honorable reputation and ability have given to their ticket. In this way he has been the Democratic nominee for mayor of the city, for the State legislature, and for Congress; and though unsuccessful by reason of the strength of the opposing party, yet often running ahead of his party ticket, in consequence of his personal merits. In 1851, he was commissioned as senior aide-de-camp to Gov. Boutwell, which gives him by courtesy the permanent title of colonel, and was subsequently proposed by the Democracy of Suffolk for governor's councillor, but defeated upon the plea that he was a "hunker democrat." This objection reflected no dishonor upon him; and such are the mutations in human affairs, that some of those who made the objection then, now covet such a reputation for themselves. Col. Heard commenced his masonic career in 1845, in Columbian Lodge, one of the oldest and most esteemed bodies of that order in this community. He applied himself with zeal to the study of the traditions and ritual of the order, in search of the bright gem of truth among its mysterious allegories. As might have been expected, his advancement was rapid, and in 1854, he was elected Master of Columbian Lodge, after serving in the various subordinate offices.



COLONEL JOHN T. HEARD.

A full and valuable history of this lodge, compiled with great care, and written in a graceful and attractive style, signalizes his connection with that body. Col. Heard's history makes a handsome octavo of some six hundred pages, and was published for private distribution alone, in the year 1856. He served the Grand Lodge in the office of Grand Marshal for two terms, and in December, 1855, was elected Senior Grand Warden. In December, 1856, he was elected to his present office of Grand Master, by a unanimous vote. This extraordinary manifestation of the esteem in which he is held by his brethren, is worthy of remark; and we are informed that the zeal and energy with which he discharges the manifold duties devolving upon him in this capacity, elicit the hearty commendation of all who are associated with him.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

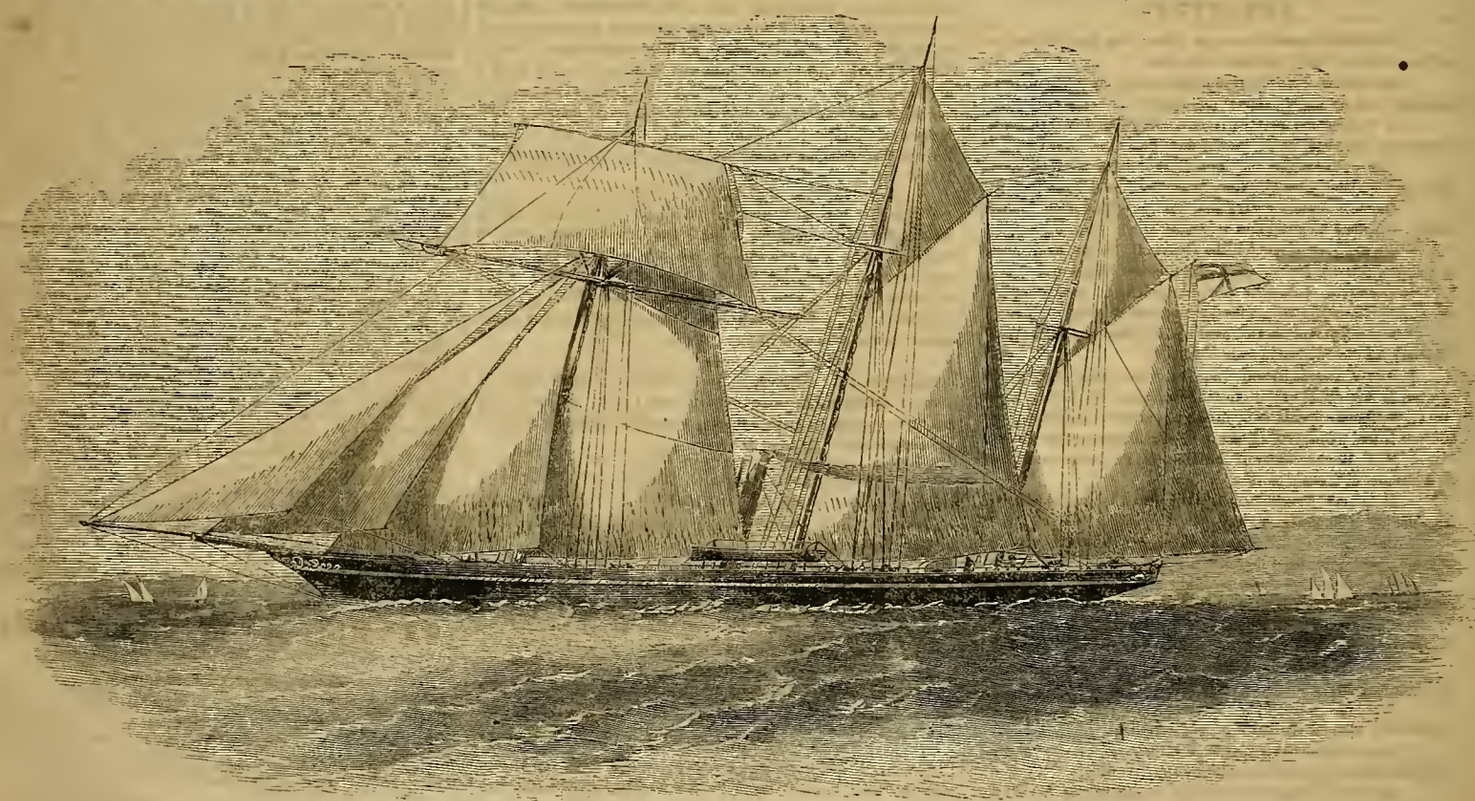
I would rather when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me, and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young. No one knew it, but he aided me in time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer; and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever read.—*Dr. Sharp.*

THE LATE DR. KANE.

Right Rev. Bishop Thomas M. Clark, of Rhode Island, pays the following just and eloquent tribute to the late Dr. Kane:—"A young man brought up in luxury, courted by the affluent, at an age when all the pleasures of the world have their fondest attraction, in response to the call of science and humanity, voluntarily exiles himself from family and friends, and for two long winters lies down night after night to sleep and dream in the silent solitude of the frozen Arctic. Enduring patiently and even cheerfully the absence of every comfort, every resource, every solace, which makes our daily life seem desirable; forgetting his own sufferings in ministering to abler-bodied men than himself; banishing by force from his own mind all tormenting fears for the future, that he might be able to cheer his desponding associates; bending his slight frame without one murmur to the most laborious tasks; humbling himself to the meanest drudgeries; year after year he thus labors and endures, quietly biding his time of release. While I speak, there rises before me the picture of a vast ocean of ice and snow, silent, still, quiet as the grave; no living thing breaking its dead monotony; no bird or insect fluttering in the air; no flower or shrub or tree opening its leaves there; no life, no movement, no noise, not even the rush of waters, not even the moan of the sea, or the crack of melting ice, to disturb the stillness. The months roll on, and there is no morning, no noonday, no evening; only the dim silver light of the moon and stars, and the wild coruscations of electric fires, irradiate the gloom. In the midst of this crystal desert, there lies a small, black speck, a little framework of timbers, and down there, underneath the deck of that frail barque, I see the young man, with his sick companions groaning in their berths by his side, a dim lamp swinging overhead, and the atmosphere reeking with nauseous odors, quietly writing his journal, and in the intervals saying some cheerful words to his suffering friends. Before he lies down to his rest, I see him kneeling in prayer, commending himself and his fellow exiles to the God who never slumbers, thanking Him for their continued preservation, and asking a benediction upon the dear absent ones at home. At last the hour of release comes, through dangers and toils which the wildest fiction never conceived; he finds his way back to his own land, and the heart of a grateful, admiring nation, leaps to greet him. Foreign countries unite to honor him, and the pulse of the world is quickened at mention of his name. But only for a little season are we allowed to detain him here below; the blood which Arctic frost could not congeal now begins to ebb; the fire of life burns low, and at last the sad tidings reach us, that in one of the sunny islands of the tropics, the heroic spirit of this young man has broken from its feeble tenement, and he is numbered with the illustrious dead. Again the heart of a nation responds in sympathy; the honored remains are returned to the home of his youth—soldiers and citizens watch over the coffin through the still night, as he once kept vigil in the Arctic snows—and then, amid the tolling of bells and wail of trumpets, that body is laid in its resting-place."

THE STEAM YACHT "EMPEROR."

The fine vessel delineated on this page, as under a full head of steam and press of canvass, is a craft of no ordinary importance, being a gift from the British government to his majesty the emperor of Japan. The English government can be generous to those whom they wish to conciliate, as well as relentless to those whom they wish to crush. In this case, Parliament voted the sum of fifty thousand dollars to build and equip this yacht—a liberal appropriation for a mere pleasure-vessel. The "Emperor" is a wooden vessel of three hundred tons burden, built by the Messrs. Green, of Blackwall, from designs by Mr. Crewe, of that establishment. She is an elegant model, of beautiful lines, magnificently fitted out by Messrs. Smart, of Finsbury; and propelled by engines of 60-horse power, made by the Messrs. Penn, of Greenwich. Her speed is satisfactory; and the completeness of everything connected with this most gratifying compliment to the foreign potentate reflects great credit on all concerned in her construction and outfit.



THE YACHT "EMPEROR," PRESENT FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REBECCA.—If the last word in the Spanish phrase you send us is *amor*, as we think it should be, the literal translation would be, "You do not possess my love."

E. F., Pittsburg.—Simply "Hon. James Buchanan, President of the United States, Sir," etc.—If you have any work prepared for publication, you had better address Park Benjamin, Esq., No. 47 Seventh Avenue, New York city, who will advise you, or negotiate for you.

L. S.—The monody on the Burial of Sir John Moore was written by a young Irish clergyman, Rev Charles Wolfe. Byron thought it nearly, if not quite, perfect.

BARROAN.—"Brown study" (for reverie) is thought to be a corruption of brow-study.

PUPIL.—We thought everybody knew that the word *Yankee* was derived from the manner in which the Indians endeavored to pronounce the word English, which they rendered *Yengkees*, whence the word *Yankee*. In a curious book on the Round Towers of Ireland, the origin of the term "Yankee Doodle" was traced to the Persian phrase, "Yankí doonlah," or "Inhabitants of the new world."

C. C.—The great affront of giving the lie arose from the phrase "Thou liest," in the oath taken by the defendant in judicial combats before engaging in the ordeal of battle.

M. M.—Pleules were known and practised in the reign of James I., of England.

MINER, Mokulumne Hill, Cal.—In the "voyage round the world," by Capt. George Shelvocke (1719), the author speaks of noticing what appeared to be gold dust mixed with the mould of Oie vallnys. He washed some out, and was pretty well convinced that it was gold, but lost his dust in Chloe on the way home.

T. T.—When people make blunders it is termed a "bull;" and the phrase is said to have originated from the blunders of one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer of London, in the reign of Henry VII.

INVALID, Wrentham, Mass.—Dr. Hunter says, "The yolk of eggs eaten either raw, or slightly boiled, is perhaps the most salutary of alimentary substances."

HOUSEKEEPER.—Coffee is a most powerful deodorizer; it will instantly destroy the smell of putrifying meat.

SERGEANT S.—In the foreign service, during a campaign, a wine-glass of spirits in half a pint of water is often administered to a dragoon-horse, to keep up his strength.

F. M. C.—The committee-man was only playing on your credulity, when he told you that the Chinese language was about to be introduced as a study in our primary schools.

INQUIRER.—It has been positively ascertained that the Atlantic Ocean, in parts, is more than six miles deep. The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably, Lieut. Maury says, somewhere between the Bermudas and the Great Banks.

WEATHER-WISE.—When the clouds in the west are of a reddish purple, it is a sign of fair weather—because the air, when dry, reflects more red or heat-making rays.

BEGINNER.—The colors used for scene-painting are mixed with glue sizing, and not with oil.

SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

The large engraving on the last page illustrates Scene 2, Act I, of Shakspeare's "As you like it"—the "Wrestling Scene." The duke and his courtiers are assembled to witness the trial of strength between the professional wrestler, the world's challenger, who stands upon one side, and the daring youth, Orlando, on the other, whose grace, spirit and beauty have enlisted in his favor the wishes of the fair Rosalind and her cousin Celia. The melancholy of the youth has interested them as much as his bravery. "But let your fair eyes," he says, "and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world, I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty." The artist has very well characterized the various personages of this Shakspearean scene.

THE WEEKLY NOVELETTE.—Step into the nearest periodical depot, and purchase for *four cents* a copy of that charming and saucy little journal, "The Weekly Novelette."

SPLINTERS.

.... The false diamond has more glitter than the real one; so politeness is more dazzling than true virtue.

.... Mrs. Heintz says, "If a man is not ugly enough to frighten his horse, he is handsome enough to marry."

.... A number of large pearls have been found in fresh-water clams near Patterson, N. J. Great excitement, of course.

.... The conductors of the Boston Post have ordered one of Hoe's fast cylinder presses. Long may the Post flourish!

.... The new liquor license law has gone into effect in New York. We shall soon see how it works.

.... We are glad to see that the Court of Claims has awarded to Ericsson $13,000 for building U. S. steamer Princeton.

.... The Code Napoleon is in the course of translation into the Turkish language, to aid the sultan in his reforms.

.. . The celebrated M. Guizot has sold his memoirs to a French publisher for the handsome sum of $21,000.

.... Vice-President Breckinridge has been abused in the papers because he was smart enough to make a fortune by western lands.

.... Self-love appears to be the great parent of politeness; certainly it is the mainspring of the boasted politeness of the French.

.... N. P. Banks, father of the Hon. N. P. Banks, lately died in Waltham, at the age of seventy-four.

.... In human happiness everything is relative; what constitutes the joy of one man is the torment of another.

.... On Sundays, there are about eighty ball-rooms open at Chicago, with music from morning till midnight.

.... Garrick the actor said he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "O!" as Whitefield, the preacher, did.

.... There is great difference between pride and self-love; the former is the parent of industry, the latter of ignorance.

.... The triumph of Lord Palmerston gives the British ministry carte blanche to pursue the war with China.

.... The aggregate number of steamboats and barges plying on the Ohio River is set down at nine hundred.

.... Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. A man who has buried a good wife should not try a second.

.... An attempt was made recently to assassinate W. Sidney Smith, British consul at Havana, Cuba.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

A strong force of United States ships of war is being concentrated in the vicinity of Canton, but solely with a view to the protection of our merchants in that remote quarter of the globe, so that the fears of those who imagined that we were to be made a party in the quarrel between England and China, as the ally of the former, may be dismissed as groundless. The first reports connected the action of our force at Canton with the hostilities initiated by the British, but, like most first reports of great events, travelling a great distance, they proved to be erroneous. The American guns were employed against certain of the Chinese forts to punish a special and local outrage on our flag, and the affair ended there, without involving us in the quarrel between our English friends and the Chinese. It is pretty generally conceded that our naval officers did not go beyond the line of their duty, in promptly punishing aggression, and we are glad that public sentiment sustains them, for we have ever been too slow to chastise enemies when the aggressors were weaker than ourselves—a generous but mistaken policy, fatal in the end to those spared. There is no doubt that the British hoped that the outrage on our flag, occurring simultaneously with their own troubles, would involve us in such a manner as to give them our powerful support in the strife in which they were engaging.

Fortunately this was not the case, and this country remains unentangled by such an alliance. It is pretty evident that the British officers in China were wrong in the step which produced hostilities, and, though the popular voice in England has sustained them, still that verdict does not affect the truth of the matter. On the other hand, the subsequent action of the Chinese has rendered it impossible to sympathize with them. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands," but it is one in which our interference, on either side, is uncalled for. That the Chinese are semi-barbarians, that their treatment of each other is atrocious, that their conduct to foreigners is absurd, we readily admit; and admit, too, that the interests of civilization would be incalculably advanced, could a free, unrestricted intercourse with China be established. But we must beware of admitting, or acting on the policy, that the "end justifies the means." Not for all the wealth that American commerce might reap from an opening of every port in China, with free trade with the interior, should we become a party to a war not clearly sanctioned by justice. Hitherto the sword of America has been spotless. Like the Castilian hero's blade, it has never been drawn without cause, and never sheathed with dishonor. Let us through all time preserve this pure renown; let our record in the future be as fair as our record in the past—unstained by a single blemish.

A PRINCELY ASS.

A certain Duke of Brunswick has been figuring in Paris in a style which certainly provokes laughter, as we read of his doings, as much as the professional efforts of a "clown to the ring" in a perambulating circus. He is present at all the balls of the Tuileries, and of course creates a sensation wherever he appears. He wears a wig which is as much blacker than black as lamp-black is blacker than white; his cheeks are covered with several coatings of vermilion, and he is covered with embroidery and diamonds. For example, at the ball before last, he wore a green military frock coat, so concealed beneath gold embroidery that but for a space in the black as wide as one's finger's breadth, it would have been impossible to have guessed the cloth's color; his pantaloons were red, but not *quite* so thickly embroidered; he wore epaulettes formed entirely of diamonds, and a hat covered with diamonds (the epaulettes and hat figured at the Universal Exhibition), and his breast was covered with fourteen orders in diamonds. At the last ball he appeared in black coat and "shorts," but he wore a double row of large diamonds as buttons on his waistcoat, four enormous diamonds at his shirt wristbands, large diamond shoe-buckles, and a "river" of diamonds for his watch chain. If this distinguished personage is not a "Guy," we do not know what a "Guy" is.

MUSICAL.—Russell & Richardson, No. 291 Washington Street, Boston, have just published "*The Family Circle Glee Book*," a really charming and valuable collection of songs, glees and choruses of the most popular pieces of the day. It may also be had of Mason Brothers, New York, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. We predict for this work great popularity, for it is precisely fitted to the wants of every domestic circle.

FASHIONABLE.—How hard that the region of fashion cannot be allowed to have its exclusive nomenclature! But the term *soirée* has been adopted by prize-fighters, who give "sparring soirées" to their friends.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—Randolph of Roanoke was right when he said that without female society we male bipods should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood.

SITTING DURING PRAYER.—Dr. Hall states that the usual attitude of sitting in prayer is unhealthy as well as irreverent. "We venture," says the doctor, "to affirm that it is, in almost every instance, the dictate of bodily laziness, or religious sleepiness."

LARGE AUDIENCES.—People of all classes flock to hear Mr. Spurgeon, the most popular preacher in London at the present day. He holds forth to audiences of 10,000 persons.

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.—In love, a pressure of the hand is more eloquent than all the high-flown language of Romeo and Juliet.

FAT PEOPLE.

There is a popular prejudice in favor of fat people. When we measure the rotundity of Falstaff on the stage, we forgive the fat knight his "manifold sins and transgressions" on account of his obesity. Shakspeare evidently had a lurking kindness for fat people; the "fat friend" of Prince Hal is drawn with far greater breadth and force than the "lean and hungry Cassius." Beauty and plumptitude has almost always been associated, and we believe nine tenths of the public prefer the appearance of Guinetta Grisi to that of Rachel. The Turks and Moors and Chinese are famous for their preference of women of weight, and the splendid Circassian hardly becomes eligible to the handkerchief of a pacha till she has undergone a course of chickens, rice and sweet meats, which have a wonderful power of producing *embonpoint*.

But there is such a thing as being too fat. Even Shakspeare makes Hamlet exclaim, "O! that this too, too, solid flesh would melt!" For the benefit of persons similarly circumstanced a Dr Dancel has published a book on the "art of unfattening," as we may term it. The great comfort is that fat folks now need not go and hang; for drown they cannot. Ladies and gentlemen who have not seen their shoestrings for years, may still hope to see them yet. Two hundred pounds need be no solid ground for despair. Mortals grown to the proportion of a Stilton cheese have yet returned to the aspect of humanity. Listen, all ye disconsolate situation seekers, who are unable to advertise yourselves as without incumbrance!

Dr. Dancel's grand principle is this: To diminish *embonpoint* without affecting the health, the patient must live principally on meat, eating but a small quantity of other aliment, and drinking but little, and that little not water. In a hundred parts of human fat there are seventy-nine of carbon, fifteen and a fraction of hydrogen, and five and a fraction of oxygen. But water is nothing but the protoxide of hydrogen; and hydrogen is one of the main elements of fat. Therefore, the aspirant after leanness must eat but few vegetables, or watery incases, or hot-rolls, puddings, tarts, potatoes, haricots, pease-soup, charlottes, sweet biscuits, apple-rolls, nor cakes in any of their protean forms; because all those dainties have carbon and oxygen for their principal bases. If he will persist in living on leguminous, farinaceous, and liquid diet, he will make fat as certainly as the bee makes honey by sucking flowers. Chemistry tells us that the principal base of meat is azote, which does not enter into the composition of fat; while the principal element of fruits, sugar, flour and starch, are carbon and hydrogen, the element of fat. Human fat is found ready-made in certain aliments which are not flesh, as in olive oil and all the oleaginous seeds. If you live principally on lean meat, you will not fatten so fast as those who follow a regimen composed of carbonic and hydrogenic bases.

It may be objected to the above theory that butchers and their families are almost always fat. The fact is granted, but not the inference. As shoemakers and their families are proverbially the poorest shod, so butchers and their families eat less meat than the "rest of mankind." Poultry, fish, farinaceous food, are their favorite diet. We accept Dr. Dancel's theory, and if we find ourselves in danger of following in the footsteps of the mighty Daniel Lambert, we shall discard potatoes and puddings and become ferociously carnivorous.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Grafton, Mr Alfred S. Wentworth, of Roxbury, to Miss Anna G. Grafton; by Rev Mr Brooks, of Malden, Mr. Edgar H. Doane, of Phillipston, to Miss Abby F. Hardin, of Westhrop; by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. Alexander Reed, of Roxbury, to Miss Harriet F Wheeler; by Rev Mr Richards, Mr. Josiah Hayward, Jr., of Salem, to Miss Helen M. Chamberlain.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Mr. William E. Bartlett to Miss Clarice E. Dunn.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Leonard H Howe to Miss Abby E. Wales, both of Dorchester.—At Somerville, by Rev Mr. Williams, Mr Samuel Shorey to Mrs Frances Brant.—At Newton, by Rev Mr. Smith, Mr. D. H. Knowles to Miss Huldah Piper, of Sanbornton, N. H.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Joseph D. Kitchen to Miss Lucy Bushuttle.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Joseph R. Ramsdell to Miss Hannah K Grimes.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Mr Elisha P. Rich to Miss Betsy B English.—At Wrentham, by Rev Mr Ropes, Mr. Walter H Judson to Miss Mary G. Proctor, both of Boston.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr Pollard, Mr. Greenleaf Bassett to Miss Elizabeth Eldredge.—At West Roxbury, by Rev Mr Cross, Mr. Lyman Cross to Miss Jane L. Spencer, of Clinton.—At Newburyport, by Rev Mr. Reed, Mr. John Brown to Miss Emeline Osgood, both of Amesbury.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Catharine Carlton, 90; Miss Lucinda N Hurlbert, 22; Mr. Mordecai L. Wallis, 78; Miss Fanny B. Weld, 22; Mr Frederick Peterson, 68; Miss Frances B Sewall, 23; Mrs Margaret Bartlett, 57; Mr E. H. Ingalls, 31; Mr. Charles E. Howes, 19; Mr. Philip Bixby, 54; Mr Henry M Moore, of the firm of Moore, Riddle & Co., publishers of the Puritan Recorder, 29; Allen, only child of Mr. Isaac C. Treadwige, 3 years.—At South Boston, Mr. Josiah Dunham, 83, one of our oldest citizens.—At Charlestown, Mrs Lucy J., wife of F. T. F. Bryant, 39.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Abby G Waterman, 44.—At Somerville, Mr. Ebenezer F. Cutter, 56.—At Cambridgeport, Mr James G. Hovey, 44.—At Cambridge, Mr. Silas B Fillebrown, 58, formerly of the United States Army.—At Roxbury, Mr Benjamin Fisk, of Millbury, 64.—At Newton Upper Falls, Mrs. Lucinda B. Pettee, 59.—At Waltham, Mr N P. Banks, 74, father of Hon N P. Banks, Jr.—At Salem, Mrs Lydia W Williams, 81.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Miriam S. Mason, 58.—At Rowley, Miss Margarette Cressy, 27.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary A. Campbell, 37.—At East Salisbury, Mrs. Mary Deal, 82.—At Randolph, Mr. Joseph Tower, 76.—At Holliston, Mrs. Vesta L. Dewing, 54.—At Taunton, Mr. William Eldr, 78.—At Worcester, Mrs. Susan Morse, 79.—At Shrewsbury, Widow Eunice Osgood, 90.—At Fall River, Mr Veranus Field, 52.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Amanda S Gray, 38.—At Pittsfield, Mrs. Mary Balcom, 52.—At Marlboro', Mr. George A. Bates, 23.—At Littleton, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Edwards, 41.—At Templeton, Mrs. Mary L. Eddy, 27.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SNATCHES OF AUTUMN REVERIES.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

I sit and dream long hours away by thee,
O, brooklet, with the flowery margin free!
I watch the truant banners from the trees
Float down thy tide, and dream—*there goes my life!*
A gala-painted bark of golden hue,
With rosy more wide-beaming joy around.
How gaily glides the fairy pinnace on!
Anon it drifts in by-streams, tangled up
With the dense brushwood of the ignoble mass;
Ah, now 'tis rushing on with maddening glee!
A huge wave has capsized it—*it has sunk!*
Ye scarce can view it, glittering in its shroud—
The trailing algæ that has borne it down.
And such is life. Dragged down unto the grave,
The charuel algæ of our fate entwinds us,
Till scarce enough is left to tell that we
Once floated on the stream of time so fair.

WATCHING WITH JESUS.

O, thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain—

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free;
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee!—WHITTIER.

"IT IS FINISHED."

It is finished!—glorious word
From thy lips, our suffering Lord!
Words of high, triumphant might,
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.
It is finished!—all is o'er:
Pain and scorn oppress no more.—BOLFINCA.

VIRTUE AND PASSION.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.—POPE.

POESY.

A drainless renown
Of light is poesy. 'Tis the supreme of power:
The might half slumbering on its own right arm.—JOHN KEATS.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

It must certainly have been a relative of our friend, Mrs. Partington, who gave the following account of a fashionable dinner:—"It was splendid, but my seat was so promote from the nick-nacks, that I could not ratify my appetite; and the pickled cherries had such a defect on my head, that I had a motion to leave, when Mr. B. gave me some hartshorn resolved in water, which bereaved me."……Col. George Shoemaker, who died in Pottsville, Pa., in 1842, was the father of the hard coal trade in this country—the first to introduce anthracite coal to the notice of the Philadelphians. He mined a quantity of coal, and loading it in wagons, carried it at great expense to Philadelphia. Like all new experiments, it was scouted at at first; and the experimenter, after disposing of two loads, which barely covered the cost of transportation, gave away the remainder to persons, who probably thought they were conferring a favor on the donor by accepting it. And now millions are made annually by that same coal trade……In Peter the Great's workshop, in Holland, was found this inscription, "Nothing too little for the attention of a great man."……There are many incoosistencies in civilized society. A dog is accounted mad when he wont "take something to drink," and a man insane when he takes too much. A financier remains "respectable" with a fortune that don't belong to him, while a beggar is made a criminal for purloining a piece of meat……How simple was the origin of Yale College. Bancroft says, that ten worthy farmers, in 1699, assembled at Branford, and each one, laying a few volumes on the table, said, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." What grand results have flowed from this humble source!……We are certainly in a reading age. The number of new works which issue from the English and United States presses alone, it would puzzle a man of but ordinary abilities to remember by name—but to read them would require a steam process of no small power……How much may be and is being done this very minute! It is the first and last with thousands; and while multitudes are rejoicing "because a man is born into the world," as many are sobbing farewell, as they take their last look at the face of the dead……Our old friend, Major Carboy, was much pestered with inquiries about his health, and finally lost all patience. One of the most assiduous inquirers one day sent his servant to ask how he was, to whom he answered, "Tell your master, with my compliments, that I am pretty well this morning, and shall continue so for twenty-one mornings to come." This stopped inquiries from that quarter……An unlucky dramatist, whose tragedy and comedy had both been rejected by Miss Laura Keene, remarked that he was wholly at a loss to account for it. "For no one can say," he observed, "that my tragedy was a sad performance, or that there was anything to laugh at in my comedy."……Queer things come to light in rausacking the annals of old times. Robert, of Gloucester, says that Queen Elfrida used to whip her step-son Edward with "wax tapers," so that when he grew up he "hated the sight of a candle." Few certainly would make light of such a flagellation ……Some writer calls the press the "artillery of thought." It is not a bad idea, although many of the gunners fire blank cartridges……A woman in North Street, in this city, a few days since, in a quarrel with her intemperate husband, accused him of drinking up his pickaxe, one day, and his saw and horse the next. We should call this decidedly "hard drinking." ……The season for European tours has arrived, and all the world is thronging abroad to employ the summer in seeing fine scenery; and yet we will venture to say that nine-tenths of these pleasure-immigrants have not seen the Niagara, the White Mountains, the Catskills, or the great lakes—scenery unsurpassed on the globe. How foolish some of these people will feel when asked in Europe to describe the glories of their native land!……Just twenty years ago, Louis Napoleon was lodging at the Washington Hotel, New York. But it will not do to add, "Little did he dream of occupying the position he now fills!"—for he even then believed that he would one day sit on the throne of France……It is said that the race of golden-haired women are dying out in Paris. Or are they only *dyeing* out?……The poor Chinamen seem bent on war with England. We must keep up a strong force in the Chinese seas to guard against the consequences of their confounding Brother Jonathan with the other "outside barbarian." John Bull……"Learn to labor and to wait," is advice that should be impressed on the minds of every young American. Courage, labor and patience will accomplish everything—impatience and indifference spoil everything……Young Edwin Booth has played a most brilliant engagement at the Boston Theatre—the mantle of his father has descended on his shoulders. He is not alone successful in those parts in which he had the opportunity of studying his father, but in such a difficult character as Richelieu, which his father never played……Vulgarity has been described as unsuccessful affectation, in contradistinction to Fashion, which is successful affection……The loudest outcries against the sin of money-seeking arise from those who have been most successful in the worship of Mammon. Emile de Girardin, Ponsard, young Dumas and Barriere, have all become rich, yet they have all written against money. It is not "sour grapes" with them, but is it not a desire to keep others off the track?……Do not confine your reading to books, but peruse men also……Lord Napier said, in a recent speech at the festival of the St. George's Society, in New York, in speaking of the relations between this country and Great Britain, "By an easy exercise of frankness, of mutual forbearance and indulgence, no question can arise between our countries which will not admit of an easy and equitable settlement." Such language from the representative of Great Britain will be repeated with pleasure, and give satisfaction on both sides the water……During a recent performance of the Ravel troupe, in Havana, some young bloods were so delighted with the dancing, that they not only threw bouquets, but their hats upon the stage. The commissary of the police sent for their hats; he wished to ascertain what blockheads they belonged to……The last secret revolutionary society discovered by Louis Napoleon's foxy police, in Paris, is called the *Bons Enfans* (Good Children). The Boston Post says, "The Bons Enfans will probably be whipped, banished or guillotined, to re-appear some future day under some other name, and be again whipped, banished or guillotined, unless the mail shirt of the emperor prove useless against some Pianori's pistol-shot."……Ten couples were married lately in a Western town, and all the brides were named Hannah. Quite a Hanna-mated scene!……The women are vindicating their rights bravely. It is stated that the Greensborough, N. C., Messenger, a religious newspaper, is edited and published by Mrs. Frances M. Bumpard, and printed wholly by females, even to the press-work, which is done by a big negro woman……The New York Observer and the New York Evangelist newspapers blame the Rev. Dr. Bellows on account of his presence at the "Dramatic Fund Dinner," and for his idea of reconciling the stage and the pulpit. Since the stage is a "fixed fact," influential clergymen and laymen can do a great good in directing its admitted power. There is no reason why the stage should not be an ally of the pulpit. Its revival in modern times was associated with religion……Mr. Ten Broeck, the great American turfman, has been astonishing the natives of Florence, Italy, by driving a light buggy-wagon through their slippery streets eight in hand! His speed so affrighted the police, that they waited upon him with a prohibition to limit himself for the future to four horses, as royalty itself never aspired to more than six, even with the aid of postilions. We must confess that we like to see Young America waking up old fogy Europe once in a while……If three miles make a *league*, how many will make a national convention?……Washington Irving is very kind and liberal to his relations. It is said that he has made over the copyright of his "Life of Washington"—a fortune—to one of his nephews……One of Dwight's New York correspondents lately gave quite a flowery description of some professional ladies on the platform at one of Thalberg's concerts. He says:—"In the centre sat four prima donnas, Parodi, Angri, Patti and Johannsen, each arrayed in a different style—Parodi, like an angel, all in white; Angri, magnificent as a dahlia, in dark red; Patti, like a fresh, pretty buttercup, in yellow brocade; and Johannsen, like a moss-rose, in delicate pink."……Who ever thought of there being any connexion between roast beef and morality? The discovery is due to the editor of the Bellows Falls Argus, who says, "Some think the great cure for immorality is education. In our opinion, the only antidote is high wages. It is hard for a man to support a family and be honest at six shillings a day. There is many a person who now passes for a saint, who would be one of the biggest scamps in the world were his income reduced from roast beef to No. 3 mackerel……We really hope we shall have no such weather this summer as we had in June, 1842. In that month and year four or five hundred sheep perished of cold in Genessee and Livingston counties, New York……The New Orleans Picayune says "most of our terrible fights and murders occur on Sundays." Sundays, in New Orleans, are observed as holidays by a large portion of the inhabitants……Names often lead to queer mistakes. A little girl in New Utrecht, Long Island, recently called on a lady with the following message:—"Ma wants to know if you wont lend her your life-preserver. She is terribly sick with the fever, and the doctor thinks she must die—so she wants to borrow your life-preserver, and see what good that will do."……The late Rev. Mr. Choules was a great admirer of gardening. In one of his addresses, he said:—"I wish that we could create a general passion for gardening and horticulture. We want more beauty about our houses—more to attach us to our homes. The scenes of our childhood are the memories of our future years. Let our dwellings be, in the language of a late cultivator, 'the playthings of childhood and the ornaments of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man, and grateful ones to God.'"……Old Kingsbury, of New Hampshire, was remarkable for his dry humor. As he passed a rye field, one day, a lawyer espied him, and accosted him with "What makes you carry your head stooping on your breast, Friend Kingsbury? You see me! I carry mine erect and upright."—"Squire," answered Kingsbury, "look at that field of grain! The full ears hang down like mine; but the empty heads stand up like yourn." He was troubled with no further remarks……"Do you read novels?" said a gentleman to a young lady, the other day. "Yes, sir."—"Have you ever read Ten Thousand a Year?" pursued the inquirer. "No, sir, I never read so many as that in all my life," was the innocent reply……Chester is the oldest city of England. According to Sir Thomas Elliot, it was built by a great-grandson of Noah!……A paragraph in one of our foreign exchanges states, that in Germany, the seeds of the grape are fast coming into use as a substitute for coffee. Why not cure clover and call it tea?……There is a man in New Orleans who has worn the same blue coat and sugar-loaf hat for the past ten years. Though somewhat eccentric, it is admitted that he is a man of *steady habits*……A New York auctioneer lately indulged in the following little bit of the pathetic: "Gentlemen, if my father or mother stood where you are, and didn't buy those boots—those elegant boots, when they are going for one dollar—I should feel it my duty, as a son, to tell both of 'em that they were false to themselves, and false to their country!"……In the little town of Everton, near Liverpool, England, there is a cast-iron church one hundred and nineteen feet long, and forty-eight feet wide.

I have heard words struck out, when two minds of equal strength, but of unequal quality, came in contact, that were as rough and burning with gold, as any fragments of quartz smitten from the jagged ledge by Californian's hammer. Truths are set free which were never "thought out" by the speaker; felt by him, in their full profundity—but which he would be the last one to realize, should he attempt the task of their analyzation.—*The Crayon.*

Conversation may have all that is valuable in it, and all that is lively and pleasant, without anything that comes under the head of personality. The house in which, above all others I have ever been an inmate of, the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one.—*Guesses at Truth.*

Choice Miscellany.

UNPERCEIVED AGENTS.

Let the reader sum up the influences that meet in the room where he sits with our paper in his hand. There in that room is, first, the atmospheric air, with its oxygen, azote, carbon, hydrogen and various gases. There is the light, with its green, yellow, scarlet, violet and various component elements. There is gravitation, connecting that room with every orb of immensity, one cord of which binds it to the sun, another to the moon, another to the planets and satellites, and others still to the most distant stars which twinkle on the mantle of night. These cords of influence, meeting and twining into a complicated network, now pervade the very space where the reader peruses this article, thus connecting him, by invisible ties, to the whole framework of nature. There, besides, is electricity, magnetism, galvanism, and how many more agents we know not. An electrical machine would reveal electricity; a magnetic needle, magnetism; and a galvanic battery, galvanism. Yet none of these powerful agents around you make you sensible of their presence, except as you learn the fact by the discoveries of science. In the same room your mind exists, with its world of interests and sympathies, and the minds perhaps of your family and friends. Each one has in this same space, the passions, hopes, fears, loves, hatreds, aspirations, revulsions, and all the elements of distinct organic and spiritual life. Still the mind of each is a sanctuary where the others cannot obtrude, except so far as he shall admit them to share the secrets of his bosom. Each is destined to an immortality of life; and each has hopes that grasp the infinite realities of a life to come, and connect them with the throne of God.—*New York Chronicle.*

A WESTERN PREACHER.

A young man had occasioned some trouble by his disorderly conduct, and at length Cartwright reproved him personally and sharply, and said, "I mean that young man there, standing on the seats of the ladies, with the ruffled shirt on;" and added, "I doubt not that ruffled shirt was borrowed." The young man was greatly incensed, and threatened to whip the preacher. Upon this, Cartwright went up to him, and said, "We will not disturb the congregation by fighting here; but let us go out into the woods, for if I am to be whipped, I want it over—for I do not like to live in dread." They accordingly started for the woods; but they had not proceeded far, when an involuntary motion of Cartwright's hand to his side so alarmed the rowdy that he took flight, under the supposition that the preacher was feeling for a dirk and intended to stab him. Cartwright started in pursuit, but did not overtake the fugitive, who was subsequently ducked in a pond by the other rowdies. Cartwright's reflections on this adventure are curious and worth quoting. "It may be asked," he says, "what I would have done, if this fellow had gone with me to the woods? This is hard to answer, for it was a part of my creed to love everybody, but to fear no one; and I did not permit myself to believe any man could whip me till it was tried; and I did not permit myself to premeditate expedients in such a cases. I should, no doubt, have proposed to him to have prayer first, and then followed *the openings of Providence.*"—*Sketches of Western Preachers.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

M. Charles Maurice, the French journalist, in his "Historic Anecdotes," relates the following:—A man had been condemned to death during the pro-consulate of Lyons, and on the day of execution there were twelve in the cart. In such cases, whether it was out of refinement of cruelty, from indifference, or to render the hecatomb more easy and prompt, the miserable men were placed under the scaffold, so that the blood of the victims fell upon them. Eleven had been executed, when the assistants, oblivious of the number, began to take the machinery to pieces, the crowd looking on whilst the twelfth remained below, without power to speak or move—indeed, half dead with horror. Among those present, however, one man noticed him; he was a butcher. Creeping up to the cart beneath the scaffold, he took a nightcap out of one pocket, and a knife out of the other; then putting the one on the prisoner's head, with the latter he severed the cords that bound his hands behind his back, and taking him by the arm, walked away with him, as if it was some one faint with the terror of the spectacle. Nobody took notice of them. Dragging the victim along, rather than leading him—for the poor man had lost almost all consciousness—he at length got him into a coffee-house, where he was soon brought to himself.

New Publications.

OAKT GURLEY: or, *The Trappers of Umbagog.* A Tale of Border Life. By D. P. THOMPSON. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 360.

This story will be warmly welcomed by thousands, whose only complaint against the author is that he has written too little. His "May Martin," "Green Mountain Boys" and "Rangers" gave him an enviable reputation, and the present story will be as popular as any of its predecessors. It is a wild, thrilling narrative, but perfectly true to New England character and New England scenery.

PANORAMIC GUIDE FROM NIAGARA FALLS TO QUEBEC. By WM. S. HUNTER, JR. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 66.

An admirably digested guide-book, which ought to be in every traveller's hands who takes the route described. It is full of excellent engravings, including some panoramic pictures on an original plan.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMAN. By MRS JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857. 18mo. pp. 467.

A beautiful "blue and gold" diamond edition, uniform with Longfellow and Tennyson, of a book that has become classical and dear to the popular mind and heart. In its new form this charming book will run anew a conquering career.

THE AMERICANS IN JAPAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 415.

This admirable abridgment of the government narrative of the United States Expedition to Japan under Commodore Perry, has been executed by Robert Tomes. It is liberally illustrated, well printed, and must have a vast circulation. For sale by Redding & Co.

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN. By DAVID A. WELLS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

This is a popular hand-book of facts not readily accessible in literature, history and science. It is indexed for convenient reference, and contains a vast mass of curious and valuable information. For sale by Redding & Co.

AMERICA AND EUROPE. By ADAM O. DE GUROWSKI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 411.

This work is by an intelligent and educated foreigner, who has resided a long time in this country, and who is in a measure fitted to institute comparisons between the old world and the new. He speaks, on the whole, favorably of this country. His tone, however, on many questions, is far too dictatorial, and many of his opinions appear to be reflected rather than original. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW PLAYS.—The last numbers of French's Standard and Minor Drama, published by Samuel French, 122 Nassau Street, New York, embrace "The Golden Eagle, or, The Privateer of '76," dramatised by J. B. Howe, from one of our Novelettes, "Crossing the Line," "Rory O'More," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "Den the Boatswain."

Editorial Melange.

The prospect of the fruit crop at the South is bad, and at the West it is good.—— A delegation from four different tribes of Western Indians lately called upon the president, at the White House. The president gave them a kind reception, and expressed a warm interest in the welfare of the red man, adding, "He was the great father of many such persons, yet, strange to say, he had no children of his own."——Com. Armstrong will for the present continue in the command of the East India squadron.—— It is stated that a general officer was recently dismissed from the army in Cuba, for having connived at the landing of African slaves in his department of the island. He had, as is alleged, realized over $200,000 in bribes, for his share in the operation.—— The increase of crime among us is chiefly caused by the distaste of honest labor; too many rather steal than work.—— A novel suit is before the Hunterdon County, (N. J.) Circuit Court, brought by the Union Bank of Frenchtown, against Hudnut and Snyder, for maliciously conspiring to draw specie from the said bank by presenting its notes for redemption, with the object of breaking the bank. The damages are laid at $5000.—— Intelligence has been received of the death of Rev. David S. Stoddard, missionary among the Nestorians at Oroomiah, Persia.—— Ann, wife of Michael Lee, twenty years old, and who had been married eight months, committed suicide in Barre, Mass., by taking arsenic, which her husband purchased in Worcester as a medicine for his horses. She confessed the deed.—— The war department has organized a party to accompany Captain Hope, who is charged with the duty of sinking artesian wells in Texas.—— It was stated, recently, by the talented and popular pastor of the Pine Street Church in this city, the Rev. Henry M. Dexter, in reviewing eight years of his ministry, that he had in that time made 2507 pastoral calls (502 during the past year), and 606 visits to the sick; had attended 108 funerals; had solemnized 96 marriages; had been called to attend 64 ecclesiastical councils, and had admitted about 200 to the church—while the congregation had more than doubled in size during that time.—— A new paper, called the Arlequin, has appeared in the city of Mexico, in the interest of Spanish citizens of the republic.—— The present number of students in the Methodist Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H., is 72. The institution is under the auspices, and receives the special patronage of eight conferences.—— President Hopkins of Williams College lately stated that Rev. Dr. Humphrey was ordained at Fairfield, Conn., in 1807; in 1817 he was settled in Pittsfield; after six years of service in Pittsfield he accepted the call to the presidency of Amherst College, of which he was president for twenty-two years.—— Mrs. Bloomer, of Turkish costume celebrity, is now living at Council Bluffs, Iowa. We notice that she is still advocating the rights of women to do and undo—dress and undress—as she pleases or displeases. She is out with a puff for Mrs. Patten, the female sea captain.—— A large establishment for the manufacture of shoes, has recently gone into successful operation in Mobile.

NATIVE ARTISTS.

We hope the day of "old masters" so called, has gone by in this country. Not that we yield to any one in our admiration of the master-pieces of the great geniuses of the old world who gave to painting its glory and renown. They are unapproachable and inimitable, and because they are so we would utterly repudiate those libellous daubs palmed off on the country as satisfactory copies of those gems of art. They can only be copied by men whose talents are adequate to the production of fine originals, and these men will not waste their time and abilities on a servile employment. We are always pained to see a drawing-room wall crowded with these sham old masters, when we have plenty of native artists capable of producing beautiful works that will always be a joy to the possessor. Some of our landscapists, as Durand, Cropsy, Kensett, Cassilear, Cregg, Champney, Gay, Frost, occupy a high place in the estimation of connoisseurs, and their pictures are far more fitted for the drawing-room than gigantic Samsons and Delilahs, Holofernes, Jupiters, Venuses, Ledas, and all that kind of trash. The American connoisseur need no longer look abroad to satisfy even a fastidious and critical taste.

Periodical Depot.—A new and admirably located periodical depot has been opened at No. 92 Tremont Street, by the well-known dealer and publisher, *H. V. Spencer*. Our publications and all other periodicals are furnished here at the earliest moment after issuing from the press. Mr. Spencer is also the publisher of the popular editions of acting plays, which have found so much favor with the public.

Raising Fish.—It has been ascertained that fish will thrive and grow fat in basins, the water of which is merely renewed as it evaporates. What a vast addition to the supply of food might be made in Massachusetts, with its numerous streams and ponds, if as much attention were paid to raising fish here as in Europe.

Learned Epistle.—The following is a literal copy of a note sent to a medical gentleman not a thousand miles from our classic city of Cambridge: "Cer, Yole oblige me if yole cum an ev me I hev a Bad could am very Hill and hev lost my Happy Tite."

Gloves.—The expression "white kids," must soon be abandoned, and "white rats" substituted therefor, for the best Paris gloves are now made of rat-skins.

Spiritualism.—It is estimated that there are 25,000 believers in Spiritualism in this city alone. This shows a *rap*-id increase.

Wayside Gatherings.

The next Maine State Fair is to be held in Bangor.

The United States squadron at the Isthmus, has been ordered to be ready for any emergency.

The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, direct from Cincinnati to St. Louis, six feet gage, has been completed.

About ten thousand slaves from Africa have been landed in Cuba this season.

At Bangor, Esther Berry has obtained a verdict for $975 against Joseph Y. Bakeman, for breach of promise.

There are 26 lines of omnibuses in Philadelphia, employing 350 stages and 1925 horses. The annual expenses of these lines is estimated at $280,000, and the capital invested at $890,000.

The old practice of posting the names of those who intend marriage, in the "publishment box," is revived in Maine, by an act of the legislature.

The Scientific American states that great quantities of chickory root, ground and prepared for use, are now imported from Europe. The Germans use it in their coffee, and think it improves the flavor.

Two Sing Sing convicts have escaped lately from prison by drilling through the marble wall of their cells, and descending from the fifth story to the ground by means of a rope.

We see it stated that some of the Minnesota pioneers are preparing to emigrate to Dacotah. "Westward, ho!" is still the cry with the adventurous men in the new States and Territories.

Ohio has legislated that all property held for religious purposes shall belong to a congregation, and be held by a corporation for that purpose, not by an individual. If no corporation has been formed, the State shall hold it in trust for the congregation.

A steam stage-wagon has been constructed, to run on common roads, by a company formed of citizens of Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio, which was recently tested, and is said to give complete satisfaction.

The New York Liquor Dealers' Association numbers over 5600 persons, and has a cash fund of $300,000, which, it is said, will be expended in testing the constitutionality of the license law recently passed by the legislature.

We find in the Philadelphia City Item a flattering critique on the singing, in that city, of Mr. Rohr, and of the organ playing by Mr. Thunder. They must make powerful music between them, especially in the *forte* passages!

An artesian well has recently been bored for the paper mill of Thomas Colt of Pittsfield. After boring to the depth of two hundred and fourteen feet through solid rock, at great expense, water was struck, and gushed up at the rate of 200 gallons a minute.

A gentleman from Pennsylvania, while halting a few moments during a stroll in the rear of the City Hall in New York, one night lately, was embraced by a gentleman and lady, who were also strollers there, and by them relieved of $2600.

The religious interests in Lawrence, Mass., is taking the shape of solicitude and effort for the neglected children of the city. Five different Mission Sabbath schools have already been established, conducted mainly by the members of the Lawrence Street Church, and having an aggregate of nearly three hundred members.

Mr. Ruskin, author of "The Stones of Venice," etc., sent a check for one hundred guineas to Mr. Spurgeon, after hearing him preach, as a donation towards the fund for building a new place of worship, and as an expression of his admiration of his eloquence.

The express interest in the United States is estimated at ten millions of dollars, located as follows: Boston und New England, $2,000,000; New York City and State, $5,000,000; Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg and the West, $2,500,000; the Southern States, $500,000.

In the chamber of deputies at Berlin, while Herr Otto, a respected and influential member of the Catholic party, was speaking in the debate on the budget of the minister of public worship, he was overpowered with sudden illness, and died in a few minutes.

A stable keeper in Albany having striven long in vain to collect a small debt from a certain gentleman in that city, finally adopted a queer expedient. He ordered his "man" to draw the hearse up in front of the debtor's house, and if any of the inmates of the house spoke to him to present the bill. The scheme was successful; the bill was paid, and the hearse returned to its quarters.

Mr. Sullivan of South Carolina, was jostled from the platform of the rail cars while crossing the James River at Petersburg, and fell seventy feet from the bridge, but fortunately struck in about six feet of water, instead of upon the rocks which abound in the bed of the river, and was rescued without serious injury, though everybody thought he must have been killed.

Dr. Locock, the queen's physician, has been peremptorily dismissed from further attendance on the royal family. It seems that it came to the queen's ears that Dr. Locock was given to too much talking, and that though she told Prince Albert that his habit of sleeping between the blankets was "a vulgar, dirty Dutch practice," she did not care to have it told abroad.—*Liverpool Post.*

Two students of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, woke up Mr. Mannoni at a late hour to get a drink, when he fired upon them from a window, wounding both with shot. The next morning the students caught Mannoni and his brother and were about to lynch them, but finally yielded to Dr. Maupin, of the college, and took the brothers to jail. Mannoni fought in the Crimea, and they say has been a pirate.

An ingenious gentleman of Mobile, Mr. Leirner, has invented a register, which, when attached to the car, indicates the speed at which the train is going. Not only can the conductor, passengers, or any one on the train, see at a glance at what rate they are travelling, but the superintendent at the end of the road, on examination, can ascertain what speed the train has made at any and every part of the trip.

In the French Court at Marseilles, Capt. Durham of bark Adriatic, has been found innocent of causing the collision with the lost steamer Lyonnais, and exonerated from blame in not remaining by her, and his vessel has been ordered to be released by the collector, etc, of the port of La Ciotat, or the owners of the Lyonnais must pay 500 francs for every day of her further detention. They also have to pay the costs in the case, but no damages are allowed to Capt. Durham.

The pearl excitement in Patterson, N. J, has induced many farmers in the country to scour the little brooks in their respective neighborhoods in quest of the high-priced treasure. The Guardian says that the railroad agent at Rockroad has discovered several of these precious jewels in a little stream near the station. The owners of the property have forbidden any from trespassing on the premises. They apprehend lest the county will be overrun with vagrants from town, that it was necessary to put on these restrictions.

Foreign Items.

Mr Vanderhoff, the tragedian, has been giving Shakesperian readings in the Sheffield Hall, Glasgow.

Mademoiselle Luther, the well known actress has just been married to M. Raphael Felix, brother to Mdlle. Rachel.

The king of Prussia demands two millions of francs as compensation for the Neufchatel revenues if he abandons them. The conference finds it difficult to deal with such a proposition.

Home, the table turner and magnetizer, who has of late excited such attention in Paris, has predicted to M. Alexandre Dumas that he would live to the age of 113 years, and be killed in a duel.

The emperor of China is not so anxious for peace. On the contrary, he has the highest confidence in Yeh and had given him orders, in the event of lenient measures failing to "drive the barbarians into the sea."

The popular feeling displayed at Venice on the anniversary of the battle of Novarra, has alarmed the Austrian authorities. At the theatre, one of the scenes, in which slaves burst their chains, was received with such significant applause that the repetition of the piece was prohibited.

Belgium is again in trouble. There was a general battle, not long since, at Tournay, between the protectionists and free-traders, the former represented by some thousands of disorderly workmen, and the latter by the gendarmerie. The crowd was not dispersed without an effort, some twenty or thirty persons being wounded.

Sands of Gold.

.... Where gold and silver dwell in the heart, faith, hope and love are out of doors.—*Danish Proverb.*

.... The tongue has no bones, but it breaks bones.—*Greek Proverb.*

.... He who says ofnest "usury is a sin," has no money. But he who says "usury is no sin," has no God.—*Danish Proverb.*

.... Whether women are more polite, or that the mind is elevated and embellished to please them, it is principally in their society that we learn politeness.—*St. Evremond.*

.... The tragic element in poetry is like Saturn in alchemy,—the malevolent, the destroyer of nature; but without it no true Aurum Potabile, or elixir of life can be made.—*Longfellow.*

.... He who rears up one child in Christian virtue, or recovers one fellow-creature to God, builds a temple more precious than Solomon's, or St. Peter's, more enduring than earth or heaven.—*Channing.*

.... Doubtless criticism was originally benignant, pointing out the beauties of a work, rather than its defects. The passions of men have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture.—*Longfellow.*

.... I never was fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself: when I was subdued and melted into penitence, and felt as though I had just received pardon for my own soul, and when my heart was full of tenderness and pity.—*Payson.*

Joker's Budget.

What state of man is like the publication of a new song? A state of nudity (new ditty).

Of all the fields, the field of literature is the one that has the greatest number of styles in it.

"Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?" "I'm mourning over departed *spirits*," was the reply.

A couple named Jerry Better and Louisa Well, were married at the cathedral, in Cincinnati, lately. Louisa was *Well*, but now she is *Better*.

"Fellow," said a harsh clerical magistrate to a trespasser, "I'll teach you the *law*." "Please your reverence," was the reply, "it would be much better for you to teach me the *gospel*."

A well known authoress being told of an author who had written a violent philippic against her, exclaimed, with momentary regret—"Ah, if he did but know all that I know against myself!"

How to whisper away Warts.—Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint, be as good as your word.

A dentist presenting a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint, "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and now I've called to have it squared."

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THE WRESTLING SCENE, IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY OF "AS YOU LIKE IT," SCENE 2, ACT 1.

[For description, see page 339.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857. $3 00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE | VOL. XII., No. 23.—WHOLE No. 311.

A TRIP TO CANADA.

Until within a few years the intercourse between Canada and the United States was limited to commercial and trading men, very few mere tourists penetrating into the interior and exploring the broad northern region beyond the chain of lakes and rivers, in search of novelty and interest in manners and beauty and peculiarity of scenery. It was partly owing to the lack of cheap and rapid means of travel that we were so unneighborly, not because in Canada there were not abundant objects of attraction. The want having been remedied, a tide of pleasure-travel flows annually northward, and the reflux brings us friends and visitors from the great British colony. We enjoy now not only a reciprocity of trade, but a reciprocity of feeling, and exchange courtesies and products with equal frequency. As the season for pleasure-travelling has now arrived, we have thought a word or two respecting Canada might not be amiss, accompanied by a series of illustrations of the scenery. These will serve, perhaps, to induce many of our readers who are wavering as to what point of the compass they shall direct their pleasure-seeking steps to elect in favor of the region under notice. Canada is of vast extent, one and is of the brightest of the colonial gems that deck the crown of Queen Victoria. It was formerly divided into the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, but the whole country is now united politically, distinguished into Canada East and Canada West, which are separated from each other by the river Ottawa. The entire length of both Canadas is from 1200 to 1300 miles, and its average breadth (from north to south) from 200 to 300 miles, comprising an area of about 357,822 miles. Canada West (formerly Upper Canada) is somewhat uneven in its surface, but presents few of the romantic features which particularly distinguish Canada East (Lower Canada), where nature has spread a banquet for the eyes of the lovers of the picturesque and striking. In Canada East are vast forests, wide-spreading meadows, immense lakes, deep, broad and rapid rivers, mountain ridges, and rich pastorages. An endless succession of charming or romantic scenes woo the eye of the traveller as he wanders through these regions of enchantment. And even in winter these scenes are not without their charm. "After a heavy fall of snow, succeeded by rain, and a partial thaw, a strong frost coats the trees and all their branches with transparent ice, often an inch thick, weighing on them so heavily that in a tempest whole forests are laid prostrate, with tremendous noise and uproar. Nothing, however, can be imagined more brilliant and beautiful than the effect of sunshine, in a calm day, on the frozen boughs, where every particle of the icy crystals sparkle, and nature seems decked in diamonds." This phenomenon is often exhibited by our New England woods in winter, but it is neither so brilliant nor so common as in Canada. The province is named from the Indian word *Kanata*, signifying a collection of huts, which the early European discoverers mistook for the name of the country. Sebastian Cabot has the credit of having discovered it in 1497, but the first European settlement was made by Jacques Cartier, a Frenchman, at St. Croix Harbor, in 1541. Cartier sailed up the river St. Lawrence and bestowed on it the name it still bears. In 1608 the French made a permanent settlement at the spot on which Quebec now stands, the country being called New France. From this period till 1759 the French continued to occupy the country though terribly harassed by the hostility of the Indians, particularly by the fierce and warlike Mohawks. Then came that splendid military achievement, the capture of Quebec, by the English general, Wolfe, fully described in our last number. This was followed, September 8, 1760, by the surrender of the entire country to the British. During the American Revolution, our troops made a gallant though unsuccessful attempt to capture the strongholds of the British in Canada. In 1794, by an act of the British parliament, a legislative council of twenty-three members was appointed to assist the governor. Seventeen years after, the division of Canada into two separate provinces took place, and the first parliament of Upper Canada met at Niagara, September 17, 1792. In 1820, dissensions, chiefly of a political and financial character, began to arise between the house of assembly and the executive government in Lower Canada, which went on from year to year, increasing in intensity and malignity, deepened by the natural prejudice of the French and English colonists, the former considering their interests opposed to those of the latter, until finally a crisis arrived. The spirit of discontent extended to Upper Canada, where it began to manifest itself in 1834, the causes being substantially the same as those of Lower Canada. At last matters were brought to an issue in the latter country, by the arrest of two popular leaders in 1837. They were rescued by their friends and adherents. Warrants were issued for the arrest of others; the peasantry in the districts of Chambly and Grand Brulé took up arms, and after some sharp fighting, were defeated by the military. Similar scenes were simultaneously enacted in Upper Canada, where the British government were in bad odor. The insurrection here, also, was suppressed, but not until martial law was proclaimed. As these events are of comparatively recent occurrence, they are doubtless familiar to the majority of our readers. The result of these proceedings was the reunion of the provinces, which took place in 1840, under the title of the United Provinces of Canada. The upper province, or Canada West, is settled principally by emigrants, and the descendants of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland. There are also large numbers of loyalists from the United States, who sided with Great Britain during the revolutionary war, a mixture of all nations and their descendants, and in particular localities there are large settlements of Pennsylvania Dutch, and other persons from the United States scattered over the country. In Lower Canada, or Canada East, the majority of the inhabitants are of French origin, mostly descendants of settlers from Normandy, established in the colony previous to 1759, to whom they still bear, in many respects, a close resemblance. The population of Canada West, in 1851, was 952,004, that of Canada East, 890,261. In the total population there were 695,945 Canadians of French origin. We have spoken of the attractive scenery of Canada. Tourists should by no means omit to visit the Carillon falls of the Ottawa, a series of rapids twelve miles in length. Then there are the Chaudiere, which are six miles in length. Les Chats is another striking series of rapids or falls, formed by the river breaking, at high water, over the rocks in thirty-three distinct shoots, spreading across the river to a width of four miles. We present on page 357, a striking view of the Falls of Montmorenci. The grandest water scenery in Canada, is on the Saguenay River, which enters the St. Lawrence about a hundred and thirty miles below Quebec. The last sixty miles of its course exhibit some of the most sublime scenery in the world, and no one who has a true love of nature in his heart should fail to visit it. The banks vary in height from 500 to 1500 feet, frequently perpendicular, and in many cases even overhanging the stream. It is a remarkable feature of the river that in such places it is nearly as deep in the vicinity of the shore as in the middle. Near its mouth its depth is over 3000 feet. The Indian name, "Chi-coutimi, (deep water)" is strikingly correct. In the summer, excursions are frequently made to this river from Quebec in steamboats, and it is a jaunt which the tourist in Canada should by no means omit. In this rapid summary of striking features we have not mentioned Niagara Falls, because every one visits them as a matter of course, who has a soul to appreciate the grand and sublime, and because they belong as much to the United States as to Canada.

[*Continued on page 356.*]



BATISTE, AN INDIAN PILOT, STEERING A STEAMER DOWN THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.



STEAMER DESCENDING ONE OF THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNSUCCESSFUL APPEAL TO MRS. ELLISTON IN BEHALF OF ABI.

Edward Elliston was at a loss to decide as to the manner he could best redeem the promise he had made to protect the friendless and beautiful Abi. He had several times almost come to the conclusion to beg his mother to afford her a temporary asylum, which, when he recalled to mind the intolerance with which she regarded those who belonged to any religious sect differing from her own, he was induced to abandon. Something must be done, however, and that quickly, for the morning was rapidly wearing away.

"My mother must consent to receive her; common decency demands it. It will only be paying a debt of gratitude for the protection afforded to Alice," he said to himself, after once more revolving the matter in his mind.

He knew she was in her room, and he at once sought an interview. He was a little discouraged by seeing that she looked very pale, and that her countenance bore the stamp of a stern and rigid composure, which, judging from former experience, he knew indicated a mood most unfavorable to his suit. Having a kind of vague suspicion as to what caused this state of mind, he was convinced that argument or reason would be alike lost on her, and decided at once to appeal to her feelings.

"Alice," said he, "has told you how kindly she was treated by those who gave her shelter?"

"She has," and she compressed her pale lips, after the utterance of these two monosyllables, more tightly than before.

"There is now an opportunity to return their kindness," said he.

An impatient gesture of the hand, which he understood as a signal to say no more on the subject, was the only answer she deigned to make. He had, however, made up his mind to do what he believed justice and humanity demanded, and was not one, more than his mother, to be readily turned aside in his endeavors to perform a deliberately formed purpose.

"Mother," said he, "you *must* hear me. Jeduthun the Jew—"

"Speak not of him. I could have almost prayed that Alice Dale might die, rather than she should have been placed under obligations to him, or any one connected with him."

"Jeduthun the Jew," said he, having waited calmly till she had finished speaking, "has this morning been arrested on a charge of murder. The accusation is a false one, as I am fully persuaded, and Abi, his grand-daughter, whom Alice has doubtless described to you, being deprived of a protector, I promised to see that some safe and honorable retreat was provided for her, till he, to whose protection she has a natural claim, is at liberty. Unfortunately, I know of no such place as I have mentioned, except beneath this roof."

"Edward Elliston, how dare you even hint at such a thing?"

"Common humanity emboldens me."

"A blight and a curse would fall on me and mine, should I suffer Abi Rushton to enter my dwelling."

"I can see no reason for its being productive of so disastrous a result."

"It may be best," said Mrs. Elliston, after remaining silent a few minutes, "to give you an explanation. You remember a gentleman who called on me six or seven years ago, whose name I refused to tell you?"

"I do."

"It was Charles Rushton, Abi Rushton's father. He was the son of my step-mother, and had ever been as an own brother to me from the time when we first met. He married Miriam, the only daughter of Jeduthun the Jew, and from that moment, my sisterly affection for him was turned to hatred. For years we never met. After a time, his business required him to go to France, and thinking that my anger towards him might have passed away, he called on me, and requested me to receive his wife and daughter into my family, during his absence."

"And you refused?"

"Yes, and with a bitterness and scorn equalled only by my hatred to the accursed race with which he had allied himself. I did more. I invoked Heaven's malediction on myself, and on those dearest to me, if I ever permitted his wife or his daughter to have a home beneath my roof."

"What was his answer?"

"He had none to give. He turned away from me, sorrowfully, and in silence, and I never saw him again."

"If you would avert the malediction, you say you invoked, how can it be better done than by the exercise of that Christian spirit which teaches us to deal kindly and mercifully with the erring, and to speak comfortably to those who are despised and oppressed?"

"The words have been spoken, and to forfeit them would cause the curse to fall on me and mine. Even were it not so, it would be of no avail to recall them with my lips, as long as the bitterness which caused them remains in my heart."

"You surely would not seek to cherish the bitterness you speak of?"

"I might, were it a fitting time, point out to you why I *should* do so, but you might not see it, if I did. Your mind has not yet arrived at a state to see clearly what appears plain to me and others."

Edward thought it best not to reply to this, lest it should be in a manner less reverent than he thought was consistent with the respect due from a child towards a parent. Before leaving the room, he merely remarked, that since she denied Abi an asylum, he must seek for one elsewhere. At first, he had intended to represent to his mother that there was every reason to believe that Abi's religion was the same as her father's had been; but when he came to hear the peculiar nature of the objection to receiving her, which influenced her most, he knew it would be of no avail.

When the immediate excitement produced by the refusal of his request had had time to wear off, he felt that it would be almost impossible for him to accomplish his purpose. To the few with whom his mother was on terms of intimacy, he concluded that it would be worse than in vain to apply. The coldness and austerity assumed by them from a sense of duty, their intolerance towards those whose religious opinions differed from their own, strengthened by the wild, not to say fierce enthusiasm of the speakers at their secret conventicles, who did not hesitate to cite the cruelties practised by those of old under Joshua, and other warlike leaders, against the Assyrians and Moabites, as worthy of imitation, would leave little scope for the exercise of true Christian charity.

Meanwhile, the gentle and beautiful Abi lay in the calm, unbroken sleep which, some hours previously, had stolen over her. One arm was almost hidden beneath the profusion of her coal-black tresses, while the other, the hand still clasping the opal, looked like a piece of exquisite sculpture, as it rested on the rich purple cushions. A rich color tinged the smooth, oval cheeks, and from the lips, red and fresh, and slightly parted, the breath stole as softly as perfume from a rose.

Suddenly she started from her recumbent posture, and listened. She could not, she thought, be mistaken, for though all was then silent, it certainly was the sound of loud and strange voices which had roused her from sleep. Without moving from the place where she was, she still continued to listen. It was not long before she heard some one speak close to the door which opened into her apartment, though in a voice so low she could not distinguish what was said. She thought it must be Aseneth, and was about to rise and open the door, for she found she had slept a number of hours, when she was prevented by hearing some one utter a fierce imprecation, which was immediately succeeded by the report of a pistol. Then followed what appeared to her a violent, though short struggle. She neither dared speak, nor open the door, when a voice, which she was certain was Edward Elliston's, pronounced her name.

"Is it Edward Elliston who speaks?" she ventured to say.

"Yes," was the answer. "Open the door. You now have nothing to fear."

She obeyed, and beheld Edward Elliston and Clarence Harleigh.

"What has happened?" she inquired. Then adding quickly, in a startled voice, she said to Elliston: "You are wounded?"

"Very slightly," he replied, looking at his hand, which was partly covered with blood. "One of the villains fired at me, but missing his aim, the ball only grazed my hand. Unfortunately, he, as well as his associate, made his escape, which, had Mr. Harleigh arrived a minute sooner, might have been prevented."

Leaving to Edward Elliston the melancholy task of informing Abi of the imprisonment of her grandfather and the two servants, it will be necessary to say, by way of explanation, that on entering the back door by means of the key given him by Aseneth, his attention was attracted by a noise which appeared to proceed from a small room used by the Jew as a counting-room. Cautiously unclosing the door, he saw a man endeavoring to force the lock of a small drawer. Through an opposite door, standing at the outside entrance of the shop, he could see another man, apparently on the look-out, for the purpose of giving the alarm should he see any one approaching. It was he who fired the pistol, and then darting into the street, ran; while Elliston, springing forward, endeavored to prevent the other's escape. In this he was unsuccessful, though he succeeded in wounding him severely in the arm with his rapier.

"There is room for hope," Edward Elliston said, when he had related to Abi what had taken place, and this assurance was all the consolation he had it in his power to offer.

For the present, it produced but little effect. The sad intelligence seemed to bewilder and stupify her, and time was needed to restore sufficient tone to her mind, to enable her to derive comfort from the assurance. Elliston drew Harleigh aside.

"I came here this morning," said he, "to restore the scarf belonging to Abi, which, through forgetfulness, I had retained in my possession. My doing so was providential, I think I may say, as otherwise I might not have known of the Jew's arrest. Since then, I have vainly been endeavoring to find some place where she can remain in honor and safety till her grandfather's release."

"Cannot such a place be found in some family among her own people?"

"It is hardly right to say *her* people. Her father wasn't a Jew, and Alice, from some remarks Abi made to her, is certain that he had taught her to believe in his own faith. If no other place can be found, I suppose they must be applied to."

"I think Mrs. Selwyn will be willing to receive her," said Harleigh, after a few moments' reflection.

"Mrs. Selwyn is your sister?"

"Yes. She has nothing of the Pharisee about her, causing her to hold at a distance all who do not agree with her in every point."

"I have heard of her, and if the friendless girl could be placed under her protection, nothing better for her could be desired. Will you see your sister, and speak to her about it?"

"I can, though I think the better way will be to take her by surprise, and let the girl plead her own cause. There will be more eloquence in one look of that beautiful face, and in a single tone of her sweet and musical voice, than in all I should be able to say, however earnest my appeal to her sympathies."

"I am afraid that she will think us too presuming."

"I don't believe there will be any danger of that. If there should be any blame, I shall take care that it is cast on me. Will you remain here while I go and procure a conveyance?"

"That will be unnecessary. The carriage I came in is close at hand."

What had passed between them, was now communicated to Abi, except that they forbore to tell her that Mrs. Selwyn had not been apprised of their intention. She had not, till thus reminded of it, thought of her friendless and helpless situation, so absorbed was she in the great sorrow which had fallen upon her; but now that her mind was directed to the subject, she thankfully and eagerly acceded to the proposition, and at once made preparation to leave, what no longer seemed a home.

Without entering into the details, we will only say that Harleigh did not over-estimate Mrs. Selwyn's benevolence and liberal-mindedness, and that she took Abi by the hand, and welcomed her to her home as kindly as if she had been her own sister.

CHAPTER XXV.

A DANGEROUS ACCIDENT.

A heavy, lumbering coach, drawn by a pair of sleek, well-conditioned horses, which was moving slowly along one of the fashionable streets of the city, seemed to particularly attract the attention of two men, who for some time had been lounging at the corner of an alley by which the street was intersected.

"That's it," said one of them.

"Are you certain?" said the other.

"Yes. Don't you see that the body of the carriage is bottle-green,—that the horses are iron-gray, and that there isn't a speck of gilding about carriage or harness? Anybody might know that it belonged to a straight-laced Puritan."

"It is easy enough to tell that, but there's more than one straight-laced Puritan in the city who owns a coach and two horses."

"There—what do you think now?"

This question was elicited by the sight of a young and lovely face which for a single moment appeared at one of the carriage windows, apparently from having recognized some one in a house near by.

"I think you are right," was the answer. "Russet-Cloak's face is one of those which is not easily forgotten."

"You understand your part of the game?"

"Yes. I am to be on the ground in season to lend my assistance—that is, if you do your part of the business so that it will be needed."

The other now hastened a few paces forward, so as to be a little in advance of the carriage, which was still moving at a snail's pace, though the pampered horses were evidently impatient of the restraint. The man commenced crossing the street, and when directly in front of the horses, drew a large silk handkerchief from his pocket, which, heedlessly and unwittingly to all appearance, he flaunted full into the face of one of the animals, which had the effect to frighten both. They immediately commenced plunging and rearing, so as to become totally unmanageable, and before any of the street-passengers had time to interfere, the carriage struck against the curbstone, and was overturned with a heavy crash. At the same moment, the horses, with a sudden bound, freed themselves from the pole of the carriage, and darting madly forward, were almost instantly out of sight.

A strong, resolute-looking countryman, who was the first to reach the broken vehicle, with some difficulty forced open the door. There were two ladies inside, the one whom the man had called Russet-Cloak, being young and very lovely, and will be recognized as Alice Dale; while the other, whom the countryman, who had succeeded in opening the door, at first sight imagined to be dead, was Mrs. Elliston. This, too, was the thought of Alice, who, though much frightened, had, with the exception of a sprained wrist, escaped unharmed. By this time, Clarence Harleigh had come to their assistance, who had seen from the window of a house close at hand what had happened.

"Alice, are you hurt?" were his first words; and being satisfied on that score, he sternly commanded a man who was somewhat obtrusive in the offer of his services to stand back.

He then directed the countryman to assist him in carrying Mrs. Elliston to the house where he had witnessed the disaster.

"Keep close to us, Alice," said Harleigh. But the man whom he had rebuked for his officiousness had already stepped in between them, so as to prevent her from complying with his request.

The next moment, the crowd, which the accident had attracted to the spot, had closed round her, from which she tried in vain to extricate herself. Being thus hemmed in on every side, she could see nothing of Harleigh, so that even if she could have freed herself from the entanglements of the throng, confusedly pressing around her, she would have been at a loss where to go

"Can you tell me, sir," said she, speaking to a decently-clad man who stood near her, "where they have carried the lady who was in the carriage with me when it was overturned?"

"You were in the carriage, then?"

"Yes;" and she repeated the question she had already asked.

"I am sorry to say I cannot," was his answer.

"I can," said the man who from the first had showed himself so officious, "and with your permission, will, with much pleasure, conduct you to where you will find your friends."

Not knowing that he was the same person whose obtrusiveness had been checked by Harleigh, she having at the time been so engrossed with attending to Mrs. Elliston as not to observe him, she accepted the offer of his protection, though there was something in his appearance which did not please her.

"Hold fast by my arm, then," he said, "and if these knaves don't choose to fall back and give their betters a free pass, I will give them a lesson in manners, which they wont soon forget."

"When I have a mind to take a lesson in manners," said a man whom he roughly pushed aside, "I sha'n't take it of one of Gil Falkland's lackeys, without giving him one in return;" and to show that he meant as he said, he gave the man a sharp clip across the shoulders with his quarter-staff.

Alarmed at this, and still more at finding that the man who had offered her his aid was in the employ of Falkland, she let go of his arm, and endeavored to make her escape.

"I would give you a taste of my rapier," said he, at the same time seizing hold of a portion of Alice's dress, "were it not that I have this lady under my protection."

"Release me—I beg that you will," said Alice, in violent agitation.

"Rapier or no rapier," said he who had dealt the blow, "as you seem to have undertaken to protect the lady against her will, you shall have further proof of the virtue of this oaken cudgel, if you don't let her go."

The earnest and elevated tone of voice in which this was said, as well as the words themselves, served to indicate to Harleigh the place where Alice was to be found, who had, as he imagined, till after he had assisted to place the still insensible lady on a couch, entered the house with them.

The sight of Harleigh proved to be more efficacious than the threats of him with the quarter-staff. Immediately quitting his hold of Alice's dress, and taking advantage of the momentary diversion of the attention of her self-constituted champion, he succeeded in losing himself amid the swaying and shifting crowd, by the time he reached the spot. The exclamation of joy uttered by Alice, at Harleigh's appearance, would of itself have showed her sturdy defender that she had no reason to distrust him as a protector even had he not known him to be a gentleman of honor and irreproachable reputation. He now showed his good will by preceding Harleigh and Alice, and rendering their egress from the crowd easier and less annoying than it otherwise would have been.

"You have my thanks, good friend," said Harleigh, "for your voluntary service, and if you will accept it, it will give me pleasure to order you a good dinner."

"A dinner I have had already at my good dame's father's, from off as good a sirloin as there was in the market; and as for thanks, I hardly deserve them for doing what, if left undone, would have so lowered me in my own opinion, that I shouldn't have liked to look my wife Margery in the face again for a twelvemonth."

"It appears to me," said Harleigh, "that your looks and voice are familiar to me."

"Likely enough, for you have seen me once, I am certain."

"So am I, but when or where, I've no recollection."

"Don't you remember that the king graciously admitted me to his presence, at Whitehall, not many weeks ago?"

"Yes, yes—I remember it well," said Harleigh, with some difficulty repressing a smile, as he recalled to mind Hendrick Dykes and the carefully preserved curry-comb.

"Why, if I'd been a prince," said Hendrick, with great unction, "the king couldn't have treated me better. He told me—I wish I could say it in the same kind and pleasant way that he did—that Speedyfoot, the bay mare I let him have, was the means of saving his life, when a dozen dragoons were pursuing him. That and more he said to me, which made me proud and happy, and Margery wouldn't exchange the silk gown he ordered to be sent her for a queen's crown. He stole right into our hearts, and will keep there as long as we live."

They had by this time reached the steps of Mrs. Selwyn's door, where stood the countryman who had assisted Harleigh in removing Mrs. Elliston from the broken carriage and carrying her into the house. He proved to be a friend of Hendrick's, who had come to the city in company with him and his wife Margery. Having a second time received the cordial thanks of Harleigh, to which were added those of Alice, they took leave, equally pleased with themselves and with those who had shown themselves so ready to appreciate their services.

Alice was met at the door by Mrs. Selwyn and by Abi. Tears came to the eyes of the latter, and her voice trembled with emotion, as in a few words she alluded to the great sorrow which had fallen upon her since they parted.

A surgeon and Edward Elliston, who were immediately sent for, had now arrived. On examining the patient, it was found that the skull was so badly fractured it was necessary that a portion of it should be removed. All thoughts of her being carried to her own home were, therefore, for the present abandoned. By the time the operation was over, which was successfully performed, Alice found that her wrist, which she had imagined to be only slightly sprained, was much swollen and began to be excessively painful. On applying to the surgeon, she had the felicity of being told by him, after he had prescribed the usual remedies, that it might be several weeks before her hand would be of any use to her. This would render it impossible for her to bestow on Mrs. Elliston those numerous little attentions which she otherwise would have done, although a reliable and experienced nurse had been promptly sent for by Edward.

"I will supply your place, dear Alice, as far as I can," said Abi. "It will prevent my thoughts from dwelling so constantly on him whom I am not allowed to minister to."

Thus, by a combination of painful circumstances, Harleigh and Alice, Mrs. Elliston and Abi were brought together under the same roof. The promise made to Mr. Walworth by Harleigh was a second time unintentionally broken, while Mrs. Elliston, still in a state of insensibility, was waited on and watched over with the tenderest care by her to whom, in the hour of deep affliction, she had refused her aid and sympathy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS APPEARS AT THE JEW'S TRIAL.

The next session of the Old Bailey having been close at hand, at the time of the Jew's arrest, the day for his arraignment soon arrived. The strict search which had been made for the body of the valet had proved unsuccessful, a circumstance which, in the minds of many, told against the prisoner, as it was generally thought that he could, if he had been so minded, point out the place of its concealment.

Early in the day, crowds of people, consisting of almost every degree, were seen hastening to the place of trial. A host of witnesses had been summoned in behalf of the prosecution, while there were none, except Clarence Harleigh and Edward Elliston, Alice and Abi, who had anything to testify which would be favorable to the prisoner. What little they would be able to say, was unhappily of a nature so general and indirect, that it would be of no value, except as corroboratory evidence. The careful admeasurement of the bloody footprints, made by Edward Elliston, which differed in shape and size from those of the Jew, or either of his servants, though more to the point, would not be sufficient to outweigh the still stronger evidence which could be produced against the prisoner.

The circumstances which went to criminate the unhappy and friendless man, it is unnecessary to recapitulate. It is enough to say, that they were such as to make the opinion universal that he would be convicted. A few witnesses for the prosecution remained to be examined, when a billet was put into Harleigh's hand.

"If you are a friend to Jeduthun the Jew," it said, "come without delay to the house directly opposite where he used to live, where you will see a person who will give you such information as you and some others may think worth hearing."

The billet was without signature, and written in a clerkly hand. Merely saying to Edward Elliston, who sat next him, that he had received information which would make it necessary for him to leave a short time, Harleigh, having with some difficulty worked his way through the crowd, hastened to the house designated.

Before he had time to knock, the door was opened by a middle-aged woman.

"Follow me," said she, when he had entered, and she led the way up a dark, narrow staircase, and thence through a long and winding passage. At its termination, she opened a door. "Enter," said she, and then, without another word, withdrew.

He obeyed, and found himself in a comfortable looking bed-chamber, where, seated in a deep, stuffed chair, was a young man, so thin and pale, that his appearance was almost ghastly.

"You don't recognize me?" said he.

"I do not," was Harleigh's answer.

"I am not certain that you ever saw me before to your knowledge, though I've often seen you."

"I've no recollection of ever having seen you till now."

"There *are* those who will know me, and who would rather meet a famished wolf in their path than to see me. I am, or was Gilbert Falkland's valet."

"Do you mean him supposed to have been murdered?"

"I am he."

"This is indeed strange and most unlooked for. Judging by your pale looks, and the deep scar on your forehead, you have been near death's door."

"Within a single step, as I am told by those into whose care I fell."

"Were you found where the would-be murderer left you?"

"I was beset by more than one, and after lying like one dead for hours, for I have since learned that faint streaks of day were glimmering in the east, life but not reason returned. The master of the house where I now am, who was preparing to start on a journey, had risen earlier than usual, and the light which gleamed from the door, which he opened to see what the weather was, must have attracted my attention, for I succeeded in reaching the door-step, where I fell. The man had already closed the door, but while stopping to fasten it, he heard the heavy fall, and what he thought sounded like a groan. He opened the door, and with the assistance of a servant, carried me into the house. A Jew surgeon was procured, who dressed the wound on my forehead, and another, which he considered more dangerous, in my side. He gave it as his opinion that there was hardly a possibility of my recovering, yet, as while there is life there is hope, no means were left untried. When it became known to them that their neighbor who lived opposite was charged with the crime of murder, and that, from some of the circumstances attending it, I must be the person supposed to be murdered, they determined for a while to keep silent on the subject, while, if possible, they increased their efforts for my recovery. If successful, it would not only save one of their people, who had hitherto been deemed irreproachable, from suffering the extreme penalty of the law, but if he were guiltless—and they believed that he was,—it would be the means of entirely exonerating him, and of fixing the crime on the real perpetrators."

"You were insensible all this time?"

"Yes. Had it not been so, their precaution would have been unnecessary, as I could have cleared the Jew and his two servants, who, I understand, if he is found guilty, will be tried as his accomplices, from all participation in the deed. When I first came to myself, I was so weak that my medical attendant would n't suffer any questions to be asked me. In a few days, however, I began to mend rapidly. My strength and my memory returned together, and by degrees I recollected all that had occurred to me the evening Falkland sent me to the Jew's, up to the moment I was struck down by the blow on my forehead. But of that hereafter. This is the second day of the trial, I understand?"

"It is."

"How far had it proceeded when you received the billet I sent you?"

"Only two or three more witnesses for the prosecution were to be examined, when the court will adjourn till to-morrow morning."

"It is supposed that the Jew will be capitally convicted?"

"As the case stood when I left, no one who knew how slight the evidence was, which could be given by the four witnesses summoned to appear in his favor, could entertain a doubt to the contrary. Now, we hope it will be different."

"Yes—I shall be there to-morrow, to give in my testimony."

"Are you able? Can you endure the necessary excitement and fatigue?"

"My physician has given his consent—reluctantly, it is true."

"Your written deposition, you know, will answer."

"Yes, but I prefer to be there in person. The sight of me, whom they suppose dead, will strike the real criminals with such consternation, that their guilty looks will enforce all I shall have to say. My motive in sending for you, was to request you to make the arrangements for my appearance with such secrecy that no one not already in the secret will have any suspicion that I am living, till I am ready to give in my evidence."

Harleigh expressed his willingness to comply with his request, and promised to call again in the evening, that they might talk over the matter, and have everything settled between them.

* * * * *

The court-house was, if possible, more crowded than the day previous. Falkland was present, and now that it appeared to him certain that suspicion would not be directed towards those who committed the crime (for he was aware that the evidence for the defence must necessarily be extremely slight), he, unconsciously perhaps, assumed a bolder and more confident air.

Corkle and his two confederates were likewise there, and though they carefully kept apart, they could not forbear, occasionally, telegraphing each other with looks and signs expressive of satisfaction, now there no longer appeared to them to be a doubt that they should escape without even the shadow of a suspicion of having dipped their hands in human blood.

After the opening argument for the defence, Harleigh was the first witness who was called. When he had finished the little he had to say, after exchanging a few words with the prisoner's counsel, in a voice too low to be heard by any one except by themselves, he left the room by a private door, just back of the witness-box. Elliston in the meantime had been called to the stand. He had little to add to what Harleigh had said, and when he had withdrawn, a chair was placed where he had stood. Before the spectators had time to express to each other the curiosity and surprise occasioned by this proceeding, Harleigh entered by the same door he went out at, a short time previously, with a man leaning on his arm, whom he conducted to the chair that had been placed on the stand.

The man seemed weak and agitated, and was very pale, an appearance which was heightened by the almost crimson hue of a newly cicatrized wound on his forehead. At sight of him, Falkland started, and a sudden flush overspread his countenance. For a few moments, he found it impossible to control his agitation, and his first impulse was to attempt, while the attention of those present was drawn towards Redding, to leave the court-house.

"It will look as if I were guilty," he said to himself, after a moment's reflection, and the half formed intention was therefore abandoned.

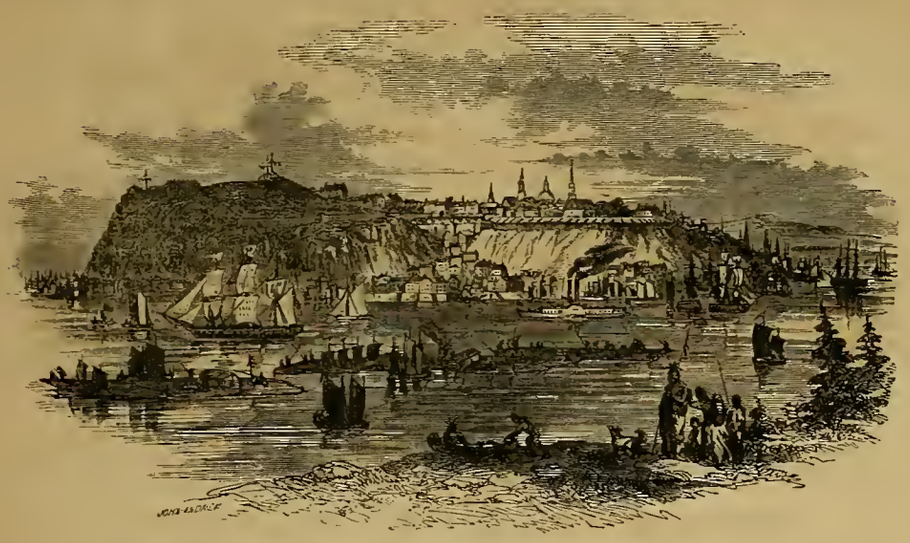
His thoughts, however, continued to be in such a whirl, that he could not recall the circumstances of the dark affair, as related to him by Corkle, with sufficient clearness to remember if anything said or done in the hearing of his late valet, by the assassins who waylaid him, was of a nature to implicate himself. His own name, he thought, might have been mentioned in his hearing, previously to the dealing of the stunning blow, which, he had been assured, was enough to deprive his victim of life, as well as consciousness, even without the addition of the deep wound in the side.

Falkland looked furtively towards Corkle, who, he could see, had a restless, unquiet look, and that he cast stealthy glances towards the door, as if meditating his escape. Skellam, as well as his associate, appeared more impassive, the former, in a particular manner, preserving a stolid expression of countenance, though within the short space of time that had elapsed since Redding's entrance, he had succeeded, by a scarcely observable retrograde movement, in sensibly shortening the distance between himself and the door. Neither of them knew that measures had been taken to prevent, for a given time, the egress of any person whatever from the house.

From the first moment of Redding's appearance, there was a striking change in the countenance of the prisoner. His head, which had been bowed in hopeless despondency on his breast, was raised to its natural position, and his dark eyes, which lighted up with a brilliance almost dazzling, were for a few moments raised to heaven, while the words of Holy Writ, "Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power," seemed, unconsciously, to fall from his lips.

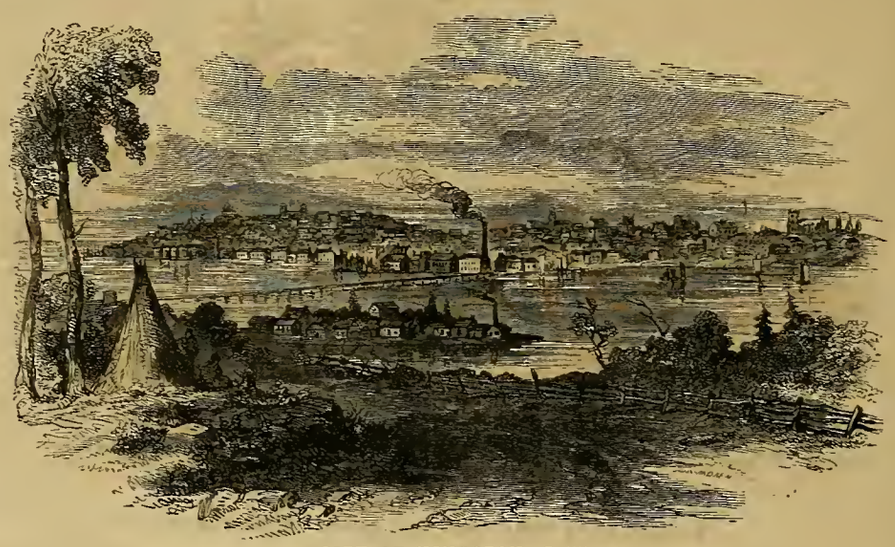
[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]



CITY OF QUEBEC.

Let us now proceed to notice the illustrations which accompany our text. The first engraving, on the first page, is a portrait of Batiste, a well-known Indian pilot, steering a steamer down the rapids of the St. Lawrence. He is a man of great nerve and skill, and it requires both to perform this dangerous service. The traveller in Canada, if he be at all timid, will have his nerves sorely tried as he makes the passages of the rapids. The long "Sault" (leap), as it is called, is a continuous rapid of nine miles, divided in the centre by an island. The usual passage for steamers is on the south side, though the north side, formerly considered too dangerous, is now proved to be practicable. The rapids pour furiously along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and of course the steam is shut off when the vessel enters them. The waves roar and dash angrily on all sides of her, as she strains and labors in the current, still sliding downward. Great nerve, force and precision are required in piloting, so as to keep the vessel's head straight with the course of the rapid; for if she diverged in the least, presenting her side to the current, or "broached to," as the nautical phrase is, she would be instantly capsized and submerged. Hence the necessity for enormous power over her rudder; and for this purpose, the mode of steering affords great facility, for the wheel that governs the rudder is placed ahead, and by means of chain and pulley sways it. But in descending the rapids, a tiller is placed astern to the rudder itself, so that the tiller can be manned as well as the wheel. Some idea may be entertained of the peril of descending a rapid, when it requires four men at the wheel and two at the tiller to ensure safe steering. Here is the region of the daring raftsmen, at whose hands are demanded infinite courage and skill, and, despite of both, loss of life frequently occurs. On the same page will be found a graphic view of a steamer descending these formidable rapids; and on page 357 a steamer making the descent of the "Lost Channel." The second engraving on page 357 exhibits the rapids near the "Cedars," on the St. Lawrence, with a number of rafts struggling with the furious waters. The rafts of timber form a highly interesting feature to the traveller as he passes along the river side. On each a shed is built for the accommodation of raftsmen, some of whom rig out their huge, unwieldy craft with gay streamers, which flutter from the tops of poles. Thus, when several of these rafts are grappled together, forming, as it were, a floating island of timber half a mile wide and a mile long, the sight is extremely picturesque; and when the voices of these hardy sons of the forest and the stream join in some of their Canadian boat songs, the wild music, borne by the breeze along the water, has a charming effect. Myriads of these rafts may be seen lying in the coves at Quebec, ready to be shipped to the different parts of the world. These rafts are particularly noticeable in our general view of the city of Quebec, of which, in the last number, we gave several interior views. In the foreground of this picture, is an Indian family, their frail birch bark canoe contrasting with the full-rigged ships and the large steamers gliding before the city. A glance at the engraving will show how commanding a position the city of Quebec occupies. Quebec, until recently the capital of United Canada, is situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, in latitude 46° 48′ north, and longitude 71° 15′ west, from Greenwich. It was founded by Charlevoix, in 1608, on the site of an Indian village, called *Stadacona*. It is the second city in British America, and has a population of more than 45,000. The form of the city is nearly that of a triangle, the Plains of Abraham forming the base, and the Rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles the sides. It is divided into two parts, known as the Upper and the Lower towns. The Upper Town is strongly fortified, and includes within its limits the Citadel of Cape Diamond, which is known to be the most formidable fortress in America. The Lower Town is built upon a narrow strip of land which runs at the base of the cape and of the high ground upon which the Upper Town stands, and the suburbs of St. Roch's and St. John's extend along the River St. Charles and to the Plains of Abraham. Quebec was taken by the British and colonial forces in 1629, but restored to France in 1632; and was finally captured by Wolfe in 1759, and, together with all the French possessions in North America, was ceded to Great Britain at the peace of 1763. Quebec, including the city and suburbs, contains 174 streets; among the principal of which are the following:—St. John's Street, which extends from Fabrique Street to St. John's Gate, in the Upper Town, and is occupied chiefly by retail stores; St. Louis Street is a handsome and well built street, extending from the Place d'Armes to the St. Louis Gate, and is occupied principally by lawyers' offices and private dwellings; D'Autueil Street faces the Esplanade and the ground where the artillery are drilled, and is an elegant street, mostly of private dwellings; Grand Allee, or St. Louis Road, outside St. Louis Gate, and leading to the Plains of Abraham, is a pleasant and beautiful street, on which are many elegant villa residences; St. John's Street, without, is also a fine street, occupied by shops and private dwellings. The principal street in the Lower Town is St. Peter's, on which, and on the wharves and small streets that branch from it, most of the banks, insurance companies and merchants' offices are situated. There are also several fine streets in the St. John's and St. Roch's suburbs. The appearance of these quarters of the city has been much improved since the great fires of 1845; the buildings that were then destroyed having been replaced by others of a very superior description. The Citadel, on Cape Diamond, is one of the most interesting objects to visitors; and those who are desirous of seeing it should make application to the town mayor, at the main guard-house, from whom tickets of admission can always be obtained by persons of respectability. The area embraced within the fortifications of the Citadel is more than forty acres. The line of fortifications, enclosing the Citadel and the Upper Town, is nearly three miles in length, and the guns with which they are mounted are mostly thirty-two and forty-eight pounders. There are five gates to the city, three of which, Prescott, Palace, and Hope gates, communicate with the Lower Town, and two of which, St. Louis' and St. John's gates, communicate with the suburbs of the same name. About three quarters of a mile from the city are four Martello towers, fronting the Plains of Abraham, and intended to impede the advance of an enemy from that direction. The second engraving on this page presents a general view of Kingston, C. W., a stirring place of great importance, situated on the St. Lawrence River, at the head of Lake Ontario, about 200 miles southwest of Montreal. This place was called by the Indians, *Cataracqui*. A settlement was begun by the French, under De Courcelles, as early as 1672. The



CITY OF KINGSTON, C. W.

fort, which was finished the next year, was called Fort Frontenac, in honor of the French count of that name. This fort was alternately in the possession of the French and the Indians, until it was destroyed by the expedition under Colonel Bradstreet, in 1758. In 1762, the place fell into the hands of the English, from whom it received its present name. Kingston is one of the most important military posts in Canada. It is one hundred and ten miles from Cobourg, and contains about 11,000 inhabitants. The splendid structure represented in the last engraving on this page, is the Victoria Bridge, that crosses the St. Lawrence, two miles wide, at Montreal. This magnificent work is now in the process of construction. In the whole history of engineering, there is nothing like so truly gigantic an undertaking. When finished, it will be not only among the greatest wonders of America, but of the world. This structure will contain twenty-five arches, of the uniform span of two hundred and forty-two feet. The tube is iron, the rest solid masonry, including the piers jutting into the river on either side, each about half a mile long; the centre arch will be sixty feet from the water level to the floor of the tube, which is twenty-five feet high and eighteen feet wide. It is calculated that each buttress will have to bear the pressure of seventy thousand tons of ice, when the winter breaks up and the large ice fields come sweeping down the St. Lawrence. Hence the necessity for such buttresses being peculiarly designed for the purpose of effecting the disruption of those formidable assailants, and hence the necessity for the personal supervision of the work by Mr. Stephenson himself. How insignificant seem many of the most celebrated engineering works of antiquity beside an achievement of this nature. What a pigmy would even the Colossus of Rhodes be, compared with the centre arch of Stephenson's colossal Victoria Bridge! For the use of the fine engravings of this series, we are indebted to the enterprising publishing firm of John P. Jewett & Co., of this city. They are specimens of the numerous beautiful illustrations of a work they have just issued, called "Hunter's Panoramic Guide from Niagara Falls to Quebec. By Wm. S. Hunter, Jr.," without which no traveller should think of visiting Canada. It has, in addition to many smaller cuts, a folded panoramic view of the St. Lawrence, 12 feet long, taken from a bird's eye point of view, showing the whole course of the river, with the rapids and islands, the villages and cities on its banks, etc. With this in hand, the voyager need ask no questions; he will be sure to identify every point of interest. The letter-press is pointed and lucid, and embraces every important fact connected with the places mentioned, fully answering the need of the tourist.



VICTORIA BRIDGE—MONTREAL.

THE WILD HORSE.

Troops of wild horses are found on the plains of Great Tartary, and also in several parts of South America. In neither, however, can we recognize an original race. The horses of the Ukraine and those of South America are equally the descendants of those who had escaped from the slavery of man. The Tartar horses are fleet and strong, but comparatively of an ordinary breed. Those of South America retain almost unimpaired the size and form of their European ancestors.

In no part of America was the horse known until he was introduced by Europeans; and the origin of the horses of Tartary has been clearly traced to those who were employed in the siege of Azoph, in 1057, but which were turned loose for want of forage. All travellers who have crossed the plains extending from the shores of La Plata to Patagonia, have spoken of numerous droves of wild horses. Some affirm they have seen ten thousand in one troop. They appear to be under the command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, and whom they implicitly obey. A secret instinct teaches them that their safety consists in their union, and in a principle of subordination. The lion, the tiger and the leopard are their principal enemies. At some signal intelligible to them all, they either close into a dense mass and trample their enemy to death, or placing the mares and foals in the centre, they form themselves into a circle, and welcome him with their heels. In the attack their leader is the first to face the danger, and when prudence demands a retreat they follow his rapid flight.

In the thinly inhabited parts of South America, it is dangerous to fall in with any of these troops. The wild horses approach as near as they dare; they call to the loaded horses with the greatest eagerness, and if the rider be not on the alert and have not considerable strength of arm and sharpness of spur, his beast will divest himself of his burden, take to his heels and be gone forever. The horses of the Pampas are like the common description of the Spanish horse, but rather stronger. They are of all colors, and a great number are piebald. When caught, they will kick at any person who goes behind them; and it is also with great difficulty they can be bridled and saddled; however, they are not vicious, and when properly broken in, will allow children to mount by climbing up their tails. In mounting, it is necessary to be very quick, and previous to dismounting, it is proper to throw the bridle over one side of the head, as the horses always run backward if one attempts to hold them by the bridle when it is over the head.

These horses possess much the form of the Spanish animals, from which it is said they spring; they are tamed, as has been seen, with far less difficulty than could be thought possible, and although their's is the obedience of fear and enforced by the whip and spur, there are no horses who so soon and so perfectly exert their sagacity and their power in the service of man. They are possessed of no extraordinary speed, but they are capable of enduring immense fatigue. They are frequently ridden sixty or seventy miles without drawing bit, and have been urged on by the cruel spur of the Guacho more than a hundred miles, and at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The wild horses of Tartary, although easily domesticated, materially differ in character from those on the plains of South America. They will not suffer a stranger to join them. If a domesticated horse comes in their way, unprotected by his master, they attack him with their teeth and heels, and speedily destroy him. They rapidly submit, however, to the dominion of man, and become perfectly docile and faithful.

The natural disposition of these animals is not ferocious; they are only high-spirited and wild; and though superior in strength to the greater part of animals, yet they never attack them; and if they are attacked by others, either disdain them or trample them under their feet. They go also in bodies, and unite themselves into troops, merely for the pleasure of being together, for they are not fearful of, but have an attachment for each other. As herbs and vegetables are sufficient for their nourishment, they have quite enough to satisfy their appetite; and as they have no relish for the flesh of animals, they never make war with them nor with each other; they never quarrel about their food, they have no occasion to ravish the prey of another, the ordinary source of contentions and quarrels among carnivorous animals. They live in peace, because their appetite is simple and moderate; and as they have enough, there is no room for envy.

As all parts of Europe are at present peopled, and almost equally inhabited, wild horses are no longer found there, and those which we see in America were originally European tame horses, which have multiplied in the vast deserts of the country. The astonishment and fear which the inhabitants of Mexico and Peru expressed at the horses and their riders, convinced the Spaniards that this animal was entirely unknown in these countries; they therefore carried thither a great number, as well for service and their particular utility, as to propagate the breed. M. de la Salle, in 1685, saw in the northwestern parts of this country, near the Bay of St. Louis, whole troops of these wild horses, feeding in the pastures, and which were so fierce that no one dare to approach them

The wild horses are captured by means of the lasso, a missile weapon used by every nation of the United Provinces and Chili. It is a very strong plaited thong, of equal thickness, half an inch in diameter, and forty feet long, made of many strips of green hide, plaited like a whip-thong, and rendered supple by grease. It has at one end an iron ring, above an inch and a half in diameter, through which the thong is passed, and this forms a running noose. The Guacho, or native peon, is generally mounted on horseback when he uses the lasso. The end of the thong is affixed to his saddle-girth, the remainder he coils carefully in his left hand, leaving about twelve feet belonging to the noose-end in a coil and half of which he holds in his right hand. He then swings his long noose horizontally round his head, the weight of the iron ring at the end of the noose assisting to give it, by a continued circular motion, a sufficient force to project it the whole length of the line. When the Guacho wants a horse for himself or for the traveller, he either goes with a lasso to the corral, and selects those who on the preceding day had for the first time been backed, or scampers across the plain and presently returns with an unwilling or subdued captive. When the services of the animals have been exacted, he either takes them to the corral and feeds them with a small quantity of maize, if he thinks he shall presently need them again, or once more turns them loose on the plains. The rude inhabitants of the plains of South America have no stables, no fenced pastures. One horse is usually kept tied at the door of the hut, fed scantily at night on corn, or at other times several may be enclosed in the corral, which is a circular space surrounded by rough posts driven into the ground. The mares are never ridden or attempted to be tamed, but wander about with their foals wherever they please.—*Country Gentleman.*



STEAMERS DESCENDING LOST CHANNEL, LONG SAULT RAPIDS



RAPIDS NEAR "THE CEDARS"—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

LOCOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE.

Riding on the engine of an express train is exciting business We made intercession with the powers that be, the other day, and secured a passage for a distance of ten miles on "the machine." It is interesting to watch the track ahead, and imagine yourself going down the bank from some obstruction. You look at the steam-guage and wonder if a hundred and ten pounds of steam is a safe quantity. As the speed increases, the sway of the engine attracts especial notice. Every little roughness of the track is felt, and the machine goes knocking about from side to side, with force enough to tear the rails from the ties. The flat ribbon of rail, extending so far before you, seems utterly insufficient to hold the vast, ponderous weight of iron upon it. For relief from the terrors you have conjured up, you turn to the engineer and venture a remark. He does not look around, his hand is on the lever, his eye steadily fixed on the track. Just then the fireman rings the bell for a crossing. You can see it swing, but in the crash and thunder of your progress you hear no sound, and then you think that the engineer perhaps did not hear your voice. The fireman is constantly busy. He piles up the wood in easy distance and then "stokes." As the dry sticks are cast in the furnace, the devouring flame seizes them with fierce avidity, eats into their substance, penetrates their pores, and tears them to pieces almost in a moment. It is an awful fire, unlike any you ever witnessed. You take another look at the track and gain a new sensation, for wherever the rail is a little settled, the engine sinks down upon it, and it seems as if the wheels and trucks were giving way, and the whole machine about to crush down in one fatal smash-up. These are daylight observations, but the night is the time to enjoy a locomotive ride. The light from the engine-lamp extends only two or three rails forward—beyond that all is darkness, and you go plunging on into the black unseen before you, without a possibility of a forewarning of any danger. You can see the switch lights, or that of another locomotive, but a log or a drunken man may be on the track, or a rail may be broken, and you none the wiser, until with a crash you meet your doom.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*



FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPRING.

BY ELLEN M. HALPINE.

The long and gloomy wintry months are over,
Sweet Spring resumes her regal throne again;
Soft springing grass the hills and valleys cover—
Welcome, fair empress, to thy broad domain!
On hill and plain thy warm and glowing fingers
Are swiftly loosing Winter's icy chain,
Where, stern and cold, the grim old monarch lingers,
Reluctant to resign his stormy reign.

I see the waving of thy golden tresses,
The dazzling beauty of thy smile divine;
In the south wind I feel thy soft caresses,
And joy exultant fills this heart of mine.
In grove and glen ten thousand flowers are blushing
Beneath the radiance of thy sunny eye;
From tiny throats ten thousand songs are gushing,
Filling the air with joyous melody.

Freed from the chains of Winter's stern dominion,
The soul, bowed down with weariness and gloom,
Rises aloft on faith's triumphant pinion,
To the blest land of never fading bloom.
To that fair clime, where reigns the spring eternal,
Whose bending skies are ever soft and bright;
Whose flowery fields are ever fresh and vernal:
Where all is bloom and fragrance, joy and light.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WEEMATOO, THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

A TALE OF MT. WACHUSETT.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

Mt. Wachusett, now a famous resort of pleasure-parties and lovers of fine scenery, overlooks a panorama of beauty of great extent, comprising cultivated farms, beautiful country villages, miniature lakes, and rippling streams, even affording an occasional glimpse of the waters that border our coast. From the top of the mountain you command an unbroken view on either side, intersected by no higher land, and in fertility and beauty of scenery this eminence has justly obtained a worthy distinction among the other mountains in New England.

Two hundred years ago this mountain, then called "Wachusett Hill," was the home of mighty tribes of Indians, and the abode of their powerful sachem. In the year 1644, Nashacowan and Wassamagin, two chiefs, and leaders of the tribes living in the vicinity of this hill, appeared before the governor, desiring to be received under his protection and government. They were made acquainted with the articles drawn up for their mutual protection, and freely assented to them. Then presenting the court, as was customary on such occasions, with gifts of wampum, they received in turn a testimonial of the friendly league that had been ratified, and proceeded joyfully to their homes.

About this time, John Eliot commenced his labors among the Indians of Massachusetts, having prepared himself for the task by a thorough knowledge of the language, gained by becoming a pupil to one of their own number. After a few years of wonderful success in his efforts to teach the simple truths of Christianity, other kindred spirits became interested with him in the work, and aided him most essentially in his labors. Among the latter was a young man, a personal friend of Eliot, who had gained the confidence of the governor and court by his ready intellect and active service in the young colony. He, too, had given his time to gain a knowledge of the Indian dialect, and was often employed as a messenger to carry verbal communications from the white settlements to the Indian camps. He had previously studied medicine, and was considerably versed in his profession, which, with his other practical qualities, made him a most serviceable person for the peculiar circumstances surrounding him. To him was entrusted, in 1650, a most important message from the governor of Massachusetts to the tribes living on and about Mt. Wachusett.

It was on a warm September day that young Talbot found himself following the narrow track that led him up the acclivity of the hill to the tent of Wassamagin. He had been accompanied on his journey by trusty white guides, but they had remained at the dwelling of a white settler at the foot of the hill, in what is now the pleasant town of Princetown, and the young man was left to proceed unattended up the mountain. The day was warm and cloudless, and as the sun began to descend behind the lofty grand hill, a quiet and beauty seemed to settle upon the landscape that were not unnoticed by the traveller. As he wound his way along the narrow footpath, he listened in vain to catch a sound that would indicate that the deep mighty forest that enveloped him was the abode of human life. Occasionally a squirrel surprised him by darting across the track, and the trees were full of the music of birds, carolling their evening songs.

About half way up the mountain, striking off from the main path, was the tent of Wassamagin. As Talbot approached it he was surprised at the strange silence that reigned around him. He saw groups of Indians reclining upon the ground, unarmed, and in loose garments, idling away the twilight hours, while in other circles, earnestly talking in low subdued voices, were Indian squaws and maidens. As Talbot neared the tent he was saluted by an Indian who was acting as doorkeeper to the abode of his sachem. Addressing him in his own language, the stranger requested to be conducted to Wassamagin.

"We no admit white man. Pretty Weematoo, bright Weematoo, is dying. No power can save her. Doctors do no good to pretty Weematoo. She die."

This, then, was the cause of the silence that pervaded the scene. A holy awe and reverence stole over the young man as he noted the sad, sympathizing faces clustered around the wigwam of the chief. He spoke again, and this time his words gained him a ready passport.

"I am a doctor; I may help your pretty Weematoo. Let me go to your chief."

He was at once conducted into the presence of Wassamagin. In one corner of the wigwam, on a couch of green boughs and leaves, covered with a soft fawn skin, reclined the Indian princess, the only daughter of the lordly chief. Her father knelt by her side with his face buried in his hands, and his low, bewailing cry, half suppressed for fear of disturbing the sick maiden, touched the heart of the young man with a more than common sympathy. The Indian conductor softly approached his chief and roused him from his grief. He raised his head, and seeing a white stranger in his tent, strove to summon his dignity, and rose to approach him.

"Wassamagin gives thee greeting," said the chief, extending his right hand as a token of the friendly league subsisting between the white man and his tribe.

"I come from the governor," said Talbot, "bringing a message to you; but let not my business intrude upon your grief. I am a physician, somewhat skilled in medicine, and crave the favor of exerting my power in your daughter's behalf."

The chief shook his head mournfully, and said:

"No help for Weematoo. The Good Spirit is angry with Weematoo. Weematoo die."

"The Good Spirit is never angry with his children. He afflicts them in mercy," said Talbot, approaching the couch where the sick maiden reclined.

One glance at Weematoo convinced the young man of the nature of the disease that was so sorely afflicting the maiden. A hot fever was burning on her brow, and her parched lips were like burning coals. She was delirious, and occasionally her wild, incoherent cries rung through the wigwam, and brought every Indian on to his feet outside the tent. Taking the hand of Wassamagin, Talbot besought him to entrust his daughter to his care.

"The Good Spirit will surely bless my efforts. Only trust in Him, and me as his messenger, to restore your beautiful child to life."

The chief no longer resisted this appeal. Talbot instantly despatched one of the Indian attendants for a vessel of cold water from a spring further up the mountain. With this he bathed Weematoo's brow and parched skin; and taking from his travelling-sachel a few simple medicines, he administered them to his patient. The tent was hot, and the atmosphere impure. He ordered the doors to be thrown open, and apertures to be made to admit fresh air. With the application of a few of nature's restoratives the sick girl began to show signs of improvement.

The night came on, and Wassamagin and Talbot together watched over the couch of Weematoo. During the intervals of rest that came to her, the chief questioned his guest as to his healing power, and desired to be further instructed in the new doctrine of the Great Spirit. John Eliot had visited the tribes about this mountain and had awakened an interest in his preaching in the simple hearts of the red children. There was a mystery connected with the new truths, and this, together with what now seemed to be the wonderful healing power of Talbot, caused him to be regarded by Wassamagin as a being of superior origin and destiny.

The still hours of the summer night passed away, and with the morning light came the joyful tidings that Weematoo was saved. Her fever was allayed, her reason returned, and the crisis of danger passed. As the sun rose above the glorious old mountain, Talbot and the sachem knelt before the couch of the maiden, and together blessed God for the success that had attended his efforts. Wassamagin besought the young man to remain his guest until Weematoo should be wholly restored to health. Talbot consented, and for a fortnight remained an honored guest of the great sachem.

Leaving the Princess Weematoo surrounded by her numerous faithful attendants, Wassamagin, accompanied by young Talbot, repaired to the place appointed for the council, to meet there his own and neighboring tribes, to execute the business contained in the message from the governor. There had been some serious depredations made by the Indians from this vicinity, and the former pledge was to be again read and renewed, as a reminder of their treaty and a warning to any who might hereafter forfeit this sacred bond. The council chamber was an open space in the forest. High maples and towering oaks towered above them, and a soft green carpet of grass and moss was at their feet. The summer breeze wafted to them the fragrance of the pine and the sweet fern, and below them lay an unbroken, uncultivated country, with an occasional corn patch and scattered hovel bordering upon forests, while the beautiful lakes and streams lie embosomed in nature as she came from the hand of her Creator.

Talbot appeared before the assembled tribes leaning upon the strong arm of Wassamagin. A murmur of jealousy ran through the ranks of the young warriors. The rumor of Weematoo's deathly sickness, and the strange manner in which she had been rescued, had gone throughout the camps, and a thrill of jealous indignation seized the young men as they foresaw the favor that might come to Talbot for this service rendered to their chief. Among the rebellious ones was Onatona, the son of the sachem who dwelt on the east side of the mountain, and who for many years had been a devoted admirer of Weematoo. His suit had been but partially favored until within a few months, when she had yielded to his wooing, and was now his affianced bride. Wassamagin raised his voice and proclaimed to the assembled tribes his strong adherence to the former pledge, then in words of eloquence spoke of the great favor he had received from the stranger.

"White man come to my tent. The flower of our tribe, the red rose, Weematoo, was dying. No power could save her. White man came—sent by the Great Spirit—and Weematoo lives. Break the treaty at your peril. Wassamagin's anger and curse fall upon each head that harms my guest or breaks one clause of the sacred pledge."

The assembly dispersed, and Talbot returned to the tent of Wassamagin. Here they were greeted by Weematoo, who, leaning upon the arm of her favorite attendant, came up the path to meet them. Her cheek was yet thin from the effect of her late illness, but a healthy, vigorous life flowed in her veins, and her step had gained somewhat of its elasticity. As she came forward to meet her father and his guest, Talbot thought he had never seen so graceful a figure, so noble a mien connected with such sweetness and beauty of features. Her whole bearing betokened her origin. She was indeed worthy the name of princess.

Having saluted her father with a kiss, Weematoo modestly touched her lips to the hand of his companion, who had extended it as a sign of welcome. They entered the tent and sat a long time together conversing on the events of the day. Weematoo listened with a beating heart to the words of her father as he rehearsed for her hearing each circumstance of the council. Her cheek grew hot and red with excitement as she learned of the rebellion that ran through the ranks of the younger portion of the tribes. She retired apart, leaving the sachem and his guest together, to think upon the strange events of the day. She sat under the shadow of an oak, and with her beautiful head resting against the trunk of the tree, meditated long and earnestly. She was aroused from this position by a call to hasten in and preside at the coming repast, after which she pleaded weariness, and bidding them good night, retired from their presence.

After the council had broken up, and the chiefs and older men had proceeded to their homes, a band of young warriors loitered away by themselves, waiting till the evening shadows should come to screen them from view, that they might repair to their secret haunt. There were twelve of these noble young chiefs, tall, athletic, and proud of bearing, and as they sat together, their eyes flashing with jealous revenge, they presented an imposing picture of rude, uncultivated nature roused to revolt and rebellion. Onatona was the first to speak. With fire flashing from his eyes he called upon his comrades to aid him in his work of revenge. The white man had come among them, and by necromantic power had restored Weematoo to life. He had sat a favored guest at Wassamagin's board, and had wrested from him the affections of his affianced bride. Weematoo had frowned upon him when last they met. He then vowed revenge. It should fall upon the head of the white man.

A murmur of applause ran around the circle, and each clasped the other's hand as a pledge that they would aid in the work of vengeance. While they sat thus, consulting with each other on some feasible plan to effect their purpose, a slight rustling of leaves caused them to start and look out into the darkness. A figure glided down the path to their secret retreat and stood in their midst. They sprang upon their feet, and stood speechless, waiting for the intruder to speak. Throwing off the heavy blanket that wrapped her slight form, Weematoo revealed herself to the astonished group. Her words were addressed to her affianced lover, Onatona.

"Think, Onatona, to gain the hand of the red rose by this work of revenge? The white man is Weematoo's preserver. The good spirit sent him to bring back the life that was waning. The white man is Wassamagin's friend. Let Onatona touch but one hair of his head and the red rose blooms no longer for him. The white man's God will help her revenge his wrong. Weematoo desires a promise from Onatona."

Filled with surprise at the appearance of the maiden in their midst, and horror-stricken that their plans should reach the ear of their chief, Onatona gave the desired pledge, but only as a plea to induce Weematoo to return to her home, with her fears allayed. The sudden appearance of the chief's daughter in their secret haunt so surprised the party that for five minutes no one spoke. Onatona was the first to break the silence.

"Shall the white man escape the red man's revenge, and our wrong go unavenged? Weematoo plays false to her lover. The white stranger has stolen the heart of the red rose."

Then crouching down together upon the ground, they took up the broken thread of their plan, and with fresh vigor worked at its completion. There were plenty of loose, disorderly Indians among the tribes that for a paltry bauble would act as spy upon the movements of the white man. One of these persons had been sent to the tent of Wassamagin to learn if possible the plans of young Talbot. At this stage of their conference the messenger arrived, bringing tidings that on the morrow he would repair to the house of a white settler at the foot of the mountain, there to confer with the guides who accompanied him on his journey.

They then were in possession of the necessary information for the effecting of their purpose. It was decided that on the following day a messenger, purporting to be from Weematoo, should repair to the dwelling of the white man and request Talbot to meet her at a rendezvous a mile distant, on the night of that day, in order to receive intelligence of great import to his life and safety. The messenger was to call at the appointed hour and conduct him to the place of meeting, and deliver him into the hands of the young warriors, Onatona himself craving the privilege of inflicting the fatal wound. At a late hour the little company separated, to meet again at the same hour on the following night.

When Weematoo left the presence of the young warriors, she did not return immediately to her father's tent, but glided around the brow of the hill, until she supposed the sound of her footstep could no longer be heard; then taking another path, she retraced

her steps, and walked cautiously along till she reached a part of the woods thickly covered with low underbrush. With her hands she tore away the tangled shrubbery and gained for herself an entrance into the narrow mouth of a cave under the projecting hill. Then crawling upon her hands and feet along the passage, she found herself in a hollow cavern, or artificial retreat, almost directly under the spot where the young Indians assembled.

This strange place was known only to the house of Wassamagin. It was scooped out from under the hill many years before, as a place of resort for the chief and his private friends during a time when feuds existed between the tribes in that vicinity. It was used also as a place for private conferences, and was arranged so as to gather the particulars of the movements of the tribes who were wont to assemble in the then secret haunt now occupied by the young revolters. At one time Wassamagin was secreted in this cave for ten days, and Weematoo had often heard her mother, who had since died, relate how she, inspired with true woman's courage, went each night to the spot to take to her husband chief his daily food.

With a beating heart Weematoo listened to the plan renewed after her departure. She remained here until after the family had dispersed, then hurried through the darkness to her father's tent. She threw herself upon her fawn skin couch, and overcome by weariness and fatigue, she soon fell asleep. When she awoke the following morning, to her great surprise the sun was shining into the apartment, and the busy sounds without the tent convinced her that she had overslept her usual hour for rising. In a moment all the terrible events of the past night came to her mind. Springing hastily upon her feet, she hurriedly arranged her simple toilet, and hastened out to confer with Talbot before he should leave on his day's journey. What was her distress to learn that he had departed an hour before, leaving a message for her, to the effect that during the following week he should again appear at the tent of Wassamagin to bid her farewell previous to his final departure.

Now Weematoo saw that she was too late. Her preserver's life was in danger, and in her anxiety for him she took no thought of herself or of the obstacles that clustered thickly in her way, but at once began to devise some measure to put to nought the plan of her jealous lover. All the day she sat meditating this scheme, and when night began to throw heavy shadows in the deep forest, she took with her her trustiest servant and started for the house of the white settler.

Having arrived near the dwelling, she secreted herself, and sent forward her messenger, placing in his hand a single ornament, a gift from Talbot, as a surety that she herself was awaiting him. Soon the servant returned bringing Talbot with him. He had received the former message purporting to be from Weematoo, and was striving to solve the mystery, when he was again summoned to her presence. Addressing her in her own language, he desired her to explain why, in her delicate health, she had sought him, almost alone and exposed to countless dangers. Weematoo's only answer was a request that he would, without a moment's delay, prepare to follow her whither she might lead him. Talbot looked into her face and scanned it long and earnestly, thinking he might discover some trace of her disease yet lingering about her, some fresh attack of delirium; but he saw nothing but a calm resolute determination, and placing his hand in hers, he freely consented to follow her. They commenced their route back in a different direction from the one usually frequented. Weematoo instructed her guide to take the circuitious path leading to the right, that would necessarily carry them far out of the direct course. This she did that they might not encounter the party who a little later would be assembled at their appointed rendezvous.

When they began to ascend the hill, Talbot saw that they were on the opposite side of the mountain, and their way lay through an unfrequented region. After a three hours' journey, Weematoo dismissed her guide, and with her companion proceeded to the entrance of the artificial cave. Talbot, more than ever involved in mystery, could only follow her, trusting to her friendship and fidelity. When within the narrow enclosure, Weematoo explained to him the cause of this strange proceeding. She begged of him to remain there until she should give him the word of release, assuring him that each night at a stated hour he would find food placed in the narrow entrance to his prison house. Talbot was greatly impressed with the danger Weematoo had passed through for his safety, and begged to be permitted to accompany her home to Wassamagin's tent. Weematoo calmed his fears by assuring him that she possessed a charmed life, and was safe among friends or enemies. She had nothing to fear, for revenge was not to fall upon her head, but upon her preserver's.

Days passed away, and Weematoo found opportunity to supply her prisoner with daily food. Rumors in the meantime had gone out that the messenger sent by the governor was missing, and no clue could be gained of him. The white settler, whose guest he had been, became alarmed, and despatched a hasty communication to the governor. Soon there came a message to Wassamagin demanding the safe return of Talbot, requesting one of their own number, the son of a chief, to be reserved as hostage until his messenger should be restored to him.

Wassamagin had been absent from home since the day following the council, and on returning had barely time to learn of the sudden disappearance of his guest before he received the communication from the governor. He immediately despatched men in all directions to summon the tribes together in council.

On the following day there was a large assembly convened to listen to the words of the powerful chief, and to learn what new cause had thus suddenly brought them together. Onatona was there with his faithful band of associates. Wassamagin rose and laid before the assembled tribes the message he had received from the governor, and demanded of them the person of young Talbot. He harangued them with words of fiery eloquence, reminding them of the solemn treaty, and threatening them with his anger if they failed to comply with his request.

After this speech a dead silence reigned among the assembled tribes. No one of that great concourse of people could give any clue to his disappearance. During this unbroken silence, the sounds, at but a little distance, of crackling boughs could be heard, and all eyes were directed to the spot from whence proceeded these sounds. A cry of surprise and joy echoed through the forest as the ranks separated to admit inside the circle the princess Weematoo and her preserver. Walking to the side of her father, she motioned her companion to take his stand by her. She raised her silvery voice, and said:

"Weematoo delivers up her prisoner into the hands of Wassamagin."

Weematoo then proceeded to relate to her father, in the presence of the awe-struck assembly, the train of complicated events that had transpired. After dwelling in full upon each circumstance connected with his rescue, omitting nothing save the place of concealment, she turned toward Onatona and said:

"Weematoo throws to the wind the oaths that bound her to Onatona. The red lover is false. He would destroy the messenger of the Good Spirit, and the preserver of Weematoo's life. The red rose no longer unfolds its blossom on the bosom of the false betrayer."

Then turning to her father, Weematoo expressed her intention of accompanying the white man to his home, to learn of him the truths of the new religion, and to serve him in return for the gift he had bestowed upon her. She would be the white man's sister, and in his home be further instructed of the Great Spirit, then she would return and teach her own people.

Wassamagin gave his consent to Weematoo's request, and directed the revolters to be removed for punishment. In consideration of the fact that they were sons of chiefs, and members of high families, whom it would be bad policy to offend, he mitigated their sentence, which ordinarily would have been death. Then the assembly broke up, and through the different forest paths each group wended their way home.

Soon after this, Talbot proceeded on his journey homeward, accompanied by Wassamagin and Weematoo, where the latter remained as an honored guest and pupil in the house of John Eliot. She soon after adopted the costume of the white women, and became greatly beloved and revered for the beauty of her character and the great service she had rendered Talbot. A few years later she became the wife of Talbot, whom she loved and served with all the ardor and fidelity of her princely nature.

Weematoo lived many years, a happy, faithful wife, and her descendants are now among the inhabitants of our New England, and they boast with great pride and satisfaction their lineal descent from the noble Indian princess, the daughter of Wassamagin, the beautiful Weematoo.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A GLANCE AT THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

The ruins of Pæstum are the columns of Hercules to most of the tourists who visit Italy. The road and the environs have not been of the safest at certain periods. This bad reputation and the more real danger of the *malaria* still keep a certain number of travellers aloof, even among those who make a professional study of the country. So many persons now-a days traverse Italy with impunity, that people are beginning to recover from the effects of this bugbear of brigands. As for the fevers, sometimes mortal, you are exposed to contracting at Pæstum, it is most prudent not to visit it during the heat of summer, to avoid sleeping there during the day, and particularly not to remain there after sunset. A direct road leads from Naples to these admirable remains of antiquity, passing through Nocera, la Cava and Salerno.

The coach stops at an isolated house. Almost in front of this dwelling are seen at a short distance the ruins of a temple, said to be a temple of Ceres. But you hasten to reach the two great temples situated further off, and, in proportion as you approach them, you experience a greater and more tremulous emotion, one of those profound emotions, so rare in life, like what you feel on beholding for the first time St. Peters or the Coliseum, and which are the glory of art, since great monuments springing from the hands of men cause an excitement similar to that inspired by the grand spectacles of nature. The temple which first presents itself is well fitted to justify this enthusiasm by the imposing simplicity and severe grandeur of its ruins, the finest and best preserved of all those of Pæstum. This temple, called that of Neptune, is a large parallelogram, with its six columns on each face, and fourteen on the side, comprising those of the angles. These thirty-six columns, elevated on three steps, form in the periphery a continuous portico in the space left between them and the walls of the *cella*. They appear to be more massive than those of the Parthenon and Temple of Theseus at Athens. They have no base, are fluted and conical, the upper diameter being a third smaller than the lower. What gives the architecture of the Temple of Neptune a peculiar character is the great projection of the two principal pieces of the capital: the plinth, a huge square block sustaining the architrave, and the echinus, a moulding placed immediately below the plinth. This projection and this great volume of capital, admirably crown the massive shafts of the columns and concur to give them a just proportion of elegance. The Temple of Neptune belongs to the fine epoch of Greek art, whose style and taste, at a certain time, spread not only through Greece and Asia, but Italy and Sicily, just as, at a later epoch, the ogival architecture invaded at once a considerable part of Europe. The Posidonium of Pæstum is the Parthenon at Athens, with a robuster air, but with less elegance and richness.

At a short distance from the Temple of Neptune are the remains of another great monument, designated by the name of Basilica. Of a much less elegant aspect, it seems, at the first glance, to be constructed on the same system. Still there are essential differences: the shafts of the columns, instead of being conical, are swollen. The firm and pure design of the capitals of the Temple of Neptune has lost here its character of strength and beauty. The plinth has the same projection, but the moulding beneath has not the same happy curve—it is flattened, and seems as if crushed by the weight of the architrave.

Besides the temples, there are at Pæstum traces of amphitheatres, a circus, and other monuments, and remains of walls, in some places eighteen feet thick, and defended, at intervals, by towers. There have been also found traces of aqueducts abutting on the city side, bounded by the mountains. The difficulty of procuring drinkable water must have been felt from the first, by the inhabitants of Pæstum; and we are tempted to ask ourselves how the first colonists could have chosen a situation so unfavorable in this respect, on the banks of the Salsum, a little rivulet with petrifying waters, which, after having skirted a portion of the walls, mingles with the brackish and sulphurous waters of the Accius. The plain of Pæstum was doubtless less marshy in antiquity than at present; but Strabo remarked of it in his day that it was unhealthy.

Nothing is sadder than the appearance of individuals attacked by *malaria* after a sojourn. A few buffaloes wandering in the marshes, numerous reptiles, and flocks of pigeons whirling about the ruins, or seeking a shelter there from the incessant pursuit of birds of prey, are the only inhabitants of this man-forsaken region.

In presence of these monuments, stamped with such a character of greatness, you ask what manner of people constructed them and left behind such durable monuments of their artistic taste; but the writers of antiquity say nothing of these ruins. Only, the greater part of the Latin poets vie with each other in celebrating the fields of roses cultivated at Pæstum and their double harvest in each year. The roses of Pæstum were known to the whole Roman world; they make a part of the Anacreontic baggage, and perfume the inanity of little notes.

This flower, consecrated to Venus, was probably brought to Pæstum by the Sybarite colonists who fled thither when Sybaris succumbed under the rivalry of Cronona, five hundred years before the Christian era. It was they, doubtless, who embellished it, and carried to a high degree the arts of Greece, a colony of which they were. Pæstum was then called Posidonia, from a Greek name indicating its consecration to Neptune (Poseidon), and it was one of the principal cities of Lucania. Towards the epoch when the Samnites declared war on the Romans, the Brutians and Lucanians attacked the Hellenic colonies in Italy. Posidonia fell into their power. But while the primitive inhabitants and the Greeks were struggling against each other, a more formidable enemy, the Romans, prepared to subject them all. Pyrrhus, summoned by the Greeks to their succor, was vanquished, and the Romans made themselves masters of Posidonia, and changed its name to that of Pæstum, a primitive name perhaps, whose altered form is extant on ancient medals. Endowed with municipal institutions, the city of Pæstum showed itself faithful to the fortunes of Rome, and aided her with ships and money. Still it preserved its ancient reminiscences. Every year, at a certain epoch, the inhabitants consecrated a day of public mourning to the loss of their independence.

From this time till the reign of Augustus, history is silent with regard to Pæstum. From the age of Augustus to the invasions of the Saracens, an interval of eight centuries, is the same silence. The latter, forced in 915 to pass over to Africa, surprised Pæstum in the night, sacked it, and almost entirely destroyed it. In 1080, the Norman, Robert Guiscard, completed its ruin; he demolished the buildings, carried off the columns, ransacked the ruins, and transported their rich spoils to Salerno to adorn the church of St. Matthew. His pious zeal was more fatal than the pillage of the Saracens. After so many trials Pæstum could do nothing but languish. The canals were neglected, stagnant waters invaded the soil, sand banks raised by the sea, impeded the course of the little rivulets and contributed to their expansion. The inhabitants, deprived of potable water, and tormented by maladies produced by the foul air of the marshes, decided, in 1580, to abandon this accursed city entirely, and established themselves at Capaccio. After their emigration the ruins of Pæstum remained unknown for more than a hundred and fifty years. In 1745 Baron Joseph Antonini for the first time called the attention of Europe to them in his history of Lucania, published at Naples. At last, in 1793, they were measured and carefully drawn by Mr. Delagardette, an architect and pensioner of the French republic at the school of Fine Arts at Rome. He, and a young Englishman who was interested in his enterprise, were obliged to sleep on beds which had been abandoned since 1580.

It is to be regretted that intelligent excavations are not made on the site of Pæstum; they would doubtless be interesting to the history of art. But tourists visit the ruins, and artists never weary of drawing and painting them; many among them have died of fevers they have contracted there. Many in this region where the roses spring, have been cut down by the exhalations of the soil, from the first colonists to those who have established themselves there in our own days. What a sad subject of thought is the strife that man has to sustain here below against a nature always severe and often hostile and fatal.



CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

M. M. Ballou—Dear Sir:—What and how to write of the subject of my present series of sketches, drawn expressly for your Pictorial, is a query which, up to the moment of commencing this letter, has remained unanswered in my own mind, and I assure you that I sit down to solve it with considerable hesitation. To describe the city of Brooklyn, either historically, geographically, municipally or pictorially, is a task of no ordinary character, and requiring much greater space than I can hope to occupy in your paper. So indissolubly is she united to the city of New York—so intimately connected in all her interests and feelings with her neighbor, that to speak of her individually would be to write the biography of one of the "Siamese Twins." Growing with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, she stands side by side with the Empire City in the march of improvement and rapid development, so characteristic of the American people. The idea of her absorption by her more gigantic sister is by no means an improbable one; indeed, while I write, the subject is being debated in the legislative halls of the State, and it may be that ere this reaches you, the "City of Brooklyn" will be no more. Whether this result be immediate or not, such is her manifest destiny; and I leave the task of writing her biography to other and abler pens than mine. The material—for much of which I am under obligations to Mr. Spooner, of the Evening Star—is before me, and is replete with interest to the antiquarian and historiographer, as well as to the general reader; but to give even the most concise epitome of it would require the scope of a volume, and I am compelled to forego the endeavor. A glance at the appearance which she presents to the eye of the visitor for the first time, may, however, be of interest, and serve to explain my sketches. Brooklyn, as your readers are well aware, is situated on the Long Island shore of the strait which connects Long Island Sound with the Bay of New York, and opposite to the Empire City. This strait, called the East River, is crossed by numerous ferries, which keep up a continued communication with all parts of the two cities, the boats passing to and fro with their loads of passengers and vehicles every few minutes through the day, and each half hour of the night. The principal ones are the Fulton, Wall Street, South, Hamilton Avenue, Catherine, Jackson, and Peck-Slip Ferries, which, until recently, were in the hands and under the control of rival companies; but within a short time past the more prominent ones have been merged into "The Union Ferry Company," and the monopoly of the traffic which this throws into their hands, and the consequences thereof, have created a local excitement calculated somewhat to affect the interests of the city of Brooklyn. The large view on the next page presents but a limited idea of the extent of the water front of the city, much less of the vast expanse embraced within her limits. It was taken from the foot of Wall Street, New York, looking rather diagonally across and up the East River, towards Williamsburgh and Bushwick, which towns have been recently absorbed by their more powerful neighbor, and form component wards of Brooklyn. The extent of this front, following the low-water line, is nearly ten miles, a very limited portion of which is embraced in the sketch. I have endeavored to give, however, the most striking points which arrest the attention of the observer in crossing the Fulton Ferry, as well as a faint idea of the busy scene presented by the surface of the river, with its multitude of crafts of all shapes and sizes, from the packet-ship of vast proportions to the scow with its load of mud dredged from the docks, to be emptied into and swept seaward by the swift current of the river.

It will be seen that a portion of the city on the right of the picture is quite elevated, being built on what is termed "Brooklyn Heights," some seventy feet above the level of the river. This may be called the "west end" of the city; and the magnificent view of New York and its expansive harbor, the clear, bracing air, and other inherent advantages, render it a delightful place of residence. Landing on the Brooklyn side, the interest is changed, not lost, in the bustle and activity of the crowds which, arriving by each successive boat, pour through the main thoroughfare to their respective destinations. Fulton Street, a portion of which is represented in the picture below, is the principal avenue of the city, and is a steep, crooked street, extending from the ferry across the city. It forms an exception to the greater proportion of the other streets, which run at right angles, and are generally about sixty feet wide, and shaded with trees. The omnibuses, which formerly run through Fulton Street, have been superseded by cars propelled by horse power, which ran in all directions, from Greenwood, on the south, to Green Point, on the north of the city; and the constant arrival and departure of the ferry-boats and cars, with the transfer of passengers to and from each, renders that portion of the street which I have sketched a very active and bustling scene. Brooklyn is a remarkably well-built city, and contains many handsome public buildings, some of which have, from time to time, appeared in the pages of the Pictorial. The most prominent among these is the City Hall, situated on a triangular park, bounded by Fulton, Court and Joralemon Streets. In its style and appearance, it bears a resemblance to the City Hall, of New York. It is built of white marble, and cost about $200,000. The Navy Yard and Atlantic Docks have each been represented to the readers of your journal from various points of view. I have given a general view of the former, from the foot of Grand Street, New York, in which is shown the two large ship-houses, with some of the vessels and hulks awaiting repairs or preparing for service. The receiving ship, North Carolina, one of the largest vessels in the United States Navy, is seen on the left of the picture. Brooklyn contains some sixty-six churches, many of which are remarkable for their beautiful architectural style and finish. The Church of the Pilgrims (Congregational), whose spire forms a prominent object in approaching the city, is an imposing structure of gray stone, situated on the corner of Henry and Remsen Streets. The Rev. R. S. Storrs is the pastor. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid July 3, 1844, and it was consecrated to divine service with becoming ceremonies, on the 12th of May, 1846. The Church of the Holy Trinity, Grace Church, the Unitarian Church, and the Church of the Restoration, are all of them handsome buildings of brown stone, in the Gothic style. The first named cost $150,000. Dr. Cox's and Dr. Bethune's churches are also of brown stone. Among the public institutions of the city, the Brooklyn Athenæum, situated at the corner of Atlantic and Clinton Streets, South Brooklyn, takes high rank. It has a large and growing library, an excellent reading-room, and, during the season, its course of lectures is unexcelled even in the great city opposite. The building is a fine one, and cost $60,000. The city library contains a valuable collection of books. The Brooklyn Lyceum is another institution for the dissemination of knowledge by means of a library and lectures. It is a handsome structure of granite, located on Washington Street, and contains a spacious lecture-room. There is also an institution of a similar character in the Navy Yard, called the United States Lyceum, which, in addition to a large collection of curiosities brought home by officers of the navy,



CITY HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



FULTON STREET, FROM THE FERRY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



VIEW OF BROOKLYN, FROM THE FOOT OF WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

contains valuable geological and mineralogical cabinets. The new City Hospital on Raymond Street, near De Kalb, is a noble institution, worthy of a far more extended notice than I am able to give it. The incipient steps towards its erection were taken at a public meeting held February 17, 1845, and it was incorporated in May, 1845. It languished for want of efficient support until the close of 1846, when Augustus Graham, Esq., a noble-hearted and generous-minded man, came to its relief, and with a donation of $5500 enabled the trustees to purchase a house and fit it up for the reception of patients. Two years afterwards, on the 4th of July, 1848, Mr. Graham announced his determination to donate $25,500 to the institution, provided the citizens of Brooklyn would raise a similar amount. This was never accomplished, and Mr. Graham, after adding $2000 to the amount he had already subscribed, was induced to withdraw his conditions, and the present building was commenced. The location selected was the site of Old Fort Greene, an elevated point in the eastern section of Brooklyn. Mr. Graham himself removed the first sod from the ramparts which he had aided to construct thirty-seven years previous. The corner-stone was laid on the 11th of June, 1851, and the centre building was completed on the 28th of April, 1852. The entire building was finished in 1854. It presents a front of 200 feet, facing due west on Raymond Street, and stands about 100 feet from the street. It consists of a centre building four stories high, 52 feet wide, 52 feet deep, with an extension back of 30 feet, and two wings, each 74 feet long, 56 feet deep, and three stories high. The base line of the building is 20 feet above the line of the street, and the elevated position of the site secures that great desideratum to such an institution, ample ventilation. The superintendent is Mr. J. E. Nichols, to whose courtesy I am indebted for the facts given above. Another noble institution is the Packer Collegiate Institute, the object of which is to afford young ladies all the advantages for obtaining a thorough and extended course of instruction that young men find in our best colleges. For this purpose, it has all the apparatus necessary for illustrating the natural sciences. Barlow's large planetarium, which was on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, New York, has been purchased for the institution, and the tower connected with the main building is surmounted by a revolving dome, pedestal, etc., for an observatory. There is also a large cabinet of natural history, and an extensive library, for the use and instruction of the pupils. Full courses of lectures are given on the various sciences, besides general lectures to the whole school. Ample accommodations are provided in the boarding department, where young ladies from abroad can find a genuine home, and where every attention is given to their character, manners and habits, as well as to their studies. The institution has existed since 1845 as the Brooklyn Female Academy, and has always been very largely patronized both at home and abroad. The whole number of pupils in the institution the past year was 724. The building fronts on Joralemon Street, and has extensive grounds attached, which front on Livingston Street. The cost of its erection, exclusive of the grounds, was $85,000. The mayor of the city is ex-officio one of the trustees; G. G. Van Wagenen is president, and Joseph W. Harper is secretary. Of the faculty, A. Crittenden, A. M., is principal, with professors of the natural sciences, mathematics, the French, Spanish, German, Italian and Latin languages; drawing, painting, composition, music and penmanship. This institution appears to have found a high place in public favor, and a few details as to its origin may prove interesting to your readers. As early as January, 1853, Mrs. Packer addressed a note to the board of trustees of the Brooklyn Female Academy, in which she stated that her late husband, Wm. S. Packer, Esq., had entertained the purpose of devoting a sum towards the establishment of an institution for the education of youth. It was her desire, she said, as his representative, to carry out his wishes. The recent destruction of the building of the Female Academy afforded her the opportunity, which she was glad to embrace. "What I contemplate is this," she concludes, "to apply sixty-five thousand dollars of Mr. Packer's property to the erection of an institution for the education of my own sex in the higher branches of literature, in *lieu* of that now known as the Brooklyn Female Academy." In answer to this proposition, the trustees resolved to dissolve the corporation of "The Brooklyn Female Academy;" and the consent of the corporators was obtained for the transfer of their interests in a Boys' High School, which is now in successful experiment. Application was made and granted for the incorporation of a Girls' Academy, under the name and title of "The Packer Collegiate Institute." Under the date of May 4, 1853, Mrs. Packer acknowledged the receipt of a copy of the act of incorporation.

"While I congratulate you," she writes, "allow me to offer my heartfelt thanks for the honor you have bestowed on the memory of my husband, in giving the institution his name." She then renewed the offer of the endowment, $65,000. In a subsequent letter she addressed the trustees in terms so eloquent in the simplicity of an earnest purpose, and so full of affectionate reverence for her husband's wishes, that we may be pardoned for extracting a paragraph from it:—"Gentlemen,—I have already taken the liberty of expressing to some of your board the interest I feel in having a suitable building erected for the institution over which you preside—one with accommodations sufficiently ample to provide for the realization of our most sanguine hopes, and whose style and general appearance would correspond with the character and grade of the school there established. I have thought that it might tell favorably upon the success of the institution, if the building itself were a kind of token, or pledge, of the refined and elevated influences to be found within its walls—a pledge, I am sure, the good management of the trustees, with the blessing of a Higher Power, would be able to redeem. While my own hopes are most sanguine, it is doubtless wise to be prepared for disappointment; and I assure the trustees I fully appreciate their hesitation as to the propriety of adopting plans, to carry out which *might* involve the institution so as to materially impair its usefulness, and perhaps ultimately jeopard its very existence. I would not have been so decided in favor of Mr. Lefevre's plans, in opposition (I fear it seemed) to those better qualified to judge, had I not first determined to hold myself ready to relieve the institution should it become seriously embarrassed. I hope no such necessity will occur. But if, after a sufficient trial, the income of the institution should be found inadequate to provide liberally for its own expenses, and make also such provision for a sinking fund as to afford reasonable prospect of ultimately cancelling the debt, I will engage to add to my donation such sum as may be necessary for this object, to the amount of twenty thousand dollars." Thus, the endowment of the Packer Collegiate Institute, from the one munificent source of a *large heart*, will be not less than $85,000. All honor—all praise—all thanksgiving be ascribed, first to Him, whose Holy Spirit inspires to charity and good works, and *next*, to *her*, from whose hands flows the beneficence, and out of whose lips distil the gentle words of encouragement, to the cause of female education.—There are many other institutions and objects of interest in the city of Brooklyn, of which I should be pleased to speak, but for the present shall have to forego the pleasure. I shall endeavor, from time to time, to send you sketches of such as your good judgment may think most interesting to your numerous readers. I start, in a few days, on a trip to some of the beautiful towns and cities on the Hudson, and until my return, I beg leave to subscribe myself, with much respect,

Your artist,

NEUTRAL TINT.



U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



PACKER INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EVE BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

Coming through the open portal
Of the future in my life,
Walks a shape—half saint, half mortal—
And she comes to be my wife.
When I lead her to the altar,
Will she weep that she is mine?
Will her murmuring accents falter,
"O, beloved, I am thine!"

When I lead her to the dwelling
Where my mother waits for her,
Will her eyes with tears be swelling?
Will my love her pulses stir?
In the silence gently brooding
On the thoughtful brow of night,
Shall I catch the interluding
Of the spirits in their flight?

Shall I hear, at early morning,
When the birds are singing free,
Mingling with the sounds at dawning,
Mary's voice in melody?
And in hope and love immortal,
Will she be through all my life,
Standing at the open portal,
Bride, beloved, Mary, wife?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FIRST AND LAST QUARREL:

—OR,—

THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.

A STORY FOR THE NEWLY-MARRIED.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Ye who have just entered into the holy estate of matrimony—who fancy that the quarrels of lovers are the renewals of affection, and indulge in the hope that if you fall out to-day, you can make it up to-morrow, without harm to your happiness—listen to the story of Dunmow and its "Flitch of Bacon."

Though almost as ponderous, the above paragraph is quite as philosophical as the celebrated introduction to Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," and it contains a moral, as will presently be seen.

Some few years ago, while travelling in the county of Essex, in England, I came to what is there called a four-cross road—one of those places where they used some hundred years ago, to bury suicides at midnight, and then barbarously thrust a stake through the poor wretch's body, to mark the precise spot where he or she who had "burst into the house of life," lay. I was on foot, and anxious to see all that was worth seeing, in order that on my return to New England, I might tell my Yankee friends and relatives something fresh about the peculiarities of Old England. I had set out from London with no settled plan, trusting to chance and circumstances to furnish me with material. I could not have adopted a better plan than pedestrianizing, and I hereby recommend it as the cheapest and the best way of seeing a foreign country.

In the centre of the space made by the junction of two roads at right angles with each other, stood a post with four sign-boards on it, pointing in four different and precisely opposite directions. On these were inscribed the names of four villages, with their distances in miles from that spot. While I was perusing them for the purpose of deciding which would lead me to the nearest tavern, as I was somewhat fatigued, a jolly-looking farmer drove up in his vehicle—half chaise, half cart,—and perhaps perceiving I was a stranger, saluted me thus:

"If yo be gooin' moi weay, measter, joomp in and ride—yo be welcoom, zure."

"Thanks, friend," I remarked; "but I don't know *what* way I *am* going. Which is the nearest place to this, where there is a tavern where I can get dinner and a lodging."

"Why, Dunmow; see there on the sign-board—it be six mile from here, and I be gooin' to it."

So I jumped in, and away went the friendly farmer and I, as he expressed it, "cheek by jowl." I mentioned the fact of my having heard of suicides' burials in such places as the one I have just described, and asked if he had known any instance of such interments in those parts?

"Why, measter, *I* ha'nt, but my feather (he's been dead now these twenty years) saw a man as pizened hisself, buried in the place where I took yo up; and that very sign-post—the bottom on't, leastways—was run thro' his karkiss."

On we jogged, pleasantly enough, and how he stared at me when I told him I was an American, was a caution! He had rather limited ideas of the size of the United States, for he mentioned that he had a "nevoy" there somewhere, and "as 'twere loikely I should zee 'im, to tell 'im that all the volks at whoam wor peart," by which phrase he meant "pretty well," I believe.

"Here we be," he said, as he pulled up at the door of one of those pretty little rural roadside taverns, which are to be seen nowhere out of England. From its porch issued a rosy-faced, buxom landlady, to whom the farmer consigned me, after saying he would come and "smoke a poipe and drink a mug of yell" with me in the evening.

I've ate dinners before and since then, at your Metropolitans, Tremonts, St. Nicholas's, and other fashionable hotels, but I never ate a meal with such gusto as I disposed of that homely one at the "Jolly Ploughmen"—that being the name of the inn. The table-cloth, on the little round table, was so white—the bread so brown—the butter so primrose-colored—the eggs so fresh, and the bacon such as I never saw or heard of before. And then the jug of home-brewed ale, with its frothy crown—and the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed landlady, the pink of neatness, presiding over all, and anticipating my slightest want,—I wish I was there now.

"Anything hereabouts that is worth a stranger's seeing?" I asked of Mrs. Pillinger.

"Well, sir," said she, "you *be* in luck, sure; you might have come here hundreds of times and not have been so lucky. Dear me! to think as you come all the way from 'Merrikey, and be here on Flitch-of-bacon Day, which is to-morrow!"

I was sorely puzzled to know what she meant, and then learned that on the morrow was to be held the triennial festival of the Flitch of Bacon.

"But then, sir," said the good woman, "old Nicholas Wagner, our parish clerk and schoolmaster, 'll be in here to-night, and tell 'ee all about it; and meantime you can go and see the ruins of old Dunmow priory, and the old church—they be both on 'em hard by."

After visiting these "lions" of the little village, I learned from a volume of local history which lay on the parlor mantelpiece, that several hundred years ago, a gentleman left a sum of money, the interest of which was to be rather curiously disposed of. In order to promote conjugal comfort, he willed that every three years a flitch of bacon should be presented to any newly-married couple who would appear before a magistrate, at the end of twelve months and a day from the time of their marriage, and solemnly swear that they had not wished themselves unmarried, or quarrelled with each other. The claimants, however, I was sorry to see from the Dunmow records, had been very few, leaving it to be inferred that matrimonial felicity, in that part of the world at least, was not quite the thing it was "cracked up to be."

The next morning (and a lovely morning it was), all Dunmow was alive, for from every quarter people both "gentle and simple" kept pouring in. The bells of the little village church rang merry peals, flags streamed from windows and house-tops, and bands of music paraded the streets. The Dunmow Flitch was to be claimed that day for the first time for nine years, and universal curiosity was displayed to see the ceremonies attendant on its bestowal and reception. Men, women and children were attired in their Sunday clothes, and every lad and lass wore bouquets in their bosoms or button-holes. I had little doubt that many of the swains who so gallantly escorted their sweethearts up and down the street, fondly fancied that ere long they, too, should claim the flitch of bacon. I am quite sure of one thing—with all my heart and soul I wished they might get it.

Precisely at ten o'clock, a great shouting in the neighborhood of the old town hall told that the important proceedings of the day were about to commence. The bells rang more merrily than ever, and the flags seemed to wave with increased vigor. As for the band, it was marvellous in what a flurry of excitement it got. The flute and the fife seemed to be trying which should get to the end of the tune first; the trumpet blared frantically; the bassoon bellowed like a bull in laughing hysterics; the fiddlers appeared frantic with merriment; the drums thundered out applause, and the triangles tinkled triumphantly. And little wonder was it that the band especially should grow excited on the occasion, since the matrimonial hero of the day was their own leader and "first fiddler."

The proceedings of the day were, as usual, to be divided into three parts; first, a procession to the parish church, where the parson of the parish was to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion—and I was assured that one text and one sermon had invariably been used, on every recurrence of the festival, from the time of its foundation; the fact was, minister after minister had handed the discourse over to his successor—and so "Wives be obedient to your husbands," and "Husbands love your wives and be not bitter against them," had been the staple of each and every "flitch-of-bacon sermon," from time immemorial. Secondly, a procession from the church to the town hall, where the oath was to be administered to the claimants of the flitch; and thirdly, a procession to the married couple's house, where the flitch was to be delivered to them,—the said flitch to be carried in all three processions, decked with ribbons and evergreens.

The procession was rural and picturesque. First came the constables to clear the way, each in a huge cocked hat, and flourishing his garlanded staff of office; then followed the band, blowing and thumping with all their might "See the conquering heroes comes," defiant of grammar and authority; next walked, two and two, the married people of the village; then the lads and lasses, who hoped one day to be married also; and then, borne on a litter formed of boughs and evergreens, ribbons and flags, the claimants of the flitch. They were a right happy-looking couple—he a stalwart peasant—she a pretty and plump young woman, with a bouncing baby on her lap. The husband and wife were cheered with heart and voice, but whenever the mother held up the bouncing baby, you would have thought the cheers and huzzas burst from brazen throats. Following these, came lastly "The Flitch" itself—and what a monstrous side of pork it was!—the fat and lean in it being suggestive of that happy and united state whose twelve months' experience it was about to crown.

I need say nothing more of the sermon than I have done—no one listened to it, for the husband, wife, baby and flitch were the four heads of the discourse to most present—the pig's tail, which was attached to the side of pork and tied with blue ribbon in a true-lover's knot, forming an appropriate "amen."

And now the procession moved towards the town hall. Arrived there, the magistrate took his seat, and before him stood the wedded pair. Just as the proceedings commenced, the child set up a tremendous squall, which required all the mother's persuasive powers to quiet. But she bore the annoyance patiently, and to show how mild she *could* be under the most irritating circumstances, did not once say even "Drat the baby!"

The oath was then administered, and the pair were informed that at the close of the proceedings in the afternoon, the bacon would be delivered to them. They were then exhorted to live in peace and harmony, and once more the procession formed, after each had drank a draught of wine from a silver tankard called "the loving cup," which was never used but on such an occasion.

Before escorting the happy couple to their home, a dinner—which I forgot to speak of—was given by the authorities on "the green," the successful pair sitting on raised seats at the head of the table. And what a substantial dinner it was! Ribs and rounds of beef from mammoth oxen, plum puddings of Brobdignagian dimensions, and gallons of strong ale innumerable. The honored guests, to whom alone wine was served, had their healths drank scores of times, and, I am forced to say, the young husband, when he returned thanks for about the twenty-sixth time, spoke in rather thick tones, and seemed somewhat unsteady on his legs. Candor also compels me to declare that his lady looked exceedingly flushed in the face, and that the baby was ruddy and cross—for it, too, had had its health drank, and squalled its thanks in return; for it did not seem to relish the "tiny drops" of "nicey picey" it had been forced to swallow "for that occasion only."

It was now drawing towards evening, and preparations for the march home were made. Once more the band struck up; once more the officials flourished their staves; once more the happy couple were lifted into their seats of honor, and once more the flitch displayed its huge proportions. But the constables now and then blindly used their staves on the heads of those who impeded their progress; the band played desperately out of tune a very convivial air; the happy pair found great difficulty in keeping their exalted positions; the baby screamed awfully, and the flitch of bacon swayed to and fro, as though it had been a banner borne by a tipsy bearer. In short the entire procession, "like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along."

Alas! how many a slip is there between the cup and the lip! The truth of the proverb was destined to be proved that day.

The head of the procession had almost reached the door of John Chobble's cottage, when that gentleman's head came in violent contact with the flitch of bacon, which, in consequence of the reeling of those who bore it on its lofty pole, swung rather too much out of the perpendicular.

"Hang the bacon!" exclaimed Mr. Chobbles, in that unguarded moment.

The exclamation, or execration, attracted the attention of his wife, who sharply nudged him in the side with her elbow, saying:

"Never thee mind, Jan, thy head's thick enough to bear it; the bacon 'll be softer when it's biled."

"Fried, you mean," remarked John.

"*Biled* I said, and *biled* I mean; 'twould be a sin and a shame to fry such baacon as that; half on't 'ud be fried away."

"I tell 'ee I wont have a bit on't biled, daag my wig if I wool! Let me catch thee putting it in the pot and I'll put 'ee in arter it."

"Jan, you be a fool; if I'd knowed as much afore I married thee, thee might have whistled for I; I wish I'd never seen thee!"

"Well, I *wor* a fool for turning off Polly Green for such an obstinate gommock as thee he'est. I only wish I wor single again; dang'd if I don't go and list for a sodger to get rid of thee!"

Now it so happened that the parson of the parish was walking close by the side of the litter on which John and his wife were seated, with a Bible in his hand, which he intended to present to them when they reached their house—and heard the interesting conversation I have just reported. He was a good and humane, but strictly just man, and he at once saw that inasmuch as the twelvemonth and a day had not yet expired, nor would until sundown, one hour hence, the conditions on which the flitch was to be given up were not complied with, for both had abused each other, and expressed regrets that they had got married. Had the quarrel taken place in the privacy of their own dwelling, he might not have known it; but here in public had the scandal occurred. So he accompanied the injudicious pair into their cottage, informed them that they had forfeited the flitch, gave them the Bible, and left them to "kiss and make it up," which it is to be hoped they did. The flitch was immediately cut up, and, according to the direction of the authorities, divided among the poor of the parish.

"Ah," remarked Mrs. Pillinger, my landlady, that evening when the affair was being talked over, "it's no more than I thought. John Chobbles was always a stubborn chap; and as for his wife, I always said she'd never 'save her bacon.'"

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ENRLST.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

As through the murky sky,
Shot by the fiend of storm with rude behest,
The vivid lightnings fly,
My spirit rages in its wild unrest.

Life's weary battle-plain
Hath in its future drear and darksome strife:
Ne'er may I hope again
To go, a victor, from the field of life.

Delusive hopes, depart!
Long have ye cheated me, but now 'tis o'er;
Locked close within my heart
Is searing grief and care forevermore.

Still through the world I'll roam,
Fanning the fires of gloom within my breast:
Finding a welcome home
Only where dwells the demon dark unrest.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROMANCE IN LOW LIFE.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

I was but a child when Mickey Fooshane was employed by my uncle, a druggist in New Orleans, as a portor. Mickey was in very troth "a broth of a boy," with a keen relish for beauty, wherever he might chance to meet it, whether in "the bogs of ould Ireland," or on the scorched and dusty streets of the Crescent City, where he first met Biddy Doyle, trotting us "small fry" out for our morning walk, as he trudged whistling up Canal Street, carrying home the market basket and figs for breakfast.

Up to this time, Mickey had had a weary time of it, pounding away from morning till night, save when his employment was occasionally varied by quitting the pestle and mortar to do double duty as store porter and carrying home the ice or market basket; nothing to console him in his loneliness, save the jug of potheen he chanced to provide himself with. Sometimes Mickey would take an extra cup of the mountain dew, when, if eggs were broken or figs mashed by the way, he would reconcile it all with "Hoot! but it'a the durty street was getting the better of me, intirely!" And well do I remember my aunt's horror on one occasion when old black Talbert, who used to drive the gig, crammed with us little folk, to school, was absent, and Mickey volunteered in his stead; from the moment that he lifted the last pinafore in until he stopped at "Morton's Academy," on the Old Levee, did Mick plunge helter-skelter through the crowded streets, flourishing his whip and shouting, much to the scandal of Old Spavin, unused to and indignant, as a respectable horse should be, at such depravity. But to Mickey's courtship.

I was progressing in books and i's when Mickey first came to my uncle's; and had got advanced into a large text of all the letters, capitals excepted, when he brought me a huge sugar cane as a bribe, and I wrote his first letter to Peggy Meighan, telling her how he was "breathing freedom at every fut of the blissed sod of Ameriky," and hinting that the day was not distant when "he would send for her to come and live with her dotin' Mickey."

I wrote it on the kitchen table, while Biddy Doyle sat by, rocking my baby brother to sleep. Sharp as a steel-trap, was Biddy, with a tongue and temper keen as the north wind's edge, yet when it suited her purpose, cool as a mountain's top, firm as its base. It matters not to my story what were the allurements, or how she sped in casting their coil round the susceptible Mickey; suffice it that long before his letter, laden with "ochs" "achs" and devotion, reached Peggy Meighan, he was out of all conceit of her, and speculating seriously of making known his affections to Biddy Doyle, who, by some intuitive perception, seemed to know how the wind was blowing long before. Fortified by an extra potation, he broke forth:

"Bedad, thin, but it's afther lovin' ye to disthraction, I am intirely!"

"Whist, will yez?" says Biddy.

"Be the powers, thin, an' it's mesilf's tellin' ye no lie, at all, at all!"

"Arrah, g'long wid yez!" says Biddy.

"Faix, an' it's in airnest I am, an' sure, an' wont ye belave me?" and Mick gazed down into the dark, lovelit eyes of the young girl, who, as if unable to withstand the appeal, answered:

"Yis."

And a proud boy was Mickey Fooshane, as he snapped his fingers, cutting a caper of delight, upsetting a basket of pomegranates, and his unsalaried performance ending with a "Begorra, Biddy, but you're a beauty, intirely; an' it's mesilf would thrash the first scalawag that even looks at ye, I will!"

The next morning, however, before any fresh cobwebs had hooked themselves with the fumes of the potheen in his sprightly brain, he began to think of what he should say to Peggy Meighan, of all this. Calling a council of one, Mickey resolved the matter somewhat after this wise: "Sure, an' may be she's afther forgettin' me intirely. There's Mike Cassiday and Phelim Rafferty, both neighbors' sons; may be never a hap'worth she cares if I iver write to her again."

Then the memory of the pure-hearted, gentle girl, longing for his next letter, came rousing his better nature to discard the unworthy doubt. Mick took another swig; fortified by this, he cogitated a little more to the purpose. "Sure, an' it's aisy to write her that I'm dead intirely, and then she'll take Owen McGarvey at once." Much inclined to this latter belief, Mickey watched his opportunity, waiting for Biddy's evening to visit her uncle, Tim Cafferty, a butcher, well to do, in Lafayette.

Standing at the corner of Common, Mick watched Biddy scudding along Philippa Street, then round the State House corner, and into the Lafayette cars, when bounding like a rocket, capsizing an orange boy and basket, he trotted back to uncle's; and, bringing me a pocket full of persimmons as a bribe, dictated while I wrote the following letter to Peggy Meighan.

"PEGGY, DARLINT,—Sure, Peggy dear, it's me silf's dead!—dead as a door nail, this very minnit, an' will never be able to write yez again. Ye've heard of the battle of New Orleans!—well, an' it's there mesilf was shot by a potherin' spalpeen of a black tongur, bad luck to him for that same—amin! I was hapin' up cotton bales at the back of the thrinch, when up comes Packenham and tould him to kill me intirely. Bid them to kape the wake all the same; and tell Father Michael to say a mass for me, seein' I niver denied my breene or my country—and niver will. Don't take that ragamuffin, Mike Cassiday, but remain a dutiful widdy intirely, for the sake of yer own Fooshane, who's let out of purgatory jist to tell ye I was kilt and berrid on Bunker's Hill, where General Jackson kilt Cornwallis, here in New Orleans.

"Yours, dead or livin', MICKEY FOOSHANE."

I was folding the letter up, under Mickey's directions, achieved as it had been, under various processes of spelling and erasures, when the kitchen door opened and in walked Biddy Doyle. Coming direct to the table where I was affixing a black wafer to the account of Mickey's death, she asked who it was for. Before I had time to reply, Mick had put in, with his usual glib effrontery:

"Only a bit of a line to that rapscallion, Rafferty, that married my sisther, Norah—the scalawag!"

And hastily placing the letter in his straw hat, Mr. Fooshane made tracks for the door, thanking me and bidding Biddy good night, nor stayed on the order of his going, till he had mailed his letter in the post-office.

I have said before that Biddy was sharp as a steel-trap, and so she was. A something in Mickey's choosing the night of her absence to write his letter, added to his evident reluctance that she should see it, and the haste of his exit, excited her suspicions.

"Sure, Miss Bell, is that thrue—was Mickey only writin' till Padeen O'Rafferty?"

I looked at my little dirty fingers daubed with ink, and Mickey's persimmons, and reddening like a peony, said:

"I don't like to tell. Mickey gave me a whole pocket-full of persimmons."

"Agh, misha! the desavin' spalpeen! But wait a minnit, Miss Bell, an' we'll see!" and diving down into her capacious pocket, she brought up a huge pomegranate and sundry pecans. "My darlint, an' what did ye write for the desavin' scallawag?"

Much, at this distance of time, it shames me to confess that Biddy's pomegranate outweighed Mickey's persimmons, and that, turning to the fly-leaf of my spelling-book, I read therefrom the direction, as carefully pencilled from Mickey's dictation—"Mr. James Kelly, to be given to Mark Flinn for Peggy Meighan, Ballymore, Kileroon post-office, County of Galloway, Ireland."

"Och, wirra, wirra! an' does the *tayhareen* think because he's a bit civilized, that he's goin' to desave a dacint girl, jist as if he was a jintleman?" Then bending her tearful black eyes down on my averted face, she turned my head round to the light, that she might search for a comment on her suspicions. "Am I not right? Did he not write to the wee omadhon, Peggy Meighan?"

I frankly told her all. When I came to the conclusion of his death at the hands of Packenham, his wake and message to Father Michael, and lastly his burial and exhumation to indite the letter, she was standing pale, yet with a high resolve flashing in intolerable lustre from her coal-black eyes.

"Have ye iver a bit of paper, Miss Bell?"

"I can get some up stairs." And up we went, my aunt thinking me very diligent over my spelling and multiplication-table, all the time.

Possessing myself of a sheet of foolscap, Biddy fresh trimmed the lamp, and I, at her dictation, informed Peggy Meighan that Mickey Fooshane "was neither dead nor berrid," and further, that if she would keep him to his promiso she must hasten to New Orleans, else Mick would take another, ending by giving her directions to inquire her way, on landing, to Tim Cafferty's (Biddy's uncle), in Lafayette.

"Now drap this in the post-office to-morrow, Miss Bell, plaze, an' niver say a word about it to that desavin' villin, at all, at all."

Time wore on, and the pretty Biddy Doyle continued coy and capricious, huffy and disdainful, much to the uneasiness and evident chagrin of Mickey, who, being no fool, gave perfect satisfaction to my uncle, who had raised his wages; and indignant at what he considered tampering with his feelings, he began to think seriously of breaking with Biddy, and writing to explain (we are at a loss to know how) to Peggy that he was alive again, and her's entirely;—when one night a female, with a coarse straw bonnet and enveloped in a huge cloak, rapped at Tim Cafferty's door, in Lafayette, presenting the letter I had written, as her credential that she was Peggy Meighan.

The next day, much to Mickey's surprise, Biddy waylaid him, and though there was a lurking spirit of malice in her dark eye, still she spoke pleasantly as she said it was useless deferring their marriage any longer, and bid him secure the services of a priest for the next evening, telling him at the same time that as her uncle, Tim Cafferty, would give her a wedding-gown and supper, he might ask any friends he saw fit, to his house in Lafayette.

Renewing his supply in the jug, and plentifully supplied with "tobacky," Mickey, accompanied by the priest, arrived punctual to the hour, at Tim Cafferty's, proud to present to his friends the buxom Biddy, who looked very handsome in the white gown her uncle had presented.

The elat of Mickey, with his uncle elect and their guests, were talking and laughing in high glee and all going "merry as a marriage bell," when suddenly the back door opened and a veiled and cloaked female individual entered the room. Slowly scanning the faces of the guests, her eyes rested on the faithless Mickey Fooshane. Flinging back her huge cloak and tattered veil, the pale face of Peggy Meighan confronted our hero, who felt very much, as he afterwards feelingly described, "as though he wished his worst inimy was settin' dogs on him down Dowspeing Street."

"Arrah, ye desaver!—an' is this the way yer thinkin' to bamboozle me, a lanna? You that was kilt an' berrid so long, ye grace forsaken omadhon! Spake out, ye vagabone, and tell me what ye meant by writin' ye wor dead, a-all yez!"

"Who is this girl, Mickey? an' what is this about ye bein' dead?" asked Biddy, apparently unconscious how the girl got there to prohibit the bans; while the crestfallen Mickey, with averted face and perplexed look, stood biting his nails, soliloquizing somewhat like this. "Begorra, but the plague is in it intirely! May the—(here he said a bad word) roe away wid both of 'em."

Meantime Peggy, with heightened color and flashing eye, unflinchingly confronted him, turn as he might. Making at last a virtue of necessity, he looked up, and extending his hand, asked:

"An' is it yersilf, Peggy'—an' how came ye here?"

Rejecting at first his timid overture towards reconciliation, she answered, tormentingly:

"Faix, an' ye may well ax that same, afther yer vagabone lether, tellin' me ye wor dead, an' only released from purgatory to tell me. Sure an' what are yea doin' here, when yer to be back there at cock-crow?"

While Peggy beset him on one side, and his friends and the priest stood staring on the other, Mickey found himself in a pretty fix, to say the least of it. For a moment he stood irresolute, then bolting for the door, sought to make his escape; but in fleeing Scylla, he but hit on Charybdis, being stopped in his progress by the strong arm of Tim Cafferty, who had interposed his stalwart frame in the doorway. Peggy, meantime, stood wringing her hands, whining, "Och hone, a hone! but he's broke the heart o' me intirely, the desavin' spalpeen, so he has!"

Where there was no chance of being listened to, parley was useless; so putting a bold face on the matter, our hero admitted the soft impeachment, while Peggy, throwing her arms around his white vest pattern, sobbed with greater vehemence than before; and Biddy Doyle, very pale, yet with a bright red spot burning hectically in either cheek, looked on with black and stony eyes, the quivering of her lip alone indicating how deep, how intense the feeling kept down by a strong effort of the will.

"From the turn affairs have taken," said Father Brady, rising, "I'm thinking my presence will not be needed."

"Hould on a bit; yer riverence may as well set matthers right now as any time," spoke out Tim Cafferty.

Mickey, freeing himself from the clasping arms of the determined Peggy, walked to where Biddy was standing, pale and unnoticed in a corner, offering his hand and asking her forgiveness, telling her that "though it nearly broke his heart intirely, he must needs, he supposed, keep to his bargain with Peggy, who it bate him intirely to imagine how she came jist in the nick of time to nab him, bad cess to her!"

Casting a look of withering scorn on the discomfited Mickey, the proud girl laughed a low, tantalizing laugh, as she answered:

"Troth, an' I'm thankful I found ye out in time, ye spalpeen! an' proud to tell ye it was mesilf laid the trap that caught ye!"

An hour later, and Mickey Fooshane was one of the most uproariously merry of all among Tim Cafferty's guests. Father Brady had shook hands with him and Peggy, after pronouncing the benediction, assuring him he was glad to see him made an honest man again.

But Biddy did not die of a broken heart. Going with my aunt, the next summer, across Lake Ponchartrain, she was fortunate enough to take the eye of the second engineer of one of the finest mail boats plying between New Orleans and Mobile. He was a Scot by birth, a widower, owning a pretty cottage and snug farm in the outskirts of Covington. Many years afterwards, when spending the summer in Madisonville, I drove out to Covingtoo, and inquired the way to Biddy's (I beg pardon, Mrs. Templetoo's,) cottage. I found her much improved in appearance, handsomely dressed, and with books and work-basket before her.

"Do you read, Biddy?"

"Yes, I found it necessary to learn, so as to instruct Mr. Templeton's little girls; my husband himself taught me."

Her brogue and former mincing airs were all gone. I mentioned Mickey, and told her he was still a porter in my uncle's employ, and what with his fondness for mountain-dew and ten pins, he managed no better than might be expected; while Peggy, with her unthrifty ways, and want of neatness and economy, managed rather worse.

A bright glow suffused Mrs. Templeton's fair neck and brow, when I mischievously reminded her of the night I wrote the account of Mickey's death, and request for his friends to keep his wake, and promised my abdicated spelling book to her eldest urchin, assuring her that she would find the old address, from which we had copied, still there—"Mr. James Kelly, to be given to Mark Flinn for Peggy Meighan, Ballymore, Kileroon post-office, County of Galloway, Ireland."

She laughed merrily while setting a rich cream cheese, grapes, figs, peaches and honey before me. These were hers—*her own*; and the fine farm, and cows, horse, wagon and house, were all *hers*; and *hers*, too, was also the curly-haired wee fairy that answered to the name of "Bell." But she blushed in disdain that she ever bore a part in the story I have tried to tell of her early love affair with Mickey Fooshane.

CAPTAIN J. W. WATKINS.

We present on this page a finely engraved portrait of this gallant son of Neptune, executed expressly for the Pictorial, for the original of which we are indebted to the kindness of an unknown California correspondent. Captain Watkins is popularly known as the "Commodore," a title of courtesy bestowed on him by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, he being the senior commander in their service. Some years since, Captain Watkins was in the merchant service, and for a long while sailed from this port to Valparaiso, South America, in the employ of an enterprising Boston firm, whose entire confidence he enjoyed during the whole time of his service. Captain Watkins has many old friends in this quarter, by whom he is warmly remembered, and to whom, as well as to California travellers, his "counterfeit presentment" will be particularly acceptable. Years ago, the commodore was in the merchant service, between New York and China, and was engaged in a terrific conflict with some of the pirates that infest the China Seas, and are the scourge of commerce in that part of the world; but who almost always meet their match when they encounter a Yankee captain, with a "Yankee ship and a Yankee crew." In his long experience of the ocean, he has passed through a series of adventures, such as chequer the sea-faring, and his "ower true" tales of hardship and peril would fill a volume. If he chose to wield a pen, he might produce a work which would delight the reading public, who are always enamored of nautical adventure, even those of them who have never "gone down to the sea in ships," and who only know the terrors and excitement of the great deep through the medium of print. Commodore Watkins is one of the most popular commanders in the world, and his kind care and attention, his untiring good nature and courtesy, will long be remembered by hosts of passengers. He is now in command of the "Golden Age." The task of a gentleman occupying the position of Commodore Watkins is no easy one, but on the contrary involves great responsibility, and requires a combination of rare qualities. In the first place, as a matter of course, he must be a thorough seaman, versed in the theory and practice of his noble profession; he must possess both prudence and nerve, and he must be also, having the charge of ladies and gentlemen, and being in constant communion with them, a gentleman as well as well as a sailor, though the terms are nearly convertible. With ship, freight and passengers dependent on him, he cannot, when afloat, be said to have a single moment free from care. Even his dreams must reproduce the cares and responsibilities of his waking hours. Then the commander of a passenger-ship frequently has his temper and good nature sorely tried; he is brought in contact often with persons not naturally of the most amiable disposition, and with their little infirmities aggravated by the sore trials of an unwonted sea-voyage. To answer the thousand questions that are addressed to him as the fountain-head of information, the sheet-anchor of safety in trouble, to allay the fears of the timid, to parry the exactions of the presuming, to administer the thousand details of his charge, and while strictly discharging his duty, to win the good will and secure the respect of the parties brought into direct and indirect relation with him, is certainly difficult to accomplish; but when these tests are successfully borne, truly the highest credit is due to the man who sustains them. In these respects, our American captains, as a general thing, have earned a world-wide reputation.



CAPTAIN J. W. WATKINS.

VIEW OF GLOUCESTER, MASS.

We present herewith a general view of the pleasant and thriving town of Gloucester, Essex county, Mass., as seen from the water. This profile view is quite correct, notwithstanding the scale upon which it is drawn, and those familiar with the place will readily distinguish its prominent features. Gloucester is a port of entry, and has and receives a large amount of foreign exports annually, chiefly West India goods, and coal, wood and lumber from the British provinces. Nearly 31,000 tons of shipping are owned at Gloucester. In 1853, forty-one vessels were built here, averaging a little more than eighty tons each. It has a large amount of tonnage employed in the fisheries. The cod fishing business has been prosecuted here for more than a century. From 1765 to 1775, the average annual fleet sent out was 146 vessels, with 5530 tons, employing 888 men. It was occupied as a fishing station as early as 1624, being the first settlement made on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay. The harbor is one of the finest on the coast, and accessible for vessels of the largest class at all seasons. The town is very picturesquely situated, and is handsomely and compactly built. Charming sea views are obtained from many of its eminences. There are a large number of churches here, a bank, a savings' institution, two insurance offices, a gas light, and, we think, three newspapers. It is now connected by railroad with all the principal cities and towns of the seaboard and interior, and a fresh impetus has thus been given to its business activity. It is a very pleasant residence in summer, and in winter the salt air modifies the severity of the season. The scenery on Cape Ann, within the compass of an afternoon's ride or walk of Gloucester, is varied and charming. We know of few places on the coast of the United States where so many attractive elements are combined.

BENEFITS OF WALKING.

Dr. Merwin, in his book on mental diseases, says:—"Lately, I conversed with a veteran in literature and years, whose powers of mind no one questions, however they may differ from him in speculative points. This gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the soundness of his mind, through a long course of multifarious and often depressing circumstances, by a steady perseverance in the habit of walking every day. He has survived, for a long period, almost all the literary characters who were his cotemporaries at the time when his own writings excited much public attention; and almost all of them have dropped into the grave, one after another, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course. But they were men of far less regular habits, and I am obliged to add, of much less equanimity of mind. Yet the preservation of his equanimity has, I verily believe, been insured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which in others would prove equally available, if steadily pursued."—*Bee.*

THE WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

Catherine Alexowna was born of poor parents near Dorpat, a little village of Livonia. At an early age she lost her father, and by her own exertions barely supported herself and her mother, enfeebled by infirmity. Her form was that of symmetry and beauty; and nature had endowed her with a mind as active as it was just and energetic. She was taught to read by her mother, and instructed by an aged Lutheran clergyman in the principles and duties of religion. At the age of fifteen years her mother died. She then went to reside with the clergyman, and instructed his daughters in those things she had been taught by their father. She received, together with his daughters, lessons in music and dancing, and continued to accomplish herself in them until the death of her benefactor. This misfortune reduced her to the most abject penury, and the war between Russia and Sweden breaking out, forced her to leave her country and seek an asylum at Marienburg. She was necessitated to travel, on foot, a country ravaged by two inimical armies; and after having escaped many dangers, she was attacked by two Swedish soldiers, from the violence of whom she was rescued by the timely interposition of an inferior officer. Upon thanking her liberator, what was her surprise when she found he was the son of the Lutheran clergyman who had raised her from her infancy! The young officer rendered her all necessary aid for the prosecution of her journey, and gave her a letter of introduction to M. Glück, an intimate friend of his father, and his intimate friend, at Marienburg. Although she was but seventeen years of age, M. Glück confided to her the education of his daughters. In this employment she so well acquitted herself that her employer, who had been afflicted by the loss of his wife, offered her his hand, which she refused, but at the same time offered her *own* to her liberator, although he had lost an arm and was also covered with wounds. It was, undoubtedly, impossible to predict the future grandeur of Catherine; yet were it foreseen, one might be assured that fortune would not look upon such a mind unpropitiously. The young officer was in the garrison of the village at the time. His surprise was only equalled by his gratitude—and he received the hand of Catherine with transport. The marriage ceremony was performed, and the same day Marienburg was besieged by the Russians. The young officer was called to repulse an assault, and was killed, before having reaped the rewards of his generosity. In the meantime, the siege continued unabated, and the town was carried by assault. The garrison, men, women and children, all were put to the sword. The massacre of the inhabitants at last having ended, Catherine was found concealed in an oven. She had braved indigence, and she now preserved her composure in bondage. Her energy of mind, and rare merit soon made her known. She was spoken of to the Russian general, Prince Menzikoff, whose destiny had been as rigorous as that of Catherine. He asked to see her, and was charmed by her beauty. He purchased her of the soldier to whom she belonged, and placed her under the care of his own sister, and in fine, paid to her all the regard due to her sex and misfortunes. A short time after, Peter the Great paid a visit to Prince Menzikoff, and Catherine served at the table with becoming grace and modesty. The czar, too, was impressed with admiration for her. He returned the next morning, and asked to see the beautiful slave. He interrogated her much, and found that the brilliancy of her intellect surpassed the symmetry and beauty of her figure. Peter, who knew how to create men, also knew how to judge them. He thought she was worthy of seconding him in his great designs; and inclination, joined to considerations of policy, made him resolve to marry her. He made her acquainted with all the events of his life, even from his infancy; and he traced hers in obscurity, that state in which the mind, obliged to depend upon its innate resources, struggles against fortune without attracting spectators, and triumphs without applause. He saw her preserving, everywhere, the character of greatness truly original, and thought this alone sufficient to elevate her to the title of empress; and appropriately determined to celebrate the marriage in a private manner. While on the throne, she entered into all the views of the czar, and devoted much time to elevating the minds of Russian female society. She had the talent of the other sex, without sacrificing to it the accomplishments of her own, and died with that same fortitude in adversity that never forsook her on the throne.—*Albion.*



VIEW OF GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDWARD G., Wheeling, Va.—We can only answer you in general terms. There was no regular uniform for the provincials at that time. The British colors were red coats, buff breeches and black gaiters. The different British regiments were distinguished by the color of their facings and trimmings.

R. B.—Stow, the famous English chronicler, in his old age was reduced to the starvation point; and when he was nearly eighty years old, the king, in recompense for a life devoted to literature, authorized him to buy letters patent, and become a beggar.

SPORTSMAN.—Herring, the famous animal painter, states that a race-horse will clear from 20 to 24 feet at a bound; but, if we remember right, the stride of the American Eclipse was ascertained from his footprints to be 32 feet.

R. P. M., Worcester.—It would appear from numerous observations that, in battle, soldiers wearing red uniforms are hit more frequently than those dressed in any other color; so that the British scarlet uniform is fatally conspicuous.

THESPIS.—Sol. Smith contends that no portraits or miniatures should be used in the scene between Hamlet and his mother. He thinks, when Hamlet says "look upon this picture," etc., he referred to mental and not actual pictures.

R. D.—The "Life and Sayings of Mr. Partington" soon had a sale of 20,000 volumes. Mrs. Partington (B. P. Shillaber) lives at Chelsea.

O. C.—Turn your hand to anything but office-seeking. It is a very poor business, and never "pays" in the long run.

D. D.—"Jeems" is an affected pronunciation. Pronounce it as written, "James." "Room," for "Rome," is another affectation. The Londoners pronounce the name of their river "Tems."

R. S. S.—Jugglers have often actually swallowed knife and sword blades—but the sword swallowing is usually performed with a trick-sword, made on purpose, and shutting up within itself.

CLARA S.—As soon as the weather permits, you should learn to swim—it only requires confidence. Women are, physically, as well qualified for swimmers as men; their superior buoyancy makes up for inferior strength.

J. B. C., Monteznma, Indiana.—M. J. Whipple & Co., 35 Cornhill, will supply you with all the materials for ten dollars or less. The lithographs—mezzotint engravings are better—would not be included, however. These are of all prices, varying with size and style. Messrs. Whipple & Co have every thing in the artist furnishing line.

TIPO, Pittsfield, Mass.—The "Worcester Spy" is the oldest paper in this State. It was originally started in Boston as the "Massachusetts Spy," but was removed to the interior during the occupation of Boston by the British troops before the Revolution. Nathaniel Willis, Esq., father of N. P. Willis, now associate editor of the "Youth's Companion," which he started and has recently sold, has been to the editorial harness fifty-four years, and has served the public longer than any editor in the State.

PLANTER, Richmond, Va.—In a "Natural History of Tobacco," in the Harleian Miscellany, it is stated that "the Virginians were observed to have clay pipes, before ever the English came there."

ANTIQUARY.—The saying "by hook or by crook" is probably derived from a forest custom. Persons entitled to fuel-wood in the king's forest were only authorized to take the dead wood or branches of trees in the forest, "with a cart, a hook and a crook."

CLARA F., Medford.—Yes, the Roman shops had signs. At Pompeii, a pig over the door represents a wine-shop within.

SUICIDE.—Fifty-two men and women committed suicide in Philadelphia last year; a majority of the men by cutting their throats—another argument in favor of wearing the hair upon the face. Hundreds of suicides would now be alive but for the temptation of a sharp razor in their hands in moments of maniacal depression.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our correspondents must be particular to state in their letters the name of the paper through which they expect an answer—whether "The Flag of our Union" or "Pictorial." We are often at a loss from this omission.

SPLINTERS.

.... It is poor philosophy to war with the harmless delusions that serve to make us happy.

.... Up to April 15th, the Rev. Sebastian Streeter, of this city, had tied the silken knot 4169 times.

.... The successful struggles of virtuous endeavor against vicious inclination are the noblest battles of life.

.... The artesian well at Charleston, S. C., is expected to throw water to the height of three hundred feet.

.... Many short-sighted persons regard reputation, or what the world says of them, as more important than character.

.... There were never before so many houses to let on Staten Island, and in Brooklyn and Williamsburg, N. Y.

.... Some people regard all their own afflictions as trials, and all their neighbors' as judgments.

.... William Cullen Bryant and his lady are now in Europe, and intend to be a long time absent.

.... The contented man is independent of the whole world; he feels a kind of property in all he sees.

.... The British government derives a revenue of $40,000 from the import of eau de cologne. Our olfactories are costly.

.... When you cannot praise be silent, unless a manifest wrong calls for your censure.

.... The English papers have started a story that Horace Vernet is coming to this country to paint the President's portrait.

.... When you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look at those beneath you, and learn content.

.... In Solomon's time, the value of a chariot from Egypt was about $250, and of a horse $72; cost of harness unknown.

.... Some descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

.... A child lately born in the Sandwich Islands has four eyes—two in their proper place, two others in the back of the head.

.... He who declaims loudest against the world's frown, has generally done his best to deserve it.

.... Several accidents have happened at Sebastopol from the explosion of shells and bombs found in the ruins.

.... A poor man learns that this is a proud world, and a rich man, that it is a sycophantic one.

.... The old English mile was about equal to one and a half of the modern standard miles.

.... The proudest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty and charity of Heaven.

.... The report of English railway accidents for the past year states 281 killed and 394 wounded.

PLANTING TREES.

Those of our friends who have places in the country, or even little patches of land in the city, and have not neglected the setting out of trees this spring, are now beginning to see the pleasant results of their labor. If they have carefully performed their task, the buds will be springing into leaf, clothed with a tender green, and giving gratifying evidence of vitality. The man who plants a tree, erects a monument to his taste—a memorial that will live years after he himself has mouldered into dust. What more graceful remembrancer than a tree to commemorate some striking event in the history of a family—the birth of an heir—the anniversary of a happy marriage! What purer pleasure than to mark the growth of a tree from year to year, till from a tender sapling it rises to the lofty pyramid of verdure, with the birds of heaven building among its branches! No man that ever set out a tree regretted it. We speak not here of fruit-trees, for they are a sort of speculation—but of ornamental trees, things of beauty, to be cultivated in an æsthetic spirit that looks far above considerations of pecuniary profit.

How many trees there are associated with historical events, characters and periods! The old Stuyvesant pear-tree in New York city preserves the memory of the last of the Dutch governors; the elm tree on Boston Common is as green with memories as with leaves; and the scions of the Charter Oak in Connecticut vividly recall a glorious act in her colonial history. England is full of these verdant mementoes. There is a yew-tree near Staines, which is believed to have flourished in the days when St. Augustine came to deliver Saxon England from heathen darkness, and to have become the silent witness of those conferences of the barons which resulted in the grant of the great charter of civil liberties in its vicinity at Runnymede. This tree, some centuries afterwards, acquired more tender associations, Henry VIII. being said to have met Anne Boleyn beneath its ominous shade. The girth of this tree at eight feet from the ground is set down at thirty-two feet, and the whole circle of its branches at two hundred. An old oak at the edge of the park at Clipston (on the verge of Sherwood Forest), where the Anglo-Norman kings had a palace, is called the "Parliament Oak," in memory of the parliament held there by Edward I., in A. D. 1290.

There is a large tree called the "Wallace Oak," at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the place of his birth, in the foliage of which the formidable Scotch chief and many of his followers are said to have hid themselves from the English. The branches are said to have once covered a Scotch acre. But relic hunters have made this tree pay such large tribute to its renown, that it has become woefully diminished. It will be remembered that Charles II.'s famous oak, in which he took refuge after the disastrous battle of Worcester, fell by a similar fate. It was a spreading tree, and was rendered more picturesque by its boughs being covered with ivy. A noble oak at Donnington Castle, in Berkshire, that still rears its head above the ruined walls, is associated by tradition with gentle memories, it being ascribed to Chaucer. Adjacent to it is a larger tree, called the "King Oak," which rises fifty feet before branches spring from the trunk. Then there is the "Abbot's Oak," in front of Woburn Abbey—a nursling of the monks—upon which tree the last abbot is said to have been hung, according to the custom of Henry VIII. in the case of those superiors of religious houses who denied his ecclesiastical assumptions, and resisted his plundering myrmidons.

Then there are the Shelton oak, from the lofty branches of which Owen Glendower is said to have reconnoitered the forces of the king and the gallant Hotspur before the battle of Shrewsbury (21st of June, 1403); the oak planted on the classic ground of Penshurst, at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney, to be a mark of the great event "where all the Muses met;" and the oak in the park formerly belonging to Lord Hunsdon, from which Queen Elizabeth is said to have shot a buck. We are glad that in this country the love of trees is spreading rapidly, far and wide. Let us have them about our school houses, our churches, along our highways and our railroads, wherever, in short, they can be made to stand and grow.

MR. CHOATE'S SPEECH.—The report of Mr. Choate's speech in the Dalton divorce case, as given in the Daily Bee, of this city, was a most remarkable piece of newspaper enterprise. We have never seen a more perfect report of the words, as they fell from the mouth of a public speaker, than this produced by the able and unrivalled corps of reporters attached to this favorite daily paper.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.—We shall present a large, two page original engraving in our next number, of the Battle of Bunker Hill. It will be an elegant picture richly worth framing. Many of our readers will doubtless procure extra copies and cut it out for that purpose.

THEATRICALS IN QUAKERDOM.—The Philadelphia Bulletin estimates the average number of nightly attendants on theatres and kindred amusements in that city at about twelve thousand. Frequently it is much larger.

NEWPORT.—There is every prospect of a brilliant season at this famous watering-place; the cottages are taken, and the best rooms at the hotels already engaged.

ROMAN RAILROADS.—The pope has permitted the religious corporations of his state to subscribe to the stock of the Roman railways.

CHEAP!—In Philadelphia, lately, a lady bought quite a nice shawl for one thousand four hundred and twenty-five dollars!

THE CHINESE.

To us the Chinese appear the most singular people in the world, because they differ from us in every particular, in government, institutions, dress, manners. Of course we appear equally strange to these "outside barbarians," as they phrase it, in every essential. While we mount a horse on the left side, they mount him on the right; while our ladies are contented with such feet as nature gave them, their fair ones compress their pedal extremities into the dimensions of an infant's; while we place our tea-cups in our saucers, their set their saucers on their cups; while we regard rats as vermin, they consider them a delicacy; while we look on our chief magistrate as a man like ourselves, they behold in theirs the "son of heaven,"—but we should never end if we dwelt upon all the differences between the two peoples. With regard to the Chinese character, it is very difficult to form a true estimate, as we are perplexed between the extremes of eulogy and detraction. Their enemies aver that for hypocrisy and pride, meanness and frivolity, cruelty and fraud, lying and sensuality, the Chinese have not their equals on earth. Their friends maintain them to be a lively, cheerful and contented people, urbane in the highest degree, ready to oblige, and uniformly civil and respectful. The truth, as usual, lies between these extremes. Their vices may be traced to the baneful influence of a paternal government, which allows of no liberty of speech or action, carries the system of espionage through every grade of society, and controls even demeanor by a strict code of etiquette. The ceremonial law of the Chinese is indeed ten times more burdensome than that of the Jews, exaggerated as it was by the traditions of the Pharisees. They are born, they live, and die, under a system of perpetual coercion, and from their earliest infancy are taught to dissemble the buoyant spirits and lively emotions natural to youth. A Chinese boy is as priggish as a rigid Quaker; a Chinese youth is as grave and stately as a lord in waiting; and a Chinese man is better acquainted with the forms of address, congratulation, condolence, and farewell, than all the court chamberlains in Europe. There is no nearer road to systematic duplicity than unrelieved restraint; and since, owing to the predominance of etiquette, the suspicious temper of the government, and the total absence of public opinion, it is scarcely possible to find an occasion for speaking truth, the Chinese lies heartily and universally in self-defence. With his numerous defects, however, some virtues are mixed up; and if the yoke that now weighs him down should ever be exchanged for the lighter pressure of laws evenly administered, and forms regulated by reason, there is no cause why the most civilized and industrious nation of the East should not acquire some of the hardier virtues of its Western brethren. The Chinese might, indeed, on his part, read them some useful lessons on the score of sobriety, for he is rarely intoxicated—of frugality, for he is seldom a spendthrift—and of obedience to his elders and superiors, for he is usually courteous and respectful. Let us hope that a better future will soon dawn upon China; that they will receive the benefits of civilization without its vices; that a pure religion will take the place of their erroneous belief, and that, above all, the transition will be effected without scenes of carnage, convulsion and oppression.

SNOW.—Some one calls snow the dust swept from the streets of heaven! There must have been extensive sweeping operations last winter.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Clark Hodges to Miss Mary Lewis; by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. E. F. McDonald, of Washington City, to Miss Elizabeth C. Huotlog, of Charlestown; by Rev. E. Edmunds, Mr. Seth Wentworth to Miss M. J. Keating; by Rev. Mr. Hale, Mr. Nathaniel B. Doggett to Miss Caroline Bullard; by Rev. Mr. Cobb, Mr. George Turnbull to Miss Mary D. Fuller; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Samuel L. Mootague, of Brighton, to Miss Mary E. Burchstead.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, Mr. Thomas Harding to Miss Emeline Stickley.—At North Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Averill, Mr. Samuel D. Reeves to Miss Harriet A. Tufts.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Clinch, Rev. William C. Brown, of Haverhill, to Miss Helen Morse.—At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. Henry Keyes, of Springfield, to Miss Lucy A. Plympton, of Wardsboro', Vt.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Braman, Mr. Sylvester Burrell to Miss Sarah A. Crombie, of Manchester, N. H.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Leeds, Mr. Emory N. Shepard, of Boston, to Miss Carrie Simonds.—At Weymouth, by Rev. Mr. Potter, Mr. James H. Munroe to Miss Susan E. Holbrook.—At Newton Corner, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. A. C. Carey to Miss Elizabeth Barker.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Sullivan K. Poor, of Manchester, N. H., to Miss Alecia L. Fox.—At Pepperell, by Rev. Mr. Babbage, Dr. C. E. Dearborn, of Boston, to Miss Carrie M. Lawrence.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Moriarty, 43; Mrs. Mary Austin, 33; Mrs. Mary Tilden, 79; Mrs. Lucia A. Peck, 24; Mrs. Mariette Williams, 36; Miss Clara Stone, 31; Mr. George Tucker, 35; Mr. Aaron Coffin, 59; Mrs. Lucy Moore, 45; Mrs. Sarah M. Smith, 46; Ida Annabel, only daughter of George and Sarah P. Mitchell, aged 3 years and 1 month.—At Charlestown, Capt. Arnold Hayward, 77.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Fannie P. Clark, 27.—At West Cambridge, Mr. Terrance Wakefield, 82.—At Roxbury, Mr. John Cushing, 79.—At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Irene H. Richards, 42.—At Medford, Miss Lydia Caroline Prentiss, 19.—At Hingham, Mrs. Adelaide Hersey, 25.—At Watertown, Mr. Stephen D. Ruggles, 41.—At Lynn, Mrs. Hannah Payne, 76.—At Salem, Mr. William Pickman, 82.—At South Danvers, Mr. Isaac Hardy, 67.—At Marblehead, Mr. Benjamin Ireson, 81.—At Waltham, Miss Ellen Maria Roberts, 25.—At Salisbury, Mrs. Julia Cheswell, 25.—At West Newbury, Mrs. Lois Chase, 85.—At Lowell, Mrs. Mary W. Farmer, 55.—At Middleborough, Mr. Samuel Shaw, Jr., 57.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Grace King, of Tiverton, R. I., 80.—At West Springfield, Mrs. Achsah Kent, 85.—At Westport, Miss Patience P. Wilcox, 42.—At Nantucket, Mr. William Coffin, 77.—At Portland, Me., Mr. Francis Blake, 62.—At Vassalboro', Me., Capt. Henry Worth, formerly of Nantucket, 89.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REMEMBERED MELODIES.

BY ORVILLE PEARSE.

Softly o'er the fancy stealing,
Like the pleasant, soothing chime
Of the bells at vespers pealing,
Come the songs of olden time;
And as gently do they soothe us,
Calming every ruffled breast:
All our thoughts they sweetly woo thus,
Back from toil and strife to rest,

All the songs we heard in childhood:
Those dear melodies of home—
Come to us as through the wildwood,
Or across the sea, we roam.
And sweet memories they waken
Of the friends of early days—
Those by death from 'mong us taken,
Ere they trod life's darkest ways.

Dwelling in our hearts' recesses,
May they ever thus remain,
Welling up to cheer and bless us,
Calming woe and soothing pain.
Thus may memory's sweetest visions,
Dreams of childhood's home and friends,
Be ours till our earthly missions
Close, and life's dark journey ends.

THE REVELATIONS OF TIME.

Time, as he courses onwards, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The undistinguishable blots and colors
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image,
To scare, or to reward.—COLERIDGE.

THE GLORY OF TIME.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time on aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right.—SOAKSPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Leafy June! Do you not welcome it, gentle reader, whether city bred or country born, with a glad heart? Is not this balmy breeze, sweeping over hill and lea, the very elixir of life? Do not those songs of birds from the branches go more directly to the heart, than even the lark-like notes of that wonderful Lagrange, who mounts so dariogly the diatonic scale, never losing breath till she reaches the "high topgallant" of her melody? O, that the summer sunshine could last forever! But since it may not be, let us strive to perpetuate a summer in the heart.....That was a funny story told in a French paper at the expense of *Il Trovatore*. A deaf man went to hear that opera at the advice of his physician, who accompanied him. In the third act the crashing music restored his hearing; he expressed his delight to his medical friend. But alas! the remedy he had counselled had rendered him stone deaf!.....A book printed by the Roxburgh Club, in England, from the original records of several ancient families, contains some curious details of the style of living in the highest classes of England, in the 13th and 14th centuries:—"The distinguishing peculiarity, not only of England, but of European taste in food during the middle ages, was a predilection for the strong, and, in some cases, for the coarse flavors. To what other causes can we ascribe the appearance of the flesh of the whale, grampus, porpoise, sea calf, seawolf, and other such fish at the tables of the sovereigns and people of rank, by whom they were considered as delicacies? Some notion may be formed of the quantity of whale, etc., that was eaten in Europe during the 13th century, when we find Henry III., in Lent, 1246, ordering the sheriffs of London to purchase for him, in the city, a hundred pieces of the best whale and two porpoises."..... It is said to have been discovered, in France, that the great secret in producing the magnetic sleep is in the subject's elevating his eyes to an angle of forty-five degrees. This has been suggested by a friend as a reason for so many people being sleepy in church.....A schoolmaster, describing a money-lender, says:—"He serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future."..... Among the wonders of the age, we find it recorded that "Dr. Conyers, of London, dissected a person who died for love, and found an impression of a lady's face upon his heart." This beats animal magnetism all hollow.....Lecturing is quite a profitable pursuit; and those who wish to make money, had better preserve the following directions for making a popular lecturer, which we transfer from an old receipt-book:—Take four or five encyclopedias, seven dictionaries, three or four works on philosophy, two histories of the American Revolution, together with St. Pierre's Studies of Nature—boil them down to a jelly, and season the whole with a little of the spice of self-conceit, and you have the product, which may be wrapped up in a neat parcel, and labelled, "This side up with care—a popular lecturer."..... There is an old story of a Scotch peasant girl, who, on arriving at the turnpike-gate nearest Glasgow, knocked, and inquired, "Is this Glasgow?"—and being answered in the affirmative, asked, "Is Peggy in?"..... The letter H is taken great liberties with by the genuine cockneys. Mrs. C. Smith, in her "Conversations," gives an example of this. "They saw a flower in the 'edge, and in trying to get at it, trod just at the hedge of the stream. They have their 'air cut by a fashionable dresser, and have bought a most beautiful 'at, which is a most becoming 'ead-dress; and they shall wear it the next time they go hout to dinner."..... At a temperance meeting in one of our country towns, lately, a fair one offered the pledge to her friend, saying, "John, will you sign that?" He hesitated, and finally declined. "Then," said the young lady, "you will understand I shall not be at home next Sunday evening." John was a fool to prefer his glass to his lass.....A circus-rider, in Mobile, lately threw seventy-one summersets in succession. What a politician he'd make!..... Signor Zanzonis was a shrewd fellow. In his "Hints to Citizens," he says:—"When you meet with a sheriff in the street, with whom you are familiar, always salute him first; and if you chance to be going the same way, take him by the arm, rather than permit him to take yours. There is a vast difference in the effect upon spectators."..... In old times they treated criminals with less lenity than at present. In the reign of Henry VIII., it was enacted that, in order to prevent the crime of "poysonyage," persons guilty of the offence should be "hoyled to deth." So that detected poisoners were sure to get themselves into "hot water."..... To illustrate the power of imagination, a lecturer recently stated that, on its being announced to a man, in New Hampshire, that he had been elected "town clerk," he was so deeply affected by the "exalted honor" conferred upon him, that he died instantly. We are free to confess we do not believe the statement..... Somebody asked us, the other day, the origin of the word "bother." We believe it originated in the following way: A sergeant in the army, exposed to the volubility of two Irishmen, one at each ear, exclaimed, "Don't *both ear* me!"—hence the verb..... In Southern Africa, the wives of the chiefs used to cultivate the land with the very poorest implements. When the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, a missionary clergyman, introduced the first plough to break up the land, one of the chiefs remarked that "one plough was equal to seven wives!"..... What constitutes good breeding in one locality, is downright rudeness in another. For instance, a Kamschatkau kneels before his guest. He cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out "Tana!" (There!) and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity. Fancy Louis Napoleon welcoming Queen Victoria to the Tuileries in that style!..... A state of intoxication is sometimes argued for a mitigation of the penalty for an offence against the law, though the law itself recognizes no such plea. The ancients considered intoxication an aggravation. Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, made a law, that every man who committed a fault in a state of intoxication, should receive a double punishment..... We see that a process has been discovered for rendering rattan flexible. We rather fancy schoolboys find it flexible enough already..... A very heavy immigration from Norway is going on this season. Ten thousand, at least, are expected in Canada. These hardy Northmen make excellent colonists..... The New York ticket swindlers are supposed to fleece at least 150 passengers in each California steamer, by pretending to be branch agencies, buying tickets at wholesale and dividing the profits with the purchaser, and distributing a warning against bogus agencies at the same time they make their sales. Can nothing be done to stop the operations of these villains?..... A sexton of the cemetery at Dundas, Canada West, has been accused of "dunning" the mourners for his fee while the funeral was actually going on. We should think a rival sexton, who was willing to bury "on time," would do a fine business..... An extraordinary feature of recent medical experience is, that consumption prevails along the southern seacoast of the United States, Cuba, and other West India islands, as much as it does at the North. This is known to physicians in the West Indies, but will be startling news to the majority of invalids, who look to the tropics as a land of promise..... Lewis Baker, of Philadelphia, formerly of San Francisco, has leased the Cincinnati and Louisville theatres, the former for ten, and the latter for eight years. The former is to be considerably enlarged, so that it will comfortably seat 3000 persons. The rage for theatre-going seems to have revived all over the country; and perhaps theatrical management will become what it has never been before, a safe speculation..... The Indian outrages in Minnesota, it appears, have been much exaggerated..... The Revere House, in this city, was opened by Col. Paran Stevens ten years ago. It is, in every respect, a model hotel, and travellers from Europe are surprised at its magnificence and completeness..... The biography of Miss Charlotte Dronte, the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and "Vilette," is quite as interesting as any romance ever published. Out of the depths of her own sorely-tried heart she wrote, and her most powerful scenes were but reflexes of her own experience..... The strange disease at the National Hotel, Washington, is still an unravelled mystery and the theme of marvelling comment. Many well-informed persons still persist in believing that the poisoning was an attempt on the life of President Buchanan. If so, this is one of the most monstrous crimes ever attempted in this country..... At a recent auction sale of a private library in England, a copy of Tindal's "Translation of the Pentateuch," printed for the martyr at Marpurg, in Hesse, 1530, and a work of excessive rarity, brought $630!..... The late lamented Rev. Dr. Peabody, of King's Chapel, in this city, truly appreciated the influence of the press and the labors of us editors. He wrote to Mr. N. P. Willis:—"I know of no way in which an author of ability is more sure of a speedy return—in the shape of influence and usefulness—for the most conscientious and careful labors, than by addressing the public through the newspaper press. I will not, however, be so absurd as to defend journalism in this age, when it has come to be one of the great powers of the world..... A French speculator has just despatched 300 cats from Paris to Australia, where rats abound and pussies are minus, and reasonably expects to realize a splendid profit on his consignment. The cats were incarcerated in splendid cages lined with cotton batting, to guard them against injuries from the motion of the ship on the passage. The rats of Paris—we don't mean the opera rats—ought to pass a vote of thanks to the novel speculator..... The Undertakers' Company, of Paris, has a monopoly of all the funerals. Our readers will bear this fact in mind, as we proceed to inform them that a rich French provincial, firmly convinced of the destruction of the world by a comet, on the 13th of this month, exclaimed:—"If everybody dies, what an enormous harvest the Undertaker's Company will reap! Colossal fortunes will be realized." Thereupon he wrote to his agent to sell off all his property, and invest three hundred thousand francs—all he was worth—in stocks of the Undertaker's Company. What a genius!..... We often hear people exclaim, "This is a great country!" But how great is it, territorially? Why, the United States cover an area of more than 2,300,000 miles..... The burglars of New York, we perceive, have taken to shooting at the police officers; they ought to return the compliment, and shoot at the burglars..... Poor Kossuth! He is the only man excepted from the general political amnesty granted by the emperor of Austria to the Hungarians. But the exception is the highest compliment that could be paid him. The boy-emperor fears that one great man more than "an army with banners."..... A revolutionary movement in favor of Santa Anna has lately been detected in Mexico. How many times Santa Anna's star has risen and set! His life is a perfect romance, of which the last chapter has yet to be written..... The property left by John Jacob Astor was estimated at twelve millions of dollars; this will vie with the colossal fortunes of some of the European capitalists. The best of the story is, that every penny of Astor's wealth was honestly and honorably earned..... How strange it seems to receive an elegantly printed newspaper from Honolulu. Yet such is the "Pacific Commercial Advertiser," a journal that, in appearance and matter, would be no discredit to any of our old Atlantic cities. There is also a native paper published at Honolulu, called the "Hae Hawaii."..... The slave-trade is said to be more active at present than it has been for years. It is alleged that at least two vessels leave the coast of Africa for Cuba every week, with five hundred to seven hundred captives stowed away between decks..... The necessity of public amusement is now urged by some of the most influential men in the country, Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, and Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of this city, leading the van.

AN OLD COUNTRY.

A correspondent, writing from Sterling, Whiteside county, Illinois, says:—"There are strong indications that this country was formerly inhabited by a civilized people, and that the entire surface has been covered by the present surface to a depth of twenty to thirty feet. I will mention facts that have come to my knowledge, occurring within three miles of my place, which go far to satisfy me of the truth of the theory advanced. Last autumn, when I was here, a man from Dorchester, Mass., was digging a well, and when about twenty feet from the surface, he found pieces of cedar cut and split, and below them a soil with a deposit on it like decayed grass. Another man, when digging a well, at about the same depth came directly upon a well stoned up with stone, laid in lime mortar, which he cleaned out and now uses. Other cases I could name, but they are of similar import."

Choice Miscellany.

THE SNAKE AND CROCODILE.

The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa-constrictor and a crocodile, in Java, is given by an eye-witness: It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were as clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limb close over this pond was a gigantic teak-tree, and to its thick, shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species—a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief. Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water rising to the top exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to the limb of a tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by its furious contortions. Winding his folds round and round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his hinder legs, and by his contractions made the scales and the bones of the monster crack. The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstacy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water. The crocodile was also still, and though only the spine of his back was visible, it was evident that he, too, was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the head he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

SAGACITY OF THE BEAR.

Several anecdotes, which were related to me by our guide, concerning the habits of the black bear, would seem to entitle him to a higher position in the scale of animal instinct and sagacity than that of almost any other quadruped. For instance, he says, that before making his bed to lie down, the animal invariably goes several hundred yards with the wind, at a distance from his track. Should an enemy now come upon his track, he must approach him with the wind; and with the bear's keen sense of smell, he is almost certain to be made aware of his presence, and has time to escape before he is himself seen. He also states, that when pursued, the bear sometimes takes refuge in caves in the earth or rocks, where the hunter often endeavors, by making a smoke at the entrance, to force him out; but it not unfrequently happens that, instead of coming out when the smoke becomes too oppressive, he very deliberately advances to the fire, and with his forefeet beats upon it until it is extinguished—then retreats into the cave. This, be assured me, he had often seen. Although these statements would seem to endow bruin with something more than mere animal instinct, and evince a conception of the connection between cause and effect, yet another anecdote, which was related to me, would go to prove this curious quadruped one of the most stupid fellows in the brute creation. My informant says, that when the bear cannot be driven out of the cave by smoke, it sometimes becomes necessary for the hunter to take his rifle, and with a torch to enter the cavern in search of him. One would suppose this a very hazardous undertaking, and that the animal would eject the presumptuous intruder; but, on the contrary, as soon as he sees the light approaching, he sits upright on his haunches, and with his fore-paws covers his face and eyes, and remains in this position until the light is removed. Thus the hunter is enabled to approach as close as he desires without danger, and taking deadly aim with his faithful rifle, poor bruin is slain. These facts have been stated to me by three different Indians, in whose veracity I have much confidence, and I have no doubt are strictly true.—*The Far West.*

THE INDIAN AND THE SETTLER.

It is generally supposed that the Indian is an exceedingly cunning being, unrivalled in the peculiar knowledge of the woods. This is something of a mistake. The Indian has the quick perception and the natural sagacity of one who lives in the woods; but it never surpassed, if it equalled, the acquired knowledge and perception of the pioneer hunter. On one occasion, in a sort of block-house, an old hunter of the pioneers was standing in a door, when the cry of a wild turkey was heard at some distance. A youth stood by the hunter, able to bear a rifle, who, with youthful impetuosity, exclaimed, "There is a turkey—I'll go and kill it." The hunter listened a moment, and said, "No, you are not a good shot. I'll go and give you the turkey." The youth demurred, but was at length persuaded. The hunter crept out in an opposite direction from the cry. Slyly he made his way through the bushes, and at length came behind the spot where the cries of the turkey were heard; and, concealed by low bushes and brush, came up a ravine. There, before him, in the limbs of a tree, was a large Indian, who was imitating the cries of a wild turkey, to decoy some one from the block-house. The hunter shot him and took his scalp. Arriving at the block-house, he threw it down before the youth, saying, "There is your turkey!" The youth was filled with gratitude for his escape.—*Western Times.*

THOUGHTS AND LANGUAGE.

It is not always easy, either in painting or literature, to determine where the influence of language stops, and of thought begins. Many thoughts are so dependent upon the language in which they are clothed, that they would lose half their beauty if otherwise expressed. But the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language; and the dignity of any composition, and praise to which it is entitled, are in exact proportion to its independency of language or expression. A composition is, indeed, usually most perfect, when to such intrinsic dignity is added all that expression can do to attract and adorn; but in every case of supreme excellence, this all becomes as nothing. We are more gratified by the simplest lines or words which can suggest the idea in its own naked beauty, than by the robe and the gem which conceal while they decorate; we are better pleased to feel by their absence how little they could bestow, than by their presence how much they can destroy.—*Westminster Review.*

Family Dose.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at TWO DOLLARS a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

It is said that "Hiawatha" has netted the author thirteen thousand dollars. —— In consequence of the recent murderous assaults upon policemen and others, the mayor of Baltimore has ordered the arming of the city police with Colt's rifle barrelled six-shooters. —— Of all the projects of reformers and enthusiasts, no one has done so much to enlarge the sphere of woman in a practical way as—hoops. —— The new mayor of Madison, Wisconsin, discourses upon the advantages of that fascinating region: "Travellers to and from all parts of the globe will make their calculations to stop at Madison a few days, to refresh themselves, recruit their tired and weary frames, preparatory to resuming their journey to all portions of the world. Such are our railroad advantages."—— The eldest son of Governor Wise, of Virginia, is studying divinity at the Episcopal School in Alexandria county, Va., and will probably be ordained next year. —— It is said that in Calcutta, the hogs feed on the dead bodies of the natives thrown on the river bank during the night. Who wouldn't be a Jew there? —— When the bells ring noon, nine hundred thousand children, in the State of New York, pour out from eleven thousand school-houses. —— Two Sing-Sing convicts have escaped lately from prison by drilling through the marble wall of their cells, and descending from the fifth story to the ground by means of a rope. —— Among the exports from New York, lately, were ten printing presses, to Australia. —— The streets in the city of Chicago and the buildings are to be raised fifteen feet. This will enable the inhabitants to adopt an effectual system of sewerage, and add much to the permanent beauty as well as health of the place. —— A writer in the New York Observer states that there are over six thousand street organ players and statuette sellers in New York. —— In the middle ages, in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator was condemned to place himself on all fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom were adopted at the present day, there would be some bow-wowing. —— Parties in New York city are talking of erecting an opera house in Brooklyn, N. Y., which now has nearly 200,000 inhabitants. It is expected that the New York operatic companies will be able to draw full houses there on the off nights. —— L. H. Trook, of Michigan, has been appointed private secretary to Secretary Cass, at a salary of $1400 per annum. —— What more touching commentary upon the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette, than the cash entry made by the sexton, and yet to be seen, in the parish records of the Madelaine: "Paid seven francs for a coffin for the widow Capet."—— Mrs. Elizabeth Goldizen, who resided on the North Fork, in Hardy county, Va., died a few days since, having reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and eighteen years. —— The winter wheat of Canada has escaped the dangers of the spring, and is "doing finely."—— Since the Gazette was commenced in Salem, by Samuel Hall, forty-nine other newspapers have been started in that city, forty-six of which have broken up in bankruptcy. —— Measures are about to be taken by the State authorities to test the validity of the title of the city of New York to Castle Garden and the land on which it stands; the object being to secure Castle Garden to the emigrant commissioners as a permanent landing depot.

Women's Rights.—There is a prospect that women will be allowed to vote in Michigan. In that case, none but handsome, polite men who eschew that vile weed, tobacco, need expect to be elected to office. Of course, bachelors will be ruthlessly ostracised, unless a prominent candidate secures the influence of the leader of the ladies by promising her his hand in the event of his success.

A Pair of them.—A couple of comets have been discovered in the heavens by the European astronomers. If these long-tailed gentry are belligerently inclined, we would respectfully suggest to them the expediency of hitting each other, instead of viciously making a foot-ball of this good little globe of ours that never harmed a comet in its life.

An exiled Rapper.—Mr. Hume, the American spiritualist who has been astonishing the court circle of France, has been sent off by the emperor, because his wife and her ladies were terrified by the demonstration. We are induced to think that Louis himself dreaded the conjurer might call up the shades of those murdered by his orders at the time of the *coup d' etat*.

An ancient Relic.—The Pittsfield Sun office has a composing stick made more than fifty years ago by Luke Noble, of that town, when there was but one type foundry in the United States—Ronaldson's, in Philadelphia. This stick is almost as good as new, having been used in setting up good democratic matter.

Earthquake.—A very sensible shock of an earthquake was experienced at the U. S. military station near Port Townsend, in Washington Territory, last December. We are glad earthquakes are getting "sensible;" we have thought some of them quite unreasonable.

Getting up in the World.—M. Godard, who was rather unfortunate in his balloon ascensions here, lately went up from Cuba, with four persons, who much enjoyed their excursion.

Wayside Gatherings.

Prince's Bay oysters sell for $2,000,000 annually, the papers say.

The small pox is raging with fearful effect in the towns of Candella and Saltillos, in Mexico.

Judge Woodruff, of New York, has decided that a married woman's note has no legal force.

Fish are common in the seas of Surinam with four eyes—two of them on horns which grow on the top of their heads.

A building fell at Albion, near Detroit, Michigan, a few days ago, and by the fall, five persons were buried.

The Vanderbilt, Commodore Vanderbilt's fine steamer, is of 5268 tons, and 2500 horse power, for the New York and Havre line.

There is a family in Hadley, Mass., some member of which has been justice of the peace in the county since 1659, or about two hundred years.

A man named Bierman, foreman of a brewery near Cleveland, was killed by the explosion of a beer cask, in which he had burned a hole for a faucet with a hot iron.

Henry Hurley, a painter, has recovered $750 against the city of New York, for damage in falling through a sidewalk, where rotten plank had been laid over an old well.

The contract for constructing the new court house, etc., at Rutland, Vermont, has been awarded by the secretary of the treasury to Messrs. Colby & Bird, of Lynn, Mass., for the sum of $42,827.

A policeman of Charleston, S. C., named Edward Johnson, died a few days since from the effect of the point of an umbrella entering the eye, which had been mischievously thrust at him in a scuffle.

A physiologist of Cincinnati has discovered that wearing moustaches strengthens the eye-sight, and that the removal of these hairy appendages has the effect of causing general diseases of the eye.

A woman at Dorchester, C. W., lost her reason from reading an account of the terrible accident at the Desjardines bridge, and is only just recovering a glimmering of sense again, under the care of a medical gentleman.

The wife of Asa Mason, at Valley Falls, R. I., hearing a noise in a closet after the family had retired, one night lately, opened the door, and found a big man, whom she seized, and, with her husband's assistance, secured.

Verdi's last opera, "*Simon Boccanegro*," has been purchased by a Milanese publisher for 30,000 francs. Besides this, the composer receives thirty per cent. of the proceeds of each performance, and reserves to himself the copyright for France and Germany.

A portrait of Washington, taken on ivory, when he was about 25 years old, has been discovered. It is supposed to have been taken by Copley, a distinguished painter at that time, and that it was done on the occasion of Washington's first visit to Boston.

Children are sometimes born, as it were, at the beginning of life's second volume. The Alexandria Gazette mentions a colored child that can talk quite plainly, though only three months old. It was born with two teeth, and has six perfect teeth already.

Mexico supplies us with a great deal of mahogany, which is sold by the weight, averaging about $12 per ton. Under the revised tariff, it has been placed on the free list. Last year, 6804 tons were exported from a single Mexican port, two-thirds of which came to the United States.

A lady of Troy—one of the aristocracy of that city—lost her husband on a Monday, lately, at nine o'clock in the morning. Two hours later, she caused the following telegraphic despatch to be sent to a modist in New York: "What is the latest fashion of mourning goods? Send particulars by mail."

Simon Dillon, of Clay county, Ohio, a man 60 years old, has been arrested for murdering his son, 15 years old, ten years since. The father killed the boy by a severe flogging, and then reported that he had run away; but the murder has now been discovered by finding the lad's body buried in the cellar.

A scientific expedition, to circumnavigate the globe, and every accessible coast and climate, is about to be despatched by the Austrian government. The *savans* of Europe are looking forward to the results of this expedition with deep interest. Leading men in the different departments of science, it is expected, will go with the expedition.

Secretary Toucey has decided that the retired and dropped officers coming before the Courts of Inquiry, may demand a copy of the charges preferred against them. This is in opposition to Attorney-General Cushing's decision, which requires the officers to prove their fitness in all respects—moral, mental, professional, and physical, for the service.

A fellow in North Carolina had been imprisoned for having thirteen wives, and broke jail. A gentleman recognized him, and invited him to dinner, thinking to get the reward that was offered for his apprehension. After dinner, the gentleman slipped out for a constable, and came back to find that the culprit had absconded with his own wife.

Redpath, the railway swindler of England, seems to have been living in very comfortable circumstances. The recent sale of his effects, including wines, pictures, books, furniture, and other little *et ceteras*, it is said, has netted the handsome sum of nearly $150,000. It must go very hard with the poor fellow to be compelled to get along without the luxuries to which he was accustomed in the hey-day of his financial operations.

A. G. Benson, agent for the New York company, has taken possession of the islands of New Nantucket and Jarvis, and planted the American flag thereon. These are about 1200 miles from the Hawaiian Islands, and a cargo of the guano found thereon has been brought to Honolulu, and it is said to be a first rate article. New Nantucket is without vegetation, but is loaded with the accumulated bird lime of ages.

Andrew Hoover, of Washington city, was seized with an apoplectic fit, lately, and died on the following day. On the morning of the day he was taken with the fit, he casually remarked to his family that on that day his policy of life insurance would expire. His son, in the course of the morning, took the policy and had it renewed. In a short time, on that very last day, the father was speechless, and has departed. His remark and prompt attention has saved a worthy family $5000.

Judge Thompson, of the Marine Court of New York city, has rendered a highly interesting and somewhat unexpected decision, involving the rights of policemen. James T. Burnham, one of the police force of that city, refused to put on the uniform when the order was promulgated in 1853, and on that ground was removed by the commissioners. He prosecuted for his arrears of pay to the close of his term, and Judge Thompson, holding that the department had no right to order the wearing of a uniform, gave judgment in his favor for $500.

Foreign Items.

In France, there are thirty-six coal fields in thirty departments, and the annual produce of the extensive [illegible] tons.

Three hundred thousand persons in France are engaged in mining, and their operations show an annual value of [illegible] francs.

The Austrian Minister of the Interior announces that the work on the exhibition building for the Austrian Universal Exhibition of 1859 has begun.

Some of the bronze cannon taken by the English at Canton were ascertained to have been the work of some of the Jesuits, who were tolerated in China in the time of the Emperor Hong Hi.

The bronze statue, by Moore, the sculptor, of Thomas Moore, the poet, has arrived safely in Dublin. Early steps will be taken to have it placed in its designed locality, opposite the entrance of the House of Lords, in College Street.

Ten millions of pounds sterling ($50,000,000) are annually transmitted through the British post office, to all parts of the realm, without the loss of two pounds to the million, by peculation, robbery, fire, or any casualty whatever.

Letters from Vienna announce that the celebrated singer Staudigl, who has been for a long time confined in a mad-house, is now in a worse state than ever; his mental excitement had, a short time ago, reached such a pitch that he was obliged to be confined in a strait-waistcoat.

Sands of Gold.

.... Speech is silver, silence is gold.—*Greek Proverb.*

.... Flattery is like your shadow: it makes you neither larger nor smaller.—*Danish Proverb.*

.... Common sense, which, to tell the truth, is none too common, is the best sense that I know.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

.... People who declare that they belong to no party, certainly do not belong to ours.—*J. Petit-Senn.*

.... Politeness is a mixture of discretion, civility, complaisance and circumspection spread over all we do and say.—*St. Evremond.*

.... The universe is an immense steam-engine kept up by a secret, invisible fire, constantly renewed, never expiring.—*Carillon.*

.... The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness—the taste and stain from the lees of the vat.—*Longfellow.*

.... Every negation implies the affirmation of the contrary. The most powerful method of opposing evil, is not to recognize, but to deny it; that is already the substitution of good.—*Feuchtersleben.*

.... It is a necessity of the human heart and mind to employ themselves on spiritual objects to arrive at a perfect understanding, and to produce within us that purity of sentiment which makes us love virtue on account of its intrinsic worth, without the hope of other recompense than our own conscious integrity.—*Lessing.*

Joker's Budget.

A man may with truth be said to make a false step in life, when he mistakes the cellar stairs for those leading to the chambers, on retiring to bed.

"Do you understand me *now*?" thundered a country pedagogue to an urchin, at whose head he threw an inkstand. "I've got an *ink*-ling of what you mean!"

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces, said: "I suppose it is owing to the war!" "No," was the reply, "it is owing to the piece."

Degradation.—Charles Lamb once remarked, on seeing some boys at play: "What a pity to think that some of those fine, innocent fellows may some day come to be members of parliament!"

Mr. Province, a dealer in flour and beans, says that although he has been a member of the choir for at least three years, he has never been able to sing more than one tune yet, and that is *Benevento*.

This morning a friend said to an Irishman: "Good-morning, Patrick; slippery this morning." "Slippery! and be jabers, it is nothing else, your honor; upon my word, and I slid down three times without getting up once!"

A man, pretending to be deaf and dumb, was begging in Stockton, a few days ago. At one house where he solicited alms, a fine Newfoundland dog sprang out at him, when the fellow exclaimed in an excited manner: "If you don't take the dog away, I'll stick him!"

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PRAYER-WHEEL IN INDIA.

The first engraving on this page represents the interior of a Lama temple at Cashmere, India, with one of the famous "prayer-wheels," by operating which the poor devotees fancy they sufficiently propitiate their god. These wheels are about ten feet high by eight or ten in diameter, made of large rolls of cloth, on which the Lama faith is written, and enclosed in a wooden case painted all over with facetious and not very correct representations of gods, devils, etc. They turn on a pivot, and are pulled round by a strap in the manner represented; the Lamas fancying themselves on the high road to heaven all the time, pulling day and night, and not having time in consequence to wash. Major Cunningham, in his admirable work on Ladak, more minutely describes this prayer-wheel, as he witnessed it in operation in that country:—The prayer-cylinder, or *manichhos khor* (the precious religious wheel), is a very ingenious instrument, and does great credit to the genius of the Thibetians. The body of the instrument is a metal cylinder about three inches in height, and from two to two and a half inches in diameter. The axis is prolonged below to form a handle. The cylinder is filled with rolls of printed prayers and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round. Every Lama carries a *chhos-khor*, which he keeps perpetually turning by a gentle motion of the hand, assisted by a cubical piece of iron fastened by a chain to the outside. As every revolution of a prayer is equivalent to its recitation, the *chhos khor* is a very ingenious instrument for multiplying the number of a man's prayers. * * These instruments are found of all sizes, and in all positions. Cylinders about one foot in height are placed in rows around the temples, and are turned by the votaries before entering. Larger cylinders are found near villages, turned by water, which keeps them perpetually revolving.



A PRAYER WHEEL AT CASHMERE, INDIA.

STATE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

This noble building, of which we present an accurate drawing, will serve to show our readers of the older States what architectural advances their brethren of much younger States are making. The structure reflects the highest credit on the liberality of the legislature, and on the taste and skill of the architect, Wm. Strickland, Esq. The corner-stone was laid on the 4th of July, 1845, with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. It stands upon a hill in the centre of the city, from which a noble prospect is obtained. The whole structure is built of limestone taken from quarries in the vicinity of Nashville. Mr. George Dardis has supplied the following description of this noble edifice:—In plan and elevation, the design and whole character of the architecture is essentially Grecian, consisting of a Doric basement, supporting, on its four fronts, porticos of the Ionic order, taken from the example of the Erectheum at Athens. In the centre of the building rises a tower above the roof, to the height of 80 feet; the superstructure of which is after the order of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates at Athens. The various chambers, halls and porticos are arched throughout. The rafters of the roof are of wrought iron, having a span of the whole width of the building, being supported by the interior walls at the north end, and by the columns of the southern division of the building, the whole covered by thick sheets of copper. In plan the basement story is intersected by longitudinal and transverse halls of wide dimensions, to the right of and left of which large and commodious rooms are to be appropriated to the uses of the governor, supreme court, secretary of state, federal court, etc. The crypt, or cellar story, in part, is to be used as a depository of arms. From the great central hall, you approach the principal story by a double flight of stairs, which leads to the chambers of the senate and house of representatives, to the library, and to the other rooms in connection therewith. The committee-rooms of the house are disposed on the same floor, to the right and left, communicating immediately with it and the lobbies; over these rooms the galleries are placed. Flanking the public hall, private stairways are constructed, leading from the crypt to the various stories, and to the roof. A geometrical stairway leads from the level of the roof to the tower, where you land upon an arched platform, which is intended for an observatory. The tower is built up from the foundation of solid stone, containing four niches in the basement and eight in the principal story, with spacious halls leading to the right and left. The principal stairway, which is thirty feet in width, leads from the centre of the building to the hall of representatives, senate chamber and library. The hall of representatives contains sixteen fluted columns of the Roman Ionic order, two feet eight inches in diameter, and twenty-one feet ten inches in height, from the level of the galleries over the committee-rooms. The shafts of these columns are all in one piece. A chief beauty and convenience in the design of the principal story—so much superior to the plan of the Capitol at Washington—is, that the committee-rooms are on the same plan with, and surrounding the hall of representatives; the dimensions of this room are 100 feet by 70—height of ceiling from floor, 40 feet. The forum of the house of representatives consists of a semi-circular platform three feet in height, forming three steps, upon which there is a screen of East Tennessee variegated marble, thirteen feet in height, twelve feet wide, and one foot in thickness; on the top of which is a cornice and blocking course, surmounted by an eagle resting upon a shield of cast iron, bronzed and gilt. One foot from each end of the screen on a die of black marble, the Roman fasces are placed, which are of beautiful variegated East Tennessee marble, one foot two inches in diameter and ten feet in height. The senate chamber is of an oblong form, thirty-five by seventy feet, having pilasters of the Ionic order with a full entablature; the ceiling of this room is formed into radiating panel, or lacunaria, and is forty-three feet in height. There is a gallery of twelve feet in width on three sides of the room, supported by twelve columns of variegated East Tennessee marble, with white capitals and black bases from the Erectheum. The forum in this room consists of a platform of two steps; the appealers' and clerks' desks are of fine East Tennessee marble. The library is immediately opposite the senate, and is 35 by 35 feet; on each side there are committee-rooms communicating. Over the arches of these rooms are alcoves for books, papers and archives of the State; the doors and windows, which are of a large size, are all of solid white oak, moulded, panelled and ornamented with devices; the windows are all double, divided by stone pilasters, enriched with consoles, ovolo and spears. All the floors are groin-arched and flagged with rubbed stone; hanging stone steps throughout the building. The building stands upon a rusticated basement eighteen feet in height, which is tooled on all fronts, and the superstructure is of rubbed stone inside and out; all the walls of the foundations are seven feet in thickness, and those of the superstructure, four feet six inches. The building is in the form of a parallelogram, 140 feet by 270, surrounded by a terrace 17 feet in width and 6 feet in height, flagged with stone, with flights of steps in the centre of each front opposite the doors of entrance. There are 28 fluted columns, four feet eight inches in diameter, ornamenting the four porticos with the most elaborately wrought capitals. The north and south porticos are finished with pediments containing ceilings of stone, and the east and west porticos are surmounted by parapets; those of the north and south are octo-style, and those of the east and west hexastyle. The columns of the principal story rest upon bases six feet square. The water is conveyed from the gutters of the roof by means of cast iron pipes, eight inches in diameter, buried in the walls. The glass, which is of double thickness, is of a superior quality, and was made at the works near Knoxville, East Tennessee; indeed, all the materials are furnished by the State of Tennessee. The building is heated with furnaces communicating with hot air flues within the walls.



THE STATE CAPITOL, AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

Our city contains one of the most remarkable men that we have seen for a long time. He is over 104 years of age, and his mind does not appear to be the least impaired, as he converses freely upon different subjects—more especially of our Revolution—in which he figured extensively. His name is John Shenandoah O'Brien. He is half Indian, large and well-proportioned, possessed of a robust and powerful constitution. He participated in the battles of Brandywine, York, Trenton and Germantown; and in the former he received a severe bayonet wound, the marks of which are visible on his breast. The united tribes of Stockbridge and Brothertown were led by him to the field under the command of Gen. Brown.—*Wilmington Republican.*

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The local view upon this page, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Winslow Homer, a promising young artist of this city, is exceedingly faithful in architectural detail and spirited in character, and represents one of the busiest and most brilliant spots in all Boston. The sketch is made from the north sidewalk of Winter Street. The most prominent building in the view is the large stone structure at the corner of Washington and Summer Streets, the lower story of which is occupied by the magnificent jewelry establishment of Messrs. Jones, Shreve, Brown & Co., and which vies in splendor and attraction with similar magazines in New York, London or Paris. This is always an attractive spot, and you can scarcely pass it any hour of the day without finding loiterers at the windows, with bright eyes gazing on the kindred diamonds, or scanning the superb plate, watches and rings there displayed in dazzling profusion. Within, the elegant arrangements, the spacious counters, the lofty groined ceiling and all the appointments harmonize well with the character of the business. Opposite this establishment is that of Orlando Tompkins, apothecary, which has recently been refitted and renovated in the style of the Renaissance, with carving, gilding, fresco-painting, mirrors, marble, etc., in the most approved style of luxury. We merely show the corner of this store. The name of George Turnbull appears upon the awning in front of his store, No. 5 and 7 Winter Street, which projected within our artist's field of vision. Turnbull's is another noted Boston establishment, and a fine specimen of the retail dry goods store. It is a favorite resort of ladies, who are attracted by the complete assortment of goods always found there, and the politeness and attention with which their wants are supplied. Mr. Turnbull enjoys an enviable reputation, and conducts a very extensive business. The figures introduced in our sketch, give a good idea of the character and bustle of this part of the city in the busiest part of the day. Here we have a carriage dashing up at rather an illegal rate of speed which might endanger the lady at the crossing, but for the gentlemanly policeman who is stationed here to ensure the safety of pedestrians and moderate the ardor of charioteers, and who steps forward to lend his assistance and interpose his potential authority. In another place we have an itinerant Italian with his organ, on the summit of which resides habitually a painful caricature of humanity in the guise of a monkey, attired in shabby habiliments, whose chief offices are to hold his hat for money and amuse the juveniles with his antic capers. Promenaders of both sexes, and pedestrians of all ages, complete the lively picture. At this point, Washington Street presents many of the characteristics of Broadway, New York. In the human tide that pours through it there is nearly the same diversity of feature and origin, and the amount of passing is perhaps larger in proportion to the size of the city, crowding the sidewalks full.



CORNER OF WINTER, WASHINGTON AND SUMMER STREETS, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR,—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

A TALE OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

Redding having been sworn, said that on the evening of his supposed murder, Gilbert Falkland sent him to Jeduthun the Jew's, for the purpose of paying one hundred pounds, for which the Jew held Falkland's bond.

"As I was passing a little blind court adjoining the Jew's buildings," he went on to say, "I heard some one say, in a low voice: 'That must be our man, Corkle.' This, the place being dark and lonely, somewhat startled me, as I thought he might mean me. I quickened my steps, and the next minute I reached the shop door. To my dismay, I found that it was locked, though I could see through the chicks of the shutters that a light was still burning. I gave several loud raps at the door, when I was seized by the arm, and pulled off the steps. I struggled to free myself, and at the same time cried loudly for help, for I found that I had more than one to contend with.

"'Be quick, Skellum, and stop his noise,' cried some one who was at a little distance, or the old Jew will be out of his den to find out the cause of the fray.'

"That was the last I heard. The instant he ceased speaking, it seemed to me as if a blow, or some heavy weight, crushed me to the earth, when, for a single moment, thousands of stars appeared to be dancing before my eyes. From that time, for more than two weeks, all was a blank to me, except that at one time I have a dim recollection of feeling cold and weak, and of going towards something which I took to be the fire on the hearth of my master's lodgings."

This statement, instead of being invalidated by a strict cross-examination of the witness, and by the testimony of the different members of the family who had acted towards him the part of the good Samaritan, was more fully substantiated, and rendered more consistent.

The corner of the velvet doublet which had been found in the court by those who arrested the Jew, and which had been sworn to by Falkland as being of the same color and material as that worn by his valet the evening he sent him to the Jew's, was produced, and was found, on comparing it, to exactly supply what was missing of the one Redding had on. Yet still there was one circumstance which it was difficult to account for. As Redding steadily persisted in denying that he entered the shop, or any part of the building, how Falkland's bond came to be in the place where the Jew admitted he had found it, remained a mystery still to be explained. Till it could be, the counsel for the prosecution objected to the release of the prisoner. The assassins, he maintained, might have been employed by him for the purpose of obtaining it. The greed of gain, supposed to be common to his race, justified him in making this assertion.

At this crisis, an honest-looking yeoman, who had entered the court-room just as the question of the bond was brought up, and whom Harleigh recognized as Hendrick Dykes, made his way towards the counsel's benches, and requested to be sworn as a witness.

"I think," said he, when his request had been complied with, "that what I have to say may throw some light on the point in question. Late in the evening of the seventeenth day of last month, I started from home with a load of country produce, and arrived in the city before daybreak. I went to the stable where I commonly go, and waking the hostler, had my horses taken care of. As there wasn't room for my wagon under cover, I didn't like to leave it, so I crept under the straw in the back part of the wagon, close to a couple of barrels in which were packed a nice lot of cheese I had brought for sale, and was beginning to be a little drowsy, when I heard voices close by. I was wide awake in an instant, for I didn't know but some thieves had strolled that way, and would be helping themselves to some of my cheese. I kept still as a mouse, and listened to what they said.

"'It was lucky,' said one of them, 'that he got the bond, when he went to the old Jew's yesterday morning.'

"'Why so?' said another voice.

"'Don't you see that it will be proof right to the point?' said he who had first spoken.

"'Yes, I see now, and I rather think that if Jeduthun had known how it was goin' to burn his own fingers, he would 'ave let it be where it was, instead of pickin' it up,' said the other."

"Was the name of the person mentioned, who was referred to, as obtaining possession of the bond?" was here asked by the counsel for the defence.

Harleigh and Elliston both looked at Falkland, when this question was asked, and saw that a look of intense agony swept over his face, which at the same moment grew pale as death, while his dilated eyes were fastened on the witness. So perfect was the stillness reigning throughout the crowded assembly, it seemed that not only he but all present must have held their breath, that they might the better hear the answer. But the witness had not understood the question, and it had to be repeated. The delay was not more than half a minute's duration, but to Falkland, the horror crowded into that half minute was enough to embitter a life-time.

When the answer of Hendrick came clear and distinct, "It was not," it was well for Falkland that he stood wedged in, among so dense a crowd, as otherwise, so great and sudden was the revulsion of his feelings, that he must have fallen.

"Did they call each other by name?" was the next question which was asked of Hendrick.

"I heard one of them call the other by name," was his answer.

"Do you remember what it was?"

"Yes; it was Skellum."

"You are quite sure that you didn't hear the name of him they said had got the bond?"

"I am. When once I hear a name, I seldom forget it."

Other and relevant questions were asked him by the counsel on both sides, which served to make good what he had already testified.

Corkle and his two guilty confederates were conveyed from the court-house to Newgate, their employer remaining still unsuspected; while the Jew, conducted to his own home by Harleigh and Elliston, found Abi, Alice and Mrs. Selwyn to welcome him. Asaeth and Mizar were also there, the same testimony which proved their master's innocence having shown them to be guiltless.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CORKLE IN HIS CELL AT NEWGATE.

"CAN I see one of the prisoners a short time?" asked a man, of the Newgate turnkey.

"Which one?" he inquired, endeavoring to get a peep at the man's face, which was nearly concealed by the broad, slouched brim of his steeple-crowned hat.

"A man by the name of Corkle," was the answer to the turnkey's question.

"You can't see him."

"I must."

"It is already past the hour for closing the outer doors of the prison. If you are a relation, or a particular friend of his, if you will come in the morning an hour before the court opens, you may see him."

"I must see him to-night;" and to give weight to what he said, he put gold into the turnkey's hand.

"This shows you to be in earnest," said he, pocketing the gold. "Follow me, and keep silent."

Entering a corridor lined with cells on either side, he did not stop till he had reached the further extremity, when, with great caution, so as not to be heard by the prisoners near, he unlocked the door of the right-hand cell.

"Enter," said he, in a whisper, and stepping back, so that the man could pass him. "In half an hour, I will come and let you out."

"Half an hour is a short time. Let it be three quarters."

"Well—fifteen minutes isn't much, one way or the other."

Having entered the cell, he waited to hear the key turn in the lock, and then removed the slouched hat from his head.

"Falkland!" exclaimed the prisoner; "what sent you here?"

"I have come to see if I can do anything to befriend you."

"Well, you can't, and so might have spared yourself the pains."

"Don't be too sure. Doesn't that window open on to the street?"

"And what if it does?"

"Why, it may afford you the means of escape."

"Yes, if I could squeeze myself through the two-inch space between the iron bars that cross it."

"The bars may be removed with the proper implements."

"But how are they to be obtained?"

"I will furnish you with them."

"Did you bring them with you?" said Corkle, eagerly.

"No. As your trial is to take place to-morrow, there would be no chance for you to use them, and it might be difficult to conceal them."

"Why didn't you bring them before? I might have been free now."

"There was caution to be used in procuring them. It couldn't be done in an hour, nor a day, either. I succeeded at last, and have them safe. You, of course, have never mixed my name up with the affair that has proved so unfortunate to you and me, in the hearing of Skellum and the other one?"

"No. Do you suppose I'm a fool?"

"Well, then, I will furnish you with the means of escape, on certain conditions."

"Let me hear them."

"You must bind yourself by a solemn oath to keep secret all that has passed between you and me, concerning the matter, let what will happen."

"I wont degrade myself by doing any such thing. I'll give you my word on the honor of a gentleman that I wont—that is, if you'll help me to escape."

A sneering smile slightly curled the lips of Falkland.

"Do you dare answer me with a sneer?"

The question was accompanied by a look of ferocity, which made Falkland quail.

"Sneer at you? No, my dear Corkle," he hastened to say. "What made you think of such a thing?"

"Maybe I'm more suspicious than I used to be. Being shut up in a cell, with a gibbet staring me in the face every time I close my eyes—for whenever I do, the hideous thing seems actually before me—don't make a man feel very amiable."

"A gibbet? Why should that stare you in the face? It wont be so bad as that."

"You think it wont?"

"I know so."

"Then I shall have time to make my escape at my leisure. I shall need none of your help."

"But the means?"

"I'll have none of your furnishing. And remember that you are to have your pay for that sneer, let the price be ever so high."

"You are beside yourself. You don't know what you are saying."

"I shall know, when I proclaim to the world what a double-dyed villain Gil Falkland is."

"You'll think better of what you say, when your rage has had time to cool."

"You'll find yourself mistaken. As surely as you live, the world shall know it."

"There is one way to prevent it;" and as he spoke, he drew forth a poignard which had been concealed about his person.

The quick eye of Corkle caught the gleam of the shining steel aimed at his breast, in season to wrench it from his hand. The next moment, Falkland lay at his feet, with the poignard sheathed in his heart.

"The evil one tempted us both," he muttered to himself, as he removed to that part of his cell the most remote from him who had so suddenly and unexpectedly met his doom. He turned his face to the wall, to prevent looking at him, for, as if by the power of some secret fascination, he could by no other means prevent fixing his eyes on the face which every moment grew more pale and ghastly.

The deep silence of his cell, for ten or fifteen minutes, remained unbroken, except that now and then a nervous motion of the prisoner caused a faint clash of his iron fetters. Then the door was unlocked, and held a little ajar.

"Come," said the turnkey; "the time is up you were to stay. But how is this, Corkle?" he added, seeing Falkland extended on the floor. "Has your friend gone to sleep?"

"Yes, and wont wake very soon, I'm thinking."

"Then I must wake him. It wont do for him to stay here any longer."

He stepped into the cell, and then saw that he lay weltering in his own blood.

"Who did this?" said he.

"The deed lies between him and me, I suppose," said Corkle, sullenly.

"He would 'ave hardly taken the pains to come here to take his own life."

"Well, I'm in no humor to answer questions to-night. I've been kept awake by the fool's prating, when I should rather have been asleep, and as you let him in where he wasn't desired, I shall be glad now if you will take him away."

"It has turned out to be a bad piece of business, and will cost me my place, I'm afraid."

We will, however, leave this to be settled by the proper authorities, as well as the fate of Corkle and his two accomplices, who, even more than he, by a long series of crimes, had themselves to be "careless, reckless and fearless of what was past, present, or to come."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRIDAL.

MORE than a year had passed since the events recorded in the foregoing chapters. Mildred Dacres, finding that she was shunned by Harleigh, after his release from the Tower, soon left the city. No one seemed to know where she was, though it was rumored that she had gone to Italy.

It was a balmy, delicious morning, early in June. A lady, who, for some time, had been sitting in a thoughtless attitude near an open window of a cottage, nestled among flowers and shrubbery, and situated within a short distance of the great metropolis, suddenly roused herself, and looked up with a smile, as a young and very pretty girl entered the room.

"So you have just returned, Nina? Have you had a pleasant ride?"

"Very pleasant, madam."

"Did you see your young friend who lives with Mrs. Selwyn?"

"I did."

"What did she tell you?"

"That what I heard yesterday is true. Clarence Harleigh, Mrs. Selwyn's brother, is to be married this evening."

"You heard the name of the bride elect?"

"Yes—Alice Dale."

"I have heard of her. She was formerly in the family of a Mrs. Elliston."

"She is there still—so my friend Julia told me."

"That will do, Nina," said the lady, with a smile, and the girl turned to leave the room. "Stay one moment," added the lady. "You said, when I told you I wished you to go to the city, that before long you would like to make your sister a visit."

"It will give me great pleasure to visit her, whenever you can spare me."

"Go now, then, and stay till to-morrow morning, if you choose."

"You are very kind."

A smile still more radiant than before lighted up the lady's countenance, and Nina, with a light heart, withdrew to prepare for the proposed visit to her sister. The lady did not move from the window where she was sitting, till Nina, who was soon ready, left the house, and was out of sight. She then rose and went into the garden, where roses, red and white, were beginning to bloom. Having selected some buds of the white rose, a few of which had just commenced to unclose, she threw them into a small basket, and then hastily gathering some flowers of different kinds, she placed them in such a manner as to entirely conceal the rosebuds.

When she returned to the house, she went directly to her chamber, and having locked herself in, she took the rosebuds from the basket, arranged them, and tied them together with a silver ribbon. She then unfastened a private drawer of her dressing-table, and took from thence a small square box. Pressing a spring, which would have been unnoticed by one not in the secret, the lid flew open and disclosed several tiny vials, all of which were filled with some liquid, each with that of a different color, and carefully sealed. Having closely muffled her face, she selected from among the vials one whose contents were clear and colorless as dew. This she carefully uncorked, and poured a few drops of the pellucid liquid into the heart of each of the roses which had begun to unfold. Her hand was not quite steady, and ere she had accomplished her task, some noise caused her to start and look round. She smiled and murmured half audibly:

"How foolish I am! It was only one of those ravens whirring by, I saw on the dead ash just now."

She might have deemed it a sound of ill omen had she known that, at the moment she was startled by it, a heavy drop of the subtle poison fell from the vial on a rose which, with some other flowers, Nina had, by her direction, placed in an agate vase that stood on the table.

"There's a double portion of dew on them now," said she, to herself, as she deposited the flowers she had prepared in a box of beautifully carved ivory. Having done this, she wrote in a disguised hand, on a slip of paper:

"A bridal gift for Alice Dale. 'Sweets to the sweet.'"

A few hours later, she was in the city of London, attended by a foreign servant, who neither spoke nor understood any language, except his native Italian.

* * * * *

In deference to the wishes of Mrs. Elliston, the marriage of Clarence Harleigh and Alice Dale was to take place at her house, and the ceremony was to be performed in the plain, simple manner suited to the religious faith of the sect to which she belonged.

She had fully recovered from the effects of the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to her, and what was better, it had been to her like the refiner's fire. She was no longer intolerant towards those who differed from her in opinion, as was shown by a letter she wrote Mr. Walworth, her brother, in which she pleaded so eloquently for Harleigh, as to overcome his lingering prejudices against him, on account of his belonging to the established church, and as he imagined, his too aristocratic notions, and likewise succeeded in gaining his consent for his marriage with Alice, prior to the accomplishment of the two probationary years.

A still greater evidence that she was no longer the bigoted, illiberal, unforgiving woman she had been, was her willingness to receive Abi Rushton as her daughter-in-law. She knew not, at the time, who the ministering angel was who so constantly hovered round her pillow; but whoever it was, she felt that her heart had found a home, such as it never had found until then, since the lovely and beloved daughter had been taken away, and laid beneath the green turf.

The guests were assembled, and Abi had just finished twining the bridal wreath, with the rich brown tresses of Alice, when there came several quick, sharp raps at the door.

"For the bride," said some one who stood in the shade of the portico, and who quickly turned away after handing something to the servant who had opened the door.

"Here is something for the bride," said he, to Mrs. Elliston, who ordered it to be sent to Alice.

Abi undid the cord of blue and white floss bound round it, and removed the envelope.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, as a box of pure white ivory, delicately and elaborately carved, was disclosed to view.

They bent over it, and read what was written on the slip of paper glued to the cover of the box.

"'Sweets to the sweet,' it says," said Abi. "The writer must be some one who knows you. Shall I remove the cover?"

"Yes. We must see what it is."

"A gift delicate and lovely as the casket which contains it."

"See," said Alice; "the morning dew is still sparkling in the heart of these half-blown roses."

"They are just what are needed," said Abi; "for though Mrs. Elliston requested you to wear no jewelry, she cannot object to your wearing these."

They were soon arranged amid the snowy folds of the lace kerchief worn by Alice, which was of a texture so fine and delicate, as to make it of a price many times greater than its weight in gold. Word had already been sent them that all was ready.

The Jew, who had been bidden to the wedding, was standing in the doorway of the room contiguous to that where the ceremony was to be performed, and where Harleigh, Elliston, and others, were awaiting the bride.

"Whence comes this sickening and deathly odor?" exclaimed the Jew, as he stepped back for Alice and Abi to enter.

"What is it?" said Harleigh, coming quickly forward.

"There is a subtle and deadly poison somewhere near," replied the Jew.

"It is nothing but the perfume of these roses," said Abi.

"Where? What roses?" he asked.

"These," and she pointed to those worn by Alice.

"They are poisoned," said he, as he tore them from the bosom of the frightened bride.

Harleigh snatched them from his hand, and in the almost frantic terror of the moment, threw them from a window.

"How is it, Alice?" said he. "Speak and tell me they haven't had time to do you harm."

"I'm a little faint," she replied, attempting to smile.

"Look!" said Edward Elliston, aside to the Jew. "Her lips are as white as snow."

"Is there nothing which can save her?" exclaimed Harleigh, as he took her in his arms and bore her to a couch.

"I know of an antidote; I have it at home, but it cannot be obtained in time. I fear the hand of death is already upon her," said the Jew.

"If you mean the perfume such as you gave me," said Abi, "I have some here." And she drew a little gold box from her pocket, in shape resembling the *ridicule* in use at the present day.

"That is it. Take courage. It is still more subtle than the poison, and will soon pervade the whole system;" and he held the pleasant though pungent perfume so that Alice could inhale it.

There was a minute of harassing doubt, scarcely relieved by hope. Then her color began to return, and the sluggish, almost frozen pulse to resume its natural, healthful beat. A few moments more, and all danger was past. The Jew handed the perfume to Abi.

"Make use of it," said he. "You, too, have been endangered."

They did not see, during all this time, a pale, haggard face pressed against one of the window-panes, nor the cold, glittering eyes which were watching them. Even if they had, they would not, in their wild terror and intense excitation, have given the circumstance a single thought.

It was not till they knew that the terrible danger was past, that some one asked what had become of the poisoned flowers. No one knew. Harleigh, too much agitated to know what he did when he threw them from the window, had no recollection of the circumstance. The servant who had received at the door what had so nearly proved a fatal gift, entering the room as the inquiries were being made, said that he saw Mr. Harleigh throw them from the window.

"They mustn't remain there," said the Jew. "If they do, more than one life may be lost by means of them."

Edward Elliston, having called for a lantern, went in search of them. As he held the light close to the ground, its rays fell on some object which, it appeared to him, was a human form, lying under the window next to the one where he was searching for the flowers. Approaching it, he found it was a woman. He called for help, and when he had assisted to carry her into the house, Harleigh and Alice saw that it was Mildred Daeres.

"She appears to be dead," said Harleigh. "Is it possible that she found the poisoned flowers?"

"There was no need that she should find them, to produce the effect you see," remarked the Jew. "I can perceive that the same deadly effluvia emanates from the flowers entangled in such a manner with the breast-knot she wears, as to make it seem probable that she made an effort to tear them thence, as I detected in these."

"Is there no spark of life remaining?" said Alice, as she looked on the livid features. "Wont the same remedy revive her which saved me?"

"It can be attempted," said the Jew, "though I think it is too late."

In a short time after applying it, a slight, convulsive movement was perceptible, causing a mantle she had on to slip aside, which would have fallen to the floor, had not a corner of it been wound round her hand. Harleigh, who stood near, removed the mantle, when it was seen that her hand was closed over the flowers which had been thrown from the window, with so firm and rigid a grasp as to crush them. An attempt to remove them awakened her to a degree of consciousness.

"No—no," she murmured. "They are flowers for the bridal. I lost them somehow, but I shall keep them safe now, till I can give them into the bride's own hand."

"Can it be that it was she who sent the flowers?" said Edward Elliston.

"It must have been," replied Harleigh, "and

"'——The foul practice
Hath turned itself on her.'"

She recognized his voice.

"Clarence Harleigh," said she, "there was one who stood between you and me, but she is out of the way now. Don't try to find how it came about. It will never come to light. Stay—don't go yet. In a minute I'll be ready to go with you."

As she spoke, with a sudden effort she raised herself from her recumbent posture, threw out her arms in a wild, impassioned manner, as if she wished to prevent some one's departure, fell back, and immediately expired.

"Had she remained quiet, her life might possibly have been saved," said the Jew, "but after her unconscious confession, we could hardly wish it to be otherwise than it is. As for me, it is enough that the secret which, many years ago, I learned from an Italian chemist, and which I have ever carefully guarded, lest it should by some evil-minded person be turned to some bad purpose, has saved the life of one whose presence we believe will be a joy and a blessing to us all."

After what had taken place, all thoughts of the intended wedding was for that evening abandoned. When, in a week afterward, the guests re-assembled, it was not alone to witness the bridal of Harleigh and Alice, for ere they returned to their own homes, Edward Elliston and Abi Rushton had likewise received the nuptial benediction.

A few months from this time, Harleigh and his youthful bride visited the home of her childhood. It was the evening after their arrival, and the air, keen and frosty without, causing the encrusted snow to sparkle in the beams of the full moon, as if strewed with thousands of diamonds, was tempered within the ample parlor of the Walworth farm-house, to a kind of festive mellowness not easy to describe; nor will any one, who has helped to form the circle round a bright wood fire in one of the huge fire-places of the olden time, need any other description than what memory will supply.

It seemed to Alice that elfin fingers must have been busy with her former guardian's face—have smoothing away some stern and rigid line—and there, slily giving it a little dash of sunshine. It was certain that he had seldom, or never before, so fully given himself up to that social enjoyment which develops the better and the more kindly feelings of our nature, even, by a mistake common to the enthusiasts of his time, he had, in his own mind, confounded even the pure and innocent pleasures of the home-circle with those which he considered vain and sinful. But an iceberg cannot resist the constant and genial influences of the sun, and his artificial coldness and austerity had gradually yielded to the gentle and benign influences of her who presided over his household.

"You don't know who Aunt Jane is, do you?" said Ella, who, as in former days, had taken a seat by the side of Alice.

"No, dear," she replied. "Who is she?"

"Uncle Gabriel's wife. You know he taught my brothers and me to call him uncle."

"And we *like* to, now," said Benjamin. "He don't seem so strange as he used to."

"Gabriel," said Mrs. Walworth, "has been married to the good-natured, laughing Jane Lovering, more than a year, and being strong and healthy, she makes nothing of spinning and weaving the 'fleeces of his flock,' which he once, on a certain occasion, alluded to, and of managing a large dairy to his entire satisfaction."

"And what," inquired Clarence Harleigh, "does he think of the prediction of the weird woman, and the wonderful vision that followed?"

"That it was a delusion of Satan. He rejoices at having escaped the snare, and at the same time, expresses his wonder how such a little childish thing as Alice could ever have filled his eye."

"I guess Aunt Jane's face fills his eye," said Benjamin, "for it is as big and as round as the full moon."

"My son," said his father, reprovingly, though a smile could be seen lurking in his eye, "you mustn't suffer yourself to exaggerate when you make comparisons."

"For my part, I think it is nothing but the simple and candid truth," said Silas Watkins, who, hitherto, had been a silent partaker of the social enjoyment, and who continued to think that if ever there was an angel on earth, it was Alice.

THE END.

[Back numbers of Ballou's Pictorial, containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication, or at any of the periodical depots.]

THE RUSSIAN KNOUT.

There is scarcely a book of Russian travels you can open—English, French, or German,—without a chapter bearing this special heading, the knout, and in nine cases out of ten the description of the punishment is taken from the old wonderful magazine account of Madame Lapoukhin, who suffered in the reign of the Empress Ann Elizabeth, or from some of the Faubourg St. Denis travels. The Russians use the stick, the whip, and the rod, freely enough, heaven knows; but the extreme agony of the knout, they are exceedingly chary in having recourse to. There was not one criminal knouted during my stay—at least, in the capitals (for the imminence of the ultimo ratio is always made public a week beforehand in all the newspapers), though I dare say some dozens, males and females, were daily beaten, cruelly but not dangerously, in the police-yards. The infliction of the knout in cases of murder (brigands and female criminals, who, the latter, only receive from five to twenty strokes, are allowed to survive), amounting to one hundred and fifty lashes of that terrible instrument, is almost always fatal; indeed I have often heard Russians, whose humane dispositions I have had no reason to doubt, say that the police-surgeons had, generally, instructions not to attempt to cure the criminals after their torture. It is not the actual knout that kills, but the gangrene that supervenes in the neglected wounds. The old assertion, that a skillful executioner can kill his patient with three strokes of the knout, is a pure fable.—*G. A. Sala.*

PATERNAL DUTY.

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them that competence which he desires. Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible of domestic affection, the love of parents and brethren and sisters, a taste for home pleasures, habits of order, regularity and industry, hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

MOTHERS.

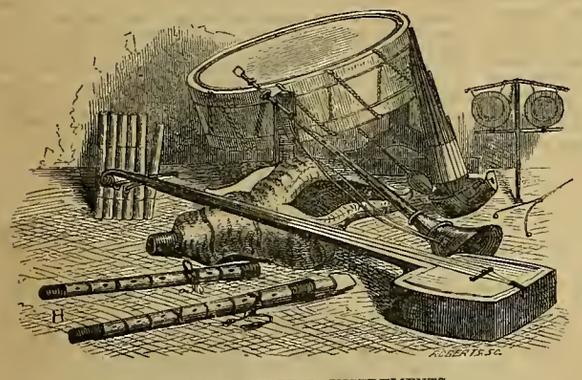
By the quiet fireside of home, the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall sometime give to Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit be a rosary of angelic deeds,—the noblest offering that she can make through the ever ascending and ever expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the Christian mother than the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and form, as it were, the underlying strain of that education which peoples heaven with that celestial being, and gives to the white brow of the angel, next to the grace of God, its crown of glory.—*Traveller.*

AFRICANS AND ASIATICS.

We have, from time to time, presented our readers with illustrations of the scenery and people of the East, and the success of these views has induced us to publish another series which occupies this and the next page of the Pictorial. For the use of these fine and spirited engravings, we are indebted to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York city. They are specimens of the liberal illustrations which embellish one of their recent popular publications: "The Americans in Japan; an abridgement of the government narrative of the United States Expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry. By Robert Tomes." This work, notwithstanding its elegance and importance, is sold at a moderate price, and hence it will be disseminated broadcast over the United States. It contains a clear and well-written account of Commodore Perry's voyage, and of all his diplomatic proceedings. We propose to cull from its pages such information as relates to the engravings in our present number. Four of the pictures delineate inhabitants of South Africa, which Commodore Perry visited on his way to the East. These portraits are a Caffre chief, with his singular head-dress; a Fingo woman; Soyola, an African chief, and his wife, the two latter favorable specimens of the black races. The Cape of Good Hope is of great commercial importance to Great Britain as a convenient rendezvous for her cruisers stationed in the neighborhood, and as a stopping-place for vessels bound to and from the Indian Ocean. Excellent water, fresh provisions, fruit, and other necessaries, can be obtained in any quantity and at reasonable prices. Wood, however, is scarce, but almost every other article usually needed by vessels may be procured from the numerous well-stocked shops and warehouses at Cape Town. Since the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, the agricultural interests of the Cape have suffered, and although the commerce of some few of the ports continues thriving, the interior of the country has declined in prosperity, there being at present but few examples of successful farming in consequence of the scarcity of laborers. The country has also suffered from the effects of the war carried on between the British colonists and the Caffres, which, although it has enriched the merchants and tradesmen by the large expenditure of public money, has impoverished the farmers by depriving them of the necessary laborers and by unsettling the general tranquillity. The consequence has been that many of the farms have been allowed to run to waste, and although the soil is capable of producing Indian corn, wheat, barley, oats, and several other descriptions of grain, the home consumption of such articles is not fully supplied. There are, however, some wine, hides, tallow and wool exported. The farming is chiefly of a grazing character, and vast herds of cattle, sheep, horses and mules are raised. At Cape Town, horses can be bought for thirty to one hundred and fifty, and mules for thirty to seventy-five dollars. The cattle which are indigenous to the country, somewhat resemble the buffalo in appearance, and the sheep are of the broad-tailed species, which are highly prized for the excellence of the meat. The long teams of oxen passing in and out of the city are characteristic objects at Cape Town. These teams are composed often of seven, eight, or even nine yoke, and are guided by two teamsters, one seated in front of the wagon, not unlike what is used in Pennsylvania, where he urges the animals along by his voice and a long whip, while the other man precedes the team, holding a halter fastened to the horns of the two leaders, with which he guides them. When the journey is a long one, the teamsters generally accompany the oxen on horseback. Commodore Perry, accompanied by some of his officers, took occasion to visit one of the celebrated vineyards of Constantia, having provided himself with an open carriage drawn by four beautiful stallions, and driven four in hand by a negro boy, who proved himself a very skillful Jehu. The drive was through a picturesque country, with pretty villas scattered about, which were approached by wide avenues bordered by oaks and firs. These trees are raised from the seed, and are generally cultivated in the colony for fuel and ornamental purposes. Substantial hedges are also formed of the young oak raised from the acorn. The Constantia vineyard was of no great extent, and the culture was of a character that was somewhat disappointing. The proprietor accounted for the inferior condition of his vineyard on the score of his being unable to provide himself with the necessary number of laborers. He said, in fact, that he would have been obliged to abandon the cultivation of the grape altogether had he not obtained an American "cultivator," that he had recently imported from the United States, which simple plough, as he stated, drawn by a single horse, accomplished as much as the labor of fifty men according to the usual method of cultivating the vine with a hoe. The grape is grown at Constantia, as in Sicily, by trimming the vine near to the ground, and not allowing it to reach a height beyond that of a gooseberry bush. The richness of flavor of the wine, which is much extolled, is supposed to be dependent upon the condition of the grape when it goes to the press. Although it begins to ripen in the early part of February, it is not gathered until the middle of March, when the fruit has assumed almost the appearance of the dry raisin, in which condition it is pressed. The prices of Constantia wine vary from two to six dollars a gallon, according to its quality. The population of Cape Colony, according to a census taken in 1848, was 200,548. Of these, 76,287 whites, and 101,176 colored, make up the whole number of inhabitants of the various parts of the colony, with the exception of Cape Town, which contains a mixed population of 22,543. There are but few of the aboriginal Hottentots of pure race to be found, as their blood has been intermingled with that of the Dutch, the Negro and the Malay. The first European discoverer of the southern promontory of Africa found it tolerably well peopled, and the natives, in some respects, in a better condition than many of the more northern tribes. They were in possession of herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and led a pastoral life. They were a comparatively happy people, and, being divided into tribes under a patriarchal government, wandered about with their flocks and herds from pasture to pasture, carrying their huts, constructed of boughs and poles, upon the backs of oxen. These tribes, however, have been mostly exterminated by the cruelty of the Europeans. A wretched remnant, however, still survive, and living as miserable outcasts in the forests and the fastnesses of the desert, are known as Bushmen. They are still savage in character, and disgusting in their habits and persons. They have received, it must be confessed, but little benefit from the boasted civilization of their white conquerors. "We, however, as Americans," remarks Commodore Perry, "have no right to rail at other nations for the wrongs they have inflicted upon the aborigines of countries seized upon by them; for, though hardly equal to the English in the disgusting hypocrisy with which they excuse their acts, we are not far behind them in the frauds and cruelties committed upon our native tribes." The warlike Caffres still retain their characteristic wildness, and pursue their predatory life. They are in many respects superior to the ordinary African, and have some of the peculiarities of the Egyptian races. They are of a greater height and strength than the inferior negro; their color is lighter, and though their hair is black and woolly, they have fuller beards. Their noses are more prominent, but they have the thick negro lip, and with the prominent cheek-bone of the Hottentots, they possess the high European forehead. The Fingoes, though traced in origin to some scattered tribes of the Caffres, differ from them in some degree, and although spirited and brave, are of a less savage nature, and have the character of being a comparatively good-natured people. The Fingoes, like the Caffres, are pastoral, but more given to the culture of the land, in which the men engage as well as the women, although this kind of labor is confined among the Caffres to the females alone. On the return of the commodore from Constantia, he stopped to pay a visit to a captive Fingo chief and his wife, whom the fortune of war had thrown into the hands of the Europeans. The chief was confined in a jail at a short distance from the town. The jailer unhesitatingly allowed the commodore to visit his prisoner. Soyola, for that was his name, was a remarkably fine-looking negro, of about twenty-five years of age. He had been accompanied to imprisonment by his favorite among his numerous wives, and his confidential lieutenant, who had also a similar companion to cheer his captivity. The women were no less remarkable for their good looks than their negro lords and masters. One of the artists of the expedition was admitted to a subsequent interview with the distinguished party of Fingoes, and secured likenesses of them. The war carried on by the English with the Hottentots and Caffres, which has continued so long, costing an immense amount of blood and treasure, is still prolonged by the obstinacy of the blacks. The whole frontier has already been devastated, and although there is some hope of peace, no one believes that any treaty that may be made will be respected by the negroes longer than may suit their convenience. In the last battle, at the date of the visit of Commodore Perry, in which the English forces, headed by General Cathcart himself, were victorious, it was said that the Caffre chief brought into action six thousand foot and two thousand horse. These numbers are probably exaggerated, but it is well known that the negroes have acquired a tolerable organization, and that they are well supplied with arms and ammunition. They have hitherto had an abundance of provisions, obtained from their own herds, or from those stolen from the whites, but report says that, owing to the carelessness and waste always attendant upon the irregular warfare of savages, their supply of food is running short. The English declare that the Caffres have been instructed in the art of war by numerous deserters from the British army, and by a French missionary living among them, who passed his early life in the army.



A JAPANESE COOPERING ESTABLISHMENT.

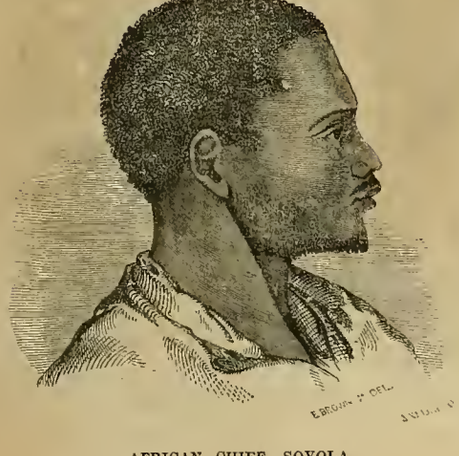


JAPANESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



A TANKA BOAT-GIRL.

The principal white inhabitants of Cape Town are the government officials, army officers, merchants and tradesmen. The laboring class is composed of the mixed races—the Malays, Coolies, and negroes. The emancipated negroes and their descendants have not profited by their liberty to the extent hoped for, and are in general degraded and indolent, and are not captivating in appearance. They are perfectly independent of all restraint as long as they do not violate the laws. They work when it suits them, and at their own prices, and break off abruptly from their labor if spoken to in a manner which wounds in the least their sensitiveness.



AFRICAN CHIEF, SOYOLA.



WIFE OF SOYOLA.



A CAFFRE CHIEF.

Their ordinary charge for work is a dollar and a quarter for a day of ten hours. The Chinese woman and girl in the engraving below were sketched at Macao, the woman being the mistress of a Tanka boat. There is also another portrait of a Tanka boat-woman on the opposite page. The Chinese damsels, in gay costume, as they scull their light craft upon the surface of the bay, present a lively aspect, as seen from a distance from the verandas above the Praya, but they do not bear a closer examination. The last engraving on this page represents a Chinese barber-boy of Canton, with his implements of trade slung over his shoulders. The Chinese make very dexterous Figaros, and withal work very cheap. The ordinary compensation for all operatives in Canton, who find their food, varies from twelve to twenty cents a day. Farm hands, when fed, receive six cents for twelve hours' work, being at the rate of a farthing an hour. The day-laborers, chair-bearers, and porters, if not hired by the job, are paid from twenty to twenty-five cents. Boatmen's wages are from one and a half to two and a quarter dollars per month, when found, which latter condition generally includes food, not only for themselves, but for their wives and children, who live with them in the boat. Porters,



A CHINESE WOMAN AND CHILD.

and those of other crafts in Canton, form themselves into guilds, and appoint leaders, or headmen, who contract for labor of various sorts.—Many very curious customs have from time to time been given by travellers. Some very striking contrarieties in comparison with our own, are amusingly given in the following extract from a work published at Macao:—"On inquiring of the boatman in which direction Macao lay, I was answered in the west-north, the wind, as I was informed, being east-south. We do not say so in Europe, thought I; but imagine my surprise when, in explaining the utility of the compass, the boatman added that the needle pointed to the south. Wishing to change the subject, I remarked that I concluded he was about to proceed to some high festival and merry-making, as his dress was completely white. He told me, with a look of much dejection, that his only brother had died the week before, and that he was in the deepest mourning for him. On landing, the first object that attracted my notice was a military mandarin, who wore an embroidered petticoat, with a string of beads round his neck, and who, besides, carried a fan; it was with some dismay I observed him mount on the right side of his horse. On my way to the house, my attention was drawn to several old Chinese standing on stilts, some of whom had gray beards, and nearly all of them huge goggling spectacles; they were delightfully employed in flying paper kites, while a group of boys were looking on and regarding the innocent occupation of their seniors with serious and gratified attention. Desirous to see the literature of so curious a people, I looked in at a bookstore. The proprietor told me that the language had no alphabet, and I was somewhat astonished, on his opening a Chinese volume, to find him begin at what I had all my life previously considered the end of the book. He read the date of the publication, 'Fifth year, tenth month, twenty-third day.' 'We arrange our dates differently,' I observed, and begged he would speak of their ceremonials. He commenced by saying, 'When you receive a distinguished guest do not fail to place him on your left hand, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious not to uncover the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity.' Hardly prepared for this blow to my established notions, I requested he would discourse of their philosophy. He re-opened the volume, and read with becoming gravity, 'The most learned men are decidedly of opinion that the seat of human understanding is in the stomach!' On arriving at my quarters, I thought that a cup of 'Young Hyson' would prove refreshing, feeling certain that in this, at least, I should meet with nothing to surprise me; imagine my astonishment when I observed that the 'favorite leaf' the Chinaman was about to infuse, looked quite different to any I had ever seen, it being in color a dull olive, having none of the usual bloom on its surface. I remarked on its appearance, when my attendant quietly said that they never used painted tea in China, but as the foreigners pay a better price for it when the leaves are made of a uniform color, they of course had no objection to cover them with powders. On drinking the infusion made from the pure leaf, I at once resolved to become a convert to this fashion, leaving the other Chinese customs for future consideration." There are as singular customs, also, respecting the manner and matter of their repasts as in other things. The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. The master of the house absents himself while his guests regale at his table with undisturbed revelry. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks, but their food is served up in dishes, out of which they eat in common; and for this purpose every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly. Following up this idea, let us look at the social customs of other peoples of the East. For instance, the Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire to the most hidden parts of their houses, and draw down the cloths which serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. An absurd reason may be alleged for their misanthropical repast; they will never eat with one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life. On the contrary, the inhabitants of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs until he meets with one; and, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest. The Otaheitans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, eat separate from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, parents and children, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth; they then clap their hands and dance before him.—Then again the social regulations concerning marriage among the Celestials are also very strict. For instance, it is forbidden to marry during "the period set for mourning" the death of a father or mother. It is forbidden to marry a person bearing the same name, or one guilty of crime, or a musician, or an actor, or a widow whose former husband has distinguished himself. The inevitable bamboo is the punishment for transgressions of these laws. Parties safely married, who cannot agree together, may separate. Divorces are also granted for the following causes: sterility, immorality, contempt of the husband's father or mother, propensity to slander or theft, a jealous temper, or habitual ill health. A man is allowed to have but one wife by law, and the law punishes him with eighty blows of the bamboo for every additional wife he brings home. The secondary wives—of whom there are a great plenty—have no rights whatever. The children of the legitimate wife wear no mourning for them at their death. But if they should omit the mourning dress upon the demise of their own mother, the inevitable bamboo would be administered. The Chinaman takes care to use all the liberty left him by the innumerable laws. His legitimate wife he dare not put away, except for causes specified above. His additional wives the law does not recognize, and he therefore treats them as he pleases. Another item of interest respecting these people may be introduced here, also illustrative of their peculiar observances. Our readers are aware that a commissioner has been appointed to treat with them as to intercourse and the establishment of those commercial immunities common to civilized people. Whether it will amount to anything, time will decide. From the most authentic accounts which we have of the mode of conducting things in the Celestial Empire, the only audience granted to foreign envoys is the following: At the opening of the spring of the year, the emperor celebrates a great national festival of turning up a few shovels full of earth in honor of the sacred occupation of cultivating the soil. Before the imperial cortege moves from the palace, all the doors and windows of the houses in the capital are closed, and no one allowed to look out under pain of death. Outside of the city, the foreign envoys and tribute-bearing officials are arranged in two parallel lines, face to face; but long before the "sun of heaven" heaves in sight, they are compelled to lie down prostrate on the ground, and the guards over them take good care that they do not lift up their profane eyes to gaze at the celestial divinity as he passes along. This is the only reception granted to foreign envoys. Chinese etiquette is rather an obstinate matter.—Another of the larger engravings of our series represents, a Japanese cooper plying his trade. Though their tools and manner of working differ from ours, yet they are exceedingly dexterous mechanics, and in some branches cannot be surpassed. Coopering is an important trade at Hakodadi, where immense quantities of fish are salted and packed for exportation in barrels.



A FINGO WOMAN.

These are made of staves, and hooped as with us, but their form is peculiar, being somewhat conical in shape. The neatness of finish of the woodwork of the houses proves the carpenters skilful workmen, and the cabinet-ware, often inlaid, richly adorned, and covered with the exquisite lacquer polish, is unsurpassed by the finest *marqueterie* of Paris. In the higher arts, the Japanese deserve a rank much beyond any Oriental nation. The carvings in wood with which many of the better houses and most of the temples are adorned, show an exact knowledge of form, particularly of that of familiar objects of nature, such as birds, fish and flowers, and a skill of hand in the cutting almost perfect. In the Japanese paintings and drawings, there is the freedom that belongs to great manual dexterity, and a correctness of outline which proves a close observation of nature. Some specimens of the illustrated books brought to this country by the commodore, establish the fact hitherto denied, that the Japanese, unlike the Chinese, are familiar with the principles of perspective. These works also show, in their drawings of the human figure and of the horse, a well-directed study of the anatomy of the form in its external developments. Our remaining engraving exhibits a group of Japanese musical instruments. In this picture are grouped together a kettle-drum, a sort of Pan-lean pipes, a guitar, clarionet, cymbals, etc. Gongs, drums, rattles, and other noisy musical instruments, bear an important part in the worship, and some of these are no less remarkable for the beauty of their workmanship than for the vileness of the music they produce. At the door of each temple there is a straw rope connected with a bell and a drum, and the former is pulled and the latter beaten on the arrival of a devotee, in order to awaken the deity to the consciousness of the presence of a worshipper. Before many years have elapsed, we shall doubtless be perfectly familiar with all the strange customs and peculiarities of the Japanese, for it is the "manifest destiny" of western civilization to open the long-closed gates of the mysterious Orient to English and Americans.



A CHINESE BARBER-BOY AT HONG KONG.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SUMMER STREAM.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

O, fair to the eye is that calm, summer stream,
Smiling up at the sky 'neath the sun's loving beam,
While it steals through the woodlands, and all the day long
Lowlily chanteth its murmurous song;
Green leaves droop above it, the flowers spring beside,
And a blessing afar to the sea doth it glide:
That beautiful stream, that calm summer stream—
O, thus be it ever a blessing and pride.

And thus may thy life like that summer stream be,
As it peacefully glides to eternity's sea.
Long, long be its course and unclouded its day,
Love's sunshine, love's flowers attend on its way;
When the shadows of evening are over it cast,
May it never look back with regret to the past,
But flow on like that stream, that calm summer stream,
Till it blends with the waters of life at the last.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER:

—OR,—

THE AFFRAY AT THE INN.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Those Arguses of a village, the hangers-on at the tavern, endeavor to make up for the disadvantages of country life, in point of news, by getting as much information as possible out of every traveller who happens along. He runs the gauntlet of their eyes, ears and tongues with philosophy if he is experienced, but with agony if otherwise, or thin-skinned, or desirous to avoid notice from some other cause. Merciless, when they imagine him to be at all disturbed by their inquisitiveness, they watch him the more closely and worry him the more; the more he desires to be let alone, they more they wont do it.

One sultry day in August, Mr. Ban—so he called himself—stopped with his horse and saddle-bags at the old wooden inn of Cherrytown, and as he was the only traveller who had passed that way for the space of three weeks, he became an instant object of hungry scrutiny. It was a far western village in a sparsely settled country, and the manners of the people conformed to the rude state of things around them.

After giving very particular orders about his horse, and taking a glass of whiskey with a very suspicious air, he looked furtively nd anxiously about him; and then, beckoning the landlord into the entry, whispered directions to him about a supper in a private room. While the meal was in preparation, he went several times out to the stable to look after his horse, and the hostler remarked that he every time gave sharp glances after his saddle-bags, as if they contained something of no ordinary importance, after which and a close inspection of the premises, he would return to the inn, where finally he partook of his lonely supper.

"Queer customer, that," said one of the longers in the bar.

"'Pears so," said another, behind his pipe, from which he seemed to be sucking knowledge. "Very noxious eyes."

"Very particular about eating alone, wan't he, boss?" asked the first speaker.

"Yes, but he didn't put on any airs," said the landlord, parrying the sneer.

"Perhaps he's one of the kind that can't afford to put on airs—may have *reasons* for keeping quiet and snug as possible. Hey, Joe Stroder?"

"Jast so," said Joe, approvingly, behind his pipe. "When a man's unsociable in a crowd, I ollers suspicion he's one of the kind that's been *too sociable* with lone travellers on the road."

Landlord Jugley began to prick up his ears and to dilate his nostrils.

"You never saw him afore, did you, Jim Griggle?" asked he.

"Don't know's I have, but I don't like his looks overmuch. His ways is mean, too; he took that whiskey alone, and now he's taking that supper alone."

"Not perzactually?" said Joe Stroder, informed by his learned pipe. "I reckon Rose, your daughter, is waiting on him, old hoss, aint she?"

"In course," replied Jugley, "and why shouldn't she? Must treat strangers well, you know."

"Perhaps he wont make himself long a stranger," insinuated Stroder. "He looks like a horse thief to me; and if his practice is half as sharp as his eye, he'll give you trouble—now mind my markings."

While such conversation was being held in the bar-room to the prejudice of the new-comer, who, the landlord said, had proposed to stop a week or two in those parts, Mr. Ban was quietly enjoying his private meal, attended by the landlord's only daughter, Rose Jugley, a blooming, healthy, dark-eyed western lass of some eighteen years, whose cheerful manners gave zest to the stranger's repast.

"So, then, you are the landlord's daughter," said he, pursuing his meal with unmistakable appetite. "Were you born in these parts?"

"I was born in Ohio, but we have lived here about five or six years," answered Rose.

"Don't you ever desire to see more of the world?" asked Ban, looking steadily at her as he spoke.

"O, no—I never feel lonesome. I love the wilderness, if it can be called a wilderness, where everything in nature is so beautiful around one. I believe there is no place in the world where there are so many flowers and woods and wild birds. I could always be happy among them—if—"

Her face changed, and she paused.

"If what?" asked Ban, curiously.

"If it were not for one thing," she added, with a sigh.

"And what is that?"

"That's a secret," replied Rose, with a melancholy smile.

"O, I know it all!"

"You!" and Rose started. "You know it all? That is impossible. You are an entire stranger."

"There is a *man* in the case," said Ban, positively.

Rose colored up and then turned pale, but was silent. The stranger, having finished his meal, rose and went out to his horse.

"There he goes again," grumbled Stroder, looking after him. "Mighty particeler about that horse of his'n."

"If it *is* his'n. Mebby it's a stole one," said Griggle.

What further the two said the landlord could not hear, as they put their heads together. He was himself puzzled about the stranger, who was a tall, gaunt man, with a swarthy complexion, immense black whiskers and moustaches, and with a reserved look which he could not interpret. Whether it indicated pride, ill-nature, alarm, or a sinister design, Jugley could not tell; but, his suspicion being aroused, it seemed, by the light of the whiskey which he used to solve the mystery, the queerest look he ever saw. Not the least puzzled of the people at the inn was Rose, the landlord's handsome daughter. When Ban had left the room, she left the dishes untouched for awhile, absorbed in thoughts of him and what he had said.

"Strange! Who can he be? Has he ever been here before? He said there was a man in the case, as if he knew that father wished me to marry that odious Joe Stroder! Perhaps Stroder has been making common talk of it. Ugh! it makes my blood run cold to think of it. But how could this stranger know about it?" And clearing away the table, the thoughts of Rose dwelt upon the face of him who had such an exuberance of black hair and such a sad face, such a sweet smile and *such* eyes!

"There he goes—there he goes—out to the woods!" was the joint exclamation of Stroder and Griggle, shortly after, as Ban was seen by them to leave the barn and walk away alone.

The landlord, in a high state of excitement, rushed to the door, just as Jerry, the hostler and man-of-all-work, in another high state of excitement, approached the house.

"I begin to think I dunno what a hoss is, and I've tended 'em, man and boy, for more'n twenty years!" said Jerry, vehemently, and shaking his head angrily.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter that I couldn't see to," answered the hostler, "but this long-legged chap yonder, straggling over the clearing, is more particklerer about his animil than if he was Old Bowsifferlous himself. He gav me more'n a hundred directions about the hoss, helped rub him down, talked into his ear as if he was a human, looked at the feed, chawed some of it to see if it tasted good, drinked some of the water, helped spread the straw, fumbled about his saddle-bags, and teetered about the barn, till I begun to think he was loony,—and now there he goes into the woods to make a speech to the trees, I 'spose. Dod rot it! I hope he wont stay long."

"Highwaymen are always looking sharp after their horses. They're bound to be," said Stroder.

"There's been a heap of robberies lately. Who knows who's done 'em?" said Griggle, with a significant wink to Stroder.

"Who, indeed? And whose turn will come next? When I travel I don't take much money with me, but I shouldn't care to have a junk of lead through my head on suspicion that I had a pile. After death is too late to rectify mistakes."

"Talking about money, Stroder," said Jugley, glad of a chance to broach the subject, "it would be a mighty pretty lift to me, if you'd pay me the hundred and fifty you owe. I'm short."

"You don't oughter to speak about that, Jug," quickly returned Stroder, coloring up, "when I'm to be your son-in-law so soon. I'll make it all right on the wedding-day."

"Short settlements make long friends, Joe," said Jugley, firmly. "You've owed me that nigh onto two months. You said your cattle would be sold in less than two weeks and then you'd pay. But you aint hung up, Joe!"

"I'm the hung-uppest chap you ever seed, Jug," replied Stroder, affecting indignation. "That two hundred head of cattle was sold in Cincinnati at the time I said, but I haint got the money yet. You know I'm good for it."

"I don't know nothing but what you've telled me about what you're wuth. I reckoned you were all you said—lent you money—agreed to let you have Rose—and that's the way I'm served."

"Hear him, Griggle! Hear old Jugley! Anybody would think *he* hadn't plenty of money as well as I."

"I know I have—but I don't want to disturb my pile. In course I can put my hand on it when I want it, but I wont. I cal'late to pay my way as I go along, and expect others to do the same."

This was a more "flat-footed" speech than Stroder had ever heard Jugley make before. Their acquaintance had been but of about three months' duration, and Stroder's false representations, supported by Griggle, about his extensive property in Ohio, in land and cattle, had been plausible enough to induce the landlord to favor him as has been seen. The host, however, had of late been repenting his credulity. Stroder was mistaken when he thought he could parley further.

"Well, I never thought you a mean man afore!"

"Mean! If you call me mean, Joe Stroder, you'll leave this house quicker than ever you comed into it! I tell you, we'll break up bargains, by gossamer!"

"Well, guvner, there's no use in getting riled. I'll pay yer, up to the handle. I'll marry yer daughter, and you'll be proud of me. I—"

The speaker was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Ban, who strode in as he uttered the last words, and fixed a penetrating look upon him as he passed.

"Any commands, sir?" asked the landlord, wishing to change the subject. "A light?" It was now dark.

Ban took the proffered lamp, and giving directions in a whisper that particular watch should be kept lest the saddle-bags should be stolen, he retired for the night.

"Saddle-bags! Ha, ha!" laughed Jugley. "Them old saddle-bags. I wonder who'd steal *them?*"

Griggle and Stroder exchanged words, arose and walked out together. Leaving Jerry at the bar, Jugley sought the society of his wife and daughter.

"Sorry I ever came to this place," said the landlord, sighing. "Cut-throats, horse-thieves and swindlers are two-thirds of the travelling population."

"But the country is so delightful, father," said Rose; "so much pleasanter than the city."

"You think so, no doubt, as long as you can have your rambles in the woods every day, without being troubled by a wolf or a panther, and can bring home berries and plants and wild flowers. But I didn't come out here for such traps. And mind, I tell you, Rose, you mustn't make your tramps too far from home, or you'll be clapper-clawed yet, by some wild varmint, and nothing left."

"That's what I often tell her," said Mrs. Jugley; "but old folks are thought to know nothing, now-a-days."

"O, there's no danger, mother, where I go. I never see anything more terrible than a bird, or a squirrel, a raccoon or a briar-bush. The most I have to fear is nearest home."

"And what is that?" asked her father.

Her mother knew full well.

"That Joe Stroder you wish to marry me to!"

Jugley looked down and patted his feet on the floor without reply. He had begun to be more of his daughter's opinion with regard to Stroder, but was unwilling to acknowledge it.

"Well, Rose," said he, finally, "you're not married to him *yet*, at any rate;" and he looked so mildly as he said this, that Rose was agreeably surprised.

Her father was not a man of many words, and the subject was dropped. But Rose's dreams that night were pleasant ones, for she inferred from her father's manner that he was not so bent upon her marrying as formerly.

Thrice during the night Ban arose and went out to the barn to look after his horse, making as much noise each time as to wake up the inmates of the tavern, and add to the suspicions curiosity which he had previously excited.

"Either that fellow is crazy or he has done something wrong, or means to, which makes him uneasy," mumbled Jugley to his timid wife, as each time Ban returned to his room, loudly fastening the door, he courted sleep again.

Stroder and Griggle occupied the same chamber. A window in it overlooked the barn. They heard the stranger's exits and entrances in the night, and made their own comments.

"You may bet high there's a heap of money in them saddle-bags, Jim Griggle."

"Just what I was a going to say, Joe. Who'd ye s'pose he is?"

"I suspicion he's an orkard customer, anyhow," returned Joe, in a whisper; "but you and I might outwit him, if we couldn't outfight him. I don't like the looks of his eye, nor more do I like the 'pearance of them shoulders and arms, and the cut of his head behind the ears; but I *should* like to know the feel of his money. You know my game is nearly up here. We can't stop long."

"If we could only keep Jerry off the watch," said Griggle, "we'd soon see the inside of them there saddle-bags."

"Time enough, p'rhaps. He'll be here some days yet."

The ensuing day was a lovely one, and Ban, with his rifle over his shoulder and a hunting-knife in his belt, went out for a stroll, leaving no word when he would be back.

"Singler feller, that," said Jugley, looking after him.

"I've ollers thought it uncommon remarkable that the most onnat'ral beings is most fond of the society of natur. Sump'n on his mind, you may depend. Can't rest easy in his bed. Acts as if he had the nightmare in the daytime, too. What's that?"

The sharp crack of a rifle was heard at that instant, evidently not far within the forest, which extended in one direction for miles.

"Shot a 'possum, I 'spose. Eh! What's that he's got?"

The figure of the stranger was now seen emerging from the edge of the woods, bearing in his arms a female form, apparently lifeless. Ban hastily advanced towards the tavern with his burden.

"Jerupiter—it's Rose!" exclaimed her father, running wildly out to meet Ban. "I know her by the yaller gown! Hullo! what in thunder's the matter? Have you shot her by mistake?"

Ban made no answer, but strode rapidly on, entering the tavern and depositing the body of Rose on a sofa in an apartment occupied by her father.

"Keep them out!" said he to the landlord, shutting the door so quickly in the face of Stroder and Griggle, who were about to enter, that they recoiled. "You see she is not in a state to bear intrusion. She is only wounded in the arm, I think, though it might have cost her life."

"I should think so! A rifle ball is a dangerous thing to let fly," said Jugley, reproachfully. "You ought to have looked where you were shooting, stranger."

"That I did," returned Ban, understanding the misapprehension of the excited father, as together they applied such restoratives as were at hand. "Had I not, the panther would soon have spoiled the beauty of this delicate cheek, if not have taken her life."

"The panther!" exclaimed the father, amazed.

"Ay," said Ban. "He sprang upon her from a tree, and had fastened upon her arm, when she fainted. I never made such a timid shot in my life as when I levelled at his head. But he's past biting now. See, she revives. Do you feel much pain, miss?"

The wounded girl replied faintly in the negative, though the blood streamed freely from her frightfully lacerated arm. The entrance of her mother, who had just heard of the accident, aided in such care as was required, and Ban retired, not unmindful, however, of the gratitude of the family, expressed more by looks than words, but especially in the earnest gaze of Rose herself.

When Ban left the apartment, he repaired mechanically to the stable to look after the horse in which he seemed to take such careful interest. As he entered, he overheard the voices of Stroder and Griggle, the latter of whom enjoined his comrade to:

"Be quick, quick, or that black-looking chap will be out again, bettying about his horse."

"No danger," replied Stroder, who was rummaging the saddle-bags to see what he could find worth stealing. "He's too much engaged with Rose. Hang the wretch! I'd like to serve her out for slighting me as she has done; I will that, too."

"Come!" said Griggle, impatiently, "do you find anything?"

"Here's a letter I've been trying to make out, addressed to—"

"Me, scoundrel!" exclaimed the exasperated Ban, at this instant springing forward with such force as to tumble Griggle headlong upon his kneeling companion, and the two rolled together on the stable floor, close to the heels of Ban's horse.

Bewildered by the shock and the shame of detection, Stroder imagined Griggle to be the stranger, and clutching him blindly, as they lay, he pummelled him severely, a salutation which Griggle, enraged, returned with interest. Ban looked calmly on, while the two thieves were wreaking vengeance upon themselves. But they soon discovered their mistake, and desisted, rising, covered with dirt, to their feet, which they had scarcely regained when the horse, as if conscious of the presence of his master, and of the meditated mischief, gave Griggle a finishing kick, which, as the latter had stood with his back towards him, sent him plunging into an opposite stall, seriously bruised. Ban at once collared Stroder, and snatched the letter from his hand.

"Rascal! have you read that letter?" he inquired, with such a show of apprehension that Stroder at once saw that he feared to have the contents known.

Necessity being the mother of ingenious ideas, Stroder feigned that he had read the letter, though he had not.

"Of course I did. I know all that's in that there bit of paper, and you can keep it now if you like. As for me—both on us—we're poor men, and that's the reason why we took such a liberty with your baggage. But there's nothing there worth stealing."

"Well, then, fellow," said Ban, releasing his hold and putting the letter carefully away, "since you know what's in this letter, keep what you know a secret, and I'll say nothing of this affair; but if you play false, I'll have a reckoning with you. Enough."

He said this with a tone that awed them, and the two slunk away.

"Stupid!" grumbled Stroder, "you've gin me a bad eye."

"Stupid yourself!" retorted Griggle, limping from the horse's kick. "I told you he would be after us. What was in that letter?"

"Not a word that I know. I didn't open it. But it served my purpose, for he looked afeared. I wish, howsomever, I had learned the secret. He 'pears to be a man of grit, but he looked scared about the letter. I'll tell you what it is, Grig, it is dangerous to stop in these parts any longer. Somebody'll be soon on our track, and besides, there's too few travellers in this part of the country. Rose I have gin up. The old man's agin me now, and as that chance for the property is gone, we must try the next best plan."

Stroder scowled as he said this, and Griggle shuddered, seeming to comprehend his plan.

"What you hinted at before?"

"Ay, no less. Six thousand dollars in hard coin will set us afoot once more. The job done well, we can then part company, forever if you like, and there'll be no one left to tell the story."

"Equal work, equal wages," said Griggle, turning pale.

"In course, Jim Griggle, though I should have more, for I've taken the lead. *I* worked till I got his confidence. *I* found where he kept his money. But help do the job up, and I'll call it square."

"But this hard customer will be in the way, and—"

"No they wont, to-night. Jerry told me they were both to go to Bushville this afternoon, to stay over night, on business. That's well. We'll never see them again; though I should like to put an ounce of lead into his knob, for him to remember me by."

"I'm glad he'll be out of the way. See!" added Griggle, pointing towards the forest, from which Ban was now dragging the body of the panther to the tavern. "I 'spose that critter made the bounce upon Rose."

"She'll find me a worse varmint to deal with before to-morrow's sun," muttered Stroder, eyeing Ban with hatred. "We shall have to borrow Jugley's horses, Grig, and so we'd best look to them during the day."

In the afternoon, agreeable to preparation, Ban and Jerry, mounted, set out for the next town, on some business for the stranger, who was to return on the following day. The sky was threatening, and much of the way through the forest, the seldom trodden path being scarcely distinguishable in many parts of it. They had travelled but little more than half the distance, when the first peal of the thunder-storm admonished them of the need of shelter. Still they pushed on, unwilling to turn back, or to remain in the forest through the night. Continued peals and flashes caused the horse on which Jerry was mounted to rear and plunge violently, testing his horsemanship severely; but the steed of Ban pressed forward calmly as if nothing unusual was happening.

"That's a rare beast of yours," exclaimed Jerry, with difficulty recovering from a plunge which had nearly unhorsed him. "You have good cause to care so tenderly for him, after all. He don't mind this more'n an April shower. Ha! what a flash was that!"

An instant clap of thunder attended the flash which showed an oak across their path. Jerry's horse dashed madly over the tree and was soon lost in the darkness; while Ban's horse stood suddenly still, and refused to proceed, despite all his rider's coaxing.

"A fearful storm to-night, mother," said Rose, as they sat together in the evening, her wounded arm in a sling. "I wish Mr. Ban had not set out to-day."

"I wish so too, child; but God will watch over him. He has a rough outside, but he has a good heart, I'll be bound, and a stout one. They'll get along safely."

"Safely enough, perhaps," said Jugley, entering, "but they're wet enough by this time. There's no house atween here and Bushville, and I'm not so sure, after all, that they may not lose their way in such a night. I'd much rather those two do-nothings and watch-everythings below were out, instead of him and Jerry, though he is such a queer acting chap. What do you say, Rose?"

"The same, father. I shall always feel an interest in his welfare."

Jugley watched the expression of his daughter's face and mused silently awhile.

"We don't know who nobody is, in these parts," he said, seriously. "Can't always tell who to trust. I wonder what business he's on! Dresses oddly. Acts strangely. Didn't act long though when he killed the panther, that's a fact. Poor, I 'spose."

"I shall always be grateful to him," said Rose, warmly. "I can never repay him for my life."

"That's true, Rose. I 'spose you wouldn't object to giving up Stroder for him, would you?" said Jugley, with a significant smile.

"He is too old for me," she replied—"forty at least. Hark! there's a step at the door."

Jugley arose and opened it, just in time to get a glimpse of Stroder, as he stole softly up stairs to his chamber.

"Skulking!" said Jugley, shutting the door angrily. "I wish we were rid of them both. They shall go to-morrow, pay or no pay. I feel a queer feeling, as if they would make more trouble yet. The Lord only knows."

The hour was late when the family retired, while the storm continued, rattling the weather-beaten walls and windows of the inn as if enraged that they had stood so long.

When Ban's horse refused to proceed in the forest, his master hallooed after Jerry, but in vain. Still he urged his horse, but equally in vain; the animal, as if scenting danger ahead, or desirous to turn back from the uncertain road, remained stock still.

"A plague upon it," muttered Ban; "all this journey for nought. Well, Rolla, I know your temper, and you must have your own way. Do as you will."

He loosened the bridle as he spoke, and the horse, as if perfectly understanding what he said, at once turned round, snuffling and pawing the ground as if wishing to return, and asking leave.

"Well, *en avant!* Back, if you will!"

The noble animal pricked up his ears and snorted as if for joy, and waiting no further word, trotted back on the path they had come. The way was tortuous and difficult, and it was near midnight when Ban arrived at the tavern again.

The storm had subsided, and unwilling to rouse the host, he rode at once to the stable, where, to his surprise, he found the door wide open, and two horses waiting, ready saddled as for sudden departure. Suspecting that all was not right, and recurring to the altercation of the morning, Ban stalled his horse and then fastened the door, proceeding at once watchfully to the inn. To increase his apprehensiveness, he there found a side door also wide open, but no light, and all was still about the premises.

"Strange," he mused. "This is carelessness or design. Can these two rogues meditate robbery—perhaps murder? My pistols! In my room. I must go softly, at all events, for I would not disturb the slumbers of Rose—charming creature—if indeed her arm suffers her to sleep. So—this is the entry door—there the stairs."

Hastily and silently pulling off his boots, he groped his way up the stairs towards his chamber. As he reached the landing, he noticed that the door of Jugley's apartment was ajar, the moon just then having burst through the parting clouds. By its yet faint light he perceived a dark object moving within the room.

"It may be the host—but I'll make sure."

Quickly gliding into his own room, and seizing his pistols, which he had kept concealed beneath his pillow, he again went out, noiselessly, when he heard some one stumbling in the landlord's apartment, and a voice asking: "Who's there?"

At the same moment Ban came in contact with some one in the entry, who seized him.

"Who's this?" inquired he, returning the gripe.

"No matter," was the hoarsely whispered reply. "Take that."

Ban, by a sudden movement, partly foiled what would have been a deadly thrust. As it was, he felt the keen knife enter his arm. Infuriated, he hugged his antagonist with a giant's strength, and lifting him from his feet, hurled him headlong down the stairs. At this moment a scream issued from an adjoining chamber, and Ban recognized it to be the voice of Rose. Drawing his pistols, he was proceeding in that direction, when he was again startled by the sounds of a struggle in the chamber of Jugley, mingled with oaths, a cry of pain, and a shout for help, while the shrieks of Mrs. Jugley added to the alarming din. Hastening to the door, he thrust it aside violently, and at once learned the source of the outcries. By the light of the now cloudless moon he beheld Joe Stroder kneeling upon the body of Jugley, whose resistance had forced him half out of bed. His wife lay motionless, her face presenting a ghastly appearance and covered with blood.

"Mercy, Joe! Take all I have, but spare—"

"Have mercy on you! I won't. You've spoiled your last robbing. I'll quiet you!" was Stroder's savage reply, as he turned to poke the host with one hand, while he held a knife with the other. "I'll—"

"*Die*, like a wild beast, as you are!" was the exclamation of Ban at this juncture, and the knife fell from Stroder's hand, and the room, as, with paralyzed limbs, the miscreant murderer fell quivering and dead from the bed to the floor, Jugley rolling over upon him.

"Am I too late!" asked Ban, eagerly, as the astonished man staggered to his feet, scarcely able to recognize him in the fright.

"No—that is—my wife—my daughter—I fear they are murdered—he struck her such a blow!" And Jugley placed his hand upon his wife's forehead, half sure that she was dead.

"Get a light," said Ban, hurriedly. "Where's your daughter?"

"Here, father," was the answer from Rose herself, who entered with faltering steps.

She had heard the fall of Griggle, and arisen, but dared not cross the threshold before. A light was hastily procured, and by their united aid, the mother of Rose was restored to consciousness. The ruffian had dealt her a blow with his fist, while contending with her husband.

"Let me see to that other wretch, lest he escape," said Ban, "if he be not dead already;" and on repairing to the spot where he lay groaning, they found that the fellow's leg was broken by his fall.

Obedient to the influence of an unbridled human ty, they cared for the crippled man as well as they could till morning, when he made a full confession of the diabolical scheme which had been so unexpectedly foiled—the intended murder of the family, the division of the booty, and the instant separation and flight. The morning had advanced but a few hours, when the still further confession of a life of crimes was made by Griggle, who was now found to be expiring from internal injuries received by his fall. The dying statement was made in the presence of Jerry and a traveller with whom he had returned to the inn, thus fully exculpating Ban and the family at the inquest over the body held on the following day.

Notwithstanding the providential escape of the family, such a gloom was cast over the minds of the landlord and his wife that they determined to leave that region as soon as they could dispose of their property, Rose herself, notwithstanding her fondness for forest life, now finding its associations unpleasant. The time fixed for their departure was not a distant one, but while they remained, Ban also lingered, his manners as odd as usual, though not quite so reserved, and vastly less suspicious than on his first arrival. He remained more within doors and in the society of the family, though what his business was or whence he came, he still refrained to tell. It was not unobserved, however, that an unmistakable, though unconfessed attachment had meanwhile sprung up between him and Rose, despite the apparent disparity of their ages. One day, as they sat conversing together upon the eventful night of their deliverance, the landlord remarked:

"You are not a married man, Mr. Ban?"

Ban looked up from his attitude of deep musing, and, with an earnest glance at Rose, half fearful, half inquiring, he answered:

"In truth, mine host, I am not, though one I did love and would have married, has long lain beneath the cold sod, snatched by consumption from this life. I will be free with you, since we perhaps must part so soon—hoping, however, that it may not be so. Since the death of my first love, my life, though a public one, has been most lonely. High station and wealth could not atone for the loss of pure and disinterested love such as I knew hers to be. In the throngs of fashion, had I been less penetrating—perhaps you will call it less suspicious—I might have found a substitute; but I still doubted and kept aloof, growing more and more averse to society, yet ever seeking a companion, ever seeking in vain. Seclusion of this sort so increased my natural reserve of manner, and a sensitiveness I never could control, that I became marked as an eccentric; and wishing to escape the world which knew me, and which I believed flattered me from selfish motives, I gave up business, assumed a name not my own, and sought for disinterestedness in regions of simple life, among whose members I should be a stranger, and where I might, unknown and unsuspected, seek for the long-lost treasure, an undeceitful, undivided heart—one that should be attached to me for myself alone, unworthy as I am, irrespective of position or fortune. For two years of wandering, my horse has been my only companion. You may know I prize him when I tell you he has borne me on the battle-field, and twice saved my life by his fleetness and sagacity—"

"As you have saved ours," interrupted Rose, "and *mine* twice, by your bravery."

"Ah, Rose, if I may call you so—"

"Call me any name you please," she said, with a smile of gratitude.

"I know of but one sweeter name, but that will be for some happier man to utter."

"And what is that?" she asked, blushing, and half-divining his meaning.

"*Wife!*" exclaimed Ban, hazarding all upon the word.

"*And why not?*" was all she said.

It was enough; and in an instant the tacit bargain was sealed by a warm and mutual kiss, not at all displeasing to the parents, as may be imagined, when after explanations proved Ban all that he had represented himself to be. In Rose he found a bride who filled the desolate niche of his heart with brightness, and a worldly idol at whose shrine his affectionate devotions are unceasing. Happy in good old age, her parents still live to bless the kindness of his lofty nature, and to repeat the declaration that "suspicious characters" are not always the worst—though the husband of Rose has long ceased to be suspected.



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775.

[See description, page 381.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN ANSWER.

See "Lotus Land," on page 198, and "Lines," on page 294, of this volume.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Wilt thither go, Cassandra? I am waiting now to lead
Your footsteps down "the snow-white sand" to that fair, smiling mead;
And unto thee, Cassandra, all the simple songs I sing,
As magic brought the gifts of old, with homage I will bring.

In Lotus-land, Cassandra, the ebon belt of grief
Is never girt about the heart like bands about a sheaf;
And evermore, Cassandra, do the songs of pleasure rise,
As larks rise from the moorlands toward the smiling skies.

And what is more, Cassandra, in that famed Lotus land
Rises high a magic structure—a temple fair and grand;
Its turrets kiss, Cassandra, e'en the "white-capped clouds" in air,
And all that's beautiful and true in rich array are there.

And hither come, Cassandra, all the minstrels of the land;
Here at the shrine of melody, with singing hearts they stand;
Each pilgrim here, Cassandra, touches lip to charmed wine,
As Moslems kiss the sacred stone at Mecca's holy shrine.

Here came of old, Cassandra, all the bards of ancient time,
Whose verse adown the ages—an argosy of rhyme—
Has floated on, Cassandra, with music such as swept
The stream where Cleopatra's barge beneath the sunlight crept.

And here come now, Cassandra, the song-dowered ones who throw
The passion of their poet-soul upon the waves that flow
In silence by, Cassandra, and here they watch and wait,
Like Egypt's daughters by the Nile, to know their future fate.

Stay not thy steps, Cassandra, the staff is in one hand,
The other waits to clasp thine own, and then—to Lotus land!
Thou shalt be queen, Cassandra, and sit upon a throne,
And rule in one young heart whose love shall centre in thy own.

The wreath is made, Cassandra, of "lilies blue and gold;"
And white-robed ones await to bind it in thy dark hair's fold:
Stay not thy steps, Cassandra; speed thee, as speeds the dove,
And soon our steps shall wander in the Lotus land of love.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOPEFUL BRADSHAW:

—OR,—

WRITING A STORY FOR BALLOU.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

And what shall my story be about? A cold winter night—four long hours to myself; for grandma, dozing in her arm-chair in the chimney-nook, will be no interruption. I ought to get up something "short," "spicy," "racy," with a "good plot,"—the kind these editors who cater to a capricious public, specify for; but somehow I don't feel in the mood to-night, and I remember that "plots" will not always come at one's beck and call, and gold pens are not always the mediums of "happiest efforts." But I waste time in extemporizing; now for the story.

"Le' me see," as old ladies say, pausing in their knitting-work. This must not be one of the old stereotyped sentimental "love stories." No, indeed! Something quite different—in fact, why not, for the nonce, go wholly out of "my line," and concoct something bordering on the mystical, mysterious or tragic? Shall it be of "Spirit Rappings?" No, we are no disciple of that faith. Of Ghostland? No, we have little faith in the marvellous either. Rather let it be something on the domestic order—about gentle, tender, lovable home-beings, and pleasant firesides, and home-cheer. And what a picture of cosy home-comfort is just before me now! Grandmama, in her nice cap and kerchief, nodding, nodding, in her cushioned arm-chair; Tabby curled up in the warmest corner of the hearth; the bright copper teakettle simmering in the genial heat; a round table drawn up in front of the sofa, with a dish of great cherry-cheeked Baldwins in temptiog proximity to my portfolio; the rays of a cheerful wood-fire flashing and dancing over the rich dark carpet, the antique furniture, and even lighting up the old portraits on the dark oaken-panelled walls.

They are old portraits, most of them—ancestral pictures, painted in earlier days; and ruff and fardingale, and jewelled stomacher, betoken dames of the days before the Revolution, whose costume would be quite unsuited to our republican taste. But there is one portrait more modern than the others, yet antiquated still—of a beautiful, high-bred looking girl, with a fair English complexion and eyes blue as summer skies; so bright and beautiful on canvass—what must she have been in life? I wonder if she was not a belle and a beauty in her day? Perhaps, nay I am *sure*, there must be a history about that portrait. After all, who knows but I may weave it up into a romance far better than pen of mine would indite? I must waken grandma—she'll know—for wonderful memories have grandmothers—and—

But hark!—sleigh-bells, as I live! and merry voices!—and now they're coming up the drive, and the bells jingle before the front door. Ah, I know!—that's Harry Allston's voice! and Lou, and Jenny Wilder! Good fellow, Hal is, to bring the girls out here to see me! It has been rather lonely here at Dudley Hall, with nobody but old Jane and Robert to make talk with me. Grandma is so quiet lately—she dozes almost all her time away. She isn't much company for an emancipated school-girl; but then she does so love to have some of her "young folks" pass their vacations with her, that we grandchildren all take turns in spending a fortnight at the Hall.

And now, half an hour later, after nuts and apples are discussed, and Hal is busy with the last Harper's, and the girls have "talked out," Lou idly fingers my gold pen, and queries:

"What were you doing, Mary,—writing another story for Ballou?"

"Yes, Lou, and sadly at a loss for a plot. Can't you give me one?"

"O, *I* can! Pray, ask *me!*" upspoke lively Jenny Wilder. "I've got the nicest one all planned out—thought of it all the way out here. That's why I kept so still, Lou. Think I shall turn blue stocking, myself! Somebody has said 'tis pleasant to see one's name in print.'"

"But your story!" asked Lou.

"O, it's all about a young girl—beautiful, of course, 'beautiful as an opium reverie,' as some author has written; and—let's see—well, she went one day—"

"A shopping?" put in Lou, slyly.

"And fell in love with—"

"A clerk at Chandler's?" again suggested Lou, roguishly.

"Nonsense! How you tease me!" exclaimed Jenny, her cheeks burning at a sly look from Hal, who, by-the-by, himself had that day stood behind a desk at the above-named mercantile bazaar. "You're always quoting that brother of yours," with a saucy glance at Hal. "But let me go on with my story. It should 'come to pass,' that the clerk should turn out no clerk at all, but a fine gentleman in disguise—"

"There, Jenny, that'll do! I can plot better than that myself; listen!" interrupted Lou Allston. "What do you want to write about anybody less than a bonafide nobleman for? Now my story should be about a beautiful princess. Let me think; I'd have her live in an inaccessible or enchanted spot, and by-and-by a brave young knight should hear of her wonderful loveliness, and come to her deliverance, and—"

"Stop, sister mine!" interrupted Harry. "That's not quite an original idea. Don't plagiarize, dear, if you do, I fear you'll have the critics after you when these same brain-fancies come to light. That's Tennysonian; don't you remember how in that description of the sleeping princess, after telling how she became awakened by something very like a kiss from this lover of hers, he goes on to state—

"'And over the hills and far away—
Beyond the twilight's purple sun—
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess followed him?'

So just draw on your imagination, please, for some other plot—an original one, I mean."

"Well, then," said Lou, ponting, "I'll discard princesses and knights errant, and come down to our own republican times. My hero shall be bluff and hearty, and jovial, with red cheeks and black eyes, and such splendid whiskers!" (Hal stroked caressingly an incipient moustache.) "And he shall be a returned Californian, rich as Crœsus or the Rothschilds, and wear such immense fob-chains and rings!—Jones and Ball have nothing like 'em!—and he shall come home—"

"Ah, yes, sister, I see him, a-la Mother Goose—

"'Bobby Shaftoe, fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,—
He'll come home and marry me,
Under my father's apple-tree,'"

quoted Harry, teasingly.

"Not another word from me to-night, Sir Tantalizer, if you are going to try that fashion," and Lou settled back determinedly in her chair, taking up a paper.

"Well, Jenny, it's your turn now. Suppose you take up the cue?" said Harry. "Give us a description of your hero."

"O, mine shall be just the opposite of Lou's," said Jenny. "My hero shall be tall and slender, with dark blue eyes, and such pale, 'interesting' features. And then he should part his hair down the middle, and wear a 'Byronic collar,'—and I would have him a music-teacher, or an artist. And the heroine should be a heiress, and a stern father should 'forbid him the house,' and the artist should leave the country in despair and go to Italy; and, years after, should become rich and famous, and return to find his lady-love a poor music-teacher, supporting her father, who had failed in business,—and all this time she had remained unmarried, and 'true as steel.' And so it should come about that they 'made up,' as children say, and the end of it was a wedding,—that's the usual terminus of a romance, I believe.—Or, I might give you another plot," rattled on Jenny, quite enthusiastically. "It is something after this sort:—A young man, 'of poor but respectable parentage,' as the novelists say, falls in love with a beautiful girl, far above him in station. So he resolves to disguise himself—"

"A-la Claude Melnotte?" quoth Hal.

"And applies to the lady's father," went on Jenny, not heeding the interruption, "for a situation as private secretary, or a sort of tutor, rather, in his family."

"How very singular that the young lady's paternal relative chanced to stand in need of a secretary or tutor at this precise period!" ventured Hal, with a profound air. "Are you sure, Jenny, that it was a secretary he wanted? Don't you mean a coachman? You remember how recently one of the latter ilk rode his horses, carriage and all, over the aristocracy of a certain Gothamite family? You *must* mean a coachman, dear!"

"Please don't call *me* dear, Mr. Harry Allston!" exclaimed Jenny, with a decided, but very becoming pout on her cherry lips. "And why can't you attend to Harper, and let us girls alone. I *did* hope to spend a quiet evening out here—but you will not let us, I see."

"Well, I suppose I *am* wicked; yes, 'a thorn between two roses,'" and Harry took an ottoman between the two girls, while Jenny pettishly removed her chair. "There, don't frown, Jenny, and I'll be on my best behaviour the rest of the evening. Go on with your love story. How was it with your secretary?"

"Love stories?" echoed grandma, starting up in her arm-chair. "Are you making love stories, children?"

"O, yes, indeed, Grandma Dudley, by the wholesale! But I'm sure you must be able to make a better one than any of us. Do tell us, grandma, some love story of *your* younger days?" And Jenny drew near the old lady, and laid her little white hand on an old withered one. "Tell us about some of your lovers. I've heard, grandma, that you were a beauty in your youth, and had plenty of admirers."

"Nonsense, child!" said grandma; but the smile that flickered momentarily about her withered lips, and the sparkle that lit a pair of eyes whose brightness seventy years had not dimmed, told what memories of her youth-time were busy in the old lady's brain. "Nonsense, dear! I never had much beauty to boast of; though, if I do say it, I suppose I was once as decent-looking a girl as could be found in the country. But I'll tell you a story about the original of that portrait up there—Hopeful Bradshaw; how would you like that, children?"

"O, of all things!" exclaimed Jenny.

"It is just what I was wishing, grandma," I said.

And straightway "Harper" was tossed to the table, and Harry folded his arms complacently, and took the attitude of a listener.

"Well, children," began grandma, smoothing down her wide, black alpacca apron, "it was many and many years ago, before the Revolution, here at this very old mansion-house, lived a fine old English gentleman, who had left his native country at an early day, to make his home in the colonies. George Bradshaw lost his wife shortly after coming over, at the birth of a daughter, whom he christened Faith; and his only other child—she was called Hopeful," glancing up to the portrait, "and was eight years old when little Faith was born,—even at that early age felt the responsibility of her station, and vowed in her little heart to fill a mother's place to her wee baby sister.

"So she grew up, tall and handsome, with fair English complexion and glossy brown hair, and many lovers sighed at her feet; but no one touched her heart; and at the age of twenty-four, a dignified, noble-looking woman, filling her station as mistress of her father's house, then called "Bradshaw Hall," she also filled the place of mother to her younger sister.

"There were many visitors who came to the Hall; for old George Bradshaw was of noble family, and kept open house in the true old English fashion; and as it was about this time that the troubles broke out between the colonies and the mother country, the English officers quartered in Boston found it a very pleasant way of passing their time, by driving out here into the country, sitting for hours over their host's wine, and chatting after dinner, with his handsome daughter in the long drawing-room.

"When Faith was sixteen, she came home from boarding-school; for young ladies, even in those early times, learned to play and dance, and embroider in crewel; so Faith came from Boston, very accomplished and beautiful. Her proud old father bought a spinnet and placed it in the best room, for Faith's little white fingers to make music upon; and she had a costly embroidery-frame; and dinner-parties were given, and new dresses bought; and Hopeful was very proud of her younger sister; nothing was too good or expensive for Faith.

"There was a brave, handsome English officer—Sir Henry Dudley, the eldest son of an earl—a tall, grave-looking man of thirty years—who had been much to the Hall, and seemed to pay court to Hopeful Bradshaw. If Hopeful was flattered by his notice, she didn't show it much; she was always so quiet and dignified-like.

"Well, the next week after Faith came home, there was a great dinner-party made for her; and she looked like a picture, in her blue brocade, and with geranium leaves in her thick brown hair; and from the first of it, when Sir Henry Dudley stood leaning over Hopeful's chair, and proud old George Bradshaw led in his youngest daughter to present her to the company, the English officer was ready to go down upon his knees for admiration of her. And Faith, pleased as any school-girl would be at so brilliant a conquest, returned his courtly salutation with a coquettish toss of her little vain head, and sat down at Sir Henry's right hand, as though the place belonged to her; while Hopeful took her station at the head of the table.

"And so they had a long and sumptuous dinner; and the elder officers lingered over their roasts and puddings, and told such long stories—and little Faith was much elated when an old general praised her rosy cheeks, and asked her to drink wine with him,—and chatted like a magpie with Sir Henry, till her little head was completely turned, and her little heart fluttered like a young swallow in its nest; that night she dreamed of nobody but baronets and lords. And when, next morning, Sir Henry sat beside her all the forenoon in the long drawing-room, she played upon the new spinnet, rattled off boarding-school French, and practised a hundred pretty girlish ways, till the proud English officer went away with his wise head as completely turned as hers.

"And so, day after day, he came to the Hall; and while Hopeful went about the house with her bunch of keys, overseeing the servants and the cooking, and keeping pretty Faith's nice dresses in order, they two sat all the long mornings together, reading or singing, or talking, or walked under the shady lindens in the garden; till at last, one day Sir Henry was closeted a half hour with old Mr. Bradshaw, and then little Faith was called in, and her proud father put her hand into Sir Henry's, and told her she would be the future Lady Dudley.

"And then the news came out; the betrothal was announced at a great party, and an early day was set for the wedding. I don't know what gay, giddy Faith would have done without 'Sister Hopeful' then! Very sure it is that nothing would ever have been accomplished, if she had not, in her own way, looked after

everything—cut out linen, directed seamstresses, and with her own fingers put the last stitches to the wedding-dress, which had been cut over for Faith, from the stiff white brocade their mother had worn at her own wedding. And in the rejoicings and preparations, nobody noticed how pale Hopeful was getting—how the color faded from her cheek and she grew thinner day by day—excepting once, when her father said, 'You mustn't work so hard, daughter, for our idle Faith,' and then Hopeful only smiled and said, with a bright blush, 'O, I shall get rest enough by-and-by, after the wedding is over.'

"Well, the day came at last, and everything went on smoothly and happily. Faith looked like a white rose;—I've heard about it a hundred times, how beautiful my mother—I mean Faith—looked on her wedding-day; and they said that Hopeful never had seemed in better spirits, nor so much the counterpart of the portrait on the wall—the same one that hangs there, girls—it was painted when Hopeful was twenty;" and our eyes again involuntarily rested on the pictured face.

"There was a great company—and they were married by a clergyman in his bands and gown—and married with a ring, too; not much like the way they hurry folks through their weddings these times," and grandma sighed, and unconsciously slipped round a plain, old-fashioned gold band, that for over fifty years she had worn upon her wedding-finger. "And then they had cake and wine, and a great dinner; and everybody danced in the evening; and old George Bradshaw led off the dance himself with a great lady;—but there, children, you all know what a wedding is, or expect to, one of these days, and so I'll tell no more about this—only they *do* manage things so different, these days!" And grandma sighed again.

"Well, for a month or two, things went on pleasant with the young couple, for they loved each other dearly. But poor Faith wasn't ordained to see much comfort in her married life; for, as I said, it was about that time that the war broke out, and shortly after the marriage, Sir Henry was called to take command of his company, and poor Faith was left alone with father and sister again. Battle followed battle;—you all know how it was in those Revolutionary times, children?—and many brave and noble men, both captains and soldiers, were stricken down in the noonday of life; and neither his rank, his young wife, nor anything, could save Sir Henry. He was shot down by a cannon-ball, in a skirmish, on the very day one year from his marriage; and he never saw the son born to him within the hour when they brought Faith news of her husband's death.

"For many weeks the poor creature lay between life and death; and for months, she could only see his dear, handsome head, all mangled and bloody; and when she sat at the grave where they buried him, she prayed to die.

"But grief doesn't always kill," went on grandma; "for, though Faith mourned long and truly, and thought she never, never could love anybody else, but would only live for her boy's sake—eight years after, when Alfred was a fine lad, and the Revolution was over, she married a rich sea-captain, and many other children came to be brothers and sisters to Alfred Dudley."

"Alfred Dudley? Why, grandma, you are telling us about grandpapa—" I began; but lively Jenny Wilder, intent only upon the romance of the story, exclaimed:

"But Hopeful Bradshaw, grandma—what became of her? Can't I guess right?—she never married—but always lived—the good, kind maiden sister; for, grandma, didn't she love Sir Henry?"

"Yes, dear, you are right," said grandma, with a half smile and and half sigh. "You have guessed, child, what neither Faith nor her father suspected all her life—though she fainted dead away, and dropped like a stone, when they brought news of Sir Henry's death. She *did* love the handsome English officer; and he loved her, till the beautiful younger sister came, with fresh cheeks, winning ways, and girlish prattle, and won his heart away. But she kept her secret well; she never, by word or look, reproached him for his broken faith; for, though no betrothal vow had passed between them, yet his glances and attentions had given her assurance that he loved her. And Faith never knew how hard the struggle going on under Hopeful's quiet, almost cold exterior.

"Never judge wholly by appearances, children!—you can't always tell if others care for you. Many's the girl who'd a-died for him who was as dear to her as her own heart, but was too proud to show it, or, maybe, was playful and mischievous, and liked to tease her lover," and here a meaning glance shot from grandma's eyes in the direction of Jenny Wilder, who, just at that moment, seemed bent on withdrawing her hand from Harry's imprisoning grasp.

"In some cases, it may be right to cover it up," went on grandma. "Hopeful did just right. But such don't happen very often; and, dears, it's always best to act up to what your heart teaches. It's a great deal better to love and be loved in the world, than go through it cold and lonely;" here Jenny's hand slid quietly back into Harry's; "to love, even if you're never loved in return—so Hopeful Bradshaw thought; and it was known at last how faithful she had been all her life long to her one love, when, as she lay upon her death-bed, with the frosts of seventy winters in her hair, they found upon her bosom an old miniature, painted on ivory, bearing the features of a young and handsome man, dressed in the uniform of a British officer, with bright gilt epaulets on his shoulders—Sir Henry Dudley."

"I thought so!" cried Lou, softly; while Jenny said never a word, but sat very quiet, with glistening eyes, and I fancied that Harry's hand clasped hers tighter.

"Yes, Hopeful had always loved him; and when Faith stood by her coffin, and took up the miniature from her breast to look at it long and sadly ere she laid it back again, she turned away and said, in a thick, husky voice—'God is just. She has gone first to meet him, and it is well. She loved him better than I did!' Girls, I couldn't help crying like a baby to see her—"

"You, grandma! Did you know Hopeful, and Faith? You don't mean—" but Lou Allston was interrupted.

"Yes, dear, I did know Hopeful. Don't you see how, child? Alfred Dudley grew to be a man, and a good, noble man he was, too; and he asked me to become his wife; so Faith became my mother-in-law, and Aunt Hopeful has tossed my children and rocked them to sleep many and many a time." And the old lady smiled and stroked Lou's bright curls.

Lou's blue eyes dilated with astonishment for a moment; then with a long-drawn breath and a half sigh, she said:

"O dear! I never thought that Faith could grow old, or lose all her beauty; and her children should grow up about her, and they, too, should grow old in their turn. I shall always think of her as a young, beautiful English girl; and of Hopeful as quiet, noble-looking and dignified, as she is in the portrait there. I shall always keep them young in my heart, Grandma Dudley."

"Yes, dear, so you can. It's the way we all do; keep all who dwell in our hearts young; age cannot touch them there. But Hopeful and Faith—they've been dead this many a year! and Alfred's gone before me!—it wont be long before grandma'll be laid beside them out there, children!" And the old lady pointed from the east window to a hill, where, cold and bright in the moonlight, gleamed one or two white marble headstones in the old family burying-ground, under a grove of firs. "We've all got to die."

Lou shuddered, and rising, dropped the full moreen curtain over the window; and Jenny Wilder, nestling closer, buried her face on Harry's shoulder, and wept silently.

"There, don't cry, dear," said grandma, rising slowly, and resting her thin, withered hand on the girl's brown braids. "I know death is gloomy to the young and the beloved; but we've got a good Father, and a blessed Saviour, and a home, up there," and she raised her finger, "up there, in heaven, when life's journey's through. Good night—God keep you all, children!" And, leaning on her cane, the old lady passed slowly from the apartment.

An hour later, Harry Allston's sleigh stood at the broad front door-steps, and the bells flung out a tide of wild jingling melody on the clear evening air, as his horse pawed the snowy path, impatient to be away. And as the girls stood muffled in furs and hoods, and Jenny's warm kiss was on my cheek as she bade me good night, Hal cried out, in his loud, cheery voice:

"Do come away, and don't keep a poor fellow in the cold, all night, Jenny! Look here, Mac! wouldn't it be a capital idea to write up Grandma Dudley's story into one for Ballou?"

What do *you* think of Hal's query, Mr. Editor?

EXECUTION AT MARSEILLES.

Matraccia, the Italian, who was some short time back condemned to death by the Court of Assizes of Aix, for a series of extraordinary murders at Marseilles, has been executed in the latter city. He begged, as a special favor, that he might be accompanied by one of his friends, a countryman, who had been with him all the morning, and that his parrot, which was in a cage in his cell, might be taken with him to the scaffold. Both these requests were granted, and he was placed in a van, the chaplain being in attendance on him. Arrived at the scaffold, which was erected in the Place St. Michel, and which was surrounded by an immense crowd, consisting of at least 30,000 persons, the vehicle stopped, and the cage containing the parrot was, to the surprise of the spectators, first placed on the scaffold; the criminal, his friend and the chaplain then alighted from the van. Matraccia cast a glance at the guillotine, and embraced several persons who were present. Then, supported by his friend and the chaplain, he ascended the steps of the scaffold, and in doing so, it was observed that he slightly trembled. When he reached the platform, he kissed with great fervor the crucifix which the chaplain presented; then he embraced the chaplain and his friend, and then turning to the parrot, he said in Italian, "Your master is about to die, and he embraces you for the last time." Afterwards he advanced towards the front of the scaffold, and cried to the people—"I demand pardon of the inhabitants of Marseilles for the scandal I have occasioned. Pray for me, for in a few minutes I shall pray for you." He was then seized by the executioner, and in a few seconds all was over.—*Liverpool Mail.*

GENUINE BENEVOLENCE.

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.—Rom. 10: 12.

A late archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote is illustrative of this trait in his character:

"My lord," said a person to him one day, "here is a poor woman come to ask charity; what do you wish me to do for her?"

"How old is she?"

"Seventy."

"Is she in great distress?"

"She says so."

"She must be believed; give her twenty-five francs."

"Twenty-five francs! My lord, it is too much, especially as she is a Jewess."

"A Jewess?"

"Yes, my lord."

"O, that makes a great difference. Give her fifty francs, and thank her for coming."

INSECTS FOR MEDICINES.

Insects once occupied a place as important as herbs in the list of sovereign remedies. To take a wood-louse or millepedes, perhaps, alive and conveniently self-rolled for the occasion, was as common as to take a vegetable pill. Five gnats were administered with as much confidence as three grains of calomel. In an alarming fit of colic, no visitor with a drachm of peppermint could have been more cordially welcomed or swallowed than a lady-bird. Fly-water was eye-water, and even that water-shunning monster, hydrophobia, was urged to lap *aqua pura* by the administration of a dry cockchaffer. Like other dogs and drugs, these have all had their day in the world of medicine, but have left behind them that salutary biter, *Cantharides* or Spanish flies of Europe, and the *Mdac Chicorei*, used by the natives of the Celestial Empire for the same purpose of drawing off terrestrial humors.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

THE OLD CLOCK IN THE CORNER.

BY AMANDA T. WILLIS

I sit alone in the darkness,
With the m[illegible] around,
And list to the clock in the corner
Ticking on with a [illegible] sound.
And as awe is o'er me stealing,
As I sit in the [illegible] gloom
The voice of the Past has returned,
The whisper fills all the room.

The clock ticks on, and the whisper
Is telling of days gone by,
When a youthful bridegroom and bride,
With hopes of the brightest dye,
Made this same roof their cover me
A sheltering ark of love:
And this clock a monitor to tell them
How fast Time's footsteps move.

The clock ticks on, and the whisper
Is telling how many a day
Together they toiled, all hopeful,
And never a frown by the way;
And it tells of [illegible] pride,
And wee, little pattering feet,
That filled all the house with glory,
And their hearts with joy complete.

The clock ticks on, and the whisper
Tells of the prattling band,
Each day growing older and fairer,
Led on by Love's guardian hand;
It tells of the tomb and the bridal,
How closely together they come:
Some early were crowned for the altar,
And almost as early the tomb.

The clock ticks on, and the whisper
Tells how that bridegroom and bride
Lived on till their locks were silvery,
Then one by one they died.
And O, it tells, as I listen,
With a painfully throbbing heart,
How the silver life-chords are riven,
And the immortal gems depart.

I sit alone in the darkness,
While the few that are left to me
Are roaming in dreams with the loved ones
They will waken in vain to see;
But I hope, and my spirit grows brighter,
When life's fitful slumber is o'er,
We may waken some morning in heaven,
And find all the loved gone before.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A writer in a late number of the North British Review observes: "Instead of educating every girl as though she were born to be an independent, self-supporting member of society, we educate her to became a mere dependent, a haeger-on, or, as the law delicately phrases it, a chattel. In some respects, indeed, we err more barbarously than those nations among whom a plurality of wives is permitted, and who regard women purely as so much live stock; for among such people women are, at all events, provided with shelter, with food and clothing—they are "cared" for as cattle are. There is a completeness in such a system. But among ourselves, we treat women as cattle, without providing for them as cattle. We take the worst part of barbarism and the worst part of civilization, and work them into a heterogeneous whole. We bring up our women to be dependent, and then leave them without any one to depend upon. There is no one, there is nothing for them to lean upon, and they fall to the ground. Now, what every woman, no less than every man, should have to depend upon, is an ability, after some fashion or other, to turn labor into money. She may or may not be compelled to exercise it, but every one ought to possess it. If she belong to the richer classes, she may have to exercise it; if to the poorer, she assuredly will."

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn, received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilizes the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me on my knees to say—"Our Father which art in Heaven!"—*N. Y. Independent.*

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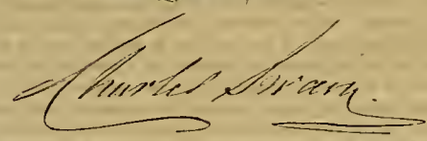
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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES SWAIN, THE POET.

We embrace the occasion of the publication of an elegant diamond edition of the writings of this popular English poet, by Messrs. Whittemore, Niles and Hall of this city, to present our readers with a portrait and a brief biographical sketch of the author. Charles Swain was born in Manchester, England, in the year 1803, and is still a resident of that busy city. His father was originally a man of large fortune, but his habits were so prodigal that at the time of his death, which occurred when the subject of our sketch was but six years old, his family was in very straitened circumstances. The mother of the poet was the daughter of a French physician, and was born in the city of Paris. To his Gallic blood Swain is probably indebted for the sparkling vivacity of his lyrics and for his cheerfulness in the hard struggles of life. While at school he gave decided evidence of ability, but his scholastic career was limited by the necessity of earning a livelihood. At fifteen he was placed in the dye-works of his maternal uncle, and thenceforth he was dependent on his own exertions for the acquirements of knowledge and accomplishments. While residing with his uncle he had access to a large library, and employed his time profitably in possessing himself of its literary treasures. After fourteen years' service in the dye-works, he joined the firm of Lockett & Co., engravers, of Manchester, and afterwards purchased an interest in the business which he still retains. His first volume of poems, published in 1827, under the title of "Metrical Essays," was a decided success, and confirmed the reputation he had previously won as a contributor to the London Literary Gazette and other journals. In 1831 he published another volume with the poor title of the "Mind and other Poems," which was very favorably received. His "Dryburgh Abbey," a poem upon the death of Sir Walter Scott, written and published in 1832, and included in the Boston edition of his poems, has enjoyed a circulation equal to that of any single poem of modern times. It is one of his finest productions—original in conception, melodious in versification, and full of forcible expressions. It recalls the characters created by the "Wizard of the North," and they move in solemn procession at the wave of the enchanter's wand. In the year 1847, Mr. Swain published his "Dramatic Chapters and other Poems." Two years later appeared the "English Melodies," the most popular of all his volumes, and four years afterwards, the "Letters of Laura D'Auverne and other Poems." He was married in 1827, and has four children living. Henry T. Tuckerman presents us with a very interesting picture of the poet's home in his "Month in England." "The fine shops and nutritive 'Albion' of Manchester could not long begnile me; and, as it wanted two hours of the time to start, I determined to seek the dwelling of a poet whose very name was a refreshment to the mind in this sooty hive of prosperous activity. It was with a feeling of infinite relief that I rode forth from those dusky and crowded streets, and entered the lane wherein stands the cottage of Charles Swain. Many of his songs had been wafted by their own aerial sweetness across the sea; and his felicitous description of Scott's funeral, attended by a procession of the romancer's immortal characters, is too graphic a tribute to genius not to be recalled with delight. I entered the family circle—thoroughly English in its geniality—just as they had assembled for lunch. The house is bounded by a snug garden of trees and flowers; the rooms are





hung with choice engravings; all around and within indicated comfort and taste, and when I met the dark eye of my friend, I imagined myself in the villa of a cordial Tuscan. The books, the pictures, the hospitable gude wife, the unaffected and blooming girls, the cheerful old lady by the fireside, and the retirement and quiet suddenly encountered, were all the more charming from the idea of noisy, toilsome, smoke enveloped Manchester so near in fact, so distant in fancy. I was conscious of a peculiar satisfaction at the thought that the poetic instinct could thus isolate a man of soul, whose lot was cast amidst the most utilitarian scenes. It was a cheering reflection, that, at evening, this brave aspirant could leave behind him the turbid city, and here yield himself to letters, love, and song. How potent are fancy and affection to redeem material life; and how independent are intellectual resources and earnest sentiment of the work-day world. I honored the enlightened will which led him thus to dedicate his leisure to his family, nature, and the Muses." Charles Swain is emphatically the poet of home. The domestic affection, the gentler emotions, the trials and joys arising from the relations of father and children, husband and wife, these have inspired him with some of his sweetest songs. Without a particle of affectation or of sickly sentimentality, he is a man of pure and elevated feeling. His verse flows like a calm river, reflecting images of peace and beauty, with sometimes a soft cloud-shadow, but oftener a gush of warm sunshine on its tide. It has none of the turbulence or turbidity of the torrent. In these days of words—words—words—exaggerated expressions, forced sentiments, and enigmatical language, with ideas figuring in carnival costume, it is a great merit of our poet that his style is so pure and pellucid, simple and unaffected. His lyrics cost no effort to the memory, and they will be remembered when many more brilliant productions are forgotten. In the collection before us is one of our favorite pieces, entitled "The Cottage Door." We quote it as a specimen of the graceful and easy style of the poet.

The starry silence falls
Along my sylvan way,
A spirit walks the earth,
We never meet by day;
And listening to the voice
Of years that are no more;
My feet—O, know'st thou why?
Have wandered to thy door.

The quiet taper burns
And makes thy casement bright,
And soft thy shadow falls
Between me and the light;
I gaze as on a shrine
My heart would bend before;
My couch had seen no rest,
Had I not seen thy door.

The Night, as if to breathe,
Her starry curtain parts;
The very air seems faint
With breath of lovers' hearts:
Some spirit robes the earth
In light that heaven wore;
Or is that light thine own?—
And is that heaven thy door?

KAW (KANSAS) INDIANS AT WASHINGTON.

The characteristic group on this page represents an interview which took place at Washington, D. C., between a delegation of Kaw Indians from Kansas, and the commissioner of Indian affairs, in the office of the latter. The Indians arrived at the federal city about the time of the inauguration, and the delegation consisted of four warriors and their interpreter, a half-breed. The chiefs, as will be seen in the sketch, wore their striking war-dresses, and their faces were gorgeously painted. The two seated at the right hand of the sketch are "Great Elk" and "Little Dog," the two others are "Buffalo" and "Fleet Deer." The usual ceremonial was observed at the interview. They all made speeches. The amount of their talk was that they were candidates for the chieftainship of their tribe, and wished their "Great Father" to compel their countrymen to acknowledge their authority. The commissioner was indisposed to afford them encouragement, and sent them back with a speech in which he pretty strongly expressed his dissatisfaction. The red-skins, after this, will not probably repeat their visit to the Federal City.



KAW INDIANS OF KANZAS, BEFORE THE U. S. COMMISSIONER AT WASHINOTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—In the Scots' Magazine may be found a letter signed C. M., and dated Renfrew, February 17, 1753, in which the writer not only suggests electricity as a medium for conveying messages and signals, but describes minutely a method of opening and keeping up communications.

DEALER.—Amontillado Sherry wine was first imported into England about the year 1811.

M. D.—In Sparta they used to flog those who became too fat to suit the standard authority. As obesity is oftentimes a disease, the injustice of the practice is apparent.

L. M.—Guano is spoken of in a little Spanish work printed as early as 1670.

M. J. W.—The first Philadelphia directories were published in the year 1785, when two appeared, White's and McPherson's.

J. T.—After being out of use for nearly a century, gentlemen's cloaks came into fashion in 1852.

ORPHAN.—Mozart composed a symphony for a full orchestra when only eight years of age. He is one of the few examples of early promise redeemed in maturity.

PARISIONER.—Hour-glasses were used by preachers in the Puritanical days of Cromwell. When the preacher entered the pulpit, he turned out the glass, and he was expected to preach exactly as long as the sands ran. Gay, in his Pastorals, writes:

> He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
> And spoke the hour glass in her praise quite out.

MUDEZUMA.—A son of Montezuma, emperor of Mexico, at the time of the Spanish invasion, settled in Spain, and became the founder of a noble family. Charles V. gave him the title of Count of Montezuma.

L. M.—Thomas Mifflin, of American Revolutionary fame, who bore arms, and was also governor of Pennsylvania, was originally a Quaker, but read out of the Society of Friends for entering the military service in violation of their principles. We believe he died in the beginning of this century.

N. J. N., Pendleton Hill Post-Office, Conn.—It will cost $1 per volume, besides the cost of express. We supply soiled or missing numbers for six cents each.—Fahrenheit means the thermometer graduated according to the scale of Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.—The invention of the telescope is ascribed to different persons, among whom are John Baptista Porta, Jansen of Middleburg, and Galileo.—Galileo was the discoverer you refer to.

H. W. R., Keokuk.—The Victoria Regia is a native of South America, and Mr. J. Flake Allen, of Salem, Mass., is the gentleman who succeeded in raising it. He has published a costly work, with fine plates, describing the plant and the process he pursued. We wish you could see the lily—it is a truly magnificent flower.

A. P. P.—We are much gratified at your kind expressions of approbation, and your suggestions will be respectfully considered.

L. N.—The Spanish are famous for their long names. A gentleman employed in the finance department in Madrid, is called Don Juan Nepomuceno de Burionagonatotorecagogeneccecha. There was, until 1851, in the British army a major named Tegoniinhokarawen.

F. E.—Wife-beating is a common offence among the lower orders in England; but in August, 1719, "Sir Christopher Hale, being jilted by a lady who promised him marriage, and put him off on the day set for the marriage, gave her a good whipping at parting."

PICTOR.—The name of the Italian painter who embodied the idea of death on the canvass so truthfully, that the contemplation of it caused his own death, was Fivizanno.

ENGLAND AND CHINA.—The present demands of Great Britain on China seem to be as follows: 1. The old treaties shall be renewed and extended to eight ports of China, instead of five; and more, under certain circumstances, British vessels shall be allowed to put into any port along the shore. 2. England, like Russia, shall have a diplomatic establishment at Pekin. 3. She shall have military posts in all the cities where she has consuls. For this purpose lands shall be ceded to her, for the erection of forts at Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and Canton.

SPLINTERS.

.... The churches of New York are very liberal to their pastors. Mr. Chapin has now a salary of six thousand dollars.

.... Gen. Cass commences his daily work at 5 A. M., and continues it till 6 P. M. Strict temperance enables him to labor thus.

.... About 300 artizans are employed in the U. S. Armory at Harper's Ferry, making the rifle-musket and rifle.

.... The New Bedford whaling-fleet was quite successful in their cruise—bringing a large quantity of oil and bone.

.... Mr. Phineas T. Barnum has been lecturing successfully in England in favor of a Maine Liquor Law.

.... Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, has had two new professorships endowed within the last two years.

.... They gamble furiously in Paris now. Recently the Viscount Aguado lost $25,000 at a sitting.

.... The Hoosac tunnel has been excavated to the extent of about 700 feet—at the rate of six feet per day.

.... A society has been formed in Paris for the purpose of assassinating the emperor, Louis Napoleon.

.... The mourning color of the Turks is blue—an emblem of the bliss they trust the departed is enjoying.

.... During the recent English elections, many ladies of high rank were engaged in canvassing and cajoling voters.

.... Dear bread, beef and vegetables, high rents, increased taxes and low wages are the order of the day.

.... The well-preserved skeleton of a buck was lately found at Nashville, Tennessee, ten feet under ground.

.... The British government is fitting out a grand exploring expedition for their North American possessions.

.... A hen belonging to Mr. John A. Holden of Watertown, lately laid an egg measuring eight inches by six.

.... Thomas Gill, Esq, formerly of the Boston Post, has assumed the charge of the law department of the Boston Courier.

.... In one of the windows of the new jail building at Lowell is a notice "no admittance." Good news for rogues.

.... The prospects of fruit in this vicinity are very promising—only a sharp frost can destroy them.

.... At last advices, ten vessels were fitting out at Havana for the coast of Africa—probably slavers.

.... The Mansion House property at New Bedford has been purchased by Mr. Louis Boutell, long its landlord, for $17,000.

.... The Savannah Republican believes that there are at the present time 150 sail of slavers.

.... The pianoforte was invented by J. C. Schroder, a native of Dresden, Germany, in the year 1717.

.... One hundred and twenty railroad directors have been elected to seats in the new British parliament.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Occupying the whole of pages 376 and 377 of this number, we present our readers with one of our large-sized historical pictures, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill, and representing the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, an event which cannot too often be illustrated, or too often commented on. Our artist has executed his task with great spirit and historical fidelity. He has vividly reproduced the glorious and terrible death-struggle—the baptism by fire and blood, of the infant American liberty. We behold the columns of veteran British troops, rolled back in dismay by the fire of that hardy yeomanry in whose veins the same ancestral blood flowed, in whose bosoms glowed the valor and the stern hatred of oppression, derived from a common source. A strife between men thus constituted is always of the fiercest character—a combat of giants. From the water the British frigates are pouring a storm of round-shot, heavy field-pieces are plying the work of death, and, to crown the horror of the scene, the town of Charlestown in flames, casts its lurid light upon the field of battle.

This great battle—great, not from the magnitude of the scene of operations, or the masses arrayed upon either side, but from the disparity of the combatants, and the magnitude of the interests involved in the issue—occupies a most conspicuous place upon the page of history. On one side was a splendid army, fully equipped with all the appliances of war, officered by the best men in the British service, and backed by the wealth of a great empire; on the other, a comparative handful of yeomen, without discipline and badly armed, and hastily gathered from scattered hills and valleys. Could they for a moment withstand the shock of the opposing force? From the most accurate statement, it appears that the British must have had nearly five thousand troops in action, while the whole force of the Americans throughout the day did not amount to more than two thousand men. Yet look at the immediate results. The British had nearly fifteen hundred men killed; while the total American loss was about four hundred. But among these was one whom his country could ill spare—the gifted, eloquent and heroic Warren, a voluntary martyr to the cause he sanctified with his life-blood, and whose memory is to receive an additional tribute in the magnificent celebration projected by our Charlestown friends the coming week.

Against the whole power of the British army—their infantry and artillery, their guns in Boston, the fire of their ships and floating batteries—the Americans had to oppose only a hastily constructed redoubt and the resolute valor of a few ill-armed men, scantily supplied with ammunition. Yet that brilliant mass of scarlet and gold that moved up the hill in column of attack, with the proud step of assured triumph, was rolled back in dismay by the withering fire from the breastworks. Again and again the attempt was renewed with the same result; the descent was strown with British dead, and it was only when their last cartridges were expended, and with no bayonets to cross with British steel, that the Americans sullenly retired from the redoubt, clubbing their muskets to deal a few more death blows as they retreated. The news of this memorable battle flew like wildfire through the colonies and across the Atlantic; it nerved our countrymen to the desperate struggle that ensued, and it impelled the best friend of America in Parliament to say to the British ministry, "My lords, you cannot—you cannot conquer America!"

NEW STORY!

In "The Flag of our Union" of this week is completed the admirable original story, entitled "The Phantom of the Sea," and in the same number is commenced a most remarkable and peculiar tale, by Dr. J. H. Robinson, written expressly for "The Flag of our Union," entitled:

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING DICK:

—OR,—

A HERO OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

Dr. Robinson is too well known to our readers to require us to preface his story by large promises; but we will say that "Good-for-nothing Dick" is the most curious and entertaining story he has ever furnished us. It will be fully illustrated, and cannot fail to enhance the already extended fame of the author.

PORTRAIT OF EDGAR A. POE.—Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case have recently published a fine lithographic portrait of the poet Poe, from one of their admirable ambrotypes, executed in the highest style of art. The artist by whom the drawing was made, is M. Perrassin, a French gentleman, a graduate of the European academies, and a remarkably fine draughtsman. The pearly tones of the flesh and the delicate finish of the whole drawing are admirable.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.—A man who used to live in Rothsey, England, went to Calcutta and never was heard of afterwards till recently. Then it proved that he had died and left the enormous fortune of £1,500,000 sterling to his relations. Those already known number about thirty.

EDUCATION.—It is designed to erect and endow a German university in Cincinnati, and to import the professors from Gottingen and Halle.

RAILROAD.—The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad is completed between Cincinnati and St. Louis.

MISS MATILDA HERON.

We cannot permit the recent engagement of this lady at the Boston Theatre to pass without a word of comment—without adding our humble tribute to the many wreaths she has already won. It cannot be denied that she has left us with an honorable reputation as an artist, and the impression that she is destined, when she has overcome certain remediable faults, to be the greatest actress that ever trod the American boards. The second week of her engagement disappointed the apprehensions of some and the hopes of others, that "Camille" was the only part which she could play. We regret exceedingly that Miss Heron ever produced the play of Camille. It is not fit to be represented. Even in facile Paris it was opposed on the score of its immorality, and its success was followed by a reaction in public sentiment which compelled managers to substitute plays of a totally different character. It is the more dangerous from the unexceptionable character of the language in which its sentiments are clothed. But we certainly acquit Miss Heron of everything but an error of judgment in translating and presenting it. Dazzled by its Parisian success and the artistic capabilities the character of the heroine presented, she forgot those considerations which should have taught her to avoid it. But setting aside the question of the moral of the piece, Miss Heron's performance of Camille was certainly magnificent. With beautiful eyes, an expressive face, and a commanding figure, she possesses the primary elements of histrionic success. Then her movements and gestures are extremely graceful and appropriate. Every attitude is either statuesque or picturesque, and her *poses*, instead of being obtruded on the spectator, flow naturally from the situation, and are to her eloquence what a tasteful orchestral accompaniment is to the voice of the singer. About her acting in Camille and in Medea there is an absence of stage conventionalism which is healthy and refreshing. It is the naturalness of true art. Even in her most passionate scenes, there is still a reserve in the spirit of that reticence which was a characteristic of Greek art, as in the group of Laocoon the features of the father and his sons are not painfully distorted. Miss Heron's Medea was a beautiful and classic performance and exhibited her very great capabilities. Her most noticeable fault is an occasional indistinctness of utterance, and the sinking of her voice to a tone too low to be generally audible; she is so anxious to avoid rant that she sometimes subsides into tameness. But such defects are very easily remedied. Physically qualified for a wide range of character, with brilliant intellectual endowments, she has a glorious future before her. New York she has already carried by storm, and it may be said that she has fairly won Boston, a little more cold at first, perhaps, than her imperial sister, but equally warm in the bestowal of applause, when her judgment has been propitiated. We wish Miss Heron the best of fortune in her professional career, and we are sure that she deserves it.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—Some of the boys in Rochester, N. Y., amused themselves lately by putting a greenhorn through a mock duel. They got up a quarrel, challenge, pistols, etc., and popped away. The challenging party fell, and the greenhorn mizzled in a terrible fright.

VAGRANCY.—There were admitted in one year, in London, 143,000 vagrants into the casual wards of the workhouses.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, Mr Jonathan French, of Manchester, to Miss Charlotte L. Fogg; by Rev. Mr Edmands, Mr John S. Sewall, of Atlanta, Ill., to Miss Louise J. Bowman; by Rev Mr Streeter, Mr William Jones, of Chelsea, to Miss Laura A. Fairfield; by Rev Mr. Kling, Mr John F Bielsdell to Miss Caroline E. Tates; by Rev Mr Stowe, Capt. Amos H Langthorn to Miss Hannah F. Wood; by Rev Dr Blagden, Mr Otis H. Pecker to Miss Harriet E Scotebler; by Rev Mr. Padman, Mr. Albert L. Dodge to Miss Sarah A. Austin; by Rev Mr. Blaikie, M. Constant V. Kuapignon, of Paris, to Miss Louise E. Boutaillier.—At Charlestown, by Rev Mr. Miles, Mr. Charles C. Stevens to Miss Martha C Tukey.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Wayland, Mr Edward Howard, of Waltham, to Miss Caroline A. Taylor.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, Mr Luther Spear to Mrs. Mary Peakes, of Roxbury.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Jesse Holton, of Nashua, N. H., to Mrs Mary E. Bryant.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Brannan, Mr. Sumner Taylor to Miss Sarah Jackson.—At Lynn, by Rev. Dr. Cooke, Mr Willard S. Newhall, of Saugus, to Miss Sarah F. Reed.—At Salem, by Rev Dr. Briggs, Mr. Herbert T. Conant to Miss Jane Saunders.—At North Abington, by Rev Mr Hewitt, of South Weymouth, Mr. William F. Boynton to Miss Ann R. Hollis, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Robert Brinley, of Tyngsborough, 76; Mrs. Avis Magnoni, 76.—At South Boston, Mr. Thomas Atkins, 43.—At East Boston, Mrs. Elizabeth Mainke, 48.—At Deer Island, Mr. William Armstrong, 61.—At Roxbury, Mrs Nancy Moorfield, 74.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Hannah H. York, 58.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Eliza Augusta Dresser, 28.—At Melrose, Mrs. Hannah Harrington, 65.—At Lexington, Mr. Nehemiah Wellington, 77.—At Braintree, Mrs Mary Arnold, 70.—At Malden, Mrs. Sophia Carey, 62.—At Brighton, Mrs. Jane Brooks, 75.—At Quincy, Mr John F. Lincoln, 40.—At East Abington, Mrs. Mercy Beal, 67.—At Lynn, Miss Lucy Newhall, 67.—At Salem, Mrs. Desire N. Dean, 82.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Amanda Babson, 45.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Alice Merrill, 62.—At West Newbury, Mrs. Mary L. Stewart, 58.—At Dartmouth, Mrs. Phebe Sanford, 79.—At Gardner, Mrs. Susannah Daniels, 88.—At Worcester, Mrs. Agnes Park, 74.—At New Bedford, Mr Minot Reed, 49.—At Peru, Mr. Henry Stowell, 82.—At Williamstown, Mr. William Thompson, 82.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Lucy B. Jackson, 26.—At Oxford, Mr. William Howell, 45.—At Hardwick, Mrs. Mary Lincoln, 60.—At Spencer, Mrs. Sarah E. Dean, 20.—At Uxbridge, Mr. Benjamin C. Taft, 67.—At Leicester, Mrs. Louisa S. Bond, 33.—At Nantucket, Mrs Harriet Swain, 41.

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M. M. BALLOU,
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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A THOUGHT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

But yesternight my heart was sad;
Dark shadows of repented wrongs,
Although repented, came in throngs,
Presaging sorrow, sombre clad.

No light of hope could pierce the gloom
Which cast its baleful shadow there:
Nor seemed there hope of aught in prayer
To break away the clouds of doom.

Thus passed the night; 'tis morning now,
And nature's voices through the air
Come sweetly, driving off the care
Which made its impress on my brow:

The shadows of the night have fled,
With them have passed away my fears,
My gloomy doubts. My heart appears
No more inanimate and dead.

O, bear ye up, ye souls that yearn
For hope deferred, and see no day:
The sun of joy with cheering ray
Will surely unto earth return.

DUTY.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.
WORDSWORTH.

BEAUTY.

For her own person,
It beggared all description; she did lie
In her pavilion,
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work Nature.—SHAKSPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Miss Heron's play of "Camille," translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas, Jr., was strongly and decidedly condemned by some of the most influential papers of this city, as an immoral production. It was peculiarly unfortunate that such a play should have been produced in America, and attracted large audiences, just at a time when the drama was finding advocates in the pulpit, and when, after a long struggle, the immoral excrescences of the theatre had been lopped away. Little is gained by transferring spectacles of vice from the auditorium to the stage. The play of "Camille" merits the reprehension with which it has been visited.....Luther Colburn, of Needham, the defendant in a trespass suit, lately committed suicide rather than go into court. The treatment to which witnesses are sometimes subjected on the stand is enough to drive nervous people to distraction.....The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Jamestown, Virginia, was celebrated lately in excellent style.....The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of this city, is an offshoot of an ancient military organization of the same name in London, of which Prince Albert is the present commander. Pleasant relations exist between the corps, and at the late dinner of the "Ancients" here, a courteous letter from Prince Albert was read.....We have to add to our list of very aged people who have died recently, that of Rebecca Carlton, the oldest person in New Hampshire, who died, lately, at the age of 104 years. She was born in the town of Bow. Her husband served in the war of the Revolution, and has been dead some years. She was the mother of eight children, all of whom are living—the youngest over sixty years of age.....A female child, three weeks old, was recently deserted by its mother, at Dunleath, Iowa. Two married men who had no children desired to adopt it, and to settle the question, procured a dice-box and rattled for it. This reminds us of Jemmy Twitcher, in the play of the "Golden Farmer," who, when asked about his parentage, says:—"I never had no father and no mother—my Aunt Nancy won me at a raffle.".....A priest asked a soldier at confession, if he had fasted. "Only too much, father," he replied. "I have sometimes been eight days without breaking bread."—"But if you had had it, you would have eaten it?"—"Of course."—"Ah, my son," said the confessor, "Heaven takes no pleasure in these compulsory fasts."—"Nor I either," replied the soldier.....A very tedious preacher set almost all his audience to sleep while discoursing of the Beatitudes. "You omitted one," said a lady, "Blessed are those who did not hear your sermon!".....Grimm tells a capital story of M. de la Monnaye, in his "Literary Correspondence." He was enormously fat, and one day, in the pit of the opera house, a person who sat near him, and was incommoded by his rotundity, said, "When a man is built in a certain manner, he ought not to come here."—"Sir," said de la Monnaye, "every one can't be a flat.".....Mme. Geoffrin was passionately fond of children, and believed in their good influence. She said that if all condemned criminals were asked if they had ever loved children, she was sure they would answer in the negative.....Fontenelle was extravagantly fond of asparagus, particularly dressed with oil. One of his friends, who liked it served with butter, came to dine with him one day, and Fontenelle, making a great sacrifice on the altar of friendship, ordered the cook to dress half the asparagus with butter. Before taking their places at table, the guest (the Abbe Terasson) fell down in an apoplectic fit. Fontenelle rushed instantly to the kitchen, and bawled out to the cook, "Serve it all up with oil!".....Nine tenths of the clergymen in this country are inadequately remunerated for their services. Among the ways of increasing the minister's salary, the Knoxville Whig suggests that all members of his congregation hand over what they now pay for liquor, cigars and tobacco.....There is a genius in Schenectady who writes a four months' note on the ice with skates with such precision, that in less than an hour the sun liquidates it. But it certainly can't be called a note of *hand*.....A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from Beyrout, in Syria, gives the Arabs a very pretty character. He says:—"Does one doubt the doctrine of total depravity, as taught at Andover and in the Westminster Catechism? Let the unbeliever live six months, or six weeks only, among the Arabs, and he will confess that *total* does not express it. Such lying, cheating, robbing, murderous wretches the sun never looked down upon. Thousands of years back they were as bad as they could be; and they have been growing worse ever since." There is no reservation in that. We shouldn't like to be an Arab dragoman asking the writer for a "character.".....Mr. Barry, of the Boston Theatre, did nobly in giving us, in succession, two such stars as Edwin Booth and Matilda Heron.....A lady, now-a-days, can dress quite respectably for a moderate sum. You can buy a very decent bridal dress for a thousand dollars, and fifteen thousand will purchase quite a superior camel's hair shawl at Stewart's. New York.....Henry Russell, the well-known ballad singer, is about to visit this country, but he goes to Canada first. He first made a reputation and fortune in America, and then, on his return to England, he, singular to say, abused the Americans roundly, burlesquing them at his concerts, and filling his pockets with money at their expense. It will be rather a cool operation in him to ask us for our patronage.....Secret societies of all kinds are said to be increasing in France, the aims of which are supposed to be political, and their existence is said to be very annoying to the peace of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The government officials find it impossible to follow them up, and they are said to be more rife than at any period since the revolution. There will be a volcanic political outburst in France before a great while.....It would seem as if America were the country for long life. We are every day called to chronicle some case of extraordinary longevity. There is a man in Columbus county, Wisconsin, called "Old Crele," who was married at New Orleans a hundred years ago, and is now in his 130th year—living with a grandson 60 years old.....A curious case of ingratitude lately occurred in Paris. A celebrated physician and surgeon performed an operation on a blind man, as an act of charity, and fully restored him to sight. In a few days the blind man sued the doctor for destroying his profession as a blind man, and taking tools, laying damages at twenty thousand francs.....The year closing with March was, we are happy to learn, a prosperous one for the American Bible Society. Its receipts were $441,805, which exceeds by nearly $49,000 the receipts of the previous year; and it has distributed 740,000 copies of the Scriptures, an excess of 198,000 over the previous year. Contributions have come in from every State and territory in the Union. New York contributed nearly one-third.....The Post knows an oldish young lady, not a hundred miles from the North End, who thinks she would enjoy herself on the Kiss-he-me River in Florida. On hearing this remark, one of her neighbors, of the same sex, exclaimed, "I'll bet a thousand dollars she'd remove the Seminoles.".....In one of the country theatres in the interior of the State of New York, Shakspeare's "Hamlet" was performed for the first time—and at the end of the play one or two, who knew what's what, made loud cries for the "author." The manager, who was formerly a grocer, and but slightly posted in such matters, assured the audience that the author was not in the house, and he presumed modesty kept him at home.....When the Pilgrims were coming to this country in the Mayflower, whales showed themselves, and one being fired at, the gun exploded, when the whale "gave a sniff and away, thanks be to God!" The New Bedford and Nantucket whalers of the present day would hardly offer up thanks for such an occurrence.....One of Willis's correspondents sends him the following item about "American Walking:"—A highly educated traveller made a singular remark to me the other day. He says the Americans all walk with *shaky knees*—not putting the foot firmly down before they take the other step. I looked at Broadway for a day or two, and I really think it is generally true. It is apparently a habit acquired by hurry and thoughtless neglect. Not one man in twenty fairly straightens his leg as he walks. The knee-muscles consequently stiffen with a bend outward.....The Boston Post tells the following story, almost too good to be true:—A country lad says his Uncle Ben made a scarecrow so very frightful, that one of the black-feathered thieves actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days.....The truth of the following sentiment will be fully realized at this season of blooming flowers and rural pleasures:—"A garden is a place of healing to the soul. It would seem as if from the growth of leaves, and flowers, and shrubs, there exhaled a silent dew, which brought comfort to the heart blistered in the sultry suns of life. The intercourse of men and women is often harsh and chafing. Little irritations, like nettles, lie hid along the paths—but the silent growth of a garden communes without speech, and every leaf becomes a leaf of healing.".....We hear that some of the French residents of New York talk of getting up a military company costumed like the French Zouaves. A corps clad in Oriental dress will be a picturesque addition to the appearance of the New York military on festival days.....Complaints are made of shocking outrages upon Christians, in several instances, in Turkey, where they have attempted to exercise the privileges lately accorded to them. It will require the most strenuous efforts of the Turkish government to overcome the deep-rooted prejudices of its subjects.....Autograph collectors sometimes give high prices for choice specimens. At a recent sale of autographs in Paris, a short letter of Napoleon I. brought $190; one of the great Conde, $90; Maria Antoinette, $60, and Mary Stuart, $100.....The most trifling causes often produce the most tremendous results. The horrible atrocities which are being perpetrated by the Indians on the Western border, were started by a squatter's dog. From so slight a beginning an unremitting war of extermination and destruction is likely to be waged.....In Henry Clay's correspondence, there is a kind letter of the Kentucky statesman, written from Washington to a favorite servant. He tells her "to take care of herself first, and the house and furniture afterwards." Such advice would be superfluous to a good many of our latter-day domestics.....Wm. S. Chase, of this city, one of our most accomplished scholars and writers, who has resided in Paris for six years past, has returned to this country. He is capable of writing a most captivating volume of foreign reminiscences.....D'Israeli says:—"Genius, when young, is divine—the history of heroes is the history of youth.".....It is a frequent and well-founded complaint, that "superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." An actor, in his dotage, attempting to simulate the vivacity of youth, and a literary genius pouring out at the close of a long life the drivel of senility, are pitiable spectacles. But there are minds over which Time has no power, gifts that age seems to mellow as it does wine. Such is Washington Irving, who, past the allotted boundary of life, continues to produce, in his rural retirement, volumes that enchant the world of to-day, as his earlier writings did the world of half a century ago.....In Andover, last year, five dollars premium were offered to the boy who would destroy the largest number of caterpillars' nests—and, in consequence, 20,000 nests were destroyed. This year the premium was increased to fifteen dollars. These pests of the orchard can only be eradicated by combined action. Every man, woman and child should make it a duty to destroy every nest visible—thus the whole breed would be finally exterminated.....A novel mode of expressing election returns was adopted in the Ayrshire (England) elections. The distance to be travelled was eleven miles, and a number of swift-footed boys were placed at short distances on the road, who made the trip in thirty five minutes. "Old Q. (the Duke of Queensbury)," once sent a letter, on a wager, fifty miles in an hour. He enclosed the document in a cricket-ball, and stationed a line of excellent players all along the route to be passed over, but in hand. The ball was sent to its destination with the speed of a gale of wind.

CIVIL LIBERTY.

Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist, unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.—*Burke.*

Choice Miscellany.

A GARDEN NOVELTY.

The Egyptian pea is an instance of vegetable resurrection, or at least resuscitation. It is a fragment of the old life of Egypt—a true type of the fertility of the classic country of the Nile, and unquestionably the most truly historical of any esculent we possess. The circumstances that led to the discovery of this companion of mummies and inhabitants of pyramids, are in themselves as interesting as the plant is distinct from every known member of its useful family. During the explorations of Egypt by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, a vase was found in a mummy pit, the age of which was computed at about three thousand years. This vase, hermetically sealed, was presented to the British Museum; Mr. Pettigrew, the librarian to the late Duke of Sussex, proceeded to open the vase to ascertain the contents, and in so doing unfortunately broke it in pieces. The interior contained a mass of dust, and a few grains of wheat and vetches, of a resin yellow color, and as hard as stone. It was known that mummy wheat had been resuscitated after an interment of five thousand years; and it was determined that the first peas ever found in a mummy vase should be subjected to the experiment of a revival. Mr. Pettigrew accordingly distributed amongst his learned friends these dessicated peas, reserving three for himself as mere curiosities. Those who tried to grow the peas failed, and no more was thought about them till the remaining three were given to Mr. Grimstone, of Highgate. Mr. Grimstone tried his hand at them, subjected them to heat and moisture, and, after thirty days, one miserable plant appeared above ground. By patient care and ingenious culture, this plant was brought to produce nineteen pods, which were ripened, and planted the next year; and this was the foundation of the stock which is just beginning to be known as the Egyptian pea. Botanists were as much delighted as antiquarians at the success of the experiment; for it gave them a new variety of the greatest value and most distinct character. Its blossom is unlike every other pea; it more nearly resembles a bell than the wings of a butterfly, and is veined with green lines on a white ground. The blossoms break at every joint in clusters of two, four, and eight, and are succeeded by pods that protrude crookedly through them, each pod containing from five to ten peas, which, when cooked, are deliciously flavored, and melt in the mouth like marrow; in fact, there is no pea to equal it. So that dusty Egypt has conferred upon us, through those few shrivelled seeds, a palatial benediction. —*National Magazine.*

INFLUENCE OF A LITERARY TASTE.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime—for the moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all composed of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and "stands homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses becomes a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is a home to the homeless. A taste for reading will carry you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book and candle; and you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.—*Boston Transcript.*

New Publications.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GERALD MASSEY. Complete in one Volume. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857. 18mo. pp. 301.

Gerald Massey is a born poet. His inspiration has enabled him to surmount the depressing influences of birth and position, and prompted him to pour forth songs, which have found an echo in the great heart of England and America. To his thousands of admirers this beautiful "blue and gold" edition will be warmly welcomed.

ILLUSTRATED SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By C. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M. 12mo. pp. 458.

This history, brought down to the present time, is well-written, well-arranged, and admirably illustrated. We trust that it will be extensively introduced into our schools and academies. For sale by Redding & Co.

JANE TALBOT. By CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN. Philadelphia: M. Polock. 1857. 12mo. pp. 237.

"Jane Talbot" is one of the most effective of Brown's romances, all of which bear the stamp of genius. There is matter enough in this single volume, so terse is the style, to make three or four duodecimos in the expansive manner of modern writers. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. Household Edition. The Antiquary. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 2 vols., 12mo. 1857.

This splendid edition of the Waverley Novels is creating a sensation far and wide, and the punctuality with which they are issued is highly creditable to the publishers. The first of these volumes is illustrated by a fine steel engraving from a design by Darley, representing the antiquary surrounded by his cherished antiquities, and the second by a vivid scene—the "Escape of Miss Wardour."

BLEAK HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

These volumes are illustrated by Phiz and Cruikshank, and are equal in elegance to the others of this series—*the* edition, emphatically, of Dickens's works, which no American household should be without. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE BORDER ROVER. By EMERSON BENNETT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1 vol., 12mo.

The scenes of this romance are laid in Kanzas and the neighboring frontier, and it is full of stirring incidents, graphically narrated. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

HINTS CONCERNING CHURCH MUSIC. By JAMES M. HEWINS. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 180.

A portion of these essays, originally published in the Boston Transcript, attracted great attention, and they are well worthy of the reputation they have created.

EDGAR HUNTLEY, or, *Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker.* By CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN. Philadelphia: M. Polock. 1857.

Mr. Polock's republication of Brown's novels is meeting with deserved success. "Edgar Huntley" is one of the best, and its intense interest commends it to every class of readers.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Russell & Richardson, the "Grand March," by Adolph Baumbach; Rondino, No. 1, in G, by Beethoven; "Love on, Love on," the admired ballad sung by Mrs. Wood, in the drama of the "Marble Heart;" "Song without Words;" "Fanny in her Grave;" "The Lover's Triumph Polka;" "The Prairie Polka;" "Al Crin le Cingote" (Come, deck her fair tresses), by Paciui.—From Oliver Ditson, we have received the "Camille Polka," by George Danskin.

Easily Done.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at two dollars a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

The governor of Pennsylvania has signed bills increasing the banking capital of that State to the extent of $31,420,000. —— A letter from Hamburg of the 15th ult. says that on the day before, upwards of four thousand emigrants were collected at that port to embark for the United States. They generally came from Holstein and Mecklenburg, and the mountainous districts of Central Germany. —— The quantity of public lands sold and located in the State of Wisconsin, up to the 30th June, 1857, exceeds nine millions of acres. —— Napoleon is indebted to foreign countries for two dear pets in his family—his wife and his horse—the former being from Spain, and the latter from the United States. And for their position they are indebted to the same quality—beauty. When this is gone, both will make way for others. —— The St. Paul, Minnesota, Advertiser says the landlords of that place have this season advanced their rates for stores and dwellings from twenty to thirty per cent. over the prices demanded for the same buildings last year, and think themselves justified in doing so by the increase of business and emigration in prospect. —— The Bordeaux Journal of Medicine says that M. Kuhn found that vaccination performed on infants the second, third or fourth day after a previous vaccination, always succeeded. —— In Washington, Me., lately, Mary A. Hoke, a young lady twenty years of age, who was suffering from a severe toothache, arose from her bed, and building a fire upon the hearth, lay down before it. In a few minutes she dropped asleep, when her clothes took fire, and she was so severely burned that she died three days after. —— The Duke of Wellington is announced as chairman of the next annual meeting (dinner) of the London Printers' Pension Society. He has never exhibited any literary tendencies; while his father, the Iron Duke, was a great reader as well as a very voluminous writer. —— The total number of emigrants sent to Liberia since the foundation of the American Colonization Society in 1820, is stated to be 9502, of whom 3676 were born free, and 5500 emancipated with a view to emigration. —— The citizens of Roxbury, Conn., are about to erect a monument to the memory of Colonel Seth Warner, a revolutionary patriot and gallant leader of the "Green Mountain Boys," whose remains repose in that town. The legislature appropriated $750, and the citizens contributed $250 for the same purpose. —— Cassius M. Clay has lately buried a promising son, bearing his own name. —— A crazy woman got on a train of cars at Columbus, Ohio, recently, and ran through them, brandishing a club and creating considerable alarm. The conductor nabbed her, when she turned upon him, and beat him terribly with the club. Others came to the rescue, but she was more than a match for a dozen men, for some minutes. She was finally overpowered and secured. —— The New Hampshire owners of Young Morrill back that horse for $4000 against Ethan Allen, and the race will probably come off in October, on the Long Island course. —— The Winsted Herald says:—"Two chaps, on a late Sabbath evening, returned into Pleasant Valley from a stroll out on the mountains, with eighteen large snakes of different sorts swinging upon a pole on their shoulders."

CHINESE SOLDIERS.

The military forces of China are estimated at more than 800,000 men. In their army, rank is hereditary. A soldier can only retire when his son is in a position to replace him; if he has no son of his own, he is at liberty to adopt one. It is allowed to enter the service at as early an age as fifteen. Gunpowder has been in use among the Chinese from time immemorial; nevertheless, the Chinese artillery is far from being as perfect as that of Europe. The balls originally used by the Chinese artillerymen were made of clay dried and hardened. In times of peace, the soldiers are dispersed over the whole empire, and, in addition to their pay, they are at liberty to cultivate the portions of land that are allotted to them. They are generally employed by the state in public works, or making roads, and in preparing the banks of rivers. Their arms consist of sabres, swords, pikes, muskets, bows and arrows. In times of war, they receive helmets of iron, cuirasses they wear quilted and wadded, and shields of bamboo wickerwork. From the very commencement of a campaign, the Chinese endeavor to get possession of the hostile commanders, either by force or by stratagem.

Fiendish.—At Naples there is a demon in human shape, a police ruffian, by the name of Espagnolis, who, by means of ropes attached to the feet and neck of the prisoners under examination, and gradually tightened by machinery, bends the body backwards, in the shape of a bow. He began life as executioner at Milan, and on account of his proficiency and ingenuity, his majesty has made this demon an inspector of the first class.

Hotels at St. Louis.—Two large and fine hotels—the Southern and Laclede—are to be erected in St. Louis immediately. They are both to be built by companies. The Southern has been organized some time. The amount of stock subscribed for the erection of the Laclede Hotel is at least $300,000.

The Fruit Season.—Accounts from all quarters of the South and West represent that there will probably be a good yield of fruit of all kinds, notwithstanding the unseasonable spring weather.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are 1000 professional rag pickers in New York, some of whom have accumulated fortunes and live in splendid mansions.

The return train from the railroad opening at Memphis, ran from Memphis to Savannah, 750 miles, in fifty two hours.

There was a large seal captured in the North River, near West Point, lately, by Mr. Ward of that place. It measured four feet in length.

Patrick Delvin, a drunken loafer at Philadelphia, threw a stone at a crowd of boys who were annoying him in the streets, and killed Ellen W. Crossin, a pretty little girl, three years old.

A woman died at Manchester, near Pittsburg, Pa., lately, who had not tasted a mouthful of food for five weeks. She labored under the impression that her friends were trying to poison her.

Hon. John G. Montgomery of Pennsylvania, has died of the National Hotel disease, and the collector of Philadelphia is very ill from the same cause.

At the great railroad jubilee at Memphis, Tenn., on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, a quantity of water from the Atlantic Ocean was poured into the Mississippi to commemorate the union of the roads.

A little girl of twelve or thirteen, at Arabkir, among the Armenians in Turkey, who has learned to read the New Testament, and has become a zealous convert, is boldly preaching not only to the members of her own house, but to laborers at work.

A congregation of Mormons in Cincinnati, living in a kind of free love institution, have so awakened the ire of the people by their outrages, that they have been compelled to leave the city. They go to Utah 2500 strong.

The big tunnel of the Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroad which has been under contract for some time, is now opened the entire distance of 2200 feet. Upwards of 1400 feet of the arching is completed, and the material is all on hand for finishing the balance.

There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language which cause so much misconstruction as I and J, as most people write them exactly alike. The rule for writing them properly, and which deserves to be universally adopted, is to run the J below the line, and the I even with the line.

Lead ore, considered good for six millions of pounds of mineral, has been discovered near Hazel Green, Wisconsin. The fortunate discoverer, who is an Englishman by the name of Mills, will not take one hundred thousand dollars for his "show" as it stands.

A learned Hungarian gentleman is on the eve of making a journey to Central Asia, to make researches into the root and origin of the Magyar people. His project has been taken up warmly by his countrymen, and considerable sums of money, and indeed help of all kinds, have been freely given to him by his friends and well wishers.

Dr. Jewett says a friend of his residing in Coventry, Rhode Island, came into possession of the leaf of an account book, on which a poor drunkard had been charged with a quart of gin per day for five successive days. On the night of the fifth he died in a drunken fit, and on the sixth day the entry on the rumseller's book was—"To five yards cloth for winding-sheet."

The Fitchburg Reveille reports that John Lapine of Shirley village, while gunning, tripped in the brushwood, and his gun, which he was carrying in his hand, came in contact with the back part of his right leg, when the piece exploded, cutting off both bones, and nearly severing the leg from his body. The limb was subsequently amputated.

It is ascertained that, in females, the ratio of cases of pulmonary consumption, to that of all other diseases, is highest in those following sedentary employments, less in those having mixed indoor employments, and least in those occupied out of doors. The highest ratio occurs in the case of females whose habits of life are irregular.

In New York city, one hundred dollars will command apartments for a family in a tenant house; one hundred and fifty dollars, the upper part of a small house in a narrow street; five hundred dollars, a small house in the outskirts of the town; and two thousand five hundred dollars, a fashionable house in the respectable portion of the city.

According to the Courrier Franco-Italien, M. Caruana, historical painter at Veletta, in the island of Malta, has discovered that slate is superior to wood for engravings. It is, he alleges, easily worked, reproduces the finest lines with remarkable exactness, and resists longer than wood the action of the typographical press, so that several thousand copies of a design can be struck off without producing any sensible difference in the quality of the impression.

The Tampa Peninsula gives full credit to the recent statement announcing the discovery of an outlet for the swamp waters in the south of Florida. Officers of the army who have traversed the everglades at all stages, inform the editor that there is now less impediment to travel than before. It thinks troops in search of Indians will be able to continue scouting during the summer where it has hitherto been impossible.

At the sale of autographs, in Paris, a letter from Napoleon, then only a general, to his brother Joseph, was sold for two hundred dollars. Napoleon was in despair at hearing that Josephine was sick. He writes: "Give me hope; tell me the truth; you know my love and how ardent it is. You know that I have never loved before, that Josephine is the first woman I adore. Her sickness throws me into despair."

At Berlin, lately, the king of Prussia attended the theatre to witness the production of a new tragedy. The piece proved wretchedly dull, and his majesty, after the second act, determined to quit the house. On entering the saloon leading to his box, he saw a lacquey sitting on a chair, with his chin resting on his breast, in a profound slumber. Turning to one of his attendants, the king remarked: "I'm sure that fellow has been listening at the door!"

Experiments with gun cotton on a grand scale have recently been made in England. A London journal says: "It was found to answer much better than gunpowder for military mining purposes, as the explosive power was greater, and there was not the least smoke in the galleries. The artillery has already two gun-cotton batteries, but experiments are still being made, as it has been remarked that cannon charged with gun-cotton are more liable to burst than those in which powder is used."

A large grey eagle was captured at Rochester lately. Some gentlemen purchased his freedom, and he was conveyed to the temple of Justice, escorted by Scott's Band, and attended by a vast concourse of people, where he was taken out upon the cupola and his shackles removed. He stood for a moment upon the platform of his cage, shook his wings once or twice, and then soared away. His flight was hailed by a tremendous shout, and watched until his majestic form faded away in the distance.

Foreign Items.

The Grand Duke Constantine has had a great reception at Toulon. A review of 30,000 troops was given at Paris in his honor.

A despatch from Paris announces that the difference between Austria and Montenegro appears to be in a fair way of settlement.

The London Times has two part editors and owners in the new Parliament, Mr. Walter, its chief, and the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, of the Board of Trade.

The Prussian and Swiss plenipotentiaries have accepted the propositions of the mediating powers, "ad referendum," for the approval of their respective governments.

The Chinese in Sarawak, Borneo, had risen on February 17, and massacred several Europeans. Sir James Brooke saved his life by swimming across a creek. One of the Borneo Company's steamers subsequently arrived at Sarawak, and, with Sir James Brooke at the head of a body of Malays and Dyaks, avenged the destruction of the settlement by killing 2,000 Chinese.

A numerous meeting of merchants and manufacturers had been recently held at Manchester, for the purpose of forming an association for the promotion of the growth of cotton all over the world, to be called the Cotton Supply Association, to encourage by all practicable means the growth of cotton to British colonies and other countries, by diffusing information, supply of machinery, and every possible removal of legislative impediments.

Sands of Gold.

.... The eagle does not prey on flies.—*Greek Proverb.*

.... Fight against sloth, and do all you can to make friends.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... Truth is never drowned; in vain you plunge her beneath the water; she always rises to the surface.—*St. Pierre.*

.... Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... We must surrender to reason, as soon as it appears, and deem it beautiful even on the lips of a pedant.—*St. Evremond.*

.... There are three modes possible for the development of an intellect of an intellectual being: to know, to act, and to do.—*Aristotle.*

.... It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe.*

.... The Mormons make the marriage ring, like the ring of Saturn, fluid, not solid, and keep it in its place by numerous satellites.—*Longfellow.*

.... Metaphysics always remind me of the caravanseras in the desert. They stand solitary and unsupported, and are therefore always ready to crumble into ruin.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Reputation is rarely proportioned to virtue. We have seen a thousand people esteemed, either for the merit they had not yet attained, or for that they no longer possessed.—*St. Evremond.*

Joker's Budget.

What are the largest species of ants?—Ans.—The eleph-*ants.*

Fainting—a clever way by which old maids get into their beaux' arms.

Sleeping in church may be tolerated, but when you snore loud enough to wake up your neighbors, it becomes a nuisance.

Turner says that "Hocus Pocus" was the name of an Anglo-Saxon magician; but others regard the two words as a corruption of the *hoc est corpus* used by priests in the mass.

A boy, at a recent examination in an English school, was asked who discovered America? "I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he didn't answer—Yankee Doodle!"

Reade, the author of "Peg Woffington," describes a great actress (Mrs. Oldfield) as "a creature with the tongue of an angel, the principles of a weasel, and the passions of a fish."

"I think," said a farmer, "I should make a good congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with a request for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

The editor of the Woonsocket Patriot makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his, that has been "setting" for five weeks upon *two round stones and a piece of brick!* "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brickyard, that hen is not for sale."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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TRAVELLING IN THE DESERT BETWEEN CAIRO AND SUEZ, EGYPT.

TRAVELLING IN THE EAST.

The very graphic sketches on this page, forcibly illustrate the pleasures of oriental travelling, the scene being the desert between Cairo and Suez. For the line of two and four-wheeled omnibuses, drawn by teams of horses and mules, travellers are indebted to the English. As our first engraving shows, the poor animals sometimes have a hard pull, and when there comes a stick, the travellers themselves sometimes have to get out and ply their strength at the wheels, while the Nubian attendants, of whom there are two besides the driver, do their utmost, with whip and voice, to stimulate the exertions of the horses. One of the leaders in our picture is baulky, and is rearing madly. He has doubtless a touch of pure Arab blood in his veins, and like Pegasus in Schiller's ballad, refuses to bend his haughty spirit to "such base uses," as the traction of an omnibus. Haply he has borne a chieftain to battle—and how can he degrade himself to the office of a post-horse? The Nubian attendants are fine, active, clean-limbed fellows, constantly alighting to encourage the animals, mend the traces, etc. Their costume is a white Nubian cap, with a wide-sleeved, blue blouse. In the front of our picture is seen a portion of the skeleton of a camel; the desert is strewn with dead camels in every stage of decomposition, notwithstanding which, such is the dryness of the atmosphere, the air is always pure and sweet, though at times, of course, the heat is oppressive.—The second engraving presents the exterior of a station in the desert. All these stations are alike; plain, whitewashed structures, but neat and convenient. In each of them there is a large square room, whitewashed, with a stone floor, a divan running round the apartment, and a table in the centre. On one side of the building represented in our picture, a group of Arabs have pitched their tent. A camel is grazing on the scanty herbage, with a long lance attached to his saddle. Beside him, a horse, saddled and bridled, is lying down, while their masters, in those flowing, picturesque robes, which we hope will never be exchanged for the ungraceful and inconvenient garb of the Franks, are watching them. A train of mules is being led up to the station—in front a couple of camels are taking their repose under the eye of their master; a goat and a bevy of hens add to the pastoral effect, while a gaunt dog gnawing the bones of an unfortunate camel, forcibly reminds us of the trials of the desert. A great tide of travel flows over the route we have illustrated; so great are the facilities now afforded. There is no longer danger of robbers or of serious mishaps. All the attendants speak enough English to be understood. At Suez there is a splendid hotel, with spacious apartments, a good table and attendance, a delightful balcony overlooking the Red Sea. We are well convinced that Egypt will become in time a regular resort for our blasé fashionables—the time of the journey thither being less than a month from Boston or New York.



STATION IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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BOAT RACE ON CHARLES RIVER.

The exciting scene depicted on this page, by our artist, Mr. Hill, who made the drawing expressly for us, is the conclusion of the race between the club boats Huron and Volant, which took place on the 16th ult., in presence of a large concourse of spectators. The locality is faithfully represented. The houses in the background of the picture, are the fine ones recently built on Western Avenue; in front and to the left, are Braman's baths, and boat-houses. From the baths, a line was drawn to the judges' boat, to form a starting-point for the race; the Volant is represented as having crossed it, and the Huron coming up. In the foreground is the judges' boat; beyond the Volant is one of the boats of the Union club; and the gentleman pulling the extremely narrow one is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, who is very partial to this manly exercise, for which no city in the world has such facilities as Boston, the fine expanse of Charles River being unimpeded by navigation and the dangers incident to the passage of steamers. Our sketch, through the kindness of Mr. Braman, was made from the judges' boat. Of the two boats engaged in this spirited race, the Huron is owned by a club of Harvard College students, and the Volant is well known as the champion of the Charles River Association. The race was not for money, but a set of colors was to be given by the loser to the winner in the generous contest. The race was to be pulled over the usual three mile course on Charles River, the boats to be governed by ordinary rules, to start from the judges' line at half-past four, to round the stake at the upper end, pulling starboard oars. Both crews had been thoroughly and severely trained, and came to the line in most excellent condition. The following are the names and positions of the crews, as reported in the Traveller. Volant—Stroke, R. H. Stevenson, No. 2, A. H. Clark, No. 3, J. C. Putnam, No. 4, R. Pratt, No 5, R. F. Clark, No. 6, T. G. Stevenson; Huron—Stroke, S. B. Parkman, No. 2, C. F. Walcott, No. 3, W. H. Elliott, No. 4, W. G. Goldsmith, No. 5, A. E. B. Agassiz, No. 6, J. J. Storrow. Mr. Grenville T. W. Braman acted as judge for the Volant, and Mr. Alfred Whitman, Jr. for the Huron. At quarter past four the gun was fired, the boats disappeared under their houses for a moment, and in another minute came out—the crews stripped and ready for the race. The Volants wore scarlet caps, white, close-fitting body shirts, and dark trowsers; the Hurons, white, flat caps, with red band, white shirts and white trowsers. Both crews looked admirably. The judges were between the boats, able to see that they were even, and to direct their movements with much greater facility than is possible from a boat moored at the end of the line. The word was given by Mr. Whitman, and the boats started at 4 h. 37 min. 30 sec. The Volant led. She had gained a length at the end of the first eighth of a mile, and throughout the race, pulled steadily ahead of her rival, at no time losing any part of her advantage. Off the lower breakwater, on the up-stretch, there were two lengths of clear water between the boats. The distance of the Volants increased to three or four at the upper breakwater—they were at least five ahead after rounding the stake, and on the home-stretch gained in about the same proportion, coming in with a lead of ten or eleven lengths. Both boats having started at 4 h. 37 min. 30 sec., returned as follows: Volant, 4 h. 58 min. 30 sec.—time, 21 min.; Huron, 4 h. 59 min. 8 sec.—time, 21 min. 38 sec.; difference in favor of the Volunt, 38 sec. The time is good, better, the Traveller says, than any amateur six-oar has made in public on this course. Neither boat, however, came down to its practice time. The Huron has been round in 20 min. 50 sec.; and it is said the Volant has decomplished it in 19 min. 52 sec., which, if correct, is very much better than anything recorded. This sport was witnessed with much interest by the spectators.



BOAT RACE ON CHARLES RIVER, BOSTON, MASS.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MADAME DE SOLANGE.

BY ANNE T. WILDON.

It was towards the last of the year 1775. Two men were seated opposite each other near a desk covered with open books and sealed parchments. The costume of the first announced one of the most brilliant noblemen of the court of Louis XVI., while the second wore the black coat and cambric ruffles which designated the lawyer.

"So, Monsieur Durocher," resumed the young nobleman, "you assure me the fortune of Madame de Solange amounts to not less than a hundred thousand pounds per annum—that it is free from debt and unincumbered?"

"I can affirm it to you," replied the notary.

"Well; tell me honestly what you know of her, and what you think of her."

"Her father was a porter, and afterwards a pawn-broker. He died, leaving her two millions. An ordinary woman would have been satisfied with this, but Madame de Solange wished to be a court lady. She discovered a poor nobleman who consented to give her his name; it was the Marquis de Solange. Indolent, unambitious, and now almost in his second childhood, all semblance of authority has been by degrees withdrawn from him. He lives alone in a retired apartment, and trembles at the voice of his wife. No one obeys him; he speaks to no one, and no one speaks to him. His daughter alone, who has just left a convent, manifests affection for him; but this consolation will soon be taken away, for Mademoiselle Jeanne is to be disposed of in marriage as soon as a noble son-in-law shall appear."

"That son-in-law is found, Monsieur Durocher," said the nobleman.

"I suspected as much."

"This marriage has been proposed to me, and what I have just learned from you has decided me. You know that a rich alliance is necessary to re establish my fortune, and enable me to take a house suitable to my rank. The ambition of Madame de Solange will aid in forwarding my interests; her daughter's dowry will furnish the means. Let the contracts be drawn up by to-morrow."

"I doubt whether this will be possible, monsieur count; I shall have some deeds to look up, some titles to ascertain."

"Have you not the aid of Jerome Bonvart, your clerk, who, you say, is as skillful as yourself?"

"He was so, but is greatly changed of late. He has become as pale and mute as a trappist, and is always absent-minded."

"The fellow is in love," said M. de Lanoy.

"I thought so, when I saw how frequently he visited his cousin at the convent of the Visitation; but for two months past, he has scarcely been there at all."

"No matter, Durocher," resumed the count. "Be diligent; I wish to terminate this affair; I need not recommend discretion."

At these words, M. de Lanoy waved his hand with that impertinent familiarity which at this period constituted good manners, advanced towards the door, which the notary respectfully opened, and disappeared, humming, down the crooked stairway.

In Versailles, at first sight, only the century of Louis XIV. appears; palaces, gardens, squares, streets, boulevards—all seem to bear the same stamp of despotic splendor. Everywhere appears that inflexible will of the great king who brought everything into a straight line, and subjected nature to the same etiquette with his court. To find the France of succeeding centuries, we must look for it in retired squares, where are hidden hotels with their fronts carved in wreaths; cottages with concealed doors, above which Cupids keep guard; gardens with long avenues and shady arbors. There the society of Louis XV., fatigued with the symmetrical brilliancy of the preceding reign, came to conceal its vices among court and garden, not through modesty, but through sensuality; for the eighteenth century was, above all, an age of pleasure, relying on nothing, sporting with everything, and preparing its own ruin with the voluptuous frivolity with which Sardanapalus arranged his funeral pile.

It is to one of these hotels of the era Pompadour that I must now transport you. Built some sixty years before at the extremity of the Rue Montbauron, the pavilion of Madame de Solange had all the fantastic ornament and affected graces of the age. It was reached by a narrow court, on which opened a side-door serving as an entrance. The façade, which could not be perceived from without, overlooked a terrace bordered with orange trees in boxes, and a parterre almost entirely garnished with tulips and hyacinths. The remainder of the garden was divided into narrow beds, bordered with sage, lavender or rosemary. In the midst, stood a dial of white marble, and here and there statues peeped out among the shrubbery, cut in grotesque forms. An avenue of lindens, from each end of the house, conducted to a large arbor of vines and honeysuckles, beneath which, in summer, Madame de Solange sometimes received her visitors.

At the moment our story commences, an old man and a young girl were sitting there alone. The old man wore a costume of almost coquettish elegance. His hair, carefully frizzled, was slightly powdered; an enamelled snuff-box was visible in one of the pockets of his embroidered vest; his silk stockings were fastened by a buckle of wrought gold, and a diamond of great value sparkled on each hand. But this luxury of ornament only served to render his decrepitude more perceptible. His countenance had a sickly aspect; his lips, always half open, were agitated with a nervous tremor, and his eyes, of a tender blue, had a timid and vague expression.

As for the young girl, she seemed in all the splendor of early youth. Her air was at once modest and attractive; she might have served as a model for one of Watteau's madonnas. Her costume participated in this double expression; convent habits seemed partly to have yielded to the elegance of the court.

She was holding in her hand a tragedy of Voltaire, and reading aloud. Suddenly she paused. The old man had fallen asleep. The young girl laid the book in her chair and approached him softly; but this movement made him re-open his eyes.

"Ah, I have awakened you, father!" exclaimed she, with regret.

"Stay," said he in a feeble voice; "sit down there, Jeanne; nearer—nearer."

She seated herself at the old man's feet, in the graceful attitude of a child who asks for caresses. He placed one hand on her shoulder, with the other raised her forehead, and gazed at it for a long time with a sort of naive enchantment. The young girl at first smiled beneath this glance; but a sudden remembrance crossing her mind, her eyes moistened, and she cast down her head.

"What is the matter, Jeanne?" asked the old man, whom this movement had not escaped.

"Nothing—nothing, my father," she hastily replied.

"You are deceiving me. Last evening, also, I saw that you had been weeping; I meant to have asked you the cause, and I forget it this morning. O, my head—my head!"

He placed both hands on his forehead with the plaintive expression of a child. Jeanne attempted to embrace him; but he gently disengaged himself, cast around him a cautious glance, and lowering his voice, said, with a sort of terror:

"Does Madame de Solange make you unhappy?"

"Why do you think so?" interrupted the young girl.

He imposed silence with a gesture of his hand.

"Well, well, I know you will not confess it. Why should you? I cannot protect you; but take care, Jeanne; do not oppose your mother. Whoever opposes her, she crushes."

"I know it," murmured Jeanne, her eyes turned upon her father.

The latter drew her nearer to him.

"Has she refused you any pleasure?" asked he.

"No, papa."

"Perhaps you desire some ornament?"

"None."

"Why conceal it? It could be purchased. Your allowance is small, and may not be sufficient."

"I wish it larger only when I see poor families."

"And you know some whom you would like to assist?"

"Alas! my father, there are always to be found those who suffer."

M. de Solange looked around him, and drawing from the pocket of his vest a little leathern purse, said: "Take it."

"Gold!" exclaimed Jeanne, astonished.

"Yes, but conceal it, lest your mother should see it."

"Why so? Did you not obtain it from her?"

"No."

"From whom, then?"

"It is all yours," said the old man, coloring.

"But you do not reply to me, father," resumed Jeanne, hastily. "This purse—" And as if illuminated by a sudden remembrance, she exclaimed: "This purse was stolen from my mother a few days ago!"

"Hush!" said the terrified old man.

"What! could it be—"

"Hush!"

She looked at her father in surprise. The latter cast a glance around to assure himself that they were alone.

"All belongs to her," resumed he, in a low tone; "I am here as in a hospital; I have nothing of my own. When I saw this gold, I thought it might make you happy."

"O, my father—my father!" cried Jeanne, moved at once with shame, pity and tenderness.

"Say that you are happy, Jeanne," resumed her father, drawing her towards him. "Poor girl! I would have robbed for you the treasury of the king of France. If I had Paradise, Jeanne, I would give it all to you, without reserving even a place there. But embrace your father; thank him. It is the first time he has been able to make you a present."

There was, in the words of the old man, a half-bewildered tenderness which moved Jeanne to the depths of her heart. Despoiled of his liberty by long oppression, this poor soul had recovered all the instincts of childhood. Jeanne threw her arms around her father's neck, and kissed his white hair.

"Hide the purse," resumed the old man, joyously. "Ah! they think I have a weak head. But I see all—I comprehend all. So be tranquil, Jeanne; I know what to do. They do not suspect me; your poor people shall want for nothing. But above all things, hide the purse."

"It does not belong to us," observed the young girl, gently, "and we must restore it."

"Restore it! To whom?"

"To my mother."

"What say you?" exclaimed the terrified marquis. "Will you tell her, then, that I took it from her?"

"No, papa."

"She will guess it; she will compel you to acknowledge it; you will denounce me."

"Father!"

"O, do not do this, Jeanne, I conjure you! Your mother will revenge herself on me; you would not make me miserable? You are the only one here who loves me. O, do not restore the purse! I took it for you, Jeanne. In mercy, do not mention it to your mother."

He clasped his hands and wept. The young girl threw herself into his arms, attempting to re-assure him by promises and kisses, but he seemed still uneasy.

"You will not know how to conceal this gold," resumed he, "and all will be discovered. Give it back to me; it is the surest way. Give it to me; I will keep it."

Jeanne gave him the purse, which he eagerly took.

"Especially, not a word to your mother," added he, placing his finger on his lips. "If she asks you, love me well enough to tell a falsehood; your confessor will pardon you, and, if necessary, I will take the sin upon myself."

At this moment, a servant in livery appeared at the end of the avenue. He came to announce to M. de Solange that supper was served. The latter rose, made a sign to Jeanne to recommend discretion, and leaning on the arm of the servant, regained, with tottering steps, the apartment he occupied in the hotel. The young girl followed him with her eyes, with an expression of affectionate pity, till he had disappeared among the lindens. Then her ideas seemed to take another direction, and she fell into a profound reverie.

The day, which was now declining, threw on the arbor uncertain gleams. The supper-bell had sounded, and, according to the customs established in most noble houses, Jeanne was not obliged to appear. Certain, thus that her absence could not be noticed by her mother or the servants, who would be occupied elsewhere, the young girl sought the most retired corner of the arbor, seated herself and drew from her bosom a letter which she had concealed there. The sight alone of this paper seemed to awaken in her a sudden emotion, for blushes covered her cheeks, and she cast around her an anxious glance; but certain of not being perceived, she slowly opened it and began to read it. This perusal doubtless had for her a lively interest, for she was soon entirely absorbed in it. A gleam of inexpressible joy illuminated her features at intervals; this was suddenly lost amid a cloud of doubt and fear. Two or three times she paused, remaining immovable, her eyes fixed, and as if crushed beneath a sentiment of despair.

At last she had finished her reading, and was about to recommence, when the sound of footsteps was heard. She hastily concealed the letter in her bosom, and almost at the same instant, Madame de Solange appeared at the entrance to the arbor.

Madame de Solange was a woman of tall stature, richly clad, with slow but firm step. Nothing about her recalled her origin. Her features had an aristocratic regularity, and nothing was wanting about her but life. The robe of velvet could not disguise her meagreness, and the paleness of her countenance was visible through the rouge that covered it. It was only in her look that energy appeared; all vitality seemed to have taken refuge there, and her gray eye gleamed with an almost insupportable brilliancy.

Jeanne, who had almost been surprised at sight of her, stood trembling, and with downcast eyes. Madame de Solange appeared not to notice it.

"I was in search of you," said she, to the young girl, in a tone whose melody was somewhat metallic. "Are you alone?"

"Alone, madame," replied Jeanne.

Madame de Solange seated herself on the bench from which her daughter had just risen, and beckoned to her to take one of the rustic seats in the arbor.

"I have something to say to you, Jeanne," resumed she, in a tone more confidential than usual. "Approach, and listen to me attentively."

The young girl obeyed.

"During the three months which have transpired since you left the convent," resumed Madame de Solange, "I have avoided introducing you to the society which frequents the hotel. You have lived in retirement, as becomes a young lady of your rank, who should not appear in the world till she is married; but this moment has at last come."

"What say you, madame?" exclaimed Jeanne, hastily raising her head and starting.

"I say that I have just arranged a desirable marriage for you."

"For me?" interrupted the young girl.

"For you," returned Madame de Solange. "What is there in this intelligence which should astonish you? Have you never thought it must sooner or later come?"

"Madame!" stammered the bewildered Jeanne.

"Compose yourself," said Madame de Solange, coldly; "I wish to converse with you on this subject. The marriage will take place in a month, and to-morrow I will take you with me to choose the *trousseau*."

This intelligence was so unexpected that Jeanne remained for an instant as if thunderstruck. She looked at her mother, pale, with clasped hands, and unable to speak.

"It is impossible," said she, at last, in a broken voice; "in a month, madame, it is impossible."

"Why so?" asked the marquise.

"I do not know—I was not prepared. O, I conjure you, I do not wish to marry another!" exclaimed the young girl, sinking on her knees.

The marquise hastily drew back.

"Rise," said she. "Why this terror—these tears? and what am I to conclude from such folly? Have the ladies of the Visitation abused their influence to inspire you with a fanatical desire to withdraw from the world?"

"No, madame."

"What then? Do you experience any repugnance to marriage?"

"I do not say so, madame."

"It is then only for the husband I propose to you; but I have not named him; you have never seen him. If he is young, talented, gallant and of high birth, will you still refuse him?"

"Whoever he may be!" exclaimed Jeanne, carried away by her emotion.

Madame de Solange hastily raised her head.

"Then you love another!" said she.

Jeanne covered her face. There was a pause.

"So you acknowledge it?" resumed the marquise, in a tone whose tremor announced suppressed anger. "Well, mademoiselle, let us see your choice. To be preferred to the Count de Lanoy, the man distinguished by you should unite to high rank the advantages of beauty, of intelligence and of fortune. Name him—name him immediately! But why this silence? To hesitate is to lead me to believe your preference an unworthy one. Is this name so disgraceful that you dare not pronounce it? Speak, mademoiselle,—speak!"

"Do not ask me, madame!" stammered Jeanne, stifled with sobs.

The marquise made a hasty movement.

"That is to say, you blush to acknowledge your choice," resumed she. "You shall then be just to yourself. Let it be no longer mentioned. You will espouse M. de Lanoy."

"Mother, have pity!" exclaimed Jeanne.

But Madame de Solange seized her rudely by the arm, and with a rage which she had with difficulty restrained, said:

"Enough! you will obey. No prayers—no tears. I will it. I will no longer demand the confidence of your foolish preferences Keep your dreams; but this marriage realizes a hope which I have pursued for twenty years; it ensures the credit and the rank to which we have a right to aspire. It will take place, mademoiselle. Were it my last hour, I would postpone receiving absolution for my sins, in order to sign your contract."

The energy with which these words were pronounced, affected the young girl. She raised towards her mother eyes bathed in tears; but the fixed look of the latter rested upon her with a will an implacable, that she was, as it were, crushed, and sank back on the seat from which she had risen.

Madame de Solange perceived this sudden emotion. She had already recovered her self-possession.

"You will reflect," said she, in a tone of imposing coldness. "You should have been taught at the convent that to us belongs the right to dispose of your fate; to you the duty of submission. But it is not sufficient to obey; you must do it with the good grace becoming your education and your rank. I dare to hope that you will not forget it. Go!"

Jeanne rose tremblingly, saluted her mother, and left the arbor.

The clock had just struck six, and all seemed still asleep in the Hotel de Solange. A glazed door on the ground-floor was alone open, and the first rays of dawn were illuminating it with a mild light. The marquis was seated near the threshold, inhaling that fresh October breeze which tempered the heat of the rising sun. His sleep was short, like that of all old men, and he rose before the aurora to enjoy this hour of solitude. Subjected all day to the regulations established by Madame de Solange, reading, walking, taking his meals only at appointed hours, always followed by a valet, who seemed a keeper rather than a servant, he then found himself free from the degrading bonds in which his poor soul had been fettered.

He had been sitting for some time in the same spot, with his eyes vaguely fixed on the garden, when a door softly opened at the other extremity of the hotel. Jeanne appeared there, coiffed with a morning cap, and enveloped in a pelisse. She cast her eyes in every direction, stepped forward, then paused; she seemed to be trembling. Meanwhile, after having assured herself that there was no one in the garden, she glided lightly behind a clump of lilacs and reached the arbor.

Arrived there, she once more assured herself that she was alone, and advanced towards the grating which interrupted the wall at this spot, and allowed a view of the country beyond. An old statue stood there, and the lines traced on the marble by the passers-by proved that it could be reached from without. The young girl placed her hand beneath the pedestal at a spot which she seemed to know, and withdrew from it a letter. At the same instant, an exclamation was heard at a little distance. She turned her head. Madame de Solange stood at the entrance of the avenue of lindens.

The young girl had only time to dart through the other avenue and hasten to the garden gate; but it was locked. Bewildered, she was seeking some other mode of exit, when her name, pronounced by a well-known voice, made her raise her eyes. She perceived her father, uttered a cry of joy, and rushed into his apartment.

All this took place so rapidly, that the marquise, retracing her steps, on arriving at the hotel, had lost sight of the young girl; but a glance at the glazed door of the marquis made her comprehend all. She stopped, hesitatingly. During many years that M. de Solange had been exiled to this part of the world, she had but two or three times crossed the threshold. The aspect of this childish old man recalled to her too many abortive hopes, and perhaps too many inexorable wrongs inflicted, that she should not seek to avoid him. The apartment he occupied was like those domestic prisons where a monster or a madman is kept, and which one approaches only when death has removed the inmate.

Meanwhile, the opportunity for a discovery was too favorable to be lost. After a moment of hesitation, she overcame her repugnance, advanced towards the door, and resolutely opened it. The marquis was seated at the extremity of the room, pressing the hand of Jeanne, who was pale and breathless. Both started at sight of Madame de Solange, and the old man hastily concealed a paper which he held. But the marquise had noticed this movement. She advanced towards Jeanne, who had cast down her eyes, and in that tone whose sweetness had a sonorous inflexibility, said: "Your governess is seeking you."

The young girl, astonished, raised her eyes.

"Go!" resumed the marquise.

Jeanne looked anxiously at her father. She appeared to hesitate for a moment; her hand pressed that of the marquis, as if to ask of him an order to remain. But the latter, who had met the eye of the marquise, turned away his head. Obedient at last to an imperative gesture from her mother, the young girl slowly went away.

Madame de Solange conducted her daughter to the door, which she closed after her; then dropping the curtains which had been raised, and permitted everything to be seen from without, she hastily returned to the old man.

"Jeanne has given you a letter," said she, brusquely.

"A seat—a seat for madame!" stammered the marquis, casting his eyes around him as if in search of a servant

"Listen," interrupted Madame de Solange, impatiently.

"It is beautiful stuff!" resumed the old man, appearing to admire the dress of the marquise.

The latter stepped back, and looked at him fixedly.

"Ah, I understand!" said she, after a short silence. "Monsieur le marquis hopes to escape my questions by feigning not to understand them; it is a method which he has always practised. But he takes useless pains. I know all."

The old man started, without appearing to understand her.

"Winter is coming, madame," continued he. "There will be no more birds in the lindens—no more violets—"

"Enough!" exclaimed the marquise. "Look at me, sir, and listen. I know all, I tell you. Jeanne entered here just now with a letter; I saw her. Sure that I should demand it of her, she has given it to you to conceal from me, and you have it still."

The marquis hastily concealed both hands in the large pockets of his embroidered coat.

"I wish that letter," resumed Madame de Solange, authoritatively; "I must have it immediately!"

"No more violets, madame,—no more violets!" murmured the old man, in a half bewildered tone.

The marquise made a hasty movement, but immediately repressed it, and approaching with an almost smiling air, said, suddenly changing her tone:

"Come, why refuse to reply to me, sir? I did not come for this letter alone. I wished to converse with you."

The old man cast upon the marquise a timid look.

"I came to speak to you of Jeanne," resumed Madame de Solange; "she is now grown up, and it seems time to think of establishing her."

The marquis remained silent.

"I have been seeking a long time," continued the marquise, "but I think I have at last found a suitable husband for her."

"A husband for Jeanne?" repeated M. de Solange, raising his head.

"Young, amiable, and holding one of the first ranks at court," added the marquise; "the Count de Lanoy."

"The son of the former governor of Perigord?"

"The same, sir. Did you know his father?"

"Did I know him!" exclaimed the old man. "He was an old comrade. He is of high nobility, madame. The de Lanoys number as many quarters as the Montmorencys. Jeanne must espouse the count."

"I see with pleasure," said the marquise, "that we begin to understand each other. But, in exchange for the good news which I bring you, you will not refuse, I think, to give me that paper."

The marquis started, and thrust into his pocket the hand he had half withdrawn; his eyes, which had lighted up with a gleam of intelligence, became dim.

"It is a fine day, madame,—a fine day," said he, in a childish voice, pointing to the sun, which shone through the curtains.

"It is true," replied the marquise, tranquilly, "and you ought to profit by it to take a ride."

"I!" exclaimed the astonished old man.

"I can place the carriage at your disposal."

"A ride in a carriage!" repeated M. de Solange, wonderingly.

"In the forest, if you please. There is a hunt to-day."

"And I can see it—see the dogs, the *piqueurs*, the gentlemen!"

"Why not?"

"Ah, I will go—I will go, madame, immediately!"

"As soon as you have given me the letter."

"Ah, the letter!" repeated the old man, in a tone of chagrin, and as if this word had come to cut short his joy.

"Have you not also expressed to Baptiste a desire to be present at the masses of the king?" asked the marquise. "He will take you there, sir, next Sunday. The whole court will be present."

"I shall see Marie Antoinette."

"And hear an office in music."

"With a sermon, madame; there will doubtless be a sermon. They preached so well in Lorraine when I was young. There was especially a capuchin, whose name I have forgotten. Do you think the king's almoner can preach as well, madame?"

"Better, sir," said Madame de Solange, humoring the childish confidence of the marquis. "But you will give me the paper which Jeanne put in your care."

The old man turned the letter in his pocket.

"I cannot!" murmured he. "She gave it to me to keep. If she knew I had it no longer—"

"I will not tell her."

"But she will ask me for it."

"I will give it back to you."

"Certainly?" asked the old man, casting on Madame de Solange a look of hesitation.

"I promise it to you, marquis," said the latter, smiling. "But quick, if you would not lose your ride in the forest. The hunters will soon be returning."

The marquis remained for an instant undecided. The desire to recover a few hours of the liberty of which he had been deprived for ten years, and to quit his prison to breathe the free air of the woods, struggled in him with his pledged word. At last he half extended his hand towards the marquise, who hastily seized the letter, broke the seal, and rapidly read as follows

"In a few days, the contract which binds you to the Count de Lanoy must be signed. You know it, for I have informed you of it. You know, also, that I have in readiness the means of flight. You can then, up to the last moment, choose between me and him whom your mother destines for you; but the choice once made in favor of the latter, think no more of him who now writes you; all will be over for him. Do not reproach yourself, Jeanne, if it should be thus. It is not your fault if I have loved you,—I who had the right only to adore you at a distance, as we adore the saints in heaven. Had I been more prudent, I should now have been less unhappy. But as long as I have been able to see you, I have thought of nothing else. Near you, my soul blossoms like the fields in spring; an atmosphere of joy seems to surround you. Whatever may happen, I bless you for the happiness you have given me. Whether you forget me for the world, or forget the world for me, I shall love you only and everywhere. Adieu, then, Jeanne; adieu, for a few hours, or forever!"

When Madame de Solange had finished reading, she hastily turned to the marquis, who had followed all her movements with uneasiness.

"Who wrote this letter, sir!" asked she, pale, and with compressed lips.

"I do not know," replied the old man.

"I will know," murmured she, stepping towards the door.

The marquis rose.

"The letter, madame!" exclaimed he.

"I shall keep it, sir."

"It is impossible!" cried the bewildered old man. "Jeanne will come back and demand it of me. You promised to restore it, madame. I must have it."

He stationed himself before the door.

"Give place, sir!" exclaimed Madame de Solange, with flaming eyes.

"The letter—the letter!" repeated the old man.

He attempted to detain Madame de Solange; but the latter thrust him away with a violent gesture, and hastened from the apartment.

The note she had just read, while it confirmed the secret love of Jeanne, left her in the same ignorance relative to the object of this love; for it contained no indication, no detail which could reveal the author. On the other hand, the reasons which had formerly prevented the marquise from interrogating the young girl, existed more powerfully than ever. An explanation could but increase the despair of the latter, and drive her to extremities. Madame de Solange trembled at the thought that the caprice of a child might compromise projects so long pursued. Though the days which remained to her of life might be numbered, she thought only of acquiring the rank which she had dreamed of forty years before. Fortune, health, family, the hope of a better world,—she would have given all to be of the court, and to die on a tabouret, like Louis XI. on his throne, amid all the etiquette of a royal reception.

Now, this triumph of pride, the marriage of Jeanne with the count might give her. On Jeanne would depend the fulfilment of all her hopes, or their annihilation. This thought inspired the marquise with a sort of desperate rage. She wished to have in her hands the heart of the young girl to conquer and subject it—were that to crush it. She was still hesitating what to do, when some one came to announce that M. de Lanoy awaited her in the saloon. The count was accompanied by the Duke de Lussac, who had introduced him to Madame de Solange, and had interceded for the proposed marriage. He came to aid his protegé in discussing the conditions of the contract.

The duke was then in all the eclat of his success at court, and at the highest degree of power which his relationship to the Princess de Lamballe gave him. No one possessed more than he that mocking levity then fashionable in court society, and he was cited as the bravest and most *spirituel* nobleman in France.

At the moment Madame de Solange entered the saloon, he was seated on a *bergere*, with all the ease of a gentleman who feels himself to be among his inferiors. At sight of the marquise, he rose indolently.

"Ah, here she is!" exclaimed he. "Compliment us on our punctuality, dear marquise. For you, I have failed at three rendezvous. There are manœuvres of the cavalry, this morning, at the Grand Camp, and I wished to take you there."

"A thousand thanks," said Madame de Solange. "I do not know whether I can go."

"Why not? You must. We shall terminate the business of the contract in a few moments"

"I am awaiting Maitre Durocher."

"Here is a clerk whom I overtook as we came along, and who brings you a copy of the deed."

Madame de Solange then perceived, standing near the door, a young man, whose features seemed not unknown to her. He was clad in black, like others of his profession; but she was struck with his noble mien and the kind of sorrowful pride revealed in his whole appearance. He stood immovable at a few paces from the threshold, with one hand concealed in his breast. At the movement made by the marquise, he bowed.

"You bring a copy of the contract, do you?" asked Madame de Solange.

Without replying, the young man presented the papers he held in his hand. The expression of his whole features was so profoundly sad, that the marquise could not, for an instant, withdraw her eyes from him. Meanwhile, the count and M. de Lussac had withdrawn to the embrasure of a window. She took the papers

which the young man had presented, and unrolled them to look at them; but scarcely had she laid her eyes upon them, when she started. The clerk raised his head.

"This deed is not in the handwriting of Maitre Durocher," said she, hastily.

"I wrote it under his dictation," replied the clerk.

"You?"

"I, madame."

"What is the matter, marquise?" asked the duke, approaching.

"Nothing—nothing," stammered Madame de Solange, in an indifferent tone.

The duke resumed the conversation interrupted, and Madame de Solange seated herself. In the handwriting of the clerk, she had just recognized that of the billet addressed to Jeanne. She remained for a moment as if stupefied. She still doubted, but a new examination left her no room for doubt.

She raised her eyes once more on the young man, and sought to recollect where she had met him before. The convent of the Visitation instantly returned to her remembrance; it was there that she had seen him. She understood in an instant how he had become acquainted with Jeanne and won her love, for this letter left no uncertainty on the subject. She did not ask what chance had thus levelled the distance which separated them, nor by what fatality a poor clerk had been able to please her daughter. Laying aside a vain indignation, she began to seek, with the promptness of ambitious intelligence, a method of avoiding the peril. This young man must be disposed of at all events, since his passion might lead Jeanne to adopt some desperate resolution. But in what manner?

[TO BE COMPLETED NEXT WEEK.]

"BEG, SIR, BEG!"

The accompanying picture is a sketch from life:—A little peasant girl, seated on an upturned basket, withholds the scrap of bread, a portion of her own supper, until her little poodle has gone through the motions of asking for it, as he has been taught to do by his young mistress. The anxious look of the little four-footed friend, his whimsical earnestness and humility are highly characteristic. These poodles are the most intelligent of the canine race, and are capable of being taught a variety of accomplishments. We have even seen one that could articulate "yes" and "no." The admirer of dogs is never weary of recounting tales illustrative of their intelligence and devotion, and dog stories have come to be as proverbial as fish stories. Sir Walter Scott was a friend to dogs, and throughout his works are scattered most admirable descriptions of their ways and characteristics. He was also fond of narrating traits of his own dogs, of which, it will be remembered, he had a large number. One of these we recall at this moment as particularly amusing, though if the great and good Sir Walter were not the authority, we should be inclined to withhold our belief from it. A certain dog of his, usually quiet and well-behaved, on one occasion, under the influence of a temporary access of "moral insanity," attacked and bit the baker, for which act he was properly chided and chastised. Afterwards, Sir Walter was in the habit of introducing the animal to strangers, saying, "This is my dog Watch, a very good dog, on the whole" (here Watch would wag his tail); "but once he bit the baker." The moment his offence was mentioned, the dog would take refuge under the side-board, with his tail between his legs, moaning in the most lugubrious manner, and showing every sign of shame and contrition. The authenticity of another dog-story we shall not vouch for. An animal of the species delineated in our picture was nosing about the sidewalk in State Street, when he suddenly espied a small roll of bills. Catching them up eagerly in his mouth, he carried them to a retired door-step, laid them down, pawed them over, and then turned away in disgust. His proceedings had been watched by a "curbstone broker," the bills were examined, and they were found to be counterfeit. That dog had formerly been the property of a bank cashier! We might quote hundreds of true tales to justify the favor with which the canine race is regarded—proofs of heroism, as in the case of Prince Llewellyn's dog, of sagacity in detecting crime, as in the case of the dog of Montargis, who ferreted out his master's murderer, of lives saved from shipwreck, but many such will recur to our readers. We hope it is unnecessary to put in a plea for the dog, the faithful friend and companion of man from his cradle to his grave; often the only mourner at the last, even dying in the churchyard where the loved and lost have been laid before his pitying eyes.



"BEG, SIR! BEG!"

FEATS OF PERSIAN HORSES.

A Paris paper gives the following details relative to the horses just sent to the Emperor Napoleon from Persia:—"The horses sent by the shah belong to the tribe of Tehi, which, as regards beauty and perfection of form, are only excelled by the tribe of Nedji; but, as a set off, those of Tehi possess qualities which are quite exceptional, being not only full of fire, but extremely docile. This breed of horses can travel for a whole day without any other food than a little barley, mixed with chopped straw. A fact which appears to us incredible is mentioned on this subject. When the predecessor of Feth Ali Shah died, the latter had to present himself immediately to secure the crown, to prevent another competitor coming forward. To do this, he travelled, in twenty four hours, on the same horse, from Schiraz to Ispahan, a distance of 240 miles." This statement is fully believed at Teheran.—*London Journal.*

THE WANT OF SUNSHINE.

"Your city horses don't get enough of sunshine," said a shrewd farmer, "and no wonder therefore, they are so often unhealthy. In the coldest days of winter, when it was clear, my old father used to take his horses out of the stable, and tie them to the fence in the middle of the day, so that they might get sunshine." There was even more wisdom in the farmer's speech than he had supposed. It is not horses only that suffer for the want of sunshine. Thousands of persons living in cities injure their health because of the want of sunshine. The over-worked operative, confined all day in a dark, ill-ventilated room, owes not a little of his fondness for a dram to the absence of the light, joyous, exhilarating sunshine. The pale, sickly child, that by-and-by is laid in its coffin, amid the sobs of its heart-broken mother, might probably have grown up to a vigorous manhood if it had been bred on a breezy, clover-decked, sunshiny hillside. Who can compute the adults who die annually of consumption solely because they have deprived themselves of sunshine year after year? In the physical life of Americans, especially those who dwell in cities, there is no deficiency so marked and fatal as that of the want of sunshine. The human animal requires sunshine quite as much as the plant. But we need sunshine in a moral sense, also. We are too grave and serious a people. We rack our nervous system to pieces, and prematurely destroy our digestion by the neglect of seasonable recreation, or by amusements that are such only in name. As old Froissart said to the English four hundred years ago, "We take our pleasures sadly, as is our fashion." Man is a laughing animal—the only laughing animal there is. Nature intends that a due proportion of mirth and merriment should be his. "All work and no play," as the old proverb goes, "makes Jack a dull boy." The English people were never more heroic than in that almost Arcadia time when their country went by the name of "merrie England," and when, after the transition period during which Froissart wrote, and in which civil war made the nation naturally sad even in their pleasures, they were prosperous, happy and festive. It is impossible to believe that what tradition says of the last fifty years of the sixteenth century in England is all poetic exaggeration. The love of music alone—a love which then existed among all classes, but which, alas! has long ago died out—is a proof to the contrary. It was an age when there was sunshine, metaphorically speaking, all over the realm of England; and the natural results followed, great deeds and generally diffused happiness. It is said, however, that we have too solemn a mission before us, as a people, to be otherwise than grave. But it is a mistake to suppose a serious aspect indispensable to success; as fatal as to confound a long face and a sour aspect with religion. The healthiest man, all things else being alike, is not only the cheerfulest but the best. By overworking our brains and denying ourselves amusement, we become irritable and peevish, and therefore unjust. A little relaxation, especially relaxation of the right sort, would make us all much happier, and would fill thousands of households with sunshine where now the domestic atmosphere is gray and choking as a wet November day. Give us more sunshine; or rather let us all seek sunshine.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE WHALESHIP AND THE CANNIBALS.

A New England whaleship foundered in a gale, some years ago, in the Pacific Ocean. Her crew took to the boats; and, after toiling for several days and nights, two of the boats came in sight of an island. One of them was run through the surf, and the crew jumped on shore, making signs to the natives, to express their destitute condition. But no pity dwelt in those savage breasts. Rushing upon the exhausted seamen with their clubs, they instantly killed them, and made preparations to feast upon their bodies, for they were cannibals. Seeing the fate of their companions, the other boat's crew pulled hastily away from that dreadful spot, and, after almost incredible sufferings, were picked up by a friendly vessel and saved. Some years passed, and another ship was wrecked in the same seas, and near the same island. Her commander had been second mate of the former ship, and was saved with the boat's crew which witnessed the destruction of their shipmates by the cannibals. Again he approached the island, a wrecked mariner, and reduced by hunger and exhaustion to an emaciated state. He recognized the fatal shore, and told his companions of the cannibals who dwelt upon it. But they were too weak to put out to sea again. To do so was to die. They could but die if they landed, and perhaps the savages might be merciful. Perceiving none of the natives, they hauled their boat up on the beach, and sought the shelter of the adjoining woods, in the hope of finding fruits or berries for subsistence. But, once in the woods, their fears increased. They moved stealthily along, alarmed at the cracking of the dry bushes beneath their feet, and at the rustling of the leaves. Death seemed to speak in every sound, and to leer upon them through every opening glade of the forest. Cold sweats gathered on their sunburnt brows; and more than once they halted, and consulted on the propriety of returning to the boat; but as often they resolved to advance, especially as they found themselves ascending a wooded hill, which they hoped might furnish them with a nook or cave in which to hide. Thus trembling they proceeded. They approached the summit of the hill, which was bold and rocky. The foremost of the party ventured from the shelter of the trees to view the island. Cautiously he stole, step by step, to the mountain's brow, until his eye caught sight of the village below. Then he literally sprang into the air, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Safe! *safe! safe!*" "What is the matter?" asked his companions, who thought him crazy. "*We are safe, I tell you we are safe!*" pointing to the village on the plain below. Looking down, the now joyful seamen beheld a church lifting its modest front above the huts of the natives. Then they shared in the transports of their companions. They leaped, they wept, they embraced. They knew by that church that the missionary was there. They knew that where he lived and labored, cannibalism must be dead. They accordingly descended to the plain, and found, instead of a cruel death, the utmost kindness, perfect security, and a generous hospitality. Had those wrecked mariners been skeptics or infidels, would they have needed any further proof of the humanizing and renovating power of the gospel, or of the utility of missions?—*Missionary Records.*

PARISIAN THEATRES.

Probably in no city are the edifices, the scenery, the music, the talent of the actors and actresses, and in fact the whole machinery and appliances of the theatre in so great perfection as in Paris. There are twenty-five theatres of merit in the city, capable of seating 35,000 spectators, and receiving an average attendance every evening of 20,000. There are 145 other places of amusements visited on an average by 24,000 people every night, making in all 44,000 individuals who daily seek pleasure in the public places of amusement. In 1851, the receipts of these twenty-five principal theatres were $2,100,000. To the support of three of the best theatres, government contributes $300,000 in addition to their receipts. Think how many people are employed in and about these theatres. There are 400 box-keepers; "750 clerks, etc.; 600 dress-makers, carpenters; 630 musicians; 2043 performers—1152 men, and 891 females, of which 793 only are considered as 'artists.'" The "French Opera House" is one of the largest and most splendid theatres in the world. It will accommodate 1800 persons. Its stage is 42 feet wide, and 82 feet deep. The whole theatre is finished with very elaborate ornaments of painting, statuary and carving. The rich and most gorgeous scenery, the splendid dresses of the actors, of which, in some operas, nearly 200 are upon the stage at once; the fine music of the orchestra, consisting of 60 or 70 performers, the brilliant appearance of the whole house lighted with gas, and the gay dresses of the audience, render the first visit of the stranger to the "French Opera" peculiarly exciting. Connected with the theatre is a large corps of ballet dancers—perhaps the best drilled company in Europe. At this theatre, the imperial family has a suit of rooms connected with a box decorated with the usual regalia of *majesty*. In every portion of the house are stationed a sufficient force of police and firemen, which latter stand ready at any time to give a supply of water from the hydrants. Just in front of the stage, the building is partitioned by a thick wall of brick, with an opening equal in size to the curtain. In the attic is an immense iron curtain, which can be let down in case of fire, thus dividing one portion of the house from the other by a fire-proof screen. The *outlets* of this theatre are so numerous that it can be cleared, when full, in fifteen minutes, a very important matter.—*Correspondent of the North Western Home Journal.*

ANCIENT WARFARE.

The spirited picture on this page delineates a thrilling episode in ancient history, the attack of a band of robbers on a cave in the face of a rock, by the soldiers of Herod, King of Judea. The position of the bandits would seem to be almost impregnable, and nothing short of desperate valor could prevail against them. The engraving shows how these formidable enemies were reached. Strong boxes of wood, clamped with iron, and full of armed men, were lowered by chains down the face of the cliff, and the assault was then commenced. From a projecting rock Herod, accompanied by his principal officers and a portion of his troops, is seen, witnessing and directing the deadly combat. Proclaimed king of Judea by the Roman Senate, he was forced to wage a fierce contest with Antigonus, the son of Aristobulus, to obtain possession of his states. The victories he achieved over his rival soon gave him possession of all Galilee, with the exception of a considerable band of robbers (or, more probably, partizans) who fought for Antigonus, and who being pursued unsparingly, sought refuge in caverns situated near the village of Arbela. King Herod ordered an attack to be made on them in the inaccessible retreats to which they had fled with their families. The historian Josephus has related this engagement. The difficulty, he tells us, was to reach the places because the roads leading thither were very narrow, surrounded by sharp rocks and precipices which defied ascent from the foot of the mountains, or descent from the summit. To remedy this difficulty, Herod had coffers made, attached to iron chains, lowered from the mountains by machines. These coffers were filled with soldiers, armed with halberts to seize those who resisted. But the descent was exceedingly perilous, on account of the height of the mountains, and those who had taken refuge in the caverns had plenty of provisions. When these coffers reached the entrance of the caverns, a soldier, armed with his sword, buckler, and several darts, seized hold of the chain to which his coffer was attached with both hands, and alighted; and seeing no person appear, approached the entrance to one of the caverns, killed several enemies with his darts, hooked some of those who dared to offer resistance with the curved portion of his halbert, and precipitated them from the summit of the rocks. Afterwards he entered the cavern where he killed several more, and finally retired to his coffer. The cries of the robbers terrified the others and made them despair of safety, but night forced Herod's people to retire, and the king proclaimed pardon to all who were willing to surrender. The next morning the combat was resumed, and several soldiers left their coffers to fight at the entrance of the caverns, and to throw fire within, knowing that they contained large quantities of combustible matter. In one of these caverns they found an old man who had retired thither, with seven of his sons, who, seeing themselves reduced to such an extremity, begged him to grant them permission to surrender to the enemy. Instead of granting it, he placed himself at the mouth of the cavern, killed them one after another, threw their bodies from the top to the bottom of the mountain, and afterwards precipitated himself also into the abyss, preferring death to servitude. But before committing this act, he uttered a thousand reproaches to Herod, couched in very injurious language, though the prince made a sign with his hand that he was ready to pardon him. Thus all those who were in these caverns were constrained to surrender because they could neither conceal nor defend themselves. Such were some of the horrors of ancient warfare; but they are not without parallels in modern times. Our readers will remember, that, by the orders of Marshal Bugeaud a large number of Arabs who had taken refuge with their families in a cave in Algeria were literally suffocated in their asylum by the fires kindled at the entrance, and an officer of the Garde Mobile told us of a parallel incident in the bloody days of June, 1848, at Paris. The troops under Cavaignac, after carrying a barricade in the Faubourg St. Antoine, found no enemies upon the other side, but were decimated by a murderous fire of musketry proceeding from the coal holes under the sidewalk, where a large body of insurgents had hid themselves and were loading and firing as fast as possible. Our informant stated that by the orders of the commanding officer, a large quantity of sulphur was thrown down these holes and fired with rockets, and he concluded his appalling narrative by saying, *Je vous assure, monsieur, que nous avons tres gentiment asphyxié ces gens la.* (I assure you, sir, we very genteely asphyxiated those fellows). Such is war! and so familiar do men engaged in the business of wholesale murder become to its horrid features, that the destruction of masses in the most terrible manner ceases to affect them. The same man who would shrink with horror from the sight of a single homicidal act, beholds hundreds of his fellows swept from existence without a solitary shudder.



AN ANCIENT MODE OF WARFARE.

Authors have a greater right than any copyright, though it is generally unacknowledged or disregarded. They have a right to the reader's civility. There are favorable hours for reading a book, as for writing it, and to these the author has a claim. Yet many people think that when they buy a book they buy with it the right to abuse the author.—*Longfellow.*

OLD ITALIAN VIOLIN MAKERS.

If, says M. Fetis, the violin was not cultivated by the virtuosi of the age of Pericles or of Augustus, it is of very respectable antiquity, notwithstanding. He believes it to have originated in India, and on apparently sound testimony. It is understood, of course, that the Asiatic violin was very unlike those of Stradivarius, just as the performers were neither De Beriot nor Vieuxtemps. It was simply a bowed instrument, that's all. What modifications has it not undergone since its first appearance in Europe in the middle ages! The viola was the mother of the violin—but the latter was not long in appearing. Towards the end of the sixteenth century it comes, finally, the precursor of modern music. The viola was sweet and soft, the violin brilliant and vivid. Gasparo di Salo, a lute maker of Brescia, was the creator of this valuable addition to the orchestra; and though his glory has been eclipsed by that of the Amati, of the Guarnerios, and, above all, of Stradivarius, all violinists should hold him at least in grateful remembrance. Magini, a pupil of Gasparo, commences the series of Italian lute-makers whose fame is world wide. Let us remark, in passing, that they are still called "lute-makers," though the lute has long disappeared from the realm of music to become a mere object of curiosity. It was De Beriot who brought into favor the violins of Magini, in Belgium, France, and England. They were scarcely known out of Italy when our great virtuosos, who owned an excellent one, and knew how to use it, drew the attention of artists to its principal qualities, which are power and fullness of tone. After Magini came Amati—or rather *the* Amati, for there was a whole family of excellent lute makers of this name—of whom the most celebrated was Nicholas Amati. His violins had not the power of those of Magini, but were distinguished by extreme mellowness of tone. If they have not sufficient brilliancy under the bow of the solo player in the concert hall, in revenge they do wonders in the quartette for chamber concerts. Even if Nicholas Amati had never made delicious instruments, it would be sufficient glory to have been the instructor of Antoine Stradivarius. The name of the celebrated maker was Stradivari, but it was Latinized, according to custom, and it would now be difficult to give the name its true autography. Stradivarius, then, was the first of lute-makers, past, present, and perhaps even to come. He carried the manufacture of the violin to such perfection that for fifty years all attempts to approach him have been in vain, and the only maker who has succeeded in this important branch of industry has found no better way than to copy him scrupulously. It is lucky that there are things which, perfect at the outset, it has been impossible to improve, and which have remained stationary in their excellence. Our age would grow too vain if it were not sometimes forbidden to pronounce the name of progress. By dint of researches, trials, and experiments at random, the lute-makers, Stradivarius's predecessors, had managed to make very good violins. That which gives the celebrated artisan of Cremona a rank apart from the others is that he found out fixed, and in some sense mathematical, principles, and his success was a matter of theory, and assumed beforehand. He began by copying Nicholas Amati, as Raphael in his youth copied Perugino, but he adopted different proportions, and his productions have a peculiar stamp. How many things there are in a violin which we do not even dream of! And what care is needed to make one really superior! There is nothing arbitrary in its proportions; each piece which composes this machine, at once so frail and so powerful, so rigorously determined. A *millimetre* more or less in the length or the thickness of certain parts, has its influence on the quality of the sound. The beauty of Stradivarius's instruments is to be referred to the absolute exactness of these proportions which he established—not empirically, but in virtue of the laws of acoustics—for, with him, the skilful hand and delicate ear of the artist were guided by the knowledge of the philosopher. Stradivarius died at ninety three, having passed all his life in making violins; it may be supposed he left a few behind him. The good man never left his workshop; he never passed his time in courting the *virtuosi*, or in devising great or little means of publicity; he employed himself about his violins, and finished each one with his own hands, never delivering them to the purchasers till he had recognized them as worthy of him. He had fixed the price at four louis; some of them, at present, have been sold for as much as ten thousand francs. An eccentric whim of this celebrated lute maker of Cremona caused for a long time an error as to the time of his death. He had a tomb made for himself, on which he caused an inscription to be placed, which read thus: "The tomb of Antonio Stradivarius and his family, erected in 1723." The date of the monument was taken as that of his decease, and people were only undeceived by the discovery of a violin, bearing his signature, with the mark of 1736, while quite recently, the vicar of the cathedral in Cremona has found in a register the inscription of his burial on the 29th of December, 1737. Stradivarius did not imagine, when he executed his dismal whim, that he was leading his biographers into error, though it is true that, even if he had thought of it, it would have been just the same to him.—*N. O. Delta.*

BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's masses; then augmenting and pressing onwards as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavored to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Coles, the three colonels—Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshave—fell wounded; and the Fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships; but suddenly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, with voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. Their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns on their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as, slowly and with a horrid carnage, it was pushed by the incessant vigor of the attack to the farthest edge of the height. Then the French reserve, mixing with the multitude, endeavored to restore the fight, but only augmented the disorder, and the mass giving way, went headlong down the steep; and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand British soldiers, stood triumphant on the hill.—*Napier.*

WOOD GAS.

It is but recently that successful experiments have been made in the manufacture of illuminating gas from wood. A patent was first applied for it in this country, in 1853, by a German chemist, the assignee of the discoverer, Emil Briesach. Under this patent different gas works have been erected in this country, and with satisfactory results. Where wood is cheap, it is believed this gaseous product will be cheap. The residuum consists of charcoal and tar; and creosote and pyroligneous acid may also be obtained. Different kinds of wood may be used for this purpose—pine, spruce, beech, oak, etc., if it be perfectly dry; and if the wood is as cheap as in many districts in this country, the cost must be very much less—indeed, but a small fraction of the cost of coal gas at its ordinary rates. The following statement of the product of gas from wood, from a reliable source, throws some interesting light on the subject: "One cord of ordinary pine wood, of one hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet produces gas-light equal to eight hundred pounds of spermaceti candles; one cord of oak or maple, of good quality, will yield gas-light equal to nine hundred pounds of spermaceti candles." A cord of dry pine wood has produced the light of thirteen hundred pounds of spermaceti candles.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHEREFORE.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

Now the winter waneth slow,
And the fierce winds fainter blow,
But vain tears my eyes o'erflow,
Wherefore?

Snow-drops from the dark earth rise,
Beauteous to happy eyes,
Still my heart in secret sighs,
Wherefore?

From the southland bluebirds wing,
Heralds of the virgin spring,
They to me no pleasure bring,
Wherefore?

Every maiden's face I see
Breathes forth joy's serenity:
Ah, how different to me!
Wherefore?

Cares of age my heart has known,
Joy was smote upon her throne
Ere my childhood's hours had flown:
Wherefore?

Each dull day some heavy care
Makes my lot more hard to bear,
While I languish in despair,
Wherefore?

O, mourning heart! At Christ's behest
Life's sharp arrows sting my breast:
Doubt I it is for the best,
Wherefore?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TWO CAPTAINS:

—OR,—

THE SAILORS' PROTEGE.

BY RALPH TRYON.

In a neat apartment two men were seated, whose grizzled locks and weather-beaten countenances told as plainly that both had passed the meridian of life as their pea-jackets, flowing shirt collars and *tout ensemble* revealed their intimate acquaintance with salt water. Both were possessed of vigorous frames, and if old Time had marked his approaches, he had left them,

"Strong for service still, and unimpaired"

The room, also, bore evidence of the calling of its inmates. A rich Turkey carpet covered the floor, while upon the mantel-piece, between two vases formed of the shells of the nautilus, was a full-rigged ship, and in the wall directly above a harpoon was crossed over a lance of corresponding length. The recesses on either side of the chimney was fitted with shelves, upon which were displayed with considerable taste, shells from the South Sea Islands, whale's teeth, Chinese ornaments and trinkets, and curiosities from various parts of India. The furniture also bore witness to its varied nationality, while a piano stood out in bold contrast to the motley collection that surrounded it.

The instrument was a tell-tale of a third party who was wanting to make up the family group, and the fact of its being open made its recent use apparent. The hardy men sat apart with gloomy looks. One was industriously puffing small clouds of smoke from the short Dutch pipe which hung like a pot-hook from his lips, although its fine workmanship and silver mountings render our comparison a failure. His companion was busy with his knife and a piece of wood, which, in his fit of abstraction, he was unconsciously shaping into a miniature boat.

"Jack," at length remarked the latter, "you are as glum as a dead light, to-night."

"I had in mind the same observation to make to you."

"You have sailed in my company long enough, Jack Crosstree, to know that my words are as valuable as the weather, but with you the case is different; you always keep on with a steady breeze and taut bowline."

"Well, shipmate, the fact is, I have been thinking."

"Blast it, so have I!"

"And I find myself cruising in a fog."

"Well, all I've got to say is, that when Jack Crosstree owns himself at fault, Will Roughwater isn't going to set himself up as a pilot."

"Will, you know that for some years back I have acted as a sort of hanker for you."

"You have had the key to our shot locker, or there wouldn't have been much in it I reckon."

"Since the night that—you know what I mean—we agreed to put our earnings together for one common object."

"True as gospel, Jack, only the object could hardly be called common."

"The overplus we were to divide equally. Now how much do you suppose your share amounts to?"

"I haven't kept no sort of a reckoning, but over and above my interest in the Fanny Crosstree, perhaps there may be the matter of a few hundred dollars."

"A trifle over five thousand dollars, salted down in true blue bank stock."

The other sprang from his chair in amazement.

"Shipmate, if we were twenty years younger I should say that you had liquor on board and was altogether by the head."

"But as it is?"

"My topsails are all aback, and blow me if I know what to make of it."

"Never mind about the money, Will, we can easily take care of that. It is altogether a different matter which is kicking up such an ugly chop-sea in my mind."

"I see what you are driving at—our little Fanny."

"True; but little Fanny is now a young woman."

"Yes, and as handsome, tight-built a craft as was ever turned out among her sex."

"I don't know how you feel, Will, but if any harm happened to her to blight her innocent young heart, I'm sure it would break my own."

"I am sure of one thing, Jack," said the other, flourishing his herculean fists, "and that is, that I would break the head of the one who was the cause of it."

"Fanny has now arrived at an age when she finds pleasure in a society somewhat different from what two rough old sea-dogs like ourselves can offer her."

"But dash my cutwater if she can find any that will be so true to her."

"The darling loves us both dearly, and Heaven knows if she was my own child she could not be dearer to me; but she regards us both as parents, and young girls with her dashing cut and rig soon find out that there is another kind of love which outweighs all this."

"It's lucky, Jack, that she thinks you are her father."

"I don't know about that, Will; I sometimes think we have done wrong in keeping her in ignorance on this point so long."

"Blast me if I do! What is the use in taking a reef in her happiness while she is making such a lively run with a spanking breeze and plenty of sea room?"

"It has got to come sooner or later, shipmate."

"Stave it off until the weather changes."

"It is the duty of a true seaman to make all snug aloft, to be in readiness for whatever change Providence has in store for him. I don't know how you feel, but the barometer of my heart warns me to look out for heavy weather."

"Hang me if I know how I feel."

"What do you think of this Walter Fearing with whom she has gone to a concert to-night?"

"He seems to trim ship very fairly, and for a landsman I have taken quite a fancy to him."

"But if he were cruising under false colors?"

"Shipmate, you are heaving the lead, but blow me if I know whether we are shoaling or not."

"The youngster seems all right, I'll allow; but his family are proud and rich, I understand, and might not relish a connection with such as us."

"Such as us! Why, Jack, two abler seamen do not tread the planks of a quarter deck, if I do say it."

"Able or ordinary, it would make little difference with those fashionable folks."

"Then all I've got to say is, that they show a—I wont swear—a thundering lubberly taste."

"They might go further and fare worse, I'll allow, but that's neither here nor there. One of us has got to be on hand continually to watch over the child and keep her clear of hidden rocks and quicksands. She needs a pilot, and Will, it's my opinion that you had better stop on shore and take charge of her."

"What, I, Will Roughwater, lie up in ordinary while my shipmate is boxing about on this blasted ugly coast; by all the sea lions that cruise in the Northern Ocean, I'd mutiny first!"

"I know your generous heart, and will therefore make terms to satisfy you. I will make my mate master of the 'Roughwater,' and then you and I will take turns in commanding the 'Fanny.' How does that suit you?"

"Why, that is more ship-shape and sailor fashion. I'll agree to that."

"This point is settled then; but there is another matter we must come to an understanding about. Our cruise in life wont last forever. We must bring up with a round turn sooner or later, and we ought to provide in season, in case of any accident, so that our little property shall go to the right destination, or to come square up to the mark at once, we ought to make our wills."

"But Fanny will be our heir of course."

"That is nature and justice, but it isn't law. She is in fact no relation of ours."

"Well, heave ahead, Jack, as you think best. I'm kind of superstitious about this will-making business, I'll allow; but I'm not the man to shirk when duty lays out the course."

"Here I am, dear father, and uncle Will, safe home again!" exclaimed a fair girl, bounding into the apartment.

"What has become of your convoy, darling?" asked Roughwater.

"Why, as soon as he saw me safe into port he 'bout ship and stood off homeward bound, I fancy. Wasn't that tolerably expressed for a sailor's daughter?"

"That's the lingo, you gipsey."

"It's a raw night, Fanny," said Crosstree. "Don't you feel cold, my dear?"

"Not in the least, father, for to tell the truth, I rode home in a carriage."

The friends exchanged a significant glance.

"Why, uncle Will," she continued, "you have been whittling upon the carpet again!"

"Bless me, I believe I have, sweetheart, but it was altogether a *lapsus lingy*—I believe that's the French for a mistake."

"Not exactly," rejoined the laughing girl; "but never mind, uncle, I can easily brush them up."

"Fanny, has this Walter Fearing ever called upon you during our trips?"

"Why, father, a few times, I believe," she answered, while the rich coloring of her cheek deepened to a still warmer hue.

"What was the object of his visits?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, unless it was to see me," was her ingenuous reply.

"You know that I am an old sailor, and do not like a long parley, therefore I come to the point at once. Did he ever tell you that he loved you?"

"Never, father, or I should at once have sent him to you."

"That's right, my child; and now we will put a stopper on this subject. Suppose you sing us a song, for Will and I have been a trifle dull to-night, and a good lively air will set us up all right again."

"With pleasure; but Uncle Will must join in the chorus."

"Ay, ay, my lively lass, these old copper lungs of mine are ever at your service!"

Passing over the interval of a few days, during which Captain Roughwater had proceeded on his usual trip to Philadelphia, in his snug little packet brig, the "Fanny Crosstree," leaving his friend to finish the lading of his own brig, we will transfer the scene to the counting-room of Mr. Fearing, the father of the young man whose visits caused the two captains so much uneasiness in reference to their protege.

"Walter, I wish to speak with you in my private office," he said, as the young man entered at a late hour in the morning.

"Well, sir," he proceeded, after they were seated, "so you have thought proper to appear abroad in very questionable company, I understand."

"I do not comprehend you, sir."

"To be plainer then, you have been seen in a public place with the daughter of a low sailor."

"I have always known you, sir, as a severe man, but I had hoped you were at least just."

"What do you mean by such language?"

"Simply that you have spoken unjustly of a worthy man."

"The fellow is well enough, I suppose, for his calling, but if your intentions are honorable in that quarter, he is not the man I would have for the father-in-law of my son."

"And if my intentions were otherwise?"

"I would advise you not to appear abroad in her company."

"In that case you would not blame me seriously."

"I know that young blood does not flow so circumspectly as that of maturer years. I could pardon an error, my son, but the disgrace of a low marriage, never."

"And thus you would rebuke one who openly avows his dishonorable purpose of blighting the heart of an innocent girl and bringing misery into a happy and worthy family, and that one your son," replied the young man, rising indignantly from his chair with a glance before which his haughty parent quailed.

"Have a care, sir; your intemperate language exceeds the bounds of forbearance."

"I am no longer a child. You sought the interview and you must hear me out."

"If it is your purpose to insult me, have the kindness at least to moderate your voice, unless you wish to have the drudges of the office overhear your unnatural words."

"I have no such purpose, sir, and I regret that I spoke to you in anger," said Walter, softening; "but it made my blood boil within me to have you contemplate so calmly a wrong against one of the loveliest and purest-minded creatures that ever owned a nature human."

"I perceive that you are too extravagant to pursue this theme. At another time, when you are more reasonable, we can renew it."

"Nay, sir, hear me now, for I must confess that I love her. I have struggled to suppress it, and have brought family pride and your anticipated opposition to aid me in the effort, but I cannot control this affection, although I have never made the object of it aware of its existence."

"Enough! I know your headstrong nature too well to think you will regard my wishes or brook control. Be pleased to listen to my determination. From the moment that you call this girl your wife, I will not say do not darken my doors, but take care that she never crosses their threshold; for never will I own her for a daughter."

"In the event of such a connection, you must be aware, sir, that this determination would also exclude me."

"That would be as you pleased to consider it."

The son gazed thoughtfully on his parent for a few moments, noting the cold, relentless countenance before him, and then, as if scorning further expostulation, he seized his hat and rushed into the street. As he darted blindly from the doorway he ran against a person whose strong arms at once encircled him to prevent his falling.

"Mr. Fearing?"

"Captain Crosstree, is it you?" was their mutual exclamation.

"Your lookout does not seem on the alert this morning."

"Hardly, captain; but they say fortune is blind, and that, doubtless, is the reason I was brought into collision with you, the man of all others I wished most to see at the present time."

"Well, my young friend, step on board the brig and I am at your service."

The vessel lay at the wharf only a short distance, and in a few moments they were seated in her snug cabin, when Walter told the story of his affection for Fanny, not omitting the incidents of his late interview with his father, and besought permission to openly pay his addresses.

"Young man, this is ship-shape and honorable. Give me your hand."

"And you give your consent?"

"Belay for a few minutes, Walter, and give your attention to a yarn which is important for you to hear before I decide."

"Proceed, captain."

"Some sixteen years ago, at a late hour of the night, two seamen were standing up this same wharf under a full press of sail and with no little liquor on board. They had been paid off that day for a long voyage and were just underweigh with a spree. Howsomever, they were not enough by the head to make them steer badly, and they knew perfectly what they were about. These men were Will Roughwater and your servant to command, Jack Crosstree.

"'Do you see that?' suddenly exclaimed Will, pointing to a white object which was moving rapidly towards us.

"'Ay, ay, shipmate!' I replied.

"'What do you make of it?'

"'Hang me if I know what to think.'

"'Do you believe in ghosts, Jack?'

"'Nonsense, Will, we are on shore and not in a forecastle.'

"'Blast me if it isn't making directly for us, whatever it may be,' he said, griping my arm; for though his heart was as true as steel in ordinary cases, he was a trifle superstitious in his younger days, you see.

"'I have made her out, any how,' I said.

"'In Heaven's name what!'

"'Only a fair craft in her night rig.'

"Upon that Will began to laugh, thinking what a fool he had been.

"'Avast, shipmate,' I whispered, 'for there is trouble in her wake or I'll lose my reckoning.'

"'Let us heave-to and see what all this is about,' said Will.

"At that moment she was close on to us. Her face was very pale, her eyes gleamed with a wild, unnatural fire, and her long hair was streaming like a thousand pennants in the breeze. She gave us both a sharp look, and before I got over my astonishment thrust a package in my arms, saying:

"'For the love of Heaven save it, I implore you! I am pursued. You are seamen—my husband was a seaman. They would destroy it—but I'll trust you. Ah, they come—they shall not find it! May the good angels bless you as you are true to this charge!' And before I could reply or recover from my dumbfounderment she darted up the wharf like a dolphin.

"'Jack Crosstree,' exclaimed Will, 'do me the favor to pull my cutwater.'

"'Can't, shipmate—both hands full.'

"'Blast it, then, tell me whether I am asleep or not!'

"'I aint able to make out my own longitude.'

"'Well, Jack, at all events you've got something in your fists. I suppose that's real, any how.'

"'It's heavy enough to be something.'

"'Let me have a peep at it. Hey, what's that; didn't you hear a noise?'

"'Yes, and whatever it is, 'tis alive, for I can feel it kick.'

"'Well, Jack, here's for an overhaul. I'm bound to find out what sort of an animal it is.'

"He raised several napkins as white as snow, and with an exclamation quickly let them fall again. It was as handsome a little baby-craft as ever was launched into the sea of life.

"'Well, shipmate, what shall we do with it?' I asked.

"'I don't know, Jack, but I haven't the heart to set the little thing adrift without a pilot.'

"After a long confab we decided to take it to the woman where we boarded when ashore. She was the wife of an old shipmate of ours who had gone to Davy Jones's locker several years before, and Will and I had felt in duty bound to help her along. She received our little charge and promised to do her best by it. Before we went to sea we agreed between us that if the child was not claimed, we would bear the expense of bringing it up, drew lots to see who should act as father, and as it fell to me, I allowed Will to hitch together a name for it. We were both in the forecastle then, but on the voyage, as if to bless us for the act we had done, I was made mate and Will second officer, the first mate having died, while the second was broke for mutiny. From this time we threw grog overboard, and saved every cent of our money for one common end. For several years we remained in the same employ, during which the little one learned to use her pins and to chatter in tolerable good English. Will and I set our lives by her, and in order to see her the oftener, we got employment in the coasting business, where we have worked our way up to the position in which you now find us. Our child went regularly to school and grew as beautiful as a little angel. Strange to say, no inquiry was made concerning her. In the course of time we chartered a house, hired her former nurse for housekeeper, made her a Christmas present of a piano, and allowed her to learn the French lingo. In short, we tried to do our duty by her, and she has repaid us by her sweet affection a thousand fold. Now, my friend, you know all that I know about our beloved Fanny, and it is for you to say whether you wish to continue your visits."

"My dear captain, I am completely astounded with what you have told me. I have always supposed her to be your daughter; but whoever she is it cannot alter her sweet nature nor my determination."

"Spoken like a man of honor!" exclaimed the hardy master, embracing him, "and if any man is worthy of the dear girl it is yourself."

"But was there no clue by which you could seek out her parents?"

"None except the clothes which she wore when she fell into my charge and a little coral necklace with a gold clasp, upon which are some initials I believe. I have taken pains to keep everything."

"Does Fanny know all this?"

"Not a word, but I shall overhaul the log with her soon, and until then you will do me a great favor not to allude to it in her presence."

"I will obey you, captain, and thanking you for your kindness and confidence, must now take my leave."

"God bless you, my boy, for unshipping a heavy burthen from an old sailor's heart."

Thus they parted, and the worthy Crosstree spent the remainder of the day in getting his vessel ready for sea, with her new master.

We will again return to the old sailors' home, allowing the space of a month to intervene since the conversation which occurred in the cabin of the "Roughwater." A fearful wintry storm was raging without, and from the appearance of Crosstree and his protege, all was not calm within. He was pacing the room in rapid strides and instinctively gazing aloft as though he was treading the planks of a quarter deck, while his iron countenance was expressive of great mental anxiety. Fanny was gazing abstractedly at the glowing grate, while her usually bright eyes wore an air of heaviness, and the pallor of her beautiful cheek showed that clouds lowered over her heart. Within a few days she had learned the secret of her connection with the worthy man whom she loved as a father. Walter Fearing had also breathed into her ear the tale of his ardent attachment; but while she could not conceal the fervor which made it reciprocal, yet her womanly pride gave her strength to firmly refuse an alliance with so haughty a family so long as the secret of her birth and parentage remained unknown. The trouble which oppressed the old seaman owed its origin to an entirely different cause. He knew that his old shipmate, if he made his ordinary run, must be at that moment somewhere inside of Cape Cod, and although aware of his perfect knowledge of the bay and harbor, he feared that the driving snow, together with the fierceness of the gale combined, would place him at fault and perhaps wreck his vessel; while to be wrecked on such a night, he felt, would be almost certain destruction to all on board.

"Father, you seem disturbed to-night," said the fair girl.

"It is a fearful night, my dear. This storm will strew the coast with wrecks, and drive hundreds of poor unfortunate beings into eternity."

"Is it not time for the arrival of dear Uncle Will?"

"Yes, my child."

"And he is in danger, I see it by your looks."

"I cannot hang out false colors, Fanny. There is a Providence who commands the storm, and his power alone can, I fear, return my dear shipmate in safety." And the strong man covered his face with his hard hands, unable to control the agony which he endured.

"Fanny," said he, at length, "it is already past midnight, and you had better seek your bunk."

"I could not close my eyes, dear father. O, what a terrific blast was that!"

"Shipmate, ahoy!" was the welcome hail which rose even above the violence of the storm.

"Heaven be praised! Will Roughwater is safe!" exclaimed Crosstree, making a bound towards the door, and in a moment he was locked in the strong embrace of his hardy shipmate.

"Heave ahead, Jack, for I don't know whether I'm standing on my natural limbs or two frozen sticks. What, Fanny too, on the watch for her old uncle! Give me a kiss, darling."

So busy were they with their congratulations, that they did not notice the presence of the stranger who accompanied Captain Roughwater.

"Blast me, if my happiness hasn't put a stopper on my manners," said the latter. "Jack, you haven't forgotten our young skipper of the Dolphin."

"Captain Talbot, I give you a sailor's welcome. Time, I see, has been overhauling you as well as ourselves. My daughter, sir."

The stranger turned and took the proffered hand of the fair girl in his own; but as his glance rested upon her beautiful features, he started wildly, and a strange emotion rested upon his features.

"Great heavens!" he faintly exclaimed, sinking into a chair, "what a resemblance!"

The two captains did not notice his agitation, so much engaged were they with each other, the one in recounting the perils of his severe trip, and the other in listening. Fanny had left them to see that a room was prepared for their guest, for whose appearance we will account from the fact that Roughwater accidentally met him in Philadelphia, and being a master with whom he had formerly sailed, and learning that he was on his way to Boston, he offered him a passage in his brig, which the other thought proper to accept.

"Pardon me, Captain Crosstree," he at length said, "but is that beautiful girl really your daughter?"

"For the want of a better father, sir."

But the stranger was not satisfied, and at a later hour, after Fanny had retired, the two captains thought proper to give him all the particulars of her eventful history. His emotion seemed to have fearfully increased, and he demanded, in a hoarse voice, to see the articles which they had preserved.

"Just Heaven!" he exclaimed, when they were shown him, "she is my own child. The initials upon the clasp of that necklace were cut by me. A. F.—Agnes Fearing, the maiden name of my poor wife!"

He then related to them the story of his love for the beautiful sister of the proud merchant whom we have already introduced to the reader, of the cruel opposition they had encountered, of their private marriage, which they were able finally to accomplish only a few days before he was compelled to depart on a long voyage, and of his return to find that she had died [illegible] of a broken heart. Now [illegible] her that her husband [illegible] and that Fanny was the [illegible] birth of her child, produced [illegible] upon her mind and system that the [illegible] a raving maniac. Mrs. Fearing did everything for her to the extent of her power, and treated her with the most [illegible] kindness. Feeling [illegible] one night, she seized her baby and fled from the house, and when they obtained the custody *of* her again she had been rescued from a watery grave by a watchman. As the house was missing, it was supposed that she had drowned herself, and to avoid publicity little inquiry was made concerning the matter. In a few days the unfortunate wife and mother died.

"Our yarns splice together like two pieces of the same rope," said Roughwater.

"Captain Talbot, our beloved Fanny must be your child," said Crosstree, sighing in spite of himself.

"I am rich, thank Heaven!" said Captain Talbot; "and this proud family shall learn the necessity of respecting Fanny Crosstree when I introduce her as Agnes Talbot, their niece."

Of the meeting of father and child—of the surprise of the Fearings, and the delight of the noble-hearted Walter at the unexpected *denouement*, we must leave the reader to fill up the picture. The proofs of the identity of the sailors' protege as the daughter of Captain Talbot, were established beyond doubt, Mrs. Fearing having recognized every article that was originally found with the child.

The fair girl only enjoyed her new title for a brief space, for an event which occurred a few months afterwards made her better known as Mrs. Fearing. Years have passed, and the two captains have abandoned the seas. They still occupy their former cabin, as they call their home, and Agnes, although she has scores of fashionable acquaintances, loves them dearly as ever. Her piano remains in its old place, nor is it neglected, for there is a little Fanny, the image of her mother, who almost daily runs her tiny fingers over the keys, delighting with her bird-like carols the warm hearts of the two captains.

WITCHCRAFT IN MISSISSIPPI.

Under the caption of "Very Singular," the Grenada (Miss.) Republican relates the following rock-and-bull story: "We are credibly informed that there is now, in this county, a girl ten years old, who is very singularly affected. It appears she labors under the impression that she is bewitched. Her case is certainly a remarkable one. She wears a piece of gold around her neck, and if the gold is not watched, the string will twist to suffocation. She thinks if the gold was removed she would die instantly; on one occasion it was removed while she was asleep, and immediately there were signs of strangulation. Another remarkable feature connected with her case is this: cut off a piece of her hair and throw it into the fire, and she will show evident signs of pain or uneasiness by screaming. Her hair has been burnt half a mile distant, and at the very instant of burning she manifested the same signs of pain. Another strange feature in this case is, that if the picture of the individual whom she believes to be the cause of her sufferings is drawn upon paper, and shot at with lead, it makes no impression upon her, but present a gun loaded with silver, and she is thrown into spasms; fire, and she is calm again. This certainly is a strange case, and we hope to hear more from it." Great credit is due the editor of the Republican for the gravity with which he states the case.

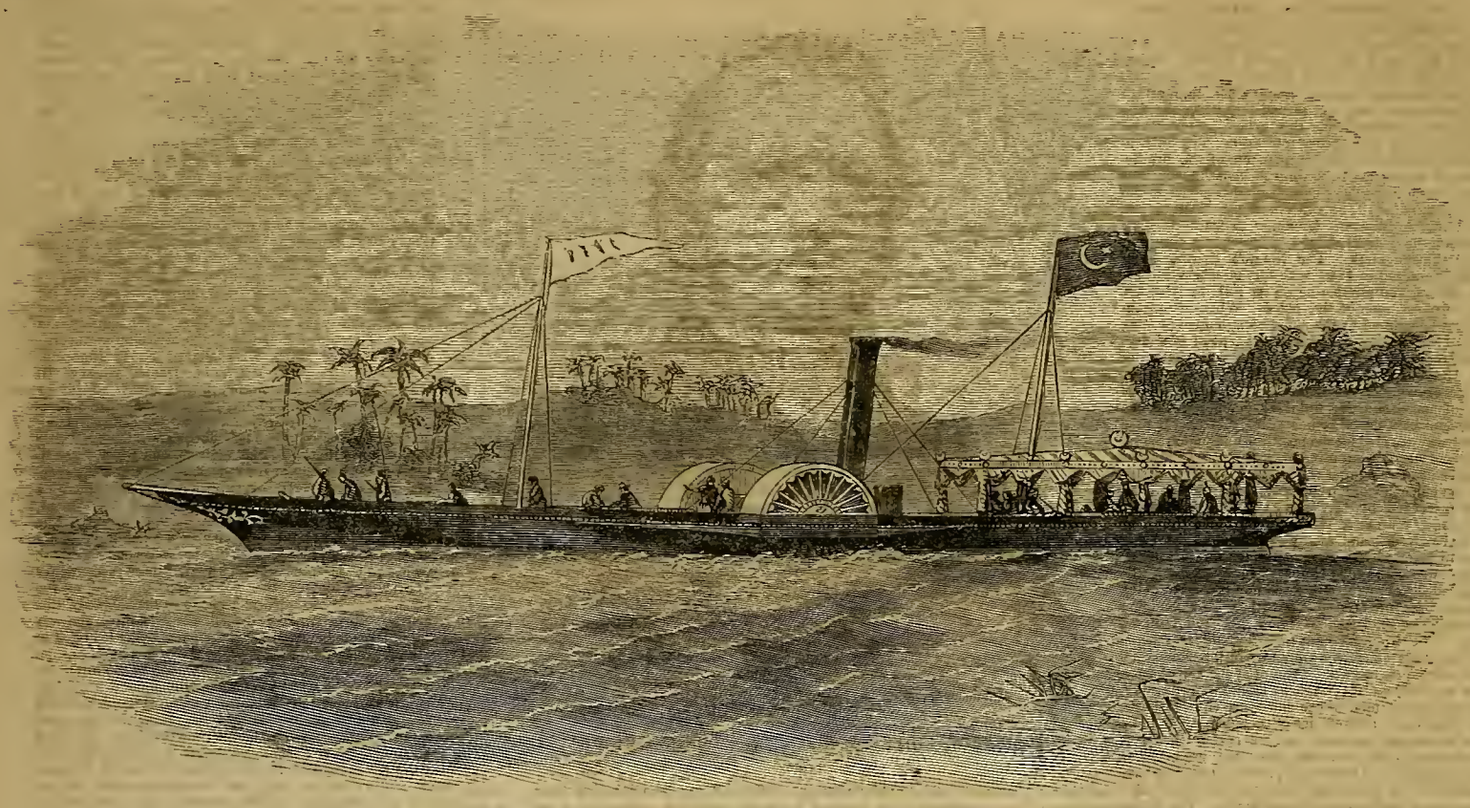
A DARK MYSTERY.

Lately, as a workman of the extensive powder mill of St. Chamas (Bouches du Rhone, France), which belongs to the government, was about to resume his work in one of the rooms, in which there were at least ten tons of gunpowder, he perceived some bluish substance in the midst of the powder he had to handle; and on examining it found the heads of a dozen chemical matches, so arranged as probably to cause explosion on being touched. He immediately summoned his chiefs, and the heads of the matches were removed with the greatest care. The operation was attended with considerable danger, as, in addition to the vast quantity of gunpowder in the place, there were at least thirty tons in an adjacent storehouse. Suspicion fell upon a young man named Mouttet, a stranger to the establishment, who on some pretext had entered it just as the workmen were suspending work to go to dinner. He was sought for everywhere, and was at last found stationed on the top of a high hill which overlooks the mill, gazing earnestly below, as if in momentary expectation of some great event. About two months before, a terrible explosion, which did great damage, and killed five persons, took place in the same mill, and the cause of it was never discovered. It is now not unreasonably suspected that Mouttet may have occasioned it. His motive, however, remains a mystery.

A WEALTHY MERCHANT.

John F. A. Sanford, an eminent merchant of this city, died recently, in the fifty-first year of his age. He commenced life as a trapper on the Missouri, rose to a partnership in the great St. Louis firm of Pierre Chonteau, Jr., and Co., and rapidly accumulated a fortune amounting to not less than a million and a half of dollars. We have heard that he, in connection with George Peabody, Esq., the London banker, made $600,000 on one year's importation of British iron, mainly for railroads. But the cares and anxieties of his immense business proved too great for even his vigorous mind, and Mr. Sanford was some months since stricken down with insanity. He recovered his reason after a time, but not permanently; he was again stricken, and died under the infliction—more deserving of commiseration in the midst of his vast wealth than many a beggar who knows not where to lay his head. The life of this man, truly and fearlessly written, would prove more instructive and salutary than many ponderous volumes.—*New York Tribune.*

It is a fortunate thing in the early part of one's life to escape those causes of self-applause which too generally satisfy the mind with a few successful steps in this world's career. "I would never have been bishop of Worcester," said Irideaux, "could I have been made clerk of Ugborrow;" and Carneades, the celebrated founder of the new academy, used to say, "if there were no Chrysippus there would be no Carneades," thus acknowledging how much he was indebted to the talents of his opponent for his own reputation as a disputant.



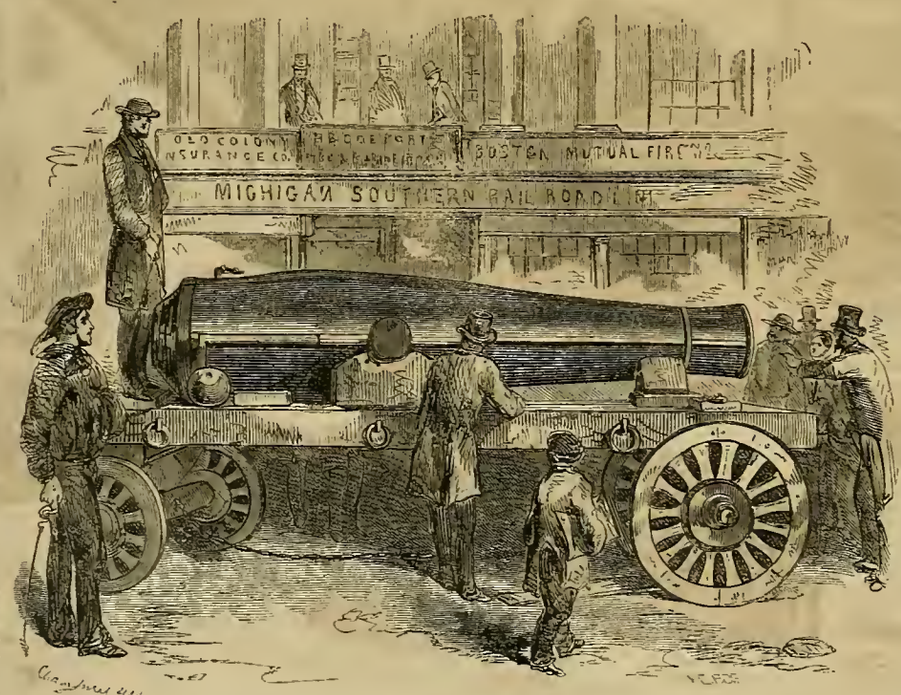
NEW SPORTING STEAM YACHT FOR PRINCE HALEM PACHA.

HALEM PACHA'S SPORTING STEAM YACHT.

The beautiful yacht depicted on this page, is quite a gem in naval architecture. It is a miniature craft, exquisitely fashioned, and weighing only three tons with all her equipment. She is by this time in possession of her fortunate owner, Halem Pacha, of Egypt, having sailed from England for Alexandria during the past month, soon after her completion by Messrs. Westwood, Baillie, Campbell & Co., of London-yard, Isle of Dogs. She is intended to convey the pacha and his suite up the shallow and intricate passages of the River Nile on shooting excursions; consequently it is necessary that the draft of water, when loaded, should not exceed eighteen inches, at the same time speed being required with small horse-power. The vessel is constructed very flat amidships, but possesses fine lines in the bow and stern. She was built from designs by Mr. T. Smith, naval architect, her dimensions being as follows:—Length between the perpendiculars, 45 feet; beam, 5 feet 6 inches; depth, 3 feet 5 inches; burden in tons, 6 66-94; length over all, 51 feet; displacement, at eighteen inches, two tons two cwt. The engine was made by Mr. Stewart, of the Blackwall Iron Works, Blackwall, and is a five-horse-power oscillating condensing engine, with a cylinder of ten and a half inches diameter, and a stroke of fourteen inches. The engine and boiler occupy but little space, having the cylinder and air-pump directly under the shaft. The whole weight of engine and paddle-wheels is 15 cwt.; the weight of boiler, with water and coals, 35 cwt., making a total of 50 cwt.; complete length of engine and boiler space, 13 feet.—We are pleased to notice the movements in naval architecture of our transatlantic friends; in this great business, the men of England and America can afford to be generous rivals. We shall never forget how heartily the triumph of the America was acknowledged by the English, nor the reception given to the Merrimac, nor the commendations which our noble clipper ships have elicited from the British press and people. America and England are able to furnish the "rest of mankind" with shipping if they will foot the bill, and they must be content to share with each other the glory of sending forth the finest craft.

THE BOSTON SARDINIAN CANNON.

We present on this page an accurate representation of the monster gun, purchased by contribution in this city, as a gift to Sardinia, as it was exhibited on State Street. It was taken out by the clipper barque Nevada, which sailed recently for Genoa, and by this time is placed in a battery in the fortress of Alessandria, in the front of Sardinia, next to Austria. It bears the inscription, "Boston, United States, to Sardinia." The amount of its cost, $500, was raised by subscription in this city. The cannon was cast at Alger's foundry, and is an eight-inch Columbiad, a truly beautiful piece of ordnance. It may yet speak in thunder-tones in the sacred cause of Italian liberty. The present king of Sardinia, Victor Emanuel Albert Eugene, formerly prince royal and duke of Savoy, is one of the most liberal sovereigns of Europe. He greatly distinguished himself in the war of liberation which closed disastrously in 1849. On ascending the throne, he promised his subjects a liberal constitutional government, and he has thus far kept his word. It is something to have such a nucleus as Sardinia as the basis for a movement in favor of the regeneration of Italy, an event which the lovers of freedom anticipate with trembling.



SARDINIAN CANNON, EXHIBITED IN STATE STREET, BOSTON.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

In June, 1851, Charlotte Bronte came to London. She attended Thackeray's lectures, and preferred them to the Crystal Palace, albeit she visited the latter under the scientific superintendence of Sir David Brewster. During all the next winter and throughout the succeeding year, her own ill health and her care for the infirmities of her father, compelled her to suspend her labors. By December, 1852, however, "Villette" was ready for the press. But we must now hasten to the two closing events of her career, her marriage and her death. In January, 1853, the project of her marriage was first openly broached. Mrs. Gaskell tells us little enough about Mr. Nicholls, although, from Charlotte's own confession that he made her very happy, he must be a good man. We gather, however, that he was her father's curate. At first, when he proposed, old Mr. Bronte objected, and Mr. Nicholls determined to throw up his curacy and leave Haworth; subsequently, however, it was represented to Mr. Bronte that the marriage of his daughter would not necessarily entail his separation from her, but that she and her husband might still reside in the parsonage and be a comfort to his declining years. Then did the old man consent that the wish of the poor girl's heart should be gratified. When the wedding-day arrived, the 29th of June, 1851, "when all was finished, the trunk packed, the morning's breakfast arranged, the wedding-dress laid out, Mr. Bronte announced his intention of stopping at home while the others went to church." But, for all this, she was married, and her husband loved her, and everybody blessed her. Short felicity! She was married but nine months, and in March, 1852, the same consumption which had taken her sisters, came and carried her off too.—*London Critic.*

CURIOSITIES IN CRYSTALS.

When the wind is from the northeast, and an ashen gray sand sweeps close overhead, the general exclamation is, it "feels like snow." Soon the flakes begin to descend; at first leisurely and few; then swifter, and finally faster, faster. Before an hour, the earth is covered with a white mantle, composed of millions on millions of little crystals, each as perfect of its kind as a diamond, and each in itself, if you will only look at it, as beautiful. Take up one. It melts in your hand; it is gone. See that other, on the very top of the snow-drift, glistening, gem-like, in the sunshine. A while ago it was vapor floating in the sky; before that it was a drop of sea-water; to-morrow it will be flaid again and mingled with the ocean. Examine its shape. It is like a tiny star cut in Carrara marble. Yet no sculptor, nor even lapidist, could ever rival it. No marble is fine enough to fabricate it. What subtle power in nature has made this snow-flake so different in appearance from the rain-drop, yet substantially the same? The very boys in the telegraph-office will tell you it was magnetism. Yes! it is this, as yet, almost unknown agent, the motive power, by which we send "lightning" messages to our friends, which helps to crystallize alike the diamond at the bottom of the mine and the snow-flake high up in the heavens.—The whole subject of crystals is beautiful beyond imagination. It is crystallization, and crystallization alone, which draws the line between the diamond that flashes on a lady's finger, and the charcoal that smuts a kitchen maid. Sandstone and granite, limestone and marble, have their essential differences in crystallization. One has been formed in the laboratory of nature, by the slow deposite of matter held in solution in primeval seas, the other by particle on particle, also held in solution, arranging itself in the precision of soldiers at a review. No architect ever built more regularly than nature when constructing even the smallest crystal. Plants and animals grow by successive developments; increase by assimilation through chemical changes; but crystals are equally perfect in their earliest stages, and enlarge only by accretion. Yet crystals, like all other created things, die in time. Mines abound with skeletons of crystals. Crystals differ in shape as much as plants themselves. Yet the same substances always crystallize in the same forms, at least under the same conditions, so that we may say there are tribes and races of crystals, with typical shapes, exactly as of men. Crystallization is found through all nature. There is not a substance, which when allowed the free movement of its particles, does not exhibit a tendency to crystallize. Water, at a low temperature, crystallizes into ice. Metals, slowly cooled, after melting, crystallize. The gases, evanescent as they seem, may be made so artificially cold as to crystallize. Our children eat crystallized sugar under the name of rock-candy, and we ourselves use it in the loaf, crystallized in another form. What is glass but a crystal? The sizes of crystals vary indefinitely. There are crystals too small to be recognized except under a microscope; and there is one at Milan weighing nearly nine hundred pounds. The White Mountains of New Hampshire are a vast aggregation of crystals. The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky is an enormous museum of crystals. As yet, however, the science of crystallization is a sealed book. Its mightiest curiosities still lie awaiting the skill and perseverance of some fortunate explorer.—*Tribune.*

NIAGARA ENGINE CO., NO. 5, NASHUA, N. H.

We present on this page two engravings, drawn expressly for our Pictorial, from ambrotypes by Mr. J. S. Miller, of Nashua, N. H., illustrating the fire department of the flourishing city of Nashua. The first is a portrait of Franklin Munroe, Esq., chief engineer of the fire department, and the second represents the fine company whose name heads this article. Our representations will, we trust, prove interesting, not only to the locality referred to, but to members of the fire department of other places, for we well know the spirit of fraternity which links these gallant men together in the bonds of sympathy. The officers of the Niagara are Messrs. J. Q. A. Warren, foreman; Edward Wright, 1st assistant do.; J. W. Blood, 2d assistant do.; and S. B. Hutchinson, clerk. The Niagara Engine Company was organized in 1848, with fifty members, including the officers, and numbering on its roll many of the leading business men of the place. When its organization was completed by the usual complement of men, the town (Nashua not being then chartered as a city) furnished them with an engine from the manufactory of Messrs. Hunneman & Co., of Roxbury, in this State, of six inches cylinder, and fifteen inches stroke, one of the best of its class. Mr. John H. Gage was elected foreman, and held the office one year. This gentleman was every way adapted for the position, and under his intelligent and energetic administration, the company was thoroughly disciplined and trained in everything necessary to the efficiency of a well-organized fire department. He was succeeded by Mr. George H. Whitney, of the firm of Gage, Warner & Whitney, who held the command for two years, and was re-elected for a third, but resigned in favor of Mr. S. F. Lund, who served one year, and was succeeded by Mr. J. Q. Brown, who commanded for one year and three months. Mr. J. Q. A. Warren was next elected, and has held the office ever since, being re elected at every subsequent annual meeting. The Niagara enjoys the reputation of being one of the most efficient companies in the State, and has well earned its laurels. Prompt at the call of duty, resolute and fearless, the Niagaras labor to save property with the zeal of men whose souls are enlisted in the cause. The vigor and efficiency they display in fighting the devouring element may be accounted for in some measure by the fact that, since the organization of their company in 1848 to the present time, they have been called out to eighty-one fires and alarms, and have on all occasions acquitted themselves with credit. The following spirited motto is that adopted by the company:

Whene'er is heard the toesin's sound,
The fireman's startling cry,
Niagara's boys will there be found.
Their motto: *We will try.*

There have been two fires in Nashua when the total conflagration of this fine city seemed imminent. The first occurred July 24, 1852, and originated in the engine building of Josephus Baldwin, on Water Street, which contained oil and other combustibles. The fire spread with fearful rapidity, and the burning oil occasioned such a dense cloud of smoke, that for miles distant it was supposed the entire city was in flames, and such indeed would have been the case, but for the almost superhuman exertions of these devoted firemen, although nearly suffocated with the intensity of heat and smoke. They maintained their positions for three hours in succession, when the fire was extinguished and they were relieved by their then chief engineer, Hon. Josephus Baldwin. Their fellow-citizens were not unmindful of their services, and the same evening held a public meeting to offer a fitting testimonial of their appreciation of the services rendered, and their gratitude to a department which had so nobly earned their thanks. The second large fire broke out July 1, 1856, in one of the mills of the Nashua Manufacturing Company. At that time, the Niagara was at Messrs. Rollins & Co. for repairs, but the alarm was no sooner given that the mill was in flames, than the men were on the ground with the relief tub Thomas Gillis. In the short space of twenty minutes, however, the Niagara was put together, and in the hands of the company. No effort could save the mill, and the city was taking fire in many places from the falling cinders, a most critical occurrence, for the houses were mostly of wood, and its doom seemed certain. The firemen, however, were equal to the emergency, and worked on with the same tireless vigor and undaunted spirit as before. The Niagara Engine House took fire, and but for the speedy aid of Engine Companies No. 1 and 4, and Hydrant Company No. 3, would have been consumed. This timely and efficient service will ever be gratefully remembered by the Niagaras. After a hard contest of five hours with the "fire-king," his devastating progress was finally arrested, though several buildings had been destroyed. The company have always had their full complement of men—fifty. Their headquarters are on High Street where they occupy a fine house erected by the city. Besides ample room for their engine and hose on the lower floor, there is a hall above for holding meetings, of which any fire company might well be proud. The floor is richly carpeted, and the walls are decorated with costly engravings, including a fine portrait of Washington. Captain J. Q. A. Warren, the foreman of the company, is a model fireman, a gallant and whole souled man, who enjoys the entire confidence and respect of the fine body of men he has the honor to command. Franklin Munroe, Esq., the chief engineer, of whom we present an excellent likeness, graces the honorable and responsible position he fills. He is not only one of the leading business men of the city, as all his predecessors have been, but is identified with the educational, religious and progressive movements of Nashua, and is universally respected by the community in which he lives. We annex, as a matter of record, the names of the assistant engineers: John H. Gage, John M. Flanders, E. P. Emerson, George White, J. D. Otterson, Daniel Hussey, B. Saunders, and F. M. Stimpson. It always affords us pleasure to do justice to the exertions of a fire department. Its members are among the most self-sacrificing of our fellow-citizens. Their duties are the most trying and arduous that men can assume, and when, in addition to their professional services, they exhibit the spectacle of well-ordered organizations, distinguished by propriety of action and excellent private deportment, they surely merit all the praise we can bestow. The fire department and the military, in a republic, certainly deserve well of their fellow-citizens, and woe be to those who would crush the spirit of either of these institutions! We should like, in this connection, to speak of the flourishing city so often referred to in the course of this article. It is situated in Hillsboro' county, and was called Dunstable until 1836, the name being changed in December of that year. The Merrimac and Nashua Rivers afford a water-power which led to the establishment of the extensive manufactures by which the city is distinguished. It was the earliest settlement in the southern part of New Hampshire. It was incorporated in 1673, but was settled some time previous. For half a century it was a frontier town, and as such, was particularly exposed to harassing attacks from the Indians. During King Philip's war, in 1675, the inhabitants were obliged to abandon it, as untenable, on that account. In 1691, several persons in the town fell victims to the Indians. From this time to 1706, frequent attacks were made and cruel outrages committed, in one of which a noted friendly Indian, called Jock English, was killed. Some were captured in the part which has since been set off from the original town under the name of Nashville, and carried into captivity. A party of eleven persons started in pursuit, but were ambushed by the Indians, attacked, and only one man escaped, John Farwell, who was the next year lieutenant in Lovewell's expedition. In 1725, Captain John Lovewell of this town raised a company of volunteers, and marched northward in pursuit of the hostile savages. In his first expedition, one Indian was killed, and one taken prisoner; in the second excursion, they killed ten Indians; but in the third, they fell into an ambuscade at Lovewell's pond, in Fryeburg, Me. Capt. Lovewell, Lieut. Farwell and Ensign Robbins, the chaplain, Mr. Frye, and twelve others, were killed, and eleven wounded, among the whites. In this conflict, the noted chief Paugus was killed. The loss of so many brave men fell heavily on the settlement, but the result was glorious.



F. MUNROE, CHIEF ENGINEER OF NASHUA FIRE DEPARTMENT.



STREET SCENE, NASHUA, N. H.—NIAGARA ENGINE COMPANY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WITH THEE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

With others I can pass the jest—
The circling top of wit can spin;
And be as careless as the best,
With those whose hearts I would not win.
But when *with thee*, my lips a seal
Possess. A silent pilgrim I,
To shrines where tongue may not reveal
The love-words that beneath it lie.

With others, in their joyous mood,
I mingle with like tone of joy;
Each gives to each, as understood,
A little gold with much alloy.
But when *with thee*, no careless phrase
From lips of mine may ever fall;
For where my heart the tribute lays
Of its best wealth, it offers all.

Aside the glittering scales are flung
That hide the jewel's primal fire;
But on one crown alone is hung
The perfect pearl kings might desire.
And so I scatter on the throng
The worthless baubles of the mind,
But the true story of my song
I offer where my love is shrined.

With thee—with thee!—it sums up all
The happiness that earth can give;
On lips of mine shall never pall
The wine they taste who love and live.
The storm may come, the tempest sweep
Across life's ever-surging sea.
But still my heart in peace will sleep
Secure with life, and love, and thee!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SOPHIE'S CONFESSION.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury—a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings, denominated lovers, are terrible bores. It does very well for a woman to blush and look flustered once in a while, when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a *man* with his face as red as a ripe beet—and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his dickey, his mouth awry and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself, as she sat swinging back and forth before her window, half-buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm-chair, toying as she spoke, with a delicate ivory fan that lay upon her lap.

"It always seems so queer, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running, musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense with anybody, till one is puzzled to guess which of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come plump down on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintanceship. For my part, I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan, and looked pleased, for she had had more than one), that I wasn't heartily sick of after he had proposed. There was Col. Morris; I thought him the handsomest man in my whole circle of acquaintances, until he went on his knees to me, and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins; he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time. But he spoiled it all with that offer of his;—what long-winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, and puffed, and perspired!—he called me an 'adorable creature,' and hiccoughed in the middle of 'adorable.' Horrors! I've detested him ever since. Then there was—"

Here Sophie started. She had heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a haste truly comical.

"It wont do to seem interested," she said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jewelled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back in her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face.

"Tell him I will be down presently."

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open her window, that the cool, fresh wind might fan away the extra rosiness from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both hands to her guest; but, as if suddenly recollecting herself, drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him, and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind, either not to be pleased or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? that a presentiment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half-hour had not elapsed before she knew that Harry Ainslee's heart, hand and fortune (which latter, by the way, was nothing wonderful) were in the same place where Col. Morris's and Dr. Wilkins's had been before them—at her disposal.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie, emphatically, from behind her fan, as she sat blushing and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant, straight-forward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope. "He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before her for a screen;—did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I couldn't snore the way old Uncle Jones used to in meeting? Wouldn't it be fun?—and wouldn't it plague Harry, if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done—theatrically done; and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"Y-o-u little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a gripe that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behaviour!" Then lowering his voice, he added, gravely: "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so?—and if you do not, am I not, at least, worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips, that would have done credit to her womanly nature and made her lover's heart bound with rapture; for the whole depths of her being were stirred, and drawn towards him as they never before had been to any man. But she could not quite give up her raillery then. She would go one step further from him, ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the white keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me," he said, at length, as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just, to trifle with me so?—to turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections? I have loved you, because under this volatile, surface-character of yours I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity—purity of soul and a warm current of tender, womanly feeling, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was fortunate enough to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if *that* is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less than the noble woman that I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes, as he ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands, as though it were but dross, and staking it all upon an idle caprice!

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses, there's Helen Myrle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would, no doubt, be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashing in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his great heart from bursting with its uprising indignation—his lips compressed and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud, sensitive nature.

Not till he was gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-by," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him,—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four hours, as importunate as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, after he had disappeared, it might have been *his* turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and to act accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mama began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate—"the poor, dear child was getting so thin." In vain. Sophie protested that she had no appetite. In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile or an abstracted "thank you," was his only recompense. If Sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringletty head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie, Sophie amongst the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the true solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go right along, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden-paths, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on the low seat, buried her head among the cool, green vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and then a pair of arms were twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried, in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head moved back and forth over her disordered curls, with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was wilful and rude, just as it is natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Sister Kate pitied her.

"I wouldn't have owned it to anybody if it hadn't been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as well as I do you, and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her wet face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife—asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a grand, kingly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and so answered him just as I most didn't want to. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich, and all the time I was thinking I had rather live in a mud hovel with him, than in the grandest place that ever was, with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate—you are so much better than I am, and never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die, if you don't!" And poor Sophie wept anew.

"Look up, dear, and I will tell you."

Sophie *did* look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped from the arms of—not Sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

"H-h-ow came you here, and who have I been talking with?" she stammered, hysterically, through her blushes and tears.

"You have been talking to me, and I came here at your sister's suggestion," was the answer, accompanied by a quiet smile. "To tell the truth, dear Sophie, Kate has been in the secret longer than you imagined, for I made her my confidant the very day following our estrangement. I met her accidentally, and she rallied me upon my dejected looks. In the freshness of my disappointment, stung by her careless remarks, I spoke bitter words to her. I was ashamed of them the moment they were uttered, as I met her grieved, wondering look; and having no other apology to offer, told her the whole truth. Knowing your heart, it seems, better than I did, she bade me wait, and hope for the best. It was in obedience to her command that I have avoided you so long, and it has been the most exquisite torture for me to do so, since I learned, through her, that you really regretted my absence. Last night, at Mrs. Evans's party, she gave me leave to call to-day. I met her in the hall a few minutes ago, and she directed me hither in search of you. You know the rest, and let me add, your confession has made me very happy."

Sophie declares to this day, that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Harry Ainslee nearly two years!

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY FLAWORE D'ART IE.

You acre Acacias, murmuring in the gale
With crimson lips up-wreathing, seem to sigh
For the sweet morn of Spring—now past and gone—
When their translucent banners stmote the sun,
And held him prisoner by their gentle wiles.
Or, are they dreaming of their fragrant flowers
That tossed upon the winds their perfume free?
Methinks there's sorrow in those sighs of yours,
Dim russet sprites!—ye lay your heads together,
And whisper so mysteriously 'mongst yourselves.
So, you wlerd Hemlock-Fir—
With broken, dying bough, all scarred and black—
Stands forth a ghost! Transparent amber light
Buoys up yon leaves, like banners dancing forth
On the proud wind! The boughs in endless play,
Leap gay this autumn morn! The tell-tale vines
Jest 'gin to blush with the frost's poison virus—
The fell consumption of the woodland train.
The Birch her perfect leaflets wafts in gold:
Pure virgin flakelets—gold without alloy.
The Maple, in his changeful banners' sheen,
Waves all his stately glory in the gale:
Ten thousand tones—ten thousand changeful hues.
Yon towering sapling, though—ambitious wight!—
Streams bold on high his crimson pennon proud,
Flaunting it forth into yon azure sky.
Like young Renown, audacious in new glory,
It fights the clouds sailing the sea of blue—
And borrows from their sapphire purple tones,
Sending unto them the pure roseate blush
That scintillates on the maiden's tender cheek.
The scarlet Sumac droops her fainting pedicles,
And one by one her leaves seek Mother Earth:
Or, they are borne along by truant winds
To the pure surface of the Painted Brook.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ALLIGATOR AND THE TIGER.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"THEM 'ere allegations is false, and that 'ere alligator knows it!" vociferated an indignant defendant, after listening to the testimony of a swift witness until his temper and patience were alike exhausted. That was one sort of an alligator, but the critter to which I allude, although making a very respectable show in his native mud, would, nevertheless, look decidedly scaly in a court of law.

Some years ago, the barque Coquette, of Boston, having been dismasted on her passage across the China Sea, put into Manilla under jury masts to refit. As the necessary repairs would detain the vessel some length of time, the crew were allowed to take a run of a week or so on shore. Most of the men lingered about the city, as the locality most congenal to their tastes; but two, Ben Gentleman, the second mate, and Jack Smith, a "high private," or tip-top and reliable foremast hand, made a straight wake for the interior, with the intention of spending a few days at the establishment of a friend and former shipmate who had by some streak of luck made himself proprietor of a plantation. Arrived at their destination, they met with the cordial sailor's welcome they had anticipated, and a pressing invitation to remain an unlimited number of years.

Their friend, although abundantly tickled at meeting old shipmates, was in a peck of trouble in consequence of the frequent loss horses and cows on a remote part of his estate, for which he could not account. The natives insisted that they were taken off, when they went to drink, by a disgraceful big alligator that frequented one of the streams in the vicinity; but their descriptions were so highly colored that they were attributed to the fondness of exaggeration to which the inhabitants of the island are peculiarly addicted.

Our salt-water friends, who were old Bengal rangers, and had paddled the length of the Ganges more times than a few, thought there might be more truth in the story than the Indians got credit for, and being no way averse to a little excitement, they resolved to ascertain the facts of the case.

Accordingly, bright and early the following morning, having armed themselves with a rifle and a stout knife each, they started for the infested locality, under convoy of an Indian guide. Their route lay, for some half a dozen miles, amid the gorgeous and somewhat savage scenery of the East India islands, with lofty mountains and frowning rocks upon one side, while upon the other a gentle flowing river, with its banks fringed with the graceful bamboo; and the alternate glory of glade and forest, spreading far and wide, presented a scene of beauty unappreciable by the untravelled denizen of our hyperborean clime.

"Ben," said Jack Smith, addressing his companion, as they strode rapidly over the firm, springy turf that spread like a luxuriant carpet beneath the forest trees; "don't you s'pose there's a smart chance for varmints in these 'ere woods? There are some spots here that look just enough like a Bengal jungle to make a chap think of cobras and tigers, and roaring lions going about seeking whom they may devour somebody. Maybe we should do as well to go kind o' easy like, and keep a sharp lookout ahead."

"You be blowed!" exclaimed Ben, who was the elder as well as the bolder and more fiery of the two. "You're not in Bengal now, by a long chalk. You don't know nothing about this 'ere island. Why, bless your heart, I travelled these woods as long ago as when you wore petticoats, and I aint eat up yet, not quite. But I say, what put such an idea as that into your skillet?"

"Why," returned Jack, with an anxious look around him, "I've no cud for the last half hour that which I saw, or heard, that was a sound like the cracking of sticks and twigs in our wake, and not a great way behind us, either. It's my belief there's some thing with mighty big paws following us, that's what I mean."

"Shipmate," said Ben, halting suddenly in his tracks and facing his companion, "there isn't but one man in this world that could tell me Jack Smith was timorsome, and make me believe it. You aint going to be that man, are you?"

"No," said Jack, sullenly, "I aint afraid; and as for going about on the other tack, it don't belong to my father's sons to do anything on that lay; but for all that, I can imagine a pleasanter coffin than a tiger's belly."

Ben burst into a loud laugh, protesting that Jack had left all his courage boxed up in his chest on board the barque, and that he couldn't tell a toad's hop from the footfall of an elephant.

Jack, although far from being convinced, remained silent, in deference to the superior age and experience of his companion; but he was constantly on the alert, with his ears open to every sound, until they reached the point of the river where the Indian intimated the alligator might be found. The stream here, after running for some distance through a narrow channel, spread out into a broad, quiet lake, a hundred rods or more in width. At the upper end of the lake, where the stream narrowed to a few yards in width, a primitive bridge of logs had been thrown across, affording passage to cattle and horsemen.

"Well, Jack," said Ben, after they had surveyed the lake for some minutes, without perceiving any signs of the alligator, "you cross over here and follow down the other bank, while I and the Indian travel this side. If the everlasting critter is anywhere about, we shall stand a chance to get a sight of him."

Jack crossed as directed, carefully examining every log and stump as he proceeded, while his companion occupied himself in a similar manner on the opposite side.

"Hi, me see 'gator!" suddenly shouted the Indian, pointing towards the centre of the lake, where a spiral motion of the water indicated that some large creature was in motion.

In another minute, the enormous head and a portion of the back of an alligator, forty feet in length, appeared above the surface and began slowly paddling towards the bank where Ben and the Indian were standing. Having waited until the animal was within half a dozen rods of the shore, Ben raised his rifle, and taking deliberate aim, succeeded in lodging a ball in its body, just forward of the fore legs.

On receiving the ball, he uttered a growl like an angry dog, and settling below the surface, began making his way towards the opposite shore, as could be perceived by the slight agitation of the still water in his track.

"Look out for him, Jack, he's coming over your side!" shouted Ben, as he hastily reloaded.

"All right, I'll 'tend to his case!" replied Jack, cocking his rifle and running along the bank to a spot where the huge trunk of a fallen tree lay with its branches in the stream, and where it appeared the alligator, from the course he was taking, would be likely to endeavor to effect a landing.

In a few moments, the water broke near the shore, and the scaly monster resting his fore legs on the bank and raising his head, gnashed his formidable jaws with a sound like nothing else in nature, while his eyes glared upon Jack, and followed his motions most ferociously.

Such an interesting object suddenly appearing within a few feet of a fellow's nose, would be very likely to make most any man quail. It is not surprising, therefore, that Jack felt himself at liberty to quail a trifle—just sufficient to spoil his aim; but plucking up courage from the repeated shouts of Ben, from across the water, to let drive, he raised his gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger.

The gun went off, of course; but as the alligator didn't follow the example, Jack did, precipitately, making his way back towards the roots of the fallen tree about as rapidly as he could make it convenient to lift his brogans. His shot, which had struck without inflicting any serious injury upon the alligator, only served to render the brute more ferocious.

Foaming with rage, with open jaws, and lashing the water into foam with his tremendous tail, he began to draw himself up on to the bank in pursuit. Jack, having placed the upturned roots and a portion of the trunk of the tree between himself and his foe, and having looked out for a good clear chance to run, in case desertion became the better part of valor, began hastily reloading his rifle.

In the meantime, Ben, who had been watching the proceedings with much satisfaction, chanced to raise his eyes towards the tall trees immediately behind where Jack was standing, when, to his dismay and horror, he beheld, half concealed among the branches, the fiery and ferocious eyes, the striped and creeping hide of a large and powerful tiger, that lay crouched upon a limb, softly stripping up the bark with alternate digs of each fore paw, as you may have seen a cat exercise her claws on a carpet, while she glared down upon the unconscious hunter beneath her, seemingly ready for a spring.

Ben's first impulse was to sing out and inform his friend of this new danger that threatened him, but it instantly occurred to him that by so doing, it would only hinder him in the operation of loading his rifle, upon which his only chance for safety seemed to hang. With his heart in his mouth, and every nerve quivering with excitement, he brought his own rifle to his shoulder and took deliberate aim at the tiger's head. The distance was too great to hope for much execution from the shot, but it was all he could do, and he resolved to reserve his fire until the last minute, when possibly, it might not be entirely thrown away.

Jack, thinking only of the alligator, and intent upon driving the ball to the bottom of [illegible], remained wholly unconscious of the danger, until he dropped the butt of his gun and felt his pocket for a cap. Then [illegible], with his rifle to his shoulder, [illegible] very near him.

"What are you going to fire at, Ben?" he asked, and turning to look behind him, he saw the tiger, with her legs drawn close under her, in the very act of springing upon him.

Petrified at the sight, he dropped his rifle from his hand and glanced hopelessly and helplessly around him. To dodge the first spring of the tiger by retreating down and passing beneath the trunk of the tree, would be to throw himself into the jaws of the advancing alligator, which, with gnashing teeth and lashing tail, was now close upon him. To avoid the alligator, he would have to quit his present position, where he was partially protected by the upturned roots, and, in consequence, leave himself entirely exposed to the tiger.

There was not an instant for deliberation. Indeed, if there had been, it could not have benefited any, for there was no possible avenue of escape, except by a lucky shot, and he was now too much agitated to complete the loading of his rifle, even if he had time; besides, tigers are not often killed by a single shot. He saw the knotted muscles rise and swell in the huge limbs of the tiger, as she gathered herself for the fatal leap; he saw her quit the limb on which she had been crouching, and start through the air towards him like a cannon shot.

Closing his eyes, he shrank back among the mass of roots and vines, expecting every instant to feel the tiger's claws tearing his body and her hungry jaws at his throat. He heard the crack of Ben's rifle from the opposite side of the lake, but he heeded it not; he knew that any assistance from him would be of no avail, and he cowered beneath the tree, stupefied with horror. From this condition he was aroused by the most prodigious uproar and scuffling that ever awakened the echoes of the forest.

It appeared that Ben, watching his opportunity, fired at the very instant the tiger sprang from the tree. The spent ball striking her in the head had no other effect than to slightly change the direction of her leap. But that little was everything to poor Jack. Instead of alighting directly upon him, she struck the ground a few feet to one side and almost upon the nose of the alligator. That enraged and indignant reptile being anxious for a row, without much caring with what, swept the tiger within reach with one vigorous flirt of its resistless tail, and bringing its jaws together with a resounding flop, caught her by one fore leg and the side of the head,—and then and there commenced a battle royal.

The tiger, with her eyes starting from her head, roared and shrieked with rage and pain, while with her formidable claws she tore the alligator's throat to shreds. The alligator, on his part, pounded and banged the tiger upon the ground, with a force that would have killed an ox, but not a tiger.

This scene Jack took in at a glance, and grabbing his rifle, with an inward prayer for the success of the alligator, he ran like a deer for the log bridge at the head of the lake, where he was joined by Ben, and from which they viewed the termination of the combat.

The alligator, beginning to suffer considerably from the awful clawing he was getting, with a natural instinct, made for the water; a proceeding on his part against which the tiger vigorously protested, but in vain; the alligator was the more powerful of the two. Reaching the edge of the bank, he plunged in, dragging the howling and struggling tiger beneath the surface.

A terrible encounter ensued; the water boiled and foamed; mud, sticks, stones and branches, that had lain for years undisturbed, were thrown to the surface in vast quantities. For several minutes this sub-marine conflict continued, then all was still; a few bubbles rising to the top, alone disturbed the quiet surface of the lake. Presently, a large dark object rose to the top. It was the alligator, dead, his throat and a part of his stomach completely torn out, but still holding on with his firmly set jaws to the neck of his smothered foe.

Leaving the Indian to recover the tiger's skin, if he saw fit, our salt-water friends set all sail for the port from whence they came, fully impressed with the conviction that they had seen sport enough for one day.

GASTRONOMY.

Dr. Veron, the author of "The Bourgeois de Paris," and known for his gastronomic superiority, gave a dinner to M. and Mme. de Girardin, to Dumas *pere*, and to Mme. Cabel, the singer of the Opera Comique. Dumas affirmed he could himself dress one better still. A wager was laid. Dumas fixed the 16th of April, on account of the preparation required. The wager is this: if Dr. Veron admits the dinner to be better than he ever ate, he is to pay whatever it costs; if not, Dumas is to pay. One dish is to be a roasted lobster, with a marvellous sauce; another is a dish of spinnach, which lies for three days soaking in goose grease, and is to be served with gravy extracted from mutton kidneys. In a certain set who are near upon the confines of the *demi monde*, this dinner is talked of as an event, and Rossini (a vast authority on the subject) has given his opinion that Dumas is one of the finest cooks in the world.—*Correspondent Boston Journal.*

THE EARWIG.

This little creature is generally viewed with disgust, from the foolish prejudice that it attacks the ear of man, and, by entering the head or brain, occasions insanity. The supposition is idle, and without one particle of truth. It is no more subject to this charge than any other insect that moves on the ground or flouts in the air. The forceps or curved hooks which you observe projecting over the tail, are instruments used for folding and settling their soft wings, which are placed under the outer or scaled wings. These wings are very beautiful, and by their aid this creature has considerable power of flight. It sits upon its eggs, and hatches them like a hen.—*Lancet.*

Great thoughts, indeed the greatest, come from personal being. Literary and scientific works are produced by certain isolated faculties working with a definite and restricted aim.—*Edinburgh Review.*



EDWIN BOOTH.

EDWIN BOOTH, TRAGEDIAN.

We present herewith an admirable portrait of this gifted and rapidly rising tragedian, drawn expressly for us from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, and one every way worthy of their high artistic reputation. It was certainly taken at a favorable moment, and is a counterfeit presentment of the highly intellectual and refined countenance of the original. Since we had occasion to notice this young actor's performances at the Boston Theatre, he has performed an engagement in New York, with great popular success, also winning the approbation of the New York press. The critics of our sister city agree in the main, in their estimate of Mr. Booth's powers, with those of Boston. While pointing out his inequalities, they all concede that he possesses talents of the first order, and predict for him a splendid future. The best guarantee of this young man's professional future is his innate modesty, which is not the modesty of the embarrassed novice, but a certain consciousness which is the attribute of true genius. Genius is ever aspiring—ever aiming at new conquests. It never rests satisfied with its own achievements. Titian, painting to the age of ninety, went on improving to the very last day of his life. It is only mediocrity that halts with complacency and listens to applause at a moderate elevation, while "Alps on Alps" rise in unscaled grandeur far above it. Mr. Edwin Booth and Miss Matilda Heron are prominently before the public at a fortunate period, for earnest and high toned men are now advocating the stage and rallying the good and truthful to its support. The time is approaching when actors will be generally admitted, and not merely by the "judicious few," to take rank with members of the other liberal professions. Their laborious lives will no longer be regarded as profitless and wasted; but as the sphere of their exertions is recognized as a legitimate one, so will they be held to a strict accountability. Much of the former degraded character of the stage was owing to its neglect by the refined and moral portion of the community. Denounced and traduced, but existing in spite of denunciation and calumny, it addressed itself to the class that persisted in patronizing, for public amusements must of course reflect the tastes of their supporters. It is morally certain that if the virtuous and refined will give a constant support to the stage, the drama, like other forms in which literature is presented to the public, will take high and lofty ground.



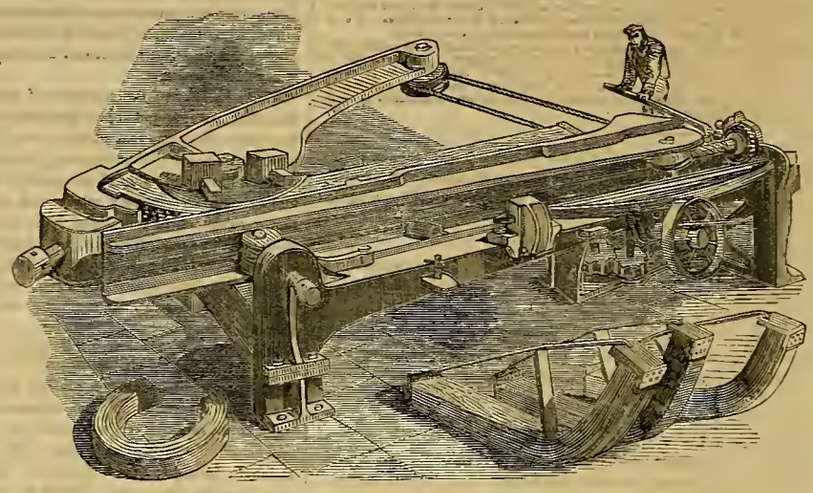
EGYPTIAN SHADOOF FOR IRRIGATION.

BLANCHARD'S TIMBER-BENDING MACHINE.

We present herewith an accurate representation of the famous timber-bending machine, invented by Mr. Thomas Blanchard of this city, for which he has secured patents in the United States, in England and France. Its operations and results have been subjected to the severest tests by scientific experiments, and have sustained the ordeal triumphantly. Its principal application has been to producing the requisite curve in timber for ship-knees, but is applied, of course, to manufactures of wood wherever a curve is desired. Our illustration shows the machine in operation, and will be readily understood by those familiar with mechanics, and also several of the knees which have been bent by the process. The timber is first of all prepared by steaming. Every mechanic, especially the self-taught, and those who have had few or no tools, has felt the difficulty of bending timber so as to take that convenient or elegant shape which will answer the purposes of pleasure or amusement, taste or utility. This is true from the hoop and the walking-stick to the round table and the ship's timbers. For want of the means of meeting this difficulty, we are obliged to have all our vehicles, our houses, and our temples, built in the square form; and we are thus precluded from rounding our carriages, making our houses circular or oval, and even building a dome or an amphitheatre. The bending of timber is an operation which has hitherto been performed as rarely as possible, and always with very considerable trouble and expense. Every shipbuilder knows perfectly well that the expenditure of time, labor, and material, involved in bending a thick plank round a bluff bow, or round a quarter, is enormous; and knows further that the impracticability of bending very thick timber at all, leads to fearful waste. The characteristic feature of the apparatus is, that it subjects the wood, during the bending process, to pressure on all sides, by which it is prevented from bursting, crippling, or altering its form in any other than the desired manner. The "set" imparted to it becomes quite permanent, after a few hours, during which it is kept to its form by an enveloping band and a holding bolt. The French government gave this invention a warm welcome, because the forests of France have long since been denuded of trees supplying natural knees, and an artificial curvature had long been regarded as a desideratum.

EGYPTIAN SHADOOF FOR IRRIGATION.

In Egypt there is a very curious system of irrigation adopted, called the *shadoof*. The apparatus consists of two posts or pillars of wood, or of mud and canes or rushes, about five feet in height by three feet apart, with a horizontal piece extending from top to top, to which is suspended a slender lever, formed of a branch of a tree, having at one end a weight chiefly composed of mud, and at the other, suspended from two long palmsticks, a vessel in the form of a bowl, made of basket-work, or a hoop and a piece of woolen stuff or leather. Each lever being managed by a man, the bowl is made to dip into the stream, by whose side the apparatus is built up, and the water is thrown up to the height of about eight feet, into a trough hollowed out for its reception. When the height to which the water has to be raised is much greater than this, the *shadoof* assumes the more elaborate form accurately represented in the accompanying engraving at the foot of this page. It consists, in fact, of four or five shadoofs; the water is raised from the river by the bowls, and emptied into a trench or trough, from which it is taken by other bowls, and discharged into another trench above; and so on, from trench to trench, until it is raised to the level of the fields. The annual inundations of the Nile supply the material for the abundant crops of cereals that are produced in the adjacent regions, as its waters are full of fertilizing properties, but in the intervals it becomes necessary to supply the deficiency of water by artificial means of irrigation. When Belzoni travelled in Egypt he ingratiated himself with the government by setting up water-wheels, and improving the processes then in use. The necessity and labor of irrigation balances the advantages of climate, so that in every region of the earth the agriculturist is obliged to obtain his bread "by the sweat of his brow," in accordance with the universal penalty of man's original fall.



BLANCHARD'S WOOD BENDING MACHINE.

A HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A room in the principal inn of a country town had the reputation of being haunted. Nobody would sleep in it, and it was therefore shut up; but it so happened that at an election the inn was full, and there was only the haunted room unoccupied. A gentleman's gamekeeper came to the inn, exceedingly fatigued by a long journey, and wanted a bed. He was informed that unless he chose to occupy the haunted room he must seek a bed elsewhere. "Haunted!" he exclaimed; "stuff and nonsense! I'll sleep in it. Ghost or demon, I'll take a look at what haunts it." Accordingly, after fortifying himself with a pipe and tankard, he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber and retired to rest. He had not lain down many minutes when the bed shook under him most fearfully. He sprang out of bed, struck a light (for he had taken the precaution to place a box of lucifer matches by his bedside), and made a careful examination of the room, but could discover nothing. The courageous fellow would not return to bed, but remained watching for some time. Presently he saw the bed shake violently; the floor was firm; nothing moved but the bed. Determined, if possible, to find out the cause of this bed-quake, he looked in the bed, under the bed, and near the bed, and not seeing anything to account for the shaking, which every now and then seemed to seize on the bed, he at last pulled it from the wall. Then the "murder came out." The signboard of the inn was fastened to the outer wall by a nut and screw, which came through to the back of the bed, and when the wind swung the signboard to and fro the movement was communicated to the bed, causing it to shake in the most violent manner. The gamekeeper, delighted at having hunted up the ghost, informed the landlord the next morning of the real nature of his unearthly visitor, and he was handsomely rewarded for rendering a room, which had been useless, now quite serviceable. All the ghost stories which are on record, might, no doubt, have been traced to similar sources, if those to whom the "ghosts" appeared had possessed as much pluck as our gamekeeper.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE SIAMESE.

The ordinary dress of the Siamese is a long piece of cotton printed cloth, passed round the waist between the thighs, the ends of the cloth being stuck in behind. They wear no covering over the head or upper part of the body; and the legs and feet are quite naked. The higher classes, sometimes, wear sandals; and have, generally, a piece of white hanging loosely about the shoulders, which they sometimes use to wrap round their head. Young women employ a sort of silk scarf to screen the bosom; a refinement which, after marriage, is much neglected; indeed, no sense of shame or impropriety appears to be connected with the exposure of the body above the waist. In the sun, a light hat, which looks like an inverted basket, made of palm-leaves, is used by both sexes. On all ceremonial occasions, and in visits from inferiors to superiors, it is usual to wear a silk scarf round the waist. In the presence of the king, the nobles have a garment with sleeves, made of tulle, of the most delicate texture, and richly ornamented, which they often take from their shoulders and fasten round their waist. The women who ply on the river wear rather a graceful sort of white jacket, fastened in front. In cold weather an outer garment is worn, whose value depends on the rank and opulence of the wearer. There is a universal passion for jewelry and ornaments of the precious metals, stones, etc. It is said there is scarcely a family so poor as to be without some valuable possessions of this sort. Rings of silver and gold adorn the arms and the legs of children; rich necklaces, earrings, and belts, are sometimes seen in such profusion as quite to embarrass the wearer. Female children, up to the age of twelve or thirteen, wear a gold or silver string with a heart in the centre, performing the part often assigned to the fig-leaf in exhibitions of statues. To the necks of children, a tablet called a bai soma, is generally suspended, bearing an inscription as a charm against mischief; and men have a metallic ball attached to a belt, to which they attribute the virtue of rendering them invulnerable. A necklace consisting of seven lumps of gold or silver is worn by girls as a protecting influence.—*Sir John Bowring.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL,

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Joseph A. Latham, Plymouth, N. C.—You can order the book direct from the publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. We do not know what the total expense will be.

D. H.—Received, but respectfully declined.

Mentor.—We do not know the gentleman's name.

A. H. S.—Yes, they can, by complying with the local conditions.

Querist, Concord, N. H.—The Emperor Louis Napoleon was born April 20, 1808—consequently he is now in his 56th year.

N. N., Gloucester, Mass.—The "Great Eastern," the mammoth British steamer, is over 20,000 tons burthen. She is divided into eight water-tight compartments. The practice of building steamers with water-tight compartments, is now, we believe, universal.

S. O. C., Worcester.—The pearl muscle exists in many brooks in New England; but hunting for pearls in muscles is very much like buying lottery tickets in hopes of making a fortune. We heard of one pearl found in New Jersey, about eight years since, which is now valued at five hundred dollars.

Student.—Col. Benton lately informed a friend that he never wrote out his speeches beforehand. This is the case with the most effective orators. Indeed, the best speakers have been indifferent writers.

C. C., Andover.—We have heard the receipts of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, amounted last year to $188,630.

Euterpe.—We do not know the time fixed for Jenny Lind's visit to this country, but it is stated positively that she will before long make a professional tour in the United States.

Amateur.—You can set out a strawberry-bed in the latter part of August or in September, and, if the season is favorable, they will do well. We advise you to plant Hovey's Seedling, with a small portion—say a fourth part—of Early Virginia mixed with them; that is, if you intend raising for the market.

O. A. R.—The Peabody Institute, of Baltimore, founded by the munificence of Mr. George Peabody, has been located in Mount Vernon Square.

Clergyman.—Mrs. Siddons, the actress, was an exemplary woman—Indeed, many of the female ornaments of the British stage have also been the ornaments of private life.

M. D.—It is now supposed that the story of the arsenic eaters of Hungary, who were said to consume that poison for the purpose of making them plump and handsome, was a fabrication.

Old Settler.—Archbishop Cheverus preached at the Catholic Cathedral of the Holy Cross, in Franklin Street, in this city. He was much respected by members of all denominations. It is our impression that, on his return to France, he was made bishop of Bordeaux.

Emma V.—Shield's "Apostate," and the "Lady of Lyons," are favorite plays with amateur actors; but the first is unworthy the reputation it enjoys, having quite too much fustian and rhodomontade.

Corporal B.—Get Scott's Infantry Tactics—it is the very work you require.

M. M. L.—Hogarth's works have been published in various styles. We do not think the large folio edition can be procured in this country.

Seeker, Medford, Mass.—That there are many curious and inexplicable phenomena produced by what are termed "spirit-rappers," is undeniable; it is equally true that no satisfactory explanation of them has been given by scientific investigators. Some of the phenomena are entirely at variance with the physical laws we have been taught to believe as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians.

A Cause for Annexation.—The Boston Traveller thinks Cuba ought to be annexed so that we might import our molasses free of duty. "Strike for Cuba and molasses!" What a battle-cry that would be!

Moral Insanity.—When a man is charged with a heinous crime, now-a-days, he generally gets off by pleading his peculiar *idiot-sin-crazy*.

The Bard of Avon.—Miss Delia Bacon labors hard to prove that Shakspeare was not the author of Shakspeare's works.

SPLINTERS.

.... The veteran landscape painter, Fisher, lately sold a number of fine pictures at auction in this city.

.... Visitors are beginning to pour down to Chelsea beach, the longest and most accessible beach in our vicinity.

.... Charles Harris, employed in a circular saw-mill in Walsingham, C. W., was completely sawed in two, recently.

.... In Paris you can be carried to any part of the city for 20 or 40 cents, according to the vehicle you employ.

.... The body is the coat-of-mail and breast-plate of the soul: let it therefore be hardened to steel.

.... Thackeray says: "I think that the intimacy which is begotten over the wine bottle has no heart."

.... Black-fish are plenty in the sound off New Haven harbor. Last year they were scarce.

.... The anti-rent difficulties in Rensselaer county, New York, are being revived, we regret to hear.

.... M. de Tengoborski, the celebrated Russian statistician and political economist, is dead.

.... A word fitly spoken is the arrow's point, which finds its way directly to the heart.

.... The Mormon missionaries in Scotland boldly preach the doctrine of a plurality of wives.

.... The New York school of design for women is, we are very happy to learn, in a most flourishing condition.

.... The New Orleans Delta of a late date announces the discovery of coal and iron in Hinds county, Mississippi.

.... The "air-inflated shirts," invented and patented in this country, are said to be perfect life-preservers.

.... The cost of Trinity Church, New York, is set down at $400,000; and Grace Church cost about $500,000.

.... The legislature of New York has passed an act making all property liable for servants' wages up to $50.

.... The sunken ships at Sebastopol which Mr. Gowan has contracted to raise are worth 65,000,000 dollars.

.... Digger Indians are now employed as servants in parts of California, and make good ones.

.... The California salmon is said to be superior to that caught in Maine and in Nova Scotia.

.... Rev. John Howard of Richmond, Va., made insane by the excessive use of tobacco, killed himself.

.... There are eight daily papers in Boston, twelve in Philadelphia, and thirteen in the city of New York.

.... The Chicago Tribune says the quantity of grain to be brought to that market will not equal the expectations.

THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE.

One of the most startling facts recently brought officially before the public notice, is the authentic statement that a suspension of national vitality has taken place in France. From 1841 to 1846, 1,170,000 souls were added to the population; from 1851 to 1856, only 256,000; while in 1854 to 1855, the deaths actually exceeded the births. Even emigration does not account for this state of things, for the efflux of a portion of the population is more than compensated by the influx of foreigners; in other words, the immigration more than balances the emigration. French statisticians, though they may endeavor to conceal it, are evidently alarmed at the appalling fact, that, under the Imperial despotism, population has everywhere been checked, and in many places the births have not made up for the deaths.

An intelligent English writer tells us that France is not overcrowded. Belgium contains 147 inhabitants to the square mile; England 130; France only 68; yet, with ample scope for development, the body of the nation dwindles instead of dilating. At the same time, the necessaries of life are produced in smaller quantities in the provinces, and luxury flourishes at the capital; the poor congregate in the great cities; an immense displacement of wealth is paraded for prosperity; Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, St. Etienne are swollen by the formation of new faubourgs; thousands forsake the field without entering the factory; the proportion of deaths among adults is singularly large; but what other process is going on at the same time? The capital that was formerly employed in cultivation, or in manufacturing industry, has, since 1851, been absorbed in Paris, and expended in loans or in luxury; prices rise; bread is artificially cheapened for the dangerous populations of the faubourgs; to the peasantry it is become dearer; France is being gradually reduced in these respects to the level of Spain and Turkey. In the meantime, the public expenditure increases enormously; the empire wears literally a mural crown; its works in stone and mortar are confessedly imposing. It has its golden house; it delights in the colossal; with Dion Cassius, Louis Napoleon perceives no difference between public and private funds; while the life of France is drained away as by a mysterious disease, broad, strategical streets and ornamental façades are certainly added to Paris.

Thus, in spite of the splendors of the capital, in spite of the festivities, parades and shows that make up the gilding of the surface, decay is swiftly and surely at work on the foundations of the national structure. The empire, judged by all the standards by which we estimate national prosperity, has been a failure, and exhibits the strange anomaly of arrested development in a country rich in resources, in genius and in historical renown. We regret to record these manifestations, for France is and ever will be dear to Americans. Our ally in the darkest hour of our fortunes, the pleasant relations between us have never been disturbed, except by passing clouds which have rapidly given place to the sunshine of international amenity.

THE SUEZ SHIP CANAL.

The project of opening a passage through the narrow neck of land which separates the Mediterranean from the Red Sea, is a magnificent one, and it is believed, in spite of croakers, that it will be accomplished successfully. The canal will be ninety miles in length, its depth about twenty-six feet, and its breadth about three hundred feet, so as to allow the passage of three 3000 ton ships abreast. It is to have three harbors, one at each of the two termini, and one in the centre, on Lake Timsah. The two jetties of the Mediterranean harbor are to run out into the sea, one of them three miles, and the other not much less. The canal between them towards the sea is to be 500 yards wide, while inland it is to expand into a harbor having twice that breadth. The jetties of the Suez extremity are to run into the sea—one of them a mile and a quarter, and the other 220 yards less; while at the port of Suez there is to be a quay extending to the length of half a mile. At the harbor of Timsah there is to be a quay 1100 yards long, and a wet dock 130 yards long by 27 broad. All these mighty constructions are to be of hewn stone. But again, there are to be two sluices at each extremity of the canal, a towing chain and an electric telegraph along its whole course, and it is to have five lighthouses. The expense of this gigantic undertaking, it is estimated, will not exceed forty millions of dollars. What a marvel it will be when completed, and in successful operation!

Foreign Gossip.—There is some little talk abroad that the marriage between the Princess Royal of England and the Prince of Prussia will be broken off, because a sufficient dowry cannot be raised for the former. If John Bull is ungallant, and the princess "tocherless," she will have to sing the old song:

"Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo."

A Musical Critic.—While Lagrange was trilling away like a nightingale at one of her recent concerts, an old gentleman also occupied a "reserved seat," observed to his next neighbor, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, "I really pity the poor woman—her voice trembles so!"

The Stage and Pulpit.—A sharp warfare is being waged in New York between the cloth and the buskin. Dion Boucicault has championed the stage against Henry Ward Beecher; both craft carrying heavy guns.

Crinoline.—A specimen of the world-wide crinoline lately swept a child off a bridge in England. The infant was rescued and the hoops anathematized by the agonized "parient."

St. Louis and New York.—The distance between these two great cities may now be travelled in forty hours!

LADY FRANKLIN.

This heroic woman has at her own expense fitted out another expedition in search of her missing husband, and though we fear that there is but little hope of its attaining a satisfactory result, still it is impossible not to be touched by so illustrious an example of conjugal fidelity and devotion. To equip this last venture, it is understood that she exhausts the remnant of her property, leaving herself landless. While we do not blame the British government for refusing to fit out another expedition, we cannot but regret that they did not deem it fitting to accede to Lady Franklin's request to grant to her the use of the barque Resolute, presented to England, completely refitted by our own government. We are sure that the American people would have been pleased at such an employment of their munificent gift. The refusal of her application forced Lady Franklin to purchase a steamer at her own expense. Of hardy volunteers to man her there was no lack, for there is enough chivalry left in this hard age, to vouchsafe a ready response to the appeal of an heroic woman. It is now admitted that the unexplored space of ground within which Sir John Franklin's ships were lost is of limited extent, and the hopeful view of the chances of his existence entertained by scientific men well qualified to express an opinion, justifies this last effort to recover him, or if dead, assurances of his fate. If he is found, and alive, and restored to his heroic wife, it will be the most wonderful event of this age of marvels.

HONEST FEELING.

We chanced to sit next to a roughly dressed and hardy-looking individual at the theatre, a few evenings since, during the performance of Miss Heron, in the character of *Medea*, and were as much interested in the sailor's conduct, as we were in the play. He was evidently a sea-faring man, and all unused to such assumed yet truthful delineation of human passion as the excellent performance upon the stage evinced. The big tears rolled down his bronzed cheek, during the pathetic passages, while his clenched fist and fierce expression of countenance, during the stern and heartless conduct of *Jason* towards his discarded but queenly wife, showed how completely he was carried away by the performance. At last, when the curtain fell, a long sigh escaped him, and as Miss Heron was called before the audience, he rose to his feet, and swinging his tarpaulin over his head, gave a whole-souled forecastle cheer that drew every eye of the immense audience towards him. Realizing now for the first time, probably, during the whole performance, where he was, he crowded his hat over his still moistened eyes, and stole out among the crowd who thronged the lobbies.

American Performers.—The American circus company of Cushing & Co., has been making a great sensation in England. The splendid car and team of forty cream-colored horses with which they parade in the principal cities and towns excited the greatest astonishment.

Ballou's Pictorial.—Each weekly visit of this elegant illustrated paper challenges our admiration anew, by its wonderful variety, both of reading and illustrations, and the general beauty and perfection of its every department.—*Georgia Sentinel.*

Appropriate Name.—One of the most successful practising surgeons in San Francisco is, we perceive, named Sawyer.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Daniel F. Wood to Miss Lucy Chamberlain; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Andrew McGilmsey to Miss Elizabeth McCann; by Rev. Mr. Irwin, Mr. Archibald Hayes to Miss Sarah Young; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Joseph L. B. Homer to Miss Susan Miller; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles C. Potter to Miss Betsey D. Gilnes, by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Jeremiah B. Gould, of Chelsea, to Miss Martha Hubbard; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. George T. Carruth to Miss Appha K. Chase, of Bluehill, Me.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Henry D. Todd to Mrs. T. C. Hever, both of Boston.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Bowler, Mr. Frank J. Wright, of Stoughton, to Miss Julia A. Trumbull, of Boston.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Teele, Mr. Nehemiah Lincoln, of Dedham, to Miss Rebecca G. Morrill.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Sessions, Mr. J. W. Hartshorn to Miss H. Maria Arrington, both of South Reading.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Leeds, Mr. John H. Wentworth, of Boston, to Miss Eliza E. Hilfield.—At Methuen, by Rev. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Samuel A. Harvey to Miss Julia A. E. Pecker.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Paulson, Mr. Joseph L. Piper, of Boston, to Miss Martha J. Nichols.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dner, Mr. Charles Kenny, of Boston, to Miss Deborah L. Sutton.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. David C. Wood, Jr., of Fairhaven, to Miss Mary M. Maxfield.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Mary G. Taylor, 54; Mrs. Sally G. Howe, 82; Miss Nett E. Whitcomb, of Stockbridge, Vt., 23; Mr. William Carter, 25; Miss Harriet Welsh, 75; Mr. Henry S. McKean, 47; Mr. Thomas Lynn, 50.—At East Boston, Mr. Michael O'Connor, of Lancaster, formerly of Roxbury, 40.—At Washington Village, South Boston, Mr. Waldo W. Thomas, 41.—At Roxbury, Mr. Joshua Sampson, 74.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Christina Smith, 50.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Rowena H. Thurston, 50.—At Brookline, Mrs. Mary Goodnough, 65.—At Woburn, Capt. John Edgell, 78.—At Hingham, Mr. James Stephenson, 84.—At North Bridgewater, Mr. Jesse Perkins, 68.—At Salem, Mr. William H. Moody, 74.—At Danversport, Mr. David Chaffin, 69.—At Haverhill, Mr. Nathan Bailey, 86.—At Waltham, Mr. Prentiss Child, 82.—At Groton, Mr. Jacob Pollard, 69.—At Newburyport, Capt. Philip Johnson, 65.—At Attleboro', Mrs. Tryphena E. Balcomb, 32.—At Tauntou, Mrs. Frances L. Reed, 28.—At Worcester, Mrs. Lydia Jaquith, 27.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Annis Tripp, 76.—At Mattapoisett, Mr. Henry P. Young, 64.—At Greenfield, Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Grennell, 36.—At Barnstable, Mr. Robinson Hinckley, 82.—At Middleborough, Mrs. Betsey Wood, 69.—At Provincetown, Mrs. Martha Stanford, 54.—At East Dennis, Mr. Christopher Hall, 48.—At Monterey, Mr. Lemuel Thompson, 81.—At Swanzey, N. H., Mrs. Hannah Holbrook, 91.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A YEAR AGO.

BY EFF. HYATT.

One year has passed—'t were folly now
To count the changes time has wrought
By syren wiles and faithless vow
On hearts with care and sorrow fraught.
For time's eventful course may bring
Some brighter lot or happier hours,
Like as the balmy air of spring
Unfolds the petals of the flowers.

E'en though the wound may never heal,
When pride forbids revenge to grow,
Forgiveness stoops to kindly kneel
And kiss the hand that dealt the blow.
'Tis better thus to feel the pain,
Than know 'twas from our hand 'twas given.
For who is there so proud or vain,
That would not make his heart a heaven?

One year has passed—and with it joy
Perchance has flown fore'er away;
But yet there is one pleasing toy
With which poor mortals love to play.
'Tis memory! Ay, we love to muse
While beds of thought around us grow,
And sigh to think we chanced to lose
The bliss of "just a year ago."

I OAVE MY LOVE.

I gave my love a chain of gold
Areund her neck to bind;
She keeps me in a faster hold,
And captivates my mind.
Methinks that mine's the harder part:
Whilst 'neath her lovely chin
She carries links outside her heart—
My fetters are within.—CAMPBELL.

JOY AND SORROW.

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression, even when she departs;
While joys trip by with steps light as the wind,
And scarcely leave a trace upon our hearts.—MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

God's better to us than many mothers are;
And children cannot wander beyond reach
Of the sweep of his white raiment.—MRS. BROWNING.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Though at the close of the week, the last of our labors is the preparation of the gossip, yet we linger lovingly upon it, for it is more a recreation than a task, as we feel that we are addressing kind friends, who will pardon a careless expression, laugh with us at an old joke, and even allow a "little nonsense now and then" to pass unchallenged. So, on this glorious June afternoon, we drop our curtain on the sun-gilded trees and blue sky, and place ourselves in communication with our vast circle of sympathizing spirits. We call you to order by three raps on our study-table, and plunge our pen resolutely into our inkstand.....How beautifully the Common looks now that the trees are in full foliage—quite un-common! and that old veteran elm that has stood sentinel by the Frog Pond for ever so many years, looks quite juvenile in his new green uniform. And, speaking of trees, it is not too late to set out evergreens. Their verdure next winter will well repay you for your trouble.....John Brougham, the popular author, actor, dramatist and manager, is going, or gone, to Ireland, "first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea." Happiness attend him, and joyous meetings with old friends! But we can't spare him long; if he lingers in the Emerald Isle we shall send a steamer off in pursuit of him—positively.....It is said that the road up to the summit of Mount Washington will be completed the present season. The carriage to be used on the road will be of peculiar construction, so that the body of the vehicle will be level when ascending or descending the mountain. About a year ago we illustrated the road and carriage in the Pictorial. We really hope the road will be completed this season.....Gold continues to pour in from California; capital and machinery are now developing the extraordinary wealth of the mines.....Some one was asking us the other day where James H. Hackett was, the unrivalled delineator of Falstaff, the originator of the stage Yankee. It appears that he has purchased a farm of 1200 acres in Clinton county, Ill., on which he proposes to spend the remainder of his days. On the farm is a remarkable Indian mound, and Mr. Hackett has named his place "Hackett's Mound."..... Another revolutionary soldier has passed away. Roswell Beach, in the 103d year of his age, died at his residence in Washington township, Belmont county, Ohio. The deceased was a soldier of the Revolution, and engaged in several battles "They are calling the muster-roll in heaven."..... Woman's love and constancy is proof against the most severe trials. Each day brings proof of her "amazing brightness, purity and love." Look at this picture! There is a woman, youthful and quite handsome, who visits the Baltimore penitentiary every day, and converses with her husband for an hour and more through the bars. Yet this man is serving out a term of years for having cut her throat—his wife's—and inflicted several severe stabs in her breast, from the effects of which her life was for a long time despaired of.....M. Pimont, of Rouen, France, has patented a simple method of restoring old steel pens, simply by raising them to a red heat, and afterwards cleansing them with a little soap and sand. If they can be thus regenerated, we advise our Yankee boys to take up the business....By Thomas Blanchard's timber-bending process the strength of wood is increased at least seventy-five per cent. at the point where strength is most required. The curve, moreover, never relaxes.....Think of our having plenty of peaches this year—for it is now a fixed fact—after the intense cold of last winter. This shows that the peach-tree, like Major Joe Bagstock, is "tough, sir, tough."..... A letter from Italy says the Pope is about to canonize Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. Just think of it! An American saint! For though Columbus was a "confounded foreigner," yet we suppose he deserves some credit for taking the liberty of discovering America, and may be ranked as one of us. We'll adopt him into our calendar—Saint Christopher!—we like the idea....A young man recently lost $47,000 by gambling at roulette, at New Orleans. It strikes us we heard a gentleman remarke nee that "a fool and his money were soon parted," and of all follies gambling is the most asinine.....People who are railing at the extravagant fashions of the day, tell us to look at our grandfathers and grandmothers. Well, we do look at them, and what do we see? Head-dresses like steeples, costly laces, diamond stomachers and bracelets, high-heeled shoes, hoops—yes, hoops! by the mass!—and crimson velvet coats and gold buttons, and diamond knee and shoe-buckles, satin and velvet in profusion. The fact is, our grandfathers and grandmothers were very extravagant ladies and gentlemen in their day, and must not be cited as examples of economy for their grandchildren.....The shad fisheries of Connecticut are growing less and less every year, and the papers are calling upon the legislature to take measures to prevent its being entirely destroyed. They "come like shad-ers, so depart.....The "Avenir," of Nice, relates an extraordinary instance of superstition. A servant in a family, consisting of a young man, his wife, and an infant, was found squeezing the head of the infant to a jelly, by way, as he said, of making an angel of it. Either, he said, the child will die and go to Paradise, or it will survive and be innocent for ever....We have in abundance all the elements of the fine arts in this country—beautiful scenery, noble men and women, a great historic past, and even the physical materials.....In Rutland, Vermont, marble is obtained which has no superior for sculpture in the world, and some of it has been exported to Rome, ordered by Italian sculptors. It has a fine grain, and works beautifully under the chisel. In Great Barrington, in this State, there is a flexible marble which bends like a bow when wet. Black marble, equal to that of Ireland, is found in New York, and verd antique is found in many districts, and in every State, in almost every variety.....The true inspiration of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, is to be found in the study of nature. When strangers visiting Wordsworth's house wished to see his study, the servant said:—"The library where my master keeps his books is in that room, but his study is in the fields."..... Travellers in Turkey carry with them lozenges of opium, on which is stamped "Mash Allah (the Gift of God)." So when brandy was discovered, it was extolled to the skies as a sovereign panacea, and termed *eau de vie* (water of life).....Tickner, Fields & Co. are the most tasteful of publishers Their "blue and gold" editions of the "heart-books," and their "Household Edition" of the Waverley Novels, are absolutely peerless.....In England, during the past year, only one passenger in every six'een and a half millions carried over the railways was killed; the mortality of travel under the old stage-coach system was far greater.....A benevolent gentleman of New York projects a gigantic scheme of benevolence. He proposes to support, during a four years' course of study preparatory to the Christian ministry, fifty young men chosen for piety and intellectual promise. The estimated expense is $300 a year; making the sum of $15,000 a year for four years, or $60,000 in all, contributed to the cause of ministerial education.....In the English Royal Transactions, mention is made of a gentleman who used to devour an ordinary leg of veal at a meal. Such a fellow would be rather an unprofitable boarder, even at New York hotel prices....They have little sympathy for suicides in Indiana. A man there has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and ten years' disfranchisement, just for trying to take his own life.....Custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.....In a neighboring village the following notice is posted up:—"No shooting not allowd here." The writer evidently was not posted up if the placard was.....A number of young gentlemen in Havana lately made asses of themselves by harnessing themselves to Gottschalk's carriage, and dragging him home to his hotel in triumph. A number of American young gentlemen once similarly asinized themselves in honor of Fanny Ellsler....."Bridget, who broke those barrels that were in the woodshed?" asked a gentleman of his servant. "Missus told John to break them up, an—save her the hoops!".....Horses may be bought at Brighton, in our neighborhood, for from fifty cents to fifteen hundred dollars. "Got a new hoss," we heard a sand-cart man say to another, the other day. "How much did he stand you in?"—"Wasl, about three dollars!"—"Three dollars! Get out! I wouldn't drive sich a low-flung animal. I'm going to save up till I git five dollars, and then I'm going to Brighton to buy me a rouser!".....The Post is responsible for the following capital dialogue which is "bobbing around" the newspapers:—First boy—"Say, Bill, then you're getting a dollar a week now?" Second boy—"Well, you might a knew that, by seein' all the fellers come soapin' around me, that wouldn't a noticed me when I was poor.".....Gerald Massey, the rising poet of England, is the son of a canal-boatman, now earning the wages of ten shillings a week. "Massy on us!" Mrs. Partington would say.....According to the Courier Franco-Italien, M. Caruana, historical painter of Valetta, in the island of Malta, has discovered that slate is superior to wood for engravings. It is, he alleges, easily worked, re-produces the finest lines with remarkable exactness, and resists longer than wood the action of the typographical press; so that several thousand copies of a design can be struck off without producing any sensible difference in the quality of the impression. The above statement is going the rounds of the papers, but whoever originated it knew nothing whatever of wood engraving. In that all the lines have to stand out in relief, like the letters in type, and slate is far too brittle to admit of such a process.....Madame Taglioni, some twenty-five years ago the most aerial sylphide that ever fluttered gauze wings and skirts behind the footlights, is now living in Italy, a fat and faded old woman. She has forgotten all her *grand pas*, and, we believe, she is a grandma herself.....Dr. Theodore Mundt, a German writer, affirms that the reign of woman is over in Paris; that women in France have not the least influence upon society; that there are no more literary saloons at Paris; that the part of civiliser, so peculiar to women, has became a fable—in short, to interpret his ideas briefly, he maintains that the mere woman of Paris is nothing more than a doll to try dresses, bonnets and shawls on, and that, in the re-unions and circles of French women, nothing is spoken of but the toilet, *lansquenet*, and the stock exchange.....The Sultan's daughter, espoused to the Pacha of Egypt, receives some magnificent bridal presents. Some of them have been manufactured at Paris. The cup from which the bride drinks on her wedding morning is already executed, and is valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is of a pea shape, pure gold, incrusted with diamonds of the largest size and finest water. The top is bordered by a *fringe* of diamonds, all of equal size and immense value; these hang detached from the cup, and move and sparkle in a constant flutter. Nothing more beautiful than this cup has ever been produced.....Corinth, Mississippi, is fast becoming a place of importance. Eighteen months ago it was an unbroken forest, but now it is a town of a thousand inhabitants. Its location is at the crossing of the Mobile and Ohio, and Memphis and Charleston railroads, in Tishermingo county.....Some men are like unmanageable ships. They have every rope but the most needful of all, and that is the one that guides the rudder.

ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

The following affecting incident, related by Mrs. Burke to a friend, took place a few months before Mr. Burke's death, in 1797:—A feeble old horse, which had been a great favorite with the junior Burke, and his constant companion in all rural journeyings and sports, when both were alike healthful and vigorous, was now in old age, and on the death of his master, turned out to take the run of the park for the remainder of his life at ease, with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden nor molested by any one. While walking one day in solitary musing, Mr. Burke perceived this worn-out old servant come close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing him, followed, and deliberately rested his head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself, the remembrance of his dead son, his late master, who occupied much of his thoughts at all times, and the apparent attachment and almost intelligence of the poor brute, as if he could sympathize with his inward sorrow, rushing at once into his mind, totally overpowered his firmness, and throwing his arms over his neck, he wept long and bitterly.—*New York Mirror.*

Choice Miscellany.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

As a child, Sir Charles Napier was demure and thoughtful, and his expressions generally had a touch of greatness. A longing for fame was with him a master passion, and in his childhood he looked to war for it, with an intense eagerness; yet nothing savage ever entered his mind, his compassionate sensibility was that of a girl; it was displayed early and continued till death. When he could but just speak, hearing for the first time the caw of a single crow, probably a melancholy one, which infancy could detect, he stretched forth his little hands, and weeping, exclaimed with broken infantine accents: "What matta poor bird? What matta?" And only by repeated assurances that the bird was not unhappy could he be pacified. At ten years of age, having caught a fish when angling, he was surprised by the descent of a half-tamed eagle of great size and fierceness, which, floating down from a tree settled upon his shoulders, covered him with his huge dark wings, and took the fish out of his hands. Far from being frightened, he pursued his angling, and on catching another fish, held it up, inviting the eagle to try again, at the same time menacing the formidable bird with the spear end of the rod. Plutarch would have drawn an omen from such an event. About this time he was taken to the Hot Wells of Bristol, where Mr. Sheridan, being acquainted with his father, took much notice of the boy, and once offered him a present of money, which was instantly rejected. "Papa told me never to take money, and I will not have yours; but I thank you." Sheridan was surprised, and rather characteristically said to the father: "Your boy is a fine fellow, but very wonderful."—*Life, by Sir W. Napier.*

STREET WORSHIP IN RUSSIA.

There is no place in the world where a man with a very small capital can easier gain, if not an honest, at all events a competent livelihood, than in Moscow. All he has to do is to spend a few roubles in the purchase of a grimmy and obscure saint on canvass, with a tin or gilt glory round his head, and a new frame; to find out a doorway, or an arch near a thoroughfare, where he can place this masterpiece on a table, and get room for himself on a chair, and there, with a wooden basin, or an old cap, or a money-box, sit patiently till his customers come. They are not long in arriving. Behold, here is a mujik coming to market; the picture catches his eye, he likes it, he makes a few inquiries about it from the proprietor, who assures him that the saint has great interest in the very highest quarters, and has done an immense deal of good to all his clients. The mujik is satisfied; off goes his cap, and down hends his head, while his hands busily wander from chest and brow in self-benediction; his wild locks fly over his face and hoh back again, as with increasing fervor he utters his prayers to the obfuscated image before him. When he thinks he has made a favorable impression, he puts a few copecks into the saint's treasury, and goes on his way rejoieing. "Surely," said I, to a Russian, "these poor people ought to be the best in the world, they say so many prayers."—"Ah! the *gamins*," replied he; "*au contraire*, they have need of all their prayers, they sin so much; and these saints listen so readily, they are encouraged to commit all kinds of roguerics."—*Moscow Correspondent of the Times.*

THE LIVING MAN'S GRAVE.

Close to the church of Moy, in Scotland, is a circular hollow surrounded with high rocks, and accessible only through one narrow entrance. Here it was that Donald Fraser, the blacksmith of the chief of Mackintosh, defeated Lord Loudon, who commanded the king's troops at Inverness during the rebellion of 1745 and 1746. Quite close to this spot is also a green spot, *Uaigh an duine Cheo*, "the living man's grave," with which the following tradition is connected. A dispute having arisen concerning their marches between the Laird of Mackintosh and the Laird of Dunmaglass, the latter offered to find a man who would declare upon oath that the spot indicated by him was the exact march, with the condition that if found to swear falsely, the witness was to be buried alive. The man, when brought forward to the spot, swore by the head under his bonnet and the earth under his feet that he stood on Dunmaglass's land. On being examined, however, it was found that he had filled his shoes partly with soil from the acknowledged property of Dunmaglass, and that he had a cock's head in his bonnet, probably that he might save his own, and that he might not be considered perjured for swearing by the head of a cock. He was, however, adjudged guilty, and paid the penalty of his mental reservation by being buried alive on the spot.—*Saturday Post.*

A DARING CRIMINAL.

An assassin of the name of Lemaire, whose ingenuity in escaping from jails and from the gendarmes is remarkable, has been captured by the French authorities, after bidding them defiance for upwards of a month. The prisoner was brought into Amiens in an open cart, surrounded by gendarmes; such was, however, the terror inspired by the man's boldness and activity, that the following precautionary measures were adopted: His hands and his feet were chained, screws were placed on his fingers, and another chain was attached to his left arm and the cart. The last escape effected by Lemaire was characterized with great simplicity. He was being conducted by three gendarmes, when, seizing a favorable moment, he ran his head into the stomach of the gendarme who held the chain to which he was attached, facilitated the disappearance of the functionary into a ditch by a powerful kick, and then, with a violent exertion, wrenched the chain from the hand of the latter, and made off safely. The whole operation did not take two seconds to perform. He subsequently took refuge in a wood, where he remained concealed, until he had accomplished the fearful labor of sawing through his manacles with his teeth. The truth of the last feat is, however, granted by no better authority than the word of the prisoner.—*New York Mirror.*

CONQUERING THE NATIVES.

One of the most singular incidents in colonial history was the removal of savages from Van Diemen's Land by a single man, after £27,000 had been spent to no purpose in a war against them. A person named Robinson, a bricklayer by trade, but an active and intelligent man, undertook and performed the singular service of bringing every aboriginal man, woman and child quietly, peaceably and willingly into Hobart Town, whence they were shipped to Flinder's Island. From the time of Mr. Robinson's capture, or rather persuasion, of the natives to follow him, a complete change took place in the island; the remote stock stations were again resorted to, and guns were no longer carried between the handles of the plough. The means of persuasion employed by Mr. Robinson to induce the natives to submit to his guidance have ever been a mystery to me. He went into the bush unarmed, and accompanied by an aboriginal woman, his sole companion.—*A Residence in Tasmania, by Capt. Butler Stoney.*

Editorial Melange.

The large quantity of 247,018 pounds of butter was sent from the railroad station in St. Albans, Vt., during the month ending May 12. —— A scientific traveller recently stated to the Zoological Society of London, that the museum of Natural History of the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia was the most extensive in the world, and in the department of ornithology was the best in existence. —— The receipts of the principal religious societies in the United States, the past year, were $1,278,328 88; the expenditures, $1,370,019 99. —— Old Boreas made a perfect "ten strike," the other day, in Prairie Lea, says the Gonzales Inquirer, by capsizing the house in which a ten pin alley was kept. —— Mr. Buchanan is to have a summer residence at "Soldier's Home," four miles from Washington. —— By the regular process of distilling, only 2 1-2 gallons of whiskey are obtained from a bushel of grain, but by using tobacco and strychnine, a bushel is made to yield five gallons. —— Some curious anachronisms are remarked in Shakspeare's plays. In Julius Cæsar are these sayings, "the clock has struck three," "plucked up his doublet;" and in Pericles, there is a talk of "pistols." —— The Patent Office has received a long and scientific memoir from Mr. Nash, in Peru, in regard to the Chincha Islands. He starts a new theory as to the origin of guano. He affirms that these and other guano islands have arisen from the ocean, covered with guano at the depth of from five to a hundred and fifty feet. —— A small steamer has lately been launched at Stockton, California, the first ever launched there. —— We have Salt Lake advices to February 25. The legislature had passed an act for the organization of militia in the Territory, and a school has been opened to teach infantry and cavalry tactics. —— The St. Louis Intelligencer says the statistics of last year and this will show a very large increase in the amount of lead ore raised in Missouri. —— The umbrella is an article of great antiquity. It is found among the decorations of the ruins of Persepolis. They were a sign of high rank among the Greeks. Originally they were shades from the sun, but the moisture of our climate has made us turn them into shelters from rain. —— The spawn of fish are exceedingly numerous. A female trout contains from 600 to 800. Most other species of fish contain a still greater number. There have been instances where upwards of a million have been counted in a single fish. —— An unhealthy credit system is one of the primary causes of the ruin of our merchants. —— Professor Emmons, in his recent report to the legislature of North Carolina, mentions the discovery in the sedimentary rocks of Montgomery county, in that State, of fossils of age anterior to any previous discoveries of traces of animal life. —— A white hat and very light colored coat are cooler in summer than black. The one reflects the heat, the other absorbs it. —— The Manchester Guardian mentions the case of a grandmother at twenty-nine years of age. She was married when she was fourteen. —— The old English mile was about equal in round numbers to one and a half of the modern standard miles. —— A rogue was lately caught in Paris, who made money by dirtying ladies' dresses as they got into cabs, and then cleaning them very nicely afterwards. He was always well paid by the grateful fair ones; but the police watched him at his operations, and soon stopped his contemptible game. —— Governor Chase, of Ohio, has consented to be a candidate for re-election. He is pronounced the best and wisest governor Ohio ever had. Under his prudent and economical administration, the taxes of Ohio have been reduced nearly two millions of dollars. He stands well with the people.

Wheat in Tennessee.—Tennessee is rapidly becoming one the largest wheat growing States in the Union. For several years past, large quantities of wheat from this State have been brought to market at New York, in good condition, before the wheat fields of the Northern States were ripe enough for reaping, and it has sold so readily and at so high a price that the cultivation has been largely increased. The Knoxville Whig says there is a good prospect of a crop in that State this year, which will astonish the natives.

The Gold Production.—The steadiness of the product of gold in California and Australia, for several years past, is very remarkable. That of Australia has been quite uniform at say sixty to sixty-five millions of dollars, and California has ranged from fifty to fifty-five millions. On the whole, the indications seem to warrant the belief that the maximum of production has been nearly, if not fully, reached in both countries.

The Hudson's Bay Company.—The Montreal Herald has advices from England to the effect that the Hudson's Bay Company are to be allowed to retain the territory, on the condition that they shall give up such portions of it as, from time to time, may be required for the purpose of colonization.

Otto of Roses.—As a preparation, otto of roses cannot be properly made from English rose leaves, or in an English climate. In Persia, it is obtained by maceration in water, the oleaginous principle floating on the surface, from which it is gathered by means of clean cotton.

Centenarians.—During the past year, 38 men and 15 women have died in the United States, who were 100 years of age, and upwards. The oldest white man was 110 years, and the oldest white woman 118.

The Poor of London and Paris.—According to the most recent statistics, the amount annually disbursed in London for medical charity and poor relief, is $5,755,000; in Paris, $2,330,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

Gen Walker has lost two brothers by the Nicaragua war.

The loss by the destruction of Berden's Bakery, Brooklyn was $80,000.

Philadelphia has two hundred and ten acres of ground devoted to the park purposes within its limits.

There is a willow tree in Charlestown, Mass., near the Malden bridge, which is nearly one hundred years old.

A lady took poison in New York, lately, because her husband spoke unpleasantly to her. She had been married only ten months.

Pulpit desk cushions are going out of fashion in England, as they are thought to hinder the passage of the preacher's voice.

The mayor of Philadelphia has appointed an officer to investigate the causes of fires, for the purpose of detecting incendiarism.

Mosaic work flourished in Italy about the thirteenth century. Appolonius, Tassi, Gaddo-Gaddi, and Giotto, were the artists who most excelled in mosaics.

Several inedited letters of Dr. Franklin are in the possession of and much valued by an English lady, Mrs. Wyndham of Dorsetshire.

Priest Kinney, who lately robbed the Catholic church at Martinsborg, Va., over which he was formerly located, has been sent to the penitentiary for one year.

The Louisiana assessment roll, it is said, will, the present year, show an increase of twenty nine millions over the taxable property of last year.

It is stated that the Chippewas and Sioux, who have been for years at war, have finally suspended hostilities and smoked the calumet of peace.

The digging of Artesian wells has proved eminently successful in Algeria. By the aid of water the parched arid desert, that seems as sterile as the rock, may be made to blossom as the rose.

We see it stated that Mr. George Wood of the People's Theatre, at Cincinnati, has purchased a lot and is about to erect a new theatre in Chicago. It is to accommodate three thousand people.

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, is a "favorite spot." They go without taxes there. The city government has resolved not to impose taxes this year. Reason why; no use for the money!

The proprietor of one of those swindling nuisances called a "Gift Book Enterprise," has been fined $20 and committed to prison in Richmond, Va., for lottery gambling without license.

Rev. Mr. Lorvinux, a Protestant clergyman of France, has recently purchased a lot of land in Monongahela county, Va., with the intention of establishing a colony of French emigrants there.

George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," and other very popular and interesting works, has announced for immediate publication a sequel to that curious work, "Lavengro," which is half fiction half autobiographical.

The school fund of Chicago is larger than that of any other city of the Union, except St. Louis; and there are only twelve of the thirty-one States that have a school fund as large as that of Chicago.

Rev. Joseph Wolff, in an eccentric letter recently published, says that a society in London has worked nearly fifty years and spent nearly £500,000, and yet has converted "only two Jews and a half."

The Japanese never kill the birds. When the Americans were there, Commodore Perry was requested to refrain from killing the birds. He did so; and in the treaty between the two countries, one of the conditions is that the birds shall be protected.

The Louisville Journal says a wife in Kentucky has shown how wives may run away without rendering themselves liable to be advertised as having left their husband's bed and board. She took the bed with her.

A jolly doctor of Utica remarked the other day that people who are prompt in their payments always recovered from sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.

The trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society, at a meeting in Bangor, have voted to hold their annual exhibition in that city, commencing on Tuesday, the 29th of September next—to continue three days.

A capitalist at Liverpool proposes to the English government, if sufficient encouragement is offered, to establish a line of steamships, built on a new plan, that will go from Liverpool to Australia in thirty days.

It is said by statisticians of reputation that the actual needs of public lands at present is but ten millions of acres per annum. The amount yearly patented and warranted and granted to railroads is more than double that. The quantity constantly pressing on the market is one hundred per cent. beyond the demand.

A man in Buffalo was severely injured while running bullets. His mould becoming hot he cooled it by plunging it in the water, and then commenced pouring lead again. The water in the mould blew the lead into his face and eyes, seriously injuring both. It is feared that he may lose his sight.

The legislature of Pennsylvania have passed a bill authorizing the sale of the "Main Line of Public Works" in that State, consisting of canals and railroads, extending from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. It is expected that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will become the purchaser.

The number of school districts in Maine is 4061; an increase since 1850 of 711; number of children between 4 and 21 years old, 241,997; increase, 47,002; average attendance, 106,401; increase, 24,605; amount raised for support of schools, $386,438,53; increase, $64,513,39. These figures show an encouraging progress in six years.

Aroostook county in Maine is a little world in itself; its area exceeds the area of New Hampshire. The settlers are mostly of French origin, descendants of the old Acadians, who, driven by the English from Nova Scotia, have found their way into Madawaska, situated on the St. John River. The settlement is some sixty miles long and fifty wide; population about 3000.

The Southern Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences states that a boy in that vicinity, eight years of age, has his lower extremities turned completely round. There are no knee pans; the joint bends backwards, so that when he kneels, the lower legs are in front of the body. The heels are in front and the toes behind.

An account of the maple sugar made by each farmer in Eaton county, Michigan, is being taken by the assessors. The returns from all the towns in the county, except eleven, give an aggregate of one hundred and eleven tons and a quarter. This is ten thousand pounds more than the entire county made in 1853. Eaton is believed to be the banner county in the Union in the sweetening line.

Foreign Items.

The translation of the Bible into the language of the New Zealanders has been completed.

The limitation of the time of day for marriage in Italy and is fixed by statute. The period between eight in the morning and noon is considered the legal time for all marriages.

A scientific exploring expedition, consisting of three or four persons, is about to proceed, under the sanction of the English government, through the western portion of British America.

The manufacture of cotton was first introduced into France in 1770. The total number of persons now employed in it is near 300,000. The total value of all the manufactures of France annually is 1,600,000,000 francs.

There are 119 missionaries on the islands of the Pacific Ocean, in connection with the London, Church, Wesleyan, and American Missionary Societies, 12,929 communicants, 239,000 professed Protestants, and 51,708 pupils.

It is said in the best quarters of Paris that the French government has decided on taking a more active part in the Chinese war. Orders have been given to get ready for immediate embarkation a small expeditionary force of 1000 men, with every requisite for field and garrison service.

A bookstore has recently been opened in one of the principal streets of Damascus, where Bibles, Testaments, religious books, tracts, and school-books are sold at low prices by a native Christian, being the first bookstore in that city for the Christian population for 1200 years.

Sands of Gold.

.... Reverence and stand in awe of yourself.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... We often excuse our want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.—*Lavater.*

.... Death must be distinguished from dying, with which it is often confounded.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... The wave of prosperity had risen up to his very lips, and its ripples were forever breaking there in a succession of easy smiles.—*Miss Warner.*

.... In the mouths of many men soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their guns on holidays.—*Longfellow.*

.... The truest courage is always mixed with circumspection; this being the quality which distinguishes the courage of the wise from the hardiness of the rash and foolish.—*Jones.*

.... Music is a heavenly bestowed gift to promote social enjoyment, virtuous sentiments, and devotional feeling. Music, as we believe, has undeveloped powers of usefulness. The family, the school, the church, have yet to learn much of the benign influence of this heavenly art.—*Christian Times.*

.... Clandestine marriages seldom bring happiness; the woman who sacrifices home and father's and mother's affection for a lover, unless the parents are unusually unreasonable, generally reaps that reward which follows in the steps of ingratitude and disobedience.—*Mrs. Nichols.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is the letter R like a man looking up at the moon? Ans. Because it makes his ise (eyes) *rise*.

A German only wants three things to make him happy—lager beer, sausages, and a clarionet.

The young fellow whose girl told him she didn't want him any longer, wears a fifty-six weight in his hat to prevent him from growing longer.

An exchange asks very innocently if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the laps of ages. Our opinion is, that it all depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from eighteen to twenty-five we think are rather hazardous.

In an Irish provincial paper is the following singular notice: "Wherens Patrick O'Conner lately left his lodgings this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same he will be advertised."

A man, whose appearance indicated that he was staggering from the excessive weight of a brick in his hat, being asked if he was a "son of temperance," replied: "Hic-no, no relation—not even a hic-aquaintance."

The Athenæum gives the following fishing conundrum: "What fish may be said to be out of place?" To which the reply is: "A Perch in a bird's cage: a Sole at the bottom of your boot; a Whiting cleaning plate; a Mussel in a lady's neck."

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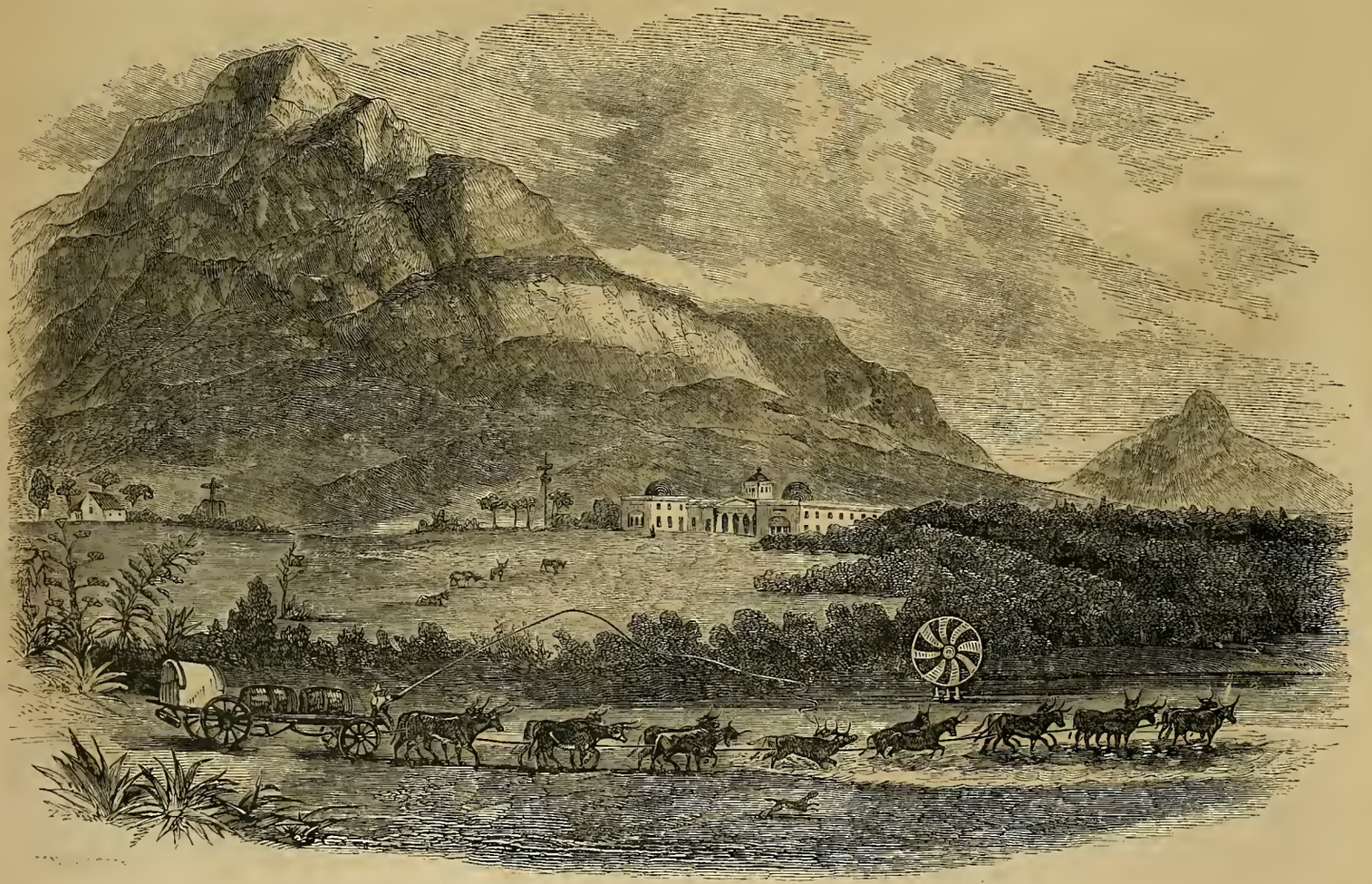
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SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

We present on this page two striking pictures, affording a strange contrast, one a village of Skulls at Halai, the other the Royal Observatory at Cape Town, thus illustrating the extremes of barbarism and civilization. The locality first depicted was once visited by the celebrated African traveller and explorer, Dr. Livingston, and is at Halai, an island in the river Zambese, renowned as the burial-place of Sekote, a once powerful chief. On visiting the spot, he found his grave surrounded by seventy large elephant's tusks, and the graves of his relatives by thirty. The natives over whom Sekote bore sway, were among the most degraded people of the African peninsula. Their most precious ornaments were the skulls of human beings. The doctor counted between fifty and sixty, mounted upon poles, in a single village. These ornaments were so eagerly sought after, that strangers were often murdered, with the view of adding to their number. Some time previous to the doctor's visit, Sebitoané destroyed or banished these savages, and rendered the country equally safe to the natives and to strangers. Had this not been the case, he might have encountered a worse reception than he had yet experienced. The Zambese River, above alluded to, is described by Dr. Livingston, who explored and made a chart of it, as strikingly interesting, and he speaks of the Mosiotunya Falls as one of the most remarkable objects he saw in his journey, being, according to report, not less striking and sublime than those of Niagara. They are caused by the sudden contraction of the river to the breadth of about a thousand yards, where the ponderous mass of waters rushes through a narrow rent in the basaltic rock, of not more than twenty-five yards wide, and down a deep cleft, a little wider, into a basin about thirty yards in diameter, and about thirty-five yards deep. Into this narrow receptacle does the vast river precipitate itself. At the time when the doctor visited the falls, the Zambese flowed in its narrowest channel, its waters being at the lowest. The effects of the sudden contraction, and the rapid fall, formed a scene equally sublime and appalling. Not satisfied with the distant view of the opening through its rocky barrier, and the sight of columns of vapor rising to the height of three or four hundred feet, and there forming a spreading cloud which falls in perpetual rain, he engaged a native, expert and fearless, to paddle him down the river to an islet immediately above the fall. Amid the heaving, eddying, and fretting of its waters, apparently reluctant to approach the gorge and hurl themselves down the precipice, he stood on one point of the islet, looked over its edge into the foaming cauldron below, marked the mad whirl of the waters, and viewed the grand scene in the very focus of the columns of vapor, and close to the sound of the deafening roar of the broken mass. Unique and magnificent as was the sight of the cataract in the eyes of the doctor, he heard and believed that the spectacle was tame in comparison of that which it presents in the rainy season. Then the river overflows its banks for miles, and yet forces its increased waters through the same chasm into the same basin. Then the columns of spray are visible, and the roar of the waters is heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles. After it passes this chasm, the river changes its course; it foams and raves along a narrow channel amid tree-covered hills, and then emerging from its confinement, it spreads itself out again, and flows in a north and north-easterly direction, a broad and placid stream, till it reaches latitude 15° 37′ south.—The Royal Observatory at Cape Town, the subject of the second picture on this page, was established by the Rev. Fearon Fallows, of Cambridge (Eng.) University, in 1820. Mr. Fallows found the great local mischief to be avoided when choosing the site of the observatory was sand—sharp, cutting, silicious sand—rendered up freely by the dry and heated soil to the everlasting winds and whirlwinds of the never-ending storm which blows so unceasingly, even with clear skies, at that windiest corner of the earth. With this object, he at last selected a station on a rising ground, four miles east of Cape Town, on the low tract of land which connects the mountainous peninsula of Cape Town and Table Mountain with the main continent. Here he fixed the observatory, on a foundation of green-stone, with a firm clayey upper soil, unvisited by either the red cloud of dust seen daily to come along the high road, on its way into Cape Town, on one hand, or on the other the great cloud of white sand flying along the plains of the flats, and destroying all the vegetation in its progress into Table Bay. The situation had, moreover, the advantages of an unlimited, almost a sea, horizon north and south; the eastern as clear, and the western only partially obstructed by mountains, and that not to the extent that would have been the case nearer to Cape Town, or any of the adjacent villages. Here, then, the observatory was built, containing the best meridian instruments of the day in well-apportioned apartments, with accommodation for the astronomer and two assistants. And here poor Mr. Fallows labored and died; here his successor, Mr. Henderson, made an immense number of observations, and deduced many important results; and here the present ardent astronomer, Mr. Maclear, has lived, and observed, and computed, and printed, for the last twenty years. During this period, many additions, alterations, and improvements, have been made from time to time, but none so important as that which we are about to mention, viz., the substitution of a new Airy's Transit Circle in place of the former Mural Circle with which all observations of declination have hitherto been made. The engraving shows the situation of the observatory, with the Table Mountain in the distance, capped by the "table-cloth" cloud. In the foreground appears a pump with shifting sails, planned and erected by Professor P. Smyth, during his residence at the Cape. The artist has also introduced into the picture a sketch of one of the famous Cape wagons, drawn by sixteen bullocks, fording the shallow water in the foreground. Dr. Livingston made many very important observations at the Cape Town Observatory, which has already been enabled to perform an inestimable service to science. Dr. Livingston's researches in Africa have brought to light many new facts in relation to that strange country—facts gathered with infinite difficulty and at great personal peril, which have been received with deep interest by the civilized world.



VILLAGE OF SKULLS, AT HALAI, ON THE ZAMBESE RIVER.



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MARINE HOSPITAL, ST. LOUIS.

We present on this page a fine view of the new Marine Hospital at St. Louis, drawn on the spot, expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Kilburn. It is situated on an elevated bluff on the west bank of the Mississippi River, about three miles below the city. It is a building of no architectural pretensions, but is neat and commodious, and amply answers the purposes for which it was erected. In the foreground of our view is seen one of those steamers, of a unique pattern, peculiar to the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, being very light, and suited in all respects to the peculiarities of the western waters. The splendid city of St. Louis itself has many other benevolent institutions, besides this, which is a national one. Among these we may mention the City Hospital, the Sisters' Hospital, the Home for the Friendless, and the Orphan Asylums. The Home for the Friendless, designed for the benefit of aged indigent females, and opened October 4, 1853, is situated on the Carondelet road, about four miles from the Court House. The edifice, formerly "Swiss College," consists of a stone centre, seventy-five feet in length, and two frame wings, each from thirty to forty feet in length; the whole two stories high. The premises comprise about eight acres of ground, variously diversified with walks and shade trees. About $40,000 have been raised for the support of the institution. The City Hospital has long been distinguished for the excellent accommodations which it affords to the sick, and has recently been enlarged to meet the wants of an increasing population. The House of Refuge was completed in 1853, if we remember rightly. St. Louis is one of the most interesting cities of the West. Of quite recent origin, it has already attained colossal dimensions, and its future expansion is among those fixed facts which do not admit of negation. Its natural advantages are unsurpassed by those of any inland port in the world, and the world knows the manner in which Americans develop and apply such facilities. Its local position is midway between two oceans, and near the geographical centre of the finest agricultural region on the face of the globe, almost at the very focus towards which converge the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio and the Illinois Rivers. She is, therefore, destined to become the great receiving and distributing depot of most of the vast region drained by these streams. "Having already reached an enviable position among her sister cities, she is looking westward with a system of railways, intended not only to bring to her markets the agricultural and mineral treasures of the Missouri Basin, but eventually to extend beyond the Rocky Mountains to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and finally to the golden shores of the Pacific Ocean." The completion of the railroad system already partially accomplished, and backed by heavy capital, will realize the most sanguine dreams of the friends of improvement, and the future of St. Louis cannot fail to be a brilliant one with its prosperity established on a solid and impregnable base. Already is it one of the most important centres of trade and commerce in the Western States, and acknowledged to be such.



MARINE HOSPITAL AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"I'LL THINK OF THEE."—TO S. C. S.

BY J. B. C.

I'll think of thee, my love, when daylight breaks
Over a world God's guardian care has kept;
When the fresh soul from soothing slumber wakes,
To bless the love that watched me while I slept;
When with new strength my blood is bounding free:
That first, best, sweetest hour, I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee, when busy day begins
Her never-ceasing round of bustling care;
Which I must meet with toil, and pain, and sins,
And through them all thy maiden love must bear:
O, then, to arm me for the strife—to be
Constant till death—I'll think one hour of thee!

I'll think of thee, when rides the glorious sun
High in mid-heaven, and parching nature feels
Lifeless and overpowered, and man has done
For one short hour with urging life's swift wheels:
In that deep pause my mind from care shall flee,
To make that hour of rest one hour with thee.

I'll think of thee when sober twilight flings
Her soothing charm o'er lawn, and vale, and grove;
When I can feel, above all other things,
The sweet enthralling sense of thy pure love;
And when its softening power descends on me,
My swelling heart shall spend one hour with thee.

I'll think of thee, my love, when, softly, night
Climbs the high heavens with solemn steps and slow;
When the sweet stars, so sparkling and so bright,
Are telling forth God's praise to men below:
O, then, while far away thy smiling face I see,
I'll spend, dear one, a happy hour with thee.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MADAME DE SOLANGE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONCLUDED.]

With her eyes fixed on the deed which she was feigning to read, Madame de Solange lost herself in reflections, formed a thousand projects. Meanwhile, Jerome had approached a window looking out upon the parterre, and was casting an eager glance through the avenues, while the duke and M. de Lanoy, seated at a little distance, continued to converse, imperceptibly raising their voices more and more.

"So," resumed M. de Lanoy, "the colonel knew nothing of it?"

"He came out of the Bastile only after the churching of his wife, and they live together like Philemon and Baucis. This is the safest way, my dear count. Let but a husband be too inquisitive, a creditor threaten to pursue a man of rank, a *lettre de cachet* settles all this. The Scriptures must have had *lettres de cachet* in view, when they recommend us to avoid offences. It is the most Christian institution of the monarchy; so I use it for myself and for my friends. I have always in my pocket, along with my snuff-box, a dozen of these, by means of which I can send the first offender to live in retirement at his majesty's expense; and if you ever desire two or three, were it only by way of precaution—"

"Only one, monsieur duke," said Madame de Solange, hastily advancing.

"What! marquise, you also?"

"A *lettre de cachet*, and I will be eternally grateful."

"For so little? I think no more of them than of a pinch of snuff. See!" added he, seeking in his pocket a little pocket-book of embroidered satin, from which he drew several papers. "Help yourself, marquise, to as many as you please."

Madame de Solange took one, thanked him, and left the room.

A little while after, a servant came to inform Jerome Bouvart that madame wanted him. He found her in her library, a letter in her hand.

"You have the confidence of Maitre Durocher," said she; "I may grant your mine safely."

The clerk bowed.

"You must set out immediately for Paris."

Jerome appeared surprised.

"I will inform your patron," resumed Madame de Solange. "Carry this letter and wait for a reply; it may prevent the signing of the contract."

"I will go, madame," hastily said the clerk.

"Especially, not a word of the mission which I have confided to you."

"I swear it to you."

"And no delay."

"I will depart immediately."

"Go; I will await you."

The young man bowed and went out. Madame de Solange ran to the window to assure herself which road he took, and saw him take the avenue to Paris. A gleam of joy illuminated her features.

"Go," murmured she; "now I fear you no more."

And descending again to the saloon where M. de Lanoy and the Duke de Lussac were still awaiting her, she said, presenting the contract to the latter:

"It is well; it shall be signed by the marquis to-day."

But while everything was thus conspiring against the love of Jeanne, her very misery acquired for her an unexpected succor. The fear of encountering Madame de Solange had for some time prevented her returning to her father. At last her anxiety prevailed over everything else; she glided to the door of the marquis, and after having assured herself that he was alone, stealthily entered. The marquis was walking the room in an agitated manner, pronouncing some disconnected words. At sight of Jeanne, he stopped short and stretched out his arms to her.

"The letter—the letter!" stammered he.

"My mother has read it?" asked Jeanne, tremblingly.

"And carried it away."

The young girl uttered a cry.

"It was not my fault, Jeanne," resumed the old man, extending his hands to her. "She talked to me of the king's masses,—of a ride in the forest. Then she promised to restore it. You were not to know of it. O, Jeanne, Jeanne! you do not want it?"

The latter dropped into a chair, covering her face.

"In the name of Heaven, do not weep!" said the old man, almost weeping himself.

"Ah, my father, you have ruined me!" exclaimed the young girl, stifling with sobs.

"Ruined you!" repeated M. de Solange. "What, then, did this letter contain? Jeanne, do not be so alarmed, I conjure you. Why did you give it to me to keep? I have no strength—no will of my own. You have never seen her immovable and piercing look. When it is fixed on me, I feel my head turn—my limbs tremble; I am afraid."

These words were pronounced in a tone so deeply affecting, that even in the midst of her desolation, Jeanne was touched by it. She seized her father's hands with sorrowful pity and kissed them tenderly. This caress touched the old man; his brow cleared up.

"You pardon me, Jeanne, do you not?" said he, placing his trembling lips on the cheek of his daughter. "O, be tranquil! All this will soon be over; soon you will be no longer a slave, and may do as you please."

"I, my father?"

"Are you not about to espouse the Count de Lanoy?"

"Never!" exclaimed the young girl, despairingly.

The marquis raised his head.

"Never!" repeated he, in astonishment. "What do you mean, Jeanne?"

"O, my father, I am very unhappy!" sobbed the latter, throwing herself into his arms.

"You unhappy, Jeanne? In the name of goodness, what is the matter? Look at me. Why do you weep?"

And as if a ray of light had suddenly illuminated him: "O," exclaimed he, "it is not the count whom you love!"

The young girl, blushing and weeping, concealed her face in the bosom of the old man.

"Yes—I understand," resumed he. "There is another, whom your mother repulses. Is it not so? Your mother thinks only of raising you in order to raise herself. Poor child! And you love him, then, well?"

"Ah, father!" murmured Jeanne, embracing him.

He sighed.

"Alas—alas! what is to be done?" said he, in a despairing tone. "She has chosen the count, Jeanne; she wishes you to espouse him, and no one can resist her."

"O, I know it!" returned the young girl, sobbing; "but rather than espouse the count, father, I will die!"

"You?"

"Yes," resumed she, with the energy of despair, "for everything would be easier to me than to endure such a union. Think of it, my father: to promise before God to live for some one, when your whole soul is elsewhere! to condemn one's self to act a lie until death? it is impossible! And he—what will become of him if I abandon him? You do not know how good he is. We have talked of you so often, and he loves you because I love you. O, I should have been so happy with him, father!"

The young girl spoke with a broken voice, and her sorrowful exaltation gained over the old man.

"Well," exclaimed he, suddenly, "let us go away together!"

"Go away?"

"Yes, Jeanne; it is the only method of escaping her tyranny. They would make you suffer like myself. Let us flee."

"Can you think of it?"

"What should prevent us? Am I not your father? With me you can go anywhere. I will accompany you, Jeanne. We will go far away, in some corner of the country where I shall be free to walk beneath the trees without a guardian. If we are poor, I will work."

"You, father?"

"Yes, yes; my strength will return, child. Here, her presence poisons the air; I feel around me her will like an iron net-work, which oppresses me. This is the reason why I am feeble, old and timid. But liberty will restore my youth. Tell him, Jeanne,—tell him to prepare everything, and we will fly before your mother suspects anything."

"Alas! it is too late," murmured the young girl; "the letter will have told her all."

"The letter!" repeated the marquis, changing countenance. "O, yes, you are right. The letter! And it was I who gave it up to her. It was deposited in my care, and I have sold it for vain promises."

The old man struck his forehead against the chair. Jeanne threw her arms around him.

"Do not say so, my father!" exclaimed she; "do not accuse yourself; do not be grieved for me. God has done all, and has not willed to give me the joy which I asked of him. He alone is master, and can control the future. Since I am not allowed to live for Jerome in this world, I will pray for him in a convent. Embrace me—embrace me, my father, for very soon you will see me no more."

"No, Jeanne," exclaimed the marquis, clasping her to his breast, "that shall not be! Thou in a cloister, my beautiful, my gentle Jeanne? And what wouldst thou do with thy joyous impulses beneath the veil? Ah, you do not know all which there is to suffer in the seclusion of a convent!"

"No, but I know, father, all that may be suffered from certain unions."

"As in mine, is it not so?" said the old man, turning pale. "You are right. I had not thought of it. If you should suffer as I have done! Jeanne, you shall not marry against your will!" exclaimed he, forcibly. "All unions without love must resemble each other. You shall not marry; I will oppose it. I am your father; this title, at least, cannot be taken from me. They cannot dispose of your hand without my consent. You shall not marry the count."

"Nevertheless, I come to present the contract for your signature," said a calm and sonorous voice.

Madame de Solange had just entered, and stood at a few paces' distant, with some papers in her hand. The young girl pressed closely to her father with terror. The latter started, but without casting down his eyes. The marquise approached.

"I think it useless to recall all the advantages of the proposed alliance," said she, coldly. "My word is given, the deeds drawn up, and nothing can make me reverse my decision. I may then believe that the marquis will not oppose the execution of a project which he has himself approved."

"My consent will follow that of Jeanne," replied M. de Solange, in a tone of hesitation.

"Your consent will follow mine, sir," returned the marquise, impatiently. "My will is not of those which yield to caprices and tears. I do not argue; I will. Sign!"

Her voice had an inflexible and menacing authority, by which Jeanne was moved; but the old man remained impassible. One of those hours had arrived when the most timid soul, urged to extremities, must revolt to relieve itself from a too long oppression. Without replying to the command of the marquise, he hastily took the contract which she held, crushed it contemptuously, and threw it on the floor.

"You see plainly that I will not sign it, madame," said he, in a resolute tone.

The marquise turned pale. She looked at the old man, then at the deed which he had so disdainfully repulsed.

"Take care what you do, sir," said she, in a trembling voice. "Your condition has privileges, and I like to believe that you are not conscious of your acts; but reflect."

"I have reflected," said the marquis, "and I refuse. As long as my own happiness was in question, I yielded; but Jeanne, madame, is more than myself,—is the only part of my life which you have not blighted. This marriage shall not take place against her will."

"This marriage shall take place, in spite of you!"

"I defy you, madame. My title of father gives me an authority which I will maintain. Nothing can take place here without my consent. I am the master, do you understand,—the master? Ah, because my head is weakened in the solitude with which you have surrounded me,—because I have long suffered you to trample me under foot, you think, perhaps, that I have forgotten my rights! But in order to keep me submissive, you should not have touched this child. She came to weep in my arms, talking of death and a convent, and her tears have restored my strength. Until now I have suffered apart, in silence; I have preferred grief to a contest. But the courage which I have not had for myself, I will have for her. On your soul's salvation, do not touch Jeanne; for I am her protector, her guardian, and I shall know how to defend her!"

As he spoke thus, he clasped the young girl to his breast, trembling with emotion. His white hair seemed to be agitated on his expanded brow. His form became erect; it seemed as if a superhuman courage had descended into this crushed body, and that a soul long pent up within it had at last freed itself.

Madame de Solange stood immovable. This revolt of a man so long submissive to her will was a prodigy at which she was for a moment intimidated; but she quickly recovered from her stupor.

"Very well!" said she, in an implacable accent and with sparkling eyes; "you challenge me to a contest. I accept the challenge. Until now I had thought myself able to manage an old man in his dotage; I had kindly left to a phantom the semblance of the head of the family; but he has become rebellious and dangerous. I shall know how to deprive him of the appearance of a right which he would abuse. You call yourself the guardian of this child, sir? In a few days you shall have one yourself."

"Ah, madame!" exclaimed Jeanne, hastening with clasped hands towards the marquise.

The latter repulsed her.

"Leave me," said she. "You have desired a contest; we will contend. Let this spirit, so prompt to proclaim your rights, seek to defend them. We shall see how it will sustain the humiliating examination of its judges. I shall no longer ask your signature, sir; I shall soon have no need of it. A contract can dispense with the signature of a lunatic."

As Madame de Solange spoke, the enthusiasm of the old man seemed to diminish; the fire of his eyes became extinct, his brow had grown pale, his arms dropped motionless. It seemed as if this soul, for a moment hurried out of itself, recognized the voice of its master, and insensibly returned to its timid obedience. But at the last word pronounced by the marquise, he uttered an exclamation of terror.

"A lunatic!" stammered he,—"I! I will have no judges. I, tried like a criminal! No, no! I will not defend myself. You will not do this, for honor's sake, for pity's sake? A lunatic! I would rather die than pass for such, madame. Let me die!"

[illegible] Tears stifled his voice; he groped for his chair, and threw himself into it, falteringly.

"My father—O, my father!" exclaimed Jeanne, half rushing him in her arms.

"I am not a lunatic! I will have no judges!" stammered the old man. And he swooned.

A week had rolled away, and all in the Hotel de Solange seemed to have recovered tranquillity; only in this tranquillity there was something of gloom. Since the scene we have just described, the rumor of the derangement of the marquis had silently spread, without any one having been able to verify it, for all the services which had led domestics to the neighborhood of his apartment had been interrupted by order of the marquise. Life seemed suddenly to have withdrawn from that part of the hotel, and at sight of these closed doors, these carefully drawn shutters, through which gleamed the light of a lamp, one would have thought it the chamber of the dead.

The seclusion of the marquis had extended even to Jeanne; all the entreaties of the latter to be allowed to see her father were useless. Thus deprived of the only support and consolation which she could invoke, the young girl had passed the week in tears. To the grief caused her by the sequestration of the old man, which she accused herself of as the cause, was united all the anguish of a hopeless love. Where was Jerome, and what were the contents of the letter which had fallen into the hands of the marquise? What would he think of her silence? Perhaps he would accuse her of ingratitude, or forgetfulness. He would adopt some fatal resolution; and there was no way to warn him. The young girl in vain called to her assistance all the imaginings of grief and of love. The mute surveillance of her mother surrounded her like a net-work. Then came despair. Ceasing to struggle, she suffered herself to sink to the depths of the abyss, and asked of God only that she might die.

Madame de Solange had followed all the agitations of this burdened soul with an inquisitive glance, like that of the physician who studies the crisis by which he wishes to profit. The execution of the threat which she had made to the marquis involved too much scandal and danger to fulfil it. To call others to her aid, was to expose herself to masters or enemies. She preferred to do all noiselessly,—to crush the resistance of the father and daughter by arming against each their common affection, and to induce Jeanne to relinquish happiness, without violence, and as it were by a compromise. But she comprehended that to bring her to this point it was necessary to deprive her of hope. Circumstances served to aid in the execution of her projects.

One morning, Jeanne was informed that her mother wished to see her. The marquise, who was in her library with Maitre Durocher, beckoned to the young girl to pass into her chamber, and await her there. The latter obeyed; but the sight of the notary had struck her; she thought that he had been summoned for her marriage, of which Madame de Solange had said nothing for a week, and that her fate would perhaps be decided in this conversation. Urged by an anxious curiosity, she softly approached the tapestry hanging which separated the chamber from the library, and listened.

At first she could only distinguish some confused words, and she was about to withdraw, when she perceived that Maitre Durocher had risen. The marquise was about to conduct him out, and they approached each other. They had arrived near the door. The marquise stopped.

"Apropos," said she, smiling, "what is to be done with this mass of old titles which have been sent me lately from the province?"

"They must be examined," replied the notary; "but we have not time."

"Why not confide this duty to your clerks? You have competent ones."

"I had one," replied Durocher, shaking his head. "I have sent him to you several times."

"Send him again."

"Would to Heaven that I could! but Jerome Bouvart is no longer with me."

"How so?"

"I have lost him in consequence of an insane attachment."

"Do you know the object?" hastily interrogated Madame de Solange.

"No, but I can state the sad results. For nearly two months, Jerome was every day more gloomy, and despairing words sometimes escaped him. At last, about a week ago, he suddenly disappeared. Suspecting some desperate act, I made inquiries, and learned from some boatmen that a young man of the age and appearance of Jerome had been seen the evening before on the Pont de la Tournelle. They saw him walk near the parapet, with a bewildered air, until night. Afterwards they thought they heard the fall of a body into the river."

A stifled and heart rending cry interrupted Maitre Durocher. He turned in surprise, and looked at Madame de Solange; but the latter feigned to have heard nothing. She opened the door of the library.

"I will wait till you have obtained a substitute for the young man," said she, with smiling composure.

The notary went out. Hardly had he turned the corridor, when Madame de Solange hastened to her room, and raising the tapestry, perceived Jeanne extended motionless on the floor. The grief which seized the young girl on emerging from her room brought on a delirious fever, at which the marquise herself was terrified. This soul, closed to all affection, had been unable to suspect the force of the blow which she had inflicted upon Jeanne; she was struck by it, not with remorse, but with terror. With Jeanne must perish her last hopes of elevation. The life of Jeanne had become more precious than her own, and the egotized sanity manifested all the anguish of tenderness. The ambitious woman wept the tears of a mother.

Seated at the bedside of her daughter, she watched her movements, listened to her breathing, interrogated the most transient hues of her burning forehead. All the succors of art were summoned, every care lavished. At last nature conquered grief; Jeanne recovered.

While the condition of the young girl had inspired some anxiety, Madame de Solange had carefully avoided everything which could remind her of the projected marriage; but as soon as her fears were dispelled, she thought only of hastening the fulfillment of her projects. Like a criminal who has been rescued from death only to be reserved for the tortures of the executioner, Jeanne recovered only to be subjected to new persecutions. The return of the Count de Lanoy, whom business had summoned to Burgundy, was expected, and must find her ready to obey. Madame de Solange had recourse to all the energy of her will to subject this feeble soul. She knew how to vanquish her frail scruples; she had already succeeded in depriving her of courage by depriving her of hope; it only remained to present submission as a necessary sacrifice.

During her convalescence, the young girl had several times asked to see her father. This favor was at last granted her. Jeanne was introduced into the room of the marquis by Baptiste. The shutters were carefully closed, and only a night-lamp shed there a dubious light. But when the eyes of the young girl had become accustomed to the half obscurity which reigned there, she could not suppress a cry of surprise at the gloomy and desolate aspect of the apartment. The curtains, the furniture and the pictures had been removed. Tapestry, the livid personages on which seemed to vacillate in the vague light of the lamp, alone garnished the walls, and gave them an aspect still more sombre. The sound of the young girl's footsteps, softened by a double carpet, had doubtless been unheard by the old man, for he remained motionless. Jeanne approached his curtainless bed, and could contemplate him with sorrowful surprise. He lay outstretched, with bare head, closed eyes and clasped hands; his unpowdered hair fell carelessly over his hollow cheeks, long bluish veins traversed his pale forehead, and from his parched lips escaped a half-suppressed sigh.

The young girl clasped her hands, and knelt beside the bed. This movement appeared to arouse the marquis from his torpor. He opened his eyes, raised his head, and perceived Jeanne. The latter seized one of his hands, which she covered with tears and kisses.

"It is I, father," said she. "Do you not recognize me?"

The old man looked at her fixedly, then disengaging the hand which she held, murmured:

"A lunatic! No more sunshine, no more sound, no more anything!"

"Father!" exclaimed the terrified Jeanne, rising.

There was in this exclamation so much of terrified tenderness that it penetrated the heart of the marquis. He looked fixedly at the young girl, and his eyes brightened.

"Jeanne," said he, stretching out his arms to her.

"Yes, my father, yes,—your beloved Jeanne," replied the young girl. "Look at me. O, how pale you are!"

"They have pronounced me a lunatic," repeated the old man.

"Do not believe it, my father."

"Look!" murmured he, casting his eyes around him; "they have taken everything away, even to the room where I have lived for ten years."

"This is your own room, my father."

"My room, say you, foolish girl! Where, then, are my large arm-chair, my library, the portraits of my family, the mantel-clock which I so loved to hear strike in night? No, no! They have put this great tapestry here to deceive me; but this is a tomb. Look as you go out, and you will read my name upon it. They have buried me alive, Jeanne, because I was a lunatic."

"O, my father, my father, be yourself once more!"

"Look!" added the marquis, pointing with almost feminine mortification to his dishevelled locks and soiled linen; "they have refused me even daily cares. I am for them only a corpse." And as if a thought of pride had crossed his affliction, he continued in a tone of triumph: "But no matter; I have refused to sign, Jeanne. She thought to make me yield as formerly, but for you I would have contended against fate. Do not fear, Jeanne. Let her come again; were death with her, I would reply as before: 'I refuse! I refuse! I refuse!'"

"Father," exclaimed Jeanne, in despair,—"O, father, it is I who am the cause of all! If I had obeyed, you would still be free and happy. But you cannot remain here, my father. You must quit this cell; you have the right to do so. Come!"

"Hush!" said the old man, "hush! it is the hour when it appears."

"What, father?"

"Lower—lower. There is a God even for lunatics. They thought to deprive me of a sight of the sun, but it visits me every day."

"What say you?"

"Look on that side, beneath that lattice. A sunbeam will soon steal in there. It shines but a moment, but it returns every day, and I count the hours till it comes. Thanks to this, I know there is yet a sun in the world. But do not tell your mother, Jeanne; do not speak of it to any one; they would take away my ray."

"O, my father!" said the young girl, tenderly, "you suffer, then, much from your captivity?"

"Do I suffer! Ah, you do not know what are this eternal night and solitude! There are moments when I doubt my life and [illegible] when I feel a pen [illegible] habits, is all [illegible] the place of [illegible] my youth in the midst of the [illegible] They have taken away all that my eyes recognized,—all that recalled me of the past. In emptying this chamber, they have emptied my memory. I no longer remember,—no longer desire. I seek the world around me without finding it. O, if I could go out one hour—one minute! Jeanne, can you not deliver me without their knowledge? Only give me time to see the sky, to hear the birds, to feel a breath of air on my hair. Jeanne, must I, then, die in the depths of this sepulchre!"

He clasped his hands and sobbed like a child. The despairing young girl threw herself into his arms.

"No, my father!" exclaimed she, stifled with tears. "Your liberty shall be restored; you shall see the daylight."

"When?"

"Immediately, my father."

She sprang towards the bed and pulled it with violence. The door opened, and Madame de Solange appeared.

"Let my father be set free, madame!" exclaimed the young girl, hastening towards her. "I consent to espouse M. de Lanoy!"

* * * * *

A week after, the bells of St. Louis rang a merry peal, and a long file of carriages stood before the door of the church. The marriage of the Count de Lanoy with Mademoiselle de Solange was being celebrated.

Beside the altar stood the marquis, in festival attire, looking at the gay crowd, inhaling the odor of the incense, and listening to the music of the organs with a delighted air.

When the ceremony was over, at the moment the priest withdrew, Jeanne rose, tottering, and as it were bewildered: but her eyes, as she looked around her, encountered the old man. She sprang towards him with a despairing movement, and throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed:

"Rejoice, my father. Henceforth you shall be happy!"

On their return to the hotel, the newly married couple found the notary who brought additional deeds to be signed. Having finished reading them, the young man by whom Maitre Durocher was accompanied was receiving the signatures of the two families. The notary found himself near Madame de Solange.

"You have at last a new clerk!" asked the latter, without thinking of what she was saying, and only to escape the embarrassment of silence.

"Yes, madame," replied Durocher; "but I do not despair of finding the old one."

"How?" said the marquise, starting.

"The corpse of the young man whom the boatmen heard fall into the Seine has been recovered, and it was not that of Jerome."

Jeanne, who had listened breathlessly, rose, uttering a cry.

"Everybody has signed, Maitre Durocher," said the marquise, hastily.

And while the notary was collecting the deeds, she seized the hand of Jeanne, and compelling her to sit down, said:

"Compose yourself, Madame de Lanoy; your husband is looking at you." * * * *

The Marquis de Solange died a short time afterwards, and with him would have disappeared the last interest Jeanne retained in the world, had she not been about to become a mother. The marquise and the count, who pursued in concert their ambitious plans, rarely troubled her solitude; the young woman sought in new duties and in piety the consolations which she must have in vain demanded elsewhere.

Meanwhile, events disappointed all the projects of Madame de Solange. It was no longer the question for the nobility to conquer a higher position, but to retain that they had occupied; the revolution had commenced. The count, who had renounced his philosophical ideas as soon as he feared their application, was one of the first to invoke the assistance of foreigners to arrest the movement, leaving Jeanne with the marquise, whose faculties were becoming weaker day by day.

On the contrary, the young woman received no injury from those public agitations to which she remained a stranger. Such as she had left the altar after her marriage, beautiful, devoted, sorrowful, such she was still. The eternal youth of her soul had passed into her features; she seemed a flower gathered in its early freshness, and preserved, by some magic power, as sweet and as pure.

She was returning, one day, from the Quarter St. Marceau, whither she had gone on some benevolent errand. Her carriage was about to cross the square of the Hotel de Ville, when it was suddenly arrested by an immense crowd, which advanced, uttering cries of triumph. Madame de Lanoy leaned forward and asked the coachman what was the matter.

"The people have just taken the Bastille, madame," replied the lacquey, trembling.

At this moment a band of workmen approached the carriage, and one of them hastily opened the door. At sight of Jeanne, so beautiful and sad, he involuntarily recoiled and uncovered.

"What would you?" asked the countess, in a gentle voice.

"Pardon me, madame," stammered the workman, "but one of the prisoners we have liberated has just fainted."

"Let him be brought hither!" hastily exclaimed Jeanne. "There is room for him."

Those who carried the dying man then approached, and placed him in the carriage. The countess had thrown aside the silk mantle which enveloped her, and assisted in placing him by her side; but in this movement, the carpet wrapped around him partially opened and permitted her to see him. Jeanne could not suppress a groan at sight of this countenance, which retained nothing human.

The dying man appeared to hear her, for he opened his eyes and fixed them on Madame de Lanoy.

"Do you suffer much?" asked the latter, in a voice rendered tremulous by tears.

The features of the prisoner became animated; his lips moved, and he murmured in a confused accent:

"Jeanne!"

"Do you know my name?" said Madame de Lanoy, surprised.

"Jeanne!" repeated the prisoner, extending his hands towards the countess.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the latter, in anguish of doubt impossible to express.

"Jerome!" stammered the dying man.

Madame de Lanoy uttered a cry of terror, and fell on her knees before the prisoner. The latter raised himself, and throwing his arms around the neck of the countess, said:

"Jeanne, I have seen thee once more! God is good!"

At these words, he fell back. The countess bent over him, despairingly; but, exhausted by too long sufferings, he had been unable to resist this last emotion. Joy had killed him.

This unexpected stroke crushed Madame de Lanoy, and threw her into a kind of gloomy despair, from which even maternal love could not arouse her. When the revolutionary agitation spread, she refused to quit Paris, where her name was the more certainly compromised, that the count was known to be in La Vendée with arms in his hands; so she was arrested with the marquise, then in her dotage. Dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, they were condemned to death, and executed on the ninth of Thermidor.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

The picture on this page is full of rustic character and beauty. A young peasant girl and a young peasant lad have taken refuge under a spreading tree from one of those sudden showers which descend with but a momentary warning during the summer solstice, and against which the umbrella is but a feeble protection; the umbrageous canopy above forming an impervious shield. The shower is nearly over, and above the distant church spire, the symbol of Faith, shines the radiant bow of Hope, gilding the retiring march of the sullen clouds. The young girl extends her tiny white hand to ascertain whether it will be safe to venture forth. The young man, however, is thinking more of his pretty neighbor than of the skies, but he has not mustered up courage enough to address her. He stands buttressing the tree at a most respectful distance, the image of true rustic sheepishness. Yet that bright vision will be associated with the spot. Perhaps when love has mastered bashfulness, that friendly oak will be their trysting-tree, and here they may whisper words low and soft as the musical murmur of the summer winds among the foliage. This summer shower may mark an era in the lives of the simple couple before us.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Hon. R. C. Wintbrop related the following amusing anecdote in the course of his splendid address at the late musical festival in this city. He said that during the negociation of the treaty of peace between England and the United States at Ghent (1814), a festival or banquet, or it may have been a ball, was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The sovereign people of the United States—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams himself, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jonathan Russell, and Mr. Gallatin,—were, of course, not to be overlooked; and the musical conductor or band-master of the place called upon these commissioners to furnish him with our national air. "Our national air," said they, 'is Yankee Doodle." "Yankee Doodle!' said the conductor; "what is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score?" The perplexity of the commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wit's ends. They had never imagined that they should have *scores* of this sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's, who, like so many of his race, was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was forthwith sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The band master jotted down the air, as the colored boy whistled it, and before night, says Mr. Adams, Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trumpet and cymbal, to the edification of the allied sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the united sovereigns of America.



A SUMMER SHOWER.

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

One cold, bleak November morning, when the sky, the air, and all nature wore that sullen and desponding look so peculiar to our climate at that season, a lady, who for the first time had risen from a bed of sickness, went into an adjoining apartment, where she perceived a gay and beautiful butterfly in the window. Astonished at finding this creature of flowers and sunshine in so uncongenial a situation, she watched its movements and operations. As the sun came out for a bright, brief space, it fluttered joyously about the window, and imparted to the sick room an air of cheerfulness and hope. Towards evening, however, the tiny creature dropped its wings; the lady then placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantel-piece. During the night hard frost came on, and the room was in consequence very cold. In the morning, the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler, apparently dead. The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it on her own warm hand, and, breathing upon it, perceived it gave signs of returning animation; she then once more placed it in its glass house on the rug before the fire. Soon the elegant little insect spread out its many-colored wings, and flew to the window, where the sun was shining brightly. By-and-by the sun retired, and the window-panes getting cold, the creature sank down on the carpet again, apparently lifeless. The same means were used to restore animation, and with the same success. This alternation of life and death went on for many days, till at last the grateful little thing became quite tame, and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window and held out her finger, it would, of its own accord, hop upon it; sometimes it would settle for an hour at a time upon her hand or neck, when she was reading or writing. Its food consisted of honey, a drop of which the lady would put upon her hand, when the butterfly would uncurl its sucker, and gradually sip it up; then it usually sipped up a drop of water in the same way. The feeding took place only once in three or four days. In this manner its existence was prolonged through the whole winter, and part of the following spring. As it approached the end of its career, its wings became quite transparent, and its spirits apparently dejected. It would rest quietly in its "crystal palace," even when the sun was wooing it to come out; and at last, one morning in April, it was found quite dead.—*The Naturalist.*

There are few things in which address and judgment are more necessary than in the giving of advice which is showing a man that you either know more or are better than himself, which almost always creates a contest with his self-love.

TRAVELLING IN EGYPT.

The drowsy royalty of Egypt has at length waked up in the person of his highness Said Pasha, viceroy of Egypt, and with the aid of the English engineer, Stephenson, is trying to wake up his subjects by sending every day a shrieking steam-engine between Alexandria and Cairo; and as the train rushes along the rich pastures of the Delta, camels and buffaloes tethered on both sides of the road pull up the pegs and change their location in a state of great excitement. The Arabs (so they say), accustomed to the swift coursers of the desert, leap from the cars, even when the train is at full speed, and alight on their feet. From Cairo towards Suez the railroad is completed for some thirty miles, and under the direction of a French engineer will probably be finished to Suez in six months' time. But it must be understood that passengers are allowed the privilege of using these roads at a high price, only by special favor of the viceroy, who occasionally stops all passenger transit, and gives out a brief notice that "transportation is suppressed for government purposes for a day or so." But with all these uncertainties, the possibility of going by a comfortable railway carriage is very much to be preferred to the rolling pace of a camel, or to the monotonous sail by canal boat, as it drags its slow length along. And once in Cairo, the stranger enters upon a drama of Oriental fascination after he has passed the ordeal of the donkey-boys and their beasts, who in close array obstruct the passage from the station-house, and always succeed in conquering the new-comer; placing him "*vi et armis*" upon the smallest bit of a donkey he ever saw, he is allowed to ride to the hotel, as captain of a whole troop of vagabond Arabs, who follow shouting in the rear. An entire paragraph is not too much to devote to the Cairo donkey, for this long-eared animal is one of the most important improvements, and takes the place of rickety cabs and uneasy sedan chairs, much to the advantage of the rider. As you charge through the narrow streets at the head of this disorderly band, scattering the squads of Turks and Egyptians who seem to be sitting in council in the very middle of the way, you pass men and women dressed in all the gaudy colors of an Oriental costume; women eye the stranger from behind their veils, or shelter themselves in great alarm as if an uncircumcised gaze might of itself defile them; turbaned Arabs lead towards the gates the burdened camel, whose angry cry seems to say, "I am not so patient as the writers of natural histories suppose me to be." Cross-legged merchants sit in their shops, which are often only eight by nine feet square, and smoke and seem to care very little whether the customer comes or not, so long as he doesn't disturb their "hookah" privileges. Now and then the donkey turns aside out of respect to a pious Mussulman who is making the most profound protestations towards Mecca, and has chosen the street as the dustiest place for his devotions. There is no view in the world more peculiar and interesting than that from the marble court in front of the mosque of the citadel at Cairo. Far off on the borders of the desert, the pyramids of Geezeh rear their unique forms against the clear sky, and a long line of the lesser pyramids of Sakkara and Dashoor stretch along the line of the desert towards the southern horizon. The broad belt of the Nile valley, with palm groves and villages, divides one desert from the other. Cairo, with its countless minarets and domes, is at your feet, and, turning about, the eye rests with peculiar delight upon the alabaster pillars and rich domes of the mosque of the citadel. You next visit the pyramids of Egypt. On the way, perhaps you invest a shilling in a ride upon some chance camel, by way of experiment, and in a few hours find yourself under the shadow of the largest of the seven wonders of the world—the great pyramids of Cheops! After being dragged through passages in the interior of the huge pile by a gang of stalwart Bedouins, each of whom is begging in broken English for "just a little something extra," you climb to the top of the monster monument, grasping the strong hand of the same Arab, who waxes confidential by the time you reach the summit, and whispers in your ear, "Me got seven sons—three boys and four girls: give me something; you very rich." If you reply, "I'm not rich," the ingenious answer is, "What you come to pyramid for, then?" The next importunity of these Arabs, who have you in their power on the narrow top of the pile, is that one of their number be employed for two shillings to run down this and up to the top of the other pyramid, and this he engages to do in eight minutes. They quarrel for the job, and finally you select one whose recommendation, given by some former visiter, reads as follows: "This fellow is the longest legged rascal I ever saw run up a pyramid." Down starts the wild Arab, and winding his way up the huge side of the second pyramid, like a spider upon a house roof, he reaches the top true to time, and waves his "fez" cap in triumph.—*Correspondent of Boston Transcript.*



CATHEDRAL ON PLUM STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

CATHEDRAL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Catholic Cathedral, on Plum Street, Cincinnati, of which we present an accurate view, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, is a fine stone building, with a very lofty spire, a striking feature in its architecture. It has been much admired. It stands in a pleasant and quiet location, and its steeple is a landmark, being seen from a very great distance. Cincinnati presents a fine array of churches, belonging to different denominations, and some of them are noble specimens of architecture. Great taste has been shown in the public buildings of the city, as our views in previous numbers will testify. At some future time, we shall present our readers with further specimens of the church architecture of the Queen City of the West.—In church architecture, our own taste is decidedly in favor of the pointed Gothic style, in preference to the Grecian, or any other style. The origin of Christian church architecture is full of interest. When the inhabitants of Rome first became Christians, they were so much in dread of the imperial power that they did not venture to perform their new worship openly, and they therefore sought for hiding-places. It happened that the city of Rome was to a great extent honeycombed beneath the surface by excavations, called sometimes *catacombs*, and sometimes *catatombs*. These were in fact quarries, from whence the Romans had for ages derived building-stone. These catacombs were used by the Christians as chapels, and also as burial-places for their dead. Many of those who sacrificed their lives in defence of the new faith were regarded as saints and martyrs by those who survived; and it became a custom to go and pray over and near their tombs in these subterranean retreats. It came in time to be deemed a high privilege to be buried near these holy persons; and family vaults and chapels were kept up by those who were able to defray the necessary expense. At a later period, when Christianity became less persecuted, churches were built in the open air, over these catacomb burial-places; the church being dedicated to the holy person entombed beneath. Thus arose a custom which afterwards widely influenced church architecture; for the crypt or subterranean chapel beneath the altar, or sanctuary, was deemed to represent the tomb of the saint to whom the church was dedicated; and when the saint had died at a spot different from that in which the church was built, the bones in many cases were conveyed thither, and deposited in a crypt beneath the altar. The stone-quarries of Rome were thus, incidentally, the means of establishing one of the features in Christian church-building. No Christian churches of any note were built above ground at Rome till the time of Constantine; but when the emperor embraced Christianity, he sought among the buildings of Rome for one which should present a convenient form for the new worship. Among the buildings in that city were several called *Basilicas*, which combined the two features of a court of justice and a commercial exchange. Each Basilica was an oblong rectangular building, with a large semicircular recess at the end opposite the entrance; three-fourths of the oblong composed a hall; the remainder was a transverse aisle which intervened between the hall and semicircular recess. The hall was divided by columns into three unequal parts, a sort of central nave and two side-aisles; and galleries sometimes covered the aisles. The galleries and the hall were open to merchants and spectators; the transverse aisle, elevated by steps above the level of the hall, was appropriated to notaries and advocates; while the semicircular end was appropriated to the prætor and judges, who occupied elevated seats. It was such a building as this that Constantine adopted as a model for Christian churches: and he furthermore planned, as far as he could, to associate each church with some martyr's tomb, and to construct stairs from the sanctuary in the upper chapel down to the tomb in the crypt or lower church. Constantine seems first to have given up to Pope Sylvester his palace of the Lateran, in which such a Basilica probably existed, and to have built near it a baptistry, where the Christian ceremony of baptism might be conducted in that open manner which was customary among the early Christians. The first church which he built, however, was one over the tomb of St. Peter, to whom it was dedicated; and after this he built others dedicated to St. Paul, St. Lawrence, and St. Agnese. All these were in the outskirts of Rome; for the central parts of the city remained essentially pagan long after the time of this empire. Those built by Constantine were not of long endurance; so that when Theodosius adopted more vigorous measures to establish Christianity, he had to build them anew. The form of Christianity adopted by the Eastern, also known as the Greek, the Lower, the Byzantine and the Constantinopolitan Empire, obtained the name of the Greek Church, to distinguish it from the somewhat different doctrine of the Latin or Roman Church. Wherever the Greek Church was followed (as it is in Russia), there that particular style of building the churches was followed also: and thus we have a style which may conveniently be called Byzantine architecture. When Mohammed appeared, some centuries afterwards, and changed the face of religion throughout an large part of the world, a style of architecture arose, which, whether among the Moguls of India, the Ottomans of Turkey, the Saracens of Arabia or the Moors of Spain, has always presented a marked character, strongly dividing it from others. This style—which is sometimes called Saracenic, sometimes Arabian, sometimes Turkish, sometimes Moorish, sometimes Moresque—was founded on some features of the Byzantine, modified and greatly augmented by the Mohammedans who adopted it. The collective term, Mahommedan, will conveniently designate this style. Meanwhile the Western or Roman Empire, falling first into the hands of dissipated and worthless emperors, then invaded by rude and semi-barbarous armies, and, lastly, dismembered into fragments by the absence of any sufficient or coherent power, lost by degrees all that had distinguished it in matters of taste. The churches and palaces were built up, often with materials of broken-down Roman temples, but without a knowledge of the proper use of them; arches were combined in a most incongruous manner; and everything showed that, while one uniform plan had been gradually lost, no other of definite character had yet arisen. In Italy, in France, in the Christian part of Spain, in Britain, in Germany, most of the buildings were of this semi-Roman or barbarous Roman character—not unfrequently very picturesque in appearance from particular points of view, but wanting in unity of purpose and distinctness of character. It was not until the pointed arch made its appearance, in the eleventh or twelfth centuries, that this inharmonious system gave way to something better. The pointed style began to degenerate much earlier in France than in England, inasmuch that the year 1300 may be used, approximately, to indicate the period when its glories began to fade; so that from then to the introduction of modern Italian architecture, two centuries afterwards, the structures of France were not distinguished for any marked characteristic. The cause of this can be readily assigned in the wars which the English carried into the heart of France, and the divisions and factions of the French nobility, which rendered that kingdom, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a theatre of bloodshed and desolation: the unfortunate sovereigns, sometimes in captivity, and generally defeated, without finances, at the head of an exhausted state, had as little means of promoting as their subjects had leisure for the cultivation of the arts. The peasants were forced from their labors, districts were laid waste, and the towns impoverished by imposts and exactions. It is only in prosperous times of peace that architecture can flourish.

ANCIENT TROJAN RELICS.

The various curious articles grouped in the accompanying engraving, were obtained by a scientific and enthusiastic antiquary, Mr. John Brunton, and are certainly among the most remarkable vestiges of far distant times that modern research has yet brought to light. Let us hope that further explorations will furnish additional proof of the existence of Troy, and also establish the date of its fall, and the long disputed era of Homeric song. The articles delineated were discovered and dug up on the plains of Troy, near the site of the ancient city, said to be founded by Dardanus, fabled to be the son of Jupiter and Electra. The small vases, statuettes and ornaments, were found buried in the tombs. At the period to which they are supposed to belong—viz., about the time of Alexander the Great, in the fourth century, B C.,—the human bodies were interred in large earthenware jars, or pithoi. The mouth of one of these jars, with the stone that covered it, is amongst the articles discovered. There is brought from Dardania a small sarcophagus, containing burnt bones of a human body, and a small vase, or lachrymatory, which contained the tears of the mourners for the dead. The tesselated pavement was obtained from Ilium Novum, or New Troy, and is of Roman workmanship. The water-pipe is one of those which were employed to convey the water to Troy, and displays considerable skill both in the manufacture and mode of jointing. In our illustration we have given some of the smaller vases. These are beautifully painted with figures, and the well known Etruk ornament; on the triloboum, or three-lipped jar, the figure of Pegasus is beautifully painted. The figures marked A A are terra cotta lares, or household gods. From the excessive rudeness of their manufacture, they appear to belong to a very early date, as well as the lachrymatory, marked J. B is a recumbent figure of terra cotta, with one hand resting on the knee; it is quite Etruscan in its style. C is a portion of a tile used in forming the sarcophagi. D are pateræ, or goblets, of various and graceful forms, on the largest of which the swan is four times repeated. E is a small portion of tesselated Roman pavement. F, a vessel of baked clay, of rare form, and the use of which it is not easy to conjecture. G, an ampulta, or jar, used in the games of the circus to anoint the limbs of the combatants with oil. H, a beautiful mask in terra cotta. K, a shell containing a vertebræ of the human spine; in several of the tombs, these vertebræ were found carefully placed in shells, with only one bone in each shell (as shown in the illustration), half surrounded by clay. L, an ornament of lead, found (with another) on the breast of a skeleton; when found, the indentations still contained horsehair in small portions, as though it had been intended for the purpose of ornamentation.—Some specimens of enamelled glass were also discovered, but these were too fragmentary to be represented in our engraving; besides a very small patera, or cup, of rock crystal, as bright and perfect in the polish as when first turned out of the hand of the workman. These were dug from the earth, where they had lain buried for ages, and are remarkable as being the first specimens of Dardanian art ever brought to light.

CUT OF ST. GEORGE.

A military correspondent of the Richmond Despatch gives the following evidence of the accomplished swordsmanship of Pulaski. The gallant Polander, who commanded the Americans, as he always led the attack, once on a retreat brought up the rear. The sun was declining in the west, the shadows of the charging steeds and riders were stretching long over the plain; Pulaski never looked behind, but watched the flying shadows as they gained ground slowly, but steadily, over those of his own jaded horsemen. Finding that the shadow of the crest of the leading British horse lapped that of his own crupper, with the speed of a thunderbolt he gave the cut of St. George (rear cut), and his pursuer's head fell into the dusty road. The British, checked by the fall of their leader, relaxed their speed, and Pulaski, in the meantime wounded, and his party, escaped.



ANCIENT TROJAN RELICS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARY'S DEATH.

BY F. B. F.

Far from her home, on Leghorn's sunny plain,
Washed by the stormy Tuscan's angry surge,
Sweet Mary bade adieu to life and pain,
And soft Italian breezes sighed her dirge.

Her pallid cheek, her wasted form and face,
The unearthly brightness in her sweet blue eye,
The hectic flush that took the lily's place,
All bade young Mary to prepare to die.

An anxious father watched her fading bloom,
A mother's gentle hand her pillow smoothed:
How sad they watched her journey to the tomb!
How lovingly her dying hour they soothed!

In tenderest tones she lisped her father's name,
Then peaceful heaved a last—a farewell sigh:
Whilst from the realms of bliss bright angels came
To waft her joyous spirit to the sky.

The flowers of spring shall nestle in her breast,
And loving hearts her early fate shall weep;
But since God's bosom is her place of rest,
Sweet is her pillow—calm her quiet sleep!

Rest, wearied sufferer, in thy narrow bed!
Rest, free from mortal care and bitter strife!
Rest, for thy Saviour loves the holy dead—
Rest mid the joy of never-ending life!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KITTY AND I.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

We had sat down to tea—our scanty household, consisting only of my father, mother and myself—when the postman's knock gave the signal for a letter. I sprang up eagerly, for I had been waiting for an invitation from our friends in the country, and as it was to be my first absence from home, without my parents, I felt rather impatient to exercise my new independence. I had not then learned how dreary it is to have no one to tell you what it is best for you to do.

My mother rather shrank from my making this experiment so soon in life; but my father insisted that it was right to teach me self-reliance; and how could I learn it while nestled so closely under the maternal wing? So it was settled that I should go; and with no other escort than a steady, sober, middle-aged bachelor, who was one of my father's clerks, and who was going to his home in Milford, three miles from Clarksville, where my uncle lived.

Our journey was on an open stage road for the first half, and through a beautiful wooded country for the next half. Mr. Pinnock was never very lively, and the motion of the stage seemed to induce in him the most delightful indifference to his companion, for he slept through a magnificent thunder shower which lasted an hour—slept through a glorious sunset that turned the raindrops into diamonds, and did not wake up when the soft twilight had clothed all things in its sombre gray. He did just rouse himself when, at dark, we stopped before the long, low house attached to my uncle's farm, but did not seem to think it necessary to alight; so the driver got down from his perch, and taking my trunk, he bade me follow him up the dark, shaded avenue that led to the house, the outline of which I could but just discern in the dimness.

The driver was afraid, I suppose, to leave his horses, so he landed me and my trunk on the broad stone that made the step to the door, and left me. I was shy, tired and sleepy, and my feeble knock was not heard in the distant kitchen; so I sat down to wait for somebody to find me, and while waiting I fell asleep.

A loud voice awoke me, and I saw, bending over me, a youthful face, which the strong light from a lantern showed, from the family resemblance, to be that of my cousin Kitty, who led me into the house and introduced me to my uncle and aunt Dinwiddie, and also to my maiden aunt, Miss Barbara Dinwiddie. My mother having apprised them of my coming, they had expected me until it was long past the usual hour for the stage to arrive, and had given me up for the night, and had just sat down to tea, in the bright, cheerful long kitchen, lighted up by a blazing fire of pine knots, although it was midsummer.

To a hungry child of twelve years a good supper is not without its attractions; and I did ample justice to Aunt Barbara's tea, cream toast and preserves, while Kitty sat beside me, but just in the shadow where I could not see her face. I had at first thought her large and coarse; but I corrected the latter impression while she spoke, for her voice was remarkably sweet and beautifully modulated. I turned round in my chair and studied her face. It was rather large, but the forehead was finely formed, the nose beautifully straight, and the mouth small, with bright red lips and white teeth. Her eyes were of that chameleon hue that defies one to call it by any color, but they were large and full, and the brows very strongly marked, while her skin had the fresh, clear, and ruddy tint, born of country air and exercise, but perhaps a little darker from the sun and mountain wind, to suit city tastes. On the whole, Kitty pleased me, and I told her so; and she owned to a mutual liking. She was but two years my senior, but I, city bred, was much smaller and more feeble. Beside me, she looked of a most noble presence. I saw all this with the dull, sleepy eyes of a weary traveller, and I was glad when thoughtful Uncle Dinwiddie suggested an early bedtime for me.

Kitty lighted me to my room. I felt a shuddering fear come over me as I surveyed the large, old-fashioned chamber, unpapered and unarpeted, with its high bed in one corner, a chest of drawers opposite, and an easy chair by the window. Kitty lighted me up, as I said; but who was to sleep with me in this great castle-chamber? She thought of it too, and asked if I would like any one to stay with me. I said, hesitatingly, for I did not know as she would like to do so:

"I would be glad to have *you* stay—no one else."

Her face lighted up with pleasure. The great, handsome, healthful-looking country girl had taken a liking to her pale, thin, dark skioned cousin. I felt comfort and protection in her presence; but there was a shadow over me which seemed almost like a presentiment of evil, owing, as I believed, to being away from my home for the first time in my life.

I slept, by Kitty's side, the sleep of weariness—heavy and deep—and awoke to such glory as I had never dreamed of when sleeping in my closely-curtained room at home. The windows here were without any drapery, and had been left wide open.

I opened my eyes just before the sun rose. Kitty had disappeared, and I ran to the window. A flood of golden light was spreading upward in the eastern sky, and the mists were rolling off from the green hills and the red tops of the clover meadows. Far as the eye could reach, were rich pastures and cultivated fields, and orchards laded with the ripening fruit—wooded forests, silver brooks whose flow mingled softly with the musical waving and whispering of the corn, and the rustling of leaves—and then, over and beyond all, this glory of the sunlight gilding and beautifying all things. I look back to that morning and feel that my mind was then first drawn towards nature. I had only known it before in the few straggling trees that grew in city squares; and this appearance of country beauty opened my heart at once to the love of the æsthetic.

I dressed, ran down stairs, and went out into the midst of all this beauty. The fine red cows were just going out of the yard to their pasture. The sturdy cart-horses were drinking at the large trough. A great black dog came to meet me, and a hundred fowls were flocking towards Kitty, who stood, in her neat morning dress, with a pail of corn in her hand. A flock of doves wheeled overhead, and settled down among the hens, while four kittens were lapping milk from a bowl. Silken-eared rabbits ran in and out of their little house for a bit of the fresh green leaf of the cabbage, and bees were humming pleasantly in the hives which stood thickly on a little grassy slope, shaded by three or four immense chestnut trees.

Uncle Dinwiddie was preparing to cut hay, and Josh and Ned, the two hired men, were awaiting his orders. My two aunts were in the kitchen, from whence they could see me, and they beckoned me to come to breakfast. I was mortified to find that the early meal was long since over, and that I had kept the table standing, while Kitty, too, had waited to take her breakfast with me. We sat down, Kitty and I, and I drank the fresh, sweet milk, and ate the rich corn cakes with a relish that no breakfast ever gave me before. I began to feel at home before I had been there three days. They were so kind to me that I could not help loving them. Josh and Ned were not behind the others. They put up an enormous swing, let me ride the horses to water, and gave me two rabbits for my own.

Uncle Dinwiddie got out his wagon and took me out to ride with him to see the country; and Kitty and I absolutely went over every foot of the whole estate. I was delighted with this sort of animal life, of which there was such abundance. I milked, made hay, rode the horses to plough, had a hand in the butter and cheese; in the carding, spinning, weaving—all had a touch of my little busy self in them. Even Aunt Barbara was pleased with my interest in all the farm doings, and Kitty delighted to tell me of her praises.

I remember this first week so perfectly. The next was a great blank. I was prostrated, stunned, heart broken. The small pox had broken out at home, and my father and mother were taken down with it. I was not allowed to go back, and before the third week was over I was an orphan. Not even the comfort of seeing them was granted me. When the last news came, they had both been carried to the last resting place of the dead. When my uncle passed his hand caressingly over my head and called me his daughter, the floodgates of my tears opened at his tenderness.

"Stay with us always, poor lamb!" said the good, fatherly man; and our silent compact to be father and child was as binding on each as though written on parchment or graven on stone.

My father's property was settled in a slow and tedious way; and the returns came lingeringly and grudgingly from his executor, a lawyer friend of his better days. It had become somewhat reduced before his death, and now the income was small indeed. My uncle, a man of the greatest integrity and simplicity, could not compete with the crafty lawyer, and my riches all sunk into a mere pittance.

In return for the sheltering home which he kindly gave me, I tried to impart some of my superior knowledge to my cousin Kitty; for, child as I was, I could still teach her. Clarksville was rather a poor place for learning, and my uncle could not send his darling and only child away. I now felt a secret pride that I, his little niece, could remove this source of discomfort from his kind heart. And, moreover, it had the double advantage of blessing him and healing my own violent grief, by employing my mind and heart with other thoughts and feelings. So Kitty and I studied together, living a pleasant, and after the first grief was over, a cheerful life; but at the end of that time I felt that it was right for me to do something for myself—to take off the load of my maintenance from my kind uncle, and to go out into the world which I so much dreaded to meet, and if possible to find a situation as governess to very young children, for which alone I felt qualified. My uncle—bless his kind, unsuspicious, honest heart—never thought that anything less than kindness could befall me, but supposed that every one would reverence my ability as he and his had done; and unwilling as he was to part with me, he liked the spirit which I manifested in wishing to earn my own living.

I had advertised in the newspapers of a neighboring city that I would teach as daily governess, or reside with a family; and soon had an application for the latter. I was to meet the lady at her own house on the thirteenth, at half past twelve. I was punctual to the engagement, and going to town in the Clarksville stage, I walked up the marble steps at the time appointed. Shown into a little side room, from where I could hear talking in the parlor, as if callers were present, I remained sitting until half past one, when Mrs. Elwood made her appearance. It had been tedious waiting; for not even a book was visible wherewith to beguile the time.

Such a catechising! She asked me all sorts of questions—many of them insolent ones enough, and those I refused decidedly to answer. She objected to my extreme youth, to my mourning dress, which I had never left off, and lastly to my terms. I answered that the first objection would be diminishing every day; the second would leave me more time for her children; and the last was a little below the average price which I remembered my father paid for me. She hesitated.

"Your youth, particularly, is an obstacle," she said. "I do not think Mr. Elwood would consent to place Elsie and Annie under the care of so young a person."

This was a *ruse* to get me to name lower terms, for I afterwards found that Mr. Elwood was a mere cypher.

"Let me see Mr. Elwood and the children, if you please, ma'am," said I, somewhat abruptly, I suppose, for she looked astonished at my brusque way of speaking.

I wonder now that I was not afraid of speaking to her thus. She was a large, portly woman, with strongly marked features, and heavy brows. Her eyes were black—not the soft, liquid black—but with a hard, merciless look, where there was nothing lovable or feminine, but all hard and cruel, seeming. She seemed rather unwilling to grant my request of seeing her husband and children; but as I rose to go, she condescended to ask me to wait a little, but whether influenced or not by my moderate terms I cannot say.

She rung, and sent a message to her husband. The door opened and a gentleman came in. "That is surely some one who has called in," said I to myself, for I was confident it could not be Mrs. Elwood's husband. It was he, however, for she turned to him, and introduced me by saying:

"The young woman who applied as governess, Mr. Elwood."

My cheek tingled at this unceremonious presentation, which was only what would have been given to the lowest servant, seeking a situation in her household.

I looked at Mr. Elwood, and my heart ached. I have never married, and perhaps an old maid's opinion is of little worth; but I never see a married lady usurping her husband's right to be master of his own family, without feeling a desire to say to her: "Woman, friend, sister! you are destroying your own happiness, teaching your children to despise their father, if he weakly yields to you, and to hate him if he resists you. O, be wise while you may, and seek only to be a loving, gentle and affectionate woman."

No such woman was this who ruled Mr. Elwood. He was a small, pale, fair-haired man, apparently modest, and retiring behind his wife's grand and imposing manner; but with a real kindly look, and a clear blue eye through which the goodness of his heart shone transparently.

At this moment Mrs. Elwood was called out, and his manner changed instantly into a more confident one, mingled with cordiality. I stated my age, qualifications and terms. He seemed perfectly satisfied, but said he gave up all such matters to Mrs. Elwood, relying on her judgment. I heard him sigh as he concluded, and he colored excessively when he thought that I observed it.

He rose and walked about the room. Mrs. Elwood came in with the children—Annie, the image of her mother, dark-haired, beetle-browed, and with an overbearing air—Elsie, soft, rather feminine looking, with her father's blue eye and flaxen hair. Elsie ran up to her father and whispered something in his ear, at which her mother frowned. Annie stood in dignified silence by Mrs. Elwood's chair. I judged their respective ages to be eight and ten. I felt that I could love Elsie dearly, and I thought that I in time could learn to love the other, but it would be when that hard look should be softened down by a few lessons which I should be apt to give her in humility. Elsie had worked her way to my side in spite of her mother's expressive shakes of the head. She looked up into my face, studied it long and earnestly, and then said in a low voice to her father:

"Let her come, pray do, father; she is not at all like that cross Madame Le Brun."

"Just as your mother says, Elsie," said her father, who had subsided into his subdued manner since his wife's entrance.

Whether that my really moderate terms influenced her or not I cannot say; probably it was her only inducement, for Elsie afterwards told me that Le Brun had charged so much that her mama would not keep her, which she was very glad of for she was very cross to her and Annie, too, although she added that Annie was not afraid of her. Be that as it may, Mrs. Elwood engaged me. I was to have a small room, scarcely more than a closet, leading from the nursery where the children slept. I sighed when I thought of the wide chamber at Clarksville, with its splendid landscape view, and the fresh morning breeze coming over the clover-scented fields. My view here was bounded by a block of brick houses opposite; but I resolved, heroically, to lay aside all those regrets and devote myself to my new life.

I saw plainly enough that I had a tyrannical spirit to deal with in Mrs. Elwood, but I had native pride enough, I believed, to parry any disagreeable manifestations. I called to mind a significant proverb which I had often heard from the lips of Aunt Barbara, "Begin as you mean to hold out." I decided in my own mind that I would resist the first attempt at oppression.

I had an opportunity before I expected it. The next day after I arrived a pile of children's clothes was laid on the sofa in the nursery, with a piece of paper pinned on, and the words, "Miss Waverton will please examine and repair." I took the slip of paper and marched boldly down stairs, rung the bell, and demanded to be shown to Mrs. Elwood's presence. She received me with a surprised look, and glanced at the paper in my hand.

"What does this mean?" said I, looking steadily in her face.

She was silent, and I repeated the question. She was evidently unprepared for any assumption of independence on the part of a poor governess, and she murmured something of "customary usage."

"You know very well that it is not customary usage," said I. "I am your children's governess, Mrs. Elwood, not their seamstress. The next time any similar indignity is offered me I shall leave your house."

The haughty lady quailed a little before my just pride, and swept her flounces out of the room without a word.

"Bravo!" said a low voice near me.

I started, for I had seen no one when I entered. It was Mr. Elwood, who, ensconced in a large chair behind the folding screen had been hitherto invisible.

"Be always as firm as you were just now, Miss Waverton, and you will do well enough. Once yield, and you are a slave in this house."

Poor man, thought I, you are a proof of it! But I did not reply except by a grateful look, for I heard the flounces rustling back, and made my escape. When I returned to the nursery the offending pile of clothes had vanished. This was my first triumph over Mrs. Elwood's meanness. I taught her many more lessons than this.

I gave the children their lessons, and exacted them without fail. Annie obeyed me through pride—Elsie through love. It is impossible for me to tell how I loved this sweet child. She reconciled me to all the disagreeables which I encountered in the family—and their name was legion. But Elsie's affection repaid me for all, and my own pride kept me from imposition. Still, it was hard battling with such a nature as Mrs. Elwood's. I could hardly sympathize with her husband, though I knew him to be unhappy. I could scarce respect a man who would give up his independence of thought and expression to such a woman. Strong-minded she was not—only strong-willed. There is a wonderful difference!

I had expressed a wish to go to Clarksville one day, as I had important business with my uncle. Mrs. Elwood seemed to be revolving my request in her mind, when her husband ventured to say, "Of course, Miss Waverton, you can go." What a look she gave him! He shrunk back into his shell, with a pitiful sort of subdued look, while she made some contemptible excuse which I pretended not to hear. I acknowledged *his* permission, and left the room, put on my bonnet and was off, probably before the astonished lady had got through with her curtain lecture. When I returned, I saw black and lowering looks; but I did not heed them. I had brought a beam of sunshine from the farm—had been welcomed so heartily, and urged so much to come back if everything should not be agreeable, that I felt, come what might, I was sure of a home in the hearts of these kind relatives.

Kitty had become expanded into a very lovely woman. Her noble figure made her look five years older than myself; and yet, when I told her of my triumphant battles with Mrs. Elwood, she declared that she could never get up to my height of courage. I looked wishfully at the wide chamber and the beautiful prospect it commanded, and longed to be back again to the sweet breath of the country air; but I could not live in a state of dependence, and I resolutely shut my ears to their entreaties to stay with them. It was a day to which I long looked back with regret, for it was the last time that I saw my aunt Dinwiddie. My poor cousin was motherless now, like myself.

Annie's birthday was to be the occasion of a large party, and I was required to do many things not laid down in the contract. I did not perform them all, and was gratified to find that Mrs. Elwood did not press the matter when I omitted the required service. I refused playing that evening, for my heart was heavy with the news of my aunt's death. I had been reading a letter from Kitty, and my eyes were heavy and swollen with weeping. I said I would go down and take care of the children, but that I could not play.

I went down with Elsie, who had run up to see me. She led me to a quiet corner, where I was concealed by the window curtain. I heard Mrs. Elwood near me, relating to another haughty-looking woman, a Mrs. Barry, my refusal to oblige her. "Very presuming," was Mrs. Barry's answer. I emerged from my recess, and stood before her, quite calm and unterrified. She moved away, and soon I heard her explaining to Mrs. Barry that the "brown girl in a black dress" was the offending subject of her anger. Mrs. Barry did me the honor of looking at me through her eye-glass, an examination which I took very quietly, and then turned my attention to the children.

Elsie kept near me all the evening, but Annie did not speak to me at all. I had been watching the latter, smiling within myself at the little airs she was practising, imitative of her mother, when, as she was leaning against a table where there were wax candles standing, I saw a bright flame rising above her head. No one saw her but myself, for all were watching a new fancy dance, which a little fairy-like girl was performing alone. I sprang to where Annie, wound my arms around her and laid her on the floor, wrapping the large rug about her, before any one turned round. She was a very brave and self possessed child, and did not scream at all, but the anguish of my own burns was such that I cried aloud. They crowded around me when they found that she had not sustained any injury except the destruction of her beautiful hair. Mr Elwood himself went for a physician, unknown to his wife, who would have perhaps thought it an unnecessary attention.

My burns were indeed terrible. I was scarred deeply from wrist to shoulder. It was worth while to witness the frantic gratitude of the father, while Mrs. Elwood only coldly remarked, as they were leading me from the room, "What a pity that she could not have been in season to save Annie's hair!"

The next day I insisted on being carried to the farm. Mr. Elwood was roused into spirit by his wife's apathy, and declared his intention of accompanying me himself. She remonstrated, but he was firm, and taking Elsie with him, he bade the coachman drive carefully so as not to shake the injured limb, and we departed with a cold good by from Mrs. Elwood. Annie was up stairs mourning the lost splendor of her hair. Aunt Barbara's skill in healing burns was worth that of twenty physicians; and I soon recovered. The scars I bear about with me still.

As soon as I got well I was solicited to return to my former place in Mrs. Elwood's family. She wrote several times, and finally condescended to employ the influence which she believed Mr. Elwood possessed over me. I resisted it all; for although I had never come to the point of leaving, yet, having left, I would not return. It was hard parting with Elsie, but I told Mr. Elwood that I would never voluntarily encounter his wife's *hauteur* again. He sighed, and said he could not blame me—that he had seen it all, and that he made a great many sacrifices for *peace*.

"True," said I, "but do you *get* peace?"

He acknowledged that he did not.

"Then," said I, "be master of your own house at once."

"That is impossible, Miss Waverton," he answered, very sadly.

"Well," I said, "at any rate, *I* shall not be one of the sacrificed."

Elsie cried bitterly. How I would like to have taken that child and worked for her support! I have never seen one like her since. I never saw her again. *Heaven takes such when it needs more angels.*

I found myself afterwards in a pleasant family at the South, where the genuine aristocracy was so hidden by a veil of real kindness that one could not quarrel with its existence. It was only the spurious coin that I found fault with in Mrs. Elwood. I remained here ten years, until the pupils were transferred to a school in Paris to finish their education. From thence I went to give lessons at a large and flourishing seminary, where I was not required to board if I did not see fit. Here I staid eleven years.

My mind wanders back to this time with all the regretful tenderness of a mother over its lost darling. Here was the only bit of romance that can be traced on the map of my life. If I do not disclose it, it is because its memory is too sacred and too solemn to be lightly mentioned. Over its remembrance I have shed tears of unmitigated bitterness; and yet—I would not recall it if I could! Love came to me late, and it lingers yet!

There was a period of several months in which I was nursed at the farm with all the tenderness of the most devoted friendship. Mind and body had alike given way, and life was a mere blank. I awoke to the consciousness that I was wicked and selfish in my grief, and I roused up my slumbering energies. Kitty was my good angel here in encouraging my feeble exertions.

"This life is not good for you, Emma," she would say, in her strong, resolute voice; "you must rouse yourself from this indolence, and *act!*"

It was a bitter pill to swallow; but I told her one day that I would open a school in Clarksville if she would become a partner in the undertaking. There were all the inducements there, in the shape of air, retirement, beautiful scenery, and healthful location. Kitty had gone even far beyond me in the graceful acquirements we should be called to teach. She, a farmer's daughter, with no education except what I had given her when we were mere children, had so improved herself by her own exertions in the spare hours she could command, that now she was fitted to take the entire charge of young ladies from the neighboring towns, and finish what their fashionable schools had only begun. We opened under favorable auspices. I was languid and feeble still, but Kitty was strong, in unbroken health, calm and sound mind, and a heart which no trouble save her mother's death had ever touched.

Uncle Dinwiddie thought it unnecessary for us to do this, when he should so soon die and leave us all he was worth; but Kitty was firm and decided. She devoted her mornings and evenings wholly to him, and told him that he must spare her the six hours which her school demanded; and he consented with a cheerful smile, when he saw how much her heart was in her work. He did not know that her chief object was to save her cousin from a worthless and unprofitable life.

Among our pupils are the orphan children of my little Elsie. She was married when very young, and died when her youngest was born. Her mother did not long survive her, and Mr. Elwood exercised his new-born power in selecting a school for his little granddaughters. He saw our advertisement and brought them immediately. He looks like one who is released from a great thraldom, and I have no doubt that he feels thus.

The youngest, little Elsie, is the very counterpart of her mother, although not half as old as her mother was when under my care. The other is more like Annie, but softer and sweeter. My existence is passing away among these sweet young lives. I watch over them with something, I believe, of a mother's fondness. Waking or sleeping, they are seldom absent from my mind. As I watch them, a tone studiously in the school room, mingling among the quiet shade that surround our beautiful retreat, or sinking to their innocent slumbers at night, I long to say to each, in the sweet words of the Quaker poet

"Now in thy youth, beneath the sun,
While gentle spirits play with you,
Thou knowest not of ill in store,
That life has to lay heart become not dim,
And he like to be forgot
And thy God in the harvest of days will be
Greenness and beauty and strength to them!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. BIRD'S BABY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

I CALL little Lizzy Bird a baby, although her mother says she is a lady, and tells her that she is old enough to be a woman (three years and six months), and sits her up in a high chair by the window just like a stuck, making her fold her little polished hands as stiffly as an orthodox grandmother's.

I believe some folks come into the world with their hands clasped and their mouths puckered to the word "prim," and their heads put upon their shoulders as straight as a ruler, and their ideas as prim as an old maid's looking-glass. This being the case, I mustn't blame Mrs. Bird for spatting and plastering little Lizzy's brown hair down upon her head, and forbidding it to shake out into rings and curls as it wants to. I mustn't scold because she takes her away from the sunshine and clear air, and tells her in the same hour how to use her little thimble, and how she must love God who is great and good and *terrible*,—tells her if she thinks wicked thoughts and letters up the sitting room, tracks up the floor, or is naughty any way, this same great and good God will punish her when she comes to die! Ugh!

I scraped acquaintance with Mrs. Bird the other day, and so borrowed Lizzy for an hour, and didn't we have a time! How her big blue eyes stared as I put her into a pile of pictures, and let her turn over the leaves of my big Bible! How she screamed with delight as I robbed my winter rosebush and verbena of their blossoms and tossed them into her lap! What a frolic we had—Lizzy, puss and I—on the great, wide carpet! Her cheeks glowed with the new pleasure, her eyes danced, and her voice sang out sweet and clear; and didn't I wish—well, no matter what, I know you would laugh if I should tell you.

Pleasures cannot last always, and Lizzy's hour soon expired. She went back to that great, orderly (how I hate that word) room, and her mother sat her up plump in her chair, and smoothed her hair down again, till it looked as slick as the shell of a pumpkin, and called her "E-liz-a-beth." I suppose she will always stay there, where the sunlight cannot find its way, and where the dreary pavements and dull blocks look up at her all day,—where she must listen to the shouts of children, and still keep all the music of her young life penned up within her. It is too bad!

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORT.

The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters. 1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe, that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter. I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken my regard for any human being. I consider, too, that persons are cast into different moulds, and that to ask myself—What should I do in that person's situation? is not a just mode of judging. I must not expect a man that is naturally cold and reserved to act as one that is naturally warm and affectionate; and I think it a great evil that people do not make more allowance for each other in this particular. I think religious people are too little attentive to these considerations.—*Simeon.*

EYE GLASSES.

Sir David Brewster, in the North British Review, says that no opinion is more common, and certainly none is more incorrect, than that it is prudent to avoid the use of artificial helps to the eyes so long as they are not absolutely indispensable. The human eye is too delicate a structure to bear continued strain without injury; and the true rule is to commence the use of glasses as soon as we can see better with them than without them, and always to employ such as will render vision most comfortable and pleasant. The spectacles habitually used for ordinary purposes may not be adequate to certain occasional demands, such as reading very fine print, examining maps, etc. To meet these cases, a hand reading-glass, two and a half inches in diameter, to be used in conjunction with the spectacles, and never without them, is strongly recommended. A similar use of the reading-glass is also recommended to short-sighted persons in conjunction with the concave spectacles, when examining minute objects.

RIGID NOTIONS OF DUTY.

A soldier on duty at the palace of the emperor, at St. Petersburg, which was burnt a few years ago, was stationed, and had been forgotten, in one suite of apartments that was in flames. A Greek priest was the last person to rush through the burning rooms, at the imminent risk of his life to save a crucifix in a chapel, and returning he was hailed by the sentry, who must in a few minutes more have been suffocated. "What do you want?" cried the priest; "save yourself, or you will be lost." "I can't leave," replied the sentry, "because I am unrelieved; but I call to you to give me your blessing before I die." The priest blessed him, and the soldier died at his post. The late emperor, on one occasion, attempted to pass a sentinel in one of the corridors of the palace at St. Petersburg, who had orders to let no person pass; but the man resisted him, and when the emperor tried to disarm him, wrestled with and flung him back against the wall.—*Seymour's Russia.*



WATCH AND BELL TOWER, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

We present our readers on this and the next page with several interesting and spirited sketches, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, of the city of Mobile, Alabama, which lies on the western side of Mobile River, on its entrance into Mobile Bay, thirty miles north from the Gulf of Mexico. Its location is exceedingly fine, though but little elevated from the water. The site of the city is very level, and the soil dry and sandy. The first white men who visited Alabama were De Soto and his followers, and the name of Mobile first occurs in connection with their adventures. Bancroft says:—"In the latter part of July (1540), the Spaniards were at Coosa. In the course of the season they had occasion to praise the wild grape of the country, the same, perhaps, which has since been thought worthy of culture, and to admire the luxuriant growth of maize, which was springing from the fertile plains of Alabama. A southerly direction led the train to Tuscaloosa; nor was it long before the wanderers reached a considerable town on the Alabama, above the junction of the Tombechee, and about one hundred miles, or six days' journey, from Pensacola. The village was called Mavilla, or Mobile, a name which is still preserved, and applied, not to the bay only, but to the river, after the union of its numerous tributaries. The Spaniards, tired of lodging in the fields, desired to occupy the cabins; the Indians rose to resist the invaders, whom they distrusted and feared. A battle ensued; the terrors of their cavalry gave the victory to the Spaniards. I know not if a more bloody Indian fight ever occurred on the soil of the United States: the town was set on fire, and a witness of the scene, doubtless greatly exaggerating the loss, relates that two thousand five hundred Indians were slain, suffocated or burned. They had fought with desperate courage; and, but for the flames, which consumed their light and dense settlements, would have repulsed the invaders. 'Of the Christians, eighteen died;' one hundred and fifty were wounded with arrows; twelve horses were slain, and seventy hurt. The flames had not spared the baggage of the Spaniards; it was within the town, and was entirely consumed." The French founded Mobile about the year 1700, and in 1763 it was ceded by France to England. In 1780, England surrendered it to Spain, and on the 5th of April, 1813, it became a portion of the United States. It was incorporated as a city in 1819. It is a place of great commercial importance, and as a cotton mart, ranks next to New Orleans. New Orleans and Charleston vessels having a draught of more than eight feet cannot come directly up to the city, but pass up Spanish River six miles around a marshy island to the Mobile River, and drop down to the city. Mobile has daily communication with New Orleans, and also with Montgomery, the capital of the State, by boats, on the Alabama River. The city is very regularly laid out, and not compactly built, except in the business portions. The suburbs are very pleasant, and beautifully shaded with foliage. The beautiful magnolia and majestic live oak everywhere abound, and with the sweet bay, dogwood, gum, iron-wood, etc., make a very pleasing landscape. The climate and soil are favorable to the growth of fruit. Peaches, figs, oranges, etc., are extensively cultivated. The climate here as well as in other portions of the South appears to be growing colder, the winters here being much more severe formerly, causing great injury to the fruit trees. The houses being invariably built with reference to the tropical heats of summer, ill protect the inhabitants against the unwonted cold. The past winter some very severe weather was experienced at the South, and ice and snow were seen in places where they are the greatest rarities. Mobile contains many fine public and private buildings, and a few of its objects of interest are represented in the present number of our paper. Their accuracy may be depended upon, as Mr. Kilburn made very detailed drawings of each scene on the spot. Our first view represents the city lock-up, clock and an alarm-bell tower on Conti Street. A part of the building represented contains the post-office. The next view is the Lighthouse on Choctaw Point. The locality is quite picturesque. Our view is taken from the extreme end of the point looking towards the city, which is hidden by the foliage at the left of the lighthouse. The tide flows over the point at times, and an immense amount of drift wood of every sort, from the rough tree torn from its native home by inundation, or the caving in of the river bank, down to finished lumber swept away by some mighty freshet, has collected on the point, and indeed on all parts of the coast around Mobile. At times, indeed, the water rushes on with great force, and in 1852 came near demolishing the lighthouse, quite a breach being made in the walls, signs of which are still visible. This point is the resort of great quantities of birds, and in the hot season, of alligators. It is about two miles distant from the city. The lantern of the lighthouse is fifty-five feet above the water. The next engraving represents Grant's Pass, between Mobile and New Orleans. It is an artificial channel, cut to shorten the distance traversed by the boats. In the foreground is seen one of the Mobile and New Orleans mail-boats. The remaining view shows the City Hall and Market House, a new building, commenced in 1855, and recently finished. It covers a large area, and is in many respects one of the finest buildings in the South. It extends 275 feet on Church Street, 243 feet on Royal Street, 225 feet on Water Street, and 300 feet on Hitchcock's Alley. It contains the mayor's court-room, watch-rooms, mayor's office, city treasurer's office, city clerk's office, tax collector's office, surveyor's office, etc., and the armory of eight volunteer military companies, with parade-room 140 by 40 feet. Below it is fitted up as a market for meats and vegetables, in a style that can hardly be surpassed. Our view shows the Royal Street front. At some future period we may continue our illustrations of the city, having on hand a large number of sketches made by our artist during his recent visit.—Mobile exhibits a steady and healthy growth, and her progress and prosperity will be accelerated by the development of the railway system connecting her with the interior. Its prosperity may be said to date, like that of many other places, from the moment it came under the American flag. The French, who are poor colonists, accomplished little for it, and, under the Spanish regime, it could not be expected to advance. Mobile has suffered severely at various times from devastating fires, but the damages of the devouring element have on every occasion been repaired with alacrity and with improvement to the city. In 1827, 170 buildings were consumed, and in 1839, a yet more remarkable fire destroyed no fewer than 600 houses. It is quite an attractive city, and visitors become easily attached to it. Elevated above the highest tides, from the city there is a fine view of the bay extending thirty miles, with an average width of twelve miles, to the Gulf of Mexico. The city is supplied with fine water by means of an aqueduct two miles in length. Though the tourist sees nothing in Mobile to remind him of the furious activity which prevails in the business marts of colder latitudes, and which would be impracticable so far south, yet there is nothing like stagnation or decay. He sees the elements of prosperity quietly and effectively worked out; he is surrounded by evidences of wealth and of business transactions resting on a solid basis. The shipping is numerous and noteworthy. There are many steamers running between Mobile and the important places above it on the Mobile, Tombigbee and Alabama Rivers. There are also a great many packet schooners running between Mobile and New Orleans.



LIGHT HOUSE, CHOCTAW POINT, MOBILE, ALABAMA.



GRANT'S PASS, NEAR MOBILE, ALABAMA.

EAST INDIA JUSTICE.

"From Compoully," wrote Sir John Malcolm to Lady Clive, "I marched to Patwell, a distance of twenty-four miles. When I had proceeded two or three miles, I came up with a small guard of armed men belonging to the Poonah Government, who were carrying a young man with his hands bound, along the road. I asked them who the prisoner was, and where they were going. The commander of the guard said that they were going about a mile further, to a spot where a robbery and murder had been recently committed. 'And when there,' he added, 'I shall cut this man's head off.' 'Is he the murderer?' I asked. 'No,' said the man, 'nor does he, I believe, know anything about it. But he belongs to the country of the Siddee (pointing to a province in the vicinity which is still held by the descendants of the former Admirals of the Mogul emperor), from which the murderers, we well know, come, and we have orders, whenever an occurrence of this nature happens, to proceed into that country, and to seize and put to death the first male, who has arrived at years of maturity, that we meet. This youth,' he concluded, 'was taken yesterday, and must suffer to-day.' On my expressing my astonishment and horror at a proceeding in which the innocent was doomed to suffer for the guilty, he said that that was not his business; he only obeyed orders. 'But,' he continued, 'I believe it is a very good plan. First, because it was adopted by Nanah Furnayese, who was a wise man; and secondly, because I am old enough to recollect when no year ever passed without twenty or thirty murders and robberies on this road; and all by gangs from the Siddees country. Now they are quite rare; not above four or five within these twelve or fifteen years, which is the period this custom has been established.' As we were conversing, we reached the spot fixed for the execution. The guards halted and began to smoke their *hubble-bubbles*, or pipes. The prisoner's hands were untied, and he took a pipe along with them, with much apparent unconcern. Indeed, his whole conduct marked indifference to his fate. After he had smoked, his hands were tied behind his back as before; he was taken a few yards from the road and desired to kneel. The executioner, who stood beside him, grasping a straight, two-edged sword with both hands, called out to him, 'Bend your head.' The man did as desired, and by a most dexterous blow it was severed from his body. The trunk sprung upward and fell backwards. A rope was then tied round the heels of the dead body, and it was hung up, on a low tree, for the terror of others. After this was done, the guard sat down, smoked another hubble-bubble, and then returned to the ghaut."

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Under existing circumstances, the following details, relative to the court of Pekin, and the organization of the Celestial Empire, may not be without interest: The reigning emperor, Hein-Foung, ascended the throne in the year 1851, at 40 years of age. Hein-Foung is the seventh emperor of the reigning dynasty, or Tartar-Mantchou dynasty, whose chief, Tchoun-Tchi, was proclaimed in 1644. According to the Chinese historians, the organization of the Celestial Empire dates from 3000 years before our Saviour. The family of the reigning emperor is composed of four sons and a daughter. The elder, Yih Wei, heir to the throne, is now 19 years of age. His mother died in giving him birth. The young prince is said to be well educated, but he professes, like his father, a profound hatred for foreigners. The second son is named Yih-Chun; he is 15 years of age; the third is Yih-Tchon, and is seven years of age; the fourth is Yih-Tsung. The emperor's daughter, who is said to be an accomplished princess, is 15 years of age. She was married last year to a nephew of the emperor, Prince Ting-Tain-Wang, who has the reputation of being highly educated. The emperor has three brothers—Yung-Trum, Mein-Wang, and Meio-Hin; the latter was degraded during the preceding reign, deprived of his dignities, and banished from the court. He was accused of having been affiliated with a secret society for the purpose of seizing the crown. Twenty of his accomplices in the capital were tortured and put to death, and six hundred in the provinces. The ministers of the emperor form a distinct category, and possess enormous power. They are fourteen in number, and are divided into two distinct classes. The first and most important are the cabinet ministers; they are four in number. The other ten are charged with the government of the provinces. They transmit to those at Pekin all documents which interest the emperor, and they become in some measure his masters. It may be easily understood that with such ministers the emperor can know nothing, and that no fact is ever communicated to him in its true light. It is thus that the late events at Canton have been concealed from him, or misrepresented. The hatred he bears to foreigners is forcibly excited by his ministers, who never regard his interests, but their own advantage. They very well comprehend that if foreign powers had representatives accredited to the emperor, they would tell him the truth, and weaken the influence of the ministers. The Emperor of China, confined to his capital, is the object of respect which amounts to terror, and is surrounded by people with whose character he is unacquainted. He lives in the midst of serious events to which he is a perfect stranger.—*Friend of China.*

KNOWING WHAT ONE IS ABOUT.

"Half the evil in this world," says Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," "comes from people not knowing what they do like—not deliberately settling themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that—they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it, under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good; but not one in a hundred finds this out. Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world."—*New Orleans Picayune.*



CITY HALL AND NEW MARKET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A REQUIEM.

BY ANDREW DOWNING.

Rest, warrior, rest!
The dark and vengeful day of strife is o'er,
The crimson field of blood is won;
But thou shalt hear the din of war no more—
The musket's fatal shot, the cannon's roar.
Bright banners waving in the sun
No more thou'lt see, for life, to thee, is done—
Rest thee in peace.

Rest, statesman, rest!
Thou who didst guide and keep from every ill
And hidden rock the ship of state:
Whose magic tones did listening senates thrill,
And foes of right with awe and silence fill—
Thy tomb shall e'er be consecrate,
And men will ever call thee good and great:
Rest thee in peace.

Rest, poet, rest!
Far from all fading, sublunary things,
Thou tunest now thy golden lyre,
And sweep'st, with swifter hands, the deep-toned strings.
Fanned by the breath of bright seraphic wings,
Thou climb'st the mount of song still higher,
To where before thou never didst aspire.
Rest thee in peace.

Rest, pilgrim, rest!
Where'er thou art, may naught disturb thy sleep:
No crimes e'er goad thy pulseless breast;
But in that sphere, where love's pure fount is deep,
And dry the eyes that oft were wont to weep:
Where all are guileless, good and blest,
May thy free, deathless spirit ever rest.
Rest, rest in peace.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STRAWBERRIES.

BY NED ANDERTON.

"At last," cried Alexowitz, "I have found means to induce the beautiful Kathinka to accept a present! One which, notwithstanding its cost, will not offend her haughty delicacy. Cupid himself has conducted me to this garden, where these scarlet strawberries, her favorite fruit, are ripening in the midst of January. To be sure, one might offer her jewels, instead of this delicious fruit; but those she would disdain, as she has already done so many times; these will be touched by her lovely lips! O, happy Alexowitz, and happy, happy strawberries!"

It was in one of the imperial palaces in the vicinity of St. Petersburg that the admirer of the beautiful Kathinka made this fortunate discovery. Cultivated by the gardener's skillful hand, a number of strawberries had actually ripened amid all the ice and cold of that frozen climate, in the severest days of winter. The enthusiastic lover had compared them, in point of value, to jewels; but costly also was the price which the magic gardener required for his fruit. That the eighty rubles which he demanded for a small measure of them, was paid without hesitation, will be easily credited by those who are at all conversant with the ritual of love.

Possessing natural delicacy of feeling, and already experienced in the art of insinuating himself into the good graces of the fair sex, Alexowitz was not the man to make his offerings, beautiful and attractive of themselves, in a vulgar or obtrusive mode. The gardener's boy, deputed by him to deliver the costly present, seemed created for the messenger of love, so skillful was he in betraying, with unconsciousness, not only the name of the donor, but also the value of the precious gift.

What Alexowitz had said of the lady, was strictly true; though her fortune was not equal to her birth, a noble pride withheld her from ever accepting a present from any of her numerous admirers. The first impression which this delicately tendered offering from the generous Alexowitz made on her mind, could not be otherwise than extremely grateful and flattering. A moment's reflection, however, caused a feeling of regret that so large a sum of money should be squandered on nothing, and sighing, she gazed upon the tempting fruit without touching it.

The mother of the young lady, more accustomed to care and economy, suspected what was passing in her mind, and hastened to turn the thought to some profit. Accordingly, in a strain of matronly eloquence, she represented to Kathinka, that for the money thus uselessly expended, she might have procured numberless articles of dress that she could with difficulty dispense with, and many minor comforts which they both needed.

At length they resolved to sell the costly, and to them, superfluous present. In pursuance of this prudent resolve, their waiting-maid, being cautiously instructed, hastened to seek one of her friends, who occupied herself in little dealings of this nature, and who gave great hopes of selling the strawberries to advantage.

Mother and daughter were still talking over the matter, which was nevertheless a little painful to their feelings, when Kosinsky entered; a young Gallician nobleman, perhaps the only one of Kathinka's admirers who really loved her, but who, less wealthy than Alexowitz, had never been able to present her with a token of affection so costly, rich and beautiful. Kathinka had appeared to favor the handsome Kosinsky, but whether her heart was too vain to reject the influence of external splendor, or whether the coolness with which she now received the noble Pole arose from the advantage gained by his more fortunate rival, it would be hard to say.

Who can pretend to understand the mysteries of a lady's heart? It might be vexation at having received such a mark of attention from the one she loved least. But whatever the cause, in vain did the chagrined lover introduce twenty different topics of conversation; every attempt to dispel the ill-humor of his mistress failed most signally. Uneasy, he at times threw back his raven hair, his dark eyes sparkled, and his flushed cheeks glowed still brighter from his painful embarrassment. Finally, a subject was started which interested the proud beauty, namely, the seasons.

That this should lead the discourse from winter to summer, from summer to spring, and from spring to strawberries, was quite natural; and the lady spoke so enthusiastically of strawberries, that it appeared as if she were dying to possess some.

"And yet," interrupted Kosinsky, not exactly knowing what to say, "even if it were possible to obtain this delicious fruit in the depth of winter, the lovely Kathinka would not condescend to accept them from the hand of affection."

"O, such a present," replied Kathinka, with a look of cold indifference, "a gift snatched, as it may be said, from the regions of enchantment, would be received with great pleasure, even by the greatest princess."

The words of his beautiful mistress, the manner in which they were spoken, and more than all, the apparent impossibility of accomplishing her wish, united to grieve the devoted and sensitive heart of the lover. He left her in deep but silent distress, and wandered heedlessly in the bitter cold, about the magnificent streets of the imperial city. Despairing to obtain this product of spring, except by magic, he absolutely thought himself enchanted when he suddenly heard some one quite close to him talking of strawberries!

It was the person who had the charge of selling the well known dish of fruit, and a steward of a foreign prince, who was endeavoring to bargain for them. The prince was to give a splendid dinner the next day, at which every possible rarity was to be forthcoming. The difficulty of purchase now was only a trifle; without a moment's reflection, Kosinsky joined the haggling party, offering to pay the price demanded, and entreated of the steward, with so much earnestness, to relinquish the fruit, that, partly guessing his object, he consented to waive his pretensions.

Kosinsky concluded the bargain; but a stranger in this expensive capital, in a country distant from home, and with a purse not remarkably well filled, the sum required for them fell heavier on him than the eighty rubles had fallen on his rich and munificent rival. It was nevertheless paid, and the faithful Iris of the young lady hastened with delight to carry her the money she had obtained for the fruit.

The greatness of the sum occasioned at the first moment a painful sensation in the breast of the haughty Kathinka, which might have arisen from a sentiment of shame; but her feelings were still more painfully aroused when she heard the name of the purchaser, and furthermore, the gratuitous conjecture of the servant, that Kosinsky intended giving a supper the next evening in honor of a beautiful country-woman lately arrived. She combined this supposition with several little corroborating circumstances, and Kathinka could not help feeling how dear he was to her.

"This, then, was the cause of his abstracted manner, of his abrupt departure? Another, then, occupied his thoughts? And I must be the person to throw the present in his way, with which he intends to surprise another!"

Thus she mused to herself, and no doubt her conscience reproached her for frightening away so decided a lover by her ill-nature.

She was still absorbed in these unpleasant thoughts, when the servant of her supposed lost admirer entered, and—O joy!—the scarlet-colored strawberries which had caused her so much uneasiness, presented themselves a second time to her sight. Less inventive in the refined arts of gallantry than Alexowitz, the honest-hearted Kosinsky had no idea but that of sending the present in a straight-forward manner; but, with a sense of genuine tenderness, he had, with his own hands, adorned the basket with flowers and bows of colored ribbon.

Never did a present cause a more pleasing surprise in the heart of a young girl, than these eventful strawberries, whose adventures were even now far from being at an end. The mother was delighted at the singular chance which had thrown the strawberries again into her hands, and now regarded them as a happy means of delicately discharging a heavy obligation; she had been much indebted to the exertions of an eminent lawyer for her success in a suit, and thought she could not more agreeably evince her gratitude, than by this unimportant yet expensive rarity. Accordingly, the basket, with all its tender ornaments of flowers and ribbons, was sent to its new destination. Kathinka was too much overjoyed at receiving the present, to allow her to dispute with her mother about the use she might wish to make of it.

That these strawberries should also afford pleasure to their new possessor was very natural, though the pleasure might not be of so deep a nature. They came very acceptably, for he had long been thinking how he should pay some little mark of attention to the ambassador of ——, who had conferred on him a favor of importance. The little wanderers were therefore sent off without delay, notwithstanding the unwillingness of the lawyer's lady, who would gladly have retained them for a treat with her friends.

It was on the elegant table of the ambassador—the young and handsome ambassador, renowned for his gallantry—that these little mischievous traitors were soon seen peeping forth amongst the ribbons and flowers, when, as if led thither by his evil genius, Kosinsky was announced. It seems he had some inquiries to make of the ambassador.

What these inquiries were, however, he no longer recollected, when a few moments after his entrance, his eyes fell on the well known basket; and it was truly fortunate for him that Alexowitz, an intimate friend of the ambassador, at the very moment entered. He also recognized his present, and the easy gaiety which always distinguished him, was now suddenly overcast. Like Kosinsky, he was convinced that the ambassador, as a favored lover, had received the present from the hands of the faithless Kathinka; but, possessing more refinement than deep feeling, more *esprit* than passion, this conviction produced a much less painful impression on him than on the other.

He was too handsome—he had been too fortunate during the course of histriumphant life, to be discountenanced by one little proof of ingratitude. With a gay carelessness he concealed his offended self-love, and would merely explain to his friend the oddity and singularity of the occurrence. Reproaches he would not offer to the ungrateful beauty, but to make her feel how indelicate, how contrary it was to the dignity of her sex to send such a present to a man who must be nearly a stranger to her—this he thought a very allowable revenge. But the presence of a third person prevented his speaking his mind freely with the ambassador; and he left him to obtain from Kathinka herself a nearer explanation of the business.

While the two friends were exchanging a few words, Kosinsky had fixed his eyes, sparkling with indignation, on the basket, his face alternately changing color, from a deadly pale to a deep red. He saw before him the fruit which he had not bought without a great sacrifice, those ribbons, those flowers, the pledges of his affection, given to his rival, and himself the victim of the blackest, the most insulting treachery.

He was yet undecided whether he should first go and call Kathinka to account for her conduct, or require immediate satisfaction of his rival, when the entrance of several strangers determined him to the former. He transacted his business with the ambassador in a few confused sentences, then hurried away, and rushed, his heart bursting with rage, into the presence of the terrified Kathinka, where Alexowitz had arrived only a few minutes previously. He stepped back with a shudder when he saw Alexowitz. The presence of the two irritated lovers perhaps saved the lady from a disagreeable scene, for the enactment of which both were in a state of high excitement.

In the interim, the ambassador meditated the best use he could make of this wonderful fruit which he had received. Of course he was much too gallant not to wish that it should be consumed by some fair and lovely mouth, in preference to his own. He carefully went through the list of beauties to whom he was then paying court, and his choice fell on Kathinka, who, independent of her exquisite loveliness, possessed a still more attractive charm than the others; she was the *newest* of his acquaintances! He had been introduced to her at the last ball.

It was high time that an occurrence so fortunate should come to the aid of oppressed innocence. Alexowitz had already, by concealed reproaches and innendoes, given play to his resentment; soon would Kosinsky, no longer able to restrain himself, have burst out into open reproof. The trembling Kathinka found herself in a most distressing predicament, when once more the door opened, and the blushing wanderers presented themselves to her sight for the third and last time!

It was now evident, at least by the message from the ambassador which accompanied them, that it was not from her he had received the sweet offering.

A mutual explanation took place; and the mother, to remove all suspicion, candidly related the whole affair. Kosinsky and Kathinka, by this circumstance, first discovered the situation of their own hearts; and Alexowitz, who had a certain horror of all serious love affairs, willingly yielded his pretensions to his much more serious rival.

All was thus unravelled in harmony; each of the gentlemen made a solemn vow against rash judgments for the future. Kathinka, cured effectually of coquetry, dried her tears, and like a rose after an April shower, bloomed all the fresher for the pearly drops, while the mother concluded Cupid did not approve of an economical use of gifts offered up at his shrine.

As for the strawberries, they found the same day their object and end at a gay little supper in honor of the betrothal of Kosinsky with the pretty Kathinka.

THE DISCOVERER OF ZINC.

It was first discovered in 1530, by no less a personage than Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastes Paracelsus, the wild, fantastic hero of Browning's celebrated dramatic poem. It will, perhaps, be new to most people to be informed that the very word "bombast" took its original meaning in the "great and swelling words of vanity" uttered by this singular genius. With all his insane pretensions, there was true metal in Bombastes. He it was who gave the death-blow to alchemy, and was the first to show the utter hollowness of the then prevailing scholasticism, as respected physical investigations. Being appointed to the first professorship of chemistry, at Bale, in 1529—the earliest chair of chemistry ever established—he played such mad pranks, and kept up such a storm in poor little Bale, that the magistrates had to banish him from his chair. After undergoing many alternations of fortune, it irks us to say that poor Bombastes, to parody a modern phrase, "went on the zinc," and died miserably, in an obscure tavern in Salisbury, in the forty-eighth year of his age.—*Engineer.*

HOW TO DO GOOD.

Dr. Johnson wisely said, he who waits to do a great deal of good at once, he will never do anything. Life is made up of all things. It is but once in an age that occasions offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovel-full of dirt after another, one shovel-full at a time. Thus drops make the ocean. Hence we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never wait to do a great deal of good at once. If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts, one after another, speaking a word here and a word there, and setting a good example all the time.—*N. Y. Independent.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DESERTED MANSION.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Where the poplars rear their lofty heads
For above the scene below,
Now the sunbeams dance on the ruined manse,
And the shadows come and go.
The red deer roams through the park at will,
And the rabbit burrows free:
But silence reigns o'er the wide domains,
Save the wild bird's minstrelsy.

A strange old nook is the ruined manse,
A place for day-born dreams;
Soft shadows pass o'er the tangled grass
When the sun in brightness gleams.
While the swinging doors reveal the halls,
Deserted now and drear:
For the mansion's lord lies beneath the sward
Where the poplar trees uprear.

I could tell a tale of this noble lord,
In the days of "old lang syne,"
When at duty's call, from his peaceful hall,
He went to Palestine:
How he left his child with a faithful friend,
Who should smooth his youthful way,
And with spear and shield on the battle-field
He mingled in the fray.

But he languished long in the prison dark
Of the hostile Saracen,
Till his frame was weak and pale his cheek,
For his thoughts were elsewhere then:
Till his ransom came and he turned his steps
Again to his native shore.
And with strange unrest in his troubled breast,
Resolved to roam no more.

Yes, he reached his home, but ne'er again
Came a smile to his furrowed face;
For his friend of old, for the love of gold,
Had thought to end his race:
And his child was slain by the murderer's steel
Ere he knew his father's name,
While the traitor foul with the perjured soul
Had died a death of shame.

When the blasts of autumn whirled the leaves
From the lofty poplars' crests,
They strewed the mound and laid them round
The turf on the sleepers' breasts:
For the lord of the manse had sunk to sleep
With his child at the poplar's base,
And the shadows fall from the mansion tall
O'er the lonely burial-place.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TRICK OF THE TRADE.

BY LENT LISTON.

Amongst the middle classes of society, in consequence, frequently, of the accumulation of wealth, in business or otherwise, is what is very significantly termed a "taste for pictures." With his horse, his buggy, and his new house, the well-to-do tradesman or professional man, if he be ambitious to acquire among his friends the reputation of a person of elegant mind, or has been inoculated (by some peculiar circumstance) with a love of the fine arts,—commonly sets up some fine old paintings, choice productions of the pencil of Claude, Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Corregio and others (all great names, be it remembered), expending sometimes in the purchase of the same, a sum of money sufficient to purchase a substantial house, or have been a handsome portion for one of his children. Supposing he has not had the sense to confess his ignorance, and keep an experienced friend at his elbow, but trusting blindly to his own sagacity and taste, has purchased all that was offered (provided it had a name), what are the pictorial gems which adorn his rooms? the peerless pearls of which he is so proud? the prodigies of art in which he has attempted to build up his reputation as a connoisseur and a man of elegant mind? Glaring and vile copies not worth a cent; worn-out daubs, rubbed and scrubbed to the very canvass, which if they were entire, would be dear at ten cents per wagon-load; things called studies, splashy and coarse, with a vast deal more smoke than fire about them; things which libel the fair fame of Rubens, Vandyke, Da Vinci, Titian, Claude; and which if these men of genius could rise from their graves to behold, would make their very hair stand erect.

Many an inexperienced collector, with no guide but his own taste and slender knowledge of pictures, has been victimized, and after expending a considerable sum and hanging up a quantity of rubbish, has had *finally* the sagacity to discover that he has been taken in and done for. We distinctly remember a trick that was played off on—ahem!—a friend of ours, (of course he was, or how should we have remembered it?)—a gentleman who was just then beginning to form a collection of pictures; and entirely ignorant of the many sharp practices of dealers, and the cunning tricks frequently resorted to, for entrapping novices, by persons who have "fine old paintings which they wish to dispose of," and ever keep a sharp look-out for those whom they can dupe.

One drizzly, unpleasant morning in November, he was sitting quietly by himself in his little office parlor, when a stranger was announced, who wished to speak with him on a matter of much importance. This person was a shabby-genteel man of middle age, with a profusion of curly brown hair, having red beard and a decidedly John Bull cast of countenance—and seemingly, from his decayed dress and subdued, melancholy manner, suffering deeply. The purpose of his visit was not to consult my friend professionally, but he had taken the liberty, he said, of calling on our friend, to acquaint him with some few circumstances in his private history.

Some two years before, the stranger went on to say, he was a merchant, residing in New York, moving in a highly respectable sphere and in affluent circumstances, but in consequence of some ruinous speculations, his affairs became involved and himself ruined. While in prosperity, he continued, he was a liberal patron of the fine arts, and not one of the merchant princes of that city was more of an enthusiast in art, or had expended a larger sum in the purchase of the productions of the old masters, than himself. His gallery was the topic of conversation in all artistic circles.

He had resolved to bequeath his gallery to the nation, with the hope that a school of art might be erected in this country, that, adopting the name of its benefactor, should perpetuate his name, the name of Stubbs, forever! 'Twas all a dream—a rapturous dream! The postman came with intelligence of losses; the banker's clerk with protested notes embellished by his name on their back; the sheriff with summons, and his officer with executions; and last of all, the auctioneer came with his hammer, and knocked down everything he possessed, even to his treasures of art.

"Woe is to me!" ejaculated the stranger. "Shall I ever forget the horrors of that day—the day of sale—when I parted forever with all that was to perpetuate my memory! The loss was nothing to the shock I endured when I learned that my Sebastian del Piombo, for which I gave—no matter how much—was knocked down to one Anderson, a coal-man, who keeps a coal and lumber yard—a man that knows nothing beyond his black diamonds and boards—for only $255 50."

He went on to observe, that when he stated the whole of his choice and valuable collection was sold under the auctioneer's hammer, he omitted to make an exception of two pictures which, by a lucky accident, were preserved to him. These pictures—a very fine "Halt of Cavalry," by Philip Wouvermans, and a landscape, equally fine, by Jacob Ruysdael—were considered by him two of his choicest gems, and only obtained for him, by paying an enormous price, from the descendants of the painters themselves (so they must have been original and genuine gems). At the time when his misfortune occurred, they were fortunately in the hands of the framer, and by some accident had been overlooked and forgotten; so that, when through chancery, and he had been discharged, they were handed to him again, and he must say that their possession did much towards alleviating his anguish.

After his misfortune, he staid but a short time in New York; he could not bear to hold up his head, and leaving the city, he came at once to the modern Athens, hoping that he there should soon be able to meet with some congenial employment, whereby to earn a subsistence; but the tide of fortune, he was sorry to say, had been against him. Never since he came to Boston, had he been able to obtain employment; and for several months he had been in the greatest distress; his wife, children and himself, frequently on the borders of starvation.

They had been compelled to part with every little article of any value which they possessed, to procure food. Even the two pictures he esteemed so highly, the gems he had cherished as fondly as the wife of his bosom—even *they*, his beautiful Wouvermans and Ruysdael, were now in the hands of a pawnbroker. It was this that harrowed up his feelings; the idea that an ignorant fellow, a pawnbroker, should become the proprietor of two such invaluable pictures, and at such a price,—for he declared he had only received $50 for both of them.

"My necessities compelled me to do it, much against my will. This very day the time expires, and if the interest is not paid to-night, I lose them forever. But it is not in my power to pay even that. Will you do me a kindness? Will you be my friend? Twenty-five dollars would preserve me, my wife and innocent children from starvation. For that sum, then, I will place you in possession of these pictures, these beautiful pictures. See, here are the tickets! Give me the money and they are yours—yours, to be coveted by every friend you have."

Our friend was moved. He was thrown completely off his guard by the manner of the man—the earnestness, the grief, the passionate appeal to his benevolent feelings, and without hesitation he flung down the sum required. The stranger was overwhelmed with gratitude; he could not express his feelings. The tears started into his eyes as he pocketed the money, and he shook the hand of our friend with a grateful pressure, that spoke louder than words. Then taking up his hat to depart, he humbly requested to be allowed to see his pictures once more when gracing his benefactor's walls; and grasping our friend again by the hand, he looked unutterable thanks, and bowed himself out.

In a very few minutes after he had left, our worthy collector began to entertain some doubts whether, after all, he had not been duped by this "child of misfortune." But on examining the pawnbroker's tickets for a moment, he consoled himself with the idea that no pawnbroker would lend fifty dollars on pictures that were not worth twice the money. He therefore made his mind up on that score; and as there was no time to be lost, he prepared to go in quest of the broker's dwelling.

The night was as unpleasant a one as can well be imagined. It was windy, and the rain poured down in torrents, filling every alley and street with a sloppy puddle. Having secured the company of a friend (for the broker's abode was situated in a low street, and nearly a mile off), they started, and after half an hour's tramp, discovered to their great satisfaction, the three golden dumplings glistening in the rays of a lamp, while the name of Solomon Levi, in black letters upon a white board, seemed weeping for their malformation through the drizzling rain.

"This is the place," said our friend, and entered at once.

Mr. Solomon himself sat writing at a tall desk, while Moses, his clerk, was trying to convince Mr. Nose, a [illegible] man with a squalling child, that it was impossible he could have more than twenty-five cents on a watch that he had pledged. Directly the collector and his friend entered the shop. Moses looked at his master and smiled, which smile was immediately pushed back by Solomon, but whether there was something ludicrous in the wet and disordered appearance of the gentlemen, or whether the pawnbroker and his clerk had any suspicions of the business about which they had come, did not appear.

"You have two paintings in your possession, pledged by Mr Stubbs," said the collector, explaining the object of his visit.

"John Stobbs!" rejoined Solomon; "yesh, sher, two var fine pictures."

"Could I see them?" inquired our friend.

"Shertainly," said Solomon; "but I believe de pictures be forfeited; de interest haf not been paid."

"You are certainly mistaken," returned our friend; "here are the tickets—see, the time has not expired."

"O, I see; den you haf bought the tickets of Stubbs?" inquired the broker.

"I have," replied our friend.

"Vill you take the pictures vith you, or shall I make out two vresh tickets in your name. Fifty dollar de principal—ten dollar de interest. Sixty dollar you vill haf to pay me vor de pair of pictures," calculated Solomon.

"I should like to see the paintings before I do that," said our friend, who began to think that eighty-five dollars was rather too much to give for a "pig in the poke."

"Var good," replied the pawnbroker; "den you musht pay de interest virst—ten dollar. Ve always makes de rule to haf de interest paid before ve brinksh down de things."

Our friend very reluctantly threw the interest down, and after subjecting it to a severe scrutiny, to see that it was good, Moses was ordered to bring the pictures down.

"And Moshesh," rejoined Solomon, "be var garval ov de vrames."

The worthy collector now became exceedingly nervous. His face was flushed, and his mind evidently much excited; he was full of anxiety to know the result of his speculation, good or bad—hoping to find a good bargain—fearing lest he had been taken in.

In a very little time, Moses again appeared, bearing in his arms the gems, the veritable Ruysdael and Wouvermans, and proceeded leisurely to untie every knot in the string that bound them.

"Cut it!—cut it!" cried the impatient collector, offering his knife.

"De shtring vill do again, Moshesh," said Solomon, giving his clerk a knowing wink.

At length every knot was untied, and the precious paintings slowly and carefully uncovered. First a wrapper of sheeting was removed; then a rusty blanket; next a huge quantity of paper was stripped away; then another bandage of sheeting; then paper again; then a padding of cotton; and at last the gems themselves appeared!

Could we but picture the looks of astonishment and horror, on that visage where indignation, scorn, pity and intense mortification were seen chasing each other in rapid succession, our readers would become convinced that our friend was sold. The first glimpse was enough for him. Such wretched pictures never defiled canvass before or since! The outside value of both frames and all was inside of five dollars! With a voice of desperate calmness, our friend inquired where Mr. Stubbs could be found? Solomon, of course, did not know.

"Will you give my compliments to him," said the disappointed collector, "and say that when his misfortunes bring him to the gallows, I will endeavor to be present and console him in his last moments."

"Var goot," replied the fat broker, with a malicious grin; "but vill you take de pictures away now, or haf vresh tickets?"

Our friend heard no more; he could stand the banter no longer, especially as the joke was against him.

"To perdition with the pictures!" he shouted, and rushed from the room.

The fact was, the Hon. Mr. Stubbs had been employed by the pawnbroker to call on our friend, whom he had heard of as a young, inexperienced collector, to offer these choice paintings; and could he have looked in on the two knaves that night, and seen them sharing their gains, we think he would have failed in forming such well-rounded curls of smoke, as he contemplated the *experience* he had purchased.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

DR. CHARLES T. JACKSON.

We present on this page a portrait of Dr. Charles T. Jackson of this city, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Barry from a photograph by M. S. Cahill, 293 Washington Street, Boston. The labors of Dr. Jackson as a physician, a chemist, geologist and mineralogist, followed by results of the highest importance to humanity, and crowned by a world-wide reputation, have been so numerous, that an attempt to record them in the brief space at our disposal would be in vain; we can but rapidly review the principal incidents of his useful and honorable career. Charles Thomas Jackson was born in Plymouth, in this State, June 21, 1805, his father being an eminent merchant of Plymouth, and his mother, Lucy Cotton, daughter of Rev. John Cotton of Plymouth, a descendant of Rev. John Cotton of Boston, England, and the first pastor of the first church in Boston, Mass., in compliment to whom our city received its name. The subject of our sketch was destined to a mercantile career, but after a trial of business pursuits, he abandoned them as uncongenial, at a very early age, and went through a thorough course of classical study. He was graduated a Doctor of Medicine in Harvard University, January 21, 1829, receiving that year the Boylston prize for the best medical dissertation. While a medical student at the University he held the highest rank in his class, both as an anatomist and chemist. At that period, as early as 1826, he was earnestly engaged in endeavors to discover some method of rendering surgical operations painless; efforts finally crowned with success in his great discovery of etherization. In 1827, in company with his friend, Francis Alger, of this city, Dr. Jackson made his first extensive mineralogical and geological survey of Nova Scotia, a province which he subsequently re-visited for the purpose of extending and completing his explorations. He published accounts of his researches in the American Journal of Arts and Sciences, and in the Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the latter publication being most favorably reviewed by M. Elie de Beaumont in the French Revue Encyclopédique for 1832. In 1829, Dr. Jackson went to Europe, and pursued his medical and scientific studies in Paris in the best schools and under the best instructors of the day. While abroad he made several extensive scientific tours, and the occurrence of the cholera in 1831 enabled him thoroughly to study that fearful disease. In company with Dr. Furgus and Dr. Johannes Gloisner, he dissected the bodies of about two hundred patients who had died of cholera in the Vienna Hospitals. After an extensive scientific tour in Italy, he returned to Paris, and devoted the summer months of June, July and August, 1832, to the study of surgery, especially of gun-shot wounds made in the insurrection of June 5th and 6th, and gave private instructions in the hospital St. Antoine to the pupils and *internes* of that hospital, repeating to a great extent the surgical lectures of M. Bérard, and illustrating them by operations on the dead subject. On his return voyage to the United States he explained and illustrated to his fellow-passenger, Mr. S. F. B. Morse, the principles and, in all its essential features, the construction of the recording electro-magnetic telegraph, subsequently patented by Mr. Morse. He had with him on board the Sully two galvanic batteries and an electro-magnet which he had procured at Paris, and with these instruments he first demonstrated, soon after his arrival in Boston, the practicability of an electro-magnetic recording telegraph. The invention, a few years afterwards, of the sustaining battery, by Prof. Daniel, together with the improvements made by others, removed the previously insurmountable difficulty in the way of *economically* applying the electro-magnetic telegraph to practical use. In 1833, Dr. Jackson established himself in Boston as a physician and surgeon. He was married in 1834 to Miss Susan Bridge, daughter of Nathan Bridge, a merchant of this city. Relinquishing, after a time, his medical practice, he created for himself a new learned profession, by combining chemistry, mineralogy and geology as his future pursuits. After many private geological surveys and explorations of mines, and numerous chemical analyses had given him a reputation, he was appointed by Governor Everett of Massachusetts and Governor Dunlap of Maine, in 1836, State Geologist to survey the State of Maine and the public lands of Massachusetts in that State, a task which he executed during the space of two years. In 1836, he prepared the plan for the geological survey of New York. In 1839, he was appointed State Geologist for Rhode Island, and published his valuable report of the geology and agriculture of that State. We next find him State Geologist of New Hampshire, and subsequently surveying the wilderness on the southern shore of Lake Superior. In company with the late David Henshaw, formerly secretary of the navy, Dr. Jackson first opened the mineral treasures of that marvellous region, so wonderful for the stupendous veins of native copper and its accompanying native silver, and for its inexhaustible mountain masses of specula and magnetic iron ores. In February, 1842, he discovered the important fact that the nerves of sensation could be temporarily paralyzed without danger and without affecting the nerves of organic life, and that this effect could be produced at pleasure by the inhalation of pure ether vapor, mingled with air. This important discovery soon made the circuit of the civilized world, and it will transmit the name of its author to the remotest time. In 1849, he received the gold medal of merit, struck expressly for him on account of his discovery of Anæsthesia by etherization, and presented to him by Oscar, King of Sweden. On the 31st of January in the same year, he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor by Prince Louis Napoleon, the president of the French republic, for the great service rendered to humanity by the discovery of anæsthesis by etherization, and for scientific services. March 18, 1850, he received the Montyon prize from the Institute of France for this greatest of medical discoveries. In 1854, he was elected a member of the Medical Society of Athens in Greece for the same reason; and on the 19th of March, 1855, was decorated with the order of the Medjidieh by the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Medjid, for the service that etherization had rendered to the wounded of the allied armies of the Crimea. We have not space to enumerate the honors he has received, or the learned societies of the old and new world of which he has been chosen a member. He is now vice-president of the Boston Society of Natural History, and is Assayer of the State of Massachusetts, an office he has filled for many years. He has made many chemical and mineralogical discoveries, and among them perhaps the discovery of chlorine in meteoric iron is not the least remarkable. He has discovered and named several new minerals, among which are chlorastolite and chlorophyllite. He has also made many valuable researches in analytic chemistry, and has done much towards the improvement of the chemistry of agriculture, especially by making more thorough analyses of soil than had heretofore been recorded, and by physiological and chemical researches on plants. He also discovered the cause of death in a person killed by chloroform by proving that the chlorine of ter-chloride of formyl united chemically with the blood, and that the oxygen of the blood went to form the ter-oxide of formyl or formic acid. Dr. Jackson is still, comparatively, young for a scientific man, and zealous and active in his pursuits: we may trust, therefore, that a long career of usefulness and distinction is still before him.



CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D

ENCAMPMENT OF THE PERSIAN ARMY.

The engraving below is a correct and striking representation of the Persian army as it lately appeared when encamped under the walls of Shiraz. The tents, the infantry and guns, the horsemen with their high caps and peculiar uniforms, all different from the figures and the equipment with which western eyes are familiar, backed by the quaint towers and domes of the ancient city, make up an oriental picture of strange interest and significance. Shiraz, the capital of that province of Persia known by the name of Fars, and formerly one of the most important in the country, was in reality the nucleus of the Persian empire, the name of which is a corruption of the word Fars. The people of Shiraz bear a warlike character, and have rendered themselves formidable, at some periods, as the most resolute antagonists of the Persian monarchs; and at others, as the most courageous supporters of the dynasty. On the occasion to which our engraving refers, the troops of the shah were encamped in the great plains of Shiraz, outside the walls of the city. Shiraz, towards the south, is only a few days' journey from the Gulf of Persia; and it was natural that the shah should have there assembled troops destined to oppose the advance of the English army. Among them might be seen the various tribes of Persia, including the celebrated *Tuffekedjis*, exceeding in number the tribes collected by the shah from all other parts of his empire. Unfortunately for Persia, she can boast of few troops well-drilled and disciplined; so that she could hardly hope to make any stand against the well-commanded troops of Britain. Nevertheless, the Persian soldier is not to be despised, seeing that he is sober, steady, active, and possesses great powers of endurance. The introduction of the European drill among all the troops of the East, while it has increased their effectiveness, shows conclusively that the oriental rulers have lost much of their haughty self-reliance and bigoted pride. It is a tacit acknowledgement of the superiority of the "infidels" in arms—a confession that the men of the West must be met with the weapons and warfare of the West. On the plains of Egypt, more than half a century ago, Napoleon the Great inflicted a severe lesson on the pride of the Orientals in the famous battle of the pyramids, when the cavalry of Mourad Bey, till then deemed peerless and invincible, were shattered before the inflexible bayonets and the rolling volleys of the unbroken squares of French infantry, and disappeared like water sinking into sand. Of little avail are fiery valor and individual mastery of the weapons of war, compared with that unity of action and steady endurance which make of an English or French army a huge machine of terrible momentum and overwhelming force.



ENCAMPMENT OF THE PERSIAN ARMY UNDER THE WALLS OF SHIRAZ.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPER, North Chelsea.—A netting made of thread, even if the meshes are over an inch in diameter, stretched across your windows, will keep flies out of your rooms.

L. L., Harrisville, N. H.—Acceptable, when well-written, from whatever source they come.

C. N., Newark, N. J.—The number you refer to is entirely exhausted, and cannot be procured anywhere.

ISTALID.—Preissnlis, the founder of the hydropathic system of medical treatment, was a Bavarian peasant.

MARIA, New Bedford.—"Mrs.," of course.

N. B. A., Louisville, Ky.—You can procure a copy of the Koran, in English, of Messrs Burnham Brothers, Antiqua Book Store, Cornhill, Boston, for $1 25.

F.—Professor Quetelet states, that of the 38 pounds of dry matter in the model man, 24 pounds are flesh and fat, and 14 pounds bone. 28 pounds are organic matter, combustible, and 10 pounds of mineral matter, incombustible. You can draw your own conclusions from these data.

ECONOMIST.—In comparison with the cheapest kind of lamp oil, the cost of gas is less than one-fifth, and compared with sperm oil, it is only one-ninth.

B. T.—It is a mistaken idea that white wine is exclusively produced by white grapes; the juice of both the red and white grape is nearly as colorless as water.

D. D.—Most of the beverage sold as soda water has not a particle of soda in it. It is merely water with carbonic acid forced into it by a powerful pressure, as that of a forcing-pump.

PUPIL.—Some natural philosophers maintain that the earth is fluid at the depth of 100 miles from the surface, and that the temperature there is equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed.

M. M.—The Scottish expression, *fie*, or *fey*, is used to exhibit the condition of a man who suddenly acts at variance with his previous character—as when a miser becomes unaccountably generous, or a coward, brave, which is considered as a sign of approaching death.

ARTIST.—A mediocre portrait-painter could not possibly make a living here. Colored photographs have taken the place of ordinary portraits.

MECHANIC.—Ivory may be dyed a deep black by boiling it for some time in a strained decoction of logwood, and then steeping it in a solution of red sulphate or red acetate of iron.

SERGEANT S.—The Honorable Artillery of London, England, is the parent of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of this city. Prince Albert is the commandant of the former corps.

THESPIS.—Junius Brutus Booth, the father of Edwin Booth, made his first appearance in London while Edmund Kean, the father of Charles Kean, was creating a most prodigious sensation by his genius.

L. M. D.—Lamartine resides in the city of Paris. A letter to him might elicit a reply; but he receives hundreds of letters daily more than he can read, and cannot have time to answer all his correspondents.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—Ticknor, Fields & Co.'s "Household Edition" of the Waverley Novels is the finest ever issued. The volumes are of portable size, are exquisitely illustrated, printed on fine paper, contain all the author's notes (a distinguishing feature being the *printing of the notes at the foot of the page*), a glossary and index, and much curious and interesting illustrative matter now first combined with the romances. The completed edition will contain forty eight volumes, two of which will appear each month. The price will be seventy-five cents a volume, and any person sending a subscriber's name to the publishers, corner of School and Washington Streets, with the money, will be supplied regularly as the volumes are published, free of postage.

A PRINCELY INCOME.—The leading surgeon in England, Sir Benjamin Brodie, has a professional income of eighty-five thousand dollars a year.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Queen of Spain, being rather short of money, is said to have stolen the treasure of the Princess of Asturias.

.... A private, named Dunn, of the United States 4th artillery, was lately devoured by a shark at Cape Sable, Florida.

.... The man who doesn't believe in whistling should put a muzzle on the bobolinks, blackbirds, and robins.

.... When you have an opportunity to bestow praise you should do it with all your heart.

.... They are poor discoverers who think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.

.... Odd Fellowship in Ohio is represented to be in a more flourishing condition than ever.

.... The tonnage of the United States amounts to 500,000, which gives employment to about 400,000 seamen.

.... Mormonism seeks to roll back the tide of time and engraft on the present age the mouldered principles of the past.

.... The Franklin Lodge of Odd Fellows of Philadelphia have erected a fine marble statue of Franklin.

.... A New York writer says there is as much nourishment in one bushel of beans as in five of potatoes.

.... A lion lately tore a leopard to pieces during an exhibition of Van Amburgh's menagerie in Indiana.

.... Thurlow Wood says that the establishment of a new paper is as difficult as to create a new State.

.... The King of Ava is styled "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." He is prepared for a long *reign*.

.... The Brooklyn, New York, horse-railroad cars now run on Sundays from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

.... The members of the Connecticut legislature have formed a Legislative Agricultural Society. A good move.

.... An old man of sixty committed suicide in Louisville, Ky., because a blooming young girl rejected him.

.... Sir Christopher Wren built fifty churches in England, besides his great work,—St. Paul's.

.... Martha Cornelia Calhoun, youngest daughter of John C. Calhoun, lately died in Charleston, South Carolina.

... Modesty adorns a woman, but ruins a man. Few Yankees are ruined this way.

.... Punch says you persuade a woman, convince a man, and force a Chinese or a pine apple.

... Not the number of the Greeks nor the skill of Achilles conquered Troy, but the perseverance of ten years.

.... In Paris the ladies, at least those who can afford it, use gold dust for hair powder, the acme of extravagance.

THE FOLLY OF FASHION.

In a few days what is called "the world," that is the fraction of society which assumes to be all porcelain, will be out of town, in obedience to the dictates of Fashion, who commands her votaries to go forth to certain designated localities annually, no matter how perverse and intractable the season, under pain of excommunication and expulsion from that charmed circle which comprises all that is brilliant and desirable in existence. Strange to say, this exodus does not quite ruin the town,—does not apparently diminish the tide of human beings that ebbs and flows in the streets, nor is nature overshadowed by the deprivation; but the fountains sparkle, and the grass is green, and the trees sway in the breeze the same as ever.

Now it is very well to go out of the busy haunts of commerce in the pleasant season, and commune with nature. It is well, consulting only convenience in the garb we wear, to wander by the seaside, to sail, to boat, to fish, to scale the mountain, and, climbing high and higher, look down from our proud eminence on the beautiful world at our feet. It is well to be free for a brief space, once a year. But this is not what Fashion commands or permits. We go not forth to woo and win the heart of mountain, air and wave. We leave the city to continue the worship of Goddess Fashion in the country. We can only visit certain places on which Fashion has smiled,—only go to such houses as she has touched with her magic wand, and there we must wear her motley garb and acknowledge ourselves her servants. To a fashionable watering-place, the fashionable follies of the city are translated *en masse*—the extravagant toilets, the late hours, the overheated rooms, the innocent flirtations, and alas! the gilded sins. Instead of reposing mind and body, we must repeat the round of harassing frivolities, and rivalries, and expenses, and come back jaded, ennuyé and with depleted purses.

And in what strange garbs do we perform the antics commanded by our mistress! As Brantz Mayer says:—"The ridicule that now attaches to old fashions, shows the absurdity of fashion at all times. What follower of fashion now-a-days can look at the pictures of the leg-of-mutton sleeves, big bonnets, and other peculiarities of dress in 1830—a period within the recollection of most of us—without laughing heartily? The fashion of 1830 is now voted monstrous; but the fashion of 1857 is equally monstrous, and so will posterity decide. What a picture will the fashions of 1857 make in the magazines of 1877! Should an inhabitant of some distant orb by chance drop down on our planet, and see one of our belles in fashionable promenading costume, a pile of gorgeous dress trailing the ground, loaded with flounces and expanded with crinoline—high-heeled shoes clicking beneath, and a bare head protruding from the top, with a sprinkling of velvet shreds and flowers on it, called a bonnet—would he take her for a fellow-mortal? No! He would rather imagine her a gigantic bird of paradise, a butterfly, or a bit of rainbow tumbled from the heavens."

In conclusion, we would exhort those who wish to enjoy themselves during the present summer, to dare to be unfashionable.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Every brilliantly successful enterprise finds its imitators, and thus it was not to be supposed that "Ballou's Pictorial" would not find many envious publishers and counterfeiters; but like other counterfeits, their productions are of base metal, and but second-rate imitations at best. It will be observed, that, unlike the second class illustrated papers, which are partially filled with *advertisements*, to the exclusion of entertaining reading matter, "Ballou's Pictorial" is solely devoted to the most attractive letter press and fine illustrations. Our circulation is sufficiently large to render the work liberally profitable without our resorting to the advertising "dodge" to pay expenses! Moreover, the careful and observant reader will appreciate the *character and artistic execution* of our illustrations; they are not hacked up in a hurry by apprentices, and printed in such haste as to destroy all effect and neatness; but, on the contrary, evince the great care and finish which is bestowed upon them. Our "Pictorial" shall continue, what it has ever been, a choice family visitant, in all respects meriting its vast popularity and unequalled circulation.

STARTLING THEORY.—Dr. W. Bird Powell, a well-known medical writer, in a recent work maintains that suicide is natural death, and that certain persons are as liable to it as to apoplexy or any other malady. Of the temperaments, he says:—"The sanguine man is physical perfection—the creature of folly, extravagance and dissipation; the bilious man is the only great one; the lymphatic is a disgusting sack of humors; and the melancholic is a poor, gloomy, miserable, liver-diseased wretch, whom it would be a mercy to despatch."

QUINTUPLE PUN.—If my pun-ish head was pun-ish-ed for every pun-I-shed, I should not have a puny-shed to hide my pun-ish'd head. Fin-is-hed. We believe the late Henry J. Finn was the unpunished author of this complicated play on words.

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.—Dr. Francis Lieber, late of the University of South Carolina, has been unanimously elected professor of history and political sciences in Columbia College, New York city.

A CASE.—We are always being told that "property has its rights," but surely, in the matter of gloves and boots, property has its lefts as well as rights.

FLORIDA INDIANS.—It is stated that the Seminoles, in Florida, are starved out, and have agreed to surrender.

MURDERED ENGLISH.

Some of the blunders that foreigners make in attempting to write English are exceedingly amusing. One of the most atrocious attempts to assassinate the language that we ever met with, was perpetrated in the form of a circular addressed to the British residents in Naples, in 1832, and we willingly give it the benefit of our columns:—"Joseph the Cook, be offer to one illuminated public and most particular for British knowing men in general, one remarkable, pretty, famous and splendid collection of old goods, all quite new, excavated from private personal diggings. He sells corked clays, old marble stones, with basso-relievos, with stewing-pots, brass sacrificing-pots, and antik lamps. Here is a stocking of calves heads and feets for single ladies and amateurs travelling. Also old coppers candlesticks; with Nola jugs, Etruscan saucers, and much more intellectual minds articles; all entailing him to learned man's inspection to examine him, and supply it with illustrious protection, of which he hope full and valorous satisfaction." "Joseph the Cook" evidently considers himself a master of the English tongue.

CLOSE OF VOLUME XII.

The present number of "Ballou's Pictorial" completes the twelfth volume of the work, and with the next number we shall commence the thirteenth volome. Those whose subscription runs out with the present number should renew at once, in order that there shall be no break in the regular receipt of the paper. The steady increase of our subscription list is the best evidence of the fact that our endeavors to please our army of readers is completely successful. The coming volume will exhibit some increased excellencies and popular improvements. An entirely new and beautiful suit of type will be donned with the first number, and one of our mammoth and brilliant two-page engravings will also be given.

THE WEST POINT CADET:

—OR THE—

TURNS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

This is the title of a brilliant story, to be commenced in our next number, from the pen of the popular and far-famed Maj. Poore. It is a racy and captivating tale, and will exhibit the versatile powers and fine dramatic taste of the author to perfection. It is a story of military life, and home adventures and experience, and contains more truth than the general reader may surmise. Be sure to read the opening chapters next week.

NEW YORK CITY.—Dexter & Brother, 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York, and Ross & Tousey, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are general agents for all our publications. Both these houses are conducted by prompt, responsible business men, being the largest periodical jobbers in the United States.

☞ Without pandering to any of the *isms* of the day, *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* comes to us characterized by an independence and manliness of tone quite refreshing. It is unquestionably the cheapest magazine published on either side of the Atlantic, and is destined to reach an immense circulation, having already an edition of *eighty thousand* regular issue.—*Virginia Advocate*.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Joseph Norton, Jr., to Miss Mary J. Davenport; by Rev. Dr. Bigelow, Mr. John G. Elkins to Miss Hannah T. Tainter; by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Melmr Dunbar, Jr., to Miss Mary Louisa Waldron; by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. James A. Gove to Miss Adeline Coggins, of Lubec, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Thomas Kearns to Mrs. Catherine Dacey; by Rev. Mr. Stickney, Mr. William D. Morris to Miss Marianne Collis; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William H. Gibson to Miss Mary A. Downing; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Orauville N. Whittington to Miss Josephine B. Dexter.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. David Kimball, of Boston, to Mrs. C. L. W. Frost.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, Mr. Robert Saunders to Miss Ellen O. Batchelder.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Sutherland, Mr. J. H. Barnes to Miss Matilda Proctor.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Hatch, Mr. Jacob Chase to Miss Clara A. Tyre.—At Northboro', by Rev. Mr. Forbush, Mr. Cyrus Potter to Miss Sarah A. Burditt.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Winchester, Mr. Charles L. Wood to Miss Louisa M. Winslow, both of Fitchburg.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Sweetser, Mr. Charles D. Hull to Miss Melissa A. Gavit, both of Holden.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Waite, Mr. Frederick A. Davis to Miss Caroline A. Hinckley, both of Somerset.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Howson, Mr. Henry Mitchell to Miss Sarah Ann Swain.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Sarah Standish, 59; Mr. Kenneth Matheson, 68; Mrs. Huldah Fowler, 72; Mrs. Mary W. Hayward, daughter of the late Bishop Griswold, 24; at Deer Island, Mr. William Hartwell, for many years auctioneer in Dock Square, 80, at South Boston, Mrs. Mary K. Quincy, 45.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Frances Howes, late of San Francisco, Cal., 29.—At Somerville, Miss Helen J. Martin of Chester, Vt., 19.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Enoch B. Kenrick, 72.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Betsey S. Fisher, 79.—At Roxbury, Mr. Isaac H. Parker, Jr., 20.—At Dorchester, Miss Mary Bussey, 69.—At Quincy, Miss Fannie Horton, 18.—At Woburn, Mrs. Martha Dunning, 74.—At Malden, Miss Anna S. Haven, 25.—At South Reading, Mr. Daniel C. Smith, 50.—At Lynn, Mrs. Keziah Carter, 69.—At Salem, Mrs. Hannah Norsworthy, 68.—At Danvers, Mrs. Catherine A. Blodgett, 23.—At North Andover, Mr. William Batchelder, 42.—At Haverhill, Mr. William Harmon, 83.—At Newburyport, Capt. William Tate, formerly of Salem, 82.—At Newbury, Mr. Moses Perley, 74.—At Worcester, Mrs. Phebe Johnson, 63.—At Northboro', Mr. Stephen Jerauld, 72.—At Tyngsborough, Miss Anna Lawrence, 76.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Susan Gibson, 74.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Sarah Delano, 93.—At Dartmouth, Mrs. Elizabeth Rider, 77.—At Eastham, Mr. David Snow, 80.—At Wells, Me. Capt. John Rankin, 81.—At Galena, Ill., Mrs. Adelia Maria Butcher, formerly of Ellsworth, Me.

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The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WEARY SPELL.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

I stood before the altar, Clare,
And friends were circled near,
Upon my brow the lights' fall glare,
Upon my cheek a tear.
I heeded not the murmurs low
From lip to lip that passed,
Nor heard the holy marriage vow
The man of God had blessed.

For mid the crowd then pressing round
With gracious word and smile,
I saw—with eyes bent on the ground,
And lips compressed the while—
A well-known form, that sent the blood
To flush my temples red,
When, ere my lips could frame a word,
Sight, feeling, sense had fled.

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange, they thought,
But *he* alone might guess;
As mine his glance reproachful caught
Ere I had answered, "Yes."
He knew why I felt sick and faint,
Ere word my lip had passed:
He knew why down my ashy cheek
The tear drop trickled fast.

O, many a long and tedious year
Since then in festive throngs.
With dark despair within my heart,
I've joined their syren songs.
But, Clare, that well-remembered night
Of anguish unsurpassed,
Upon my life its darkening blight
A weary spell has cast.

FLATTERY.

No flattery, boy! An honest man can't live by't:
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't;
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.—OTWAY.

HEART LOVE.

The best that the heart loves is nearer God
Than the best the soul imagines.—C. NEWTON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

We are close upon July, which the Saxons called *henmonath*, which probably expressed the meaning of the German word *hain*, signifying wood or trees—and hence *henmonath* might mean, the month of foliage. They also called it *heymonath*, or hay month, because "therein they usually mowed and made their harvest." Leigh Hunt says of July, "There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent; the little brooks are dried up; the earth is chapped with parching; the shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy and still; the cattle stand in the shade, or stand in the water; the active and air-cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey about the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, 'fleshless and bloodless,' seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. There are also strange humming sounds in the air as of innumerable insects, though none can be seen—'Their murning small trumpets sounden wide,' as Spenser says; and in the blazing sun, by the dusty wayside, the locust utters his harsh note with screeching wing." Is not this, reader, a picture of a July day as truthful as it is poetical?.....Nothing is more striking in the Indians of North America than the force of their descriptive epithets. Lieutenant Hooper, of the Arctic Expedition, found a woman at Fort Simpson, whose name was "Thirty-Six Tongues.".....A midshipman, the son of a tradesman, on board a man-of-war (when Prince William Henry, afterwards King William the Fourth of England, was also a midshipman), was walking the deck, reading the Bible one day, when Prince William called out to him, "Tom, what are you reading?" Tom replied, "A book that gives me good advice."—"What does it advise you, pray?" asked the prince, sneeringly. "Put not your trust in princes in whom is no help; for wherein are they to be accounted of?" read Tom, and the prince vanished.....At a Sunday school examination the teacher asked a boy whether, after what he had been standing and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him? "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who has insulted or struck you?"—"Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I—think—I—could, if he was bigger than I am.".....Pitt, being in company with the Duchess of Gordon, who spoke the Scottish dialect in the broadest manner, she told him that some of her family had gone to France, and was asked by him why she was not of the party. She said, in answer, "That it was very awkward to be in a country and not know the language."—"Why," said Mr. Pitt, "your grace has not found any such inconvenience in England.".....Sir Walter Scott once gave an Irishman a shilling when a sixpence would have been sufficient. "Remember," said the baronet. "you owe me sixpence."—"May your honor live till I pay you," was the reply....."Sonny, does your father take a paper?"—"Yes, sir, two of them. One of them belongs to Mr. Smith, and the other to Mr. Thompson. I hooks them off the stoop.".....The proprietors of the New York Times are taking a new step for journalists. They offer a reward of $5000 for information which shall lead to the detection and conviction of the murderer of Dr. Burdell.....We found this good story of rustic courtship, the other day. A youth, smitten with the charms of a beautiful maid, only vented his passion by sly looks, and now and then touching his fair one's toe with his foot under the table. The girl bore with his advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings.".....A young naval officer of the name of Meore, having presented a gold anchor to his affianced bride, a wag remarked that she was *moored!*.....Regrets towards the evening of life will occur nearly to all, even the happiest. We mourn the departure of the luminary, though his setting be glorious.....Villany and ingenious rascality seem to be rife now-a-days. A rascal recently forged an order purporting to be signed by the mail contractor on the route between Cleveland and Indianapolis, by which he managed to get charge of the mails, which, as a matter of course, he rifled at the earliest possible moment and sloped for more congenial soil....., Wisdom is generally an acquisition purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our own frailties have imposed upon us; for few are taught by the sufferings of another.....There were late rumors from Utah that Brigham Young had incurred the indignation of his flock, and been compelled to flee. If such is the case. Mormonism will be severely shaken.....We had a call to-day from Dr. Hayes, the companion of the lamented Kane in his Arctic voyage. Dr. Hayes is a gentleman of fine cultivation, large experience, agreeable address, and quite a young man. He has consented to sit to our artist, and we shall shortly give a portrait and biography of him in these pages.....The life of an artist is one of thought rather than action—he has to speak of the struggles of mind rather than the conflict of circumstances....."Ignore" is a word that ought never to be used, but in the languages of law and of commerce. When the jury, whose province it is to find bills of indictment before justices of the peace and gaol delivery, cannot find a true bill against somebody who stands charged with an offence, the bill is said to be *ignored*. The word may be used also with reference to commercial bills. But now, if I happen to be short-sighted, and pass young *De Robinson* in the street without recognition, he tells me with a sneer, the next time he speaks to me. that I *ignored* his existence—can anything be more frightful? So says a correspondent of the London Athenæum—good authority.....Neither English Garrick, nor French Le Kain, I know, says the theatrical critic of the New York Albion, possessed many advantages of appearance—but they swelled their diminutive size to reasonable proportions, by the expansive force of their genius. Meurice tells us of a story of a provincial performer at Lyons, no less a person than the afterwards conspicuous M. Florence, who, from the altitude of six feet two, patronised Le Kain in the green-room. only to shrink into nothingness and almost faint away when the great actor strode in upon the stage and summoned his long-legged coadjutor to follow him, with an imperial "Suivez-moi," which instantly added many cubits to the speaker's stature. "He seemed suddenly to hit the rafters!" said the amazed Florence.....It must be rather unpleasant for a widow lady to hear a burglar coming down her chimney. Such a man, however sooty, can't be a suitor; so when the Widow Hardwood, of Bradford, Vt., found a man stuck half way in her chimney, the old lady promptly heaped straw in the fire-place and lighted it. The robber, half-suffocated, roared. Persons were collected by his cries; he was drawn up with ropes to the top of the chimney, more dead than alive, and sent to the mercies of the law.....The number of letters delivered in Great Britain during the year 1856, was 478,000,000, being an increase over 1855 of nearly 22,000,000; and as compared with 1839, the year previous to the introduction of the penny postage, an increase (omitting franks) of 402,000,000. So much for cheap postage.....Some weeks since Queen Victoria had occasion to send for a physician in a hurry, and the messenger was obliged to take a common ricketty hackney cab. So it appears that the popular opinion, that the masters of horse, equerries, grooms and other salaried hangers-on about the palace are of no earthly use, is really well founded.....The limitation of the time of the day for marrying in England is fixed by statute. The period between eight in the morning and noon is assigned as the legal time for all marriages. The custom here and the law in England are widely different in this particular.....The London press are discussing the singular fact of the decline of the French population in France, as shown by the last census taken in that country.....The London Spectator draws public attention to the dangers which threaten legitimate commerce from the close alliance now existing between courtly and royal speculators and the great capitalists.....The following story, told by the Boston Ledger, is good enough for a spare laugh. A member of the Massachusetts senate two years since, who was at that time frightfully gray, came up to the capitol this year with his hair and whiskers of a lustrous black. Meeting with one of his colleagues of 1855, he accosted him very cordially, but was coldly told that he "really had the advantage" of the person addressed. "Why, I am Mr. ——, of ——," said the rejuvenated senator. "O," said his colleague, "your *father* was in the senate with me two years ago! How do you do, sir?".....Pearls continue to be found at the Notch, near Patterson, New Jersey. They are also found in Bergen county. The Newark Daily Advertiser says, "A friend informs us that pearls were found in Passaic county some fifty years ago.....The emperor Napoleon has just entered his 50th year. He was born April 20, 1808.....We met with a good anecdote of Rubini the singer, the other day, which gives us quite an insight into professional manœuvres. He made a tour with a German artist, Rubini to pay post-horses and tavern bills, the pianist concert expenses. When they came to settle, Rubini found on his colleague's memorandum-book the following item:—'At Munich for popular enthusiasm, 200 florins." Rubini asked an explanation, from which it appeared that the men who unharnessed and dragged their carriage, who strained their lungs with bravos, serenaded and crowned them with flowers, were all paid for their services, like the Roman patriots in a stage tragedy. Rubini paid his share of the "enthusiasm" with a slight sigh, and determined to make a bold push for gratuitous glory in future.....An Indian Cœsus has, it is said, just arrived in Paris from the banks of the Ganges, and has turned many fair heads in that brilliant capital. Rumor sets down his fortune at two hundred millions—which we take to be a slight exaggeration....."Acorn" says he once served forty-eight hours on a jury, and found himself at the end of that time so reduced from his former weight of 163 pounds, that "it would have taken two such chaps as himself to turn a money-scale.".....An auctioneer in this vicinity was lately selling a tract of unpromising land in lots, and expatiated very poetically on the beauties and advantages of the location. There happened to be a pond hard by, and the auctioneer, after having received a few bids, paused to call attention, by way of parenthesis, to this "beautiful sheet of water." By chance about a dozen men were seen scattered over its surface in boats, busily engaged in fishing, and apparently unconscious of the five hundred pair of eyes bent upon them. They were evidently successful, for they drew up their lines almost as fast as they dropped them. In fact, the auctioneer assured us that was the "finest fish-pond in the world." We ascertained afterwards that a few unhappy horn pout and about a dozen starving suckers constituted the entire finny population of the pond, and the fishermen were hired expressly for the occasion. However, many cockneys in green cut-aways, with dog and powder-horn, buttons brightened up after this episode, and bids came in faster than ever.....Illuminated show-bills have become so common, lately, that the owner of a clipper ship finds it difficult to get either passengers or freight without some *fine cut to-back-her*.

SLEEP.

Sleep is the gift of God, and not a man would close his eyes did not God put his fingers on his eyelids. True, there are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night, draws the curtain of darkness, bids the sun shut his burning eyes; then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; it was beyond your power. You close your eyes, but still you see, and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain. Sleep is the best physician that we know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physicians on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to all. God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves, but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be any difference, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Choice Miscellany.

CONDITION OF ARMENIAN WOMEN.

The condition of women in Armenia partakes of European freedom and Asiatic restraint—the restraint being laid on the wife, and the freedom allowed to the maiden. To all, except Armenians born, this appears a perilous, or at least a preposterous regulation. Yet, practically, it would seem to lead to no evil results, and at the worst renders households tranquil, though, it may be, rather dull. If marrying and wooing in Armenia were, as in more civilized climes, affairs of the heart, and not the private business of fathers and guardians, we might justly expect that the Transcaucasian young ladies would become a nation of vestals or amazons, so as to avoid the uncomfortable doom which surely awaits them in the married state. While unwed, they go where they will and converse with whom they please. But with the words pronounced at the altar female liberty is at an end. The lords of the Armenian creation are of opinion not merely that a "voice soft, gentle, and low, is an excellent thing in woman," but also that rigid Pythagorean silence is wholesome for the sex. For six years the wife is condemned to almost complete taciturnity. No more gadding about for her; no gatherings at the village fountain; no dances under the umbrageous arcades of the wood. Even in her own house she must go about veiled; if a stranger comes on the premises, she hides herself in the innermost chamber; and twice only in the year is she permitted to appear in the street, and then she is escorted to church and back again by some hearded and booted marital or fraternal dragon. She may speak to her husband when alone with him, but neither to father nor brother; and as for cousins, they are not so much as mentioned in her presence. Whatsoever communications are indispensable must be made by gestures, or through the alphabet of the fingers. Her first step towards enfranchisement is the birth of her first child. She may talk to her infant, and, should they happen to be on good terms, to her mother-in-law. Gradually her intercourse is extended to her nearest female relatives, and the experienced matron is occasionally licensed to address her male kinsfolk. But the disease of garrulity has been tolerably reduced by this discipline of six years; and an Armenian lady has seldom the chance of becoming fluent in conversation, unless she attains the years of the sibyl or the "treble-dated crow."—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

"To the Campo Santo," said I, seating myself in one of the nondescript street vehicles, drawn by *impossible* horses—brutes of which you would *a priori* pronounce that none of them could survive one mile of the many through which they gallop gaily. The driver nodded intelligence, and we entered the Strada di Toledo, that characteristic thoroughfare of Naples, which is, from dawn to dark, what Fleet Street is from four to six o'clock in the afternoon, with the slight difference that one is all business, the other all idleness; but its roar and tumult are intensified by Italian vivacity, the embroilments and blocking up of the way are aggravated by the absence of all semblance of footpath—for the Neapolitan enjoys in perfection what the Frenchman calls "*la totalité de la rue*"—and I defy the most absent man on earth to abstract himself from all interest in the sights and sounds of the full tide of life which whirls and eddies round him. Such contrasts, too! Now a mountebank, now a monk, now a flaunting equipage, now a flambeaued funeral, goes past; roaring laughter at *Polchinella* mingles with a roaring *De Profundis* from the confraternity of brown sandalled officials, who jostle and stumble their way through the throng, heralding some corpse to its last home, their great tapers flaring in the sunlight, and dropping melted wax on the passers-by; while attendant urchins—incipient lazaroni—creep in the wake of each burly brother, and try to catch and treasure up the droppings of their ill-held funeral lights. High above all lies the dead man; borne aloft in full holiday attire, bouquet in bosom, his prim, pinched features painted into a horrid mimicry of life, his attire hall-room like, his face heavenwards, and his way through the buzzing, swarming life about him, towards—dust and worms.—*Gleanings after Grand Tourists.*

THE HONEY BEE.

Bees, when they lose their queen, take a common egg, already laid, remove partitions around in order to afford it room, together with the other eggs in the cells destroyed. One egg only is suffered to remain, and the insect that is hatched from it is fed upon a peculiar substance called "royal jelly." This has the effect to stimulate the creature to an extraordinary development and growth, qualifying it for a queen Such a transformation is unknown to take place, we believe, in the nature of any other creature. It seems to us the most remarkable trait in the honey bee, more surprising than its skill in architecture, or its administration of political government.—*Newark Advertiser.*

New Publications.

THE MECHANIC'S BRIDE: or, *The Autobiography of Ellwood Gorden.* By W. G. CAMBRIDGE, author of "Henri: or, the Web and Woof of Life." Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. 1857. 12mo. pp. 302.

A domestic story, well worked up, with a good plot, a good moral, and a good ending. The leading idea is a protest against the mercenary spirit that prompts so many marriages.

PEACE: or, *The Stolen Will.* An American Novel. By MARY W. JANVRIN. Boston: James French & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 507.

Miss Janvrin is a vigorous and original writer, and has already taken a firm hold on the popular mind. Her present story is very dramatic in construction, crowded with incidents, and artistically managed, from the first page to the last. It will make a sensation.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson we have received the Drawing-Room Cotillons, Raccoute, from Il Trovatore, Ocean Burial, by Charles Grobe, and Conversation Waltz, by F. W. Smith; "Rossini's Stabat Mater," two numbers of the "Opera," containing trios, quartetts and chorusses from favorite operas, "I am weary with rowing," the "Rock beside the Sea," "Sweet Mary Gray," (songs) and Thalberg's Serenade from Don Pasquale.—From Russell & Richardson, 291 Washington Street, the following piano forte music. "The Finest Eyes," by J. C. Metzger, Grand March, by C. F. Shuster, "Mi manca la voce," from Moses in Egypt, "Les Concert des Bois," "Sweet Memory's Isle" and "Forest Birds"—the two latter, songs.

SISTERS OF CHARITY, CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT, AND THE COMMUNION OF LABOR. By MRS. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor, Fields & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 302.

This essay, originally delivered as a private lecture, contains the spirit of Mrs. Jameson's experience, observation and reading on the education and employments of women for many years past. It is full of original thoughts and valuable suggestions, and will be nearly as useful on this as on the other side of the Atlantic.

RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN. By DANIEL SHARP, D. D. Boston: James French & Co.

This elegant little volume contains a discourse which created a deep interest when first pronounced by its venerable author. It is now accompanied by a memorial written by Rev. John Wayland, D. D., rector of St. James's Church, Roxbury, and a most beautiful portrait on steel of Dr. Sharp.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "Ballou's Pictorial," and the work be thus procured for each at TWO DOLLARS a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

Editorial Melange.

Edmund Pixley, of Great Barrington, was killed by his plough striking a stone. The handle hit him so violently in the abdomen that he died after suffering intense pain for several days. —— All the best Holland gin is made of rye and malted barley, and in being distilled it is flavored with the juniper berry, and the Italian berry is only used by those who distil a common article, which can be sold at cheaper rates. The three principal places where gin is made in Holland are Schiedam, Delft Haven and Rotterdam. —— An agent of a New England manufactory was recently tried in Cincinnati for selling goods by sample, it being charged as a breach of the license laws. He was acquitted, however. —— The London Times says:—"Persons in America directing letters for London should be careful to put the initial letters of the metropolitan district intended above the word 'London,' and not under it. A leading house in New York having transmitted bills for £70,000 in a letter directed 'London, W. C.,' it was carried to London, Western Canada."—— The grain merchants of New York have resolved to adhere to the custom of estimating a bushel of corn to weigh fifty-six pounds, thus practically nullifying the recent act of the legislature requiring fifty-eight pounds to the bushel. —— The steamship Circassian, which recently arrived at Portland, made the passage from Liverpool to St. Johns, N. F., in 8 1-2 days. The Portland Advertiser says that but for the interruption of the telegraph line, we should have had the quickest communication from England ever yet received. —— The Montreal Pilot notices the narrow escape of a young lady in that city, from being blown into the canal, in consequence of wearing a hooped dress, which became inflated with the wind. —— Specimens of iron ship-bolts, screws and similar articles, and wooden models of vessels, are on exhibition in New York, which have been coppered by means of electro-magnetism. The copper deposit is formed directly on the wood or the metal, in an entire sheet, and it is conjectured that full-sized ships may be coppered in the same manner. —— The city of St. Louis, though one of the most prosperous in the Union, is burdened with a large debt. From the recent message of Mayor Wimer, we find the bonded debt of St. Louis to be $4,856,966, of which nearly two millions are stock in railroads. —— The Collinsville Company, of Collinsville, have recently hung a cast steel bell in the tower of one of their buildings, which is perhaps the only one made of similar metal in this country. It weighs some 700 pounds, and though possibly not hung to the best advantage, it gives forth a heavy, very musical and well sustained tone. It is thought superior to most bells of ordinary manufacture. —— A post-mortem examination of the body of the late Mr. Petriken, of Harrisburg, a victim of the National Hotel epidemic, shows not the slightest trace of any mineral poison whatever. —— Gen. Shields writes to the New York committee that if it were left to him to determine, from his own observation, he would give Gen. Jackson's gold snuff-box to Col. Ward Burnett as the bravest New Yorker. Col. Burnett served in Gen. Shield's brigade in Mexico. —— In Philadelphia, lately, an intoxicated woman lay on a child of Margaret Gallagher, which had been left in her charge, and smothered it to death. The woman was arrested. —— The order of Jesuits have resolved to establish a church, college and free school in Chicago, on a scale of magnitude equal to any of the same character in the United States. The church will be one of the handsomest in the West, and will cost about $100,000. The church buildings will probably cost $150,000. —— Henry Stoll, who for *twenty-five* years has been in the employ of Wiggan & Snowden, surgical instrument makers, at Philadelphia, with a liberal salary, has been arrested for a long series of robberies of his employers, and committed in want of $5000 bail. —— A gentleman in New York recently celebrated the sixth anniversary of his marriage by sending his wife a beautiful basket of flowers, and a deed for a $60,000 house on the Fifth Avenue. —— The number of lobsters boiled in Boston in the months of March, April, May and June, is estimated at 1,200,000. About 200 men are employed in catching them.

RAILROADS ABROAD.—On the European continent, it is now becoming a rule in railway management, that travellers may purchase tickets which will enable them to stop at any place they choose on the route, and resume the cars again in any passing train they please, without additional charge, for the space of one month. This is a great convenience, and if introduced on our railways, the practice would largely increase the amount of pleasure travel.

REVOLUTIONS.—A French writer has been compiling a history of revolutions, and traces them all to dear bread. This must make Louis Napoleon feel particularly comfortable, now that bread is scarce and high in Paris. "Bread or blood" is an unmeaning threat in England, but when it is uttered in France it is generally followed by the mitraillo.

CORONER CONNERY, OF NEW YORK.—Gov. King has refused to remove Coroner Connery. We are glad of it; it will certainly prevent suicides in his jurisdiction.

FAMINE IN AMERICA.—Many persons have actually perished of starvation in the northern counties of Michigan, this year.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Pawnee Indians are said to be in a starving condition.

The word girl was at one time applied indiscriminately to young persons of either sex.

A pickerel has been caught in Lake Champlain weighing ten pounds.

The Cheyene Indians are becoming troublesome to the California traders.

A severe hail storm has occurred in the vicinity of Matagorda, Texas. Stones fell of the size of an egg.

The corner stone of Christ Church Cathedral at Montreal, was laid with solemn and interesting ceremonies lately.

It is said that no fort ever suffered so much from a single battle as has the piano forte from the battle of Prague.

Alexander Duncan of Providence, R. I., has made a donation of $1000 to the Dudley Observatory at Albany.

A movement is on foot among the native and adopted citizens of New Haven for the organization of an independent military corps.

On the occasion of the benefit of Mdme. Bourgeois, the prima donna, at New Orleans, diamonds valued at $1500 were thrown on the stage to her.

The gardener of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford, furnished cucumbers of this spring's growth for the table on the 4th of May.

The London Morning Herald pronounced recently in a leading article that by his recent letter, "Lord Malmesbury has earned for himself a *temporary immortality*."

Ellen Kelly, a domestic at New York, dropped a bottle of cologne upon the fire, when the fluid ignited and set fire to her clothes, and she was so badly burned that she lived but an hour thereafter.

The California papers say that there has been another group of large trees discovered in Mariposa county. They exceed a thousand in number, and vary in diameter from eighty-two feet to twenty-five.

An omnibus driver in Buffalo, New York, saw a man hanging to a limb of a tree in an orchard. He was hanging by a red sash or curtain cord, with his feet on the ground and a pipe in his hand.

Mr. Dallas has transmitted to the Earl of Clarendon from our government, twenty one silver medals, and the sum of £270 to be distributed among the brave Margate boatmen who rescued the crew of the American ship Northern Belle.

A fast young man in Rochester, N. Y., recently run his wagon against that of a Dutch lady, damaging the latter somewhat, whereupon the valiant vrow leaped out, collared the fellow, and made him fork over fifty cents to pay expenses.

A woman in one of the towns of New Hampshire, who had been ill used by her husband, on finding him asleep one day, quietly sewed him up in the bed-clothes and then gave him a tremendous thrashing.

The oldest veteran in the Prussian service, named Karnasch, was buried lately at Pilsnitz, a small village near Breslau. He entered the army in the reign of Frederick the Great, and was at the time of his death 112 years of age.

A letter from Havana says: "The slave trade continues, and I am sorry to see that American vessels are engaged in it to an extent never before known. Several vessels have left this port quite recently, against which strong suspicions existed of their being intended for the slave trade."

The Portland Advertiser says the steamer Circassian brought to that port a company of about two hundred persons from Wales, bound to the State of Tennessee, where they have purchased lands and intend to locate themselves. They are accompanied by their pastor, Rev. Mr. Roberts, who is the chief of the party.

There is one haunted house in Ohio! A law case recently came off in Marion county, which established the fact. A rented a house of B for one year. He left it in a few weeks, stating that it was haunted, and unfit to live in. B sued for the year's rent, but A proved that the house was haunted, and beat him.

In Washington city, lately, an immense Sabbath School gathering took place. The procession was little less than two miles in length, which will not be thought surprising when it is stated that about forty-five hundred children, and more than two thirds of a thousand teachers composed it.

It is calculated that ten thousand new townships and villages have been laid out, on paper, recently, in the new lands of the Western States and Territories, and it is supposed that at least ten million dollars cash and twenty millions credit have gone out within two years to be invested there.

The ashes of Torquato Tasso were solemnly transferred on the 25th of April to the tomb prepared for their reception, in Rome. The event was celebrated by the Accademia del Quiriti in the amphitheatre situated near Tasso's oak, in the presence of a numerous and distinguished body of spectators.

Recently the question has arisen before the postmaster general whether a deputy postmaster can be compelled to obey a summons to appear in court with a valuable or other letter that rests in his office addressed to another party. The postmaster general, under a decision of the attorney general's office, decided that he cannot legally do so.

A Mrs. Botto, who lives in Louisville, attempted self destruction recently, by jumping from a second story window, in a fit of delirium. An Italian caught her in his arms before she touched the pavement, or the leap would in all probability have proved fatal. As it was, she was but little injured, while her rescuer was severely hurt.

The Northern Bee of St. Petersburg, is advocating the immediate construction of a railroad from Nishni-Novgorod to Irkutsk, and thence along the river Amoor to the Pacific Ocean. Such a road, the Bee thinks, would soon draw the Chinese trade of all Europe and America to Russia, and would effectually counterbalance the English operations in the south of China.

Brilliant thoughts are often slow in their formation, like the diamond. Tom Moore was frequently occupied three weeks in writing a song. Theodore Hook often took about the same time to perpetrate an "impromptu," and Sheridan was frequently employed all day in getting up a joke, which was supposed by some to be an inspiration of the moment.

Daniel Pratt, the wandering lunatic, advertises for a wife in the Buffalo papers. His proclamation commences thus: "To the ladies of the city of Buffalo, greeting. This is to certify that I, Daniel Pratt, of Boston, the great American traveller, editor and author, and candidate for the presidency of the United States in 1861, is in want of a lady to take by the hand in mutual matrimony, to divide the honor of the White House with."

Foreign Items.

William Cobbett, the son of the [illegible] ated a [illegible] ion, is an [illegible] ate of the Queen's Bench [illegible]

A mile race has just been run in Meath, Ireland, by two men named Savage and John Sybbald, [illegible] seconds. Savage was the winner by ten yards.

The total expenses of the London police for the year 1856, amounted to upwards of two millions dollars. The police force constitutes an army of 5847 men—18 superintendents.

A novel punishment has been introduced in Bucharest the shaving of whiskers and moustaches of all persons who meddle with the politics of the principalities during the session of the re-organization committee.

The portion of China north of the Yellow River produces no tea, but much silk. There is a coarse but excellent kind of silk produced, which is much esteemed for men's garments. The worms are fed on a species of oak peculiar to the country. This silk is produced in large quantities, and a dress or robe of it, such as is worn by the priests, will last ten years.

Prince Albert was present at the recent inauguration of a statue of Queen Victoria, erected in Peel Park, Salford, in commemoration of a visit by the queen to that place in 1851, on which occasion she saw 80,000 children assembled from the Manchester and Salford free schools. A large portion of the expense of the statue was met by the penny subscriptions of the children.

Sands of Gold.

.... Every great poem is in itself limited by necessity—but in its suggestions unlimited and indefinite.—*Longfellow.*

.... The protection of God cannot, without sacrilege, be invoked, but in behalf of justice and right.—*Kossuth.*

.... Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered by tears.—*Barrow.*

.... Passion gets less and less powerful after every defeat. Husband energy for the real demand which the dangers of life make upon it.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... The bold defiance of a woman is the certain sign of her shame—when she has once ceased to blush, it is because she has too much to blush for.—*Talleyrand.*

.... Sin first is pleasing, then it grows easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed; then the man is impenitent, then he is obstinate, then he is resolved never to repent, and then he is ruined.—*Leighton.*

.... Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions, let peace be rather your object, than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... I feel a kind of reverence for the first books of young authors. There is so much aspiration in them, so much audacious hope and trembling fear, so much of the heart's history, that all errors and short-comings are for a while lost sight of in the amiable self-assertions of the youth.—*Longfellow.*

Joker's Budget.

Soft soap, in some shape, pleases us all, and generally the more "lye" you put in the better.

When you raise money by getting a note "shaved," do you consider yourself the raiser (razor)?

The Sacramento Age tells us of a man in a political procession whose mouth was so large that an Englishman threatened to "go in and live in it if he didn't shut it."

"When a feller has reached a certain pint in drinkin'," said an old soaker, "I think he orter stop." "Well, I think," said a wag, "he had better stop before he reaches a pint."

An exchange tells of an editor who went a soldiering and was chosen captain. One day at parade, instead of giving the orders, "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed—"Cash, two dollars a year, in advance."

"Yes, sir," said an obtuse alderman, who had been conversing with a wonderful professor on education, "it's perfectly true memory may make a learned pig; but to my mind, sir, you can't stuff him better than with onions."

"You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session," complained a member of the legislature to a representative from the same town. "O, yes, I have," was the reply; "I yawned through the whole of your speech."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

We present on this page an accurate representation of the new Christian church now being erected in Constantinople, hitherto the stronghold of Islamism, where a few years before, Christians, unless sustained by powerful protection, were treated with every indignity, and where those who entertained the idea of establishing a Christian house of worship would have been looked upon as madmen. But Constantinople, formerly the imperial stronghold of the Greek Church, is again so far under the influence of Christian powers that it is obliged to proclaim religious liberty to its inhabitants, to whatsoever creed they may belong. It seems strange, however, that the English communion should have been hitherto unrepresented at the head quarters of Islam, except by the British ambassador's chapel at Pera. During the late war, the attention of Englishmen had been called to this fact, and, after the treaty of peace was ratified, a public meeting was held, on the 28th of April, 1856, at Willis's rooms, under the presidency of his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, when resolutions were moved by the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord Lyons, and others, having for their object the erection of a church, of noble design and magnificent decorations, befitting the dignity of the English nation, as a memorial of those who had fallen in the war. In the month of June following, the work was thrown open to competition from all nations of the world. The principal conditions to be complied with were, that the style of architecture should be pointed, or Gothic, and in no way approximating to the Byzantine, or Mahometan style, for obvious reasons; that it must be designed to contain seven hundred persons, at a cost of not more than £20,000. The first premium was awarded to Mr. Burgess, and the second to Mr. Street. It is not a little curious that the second prize, both for the Lille Cathedral and the Constantinople Church should have been awarded to Mr. Street, as the first in each has been to Mr. Burgess. In Mr. Burgess's design the northern Gothic has been kept in view, regard being had, of course, to the modifications rendered necessary by the difference of climate. The model which he has chosen is the noble Church of St. Andrea, at Vercelli, in Italy, built, as is said, though probably not correctly, "by English workmen, with English money, in the thirteenth century." For the purpose of containing monuments to those of the English who fell victims in the late struggle, the aisles have been carried round the apse, an idea novel, and adding greatly to the effect of the interior, by giving it open pier arches for sustaining the apse. Over the altar there is a ciborium or baldachino, supported by four columns of great artistic beauty; but the judges have recommended that this should be replaced by a reredos, to avoid all cause of offence to strict Protestants. The British "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," deserves great credit for its activity in the preliminary movements which led to the foundation of this church. In exterior design this monumental church reminds us strongly of many of the French churches of the thirteenth century. This was the golden period of the pointed style in France, during which most of the great specimens were produced. Mr. Whittington (Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France), in allusion this period, says, "Everything seemed to conspire, in the circumstances of the nation and of the world, to produce an interval favorable for the cultivation of the arts; and genius and talents were not wanting to make use of the happy opportunity. The thirteenth century found the French artists a numerous and protected body, in possession of a new and beautiful style of building; the religious enthusiasm of the times, formed by the spirit of the Crusades, was at its height, and the throne of France was filled by monarchs equally distinguished by their piety and magnificence. The dissensions between the barons and their sovereign, which agitated England during the greater part of this century, increased the power and assured the tranquillity of France. Thus were external circumstances no less favorable to the prevailing taste, and its triumph was proportionately brilliant. The most sumptuous churches which now adorn the French cities are the work of this age; and while their extraordinary beauty renders them interesting objects of curiosity, the accurate knowledge we are able to acquire of their dates, and the names of their architects, is singularly important to the illustration of our own antiquities, and the general history of Gothic architecture." We have offered this representation not so much on account of beauty or design in the building, but because it serves as a landmark to an important point in history—the restoration of Christian worship to the city of Constantine in an imposing form. It remains to be seen whether the tolerance of the Turks is transitory or permanent. There is little doubt, however, that the days of oppression on the part of the sultans have gone by, with the waning of that power which once sanctioned and enforced the outpouring of relentless bigotry.



MONUMENTAL CHURCH, CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHARTER OAK CRADLE.

A most elegant and costly article has been made from the wood of the Charter Oak—a swing cradle—lately presented by Hon. I. W. Stuart to Mrs. Sam Colt. It would be impossible to give an adequate description of it—nothing less than its actual inspection will convey an idea of the richness of its design, the grace of the carving, and the beauty of the whole as a work of art. It is canoe-shaped, the base being a natural limb of the oak; from the bottom a beautifully carved acorn depends, to which are attached two silken cords which are used to swing it. The sides are carved in open work, in the highest style of art, representing branches, leaves and acorns of the oak; in the centre on one side is Col. Colt's coat of arms, and on the other a tablet for an inscription. The inside of the cradle is lined with blue cloth of the finest texture, with a beautiful fringe running around the edge. The posts which support the cradle are finely carved from a solid piece of the oak. The centre and longest portion of the supports, is cut to imitate branches of the oak intertwining, the whole surmounted by two colts rampant, facing inward, which produce a most spirited effect. On the lower portion of each of the supports are carved four colt's heads. The platform on which it stands is lined upon its sides throughout with the bark of the Charter Oak. Upon the middle of it is a massive knot of the oak, the lower surface of which is exquisitely polished, on which, in Mr. Stuart's own handwriting, are two appropriate verses from Mrs. Sigourney's lines upon the fall of the famous tree. Various parts of the cradle are inlaid with amethyst, smoked topaz, and other precious stones, purchased by Col. Colt at Novgorod.



